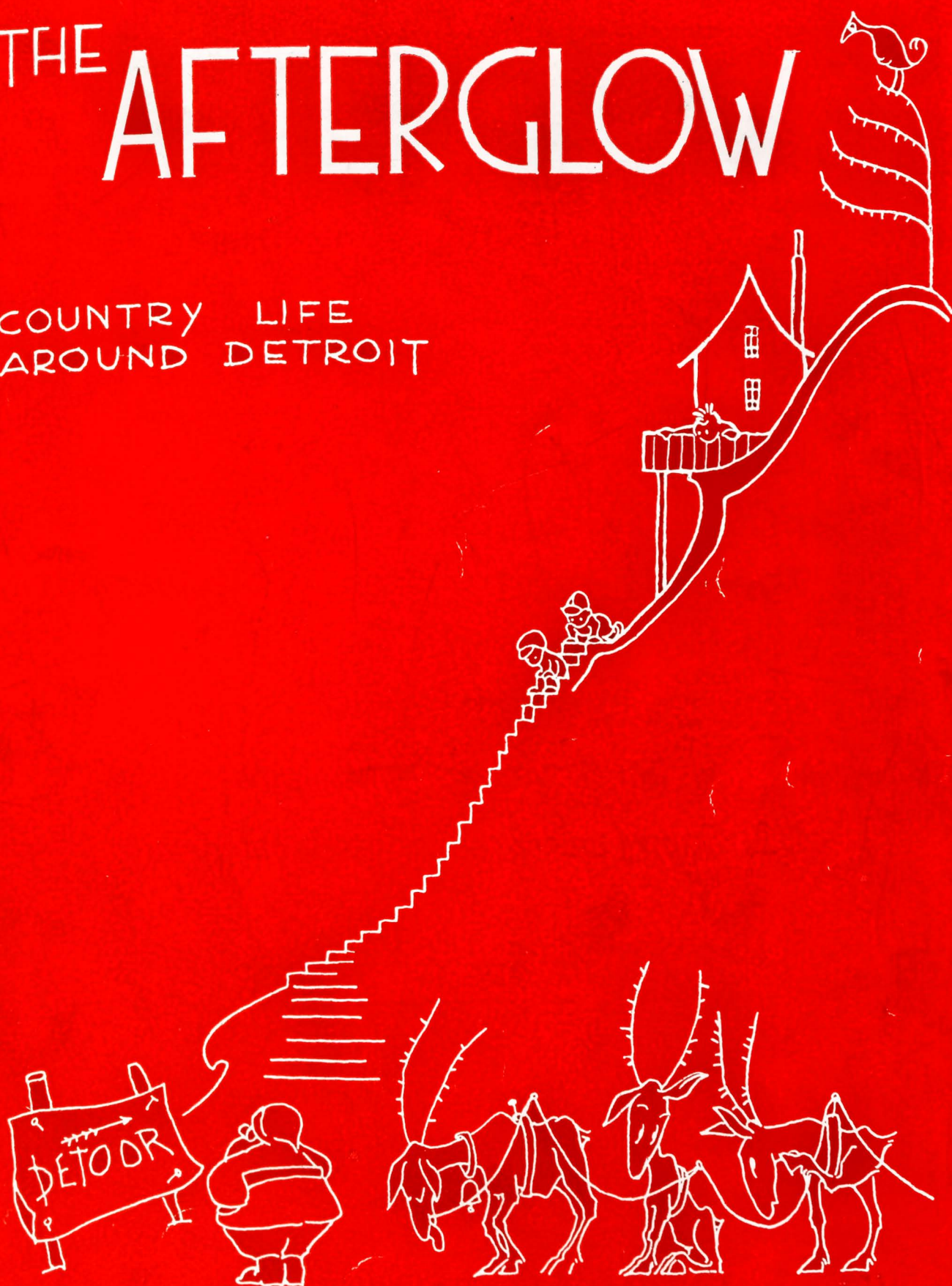


THE AFTERGLOW

COUNTRY LIFE
AROUND DETROIT



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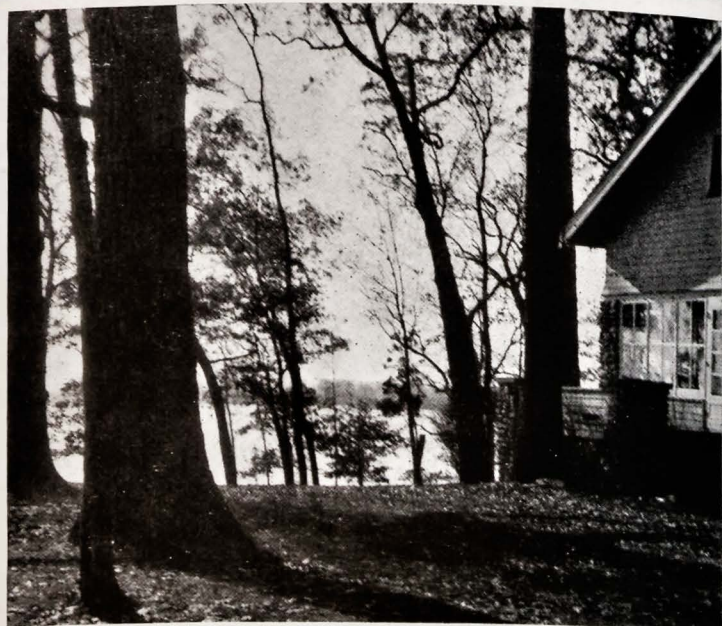
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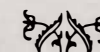
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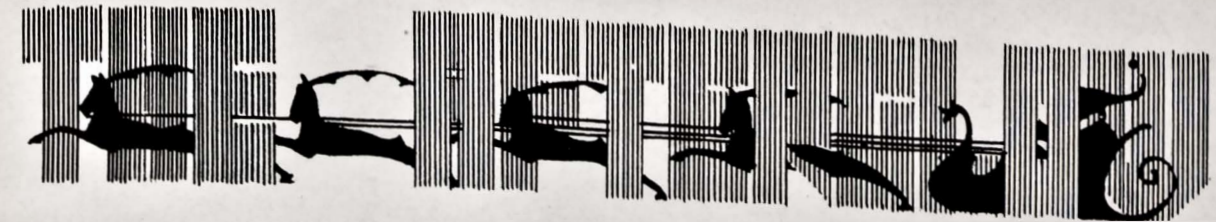
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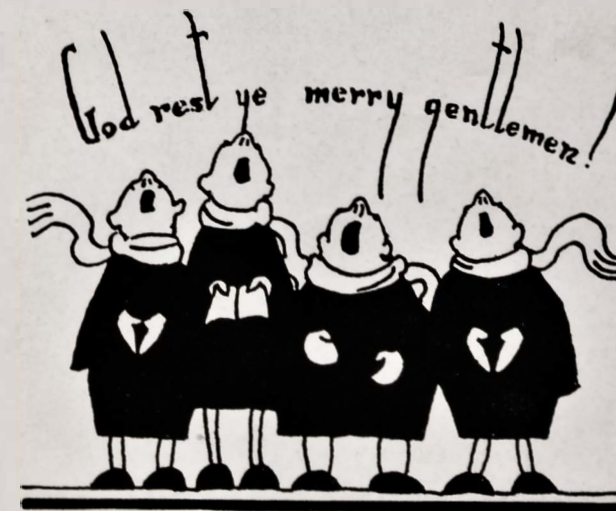
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Vol. I

No. 9

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Log Cabin at Huron Mountain, Michigan

From an oil painting by Mrs. Theodore A. McGraw, Jr.

Mrs. McGraw is President of the Detroit Society of Women Painters whose annual exhibition was recently held under the auspices of the Detroit Federation of Women's Clubs. This active society, which has done so much to promote an understanding of art hereabouts, is now in its 21st year.

A Bloomfield Christmas Carol

By IVA MARLOTTE

BITTER cold swept through the hills of Bloomfield all during the winter of 1860 and long before Christmas the country was covered with snow, to the delight of the boys and girls and the exasperation of the farmers who struggled with the snow blocked roads. By the middle of December the main roads were pretty well beaten down and sleighs went up and down the Saginaw Turnpike with ease. Little sidetracks circled out from the center of the road here and there where northbound sleigh waited for southbound sleigh to avoid the terrified plunging of the heavy footed farm horses in unbroken snow banks.

William Martin untied his beloved span of bays from the post in front of Orrin Poppleton's store in Piety Hill on the afternoon before Christmas and held the reins tightly over the anxious horses while he wrapped himself carefully for the four mile trip home. He had removed their blankets and folded them upon the seat. In the back of the sleigh were huge sacks of sugar, rice and salt and an enormous bunch of bananas which Orson Peck had saved for him out of the shipment which he had received the week before. He had an enormous family to feed, had William Martin, for he was sheltering and feeding the sixty men, women and children who must be supported by the county, the flotsam and jetsam of the too rugged pioneer existence which only the fittest could survive. Ten shillings a week he received for each person in his care and in return he fed them heartily, sheltered them and kept them warm and clean.

After trading in enough butter at fifteen cents a pound and eggs at ten cents a dozen to pay for his groceries he had carefully counted out seventy cents from his wallet to pay for the ten yard dress pattern of calico for his wife.

