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SUNSET HILL CLUB

March ~ 1925

A Bloomfield Hills Magazine

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WE are taking the liberty of mailing you an initial
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THE EDITOR.

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AFTERGLOW PUBLISHING COMPANY
917 DIME BANK BUILDING
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

AFTERGLOW

of the Residents
of Bloomfield
Hills

NUMBER 1

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PUBLISHING COMPANY
917 Dime Bank Building
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THE AFTERGLOW

A Magazine
Dedicated to
the Interests



of the Residents
of Bloomfield
Hills

VOLUME 1

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Published Monthly
by

THE AFTERGLOW PUBLISHING COMPANY

Subscription \$2.00 a year

917 Dime Bank Building

Catherine Myers, Editor; Elinor Millington, Art Editor



Higgins & Frank

1428 Washington Blvd.

Designers and Importers of
Specialties for Gentlemen's Wear

Announcement

FEW human relationships can be made as beautiful and carry so much of satisfaction as that of neighborliness. The genial, friendly exchange between those who have a common bond is there, as well as the interests and activities that make up a community.

Neighborliness always seems to reach its ideal in spots away from the city, where the coming and going, the constant shifting of contacts affords little opportunity for the cultivation of that fine relationship which seems to find its native element in the country.

Bloomfield Hills is a neighborly community and the AFTERGLOW comes to bring expression to this neighborliness. It comes to foster it and attempt to the best of its ability to interpret the spirit of Bloomfield Hills.

In this its initial appearance the AFTERGLOW presents a series of impressions of life in the Hills. The magazine has no horrible mission. Its editors have no message for the world. But in this community of large and small estates lying north of Detroit among the green hills and blue lakes, where every man's home and plot of ground seems to mean infinitely more to him than the city-dweller's house, most interesting affairs are transpiring.

There are gardens of exquisite beauty hidden away in the hills. These will be discussed for the lover of flower culture both from technical and artistic standpoints. Country house planning adapted to hillside, lake and stream will be discussed by architects who have devoted much time to this phase of building. Landscape architects noted for their success in the East will contribute articles from time to time. Interior decorating will come in for a fair share of space in the AFTERGLOW.

Throughout Bloomfield Hills are homes of rare charm where beauty synchronizes with comfort, and the two attributes become one. Much of interest is there to be described, and if we must break down and confess to a mission, it is to show something of the artistic and the beautiful that has been expressed in the home and its setting in the hills.—THE EDITOR.

BOOTH GIFT TO THE HILLS

Dr. Marquis Tells of Proposed Church, Guild Hall and School
to be Built on the Booth Estate

By REV. S. S. MARQUIS

HOW about church and school? If we have children in whose welfare we are interested, this is the question uppermost in our minds when looking about for a desirable place to live.

However much a man may want the quiet, freedom, and rest of country life, he realizes that there are certain sacrifices which he has no right to ask his family to make in order that he may gratify his desire. There are two kinds of "atmosphere" in this world. Both are necessary to health—especially to the health of children. One is just plain fresh air, and the country is full of that. The other is the atmosphere of culture. It is made up of moral, religious, and educational influences. A man feels that he has no right to deprive his children of religious and secular education, and it is not always possible to find in the country opportunities for such equal to those to be found in the city.

But this will not be true of the region in and around the intersection of Lone Pine and Cranbrook Roads. As a rule country churches are not erected until after considerable advance in the growth of population. And then it almost always happens that these churches are small, unattractive, and inadequately equipped. But through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. George Booth a church will be erected at the intersection of Lone Pine and Cranbrook Roads that will furnish facilities for the growing social and religious needs of that region.

Work on the Church and Guild Hall will begin in the early spring. The design is by architects noted for their splendid achievements in Gothic work. In addition to the practical use which this group of buildings will serve, it will also be one of unusual architectural and artistic interest.

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HILL'S LORE

*Verse and decoration by
Fred D. Farrar*

The hill-sides of Bloomfield
Are somewhat less vicious
Than those of cold Norway,
And far more delicious
To view, than the rugged
And vertical regions
Whose snow-sweeps inspire
The intrepid Norwegians.

The thrill of this sport
Of the Norse, I am sure,
Doesn't lie in the spill
Down the hill; its allure
Is the beckoning charm
Of the scenery rare—
The scenery grand
That the customers wear.

THE QUESTIONNAIRE CONVERSATIONIST

By RAY JOHNSON

THAT it takes all sorts of people to make a world may be absolutely true, but until I have seen the futility of the thing demonstrated by actual experiment, I shall cling to the notion that an entirely satisfactory and altogether comfortable world could be arranged without at least one species of the genus homo sapiens.

Certainly any world upon which I could put my stamp of approval, to which I could give my whole-hearted, unqualified endorsement would be one that did not include Pinkney.

If I were on the committee to choose the cast for an ideal world I would hold out forever against admitting him.

I would admit traffic cops and I would try not to be narrow minded about burglars, press agents, or the persons placed in outer offices to take your name and tell you the boss is in conference. I would even admit golf addicts, and I know a collector of postage stamps I would try to get in.

To be sure, I might put up something of a protest against the admission of fathers of smart kids, but would only stipulate that fishing enthusiasts be sworn by a court of competent jurisdiction before they were permitted to talk about their catches.

But under no circumstances would I consider admitting Pinkney.

Now Pinkney may be all our mutual friends say he is. Perhaps he does possess the seven deadly virtues, obey a top-heavy percentage of the Ten Commandments and conduct himself along lines laid down for a good citizen. He may be honest, generous, industrious, good humored, and all the rest of it, but I do not like him. In fact I detest and abhor the man.

I not only do not like him, but I fear him. I avoid him at all times. Whenever circumstances force a meeting, I make my excuses as best I can and hasten away.

The man is not what he pretends to be. That mild, pleasant manner of his and that ingenuous smile mask the spirit of a fiend. His kindly and affable demeanor hides an unbelievable cruelty. He delights in inflicting hideous torture.

The good souls who thought up things to do to the victims of the Inquisition were tender-hearted old women and blundering amateurs compared to him.

It was soon after a treacherous wretch introduced us and upon the only occasion when we dined together that I learned to know Pinkney for what he is—a questionnaire conversationalist.

The talk had been more or less casual, and Pinkney's comments on things were lively and diverting. I was beginning to like the man when, assuming a confidential tone, that was not unflattering, considering our brief acquaintance, he began relating the details of a recent misunderstanding between himself and the executive under whom he worked.

hero, executive villain. Pinkney dead right about every-

I recognized the type of yarn it was to be. Pinkney thing, executive all wrong. Hero and right triumph, villain retires in confusion.

Determined to be polite, even to the last gasp of boredom, I sat back to listen.

The story proceeded along conventional lines until it reached what might be called a minor climax.

Here my companion paused. He leaned across the table. "Do you know what I said to him?" he asked.

Of course I didn't. How could I? And, when you stop to think about it, why should I? What earthly reason would I have for knowing what he told him. What possible chance had I ever had to learn. The question was absurd, idiotic. It could be nothing more than what the elocution teachers call a rhetorical question. I waited for him to proceed with his yarn.

