

THE AFTERGLOW

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THE AFTERGLOW

Country Life
Around Detroit



Houses, Gardens
Society -- Sports

VOL. III

Contents for December, 1927

No. 12

	No. 12
Cover.....	by Elinor Millington
Tower Knoll.....	3
Ford Cartoon.....	6
The Littlest Rabbit.....	7
Etchings of Children.....	8
Society.....	10
Clubs.....	11
Children 40 Years Ago.....	12
Who in 1950?	13
Today's Children.....	14
Window Gardening.....	18
	by Fred C. Roth
	Books.....
	Country Comment.....
	Large Tree Planting.....
	New York Theatres.....
	Santa Claus.....
	Editorial.....
	Junior League.....
	Cranbrook Notes.....
	Economic Leadership.....
	Music M. S. College.....
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LA SALLE



Photo by Ellison

Vestibule—Note Tower Entrance



View from Entrance.

Photo by Arnold

Tower Knoll

Home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Robert F. Swanson, Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills

GOING west on Lone Pine Road, lined with lordly country places, past Cranbrook Estate, Christ Church, Cranbrook School, and a mile beyond, on the south side of the road, lies the old Piper farm, now developed by Walsh, James and Wasey, and known as Lone Pine Road Estates. In the woods, in the western portion of this development, lies "Tower Knoll," the home of the architect, Mr. J. Robert F. Swanson, which even a casual traveler finds of compelling interest. While it is new it appears to have grown there with the trees. The winding drive, guarded at the entrance by two stately elms, dignified sentinels, leads into the court lying in the shadow of a romantic looking tower, in which is located the main entrance to the house.

Viewed from the entrance, Mr. Swanson has achieved the effect of a rather imposing appearance, although the house from the opposite side looks small. This is because it is built into the side of a hill, so that the house is full two stories on the court side and only one story on the terrace side.

A fine comprehension of landscape effects must have determined the location of this charming home, for careful observation discloses no failures to take advantage of natural conditions.

The antique appearance is partly due to a successful adaptation of used brick in the solid walls. Air

spaces are provided in the walls, making furring unnecessary and the plaster-finish is directly upon the walls of all the rooms. The windows are metal casement and the roof is tile.

It is with eager interest one enters the house through the heavy paneled antique-appearing oaken door, but interest becomes still keener when we arrive in the entrance hall, because the unique arrangement, as partly seen from this point, promises plenty of surprises.

First, we are attracted by the spacious coat room, on the right, which, though an inside room, is nevertheless light. Investigation discloses the source of outdoor light to be a small arched opening in the wall separating this room from the well lighted stairway. Through the coat room is entrance to the heating plant, which is hot water and oil burner, with the dust-free neatness of this kind of heating equipment.

A contrasting bit of the hall furnishing is the replica antique carved Italian arm chair, with the Finnish woven wool rug of quaint design and wonderful soft colors, hanging on the wall over the chair. The hall leads into a very charming room with a fireplace and a lovely group of windows with an outlook upon the wooded hillside to the east. The room has beamed ceiling, recesses in the walls for book shelves, and an oak floor laid in parquetry pattern. This room is used



Seen from West Entrance. Photo by Ellison

at present as a dining room, but will be the library when the contemplated addition to the house is completed. This, with a small room, now used as a kitchen, comprises the downstairs, or, in this case, ground floor of the house.

We now go back through the hall to the spiral staircase in the tower. This is of solid masonry with an intriguing romantic atmosphere, intensified by the deep-set arched windows, commonly associated with medieval towers. Ascending the tower stairs we arrive at the living part of the house, which, on the west,

is on the grade level of the lawn, with a poetic view over the little lake and the wood-crowned hill on the further shore, a wonderful composition for sunset effects and reflections.

To say that the living room is unique is probably as safely indefinite as would be the word "different." Like most other living rooms, it has floor, walls, ceiling, windows, doors and a fireplace, of course. These features are obvious, and mechanically describable. But the atmosphere created in the artistic arrangement, combination and ornamentation of these objects is the intangible spiritual something which only culture and artistic understanding can attain. That is the real picture a description should recreate, but is the most difficult and most elusive.

The arched, or vaulted, ceiling and square pattern of the oak floor furnish a sense of unimpeded height and width, the wide grouped windows on three sides offer freedom and distance to the eye, and a satisfying light for the many art treasures adorning the walls. There are long corner seats, comfortable chairs and soft hued rugs. On leaving the room there remains a feeling of pleasant, inviting, home-like atmosphere, with no one single object crowding the other objects from the impression.

The other wing of the house, connecting with the living room wing at the tower, contains what is now a bedroom, but which will be the dining room later. It has a group of windows overlooking the terrace, lake and woods southward. When all plans are completed this room will be connected by a glass enclosed



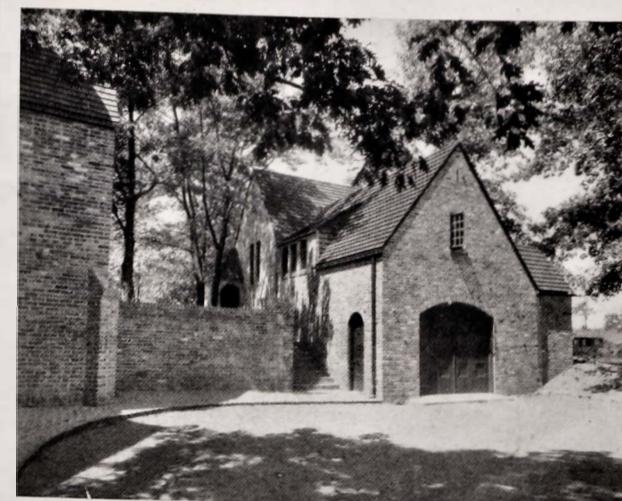
Dining Room. Photo by Ellison

passage, or conservatory, with the studio and bedrooms located over the four-car garage adjacent, some forty or fifty feet to the north. This studio is a most delightful room, with a big fireplace and generous wall space for pictures. Here Professor Saarinen, who is the father of Mrs. Swanson, has his private work bench for his art and designs. The walls are adorned with some of his work, but of that perhaps some future time. Professor and Mrs. Saarinen are making their home with their children. We depart from the studio down the short brick stairs to the court below.

Mrs. Swanson, as some readers will remember, is doing the interior decoration of the Cranbrook School. She is going to decorate the spiral stairway and the rest of the house to suit her taste, and we anticipate a description of some very delightful art work from her hand at a future date. Her pastelle-like beauty reminds one of the Heleborus (Winter Anemone) which blossoms in the snow. In this respect she typifies Finland, the wintry land of her birth.

Mr. Swanson spent a year in Europe, following his graduation from Ann Arbor. On this trip he acquired a fine collection of etchings and other art treasures, which now adorn this attractive and beautiful home.

The estate comprises five acres. The small lake, created by excavating and uncovering a spring, will be extended to a length of about six hundred feet.



