

TOLEDO TOPICS

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Toledo Topics

July, 1926

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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.

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Official Publication Toledo District Golf Association.



BENJAMIN H. BONNAR

Benjamin H. Bonnar, newly-chosen secretary of the Toledo Chamber of Commerce, comes to Toledo from Schenectady, New York, where he made an enviable record in community and business organization work. He has already made a very favorable impression in Toledo. Much of his effort so far has been directed towards securing from the membership here a working program for community activities. Bonnar is a keen sportsman and his especial outdoor hobby is yachting.



Town Talk



WITH the new one way streets and the new traffic signals at Collingwood and Bancroft street, Toledo is becoming very metropolitan. All we need now is a roof garden atop the Park Lane, a night club in the Mariposa room below the Nasby building, an elevated running out to Ottawa Park, a tube under the river to the East Side, and ——— a new Union Station.

TOLEDO cosmopolites donned their best bib and tuckers, went down to one of the popular terpsichorean halls, took a nip from their hip pocket flasks, closed their eyes, leaned back and listened to the music of Vincent Lopez and his orchestra the other evening and imagined they were night clubbing at the Casa Lopa in New York. And the best part of it all was that there was no fancy covert charge to hand over when it was all over.

THE most truthful Toledo merchant has been found. He is the proprietor of a cigar shop on Washington street who has had the following painted in large letters on his window: "Good Cigars—And A Few Bad Ones."



NEW YORKERS stopped, looked and listened the other day while a screaming police escort whizzed by. The parade consisted of one car, in which sat Gloria Swanson. It was later learned that the actress had gone to the City Hall to invite Mayor Walker to a party, and that His Honor had given her an escort so she wouldn't be late getting back to the studio. Well, Miss Swanson hasn't got a thing

on a certain Toledo divine who was recently given special police permission to speed from one wedding in Perrysburg to his own church so that he could marry two couples within an hour.



HAVE you noticed the great number of new magazines on the newsstands? Most of them are filled with art poses of the scantily clad Eves of the naked and naughty Broadway revues and are supposed to be issued for artists only. At least that is what we are told on the inside title page of most of them. And have you noticed how many more artists there are now than before these publications were founded?

THE first day of the horse show was one of those clammy, damp, cold, drizzly afternoons and the boxes instead of reflecting the latest in milady's torrid time mode, displayed the evolution of the rain coat. Every kind from the new flapper and shiek models to those of the vintage of 1903 could be discerned among the crowd. The male spectators were down in the mouth and wore hang-dog looks until someone with a suspicious looking hip pocket arrived. A director's meeting in the clubhouse was called. After it was over the sun came out and the entire proceedings took on a different aspect. 'Sfunny what wonders a nip of silver flask generale will work.

A PLAY titled "The Half Naked Truth" was recently launched amid the bright lights of Broadway. Toledo Topics hastens to inform the good people of the hinterland that Mr. Earl Carroll is in no manner associated with the production of this opus.

MR. PIERRE GENDRON, first name Leon when back among the home folk of our own metropolis, cinema portrayor and stage actor, has turned to playwriting and has had a comedy accepted for metropolitan production. It bears the title "Youth's Companion." In reply to a Western Union night letter sent him by Toledo Topics, Mr. Gendron, denies that Mr. Edward Browning, the Cendrrella man, was the inspiration for his new piece.

THE new traffic lights at Collingwood and Bancroft are proving to be a fine thing and motorists are obeying them religiously. But many wild drivers continue in their efforts to beat the stop signal of the silent policeman at Collingwood and Woodruff. Someday a serious accident is going to occur at this intersection because a hit and run speeder tried to cheat and cross the corner after the warning bulb had flashed. A little more courtesy and common sense driving should be enforced there.



IT looks like a great season for the maidens with light tresses. Anita Loos certainly started something when she penned "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and the blonde wig makers and henna manufacturers are thinking of paying her royalty. Lorelei Lee dolls are being shown in all the smart shops and local Shriners, back from Philadelphia, are telling of the first "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" song which they heard in a new musical comedy called "Queen High" in that burg during their recent convention.

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Town Talk

(continued from page 27)

CHICAGO is deeply interested in the *Chicagoan*, a new weekly publication just fostered there under the editorship of Marie Armstrong Hecht, formerly of the *Chicago Post*. The *Chicagoan* will take as its model—and it could do no better—the *New Yorker*. Our own townsfolk should also be keenly concerned in this new gazette as its editor is a former Toledo girl, the daughter of Mrs. Alexander Arnold of this city.

* * *

THE acme in novel and unique radio programs has been reached. It was one broadcast from Detroit recently and strange as it may seem "Valencia" wasn't sung or played once.—*The Editor*.

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.



FILL up your glasses men and let's drink to Parker Campbell, newly crowned kind of amateur golf in Ohio. The well known and popular player from the Country Club rose to his greatest links heights in the recent tournament over the beautiful, Westwood Country Club course at Cleveland and gave Toledo what it hasn't had in many, many years—a state amateur golfing champion.

Parker's victory is a most popular one and there was general rejoicing throughout the Toledo district after he had captured the title, for he not only proved himself a brilliant golfer at match play, but a real sportsman and links gentleman.

The blonde star not only gave the city a title holder and brought himself wide fame in middle western golf circles, but he won the gigantic Governor's cup for his club, and this huge and handsome trophy will occupy a place of honor in the up-river clubhouse for the next twelve months.

The Toledoan took the important event by defeating the veteran and skillful Joe Wells of East Liverpool, twice champion and five times a finalist, in one of the most courageous and thrilling matches ever played in the history of amateur golf in the state. The match went 40 holes before a decision was reached, the young local star annexing the championship when he sank his putt for a par three after his opponent, who is his close friend and companion at every tournament, missed his second putt and had to take a four.

Campbell was undoubtedly one of the darkest of the affair, but he has always been a dangerous player at match play and his triumph was a splendid achievement and was well earned. Though erratic off the tee he was deadly with his irons and his shots with his midiron and maschie up to the green and with his trusty putter after he had reached the velvety carpets around the pin, became the talk and sensation of the tourney. He was acclaimed by many golfing critics and experts attending the meet as the greatest iron player in the state.

Details of his courageous fight after Wells had come from behind and wiped out his lead, and of his ultimate victory, are now golfing history. Wells had several chances to crash through and take the title after he had squared the match, but he wasn't able to take ad-

vantage of his openings. Campbell also can count many places where Wells momentarily wavered and where he was unable to turn the error into a stroke in his favor. And so it is very unfair to Parker to say that Wells was off his game the slightest in the final round. The fact that both had cards of 80 for both rounds shows that the Toledo boy fought him toe to toe every minute of the match and won because he was able to perform brilliantly with his putter at just the time when a good shot was needed.

One Cleveland newspaper called Campbell a lucky champion. Lucky or not, it wasn't all luck that put him in the finals after disposing of such imposing players as Rocco, Wolcott, Sweitzer and Hasmann, the defending champion. And it wasn't all luck that won him the big event. It was his brilliant use of his iron clubs and his fine nerve and courageous-to-the-last spirit. And one must remember that there isn't a champion in any line of sport that wasn't helped to his title by what are commonly called the "breaks."

At the conclusion of the match Wells declared that he had never played against a finer gentleman or amateur. Campbell was royally feted at Westwood the night after he won the title and the members of the Country Club gave a big dinner in his honor shortly after his return.

So fill the glasses high and let's drink bottom-up to our new champion.



JULIAN BLANTON
of Heather Downs, Toledo
District open champion
for 1926.

JULIAN BLANTON, the young Heather Downs professional is the Toledo open champion for 1926. He won the title in the first annual tournament staged by the Toledo Professional Golfer's Association over four courses last month. Blanton's aggregate for the 72 holes was 305. He scored an 80 at the Country Club, a 72 over his own course, a 79 at Sylvania, and a 74 at Inverness. Jimmy Kenney, well liked Sylvania instructor, was Blanton's closest rival with 307. Joseph Kurek, youthful public links star and present Toledo District champion, led the amateurs with rounds of 83, 78, 86 and 83 for 330.

(Continued on page 40)

Toledo District Golf Gossip

(continued from page 8)

JIMMY Kenney, Sylvania, will be the lone Toledoan to carry the city's colors in the national open tourney at Scioto this month. Kennedy was the only one of six Toledo pros to qualify in the 36 hole qualifying test at Willowick, Cleveland, for the Ohio District cracks. Kenney had a 76 for his first round, but came back with a sensational par 70 for his second round which gave him a total of 146. Jack Thompson, of Congress Lake, led the pack with 141. Alec Cunningham with 76-77—153, Julian Blanton with 79-75—154 and Tom Currie with 77-78—155 were just outside the charmed circle.

* * *

INVERNESS golfers, with a total of 693 for the eight players on the team, took the lead in the first medal play round in the Toledo District Golf Association team matches at Inverness last month. Harold Weber and Frank Weber led the Dorr Street club's team with 82 each. Sylvania was second with 742, the Country Club third with 761, Highland Meadows fourth with 764 and the Toledo Golf Club fourth with 780. Ray Miller led the Sylvanians with 86 and Lester Howard and Ed Grolle each turned in 87's. Parker Campbell was the leader of the Country Club with 83. Joe Kurek, of the Toledo Golf Club, had the same score and led his team.

