

# TOLEDO TOPICS



VALENTINE  
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**Toledo Topics**  
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# FASHION'S

## SPRING ALPHABET



By JULIA COBURN

**A** - is for aprons, which, though often cut in one piece with the dress in front, often assert themselves at the sides and back.

\* \* \*

**B** - is for basques. They are appearing on advanced dresses and suit-coats.

\* \* \*

**C** - is for capes—for cape ensembles, with long or short capes—are numerous in both silk and woolen fabrics.

\* \* \*

**D** - is for damask of the Chinese silk variety, that makes charming sports frocks, in white and lovely pastel shades.

\* \* \*

**E** - is for evening mode, which continues brilliant with rhinestones and spangles.

\* \* \*

**F** - is for frisca, a new French sports fabric of rayon and wool, in loose square weave.

\* \* \*

**G** - is for gigolo, the hat with the high-backed, creased crown. The less extreme models are now preferred.

\* \* \*

**H** - is for the hip-line, that now often boasts a belt, placed low, of self-material, or sometimes suede or leather.

\* \* \*

**I** - is for iridescence, used in spangles to make evening frocks brighter; used in slips under filmy frocks to make them sparkle.

\* \* \*

**J** - is for jumpers, that continue to be popular in daytime and evening frocks for women with youthful figures.

\* \* \*

**K** - is for Kasla, the soft woolen fabric that is high in fashion-importance in the lighter sports shades.

\* \* \*

**L** - is for lisle, for sheer lisle hose are coming into great favor, particularly with the new oxfords.

**M** - is for metallic bracelets in slave-link style, worn two together—one finished in gold, the other in silver.

\* \* \*

**N** - is for net, that is fashioning entire evening frocks, or effecting a transparent hemline on a frock of less sheer material.

\* \* \*

**O** - is for oxfords, the newest shoe-fashion. They are formal in style, designed for dress wear.

\* \* \*

**P** - is for pleats, plaids, and prints, all of which will be popular in many versions this spring.

\* \* \*

**Q** - is for quilting, brought from the boudoir to make smart coats.

\* \* \*

**R** - is for rose—a color which has many versions that are high in favor for sports wear and evening frocks.

\* \* \*

**S** - is for sleeves, that are taking on more fullness and more decoration with the new season. Jenny is one of the foremost sponsors of the new sleeve.

\* \* \*

**T** - is for turbans, of satin or flexible felt, that appeared on the heads of New York's most fashionable dowagers at the recent Vanderbilt wedding.

\* \* \*

**U** - is for up-in-front, the new waistline that mounts definitely upward as it goes from back to front. It is used both for daytime and evening.

\* \* \*

**V** - is for velvet, supreme for evening wraps, in combination with silver or gold cloth.

\* \* \*

**W** - is for Wellington boots, one of the fads of the moment in London. They fit the foot snugly, but are loose over the ankles, and come high up the calf of the leg, where they are topped with fur.



## WHAT'S A GOOD BOOK

By R. F. NACHTRIEB

WHILE there are hundreds of books which probably deserve attention there is, for us, but one book which at present commands attention—a book so powerful, so tremendous, so awful that this reader, having just finished it feels quite shaken and unable to attempt any further reading until time has somewhat mitigated its grim influence.

That book is "AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY" by Theodore Dreiser. (Two volumes. 840 pp. Boni and Liveright. \$5.)

Mr. Dreiser has here produced his first novel in eleven years and he has been, we can well imagine, no little trial to his publishers for it seems to us that the book's announcement and postponement has been an almost periodic occurrence during the last year or so. But, finally published, how rich a reward for the delay! What a book!

In "An American Tragedy" Mr. Dreiser presents the life history of a vain, weak, tragic youth, Clyde Griffiths, the son of a shabby street preacher in Kansas City. Reared in the depressing atmosphere of his father's Mission and forced to go upon the streets nightly with his parents for gospel meetings he rebels and secures employment as a soda clerk in a drug store and later as a bellboy in a Kansas City hotel.

The hotel life is a glamorous one for Clyde, the sophisticated companionship of his bellhop associates new and strange. He figures in a disastrous automobile accident and runs away from the consequences drifting to Chicago where he becomes, eventually, a bellboy in the Union League Club. Here, after a few months, he encounters an uncle of whose existence he was only dimly aware. The uncle, a wealthy collar manufacturer of Lycurgus, N. Y. offers the boy employment in a minor capacity in his factory.

The Lycurgus branch of the Griffiths family, socially prominent and social climbers, refuses to have anything to do with the youth and he is left to his own devices. Lonely, sentimental, young, inexperienced and highly sexed the almost inevitable happens. He becomes enamoured with Roberta Alden, a young woman working in his department at the factory, and owing to his uncle's rule which prohibits association of department heads with employes he is forced to meet her clandestinely. Intimacy results. At about the same time, however, the social set in the town takes Clyde up for various reasons and he becomes infatuated with one of its most engaging and picturesque flappers, Sondra Finchley. His head completely turned he visions great things for himself and decides to cut loose from Roberta who no longer seems so desirable only to discover that she is pregnant and is commencing to insist that he do something. Frightened and harassed Clyde allows matters to drift for a time. At last one day on a boating trip Roberta is drowned under

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## *What's A Good Book*

*(continued from page 37)*

suspicious circumstances and the finger of suspicion points to her companion who is discovered to be Clyde. He is apprehended, tried, convicted and executed.

A sordid enough story and one that may be found duplicated in almost any daily newspaper. But Mr. Dreiser with relentless truth and great compassion seeks out every hidden motive, every complex force and tries not only Clyde Griffiths but modern civilization as well. The force of the author's fearlessness, veracity and pity hangs over the entire story. He holds no brief for any of his characters but tells his story with stern detachment and an ironic pity.

Much has been said of Mr. Dreiser's style. He has been called a "lumbering dinosaur" of literature. Sherwood Anderson has said that Dreiser's disregard for the beauty of words has made him cringe. Dr. Sherman refers to his "huge plantigrade tread." They all concede his stylistic faults and yet pay homage to him as one of the most important, if not the most important, Americans writing. It is his huge tenderness and great love of humanity and life that impresses.

Nearly the entire second volume of the novel is devoted to Clyde's trial and imprisonment and so successfully does Mr. Dreiser make one understand Clyde and his problems that the cumulative effect is terrific. The reader suffers through that trial and winces through that pathetic life in the death house. There are few finer things in all literature than the story of Clyde's mother's distracted and frantic attempts to save her son although with her stern moral fibre she cannot fully convince herself of his innocence.



Photo by C. J. Lewis

BERNARD F. BROUGH  
1871—1926

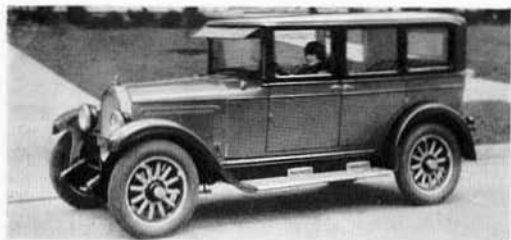
## CLOSED CARS FOR COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE



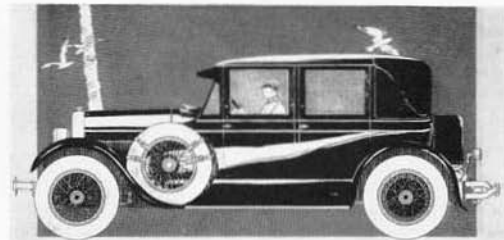
*This type of town car is recognized as the smart thing for formal town usage. Body by Brunno, on a Pierce-Arrow chassis.*



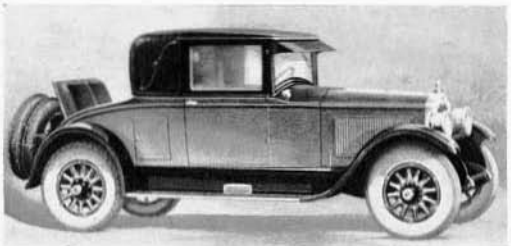
*An increasingly popular model is this attractive town car on a Wills St. Claire Chassis with body by Willoughby.*



*The new Willys-Knight light six which caused much favorable attention at its first appearance recently at the New York show.*



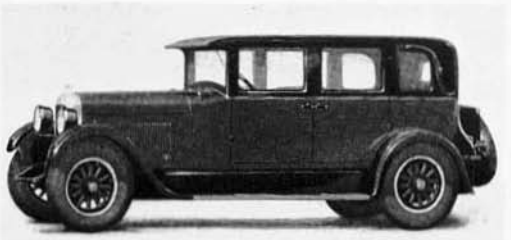
*The new Lincoln Berline. The front compartment which has the same upholstery as the rear, may be cut off by raising a window.*



*Harmony in the new Buick design is emphasized by the long belt line which makes the car seem low.*



*The custom-built Hudson Brougham which shows the latest trend in body designing.*



*Among the outstanding cars of the Studebaker models is this Sport Sedan.*



*Prominent among the new closed models is this Nash Sedan—a noteworthy feature is the wideness of all doors.*



MISS VIRGINIA RREINFRANK

*Whose engagement to Norman Foley has been announced*

### *The Iconoclast*

*(continued from page 30)*

turn his eyes where he may. If he were to walk through a woods or in the mountains he might choose his own thoughts and concentrate very deeply. But if he walks a city street his thoughts are all organized for him. He must consider "Ground Gripper Shoes," "Are You Saving Enough Money?" "Stop," "Join the Navy and See the World," "Enter Rear—Pay Leave," "1st Violation, \$1.00," "Come in and See for Yourself," "Do You Have Headaches?—See an Oculist," "Most Stupendous Sale in the History of Toledo Merchandising," "Special Attraction," "While They Last—39c," "Invest in Florida Real Estate," . . . It seems the signs are one reason for the armor that city folks wear. If one were to do everything that the signs direct to be done, if one were to fully feel all the emotions implied by the various signs about town, he would very soon be a physical and mental wreck. Some time ago a young woman attended her first motion picture show. Her emotions were wrought up to such a tremendous pitch that she was sick for several days as a result. One can imagine a Kentucky "hill Billy" wandering for the first time amid the maze of city signs. No, after all, one can't; for we are all too used to it. We wear our armor, we are very little interested, we are not much influenced, yet we must forever be dutifully reading the signs, the same old signs, the new ones, and read, read, read.