Garage. Photo by Ellison

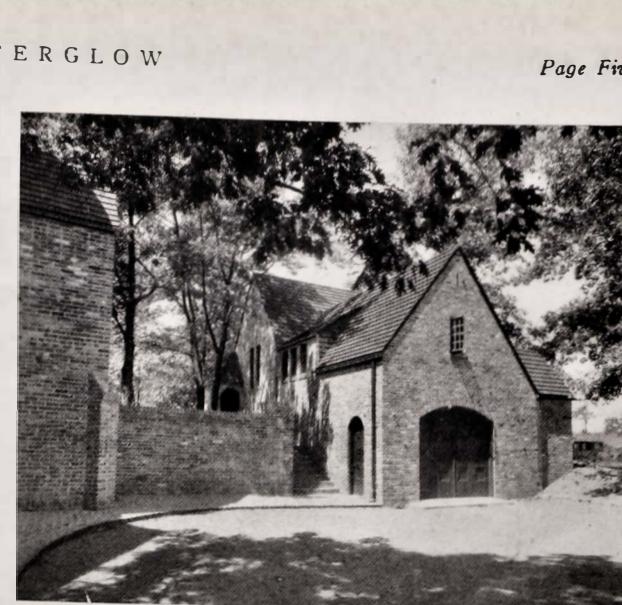


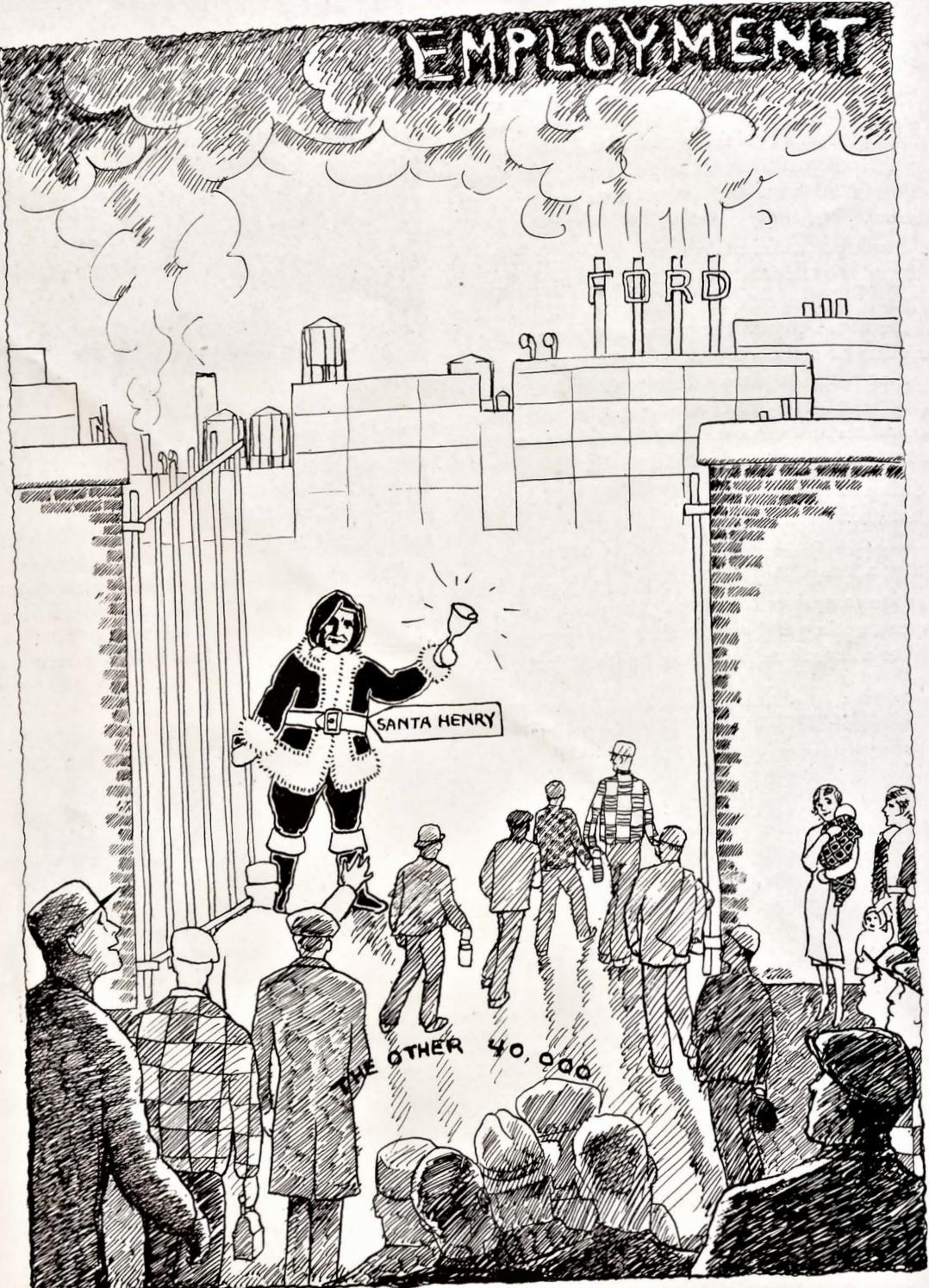
Photo by Ellison

Mr. and Mrs. Swanson possess highly artistic culture and ability, with youth and time in their favor for working out their ideas. It will be interesting to observe the development and evolution of this very unusual and fascinating home.

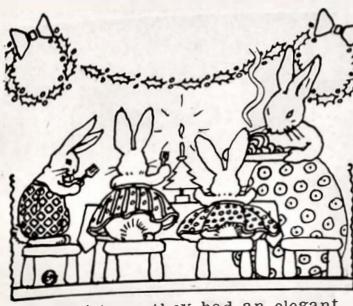
When we asked Mr. Swanson to classify the type, he said: "It is not a type or copy. I tried to fit a house to this land and I am sure it would be out of place, taken as it is, in any other location." This seems perfectly true.



Living Room. Photo by Ellison



Ford's Christmas Present to Detroit



On Christmas they had an elegant treat.

Said the littlest rabbit, one winter day, I think I'll go out in the snow and play. The snow is so pure and clean and white, and the sun it is shining so clear and bright, that I'll get a most elegant appetite.

The littlest rabbit's name was Dude, and she has a brother, big and rude, and this brother laughed when he heard her say, "I think I'll go out in the snow and play." For he knew that a dog was around that way. A great big dog that could run and fight and gobble up Dude in a single bite. And he said, as roughly as rough could be, "You had better stay at home with me."

Said the littlest rabbit, cocking each ear, "I think it something awfully queer, how much big brothers think they know about where their sisters ought to go. Though they don't even know enough to get their stupid big selves in out of the wet."

"I'll dress myself and then I will show that I can go out and play in the snow, and play all day long, I know I can, and not get hunted by dog or man. I'll look so sweet and nice you'll see no one will think of hurting me."

So she combed her tail and trimmed her ears and laughed at her great big brother's fears. Out in the sunshine and the snow this jolly young lady rabbit did go. But just as evening had begun, she saw in the held a man with a gun, and a dog that after her did run. So away she flew, for well she knew, that if caught she'd be used for a rabbit stew. She flew back home, as if she had wings, and laughed as she told of the stupid things with whom she had just had a lot of fun—a man, and a dog, and a great big gun.

Now, brother rabbit was not as bright as his little sister—that very night he said, "The moon is out of sight and the stars only give a little light, I think I will go in the fields and run, and just by myself have a lot of fun. If any animal comes in sight I'll show him how a rabbit can fight."

So out he went and sat on a log, and along came a little poodle dog. The rabbit cried, "What an ugly pup; if he dares to come near I will do him up!"

The poodle stopped! "What's that you say? A rabbit can't talk to me that way. Come off that log you impudent thing, and another tune I'll make you sing."

The rabbit was foolish enough to try to fight that dog. The fur did fly, and so did the rabbit—about a



She combed her tail and trimmed her ears.

The Littlest Rabbit

By WILLIAM F. ATKINSON

(Illustration by Elinor Millington)

(Written 26 years ago for his grandchildren, Mack, and Alice, whom he called "Dude.")

minute was enough to show that he was not in it. He got away when a chance he found, and made at once for his hole in the ground. Ever since, I've heard it said, he keeps a civil tongue in his head, and out of his home he is never found, when he knows that there's a dog around.

His sister laughed until she cried, and his mother until she almost died. He looked so funny, so torn and pale. He only had left about half of his tail.

It was not right for them to laugh, for the dog bit off the other half. And since that night they have a habit of calling him the bob-tail rabbit, and when they do he gets out of sight, for he cannot bear to hear of that night.

His mother said, "My dear little son, when you see a dog, the thing to be done, is to keep very still until he goes by, and then to your home you must quickly fly. For dogs are fighters and rabbits are not, and learn this lesson by what you've got, that every one in his place should be, and your place at night is at home with me."

Then Bob said, "Mother, give me a kiss, and I'll stay with you always after this."

His sister called him a silly thing, to be tied to his mother's apron string, but Bob replied, "I may not be bright, but I'll stay at home after this at night. You got off easy once, it's true, but you're safer at home with mother too."

This happened at Christmas, I've been told. Since then it has been so very cold that the rabbits have stayed in their warm nests under the stump; the place that is best for them to stay, until in the spring, the grasses grow, and the birds do sing. You children then will be around to play, and drive every dog away.

The mother gets them lots to eat, and on Christmas they had an elegant treat. Out in the garden the mother found a head of cabbage on the ground. The bees sent to them a quart of honey and did not charge them a cent of money. Some squirrels, living up in the nearby trees, said, "We won't be outdone by a lot of bees." So they sent nuts, and such a store, they will last the rabbits six months or more. The mother found in the house by the lake a great big piece of ginger cake, and an old cat sent some cat-nip tea, that tasted as nice as nice could be. A jolly lot of rabbits were they, in their home in the ground, on Christmas day.

I hope in the spring, when you with me go up to the woods, that we will see, Bob-Tail and Dude, and the mother too. That's what I wish and so do you.

The Young Collector

Etchings for and About Children

By FLORENCE DAVIES

IT was doubtless some enterprising jeweler who thought to put money in his purse, when he devised the plan of a pearl a year.

On her first birthday the small daughter was to be given a slender strand with a little group of pearls in the center, to make a beginning. Each birthday or Christmas thereafter was to bring an added pearl, so that by the time that the young lady was ready for her bridal gown she could wear as an ornament a string of pearls, which was not only rich in pleasant memories of her childhood and the affectionate remembrance of her parents, but which, as a whole, would doubtless be much more valuable than the average parent would have found wholly convenient to purchase if made as a single gift.

The idea has much to recommend it, for it not only represents a certain continuity of association and interest, but, in the end, results in an object which has

a very real value. It has, however, two limitations. One is that the plan was devised wholly for small girls, since neither big nor little boys have much interest in pearls, while the second and really more weighty limitation is that, with the growth of the collection, there is no attending growth in interest. For one pearl is as much like another pearl, or should be, in a matched string, as two peas in a pod.

Notwithstanding this, the general principle of giving to children something which will represent a growing interest through the years, is sound.

Christmas time a year ago brings pleasant memories of such an experiment.

"We want our girls to take a real pride and interest in their own rooms," said a mother of two very lovely little girls, "and so we gave each daughter one gift, aside from the more personal ones, which was to be placed in their rooms. For the older daughter, we chose a really comfortable and beautiful chair, just enough smaller than the ordinary easy chair to make it seem her very own, and yet large enough to be a real chair even when she reached her teens and became a young lady."

"And for the younger one?" I asked, wondering what they could find for a small red-haired edition of Puck himself, a child of six, who had much more use for the topmost limbs of maple trees than for comfortably furnished rooms.

"For Anna-Catherine," replied the child's mother, "we chose an etching."



(Courtesy The John Hanna Galleries)
Lee Hankey depicts mothers and children with a strong stroke.



Boy with Hoop, by Arthur Heintzelman.

"An etching," I replied aghast. "That was one for the poor child and two for you, and down right mean. Worse, far worse," I added, "than the boy who gave his father skates."

"Not at all," my hostess laughed. "Wait till you see the etching; the child loves it."

Sure enough, any child would love it. In fact, it might have been a quick transcript of the child herself. The artist had called it "The Scooter," and in a few telling strokes of the needle on the waxed plate, had caught the swift movement of a child of six riding a scooter, short locks flying in



(Courtesy Hanna-Thompson Galleries)
Eileen Soper, an English girl, etches children.



(Courtesy Hanna-Thompson Galleries)

'Mike's Express,' by Diana Thorne.

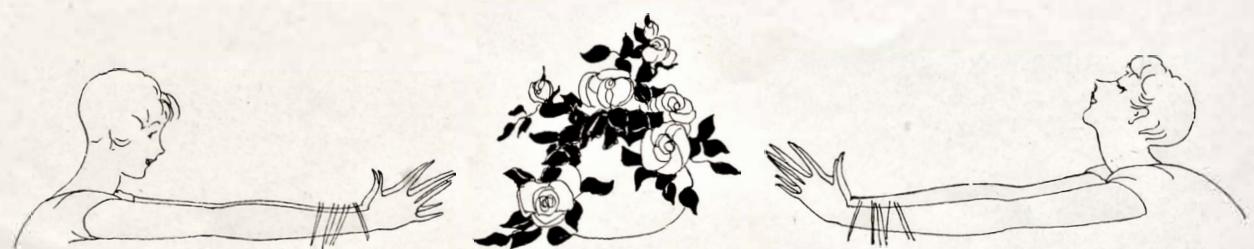
eye for beauty than her more bookish sister. She always insists upon picking out her own clothes, and, aside from that, she also has a certain pride of possession. Next year we will give her another etching for her room, and by the time she is a young woman she will, with little cost to ourselves, have a fair beginning of what might be called a modest collection.

