

TOLEDO TOPICS



OCTOBER

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PUBLISHERS ANNOUNCEMENT

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Official Publication Toledo District Golf Association.



THOMAS A. DEFILBISS

C. L. LE

Thomas A. DeFilbiss, president of the DeFilbiss company, is an outstanding leader in every movement for building a more beautiful and a better Toledo. He is now serving on both the county and city plan commissions, is a member of the board of education, and is exemplifying in his own plant layout the ideal in the way of artistic planning. Athletic fields for employees, bird houses for the feathered guests, trees and shrubbery worked into an ideal location are features of his modern factory. DeFilbiss gave the Boy Scouts their reservation, has taken an enthusiastic interest in yachting, and led the drive for the new Masonic Temple.



Town Talk



THIS world is a funny place. Gertrude Ederle swims the English Channel accompanied by a boat full of trainers, helpers, etc. to see that she meets with no misfortune and is hailed as a national heroine and is feted and treated as such. But when a local youth jumped into the muddy

September will hold a convention in the Secor next Tuesday in the third phone booth. But cheer up. The dial system will soon be in usage and then you will have no one but yourself to curse if you get a flock of wrong numbers.

* * *

WE believe the prize winning "wise crack" of last month was uttered in one of the variety halls. It was as follows: "Woman's place used to be in the home, but now it is in the English Channel."

* * *

THE nicest thing about the coming of cold weather is that it has exterminated those ugly Helen Wills eyeshades which nearly became a national menace last summer. Bold be the brow that now wears one in defiance of fall's shivery zephyrs. Our only fear is that some football official will saunter forth upon the gridiron with one crowning his bare pate. And if this comes to pass, let him beware, for we promise to shoot him on sight.

* * *

WE bow low in our respect to the thousands of motion picture exhibitors throughout the country who, without a thought towards the box office, have flooded their screens with Rudolph Valentino's former cinema successes purely as a "tribute to the silent drama idol."

* * *

HOW is your telephone service these days? Apropos of this question it has been announced that all telephone operators who gave patrons the correct number at least three times during

THE repaving and widening of Twenty First street between Adams and Madison has done much to speed up and facilitate traffic in that sector and is greatly appreciated by motorists forced to traverse it several times daily. Now if only something could be done about Madison, Adams, St. Clair, Superior,—you name the rest, we haven't the heart.

* * *

WE find it difficult to believe in signs around Toledo anymore and here's why: Because we saw a

sign which read "No betting allowed" at one of the race tracks; because another inscribed "No Intoxicating Liquor Allowed On These Premises" is hung in one of the suburban beer camps; and because we recently watched a taxi which flaunted a "I Drive Carefully" label, thunder down one of the principal thoroughfares at a high rate of speed narrowly missing vehicles and pedestrians alike.

* * *

HAVE any of Toledo's bluecoats paid you an unexpected visit at your home as yet? If you have been so visited we'll wager the guilty conscience crept right up and scared you half to death. The guardians of the peace are doing a little election campaigning in the interest of the ordinance to raise their salaries, which will be voted on November 2, and are making many personal calls in its behalf. No doubt more than one club-



Maumee from the deck of a pleasure craft in the pitch of a moonless night and swam ashore with no one near to watch over his safety, he was hailed into police court and severely reprimanded. And it must be remembered that this fellow wasn't even greased.

* * *



man excused himself for a moment and sneaked down cellar to hide his vat of synthetic gin when he opened his door and found one of Chief Jennings' finest staring him in the face.



There will be a parade showing how parsnips are cooked in all the different countries of the world

STORM WARNINGS FOR NEW YORK

By ROBERT C. BENCHLEY

Drawings By REA IRVIN

ANYONE wishing to see the New York revues, or any other New York shows for that matter, had better run like everything. Anyday now the walls of the city are going to topple in, and, with a blare of trumpets, the Forces of the Lord are going to smite New York, even as Sodom and Gomorrah were smitten. New York is riding for its Big Fall, and it wouldn't be surprising if it came around the end of this week.

Probably never before in the history of disrobing (See Taine's "A Short History of Unhooking and Unbuttoning," Harpers', 1897, 1 vol., 345 pp. octavo) have so many young ladies appeared with so few clothes before so many people at once. It is recorded that in ancient Rome the *puellae* wore fewer clothes at the annual outings, but their audiences were comparatively small and selected from a list of socially possible people. Today, in the Borough of Manhattan, the young folks appear before a Winter Garden full of practical strangers—that is, they are strangers at the beginning of the show. By the end of the first act, it is as if they had known them all their lives. Just as no man is a stranger (or a hero) to his Swedish rubber, so, by the price of a ticket to "The Great Temptations" you can have at least twenty people in New York whom you know awfully, awfully well. And yet they say that New York is cold and aloof!

All this levity on my part is just whistling past the graveyard. I, personally, am pretty worried. You can push the Forces of Vengeance just so far and then—buckety-buckety—down comes the ceiling. Ask the Sodom Chamber of Commerce. And the worst of it is, that just as the rain

sheds its benefit on the just and the unjust alike, the fact that you have been home and in bed every night at ten o'clock isn't going to help you a bit when your whole city begins to smell as if something was burning and then suddenly goes up in a puff of brimstone. You can't go out and argue with a Pillar of Fire and explain that you, personally, have been spending your evenings building bookcases. If your town goes, you go too, and no back-talk.

Now, in my case, the prospects are even more depressing, because the job from which I eke out barely enough money to buy gin for my children makes it necessary that I attend the opening performances of all these wrath-provoking shows. I don't like them. I would never go to see them if it were not for the fact that it is my life-work. Often I sit through them with my eyes shut. But I am unquestionably on record in the office of the Snooping Angel as sitting in D-113 at the Winter Garden. And when they are making out their lists for culprits to be hit on the head by falling walls or swirled up into the skies on a fiery horse with nine heads, my name probably is right there among the "B's" as a constant and incorrigible attendant at these festivals of sin. The angel probably doesn't do more than take a look over the audience. You can't expect him to go to the box-office and see who paid to get in or find out why they are there.

If I get through this fall all right, I am going to hire an assistant. Then, whenever a Shubert show is announced or something called "A Nuit in Patee," I will slip him the seats and say: "Here, Joe, go and enjoy yourself." In this way I may be able to escape the extra heavy punish-

ment in store for participants and get out of the general cataclysm with perhaps just a broken ankle or singed eyelashes. It is going to be bad enough for the simple bystanders without getting mixed up in the private showing. The only break that I have ever had in this line was that I was in France at the time of Earl Carroll's champagne-bath party in New York. When I got back I found my invitation on my desk. If I had been there, covering the affair for my paper, they would have taken flashlight photographs.

And, after all, what fun is there in going to these displays? "The Great Temptations," for example, probably contains fewer real temptations than a Christian Endeavor convention. The thing is too unreal ever to constitute an actual menace. You hear somebody announcing that, if the audience will remain seated, there will now be a parade showing the way parsnips are cooked in all the different countries of the world. Then eight girls walk across the stage, one representing Nell Gynne cooking parsnips, one Cleopatra, one Thais, and so forth. It is very dull indeed, and the fact that the girls are clad as if they were just getting ready to turn on the hot water doesn't help, or hurt, anything. The whole thing is highly academic, and unless you are interested in the cooking of parsnips, you are going to find yourself looking at your program to see how long it will take to empty the theatre with every seat filled. If the Forces of Judgment only knew it, the display of what the advertisements call "feminine pulchritude" is one of the most innocuous of all forms of theatrical entertainment. It is like looking in at a delicatessen window. It is too much.

However, try to tell that to the Watch and Ward Society. Try to convince that great, big, old Nine-Headed Horse, when he comes snorting down out of a cloud of fire with a flaming subpena made out in your name, that these exhibitions bore you. Just say to him, if you can make your voice heard above the thunder and lightning and bellowing rocks, that a show where a nine-tenths naked lady walks across the stage means no more to you than watching the Stamford local go through New Rochelle, and listen to him laugh. Why, you will probably get a million years extra in the biscuit oven just for saying such a thing.

You see, he has heard that line a good many times and he is getting a little tired of it, just as you would, yourself, after the first few million years. He knows that nobody ever will admit that he goes where he shouldn't because he likes it. Every single time it is a case of being on duty, as you might say; making an investigation for some reform agency, or getting material for a book, or showing an out-of-town customer a good time. Even the

out-of-town customer has the alibi that he is just trying to find out whether things are really as bad in New York as the papers have been saying they are. He would much rather have spent the evening writing a report to the firm about conditions in the textile industry but he didn't think that he could afford to miss an opportunity to get some first-hand information about the decadence of the present age.

So the only thing that there is left to do, if we are going to save ourselves and the biggest city in the country from a horrible fate, is to stop the Messrs. Shubert from putting on shows like that. And the way to stop them from putting on shows like that is to go to them and say: "Messrs. Shubert, put down that mending for just a minute, I want to talk to you. I am a married man with a family and I have a lot of work that I have to do before I die. I have insurance to pay up and I have a house which has to be painted before it can be sold. Now, you and your shows are leading this whole city into inevitable destruction at the hands of the Forces of Vengeance. No city can go on as New York is going on, giving pageants about the twelve different ways of cooking parsnips, without incurring Divine Wrath

to a fatal extent. Won't you, for the sake of the wife and kiddies, put, let us say, a girdle of large hydrangeas on your choruses and perhaps an old-fashioned shawl? Won't you arrange it so that it won't be quite so incriminating for a man who wants to go straight to be numbered among the patrons of your entertainments?"

