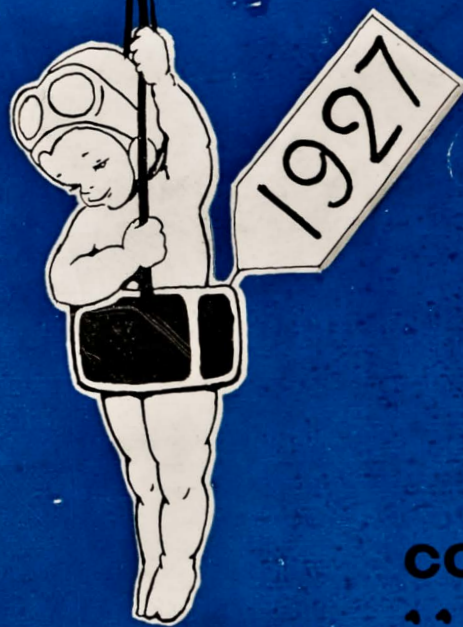


THE AFTERGLOW



JANUARY

COUNTRY
•• LIFE ••
AROUND
DETROIT



25¢
VOL.3 NO.1



On the Summit of Bloomfield Hills

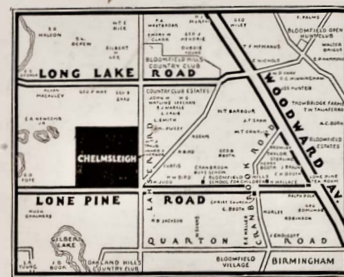
SITUATED on the summit of Bloomfield Hills, amidst a setting of hills and valleys, is Chelmsleigh—once the beautiful country estate of C. H. Hodges—today the aristocrat of Bloomfield Hills developments. From the crest of its highest hills, one of the highest points in Bloomfield Hills, one has a commanding view of the surrounding countryside.

In the immediate vicinity are the handsome residences of such well-known Detroiters as J. Howard Muzzy, George J. Gnau, W. B. Traub, W. H. Beamer, Lawrence Smith, and many others. Just to the east

on Lone Pine Road is the Cranbrook School for boys, the new Christ Church, and the Bloomfield Hills School for children.

No more than 71 homes will ever be built at Chelmsleigh. Here spacious building sites, averaging over two acres in size, are laid out along winding, graveled drives. Unique improvements include elaborate stone entrances and an underground system of boulevard electric lights.

The limited availability of this high type of property makes advisable an early selection!



Lone Pine Road at Lahser Road.

Judson Bradway Co.
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ESTABLISHED 1902

THE AFTERGLOW

Volume III
Number One

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JANUARY, 1927

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The Gateway to Col. Edwin S. George's Estate

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Photo by Hillmer

The Junipers

*The Country Home of
Mr. C. A. Newcomb, Jr.*



*View from the
living room win-
dow, and the
first impression
gained on enter-
ing the house.*

Photo by Arnold

The Junipers

The Country Home of Mr. C. A. Newcomb, Jr.

By MARION HOLDEN

AMONG the most enthusiastic exponents of country life around Detroit are Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Newcomb, Jr., who have lived in the Bloomfield district for ten years, summer and winter, and each year with increasing delight in the happiness and adventure that life in the country offers.

"The Junipers," one of the most beautiful places in the region, is on Wing Lake Road, which runs north and south between Long Lake Road and Lone Pine Road, about four miles west of Woodward Avenue. A real country road, unpaved, and winding through woods and hills, Wing Lake Road gives the character of The Junipers as you approach, for the large acreage and the little string of lakes which comprise The Junipers have been left pretty much in their natural state and the native plant and bird life encouraged through a decade of protection. Even the formal gardens near the house have an informal character, with their natural stone walls covered with vines, the junipers that grow willy-nilly in garden and on hillside, and the lovely little vistas through stone arches and gates to the hills and woods all about.

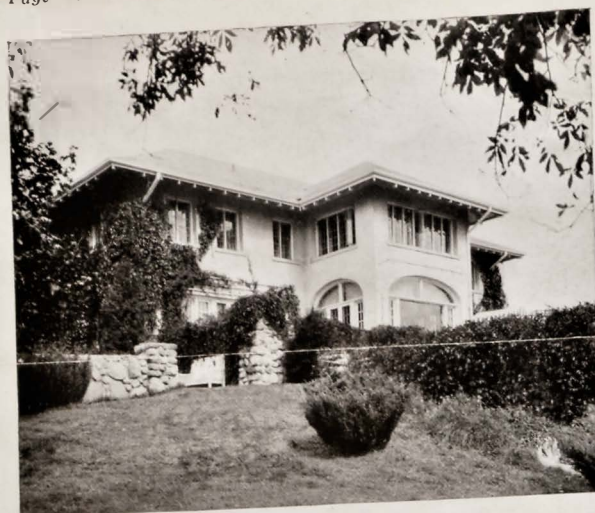
The house itself, which was planned by Mr. and Mrs. Newcomb, is set far back from the road into the

side of a hill. Behind it are oak and hickory woods with a winding drive through them which approaches the rear of the house, and in front is a wide sweeping view that embraces hills and woods and lakes and shows no other house in the panorama. Down the slope of this hill and over the crests of the neighboring hills, grow the junipers for which the place is so aptly named.

This love of natural beauty meets you again as you enter the front hall, where, for a moment, you think that you have not entered a house at all, but have somehow stepped onto a terrace with a glorious view in front of you. This startling and unique effect has been produced by a huge plate glass window in a tile-paved room just opposite the front door. The glass is perfectly clear, with no cross bar obstructions, and the ever changing view that you get there of hills and woods and little lakes, as the seasons change, in the valley below, must be a source of endless delight, and it was this window indeed around which the house was built.

The large living room at the right, as you enter, has also been planned so that light and air and clouds

(Continued on page 18)



The front of the house, taken from the garden seat on the slope of the hill, showing the terraces and the view-searching window. Photo by Hillmer.



The rose garden and bird pool on the west side of the house. The edges of the pool are shallow, so birds can bathe.

Spaciousness is shown in this picture, which depicts the hall and dining room as seen from the living room. Photo by Arnold.



The living room fireplace of iridescent Pebble tile. The walls and woodwork are gray, while orchid curtains and Oriental rugs supply touches of color. Photo by Arnold.



Other Views at The Junipers

The Country Home of Mr. C. A. Newcomb, Jr.



Modern Uses for American Antiques

By H. BRADFORD CLARK
(At the Sign of the Mermaid)

YOU may not be a real collector or an ardent enthusiast of antiques, but in these days most everybody has a slight interest and curiosity in the articles that were in daily use years ago. It may be from a purely commercial point of view, or because you have some old things that were in the family, or again—and this is generally the collector's point—because you love them, you want to live with them, see them, feel them, study them, and, yes! even talk to them. You admire their shapes, lines and color—in fact, everything about them pleases you.

There often arises the question from many people, especially from the practical housekeeper, as to what is the sense of having all these old things about if they cannot be utilized. There are many that can be, with just a little planning and originality.

Let's start with bottles. These are appealing in one way or another to almost everybody. The empty ones—while not always the cheapest—are much the safest to collect. There are those who gather one of each type just because they are bottles, new or old, rare or common, large or small, housing them together in a cabinet, on open shelves, or on glass shelves against a window, to be viewed and admired. Such a collection can be most fascinating and entertaining. One man I know who has done this has labelled his collection "The Haven of Lost Spirits."

There are attractive shapes that may be turned into lamps and candlesticks. If you want "atmosphere," one way to produce it is to let the wax from candles drip down the sides of a bottle in mounds and streaks, using a candle of a different color each time it is replenished.

A bottle on the end of a mantel with ivy growing in it, or on a window sill with a few flowers, is effective. Then there is the bulbous type that can be hung by wicker or string in a window for a flower receptacle or a spot of color.

The very large bottles when filled with water with the sun shining on them to bring out the colorings, are of decorative value on a sun porch or in a garden.

