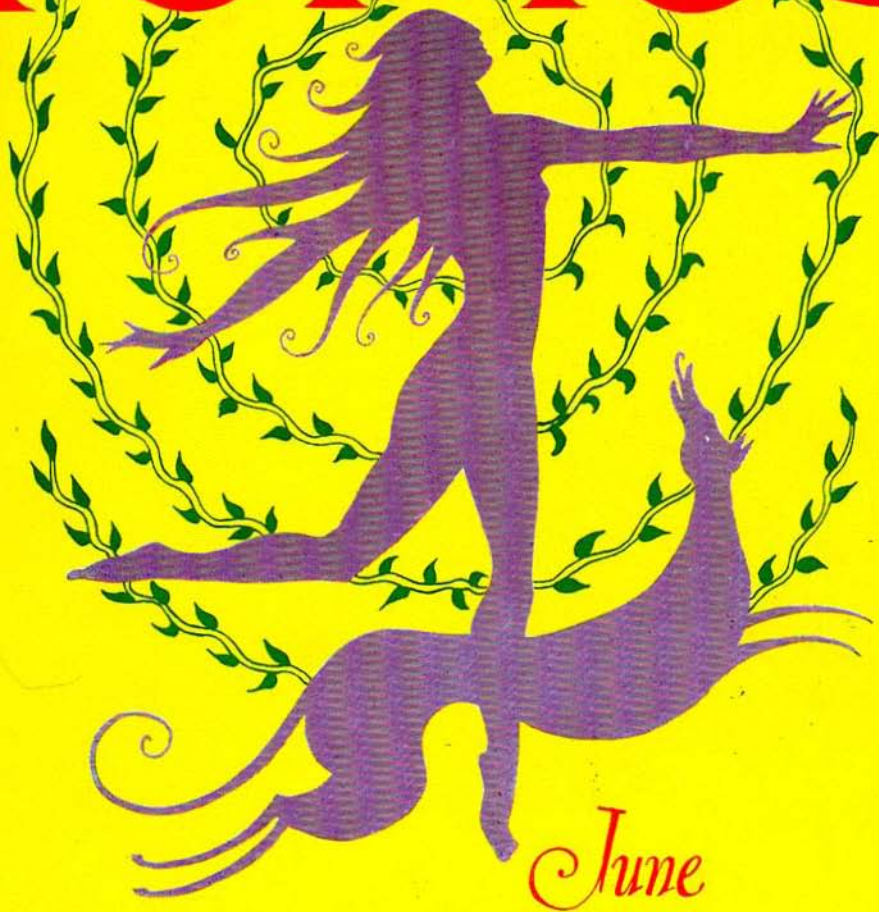


TOLEDO TOPICS



June

ISA KATHEL IN B.

Price 25 Cents

Toledo Topics

June, 1926

Volume 1, Number 7

Table of Contents, p. 3

J. D. Robinson, p. 4

Editorial Notes by Carroll McCrea, p. 5

Toledo District Golf Gossip, p. 6

Scenes Taken at Beautiful Highland Meadows Golf Club, p. 8

Sung by the Gang Ouimeet at the 19th Hole, p. 9

Finance and Investment by Claude C. Griswold, p. 10

Society by Sally Ames, p. 11

Mrs. Lorenz Baker and the Attendants at her Wedding at Trinity Church in Toledo, p. 13

The Best of the New Books by Mrs. Robert C. Morris, p. 14

For Sweet Charity by WYNN and Willard Holcomb, p. 16

Attention of Mr. Ziegfeld, p. 17

In the Days of the Dandy and the Belle, p. 18

Love Scenes and Fights by John Held, Jr. , p. 19

Some of Toledo's Junior Equestrians Ready for the Annual Horse Show This Month, p. 21

In the Realm of Sport by Robert A. French, p. 23

Seven Ex-Collegians with the Mud Hens, p. 24

Mr. O'Neill and Mr. Ringling by Don Herold, p. 26

Bringing the Broadway Revue to your Reading Table, p. 28

The Iconoclast by W. H. M. , p. 29

Newest Fad for Movie Fans, p. 31

Moments Musical by Flora Ward Hine, p. 32

Fashions: Ritz Roof and Belmont Park by Julia Coburn, p. 33

(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 June

<i>J. D. Robinson</i>	6
<i>Editorial Notes, by Carroll McCrea</i>	7
<i>Toledo District Golf Gossip</i>	8
<i>Scenes at the new Highlands Meadows Golf Club</i>	9
<i>A Paddle for the Champion's Kilts, by P. A. Vaile</i>	10
<i>Sung by the Gang Ouimet at the 19th Hole</i>	11
<i>Finance and Investment, by Claude Griswold</i>	12
<i>Society, by Sally Ames</i>	14, 15
<i>Mrs. Arthur Lorenz Baker and Attendants</i>	16
<i>The Best of The New Books, by Mrs. Robert C. Morris</i>	18
<i>For Sweet Charity, by Wynn</i>	19
<i>Attention of Mr. Ziegfeld</i>	20
<i>In the days of the Dandy and the Belle</i>	21
<i>Love Scenes and Fights, by John Held, Jr.</i>	22, 23
<i>Some of Toledo's Junior Equestrians</i>	24, 25
<i>In the Realm of Sport, by Robert French</i>	26
<i>Seven Ex-Collegians with the Mud Hens</i>	27
<i>Mr. O'Neill and Mr. Ringling, by Don Herold</i>	28
<i>Bringing the Broadway Review to your Reading Table</i>	29
<i>The Iconoclast, by Walter H. McKay</i>	32
<i>Newest Fad for Movie Fans</i>	33
<i>Moments Musical, by Flora Ward Hinline</i>	34
<i>Fashions, by Julia Coburn</i>	36
<i>Little Old New York Town</i>	38
<i>Watch the Score, by W. E. Byrnes</i>	42

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.

ENTERED as second class matter April 1, 1926 at the Post Office at Toledo, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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



J. D. ROBINSON

J. D. Robinson has been president of the Toledo Community Chest since its organization. His great work in developing the Toledo Newsboys' Association into a powerful vehicle for helping boys of the street following the pioneer work of the late John E. Gunckel brought him into the forefront of business men who are devoting a big measure of service for others. He is a member of the Board of Education.

TOLEDO TOPICS

SOCIETY

THE FINE ARTS

SPORTS

Editorial Notes

WE HAVE with us again the street car question. But it's another question. Formerly it was the difference between three cent fare and six tickets for a quarter. How conditions have changed. Today it is a matter of putting street railway transportation on its feet.

ONE PROPOSAL is to prevent the operation of privately owned busses, which are a phase of the general competition between the automobiles and street cars.

MILLIONS HAVE been spent to popularize automobiles. It would be strange if this did not create an instinctive preference for buss riding.

THE TROUBLE with public utilities is that they are not "sold" to the public. People are expected to take their advantages for granted. They don't. A man doesn't think of the telephone, for example, in terms of convenience. He is too accustomed to it. He doesn't compare it with sending a message by the office boy. He thinks of it in terms of a minute's delay in getting his call through.

LITTLE, IF anything, was ever done to "sell" street railway transportation. On the contrary it was generally the subject of popular discontent during the days of its greatest usefulness. It was a natural monopoly, and the worst competition a monopoly has is the condition of having no competition. Nothing fans a grievance so much as having no place else to take your trade.

GRIEVANCES co-ordinated and formed an issue, on which the whole street car question, speaking generally, was fought out. All this time street railway transportation was improving. Horse cars were electrified. Lamps, if any, were replaced by electric lights. Feet were warmed with stoves instead of straw on

the car floor. Stoves were succeeded by circulating heat. Cars were lengthened and balanced so as not to toss the riders out of their seats. Much was done that the street car companies could have talked about, but didn't.

THE CAR RIDER was given no comparative picture, in those days, of the convenience of stepping almost at his door on a car that was warm in winter and cooled by breezes in summer, and being transported in comfort down town while he read his morning newspaper. His mind was allowed to dwell upon the thought of having to stand up during rush hours.

AUTOMOBILE TRAVEL had its discomforts, plenty of them, in the early days, but the automobile survived them. The joys of riding in an automobile were so voluminously exploited that everybody came to want one. Now nearly everybody has one. Street car traffic suffers accordingly.

STREET CAR companies could not have stopped the rising tide of automobile popularity, but they could have solved their own problems more readily by cultivating a popular appreciation of what they had to offer. The moral is that a public utility needs to be popularized, much as does a private business in a competitive field.

THESE RANDOM observations have no particular bearing on the pending street car question. It was not intended they should have, except to say that time, in the usual manner of time, has taken care of many points of controversy which appeared serious ten years ago. We now approach the street car question from an entirely different angle.

(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, 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.

ONE year ago Highland Meadows Golf Club was just a dream, a thing of the imagination in the golfing mind of Walter Kline. Today it is a reality, a beautiful 18 hole course, located just west of Sylvania in the beautiful Ten Mile creek valley country. And though not quite nine months old, Highland Meadows is now open for play and already hundreds of its members have tried the course and found it much to their liking.

The club owns 140 acres of wonderful golfing land which has enabled architects to lay out a roomy course with practically no paralleling. There is still plenty of land left for practice ground, a nine hole putting course, children's playgrounds and for the parking of automobiles.

The estate has two ravines and one small river running through it with just enough roll to the remainder of the land to make it a course that will be interesting to play and at the same time not too tiring.

