THE ICONOCLAST

By W. H. M.

IT IS only 150 years ago that the United States declared her independence, only 89 years ago that Toledo elected her first mayor, only 20 years since the city's first art museum was opened in a residence on Madison Avenue. If one enjoys the peculiar thrill of optimism he need but concentrate on the above facts for a minute or two and he will be thrilled.

OPPORTUNITY knocks many many times at every man's door.

Many people have what might be called a failure complex. Even feeling fairly certain that an investment in a particular venture will bring them success, they instinctively steer clear of it, so imbued are they with the idea of failure. So surfeited with its poison are they, that they will invest only in it and leave success for others, actually avoid the "royal road to success."

ONE evening recently an ex-soldier was saying, "We dragged our feet through knee-deep mud and water, knowing that we were going to certain death. It was a pitch black night. Whenever the line halted and I bumped into the man ahead of me I almost immediately fell asleep, standing up. As the line moved again I automatically stumbled forward with the rest. We didn't care about being killed; it would have been a relief. After we got along some, we began to notice the dead lying around and then knew that, after all, we weren't to be the first over the top. When we got over, there wasn't any of this jumping around with the bayonet like a parrying prize fighter. All that would happen would be an American and German each push his bayonet through the other, standing still, and both falling over dead." On and on he went, telling of the thrilling adventures of war. It is comparatively rare that an ex-soldier will thus "open up" and discuss "what it was like in France." But there is not yet a demand for these master stories of adventure and slaughter. A reaction will come one day and the whole world shall crave to hear again of The Great Folly of the Early Twentieth Century.

GENERALLY speaking, the best resolution to make on New Year's day is to resolve never to make another resolution. Most resolutions are broken later on and it hurts a man's morale to realize he cannot keep his promise.

It is said that love, marriage and parenthood are the greatest thrills in life. But they are not all. What about the thrill of first learning to write one's own name and all the other "firstlings" of childhood, the first long trousers (and short skirts), the first reading of Shakespeare and the first translation of a foreign language. What about the thrill of making dates on the telephone?—of arousing cheers by one's athletic prowess?—of vacations?—of the first earned salary?—of Christmas morning year after year?—of painting a picture? How about the thrill of being out in the cold and remembering that an intensely interesting novel awaits your further attention at your warm fireside? And then there's the first raise in salary, the buying of one's own furniture, automobile, home. How about planning a trip abroad?—and then going through with it? How about unexpectedly successful investments? And then there is hauntingly beautiful music. What about bowling a 260 score or winning a tennis set by a close margin? And then there is the reunion of lost or forgotten friends, hamburger steak,—oh lots of thrills. There is even a certain pleasure attached to scratching a mosquito bite if one would only admit it.

On the other hand, there is much to crush a man down.

It seems best to realize that life is just life, take it as it is—a compromise of virtues and evils. It if bites laugh it off. Come what may, we're here and here to stay, until the old bully gets too rough and then we'll let him have his way.

IT WOULD be nice if we could see more elderly people among the swarm downtown. Why should a gentleman of seventy winters have to give up to a young upstart of forty in the business world? And why should the ladies of seventy summers dissappear? They are generally better conversationalists and personalities than their flapper sisters of twenty. However, the old gentlemen ought to buy new suits of clothes a little oftener; they are entitled to them.

A LOCAL salesmanager recently gave voice to a new convention that 2000 years is too long a span of time to wait for the Millenium, that the world certainly has needed a Second Coming many times during the past centuries and that we humans could have been given a better deal. His statement may or may not be a sound one, but isn't it refreshing to think of a sales manager talking of such things without any provocation? Sales managers hardly ever say things like the above.

SOMEONE has said that no more than 25% of one's monthly income should go for rent. But among the armies of city workers it is almost certain that many are paying more for rent than a quarter of their monthly income. It seems that appearances are very important—too important. The law of "What Will People Think?" is a much more impelling law than the law of common sense.