But the imbecile sat there glaring across the table at me. "Do you know what I said?" he repeated.

Then it dawned upon me that I was expected to answer. He was actually waiting for me to indicate that I did not know.

Now if there is anything that envelops me in a warm glow of self-satisfaction it is imparting information. I delight to direct strangers who have become lost in the maze of unfamiliar streets. I like to be the one to remember the obscure date and the correct spelling of an unusual name. It makes me feel important.

Not to be able to give out information, to be asked things I do not know shrivels my soul and shrinks my ego. To be obliged to admit I do not know can spoil a whole day for me.

And here I was, face to face with a person who was propounding questions, the answers to which I had not the slightest chance of knowing.

It was out of the question for me to excuse myself, rush off to find the villain of the piece and demand of him to know what had been said. Anyway he might not remember, or might misquote Pinkney.

I did not dare make a guess, it was certain to be wrong.

Had I been a clairvoyant, perhaps the answer to the idiotic question might have come to me out of the psychic.

While these wild thoughts sprawled through my mind, Pinkney waited. The wretch could afford to wait. He had me and he knew it.

The man was inexorable; he was insisting upon an answer.

I gulped and felt myself grow cold. There was no escape. I had to answer him. I essayed the syllable "No," but nothing came of it. In dumb agony I shook my head.

Ah, that was what he had been waiting for, that was what he wanted, the admission of my total lack of knowledge, of a conversation of which I had not heard until ten minutes before.

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✓ COLONEL GEORGE'S HOME

New Edifice on the Site of the Old George Home Will Await Its Owner's Return from South Africa.

URBAN residence is something comparatively new for Detroiters. You have only, however, to wander up Woodward avenue, Cass avenue, or John R. street and watch the slaughter of fifty-year-old elms to understand why it will soon be impossible to think of the town itself as anything but a business center, a place to be left behind at the end of the day. Of course, a few people have lived in the country near Detroit for many years, and among them Colonel Edwin S. George is one of the most enthusiastic exponents of year-round country living. The fact that he owns eleven hundred acres or so of the picturesque land around Forest lake, Island lake and Long lake, perhaps has something to do with this enthusiasm.

different type of house on the site of the old George home, which was destroyed by fire several years ago. The terraces were there, and the gardens, even the views were predetermined.

The general design of the house is Tudor, much simplified to meet the requirements of this particular American country setting. The general look of its English prototypes has been kept by using the same broad masses and contrasts of material and texture and by modifying and simplifying the detail. The front of the house on the lake side is low, because the ground there is terraced, but the rear, seen from the road, builds up into a three story effect.

The great gallery, with stone floor, entered from the road



Residence for Edwin S. George, designed by the Geo. D. Mason Co.

Several years ago Colonel George brought O. C. Simonds, landscape architect, over from Chicago to lay out these lakes and hills into 58 home sites which were to be sold with various protecting restrictions. The sites, for instance, were planned so that each home should have spacious views of the lakes and hills, no house obstructing the vistas from the other houses. And every house built on these Forest Park estates must be suitable for winter as well as for summer living. On the north shores of Forest lake a plan for community living is being developed, with common club and community advantages for all of the purchasing members.

It is Colonel George's house itself which dominates the south end of these estates, built on Long Lake Road and commanding views of the three lakes. The construction problem there—which has been so happily solved by the George D. Mason Company—was the building of a new and

side, is 60 feet high, with second and third story inside windows opening into it. The library, which opens from it at the rear is also very tall for its size which is 13x20. Opening from the east end of the gallery is a huge room which is to be used as a music room as well as a living room. The tall fireplace here is of ample stone in the Tudor style; the door openings and window ledges are in stone as are the openings for the organ pipes. The grilles for these were made by that fine craftsman, Samuel Yellin of Philadelphia, from whose shop, indeed, has come all the ornamental iron work used throughout the house. The tall windows of this room are the kind that English novels call "mullioned," and, as one can see from the road, give upon gorgeous views over the countryside and over the lakes. The stained glass medallions and insets were designed and executed here in Detroit by another fine craftsman, A. Kay Herbert.

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B O O K S



By MARION HOLDEN

"NOWADAYS most people die of a sort of creeping common-sense and discover when it is too late that the only things one never regrets are one's mistakes," wrote Oscar Wilde in the later years of the 19th century. It is to alleviate this distressingly usual malady that writers like Michael Arlen are born into the world and permitted, nay urged, to function.

Arlen, who possesses all of the humorist's ability to rip life apart and show you the stitches, is also, most amazingly, an idealist. And as we know from having too few of them, the romantic-humorist is the most delightful of the novelists. Arlen is, in his idealism, what a young modern calls "frightfully sentimental," but his sharp humor gives this sentimentality the ironic edge which makes it palatable to all but the young modern. He excels in his portraits of women and of the English man-about-town. I think that for his women he must have taken La Bruyere's remark as a sine qua non: "A beautiful woman with the qualities of a man of the world is the most delightful thing on earth." Certainly *Iris Storm* ("The Green Hat") was developed from this formula and so were the various charming creatures in "Piracy."

"These Charming People" had got well under way in this country last winter in an English edition (W. Collins Sons & Co., Ltd.) before Arlen's other books were mentioned at all over here. Then last summer a review full of superlatives appeared in the August 1st number of *Life* together with an advertisement stating that the Washington Square Book Shop could furnish this latest impertinence, in the English edition. Which must have brought a rush of bored commuters to Eighth street, for by the time I reached there at four o'clock in the afternoon, all the Green Hats

were gone. I solaced myself however with an earlier novel, "Piracy," and was thus providentially saved from coma on a stifling trip through Virginia.

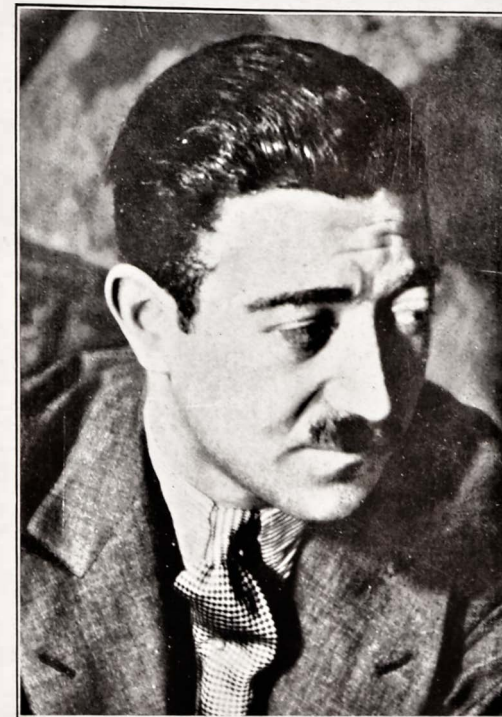
Then last fall George Doran & Company brought out all of Arlen's novels in a uniform edition gaudily wrapped in gold paper, along with "These Charming People" and