And if the Messrs. Shubert just laugh and go on with their mending or whatever it is that they happen to be doing at the time, the only thing left for me to do, at any rate, is to do my duty without flinching—accept my complimentary tickets, and go to these shows wearing a tin helmet and carrying a letter from my pastor in my pocket against the Day of Judgment.

*Often I sit through them
with my eyes shut*



Why, you will probably get a million years extra in the biscuit oven just for saying such a thing



SOCIETY



By Sally Ames

AND still they come—these brides of fall! Never has Toledo been able to anticipate such a galaxy of charming and socially important nuptials in the season of many colors.

The marriage of Lorna Heintz and Norman Walper was a brilliant event of September 18, and while Toledo was playing homage to this popular pair, Gladys Wannamaker and Howard Omer Trotter were stealing a march (a wedding march) on us, and were quietly married, surprising all of their friends with the subsequent announcement.

Esther Hackedorne and William Watson have also finished this business of tying the elusive knot. Their wedding was a charming event of September 25.

September weddings were but a mere forecast of the multitudes of fall marriages in the offing. Christine Russell and William Robertson will be married October 2 at 4 p. m. at the Toledo Club.

The marriage of Alice Gasser and Trowbridge Stanley will be an important spot in the month's wedding calendar, and will be solemnized Thursday evening, October 7. We hear that the gowns of the bridal party are very stunning and unique.

Phyllis Friend and Mitchell Woodbury will be married on Thursday, October 21, at 4:30 p. m. in the First Congregational Church, the Rev. Allen Stockdale officiating. Mrs. Theodore Sampson will be matron of honor, Miss Eunice Mitchell will be maid of honor and Mr. Dwight Haigh will be best man. The ushers will be: Parker Campbell, Robert Mitchell, Jack Ottenheimer,

Theodore Sampson. Their wedding will be one of great beauty and social importance.

The marriage of Ruth Adams and Jack Reeder will be a quiet event of October 21 in the home of the bride. Society is much interested in the nuptial plans of Madelyn Hagerty and Everett Hull. Their marriage will be solemnized Wednesday evening, October 27, in First Congregational Church, the Rev. Allen Stockdale officiating.

Miss Hagerty has chosen Miss Helyn Moules for her maid-of-honor, and Mrs. William Watson, a recent bride, for her matron-of-honor. Miss Margaret Weadock of Palm Beach, Florida, and Miss Joella Moore, of Charleston, Missouri, will be brides-maids.

Mr. Arthur MacKinstry will attend Mr. Hull as best-man. The ushers will be Russell Webster, Ralph Connor, Harold Conner, Coe Browning, and James Brailey, Jr.

The marriage of Roxena Hassett and Ward Dorrell will be solemnized October 30, at 4:30 p. m., in the First Unitarian Church, the Reverend R. Lincoln Long officiating. Mr. Harry Hasset will give his sister in marriage. Mr. Joseph Willis will attend Mr. Dorrell as best man. The ushers will be Messrs. Marvin Rorick, Reuben Bigelow, Richard Harrison, and Raymond Miller.

A FALL announcement of social significance was that of the engagement of Dorothy Kull, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Kull, to Russell Williams.

The news was made known at an attractive tea, September 2, given by Miss Mary Paine in her Ottawa Hills Home.



MISS MADELYN HAGERTY
Charming bride-elect of October

LUMMARY



MRS. JAMES SECOR

Popular young society matron, and small son

and son Lamson, and daughters Laura and Ann, Mr. and Mrs. Horton Rorick, Mrs. Charles Abbott, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert West, and son James, Mrs. E. H. Cady, and daughter Sue, and Miss Olive Kirkby, are popular Toledoans back from Europe.

Everyone is glad to see Margaret Gosline McKelvey driving around Toledo streets again, and it is an added pleasure to know that the McKelvies will be here permanently. Mrs. McKelvey and small daughter spent the summer with Mrs. W. A. Gosline at Bass Rock, Massachusetts.

WHILE the young married set is back together again after diversified summer vacations, Toledo's younger clique is being widely scattered with the return of most of its favorite members to prep schools and college.

Smith is unusually lucky in receiving a large quota, the Misses Harriet Hamilton, Prudence and Helen Hutchinson, Ruth Anderson, Margaret Thomas, Eleanor Pew, Jane Dice, and Helen Jones having left us.

Vassar rates the Misses Betty Carr, Josephine Blair, and Lydia Spitzer.

The Misses Esther and Mabel Kirkbride, Helen Harsh, and Corene Tiffany have entered Wellesley.

Miss Helen Mascho has started her final year at Wells. The Misses Eileen Walper, Phylis Damschroder, and Sabra Newton represent Toledo at Goucher.

The Misses Frances Curson and Eleanor Schroeder have gone to Sullins College.

The Misses Eleanor and Dorothy Woodrow, and Alice Kirkbride will be nearer home, having chosen Michigan as their temple of learning.

Margaret Hiett, Charlote Winery, Gracia Gear, Jane Moore, Pauline Payne, and Hilda Harpster have are continuing their studies at Sweet Briar.

Virginia Blair and Rachel Carr have gone to Westover. Nancy Jane and Chesbrough Lewis have left for Miss

(Continued on page 47)

We loved the subtle way in which the announcement was made, tiny heart shaped candies being passed around bearing the names of Dorothy and Russell. No wedding date has been set as yet.

Mrs. Lyman Kalmbach, formerly Marie Hagener walked right into a round of complimentary entertainments upon her return to Toledo after her recent marriage.

MISS Eleanor Pew's luncheon, Miss Virginia Kirtland's bridge, Mrs. Austin Deibert's bridge tea, Miss Catherine Oeschler's bridge luncheon, Dr. and Mrs. Norman Foley's and Miss Eleanor Pew's dinner at Carranor, and Miss Ruth Hauck's bridge at the Sylvania Golf Club were a few of the many affairs planned for Mrs. Kalmbach.

There were numerous attractive entertainments for Miss Dorothy Morgan of Cleveland, Ohio, during her Toledo visit as the guest of Miss Betty Lipe. Miss Morgan was one of the most popular late summer visitors.

The James Bentleys created a stir in Toledo's social life with a series of cleverly appointed dinners. There were also many complimentary parties for the Eugene Rheinfrank's upon their return from Europe.

All of the Toledo transients are home once more to enliven our social life. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hixon, Mrs. Isaac Kinsey and children, Mrs. Phelps Berdan, Miss Margery Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Mennel, Mrs. William Baker, and Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Manning have migrated from Middle Bass.

MRS. S. O. RICHARDSON 3rd, Mrs. Joseph Robinson, and Mrs. Kenneth Brown, have bid adieu to the Au Sable. Mrs. Sinclair Walbridge and children are receiving at home again, having come from Harbor Point, Michigan. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Feilbach, and daughter, Virginia, have returned from Gratiot Inn, Port Huron, Michigan. Mrs. Frederick Bates, and daughter, Dorothy, have returned from Deer Isle, Maine.

Mr. A. L. Spitzer, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Rheinfrank,



ROLLIN GRAY

Popular young squash professional who is back at the Toledo Club after a lengthy summer vacation

Society

(continued from page 13)

Spence's School; Mary Jane Wright has entered Penn Hall, and Betty Lipe Briarcliff.

Elizabeth Summers has gone to National Park Seminary. Page Lewis has gone abroad to school, and Laura Lee Wilson is continuing at Knox School.

YALE seems to be first choice of Toledo men, boasting such entrants as Gerald Baker, Junior Hiett, Milton Knight, Horton Spitzer, James Bell and Oscar Foster.

Chester Hanson and Myron Lomasney form the Harvard delegation. Joseph and Paul Harsch, James Hodge, Jr. and Harold Goodboy are holding up the William's interests. Lyman Brewer returned to Amherst.

Edward Mauck, Charles Bohnengel, Thad Taylor, Barton Dempsey, Kenyon Eberth, and Roy Atherholt have gone to Kenyon.

KIRTLAND HARSCH has entered to Cornell. Among the universities, Michigan seems to be the favorite. Carter Stewart, Carlton Champe, Dalton Walper, Carl Fauster, Henry Applegate, Allen Owen, George Bradley, Franklin Quale, Clarence Witker, George Neukom, Don Farnam, James Wilson, and Robert Falconer have gone to Michigan.

Edward Knight, George Ford, Denison Welles, Robert Stewart and Redfield Beckwith are attending Hotchkiss Prep School. Lyman Goodbody has returned to Kent.

Just by way of encouragement for our Junior set, which so dreaded the fall exodus to school; the season is but a short one, and only a brief prologue to the holiday play. With summer over, 'tis a quick leap to the Christmas frivolities. Already tongues are buzzing about the Bachelor's Ball, the piece de resistance of holiday gaieties. And the moral of all this is—"Do your Christmas Shopping early.



MISS KATHERINE PHELAN

Who is studying in New York City

The Iconoclast in New York

By WALTER H. MCKAY

NEW YORK, September.—Everything around New York continues to be quite satisfactory although once in a long while one must walk with a man who insists on keeping in step and, too, there are some women who persist in using toothpicks after they have left the restaurant.