A DOWNTOWN shop recently displayed in its show window a sign which read, "If It's Anything Optical We Have It." Two young ladies were window shopping in front of this shop. One suddenly exclaimed, "Oh Gertrude, I wish Jack would buy that two carat diamond for my engagement ring!" "That, my dear," replied the friend, pointing to the placard, "is an optical illusion."

People who wear glasses are given altogether too much credit for having intelligence. This is also an optical illusion.

AS ONE approaches the life center of our noble city he begins to read words, at first just ever so often, and then faster and faster until he is hemmed in and cannot get away from the daily duty of reading the same signs

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MISS VIRGINIA REEINFRANK
Whose engagement to Norman Foley has been announced

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turn his eyes where he may. If he were to walk through a woods or in the mountains he might choose his own thoughts and concentrate very deeply. But if he walks a city street his thoughts are all organized for him. He must consider "Ground Gripper Shoes," "Are You Saving Enough Money?" "Stop," "Join the Navy and See the World," "Enter Rear—Pay Leave," "1st Violation, $1.00," "Come in and See for Yourself," "Do You Have Headaches?—See an Oculist," "Most Stupendous Sale in the History of Toledo Merchandising," "Special Attraction," "While They Last—39c," "Invest in Florida Real Estate," . . . It seems the signs are one reason for the armor that city folks wear. If one were to do everything that the signs direct to be done, if one were to fully feel all the emotions implied by the various signs about town, he would very soon be a physical and mental wreck. Some time ago a young woman attended her first motion picture show. Her emotions were wrought up to such a tremendous pitch that she was sick for several days as a result. One can imagine a Kentucky "hill Billy" wandering for the first time amid the maze of city signs. No, after all, one can't; for we are all too used to it. We wear our armor, we are very little interested, we are not much influenced, yet we must forever be dutifully reading the signs, the same old signs, the new ones, and read, read. read.

THE ICONOCLAST

By W. H. M.

WE cannot recall his name but he was the man who wrote a comprehensive treatise over half a century ago predicting in a perfectly plausible manner that Toledo one day would become the world's largest city. What with the center of world commerce moving west to London and then on over the seas to New York, it was bound to continue westward and settle down somewhere on the shores of the great lakes in the heart of America's great producing area. By careful analysis all great lakes cities were eliminated save Chicago and Toledo; it would be one of these two. And Toledo had an edge on Chicago—Toledo was the favorite. —Gentlemen, what are we going to do about this? Let's get busy. Mr. Jones, you add thirty stories to your bank building, put up another hotel where the Boody stands, and look after Madison Avenue in general. Mr. Miniger can take care of Adams street. Sam, you run down to Washington and take a good look at Pennsylvania avenue and build up Canton street accordingly. We can have the court house at one end for the capitol and we'll build a White House up on Cherry street at the other end for Mayor Mery. The Times can build a flatiron building where Summit and St. Clair converge and we'll call the crossing, "Times Square." Build the foundations well, for a subway will pass under at this point. Get some double-deck busses and push the sale of canes. These proceedings will just be to start things gently off. But, as Clarence Darrow would probably say, what's the use anyway, what are you going to do with it when you get it? If he did say that, we might sic our luncheon clubs onto him.

A LOCAL business man recently suggested that churches build their edifices with store rooms facing on the street to be rented out to the A. & P., druggists, barbers, etc., in order that the valuable property may not lie idle during the week and so that a helpful income may be derived from their holdings. This idea has already been incorporated into Chicago and New York buildings.

TOLEDO boasts a long haired artist. He has a beard, mustache, sideburns and flowing locks which fall about his shoulders. He has been employed in a local art store for a number of years. One or two years ago, through certain tragic circumstances, he lost considerable money, and although his ideals and faith in mankind have been severely shaken, today he maintains a still higher nobility of purpose, and long hair in a kind of manifestation of his high idealism.

