

TOLEDO TOPICS



AUGUST

Toledo Topics

August, 1926

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PUBLISHERS ANNOUNCEMENT

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JOHN NORTH WILLYS

C. L. LEWIS

Here is a man—a Toledoan if you please—who has become one of "the big three" of the automobile industry because he is one of the world's star salesmen. He is John North Willys, president of the Willys Overland Company and recently astounded American motor car builders by importing European ideas in design and construction for the building of a small car on a big scale. Mr. Willys sailed for Europe late in July to see what that continent thinks about the "Whippet."



Town Talk



THE most amusing sight of the past month was framed in a second story window just four or five doors north of Keith's Theater on St. Clair street. The setting was a beauty parlor. The principals were a beauty operator and one of those sweet young things someone so aptly called "the drug-store shiek." The pretty young dear was having a permanent

with, when that splendid golfing luminary emerged triumphant. This is a serious condition and one we think the U. S. G. A. should consider before selecting the sites of future tournaments.

these dashing "dog-gone-its" held off their raid until after the extreme heat wave had broken, which we think was very considerate of them.



wave and he sat in perfect rapture, probably dreaming how he was going to vamp the girls out at Walbridge Park, as crowds in the street below gazed, grinned and giggled in high glee.

ALTHOUGH Joseph Pearlstein is a very modern and up-to-the-minute theatrical manager, he is very old fashioned in some respects. The genial Joseph was noticed the other afternoon in front of his opera house intently working a cross word puzzle.

THE mесо-sopranos, basso profundos, Havana perfectos, and all the rest of the singing gentry, held their first workout in a long time on the evening the Country Club celebrated for Mr. Parker Campbell, our new state golfing champ. Of course "Sweet Adeline" was touchingly rendered on several occasions, but the piece de resistance of the vocal festival was "Oh My Lord There Sits Mr. Bigshot."

COLUMBUS, it was whispered, was as arid as the Sahara during the recent national open golf tourney as far as pre-war goods was concerned, and many Bobby Jones followers, who forgot to bring their own, found themselves without anything to celebrate

THE infant phenomenon who consumes various eatables—from cream-of-wheat to apple-sauce—every Sunday morning in the New York World, will make its stage debut in the fall in the arms of Mrs. Feitlebaum. The dramatization of Milt Gross' book, "Nize Baby," is now being made by Mr. Gross. All of the Gross characters are involved—Loocy dot Dope, Mrs. Feitlebaum, Mrs. Yifnif, and the baby. To incite the baby to finish the rhubarb Mrs. Feitlebaum will croon a fable which will be dramatized on the stage.

SEVERAL of our dowagers who didn't visit the southland last winter seemed quite shocked when many of the women in the gallery following the women's state golf finals at Inverness last month calmly puffed on perfumed cigarettes. This is nothing to become alarmed over as the fair sex is getting bolder every day. We understand the women are even contemplating meeting behind the Field House at



Ann Arbor at all Michigan football games this fall, just as the men do, for a between halves bracer.

THIRTY limbs of the law whose duty it is to "See America Thrift's" invaded our peaceful village last month and battered down the doors of one of the alleged oases with axes in true motion picture But



WITH realtors to the right of us and realtors to the left of us volleying and thundering, and greyhound races soon to be introduced, Toledo is getting more like Florida every day. The latest innovation from the land of palms, oranges, sunken gardens and sunken lots, is curb service introduced by a new Madison Avenue ice cream soda dispenser. All you have to do is drive your Rolls-Royce up in front of the establishment, honk and your ice cream or soda wants will be taken care of. It even furnishes you with a cute little tray which hooks right on the side of your car and prevents spilling on the vest or lap.

IT was after the July issue had gone to press that Toledo Topics heard of the sad and sudden death of William F. Holliday, part owner and former editor of The Bridle and Golfer, Detroit's splendid sports and social publication. While very few Toledoans probably knew Mr. Holliday personally, thousands of them knew his voice. For Bill Holliday, as he was known to everybody in the city to our north, was the pioneer announcer of W W J, The Detroit News radio station, the first man whose voice and personality were recognized, then awaited, and finally beloved in the measureless amphitheatre of radio. And though they are necessarily late, Toledo Topics extends, for itself and the City of Toledo, the utmost sympathy and condolence to the editors of The Bridle and Golfer in their hour of sorrow.—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.

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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.

OVER the long and well trapped course of the Inverness club, several score of Toledo's best amateur golfers, and others from surrounding cities, were scheduled to battle for the individual championship of the Toledo district, August, 10-13.

With Inverness once more boasting a fine array of talent, the forecasters have been inclined to look to this club to put up a great battle for the title. In the last half dozen years, the district crown usually has gone to a player of the club on which the tournament has been held. The one exception was at the Country club a few years ago, when Brown Cullen, a public links player, emerged victor in the final round.

Every one of the leading candidates for the district championship, have been mentioned as possible members of the Toledo district team which will play at Niagara Falls in September for the Depew trophy and the championship of the lower lakes region.

Ora Brailey is captain of this team, and the showing made by players in the district tournament, coupled with their work in the inter-club team matches now being held, is likely to

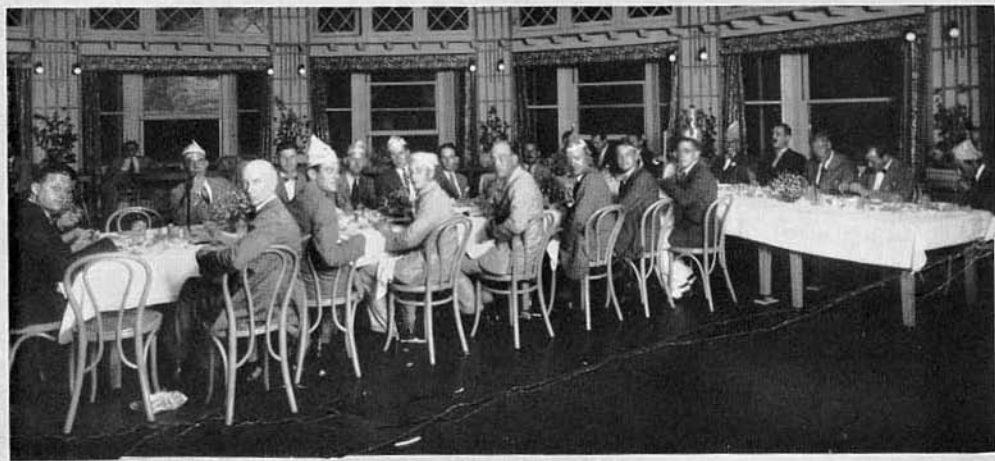
give Brailey enough data on which to select the 11 or 12 players for the Niagara Falls meet.

BRAILEY is an Inverness representative in the district tournament. He has been playing exceptionally well this year, and has had a bountiful experience in hard tournaments, both here and in the south. Harold Weber has not been playing as much golf this year as usual, but was expected to be a hard man to beat in the district battle. The former state champion has all the shots, that is acknowledged on every side, and a great disposition for the gruelling struggle.

Another Inverness player who will be watched closely is Frank Southard, one of the stars of the club for several years. A great driver, cool in the pinches, and good at the short game, Southard has done so well this year that his friends are sure that he has arrived.

