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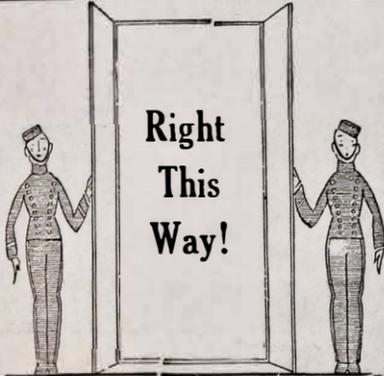
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THE AFTERGLOW

A Magazine
Dedicated to
the Interests

VOLUME 1



of the Residents
of Bloomfield
Hills

NUMBER 3

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LAMENTATIONS

By Rolfe C. Spinning

Drawing by Fred D. Farrar

She Omit your customary fuss
And start to manicure that bus.
The hose and sponge and chamois skin
Are waiting. Start! Commence! Begin!!

He But, angel mine, you surely know
I scrubbed her well, two nights ago.
I pedicured her rubber toes,
I scrubbed her knuckles, turned the hose
Behind her—

She Better get that
framed.
A man like you
should be ashamed
To stand and argue
with his wife.

He As Hellman says, his
(aside) "storm and strife."
And furthermore, it's
bound to rain
If I should wash that
car again.
Just see that little
cloud up there?

She The weather man
says "Bright and
Fair."

He That proves my
point. He's always
wrong.

She We'll have some mud.
Step right along.
Your rubber boots
are ready, too.

He The darn things leak.

She That's tough on
you.

He Oh well, I might as
well commence
It doesn't make much
difference
How lives are spent.
While some men
play,
And wham at golf
balls every day.
I'll stick at home,
with chamois skin,
To polish paint and
glass—and tin.

FARRAR

The Twilight Sleeper

Meets All Comers—Waits for Nobody

By One of the Snoozers

"HI, Skip!"
"Morning, Jack. Where are Mac and Hugh?"
"Here they come now. Give her the gun—it's 7:10"—
and the *Twilight Sleeper* is off on the morning lap of its
daily Birmingham-to-Detroit journey.

Four men, long ago convinced of the merit of community
life and home advantages of Birmingham, realized their
suburban home-owning aspirations individually, until by
January of this year, all were established as enthusiastic
Birmingham residents. The four worked in Detroit, how-
ever, and the problem of prompt, sure, and comfortable
transportation to and from their Detroit place of business
became at once a paramount issue.

Life in Birmingham was so attractive that no one wished
to sacrifice the extra time which travelling back and forth
by any other method required. Each owned a car of his
own, but obviously family rights placed at least a partial
lien on the good old family crate. The matter resolved
itself into a discussion of utilizing the personal cars on a
share-and-share-about
basis; or of each buying
a second car; or of
going in together on a
community vehicle.

Fortunately, the four
held positions in the
same Detroit manufact-
uring establishment.
This simplified possibil-
ities of a joint transpor-
tation service, which
was discussed, pro and
con, for several days;
but the suggestion of
buying jointly one good
second car instead of
four privately owned
fairly good vehicles, did
not meet with over-
whelming acceptance.
Community life was a
great thing, the com-
ment was offered, but
community transporta-
tion: "Well, I don't
know about that—look
at the Russian railroads,
etc., etc."

Notwithstanding this opposition, two of the more im-
petuous members of the group put their heads together,
pooled a sum and appeared the next day with a jointly
owned vehicle—a used touring car with glass side curtains.
It offered ample room for five, held the comforts of a
closed car, and, being carefully purchased, was a great
"buy" at the price.

In and out, back and forth, the community car carried
its two owners, until the other two asked to buy seats in
the conveyance. Their overtures were gladly accepted and
a mock corporation was immediately established with the
name selected of the *Twilight Sleepers Transportation
Company*. Any one who has left Birmingham in the early
pre-dawn of a cold winter's morning can well appreciate
that title. To others, it may seem far fetched! At least
it expressed volumes to the four.

Stock was next written and the original investment in
the automobile adjusted until each owned an equal share
in the car. Right from the first, stock holders, board of
directors, *et al* were agreed unanimously upon a definite
running schedule which was to be adhered to rigidly. At

7:10 a. m., by the Birm-
ingham bank clock, the
Sleeper left the corner
of Woodward and
Maple avenues; and
promptly at 4:55 p. m.
she pulled away from
the factory in Detroit.
If you were there, you
travelled in *Twilight
Sleeper* class. If tardy,
you looked to the street
car, bus or some kind
friend for transporta-
tion.

The final step in the
organization was the
election of a General
Manager, to pay all
bills, make collections,
supervise the mainte-
nance and operation of
the *Sleeper*, etc. To
make sure that bills
were met promptly, the
bill head illustrated here
was adopted as a potent
means of insuring col-
lections. So far, it has
worked excellently.

(Turn to page 34)

TWILIGHT SLEEPERS
Transportation Company
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TERMS NET — AWFLY MUCH

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Harness Oil	
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<i>Grand Total</i>	

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Impressions

By Baroness de Souiny

The Baroness de Souiny, a cosmopolitan European, equally at home in nearly all countries of the continent is a writer and traveler of note. She has spent much time in Denmark and she has kindly consented to write for the AFTERGLOW her impressions of the wonderful old gardens surrounding the estates of the aristocracy, some of which are nearly a thousand years old.

This article is the first of a series.

Editor's Note.

UNFORGETTABLE Spring, ten years ago in the far-away little country of Denmark! Leaving Copenhagen, which then was already growing hectic under the pressure of becoming the center of war-commerce, I accepted with infinite pleasure the invitation to visit the Lady of Castle Montebello, near Helsingor. It is most characteristic of Danish hospitality that the hostess came to town to fetch me, and she made out of the two hours' trip to our place of destination, a day's excursion through this most charming and very aristocratic part of the country.

Denmark is crowded with history and historic places. It is a traditional custom of the country to preserve reverently the beauties of the many chateaux, and to open them to the public. I was enormously impressed with the respectful silence in which the people would walk through the wonderful gardens, and when the owners' absence permits it, through the castle itself. For nothing in the world would the Danish people lose their nobles—they are a part of the country just as much as any other inherited institution, and for this reason Denmark is the most democratic country with a strong monarchistic devotion. There the king can afford to mix with the people because the people are imbued with that pathos of distance, the respect due to the person who shall be the first in the land.

We did not fail to stop in Klampenborg, driving through enchanting woods so dense with trees and foliage that nothing could be heard but the songs of the birds and the murmur of springs that are hidden, with deer running around fearlessly, because the great hunts staged in former times by King Christian the Fourth belong to history. The edge of the woods reach out almost to the shores of the Baltic Sea.

Further on, with its towers and turrets sharply contoured in the clear air, the chateau of Frydenlund appeared, deserted now, but once the domain of Count Struensee, the most romantic figure among Denmark's famous ministers.

Legends and historical facts are deeply impressed on every Dane's mind. They whisper and tell you stories as if all those grewsome and fantastic things had happened yesterday, and they never tire of them.

On we went, out of the woods, past splendid estates and farms, where the houses are screened by the loveliest gardens, the pride of Danish farmers and peasants; and at the end of one of the quaint little towns we passed lives the Crown Prince of Denmark in his summer chateau, a beautiful place called "Sorgenfri," meaning "Carefree."

We caught a good look at the old Danish cottages which are attached to the Frilands Museum, the agricultural branch of the big Folk Museum in Copenhagen. Hours were spent at the enormous Castle Fredericksborg, which was built by King Christian IV, the Louis XIV of the Danish kings.

We paid a short visit to Castle Fredensborg, the autumn residence of the royal family—too short in fact. It was difficult to part from these gardens, which are the most wonderful of all gardens imaginable. No wonder that the Czar Alexander III of Russia returned every year to find refuge and peacefulness in the quiet and noble beauty of this castle. His widow, Maria Alexandrowna, a Danish princess, bears the burden of their tragic fate with the remembrance of their former grandeur.

In Helsingor we visited Castle Kronborg and the famous Castle Elsinore, where legend says the ghost appeared to Hamlet, and then on through the rays of the setting sun, which cast a glamour of gold and fire over the simplicity of the landscape. Past fields and farmhouses we drove to Chateau Montebello, which, behind enormous beech-trees, reposed gracefully in its baroque elegance.

And here I lived through a spring more spring-like than I had ever known before, with no violent changes of climate—a long, slow awakening of nature that began in the last days of March with a fine little wind, a warmer sun, the inexplicable contentment of being alive. One sees spring coming to men—windows and doors are thrown open wide—winter closeness is let out almost symbolically. Unhurried people walk out in the spring after their day's work as if it were a religious rite. They celebrate spring, the opening of Nature's great workshop.

It was in Montebello that I met for the first time an American who never mentioned business or money, who was as subtle and spiritualized as any other European world-estranged intellectual, yet representing his great nation in its very best and finest: Maurice Francis Egan. I cannot refrain from placing these words of remembrance on his grave, never forgetting the pre-education he gave me before sending me on my way to America, and making me love a nation and a country that has since become the country of my choice. In this American Minister to Denmark was a strange mixture of political flair, of extremely fine diplomatic allure and an open-mindedness for all practical details of material life. He regarded Denmark as a

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Mrs. Raymond W. Reilly as Pierrette in "Maker of Dreams"

Mrs. Reilly and Rolfe C. Spinning

The Village Players

Cora H. Farrar

THE debut of the Village Players on April 23, 24 and 25 as entertainers for the community, with a program of three one-act plays, showed a signal advance, during this first year of its history, over the modest beginning on March 26th of last year, when at its initial attempt, "The Maker of Dreams," by Olliphant Downs, was presented at the Community House to a group of about 70 people, as an example of what a small

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Edith H. Klein

May Planting

FLOWERS are sun-kissed jewels; they are seasonal gifts of heaven, and messengers of loveliness, whose intoxicating fragrance unfold memories of woodland walks, of younger days, and the old homestead. Are flowers blessed with sweet odors and gay entanglements, not worthy of our closer friendship and more intimate acquaintance?

Just as a person must have character and individuality to be interesting, so must a garden be distinctively characteristic of its owner, and flowers, like friends, reflect their acquaintance. Love of flowers, like real human love, requires and demands loving service and personal contact.

They must be chosen with care. Their selection depends upon exposure, soil, architecture of the home, and its character in general should be light, open, airy, not at all crowded or overshadowed. The expression of the garden may be modest, unassuming and simple, but it need not be wanting in beauty or refinement. It should be good, but not extravagant, and flowers should not be used with too much profusion. Taste can be shown in concealing manifestations and the whole place should be a picture of quietness with touches of luxury and sprightliness.

Aside from natural requirements, what to plant depends on individual taste. There is a lot of good sentiment about such old flowers, as petunias, stocks, flox, zinnias and marigolds, and especially calendulas. The annual variety of marigold is always a good old friend, as it will supply the rich lemon and orange flowers from early summer until Thanksgiving.

Do not arrange a flower bed in figures and checkerboards, like soldiers or cross-word puzzles. Have the patches arranged to form surprises. Do not have them all in full view from the front window. Hide some of them. Do not have strong hot colors near the house. Use the blues, whites and pinks to create a feeling of coolness. Use the strong and large yellows and reds to enliven distances and furnish ocular objectives. Above all give them space. Plant them far enough apart to permit tending and watering without tramping or packing the ground by too much walking around them.



