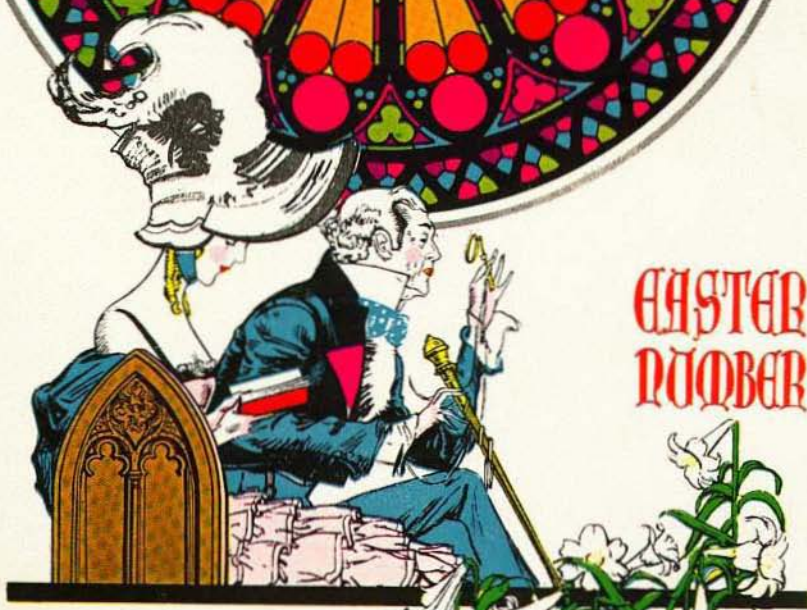
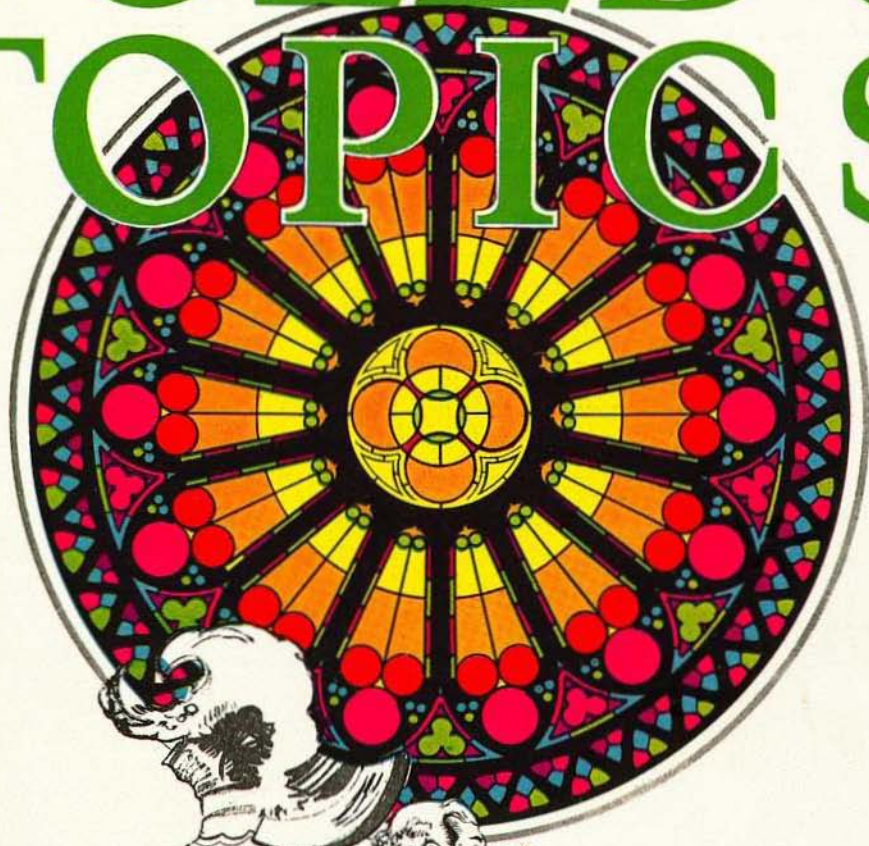


TOLEDO TOPICS



EASTER
NUMBER



Price
25 Cents

C WESTLAND

Toledo Topics

April, 1926

Volume 1, Number 5

Table of Contents, p. 3

John M. Killits, p. 4

The Survival of an Instinct by Carroll McCrea, p. 5

Society, by Sally Ames, p. 6

No Bad Lies, By E. A. Batchelor, p. 8

Financial, by Claude Griswold, p. 10

In the Realm of Sport, By Robert A. French, p. 11

Carranor's Champions, p. 13

Squash, as it is and is not played, p. 14

How to Practice, by Charles Evans Jr. , p. 15

Toledo District Golf Gossip, p. 17

Night Clubs, by John Held Jr. , p. 19

Les Boquins, Place de Pinstitut, Paris, p. 21

Mrs. William Randolph Hears, Messrs. James Bentley and Horton C. Rorick, p. 23

In the Gay and Giddy Nineties, by Ruth Peiter, p. 24

Fashions, by Julia Coburn, p. 25

Spring, Fashions as Shown by Society Leaders, p. 26

Takin' Down Her Back Hair by Don Herold, p. 28

The Iconoclast, by W. H. McKay, p. 30

What's a Good Book, By Robert F. Nachrich, p. 32

Moments Musical by Flora Ward Hine, p. 33

Little Old New York Town, p. 35

(Because of the nature of these incomplete documents, above is listed the portions of the magazine that have been successfully digitized. It is navigable by clicking on a location above, or use of the bookmarks function of your PDF viewer. The page numbers above also reference their location in the PDF, not their original location in the magazine.)

TOLEDO TOPICS

Contents for April

<i>John M. Killits</i>	6
<i>The Survival of an Instinct, By Carroll McCrea</i>	7
<i>Society, By Sally Ames</i>	8, 9
<i>No Bad Lies, By E. A. Batchelor</i>	10, 11
<i>Financial, By Claude Griswold</i>	12
<i>In The Realm of Sport, By Robert A. French</i>	14
<i>Carranor's Champions</i>	15
<i>Squash, as it is and is not played, By Squibb</i>	16
<i>How to Practice, By Charles Evans Jr.</i>	18
<i>Toledo District Golf Gossip</i>	19
<i>Night Clubs, By John Held Jr.</i>	20, 21
<i>Les Boquins, Place de l'institut, Paris (reproduction from the painting by Frank M. Armington)</i>	22
<i>Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Messrs. James Bentley and Horton C. Rorick</i>	23
<i>In the Gay and Giddy Nineties, By Ruth Peiter</i>	24
<i>Fashions, By Julia Coburn</i>	25
<i>Spring Fashions as shown by Society Leaders</i>	26, 27
<i>Takin' Down Her Back Hair, By Don Herold</i>	28, 29
<i>During the Intermission, By Mitchell Woodbury</i>	30
<i>Miss Dorothy Stone</i>	31
<i>Relaxation in Golf-What it means, By P. A. Vaile</i>	32
<i>Watch the Score, By W. E. Byrnes</i>	34
<i>The Iconoclast, By W. H. McKay</i>	38, 39
<i>What's a Good Book, By Robert F. Nachtrieb</i>	40
<i>Moments Musical, By Flora Ward Hine</i>	41, 42
<i>Little Old New York Town</i>	44

PUBLISHERS ANNOUNCEMENT

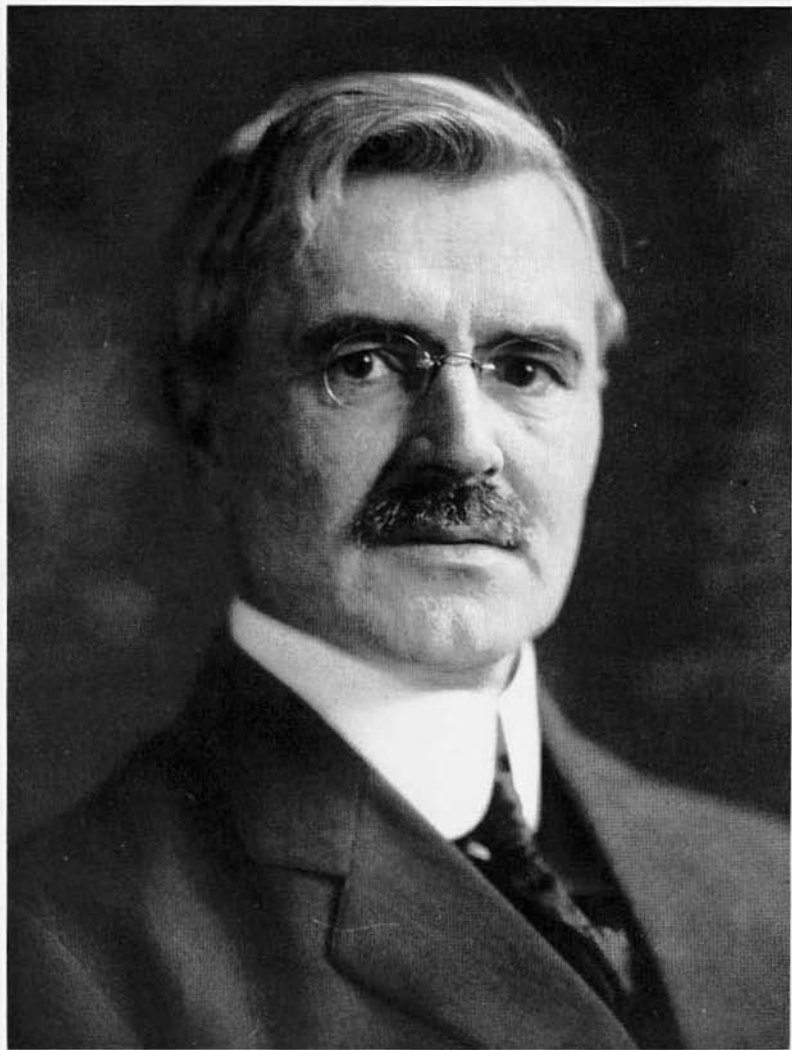
TOLEDO TOPICS is published the first of every month by Toledo Topics Inc., 14 N. St. Clairs St., Toledo, Ohio. Mitchell Woodbury editor; F. D. Haigh, business manager; J. C. Ottenheimer, advertising manager; circulation manager main 3754.

SUBSCRIPTION price, one year \$2.50; by the copy 25 cents.

LOCAL SALE—Toledo Topics may be found on sale at hotels and bookstores and the better class news stands in Toledo.

APPLICATION pending for entrance as second class matter at the post office at Toledo, Ohio.

MANUSCRIPTS must be typewritten and accompanied by return postage. They will be handled with care, but this magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety.



JOHN M. KILLITS

Photo by C. L. Lewis

Judge John M. Killits of the United States District Court for the Northern District of Ohio, Western Division, has won national prominence for his fearlessness in criminal law cases, his wisdom in handling many far-reaching municipal and labor problems for Toledo thru equity proceedings brought in his court, and his militant efforts on behalf of good citizenship. He was appointed to the court in June 1910.

