

THE AFTERGLOW

COUNTRY LIFE AROUND DETROIT



Farrar

February, 1927

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Vol. III No. 2

Chelmsleigh



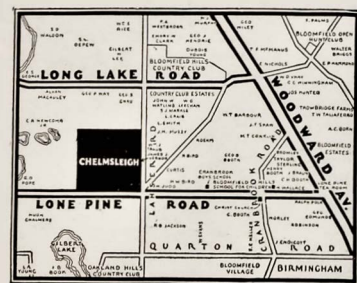
Matters of Good Taste—

INVARIABLY do matters of good taste in the home begin with the selection of an address. For it is through the choice of a homesite that people express their residential ideals. By this gesture do they accept their environment, their neighbors.

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No more than 71 homes can ever be built in Chelmsleigh, where the residence tracts average over two acres in size. Here exclusiveness is perpetuated through the application of rigid restrictions designed to establish the character of "neighbors."



Chelmsleigh lies at the intersection of Lone Pine and Lahser roads. It is surrounded by the attractive homes of such well-known Detroiters as John W. Watling, George J. Gnaul, W. G. Lerchen, W. J. Traub, J. H. Muzzy, W. H. Beamer, Lawrence Smith, and many others. On the property itself is the fine residence of James Vernor, Jr.

A booklet containing a plat and description of Chelmsleigh will be forwarded upon request.

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DETROIT RANDOLPH 9700 BIRMINGHAM PHONE 38

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THE AFTERGLOW

February Contents, 1927

Country Life Around Detroit

Vol. III

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Houses Gardens Society Sports

No. 2

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The youngest member of the Booth family of Cranbrook is Stephen Farr, who is photographed here with his father, Henry Scripps Booth. The baby's mother was the former Caroline Farr, and his grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. George Gough Booth of Bloomfield and Mr. and Mrs. Merton E. Farr of Detroit.

Bachrach



Arnold

Willowtwig Farm

A Century-Old Farm With Its House, Near Rochester, That Has Been Restored
by Mr. and Mrs. Roy C. Manson

By MARION HOLDEN

PROWLING about the delectable side roads back of Rochester one day last fall in search of old houses, I happened onto Willowtwig Farm, which belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Roy C. Manson of Detroit, and is on the State Road, about three miles northeast of the village. One look at the house in its lovely setting among evergreens, high up off the road behind a white picket fence, convinced me that someone who understood line and mass and who had much reverence for the old, had reconditioned this place, for there was just nothing wrong about it.

The house is one of the best of the simple two-story Colonial farm house types, enhanced in charm by carefully studied additions, and by an old-fashioned garden that spills off into the apple orchard on the south side.

For four years Mr. and Mrs. Manson, with their son and daughter, have lived there summers, going out as early in the spring and staying as late into the fall as possible. I wish that we might print the whole story of the house's rejuvenation from the photographic record that Mrs. Manson has kept. When the Mansons found the house and farm—which covers 134 acres—Polish peasants were living in it and the

state of its delapidation is not to be described. They knew the house for a good one, however, in spite of the obscuring dirt, the tumbled-down outbuildings and the dooryard full of debris. That first fall they simply had all the plaster torn out, some partitions knocked down, and let the whole thing air for the winter! Then very early in the spring they started to renovate, and the fun of creation has gone on ever since.

In the main part of the house five small rooms were knocked together to make one beautiful big living room with exposures on all four sides, and an outdoor living room was added on the south overlooking the garden and commanding a gorgeous view of the Rochester hills. Of course, in the ordinary flimsily built house such a ruthless clearing away of partitions wouldn't be possible, because it would all cave in—but in some of the old houses that were built with barn timbers for frame, such risks do not raise a problem. In the north end of this room they built a wide-mouthed fireplace, and a tiny turned stairway goes up near the dining room door to three bedrooms and a bath above.



Arnold

A corner of the living room in the guest house. The little table and chair are Chinese vermilion, the curtains yellow calico. The gay cushions against a black and yellow and blue couch and the old plates on the shelf above the window, with the geraniums below, add more bright bits of color. Notice the snowy landscape through the window.

Do you see the corner cupboard at the right of the fireplace? That is just one of Mrs. Manson's many clever schemes for getting around a building difficulty and at the same time increasing the quaintness and livableness of her rooms. When the bathroom upstairs was put in there were four pipes which had to come through the downstairs room in that corner, ugly and noisy enough. So she had the carpenter pad them well against the noise and then held up this nice old door—which was horrible grained oak then—and saw that it would make a perfect corner cupboard after the carpenter had built in around it and put shelves behind it. So that he did.

The story of the village carpenter who helped in all this rejuvenation would make a tale in itself, for he is nothing if not a good craftsman and to have things out of plumb makes him very miserable. His first advice, when he and Mrs. Manson were looking



Arnold

The dining ell in the guest house, showing the maple table, the pine chest and corner cupboard and the engaging plate shelf that goes around three sides of the room.

the place over together was, "If you'd just tear this old thing down and build a nice stuckled modern bungalow, you'd HAVE something when you got through!"

There was enough old glass in the small paned sashes to fill all the windows across the front, and this Mrs. Manson was, of course, most anxious to preserve since it's the hardest thing in the world to come by now. So she gave explicit directions to the old man about where the new glass was to go and just how carefully the old glass was to be preserved. When she went out a week later, the windows were in, and all paned in clear and shining modern glass; the old glass was lying about on the ground, mostly shattered into bits by the hammer that had put it in its proper place. "But," said the old chap, "I didn't think you could have meant it about that old glass—why, you can't SEE out of it—it's all wobbly and colored; it don't MATCH!" Of course, Mrs. Manson was in despair,

but she gamely picked up the pieces and searched through the house and outbuildings until she had enough of the wavy old glass to fill most of the sashes in the living room.

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Arnold

The fireplace in the guest house, showing part of the built-in bookcases at the left.

Remodelling Old Houses

By CHARLES CROMBIE

THE remodelling of an old house is undertaken for one of two reasons: either it may seem cheaper than building a new structure of the same size; or else there is a desire to preserve and add to a thing of real beauty. The two can rarely go hand in hand on the same job. It would be well before entering upon any project of the kind to analyze one's reasons closely. Confusion of the two would produce a confused result, unsatisfactory in respect to both.

Of the first reason nothing very technical can be said here, but must be confined to a few words of warning. Incidentally, in considering both phases, the subject has been limited to a consideration of frame houses only, since these constitute the bulk of the old and best work in Michigan. Also the frame house is the one usually chosen for remodelling.

Briefly, because a house is old does not mean that it is, therefore, well built. Also, even if it was well built originally, it does not of necessity follow that it is well preserved. An old house can harbor more hidden defects than a second-hand automobile. The horsetraders of yesterday are the house brokers of today. It would be well before accepting anyone's testimony to make a thorough inspection oneself and under as unfavorable weather conditions as possible. The workmanship on the frame of the house should be looked at very carefully and, of course, the condition of the framing lumber. Start at the roof. If it has sagged into a saddle-back, as happens in many old houses, don't look any farther, but give up all idea of using that house. The settlement of the roof has exerted a tremendous pressure against the outer walls and has forced them outward. They will have spread at the plate and probably at the nearer floor, also such a condition means rebuilding the entire structure, and it would be more economical to start fresh with a new job.

Next look at the roof timbers and boarding for decay, and the consequent leaks which are bound to occur. That is why it was suggested above that the inspection be made under unfavorable weather con-

ditions. Look at it while there is a heavy rain or immediately after one. If the shingles are new, be particularly careful about the condition of the roof boards under them. It might be that on account of an earlier leaky condition the boards have rotted so that they can no longer hold the shingle nails. In that case the new roof covering is good for no more than one winter. Remember, also, that while an old bit of construction may hold together if it is undisturbed because of equal deterioration in all its members, it is very often questionable whether it will stand any reconstruction without going to pieces.

The next point of danger is to be seen in the basement. Be sure that the main sill—the heavy wood piece on top of the basement walls, which carries the rest of the frame—is in good shape. If the sill has decayed it will have allowed the first floor joists and the upright studs to settle and they in turn will have pulled with them other members which they support. There is bound to be some settlement in every old house and it is a question of degree in deciding whether or not it can be rectified. Small timbers can be replaced and sometimes large ones, but any correction of extensive settlement in the frame means added expense in repairing broken plaster, sagging floors, or window frames that may be warped out of shape.

If no traces of decay are found in the main timbers, look for further evidence of settlement in the plaster walls. Large holes or bulges in the walls do not necessarily mean any more than that the plaster has broken away from the clinch back of the lath. These defects may be considered merely as local defects. If, however, there are long diagonal cracks to be seen

you can be very sure that there is settlement somewhere in the main frame.