LAST October another artist, a commercial artist, arrived in Toledo from St. Louis in a box car. He secured a position here and is a crack photo retoucher. He has travelled by freight and blind baggage through twenty-six states, has been in jail only three or four times and has met men of every profession on the road, some "travelling for their health." He is carefree and worldwise, enjoys life, wears flannel shirts and hob-nail shoes. There is a tragedy behind his wanderings. In 1921 the dreaded flu wiped out his entire family and tossed him into a lonely world of many men to fight alone. He says, "Isn't it funny—it never fails —every artist has had his funny experiences."

ANENT this topic, it is said that every photo engraver is a "nut" of some kind, has a queer hobby, some peculiar trait of character. A recent statement is that they are known as "The League of Nuts" from coast to coast. Perhaps it is the constant inhalation of acid fumes that does it. (hisses from the profession)

EAT, drink and be merry so that our friends will like us and invite us out again tomorrow night so we can have some more fun.

IT IS greater to receive than to give. Anyone can give his possessions away but the man who can get, who receives, is the greater. A man must be great to win his possessions before he can turn philanthropist.

DAILY, at the corner of Erie and Jackson Streets, stands a group of men in rough clothes, looking for employment. They often talk among themselves and discuss things and places that city automatons rarely discuss. A novelist looking for a new plot might do well to hire one of them at five dollars a day, give the man a cigar and let him talk. Many of them would give him more than enough material for a corking good novel.

A TOLEDO judge, recently returned from Spain, was saying, "On Sunday afternoon we attended a bull fight in Seville which was viewed by approximately fourteen thousand spectators. Six bulls and eleven horses were killed and dragged from the arena. Later a hotel official remarked that the fight had been handled by amateurs. 'You should attend the bull fight in Madrid,' he added, 'and there you will see a real contest.' So to Madrid we went. There we viewed an exhibition of higher grade. Fine ladies in the stands. A fine manner of pageantry in the arena. The matador, who flashes the final and fatal thrusts of steel at the great beasts, had a certain fine reputation for doing the final killing with one knee upon the ground. One immense bull appeared to be dashing past him but suddenly swerved and to all appearances gored him with his deadly horns. The brightly costumed figure hung over the bull's head, was dashed up in the air and down to the ground two or three times and then released as the animal's attention was drawn elsewhere. 'Dead!' gasped the thousands, but the man arose, glanced at his left hand, which had been gored through the palm and finished the play. He had grasped the horns, squeezed between them and saved himself from serious injury. And made a hero of himself." Somehow we feel very kindly toward Spain—would really like to see her become a power among nations again. We admire her graceful gesture of nationalism.

ONE evening recently a man in a long, drab overcoat stood in the snow in front of a Lincoln Avenue home playing "Gypsy Love Song." He played remarkably well

and with feeling. Within, various members of the household lingered near the entrance in divers attitudes of attention. Finally the music ceased. The man hesitated a moment, cast a hasty glance through the glassed in porch and walked rapidly away. The door opened and a woman's voice called, "That was very pretty." With doffed cap and a courteous bow the man momentarily turned and replied, "Thank you miss, thank you." He was too proud to ask for money. His attitude was probably, "Not charity, but a fair and willing price for my art is all I ask."

WHICH reminds us of the young Scandinavian genius who thrilled street crowds on Mackinac Island last summer. Men and women followed him about, requested special renderings, gave rapt attention. The young genius sheepishly picked up the numerous coins which were tossed at his feet, looked self conscious and then not self conscious and moved on.

THESE humble musicians, who are not humble, arouse in their audience a mild feeling of friendly superiority and one is apt to say, "If he would only go to Such-and-such and meet So-and-so he could make a name for himself. Yet most of these geniuses of the street stay on the street. They listen to much talk by important men but rarely to any definite proposals.