Away to the northwest, as he faced his dancing team homeward, the hills and valleys stretched in unbroken white to where the snow covered trees joined the sky

EDITOR'S NOTE: The people, the incident and the names in this story are all real. William and Samantha Martin owned a farm where Cranbrook now stands; Joseph Steckel was the Judge Steckel of Pontiac, who died recently; Dr. Ebenezer Raymale was Dr. George Raymale's grandfather and Almeron Whitehead was the father of Almeron Whitehead who is president of the bank in Birmingham.

line. The horses' whiskers were soon thin ropes of frost and little spurts of vapor from their nostrils stood out plainly on the clear air. The screek-screak of the sleigh runners and the horses' hoofs clamored shrilly against the chime of the sleigh bells.

"How are you Henry?" he shouted as he drew up at the toll gate a half mile from the village, "Hadn't ought to collect any toll now. Gravel don't do a bit of good today. Might just as well be driving in the field."

He doled out the two cents for the two miles which he would travel on the turnpike and the bays jogged on, their driver burrowing deeper into the big buffalo robe.

At Benedict's corners where stood one lone pine tree he pulled up his horses and looked over at the house on the east side of the road opposite the turn.

Something about it seemed to call out to the heart of "Uncle William" whose six feet two of brawny, resourceful manhood responded always to the call of distress. Country houses have an aura which tells the passerby of thrift and well being or of failure and discouragement, and something about that otherwise ordinary frame house spoke to his sixth sense of a cheerless interior.

"Bob Ellerton's been working all winter. Guess they ought to be all right," he mused. "I've got to stop at Morris' mill for my grist of flour and it's late now."

So he swung off into the by-road. The mill was close to his home and young Morris who piled his sacks of flour into the sleigh would be coming over that evening to see his daughter, Lavina.

As he pulled into his own yard, the big three story house threw out little gleams of light from many candle lit windows. Smoke was pouring out of

the wide chimney, walks were laid out with neat precision and all was ship-shape. A thought of the Ellerton's chimney with hardly a wisp of smoke rising from it drifted out of his subconscious mind and with it a recollection of a shade slightly askew and a sagging step.

After the horses were housed and fed he stamped into the large warm kitchen and his wife, Samantha, came with gentle fingers to undo the two big headed



William and Samantha Martin
(taken about 1860)

pins connected with a little chain which fastened his gray shawl. They were well mated, he with dark gray eyes and iron gray hair, she with smoothly parted brown hair and blue eyes.

"I'm a little late, Samantha. Dr. Ebenezer Raynale was over from Franklin and Almeron Whitehead from Waterford and I had to talk to them. I don't get many chances to talk things over with our doctor and our supervisor at the same time. Then the west road was pretty well drifted over. I guess I won't unload the groceries tonight in the cold but here's your dress that Orson had put away for you."

"Well, father, you won't have to do any chores tonight. The boys are out now doing them, for some young folks are coming over and they wanted to be done early. Girls, get your father some of the baked beans and potatoes and I'll fix him some of the cider apple sauce and some pie and here's the tea. We've all had ours. There's the jug of cider over there that the boys brought in from the barn. It is pretty rich for it is the heart of the barrel and there is quite a shell of ice frozen around it inside the barrel."

After he was warmed and fed, his thoughts turned, uneasily, to the Ellerton family. The three girls had finished the dishes and gone into the sitting room.

"Mother," he said finally, "I guess if the chores are done I will go over to Ellertons' and see how they are off for wood and provisions."

At seven o'clock he came to the Ellertons' door and rapped on the panel. The door was opened, cautiously at first and then more widely as the light of the candle fell upon his face. He stepped in quickly to conserve what he could see was a temperature not much higher than that of out of doors. A small and very rickety stove gave off a feeble heat. The remains of a chair were waiting beside it to be fed with careful economy to its blaze. The three children and Mrs. Ellerton were dressed with many coats and wrapped in blankets and the littlest one had on a pair of boots which were too large for her.

"Where's Bob?"

"He's over in Troy cutting wood and he hasn't been home for two weeks. I expect him home tomorrow."

No word of the empty woodshed, the empty cupboard and the pathetic row of empty stockings tacked upon the wainscoting back of the stove. It was not her habit to waste words in complaints. But Uncle William acted. He bundled the family into blankets and tucked them away in the sleigh bottom and in ten minutes they were on their way back to Martins'.

The tinkling of many young voices came to meet them before they opened the door. Mrs. Ellerton shrank a little from going in, but William Martin hustled them through the kitchen where a dozen young folks were popping



"The Night Before Christmas"

corn over the big fireplace and into the sitting room beyond, his wife following them. There before another fireplace they were warmed, they were fed and they were comforted with friendly talk which glanced lightly over their predicament.

The five big fireplaces in the house were all alight that night and all the stoves were going. The women and children in the county's family of unfortunates lived on the ground floor of the big hill side house, their rooms facing the valley and the men were in a separate building. So William Martin and his family lived in the other two stories.

There were his three girls and three boys who were still at home and his nephew, little Joe Stockwell, who had no mother. The oldest boy, first of his seven children had come back with his young wife and two little boys to be with them for Christmas and they were as lively as any of the young folks who had gathered in the Martin kitchen. The grandchildren with Joe, their cousin, preferred to stay with the Ellertons' and the older people.

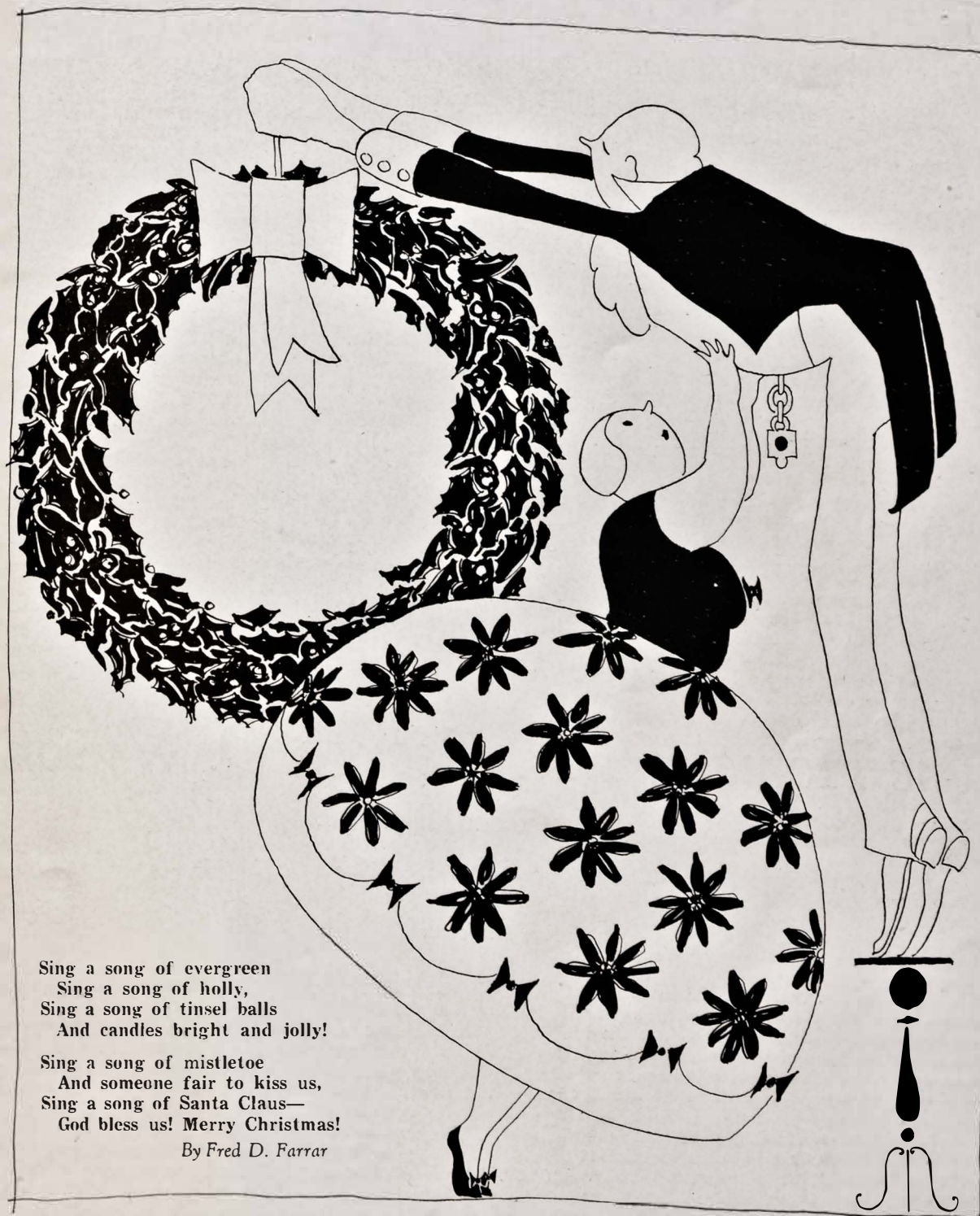
Aunt Samantha's new mahogany and haircloth sofa and chairs waited in the parlor for the party of young folks and a new kerosene lamp was proudly displayed on the center table, but they seemed to like the kitchen where the kettles were hanging on the cranes over the blazing log in the fireplace.