Bob Stranahan is another great Inverness player. He played about the best golf of his life in the south last winter, and in the monthly tournament at Inverness this year he has been down to par or close thereto with great regularity.

(continued on page 30)



"A BUNCH OF THE BOYS WERE WHOOPING IT UP"

Party given in honor of Parker Campbell, new Ohio golfing champion, at the Country Club. Among those seated at the table are: Bert Coburn, George Secor, John Berdan, Lorenz Baker, Ned Hale, Cleveland, Celia Rorick, Rufus Manning, Lockhart McKelvey, Pittsburgh, Dwight Haigh, Barnes Walbridge, Donald Manning, Callard Akin, Laurence Reynolds, Lloyd Hixon, Ash Newell, Parker Campbell, Alex Cunningham, James Secor, and Dawe and Curtis Wilcox, Cleveland.

Toledo District Golf Gossip

(continued from page 6)

THE Country club has its usual bunch of high class players in the competition, but with more strength than ever before. Parker Campbell, of course, will be one of the tournament's chief attractions, by virtue of his having won the state championship at Cleveland. Campbell is unquestionably a great match player. Winning over two such stars as Eddie Hassman and Joe Wells on successive days proves this, and his 40 hole victory in the final round over Wells, again demonstrated his nerve in the pinches. Campbell is likely to be wild with his wood shots, but lays his approaches up there in beautiful style, and is exceptionally strong on recovery. He is a putter with courage and accuracy, and is a tough opponent for any of them.

Another player of the Campbell type as far as the spirit of battle is concerned is Phelps Berdan, who has figured prominently in several recent district tournaments. He has played Inverness enough to be familiar with it, as have all the Country club first string players, for that matter.

Alec Cunningham, canny pro at the Country club, whose coaching is responsible for much of the success of the up-river contingent, is looking for Lloyd Hixon to surprise them all. Hixon is playing better this year than he ever did, and some of his recent practice rounds have bordered on the sensational.

Barnes Walbridge, George Secor and Jimmy Lewis come into action with fine prospects. The first two have shown excellent form in previous tournaments, and Lewis has been knocking the ball around the links close to par most of the summer.

THE public links brigade again looms strong, containing as it does Joe Kurek, 1925 champion; Paul Renz, for-

mer champion runner-up last year; Walter Pacer, runner-up in '24, William Brill, Bobby Bixler and several others.

Kurek is a high class and consistent player. He has qualified for the national public links tournament every time it has been held. He has played all of Toledo's difficult courses and rarely has had a bad day in an important match. The long shots at Inverness might be considered a handicap to Joe, but he plays the course about as well as he does the shorter Ottawa journey. He is accurate enough to keep out of most of the trouble that yawns for anyone who plays the Dorr street course, and he can use his irons as well as the next one.

Sylvania looks to Ray Miller to blossom forth as a star this year, and feels that the district tourney is his opportunity. Miller is rated by Sylvania players as the longest driver in town, and he sails around that difficult course in 73 or 74 almost every time out. Ed Grolle, former champ, Lester Howard, Sylvania champion, Tod McGuire and others from this club will have to be reckoned with.

A dark horse may win the tournament, of course. Ever since Paul Renz, then a green youngster, defeated Harold Weber in the city finals some years ago, and played one of the greatest rounds ever staged by an amateur here, many are prepared every year for another such surprise. And when such surprises come, they don't do the game any harm at all.

* * *

THIS should be a tale of how Mrs. George Greenhalgh, of Inverness, Toledo District champion, won the state women's golfing title o'er the velvety green carpets of beautiful Inverness last month. And it would have been if Miss Louise Fordyce, the famous star of the Youngstown Country Club, and the ultimate winner of the championship, hadn't made two of the most phenomenal shots ever made by a feminine links luminary on the 18 and 19th holes of her semi-



THE CHAMPION AND FOUR OF TOLEDO'S LEADING LINKSWOMEN

Miss Louise Fordyce of the Youngstown Country Club who won the Ohio Women's Golf Championship for the fourth time at Inverness last month is shown in the center of the above group. Surrounding her are four of the six Toledo women to qualify for the championship fight. They are: upper left, Miss Mary Hauck, the little Sylvania star. Upper right, Mrs. Linton Fallis, Inverness. Lower left, Mrs. Harold Weber, Inverness. Lower right, Mrs. George Greenhalgh, Toledo District title holder.

HOW AND WHY JONES WON AT SCIOTO

By ROBERT A. FRENCH

GREAT golf championships are decided, not by the good shots, but by the bad ones. The world's homage goes to the fellow in the great open tournaments who refrains from the agonizing luxury of disastrous let downs, while his rivals encounter them.

Thus it was on the links of the Scioto Country Club at Columbus last month when Bobby Jones and Joe Turnesa were fighting it out to the home green for the national open title.

Turnesa, four strokes ahead and half a dozen holes yet to play, had been neglected from the start. He had played one splendid round after another, and gathered magic as he played, but the crowd had its surfeit of perfect shots. Every time Jones strode upon the course he took the gallery with him. He was playing his usual wondrous game, 'tis true, but the gallery was there for friendship sake. It knew that in Turnesa's bag were the clubs which must decide the day, either by hitting out monotonously perfect shots, or by the slices and dubbed drives which creep into the last day of any tournament.

AS the youthful New York Italian began whacking away at those last few holes, along the stone wall by the Toledo road, he could hear behind him at regular intervals the roars of applause which followed every shot by Jones. Bobby might be doing phenomenally but phenomenal golf wouldn't win for Jones if the Italian boy could hold the gait he had maintained for 66 holes.

But he began to waste precious shots, and across the rolling fairways he saw bearing down upon him a galloping gallery, coming not to see good shots, but to be there when he made the bad ones, to be able to say it witnessed the break of the great struggle.

The gallery saw what it came to see. The slender young pro continued to fritter away his lead. Figuring Jones as playing par golf on the home stretch, Joe was even as he stood on the 17th tee and looked down the slope to the green, bordered on two sides by a little stream.

Almost with the crack of his mashie shot from the tee came the seething murmur from the growing crowd, which meant Joe had shot away his chance for a championship almost beyond hope of redemption. His ball landed in the rough, and he took four on a par three hole.

THE 18th is a par five, but it is a mighty easy par five. And here it might not be amiss to say that despite the voluminous advance notices and eloquent warnings which late in June engulfed our land amid the terrible difficulties of the Scioto course, it is not as formidable as many others upon which great championships have been fought.

The sand traps are shallow, the greens as a rule easy to approach, and the long holes offer fine chances for birdies. Several of the par fives were knocked off in three; players were putting for fours on all of them throughout the tournament, and making them with startling frequency.

So when Turnesa had finished with 294, and Jones had to make a birdie on the 18th to win, his followers were justly jubilant. In justice to the great Southerner, it must be said that good shots now came to the fore, and Bobby's first two wallops on the 18th were so dazzlingly good that they furnished convincing proof, if any were needed, that Bobby is the king of them all. Incidentally, they won for him the championship.