TOLEDO TOPICS

SOCIETY

THE FINE ARTS

SPORTS

The Survival of an Instinct

The recent flurry in the Republican State Executive Committee over the proposal to hold a preprimary convention is evidence that the convention method of nominating public officers is still very much alive in spirit.

The trouble with the primary is that it doesn't satisfy. It is one of those theoretically perfect things which doesn't take into account human nature. People love to meet and talk. The convention as a means of deciding public matters is older than the English race, going back to the town moots and folk moots by which the Engles and Jutes were accustomed to settle questions of policy and justice long before they were led into the British Isles by Hengest and Horsa. An instinct so deeply rooted cannot be set aside by law.

The primary is a convention spread out thin. Everybody has the opportunity, if he avails himself of it, to express his choice, but he must do so in the four-by-four privacy of a stall in an election booth. There is no meeting of minds; no giving freely of opinion and as freely giving way to what proves to be wiser counsel. The primary is utterly lacking in the element of crowd psychology which gives wings to interest and impetus to public movements.

The only substitute for convention discussion is newspaper publicity. But it is the long standing practice of newspapers to "lay off" the primary. In the days when newspapers were more partisan than now, it wasn't considered clubby to take sides before the nominations, on the theory that the candidate you opposed today might be the candidate you would have to support in the election, which would prove embarrassing. This attitude toward the primary persists to this day. So comparatively speaking the selection of candidates escapes public notice.

The convention system had its abuses, which were permitted to overshadow its fundamental soundness. The evil of the convention was the closed door. Delegates were hand picked in the interest of certain candidates or to act at the behest of the party organization. From the action of the convention there was no appeal.

As it often happened, the minority convention was controlled by bi-party agreement in behalf of the majority party organization, so in the election the choice was the same as in the justly celebrated case of Tweedledee and Tweedledum. Instead of the system being revised, it was discarded, and the primary substituted as a panacea which, having lost interest in the case, the people seem disinclined to take.

A bill was introduced in the legislature a few years ago which, if enacted, would have preserved the spirit of the convention and given to the selection of candidates the protection of the primary. This plan provided for a party convention to be followed by a popular primary, at which the nominees of the convention would be designated as such, but in which all comers would have the privilege of entering by petition, thereby establishing the principle of the open door.

The virtue of this plan was the recognition of party responsibility and the legalizing of party endorsement. It provided the means of doing openly and above-board and legally, what party organizations do anyhow. It cannot be said that in actual practice the primary has deprived the party organizations of dominance, and it certainly has taken a great deal of the breath of life out of politics.

(Signed)

CARROLL MCCREA.

Sally Ames' Monthly Letter

NATURALLY I was quite curious about the display of gowns and hats that my card announced was being sponsored by Mrs. Lloyd Hixon and Mrs. George Harrison in the home of the former in West Woodruff.—The Lyman Spitzer house, you know, which the Hixons have taken during the Spitzers year in Europe.

Altho the sale lasted from Wednesday until Saturday, I, of course, chose the most miserable rainy day, and arrived in a perfect drizzle. However, I soon saw that the weather had nothing to do with it, because, well, my dear, everybody was there or had just left. Dolly was modelling the gowns herself and a representative of the millionery firm was blocking hats on her charming customers. That's really quite a feat and I stayed so long in admiration of this, to me, fascinating art, that when I glanced at my watch, (incidentally, have you seen the beauties some of the girls have

brought back from Switzerland this summer) I found I simply couldn't stay to tea, which was quite a delightful innovation, I thought, for a shopping tour,—as I was going on to Mrs. Radcliff's. There, with her usual charming hospitality, she was entertaining the matrons and dowagers.

WITH the *jeunes filles*, the arrival of Helen Lomasney's guest, Miss Martha Brooks of Pittsburgh, was the signal for numerous gay affairs, among them being Helen's luncheon in her home.

SEATED at beautifully appointed tables were the guest of honor, Cordelia Foster, Thelma Ulsh, Dorothy Foote, Hilda Grosh, Suzanne Cady, Josephine Randolph, Katherine Harrison, Elcanor Minneger, Mary Campbell, Mrs. Barnes Walbridge and the hostess, Cordelia Foster, who

(continued on page 12)



Mrs. Lawrence Roehm and daughter, Mary Stevens, of Detroit, who have recently been visiting Mrs. Roehm's father and mother, Mrs. J. H. Frambach.

Photo by Lumart



Mrs. Aaron Chesbrough who was general chairman of the Toledo Woman's Club recent membership campaign which was so highly successful.

Photo by C. L. Lewis

Sally Ames' Monthly Letter

(continued from page 5)

spent the summer in Europe with the Horton Roricks, entertained with a bridge tea later in the week for Miss Brooks and Eleanor Minneger was hostess at a luncheon.

WE turned out en masse to hear Will Rogers at the Coliseum. He is screamingly funny, isn't he? Bobby Burns would have considered him an answer to his prayer for he certainly has the power to make us see ourselves as others see us. I noticed in one box, Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair Walbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Kinsey, Mrs. Barnes Walbridge, Mrs. Walter Sherman and Mr. Cornell Walbridge. Among others noticed in the audience were Mr. Sidney Spitzer and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Logan.

SHADES of the Collingwood! Can you imagine the Bachelor's Ball being held under another roof? And yet, the committee in charge has decided that the Madison Gardens will be the scene this year of that out-standing social event of the winter. It has not been announced what form it's masque will take, I know only that the music will be the same that will play all that week at the Gardens, and the management is trying to procure one of the country's most famous orchestras.

A PERFECT day, a jolly crowd, the crimson and gold of autumn, a wonderful drive, the blare of the band on Ferry Field and the Michigan-Navy game was on. Motor-

(continued on page 14)

Sally Ames' Monthly Letter

(continued from page 12)

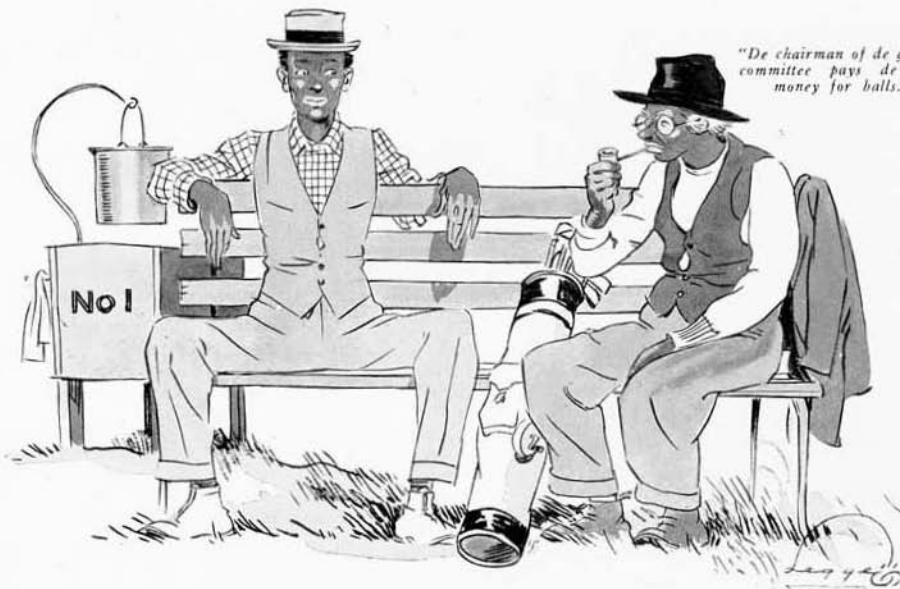
ing up from Toledo were Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Rorick, Mr. and Mrs. Ceilan Rorick, Mr. and Mrs. Avery Wright, Mr. and Mrs. James Secor, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Baumgardner, Mr. and Mrs. Pennell Hixon and others.

NOW that the time is approaching when "winter nights enlarge," I am looking forward to more formal affairs.

LAST Saturday afternoon I went out to the Ottawa Hills Riding Club and "rode to hounds." Sounds well, doesn't it That's certainly a great sport and I am so glad that the music of the winding horn has reached here. I have visions of hunt breakfasts before long. Why, all my friends down east have been doing it for years, and as far as I'm concerned, the hunt will have just as much to do with making Toledo a "big town" as the bond issue, nobody apparently knew anything about.

IT'S a far cry from bond issues to the Charleston, but have you been able to master it yet? I admit that I am weary with trying. There were several of us at the Country Club Wednesday night, and after a lot of practise, I realized that at the rate at which I am progressing, if I do become an adept, the fad will be over. Oh well, if Parker Campbell can't do it, why should I try?

"De chairman of de greens committee pays de best money for balls."



As the curtain rises, Sam Jackson is standing by the tee box at the first tee, washing a golf ball. Joe Washington enters, staggering under the weight of an immense bag containing about forty golf clubs.

Sam: Who's you wukkin' for today, Old Folks?

Joe: Who's I wukkin' for? Kin you look at dis here bag and ast me dat? De good kine God ain't never had no time to make but one white gemmun what kin ask a boy to carry fohty-foh clubs. I'se wukkin' for Mr. T. Montague Smith. And oh, how I dreads it.

Sam: Howcum you always gits elected to carry for Mr. T. Montague Smith?

Is dat white man in de caddy house sore at you or sumpin'?

Joe: Naw suh, I stands aces and eights with de caddy master but Mr. T. Montague Smith pussunally craves me and asts de caddy master to nom'nate me to tote his clubs. Boy, was I a mule mah back would break under de weight of all dat hahdware.

Sam: Dey tells me dat T. Montague Smith is groomin' hisself to win de club championship.

Joe: Do which?

Sam: Dey tells me dat T. Montague Smith is groomin' hisself—gettin' hisself all steamed up to win de club championship.

Joe: Boy, whin dat guy wins de club championship, a nigger kin be 'lected kleagle of de Ku Klux Klan. He couldn't win no championship if dey let him do his own countin'.

Sam: Is he a good counter?

Joe: Is he a which? Nigger, I hopes to tell you that countin' is de thing can't nobody else but him understand. Give dat white man nuff led pencils and he's sho going to

No Bad Lies

By
E. A. BACHELOR

Managing Editor D. A. C. News
(Dramatic rights reserved)

Drawing by
RUSSELL H. LEGGE

CHARACTERS:

JOE WASHINGTON, a very old caddie.

SAM JACKSON, a young caddie.

SCENE:

The first tee on a Florida golf course.

TIME: The present.

beat Mr. Walter Hagum hisself (*Business of sharpening pencils on patent sharpener attached to golf bag.*)

Sam: What's that there machinery, Old Folks?

Joe: This here's a pencil sharpener. Mr. T. Montague Smith tole me he wants his clubs kep' in condition and I'm sho gettin' his best one in shape for a hard day's work.

Sam: Reckon niggers ain't never goin' to git nowhere in golluf, Old Folks. They ain't got de edumacation. When I went to school dey tole me three and three was six, but I see dese golfers take three shots to de green and three putts and call it fo'. I reckon dat what you learn in them col-

lidges if you kain't play good enough for de football team.