The big brick oven in the corner of the room was still hot from the day's baking. Sixty loaves of bread had been baked in that oven during the day besides countless pies, cakes and cookies, and hundred of doughnuts had been cooked on the stove. Some of the women from downstairs had helped and everything had been carefully set away in the cold room back of the kitchen. Liza, the hired girl, was a strapping negress, capable and willing, her broad face always smiling, but Mrs. Martin knew that Liza was not temptation proof when things she liked were within her reach, whether it was finery or goodies. So the cold room was locked but no one knew that Liza's pockets harbored a half dozen doughnuts which were to taste far better than any which she might have placed before her without stint, the next day.

There was much gay talk of a dance which was to be given in the National Hotel in Piety Hill on New Year's Eve, a good natured scramble over the diminishing pile of pop corn in the big wood bowl, and finally a saucy challenge which sent them helter skelter out of doors to toboggan down the long hill.

Uncle William sat in the other room with all the children around him telling of the bear hunts of his boyhood days when he first came to Michigan with his parents. That was in 1826, he explained, just eight years after the

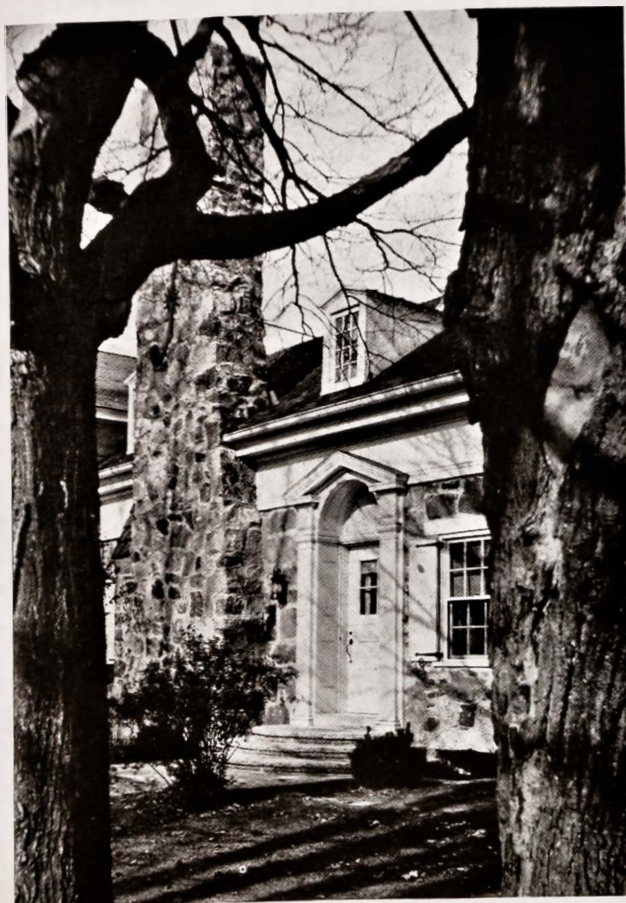
(Continued on Page 30)



Sing a song of evergreen
Sing a song of holly,
Sing a song of tinsel balls
And candles bright and jolly!

Sing a song of mistletoe
And someone fair to kiss us,
Sing a song of Santa Claus—
God bless us! Merry Christmas!

By Fred D. Farrar



Entrance

The Home of Mr. George D. Wilson

On Quarton Road, Bloomfield

MUEHLMAN and FARRAR, Architects

By Fred D. Farrar

THE home of Mr. George D. Wilson was created, in part, from an old farm house. This consisted of a two story wooden portion with a short stone wing—in reality, a combination of two earlier buildings, for the frame portion was a house which had been moved from a different location and adjoined to the end of a small masonry building.

When the site occupied by the farmhouse was selected by Mr. Wilson for his home it was decided to permit the old work to remain, incorporated as a part of the new structure.

The old house forms the central part of the completed scheme, and is seen as the middle wooden gabled portion and about one half the length of the present stone wing. Of the original stone work very little now remains visible, adaptation of this portion having necessitated much alteration. The material, however, was field stone work of much beauty, and served as a pattern

for the masonry of the front chimney and eastern extension of this wing.

The landscape surrounding the house presents a delightful prospect in each of the four directions. The widely rambling plan, which has extended the building toward each of these, has in return done much for the exterior of the building itself.

The arrangement of rooms, is briefly, as follows: At the center, behind the entrance is a hall extending through the house and upwards to the roof. A curved stairway climbs to a gallery which crosses the hall and leads to the sleeping rooms at either end. The stone chimney has mantels built into it at the hall floor and at the gallery. To the right of the hall and down a couple of steps is the sun room, with a circular bay overlooking the lake, lawn and gardens. The North wing contains living room and verandah, with view toward the lake, orchards and Western meadow.



The lawn front, showing the old stone wing

Photograph by Arnold

The living room mantel and book shelves are housed in a nook whose windows face the west and look out over a meadow to a pleasant bit of distant timber. From this nook the sunset may be watched and by this arrangement the living room is spared the glare of the earlier afternoon sun.

The dining room is to the left of the hall, at the front of the central frame portion; adjoining and extending beyond this is a breakfast room which opens on three sides upon the lawn and receives the morning sunshine.

The remainder of the first floor is given to servants' and service rooms; the second floor to master bedrooms.

The original character of the old interior portion

has been maintained throughout the whole house as closely as adaptation would allow. Rooms have been treated simply, much of the decoration depending upon the use of timbers and boards taken from the ancient farm buildings.

As is usually true in the modifications of an old house, rewards were found lying concealed in curiously unexpected places. Problems presented by differing floor levels and inopportune supports have resulted in the discovery of a number of most happy incidental arrangements. Color and sprightliness are afforded by quaint wall papers, beautiful hangings, and the disposition of furniture; the combination of these elements having been admirably effected by Mrs. Wilson.



The east terrace

Photograph by Arnold

Informal Chimney Pieces

The hospitable fireplace
at the Lone Pine Inn

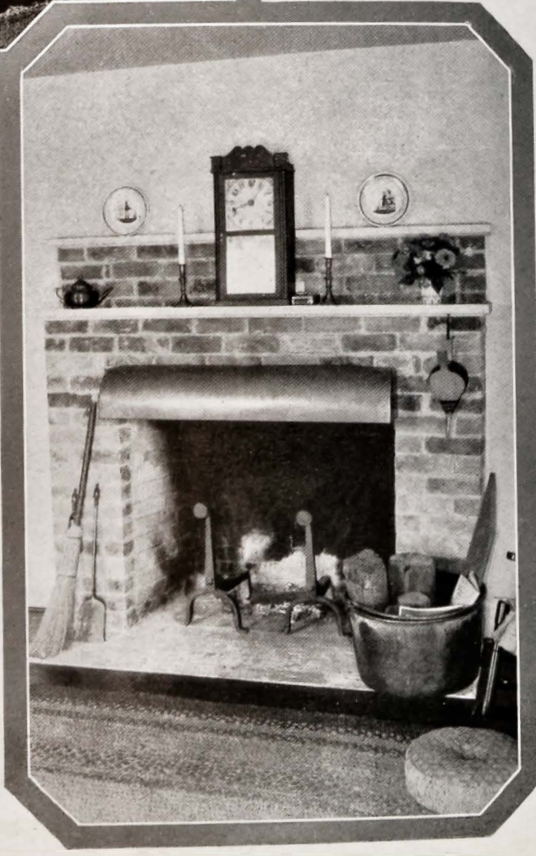


The fireplace in the
home of Walter B.
Bryant at Birmingham
is given an informal
air by the arrange-
ment of the mantle-
piece, the old brass
warming pan and the
beaded hearth stool.
(Dise and Ditchy, Arch-
itects)

This delightful fire-
place of old brick was
designed by the Harry
F. Kleins to be the
cheerful and informal
center of their living
room. The quaint cop-
per hood was made by
the village tinner.



Photographs
by Ellison



The simple
white chimney
piece in Miss
Friedman's
jazz house
near Roches-
ter. The old
sporting print
over the man-
tel with the
funny old blue
pot beneath it
make a center
of interest.



This informal
fireplace look-
ing very com-
fortable and
cheerful dress-
ed up in shin-
ing brass is in
the miller's old
house on Stony
Creek, now
owned by Miss
Dorothy Brown

The fireplace at
the Old Mill
Antique Shop
near Rochester
was built at
the base of the
old boiler
where the flour
was once sifted



Village Players Stage Hilarious Evening

Mrs. Loren Stauch as Arabella, and Jack Saunders as Maurice Fitzmaurice in "The Dying Wife," a delightful little tragedy by Laurette Taylor. Just at this point Maurice is informing Arabella that he knew it all the time, and THAT is why he put poison in her coffee!

L. A. Moran and Mrs. Harry Mack, as Laura and Gordon John getting ready for the dirty work in "Thursday Night," by Christopher Morley.



Photographs by Arnold



TABLEAU!

"The Man in the Bowler Hat," surveys the final tableau in A. A. Milne's hilarious comedy of that name. These touching posturers are, from left to right: Mrs. Rolfe Spinning and Harry Muchman, as Mary and John, the couple to whom nothing has ever happened; Howard J. Simpson and G. E. Olson as the bad man and the villain; Loren Stauch and Mrs. Herbert Zerbe as the hero and heroine and Frank Briscoe as the man in the bowler hat.



