

# THE AFTERGLOW

*A Bloomfield Hills Monthly*



*The Old Mill at Cranbrook*

**APRIL, 1925**



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May we at least have the encouragement of your subscription and an expression of opinion from you.

The Editor.

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# THE AFTERGLOW

A Magazine  
Dedicated to  
the Interests



of the Residents  
of Bloomfield  
Hills . . . .

VOLUME I

NUMBER 2

### The Cover Design

The whole country around Bloomfield Hills is full of picturesque nooks and surprise scenes, and it is the intention of *The Afterglow* to reproduce such of these scenes as will lend themselves to that purpose. The cover of this issue is one of these charming and romantic spots. *The Afterglow* solicits the co-operation of its readers in the discovery of beauty spots in the Hills, both by suggestion and photographs. *The Afterglow* wants everybody to feel that it is his magazine, devoted to his interests and hobbies, and reflecting his tastes and ideals.

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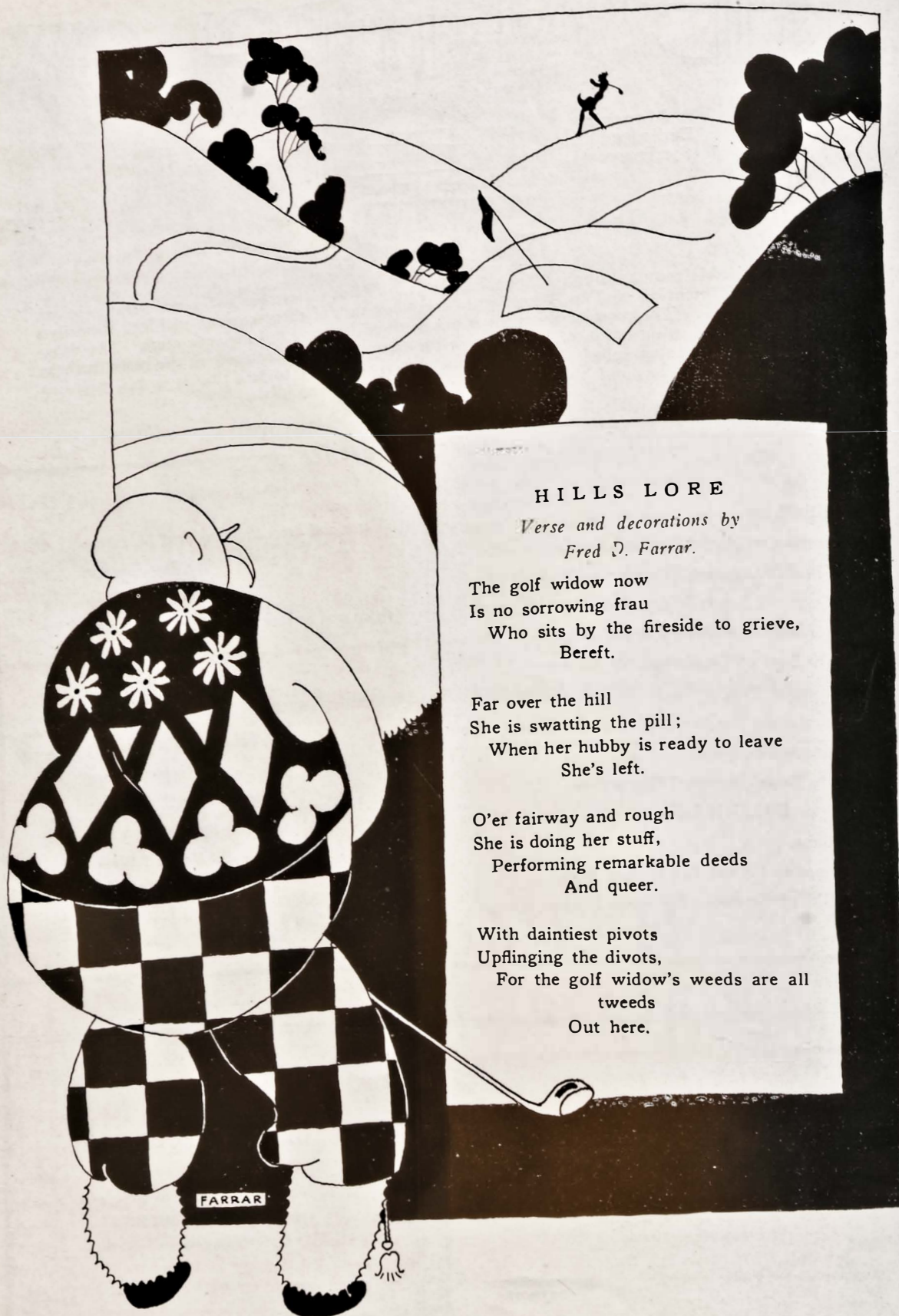
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Quality

Service





## HILLS LORE

Verse and decorations by  
Fred J. Farrar.

The golf widow now  
Is no sorrowing frau  
Who sits by the fireside to grieve,  
Bereft.

Far over the hill  
She is swatting the pill;  
When her hubby is ready to leave  
She's left.

O'er fairway and rough  
She is doing her stuff,  
Performing remarkable deeds  
And queer.

With daintiest pivots  
Upflinging the divots,  
For the golf widow's weeds are all  
tweeds  
Out here.

## OUTLINE OF PROFANITY

By RAY JOHNSON

THE reader will recognize this almost immediately as an authentic outline, for in the second paragraph he will meet a prehistoric man. Since Mr. H. G. Wells introduced the character in his Outline of History, no such work is considered genuine without one. It is quite smart to refer to Mr. Wells early in the story. Michael Arlen does it. It is also quite smart to mention Michael Arlen. Almost everybody does it.

This outline begins one afternoon when Mr. Neanderthal, tired and hungry, wandered among the twenty-foot ferns which the coal barons had planted for the 1925 A. D. harvest. He was hunting a thesaurus or whatever it was prehistoric men ate. Perhaps it was a sabre-toothed tiger, in fatigue uniform, without side arms. Anyway he hadn't found it.

He had just about decided to call it a day and go back to the cave to see if Mrs. Neanderthal had saved any of the cold meat, when he espied a fat young dinosaur nibbling fern shoots. Neanderthal gripped his club and poised for the swing. Then he stubbed his toe. The club missed and the prehistoric supper went loping off into the rough.

Mr. Neanderthal as he hopped about on one foot, opened his mouth and gave forth a Sound, a sincere, heartfelt Sound that was to go reverberating down through the geologic epochs and historic ages for all time.

That monosyllable, eloquently expressing pain and rage, had its echo last night when Papa Jones stepped barefooted onto the upturned face of the nutmeg grater Baby Jones had thoughtfully left on the nursery floor.

Neanderthal's primitive yell had been evolutionized, civilized and modernized until, coming from Jones, it sounded like something having to do with water power development. But it was the same expression, and its story is the story of profanity, the "submerged tenth" of language.

As man, dropping a link here and there, just to give the anthropologists something to do, evolved language from his chattering and invented gods to explain himself and alibi his shortcomings, profanity assumed a force and a meaning.

In fact it assumed a dangerous force and oftentimes a sinister meaning.

Among the citizens of Hellas and Troy swearing was positively a hazardous occupation with no workmen's compensation. A Greek of Homer's day never knew when he ripped out an oath, but what some god, mentioned as a correspondent or party of the second part, might not be loafing about within earshot to make the unhappy mortal go through with the thing.

Many a fine pagan funeral took place shortly after some fisherman had said "May Zeus strike me dead if he wasn't that long."

A Greek had to be careful of what he said, like a kleagle at a wake.

When Christian civilization began shaping and directing

the history of Medieval Europe, when kings and outlaws, valient knaves and sturdy vagabonds, robber barons and skulking cut-purses all were pious men, whose religion was part of their daily lives, profanity entered upon its golden age.

A whole new glossary of great round, mouth-filling oaths was developed and incorporated into the language of men, oaths, which in spite of the seeming paradox, reflected the strong religious influence under which they lived. Truly pious swearing.

The literature of the period is rich with them, and later writers have preserved them in their works. The plays of Shakespeare are resplendent with those robust swear-words.

"Odsblood," "S'Death," "Zounds," "Odsbodkins," "By'r Lady" were some of the more common of them, their strong theological flavor drawn directly from the faith, upon which those splendid sinners depended implicitly for salvation from a justly-deserved and sulphurous reward.

Then Puritanism dropped its damp chill fog over the civilized world, or at least that part of it from which America drew her early traditions. Profanity, with the other arts dimmed to a faintly gleaming point of light. The warmth and glow was gone from it.

Manners and morals are always provincial. In the literature of the mid-Victorian period, with its serio-comic dignity, and poor ventilation, spiritual as well as architectural, a French character in an English novel could "Mon Dieu" his way through the whole work with impunity, while an English character, prodded to the limit by the stings of outrageous fortune, was permitted only a tepid "By Jove."

A "swear" word in a foreign language, even one with obvious meaning, was permissible, much as a reference to the wickedness of European capitals brings a pleasurable thrill, while the same thing at home is made the occasion for a raid by the constabulary and a sermon on the laxness of law enforcement.

Profanity has always had its place in dramatic writing. Even in the nice nineties, when the belief that the use of strong language involved moral turpitude was given common credence, the stage hit upon a device to preserve at least a semblance of realism in expression.