During a recent evening stroll down the Bowery we came upon three drunken corpses in one block. They lay with abandon on the stone sidewalk in the midst of dirty newspapers and other rubbish. Although our two lady companions did not agree with our sentiment, we were quite delighted to find that the Bowery still maintains a semblance of the old order of things.

New York dearly loves her heroines when they are genuine and it did our heart good to mingle with the vast and overjoyed throng which welcomed the smiling Gertrude Ederle back to her native city. New York is not noted for brotherly love and these occasional outbursts of emotion are good for what ails her. When the old town loves, it loves itself for loving and gets one step nearer heaven. We visited Gertrude's own block in Amsterdam Avenue on the first evening of her arrival and the evident good feeling everywhere was a sight for tired eyes. Neighbors who hadn't spoken in many a moon smiled upon each other and strong men banded about with alcoholic emotion.

When Mrs. Corson, with the laurels of motherhood about her neck, arrived she received a nice welcome but not the ovation that "Trudy" enjoyed. The parades may have had a little to do with it. Miss Ederle brought up the rear of her parade. The bands and costumed marchers who preceded her stirred up great anticipatory emotions in those who waited along the curbs and then the first woman to swim the English Channel appeared at the psychological moment. Mrs. Corson led her procession.

What about Krishnamurti? We prefer to be optimistic about him till it is proven we should not be. He hopes to be a positive factor in our day. But if he makes one misstep our civilization is liable to burn him at stake. Some people would enjoy that immensely.

We ought to say something about how surprised we were the other evening to see Neil Pratt walk out on the stage at the Sam Haris Theatre. He is playing an important role in "Honest Liars" and is winning New York applause. Our general impression is that he is a high class character actor but he has a slight tendency to overdo his lines at times. This, however, is not a serious discrepancy.

THE "Little Church Around the Corner" at 1 East 29th Street continues to be of great interest to visitors in New York. The rare greensward and picturesque little building, nestling midst surrounding skyscrapers, are enticing to the eye and draw one closer. Even during Sunday services there is a stream of inquisitive earthlings who tiptoe in, behind rather doubtful Sabbath faces, and occupy rear pews. They come in in shirt sleeves, the women occasionally in knickers, and we even saw one lady wearing the plebeian green eye shade. And there is much of interest about the

rambling interior. Among other things a new window has recently been installed in memory of Joseph Jefferson, the actor. It was in 1870 that George Holland, an actor, died and a neighboring church declined to perform the funeral services, but suggested that there was a little church around the corner where they did such things for strangers. Joseph Jefferson, hearing of this, remarked, "God bless the little church around the corner." This legend appears upon the Jefferson memorial window. At the top are three scenes taken from Rip Van Winkle and across the bottom are five little men bowling on the green and enjoying their mugs of beer. An unusual church adornment.

Well, well! Here we are in downtown New York! There's always a certain glad feeling about that. More democratic than the rest of the city; one almost feels as though he were in a different city altogether. In other neighborhoods one can "feel" the proximity of nearby districts but below City Hall Park there is an all sufficient satisfaction of being at the center. In reality, however, the financial district is anything but independent. What would the stock exchange be without the teeming industries of the west?

THERE goes our friend Broadway. That's everybody's street. My! How tall the buildings are! But don't stare at their height; a silly precedent forbids it. A new 46 story building going up alongside the Woolworth Tower. Joseph Pennell, the artist, loved the canyon of lower Broadway. But Detroit is soon to have the tallest building in the world. Narrow side streets with two foot sidewalks. Open street cars. Three weeks ago they carried posters which read, "What causes traffic congestion? Look along the curb." Now they have new ones which read, "The new parking regulations speeded up traffic." The double deck trolleys have entirely disappeared. Brand new beggars; that one is lucky—he looks hopeless. Noonday crowds sitting on the tombstones in Trinity churchyard. The church edifice is being strengthened and scaffolding encircles the spire to its peak. "A new 35 story office building being erected here." The massive, stone Standard Oil Building. Just inside there is a cadaverous looking bust of John D. The undernourished little boys and girls who bathe in the fountain pool at Bowling Green and duck for coins. A cop will soon chase them out.

Along State Street with Battery Park as a front yard. Atop the Battery Park Building is Henry L. Doherty's private apartment. A strange place to live in New York. The harbor, the ferries, the excursion steamers. A municipal floating bath house. The Statue of Liberty out yonder; it is turning green. Over on Ellis Island the immigrants are staring at the New York skyline—America unattained. A great assortment of ships moving at surprising speed through the salt water—there go two ocean liners!

The Syrians in Washington Street. The women appear delicate and have a hunted look. They are Oriental and

(continued on page 30)

have memories of the harem. There are three out-of-town women looking crisp and sanitary. They have a guide book and after reading a paragraph look up at the rickety old brick buildings. If they stay in town a week they will know more about New York than many natives. Quite a number of the 3000 souls in Little Syria have never ventured more than a half mile beyond their own neighborhood.

THE roiling elevated over Trinity Place which, after a few blocks, changes its name to Church Street. The huge Hudson Terminal Buildings—connected over Dey Street by enclosed bridges: one at the third floor and one at the seventeenth. Under the buildings electric trains arrive from and depart for Jersey City, Newark and other points. One can tell when his train has arrived at a midway point under the Hudson River by the sudden strange feeling in his ears. A large mirror in a drug store window. Passing women gaze respectfully into the glass—and so do the men. Some are satisfied and some are not, but all are respectful. There is a detective! How does one pick them out? Because we are watching him and he is watching us. Wonder if we look guilty—let's go.

Greenwich Street. Here is where men come to silently stand with folded arms and thoughtfully gaze at radio parts. We walk only four blocks and count fifty-two retail stores including those just off Greenwich on the side streets. Many of them have sidewalk bargain counters and there is music in the air. And "two-by-four" hardware stores, stationers and men's furnishings shops. A man's street but there are restaurants where ladies are invited. Everyone has his favorite and hurries to it at noon. A boy is hanging on at the rear end of a moving truck. A passing girl remarks to her friend, "Doesn't that look good!" When she dines with her boy friend she says, "Do you know, I would just love to sop up this gravy with a piece of bread!" And he says, "Go ahead, no one is looking."

On West Street there is a vista of miles of great pier heads where ocean liners tie up. The thoroughfare is immensely wide. Busy trucks rattle noisily but taxicabs, bearing loads of newly arrived voyagers, ride swiftly and smoothly over the cobblestones. Belabored baggage. Sailors from many nations lolling about. The east side of the street has many cubby-hole eating places for them.

And along the East River, too, one sees many nautical institutions and many seafaring men. One can almost smell the hemp and tar as he reads the names of the streets which begin their small careers at South Street: Coenties Slip, Cuylers Alley, Old Slip, Gouverneur Lane, Jones Lane, DePeyster Street, Burling Slip, Peck Slip.

BROAD Street begins down in the oldest part of old New Amsterdam. The quaint atmosphere which still lingers reminds one of Salem in the time of Hester Prynne. There is Fraunce's Tavern where a man in Washington wig and costume meets you at the door. George himself made his farewell address to his officers in this old building and now the upper floors have been made into a museum of Revolutionary relics. Broad Street becomes more modern. A tremendous, man-made, windowed cliff on the west side of the thoroughfare. The windows near Exchange Place in which many hands, not long ago, talked sign language to the crowd below. Each man in the windows had a confederate in the street who wore a trick hat to make him easily distinguishable. Now the Curb Market has a fine big building of its own in Trinity Place but the atmosphere of high finance is still potent in the old neighborhood. Laughing stenographers in crisp, colorful dresses which add life to the street. Why are they always happy?—they're

not. Office clerks. They would make fine husbands for the beautiful young morons of the screen. We think the average farmer knows more than the white collar man of the city's clerical army. The old nine story Mills Building has been torn down and a new 35 story one is going up in its place. The Stock Exchange. On the hottest days of the summer cold air exuded from its various entrances. Commercial photographers must go through weeks of red tape before they are allowed to take an interior view. Across the street is J. P. Morgan's establishment. Its stone exterior on Wall Street still shows the scars of the 1920 bomb explosion.

In Wall Street the newcomer looks hastily about for the faces of moneyed men. Which ones are they? Old skyscrapers coming down and new ones going up. What woman writer was it who said the young men of Wall Street were the most typical Americans in the United States? Maybe they are—they're pretty wild. Messenger "boys" with white hair and drooping mustaches. Here come a dozen pair of men carrying their daily burden of twelve strong chests full of valuable securities. Behind the windowed walls money is moving swiftly. There's Henry L. Doherty's name on a big building together with the trademark that appears on Toledo street car tokens. The old Customs House.

NASSAU STREET. Really a continuation of Broad but too narrow to carry the name. Very little vehicular traffic in downtown New York and the street is full of pedestrians from curb to curb. The sidewalks surrounding the great Federal Reserve Building have quartz in them and they sparkle like snow on a crisp winter morning. A policeman saunters leisurely down the asphalt and sidewalk fakirs without licenses hurriedly pick up their merchandise and make hasty retreat. Another accident. An old, crippled man is staggering along with bleeding face. "What is the matter?" "That horse over there bit him—he won't let anyone come near him." That goes to show how wild rumors evolve within a minute's time. As a matter of fact the horse ran into the old gentleman and knocked him against the curb. A policeman picked him up and then hurried away without a word to anyone involved. Soon a sort of down town shopping district. Lingerie, shoes, men's furnishings and clothing and a number of large sporting goods stores. Sandwich men advertising passport photo studios.

