

TOLEDO TOPICS



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Toledo Topics

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PUBLISHERS ANNOUNCEMENT

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SOLON O. RICHARDSON, JR.

C. L. LEWIS

Solon O. Richardson, Jr., chairman of the Libbey Glass Trust, is one of the group of great leaders who helped to make Toledo the center of glass development for the world. And in addition to his industrial interests he has been a big factor in keeping alive through the years the sport of yachting. The Richardson cup today is emblematic of the international R-Class championship of the Great Lakes. Wherever civic duty has called Mr. Richardson there you will find him. He led in organizing the city for national defense during the war, in establishment of the Community Chest, now is chairman of the Toledo Port commission and a member of the Toledo Publicity and Efficiency commission. Folks everywhere on the American continent know him as "the Commodore."



Town Talk



THERE is a new building now standing on the north west corner of Adams and Erie street and all's well, for we can now stroll across Court House Park without becoming thirsty. In that gone but not forgotten era, the edifice occupying the corner housed that which was known at the time as a saloon, and across the top of the structure, built into the brick wall, were the inviting and alluring words "Home Beer."

STRANGE things oft occur while the city sleeps and some of the oddest happen in the realm of the night club. The other eve one of the choicest "ringside" tables at the Green Mill Gardens, where one can dance and dine twixt sips from a glass containing Canada Dry and what have you, bore a "reserved" placard and a rumor floated about that it was being held for a quartet of notables. Along towards the witching hour of twelve the party arrived—two women and two men, all



fashionably arrayed. All eyes were riveted upon them as the waiter stepped up to receive their order. With a mere gesture one of the men waved the attendant away and drew forth a bag of considerable size from his pocket. It was quickly passed around, each member of the party taking from it one of those "jitney hot dogs" procurable at so many stands in the neighborhood. These were calmly devoured after which the quartet danced until closing time, paid their covert charge and departed.

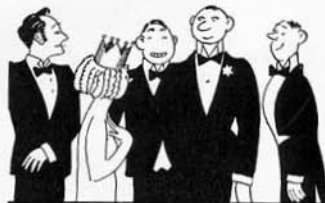
LAST week was a remarkable one in New York. It didn't have to turn out and welcome a Channel swimmer. It was a good thing as there is an ugly rumor afloat that the supply of "kegs to the city" is just about exhausted. If this is the case Mayor Walker might borrow a few from Mayor Mery as we haven't entertained a real celebrity in so long we must have plenty lying about idle.

MAY we take the liberty of advising that you adhere to the old adage and "Do Your Christmas Shopping Early." Our experience has been that the best stuff is always \$5 to \$10 per quart higher just before the holidays than it is at this season of the year. And remember. When Xmas comes and they are robbing you to the tune of \$20 to \$25 for your cheer, don't come around and want to beg, borrow or steel some of ours. 'Cause we'll turn a deaf ear. We're sounding a warning now and will supply a complete list of retailers upon request.

TOLEDO'S favorite noon pastime, as this is being written, is to watch the Security Bank Building acrobats swing about on lofty beams and juggle red hot bars of molten steel during their labor in constructing the handsome new banking house. Such a crowd gathers in front of the Nicholas building and stares skyward that we understand the pocket picking privileges for that block sold for a sum in the thousands. The jam is really a menace to traffic and the police seem powerless. The only way to disperse the throng is to have the performers pass the hat, and then we doubt if many would move.

ARUMOR has filled the Russian treasury with hope. One of its titled noblemen has become engaged to Henry Ford's daughter. The catch is, however, that Henry Ford has no daughter.

THE arrival of Queen Marie of Roumania with her daughter, the Princess Illeana, has set the newspapers off on a spree of romanticism. What rich American youth will win the hand of the fair princess. The wealthy "catches" are being enumerated and classified. Toledo's eligibles



are to be herded, numbered and led to the Union Station on the night Queen Marie's royal entourage passes through. If she can be disturbed from her task of writing testimonials for cold cream and such, she may step to the platform and see if there is anyone she would desire as a son-in-law in the group.

The prize winning smart remark of the month was contributed by one of our prominent young clubmen. When asked how much liquor a Scotchman could drink, he retaliated with "Any given amount."

THERE is a campaign abroad in this city to find a suitable substitute for the title "Waiter." Many names have been suggested and "Server" seems to be the most prominent in the list. "Waiter," according to the good people who started the campaign, is not dignified enough. One cannot help but conjure a picture of the poor waiter, his pocket full of tips, weeping copious tears at his degradation.

S O C I E T Y



By Sally Ames

IN the past few weeks, Toledo has entertained everyone but the Queen of Roumania, and we fervently proclaim that not even this illustrious personage could have been more royally feted than some of the charming fall visitors, brides-elect, and ex-Toledoans back for a few choice Lotus-City flings. Personally, we would vote the Queen lacking in discrimination when she passed up Toledo's tempting possibilities, and completely ignored us in her itinerary. Can it be she has heard of our Union Station!

Miss Dorothy Wadleigh, who was Miss Suzanne Cady's guest, came at a most important time, for it was during her stay that one of the most significant fall announcements was made.

At a charmingly appointed dinner at the Country Club, given by Miss Gertrude Witker ostensibly for Miss Wadleigh, the announcement of the engagement of Miss Cady and Mr. Benjamin Wilson was made. The news came as a surprise to the friends of the young people.

Among the many entertainments for Miss Wadleigh, were the Mr. and Mrs. George Freeman, Jr. dinner Oct. 15, which also complimented Mrs. DeWitt Clinton Baker who was a guest in the Freeman home, Miss Lucy Mather's tea, Mrs. B. F. Wade's luncheon, Miss Irene Broer's luncheon, Miss Cady's bridge luncheon, the Misses Josephine and Katharine Randolph's bridge luncheon, and Mrs. Mae King's luncheon.

Mrs. Pennell Hixon who came back for a stay with Toledo friends was an incentive for much entertaining.

Mrs. Leland Gardner, who was a guest in the Carlton Baumgardner home, also added much zest to the dates in Toledo's social calendar.

Mr. and Mrs. Collord Acklin's supper party, Friday, Oct. 15, complimented Mrs. Gardner, and the Acklin's house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore Querbacker, of Louisville, Ky., and Mr. James Hemphiel of Chicago.



MISS SUZANNE CADY
Whose Engagement to Mr. Benjamin Wilson was
Announced Recently.

On the week-end of Oct. 16, Society sought its diversion in Ann Arbor, watching the husky Maize and Blue warriors humble the Minnesota eleven in conclusive fashion. After a chilling drive back on the Telegraph on the damp October afternoon, Saturday evening found the following football fans tripping the light and fantastic at the Country Club. Mr. and Mrs. Ceilan Rorick, Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Rorick, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Baumgardner, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope MacNichol, Jr., Mrs. Leland Gardner, Mrs. Pennell Hixon, Mr. and Mrs. Collord Acklin and guests, Mr. and Mrs. James Secor, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hixon, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Kinsey, Jr., Mr. Rhodes Berdan and Mr. George Secor.