Should you have a natural garden with its natural aspect of ruggedness, do not destroy its incongruous carelessness, for it is relatively easy to produce the most charming picture and pattern among the jutting crags and rock mounds. Stones form natural backgrounds for flashing hues. Observe how wild flowers grow, and place them according to their nature. Plant high on the higher places to accentuate the levels, and do not forget to give each crevice its graceful trailer and each stone its mossy creeper.

With a little judgment and care for the health of the plants, a good garden can be produced. Good gardens are gardens tended, gardens weeded, fertilized and watered. And peculiarly enough, untended gardens seem to mourn, fairly weep, and hang their heads in dry tears and mute regrets, too weak to spread their lovely faces heavenward and to yield their fragrance.

For spring flowers use only well-rotted fertilizers, and see that it is spaced under well, but not too deep, because few spring flowers have deep growing roots and can not, therefore, reach deeply laid fertilizers.

Do not plant any flowering plants or seeds, excepting sweet peas, until night frost is no longer likely. Nothing is gained by planting too early.

It is truly remarkable what can be done on a small space of ground, and how from April to November, there can always be a mass of bloom. In a space of 20 to 50 feet one can, with proper planting, have two to four vases of fresh flowers daily all summer. The first expense, as compared with taking the family to the theater several times during the winter, is trifling. And with many plants the first expense is all there is to it. In almost any book store, one can secure interesting books that treat this subject quite elaborately.

With all its lightness, May is a period of unusual gravity—at least, the pull of the ground seems far greater than at any other time of year. Gardening is in full swing. Everywhere we see workers digging, planting and seeding. If April has been rainy, May surely will bring better days for outdoor work.

If you are just finishing a new home, remember to plant now.

Will o' the Wisp

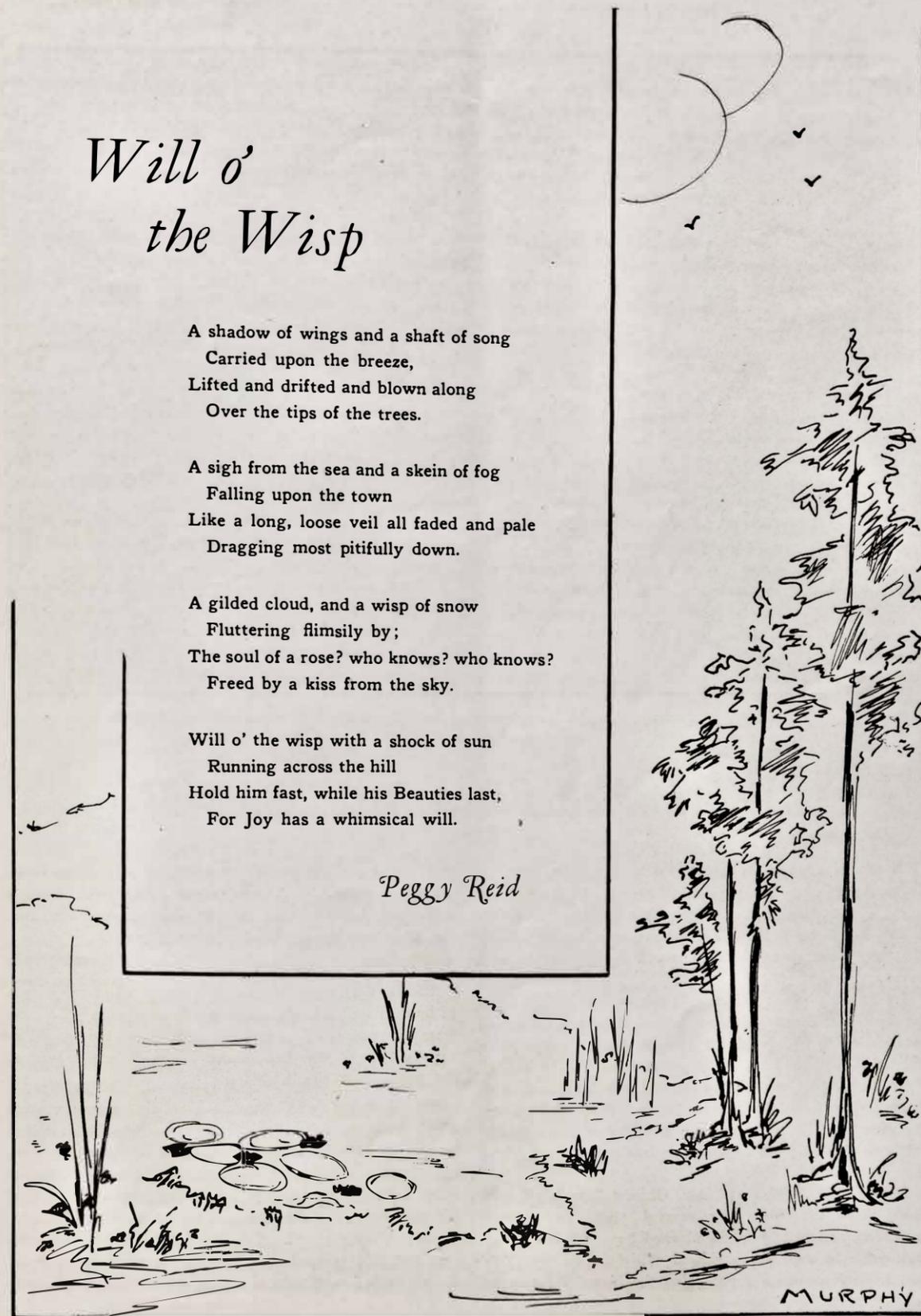
A shadow of wings and a shaft of song
Carried upon the breeze,
Lifted and drifted and blown along
Over the tips of the trees.

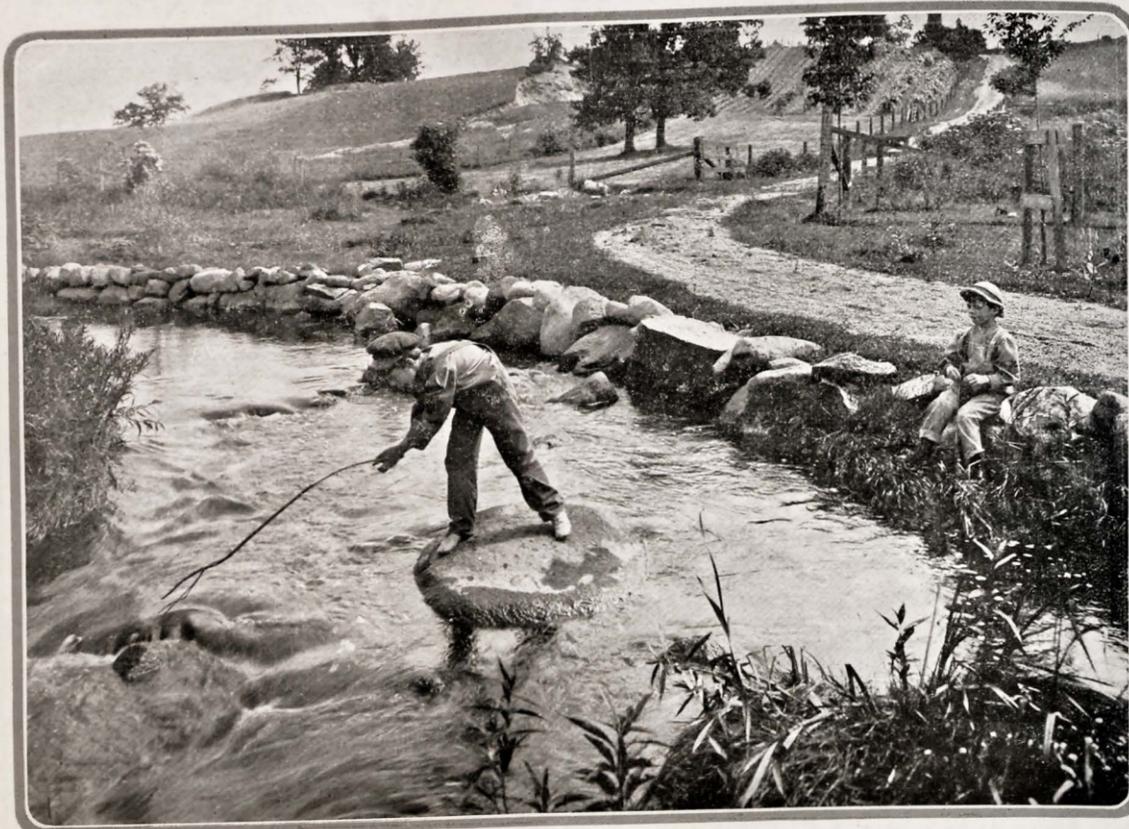
A sigh from the sea and a skein of fog
Falling upon the town
Like a long, loose veil all faded and pale
Dragging most pitifully down.

A gilded cloud, and a wisp of snow
Fluttering flimsily by;
The soul of a rose? who knows? who knows?
Freed by a kiss from the sky.

Will o' the wisp with a shock of sun
Running across the hill
Hold him fast, while his Beauties last,
For Joy has a whimsical will.

Peggy Reid





Horace and John T. Shaw, Jr., aged 8 and 6 years, playing in the brook which runs through Whysall.

Whysall, A Pioneer in Bloomfield

IN the days when Woodward avenue, between Birmingham and Pontiac, was spoken of as "over on the gravel," and the Pontiac car was the speediest means of transportation, Mr. John T. Shaw did not dream of the popularity that the "country home" idea would develop in the next twenty years.

In the early nineteen hundreds people who built a country house out Birmingham way called it a farm house and surrounded it with fields of growing things and supplemented it with a barn. Recreation then was to be had from the simple joys of farming and men high in Detroit finance were heard to discuss the best kind of fertilizer for wheat and the value of cross-breeding certain kinds of cattle as earnestly as they now go into the matter of how they made the 11th hole in two.

Mr. M. T. Conklin and Mr. Charles Stinchfield preceded John T. Shaw by several years in rallying round the Bloomfield Hills idea. They had barns and took pride in their thoroughbred cattle and horses. "In the stables," writes a reporter on the News Tribune for July 29, 1906, "are found sleek, well-fed horses for driving

and for work about the place, while several carriages offer a good selection from which to choose a vehicle for a morning's spin." Quaint, isn't it, when one now considers the luxurious garages equipped with everything from a motorcycle to an airplane for the aforesaid morning spin.

The children were learned in the ways of country boys, in hunting and fishing and trapping and calling the cows from the pasture. The picture above shows the two Shaw boys in 1906, having the time of their lives at the bend of the stream in Whysall.

The log cabin, which has been such a summer feature of the Shaw place for almost twenty years, is also described by the News writer: "The immediate attention of every member of the Shaw household is at present centered upon the new log cabin which is being erected back of the residence as a sort of annex to aid in dispensing hospitality; . . . the first story is made of tamarack logs and all the stone used was taken right off the farm. A fireplace of hewn granite ledges and a chimney of rough field stone are features of architectural beauty."

The lovely trees that make the beauty of the Shaw place today were all planted and lovingly tended by John T. Shaw himself twenty years ago when he was one of Detroit's busiest and most prosperous bankers.