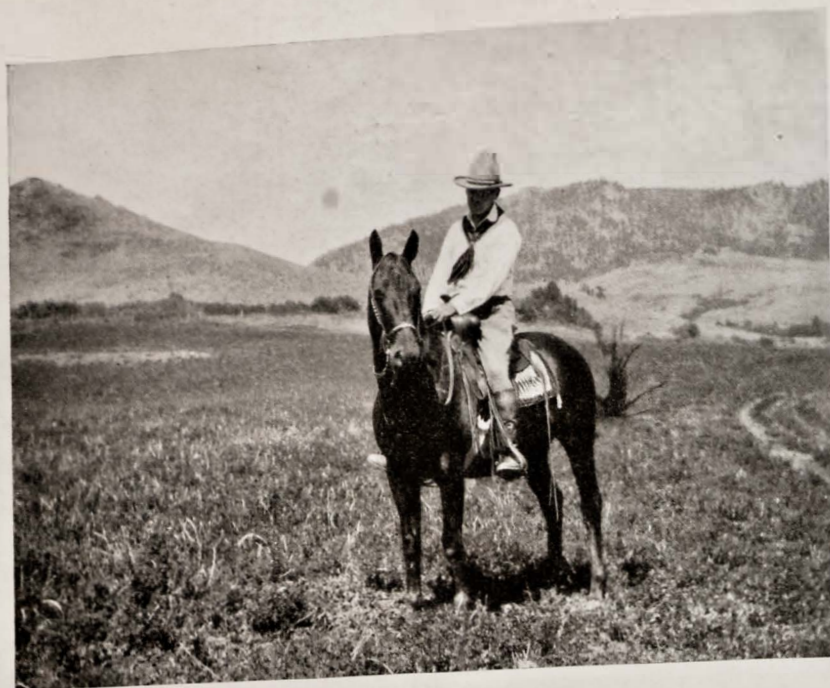
Some of the smaller types in lighter hues with large openings, have been made into gold-fish aquariums. If you live where you can pick eel grass and cat-and-nine-tails, a few stalks of either are lovely shooting up from a bottle. Sometimes these bottles are hung by wires from the ceiling, and used as electric light fixtures—for instance, in a studio, hallway, or on a front porch. This sort often come in wicker baskets, which make fine wood containers for the fireplace, or for use in the garden.

Have you ever explored your grandmother's cellar or pantry for the old crocks and jugs her doughnuts, cookies and cider were kept in? Especially those decorated with flowers, birds or conventional designs? If you haven't, you must, for they are just the thing for lamp bases, flower receptacles, waste paper baskets, umbrella or cane holders—all depending of course on the sizes and shapes. If you have an empty shelf in a room of a country home, a row of different types would be amusing. What could be more temptingly served before the open fire on a winter night than one of these smaller squatty jugs filled with cider, set on a stenciled tray, along with a collection of pewter mugs, a bowl of red apples and a shining brass pan filled with popcorn?

Perhaps you've had a sea-faring ancestor and there is an old pine chest in the attic. These make splendid wood boxes, or come in useful for tennis rackets, and so on. If one doesn't care for their plainness they may be enamelled and decorated with a ship, flowers or some conventional design. So often the handles are cleverly made of rope or leather, which adds to their charm. They are also convenient in a bedroom or a hall for extra blankets or sweaters, and at the same time may be used as a window seat.

The little cradles which so many admire, but which seem to be no longer practical, are sometimes turned into wood containers. In a room furnished with antiques, one made up with a small size patchwork quilt, helps to give an old-time atmosphere.

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Mr. Vincent Corbett and his favorite horse, "Sailor," taken at Triangle A ranch in Wyoming.

Dude Ranching in Wyoming

A talk with Mr. Vincent Corbett

ALTHOUGH going West is no new thing, the interest in dude ranching has considerably accelerated since the war and lovers of horses and open spaces are realizing that they are at their highest quality and greatest quantity in our own great western states, especially in Wyoming.

Katherine and Alexandrine McEwen were the first Detroiters to establish a western dude ranch—theirs being in Arizona and open all the year round. Mr. Vincent Corbett, Detroit sportsman and clubman, is perhaps the latest western enthusiast to buy up a large tract of land for his own and his friends' enjoyment. After spending the last five summers in Wyoming, Mr. Corbett this fall purchased a 4,000-acre ranch—to be called the Triangle A ranch—in the Big Horn district, about fourteen miles from Sheridan.

This district is famous for many things, it is not far from Yellowstone, a few miles from the well-known battle ground where Custer made his last stand, ten miles or so from the Crown Indian reservation, near Big Goose creek—which is the largest trout stream in Wyoming—and about nine miles down the canyon from the Dome Lake Fishing Club. Also in this region are the many ranches owned by English gentlemen, who find this free, open country the best suited in the world for their favorite sports.

Mr. Malcolm Moncrieffe, Mr. Golet Gallatin, Mr. W. M. Spear, the Earl of Portsmouth, Mr. R. H.

Walsh, Major Rigley Nichols and Mr. W. Milton McCoy are the group of well-known sportsmen who form the Hig Horn Racing Association, and who have operated and enjoyed their own ranches out there for years. Polo has been played there for thirty years and some of the best polo ponies in the country are raised there. Some of Mr. Wesson Seyburn's ponies came from the McCoy ranch in the Big Horn district.

While Mr. Corbett is an ardent horseman and enthusiast on every sport in the calendar, his greatest enthusiasm is for the West—its horses, its big free life, its rolling mesas and towering mountains. For the further promotion of his favorite sport, he is establishing Triangle A ranch as a small dude ranch, which will accommodate about fifty guests, and for his own hobby he will raise polo ponies there. The active management of the ranch will be undertaken by Mr. John Bertram Reuter, who has been associated for the past few years with Mr. Horton at HF Bar ranch, where many Detroiters are guests every summer.

Mr. Corbett has planned a clubhouse and stables, and in the early spring will go out to Wyoming to start building these and the cabin which he plans for his own use. Wood, stone and sand are all on the place, and are the native materials which will be used in the construction of the buildings. Most stress will be laid on the collecting of a good stable of horses,

(Continued on page 24)



Landscape with windmill, by Jacob Van Ruisdael. Owned in Detroit by Mr. Edgar B. Whitcomb.

Great Paintings Owned in Detroit

Jacob Van Ruisdael, 1629-1682

By GREGG HASTINGS

JACOB VAN RUISDAEL is commonly considered one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, landscape painter of the Dutch school. He painted nothing but landscape, and these in profusion, producing more than four hundred in his lifetime. Of these five of the finest examples are owned in Detroit.

Ruisdael's philosophy of life must have been a sad one, for his work is all heavy with melancholy. Not once do you find evidence of a fine frenzy or of any other rhythm than a slow and sedate copying of nature in her sadly poetic moods. Even a seascape of his which he called "The Tempest," is painted in this regular rhythm, with the ships all riding quite calmly upon the seething breakers and little sign of the tossing, broken rhythms that one associates with a tempest. When he used figures they were quite incidental to the landscape, introduced more for spots of interest in the design than for their humanity.

Ruisdael was born and lived most of his life at Haarlem, a Mennonite settlement outside of Amsterdam, which was also the home of Frans Hals—who was quite his opposite in temperament and artistic genius—being a jolly man who saw life merrily and was primarily interested in people. At Haarlem also lived Wouwerman, who painted views of towns and cavalry pieces; Haarlem, indeed, may be said to have been the birthplace of that realistic form of landscape which is so essentially Dutch.

Ruisdael's predecessors at Haarlem were the three fathers of landscape art in Holland, Pieter de Molijn, Jan van Goyen and Jan Wijnants and Ruisdael's uncle,

Salomen Ruijsdael, all of whom painted in the 16th century and early 17th century. Van Goyen was the first to see poetry in the flat watery landscapes of his native land, and painted them, as Ruisdael did later, without feeling that he must add figures for interest.

Very little is known of Ruisdael's early life, and even the date of his birth is in question. His father and mother being Mennonites, he was probably baptized into the faith, and it is certain that Mennonite friends assisted him materially in his old age, though they did not prevent his dying in an almshouse. From the fact that he often painted the Jewish cemetery at Amsterdam, some critics have surmised that he might have belonged to the Jewish religion, but this is not substantiated. He probably merely found the mouldering old cemetery a fit subject for his perpetual mood of melancholy—you may see for yourself how sad the sight of the place makes you feel by looking at one of these cemetery paintings the next time you go to the museum, for that institution has such a painting, which was presented to it last year by Mr. Julius Haass in memory of his brother.

Ruisdael is chiefly interesting to us now as representing the best landscape painting that was done in the 17th century. From our modern mood we have little patience with him except as a representative of a step in the long and varied history of art.

There are, however, people so harassed by the modern world that to forget its hurried rhythms, can turn to the quiet of these past scenes and find refreshment.

