



**Toledo Topics**  
**September, 1926**  
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# TOLEDO TOPICS



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### PUBLISHERS ANNOUNCEMENT

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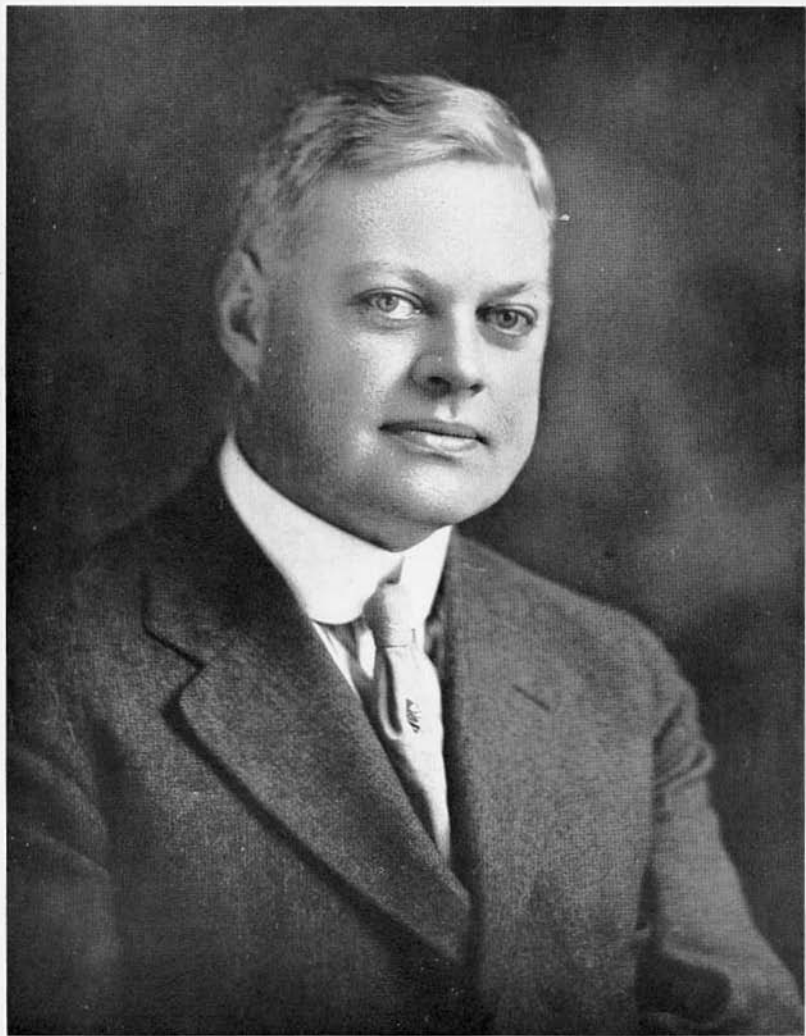
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CLEMENT O. MINIGER

C. L. LEWIS

*Clement O. Miniger, president of the Electric Auto-Lite company, is today one of the outstanding industrial leaders of Toledo and a man known throughout the automotive world. He started as a travelling salesman working for a wholesale drug house in Toledo. His sales ability has won him an eminent place in the business world. He has devoted a large measure of personal effort to charitable, philanthropic, and civic movements in Toledo and through realty investments is carrying on a program of city building.*



# Town Talk



**T**HE open season for Toledo husbands to make business trips to Philadelphia will begin around the middle of the current month, the game warden informs us. Those who have retired from the marts of industry will no doubt feel a cultural urge for the benefits to be derived from a visit to the Sesqui-centennial and traipse along with the others. Two young fellows who answer to the names of Mr. Dempsey and Mr. Tunney are scheduled to settle some kind of an argument there on the twenty third, you know.

\* \* \*

to business as many would no doubt patronize them just for the novelty of riding on the upper deck. But no one is going to journey in the present vehicles for the mere joy of it. Certainly the scenery to be viewed enroute is no inducement.

\* \* \*

**N**OW that the motorists can park on only one side of Summit and St. Clair streets, the only thing to do if you would go down town to view a theatrical performance of an evening, is to park your car in the residence district and take a taxi the rest of the way, or to return home, run the "bus" in the garage, tear up the theatre tickets and cuss the fellows who make the laws.

\* \* \*

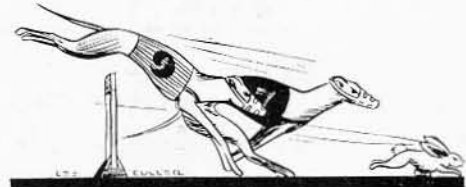
**T**HEY have been searching for hidden treasure beneath Toledo's streets again. Someday these treasure hunters will cease their explorations amid the sewerage of our great metropolis and that day will be a red letter day for the poor motorist. He is so tired of making detours because of torn up pavements that he is fairly dizzy.

\* \* \*

**T**OLEDO'S night life, what there is of it, will again come into its own when the Green Mill Gardens, our lone after dark playground for the local jazzbeaus and high steppers and the visiting gutter and keg men, opens its doors and floor around the middle of the month. Emmett, Toledo's best known head waiter, will again be how-

**W**HENEVER any of our local high school athletic teams have invaded foreign parts in quest of football, basketball or track honors, they have always had their liquid nourishment taken along with them in especial containers. We understand the same thing will occur when the Toledo Golf team goes to Buffalo this month, the only difference being in the size and shape of the bottles toted along and in the color of their contents.

\* \* \*



**H**AVE you as yet become an addict to the cantering canines, in other words the galloping greyhounds, that have been displaying racing such as Toledo sports men and women have never before witnessed hereabouts out at the Toledo Kennel Club's splendid, new track on the Benore Road? One neophyte after watching several races at the track recently, strode over to one of the pari-mutuel booths and asked for a two dollar ticket on the white rabbit that leads the flying dogs around the oval in each event. He was politely told to go soak his head, or words to that effect.

\* \* \*

**Y**OU can believe this or not, it makes no difference, but it was told to us as a true story. Not so many evenings ago the portly proprietor of one of our best behaved thirst quenching emporiums advanced to the center of the floor, stopped the strains of one of those barbaric, low down, shuffling blues numbers with a mere gesture of his hand towards the orchestra, and made the following announcement, which, though quite beyond him, caused a none too subdued ripple of laughter to arise from the cash customers present: "Ladies and gentlemen, there has been a silver flask lost here tonight by a patron half full of gin."



**W**ITH the coming of cooler zephyrs, which September usually brings, squash will again blossom and burgeon in the new athletic wing of the Toledo Club. And so if Friend Husband comes home late for the evening meal with face and head covered with swollen lumps and scratches, don't accuse him of having been in a liquor raid or of having been beaten up by some indignant hussy. For likely he has just been indulging in the game that rose in popularity in leaps and bounds at the club last winter.

\* \* \*

**W**E are disappointed in the Community Traction Company. It is not doing its share in making Toledo more metropolitan. We had high hopes for double deck busses, like you find in New York, Chicago, Detroit and other thriving centers of population, to traverse the newly laid asphalt of Front Street. But our bubble was punctured with a loud squash when large yellow single deck conveyances arrived. Double deckers are the style nowadays (look at the sandwiches) and in addition they would have been a great boon



ering near the entrance portals to greet the guests with his cordial welcome and this in itself is one reason for visiting the dancery, eatery-drinkery in the very near future.



# THE SEVEN DEADLY ARTS

By WEARE HOLBROOK  
 Drawings by HARRY SMITH

IN "The Seven Lively Arts," Gilbert Seldes performed the valuable service of initiating the high hats into those delights which had hitherto been enjoyed almost exclusively by the brown derbies. He sang the praises of custard-pie comedies, mammy songs, comic strips, the two-a-day, *le ballet Minsk*, and Irene Castle (*olav hasholem!*), with a refined gusto which should have rendered the most vehement press-agent inarticulate. So graciously did Mr. Seldes perform the Hands-Across-the-Avenue courtesies, that today nearly every Harvard man can understand the two-penny tabloids.

But life is not all beer and skittles, nor even Bevo and riddledy-winks, and it is my painful duty to remind my little readers that, despite the large following which the lively arts command, there are a number of not-so-lively arts about which staunch supporters still rally.

## A BOW TO MRS CHALLIS

FOR my data in the following dissertation I am indebted largely to Mrs. J. Montague Challis—which is about the only way one could be indebted to Mrs. Challis, she weighing 180 pounds, man and boy, and acting as a sort of ring-master in the circus of the seven deadly arts.

Mrs. Challis has always been an ardent devotee of the drama with a capital "D," and for more years than I would dare to count she has been guiding the destinies of the Tuesday Afternoon Shakespeare Club. This organization, as you may have guessed from its title, is engaged in an unending study of the myriad-minded Bard. Although the members of the club realize that Shakespeare used some

words, which they wouldn't care to offer up along with their prayers, by and large they consider him a Good Influence, certainly much better than this Noel Arlen, or whatever his name is.

For one thing, he is broadening, and there is no limit to the number of influences which can be traced to him and from him. Give Mrs. Challis a set of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" and a copy of "Bartlett's Quotations," and she can turn out a very acceptable thesis on "The Influence of Shakespeare upon Early Byzantine Architecture," or "The Influence of Early Byzantine Architecture," upon Shakespeare," whichever you prefer. Only last week she read a charming paper on "How to Keep Red Ants Out of the Kitchen."

But Mrs. Challis does not confine her interests entirely to Shakespeare. She likes modern drama. She was one of the first to attend John Howard Lawson's "Nirvana"—and one of the first to leave. "I hope I'm not naturally dense," she confessed, "but honestly, the only thing I could recognize was the rumble of the subway under the Greenwich Village theatre."

## NO. 1—AMATEUR THEATRICALS

MRS. Challis is especially keen about what she calls "the non-professional theatre." Which brings us to the first of the seven deadly arts—amateur theatricals.