To be sure, the writers of the melodramas of the period bowed to the popular fiction that only wicked men swore. Having an exceedingly wicked man at hand in the person of the villain, they proceeded to load the burden of profanity for the whole show onto him.

In addition to his stuff at the cross-roads and in the sawmill, he had to do all the swearing. Nor was he permitted to come right out plain. He just ordered up his rough language in job lots, thus, "CURSES!!!!" Every time he was foiled he ordered a fresh supply.

But the Actors' Equity association has changed all that. In present day performances, everybody does his share.

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# THE BIRMINGHAM COMMUNITY HOUSE

Second Birthday Celebrated in April

By CORA HINKINS FARRAR

ON April 25th, the Community House of Birmingham celebrates its second birthday, and a lusty growth it shows. The project of the Community House began back in 1920 in a series of house to house meetings, and the initial fund for the House was made at a mid-summer lawn fete, held on a perfect summer day, at the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Morley on Lone Pine Road, four years ago. The quaint, little old house on the corner of Bates and Maple, once a church manse, and at one time the meeting place of the Women's Literary club, was leased and remodeled, with the money from this fund and the Community House was opened to the Village in April, 1923, with an exhibition of paintings, art posters and architectural drawings, most of them executed by local artists. The building contained a large assembly or dancing room, a billiard room and a reception or committee room on the first floor and a small living apartment on the second floor.

The first Community House board, headed by Mrs. Frank J. Miller, was made up of the following women, Mrs. Charles J. Shain, Mrs. Albert E. Peters, Mrs. Arthur Hartwell, Mrs. George T. Hendrie, and Mrs. John H. Marlotte.

Two large benefits were given in 1923, the first of which took the form of a delightful lawn party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Hendrie, in Bloomfield Hills, in the early summer. The second was a fashion show with dancing numbers, coached by the teacher of dancing at the Community House, and participated in by many of the year's debutantes. These two strenuous efforts convinced the board that a more stable means of support must be found and the first membership campaign was staged, with a result of 600 contributing members from the village itself.

In the fall of 1923, the board chose Miss Mary Martin

as resident hostess and Miss Dorothy Dickinson as her assistant. Both these young women were from Grand Rapids and are graduates of Vassar College. Later in the year, Miss Esther Booth took Miss Dickinson's place as assistant.

The uses of the house during the first year were varied and multiplied rapidly. Under Miss Martin's enthusiastic leadership, the business and professional women organized a Luncheon club, which has continued to meet

weekly at the house, during the past 18 months. A nursery, held for the convenience of the mothers of the community, was conducted one afternoon a week by Mrs. P. D. Hilty. The Blue Bird and Camp Fire groups were begun and efficiently continued through the year. Several Saturday evening dances were given. A boys' cooking club became a popular way to spend Monday evenings. The Women's Civic Club was organized and met each Monday afternoon in the assembly room. Several organizations rented the house for their regular meetings, such as the Women's Literary club, The Women's Auxiliary of the American Legion and the Women's Benevolent association.

Mrs. G. T. Hendrie arranged several delightful musical and cultural programs for Sunday afternoon Open House, which were well attended. The teachers use the assembly room for their social evening each month and the house is often rented for social and civic affairs at a nominal rate. The monthly meeting of the recently formed dramatic society, the Village Players, is held the last Wednesday evening of the month at the Community House.

At the end of the first year, the board felt that it had much upon which to felicitate itself in the astounding growth and multitude of uses to which the house has been given.

(Turn to page 22)



Photo by O'Connor

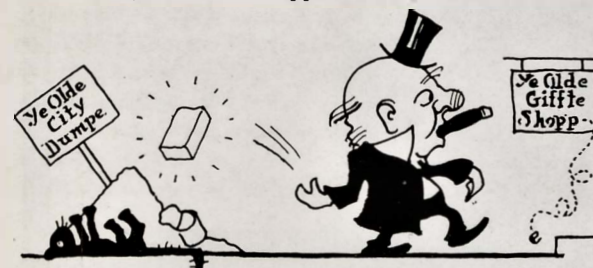
Miss Mary Clark Griffith, Resident of the Community House

# MORE AND BETTER WORM HOLES

By CHARLES CROMBIE, A. I. A.

IT is curiously arresting to observe in a civilization that is for the most part so fatuously complacent with its industrial achievements and its up-to-the-minute scientific methods a strong desire in its intimate aspects to hide behind a screen of antiquity. A very minor indication is the voice of Ye Olde This and That Shoppe that is heard in the land. Within the last few years it has become a perfect babel. Broken down tables and damnably uncomfortable chairs are worth their weight in gold simply because they are—presumably—of ancient origin. Rarely is the question raised as to their intrinsic beauty.

The proposition is very simple and may be stated briefly thus: anything really old must be rare and anything rare must be valuable. Of course there could be but one result. Since these old things were scarce and hence out of reach of many, very modern and very up-to-date factories were established and now it is possible to procure without difficulty tables that appear as ancient as the originals and chairs that are equally uncomfortable, complete with worm-holes, F. O. B. Shoppe.



Indeed in the crafts there has arisen a new caste of antique finishers who take a tremendous pride in their own particular method of wearing down a chair stretcher or in working the stain left by the bottom of a wet drinking cup into the top of a table.

All this however would be comparatively harmless and merely the subject for simple minded pleasantries from us of the "ignoranti" were it not that the same state of mind has been showing its effects in larger and more lasting form—I mean, in the field of domestic architecture. Crippled furniture can be shut away and unless you are like that, you don't have to look at it or use it, but crippled architecture is and must remain literally a blot on the landscape. There it is for all to see who pass by and there it will stay until some happy day when the maddened owner will apply the torch. I should like to sit on a jury to try such a case of arson.

England went through the same phase years ago when Ruskin was the national Pooh-Bah of the department of Aesthetics. Working under his philosophy of art, the contemporary English architect created what Aldous Huxley has called "the nightmare architecture of 'features';" first, the sham Gothic of early Victorian times, and then, at the end of the century, the sickening affectation of "sham-peasantry." Quoting again from Mr.

Huxley: "Big houses were built with all the irregularity and more than the 'quaintness' of cottages; suburban villas



took the form of machine made imitations of the Tudor peasants hut. To all intents and purposes architecture ceased to exist."

A very neat description of modern conditions in this country. It would be painful and unpleasant to cite examples, but a glance about should be enough to prove the point. Everywhere can be seen a senseless preoccupation with details, "the nightmare architecture of 'features'." Quaint doorways; tortured stucco; hand hewn, worm-eaten beams—in the "machine made imitations" the same beams appear tastefully built up of seven-eighths inch board; infinite pains to make the roof look as if it had sagged; we have them all, all the cheap shoddy pretense of the stage back-drop. That is the one glaring mistake about the modern "picturesque." In straining after bits of detail the fundamental laws of architecture have been forgotten or deliberately ignored.

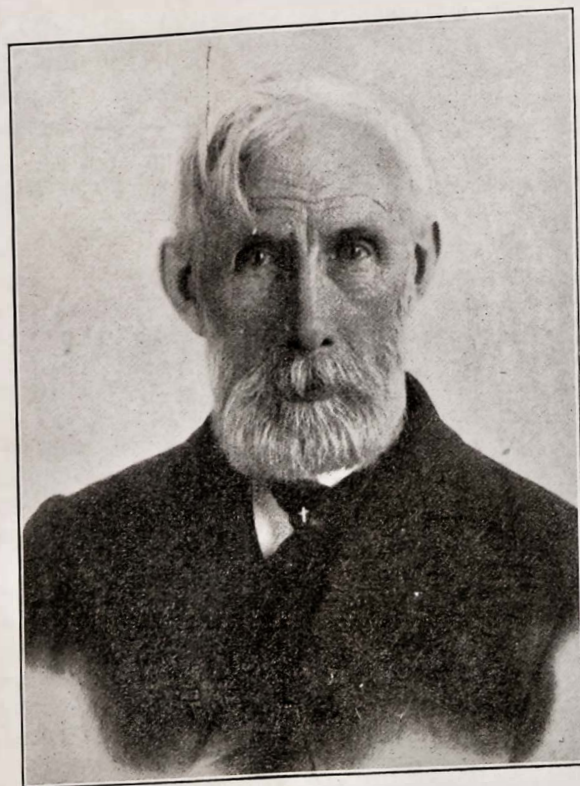
It is a pretty good rule if you want to find out what the fundamental laws of architecture are, to read what Ruskin has to say and then take exactly the opposite point of view. Generally speaking the opposite point of view from Ruskin's is the right one. When he descended majestically from his private Sinai and inscribed the Aesthetic Law on the monolithic tablets that were the Stones of Venice, one of the great truths that had been revealed to him ran as follows: "It is to be generally observed that the proportions of buildings have nothing to do with the style or general merit of their architecture. An architect trained in the worst schools and utterly devoid of meaning or purpose in his work may yet have such a natural gift of massing and grouping as will render his structure effective when seen at a distance."