Three Class B teams played the Country Club course, Inverness leading with 727, the Mohawk Club of Tiffin second with 748 and Heather Downs coming third with 775.

Inverness also led in the Class C competition at Ottawa Park, with 754 for the 18 holes. The Adrian team was second with 766 and Fremont third with 779. J. H. Bel-

lows led the Inverness team with 83 and Eddie Bayer the Heather Downs eight with 86.

Several out-of-town players shot excellent games. Kennedy, of the Tiffin team, made the Country Club course in 83 and Moore of the same team took 84. The best score made on the Ottawa course also went to a visiting player, C. G. Wood, of Adrian, with 86. Right behind him were R. P. Watts, of the same club, and Willis Day, of Inverness, each with 87. W. S. Dunbar of the Fremont Club, made 88 and A. R. Christy, of Fremont, scored 90.

Another round in this event was played on July 2 at Sylvania. The third will be held at the Country Club on August 13th. The finals are scheduled for August 20th and 27th.

* * *

THE first annual golf tourney held by the Chamber of Commerce was a huge success at Sylvania last month and it was voted to make the affair one of the big golfing events of each season.

W. Lloyd Hixon won the gold trophy in the low medal championship play with a 79. C. O. Lasley took the silver trophy awarded for second place with an 80. Phelps Berdan, with 81, and Fred Preece with 82, were third and fourth placers, respectively.

In the handicap championship play, in which each golfer set his own handicap against a blind par ranging from 68 to 76, Otto Fehn carried off first honors. Carl Hartman was second and Dr. J. W. Hartshorn was third.

Sandy Houston won the putting contest, being closely pressed by Irving Franks, Jack Russell and Phelps Berdan, who finished in the order named.

George Urschell, William Bardo, L. J. Sears and Wil-

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Toledo District Golf Gossip

(Continued from page 40)

William Gradolph drew lucky numbers and walked off with the prizes for the lucky gross.

William Gradolph won the prize offered for the high gross, while H. E. Mills was winner of the award for high net. John Whelan took care of the gallon of ice cream for the low net score.

* * *

TOLEDO will be the mecca for all of the feminine golfing stars of the state this month when the annual tournament of the Ohio Women's Golf Association will be held at Inverness during the week of the twelfth. Louise Fordyce, the sensational Youngstown miss who is one of the very top ranking golfers in the country, has entered and her play in the event will be closely watched. Mrs. Linton Fallis, Mrs. A. B. Newell, Miss Mary Hauck, Mrs. George Greenhalgh and other of Toledo's women stars will compete.

* * *

MRS. Linton Fallis, formerly Miss Helen Tillotson, of the Inverness Club, was the medalist in the Toledo Women's Golf Association's annual championship meet at Sylvania with a fine card of 89. Miss Mary Hauck, the little 16 year old marvel from Sylvania, was second with 90.

Wins State's Greatest Golfing Title



Two Views of The New Ohio Amateur Champion

In the photograph above Parker Campbell, the Country Club's noted young golfer, who won the State Championship at Westwood, is shown with the trusty putter that won him the title on the fortieth green of the final match. In the photograph at the left Campbell has just put one dead to the pin with his brassie from 200 yards down the fairway.

"BEVO"

By ROBERT A. FRENCH

THE right field bleachers at Swayne Field boast an unwavering patronage this year. Crowds in other sections of the stands may wax or wane as the fortunes of Casey Stengel's warriors brighten or grow dim, but the right field seats hold steadily to their popularity.

Early in the season it was whispered about that there was an attraction for the right field denizen which could be shared by fans in no other vantage point. Singly, in pairs, and in groups, Toledoans tried the experiment, and many of them say the glare of summer's hottest sun will see them perched out there, rather than under the shadows and girders of the grand stand.

Dewitt LeBourveau, known to fame as Bevo, is the reason. You can see this dynamic young man perform from other parts of the parks, and his efforts to win the old ball game, on which he puts 99 per cent of his energy and thought, is enough of an inducement, until you understand you're missing something.

Bevo thinks out loud in right field, and he thinks quite a bit every afternoon. His running fire of comment on the game, and his eloquent opinion of every happening, float no farther than the nearby bleacher stand.

PRIMARILY, of course, the folks come out to see the ball game. They come to see Veach, Bevo, Maguire, Groh, and all the rest of them. They haven't any time for the player who tries to talk his way into prominence. But when a player can deliver as Bevo has done, then his comments are worth something, and the "gang" wants to hear them.

So they have discovered LeBourveau. He was first discovered out in the bushes somewhere by Larry Sutton scouting for the Philadelphia Nationals. Larry is a veteran with a remarkable record for uncovering youngsters and sending them to the big show. The public may not know of Sutton, but major league managers do. A word from him is sometimes worth a fortune. With a nod he can send 16 big league clubs scrambling after some obscure youth on some neglected sandlot.

Larry it was who coaxed Napoleon Lajoie to come down from the driver's seat of a hack in Fall River and go to Philadelphia, where he blossomed as one of the game's greatest stars. Sutton saw Grover Alexander pitch for Syracuse and signed him for the Phillies, and he has been a pitching wonder in all the long seasons since.

FIVE or six years ago, on a hot summer day, I was standing in the back of the grandstand in the old Kansas City ball park, waiting for the Mud Hens to start their scheduled onslaught on the Blues. Hustling through the entrance gate came the venerable Sutton. His whole being was near to bursting with the jubilation and the effects of suppressing great news.

"Boy, oh boy!" he half whispered as he approached, his voice trembling with the importance of the announcement. "I've just seen the greatest young ball player since Larry Lajoie, out in the sticks. And what's more I've signed him up for the Phillies."

"What's his name?" I asked. When Sutton talked like this, he must have seen something.

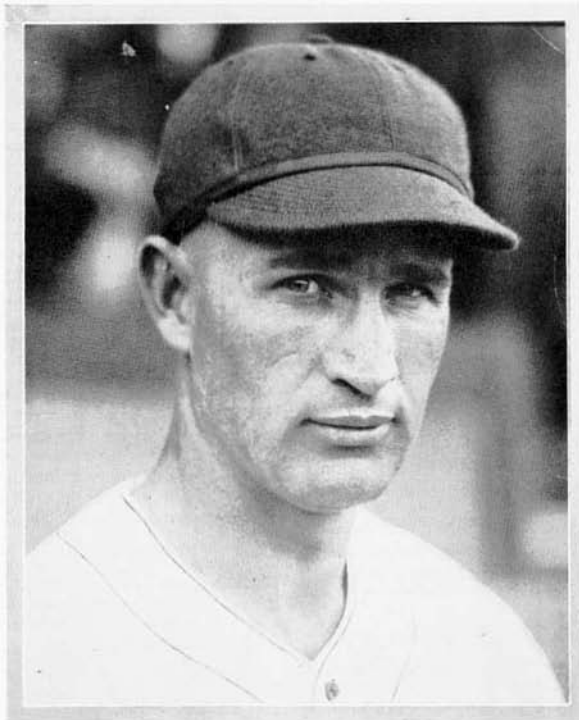
"Funny thing, he's got a French name, like Lajoie. You'll soon hear of him a plenty—LeBourveau, don't forget."

"What's his first name, Alphonse or Gaston?"

"That's funny, too. I never heard his first name. They all call him Bevo. And believe me, Bevo sure has a kick."

They've been calling him Bevo ever since. Sentenced to a tail end ball club, he was fortunate in being given a chance for a new start. He went to Nashville, where he formed part of a future great outfield. His co-workers there were Hazen Cuyler, great star of the champion Pittsburgh Pirates, and the sensational Lance Richbourg, now with Milwaukee.

Toledo took its first look at LeBourveau the following year, when he was with Kansas City. He came here this spring in exchange for Fred Nicholson.



Dewitt "Bevo" LeBourveau

"Bevo"

(continued from page 13)

BEVO has about every natural qualification a ball player needs. He can hit the ball a terrific punch, his eye is keen as the proverbial hawk's. He has a wonderful throwing arm and in addition his pegs are accurate. He is a flash on the bases and in the outfield. He has a tendency at times to be careless in his judgment of fly balls, but when he gets his hands on the ball it rarely gets away.

Bevo has plenty of that prime essential for any sport of combat—gameness. He never loses his confidence in himself in a trying situation. With two strikes on him he is at his best. Many a fine hitter loses his punch when two strikes have been called. Going after the third one for all you are worth under these conditions takes plenty of nerve. The fact that LeBourveau has hit most of his long drives with two strikes hanging over him shows how he cuts loose on his last chance.

Bevo is a showy player, he could not well help being one. He is always working for the team, nevertheless. During the days when he was piling up his record of hitting safely in 23 straight games, he was always ready to sacrifice when called upon.