"The London Venture," wherein our author's first literary and social adventures in London are related, and wherein his nationality is disclosed as Armenian, something foreign enough to reveal a new reason for his peculiarly keen slant on the English. Observe these British matrons:

"Where Mrs. Ammon went there also went Cornelia Pynte, and where Lady Pynte went there also went Angela Ammon. They were fine hearty women. . . . Lady Pynte was renowned as one of the first best women riders to hounds in the country. It was said that the foxes in the Whaddon Chase country ceased laughing when anyone said 'Pynte!' near them. But Lady Pynte also had her politics, and she headed Movements; while Angela Ammon was more of a literary turn. Lady Pynte liked young men to Do; Mrs. Ammon to Dare. Lady Pynte liked young men to be Healthy and Normal; Mrs. Ammon preferred them to be Original. Lady Pynte

liked Boys to be Boys; Mrs. Ammon didn't mind if they were girls so long as they were Original. Lady Pynte insisted on Working for the Welfare of the People at Large and not just One Little Class, she played bridge with a bantering tongue, and a Borgia heart, she maintained that the best place at which to buy shoes was Fortum & Mason's and if she saw you innocently taking the air of a sunny morning she would say: 'You look not at all well, my

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Michael Arlen

MISS McEWEN'S WATER COLORS

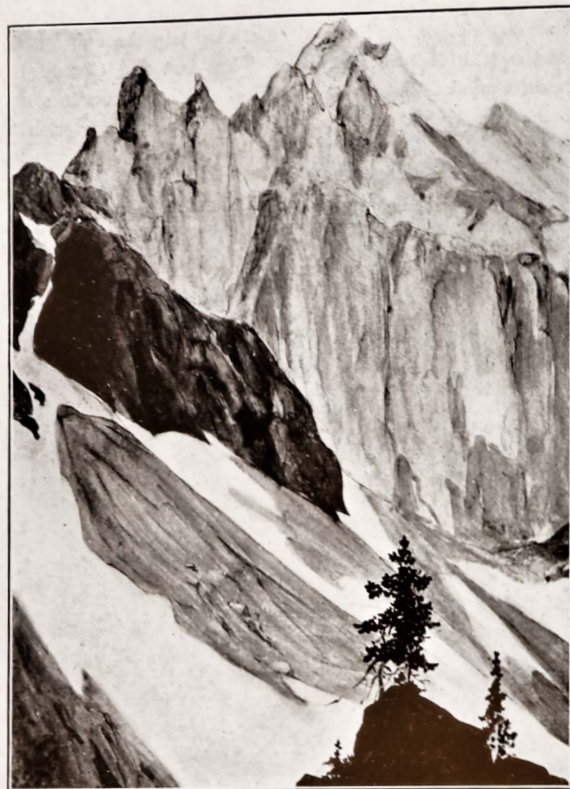
BECAUSE Katherine McEwen's first one-man exhibition has just closed at the John Hanna galleries—though the pictures may still be seen there at any time—it seems an auspicious moment to comment upon the remarkable work which this Detroit woman is accomplishing out on the deserts and in the mountains of Arizona and Alaska.

When Nicholas Roerich was here last year he had much to say to American artists about their native land as a painting ground. "Go west," he said, "to the glowing deserts. Shun Paris and New York as you would the plague. Go north to the frozen mountains. Here is bigness and color and grandeur enough for generation upon generation of American painters. Only thus will you achieve that native art about which you all talk and talk...."

Which is of course just what Miss McEwen had done, long before the great Russian said a word about it, impelled, probably, by a desire for that bigness which we miss, cramped in among our factories.

For as many as fifteen years Miss McEwen was one of the prime movers in the Detroit Society of Arts and Crafts and did much, through her clever stage decorations, to make Sam Hume's little theater there the success that it was. During these years too she did experiments in batik, adapting the Javanese method to her own ends which, besides being decorative, were frankly pictorial. "The Gulls," one of the most stunning things she has done in batik, was purchased last year from the state art fund for the permanent collection at the Michigan Art Institute. The Detroit Institute of Arts Founder's Society purchased several of her watercolors last year, and gradually she is coming into her own among collectors.

Artists are always pointing out that people who live in the drab manufacturing centers are afraid of color. You are obliged, indeed, to live above roofs and housetops to be aware that there is color in Detroit at sunset, and, I dare say, sunrise too. Miss McEwen's watercolors, hung in two rooms at Hanna's, were a triumphant shout raised against the grey that surrounds us. A vermillion rock mounting a



"Mount Whyte"
A Water Color by Katherine McEwen

yellow-green hill, peaks of indigo and royal purple, magenta shadows, craggy peaks and wisps of pink cloud, a violent rainbow sweeping magnificently from valley to peak, an upward-soaring rock formation reaching into the arch of the sky like a human torso—these things, painted forcefully in the most vivid of all mediums, hold the same stirring challenge that you find in poems like Chesterton's about banners, trumpets, war cries. And they have, some of them, what the erudite Clive Bell calls "significant form." (His book called "Art" will tell you all about that.)

Miss Helen Keep, secretary of the Detroit Society of Women Painters tells the story of a member who was always painting trees that were painfully unconvincing. When, in the round of discussion which always follows the showing of a picture at this society, the question arose as to why the trees were not all they should be, Miss McEwen remarked that it was because they did not *grow* from the earth they stood on. And that is exactly what one feels in most of Miss McEwen's work—the solidity of rocks that actually weigh upon the earth, the filminess of clouds that float above the craggiest peak, the upward thrust and pull of a great tree growing on a mountain slope.

It must be understood of course that Miss McEwen's work is uneven; it would be foolish to call it all equally good. Conservatives like her earlier things, the Ougonquit marines, the mild and sunny hillsides of New England. To others the difference between these earlier things and the work she has done in Arizona and Alaska is the difference between prunes and grapefruit. New England is full of tame little artists painting tame little hillsides, people, for the most part, incapable of expanding to the dizzy sweep of Arizona or the cold heights of Alaska. That a frail-seeming woman from Detroit has done this is remarkable—something to be talked about in club circles and discussed by art committees.

—M. L. H.

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BLOOMFIELD SOCIETY



THE largest social event of the past month in Bloomfield Hills, one which attracted many Detroiters as well as Hills residents, was the wedding on Saturday, February 7, of Miss Florence Louise Booth, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Gough Booth, and James Alfred Beresford, son of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Beresford, of Sarnia.

The ceremony took place at Cranbrook, the Bloomfield home of the Booths, at 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon, Rev. Dr. Samuel S. Marquis officiating. The service was performed in the library which made a beautiful background for the pale tints of the floral decorations and the spring-like tones of the costumes of the bridal party. Clusters of acacia were used throughout the rooms and were combined in the library with ferns to form an altar before which was placed an old fashioned kneeling bench. Standards of southern smilax formed an aisleway through which the bridal party walked and led to the living room where the reception was held.

