

TOLEDO TOPICS

May



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Toledo Topics

May, 1926

Volume 1, Number 6

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PUBLISHERS ANNOUNCEMENT

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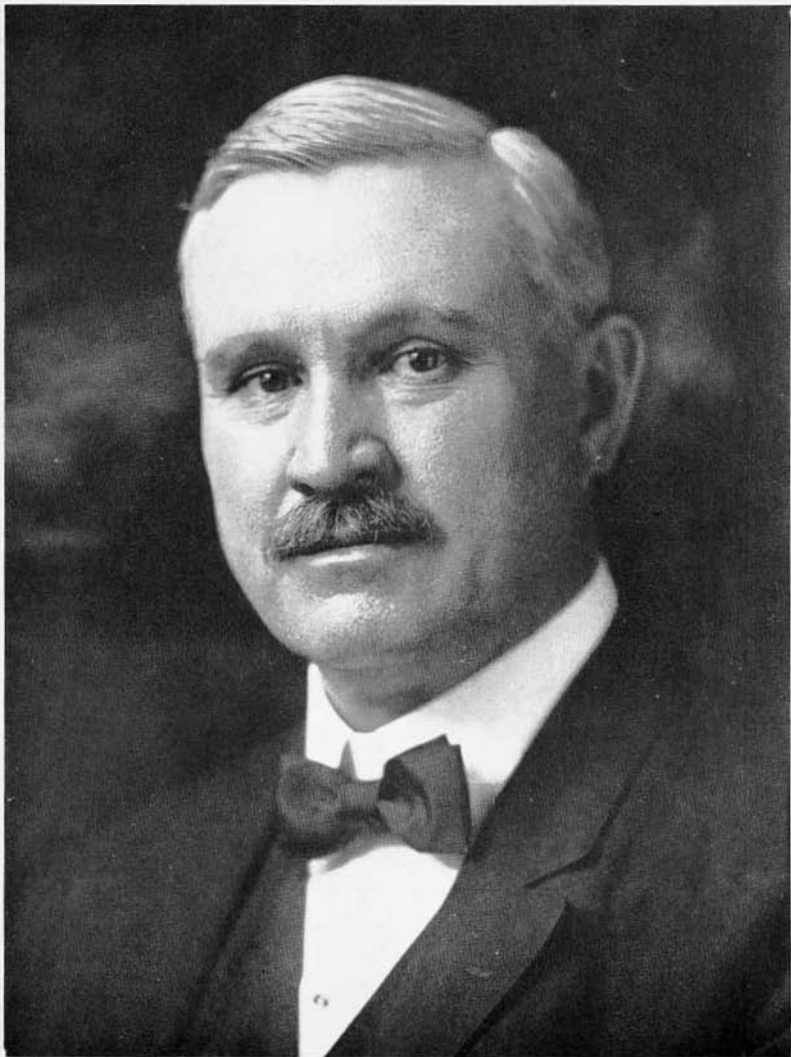


Photo by C. L. Lewis

W. W. CHALMERS

The Hon. W. W. Chalmers, representative in Congress of the Ninth Ohio district, is now serving his second term in the House. He has won national fame for his outspoken support of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway development and is known to his constituents as an untiring worker in their behalf at Washington.

TOLEDO TOPICS

SOCIETY

THE FINE ARTS

SPORTS

If Beer Comes

THE DISCUSSIONS before Congress have revived the liquor question. Every one is entitled to an idea on the subject. Ours is that it is shooting beside the mark to attack or defend prohibition as a single issue.

IT IS oddly true that extremists and foreigners seem ever unaware that the vote which made America dry was an anti-saloon vote, but not yet an anti-drinking vote.

IN THE old days the saloonkeepers fell into the error of thinking that everyone they saw taking a drink was with them, and that they were fighting only fanatics, when in fact the bulk of the dry vote was directly across the bar from them. On the other hand, the Prohibition party, as such, never got anywhere.

THE ANTI-SALOON league was wiser, its policies living up to its name. It dealt slowly and in small units at first, and swiftly at the end. First villages, then townships, then counties and states, and finally the nation, were voted dry. But national prohibition when it did come, came suddenly, leaving no time between the adoption of the Eighteenth amendment by Congress and its adoption by the states, for the five or six years of education by which it was expected to prepare the country to accept prohibition in fact.

MAJORITY OPINION was chrySTALLIZED to the point of abolishing saloons. The saloons are abolished. In that respect prohibition is an established fact. But majority opinion has not been aroused to the pitch of abolishing the privilege of drinking, which does not mean that prohibition is a failure, but that the suppression of bootlegging is a separate issue.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY ANDREWS has said before the senate committee that beer of low alcoholic content would aid the enforcement of

prohibition. The wets offer no plan of distribution of legalized beer, or wine, beyond the somewhat vague suggestion of strict government regulation.

GOVERNMENT STORES are out of the question. Dry sentiment will not tolerate Uncle Sam going into the liquor business. To permit beer and wine to be sold in places established solely for that purpose would mean the return of the saloons, for further demands of the trade would be met; hard liquor also would be sold, and we would be right back where we started.

SALOONS HAVE been regulated before, without success. Too much regulation of what he with characteristic good nature declines to regard as connivance with crime, tempts the American's sporting instinct to beat the game.

IN HIS previous permission of the unrestricted sale of 3.75% non-beverage malt tonic in drug stores, Assistant Secretary Andrews may have isolated the germ of a solution. If beer should come, why not remove the contraband and control intoxication by controlling the degree of intoxicant rather than attempt, beyond barring saloons, to control distribution? That is to say, permit beverages of low alcoholic content to be sold freely in bona fide stores already established in other lines of trade.

THERE WOULD be no political oligarchy formed by merchants to whom beer and wines are only additional items of stock. Few people are apt to get drunk at a soda fountain, and there would be no social premium on the possession of a bottle which could be purchased as freely as a sack of flour.

(Signed)

CARROLL MCCREA.



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, Glegary 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.

HAROLD WEBER, Toledo's greatest golfing star and a prime enthusiast of the game who has given much valuable time to its development in this city, has a bevy of corking new ideas for the inter-club competition this season which should greatly increase the interest in competitive play in the Toledo District. Weber will introduce these ideas at the coming meeting of the secretaries of the District Association, which will be held in the very near future, and believes they will meet with the approval of the majority of the golfers.

In place of the team matches, which have been in vogue for the past several seasons, Weber suggests a tournament which will embrace all of the clubs, both large and small, in the district. This would be conducted along the following lines: The handicap of the thirty best players in each club would first be submitted to the committee in charge. Then each club would be asked to enter a team or team of ten men each in proportion to the ability of its leading golfers. For instance the larger clubs like Inverness, Sylvania and the Country Club, could enter a team in all classes, A, B and C, if desired. The small and out of town clubs, with fewer good golfers, could enter teams in classes B and C, or C alone, if the handicaps of their players rated accordingly.

AFTER all of the teams had been properly placed and rated in the various divisions, Weber would stage a 54 hole qualifying test at medal play for every team. This would be played over three courses, 18 holes on each course. The two lowest teams in each class, according to their medal aggregate, would then meet in a home and home team match for the championship. Match play would rule in these title events.