Interpreting this pontifical pronouncement that good architecture has nothing to do with proportion or the judicious disposition of masses and that general effect counts for nothing at all, we may take it as definitely

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## In Memoriam

Henry Wood Booth

January 21st, 1837

March 17th, 1925

## THE SAGE OF CRANBROOK

By VERA M. AMOS

*Mild and veiled air of a March day with prefeeling of Spring coming—timid chirping of birds. An old fashioned cottage; on its door, alas! Green leaves tied with a melancholy ribbon! Stillness inside, the solemn dignity of the great mystery, Death!*

*A man has completed his earthly wandering at 88 years—a biblical age, his life fulfilled and vanished to that beyond where men are souls. This was the sacred necessity of a passing when life held no more than the routine of living; a man who went happily leaving behind immortality as an ancestor to an abundance of new life. Whatever was presented to this man to accomplish in his long line of years, nothing will be as everlasting as the source of hopefulness and strength that springs forth in his wonderful family.*

*Henry Booth knew it when he folded his active hands to rest leaving what more could be done to his sons.*

*No tears disturbed the silence of the little cottage. Heads were bowed in piety and acceptance of an unchangeable law.*

*The story of his long life began in Cranbrook, England, a lovely peaceful countryside of green lawns and dark red cottages so similar to the Cranbrook created on American soil. All the happy illusions of childhood were made alive here when life was declining.*

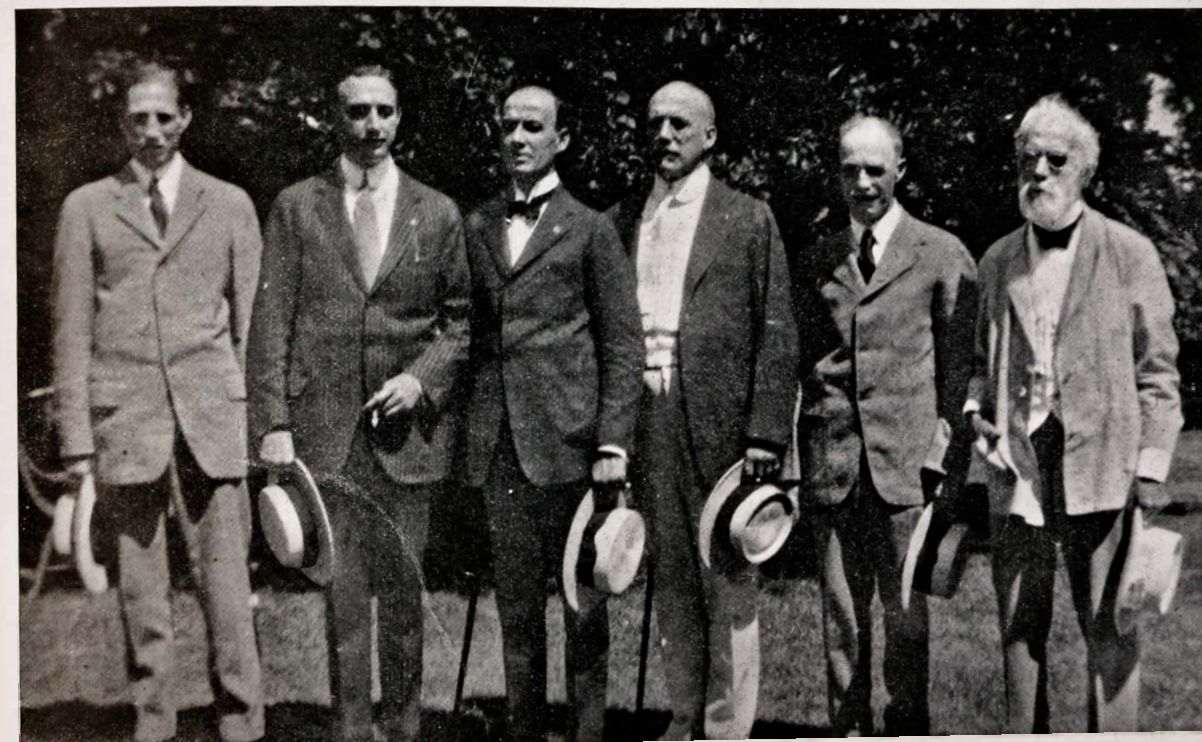
SLEEPING on his bier of peacefulness is "The Sage of Cranbrook"—Sleeping, we say, for how could we think otherwise of such a life? For the passing of the great soul of Henry Wood Booth does not mean death but rather life—life everlasting for him—life long remembrance for us. In the long, wonderful years of his life here at Cranbrook surrounded by the beauties of Nature, he has left his mark on Time, first in the hearts of all who came in contact with him by his graciousness, by his acts, by his pen—and last but not least—by the beauty spots, the work and planning of his own creative mind, he made in the surroundings of his home.

Always a lover of the great out-of-doors, he took as a

recreation from his pen, landscape gardening in which his planning and work took store from his idealistic nature. He made cascades fall in thin silvery beauty, through the small forest of evergreens—the tall stone pillars standing at its head, give mute testimony to his handiwork.

As we take a walk along a curving yellow gravelled road way, we come suddenly to the sunken Chinese garden, quaintly quiet in Oriental beauty. Then we wander on to Cherry Lane, passing Lilac road, which he named for memory's sake from his loved Cranbrook in England. So on through this winding path where robins sing their silver messages, and blue birds twitter in their joy that

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Henry Wood Booth and his sons, (left to right) Roland, Ralph, Edmund, George and Charles Booth.



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CATHERINE MYERS - Editor  
MARION HOLDEN - Associate Editor  
ELINOR MILLINGTON - Art Editor

VOLUME 1 APRIL, 1925 NUMBER 2

WHATEVER the outcome of the Howarth resolution now pending in the legislature, which, if enacted into law, will enable the state to purchase the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee part of the Grand Trunk, it is certain that Governor Groesbeck will never stop until he has secured for the territory north of Detroit the kind of transportation needed.

The governor will always be gratefully remembered for his wonderful road building program. Many a farmer whose mortgage burden was slowly driving him off his farm is today living in independence due to a successful sale of his land at the high price brought about by the building of our fine roads. Many boys and girls who for financial reasons did not expect to finish high school are today able to enjoy a college education.

Much is being said of high taxes but if one compares for a moment the inconvenience of these with the many blessings brought about by good transportation he will soon forget them. Unlike the Caesars who built roads for war and conquest, creating bloodshed, suffering and misery wherever they were carried by these roads, the hosts carried by the governor's roads are, poetically speaking, loaded with gold which will relieve many suffering farmers of their burdens and assure them comforts in old age.

Then again the city hosts who mount their gasoline steeds and go snorting into the country on the good roads to seek location for

## THE AFTERGLOW

their own and their family's pleasure and comfort are doing a very sane and practical thing from the stand point of health and vigor.

What of high speed, luxurious electric trains on a four track private right-of-way? What will such facilities do to the small towns north of Detroit, and to Oakland county?

*A month ago the first issue of the AFTERGLOW appeared, a newcomer among the lovers of country life. Seldom has a warmer welcome or more kindly reception been accorded a stranger, for its friends are numbered not only among the residents of the Hills but west, south and east, wherever men and women are interested in the zest and healthful living that goes with the out-of-doors.*

*Encouraged by the splendid hospitality and manner in which the publication was made to feel "at home" the AFTERGLOW is venturing with this issue to enlarge its circle of friends. Perhaps you are one of these. If so, it is to you this little introductory note is addressed.*

*Bloomfield Hills is a community with ideals, a spirit, and an atmosphere quite its own. Its growth development and the activities incident to that growth and development are interesting.*

*The sponsors and editors of the AFTERGLOW feel that the country life of Bloomfield Hills should be made articulate, given expression. Through the pages of this magazine they will strive to achieve that aim.*

The influence of such a luxury would be so stupenduous as to defy calculation in advance. The volume of building induced thereby would so increase the taxable values of the territory affected that the present tax roll will look like small change. The entire distance from Detroit to Pontiac will be one continuous stretch of homes and new villages. New

business centers will spring up and fortunate holders of large tracts of land will reap a harvest.

Groesbeck has shown his resourcefulness and persistence in the past and there is no doubt that he will deal with the Grand Trunk in a way that will fulfill his aims though they may not like it.

★ ★ ★

IT is highly gratifying indeed to meditate on the high type of men, who live in Bloomfield Hills, and their ideals and plans for the future.