The bride wore an ivory satin and rose point lace gown, the skirt being draped to one side, from which fell flounces of lace. The bodice was ornamented with a yoke of lace which extended over the shoulders to form tiny cap sleeves. Her long court train was covered by the tulle veil which fell over her face in front and was held in place around her head by a band of rose point lace and a spray of orange blossoms. White freesia and lilies of the valley comprised her bouquet.

Miss Booth was attended by Miss Betsy Austin, as maid of honor, and Mrs. Henry Scripps Booth, Mrs. Edwin M. Beresford, Miss Katharine Shiell and Miss Frances Shaw

as bridesmaids. Edwin M. Beresford assisted his brother as best man, and Raymond C. Smith, Henry Scripps Booth, John Jenness Newcomb and Edward McCobb, of Sarnia, served as ushers.

Miss Austin wore a straight lined orchid colored satin frock, which was ornamented in front by three flounces of the material extending down the skirt. Two draperies of satin fell from her shoulders in the back, one extending to the bottom of her frock and one to the waist. The bridesmaids wore gowns similar to Miss Austin's in line, but they were carried out in apricot color. Violets and different colored freesia composed the bouquets of all the attendants.

The mother of the bride, Mrs. Booth, wore a pearl grey gown of chiffon and lace over satin, and her flowers were pink roses and lilies of the valley. Mrs. Beresford, the bridegroom's mother, was attired in bisque colored crepe de chine and carried sun-burst roses and lilies of the valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Beresford sailed on February 14, on the Olympic, from New York, for a two months'

wedding trip abroad, and upon their return will take up their residence at South Cranbrook, Bloomfield Hills. They will be at home to their friends after September 1.

★ ★ ★

NONE the less interesting to Hills society was the announcement of the wedding plans of Miss Elizabeth Briscoe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Briscoe, whose marriage to Frederick E. Booth, of Detroit, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Booth, of Bridgeport, Conn., was an event of Tuesday, February 17, in the Waldorf-



Mrs. Frederick E. Booth

Astoria Hotel, in New York City. The wedding was very small, Miss Briscoe having as her only attendant, her sister, Mrs. Richard Fuller, of Boston.

Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. Booth and his bride will reside in the Frederick J. Riker's home which they have rented for the season. Mr. and Mrs. Riker have gone to Memphis, Tenn., where they will spend several months.

★ ★ ★

BY the middle of January the exodus from Birmingham and the Hills for far places and warmer climes was well on its way and the thinning of the ranks of the fashionables, resulted in a dearth of entertainments. Mr. and Mrs. William C. Harris and their daughter, Miss Betty Harris, of Quarton road, left on Monday, January 12, for California to spend two months, and to visit their son, John Harris, who is stationed at San Pedro, on the battleship Mississippi.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Klingensmith left the second week of January, for San Francisco, sailing from there to Honolulu, and then on to Australia. Mrs. C. C. Winningham departed on January 27, for the South, and Mr. and Mrs. Ruluff R. Sterling left on January 13, for a delightful trip to the West Indies and Panama.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Yeats left that same week for Palm Beach, where they will remain for the entire season, and Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Donovan, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Jamieson and Mr. and Mrs. Manly D. Davis are enjoying a delightful trip to Mexico and across Mexico by donkey-train.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander W. Copland, of Strawberry Hill, are among those who are spending the late winter in the West Indies, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Carter, of "Red Oaks," have gone to Florence Villa, Fla., for a visit of several months.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Braun, of "Linda Vista," left on Monday, February 2, for a Mediterranean trip to be gone about three months. Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Hammond sailed from New York on Saturday, January 31, and are also enjoying a Mediterranean trip.

★ ★ ★

THE January meeting of the Village Players in Birmingham, was held on Friday evening, January 16, in the Community House at which time two one-act plays were given, "Trifles," by Susan Glaspell, and George Ade's well known playlet, "Nettie." The first play included in

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Reading from left to right—Miss Frances Shaw, Mrs. Henry Scripps Booth, Miss Betsy Austin (maid of honor), Mrs. James Alfred Beresford (Florence Louise Booth), Miss Katharine Shiell and Mrs. Edwin M. Beresford.

BLOOMFIELD HILLS SCHOOL

Boys and Girls Are Truly Fortunate Who Attend This Institution

By GREGG HASTINGS

ONE of the most attractive and vital features of the life at Bloomfield is the Bloomfield Hills School, which is on the Lone Pine Road on the east edge of Cranbrook. The school was organized in the autumn of 1922 and held its first sessions in the old Cranbrook Meeting House, which has since been extensively enlarged to meet the increased enrollment which now numbers thirty-eight. The physical situation of the school is entirely ideal, with the clear headwaters of the River Rouge flowing beside it on the east and the wooded expanse of Cranbrook estate on the west. And the spirit inhabiting the school is quite in keeping with the charm of its surroundings.

The old meeting house itself, with its plaster walls, huge fireplace and decorated beams is the delightful center of school life. Here on a winter morning, with the sun streaming through gayly striped curtains, you may find the Lower School—which includes forms I to IV—in happy relaxation, lying on the floor, or skipping and leaping, tossing bright balloons to the music of piano or victrola. The idea of these recreational periods, says Miss Constance Ling

who supervises them, is to teach bodily co-ordination, to make the children learn, unconsciously, to hear music organically. This system, called "Rhythmics," is taught by Miss Ruth Doing at her school in New York, and is simply a modern development of the idea taught by Froebel so many years ago, of learning through play.

Upstairs are other delightful rooms; a library, with plenty of books and small chairs beside the windows, a sitting room for visitors, and a nature study room with aquarium, sand maps, birds' nests and the rest. On the same floor with the auditorium are small class rooms with movable seats and desks where the children learn arithmetic, geography, history, spelling, science, reading. Down stairs is the kindergarten and various rooms for manual training, domestic science and so on. Here is a potter's wheel, where the children throw vases and bowls which are sent to the Pewabic Pottery to be fired. At the present moment the older children are working on posters for a circus which is to happen March 1st. The proceeds

(Continued on Page 22)



"A Home in the Hills"

The

BIRMINGHAM-BLOOMFIELD DISTRICT

WHEN the Birmingham-Bloomfield District is mentioned you instinctively think of winding roads arched over by magnificent oaks, maples and hickories, swiftly flowing streams and little lakes. You think of golf, riding and hunt clubs.

And you think of homes!

The widening of Woodward Avenue and Southfield Road to super-highways has made the beauties and advantages of the Birmingham-Bloomfield District more accessible than ever before. The result is that every week shows a rapidly increasing desire on the part of Detroiters to live in this beauty spot of Southern Michigan.

When you investigate, the first thing you will do, naturally, is to get in touch with the Walsh, James & Wasey Company. This company being the largest real estate organization in the District is able to deliver just the kind of property you need and desire, whether it be a large or small wooded tract, stream or lake frontage, hill top site or high grade, carefully restricted and fully improved subdivision property in or near Birmingham.

A telephone call will receive prompt attention; or should you prefer to drive around by yourself we shall be glad to mail you—free—a map of the entire District. No obligation, of course.