If amateur playwrights and actors can dish up their stuff to the public and get away with it, why can't amateur cooks and barbers do the same? (Voice from the gallery: "They do!") When you complain that the prep-school valed-

dictorian mode of historic expression gives you a blighted feeling, and that a blue floodlight on a borrowed bedsheet does not look like a Joseph Urban sky, you are rebuked and reminded that So-and-So got his start in just this way, and besides, these young people have to acquire their experience somewhere, don't they? (The obvious answer to this question is "No," but choose your exit before you say it.)

It is my earnest hope that this viewpoint will not be adopted in regard to other professions. A burnt steak is still a burnt steak, even though the waiter assures you with tears in his eyes that the chef is a free spirit who cooks for the sheer love of cooking.

But the flaming ambition of Mrs. Challis' life is the establishment of a permanent repertory theatre for East Teabone, New Jersey. She considers herself the American reincarnation of Lady Gregory—and maybe she is; but so far, she has been unable to find anyone who is willing to be the American reincarnation of William Butler Yeats. Mr. Challis was nominated, but he balked. Instead of arising to "Go now, and go to Innisfree," he arose and went to the Elks' Club. What's more, he refused to come back, basing his refusal on the grounds that he had heard the place was going to be padlocked, and wanted to be on the inside when it happened.

The big trouble with a permanent repertory company, take it from Mrs. Challis, is that it isn't permanent even to the extent of one production. People are always getting indignant and resigning. Take the case of Ida Mae Weems, better known as the Eleanora Duse of Evander Childs High School. Ida Mae was prevailed upon to play the lead in "The Sea Queen's Mantle," a Challis tragedy which the Challis Players tackled last winter.

All went well until the night of the dress rehearsal. The sea queen was supposed to rise from the foam in the manner (though not the garb) of Aphrodite. Mrs. Challis had devised an appropriate costume of dark green georgette—neat but not bawdy. It was designed to reveal the bare white arms and legs of the sea queen as she lured the half-witted young fisherman down into her watery boudoir. But in the rehearsal it developed that Ida Mae was addicted to heavy undies, and furthermore, she had no intention of risking pneumonia in the cause of art. The prospect of a goddess in Jaegers was a little too much for the esthetic sensibilities of Mrs. Challis, and she demurred as only Mrs. Challis can demur. Her protests resulted in a typical D. A. R. convention, and Ida Mae departed in one of the highest dudgeons recorded since the winter of 1888.



## NO. 2—STUDIO TEAS

**B**UT although few of her plays achieve production, the business of discussing and rehearsing them gives Mrs. Challis an excuse for countless studio teas. And if anything needs an excuse, it's a studio tea. Which brings us to the second deadly art—the instigation of studio teas. The invitation (always oral, so that the victim will not have the leisure and solitude necessary for the composition of a plausible excuse) is usually accompanied by the following bait: "You'll have a chance to meet some very interesting people."

Well, you go, and you do meet some very interesting people, but they are the same interesting people whom you met at the last tea, and some ones you'll meet at the next. Perhaps the names are different. Perhaps the lady with the southern boarding-school accent wears jade earrings instead of bronze slave-bracelets, and the stout gentleman who assures his hostess that he is perfectly comfortable on the footstool may not be the same stout gentleman who last week assured his hostess that he was perfectly comfortable on the window-sill, but apparently all, all are here, the old familiar faces. There is the slightly bald youth with the rampant teeth; God intended him for a chorus man, but he works, prosaically enough, in an architect's office. Business life has not crushed his spirit, however; he nibbles his macaroons avidly, and greets his own witticisms with spontaneous bursts of stage laughter.

There is the elderly and rather motheaten literary lion with an inexhaustible fund of three anecdotes, namely what he said to Oscar Wilde, what Oscar Wilde said to him, and what Michael Arlen said he said to Edna Ferber. There is the young lady from Smith College who contracted manish influenza while doing Red Cross work during the war. Her hair is drawn back tightly into a Grecian doughnut, revealing two very bleak ears, and her tailored suit has a masculine cut which makes her resemble a Hester-street deaconess. It is reported that she has lately gone in for interior decorating; one wishes to heaven that she would go out for a little exterior decorating.

There is also the bobbed-haired lady of uncertain age and virtue, who has come to the conclusion that it is easier to be sprightly than to be spirited. Rumor has it that she was once the light o'love of a famous violinist, but she is very brave about it all. She moves with quick, bird-like gestures, and she makes a deep impression upon men by beginning all her questions with: "Now, I want you to tell me frankly, just what you think . . ." Fortunately, none of them so far has had the nerve to tell her even approximately the truth.

(Continued on page 40)



# The Seven Deadly Arts

(continued from page 11)

For me, the one bright spot in a long siege of studio teas occurred when Mrs. Challis was entertaining a visiting celebrity from England. His name, as I recall it, was T. Finley Culliden-Coutts (pronounced Coo-Coo). Mrs. Challis served tea, buttered buns, and chocolate eclairs, in the order named. When the maid arrived with the eclairs, Mr. Culliden-Coutts already had a tea-cup in one hand, a buttered bun in the other, and no place to sit down (that is to say, he was standing up). Yet he did not wish to offend his hostess by refusing the eclairs, so he did what any well-bred Englishman would have done under the circumstances. He placed the buttered bun on top of his head (which was quite flat) and took an eclair. It was a wonderful exhibition of *savoir-faire*; this cultured gentleman chatting with the fashionable habitués of the Challis salon, as if a biscuit on the brow were quite the usual thing. We marveled at the ease with which he balanced it; when introduced to some of the late arrivals, he genuflected instead of bowing, in order not to disturb the bun. It is only men like Mr. Culliden-Coutts who make studio teas endurable.

## NOS. 3 AND 4 ARE DEAD

NO list of the deadly arts would be complete without cross-word puzzles and mah jongg. Luckily, they are not only deadly, but dead. It has been bruited about that a shabbily-dressed man was seen working on a cross-word puzzle in the vestibule of the Bowery Mission one day last week, but he was probably only an idle roomer. Or maybe he was a brother of the lady who went into Sak's the other day and asked to see some petticoats; they referred her to the Early American wing of the Metropolitan Museum.

## No. 5—Art of Banqueting

THE fifth deadly art, then, must be the art of banqueting. There was a time when the verb "to banquet" meant "to dine heartily." But now it means "to give until it hurts." Whenever you see, in the private dining room of a hotel, a long white table decorated with asparagus ferns and ice water, you may make up your mind that somebody is going to be asked to Contribute to a Cause. If it isn't the Near East, it's the Far West.

It is becoming no uncommon event in the lives of many of us to receive handsomely-engraved invitations informing us that Mrs. Stuyvesant Flounder or some other front-page notable requests the pleasure of our presence at a dinner at the Waldorf Astoria next Wednesday evening. The correct thing to do when such an invitation arrives is not to turn to your engagement book to see whether you have anything on for Wednesday evening, but to turn to your bank book and see whether you can walk the dotted line without losing your balance. It is not so important that you should know which fork to use, Emily Post to the contrary notwithstanding, the unpardonable social blunder is a check marked "I. F."

There is good psychology back of the modern banquet-beggary system, and all the ex-Boy Scouts and Chambermaids of Commerce know it. After a heavy meal, the circulation of the blood is diverted from the brain to the stomach, in order to assist in the process of digestion. Therefore, post-prandial assaults upon the intelligence are comparatively easy, and the chairman puts across his proposition with apt assimilation's artful aid. This is the reason why kitchens and dining rooms are important adjuncts to every large

church. The up-and-coming clergyman would rather have a cafeteria than a carillon in his church, and I am looking forward to the time when the "Come in to Rest and Pray" legend outside the church door will be supplemented by "No Cover Charge."

## NOS. 6 AND 7—Awful

THE sixth and seventh deadly arts are readings and recitations. These are not so prevalent in the city as in the rhubarbs. The readings usually consist of condensed versions of popular plays, interpreted by high-chested ladies in white satin. These ladies have studied Expression; they emphasize every other word, like a Herbert Kaufman editorial, and when they have occasion to utter such vulgarisms as "kiddies" "flappers," or "moonshine," you can fairly see the quotation marks around the words. They are also exponents of Correct Speech. In conversation, they delight in referring to "Sinjin Erveen," "John Drinketter," and "Blahsco Eebanyeh"—particularly just after some well-meaning Babbitt has pronounced the aforesaid names exactly as they are spelled.

The best play-reading I ever heard was "What Price Glory," which Mrs. Challis read to the Tuesday Afternoon Shakespeare Club. She omitted all the profanity, so the whole thing lasted only about fifteen minutes. But unfortunately it was followed by a couple of long recitations by Louella Maurine Hogg.

Recitations are the ultimate blight, and I can't say much for Louella Maurine, either. She is a typical reciter. If my remarks in regard to professional play-readers have led you to believe that I am opposed to schools of expression, let me say that, after hearing Louella Maurine, I am absolutely neutral on the subject. Louella Maurine never took a lesson in her life. Reciting just came to her naturally. The neighbors hope that some day it may go, in the same manner; but I'm afraid that's too much to expect, since Moses has quit knocking the water out of the rocks.

Louella Maurine is in her thirties and her complexion is no better, but she is still addicted to baby-ingenue recitations such as "When I's a Grown-Up Lady." Occasionally she launches into something really serious, like "God Wanted a Barber in Heaven, So He Took Gus Hohenstein Away," but she, herself, admits that she is at her best in little-girl roles.

Her favorite is "No Telephone?" which is almost 100 per cent baby-talk, and at baby-talk Louella Maurine is inimitable, especially when she has her upper plate out. The piece goes something like this, and the sooner the better, as far as I'm concerned:

"I want 'oo to call up mamma," said a little tot of three,  
(*Business of looking like a little tot of three, by turning toes in, and plucking at skirt with fingers*)

'Wif yo' telephone, an' ast her w'hen she's tummin' back to me.