Joe: Boy, you is too young to understand 'rithmetic like de white folks does. De way you 'rives at a golf score is to add all de shots you has had and den *subtrae'* all does dat you 'ponent didn't see you take.

Sam: Yes suh, dey's sho somethin' about it dat a nigger ain't got de intelligumts to onderstand. I remember de furst time I come out yere to this country club to caddy, mah man is havin' a dispute with his 'ponents about how many is he took on de fust hole. De can't agree so mah man he turn to me and says, all smilin' and pleasant: "Caddie, how many did I take?" "Eight, suh," I says. An' all de rest of de afternoon he don't do nothin' else but cuss and 'buse me. All I done is tell him de truf.

Joe: Dat's what's de matter. When a white man asks you how many shots is he took, de truf is de *last* thing he wants.

Sam: Well, de next time mah player gits in a argument, and asts me, "How many?" I says, "Foh," though God knows he is took six. And when we gits through' he tip me foh

bits and mark my card excellent.

Joe: You sho learned somethin' quick, cullud boy. De reform school is full of truth-tellin' caddies. Dey violates de first principle of professional ethics, as I heard de greens chairman tellin' a guy which played a niblick shot offen de wrong green. I'se been studyin' 'bout dis here golf game since de days when was a guy to carry his golf clubs through de street de boys would chunk rocks at him and de men would try to flirt wid him. I remember de time when you could git in a golf club if you has a hondred dollars and when you couldn't git in lessen you saveys de use of a fork for handlin' vittles.

Sam (*Interrupting*): Dat handlin' a fork is one trade I'se learned but ain't never had stiddy work at.

Joe (*Ignoring interruption*): In mah 'sperience I'se learned date de principul 'quipment for a caddie is diplomacy. You wants to not speak out of turn none. Oncst I had de honor to caddie for President Wilson and I kin tell de worl' I give him such service as he never did git from them shifless niggers around Washington. Well, de day after I has toted de royal bag, up comes one of these Hart, Shafner and Marx golfers, wif a million dollars wuf of clothes and a lotter shiny sticks, and say to me: "George, what kinder golfer is de president? Is he pretty good?" And I says: "No suh, he ain't NO good. He ain't no better than you is." And for dat, I gits suspended for foh days.

Sam: Dese white folks is de bettin'est people I ever seen. Yestiddy I carried for a guy named Jones and he and another guy was bettin' a hondred dollars a hole. You can't blame 'em for cheatin' when dey's dat much money involved, kin you?

Joe: Sho, cullud boy, you ain't believing dat dey's any real money gointer change hands when that Jones guy is bettin', is you? Everybody around this course has got his number but you. Say dat feller must bet a millum dollars each season but I never seen him hand over so much as a dime. He's one of dem "I'll see you tomorrer" golfers. And de next time out he wants to make it double or nuthin' and he keeps dat up until he gits lucky and gits square.

Sam: But how 'bout when he win?

Joe: Dat's sumthin' differunt, ag'in. When he win, he go south wid de money and if de other guy want to play double or nuthin', Mr. Jones is always got hisself 'nother date. He was playing a thousand dollar Nassau last week and when he lose all three ways, he hand his oponent de old line about "see him tomorrer" and den borrow five bucks to git him enough gasoline to drive his car home.

Sam: But dat ain't honest is it, Old Folks? Wuz de niggers to op'rate on dat basis, dey would be considerable cuttin' at de close of each and every match.

Joe: Well, it wouldn't do for niggers to handle finances dat way; but niggers ain't gemmun and dey can't trust one 'nother. Us black boys don't understand nothin' about honah so we has to condukt our gamblin' on de cash and carry basis.

Sam: Howcum you never carry for Mister Johnson no moh? You uster be his fav'rit caddie.

Joe: Yessir, I uster think dey was nobody like dat man, but he ain't used me right. Come last Christmas, he done made me a present of a razor?

Sam: Well, what's matter wid a razor? A nigger can't have too many of dem sartorial adjuncts, kin he?

Joe: Dey ain't nothin' de matter wid de right kind of a razor but Mister Johnson gimme a *safety* razor.

Sam: Gosh, dat what de white folks call a foh paw. What did you say to um?

Joe: I said, wid all mah dignity: "Mister Johnson, suh, you is made a mistake. Just because I is an old man, you should not 'sume dat I can no longer use a razor for *social* as well as *tonsorial* purposes."

Sam: Speaking socially, how is your daughter, Susie, gittin' on wid her man? Last time I seen her she said dat dey was de victims of considerable connubial infelicity, as de white folks says.

Joe: Dey *was* makin' heavy weather on de matrimonial sea, but Susie she poured oil on de troubled waters. She heard dat Lige was livin' wid a yaller wench over by the freight yards and she said dat she was tired of dat triflin' nigger's goings-on and she was going to go after him and make him come home.

Sam: And did he come home?

Joe: He was *carried* home, when she got through p'suadin' him.

Sam: Howcum an old man like you is got to work? It seem too bad dat you is 'bliged to draw one of dem heavy golf satchels around in de hot sun, when you is old enough to deserve your ease.

Joe: You is right, son, it's a shame dat an old man like me, wid misery in all mah joints, is got to keep his poor old body and soul together by man'al labor. You sees before you de victim of bad luck. It wasn't always like dis, though. For years I has as happy a home as you finds in de whole state of Florida. I eats regular and copious. I is a leader of cullud society. I is referred to among de nigger e-light as a prominent clubman and *bum vetout*.

Sam: "I'll say you is one *mo'* high fiyin' nigger!"

Joe: And den sorrow spreads his dark pinions and flies in mah cabin doh. I has sickness in de family.

Sam (*Clucking*): Dat sho too bad. And who is de hapless victim of dis malady, may I ask?

Joe: Mah beloved wife is de shinin' object of disaster.

Sam (*Clucking again*): But it might of been worse, Old Folks. She ain't die on you. I seen her de other day and she look fine.

Joe: No, she ain't die but she ain't been able to work at her profession of laundress for most foh years and I has become de sole support of de family. De minute de doctor say dat she's bad off and ain't gointer be no good for a long time, I rises to de occasion and gits me a job. And here I is, slavin' and toilin' in de hot sun, hopin' dat my ole woman is ag'in goin' to enjoy de fine, robus' health dat was hers in dem happy days of yore.

Sam: But she's gittin' better, ain't she?

Joe: She's improvin' but it sho am slow and teejus. And even does she git well and resume her professional activities, all her best customers is transferred dew patronage to dem steam laundries or dem Chinamen. I cain't see how white folks is got confidence in dem treacherous yaller devils. De foreign element sho is makin' 'Merica a tough place of us 'Mericans to earn our bread.

Sam: Well, thank God, I ain't a family man. I was married oncst but mah wife run off wid a Pullman porter because he giver her a line about "seein' de world," and "travel bein' broadenin'," and dat sort of thing. This triflin' nigger deceived her, too. He told her he has a stiddy run from New York to Pa'm Beach and it turned out all he is is a extra, and he gits laid off right away. And den my wife has to learn de broedenin' features of travel on foot.

Joe: Just like dem soldier niggers done in de A. E. F.!

Sam: She asts me to take her back and give her another chance, but I tells her dat rather dan sacrifice mah pride, and go to livin' wid her again, I'd work all my life.

(continued on page 36)

No Bad Lies

(continued from page 11)

Joe: Well, de more I sees of de white folks at dis here golf course de less I thinks of marriage as a good gamble. Howcum dey ain't none of dese white men playin' golf wid dey wives? Howcum when one of dem does start to play around wid his wife, probably to square hisself after one of dem "business trips" to New York, dey begins de battle on de first tee and fights her all de way 'round. I guess connubial bliss don't follow the flag dat marks de cups on a golf course.

Sam: De opposite sexes does play together some, though. And de married folks 'pears to enjoy her fine if dey ain't married to each other. Just last week I is caddyin' double for a white gemmun and another white gemmun's wife and de man is in such a good humor dat he gimme two dollars just for goin' back from de fifth hole to de clubhouse to git his No. 4 iron. It turned out when I gits back to him and de lady dat he is made a mistake and *ain't got no* No. 4 iron. And he never did have no sich club.

Joe: Well, dem kind of folks is pleasant to carry for, because dey is too busy wid their own thoughts to bawl out de caddie. It's de dub what wants you to give him a lesson as well as tote de clubs dat gets my goat. If you tell him de truf, you is sho goin' to git fired, and it exhausts you mind to keep thinkin' up dem lies.

Sam: Right you is, Big Boy. Just de other day I has a terrible player on mah hands. He kept askin' me to tell him what is wrong and I has about used up mah imagination when he says: "Caddie, I believe dat I am too close to de ball when I hit it." "No, suh," I says. "De trouble ain't dat you is too close to the ball *before* you hit it, but *after*."

Joe: Boy, you is to frank and open in your nature to be a great caddie. Don't you know dat tellin' a man dat he is rotten is de third worst thing a caddy kin do? De furst is havin' de hiccoughs and de second is smilin'. Golf is too serious for any light-minded niggers.

Sam: Howcum you gets dat nickname "No Bad Lies," Old Folks? I hears de caddies callin' you dat lots of times.

Joe: I done christened myself by dat name, boy. I is out wid a guy what is bettin' big money one day and, as he ain't a regular member of de club and don't know our customs, he 'spects dat he will have to pay up if he lose. I notice dat de first time he gits in a cuppy lie, he accidentally on purpose move de ball a little while he is addressin' her. Now, I ain't bohn yestiddy and I says dat *dis* white man is gonner appreciate a little service. So I hustles to his ball after every shot and is she in a bad lie, I just sorter scrapes mah foot along and improves de lie considerable.

Sam: Gosh, Old Folks, you *does* give service!

Joe: My man wins de match and while he is kinder disappointed when his oponent don't pay nothin' but say he'll "see him tomorrer," he ain't forgit to tip me wid a dollar. "What's your name, boy?" he says. "You is a good caddie." I looks him right in de eye and says: "Mah name is Jos Washington, suh, but de players dey usually calls me 'No Bad Lies'."

Sam: Does you caddie for him de rest of de time he is around here?

Joe: Nigger, don't pester me wid foolish questions!

(continued on next page)

No Bad Lies

(Continued from page 36)

Sam: Golly, I wish dem players of ours would git a move on 'em and start. I'se got a date at de asphalt workers ball tonight and I has to hire me a dress suit and git mah new yaller shoes polished, yet.

Joe: Well, dey ain't hardly nobody on de course today and neither of dem guys ever loses a ball—not if he kin git fur enough from de other to drop one and claim he found his own—so we'll keep movin' when we does start. But I heard a gemmun ast my man to have a drink just before we left de caddie house and it ain't in him to quit a bottle of free liquor while dey is de breath of life left in it.

Sam (*Business of taking balls wrapped in paper out of his pocket*): Say, Old Folks, where kin we sell balls? De rules say dat members ain't 'lowed to buy from caddies.

Joe: Where you git dem balls, boy? You muster stole 'em out of somebody's bag and dat ain't effical. Even on de public links you must wait for a ball to stop rollin' before you find it for yourself.