(Continued on page 17)



Interior Decoration and Personality

By DAVID BURGESS

AN interesting and important phase of working up a furniture and fabric background around an individual, commonly called Interior Decorating, is the one that takes into account the individual's personality or the personality of the group involved in the process. It is a point that the customer as a rule gives little enough thought to and it will surprise many a person to know that a good decorator will spend considerable of the time allotted to him for an interview in studying the personality of the one for whom he is to make a furniture and fabric background.

Whether we believe in reincarnation or not we must admit that most of us resemble prototypes of the past, at least insofar as the question of clothes, furnishings and general tastes are concerned. We all know some woman or other that we instinctively feel would be at home in, and add to, a setting suitable for Madam Pompadour. This type is rare—unfortunately. And there are some that the extreme of the modernists' art would scarcely compliment. This type is common—unfortunately. And so on through all the ages of furniture we can find a period or combination of periods to give most any woman of modern times a background of additional charm and attractiveness.

Women show a curious lack of subtlety in choosing furniture and draperies that would become their personality that is unaccountable when you consider the cunning skill exemplified in the dress and other appointments of the average well dressed woman of today.

There is a story told and retold until it has become a classical antiquity that well illustrates the point in question: There came out of the middle west of this great country a certain dear lady whose Croesian bank account scarcely could have had any of the mellowing dust of antiquity upon it, but a lady, nevertheless, who, by intuitiveness, had learned what smart clothes were and, above all, what to put on her head. But withal a very simple soul. A home body, so to speak. Some one had told her that Empire was vogue, and throwing all thought of the fitness of personality she insisted upon Empire for her house. The result was pathetically unpleasing. This colloquial soul tried to fit into a tremendous drawing room laden with gold eagles and scarlet satin that trumpeted to the world the bombastic egoism of Napoleon; the dominating, ruthless, world-conquerer, that created for himself a background reminiscent of Austerlitz and the overpowering urge of greed, rapine and ambition that led the heart-breaking march to Moscow.

(Continued on page 17)

A Stone Image of Kuan Yin Dated 581

*A Notable Acquisition Brought Recently to the
Oriental Department of the Detroit Institute
of Arts*

By ALVAN C. EASTMAN
Curator of Oriental Art at the Institute.

NOT until a wide spiritual need arises is there a creation of images. These images are created in response to a demand for sacredotal, devotional, or offertory figures.

In China in the second century and at the close of the Han dynasty the enthusiasm for Buddhism introduced from India stimulated the construction of monasteries, temples (hollowed out of the rock cliffs) and thousands of devotional stone images. Some of these were stelae; some single images, and some parts of temple construction and decoration.

At the close of the Wei dynasty in the sixth century the Emperor Wu Ti sought a return to Confucianism and destroyed a great many of the sights and examples of early Buddhist art, but under his successor, Wen Ti, Buddhism was energetically revived. New temples were built; new statues erected and the new epoch of the Sui dynasty became known as the "Golden age of Buddhism." Our statue is dated in the first year of this revival, 581 A. D.

How did Buddhism effect or change Chinese sculpture? one may ask. The change was rather revolutionary, technically and spiritually.

Technically, it was a change from a one dimensional plane to the Han dynasty, where figures were merely incised in a flat manner, yet pictorially and rhythmically, into a three dimensional plane with figures modelled in the half and full round. Spiritually it was a change from the representation of mundane pictorial episodes to symbols of great spiritual forces. Kuan Yin, the Goddess of Compassion, was recognized in China as the symbol of love. The origin is Indian, where this virtue was worshiped and represented in the male aspect as Avalokitesvara. In China, it was translated ultimately into the feminine form.

Love personified in Kuan Yin is not limited to a sensuous concept, but is extended to a universal and permanent idea comprehending charity, mercy and compassion toward all mankind. It was a bestowing idea. Our image expresses this concept just at that period when Chinese sculpture reached its finest expression.

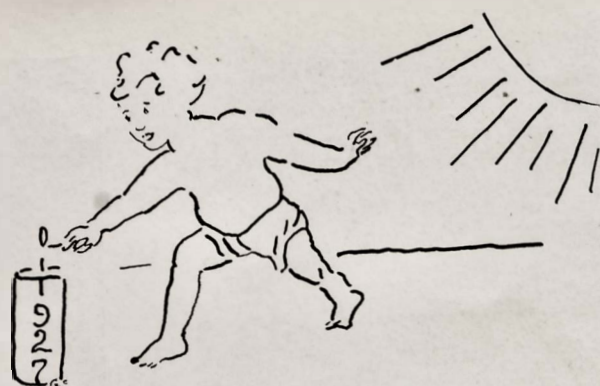
*Kuan Yin,
dated 581,
Goddess of
Compassion,
now in the
Detroit
Institute of
Arts*



The figure is a lightly poised crowned stone image standing on a single lotus pedestal, guarded by four Kylin lions at the base, and, we learn from the inscription on the front side, was erected an offering to the Goddess in memory of a father by his son. Through the kindness of Mr. Lodge, director of the Freer Gallery, Washington, and curator of Chinese and Japanese Art in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the inscription on the frontal side has been translated as follows:

"In the first year of Kai Hyang, which is the cyclical year *hein ch'ou*, in the fourth month, of which the first day is *keng ch'en*, and on the 17th day, which is the day *ping shen* (April 25th, A. D. 581), Ch'e Ch'ang-ju, a disciple of the Buddha, has respectfully set up, for the benefit of his dead father, a stone image of Kuan-shih-yin. He desires that his father, deceased, may be reborn in the Tusita heaven, may encounter the Buddha and hear the Law; may be eternally delivered from all suffering and from falling into the three lower paths of transmigration. Let the scald-

(Continued on page 20)



Station MCMXXVI Signing Off

By RALSTON GOSS

THE HOUR is striking—which, after all (as with union labor) is a habit the hour has. But this is an epochal strike. The hour is midnight of the Thirty-first of December, A. D. 1926. There is a great deal of static abroad in the air, which makes it rather difficult to get the right wave length. The din of trumpet and of whistle, the chiming of bells and the explosion of firearms, the sounds of bacchanalian revelry from the \$15-cover-charge inns make for clamor that is really clamorous.

One has difficulty making his table-mate hear his pledge to the New Year. But the waiter never fails to bring the new bottles of ginger ale, for he has been trained in a hard school and is more prone to use his eyes than his ears, just as he fails to use his conscience when he makes out the bill a couple of hours later.

Occupying the center of the stage, however, unobserved for the most part by the revelers (who apparently are engrossed in their dancing partners or in the next round, or in what have you) are two figures. They are rather stereotyped. We have seen them in the spirit, or their zinc-etched prototypes at least once a year in every magazine ever published. One is bent with the weight of days he has carried. The other is hale, hearty, fresh-faced and vigorous. His only luggage is a package of good resolutions. They are labeled, "Fragile; Handle with Care"—and are not to be broken until January Fifteenth, at the latest.

They converse. The elder is tolerant, rather amused and frankly and cynically skeptical. The younger is didactical, intolerant and optimistic. And all the while the younger seems to bulk larger in the eye, the older seems to shrink more and more until at last he fades entirely from the view, leaving only a memory of what was.

THE YOUNG ONE—What? You here yet? Be-gone!

THE OLD ONE—What's the hurry? You want all the spotlight for yourself, do you?

THE YOUNG ONE—Well, it's time, isn't it? You've had the center of the stage for three hundred and more days. What more do you want?

THE OLD ONE—Just a few minutes of grace.

THE YOUNG ONE—And did you give it to your predecessor? How long did you let him linger?

THE OLD ONE (cryptically)—Long enough.

THE YOUNG ONE—You'll get the same treatment. If you have anything to say, say it and let's get done

with it. I must be about my Father Time's business, you know.

THE OLD ONE—Yes, I know. Too well I know. And what thanks have I had for all that I did? But there, I don't mean to complain. I merely want to hear what you expect to do—to see whether you have ideals, as I had before I was disillusionized.

THE YOUNG ONE—You want to know what I expect to do! I can't tell you that. I'm going to tell you, though what I will do.

THE OLD ONE (patronizingly)—Yes, yes; of course.

(Continued on page 26)



SOCIETY

Bloomfield Hills

CHRISTMAS in the Hills is always fascinating to those who really love the country. Many of the families who remain in their country homes until after the holidays take advantage of the splendid coasting and skating, to help entertain their guests from town. At the Bloomfield Hills Club and at Oakland Hills, gay parties of the school set in particular are making merry.