This would bring all of the clubs in the District into the battle for the three championships and would make for keen competition. It is also Mr. Weber's plan to promote more tournaments this year. He is already planning a senior tourney for golfers 50 or 60 years and over and has in mind a father and sons affair. He also suggests that a junior championship for lads under 18, and is certain to stage another caddy's meet. He is also in favor of five open tourneys over five different courses in which the best amateurs of the District will have an opportunity to compete with our crack professionals.

All of these events would be a fine thing for golf in the Toledo District and could not help but stimulate interest in the ancient Scottish pastime.

THE sixth annual tournament of The Ohio State Medical Golfing Association will be an all-day event at Inverness Club on Monday, May 10. Approximately one hundred and seventy-five physicians and surgeons from all sections of Ohio will participate. The play will be thirty-six holes with the championship cup going to the medic making the low gross score. The cup becomes the permanent possession of the doctor winning it three successive times. A gold medal becomes the permanent possession of each annual champion.

Among the many other prizes awarded is the President's Trophy, going to the player making low net for thirty-six holes. Dr. John T. Murphy of Toledo is the 1926 president. The team championship cup for the five best scores from any one city is now held by Toledo. It was captured at Columbus last year by Dr. G. F. Bowman, Dr. C. E. Fisher, Dr. T. F. Heatley, Dr. J. T. Murphy and Dr. H. L. Wenner.

Dr. W. H. Fisher was state champion in 1924 and won the cup under most difficult circumstances over the Cleveland Country Club course. Last year he was unable to play and the cup is now held by Dr. R. Wilkinson, Cincinnati.

Enthusiasm for golf among medical men is very high and good players are the rule. Many doctors are low handicap men in their respective clubs.

It is expected that representatives from every golf and country club in the state will play over the Inverness course in this tournament. Dr. L. R. Effler is chairman of the local committees, which have arranged a full day. The morning round begins at 8:00 A. M. with luncheon ad lib. at the club. After the afternoon round the annual banquet, entertainment and awarding of prizes will conclude the event.

TOLEDO'S first member of the Hole In One Club for the 1926 season is Chris Neipp, veteran Inverness golfer. Chris made the accurate and remarkable shot on the eighth hole at Inverness playing in a two-some with Walter Beck. No. 8 is a 203 yard carry from tee to pin. The drive must traverse a very narrow fairway that is well trapped on either side at the approach to the green. He used a midiron in making the shot. This is the second hole in one Mr. Neipp has ever made. The other came about ten years ago, he says. Charles Clapp and one or two others have made No. 8 at Inverness in one, but it is the thrill of a lifetime and comes to but a few.

Toledo's two new golf courses should be ready to be

(Continued on page 41)



ROBERT STRANAHAN
*Riverby's Stranahan, Cracks One Off
the Tee.*



Four Popular Toledo Pros Ready
For Busy Season

At top left, Jimmy Kinney, Sylvania, after he has sent an iron shot straight for the pin. At top right, Tom Currie, Inverness, at the top of his swing with an iron. At lower left, Alec Cunningham, Country Club, ready to crack one off the tee. At lower right, Julian Blanton, Heather Downs, after he has sent a long one down the fairway.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE ON THIS CARD?

*Wherein a Real Test of a Man's Golf
Is Provided*

GOOD FELLOWS' GOLF CLUB Companionability Score Card

Mr.

Date

	QUALITY	Par	Score
1	Liberal in Giving Odds.	4	
2	Patient on the Tee.	4	
3	Always Plays in Turn.	4	
4	Counts Every Stroke.	5	
5	Holes Out All Putts.	3	
6	Doesn't Throw Clubs.	5	
7	Helps Hunt Lost Balls.	4	
8	Listens Well; Talks Seldom.	3	
9	Doesn't Try Putts Over.	5	
10	Replaces All Divots.	4	
11	Doesn't Bawl Out His Caddy.	3	
12	Doesn't Give Unasked Advice.	5	
13	Moderate in Profanity.	4	
14	Pulls No Absurd Alibis.	4	
15	Holds No Postmortems.	3	
16	Smiles When He Loses.	5	
17	A Modest Winner.	4	
18	An Early Settler.	5	
Total	A Good Golfer.	74	

Par-X-L Clubs and Balls (The Name Describes Them) will help both your companionability score and your stroke score.

Copyright, 1927, Hillerich & Bradshy Co.

THE number of strokes a man takes for eighteen holes is not the only measure of his golf. He may be able to pin Par's shoulders to the mat and yet fail to show those qualities which are the earmarks of a good golfer. He may never break the century mark, and yet he may be a better golfer than the crack who shoots in the 70's.

The scorecard shown above provides a real test of a man's golf. How do you score on it? And how do the men you play with check up as to their golf companionability?

The scorecard was first used at a farewell dinner given

in honor of a departed member of a country club. Eighteen men were asked to rate their fellow clubmember on the eighteen points of his golf companionability, each one indicating what his score should be on a single point as compared with the par for that point. The final total represented his rating as a golf companion. Already we've rated ourselves and several of our friends with whom we play regularly. The result has been, to say the least, very interesting. Get out your pencil and try it. (But if you rate your wife be careful to destroy the rating before she sees it.)

Considering the Corner Copses

A La A. A. Milne

By Ruth Peiter



This is the story of five grand copses
Whose word is law about "goes" and "stopses."
Who boss the traffic in the down town blockses,
Who blow their whistles and everyone hopses.



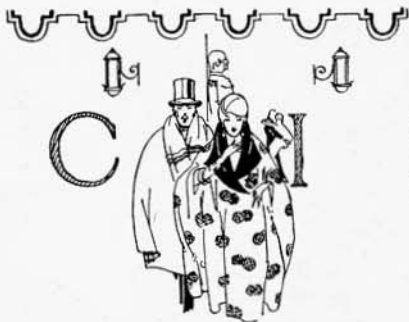
No way to win 'em except with smiles,
Nothing gets 'em like a young girl's wileses.
A little blarney goes a million mileses,
A traffic cop has *many* trialses!



These are the pic-
tures of the five
grand copses.
They call central
station from the
corner boxes,
They shout "hey" in
a voice you can
hear for blockses.
The only way, if
one rides or walks,
is
To *always* mind
about "goes" and
"stopses."



S O C I E T Y



By Sally Ames

APRIL was a month of showers for popular brides-elect. There were few days unfilled with complimentary bridge luncheons, teas, or dinners, so greatly has the marriage epidemic spread in our younger set. We have already lost Hilda Grosh, Beth Ross, Helene Young, Catherine Coldham and Katharine Harrison from our ranks of unwed sisters, and in June we must also bid adieu to Dorothy Foote, Helen Lomasney, Peg Clapp, Jane Truesdall. If there were numerous entertainments in April, there will be more in May, and Toledo society is teeing and dancing with "Here comes the Bride" ringing in its ears. Truly there will be a resounding thud back to earth after the last canopy has been taken down, and the final bridal bouquet thrown to some lucky damsel. Golf and riding will be poor substitutes, but with good weather upon us, altar greens soon fade from the mind, and flag-decked greens usurp their place.