After the frame has been examined, look at the foundation walls. A good time to do this is during the spring thaw. If the house is on high ground and there is good drainage away from the walls it is fairly safe to assume that the leaks can be patched satisfactorily. On the other hand, if the ground slopes toward the house you should be prepared to put in new walls wherever such a condition occurs. An old leaky foundation wall is probably harder to correct

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Valentine

I gave my heart too freely once
And it was trampled on—
It presently came back to me,
Dishveled, pale and wan.

I took back home my erring heart,
And yet it would not stay;
Again it lies there at your feet,
For you to cast away.

I know you'll spurn it this time, too,
Just as you did erstwhile—
But my poor heart can not resist
Your charming gallant smile!

A. M. K. PERKINS

EDITOR'S NOTE: The article above was written at the request of several subscribers who wanted some practical information on the remodelling of old houses in Michigan.

Succession of Bloom in a Small Garden

By MARY C. BAHLKE

MY garden, a plan of which is hereshown, is bounded on the north and east by a tight high board fence, painted a dull green, and in front of this fence is a screen of closely planted Lombardy poplars. These poplars, however, which at the end of ten years have about outlived their usefulness, are to be replaced in the Spring with Chinese poplars (*Populus Simoni*).

On the south is a good-looking trellis, also painted green. There is a small gate in the center of this trellis. At the west is a brick wall about five feet in height, which also has a gate. Over the trellis these climbing roses are lightly trained—Mary Wallace, Christine Wright, Aviateur Bleriot and Gardenia, making a lovely background in July.

To me "Succession of Bloom" in one's garden, while somewhat difficult to obtain, is one of the most interesting problems for the gardener. I shall always feel most grateful for the right start Louise Shelton's "Continuous Bloom in America" gave me when I made this small garden some ten years ago. To those who have not read this delightful book, I will pass on her secret of continual bloom.

She says, "We must know first the birthdates and longevity of the flowers in our garden, in order to classify them under the several different periods of bloom."

"In New York the following season continues for twenty to twenty-six weeks, or from May 1st to frost, which may come any time between October 1st and November 1st. This long season may be divided into eight periods of bloom, representing the coming and going of the different classes of plants. The blossoming period of most annuals and perennials lasts about three weeks. A few annuals remain for four months, and these are invaluable in the garden.



Mrs. Bahlke's garden at Alma, Michigan.

"Second: The plan for planting in lines for the sake of order.

"Third: The alteration of two or more flowering periods in these lines, for the purpose of regular and balanced bloom.

"Fourth: The choicest plants to use and their color and proportion.

"No matter how much information one may have acquired concerning the best plants and their habits, it is valueless in the quest of well-balanced, continuous bloom, if one lacks the knowledge of the periods of bloom and for the alteration of those periods. Continuous bloom, of course, is as prolonged as the climate permits and no longer."

In Michigan we can nearly always depend upon gardening weather from May to October and often November is a pleasant month, so I shall proceed upon this basis.

My plan is a simple one of having perennials for succession and planting in bare spots in the spring the hardy annuals which come into bloom quickly. For the first spring bloom I have a few good tulips—

single early—Herman Schlegel—Rising Sun—Mon Tresor and Lady Boreel. Cottage tulips, Ingles, come pink, and Ellen Willmot, Darwin, Baron de la Tonnaye and Turenne and Prince of Orange.

In front of the tulips are yellow pansies, quantities of forget-me-nots, primroses, both yellow and mauve, and just back of these smaller plants the lovely gray green foliage of Stachys (wound wort). Nearer the edge of the beds are places reserved for phlox Drummondii, primrose yellow and soft shell pink, which grows to about fifteen inches in height. Next dwarf ageratum, five inches high, or if you choose to buy plants instead of seeds, Ageratum Fraserii, a lovely little eight-inch plant with deep amethyst blue flowers. Between these and edging the beds are sweet alyssum

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"Dawn," by Nicolas Poussin, owned in Detroit by Mr. and Mrs. Julius H. Haass.

Great Paintings Owned In Detroit

Nicolas Poussin. 1594-1665

By JOSEPHINE WALTHER

NICOLAS POUSSIN! The name at once suggests the most perfect flowering of that inbred love of the classic tradition which, in spite of the tumultuous but short-lived reactions of romanticism, realism and impressionism which have swept over French art since Renaissance days, persists in coming to the surface from time to time throughout the whole history of French painting: in the composition of Claude, the form of David, the fastidious line of Ingres, the chaste contours of Puvis, the design of Corot, and even in the remarkable structural sense of Cezanne, who confessed his ambition "to do Poussin over again from nature."

Hazlitt calls Poussin "the Milton of painting," and a study of his life and work reveals the same deep learning, the same union of passion and austerity, and a complex technique combined with a rigorous simplicity of outlook. Though most of his life was spent in Italy, and though his training in art was received wholly from Italian and classic sources, we never forget for a moment that he is a Frenchman and that his own personal quality dominates all the outside influences to which he was subjected. Like Giorgione he seems to have taken all that was good in the traditions of painting before his time, fusing them so masterfully that he has given us an entirely new creation, a definite form which is highly individual.

His love for his work was the one great and consuming passion of his life, and from our first record of him we know that he bent every effort toward perfecting his knowledge: by studies in anatomy with Larchi; researches in geometry, optics and perspect-

ive; lessons at the academies; study with Domenichino (whose influence we can see in his earlier paintings); and by prolonged study of ancient and Renaissance works of art. His friendships, also, seem always to have been felicitous, not only in their human relationship, but resulting always in increased knowledge for the artist. We have only to recall his friendship with the poet Marino, who first inspired him with his love for poetical, allegorical and mythological subjects; the sculptor Quesnoy, who imparted to him much of his own knowledge of plastic form; and the Cavalier del Pozzo, whose collection of ancient medals and gems and his learned observations and explanations regarding them were of such great service to Poussin in enabling him to give a correct representation of mythological and symbolical subjects.

This delightful canvas, "Dawn," belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Julius H. Haass, illustrates all of Poussin's best qualities: the union of poetry and painting for which he is pre-eminent among artists; his purity of line and beauty of modelling; his beautifully-flowing rhythm; his grace, elegance, delicacy and charm, and his use of beautiful, harmonious color. As Diana relinquishes her nocturnal reign and her awakened attendant draws back the curtain of night to admit the fast-approaching chariot of the sun, Endymion pleads again with her to grant him his desire for perpetual youth. We are immediately transported to the beautiful days of ancient Greece with its fascinating myths and allegories. Poussin has evidently

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A Little House in the Country

Being the Diary of an Intermittent Housewife Recently Transplanted from Three Rooms in the City to Four in the Country



DECEMBER 18—I met a smart woman last month—smart in the sense of having many things and motors—who said she would rather live in the country with no servants and a small house, than in town in a brownstone mansion with a retinue. I thought her extravagant, of course—she was the kind who loves the birds and the flowers and tells you about it first off—but after three weeks of country living in the so-called dead of winter, I began to see what she meant, for I have undoubtedly had more fun in these three weeks of rushing about to get my house in order—all four rooms—for Christmas, than I would have had in three city-apartment-months of rushing out to find entertainment enough to make the days seem shorter and the evenings longer.

Of course, my city conditions were ideal for making an instant country victim—the roar of a great avenue came in at my front windows and all the soot from back street factories poured into my back ones.

"Oh!" said Everybody. "Poor dear, poor dear; she'll be so lonesome with Jonathan away all day, and the dead of winter, and so far out, and knowing nobody and dreadful roads, and the black winter mornings! Boo!" And they farewelled me with lugubrious merriment, being secretly sorry for me and for Jonathan, who would be housed all winter with a sad hussy who pined constantly for the Big Town.

I had a few misgivings myself—but the first week it was good enough to snow—a sparkly soft blanketing snow that covered everything, and I awoke the third day to a frosty morning with all the trees like fairy foliage against a brilliant blue sky.

"Well!" said I, and took a deep breath at the window as the last foreboding died.

Dec. 19—Jonathan and I have invented a new game, called Rash Man's Buff. The costume is merely bathing trunks and rubber shoes. Donning these the contestants leap blithely from bedroom casements into a snow bank and thence to a sheltered side of the house for five minutes of snow ball pelting. It is best played at midnight in the light of a full moon, and we intend to try it on our first week-end guests after the holidays.

Dec. 22—Christmas draws nearer and the infrequent houses along the road to town have put out wreaths and trees on their porches, festooned with tiny electric candles. The effect is gay and sparkling

on a winter's night. We have hung our string on the apple tree that leans over the flagstone terrace toward the side door, where the little bulbs gleam very merrily and much more appropriately than indoors, where they always look like an excuse for something.