The dinner-dance at the Bloomfield Country Club on New Year's Eve will be a very delightful and jolly affair, over one hundred guests having made reservations. The clubhouse will be decorated with holly and pine boughs, and the red tapers will be used on the tables.

With so many "debs" to entertain there has been very little done in any other way. The school set, however, has had its fling, and many delightful parties were arranged.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Donovan will entertain at a reception for one hundred guests on New Year's day at their home, "Valhalla." Miss Katherine Biglow of San Diego is the guest of her aunt and uncle.

Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Robbins, who have a delightful home in Pasadena, have as their guests over the holidays their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Franklyn Robbins of Lone Pine Road.

Mrs. Ralph Polk of Lone Pine Road entertained very delightfully at tea on December 28th. The guests included her neighbors in the Hills.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilson Shuell have moved from

their home on Boston Blvd. into the lovely home of the Walter Morleys on Brady Lane. Mrs. Shuell's father, Mr. John Mercier, having bought it from Mr. Morley and given it to his daughter, Mrs. Shuell, as a gift.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morley have leased the home of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Harris on Querton Road for the winter. Later they will build on another part of their Hills property.

Miss Viola Hammond, Miss Marie Shurly, and Miss Margaret Phillips Standart, will be honor guests at a dinner to be given by Mr. Gordon Mendelssohn on the 4th of January.

Owing to the death of Mrs. Joseph Standart, Mrs. E. Phillips Standart has postponed the coming out party for her daughter, Margaret, until later on.

Miss Edith Robinson was hostess at a very jolly dinner at the Book Cadillac, on December 29th, in honor of Miss Elizabeth Briggs, later taking her guests to the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lawrence Woods, in honor of their daughter, Miss Virginia Woods.

Birmingham

An attractive Birmingham deb who was presented to society on Dec. 20th, was Miss Mary Griffin Latham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kellogg Latham. Mrs. Latham entertained 50 guests at a dinner at the Book-Cadillac in honor of her daughter, taking her guests later on to the dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Romeyn Buttrick at the Lochmoor Club for their daughter Katherine.

The Woman's Literary Club of Birmingham was charmed by the delightful talk given them by Miss

Miss Josephine Taliaferro, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Taliaferro. Photo by Redman.



Jessie Bonstelle, who was honor guest at their meeting on Thursday, Dec. 14th, in the Community House. Many members were present and enjoyed the informal tea party after the meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Combes, of Birmingham Estates, are planning on spending the remainder of the winter at Clearwater Beach, Florida.

Mrs. Charles J. Shain's mother and daughter party, given at her home on December 13th, was much enjoyed. The guests included Mrs. Isabel Thorndyke Hunt of Boston, Mrs. George P. Raynale, Mrs. Alice Brooks, Mrs. Loren G. Stauch, Mrs. Harry Muelhmann, Mrs. Rolfe C. Spinning, Mrs. Fred Farrar and Mrs. N. T. Shaw.

Rochester

Rochester was very gay socially during December, Mrs. Walter Buchanan having two delightful dinner parties, and bridge luncheons were very popular as a means of entertaining. The hostesses at luncheon were Mrs. Edward S. Barns, Mrs. M. J. Smead, Mrs. Arthur Dillman and Mrs. Thomas O'Brien. Mrs. Roy McCornac had a very jolly dinner at her home on Fifth Avenue. Mr. and Mrs. James Terry were hosts at a dinner in honor of their wedding anniversary on Thursday, Dec. 16th. Mrs. James Blackwood also entertained at a dinner, followed by bridge.



Miss Rosemary Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brown.
Photo by Bachrach.

Grosse Pointe

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hewitt Brown's charming daughter, Olive Ann, has been one of the most widely feted of the many popular debs. Mr. and Mrs. Brown's dance for their daughter was given at the Lochmoor Club on the evening of Dec. 23rd. The ballroom of the clubhouse looked very lovely. Many members of the cast of Yale Dramatic Association, who appeared that evening in the operetta, "Out of Luck," were asked to the dance afterward. The opera and its cast caused quite a flutter among the debs.

Another lovely deb was Miss Mary Demming, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Harvey Demming, presented her at a tea given in their home, "Cherryhurst," Lake Shore Road, Grosse Pointe, which was most attractively decorated. The older members of society were invited from 4 to 6 o'clock, after which the younger set who were present left to attend the dinner given by Mrs. Edsel Ford, in honor of Miss Eleanor Jackson, later returning to the Demming home for the ball given for Miss Demming.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Hammond will give a reception on Dec. 29th, to present their daughter, Miss Viola Hammond. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond are planning a ball for their daughter, to be given at the new Grosse Pointe Country Club on Jan. 14th.

Miss Frances Alger and Miss Ellen Skae will entertain this year's and last year's debs at a dinner on New Year's Eve at the Alger home, many of the



Miss Betty Bryant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Bryant.
Photo by Spellman.

Louis P. Hall, who have recently come from Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Hall, who have been guests of Mrs. Frederick Anderson, will remain on the island this winter, having leased the home of Mr. Ernest Stanton.

The Wileys

The Wileys' attractive tea rooms were very gay during the month of December, many lovely luncheons and dinners being given there. Among the hostesses were Mrs. Wm. B. Colburn, who entertained in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Keane, of Japan. Luncheons were given by Miss Helen Plumb, Mrs. Lynn McNaughton, while Mrs. Raymond Dykema and Mrs. Renville Wheat were joint hostesses at a luncheon.

Mrs. Eugene Lewis was hostess at a dinner at The Wileys on Dec. 21st. On Jan. 4th, Mrs. Donald Campbell will give a dinner there and on New Year's Eve Mrs. Joseph Casgrain of Grosse Pointe will entertain there with a large dinner party, followed by bridge. Mrs. Joseph Harry of Grosse Pointe will also entertain at a large dinner party there on Jan. 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Zacharais have closed their delightful summer home, "Hilltop," near Rochester, and are living for the winter at The Wileys.



Miss Dorothy Becker, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Sigurd Becker.
Photo by Spellman.

guests going on later to the Michigan Union Opera, "Front Page Stuff," at Orchestra Hall, and then to the ball to be given by Mrs. Edward Askin Skae at the Book-Cadillac Hotel in honor of her daughter, Janet.

Mrs. Strathearne Hendrie has planned a dance at the Hunt Club for Jan. 3rd, in honor of her charming niece, Miss Frances D. Moran. Miss Moran is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Moran of Grosse Pointe Shores.

Miss Betty Hendrie will sail with Mrs. Charles L. Palms on Jan. 5th to join Mrs. A. Ingersol Lewis and Miss Annette Lewis in Egypt, where they will be guests of Mrs. James William Miller.

Grosse Ile

Christmas at Grosse Ile means the gathering of family groups, and this year many new homes on the island were opened for the holidays. Mrs. Henry James Leonard and her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. James Joy Miller, will keep open house in their new home.

Mrs. Frederick Anderson will, as usual, entertain her family, Dr. and Mrs. Alpheus Jennings of Detroit, and their children, coming down to be with Mrs. Anderson.

Prof. and Mrs. George Patterson of Ann Arbor were hosts at a dinner given in honor of Mr. and Mrs.



Miss Catherine Wells, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pearson Wells.
Photo by Spellman.



One of the mezzanine showrooms, which look down into the high-ceilinged galleries below. The iron grill of the front entrance arch is seen at the left.

THE HARRY J. DEAN COMPANY are the first decorators in town to have studios and offices in a building designed and built for their own purposes. That their clients might have less confusion than the downtown section offers, the Dean company placed their new building on East Jefferson Avenue, about ten blocks from Woodward, where it takes its place among the lovely old houses of that section, and the stunning new studios and individual office buildings that are going up there.

You cannot pass the unique stucco building with its lovely grilled doors and leaded windows without feeling that something very interesting lies within, and so you are a little prepared, as the heavy iron grilled front door swings open, for the stunning effect that greets you in the entrance hall, with its black and white paved floor and its graceful wrought iron railed stairway that leads to the mezzanine rooms.

On either side of this hall are the galleries: the red room on the left, which is the main gallery, and the green room on the right for period furniture. The high ceiling of these

The New Galleries of the Harry J. Dean Company

galleries, twenty-eight feet from the floor, is of panelled wood with painted decorations, and the mezzanine floor may be glimpsed through the Moorish arches, upheld by black marble columns in the back walls of the front galleries. Graceful chandeliers of wrought iron and glass hang from these high ceilings and torchiers make tall slender lines against the blocked walls and against the Spanish stairway with its curving wrought iron rail and crimson cord that sweeps up across the end of the room, leading to the mezzanine floor.