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*Scottwood*  
**GREENHOUSE**  
→ FLORISTS

2156 Scottwood Ave.



# A NIGHT AT THE TILE CLUB

*Beefsteak and Good Fellowship in Toledo's Bohemia*

IT was with eager anticipation that we mounted the steps to the third floor of the Commerce Guardian Bank building and headed towards the door marked "Tile Club." Long years had we heard of this glamorous organization of art patrons, of its picturesque and quaint club rooms, and of the luscious red, three-inch thick beefsteak devoured at each session. And now we were to be a guest at one of the meetings, view for ourselves the interior of this heretofore hidden realm and have the opportunity of sinking our teeth into a piece of that steak. Our mouth watered and we thrilled in the expectation.

The savory odors of steaks and coffee were wafted into the corridor and greeted our nostrils as we sounded the huge knocker. And then the door opened and we were ushered into a land of Bohemia, a jut of Greenwich Village which somehow had become lost, strayed or stolen and had wandered from Washington Square up among the rafters in the old Drummond Block.

The room into which we stepped was unique indeed. Pictures adorned the four walls, occupying every inch of available space. Pictures of Tile Club members, including Robinson Locke, Toledo's illustrious critic of the drama whose writings under the pen-name of Rodney Lee brought him national fame, were arrayed in a row on one side wall. Over there is a view of Hoffman, the pianist who once played for the club at one of its sessions. Here is Elbert Hubbard, oft a Tile Club visitor and who arranged his Toledo stays to include a Tuesday night so he could attend the meeting. And in another place of prominence a beautiful likeness of Madame Romaine, Toledo's own, whose marvelous touch had brought moonlight and roses and shimmering golden waterfalls from the old Tile piano when she caressed its keys for the special benefit of the Tilers. In various other spaces are paintings and sketches, done by artists themselves while in the club and hung here by them. Even the windows are also unique. They are dirt stained and blackened by the tempest of 30 summers and winters, for it is the Tilers' proud boast that their windows have never felt soap or water.

By the fireplace Chef de Cuisine Doc Frick is cooking the steak over the charcoal fire. Ben Love sits in a corner reading the evening newspaper. "Tony" Crane is playing solitaire at a table. Other members are here and there, singing, conversing or reading. And now about the meal and the requisites of a Tiler. The late Thomas S. Parkhurst, who wielded as graceful a pen as he did a knife and fork, tells of them far better than any layman could in an article written anent the Christmas meeting some 20 years ago, which can be fitted to serve any one of the Tuesday evenings in the history of the club. Here it is:

Odd things are looked upon with suspicion in this world—until you're acquainted with them, when a man's foot arches, when he has simplicity of dress, the absence of sour aspect and nasal twang, stiff postures and long graces, he is on the way to make a good Tiler.

As you may know, to enter into that realm of Bohemia, in addition to the above peculiarities he must have the easy

good breeding that gives favor to polite amusement and lofty elegance in the fair game of laughter, no potent ridicule should ruffle his calm demeanor, like a sign in Free Masonry, his hands should ever be in position to give the eloquent expression of having understood. Like an honest woman, he must always succeed in keeping himself from being made the subject of gossip, he treats his conferees with leniency, and even when damning he damns with respect.

He may make all kinds of mistakes, but the thing of importance is that he never repents them. He should make a fool of himself of his own free will and accord, and never be taken strictly to task for finding fault with the quality of the steak, or its cooking; he should be amusing without being thought clever, should never be serious only when approached for a loan. A sense of fairness in calling names and an absence of personal malice (excepting against the treasurer) should always actuate him.

Now, if one be looking for the peculiarities of a Tiler he must look observingly and with a trained eye, if he is capable of seeing a fly sitting upon the bald spot of an old gentleman's head, the wart on his nose, his collar pulled up behind, then forsooth, he is to the manner born and an artist, but let us step in for an hour and look at the Tuesday evening performance.

The first arrival has lit the flaming gas jet (that hangs laden with a festoon of smilax, which has gathered the dust of the years since the first Xmas day the rooms were occupied) and lights the logs in the huge fireplace.

There is a great quantity of singing and horn blowing floating up to the open window from the nightly meeting of the Salvation Army which holds forth on the adjacent corner, and he observes as he closes the inside shutters to shut out the prying eyes of the overworked clerks in the opposite building, that the shops and streets are sparkling up brilliantly, but the warmth of the fire and good cheer of the evening is on his mind, and closing out the noise he turns to welcome the arriving fellows who drop in by twos and threes.

"Who's got Uncle William's chair?" goes up from several voices as that worthy appears at the door, his face all red and smiles, his breathing short and fast from the long climb up the stairs; now, the Tilers never bought a chair, neither did they steal, just simply appropriated those found in the adjacent hall-way, where the unsuspecting janitor had left them while cleaning up the lawyers' offices. Of course they were missed but no one suspected the Tilers, in fact they would deny it in toto; from the well stocked chimney breast, its shelf laden with garlic, charcoal sticks, tobacco and pipes, old muskets and paintings, to its four walls covered with examples of world renowned artists, from its Japanese curios to its upright piano, nothing has been bought, nor stolen, simply obtained under pretence, and the bills itemized and balance due, are used as fuel to broil the weekly steak.

Over yonder sits an Author, a real live one, subsidized by Harper Bros., who is recounting a visit to the country of Evangeline, his pipe of generous bowl breathes out an

## *A Night at the Tile Club*

*(continued from page 19)*

Arrayed in cap and apron, the scullion and cook flits rapidly from steak to coffee, there is a great clatter of plates and cups, the long table in the chapel is set, and with such viands as would tempt an epicure, and flanked on each end by huge silver candlesticks, the homemade benches are drawn closely by and at the sounding of the old triangle the hungry tilers file in and seat themselves. They always have a guest of honor, who is seated at the head of the table, right under the hanging plaster cast in life size of the "Witch of Endor." By the way the above was purloined from the Valentine whilst building and the disconsolate artisans hunted many a day for it and found it not; you may even notice the vacant spot over the boxes to this day. And thus seated and flanked on either side by the deeply mullioned and trellised windows, he at once becomes the butt of all the dry jokes and the recipient of the best cut of steak; a belated member comes in with a friend, and before an introduction is granted, "Who's your friend?" and to the stranger, "Where you from?" Well, you look it, and sit down and crack a knuckle joint with us, thus amidst song and story with good cheer and fellowship the good things disappear.

Then "Old Forgotten" tunes up the piano (he used to sing in church years ago), but a cracked voice led him to photography, and his songs are now done in composites, but he has the spirit, and a loving touch and his simple ballads touch the heart and call one back to days of youth and puppy love.

And there's Caesar Augustus Dodge, whose stories are always told to crowded houses, with overflow meetings in the closets, and when the forty dollars' worth of ham and

eggs is drowned in the United club, singing the parting song of "Only a Pansy Blossom," the meeting decides to take the "last car" home, the lights are quenched, the dim smile from the old portrait of 'Far Elbertus' vanishes with withering look of the toothless "Witch Endor," the rats and mice slide gently to the sugar bowl, and another peg is driven into memory of a night at the Tile club.

—oo—

A Theatre Guild performance getting applause whether it deserves it or not.



## Coddling The Commonplace

By DON HEROLD

THE Theatre Guild gets too much automatic encouragement. Its membership campaigns have been so successful that its plays are sure of several months of support whether they deserve it or not. A lot of the plays ought to be allowed to die off the first week. I don't know what I can do about it.

The Guild has given me some of the greatest pleasure I have had in the theatre, yet I go to its productions with a chip on my shoulder. I am admitting this in justice to the Guild. It seems to me to pretend too much to be precious. Sometimes it is precious, as precious as gold, but other times it is as provincial as the Browning Literary Club of Bloomburg, Indiana. The infuriating qualities of the Guild are reflected, perhaps exaggerated, by its audiences; for example, there are too many girls sitting in the lounge smoking cigarettes and appearing intellectual with all their might, who you can see at a glance have no more brains than a carp.

The Guild's Budapest complex, and no fresh, original judgment, led it to produce "The Glass Slipper" by Ferenc Molnar. Molnar is one of the best and worst of contemporary playwrights, yet the Guild seems to draw no line through his output. (Why can't the Guild dig up a good drama in Toledo or gouge something out of Grand Rapids? After all, the Guild is an American institution; didn't it get President Coolidge to press a button to ring up the initial curtain in its new theatre?)

"The Glass Slipper" neither transcends nor penetrates life. It keeps fooling you as to which it is trying to do. One minute June Walker is trying to lift it to dreamland and the next minute Helen Westley is dragging it

down to raucous reality. It is all right for a play to be all cuckoo or all crass, but I like to know where I AM AT in these matters. June Walker and Helen Westley are fine actresses and it is no fault of theirs that they are giving a production that is oil and water. Molnar did not know where he was AT when he wrote the play.

It is the story of a servant girl who loves a boarder. She picks up his knife and fork and makes a speech to them: "Oh, knife and fork: his knife and fork—" and so on, in language of Biblical formality. It is pointed out that she is addicted to the theatre, but even the gallery habit does not give stupid little servant girls an extemporary literary style of purest ray serene. "Oh, pillow," she begins, and delivers an unhesitating epic to the old guy's pillow. It doesn't ring true.

"The Glass Slipper" achieves a few moments of delightful humor and it is full of fine performances, but on the whole it is blue around the gills and should have been allowed to die a natural death—which is impossible under the Guild system of subscription tickets. After all, let us be thankful that the Shuberts, God bless them, do not sell season meal tickets and that they produce plays that must either appeal to somebody or bust.

### "Young Woodley"

"Young Woodley" might be said to be a dramatic version of "What a Young Man Ought to Know." It considers a group of English schoolboys at the age of curiosity and consternation, and the clear, clean, painful

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## Coddling the Commonplace

(continued from page 27)

passion of one of the boys for the wife of one of the schoolmasters. To my mind, it is one of the finest plays produced since my last post card to you, and it makes me think that Glenn Hunter is one of the most excellent young actors on the stage today. As the quiet, sincere, pure-minded, puzzled, poetic schoolboy in this play he is little short of thrilling to this reviewer, who was saying a couple of months ago that all acting is apple sauce. I told you I would get a couple or three enthusiasms before winter passed.