Sam: You does me wrong, Joe. I found dese balls in de rough.

Joe: In de rough, wid de paper still on 'em?

Sam: Yes, in de rough; de other caddie what was wid me lookin' for a lost ball didn't notice dat de flap of his bag has come unloose.

Joe: Oh, well, if you is come by 'em *honest*, dat's different. You kin sell 'em to any member of dis club which is alone at de time. Dat rule about not buyin' balls from caddies is like de 18th amendment what dem guys in Congress done 'nacted. It just gives de transaction de zest of stolen sweets, as de Good Book says.

Sam: Who is de best guy to sell 'em to? You knows de ropes.

Joe: De chairman of de greens committee pays de best money for balls, but de chairman of de house committee is more apt to give you de cash in hand. Take your choice. Is you pressed for money, try de house chairman; kin you carry de paper a couple of weeks, try de greens chairman.

Sam: What do you say to shootin' a little craps?

Joe: No sir, I can't shoot no craps today. I came away half dressed dis morning in mah hurry to catch de car and I forgot mah dice.

Sam: But I is got de dice.

Joe: Of course you is; every nigger do. But I'se too poor to be a philanthropist today. By de way (*Business of taking a letter from pocket*) here's a letter my old woman sent to me by one of the boys. I clean forgot all about it in de excitement and joy of gittin' T. Montague Smith to work for.

Sam: What do she say, Joe?

Joe: You read it to me, boy, will you? I reads *readin'* good, but I can't read *writin'* (*Hands over letter.*)

Sam (*Reads slowly*): "Friend Joe: I is got a job as laundress at de hotel. Yours respectively, Mrs. Joe Washington."

Joe: Glory be to God! Emancipation Day has done come again! Mr. T. Montague Smith, I leaves your hardware to be chaperoned by my young friend, while I goes to de caddie master and terminates mah commercial career by resignation!

(Curtain)

FINANCIAL

By CLAUDE GRISWOLD

CCHEERED and warmed by the tropic sun of Prosperity, the famous economic triplets—Business, Investment and Speculation—have done more this year to put real pep and ginger into the Christmas spirit than any other single factor.

By all the seraphic wings of a Happy Providence, Santa Claus this year will truly play the role of the World's Greatest Optimist and there aren't any maybes about that.

Optimism, which always has a close relation and sympathy with the pocketbook and bank account, will join hands with the happy, merry urge of the season and make the 1925th birthday of the Prince of Peace one of glad, wholesome thanksgiving.

\$ \$ \$

AND there has been nothing prosaic in the action of the stock market, which has heralded to the world the coming super-prosperity. The market is in the final stages of the greatest bull movement of all time. It has smashed all kinds of records and left old, bleary-eyed Pessimism wallowing in the dust.

Recovering with swift vengeance from the depression of hectic November, the market in mid-December developed into a more two-sided affair with the bulls and bears keeping something of a balance between sharp rallies and reactions.

\$ \$ \$

IN a market of this kind it is interesting to note the similarity of it with the theory of party government. Republicans and Democrats act as a check on the other in maintaining a balance in the exercise of governmental control and power. With two parties actively in the market it minimizes the danger of a runaway market in either directions and thus keeps it on an even keel.

\$ \$ \$

THE bull, that is the buyer of stocks,—the optimist,—has lately been turning to groups of stocks that have not fully discounted their trade possibilities and further expansion of earnings into next spring. That, perhaps, explains the more consistent strength of the rails, oils, steels and some of the coppers.

The rails promised to vie with the motors which were the star performers during the summer and fall months. Some of the biggest interests in Wall Street were free in predicting the greatest railroad market in history.

Confidence in the solid foundation for a big move in the rails was given by record earnings, prospects for the new year and virtual Washington approval of large consolidations. The merger rails were strong with such issues as

Chicago Great Western, Wabash, St. Louis & San Francisco, St. Louis and Southwestern, Missouri Pacific, Missouri, Kansas & Texas, Chicago Eastern Illinois, Reading, Lehigh Valley, Atlantic Coast Line, B. & O., New York Central, Pennsylvania and others in the lead.

THE oils were slower in moving but prospects continued to increase for a big oil share market when it once starts rolling. Favored issues in this group included: Marland Oil, Pan American issues, Texas Company, General Petroleum, Phillips, Snell Union, and others.

\$ \$ \$

JUDGE ELBERT H. GARY, head of the world's greatest industrial corporation, U. S. Steel, is not much given to apple-sauce. And he wasn't dealing in that verbal commodity when he told the Steel Institute early in November that the steel companies next spring would be turning away business. That was an open tip to buy the steel stocks.

Around 130, at this writing, U. S. Steel was considered one of the best buys on the board. It is one of those stocks one can consider a growing company. Therefore, it is in a perpetual bull market. Over the years it enhances in value.

It is one of those stocks one could give a baby for a nest egg with a moral certainty that ten or twenty years later it will be very valuable. Steel common should sell above 150 before the present bull market has spent its force.

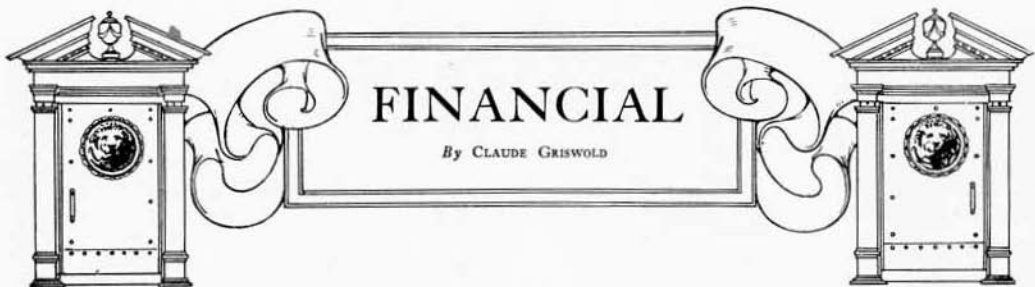
But Charlie Schwab's Bethlehem Steel should come swiftly to the fore in any broad rallies of the market. Purchases below 50 should reap some handsome profits. Republic Iron, Sloss Sheffield, Crucible, Youngstown Sheet & Tube are others worth considering but they are more speculative than the first two mentioned.

\$ \$ \$

THIS is a selective market. It is the time to pick the good ones. Here is a list of some of the best stocks on the board. They will be prominent in any broad rallies of the market. Here they are: General Motors, Studebaker, Famous Players, Goodrich, Stewart-Warner, Moon Motors, U. S. Steel, Allied Chemical, National Cloak & Suit, Underwood and Remington Typewriters, Youngstown Sheet and National Department Stores.

\$ \$ \$

AFTER the holidays, the market commentators will be found discussing the probabilities and extent of the so-called January rise. Re-investment of first of the year dividends and interests may be a factor in further lifting both speculative and investment issues. But that is another story.



FINANCIAL

By CLAUDE GRISWOLD

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

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

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

\$ \$ \$

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

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

\$ \$ \$

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

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

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

\$ \$ \$

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

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

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

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

\$ \$ \$

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

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

\$ \$ \$

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

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

\$ \$ \$

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

IN THE REALM of SPORT

By ROBERT A. FRENCH



PROFESSIONAL baseball has been conducted along lines which are such an admirable combination of business and sportsmanship that it has survived for generations as the national game, despite the multitude of other amusements which have sprung up since the game began, once more demonstrates its popularity in Toledo.

The game has its drawbacks, of course. Ball players have to develop an intense enthusiasm to carry themselves through the long summer season, always at concert pitch, always ready to prove to the patrons that they are giving every ounce of energy and every atom of brain power in every contest.

They don't always do this. If they could deliver day after day with the intensity shown by our school boys in the Waite-Scott football game, for instance, baseball would know no limits in drawing power or popularity. But once in a while this stage of never-say-die determination is reached and held by players on a ball club, and that club usually cuts a big swath through the territory covered by its league.

The Toledo club is achieving that this year. Their attitude is reflected in the crowds which have gone to Swayne field. There is more baseball talked in Toledo now than ever before, perhaps, and the same sort of "boosting" which features our football fans is now apparent and audible at the ball park.

There are some weaknesses on the Toledo club, of course, but the club has unquestionably been strengthened since the start of the season. The acquisition of Heinie Groh was a master stroke. It not only bolstered the all round strength of the club, but it turned the eyes of sport followers in the big cities directly on Toledo. The word seems to have gone forth that the owners of the Toledo club are willing to spend money to give Toledo what it has not had for many years—a winning ball club. Money cannot buy a pennant in any circuit, especially in the American Association, where strength as a rule must come from the major leagues, and no player can be obtained from those 16 clubs without quite a bit of diplomacy, pledges and good luck.

The Toledo pitching staff still needs bolstering. It appears that out of the group of experiments taken to Jackson for early training, one pitcher of sufficient class has been developed—Ernie Woolfolk, who has uncovered enough speed, mixed with his excellent curve ball, to make him hard for rival clubs to beat. Clarkson can go along like a winner for six or seven innings, but he has shown a tendency to "fold up" as the game nears its finish. Paul McCullough, a star of a few years ago, and still a youngster, shows promise of being as good as ever, and with the fine support usually

given Toledo pitchers, he should win a majority of his games from now on.

* * *

THE wisdom of the Carranor club in developing more fields for polo playing was indicated as soon as the season began and it became apparent that the club had enough players for several teams.

George Shaw, Sidney Spitzer, George Greenhalgh, Harry Parke, Frank Stranahan, and George Jones were the early birds on the polo fields up the river this spring. Most of their attention was centered on the club's new ponies at the start, but a practice game between two club teams was decided on for May 31.

In addition to the above named, about ten more players were expected to be in the saddle for the Grosse Point Country club early in June. Lyman Spitzer, Duane Stranahan, who started his polo activities with the Harvard team, the Knight boys, Jimmie Bell and others were expected to give Carranor the best team in point of skill and the largest squad in point of numbers, that the organization has had since its inception.

* * *

THE Toledo golf season opened rather slowly this year, as far as outstanding matches were concerned. The fact that no inter-club team matches were scheduled for May, and that the district championship will not come until August, seems to have caused players to take their time about getting into top form, which can be reached only by stiff match play.

June, however, opened up with a rush. The new plan for team matches, consisting of qualifying rounds on four courses, and final matches between the two leading teams in each class, hit a popular chord. The fact that out of town teams will be a factor in the B and C class race is another very gratifying development. Toledo district has always shown a laudable determination to make the clubs in the smaller cities realize that they are active members of the T. D. G. A., and the opportunity now afforded these players, many of whom are of high caliber, to play over our fine courses, must reflect in added enthusiasm throughout Northwestern Ohio and Southern Michigan.

Harold Weber, who with Wallie Kline, has been centering much of his time on the development of the new Highland Meadows course, is certain that the new club will prosper and have a distinct bearing on the game hereabouts. The club has drawn most of its members from the public courses, and not only will they have a better opportunity to develop their game on a private course, but the increasing congestion at Ottawa Park will thereby be relieved.