SOCIETY—By MARJORIE AVERY

Bloomfield

THE marriage of Miss Irene Barbour, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Barbour, of Bloomfield Hills and Grosse Pointe, to James Eugene Duffy, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. James Eugene Duffy, of Bay City, will take place on Tuesday, December 22, at noon, in St. Paul's Cathedral. Bishop Herman Page will officiate. A reception will follow at the Barbour home immediately afterwards.

Miss Barbour has asked Mrs. Riley Miles Gilbert, of New York, who before her recent wedding was Miss Julia Elliot, of Wilmington, Delaware, to be her matron of honor; her sister, Miss Ella Barbour, to be maid of honor, and the following to be bridesmaids: The Misses Ella Florine Henry, Frances Shaw, Frances Alger, and Gertrude Jewett.

R. Barry Green, of Bay City, will assist Mr. Duffy as best man, and Charles E. Shearer, Donald McCabe, Thomas F. Marston, Jr., Guy Wedthoff, Jr., all of Bay City; L. Blackburn Wheatley, of Cincinnati and Charles Mock, Alfred May, John M. Treble and William T. Barbour, Jr., will seat the guests.

Miss Barbour will wear her mother's wedding gown of ivory satin, remodeled by Bergdorf Goodman. Mrs. Gilbert and Miss Ella Barbour, the matron and maid of honor, will wear frocks of orchid chiffon over blue, blue velvet hats, blue slippers and blue velvet muffs. The bridesmaids will be gowned similarly, only the color of their gowns will be reversed, with blue chiffon over orchid, orchid velvet hats, orchid shoes and orchid velvet muffs.

Mr. Duffy and his bride will reside in Ann Arbor after their wedding trip, until Mr. Duffy has finished his law course, after which they will live in Bay City.

Miss Barbour has been entertained extensively at pre-nuptial affairs among which was a tea and kitchen shower given by Mrs. Albert C. Dickson and Miss Gertrude Jewett, on Wednesday, December 2, at which honors were shared by Miss Barbour with Miss Petty Cady, also a bride-elect.

On Friday evening, December 18, Miss Frances Alger was hostess at her home in honor of the bride-elect; on Saturday, December 19, Miss Ella Florine Henry will entertain at a dinner party; on Sunday, December 20, the

Misses Frances Shaw and Ella Barbour will compliment the bridal party and on Monday afternoon, December 21 Miss Gertrude Jewett will give a luncheon at her home for the bride-elect. The rehearsal dinner will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Barbour for their daughter and her wedding party on Monday evening at the Barbour home on Jefferson avenue east.

* * *

Bloomfield is sharing honors this winter with Detroit, as a debutante playground, due to the fact that two buds of the 1925-26 season have been recruited from the Hills. Miss Edith Robinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Robinson, of "Overbrook", Lone Pine road, and Miss Gladys Snell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Snell, of "Greenbrier," near Pontiac, made their respective bows to society during the early part of November.

Miss Robinson's coming out party took the form of a reception at the Detroit Golf Club, on Thursday afternoon, November 19, given by her mother, Mrs. Robinson, for the feminine friends of the hostess. The receiving line stood in the large living room of the club which was charmingly decorated with white befe chrysanthemums and the debutante's gift bouquets which lent color and fragrance to the background. Rose pink and lavender candies were lighted on the buffet table which was further adorned with white bebe "mums."

Miss Robinson's sister, Mrs. Louis Brassy Hyde, and her house-guests, Miss Elizabeth McIntyre and Miss Helen Tillotson, both of Cleveland, received with the debutante and her mother. Miss Gladys Snell and the Misses Komayne and Elizabeth Warern assisted about the rooms.

Miss Robinson was charming in a Sally Milgrim flower frock, called the Sweet Pea, made of flesh colored chiffon with a tight bodice and bouffant skirt which ended in a wide ruffle, ornamented with rose pink and lavender sweet peas and crystals. Sweet peas were fastened to her left shoulder and a band of crystals encircled her waist.

Mrs. Robinson was gowned in deep orchid chiffon and velvet; Mrs. Hyde wore black velvet, Miss Tillotson was attired in green satin and Miss McIntyre in black velvet. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson will give a ball for their daughter during the Christmas vacation.





THE THOMPSON-WITHEE WEDDING PARTY

Photograph by D. D. Spellman

The marriage of Miss Barbara Thompson, daughter of Walter Thompson of "Whinstone House," Bloomfield Hills, and Milton Spencer Withee, son of Milton J. Withee of Birmingham, took place in St. Paul's Cathedral on Thursday evening, November 12, at 8:30 o'clock. The Rev. Samuel S. Marquis officiating. From left to right: Katherine Donnelly, Marjorie Wurzer, Marion Lambert. (sitting); Marion Beck, Mrs. Edward Wallace, of Grand Rapids, matron of honor (sitting); Dorothea Backman, Mrs. Milton Spencer Withee (Barbara Thompson), the bride; Edith Robinson, Jane Thompson, maid of honor (sitting); Priscilla Bailey and Mrs. Donald Sanderson.

Miss Gladys Snell was presented to society on Saturday afternoon, November 7, by her mother, Mrs. Lawrence W. Snell, at a tea at her parents' home, "Greenbriar." Miss Snell's house guests assisted her in receiving. They included, Miss Eugena Gambee, of Englewood, N. J.; Miss Marion Shupe, of Cleveland, Miss Helen Beals and Miss Betty Kendec, of New York and Miss Dolly Green, of Los Angeles, California.

The rooms were attractively decorated with chrysanthemums, pink roses and autumn leaves.

Miss Snell wore a charming Paris model of white satin, finished with a "V" neck, tiny sleeves and a satin bow on the shoulder was gathered in at the sides to give a fitted effect. Mrs. Snell wore black velvet. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Snell complimented their daughter with a dinner-dance to which were invited a number of young girls and their escorts. At this affair Miss Snell wore a frock of white chiffon over flesh colored satin, draped at one side and embroidered with pearls and rhinestones.

A dinner-party was given on Friday evening, November 6 by Lawrence W. Snell, Jr., in honor of his sister, at the Book-Cadillac which was attended by 75 guests, all of whom later attended the coming out dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Bulkley for their daughter, Helen, at the Lochmoor Club. On Tuesday evening, November 10, Mr. Snell was host at a theater party which was followed by supper and dancing at the Book-Cadillac Hotel, entertaining his sister's house-guests. Additional members of the party included Judge Frank

Murphy, Harry Mack, Edward Pilcher, Carter Sales and Edward Snell.

Miss Kendee left that week for her home in New York, where she made her debut on December 5, at the Park Lane Hotel. Miss Green also departed for New York where she will study music and is residing at Miss Teasdale's residence. Miss Beals, Miss Ganbee and Miss Shupe left the following Sunday for their respective homes.

Mr. Edward P. Hammond spent several weeks early in November, with her brother-in-law and sister, Col. and Mrs. John Franklin, in Washington, D. C. Mr. Hammond who accompanied his wife East, spent a few days in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond and family moved December 1 to their Grosse Pointe home for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Harris, of Quarton road, recently announced the marriage of their daughter, Elizabeth, to Jacob B. Greiner, of New York, which took place in Scarsdale, N. Y., on June 5. Rev. T. M. Shiperd performed the ceremony. Mrs. Greiner sailed the following day for a several month's trip abroad with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Robinson and Miss Edith Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. George Coleman Booth (Elizabeth C. Harry) announce the birth of a son, Frederick Coleman, on November 12. Mrs. Booth is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Harry, of "Redruth," Bloomfield Hills.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scripps Booth (Carolyn E. Farr) are rejoicing over the birth of a son, Stephen Farr, on November 13.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Braun were hosts on Sunday evening, November 15, at an informal supper party. After supper they showed pictures of their Mediterranean trip, last spring.

Birmingham

The Village Players staged their first performance of the season in the Community House on Saturday evening, November 7. The program consisted of Christopher Morley's "Thursday Night," as a curtain raiser; Laurette Taylor's "The Dying Wife" and A. A. Milne's "The Man in the Bowler Hat." Mrs. Harry Mack, L. A. Morgan, Mrs. Leigh Lynch and Mrs. Ward Cruickshank took part in the first play; Mrs. Loren G. Stauch and John B. Saunders comprised the cast of the second play, and Mrs. Rolfe C. Spinning, Harry G. Muehlmann, G. E. Olsen, Loren G. Stauch, Mrs. Herbert M. Zerbe and Frank Briscoe interpreted "The Man in the Bowler Hat."

Mrs. Harold E. Middleton coached "Thursday Night," Mrs. Stauch, "The Dying Wife," and Miss Betty Penny, "The Man in the Bowler Hat."

Mrs. Hugh W. Hitchcock was hostess at a small bridge-luncheon at her home on Randall avenue the middle of November.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wesley Stout, 712 Yorkshire Road, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Charles Barclay, born November 14.



Photograph by C. M. Hayes

MISS CONSTANCE THRALL

Who was presented to society at a reception and dance given on Friday evening, November 27th, at the Lochmoor Club by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Clark-Thrall



MRS. JOHN W. GILLETTE, Jr.