"Then if she really cares for such things," her mother continued, "she will find infinite pleasure in going on and making a collection of real value. In fact, many of the things we will give

(Continued on page 28)



One of Whistler's well-known child studies; Bebe Valentine.



SOCIETY

By BARBARA POTTER

Bloomfield and Birmingham

No other part of the year belongs more entirely to children than Christmastide. All time and thought is concentrated on the hope of the glimpse of a happy face on Christmas morning. But for everyone the holiday spirit is something gay and lovely.

For those away at school it means a vacation, with each day filled to brimming, since the customary three weeks is all too short.

Some of the school contingent will include Miss Suzanne House, daughter of George House, of Lone Pine Road, who returned the 15th from Miss Bennett's school at Millbrook, N. Y.

Miss Virginia, Rosemary and Josephine Braun, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Braun, of "Linda Vista," are coming from Eden Hall in Philadelphia.

Walter Briggs, Jr., comes from the Canterbury school at Canterbury, Mass., to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Briggs, at "Walbri Hall."

Miss Madeleine Couzens will be home from Georgetown University, and her sister, Margot, will come from her school in Washington.

Jack Blanchard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Morley, of "High Hollow," Jack Watling, son of John W. Watling, and Frederick Whittlesey, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Whittlesey, will return from Ann Arbor to spend the holidays with their respective families. Jack Watling's brother, Palmer, returns from the Hill school at Pottstown, Pa., while Mr. Whittlesey's brothers, Matthew, Jr., and George, will be home from the Culver Military Academy.

Charles Winingham will come from the Milford school at Milford, Conn., to spend the Christmas recess at "Robin Hood's Barn," and may have as his guest Frederick Scherwin, of Rosslyn, N. Y., some time during the holidays.

Walter Bromley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bromley, of "Upplands," and Mortimer Neff, son of Dr. and Mrs. Erwin Neff, will also come from the University of Michigan.

Miss Mary Morley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Morley, will return from the Erskine school in Boston, and her brother, John, will be home from his school. Miss Elise and Mary will give a luncheon at the Fox and Hounds Inn, Wednesday, December 21st.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Barbour will spend Christmas at "Briarbank," and their sons, William, Jr., from Ann Arbor, and Alfeus, from his school, and very probably their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. James Duffy, will be with them.

Francis Palms, Jr., coming from the Newman school at Lakewood, N. J., will spend his vacation as the guest of Ned Skae at "West Wind Farms," since his family are still traveling on the Continent. The Skae's plan to keep their Bloomfield home open during the holidays.

Miss Nora and Louise Glancy will come from Miss Summer's school in Washington, D. C., to visit their family, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Glancy, of Lone Pine Road. Their brother, "Al," will be home from the Hill school, and the three have planned a very interesting party to take place at their home on December 23rd. There is to be swimming in the recently installed pool before dinner and dancing afterwards.

Coming from Fairhope, Ala., is Miss Betty Klingensmith to visit her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Klingensmith.

Another country home open for Christmas will be that of the E. P. Hammond's although they have been established in their Grosse Pointe home less than a week. Frederick, George and Edward, Jr., will be home from the Canterbury school at this time.



PHOTOS on this page were taken 40 to 50 years ago. They are important leaders today. Who could have foreseen?

Look at them now!

Top row, left to right:
THOS. H. COBB, President First State Savings Bank, Birmingham.
RAMER SMITH, President Pontiac Commercial Savings Bank, Pontiac.
JAY ADAMS WALSH, President Walsh, James & Wasey Company.

Center row, left to right:
FRANK BLAIR, President Union Trust Co.
GEORGE GOFF BOOTH, President Detroit News.
CHAS. W. WARREN, President Chas. W. Warren Co.

Lower left:
The Twins: FRANK SMITH, President Guaranty Trust Co.; FRED SMITH, Mgr. Newberry Estate.

Lower right:
FRANK W. ATKINSON, Leading Attorney.



Who Shall the Leaders Be in 1950?

CHILDREN OF TODAY WILL DIRECT THESE CONCERN~~S~~ THEN:

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THEODORE McMANUS	HOLDEN, PETERS & CLARK	C. C. WINNINGHAM	F. AUSTIN BEMENT	GEO. H. PHELPS	ROLFE C. SPINNING	ZIMMER- KELLER
DETROIT NEWS	DETROIT FREE PRESS	DETROIT TIMES	MICHIGAN MANU- FACTURER	DETROIT SATURDAY NIGHT	AMERICAN BOY	AFTERCLOW
Pontiac						
OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY	YELLOW CAB & TRUCK COMPANY	WILSON FOUNDRY COMPANY	COMMERCIAL SAVINGS BANK	FIRST NATIONAL BANK	FIRST STATE SAVINGS BANK	FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Birmingham						



Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cousens.
Photo by Redman



Christine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Thom.
Photo by Redman



Steven Farr, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Booth.
Snapshot



Susan Beaubien, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. W. Duckett.
Photo by O'Connor



Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joel H. Prescott.
Photo by Hayes



Lucile and Spencer, daughter and son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Peck.
Photo by Crane Babyland



Charlotte Donelly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Nichols.
Photo by Redman



Margaret Ellen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay A. Walsh.
Photo by Redman

DECEMBER, 1927



Photo by Redman
Patricia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David W. Rust.



Photo by Hayes
Baby Hugh, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McMillan.



Photo by Redman
Joan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Max Stringer.



Photo by Redman
Charles Thorne, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Thorne Murphy,
and dog, Richthessen.

DECEMBER, 1927



Photo by Hayes
Mary Elizabeth, oldest, and Nancy Fitch, youngest, daughters of
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Brier.

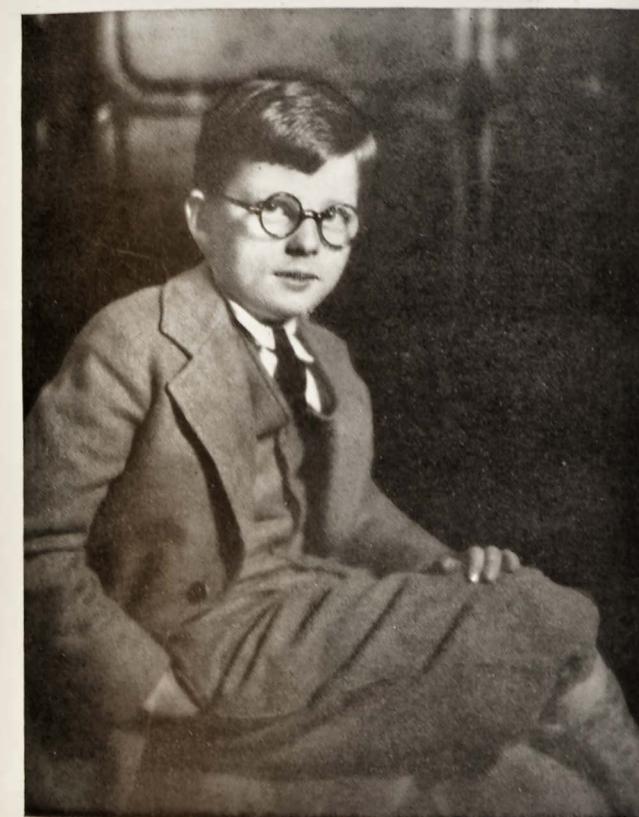


Photo by O'Connor
Robert, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Taylor.



Photo by Arnold
Peter Halgren, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Halgren.



Photo by O'Connor
Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson W. Mills.



Photo by Russell, Chicago
Victor Hughes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Taylor.

So many children's pictures were sent us that it is with regret space denies us the pleasure of printing more in this issue. The rest will be printed in the January issue.

Meanwhile pick the leaders for 1950 from those in this issue. But do not fail to read the editorial on the subject of children on page 24.



The Window Garden

By FRED C. ROTH

Many garden enthusiasts have a real longing to carry on their gardening activities throughout the winter season, but since they do not have a green house or conservatory where plants can be grown under the best conditions, they forego their hobby at this season of the year. Possibly some gardeners have considered raising plants in the house but felt their efforts would end in failure. Some have tried growing plants in the house, and have had good results, many others have failed. Failures are due to trying to grow plants under the wrong conditions and to improper care. There is no reason why a person interested in plants cannot raise a few plants in the house.

Plants grown in the house may die from any of several reasons, but the two chief reasons are lack of water and lack of sunlight. It is impossible to give the plants too much water provided there is proper drainage. The best way to provide drainage is to set the potted plants on a shallow tray filled with small stones or pebbles. Individual plants may be set on a shallow dish, filled with pebbles. When the plants are watered, the excess water filters through the soil and into the tray or dish where it evaporates. The base of the pot should never stand in the water.

Since the artificially heated air of the house in winter is dry, the evaporation of water, both from the plant and the soil, is very great. Then too, the volume of soil for each plant is relatively small, and therefore the plants must be watered rather frequently. A good way to tell when the plant needs watering, is to feel the soil between the fingers. If it crumbles between the fingers, it should be watered. If the soil is sufficiently moist, it will feel soft and pasty. In case the plant needs watering, water thoroughly, so as to saturate all the soil in the pot. Then do not water again until the soil is crumbly when tested between the fingers. Remember that water is a plant food and plants cannot live without it.

Different varieties of plants vary in their requirements of light. Some kinds will grow with less sunlight than others. As a general rule plants that flower need all the sunlight they can possibly get, while the foliage plants will thrive with less. A window that faces to the south is a good location for growing plants that require more sunlight, while an east or west window will do for those plants requiring less direct sunlight. A sun room that has windows on the east, south, and west sides, and that can be kept relatively cool, makes an almost ideal place for raising house plants. Keep in mind that plants thrive better in a moist atmosphere and at a temperature of about 60 to 65 degrees, and try to keep as near to this as possible. In a separate room like the average sun room, conditions may be kept more nearly favorable to the plants.