ON the day he had run his string to 18 straight, Bevo came up in the eighth inning without having made a hit. There was little chance of him getting another crack at the ball. The score was tied, there was a runner on second, and no one out. A sacrifice was the logical play. For LeBourveau to sacrifice would ruin his last chance to continue his great record. But he "laid down" his bunt unhesitatingly. So fast did he sprint to first, however, that he beat the throw to the bag, and drew a hit instead of a sacrifice, thus keeping his record safe.

In Minneapolis, after the Millers had won four straight games from Columbus this spring, they were stopped by Toledo in a game in which the terrific hitting of LeBourveau, including a home run and a triple, did much to wreck Kelley's crew.

I ran onto Bevo in the hotel just after the game. He was standing at the clerk's desk, apparently in deep and gloomy meditation, his chin resting on his hand.

"What were you trying to do out there today?" I said as a sort of start to congratulations.

"Trying to do? I'll tell you what I did do. I busted both my bats."

That was his only comment on the game, though newsboys were running through the hotel with extras telling of his batting feat. He never appears affected by a big day at bat or in the field.

BUT what does he say, out there in the field, when he thinks out loud? Well, it's different every day, something like this perhaps as he walks out and pulls on his glove, notices that Bill Spang is at bat, and becomes immersed in the game, forgetting his loyal audience:

"What's Bill think he can do up there, I wonder? He couldn't hit Lake Erie if he fell off the Greyhound. Bill, you've got no more use for that bat than a fish has for a pair of rubber boots. Look out now, Mac, don't get yourself in a hole.

"Hit that one, Bill—no I take that back, it was a little high. Gee, that's three balls. Now watch him hit the cripple—there it goes.

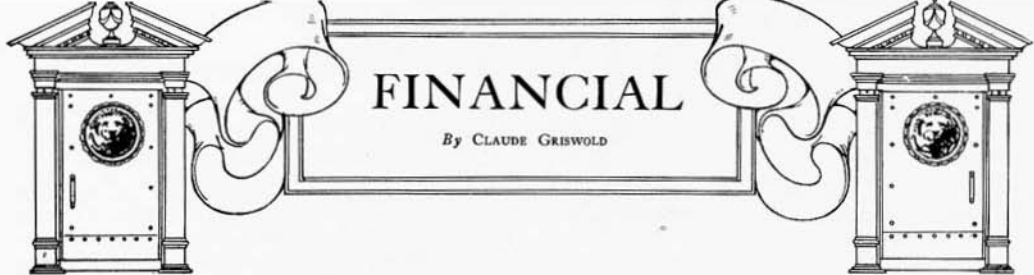
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"Bevo"

(Continued on page 41)

"Well Bill, you hit yourself a double. Get your cap back on—you need to keep covered up, there's a woodpecker coming over. Here's little Heinie up now. Mac, if you happen to throw the ball where Heinie happens to be swinging he may hit it. Well, Heinie's out, and look who's here—Old Tom. Wow—he hit 'er all right. That's mine—keep away—lemme alone—I got it."

And Bevo gets it in a manner which draws the applause of his admirers, who already are classing him with the few selects in Toledo's all-time Hall of Fame—with Howard Camnitz, Charley Hickman, Ray Chapman, Jimmy Middleton, Bill Lamar and Bobby Veach—players who can be described by that much abused and overworked adjective—"colorful."



THERE'S a whale of a difference between a tidal wave and a five-foot splash of a Lake Erie squall and by the same token snappy rallies in bear stock markets don't constitute the beginning of a new bull market no matter how convincing they may look.

June,—synonymous to all properly inspired romancers of the poetic twist as the month of roses, brides and summer hopes—was a tremendous inning for the bull in stocks and optimism hit the ceiling of delight.

But as the month began to expire, the markets started to weaken and the super-manipulators of high-pressure Wall Street lost the punch that hoisted General Motors, Steel common and other speculative satellites to new highs for the year.

Hence, the mighty, ponderous prognosticators of "the street's" future, waxed more hard-boiled in their opinions regarding the July horoscope and resorted to the injunction of that supreme cynicism of the economic moron:—

Caveat Emptor—"Let the buyer beware!"

\$ \$ \$

FROM whatever angle the June recovery in securities might be analyzed, it summed itself down to one big factor—an insatiable investment demand. It was a case of hungry dollars looking for safe, easy jobs.

The plethora of money, the millions of wealth seeking investment for yield, poured into many speculative stocks after most bonds and other gilt-edge securities had advanced to such an extent as to make the yield decidedly unattractive.

That accounted for the strength of most railroad stocks and bonds,—especially the shares of old-line roads of sound rating and the firmness and scarcity in offerings of good preferreds.

\$ \$ \$

IT was this sort of buying that lifted many of the local preferred shares such as those of Owens Bottle, Libbey Owens, National Supply, Ohio Bell Telephone and others. It accounted for the strength in Owens Bottle common although the strong background of earnings, which were running 20 per cent above the record-breaking average of 1925, stimulated the advance.

\$ \$ \$

ELECTRIC-AUTO Lite spurted from the low sixties to a high of 71 but sagged off later when buying failed to follow through. The more sanguine dopesters had it figured that Auto-Lite would sell above 100 by next spring although the same thing was said last winter when many bought it between 75 and 80.

Of course, optimism regarding speculative possibilities of the stock is more or less sustained by reports that the stock is to be placed on an \$8 regular basis before next spring and

that the company will pay off its \$1,500,000 obligation for the purchase of American Bosch units from earnings by next December.

\$ \$ \$

STRENGTH in Willys Overland common was due to the company's strong trade and financial position and prospects that the common would be placed on a dividend basis soon.

Indications pointed to the fact that earnings for the first six months after charges but before taxes would easily exceed \$8,000,000 or more than \$2.50 earned on the common after preferred dividend requirements.

Earnings for May, which amounted to \$2,531,839, exceeded the estimate of President John N. Willys while the total for both April and May was \$4,644,024. June was expected to show \$3,000,000 or better.

The company further strengthened its position by retiring \$745,000 of its outstanding preferred stock while bonded indebtedness was cut to \$7,000,000, it was announced.

The big public response that met announcement of the new Overland Whippets, a four cylinder, light car that represents an importation of European ideas in construction, economy, speed and design, was expected to be a large factor in sustaining earnings during the third quarter. The Whippets are a radical departure in American motor car manufacture and are priced to compete with other makes of light cars selling between \$600 and \$800.

\$ \$ \$

THE oils and rails have had their fling in this market but now the entire market structure has settled down to a point that will more closely watch trade developments and weigh technical factors.

Prospects favor easy money during July and August but this will be a favorable influence mainly on good dividend paying stocks. The more speculative shares are likely to have a reactionary spell that may cancel vacation trips for some marginal players who become too far extended.

It is unlikely, according to the best opinion, that the public can be teased into the market on a scale large enough to sustain a rising market the rest of the summer.

\$ \$ \$

BUSINESS, however, is not going to the bow-ows. It is going to be good in many ways although at a somewhat slower pace and in smaller volume than the first half. There is no serious depression ahead.

Business and commodity prices may recede slightly further but it will not be in any danger of giving the commercial brain the jim-jams.

SOCIETY



By Sally Ames

SOOCIETY is quiescent once more after a hectic June whirl. Brides and horse-shows, teas and golf matches, farewell bridges and luncheons, all combined to make the past month one of super-activity.

The favorite topic of young, and not so young, for the past few months has not lost its appeal even yet, and Toledoans are still buzzing over the tea cups about our dazzling collection of June brides.

Surely it is difficult to remember when there have been so many charming and socially important weddings following each other in close sequence as in this June of 1926. It is rumored that a very contagious marriage germ is at large in Toledo's young "deb" colony, and that as yet all efforts to arrest it have been futile, perhaps because no one sincerely wants to stop it. At any rate this rapidly spreading epidemic is keeping society keyed up in a pleasurable state of excitement and suspense, and one of the new indoor sports is a speculative game of "Who will connect with whom—and how soon?"

We may now add to the list of young Toledo society matrons the names of Mrs. Lewis Bentley, Mrs. Arthur Lorenz Baker, Mrs. Linton Fallis, Mrs. Norman Foley, Mrs. William Nagel, Mrs. William Carr, and Mrs. Stanley Mauk. Mrs. Orville Leslie Jones, formerly Miss Jane Truesdall, has left us to reside in Wallace, Idaho. Mrs. Jones has been a popular member of Toledo society. Mrs. Donald Crandall nee Clapp, will take up the life of a naval officer's life in Seattle. The many friends of the former Virginia Rheinfrank, now Mrs. Norman Foley, will be interested to know that Dr. Foley

is to take his internship under Dr. Rheinfrank at Perrysburg. "Jinno" and "Norm" had planned to live in Ann Arbor, but it will now be possible for them to reside in Perrysburg.

TO those who have never attended a military wedding, Peg Clapp and Don Crandell's was quite an innovation. Most of the ushers were classmates of Don's from Annapolis, and there was no question of "Button, button, who's got the button" at this affair—they all had them, thousands of gorgeous gold buttons running up and down their naval dress uniforms.