Mrs. Gillette, a newcomer to Birmingham, is not only the mother of two charming children, but manager for Thompson, Lindsay and Church, one of the unique shops housed at 1014 Jefferson avenue, east, under The Sign of the Mermaid, where sport clothes as well as afternoon and evening dresses in imported models are featured. The Gillettes have taken the old Lyman Peabody house on Willets street in Birmingham, which was remodeled last summer by Mrs. Irwin Neff.

Mrs. Frank A. Gordon had as her house-guest, Miss Celeste McCabe, of Minneapolis, Minn., during the middle of November, Miss McCabe being a former classmate of Mrs. Gordon's.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirke K. Hoagg, of Willette street, have left for Scarsdale, N. Y., where they will reside permanently. Mr. Hoagg left earlier in the month, but Mrs. Hoagg spent the last two weeks of November with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Morris B. Draper, of Adams road.

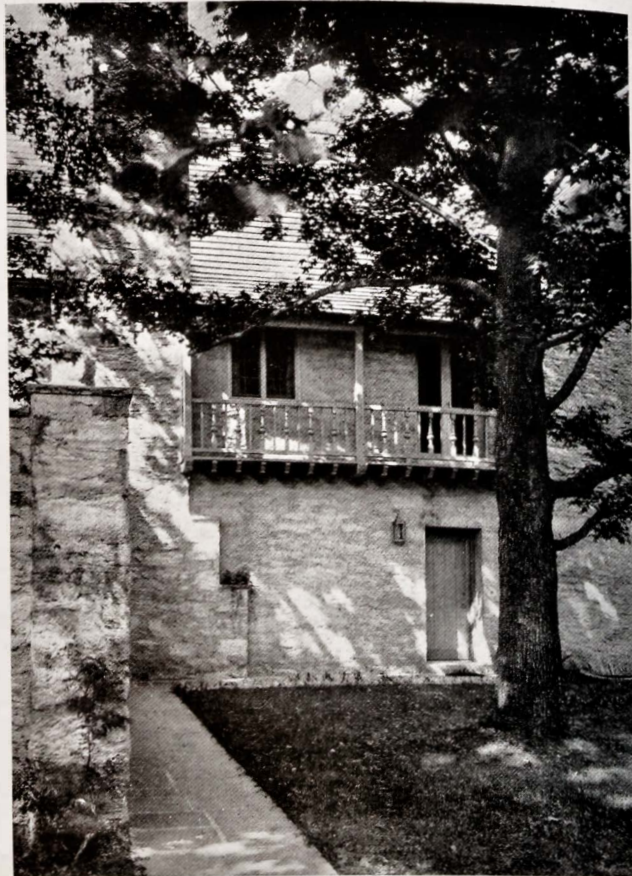
On Tuesday evening, November 10, the Misses Sly were hostesses to about 40 guests at the Oakland Hills Country Club.

Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Smith of Grand Rapids, spent the week-end of the Michigan-Minnesota foot ball game, with Mrs. Smith's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. L. Colgrove, of Pilgrim road. Mr. Colgrove's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Colgrove, and his sister, Mrs. Mabel C. Stebbins of Lansing, were their guests over Thanksgiving.

(Continued on Page 26)



*The Joseph Hergshimer House, West Chester, Pa.
Brynmard R. Okie, Architect*



*Residence of Mrs. Charles Platt, 3rd, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
Willing, Sims and Talbutt, Architects*

The Fifth Annual Thumb Tack Show

By Charles Crombie

THE interpretive function of architecture was shown in curiously contradictory fashion in the photographs gathered together by the Thumb Tack Club of Detroit for their Fifth Annual Exhibition which closed November 26 at the Institute of Arts. On the one hand recent work in domestic architecture that is excellent in itself but of no importance at all as a complete record of American work; on the other, very typical examples of commercial and public buildings with little to recommend most of them beyond the interest of their presentation, and yet truly typical of the Great American Zeitgeist.

As an exhibition the Thumb Tack Show was better than any of the four preceding it. The arrangement of screens which was forced by lack of space gave a more undisturbed view of the exhibits and precluded any possibility for the show window school of interior decoration to arrange its usual shop worn potted palms. The inclusion of work by the Philadelphia Chapter of the American Institute of Architects on tour under the auspices of the American Federation of Arts, was a happy coincidence and intrinsically the most interesting part of the whole exhibition.

Here was presented the excellent domestic work referred to before. At first glance it almost seems as if its interest might lie in large measure in that delightful photography which can be as trickily overgenerous to its subject as clever rendering. However, when the presentation is so complete and beautifully arranged, for instance, as that of the Newbold house by Messrs. Mellor, Meigs and Howe, suspicion quickly seems unworthy and whole-hearted admiration of the work follows. Certainly, no one would dispute that these three men are among the few best in their profession. Their entries in this exhibition overshadow all the others in the residential section in their nice sense of scale, mass and proportion together with the restrained yet charmingly intimate execution in detail. Looking behind the scenes we realize also that they were built not alone by the creative imagination of the architects but in equal measure by the sympathetic point of view and outlook on life of their clients. They grew from a spirit that still requires in its every day life the close proximity of nature; a spirit that must have a place in the sun—that feels the necessity of a garden in which to live. How and why the spirit exists is beside the point. That it



*Taylor residence, St. Martin's, Pa.
Thomas, Martin and Kirkpatrick, Architects*

does exist, the domestic architecture of the exhibition abundantly proves.

It is at this point, however, that the record was incomplete. The exhibition was no more representative of American domestic architecture than the Rocky Mountains are representative of the typical American landscape. In this regard, it is not American domestic architecture at all, since it is diametrically opposite in character to the great mass of work that can truly be called American. This other work is what comprises our communities and forms the back drop of the stage on which we move. The typical American contribution to domestic architecture is the machine-made, stereotyped, jerry-built, ready-to-wear box on its (at most) forty foot lot, that has been spawned across the face of the land. And, as in the first instance, architecture has recorded in its creators certain qualities of the spirit, sufficiently characterized as those which make for a happy and joyful life, so also in the second it has just as faithfully reported an almost complete lack of them and the presence of others wholly opposite. Also these latter instances, being present in such overwhelming numbers, force the conclusion that most of us have been prevented through lack of opportunity or intelligence from wanting or demanding anything better. Our cramped, dusty, apartment house, strap-hanger ideals and aspirations have been caught on the sensitized plate of architecture. Truly, the lily pushing its head above the surrounding muck heap was never lonelier than those blooming in an architectural show.

Less satisfactory than the residential section of the exhibition was the smaller group of commercial and public buildings. The commercial work showed as disappointing echoes of the same vain answers that have been given over and over again to the only new problem the age has called on its architects to solve—the method of clothing the tall steel frame and reinforced concrete skeleton.

Both professionally and socially the high commercial building is a tremendously interesting problem. Most of us spend nearly all our daylight hours in them and it is probable that only a few of us get much pleasure out of the close association. So far, they possess the same evils as the apartment house and the cramped suburban villa, being created by the same over-congestion and cor-

respondingly increased ground rents. Planned with the minimum of fresh air, sunlight, and restful outlook and maximum of noise and dirt, the only really luxurious qualities they possess have been isolated to the toilet rooms. The mere fact that the plan of a commercial building is published only rarely is sufficient commentary on its lack of general interest. Outwardly, their architectural qualities are scarcely ever seen except in an exhibition such as this. Our streets are too narrow to permit a clear view and even were they wider the buildings would be lost from the street level in the maze of surrounding structures. It is left to the venturesome and exploring photographer to bring back the glad tidings that our high buildings combine and surpass the beauty that was Greece and the glory that was Rome. For the great majority of us they are only the perpendicular walls of roaring canyons, towering in brick, stone and terra-cotta above acres of plate glass. Architecture, according to an English humanist, has three conditions: Commodity, Firmness, and Delight. Judged by this standard we have failed signally in our commercial work, for, measuring it by the three conditions, it has not Commodity since it is not suited to the use of human beings, but rather to a nation of Robots; it has little or no Firmness since it generally closes its eyes to the logical expression of material properties and material laws; and, since its beauties are largely born to bloom unseen, the third condition of Delight is thereby almost wholly lost.