Dec. 23—Even country nights have their incidents—as last night, which should be recorded in the Day Book as Tommy's Return. Tommy is a remarkable black cat of Persian and alley parentage, town bred, but early transplanted, so that he is as much at home in the country as a wild creature. Sometimes—since he grew up—he will be gone for two or three days, returning nonchalantly at breakfast time with a tuft of blond hide on his shoulder and often with tattered ears. This week he was gone five days, and we spent some time over breakfast cigarettes yesterday wondering if he could have been so stupid as to let the interurban get him, or if he had wandered as far as the main pike and was even now a black and red smudge on the snow.

Wherever he was—it would be amusing to know where—he must have realized that the home folks had begun to worry, for at the dim raw hour of three A. M. a black meowing mass leaped through my bedroom window, landing on the bed with a loud announcement of his return. Having waked me he rushed to the shut door, meowing loudly. I struggled up out of a dream, and sleepily turned on the light to see if the cavernous condition of his sides demanded instant relief. They did. He had a wild look in his eyes as he raged before the door beyond which food lay, but his ears were quite intact. I arose obediently, opened the door and followed the prodigal to the kitchen, where I scooped out a bowl full of the evening's roast and gravy, which happened to be veal, Biblically correct for such a feast. Tommy leaped onto it and gobbled like a hungry puppy. No mincing Persian airs this time—and I thought of a friend in town who is in despair because her cat has exhausted the pleasures of liver and salmon and will now eat only crab meat, slightly warmed. Little he reckons of the adventure across snowy fields to strange farm-houses, the midnight serenade, the leap through the home window before dawn with hunger cry in full meow.

As I switched off the kitchen light I noticed that my neighbor down the road was up too, heating formula for his infant, who was probably just as lustily demanding it. Today the adventure of the night puts itself into the words of an old nonsense paragraph which begins: "And a great big black bear jumped right through the shop window, shouting 'What! No soap?'"

Dec. 28—Christmas over, for which God be praised. What with too many people, too many victuals, too

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Wallace Frost, Architect

Arnold

The Village Players of Birmingham Build a Little Theater

By CORA H. FARRAR

WITHIN the past five years Birmingham has worked out two interesting community projects and has done so with marked success. These two ideas have materialized into the Community House, a clearing center for the town's activities and welfare work, and the Village Players, an organization, less than four years of age, which has just this winter realized its dream of a theatre of its own, in its new house on Chestnut street. The little theatre movement, which has swept across the country, as a means of self-expression and recreation for many communities, meets a wide-spread demand for community dramatics. The achievement accomplished in building and financing a new theatre does not mean, as it has meant in so many cases, that some wealthy members have played fairy godmother to the baby organization and reached down in their pockets for the where-with-all for the enterprise, but it means that out of 225 members, active and associate, that over 220 have actually subscribed to the building fund, and that the building is soundly financed.

Much of the credit for this pleasant state of affairs is due to the president, Rolfe C. Spinning, and to the excellent board of directors, composed of Leigh Lynch, Waldo E. Fellows, Katherine H. Dwelley, and Betty Penny, who took a most enthusiastic and energetic part in the campaign for raising the building fund and in directing the construction of the building. These members have been indefatigable in their efforts in behalf of the organization, not only in the matter of building the new theatre, but as to the general policy and the difficult job of selecting the plays, casting them, choosing directors and coaches for the plays, the property men, and last but not least in importance from the standpoint of the social success of the evening, the hostess in charge of the refreshments.

The gifts of the individual members, in the line of furnishings and stage equipment, have been a veritable boost to the harassed arrangements committee.

The gift of a beautiful curtain for the stage from Mrs. T. R. Donovan solved one big problem. Dr. and Mrs. N. T. Shaw presented a piano, the J. Fred Woodruffs were the donors of the hospitable fireplace, and the Charles J. Shains gave the fire-place set. Mrs. Frank Briscoe donated a phonograph, while gifts of a most practical nature were the plans by Wallace Frost, the supervision of the work by Robert F. Tillotson, the scene shifting apparatus by the Loren T. Robinsons, and a set of plans for the heating system by Charles H. Soderberg. Howard L. Simpson furnished, at cost, the lumber used in construction.

The stage is full size and well equipped with an excellent switchboard and footlights, which afford many interesting lighting effects that were only a dream of the future, at the Community House stage. The complete set of pulleys and equipment for scene-shifting make possible a great variety and charm for performances.

The stage basement gives ample space for dressing rooms, which seem luxurious after having to dress at home and be made up in a committee room; and the kitchen is comfortable for the serving of refreshments after the shows.

Perhaps the most delightful part of the theatre, to the majority of members, is the charming low-raftered auditorium, with its hospitable fireplace, where members and guests can sit in comfort to enjoy the excellent programs presented.

The three meetings held in the new theatre included in their bills Booth Tarkington's "The Travelers," directed most skillfully by Miss Betty Penny and acted by G. Essen Olsen, Herbert M. Zerbe, Waldo E. Fellows, Mrs. Leigh Lynch, Mrs. M. Spencer Withee, N. J. Hadjeski, Miss Mary Taliaferro, George W. Smith, Howard L. Simpson, Mrs. Frank S. Packard and Harry G. Muehlmann. Mrs. Arthur Neff acted as assistant coach, and Mrs. Herbert M. Zerbe

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D. D. Spellman

Mr. Ralph L. Polk and His Son Ralph L., Jr.

Mr. Polk, whose home is "Highgate," Lone Pine Road, is owner and president of the R. L. Polk Publishing Company, which is now in its fifty-third year. Ralph Jr. is a student at the Canterbury School, New Milford, Connecticut. Mr. and Mrs. Polk sailed January 28 for Algiers and expect to spend several months traveling abroad.

SOCIETY

By KATHERINE ATKINSON

Bloomfield Hills

FOX hunting, they tell us, is to be revived, and its earliest and best traditions restored, especially in the south, where the weather is ideal for that sort of thing. As foxes travel better in January and February, an enthusiastic group of hunters from the Hills who have been hunting near Nashville, Tennessee, report a wonderful time. Starting off at six o'clock in the morning and riding sometimes until almost dusk, there were many thrilling experiences to remember.

Among those who are down south hunting are Mr. and Mrs. George T. Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Slocum Nichols, Mrs. T. R. Donovan and her niece, Miss Katherine Biglow, Miss Viola Hammond, Miss Frances Alger, and Miss Mary Taliaferro.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Dean Robinson are rejoicing over the birth of a son, W. Dean Robinson, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter O. Briggs and their family are in Florida, where they will remain until Easter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Siau, of Dorchester Road, were hosts at a dinner party, followed by bridge, at their home on Monday evening.

Mr. Gordon Mendelssohn sailed this week from New York for Panama, going from there to Honolulu, where he will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph L. Polk have left on a trip abroad, having sailed from New York for Algiers.

We were quite thrilled and interested to find that

we have been entertaining an angel in our midst. Quite unknown to his friends, Mr. Walter O. Briggs has been playing fairy god-father to Gene Buck, and has been backing him in his latest venture, the musical comedy, "Yours Truly," which proved such a success at the Shubert Detroit early in the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Slocum Nichols have taken a house near Nashville, Tenn., for the hunting season. Miss Frances Alger, who went down with them, will remain as their guest.

Mrs. John Watling of Long Lake Road is in Porto Rico, where she is having a delightful time.

Miss Sarah Hendrie, who is a most enthusiastic traveler, has chosen Australia as her objective this year. Having had a very delightful visit with her sister, Mrs. Heatley Green, Miss Hendrie sailed early in the month to be gone until spring, when she will open her country home, "The Covert."

Miss Laura Donnelly and Miss Helen Minton, of Rathmore, Bloomfield Hills, are in Tuscon, Arizona, where they will remain until Spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Yeates of Cranbrook Road left early in the month for their winter home, "El Cid," West Palm Beach, Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Robinson and Miss Edith Robinson are also at their attractive cottage, "Bienvenida," Miami, Florida.

Rochester

Mr. and Mrs. Morton L. Jones were hosts at a very jolly house party early in the month, when they enter-



C. M. Hayes & Co.

Miss Francis Moran, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moran, who was introduced to society at a dance on January third, given at the Grosse Pointe Hunt Club by her aunt, Mrs. Strathearn Hendrie.

tained Mr. and Mrs. John Waybrant of Detroit and Mrs. Margaret Bourne, and her son, Kenneth. In honor of her guests, Mrs. Jones gave a charming bridge dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Medbury of Detroit have purchased the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Steele on Fourth Avenue.