Tell her I's so lonesome 'at I don't know what to do,  
An' papa cries so much, I dess he must be lonesome, too.  
(*Business of nodding reproachfully*)

Tell her to tum to baby, 'tause at night I dit so 'fraid  
Wif nobody dere to tiss me, when de light bedins to fade.'

(*Business of making eyes large, to indicate fear; this effect is lessened somewhat by the fact that Louella Maurine is near-sighted and when she leaves off her eyeglasses, she has trouble in getting her eyes to stop squinting. Also, it will be noticed that she lapses into negro dialect now and then. Louella Maurine has been giving this recitation ever since telephones were invented, but no one has yet been able to*)

(continued on page 48)



# The Seven Deadly Arts

(Continued from page 40)

figure out whether the little tot of three is white or black. Which is just another proof of the versatility of this Wonder-Woman).

"My child," the old man murmured, as he stroked her anxious brow,

(Business of trying to imitate man's voice by thrusting chin back and scowling)

'There's no telephone connection where your mother's living now.'

'Ain't no telephone in heaven?' and tears sprang in her eyes,

(Business of shaking head slowly and pitifully. Adenoidal tremolo)

'I fought dat God had ever-fing wif Him up in de skies!'

(Applause from the members of the W. G. T. U., D. A. R., W. R. G., and G. F. S. One old lady who is rather hard of hearing, bursts into tears, and asks Louella Maurine if she knows any card tricks.)

It is easy to understand why all the men in Louella Maurine's family have taken up drinking in a serious way.

—oo—

## Between Gentlemen

Throughout the middle west all livestock auctioneers are designated by the complimentary title of "Colonel." Their success as auctioneers depends on their ability to think straight and fast on their feet in front of a crowd. The quick wit so developed is well illustrated by a passage at words between "Col." McCracken and an opposing heckling lawyer in a suit to determine the identity of a famous pure-bred boar, the pedigree of which has been questioned.

"What regiment were you Colonel of 'Col.' McCracken?" queried the attorney.

"I reckon you'd call it the 'Hog Brigade,'" replied the "Col."

"Come, come, now," heckled the attorney, "I asked you a legitimate question and I am entitled to a non-jesting reply."

"Well," replied McCracken, "You see it's like this: 'Colonel' in front of my name is just like 'Honorable' in front of yours—it doesn't mean a damn thing!"

—Dallas News.

## It All Depends

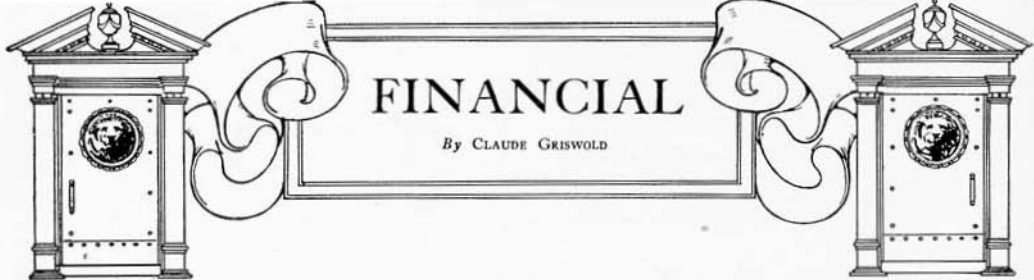
A crusty old gentleman happened to be playing over a course through which ran a fine crystal brook. On the way out he made a glorious shot that sent the ball sailing across to land on the green opposite.

"Beautiful course!" he remarked. "How wonderful it is to have such a sweet cooling stream running through the golf course!"

But on the way back the old gentleman had the misfortune to put his ball into, instead of over, the stream, whereupon he lashed out with:

"Who the deuce could play on a course with a sewer in the middle of it?"

—Indianapolis News.



# FINANCIAL

By CLAUDE GRISWOLD

**S**EPTEMBER promises to be a fickle month in securities. As the strong influence of sturdy Leo, the lion, lost its potency in the market-place, the speculative craft of professional Wall Street drifted into more or less of a broad distributing movement.

Despite activity in such steller performers as General Motors, General Asphalt and others, a broad list of stocks was sold under cover.

Some of the keenest operators in the street liquidated their lines, content to wait and watch for indications of the next big major movement of prices. Confusion reigned because of a fear of both the long and short sides of the market.

The strongest inspiration and chief sustaining incentive of the bull market in early summer had been the cheapness of money. With interest rates low and millions in funds seeking investment, it was logical to look for rising prices in stocks and bonds while even the more speculative issues responded to the demand for yield, present and prospective.

\$ \$ \$

**H**ARDENING of money rates reach an anti-climax in the advance of the rate of re-discount by the federal reserve bank in New York. This took some of the heart out of the bull party while semi-official reports that the U. S. Steel Corporation would not even consider raising its dividend rate before next January, if then, brought out considerable selling.

Indications that the steel corporation was determined to continue conservative in its dividend policy was interpreted in both financial and trade channels as meaning that spotty conditions in the industry were expected later in the year.

Business generally was on a high level during the summer and the mercantile reviews were cheerful. But since the market is more interested in the outlook than in past performances, a distinct tendency was noted to "feel the way" for increasing irregularity.

\$ \$ \$

**A**BRIGHT spot in the market was strength in the railroad shares. High rate of earnings, sustained car load-

ings and confidence of leaders in the field brought in buying of this group that lifted the average prices to the highest in fourteen years.

\$ \$ \$

**T**HE time of year did not favor motor stocks, although leading companies reported increasing sales. General Motors was the most active feature. Willys-Overland common just held its own. The company, however, reported that sales of the new Overland Whippet had passed expectations while its "Seventy" Knight was making new records.

\$ \$ \$

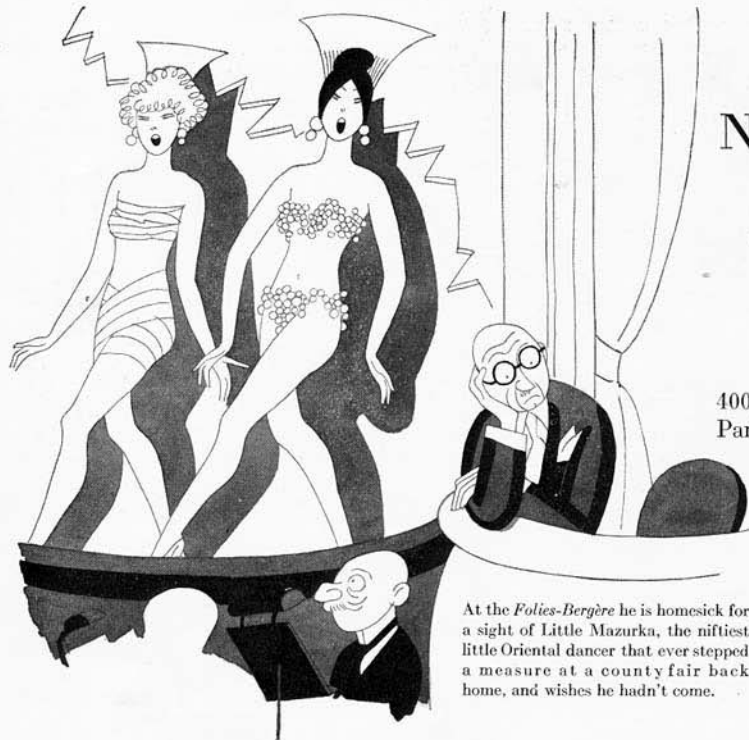
**T**HE local stocks were dull. Electric Auto-Lite sputtered above 70 but failed, at this writing to carry very far. Owens Bottle was strong around 72. National Supply common was the most outstanding feature.

Sponsors in many groups of stocks, however, appeared to be waiting for more stabilized market conditions before pushing their favorites to the fore. Considerable local interest was attracted to Beechnut Packing because of the appearance of good buying. The stock was reported "pegged" for higher levels.

\$ \$ \$

**I**N investment quarters, it was noted as significant that there had been no marked activity in bonds of the highest grade. These are naturally the first to feel the effect of firmer money rates. The outlook, according to bankers, is for further expansion of commercial loans and still firmer money conditions before the peak autumn credit demands are supplied. Under these circumstances dullness in first grade bonds is expected to prevail for some weeks.

Heavy demand from investors and the probability that prices of prime securities will go somewhat higher in the course of years are counter influences to firmer money, as are the high prices which have now been attained by many prime dividend paying common stocks which are to a certain extent competitors of bonds. In many cases their yields now approximate those of good bonds.



# THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE THE OTHER SIDE OF THE OCEAN

400,000 Americans Have Visited  
Paris This Summer—*News Item.*

By  
RALPH BARTON

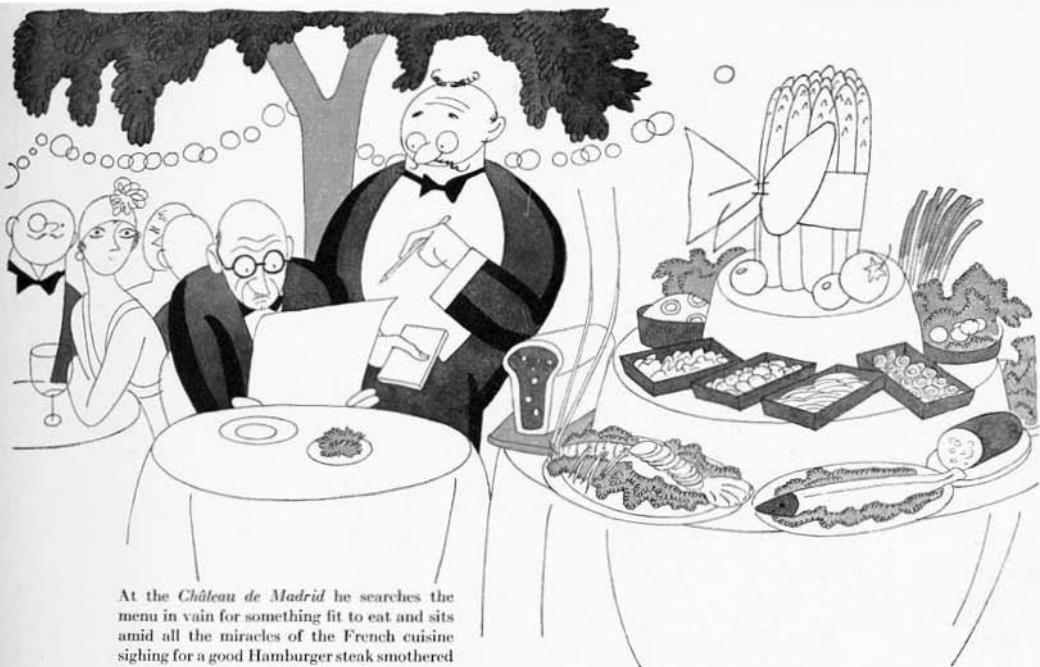
At the *Folies-Bergère* he is homesick for a sight of Little Mazurka, the niftiest little Oriental dancer that ever stepped a measure at a county fair back home, and wishes he hadn't come.