ABOUT ninety-five per cent of all conversation is mere convention. People seldom say things that really matter, such as, "I love you," or, "The house is on fire." This idea lets Coolidge out.

A STUDENT of geographical affinities states that New York has a great fondness for Cleveland, thinks Chicago raw and uncultured, Detroit cheap and shoddy, Pittsburgh dirty but quite a town, Cincinnati a sort of old cultural center of the middle nineteenth century type, Kansas City—never thinks of it, St. Louis—that's a town out there—not interested—not interested in any of those out there, Boston—for Boston it has respect, it thinks highly of Washington—but New York is the real capital—it just happens to have its governmental offices down in the District of Columbia. New York considers Miami a place to go in the winter, Los Angeles a pretty good town, likes New Orleans too, in regard to Toledo—doesn't think much about it—not as interested in inland towns as coast towns. However, it considers Pittsburgh and Cleveland as its proteges; figuratively speaking, it says to them, "Now don't be like these other towns, watch how we do and grow up to be nice boys." New York's interests are really more international than American.

THE other day the writer and a friend were about to enter the subway. "Quick—let me hide behind you!" suddenly exclaimed the friend. "Who is it, your wife?" I asked, rather breathlessly. "No, it's that news vendor! If I don't buy a paper and he sees me, he'll look despondent—he has a way of searing my soul."

THE other evening the writer attended an auction of book antiques at the Anderson Galleries on Park Avenue. The main event of the evening was the auctioning of one of the original Gutenberg Bibles (in two volumes), said to be one of the very first books ever printed. Someone opened the bids at $50,000, from which figure they rose with a hop, skip and jump to $83,000. At this point bidding ceased. The auctioneer mildly began to recite the ritual with which auction sales are closed but before he could say "Sold," another bid was voiced from the audience and the game was on again. After three minutes the bidding stopped again, and this particular copy of the Gutenberg Bible was sold to the successful bidder for $106,000. It took just six minutes to sell this book for the highest price ever paid for any book in the history of the world.

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closed the market for the day.

It is a well known fact that New Yorkers will stop to look at anything if there be a nucleus of two or three persons who are already looking. The larger the crowd grows, the faster people come running. Sometimes the reward for joining the crowd may be considered worth while, sometimes not. Very recently just such a growing crowd of curious people again inveigled our interest. After considerable effort we attained the inner ring and the promised, visual reward was before us. An old man's garters had come down and he was having difficulty in getting them back in place.

THE ICONOCLAST

By W. H. M.

NEW YORK, May.—Notwithstanding the protests of others, we enjoy hearing a good cat fight, seeing a public speaker go into a violent fit of coughing, a violent thunderstorm and driving an automobile through congested streets. On the other hand, we dislike ecstatic, loving dogs, elocution, peach skins and artichokes.

It has always seemed to us that English writers are best at detesting. The other evening we met an English girl, recently from London, whose conversation had to do mostly with things sickening, beastly, terrible, uncouth, despicable and priceless. A good time was had by all.

Prof. Lew Sarrett of Northwestern University has recently been quoted as saying, "Much of our civilization is a farce, modern society a fraud and life in a metropolitan center a tragedy." So he is going to bury himself in the woods of Northern Wisconsin this spring to "flower as I will." There is a great deal of truth in what Prof. Sarrett says, but we have come to put a great deal of faith in the institution of toleration. We've got to live in this particular period of civilization and so we might as well put up with it if we are to remain at all happy.

THERE is a youngish man in Washington who has lately developed a very strong sanitation complex. It has grown upon him to the extent that he now refuses to read books whose authors are of Latin origin, believing that all Latin people are too dirty in their personal habits. He eschews Dante and Balzac with the rest of them and we maintain this is carrying the idea too far: A little spirit of toleration on the part of this youngish man would certainly enlarge his capacity for enjoying life.

Toleration is just about the antithesis of iconoclasm, yet we believe in both at the same time because we believe in compromise. Iconoclasm, if you wish, is our poison, and toleration the antidote.