The English suppressed this play because it admits that there may be something wrong with the English practice of packing youngsters off to boarding schools before they are totally able to toddle. Anything which strikes at early destruction of home ties strikes at England, for England's middle name is colonization, and an Englishman's first duty to his country is to get just as far away from it as possible. Some of the capers of the English censors are enjoyable to us over here who now and then get the idea that we are the only children in the world whose parents won't let us have any fun.

The way to see Glenn Hunter at his best is to sit up in the first few rows. Heretofore I have had an antipathy for him, and it has been largely because I have arrived too late to get good seats. I was way back in the balcony at "Merton of the Movies," between a couple of gum chewers who thought the show was "grand." All I got of Glenn Hunter was his habit of breaking his voice. There is a lot more to him than that—he acts with every eyelash. Well, I am glad I did not put him out of business with my remarks about him in "Merton." Another time, I saw him at an impromptu performance at the Astor Hotel, and that was the evening I wrote the line: "All amateur shows are bad, even when given by professionals."

How a speck of dust looks to Craig's wife.



Helen Gahagan plays the wife of the professor a little too much like the parade of the wooden soldiers.

## "Craig's Wife"

"Craig's Wife" is all gray and flat like a Whistler painting—a masterpiece in monotone—an ice-cold, calculating portrait of an ice-cold, calculating woman. It is the only play now going (except Hamlet) which may possibly be dug up and used again in 50 years. I believe it to be an artistic thing, and I believe that George Kelly, its author, is perhaps the greatest playwright in America today. (He wrote "The Show-Off" and "The Torch-Bearers.") "Craig's Wife" seems to me to be better than either.

Other good current plays are all loaded for some kind of customers, but "Craig's Wife" sets itself to a task and does it. The more one sees of the drama the more one realizes it is much like the silk business, but George Kelly wrote "Craig's Wife" to write "Craig's Wife."

Craig's wife's house is a symbol of security. She married it—not Craig. No fleck of dust may linger in her house or on her security. No neighbor's footstep may soil her citadel's deep carpets. No company is wanted. It is an immaculate, frigid fortress. Craig's aunt, describing Craig's wife's type, says: "You'd think 'their houses were God Almighty!'"

The threat of a little crisis in Craig's affairs reveals to him that he is a mere accessory to his wife's security, and he walks out and leaves her with what she wants—her house. It is an extra good play, not pleasant.

Crystal Herne is marvelous as the intelligent mathematician of a wife. Charles Trowbridge is fine as the husband. Anne Sutherland is fine as the aunt.

George Kelly has a few faults. He likes to put in conversational succotash, over-true talk by the servants, such as: "Did the paper come yet, Mrs. Harold?" Instead

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"American Born" is one of those plays in which the American shakes hands with the English butler.



## Coddling the Commonplace

(continued from page 29)

of closing his second act with the old line "I wonder," he improves it only to the extent of having the husband say: "I'm sitting here wondering."

And then he lets the husband sit there all night, just as movie producers make Bill Hart stand up at a bar and drink whiskey to the dawn to clear up his mind. Sometime I hope to have to face a great problem, just to see if I can sleep all night in a chair. I have lots of problems, but they must be little ones because all I do is toss around in bed a while and then finally wake up and read *Life and Judge*.

## "American Born"

I have stayed away from George Cohan shows for years because I thought they might contain too much prepared pep and predigested patriotism. But as I approach 90 I find that it is almost a sure rule that I can get a kick by investigating something of which I have been ignorantly intolerant. I spent an enjoyable evening lately at George Cohan's "American Born." My biggest thrill was in discovering just in the nick of time that George Cohan is a darned good actor, and by that I mean darned good. I had the impression that all he could do was act fast, and I like my acting



I always carry a chip on my shoulder to a Theatre Guild play.

slow. I discovered that George can be one of the slowest actors on Broadway, one of the quietest, one of the darned best. George Cohan knows how to modulate. Nobody I have seen for a long time has given me quite the sense of reality that George did in "American Born."

He seemed to have a bad cold the night I was there, and I hope that his artistic triumph over me was not the result of an impending physical breakdown. If it was, I wish him chronic pneumonia.

"American Born" is about as you expect it to be, or a little better. Cohan plays the part of a young English lord, born in America, who has never seen England. But now we find him over there trying as speedily as possible to sell out a lot of British property he has just inherited and wanting to get back to America on the next boat. Write the rest of the plot yourself. A charming English girl breaks down his prejudice, of course, and the play moves along of course all the way, but the George Cohan minutiae make it entertaining every inch of the moving. It is of course to be expected that George will shake hands with the butlers, but it is easy to forgive him for these absolutely essential formal informality of a play called "American Born."

# Dog Fanciers Looking Forward to Spring Show

*Special New Year Show Was Huge Success and March  
A. K. C. Exposition Will Be Held In  
Business District*

By WILLIAM L. BARLOW

WITH the special New Year show of the Toledo Kennel club now history, local dog fanciers are centering their attention on the annual spring A. K. C. exposition to be held this year for three days, starting March 22.

Last year's show was limited to two days, which fanciers considered too short both for themselves and for the public.

The special show held on January 3 and 4 was an overwhelming success, both from the number and quality of dogs entered and the box office receipts. The public's large patronage and interest was undoubtedly due to the fact that the show was held in the business district. Realizing this the kennel club officers acted wisely in securing a downtown location for the big show—the Civic Center Garage on Huron street, near Jackson, being selected as the home of the affair just a few days ago.

The coming show is expected to be the greatest ever held in Toledo. The kennel clubs of the middle west came to a mutual understanding as to show dates this year and arranged a schedule that will be a benefit to all. This will enable the exhibitors to go from show to show in a few hours and at little expense. The Cleveland show will be

held the three days prior to the one here, and it is figured all of the dogs shown there will be exhibited here.

President Joe Phipps of the Toledo Kennel club, has selected a committee consisting of five members to supervise the show. They are H. B. Conlon, Jack Bowers, J. H. Steed, Joe Harrison and Charles Quetesque.

THE special New Year show exceeded even the expectations of Mr. Phipps, who conceived the plan and was responsible in a large part for its being held.

One hundred and seventy dogs were benched, representing all of the foremost breeds. Enno Meyer, who judged the various classes, declared after he completed his work that never before had he seen such quality represented at a club show. This was especially true in the pointer and setter classes, he declared.

One of the outstanding attractions at the show was Int. Ch. Hefty's Best, now owned by the Baumbrae Kennels at Birmingham, Mich. He was not entered in competition, however. Hundreds stopped in front of his bench and admired this aristocratic bulldog.

A FEATURE of the show was the exhibition of puppies three months old and over, which enabled fanciers to dispose of many surplus youngsters to eager buyers who swarmed about the showroom.



THREE WINNERS AT RECENT DOG SHOW

*George Storer, Jr.'s Wire Haired Fox Terrier, Wrangler of W'ireland; Henry B. Klewer's Chow, Clinkie Tong, and Joe Harrison's English Bull, "Bozo."*

*Echoes of the Summer Night*

[at Ennyole Point]

They sat at the Bridge until midnight,  
 And as they went sauntering by  
 My cottage at twelve or twelve thirty,  
 This was his usual cry:

"You didn't have even the toppers,  
 Your bidding's atrocious, and—say,  
 Listen! When I make it No Trump,  
 Kindly allow me to play.

"Now, why increase my obligation?  
 Your five-major suit was no hunch.  
 Besides, you had plenty of side cards.  
 You made me the joke of the bunch!"

And each night would come her faint answer,  
 Between sobs I heard it, and then  
 Smiled to myself in the darkness—

"I'LL NEVER PLAY WITH YOU AGAIN!"

Yet each night at twelve or twelve thirty  
 They wander a-past thru the glade,  
 And instead of "How pretty the moon is"

'Tis; "You Should Have Led Me A Spade."



# Toledo District Golf Gossip

Toledo District Golf Association Officers

President, Sylvanus P. Jermain, Valentine Bldg., Adams 4640. Vice President, J. W. Hartsborn, 2702 Scotwood Ave., Garfield 2180 R. Secretary H. W. Kline, Victoria Apartments, Main 6387 W. The Country Club, Heather Downs, Highland Meadows, Glenberry Golf Club, Inverness Club, Sylvania Golf Club, Ottawa Club, Toledo Golf Club.

## Member Clubs

Lenawee Country Club, Adrian. Hillsdale Country Club, Hillsdale, Mich. Kettnering Golf Club, Defiance, Ohio. Findlay Golf Club, Findlay, Ohio. Fremont Country Club, Fremont, Ohio. Fostoria Golf Club, Fostoria, Ohio. Mohawk Golf Club, Tiffin, Ohio. Catawba Cliffs, Port Clinton, Ohio.

MANY things of great interest to the wood and iron wielders of the Toledo District Golf Association are expected to develop at the annual meeting of the body to be held on Monday, February 1st. At the time all of the business of the year will be taken up, the inter-club team match schedules for the coming season will be drafted, various tournament dates set, and the course over which the annual District championship will be decided will be chosen. As Sylvania, Country Club and Ottawa Park held the last three title tournaments, it is quite likely this always exciting golfing event will go to Inverness this year. The club out Dorr street is already assured of one important tourney this season, the women's state championship affair being scheduled for its links during the week of July 12th.

MRS. Ora Brailey will head the Toledo District Women's Golf Association in 1926. She was elected president of the organization at the annual meeting held last month. Other new officers chosen are: Mrs. Hubbard Woodbury, vice-president; Mrs. C. H. McKeand, secretary; Mrs. Fred Smith, treasurer; and Mrs. A. B. Newell, chairman of the handicap committee. The association voted to hold its city title tournament over the Sylvania course during a week to be selected later.

DUKE Snyder, the affable young golfing professional, who has been the pro at the public links at Ottawa Park for the past five years, has been selected to serve in the same capacity at the new Highland Meadows club during the coming season. The membership of Highland Meadows, which is now under construction on the Berkey road west of Sylvania, has just about reached its quota of 400 charter members. This assures the success of the club and much credit should be given Mr. H. W. Kline, its sponsor, who has worked night and day in its interests. Mr. Kline announces that all the old buildings on the property belonging to the club are now being torn down, that tentative plans for a locker house have been completed and that work on it is expected to start shortly.