Brocades and antique tapestries are lovely against these heavy cream walls that have the effect of stone, and graceful chairs and bronzes and divans of old blue or crimson



The Red Room or main gallery, showing the graceful Spanish stairway which sweeps up across the end of the room. The chairs have seats of rich brocade and the upholstered divan against the blocked walls is a lovely old blue.



Main entrance hall, with stairway leading to mezzanine floor, and entrance to executive office.

brocade show to splendid advantage against it. Color accents are made about the rooms by jars of peacock blue, subtly designed lamp shades, decorated cabinets and occasional hangings of rich stuffs.

Perhaps the unique thing about the design of the interior are the openings everywhere; the round headed arches between entrance hall and galleries, the grilled windows in the thick walls, the arched panelled doors, the opening between the period rooms and from the mezzanine to the floors below, and even the wood grilled openings from the several small show windows that may be seen from the outside with a rich chair, a bit of tapestry and perhaps a cabinet displayed in them.

Mr. Dean's office is in the center of the mezzanine floor, while the general offices and the manufacturing plant are in the rear of the building, with entrance on Russell street, an excellent and private arrangement. Bonnah and Chaffee were the architects responsible for the exterior design of the building, while Arthur Keil designed the interior.



Speaking Post Prandially

By RALSTON GOSS



The Modern Casey

News dispatches tell how Wallace Beery, starring in a filmed version of "Casey at the Bat," was knocked out by a fast ball hurled by the pitcher.

*THERE was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped up to the plate.
In a story they are filming to bring Casey up to date;
And as the pitcher wound his arm to shoot a twisting curve,
'Twas some remark the catcher made about his lack of nerve
Made Casey turn quite haughtily and give a nasty look—
And what came next had never been in DeWolf Hopper's book;
For when the mighty Casey spat an oath, not heard, but seen,
The pitcher served his fast one up and cracked him on the bean.
Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,
Somewhere the fans are singing of some other Casey's might—
But in the realm of filmdom the shouts of laughter mount,
Since Casey, mighty Casey, failed to hit and took the count.*

* * *

A New York biochemist, whatever that may be, announces a cure for the dope habit, and Miss Ima Sucker, who plays the pomes consistently, urges that the race tipsters be made to take it.

Wyandotte people heard Captain George H. Wilkins lecture on his recent Polar expedition, and, suitably enough, it was delivered on the coldest day of the year.

* * *

A southern houn' dog drank a pint of nitroglycerine. They gotta stop kickin' that dawg aroun'.

* * *

Dutch submarines have broken all U-boat records, which leaves it up to us to dive to beat the Dutch.

* * *

A Question

*MICHIGAN came to the front again,
With boys on the up and go—
But will they do it next year, when
They haven't got Friedman's toe?*

* * *

Another Question

*WILD geese have flown to Southern
haunts,
Where food and warmth are loose,
And so I wonder why we say,
"Stay here, don't be a goose?"*

* * *

Still Another

*WILL Nineteen Twenty-seven give
The thing we're looking for,
Or will it still show we are at
The short end of the score?*

* * *

We would like to call the Zoological Garden Commission's attention to the fact that sport pages tell us Detroit already has its Tigers, its Cougars, its Lions and its Panthers. So, after all, it may not be necessary to import any more.

* * *

It took 38 years, or some such a span of life, to give St. Louis a world's championship team—whereupon they up and traded their manager to New York, hoping, possibly that they would never have to go through with another ticket-scalping scandal

* * *

Mr. Pussyfoot Johnson says the 4 to 1 wet vote in New York was a dry victory. Doubtless he believes that the rum ring war in Herrin, Illinois, is a Quaker meeting, and that the stuff sold over the bars of 20,000 pigs in Detroit is real liquor.

* * *

Rogers Hornsby made one mistake. He won the world series. He should have finished last in the National League and then, perhaps, the person who dictates Sam Breadon's business policies would have given him the keys to the city.

* * *

The Russian dancers who had their clothes attached by a hard-hearted constable shouldn't worry—they don't need the darn things anyway.

* * *

One line in the famous old hymn was changed by the four men who left the Rock of Ages lighthouse, to, "Let us hide ourselves from thee."

* * *

And Lastly—

*HERE'S Nineteen Twenty-seven and his face so shining bright,
May he bring you all the happiness to which you have the right!*

Great Paintings Owned in Detroit

(Continued from page 7)

Here is a story told by Mrs. Jameson of such an influence:

"I cannot express to you," said a most distinguished statesman of the present day, as we stood in the midst of his beautiful pictures, "I cannot express to you the feeling of tranquility, of restoration, with which, in an interval of harassing official business, I look round me here!" And while he spoke, in the slow, quiet tone of a weary man, he turned his eyes on a forest scene of Ruysdael, and gazed on it for a minute or two in silence—a silence I was careful not to break—as if its cool, dewy verdure, its deep seclusion, its transparent waters stealing through the glade, had sent refreshment into his very soul."

Well—it's the difference between Wordsworth and Browning that we feel when we contemplate two artists of the same period like Hals and Ruysdael.

Of the Ruysdaels owned in Detroit, the Cemetery at the museum has already been mentioned. Then there is a "Seascape," signed 1661, which is in the collection of Mr. Ralph Booth, having formerly been in the collection of Mr. William W. Allis; a "Forest Scene," signed with a monogram and probably painted about 1647-50, owned by Mr. and Mrs. James S. Holden; and a "Landscape with Windmill"—illustrated here—in the Edgar B. Whitcomb collection, which was painted about 1650-55. Mr. Leo Butzel is the most recent purchaser of a Ruysdael in Detroit, making the fifth that is now owned here.

It is a sad commentary on the blindness of men to the excellences about them, that these same pictures for which modern collectors pay thousands upon thousands of dollars, were sold in the painter's lifetime for a few florins; it was probably such knowledge of life and its vagaries that made Ruysdael the sad man that he was.

Interior Decoration and Personality

(Continued from page 8)

In such an atmosphere stood the humble but worthy one-generation-removed-daughter-of-the-soil. How much better a simple but lovely room, luxurious if you wish, but luxury combined with a thoughtful restraint becoming her personality.

If all women would analyze themselves before purchasing decorations as carefully as they consider the becomingness of a new gown, they would find themselves many times repaid for the extra effort, in dividends of increased charm, personality accents and poise. And, after all, if your background does not express you it is meaningless.



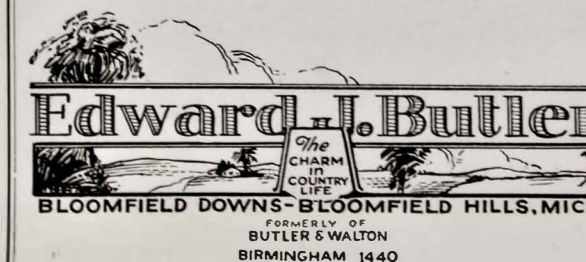
Bloomfield Downs

The architecture and landscaping layout of every home in Bloomfield Downs is passed on by a board of Supervising Architects, who have specialized in English architecture and gardens. The result is a blending of each individual improvement into one harmonious group, typically English.

It is important to remember also that a home in Bloomfield Downs presents all the advantages of the Hills District with none of the difficulties of owning a large estate.

At Bloomfield Center, just off Woodward Avenue, on East Long Lake Road.

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A present from

The Junipers

(Continued from page 3)

and sun and trees come in at the windows. The walls and woodwork are painted pale grey, and in summer the curtains are of sheer orchid marquisette, giving the coolest, most delicious effect. In winter, warmth and color are brought into the room by hangings of rose and silver brocade. The capacious fireplace in the center of the room is made of specially chosen Pewabic tiles in iridescent tones of blue and mauve and rose and gray. The furniture is a variety of lovely old pieces, informally grouped about the big room with comfort and livableness the primary thought in their arrangement.

As you look from the windows you see in the gardens and beyond the gardens little pools for the birds with houses and feeding stations for their summer and winter comfort. There are more than fifty varieties which nest on the place, all because they are protected there the year round, and probably too because they are watched for and enjoyed by the occupants of the house.

In the hills at the far end of the estate foxes have been found that are native to this region, and the fences are built with chicken coop jumps here and there for the convenience of the Open Hunt Club. Often of a frosty autumn morning, the hunt may be seen in pink-coated gayety, cantering across the fields.