MARGARET Law, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Clapp, has chosen Tuesday, June 8, as the date of her marriage to Donald Crandall, son of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Crandall. The marriage will be solemnized in the Unitarian Church at seven-thirty, Tuesday evening, Doctor Horace Westwood officiating. Miss Clapp will have as her only attendant her sister, Miss Katharine Clapp. Mr. Hayes Meyers will be Mr. Crandall's best man. The ceremony will be followed by a reception in

the Clapp home in West Woodruff Avenue for a limited number of guests. The young couple will leave immediately for Seattle, Washington, to make their home. The bridegroom, who will be graduated from Annapolis, will receive his ensignship in June, and take up his duties on the Flagship California of the Pacific Fleet, which is stationed at Puget Sound.



MISS DOROTHY ESTILL
Who has returned to Toledo after seven months at Palm Beach.

ANOTHER wedding of much interest will be that of Jane Truesdall to Orville Leslie Jones, of Wallace, Idaho. The ceremony will take place Wednesday evening, June 16, at half after eight. Miss Katharine Truesdall will be her sister's maid of honor. The bridesmaids will be Miss Josephine Randolph, Mrs. Horace Byington, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, Miss Jean Alexander, of Aurora, Illinois, and Mrs. Martin Below, of Evanston, Illinois. A reception at the Toledo Club will follow the wedding. The young couple will leave for Wallace, Idaho, where they will reside. Toledo society is unfortunate in losing so many of her popular members.

THE marriage of Hilda Grosh and Lewis Bentley was solemnized April 10, and was the first large wedding in April. Beautiful appointments marked the church ceremony, which was followed by a reception in the home of the bride's parents. Mr. Bentley and his bride left for New York after the ceremony, sailing from there for Europe.



MISS JANE TRUESDALL

Who is announcing her wedding date in this issue.

Katharine Harrison made an impressive splash into the matrimonial seas, April 28, when her marriage to Arthur Lorenz Baker was solemnized.

Trinity Church was a lovely setting for the nuptials, and the color scheme and gowns, as well as the youthful beauty of the bride, made the ceremony one of unusual charm. A large reception at the Country Club followed the church service.

April's pages are filled with charmingly simple marriages. Josephine Sweers, who became Mrs. Arthur Hoehler, April 3, is given first place, the wedding coming as a complete surprise to the friends of this attractive couple.

The marriage of Helene Young to Taylor Smith was a quiet event of April 6.

Catherine Coldham became the bride of Joseph Starr Riegel, April 17.

Beth Ross and Malcolm Fraser were married April 24, the ceremony being one of lovely simplicity.

Lent ended in a blaze of glory with a beautiful Easter day—and an important engagement announcement. The many friends of the popular pair had been suspicious for some time, but the first formal announcement of the engagement of Thelma Ulsh to John Hinde was made at an attractive bridge tea given by Miss Pauline Ulsh, Saturday, April 3.

Toledo society is due to lose two attractive bachelors, as announcement was made recently of the engagements of Stanley and John Mauk.

Miss Alice Emery Robert, of Holyoke, Massachusetts, will be the bride of Mr. Stanley Mauk, and Miss Elsbeth Young, of Seattle, Washington, is to be Mrs. John Mauk.

It is certain, however, that in losing our bachelors, we are gaining two very charming additions to our young matron circle.

And so, having dispensed with brides and brides-elect, we turn to other social events of the past days.

THE tea-dansant given March 31 in honor of Dartmouth's Musical Clubs, was the first pretentious entertainment of the season for Toledo's younger set. Such a brilliant assemblage of frocks and wide trousers was a treat to the eyes, as well as excellent social copy. Expectant young misses were dubious for a short time that the guests of honor would arrive, but after the young men in question had slept of the effects of a hard night's journey, they arrived en masse, and were well worth waiting for.

The concert in the evening was followed by dancing, and we are willing to speculate that at the end of their current trip, there were some worn-out "Dartmouthians."

THE Carranor Circus, April 9, was a huge success, and many members of Toledo society displayed latent talents as bareback riders, clowns, dancing girls and animal trainers. There were ring masters with ferocious black moustaches who looked quite sinister enough to frighten the girlishly appealing trapeze artists. There were merry Totos and gay Pierrots, as well as fair Columbines. With the success of their circus a proud achievement, we wonder that Carranor does not attempt an old-fashioned western rodeo. With Toledo's expert riders, and the excellent horses Captain Bentley brought back with him from England, it should be a gala affair.

We are at last becoming truly cosmopolitan, for Toledo has adopted the fashionable treasure hunt, sponsored by England, and taken up with fervor by our own land of liberties. The University Club was responsible for the introduction of this fad in Toledo, and on Saturday evening, April 17, a very successful hunt was begun and ended in the Club house on Collingwood Avenue. After many hours of cross-country scouting, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Beatty discovered the cash treasure in the pocket of a chandelier in the club's drawing room.



MISS MARGARET CLAPP

Who will wed Mr. Donald Crandall on June eighth.

Photo by C. L. Lewis



MRS. L. WALTER ROHR IN A CHARMING ROLE

Mrs. L. Walter Rohr, with her twin daughters, Elenor and Virginia. The misses Rohr have dauntlessly entered upon their social activity.

FINANCE AND INVESTMENT

By CLAUDE C. GRISWOLD

THE Hosts of Hope are rallying to the banners of Irresponsible Optimism and the economic outlook is taking on its seasonally brighter aspects.

Faith in the future will not down and "The Blues", broadcast by the Indigo Artists during the heebie-geebies of March and early April, have been white-washed by the balmy temperatures and breezes of a sympathetic Mother Nature.

Business and its official astrologer and mouth-piece, the stock market, is approaching the merry spring-time of Romantic May in the fanciful, inspired mood of happy-go-lucky Gemini.

\$ \$ \$

MONEY, still possessing that mysterious power of "making the earth spin", at three per cent was a cheap commodity and it was to be the fulcrum and lever on which were to be based hopes for a belated spring recovery in securities.

The bond market had anticipated a period of easy money by a vigorous advance. Sound issues yielding five per cent or better were scarce, if not extinct.

But there were a lot of good stocks on the board yielding from six to eight and in a few cases nearly ten per cent. That's why, in many ways, it was a clear logical step for funds to see investment in these more speculative issues.

IT IS not to be assumed that because of a temporary condition of easy money that stocks generally were or are in a buying zone for the long pull buyer. They were bought by traders for a substantial "turn."

The statisticians, with a penchant for graphs and charts, tell us that we are in a primary or major bear market, which, according to records, lasts anywhere between 12 to 18 months, with a fair average at 14 to 15 months.

Thus, assuming that the bear market started this last February, stocks will not truly be on the bargain counter for the next major bull market until a period of from say next January to August of 1927.

Perhaps the time may be ripe next February or March. There are some who say that the last bull market ended last November with the big smash in the motor stocks and that therefore, stocks will be a "good buy" by next October. Time will tell.

\$ \$ \$

IT'S ten to one that most of the big motor companies will bring out bumper earnings reports for the first half of 1926. Reports for the first quarter were way ahead of last year and the first month of the second quarter found sales maintained at the top.