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Chesterfield
Lone Pine-Franklin Road Farms

You will enjoy driving through the Birmingham-Bloomfield District. As a guide, we have prepared an illustrated road map which will be mailed you free on request. Use the coupon.

FREE ROAD MAP

WALSH, JAMES & WASEY COMPANY,
Penobscot Building, Detroit, Mich.
Please mail me your free map of the Birmingham-Bloomfield District, including map of Birmingham. No obligation of any kind.

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Mail Address.....

*Shops and
Shoes and*



*Sealing
Wax*

DEAR PEG:

WITH the world so full of a number of things the lot of the stay-at-home is truly trying. I have just courageously disobeyed that impulse to ask Mr. Foster and have averted my eyes from those alluring captions dealing with the "Pine and the Palm," not to mention "Red Funnels in the Adriatic" when new pitfalls confront me in the shape of shops and shoes and summer hats.

Not even you Peg—wedded to your snowy hills though you may be—could long resist the stores. After the frenzied horde of Christmas shoppers have done their worst they are like our lovely debutantes, as fresh and alluring the morning after as the hectic night before with a new line and an irresistible come-back. What would you say to a frock of chiffon I saw at Russek's flowered in rose, green and blue with graceful flounces to dance beneath a Southern Moon? Or a kasha ensemble whose dress was the shade of sun kissed peach with a straight little kasha lined coat in harmonizing brown? The only possible answer is "Be mine" as you tear up the coal bill with one hand and open your purse strings with the other.

Shop windows have taken on the tints of a May morning for it is to be a pastel season when peach at the beach is to be the order of the day. Virginia succumbed to a dress in this shade at Rhoda Burke's with a boyish turn over collar and tie and a finely pleated circular flounce. She bought a hat at Irving's to wear with it of softest pink felt with one huge ombre rose blooming on its brim. It is so newly arrived from Paris that you can still smell the fresh salt breezes as she lifts it from its box.

But if your soul cries for color these dull March days let me tell you of the Valentina Shop I happily discovered where one is immediately plunged into the mingled atmosphere



of Russian and Parisian ateliers. Here one may order smocked tunics or slip-over dresses in vivid kasha or mellow crepe embroidered by hand in the original Russian designs. Such frocks call for a wolf hound and a shining samovar to complete the picture. You have the setting why not the piece-de-resistance?

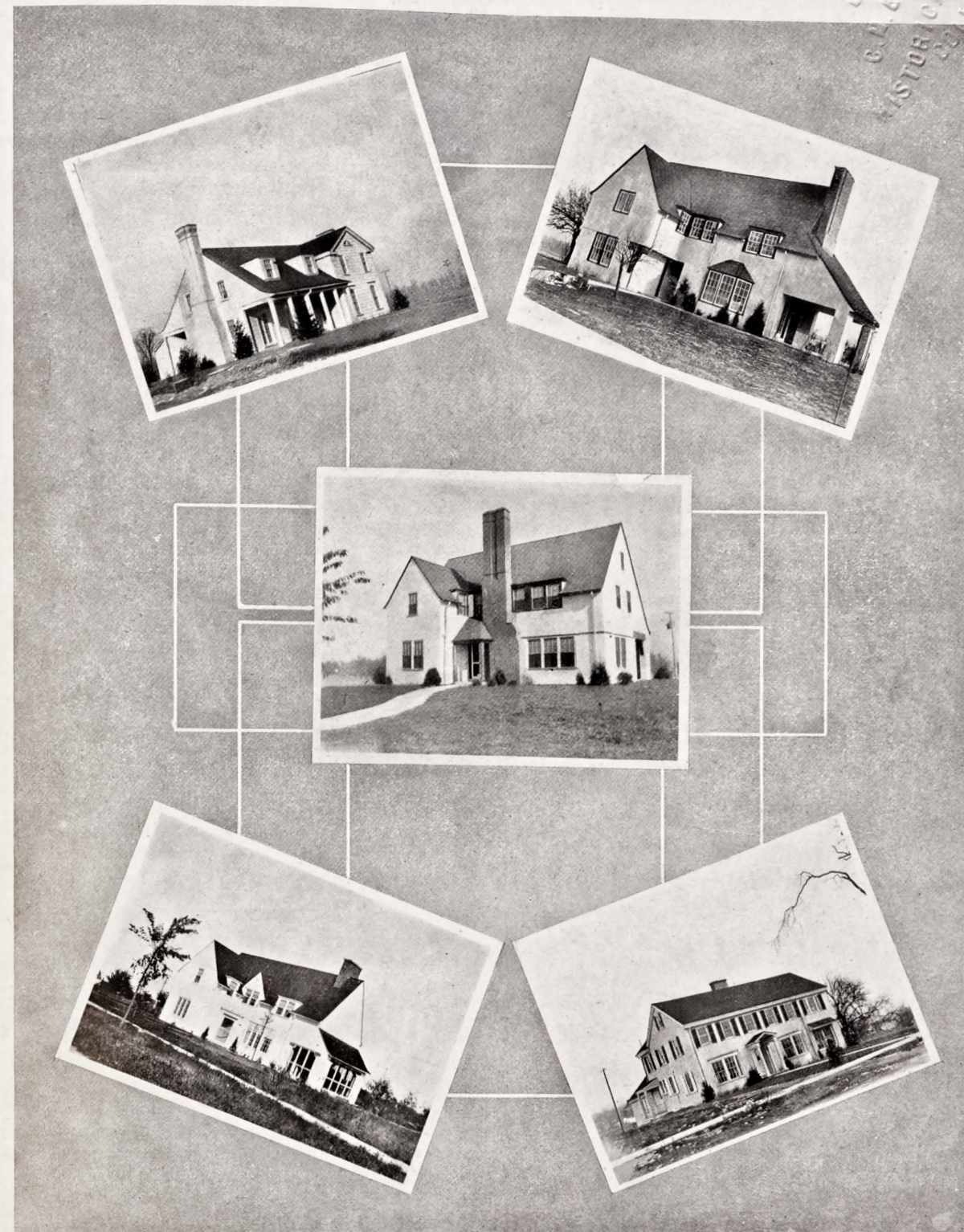
I have a remedy too for extracting indigo from the bluest Monday morning. For the sun could not fail to shine on such sport clothes as Sax-Kay are showing of kasha in bisque and natural flame and rose to match a colorful background of Southern skies and golden sands. Who could be world weary in a green wool frock with a foulard bow beneath one's chin? But if one's sophistication must be preserved don beneath it a set of hand made under things with birds of net that never flew by land nor sea daintily appliqued on their siiken surfaces. Such sets at Sax-Kay's prove the increasing popularity of the ensemble in all stages of dress—or should we say undress?—and haply permit one the lovely luxury of feeling a proud princess while keeping intact the sweet and essential simplicity of a Trianon milk maid. And thus one's feminine instincts are not sacrificed to smartness.