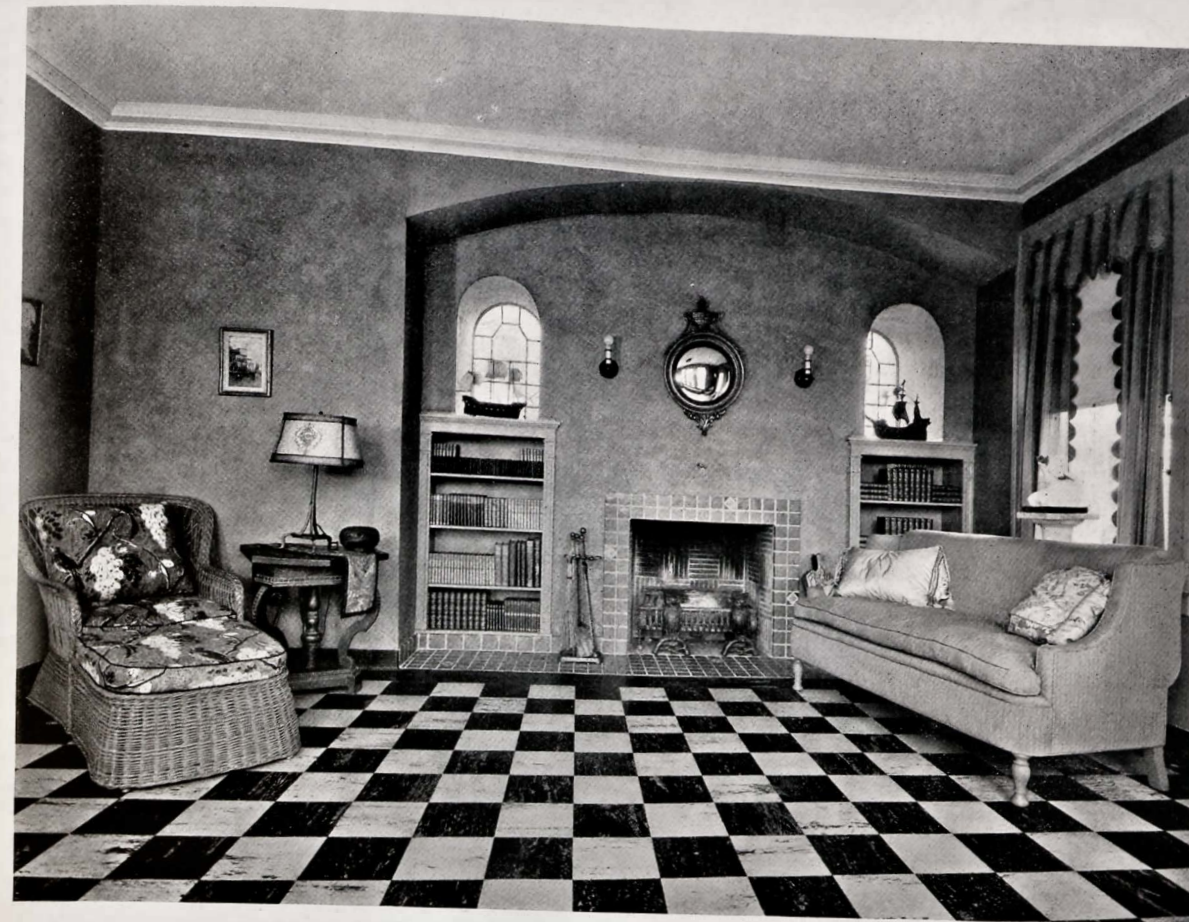
Vast sums of money are being poured out by such men as Mr. George G. Booth. His elaborate plans for church and school for the benefit of the general community represents a degree of unselfish public interest seldom found in this commercial age.

The palatial homes and landscaping of such men as Col. Edwin S. George, E. P. Hammond, W. T. Barbour, Walter Briggs, Francis Palms and others too numerous to mention have an inestimable ethical value to the whole community. Theirs is class of improvement which attracts and stimulates others to like efforts, and are therefore generic in community building. Organizations exist for maintaining sanitation and order and other organizations are being formed for planning uniform developments of the highly restricted and spacious residential type of development.

It is a pleasure to notice how even the real estate firms, with one or two regrettable exceptions, in spite of their purely commercial aims, nevertheless seek to maintain and improve by their plans and restrictions the neighborhoods into which they enter. It is to be hoped that the efforts being made to broaden the powers of the local authorities sufficiently to positively prevent inferior and detractive developments may meet with deserving success.

Much unselfish pioneering for the general public good is being done by many men of broad vision for which they will have no other returns than the satisfaction of being true to their ideals and have the good will of their fellow men.

## THE AFTERGLOW



Sun parlor designed by Rachel de Wolfe Raseman for the residence of Mrs. F. J. Robinson in Bloomfield Hills.

## FURNISHING THE SUN PARLOR OF A COUNTRY HOUSE

By RACHEL DE WOLFE RASEMAN

IF a room is to be artistic in the best sense of the word, its decorations and furnishings must be appropriate to their purpose as well as to the general environment and setting of the house. To place a house designed and decorated for city requirements, in a country environment is to lose the essence of the thing, as well as the freedom that country life should have.

The general informality of the surroundings at Bloomfield Hills, the cheerful air of rurality, makes it an utterly inappropriate entourage for the more formal urban type of domestic design. And just as the design of the house should be harmonious with the rolling contour of the country side, so the interior decorations should reflect the landscape coloring, the greens and blues and tans of woods and hills and lakes. The interiors of a country house

too, are eminently informal, warmly hospitable, and, of course, comfortable.

In Mrs. Robinson's sunparlor, which is pictured here, but one set of hangings has been used, for the simple reason that in the country our windows serve the extra purpose of letting in the view which we certainly do not want to obscure by the heavy overdrapes of the town-house. This of course, is particularly true of the sun parlor whose windows are the opera glasses through which we view the year-round pageant of nature. These particular curtains are of sunfast stripe, alternately biege and apple green, with the edges scalloped to give the effect of awnings.

The wall surface is of rough plaster, stippled first in soft apple green and then overglazed in a neutral tint. This color reflects the general landscape tone and lends

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## BLOOMFIELD SOCIETY

By MARJORY AVERY



COMING in the middle of the social calm, which is always characteristic of the end of the winter season, the arrival in the Hills of the junior contingent from schools and colleges for their spring and Easter holidays, made a welcome break the last weeks of Lent. Miss Viola Hammond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Hammond; Miss Edith Robinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Robinson, and Miss Gladys Snell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Snell, came the week of March 15, from the Bennett School, in Millbrook, N. Y. Miss Elise Morley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Morley, arrived the same week from Sweet Briar College, Sweet Briar, Va., and Miss Clara Heineman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Solomon E. Heineman, came on from her school near Boston.

★ ★ ★

AN interesting guest in Birmingham, who came on March 15, to spend her spring vacation as the house-guest of Mrs. Morris B. Draper, of Adams road, was Miss Josephine MacFarlane, of San Mateo, Calif., who is a student at the Bennett School. Miss Lillian Vhay entertained in her honor on Sunday evening, March 15, at a supper party, and on Thursday afternoon, March 19, Mrs. Draper honored her guest at a bridge-tea, at her home. Miss Snell was hostess on Monday afternoon, March 23, at a bridge-luncheon, at her home on Pine Lake, complimenting Miss MacFarlane.

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MRS. WILLIAM E. FULLER, of Fall River, Mass., who was the house-guest of Mrs. Cyrenius A. Newcomb, Jr., in March, was entertained at several charming

affairs. Mrs. Luman W. Goodenough was hostess on Thursday afternoon, March 19, complimenting Mrs. Fuller, and on Friday afternoon, March 20, Mrs. E. H. Bingham and Mrs. Henry C. Penny, Jr., were hosts at a luncheon for Mrs. Fuller.

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THE Village Players did not have a meeting during March but the April performance will be open to the public and will be for the benefit of the Community House where the organization gives its plays.

★ ★ ★

A SUBSCRIPTION St. Patrick's bridge-dinner took place on March 17, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bruce, of Oakland avenue. Mrs. Harry J. Connine, Mrs. Joseph P. Little, Mrs. C. C. Patterson and Mrs. E. W. Ilett were the committee in charge and made the affair very enjoyable. Among the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Chapin, Mr. and Mrs. Zeller Dowling, Mrs. A. J. Halgren, Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Doremus, Mrs. William E. Blythe, Mrs. D. V.

Williamson, Mrs. Fred D. Farrar, Mrs. Verne Burnette, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Averill, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Tillotson, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Roura, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth H. Owens, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Loomis, Mr. and Mrs. William W. Wall, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. Ward Cruickshank, Mr. and Mrs. Newbold L. Pierson and Mr. and Mrs. William Brownrigg.

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MR. AND MRS. F. FARRINGTON HOLT, of Aspin road, entertained at a small dinner party on Wednes-



Photo by O'Connor  
Mrs. Joseph H. Hunter, of "Brae Burn," who, with Mr. Hunter, is spending three months in St. Petersburg, Florida

day to hear Madame Schumann-Heink, who appeared under the auspices of the Civic Music Association.

★ ★ ★

MR. AND MRS. D. V. WILLIAMSON, of Brookside drive, will move to Chicago the first week of April. Mrs. J. J. Roura, Jr., of Park street, entertained at a bridge party on Saturday evening, March 14, complimenting Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, and Mrs. Walter M. Giles gave an afternoon party, on Saturday, March 21, for Mrs. Williamson.

★ ★ ★

ON Thursday evening, March 19, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert M. Zerbe and Mr. and Mrs. Ward Cruickshank were hosts at a St. Patrick's dinner party, complimenting the choir of the Episcopal Church. Included among the guests were Mrs. T. R. Donovan, John Luscombe, Dr. and Mrs. L. G. Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Giles, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. Verne Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Connine, Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. Farrar, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond W. Reilly and Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Hadjiski.

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BLOOMFIELD Hills and Birmingham residents are still leaving for the South and the second week of March saw the departure of several prominent families. Dr. and Mrs. George P. Raynale, of Tooting Lane, left last night for Florida, where they will visit Mrs. Raynale's

mother, Mrs. Alice Brooks, at West Palm Beach.

Mrs. Robert L. Biggers and her two children left to visit Mrs. Biggers' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, in Pensacola, Fla., for two months, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Shain are sojourning at the Isle of Pines, Cuba.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold L. Wallace returned from the South the week-end of March 15, as did also Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Robinson.

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THE regular Saturday dinner-dances held at the Sunset Hill Club have been very popular during the past month, but aside from them, the dull end of the season has restricted the number of parties.