CARRANORS CHAMPIONS PLANNING BUSY SEASON



*Earl Shaw, Carranor's
coach and star, on
Accommodation.*



*Carranor's championship trophy which
has the honor position on the trophy
rack during 1926*



*Jimmy Bell,
now a member of
the Yale team
who will be back
with Carranor this
year, on Shortstop*



*Col. George Greenhalgh, dashing rider and a
crack shot, on Night Wind*



*Duane Stranahan, ex-Harvard Captain and a
daring player, on Spark Plug*

Squash---As It Is and Is Not Played

*Something About the Game That Is Creating Hundreds
of "Squash Widows" Among the Wives of
Toledo Club Members*

By SQUIBB

NOW that squash racquets are occupying the minds, muscles and dinner hours of so many Toledo Club members, it might not be amiss to devote some thought to the origin of the game and a few helpful hints to beginners.

Squash was first played in the year 65 A. D. by the inmates of a Roman asylum for cross-eyed maniacs. It owes its inception to and derives its name from Doctor Xlophone Squashus, dean of the institution who sought a single panacea for the double affliction of his patients.

He was confident that the visual activity and lightening optical shifts required to follow the angles of the bounding ball would soon unscramble the most viscerously crossed eyes in the empire. He was equally sure that the thoughts of his maniacs would be turned immediately from self-destruction or the annihilating of others to the single life purpose of defeating on the courts the maniac whose name appeared next above on the challenge board.

IT IS one of life's ironies that this game created for so altruistic a purpose was soon to be employed in a manner so contrarily direful. Nero at once recognized its possibilities as a further hideous torture in his relentless persecution of the Christians. He had soon evolved a plan which exceeded in insidiousness the famed contests of the Gladiators and the mastication of human beings by the kings of the jungle.

Orders were placed throughout all of Rome for the construction of squash courts. In the interim Christians were herded like cattle into conditioning houses where they were surfeited with all of the debilitating luxuries of the period. Roman punch was their potion for the morning meal instead of Gaul corn flakes or Caesar rolled oats. The finest of wines and liquors were hourly pressed upon them as well as unstinted quantities of Chariot Brand cigarettes.

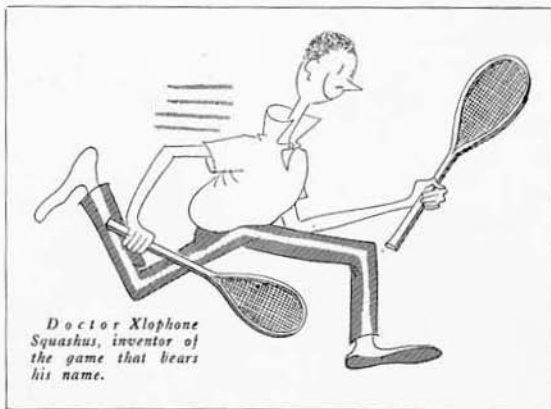
At the termination of six months of dissipation in the conditioning houses the Christians were ripe for the squash

courts. To play squash at all under such conditions involved a torture far more excruciating than the rack. But when it is explained that five hours was set as the minimum period for each game, an enlightened age can have no interest in a description of the gruesome carnage which resulted.

SO LET us draw the veil on this sordid phase of the game's development and turn our ideas toward a few helpful aids to the novice. Pages might be devoted to this purpose but we shall confine ourselves here to the preparatory measures which should be undertaken before the first timid strides are taken on the courts.

1. Unearth from your attic the geometry and trigonometry of your school days. Master angles from every angle. Bouncing angles will subsequently develop on the courts that are not in any book but these may be referred to The Smithsonian Institute for analysis.
2. Visit the nearest plastic surgeon and have him transpose in place of your lungs, a set of No. 5 brass riveted leather bellows.
3. Secure from the Secretary of the Navy a 6 foot by 6 foot slab of battleship armor plate. Stand this in an upright position against the wall of your room and run into it at full speed twenty-five times daily. Care should be taken that the countenance is thoroughly mashed at each impact.

4. Completely enclose with wire netting a space having a ground area of 3 acres. Enter the enclosure with a racquet and a pewee or other swift flying bird. As the bird flies about endeavor to strike it backhand with the racquet. Grace and artistry in fanning the air is one of the prime requisites of the game of squash.



*Doctor Xlophone
Squashus, inventor of
the game that bears
his name.*

CONSISTENT, conscientious compliance with the above suggestions coupled with a wholesome mind will soon convince you that life is too short anyway and that the game should be relegated to the dark ages from which it sprang.

How To PRACTICE

Some Timely Advice on Preparation for a Match

By CHARLES EVANS, JR.

I AM through with this being good. I have been good for six weeks and now I fail to qualify!" Thus spoke Bobby Cruickshank after his 153 at Onwentsia last summer. But strange things happened there between tee and green.

"I have only played a few rounds of golf since last fall," said Willie MacFarland soon after winning the National Open Championship.

It would be easy to quote the sayings of hundreds of golfers on what they did, or did not do, before championships. It is an interesting subject; championships are beautiful things to own, and almost anyone would love to own one. But golf championships are hard to get.

* * *

A GREAT college athlete can step on a football, baseball, or track field and almost instantly spring to fame, but golf is not like that; it takes years and years to learn to play good golf. Bobby Jones began as soon as he was able to swing a club over his shoulder, and even then his success came partly from the shadiness of purpose that kept him trying after many serious, early setbacks and the encouragement of strong friends such as Mr. George Adair, Mr. T. B. Paine, and Mr. O. B. Keeler.

We all meet at a championship and someone wins and that is all the gallery and the newspapers know about it, but there is always, of course, a good deal of curiosity as to how the other fellow prepares for the test. I used to ask the different golfers at the championships if they had been playing much. Invariably they answered No. I was not deceived; it was what I was accustomed to say.

* * *

ONCE, W. C. Fownes, Jr., a very canny player, asked me if I had had time to prepare and I said no. He smiled and said "Let me look at your hands." There they were, pretty heavily calloused, for I had been working like a dog for weeks. At another time Mr. Fownes said that he would guarantee to become one of the great golfers of the country any year if his business would allow him sufficient time to practice. But that, of course, was before the school-boys, with never a worry on their minds, took it up.

The interesting thing is to find out what the consistent winners do because golf is a queer game and any good player might fall into an unbeatable groove for a week.

* * *

ONCE asked W. J. Travis. It seems that he practiced hours, especially putting. It was said that the holes for these practice putts were about half the size of the ordinary ones. Without doubt he was a wonderful putter.

Jerry Travis hit lots of shots, but concentrated on putts and we all know that he did them excellently. Francis Quimet's back lawn runs into a golf course which gives him fine opportunity for practice, but he, too, specializes in putts.

Robert Gardner is said to practice but little. He has played all his life, however, and is blessed with fine health and physique. I think there comes a time in every golfer's

The author admits he actually practices and sends the photo to prove it.



life when it is better for him to play rounds instead of practicing single shots.

Walter Hagen never practices; and this year, and last, just before the championship he stopped golf entirely for about a week. He says that he plays his best when he is keen and on edge. He can be no example, however, for others, because he is playing exhibition matches before galleries constantly, and that means trying one's hardest all the time.

* * *

A GREAT many golfers like to preserve a secrecy about their practice. I do not mean they like to practice alone, for that may be a question of concentration, but they do not like to have others know how they practice. This may be because they think they have discovered something new, or it may be a fear of ridicule.

I knew one golfer who brought seven kinds of pills to a tournament, and took them with religious care. I, myself, tried many things, particularly all sorts of special diets to bolster up a naturally weak digestion. Special dieting is all right, but it should not be taken too seriously. A certain lightness of view is a very good thing.

I think that in preparing for a tournament I do about the same as other golfers, and I have reached the age when I do not mind telling the gallery exactly what I would do if a big tournament was in sight. Those who say they do not do about the same thing are trying to keep their precious little secret to themselves.

About six weeks before the tournament I would stop going out at night. There is nothing like regular and sufficient sleep to get oneself in proper condition for the stiff endurance and physical test demanded by a tournament week.

* * *

OF course, I'm in business and must consider that, in the schedule I lay out and follow, rain or shine. Each morning between seven and eight during the last three weeks I would hit twelve shots apiece with each club, no more, no less. Between six and seven, when I came home at night I would repeat the shots of the morning.

Of course, this would include putting and twelve jigger run-ups, twelve grass shots, and six shots out of the bunker. And believe me, I would try every one of these shots with

(Continued on page 51)

How to Practice

(Continued from page 18)

all my might. I would play these alone to avoid interference with concentration.

Every Saturday afternoon I'd play eighteen holes, on Sunday 36. I would carry out this program up to the day of the championship, and I would lighten up my work at the office to give me time to think my shots out. Then when I stepped onto the championship course there would only be the necessity of adjusting my eyes to the distance. Until beaten I'd be in bed not later than ten o'clock. Sometimes I'd be too stale, but not often, my record shows. Not until other and ever-present troubles came did my system fail. It's a good system; simple but severe drudging with a will to say no to the temptations. Even should one fail he has gained physically and by a method possible as to diet, plenty of outdoor exercise and plenty of sleep,—they are worth a good deal to us whether there is a championship in sight or not.



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.

Member Clubs

The Country Club, Heather Downs, Highland Meadows, Glengary Golf Club, Inverness Club, Sylvania Golf Club, Ottawa Club, Toledo Golf Club, 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 golfing season is on the wane. A few more weeks and the various links will take on a deserted appearance. Club championship tournaments are now being held at nearly every course and when these are over most of the golfers will pack their sticks away for the winter. Only the most intrepid and dyed-in-the-wool players will brave the elements after that.

It has been a remarkable golfing year, a year that saw the

great Robert Tyre Jones capture both the British and American open championships, only to lose the national amateur to George Von Elm, the 25 year old blonde star from the Pacific Coast. A year that saw another American, Jess Sweetser, emerge triumphant in the British amateur and Walter Hagen annex the Professional title for the third successive time. A year that brought the Ohio amateur title to our own city through the splendid play of Parker Campbell at Westwood, and a year that produced another public links player skillful enough to win the District event, Paul Renz.

In Toledo 1926 will go down on record as a most successful season. The new Highland Meadows course was opened to its members early in June and play over it has been brisk ever since. The new Riverby Hills clubhouse was opened and a tournament held over its course. Thousands availed themselves of the opportunity to use the public links at Ottawa and Bay View Park, and the state women's championship was held at Inverness during July.

The one disappointment was the showing of the Toledo team at Buffalo in the Lower Lakes matches. Illness and business played hob with the splendid team Captain Ora Brailey originally selected to represent the city and with many substitutes in the lineup the team finished fourth. Next year the event will be held at Detroit and Toledo should be able to muster a team that will be up around the top.

HEATHER DOWNS will have two 18 hole courses in 1927. The second 18 hole layout at the club is approaching completion and will be ready for the golfers early in the spring. In addition to this, another tract has been placed in reserve to be used for a third 18 hole course if it is found it is needed.

The old course lies to the rear of the clubhouse, which fronts on Heather Downs Blvd. The new course is across the boulevard.