Our June brides proved themselves to have endurance qualities that a Dempsey might well envy. After a crowded series of day and evening entertainments, each one was fresh and blooming on her wedding day. It seemed that society could do scarcely enough to pay tribute to its popular members about to don the bridal veil, and those who were responsible for the "donning." Miss Lucy Mather's tea, June 10, Miss Gertrude Witker's buffet luncheon of the same date, the Misses Kathryn and Josephine Randolph's luncheon, June 14, Mrs. Charles Peckam's dinner dance at the Park Lane, June 14, Mr. James Bell's dinner dance, June

17, Mrs. Arthur Lorenz Baker's luncheon June 21, Mr. Gerald Baker's clever hobo party, June 21, and Mr. William Knight's dinner dance June 22, were only a few of the many pre-nuptial entertainments.

JUNE was also a gala month for Toledo florists. Flowers were imported from far and near, so great was the



MISS GERTRUDE WITKER

Who Leaves July 7 for a Houseparty at Long Island, New York.



Photo by C. L. Lewis

Mrs. Orville Leslie Jones, and attendants. Mrs. Jones was the former Jane Truesdall, and her wedding was a brilliant event of June 16.

demand for the floral fairest for the fair. Bridal bouquets of orchids and lilies were hilariously hurled after every wedding, and damsels thrilled by the orange blossom atmosphere struggled to catch the floating flowers. Mary Campbell, a notable example of the old adage that the next to wed is she who catches the bridal bouquet, caught Hilda Grosh's gorgeous bridal cluster. Her engagement followed almost immediately, so seriously does she take her omens.

There is much interest in the announcement of the engagement of Miss Phylis Wendell Friend, to Mr. G. Mitchell Woodbury. The news was made known at an attractive dinner, given by Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Sampson at the Toledo Club, Saturday, June 12.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Francis Thomas have announced the engagement of their daughter Lucille, to Mr. Eben J. MacKenzie.

Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Leonard Briggs have announced the engagement of their daughter Dorothy Holmes, to C. Philip Hendrickson, son of Mr. Neil Hendrickson, New York.

TOLEDO's Horse Show was voted an overwhelming success, in spite of the apparent antagonism of the elements on the opening day. Perhaps the rain was a special order for those who had new and original "slickers," to intrigue the eye. The second day brought the record attendance however, and all society swarmed en masse to applaud the splendid showing in horsemanship of Toledo's many skilled riders. It was quite a cosmopolitan gathering of thoroughbreds which assembled for exhibition, as horses from all over the world were entered. Helen Lipe gave spectators a thrill by tumbling from her mount, but there is no evidence to show that she has missed a thing by it, as the sub-deb set of

which she is a popular member is quite the life of Toledo society these days.

TOLEDO is developing quite a European colony, as well as being notably represented at Au Sable, Wequetonsing, Bass Rock, and other popular resorts. Those few who have elected to stay in our Lotus city all summer are sure of having a large and diversified collection of souvenir postcards at the end of the current season. Among those who have left us to seek the attractions in Europe are the Eugene Rheinfranks with their son and daughters, Lamson, Anne and Laura, Mr. R. J. West and son, James, Dr. and Mrs. O. W. Moot, Mr. Norman Hascall and son Norman, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Otto Marx, Mrs. Frederick Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Cady and daughter Suzanne, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Collins, Mrs. May King, Judge and Mrs. Silas Hurin, Mrs. C. D. Briggs, Miss Josephine Blair, Miss Mary Blair, Miss Betty Carr, Dr. and Mrs. I. E. McKesson, Mr. C. C. Whitmore, Miss Helen Whitmore, and the Misses Julia, Alice, and Matilda Campbell.

AND now it is adieu that must be bid to society's whirl of entertainments. For some the summer will mean a much needed rest, a coat of tan proudly acquired on the golf links, and some refreshing dips in one of the various club pools. To others it will mean the excitement of placing the wedding gifts in just the right spot in the shiny rooms of the "bride-and-groomey" home or apartment. For a fortunate number it will spell the magic word of "travel"—to see for the first time perhaps, the mysteries of the old world. But to all of us it will mean summer, and whether we drink our lemonade in Paris, France, or Paris, Illinois, it will be a vacation somewhere—sometime—and we welcome it.



MRS. WILLIAM NAGEL, JR., AND THE ATTENDANTS AT HER WEDDING IN TOLEDO

The former Miss Helen Lomasney, the bride, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Heywood, and her husband is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Nagel, also of Toledo. Miss Esther Marie Cochran of Youngstown was maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Carolyn Nagel, Miss Virginia Secor, Miss Dorothy Foote (who has since become the bride of Mr. William Carr), Miss Martha Brooks of Youngstown, Miss Betty Hitchcock of Youngstown and Mrs. Phelps Berdan.

A GROUP OF RECENT BRIDES



C. L. LEWIS

Mrs. Donald Grandell, and her sister, Miss Kathryn Clapp, her only attendant. Mrs. Grandell who was Miss Margaret Clapp was married June 8.

Mrs. Norman Foley, whose marriage was solemnized June 16. Before her marriage Mrs. Foley was Miss Virginia Rheinfrank.



BACHRACH

Mrs. Hubert Woodbury, and attendants, whose wedding was a charming event of May 29.

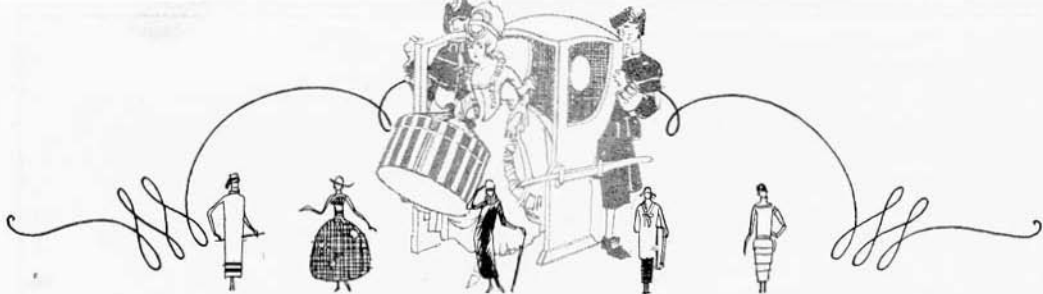




MRS. WILLIAM P. CARR AND THE ATTENDANTS AT HER WEDDING IN TOLEDO

BACHRACH

The former Dorothy Foote is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Foote and her husband is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Carr, also of Toledo. Mrs. Arthur Lorenz Baker was matron of honor, Miss Ethel Rathbun maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Betty Carr, Miss Cordelia Foster, Miss Katherine Boward, Miss Elaine Scott, Miss Martha Bergin and Miss Nell Rathbun.



FASHIONS

Sports and Week Ends Make Summer Fashions

By JULIA COBURN

“WHAT will there be to say about fashions all summer?” someone asked the other day. What is there to say about the weather? The answer is, that there's always something; and while the weather repeats the same old stuff, fashion is always new. So, for this midsummer message, we're going to tell you of some introductions and tendencies that mean quite a little now,—and they may mean more later. Fashion's always coming from somewhere, and going somewhere. These points are an outgrowth of some fashion features with which we are familiar, and an indication of some which may be more important in the future.

PRINCIPALLY PLEATS

FROM the narrowest pleated fluting to the allover pleated dress or coat, the smartest coats and frocks are taking a pleated path to chic. Box pleats are often sewed down horizontally; cluster pleats show a series of inverted pleats placed one upon the other; French pleats are very fine and very narrow; side pleats are often used as a side-kick to box pleats; pointed pleats have a tailored arrow at the top for finish; simulated pleats are made by fine tucks at wide intervals.

FABRIC FLOWERS

THE Chanel idea of making the shoulder flower a part of the dress or coat by fashioning it of the same material, has extended to making a flower of the coat lining fabric when the fabric is visible. They may now be purchased separately, in georgette or chiffon, to match a frock or its accessories.

ALL-OVER SHIRRING

COPIES of Chanel's all-over shirred frock are infinitely becoming to the straightly slim when made of filmy georgette in a lovely pastel shade. Watch for shirring on the coats this fall. It's on the fashion horizon!

MORE MURMURS OF MAUVE

SOFT blues, especially those with a note of mauve, are gaining in popularity.

HALF PEARLS!

LARGE half pearls in graduated or regular size make choker necklaces that can lie flat against slim necks. In this way pearls of larger size can be worn without giving a clumsy look that so many necklaces of large beads show.

THE LAWS OF THE LARGE HAT

NOW that it really is accepted, the large hat has made for itself some rather definite fashion laws:

1. It must be simple.
2. It must not droop too much.
3. It must be worn well forward, never on the back of the head, or tilted to one side.
4. It must just touch the fox-fur, if one is worn, thrown over one shoulder. The brim of the hat and the fur barely meet.

Watch for the large hat to appear in velvet early in the fall.

SO MANY SWEATER COSTUMES!

THE revival of the sweater has come with a rush. One at a time, or worn in two's—the knitted vogue has served to make the knit coat immensely popular.