And then there is William Street with subway noises from below, Pearl Street with elevated noises from above and all the side streets full of office buildings and people. Beaver Street, so named because it was once a great fur trading center. Maiden Lane with thirteen jewelry and silversmith stores in the one block between Nassau and Broadway. And the inevitable young men on the sidewalks whose arms are heavily laden with pearls which they sell at 25 cents the string.

And on up to Park Row where large newspaper office buildings look down upon the unemployed who lounge upon the seats in the park. The old postoffice. Hungry men without funds gazing at food in restaurant windows. The end of Brooklyn Bridge apparently ending in mid air. The great Municipal Building built over a nest of subways. Six or seven years ago horse cars were still drawn through its great arch. They were lit by dim oil lamps and when the conductor "ding-dinged," the horses understood and started. They stopped by their own judgment at every street intersection and understood the signals of the traffic cop.

And now we had better rest awhile in the park. Wonder why the Statue of Civic Virtue turns its back upon all the notables whom Mayor Walker welcomes from the steps of City Hall.

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THE other day we stepped into the Weyhe Galleries, 794 Lexington Avenue, and met Mr. Weyhe, just returned from Europe and a fishing campaign in Maine. Slender and busy is Mr. Weyhe, a bright-eyed, happy and enthusiastic unit in a promising field of American endeavor. His head and heart are eagerly engaged in many phases of culture. Pictures, books, old maps, terrestrial globes, statuettes. One will find the tome he is looking for at Mr. Weyhe's establishment for he has the most comprehensive collection of books on art in the world. He is fond of terrestrial globes and has some very valuable ones on hand, and he it is of whom we may say, "There stands the man who pioneered in the collection of old maps and is responsible for their manifold uses artistically today." And Mr. Weyhe is an amazing altruist. The culmination of a favorable deal will hurt his conscience and he feels that he must satisfy his obligation to the world by searching out some struggling, young genius and make him sparkle before the eyes of the world as he never sparkled before. And many a well known painter of today has he helped to make. Some he has made! We mention Alfred Maurer, Emil Ganso, Vincent Canade. When Alfred Maurer was living in comparative obscurity in a "third floor back" bedroom he searched him out, bought over 200 of his paintings at one time and placed this painter up amidst the favored few. Mr. Weyhe tells these things for what they are worth and then brushes them aside with a smile; he is modest. And he is impartial in his selections. Water colors please him, wood cuts, engravings, charcoals, oils, pen and ink, anything with the virility of genius in it. And not willing to confine himself solely to the above activities he has become a publisher. Some of his art books have been "too good to be popular," others have been profitable. Mr. Weyhe came to America from Germany in 1915, a political internationalist avoiding the war tangle. He rented a sleeping room on West 13th Street for \$6 the week and kept his collection of books under the bed. That was the beginning. Ever since that time, by perseverance, faith, love of the beautiful and good judgment, he has been bettering his lot until today he is looked upon as one of America's foremost authorities on and dealers in art. At one time he had decided to go back to the other side of the Atlantic but an adviser said, "America needs men like you," and he stayed. Look about his galleries and you will find the passion of "young" American artists, the achievements of those who live in the United States.

Many Toledoans Will Perform On College Gridirons This Fall

*Host of former Waite and Scott Players
again likely to face each other when Michigan battles Ohio State
at Columbus*

By ROBERT A. FRENCH

TOLEDO has taken pride in its high school football teams. And cities throughout the country have looked with amazement, year after year, on high class elevens battling their way to glory through the hardest sort of opposition. The lads who have borne the brunt of the struggle in high school haven't stopped there. Many of them for the last dozen years have been stars on big college teams.

But never has so much interest been shown in the work of Toledo lads on college gridirons as is in prospect this fall.

Ohio State and Michigan, of course, draw the lion's share of attention from lovers of the college game here. This is natural because of the rivalry between the two schools, their nearness to Toledo, and the hundreds of young folk from this city in attendance at the two big universities. More Toledo football players are being counted upon to strengthen these two elevens than ever before.

Last year, when Ohio State made its brave attempt to stop the great Michigan avalanche, one player was looked upon as its forlorn hope—Freddie Grim that quiet, slim youngster from Scott High school, so good at his studies that he

graduated from Scott long before he attained his growth, but who was a star on one of Scott's greatest teams when he weighed less than 130 pounds.

Freddie is back once more at State, with more speed,

more weight and more experience, the same modest retiring and pleasant youth of high school days, but with a sort of assurance about him now.

Then there is Bill Hunt. Going through the long list of high school heroes here, one must pause and think of Bill, who was looked upon as Scott's lone star in 1922, and why by his example brought the eleven up to a national championship. Hunt is a natural born athlete if ever there was one. I saw him once, playing his first game of billiards out in Portland, Oregon. Bill didn't know how to chalk a cue, but in five minutes was clicking off points, not like a skilled player, of course, but in an amazing manner for one who didn't know which was his cue ball.

A few days later, at a little football party in Toledo, a prize was offered for the fellow who could put together a wooden block puzzle. Hunt did it quickly and with precision. These two incidents may not indicate in the minds of some any athletic ability, but skill at athletics is based upon that peculiar spirit of competition, which gives to some added skill under pressure, and causes others to wilt when the strain gets near the breaking point.

Hunt showed, in the few games he played at State, a dazzling speed, his old time intuition at guessing where plays would go, and strength far beyond

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BILL HUNT (above)
FREDDIE GRIM (below)

VIC DOMHOFF (above)
JERRY STEINECKER (below)

Toledoans Will Perform on Gridirons

(continued from page 15)

what his slight frame seemed to possess. Both in his sophomore and junior year he suffered severe injuries and did little playing, although what he did was worth going miles to see.

State has a wealth of backfield material this year, but

Hunt ranks as one of the best. He may be tried at quarter, where his excellent judgment may be a factor in State's games this fall.

WHO was the greatest end Scott ever had? A difficult question to answer, but in the mind of the writer the laurels go to George Alber. This big, good natured lad, strong as a bull and fast as a rabbit, can do about everything an end ought to do, and do it with a grin on his ruddy countenance. His play in the Waite-Scott game of 1923, which Scott won by a single point, was classed by George Little, coach at Michigan then and at Wisconsin now, as the greatest he ever saw in a high school, and ahead of the end play of many universities gridirons.

Alber is a sophomore at State this year, and with Cunningham gone, is looked upon as almost a certainty for the position. Alber has the size, strength and speed for the job. And he has the disposition. He doesn't worry, and an end who worries nowadays, with forward passes likely to sail over his head when he rushes in to crack a runner, or a runner slipping past him when he backs up for a pass, is going to have an awful time of it.

Waite High, which furnished to Ohio State two captains in two successive years, will cut its biggest figure at Michigan. Michigan for years has produced wonder centers. Captain Brown was there last year, and now he is gone and an opening yawns in the middle of the line. Into the limelight comes big Jerry Steinecker, center on Waite's great team of 1924. Jerry is big, but doesn't look it. He can gallop about a field like a quarter back, but in his towering frame of bone and muscle is the strength and stamina of a real gridiron hercules.

Jerry didn't go up to Ann Arbor with any soft snap ahead of him, whatever way you look at it. He's been

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Toledoans Will Perform on Gridirons

(Continued from page 41)

working hard to make expenses, and working hard at his studies, and in both these endeavors he has done so well that coaches and professors are strikingly outspoken in his praises. And Jerry can play football as few centers from Toledo have ever played it.

VIC DOMHOFF, quarterback on Waite's champion team of 1921, is out for a backfield position at Michigan. Vic is another lad who is a credit to his school from a scholastic standpoint as well as athletically. He puts his mind on the game, and plays with courage and intelligence to back up his physical qualifications. With Benny Friedman at quarter, Vic will only get in there in emergencies, but he should make a first class half back.

Two of the greatest tackles the game ever has seen are lost to the Wolverines this year—Hawkins and Edwards. Toledo has a candidate for one of the positions in Frank Meese, captain of Scott in 1925, a rugged and aggressive player, with size enough for the strenuous post.

Michigan and Ohio State have championship hopes this year. Michigan, in fact, has more than hopes, it has confidence. State has the greatest sophomore talent in its history to draw upon, and in addition has many star vets left from last year. Michigan has a wealth of material everywhere. Nevertheless Toledo is pretty sure to see its sons in action in the big games, and on them coaches are depending to a gratifying extent.

Know Your Pro

Number One

Alec Cunningham · Country Club

By FRANK BUCKLEY

(Editor's Note.—The accompanying article is the first of a series, which will be written for "Toledo Topics" on professional golfers in charge of Toledo courses.)

THOSE who have enjoyed a summer afternoon at the Country club, who have watched with intense interest the prowess of ladies and gentlemen on the links, who have gazed fixedly on many a marvelous drive, who have stood awed as a long putt would hover on the lip of the cup to, as it were, cheat the player of a brilliant bit of golf play, have all been puzzled at once occurrence at the upriver links. All wonder momentarily, so to speak, when they hear some one call "Frenchie" where is so-and-so, "Scotchie" have you seen Miss this-and-that?" The listeners expect to see a pair of lads bound out to clear up the mystery. But soon their inquiries are sated, for they see not a pair of lads, in "Frenchie and Scotchie," but one personage, Alec Cunningham, professional at the club.