(continued on page 45)

Finance and Investment

(Continued from page 18)

AND speaking of motors, Willys-Overland of Toledo came swiftly to the fore-front. Sales and production surpassed previous records of the company and earnings were running comfortably ahead of last year, a banner period.

The company was a month behind in deliveries of the new Willys Knight "Seventy" while its other lines found large markets. After heavy charge-offs and reserves, the company earned better than \$5 a share on its common stock during 1925. It was the strong trade and financial position of the company that gave credence to reports that the common stock would be placed on a \$2 or \$3 annual basis by June or July first. And it was because of these prospects that some market channels were talking the forties or possibly the fifties for this motor issue.

\$ \$ \$

RUNNING a close second with the motors were the leading oil companies which continued to profit by both high prices for crude oil and increasing consumption. The phenomenal increase in automobiles has increased consumption of gasoline by many millions of gallons within the last year, not to mention motor oil (while the greater use of oil by industry and for heating purposes in homes has broadened the markets.

It is the strong trade position and record earning of the big, well managed oil companies that have held them comparatively steady against selling tides in the security markets. Such prominent independents as Marland were well bought.

INCREASING uses for bottles and development of new markets promises to make 1926 a record year for Owens Bottle Company. This was indicated by report for first quarter which showed an increase of more than \$200,000 in net while April is reported to have been in even greater volume.

The company has developed a highly distinguished line-up on its board of directors and this has aided to enhance its trade prestige and international reputation.

\$ \$ \$

THE strong financial position of Larowe Milling Company of Toledo is indicated by the fact that company has called for redemption all its preferred stock by September 1. The stock is to be redeemed at 106 and accrued dividends. Many holders have taken advantage of the privilege of anticipating redemption by turning in their stock on this basis.

\$ \$ \$

OUTSIDE of those on the big board, the local stocks have shown little activity. Libbey Owens had held its own during bad declines in the general market but trading was in small odd lots.

\$ \$ \$

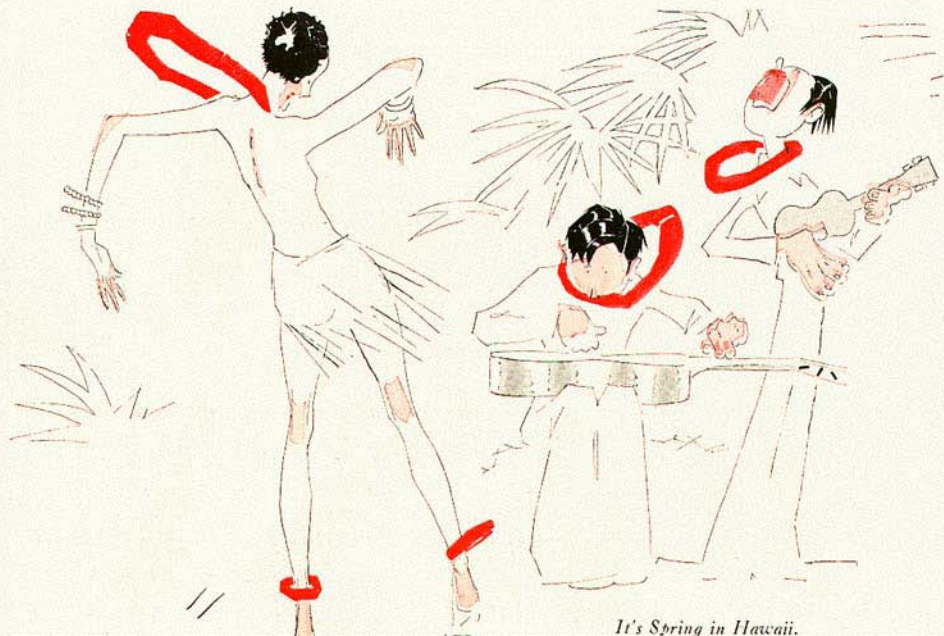
OFFERINGS of Hickok Producing at concessions were quickly taken. Company was reported doing greatest business in its history and it announced development of a chain of more than 500 gas filling stations.



It's Spring in Paris.

Came Spring When All Love Is Young

By JOHN HELD, JR.



It's Spring in Hawaii.



It's Spring in the Country.



It's Spring in the Town.



How Good Is The Toledo Ball Club

*A Discussion on the Merits of our Mud Hens by a Man
who made the Western Invasion with Them*

By ROBERT FRENCH

HOW good is the Toledo ball club?" Altho the team is now performing before the home fans at Swayne Field, not enough games have been played on that greensward to give the dyed-in-the-wool rooters a real line on the strength or weakness of the aggregation Casey Stengel is bossing. Therefore a few words from one who was on the recent tour of the four western cities of the league with the club may be of some interest.

The above question, which has been on the lips of all of the city's fandom since early March, is now one of the principal topics of conversation in many another American Association metropolis just now. The showing made by the Stengel athletes on that first invasion of the west was an impressive one and showed Toledo possessed so much hitting strength that sport writers in every city visited were rather emphatic in saying that the Mud Hens were a real menace to the more highly touted clubs in the circuit.

EXPERTS who unhesitatingly picked Toledo for a lowly position in the pennant scramble were just as unhesitating in asking to be allowed to register another guess. Toledo's

smashing attack caused a world of comment and the fact that the club had runners on the bases in 33 of the first 36 innings played during the season spoke volumes for its terrific power with the batting mace.

But there have been other factors which may not have appeared in the box scores. One of these is base running. Speedy work on the paths has characterized every game played by the Hens this year. When one of our men reaches first base he doesn't stand there with his hands in his pockets and wait for some one to wallop the ball far enough to permit him to amble home with a minimum of effort.

EVERY Toledo base runner has shown a "heads up" running attack on the lanes as well as at the plate. He not only tries to get somewhere by his own efforts, but he keeps the opposing infielders watching him so closely that they do not cover the ground they might have if they could have payed their undivided attention to the batter.

The pitchers haven't looked any too strong, but perhaps the coming of warmer weather and the fact that they are hurling on the home lot may bring better results. The way

(continued on page 38)

In the photograph at the top of the page President Dick Meade and Manager Casey Stengel of the Mud Hens are shown talking things over with Woody English, their promising young shortstop. At the right Bobby Veach is getting ready to pole one to the fence in deep center, and at the left Bevo Lebourveau, another of Toledo's slugging outfielders, has just crashed out a long one.



How Good Is the Toledo Ball Club

(continued from page 22)

several of the relief throwers have gone in and clung gamely to precarious leads has shown that they possessed at least one of the great qualifications of a good moundsman—nerve.

Bill Clarkson was wild and was an in and out on the trip, but he needs a bit of real hot sunshine to be at his best. He seems to have the ability to win in the A. A. and has a fine nerve and bearing. Ernie Woolfolk and Aaron Herman have done very well and made many wonder if a real pitcher or two isn't hidden in the obscurity of the Toledo bench.

THE outfield is without question one of the greatest combinations which ever performed on any American Association club. The remarkable hitting, fielding, throwing, base running and strategic playing of Veach, Myers and Lebourveau has already caused many keen observers to ask why this trio is performing below the big leagues.