JONES was all in physically, but the rhythm of every stroke in the golfers curriculum was so thoroughly ingrained in his being that his swing continued flawless; his knack of snapping into his distance strokes that faltering body, tired out with weeks of championship golf, was there to the finish. From each nerve and sinew everything was gone, save the urge which clamored forth "hang on."

He smacked his drive away from the last tee with everything he had behind it. The ball went screaming over the looming gully before him and down the long fairway. It came to rest in the center of the alley through the hay field more than 300 yards from the tee.



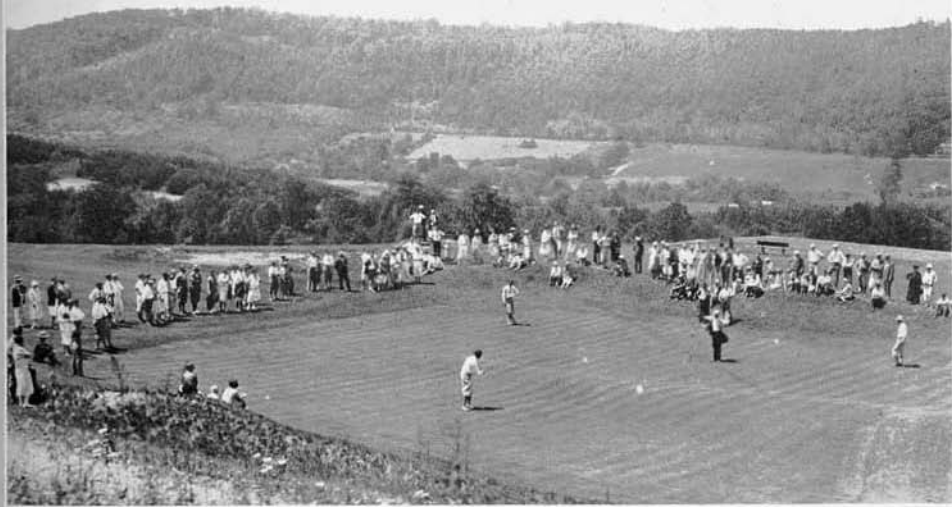
Robert Tyre Jones, the greatest golfer of all time, as he appeared on the links at Scioto.



Joe Turnesa, young Italian from New York, who finished a stroke behind Jones in second place.



Bill Mehlhorn who had them, all talking after the first day's play.



HAGEN WINNING THE EASTERN OPEN

This is a view of the illustrious Mr. Hagen putting on the 18th green on the Wolf Hollow Links at Delaware Water Gap, Pennsylvania, in the recent eastern open journey in which he broke the world's record with two rounds of 67 and 65. Hagen has just sunk a long putt for his sensational 65. He scored six birdies and an eagle in this round.

Jones took a mashie iron and tried for the green. Tried on his second shot for the green on a par five hole with a mashie iron. Tried and made it. The ball flew away from his clean cut smash straight for the distant flag, which was waving him on to glory. To watchers behind the Atlanta youth it rose to where the sky showed behind it, and the pin was squarely below its line as it bored through the breeze, stationary to the vision, but diminishing.

It struck before the green and rolled directly at the cup. To the surging and half delirious crowd about the green it seemed it would drop in, and Jones would end the battle with some bird-name more dazzling than eagle. But the ball had plenty of enterprise; it rolled well beyond the pin.

Two putts were required to sink it, and Jones had won with 293 strokes.

Where were those bonnie Scots at the finish? Jones, the Southerner, won, and those who followed him were Turnesa, the New York Italian, from the Long Island district where market gardens flourish; Bill Mehlhorn the Dutchman, Leo Diegel, German-American; Johnnie Farrell, the New York Irishman; Gene Sarazen, the Italian, and the sturdy Walter Hagenlacher, known to fame as Walter Hagen.

Then came two with Scotch blood in their veins, Willie Hunter and MacDonald Smith, with Dan Williams, an Italian despite his name, close behind.





FINANCIAL

By CLAUDE GRISWOLD

THE great American game of "passing the buck," professionalized in the parlance of sophisticated Wall Street as big-scale "distribution," became more of a menace to a buoyant stock market as the solar biological influences of Leo, the Lion, ascended to dominance in the speculative heavens.

And when the big interests are beginning to peddle stocks, when Mr. Morgan and Baker and Durant and a few others are unloading on a gullible public the stocks accumulated for bullish manipulation it is an open tip to the wary trader to watch his step.

That's why the market clairvoyants for the commission houses lost some of their inspiration and coaxed caution in bearish terms. That's why the grizzled head of the fearful bear protruded its scare into the market place and August promised to be a month of vacationing from market worries and a time for watchful waiting.

\$ \$ \$

THE first tip-off of impending bear raids came with the hardening tendency of money rates. The rapid, spectacular advance of the market for two months had been predicated on easy money, the unemployment of many millions of hungry dollars looking for good jobs.

Hundreds of millions in new bond issues were grabbed up eagerly. Bonds became scarce and yields low and unattractive. Investors turned to stocks, first old-line investments and then to the more speculative class. Prices surged upward with every industry that had any hope for prosperity being represented.

The bears—those who make money when the market goes down—started their propaganda. They spread vague whisperings of danger. They picked-up an old bugaboo,—a raise in the federal reserve re-discount rate at New York. Each Thursday the market had a nervous chill over what the bank directors might do. What had been accomplished in months of time and with millions of money in building up confidence was being systematically destroyed by the forces of reaction,—by an appeal to old Dame Rumor, scandal, gossip, innuendo.

\$ \$ \$

SHARES of the leading oil companies which have made a splendid come-back in earnings and prospects over the last two years, were a distinct disappointment to patient holders. Many times they have been touted for a brilliant advance but each rally has fizzled out. The coppers came somewhat into their own and so did the steels. Traditional selling of many of the motors roared back on the bears.

General Motors, premier of all motors, had swept for-

ward to a new high for all time—170. More than one hundred other issues were at the highest prices of the year and some had established new peaks in their history.

\$ \$ \$

PRODUCTION of automobiles the first six months of the year broke all records for the first half. Although figures are not all complete, as total June production is not all reported at the moment, it is probable that production the first six months exceeded 2,300,000 cars as compared with 2,083,000 cars the first half of 1925. Production during the last half of 1926 will have to total only 1,853,000 as compared with 2,070,000 a year in order to equal the record production of 1925.

Leading authorities of the trade are confident that it is possible that the output during the last six months may equal that of last year and that a new high record will be established this year.

Reports received from Willys-Overland dealers indicate that the entire company has been a big buyer of the new Overland Whippet the new type of light car fashioned after European ideas of design and construction.

The company established a new earnings record of \$7,348,125 net after all charges but before federal taxes in the second quarter. This brought earnings for the first half to \$8,581,951 or close to \$2.75 per share earned on the common stock, after preferred dividends.

\$ \$ \$

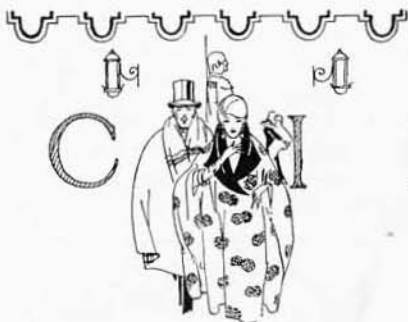
THAT the big profits of American corporations over the past 24 months has depended largely on the fact that bank deposits have increased 18 per cent is pointed out by the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

"Business concerns have been able to raise new capital, without stint. Credit inflation has rendered a double benefit to concerns which were in doubtful financial condition after the panic of 1920," a bulletin says.