Born and raised in Bonnie Scotland, Alec is a thorough Scotchman, and rightfully answers to the bidding "Scotchie." Several years spent on the continent, most of the period in Sunny France, afforded "Scotchie" the opportunity of learning the language of the French. Having learned much of that country's tongue, Alec soon became master of many French ditties, which every now and then he sings for his many friends and pals at the Country club. Hence, there are those who prefer to beckon to Alec as "Frenchie," and the professional is prone to answer to that cognomen as well as his favorite, "Scotchie."

Alec Cunningham has been at his duties as professional at the Country club for the past six seasons and during this period he has made an enviable name for himself both as a teacher of the game and as a color bearer for the club in many meetings throughout the country. Alec, to our mind, is as an experienced a golfer as can be found anywhere in any land where the game is played. He knows the game from beginning to end, from the finest point of technique to the most general form any player can have. Furthermore it was our experience to learn, that Alec can tell about the game, and can talk about it almost unceasingly, with interest and intelligence to his hearers.

"Frenchie" was never taught golf. He learned the game by himself, acquiring most of his knowledge while attending school near the St. Andrews Links in Scotland. When he was in school, Alec states, the boys in Scotland would play golf during their recreation periods as the youths of the present time, in this country resort to baseball, football and

other sports. There was hardly a lad in Scotland who did not have his golf clubs at school with him, says Alec, pointing out the reason why the Scotch people are considered the finest golfers in the world.

Alec played and finished second in his first professional tourney at St. Andrews when 14 years old, the feat being considered remarkable for a lad of his years. His first appointment as professional was at the Glen Eagles club in Auchterarder, Scotland, this coming while he was still a mere youth. It may be remarked here that Alec never served as an assistant pro at any course, but has always been his own master throughout his many years of golfing.

After a few years at Glen Eagles, Cunningham began to travel and soon found himself on the continent headed for Hardselot France, near Boulogne. His stay at Hardselot was followed by six years at Bierritz where he took the largest pro assignment on the continent at that time. At Bierritz he had under his tutelage, many of the French nobility, including Baron Henry, Maurice des Roschild, and Count Renni de Temple, des Rougemont.

Leaving Bierritz, Cunningham went to Spain, where he was private pro to the Royal family for two and one half years with the greatest success. Alec then returned to France to Chateau Memillon to renew his work as pro with Count Renni. It was during this last term in France that Alec took his first championship, being returned golf king of the Pyrennes Mountain district, shooting a 61 to break the course record by ten strokes.

Hearing of the golden opportunities in America from his friend and former school chum, Jock Hutchison, at present pro at Glen View links in Chi-

cago, "Scotchie" sailed for the United States, arriving in 1914. Reaching here, he was met by Hutchison and greeted with credentials to obtain for himself his first professional place in America, at Wheeling, West Virginia, Country club, where he remained several seasons. Later he was stationed at the St. Joseph, Missouri, Country club, before coming to his present post in Toledo.

"Frenchie" Cunningham is the proud possessor of many records for golf play. He holds the course record at Country club, a 68, and the low mark for the Fremont country club links, another 68. Par for each course is 72. The record at Wheeling is his as is the one at Bierritz in

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Alec Cunningham

Know Your Pro

(Continued from page 18)

France. The latter mark he shares equally with Arnaud Massey, noted English star. In 1916 Alec was second in the Western Open with a card of 307, a fine total in those days. He played in eleven meets during that year and never finished back of third place.

Cunningham's finest feats of 1918 were placing fourth in the National Open at Philadelphia, and playing on the Scotch International team, paired with George Simpson, Chicago.

Alex claims the hardest match of his long career took place in 1919 in the Professional Golfers Association's meet at the Flossmore, Course in Chicago. Cunningham met Willie MacFarlane in that match, losing to that noted star 2 and 1, after playing 35 holes of the bitterest golf.

"Frenchie's" best match at the Country club happened in 1925, when he was pitted against Larry Nabholz of Cleveland. This time Alec was returned the winner by shooting a beautiful 69 to defeat the Clevelander by one stroke.

Cunningham has never been a sensational golfer, nor has he been of the flashy variety. Never has he been rated as a long driver nor a hard hitter. His style is a peculiar one, one that adapts itself to course and conditions, wherever he may be playing. In 1925 Alec played 138 rounds of golf and in summing up his cards, he was just nine strokes over an average 71. He plays the game thoroughly never relying on this or that department of play to carry him to victory.

"No two golfers look alike, said Scotchie, "what I mean is that there is no pair which has the same style of play. There is always some difference, which distinguishes one

from another. However, there is one factor in which many agree." Not being able to use Alec's words on the similarity we will attempt to explain it in our own terms. In teaching pupils, Alec applies his ideas to suit the individual. The same idea may be carried out in various ways for different players. The one important factor in which players may be alike is in the "timing of the club." Without a well founded knowledge in this department, a golfer is lacking in his game, as timing is perhaps the greatest factor in golf, according to Cunningham.

"The biggest difference in the game as it is played today and as it was played in former years, is not in the many styled courses, but in the ball," says Cunningham. "The ball in use today has from 50 to 75 yards more distance than the old style pellet. The change has not benefitted the game any, but on the contrary has hampered the game in that it now allows the average golfer to get "by" on a half miss most of the time. Formerly a 225-250 yard drive was considered a healthy clout, but nowadays one of 300 yards is merely glanced at as a good attempt."

Cunningham has a distinguished list of proteges, his latest aspirants for golfing honors being a carefully developed group of young players at the Country club. Alec has developed several champions, his latest being Parker Campbell, 1926 Ohio State Amateur golf king. Others of renown who have learned the game under the watchful eye of the famous "Scotchie" are Miss Teacher, lady champion of Great Britain in 1914, Jule Pollack, West Virginia State champion for seven consecutive seasons, and Miss Fritzie Stifel, queen of West Virginia women golfers, and in 1925 a semi-finalist in the Women's Open. In all district meets, Alec manages to have a creditable number of Country club players among the leaders.

During the winter season, "Frenchie" can still be found

at the game he loves, spending his time at Pine Hills, Mississippi, a large development near Pass Christian. He occupies the same position there as at the Country club, being pro from December 1 to early April, at which time he heads back to Toledo.

Cunningham is chairman of the Ohio P. G. A. tournament committee which meets early in October. He is married and lives in Beverly. He has two children a boy and a girl, and to hear him tell about the kiddies, he is a mighty proud daddy. The boy, nine years old is already taking up the game of his dad and has all the traits of becoming the same star of the links that Alec himself has been.

During his career Alec has helped plan between twenty and thirty courses both in this country and abroad.

After our long interview with Alec "Scotchie, Frenchie" Cunningham, he was still able to give more details of the game, time and space for which, do not permit at this writing. He finished, however, by asserting that it was his serious thought, that within the next 10 or 15 years, every town of 2000 or more inhabitants would have its golf course. So great is the game becoming that it is an assured fact that everybody will be interested in it sooner or later.

THE GIRLS MATRICULATE

Drawings By WYNN—PARIS

Sonnets By WILLARD HOLCOMB



*When our "Truda" was in High
She had an awful "crush" on Si-
Las Pratt;
The verb "Amo,—amas,—amat"
Was all she got beneath her hat,—
But simple Silas left her flat—
At that!*



*When Ermie went away to school
She hypnotized the village fool,
Sim Ince;
But when he took her to Miss Quince
That lady matters did not mince,—
And Ermie hasn't seen him since,—
Sad Prince!*



*'Mytrude horn-rimmed into Vassar,
Where she wasn't such a "classer,"
But stayed,—
Bound to be a back'lor maid,—
Writing stories for her trade,—
But she couldn't make the grade
I'm 'fraid!*



*When she went to the Beau-zar'
Where those awful artists are—
How crude;
For while sketching from the nude
The beared bozo was so rude—
He never noticed Ermytrude
Poor prude!*

We Nominate for Our Own Hall of Fame

RICHARD J. MEADE—Because as president of our all-Toledo owned baseball club he has given the city a team of which it could be proud in his first season. Because he has sold three star players to the major leagues, which virtually assures Toledo of another winning aggregation, if not a pennant contender, in 1927. Because he has been judicious and fair in all his dealings with the baseball public. And because for many years he was our foremost commentator on sports, a splendid journalist who wielded a skilled and fearless pen.



S. L. McNARY—Because he is president of the Toledo Bankers' club and also president of the Toledo Clearing House association this year—top-notch places in the banking field here. He is a vice-president of the Security Savings Bank & Trust company. McNary has come up through the ranks in his profession. He's a fisherman, can cook like an oldtimer, and gets a lot of fun out of comradeship with his children.

C. L. LEWIS

CONANT M. OHL—Because he is Toledo's outstanding tennis star of 1926. Because he won the Northwestern Ohio net championship for the third consecutive time during September from a crack field containing quite a number of out-of-town players. Because earlier in the year he won the Toledo tennis title. And because he is a modest, unassuming youth, as fine a sportsman as you would want to meet.