Mrs. Newcomb says that there is no end to the fun and daily adventure of living in the country, and that even on a snowy winter's night the possibility of sliding into a ditch adds excitement to the homeward getting home less of an adventure now than it was ride—though the paving and the good roads make ten years ago.

Guests Expected

On the boulevard of Ramleh, Egypt, two native rag-pickers met at five in the morning. Both stopped at the same moment in front of a heap of trash on the top of which reposed a large cabbage stalk, and as one started to snatch it the other checked him with a gesture.

"If you please," said he with dignity, possessing himself of the stalk. "My wife is entertaining friends at dinner today."—Maaleesh (Alexandria).

Net Profit

Extract from a letter received by residents in the Far East from one of their young daughters at school in England:

"I realize that Daddy must pay a lot of money to keep us at school and we must try and learn something. I am learning to play tennis."—Punch.

Taken at His Word

Burglar: "Ye needn't worry, mum—I'm politeness itself to a lady."

Lady: "Then be so kind as to telephone for the police."—Boston Transcript.

SPORTS

NOW is the time for old King Winter to come to the aid of the lovers of country life.

Take this situation, for example:

Drive by the Oakland Hills Country Club and notice the long toboggan slide that sits atop the hill from which one drives (in the summer time) on that long-awful twelfth hole. There it sits, that toboggan slide, as useless as a fur coat on the Amazon river. No snow; no sliding. No merry laughter to chime in with the swish of the toboggan and the long tramp back up the hill.

It is reminiscent of the old McIntyre and Heath gag, wherein, after one had described to his hungry partner the "lovely roas' beef and the succulent mashed potatoes" set out on the bar in the old free lunch days, he adds, "so I asked that bartender would he please give a hungry man a bite to eat." "And what did he say?" inquired the hungry partner. "Man, man—if he had only have said yes!"

Boys and girls, if the weather man would only have said snow!

And the skating and the iceboating is held up for further orders, for winter tantalizes with a day or two of freezing weather and then sends in an order of the Florida brand, leaving us with that which is neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring.

So all that is left for those of us who like life in the Hills or along the river when winter has spread its panoply of white, are forced to sit back and wonder when, if ever, we'll get to use all those fancy skating and skiing and sliding clothes we had given us for Christmas.

Cheer up, the worst is yet to come! The January thaw is due.

* * *

Even those who are not baseball fans of the rabid type are vitally interested in the outcome of the controversy started by the czar of the game, Kenesaw Mountain Landis, when he virtually accused Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker with having been parties to the "fixing" of a ball game back in 1919.

Taking the word of a disgruntled ball player, Commissioner Landis read into a letter Cobb wrote an admission of guilty knowledge (and by inference) participation in the profits of wagers made on a game that had no bearing on the pennant race then in progress.

Those who hailed Kenesaw Mountain Landis as a great judge and a just judge when he fined the Standard Oil Company something like \$29,000,000 a number of years ago will regard this gesture of his as being "for the good of baseball." Those, however, who have watched Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker, year in and year out, always striving only to win, will be loath to believe they had any guilty knowledge of betting on that game, and, particularly, that neither was a party to the "fixing" of it, if "fixing" there was.

(Continued on page 22)

LEONARD LANE



Next Spring

*this property will cost far more
than it does now*

A LITTLE snow can't hide Adams Road property values. Anyone with half-an-eye can see that the first breath of Spring (really just around the corner!) will start the greatest period of activity ever known on Adams Road. Homes will rise like magic—beautiful homes that fit right into Bloomfield Hills. Prices will rise, too—rise in great soaring sweeps that will mean untold profit for the investor. This is not conjecture. It is hard, cold fact, based on unquestionable property records in our, and other realtors, files. Everything points to Leonard Lane this Spring. *But the wise man won't wait till Spring!*

LEONARD LANE, adjoining the WENDOVER unit, is on Adams Road, five-eighths of a mile from the Village of Birmingham, and 1 1/4 miles from Greater Woodward Avenue. Broad lots, 70 to 80 feet wide, and 140 feet in depth—at prices as low as \$2,100. In the WENDOVER unit, lots average 80 feet wide and are unusually deep, some being nearly 200 feet. Improvements in both units will be the same: storm and sanitary sewers, water mains and fire hydrants, gas, electricity, sidewalks and shade trees (other than the many already on the property).

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or Bloomfield Hills...
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A Stone Image of Kuan Yin

(Continued from page 9)

ing waters keep in their courses; let the great furnace cease from flaming; let the mountain of swords cast down its peaks; let the leaves of the tree whose foliage is swords lose their keen edges! If, however, the deceased is destined to be reborn in the world of men, may he come as a lord or a king, as a great personage, or as a member of a rich and noble family."

The material of grey limestone was formerly polychromed with gold leaf applied to the face, of which traces remain. The form is ovoid on contour, a characteristic of Chinese sculpture in the full round and a construction which is exactly opposite to our Western scheme, which bases its modelling on the cube, enabling the oriental to express spiritual qualities by rhythmical sequence of lines. It is a truism that the more one feels rhythm in a work of art the keener will be his experience of beauty. This is of the utmost importance for the Chinese, for by rhythmical sequence, properly controlled, ideas of spirituality, serenity, and poise are best conveyed. Moreover, rhythm is a force identified with our organism and one to which we should be able to respond aesthetically more quickly than to any other value. Rhythm is communicated in our statue not only in the ovoid contours, but especially in the alternation of natural downward fall of the garment by counteracting it with an opposite rhythm of semi-elliptical sequences in the folds of the garment (kept in low relief), which sends the observer's eye from the body gently upward to the hood falling over the shoulders and from thence to the full head, where the attention is quietly arrested by the contemplative serenity of the face.

In detail there are certain archisms characteristic of the transitional period in sculpture from the Wei to the Sui dynasty and of the province of Shen Si in particular, where these archisms obtained into the 6th century; e. g., a tendency to flatness of surface typical of relief technique; the low relief of folds in the garment and especially the spread and creased fold of the garment at the feet, a convention identified with Wei's sculpture in general, the squared plane of the face with broad forehead and chin and the smile upon upper bowed lip still a trifle archaic. The partially closed and downward glancing eyes help convey the idea of benevolence and compassion. Besides this, sculpture of the transitional period was still close enough to its origin India, to exhibit a number of direct inheritances—such as accentuated slimness in the graceful line of the waist; the bareness of the breast and feet; the double fold at the top and foot of the garment and certain attributes, such as the sacred girdle, the jeweled necklace, wristlets, a jeweled diadem and in its centre the Buddha as the next incarnation symbolized in the sphere and ascending pyramid of shaped flame revealed in the heart of the lotus. An aura seems to have been at one time attached at the back of the head. The "Amrita vase," a symbol of the "Holy dew," or "Nectar of Life," which it is supposed to contain, held in the left hand, is a peculiarly Chinese attribute of Kuan Yin, together with the willow branch in the other hand, which in India was a lotus flower.

Change of Management

Among the more important developments recently in the local realty field is the change in status of Butler & Walton Company, which has for years handled the higher class residential properties.

Numbered among the achievements of this firm are such developments as Sherwood Forest, Sherwood Forest Manor, Oak Knob Farms, Franklin Villas, Franklin Heights and Franklin Hills.

Bloomfield Downs, the most recent project, is a development presenting an entirely new prospect and calling for a revision in organization.

Mr. Edward J. Butler is, therefore, severing his connection with the old firm. He will establish an office at Bloomfield Downs, in the Bloomfield Hills District, reorganizing under his own name. This move will permit a closer and more personal service in the newer developments he has undertaken.

Announcement

It is with regret that the management announces the resignation of Marion Holden as editor of The Afterglow. Miss Holden has left Detroit to live in East Lansing, but will continue to contribute articles to the magazine from time to time.

Corroboration

A class in a London school was set to write about "Mother." When the teacher came to mark the exercises he noticed that two boys, brothers, had written almost the same words.

"John," he complained to the boy he knew to be the culprit, "you've written just what your brother wrote."

"Yes, sir," came the reply; "it's the same mother."—London Daily News.

What This Country Needs

Contribution to criminology attributed to Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, health commissioner of Chicago, by the Murray Ice Cream Company in an advertisement:

"If there is one way of preventing crime it is to feed people and children ice cream."

—American Mercury.

The Imitators

Speaking of one of his works to a critic, a dramatic author said, with the consciousness of modest worth: "It has had many imitators."