All plants are not adaptable to house conditions but there are quite a good number that lend themselves very well to these conditions and should prove satisfactory under reasonably good care. Some of the choice, standard varieties that make good house plants are as follows:

Boston Fern.

This is probably the most popular of all. It does not like too much sunlight and is best in an east, west, or north window. Likes a moist atmosphere, plenty of water and good drainage. Should not be disturbed any more than is necessary.

Royal Palm.

A very hardy plant withstanding much abuse. Does not require direct sunlight. Must have good drainage.

Holly Fern.

Very ornamental and very hardy.

English Ivy.

A very decorative and useful plant. Can be used in hanging baskets or trained up a trellis, and must be kept well watered. Place it outdoors in the summer time to keep the plant in good condition.

(Continued on page 26)

Fireside

SOME OF THE



Reading

NEW BOOKS

By C. P. GOODSON

"ROMANTIC AMERICA"—Picturesque United States; E. O. Hoppe; B. Westerman Co., \$7.50.

Gorgeous indeed these 304 full page pictures of our country. From east to west, north to south. A most remarkable pictorial story of our throbbing cities, our limitless plains—our vast deserts—our majestic snow-capped mountains and primeval forests—our prehistoric cliff-palaces.

"THE BOOK OF OPPORTUNITIES"—R. H. Platt, Jr., Putnam's, \$3.

Three thousand occupations; one and more, for every temperament; wait in America for those who wish to know how and where to make money. A most unusual book. It tells how to shape one's own course, according to instincts and desires. Every boy and girl living ought to know this book.

"THE OUTLINE OF MAN'S KNOWLEDGE"—Clement Wood; Lewis Copeland Co., \$5.

A fascinating story of man's amazing achievements; the whole magnificent romance of everything human beings have done for 5,000 years. From the cave man to Lindbergh; from the tower of Babel to New York skyscrapers; from whispering to the radio. Accurate, exciting, illuminating, entertaining, stimulating and amazing in its challenges.

"OUR TIMES"—"AMERICA FINDING HERSELF"—Mark Sullivan; Scribner's, \$5.

Bewitchingly fascinating; amazingly absorbing; deliciously refreshing and gloriously reminiscent. The greatest array of facts, plays, poems, fads, fashions, inventions, and prominent personalities and brilliant careers, ever published. Sullivan is the only man who has done this sort of thing.

"THE BOY'S BUSY BOOK"—Chelsea Fraser; T. Y. Crowell, \$2.50.

For boys who do things and who want to learn how. This author believes in the boy having his own workshop somewhere around the place, and he tells and illustrates profusely how to use all tools and how to make almost everything. It will solve the "Boy Problem" for many parents, and happily.

"GOOSE TOWN TALES"—Alice Latouer; Crowell, \$2.00.

Children everywhere will revel by the hour in these thrilling pages; and will have a world of fun with Father Goose and Mother Goose, and all the folks of Goose Town. The end pages give the first detail pictures ever presented of Goose Town.

"JOHN MARTIN'S BIG BOOK"—John Martin's Book House and Dodd Mead & Co., \$2.50.

If you are a parent and do not know of John Martin's Book—it may be said of you, as of Queen Elizabeth, "Dead, but not buried." Your child is missing one of the finest things ever put into print.

"SKITTER CAT AND MAJOR"—Eleanor Youmans; Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Cat and dog adventures, by one of the most popular children's writers. This is Skitter's third appearance. First, we had Skitter; then, Skitter Cat and Little Boy. He's a great dog—and his friend, the big white Persian pussy. Everybody just loves these stories.

"PILLOW TIME TALES"—Patten Beard; Rand, McNally & Co.

For the little boy and girl who goes upstairs happily at bed-time, and listens to fairies and their stories. Beautifully illustrated. Charmingly told child stories.

"ANGELINE GOES TRAVELING"—Frances M. Fox; Rand McNally & Co.

How would you, boys and girls, like to travel like Angeline, in an old-fashioned covered wagon, all the way from New England to California? And the things which happened have furnished adventure stories for a life-time. You get your thrills here. Illustrated.

"YE GODS AND LITTLE FISHES"—Eugene E. Slocum; Dodd, Mead & Co., \$2.50.

Tom Masson says: "Slocum's book of fishing is by far the best that has been written in this country." Dorsey, author of "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," says: "I swallowed it, hook, line and sinker. It's a perfectly corking fish book." So say we all of us.

"THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE"—Richard Halliburton, famous author of "The Royal Road to Romance"; Bobbs-Merrill; \$5.00.

Oh! boy! Get your breath, and start again. He traveled the world—swam the Hellespont—climbed Olympus—ran the marathon—scaled the Acropolis—charged Mt. Parnassus—swam the evil straits between Scylla and Charybdis—tracked Achilles and Alexander—E Pluribus Unum. Fascinating, maddening, exhilarating, unquenchable, gladdening!

"PEACE OR WAR?"—Lieut. Commander J. M. Kenworthy; Introduction by H. G. Wells; Boni & Liveright; \$2.50.

Can civilization survive the next world war? It is really a book of international importance. Wells says of one sentence: "It should be given in every school in the English-speaking world." The United States, Great Britain, Holland and Switzerland could unite and prevent, or suppress, all possibility of future wars. If you love your country, and peace, read this book.

"STORM FIGHTERS"—J. D. Whiting; Bobbs Merrill & Co.

A lantern book for young people. Here all the thrill and romance of the Coast Guard service; breath-taking and heart lifting. Fascinating information about life-boats; the wreck-gum; the breeches buoy; revenue cutters, with splendid illustrations. Here is bravery and heroism in their purest expressions.

"NATURE LOVER'S KNAKSAK"—Edwin Osgood Grever (my life-long friend); Crowell; \$2.50.

All the best of all the authors. Great poems about land and sea and sky. Trees, hills, brooks, seasons, birds, bees, flowers, sunrises and sunsets; everything in nature. What refreshing inspirations here. The Bible speaks of "being dead while you live." So is he who cannot live richly in these pages. Only Grever could do this.

"HICK TURPIN'S RIDE AND OTHER POEMS"—Alfred Noyes; Stokes; \$1.50.

And do we not all love Alfred Noyes? If you've ever heard him, you are eager to eat up his poems. A rollicking narrative of the famous English highwayman—18th century—and his marvelous ride from London to York. Fifty-five other inspirations are here.

"THE HIGHER FOOLISHNESS"—(President) David Starr Jordan; Bobbs-Merrill Co.; \$2.50.

What about the "charms of organized ignorance?" There is genuine satire and ridicule—some irony, a la present day science, in these pages. The author finds delight in two beliefs: "What is, and what isn't." Here is profound humor plus a survey of, what? And do you love mystery? And, the new science of Sciosophy?

(Continued on page 20)



THOUGH ONCE FORGOTTEN, THE BEAUTIFUL BIRMINGHAM-BLOOMFIELD AREA SURVIVED

Discovered, forgotten, rediscovered and developed; this is the unusual historic record of Bloomfield Hills and Birmingham.

In the French and Indian War the silence of this forest region was momentarily broken by a brief military campaign against the Indians. But during the half century that followed neither the crack of the white man's rifle nor the sound of his axe was heard.

After the War of 1812 Detroiters looked about for new agricultural lands; they were hemmed in by a wide marsh and dense forest on the north. A few leaders employed an Indian guide, mounted their horses and followed a treacherous trail through quagmire and wilderness; ultimately they reached the fertile, elevated and well drained Birmingham-Bloomfield Hills area.

With buoyant hearts they returned to Detroit, where their decidedly favorable report was received with great rejoicing.

Into this region, filled with pioneering romance, have come new pioneers of the modern era. To the Walsh, James and Wasey Company much credit is due for the intelligent effort that has developed the Birmingham-Bloomfield Hills area into a delightful and practical place to live.



Strategic Locations of Walsh, James & Wasey Properties in the Birmingham-Bloomfield Hills Area.

Walsh, James & Wasey Co.

MAIN OFFICE, PENOBSCOT BLDG.
Detroit



Developers of Birmingham

Pioneers in Bloomfield Hills

Country Comments

John S. Newberry is building a home northeast of Rochester near the county line. The contract price is said to be \$70,000.

Mrs. Doris Pitman is building west of the Goodeson, and south of the M. C. tracks in the near future. She has built a road into the location and brought the electric line in preparation for building.

Ford Ballantine is building a road into the location where he contemplates building in the spring. The estate is two miles east of Oxford and north of the Grambian Hills.

Lawrence Buhl is building four miles northeast of Orion. Murray Sales has bought the Bellis farm, three miles northeast of Orion.

Walsh, James and Wasey called attention to the following error in the November issue which we desire to correct. On page 32, we showed a cut of a residence and stated in the notice that J. E. Burris is building it for Glenn Welcher. The error was in using the cut in this notice. The house shown is another of Burris' construction sold by Walsh, James and Wasey to A. J. Neerkin, engineer of the Hupp Motor Car Co. It is located on Oxford Drive. Thank you, Mr. Bradt, for pointing out our error.

This firm also reports the following houses under construction: Mrs. J. G. Strelinger, in Quarton Lake Estates, facing Quarton Road opposite the beautiful water wheel of Manresa and east of the River Rouge branch.

Rolph C. Spinning, the advertising counsel, is building on Dorchester Road in Birmingham Estates. Contract price is \$20,000.

Mrs. J. W. Codd has started a home on Puritan Road in Quarton Lake Estates, which will cost about \$25,000.

Glenn Wagoner is building a home, for sale, on Henley Drive in the Forest Hills Development, north of Adams School.

W. T. Barbour is building a forty-four car garage for the use of the tenants of his English Village developments. The garage is located on Long Lake Road West.

A building of twenty-eight apartments ranging from seven to twelve rooms each is planned for erection in the near future on the Sprague property north of Lone Pine Inn.

There is also an application before the village board for a building permit for a large apartment building on the Brush property on Charing Cross and Woodward.

George C. Booth, son of Clarence Booth, is moving into his newly finished house on Cranbrook Road, south of H. S. Booth and north of the Bloomfield Hills children's school.