On March 6, Mrs. Verne C. Markley and Mrs. Walter Smith, of Pontiac, entertained their club at a bridge-luncheon at Sunset Hill.

Miss Aileen Bell was hostess on March 13, at an evening party of four tables of bridge which were prettily decorated with St. Patrick's colors.

The St. Patrick's Day party was held on Saturday, March 14, and proved very enjoyable. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Booth (Elizabeth Briscoe), who have recently returned from their honeymoon, led the grand march, and Mrs. Harry H. Hobbs sang some Irish ballads.

Mrs. T. B. Smith, of Birmingham, gave an attractive bridge-luncheon for 16 guests, on Friday, March 20.

(Turn to Page 26)



Miss Sally Davis, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Manly Davis, with her dog, Jerry.

Photo by O'Connor



# THE DOGS' NATIONAL CONVENTION

By WILLIAM C. RICHARDS

WHEN one counts up the net good done at the recent national convention of dogs held under the auspices of the Detroit Kennel club, one is staggered to find that out of the lusty-lunged palaver came nothing—or nothing but a tonal bedlam.

There was so much good that might have been done. There were the little starving Armenian dogs, down to their last sootka and owing God knows how many sootkas they never can hope to pay. The last crop was only 4,623,100 sootkas, and when one recalls the pre-war figures, one can readily figure the dire extremity of the canine Armenian today, even of the better classes.

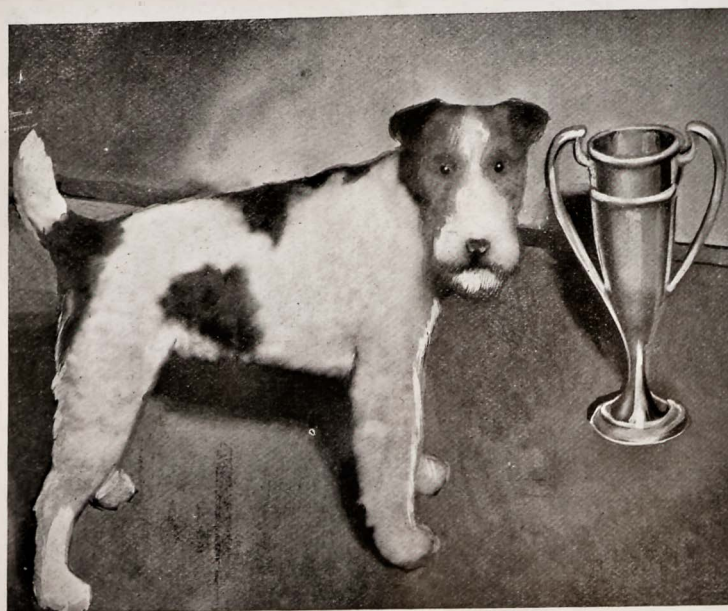
One word at the convention would have done it, one ennobling gesture, one slogan such as "Buy a Bale of Sootkas" or "Walk a Mile for a Sootka." It would have been a step in the right direction. What happened instead? The convention went on record in favor of limiting immigration from Germany of "bona fide relations of Strongheart" to 2,444 per month and defeated a motion of a radical bloc in the convention to present President Coolidge with a pack of mechanical dogs.

That, virtually, constituted all the business done.

An all-around champion was selected, of course. It was Warily Sequence, a wire-haired gal from New York, who probably never saw Yorkshire whence came her breed. Somebody said her owner had refused \$7,000 for the animal, so very probably the owner is the sort of mental phenomenon who leaps from one airplane to another while the two are going in opposite directions.

The champion suggested a passport picture. It doesn't matter much, however. Fame lasts no longer than the comber of a breaking wave. Many a champion of yesterday is lying in some quiet shade trying to scrape a bone with his one good tooth and trying to convince a skeptical litter that once he played the course in even 4's and hit home runs at every benching.

More dogs and more varieties appeared at this year's Kennel Show than ever previously, with Detroit exhibiting a representative lot of ribbon-



Warily Sequence, Champion of Detroit Dog Show

winners. But what is a champion? It is your dog and mine, the dog who may look like some tumble-down shack, whose sire hung around pool-rooms, perhaps, and whose mother junketed with Sadie Thompson to Pago-Pago; your dog and mine who tries to make a holy meal of the Psalms one day and devours Ring Lardner out of the D. A. C. News the next, who reads "What All Dogs Should Know" but does not memorize the instructions.

We also understand that the dogs of St. Bernard's monastery in Switzerland, are being shaved now and will remain so, so that they will not be harassed by accumulated snows in their hair in searching out lost Alpine travelers, but the specimens at the Kennel show had their coats and the enviable dignity of their breed.

Edsel Ford and children were at the show one day, and the children spent most of the time using Moonshine Rum, a Great Dane, for unwilling canterers up and down the hall. Despite his alcoholic cognomen and his apathy for horsemanship, the children seemed to have great fun. Danes, if we remember rightly, were used originally in Denmark and Germany for boar and deer hunting.

To us there are but three kinds of dogs—good, vicious and toy spaniels. St. Bernards, of course, come in the first class. Sentiment perhaps tyrannizing our reason, we would have awarded the Detroit championship to King, a St. Bernard. He had silk-stockings sang froid. He was a man who didn't dance and yet had been dragged to one. He had been poured into a stiff-bosomed shirt and made to listen to the high school dramatic club do "Pagliacci."

Not that he was unfriendly, but whatever favor was coming, King was willing to let his pup have it. He sat on his haunches and looked on without comment. When the all-events champion was to be chosen he was led into the ring. A debilitated, underslung daschshound preceded him. Others romped in, preened for the hour. King loafed stolidly into the ring in charge of a puny human antithesis.

This is a dog show idiosyncrasy. One will find Great Danes or St. Bernards in tow of some insignificant pilot, while by the

(Turn to Page 27)





## BOOKS



By HOWARD WEEKS

ALTHOUGH two novels bearing the stamp "F. O. B., Detroit" are appearing this spring let us pause, offer up a few earnest words of prayer and burn a pinch of incense in hope that this city will never be known as a literary centre.

Look at Chicago—and weep. Once visitors went there to look at the manner and gist of his expression.

to look at the hogs in the stockyards. Now the yokels come from Gopher Prairie to blink in the reflected rays of the Loop's literary lights.

We prefer the hogs in the stockyards and so we supplicate all the deities that the Ford factory will remain the mecca of Detroit sightseers and not any group of mock-turtle intelligentzia.

To cease divagation, a novel entitled "Spring Flight" and bearing the imprint of Knopf is soon to be on sale. The author is Lee J. Smits, Detroit newspaperman.

"Backfurrow" (Putnam) is now offered to the book-buyers and was written by a former Detroit, Godfrey D. Eaton. While we have admired certain aspects of Mr. Eaton's spirit that showed itself in erratic flashes when he was undergraduate in Ann Arbor we depre-

This is leading up to the willing confession that we read about a third of the way through "Backfurrow" and then it threw us and we quit, frankly defeated by Mr. Eaton's uneven and dissonant prose. It seems to us Mr. Eaton has not plowed deeply but has only scratched raggedly into the soil he has attempted to till. Mr. Eaton has proved

before he was lacking in critical sense but this shows he also lacks the ability to write prose that doesn't insult the ear.

"Arrowsmith," (Harcourt-Brace) the latest arraignment of the American scene by Sinclair Lewis, is a ponderous tome relating the adventures of a young man who becomes a doctor, among other things. In this book Mr.

Lewis manages to keep intact his reputation of being our consummate reporter in fiction, the most agile lampooner of our types and an incisive satirist of common things. Somehow, though, the story lacks the necessary lift to make it literature and it is very, very long—too long, it seems, for what Mr. Lewis has to say.

However, we hope the book will make money so if Lewis comes to town again he will have enough to buy us a few tall cold ones as he did one day last summer.

Of all the spring flowering of books the chiefest blossom to have come to our notice is "The Constant Nymph" (Doubleday-Page) a splendid novel by Margaret Kennedy, a young Englishwoman.

Here is a most skilfully constructed story of a family of musicians—and such a family they are one

wonders where Miss Kennedy got them; whether they sprang from reality or are wholly fictive. They seem too strange to be fiction and they smack heartily of truth.

Miss Kennedy writes with a brilliant velocity of thought and with a finality of expression that is wholly admirable.

(Turn to Page 24)



Roy Campbell, author of "The Flaming Terrapin," from the portrait by Augustus John.

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By JOSEPHINE HAMLIN

DEAR PEG:

I WONDER if the ladies Pankhurst realized just how vitally their feminine emancipation policies would affect us in 1925? True, we have considerably refined their sturdy-booted, stiff-collared picketing uniform and whittled it down from a merely masculine to a bewitchingly boyish silhouette; but girls will be boys this season, not only out West where men are men—and occasionally women are governors—but in every corner of the fashionable world as well.

At the same time I hear that Jean Patou, the well-known designer, has returned to his native Paris with over a hundred suits of clothes which he changes from three to four times daily. These are cut with waspish waists and flaring coat-skirts—a style he hopes to make popular with that theatre programme personage "the well-dressed man." There you have the double standard again for with us the path of fashion still points the straight and narrow way. I read, too, that a Rue de la Paix parfumeur has launched a perfume for men called in plain English "You may if you wish," while a French haberdasher now makes sports-clothes for women and Madame Lanvin, also of Paris, opens with her sports-shop for women a new one exclusively for men—what a topsy-turvy world we live in!