The layout has many fine features. No. 1 and No. 10 tees and the ninth and eighteenth greens are located near the clubhouse and the holes are laid out north and south, which will enable play without sun interference. The greens are in full view after the drive, there being no blind holes. Every hole is of good length and are planned so that a good, well placed drive will have an open door to the green without going through too severe a layout of bunkers.

The length of the course from the back tees is 6,665 yards, real championship length. Here is the way the yardage runs: No. 1 131; No. 2 140; No. 3 152; No. 4 213; No. 5 358; No. 6 361; No. 7 368; No. 8 376; No. 9 378; No. 10 386; No. 11 400; No. 12 402; No. 13 415; No. 14 419; No. 15 448; No. 16 527; No. 17 589 and No. 18 602. Every club in the bag will be needed to play these.

The soil at Highland Meadows is of the same sandy texture as the great Scotch and English seaside courses, so there is no doubt about the future of its greens and fairways.

Considering that work on the course construction began in September, Harold Weber, Toledo's veteran golfing star and links enthusiast who has been chiefly instrumental with Wally Kline in developing the course, calls the entire layout a miracle and gives practically all the credit to the untiring efforts of Mr. Kline.

At present the old Parker homestead on the property will be used as a temporary clubhouse, but plans for a handsome \$25,000 clubhouse have been made and work on it is expected to start in the near future.



MRS. GEORGE GREENHALGH

Toledo Women's District Golf Association Champion who will defend her title in the annual tourney at Sylvania this month.

THE new plan for this year's team matches, worked out by Harold Weber, has been enthusiastically received by the golfers and Mr. Weber is receiving entries from the various clubs daily. Already Inverness, Sylvania, the Toledo Golf Club and Highland Meadows have entered A, B and C teams, the Country Club an A team, Heather Downs a B and C team, Ottawa Golf Club a B team and Glengary a C team. A 54 hole qualifying test at medal play will be held over three different courses, 18 holes on each course. The two lowest teams in each class, according to their medal aggregate, will then meet in a home and home team match for the championship. Match play will rule in the title events. The first qualifying round for A teams will be staged on June 4 at Inverness, the second at Sylvania on July 2 and the third at the Country Club on August 13th. The finals will be held on August 20th and 27th. The schedules and courses for the B and C teams have not been drawn up as Mr. Weber has yet to hear from several of the out-of-town clubs.

THE annual Toledo Women's District Golf Association championship tourney will be held this month during the week of the 28th at Sylvania. Mrs. George Greenhalgh, who defeated Miss Mary Hauck last season in the finals, will defend her title at this time. There will be a qualifying round of 18 holes with the

(Continued on page 37)

Toledo District Golf Gossip

(continued from page 8)

16 low medalists fighting it out for the championship in the title fight. Officials in charge of the event expect an entry of between 80 and 100 women golfers. Already numerous feminine golfers from Fremont, Tiffin and Blissfield have entered.

The weekly handicap tourneys of the Women's District Association will be held as follows during June: June 4, Glengary; June 11, Heather Downs; June 18 Sylvania; and June 25th, Ottawa Park.

MUCH interest is manifest in the Ohio State women's championship tourney which will be held this year over the Inverness course during the week of July 12th. Louise Fordyce, of Youngstown, one of the greatest feminine links stars in the country, will be here to defend her title. Miss Fordyce just added additional laurels to her already long string by winning the annual North and South tournament at Pinehurst, defeating such women stars as Glenna Collett and Bernice Wahl.

THE Chamber of Commerce will hold a handicap golf tournament at Sylvania on June 14th. Numerous prizes have been offered and a large entry is expected. Definite arrangements had not been made at the time of going to press, but it was thought that play would be at 36 holes, with a morning and afternoon round. Each player will be allowed to choose his own handicap based on 72 par, but the par for that day will be chosen from a number between 68 and 75 to be drawn from a hat. Mart Manley, of the Chamber of Commerce, is in charge of arrangements.

THE Toledo District open tourney, planned only a short time ago, is booming along at great shape and a fine field of professionals and amateurs have already entered. This event will be played over four courses, each contestant playing 18 holes on each course. The tourney will start on Sunday, June 6th, with the field playing at the Country Club in the morning and at Heather Downs in the afternoon. On the next day play will be resumed at Sylvania in the morning and at Inverness in the afternoon. Julian Blanton, of Heather Downs, is handling this event. In many respects it will be one of the most interesting tournaments ever held here. The players get a chance at four courses and the field is certain to be a strong one. Norman Hall, the new Riverby Hills pro, showed that he will be a dangerous contender in this tourney, by banging out a fine 71 at the Country Club recently, the first time he had ever played the course. Players playing with Hall state he should have had a 68 as he barely missed three short putts.

AT least five Toledo pros will take part in the qualifying round for the National open at the Willowick Club in Cleveland on June 14th. Jim Kenney, Julian Blanton, Alec Cunningham, Tom Currie and Norman Hall have all entered.

THE first tournament of the year held at Sylvania was a handicap affair against par. It was won by Andy Dangler who finished even with par. J. J. Welker, R. E. Hill and C. K. Swartzbaugh were tied for second, each being one down. Fred Preece came next, two down.

—oo—

TOLEDO TOPICS is the official organ of the Toledo District Golf Association. It is the golfer's magazine and wants all of the golfers of the district to regard it as their own. It invites golfing news and picture of all kinds and so if you have a good story of the links or some picture you would like to have published, send it along and Topics will be glad to print it for you.

Scenes Taken at Beautiful Highland Meadows Golf Club



*Above: Harold Weber and Walter Kline whose indefatigable efforts have made Highland Meadows what it is today.
Below: One of the beauty spots of Highland Meadows. Looking towards the tenth green from the bridge.*



The second green from a short approach



The twelfth green from the approach



The sixth green from the sixth tee, 150 yards



The old Parker homestead which will be used as a temporary clubhouse.



Sung by the Gang Ouimet at the 19th Hole

*Golf Club Locker Room Quartets are Harmonizing on New Ditties
for Summer Evening Sings*

WHEN golfers gather at the nineteenth hole, the second best thing with which to revive the spirits is a song. Of course "Sweet Adeline" is standard equipment in every locker room, but occasionally even the old favorites pall, and so *Toledo Topics* herewith submits a program of sprightly ditties particularly appropriate for warbling in the Toledo District. Try these on your foursome:

*I Knepper Knew What Love Could Do,
Brady of the Evening.
If the Manion the Moon Were a Coon.
In My Wonderful Gardner of Girls.
O Carter Ina!
Pack Up Your Sins and Go to the Diegel.
Vardon We Go from Here, Boys?
Isle d' Armour.*

*The Campbells Are Coming.
Carrick Me Back to Old Virginny.
Hurd dem Bells.
Where Is My Wandering Boyd Tonight?
In the Sweet Byers Bye.
Schiappacasse Meet a Caddie Coming Through the Rye.
The Curse of a Hagen Heart.*



*By the Watrous of the Minnetonka.
Walker World This Would Be.
Evans Will Protect the Working Gail.
Jones of Arc.
I'm Gunn Away, I'm Gunn to Stay.
Marston's in the Cold, Cold Ground.
She Was Bredin Old Kentucky.
Wattles I Do?
I Fownes a Four-Leaf Clover.*



FINANCE AND INVESTMENT

By CLAUDE C. GRISWOLD

THE "Good Old Summer Time" of a few years back, when girls were a wee-bit old fashioned and automobiles were not eight-cylindered, is likely to be something of a parody this year in more ways than one.

First, the weather man tells us that it's going to be a cool, if not a cold summer. And second, the economic astrologers not given to apple-sauce or sugar-coating, very flatly declare that industrial activity is going to be moderately curtailed.

That means that business and its speculative precursor, the stock market, is in an honest-to-goodness bear trend and that, therefore, speculative stocks will continue to sag during the summer.

But these same prognosticators of the financial future see an important antithesis in the situation. It is rising strength and activity in investment securities—bonds and old line stocks of high investment rating, particularly good preferred issues.

The reason is that many millions of idle money are seeking employment. And every day in every way these sort of good jobs for hungry dollars are growing scarcer and fewer.

\$ \$ \$

THAT'S why any offering of bonds, which presents a high degree of safety and yields somewhat better than savings bank interest rates, is quickly grabbed. Interest rates are low and are likely to continue so for several months. This means that the biggest bond buyers, insurance companies and institutions, such as banks and estates, must continue their bond purchases, for the idle funds continually piling up must be employed.

With such powerful factors in the market bonds are likely to continue their advance so the individual investor cannot hope for price recessions, which mean to him a larger income as long as such a situation lasts.

\$ \$ \$

NUMBER of new bonds continues small. Unable to put their funds into new investments, institutions will bid up outstanding securities. The situation cannot be alleviated so long as money continues easy because many corporations, unable to put out their surplus funds at higher than call money rates, are making additions and betterments out of their treasuries. This means that improvements will not have to be financed with bond issues—a fact which keeps the number of flotations low.

Although the investor may have to do some close figuring and frequently consult his banker or bond dealer, he will still find a number of new and seasoned issues to meet his needs. The bond averages, however, probably will continue their ascent.