TOLEDO will probably have a representative in nearly all of the big tournaments in the south this season. In the women's tourneys Miss Helen Tillotson, who is wintering at Winter Haven, Florida, and playing lots of golf, will carry the city's colors. And in the amateur events at Bellaire, and later at Pinehurst, Bob Stranahan will be a Toledo entrant. Stranahan took Jimmy Kennedy, the Sylvania pro, with him as his personal instructor and under his tutelage expects to be at the top of his game when tournament time rolls around. Kenney himself is quite likely to get into some of the pro competition, of which there is plenty scheduled.

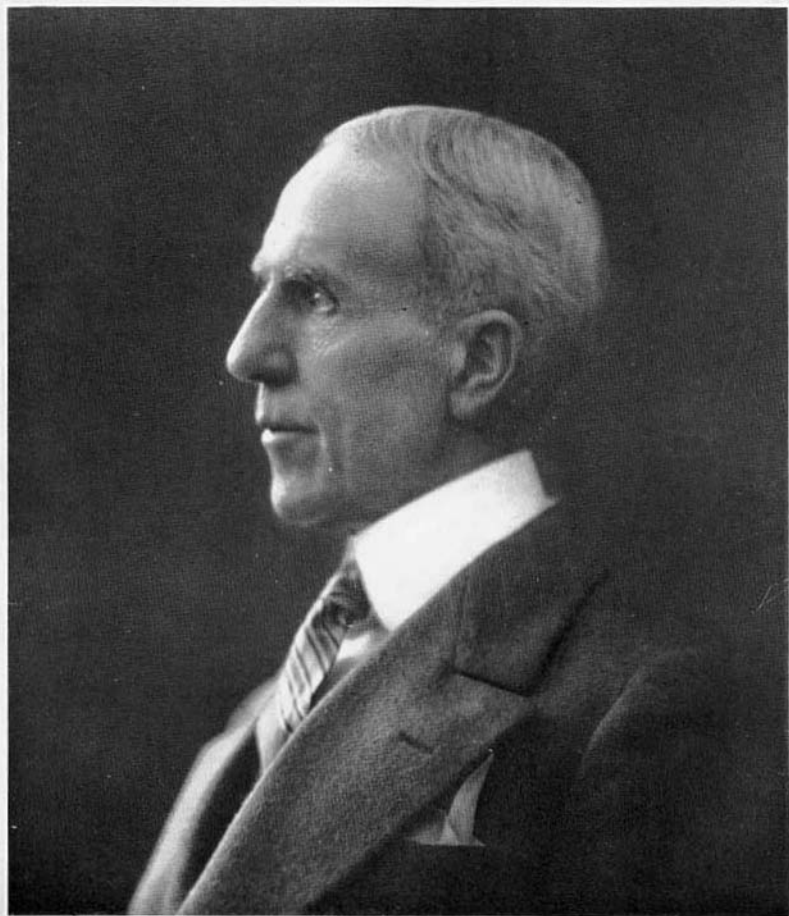
MRS. C. W. Hauck, of Sylvania, is the proud possessor of a handsome silver trophy won in a women's tournament at the Heather Downs indoor golf course last month. Mrs. Hauck completed the 18 holes in 50, one stroke better than the scores turned in by Bach and Mrs. Snyder. Other leading scores of the affair were: Mrs. Hartman 52, Mrs. Grolli 54, Mrs. Scott, 55, Mrs. White 59, Mrs. McFellin 59, Mrs. Van Dusen 60, Mrs. Lampman 60, Mrs. Vaminberg 61, Mrs. Curtice 63, Mrs. Wilkinson 65, Mrs. Schroeder 66, Mrs. Depenthal 67, Mrs. McKeand 67, Mrs. Frohman 70, Mrs. Morgan 70, Mrs. Christy 70, Mrs. Bedell 73, Mrs. Long 78, Mrs. Young 78, Mrs. Segsand 80, and Mrs. Gelzer 81.

WITHOUT much exaggeration it can be figured that at least fifty thousand rounds of golf will be played every day in the South this winter, says the Metropolitan Golfer. There will be something like 500 courses in operation and at the very lowest estimate each course will accommodate 100 players on the average.

With this pace maintained from early January to late in March it means that over a half million rounds will be played. The golf ball merchant will find plenty of opportunity to dispose of his goods and the club maker will be busy too. The small boys, most of them colored, will reap the benefits of this play as a half million dollars will go into caddy hire alone.

## Leading Champions of 1925 in Golf

National Amateur	Bobby Jones
National Open	Willie Macfarlane
National Women's	Miss Glenn Collett
Professional G. A.	Walter Hagen
British Open	Tom Lewis
British Amateur	Robert Harris
British Women's	Miss D. R. Foster
French Amateur	A. M. Vanliano
French Women's	Miss Glenn Collett
Metropolitan Amateur	Jesse W. Sorester
Metropolitan Open	Gene Sarazen
Metropolitan Junior	Eugene T. Homans
Metropolitan Women's	Miss Marie Jenney
Western Open	Macdonald Smith
Western Amateur	Keefe Carter
Western Women's	Miss Elsie Reinhardt
Western Junior	Emerson Carey
Long Island Open	Macdonald Smith
Long Island Amateur	E. H. Driggs, Jr.
Long Island Junior	Jack B. Mackie, Jr.
Worcester Open	Mike Brady
Worcester Amateur	John G. Anderson
New Jersey Open	Charles Hackett
New Jersey Amateur	A. F. Krommer
New Jersey Junior	Eugene T. Homans
New J. Women	Miss Maureen Orcutt
Intercollegiate Title	George F. Lamprecht
Intercollegiate Team	Yale
National Senior	Fred Sauer
Women's Senior	Miss G. M. Bishop
N. Y. State Amateur	Jack B. Mackie, Jr.
Massachusetts Open	Tom Lull
Massachusetts Amateur	Francis Quimet
Women's Eastern	Miss Maureen Orcutt
Canadian Women's	Miss Adn MacKenzie
Canadian Open	Leo Diegel
Canadian Amateur	Donald Carlick
Canadian Professional	Percy Barrett
New England Open	H. C. Langerhale
Shawnee Open	Willie Macfarlane
Shawnee Amateur	Arthur Yates
Pennsylvania Open	Joe Turneen
Pennsylvania Amateur	W. J. Platt
Philadelphia Open	Johnny Farrell
Vermont Open	Ben Wehagen
Texas Open	Jack Burke
Ohio Open	Larry Nabholz
California Open	Macdonald Smith
North and South Open	Macdonald Smith
Public Links	Raymond J. McDuffie

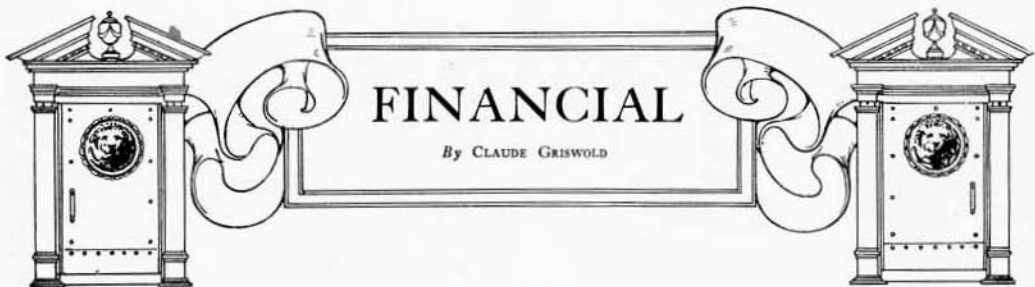


SYLVANUS P. JERMAIN

*Life President of the Toledo District Golf Association and  
the Father of Golf in Toledo.*

Photo by C. L. Lewis





**I**F sharp pencils and quick wits count for success in the business world, it's more than a ten-to-one "shot" that the rank and file of traders will need all of their acumen and nimbleness to save paper profits thru the stress and storm that may sweep the speculative markets of the next few weeks—or months, for that matter.

The huge economic telescope of the stock market is trying to peer far into the business firmament for a sign or intimation of what financial and industrial conditions will be late next spring, during the summer and fall and even next winter.

Representing, as it does, the crystalized speculative opinion of the world, the New York market is strong in foresight. It has much of hind-sight to gauge the trend and measure the future.

\$ \$ \$

**S**PECULATIVELY, the new year started in buoyantly. The punch and zip of nineteen twenty-five carried thru with a wallop. Then, the New York federal reserve jumped the re-discount rate and the market hesitated. It had something of a breathing spell. It stopped to look around to see which way it was going. Had it struck a snag? That remained to be seen.

At least, it became more of a two sided affair. There were those who declared that the advance of the re-discount rate signalled the end of the major bull market. Others declared that it wouldn't end until the rate went to five per cent. The odds seemed to favor the bull. But it was a question that the market only could settle in time.

\$ \$ \$

**T**HE market has reached or passed the life limits of a bull movement. Will it smash another record—it has been a record smasher—for longevity? January was the twenty-sixth month. The longest bull market in American history was twenty-seven months.

Some very intelligent sources in Wall Street predicted that the bull market would carry on until late spring. It was admitted there would be technical setbacks and "secondary reactions," but that the main trend would continue upward for the first quarter of the year, anyway.

Some of the biggest bankers in the country went on record as declaring that 1926 will be even more prosperous than 1925. They said there was no ground for pessimism and every justification for optimism, which is the "soul of commerce."

\$ \$ \$

**T**HE New York Automobile Show was a big success. It presaged brilliant results later at the Chicago and Toledo shows. During show week, however, the motor stocks

were not particularly active, outside of bursts of strength in special issues, that came suddenly and as quickly disappeared.

There seemed to be no question that leaders of the industry are confident of making new records, at least, for the first six months of this year. New attractive models with undreamed of comforts and superlative performance brought in orders valued at millions of dollars.

Constantly improving agricultural conditions are a boon to the industry. Farmers are buying cars and trucks and tractors as never before. And increasing popularity of the motor bus as a means of public transportation was another lucrative source. Certainly, the motor world is off to a flying start.

\$ \$ \$

**S**TATISTICALLY, the oil industry is in the strongest position in its history. But shares of leading companies, at this writing, were slow to take cognizance of this improvement. Steels, which are in a strong industrial position, with mills expected to turn away business by May first, acted depressed.