The infield has shown fine defensive ability, and has hit as well as anyone expected. Bud Connelly at third shows promise of developing into one of the great third sackers of the league.

The trade which brought Lebourveau to Toledo from Kansas City in exchange for Fred Nicholson was a wonderful stroke of business for Toledo. Good ball player that Nicholson is, he can't compare with the colorful Bevo who has been hitting, fielding and speeding around the bases in beautiful style.

SOME hard luck was experienced in the first game of the season when Catcher Luke Urban broke a small bone in his ankle sliding into second base. Urban is a young, hustling, full of fight receiver who knows the weaknesses of the various batters in the circuit better than Heving, who has been carrying on in fine shape since his backstopping partner was injured.

The great winning and fighting spirit of every man on the club has been a big factor. This, and the fine strategy developed, are due in large measure to the unceasing efforts of Manager Stengel to develop "inside ball."

No one can predict the finish of a race in any league, and guessing is especially hazardous in the A. A. because of the acquisition each year of star players from the big loops, which radically changes the relative strength of the contenders.

TOLEDO stands at least as good a chance as the other clubs to improve. The winning spirit, the never say die determination of every player, and the cooperation which has prevailed, should continue to bear fruit throughout the season.

The Mud Hens need pitchers. So do most of the teams in the circuit. Perhaps by the time this reaches print a hurler or two may have been acquired. We hope so. And if they have not come as yet, let us pray that the day of their delivery be not far off. A moundsman or two of tried ability from the major leagues would make everybody feel decidedly optimistic.

ON THE GRIDIRON AND DIAMOND IN THE NINETIES



NINE rabs for the Outing Club, men.

For here we have pictured two famous outing club teams. In the two views at the top of the page, Toledo's first football eleven, the Outing Club team of 1892, is shown in action in the first football game ever played in Toledo. The game was played on the old Outing Club grounds, out Monroe street near Bancroft. Fred Dodge captained the eleven and had for his team-mates the following, some of whom can be easily recognized in the two photographs: Arthur Breymeyer, Jay Secor, Dan Moore, Jim Cooney, Dick Norton, Billy Bork, Charley Rowland, Perk Dodge, Cassius Foster, and Bert Saltenstall. Several of the



players had college experience and in spite of the handicap of a lack of a coaching system and a schedule, a high class team was developed. Note that the official carries a cane and the abundance of silk hats and derbies among the spectators on the sidelines. The lower photo shows the Outing Club base-ball team of 1889, a crack aggregation that lost only one game. This team was composed of H. P. Dodge, catcher; Robert Whittlesey, pitcher; Hubbard Woodbury, first base; George Cochran, second base; Thede Stevens, shortstop; Jim Cooney, third base; Horace Suydam, left field; Frank Ohl, center field; and Billy Coghlin, right field; all of who are shown in the picture.

Under the Big Top at the recent Carranor Circus Ball



*Mr. Charles Harther
Attractive
bait for the
Censors*



*The latest rage
in jazz bands—
a group of
Carranor
Blues-Blowers*



*Mr. and Mrs.
Frank Stranahan
A dashing
ring-mistress
and her beau
brummel*



*Mr. and Mrs.
Horace Allen
Little Bo-Peep
subjugating
Pierrot*



*Mr. and Mrs.
G. P. Greenhalgh
showing the
evolution of
woman-handling*



*Mr. and Mrs.
Will Rheinfrank
Buffalo Bill
with his
gypsy queen*



*The circus
family waiting
for Mr. Barnum*



*Mr. and Mrs.
George Wells—
A blend of
East and
West*



*Mrs.
Charles Harther
on Spark Plug*



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 bargaining 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 blase 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)

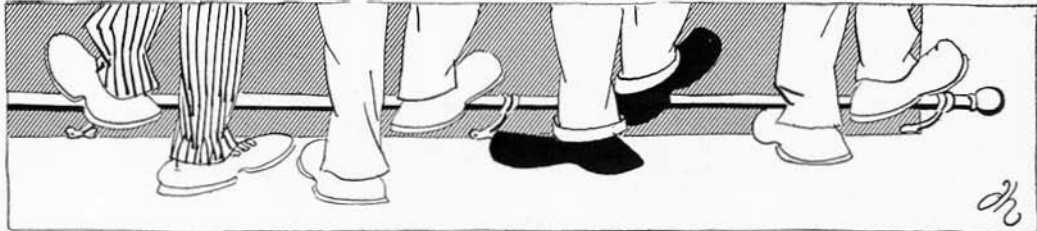
With Toledoans in Paris

(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 bob-sleigh—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.



A yard of pansies.

ALL WET *By Don Herold*

I CERTAINLY do not like prohibitionists, but we must be careful not to get prohibitionists and prohibition confused. Prohibition might possibly be all right; at any rate it would be interesting to see it tried.

Much as I dislike prohibitionists, I think I like them about as well as fanatic advocates of liquor. I believe I like best those persons who just go ahead quietly and earnestly about their abstinence or about their drinking. After all, the worst form of intemperance is getting into an argument about something.

Who Takes It Seriously?

One thing I know, and that is that nobody of my acquaintance takes prohibition seriously, and I think I know some nice, average people. I cannot think of a single person who has any respect for the Volstead law. My friends are all careful where they park their cars and how fast they drive them, and they are careful not to steal, and they are careful to pay all of the income tax out of which there is no technical legal escape, but they all look on liquor as a lark. Aside from the expense and the possibility of getting poisoned, perhaps this is an ideal state of affairs. Drinking is unquestionably more fun than it used to be. Perhaps what we ought to have is a combination of prohibition and of good, safe liquor at reasonable prices.

All of this meditation on this subject is the result of my having gone yesterday afternoon to a play called "Still Waters," a frank intemperance tract by the pompous and august Augustus Thomas. In it, Mr. Thomas gets almost maudlin about good old booze; he waxes as sentimental about it as if it were his dear old mother. "Still Waters," then, is a sort of Winchell Smith and John Golden play turned inside out. Mr. Thomas becomes as objectionable as a prohibitionist. I liked one side about as well as the other in this drama, so it was not much of a drama as far as I was concerned. The preacher and his fellow-reformers on one side were about as good as the senator and the bootlegger on the other. A fundamental fault with "Still Waters" is that prohibition is not big enough for a theme for an evening of theatre. As well have a play about pancakes. In fact, prohibition gets attention far out of proportion to its importance. Come right down to it, liquor (or its absence) is about as serious as pancakes (or their absence). (Pancakes are a drug, and I may sometimes start a national fight against 'em.) If anybody takes liquor more solemnly than pancakes, either one way or the other, it shows he is a little off balance.

Mr. Thomas' heaviest argument against prohibition is "see

what it has done to the younger generation." This seems to me to be spurious reasoning. This is SOME younger generation, in the first place. If we had open saloons who knows but what this entire younger generation would now be in drunkards' graves. The younger generation has done more to prohibition than prohibition has done to the younger generation. You can't prove anything about anything by dragging in THIS younger generation by the ears.