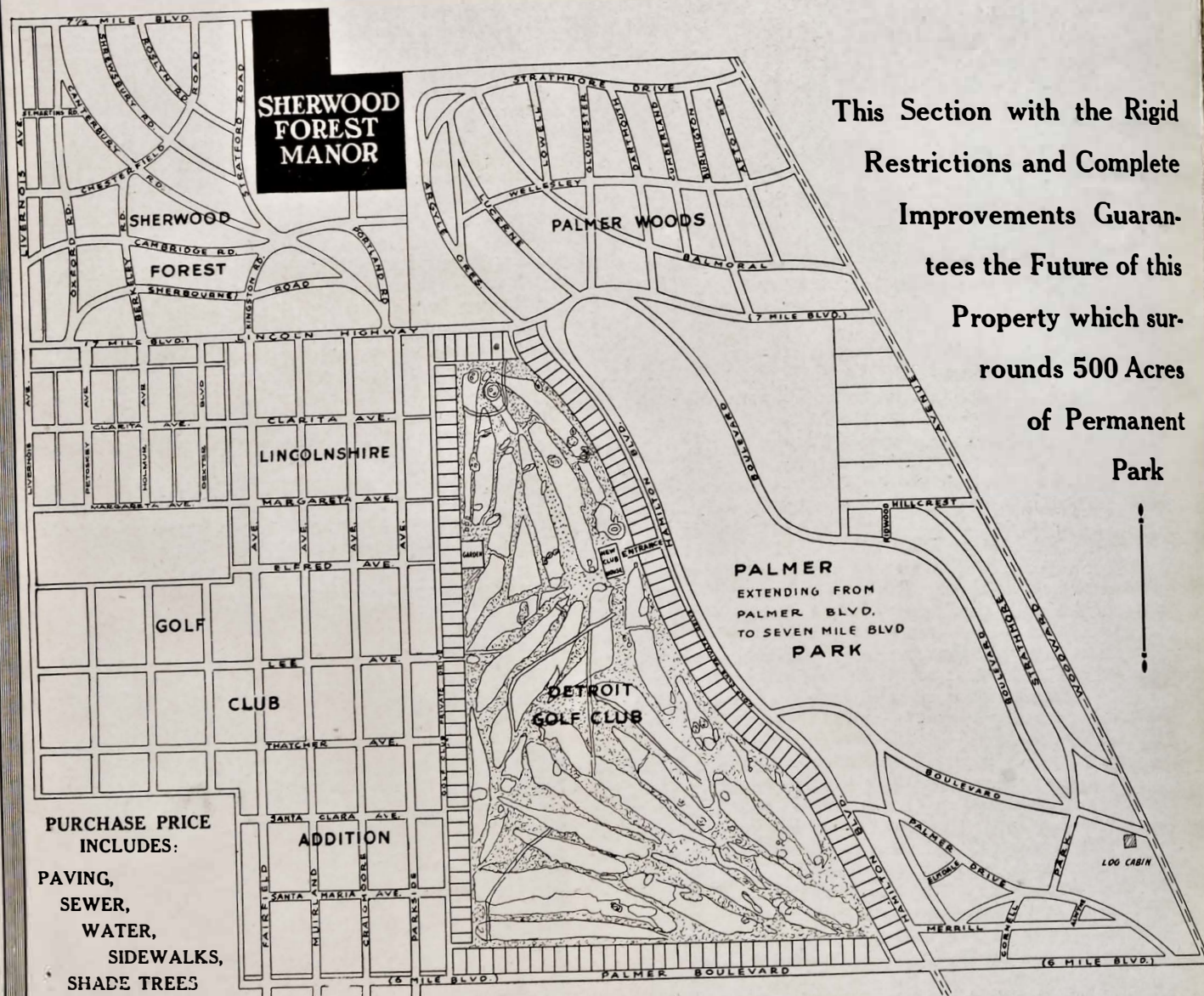
No one can say what the answer will be. The zoning laws of New York City have had a slightly palliative effect, the legal setbacks giving an interesting mass to some of the newer buildings. But here again, these buildings stand out only in a few instances where a

(Continued on Page 35)



*Residence of Charles J. McManis, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
Mellor, Meigs and Howe, Architects*

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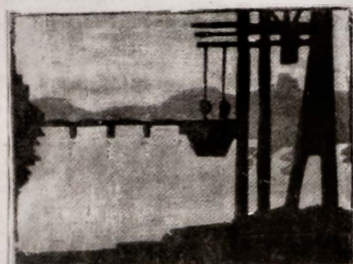
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Scotch Artist Comes to Live In Birmingham

By LOUISE HASTINGS

YOU go around the corner, just off "the world's greatest highway," and down on a side street in the village of Birmingham, you will find Mr. and Mrs. Eric Cortis Stanford, Scotch artists, at home in their vine covered cottage. At home does not mean a calling card affair at all; a pot of tea inevitably enters on the scene, accompanied by a joke or two, in genuine Scotch style.

"It's just a wee bit of a house that we wanted—a place where we could have a flower garden." It was with these words that Mrs. Stanford described the home she had looked for and found in Birmingham, where they have lived since June. The simplicity and love of beauty that she implied in this definition is found in every phase of their existence. They live rich, deep lives, and they have gone in for adventure: they have lived under the blazing suns of Australia, they have had a home surrounded by the cheerless waters of Holland—perhaps the rolling hills and drooping trees around the village remind them of their own Scotland.

Mrs. Stanford is a craftsman of sorts; she makes beautiful etchings and pottery and is adept in many other branches in the arts.

Scotch genuineness, not untouched with delicacy, is the very keynote of Mrs. Stanford's art, no matter what medium she uses for expression, whether it be water color, etching, wood-block printing, banner designing or pottery making. In the latter she likes the conventional designs, touched now and then with the grotesque or the humorous.

Scotch thoroughness rather than American efficiency forms a background for her art. To become an artist does not mean to a European a year or two or three spent in an art school—it calls for a whole life time spent toward this one goal. Ever since she was fifteen Mrs. Stanford has spent her entire time in studying and teaching art. She has completed courses in the Glasgow (Scotland) School of Art and the Kensington Art School at London. Studios where

both the decorative and graphic arts were practised have been established by Mr. and Mrs. Stanford in various parts of the world. Now and then they have gone to the continent for a period of study.

Australia, Holland, Suez Canal, Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania have all been backgrounds for her work. Looking at a gay wood block print of Dutch Gladiolus or a bit of life among the wierd ring bark trees of Australia one realizes more and more that art is not a matter of what one sees but how one sees. Subject matter is nothing. Interpretation is everything.

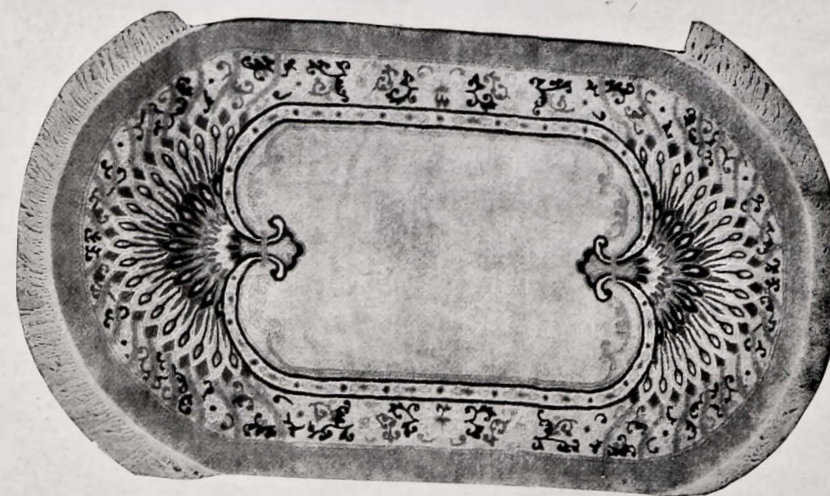
Out in Queensland Mrs. Stanford designed the banner for the First Anglican Church Congress. At our own Michigan State Fair this year her pottery exhibits and her art talks were the cause for many enthusiastic remarks. Students of the crafts at the Detroit School of Applied Arts are fortunate in having her for their teacher this winter.

She has seen and interpreted much. It would be impossible to give you a description of all her work within a column or two of words. Her water colors, wood block prints and etchings portray her personality in all its love of the old not untouched with the new. She is futuristic without being bizarre, daring in her originality without being restless.

Even in such a modern means of expression as the wood block print her arrangement of masses and her color tones are suggestive and imaginative rather than distorted orderings. She avoids harsh, laborious ways of expression. She never insults your imagination. In her two color prints of "Moonlight" there is a great simplicity in the yellow lights gleaming through the iron girders. Or again in an interpretation in many colors of "Sunset on the Suez Canal" this same suggestiveness is evident.

The excellent workmanship that comes only from years of study is most evident in her copper plate etchings. Love of arrangement for its own sake is

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"The Face of the Empress"

Looking Over the Shoulder of a Chinese Rug Weaver

By MRS. H. B. MERRICK

PEOPLE of America are more and more coming to appreciate the beauty of things Chinese. We have long admired China's silks, embroideries, and porcelains. Now we are not only importing her lacquered furniture, but many American makers of high class furniture are producing copies of China's best pieces, modified to suit our use.

The Chinese rug has also won a place in the American home. The softness of its colors and the beauty of its designs allow the use of the better Chinese rug in any room in any type of home. Its soft richness does not detract from the simple furnishings of the cottage, and that same richness makes it eminently suitable for more stately settings.

While living in North China, in the heart of the rug-producing district, I became much interested in the making of the Chinese rug. A rug factory is a fascinating

place to visit. Here one sees the crude looms, made simply of two parallel logs one above the other, supported on two upright poles. The weavers wind the warp around these looms, eighty, ninety or one hundred threads to the foot. When this is done they hang the design, which has already been drawn to scale, just behind, and against the warp and with a fine brush and red ink the worker traces this design on the threads. Then the design, every leaf and flower of which has been marked with the number of the color to be used, is moved about six inches further back.

The weavers sit on a low bench in front of the loom. Just above and a little behind them hang the balls of woolen yarn from a bamboo pole. Each man has all the colors he needs within reach.

The cotton wool thread, which should be as strong

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"Ninety and Nine Precious Symbols" is the pretty name of this rug

Birmingham Society

(Concluded from Page 17)

Mr. and Mrs. Max S. Glover, of North Woodward avenue, motored to Akron, O., and spent Thanksgiving with Mr. Glover's mother and sister.