\$ \$ \$

A RECENT bulletin of the Alexander Hamilton Institute lists a group of public utility preferred stocks which

offer a good income, at this writing, 6½ per cent or better. Here they are: Mississippi River Power 6 per cent cumulative preferred, Puget Sound Power and Light 7 per cent cumulative preference, Alabama Power 7 per cent cumulative preferred, Southwestern Power and Light 7 per cent cumulative, and Columbus Electric and Power 7 per cent cumulative second preferred.

\$ \$ \$

AT a time when money is a drug on the market and stocks of many corporations maintaining earnings at a high level are selling on an attractive yield basis, many traders in the stock market wonder why the price level continues to decline with only mild rallies.

For instance, leaders of the motor industry are expected to break all sales and earnings records for the first six months. And yet, the speculative community has been selling the motor stocks on an assumption that business the last half is going to run into a slump.

Of course, it's anybody's guess and anybody's market but the sharpshooting bears of Wall Street have charts and graphs and methods of deduction all their own. And if they're ready to back up their opinions with their pocket-books, they're welcome to take that risk.

\$ \$ \$

WILLYS Overland has maintained its leadership in the motor field. Following announcement that April earnings before taxes exceeded \$2,100,000 and estimate of President John N. Willys that earnings in May passed \$2,500,000, Overland is expected to show a total of between \$7,000,000 and \$8,000,000 for the first half.

And it was known to the trade that several important constructive developments were in the offing that would be tremendous earning factors to the company during the last two quarters.

\$ \$ \$

OTHER automobile companies reported that sales the first quarter were 17 per cent above those of a year ago. Those governing the destinies of that giant industrial, General Motors, were optimistic. And there was gossip that Hudson was planning on an attractive new model to be brought out about July 1. Wills Sainte Claire dealers were confident that June sales would break all records.

\$ \$ \$

THE local stocks during May were in the doldrums. Bidders refused to climb while offerings dried up on any softening of prices. Libbey Owens yielded slightly with Owens Bottle and National Supply, while Electric Auto-Lite reflected little interest by the occasional appearance of a round lot that fluctuated little with the general market.

S O C I E T Y



By Sally Ames

POLAND and Pilsudski—Italy and Moussolini—The Norge and the North Pole—Toledo and its June brides! We have every reason to emphasize June and brides this season, for the charming bride-elect assemblage which Toledo boasts, deserves more than usual attention. The young "deb" circle is losing many of its most popular members, with Dorothy Foote, Helen Lomasney, Virginia Rheinfrank, Jane Truesdall, and Margaret Clapp stepping into the young matron clan this month.

For those who keep a wedding calendar, the following dates should be marked in red ink—June 2, Miss Helen Tillotson will be married to Mr. Linton Fallis; June 8, Margaret Clapp to Donald Crandall. June 16 should be checked twice, as it holds two important weddings. Jane Truesdall will be married to Orville Leslie Jones, and Virginia Rheinfrank will become the bride of Dr. Norman Foley. June 19 is the date of the Helen Lomasney-William Nagel nuptials and Dorothy Foote's marriage to William Carr on June 23 will end the month's wedding whirl.

MISS Foote has chosen for her attendants Mrs. Arthur Lorenz Baker as Matron of Honor, and Miss Ethel Rathbun, of Easton, Pennsylvania, as maid of honor. Her bridesmaids will be Miss Martha Bergin, Miss Elaine Scott, of Springfield, Ill., Miss Nelle Rathbun, of Easton, Pennsylvania, Miss Katherine Bovard, Miss Cordelia Foster, and Miss Betty Carr. Mr. Richard Carr will attend his brother as best man. The ushers will be Messrs. Richard Foote, Carter Stewart, Harold Cook, Walter Lathrop, Gerald Baker, William Draper, Russell Scribner, Harold Goodbody, William Knight, and James Bell. The marriage will be solemnized at 8:30 in the St. Mark's Church. Rev. Harold Hohly, of Columbus, a cousin of the bride, will officiate, assisted by Rev. Eugene Pierce, the rector of St. Mark's. The cere-

mony will be followed by a reception at 3015 Collingwood Avenue.

Virginia Rheinfrank will have as her only attendants Miss Eleanor Pew and Miss Katherine Oeschler. Mida Louise Koehler, niece of the bridegroom, will be the flower girl. Dr. La Mott Bates, of Durant, Michigan, will be Dr. Foley's best man. The marriage will be solemnized in the Perrysburg home of the bride, and will be witnessed by a limited number of guests.



MISS HELENE LIPE,
who returns this month from the Knox School.

THE Scottwood Avenue home of Mr. and Mrs. William Herbert Heywood will be a lovely setting for the marriage of their daughter Helen, to Mr. William Nagel. Miss Lomasney will have for her maid-of-honor, Miss Esther Cochran, of Youngstown. Her bridesmaids will be the Misses Betty Hitchcock and Mary Sampson, of Youngstown, Miss Martha Brooks, of Pittsburgh, and the Misses Virginia Secor, Carolyn Nagel, Dorothy Foote, and Mrs. Phelps Berdan. Caroline Heywood, small sister of the bride, will be the flower girl. John Berdan will attend Mr. Nagel as best man. The ushers will be Messrs. David Lomasney, Myron Lomasney, Carter Stewart, Harold Cook, Walter Lathrop, James Bell, Wm. Carr, and Phelps Berdan.

The popular Mary Campbell couldn't hold out in the face of the engagement and marriage epidemic which is spreading so rapidly in Toledo's younger set. The announcement of her engagement to John Kiscadden made formally at the buffet supper at the Country Club given by Miss Campbell for Dorothy Foote and Bill Carr, and Helen Lomasney

and Bill Nagel came as a surprise to those who hadn't been seeing the newly engaged pair together. No date has been set as yet for the wedding.

Reverend and Mrs. Harry Walker Vincent announce the marriage of their daughter Dorothy, to Mr. Hubert



ESTHER MARIE COCHRAN

Who is coming from Youngstown to be one of the bridesmaids at the Lomasney-Nagel wedding.

Woodbury. The ceremony, which was solemnized May 29, in the Ashland Avenue Baptist Church, was one of great beauty. Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury will reside in Toledo.

THE Toledo Horse Show this year promises to be one of more than civic importance, as horses from all parts of the country have been entered. Toledo long has been proud of its excellent riders and thoroughbreds, and Society is looking forward to an impressive exhibition.

Ottawa Hills Riding Club and the Carranor Hunt and Polo Clubs are joining forces in making arrangements, which doubly assures the success of the affair. Donald Acklin is general chairman, and will be assisted by Mrs. Ward Canaday and Mrs. George McKesson in charge of programs; Mrs. George Greenhalgh, prize chairman; Mrs. A. E. Reuben, in charge of boxes; Mrs. Robert Stranahan, Entertainment chairman, and W. E. Bettridge.

Members of the general horse show committee are Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Spitzer, Mr. George Greenhalgh, Mrs. Walter Eversman, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Marshall, Messrs Frank Stranahan, Ward Canaday, O. E. Kilbourn, George McKesson, A. E. Reuben, Kenyon Vance, Pratt Tracy, C. F. Medaris, Zale Reuben, Harry Collin, W. L. Ross, L. G. Peed, C. O. Miniger, and Harold Reuben.

THERE were many attractive entertainments for Miss Helen Innes of Simcoe, Canada, during her stay with her cousin, Miss Marian Nelles. Miss Innes was the honored guest at Miss Jane Richmond's afternoon of bridge, Miss Virginia Feilbach's bridge luncheon at Inverness, Miss Alice Hochler's luncheon at the Park Lane, and Miss Virginia Falconer's informal picnic at Falconwood.

Miss Marjorie Cornet, of St. Louis, who was the guest of Mrs. Marvin Rorick, was another charming May visitor. Mrs. Paul Prudden's luncheon in her home in Scottwood Avenue was one of the several entertainments for Miss Cornet.

THE middle of June sees the beginning of the summer exodus and many prominent Toledoans are making their plans for leaving the home shores to seek cooler and more active spots. Some prefer Europe, others New England and the invigorating air of the mountain—while a few choose to enjoy the attractions which our Lotus city offers. For those who desire swimming sans sunburn, the Toledo Club pool is heartily recommended. For the ardent golf fiends, the suburban clubs offer the greenest of greens, and cool porches after eighteen strenuous holes. To those who leave us every June for the summer, may we make the feeble suggestion—"See Toledo first"?

The polo patrons will find many matches arranged for their pleasure during the summer months. Carranor Hunt and Polo Club opens the professional season in June with matches with the Grosse Point Country Club players. Polo fans, however, have had the opportunity to see the local players in several inter-club games. Polo has caught on with Toledoans and the 1926 season is anticipated by Toledo society.

THERE is a charming informality about summer entertaining. One table of bridge, a supper on the rocks or a motor trip to a nearby town for far famed food, means much to the summer Stay-at-home. Toledo and vicinity abounds in attractive picnic spots, and up-river hostesses are noted for their picnic suppers and informal lawn parties.

Rockledge Farm, the J. K. Secor estate, Horton Hall, the charming Perrysburg home of the Sidney Spitzers, the A. L. Spitzer country place where the Thomas Goodbodies spend their summers, and the Carl Spitzer summer home are just a few of the numerous attractive estates where guest meets guest.

If one can't make Europe this year, and his yacht at Long Island is docked for the summer, why not cruise in a canoe on the Maumee?