The story of "Still Waters" concerns a senator with a few too many thick-curtained bookcases in his office, and his conflict with the temperance forces back home. It is not much of a story, and the whole play has too much of the tang and tempo of an after dinner speech—a medium in which Mr. Thomas has worked overtime recently.

"The Wisdom Tooth"

"The Wisdom Tooth" is the story of a fellow who goes back to himself as a boy for a little fatherly advice. Marc Connelly, formerly with Connelly and Kaufman, has opened up a playwrighting parlor of his own and this is his first big offering. It is the finest play of the season, and the only one I will remember for 100 years.

After being packed in the subway for a few years, Charlie Bemis has become something of a sardine. It is not only New York which takes the boy out of a man. City, town, and country are all endeavoring to produce poor fish. Submission takes the place of sass. And sometimes, the finer the raw material upon which present living conditions operate, the more easily it spoils.

Bemis is a clerk. It is a fellow-boarder who points out to Bemis' girl that Bemis has very little spunk left. Bemis agrees too easily, and things like that. The girl has seen only the boy in Bemis. There is some observation for you. I thought Mrs. Herold married me for my brains, but I have learned that she liked me for my lack of them. It is gradually developing that if there is any intelligence in our family, she has it. Well, Bemis is turned down flat, temporarily, by his sweetheart.

He knows he was once a good kid, so he goes back to his home town in Indiana and hunts up his boyhood self, Skeeter Bemis. Skeeter is a kid who will stand up and fight for what he thinks is right. His grandma and grandpa with whom he lives are sure he is going to be president of the United States. Charlie chums with Skeeter for a while and renews his ideals.

I have enjoyed it every day since I saw it. A play should have credit for these pleasant after-tastes. I will confess that

difficult to distinguish the plot from the atmosphere. Mr. Belasco's atmosphere seems shot out of guns. His backgrounds ballyhoo. His supers stuff the eye and suffocate the ear.

"The Bunk of 1926"

I might as well shoot the works and say that "The Bunk of 1926" is the best revue I have ever seen. It is not a matter of life and death whether it is or isn't, and it has so many good points that I would like to say it is, so we will just say it is.

It has more humor in it than all the revues the Shuberts and the Shorts and the Andersons ever produced. If it had more money behind it it would be wonderful, but if it had more money behind it it probably would not have much intelligence behind it, and then we would be right back on Broadway where we started. ("The Bunk" is way up at 104th street in the Heckscher Theatre.)

Gene Lockhart and Percy Waxman wrote the sketches and lyrics, Gene wrote the music and runs the show, and there is additional music by Deems Taylor and Robert Armbruster. The boys all grew up in the annual shows of the Dutch Treat Club. Perhaps the outstanding hit of the show is Jay Fasset's illustrated ballad, the chorus of which starts "Smelts are the fish for me."

I liked this production much better than Charlot's, and I expect to see this outfit making a sensational success on Broadway in another year or two. The chorus girls can then powder their legs, and the boys can get a few spangled backdrops, and we shall have a real American revue at last.

There was dignity and delicacy in "A Weak Woman," a translation from the French, and therefore it did not last very long. Intelligent persons have not had much luck going to French farces and comedies in New York—they have been a little too taxicabby and snickery. Unintelligent persons did not get their giggles at "A Weak Woman,"



Drinking is unquestionably more fun than it used to be.

I was a little nervous the evening I saw the show itself. Connelly seemed to be skating on terribly thin ice and my heart hoped that he would not break through. He did not. "The Wisdom Tooth" is sweet, simple, and sincere and when you try these things on Broadway you must succeed or suffer a horse laugh. Connelly must have counseled deeply with his own boyhood before he made this attempt, and he was well advised. Skeeter Bemis was a good Boy Scout, and it was a good deed he did the day he put the backbone back in Charlie Bemis.

It was a good deed Skeeter Connelly did the day he told Marc to write "The Wisdom Tooth."

As you see this play, there will flit through your mind such phrases as "the boy is father to the man," "intimations of immortality from early childhood," and even that old one, "a little child shall lead them."

"Lulu Belle"

I have just seen Belasco's "Lulu Belle" and my mind tastes as if the traditional colored family had moved out. Mr. Belasco is so sugary and so tricky about putting on dirt that most people regard it as art, and it is satisfying to most people to be thus confused. Last season he did so well with "Ladies of the Evening" that he decided to follow it this year with a colored supplement. "Lulu Belle" is a lady of color in more senses than one. And very much of the evening.

Mr. Belasco is a slicker. He has let Mr. Hearst and other tabloids prepare the public mind, with their recitations of all but the details of the Rhineland case, for a tale about a white man and a colored maid, and then he has supplied the tale. "Lulu Belle" is the yarn of a voluptuous colored girl's rise to the lowest depths of degradation. She starts in Harlem and ends in a gorgeous apartment in Paris.

Lenore Ulric plays the courtesan with a coat of tan.

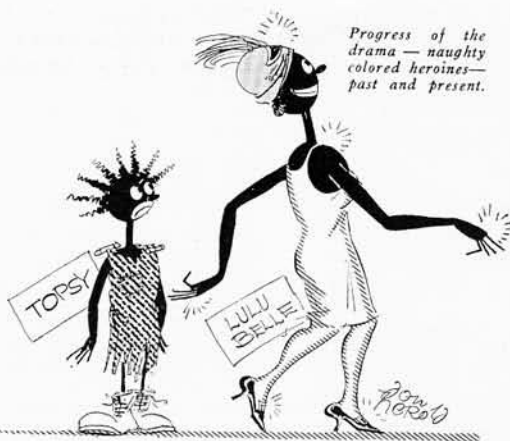
Mr. Belasco throws up his usual smoke screen of supernumeraries, who soft-focus the smut. His misplaced authenticity gives us a true picture of New York darky-town, but a better way to see this is to go and see it. It is sometimes



In his play, "The Wisdom Tooth," Marc Connelly does skillful skating on thin ice and does not break through.

and stayed away. This eliminates the entire public, so "A Weak Woman" failed. It was predestined to failure, so nobody was much surprised.

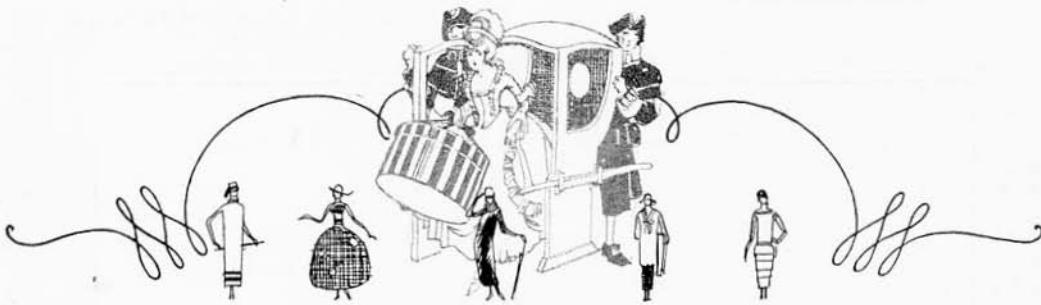
Since there is the right sort of humor about almost everything, there must be the right sort of humor about sex, and "A Weak Woman" had it. Perhaps we are too young, nationally, to know much about sex, as the French do. Therefore, it is certain that much of the disappointment of French plays of the past has been due to bad translation. Ernest Boyd, present translator, knows his French and evidently his France, so he gave us sex humor in "A Weak Woman" much as the French must feel and think it. One of the pleasantest books I have read in a year was an Ernest Boyd translation of a French novel, "One Lovely Day."