At *Ciro's* he sadly comes to the conclusion that this Veuve Cliquot 1906 doesn't pack half the wallop of the strained Sterno supplied by his boot-legger at home.



In the *Rue de la Paix* he thanks heaven that his sister doesn't dress in the indecent way that these French girls do.



At the *Château de Madrid* he searches the menu in vain for something fit to eat and sits amid all the miracles of the French cuisine sighing for a good Hamburger steak smothered in onions and topped off with a piece of apple pie a la mode.



In the *Boulevard de Clichy* he finds that it is no fun being spoken to in a language he can't understand—perhaps she only wants to know what time it is!



BUT—once back in Ypsilanti, he describes Paris to the boys in the office in this vein: "Boy, is Paris wonderful? Boy, didn't I put it to bed every night? You don't know what life is until you see Paris! Did I do my stuff over there? Say—," etc., etc.



# 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. Kettering Golf Club, Defiance, Ohio. Findlay Golf Club, Findlay, Ohio. Fremont Country Club, Fremont, Ohio. Fostoria Golf Club, Fostoria, Ohio. Mohawk Golf Club, Triffin, Ohio. Catawba Cliffs, Port Clinton, Ohio.

**T**OLEDO will send a team of twelve men to Buffalo on Friday and Saturday, September 10th and 11th, to participate in the third annual League of the Lower Lakes golf tourney, which this season and henceforth will be known as the DePew Cup Matches in honor of Ganson DePew, donor of the yearly trophy and who has manifested a major interest in golf in the Great Lakes district for many years.

On this team will be four players from Inverness, three from both the Country Club and Sylvania, and two from the public links at Ottawa Park. Ora Brailey, who will captain the team, the veteran and four time state champion Harold Weber, Robert Stranahan and Frank Southard are the Inverness stars who will make the trip. Parker Campbell, Ohio state title holder, Phelps Berdan, finalist in the recent Toledo District event, and Lloyd Hixon are the Country Club luminaries who will go. The long driving Raymond Miller, Lester Howard and Ed Grolle form the trio of Sylvania men selected for the team, and Paul Renz, District champ, and Joseph Kurek, winner of the District crown in 1925, are the due from the Toledo Golf Club at Ottawa.

This is undoubtedly the strongest team the Toledo District can muster and is considerably stronger than the group which won the championship of the league at its first meeting at Inverness in 1924, and the aggregation which represented the city at Cleveland last year. It is an ideal team for several reasons, principally because it is composed mostly of youthful golfers with just enough veterans to give it balance.

**W**HILE the District officials are not counting their chickens before they are hatched, they are very optimistic about the chances of the Toledo team and expect it to make a splendid showing at Buffalo, if not capture the title again.

Buffalo, playing at home, will be able to present a very formidable assemblage and is, of course, favored to gallop off with the huge DePew trophy, now held by Cleveland and which was Toledo's property in 1924. The Bison City boasts of many sterling club weilders such as Hamilton Gardner, Wattles, Chase, the New York state champion, Dailey and Comstock, but its team is bound to feel the loss of that splendid young star, Ray McAuliffe, who won the national public links championship when it was held at Ottawa Park four years ago. McAuliffe has turned professional.

Cleveland is the team next feared as it will probably be composed of such players as Eddie Haasman, former Ohio champ, the veteran Joe Bole, Ellsworth Augustus, Densmore Shute and others. Joe Wells, the fine golfer who carried Parker Campbell 40 holes in the finals of the state tourney at Westwood in June, is eligible for the Forest City team, but whether he will be a member or not is unknown.

Lamprecht, the inter-collegiate title holder, hails from Cleveland and is also eligible to play. And as his name does not appear on the list of national amateur tourney entries, it seems quite probable that he will be seen at Buffalo. His presence in the Cleveland crowd would give it great strength.

**T**HE members of Detroit's team are not known at this writing. Detroit finished last in 1925 and it is figured every effort will be made to send a stronger group to the event this year.

**F**OR the second time in two years the Toledo District Golf Association championship was won by a public links player when Paul Renz, the mighty and long driving star of the Toledo Golf Club, who does his shooting at Ottawa Park, defeated Phelps Berdan, the popular youth from the upriver Country Club, 7 and 6 in the 36 hole final match at Inverness last month.

In annexing the title Renz demonstrated, just as Joe Kurek did in 1925, that you don't have to have your name in the Social Register or be the possessor of untold wealth to win golf championships. Arrayed in a very unimposing pair of grey knickers and a white shirt, which he wore open at the collar, Renz captured the annual event by the greatest exhibition of indomitable golf ever displayed on a local course. Twice, once in the semi-final round and once in the round before that, defeat crept right up close to him and stared him in the face. But instead of frightening him it gave him courage, and by a wonderful display of pure grit and the ability to make a remarkable shot when one was needed, he pulled both matches out of the fire and won them on the 19th green.

In his third round match with Bob Stranahan, the Inverness crack had him four down at the turn. But Renz hadn't given up. Not by a long shot. He quickly took advantage of a break whne Stranahan missed a short putt on the tenth green, won the hole and then by sterling play, for the maker of the spark plug fought valiantly, evening the affair on the 18th green. It is now golfing history that he won the first extra hole and match.

On the afternoon of the same day, in the semi-final round, he disposed of Frank Southard, that fine young player from Inverness, in the same number of holes. Southard had him two down when they stepped onto the ninth tee. But Renz again showed his uncanny skill on the long and quite difficult hole and by getting a birdie four to Southard's par five cut his opponent's lead to one up. Southard still led him by this score at the end of the 17th. On the 18th Renz again called upon all of his ability, for it was a matter of do or die, and with a dandy birdie three to Southard's four squared the match. He played the 19th in par four and emerged triumphant when Southard missed a putt and took a five.

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## Toledo District Golf Gossip

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Against Berdan the new champion had to play stellar golf as the upriver youth never stopped fighting, though decidedly off his game. Renz was a demon at getting out of trouble in this long match, his shots from the rough to the green being little short of brilliant. He was also deadly on a runup shot from just off the green, sinking a 50 footer on number nine during the morning round for an eagle three.

This is Renz' second city championship. He defeated Harold Weber for the title in 1917 when only an unknown lad of 17.

Parker Campbell, Joe Kurek and Bob Stranahan tied for the medalist honors with 78 each. In the playoff of the tie Campbell won with a 79.

**I**N a recent issue of the Detroit Afterglow appeared the following story by Ralston Goss which we believe will be of interest to Toledo golfers:

This is the story of the Pledge of Inverness.

Back in 1920, after the last putt had been holed in the gathering darkness and the American Open golf title had been won by stocial Ted Ray of England, the Lodge of Sorrow met in the locker room of the Inverness Country Club at Toledo, where the even had been played.

Not only had Ray won by one stroke, but his countryman—Harry Vardon—had finished in a tie for second place. Walter Hagen, Jim Barnes, Jock Hutchinson, Leo Diegel, Emmett French, Bobby Jones, Chick Evans and other American professional and amateur stars had failed to beat back the attack of the two lone Britishers. The gloom was thick. The "if-I-had-only" boys were bewailing their failure to have gone hand-in-hand with Lady Golfing Luck in the 72 holes of fighting.

No one was chanting a pean of victory.

Suddenly a sharp, piercing voice was raised. If memory serves correctly, it was the voice of Bill Mehlhorn, then a comparative unknown.

"Let's snap out of this," he cried. "Let's forget about having lost to the Britishers. Let's get revenge."

"All right, but how?" came a question from another locker aisle.

"Let's show them that Americans, as well as English and Scotch, can play this game."

"When?"

"Next year. We're licked this year, but we oughtn't to cry over spilled milk and missed putts. Let's send a team over next year after their cup. Who'll go?"

"I," and "I," and "I," came from various parts of the room.

And so it came to pass that the Pledge of Inverness was made.

The following year a team did go across and Jock Hutchison, Scotch born, but citizen of the United States, came back with the British cup. Another year passed and Walter Hagen, American born and bred, topped the field. In 1923 Hagen missed out by one stroke, to see Arthur Havers, an Englishman, take the cup back to British soil. But in '24 Hagen won again and, last year, to cap the climax, another American—Jim Barnes—was the victor.

This brings us to the current year, to find Robert Tyre Jones, American Amateur champion and former American Open title holder, leading all the pack and to find Al Watrous the best professional in the same field. And in this year's event, seven of the first nine in the British Open were Americans!

Thus has the Pledge of Inverness been kept.