MISS CAROLYN NAGEL

Who has returned from a stay in New York, and will be one of the bridesmaids at the Lomasney-Nagel wedding.



MRS. ARTHUR LORENZ BAKER AND THE ATTENDANTS AT HER WEDDING AT TRINITY CHURCH IN TOLEDO

The former Miss Katharine Harrison, the bride is the daughter of Mrs. Frank P. Harrison, of 621 Acklin Avenue. Mrs. George Harrison was matron of honor, Miss Katharine Blanchard maid of honor and the bridesmaids included Miss Virginia Secor, Miss Dorothy Foote, Miss Cordelia Foster, Miss Betty Hareth, Miss Marian Morse, Miss Mabel Jennings.



The Best of the New Books

By MRS. ROBERT C. MORRIS

ALL Gaul was divided into three parts, and all the modern world of readers may be divided into three classes,—those who like “Thunder On The Left,” those who do not, and those who have not read it but are going to. (Bye and bye, of course, there won't be anyone left in that third class at all.) I'm not going to talk today about Christopher Morley's fantasy,—this magazine is so limited in space! But here is a new book that reminds me of Thunder On The Left—not in content, plot, characters or background, but in those intangible, subtle, undefinable qualities of spirit and of magic that make you catch your breath. “Miss Tiverton Goes Out” is written by an English woman, and the most remarkable thing about this remarkable story is that anyone, having written it, could keep her identity secret. If I had written it, I should want to have my name blazoned in seven primary colors on the jacket. Anonymity intrigues the imagination. I wonder which one, of all the English women writers, could have conceived this beautiful thing?

I'm sorry I read it last week, because I might have extended those magic hours over a longer period of time. Why didn't I read just a chapter a day, and so spread a garment of beauty over all the coming summer?

So, I beg of you, reduce your speed limit to ten pages an hour when you open this book, go 'way off by yourself, call back yesterday, invite the little girl or the little boy you used to be to return.

DID you ever see an ancient tree, an old garden, a foot-beaten path twisting up a mountain side, the door of a house through which life has passed for four generations, or a grave so old that even its stone has been absorbed again into Mother Earth? Well, did these “old, far-off forgotten things” bring to mind the phrase “time immemorial,” and give you a sad kind of pleasure? If so, I am glad to introduce you to Juliet Simpson.—No, I should have said to Juliet, because she wanted, more than anything else, to be just Juliet, just

herself. The name Juliet Simpson combined, cribbed and confined her in the Simpson family. Among the Simpsons there was another seeker after freedom—there was Olive who wanted only “realness”—“And I'm jolly well going to get it, too, whatever anybody says.” Angela, however, was one of the several “shams” in the Simpson family. She wanted young Mr. Lethbridge, the vicar. Blunt speaking Olive advised Angela “The best thing you can do is to take him into the summer-house sometime and have Doubts.”

JULIET'S father was a speculator in real estate, a sort of English Babbitt who uprooted trees that had been growing since time immemorial, and who erected hideous brand new houses in places where for a-many a hundred summers ancient oaks and elms had spread their lovely shade.

The Simpsons' lived in a strictly modern, up-to-the-last-minute house, a house much admired by Mr. and Mrs. Simpson. But Juliet didn't like it! She astounded her family by declaring, “I don't think ours is a beautiful house at all. I don't think magenta satin cushions, or electric light, or flower-beds full of hyacinths one day and tulips the next are beautiful. It's all so un-mysterious. You can see everything there is. I like houses and gardens where there's things you don't see, old things that have got a history shut up inside them, things that belong to time immemorial.”

Cousin Maude told Juliet, “The glory of life is for anyone. People have different names for it. I myself should call it vision,—a certain way of seeing things.”

Said grown-up Juliet to her lover, convalescing from a war wound, as one day they sat together on a fallen tree-trunk at the edge of the beech-wood, “The war's going on somewhere. But you can't hear it—you can't see it. What you do hear and see is so much bigger,—the sky over there, and the leaves falling,—things that have been happening forever and ever.”

(Continued on page 40)

Introducing Two New Contributors

IN this issue Toledo Topics introduces two new contributors to its readers, Mrs. Robert C. Morris, who will conduct the book review department, and Wynn, whose clever sketches are known the country over. Mrs. Morris is Toledo's best known book authority and an internationally recognized student of Shakespeare. She has a recognized literary judgement, seasoned and mature. She addresses seven or eight hundred women fortnightly in her book reviews given in the First Church community hall and has for more than a score of years conducted classes in Shakespeare in Toledo. She is a college woman, a lecturer of distinction and a woman of broad and sympathetic outlook. Wynn's drawings should be of unusual interest to Toledoans in-as-much as he is really a Toledo boy, Wynn Holcomb being his full name. He was named after his maternal grandfather, S. C. Wynn, who was in his day a leading commercial magnate here. Wynn spent most of his babyhood in his grandfather's house on 17th street near Madison, and nearly every summer on his grandfather's farm on the lake front near Bay View Park. He is now making a supplementary tour of the Mediterranean after spending a year in Paris and the winter in Nice and Monte Carlo. He is now heading for Algiers. Wynn is a monthly contributor to The Spur and other magazines and often draws theatrical celebrities for the New York Times and Herald-Tribune. Toledo Topics congratulates itself upon being able to offer the works of such noted people to its readers.

The Best of the New Books

(Continued from page 18)

Before the story ends, Angela achieves a degree of vision, although we leave her still clutching the garment of sham that hides her spiritual nakedness. Angela was always horribly afraid during an air-raid. "I feel as if—as if there was so little of me that I might get crushed out by mistake, though I'm full of possibilities."

* * *

OLIVE found the "realness" that, even as a child, had been her goal. "Being married to Harry taught me that realness, or life, or whatever you choose to call it, is ever so much bigger even than the love of man and woman. Love may be a way of getting it, but it can't be the only way."

Juliet's father violently opposed everything of which their neighbor, Miss Tiverton, was a symbol. Excited and angered because he could not buy her land and "improve" it, he swore that when she died he would build "flats, and a cinema, and a public house all at once on her grave."

Miss Tiverton, whose personality and traditions set the key-note of the story, strangely enough never enters the story as a character, although her essence pervades the tale. Ah yes! Miss Tiverton does go out just once, in the very last chapter. And there, I think, you may enjoy six pages of writing as beautiful, as exquisite, as moving as any you have read for, lo, these many moons.

* * *

ALL the world loves very, very young lovers. Why is it that the love affairs of the middle-aged always seem a little absurd? Young lovers bring tears to the eyes, but elderly sweethearts provoke a grin. In her new novel, "After Noon," Susan Ertz traces the course of the true love of a middle-aged couple. Of course it isn't so good a novel as "Madame Claire,"—no story could conceivably measure up to that one, but it is a good story, nevertheless. The characters are charming and convincing, they "come alive," they are admirably contrasted. It's always a pity when a writer strikes twelve too early in his career. People are always saying "This book is not so fine as that earlier one." Charles Lester had been deserted by his wife, Brenda, twenty years before the real story begins. Even worse, Brenda had deserted their twin daughters. But, as Shakespeare wrote, "There is some soul of goodness in things evil," and we are increasingly glad, as we read these chapters, that Brenda misconducted herself long ago because, if she had stayed with her family, the story might have lacked much of its charm. As it is, the story of Charles Lester's second love affair coasts perilously near the edge of tragedy. He loved Lydia, the American widow, but he was afraid of marriage; afraid that history might repeat itself and that again a wife might leave him. And she almost did!

* * *

SUSAN Ertz puts sentences on every page that you would like to quote. Here are a few from "After Noon"—"Social functions were devised by women in order that they should be seen by as many people as possible at the moment when they are looking their best."—"Single dullness is agreeable, married dullness is awful."—"I tell you I dreaded marriage and feared it. It's only the young who don't."—"No more misunderstandings. At our age surely they are avoidable. If youth knew, if age could! Well, middle age knows, and does, thank God. A perfect state of things!"

* * *

HAVE you read "Pig Iron," by Charles G. Norris? I always experience a little thrill when I begin a new story by any one of the Norris's because I read "The Pit"

by Frank Norris when it was first published. I suppose critics measure every intellectual effort of the Norris family by that famous tale of the later 1890's. It must be very, very pathetic to be Theodore Roosevelt's son, or Carrie Chapman-Colt's husband, or to have been William Shakespeare's brother! In certain particulars "Pig Iron" is strikingly like Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." In each, the chief character is a boy bred in the bleak atmosphere of rigid piety and stark poverty. Both Clyde and Sam fall in love with unfortunate girls who are victims of sordid environment. When I had read one-third of this book I said to myself, "This story is dull and heavy and sodden. 'Pig Iron' is an appropriate title." But, perhaps, I was tired. You see, I had just gone to the electric chair with Dreiser's Clyde. I had plodded through every dreadful detail on every harrowing page, moving slowly and relentlessly toward unavoidable doom. Only an artist could compel me to do that! Well, along about page 350 "Pig Iron" begins to get hold of you in just the same way. You all know the hero, Sam Smith, in real life. He lives in every American town. He is sixty, he is fat, he is somewhat disappointed in his children, his wife tolerates him, his business associates fear him, he is very, very rich. Sam Smith knows that he was happy once,—forty years ago, when he had not a dollar in his pocket, but when life was crowded full of dreams, love, hope, adventure. Why did he have to lose them all on the road to sixty years?

