

TOLEDO TOPICS

March 1926

Twenty Five Cents



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"Place de la Concorde, Paris, la Pluie"

From a painting by Frank M. Armington

Toledo Topics

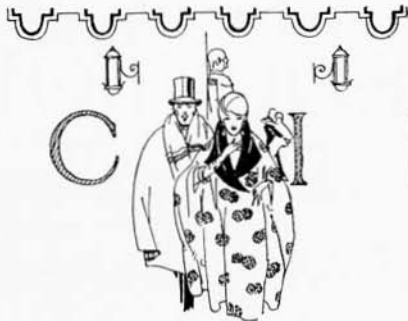
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S O C I E T Y



By Sally Ames

MARCH, that month of wind and snow, finds a large number of Toledoans sojourning in winter resorts, as well as travelling abroad, with a goodly number continuing to depart. Ocean voyages seem to be particularly in favor this winter and among those sailing are Mrs. Robert Pew and daughter, Katherine, Mrs. Arthur T. Bell and father, Mr. S. O. Richardson, Jr. who are taking Mediterranean cruises, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tracy who sail for a two months trip thru South America, Mr. and Mrs. James Montgomery Acklin who are taking a West Indies cruise.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland Gardner of New York City, formerly of Toledo, are in Cairo, Egypt from whence they will return to Cannes, France where the Gardners and children are occupying an apartment this winter.

Mr. Alfred Koch sailed the first of February for Italy where he will join Mrs. Koch and their son, who are spending the winter in Florence. Mr. and Mrs. Koch plan to travel thru Egypt and the Holy Land before returning to Toledo in April.

Of interest to the many friends of Mrs. Stanley Woodward, formerly Sarah Rutherford of Toledo, is Mr. Woodward's recent appointment as American Consul to Spain. They leave Washington the first of the month for Geneva where they will take up their residence temporarily. Katherine Pew, who is travelling abroad with her mother, expects to visit Sarah in Geneva, in June, after they leave Norway, where they expect to be during the Midnight Sun.

WE hear that Dorothy Estill, who is spending the winter in Palm Beach with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Estill, is having a perfectly glorious time and that she is

often seen dancing at the Everglades. No doubt Esther Hackedorn and Madelyn Haggerty, who have recently gone to Palm Beach to visit Margaret Weddock, will likewise receive their share of popularity as these three make an attractive trio any place.

Miss Josephine and Katherine Randolph left the latter part of February for Fort Sattersdale with their father, Dr. O. B. Randolph. They expect to spend some time in Palm Beach and Pinehurst before returning to Toledo.

While our social life at home is by no means as gay as it was a few months ago, still we seem to have the happy faculty of keeping pretty busy. Of great popularity among the young maids and matrons are "ladies days" in the Toledo Club's new swimming pool and Gymnasium, and judging from the religious way we all attend classes, our southern sisters are not going to be far ahead of us in new dives and swimming strokes. One point only do we concede—a coat of tan.



MISS ALICE GASSER

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Gasser whose engagement was recently announced to Trowbridge H. Stanley.

AS a farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Avery Wright, who are moving to Columbus, and Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Rorick, who have left for Palm Beach, Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Robinson entertained at a "Surprise party" at their home in the Harold Arms.

Of usual interest to all motor enthusiasts was the Eighteenth Auto Show, held this year during the second Civic Center Garage, which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion with orange trees an smilax.

We were indeed sorry to see Mr. and Mrs. George Harrison move away from Toledo. Mary and George are both very popular members of the young married set but it is

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MRS. GEORGE MCKESSON
Who is Wintering in California.

Society

(continued from page 8)

again "the call of the south" and they will make their home in Florida.

Mrs. A. E. Reuben was in charge of an attractive tea and musical recently given at the Park Lane Hotel for the benefit of the Collingwood Avenue Presbyterian Church building fund. Our admiration certainly goes out to this young matron for her zealous and untiring work in this church building campaign.

ONE of the most popular young visitors to Toledo in February was Miss Virginia Falconer's guest, Miss Joan Tolsiee of Saginaw, Michigan, for whom many delightful affairs were arranged.

On February 11th, Katherine Harrison and Lorenz Baker motored over to Detroit to attend the wedding of Miss Dorothy Page to John Alden Blanchard. "Bliss" who is a college friend of "Tootie's," has often visited in the Baker home and numbers many Toledoans among his friends. By the way, it begins to look as though Spring this year is going to bring forth a bevy of lovely brides. We hear that "K" and "Tootie" will be married in April, likewise Louis Bentley and Hilda Grosh, who has recently returned from New York where she and her mother have no doubt been purchasing the trousseau finery.

Among the June weddings will be that of Helen Lomasney to William Nagel, also Dorothy Foote to Bill Carr. The recent engagement of Alice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Henry Gasser, to Trowbridge Hull Stanley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Joseph Stanley which was announced at a bridge party given by Miss Irene Broer in her home on Parkwood Avenue, adds one more probable June bride to our list. So we begin to look forward to a very gay time this Spring with luncheons and dinners galore, as all of these prospective brides are very popular members of the younger set.

WHAT'S A GOOD BOOK

By R. F. NACHTRIEB

A Glance Behind and a Squint Ahead

THERE used to be a Fall publishing season and a Spring publishing season. Technically such a division still exists but actually the tail of the Fall season has hardly disappeared around the corner of Christmas before the Spring books come galloping in. Even the enterprising milliner, whose Spring headgear for women is generally put on display during the worst blizzard of Winter, is outdistanced. Still a hiatus, or some simulacrum of a hiatus, exists and during this short recess it might be well to mention a handful of the recent books which you may have overlooked.

W. E. Woodward did not quite duplicate in "BREAD AND CIRCUSES" the success of his earlier books "BUNK" and "LOTTERY" but Woodward second rate is head and shoulders above most of the other American satirists. This latest book is rather rambling and spotty but it contains enough wit and pungent observation to make it well worth while. If you haven't read "FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY" by Elmer Davis you have missed a remarkably clever light novel; clever in plot, bright and racy in dialogue. It is good for two or three hours of delighted chuckles. Towering far above American novels of this year and of many years past stands the book which we mentioned in TOLEDO TOPICS last month—"AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY" by Theodore Dreiser. Miss Wells of the Public Library who is one of the keenest judges of literary merit in Toledo likens it to Dostoevski's great "CRIME AND PUNISHMENT." It is continuously interesting and continuously terrible and if it gets under your skin at all it will stir you mightily. Only the hardened or indifferent reader will fail to receive from this monumental work the benefit of a heightened tolerance and understanding. Incidentally the limited edition which is autographed by the author is an excellent piece of book making and is much sought after. Lord Grey's TWENTY FIVE YEARS" is still a steady seller in the non-fiction class and deserves its popularity. It is a dignified record of a dignified career. Count Herman Keyserling's "TRAVEL DIARY OF A PHILOSOPHER" provides a remarkably rich contact with a brilliant mind. We are informed that this solid work has found its way into many Toledo libraries. George A. Dorsey's "WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS" is a fascinating storehouse of well digested information on anthropology, behaviorism, evolution, the endocrine glands, the processes of living and kindred subjects. It is published in Harper's Modern Science Series and is a worthy companion to its admirable fore-runners.

Among the books just published are several noteworthy volumes. Margherita G. Sarfatti's "LIFE OF BENITO MUSSOLINI" is more or less of an official biography and consequently canonizes "Il Duce" to the queen's taste. In the attractive Blue Jade Library Alfred A. Knopf has re-

issued "RACHAEL MARR" by Morley Roberts, a passionate and intense love story that is as powerful today as it was when it was first published twenty or more years ago. Sarah G. Millin, author of "GOD'S STEPCHILDREN" has written another story of South African life in "MARY GLENN." The excellence of the earlier book should win this latest novel a wide audience. The popular Fanny Hurst's "APPASSIONATA" has been out for a few weeks and has received a mixed reception. Miss Hurst's exclamatory style has intensified to the point of grotesqueness. The name of Francis Brett Young on the title page of a book guarantees delicate writing and a gift for narrative. His "DARK TOWER" has just been published in this country although it made its first appearance in England in 1914. "THREE KINGDOMS" by Storm Jameson has just arrived and from a hasty examination we conclude that it is as romantic and as glamorous as "THE PITIFUL WIFE." D. H. Lawrence has a new one called "THE PLUMED SERPENT" which will appeal to those who like Lawrence's stuff. If it is a return to the Lawrence who wrote "SONS AND LOVERS" it should be well worth your attention, if it is the later Lawrence you will probably find it nauseating. "LATER DAYS" is a charming autobiographical narrative by W. H. Davies, author of "The Autobiography of a Super Tramp" and, what is more important, author of some of the loveliest lyrics in modern English.

Among the books announced for early publication are "THE SILVER STALLION" by James Branch Cabell (May 12th)—the last of the Poictesme cycle; "ODDTA" by John Masefield (April)—another shilling shocker in gorgeous prose; "ALL THE SAD YOUNG MEN" by Scott Fitzgerald—a collection of short stories in the manner of "THE GREAT GATSBY."

Perhaps the two most important books of the Spring will be "ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE PRAIRIE YEARS" by Carl Sandburg and "THE INTIMATE DIARIES OF COLONEL HOUSE." Sandburg's book will be out by the time this reaches you, the House book is announced for March 5th. It is the unanimous opinion of critics who have reviewed advance copies of Sandburg's book that there could have been no happier combination of author and subject. The prairie poet does not concern himself with the Lincoln of history—the book ends with Lincoln's election to the Presidency. He has brought his understanding and genius to bear upon "the folk-lore Lincoln, the maker of stories, the stalking and elusive Lincoln. . . . the prairie lawyer and country politician." The Colonel House book, judging from fragments that have been syndicated to the newspapers, will tell much of the inside story of the Wilson administration. It will appeal particularly to all students of contemporary history. Frank political memoirs are always intensely interesting and those of the mysterious Colonel House should prove particularly fascinating.

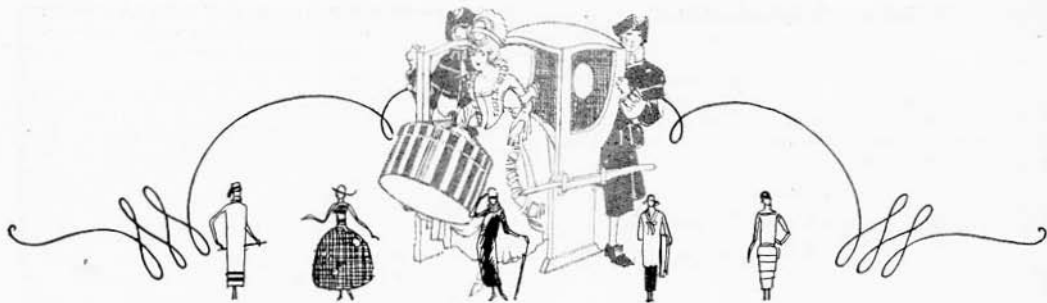


Time to Think of Us Again!

Seventh Annual
Community Chest
Campaign

APRIL 26th to MAY 3rd





Reading the Fashion Cards for Spring

By JULIA COBURN

REMEMBER a day a couple of weeks ago when the sun burst through and a bird or two sang, and you felt in your bones that Spring was putting a tentative foot forward? On that same day there was an informal showing of some spring clothes on models; and that same day this article was written.

Right at the beginning of a new season with Easter just a month away, there's so much to say that it's hard to tell where to begin.

First of all, a word about Easter. The Easter bonnet and the Easter suit are no longer the shopper's landmarks for the entire spring season. We no longer admit that until Easter—whether it come in mid-March or late April—we need no new clothes. That on Easter Day everything must be new, and that after Easter it's proper to wear one's new togs. A saner attitude has been adopted. Easter itself is often snowy, rainy or generally inclement. But somewhere around Easter, Spring really comes, and at that time, every woman wants the comfort and satisfaction of appearing in clothes as new and appropriate as the leaves.

March is the time for selecting those clothes. If you have been looking in February, you'll find larger assortments in March. You'll find certain fashions have settled down to a sureness that they will be accepted and be good throughout the season. The time of rumors is past.

So now I'm going to try to tell you what March will hold for the woman who wants to be ready when Spring is ready. At best I can give you only the high spots, answering perhaps some of the unspoken questions that are preliminary to buying.

HOW ABOUT SUITS?

HERE'S the question that comes with the coming of every spring; for the spring suit used to be a tradition, and it's one that many women cling to.

Suits will be worn. They are for the most part two-piece, short of coat, very plainly tailored. They will be worn by young women, and women of youthful figure. They will be ultra-smart, and great attention will be paid to the accessories that make them more so.

Very young women are already buying two-piece suits, and wearing them as a dress under their winter-weight coats. The heavy tweed topcoats of spring are also admirably adapted to wearing over a suit. By harmony of color, a very smart effect is achieved.

WHAT ABOUT COATS?

A COAT is the essential about which most women will build a spring wardrobe. In general they are of two classes:

1. The sports or travel coat.
2. The coat of lightweight wool or heavy silk.

Travel coats may be of heavy English plaids, of tapestry weaves or soft plain fabrics such as swansdown. They may be rather straight or rather flared. They may have fur trimmings or no fur. Most of all, they are characterized by an ease and a nonchalance that makes them distinctive in 1926.

Silk coats have long, graceful lines, and are often lined with soft woolen in a neutral shade. Light-weight woolens are often light in color, too; they are soft of finish, and often with a cape hanging about half their length from the shoulders. Few coats have much trimming. They depend upon their material and their cut for their smartness.