Chas. O'Shai is building a residence on the southeast corner of Opdyke and Hickory Roads. We have no particulars of the house but there will be stables for four horses and landscaping by Nelson Whittemore.

Fireside Reading

(Continued from page 19)

"Marriage should be a mysterious sacramental, functional unity," et cetera. What about "cosmic honeymoons?" Wholesome and delicious and exhilarating.

"ADAM AND EVE"—John Erskine; Bobbs-Merrill; \$2.50.

Author of many books. A dramatic re-creation; the story of the man, the woman, the snake and the apple. And is it not every man's story? Then this eternal triangle, which began in the Garden of Eden. If Lilith, Adam's first wife, is what every woman should be, Eve may be what every woman is. All the great adventures of living are here. Sparkling wit, racy humor—the story of humanity. The universal query—all are here.

"THE LLANFEAR PATTERN"—Francis Biddle, Scribner's; 2.00.

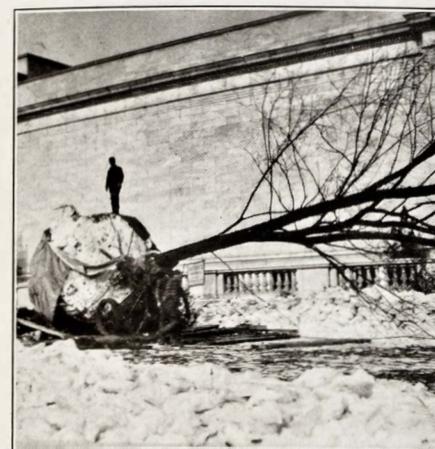
The story of an old Philadelphia family—bankers, lawyers, trustees—"We are the people." Vigorous and ironic style. Social Philadelphia tellingly told. He strikes a predominating current universal note. Biddle has an "understanding of these times."

Large Tree Planting About the Home

Time was when it seemed necessary to plant small trees and wait years for them to mature, but times have changed. Today man does not spend the best years of his life in waiting but gets his trees full grown for his immediate enjoyment.

The science of large tree moving has developed with other sciences and has followed quickly on the heels of advances in building and architectural design. When the public awoke to the fact that their homes must be beautiful and comfortable on the outside as well as the inside, they began to look for ways and means and "Large Trees" was the answer.

Demand grew and there sprang up a number of men who went about trying to satisfy this demand. Their equipment was meager and of a crude nature, consisting for the most



Twenty-inch elm on mover, ready to go into hole.

part of a stone-boat or low hung wagon, either of which served very well if the tree was comparatively small or the distance to be moved, short. Quite frequently, the tree was badly scarred in the ordeal or its branches so broken as to make it unsightly. The equipment was not strong enough to carry the weight of a ball of earth and roots of sufficient size and often the poor tree, deprived of its feeders, sent forth a few small leaves for one or possibly two seasons and then accepted its fate and died.

There are, however, two or three organizations who have spent much time in the study of trees and how to move them; in the analysis of soils in relation to transplanting; the effects of drainage and the development of equipment which can carry a ball of earth large enough to contain practically the whole root system. They have also discovered that there



All transplanted trees, second year after planting.
Note how they set off the house.

are certain operations necessary to maintain the tree after planting until the roots shall have completely re-established themselves.

These men are reliable and so sure of the success of their moving that they guarantee the trees they plant and few

(Continued on page 27)

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME WITH LARGE TREES



AN "IRISH MOVED" ELM
(First year after planting)

Why wait years for small trees to mature, when we can plant large trees to give immediate shade? "Irish" trees are specimen trees carefully selected, scientifically and economically moved and planted.

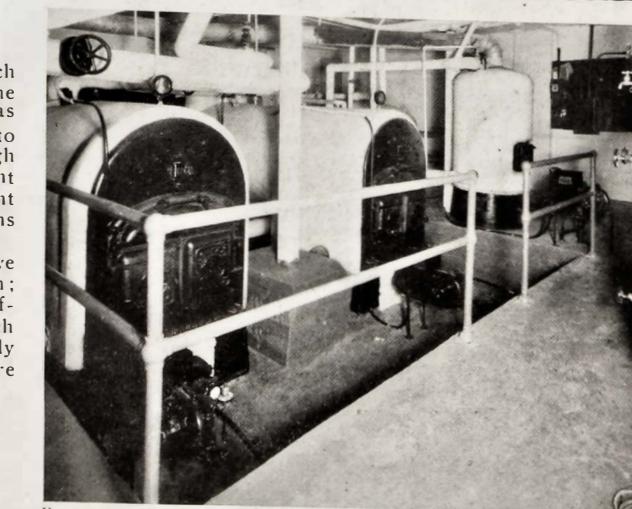
All Our Trees Are Guaranteed

Let us discuss your tree needs with you and quote prices.

CHAS. F. IRISH CO.

"THE COMPLETE TREE SERVICE"

Cadillac 9241 324 Lafayette Bldg.



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Birmingham

New York Theatres
By CHARLES WINNINGHAM

At great expense, I have been asked to write a not too prolix article on the current New York plays, so, after an exhaustive study of the subject, I consented—at great expense. A newly accolated dramatic critic is expected to retain some semblance of a conscience, and not be too free with his vitriolic denunciations of the life work of various authors and producers. So I will try to live up to expectations. It was Byron, I believe, who passed a not too complimentary remark in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" on critics. Possibly Byron was right—I'm slightly prejudiced.

"Dracula," at the Fulton theatre, is the mystery play of the season. Given the quiet, homey atmosphere of a lunatic asylum, the author endeavors to show the endless complications likely to arise if one is bitten by a vampire. Not, of course, a vampire of the Theda Bara type, but an honest-to-God, blood-curdling, self-centered, treacherous, cunning vampire, who seeks out eminently respectable private secretaries and new-born babes, and sucks their blood, to their everlasting discomfiture. Don't laugh—laughter is a sign of ignorance. If you could know of the living dead and their strange ways . . . Perhaps it is well that the play is laid in a lunatic asylum, as it could hardly take place in a country club.

In "Burlesque" at the Plymouth, we have Hal Shelly and Barbara Stynwick demonstrating love, "as she is loved" back stage in a burlesque show. As it is billed as a comedy, the producer's sense of humor must have been strangely perverted, for there is certainly a great deal more pathos in it than any comedy should have.

Wallace Eddinger is in a dramatization of Pepy's diary at the Shubert, called "And So To Bed." To tell the truth, the suggestion implied by the title is exactly what I felt like following at the end of the second act, but I am prejudiced . . . See it for yourself.

"The Letter," with Katherine Cornell, is good, only because Katherine Cornell is in the cast. It is not to be too highly recommended.

Of the musical plays, there are a number well worth seeing. "Good News" is perhaps the best. It deals with something about a college—which, wasn't particularly evident, but the music is good and the dancing fast—at least. It would provide amusement for a quiet afternoon.

"Just Fancy," at the Casino, is made excellent by an altogether unique plot, and the comedy of Raymond Hitchcock. It deals with the visit of Edward VII to America, back in 1857. All the trials and tribulations of a Royal Prince are dealt with, even to his falling in love with an American girl. There is a small prologue and a still smaller epilogue, which does no harm, so the piece remains—excellent.

There are many other pieces which could be well worth the trouble to see. Among them are "A Connecticut Yankee," "Artists and Models," "Hit the Deck," and "The Five O'Clock Girl."

**Antiques
For Christmas Gifts**

To delight the heart of your collector friend, choose a bit of rare old Sandwich Glass, a piece of Old Pewter or Old Staffordshire. It will not be difficult for you to find the right thing for the true lover of good antiques if you come here at once, since our collections have been carefully and painstakingly built up with the thought of Christmas giving in mind.

The Bloomfield Hills Antique Shop

172 S. Woodward Avenue
Birmingham, Mich.

Telephone
Birmingham 1625

Santa Claus, Hold-up Man

By MR. S.

What is there about these United States that spoils everything that we bring over from the Old World? For example, we import peasants from Sunny Italy, who, while in their own country, take innocent pleasure in singing operatic airs and dancing the tarantella—or whatever they call it. Once in our own dear land they start breeding babies, whom we save from early death through the Salvation Army and Community Fund, with the unhappy result that they all grow up to be gun men. In Chicago, for example, more people are murdered every year than in all Europe put together; and while the world is probably better off with fewer Chicagoans, it doesn't look well.

What happens to the European peasant in becoming a 100% American has been noted already, but no one has yet called attention to the most shocking case of acquired depravity in this land of the free and the home of the knave. I refer to Santa Claus. What, I ask, is the total loot of all the hold-ups of all the thugs in this country compared with what this personage gets away with every year? We admitted him (before the quota went into effect) as a kindly Saint, the friend of little children, known and beloved in Europe under various names as Kris Kringle, St. Nicholas, Santa Claus—and so forth. And now look at him!

There was a time when Christmas was a happy season, and I hope it is still in the old countries, but we may have already poisoned it there as we have ruined their landscapes with our billboards and their theatres with Hollywood movies. Anyhow, let's go back to the good old days. Read Irving's description of Christmas in England a century ago, or Dickens' Pickwick Papers and Christmas Carol, for the same period. What did people do? Well, Christmas Eve was a time for parties for the young folks. Christmas morning found a little toy for each of the children, according to the means of the family; if there were no children, there were good things for the needy. Everybody went to the church service in the morning, as a matter of course; then there was a day of feasting and visiting and good cheer generally. Read over again Bob Cratchit's Christmas, or Mr. Fezziwig's party, Christmas at Mr. Wardle's, or Christmas at Bracebridge Hall, if you want to know what Christmas was like when it was Christmas. It was a simple and happy celebration.

What have we now? The Christmas giving that began with a toy for each of the children or a basket of food for the old couple down the lane has degenerated into a crushing burden. First, there must be a present for all the grownups of the family far and near. Then come the host of friends. And they all go through the same misery about you. Everybody gives the other something he or she doesn't want. The cost is so terrific that everybody goes into the hole from which it takes months to recover. Why does everybody keep on in this idiotic business? Because each is afraid that the other will send a present. Oh, the mortification of receiving a gift which is not checked off by one of the same value which you have sent!