ADD to your list of unhealed weddings that of Marjorie Shoemaker and Milton Chesbrough. The marriage was solemnized, Oct. 15, in the Collingwood

Presbyterian Church. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Chesbrough left to brave the Florida typhoons. They will make their home in Miami.

Mrs. John Huebner has announced the engagement of



MRS. PENNELL HIXON
Charming October Visitor.

RUSSELL

her daughter, Catherine, to Robert Myers. The interesting news was broadcasted at a bridge luncheon given by Miss Huebner and Mrs. John Cauffel for Ruth Adams, now Mrs. John Reeder.

One more checked off the list of marriage eligibles. Oh hum——

Alice Tiedtke and Walter Fowler kept everyone in agonies of suspense over just when they were doing the parson stunt. Dr. Watson reported his friend Sherlock had ferreted out that the many complimentary parties for the pair stopped on Friday, Oct. 15. "Suspicious"! Subsequently, on Sunday, came the announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fowler had left on their wedding trip, the marriage having been a quiet event of late Saturday afternoon in the Tiedtke home. So this was that!

AND now we may as well get all the introductions over. Mr. and Mrs. Toledo, we would like to present our fall quota of "Misses" turned "Mrs." Mrs. William Watson, nee Esther Hackedorne, Mrs. Everett Hull, nee Madelyn Hagerty, Mrs. G. Mitchell Woodbury, formerly Phyllis Friend, Mrs. Omer Howard Trotter, the former Gladys Wannamaker, Mrs. Trowbridge Stanley, formerly Alice Gasser, Mrs. John Reeder, nee Ruth Adams, and Mrs. Ward Dorrell, nee Roxena Hassett.

Mrs. John North Willys who returned to Toledo late in October after a summer abroad and a stay in the east has been with Mr. Willys the incentive for much entertaining.

The Willys are occupying their beautiful new Ottawa Hills home which has just been completed.

Among the parties given in October were Mr. and Mrs.

Sinclair Berdan's dinner, Mrs. J. K. Secor's dinner at Rockledge Farm and Mrs. S. C. Walbridge's attractive luncheon.

One of the loveliest affairs of the current season was the tea given by Mrs. C. A. Mauk and Miss Katharine Mauk, Oct. 13, for Mrs. John Mauk and Mrs. Stanley Mauk, recent brides. Already these young matrons are proving popular new members of Toledo society, and the Mauk brothers have been voted young men of rare judgement.

IT is almost time for Mr. S. Claus, and his custom-built sly, (Body by North Pole) to appear. And is Toledo anticipating! The date for the Bachelor's Ball has been set for December 27. It is to be a Movie Masque, which sounds very intriguing. Think of all our embryonic John Gilberts, Harry Langdons, Gloria Swansons, and Louise Fazendas . . . It should prove a revelation, and Mr. Sennett would do well to send out his most discriminating scouts on that eventful night. Messrs. Edward Young, George Secor, John Berdan, Max Bergin, Walter Lathrop, Duane Stranahan, and James Bentley are in charge of arrangements.

TRULY it is a glorious season, this bit of fall. Local color galore, football, and racoon coats, pink cheeks, and red noses, cider and friedcakes . . . are merely a small portion of the joys to follow with the advent of the winter snows and frivolities. Sororities and Fraternities are busy with plans for unique Yuletide entertainments. We have behind us the thrills of the 1926 Halloween. There is yet to come the annual gridiron scramble between Scott and Waite, that Society always follows religiously.

Get out the goloshes, and let loose. We are looking forward to a winter unprecedented in whooping her up socially. On your mark??



MISS BETTY LIPE
Who is attending Knox School.

RUSSELL

ing candles far beyond. The Vanderbilt mansion has come down and neat five story shoppes are to go up for they are in more demand here than tall office buildings. Uniformed doormen who cater only to the affluent. A wedding at St. Thomas's Church. The fashionable Plaza Hotel. A real beauty spot—grass, flowers, fountain, walks and stone benches for those who keep trysts. New building foundations which struggle with quicksand. A funeral procession; it rules traffic. After 59th Street, Central Park on the west and an end to commerce on the right. The great mansions are being crowded out by tall apartment buildings which are sprouting like mushrooms all the way up to 110th. They say the park is in bad condition but it is beautiful nevertheless. A windfall is to come upon it soon and it is to be "restored to its former beauty." And besides, many great "gates" are to be constructed about its edges. Handsome cabs with drivers who have red lines in their faces sitting under high hats. Some automobiles carry licenses from other states; one imagines things about their owners. Men climbing the rocks in the park and looking for all the world like farmers' boys in Sunday clothes. A sunken garden at 68th Street. We detour to Madison Avenue for a few blocks on account of new paving. Wonder if the young woman who shares our seat has been reading these scribbled notes? Across the park are the tall apartment buildings on Central Park West, looking fine behind the trees. The Metropolitan Musuem of Art on the park side, extending from 80th to 84th Streets. The new American Wing, filled with examples of early American furniture and art, has been more popular than any other for months. This seems to preclude that we, as a nation, have lived lived long enough to be conscious of an artistic past. Nursemaids and their charges. The new apartment building owners advertise the wonderful view from upper stories. The Heckscher Foundation for Children. Their faces at the windows. The little lake at the northwest corner of the park where sailors on shore leave hire rowboats by the hour. The Avenue deteriorates at once north of 110th Street, the end of the park.

AT the Dudensing Galleries, 45 West 45th Street, the current exhibition consists of some thirty canvases by Alice Flint, an American of perhaps 34 summers. She has never been tutored and is purely Alice Flint. She is a modern who avoids the quite usual umber and sienna hues and ameliorates the morbid sultriness so prevalent among the moderns with cheerful, wholesome colors. She is not a technician but a romanticist and one remembers that platonic emotions are often quite as potent and vital as sensuous. This is her very first exhibition. The Dudensing Galleries had their beginning some forty-five years ago, one of the oldest in New York. Mr. Dudensing Sr. is now retired and his three sons are now the active spirits about the establishment. Mr. Elroy Dudensing, one of the sons, states that middle westerners and westerners buy approximately six times as many paintings by the modernists than do easterners. He explains this by saying that the cities to the west are new towns, with new architecture, a new atmosphere, and accordingly they naturally desire the new in art, whereas his eastern patrons apparently prefer the works of deceased painters with "names." Mr. Dudensing thus pats the west on the back.