Grosse Pointe

Many delightful affairs were given in honor of Sir John and Lady Harrington of London during their visit with Mr. and Mrs. James Thayer McMillan. The former Amy McMillan was very popular as a girl and delights in these visits to her old home.

The Baroness von Kettler, who has been with her brothers, Mr. Hugh and Mr. Henry Ledyard, over the holidays, will be joined in New York by Sir John and Lady Harrington, and Helen and Marie Louise McMillan, and will sail with them on February 15th on a Mediterranean trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold F. Wardwell's dance at the Grosse Pointe Club on January 21st was quite the quaintest affair of the winter. Fifty guests enjoyed this party, and were all in the costumes of the 1890 period.

Many of the residents of the Pointe have chosen Chandler, Arizona, as their playground for the remainder of the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence D. Buhl, Mr. and Mrs. Lucian S. Moore, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. John M. Dwyer, with their daughter, Elizabeth, left early in the month for this delightful place.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Webber have planned a delightful trip, which will take them to Honolulu. On their return they will spend some time in California. Mr. and Mrs. Webber will take possession of their new home on Lake Shore Drive in the Spring.

An informal opening of the new Country Club house was held on January 22nd. Dinner was served and all

the members present were delighted with the new house. So many of the members are out of town that the formal opening will take place later on.

The toboggan slide at the club has given pleasure to young and old, merry groups have been there every day enjoying both the slides and also the skating.

The ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Hammond on Friday evening, January 14th, at the Lochmoor Club, to introduce their daughter, Miss Viola, was a very beautiful affair.

As originally planned the ball was to have taken place at the new Grosse Pointe Country Club, and there was keen disappointment when the completion of the clubhouse was delayed.

Mr. and Mrs. Hammond received with their daughter in the lounge of the club, Miss Hammond looking very charming in a gown of white satin and silver lace.

Another very lovely dance, which served to introduce the last of the season's debts, Miss Margaret Phillips Standart, was given by Mrs. E. Phillips Standart and Mrs. Campau Thompson on the evening of Monday, January 17th, at the Lochmoor Club.

A beautifully appointed dinner was given by Mrs. Joseph Harry on January 14th in honor of her niece, Miss Peggy Harry, at The Wileys. A theatre party followed the dinner and later on Mrs. Harry took her guests an enjoyable evening.

to the Hammond ball for

Mrs. Duncan Alexander Campbell was hostess at a bridge luncheon for thirty guests at The Wileys recently. Lovely old-fashioned bouquets were given for prizes.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory L. Ford and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Schlotman are at their attractive cottages in Belleair, Florida. Mr. and Mrs. Truman Newberry and Mr. John S. Newberry are also at Belleair, where



Miss Janet Skae, daughter of Mrs. Edward Askin Skae, of West Wind Farms, whose coming out ball was an event of New Year's eve at the Masonic Temple.

Bachrach

they are planning many lovely trips to be taken on their new yacht, "The Truant III."

Grosse Ile

With so many of the residents away things have been rather quiet the past month. Everyone is now looking forward to the first meeting of the new dramatic club, which will take place on Tuesday evening, February 1st, when "The Islanders," will present two one-act plays.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Gage, who have been in Arizona for two weeks, are now in California, where they will remain until Spring.

Mrs. Charles Anderson has had as her guest, her mother, Mrs. John Owen, of East Tawas. Mrs. John B. Wright, of Lincoln, Nebraska, has also been with her daughter-in-law and son, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wright. Both guests have been widely entertained.

Mrs. Henry James Leonard and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Day are so charmed with their new home on the island that they have decided to forego their usual winter sojourn in Florida, and will remain at home.

Mr. and Mrs. James Joy Miller are enjoying two weeks at Biloxi; Mr. and Mrs. Simon M. Salliotte and their daughter are having a delightful motor trip in Florida.

The Franklyn A. Kelseys are remodeling their house, "Holmcroft," and will be in Detroit until it is finished.

Mrs. Charles T. Webb, who is leaving this month to make her home in the east, will be greatly missed, and her many friends have given several charming farewell parties in her honor.

Mrs. Ernest Stanton will spend the winter in Florida with her mother, Mrs. Warren Blauvelt.

Birmingham

The deaths of Mrs. Frank Miller, Mrs. Bruce Dodds and Mr. Edward Gay Wasey, all popular members of

Birmingham society, saddened their many friends greatly and caused the postponement of many parties that were to have been given.

Dr. and Mrs. John H. Gordon have moved into their lovely new home on Baldwin Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Atkinson, of Harmon Avenue, have taken an apartment in the Parkstone.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bromley, who have been visiting the Manley D. Davis' in Paris will return home this month. Mr. and Mrs. Davis and their daughter, Miss Isabell, and Miss Mary Kathleen Morley will remain in Paris until the Spring.

Mrs. David Treveno of Cadillac, Michigan, has been delightfully entertained during her visit with Mrs. William M. Chamberlain, of Ravine Road.

Miss Virginia Brown of Santa Monica, California, will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Kennedy, of Lone Pine Road, for several weeks.

A very jolly party composed of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Woodhouse, Jr., Miss Mary Louise Banks, Miss Elaine Pommerer, Miss Edith Robinson, William Ziegfeld, George E. Schenck, Jack Pfeffer and Arthur Kugeman, spent the week-end at the Bloomfield Hills Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Bird and sons of Lone Pine Road are spending the winter with Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Bird at their home in Pasadena.

Miss Eleanor Jackson was hostess at a very charming luncheon given at The Wileys, entertaining sixteen of the debutante set. Miss Helen Plum and Mrs. Thomas Nester also entertained parties at The Wileys the past week.

Mrs. Heatley Green gave a delightful tea for the members of the D. A. R. at the Arts and Crafts, on Monday. Tea was served by the Wileys.



C. M. Hayes & Co.

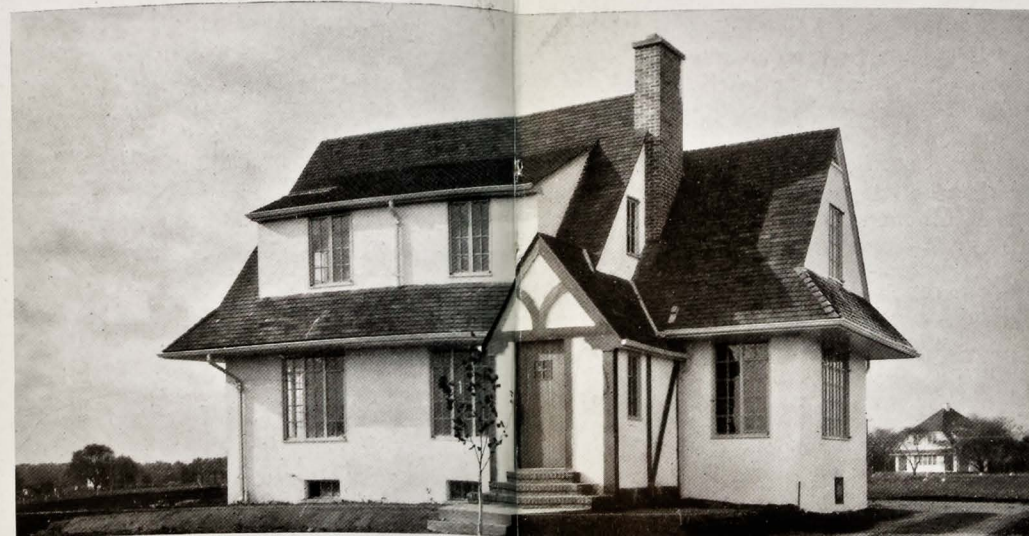
Miss Viola Hammond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Hammond of "Hillwood," Bloomfield Hills. Miss Hammond will sail for England on March 4 with her parents, to attend the Grand National.

THE very complete nine-room "model" home, built by Wormer & Moore at Wing Lake Shores and furnished throughout by the Newcomb-Edicott Company, has been inspected by hundreds of prospective home builders since the doors of the dwelling were thrown open to the public a month or so ago.

Hostesses have been showing visitors through the home, English cottage in design, and will continue to do so for some little time to come. Four other homes have also been built by Wormer & Moore, and will be shown to interested people.

"We felt that many people who are planning to build a country home want to see an actual specimen before they make definite plans," stated R. L. Maxon, head of Wormer & Moore's suburban department. "We have therefore, made our 'model' unusually complete—and have installed the most modern of built-in features. This house contains hardwood floors, Fenestra steel casement windows, Frigidaire, electricity, telephone, and an up-to-date steam heating and plumbing system.

Wormer & Moore's Model Home on Wing Lake Shores



The house has been completely furnished by the Newcomb-Edicott Company and is now open for public inspection.