The reporter of 1906 continues:

"Mr. Shaw has named his place at Bloomfield Hills 'Whysall,' after the little town in England where his father was born. Whysall is remarkable from the fact

that within a compass of approximately 20 acres are included features one would naturally expect to find only on a farm from 10 to 20 times that size. After a tour of inspection one goes away feeling that one has seen another example of the marvelous accomplishments of 20th century concentration.

At Whysall, each day brings forth some new need or some fresh idea for the beautifying of the pleasant home. It is the delight of the banker's heart to experiment along new lines of agriculture and home building. While there is no thought of making the place pay for itself other than



The Shaw home as it looked in 1900.

as a means of recreation, many of the methods familiar to intensive farmers are taken up and tried — sometimes rejected, sometimes adopted with improved additions. Every new success brings a fresh measure of satisfaction.

The movement leading towards the acquisition of country homes, of which Whysall is so admirable a type, is one that is steadily growing. The colony in the vicinity of Birmingham and Pontiac will doubtless

have numerous imitators in the near future. What enjoyment the owners of these places take in them can readily be gleaned by a trip in from Pontiac on the early morning car, when such well-known men as W. T. Barbour, John Endicott, Charles Stinchfield, W. W. Collier, Charles A. Dean and others, discuss such horticultural exploits as the development of rose culture. Often-times the friendly rivalry leads to boasts of feats which tax the credulity of even the most kindly disposed hearer, but due allowances are made for native pride and enthusiasm.



The Log Cabin built in 1906, the summer home of Mrs. John T. Shaw.

What Stage Drama?

By Helen C. Bower

EVER since foppish young men in doublet and hose perched them on three-legged stools about the edge of the stage at the Globe Theatre in London, someone or other has kept alive the notion that "All the world's a stage."

Just now, however, they're asking of us, "What stage? What development has been made in the theatre, and what is the future of the drama?"

Cosmo Hamilton, suspected in some quarters of being merely a disgruntled playwright temporarily out of a market, ventured an opinion in New York a month or two ago, that the theatre was doomed. What with the radio and the motion picture, few loyal souls would remain true to the good old traditions of the speaking stage, implied Cosmo.

How Mr. A. H. Woods, variously known as the "father of the bedroom farce," producer of "The Green Hat," and veteran of the theatre in general, took what is inelegantly termed "a fall" out of the cosmic Cosmo would be, as others before us have written more mysteriously, another story. Suffice it to say that he took up the cudgels right valiantly in drama's defense.

With all of this there comes naturally the thought that residents of Detroit and its charming suburbs within commuting distance, should realize, from a review of the past season, that we are grown to be quite a community, in the matter of things theatrical. We, it would seem, can venture to lift our voice in prediction, if not judgment.

To have been chosen for the world premiere of "The Green Hat" alone would have been enough to have made even Chicago grateful.

But it was to Detroit that there came not only Messrs. Arlen, Woods and McClintic—with Katherine Cornell to show us just how one should wear a little felt hat (in this company I cannot bear to repeat those three French words with which Arlen so sketchily defined the chapeau of Iris Fen'ick, *nee* March)—with Ann Harding, to inquire in



Katherine Cornell in her New York home.

her throaty tremolo why people are always so beastly to virgins.

So we get 'round in a circle to the original question of "What Stage Drama?" and our right to an opinion.

Go to the scrap-books of your dramatic reviewers for the record of what we've seen in Detroit this winter, and then ask. Unless you are one of those quaint persons who saves theatre programs. To your mind, was "The Green Hat" at least an "unmoral" play? Or did "Rain" shock you with its juxtaposition of "D.D." and "c.p.?"

Or do you—and I should be interested in your answer to this—believe that a production like the ineffably vulgar "Bringing Up Father in Ireland" is a greater blot on the 'scutcheon of the theatre than a dozen frank-spoken plays written and acted "for courteous people?"

Will you worry too much over the future of the stage so long as there are all-star revivals, such as that of "The Rivals," to bring us Mrs. Fiske and Chauncey Olcott, Thomas Wise and James T. Powers?

Will you also remember that the Paula Tanqueray of 1925, as done for Detroiters by the imperious Barrymore, was the Iris March of a decade or two ago? Then, as now, they were putting the same query in a different form. Then, as now, there were timorous souls to shudder

from contact with certain presentations of life on the principle that, because one did not speak of them in the home, they had no place in the mimic life of the stage.

In a winter rounded out by musical productions like "The Dream Girl," humorous revues like Hassard Short's Ritz and the masterly accomplishment of Charlot's, with Beatrice Lillie; the Ziegfeld offerings; and the unquestionably wholesome repertory of Detroit's two resident stock companies; with all the other plays added—Lowell Sherman in "High Stakes" and Cyril Maude in "Aren't We All?" to mention two more—doesn't the stage seem to

(Turn to page 36)

FOR years Lee J. Smits has been more or less regularly employed by Detroit newspapers and writes of Detroit's ale houses and water front with all of the zest of the young writer who finds romance wherever "types" congregate. The melancholy note which suffuses "The Spring Flight" seems to come from the fact that the zest is remembered—that the cry of wild geese, which runs like a minor cord through the story, remains a promise which cannot become a fulfillment.

Kenneth Farr in "The Spring Flight" (Knopf), in his early youth, enjoys and cultivates in himself a literary despondency, a Byronic melancholy. His keenest pleasure comes from sitting back as the spectator of himself: in the tawdry saloon he pulls his hat over on one eye, orders a beer and becomes a rakish adventurer; lost in a snow storm with a drunkenly helpless stranger, he sees himself rising to a great moment and pushing on against an exquisite combination of awful odds to save a worthless life at risk of his own, palpably more important existence.

This attitude of spectator is prevalent enough to give it a rather general appeal. It is certainly the paramount attitude of the mooncalves with which novels and newspaper offices are unconscionably full. It accounts, in a measure, for the lack of a stabilizing philosophy of life and makes accomplishment void before it is undertaken.

The irony of Mr. Smits' ending is haunting and the fittest consummation for the story of Kenneth Farr's life. Tricked by society into a mesh of respectability, he seems to his mother to have at last approached that moral balance for which she has always too fervently prayed—when, as a matter of fact, it is the two most evil performances of his life which have brought about this seeming excellence and calm. All of which is, obviously, a rather searching comment on the gods that are.

THE most delightfully inconsequential volume which has fallen into our hands this month is a book of verse by A. A. Milne (of Dover Road fame), called "When We Were Very Young." The little verses are so foolish and so charming that after too much earnestly rapid talk about life, love, death, and deep things, they are the perfect antedote. The book is dedicated to Christopher Robin by Hoo. "I don't know," says the author, "if you have ever met Hoo, but he is one of those curious children who look four on Monday, and eight on Tuesday, and are really twenty-eight on Saturday, and you never know whether it is the day when he can pronounce his 'r's'. I have a decided suspicion that these verses will be more beloved by grown-ups than by children in spite of testimony from an aunt who says that her nieces were heard to laugh loud over



the matter of the little bit of butter for the royal slice of bread, which occurs in "The King's Breakfast." It is significant, however, that the aunt didn't read the poems to her nephews.

MAY SINCLAIR has a very keen sense of the pitifulness

of everything—of people, of their efforts to be good, of the little things that keep them going 'round, of their attempts to find love, even the pitifulness of their occasional brilliance. It is easier, of course, to be sarcastic than it is to be kind, and until her last book Miss Sinclair's caustic powers of analysis have been directed against the egotistic, the stupid and the psychopathic. In "The Rector of Wyck" (MacMillan), she tells the life story of two very good people and although she has come off rather well on the whole she has also succeeded in being surprisingly dull. One feels with Adeline Fielding that anyone who could create a scandal in Wyck would be a public benefactor.

"THE APPLE OF THE EYE," by Glenway Wescott, has had a good deal of notice since the Dial Press published it several months ago. It is the kind of book upon which opinion is sternly divided. It has, however, more distinction of style than any book which has come out of the mid-west.

M. L. H.



Lee J. Smits, Detroit Newspaperman, Author of "The Spring Flight."



BLOOMFIELD SOCIETY

By Marjorie Avery

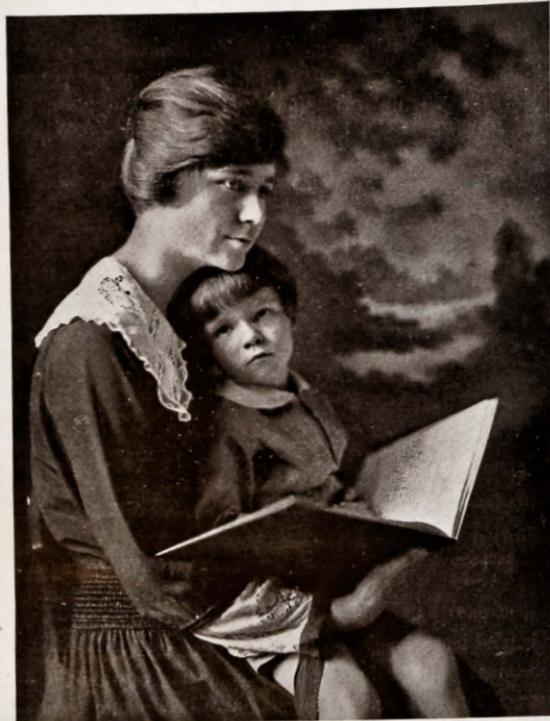


The cast of these plays is to be found in the article "The Village Players of Birmingham," elsewhere in this magazine.

MR. AND MRS. HAROLD M. F. GEORGE (Katherine Whiteley) moved the end of April, from Beaconsfield avenue, Grosse Point, to Birmingham, where they have bought a home at 529 Henrietta avenue.

A LOVELY dinner-dance was given by Miss Nancy Atkinson, of Greenwood avenue, on Saturday evening, April 18, at the Sunset Hill Club. The guests included Miss Delphine Vhay, Miss Mary Morley, Miss Suzanne House, Miss Mary Isabel Davis, Miss Katherine Donnelly, James Vhay, Jack Thompson, John Mann, Frank W. Atkinson, Jr., and Ferry Reynolds, of Los Angeles, Calif., who was a guest of the Atkinsons' over that week-end.

MR. ROBERT L. BIGGERS returned to her home on Puritan road, the week of April 12, following a six weeks' visit to her parents, in Pensacola, Fla.



Bachrach

Mrs. Edwin J. Paulus and son, Charles, of Birmingham

A LANDMARK was reached in the development of the Village Players of Birmingham when on Friday and Saturday evenings, April 24 and 25, the organization staged public performances for the first time. The group has steadily grown from a handful of amateurs held together only by their love of the acting and staging of plays, to a large, thriving unit of the nation-wide Little Theater Movement.

That the community was ready to support such activities was established by the large audiences that viewed the two performances, the proceeds of which will go to defray the expenses of improving the Community House which the Players use as a theater.

At these performances the Players put on "The Wonder Hat," a fantasy by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman and Ben Hecht; "Mis' Mercy," one of the 47 Harvard Workshop series, by Louise Whitefield Bray; and "The Blind Beggars," an old fashioned operetta with music by Offenbach.



Bachrach

Robert Hughes Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Taylor, of Brady Lane

THE Sunset Hill Club had more than its usual number of entertainments last month, the post-Lenten season acting as a stimulant to hostesses.

Mrs. Frederick E. Good was hostess at a luncheon for eight guests, at the club, on Wednesday, April 1, and on Saturday of the same week Mrs. John W. Watling gave a dinner for 12 young people, complimenting her oldest son, who was home from school. Mrs. B. B. Wells, of Pontiac, entertained at a luncheon at the club for a number of her friends, from Saginaw, who motored down for the day, on April 2.