The biggest problem was to put a twenty-two scene production on a stage (Belmont—adv.) that wasn't much larger than my corn crib, here on the farm.

A FEW REMARKS ON THE STAGING OF A REVUE

By JOHN HELD, JR.



And the girls at rehearsals danced all day and danced all night, and the rosy dawn saw them still fresh as daisies, while we, strong, virile men, had learned to sleep standing up, like a horse.



AMERICANA

Some of the ladies insisted that their costumes were designed in such a way as to cover too much of their personalities.



Another obstacle was that the comedian insisted on wearing white spats.



Dorothy Mackaill



Gertrude Olmstead

Trick Clauses in Movie Contracts

By SUMNER SMITH

"WELL, isn't that nerve for you!" exploded a woman who had managed an invitation to a dinner attended by motion picture celebrities.

"Hush," warned her escort. "I'll explain later. It's perfectly all right."

Around the festive board were gathered many of the foremost stars of the screen, met to welcome another star's first visit to New York. The meat course was being served, and one of the guests, a young, very attractive girl, had whispered to the waiter for an extra large portion of potatoes. Her companion, a middle-aged man, had pushed the waiter on his way and, turning to the girl, had said: "No more than one small helping for you, my dear."

The explanation, the outsider learned, later, was this: The young, attractive girl, a daughter of Ireland, had a flair for potatoes such as reposes only in the hearts of descendants of the Auld Sod. Her figure was trim, the despair of thousands of New York women who visit beauty parlors and exercise before the radio, and her complexion was the acme of perfection.

But this abundant health that she radiated, physical culturists could tell, would some day be her undoing. Like many possessors of the perfect digestion, she was born to be fat. She was a movie star, and her escort was delegated by the company holding her contract to see that she maintained a strict diet. Her contract with this company specified that it could be cancelled if she ate potatoes. On this special occasion she was permitted one portion—and she had tried to get away with a double helping. Hence her companion's action.

One other incident at the dinner especially aroused the curiosity of the woman outside the circle. This occurred before nine o'clock when, very abruptly, a girl and her escort arose from the table during a speech and hurried from the room.

"I think that's very impolite," commented the woman that didn't know movie ways.

"Hush," said her friend. "That girl is working now in a picture, and she has to be in bed before ten o'clock. Her contract specifies it. They all know it here, so she isn't held guilty of any discourtesy."

Whoever originated trick clauses in movie contracts started something that has grown like the famous snowball rolling down hill. There are hundreds of these clauses nowadays, and they specify about everything. Mary Philbin is prohibited from marrying by her Universal contract. Universal, incidentally, after the "Fatty" Arbuckle episode, drew up a "morality" clause that was immediately approved by Will Hays and that has been adopted by most of the other leading companies. One star, Claire Windsor, won a long argument when she had a clause inserted allowing her every July 10 "off." That is the birthday of her son, Billy.

It's about fifty-fifty whether the producing company or the star specifies prohibitions or permissions. The First National Pictures Corporation has limited Dorothy Mackaill, nineteen years old, and one of its shining stars, to a weight not to exceed 130 pounds. The contract runs for five years and can be cancelled when Miss Mackaill exceeds that weight.



Mary Philbin



Joan Crawford

Renee Adoree

Richard A. Rowland, general manager of First National, says:

"This will apply to all our young women stars. In the case of one actress, her company was obliged to devote several months and a great amount of money to bringing her back to her normal weight. I suppose it is the easy life and the reckless way in which the actresses arrange their diets that cause them to grow heavy."

The strange clause in the contract follows:

"... the artist agrees that she will during the entire term of the contract take diligent care of her health, weight, and appearance so as to render an artistic representation of any roles to which she may be assigned. . . the company may terminate this contract at any time after the weight of the artist shall exceed 130 pounds.

Pauline Starke is very proud of her hands, so her contracts always specify that she is not to be called upon to wash dishes or play golf or do anything in a picture that might injure them. Also, she won't work on Sundays or legal holidays. That is one instance where the artist inserts a trick clause; here is one where the company is the prime mover:

Lew Cody, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, enjoys speeding in his car, so his contract states that the top speed he may attain is thirty miles an hour. Lately the company has lost a little faith in the virtue of contracts and has put a governor on Lew's motor.

Gloria Swanson, among many other "privileges, has the right to "fire" her assistant director. She exercised it recently in New York when the director was taken ill and Jesse L. Lasky, of Famous Players, wired from the West Coast for the assistant director to complete the picture. In justice to Miss Swanson, it must be said that she claimed inability to continue because of illness, went under a physician's care, and simply fired the assistant director as the easiest solution of her peculiar legal dilemma.

Ramon Novarro is required to run 100 yards in twelve second, on request, to prove that he has kept in good physical trim by exercise.

Katherine Bennett can't be called upon to play a part where she must wear a dark wig or dye her hair.

Conrad Nagel "will never dye his hair nor appear as a brunette on the screen."

Carmel Myers must not cut her hair. Evidently movie men believe long hair a necessary attribute of the accomplished screen vamp.

Renee Adoree's contracts must be made up both in French and English, and drawn legally under the laws of both countries. Furthermore, any time that Renee's ankles exceed a measurement of five and one-half inches, her contract is automatically terminated.

John Gilbert, he of the flashing eyes and dashing demeanor, must approve all stories in which he appears and must have three months' vacation each year. (Dyspeptic note: The writer gets two weeks)

George Walsh, the stalwart star, must have gymnasium facilities when on location or on a trip. When he went abroad last year a special gym was fitted up for him on board ship.

Eleanor Boardman must not weigh less than 115 pounds at any time.

Roy D'Arcy shall never be expected to play a part for which he has to shave his moustache unless he is consulted about it.

Gwen Lee must not eat fattening foods while making a picture.

Gertrude Olmsted must be in bed every night before ten o'clock while making a picture.

Joan Crawford, while working, is allowed fifteen minutes extra at noon time for her dancing exercises. She exercises in this manner three times a day.



The Best of the New Books

By MRS. ROBERT C. MORRIS

THE other day I discovered a new book that is really amusing. We are always swimming neck-deep in a flood of books presenting problems—political, economic, sex or social. A book with a true vein of humor is like a sun-warmed rock amid the swirl.

This book, "Mendel Marantz" by David Freedman will amuse and delight you for several evenings, and after you have read the last chapter some of the practical common-sense of the chief character will have won your respect.

The hero of this tale of New York's East Side is a lazy, talkative, good humored fellow, whose wife was not lazy or talkative or good-humored. Mendel loved to talk to his wife while she labored over a wash-board. He admonished Mrs. Marantz to cheer up, and attempted to assist her in the process by the expression of clever generalizations in which he clothed a certain homely philosophy of life. Here are a few of his pronouncements:

"Lying pays in the long run, but no one can run fast enough."

What is fame? A ladder. The higher you climb the more it shakes.

Old age? A woman denies it. A man defies it. What is a person? Cut-glass. From every angle you see different colors.

A wife? The supreme court. It is always right. Partners? They are like pickles,—start sweet and turn sour.

Opportunity? It is an actor, always in disguise. Love? A sky-scraper, the deeper the foundation the higher it reaches.

Tell the truth, but don't overdo it.

An idea is an egg. What kind of idea it is depends not on who lays it, but who sits on it."

EARLY in the story Mrs. Marantz delivers an ultimatum,—if Mendel won't stop philosophizing and go to work, she will "get her a job by the dress-maker," and Mendel may stay home and take care of the apartment in the tenement-house, wash the children, the clothes and the

dishes, go to market and cook the meals.

Confronted by stern necessity which is always the mother of invention, Mendel invents a combination house-cleaner, a wierd machine which ran on wheels and performed all the domestic chores with super human intelligence.

A group of financiers buy the invention for a fabulous sum, and the lovable, lazy philosopher is transformed overnight into a millionaire! But does Mendel enjoy this lightning change? He finds difficulty in adjusting himself to new demands. His wife insisted that they travel, and Mendel retorted, "What for do I need a whole continent? And so many homes? By the time I come to one home,

right away I got to pack up to travel to the next one! Today we're here, and tomorrow we're in California or Florida. For this I got rich, to spend my life on the trains like a conductor? I have to dress like a waiter, carry a stick like a cripple, and I must have bridges or plates in my mouth!"

Mendel rebelled, bought a gorgeous mansion for his wife and children, and for his own home he built a new tenement house on the site of the old one, where once, when he had been poor and happy, he had rocked and talked while his wife bent over the steaming wash-tub.

There were in New York scores of newly-rich men like himself, unable to adjust themselves to the demands of a strange environment. These men, like Mendel, were lonely for the old neighbors, the old smells and the old-time cooking and freedom of Pitt street.

Mendel rented flats in his tenements to these fellow sufferers, each one rated A-1 in Dun's and Bradstreets' and there they wore disreputable old clothes, shoes like foot-balls and pinned flannel-shirts with safety pins.

Mendel's wife returned to Pitt street, tired of being an idle rich woman. "Cooking? the cook won't let me. Cleaning? the porter won't let me? Buying? the butler won't let me."