A SPORTS SEASON!

SPORTS togs have so invaded the realm of every day life that everything from georgette to tweed makes them, and anything that is light of color and tailored and jaunty of cut belongs to the great class of sports clothes. Shantung is an important new material for the jumper frock; and other smart two-piece costumes are combined of a knitted or tapestry weave sweater coat, combined with a skirt of plain wool or pleated crepe de chine. Knit things will be more and more worn as the season advances.

FROCKS AND FABRICS

THE more formal daytime frocks we will wear this spring are likely to be of navy, gray, or the very light shades of tan called parchment. Paris is talking strongly of black, but it will probably be sometime before our love of color will permit us to resume it as generally as we wore it recently.

Materials that will make frocks will be taffeta, and taffeta combined with georgette; flat crepe; satin crepe; and georgette. You will notice fullness, or lace, or something very feminine to relieve severity.

For informal daytime wear, the lighter sports colors will prevail, in all the soft subtle shades that were introduced early for Southern wear. Jersey as well as silk crepes will fashion them. Printed crepes will be very popular, in floral and geometric designs, for the summer frocks of which every woman likes to have a number. Prints have not, however, quite the style status they had last year. Printed georgettes and chiffons are a bit more uncommon, and therefore smarter, than crepe de chines.

These are but inklings of what you will find to interest you when you begin to shop; and please, for your own sake, remember that effective costumes are purchased, not as single units, but as complete effects!

Toledo District Golf Gossip

Toledo District Golf Association Officers

President, Sylvanus P. Jermain, Valentine Bldg., Adams 4640. Vice President, J. W. Hartshorn, 2703 Scottwood Ave., Garfield 2180 R. Secretary, H. W. Kline, Victoria Apartments, Main 6387 W. The Country Club, Heather Downs, Highland Meadows, Glengerry Golf Club, Inverness Club, Sylvania Golf Club, Ottawa Club, Toledo Golf Club.

Member Clubs

Lenawee Country Club, Adrian, Hillsdale Country Club, Hillsdale, Mich. Kettinring 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.



THE annual meeting of the Toledo District Golf Association will be held on Monday, March 8th, in the Chamber of Commerce. George Sargent, president of the Professional Golfer's Association and popular instructor at the Scioto Country Club, Columbus, will be the principal speaker. All of the business for the impending season, such as arranging tournament and team match dates, will be done and by this time Inverness has probably been named as the course over which the district championship tourney will be held. This event, which each year is assuming greater proportions, is expected to draw a larger entry this season than ever before. The completion of two new courses is expected this spring, and this, with additional facilities on other links, will not only tremendously increase the golf facilities of the Toledo district but the number of golfers as well.

RIVERBY Hills Golf club is coming along at a rapid rate. The announcement that Norman Hall had been procured as professional at this fine new course is an indication of the determination of the Riverby club to get away on the right foot. Hall is one of the finest players in the state. He played in the Ohio open at Sylvania in 1924 and finished second to the famous Emmett French with a medal score of 302 for the 72 holes.

Highland Meadows and Riverby Hills both will be in shape for play this spring. The clubhouse at Riverby Hills is nearing completion. This latter course is located on the rolling terrain across the Maumee from Waterville, and was selected after a careful survey of all possible sites near Toledo.

THE annual championship tournament of the Toledo Women's District Golf Association will be held the last week in June over the course of the Sylvania Golf Club, at which time Mrs. George Greenhalgh will defend her title won last summer at the Country Club. This was decided at a recent meeting of the Association at which time it was also voted to hold the annual luncheon and business meeting at Inverness on April 5th.

The Toledo Women's District Golf Association will hold weekly tournaments during the coming season. The first one is scheduled for Inverness on Friday, May 7th. The following Friday the women will play at Sylvania and on Friday, the 21st, at the Country Club. During the

succeeding weeks they will play at Fremont, Glengary, Heather Downs and Ottawa Park in order. Then this schedule will be repeated.

Mrs. E. J. Wilkinson, of Inverness; Mrs. J. J. Welker, of Sylvania; Mrs. Collard Acklin, of the Country Club; Mrs. Casper Schoen, of Heather Downs; Mrs. Eppstein, of Glengary; Mrs. Hiram Green, of Fremont; and Mrs. M. Seyfang, of Ottawa; are the new chairmen from the various clubs.

ORA Brailey, of Inverness, did a little golf playing while in the south last month and showed the galleries at Palm Beach that the Toledo District boasts some mighty good players. Mr. Brailey won the trophy in the third flight of the South Florida tourney, winning all of his matches by one-sided scores. In his first match he eliminated J. Clarence Davies of New York, 8 and 6. He won his second round match, 5 and 4 and took a victory in the third round by the same score. In the final round he defeated Frank M. Hatch, of Chicago, 5 and 4.

Jimmy Kenney, popular Sylvania pro, who is golfing at Clearwater, Florida, played in the open tournament at Sanford, in the heart of the Florida celery belt, and took a 304 for the 72 holes. Kenney should have finished sixth, but ran into some trouble on the last three holes in his final round that cost him six extra strokes.

Three Toledo golfers were entered in the annual amateur tourney at Miami, but were eliminated rather speedily. Claude Edwards, of Inverness, made the best showing. He made Dr. C. L. Frame, of Chicago, go 19 holes to beat him in the third 16. In the same flight F. W. Tutweiler lost to Leo Federman, of Great Neck, L. I., 4 and 2. C. A. Mauck was defeated by O. Redmond, of Schenectady, N. Y. in the sixth flight, 3 and 2.

Mrs. Ora Brailey qualified for the third flight of the Women's Florida championship tourney with 62-54-116, but was defeated in the first round by Miss May O'Gorman, of Providence.



WALTER KLINE

aboard his tractor at the new Highland Meadows Golf Club.

Dr. A. G. Thatcher, E. K. Sarnes, A. K. Haakenson, F. H. Anderson, A. R. Christy, and R. B. Jones are the new directors of the Fremont Golf Club elected at a recent meeting.

THE Messers B. B. Smith, Ridgeway Bartlett, J. M. Sherman,

Many Champions to be Benched at Toledo Dog Show

By WILLIAM BARLOW

BECAUSE dog styles change yearly, just the same as do the styles of a woman's wardrobe, fanciers are not astonished to see the German Schnauzer taking a prominent place at eastern shows. Two years ago there were only a few of these dogs entered in the Westminster show at New York and these were in the miscellaneous class. Last year there were 29 of them and this year 62 were benched.

Many are expected to be entered in the annual Toledo show, which opens on March 22 in the Civic Center garage to continue for three days. Joe Phipps, president of the Toledo Kennel club, says indications now point to the greatest dog show in the history of the city with owners from coast to coast displaying much interest in the local assemblage of canine aristocracy.

Mr. Phipps credits this wide manifestation of interest to the unusually collection of trophies and prizes which will be offered here this year. Cups will be offered in nearly every class. One cup worth \$100, donated by the Willys-Overland Co., has already attracted the eye of numerous fanciers who hope to have a dog capable of winning this grand prize which will be offered for the best dog in the show.

MANY of the country's most noted dogs are expected to be exhibited, including Int. Champion Hefty's Best, a sensational bull dog by the Baumbrae Kennels at Birmingham, Mich. Dr. Vollmer, owner of the Secor Kennels, is creating quite a mystery with a Chow Chow he plans to introduce at the show. This dog, which the vet recently purchased in the east, is declared to be something unusual and fanciers may depend upon a surprise.

Charles Quetesque, owner of the Caswell kennels, will have Ch. Gradley True Sport at the show to grace the wired hair fox terrier section. And many of True Sport's sons and daughters will be there, among them being some wonderful specimens.

The Steed Chow Kennels and the Klewer Chow Ken-

nels, as in the past, will have their bluebloods on exhibition and as usual are expected to take away their share of the ribbons.

EVERETT MOORE, the owner of Fritz von Etselbera, is expecting his dog to make a name for himself at the Cleveland, Detroit and Toledo shows. Altho Fritz was born in America, his father is owned by a breeder in Germany. His mother was imported by a Toledo fancier, from whom Mr. Moore obtained Fritz.

Last year Fritz was a puppy and, altho tender in age, carried away the honors in his class both at Toledo and Cincinnati. Police dog experts who have seen Fritz declare him to be one of the best American bred dogs they have ever had the privilege to look upon.

Because Mr. Phipps will act as superintendent of the show he will not be permitted to enter in competition any of his dogs, although he will have Ch. Brantford Fair Play and Peak of Perfection, a son of the champion, on exhibition.

ANOTHER son of Fair Play and a little brother of Peak of Perfection, known as "Bozo" and owned by Joe Harrison, a member of the Toledo police department, will compete and much is expected of this bulldog.

From Syracuse, N. Y., will probably come a bulldog which is attracting the attention of bulldog owners in all parts of the country. He is Yamamoto Challenger, recently imported by W. E. Chetwin. This dog won his Canadian championship easily and is expected to annex the coveted "International" to his cognomen before many of the spring shows have passed into history.

It is rumored also that the Monte Kennels of Huntington, Ind., will bring to the Toledo show Fellow Citizen, a dog recently imported from England to replace John Citizen, who died the same day he won his championship at the Atlanta show last fall.

Anyway its going to be a great show.



DOUBLE CHAMPION CASWELL TRUE SPORT
Wire Fox Terrier owned by Caswell
Kennels, Toledo, Ohio.



CASWELL RUDI VON WELFRENTEU
German Police Dog owned by Caswell
Kennels, Toledo, Ohio.



CHAMPION BRIARCROFT PERFECTION
Irish Terrier owned by Dr. Zimmerman,
Youngstown, Ohio.

FINANCE AND INVESTMENT

By CLAUDE GRISWOLD

HEADS win" and "Tails you lose" artists on the stock exchange painted the economic landscape in bright hues and colors but artistic enthusiasm lead to speculative sprees of parts which brought on their bearish headaches with such inevitable sequence that they were not acclaimed by the multitude as poetic justice.

At the highest pinnacle in all stock market history, the bull band wagon was dangerously tipsy at times and it became something of the age-old Darwinnian struggle of "survival of the fittest" for choice positions without taking the terrible, crushing fall to the valley below that might have no bottom.

\$ \$ \$

DESPITE the suggestion of a stale market position in many issues, towards the last of February there seemed no need for extensive liquidation. It was evident that many stocks and groups had received their play, but other speculative vehicles were offered to the conservative trader for a reasonably safe ride to the oasis of milk and honey.

Contagious in an aggressive faith that the future will bring even greater things, the irrepressible optimist was mobilizing his forces for a mighty spring drive and with a sly deftness that was ignored warned the bear to beware the Ides of March.

UNUSUAL business stability—an even keel on a smooth commercial sea—was much in favor of the bull. There was nothing of the boom with its dangerous and excited price inflation. Business carried on in large volume, widely distributed. Consumption marched just ahead of production.

The steel industry was operating at 15 per cent below capacity but leaders were avoiding over-production. Railroad carloadings declined somewhat but still maintained a healthy high average. Automobile makers were sanguine over the outlook while first quarter sales and production warranted the belief that the motor industry would hum at least until hot July weather.

Money continued in fair supply despite the tremendous volume of gigantic offerings of new securities. And bullish ardor was kindled by new mergers and extra dividend disbursements.

\$ \$ \$

BUT since the stock market is not so much concerned by past and present performance as it is in its discounting functions as a barometer of the future, it was feeling its way to divine the outlook with greater definiteness.

The bear at times was able to capitalize the fact that the market seemed incapable of responding to good news. An example after Lincoln's birthday was the almost complete

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Finance and Investment

(continued from page 16)

absence of follow-through in the buying when the coal strike settlement, slashing of income taxes by the senate, advance in the General Motors dividend and a shrinkage in brokerage loans were simultaneously announced.

The bull was staking his all on a ten-to-one bet that spring would bring a further revival in trade and industry. And above all he favored the oils, rails, steels, coppers and motors for the spring and early summer fireworks.

\$ \$ \$

OF ALL departments of the market, the oils appeared to be in the strongest trade position. Leading shares in this group had advanced little in comparison with other industries while earnings were consistently hitting a high stride, more than reminiscent of the old days.

In this group Marland, Mid Continent Petroleum, Standard of N. J., California Petroleum, Pacific Oil, White Eagle, Texas Company, the Pan Americans, Royal Dutch and others on the big board were high in favor.

Declining production, increasing consumption spell higher crude oil prices and higher earnings for this group. Experts in the field predicted that production would continue to decline drastically this year. And spring and summer—the greatest seasons in this group—are just ahead. Will the market be long in recognizing this?

\$ \$ \$

HAVE the rails had their fling? There has been some good selling in this group but there has also been some very good, steady buying in selected roads. Among those that reflected the best buying for apparent purposes of long

pull accumulation are: Baltimore and Ohio, Erie first preferred, Great Northern, International Great Northern adjustment sixes, Illinois Central, Missouri Pacific, particularly the preferred; Norfolk and Western, New Orleans, Texas & Mexico, St. Louis Southwestern and Southern Railway.

\$ \$ \$

UNITED States and Bethlehem Steels seem to offer the best possibilities in this group, according to lead speculative channels. The former's earnings are holding a high average and there is still the possibility of higher dividends, if not a substantial extra this spring.

\$ \$ \$

OUTSIDE of an initial flight of Electric Auto-Lite following its appearance on the big board, the local stocks have just about held their own. Auto Lite, however, was held closely and patiently by interests near the company who believe it should be selling around 100. The dividend rate, earnings and outlook would warrant a much higher selling level.