The Birmingham Exchange Club gave a dinner-dance, for 50 of its members, on April 7, and cards were provided for the guests who did not wish to dance.

The Gridiron Club of Pontiac, were entertained by A. L. Moore, at the Sunset Hill Club, for its final meeting of the year, on April 9. Miss Allan and Miss Ballard gave several musical selections during the meeting which included vocal and instrumental numbers and musical reading.

The club is making plans for a busy sporting season as soon as the warm weather comes. A competent swimming teacher has been engaged to give lessons this summer and great interest has already been shown in sailing.

MR. AND MRS. EDWARD P. HAMMOND and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Braun, of "Linda Vista," arrived in the Hills, on Saturday, April 18, from a Mediterranean trip.



Bachrach

Mrs. Julian M. Case, popular young matron of Birmingham.

MR. WILLIAM E. FULLER and her daughter, Miss Anna Fuller, of Fall River, Mass., who were the guests of Mrs. Cyrenius Adelbert Newcomb, Jr., at "Junipers," were entertained extensively during their visit. Miss Fuller came from Miss Choate's School, in Brooklyn, Mass., and spent her spring holidays in the Hills.

Among the affairs given in their honor, were a small luncheon, for Mrs. Fuller, on Wednesday, March 25, with Mrs. Newcomb as hostess, and a bridge party on Friday evening, March 27, given by Mrs. Frank L. Bromley.

Mrs. Warren S. Booth was hostess on Monday afternoon, March 30, complimenting her mother's guests, at a bridge-luncheon, and on Tuesday, Mrs. Cyrenius Adelbert Newcomb, III, gave a bridge-luncheon, at the Detroit Athletic Club, for Mrs. Fuller and her daughter.

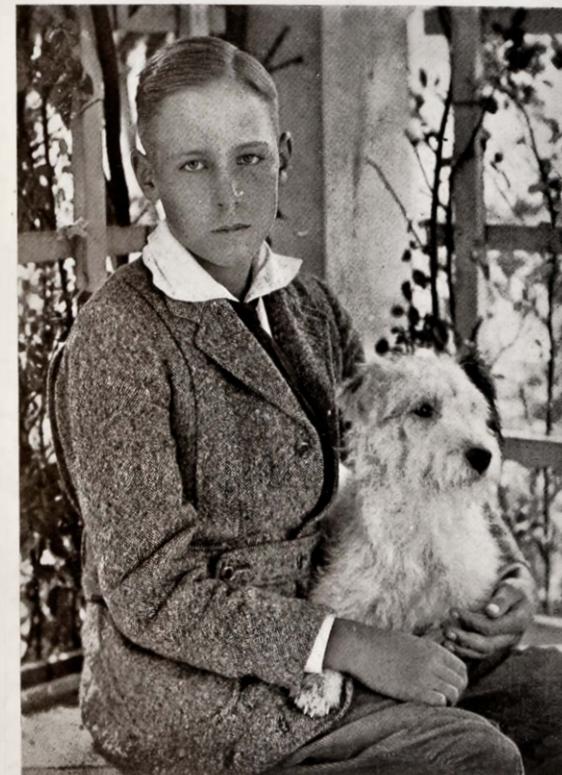
Mrs. Frank L. Bromley was hostess at her home "Uplands" at a dinner party the same week and Mrs. Luman W. Goodenough, of Farmington, also entertained at dinner, on Saturday evening, April 4, complimenting Miss Fuller. Among the guests were the Misses Louise Bourrowes, Katherine Butterick and Mary Frances Frazer.

Mrs. Edwin S. George was hostess at a dinner, on Monday evening, April 6, at her home, in honor of Mrs. Fuller.

Mrs. Fuller left on Tuesday, April 7, for her home and her daughter returned to school.

MR. WILLIAM C. HARRIS and Miss Betty Harris returned on Monday, April 13, from California where they had spent the winter.

(Turn to page 33)



Bachrach

Ralph L. Polk, II, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph L. Polk, of Lone Pine Road.



The proposed Bloomfield Community Club House.

The Bloomfield Community Plan

By Gregg Hastings

PLATO more or less started the habit of planning ideal communities. There is something about the reasonable give and take of a small and intimate republic that appeals to the imagination; here, the idealist seems to say, I can amalgamate my own concerns with those of my friends, we can live with as much privacy as we choose and at the same time enjoy each other's company and benefit through sharing the mechanics of living. Brook Farm in Massachusetts was probably the most idealistic as well as the most badly run of the ideal communities which this country has fostered.

Bloomfield being not without its idealists, and harboring numberless secluded and beautiful spots, it is small wonder that a group of business and professional men have gotten together to plan a living arrangement whereby they may have the privacy of home life with the added advantages of group sociability and a certain amount of co-operation anent food, servants, and the rest. Enthusiasm for country life around Detroit is growing apace with the widening of Woodward avenue and the possibility of getting back and forth to town without taking half the day to do it, with the result that the purely summer population which has inhabited the lakes is enhanced by a winter population which grows larger and more enthusiastic as social life and winter sports are developed.

The Bloomfield Community idea is like nothing in Michigan. It has been developed by a group of men, with H. A. Burnett as president; E. F. Roberts, vice-president; Frank W. Hutchings, secretary; Edwin S. George, treasurer, and Harold H. Emmons, F. F. Beall, R. O. Gill,

Charles T. Bush as directors. The plan is to admit thirty families to membership in the community, which will be built on 167 acres of wooded land on the south side of Forest Lake, one of the loveliest spots on the George estate, two and one-half miles west of the Bloomfield Country Club, and a mile or so off Long Lake Road. The acreage has been roughly laid out by O. C. Simonds, landscape architect from Chicago, who has seen to it that each home site is platted with proper regard for the group as a whole and for the general lay of the land.

People who follow the main lines of travel haven't the smallest notion of the beauty and seclusion of the small lakes off the highways around Bloomfield. Forest Lake, for instance, is so far off the road that it cannot be seen at all, and until lately it has been inaccessible except to the cross-country walker. The houses will be built along the lake and more or less center about the community house, which will be the golf club as well as the general social center. The golf club will have enough invitational associate memberships to make the play interesting. The course, by the way, is laid out and will be completed this summer for play, with the fairways as well as the putting greens watered through the dry season, so that the whole will be a garden spot. And the actual shortage of easily available golf courses has created a keen competition for the limited number of associate and playing memberships.

The roads are all in and the water works will be completed during May. Some idea of the general architectural scheme may be had from the small picture reproduced here of the drawing for the community house planned by Crom-

bie and Stanton. Work on the community house will probably begin in the autumn. Members' houses will of course be built to individual plans, these plans to be submitted to the board of governors before building begins. The servant problem will be eased a bit by the co-operative plan for housing servants at the club, which will also provide gardeners and chauffeurs.

Under the co-operative ownership plan, each of the thirty participating members becomes the owner of a beautiful homesite and one-thirtieth owner of the golf course and community house. Community operation and purchase provides for water and other conveniences to each of the thirty homesites. Through the community house, individual housekeeping may be eliminated if desired, for meals may be taken either at the club or served by the club at home.

It is not hard to imagine how delightful such country community living will be, with golf, boating and riding in the summer, ice-boating and skating during the cold months. The idea is new to Detroit, but it has been successfully worked out in the east, and it is probable that the Bloomfield community will become, in a year or two, the model for other country-loving groups in the mid-West.

The twelve charter members are: W. H. McGregor, Harold H. Emmons, E. F. Roberts, Col. S. D. Waldon,

F. F. Beall, Chas. T. Bush, Edwin S. George, R. O. Gill, G. E. Gagnier, F. W. Hutchings, F. R. Robinson and H. A. Burnett.

Model Home of Large Type to be Built in Birmingham

Walsh, James & Wasey Company, community builders, are going to erect a model home of suburban type of good size for the business man, to suit a homeseeker with a large family, and others of means. They are also going to show prospective builders of homes in this district how a large home of this type with all the modern necessary improvements can be installed at a reasonable price. The location will be on a one-acre lot, fronting on Quarton Lake, in Quarton Lake Estates development. Muehlman and Farrar are the architects and John B. Williams Construction Company will be the builders.

★ ★ ★

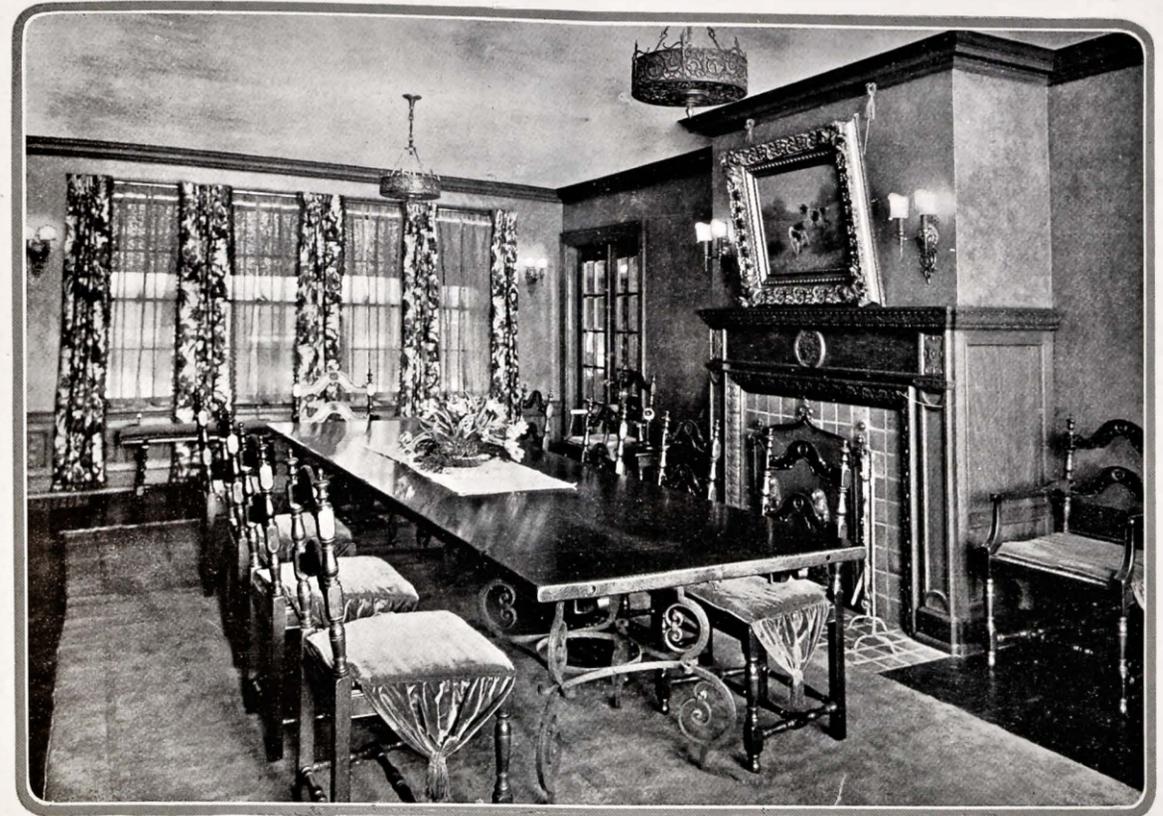
MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM SYDNOR GILBREATH, JR., have moved to Birmingham from Detroit and are residing on Southfield road and Martin street, while their new home on Puritan road is being built.