"First, it has improved profits; second, where bank loans were stale, it has facilitated the sale of bonds, with the proceeds of which the bank loans could be paid off. Instead of being in debt to the banks and embarrassed by early maturities, bond issues have been substituted and the maturities are now deferred. The United States Rubber company is an illustration."

The institute says that since January, 1922, a period of 4½ years, the deposits of 650 member banks outside of New York City have increased 45 per cent. The institute expects bank credit to increase many millions more during the next five years, with some increase during the next twelve months.

S O C I E T Y



By Sally Ames

JULY and August are always guest months, and were it not for the many charming informal entertainments honoring popular visitors, our social life would be indeed 'non est.' Summer romances bloom and flourish with the arrival, and alas, often fade with the exodus of the fair from far away.

There was much entertaining for Miss Prudence Hutchinson's guests, Miss Jeanne Holden of Bridgeport, Conn., and Miss Mary Brown of Easton, Penn. during their short stay. Miss Alice Hoehler's tea, Miss Helen Mascho's luncheon, Miss Virginia Falconer's tea, and Miss Marian Morse's luncheon were only a few of the complimentary parties for this popular pair.

Mable Jennings, of Green Farms, New York, who was one of the attendants at the Harrison-Baker wedding of April 28, returned again in July to be the guest of Marian Morse. Miss Jennings is well known in Toledo social circles, and her visit was one of interest.

MISS Barbara Jones of Evanston, Ill., was the house guest of Ruth Anderson for a week in July. Miss Anderson's bridge luncheon, Miss Virginia Kern's bridge tea, and Miss Sabra Newton's informal bridge, complimented this visitor.

Miss Rith Taylor, who came from New York, July 22, to be the guest of Miss Mary Paine in her home in Ottawa Hills, was the honored guest at Miss Dorothy's Kull's bridge luncheon at the Park Lane Hotel, July 27.

Proving that Toledo is a racy city, there was large attendance at the July races. Society turned in relief to this

summer diversion, after an endless succession of bridges, teas, and luncheons. Among those noticed in boxes were Mr. and Mrs. George Stevens, Mrs. Thomas Goodbody, Mrs. Aaron Chesbrough, Mrs. J. W. Schauffelberger, Mrs. Edward Jamison, Mrs. George Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lewis, and Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Dodge.

June brides and bridegrooms are becoming quite the conventional young married couples now. Wedding trips are over, and the young bride must turn her thoughts from honeymoons to honey dew melons and dainty dishes to tempt the summer appetite of her brand new husband.

Dotty and Bill Carr and Helen and Bill Nagel motored back from the east together, and have taken up their places in Toledo's social set. Jinno and Norman Foley are inviting friends to view their attractive home in Perrysburg, and from all reports it is a huge success.

An orange blossom atmosphere still lingers around our environs, and it will be long before all traces of it are gone.

THE Walbridges are having a family party at Bass Rock this summer. Mrs. S. C. Walbridge, her daughter, Mrs. Lewis Kinsey, and children, Mrs. Barnes Walbridge are holding forth together. Such a charming family should add much to any summer place.

The recent Women's District Golf Tournament at Inverness created a furore of interest in Toledo Society, as many of its popular members proved to be formidable opponents of entries from neighboring metropolises. Mrs. George Greenhalgh almost—well, we won't mention it



MISS MARY PAINE

who has recently returned from a winter in California.



MISS HELEN MASCHO

Who is a student at Wells College and is spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Mascho.

Society

(Continued from page 12)

again, but anyway she almost did, and her many friends are saying, "Up and at 'em next year, Marie."

It was a brilliant assemblage of society maids and sports frocks that watched the exciting finals on the cool appearing Inverness greens. We refrain from mentioning that appearances of greens often prove deceptive.

Camps in the cool mountains of the east are luring away our subdeb set, and they are spending their summer dipping instead of debbing. Chesbrough and Nancy Lewis, Carolyn Cummings, Laura Lee Wilson and Nancy Newton, are but a few of those acquiring that camp girl complexion. Going to camp in the summer is such a wise idea. It gives one a companion winter diversion—counting the calories and applying lemon juice.

SOCIETY play boys have discovered a new swimming place; a most delicious stone quarry directly beyond Perrysburg. To be in the social swim, drive your chariot, or what have you to this secluded and exclusive spot on any of these entrancingly tepid evenings, and you will find a representative assemblage.

A letter from Mr. A. L. Spitzer who is summering in Paris, tells of intriguing activities. Mr. Spitzer is sailing for home sometime in August, and with his return Toledo is sure of some interesting entertainments.

For those who have the energy to even think about things social on these hot summer days, we will say that there is a faint suggestion of social life in our midst. The suggestion is so feeble, however, that we merely make the statement of its existence, and go to turn on the electric fan.



MISS LORAIN DENMAN

RUSSELL

Miss Denman is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ira O. Denman, whose marriage to Mr. Horace Buggie will be an event of August sixth at the Denman summer home at Cape Cod.



PLAYS I HAVEN'T SEEN

By DON HEROLD

NOW is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party. The quick brown fox jumps over the something or other. In other words, this is the season of the year when dramatic commentators stall for words. Most of them resort to rewriting stuff they wrote all winter. A lazy and lackadaisical lot!

As for me, I shall do nothing of the sort.

I shall now review a lot of the season's shows that I haven't even seen—productions which I have, for some reason or other, avoided—or which have avoided me. Why have we avoided each other? This ought to make a profound psychological thesis. So, mamma, pass me the morning paper, and let me see what's in town that I've escaped.

Of course, theoretically, I have seen everything that Broadway has had to offer. But my instructions were to use my best judgment and to suffer only as much as my conscience dictated. Papers for a publication of the magnitude of *The Toledo Topics* must be written several weeks in advance, so I must guess astutely as to what plays will close at the end of the first or second week. I read the judgments of the first-night critics and pass up plays (as so much velvet) which seems obviously doomed to an early demise. ("Abie's Irish Rose," for example, way back in the nineties.)

Run in Spite of Him

BUT there are plays for which I develop subtle antipathies even before they open, and they run and run and run, and somehow I go to something else. Why?

I do not typify the general public in this avoidance, because these plays would not run and run and run and the general public did not like them. This might worry me if I did not summon my ~~own~~ ready consolation formula when I find myself in a minority.

Do, you, men, typify you, or you, or you in staying away from certain shows? Goodness, I hope I typify somebody in the room.

I haven't seen "Sex," for example—which has been going on for months. In fact I am often surprised to see "Sex" still advertised in the papers, and I ask myself how long "Sex" has been going on. Why have I not seen "Sex"?