Construction of the new course has been under the direction of W. J. Rockefeller of Inverness and it will contain many of the best features of courses located throughout the middle west. Tiling of the course has been completed and the water mains are installed. Sodding and other parts of the work are being rushed to completion before the winter freeze comes.

The great increase in women golfers during 1926 inspired the new course, it is said. It is estimated that the wives of 75 per cent of Heather Downs' members have taken up golf.

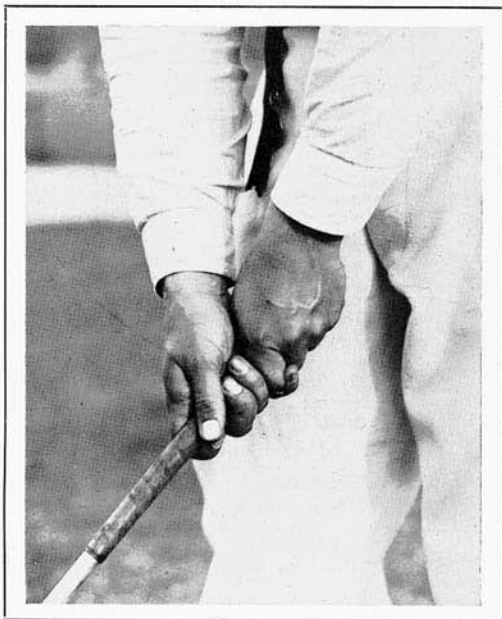
Plans for the erection of a caddy house and professional's quarters at the club have been completed and work will be started within a very short time. Construction of the new wing of the clubhouse has been deferred until early in the coming year because of elaborate plans for both Hallowe'en and New Year parties.

Mrs. Linton Fallis was the winner of the cup and gold bracelet offered by the Toledo Women's District

Golf Association to its member having the lowest gross and most number of victories in the weekly tournaments of the body held throughout the season.

Mrs. Fallis captured the pair of trophies from Mrs. George Greenhalgh in the final tourney of the year at Heather Downs. Each had scored seven victories previous to that day. Mrs. Fallis shot a brilliant 88 to win.

The feminine golfers enjoyed a wonderful season, more women participating in the tournaments than ever before.



HOW THE STILL GREAT BOBBY HOLDS HIS DRIVER

Though defeated by George Von Elm at Baltusrol, Bobby Jones is still Robert The Great and in the above photograph, taken just before his final match with the new amateur champion, he shows Toledo Topics readers how he grips his mighty driver.



CARRANOR POLO TEAM—MID-WEST CHAMPIONS

Left to right—Earl Shaw, George Greenhalgh, Duane Stranahan, Frank Stranahan

THE Golf League of the Lower Lakes, of which Toledo is a member and its first champion, recently voted to designate its matches in the future as the Depew Cup matches in honor of Ganson DePew, who has manifested an active interest in golf for many years, Mr. DePew having donated a handsome trophy to be held each year by the winning team.

IT would seem that a cheer or two was due the Carranor Hunt and Polo Club's team which recently won the mid-western circuit championship at the Dayton tournament. A large silver trophy, emblematic of this title, now occupies a place of honor in the club. It is a handsome bowl and was first offered in 1915 and was won by the Chagrin Valley team. Westmoreland held it in 1916. Miami Valley of Dayton won the cup in 1919, the first active season after the war, and repeated in 1920. Since then it has been held by Camp Grant, Grasmere Farm, Onwentsia and Fort Sheridan. It is quite a feather in the Toledo's team's hat to bring this famous trophy here.

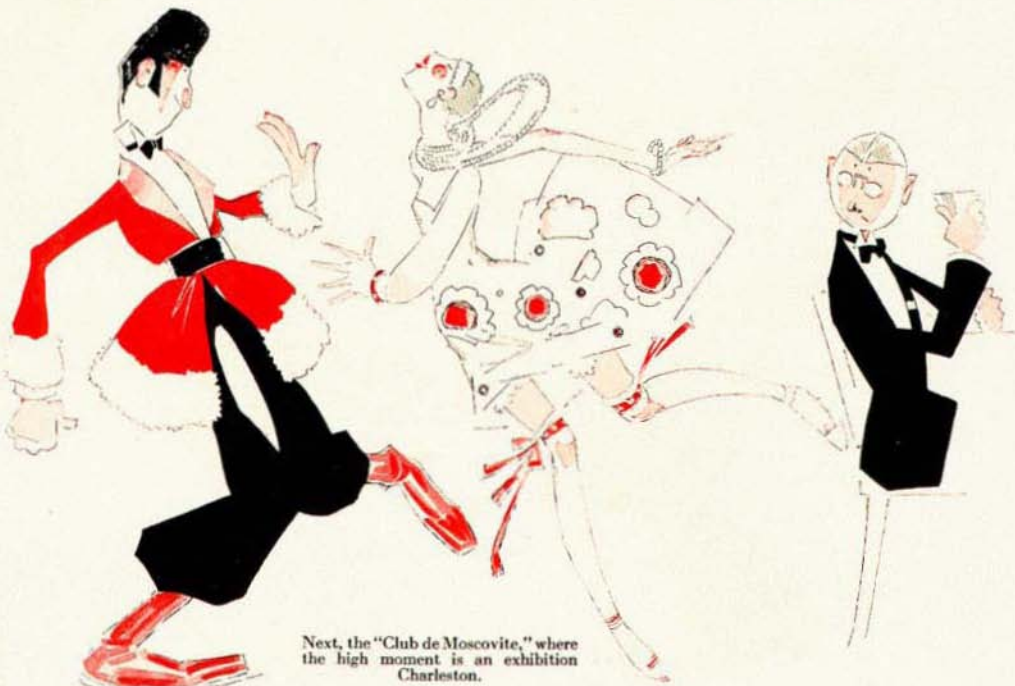
NOW that the Michigan-Ohio State game is a thing of the past, the eyes of Toledo football devotees have turned to the Illinois-Ohio State combat at Columbus on the 21st and the forthcoming Thanksgiving Day struggle between Waite and Scott High Schools. Many Toledoans will journey to Columbus, taking advantage of the opportunity of seeing the illustrious Red Grange in action. If the field is dry and Elmer Marek's injury, sustained in the Indiana game, permits him to face the Illini, the duel between the sorrel topped flash and the man who is expected to rival him in gridiron exploits should be a most interesting and exciting one. In spite of the fact that both teams have been defeated and that Waite is an overwhelming favorite to win, the annual Turkey Day tilt between the two schools, to be played this year in the Waite Bowl, will create the usual interest and draw as large a gathering. Arrangements are now being made at the East Side institution to take care of a crowd of nearly 22,000, which would undoubtedly be a record attendance at a interschoolastic struggle.

NIGHT CLUBS

By JOHN HELD, JR.



At the "Club de Jazz," the high moment is an exhibition Charleston.



Next, the "Club de Moscovite," where the high moment is an exhibition Charleston.

Our next stop is the "Club de Mason and Dixon," where the high moment is an exhibition Charleston.



And finally at the "Club de Chile con Carne," where the high moment is an exhibition Charleston, we have to call it an evening, as our Big Botter-and-Egg Man has—well he has; that's all.





Four of the Spitzers enjoying the winter sports at St. Moritz

WITH TOLEDOANS IN PARIS

The first of a Series of Interesting Letters from the French Capital

By TASIA

PARIS, April—It certainly is our privilege over here these days, to meet a great number of Americans—they seem always very busy, not to say hectic—frequently striving to keep up their incredibly vigorous pace in the most leisurely of countries.

Nearly always they come to Paris for "a good time"—of which, we are forced to conclude, they have sometimes a strange and strenuous conception. Some—fired with feverish energy—go barging through the city visiting churches, monuments, museums—hardly finding time for their meals or a proper night's rest. It seems they *must* see certain things within certain hours—so that their so called vacation actually assumes the character of a period of intense labour and strain,—both physically and mentally.

Ah—but we have others. The kind that wants to be devilish and "tear up the town" for instance. These astonishing people have to be *wild* at any cost—they cannot conceive of spending a peaceful evening at home, as long as they remain in Paris. They are constantly asking you where to go for a really ripsnorting time—and when you timidly suggest places that have anything but a savoury reputation—they look at you with pity and scorn and say: "What? There—? why we saw that the other night—it's nothing at all. I mean something—er—well—you know—" Alas—we don't know. For there is

nothing wild enough for these wild Americans.

And again there is the blasé kind, who seem to have come to Paris under protest. They have seen everything and done everything—and are chronically bored and disgusted. We often innocently wonder why they did not stay at home in the first place.

And then one day, not so long ago, I met the "perfect Americans in Paris"—the Lyman Spitzers of Toledo, at the thought of whom I heave one great sigh of relief after the other. The Spitzers have become Parisians in the best sense of the word. They are living in a charming apartment on the Boulevard Flandrin, at a stone's throw of the Bois de Boulogne. Their home gives the impression of being a long established one—it seems incredible that they have been here only since last November—however I firmly believe that Mrs. Spitzer could make the most attractive home anywhere at a moment's notice—she obviously has that gift.

The Spitzers are perfecting their knowledge of the French language by taking a French lesson daily. They attend courses on the furniture of different periods—they visit museums and see all the interesting plays, both modern and classic. They do all this in a charming, leisurely way—with the true understanding which is so rare, and which cannot fail to make life interesting, wherever it is lived. Their daughters



MISS TASIA

who will write a monthly Paris letter exclusively for Toledo Topics

(continued on page 48)

With Toledoans in Paris

(continued from page 26)

Lydia and Luete are attending a boarding school "La Roseraie"—and their sons, Lyman and John are attending the "Ecole Pascal." The children all speak good French—and little John showed me a most excellent report card of his studies and conduct a few weeks ago.

The Spitzers spent the Xmas holidays at St. Moritz taking part in the Winter Sports that are famous in the Engadin. And it was here that Toledo very nearly lost one of her leading citizens. One fine afternoon, coming down the "Cresca Run", which is of solid ice, in his bobsleigh—Mr. Spitzer had, what you might call a hair raising experience. The sleigh and its occupant abruptly and violently parted company, and Mr. Spitzer alone continued on the ice run, broke the tape with his head and incidentally beat the record for that day. Luckily he was not hurt.

The Spitzers toured England during the Easter vacation. They will spend one more month in Paris and then sail for home. We hope that they will come back to Paris however—and we have a "hunch" that they will try to make it possible. For Paris is kind to such as they, and takes them to her heart—This much abused city that is always associated with frivolity and pleasure madness—assumes a very different aspect to people who are blessed with a broader point of view—and the enviable gifts of perfect harmony and understanding.