* * *

IN my judgment "Prairie," by Walter J. Muhlinberg, is the best novel of American life published in many years. It is not a pleasant story, but it is a work of art. In scriptural simplicity of style it will remind you of Knut Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil." It is classic in essence, harking back to the old idea of Fate expressed in Greek Tragedy. There are three conflicts,—the conflict of father and son in three generations, each man's inner struggle with the forces of his own nature, and their fight when each man sets his indomitable will to conquer the stubborn soil. The story is clean, cold, powerful and tragic and is likely to find a place among the few great sagas of the soil of the mid-west.

Grant Overton says that a truly great novel is "a beacon, not a bonfire." Nearly all the best-sellers belong to the bonfire class, but they make a great flare and noise, and we are obliged to turn our attention to them. And they are not wholly without value,—for in their momentary blaze we may catch a glimpse of some truth of human life that we never saw before. And it will be interesting, ten years from now, to observe that one novel, published in 1926, has taken its permanent place among the great beacon lights of the world of fiction. Which shall it be?

KISSING BOOTH.



The prima donna.—Addie Poes—
Is prone to pose upon her toes,
And in weird shrieks her woes disclose:—
"Oh, Would I were a Bird!"
The poor pianist bangs and claws
The ivory keys beneath his claws,
While every hearer "hems and haws"
And thinks a wicked word!



For Sweet Charity

Drawings By WYNN—PARIS
Sonnets By WILLARD HOLCOMB

What won't they do for CHARITY,
From knitting socks to pouring tea,—
Even a free-for-all "kissing bee!"

Is quite *au fait, ma chere*;
You'd be surprised how each old Sheik
Will slip you Five to kiss your cheek—
(How his moustache with smoke does reek—
It makes you long for air!)



Aunt Emma bakes a batch of cakes,—
But Ethelberta shakes and quakes
When Madame Adam shies and takes
The tea upon her lap;
To "mackadam" like her "all wet"
A-dam mad-dame is she, you bet,—
Who stares and glares through her lorgnette
"Pray pardon the mishap!"

Attention of Mr. Ziegfeld

If You're Running Out of Ideas for Songs, Flo, Better Snap Up This Nifty

NO more need our leading glorifiers lie awake nights, tossing and picking at the coverlids in a vain effort to solve what seems to them an insuperable problem. Perhaps you did not know that a crisis had arisen. The difficulty is the result of the exhaustion of the available supply of ideas for tableaux. You know the sort of thing I mean: rivers and seasons and hotels and tooth paste, each impersonated by a girl.

Permit me in this terrible emergency to come forward with a suggestion which will allow the show to go on. The answer is: Foreign currencies.

Picture the scene! The handsome tenor occupies the center of the stage and one by one the contemptuously lovely ladies of the ensemble stroll on. He takes each by the hand and leads her to her appointed place in the line, until he has them all standing from right to left (or left to right, in case you are left-handed) just like the people in the photograph. (The man behind the man in the straw hat is the governor.)

WHILE this parade is going forward, he warbles his regard for each little cutie, each darling beauty, moon . . . croon . . . June, college . . . knowledge, park . . . dark, money . . . honey: you remember the song.

For instance, take Britannia. Yes, please do. I don't want her; that is, unless it's Beatrice Lillie singing "March With Me."

As this beauteous blonde, wearing the Union Jack and a coal scuttle, steps on, the tenor bravely announces:

*The British pound
That's always sound.*

RIGHT there you know it's going to be good. But you ain't heard nothing yet. Next is La Belle France. Britannia having been parked on an angle upstage, this jeune fille comes out as the orchestra plays two bars of the Marcel-wave, following which our hero in the white pants sings:

*Right from the bank
Comes this French franc.*

Of course, we aren't told whether she comes from the Right Bank or the Left, but perhaps with the aid of opera glasses we can determine. At any rate, that's a pretty hot verse you must admit. But stay with me. It gets even better. Yes, I said better.

NOW we have Italia. This is really fetching. Lend an ear:

*My Italian lira
Sets my heart a-fra.*

Naturally this is a bit more difficult than the rest, but any good tenor should be able to sing a little in a foreign language, and for the sake of the customers a translation can be printed in the program, just as it's done for opera. I need scarcely point out that the rhyme is based on musical comedy pronunciation.

RIGHT here I may have some trouble with the producer of the show, for I must have Martha Hedman for the kroner. There's a really Great Dane! And gazing on the golden glories of Martha, the tenor intones:

*My dear Danish kroner,
I never shall loan her.*

Again the exigencies of American revue English may require the "shall" to be altered to "will." That's all right with me, for where there's a "will," you know, there's always a way, if you gather what I mean.

FOR a moment I was stopped by the Polish zloty. But only for a moment, and then came this:

*This girl has me dotty,
My pert Polish zloty.*

That will do for now. Well, a little more of this sort of thing, not forgetting the Arabian mahmudi, the Egyptian bedidlik, the Bulgarian stotinka, the Tibetan tranka, the Turkish altikik, the Spanish cuartillo, the Persian kasbeke, the Ecuadorean sucre, the Japanese itzebu, the Austrian zwanziger, the Mexican tlac, the Jamaican quattie, the Salvadorean toston, the East Indian lak, the Moroccan floss, the Siamese att, the Grecian dodecadrachm, the Rumanian leu, the Portugese dobroao, the Dutch dubbeltje, the Chinese candareen and the Abyssinian diwani.

AND now we come to the wow finish, guaranteed to knock them off their seats. It is none other than Miss America herself, chosen the year before at the Huckelberry Pickers' Annual Trade Exhibition and Grand Ball. For this role, Becky Rosinski (professional name, Betsy Ross) is revealed by the spotlight in a bathing suit not too restricting. She waves an American flag while the tenor declares, fortissimo:

*But the girl for whom I'll holler
Is the good Amurcean dollar.*

That kills 'em. And what box office possibilities the notion has! Officially it is the "Pageant of Foreign Money," but the ever alert press agent can bill it as that "Sensational Ballet of Fallen Women."

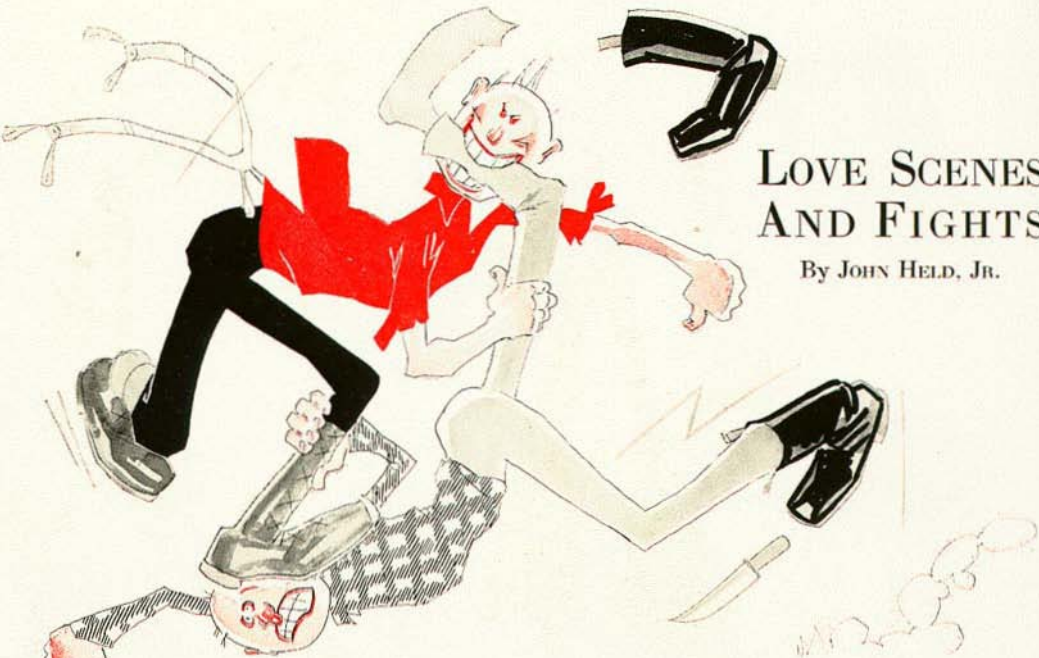
The Song-and-Dance Man.





IN THE DAYS OF THE DANDY AND THE BELLE


Top row left to right: Mrs. Walter Brown (Kate Hafer), Horace Suydam and Henry Perkins Dodge, Mrs. James Brown Bell (Marie Suydam). Middle row: left to right: Mrs. O. B. Snyder (Daisy Bullard), Mrs. Jim Bentley (Elizabeth Doyle), Mrs. Zorah Bowman (Zorah Warne), Mrs. Charles Peckham ("Bird" Burdick). Bottom row left to right: Mrs. Herman Brand (Maud Woolson), Mrs. Riley Sweets (Hattie Lamb), Mrs. Will Gosline (May Taylor).



LOVE SCENES AND FIGHTS

By JOHN HELD, JR.

The boys up on Magazine Row tell me that the public demands pictures of Love Scenes and Fights, and that they are always sure-fire. We aim to please, so we start our page with a real he-man affair, where men are movie actors and fights are double exposures.



I give you "The Ladies." When the girls of upper Park avenue start something—well, it's started. Even Mrs. Updonk's Peke is having it out with a rival King Charles Spaniel. Mrs. Updonk is a Newport Updonk.