A Little Too Bald

WELL, perhaps I do not like the title. Somehow I have a feeling that the proprietors of this show are perhaps trying to make a sex appeal in the title itself. It is a little too straightforward. It is as if the Shuberts were to put on a revue entitled "Bodies." In fact, I would like "Bodies" better because there is something natural and uncommercial about bodies, even when under the personal direction of J. J. Shubert, but the idea of a play about sex called "Sex" is repugnant to me. When it comes to these matters, I hate a lot of words. Anyhow, the producers of "Sex" have not had any complimentary ticket out of me this season.

Of course I may be doing "Sex" a great injustice. It may be a play about the boll-weevil. Well, if it is, and

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Plays I Haven't Seen

(Continued from page 14)

if the management wanted to attract me, why didn't they call it "The Boll-Weevil." Or even if their play were about sex, and they had called it "The Boll-Weevil," there would have been a certain finesse about that which might have won me over.

I did not go to see "The Shanghai Gesture" because I went to see "Lulu Belle." I can stand just so much slime per annum. (This is no criticism of people who can stand a lot of it per annum.) The two plays are closely associated in my mind because before the curtain and between acts of "Lulu Belle" I listened to a long intellectual discussion between a couple of Woolworth girls as to the relative values of the two shows. I decided that if the two were even comparable I didn't want to see the other. I didn't care if "The Shanghai Gesture" was twice as good as "Lulu," I didn't want to see it. In such comparisons, anyway, twice as good means twice as rotten.

I did not go to see the Cossacks at Madison Square Garden because I thought they would raise a lot of dust and make me sneeze, and, besides, it is my impression that Cossacks yell when they ride, and I hate noisy bareback riding. Cossacks are too energetic for any use, anyway. As far back as I can remember I have not liked Cossacks. They are not my idea of nice, quiet, refined people.

Passed This One Up

I stayed away from "Love-in-a-Mist" because the first-night critics lukewarmly left it to my own judgment as to whether or not I should see it. They misled me into a lot of indiscretions even when they are wildly enthusiastic. And, in spite of the fact that the play contains Madge Kennedy, it also contains Sidney Blackmer and Tom Powers. Neither of these actors alone would keep me away from an exceptionally good show, but both of them together are sufficient to keep me away from a show that is only so-so.

"The Importance of Being Earnest" is perhaps the only play that I am sorry I have missed. There is no excuse for my passing this up, except that it has been a busy winter, and with the neighbors dropping in, and with ice-cream suppers and strawberry socials, it seems that the weeks fairly



Don Herold will now rest from his dramatic reviews and do some general articles for Toledo Topics which won't keep him out in the midnight monoxide.

fly. But there will be future revivals of this work of Oscar Wilde's, and, furthermore, I can read it any time I wish. Which I won't.

I am not even going to apologize for missing "Kitty's Kisses" or "Laff That Off." If any of the subscribers think I ought to go to shows with names like that, Charlie, you will have to choose between them and me.

It seemed hard to conceive of Helen Hayes as a knowing woman in "What Every Woman Knows." I deny her the right to grow up—an injustice, I know, but that is my human nature. Helen Hayes, like the Katzenjammer Kids, should never change her age. If she is going to go in for mature parts, I must wait ten years to see her, until I have forgotten her flapperhood. What has become of Jackie Coogan and Wesley Barry?

Can Always See These

THERE are always a lot of plays that may be gone to when everything else has been gone to. These thrive pretty well because the world is full of people whose instincts lead them directly and first of all to things to which they ought to go last. In fact, forty-five out of sixty productions in New York are of this class. For me, "One of the Family," "Square Crooks," and "At Mrs. Beam's" fell into this category. My not going to see them was simply a proposition of justifiable procrastination, it seems to me.

"Kongo," I knew without going, was another one of those tropic affairs, with 135th-street darkies running in and pointing, horror stricken, to some catastrophe off stage, and with a white man going to the dogs, letting his shaving lag, and drinking native white mule. And no doubt a parcel of wiggle-waggle sex appeal.

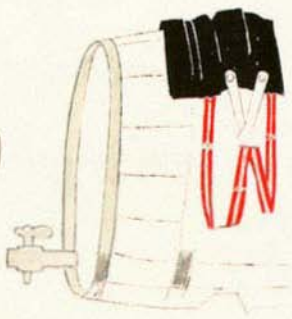
"No, No, Nanette" was so old before I had a chance to go that I was actually ashamed to go.

This, then, mops up the past season.

Saturday night in hard cider in Connecticut.

Re: The Wine Bathing

By JOHN HELD, JR.



*The growing use of delicatessen
vermouth as a hair tonic and
Scotch to remove freckles from
the knees.*

*Now they are going to padlock
bathtubs.*



A member of the younger set who tried drug-store gin.



FASHIONS

By JULIA COBURN

The First Fascinating Fashions of Fall

SOME cool day towards the end of this month you'll go downtown and see somewhere a woman who is smartly, darkly dressed in the mode of Autumn, 1926. From that moment on, you won't be contented with your striped silks, your printed crepes, your sports frocks of summer. Wear what you will, your thoughts will leap ahead to the things you're going to wear when September comes.

During the early summer season, manufacturers are advancing and trying out certain new fashions that crystallize into some definite tendencies when stores begin to show them in August.

From out the maze of modes, some outstanding ones can now be described as almost certain to influence the styles we'll be wearing through the fall.

* * *

THE COAT SILHOUETTE

THE straight, tailored, youthful coat will still be extremely smart, both in fur and in fabric. But there's a newcomer! The dolman, wrappy in effect, with fullness about the sleeves, and wrapping closely around the hips. Sometimes it's slightly bloused—always there's a voluminous effect which has not been present for several years.

Collars on coats are interesting. There's a definite reversion to the shawl type of collar,—the larger ones made of long-haired fur, the smaller, tailored ones of short-haired furs.

For travel wear, plaids are prominent. The larger, the more conspicuous the plaid—the smarter the coat. Many women buy the most individual of these coats early, and wear them late into the fall, until fur coat time.

For the more formal coats, broadcloth is a new fabric. Soft, dull surfaced fabrics make most of the rest. Many of the new coats use woolsens of the finer grades as linings.

NEW IN DRESSES

TWO fabrics—one familiar, and one recalled—are prominent in the first dark tailored frocks. The first is crepe

For the more formal coats, broadcloth is a new fabric, as if they were two materials. The other fabric is moire. A sophisticated fabric, it is a mode all by itself, resembling nothing else. It will be worn by the fashion-wise for late summer and early fall. But it is a fashion that may not extend any great influence into the winter season.

* * *

COMING COLORS

FIRST on Autumn's color card right now is the dark red that is variously called Chanel, burgundy, peony, and other names. It is a rich shade that won instant popularity, but is likely to be supplanted later by other shades that are not so popular now.

All indications point to the prestige of the interesting brown shades as the nasturtium range. They begin with a reddish golden brown, through golden tans with a marked accent of yellow, to a tawny, yellow beige. Often all these colors are used together and sometimes black is added for contrast.

Brighter blues are coming into their own, especially those with a mauve cast. Two shades of mauve—blue are chicly contrasted in the same costume.

The deep greens, like the deep reds, appear in many shades. Again, two or three shades are smartly used together.

Black loses none of its sophisticated smartness because of the new deep colors. It is the smartly exclusive color in the fall range. The black costume is very chic when it has a touch or an accent of white, beige, or contrasting color.