At the Montross Gallery, 26 East 56th Street, are the works of eight "New Mexican" artists, a group having established a colony at Sante Fe and incidentally consisting mostly of New Yorkers. There are bold, almost opaque water colors by F. G. Applegate who has no fear of his

medium, "good" etchings by B. J. O. Nordfeldt who makes use of the lights and shadows of New Mexican sunshine, very pleasing and highly desirable color wood cuts by Gustave Maumann and oils by Bakos, Blumenschein, Higgins, Van Soelen and Davey. It would be a shame to separate any of these from their neighbors on the walls for there is such an evident feeling of brotherhood and camaraderie among and between them. One enjoys, for a change, the atmosphere of squat adobe huts, sunburned faces and hot sun. One is pleased with New Mexican sunshine and the colors it unearths. The sun seems to have somewhat led these painters away from thoughts of impressionism, cubism and what one might hesitatingly call standardized modernism. We can imagine six art lovers rushing to six different paintings at this exhibition and saying, "THIS is the one for ME!" Mr. Montross conducted us into the "press room" where we viewed a collection of decorated pottery by H. Varnum Poor, a painter who, five years ago, discovered a great love for making and decorating pottery. He has his own kiln, devises the shapes and ratios of his vases, plates, and urns, paints them with portraits, figures, designs, bakes them. Mr. Poor's collection will soon be on public display in the main rooms and he will doubtless receive considerable applause from those who appreciate this type of art. Mr. Montross, a "grand old man" among art dealers, is another of the pioneers in the business. Forty years ago he began boldly exhibiting the works of American painters (Blakelock, Innis, Wyant) to an American public which reserved most of its respect for Europeans. We might add that Mr. Montross has long been very much interested in the progress of the Toledo Art Museum. He labels Mr. and Mrs. Libbey and Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, "two royal couples." Mr. Montross had his start as a clerk in an art material store.

AT the Daniels Gallery, 600 Madison Avenue, we found the works of Dickinson, Demuth, Sheeler, Pascin, Kunioshi, Spencer . . . Moderns preferred. Like some others Mr. Daniels lends a helping hand to true artists without names—and gives them names. He nevertheless picks his wares with a careful and tireless exactitude and will not hang anything but genuine art. Mr. Daniels was once a restaurateur. An inherent love of artistic expression chanced to waft his way an artist who soon became his friend and drew him more and more into the art world until he became a full fledged art dealer. He has now been in the business for sixteen years. After five minutes talk with him one knows that he has a great vision for the future and will be a sort of relay man in art, plunging on from where others leave off. According to this husky gentleman the spirit of the present era of American civilization is best expressed in the popularly called "modern" style and he is a little impatient with the middle west for their hesitant approbation. He regrets the conservatism of the Art Museums realizing at the same time that the Museums are logically resting places mainly for tried, true and long accepted works of art. He would like to give things a brisk jerking up. Somehow there is nothing very remarkable about his present exhibition but perhaps we are prompted to say this because he so manifestly is building for the future. We find ourselves waiting for his next exhibition and the next after that. On second thought, however, we saw works of skill and feeling, rhythm in composition, melody of color, bold symbolized ideas. There was one canvas especially which would cause indignation meetings in Philadelphia and uprisings in Ohio Chambers of Commerce. Just the same, we learn that the largest collection of modernist paintings in America hangs on the walls of a Columbus, Ohio private gallery.

We Nominate For Our Own Hall of Fame



JOHN T. ROHR—(Left) Because he is one of the foremost young bankers of Toledo and as vice-president of The Toledo Trust company is near the top in the local banking circles. Because he is a graduate of old Central High school, a Toledo boy, and is an example of one who started with the bank years ago and showed the stuff to come up through the ranks. And because he's a first-class skipper of a catboat. "Johnny" owns the famous "Old Sam" and it was he who returned the Taft cup to Toledo Yacht club for keeps. Plays Golf, too.

C. L. LEWIS

WILLIS ZORN—(Below) Because he is the right man in the right place at Waite High School. Because he was one of the greatest plungers ever developed by Alonzo Stagg at the University of Chicago. Because he has turned out two splendid eleven's in his two seasons at Waite. Because he is a gentleman on and off the football field. And because he is a popular Rotarian.



WILBER MCK. WHITE—(Above) Because he has risen from the editorial ranks to the managing editorship of The Toledo Times in a few short years. Because that newspaper has showed steady gain and improvement under his guidance. Because he graduated from Marietta College in 1914 with a B. A. degree and then coached football there for a year and worked out his M. A. degree. Because he was a star gridiron end and baseball catcher while in college. Because he has been and still is one of Ohio's best known, most competent and fairest football officials. And because he is a World War veteran, having served for more than a year overseas with the 332nd Infantry with the rank of Captain, ten months of this period having been spent in Italy with the final offensive in the mountain country.



Introducing You To A Trio of New Toledoans

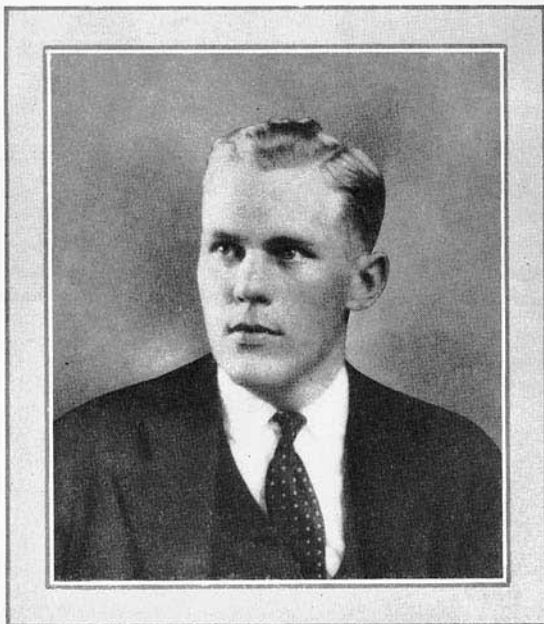


JULIUS N. ZECKHAUSER—As general manager of the Tiedtke store this newcomer to Toledo has charge of an institution that is one of the show places of the city. He was born in Uniontown, Pa., saw more than a year's duty in the air service during the World war, and was graduated from the law department of the University of Pittsburgh in 1919. After practicing law for a few months he joined his cousins—the Kobakers—in business in Columbus and came to Toledo last year when they took over Tiedtke's. He is secretary of the Tiedtke company and general manager of the store, Zeckhauser is a director of the Retail Merchants' board and already is active in civic affairs.



CLEMENT C. YOUNG—This genial big fellow came from Detroit to become sales manager of the Toledo Plaster & Supply Company, one of the leading builders' supply firms in the city. He was associated in various ways with the same business in the Detroit district for 14 years. "Cy" was born in New Jersey and educated at Georgetown University. Served in the infantry and tank corps in France and returned with captain's bars. You know he's a good fellow because he had charge of entertainment in the A. E. F. area in France after the armistice. Belongs to Sigma Nu Phi legal fraternity. Lives in Ottawa Hills and hikes off to hunt and fish whenever he gets a chance.