Can you think of more delightful ways of breaking your New Year's Resolutions than in these modish marts where fashion rules and reigns and has its being? Harden your heart to thoughts of new sweaters for the children and Aunt Fanny's hug-me-tight and come prepared to throw your galoshes over a tropical moon with

Your devoted,

JOAN.

NEW HOMES IN THE BIRMINGHAM DISTRICT



These pictures show some of the new homes being built in Quarton Lake Estates, in Birmingham, by Detroit business men. Quarton Lake Estates, comprised of nearly 350 acres, with a 20-acre private lake, within the village limits of Birmingham, is rapidly becoming known as "Birmingham's Indian Village."



We Offer For Sale

This attractive piece of acreage in the Rouge Valley near Birmingham at a price which makes it an excellent investment. Ask us for further information on this and other opportunities in the Bloomfield district.

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The Questionnaire Conversationalist

(Continued from Page 7)

I saw the light of triumph kindle in his eyes and a look of Satanic glee, of unholy satisfaction overspread his features.

At my signal of surrender, however, he relented and took his rhetorical foot off my neck.

Of course what he had said to the boss was one of those snappy bon mots executives take from subordinate members of the organization just before they fire them. Ordinarily the underlings think them up some time during the day following the interview. That is why the labor turnover is no greater than it is.

But my relief had been too profound to wonder how it was Pinkney had not changed positions since the time of his story. I was in possession of the precious answer and was content.

His recital was well advanced into the second canto and I had almost forgotten the trial by question when—

"Do you know what he told me?" There it was again, another unanswerable question.

For the moment I was inspired. I would end this thing once and for all. I would put Pinkney in his place and administer a well deserved rebuke. I would teach him to ask idiotic questions. I would answer this one.

"Yes! I know. He told you, you are an unmitigated bore, a clumsy, unconvincing liar, and altogether a nuisance."

There! That would perhaps cure him of his vice. Hereafter he would spin his yarns without converting them into trick guessing contests and making his listener feel himself to be in the presence of an animated income tax blank.

Did I do it? Did I rise to the occasion? Alas no! So few of us grasp our opportunities. We are not quite equal to our big moments.

And anyway I knew it was not the right answer.

That is why I avoid Pinkney and why my hand picked world would be a sort of Utopia in which there would be no Questionnaire Conversationalist.

Booth Gift to the Hills

(Continued from Page 5)

Plans and policies for the Cranbrook School for Boys have not been fully developed. This much may be said, however: The School will be open for at least a limited number of boys not later than the fall of '26. Boys will be received as young as ten years of age and taken through the high school period. The aim in mind is scholarly training in ways that will develop individuality and initiative, with more than ordinary emphasis on preparation for leadership through wholesome moral, religious and educational influences.

The aim will be to make the religious life of both Church and School of such breadth as to meet the requirements of the whole community. Every effort will be made to make them truly community institutions.

"... a thing of beauty is a joy forever"

To the people of Bloomfield and to the countless other discriminating lovers of Oakland County's incomparable hill country, we pledge that all the resources of this firm shall be marshalled to keep inviolate the beauty of Michigan's most splendid home area.

We come to Bloomfield with a well defined sense of the responsibility we are assuming when we presume to touch a thing of beauty—a thing of beauty which the poet calls a joy forever. The old saw has it that sentiment has no place in business. But here in Bloomfield sentiment becomes a supreme business asset. The developer of Bloomfield property who does not provide a generous admixture of sentiment with his business sense must inevitably ruin his investment as well as the thing of beauty he has tampered with.

Placing our care in the matter, then, on no higher level than business acumen, if you will, we trust that we may remain ever true to the high standards already set by the people of Bloomfield. Our hope is that we may play some part in chrystalizing sentiment that will soon make Bloomfield one of the outstanding "show places" and "home places" of America's Middle West.

We are pleased to release through the pages of "THE AFTERGLOW" a preliminary announcement on the *Bloomfield Properties* we have been acquiring for development

Below is a partial list of our present holdings.

The Luther Trowbridge Unit of Quarton Lake Estates

+++

400 Acres of Country Estates Circling
Oakland Hills Golf Course

+++

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The John Hanna Galleries

ANNOUNCE an important exhibition during March of paintings from the artists' colony at Old Lyme, Connecticut. Following are some of the widely known names included in this group:

Childe Hassam
Wilard Metcalf
Ivan Olinsky
Bruce Crane
Wilson Irvine
Guy Wiggins
Gregory Smith
Iris Andrews Miller

994 Jefferson Ave. E., Detroit

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MARCH EXHIBITIONS

DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS—Bronzes by Ivan Metrovic. Jugo-Slavic Sculptor.
CARPER GALLERIES—Landscapes by Maurice Braun.
HANNA GALLERIES—Paintings by Old Tyme Artists.
SOCIETY OF ARTS AND CRAFTS—Jewelry by Gertrude Peet; pottery by Henry Varnum Poor.

Interesting Exhibition

AN exhibition of interest to Detroit women was that of the Russian-American-French Art Industries under the direction of Baroness de Souiny in Hotel Statler from February 16 to 21. Gowns, sport dresses, coats, wraps and hats, not only in Russian and French, but Indian design were on display. After a few weeks' sojourn in California, the Baroness will return to Detroit to open a studio.

Colonel George's Home

(Continued from Page 8)

The terraces around the house and the walks through the gardens are all made of vari-colored slate like the roof, and carry out the general effect of English country "tweediness," the heather growing on the wold, and all that sort of thing, carelessly rough and inviting. On an axis with the living room, east, below the gardens, is a swimming pool, approached by a formal walk, broken by a fountain, all of which makes another delightful vista.

The George D. Mason company has designed another house in the English manner, which is being built just east of Colonel George for Mr. A. J. Stahelin—and east of Mr. Stahelin foundations are dug and building has commenced on a house designed by Stratton and Snyder for Mr. Robert C. J. Traub. On the corner of Long Lake Road and Franklin Road, which bounds Colonel George's estate on the southeast, is the home of Mr. Lee Anderson in which he has been living since Christmas. It follows the general design of the early American houses, being very simple in design and detail and admirably suited to country living. This house was designed by Crombie and Stanton and will be viewed more fully in the next number of this magazine.

River Rouge Association

THE River Rouge Association of Bloomfield Township is being organized by Walsh, James & Wasey Company to protect the stream against pollution. Owners of the northwest branch of the stream, from Quarton Lake north, are signifying their intention of becoming members. This branch of the River Rouge is a spring water stream, the source of which is in E. S. George's lower Long Lake. The association will be a non-profit Michigan corporation.

B O O K S

(Continued from Page 9)

good young man. Why don't you take some Clean Healthy exercise? You ought to be Riding."

If, indeed, you are weary of the usual English, of Galsworthy, Bennett, Benson "Types," of Merrick's eternally impecunious actors, of Sinclair's always psychiatric people, try Arlen's Charming People for small doses and then dip into "The Green Hat," which is, as he so firmly states on the jacket, "a romance for a few people."

★ ★ ★

"The lovely dames of verse and prose
Who give us food for conversation
Most frequently, alas, are those
Of doubtful reputation.