Despite their advance over the months, the railroad shares, particularly the lower priced group such as Missouri Pacific common, were considered among the safest mediums for trading and investment. The best argument in favor of the carriers is the fact that they have registered steady improvement over the last few years and that they will do business as long as the country generally is doing business.

\$ \$ \$

**A**LTHO the local stocks, Toledo securities, would be affected by any major movement in the New York market, offerings were scarce and apparently held for much higher prices.

This was particularly true of Owens Bottle, Libbey Owens, Electric Auto-Lite, Larowe Milling, and a few others. Around mid-January, bidders hesitated to climb for these stocks but holders were even more determined to keep them for much higher levels. The bank stocks, as usual, were quiet with very small, odd lot trading occasionally.

\$ \$ \$

**W**ILLYS Overland shares continued to fluctuate with the motors as a group, altho a pool was expected to operate in the common with a view of sending it up into new high territory. With an array of new models that are pre-eminently among leaders in the field and that were sensations at the motor show, Willys Overland promises to surpass even its brilliant past performances for production and sales. With earnings expected to continue at a high rate, both speculative and investment channels of high repute were bullish on the shares.



In the olden days, at the first sign of chilly weather the young ladies shook out the long flannel ones.

## I CANNOT WEAR THE OLD THINGS I WORE LONG YEARS AGO

By JOHN HELD, JR.



And there was the corset. This sort of a picture was good for a hearty laugh in the drear old days beyond recall.



But how do they wear stays? Dance with them and find out.



What they wear today would go through the eye of a needle

# THE ICONOCLAST

By W. H. M.

IT IS only 150 years ago that the United States declared her independence, only 89 years ago that Toledo elected her first mayor, only 20 years since the city's first art museum was opened in a residence on Madison Avenue. If one enjoys the peculiar thrill of optimism he need but concentrate on the above facts for a minute or two and he will be thrilled.

OPPORTUNITY knocks many many times at every man's door.

Many people have what might be called a failure complex. Even feeling fairly certain that an investment in a particular venture will bring them success, they instinctively steer clear of it, so imbued are they with the idea of failure. So surfeited with its poison are they, that they will invest only in it and leave success for others, actually avoid the "royal road to success."

ONE evening recently an ex-soldier was saying, "We dragged our feet through knee-deep mud and water, knowing that we were going to certain death. It was a pitch black night. Whenever the line halted and I bumped into the man ahead of me I almost immediately fell asleep, standing up. As the line moved again I automatically stumbled forward with the rest. We didn't care about being killed; it would have been a relief. After we got along some, we began to notice the dead lying around and then knew that, after all, we weren't to be the first over the top. When we got over, there wasn't any of this jumping around with the bayonet like a parrying prize fighter. All that would happen would be an American and German each push his bayonet through the other, standing still, and both falling over dead." On and on he went, telling of the thrilling adventures of war. It is comparatively rare that an ex-soldier will thus "open up" and discuss "what it was like in France." But there is not yet a demand for these master stories of adventure and slaughter. A reaction will come one day and the whole world shall crave to hear again of The Great Folly of the Early Twentieth Century.

GENERALLY speaking, the best resolution to make on New Year's day is to resolve never to make another resolution. Most resolutions are broken later on and it hurts a man's morale to realize he cannot keep his promise.

It is said that love, marriage and parenthood are the greatest thrills in life. But they are not all. What about the thrill of first learning to write one's own name and all the other "firstlings" of childhood, the first long trousers (and short skirts), the first reading of Shakespeare and the first translation of a foreign language. What about the thrill of making dates on the telephone?—of arousing cheers by one's athletic prowess?—of vacations?—of the first earned salary?—of Christmas morning year after year?—of painting a picture? How about the thrill of being out in the cold and remembering that an intensely interesting novel awaits your further attention at your warm fireside? And then there's the first raise in salary, the buying of one's own furniture, automobile, home. How about planning a

trip abroad?—and then going through with it? How about unexpectedly successful investments? And then there is hauntingly beautiful music. What about bowling a 260 score or winning a tennis set by a close margin? And then there is the reunion of lost or forgotten friends, hamburger steak,—oh lots of thrills. There is even a certain pleasure attached to scratching a mosquito bite if one would only admit it.

On the other hand, there is much to crush a man down.

It seems best to realize that life is just life, take it as it is—a compromise of virtues and evils. If it bites laugh it off. Come what may, we're here and here to stay, until the old bully gets too rough and then we'll let him have his way.

IT WOULD be nice if we could see more elderly people among the swarm downtown. Why should a gentleman of seventy winters have to give up to a young upstart of forty in the business world? And why should the ladies of seventy summers disappear? They are generally better conversationalists and personalities than their flapper sisters of twenty. However, the old gentlemen ought to buy new suits of clothes a little oftener; they are entitled to them.

A LOCAL salesmanager recently gave voice to a new convention that 2000 years is too long a span of time to wait for the Millenium, that the world certainly has needed a Second Coming many times during the past centuries and that we humans could have been given a better deal. His statement may or may not be a sound one, but isn't it refreshing to think of a sales manager talking of such things without any provocation? Sales managers hardly ever say things like the above.

SOMEONE has said that no more than 25% of one's monthly income should go for rent. But among the armies of city workers it is almost certain that many are paying more for rent than a quarter of their monthly income. It seems that appearances are very important—too important. The law of "What Will People Think?" is a much more impelling law than the law of common sense.

A DOWNTOWN shop recently displayed in its show window a sign which read, "If It's Anything Optical We Have It." Two young ladies were window shopping in front of this shop. One suddenly exclaimed, "Oh Gertrude, I wish Jack would buy that two carat diamond for my engagement ring!" "That, my dear," replied the friend, pointing to the placard, "is an optical illusion."

People who wear glasses are given altogether too much credit for having intelligence. This is also an optical illusion.

AS ONE approaches the life center of our noble city he begins to read words, at first just ever so often, and then faster and faster until he is hemmed in and cannot get away from the daily duty of reading the same signs

(continued on page 45)



MISS VIRGINIA RREINFRANK

*Whose engagement to Norman Foley has been announced*

## *The Iconoclast*

*(continued from page 30)*

turn his eyes where he may. If he were to walk through a woods or in the mountains he might choose his own thoughts and concentrate very deeply. But if he walks a city street his thoughts are all organized for him. He must consider "Ground Gripper Shoes," "Are You Saving Enough Money?" "Stop," "Join the Navy and See the World," "Enter Rear—Pay Leave," "1st Violation, \$1.00," "Come in and See for Yourself," "Do You Have Headaches?—See an Oculist," "Most Stupendous Sale in the History of Toledo Merchandising," "Special Attraction," "While They Last—39c," "Invest in Florida Real Estate," . . . It seems the signs are one reason for the armor that city folks wear. If one were to do everything that the signs direct to be done, if one were to fully feel all the emotions implied by the various signs about town, he would very soon be a physical and mental wreck. Some time ago a young woman attended her first motion picture show. Her emotions were wrought up to such a tremendous pitch that she was sick for several days as a result. One can imagine a Kentucky "hill Billy" wandering for the first time amid the maze of city signs. No, after all, one can't; for we are all too used to it. We wear our armor, we are very little interested, we are not much influenced, yet we must forever be dutifully reading the signs, the same old signs, the new ones, and read, read, read.

# DURING *the* INTERMISSION

By MITCHELL WOODBURY

**T**HE gentlemen who arrange the tours of the various stage exhibits about to set forth on an invasion of the hinterland, evidently consider Toledo excruciatingly butter and egg. For three plays originally scheduled for visits in the Auditorium during the past month were wiped off the booking sheet just like that. And when one considers they were such as O'Neill's "Desire Under The Elms," Vadja's "The Harem," and Miss Grace George in "She Had To Know," the grievance becomes even more potent. Three weeks were we forced to subsist on vaudeville, burlesque and cinema, and while these are very worthy forms of amusement one could hardly be expected not to hunger for a good play or musical piece in that period of time.

All of which makes the task of prognosticating the theatrical events for February a hazardous one. Two attractions we are now certain to view. Both are musical and both have high rank in the footlight world, which should call forth considerable interest and a generous outpouring of the citizenry.

The first of this duo is the Messers Shubert's "The Student Prince," which arrives on the initial day of the month and remains for eight performances. This operetta has been hailed as the finest of the present day and is said to hold an especial appeal to all those who love the school of music exemplified by "The Bohemian Girl," "Fra Diavolo," or "Chimes Of Normandy." It is, as everyone knows, the sentimental "Old Heidelberg" done in melody. 'Tis wasteful words to further discuss its fame and record, which is universally known. The company to be heard here is headed by Mr. Hunter Kimball, who will sing the name part of Prince Karl Franz.

The second is the "Greenwich Village Follies," due on Thursday, February 11th for a quartet of showings. Smartness will be revealed in all its tasty trappings, for this annually delightful and bland revue always aims for smart-

ness above all things. And the current edition is said to eclipse its five predecessors in this respect. Its populous cast is headed by Moran and Mack, a couple of exponents of burnt cork humor whose drolleries elicited columns of praise in the public prints of old New York town last season. Toto, the former French clown, is also prominent among the merry makers. In Chicago the show was regarded as the best of the series and attained a splendid 12 week run at the Apollo Theatre.

A return of "Blossom Time," its seventh engagement is the only other definite attraction of the month. The same company heard earlier in the season will be back for a pair of performances on Washington's Birthday, the 22nd.

And so to thoughts of the offerings seen since the last issue of this magazine. There were five of them, two being repeaters. They came in this order:

"Rose-Marie"—Enjoyable rendition of the tuneful Hammerstein operetta set off with fine clowning by the youthful Charley Sylber. Only flaw was the lack of a singing voice by the romantic lead, Guy Robertson having departed for New York before this city was reached and his understudy, a chorus man, given the part.

"Mr. Wu."—Walker Whiteside enacting a yellow man who seeks atonement for a wrong done his daughter from the mother of the girl's lover. Gripping and intense, if not pleasant, drama, excellently played.

"The Gorilla"—Another session with Mr. Mulligan and Mr. Garrity, the world's worst crime detectors. Hilarious and thrilling burlesque of the mystery play. "The Grab Bag"—Ed Wynn at his best surrounded by a corking troupe. Clean and clever, witty and Wynn-y.