Mrs. Stowe C. Baldwin and Mrs. Fred D. Farrar were hostesses during November at informal affairs complimenting Mrs. Harrison Stringham, who has recently moved to Birmingham from Saginaw.

AN honor bestowed only upon explorers and extensive travelers was recently conferred upon Colonel Edwin S. George when he was elected a Fellow of the American Geographic society.

Mr. Thomas E. Boothby and his family have recently moved to Birmingham where they have bought a house on Kennisaw avenue. Mr. Boothby, who has long been identified with the D. M. Ferry Company, has recently purchased the Deer Lake Inn where he intends to start a country homes community covering some 1200 acres.

BLOOMFIELD Hills Country Club sponsored a delightful dinner Saturday evening at which a large number of people returning from the Michigan-Minnesota football game were guests. Pontiac guests were Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Beaudette, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Beaudette and Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Moreland, who made up one party; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Tracy and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Pryale at another table with Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Nephler and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Borland making up still another party.



Photograph by C. F. Redman

Priscilla George, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. George, of Long Lake Road, Bloomfield and her sister, Bessie George



Photograph by C. F. Redman

At Christmas Give Flowers!

When the gifts are laid out on Christmas morn which receives the tenderest care—flowers!

Which gift brings back memories of golden days—flowers! The gift that fills the home with sunshine—flowers!

Which gift can best bring the message of love—flowers!

And so we say—give flowers!

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A Word About the Woman's Exchange



Woman's Exchange Doorway

MANY of the people who know that this door leads to good food attractively served in a quaint Old English room, do not realize what the Women's Exchange as an organization is really all about. They

know vaguely that it is run by women, for women, but the delusion also persists that it is a club where members only may enjoy the privileges.

The Woman's Exchange and Decorative Society was organized thirty-five years ago by a group of enterprising women who saw the need for a place in Detroit where women who were obliged to add to their incomes could bring their handiwork and place it on sale.

"All deserving women," say the rules, "without regard to religious belief may become Consignors of the Woman's Exchange and participate in the benefits thereof by paying an annual subscription of \$1.50." The high standards established by the Board have resulted in the development of a quality of workmanship among consignors, giving to the Exchange a reputation more than local, and a success not exceeded by any similar organization in the country.

The Woman's Exchange is not a charity—it does not give outright. It provides intelligent cooperation for women who are struggling to support themselves, and maintains a salesroom through which their work may be marketed.

All sorts of dainty things for women's and children's wear, table and bed linens, gift novelties, pillows, lamp shades and the like are to be found in the various departments.

In the Domestic Department at the Exchange and at the branch store at McMillan's are to be found cakes,

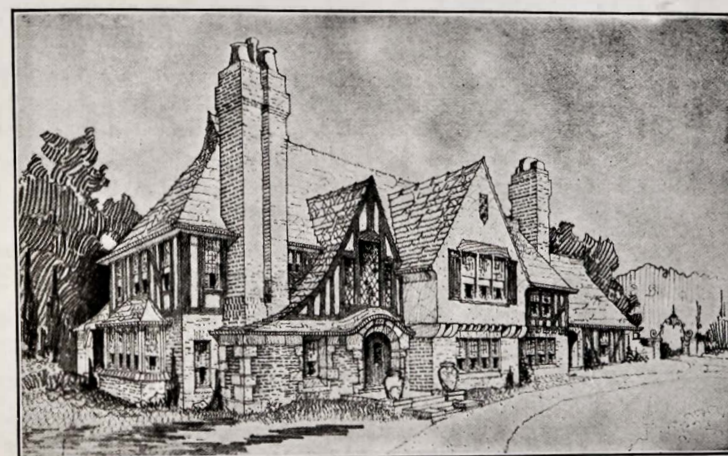
(Continued on Page 40)

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*For a White Christmas
Give her Ermine!*

ANNIS FUR POST



YOUR DOG



By H. F. Leighton, V. M. D., Ph. G.

How to Care For a Puppy

AFTER many years of practice on dogs and puppies, I have come to the conclusion that a few hints regarding their care might perhaps be of some value to owners.

While the puppy is under the care of the mother, it usually has very little trouble, but that time is of short duration. When the average individual obtains a puppy, right then its troubles start: its diet is changed; then it usually gets a dose of worm medicine, which may or may not be necessary. If it survives that and gets to be four or five months old, it enters the teething period which is sometimes a very trying time for the puppy; his gums become sore; his baby teeth become loosened allowing food particles to lodge under and around them, causing him to sicken and sometimes have more or less severe convulsions. At this stage he is wormed and dosed for everything but the real trouble—and some survive in spite of the treatment.

Then he becomes infected with distemper, and this perhaps, is the most hazardous period of his life. If treated early and wisely the majority make a good recovery, but often by following the advice of some neighbor or friends the puppy is treated unwisely with that handy worm medicine and that is not so good.

Some people believe that all puppies are born with worms concealed somewhere within their little bodies, but that is not so. If they have them at all, they acquire them after birth, and in most instances they may be diagnosed only by seeing the worms with the naked eye, or by microscopical examination of the feces.

The best food for a puppy up to ten weeks old is bread and milk, and from then until he has obtained his permanent teeth he should be fed well cooked oatmeal and milk, rice and milk, or beef broth with occasionally a little chopped cooked lean beef. He should at all times have large beef bones to gnaw, as bones help in cutting the teeth, and are an important factor in keeping his teeth in good condition. He should also have plenty of water always, and a proper amount of exercise.

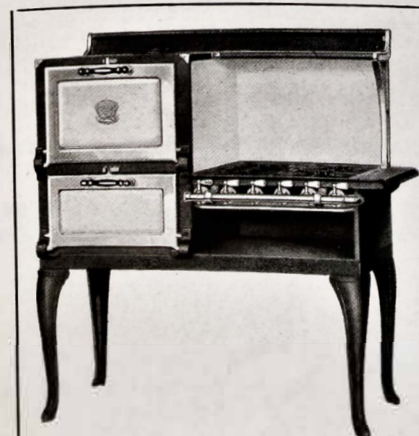
After a dog has reached the age of one and a half years he is easily cared for. The most he requires is affection, food, water and plenty of exercise.

In following issues I will take up the most popular breeds and try to give their characteristics and idiosyncrasies, with a general outline for their bringing up, and if these remarks prove of benefit to the dog and make life more easy for him, they will have fulfilled their purpose.

'Twas the Night Before Christmas

and into the house came wise old Santa
with Dad's greatest gift for mother—

The Garland Cabinet Gas Range



Dad to Mother—Xmas 1925

What a wonderful thing it will be, and oh how happy it will make dear mother. She will be pleased to be sure, not only with the speed of cooking and baking, but also with the all hot oven, rust proof linings and oven heat regulator.

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From

A Bloomfield Christmas Carol

(Concluded from Page 8)

first three log houses of Piety Hill had been built. He told them of Kakob who slept on his hearthstone all of one winter and how many years later he had passed him on the Saginaw Turnpike on his way to Detroit. The Indian, recognizing him, had leaped into the sleigh, thrown his arms around Uncle William's neck and cried, "Wiyum, Wiyum, my old friend, Wiyum!"

The little boys were very doubtful if this was proper behavior for an Indian, who is only supposed to stand with folded arms and grunt.

Finally they were in bed, one of the little Ellertons tucked away with the Martin boys and the other two put into bed in the spare room with their mother, after the bed had been carefully warmed with the warming pan. Mrs. Ellerton, exhausted by the emotions which she had been repressing as much as by physical fatigue, was thankful for the consideration which sent her to bed early.

Each child had hung a stocking over the fire place in the sitting room. When they were alone Mr. and Mrs. Martin brought out a big box full of shoes, mittens, stockings, and bright scarfs, and another filled with dolls, tops, books, and skates and some candy and oranges. The presents were carefully spread out and there was a rearrangement which resulted in equal number of gifts from Santa Claus appearing in each of the small stockings. Liza was busy fixing the stockings downstairs, for the county poor included the orphans, as well as the crippled, the weak and the old. A gingerbread man topped each stocking at last, both upstairs and downstairs. Even Joe who was too old for such things had playfully tacked up his stocking and on top of the curly pig's tail and piece of cheese which Uncle William prankishly put into it, Aunt Samantha placed her gingerbread man for the nephew whom she always favored because he had no mother.

"I shall go over and get Bob Ellerton if he does not come home tomorrow and make him get wood and food for his family. He isn't a cruel man, but he is no account or he would look ahead better. If he hasn't got the money to buy a new stove, I'll buy one of Hugh Irving and we will go halves on the price. I never knew him to refuse to turn a hand for a neighbor yet."

Aunt Samantha thought of the long table which would be spread in the sitting room tomorrow, adorned with two big geese from her flock and a home cured ham. Jellies and preserves stacked her shelves. A big crock of apple butter waited in the cold room and vegetables filled the root cellar. There would be red apples and russet pears, butternuts and maple sugar. She was surrounded by warmth and comfort. A little prayer of thankfulness was in her heart for the sturdy man who was her mate. The endless number of socks

and mittens she had knitted, the yarn she had spun, the clothes she had made and the millions of pies and cakes and loaves of bread she had baked seemed as nothing to her when she thought of the blessed security which assured her of a house to keep clean and shining and the wherewithal to make her family comfortable and happy.