"In spite of moralists who carp
In discourse that is dull and deadly,
The talk is all of Becky Sharp,
And not Amelia Sedley."

★ ★ ★

FOR twenty years Therese Louis Latour has counted upon this well known love of gossip to get him audiences up and down Europe, to whom he could talk entertainingly of the brilliance and the naughtinesses of the "Princesses, Ladies and Adventuresses of the Reign of Louis XIV." Knopf has recently had these essays, under this title, translated and bound in one of his delectable jackets, with portraits of the ladies and an introduction by M. Latour.

Through a naturally keen selective faculty and through his long experience in making these lovely sinners live again for his audiences, M. Latour has fallen upon just the right note for the rapid character sketch. Disregarding the psychological implications which have interested more "eminent minds," he tells you just those intimate things which you are most interested in knowing, how the ladies looked, what they said, what they wore, what interests occupied their days, what notable men were their lovers; he satisfies your curiosity, makes you share his sympathies and enthusiasms.

For subjects he has twenty of the most fascinating of the beautiful and witty ladies who functioned during the reign of the Great King, from Anne of Austria, whose story contains few excitements to Ninon de Lenclous, whose admirers were legion and whose wit and learning are no less bright three hundred years after her birth.

Next to former Follies beauties no species of present-day life is more numerous than former all-American halfbacks.

★ ★ ★

A report that members of a Grand Rapids literary society worshipped images of their favorite authors has been branded as an idol rumor.

Irving

1530 Washington Boulevard

Millinery

Best Wishes and Success
to the
AFTERGLOW



ARTHUR E. SCHREITER

Bloomfield Society

(Continued from Page 13)

its east, Rolfe C. Spinning, George M. Dwelley, James E. Baird, Mrs. Fred D. Farrar and Mrs. George M. Dwelley. "Nettie" was played by Leigh Lynch, Frederick J. Riker, Loren G. Stauch and Herbert M. Zerbe, and was coached by Frank Briscoe.

★ ★ ★

AN interesting guest in the Hills during the week of January 24, was Miss Florence Blackwell, of Englewood, N. J., who visited Miss Frances Bromley at her home, "Uplands." Miss Blackwell was entertained extensively during her visit.

★ ★ ★

MR. AND MRS. CECIL F. CHARLTON, of Randall street, entertained their sister, Mrs. Cone Barlow, of Donnacona, Que., during the first week of February. Mrs. Stowe C. Baldwin entertained for Mrs. Barlow at an interesting supper party, and Mrs. Charlton was hostess at a bridge-tea complimenting her sister.

★ ★ ★

A DELIGHTFUL entertainment was given on Saturday afternoon, January 31, by Mr. and Mrs. George T. Hendrie at their home in the Hills, Stevan Koza Kovich being the soloist and Mrs. Joseph A. Braun was the guest of honor. Noted among the guests were Mrs. William A. McGraw, Miss Marian Bingham, Mrs. Raymond W. Reilly, Charles F. Morse, Rev. Charles McCurdy, Miss Margaret Phillips Standart, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Bennett, Miss Mercedes Bennett, Mrs. E. Phillips Standart and Mrs. W. W. Raymond.

★ ★ ★

THE Bloomfield Hills Club has been a very popular place to entertain during the winter, affording as it does excellent winter sports and a cosy place for luncheons and dinners. On Monday evening, February 2, a party of young married folk enjoyed a subscription dinner and a coasting party at the club, the group included Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mack, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Colgrove, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Dickinson, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hart, Preston Abbott and Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Coombs.

★ ★ ★

THE last dance which was held by the Married People's Club, of Birmingham, took place on Tuesday evening, February 3, in the Community House. Preceding the dance Mr. and Mrs. Rolfe C. Spinning entertained 10 couples at a subscription dinner, at their home, on Knox street. In the party were the C. F. Craigs, the George P. Raynales, the Charles J. Shains, the Charles R. Evans, the John B. Saunders, the Loren G. Stauchs and the Fred D. Farrars.

Observed at the dance were Mr. and Mrs. John R. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Harold M. Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Soderburg, Mr. and Mrs. Zel Dowling, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. Vahey, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Roy A. McAlpine, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Ostermann, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Weller and Mr. and Mrs. Max Horton.

THE attention of Bloomfield residents has been centered, during the past month, on winter sports, the facilities for which have never been more favorable. In addition to the older country clubs, which are always popular, the Sunst Hill Club, situated on Orchard Lake, is concluding its first winter season, with an enviable reputation as a place to skate, coast, toboggan, ski and ice boat.

Over the week-end of January 18, Mr. and Mrs. Renville Wheat, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond K. Dykema and Mr. and Mrs. K. Watkins formed a house party and enjoyed the cold winter weather which made the tobogganning and skiing so excellent. Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Hargreaves and Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Vary, of Birmingham, joined the house-party for dinner on Sunday afternoon.

Subscription dinners were enjoyed over the week-end of January 18 by the following Birmingham residents: Mr. and Mrs. Cecil F. Charlton, Mr. and Mrs. Julian M. Case, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. L'Hommedieu, Mr. and Mrs. Harold F. Klein, Mr. and Mrs. Earle Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Riker.

On Thursday evening, January 22, the Pi Phi Fraternity, of Pontiac, entertained at a skating party and later at the Sunset Hill Club for supper and dancing. Thirty couples were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Percival Dodge and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Finkenstaedt with six others, were guests at the club over the week-end of January 24 and spent Saturday and Sunday afternoons coasting. Mrs. Laurence D. Buhl and her party were week-end guests at the club on January 30, 31, and February 1.

Carrying out the club's idea of holding a monthly dinner-dance on some appropriate day Saturday, February 14, was the date of an interesting St. Valentine's dinner-dance. Reservations were made far in advance and the success of the party augurs well for the future ones. March will witness a St. Patrick's Day party, April, an April Fools', and May undoubtedly will hold forth as an attraction to the members, a pretty May Day festival.

The New Year's Eve party at the Sunset Hill Club rivaled those of other clubs in popularity and enjoyment, with a feather party and dancing following a dinner for 300 guests. Among the guests were the W. N. Whittemores, the Theodore H. Millingtons, the T. B. Smiths, the Matthew B. Whittelseys, Mrs. C. G. Eddington, Mrs. O. C. Valentine, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Baird, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Averill, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Buck, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Kessell, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Eliot, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Vhay, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Rollins, Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Markley, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin J. Kates and their party of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Patterson and Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Smith; Mrs. Carrie Goadby, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Donnelly and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hobbs.

BUILDERS' DIRECTORY

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

★ ★ ★

BRICK MASON—Chissus Brothers, Birmingham.

★ ★ ★

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

★ ★ ★

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

★ ★ ★

ELECTRICAL FITTINGS—Leonard Electrical Fittings Co., Birmingham.

★ ★ ★

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

★ ★ ★

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

★ ★ ★

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

★ ★ ★

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

★ ★ ★

STONE MASON—Chissus Brothers, Birmingham.



"How do you like my made-over gown?"