"Abie's Irish Rose"—Second peek at Anne Nichol's champion. Hoakum as you (meaning the dear public)

(continued on page 47)



HUNTER KIMBALL.

Who Sings the Role of Prince Karl Franz in "The Student Prince" coming to the Auditorium.



**MISS DOROTHY MACKAILL**, popular cinema star in a new sensation—knee muffs—which now promise to be the winter fashion rage in Hollywood and New York. They are of mink and specially made to match the handsome mink coat she wears.

—00—

### *During the Intermission*

*(continued from page 26)*

like it.

The movies next claim our attention and our self-amusing diversion of picking the month's six best is now on. The photoplays we are going to consider were shown between December 15th and the same date in January, and are twenty-five in number. In order to freshen your memory we'll recall them: Norma Shearer in "His Secretary," Pola Negri in "A Woman Of The World," Betty Bronson in "A Kiss For Cinderella," Eleanor Boardman and Conrad Nagel in "The Only Thing," Carol Dempster in "That Royle Girl," Monte Blue in "Hogan's Alley," Constance Talmadge in "The Goldfish," Rin-Tin-Tin in "Tracked In The Snow Country," "The Ancient Mariner," "Havoc," Corinne Griffith in "Infatuation," Richard Barthelmess in "The Beautiful City," Leon Errol in "Clothes Make The Pirate," "The Scarlet West," Ben Lyon in "One Way Street," "The Road To Yesterday," Charles Chaplin in "The Gold Rush," Rod LaRocque in "The Coming Of Amos," Alice Joyce in "White Man," "The American Venus," "Mannequin," Richard Dix in "The Vanishing American," Adolph Menjou in "The King On Main Street," and Bebe Daniels in "Lovers In Quarantine."

The six best in this group in our opinion are: "The King On Main Street," "His Secretary," "The Vanishing

*(continued on next page)*

### *During the Intermission*

*(continued from page 47)*

American," "The Gold Rush," "The Beautiful City," and "Havoc." And here's why:

"King On Main Street"—Finest cinema in many months with the admirable Menjou perfectly cast in an ultra-sophisticated story of much charm, nicely touched with humor and whimsy.

"His Secretary"—More sophisticated stuff anent business office flirtation with two partners and a pretty stenographer as principals. Expertly handled by Norma Shearer, Lew Cody and Willard Louis.

"The Vanishing American"—Paramount eclipsing itself in the production of super-westerns. Richard Dix at his best.

"The Gold Rush"—Farrago of Chaplin pathos and fun adroitly intermingled.

"The Beautiful City"—Barthelmess as an Italian lad who finally finds beauty in the squalor of New York's East Side. Transcendent portrayal by the young star and additional good work by Dorothy Gish.

"Havoc"—Three men fight for a woman who isn't worth it, with the World War as an exciting background. Best of the recent war pictures. A memorable performance by George O'Brien.

**FEBRUARY** promises plenty of splendid entertainment in the vaudeville and motion picture houses. Manager Joseph Pearlstein at Keith's has some of the most important acts in variety booked, including Singer's Midgets, Harry Burns, the popular Italian comedian, Maurice Diamond, the dancing star, a condensed version of "The Gingham Girl," Wier's Elephants, Frankie Heath, Tom Swift, Lillian Morton, a new discovery in singing comedienness, and the "Antique Shop," a smart musical fantasy.

Five imposing cinemas are to flash on the Temple screen. Madge Bellamy in "Thunder Mountain," will start the list and will be followed by Marie Prevost in "Seven Sinners," Matt Moore in the film edition of Frank Craven's "The First Year," Peggy Hopkins Joyce in her first photoplay offering, "Sky Rocket," and John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast."

The Pantheon will flash such fine pictures as Ben Lyon in "Bluebeard's Seven Wives," Conrad Nagel and Eleanor Boardman in "Memory Lane," Lewis Stone and Anna Q. Nilsson in "Too Much Money," and May MacAvoy in "Tessie."

Lon Chaney in "The Blackbird," "Soulmates," with Eileen Pringle and Edmund Lowe, Rex Beach's "The Auction Block," with Eleanor Boardman and Charles Ray, and Norma Shearer in "The Light Eternal," are the excellent group of offerings the Valentine will proffer this month.

# AMONG THOSE WHO DANCED AT THE BACHELOR



*Mr. and Mrs. Barnes Walbridge, two Dutch Boys in light blue and crimson satin.*



*Mrs. Isaac Kinsey and Mrs. Phelps Berdan as two gay Pierrots.*



*A DECORATIVE GROUP—Mrs. Pennell, Mrs. Ceilan, Rosick, etc.*



*THREE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST—Mr. Lloyd Hixon, Mr. Lockhart MacKelvey and Mr. James Secor in Harem vaiment.*



*Mr. George Secor in smart wear—ever evening attire.*



*GYPSY WIFE—Secor Mr. Secor.*



# LADIES' COSTUME BALL AT THE MADISON GARDENS



Mr. Frank Cotter, of St. Louis, Mrs. [Name obscured], and Mr. Pennell Hixon



Mr. and Mrs. Ceilan Rorick in Pierrot and Jockey Costumes.



Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair Walbridge, Bold Buccaneers off Captain Kidd's Pirate Ship.



Mrs. James [Name obscured] and Mr. Carleton [Name obscured]



Mrs. George Pope MacNichol, Jr., a beautiful Colonial maid in period costume of blue satin and silver.



Mr. Phelps Berdan, Queen of the Ballet, and attendants, Mrs. Henry Blodgett and Mrs. Lockhart MacKelvey.

# Dream of The Late Edward Drummond Libbey Realized

*Toledo Museum of Art Now Stands Complete and Its Galleries, Auditoriums,  
and Class Rooms Are Now Open to All Those Who  
Seek Self-Improvement*

By EULA LEE ANDERSON

WITH the recent dedication of the new unit of the Toledo Museum of Art, the gift of its founder and President, the late Edward Drummond Libbey, its galleries, auditoriums and class rooms are now open "for the benefit of those who seek self-improvement."

The original building of pure white Vermont marble has been more than doubled in size with the rear facade of classical columns similar in beauty and impressiveness to the front colonnade.

To the right of the main entrance are the offices of the director, curator and assistant curator, together with the general business office, while to the left are the information office, reference library and stackroom with space to accommodate 12,000 books and 20,000 lantern slides, scraporium and reproduction files, while connecting with these rooms is the office of the Supervisor of Education and educational staff.

THE beauty of the sculpture court has been enhanced with a collection of replicas of antique statuary mostly from Pompeii and Herculaneum, the gift of Mrs. Edward Drummond Libbey. Above the door leading from the sculpture court to the marble stairs, descending to the ground floor, is a bronze tablet bearing the inscription: "This Museum was completed in the year 1925 through the generosity of its President, Edward Drummond Libbey, for the benefit of all those who seek self-improvement." In this opening will eventually be placed a fine handwrought grill, now being made by Oscar B. Bach of New York. It will be of bronze ornamented with silver medallions showing allegorical representations of the principal major and minor arts represented in the Museum's collections.

To the right of the sculpture court is a spacious gallery housing the Secor Collection of paintings, while to the left is a large gallery of American paintings.

THE painting of Antonin Proust, the French Minister of Fine Arts, by Edouard Manet, one of Mr. Libbey's most

recent gifts to the Museum, was unveiled at the dedication of the new wing, and installed in the Edward Drummond Libbey Gallery of the Museum. In this gallery are shown paintings brought together by the late founder and President of the Museum including noteworthy examples by Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Bosboom, Turner, Velasques, Zurbaran, Holbein, Manet, Pieter de Hoog, Constable, George Inness Reynolds, Hoppner, Cazin, Bol, Gainsborough, Ribera, Maes, Cranach, together with primitive paintings of Italy and northern Europe.

In the Edward Drummond Libbey Gallery of Dutch paintings are excellent examples of the works of Anton Mauve, Jacob and Willem Maris, Weissenbruch, Kever, Pieters and others, the collection forming one of the very finest groups of modern Dutch paintings in America.

THE Portrait of Princess Demidoff by John Singer Sargent, a most important painting placed by Mrs. Edward Drummond Libbey in the Maurice A. Scott Gallery, was exhibited for the first time on the evening of the dedication. The Gallery, founded by Mrs. Libbey in memory of her father, shows the development of American painting from early colonial days to the present time. Among the artists represented are Stuart, West, Copley, Sully, Whistler, Blakelock, Homer, Remington, Daingerfield, Tryon, Brush, Johnson, Betts and many others of equal importance.

The gift of Edward Drummond Libbey of one of Rodin's greatest works, "The Thinker," records the late President's appreciation of the late Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus of Chicago for his devotion to the cause of art and education and his interest and encouragement in the founding of the Toledo Museum.

THE Libbey Collection of Ancient Glass, one of the finest in the world, occupies one of the two galleries devoted entirely to glass. The earliest piece in the collection



THE GOTHIC GALLERY

*At the Toledo Museum of Art designed by Blake-More  
Godscin, Curator of the Museum.*

## *The Dream of Libbey Realized*

*(continued from page 8)*

is about 1350 B. C., and comes from Egypt. In all there are about 5000 pieces of ancient glass including many examples of early Egyptian and Arabic glass necklaces, scores of iridescent glass bracelets, made in Syria from the second to the seventh century; beautiful group of Egyptian and Roman mosaic glass of the first century and many other first century specimens of blown glass containing inscriptions in Greek. It contains what is thought to be the largest and best group of Jewish glass in the world of the fourth century, and an important group of glass bearing Christian symbols. It also includes one of the five Roman Cameo Vases in the world which have come down to us from the first century and is rich in mosaic and millefiori glass of Roman and Arabic periods.

The collection formerly belonged to the late Thomas E. H. Curtis, of New York, and was purchased intact by Mr. Libbey from the Curtis heirs seven years ago. Since then it has been in storage awaiting the time when the Museum would have ample space for its display.

In the second gallery is the Barber Collection of American glass, together with splendid examples of Venetian, German and Bohemian Glass.