These are but glimpses of some important costume-points for Fall. There is lots to be said about hats and shoes, but that will have to wait until next month.



The Best of the New Books

By MRS. ROBERT C. MORRIS

ONE evening this summer, I saw the moving-picture "The Thief of Bagdad." In the entire performance there was for me just one big thrill when, abroad the magic carpet the winds of heaven stirring its fringed edges, the hero sailed away into Emyrean distances with his lady-love.

When I was ten goin' on eleven, a battered copy of Arabian Nights was my boon companion, and often, on the magic carpet, I was transported from a town in the hills of Pennsylvania across mysterious seas to strange and glamorous lands of the far east.

So I experienced on old familiar thrill when I discovered in a local book-store a collection of poems old and new under the title of *The Magic Carpet, Poems for Travelers*.

This compilation is the work of Mrs. Waldo Richards whose fine discrimination is attested by several other successful compilations.

The poems in this fascinating collection will have a wide appeal. They will interest those who have adventured among the scenes of the old world. They will especially intrigue those whose wander-thirst has not been quenched, and who agree with Edna St. Vincent Millay.

"My heart is warm with friends I make,
And better friends I'll not be knowing,
Yet there isn't a train I would'n't take
No matter where it's going.

WE'RE all aboard the magic carpet and sail away on the first page with the familiar lines of Richard Hovey,

"There's a schooner in the offing
With her topsails shot with fire
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the Islands of Desire."

Byron, Whitman, Kipling describe for us the moods of the sea. Alfred Noyes shows us the White Cliffs of England.

Browning, de la Mare, Burke, Robinson and others take us through ancient city gates, over Westminster bridge, into the dim recesses of the Abbey. We go with Marguerite Wilkinson to,

"The Cheshire Cheese where Johnson made merry,
The bloody Tower with its scenes of wrath,
And the old Cathedral of Canterbury."

We see the hawker selling daffodils on the curb near old Saint Paul's, and agree with Arthur Guiterman.

"They'll show you old St. Paul's
Crumbling bits of Roman walls,
Galleries of wondrous treasures,
Public parks for simple pleasures,
Palaces remotely dated,
Vaulted chambers consecrated
By Elizabeth the Spinster,
And the Abbey of Westminster,
And the House of Commons's lobby,—

But the finest thing in London is the Bobby!"

WE see the spires of Oxford, the lakes of Ireland, heather of Scotland, mountains of Wales.

We live in Paris with Alan Seeger. With him and with other poets we loiter at the book-stalls on the Seine; we stroll under flowering chestnuts; from balconies set high in the walls of old stone palaces we discover familiar towers and domes.

With the poets we go through the long corridors of the Louvre. Bliss Carman points out the statue,

A Little Thought

By ISABELLE ELLING

*Dear, I wonder if we'll house-keep
In the other world!*

*If we will have a little house
With old Dutch blinds*

*That you will paint white each year
Like here.*

*If we will have a bit of earth
To make a springtime garden in;*

*And in the twilight
Of returning dreams*

*The old earth habit in me still—
I might go out upon that garden's edge*

*And kneel
To feel*

*The swell of radishes above the soil,
And pick green lettuce leaves*

*For meal.
And Christ, Who strolling down that way*

*(Remembering Nazareth and play)
So wistful, looking at my fare*

*May say:
"Child, I think I'll stay*

For supper in your house today.

"Whose fluttering wind-blown garments keep
The very freshness, fold and sweep
They wore upon the galley's prow.
By what unwonted favor now
Hast thou alighted in this place,
Thou victory of Samothrace?"

ON the magic carpet of poetry we flit over the lights and shadows of the forest of Fountainbleau, we wander down the Rhine, we see the sun-rise from mountain peaks of Switzerland, the cherry blossoms at Grenada, the flower-market of Copenhagen.

In some of Amy Lowell's loveliest lines she shows us the "cloud of rose and violet poised upon a changing sea" that is Venice; she paints word-pictures of Rome and Naples.

Greece, Egypt, the desert,—we explore ancient civilizations swept on the tide of modern poetry.

The last group presents poems for the traveler who is homeward bound. When we read the very last line, we want, more than anything else, to begin at the beginning and read all these poems again.

Was it Emily Dickenson who wrote,—

"There is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away,
Nor any coursers like a page
Of prancing poetry."

There are many excellent new books written in prose which may inform or inspire the traveler, but to travel with this little book in one's bag is like having among one's equipment an Aladdin's lamp. It has power to summon Magic, Rhythm, Color, Charm, and make them our daily companions.

* * *

ONE of the very best of the season's novels, "Teefallow" by T. S. Stribling, is a stirring convincing picture of life among the hill people of our southern states. The novel of the south used to be a clever blend of music, moonlight, chivalry and a dash of intrigue. The publication of "Barren Ground" by Ellen Glasgow marked a change. We are told that the purpose of fiction is to broaden, to deepen and to clarify our knowledge of human life. "Teefallow" adds much to our knowledge of human life south of Mason and Dixon's line, and dispells the romantic fog which hid devastating truths concerning some of our fellow citizens. This novel doth a tale unfold that will cause your every separate hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine. It will explain in a measure the Scopes' trial of last summer. You will live in a small town in Tennessee, go to church with the fundamentalist, gossip over the back fences, hunt human prey and lynch him, march with the white caps.

"Teefallow" is a man's book, but I hope that women will read it. It was chosen as the Book-of-the-Month for June.

* * *

"O GENTEEL Lady" by Esther Forbes was chosen as the Book-of-the-Month for July. I hope the compositor will get that title correctly. It is not about a gentile lady or a gentle lady, but a genteel lady, which was the objective our great-grandmothers used to describe a female creature of refinement and culture. Esther Forbes is a very young writer to have given us this realistic picture of social life in Boston of the 1850's. It is said that she reconstructed the social background of the middle century by exploring among the treasures of an attic in Massachusetts as Anne Parrish dug among the antiquities stored in an attic in Delaware before she wrote "The Perennial Bachelor." (Rummage sales are so fashionable in Ohio that we may be depriving future novelists of valuable material.) Browning, Longfellow, Holmes and Tennyson all come alive on the pages of this enthralling story,—and it is no wonder, because Esther Forbes is a grand-niece of Ralph Waldo Emerson himself! The genteel lady wore billowing hoopskirts, but in her veins ran the same red blood as that which runs in the veins of the girls of 1926. Read the story and you

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The Best of the New Books

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will discover that human nature was very much the same in 1850 as it is today. Grandfather and grandmother were not lifeless sticks, they were flesh and blood youngsters in their day, curious about the world about life and love. If you are among those who profess to be perplexed by the actions and attitudes of present day young people, read "O Genteel Lady," you need it!

The Iconoclast in New York

By WALTER H. MCKAY

NEW York, July—Now that our wife has gone to the country, we get all the cream at the top of the milk bottle every morning and we can read the paper without discussing relatives, millinery and horrible diseases at the same time.

Well, we saw Lieutenant Commander Richard E. Byrd march up lower Broadway upon his triumphal return to civilization. He looked likeable, modest and a little apprehensive of too much hero worship. The papers have been full of praise for his daring and history making flight to and from the North Pole but somehow the thing that most interested us what his mother first said when they were reunited. She said, "Oh, Dick, you are so thin! What you need is some good home cooking."