"I like the maid under gown better!"

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Avon	Arthur W. Spencer	Rochester	Thomas A. O'Brien	Rochester	Guy Niles	Rochester	Park Sipperley	Rochester
Bloomfield	Luther D. Allen	Pontiac RFD 3	Robert Y. Moore	Birmingham	Martha D. Wilson	Birmingham	Fred Haack	Birmingham
Farmington	Isaac Bond	Farmington	Herman Schroeder	Farmington	Edna Cox	Farmington	L. F. Schroeder	Farmington
Independence	Washington E. Irish	Clarkston	Casper Warden	Clarkston	Sara Carran	Clarkston	James O'Rourke	Clarkston
Oakland	Frank C. McClure	Rochester	Earl Braid	Orion	Hubert Carey	Rochester	Maurice Collins	Rochester
Orion	Elston C. McClure	Orion	Byron D. Anderson	Orion	Stuart J. Haddrell	Orion	John B. Pincomb	Orion
Oxford	Monroe G. Dunlap	Oxford	H. V. Rahm	Oxford	Marvin Stevens	Oxford	Walter Roost	Oxford
Pontiac	Frank Shimmoms	Pontiac RFD 1	Lee Stanley	Pontiac RFD 4	Thomas Dalgleish	Pontiac RFD	Harry Everts	Pontiac RFD
Rose	Andrew Seeley	Holly	Arthur J. Gordon	Holly	Mrs. Helen Cole	Birmingham RFD 2	Stephen A. Wright	Redford RFD 3
Southfield	Joseph Brooks	Birmingham RFD 1	Mrs. Ona M. Utley	Birmingham RFD 1	LeRoy Curtin	Holly	Fred Shaffer	Davisburg
Springfield	Howard C. Hillman	Davisburg	A. C. Wagner	Davisburg	F. A. Davis	Davisburg	Francis Poole	Birmingham
Troy	Seymour D. Adams	Birmingham	Morris A. Wattles	Birmingham	John Truesdell	Birmingham	Robert J. Kerr	Pontiac RFD 7
Waterford	Alfred Gale	Pontiac RFD 7	Carlos Richardson	Pontiac RFD 7	A. A. Seeterlin	Pontiac RFD 2	Benj. A. Graham	Keego Harbor
W. Bloomfield	John C. Salmer	Sylvan Lake	Fred Draper	Keego Harbor	Wm. C. Hollis	Keego Harbor		

LIST OF VILLAGE OFFICERS, 1924-5

VILLAGE	PRESIDENT	CLERK	TREASURER	ASSESSOR
Birmingham	Chas. J. Shain	Hazel E. Clark	Charles Plumstead	Robt. K. McClellan
Clarkston	Chas. Myers	Fred P. Holcomb	Thomas L. Parker	Benj. L. DeLisle
Farmington	Clinton W. Wilber	Roland O. Soidan	Geo. C. Gilmeister	John H. Johnson
Orion	Bryon D. Anderson	Fred H. Allen	Claude Crittenden	Frank Thurston
Oxford	L. A. Haddrell	L. H. Smith	Clinton White	W. H. Paddison
Pleasant Ridge	Allan B. Struthers	Otto C. Keil	Mrs. Edna M. Malpass	Lincoln E. Walker
Rochester	Homer B. C. Spencer	Harvey J. Toles	Harold R. George	Charles Compte

CITY OF PONTIAC OFFICERS

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ERNEST H. FAY	L. A. FARNHAM
CHARLES GIBFORD	FRED PARMETER
FRED S. WELCH	
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Clifford W. Ham	Manager
L. C. Lenhardt	Engineer
C. A. Neafie	
H. A. Maurer	
Geo. C. Johnston	Treasurer
Director of Health	

SUPERVISORS

R. W. Clark	Director of Finance
Goodloe H. Rogers	Director of Law
G. F. Ely and John Voorheis	Assessors
Mark B. Armstrong	
George F. Brondige	

CIRCUIT COURT OFFICERS

Circuit Judges	Frank L. Covert
Clerk	Glenn C. Gillespie
Court Clerks	Burton P. Daugherty
Prosecuting Attorney	Leslie B. Middleton
First Asst. Prosecuting Attorney	Russel V. Thurston
Second Asst. Prosecuting Attorney	Clyde D. Underwood
Third Asst. Pros. Atty.	C. L. Smith
Stenographers	Donald C. Porritt
Sheriff	E. N. Nash, Royal Oak
Court Crier	Walter M. Reason
	Dorothea Daniell
	Frank Schram
	N. B. Babcock

COUNTY OFFICERS

Probate Judge	Ross Stockwell
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First Asst. Prosecuting Attorney	C. L. Smith
Second Asst. Prosecuting Attorney	Donald C. Porritt
Third Asst. Pros. Atty.	E. N. Nash, Royal Oak
Circuit Court Commissioners	Geo. B. Hartrick, Royal Oak
Surveyor	Ralph T. Keeling, Pontiac
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SUNSET HILL CLUB

New Rendezvous for Bloomfield Hills on Orchard Lake

Which Opened Last October

JUST twenty-five miles from gas and grime, away from city cares and confusion, the home of Sunset Hill Club stands on a high point of wooded land overlooking Orchard Lake. Visualize for a moment the sun, a mass of molten metal burning in a sky whose riotous colors are reflected in summer in the clear waters of the lake, in winter in the black ice and the purpling snow banks which encircle it, and you have the significance of the home Sunset Hill, this newest and most delightful rendezvous.

Travel now over the always passible concrete roads which lead directly to the clubhouse and you may enjoy the exhilarating sports of winter, skating on the smooth frozen surfaces of the lake or coasting down the just-high-enough hills. Inside huge fires buring merrily in the three fireplaces cast their flickering shadows on antique furniture and bright hangings. Upstairs comfortable accommodations are obtainable for week-end visitors while a modern cottage on the grounds provides extra room for the Friday to Monday guests. The club has been popular to those desirous of spending all possible hours in the pursuit of rest and relaxation best had in winter sports and bracing country air.

Two hundred members and guests have been conveniently served at one time in the dining rooms while twice as many may be easily taken care of in the summer when the large verandas will be used. The same delectable cuisine is offered by Miss Jean Fraser, secretary and general manager of the club, that has made Lone Pine Tea Room famous. This she formerly conducted with her mother, Mrs. Fraser, and they are now too well and favorably known for their capable management there to need any introduction or assurance of the maintenance of wholesome and homelike atmosphere at Sunset Hill.

A few short weeks now and spring in all its pristine loveliness will again awaken the gypsy call in city hearts. It would be hard to imagine a more delightful spot in which to indulge a May-day mood than beneath the towering trees shading the lawns and bordering the sandy beach at Sunset Hill. But a few steps from the club house, the lake, rivaling Naples' famous bay in its clear blue water, invites one to a dip before tea beneath gay parasols which will dot the terrace. From the broad verandas is a feast for soul as well as body as the shadows lengthen in one last riot of color and the sun slowly sinks in the rainbow waters of the lake.

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