Forest Lake, where the Bloomfield Community is being built.



The living room, 65 feet long and 35 feet wide is of early English design with a suspended balcony on three sides.



The dining room is English with stained oak panelling and rough plastered walls and ceilings.



A corner of the sun-room

The Country Home of Walter O. Briggs

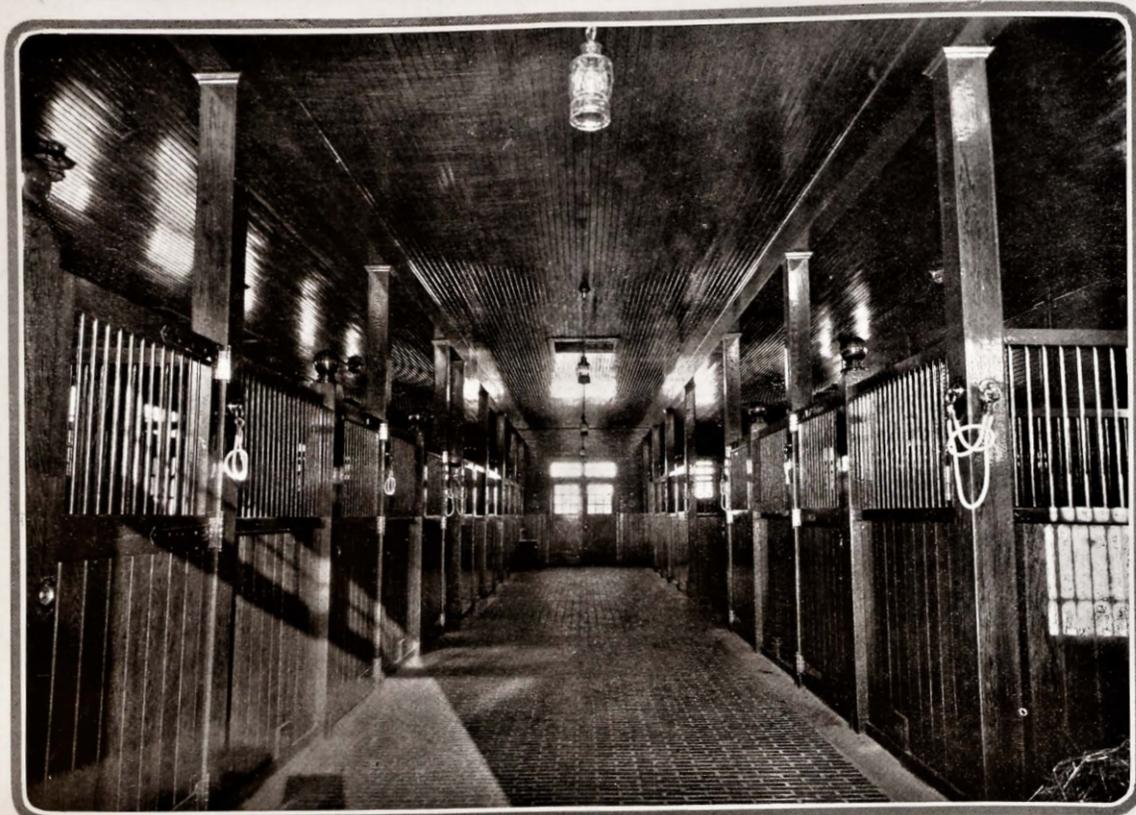
Squirrel Road :: Bloomfield Hills

CHARLES KOTING, Architect



One of the guest rooms

Lee F. Redman



Lee F. Redman

This stable has twelve box stalls and two single stalls. It is finished in red oak with brass hinges and locks.

THE estate of Mr. Walter O. Briggs is located in the heart of Bloomfield Hills, east of Woodward at Bloomfield Center. It comprises 167 odd acres of rolling ground with two small spring fed lakes in the center, and extends for half a mile along the old picturesque Squirrel Road.

At the present time, there are located on the place four different buildings: the lodge, the stable, the manager's cottage with garage, and the farmer's cottage. There was no intention to erect an expensive elaborate group of buildings, but rather something simple, effective, conveniently arranged for summer use, which would in course of time, when the planting grew up, gradually become part of the landscape.

All the buildings are of frame construction with concrete block basements and foundation walls. The architectural style is rural English with cement plastered walls, half timber work stained a dark brown, and dark brown stained shingle roofs.

The most important building of the group is the owner's lodge, located on the highest point of the estate, 75 feet above the level of the two small lakes, with a splendid view in all directions. The main feature of the lodge is the hall or living room, 35 feet wide and 65 feet long, which forms the main part of the house, running east and west, with a wing 30 by 60 feet running south, containing the main chambers, bathrooms and sleeping porches, and

an opposite wing running north, containing the dining room, kitchen, pantries, servants' quarters, etc.

The living room in an early English design extends the full height of the building with an exposed trussed roof, and a suspended balcony on three sides, from which the second floors of the two wings are entered.

A massive field-stone fireplace with a roughly plastered breast is an interesting feature; the entire room is finished in brown stained cypress, the walls paneled with wide boards with battens over the joints. One of the attractive features is the massive wrought iron electric light fixture, suspended from the center of the roof while all other electric fixtures and the hardware on the doors are made of wrought iron.

The dining room, connected with the hall by two pairs of glass doors on each side of the fireplace, extends the full width of the wing, and is also of English design, finished in stained oak with a low paneled wainscoting around the walls and rough plastered walls and ceiling. The mantel is ornamented with heavy carved moulding with a dark blue tile facing to harmonize with the color in the cretonne window draperies.

The balance of the house is finished in a plain substantial manner with painted plastered walls and ceilings, hardwood floors, not to speak of marble shower-baths. There is also adequate provision made to heat the building,

(Turn to page 35)

Burns Henry

April 15, 1887 April 25, 1925

IN the death of Burns Henry on Friday, April 24, Detroit lost one of its finest citizens and most ardent horsemen. Mr. Henry was instrumental in introducing the chase and hunt here, and was founder of the Grosse Pointe Hunt Club and president until his untimely death from blood poisoning at the Detroit Diagnostic Hospital, after a week's illness.

He was born April 15, 1887, in Detroit and was graduated from the Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., Yale University, and the University of Michigan Law School. He was the son of the late A. M. Henry. Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Josephine Irvine Henry, and son, Burns Henry, Jr.

Always impressive on his horse, Mr. Henry was a conspicuous figure on the tanbark, polo field, or as master of the hunt. His stable in Bloomfield Hills is an example of his love of sportsmanship and equestrianism, for he remodeled it himself, and took great pride in its English completeness.

Mr. Henry was a member of the Bloomfield Open Hunt Club, the Chagrin Valley Hunt Club, of Cleveland; the Country Club, of Detroit; Grosse Pointe Hunt, Grosse Pointe; University, Yondotega and Boat Clubs and the Detroit Racquet and Curling Club.



The late Burns Henry at his favorite sport.

★ ★ ★

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES C. L'HOMMEDIEU moved to their new home on Dorchester road the first week of April.



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THE AFTERGLOW

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ELINOR MILLINGTON - Art Editor

VOLUME 1 MAY, 1925 NUMBER 3

WHAT is Bloomfield Hills district?

How far does it extend?

Is it on the west side of Woodward avenue only or is it also on the east side?

These are frequent questions. The name Bloomfield Hills was first given to the hills along Woodward avenue north of Birmingham on account of their situation in the township of Bloomfield. As more and more Detroiters came out and built their homes farther away, they very properly considered their homes located in Bloomfield Hills so long as they were in Bloomfield Township. This township is bounded on the south by the southern limits of Birmingham, on the north by the southern limits of Pontiac, on the east by Adams Road, often called Dodge Road because the Dodge Brothers bought the bonds issued for building the road, and on the west by the east shore of Walnut Lake.

The term West Bloomfield Hills and Lakes as used by Mr. Willis Ward for his Orchard Lake lands properly covers all hills in west Bloomfield. The district around Mr. Ralph Stoepel's estate east of Adams or Dodge Road is properly Troy Hills and the territory around the John Dodge estate no doubt will be known as Avon Hills because it is in Avon township. For the same reason the hills around Clarkston

THE AFTERGLOW

are known as Clarkston or Independence Hills because they are in Independence township and the well known hill of Mr Julius Haass is called Waterford Hill for the same reason.

★ ★ ★

THE good old days of the narrow country road dotted with white painted farm houses with green blinds are past and gone in the march of progress in Oakland County.

New and profitable improvements are coming with astounding rapidity. The absentee land holder is fast replacing the farmer whose farm is his home.

The careful tending of the home gardens and orchards is now often left to the tenant or hired man whose temporary residence robs him of permanent interest in matters pertaining to a home. Thus we too often see neglected gardens, orchards and fields covered with weeds whose seeds are blown to the four winds, thereby increasing the crop of weeds to an alarming degree. Diseased orchards also spread their pest abroad.

These, unfortunately, are a blot upon an otherwise lovely landscape and we believe that their removal instead of being an unnecessary expense to the owners of the land will rather add to the attractiveness and therefore the eventual profit. We urge upon owners, local improvement associations, and real estate operators to fight the weeds.

★ ★ ★

PARENTS, teachers, preachers, clubs, Sunday funnies, movies and various organizations—their numbers are legion—seek to provide proper diversion and entertainment for children in the city. All of this is done with the best of motives and has its place. We are not criticising; the young must have attention; youth must be taught, and taught rightly. But most of these entertainments are being taken, we do not say enjoyed, sitting down. The young are being spoonfed.

The preacher pronounces sonorously and profoundly, "Love thy

neighbor as thyself, etc.," but the poor lad in the audience cannot find anything lovable in the cross old codger living next door to him. So the admonition goes over his head.

On the other hand let him find a little bird on the ground, too young to fly and he will need no admonition to loving kindness. He will care for that bird at the expense of his own comfort.

Then again, how can the laughter and joy caused by the funniest Chaplin reel or the craziest cartoon ever compare with the joy and exhilaration of chasing a chicken around the barn yard or hanging on to the tail of a young calf pell mell down the lane and perhaps landing in a puddle with the face more covered with mud than Chaplin's has ever been covered with pie?

Compare, if you can, the excitement produced by Harold Lloyd in "Safety Last," with a ride on a half broken colt and a beautiful spill, torn clothes and bruised body.

Give the children country life and freedom if they are to develop initiative and self-reliance. Give them space to use their legs and lungs to their heart's content.

There is no joy in going to the store to buy a dozen eggs for mother, but any man who, as a boy, found the full nest of a strayed hen will testify that they were the only eggs he ever really got a kick out of. Any boy would rather steal one apple in the farmer's orchard than have a bushel given him by the grocer, and any healthy girl will get more real pure joy out of picking a few dusty wild flowers by the roadside than from the gift of an orchid sent by the city florist.

No poetry was ever written on the subject of a porcelain bath tub, but much has been written in both poetry and prose on the subject of the "old swimmin' hole." Swimmin' holes are only found in the country, and there are no preachers, teachers, canned, spoon-fed sanitized, supervised, properized or expurgated entertainments. Just fun.