# TOLEDO'S GOLF TEAM



PARKER CAMPBELL  
*Country Club*



FRANK SOUTHARD  
*Inverness*



HAROLD WEBER  
*Inverness*



ED GROLLE  
*Sylvania*



RAYMOND MILLER  
*Sylvania*



PHELPS BERDAN  
*Country Club*



LLOYD HIXON  
*Country Club*



ORA BRALEY  
*Of Inverness who will Captain  
the Team.*



ROBERT STRANAHAN  
*Inverness*



PAUL RENZ  
*Toledo Golf Club*



JOSPH KUREK  
*Toledo Golf Club*



LESTER HOWARD  
*Sylvania*



# The Best of the New Books

By MRS. ROBERT C. MORRIS

SO many worth-while books have come to my desk, that this month I am suffering from an embarrassment of riches. Here are three or four clamoring to be mentioned, when I had planned to write a page or so about just one book.

I like immensely this new novel "Rough Justice" by the Englishman, C. E. Montague, who has not written a book for several years, but whose editorials in the Manchester Guardian explain in part the wide popularity of that newspaper on this side of the pond.

For half the length of the book the narrative runs slowly, sluggishly; then it gathers momentum, the current grows strong, swift and relentless, moving toward a goal which was inevitable from the beginning. The peaceful, leisurely flow of the first half of the story suggests conditions in England preceding August, 1914.

Two children, Molly and Bron, lived in an old house by the Thames, Bron's father was Molly's guardian. The house is described as "a Tudor mansion of mottled, red brick, built about 1550. It looked up and down along two of the highest tidal reaches of the Thames. The river front of the house ran into the garden, the garden melted into wide England beyond. Flower seeds from the garden had blown out for centuries on to the outer turf that the tide watered twice daily. House and garden, garden and foreshore, the old and august thoroughfare of the Thames and the green stretch of Surrey beyond it were all members one of another."

IF you have spent a summer day in a little boat, part of the colorful pageant of river-craft on the historic stream,—you have seen that house, or one exactly like it.

After the death of his wife, Thomas Garth fathered and mothered both children.

In years of reading I have seldom found a character so clearly drawn, so convincing, so alive, so sound and so lovable as Thomas Gath. One of his notions was that "the

national ship was carrying too many passengers, too little crew." A moving force in his life was the idea that "all the virtues worth having are various forms of courage and all the vices are various modes of turning tail and showing white feathers."

If you have ever loved a running stream, the exquisite portrayal of the moods of the river will touch your sensibilities, and you will enjoy the first half of the book if only for that response.

SCHOOL and college days were over for Bron and Molly and their playmate Victor Nevin at the outbreak of the World War. The two well-born young Englishmen en-

listed as privates but with motives as widely differing as their characters. In no war story that we have read are there more vivid revelations of the sordid side of camp-life, stripped of all but bed-rock essentials of drill and discipline.

While moving with his regiment toward the front, Victor is stunned by shell explosion and regains consciousness among the abandoned dead. At night-fall he found himself knocking at the door of an isolated farm cottage. The woman who opened the door was young, strong, "a woman of large make, a figure of ripe force and fertility such as sculptors model to symbolize Asia or Earth. Her shape was the wonder. Over its splendor of contour her peasant dress ran loose or tight here and there as if to jibe at the vulgar and important feminine forms that cheap wholesale clothing has to be made for."

Victor slept and rested when he should have hastened to rejoin his regiment. He was listed as "missing, believed killed,"—and that was the word finally sent by the war-office to England, and to Molly, his sweetheart.

It's not fair to the author to finish the story here. It is, in my judgment, one of the very best of the flood of war stories and well worth reading for the notably artistic handling of background, incident and characters. (Cont. on page 39)

## SEA STORM

By ISABELLE ELLING

C. P. O.

*All night long the pale wet lichens  
Dug their fingers  
In the grey-faced stoic cliffs.  
The falling rain  
With beating breath  
Rushed to the white-lipped heaving  
sea.  
... And all night long the Lear-like  
wind  
Sobbing ... and blind,  
In throes of salt-sea mist  
Staggered with groping hands ...  
Feeling for sails that clasped him in  
the dawn.*



## The Best of the New Books

(continued from page 22)

NO matter into what depths of weariness the tired business man has fallen "The Saga of Billy the Kid" by Walter Noble Burns will awaken him and keep him awake until the last page. This is not fiction, it is a chapter in American history written by a man who has made a special study of that period when our southwestern states were the frontiers of our civilization. If you are always looking for

a "moral lesson" in a book you will in your ignorance dub as "dangerous," this life story of a lad who died at twenty-one having killed twenty-one men, "not counting Indians."

No imaginary detective yarn can hold a candle to this for thrills, crises and suspense. Perhaps father would better hide it under the mattress and keep it out of little Johnnie's sight,—though I think it will hurt neither of them.

POPULAR legend has transformed Billy the Kid into the Robin Hood of New Mexico. "Innumerable stories of him are told at every camp fire on the range; they enliven the winter evenings in every Mexican home. The troubadour touch is upon them all,—oral legends kept alive in memory and passed on by the story tellers of one generation to the story-tellers of the next in Homeric succession. They are folklore in the making."

An interesting incident in the lurid career of the kid is an interview with General Lew Wallace who had been sent by President Hayes as Governor of New Mexico with orders to end the feud in Lincoln county. Wallace decided to use his powers of persuasion to induce the kid to settle down to useful citizenship. "It was a meeting, not so much of two men, as of two worlds. They clasped hands across a gulf of ages. One was a product of culture and refinement; the other of a rough frontier; one finished, the other primitive; one constructive the other obstructive. The governor was an intellect; the kid a trigger finger."

Mrs. Wallace closed the shutters of the governor's palace in Santa Fe, because the bright light of a student lamp made a shining mark of the governor's head as he sat late at night writing chapters of "Ben Hur."

Truth is stranger than fiction, and in all purely imaginative narrative there are few scenes that will compare with the stark and gripping realism of the kid's escape from jail, and that last scene of all, which ends his strange, eventful history.

# Speaking of Decades

By JOHN HELD, JR.

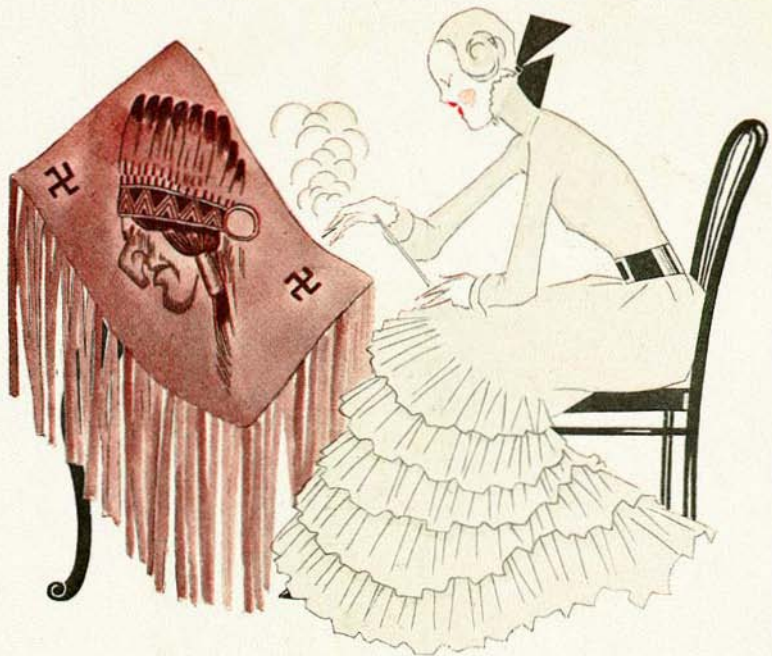


*Now that all the boys with good memories are remembering as far back as they can, doing things on subjects such as "The Mauve Decade," "The Turn of the Century," and "The Gay Nineties," Mr. Held cracks out with a few perfumed memories that in turn will give away his closely guarded age.*

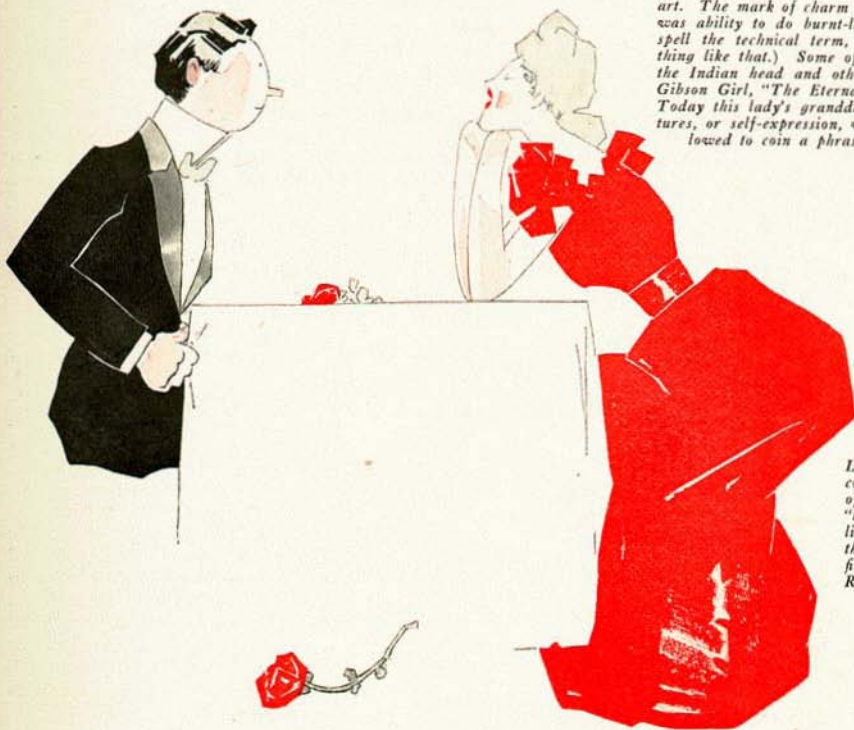
*How about the well-worn—even then—wise-crack that was pulled every time a girl walked or came between two men "Ah, a rose between two thorns?"*

*—or the bright young lady who counseled her companion to "Go 'way back and sit down." She was the ancestor of the girl of last week whose comeback was "So's your old man." Same state of mind in a different generation.*





Now we jump from the humor of that day to the art. The mark of charm and talent in that time was ability to do burnt-leather work. (I can't spell the technical term, pyrography, or something like that.) Some of the girls went in for the Indian head and other leaned towards the Gibson Girl, "The Eternal Question" preferred. Today this lady's granddaughter does cubist pictures, or self-expression, which, if I may be allowed to coin a phrase is cock-eyed art.