THE CARDIGAN JACKET

BEGINNING as a simple tailored sweater, it has extended its influence to suits and frocks, the jacket and skirt made of contrasting color.

MENTIONING MOIRE

MOIRE is embarking upon a fashion career that is predicated to be brilliant. Watch its rise—for hats, for coats, and for frocks.

THE DELIGHTFUL DOLMAN

REMEMBER those voluminous wraps in which we enveloped ourselves when they first took the buttons off of coats? They're coming back. There is a distinct dolman wave on the way from Paris. One version, of sheer georgette, is already here. It is a wide-sleeved, wrappy coat that tapers the breadth of its sleeves to a narrow tight cuff. It is worn in parchment over a matching georgette frock.

The dolman influence will in all probability extend to the fur coats shown this fall. Watch it!

VELVET HATS

SMALL snug-fitting velvet hats in the new deep bright colors, and black, already are worn with printed and plain chiffon frocks for summer evening dancing.

Summer Fashions as Shown By The Screen Stars

—

Four Beauties from the Metro Studio display the very latest in summer sport and afternoon wear.

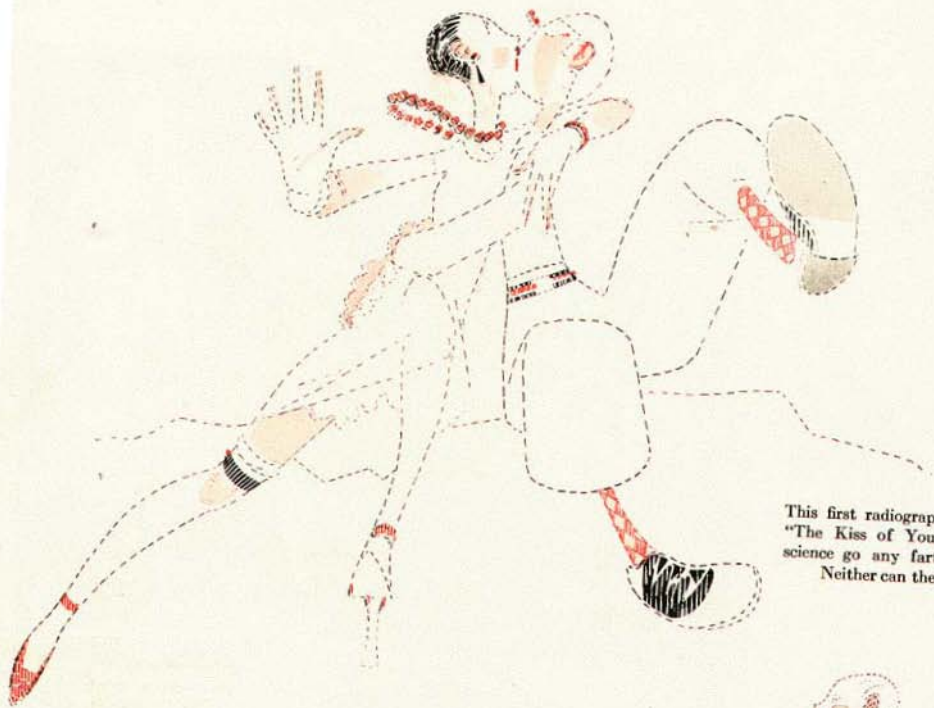


AT THE UPPER LEFT—Norma Shearer is shown in an attractive sport outfit which is the very latest word in sweater and cap. It is properly termed the "Shearerwear."

AT THE UPPER RIGHT—Pauline Starke is shown in a smart two-piece sport dress of white canton crepe bordered with red and white printed crepe.

AT THE LOWER LEFT—Lovely Claire Windsor is wearing a woguish polka dot scarf and hat with a very chic sport frock of plain crepe.

AT THE LOWER RIGHT—Eleanor Boardman is wearing a charming afternoon outfit consisting of the popular large hat, especially woguish this season, a light scarf, and a practically sleeveless dress.



This first radiograph is called "The Kiss of Youth." Can science go any farther? No. Neither can the kiss.

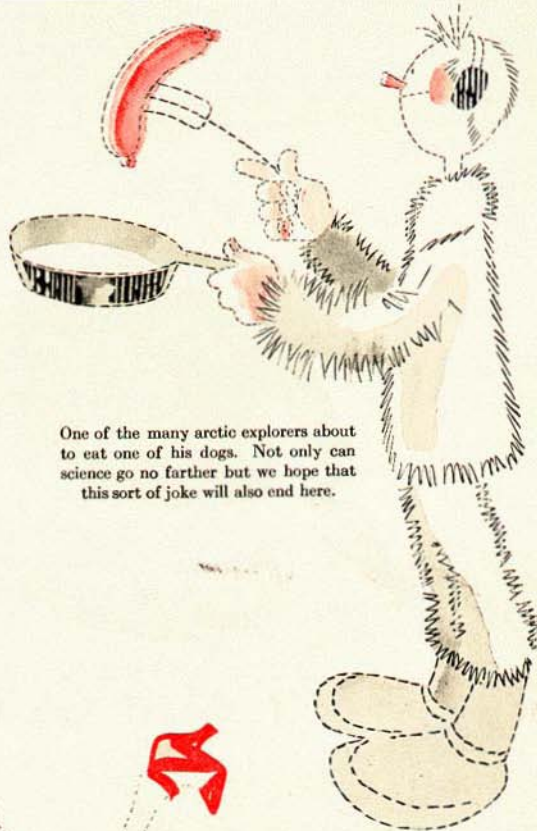
RADIO PICTURES

Transmitted direct to the D. A. C. NEWS
from the studio of John Held, Jr.,
at Westport, Connecticut.

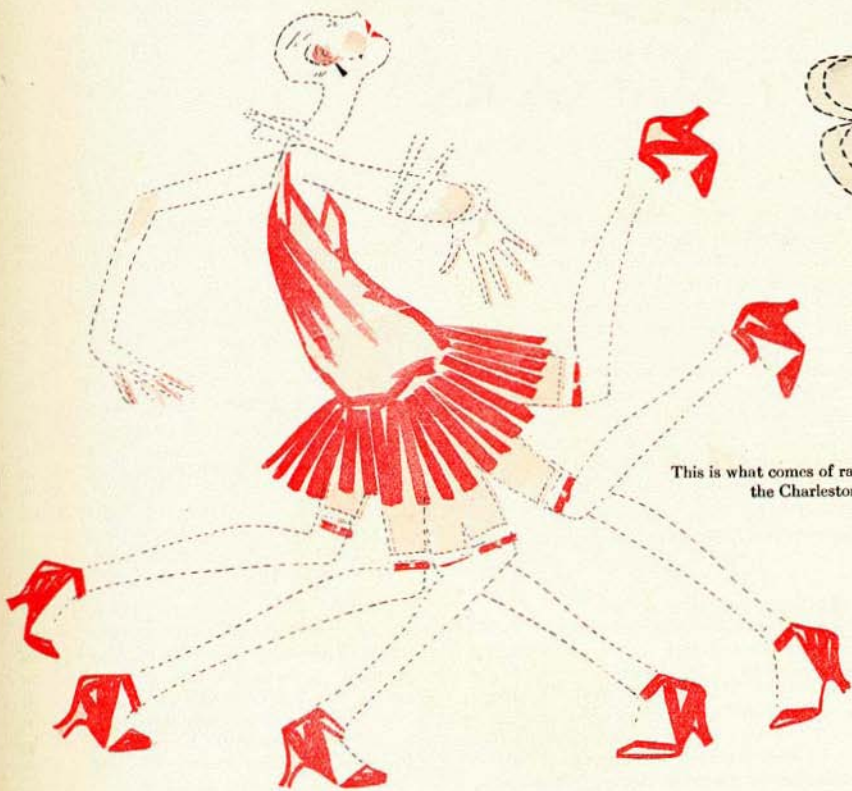
Heavens! Will wonders never cease?

A modern young lady giving her boy
friend the air and transmitting a large
blue radiograph.





One of the many arctic explorers about to eat one of his dogs. Not only can science go no farther but we hope that this sort of joke will also end here.



This is what comes of radiographing the Charleston.

How did you like Raquel Meller?

So, so. Have you seen the Flea Circus?

Ruth Draper has got 'em all skinned



CALM OURSELVES

By DON HEROLD

THERE has been a little too much excitement about Raquel Meller. Everybody please sit down, and let's see just where we are. Señorita Meller is a nice, quiet, refined girl, with plenty of poise, and a good way of making her audience wait until she is ready to do her stuff, and she has a bunch of tuneful little Spanish ditties, but as for her show's being an epoch-making international artistic cataclysm, it isn't. It is an hour and forty-five minutes of mild, restful entertainment. If you had happened on it accidentally and had paid about two dollars and twenty cents for your seat, you would probably remark to your friends the next day that you had discovered a most charming young singer (of medium-fair voice and considerable personality).