\$ \$ \$

WILLYS Overland shares appeared to be waiting for the March directors meeting for a cue as to whether the common would go on a dividend basis of \$2 or \$3. Sources close to this company were confident that Overland would be a star performer in the next big demonstration of the motors and that the common would cross the "pegged" objective of 50 said to be the goal of a pool in these shares.

The company has met with a tremendous response to its offering of its new night Seventy, at a remarkably low price. Other models, particularly the Overland four two door

(continued on next page)

sedan, as well as the Overland sixes have been lucrative sources of earnings during the first quarter, according to preliminary estimates. Estimates were that earnings the first quarter would pass \$2 a share and that the year would average between \$6 and \$8.

\$ \$ \$

OWENS Bottle fluctuated within a rather narrow range but appeared to be well bought for the pull. Libbey Owens about held its own, swinging within a ten point range.

Society Girl Making Good in Business World



MISS MARY CAMPBELL.

THE urge to do something, to have a "career," which is affecting women of the hitherto leisure class in all countries, as indicated by Lady Diana Manners in England and countless examples in our own country has extended even to Toledo.

Among the latest to succumb is one of the younger set, Miss Mary Campbell, daughter of Mrs. Walter Campbell of the Miltimore, who has taken over the social column of The Toledo Times. Miss Campbell has for sometime avowed her weariness of "just" parties and her intention of really doing something, so that her friends were able to bear with some equanimity the shock they experienced when her name was blazoned for the first time over the society column in the Times a month ago.

Mary, who is one of our very "peppiest" debs, should come well by this art of writing. Her father, the late Walter Campbell, Toledo attorney, found time in a busy life to contribute regularly to a Toledo newspaper musical criticisms which still hold the standard for writing of the sort in this city.

Yes indeed, the social column is "looking up" under Mary's ministrations. Take it seriously? Well, we should think so! And it would have done your heart good to see Mary when she got her first check, the very first money she had ever earned. Even the staid business office paused for a moment to listen to her jubilation as she Charlestoned down the room, swinging the aforesaid check above her yellow bobbed head!

Golf Course Lengths

Should Courses Follow the Ball or the Balls Follow the Courses

By CHARLES EVANS, JR.

ON my arrival home from Detroit after the Western Amateur Championship, although I was a quickly defeated candidate, I intended to write a letter to the President of the Lochmoor Country Club, for I wanted to tell him for the benefit of the members that the Lochmoor Golf Course is one of the finest in this country. Something happened and my letter was not written, but in my mind remained the realization that the Lochmoor course is a particularly good one, and the buildings are correspondingly good. The Western Golf Association was fortunate in having such a meeting place, and it stands out in my memory as one of the finest a championship was ever played upon.

This article, however, is not to be written upon the Lochmoor Country Club course; but upon the general length of golf courses, and it just happens that my idea of the right length of a golf course is the length of Lochmoor, and I say that now without even knowing the yardage of the course. I am opposed to this continual lengthening of golf courses and my opposition is not to be based upon exact mathematical figures.

BEAUTIFULLY located on the shores of the British Isles, are six championship golf courses, and upon them in turn are played the great championships of Great Britain. This rotation of championship courses seems to be an excellent idea, for they set a certain standard for the game, and the officials are supposed to see that these courses are in condition when their turn for the championship comes along, but the length of them has not changed in over 100 years. And this in itself seems to prove that one can have good and interesting courses without unduly distorting them. The English and Scots seem to know the game pretty well, and never would they spend on their courses the money we are spending yearly on distance alone.

It is true that golf balls are changed a great deal, and it seems to me to be a lamentable fact that a manufacturer can always make a ball a little faster than the other fellows, and every year golf courses must be made longer to destroy the bit of speed the ball has attained. And this merry chase will continue as long as there is available land and money to buy it with. The cost of adjusting courses each year to the ever-lengthening ball will probably run into millions of dollars. The realization of this has brought about a big discussion as to the limitation, or standardization of golf balls. A little limitation of golf balls by the authorities can be of some help, but adequate bunkering can be more. I am willing to wager that I can lay out a golf course which

will not have to be lengthened for a fast ball, and will be at the same time a fine test of the game.

WITHOUT doubt these new distance-destroying balls have taken away one of the finest features of the game, and that is the placing of the ball.

There are some holes abroad where one has to play with an iron from the tee. I remember that at North Berwick one is supposed to start his round with a mashie shot, not to a green but to a fairway. It would not hurt the game at all in this country if we had to play 25 per cent of our shots a shorter distance off the tee than we could. Certainly it would be monotonous to stand up to 18 tees and hit a ball with one's driver as hard as one could.

I believe that golf is not considered much of a physical test, but I defy anyone to get up and swing a golf club as hard as he can all day long and not be excessively tired. I think that the Oakmont Country Club course where the National Championship of 1925 was played, must have measured over 7,000 yards in length. No one but a school boy could survive this physical endurance test, and for the life of me I can't see how the average membership can enjoy it. The fact is they do not; they use short tees for their regular play.

Oakmont is a great course, one of the very greatest, but if it were 6,200 to 6,400 yards long with its present system of trapping properly adjusted I'd consider it one of the greatest tests of golf in the whole world. The increase in length merely turned it over to the strong young boys. Merion was not so bad in

length except in a few spots, but Flossmoor in its present condition is a course full of holes that only sluggers can reach. Now these are the three courses over which the amateur championship has been played for the last few years, and their selection show where we are going on this question of golf course lengthening. I do not say this because I am prejudiced or personally find the courses too fatiguing. I make this plea because I do not see how either money or land can hold out, and neither can I see the advantage if they could. Why should we give up the ability to make many skillfully varied shots for one big-muscled stroke that sends the ball so far that other shots are of little consequence. I am not advocating very short courses, but something between 6,000 and 6,400 yards depending on the kind of grounds it runs over. Of course, the spice of golf is its variety, and I never want to see any two courses alike, but I think this furious chase after length is a very harmful as



Here is the Author Who Speaks in Favor of Shorter Courses.

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Golf Course Length

(continued from page 21)

well as extravagant thing for the game. I predict that courses over 6,500 yards will not be so popular in the near future.

* * *

WE have in Chicago all varieties of golf course lengths and we try to delude ourselves into the belief that the longest courses are the best ones. It is true they take more strokes than the shorter ones but that is not the standard by which a golf course is judged.

Up on the North Shore near Fort Sheridan is the Old Elm golf course. Those who know it would rather play that course than any other around Chicago. Why? Because it is of the most comfortable length and in saying this I am not thinking of but one class of players. On the

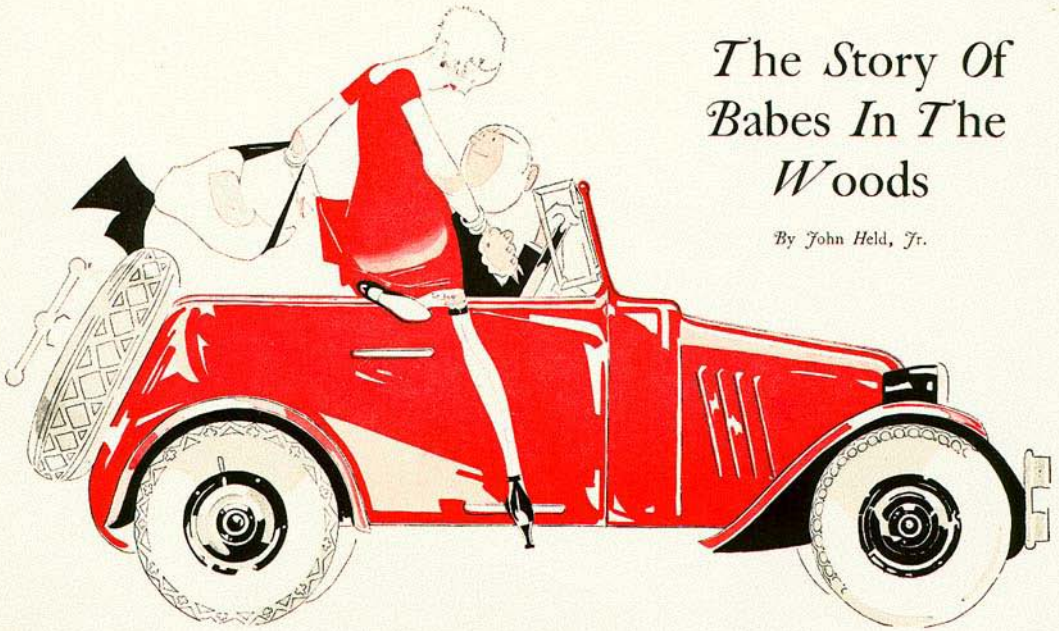
other hand we go out to Chicago Golf because it is different, and come away after taking a great many strokes, and wonder if we have really enjoyed ourselves as much as we might have done on a shorter course.

Down in Indiana is a course over which George Ade, the famous writer, plays every day. It is a tiny thing, probably 5,200 yards long, but it is great fun to play. Here you can cut an iron shot up to the hole, or you can hook around the fence corner. Always on the shorter courses you must pay much attention to the spin of the ball. And who is there who will deny that the greatest skill in golf comes from the control of the various spins of the ball, not only as it leaves the clubhead and meets the different kind of air and wind, but in its action when it hits the ground.

I am convinced we are on the wrong track; we should shorten our courses rather than lengthen them. We need less ground and the golf will be more interesting, and a busy man in our American life does not need as much exercise as the time it takes to play these very long courses demands.

The Story Of Babes In The Woods

By John Held, Jr.



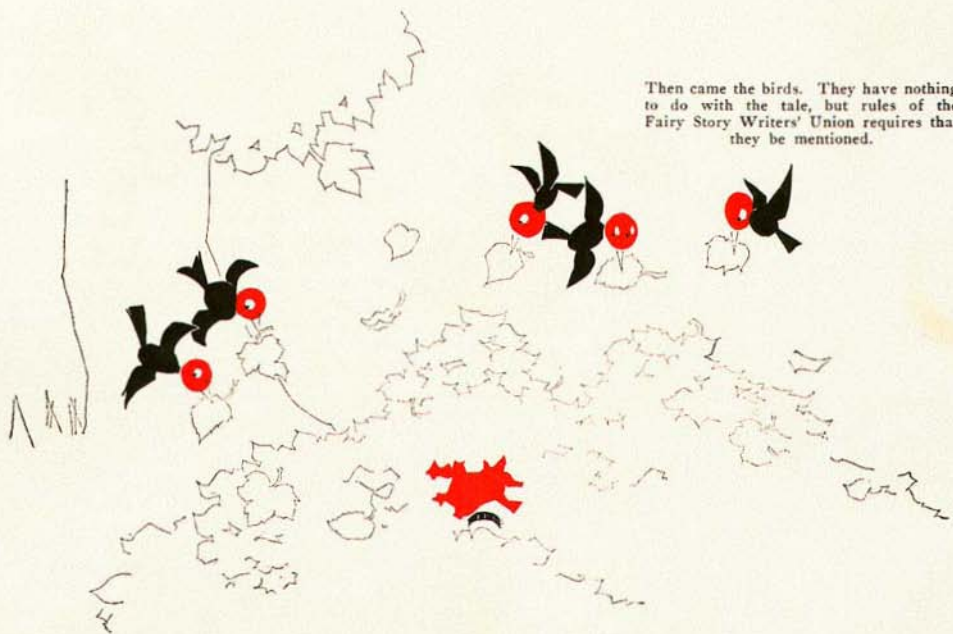
Once there were a couple of youngsters named Hans and Gret that went out to spend a day in the country.



They came to a deep wood and there they started a game of hide-and-seek.



They soon tired of hide-and-seek, so they sat down 'neath a great tree in the forest.



Then came the birds. They have nothing to do with the tale, but rules of the Fairy Story Writers' Union requires that they be mentioned.

The Home of Many Colors

By RUTH PEITER

MRS. ROBERT CUMMINGS calls the lovely Cummings home in Ottawa Hills "The Chimneys" because it boasts three, all different and each one more beautiful than the last. I should have called it "Rainbow's End" but perhaps that would be giving too much credit to the rainbow. For Mrs. Cummings has taken colors never seen in the spectrum and blended them into a harmonious whole.

THE house both as to exterior and interior is a daring experiment in color. It is built on an elevation that commands a splendid view and rough flagstone steps mark the curved ascent. It is white in color, roofed with lavender tile, broad and somewhat rambling in effect. The front door under an arched doorway is bright blue, the curtaining at the many windows gives touches of orange and flame and purple and the chimney pots blend from blue to rose and gold in delicate variegation.

One enters the front door into a veritable fairyland. A curved stairway carpeted in black and with a gorgeous handrail of rusty iron leads to the second floor. Directly opposite the entrance two arched doorways open toward the rear and thru their exquisite draperies of flame gauze one may glimpse the vista of dining room, morning room and garden beyond. The living room entered thru these brilliant draperies is really a formal drawing room in early American style and to come into it is like suddenly plunging into quiet submarine depths after the joyous coloring of the hall. The walls like the rest of the first floor rooms are rough plaster but of a finer texture than the hall. The floor covering is of soft grey and the window hangings of blue and green in striped effect with a hint of rose hue. A magnificent old lighting fixture drops hundreds of crystal prisms to catch the rainbow gleams from the center of the room. The white mantel is austere in its simplicity, emphasized by a narrow banding of black, and black is used again in the covering for the fireside bench and in a decorative screen. A grand piano gives the modern touch but most of the furniture is antique having been in Mr. Cummings' family for generations. A lovely old fashioned cupboard contains many treasures among them a quaint tea set in blue and gold pattern which is more than four hundred years old, and which was brought to this country on a sailing vessel and has been in the possession of the Cummings' family for sixty years.