Let us go back to what corresponded to the lady of the present who must "lead her own life" and live in a "studio." In those days she was confined to "Willing Roses," and her hair took her strength.



## SOME NEGLECTED CORRESPONDENCE

By DON HEROLD

PEOPLE would not ask a paper hanger to hang paper for pleasure, or socially, yet they are constantly asking a writing guy to write letters. And circumstances demand a certain amount of correspondence of us all. The government, for example, is now on terms of such disgusting intimacy with each of us that we must keep up a constant flow of letters to the income tax department and other irritating governmental branches.

I, personally, answer letters the neglect of which might cause me to get arrested, and I put all my other mail in a basket for future attention, and leave it there until the senders die off, or until the letters so deposited have answered themselves.

This is wrong and inhuman. I would like to write more letters. Underneath, I am as kind as they come, maybe. But when I sit at my typewriter it is usually with the realization that I am weeks behind with my newspaper and magazine work, and one does not write to, say Wilbur Allison, an old college friend, when the wolf is having whooping cough, thus, at one's door.

This morning came the dawn and the bright idea of combining with the pleasure of writing some letters the pain of produced my monthly Toledo Topics article; of doing the two in one.

First I must attend to a little letter which Mrs. Herold has been urging on me for several weeks:

*Ingersoll Watch Co.,  
Waterbury, Conn.*

Dear Sirs—Please quote me on gross lots of second-hand Ingersolls. My year-old daughter, Hildegard, eats six a day, and they are hard to obtain in this neighborhood. Do you recommend boiling them before feeding them to babies?  
Yours truly,

*Elmer Oliphant,  
Supervisor, Group Insurance Division,  
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.,  
New York.*

Dear "Catchie"—Yes, I am the Don Herold who used to live in Bloomfield, Indiana, when you and I were about six or seven years old. I watched your football career at Purdue and West Point with interest, and have bragged many times that you used to sit on my chest and pound my nose in encounters at recess and after school. It was a delight to hear from you out of a clear sky, and you bet we will have lunch together the next time I am in town. I hope it was not I who sat on *your* chest and pounded *your* nose. No, I am sure the other way round is correct. Well, we will not quarrel now about that. *Hoping to see you soon,*



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## Some Neglected Correspondence

(continued from page 26)

H. T. Webster,  
Stamford, Conn.

Dear Webby—You and I being two of the country's most enthusiastic Mark Twain fans, I think I should report to you as follows: Yesterday afternoon I thought I would drive to Redding Center, Conn., and see if I could find the foundations of the big house in which Mark Twain used to live there. You will recall that the house burned down after Mark moved away. Imagine my surprise, yesterday, on finding the house there just as Mark left it!

Somebody has just rebuilt it exactly as it was when Mark Twain used to be its occupant.

It was a tedious job, finding the place. It was up and down some of the windiest hills over which I have ever motored, and hid away in some of the hilliest hills I have ever tackled. First I came to Redding Center which, I think, is the loveliest little village I have ever seen, and then to Four Corners, on one corner of which is the library that Mark Twain gave to the countryside. The library was closed, but there was a man working in the garden at the rear who might have been the librarian. At any rate, he had a haircut, or lack of it, exactly like Mark Twain's. Then down and up some of the darndest dirt roads in the world. Mark Twain was indeed fleeing successfully from his "damned human race" when he chose that neighborhood.

I was trespassing, so I could not blame the stately lady on the porch for scaring all conversation out of me. I wanted to ask so much—how she happened to do it—who she was. I must get up courage and go back and get more information and write you again. Sincerely,



Federated Life Insurance Co.,  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs—Some time ago I wrote you that my policy in your company is with a trust company and asking if it would be possible for you to send me a duplicate "specimen" policy to keep at home for reference. I have your letter stating that since the original policy has not been lost you are "not in a position" to supply me a "specimen" duplicate. Two larger companies than yours have been glad to comply with my request. An insurance company should regard every policyholder as a prospect for future business and render every possible accommodation. Please do not regard me as such from now on. And kindly tell your president not to send me any more of his multigraphed sentimental birthday greetings. Yours truly,

New York World,  
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs—Congratulations on your getting the work of Kin Hubbard, or Abe Martin, for your paper. I have long regarded him as the foremost American humorist, and when I say American, I underscore it. We have a number of bright young men in New York who can write good British, French, Hungarian, and Scandinavian humor, but Kin Hubbard strikes at the heart of the American foible. He was just as good twenty years ago as he is now, and you are discovering him with characteristic newspaper speed; I am glad you finally heard about him. His little daily double flash of insight in the *World* is a relief from the strained sophistication of the run of Manhattan comedians. Sincerely,

Mrs. Clarence Clark,  
115 West Fourth St.,  
Bayonne, N. J.

Dear Mrs. Clark—I note there is some dispute as to the birthday date of your son, Clarence Daniel, Jr. The hospital says he was born on the twenty-sixth, but you and the

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## Some Neglected Correspondence

(continued from page 28)

doctor, who use daylight saving time, say he was born at 11:05 p. m. on the twenty-fifth. Hospitals are getting a little too smart—Alek about babies, and if I were you I would remind them that, after all, it is mothers and not hospitals which give birth to babies. This particular controversy, it seems to me, should be settled entirely by you. You know what kind of time you were using when you gave birth to the baby, and you are the one to say when the baby was born. However, if there is any doubt in your mind as to the date, give the kid a couple of birthdays. It isn't often that kids get the chance to have double-header events of this sort. He can fill in blanks as follows, the rest of his life: Clarence Clark, Jr., born June 25 and 26, 1926. Yours truly,

Wilbur Allison,  
Spencer, Indiana.

Dear Wilbur—When you and I were in college together and I was setting my eyes on New York, I thought there was something wrong with you in setting your eyes on Spencer, Indiana. I could not see why you should want to go back and settle down in your father's big store on the public square. I have been in New York for years trying to find some niche in which life would feel like an old shoe, and as the years have passed, you have become a romantic figure to me, and your kind of life has come to appear to me

as the romantic life. Seven-tenths of my existence is devoted to adjusting details which were all settled for you, even in your college days when you knew where you were going to live and what you were going to do. Shelter and sustenance were even then sub-conscious matters for you. Fresh air was assured you for life. You knew where your kids, if any, would go to school. You knew where, if any, you would play golf. You knew where you were going to eat lunch every day. All of these things have to be gone into deeply almost every morning by the inhabitants of a big city, and we cliff dwellers or commuters have little time left to contemplate and ripen. You, running a store, may think it must be great to write, and draw cartoons, but, after all, writing and cartooning are just other forms of store-keeping. You probably love gingham as well as I love white paper and bristol board, and we both have to sell our stuff by the yard to somebody. I sorta wish I had known in my college days that I was going back to Bloomfield, Indiana, and settle down for life in my father's little bank. Sincerely,

Mr. George Eastman,  
Eastman Kodak Co.,  
Rochester, N. Y. (Please forward)

Dear Mr. Eastman—It will increase the pleasure of your jungle hunting trip to know that I took seven blanks out of twelve possible exposures last week, using Kodak film exclusively. This sort of thing is going on all over America all the time. Hoping you are having better luck with your shots,

Robert E. Sherwood,  
Editor, "Life,"  
New York.

Dear Bob—I have heard a good deal of talk about the superiority of *Punch* over our American humorous publications, and take no stock in it. For one thing, there is very little humor in *Punch* illustrations. If we took an issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*, and put jokes under the pictures, we would have *Punch*. To my mind, a humorous illustration must be more than photographic; it must be abstract. Lord knows there is enough anatomy in the world already. My idea of a funny picture is one of figures not quite human doing entirely human things—in short, abstraction. French and German comic artists have a facility for this abstraction, and we have a number of boys here in America who have it. The English as a rule know absolutely nothing about it. Yours,

—OO—



# S O C I E T Y



By Sally Ames

SEPTEMBER and October are proving popular months for brides, and in my mind it is the ideal season for a wedding. Cool days, gorgeous and colorful autumn foliage, seem almost more desirable than June roses.

Lorna Heinel starts the marriage ball rolling. Her marriage to Norman Walper will be an event of September 18, in the First Congregational Church.

Miss Heinel will have Miss Elaine Murphy, Riverside, Ill., for her maid-of-honor. Her bridesmaids will be Miss Eileen Walper, sister of the bridegroom, and Miss Helen Walper, of Adrian, Michigan, a cousin of the bridegroom.

Mr. Walper will be attended by his brother, Mr. Richard Walper. The ushers will be Mr. Laurence Heinel, Mr. Carlton Quale, Mr. Claude Gordon, Mr. Robert Myers, Mr. Joseph Wilbur, and Mr. Wynn Gibson, of Adrian. The wedding will be followed by a reception at the Toledo Woman's Club.

The marriage of Esther Hackedorne to William Watson, Saturday evening, September 25, will be an attractive wedding of social importance.

Miss Hackedorne will be attended by her sister, Mrs. Dudley Marshal Pattie 3rd of Kansas City, as matron-of-honor, Miss Alice Anderson, maid-of-honor, and Miss Elizabeth Watson, sister of the bride-groom, and Miss Madelyn Hagerty, bridesmaids.

Mr. Watson will have Mr. James Ezra Kirk as best man. The ushers will be, Mr. Kenneth Snedcor, Trowbridge Stanley Ernest Linwood Davis, Robert Draper, of Detroit, William Draper and Donald Brown of New York.

