



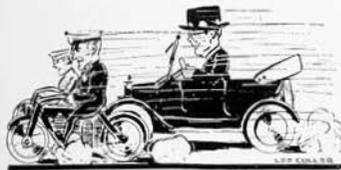
# Town Talk



WITH the new one way streets and the new traffic signals at Collingwood and Bancroft street, Toledo is becoming very metropolitan. All we need now is a roof garden atop the Park Lane, a night club in the Mariposa room below the Nasby building, an elevated running out to Ottawa Park, a tube under the river to the East Side, and ——— a new Union Station.

TOLEDO cosmopolites donned their best bib and tuckers, went down to one of the popular terpsichorean halls, took a nip from their hip pocket flasks, closed their eyes, leaned back and listened to the music of Vincent Lopez and his orchestra the other evening and imagined they were night clubbing at the Casa Lopa in New York. And the best part of it all was that there was no fancy covert charge to hand over when it was all over.

THE most truthful Toledo merchant has been found. He is the proprietor of a cigar shop on Washington street who has had the following painted in large letters on his window: "Good Cigars—And A Few Bad Ones."



NEW YORKERS stopped, looked and listened the other day while a screaming police escort whizzed by. The parade consisted of one car, in which sat Gloria Swanson. It was later learned that the actress had gone to the City Hall to invite Mayor Walker to a party, and that His Honor had given her an escort so she wouldn't be late getting back to the studio. Well, Miss Swanson hasn't got a thing

on a certain Toledo divine who was recently given special police permission to speed from one wedding in Perrysburg to his own church so that he could marry two couples within an hour.



HAVE you noticed the great number of new magazines on the newsstands? Most of them are filled with art poses of the scantily clad Eves of the naked and naughty Broadway revues and are supposed to be issued for artists only. At least that is what we are told on the inside title page of most of them. And have you noticed how many more artists there are now than before these publications were founded?

THE first day of the horse show was one of those clammy, damp, cold, drizzly afternoons and the boxes instead of reflecting the latest in milady's torrid time mode, displayed the evolution of the rain coat. Every kind from the new flapper and shiek models to those of the vintage of 1903 could be discerned among the crowd. The male spectators were down in the mouth and wore hang-dog looks until someone with a suspicious looking hip pocket arrived. A director's meeting in the clubhouse was called. After it was over the sun came out and the entire proceedings took on a different aspect. 'Sfunny what wonders a nip of silver flask generale will work.

A PLAY titled "The Half Naked Truth" was recently launched amid the bright lights of Broadway. Toledo Topics hastens to inform the good people of the hinterland that Mr. Earl Carroll is in no manner associated with the production of this opus.

MR. PIERRE GENDRON, first name Leon when back among the home folk of our own metropolis, cinema portrayor and stage actor, has turned to playwriting and has had a comedy accepted for metropolitan production. It bears the title "Youth's Companion." In reply to a Western Union night letter sent him by Toledo Topics, Mr. Gendron, denies that Mr. Edward Browning, the Cendrrella man, was the inspiration for his new piece.

THE new traffic lights at Collingwood and Bancroft are proving to be a fine thing and motorists are obeying them religiously. But many wild drivers continue in their efforts to beat the stop signal of the silent policeman at Collingwood and Woodruff. Someday a serious accident is going to occur at this intersection because a hit and run speeder tried to cheat and cross the corner after the warning bulb had flashed. A little more courtesy and common sense driving should be enforced there.



IT looks like a great season for the maidens with light tresses. Anita Loos certainly started something when she penned "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and the blonde wig makers and henna manufacturers are thinking of paying her royalty. Lorelei Lee dolls are being shown in all the smart shops and local Shriners, back from Philadelphia, are telling of the first "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" song which they heard in a new musical comedy called "Queen High" in that burg during their recent convention.

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CHICAGO is deeply interested in the *Chicagoan*, a new weekly publication just fostered there under the editorship of Marie Armstrong Hecht, formerly of the *Chicago Post*. The *Chicagoan* will take as its model—and it could do no better—the *New Yorker*. Our own townsmen should also be keenly concerned in this new gazette as its editor is a former Toledo girl, the daughter of Mrs. Alexander Arnold of this city.

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THE acme in novel and unique radio programs has been reached. It was one broadcast from Detroit recently and strange as it may seem "Valencia" wasn't sung or played once.—*The Editor*.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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



# Town Talk



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

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

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

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**T**HE nicest thing about the coming of cold weather is that it has exterminated those ugly Helen Wills eyeshades which nearly became a national menace last summer. Bold be the brow that now wears one in defiance of fall's shivery zephyrs. Our only fear is that some football official will saunter forth upon the gridiron with one crowning his bare pate. And if this comes to pass, let him beware, for we promise to shoot him on sight.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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



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