# MOMENTS MUSICAL

By FLORA WARD HINELINE

THE bridegroom at the wedding has long been considered of little consequence but in a recent marriage which figured large in the news major attention rested with him—the wedding of Leopold Stokowsky, famed conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra and Evangeline Brewster Johnston, Philadelphia society girl, much heralded as the friend of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

Toledo will be one of the first cities to hear Stokowsky and his band, considered the finest symphony orchestra in this country, when they appear here February 25 at the Rivoli, following his honeymoon which has announced is to last a month. I trust it will last much longer than that, although his previous matrimonial adventures make one doubtful. His former wife was Olga Samaroff, gifted pianist and it may well be it was a case of too many artistic temperaments. Their five year old child divides its time between parents, it is said. The present Mrs. Stokowski is 17 years her distinguished husband's junior. He is 44. When he shakes his redoubtable stick over the Philadelphians next month in Toledo, he will appear much younger than his years, I wean.

GRACE DENTON is spending much time in Detroit and Cleveland these days in preparation for her concerts in both of those cities by the Philadelphia orchestra. Only by booking this gigantic organization for six concerts was she enabled to include it in her Rivoli course for Toledo. Positively, you have to take your hat off to that woman!

*(continued on next page)*



LEOPOLD STOKOWSKY

*Conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra which will be heard in the Rivoli on February 25.*

## Moments Musical

(continued from page 39)

If you were one of those enjoying Madame Romaine's beautiful playing at the Coliseum January 25 in the Zonta course, you will begin to see how possible, even, are the extravagant claims made in Europe that an odor of violets emanates from her instrument, pervading the room, when she plays certain selections. A Russian poet has declared such to be the case and upon several occasions, Romaine has been astounded to have many persons in her audience assure her this is so. Sweet music and sweet perfume! Why may there not be a connection between them to a delicately tuned personality?

THE folks who missed Ignaz Friedman when he gave his piano concert at Scott auditorium last month, missed some real he-man playing. His is the mightiest left hand these ears have ever heard. He thunders like a Jove or flutters his facile hands over the ivory in the softest of pianissimos. He is a giant in every sense. I doubt if Paderewski can now do some things as well as he does them.

Toledo came near having opportunity to hear Muriel LaFrance, protegee of Madame Galli-Curci in concert again this season. Clarence R. Ball who annually puts on a May Festival at the Coliseum with his high school glee clubs sought the services of Miss LaFrance in the lead role of "Traviata," the opera to be sung this season. Miss LaFrance was eager to come since Scott is her old school and gave him encouragement that she would. But Madame Galli-Curci, who must always decide such matters for her, said "No., indeed." The reason was other than one might

guess. Madame declared the role in question not a coloratura part and not suited to her favorite's abilities. Rather than to have her appear where she had no opportunity to display the glorious trill and florid cascades which she does so easily, the Madame put her foot down on her coming at all. Too bad for Toledo but wise, wise, Madame!

THE city has a new musical organization—The Toleti Trio. Unless you were proficient in Latin in school days you'll never surmise that Toleti is the genitive case of the word Toledo. Dan McKenna, Harvard man, flutist of the trio coined the name. Wouldn't you just know he would? Karl Ahrendt, violin, is a member of the trio and gifted Mrs. Sand, is the pianist. Here are three fine musicians essaying a unique role in the city. The best of luck to The Toleti Trio. They should provide real spice in things musical.

James Michos of the Secor hotel is a faithful parton of music. The concerts he provides for his guests cost him thousands of dollars yearly. He has thought nothing of purchasing a fine new Steinway grand piano for his lobby that musicians might not be embarrassed by a poor instrument. Toledo club worried along a number of years, giving concerts with a very mediocre upright piano for use of the orchestra. It is such interest as Mr. Michos evinces in music that makes some of us really believe the city is growing more musically intelligent.

Incidentally the house that greeted Fritz Kreisler at the Rivoli must have surprised him for Toledo. He has played here several times before but always at the Coliseum.

# Little Old NEW YORK TOWN

*Interesting Comment on the New Plays and Events  
in the World's Largest City*

NEW YORK, January 1926. A beautiful musical play is "The Song of the Flame," produced by Arthur Hammerstein at the 44th Street Theatre. It is by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein, and the music, of a high order of excellence, is by Herbert Stothart and George Gershwin. Tessa Kosta is the competent prima donna, and the cast of principals are satisfying if they do not rise to a degree of greatness. The chorus, however, of Russian voices, in ensemble singing is perhaps the high light of the play, that and the dancing of the American girls. The fault of the play lies in the fact that it is another Russian opus, and heavy with depression and despair. "The Song of the Flame" means the revolutionary song sung by the impetuous Anuita, a sort of Joan of Arc of the communist. She is a flaming figure, and her one song stands out above all others. But in the main, save when little Dorothy Mackaye is cleverly entertaining, the moments pass slowly and rather despondently. But any lover of good music, fine singing and delightful stage settings and costuming will find an evening or afternoon well spent here.

A NIGHT in Paris" is a joyous relief from some of the more depressing plays. Here one finds nothing to depress. It is a new revue staged by the Shuberts at what they are now pleased to term Casino de Paris, which is another name for the cosy Century Theatre Roof. Its French flavor comes legitimately from Paris, several of the dancers, singers and pantomimists having been imported for the revue. Other numbers are selected from our own American girls, dancing, singing and comedienne, as well as a few of our most talented comedians. The cast is of little moment here. The evening is resplendent in pictorial and musical beauty. The dancing is as snappy and effective as any on Broadway, and there are as amusing skits as we have seen. The tableaux of beauty unadorned are cleverly and skilfully arranged, and it is, in short, a snappy, alert, vivacious and beautiful thing.

MOSCOW holds the distinction of having more theatres than any other city in the world. Before the revolution there were about 65 theatres in the Russian art capitol, now there are more than 650.

"This is due to the fact that the Government now encourages theatres, large and small. They are taking the place of the newspapers in many respects," says Dr. Alexander Arkatov, a Russian stage director who is in this country where he has embarked as a theatrical producer. Dr. Arkatov was the first commissaire of motion picture theatres in Russia after the revolution. The Soviet, it seems, was desirous of giving free entertainment to the masses, so they confiscated all the theatres and began to give plays. When, however, the actors got hungry and asked for money with which to buy food and clothing, the government discovered that they had to use something for money and they didn't have its equivalent.

"Now, however," Dr. Arkatov continued, "they have encouraged all forms of amusement, and they are paying for the pleasure. Consequently the list of playhouses has increased, and there are 650 or more, ranging in seating capacity from 100 to 15,000, and there are new and promising poets and playwrights, as well as actors, on all sides."

Dr. Arkatov explains that the audience in Moscow is as important as the play or players, and it is no novelty for a member or members of the audience to arise and challenge the theory being expounded on the stage.

THE "first night" of any play is invariably a trying time for the members of the cast. On the success or failure of this often depends the entire life of the play, and the nervousness of the players is something that they never completely lose. It is interesting to discuss this with them, and when they faithfully confess some of the experiences that befell them before some of their openings, it would make an amusing book.

"One of my early experiences of this kind," ruminated Whitford Kane with a smile, "was in London, when I was to play 'The Pigeon', Galsworthy's play. I was unable to sleep, and about three o'clock in the morning I dressed and went around to the theatre and read over the billing. A 'hobby' came up to me and looked most suspiciously at me."

"What are you hanging around here for this time o' night?" he demanded. And all I could do was to answer meekly:

"Because I am going to act here to-night."

PARK Avenue has taken up the "Charleston" and is going in quite seriously for this negroid shuffling dance that has swept the country. One of the most exclusive of that thoroughfare's hotels is holding weekly "Charleston" contests, and to see fat dowagers pitted against Junior Leaguers is one of the sights of the town.

NEXT to that, one of the most amusing of current pastimes is to ask one of the many Englishmen in town to give a reading from Mr. Milt Gross, the young man who has achieved the feat of setting down phonetically the New York Jewish dialect, and whose "Gross Exaggerations" in the "World" are being discussed everywhere. To hear the native Britisher interpret Mr. Gross's "dunk esk" as "don't awsk" and to see the pained expression he wears when he says it, are among the major delights of present existence.

IN AN argument between active members of the Newspaper Club of New York, it was voted that more people visit the Aquarium than the Metropolitan Museum. In the time honored old fish-tank in Battery Park there is life (aquatic) and a display of curious, if not beautiful, creatures. Maybe the Metropolitan Museum is looked upon

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## *Little Old New York Town*

*(continued from page 35)*

as a sort of splendid graveyard for the great and glorious dead things of art. I don't know. They have given symphony concerts there with fair success from an artistic viewpoint. One time I had the audacity to suggest to the Board of Governors that to the orchestral attraction there be added dancing. They frowned at me. Ninety out of a hundred of the visitors to the Metropolitan Museum of Art are non-resident visitors. The average New Yorker has never been inside of the world's greatest collection of objects of art, and that's that.

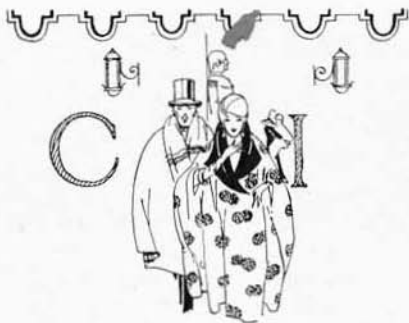
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THE bulk of the Munsey millions going to the Metropolitan Museum of Art was the big surprise of last month. The famous publisher was never notable as an art connoisseur or collector. Comparisons are being made as to the methods and preferences of our rich men in giving away or bequeathing money. John D. Rockefeller continues to give royal sums for scientific investigation, educational enterprises, crusades against disease. Much Rockefeller money goes to religious projects. Not a dollar of the Rockefeller billions ever went towards the promotion of art.

HAVING written that out of thirty years observance (as a newspaper reporter) and a sustained acquaintance with John D. Rockefeller beginning in the old days when he put the University of Chicago on the map with annual million-dollar donations to the late President Harper. Maybe I should qualify it by recounting the fact that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., did finance the restoration of the Rheims Cathedral. That may be a contribution to art or religion—or both.