SILVER WIND

By ISABELLE ELLING

©-2

*Silver wind has been all day
Playing in my silver bay.
He teased the sails of little ships
And blew them far away.
He lured them to the open sea
And could not blow them back to me.
The sun went down, the sea rose high
And though I cried and cried
They drifted in the swishing foam
And vanished side by side.*

*Don't ever, ever trust your ships
With Silver Wind I say.
Though he be fair, and sweet the day,
He'll never bring them back again
To sail-dream in your silver bay.*

Husband and wife have some amusing adventures as match-makers, before suitable life-partners are found for their children.

I think you will enjoy reading this story, so I'll not attempt to finish it for you.

As a last bit of Mendel Marantz's philosophy I will add, "When you're eating apples don't talk and when you feel like talking, eat apples."

EVERYBODY is reading Edna Ferber's new book, "Show Boat." Whether, as a novel, it is so big as "So Big" is a debatable question.

I cannot credit the rumor that Miss Ferber was never a passenger on a Show Boat, although it is a matter of literary history that Washington Irving wrote Rip Van Winkle in London, and had never seen the Catskill mountains.

"Show Boat" is an enthralling story of life on "ole Mississippi" in the '70's. "The day of the flowing moustache, the broad-brimmed hat, the open-faced collar, and the diamond stud."

Few readers of this novel know that show boats are still doing business on the Ohio and Mississippi. One of them is just completing its 53d season.

Once they produced the old melodrama "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak-Model" but now they give performances of "Peg O' My Heart" and "Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

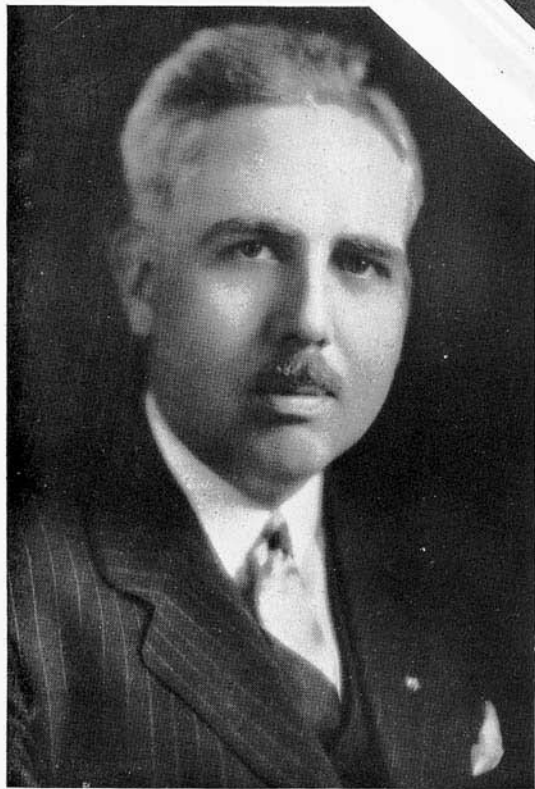
There is a medicine show-boat now operating on the Ohio, "The Temple of Health."

Edna Ferber's new novel displays her exceptional skill in the creation of atmosphere. While you read the story you are on the deck of the "Cotton Blossom Floating Palace," watching the panorama of the river as it lazily drifts astern. Captain Andy Hawks and his wife Parthenia are likely to take their place among the characters in American fiction that have "come alive" through a writer's magic, and will stay alive for another generation at least.

Introducing You to a Trio of New Toledoans



CARROLL L. PROCTER—He is head of the Toledo Edison Company and the great group of Doherty properties centering at Toledo, a Virginian by birth, a big man in stature and ability, with a quiet voice that gets results. Graduated from Virginia Polytechnic Institute and first worked for General Electric at \$8 a week. Became general superintendent of Athens (Ga.) Railway & Electric company, remained with Doherty organization when it was taken over in 1912 and since has served at Danbury, Conn., and Joplin, Mo.



ROBERT C. DUNN—He is new vice-president and trust officer of Ohio Savings Bank & Trust company. Born at Bowling Green, graduate of Denison University, and has juris doctor degree from Ohio State law school. Practiced law with late Harry E. King in Toledo for a brief time. Ten years was Junior member of Harrington & Dunn firm at Bowling Green. Is author of the present administrative code of Ohio which greatly simplified state business. Served as speaker of house in 85th General Assembly. Is a sure-fire after dinner speaker. Heads Kiwanis club this year.

R. C. MILLER—Here is a man who is responsible for keeping things going on the Toledo division of the Pennsylvania railroad. Has been with the company since graduation as civil engineer at Ohio State University in 1901. Rapid promotions have taken him and his family to homes in seven states since serving as division engineer at Toledo in 1918. Since then he had the same duties at St. Louis, Chicago Terminals, Philadelphia, and New York. Came to Toledo from Reading, Pa., where he was superintendent of Schuylkill division. As superintendent Toledo division has charge of operations between Columbus and Sandusky and between Mansfield and Detroit. Is a Buckeye—born at Zanesville. Wears Delta Upsilon pin.





MOMENTS MUSICAL

By FLORA WARD HINELINE

JOHAN PHILLIP SOUSA is an American institution. Toledo's music season long ago got the habit of opening with a concert by Sousa's band and a splendid habit it is. The grand old man of music will be in Toledo October 9 at the Coliseum with brand new marches and several novelties. He is 72 years young and apparently grows "peppier" as the years roll by.

Take it all in all, the coming music season will be one of the most notable ever offered here. With an honest-to-goodness symphony orchestra course holding concerts at Keith's, the season takes on a big city aspect most encouraging. It remains to be seen whether the symphony concerts will bring out the accoutrement of evening clothes as in every other city, now that the events are to be held in a theatre where full dress is not out of place. Dr. Stockdale speaking on the symphony series at a down-town luncheon meeting recently, declared "best" clothes an aid to building up the proper atmosphere for real enjoyment of best music. Undoubtedly there is something in it and we trust Toledo's t. b. m's and t. b. w.'s (tired business women) will not be too tired to give it a try at any rate. Joseph Pearlstein of the theatre is also a booster for evening clothes at concerts. One real feature of the Cleveland Metropolitan Opera seasons has been the marshalling of the dress suit in the hinterland. It actually stimulated business, Cleveland merchants declared.

ELSIE JANIS brings her talented self and her concert bunch to the Coliseum October 13.

No, it isn't Friday the 13th but the intrepid Elsie wouldn't care if it were. She is "there" with the entertainment every time and lucky or unlucky dates are all one to her. The last time Elsie was in Toledo, also at the Coliseum, on a Sunday afternoon it was,—concert-goers didn't realize what was happening and weren't there in as large numbers as Elsie's friends and manager could have wished—and what they missed! Just to see Elsie's imitation of Will Rogers was worth many times the admission.

Here's hoping she "does" Will again this year.

Claudia Muzio, almost the last Grand Opera star of first luminary to appear in Toledo—we've heard nearly all of them, you know, thanks to Bradford Mills and Grace Denton—not to mention Ada Ritchie—opens the Famous Artists' series at the Coliseum October 26.

To miss Muzio would be a catastrophe and certain it is no one musically wise will do so if physically able to get there on the evening scheduled.

GRACE DENTON opens her Rivoli series November 5 with a fan fare this season and with the Tipica (pronounced like typical and meaning the same thing) orchestra of Mexico. Every one of the 40 members of this orchestra is a graduate of the National Conservatory of Mexico and has been chosen because of superior attainments. Instruments are quite different from the orchestra as we know it and the colorful costumes of the players will add, too, an unusual and striking note.

The Piano Teachers' association is bringing Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the only pianist who has ever played to a capacity house in this series, on November 10 in celebration of the tenth anniversary of the association. The concert is at Scott and it is certain that stage seats will need to be employed to take care of the overflow of those who want to hear this artist.

The Secor hotel is introducing a brand new idea in music this fall—a noon-day concert of the best music. Manager James H. Michos believes that such an innovation will prove restful to his luncheon patrons, who drop in daily for a mid-day respite from business cares. He plans to have the orchestra all through playing by 1:30 so that those who wish to continue conferences over the luncheon table will have quiet at the time when it is most appreciated.

Abram Ruvinsky will have charge of the Secor noon-day concerts and in addition will announce soon plans for Sun-

(continued on page 44)



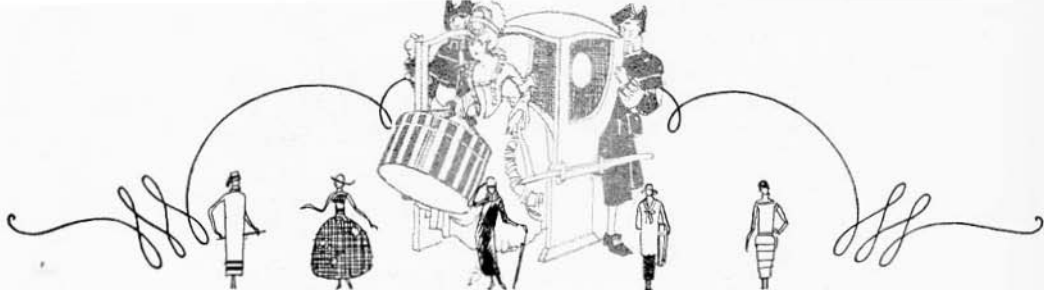
LIEUT. COM. JOHN PHILLIP SOUSA
From the portrait by Paul Stahr, noted young
American artist

Moments Musical

(Continued from page 34)

day evening musicales at the Secor, which have become a distinct feature in the city's musical life. Mr. Ruvinsky has opened his own School of the violin at 237 Michigan. He has surrounded himself with a splendid faculty and will devote his entire time to the development of his school—a long-time dream of his for Toledo.