HUBERT D. BENNETT—Here's a Toledo boy who went away and came back to become president of the Toledo Scale company. Bennett is a son of the late George W. Bennett, formerly a vice-president of the Willys-Overland company. He attended old Central High School and graduated from Williams College in 1917. Served in World war as ambulance driver later in naval aviation. Went to Boston in wholesale department of Studebaker, later became assistant advertising manager and stepped up to vice-president in charge of sales at South Bend, in May, 1925 went with W. L. Brann, Inc., advertising agency in New York, and came back to Toledo in January 1926 to head the Toledo Scale Company.



CHECK
ROOM



The Rise and Fall of the Younger Generation

BY JOHN HELD, JR.

Some years back everyone was screaming about the younger generation. There was a great to-do about the way they danced, and they do say the jeunes filles went so far as to check their corsets. "Now what will all this lead to?" they said.



And the "petting" as it was called, later termed "necking," in parked cars.



And all their back-hand drinking and toting of pocket flasks. Yes siver, each and every one of our offspring was headed straight for hellen-gone.

But as far as I can see at this late date, all the terrible things, like dancing, and ginning, and necking, lead only to marriage, in most cases, and the bringing into this vale of—shall we say tears?—of a still younger generation.





Before we start I shall paint Mrs. Herold and the children with Tarvia to keep out moisture and cold.

FAMILY CHANNEL SWIMMING

By DON HEROLD

PERHAPS you noticed my absence in the moving picture of the millions who thronged the streets of New York to welcome Gertrude Ederle on her return to America. If not, drop a postcard to the manager of your moving picture theatre and ask him to bring this picture back for a return engagement, and see if you can't notice my absence. It is an absence that fairly shrieks to those in the swimming "know," for I am recognized all over the civilized world as one of swimming's most rapturous adherents and advocates. Perhaps you yourself have read my brochure, "Wine, Swimming, and Song," in which I plead for a separation of the three.

But I was not untrue to the swimming art on that momentous day. My heart ached that I could not be downtown to throw a kiss, or a bunch of ticker tape, or a player-piano roll, or some other token of hysterical appreciation at the triumphant "Trudy," or Gertrude, as we know her in swimming circles. But that was the day which I had set to put a second coat of paint on the rowboat in which our family aquatic attorney (formerly an international patent lawyer of renown) and I are to accompany Mrs. Herold and my two daughters on their swim across the Channel in an effort to establish a record for a mother-accompanied-by-two-children in long-distance salt-water swimming. (Doris, age seven; Hildegarde, age one.)

Since some sort of public apology is due from me now for my absence from the Ederle demonstration, I might as well make this the occasion of an announcement of our family swimming plans.

In the first place, it would mean nothing whatever if I, personally, would swim the Channel. I can do it. In fact, I have done it several times, but have not thought enough about it to mention it heretofore. The truth is

that Channel swimming by specialists is now absolutely meaningless; what remains to be seen is whether or not Channel swimming can be put on a commercial or production basis. That is why Mrs. Herold wants to try it with the two children.

Our attitude is that that Ol' Debbil Channel has annoyed mankind enough. The Channel crossing has long been the dark hour of European travel. No boats have been devised to make it palatable. Mothersill has sought to offer solace and has failed. And airplane illness is even worse than *mal de mer*. Mrs. Bob Brinkerhoff did not feel steady for weeks. Stanley Jones fairly bathed in antidotes, but dropped his dignity. I first swam the Channel because I am such a poor sailor. (When I accompany Mrs. Herold and the children I may have to crawl out of the rowboat and join them before we have gone very far, but that is a bridge I will cross when I get to it.) At any rate, what we Herolds want to do is to demonstrate that anybody can swim the Channel and that any other way of crossing it is simply silly—I was about to say Mothersilly. We want to end boat crossing—except for purposes of carrying freight—and who knows but what future development of swimming technique may make it possible to swim freight across the Channel. I, for one, believe that Channel swimming is in its infancy.

We Herolds are in many ways just the average American family. If we can swim the Channel, anybody can. Mrs. Herold can't swim very well, and Doris can swim only with the assistance of water wings (which are barred by the International Merchant Marine), and the baby can't swim at all. So we have a lot to do between now and the day of our departure. If we get across, family Channel parties will be *the thing*. We will have made the English

(continued on page 44)

Family Channel Swimming

(continued from page 24)

Channel so simple a child can operate it. We will have answered the age-old question of all travelers: "How can I get across?"

We wish our crossing to be free from any possibilities of criticism. Our aquatic attorney and I shall remain at fifty paces in our rowboat so as to offer no protection from the wind, and so as to preclude the chance of my yielding to the temptation of giving Doris or the baby a ride on an oar or a smack of encouragement. We shall leave the radio set at home, so the trip shall be made without musical stimulation. Mrs. Herold and Doris will have a reasonable amount of strong coffee out of a hot-water bottle, and the baby will be given Walker-Gordon gin when she seems weak. Furthermore, the baby will require a certain number of celluloid and rubber ducks and dolls floating in the Channel to make her feel at home, but we shall take pains to keep these at a discreet distance where they may offer no other than psychological assistance.

Just before the start, it is my plan to paint Mrs. Herold and the children with Tarvia, to keep out the moisture and chill. I, myself, shall get well oiled. Our aquatic attorney will wear the conventional legal unction.

If this swim goes through, Mrs. Herold will be the first woman to swim the Channel with two children—not with two children at home with their grandmother, but with two children along with her there in the Channel.

After this feat is accomplished, she will give out in an interview, in answer to the question: "To what do you owe your success?" the reply: "I owe my success to eating honey-dew melon." Arrangements have already been made for this with the Honey Dew Melon association.

The trouble with Channel swimming heretofore has been that it has separated families. Individuals have succeeded at it, but we will be the first family to do it as a family. We first thought of having the family swim Niagara Falls but decided there would not be any sense in that, for our prime purpose is to serve mankind. We want to pioneer a



Bring a poor sailor I may have to step out of the boat and join Mrs. Herold and the children in the Channel swim.

new way for whole families to cross the English Channel in comfort. On our return to America, Mrs. Herold and the children will attempt to swim the Hudson from 181st street to the Battery in a race with a Broadway subway express train. If they can win, the Herold family will have again served mankind by contributing to the solution of New York's transportation problem. There are thousands of New Yorkers who have been uptown for years because they have too much sense to try to get downtown by present transportation methods.

—oo—

Her Share

IT WAS an amateur dramatic performance, and the audience was bearing up bravely. But towards the end their fortitude was broken down.

It happened when Mr. Smithson, the grocer's assistant, who was playing the hero, rushed on and embraced Miss Mathews, the heroine. Mr. Smithson had not yet attained the dignity of a mustache, and had to wear a false one.

"My darling," he said, imprinting a salute on the girl's lips, "now that all has ended happily we'll get married. Through life we will pull together, and share and share alike."

Then it was that the audience laughed, and when Smithson saw Miss Mathews he understood why. He had been a little too anxious to begin "sharing," for he had left half of his false mustache on the heroine's upper lip.—*Tit-Bits*.