Maybe I was mad when I went. I do not like the promotion methods of the gentry of Morris Gest and E. Ray Goetz. They appeal to the sophisticated sucker—and get him. The Meller presentation of Mr. Goetz, for example, has all the vulgarity of a thirty-foot Fifth Avenue show window devoted exclusively to one silver-buckled slipper. Opening night prices of twenty-five dollars dollars (with most of the tickets no doubt given away) set the whole town agog. (Why not make 'em \$250, Mr. Goetz?) And all the old "have the honor to present" advertising. Ushers (Vassar graduates, for all I know) especially dressed in white Spanish costumes. Souvenir books at a dollar or so. Meller dolls at three dollars each. A program containing

a half-dozen pages of explanations of the songs, important notices, warnings, helpful hints, and advice. And matinée performances beginning at 3:15. All these things resolve themselves into banana oil, say I.

Unfortunately (for the señorita), I happened to see Ruth Draper, for the first time, the same week that the miracle-Meller came to town. Ruth Draper, who has not even a piano player to raise her curtain; Ruth Draper, who shifts her own scenery, such as it is; Ruth Draper, who gives herself every possible disadvantage. You know her well in Toledo, so I hope you kept cool if you saw the Spanish lady. No show I have seen this season has given me the sustained, satisfactory thrill that I had at a Draper matinee. I am about to break down and say that she reflects life and that Meller does not. Ruth Draper gave me one wrench after another, and I said to a friend of mine on the way out (Mrs. Herold): "This is better than any ten Broadway shows I have seen this winter."

Most plays are such a waste. They take two hours and a half to present a fifteen-minute idea. Ruth Draper takes fifteen minutes. Most plays use ten to thirty people; Ruth Draper uses one. There is an economy of line in her work that makes a thrilling appeal to anybody who has made even an elementary study of cartooning. Next year, I will be right on the front row every time Ruth Draper makes Man-

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hattan. (For one thing, to start with, she's about as good a writer as Ring Lardner, which is saying a lot.)

"The Flea Circus"

One of the best things on Broadway now is the Flea Circus on West Forty-second street. Broadway is one of the few streets in the world which extend a few blocks down each of the cross streets which they intersect. But names mean nothing in New York any more. Madison Square Garden is a couple of miles from Madison Square, and it would not surprise me if Grant never saw Grant's Tomb.

But there is a sad side to the Flea Circus. The whole secret of training a flea is in breaking his spirit. This takes a month. For a whole month he is attached to a thin chain and put on a little platform where he must learn that his jumping days are over. After that he can be taught to draw cannon, turn merry-go-rounds, and dance. The Flea Equity, if there be one, should do all it can to ease the mental agony of a flea during its breaking period, or at least see that it is supplied with good reading matter such as *Dogdom* and *The National Geographic Magazine*.

Here are a few flea facts which I gleaned at a performance the other evening. It takes twenty minutes to dress a flea, if you are expert. Each flea in the circus wears a tiny wire around its neck, which must not be tight enough to choke. The fleas are handled with tweezers, like jewelry, by their trainer. A flea can move two thousand times its own weight. Each flea is fed twice a day from its trainer's arm.

Debs, sub and subway, are flocking to the Flea Circus these days. It is a smart place to go.

"The Sport of Kings"

Sometimes those plays centered around some eccentric old personality are all right, if the eccentric old personality gets over—otherwise they are apt to be just so many more side-whisker enterprises. O. P. Heggie frequently succeeds ad-

mirably in the hard job of keystone in such plays, but I feel that in "The Sport of Kings" his work is largely elocution. He says his lines looking off into space, as if he himself were not entirely sold on the job at hand. The play is written in a very booky way so that its speeches are almost necessarily recitations, and the author, Ian Hay Beith, has not helped much by making his troupe play every line hard. The cook keeps her nose up a little too determinedly and the butler holds his neck stiff much too conscientiously. The story concerns itself with a bet which a race track follower makes with a friend that he can induce a certain stern old gentleman to put money on a horse within a week. I did not stay the week out, so cannot report final developments.

"Bride of the Lamb"

The most outstanding piece of unpleasant pleasure of recent weeks is "The Bride of the Lamb." The critics all got hoarse about it when it opened. (Remember that critics have a hard life, and that, for them, everything is relative. Even a thoroughly disagreeable evening is something. "The Bride of the Lamb" stands out something like a sore thumb.)

It is just another maid and minister show, to my way of thinking. The maid thinks she wants religion but what she really wants is the minister. It has become a Broadway precept that a play with a minister in it shall have folks dreaming sex symbols. "Rain" had the white mountains of Nevada, you recall, and this show is full of all sorts of trinkets which mean something else. Broadway Freud, Broadway fraud. They thought hereabouts that there was a lot of art in this symbolic stuff, but it seems to me there was about as much art in it as there is in opening another United Cigar Store.

Alice Brady's wonderful acting in this play consists of her not doing any bad acting, and of twitching a lot with religious hysteria, and of letting out a couple of loud whoops when she learns the minister is married. She is a good whooper.

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I must not neglect to mention that she has disposed of her husband by feeding him poison shoe-polish (name on request). The management overlooks a bet in not selling this polish between acts.

"Beau-Strings"

The strong shows, like "The Bride of the Lamb," are usually not so good, and the fairly good ones, like "Beau-Strings," are usually much better. Perhaps the best shows we have are those which run a few weeks and which are not quite heavy enough to score a success.

"Beau-Strings," by C. K. Munro, does not affect the blood pressure much one way or the other, but it is a good place to sit all evening if you are looking for a place to sit. The

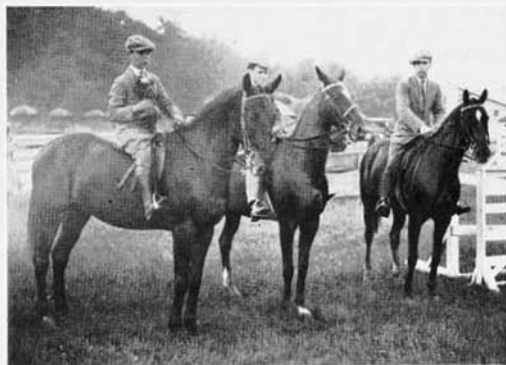
English have a way of writing things which are neither here nor there, and I like some of them. Some of them I like better than "Beau-Strings."



Ruth Draper moving a chair.

This is a story of an English hydropathic hotel (hot and cold running water), in which the most interesting figure is a maiden lady who rather wants everybody else's man—not, however to the extent of dreaming, symbolically, of everything in a Montgomery-Ward catalog. Always-enchanting Estelle Winwood, with eyes like the fender lamps of a Pierce-Arrow car, plays this part.

Scenes Caught by the Camera at the Horse Show



UPPER LEFT: Miss Helene Life on Naughty Girl going over a jump in the Ladies' Hunter Class.

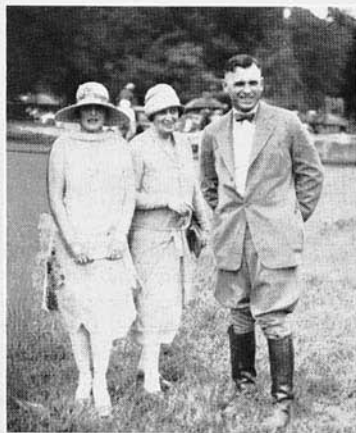
MIDDLE LEFT: J. Garner West, Garnersville, N. Y., one of the judge's, with Donald Aklin and his daughter Margery.

LOWER LEFT: Norris (Buddy) Tousey, George M. Todd, Jr., and George Harget who finished second, first and third respectively in the boy's horsemanship class.

UPPER RIGHT: Mrs. Edward Marshall, Walter Palmer, Detroit, judge of saddle horses, and Mrs. Sidney Spitzer.

LOWER RIGHT: Ross Long on The Big Parade which won the five gaited stake.

Another Group of Horse Show Photographs



UPPER LEFT: Limerick, owned by Charles T. Fisher, Detroit, winning the triple bar jump.

UPPER RIGHT: Mrs. Robert Stranahan, Mrs. Raymond Lipe and Harold Peterson.

LOWER LEFT: George H. Calvert, Pittsburg, with Mrs. George Greenhalgh whose horse, The Big Parade, defeated Mr. Calvert's Moonbrook Leona in the five gaited stake. Donald Acklin is shown behind them.

MIDDLE RIGHT: Lineup for judging in the girl's horsemanship class which was won by Miss Betty Knight on Highball.

LOWER RIGHT: Another view showing some of the entrants in the girl's horsemanship class. Miss Knight, the winner, is on the extreme right.

The Iconoclast in New York

By W. H. M.

NEW York, June 22.—Our best friend this month is our good wife who recently said, "Oh I think anyone will admit that men are more sensibly human than women." We have our doubts though. Our worst enemy at present is a dentist up in the Bronx who has forewarned us that he intends to grind into our teeth with his infernal drill this coming week. Oh that he may be at least human!

The other noon the "No, No, Nanette" girls were down on Wall Street to sell tickets for a charity performance. They stood on the broad steps of the Subtreasury Building and soon a handsome cop swaggered up into their midst to ask what was what. The large crowd below cheered him wildly. Enraged, he pulled out his billy, whirled around and swished it viciously and audibly at the mob, the while muttering dire threats through clenched teeth. The audience jeered. Two newspaper photographers in an open machine at the curb called jovially and banteringly to the man in blue, inviting him to get in the picture. Still further enraged, the officer descended the broad steps and leaned over the occupants of the machine.