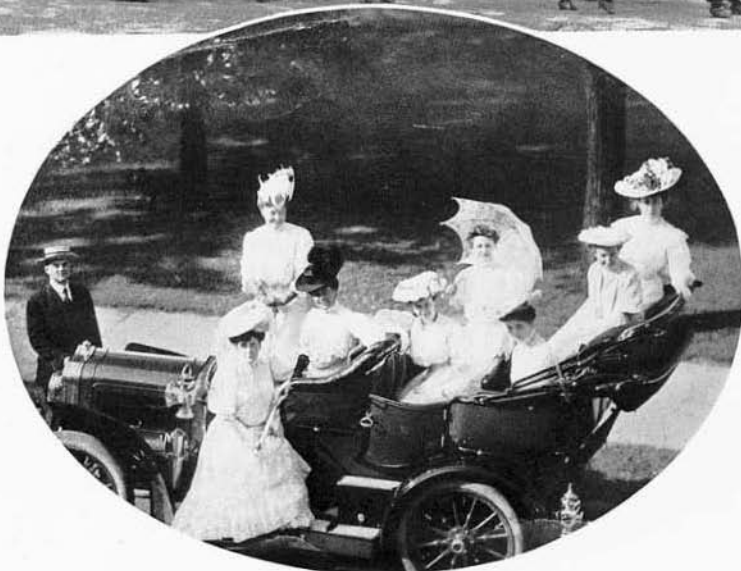


MRS. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, MESSRS.
JAMES BENTLEY AND HORTON C. RORICK

Right—The picture shows Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, New York and Messrs. James Bentley and Horton C. Rorick, Toledo, in the costumes which took prizes at the annual Everglades costume ball given February 25 at the Everglades club, Palm Beach, Fla.



In The
Gay And
Giddy
"Nineties"



Two
Groups Of
Joy Riders Of
The Period

WHO remembers those good old days, the gay and giddy "nineties?"

Here we have them pictured in all their splendor, at the very moment in the onward march of things when A. L. Spitzer's famous tally-ho and four was about to be pushed into the discard in favor of the more thrilling sport of puffing about town in an automobile such as Marshall Sheppey's Pope Toledo.

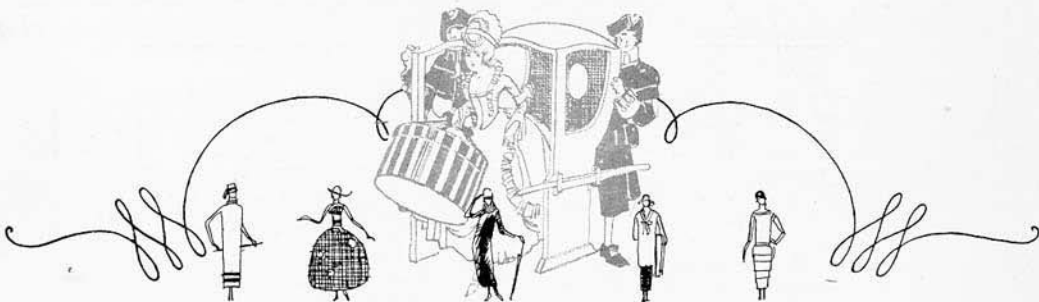
IMPRESSIVE? We'll say so. Feminine hearts may flutter even now at the memory of masculine beauty adorned by one of those magnificent curled mustaches. As for the cart-wheel hats from underneath which the Miss of twenty-five years ago peeped so demurely—well words fail! They might be beings from another world, those ladies with waist lines.

THE photographer has revealed Toledo society "stepping out" twenty-five years ago. The "stags" atop the coach were on their way to Maumee for dinner, and the gravel road along the river being more or less perilous, stopped off for a few moments at the Country Club. At that time the Spitzer tally-ho was quite the sensation of the country side. Mr. Spitzer drove it himself, the snappy footmen in high hats, white coats and shining boots who sat perched up be-

hind being for decorative purposes only. A long whip and a tally-ho horn added to the effect. The coach was built to order in Chicago, and the price, fourteen hundred dollars was fabulous in the days before the high priced motor car. Many and wild were the rides, with the guests tipping dizzily about on the high seats, but there was never an accident.

On this particular occasion the group included R. B. Crane, Thomas Parkhurst, George Allen, D. L. Stein, A. B. Tillinghast, George Shone, Bob Corl, Guy Atherton, C. L. Lewis, Ben Love and Charlie Deitrich.

THE lovely ladies were snapped in front of the C. L. Lewis studio on their way home from a tea and musicale at the Gosline home in fashionable Lower Town. At that time everyone who was anyone in Toledo lived on lower Summit Ave. Margaret Austin the violinist was the guest of honor, and Mary Willing (now Mrs. Megley,) played her accompaniments. Marshall Sheppey came in his new Pope Toledo one of the first to be driven on Toledo streets, to take the guests home. Many of the party have now left Toledo, but the names on the back of the faded photograph, in addition to Mr. and Mrs. Sheppey are Charlotte Whitaker, Nettie Poe Ketcham, Mary Willing Megley, Sybil Moore, Margaret Austin and Frankie Jones.



FASHIONS

By JULIA COBURN

From Madison Avenue, New York, to Madison Avenue, Toledo

YOU hop the 5:30 train at Grand Central, and before noon, you're back again in Toledo. Just eighteen hours away from the fashion-center of the Western World! And because New York's a bit ahead of Toledo—if it's only a part of a day—in proclaiming and accepting the new mode, we have just scrutinized New York, with loyal Toledo eyes, to bring you news of the best that's there, and the new that's coming.

Our quest took us up and down Fifth Avenue, where styles are popularized by great shops; it took us across 57th street, where fashions are introduced by exclusive shops; it took us along Madison avenue, where modes are made by the tiny shops; it took us to Sherry's and the Ritz where comely women and well-dressed men take luncheon and tea, and to the clubs where New York dances after the theatre. And then, because our inquisitiveness knows no bounds, we went to the sources of the mode that's coming for winter resorts and for spring—we saw the fabrics that are to make the things we wear, and the new-born styles by which they will be created.

THE important points of one's winter wardrobe may be settled by now; but just ahead are the holidays, and then perhaps a trip. Besides that, well-groomed women have long since learned that eternal vigilance is the price of chic; and that no longer does one purchase a winter outfit, an Easter outfit, and a summer one, and let it go at that. Seasons play tag with one another, some folks chase summer around the globe, and really, those old traditions are all upset. A fur coat belongs to winter—unless you're going far north in summer; white sports togs belong to summer—unless you're touring the tropics in winter; otherwise, mod-

ern clothes are all things to all seasons, and for that reason, one is constantly revising, and replenishing. It's sport to entertain one's friends by appearing in something strikingly new at the most unexpected times!

The high-lights of the mode, the fashion-features that insisted on popping out at us, until we admitted their imposing importance, are what we will tell you a bit about now.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

WAS it "The Green Hat"—that play that is attracting the most fashionable audiences in New York? We don't know, but we do know that no one is waiting until March 17th; and that that one-day color bids fair to become an all-season color! For without a doubt, green dominates, in its well-bred, not too insistent way, wherever smart women congregate.

DARK GREENS FOR DAYTIME

BOTTLE green and hunter's green and epinaard,—which is the picturesque French name for the homely spinach—are the greens that make smart two-piece frocks and ensembles. And smarter still, if two or three shades of green are used in a costume, with neutral gray or beige hose, gloves, and bag to lend contrast, and background.

YELLOW GREENS FOR EVENING

SOMEWHERE between the yellow that Marilyn Miller dons in "Sunny" to make her golden self appear all the more like a sprightly bit of sunlight, and the light clear

(continued on page 17)



SPRING FASHIONS AS SHOWN BY SOCI



Mrs. Sinclair Walbridge wearing a smart ensemble of navy blue wool coat and printed cinderella dress



Miss Jane Spitzer in black moon-glo crepe dress with gray jabot and black moon-glo faille coat



Mrs. Carleton Baumgardner in a Jenny Rose flat crepe gown with cape



Mrs. Barnes Walbridge wearing an effective grey crepe frock with grey hat



Miss Mary Campbell in an attractive beige satin afternoon frock

TY LEADERS AT RECENT STYLE SHOW



Miss Dorothy Foote wearing a checked cape coat and tan sports dress



Mrs. Phelps Berdan in a youthfully simple printed crepe sports outfit



Mrs. William Baker in a clever navy blue combination of plaid taffeta and crepe satin



Mrs. Frank Stuart Lewis showing a stunning Chartreuse Evening gown with gold lace and velvet evening wrap



Miss Helen Lomasney showing a dainty green taffeta and gold lace Robe de Style

When fifteen or twenty
people have
knocked a show
to me,
I won't go



Until
fifteen or twenty
people have
praised a show
to me,
I won't go

John
Herold

Takin' Down Her Back Hair

BY DON HEROLD

I SAW a lot of shows the past month that thought they were important, but the only one that amounted to much was one about department store clerks. It was called "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em," and was written by George Abbott and John V. A. Weaver. These fellows know that insight is not to be achieved with hammer and tongs, and they have just written a little comedy and let the insight take care of itself, which it has. I imagine, putting all fears and superstitions and succotash aside, that it is just as good a play as "Hamlet," and I know it is 10 times as powerful as some of the highbrow horseradish now available at the Guild Theatre and other local delicatessens.

Towards the climactic moment of the third act we have the heroine saying such an unorthodox line as "Well, what do you expect me to do; let down my back hair and tell my real name?" In this line, George Abbott and Johnny Weaver have unconsciously declared their creed as playwrights, and hereafter I hope to avoid all plays written under any other banner. I'm tired of seeing them let down their back hair.

I'm especially tired of seeing them let their back hair down philosophically and metaphysically—which is what happens in the Guild's latest and greatest and grandest and most cryptic cataclysm, "Goat Song," and in Karel Capek's "The Makropoulos Secret." These are both, in my judgment, a lot of wet fireworks.

Two tons of false whiskers and the biggest assortment of good acting in any opera house this season and enough insinuations of double meaning to reach (if placed end to end) from here to nowhere in particular fail to convince me that "Goat Song" is deep stuff, or that it matters much if it is. One of the easiest tricks in this world is to infer double or triple meaning.

Two intellectual old ladies sat behind me at the matinee of "Goat Song" and at the end of the fourth act, I heard one of them say: "Well, I don't get it at all." Then she paused a moment and said: "Isn't it wonderful how *international* art is becoming—the Guild getting a big thing like this over here!"

Franz Werfel, author of "Goat Song," is a young German writer, and a Guild program note says he "would have no logical hesitation in sacrificing the world if the world should thereby be cleansed." That's Werfel all over! One of those fellers who shoot the whole works.

The Guild makes two hard knots grow where one grew before. It has as many "problems" as an advertising agency. The conclusion reached is that we are half beast and always will be and that there is no use to worry about it; and that big revolutions are simply the beast coming out and that the world is better after them and that they will occur again and again and that there is no use to worry about it. This

is darned useful information. It will come in handy almost every day.

How much more edifying these big thoughts are than such lines as these from "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em:"

"I'm not layin' myself on a subway track for any dim wit."

"Agnes works in the 'stuffed birds'."

"Well, if it ain't John Wanamaker, the necktie king!"

"Come here, Unconscious."

The Theatre Guild is wonderful but it does not know one thing and that is that life won't get well if you pick it. You have gotta kinda love it and leave it—that's what the Guild does not know.