"Yes," replied the critic, "especially beforehand."—Weekly Telegraph.

Bluntly

Traffic Cop: "Did you ever ride a jackass?"

Freshman Driver: "No."

Traffic Cop: "Well, you ought to get onto yourself."—Brown Jug.



Built for Mr. C. R. Barnard, Winchester Drive,
Rosedale Park Subdivision.

Listening In

We think we have heard you say once, then again, and yet again, that you ought to build a HOME.

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SPORT

(Continued from page 19)

Ty Cobb was a great player, one who fought to win. It is beyond intelligent comprehension to believe he would be a party to a plot to "throw" a game, or that he would have wagered money on a contest he knew had been "fixed." And what has been said for Cobb can be repeated as a conviction of Speaker's innocence of wrong doing.

The remarkable angle of the whole scandal is that organized baseball paid \$20,000 to the informer. Immunity, perhaps, but never money, should be the price of information that leads to conviction. But the informer's story does not ring true, except insofar as it convicts him and another player (neither Cobb nor Speaker) of having wagered on the game and profited by so doing.

As a matter of fact the magnates and not the ball players are guilty of having brought about conditions that call for the exposes such as were made in this case and in the instance of the 1919 world series. They have put the dollar mark into the game by announcing to the credulous world the purchase of player's contracts at fabulous prices, by statements that they pay exorbitant salaries, by the erection of palatial stadia and by the publication of world series receipts. In other words, they have over-emphasized the commercial aspect of the game and, at the same time, they have not purged themselves of club owners who are not above reproach.

Baseball needs a thorough housecleaning—but it will not be cleaned by throwing mud on Cobb and Speaker, who have played major roles to make the game as spectacularly gripping as it is.

* * *

Now that all has been done and said in football, until the season of 1927 shall start next Fall, it is fitting to pay tribute to the worth of Bennie Friedman, all-America quarterback on the University of Michigan team. Aside from his perfect co-ordination, which made him an outstanding mechanical player, he was gifted with a keen and analytical brain that was intelligently used at all times. There has not been so fine a quarterback in the Western Conference since the days of Walter Eckersall. With material that was not quite of championship calibre, he won a tie for first honors—and, in the opinion of many, the undisputed right to claim the distinction. The Michigan schedule was so much harder than Northwestern's that there should be no real argument about the matter.

While we are on the subject of football, let us say this for the University of Detroit:

It was not a great team, but it should be much better next season. Its players were beginning, at the end of the 1926 season, to assimilate some of the teachings of Gus Dorias and to show flashes of real understanding of the game. Next season the team will face a schedule that will bring some notable elevens to Detroit—notably Notre Dame and the Haskell Indians. The former really should be a logical rival

(Continued on page 28)



The family silver—an heirloom standing for centuries, perhaps, as an indication of the discrimination of the original purchaser. How important that it come from a house of recognized reputation—from a Sterling silver showing in which only the product of master designers and silversmiths finds a place!

Chas. W. Warren & Co.
Diamond Merchants and Jewelers
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Your Home —Its Decoration

Conventional homes—those reflecting no characteristics of those who live within them, may be "good form," but they are dead dull.

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David A. Burgess
208 Book Building Cadillac 4584

Mr. Pepys' Diary

Last night I lingered in ye town
And drank some potent bumpers down.
My wife, poor wretch, with face of gloom,
Was waiting as I sought my room.
She heaped reproaches on my head,
And so to bed.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

What's the Answer?

This little exchange of repartee was heard at one of the Jesse James resorts the other week, when the cigarette girl was collecting from a reluctant customer:

"Vat, feefty cents from vun package Luckys?" demurred the egg man. "Vat do you think I am?"

"I don't know," yawned the girl, "but whatever the answer is, you're the only one of it."—Broadway Breeze.

Highly Colored

"Brederen, we must do something to remedy de status quo," said a Negro preacher to his congregation.

"Brudder Jones, what am de status quo?" asked a member.

"Dat, my brudder," replied the preacher, "am de Latin for de mess we'se in."—Outlook.

Opening Day

"How did the college get such a bad name?"

"More men reported for football than were enrolled in school."—Notre Dame Juggler.

Man on the Job

"Water is the best drink God ever made."

"Yes, but man has done pretty well for himself."—Yale Record.

Some Do Not

"How did you come out on your hunting trip?"

"Oh, I broke about even. I got back alive."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Only an Amateur

Americanism—"He isn't a real thief. He took it from the government."—Columbia (S. C.) State.

WANTED: COUNTRY PLACE

Responsible party would like to rent house in vicinity of Birmingham for the summer months, about June 1st to September 15th, 1927.

BOX E, AFTERGLOW MAGAZINE

The WILEYS

2971 East Jefferson Avenue at McDougall

Formerly the Holland Tea Room. Recently from New York City. Telephone Edgewood 5261

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WHOLESALE FURNITURE MART



Two Indian chiefs watching the races on the McCoy Ranch.

Dude Ranching in Wyoming

(Continued from page 6)

mostly western breeds, and polo ponies. The horse, "Sailor," in the picture, while not a true western type, is western in feeling and in training, and can go all day without coddling. Most of the trips out there indeed cover more miles than an eastern hunter would know what to do with. The comfortable saddle with its one girth and padded horn is the kind that you can ride in all day and not feel it—if you know how to relax in the saddle, how to sit first this way then that way, to ease the strain of a long pull. Sailor comes when he hears his master's whistle, and the reins over his head when his master dismounts are enough to keep him standing until he is wanted again. He behaves, in other words, much like a westerner and a well-trained gentleman.

Besides the ubiquitous riding, there is some kind

of hunting the year round—particularly the deer and elk in the autumn—and fishing; there are horse shows at Sheridan and polo matches, even races on a beautiful half mile track built by Mr. McCoy on his own ranch, where he keeps Kentucky thoroughbreds as well as western ponies.

Mr. Corbett says that the crowds at these rodeos and races are the most interesting and cosmopolitan in the world: the English Earl, the native Indian, the American dude, the cowboy, the Easterner and Westerner all mingling in colorful western garb, all caught up into the bigness and freeness of the western spirit. It does sound fascinating, and it is, without doubt, the playground of this country, for there is no other possible use to which all that most beautiful country, could be put.

M. H.



A Boston guest on a typical "Calico" western pony and two native cowboys, who are stumped by nothing.

Modern Uses for American Antiques

(Continued from page 5)

All kinds of things can be done with furniture; double beds made into singles, melodions into desks, writing boxes into silver chests, washstands into writing tables, church pews into fireside seats, blanket chests into chests of drawers, and so on.

There are many glass collectors today. Some of the glass collected is not particularly old, but the factories where it was made are out of existence, and so it has become rare. The design, shapes and colors are quite different and more beautiful than modern glass, and the lure of it gets you once you start collecting. The little cup plates that our grandmothers set their cups in while drinking from the deep saucers, are especially appealing. There is such a variety of patterns, that a large collection of different ones may be gathered without duplication. These displayed in drawers lined with black velvet are effective, and I know of one person who had a leaded window made in which these little plates were inserted as tiny panes of glass, and against the light they shone like sparkling diamonds. They are also used sometimes for ash trays, or for jelly, butter or nuts.

Goblets are fashionable again and you will find many attractive patterns in the old ones. Sometimes four are used with flowers for a center table decorative arrangement, together with a compote filled with fruits or candies. The large old salts are numerous and are serviceable for nuts, candies, match and ash containers.

Then there are the china hens sitting on their nests, which so often come in white and blue opaque glass. These are suitable for holding cigarettes or candies. Some collect enough to serve individually with bacon and eggs at the breakfast table—a unique and amusing touch in a country house. Sometimes one can use a child's tea set for after dinner coffee. The two-tined forks with the broad handled knives can be sharpened, cleaned and made ready for beefsteak sets. The old-fashioned knife boxes—some made very elaborately with inlays of ivory and rare woods—make good holders for stationary and mail when placed on a desk or on a table in a hallway.

The whale oil and kerosene lamps that come in pairs or singly are being easily wired for electricity. There are many beautiful colored ones, so that a bulb arranged to drop into the bowl and another to light the top will bring out the colorings and designs of both bowl and base.

The Godey prints have been widely used in making lampshades, wastepaper baskets, boxes and so on. There are also interesting old flower and bird prints, old maps, engravings and valentines that can be used successfully, though there are, of course, many different means of utilizing these and other antiques, depending on individual taste and requirements.