Every morning, nowadays, an indescribable man stands at many of the street intersections on upper Broadway. As you pass him he speaks from the dead. His words are unintelligible but you know his business. He buys cast off clothing. He has a faint smile on his lips as he mumbles but you shake your head and hurry on. Each one of them, like the newsboy, has his own corner and guards it as jealously. They are patient and persistent. Each evening as you return home they are there again to greet you. This time you avoid them and they remember your face. After several weeks we finally have seen one of these old codgers with a suit coat over his arm. Success was written upon his features and he was soliciting with something akin to the fervor of a Coney Island concessionaire.

WE have recently made the acquaintance of Mr. Thorne Smith, author of "Biltmore Oswald," "Out o' Luck," "Haunts and By-paths" (book of poems), the chapter entitled "Advertising in 'Civilization in the United States,'" and lately "Topper." The last named, full of Smith's mad humor, is now about ready for its third printing.

There is a lovely nimbus of success descending over the head of this author and it is accordingly in order that we make a few remarks regarding his manner of living: By day he commutes to New York where he writes copy for a n advertising

agency, for authors do not get rich quick. At other times, having left the rabid babble of Manhattan behind, he treks from house and family to an untenanted building on his land where he lights an oil lamp and writes. He requires a solid table, plenty of smokes and will not refuse the companionship of other stimuli of neither solid nor gaseous state. Practically all of "Topper" was written in this lonely covert. Mr. Smith is not of the Harold Bell Wright school; in fact he is very frank about such things as bedrooms and lingerie—but you must read "Topper" and find out for yourself. A new novel is now in the making and the blonde Mr. Smith expects to have it ready by fall. He frankly admits, however, that he may be arrested at the time of its publication because of a few-naive paragraphs which dance merrily through the chapters.

Recently we attended the National Hosiery and Lingerie Exhibition at the McAlpin Hotel. The main attraction, of course, was to ogle the movie actresses and fashion models parading in the filmy things, which, next to themselves, they like best. No, our wife went along with us.

BROADWAY, my dears, means more than "The Great White Way" or the theatrical and night club district. Let us investigate. The tail of it lays writhing with virile strength down at the foot of little old Manhattan, writhing madly because it must end here, for beyond is the harbor and the Atlantic. But we stand on the steps of the Custom House, looking north. We'll travel north and see what Broadway is like. Before we leave Bowling Green we read the names of Ocean Transport Lines over entrance ways to tall buildings and smell the sea. A few blocks and we feel the power of money in the air. Wall Street. And old Trinity

Church with its musty tombstones. We keep moving along for Broadway is long and we have no time to spare. The great cathedrals of commerce. The Equitable, Singer and Woolworth buildings. And more being built. City Hall Park. Mayor Walker is in his office over yonder shaking hands with princes and arguing with the controller. The mass of humanity before the entrance to Brooklyn Bridge.



Ogling the beauties at the National Hosiery and Lingerie Exhibition

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The names of streets such as Pearl, Worth, Lispenard, Canal Street—when the vehicular tunnel is completed its busy pavement will be busier. We are in the midst of belabored and belettered buildings some housing firms a hundred years old. Broome Street, Spring, Prince, Houston and Bleecker. The numbered streets begin. Twenty short blocks to the mile. Fourteenth Street and Union Square. Bargain stores and panhandlers. A shoddiness here but a good background of years gone by. The buildings grow taller again. Our Broadway cuts across avenues at angles and makes great squares. Breathing spaces with green in them. Madison Square at 23rd St. The Flatiron Building. The sparrows in the trees. The clock in the Metropolitan Tower. Fifth Avenue busses. The buildings continue taller—a vast forest of them. An elevated crossing our street a few blocks ahead. Its Herald Square. Great department stores with jostling crowds of shoppers—some from New Jersey, for a Hudson tube terminates here. The old Herald Building in the middle of the square now occupied by a clothing firm, for the Herald ran away and joined the Tribune. Only eight blocks to 42nd St. and Times Square. Our eyes brighten. We do not comprehend all that 42nd St. means at first sight.

THE Times Building. One of the few newspapers people have honest affection for. The new 37 story Paramount Building under construction. A great conglomeration of electric signs that shimmer giddily at night. Scores of thousands of people from all over the world eager for pleasure. Irving Berlin's song factory. Theatrical posters bearing names known internationally. Over three score legitimate theatres in the neighborhood. Broadway rumbles on. Subway noises rising from nowhere and kiosks sucking tens of thousands into their throats. A lost elevated train crosses over our street at 53rd. Around another bend and a few blocks to Columbus Circle. It is pretty. And a great traffic center. The excavations for the new municipally owned subway. The great entrance ways through the southwest corner of Central Park. We have traveled five miles and at last the great office buildings have decided to travel no further uptown. Automobiles. The utmost in motor-cars. The elevated crosses again at 66th street. Lincoln Square. A kind of cheapness about it—something like 14th St. And here and there a sleek Spaniard looking wild and smug. Commercial buildings are making their last stand. Desirable apartments are in the floors above the stores. The square at 72nd Street. The great Ansonia Hotel with its beautiful gingerbread facades. Finishing schools to the west for teaching snobbery. A monument erected in the center of Broadway. "In memory of 374 persons killed by reckless drivers in New York City since Jan. 1, 1926 Mammoth apartment houses. A few that cover a square-block. Some of the finest are as old as the Broadway subway which was built 21 years ago. And all ranging around 13 or 14 stories. Two solid miles of them. High rents. An uptown theatrical neighborhood and quite American. Men with canes and women with dogs at leash. Strouse Park at 106th St. Riverside Drive and the Hudson only one block west. Promenaders. People do not stare and one rarely sees the same faces again. The dogs are aware that they are promenading too. But they have their bad habits. Street corner spellbinders—all good talkers too. The Columbia College buildings. One cannot pick out the students—they have become New Yorkers. Block by block we are descending into a deep valley now. The subway comes out of the ground for air and at 125th street is high above our heads. One takes an escalator to reach the station. Eastward, 125th St. becomes Harlem's "Broadway," and flappers are a bit wild.

WE labor up a long incline and the subway plunges underground again. Soon it is so far below that one takes an elevator to reach it. A tabulation shows more taxicabs on the street than all other cars put together. Now the apartment houses refuse to rise higher than seven or eight stories. We see a little less of silk and more voile. English prints and cotton crepe on women's figures. We haven't lost our interest in women's figures since we left the Custom House steps. Family life becomes a little more apparent. More people know one another. Trinity Cemetery at 153rd. Where do they bury all of New York's dead? Three and a half more miles to go before we reach the Harlem River. Three and a half more miles of apartment buildings, people, stores and occasional movie palaces. We cross the Harlem River and are in the Bronx. Why do we smile when we say that? We have traveled thirteen miles. A tremendous amount of building in the Bronx. One mile to Van Cortlandt Park where the subway terminates. A mile and three quarters of green park on our right. Golfers. It ends at 262nd Street. Here is the northern boundary line of the New York City. Broadway plunges immediately into the city of Yonkers. And then on up to Albany. Well Broadway, we know you a bit better now; and somehow the queer feeling has crept in upon us that you have grown mightier than the men who built them. You know your stuff Broadway.