The living room of the model home with the dining room beyond.

"There is a full basement with fruit cellar, laundry and laundry tubs. Celotex lining is in all walls. At the rear of the home is a two-car garage, plastered and heated from the house.

"What is the cost of a country home? We hear that question every day; we decided to answer it in a practical manner. Our home at Wing Lake is the result. On the very day of its opening, many interested parties drove out, took copious notes, and made a thorough investigation of the costs. It is safe to state, I believe, that the majority of people who investigated were astonished at the comparatively small expense of country home building.

"This department has thoroughly analyzed country home building situations, and has evolved plans and data which prove conclusively the relative inexpensiveness of a home built in suburbs such as Bloomfield Hills.

"It is expected that during the coming weeks literally hundreds of prospective country home builders will visit this representative Bloomfield Hills home. A cordial invitation has been extended to every one who wishes to drive out and see for themselves just how attractively a lakeside country home can be built and furnished."



The dining room is furnished with enamelled chairs, table and buffet.

SPORT COMMENT

By RALSTON GOSS

BOY, page contestants for the Behring Straits swimming contest!

Leander and Byron conquered the Hellespont; quite a number, including a couple of American women, have "crawled" across the English Channel, and now George Young, seventeen, has brought fame to Toronto, Ontario, by swimming from Catalina Island to the California mainland in a trifle more than fifteen hours.

Out of ninety-two men and women starters, this youth was the only one who finished. He says he was spurred on to victory by the vision of a mother back in Toronto who needed the sunshine of California to bring her back to health. A most laudable motive, indeed. It is also possible that young Mr. Young's determination was heightened by the fact that he had but sixty cents in his treasury when he took the water. Therefore, it literally became a case of swim or sink with George Young. If he failed to swim he was sunk financially.

But, no matter what motivated him, his was a most noteworthy accomplishment, especially since he was so young.

The capital prize of \$25,000, to which can be added such sums as exploiters of successful athletes will give him, is no small amount for a boy to win. It is to be hoped that sudden riches will not turn his head, and that, above all, he will not become a Hollywood lotus-eater.

At It Again!

The boys are quarreling again.

Ban Johnson has made faces at Kenzie Landis and Kenzie has retaliated in kind.

Ban's chip has been knocked off his shoulder by Kenzie, and, before this is read, the battle will have been fought.

Those boys ought to be ashamed of themselves. They ought to know better than to air dirty linen in public.

End is Not Yet

Baseball's dirty linen is not all on the line.

If they should hang it all out it might quite obscure the spectacular features of the "great American game."

Ban Johnson and Commissioner Landis both know that magnates have sold players guilty of "throwing" games to other magnates. They know that the code of business ethics has been shattered time and time again. They know that professional gambling has flourished openly in ball parks in times gone by. They know that every magnate has tried to "outsmart" every other magnate. They know that "rabbit balls" have been used when the home club was at bat, and that "dead balls" have been used when the visitors were trying to score runs.

Knowing these things they should have eradicated all of them. If they have not done so, they are tarred with the same stick.

Johnson a Big Man

Ban Johnson made baseball the great business it is today. He accomplished it by starting a so-called war back in 1900, or thereabouts. In making baseball a great business, he has been instrumental in building comfortable fortunes for men who have since turned against him—notably Charles Comiskey of Chicago. He is deserving of more than he has been given, for he has forgotten more baseball than all of the pack now yelping at his heels.

Watrous in Limelight

Al Watrous, who finished second to Bobby Jones in last year's British Open, has been playing good golf on the Pacific Coast this winter. And that news ought to be well received here, where he learned most of his game, and where, last Fall, he won the Michigan Open championship. Al's most noteworthy feat was to capture the Los Angeles \$2,500 purse in team match play. He was paired with Tommie Armour in the competition and the two went through with colors flying. We confidentially expect to see Watrous win either the American or British Open title within the next year or two.

Hockey Taking Hold

Hockey is gripping the attention of Detroit's sports lovers. The principal merit of the game as a spectacle is that its action is practically continuous during the three twenty-minute periods. The game is played in an enclosed "pen," so there is no out of bounds to slow it up. Penalties are infrequent and cause little delay. The rules are so simple that they can be learned in a few minutes.

This year's schedule calls for forty-four games for each club, half at home and half on the road. The same arrangement probably will be made next year. The National Hockey League, of which Detroit is a member, is divided into two groups of five clubs each. The leaders in the two groups will meet in a play-off at the close of the regular season for the world's championship.

Although the Detroit team ran into a streak of bad luck around the Christmas holidays, its performances in general have been credible and its position such that a spurt would put it up among the leaders in its group. Furthermore, while the majority of its men previously had played together in Victoria, it has been sufficiently changed in personnel to need a whole season to round into form as a real machine. The management already has made several trades and purchases and hopes to have a real pennant contender next season.

(Continued on page 28)

A Little House in the Country

(Continued from page 8)

many presents, and too many holiday spirits, I took to my bed on the second day after the festival and remained there until now. Jonathan, the wretch, says that I went to bed in order to be the first at the new books, and indeed I have gone through the Life of Benvenuto Cellini, that being one of the dozens of books that one is always about to read, and never quite accomplishes.

Becoming enamoured, through the lively Benvenuto, of many 16th century people, most particularly Francois I of France, I am now neglecting pot roasts for Guizot's third volume, which deals chiefly with him and the Bourbon and his lady mother, Louise of Savoy. Past centuries come over one in spells, according to circumstance and mood, and I do believe that next month—what with Alice sending two new volumes on the Medici—will be given over to a dip into the 16th. I already resent an occasional caller and the time it takes to dust, though I have not yet grown tired of cherishing the small sweet cherry coffee table and the silly little peg leg stool which, with some candlesticks and braided oval rugs, are the chief Christmas additions to the little house. Once you get the idea fixed in the minds of your friends that orange is the color and that anything old is the date, you will receive no gifts that must be chucked onto the closet shelf.

Dec. 31—The turkey red calico curtains in the study and the little ruffle around the book shelf over the door were all finished and very gay for Christmas. I have decorative modern maps of London, New York and Boston on the walls—what little space there is left from book shelves—and Alice York's new map of the Ancient World for children, in orange and blue. A coat of shellac keeps the maps from tearing and the colors couldn't be gayer. There are red geraniums in yellow Italian pots on the window sills and a black and white checked blanket over the day-bed. The north and east casement windows look out over the fields to the neighboring farms and an ancient elm frames the view.

I think that the boy from Cape Cod who spent Christmas with us was a bit disappointed that we had no "inconveniences to put up with," for he said he had looked forward to thawing the pump and chopping kindling wood for the kitchen range. When he found that the kitchen range was electric and that the pump worked automatically from the same source, he seemed filled with gloom. "I thought that I was coming to the country," he said, whereupon Jonathan put him to work hewing railroad ties for the fireplace.

After we had let him trek back over the wild forty acres in the rear and out along the snowy roads to deserted farmhouses, he seemed reconciled to electricity. Since he left he has sent us an adorable old foot warmer that he picked up on one of his scouting expeditions for antiques in Massachusetts, and we have it on the hearth with the old brass kettle, the iron shovel and pot and the brass poker.

(Continued on page 28)

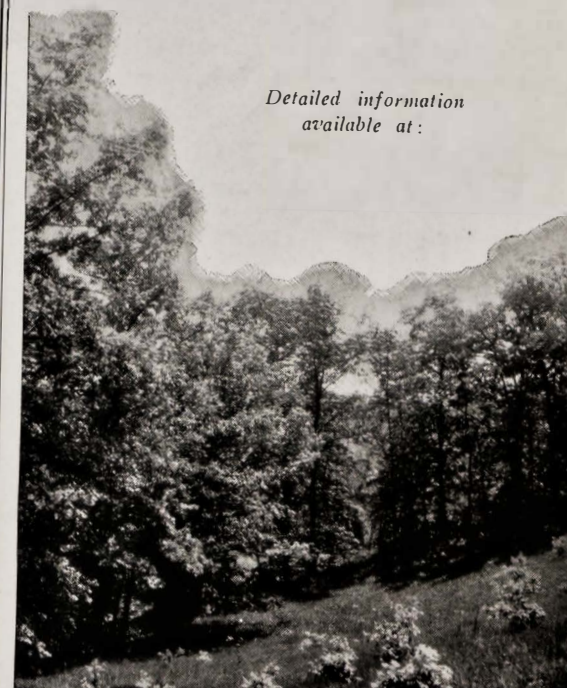
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Edward J. Butler

THE CHARM OF COUNTRY LIFE

BLOOMFIELD DOWNS - BLOOMFIELD HILLS, MICH.