—oo—

Curses!

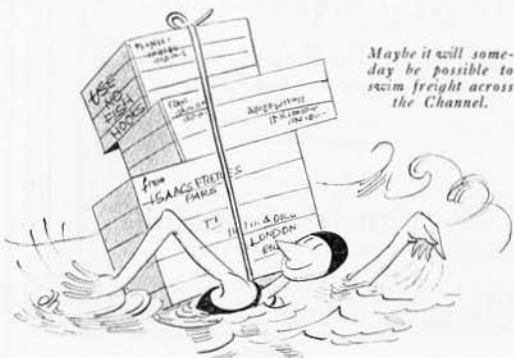
"Sir," yelled an excitable man, as he struggled to board a bus, "you stuck your umbrella in my eye."

"Oh, no sir," replied the offender, "I positively assure you that you're mistaken."

"Mistaken!" echoed the injured one. "Mistaken! I tell you, sir, that I know when my own eye is injured!"

"Doubtless you do," was the genial answer, "but you don't know my umbrella. I borrowed this one yesterday."

—Answers, London.





The Best of the New Books

By MRS. ROBERT C. MORRIS

MOST of us associate the early history of this country with the familiar date 1776 and the famous Declaration. It is well to remember that there were pioneers in the forests of Virginia way back in the early sixteen hundreds. Once in a while we find a readable book which "carries us back to ole Virginny," and gives us a glimpse of the romantic figure of Raleigh whose name still heads the list of colonizers.

Robert Chambers' new novel "The Man They Hanged" is a story of Dutch New York City and of gallant Captain Kidd. Of course, Chambers is not a top-notch in literary circles, but in this tale he spins a vastly entertaining yarn. Through the chapters pass a colorful procession of pirates, beautiful ladies, ruthless soldiers, roving adventures, and powerful colorful rulers who whispered and conspired in the dark of a seventeenth century moon.

But, alas! the narrative strips from the figure of Captain Kidd the trappings of illusion which he wore in our childhood fancy. It seems that Kidd was not a gory pirate who compelled peaceful citizens to walk the plank for his amusement. Oh, no indeed! he was gentle, law-abiding, persecuted, misunderstood, and his death was a gross miscarriage of justice. The real pirates, if you please, were the forerunners of the leaders of the present New York four hundred. The blood of the old-time buccannery runs in their veins, and that fact accounts for some of the high-handed performances in Wall street. If this be historic truth, it is just as well that we reconstruct our conceptions of Captain Kidd, but we do it reluctantly. These searchers for truth have robbed us of William Tell and of the efficacy of red flannel, and the first thing we know they will be telling us that Long John and his pals of Treasure Island were merely missionaries.

Edward S. Van Zile was inspired by Chambers' story to write:

"Yes, the tale is entertaining,

And in reading it you're gaining
A knowledge of historic truth that's hitherto been hid;
And so, Chambers, we must thank you
For restoring worthy rank to
That much abused adventurer, the gallant Captain Kidd."

THE ladies, are all talking about Dorothy Canfield's latest novel, "Her Son's Wife." It is a story of a widowed school-teacher whose aggressive, dominating personality had prevented the normal development of her son's initiative and individuality. He was mamma's good little boy, or she thought he was, until he brought his wife home to live with his mother. The girl and the woman are antithetical,—the former is not well-born, or well-bred or well educated. Her place in the human scale is so low that we rather suspect the novelist of having introduced into polite literature the type the psychiatrists identify as moron.

Lottie's one idea was to have a good time and a few thrills every day, and when she left the house and went in pursuit of happiness she left the dishes unwashed, the floor unscrubbed, the baby uncared for. She sang the baby to sleep with a lullaby the words of which shocked the grandmother:

"I should worry, I should care,

I should marry a million-
aire,

He should die, and I
should cry,

And I should marry another
guy."

Lottie always bought shoes that were several sizes too small. She developed a permanent pain in her extremities, but attributed her sufferings to some mysterious, deep-seated physical disorder. The old family doctor recommended comfortable foot-gear. Lottie consulted a medical quack who had just hung up his sign, and he advised Lottie to go to bed for several weeks, diagnosing her ailment in strange fine-syllabled words of Latin derivation. It is at this point in the story that temptation assails the widow Bascomb. If she can but keep Lottie in bed in-

NOVEMBER WOODS

By ISABELLE ELLING

© 1913

*Upon the earth there is the touch of
death*

And listless leaves drift down

The lonely ways to die.

With frantic breath the wild wind

*Blows their stark bodies round and
round—*

As an anguished mother

Blows the fingers of her dying child.

*..... Though winds may blow until
the end of time—*

*The great sun burn to its last ray of
light*

Not one dead leaf shall ever find its tree

Nor drink sweet sap

Nor dream in shining green again.

deep-seated physical disorder. The old family doctor recommended comfortable foot-gear. Lottie consulted a medical quack who had just hung up his sign, and he advised Lottie to go to bed for several weeks, diagnosing her ailment in strange fine-syllabled words of Latin derivation. It is at this point in the story that temptation assails the widow Bascomb. If she can but keep Lottie in bed in-

definitely, she can care for the neglected grand-child and restore the house to order and cleanliness! So the mother-in-law fed Lottie's fear that paralysis would ensue upon any attempt to walk again, and the story closes seventeen years later with Lottie still in bed, fair, fat and approaching forty. But Lottie's daughter has been saved, her husband is succeeding in business, and her mother-in-law's house is neat as wax. But, did the end justify the means? Have we a right to meddle even with the life and liberty of morons?

JULIA Marlowe, *Her Life and Art*" is a biography of well-loved actress beautifully written by Charles Edward Russell.

Often Miss Marlowe's lovely voice has carried that familiar and exquisite rising inflection in Juliet's question, "What's in a name?" She herself has answered to several names. She was born Sarah Frances Frost in Cumberland, in the north of England.

A practical joker unknowingly played Fate to the Frost family. This young man pretended that Sarah's father had deprived him of an eye by a playful flick of a whip-lash. Fearing arrest and imprisonment, the elder Frost escaped to America, sending for his family later. They were all settled in Kansas before they learned that the joker's eye was uninjured. Little Sarah remembered crossing the stormy Atlantic in the steerage in 1870, when she was five years old.

For safety's sake her father had assumed the name of Brough, and his daughter was known to her school-mates as Fanny Brough. Later they lived in Portsmouth, Ohio, and when the head of it deserted his family the mother, who was of a dauntless breed of Cumberland women, moved to Cincinnati and kept an hotel. Fanny Brough's stage career began there when, in 1876, she played the part of a sailor in the chorus of Pinafore, and was paid seven dollars a week.

It was years later that she adopted her stage name—Julia from a character in "The Hunchback" and Marlowe from the great Elizabethan dramatist, Christopher Marlowe.

No other actress has played a greater number of times in Shakespearean roles or drawn audiences so large and so enthusiastic.