Progress of the drama—naughty colored heroines—past and present.

I saw "Suzanne," a new John Cort musical comedy, in Atlantic City, and enjoyed it mildly. These out-of-town productions must take a buzzard interest in the health of New York shows, waiting, almost hoping, for fatalities that will leave a theatre empty for them. "Suzanne" has the still funny Frank Lalor, and Phyllis Cleveland and a pretty good gang of helpers, and it might have a good run in New York. Something, however, will have to be done about those waterfalls. They run a while and stop, and then run a while.

Though there is a whole lot of old-fashioned moving picture agony in "Ben Hur," its chariot race and its fight between Roman galleys and pirates are two of the most thrilling events in moviedom since something or other.



FASHIONS

Concerning Color and Contrast

By JULIA COBURN

*Your hat must be draped
Your coat must be caped
Each accessory plays a big part
You surely can brag
If your shoes match your bag
And colors contrast to be smart.*

HAVING had "match, match, match" hurled at us for several years in regard to the colors of our costumes, it's rather a joy to have a new law of color harmony and color contrast come to us as an edict.

For a long time, you see, we were smartest when we were a monotone—when each garment and accessory was of the same color. When the monotone became a bit monotonous, there came the ruling "two tones are smarter than one." Then three, and even four, shades of the same color began to be introduced for accent.

When the first clothes for southern wear were shown early in the winter, there were some rather surprising departures in the way of color. Green and pink, for instance, were combined, and attractively combined, in a two-piece frock. This was considered a bit daring.

Now, a few months later, various happy combinations are being affected. You've noticed the very light beige or parchment draped felt hats, with black or tan gros-grain bands? They're smart, don't you think? And have you noticed how attractive are touches of flesh or cream chiffon with a black evening gown?

ONE of our New York fashion authorities has just sent us actual samples of the shades which bid fair to be most popular for all summer. Among them are the beige or parchment shades (and it is said that the lightest of them—a deep cream—often replaces white in summer costumes; the popular group of green, of which a clear bright emerald is the newest one; the rose-red range, of which raspberry shades are favorites; the mauve-blue range, of which the lavender-blues of Parma violets and larkspur are leaders; the yellow range, particularly those which have a dusty grayish cast; and flesh, a creamy shade that is extremely simple.

With all these samples is sent a sample of black kasha. We are directed to place the black with each of the shades to note the smart effect of the contrast. You've got to admit it. It's a new fashion, and one that should be most popular, as black has been used in the last few years either alone or

relieved only by white. Black is even making a slight entry into exclusive sportswear, in wool crepe and jersey.

AT Raquel Meller's first American performance the other night, New Yorkers paid \$27.50 a seat to see and be seen. Many of them were seen wearing sheer black chiffon frocks trimmed with a touch of color. In almost every case, brightly colored wraps are worn over these smartly dark frocks, and satin shoes dyed to match the color of the wrap.

As the same performance, a very effective study in contrast was a white satin frock bound at the edges with raspberry grosgrain ribbon, with flat cocardes of raspberry grosgrain to trim its skirt.

And here are hints of some of the smart new color contrasts that are too new to have been seen; but they will be making a smart appearance during the summer.

Pink and brown is a combination that is newly fashionable when the pink is a creamy shade, and when it is used with a brown which is also soft and cream-toned. A smartly dressed woman, just back from Europe, wears a pink crepe de chine blouse with a maroon-brown costume—a very attractive way to combine these colors.

SEVERAL chic women at the fashionable New York hotels are seen wearing beige costumes with touches of the newer dusty yellows. One woman wears a beige frock with a gilet of yellow which just matches the yellow ribbon on her beige felt hat. Another informal beige frock is bound in yellow grosgrain ribbon. And with this is worn a yellow felt hat.

Orange and flesh make a new and unusual color scheme for evening fashion, appearing in formal costumes that are few—but smart. One young woman in New York wears a soft-toned orange evening wrap lined with flesh chiffon. And her flesh colored frock is trimmed with a wide girdele of orange which gives the swathed hipline effect. Among the other endorsers of this surprising combination is a young woman seen dancing at the Ville Venice. She wears a light orange dress and a flesh-colored chiffon flower is poised on her left shoulder.

THERE'S a note of warning that should be sounded in the contrasting of colors. Two shades of different colors which are of equal intensity (or value, as the color experts

(Continued on page 47)

Fashions

(continued from page 32)

call it) should not be combined in any quantity. They make an equal and discordant appeal for attention. You wouldn't want to wear a dress with a jumper of bright blue and a skirt of purple. Yet a touch of navy blue on a frock of lavender may be a charming accent.

This is well illustrated by the costumes worn by three women stars in a new play called "Close Quarters," now running in Chicago. The three, Margaret Lawrence, Effie Shannon, and Elsie Ferguson, appear in different color schemes in the same act. Margaret Lawrence wears a frock of pink and green, combined in almost equal quantity and too intense to go well together. Effie Shannon was stunning in three cleverly combined shades of blue, ranging from powder to deep royal blue. But the high costume honors went to Elsie Ferguson. At first you thought her whole scheme was one single shade, one of those creamy light tans called parchment. Just as you'd begun to think that was all there was to it, and become a bit bored by the perfect monotone, you realized that the hat, which rose quite pretentiously in the front, was almost entirely cut away in the back, revealing Elsie Ferguson's hair, which gave just the right note, because it's a light brown-auburn, a few shades darker than her costume, and causing just the right contrast.

Read over again now the little fashion-rhyme at the beginning of this chat; and if you don't remember any of the rest of it, absorb the last line! It will stand you in good stead!



MOMENTS MUSICAL

By FLORA WARD HINELINE

QUITE a hegira of Toledoans to Cleveland for the Metropolitan opera, was it not? Many seem to enjoy their grand opera better in the public auditorium of our neighboring city than in the Met, itself. Indeed no less a personage than Mr. Gatti Casazza, generalissimo of the Metropolitan force, declares his songbirds excel themselves in Cleveland, putting on even finer performances than are possible in their own aviary.

Looking around over the giant audience in Cleveland one didn't feel one mite lonesome, for wherever the glance rested, there was certain to be a group from Toledo. The way the folks promenade between scenes is amazing. Some appear to enjoy this feature even more than the opera itself. Clevelanders dress for their opera. Nowhere in this vicinity has been seen more gorgeous apparel on the part of the feminine contingent and to find so many hundreds of our men-folk impeccably attired in evening clothes is a joy no masculine heart can really understand. It is noticeable that even

(continued on next page)



MISS GRACE DENTON
Impressaria, Toledo's Morris Gest.

Moments Musical

(Continued from page 33)

the small towners, in Cleveland for the opera, bring along the dress suit and almost invariably he of the hamlets appears much better dressed therein than his somewhat dowdy wife in her evening finery.