Willowtwig Farm

(Continued from page 4)

And then, a year after the house was finished and the family had lived there for one summer, after the kitchen had been made into a lovely dining room with wooden wainscoting all around and landscaped paper above, the garden, with its supporting stone wall was growing lustily, the side terrace was covered with comfortable chairs and convenient tables, and the lovely big living room, with its original wide floor boards painted black, was gay with hooked rugs, yellow ruffled curtains, old china and brass and copper and glass, Mrs. Manson called the old man in one day for to admire and for to see. "Don't you think it's sweet?" she asked. "Isn't this, after all, better than a new bungalow?" But the carpenter stood and fingered his hat and was silent for a moment; then he said, merely, "It's awful crooked."

It's this very crookedness, of course, that gives an old house its charm; its crookedness and the fine sturdiness of the materials that are in it. Mrs. Manson's little guest house set back in the garden behind an old, old pear tree, is as good an example as one could find of the old incorporated with the new. In that little house, which has a sunshiny charm of its own, all the doors are old, and all of varying widths and heights—a horror to the level-loving carpenter. Old wood has been incorporated too wherever it was possible, so that to the uninitiate the rooms with their quaint

angles and shelves and cupboards have the quality of those in an old house.

The furniture in this little house, which consists of living room, bedroom and bath, dining room with kitchen ell, is all old, of course, and small in scale, so that to those who love cottages more than big houses, it is delectable. On the bright snowy afternoon early in January when I saw it, the interior was flooded with sunshine which came through the yellow calico with curtains—yes, real calico, ruffled and valanced, with the tiniest black vine and red rose pattern running through it—over the crimson geraniums on the window sills.

The living room of this little house seems to be lined with books, and the color of chair chintzes, book bindings, hooked rugs and a table and chair painted Chinese vermilion, is indescribably gay. Built-in book shelves cover the wall around the fireplace, which you see in the photograph with its old print, silhouettes and candlesticks, and Mrs. Manson plans to



Although the big farm house is closed for the winter, we got this view of the living room fireplace, showing the corner cupboard that was built in over the pipes at the right. Note also the rare Eli Terry clock on the mantle.

have bookshelves of the same kind built in across the north end of the room, and to paper the remainder of the wall surface in an old landscaped design.

The middle room of this little house is used for both dining and cooking; another photograph shows the built-out side where the maple table goes, with yellow-curtained windows and geraniums and small corner cupboards behind it. This dining ell is worth study, for it was done quite without an architect's plan, just Mrs. Manson telling the old carpenter how she wanted it and then standing over him to see that it was done that way. The small corner cupboards and old pine chest are in perfect cottage scale, and the old plates and platters and pewter are charming on their shelves and in the little built-in cupboard at the end of the room. The bedroom is beyond, carefully planned to get the maximum of sun and cross currents of air in summer and to command a spacious view all the year. A charming place for a guest to feel himself at home.

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Indeed Mrs. Manson is so devoted to the farm that she finds it difficult to think of coming in this winter and is now living in the little house since the big house has been closed and the servants dismissed for the winter. She is one of the greatest enthusiasts for country living that I have met; her plans for house and garden and farm leap along always ahead of what can be done in a season. Already she is looking anx-



Showing the south side of the farm house as it was when the Mansons found it.

iously for the first seed catalogues with their load of luxuriant promises for next summer.

The 134 acres of the farm have been under her management for the four years she has lived there, and she has studied soils and how to make them produce alfalfa, with the result that this season's crop was very remarkable indeed. The old barns are still standing and now house her daughter Margaret's three saddle horses; in summer too there is a goat and a flock of white leghorns and geese and ducks for their decorative value on the pond and in the landscape. The small fields close to the house are all fenced with old rails, carefully garnered from the neighboring farmers, who were only too glad to sell them and buy modern and more efficient wire ones. The old rails add, of course, to the picturesque quality of the farm, where there are still stone walls to be put in place and many things to be done when "one can get someone to do it."

(Continued on page 24)



Showing the house from almost the same angle as the picture above, with the kitchen and servants' wing added in the rear.



Living by a Lake

—is a year-round delight when Wing Lake Shores is the location of your home. This charming, carefully restricted residential community is as easily accessible in the winter as it is in the summer. And the fall and winter months are gloriously appealing. With the advent of spring, of course, home-building activity will increase. Choice lots will be selected and new homes will go up. Before you build or buy see Wing Lake Shores.

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LAKE
SHORES

Remodelling Old Houses

(Continued from page 5)

than anything else about the house and also more costly. Look out also for cracks in the cellar floor, especially where the floor meets the wall.

One other condition in the basement of an old house which should be considered carefully is the ventilation. Poor ventilation means that any dampness finding its way inside will stay there and long continued dampness means decayed framing. If the basement windows are small or few it would be well in either case to install larger ones with generous areas outside.

After the main frame and the cellar walls, look at the chimneys. Most old chimneys were built of soft brick and without flue linings. A soft brick deteriorates rapidly and such a fault may mean an increased fire hazard. Make sure that chimneys are sound, and, if possible, line each flue with metal and fill in around it with concrete. Every opening into the chimney should have its own flue; each flue should be separated from every other flue by at least four inches of masonry; and all flues should run, if possible, without bends from top to bottom.

These then are the chief sources of danger that should be regarded with more than ordinary care: the main frame, especially at the roof and sill; the basement walls and their relation to the drainage of the ground outside; and the chimneys. These are vital points which, through lack of attention, may cause endless annoyance and expense. If you do not feel competent to judge these matters for yourself, get a competent contractor to do it for you. If the same man is figuring also on doing your remodelling, double his original repair cost estimate. Remember, above all else, that you can never get something for nothing.

II.

To remodel an old house and at the same time to preserve its original beauty is a project which should be approached from a different point of view from that considered in the foregoing section. There should be first and last a spirit of respect for the original builders. There should be a desire not so much to remodel as to restore. If enlargement of the house is necessary it should be undertaken with a very complete understanding of how the original house was built and after a complete analysis of why it happens to please the eye. To change the main lines of house or the proportion of the windows and door openings is to change its whole character. If the house is pleasing as it stands such a process will invariably result in complete failure.

In Michigan there are many old houses that have a great deal of charm and that would be well worth sympathetic restoration. They cannot, however, be "remodelled" with the addition of such modern elements as sun parlors and sleeping porches, and not lose much of their beauty in the process. They should be recognized for what they are, farmhouses, adapted to the needs of the farm. From the point of view of the plan the kitchen was generally the largest room in the house, for it was the room most used. There-

fore, in considering the new conditions the house must meet it would be well to use some other room for the kitchen. It is dangerous practice to change partitions and rather than try to turn two small rooms into one large one, or vice versa, a better attack would be to make the new plan fit the room sizes already existing.

One great difficulty with most of the really good old houses is that they are rather small for our needs. Any added rooms should be planned as a wing or "ell" with a lower ridge than the main block, unless, of course, the addition is so extensive as to warrant a reversed relation of parts. In that case the addition becomes the main part and should have a higher ridge line. Enough has been said in the first section about the danger of disturbing the main frame in any way to show that if a wing is necessary be sure that it is placed where no large timbers will have to be cut. Don't do any cutting at the corners, at the floor lines, or in the roof. If more bedrooms are needed put them in a one-story wing on the first floor.

And, while speaking of the frame, it should be noted that the same care is to be taken in the installation of plumbing or heating systems. Insist that the mechanics run their pipes around the timbers. The surest way to accomplish this is probably to station oneself with a shotgun in the near vicinity of the plumber or steamfitter. Otherwise they will in all probability follow their natural instincts to bore large beautiful holes through all the big timbers in sight.

The ideal way would be to plan the house so that the second floor need be used for nothing except storage, getting whatever additional room may be necessary by building new wings. In this way no plumbing or heating lines need be carried up through the walls or floors, except the first.

Have the wings in keeping with the original; same roof line, same cornice detail, same sized window openings. Also roof it with the same material as the old house.

It is often advisable, if the house is distant from the city and without fire protection, to change the usual wood shingle roof for one of the modern patent fireproof roof coverings. That can be done and will not look out of place if one disregards the siren songs of the advertisements that glorify the more violently colored brands. Texture is not a matter of blended color. It is a matter of surface. The best results can be obtained by getting very dark-toned shingles with as thick a butt as possible and having them laid not over four and a half inches to the weather. It would be better if three and a half or four inches were used. There are some patent shingles now made with a half inch butt that could be used very successfully. Do not try to use slate or any asbestos.