DIRECTLY back of the living room so that its many windows and chaise longue heaped with cushions are visible from the front entrance, is the sun room. At noon on a winter's day this is the most delightful place in the world. Gay flowers are embroidered heavily on window gauze, for a room in which smoke blue and green magically blend. Canary yellow and blue cushions add their color and a lighting fixture in the form of a Japanese parasol suspended from the ceiling gives a festive note. Even the radio now in a walnut case is to be redone in the proper green to blend with the furnishings.

The dining room is a formal and artistic apartment in orange and black lacquer, from which opens a little breakfast room. Even the inlay on the walnut dining table carries the proper orange note. The commode and chairs are identical in design and across one wall of the room a wrought iron console with top of black marble supports

stately candlesticks of metal in tulip design each holding a flame colored candle. The draperies in the doorway to the hall are flame, but those at the long French windows leading to the terrace and into the breakfast room are a bright orange. An exquisitely painted screen gives a note of vivid color and added richness to the room.

The breakfast room is in blue, the furniture orange with nasturtiums painted in gay design. And on a swaying clothes line saucy little birds balance along one wall. Just now the terrace outside the French windows is deserted and the pool frozen. But in the summer time a bright colored awning shelters coral tinted furniture, the back of each chair boasting in bold black a kitten or a duck or maybe an elephant. Here one may breakfast amid all the enchantment of a far away land, while a little stream trickles from the green bordered pool and wanders away thru the rock garden and down the hill under the shade of great forest trees.

THE study which is at the left of the hall, is an informal, homelike room. Mrs. Cummings, declares it is the real living room of the house. Here an apricot shade is predominate. Book shelves are fitted into arched nooks, with a painted design above. Even the woodwork is apricot and the shorter windows are curtained with apricot damask, while the long windows at the front have more dignified drapes of apricot and blue in striped pattern.

Pantry and kitchen are done alike in peculiar shades of green and blue with table tops a warm orange. If anything could take the curse off of domestic drudgery this sort of a setting should.

The second floor is if possible even more fascinating than the first. Flame gauze is used again at the large windows which light the stairway and upper hall. At the left, extending almost half the width of the house, is a master bedroom which I almost fear to describe. Looking at its strange loveliness I told Mrs. Cummings, "It looks beautiful but it is going to sound impossible." For how can one explain that violet and green and cherry red can be used together harmoniously?

THE walls are tinted a soft green. The woodwork is delicate violet, almost orchid, but lacking the pinkish tinge of the true orchid shade. But every where it is banded by a narrow border of cherry red. Twin beds of the same violet coloring boast silken coverings of the cherry hue. A dainty desk painted violet is fitted out in red. In opposite corners of the room stand low chests of drawers in Chinese blue, decorated with painted blossoms. On each is a holder with a red candle. A Chinese blue table holds an orchid lamp and between the beds is another lamp with an exquisite shade almost pink in color. Across the walls and on the glass panel of the door which leads into a wardrobe room which would delight any woman's heart are painted delicate sprays of wisteria, those on the glass emphasized against a curtain of greenish blue. The bath at the left boasts violet tiling and Mrs. Cummings plans that soon painted gold fish in solemn procession shall march across the face of the mirror.

THE boudoir or dressing room beyond seems a perfect thing of its kind. A fireplace of delicate cream tile, topped by a narrow shelf of violet bordered with cherry red, many windows with rich violet and green draperies, a

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"THE CHIMNEYS" OTTAWA HILLS HOME OF MR. AND MRS. ROBERT CUMMINGS.



A CURVED STAIRWAY WINDS UPWARD FROM A HALL ABLAZE WITH GORGEOUS COLORING, WHERE A PAINTED SPIDER SPINS CONTENTEDLY UPON THE FRONT DOOR PANE.



AN EARLY AMERICAN DRAWING-ROOM DEMANDS MORE SUBDUED COLORING AND THE EFFECT IS ONE OF FORMAL BEAUTY.



BLACK LACQUER AND ORANGE INLAY GIVE DISTINCTION TO THE DINING ROOM.

The Home of Many Colors

(continued from page 9)

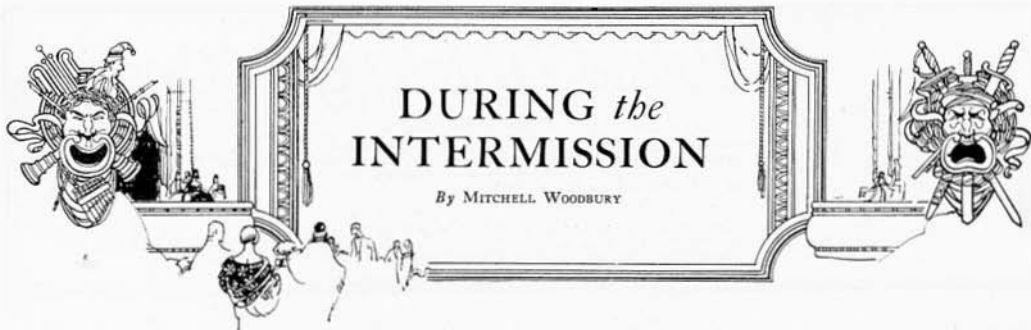
wide dressing table, a chaise longue piled with dainty cushions, two lovely Italian lamps, toilet articles of rose shade, a chair upholstered in cherry red, and a chest of drawers in Chinese blue were noticeable in the delightful ensemble.

Two adjoining rooms belong to the Cummings children, Carolyn and Robert aged eleven and twelve. Miss Carolyn's room is in peach and orchid. The woodwork is a delicate peach shade, the walls and wardrobe boast tulips in brave array. There are no closets in any of the rooms, only great wardrobes built into the walls, with beautiful painted doors. The painted bed and desk in this room are pale green and violet, and a dressing table draped in green taffeta is topped by a mirror in a dull gold frame. In one corner a slender series of hanging shelves hold childish treasures.

SWANS, dragon flies and a big fat frog frolic on the walls of the connecting bathroom, and sunlight filters through orchid checked curtains.

Master Robert occupies a typical boys room. The walls are beige and the predominating color a peculiar blue with touches of a shade which is not mulberry nor rose, but something between the two. Captain Kidd and his pirate crew stand out in black outline against the blue of the woodwork and the lamp shades are ornamented with queer little cats. A four poster bed, book shelves and a desk, the latter painted a mulberry shade complete the furnishings.

A guest room is done in delicate rose color and is the most conventional room in the house. Window hangings are of glazed chintz, the furniture is of walnut, with one chair upholstered in solid rose color.



DURING *the* INTERMISSION

By MITCHELL WOODBURY

WE are frequently petitioned by various of the good townspeople contemplating pilgrimages to such ports of call as New York and Chicago, to compile a guide as to the plays they should and shouldn't see during their travels. Naturally, being an inland commentator on things dramatic, any list we would suggest would have to be second hand. But to the average layman to whom the names Alan Dale, Percy Hammond, Alexander Woolcott et al, do not mean a thing, we suppose such a guide would be of some service. And so after a consultation with the reams of copy sent forth into the world by these worthies of the play reporting guild, here goes.

The visitor to Manhattan, if he or she owns the mint and has some influence at McBride's or Bascom's, will indubitably see "Sunny," that big carnival of beauty and jazz from the aviary of Charles Dillingham, with nice little Marilyn Miller and a lot of other nice people. "Artists And Models" and "Charlot's Revue" are also alluring should one care for the stylish revue type of entertainment. For the lover of the operetta there is "The Vagabond King," which is "If I Were King" set to songs and in which Dennis King is Francois Villon. The waggish fun of the Brothers Marx in "The Cocoanuts" is also extremely popular in the musical show marts.

IN the dramatic lanes among the more worth while pieces, "Young Woodley" and "Craig's Wife" are recommended. The former stars Glen Hunter and is an opus of the awakening of adolescent love, quite moving, we're told, and with acting that touches the heavens by the young star. The latter is George Kelly's first exhibit in stern playwrighting and has to do with a selfish wife that is properly dealt with. "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" is a play of lighter nature that is well thought of. It concerns crooks and such and presents Ina Claire as a social plunderer. If you follow the crowd it will take you to one of three new productions—"The Great Gatsby," which is Scott Fitzgerald's book come into the theater with Owen Davis as the magician who conjured it there.—"Lulu Belle," Miss Ulric's new conveyance in which she does a darktown Jeebel—or "The Shanghai Gesture," a strong tale of hate and revenge in a Chinese brothel with Florence Reed as "Mother Goddam," mistress of the place. They're not much as dramatic literature, but they're certainly attracting the populace in droves.

OF course one hasn't the number of variety of offerings to choose from in Chicago, but the emigrant to the Windy City is certain to be told about a certain three. "Castles In The Air," a frolic of girls and tunes with Vivienne Segal and Bernard Granville conspicuous in a large cast, is one of them. This piece started out on a four week's run, but immediately struck popular favor and is now well along in its fifth month. It is already being hailed as another "No,

No Nanette," which also had its beginning close to the splashing waves of Lake Michigan.

Mr. Belasco's production of Mr. Williard Mack's exciting melodrama, "The Dove," is another. Holbrook Blinn and Judith Anderson are the mimes of note in this thriller. The third is Mr. Sidney Howard's Pulitzer prize winning "They Knew What They Wanted," in which Pauline Lord and Richard Bennett are so happily employed. Morris Gest's pretentious pantomime, "The Miracle," seems destined to continue until late in April in the Chicago Auditorium, and if you missed this inspiring spectacle in New York or Cleveland it should, by all means, be placed on your theater-going list.

THE month of February seemed to be a continual musical festival in our own Auditorium. We were sent two operettas, a smart revue, an intimate musical farce, and a grand opera troupe. A lone serious play bore the banner of drama during the month. It was Eugene O'Neill's widely discussed "Desire Under The Elms," and if the backwall of the theater had been torn away and the audience and players transported to the alley behind the playhouse, a fitting setting for the presentation of such an opus would have been afforded. This stormy petrel of the stage, which some claim to be a masterpiece of contemporary play-scrolling, was, to us, an uninspired, unemotional, tedious and tiring narrative of lust among the puritanical New Englanders, which would have been better untold, especially upon the theatrical platform. Its lone virtues were that it was a piece of vivid and imaginative writing and that it offered its chief protagonists exceptional opportunities for strong histrionics. If "Desire Under The Elms" be dramatic art, the Toledo Union Station is a wonder work of architecture.

THE Student Prince," "The Greenwich Village Follies," "My Girl," another engagement of "Blossom Time," and the Manhattan Opera Company were the other February attractions. "The Student Prince" was as glorious and invigorating as we had been led to expect it would be and it was splendidly sung and acted here. "The Greenwich Village Follies" was a riot of color and humor, especially the latter, and was without doubt the best edition of this series. "My Girl" was a dance treat, with an ample supply of comedy and some catchy melodies thrown in—all in all highly enjoyable and satisfying entertainment. "Blossom Time" needs no comment and the Manhattan Opera Company productions will be discussed in Topics' Moments Musical column of another month.

The only March bookings at the Auditorium at the present time are return engagements of "The Student Prince" and "Rose Marie." The former will be here the week of

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During the Intermission

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the seventh and will be sung by the same company that was here last month. "Rose-Marie" comes back for the week of the twenty-ninth.

MARCH will bring such vaudeville favorites as Singer's Midgets and dancing Bill Robinson to Keith's and a group of imposing film subjects to the various silver sheets. Richard Barthelmess in "Just Suppose," Johnny Hines in "Rainbow Riley," Ben Lyon in "The Reckless Lady" and Anna Q. Nilsson and Lionel Barrymore in "The Splendid Road" are a few of the Pantheon bookings. The Temple will offer John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast," Peggy Hopkins Joyce in "The Sky Rocket" and the latest Tom Mix feature. Adolph Menjou and Florence Vidor in "The Grand Duchess And The Waiter," Richardo Cortez and the newcomer, Greta Garbo in Ibanez' "The Torrent," and Norma Talmadge in "Kiki" are on the Valentine list.



NEW Yorkers are somewhat self-conscious when riding in the subway trains. Two rows of people must sit facing each other. If one allows his gaze to rest upon the feet of the man opposite, the man opposite will concernedly glance downward to see if he needs a shine. One musn't stare at eyes and there is nothing to be seen through the windows but blackness. Therefore, one reads the car cards. As a result of this subway complex, advertising through this medium has become highly profitable in New York. Gum slot machines in the subway stations also do a thriving business. Gum aids self-assurance.

Kennel Gossip and Dog Notes

Tricks of the Trade; Some Real Judging; Dog's Names

By WILLIAM F. HOLLIDAY

THERE have been numerous cases of dog exhibitors using dyes to improve the appearance of their dogs and thus increase their chances of going high in the ranking of the judges.

A gentleman who makes a specialty of the big German breeds, Shepherds, Doberman Pinschers, Schnauzers and Great Danes, told me recently of a show he judged this fall. In the open class for dogs, Doberman Pinschers, an exhibitor brought in a fine looking dog in poor coat. The judge liked the dog. He had splendid bone, conformation, action, good eye expression. He liked him better than any dog in the ring but there was one fault that he could not overlook. The dog had a large neck. This neck was at least one-quarter of an inch too thick.

He studied the dog a long time and the thing puzzled him more and more. He could not understand what disease the dog had but to him it was evident that the animal was not sound and so he finally, much against his wishes, had to set it down because of the large neck and peculiar color.