THE AFTERGLOW



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To Eastover Farms: Turn East from Woodward at Maple Road, Birmingham; then North on Adams Road (formerly Dodge Road). Concrete pavement all the way.

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Shopping for Men

By Howard Weeks

SOMETHING must be done right away about the shopping facilities in Detroit. Things, as Solomon said, are coming to a pretty pass. I don't mean the kind of shopping women do: going in, pawing things, asking prices and staying awhile to talk and then leaving. I mean the real kind of shopping men have to do when they can't get out of it.

It may be all right for those people who can go into any store and roar at the clerks and browbeat them into submission but I've never been able to do that. I've tried it as far as the going in is concerned but I've never been able to roar any more than a moth.

Anyway, something must be done about it. It's getting so nowadays a man goes into a store and tries to buy something and first he's got to show his birth certificate, his tongue and his name in the Social Register before the clerks will take him seriously. Then when he does prove himself a willing victim he can't find anything to buy. He looks around and nothing is in sight. All the goods are behind Louis Seize panels or hidden back of ancient Lithuanian altar screens. It's all very confusing.

In the first place there aren't any storekeepers any more. They have all become forces in the community and they take part in drives and campaigns and lend their windows to signs and ads for great civic purposes. But if you ask 'em to sell you anything they get a little cool and look away. Finally if you keep at them they will take you to one of these large rooms that looks like a lounge of some club whose members all own private golf courses and point out something with an air of disdain as if to say, "Well, if you've got to make us sell you something, there it is, but don't bother us about it any more."

I wanted to buy a suit of clothes the other day. Just a plain suit to keep me covered up and warm and with pockets in it. I knew a store that had suits all tailored from nice British woolens that wore for eight or nine years and never needed pressing, so I went there.

I had been there before and had come out pretty well, considering me. The clerk had made me buy a suit which I really learned to like after keeping it for three or four weeks. That, for me, is extremely good.

I went to this store and was glad to find they hadn't moved. It would have been upsetting if they had, with all the inquiries and directions and that sort of thing. They were still there and I went in.

But everything was different. They had been remodelled. There were a great many women in the store all talking and there were women's things around on the counters. And it had been one of those nice quiet stores where only men had come and, after making purchases, had gone out and no women were seen hanging around and poking at things and chattering.

I was looking for the elevators when a large woman with yellow bobbed hair and feet that boiled over her shoes bumped into me and said something it wouldn't do to repeat in this magazine which has such a tremendous home circulation. Finally I saw a sign by the elevator which said in old English capitals "The Byzantine Room For Men—Fifth Floor."

I wasn't absolutely sure if the Byzantine Room were a squash court, the wash-room or a Turkish bath. Anyway, I got in the elevator. Four women pushed ahead of me and got in, too. Two of them squeezed their way to the extreme rear of the car and when the door closed they both screamed "Two" and pushed people aside to get out again. The other two women stood directly in front of the door all the way up and everybody stumbled over them going out. They were going, I believe, to the top floor.

(It is really a curious fact that all women, no matter how intelligent, always do that. The subject might do for a doctor's thesis for some young Ph.D.)

I got off the elevator and looked around the dimly lighted room. There were comfortable chairs and little tables and wrought iron ash-trays and sidelights and panelled walls, and a general atmosphere of luxury and quiet. For a moment I thought I was in a blind-pig. But then I didn't see any potato chips and I knew I wasn't.

Over in a corner, three gentlemen, wearing wing collars and beautifully pressed trousers, were talking casually. They looked at me disinterestedly as I walked from the elevator, and then they went on with their conversation. I peered around, but didn't see anything, and I thought I'd better go.

I rang the elevator bell and then one of the gentlemen looked my way, and, in a pale, cool voice, emitted one syllable that drifted my way as carelessly as a leaf floats down the wind. "Yes?" he said.

"I wanted a suit," I said feebly, unwittingly dropping into the past tense, "and I thought this was the place, and, er—er—" My voice trailed off under his hostile scrutiny.

"The tailoring department," he pronounced, his voice as soft as the down of a peach, "is on the next floor—above." And he turned away.

"But, look—wait a minute," I said. "You see I wanted a ready-made suit."

"What?" he asked with a pained look. "What did you say?"

"I said I wanted a ready-made suit," I repeated doggedly.

The gentleman stared at me with an air of mild amusement, mingled with an overweening contempt.

(Turn to Page 25)



WOULDN'T you be glad to learn that you are mistaken in your belief that you can't be fitted properly in Ready-for-Wear Clothes?

Wouldn't you like to find a place where such clothes are made of the finest materials by custom-trained tailors and fitted with as much care as is a made-to-measure suit?

Wouldn't you be willing to pay less money for better looking clothes? Then, just spend a few minutes in Capper & Capper's clothing department



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DETROIT
MILWAUKEE
SAINT PAUL
MINNEAPOLIS

I N T H E D A V I D W H I T N E Y B U I L D I N G



*Shops and
Shoes and*



*Sealing
Wax*

By Josephine Hamlin

Many are the fervent oaths I have sworn when spring was on the way to disregard the flattering pleas of fashion magazines which subtly imply flat failure were I to withdraw my name from their mailing lists and transfer my allegiance to "The Householders Manual" or perhaps go in for bigger and better things with the "Girl Guides." For who can deny the pernicious power of the printed page, the fair and false glamour of a peep at Paris via Vogue.

It was George Jean Nathan I believe who, in a dashing defense of modern authors and playwrights, said he never knew a man to crave strong drink after reading of an all-night revel nor of any gentleman leaving an Avery Hopwood farce nursing an ungovernable desire to do a little home wrecking on his own. Perhaps Nathan was right, but disregarding the difference in subject matter, he quite overlooks the emotional reactions of frail femininity to insidious Paris and Palm Beach propaganda which I insist is equally inebriating and might form the basis of an illuminating thesis. Nor has Nathan witnessed the sudden blossoming forth of green hats upon our boulevards, good hats, bad hats, garden hats and just hats, proof positive that Arlen's Iris has come, been seen, and conquered. Surely the influence of the drama can but be lightly discounted when one considers what this one small covering "Pour la Sport" has done to the heads of our community.

It promises to be a dangerous summer if all the wearers prove as fateful as this poor fated lady. Fortunately Miss Katharine Cornell wore her green hat with an inimitable air not to speak of a subtly simple ensemble from "Frances," a combination so alluring as to make one wonder why she ever bought a length of black velvet

and a peacock fan formerly so essential to a siren. Mr. Arlen has done a great deal for us to whom fashion has tabooed frills and furbelows during eight hours a day, in proving that the maddest adventures do befall her who is clad in the simplest sports clothes. You may now don your most boyish tweeds and your most rakish felt hat with perfect assurance that you belong in the ranks of these charming people.

I know of nothing so disruptive to a conservative complex than a stroll down Washington Boulevard some morning in the merry month of May. The pastels of the parks' hyacinths, new-leaf greens and the sky's azure blue all are repeated and reflected in the shops' beckoning windows. Hand-painted flowers that bloom this season on floating scarfs and summery chiffons bid fair to outdo nature, while graceful garden hats, displayed in the same shop complete a picture as fair as I have seen in the loveliest gardens. If you have courage to pass by our newest treasure trove where frivolities a queen might envy overflow in their jewel box surrounding, consider the perfect complement to a Bloomfield day found in still another new shop farther along our own Rue-de-la-Paix. Here are crepe sports dresses in soft chalky colors and new three-quarters length velveteen coats in deeper shades. Now add a bangkok hat, light as a summer breeze, matching doeskin shoes, newest foot notes of the mode, and you have the formula for a successful invasion in town or country.

Enough is as good as a feast so the old proverb says, yet it is a wise woman who will find voice to cry enough when it is so much easier to succumb. Wisdom comes only with age and who would be old and wise in spring when nature and fashion demand that we be young and consequently foolish?



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Bloomfield Clubs Begin Activities

ON Wednesday and Sunday afternoons, after 4:30 o'clock, the passerby in Bloomfield Hills may observe parties of riders from the Open Hunt Club taking a quiet ride through the lanes of the district. These bi-weekly affairs informally opened the activities of the club on Wednesday, April 22, and will continue throughout the spring.

Among those who participated in the first ride were: Mr. and Mrs. Elliot S. Nichols, Mr. J. A. Braun, with his children, Josephine and Joseph; Mrs. H. L. Simpson, Mrs. Walter Guibert, Dr. George Raynale, Dr. Elmer Pillon, and Mr. George T. Hendrie.

After the ride dinner was served in the club, which is now opened for the season. The lane rides are proving quite popular, for they are not strenuous ones, and they provide a keen enjoyment of the beauty of these long spring evenings.

★ ★ ★

FORMAL opening of the Hunt club season will come Saturday, May 23, with a luncheon, followed by a gymkhana and jumping. Mr. M. F. Gagnier is chairman of the horse show committee.

On May 30 members of the Open Hunt club will have a fair-sized entry at the Michigan State Agricultural College horse show at Lansing.

★ ★ ★

GUESTS of Mr. E. P. Hammond are looking forward with a great deal of interest to a fortnight of fox hunting at Mr. Hammond's camp at Atlanta, Mich. He will take Mr. E. S. Nichols, Mr. C. C. Winningham, Mr. Carl H. L. Flinterman, Mr. George T. and Mr. William Hendrie, and Mr. J. A. Braun, who, with their hounds, will enjoy that keen sport. That region has a plentitude of foxes, and the hunt will start each morning after breakfast at the early hour of 5:30 o'clock.

Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. Braun, Mrs. Hendrie and Miss Margaret Hendrie will leave to join the men during the latter part of the trip.

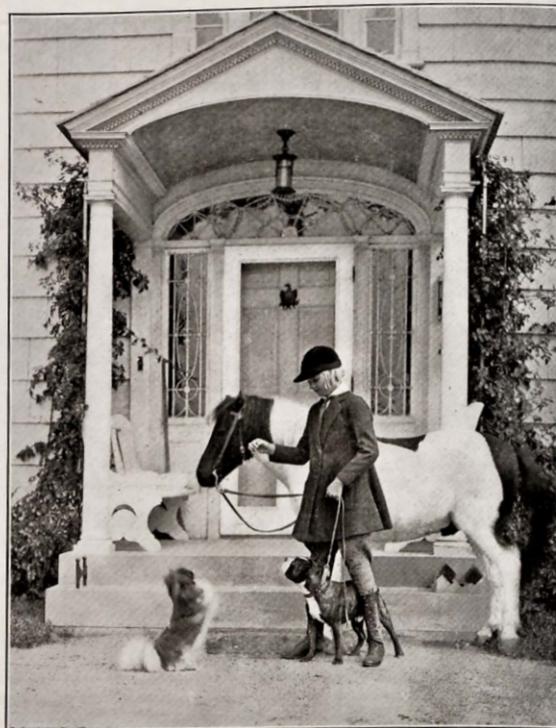
★ ★ ★

Bloomfield Hills Country Club

BY the first of June, Bloomfield Hills will have a complete watering system for fairways and greens. The system is being installed now and the golf course is expected to be greatly improved. The club is also beautifying its course in many ways, and trees are being set out.

Saturday night dinner dances have not begun, and up to this time spring golfers contribute the most of the social activities in the club.

MRS. JOSEPH H. HUNTER of "Brae Burn" returned from St. Petersburg, Florida, on April 29, with her grand-daughter, Sarah Hunter. Mr. Hunter returned from the South on April 19.