The same consideration should be given the mass of the house and the treatment of the various exterior and interior details. Early Michigan architecture was essentially an architecture of wood, framed and trimmed by the local carpenter. The roof, in the best examples, had a fairly flat pitch. The windows were small and seldom closer together than two-thirds their width, and then used only in pairs. Ordinarily, more space was allowed. All detail, such as cornices, door

and window casings, or mantels, was simple in the extreme. Mouldings were few and heavy. In general they are characterized by a certain coarse sturdiness, which is hard to recapture today.

Our modern work that follows the classic tradition of the colonial examples suffers from over-refinement. Millwork bought from stock is without character, thin and cut into weak, scrawny moulds. The same criticism would apply equally to the work specially detailed by most architects. The old builders did not work in such a mincing manner. They were not troubled by the desire for delicacy. Interior window casings, for example, should be at least an inch and an eighth thick, with a two and a quarter inch back band. The same casing should be used for interior doors and run to the floor without plinth blocks. Window stools and the base boards should be correspondingly heavy. It is extremely important that the mouldings be few, simple, and, above all, bold. Do not let the catch-word, "dust collector," stand in your way. For sufficient reason undoubtedly the modern housewife seems to be prejudiced against mouldings that are supposed to collect dust and against window sash divided into small panes, which she claims are harder to clean than fair, clear sheets of polished plate. Only a madman would venture to dispute the contention. In the last analysis each one must determine in whatever way seems most appropriate, whether his household gods are to have offerings of more Dutch Cleanser or less beauty.

Be governed in all things by the idea that if your house has elements of beauty, your task is one of restoration. Content yourself with patching damaged plaster, in taking off superfluous coats of paint that have softened the crisp lines of the old mouldings. Use your energy on picking out wall papers and chintz and braided rugs, but before you alter the proportions of the house in any way, examine your soul in all humility and ask yourself whether you have the intelligence or wit to improve on what was done by a village carpenter 100 years ago. If you decide that you have, then be very sure that you stand head and shoulders above the rest of us, for there is no limit to which your ability—or conceit—will not take you.

To the Lady

*I know what beauty is, I've seen
The sunset flame cross the hills,
And touch with red the fields of green;
I know what beauty is, I've heard
The silver melodies of song
From meadow lark and golden bird;
I know what beauty is, that's true
To bring my tribute near to you;
The sunset and the yellow dawn—
Are simple things to write upon,
But when your beauty bids me speak
I know again that words are weak,
The only poem I can make—
Is silence for your beauty's sake.*

—HAROLD C. AUER

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Succession of Bloom in a Small Garden

(Continued from page 22)

Mine is an amateur garden, pure and simple. I do all the work myself, excepting mowing the grass and edging the beds. My one great hope is to have a true balance, a thing most difficult to accomplish, especially in a garden located as mine is, but something to look forward to from year to year.

I agree heartily with another amateur gardener, who said that one must be more or less of a gambler to enjoy struggling with the soil, for one never knows what may turn up; it may be cutworms, drought, a deluge, a tornado, poor seed or what not. The true gardener always dreams and talks of next year, and when she ceases to say next year, she is nearly ready to give up her garden.



Delphiniums and regal lilies in Mrs. Bahlke's garden.

Willowtwig Farm

(Continued from page 19)

For it isn't easy to accomplish all this and it can't be done in a moment—one of its delights. Farm mechanics and village stone masons and carpenters think you are stark crazy when you ask for irregularities, and are not keen for the uniformity that is devastating most modern houses, in town or out. But it can be done, as a few patient people in these parts and many down East have demonstrated. And when it is done what a lovely and permanently gratifying thing it is—the beautiful proportions of an old house saved from decay, and the land restored to fertility.



The little guest house in the rear garden, with the century-old pear tree at the right.

Great Paintings Owned in Detroit

(Continued from page 7)

borrowed his forms and figures from the finest of the Greek sculptures, and we agree with Reynolds' observation that "he seems to have lived and conversed with the fabled beings he so well represented."

In the painting owned by Mr. and Mrs. Edgar B. Whitcomb, called "The Roccagliata Madonna," we have another phase of Poussin's work, painted in 1641 for the Roccagliata family in Rome. It is said to have been the first representation of this subject painted by the master, and is unusually charming, both in feeling and in color. All the elements that went into the making of Poussin's style are here apparent: the influence of Raphael in the drawing of the heads and drapery, and in the composition; that of classical antiquity in the profile of the Madonna; and in the landscape, the influence of Titian,—all fused and transformed, however, into the typical Poussin style, resulting in a beautifully harmonious composition that makes this charming painting one of the most intimate works of this great master.

Two Poussins which have only quite recently come to Detroit, are "The Baptism of Christ," owned by Mr. George G. Booth, and now on loan at the Art Institute, and "The Last Supper," a recent gift to the Institute by Mr. Ralph H. Booth, described in the October number of the Institute Bulletin by Dr. W. R. Valentiner, who sums up his description by saying: "In its strong relief, in the continued forceful contrasts of light and shade, and of contrapositional movement, carried much farther than with Leonardo, we find the Baroque style still prevailing; while in the symmetry of the composition, in the simplification of details, and the almost abstract treatment of the figures, the classical tendencies have reached their highest mark in this superb example of the great French artist who, together with Claude Lorrain, is the greatest representative of the first great epoch of modern painting in France."

Moonlight on the Gas-house Roof

Mysteriously above the town,
Immeasurably aloof,
The lovely lady moon looks down
Upon the gas-house roof.
Motionless she looks from the sky
To the motionless earth below,
The stars know at dawn the moon will die,
And the stars are filled with woe.

Hauntingly upon my ears,
Bitterly sweet from afar,
Music too sorrowful for tears
Falling from a star;
It is the Pleiades that mourn—
And, scarcely knowing why,
The Dog-star howls alone, forlorn,
And the bears together sigh.
And all the while, filling the night,
The pale, shining sphere
Smears the gas-house roof with light
In one large, gorgeous smear!

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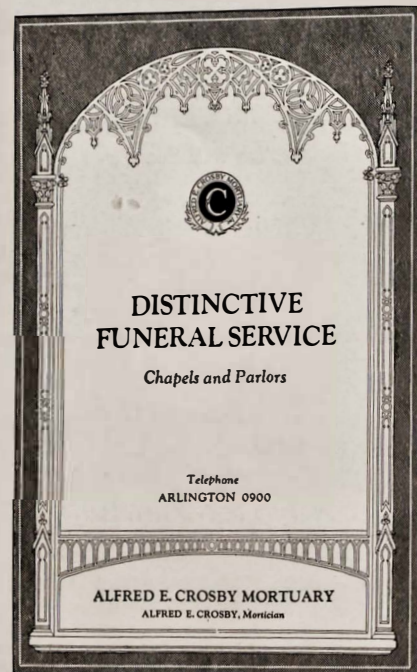
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FOR a peep back-curtain and a chorus close-up, you might try Thyra Samter Winslow's "Show Business." It's the story of Helen Taylor's meanderings from Medina to Chicago and to other points of less interest. Helen fritters about in this chorus and that, saying nothing and doing nothing of very great interest to anybody. Finally, to our relief, Helen marries the only male child of an Eastern millionaire and presumably lives happily ever after. Through a succession of tepid adventures, Helen heroically remains a virgin. But even this in a modern novel hardly justifies a full length story. Show Business is one of those few Knopf books that doesn't deserve the imprint of a publisher who usually picks less puerile stuff.

Here are two books, neither of them new. If you haven't read them and aren't too intrigued in the pages of a sequel to "Flaming Youth," they will insure you of several evenings of pleasure. One of them, "Fombombo," is by T. S. Stripling, author of "Birthright"; it is a story of an American of the 101 per cent variety, a hardware drummer adventuring in Venezuela. The American's escapades in a country, where revolutions "crackle like corn in the popper," provide a thrill that closely rivals the swashbuckling Fairbanks in cinema. The senora and her general supplement the action—, if we tell you more, you'll not read "Fombombo," and you should. "The Apple of the Eye," by Glenway Wescott, is a first novel written by a poet, a youth in the early twenties; done with the touch of a genius. Some of the pages in this tale of the Wisconsin peasantry suggest a Dreiser-like power in the author to paint his picture, with low and high lights on a broad canvas. Sinclair Lewis, who praises it, has not come within hailing distance of it in his half-dozen or more novels, and never will.

For a reversion to the lighter vein, if "The Apple of the Eye" should weary you a bit, read Masefield's "Sard Harker," if you haven't already done so. It's a good sequel, almost, to "Fombombo."