Our Muriel La France sang in Detroit recently at a dinner given by Grace Denton to sponsors of her Detroit course at the new Masonic auditorium. Detroit music critics expressed themselves at the dinner as charmed with the La France voice, indeed so interested were they that she was importuned at the close of the dinner to adjourn to another part of the building and sing at some length for the critics. Toledo has something of which to be proud in this voice, there can be no doubt of that and will have further opportunity to realize the fact when she appears this season after the holidays in the Rivoli series as joint artist with Mischa Levitzki.



FASHIONS FOR MEN

By JULIA COBURN

IDON'T pretend to know very much about fashions as they apply to men's clothing. I do know that some of the ties you see on perfectly nice men are rather terrible. They are obviously selected with no regard for eyes, complexion, color of hair, or suit. They just happen.

Nor can I expect men to read very much about fashions for themselves. They go to a favorite shop, and take the salesman's word for what "they are wearing" this season. My hope lies with the wives. Certainly they have a lot of influence with what the men wear. So perhaps they (and a few men who are frankly interested in this matter of appearance), will be interested in some news from the fashion-fronts for men.

Paris? Paris, in this case, has nothing to do with it! London is the source of fashion in men's attire; and New York confirms and corroborates London's edicts. Modified, of course, to the occasions and tastes of the American man.

The main source of our information is Gieves of London, tailor by appointment to H. M. the King, and H. R. H., the Prince of Wales. In addition to these royal patrons, the firm numbers among its clientele prominent leaders of English society, and many well-dressed Americans.

THE outline featured in business suits, says Gieves, is moulded to the figure, with the waist quite defined. But the back is slack. It must not be tight anywhere. Three buttons are best on the single breasted coat, with the top one worn unfastened, and the second level with the waistline. The correct width for trousers is nineteen inches at the bottom, and about twenty-two at the knees. They are worn very long, to wrinkle slightly over the foot.

The double-breasted suit is more popular than it has been for the past two years. A man ordering three suits will often order one of the three double-breasted. This suit is not, however, for the man of short, heavy figure.

The smartest topcoat is double breasted, has six buttons, wide lapels, and a moulded waistline. The pronounced waistline is the most important autumn feature.

Brown is the most emphasized color for suits, as agreed by several impressive London tailors. The brown usually has an overtone of a stronger color—red, plum, or blue. The two shades are combined in a mottled or a "shot" effect, as it is called in London. The smartest weaves in these two-tone suitings are indefinite, small herringbone patterns, and indefinite diamond designs. They are so indefinite that the fabric gives an unpatterned effect at a distance.

Staple gray suitings, with hairline stripes of color, are shown everywhere; and navy blue, perennially fashionable,

is best this season in the small herringbone and diamond weaves.

BBROWN felt hats with matching bands are the hats of the moment in London. The color is shown mostly in the snap brim models that younger men are wearing, although it is also worn in rolled-and-bound brim styles. The hatband is of plain matching grosgrain. The brown felt hats are especially well adapted for wear with the new brown suitings, though some are combining them with navy suits and, less often, with gray.

The most important colors in new ties are reddish and yellow tones. Sometimes several shades of the two colors are combined, sometimes one is combined with a neutral shade or black. Patterns are so small and close that, although red and yellow are in themselves vivid, the effect is never loud.

The Londoner retains his liking for colored shirts, but does not wear plain colors to any extent this season. The newest shirtings are in fine group stripes, often in several colors. These designs are shown both in silk and cotton shirtings. The silk shirt is returning to favor, after the reaction which began against it several years ago.

How does New York accept these style-edicts of London? Let's take Wall Street, for at the luncheon hour, it reveals more well-turned-out men of all ages than any other single section with the exception of Bond Street in London. In the Banker's Club, the Stock Exchange Luncheon Club, and such restaurants as the Cafe Savarin, the bankers and brokers gather, and many of these well-dressed American business men accept a number of English fashions.

THE very best-dressed of these men are practically without exception dressed in brown-ruddy autumn tones with a decided cast of red plum color. The most distinguished-looking men wear suits in these new brown tones, usually single-breasted, three-button models, unmistakably English in inspiration. As far as numbers are concerned, gray predominates. And blue has its adherents, for it is an axiom that every man's wardrobe must contain one blue suit. Navy worsted, in a fancy weave so fine as to be almost imperceptible, is worn by Otto Kahn, famous international banker, as he hurries along Wall Street.

The hat-shades, and the tie-colors, are much the same as they are reported in London. In shirts, there is some variance. The plain white shirt predominates with New Yorkers, but many men who follow London fashions more closely, adopt the shirt with fine stripes in gray, blue, or brown, with the stiff collar to match. Soft negligee shirts of blue are still worn with blue business suits by the youngest men.



Mother and Daughter

By ROLFE C. SPINNING · Illustrated by FRED D. FARRAR

Mother and daughter!
Two little pals;
Happy together,
Cute lookin' gals.

Dressed a la modish—
Cupid bow lips—
Cheeks lacking pallor,
Forms lacking hips.

Mother and daughter!
Neither one slow.
Which is the young 'un?
Darned if I know.

“Seein’ Things Like They Ain’t”

Betsy Studies Art in Paris

YES I’m studying art in Paris and I’m getting on . . . so the Colonel says. The colonel is a retired army officer and my pal . . . except the times we have a fuss and I won’t speak to him.

And I’m learning things really important . . . the Dome . . . the Select . . . Rosalie’s . . . “Art Moderne” . . . El Greco . . . Henriette’s . . . Cubists . . . Spotist’s . . . Monet and Manet.

In order to make your way around the Quarter you must know about all these things and a thousand others not taught in books nor catalogued in the art galleries and museums.

And you meet artists from more countries than you thought existed. Japanese . . . Chinese . . . Roumanians . . . Russians . . . Greeks . . . Americans of all the different colours . . . black . . . white and shades of brown-red and tan . . . including American millionaires’ sons who go around like tramps with paint boxes slung over their shoulders. They don’t paint much . . . they pose mostly.

I might write reams of my impressions when I first came over . . . of how I walked in a daze through the great galleries. Oh I could have knelt before the inspiring masterpieces that have come down to us through the storms of the ages. Murillo . . . Titian . . . Michael Angelo . . . Raphael . . . Da Vinci . . . El Greco. And the modern painters . . . hundreds and hundreds! Oh the beauty . . . the glory!

But that was before I began to meet the artists with whiskers and big floppy hats and ties that stream and stream and mouths that talk and talk . . . Among other things you must know that in all that group of immortals only El Greco has painted anything of real merit; and El Greco’s claim to fame rests in those of his pictures, wherein his drawing is out of proportion. The Colonel says he doesn’t see why I pay attention to those blokes . . . that every wild-eyed futurist who doesn’t want to get down to business and learn to draw . . . blames his defective draftsmanship onto El Greco. According to the Colonel El Greco was undoubtedly a master painter . . . but in his earlier work his drawing was bad and in his later years his eyesight was probably impaired.

Anyway the “culte moderne” has adopted him as their god . . . has made him very much the fashion and has collected all of his work from all the corners of Spain. The worse the drawing the higher the prices paid by American millionaires’ . . . for his disciples profess to see some hidden meaning in his disproportionate drawing.

You see I’m painting in the ateliers of one of the great academies. Oh the atmosphere is all around me! The trouble is . . . there are so many kinds of atmosphere . . . they come from the four corners of the earth. They tell us to paint the things as we see them . . . and the strange things those people “see”!!

Now one woman has spent sixteen years of her life in the great schools of Rome . . . Florence . . . Paris and Munich. She “sees” in spots of vermillion . . . chrome yellow and emerald green. To me . . . an American student . . . imbibing atmosphere and learning things . . . the model in

question had a pinky . . . creamy . . . slimpsy body that Flo Ziegfeld would dote over. Anyway this spotist . . . futurist lady told us she must paint as she felt . . . and I said to the colonel I didn't believe she was feeling very well . . . and that if I were at home and feeling like that my mother would insist on my taking a dose of castor oil. Another woman goes to purples and greens with evil looking shadows of deep deep crimson. People are always getting in her way. It seems impossible to keep out of her range of vision. She made the colonel move his easel and she wanted me to move mine . . . but the colonel wouldn't let me. Sometimes I wonder if she is in her right mind. She certainly doesn't paint anything remotely resembling the model. One man glories in the "strength and virility" of his work. He paints in all the browns . . . ambers and siennas . . . then he throws in some Indian red and crimson lake. Well . . . his figure is strong. It might be well for a fisherman . . . or long-shoreman . . . or pass for a blacksmith or a cowboy . . . tanned by the suns of the western plains . . . but it certainly doesn't look to me anything like that pinky pearly Flo Ziegfeld model.

I got around and tried to cheer the model up. I really thought she needed it. I told her in perfectly good American French that she wasn't as ugly as we painted her. After much pantomime and many shoulder shrugs I managed to make her undertsand. She said she knew it. That if she was as ugly as those "cochons" reproduced her . . . she would jump into the Seine. All of which goes to show that even artists' models have feelings.

Next time I shall tell you some more about these weird creatures that I'm living among . . . and of the strange experiences I'm having.