The marriage will be solemnized in the Epworth Methodist Episcopal Church, the Dr. Stephen Mahon officiating, assisted by Dr. R. Lincoln Long.

Following the ceremony there will be a small reception at the Toledo Club.

The wedding of Alice Gasser and Trowbridge Stanley comes next, on Thursday evening, Oct. 7, and will be solemnized in the First Congregational Church, Dr. Allen Stockdale officiating.

Miss Irene Broer will be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be the Misses Carol and Eleanor Gasser, sisters of the bride.

Mr. Stanley will have his brother, Robert Stanley as best man.

There will be a small reception for the close friends of the attractive young couple immediately after the ceremony, at the home of the bride.

The marriage of Ruth Adams and Jack Reeder will be an event of Thursday evening, Oct. 21, in the home of the bride.

Miss Adams will have as her only attendant, Mrs. Willard Adams.

Mr. Reeder will have Mr. Thomas Whipple as best man.

The ceremony, which will be one of charming simplicity will be followed by a small reception.

ANOTHER October wedding of interest, the date of which has not been announced yet, will be that of Miss Phyllis Friend, and Mr. Mitchell Woodbury.

Miss Roxena Hassett will become the bride of Ward Durell late in October.

The announcement of the engagement of Madeline



Portrait by Eleanor Barnard of Mrs. S. C. Walbridge, Who has spent the summer at Bass Rock, Massachusetts.



MISS ESTHER HACKEDORNE  
*Who Will be a Charming Bride of September 25.*

Hagerty and Everett Hull came as rather a surprise. Madeline had kept it such a secret that even her closest friends were in ignorance of the interesting news until the attractive announcement bridge given by Helen Moules. The marriage will be an event of the early fall.

Toledo is anxious to meet Mrs. John Mauk, the brand new bride of Sept. 1. Mr. and Mrs. Clinton A. Mauk, Miss Catherine Mauk, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Mauk, the latter herself a recent charming addition to Toledo's social set, attended the nuptials in Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Toledo were not at home during August. Social life was at a standstill during their absence, the recent City Golf Tournament being the only ripple in the social sea. Society faithfully followed the shots of its favorites over knolls and bunkers, even though Old Sol shone his most devastating rays.

Of course there are always those who prefer to remain by their own fan-sides, and these few struggled valiantly to keep our summer colony from becoming entirely dormant socially. Inverness, Country Club, and the Yacht Clubs all drew their weekly coteries, while Cañanor offered an occasional polo match.

Now with the coming of September, the social sun will rise and shine again. There will be farewell parties for those who are still in pursuit of education, and welcome home bridges and dinners for those who have been "Europeanizing." Though September sees many Toledoans returning, it is also the month of leave-takings and homesick pangs for many Toledo sons and daughters. The attractive looking campus and pennant bedecked rooms of the catalogue take on a new aspect before tear dimmed, homesick eyes, and after being spurned for cooler spots all summer, our fair city is promoted, and becomes Paradise in the minds of those who leave her.

SUMMER'S social aftermath—the get-together after the long vacation—is always interesting. So much can happen in two months at the sea-side, mountain, or sojourning spot. There will be luncheons, bridges, and dinners galore, as soon as the youth of the city is outfitted and back at studies. Yes, indeed, on every side one hears murmurings of plans for the fall and winter social season, which would indicate that after the summer lull Toledo society will come into its own with an entertaining bang.

There was much interest among Toledo Society in the Flower Show, held Friday evening, August 27, in the Chamber of Commerce. Mrs. James Secor was in charge of the decoration of a table for the Flower guild, and Mrs. George Greenhalgh turned her attention from golf to flowers for the evening, and also had a table.

Among those exhibiting were Mrs. H. L. Thompson, and her daughter, Peggy, Mr. and Mrs. George Ross Ford, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Knight, Mrs. J. K. Secor, and Mrs. Thomas Tracy.

The general chairman of the show was Mrs. Elwood Allen.

Society has been going to the dogs—which, however, is nothing to be concerned about. The dogs in this case are particularly clever ones whose aims in life are to beat another set of dogs to a given place. In other words the Greyhound Races have attracted large gatherings of masculine and feminine spectators nightly, and have proved an interesting August innovation.

We wonder what has become of the formal coming out parties, debutante teas, and "bud" dinners. There are so many attractive members of the young social set about ready to take their places in its activities. Surely they are worthy of an impressive presentation.



MISS ALICE GASSER  
*Who will be Another Lovely Bride of the Fall Season.*

# The Iconoclast in New York

By WALTER H. MCKAY

*Breathes there a soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
"I'd like to kiss that pretty girl?"*

AND what girl wouldn't like to be a pretty girl? She has the right of way on the sidewalks and the best of every argument without half trying. She is bound to succeed at stenography and many men chase her.—Use Ma Ferguson Cold Cream. (advertisement)

Sheik Kirhahy operates a restaurant down in Little Syria at 37 Washington Street. When sheiks became popular in America a few years ago, his importance in the community grew with leaps and bounds and he named his unpretentious cafe, "Sheik Restaurant." And today he appears to be doing well, surrounded as he is by the squalor of his fellow countrymen. He rings his cash register and dishes out Syrian pastry—biklawas, mamoul and belawee. His patrons dine on Syrian stews, little leavened bread and thick Turkish coffee, and occasionally glance at the sheik as he twirls his handsome black moustache. A large *nargileh*, water pipe, rests at one end of a long table and in the evening its tube is passed from mouth to mouth so that all may enjoy the fragrance of oriental tobacco smoke drawn through water. Kirhahy is proud of his restaurant, proud of his moustache, proud that he is a sheik. But he tells us that he never wants to return to his Tyre, Egypt, and that America is the best of all places to live. He has an American wife and family, is catholic and does not uphold the practice of having numerous wives. But our German charwoman told us today, "Yah, I live on Washington Street. There's Syrians, Arabians, Turks and everything around there. And woe betide the white girl dey get holt uff."

Notwithstanding, it is a fact that young women have a safer feeling on the streets of New York late at night than on those of most any other American city.

THERE have been insidious remarks spoken and written concerning the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia but we have been nothing but delighted with it. The crowds are not too dense, the people everywhere are very nice people and the buildings are well ventilated. The lawns and flower beds are delightful and the various palaces in hues of rose and artistic blues, unusual greens and light tan have a bizarre architecture which makes one smile happily. One passes the fountains in the entrance ways, enters, and soon is glad he lives in such an era of fine typewriters, radios and other superfine creations. A model tile house that makes tears come into young wives' eyes. And one

must admit at once that a veritable genius is responsible for the ornate and refreshing architectural loveliness which surrounds every exhibit. One never fingers the amber beads or smells the Arabian perfume without first remarking about the colorful columns and roofs above. Pottery and glass, brassware, ivory, rare stones and art from many countries. Quaintness, originality, singularity, modernity. All the finest things from the world's markets. And somehow one goes on and on without tiring. A model post office actually operating, a model shoe factory actually making shoes and selling them. The "Gladway" with its monumental amusements. The great auditorium and the great stadium. The Indian Pavilion, Mount Vernon, the Home Electric and scores of other large buildings which add interest to the landscape. Treasure Island with its eighteenth century shoppes, its tunnels and the lagoons. Venetian gondolas gliding over the water with brightly sashed gondoliers at the oar singing opera in tenor voices. And at our sight: the great searchlights, the Tower of Light, cloisters, courts and building facades illuminated in soft colors, and symphony music floating on the night air. We might go on and on but this is enough. We call the Sesqui-Centennial a success now, although some building operations at this writing are still going on.

And Philadelphia itself has a charm. It lacks the blaze atmosphere and madness of New York; it has a kind face. Little toy streets with seven foot roadways lined with clean white stoops. Pairs of queer little Quakerish ladies with high collars, shirtwaists and long skirts. They bounce along in quiet, respectable shoes and have sweet faces. Early American homes. The young women are not sophisticated and can blush. Hitching posts and time to day dream. Old, old. But there are flies.

In a subway train in Philadelphia we ran into an old friend whom we hadn't heard of in six years. He had attended art schools in Chicago and Philadelphia for seven years and still hasn't a great deal of confidence in himself although he has lately made his first effort at rewarded production by illustrating Sunday School magazines. Although the cultural value of fine arts art schools is undeniable it has long been our contention that they are not satisfactory institutions for preparing a man or woman to earn a livelihood. One enters the first school term with egotism and great ambition and finishes it with doubt and a wistful yearning for greater knowledge. This yearning leads one on and on and hence the seven year itch of our friend for a better understanding. For many reasons, which

(continued on page 38)



SHEIK KIRHAHY

*the real thing not the street corner variety, who operates the Sheik Restaurant in New York's Little Syria.*



## The Iconoclast in New York

(continued from page 32)

space forbids us to dwell upon here, we say that a commercial art course is ten times better. Just the word "commercial" may hurt the idealistic young artists but we even believe commercial art is the quicker route to fine arts distinction—quicker than the route that leads through a mire of aesthetic "feeling," vague impulses, "happy lines" and a lot of beating around the bush.

RECENTLY we visited an exhibition at the New Art Circle, 35 West 57th Street. J. B. Neumann, the director of this two year old enterprise, is the friend of the ultra-modernists and the present exhibition consists of the paintings of some twenty-three enlightened American artists, notably Bernard Karfiol, Walt Kuhn, Charles Sheeler and Max Weber. On the canvasses are deformed men and women wallowing about like depraved idiots, portraits of mangled and ruined women, landscapes full of unearthly trees and queer foreshortening, and architectural subjects giving the laws of perspective a black eye. Apparently these new-thought artists have conspired together to discredit all true anatomy, all Godly nature, all ethics of perspective, and even the laws of gravity—in short, to debase truth. But it is not so. It was most emphatically pointed out to us that these awakened aesthetes are all draughtsmen of the highest type, they are great masters of anatomy and are well versed in all the academic laws of art. They have risen above these common, low-plane phases of life. And they have not blasphemed upon Truth, they have glorified Truth. Personally we will admit that these paintings are refreshing in that they are startling, bold, entertaining and have composition virtue; and there is no doubt but that their authors

are sincere, but, all in all, we don't care a great deal about them. However, we are not thoroughly condemning these new era artists, if for no other reason than that they are passionately serious and believe they are on the high road to a more effectual expression of life. "Twenty years ago," so said our informer, "Mr. Neumann opened a store in Berlin and displayed modern art of that day to a hostile public. People would come in off the street and actually insult him. Today we have crossed the half way mark, and soon the whole world will accept the philosophy of this new school."