There are a few more subjects which might be added to the curriculum of our educational institutions. For instance, why not a course in Humor? It is very frequently the rule that whenever and wherever three or more persons congregate, comic or humorous repartee becomes necessary, and sometimes downright hilarity. The man who wins the smiles and chuckles is "successful" in a way. Perhaps a good course in humor would really do more good and be of greater assistance than, say, Latin. Wouldn't it be refreshing, boys and girls, to hear the teacher say, "For tomorrow we will take up the next twenty 'wise cracks' on page 137 of the text?"

THERE is a young man living in New York who spent his childhood and young manhood in Toledo. During a recent conversation about dreams this young man confessed that nearly all of his were of Toledo *locale,* and that much of his subconscious mental action while dreaming had to do with the reconstruction of this familiar scene and that in his home town. The writer has often discovered in the hearts of Toledoans and ex-Toledoans a secret passion of hope for the ultimate, glorious flowering of the town on the Maumee into a tumultuous metropolis of great strength and splendor. This glowing fervor is faithful through years of civic lassitude and disappointment, is has struggled on through panics and defeat and it continues after seventeen bond issues, designed for the advancement of Toledo have been defeated by the people. Through all this, though there be scorn and derision upon his lips, the true Toledoan still cherishes his hopes with a peculiar confidence. What is this faith born of? Is there to be a miracle—a millennium? Or are all cities that way?

Most cities may have very definite things said of them but in New York one is much befuddled in the effort. He may decide, as he glances about the interior of a Park Avenue apartment, that New York is the most modern city, and then he hears through a window opening upon the inner court the sweet, pleading strains of an Italian tenor who sings on the pavement below for coins dropped by the cliff dwellers. He may decide, as he sits in a subway train, that transportation is the swiftest here, and then he sees on First Avenue a "Toonerville Trolley" that comes along every half hour, the jovial conductor of which seems to know every passenger. He may decide that New York is forbidding and suspicious, and then he enters an Exchange Buffet Restaurant. After eating his meal he approaches the cashier without a check and finds that he is charged with the task of making his own computations and paying for what he ate. She trusts him implicitly and does not even wish to know what he ate. Then one decides not to decide anything more about New York.

A colored vaudevillian told a pretty good one at his own expense in Newark, New Jersey the other evening. He said, "My brothah, an' he shoa is a black boy, got into an awful mess the other night jus' fo' singin' a song. "Where was dat black brothah o' yourn singin' dat song?" "He was singin' dat song in a Irish neighbo'hood, an' boy!—he was shoa mangled terrible!" "Don' see nuthin' wrong with a black boy singin' a song in a Irish neighbo'hood. What was dat song he was singin'?" "He was singin', 'Irelan' mus' be hebbin fo' my mothah came f'om dere.'"

New York children seem to be drawn into the financial race a little earlier than most others. The other noon an immense crowd of people almost blockaded the street near the intersection of Wall and Broad Street, the heart of the financial district. Like all New Yorkers do, the writer stopped and worked his way to a position from which could be seen the center of the ring. Seven or eight small but ragged boys were displaying their various abilities. One could make funny faces, another could wiggle his ears, and so on. The crowd was tossing coins into the ring where the boys scrambled and fought for them. It seemed almost like a juvenile curb market until the cops entered the picture and

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The Iconoclast in New York

By W. H. M.