This is 100 per cent sure-fire illustration, where we show Love Scenes and Fights, combining the best features of both.



This is a Fight that started from what you might call a Love Scene. The chap started to sing "Do You Love Me?" and the poor girl has had to go to "Sunny" eight times so you see she couldn't answer "Um-Huh—"

Some of Toledo's Junior Equestrians Ready



Adelaide Morgan



Mary Virginia Reynolds



Howard



Arcilla Peterson



Suzanne Spitzer



The entire group en masse

for the *Annual Horse Show This Month*



Lewis



Harold Peterson, Jr.



Betty Eversman



... before the camera



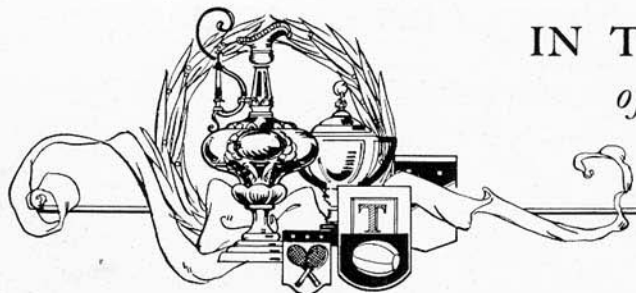
Sally Spitzer



Kathryn Harsch

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.



TOLEDO'S SEVEN EX-COLLEGIANS

*Standing left to right: Catcher Luke Urban, Second Baseman Freddy Maguire, Pitcher Fay Thomas and Pitcher Tim McNamara.
Kneeling left to right: Outfielder "Bevo" LeBourveau, Outfielder Horace "Pip" Koehler and Pitcher James Tunney.*

Seven Ex-Collegians With the Mud Hens

COLLEGE men may not be better professional baseball players than those who work their way up from the sand lots to the green diamonds of the big leagues. They may not be more intelligent, as far as nature's bounty is concerned, than those who as boys sharpened their wits as newsboys or by following the plow across their fathers' farms.

But the collegian carries a poignant appeal into professional athletics. His habits of giving everything he has for the sake of his team, his sportsmanship, the co-ordination of a well-trained brain and carefully developed body, make him popular on the ball field and, it may be added, his gentlemanly bearing makes for popularity off the field, not only for himself, but for all his associates.

College baseball players have made their mark in professional baseball. Many a club with but one collegian has benefited by his presence. The Toledo club today is stronger, faster in physical and mental effort, and a more pleasing combination because of the presence in its lineup of not less than seven ex-collegians.

Freddy Maguire, generally rated the best second baseman in the American Association, and called by sport writers in several major league cities the best infielder in minor leagues, first attracted attention at Holy Cross, where so many great ball players have started on the road to fame. McGraw coaxed Freddie to join the Giants, and later turned him over to Toledo.

(continued on page 48)

Seven Ex-Collegians

(continued from page 27)

THE greatest young prospect on the club, says Frankie Gihoooley, veteran big leaguer who has his home here, is Horace "Pip" Koehler, now cavorting around in center field, but a fine second or first baseman as well. Pip entered professional baseball from Penn State, and combines in rare abundance the speed, fight and grace of the college lad and the all round finesse and power which are necessary for the professional game. Koehler is grace personified in the outfield; but never gives one the impression that he is trying for an effect in this particular. He is a streak on the bases and in the field, and many a great star no faster of foot than Pip, has been developed solely because of his speed. Koehler was also an outstanding halfback on the gridiron for Penn State.

Luke Urban was a star catcher at Boston College not so long ago. Luke also was a football player, and by many was chosen all-American end. He has an ideal build for athletics, being stocky but active. If there is a catcher in minor leagues who handles pitched balls with the ease and grace of Urban, he has not been to Toledo since the days of Ed Sweeney.

When Toledo fans watch Fay Thomas shoot the ball past the batter with all that dazzling speed of his, they are looking on one of America's finest all round college athletes. Out in California, where they grow them big and strong, the tall blond was an idol during his college days at the University of Southern California. He was the outstanding college pitcher of his time on the coast, played guard and tackle on the powerful football eleven which won nation-

wide fame, and right now is one of the greatest shot putters who ever tossed the iron.

Dewitt LeBourveau, known to every association fan as Bevo, has been such a notable figure in professional baseball during the last few years that few think of the famous slugger and speed merchant as a collegian. Yet Bevo also made his first bid for diamond honors while a student in Santa Clara College, California.

ANOTHER eastern university which turns out great ball players is Fordham, in New York, alma mater of Frank Frisch of the Giants. It was here that Tim McNamara, the big curly haired pitcher who recently came to Toledo from the New York Nationals, was the pitching mainstay in his college days.

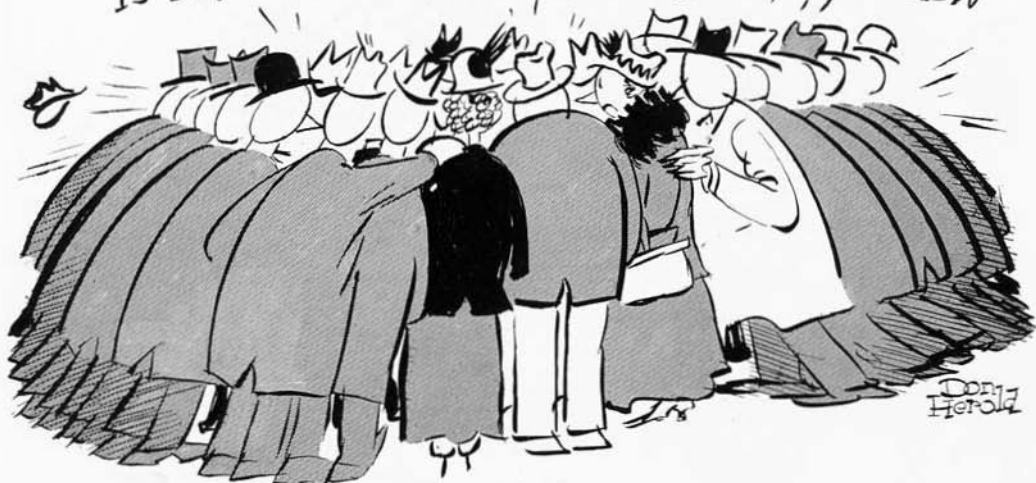
College pitchers usually get plenty of attention from big league scouts. Perhaps because pitching is an art where brains count even more than physical excellence. Toledo has a trio of ex-college hurlers, the third being Jim Tunney, possessor of one of the finest curve balls in minor leagues, who is now pitching his second season with the Mud Hens. Jim has won quite a few ball games for Stengel's crew, has been sent to the hill several times in the pinches, and with the control which should come with more work, is expected to be quite a factor in Toledo's battles from now on. Like Maguire, Tunney learned baseball and other things at Holy Cross.

If there be another ball club in this circuit, or a circuit of equal class, which boasts of seven college men on its roster, we don't know where it is. And the fans are inclined to boast of them, also.

What
is it?

A horse
down

This is as good as
an Eugene O'Neill show



MR. O'NEILL AND MR. RINGLING

By DON HEROLD

A GAIN, Eugene O'Neill has been taking things apart and not getting them back together again. Why do we encourage this muddily-minded mystic in his devastations? He just makes matters worse.

How much more noble is Mr. Ringling, who tears down his circus each evening and gets it all put back together again the next morning in another town 100 miles away? Anyway, that's something. It may be futility, this routine, this repetition, this tremendous treaking from city to city, this gigantic effort to amuse the yokles, but it is a fascinating futility, and let us not forget the thousands of kiddies to whom the circus gives pleasure and stomach aches each day. I'll wager Mr. Ringling is closer to the right hand of God than Mr. O'Neill, in spite of Mr. O'Neill's familiar manner.

"The Great God Brown"

I enjoyed "The Great God Brown" for 20 minutes. O'Neill has genius of a certain cockeyed variety. He sometimes speaks with poetic beauty, and there are moments when I relish his murgy pessimism. But after 20 minutes of "The Great God" I gave up. "Good night," I said. O'Neill was getting the works and the guts of things scattered all over the stage of the Garrick and it was plain to see he would never get them back together again. I wanted to see, and he didn't. He should have called the show "The Great God DARK Brown." It was not amusement, it was not clarification, it was not courage, it was not even good clinic, and all of us there that evening might as well have been

spending our time out in the street watching a sick horse. Drama of the same order, exactly.

The big trick idea of "The Great God Brown" is that we all live double lives. We all wear masks. So the characters in this little lark all carry Hallowe'en false faces and put them on and off. This gets to be old, and it gets confusing, and it does not quite work. It is too much like three hours of "Simon Says 'Thumbs Up.'"

What if we *do* all lead double lives! The doubl-er the better, say I.

The Circus

Of course, the circus does not prove anything.

But I like it.

The horses are healthy horses, not sick horses, and the performers are well enough to stand on their heads on a trapeze. If Eugene O'Neill wrote the circus they would all be falling out and breaking their necks, and all the clowns would have locomotor ataxia, but Mr. Ringling wrote it and he wrote it otherwise.

True enough, the horses get spurred a little on each side alternately when they dance, but this is nothing about which to go into a blue funk, the horses can stand it. They perhaps regard their afternoon and evening performances much as we think of sessions with the dentist, but these things do not kill. Mr. O'Neill at his dentist's perhaps sits there and thinks: "All is decay!"