But enough of the sterner sex, with such notables as Lanvin and Patou leagued with them, I'm sure that at least sartorially they will be well able to take care of themselves. I only hope they will not go in too strongly for fragrant fripperies for I have just indulged in a perfume orgy and purchased Worth's "Dans La Nuit," a delightful new odeur in midnight blue, star-studded bottles, guaranteed to make one feel exotic even in a bathing suit. The flowers that bloom in the spring will not be more exclusively

sweet than I for "Dans La Nuit" in extract, sachet powder and rouge is sold at but one smart shop in town.

Aren't you glad you worked with your irons this winter instead of your Webster and Crosswords for this season's sport clothes will make Glenna Colletts of us all. The lowly balbriggan, formerly among the unmentionables, has come to the top of the mode and banded in crepe makes turtle neck blouses worn over front pleated crepe skirts. With these you must wear a matching hat—an important note just now—preferably of felt and fitting well down over your shingled head. Such costumes will do more for one's form, golfingly speaking remember, than a dozen lessons; bunkers are automatically ruled out for who would go down in the depths thus becomingly attired? The necessary quiet of the fairways is seriously imperiled, I fear, by the new matching sweater and golf sets now on display, the Scotch make them but chiefly I believe—like the distilled boon of Bacchus—for American consumption. For those who follow the less invigorating verandah sports I have discovered crepe ensembles and vivid dresses hand embroidered in Baroness Souigny's shop at the Statler after Indian and Russian patterns. Thus, if one has a leaning for the dashing Iroquois, she may have his original family tree gaily bordering her coat and frock in any shade or material she may select. These ensembles, by the way, are not only delightfully different but irresistibly smart.

Adopting the French idea our millinery shops are cutting their felts to fit the wearer's head. I felt like a hapless magician's assistant during the process for first one picks out a shapeless sombrero, flops it on and looks like nothing so much as an impoverished Mexican, when Lo! with a flash of the shears, a gay Alpine feather or perhaps a

(Turn to Page 24)



RESERVATIONS ARE NOW BEING ACCEPTED IN

## Quarton Lake Estates

[LUTHER TROWBRIDGE UNIT]

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[BOTH SIDES OF WOODWARD IN BLOOMFIELD]

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# MILDRED EMERSON WILLIAMS

Young Detroit Painter

By MARION HOLDEN

MISS MILDRED EMERSON WILLIAMS is a Detroit young woman who is certain, in the not far distant future to win name and fame as a painter. During the past year she has emerged from the art student stage, and is this month realizing the dream of all young painters, in staging her first one-man exhibition. People who are interested in painting that is forceful and alive, that is representative of the best in the modern movement, should not fail to visit this show which will be on view at the John Hanna galleries during April.

Through her school days in Detroit, Miss Williams was always dabbling in paint, but after finishing high school she set about a serious study of drawing at the Wicker School of Fine Arts. This school held her for only a year or two however, before she went to Philadelphia to study at Pennsylvania Academy under Breckenridge. Since the earning of a living was a necessary factor in the planning of a career, she decided to become an illustrator. Breckenridge however, knew better, and told her emphatically that she ought to be painting. Now the earning of a living is a precarious business if you are just a painter, and a very uncommercial one too, but since painting was the one thing the world which interested her, Miss Williams made her decision and has stuck to it ever since.

After the Pennsylvania Academy, she came back to Detroit where, at the Wicker school again, she won a scholarship for a year's study in the New York Art Student's League. Here her real work began, under the stimulating influence of Henri and Sloane and George Luks. It was Henri who conducted most of the classes, encouraging and destroying to rebuild again; to Sloane's studio the students went to receive blows and to come away stimulated. "That nude," Sloane would say, "looks exactly as if she had come directly from a Turkish bath and lain for an hour on the hot sand." After that sort of a vivid criticism one doesn't paint one's nudes in purplish red.

After the year in New York, which, Miss Williams insists is the best place in the world to paint, she came back to Detroit in 1923 and opened a studio here for the winter. She painted several portraits and decorative flower studies, (which, she says, are really portraits), and a fine little canvas which has always been a favorite of mine, a skating scene in Palmer woods, showing a lively group of children circling about a small pond. The eerie blue and white light of a winter afternoon falls through the winter woods in an enchanting manner.

Miss Williams' ability to catch the spirit of people in groups and to hold them in a lively pattern is, along with the general vigor of her attack, perhaps her most outstand-

ing quality. The animated scene is, to her, the most interesting one; she likes people in crowds, enjoying themselves, and for that reason she found Provencal, Brittany and southern France, where she spent last year, very stimulating indeed as places to paint. The hurdy-gurdy, the steam caliope, the joyous crowds, the gay costumes, the colored sails flapping in the tiny harbors, the sardine fishermen in blue overalls trailing over the docks with huge, smelly baskets, were reason enough for painting endless sketches which form a lively record of the months she spent in these happy places. And, to a prejudiced eye, they have more of interest than the usual slight landscapes which come out of New England and points east.

Miss Williams spent last winter in Paris, painting and living in the studio of Alexander Harrison, brother of Birge, who was painting in Africa during that time. The outstanding picture which Miss Williams brought back from France, was not painted in Paris, however, nor was it the landscape which won a prize in the Michigan show—though that was interesting enough. It was the portrait of a Brittany peasant woman, young, solid, vigorous—the sort



Brittany Peasant Woman.



A Brittany Market Place from the painting by Mildred E. Williams.

of subject which brings out all that is finest in Miss Williams' talent. Another interesting portrait is that of an ancient gate-keeper, old, sunken, but with little live eyes full of character.

Subtler, more delicate, with gracious lines and a young, wistful brow, is the portrait upon which she is working now, as this story goes to press. One hopes that it will be completed to go into the exhibit, for it shows what the young artist can do in a softer mood. The colors are almost pastel, with pale green-blue background and an old fashioned dress against an old high-backed brocaded chair.

Of course at the present stage, sales are the important thing, but one does not feel that Miss Williams will ever, under any circumstances, sacrifice her integrity, her belief in what a picture should be, for the picture that might be saleable, that might take the eye of a possible buyer. Some like 'em modern, some like 'em old, some like 'em in a frame, nine centuries cold. Personally, I believe in the support of living art. How some collectors can squeeze the joy that they seem to, out of the possession of second rate Rembrandts, third rate Hobemas, and the rest, is a mystery. One is tempted to believe that the thrill comes from the large price paid and the clutching of something

that six other collectors would snatch at if it were thrown in their way, to add to their newspaper fame.

Somebody—I think it was Joseph Birren of Chicago—gave a very fine talk here last year on the monetary gain that there may be in the collecting of living art. He told of the pictures he had purchased in his youth by men who had no name then, but have since become famous. And of course the pictures have risen in price with the fame of the painter. Soames Forsythe, of Mr. Galsworthy's saga, and of the White Monkey, is a splendid example of the collector who combines the aesthetic thrill of owning pictures that he loves, with the excitement of gambling on an artist's future. You have to keep your head in buying contemporary art, for you've little else to go by—that, and the whispered remarks of a few worried critics who daren't speak aloud until an artist is dead.

All of which may seem a far call from the subject in hand, which is Miss Williams' painting, but it is really intended as an urgent request that you go to see her show and form your own opinion, for you owe that much to Detroit, when so much talent as she possesses can come out of it.





The Birmingham Community House

Photo by Arnold.

### The Birmingham Community House

(Continued from page 6)

During the summer the lecture room was enlarged and an attractive fireplace added to accommodate the growing activities, notably the performances of the popular Village Players.

The arrival, as resident, in the fall of 1924, of Miss Mary Clark Griffith, whose large experience in Camp Fire and Girl Scout work and whose charm and friendliness, have made the house the center of young people's activities, marked an epoch of advance in the attainment of community service. In December, Miss Griffith took over the Village Charity work at the request of the Village Commission and has dispensed assistance with wisdom. A free employment and information file of persons wanting and persons needing occupation, is constantly being enlarged, for the benefit of the village, and a long felt service is thus being rendered. It is a local "Ask Mr. Foster" Bureau of Town inquiries.

During the past Christmas season, the report shows that 1800 people received the hospitality of the community house. The very attractive holiday program, carried out by Miss Griffith, assisted by the community as a whole, was a revelation in community spirit.

The gifts of various groups and organizations, were the Community Tree, which stood in the yard of the house, its lights, trimmings, wreathes, decorations, baskets of food, clothes, toys, were given and distributed by committees. Groups of Christmas carollers sang through the town on

Christmas eve and were afterward entertained and warmed by hot chocolate at the house. During the holidays, the house was continuously open for all who wished to enjoy its hospitable open fire and atmosphere of homelike charm.

The Twelfth Night festivities, inaugurated by Miss Griffiths, were a new feature and a marked success. The ceremony of burning the greens and Christmas decorations, as a fitting end to the joyous season, was performed and group singing was an enjoyable feature. A short history of the Twelfth Night tradition was given.

The plans for next year, as outlined in the report of the president of the Board, Mrs. Charles J. Shain, are no less ambitious and interesting than the resume of the past two years' remarkable growth and accomplishment. The establishment of a unit of the Girls' Reserve, under the experienced leadership of Mrs. George A. Moore, will form a group activity for the girl from 14 to 18 years of age, for whom as yet no organization has been ready.