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

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

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

A beggar with twisted feet sat on the sidewalk singing from an opera. "Pretty good singing" we remarked. "When he has collected enough money and no one is looking," replied our companion, "he will twist his feet back into place, get up and walk briskly away." One sees these beggars at strategic points of travel all over the town. If they are "good" they enjoy a surprisingly good income; if they are poor actors, and we believe these are more genuine, they often stand or sit for hours with never the merry tinkle of a coin to cheer them. It is difficult to arrive at any definite philosophy in regard to this matter of giving or not giving. It appears that the thing to do, is to do whatever everyone else does. However, quite recently we felt a surge of iconoclasm sweep over us and we did the opposite thing. A blind negro, who may or may not have been blind, led by a small boy, appeared at one end of a subway car. The child muttered something to the passengers and the ragged black man extended his tin cup. Every soul in that car, save two, dropped a coin in the receptacle. We were one of the two—the other was probably from Sioux City or Chillicothe—all the others, no doubt, were native New Yorkers. As the mendicant passed close by we noted the pathetic self-pity written upon his features—but within his heart was a great joy as the coins dropped merrily into his cup. And there were nine more cars in our train all filled with sympathetic passengers.

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

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

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

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

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

FOUR of us arrive at Chatham Square, the lower end of the Bowery. Hard looking men wearing jersey sweaters. We enter Chinatown. The Chinese are used to us. Narrow, crooked streets. China shops, a rescue mission, the "dead wall" where bulletins are considered dead after twenty-four hours, little balconies, oriental architecture, and basement entrances that lead somewhere. Interesting, but we must go on to the ghetto. So back along the Bowery and past the beautiful, architectural entrance to the Manhattan Bridge. We turn east to Allen Street which looks dark and dirty under the elevated tracks. The brass shops of Allen Street. We purchase a three piece console set at a good price. And then on to Grand Street where we turn east. Curb merchants selling from their carts. Thirty or forty to the block. They have beaded bags, brassiers, pretzels, fur pieces, neckties, hosiery, watermellon, house dresses and what not. Irenes and Sallys with spitcurls standing in doorways. Jews bargaining. Fat mothers looking down from tenement windows. Now and then a painted queen dressed in silks and satins glides along. She haughtily ignores her neighbors—they are not awed. We walk north a few blocks to Rivington Street. A horse drawn merry-go-round stops at the curb. Screaming children run, pay a penny and climb aboard. Faces of hard hit men. Ten women who have seen sixty summers gossiping together on rickety chairs. An adult half-wit appears on a street corner. Fourteen year old hoodlums gather about. One of them strikes the unfortunate man in the face with his fist and runs. A pity—we would like to thresh the boy. And then west on Stanton Street. We are solicited six times on the sidewalks by mens' clothing merchants. "Looking for a nice suit of clothes?" It is raining spasmodically. Street vendors cover up their merchandise with tarpaulins and then uncover as the sun comes out. Then back to the "L" and uptown.

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

The Iconoclast in New York

By Walter H. McKay

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

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

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

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

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

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

BROADWAY, my dears, means more than "The Great White Way" or the theatrical and night club district. Let us investigate. The tail of it lays writhing with virile strength down at the foot of little old Manhattan, writhing madly because it must end here, for beyond is the harbor and the Atlantic. But we stand on the steps of the Custom House, looking north. We'll travel north and see what Broadway is like. Before we leave Bowling Green we read the names of Ocean Transport Lines over entrance ways to tall buildings and smell the sea. A few blocks and we feel the power of money in the air. Wall Street. And old Trinity Church with its musty tombstones. We keep moving along for Broadway is long and we have no time to spare. The great cathedrals of commerce. The Equitable, Singer and Woolworth buildings. And more being built. City Hall Park. Mayor Walker is in his office over yonder shaking hands with princes and arguing with the comptroller. The mass of humanity before the entrance to Brooklyn Bridge.

Ogling the beauties at the National Hosiery and Lingerie Exhibition

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

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

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

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

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

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final joust with the Toledo woman.

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

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

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

Her drive was hooked to the left and found a resting place on the side of one of the yawning and treacherous traps which line the left side of the first fairway at Inverness. It was nearly an impossible lie and nearly every person in the gallery believed her beaten. But she calmly chose a club, took her stance and whacked away at the little white pill. To the surprise of everybody the ball sailed out of the trap and straight for the green. This brilliant recovery enabled her to halve the hole, and, as the world by this time knows, she went on and won the battle on the 22nd green.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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"I'M RICH!"