There is a tradition that for the manager, "Shakespeare spells ruin," but Julia Marlowe turned the old plays into financial success. Her life makes excellent reading, and will revive for her admirers the various parts she interpreted with such glorious artistry, for "the trick of that voice I do well remember."

—oo—

Work's Auction Bridge Comment

(continued from page 26)

Trick 4, South leads the King of Diamonds; West plays the Four of Spades; North, the Five of Diamonds; and East plays the Eight of Diamonds.

West's play of the Four of Spades is made with the idea of being in position to ask for a Spade lead by the play of the Deuce, if the partner should obtain the lead, but apparently to show weakness in Spades by discarding them without making a signal, holding up the Deuce as long as the adversaries continue in the lead.

Trick 5, South leads the Queen of Diamonds; West plays the Six of Spades; North, the Seven of Diamonds; and East, the Nine of Diamonds.

Trick 6, South leads the Ace of Hearts; West plays the Four; North, the Trey; and East, the Deuce.

Trick 7, South leads the King of Hearts; West plays the Eight; North, the Six; and East, the Five.

Trick 8, South leads the Jack of Hearts; West plays the Seven of Spades; North, the Queen of Hearts; and East, the Nine of Hearts.

(Continued on page 35)



JOE COOK

Mr. Cook, who has been acclaimed one of America's foremost wits and comedians by theatrical devotees and scribes all over the country, is to visit us this month as the principal notable in Mr. Carroll's "Fancies." This extravaganza has never before touched these shores and its brief engagement of three days in the Auditorium should attract the populace in droves. Mr. Carroll will also send Mr. Lou Holtz, the well known Troubadour and a large assortment of girls. The "Fancies" will begin their tenancy of the Superior street playhouse on Monday evening, November 15th.

Know Your Pro

Number Two

Tom Currie · Inverness

By FRANK BUCKLEY

MOST mortals like to hear themselves talk and enjoy listening to their own narrations about successful achievements, be they in business or professional lines. A big deal engineered to net a man thousands of dollars, is always the fan for the smoldering fire of enthusiasm; a new discovery in professional research work, which will benefit the human race, is generally the signal for immediate popularity. Even in play and exercise, we see the individual patting himself on the back for his ability. In every sport, human nature carries the individual to untold heights, if he or she is a success. No real sport is expected and golf is one of the real sports. Where can you find the man or the woman of the present age, who plays golf and who does not talk of his or her game? "Nowhere" comes an immediate answer.

We thought so too, until just recently. We believed that every golfer proud of his game, was ever on the alert to tell about it, ever on the road toward improving it, ever on the way to use it to attain laurels, climaxed by winning national titles. But through fate, perhaps, we have a man who doesn't "give a rap" about his own game, but who does care mightily about the games of others, and that one person is Thomas Denholm Currie, club professional at beautiful Inverness links for the past five years.

Plain Tom, as his friends and acquaintances know him, has ceased to be a player, to be interested in how many titles he can win or how low a score he can make on this or that links, and has taken up his "hobby" teaching others the game of golf.

"**T**EACHING golf is a source of real enjoyment to me," Tom told us, as we sat and chatted with him a short while in late October. "To be able to tell others, what I have learned and know about the game and then to sit back and watch developments, is a source of real satisfaction, and furnishes me with a big 'kick' out of my work" went on Tom.

Tournaments, national, state or local, fail to interest Currie, who informed us he is not a title seeking man, but a "workingman." Tom has played in golf meets however. While never coming out with colors flying he has always managed to perform creditably, which in itself was sufficient to satisfy Tom. As a golfer, Currie can hold his own with the best of players, often doing this in both private and public matches. Often Tom has traversed Inverness and has come in with a card of 70., against a par 72. But Tom's business is not playing, it is teaching, so he has tossed his own play into the background to attain honors of

the game for others. Tom Currie took up the game of golf when he was a mite of a lad of ten. In Elie in Fife county, Scotland, he carried his dad's clubs, when the elder Currie would take his turn at the game. For two years, young Tom trekked over the Elie links, before moving to Musselborough, where one of the best known Scotch courses is located. At Musselborough, Currie caddied for players as Bob Ferguson, Willie Parks, the McKeowns and others.

Five years of Currie's life were spent in apprenticeship in a factory in Musselborough, where golf clubs were made. The first club Tom ever used was one put to-

gether by himself while toiling in this factory. At that time, the maker had to knock the club out of a block of wood, machines for the purpose being unknown at that time. A wrasp and a file were very important implements in finishing the job.

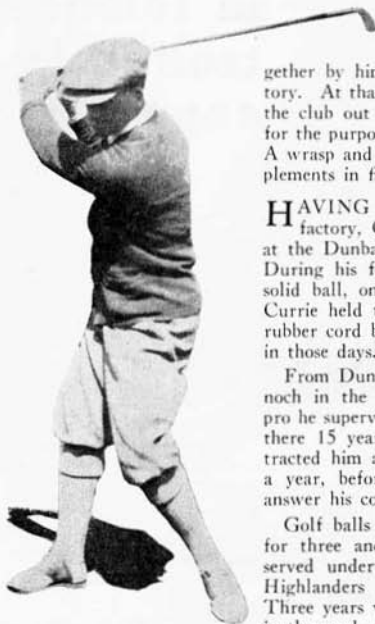
HAVING finished his term in the club factory, Currie became an assistant pro at the Dunbar course, situated in Scotland. During his four years at Dunbar, using a solid ball, one known as the "gutta" ball, Currie held the course record, a 71. The rubber cord ball, now in use, was unknown in those days.

From Dunbar, Tom went to Royal Dornoch in the North of Scotland, where as pro he supervised the entire plant, remaining there 15 years. Headingly Leeds then attracted him and he worked that course for a year, before putting aside his clubs, to answer his country's call to arms.

Golf balls were cast aside for lead balls for three and one half years, when Tom served under his colors in the noted 51st Highlanders Division of the Scotch army. Three years were spent in war torn France in the mud and mire of the trenches. Just prior to the declaration of peace in 1918, the 51st Division fought beside the gallant American doughboys in the second battle of the Marne. After the war Currie returned to the post at Royal Dornoch.

Bob MacDonald, at present a professional in Chicago, first told Currie of America's golf future and bade him come across the Atlantic. The Riviera club in Nice, France also sought Currie's services, offering him a six months winter post. The Riviera offer was turned down, and Tom sailed for the States, arriving here in 1921. A few weeks later, he accepted the Inverness offer and has been at that course to the present.

As a teacher and developer of golfers at Inverness, Tom Currie has indeed been a rousing success. Always an



Thomas Denholm Currie

admirer of Harry Vardon and believing that star's teaching methods to be of the best, Currie has employed them in his work and has met with untold success. For all youngsters, who take up the game, Currie has a set style of instruction; for the man up in years, who is either stout or slim, short or tall, or whose muscles are not as susceptible as they might be, are not as free and adaptable to easy motion, Tom believes discretion is the most important point in instruction.