### An Omission

The five houses pictured on page 17 of the March number of the Afterglow, were designed by Mulhman and Farrar, Detroit architects, both residents of Birmingham.

★ ★ ★

A divorce decree has been granted to a woman in Texas who testified that her husband was continually trying to rule the ranch. The husband has since realized that he measured wrong.



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## B O O K S

(Continued from page 16)

When she has said a thing there is nothing to be added. In this fairly short novel—it is by no means a "Jean-Christophe" in length—she creates a plenitude of exceedingly live characters whose various and most interesting intellectual and physical experiences run a gamut of human emotions in this concise and gracefully written book.

"Annette and Sylvie," (Henry Holt) the first book of a long novel by Romain Rolland to be entitled "L'Ame Enchantée," is mildly disappointing. It is not written in the impetuous and fiery yet artistically restrained manner in which M. Rolland wrote the first book of "Jean-Christophe." In fact it is a bit dull until one gets almost to the end of the book. It is undoubtedly the first book of a longer novel and will be more satisfying with companion volumes.

Floyd Dell's "This Mad Ideal" (Knopf) is just another moon-calf, we are sorry to report and it's a she this time. It is about the thinnest book yet written by Mr. Dell and is really no more than a prologue to what might be a longer novel. However, those who like Mr. Dell will find what they like here for it is a very Dellish book—if you know what we mean.

Jules Romains is a Frenchman too little known in this country. If you wish to make his acquaintance you may get "Lucienne" (Boni & Liveright) a novel capably translated by Waldo Frank, and if you don't find it interesting reading—well, then it must be your fault.

To those few people who are interested in contemporary poetry, "The Flaming Terrapin" (The Dial Press) will introduce to them a writer of unusual ability, Roy Campbell, whose long poem in this book is one of the most strikingly vivid pieces of verse written in years. Mr. Campbell has done the extraordinary thing of bringing to the poetic description of common things new and fresh terms and images and combining them in a poem which is sweepingly effective in form and content. When a man can say something new in verse about the stars and the sea and the moon he has made a definite contribution and Mr. Campbell does this not once but several times. The poem contains lyrical passages of surprising beauty and a motivating idea that is reminiscent of one of the muscular conceptions of Henley.

## Shops, Shoes and Sealing Wax

(Continued from page 18)

brilliant pin, one has a creation. I fully expected my sleight-of-hand milliner to produce an Easter egg from the crown to complete the performance.

Who was it defined Fashion as a contrivance of wise men to keep the foolish at a distance? Personally I find it hard to remember my place when Paris unpacks along the Avenues and April blossoms forth in almost unbeliev-

able loveliness. If you have anything to forget, Peg, I would not recommend the Great White Fleet, but rather a spring-time shopping sally with

Your devoted,

JOAN.

## Outline of Profanity

(Continued from Page 5)

If the familiar character of the maid with a feather duster finds her way onto the stage, she knocks a vase from the mantel, says, "Hell" and exits. If there is a one-line part, chances are, it is a lurid line.

The manager of one theater has revised the familiar paragraph in the program to read:

"Look about you and note the location of the exit nearest your seat. In case the lines become TOO raw, walk, do not run, to the exit."

But what was a luxury to our forefathers has become a necessity to us. We no longer endure hardships. We swear about 'em.

Lapsing into the language of the advertising writers for a moment, imagine if you can, a giant hand placed across the mouths of all the people, and a rigid ban put upon profanity. Everything would stop.

Motorists, thus prevented from exchanging the courtesies of the road, would murder each other.

Pedestrians, splashed with mud as they scurried over crossings would fall dead of apoplexy on the further sidewalk.

Golf courses would revert to primitive cow cafeterias.

Strong men would take all the starch out of clean shirts with bitter tears as they removed the laundry pins, or tear them to shreds in dumb rage.

Cats would be kicked into extinction.

"Swearing like a pirate," may be a strong, illuminating simile, but a close study of the language used by ticket speculators and restaurant managers fails to show where pirates swear any oftener or better than anybody else, certainly not any better than their victims. They do not have the same inspiration.

The tattered remnants of our old fashioned gallantry makes it difficult to comment upon profanity among modern women. But as a hint to what has been going on coincident with the marking of ballots in a fine feminine hand, the development of preferences for certain blends of tobacco and brands of cigarettes, we will mention a rumor that has drifted in during the exhaustive research of which this outline is the product.

A young New York woman, finding herself suddenly thrown upon her own resources, by the purchase of faster patrol boats for the twelve-mile limit, cast about for something to do.

She is said to have gone down into the shipping district and there opened a night school in which she conducts a course in Lurid Language for a class of stevedores and second mates.

## More and Better Worm Holes

(Continued from Page 7)

proven that good architecture is, in fact, almost entirely a matter of proportion and massing, and that the general effect of the whole work counts for nearly everything. A house and especially a country house should be conceived as a three dimensional design harmoniously proportioned from every point of view both in line and in the general massing and contrasting of forms.

Of course it is foolish to take the present craze too seriously. It is a fad that will pass as the fad for Mission furniture passed. The unfortunate part, however, is that there are more of these ugly little things springing up every day and we will probably have to look at them for years to come. It would be interesting to speculate on the possibilities of this ardent desire for the worm-eaten antique ever spreading into the field of public or semi-public architecture. A municipal group modeled after the present aspect of the Roman Forum would be wonderfully picturesque.

In the meantime Spring is here and building goes merrily on. I suppose the problem is not to take it too seriously or perhaps I am wrong and there is no problem at all.

MORE than \$1,000,000 worth of property in Bloomfield Village, the attractive residential community west of Birmingham, created by Judson Bradway, has been sold since last September, the Judson Bradway Company announces.

KANOUSE SPORTS WEAR  
for SPRING Including

ENSEMBLES  
TWO PIECE KASHA DRESSES  
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DRESSES  
and COATS  
SCARFS AND SPORT BAGS

KANOUSE  
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB BLDG  
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RUSSIAN  
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Anticipating Suits and Gowns of French Style



BRANCH at LONE PINE TREASURE SHOP  
LONE PINE ROAD AND WOODWARD AVENUE

HOTEL STATLER  
Room 612



## Bloomfield Society

(Continued from page 13)

Beginning March 31, the club will have a tea on the last Tuesday of each month from 3:30 to 5:30 o'clock, with various members, probably four at a time, acting as hostesses.

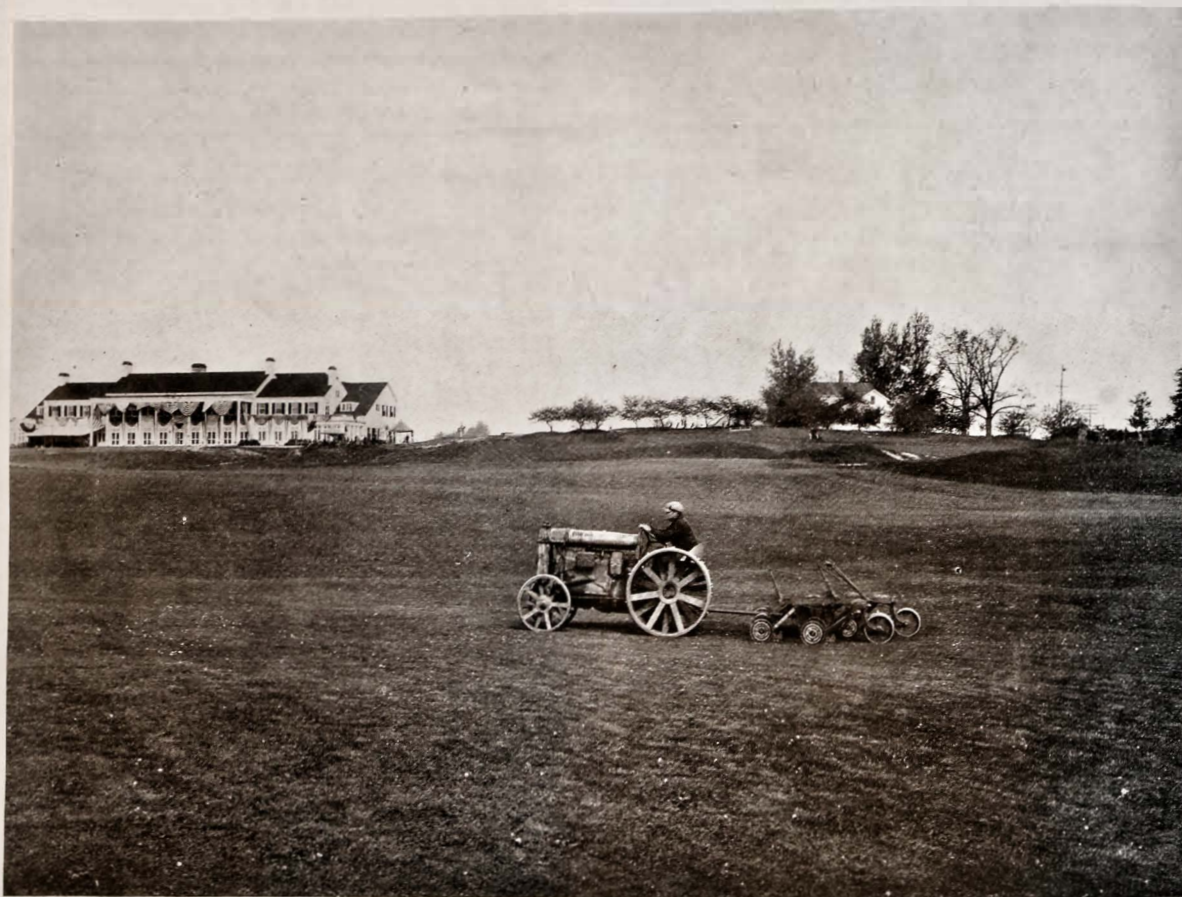
The April 1 party will be a bridge-dinner party and reservations are already being received for this event.