Miss Valerie Depew, daughter of Mrs. Sherman L. Depew

Pine Lake Country Club

PINE LAKE will open formally on Saturday, May 9. It will entertain with a dinner dance in the evening and a tournament for the golf players in the afternoon. Earlier in the spring light lunches were available to the golfers in the locker rooms, and now meals are being served regularly.

Substantial improvements are being added in the way of more locker space, and more showers for the men, and a new grill is a new feature of this season. A playground with sand boxes, slides and swings is being installed for children, which, no doubt, will be of distinct advantage to many of the members.

Mr. A. J. Prentis, president of Pine Lake club, and Mrs. Prentis will occupy the house on the club property for the summer season.

HILL HOUSE in South Cranbrook, Bloomfield Hills, has been sold to Alfred R. Glancy, president of the Oakland Motor Car Company, through the new firm of Saunders-Colgrove, of Birmingham, according to John B. Saunders, who handled the sale.

Mr. Glancy, who comes from Wisconsin, is owner of the Glancy Malleable Co., of Wisconsin, and has various other interests in the automotive industry. Mr. and Mrs. Glancy, their two daughters, Louise and Nora, and son, Alfred R., Jr., will occupy their new home by June 1.

Congratulations!

A FLUSH of pride and pleasure diffused the faces of the AFTERGLOW's editorial staff when each of the kind little messages printed below found their way to the editor's desk.

Unsolicited they came, bringing the tidings that the AFTERGLOW is being most cordially received in many homes. A few of these letters are printed below.

Dear Editor:

Thank you for an initial copy of THE AFTERGLOW; please accept my hearty congratulations for its beauty and excellence. Mrs. Wendell declares it the most attractive magazine she has ever seen.

I enclose check for a year's subscription, together with best wishes for continued and complete success.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely yours,

HARMON WENDELL.
3417 Seminole Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

★ ★ ★

A delightful magazine which I shall look forward to each month. With best wishes for its success, I am,

Very truly yours,

NELLIE I. McVITTIE ANDERSON.
Edgewater, Wyncote Farms, Pontiac, Michigan.

★ ★ ★

It is with much interest that I subscribe to your magazine, which will undoubtedly promote a community feeling in the hills.

Mrs. C. A. NEWCOMB, JR.
"Junipers," Bloomfield Hills.

★ ★ ★

Congratulations upon your splendid AFTERGLOW.

DR. L. BREISACHER.
723 David Whitney Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

★ ★ ★

At last we have our own magazine! We have so many things in Bloomfield to call our own, it seems very fitting that a beautiful, newsy magazine should be added to our precious holdings.

We wish you the best o' luck.

Sincerely,

HELEN W. BEE
(Mrs. George A. Bee),
Home Acres, Square Lake Road, Pontiac, Mich.

★ ★ ★

Dear Editor:

Just found your AFTERGLOW in the mail box, and found it a delightful excuse to delay my morning's activities. Congratulations. It's as refreshing as cool, clean sheets—and by the way, it is a clean sheet, which, editorially speaking, aren't always so refreshing.

Enclosed is my subscription for your Re-fresh Air Fund.

Sincerely,

MARY MADISON.
849 Book Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

★ ★ ★

We are enclosing herewith application as you suggested; also subscription blank for your very attractive publication.

Yours very truly,

J. LEE BARRETT,
Executive Vice-President,
Detroit Convention and Tourists' Bureau.

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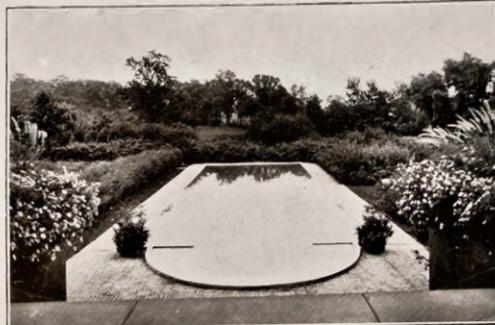


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Write to above or communicate with our Mr. Andreas Wittrup
Webster Hall, Detroit

I have enjoyed reading the AFTERGLOW very much. I know it will prove a huge success.

MRS. JOHN D. RIKER.
Huron Hotel, Pontiac, Mich.

Dear Editor:

I have been wanting to write you and compliment you upon the looks of your first issue of THE AFTERGLOW for some time, but my recent change from editor of the *Detroit* to my present one as editor of the *Detroit Motor News*, has prevented my dispatching this letter earlier.

I cannot recall having seen any magazine whose first issue had so much of reader interest, attractive pictures and cartoons as THE AFTERGLOW. If you maintain the standard which you have set for your first issue, THE AFTERGLOW will soon rank among the finest publications of its kind.

As a fellow editor, I merely want to take this opportunity of letting you know what I thought about your first effort.

I trust that you can supply me with future issues, by adding my name to your mailing list. I certainly do not want to miss THE AFTERGLOW.

Very truly yours,

ROBERT W. ADAMS.
Detroit Motor News,
125 West Adams, Detroit, Mich.

I want to acknowledge the receipt of copy No. 1 of AFTERGLOW, which I am reading with great interest.

You may not know it, but I used to be in and around Bloomfield Hills a good deal. I was one of the charter members of the Bloomfield Hills Golf Club and contemplated purchasing a lot and erecting a residence in Bloomfield Hills when my wife was suddenly stricken with illness, which compelled my bringing her to California. Otherwise I should probably be living in Bloomfield Hills at this time.

I was much interested in the magazine. I think I will be much interested in the publication and am sending a check herewith for \$2.00, payable to the Afterglow Publishing Company for an annual subscription to the magazine.

Please have it sent to my office, though I expect to be in Detroit in June and July.

With kindest regards, I am,

Yours sincerely,
MILTON A. McRAE.
603 Scripps Bldg., San Diego, Cal.

I saw what I thought was your first number in Dr. Crawford's office today and thought I would like to keep in touch with my old home. I used to be a farmer in Bloomfield Hills. Please begin with number 1.

SUSAN E. TROWBRIDGE.
215 Martin Street, Birmingham, Mich.

Thanking you for the pleasure of two copies of THE AFTERGLOW, and enclosing my check for one year's subscription. You are to be congratulated on having contributions by Marion Holden. We anticipate them with keen interest.

I wish you success.

Yours sincerely,

IRIS A. MILLER.
1135 Chicago Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

Enjoyed very much the first copy of the attractive new publication, THE AFTERGLOW, and wish it all success.

MRS. E. H. BINGHAM.
139 North Woodward Avenue, Birmingham, Mich.

Volume 1, Number 1, just received. Looks to me to be a very fitting publication for the field it covers.

Am glad to have this issue, and request that you continue sending it to me throughout the year. I enclose subscription and check.

Yours very truly,

WALTER RAMSEY.
4277 Courtland Avenue, Russell Woods, Detroit, Mich.

Being interested to some extent in Bloomfield Hills, I have read both issues of your magazine. The first one was promising, the second issue redeemed these promises in fine shape.

The editorial page, as well as all other reading matter, is up-to-date, witty and snappy, and even the advertising matter shows careful handling.

The cover, with the pretty and quaint design of the old mill, lends dignity to the general appearance of AFTERGLOW. As a whole you have created a magazine of ultra-refinement and distinction, and of which your readers, yourself and those associated with you, may well be proud.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES C. BERG,
President, Fort Shelby Garage Co.

We desire to commend you on your very interesting and attractive publication, THE AFTERGLOW, which made its initial appearance last month. We believe that a high-class publication of this character is much needed for the transmission of news, of particular interest to residents of the Birmingham-Bloomfield district, and believe that you will receive the approval and cooperation of all the residents in this locality, and many others in Detroit and Grosse Pointe.

Very truly yours,

J. A. WALSH.
WALSH, JAMES & WASEY COMPANY.

Dear Editor:

I have always been of the opinion that there was room for a publication devoted to the interests of Bloomfield Hills, and it is my opinion that you have succeeded in bringing out a very creditable representative of this beautiful district.

I sincerely hope that your efforts will be appreciated and that the endeavor will prove a successful one.

Yours very truly,

JUDSON BRADWAY,
533 Majestic Bldg., Detroit.

Dear Editor:

Deeply appreciative of THE AFTERGLOW and its mission. I shall be pleased to receive it and will remit upon receipt of statement.

With kind wishes for the success of your efforts, I am

Sincerely yours,
REV. W. W. RYAN,
300 Harmon Ave., Birmingham, Mich.

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Second Asst. Prosecuting Attorney	Clyde D. Underwood
Third Asst. Pros. Atty.	C. L. Smith
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Coroners	Ruth Gilloe
	O. C. Parmer, Pontiac
	Donald A. Cameron, Royal Oak

(Continued from page 15)
 AN interesting exhibit of paladium and platinum prints by Miss Edith Klein, was opened on Wednesday afternoon, April 15, at the Lone Pine Treasure Shop, and were on view for 10 days.

MR. AND MRS. RULUFF R. STERLING are at home at Sterling Croft, Bloomfield Hills, after a two months' trip to the Bahamas.

(Continued from page 7)
 but enthusiastic group could do in the realm of amateur dramatics. The Village Players was organized at that meeting and since then monthly meetings have been held for the membership the last of each month. In Downs' charming fantasy, Mrs. Raymond W. Reilly played Pierrette and Mr. Rolfe C. Spinning took the part of Pierrot, with Mr. Forbes Hascall as the Maker of Dreams. The set, done in black and white was designed by Mrs. J. J. Gaffill and made by Mr. L. T. Robinson.

The other plays presented during the year were "The Changeling," by J. J. Jacobs; Al Weeks' "\$99.99"; "Trifles," Susan Glaspell's well-written playlet; "Nettie," by George Ade; Howard Brock's "The Bank Account," and Stanley Houghton's "Fancy Free."

With the removal of a partition in the Community House, the seating capacity of the small auditorium has been increased to accommodate about 100 people and the membership of the Village Players has been enlarged to 130 men and women, all of whom function in some capacity, for in the production of the least pretentious play, there is opportunity for every sort of talent. Anyone who can design, build, shift or paint scenery is in demand, while others design and make the costumes. Still other members have marked ability in acting or coaching the plays, and the field of artistic lighting effects interest those of a mechanical bent.

The April performance consisted of a program of three one-act plays. Louise Whitefield Bray's, "Mis' Mercy" opened the bill, with an interior set of a New England Kitchen, designed and executed by Mr. Loren T. Robinson. The cast included Mrs. F. D. Farrar as Mis' Mercy, Miss Betty Lamborn as Hannah, Mr. J. J. Gaffill as the Captain and Mr. L. A. Morgan and Mr. David Gaffill as his sons. The second offering was, "The Wonder Hat," by Ben Hecht and Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, with Mrs. R. W. Reilly, Mrs. G. M. Dwelley, Mr. L. T. Robinson and Mrs. F. W. Woodruff in the cast. The lovely garden set for this piece was designed and painted by Mr. F. D. Farrar and Mr. H. G. Muehlmann, and the costumes were made by Mrs. J. J. Gaffill and Mrs. Frank Briscoe.

The musical number, "The Two Blind Beggars," by Offenbach was sung by Mr. Waldo E. Fellows and Mr. Lawrence P. Smith, accompanied at the piano by Mr. Melvin J. Kates. This finished the first public performances of the new dramatic society, and the marked enthusiasm of the audience, indicated that the hope of the Village Players that, at a not too far distant date, they may have a home of their very own in which to give their plays.