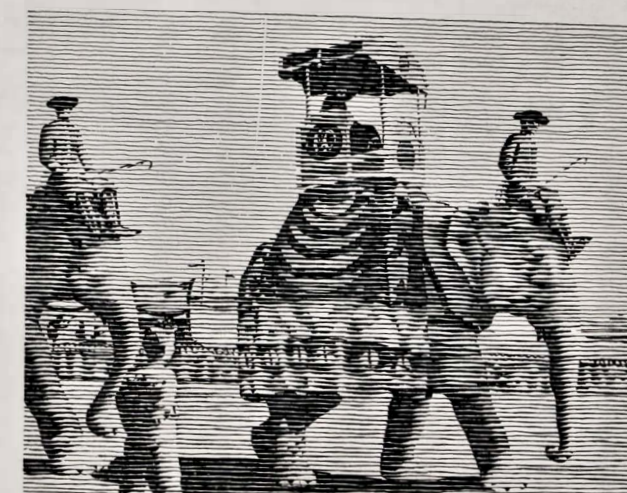
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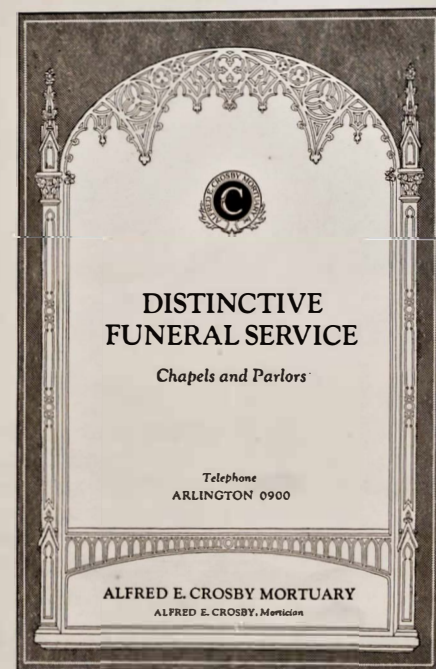
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(Continued from page 10)

THE YOUNG ONE—For one thing, I'm going to restore peace in China—

THE OLD ONE (ironically)—And in the Balkans, too, I presume.

THE YOUNG ONE—Perhaps. All things are possible—didn't the Ku Kluxers and the Methodists and the Jews and the Catholics and the Negroes all get together in Port Huron last year?

THE OLD ONE—Yes, that is true, but I take no great credit for it. It just happened, you know—but the boys are still fighting at Herrin. I suppose you hope to get *them* out of the trenches there before Christmas.

THE YOUNG ONE—Either that or under six feet of sod, where they all belong.

THE OLD ONE—That's a pretty good idea (insinuatingly) for one so young. Now, my advice—

THE YOUNG ONE—I didn't ask for your advice.

THE OLD ONE—My advice to you is that you let armed human nature take its own course at Herrin. Then perhaps you'll see the green sod over all of them there.

THE YOUNG ONE—I'm of the opinion—

THE OLD ONE (sarcastically)—You haven't been here long enough to have opinions.

THE YOUNG ONE—In spite of that I believe you might have spent a little time trying to stop the war—

THE OLD ONE (feelingly)—Stay away from Chicago, son, or you won't be here this time next year! They shoot to kill there—and I don't mean merely wound.

THE YOUNG ONE—At that I don't expect to go there any oftener than I have to. I'm young, but I'm not crazy.

THE OLD ONE—What are you going to do about prohibition?

THE YOUNG ONE—What do you mean—prohibition?

THE OLD ONE—The bootleggers are still thriving, you know.

THE YOUNG ONE—Even if the consumers are dying, eh?

THE OLD ONE—There's one thing we can agree on. But can't you fix it so the boys can get some liquor that's really aged?

THE YOUNG ONE—How can I when you and your predecessors, back to Volstead's time, drank up all that had been really aged and left it to us to take care of the stuff that's made today and drank tomorrow?

THE OLD ONE—How about crime?

THE YOUNG ONE—What did you do about it?

THE OLD ONE—I let it wave.

THE YOUNG ONE—So that's the crime wave I've been hearing about? Well, it's got to stop, that's all.

THE OLD ONE—You might as well try to stop progress.

THE YOUNG ONE—But crime isn't progress, is it? I say it must stop. There have been too many bandits flourishing here, there and everywhere.

THE OLD ONE—You mean too many bandits flourishing guns.

THE YOUNG ONE—Yes, and using them with deadly effect.

THE OLD ONE—How to stop it?

THE YOUNG ONE—Prohibit the manufacture and sale of arms and ammunition. That'll end it.

THE OLD ONE—Prohibition, eh? They never stopped war or drinking that way.

THE YOUNG ONE—Let's talk about something pleasant.

THE OLD ONE—Because you have no solution for the other, of course.

THE YOUNG ONE—I didn't say so.

THE OLD ONE—But you changed the subject.

THE YOUNG ONE—I know one thing I'll do that you didn't.

THE OLD ONE—Meaning what?

THE YOUNG ONE—The theatrical magnates, like Shubert and Carroll, have decided not to glorify the American girl any more.

THE OLD ONE—Or, putting it another way, you mean that, human nature being what it is, they have decided that the American girl no longer need be paraded as a bare fact.

THE YOUNG ONE—Precisely. And I'll venture to say that the theaters will still be crowded.

THE OLD ONE—But the people will continue to go to Miami and other watering places!

THE YOUNG ONE—But they'll read no more salacious novels.

THE OLD ONE—No?

THE YOUNG ONE—I'll say they won't. The publishers won't print them.

THE OLD ONE—Or the confession magazines?

THE YOUNG ONE—I'll say they won't.

THE OLD ONE (sardonically)—Good morning, Mr. Utopia.

THE YOUNG ONE (passing over the remark)—And as for sport! Ah—Detroit will get all the public golf courses it can use; it will have a pennant-winning team and a world series this year; I'll see to it that professional tennis and professional football will pay. and that the new stadium at Michigan will never be more than half filled (so we can all get seats) at any game; that wrestlers will never fix a bout; that boxers will never alibi for a defeat, that—

Say, where in Time have you disappeared to?

(From the distance comes the wail of a soul in anguish, intermingled with sardonic laughter.)

CURTAIN.



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SPORT

(Continued from page 22)

of the local university—as much so as Georgetown is of Holy Cross in the East. And, incidentally, the game next Fall between the two should be the means of enriching the treasury of the football association at the Jefferson Avenue school, for Knute Rockne will bring an eleven all fans will want to see in action.

* * *

Frank Klingensmith is ready to open his Square Lake Country Club golf course next Spring. In the summer of 1925 he had the nine-hole layout built and he allowed it to lie fallow last season, for he wanted it to be in first-class condition when it was opened. Of course Mr. Klingensmith has an ax to grind, since he has dove-tailed the golf course with a community in which he expects substantial homes to arise. He has chosen a beautiful spot in Oakland county, not far from the Forest Lake Country Club's course, as the site for his community and his golf course.

* * *

Arthur Briggs, former president of the Birmingham Golf Club, and associates, have developed another charming rural community not far from the village of Commerce, and closer perhaps to Walled Lake. It is known as Glengarry. A nine-hole golf course is on it with sites for homes all around on wooded hills and with the property almost completely surrounded by lakes. One feature, not used on any other course in this vicinity, is an automatic system of sprinkling greens. It has to be seen to be understood and appreciated. No description can do it justice. It is sufficient to say that green keepers are not needed, except to mow the greens and the fairways. They don't have to be out there turning water on and off.

* * *

Tam-O'-Shanter Country Club also has solved its water problem. This club, for men only, in which the Fisher "boys," "Tommy" Weber, John Bodde, Al Wallace and others are keenly interested, will have ready when the season of '27 opens, a watering system that will take care of fairways as well as greens. It will have as an inexhaustible source, a five-acre lake that is about seventy-five feet deep. The clubhouse is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever" and play out there last season indicated that the men of Detroit have taken a keen interest in the plan to give them a course where "no women are allowed."

* * *

Then, too, the days are growing longer every day—and it won't be a great while till the winter schools are filled with amateur enthusiasts who will try to correct their faults for the summer campaign that will be here before we realize it.

R. G.



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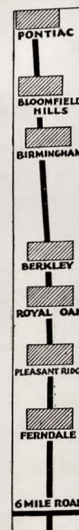
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