★ ★ ★

MR. AND MRS. FREDERICK H. HOLT, of Linden road, who had spent several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Maxwell Grylls, of Detroit, in Gulfport, Miss., returned to their home in Birmingham the end of February.

★ ★ ★

SATURDAY evening, February 29, was the date of the February meeting of the Village Players at the Community House, when two one-act plays were presented. "The Return of Buck Gavin," a tale of the Kentucky mountaineers, was played by Mrs. J. J. Gaffill, Arch Utter and Waldo E. Fellows. "Fancy Free," by Stanley Houghton, had as its cast, Mrs. Loren G. Stauch, Mrs. Julian M. Case, Dr. George P. Raynale and Hal G. Trump.



Spring Cleaning at Oakland Hills Club.

COL. MORTIMORE BIGELOW, of California, arrived the middle of March, to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Allen Bigelow, of Maple avenue west, for some time.

★ ★ ★

THE week preceding Ash Wednesday was crowded with parties and Tuesday evening especially was popular. The final affair of the season to be given by the Married People's Dancing Club took place on that evening and the club celebrated its concluding event by giving a costume party which was attended by 100 members.

The guests present included Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Paulus, Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Millis, Mr. and Mrs. Earle T. Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Francis F. McKinney, Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Doremus, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Navin, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Dall, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Allen, Mr. and Mrs. James Reed, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Ilet, Mr. and Mrs. Max Horton, Mr. and Mrs. Lee A. White, Mr. and Mrs. Verne Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. Farrar, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Shain, Mr. and Mrs. Rolfe C. Spinning, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph C. Moulthrop, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Klein, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin J. Kates and Mr. and Mrs. Loren G. Stauch.

## Furnishing the Sun Parlor

(Continued from page 11)

itself admirably as an unobtrusive background for the furnishings. The simple fireplace opening is faced with sand colored Pewabic tile with here and there an insert of iridescent green.

The Sleepy Hollow chairs, glazed green and grey, which are upholstered in printed linen, with black, lacquer-red and gold figures on a green ground, make the room inviting and comfortable. These same colors are carried in the ship models which are set in the round-headed windows, while the book bindings contribute another brilliant and varied color note.

The outdoor room in the country house, in short, should be cool and unobtrusive in its furnishing and decorations, with here and there a gay note, so that the ensemble shall make for the peace and restfulness of country life.

## The Dogs' National Convention

(Continued from page 14)

same token a 250-pound woman will hover over a Pomeranian that amounts to four pounds over nothing.

King was uncombed. He was just dog, but all dog. He made no effort to impress the judges. He sniffed at this and sniffed at that. He declined to stand erect. He bumped against his guide and nearly threw him. He seemed to be saying, "Well, what of it?" He got no epaulettes, but he can be our dog any time he wishes, as soon as we acquire a railroad station or the public library as a kennel.

If reincarnation is our true future after death, make us something besides a show ring dog. Or as King put it:

"Happiness lies in being average. Happiness lies midway between an unimaginative dumbbell, with head full of putty, and genius, saddened by the fact that he can find so few to play the billiards of erudition with him without spotting his opponent 50 points."

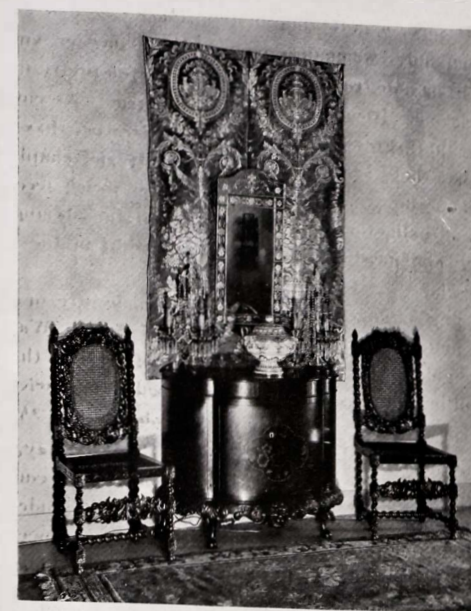
## The Sage of Cranbrook

(Continued from page 9)

Spring is here. He takes us through by this path to the woods of Royal Red Oak and stately elms to the quaint summer house, built high on the brow of the hill, overlooking the glassy lake and drooping willows. Here he could watch the last bright rays of the setting sun as it sinks in all its glory, behind the hills in the distance.

Here the Sage would sit and converse with God—planning in his fertile brain some new scheme for the betterment of his fellow creatures, giving all his best thoughts to devise something which would make home life for his fellow men more beautiful. Here he would sit and smile and romance some little surprise in the way of a bird story, or a bunch of wild flowers to take home to his beloved wife. So we ask ourselves "how can this dear old Sage ever die."

He cannot die for all this handiwork will be an everlasting monument to his memory. The trees must be tended, and the grasses of the lawns be cut, the singing of the falling cascades will still go on and the gray stone columns will stand forever.



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gives her individual touch  
to every hat

214 David Whitney Building



### No Women Allowed

AND now, a golf club in the Bloomfield district for men only, womanless course where powder and lip stick will be a *de trop*, where there will be no pretty fixings to detract men from the business of the game. As enthusiasm for golf grows, the astonishing discovery has been made that there are men who care purely and simply for the game, who are, indeed, bored by the social accoutrements and obligations that go with the bridge playing, tea partying and gossip that flavor membership in the usual country-club.

The stag arrangement has worked beneficently in other towns, and now, under the tutelage of A. W. Wallace, Detroit golfer, and Walter Hagan, professional, the old Rambouillet club near Orchard Lake, will be rechristened the "Tam o' Shanter Club," with a membership of 250.

The Rambouillet course will open on Memorial day, with only low handicap men of the district invited to compete in a two day tournament. The course will be under the supervision of William A. Neer, the former owner who has been responsible for developing the good playing conditions that exist there now. A few alterations will be made in the length of holes—they are wearing them longer this season—and new tees installed. Hugh Millar has drawn plans for remodeling the present club house, with additional locker rooms, and so on.

### Mrs. Sterling Writes of Trip

Editor's Note—Mrs. Ruloff R. Sterling promised the Afterglow she would write to us describing bits of hers and Mr. Sterling's two months' trip to the Bahama Islands. Her correspondence follows:

On board S. S. "Megantic"

Dear Afterglow:

The ship is rolling a bit, but I will try to visit with you for a short time. It is very warm as we approach the tropics, and after a day or two at port everyone feels so happy to return and relax and be very lazy. We would feel that it were all perfect if it were not for the heat, but each day we are becoming more acclimated. There are many enjoyable people aboard, among them two families from dear old Detroit and suburbs. They

are Mr. and Mrs. Copland, of Adams road, with Mrs. Sibley, of Detroit, and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dunk and small son, Bob, of Atkinson Avenue. It always makes one feel more at home to have one's neighbors nearby.

Every place at which we have stopped so far has had its thrill. Habana, Cuba, with its narrow, old streets, its great display of wealth, and its magnificent homes and parks, is charming of course. Then Port au Prince, Haiti, under U. S. control at present, is really showing great improvement with its newly paved streets, but the thousands of ragged natives, thicker than bees in a swarm, were a pitiful sight to me. I think our Red Cross nurses, doctors and marines are very wonderful persons to give so much to this poor little island.

I am sure that when the United States has had it as long as England has had Jamaica, we will be very proud of it also. Kingston, Jamaica, is the most charming and beautiful island that we have seen. It is very clean and neat, and every native has a gentle, soft voice, pretty manners and is so gracious. They love to welcome the boat, and we find the souvenirs more reasonable and the vendors free from greed or graft.

Today we are enjoying an all day sailing and rest, ready for a stop at Colon where we expect to start on the Panama land trip, to which we are looking forward with great pleasure.

By the way, I must mention a wonderful day at Jamaica where we took a drive of 144 miles to San Antonio, taking the coast road there and the mountain road back, and stopping at the Botanical gardens where every wonder of tropical growth is found. The variety of it is beyond description. The most interesting, I believe, is the sensitive plant which wilts immediately by a slight touch and does not lift its leaves again for fifteen minutes.

Very sincerely yours,

Sallie L. Sterling.

March 16, 1925

Dear Afterglow:

Here in the Bahamas we swim and golf all the time, and time flies too rapidly. Nassau is ideal—a quaint little English town, with a beautiful hotel facing the exquisite blue and green of the harbor. New Providence is the largest island in the Bahamas. I walked this morning around a point of the shore on Hog Island, and it was so beautiful, I cannot attempt to describe it.

The Afterglow arrived and I want to congratulate you all as it is very interesting and will be a complete success, I know. We thank you for our copy and hope the good work will go on.

Best wishes for all,

Sallie L. Sterling.

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