Then there ensued fifteen minutes of the choicest argument the writer has ever had the good fortune to listen in on. Besides being handsome this cop was a very hard boiled cop, but the photographers were newspaper photographers. Their serenely cool replies to the policeman's fear inspiring threats were classics. We could have hugged them. They were going to be run in for blocking traffic, for taking pictures without a license and for a couple of other things but their only reaction was a droll naivete which turned fire and brimstone into cool, refreshing springwater. Finally the entire party became disgusted, piled back into their automobiles and moved away to some better location. A perfectly nice little party had gone to the dogs because a cop had gotten sore at a good natured crowd. When will these hard boiled, swaggering policemen learn that they are in uniform as servants of the people to protect them, and not as official bosses to intimidate them?

A beggar with twisted feet sat on the sidewalk singing from an opera. "Pretty good singing" we remarked. "When he has collected enough money and no one is looking," replied our companion, "he will twist his feet back into place, get up and walk briskly away." One sees these beggars at strategic points of travel all over the town. If they are "good" they enjoy a surprisingly good income; if they are poor actors, and we believe these are more genuine, they often stand or sit for hours with never the merry tinkle of a coin to cheer them. It is difficult to arrive at any definite philosophy in regard to this matter of giving or not giving. It appears that the thing to do, is to do whatever everyone else does. However, quite recently we felt a surge of iconoclasm sweep over us and we did the opposite thing. A blind negro, who may or may not have been blind, led by a small boy, appeared at one end of a subway car. The child mut-

tered something to the passengers and the ragged black man extended his tin cup. Every soul in that car, save two, dropped a coin in the receptacle. We were one of the two—the other was probably from Sioux City or Chillicothe—all the others, no doubt, were native New Yorkers. As the mendicant passed close by we noted the pathetic self-pity written upon his features—but within his heart was a great joy as the coins dropped merrily into his cup. And there were nine more cars in our train all filled with sympathetic passengers.

AFTER seventy-eight years of existence the old Academy of Music on 14th Street is to be torn down. On May 17 an operatic revival took place on its once largest stage in the world before an audience of fifteen hundred of Manhattan's best aristocracy. At the close of this performance the curtain fell for the last time and a number of tears were shed. The cracked mirrors in the tiers of musty, old dressing rooms, the maze of ropes high above the stage and resembling the rigging on an old merchant sailer, the old gilt on the boxes which gleamed with a dim eye through the dusky gloom of the auditorium and even the hard, wooden benches of the uppermost gallery spoke in a plaintive, sorrowing voice of the ripened and gone days when they were a part of America's foremost opera house. A fifteen story commercial building is to rise in place of the old theatre but the ghost of the once great Academy of Music will doubtless linger about the corner for years to come, standing proud and erect, gathering in the fine ladies and gallant gentlemen who memorably alighted from their carriages at the curb.

TEN years ago the writer was assistant chief usher at the Academy. At that time it was William Fox' "first run" house. Motion picture stars came often to view the first public showing of their own or others' productions. With pleasure we can remember requesting Mary Pickford to remove her hat and then offering her a box. She was chewing gum and a Moore brother sat on either side. We recall watching Valeska Suratt out of the corners of our eyes as she caressed a baldheaded man near the rear of the auditorium (the theatre auditorium). We were thrilled as we led the famed Theda Bara down the main aisle. Her great eyes glowed in the half light like the orbs of a black, Persian cat. Stuart Holmes was pleasant and democratic in person. June Caprice was called upon to make a speech from a box. Her lips opened but she spake not—for she was young and very much frightened. Harry Hilliard came sometimes and the Lee children roamed up and down the aisles like bad little boys during church services. And then one evening we caught Virginia Pearson and her husband, "The Iron Claw," behind the velvet mob rope. The overture was being played and no one was allowed to enter the aisles, but an argument ensued. "It is one of the rules of the house madam," spoke the writer. "Rules your grandmother!" retorted Virginia and broke through to freedom.

(continued on page 45)

country and found it good. I had no anxiety about the sort of game I might play in the big tournament. All I wanted was a pleasant sojourn in the land of my dreams, and from the first day to the last that wish was gratified.

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The Iconoclast

(Continued from page 34)

dragging her husband after her. But most of these have passed from the limelight of stardom today and one wonders if a tiny bit of them will not be buried with the old Academy of Music. But let us not sorrow long—our todays will be the “good old days” of tomorrow.

Life is but a fleeting 25,550 or so days. We are here today and probably here tomorrow.

FOUR of us arrive at Chatham Square, the lower end of the Bowery. Hard looking men wearing jersey sweaters. We enter Chinatown. The Chinese are used to us. Narrow, crooked streets. China shops, a rescue mission, the “dead wall” where bulletins are considered dead after twenty-four hours, little balconies, oriental architecture, and basement entrances that lead somewhere. Interesting, but we must go on to the ghetto. So back along the Bowery and past the beautiful, architectural entrance to the Manhattan Bridge. We turn east to Allen Street which looks dark and dirty under the elevated tracks. The brass shops of Allen Street. We purchase a three piece console set at a good price. And then on to Grand Street where we turn east. Curb merchants selling from their carts. Thirty or forty to the block. They have beaded bags, brassiers, pretzels, fur pieces, neckties, hosiery, watermelon, house dresses

and what not. Irene and Sallys with spicurlis standing in doorways. Jews bargaining. Fat mothers looking down from tenement windows. Now and then a painted queen dressed in silks and satins glides along. She haughtily ignores her neighbors—they are not awed. We walk north a few blocks to Rivington Street. A horse drawn merry-go-round stops at the curb. Screaming children run, pay a penny and climb aboard. Faces of hard hit men. Ten women who have seen sixty summers gossiping together on rickety chairs. An adult half-wit appears on a street corner. Fourteen year old hoodlums gather about. One of them strikes the unfortunate man in the face with his fist and runs. A pity—we would like to thrash the boy. And then west on Stanton Street. We are solicited six times on the sidewalks by mens' clothing merchants. “Looking for a nice suit of clothes?” It is raining spasmodically. Street vendors cover up their merchandise with tarpaulins and then uncover as the sun comes out. Then back to the “L” and uptown.

THE other day we were discussing the great lakes region with a friend. “Toledo?” he asked. “I remember that when I arrived in Toledo a few years ago I was greatly disappointed at first with the downtown section. It seemed so small and undeveloped in comparison with other cities of approximately the same population. But I soon was aware of the great number of fine automobiles in the streets, and—yes, the very high type of citizen on the sidewalks. And an exceptionally good quality of merchandise in the store windows. These things impressed me a great deal and I believe Toledo is better than most other cities in these respects. For instance take Detroit—what a difference! The people there create such an atmosphere of cheapness and shoddyness in comparison.” What will Toledo be in twenty-five years—fifty years? It certainly has all the fundamentals.



The Best of the New Books

By MRS. ROBERT C. MORRIS

THIS month we celebrate Independence Day. During the summer many of us will visit Ben Franklin's old home town on the banks of the Schuylkill and wander among the varied attractions of the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition. But here is a new book which throws a strong searchlight upon the reiterated claim of independence, a book which is likely, as Hamlet said, to "give us pause" in the midst of our hurrahing. This book will disturb the complacent mood in which we protest that we can get along without Europe, Asia and South America, and that we are sufficient unto ourselves.

"Dependent America" is not written by a red, or a bolshevist, but by a sane and solid patriot, William C. Redfield, once Secretary of Commerce. Every thinking citizen should read this iconoclastic book, for therein he will discover that much of our glorious prosperity depends upon the importation by our manufacturers of hundreds of substances from the four corners of the earth. Even in war time, national defense depends upon certain things obtained from distant lands.

The United States is like a great bakery which buys flour, salt, sugar, yeast, milk and converts these ingredients into loaves which are distributed far and wide. We are the inventors of machinery, the makers of all sorts of things, but other countries contribute innumerable Essentials that we do not produce.

"Independence forever!" it's a great slogan. But when the tumult and the shouting dies, it is just as well to temper enthusiasm with the truth and sanity of the statements in Mr. Redfield's book. In these authoritative pages we learn how very much of our own national prosperity, as well as the prosperity of other nations, depend upon international give and take."

* * *

ANNUALLY many Toledoans take the long, long trail to the Pacific coast, so I feel confident that readers of

this magazine will be interested in "The Aristocratic West," by Katherine Fuller Gerauld. According to Mrs. Gerauld the far west is not now and never was wild, woolly, untamed and crude. Out where the west begins and beyond that mythical location, dwell "the only true aristocrats left in America." Mrs. Gerauld declares that the characteristics of the average man in those favored regions demonstrate the truth of her claim, they are chivalrous in their attitude to all women, they have the best manners in the world, they are sincerely solicitous for the stranger's comfort, they are without affection, courageous, dignified.