BUT the Rockefeller benefactions do not—never have—leaned toward the beaux arts. None of the family cares for music, the theatre, pictures, sculpture or even architecture as expressional and vital things of life. Combating disease, scientific discoveries, fighting crime, suppressing intemperance, promoting reform—these are the causes, the objectives, which have motivated all of the princely gifts of the Rockefeller family. Many of the Morgan millions went to the causes of the fine arts; now Munsey leaves the bulk of \$40,000,000 to the greatest art museum in the world. A few weeks ago the late Senator William A. Clark left one of the finest private collections of art treasures in the world to the Corcoran Gallery at Washington.

# S O C I E T Y



By Sally Ames

**N**OW that the festive Christmas season has come and gone and the young folks have left us to resume their studies at the various schools and colleges, the whirl of parties every night is now only a happy memory and thoughts are turning to the southland where balmy breezes call us to sandy beaches, green golf courses and cool moonlit evenings. To such places as Winter Haven, Palm Beach, Bellaire, Miami and Coronado Beach, many of our prominent Toledoans are planning to sojourn during the snowy months.

Palm Beach, one of the garden spots of the south, has claimed the Paul Pruddens who this year are opening their new home, "Casapahoma," named for their three children, Paul, Horton and Marilynn. The Horton Roricks are also wintering at the Everglades Club where they will be joined the first of February by the Marvin and Ceilan Roricks. Mr. and Mrs. George Pope MacNichol, Jr. expect to leave shortly for a stay in New York, after which they will visit Mrs. Edward Ford who is wintering in Sarasota, Florida. Those going to Bellaire are the Will Morrisons, George M. Jones and son, George, Jr., and the Bob Stranahans, who will go up to Pinehurst for a month after the Bellaire season closes. Winter Haven has claimed Miss Helen Tillotson who is seen regularly every day on the golf course. We hear that Miss Ida Dowling and her mother, Mrs. Herbert Wilson, expect to leave soon for a trip to Nassau.

**A**MONG those going to California are the Langdon Walbridges, Carleton Shaw and his mother, Mrs. E. C. Shaw, Miss Sally Libby, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Witker and daughter, Gertrude.

During the past month Mrs. Cornell Walbridge, Mrs. J. K. Secor, Mrs. William Gosline and Miss Grace Frost visited Miss Olive Colton in Washington where she is spending the winter.

While "Goodbys" are always sad, indeed no two people could have had a more royal "send-off" than the John D. Biggers who sailed on the 30th to make their home in England. Another charming couple to bid us adieu is the Avery Wrights. They have moved to Columbus which was Mrs. Wright's home before her marriage, and although Donna has only been with us a few years, we are all going to miss her greatly as she has one of the sweetest personalities I have ever encountered.

Of interest every year to many Toledoans is the Automobile Show held in New York in January and those attending this year were Mr. Horace Buggie, Mr. Collard Acklin and Mr. Fred Buggie.

**M**R and Mrs. Lockhart MacKelvey and their baby daughter were home during the Holidays visiting Mrs. MacKelvey's parents, the William Goslines. Margie's baby is adorable and all you can think of when looking at her is a tiny Dresden doll.

Robert Carr and his bride spent Christmas with the William Carrs and the Jim Witkers were here too. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Miller, who are now living in Coconut Grove, are another pair

who simply couldn't resist coming back for the Holidays. Mrs. Robert Pew and daughter, Mrs. Richard Hodge, have recently returned from New York where they spent several weeks. Likewise Miss Mary Campbell and her mother, Mrs. W. A. Campbell. By the way, we hear that Mary has decided to set sail upon the rough sea of the busi-



MRS. ROBERT STRANAHAN  
Who is Wintering at Bellaire and Pinehurst.





MISS LAURA-LEE WILSON  
*Popular member of the younger set*

Photo by Lumart

## *Society*

*(continued from page 11)*

Then came the Michigan Opera "Tambourine" which we think was by far the best show the Michigan men have given in years. And last, but not least, the play "Amorocco" presented by the Scarlet Masque Club of the Ohio State University.

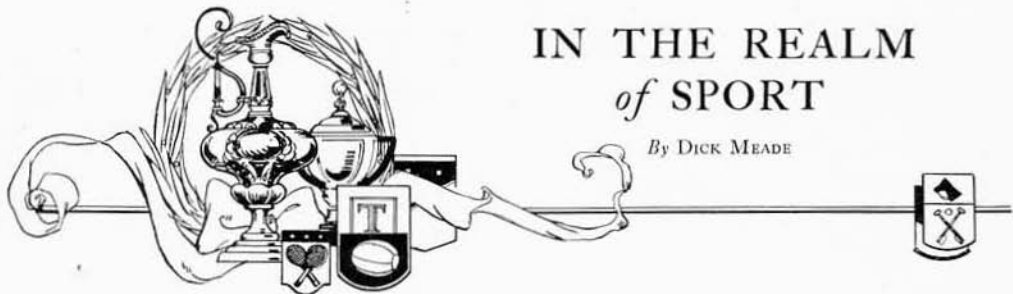
Always the smartest event of the year, the Bachelor's Ball, was held this year in the beautiful Madison Gardens which was elaborately decorated. As usual it was preceded by many smart dinners, and among those entertaining were Mr. and Mrs. Ceilan Rorick at "Innisfal" where, you know, they are living this winter during the Jim Bentleys stay in Florida. Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair Walbridge's dinner in their home on Parkwood brought together one group of their friends. Mason Jones entertained with a large dinner at the Toledo Club.

NEW Year's Eve was unusually gay and crowds were divided between the Toledo Club, the Secor, the University Club and the Green Mill, where everyone seemed to be having the best kind of a time.

On New Year's Day we all went to the Carleton Baumgardner's and then on to the Roricks, which is always the scene of a wonderful party. We all look forward each year to the Roricks' "day at home" and would feel quite lost without Mr. Rorick's cheery "Hello" to greet in the New Year. After the Roricks, we went up to Phil and Ike Kinsey's supper party at the University Club, a perfect ending to a perfect day and, confidentially, Phil whispered they hope to do this every year and may I add, I hope they do too.

# IN THE REALM of SPORT

By DICK MEADE



OUT there along the River road near Perrysburg, where the summer Maumee gently pets the shore of the lowland and where winter ice with its smooth blanket of snow is fastened to the sands in a frozen embrace, lies Carranor Field. Thundering hoof beats of galloping ponies are stilled. Only carvings in the bed of snow are the foot-marks of some itinerant dog or those of a frightened rabbit scurrying for cover. But the sun is getting higher in the heavens, January is slipping out from under us and February is such a short period. Polo is again in the conversation.

NOW it is only for the devotees and those who follow the sport as enthusiasts. Some day, mark you, it will occupy an important niche in our sporting life, and Carranor Field will be inadequate for the crowds that will flock to see stout-hearted cowboy riders in saddle and business men afoot, play ducks and drakes with their lives to drive a rolling ball between the two-fours.

Football, you know, has only recently been discovered. It existed before, but the public looked upon it as something apart from its life. When Tom, Dick and Harry sensed the lure of the gridiron pastime they dropped their tools, quit work and passed into the stadiums.

THAT same thrill of the fray that now excites the nation is coming in perhaps a smaller way when the man on the street appreciates polo. Toledo is taking to the sport more and more from year to year. But the rank and file doesn't feel the game because it doesn't know what it is all about.

We have found that every polo spectator at once becomes a polo fan. The larger the crowds the greater the number of enthusiasts. Gradually the polo family grows until Toledo now has a fairly respectable representation.

WINTER indications point to a full summer of the game. People are beginning to say there must be something in it, just like the gentry used to suspect that maybe golf wasn't child's play or old men's relaxation after all.

They have something to offer at Carranor Field. They have one of the finest, what you might call a city team, in the country. They offer you a game in its most complete form.



ALEC CUNNINGHAM AND JIMMY KENNEY  
*Popular Toledo Professionals Who are Playing  
in the South this Winter.*

THERE has been developed at Carranor almost a cavalry troop of first class players. Of course, as in all games, there are those who stand out, but the youngsters have taken to the sport and soon there will be enough experts for two and possibly three ranking teams.

Now snow may be on the field, but the game is on the tongue of its followers and they are waiting impatiently for the sun of spring to clear the field's surface and to put life into the turf.

WITH the gymnasium in addition to the Toledo Club in operation bridge tables lie idle and the squash ball pops as it responds to the sweep of the singing racquet.

Squash is not new to Toledo. They used to play it over in the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium on the major handball court until the followers of the latter game became so numerous that they drove out the men with the racquet.

BUT the squash players have again come into their own at the Toledo Club and the sport has reached its highest point in this city.

It takes youth, or at least, the agility of the matured athlete to play the game. Musical comedy and volley ball may be for the tired business man, but squash is for fast feet, strong arms and steady eyes. *(continued on page 43)*

## In the Realm of Sport

(continued from page 16)

They also are playing handball at the club on the new courts, but the Toledo stars of this game still ply their trade at the Y. M. C. A.

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**T**OLEDO men who have been Florida-bound all winter went South with dinner jackets and the loafing look. Those who have been trekking to the southland ever since the first of the year have left dinner jackets in cedar bags and substituted golf sticks.

The swingers of the niblick and the midiron who have the right and the wherewithal to utilize February and March chasing the gutty over the Florida sand dunes are leaving Toledo in droves.

Perhaps some of them intend to combine business of the corner lots with business of the links, but most of the old boys are crossing the line to dig up turf in the "wide open spaces."

\* \* \*

**B**OB Stranahan, already one of Toledo's premier golfers, has the ambition to shine in national niblick society, and he has taken Jimmy Kenney, pro at Sylvania, with him to straighten out all the crude kinks in his game.

Alex Cunningham, veteran Country Club pro, is having the time of his life this winter down South, but he writes a friend that he will be glad to return to the upriver course.

Florida, with the enormous wealth that is being spent for propoganda, is attracting all the important stars of the game and the ordinary pro is rather lost in the shuffle.

Yet the routine pro on his own course is often a bigger man than the nationally known crack, who travels the high-ways and byways.



FRITZ VON EITSELBERA

Winning Police Dog owned by E. S. Moore of Toledo

# New Treasures at the Art Museum



ANTONIN PROUST  
*French Minister of Fine Arts in 1880*  
by *Edouard Manet*



"THE THINKER"  
by *Auguste Rodin*



ROMAN CAMEO VASE  
*Curtis Collection of Ancient Glass*



PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS DEMIDOFF  
by *John Singer Sargent*