After the ribbons were awarded he walked over to the exhibitor and told him he was sorry that he could not do better by the dog. He said he liked it immensely and would have placed it first in the open and undoubtedly first in the winners had it not been for the dog's neck.

"It is a peculiar neck. What can be wrong with it?" asked the judge.

"Well, I'll tell you," explained the exhibitor. "You see his hair coming out and the under coat is of very bad color, as you see. It was particularly bad around the neck and so I went out and got some dye to fix it up. I got the dye on all-right but it was sticky and then I couldn't get the hair down. It hardened the hair and made the coat stick up wherever I put on any of the dye."

* * *

THE best story of dying the coats of dogs that ever came to my notice, is the one told by Charles Button, the famous handler of rough-coated Foxterriers. Button is an Englishman and handled dogs a considerable time on the other side before he came to the United States to take charge of the kennel conducted by the late George W. Quintard, at that time the leading Foxterrier kennels in the United States. It was Button who showed the great Matford Vic, Wireboy of Paignton, Holmbury Reeve and other "Wires" of Quintard ownership to fame and championships.

The story that he tells happened in England. There was one chap over there who had remarkable success with Dalmatians. The chief point they go for in this breed is the spots. The black spots of the Dalmatian should be as near round as possible and evenly placed.

The Dalmatian exhibitor that figures in this story had a team of dogs remarkable for spots and placement. The spots were round and perfectly placed. They were the wonder of the British show benches; won hands down wherever exhibited. It was impossible to break through this man's string of victories.

One day he attended a show some miles from his kennel. As usual he had his four Dalmatians. Arriving at the show town a heavy rain was falling. The exhibitor stood in the shelter of the railway station with his four dogs for half an hour, waiting for a cab. None came and he finally decided that he would walk to the show hall, four blocks away. The rain was still coming down in torrents.

When the exhibitor arrived at the hall he caused a sensation. He and his four dogs were drenched but it was the dogs that started all the turmoil. They were dripping a motley gray and they were covered with gray. The rain had washed the curtain from the secret of their success. Their owner had put too much faith in his dye. He thought it rain-proof. He never exhibited again. The kennel club saw to that.

* * *

SPEAKING of Dalmatians, here is a once great and popular breed that has almost gone out. You see them rarely now and then only at riding clubs.

The automobile almost stopped the breeding of Dalmatians and it has been years since I saw one that amounts to anything. In the days when the one horse shay was popular the Dalmatian was seen everywhere, most famous of all coach dogs.

The Schnauzer of Germany, that is now finding such wide vogue in the United States, is a coach dog and has been used as that in Germany for several centuries. The Schnauzer is popular for coach work because he never snaps at the heels or feet of the horses. Most other dogs do.

* * *

THERE is a tendency on the part of some of our all rounders to judge strictly where lack of quality is concerned.

I noticed in one show catalogue recently where a well-known all around judge with-held first place ribbons in seven different breeds. In two of these, where only one dog was exhibited, he gave out only a yellow third place ribbon.

Many will consider the treatment harsh but it is just and it helps the disappointed exhibitor in the final summing up.

There has been, in the past, too much generosity by the judges. Fully knowing that a dog is not worthy of a first prize they still give them when that dog is the only one competing or where the others in the class have even less quality. Their reason is that they hate to hurt an exhibitor and that refusing to give a man a blue ribbon, where he is convinced that there is no way out of giving it, often loses an exhibitor forever.

I doubt whether this is true. The late Jim Mortimer was the most popular all around dog judge we have had in this country and Mr. Mortimer frequently refused to award blue ribbons where the dogs were plainly too far removed from the standard to receive blue ribbons. He never lost in popularity by his methods but rather gained.

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Kennel Gossip and Dog Notes

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The exhibitor who drew a second or third place ribbon, told diplomatically why he did not receive a blue, will set about to learn more about the breed that he fancies and thank the judge in the end.



I HAVE never been able to understand why some people insist on bestowing their family name on dogs. Now, I have as much admiration for a dog as the next man, but I still have to see the dog that I think enough of to carry my family name in the registration books of the American Kennel Club.

Glancing over a marked catalogue recently I was highly amused over the entries of an exhibitor of Russian Wolfhounds. He had three dogs entered and here are the names: Nickelskoi O'Reilly, Rasputin O'Reilly and Severakai O'Reilly.

I can think of no more charming combination in any stud book than the dogs of the Romanoffs and the descendants of the Kings of Ireland. If it is agreeable to the Irish, I presume it should be to me. But I am entitled to my own point of view and I repeat that as much as I like dogs I still cannot come to the frame of mind where I will hand my family name to my kennels.

The combination of O'Reilly and the Russians, reminds me of the old vaudeville gag:

"What's your name?"

"Isadore O'Brien Goldstein."

"Whats the O'Brien for?"

"Protection."

Reading over the gag I do not see where I can connect it up with the dog business but it just came to my mind and I set it down and there you are.

But I don't like the family name in kennel registrations. I always thought the Boston Terrier fanciers had an exclusive right to this custom but apparently not. It has reached the breed that the Romanoffs loved so well.

Voting is Free—So Why Not Vote?

TO A MEMBER of council the other day, a citizen was lamenting the amount of money required to run the safety department. The councilman might have argued the point that, as salaries go, the guardians of the city's safety and property get little enough. But he didn't. What he said was more significant. His retort was that when the lobby of council was filled with firemen urging an increase in pay, not a citizen was present to say aye, yes, or no. He added: "People don't seem to know that council meetings are free."

* * *

There is a point to that. Voting is free. If it were not, we should probably have a war about it. We had one once over the matter of taxation without representation. Yet in the primary last year, taking it as a sample of other years, nearly ninety percent of the people voluntarily disfranchised themselves.

Of the 140,000 men and women in Toledo who are qualified to vote only 15,000 voted in the primary and only 61,000 in the election. Ten percent of the voters selected the candidates for forty percent to pass upon.

* * *

The recent bond issue campaign for the time being aroused popular interest as no other public question in Toledo in recent years has done. In that, it served a good and useful purpose. But not enough. Only 61,262 people voted.

It could hardly have been that the measures themselves were not lacking in interest or unpopular. Some of the proposed improvements are vital enough. The reasons for them lie all around in plain sight. It was the procedure which was new. Such things had usually been left to council. A great many people are unfamiliar with the routing of issuing bonds and handling the proceeds. The lump sum was large. Insistence was placed up safeguards which already exist by law. It was a case of when in doubt vote no. So the bond issues were defeated.

* * *

It is to be hoped that this revival of popular interest in municipal business will not end at

this point. It has become more than ever the function of the citizens to order or countermand public improvements.

Formerly council had more freedom in attending to this business of the citizens for them. Without a vote of the people, council could issue bonds up to one percent of the tax duplicate in any one year, or a total of two and a half percent over a period of years. In ten years council issued, without a popular vote, an amount of bonds equal to that voted upon last year, without anyone being apparently concerned about it.

Now the total limitation upon council is one percent, and the annual limitations is one half percent, except that when the one percent limit is reached, council may issue, for necessary improvements, bonds in an amount not to exceed ninety percent of the reduction of indebtedness during that year.

This leaves the Toledo council in position to issue about \$820,000 in bonds this year, which will take care of sewers, minor street improvements, and odds and ends, leaving nothing for major improvements.

So whether Toledo is to have impressive streets, safe traffic signals, adequate bridges, pure drinking water, ample parks and playgrounds, and so on, is for the citizens to say.

A commission to control bond issues and improvements after they are authorized would not change the limitations or the voters' initial responsibility. Besides, who can say that an elective commission would do the job any better than a council elected by the same body of voters? To argue that point is begging the question.

The big thing is to decide upon the improvements and, if there is any question on that score, upon the men to carry them out. The same voters who are privileged to do the one thing are always privileged to do the other.

After all, there could hardly be a more important matter upon which to vote than the comforts and needs of the city in which we live.

(Signed)

CARROLL McCREA.



Mayor of the City of Toledo who also served as Vice-Mayor under the administration of the Late Bernard Brough.

FRED J. MERY

Photo by C. L. Lewis

Three
Famous Folk
of the
Movie World



PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE

Actress of countless divorces, who is appearing now in "The Skyrocket."



ADOLPH MENJOU

The likable villain, hero of many a wicked situation will play in "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter."



RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Who next appears as the Prince in "Just Suppose"—His first appearance in regal costume.



Musings from the Art Museum

THE Dutch Collection in the Toledo Museum of Art reveals many of the finest examples of modern Dutch landscape paintings in America. These examples are to be found in the Edward Drummond Libbey Gallery of Dutch Art, the Arthur J. Secor Gallery and the Edward Drummond Libbey Gallery of Old Masters.

Through the Barbizon painters of France, the modern Dutch landscape painters are said to have inherited the methods and principles of John Constable, one of the first English artists who endeavored to give the feeling of the actual out-of-doors in his pictures.

Johannes Bosboom, (1817-1891), inaugurated the movement that brought about the art revival in Holland. He was a man of strong individual character, whose views regarding art had a very inspiring influence on the artists of his day. In his paintings of spacious interiors of churches he found opportunity for a greater breadth and freedom in art for which he longed. He does not strive to give us a perfect architectural drawing, but rather the effect of light, airy atmospheres, radiating warmth everywhere, and shadows in deep, warm tones. Although Bosboom painted coast scenes and interiors of Dutch farmhouses, he is best known for his paintings of interiors of Belgian cathedrals and Dutch Protestant churches.

Josef Israels, (1824-1911), although coming a few years after Bosboom, has long been considered the father and leader of the Dutch landscape painters. A Jew by descent and a very striking character, he was intellectually powerful and a leader in every important activity. After living in the Jewish quarter of Amsterdam, Israels spent two years in Paris. Returning to Holland he began to paint landscapes, sea-shores and out-of-door scenes always peopled with the Dutch peasant. His endeavor was to express the innermost thinking of these simple people and in a very kindly and sympathetic manner he portrayed their home life and their occupations. Happy children on the seashore, bashful lovers, toilers of the land, mother and child, peasant girl at window are all depicted in a very natural and personal way. The brilliant color, careful drawing and attention to detail, noted in his earlier work, are not to be found in his later work in which is expressed deeper feeling, greater freedom and perhaps a greater art.

Jacob Maris, (1837-1899), is said to be the successor of Constable in his painting of skies with masses of moving clouds. He handled in a very versatile manner anything that came within his observation—landscapes, seashores, shipping towns, red-roofed houses, wharves, ploughmen on horses, farms, horses on canal banks towing heavy barges—all painted in a very bold and vigorous way with strong color and fine technical skill. It is said that the exact originals of his pictures are no where to be found as he often put churches and towers from one town into another. "Why should I not build my own towns to suit myself," is a statement he made. His brother, William, chose for his subjects cattle in their haunts of soft green meadows, ducks in streams and rivers sparkling in the sunlight. His clear,

bright skies were in contrast to the wind and rain-filled skies of his brother, Jacob.

The lyric painter of this group was Anton Mauve, (1838-1888). His tender, sympathetic and often melancholy nature is reflected in his paintings. Landscapes with ploughmen, cattle or flocks of sheep, Dutch roads are painted broadly but simply, enveloped in Holland's soft, hazy atmosphere.

J. H. Weissenbruch is likened unto the French painter, Corot, in cheerfulness of disposition, spreading sunshine and happiness around him. He depicted the delightful moods of nature with much beauty and tenderness and is considered one of the most original of the Dutch landscape painters. It has been said that no painters since Constable of England have painted moving skies with masses of clouds and storm effects like the Dutch artists, Jacob Maris and Weissenbruch. The importance Weissenbruch attached to the painting of skies is emphasized in his statement, "Only let me get the sky and clouds right in my pictures and the rest is easy."

In addition to the original six Dutch landscape painters there are later artists represented in the Museum's collections who are followers of the school established by Josef Israels and his followers. These Dutch painters are Theophile de Bock, at one time a pupil of Jacob Maris; Albert Neuhuys, Peter Meulen, W. Steelinck, J. Kever, Tony Offermans, Arnold Gorter, Emile Van Marcke and Evert Pieters.

* * *

NOT the Paris of fashion and sophistication but the Paris of the artist picturesque and lovely, is revealed in the work of Caroline and Frank Armington, whose recent exhibit in the Mohr Galleries delighted Toledo art lovers.

The beauty of their work is revealed in this issue by a cover page which is a reproduction of one of Mr. Armington's paintings "Place de la Concorde, Paris, la pluie" and an etching by Mrs. Armington "La Rue de Bauvais a Chartres."

The Toledo exhibit included only paintings in oil by Mr. Armington and Mrs. Armington's etchings, tho they are both expert in the two mediums. Mr. Armington's paintings are impressionistic and lovely, an exquisite blending of delicate color. He has a penchant for atmosphere, he makes the observer *feel* rain and sunlight and the lavender mists of early morning. His subjects are chiefly bits of French country landscape or Paris scenes. Two paintings of the Rue Royale in a summer rain are notable.

The etching here shown Mrs. Armington considers one of her best. She works from nature, making her first drawing directly upon copper or zinc. Asked what she would do in case she made a mistake she laughed and replied that in such delicate and intricate work one was deliberate and did not make mistakes. She explained that the quality of an etching depended upon two things, the line itself and the "bite" of the acid bath in which the metal plate is submerged.

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Musings from the Art Museum

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The copper is covered with a wax preparation. When the drawing is completed the plate is dipped once, after which the lightest lines are covered over and it is dipped again and again. Sometimes as many as twenty-five baths are required to secure the varied shading necessary.