And is that all? The list is only beginning. There is your office force. There are the household servants; then the boy who brings you the milk, the one who dumps your groceries, the other who leaves your paper—they all wish you a Merry Christmas! And afterwards damn you for a tightwad when they don't get all they want out of you. If you get as much as "thank you" you're lucky. If you are an apartment dweller it is a riot; the doorman, the porters, the elevator man, the headwaiter, the other waiters, the telephone girls—they wish you a Merry Christmas in the same sweet spirit. By the time they are through with you you find out that you have shelled out twice as much good money on them as you have spent on presents for your own family. You're simply afraid to turn down any one of the army who hold you up with a "Merry Christmas."

If the American people are the cowardly, spineless creatures they seem to be, nothing will ever be done about a custom that grows worse each year. But if there are a few valiant souls who would take the lead, at least they would have the support of all the hundreds of thousands of post office clerks and mail carriers, and the million or so shop girls. Ask them what they think of this merry Yule Tide! Oh, you may object, business would suffer. Would it, though? We can still have toys for children, and, for that matter, greeting cards for grownups. But ask the merchant

(Continued on page 27)

LEONARD LANE

Now You Can
Build!

IMPROVEMENTS all taken care of!—times are ripe!—more people are buying every day. One look at LEONARD LAND (and adjoining unit, WENDOVER) will convince you of the soundness of these striking Birmingham-Bloomfield Hills areas. Right on Adams Road—which, to the man who knows current property values, means a lot. Adams Road—restrictions—swift developments—profits! Ask us for the whole story.

LEONARD LANE, and WENDOVER, the adjoining unit, are on Adams Road, $\frac{3}{8}$ of a mile from the Village of Birmingham, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles from Greater Woodward Avenue. Both units completely improved; both are choice selections closely affiliated with the present Birmingham-Bloomfield Hills growth.

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Are We Developing Leaders?

This is Christmas time, the happy time, when to make the children glad is our special concern, and from which we ourselves receive even greater joy.

Beyond the pleasure of the moment in giving special thought and attention to the children of today is the serious thought that these children are the foundation structure of the next generation. They are, in fact, the embryo managers of homes, of business, of cultural and educational institutions of the period from 1940 to 1965.

It is claimed that Detroit will have three million inhabitants in 1945. The rest of the nation will also greatly increase during this period, and so will the rest of the world, bringing more science, education, luxuries and culture. Also there will be more intrigues, counter intrigues and wars, between individuals, institutions and nations. Yes, wars! For so long as men will have quarrels nations also will have quarrels, because the only real difference between nations and individuals is that a nation is simply individuals multiplied, and therefore the thoughts and acts of a nation is the mass action of its individuals. If it be true that "as a man thinketh so is he," then it be equally true that as the individuals think so is and acts the nation. But, the thought of the individual and, therefore, the act of the nation, is influenced, guided and led by its leaders. There is present in almost any group of children, of whatever social or financial station in life, some leader of the next generation. We, in our efforts today, are actually increasing or decreasing the ability of the leaders, as well as the followers of 1950—a tremendous and inspiring responsibility. We love and are proud of our institutions. We admire the builders of our civilization and ideals. They and many of us were reared in hardening and toughening environments, from which the nation has derived its benefits and perhaps some damages.

Yet our tasks have not been as gigantic or complex as will be the tasks of carrying on in 1950, because these increase with the increase of population. The last fifty years have changed this nation from almost pure homogenous Anglo-Saxon to a polyglot mixture, whose cross-section is the cross-section of the world, with ideals no longer homogenous. We have passed from comparative isolation to a position in finance, agriculture, manufacture, and, shall we say, education and culture (?), which, if not quite in this generation, then certainly in the next, must by its own preponderance, lead the world. What kind of leaders are we producing? What kind of men and women are we rearing? We are building the greatest manufacturing institutions of all times; we are building greater and finer buildings, roads, ships, engines of war, and vaster financial institutions than were dreamed of a generation ago; we are multiplying inventions of comforts and convenience, disseminating education and culture as never before; making new scientific discoveries, and conquering the elements to an extent which makes this generation of men, as compared with the past, appear like gods. Yet these accomplishments are not what make a nation great, but they are the evidences of the greatness of the leaders who produced them, and their maintenance and extension represent a part of the tasks this genera-

envy. Perhaps some of our children, whose pictures are shown in this volume of The Afterglow, shall be such leaders in this conquest which must come before toleration, mutual confidence and helpfulness, as the supreme law of life, shall have been attained, or progress would seem meaningless.

Are we properly preparing our children to take up the responsibilities we pass on to them? Are we building in them the fibre and strength of mind and body which will fit them for leadership?

We of this age, in the development of modern science, have emerged from the simpler form of life into a life which would have been strange and incomprehensible to our forebears. We are turning these new things over to our descendants, who will reach into still newer and greater spheres of development, perhaps neither understood nor even dreamed of by this generation.

Our children may have to settle problems requiring initiative, understanding and courage to a degree that would stagger the greatest minds of today. We will not be there to help them—and it may be would be incompetent to help, should time pass us by.

Questionable Publicity

Speaking of "companionate" marriage, the greatest novelty connected with it seems to be the amount of front page space given to a couple of otherwise ordinary young people. Many young people, scarcely more than children, have married and quietly pursued their education, each remaining in her or his respective home or school, but were too timid or not clever enough to induce hard-boiled editors to yield valuable front page, as well as editorial space, and at the same time create for the couple possible movie careers.

The Kansas couple are different. They are fortunate, if that is fortunate, in obtaining the status of conjugal life without assuming the usual responsibility, but are aile to relegate this to their parents.

Fortunately it is not often that an act of boasted evasion of responsibility is so lavishly accorded front page space. However, it strikes us as a rather cheap and indequate form of publicity.

The Disarmament Question

tion is passing on to the succeeding ones. These responsibilities will be successfully met, but, by whom? We do not know, and no doubt that is well, lest such prescience destroy the initiative or arouse the envy of those predestined to lesser eminence.

To maintain life, conscious man first conquered the wild beast; then we see tribes and races in mortal combat in their strife for supremacy; the increase of population and a desire for adventure next led to geographical conquests, till all portions of the earth, worth while, are now ruled by some organized form of government. This generation lives in the age of the scientific conquest of the elements, of material, inanimate matter, while some future generation shall live in and be the leaders in the conquest of the minds and souls of men—a far greater achievement than any preceding.

Science, education, culture, and spiritual supremacy, instead of force, shall some day conquer ignorance, vice, greed, and

Country Clubs

(Continued from page 11)

was accompanied on her trip by her sister, Mrs. George Scholes, and together they spent several days in Atlantic City before returning. Miss Kelsey will spend her vacation in Detroit with her mother.

Spending his vacation from the Canterbury school on the Island with his family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fisher, is Charles Fisher, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Gage are preparing to leave for Phoenix, Ariz., to stay the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sloane Ford are making their home on Rivard Boulevard, Grosse Pointe, during the winter.

Having as their interesting week-end guest recently, Mr. and Mrs. Y. Y. Hardcastle entertained Mr. Emory Bartlett of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Harold B. Williamson and her son, Robert, will depart for Miami on December 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Day, with her sons, Raymond, Jr., and Peter, have gone to Arizona for the winter. On November 28th Mrs. James J. Miller gave a farewell tea for her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Kelsey have as their guest at Holmcroft, Mrs. Claude Case, of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

Mrs. James D. Arthur has closed her house on the Island and is staying in Detroit until spring.

Tuesday, December 6th, Mrs. Louis O'Connor entertained in honor of Miss Grace Williamson at bridge, and on the following afternoon Mrs. J. C. Clippert complimented Miss Williamson at a similar affair.

The Grosse Ile Dancing Club met December 3rd at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wright. Mr. and Mrs. Wright have as their guests Mr. and Mrs. John Bellridge of Hinsdale, Illinois.

With the exception of Mrs. R. W. Thomas of Detroit, who gave a luncheon for 12 on the 9th of December, and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Crawford, who entertained at a dinner for 10 on December 3rd, the season is very dull, except for members who come for the regular luncheons and dinners, and will be until the arrival of the school set in Detroit and in the country, when any number of sorority and fraternity dances are scheduled for various evenings throughout the vacation, and, remembering, of course, the club's own yearly and always enormously successful Watch Night party.

Pine Lake Golf Club

The club directors for the next three years were elected at last month's meeting. They include B. G. Campbell, Gordon Fearnly, and H. G. Trump. On November 16th, C. J. Merz was elected president; R. S. Lane, vice-president; Gordon Fearnly, secretary, and K. W. O'Connor, treasurer.

(Continued on page 30)

Junior League Christmas Exhibition



Silver Things for Purple Corners

Tall, gleaming candlesticks and candles with little flames to melt the gloom . . . a silver vase of flowers to chase away the shadows . . . a silver clock with a radiant face.

Little treasures for the purple corners of a room of dreams . . . little gifts for someone who really appreciates . . . gifts from the Warren store!

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Dolls

Made in Torino, Italy. Famous for their luxurious beauty and indescribable charm. To see these dolls is a revelation. Present your child with one and note its psychological reaction to a thing of beauty.

Mrs. Henry B. Joy and Mrs. Peter Burtenshaw are keenly interested in the shop in the Eaton Tower where the Junior League has arranged for a Christmas exhibition and sale of the work of bed-ridden and home-bound people who are helped through agencies supported by the Community Fund. Through the courtesy of the Eaton Tower, store space on the ground floor of that building has been loaned for this demonstration and articles made by convalescent patients of all types in Detroit hospitals, under the auspices of the Occupational Therapy Department of the Red Cross, will be on display. There will also be an interesting exhibit of the things which are made by the home-bound blind and crippled folk, who are provided with employment by the Detroit League for the Handicapped, which is the agency sponsored by the Junior League.

A Christmas present made by a convalescent patient or a home-bound worker brings happiness to three people, the donor, the recipient and the maker of the article. The exhibition in the Eaton Tower will give an opportunity for many to bring happiness to those who, because of their unfortunate condition, cannot have the joy that comes to every able bodied man and woman who can walk down the busy streets and see the lovely things which are on display in the shop windows during the Christmas season.