A friend of ours purchased an etching by Joseph Pennell the other day and paid \$75 for it. A few months ago, before Mr. Pennell's death, the same etching would have cost around \$30 or \$35. Our question is: Does the death of an artist justify the immediate doubling in value of his works? We admit that death makes us realize all the more the worthiness of the deceased, but why must we pay for the realization?

ON a recent Saturday afternoon we were chasing around the Art Galleries in search of a paragraph for this column. All the picture emporiums seemed to be closed but we finally found an "Open" sign at the R. Emmett Owen Galleries, 152 West 57 Street. We entered. And met Mrs. Owen. A delightful half hour's conversation. With Mr. Owen's kindly landscapes hanging upon the walls about us. Mr. Owen is a painter of New England landscapes—trees, flowing water, snow, rocks, leaden skies, greensward, the four seasons. Color, both bright and subdued; composition, harmonious; treatment, natural and human; chiaroscuro, enchanting; result, restful, charming and satisfying. One day, three and a half years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Owen dropped in to see a friend who sold art goods in a store on Lexington Ave. "It is all over. I've failed. I'm leaving," grieved the friend. Sympathy. And then a sudden inspiration caused Mrs. Owen to burst forth with, "We'll take it! We'll turn it into the R. Emmett Owen Galleries." There was only eleven cents in the Owen treasury at the time but they took it. The landlord could accept one of Mr. Owen's canvasses as a guarantee. "And I'll hand you a check on the day my first sale is made," invited Mr. Owen. And they all shook hands. Then the "spooks" crowded about and shook warning fingers at the painter and his wife. "No man has ever opened his own galleries in this country before," remonstrated the spooks, "and you will rue this day." But the day following was a still better one, for the first painting was sold and the rent collector was presented with a check. Forty colorful landscapes were sold during the first two months. Things moved along and they moved to larger quarters on Madison Avenue and six months ago they plumped right into their present location on 57th street, a thoroughfare of the first magnitude in the art world. Mr. Owen is the only painter in America who maintains his own galleries. And he displays none other than his own handiwork. Mrs. Owen

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final joust with the Toledo woman.

Mrs. Greenhalgh played brilliantly, courageously and stubbornly all through the tournament and in her match with the four-time title holder, and though defeated on the 22nd green accomplished that which no other golfer has ever done in taking the sterling Youngstown player that many holes Mrs. Greenhalgh was never down to her more noted opponent and had it not of been for these two sensational shots she would have captured the match and advanced into the finals. And had she reached this deciding round she would have surely beaten her old college room-mate and close friend, Miss Martha Kinsay of the Cincinnati Country Club, who was visibly off her game when she faced Miss Fordyce.

Miss Fordyce, recent winner of the North and South at Pinehurst is the fourth ranking player in the United States among the women and is noted as being one of the best feminine welders of the iron club. And it was with two irons that she triumphed over Mrs. Greenhalgh.

On the 18th green one down to the Toledoan, Miss Fordyce, who had been putting badly all afternoon, sunk a 20 foot putt for a win of the hole and to halve the match. Again on the 19th hole it looked as though Mrs. Greenhalgh had the victory in her bag. But again Miss Fordyce's skill with the iron was manifested and she made the most expert and amazing shot of the entire tournament.

Her drive was hooked to the left and found a resting place on the side of one of the yawning and treacherous traps which line the left side of the first fairway at Inverness. It was nearly an impossible lie and nearly every person in the gallery believed her beaten. But she calmly chose a club, took her stance and whacked away at the little white pill. To the surprise of everybody the ball sailed out of the trap and straight for the green. This brilliant recovery enabled her

to halve the hole, and, as the world by this time knows, she went on and won the battle on the 22nd green.

The women's title was a much cherished thing by Mrs. Greenhalgh and all of the Toledo golfing gentry, as it would have given the city the proud boast of two links champions for 1926, Parker Campbell of the Country Club having won the men's title at Cleveland in June.

The tournament at Inverness was a huge success, all of the visiting golfers declaring there had never been a more delightful meeting. Mrs. Herv Cheney, Mrs. Linton Fallis, Mrs. Harold Weber, Miss Mary Hauck and Miss Nan Basch were the other local women to qualify for the championship flight.

JULIAN Blanton, the Heather Downs professional, led the fields of pros and simon pures in the invitation tourney staged by the Riverby Hills Golf Club last month, which marked the opening of the new upriver course. Blanton had a pair of 79's for his 36 holes journey. Parker Campbell, the Ohio amateur champ, led the amateur contingent with an 83 for 18 holes.

While the new course is far from being in perfect shape as yet, all of the 150 players who took part in the invitational event were loud in their praise of the potential possibilities of the layout.

attributes their success in large part to faith. She quoted something like, "For things ask ye believing, and they shall come to pass." She continued, "And when sales lapse at times I act the part of imaginary buyers to Mr. Owen's glee, and sure enough, after a day or two in walk the characters portrayed and buy the pictures. Sometimes we buy our own pictures for fun and even write out checks for them. Then, presto, in walks in millionaire, check book in hand, saying, 'I'll take that one.'" The prices are quite reasonable, \$100 to \$1,000.

AND now we wish to close with a word of cheer for those heavily laden with sorrow. Our dentist has informed us that four out of five do NOT get pyorrhea. He laughed out loud when we asked him. "That is a great joke among members of the dental profession," said he. So don't worry about that.

"I'M RICH!"

"A Poem After The Manner Of Edgar Guest"

Marie, wife of John Albert Dorman,
Did all of the work of her flat.
She cooked and she polished and dusted
And she loved to be working, at that.

She was happiest quite, in the morning
A-scrubbing her big baby boy.
She tucked him in bed and she knew then
That she had life's best, sweetest joy.
Now, John Albert Dorman made money.
He moved in a house big and new.
He hired four capable servants.
Not a thing did his wife have to do.

All day long, she just gaddled and flitted.
She dressed and she motored and dined.
And sometimes she played with her baby,
But for that seldom could she find time.
It is true,—in her boudoir so Frenchy
She often thought: "Oh, how I wish
It were proper to bathe my own baby,
But the nurse would be shocked—we're so rich!"

They hit such a pace, did the Dormans
They really became very swell.
But one day, an awful thing happened.
With a crash, Dorman credit all fell.
Just to think! They were forced then to vacate
The large and expensive domain.
They had to give up all their servants,
Their autos!—Poor Dorman felt pain.

He moved wife Marie and the baby
To a flat so dingy and small
That you scarcely could tell which was bed-room
And which was the kitchen or hall.
Marie, tho', had not quite forgotten
The ways of a brush, rag, and broom.
She put on her bungalow apron
And tidied up each little room.

"The place looks like home, Dear," said Dorman.
The first night he came in the door.
Said Marie: "Do you know being busy
Seems better than ever before?"
Now, one of the reasons I'll tell you.
Is it right or wrong?—you tell me which.
When she's bathing her baby, she murmurs:
"Oh God, thanks! I know I am rich!"—M. H. S.