Even Doris is now beginning to enjoy the circus. Yester-

(continued on page 30)

Mr. O'Neill and Mr. Ringling

(continued from page 28)

Doris now appreciates the circus bears who roller skate.



day was the first time she ever uttered a word of enthusiasm about it. She is now seven or eight, and yesterday she actually tried to sell it to me. I have been taking her for years, waiting to hear her say, "Look!"

Doris is beginning to grasp life. For instance, she has recently learned to roller skate and has taken many a sudden sit, so she now appreciates bears on roller skates. Last year she did not know but that bears were born with roller skates. She has tried acrobatics at school, too, and knows now that double somersaults do not grow on trees. Horseback riding still leaves her cold; she would be much more impressed if the artists stood up and rode around on tops of taxicabs. She has practically never seen a horse unaccompanied by a person in pink tights.

The circus fits the New Madison Square Garden like an old shoe, yet it will take it many years to impart the circus odor to the new quarters, especially now that the circus has become quite a dainty institution, and a bit delicate. Refinement is written with a broad brush.

"The Garland Cavalcade" with which the show opens does not quite come off. Among the "strange people" this year is a giant who is a dead ringer for George Kaufman. Madam Bradna's act in which she circles the arena with horses and dogs and pigeons perched all over her chariot reminded me of a New York family leaving for its summer home. Lillian Leitzel is like a story in the *S. E. Post*—pretty good, but with no regard for my time. There is considerable improvement in the horse checkering department.

"Ashes of Love"

They razzed Countess Cathcart's drama "Ashes of Love" so violently in Washington that Earl Carrol did not want to bring it to New York. The countess did. So she bought the production of Carrol for a couple of cigar coupons and brought it to Broadway for one week. I saw it on a Thursday, and it was mighty terrible.

I jotted these three lines:

"My life with you is a perfect hell."

"I am one of those unfortunate beings incapable of hating anybody."

"You do know how to torture me, don't you, Douglas?"

The countess is a sparrow sort, not at all the kind you would on first acquaintance accuse of moral turpitude, but it is a difference of opinion that makes horse races. She is most certainly not a playwright, but neither are a lot of other people.

"The Girl Friend"

Lew Fields is giving a rather fresh and entertaining musical comedy by his son Herbert, who helped do the "Garrick Gaieties." "The Girl Friend" shows that there is a lot of showman left in old Lew and considerable cleverness in the son. Sam White and Eva Puck are starred. The story is of a country boy who wants to be a bike racer and who trains on a bicycle attached to a churn. He has a girl friend. That is the girl. The lyrics by Lorenz Hart have words in 'em. Some of the saddest moments of my life are at the ends of first acts of musical comedies where heroes and heroines are separated by misunderstandings or choo choos.

"The Patsy"

If I were just a normal uncommercial playgoer, I believe that the only show (of the shows I have seen this month) that I would have gone to see would have been "The Patsy." This is just a trivial bit of family life, not as deep as Ringling's circus. Two sisters are in love with the same fellow and one of them wins with a set of "Wise and Witty Sayings for All Occasions." The father is a grocery drummer and the mother is a woman who wants an automobile. These are not grand ingredients, but they mix into an amusing comedy, and I am just old-fashioned enough to like a little amusement along with my misery in my theatre-going.

"Not Herbert"

Herbert is a combination of Clarence and Raffles with a dash of poetry thrown in. Herbert does not dance, drink, or smoke—not Herbert—but he can open a pretty safe. The

(continued on page 46)



Eugene O'Neill
thinking up a
new play at his
dentist's.



Bringing
The Broadway Revue
To Your Reading
Table

*To the Main Streeter
unable to make a spring
pilgrimage to New York,
Toledo Topics proffers
this page. The comely
young ladies are three
of the reasons
the new Winter
Garden carnival
"The Great
Temptations,"
is such a good
show.*

THE ICONOCLAST

By W. H. M.

NEW YORK, May.—Notwithstanding the protests of others, we enjoy hearing a good cat fight, seeing a public speaker go into a violent fit of coughing, a violent thunderstorm and driving an automobile through congested streets. On the other hand, we dislike ecstatic, loving dogs, elocution, peach skins and artichokes.

It has always seemed to us that English writers are best at detesting. The other evening we met an English girl, recently from London, whose conversation had to do mostly with things sickening, beastly, terrible, uncouth, despicable and priceless. A good time was had by all.

Prof. Lew Sarrett of Northwestern University has recently been quoted as saying, "Much of our civilization is a farce, modern society a fraud and life in a metropolitan center a tragedy." So he is going to bury himself in the woods of Northern Wisconsin this spring to "flower as I will." There is a great deal of truth in what Prof. Sarrett says, but we have come to put a great deal of faith in the institution of toleration. We've got to live in this particular period of civilization and so we might as well put up with it if we are to remain at all happy.

THERE is a youngish man in Washington who has lately developed a very strong sanitation complex. It has grown upon him to the extent that he now refuses to read books whose authors are of Latin origin, believing that all Latin people are too dirty in their personal habits. He eschews Dante and Balzac with the rest of them and we maintain this is carrying the idea too far: A little spirit of toleration on the part of this youngish man would certainly enlarge his capacity for enjoying life.

Toleration is just about the antithesis of iconoclasm, yet we believe in both at the same time because we believe in compromise. Iconoclasm, if you wish, is our poison, and toleration the antidote.

There are a few more subjects which might be added to the curriculum of our educational institutions. For instance, why not a course in Humor? It is very frequently the rule that whenever and wherever three or more persons congregate, comic or humorous repartee becomes necessary, and sometimes downright hilarity. The man who wins the smiles and chuckles is "successful" in a way. Perhaps a good course in humor would really do more good and be of greater assistance than, say, Latin. Wouldn't it be refreshing, boys and girls, to hear the teacher say, "For tomorrow we will take up the next twenty 'wise cracks' on page 137 of the text?"

THERE is a young man living in New York who spent his childhood and young manhood in Toledo. During a recent conversation about dreams this young man confessed that nearly all of his were of Toledo *locale*, and that much of his subconscious mental action while dreaming had to do with the reconstruction of this familiar scene and that in his home town. The writer has often discovered in the

hearts of Toledoans and ex-Toledoans a secret passion of hope for the ultimate, glorious flowering of the town on the Maumee into a tumultuous metropolis of great strength and splendor. This glowing fervor is faithful through years of civic lassitude and disappointment, is has struggled on through panics and defeat and it continues after seventeen bond issues, designed for the advancement of Toledo have been defeated by the people. Through all this, though there be scorn and derision upon his lips, the true Toledoan still cherishes his hopes with a peculiar confidence. What is this faith born of? Is there to be a miracle—a millennium? Or are all cities that way?

Most cities may have very definite things said of them but in New York one is much befuddled in the effort. He may decide, as he glances about the interior of a Park Avenue apartment, that New York is the most modern city, and then he hears through a window opening upon the inner court the sweet, pleading strains of an Italian tenor who sings on the pavement below for coins dropped by the cliff dwellers. He may decide, as he sits in a subway train, that transportation is the swiftest here, and then he sees on First Avenue a "Toonerville Trolley" that comes along every half hour, the jovial conductor of which seems to know every passenger. He may decide that New York is forbidding and suspicious, and then he enters an Exchange Buffet Restaurant. After eating his meal he approaches the cashier without a check and finds that he is charged with the task of making his own computations and paying for what he ate. She trusts him implicitly and does not even wish to know what he ate. Then one decides not to decide anything more about New York.

A colored vaudevillian told a pretty good one at his own expense in Newark, New Jersey the other evening. He said, "My brothah, an' he sho is a black boy, got into an awful mess the other night jus' fo' singin' a song. 'Where was dat black brothah o' yourn singin' dat song?' 'He was singin' dat song in a Irish neighbo'hood, an' boy!—he was sho mangled terrible!' 'Don' see nuthin' wrong with a black boy singin' a song in a Irish neighbo'hood. What was dat song he was singin'?' 'He was singin', 'Irelan' mus' be hebbin' fo' my mothah came fom dere.'"

New York children seem to be drawn into the financial race a little earlier than most others. The other noon an immense crowd of people almost blockaded the street near the intersection of Wall and Broad Street, the heart of the financial district. Like all New Yorkers do, the writer stopped and worked his way to a position from which could be seen the center of the ring. Seven or eight small but ragged boys were displaying their various abilities. One could make funny faces, another could wiggle his ears, and so on. The crowd was tossing coins into the ring where the boys scrambled and fought for them. It seemed almost like a juvenile curb market until the cops entered the picture and

(Continued on page 40)

The Iconoclast

(continued from page 32)

closed the market for the day.

It is a well known fact that New Yorkers will stop to look at anything if there be a nucleus of two or three persons who are already looking. The larger the crowd grows, the faster people come running. Sometimes the reward for joining the crowd may be considered worth while, sometimes not. Very recently just such a growing crowd of curious people again inveigled our interest. After considerable effort we attained the inner ring and the promised, visual reward was before us. An old man's garters had come down and he was having difficulty in getting them back in place.