"A Poem After The Manner Of Edgar Guest"

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Iconoclast in New York

By Walter H. McKay

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

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

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

Sheik Kirdahy

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

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

THERE have been insidious remarks spoken and written concerning the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia but we have been nothing but delighted with it. The crowds are not too dense, the people everywhere are very nice people and the buildings are well ventilated. The lawns and flower beds are delightful and the various palaces in hues of rose and artistic blues, unusual greens and light tan have a bizarre architecture which makes one smile happily. One passes the fountains in the entrance ways, enters, and soon is glad he lives in such an era of fine typewriters, radios and other superfine creations. A model tile house that makes tears come into young wives' eyes. And one must admit at once that a veritable genius is responsible for the ornate and refreshing architectural loveliness which surrounds every exhibit. One never fingers the amber beads or smells the Arabian perfume without first remarking about the colorful columns and roofs above. Pottery and glass, brassware, ivory, rare stones and art from many countries. Quaintness, originality, singularity, modernity. All the finest things from the world's markets. And somehow one goes on and on without tiring. A model post office actually operating, a model shoe factory actually making shoes and selling them. The "Gladway" with its monumental amusements. The great auditorium and the great stadium. The Indian Pavilion, Mount Vernon, the Home Electric and scores of other large buildings which add interest to the landscape. Treasure Island with its eighteenth century shoppes, its tunnels and the lagoons. Venetian gondolas gliding over the water with brightly sashed gondoliers at the oar singing opera in tenor voices. And at night: the great searchlights, the Tower of Light, cloisters, courts and building facades illuminated in soft colors, and symphony music floating on the night air. We might go on and on but this is enough. We call the Sesqui-Centennial a success now, although some building operations at this writing are still going on.

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

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

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

RECENTLY we visited an exhibition at the New Art Circle, 35 West 57th Street. J. B. Neumann, the director of this two year old enterprise, is the friend of the ultra-modernists and the present exhibition consists of the paintings of some twenty-three enlightened American artists, notably Bernard Karfiol, Walt Kuhn, Charles Sheeler and Max Weber. On the canvasses are deformed men and women wallowing about like depraved idiots, portraits of mangled and ruined women, landscapes full of unearthly trees and queer foreshortening, and architectural subjects giving the laws of perspective a black eye. Apparently these new-thought artists have conspired together to discredit all true anatomy, all Godly nature, all ethics of perspective, and even the laws of gravity—in short, to debase truth. But it is not so. It was most emphatically pointed out to us that these awakened aesthetes are all draughtsmen of the highest type, they are great masters of anatomy and are well versed in all the academic laws of art. They have risen above these common, low-plane phases of life. And they have not blasphemed upon Truth, they have glorified Truth. Personally we will admit that these paintings are refreshing in that they are startling, bold, entertaining and have composition virtue; and there is no doubt but that their authors are sincere, but, all in all, we don't care a great deal about them. However, we are not thoroughly condemning these new era artists, if for no other reason than that they are passionately serious and believe they are on the high road to a more effectual expression of life. "Twenty years ago," so said our informer, "Mr. Neumann opened a store in Berlin and displayed modern art of that day to a hostile public. People would come in off the street and actually insult him. Today we have crossed the half way mark, and soon the whole world will accept the philosophy of this new school."

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

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

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

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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 bandied 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 Harirs 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 Statute 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

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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 roaring 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 voyageurs, ride swiftly and smoothly over the cobblestones. Belabelled 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 liesurely 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 Iconoclast in New York

(continued from page 30)

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 Muarer, 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.

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The Iconoclast in New York

(Continued from page 14)

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. Hansome 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 comraderie 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 restauranteur. 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.

approbation. He regrets the