In work showing shadows, the artist must take care to always work at the same time of day, Mrs. Armington explained, for a difference of fifteen minutes will often give a very changed effect.

Many of Mrs. Armington's etchings are on paper several hundreds of years old, fine hand woven texture which she is able occasionally to get from a dealer who buys only very old volumes.

The Armingtons are Canadian by birth. They met at art school where both were studying with the intention of becoming portrait painters. They were married in Paris twenty-five years ago and have spent most of their time there since. Their work hangs in many of the important galleries of Europe and America and they have exhibited a number of times in this country, tho this was the first time in Toledo.



MOMENTS MUSICAL

By FLORA WARD HINELINE

"MOMENTS MUSICAL" just won't write themselves without the use of the name—Grace Denton. For it is this woman who is responsible for practically every large musical event scheduled in our city.

Now Miss Denton has gone and done it again. For several years the musically discerning here have realized that Toledo is far behind other cities in its appreciation of symphony music, due of course to the fact that we so rarely hear any on our concert courses.

Believing that we shall never cultivate this appreciation until opportunity is afforded to hear several of the great symphony orchestras here in yearly appearances, Miss Denton is organizing the Toledo Orchestral Society, under whose auspices a series of symphony concerts will be offered in Toledo next season.

Miss Denton has signed the Detroit, Cleveland and Cincinnati orchestras for this course, believing there will

(continued on next page)



MYRA HESS

Pianist who will play here March 22 in the Piano Teachers series

be marked interest in the hearing of the three great orchestras of the Middle West in a series such as this. It should not be forgotten that Miss Denton in the three years she has been promoting her Rivoli series has brought one orchestra each season, the Cleveland, New York and Philadelphia orchestras in successive years.

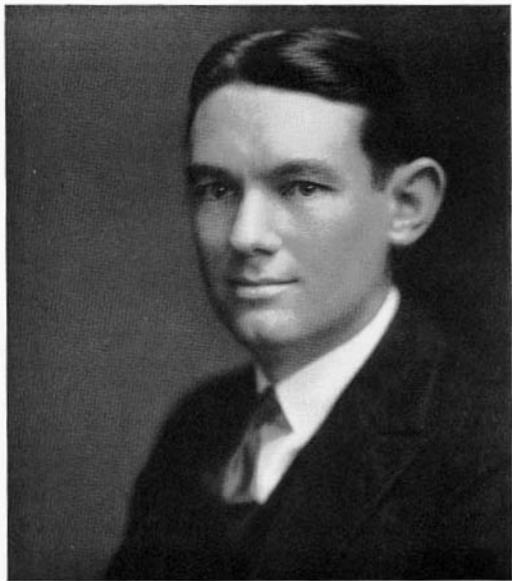
COLUMBUS has tis Symphony society, so has Pittsburg, so have numerous other cities where a civic orchestra, such as we have in the Toledo Symphony is also functioning, it not being considered that the one is ever a substitute for the other. It is a matter of great doubt in the minds of many of the most thoughtful here in musical matters whether Toledo is geographically fitted to undertake the promotion of a great symphony orchestra, surrounded as it is by Detroit, Cleveland and Cincinnati orchestras, already at so great height of development. A symphony orchestra of any real pretensions is by way of being the greatest deficit maker of all the arts. Detroit plans annually on a quarter of a million deficit and unless Toledo should develop an "angel" willing to come to the aid of our symphony in some such annual sum it is manifestly impossible ever to produce here other than a good civic organization for the benefit of the home muscicians who may wish to play under its direction and for the providing of this type of orchestral music at times and places where it may be thought suitable. But such an orchestra can never satisfy the love for fine symphony performance such as we shall hear next season in Miss Denton's new series. To belong to the Toledo Orchestral Society will be to stamp oneself as among the discriminating.

MISS DENTON is planning an even bigger and better Rivoli series for next season and these concerts, together with the new orchestra course will constitute her activities in Toledo the coming year. She will discontinue management of the Zonta course, which for two seasons has been so successfully conducted by her for the Zonta club.

Myra Hess, English woman pianist, plays here March 22 in the Piano Teachers series. She is Tobias Matthay's prize pupil, an artist of unmistakable attainments. She plays beautiful music which no one who loves piano can afford to miss.

Eurydice will give its spring concert, this year a costume affair, on March 25 and the Dartmouth Glee club is scheduled to sing here March 31.

Editor's note:—The Secor hotel piano mentioned in "Moments Musical" for February is a Chickering.



HERBERT W. NAUTS

His friends will be glad to know that he has returned to Toledo from Washington to become a member of the firm, Denman, Miller and Wall, where he will specialize in taxes and other federal practices, on which he is an authority.

Little Old NEW YORK TOWN

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

NEW YORK, February — James J. Corbett, the only boxing champion who ever turned out to be a real actor is swarmed with letters and telegrams from pugilists 60 years old who want to fight the conqueror of John L. Sullivan for the "Old Timer's Championship."

Old timers certainly are making a stir in the world of entertainment and the youngsters, the new timers, are keeping the ball rolling. "Mellie" Dunham and Henry Ford started the craze or whatever it is, but now every septuagenarian, octogenarian—even centenarian wants a crack at his or her colleagues of equal age.

"I am sixty-one years old," writes Mrs. Winifred Dupree of East St. Louis, "and I hereby challenge all typists to a speed contest on the typewriter. I use a Caligraph which I bought before Remingtons, Underwoods, or any new fangled standard keyboard machines were perfected. There is no shift key on my old Caligraph and I can play it like a grand organ—only faster. I will take dictation or copy and bet a hundred dollars of my own money that I can write faster than any typist of my age."

THE finest phase about the revival of "ancient things," however, is the survival of the lovely old songs, romantic dances, the vividly wholesome merriment and music of other days. They had a savor and a grace which are not in the frenetic jazz and vulgar manifestations of syncopated songs and dances of the present. And the curious thing about this revival of old dances is that the present generation has eye and foot for the waltz, and ear and a voice for the unforgettable songs of long ago. For the present, at least, the old time musicians, dancers, songs and singers, have come into their own again.

JUST found out what spoiled Babe Ruth. He spends more money for a press agent than for training expenses, bats, balls or big dinners. A similar fate seems to be hovering over "Red" Grange, the more or less great football player of Illinois who turned professional at the beck of an enterprising publicity man.

AT this writing our well known city is covered by falling clouds of soft coal smoke. The strikers and operators in the big coal mining controversy don't know how fast they are destroying sympathy in the metropolis. In the fullest sense of the word, they are "doing us dirt." Damp weather is adding to the coal smoke curse. The beautiful white buildings, the Public Library, the Metropolitan Museum and all the light colored brick palaces from the Battery to Washington Heights are now streaked with grime. The sand-blast building cleaners will reap a harvest when the strike is over and the coal mine strike and lockout will cost our town millions when spring cleaning comes.

Inland cities are not subjected to the heavy sea fogs which drift in from Long Island Sound. Add a dense and general atmosphere of soft coal smoke to a slow-moving salt water fog and you have the perfect ingredients of a dirt bath. For the past fortnight Greater New York has been in the same class with Pittsburgh.

THE strongest rivals of the cabarets in the midnight gaieties of Broadway are the ice skating rinks. The big town has gone mad about hockey and the new Madison Square Garden packs 'em in every time there is a match. Charlotte, the lovely European champion, launched the American vogue for winter sports when she brought her skating carnival to the Hippodrome and it has been growing ever since.

THE new Metropolitan Opera House in 57th Street West of Eighth Avenue will have a tier of boxes and club rooms for The Women's Opera Club—a new organization of society women devoted to music-drama. For thirty years the Men's Opera Club has been a live and potent factor in the Metropolitan. Their opera visits were known as "stag affairs" and it is probable that the Women's Opera Club gatherings will be known as "hen parties."

CATHOLICS, Jews, Protestants, Turks and Atheists of New York met to discuss the advisability of reading the Ten Commandments every day in the public schools. The meeting broke up in a mild riot and the janitor put everybody out in the street. But it remained for a gentle lady to object to the Commandment "Thou Shalt Not Kill" on the ground that it encourages pacifism.

THEY'RE dancing quadrilles, lancers, and square dances in the smartest (!) cabarets in our town these nights. Reason? "Mellie" Dunham and his fiddle, Henry Ford's interest and advocacy of old time dances, and the zeal of Broadwayites to start "something different." During his final week at the New York Hippodrome, Maine's champeen fiddler was permitted to use a \$16,500 Stradivarius from the Wurlitzer collection. "I'd like to own that fiddle so's I could get acquainted with it but, somehow, I didn't do so good on it as I do on my own old 'Betsy,'" he commented. "Fiddles is like women. I seen more flapper and champeen beauties since I came to New York than I knew about. But I wouldn't swap 'Gram' (his white haired wife) for all of 'em put together. Same with my fiddle. I don't want to change."

MELLIE" Dunham is going to have the largest fiddle in the world. It's being made for him now up in Nor-

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Little Old New York Town

(Continued from page 44)

way, Maine and will be completed by the time "Mellie" and "Gram" conclude their present tour of vaudeville. It is being fashioned from pumpkin pine and will be six feet long and two feet wide. Where its place will be in the Dunham homestead on Crockett's Ridge, Norway, Me. has not been ascertained. Vivian M. Akers, Norway artist, donated the lumber, and Henry C. Cullinan, Bates college student, Fred H. Cummings, and Ralph Haskell, a local mail carrier, are putting it together.

OPENING THE SEASON

A page prepared by Toledo Topics especially for the "Dub" Golfer



Upon this, the eve of a new and greater golfing season, every embryo Jones and Hagen is taking his clubs out of the winter hiding place and breaking a few electric light bulbs, picture frames and table vases, and nipping up the furniture in general with practice swings. As an aspiring Jim Barnes socks Mother-In-Law, unintentionally of course, on the beezee with his backswing and biffs Little Willie right on the proboscis with his follow-thru, he visions a beautiful 275 yard tee shot straight down the fairway and just a good machie pitch to the flag. But what of the poor duffer on a night like this? He has no joy in contemplating or imagining a shot like that because he has never made one in all his life and never expects to. He's a 14 carat dub and his game hasn't improved in ten years. Not even after the 14,588 lessons he took from the club professional. But he will go on playing the game this season as usual because the doctor ordered him to play four times a week.

Realizing the sad predicament of the poor golfer who will never be able to play a hole in less than ten, the Sandy MacDougal Company of 7777 1-2 East Umphth Street, New York City, manufacturers of golfing implements and farm tools, have come out with a series of new inventions which are expected to improve and make the game a delight for the dub. In a neat little catalogue, which will be sent to anyone on receipt of six cents postage, these new aids to the world's worst in golf, are assembled. Some of them, as can be readily seen, will also prove of extreme value to the crack or "70" man. Here are a few of them for the benefit of Toledo Topics readers:

For the duffer who has stage fright whenever there is a gallery on the first tee the MacDougal company is offering at a nominal fee its new trick hand bomb. This bomb may be secreted in the palm of the hand and nonchalantly tossed to one side by the duffer when no one is looking. This should be done after he has teed up his ball. When the bomb explodes the gallery will turn to see what is creating the commotion, enabling the dub to pick up his ball and throw it down the fairway without being observed. When the spectators turn their attention to the tee again they will see his ball down the course and think he has made a remarkable shot.

Often-times the golfer will send his caddy down the course when making a tee shot to watch the ball for him. If your caddy is like a great number of messenger boys and wears whiskers that reach to his vest, there is always the danger that a hooked or sliced drive will land in his crop of foliage. To guard against the MacDougal Company is sell-

ing a special pair of sheers that will fit into any golf bag. These may be used to slash away the caddy's underbrush thus allowing the ball to drop to the ground. This is permissible under the U. S. G. A. rules as a caddy's chin garden is not considered a natural hazard.

The MacDougal concern also has a limited number of heavy hammers made in the shape of a niblick. These are to use over the head of any caddy who titters or even smiles after you have missed an important putt for a nine. They are guaranteed to painlessly and instantly put anyone to sleep.

Special links trousers are being offered by MacDougal this season. They are outfitted with bottomless pockets which allow a golfer to drop a new ball down his trouser leg and thus save a penalty stroke when he has lost his ball. This also can be done when he has struck a bad lie in the rough, but of course will cost him a ball.

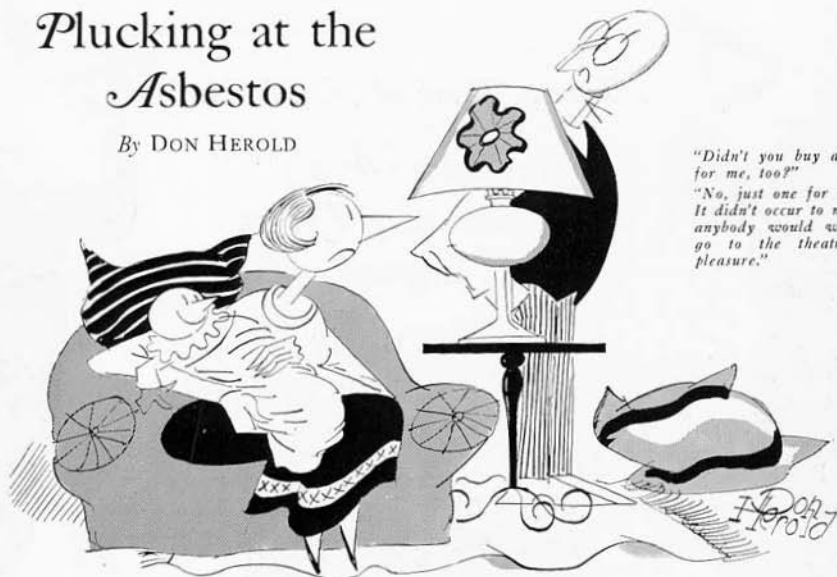
Automatic pistols equipped with Maxim silencers to be used to shoot dead such as: opponents that talk while you are putting; the fellow who answers your "What did you go around in?" with "In disgust" or "In my knickers"; the fellow who always insists on telling you about the wonderful shot he made in 1813, even tho you have heard it told a dozen times; and the chap who is always pulling the old one about his wife being his handicap; are offered in fancy colors and in all sizes at very reasonable prices.