Newest
Fad for Movie
Fans

— — —
*Cinema Star
Silhouette Series*



THE newest fad for photoplay fans is the famous screen star silhouette series created by Miss Gene Ross, the paper and scissors artist who has cut the likenesses of many social and political celebrities. Lillian Gish and John Gilbert in a scene from "La Boheme" are the figures in the silhouette above. Below Miss Gish is shown as Mimi in this new cinematic production. Many silent drama devotees are cutting these silhouettes out and pasting them on their lampshades.





MOMENTS MUSICAL

By FLORA WARD HINELINE

JEFF Webb, manager of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, endeared himself to every man present at the luncheon given at Toledo Club by sponsors of Toledo's new symphony course at Keith's, when he declared at the outset of his speech that he couldn't "tell Brahms from a rainstorm."

Toledoans, for some reason or other, have always been over ready to confess to being low brows when it comes to music, have even bragged a bit of the fact and have actually run from the higher forms of musical culture, that is the male continent has, to say the least. So when the gentleman from the neighboring metropolis confessed to the same limitation he was at once acclaimed a good fellow and by that simple sentence probably did more for the cause of high-brow music in Toledo than any Gabilowitsches whatsoever could have done.

"Billy" Booker, who declared he had come to the luncheon in fear and trembling that this Detroitier would want to converse with him on the subject of sonatas, et cetera, took heart of grace on the strength of it and consented to become one of the board of directors for the new symphony series.

The personnel of the directorate supporting Miss Denton in the venture is as follows:

Thomas A. DeVilbiss, W. A. Goslin, J. D. Robinson, Alfred B. Koch, William M. Booker, Rev. Allen A. Stockdale, D. D., Mrs. J. K. Secor, Mrs. Cornell Walbridge, Mrs. Albro Blodgett, Frank S. Lewis, Joseph Pearlstein, Irving Macomber, Dr. Ignatius Kelly, Mrs. Frank D. Stranahan.

THAT membership in the Orchestral Society of Toledo is going to be considered the smart thing goes without saying. Mr. Pearlstein, who placed at the disposal of the society for the three concerts in the name of E. F. Albee, head of the Keith circuit, the Keith theater, said that he felt like apologizing for the theater because of its inadequate size for the large numbers certain to want to hear these concerts. It seats 1600 at that.

Mr. Pearlstein joshed the men present about dressing up for the concerts, telling them to dig the evening apparel out of the moth balls for everybody always dresses up at symphony concerts. Mr. Pearlstein little knew how popular he was making himself with the ladies, for to get her particular man into his evening clothes on any and every occasion is every woman's pride and joy.

The Orchestra Society's series will bring to Toledo three of the greatest symphony conductors with their justly celebrated orchestras. Ossip Gabilowitsch, conductor of the Detroit Symphony, is that city's proudest boast. Mr. Gabilowitsch ranks in the forefront of living pianists and for his performances at the keyboard is sufficiently distinguished.

Added to this is his work as conductor of the Detroit orchestra, which places him at the very fore-front of American musicians. He is Russian by birth, a cultured, genial gentleman, as well as a musician on Mount Parnassus.

Fritz Reiner, conductor of the Cincinnati orchestra, has won great favor as a conductor. He had had wide experience in conducting in Europe before coming to America and by many is considered among the greatest of those who wield the baton. He is a native of Budapest. He was in his youth a first-rate tympanist.

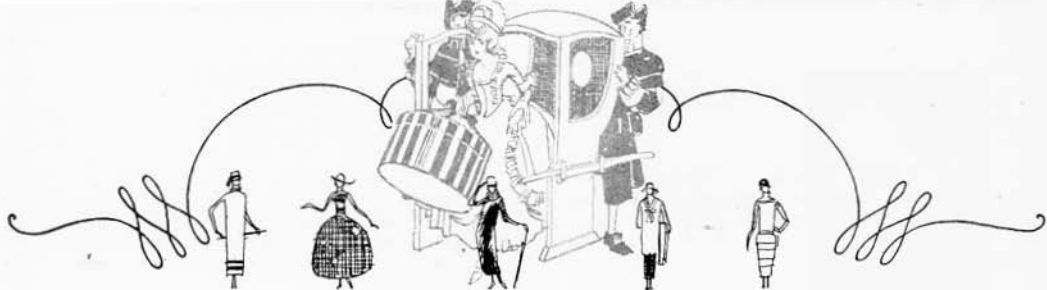
NIKOLAI Sokoloff, dynamic leader of the Cleveland forces, is more nearly American in origin than the others. He was educated in an eastern college and all his musical achievements have this country as a background. He has been guest conductor in London and his New York concerts each season are among the most successful given there. His record in building up the Cleveland orchestra to its present eminence is well known. Sokoloff was born in Russia, coming with his parents to America at an early age. He was a first violin before he became a conductor.

The method of the three men in conducting is as diverse as their physical appearance. Gabilowitsch is poetic, thoroughly musical in all his readings. Reiner, more quiet in his manner than some, impresses himself tremendously upon his men and upon his audiences—it is emphatically his reading and nobody's else he gives. Sokoloff is a dynamo of force, driving, compelling, coaxing the mood of his many instruments into a giant whole of strength and virility.

OH, it's a great treat Toledo is to have in store in the new symphony series, which its promoters already have decided to make perpetual here, hoping another season to increase the number of concerts, perhaps to double them. To Miss Denton's foresight and earnest desire to promote the best in music in Toledo must go the credit for organizing the course.

Latest of young Toledo folk to win honors in musical lines is Elizabeth Davies, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Davies, who appeared in the Ann Arbor May festival of this season in a two-piano number in which her playing was commented upon extravagantly. She is a pupil of Guy Maier of two-piano fame and expects to follow in his footsteps in concertizing for two pianos.

The coming of Marion Talley to open Bradford Mills' series at the Coliseum next season is an important event which is not being overlooked by the musically provident. The course is one well worth the hearing and it is to be expected that Toledo, like all other cities where she has appeared, will give Miss Talley a record house.



FASHIONS

Ritz Roof and Belmont Park

By JULIA COBURN

OF course spring never came, but summer looked at the calendar and said "Now or never." So two important things happened in New York the other day. The Ritz Roof opened the summer season of dinner-dancing, and the first races of the season were held at Belmont Park on Long Island.

Why should the readers of TOPICS be interested? Because the fashions worn at the races will foreshadow the sports clothes which Toledo fashionables will wear to our horse show and the polo games of the summer. And the evening costumes worn at the Ritz will be the types worn by smart Toledoans as they cross to Europe on large liners, or play at gay resorts this summer.

Here's what you might have seen beneath the yellow and green stripes that make a cool awninged canopy above the crowd that begins its summer amusement of dining nearer the stars of the Ritz Roof. You might have seen all this, if you were fashion-wise and fashion-curious, and more interested in fashion-ways than in the well-known ways of the people you were with.

COLOR is never the hesitant pastel thing of other summers. It commits itself and becomes very definitely one thing or the other. White stands out in all its silveriness. Black makes appearances that are boldly dark for summer wear, but extremely smart. Green strikes a dominant summer note—leaf greens, yellow-greens, and emerald greens—all the greens that find a place in the summer landscape. And red, too, is a color of evening chic. Clear bright red, and the deep wine-red of Chanel. And light beige, the creamy shade of tropic-tanned skin, makes a few cool-looking chiffon frocks.

In silhouette, the fashionable choice in evening frocks is still divided between the slim, sheer frock, often with floating draperies, and the slender sophisticated gown that sparkles with beads or sequins. The smartly dressed woman wears either one or the other, abandoning the voluminous robe de style on these occasions. There is too much dignity and stateliness in a robe de style for roof garden dancing. On summer nights, she wants to be cool and slim.

THE wrap that is as smart as it is large and square is worn by many young women. Originating with Rebox, it is destined for much popularity as an evening wrap during the summer. One young woman of extreme chic wears a velvet evening coat perfectly straight, with long tight sleeves and a neckline that is completely and smartly collarless.

Now for the races. Society, gathered within the exclusive white-fenced Turf and Field enclosure, represents the merging of the spring and summer seasons in the fashions it wears, and predicts a few possibilities for fall.

You won't believe it when I tell you, but a cool chilling wind brought two natural colored pony skin coats to the Turf and Field enclosure. The coats are fashioned on straight slim lines, with very narrow shawl collars, and sleeves that are cut on slightly wider lines than the sleeves of last season's fur coats. The sleeves in no way resemble the dolman, but the fact that they are wider indicates the influence of the dolman on the first fur mode for fall.

For the dolman is coming back. Watch it this fall! The races bring out the modified dolman in increasing numbers and in a widening range of fabrics. It appears not only in formal woollens and a few silk crepes, but also in homespun and small patterned tweeds for sportswear.

THE smart fashion on the cardigan jacket, the first collarless coat of the fashion field, is reproduced many times at the races in wool crepe or kasha, in both its short and three-quarter versions. Other coats of wool crepe, silk crepe, covert, broadcloth, or kasha discard collars, but sometimes use the collar of the dress to soften the collarless line of the coat.

Wide brimmed hats of milan or the lighter-in-weight balibuntal are strong in popularity and becomingness. Many come to the races. And many are worn to the most fashionable events on the social calendar. Black, natural and tan shades are the most important.

Mottled reptile leathers with neutral colored grounds and dark mottled surfaces fashion whole shoes or the trimmings of shoes. They are a compromise between light and dark. Therefore they blend happily with almost any costume color.