IMPORTATIONS in pottery, lamps, glassware, prints from India, fancy Christmas wrapping paper, candles, hand-hooked rugs. The BRIDGE TABLE a specialty. These are among some of the treasures that await your inspection.

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GENERAL CONTRACTORS
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ROYAL OAK 1152

indeed are the property owners who do not see the advantage of obtaining full grown trees planted by such an organization.

Window Gardening (Continued from page 18)

Asparagus Fern.

A very handsome plant if properly grown. Should be kept in a large pot filled with good, rich soil. Place in a sunny window. Requires plenty of water and good drainage.

Begonias.

Are beautiful flowering plants. Some varieties have ornamental foliage. Must have a southern window. The variety Gloire de Lorraine is very good and a profuse bloomer. Semperflorens is another free bloomer. The Rex Begonia has very ornamental leaves.

Wandering Jew.

A very hardy, trailing plant and useful for many purposes. Used in window boxes, hanging baskets and wall brackets. Takes root easily from shoots. Will grow in a vase of water.

Geraniums.

Require full sunlight. Place the plants close to a south window and leave them undisturbed. Give them plenty of water and good drainage. Grow them in small pots, about five inches, to produce blooms.

Cyclamen.

A very beautiful plant and a free bloomer. A south window is best, but will thrive in an east or west window. Keep old flowers picked off.

Primrose.

Another good flowering plant that will flower all winter, in a sunny window.

Narcissus.

This plant may be grown by placing bulbs in a shallow dish, filled three-fourths full of pebbles. The bulbs are half buried in the pebbles and then the dish is filled with water to reach the base of the bulbs. After the bulbs begin to grow, keep them in a sunny window. For a succession of blooms, start new bulbs every two weeks.

Large Tree Planting About the Home

(Continued from page 21)

These large trees are to be permanent ornaments and therefore great care must be exercised in their selection, both as to variety and shape and their location must be such as to bring out the architectural features of the house. All these successful tree mover takes into consideration and his trees add beauty to a home at once; they add charm, comfort and enjoyment and financially they are a good investment. The initial outlay is small and the returns in increased property value are high. The cost of maintenance is practically nil and the resultant pleasure, immeasurable.

Santa Claus, Hold-up Man

(Continued from page 23)

what the month of January is like, and how easy it is to sell or collect bills that month.

In lieu of anybody else stepping forward I suggest this modus operandi as a starter. Send out to all the people with whom you are in the habit of exchanging Christmas gifts a card as follows:

"Mr. and Mrs. Homer Blink beg to announce that their friendship for you is as warm as ever, but they are so fed up with this Christmas gift business that they are not going to give any presents at all, this Christmas and hereafter, except to children and to the needy. P. S.: If you send us anything you are a damn fool."

Right now, when you are wondering what on earth to give Mr. and Mrs. Blink, wouldn't you whoop with joy to receive a card like that? If a few brave souls would rally round me, we could start a reform that would make the abolition of slavery look trifling. Some day there may be monuments erected to me as the "Man Who Saved Christmas."

Items of Special Interest

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence P. Robinson, of Rockford, Ill., announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Marjorie Mayo Robinson, to Brewster Hopkinson Shaw, son of Mrs. John T. Shaw of "Whysall," Bloomfield Hills. This announcement was made at the end of Miss Robinson's visit to the Shaw home. Miss Elizabeth Shaw will be married to George Wellington Smith, of Franklin, on January 14.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cooper Harris, of Bloomfield Hills, announce the engagement of their daughter, Elizabeth June, to Lieut. Albert Seigel Marley, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Marley, of Kansas City, Mo. The wedding, which will be a small family affair, will take place at the Harris winter home in Coronado, Calif., on the afternoon of December 28.

Mr. H. A. Stormfeltz is building a residence in Bloomfield Hills which is of more than casual interest. It is of 20 rooms besides garage and servants' quarters. Richard Marr is the architect.

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A Happy, Healthy, Prosperous
New Year

When you are traveling this winter, see us for
Travelers Cheques or Foreign Exchange

Cranbrook Notes

All windows for the baptistry of Christ Church are now in place. They are stained glass by Guthrie and the subject is the life of Christ, excepting one which is an antique from the cathedral of Amiens, France. The Skinner organ is being installed and workmen are hustling, putting the pews in place. The reredos is in place with all the sculpture placed and all choir stalls will be in place by Christmas. The main church service will be midnight Christmas.

The famous English silversmith and enameler, Arthur Neville Kirk, is now located at Cranbrook. He is making the altar cross and candlesticks among other things, and between times he teaches at the Society of Arts and Crafts on Watson Street, Detroit.

At the school they are planning more dormitory and faculty houses for the next school year. The pergola of novel and captivating design is erected on the west terrace of the dormitory, overlooking the quadrangle. The concrete foundation for the five tennis courts is in; the surface will be of "fast drying" material, probably asphalt.

Booth Realty Company is about to begin construction of a residence in South Cranbrook.

The forty car garage with both machinery and workshops is nearing completion.

ETCHINGS

(Continued from page 9)

her will have increasing value," her mother explained, "for many etchers of standing have one or two plates of child subjects and these may even become collectors' prints in the years to come."

The plan is surely one with delightful possibilities and well worth a trial. For the range of subjects among etchers, both ancient and modern, is broad enough to supply material suited to the changing tastes of the smallest child or the most mature adult.

It will not be enough to look for etchings of children to use in children's rooms. For it must be remembered that as in the realm of poetry and prose, not all material which is about children is created for children. On the other hand some of the poetry and prose written for children is also keenly appreciated by grown ups.

Thus it is with drawings of children. The Kate Greenaway children, though always having a certain charm for adults because of their very quaintness, were always primarily for children.

Lee Hankey, on the other hand, is a present day etcher whose studies of mothers and children are primarily for adults.

So, too, with the beautiful studies of mother and child by Mary Cassatt, while Whistler's children are eagerly sought by the most serious collectors. Neither of the last named artists sought to please children, but, like many a book which children enjoy without catching the overtones of meaning understood by adults, it would not be amiss to place one of these more serious works in the room of a child. At least the child would enjoy the other child personality pictured, and, with maturity, would come a fuller understanding of the significance of the picture.

In fact there is no reason why even a small child would not soon learn to love Whistler's charming Bebe Valentine, or the delightful little girl with the old-fashioned frock, seated so primly in the straight chair, which we know as "Annie Seated." This very study, in fact, is available in Detroit, in one of the later impressions which are still to be had at a modest figure. True enough, most of the early impressions of Whistler's plates are almost prohibitive in price, for all but those passionate collectors to whom price is a secondary consideration. But the latter impressions are, after all, from the self-same plates and show the true imprints of the master's line, though they may lack a little of the depth and velvety richness of the earlier prints.

Even so, should one of the early prints be unavailable, a later print of such an etching as Annie, at not more than sixty dollars, would furnish a fine beginning for a collection of etchings of children for a child.

One of the most delightful things about this plan by the way is that it offers just as pleasant an opportunity for small boys as for little girls; in fact, it is even better adapted

to the boy than the girl, since men are the most enthusiastic collectors of prints.

It must be the directness of line and its utterly uncompromising quality which appeals to the masculine mind. Painters may shilly-shally and cover their mistakes with daubs; they may camouflage their bad drawing with color, may grow sentimental and uncertain, but an etcher must know his business. He says what he has to say with no uncertain brush strokes to befuddle the eye. There is something final and unequivocal about the use of line as a medium, which appeals to the masculine mind, as well as a certain restrained unemotional quality about black and white, which suits the matter-of-fact side of the male being better than a profusion of color. And so, by far the largest number of print collectors are men.

What fun, then, to start a little chap in this delightful game while his tastes are forming, and let him have the pleasure of early memories of his first treasures as a collector.

A good first etching for a boy's room might well be Arthur William Heintzelman's study of a little boy with a hoop, which, if available at all, should not be costly. Heintzelman is better known as a student of patriarchal types, handled a little after the manner of Rembrandt. His is a deep, full, emotional art, suffering a little perhaps from conscious virtuosity, but nevertheless always masterful and efficient. He is an etcher of standing, who is represented in many of the best collections, and hence his prints have a definite value and will always have a place in an American collection.

It would be too great an undertaking for the scope of such an article as this to review here the list of even the present day etchers who have made studies of childhood which would be suitable for the beginnings of a child's collection.

But once the game is begun the hunt for suitable plates will prove a never-ending source of delight. Turning to the work of a distinctly American artist we find among the plates of Sears Gallagher of Boston, a spirited and delightful study of children romping on the beach, fairly tingling with the salt air and the joyous play of children at the sea shore. This artist is not primarily a student of child types, but is known for his painting of marines and his etchings of well known Boston scenes. At the moment I believe no plates by Gallagher are available in the Detroit galleries, but any dealer could readily secure a copy of this delightful study.

In the realm of wood-block printing no American artist has done sounder work than Eliza D. Gardiner, of Providence, R. I., who often turns her attention to the study of children. Miss Gardiner works with great simplicity and sureness and has a fine sense of color and design.

A lovable little girl with a cat which the artist calls "Nice Pussy," is to be had for only twelve dollars; while a second print in color which shows one small child carrying another, the figures beautifully drawn to show the sense of weight and the backward pull of the body of the older girl to balance the weight of the smaller child, the color pleasant and restrained, is called "Big Sister," and is almost ridiculously priced for so excellent a piece of work, at six dollars. Miss Gardiner has for many years stood in the forefront of American artists working in this medium and was represented at the international print show held in Florence last summer. If, in this connection, a personal aside may be allowed, this writer cannot help wondering if this is not the very Eliza Gardiner who led her to the old bridge in Providence in her long ago boarding school days, there to gaze out over the city and to use her eyes to such purpose that she could remember the scene when back in the old school studio well enough to sketch it from memory. If so, this modest tribute may be taken as a pledge that though the teacher failed to make a great artist of her most unpromising pupil, her defeat was not due to faulty instruction but rather to the hopeless quality of the material in hand. Even so, some persistent, lingering desire to use one's eyes has lasted down the years.

But it is to England that we must turn to find some of the happiest exponents of the charm of children as subjects for etching.