MacDougal has also published a golfer's manual which contains such interesting information as: what to do when a cow on the course eats your ball; a dozen or more 19th hole alibis; a special code for swearing when playing with ladies other than your wife; how to get three bisques from opponents named McPherson, MacTavish or MacDougal; how to make a Scotchman stop hunting for his ball after 30 minutes has elapsed.

How to talk a good game. In answer to this query MacDougal always advises his customers to buy Toledo Topics, the golfer's magazine for the Toledo and northwestern Ohio district. It tells all the latest news of the golfing world, both local and national, tells how to improve your game, how to keep in good condition for golf and a hundred, and one other things that will make intelligent and interesting conversation around any locker room, or wherever golf is talked. Toledo Topics comes out once a month and its golfing staff is headed by Chic Evans, the best known and most popular of all links stars. Be sure and keep up on what's doing in the golfing world by having it mailed to you every month. A year's subscription will insure delivery the first of every month. Call Main 3754 and enter your subscription now.

Plucking at the Asbestos

By DON HEROLD



"Didn't you buy a ticket for me, too?"

"No, just one for myself. It didn't occur to me that anybody would want to go to the theatre for pleasure."

ONE cannot eat one's cake and have it too, but who said he could? This is one of those facts of life about which nobody was unhappy until somebody made an epigram about it. Before the epigram was made the world was made up of cake-eaters and cake-conservers, and both were contented. Similarly, one cannot be a theatrical reviewer and enjoy the theatre, but who said he could? Alexander Woolcott is reputed to be the only living critic who retains his girlish enthusiasm for the theatre, but there are those who ask: "Is Alexander really a critic?" So it is not yet universally established that he is making his cake do double duty.

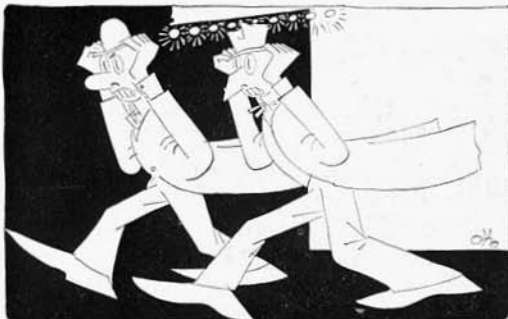
I think I enjoy working at the theatre more than I used to enjoy going to the theatre. If a play does not please me, I enjoy sitting there and phrasing my disappointment. A bad play used to be an evening ruined—now it arouses rhetoric. I do not say that my passion ever gets into print. I probably enjoy my comments more than anybody else, partly because some of them are unfit for publication, some of them are too much trouble to write down on my program, and some of them get written on top of each other in the dark and are meaningless to me at the end of the critical and fiscal month. As a common or garden variety of theatre-goer I used to be pretty poor. I seldom leave a show before the final curtain now-anights, but I recall that in the old days your fellow-townsmen, Bert Colburn,

and I used to leave so many shows in the middle of the first act that we finally decided to dispose of the theatre as an institution by buying tickets now and then and tearing them up and seeking pleasure elsewhere.

So a critic and you are two different things. He should mean little or nothing in your life. His enjoyment in the theatre is entirely different from that of the average consumer. He sits there making phrases, and a poor show may be more stimulating to that pastime than a good one ever could be.

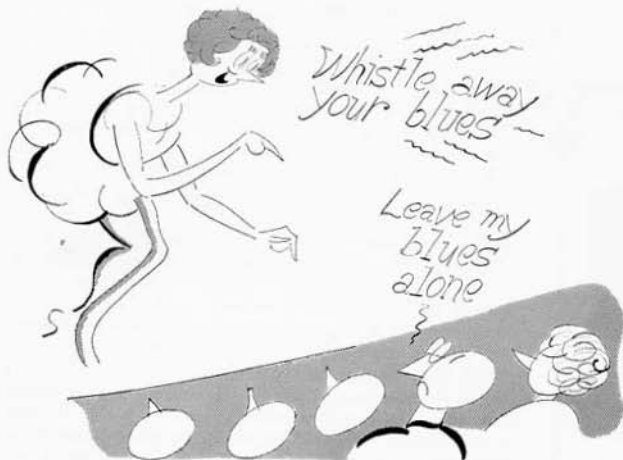
If I had been you, and had seen the shows the past month that I have seen, I don't know that I would have had much fun. In other words, although it is only near the first of February, the current theatrical season seems to me (in my best senses) already to be plucking at its asbestos coverlet. (I am doing my best to forget the fun and the money that I got for going to the shows.)

I, personally, had a glorious evening at "By the Way," the new English revue starring Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge, but I don't believe you would have had. Most of my excitement was due to the fact that I drew orchestra seat Q 11, but there is little chance that you would get this particular seat, or like it if you did. I talked to that seat all evening—even went out and talked to the box office about it. It is the northeasternmost seat in the back row of the Gaiety Theatre



We left so many shows in the middle of the first act that—

(continued on page 29)



A few more cheer-up revue songs and we will have a nation of pessimists.

Plucking at the Asbestos

(continued from page 27)

(\$5.50) and I think I can safely give it first place in my memory's gallery of god-awful theatre seats in New York. It is ingeniously placed so that all that one may see of the stage is two and a half pairs of legs of the left end of the chorus and a space about five feet square in the upper right-hand corner of the scenery. One must wear his hat on account of the drafts from the street and one should wear ear muffs to keep out lobby clatter and the conversation about the show being half over by half-stewed late arrivals. Who told them it wasn't?

By getting up and walking all over the theatre I could tell that "By the Way" was not much good as a revue. These English companies may be nicer people but they are not as good showmen as our showmen. I believe I could now walk in on one of these importations without previous information and recognize it immediately as something that a boat had brought in. There is a meagerness, a lack of wow, about them that ought to make them better than our own revues—but doesn't. Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge are pleasant and funny, but they are so much on stage that it is much like seeing an entire Keith's vaudeville program by the same two people, when heaven knows a vaudeville program is bad enough by different people. Jack and Cicely should not come to the show until about 10:30. The chorus is stunning but, as far as I know, it was on the stage only about three times the evening I went.

The jokes are a queer mixture of references to "Red" Grange and lifts, and Al Woods and cricket. Only nine lines of the program are devoted to credits, so you know it must be a pretty slight production. In the privacy and seclusion of Q 11, I read the fire notice and everything else in the program and noted that "A. D. T. Messengers Are Furnished at the Box Office,"

and I thought of sending Mrs. Herold word that I was not doing so well.

"Greenwich Village Follies"

The "Greenwich Village Follies" says it is America's Greatest Revue. I doubt that, but I believe it is better than Charlot's or Hulbert's. For one thing it has 27 credit lines, including one which reads "Greeting cards by the Bromfield Publishing Co., Boston." This edition was fathered and staged, bred and brought up by Hassard Short and is therefore without the personality (of its sort) which John Murray Anderson used to give to these Follies. Short is a good window trimmer, but Anderson had a fresh and genuine sense of beauty, and the girls selected by him were a long, lankorous type (about 11 heads high) found nowhere else.

I thoroughly relish Tom Howard (out of burlesque) and know of nothing funnier this year than his sketch "The Spy" in which he comes over to enemy headquarters with his kodak opened up and a sign "Spy" on his cap and frankly asks for information. Pointing to a dot on the large wall map indicating the positions of the two armies, he confides to the enemy general: "This fellow ain't with us any more."

Frank McIntyre cupies through the show and Florence Moore and Sam Hearn are there to help out. There is the inevitable revue advice song, "Whistle Away Your Blues." A few more of these and we will have a nation as pessimistic as Russia. And there is the inevitable revue philosophical song, "Life is Like a Toy Balloon," in which the girls toss up—three guesses. But revues are like that. Revues are just like life, aren't they?

"The Monkey Talks"

To anyone who will allow the management to make a monkey of him, "The Monkey Talks" offers two and a half hours of entertaining melodrama and dog-and-pony show, done with dignity and capability. In the hands of another producer and another bunch of actors, this play could be mighty sad sport. To begin with, Jacques Lerner,

(continued on next page)



A. D. T. messengers furnished at the box office of the Gaiety Theatre.

Plucking at the Asbestos

(continued from page 29)

the jockey-sized little gentleman, who played in the original production in France, is so good as the monkey that it would take a harder hearted, boiler egg than I am to refuse to pretend that Lerner really is a monkey. And Philip Merivale, as his owner, goes about his ownership with such serious dignity, that we really must enter into the tomfoolery. And Martha Bryan-Allen's utter charm as the wire walker helps make the whole affair seem all the more plausible, so that it is entirely possible to sympathize with the events of the second act, in which the monkey man steps out of his make-up and confesses his love for the wire walker and there ensues a battle of self-sacrifice between the monkey fellow and his "owner." Also to yield to the thrill when glass cutting is heard in the bay window and thieves come in (smelling of chloroform) and substitute a monkey that doesn't talk for the monkey that does. This is not what *The New Yorker* would call adult entertainment, but neither is the game of ring-toss which Doris got for Christmas—and I like both.

"The Vagabond King"

We had an official song at the university out of which I annoyed an A. B. which probably had more to do with our getting licked consistently at football than any other thing, and there are many factors working for the defeat of the team of a co-educational college. Opposing teams heard that song and just decided to lick us. If I can bring influence to bear on the trustees of my Alma Mater I am going to have them buy the university rights to Rudolf Friml's "Song of the Vagabonds" from "The Vagabond King," and we will humiliate Toledo University, Notre Dame and Illinois. I don't know anything about music, but I know goose flesh when I grow it.

We Americans are so accustomed to having boy scouts as mayors for a day that there is nothing novel in the idea of a vagabond being king for a day, but "The Vagabond King" is one rousing piece of music after another (as far as I know.)

The lyrics by Brian Hooker are said to be excellent but, for all I heard, the principals and chorus might have been singing the harness section of a Sears Roebuck catalog.

Dennis King, as the chief vagabond, is the best cheer leader I have seen since "Red" Parker of Wisconsin.

"The Cocoanuts"

The four Marx Brothers are getting to be to winter what the circus is to summer. Of course Al Jolson is a pretty good entertainer, but there is only one of him.

The Marx Brothers, like the circus, benefit somewhat by confusion. A patron of the Marx comes away all in a flutter, not entirely sure which one of, or which two or three of the brothers has or have kept him in convulsions. There is a multiple attack on the funny bone, so that the funny bone is not entirely to blame if its judgment lapses

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Plucking at the Asbestos

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at intervals and vibrates when it oughtn't.

"The Cocoanuts," in which the Marx children are operating this season, was written by George Kaufman and Irving Berlin, which is something like saying that Ringling Bros. wild animals were written by Mr. Menagerie and Mr. Arena. George Kaufman probably has to listen with a stethoscope to hear any of his lines in the show. Practically everything the Marx boys say seems impromptu or to have been remembered from 1870.

It goes without saying now that all musical shows are set in Florida, because that is where all the balmy wheezes are, these days. Groucho Marx must have opportunity for his line: "What kind of house do you want? You can get stucco. Oh, how you can get stucko!" and for his remarks about milk from contented cocoanuts, and for his auction sale, during which he exclaims when buying slacks up for a moment: "Well, how much am I offered for a lot and a set of O. Henry?"

But I believe the most fun in the world would be to be Harpo Marx. Even toward the end of a long season there must be no ennu in coming into a hotel office and reaching into the mail boxes and tearing up all the mail.

"The Enemy"

"The Enemy," by Channing Pollock, is a sort of Dr. Frank Crane peace plea set to bass drum and hoof beats. The idea is that the enemy is not really the enemy, but

HATE. Hate is our COMMON ENEMY. It is a story of an Austrian family from 1914 to 1919.

There is not a line in it which does not smack you between the eyes. Channing Pollock is what I would call a gag philosopher. He sermonizes throughout a play and makes every pair of lines a knockout, a wow—in short a gag. I have never had an evening of such terrific punishment. But it is exactly the sort of handling that the peace theme will have to have to be driven into the minds of the kind of people who come down town on New Year's eve and toot tin horns. "The Enemy" is a play of high purpose and low taste. It is a sort of "Abie's Irish Rose" of international relations.

"Easy Virtue"

Noel Coward's almost only claim to fame as a playwright rests on his ability to write fast for the last five minutes of his second acts. I did think his "Hay Fever" was delicious comedy, but it ran only a week or two so I must have been wrong. I know that "The Vortex" and "Easy Virtue" are poor stuff, and that if it were not for their five or 10 minutes of speed in certain spots and for their appeal to that in the public mind which makes a crowd gather when somebody is hit by a truck, they would have short runs. "Easy Virtue" is another of the old plays on the orthodox theory that *once, ALWAYS*. There have been so many of these plays that if I were a lady of easy virtue I should hesitate a long while before attempting any other kind.