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(Continued from Page 5)

Operating costs, like the initial investment, are split four ways. The type of insurance each man carried on his own automobile protected him while at the wheel of the Sleeper as well, and each did his stint at driving every fourth day. Factory garage facilities cared for the car at the Detroit end of the run; while the man at the helm on the return trip each day, piloted the community craft to his own harbor, and met the others the next morning on the corner at the appointed time. On days when the weather was especially bad there existed a tacit understanding that the skipper of the day would leave his home early enough to make the circuit around town to collect the others.

At the outset, the Company had agreed to leave no stone unturned in the proper prosecution of its business operation. Consequently, a "Reserve for Depreciation" fund was set up and a monthly charge established to write off the Sleeper's wrinkles and crowsfeet, and to build up a reserve for a new and possibly better means of transportation.

Monthly bills to stockholders are interesting for they prove how economical Birmingham life may be made from a transportation point of view. Figures show that community costs, divided four ways, are far, far below any other existing transportation charges. This project, launched in the blasts of a Birmingham winter, has weathered its financial and terrestrial storms so nicely that 12 fellow workers in the same Detroit plant have bought Birmingham property and will be out as soon as their Detroit holdings are disposed of. Shortly a second community car will be inaugurated—which means two cars plying back and forth, instead of 12, to help clog traffic; two good cars, instead of 12 of questionable rattles and rust.

So much for the prosaic and mundane business side of this community transaction. For sheer companionship or display of wit and repartee, nothing shortens the Birmingham-to-Detroit-and-back trip more than the good natured give-and-take provided by the Company "problems" and its future. If your Detroit friend eyes your Birmingham or Bloomfield home longingly with a wistful "I'd like to live there, too, but that trip in and out" perhaps he may be interested in the story of the *Twilight Sleepers*.

And the best part of it all is, that the *Sleepers* have merely scratched the surface of the different combinations and improvements on similar ideas which could easily be worked out to solve the questions presented by transportation.

* * *

(Continued from page 6)

model institution of a state—the Danes, he thought, having many things in common with Americans, yet with the advantage of centuries of tradition back of them. Like Americans, they exhaust all possibilities, and wherever nature refuses, their practical sense and spirit of invention sets in. When one of the big American boats anchors in

Copenhagen it always is like an event, not a standardized commercial occurrence. It means more to the Danes—the enormous breeze that is swept in on their shores from the Atlantic. The spirit of the sea, the stories that have been brought home by their seafaring ancestors have widened their clear understanding of a life's foundation. The Americans and the Danes are congenial in their ideas of defending and exploring; only, the three islands that mean Denmark, defended their existence of land, ports and race long before America had opened her enchanting doors to the old world.

A favorite theme on which Mr. Egan used to dwell is the excellent educational system which made of Denmark what she is today. The Danes have every reason for their proud saying: "In England you find factories, in Germany barracks, in Denmark schools." Work in the schools is done with gaiety and joy, studying is not forced upon the pupils, the lessons are given in a simple way which awakens first the curiosity of the child to know more about the subject. And then there is too their great respect for physical development, of sports not only as a pastime, but as homage to the godliness of the human body. Gymnastics are a part of every school day, the aim being to develop their bodies to perfection, and Danish women as well as men are strong, full of grace and elasticity.

The longer I live here and the more I know of the people, the more I am impressed by the advantage of cooperation between the old and the new country; and these spring reflections are not a mere coincidence, but a result of impressions I received when I drove through an oasis that lies outside the world's greatest manufacturing center—an oasis that kind Nature created as a breathing-space for lungs that are compelled to live for many day-hours in an atmosphere of soft coal and gasoline.

North of Detroit has been started a fine little world of lovely houses, of rudimentary gardens, of farms with extensive manor houses, a beginning of all kinds of desires and thoughts which may come to a wonderful realization. There is the "Back to Nature" idea which will regain all that a city life takes away from man. There may be developed in the future generations of young Americans the same traditional spirit that belongs to the foremost European nations, love of the soil. What they call in this country a "small community" may be, figured in square miles, just as big as Denmark or Switzerland; but strangely enough, here too they start all their community affairs from the main street out, just as in Europe they gather around the market-place, and most democratic, the mayor or lord of the castle (who infallibly belongs to a community) among them. They do not live in a place without being of it, and memories of our childhood are closely connected with our little town's events.

There is a Community Soul which makes a place grow and blossom, and one man's beautiful flowers become the pride of another just because they were raised on Neighborly Grounds.

Builders' Directory

FOR the convenience of the readers of *The Afterglow* we are printing a list of artisans and tradesmen of good reputation who are available at all times.

BRICK MASON—Chissus Brothers, Birmingham.

* * *

CARPENTER—William Van Every, Ray Clark, Carl Westerby, Birmingham.

* * *

DECORATOR—D. A. Green, Tillotsen Brothers, Pontiac.

* * *

ELECTRICAL FITTINGS—Leonard Electrical Fittings Co., Birmingham.

* * *

LANDSCAPE GARDNER AND GARDENING—Harold F. Klein, R. F. D. No. 3, Emerson C. Brown, Gerard Putters, Birmingham.

* * *

GENERAL CONTRACTORS—William P. Smith, 18 South Sanford Street, Pontiac; Packard Charlton Building Co., Levinson Bldg., Birmingham.

* * *

GENERAL TRUCKING AND EXPRESSING—Robert Hanson, hauls black dirt, fertilizer, Walled Lake, R. F. D. No. 6.

* * *

PAINTER—Robert Appell, Dale Carter, R. F. D. No. 4, Birmingham.

PLUMBER—Glen P. Seely, Pontiac; Lewis Henry, D. B. Wilkinson, W. H. Miller, Birmingham; L. D. Holser, Pontiac.

* * *

STONE MASON—Chissus Brothers, Birmingham.

* * *

(Continued from page 20)

in case the owner wishes to spend some days there in the middle of the winter.

The next building of interest is the stable, the home of some very valuable riding horses. The main part of the building, 37 by 78 feet in size, is divided in twelve box stalls and two single stalls, all finished in red oak, with bright brass hinges and locks on the stall doors. The aisles are all paved with a dark red paving brick; the walls and ceiling also are finished in red oak. Overhead is a large hayloft with grain bins and hay-chutes. The front wing is two stories high; the first floor contains the tackroom, entirely finished in oak with a floor of red quarry tiles and adjoining bathroom. On the other side of the center hall, is the cleaning room and feed room with the heating plant.

On the second floor are the rooms and bathroom for the stable help. The other buildings, the manager's cottage with the garage and farmer's cottage are all built in the same English style, with all modern conveniences.

All the buildings have been erected by the Pryale Construction company, of Pontiac, who may be justly proud of the character of the work and the record time in which the buildings were put up.



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A Reminder of Old Days

The recent announcement of the opening of Stinchfield Acres as a Country Estate Subdivision is a matter of particular interest to those whose associations with Bloomfield Hills date back to the times when Woodward Avenue was a dirt road and a trip to Pontiac was more or less of an adventure for a Detroit. The Stinchfield Farm was one of the landmarks of the Bloomfield section and many a man and woman recall with pleasure happy days when the entire student bodies of the Liggett and Detroit University Schools picnicked on its extensive pastures.

Time has worked many changes. It is true, the original farmhouse still exists as part of the estate of Theodore McManus, who has preserved the name of Stonycroft, but Detroit's long arms have gradually reached out with natural consequences. Our prominent citizens who once swam and poled rafts in the little lake on the west side would now find such a past time impracticable due to the encroachment of Wider Woodward which has completely swallowed it. The old water tank, so many years a point of interest to passers-by is still there, but will no doubt soon yield to a modern dwelling house. Already within the past few years there have sprung from the Stinchfield lands the estate of Elliot S. Nichols, Matthew W. Whittlesey and Nelson W. Whittemore, and from now on new homes will probably increase with rapidity.

Many will regret the passing of the old farm, but all must realize the necessity for suburban developments of this kind. More and more people are finding that health and happiness are more readily attained in the country away from noise and smoke. Stinchfield Acres with its hills and woods carefully laid out and restricted to accord with the ideals of Charles Stinchfield, is one of the means by which the Detroit can achieve a suburban home accessible to his business.

★ ★ ★

(Continued from page 12)

be in a fair way to continue as a highly successful entertainment factor? Otherwise what of Miss Bonstelle's faith, and the confidence of those who helped her to open another beautiful theatre in Detroit this past January?

While thus in the midst of my own private inquisition, I should like to ask why anyone goes to the theatre at all? Do you like to see artistic productions, in the sense that anything—comedy, tragedy or what you will—is artistic if it is beautifully done? Do you, if you are a woman, shrink from facing the truth that you might just possibly be one of those who feels, like Venice Harpenden, in her secret soul that she'd "make such an attractive bad woman" if she "only knew how?" Are you the kind of a man who objects to "Damn's" and "Hell's" if a Liliom-sort exclaims them on the stage—just because convention has kept you from saying the same things yourself, in the presence of ladies?

Personally I continue to insist that the theatre is, or at least can be, as great a source of good in the community

as the pulpit. It stands on the same plane as an outlet for emotion. Else why have I seen members of the clergy attending Shaw's "St. Joan" and "The Fool," for instance; or getting the subject of a sermon from a performance of "Rain?" None of us is beyond wisdom's saturation point—nor beyond reach of a moral lesson, wherever we receive it—whether we sit in free pews or in numbered seats at \$2.50 apiece.

It remains for the average playgoer, who is also the average church-goer, the average American, and the average human being, to answer that question, "What Stage Drama?" The old challenge of "evil to him who evil thinks" is as powerful now as it ever was in the days of knightly valor.

Because I believe in the theatre, I believe that a little more sound humility and clean thinking on the part of the average audience toward this same theatre as an institution might not be so far amiss.

★ ★ ★

(Continued from page 24)

"You wanted a ready-made suit?" he questioned faintly. "Yes, a ready-made suit," I answered with determination.

He stepped back a pace and looked at me curiously, as if to say to himself, Well, well, at last I've found one of those queer people who actually wear ready-made clothes.

"Ah, yes," he said, and his voice had a dying fall, "a ready-made suit. Step this way."

I followed him. He stopped before a part of the elaborately carved panelling and pressed a button. A pale, clear light bathed the room, coming from invisible sources. He pressed another button and the panelling swung open slowly, almost rhythmically, and behind it, there they were, a whole row of actually ready-made suits on their hangers.

"And what size?" he asked languidly.

"I guess about a 37," I replied. "That used to be it, and I think I've grown about as much as my income, so it's still a 37."

I thought this was cracking pretty wise. He failed to smile, but held out a coat and sighed.

"Try it on," he said, and very faintly, "for size."

I did, of course, and the whole darn thing came out as it usually does. The clerk got me nervous and I was so ashamed not to like the things he did I bought a suit I wouldn't be seen carrying out the ashes in.

The suit was lavender and had pleats down the pants which were so big each leg hung on me like a mainsail on a calm day. The vest was double-breasted and had white piping, which I particularly detest, and the coat was double-breasted, a kind I abhor. I fought against this suit all along, but he said it was being done, and was so nasty about it that rather than endure any more of his withering superiority I bought the darn thing, and paid \$25 more than I meant to.

I am organizing a society for the prevention of cruelty to men shoppers.

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