"Power," by Leon Feuchtwanger, and translated by the Muirs, is one of those heavier tomes, which the reviewer takes up a bit reticently. "Power" is a tremendous book; if you seek easy and pleasant reading, avoid it. If you are easily shocked or disturbed by the morbid in literature, forget that this reviewer recommends it as a piece of masterful writing. The gamut of human emotion and feeling is run in pages which bristle, like a porcupine's back, with pricking quills of realism. Here is the song of glory and conquest, of desire and greed, with interluding notes of agony and decay. For the sensualist, there is sensualism, rampant; for the pagan, there are rituals and rites to satisfy; for the mature, there is much to revel in and think upon. The glamor of the Eighteenth Century is portrayed in panoramic flashes in this story of Schuss, the Jew, and the Duke, Karl Alexander.

There are many incidents of high color. There is the romantic adventure of his excellency and the punishment which he inflicts upon his mistress. Rapidly the procession moves through many pages to the grim gallows at the end. The technique is remarkable, the translation is excellent. If, perchance, you lack the native Puritan conscience, read "Power."

Some Antics of Alfred

"To all this noise the oyster lends no ear
Partly because he has no ear to lend,
Partly because he hates to interfere,
Chiefly because these rhymes must have an end."

Recently we dug his lordship's thin tome out of the dust; fingered through the sparse pages, and searched for humor. We only wonder why the author did not arrive earlier at the thought expressed in this concluding line of the final verse. Bearing the heavy title of the Duke of Berwick, and purporting, according to its author's own preface, to be very funny—it left us chuckless.

The Duke of Berwick was gathered from some ancient scraps of Alfred Douglas' rhymes, inspired from the poet's antics in verse with George Wyndham and other English worthies.

"The Duke of Berwick."

(Alfred A. Knopf, 1925.)



Country Comment

THE FOREST HILLS subdivision on Adams Road in Birmingham, which was put on a short time ago by Walsh, James and Wasey, is building up rapidly at the present time. Mr. Lane Bishop of Bishop and Grassen, Interior Decorators, has recently completed a new home there; Mr. Raymond B. Collins of the Union Trust is another builder, as well as Mr. John B. Gay, architect; Mr. William H. Sharp of the Culver Canning Company; Mr. Harold J. Mabley of the Mabley Clothing Company, and Mr. Herbert Woods of the Highland Park State Bank, who have just completed their homes, or are in the process of building.

On Lone Pine Estates, beyond Cranbrook on the Lone Pine Road, Mr. Carl Raquet of the Detroit Steel Products Company, has almost completed a home. In the Quarton-Cranbrook subdivision Mr. Donald D. James, of the Walsh, James and Wasey Company, is building a home.

Pilgrim Road, in Quarton Lake Estates, is also building up fast. Mr. Harry Klinger, of the Chevrolet Motor Company, has recently purchased the Lasley house on Pilgrim Road, and Mrs. Anita Stecker has bought the Hanson house there.

* * *

Some of the most beautiful estate properties in the country have been developed north of Birmingham. A new addition to Eastover, a Judson Bradway development, at the intersection of East Long Lake Road and Adams Road, was recently announced. The new piece, comprising estates of from 1 to 3 acres, enlarges Eastover to a total of 250 acres. This is but a small portion of a 1,250-acre development put on by the Judson Bradway Company in that section of Bloomfield Hills lying between Woodward Avenue and Adams Road. This embraces an area of one and one-half miles wide at its central point and over two miles in a north and south direction, protected by restrictions of the most comprehensive type.

Immediately in the vicinity of Eastover are the fine residences and rambling estates of Elliott S. Nichols, William J. Vhay, C. C. Winningham, E. P. Hammond, Walter Briggs, A. C. Born, Ralph Stoepel, Otto Kern, Francis Palms, Alex Copland, T. W. Taliaferro and others.

Scores of suburban homeseekers, attracted by the lure of natural beauty, have purchased residence sites

in Eastover. Among them may be named: Fred W. Brede, Wilfred J. Woodruff, John Hart, Dr. Harry McMahan, James Strasburg, Horace Shaw, Dr. John D. Boehm and other well known Detroiters.

Eastover, lying at the intersection of the Adams Road and the East Long Lake Road, two improved highways, is afforded excellent transportation facilities. Driving out Wider Woodward Avenue to Bloomfield Center one travels east one mile over the East Long Lake Road—the recently completed concrete thoroughfare, which cuts through the heart of the Bloomfield Hills district, to Eastover.

Oakland Hills Has New Manager

The Board of Governors of Oakland Hills Country Club is pleased to announce that they have obtained the services of Mr. Morris F. Moore as manager, to succeed Mr. B. F. Jolley, who resigned December 31st.

Mr. Moore was for sixteen years manager of the exclusive Country Club at Grosse Pointe and no doubt many of the friends he made while there will feel quite an interest in Oakland Hills on his account. It is assumed the club service and general employee personnel of Oakland Hills will be greatly improved under his management for the benefit of members who are regular patrons of the club service.



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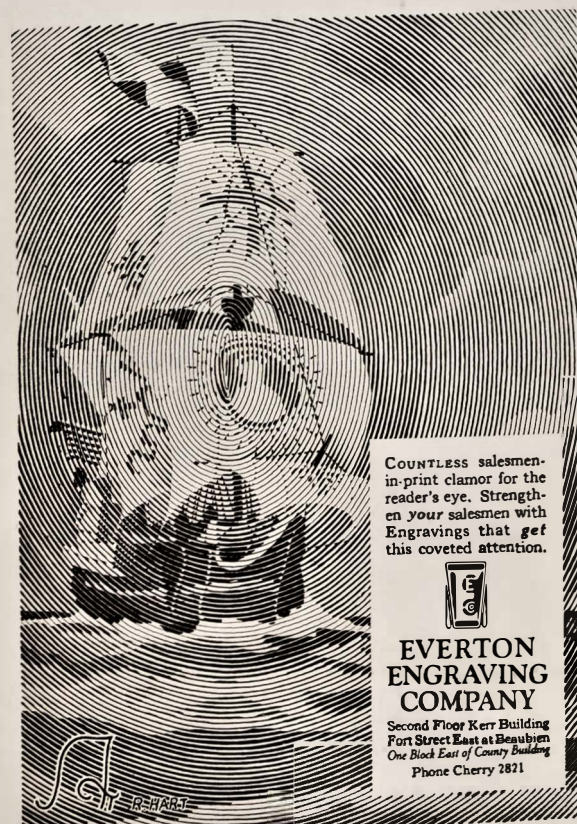
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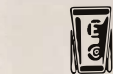


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SPORT

(Continued from page 16)

First Families Interested

E. A. Batchelor, than whom there is no one harder to interview on hockey, has this to say about the men who are behind the local team:

"In looking over the roster of the local club's stockholders, one is impressed with the fact that the game has crashed into society here. Among the eighty owners of the Cougars are representatives of most of our real front families, including those who can trace their ancestry back to members of M. Cadillac's personally conducted tour and those who came to the front when horsepower was taken from between the shafts and put under the hood.

"It would seem apparent that the motive of this group of men in bringing hockey to Detroit is a sincere desire to improve the city's sports program. In no single case was it necessary to invest in sport to keep the wolf from the door; in many cases the wolf wouldn't even be able to reach the door on the long-distance telephone. On the other hand, being good business men, these stockholders realize that, in order to insure good sport, it is necessary to run their enterprise on business methods. That is what is being done."

McManus a Tiger

Baseball news of more than passing interest is the announcement recently made that Marty McManus, St. Louis infielder, has been obtained for the Tigers. He probably will play third base, with Charlie Gehringer at second. Frank O'Rourke and Mike Mullen, infielder sent to Toronto last year, were exchanged for him, together with a couple of bushers who are sent to Toronto—for it was a three-cornered deal that brought McManus here.

A Little House in the Country

(Continued from page 17)

When we started reckoning the cost of our furnishings the other day we were astonished to find that they do not yet come to a hundred dollars—for four rooms—and that no one piece cost more than ten. Of course that doesn't count the Queen Anne bed that Alice loaned us, the cost of that single piece would buy the rest of the house, but it does count all the living room furniture, which we have picked up at neighboring farm houses and second hand stores near here. Jonathan has done the refinishing, which checks out the greatest cost item, and our rugs are still mostly hoped for, but the effect is delectable beyond any Grand Rapids copies that one could buy. Curtains of orange scrim and percale with tiny figures are all right if you can't buy chintz, and a little extra wax on the floors and much polishing protects them from too much wear and gets them ready for the glad day when they will be decked with hooked rugs and more braided ones.

Jonathan and I have started a "fund" drawer in the study desk with little boxes labelled "wing chair fund," "hooked rug fund" and one day these may be sufficiently filled with dimes and quarters to buy this or that object to fill this and that gap. Which is fun.

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