The pioneers who developed the west were gentlemen who averaged five feet, eleven inches in height, one hundred and sixty-four pounds in weight, they were "made of watch-springs, whale-bone and dynamite." A pioneer could not buy his neighbor's respect on account of his ancestry or his money, he proved himself worthy of it. George Washington and Thomas Jefferson have faded from the picture everywhere east of Denver, but their prototypes are still to be found west of the Rockies.

* * *

HAVE you a hobby? Then you will enjoy at least one of the following new books:—"The Spell of the Turf" is written by S. C. Hildreth and J. R. Crowell. Lovers of horse-flesh will enjoy the well-told incidents and the fine illustrations.

A sport-novel guaranteed to rivet your attention is "The Trail of Glory," the exciting career of a tennis champion.

If you are unable to take Horace Greeley's advice this summer, you may enjoy adventurous vicariously in "High Country," containing stirring sketches of the Rocky Mountain country by Courtney Ryley Cooper. This is a book par excellence for nature-lovers, hunters, fishermen, seekers of attitude, wide spaces, beckoning horizons.

(continued on page 46)

The Magic Pipe

*They've fashioned your bowl from an
old brier root,*

Many the year laid by.

*Mellowed by time through the age that
it took*

Deep in the ground to lie

*They've modeled your stem from the
juice of a tree,*

Frozen an amber hue,

Hidden away in the depth of the sea,

Cast it ashore for you

*Fill up the bowl with the leaf of the
earth,*

Crop of a fruitful year;

Symbol of harvest and sign of birth,

Courage and hope and cheer

Light with the fire that glows within,

All of life's journey through,

Scatter the smoke to the vagrant breeze,

Bringing fine thoughts to you

—Alan R. Fernald

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The Best of the New Books

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Several years ago we all read "Galapagos" by William Beebe. In "Arcturus Expedition" he tells the complete story of that famous company of naturalists and adventurers who were equipped by the New York Zoological Society. Crisis, suspense, mystery, thrills galore!

We may "see ourselves as others see us" in "The Duffers' Handbook of Golf" written by Grautland Rice and illustrated by Clara Briggs.

Do you keep in touch with the greatest moving-picture of all, the panorama of the stars and constellations? If so, you will love this new book "The Music of the Spheres" by Florence Armstrong Grondal. It is not all music and poetry, it is accredited science, too. Next best to having a ten year old child of one's own to whom we may give this book, is to give it to any child anywhere!—or to keep it for one's own library.

Adam was the first gardener, and ever since the gates of Eden were closed on him, his descendants have hankered to get back into a garden. Elsa Rehmann explains in her fascinating book "Garden-Making" how a beautiful garden is possible even where space is limited to a single path. In charming style she discusses grouping, fragrance, color, design.

Of course, in Toledo, from this very date we are all going to be immensely interested in gardens, since we have this very summer of 1926 established a local branch of the National Flower and Fruit Guild. We do not need to own a garden to have a part in this unique organization. Membership in the Guild is open to every-one, our dues will help to pay the expenses of operating a center. No more flowers need wilt on the stem, or waste their fragrance. The Guild undertakes to distribute your excess of loveliness among the shut-ins, the hospitals, the unfortunates. So, of course, ten thousand of us are going to join. Some of us grow a little tired of trying to be strictly utilitarian, and we shall find satisfaction in this charming opportunity to spread beauty into forgotten nooks and corners.

When I opened "Pride of the Town" by Dorothy Walworth Carman, I shut it very quickly after reading six pages and I said to myself "I'm going to enjoy this book enormously, so I'll not read it now, but I'll go to Put-in-Bay one day and I'll read this story on the deck of whatever-boat-it-is-that-goes-there. Alas, I have never set sail!—and I'll tell you the reason why. I spent a day as a guest in a Toledo Beach cottage, the summer home of one of Toledo's solid citizens. Only four or five years ago one could sit on his front steps and dangle feet in Lake Erie. But to-day?—The blue lake has retreated from before that cottage, leaving the wharf, the cottage, the guests high and dry, to wonder what the wild waves are saying a quarter of a mile away! All the printed words and all the denunciatory speeches about the "water-steal" failed to affect me as did the sight of the lake shimmering in the distance, far, far away. That's why I relinquished my plan to go to Put-in-Bay and read this book on the deck of a boat. I am honestly afraid that our neighbors in a sister-state to the west may steal what remains of a once great lake on the very day I choose to go a-voyaging, and that I shall have to walk back. So with safety first as my motto, I read "Pride of the Town" in seclusion on my own front porch.

No, I am not going to tell you the story. There is a laugh on every page, thought-provoking paragraphs, clever epigrams, stinging satire. This book, like Beward Shaw's plays is good for the circulation of the blood. There is something of H. L. Mencken here, and of Sinclair Lewis'

"Babbitt." The characters "come alive," you realize them, you live with them. I will quote just a few lines:

"Hypatia loved discovery and quest. She would have made an ideal wife for Christopher Columbus."

"Mr. Ash had a wife, a stucco house, three children, and all the opinions he had formed before fourteen. His political conditions had been formed by the head-lines of news papers. He had a radio set with which he spent nearly every evening trying to get Cuba, and when he had got Cuba he switched to Miami."

"Topaz urged her married children to come back to reunions. She thought she loved them because she had given them food and clothing and never let them eat green apples. But she had never loved them enough to know what they were thinking about, or to care. After the age of five, her children were turned spiritually adrift."

"Everything in the brides' apartment was new, un-beautifully new. Nothing with a history. There is an art to mellowing furniture,—a blend of laughter, pipe smoke, meditation, and a few tears. Most young people begin life together with two books between elaborate book ends. Sometimes there are so few books that brides are embarrassed with too many book ends. But a modern bride would be frantic if she began life without myriad lamps and a thousand vases."

"Every one was too busy with the machinery of Christmas to think about Christmas."

"The Grand High Chief" of the "Reindeer" lodge was attending meetings in neighboring towns every night, leaving his wife to sit at home alone. He was always telling about the moral benefits of being a "Reindeer," and he spoke, too, about the "Reindeer" frolics, especially the annual clam bake where every man ate until the shells reached his knees."

"A mother should tend to her children's health, but the rest should be left to the public school. I am hoping the first year of school will take all the queerness out of Jane and Rebecca and make them just like everybody else."

"If you have a picture inside you, it has been conceived by the Holy Ghost and you must bear it. That child you should bear and it is as wicked to kill it as to kill a human child. Men and women commit that kind of infanticide every day, and it is a deadly sin."

I hope you are going to read "Pride of the Town." The theme is the deadly standardization of thought which is the curse of our schools, colleges, communities, and organizations. As the heroine once exclaimed, "God keep us all from being average!"

The New Village To Our West

GROWTH of a city is so quietly effected that it is seldom noticed until its accumulation has changed the face of an entire section. Whereupon, it seems miraculously. The truck garden and stock farm of yesterday blossoms into street after street of lovely homes.

In Toledo, this is strikingly illustrated by the development of Ottawa Hills. The city last year waked up to the fact that here was an extraordinary new preferred home section,—block after block of beautiful homes, all of them new and shining and peopled by happy families. It seemed to have been accomplished overnight.

City building is not so simple, however. The moment of recognition is the climax to years of tireless effort and wise planning. In the case of Ottawa Hills, it capped ten years of ceaseless expert endeavor—a development program that entailed expenditures running well into seven figures.

"A civic undertaking, founded on a firm belief in Toledo's present and future greatness." This was the slogan announced for the property when it was first opened to the public in the Fall of 1915. Looking at the district today, the words are verified not alone in homes constructed and improvements installed, but in the splendid system of private parks and playgrounds dedicated to the pleasure and benefit of residents. Ottawa Hills today seems the materialization of a vision of perfect American home life—and that is exactly what it is.

One by one, seven great Plats have been opened and placed under improvement. Each in itself would be a considerable undertaking for a successful operator. Taken together, they dwarf any operation of the character ever attempted in Toledo, and probably in any city of its size in the land. One thousand acres of hill and valley land bordering the course of Ottawa River for more than two miles—that is the area, and it has been given a treatment that conforms to the highest standards of residential development.

A splendid tribute to Toledo's growth is here contained, too. It consists in the fact that the development program originally designed to cover a fifteen-year period, has been completed in little more than ten years. That program has been regulated entirely by the city's demand for property of this character. It has been a barometer of city growth, with the markings registered by the steadily increasing thousands of dollars home seekers have invested.

Ottawa Hills has adopted the modern idea of local self government. Under village incorporation, it regulates its own affairs entirely—a safeguard that appeals strongly to the discriminating.

The property is remarkable in the universality of its offerings. Each Plat is distinctive. Home sites ranging from the 50-foot lot to the 4-acre estate are available, and homes ranging in value from \$10,000 to more than \$100,000 are given ideal settings. The huge tract has been carefully designed to accommodate a wide variety of tastes and incomes, and its development demonstrates that this may be done without sacrifice of harmony, beauty or general effect.

Ottawa Hills stands, and will stand, as a memorial to the genius and public spirit of its founders. As they pledged in the beginning, it is "a civic undertaking."

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