Riding and the *Average Man*

WHEN the subject of horseback riding comes up, the average man who has not had the pleasure of this form of exercise, usually wonders what it is all about, and the subject to him seems as clear as a painting by a cubist artist.

He usually feels that this is one type of sport that the imitation requires long years of practise, of study and a post graduate course at some Equitation School. To listen to his friends arguing the merits of certain bits, saddles, girths and the various items of "tack" together with spavins, bowed tendons, splints and the many ailments of the horse, and including "seat and hands", the aids, posting and the various terms of equitation, he soon finds himself confused and the subject, to him at least, assumes the proportions of something far beyond his meager intellect.

Yet turn the subject to that of motoring and he will loudly claim his "Seven cylinder Wumpus" has done "80" with the accelerator only half way down and that he made the best time from Hither to Yon that has been done in the past year. He will go into vivid detail about the inner workings of his car, and will give you a long harangue on spark plugs, differentials, cam shafts and the advantage of this thing over that. To him, these terms are very familiar. They have been made so by use and close contact with the subject, and by the same token, he can become familiar with the horse and gain that greater interest in a sport wherein the prime factor is not mechanical, but one of living flesh and blood.

To the business man of long office hours, the horse brings that form of physical exercise and mental relaxation not found in any other sport. His niblick or mashie may fail him at the crucial moment due to his improper handling of them. His car may quit him cold at a time of great importance, but his horse will ever strive to bring him through, however hard the task, even though often misused and mishandled.

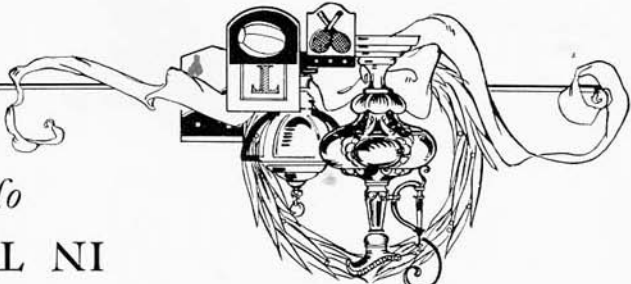
An old saying, used time and again, is that, "The outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man." There never was a truer statement made nor one that should be followed more closely. Give your motorist the thrill of a living, pulsating animal under him instead of an incubator for carbon monoxide gas and he will very quickly turn to the former for relaxation and exercise. Give him thirty days use of a good well mannered horse and he will take more interest in the panorama of country seen at a leisurely pace instead of a whizzing row of billboards.

Give him sixty days, and he will be looking over equipment catalogues and the addresses of the best breeches and boot makers, and by the end of his ninety day probation, if you wish to call it such, he will be taking an active part in the conversation and arguing and boasting of this, that and the other thing so dear to every "old" horseman's heart.

The New York Stage is covered humorously in word and story for Toledo Topics by Don Herold, nationally known wit and cartoonist. His articles are a monthly feature. Don't miss them. A year's subscription will bring them to your reading table.

IN THE REALM of SPORT

By ROBERT A. FRENCH



ASEBALL interest in Toledo woke from its winter hibernation earlier than usual this year. The announcement that a Toledo syndicate headed by Oscar Smith and John B. McMahon had purchased the franchise and the fine property known as Swayne field, and that Dick Meade was to be president of the club, came as a decidedly welcome bit of news to Toledoans.

The deal involves about \$500,000, but the ordinary fan isn't particularly interested in this, save that it assures Swayne field for baseball purposes for an indefinite time to come. What appeals to the man about town is that the club is once more in the hands of Toledo business men, with a Toledo man as president.

Dick Meade, known to every follower of baseball because of his long service as sporting editor here, has the pendous task of giving Toledo a winning baseball club. Dick knows baseball from the standpoint of the patron and the promoter. He has heard the wails of the footer and the troubled tales of club owner and manager. He has a specific trend of mind, and it's a safe prediction that his regular players will pull many a bit of fat thinking and depart daringly from the orthodox in their efforts to win games this summer.

The team which Meade and his co-workers have inherited cannot be classed as a formidable aggregation at present. But at this season of the year no one expects a club, especially one which has just changed hands, to be ready for the season's campaign. The acquisition of Charles ("Casey") Stengel as manager gives Toledo a well known and popular ball player, and a leader who showed plenty of ability in his managerial venture last season.

The first player signed after President Meade assumed office was Henry Koehler, an outfielder from the New York Nationals. Koehler played with Reading last season, and is highly regarded by the Giant manager. Toledo's outfield, one of the departments which needed attention, should look considerably more efficient with Koehler in the line-up.

The pitching staff needs bolstering, but so do those of most American league clubs. Tunney, Torpe, Baldwin and Canavan look like the leading quarter now under reservation to Toledo, but others are expected to come to us from the major leagues as soon as the training season commences.

Toledo will train at Jackson, Tenn., and probably will start there about March 10.

QUASH, with all its speed and thrills, reached the dignity of intercity competition in Toledo last week, when the University club of Detroit invaded the fine new courts

CAPTAIN J. L. B. Bentley of the Ottawa Hills Riding club has gone to England for a short stay. He will return in April bringing with him ten hunters which are expected to figure prominently in this summer's horse show. Captain Bentley also expects to bring some carefully selected dogs back with him.

"Riding is becoming more popular here each year," said Captain Bentley just before he left. "The most encouraging feature is the number of children taking to the saddle. Love of fine horses, instilled in the breasts to children, will stay with them through life, and insure us many future horse shows, riding clubs and hunts."

WALTER High school continues to occupy the spotlight in Toledo interscholastic sport. The East Side basketball team is a fast and powerful combination which has not yet lost a game. It apparently has the city title well within its grasp, and should make a strong bid for state honors in the Columbus tournament. It is indeed fortunate that Coach Zorn has done so well with the all-veeran squad in his charge, for aside from Walter, there does not appear to be a winning basketball five in any Toledo high school or college.

THE athletic field is the greatest center for democracy in the world," said Glen Thistlethwaite, Northwestern University football coach, speaking at the annual football banquet of Michigan alumni at the University club recently. "But there is appearing a sort of oligarchy even in sport. It is the oligarchy of the poor boy, who is crowding his well to do competitor off the field—or rather, the rich boy is voluntarily surrendering the field."

Mr. Thistlethwaite's opinion is that so many counter attractions loom before the lad with money nowadays that

In the Realm of Sport

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he does not feel so keenly inclined to battle for places on school and college teams. But the poor boy has another great advantage, not mentioned by the speaker. Frequently he has to work a year or more between the time he leaves the grades and his matriculation at college. He enters high school or university life somewhat older than the lad whose way is made easy for him by well to do parents. This year or two in age and experience is a powerful factor in athletic achievement.

Squibb's Monthly Comment

Antiseptic . Pure . Serene

A district convention of The Associated Advertising Clubs of the World was recently held at The Toledo Chamber of Commerce. I have always been interested in advertising. It has seemed to me that to sit at a desk and evolve pithy phrases which would create an uncontrollable buying complex in the reader was power truly expressed. So I wrote some advertising copy myself and to be sure that I was directing along the proper lines those latent possibilities which lie in every man, I submitted my efforts to a nationally known character analyst. His reply was shocking as it indicated that my natural talents were best suited to make a life work of sewing buttons on mince pies for booby prizes. My faith is not shaken and after you have read my advertisements below you can be the judge as to how truly dumb he was.

NUXATED BIRD SEED

Furnished in Three Grades

1. Nuxated—for vultures, buzzards, albatrosses and falcons.
2. Fairly Nuxated—for magpies, crows, parrots and mocking birds.
3. Not so Nuxated—for canaries, wrens and humming birds.

Puts rich red blood in the veins of your pets. Also highly prized by public speakers and singers as its use permits of the stretching of the larynx to altitudes heretofore unknown in musical and scientific circles.

HELLISH BROS. BIRD STORE
BUTTE, MONTANA

FRUSTRATE FUSSING, FUMING, FRETTING AND FELONIOUS FEELINGS—BANISH BLASPHEMY

Order a supply of our Audible Collar Buttons

By an ingenious device secreted at the base of the button it will immediately sound an alarm if lost back of the chiffonier, under the rug or behind the waste paper basket. The impact of the button with the floor causes it to pronounce through a phonographic process, the words, "Here Am I," in Esperanto. This language was selected as best adapted to the world wide demand which we expect for our product.

SQUIREL and LUEHN
OCONOMOWACK, WIS.

COME NORTH

The North Pole offers many advantages to the manufacturer, the merchant and the prospective home seeker.

Situated at the top of the world this locality commands the markets of the world and affords a unique solution of the shippers problem. All consignments can start in only one direction—South.

The natural resources are abundant and present to the manufacturer and packer an inexhaustible supply of raw materials such as raw elks teeth, raw polar bear rugs, raw seal skins, raw whales and raw weather.

To the home seeker, the beautiful surroundings and exceptional climatic conditions make a strong appeal. The short days are cold and the long nights are colder. Some conception of the conduciveness of this territory to health and happiness may be gained from a pamphlet recently published by the Igloo Institute of Statistics. This report indicates that only 99 out of every 100 persons comprising the population expired from natural or accidental causes during the year 1925.

We invite correspondence.

THE NORTH POLE CHAMBER
OF COMMERCE
NORTH POLE POLAR SEA

USE MORE MISTLETOE

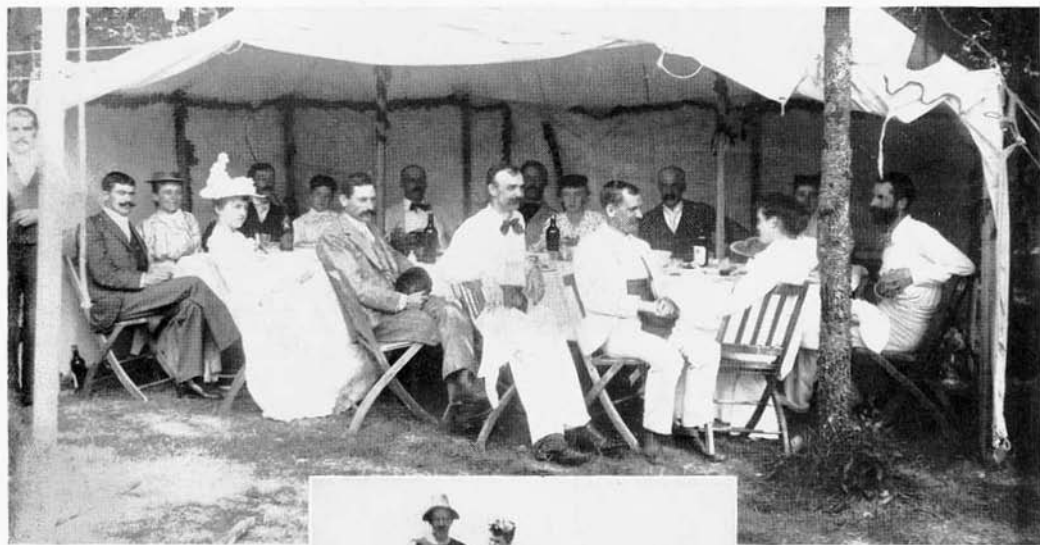
Why limit to the holiday season those spontaneous expressions prompted by this little berry. This Puritan age needs more harmless diversions and more detractions from the straight-laced conventions. Use mistletoe all year round.

THE ASSOCIATED MISTLETOE
GROWERS OF BESSARABIA

A Co-operative Corp. not for profit but pleasure.

YOUTH WILL BE SERVED!

By RUTH PEITER



LOOKING at the bottles which were the chief table decoration for the gay party at a Camp at Sand Lake, more than thirty five years ago, you will realize that in those happy days youth was served something not so much in evidence since the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. But service then as now, was the watchword.

Now-a-days we sigh and shake our heads at rolled hose, cigarettes and boyish "bobs." In those days the countryside viewed with alarm the spectacle of a group of merry young people, perched atop a tally-ho, en-route for Sand Lake for a camping trip. And the more sedate hotel guests viewed with shocked surprise hilarious bathing and picnic parties. The campers rode horseback a great deal, and it was a rule that everyone must race his horse in and out of camp, never letting the pace break until out of sight over the hill. And the neighbors whispered of mad rides over the country roads while the culprits were probably at that moment jogging very quietly along some lane.

The camp consisted of two large sleeping tents, a dining tent and a cook's tent. Supplies were sent up ahead of time, and the party made a two day trip of it in the coach,



stopping over night at Blissfield. On a side trip to Adrian the tally-ho and its equipment caused so much excitement that it was necessary to call the police in order to get away, and there is still on file an issue of an Adrian paper in which it is editorially questioned what the world is coming to if young people are allowed to dash about the country in this fashion.

Those were the wild free days, with everyone being very daring and very modern and wearing the most up to the

minute hats and the most scandalous bathing suits of the 1891 season. The gay party chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Spitzer included Bob West, Jessie Brown, "Wink" West, Mrs. D. V. R. Manley, then Virginia Moulton, Charles West, E. Trebau LeBaron, Frank Roff, Mrs. Walter Campbell, then Anna Franklin, A. E. Baker, Charles B. Kinnan, Mrs. A. E. Baker, then Daisy Lorenz, Mrs. Charles Gardner, then Anna Berdan and D. V. R. Manley.

In the swimming party are Mr. Spitzer, Frank Roff, Tribune LeBaron, George Mills, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Ed. Witker, Mrs. Baker and Miss Cummings. Striped effects in bathing attire seem to have been fashionable.