Where will one find, for instance, a gentler awareness of the delicate curves in the playful bodies of little children than in J. H. Dowd's "Getting Acquainted?"

Diana Thorne, on the other hand, gives us the exuberant side of childhood, and etches with a stronger stroke. She gives us Puck of Puck's Hill playing his whistle to an audience of young goats, like some spirit of Pan incarnate; while

(Continued on page 32)

THE INN

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BREAKFAST	7:30 A. M. TO 9:00 A. M.
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Country Clubs (Continued from page 25)

Masonic Country Club

Christmas usually is a one day holiday, but not so at the Detroit Masonic Country Club, where the real beginning of the celebration was Wednesday, December 21, with the promotion of a feather party. Parties of this type have come to be a function of great importance at the club. Dinner was served from 6 to 8:30 P. M.

On Christmas Eve there was a dance for members and guests. At the zero hour of midnight Santa Claus with his pack and many good things arrived and fun abounded until the wee small hours.

Christmas, itself, is always a busy day at the club. A splendid concert for three hours was held in the afternoon, followed by a special showing of movies. Dinner was served from noon to 8:30 P. M.

And this is not all. What with everyone eager to fittingly usher in the New Year the club will stage its annual party for members and guests.

The children were not slighted either, as Santa Claus remained over to attend the annual Kiddies' Party, Tuesday, December 27.

Ladies' bridge luncheons are held every Wednesday, luncheon being served at 1 P. M. and bridge at 2:30.

There is a regular dinner dance every Wednesday and Saturday for members and guests.

Junior's Dance is every Friday from 7 P. M. to 12. Collegiate music.

On Saturday and Sunday evenings there is a pool tournament from 5 P. M. to 12, giving the men a chance to win some really valuable gifts for their wives.

Motion pictures are held every Sunday night at 7 P. M. There will be a special New Year's dinner on January 1, from noon to 8:30 P. M.

Economic Leadership

By DURELL S. RICHARDS,
of Charles A. Parcells & Co.

In this age of intensive industrial organization there is an ever growing need for leadership, and many people are wondering how the children of the present generation are being trained to fulfill the responsibilities which will soon come to them. At a time when the animal comforts of luxury tempt many to relax and "take life easy," there is a greater challenge than ever before to accept responsibility and to help carry the load which means continued opportunity for all. Our children have a right to economic knowledge.

The present economic structure which has been evolved to sustain our rapidly growing population, is based upon the principles of efficiency and co-operation. It represents an accumulation of sound experience bequeathed to us by a long line of pathfinders; men of genius, often misunderstood, who blazed for future generations a trail to greater opportunities.

To administer effectively the economic machinery thus provided, for the greatest good of all, will require more than casual effort. The great captains of industry who came from a humble start, earned their places by climbing the ladder of hard work, earnest study, and practical experience among men. Their responsibility to their fellow men and to their children has not ended because they themselves have "arrived." It continues. And if they choose to put their children in an environment of luxury, and shield them from the realities of life, they will suffer keenly.

We do not want to be a nation of remittance men, for we are too enterprising and there is too much to be done. Our resources are still unscratched, and our great destiny is still before us. Even if it were possible, as a people we would not wish to get "something for nothing."

Anything which trains young people to administer their own affairs along sound economic lines is giving them confidence in themselves as well as practical experience. Teaching them to save carefully, and to invest their own funds wisely after careful investigation, makes them resourceful and appreciative of the efforts of others. They become familiar with the economic structure and seek to find their sphere of usefulness in it. They develop broader vision, sounder judgment, and greater initiative. They assume greater risks but achieve greater responsibility. In time they will become outstanding figures in the world of affairs, reflecting credit upon their early teachers, and contributing their full quota towards the general welfare.

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Detroit Men and Women

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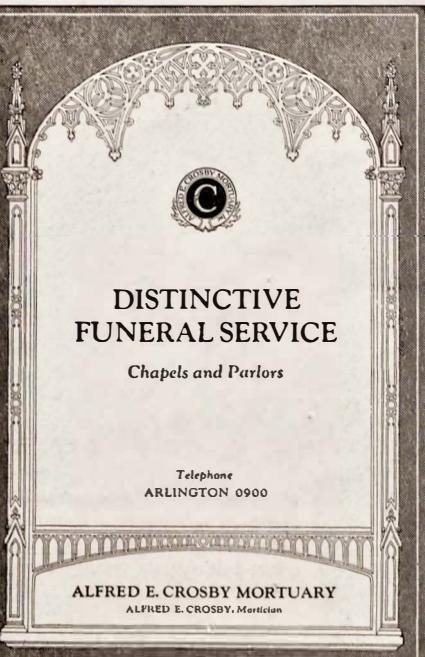
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ETCHINGS
(Continued from page 29)

"Nice Pussy" by Eliza D. Gardiner

Mike's Express is not Pan or Puck but just plain boy, or rather two boys and a dog flying along on a home-made coaster, the wheels barely skimming the ground.

Miss Thorne seems to have specialized in the land of childhood, drawing children at play in various guises with an abandon which takes us straight into the hearts of the children themselves. When not drawing children she is etching dogs, especially the little ingratiating, playful kind which children love. "Above all," as an English critic writes of her, "she works within and through the blithe spirit of childhood." This critic also observes, as anyone may see for himself, that Miss Thorne is an excellent draughtsman. An added feature of interest about her work is that while her prices are practically nominal, she limits her editions to fifty impressions on each plate.

But if one were going to start a collection of etchings of children, there is perhaps no more logical starting place than to begin with one by a child. Eileen Soper, the daughter of the English etcher, George Soper, may now no longer be called a child, but it is only a few years since she etched her first plate at fourteen. Ever since that time she has been making delightful studies, many of which are devoted to child subjects.

Miss Soper comes by her gift for line honestly enough, for her father is a well known English artist. But that she has not borrowed from him is quite apparent, since she deals with the playful moments of childhood, while he prefers heavy strokes and rather sturdy outdoor subjects such as draught-horses or figure studies.

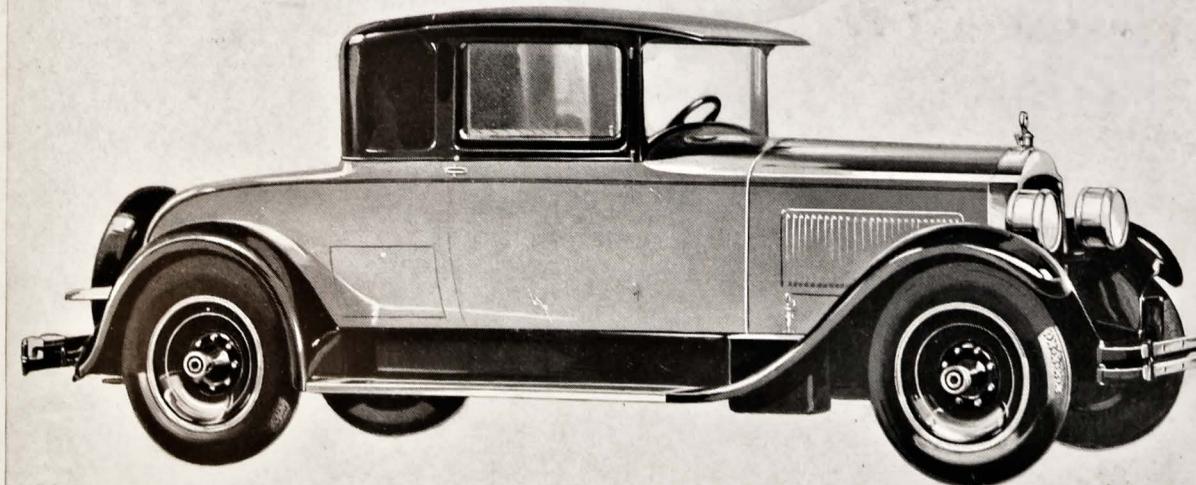
Miss Soper, hardly more than a little girl herself, must still remember some of the thoughts that flash through the minds of children, as when, for instance, she shows us three little girls in a meadow, held spell-bound with interest over the opening of a bird cage, and the approaching release of the bird prisoner. Surely every one who can remember his own thoughts as a child must recall, at some time or other, having speculated about the limitations of life in a cage and the possibility of opening the door to freedom for the bird within.

This artist has not as yet managed the difficult task of differentiating between textures giving us through the magic of line alone, the different quality of grass, dress, house and cage, but in spite of that fact, one has no disposition to be critical, since she gives us a pleasant spirit, delightful subject matter, good drawing, and has plenty of years ahead with which to master the technical difficulties of her art.

These are only a few of the present day etchers who have turned to childhood for inspiration. What a pleasing thing it would be if some of the results of their labors might find owners among their child friends in real life. In this way, both parents and children might share the joy of building up a collection together.



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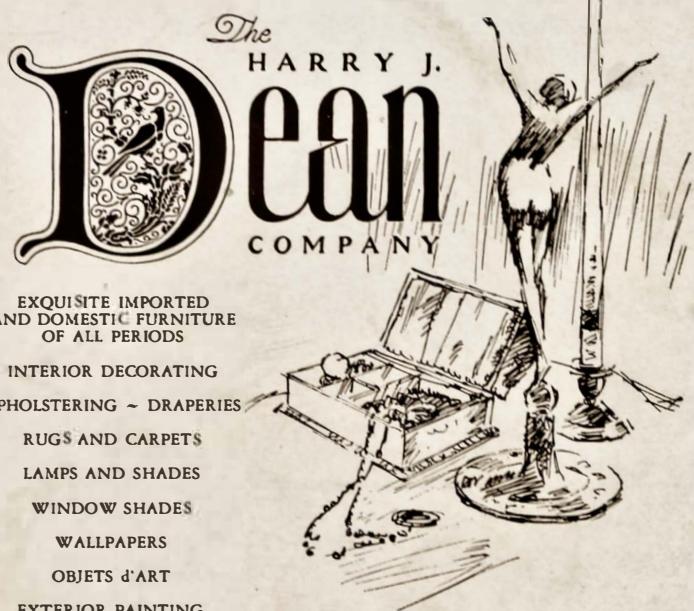
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