Women make the best golf pupils, claims Tom, because they are the easier to teach, are more conscientious and above all work harder to perfect their games. Among the fair sex, Currie holds the distinction of developing the greatest lady golfer in the world, Miss Joyce Wethered. Tom thinks Miss Wethered is the queen of women players. Her brother, Roger Wethered, another Currie pupil, is also highly respected in English golf circles.

Tom has many young players in the making at Inverness, who will no doubt blossom out as fine players in a year or two. Douglas Currie, Tom's 14 year old son, is among the promising lads. Doug went to the semi-finals in the fifth flight of the Toledo District meet at Inverness during the past summer.

At this point we asked Tom for his opinion of the new golf ball in use today. He thinks it has improved the game only slightly.

BECAUSE the golfer can get more distance out of the ball on a drive today, he gets a bigger "kick" out of the game. When a player can see his try soaring to a great height and distance, he receives a real thrill, and enjoys his game more thoroughly. In that respect the game is improved. But the new ball has ruined many courses in that

it has made them easier to play because of the added distance on the ball, thinks Currie.

Could courses add acreage as distance and liveliness are put on the ball, the emergency would be met and all concerned would be satisfied. But acreage is limited in most cases, while it seems the ball is not. So the big difficulty is still unapproached and decided. However, courses are meeting the difficulty, by severely trapping the greens and placing many bunkers along the fairways. In old days a 400 yard hole, which was good for two knocks with a wooden club, is now made in a drive and a mashie shot, all of which says Tom is harmful and detrimental to the game.

Golf in the United States in Currie's opinion, is recognized as more than a game to many. It is a form of healthy exercise, a pleasing pastime, serving to relieve mental strain to the weary business or professional man. More good players are found in this country than in the old land, thinks Tom, because everybody here works at the game. In Scotland golf is looked upon as something already known to the countrymen, while here it is generally something new, something to be learned, and something which is learned and mastered by those who are proficient in the game. American players get down to work at the game and never let up until they have mastered it. That spirit of victory alone is a harbinger of satisfaction to the golf teacher, claims Currie.

Tom Currie is married and besides his son Douglas, has a daughter, Helen, who is very proficient in the musical field. Helen's favorite sport is tennis, while Mrs. Currie is a golfer of considerable ability. In past winters Tom has been in charge of an indoor golf school, but is looking for a southern post before the snows come.

LIFE AT MONTE CARLO

Drawings by WYNN—PARIS



This little visitor to the Riviera coast is a member of the "Controal Yorsell League"—But only in America.—She believes in "Receiver and Thou Must Give."

She felt sunk as she gazed upon cing but when the Croupier gave Big Boy from Chicago a three spot, and she saw that new Paris frock parading into the home circle—Oh for the life of a Croupier man.

P. S.—I applied immediately for a job running a Chimman De Far game (Shimmy for short.)



Yes we have them in America—They are sometimes called Lounge Lizzards or Fairy Nice Boyes—in Europe they are dignified by the name of Gigitlo—this chap with the distinguished teeth and a pimple on his shoulder that will never come to a head, is concernedly watching the luck of his Lady Lou—if she wins, he receives a new necktie and perhaps a plate of ice cream—if she loses he doesn't eat.

The newlyweds are having their first quarrel—silent but potent. The real explosion will come later, unless zero turns up and she has a few Louies on it.

King of all he surveyes—The Lord of the ivory ball.

He loves to listen to the wail and moan of the suckers playing their systems that cannot lose.

He is the only one at Monte Carlo that is sure of his coffee and—

At the Croupiere's right can be seen the reason why wars are started. This diplomat figured on the "cannot lose stuff" but look at his pile which has shrunk to "The last of The Mohicans."

While youthful America also swooning the fckel goddess of chance finds himself not playing speaks with her Ladyship.



The Hon. M. T. Space mightly seen at the Baccarra tables—A true knight of the round table.

Money means nothing to him, you can see for yourself that he has plenty, he even tells you so himself, in fact it is such a burden to him that he has "James" carry the burden—He is following a system that cannot be beat—much.

Will leave the rest to you gentle reader.



Behind the Casino we find our Hero, a product of Cider Rapids, looking for some lose chance for a taxie—but "Walk you sucker Walk."

Hawkshaw the detective in disguise is anxiously peering from behind the hide outs, thinking that our village cut up may have a gun and use it without regards to the "Please don't muss up the grass" warning.

And so is life at Monte Carlo.

THE PLUNGING MR. BARTKO

*Who seems Destined to become one of the Nation's
Great Gridiron Stars*

By ROBERT A. FRENCH

SOME of us enter joyously into our play; others take their pleasures sadly. Some may love their favorite sport so intensely that they approach the scene of action with wild shouts of glee, and some there are who enter the lists bowed down, apparently, with a weighty realization of the task before them and the importance of it all.

Appreciation of the risks to reputation and prestige which a hard game involve act in varied ways, even as the risk to life and limb cause different emotions to surge in soldiers' breasts.

The happy warrior has featured many a tale of fiction, and had his fame chronicled often in opera scores. The quiet and determined individual who keeps his feelings to himself has as many prototypes on the gridirons of American schools and colleges as has the fellow who sings and waxes eloquent over his victories and strives in laughter or lamentation to allay the sting of defeat. Let's talk about one of them, at least.

Gilbert Bartko, or Geza as his fellow students know him, is the brilliant full back of the Waite High school football team, and he belongs to the class of somber and business-like athletes. Gilbert takes his football with much solemnity and with intense application to its every detail.

He began to take his athletics seriously under the coaching of his father, who believed Geza was a coming star at something, and has seen his hopes bear abundant fruit already. Bartko's athletic career began when he was a little fellow, and he grimly went through every preparatory stage until he began to shine in athletics in the grammar grades at the Birmingham school. Even now his father is

his adviser and trainer when he is away from school.

Opponents in a game may feel the weight of his brawny shoulders, driven forward with all the power which he carries from his cleated shoes to his taut drawn jersey; they may see him as he tears past, bound for nowhere else on earth but the enemy goal line. But they seldom hear him talk, in jubilation or despair, in criticism or in praise.

Like this modern Alexander of the St. Louis Cardinals, who was rushed to the rescue in that seventh inning of the last world's series baseball game, so wrapped up in a study of the situation and the batter who faced him that he forgot to remove his sweater until he reached the mound, Bartko comes out on the Waite gridiron so set on the job ahead of him that his mind seems detached from his body; he appears a dreamer football studded dreams.

Then comes the lash and urge of the game itself, and his mind centers on the play at hand, and the opponent to be brushed aside, rather than on the field and the whole afternoon of conflict. And as his mind becomes concentrated, so does his effort, with the sweeping results which concentration and ability combined achieve.