GRACE Denton is bringing to Toledo in her Rivoli series next season, Rosina Galli, premier danseuse of the Metropolitan Opera, and her ballet, with 15 members of the Metropolitan orchestra and full Metropolitan scenery and costuming—the nearest thing to Metropolitan opera that this city will ever see. Galli opens the Rivoli series on October 8 and the event is certain to prove one of the most illustrious ever presented in Toledo.

ROSINA GALLI is all pure joy, the spirit and epitome of grace. Last year when she came to Cleveland with the Metropolitan, she stopped the show and an encore had to be vouchsafed, although encores in Metropolitan opera are taboo. The Cleveland audience for the most part didn't know this and would not have cared if it had—Galli they demanded and Galli they got. No singer during the engagement was accorded the ovation that was Rosina Galli's. Miss Denton has tried repeatedly to bring Galli to Toledo but until this season the Metropolitan has refused consistently to allow her to appear except with the opera. Mark this date of Rosina Galli on your calendar as a red letter one.

CHALIAPIN in his own operatic production of "The Barber of Seville" is another headliner of next season's Rivoli series. He has his own company, does his own supervising and sings the title role so it will be an all-Chaliapin performance. With him as the Rosina of the piece will be Elvira de Hidalgo, Spanish coloratura.

ARIVOLI concert in which Toledoans will take keenest interest will be the joint appearance of Mischa Levitski, young Russian pianist who took this city by storm two seasons ago on the Rivoli series, and our own Muriel La France, protegee of Madame Amelita Galli-Curci. Madame Galli-Curci has consented to allow Miss La France to sing this engagement in consideration of the fact that Toledo is her home town. The La France voice has been compared innumerable times to that of Marion Talley and never to its disparagement by the many critics who have heard her in New York. Toledo takes just pride in this young singer and confidently awaits the outcome of her career, started so auspiciously under Madame Galli-Curci.

LUELLA MELIUS, golden voiced coloratura, to whom was given the honor of opening the new Masonic auditorium in Detroit and who has won plaudits second not even to Galli-Curci, herself in her heyday in Chicago, will be another Rivoli attraction. The Mexican orchestra of 40 members, a national institution of our neighboring country on the south, in picturesque costume of their land, will round out in colorful manner, which gives every indication of proving the greatest of the remarkable seasons of concerts at the Rivoli under Miss Denton's management. The players are from the national conservatory of music at Mexico City and have been chosen for their unusual talent.

Of hardly less interest to the general public and of even more intimate appeal to the genuine music lover will be Miss Denton's series of three symphony concerts by the Cincinnati, Cleveland and Detroit orchestras, an undertaking which merits the support of all those who would see Toledo progress musically. What the city has been lacking has been

(Continued on page 47)

Moments Musical

(Continued from page 34)

the education in music which comes from the hearing of great symphony orchestras, only possible here at rare and intermittent periods. That someone has had the courage to face the financial responsibilities which such a course always entails should arouse the gratitude of the musically intelligent. The city seems ripe for just such a course and Miss Denton expects to experience no difficulty with our large musical public here in selling the series for sufficient at least to meet expenses.

MISS DENTON has planned this course as her contribution to the welfare of things musical in Toledo and not with hope of profit, believing that a business such as hers is first of all an art and should not be too highly commercialized.

MAY 12, 13 and 14 will see Toledo's annual high school Music Festival in full swing. Music for and by the young is after all the whole solution of a musical future for any city. The young folks should be encouraged by capacity houses, and indeed they provide entertainment in plenty for those who can still enjoy the spontaneity and enthusiasm of youthful performance in any line of endeavor.



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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

When East Meets West



JOHN MAUK



ELSBETH YOUNG
of Seattle, Wash., whose engagement
to John Mauk has just been
announced.



ALICE EMILY ROBERT
of Holyoke, Mass., whose engagement
to Stanley Mauk has just been
announced.



STANLEY MAUK

Toledo After Dark

A McIntyrian Essay On The City's Street Life After The Sun Goes Down

TOLEDO after dark. There is a strange glamor about this time of day for many of us. For when the last rays of the departing day festoon the western heavens and the electric lights start to twinkle in the shops and store fronts and the street lights pour forth their purple glare, 'tis then many take on their second wind and just begin to live.

While some are rushing home to savory dinners and warm firesides, others are just starting the search for the great God Pleasure in the theaters and terpsichorean emporiums. And while three-fourths of Toledo is playing with the kiddies, listening to the radio, or perusing the printed page in comfy living rooms, the other fourth is enjoying itself in a playhouse chair or on the sparkling surface of some ball-room.

Come, stroll with us along the pavements of Toledo's Great White Way and note the interesting sights on every highway and in every byway. We'll start at ten o'clock when the streets have a semi-deserted appearance. This is the half way hour. The amusement places are not out yet and the "early birds" have flown for the home nests.

The shrill cry of a newspaper vendor blares in one's ears as he approaches St. Clair and Adams. He's shouting the late edition of an out-of-town journal and its something about the "big murder." Across the street historic old Trinity church stands, built long before this jazz-mad age, and we sometimes wonder what it thinks as the cries of the day's news goes up from its corner.

A FILLING station. Beg pardon, we mean a sandwich shop. A year ago there wasn't a single one. Now we have half a dozen. And they're quite the vogue. A book shop. Copies of Toledo Topics in the window. Attractive cover. And they tell us it is a most interesting magazine. St. Clair and Madison. Toledo now has an orange drink stand. Seems kind of New Yorky as Broadway is lined with 'em.

The theaters are out and there is a rush for street corners

and street cars. A shiek or two wait near the stage entrance of a theatre where a musical comedy is playing. Prohibition made the stage door Johnny nearly obsolete. At least few are to be found out here in the hinterland. That is the reason not a theater in Toledo employs a stage-doorman. In the old days they were an absolute necessity to keep the inebriated butter and egg men from invading the sacred backstage sanctums.

AT eleven o'clock the parade of bluecoats up Superior street starts. They are marching to their beats. At every corner one or two of them are dropped. They have our sympathy. Must "pound" the pavement until the city awakes at seven a. m. The weather makes no difference. In summer's heat or winter's frigid wind the city must be watched and guarded.

The crows begin to file out of the dance halls. A youth demonstrates his ability to do the Charleston in front of one of them. The girls have boyish bobs and wear no hats. They look like female impersonators out for a walk between shows. No matter if the mercury were touching zero some of them would go without hats. A sporty low roadster, motor purring, stops at the curb. Two cake eaters inside invite a duo of short skirted flappers to ride home. The maids are not as dizzy as they look and curtly refuse.

ALADY of the evening steps out Adams street. She hesitates to window gaze. But the police are on the alert and she stops not to ply her trade.

We drop into an eatery for a before bed bite. Fellow at the next table reading Toledo Topics. We steal a peek over his shoulder. That publication has a big city air. It's a credit to the town. Guess we'll subscribe to it at once and be sure to get a copy every month. Then we won't have to read it second handed like we just did.

The midnight line-up of street cars waiting for their tired cargo. A signal is given and they're off on the final run of the day. The streets are deserted. The city sleeps. Good-night.