"The Makropoulos Secret"

Another profound truth is dragged in by "The Makropoulos Secret." The big idea this time is that it would be horrible to live 300 years. It would be hell to be a dramatic critic that long and have to see very many shows like "The Makropoulos Secret."

After all, the only "adult" and "civilized" entertainment (theoretically) is vaudeville. Dramatic commentators are now having a run on the phrase "good theatre," and I have concluded that good theatre is something very juvenile. For mature people, the theatre is fundamentally ALL WRONG. "Good theatre" is spell-binding intensification, enlargement, exaggeration, distortion, falsification, hooeyfication—all of which are exactly the things which we quiet-minded, intelligent folk are trying to escape and out-grow. "Goat Song" is grand theatre, but its grunts and groans and its pretense of penetrating the inner meaning of life are gooshy stuff.



Takin' Down Her Back Hair

(continued from page 29)

Noel Coward, look superficial, as prophesied exclusively by this department in the grand Fall Planting number.

I again like the work of James Rennie, as Gatsby, and Elliot Cabot does a fine job as the contemptible cur of a husband, but the play makes such mistakes as having Gatsby say such lines as: "When my lips met yours for the first time," etc. And then there is that matter of the murder at the end of the show. I believe they shoot the wrong guy. At least they did the night I was there.

"A Night in Paris"

The Shuberts have discovered that the word "Paris" will make the boys tromp all over one another to get into the tent, so they now have three shows in New York with that label on them. "A Night in Paris" on the Century Roof is the newest. At any rate it was there the other day, but the building seemed a little wobbly; the place was designed, you know, before the advent of the Charleston. It is a good show except for the comedians; the girls are every inch nature's noblewomen. I just can't get over my grudge against most of the gents who travel with these nude shows; I guess it is because they are so obviously hired to carry the dirt. The motto of this production is "Brassieres by nobody." Norma Terris, daughter of Gertrude Hoffman, shows up as a genuine genius as an impersonator. The fine personality of Yvonne George is wasted on the cattle who hoof it to these Paris shows. (Still I

The real hero of
"12 Miles Out."



"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" makes no attempt to penetrate the inner meaning, but it fairly booms with inner meaning. For anybody with any sense, there is plenty of inner meaning everywhere—almost too much of it—at a dog and pony show, on Macy's escalator, down a dumb waiter. People with any sense want less and less drama—not more. They want less "good theatre"—not more. They want wire walkers, trapeze artists, clowns, jugglers, crokinole, tiddledywinks, ring-toss—not the futile froth of "Goat Song" on "The Makropoulos Secret." Imagine an intelligent adult spending a whole evening contemplating the horror of living 300 years; it is the first mark of an intelligent adult not to contemplate the horror of living three score years and ten. Therefore I say vaudeville (theoretically) is the only adult entertainment.

I quote the following from George Jean Nathan:

"Every time the drama-lover of New York is on the point of drinking a seidel of bichloride of mercury to put an end to his despair, Eugene O'Neill comes along and makes life worth living for him again."

I agree with this entirely, except that I would word it:

Every time the drama-lover of New York is on the point of thinking life worth living, Eugene O'Neill comes along and makes him want to drink a seidel of bichloride of mercury to put an end to his despair.

"The Great Gatsby"

A show that is pretty good and, alas, partly "good theatre" is "The Great Gatsby," Owen Davis' dramatization of F. Scott Fitzgerald's book. As an expert on rotters, Fitzgerald is unexcelled, and they say Owen Davis has been remarkably faithful to the book. So the play has considerable kick and authority. It makes that other rotter specialist,

(continued on page 47)

can't high-hat these affairs; I stepped on an old lady and three poor little children to get there the first day, myself).

"12 Miles Out"

They break glass in almost every act of that husky romance, "12 Miles Out." It concerns a discussion between a noble bootlegger and an unprincipled hijacker. They disagree as to the ownership of a cargo of booze and a fair lady. The fair lady's husband is on the sidelines, but the audience is glad that he will lose either way, for he is the type who sends his wife for his bedslippers with little too much of a tone of authority.

The bootlegger and the other man's wife are not together three minutes until they are talking about their mothers. They not only have mothers in common but their mothers both had the same front name. I believe it was Ellen; or was it Christobelle? Well, no matter.

If you like the crash of glass and jawbones and the clash of cusswords against a stormy sky, try "12 Miles Out." It's filled with 'em.

HAD A USE FOR THEM

"Pardon me, sir, but I am soliciting donations for our Christmas rummage sale. What do you do with your old clothes?"

"Why, I brush them and fold them carefully at night, and I put them on again in the morning."—*Tit-Bits*.

THE ICONOCLAST

By W. H. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(continued on page 45)



MISS VIRGINIA RREINFRANK

Whose engagement to Norman Foley has been announced

The Iconoclast

(continued from page 30)

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



What's A Good Book

By R. F. NACHTRIEB.

ALTHOUGH this is the day of the psychological novel and the psychopathic study, of literary probing into neuroses, repressions, inhibitions and the sub-conscious, of sex ad infinitum and ad nauseum, there still exists an eager public and a ready sale for stories of adventure and romance. Stephen Vincent Benet has written a story of the latter kind in SPANISH BAYONET, a thrilling historical romance of Florida during the days of the Revolution. Mr. Benet, like Mr. Masefield and Mrs. Wylie, is a poet who has turned his poetic gifts to prose composition with extraordinarily happy results. There are pages of sheer beauty quite unusual in a book of swiftly moving action and adventure.

* * *

LOVERS of fine prose cannot help but have thrilled at the announcement that Donn Byrne is about to publish a new romance entitled HANGMAN'S HOUSE. According to the publisher's announcement it is "a story of brave hearts which never falter, of leprechauns and revolutionaries, of steeple chases and fox hunts, of the Shan Van Vogt and French officers, of the fighting which strong men do with their hands." In short it sounds like a true Donn Byrne romance and no doubt he has once more woven that magic spell which cast enchantment over the thousands of readers of Messer Marco Polo.

* * *

A SOMEWHAT similar spell is cast by Sylvia Warner in the charming LOLLY WILLOWES. Here is a delicate fantastic story wrought with a jeweler's precision and with an uncanny power of evoking those fleeting and inarticulate moods of which we are only half conscious; moods so evanescent that only the pen of an artist can fix them. To anyone who enthuses over perfect expression this book is heartily recommended.

* * *

ONE of the sanest and soundest of the psychological novels is CLARA BARRON, by Harvey O'Higgins. It is a compactly written story which, in spite of its brevity, presents an authentic and remarkably well rounded portrait of an emotionally inhibited woman. The character of the protagonist of the story is neither absurd nor over-drawn. Clara Barron is a perfectly comprehensible individual whose tragedy is that she is unable to yield to human impulses.

THOSE who own and delight in the exotic TALE OF GENJI have no doubt long since bought or stolen THE SACRED TREE, which is the second volume of that great Japanese novel.—Admirers of biographical fiction will find a splendid example of that type of fiction in VERDI, by Franz Werfel, whose Goat Song has been such a great success on the New York stage.—IT'S NOT DONE, by William C. Bullitt is a new novel by a new author which we have not yet examined but it is drawing an enthusiastic press and is, no doubt, well worth attention.—WHOM GOD HATH SUNDERED is a publication in a single volume of three connected novels by Oliver Onions, an English writer of great distinction who has never achieved the American audience he is entitled to.

* * *

THE new publishing house of Greenberg is issuing a fascinating series called "The Rogue's Bookshelf," a collection of "the most celebrated stories of thieves, gamblers, highwaymen, swindlers, debauchees—jolly rascals of every description—in the vital works of the greatest masters of story telling in the world's literature." The series is attractive in make-up, nicely printed and strikingly bound. Lovers of picaresque fiction will find in these books many of the lesser known masterpieces which are so frequently unobtainable in anything but subscription editions.

* * *

THE MAUVE DECADE, by Thomas Beer, after numerous postponements, is at last on the book stalls. It is a synthesis and study of the late Victorian era; of the "gay nineties" which have drawn so much remiscant attention lately—a study brilliant, penetrating and subtle. In format the book is exquisite with its superb printing and glazed mauve covers.

* * *

LET it be noted for the benefit of those who still remember something of the Great War that two remarkable war books have just been published—FIX BAYONETS, by John W. Thomason, Jr., and THROUGH THE FLAME, by Hervey Allen. Both are excellent. FIX BAYONETS is illustrated with splendid pencil sketches by its author. In neither of these books is War romanticized nor is its horror glossed over, yet both, by preserving proper proportion and perspective, carry conviction and vividly present that most futile and at the same time most glamorous of human institutions.



MOMENTS MUSICAL

By FLORA WARD HINELINE

WITH "Blossom Time" and Will Rogers ushering in Toledo's musical season, what may we not expect in the way of melodious entertainment this winter? All over the country Toledo has the reputation of being a music loving city, almost as generally known and accepted as its epithet of the "worst show town on earth." The very fact that we can pack them in for a fifth booking of "Blossom Time" is proof positive of some sort of musical taste, since the immortal melodies of Franz Schubert are the lure which has drawn to that production those who ordinarily shy away from highbrow music of any sort.

AND the Rogers' concert, as it was termed, provided a real musical treat. Them De Reszke singers, as Will would call them, gave about the most faultless program of



SIGRID ONEGINNO

Appearing in Concert in the Rivoli on November 20

ensemble singing ever heard hereabouts. We have had Grand Opera quartets, but always with at least one "sour" voice or number among them, while the DeReszkes were one long melodious wave of pure song. Speaking of "close" harmony—we'll never hear any closer than they made this side of the pearly!

THE next big attraction to visit our city will be Sigrid Oneginno, not one gin as you hear people calling the poor woman but more like this—On-ya-gin with the long "a" and the "g" as in begin. The great Gigli came and went in Toledo and many still refer to the mighty tenor as Giggly. Is it too late to remind that the name is pronounced something like—Zhee-lee? On-ya-gin, then, who comes in Grace Denton's Rivoli series, November 20, is by all acclaim the greatest find in contraltos of many seasons. She is called the "Chaliapin of contraltos," which should mean something to those who heard the great Russian basso when he sang here a couple of seasons ago. On-ya-gin is said also to be beautiful, which is something when one goes to hear a woman singer.

TOTI DAL MONTE, who comes in the same series December 11 is a coloratura soprano worthy to be mentioned with Galli-Curci, Tetrizzini and the other great ones of this florid style of singing. She has been heard on the radio here and her records have become popular favorites so that Toledo's first hearing of the great singer in person is certain to prove of more than casual interest.

OUR own musical organizations are doing not a little to make Toledo famous musically. Mary Willing Megley with her giant chorus, the Toledo Choral Society, bringing whole symphony orchestras here for her concerts this season is setting a high mark in work of this type. The Cleveland Symphony is to come for the spring concert and the visit of the Detroit for the "Tannhauser" performance is already musical history.

THEN the ever faithful Eurydice on December 1 is to provide a concert well worth the hearing, to say nothing of our regular season of symphony programs by the Toledo Symphony orchestra, Lewis H. Clement, conductor.

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 champion 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-

(continued on page 46)

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.