FOR Bartko has ability. Waite has had some great fullbacks, but none greater than the dark haired lad from Birmingham. Carl Stammen assuredly was a great fullback. Few things are required of a

backfield man which Carl couldn't perform in dazzling style. But he didn't come to the front so quickly. Bartko was a sophomore at Waite last year, and achieved the dis-



GILBERT BARTKO

*Waite High School's brilliant fullback and the outstanding player
in Toledo's interscholastic circles*

(Continued on page 42)

The Plunging Mr. Bartko

(Continued from page 36)

tion of scoring every point the Purple and Gold made in the last two games of the year—against Scott and Libbey. He was by all odds the most consistent scorer in town last year, in hard games and easy ones, by line plunging, runs or by kicking.

Geza's strong point is line bucking. He may not be as heavy as the traditional crusher of forward walls, but he has speed, judgment and muscle which more than make up for any deficiency in poundage.

Willis Zorn, head coach at Waite, was a terrific line bucker in the days when he was a star at the University of Chicago. He rose to fame under the tutelage of Alonzo Stagg, and few coaches have turned out such plungers as the veteran Chicago coach.

When Zorn came to Waite he found the sophomore, a lad who had made a study of athletics in the grammar grades and in his freshman year, a lad who had shown some promise as a football player, and who was already established as a basketball star. Gilbert speedily gave notice that he was able to hit the line. His work brought tears of joy to the coach's eyes. Zorn began to drill the youngster in the most approved methods of tearing asunder an enemy line, and Bartko thrived amazingly on the instruction.

BARTKO'S line plunging is based upon something besides sheer power. He picks the holes with fine judgment, he runs fast and with his free arm ready to push away tacklers, and he handles the ball cleanly.

Bartko is the best drop kicker in Toledo high schools today. Many of his points have been made by booting the oval cleanly between the uprights. He is a punter who can

get distance and accuracy into his kicks.

On defensive he plays close to the line, and throws back the oncoming adversary with precision and relentless energy. He knows where to be when a play hits the Waite line, and if there is anything more important, we cannot think right now what it is.

Of course Geza has a hobby aside from football. He is an artist in the making. He has a brother whose work with the pencil has brought him fame already, and Gilbert seems likely to follow in his footsteps.

Fine penmanship and attention to every rule of neatness and precision make his school examination papers the model for his classes. He does all his rough work on the gridiron.



The Melancholy Days

By ROLFE C. SPINNING

Illustration by FRED D. FARRAR

The melancholy days are come;
 The full-back broke his leg;
 (the bum),
 A half-back, tackle, end and guard
 Were flunked. They didn't
 study hard.

Our team is not a fighting team!
 Scholasticism reigns supreme;
 Well muscled legs, both strong
 and fast
 Are tucked away in plaster cast.

But worst of all—Ah, cruel fate
 The bird who led our cheers
 late
 Has tonsillitis! Stricken dumb!
 The melancholy days are con

MOMENTS MUSICAL

By FLORA WARD HINELINE



A PERSISTENT rumor that the Metropolitan Opera company of New York will not visit our neighboring city, Cleveland, as has been its wont for three seasons, casts a gloom over Toledo musical circles, for we basked in a reflected glory musically when that organization came so near our borders. Many from here made the annual pilgrimage for all or part of the ten day season at which time Cleveland hotels took on a homelike aspect, one bumped into so many Toledoans over for opera.

Just what the difficulty is that could allow Cleveland to forego so greatly to be desired a consummation as Metropolitan opera is not divulged in its entirety but that it has to do with the annual deficit despite a Talley and a Galli-Curci oversold house at their great public auditorium is the real truth of the matter. Angels come and angels go in the concert business as in paths more celestial.

However the fear that we shall miss our nearby opera this season but whets the appetite for Toledo's one grand opera experience scheduled on the music calendar—the coming of Chaliapin and his own grand opera company in Grace Denton's Rivoli series, the most important opera engagement in this city since the days of the Geraldine Farrar contingent staged not so satisfactorily at the Terminal, but forever remaining our one real Grand Opera flair.

Chaliapin brings the "Barber of Seville" with gorgeous trappings especially designed and executed abroad and with a personnel quite up to the high standard this master genius sets for all that he does. Not to have heard Chaliapin in opera is not to have heard him at all. Pity is, the seating capacity city of the Rivoli is limited to a mere 3,000 or less. In the leading feminine role of the opera will appear Elvira de Hidalgo, Spanish star of the Metropolitan and Chicago operas, not hitherto heard in this region. The date of the engagement is November 19 and it sure will be an occasion for taking the old dress suit out of the mothballs when that day draws nigh.

WE liked Elsie Janis better than ever in her brief tarry at the Coliseum under Bradford Mills' management. Elsie and Will Rogers are American institutions, which make them sit up and take notice over on the other side of the water where of late they seem to feel that nothing good ever came out of America—not even the A. E. F. Paris critics forwent their animosity upon Miss Janis' late appearance in the "most beautiful" city, threw discretion to

the winds and frankly raved over our Elsie. She is perennial youth, she is life, she is joy and many, many other things according to their reports.

And yet, and yet Toledo gave her the sparest audience gathered in the Coliseum in many a day for one so celebrated. We must have a theatrical complex here. Concerts sell to capacity but the poor theatre never can tell what is going to happen to it, even when it calls itself a concert as did Elsie. Will Rogers is coming December 1. He'll pack 'em in or we lose our guess.

The opening of the Famous Artists series at the Coliseum with the beautiful Claudia Muzio October 26 and the scheduled opening of the Rivoli series November 5 with the Tipica orchestra of Mexico puts our concert season in full swing. From then on there are many plums in the pudding prepared for us by the concert managers. This month will see the Gabrilowitsch recital on the 10th, the Chaliapin opera November 19, the Detroit Symphony orchestra in the Keith series November 29 and Szigeti, the new violinist November 9.

TOLEDO'S own musical colony has been considerably augmented this season by the coming to reside here following her marriage to Toledo's violin pedagogue, Lynnel Reed, of Madame Corinne Rider-Reed, as she now styles herself. New York music critics do not hesitate to pronounce Madame the most artistic of the recitalists and to have her as Toledo's permanent possession is boon to music



ELVIRA DE HIDALGO

Coming with Chaliapin and His Grand Opera Company on November 19th.

Moments Musical

(Continued from page 38)

hereabouts. At that Madame is coming home when she picks a Toledo husband, her girlhood days having been spent here and her first rise to fame emanating from Toledo inspiration.

Another asset of consequence to things musical is Charlotte Ruegger, who has come to head the violin department of the Toledo Conservatory of Music and to reside here permanently. This artist stands well in the front of present day women performers on the violin—she plays beautifully and her work as instructor makes of her a valuable acquisition from the standpoint of the student of this instrument.

The Choral Society is bringing the composer, David Stanley Smith, for the production of his "Rhapsody of St. Bernard" November 18. Here is another Toledoan who makes his city famous. Now dean of the music at Yale he is among the most distinguished of our American composers and he claims as his home—Toledo.