THE other day we sat in an office and talked with a man whose feet rested atop a desk. For he was talking high finance. For sixteen years this man has been connected with various New York newspapers and other organizations in the capacity of a financial expert. And we listened attentively while he made the following iconoclastic contribution. He said: "The popular belief is that the greatest financiers of Wall Street are men whose crafty minds are filled with a veritable maze of technical knowledge concerning every small detail in business. I have been more and more impressed as time has gone on that this is not true. They know very little about detail, they are not well acquainted with corporation law, they abhor all red tape. They would be helpless without their advisers. But their success—and this is not snap judgment—is due almost entirely to an intuition which enables them to pick out marketable securities at just the right time for popular sale. Actually, they are hardly more nor less than ordinary security salesmen. In fact most of them rose from that position. Why, only four days ago a well known banker told me in his own words exactly the same thing I am telling you. He voluntarily confessed that his own financial success was due almost entirely to a salesman's instinct which was positively not the child of a technical background."

technical background."

There is a young man employed at our office as a runner. He has spent a year in college and the unimportance of his present position gets him. Which reminds us! How many remember their first experience in an office? Of all the injustices! The officers seemed to think all they had to do was look in at the door and we would be awed. We were. The sales manager lorded it over the salesmen and the salesmen lorded it over us. The bookkeeper was a crank and snapped at us for no reason at all. We had a secret contempt for the department head—what we wouldn't tell him some day! Everybody was our boss and said, "Hurry up!" when we were already going as fast as we could. But don't laugh. All this may have been true. The young man is pure and innocent and as yet unspoiled by the artificial world of business for business sake.

Which reminds us again. Married people are always laughing at single people who are apparently in love. Without a trace of sarcasm we wish to state that this is no laughing matter. It is one of the most serious and most beautiful things in life. Now all you Darbys and Joans quit poking fun; the boys and girls will find you out one of these days as old fogies.



# FASHIONS

By JULIA COBURN

## Headlines and Footnotes of Autumn

**Y**OU may not have decided yet whether to have a cloth coat or a fur one; you may not have set upon red or green or black for your dress-complex; but September can't get very far along before you want a new hat, and a new pair of shoes. They are your first indications of a new wardrobe for a new season.

Fortunately their choosing does not necessarily have to wait for the decision as to the major parts of the costume. No longer do we insist that the only way to be smart is to be a monotone. Carefully considered contrasts, in the costume as a whole, are far more successful. So if you follow some fairly definite forecasts, you may select hat and shoes wisely, and as soon as you will.

How would you like some definite statistics about hats? Well, here they are, taken from the stocks of the better shops in New York:

<i>Material</i>		<i>Colors</i>	
Felt - - - -	60%	Red—all the	
Velvet - - -	20%	deep shades -	40%
Velour and		Black - - - -	30%
antelope felt	10%	Beige to brown	15%
Rayon soleil -	4%	Green - - - -	10%
Hatters plush -	3%	Bright blue - -	5%
Novelties - - -	2%		
Silks - - - -	1%		

**P**LAIN color hats are about 65%, to 35% composed of two colors or many colors. And small hats predominate over large ones, 95% to 5%.

Felt needs no comment, with its years of style-sureness behind it. Velvet is coming in strongly, making soft, feminine-looking which are however in no sense languishing or droopy. The popularity of velvet will be akin to its general use for frocks and the trimmings of frocks.

Perhaps the greatest novelty in the hat-horizon is the African hat, originally designed and promoted by Agnes of Paris. It is with us in many versions, some extremely attractive, and some that somehow just miss the way to smartness. Remember, if you are going to try them on (and be

sure to do so if they appeal to you at all) that off, they look like nothing at all; and that on, they lose their look of being freaks, and if they are becoming to you at all, with their drape-as-you-will fulness, they are *very* becoming. And remember also, that the fulness must be thrown to the back to get the correct line.

Now unless you'd like shoes made of reindeer skin, (they are really making them, dyed black, with piping of red) I'm afraid there's no extreme novelty for you in shoes.

So there's nothing to do but to reintroduce you to some old friends, in their Autumn-of-1926 newness. Patent leather is obviously the favorite for fall daytime wear. Reptile skins, or ordinary leathers printed to simulate them, come second to patent, either for trimming or for entire shoes. And suede is expected to peep up above the fashion horizon and a contender for honors before the season is very far advanced.

**T**HE strapped pump is universally liked by women who are already purchasing the shoes they will wear with smart tailored costumes this fall. Some double and triple-strapped pumps are worn, but for the most part the single one is preferred.

The fall shoe is fairly high in cut with just a suggestion of sandal lines, instead of the deep effect of the summer.

The spike heel is the leader in formal shoes, but some lower versions of the spike as well as the Cuban heel are being shown for street and sports wear.

Brown at present looks like a possible rival for black in shoe-colors. It all depends upon whether the brown and nasturtium tones develop as they are expected to develop, into a real vogue in costumes. With them, we will wear brown tones of shoes in suede, kid, calf, and reptile.

And what hose with the shoes and costumes of fall? So far, all authorities say "Rosy shades of tan." And here, as in all edicts of fashion nowadays, there is room for individual preference and choice as to becoming-ness.

How the  
Cinema Stars  
Are Wearing  
Their "Bobs"

623

*The Latest Styles  
in Clipped Coifs as Set  
by the Ladies of  
the Silent  
Drama*



*The half dozen movie sirens in the above group are: extreme top, Gwen Lee; middle row left, Pauline Stark; right, Gertrude Olmstead; bottom row left, Mary Brian; center, Joan Crawford; right, Norma Shearer.*

# DISCUSSING A NEW MUSICAL COURSE

THE Coliseum which has been the scene of so many musical triumphs during the past ten years will again be much in evidence this coming season housing the activities of the Bradford Mills Concert Direction. Mr. Mills, whose interests for several years have taken him far afield, has returned to Toledo and, in company with Florence E. Whiteside, will present in the Coliseum a brilliant array of attractions.

Of major importance in the schedule of the Mills attractions is the "Famous Artists Series" of five subscription concerts in which will appear at least two events of outstanding interest, the first appearance in Toledo of Claudia Muzio, leading soprano of the Chicago Opera Company, and the much heralded and widely discussed young Metropolitan singer, Marion Talley. The series will also introduce to Toledo the celebrated violin virtuoso, Joseph Szigeti whose appearances with the leading symphony orchestras last season caused widespread comment. Two other artists who will renew their acquaintance with Toledo audiences will be Harold Bauer, pianist, and the ever popular Giovanni Martinelli, Metropolitan tenor.

That the Famous Artists Series is meeting with popular demand is evidenced by the large subscription already booked, which presages the usual packed houses which have come to be a custom in Toledo at major musical events.

OF equal importance, though not included in the subscription series, are a number of other attractions scheduled under the Mills management which will make a somewhat wider appeal, catering to those who seek entertainment as well as musical fare. Chief among these will be the return of Will Rogers and the DeReszke Singers an event for early December. Rogers, whose recent European trip and letters to the President have been attracting much attention of late, will have a new line of topics to discuss with his Toledo audience.

Those who were privileged to hear Elsie Janis three years ago when she appeared at the Coliseum were delighted with the entertainment offered by this charming and popular of International favorites. It was a departure from the customary Janis "Show" and those who remained away from her "concert." learned that they had missed one of the treats of the season. This season Janis has surrounded herself with a company of assisting artists all of whom occupy a prominent place on the legitimate concert stage. It includes

Caroline Lazari, queenly mezzo soprano, remembered here as one of the members of the Metropolitan Quartet which appeared in the Civic Music League concerts a few years ago, Robert Steele, Chicago Opera baritone, and Lauri Kennedy cellist. Miss Janis will contribute as her part of the program numerous groups of songs in costume and imitations.

Sousa and his band of eighty-five players will hold forth in early October, and in April Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink will make her farewell appearance in Toledo under the Mills management.

Altogether the list is a splendid one, and in keeping with the high grade of attractions which have been presented in Toledo for many years.

THE Toledo Orchestral society's series of three concerts at Keith's theatre by great symphony orchestras this season will no doubt attract to its patronage the real music lovers of

the city. This is the first time in the history of Toledo that an all-symphony course by great orchestras has been attempted and is indicative of true progress along musical lines.

The concerts will be given by the Detroit Symphony orchestra, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, conductor; the Cleveland orchestra, Nikolai Sokoloff, conductor and the Cincinnati Symphony, Fritz Reiner, conductor.

Membership in the orchestral society entitling one to a pair of the best seats is already in the hundreds. The



CLAUDIA MUZIO  
*Internationally Famous Soprano of the Chicago Opera  
Coming on Bradford Mills Concert Course.*

## *Discussing a New Musical Course*

*(Continued from page 36)*

Toledo Choral society has taken over the entire gallery and the Women's Advertising club is conducting a definite campaign to sell the course to Toledo.

Grace Denton is manager of the Symphony series in addition to her course at the Rivoli, every seat for which will be sold before the opening night from present indications.



#### KNIGHTS OF THE CAMP TABLE

*William Gunckel, Judge O'Brien O'Donnell, Tom De'Ilbiss, Frank Hochler, Clement Miniger, Harry Blackstone, the magician, Rollie Mills, James Harbaugh, and Major, the cook around the mess table at Frank Hochler's camp on Manitoulin Island in Lake Kagawong, Ontario.*