After a glance below to see that all was right there, the tired couple sat very close together before the fire-place waiting for the return of their young folks and the welcome bedtime.

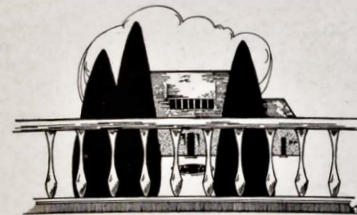
She looked into the slowly disintegrating log and saw there peace and contentment stretching away before her. He looked into the embers and saw a new scene for his labors, where he would again break new soil and subdue the earth. Five new farms had he broken in their years together, this one the most fruitful of them all, with its two hundred acres of friable and pro-



IRVING
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ductive soil. But after a while the vision of himself in his still untouched strength faring forth to new lands, faded and in its place was a picture of his oldest son, who was talking of going west in the spring in a covered wagon. Mother wouldn't like to move on and maybe he had better begin to stay behind and let his sons go on and conquer the soil.

Sixty-five years later finds the Martin farm and the Morris farm replaced by beautiful Cranbrook, its broad acres a generous feast of loveliness for modern eyes. Two tall evergreens, planted by William Martin mark the spot where once the Martin house stood. A wonderful miniature water wheel turns in the little stream exactly where the old mill wheel revolved. William and Samantha Martin are gone but their descendants, scattered here and there over the country which they loved perpetuate the qualities of strength and mercy by which they lived.



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Scotch Artist in Birmingham

(Concluded from Page 22)

seen in her "Queensland Wattle and Butterfly." In sinuous delicate lines a butterfly quivers on a sprig of wattle. Contrasting with this is the "Crypt-Glasgow Cathedral," containing mystery and depth. Sunlight on a stone wall, a towering cathedral, a darkened doorway, and many of the haunts of old London that are rapidly disappearing have been recorded by her.

Mrs. Stanford's water colors too are most satisfying; one returns to them again and again. The common things are selected; trees, water, boats, open fields. Yet how uncommon they seem. Now it is a boat in a grey sea, again it is a windmill set in a great space of fields or sometimes it is the rich glow of autumn leaves.

I had thought to make this a discussion of Mrs. Stanford's art but after all mere words can't do her justice. It is true, art ought to enter into our lives at all angles to be absorbed and enjoyed rather than merely talked of. Some time go and see her cubby hole of a studio. You will go again and again; and each time, coming out into the starlight, you will understand more fully the inscription Mrs. Stanford has placed over her bookcase: "The world is very lovely, Oh my God, I thank Thee that I live."



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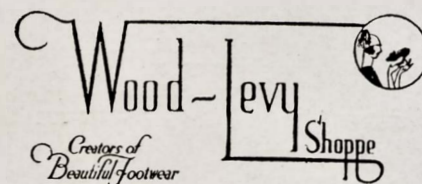
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Charles W. Warren & Co.

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Chinese Rug Weaver

(Continued from Page 25)

and as fine as the warp, is wound by hand on a crude wooden shuttle. This is passed back and forth from one weaver to the next until a selvage is woven. Then the weavers begin knotting in the pile. The knot of the Chinese rug is the same as that of the Persian rug. After the edge of solid color is finished, the workman, following the design seen through the threads of the warp, selects the colors shown for the background of the rug and ties until he comes to the red line, traced from the pattern. He again selects the color shown and ties until the next red line is reached. This is continued hour after hour, all day and every day until the rug is finished.



"The Jewel Tree"

After each knot is tied the strands are cut by an instrument looking like a small meat cleaver. It is wonderful how smooth a rug will look when cut by this crude knife.

Much of the quality of the rug depends on the firmness and evenness with which the knots are tied, and also the strength with which the rows of knots are packed together. This is done with a small short-fingered iron instrument much like a small hand. If the knots are pounded gently and evenly, a rather loose woven but good looking rug will be the result; but if they are packed together as closely as possible many more knots can be tied in a given area, the nap will stand upright and the wear will all come on the tips of the pile adding many years of life to the rug.

When the weaving is finished the rug is taken from
(Continued on next page)



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THE Christmas colors, gay and warm...Christmas gift-giving cheer...Christmas luxury...all these embodied in an Oriental Rug whose art is as old as Christmas itself!

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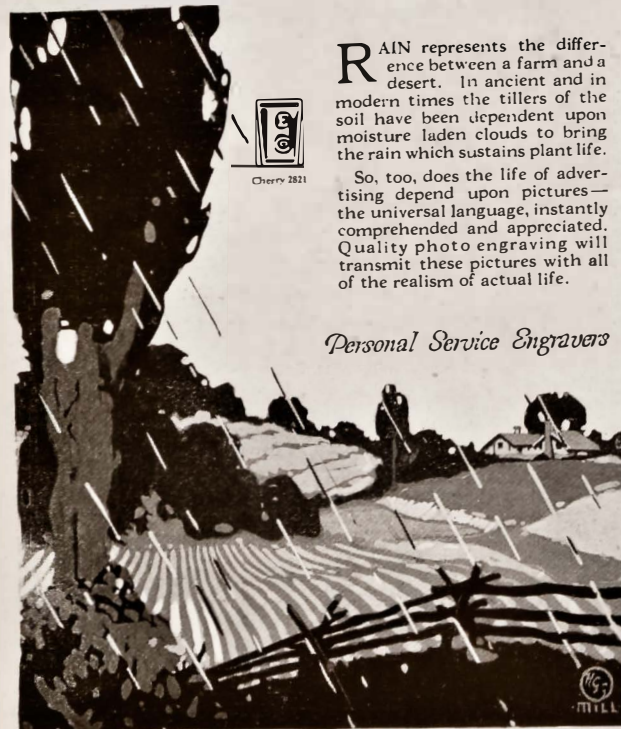
S. G. Gulian Rug Co.

1422 Farmer Street
at East Grand River Avenue

the loom and laid flat on the ground. With large shears, the weaver clips the entire surface to make it smooth and even; then with the same sharp-pointed shears he cuts around every little line of the design, a wedge carving as it is called. This is done to make the design stand out, to resemble the enamels on their porcelains. A weaver must be very expert to do this well.

There is a vast difference in the quality of the output of the many rug factories of Peking and Tientsin. Some rugs are of great beauty of design and colored with the best fast-color vegetable dyes, and made from wool cut from the backs of sheep grown on the hills of Shansi; there are rugs in which the warp and woof are strong, made from many well-twisted strands of the best long-staple cotton obtainable; rugs tightly and evenly woven by expert workmen; rugs loosely woven on warp so poor that it breaks under the least strain, with pile of poor wool, often mixed with jute, old fur, or cotton, dyed with aniline dyes in crude colors made up in cruder designs. And between the two extremes are many intermediate qualities. Some are beautiful in design and colors but of poor materials, some of good wool and warp but of poor workmanship and glaring in color. Very many are of medium quality in every way. Only now and again a factory is found putting out entirely high class rugs.

There are many ways of concealing defects in workmanship and quality that even an expert is sometimes at a loss to detect. It therefore behooves a prospective purchaser either to assure himself of the integrity of the maker of the rug offered for his inspection, or to thoroughly test and examine the rugs themselves. For whatever care or trouble he may take in the latter case he will be well repaid, for a really good Chinese rug is a thing of beauty and a lasting pleasure.

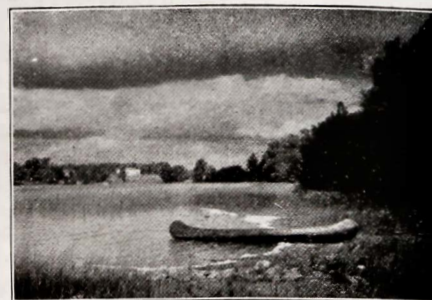


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HOMESITES in the secluded Wing Lake Shores district, on West Maple Road, are necessarily limited for the rambling old homesteads surrounding the lake have been platted into a small number of choice locations. Present prices are decidedly low for highly restricted lake-side property so close to Detroit, and so splendidly served by transportation facilities.

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Thumb Tack Show

(Concluded from Page 19)

fortunate vista is obtained. The beauty of the others still remains a secret, as Mr. Magonigle once remarked, shared only by the architect and the birds. It may be that the whole scheme of modern city planning—not to say lack of it—is subversive to good architecture. Architecture is concerned with good planning just as much as with the ornamental treatment of the outside shell. One of the fundamentals of good planning is to give the inside of a building the advantage of sunlight, fresh clean air and peaceful surroundings. In the process of herding humanity together in ever increasing millions these natural benefits have been removed and architecture has been automatically crippled.

Turning to a less contentious subject, the public and semi-public buildings are conspicuous chiefly for an ardent eclecticism. At their best these buildings scarcely ever err in good taste and at their worst they can be very easily pigeon-holed. Under this system, for instance, the national capitol becomes a model for any similar state institution and very convenient it is too, as it instantly makes clear any discrepancy in a cata-



Showing the delightful details of the hall in the McManis house

logue index such as occurred at the present exhibition where Cass Gilbert's West Virginia State Capital (sic) and his Northwestern National Bank of Minneapolis were entered with index numbers reversed. Applying the simple rule, the most uninstructed in architectural precedent can unerringly distinguish the halls of government from those of finance.

By similar simple rules he may recognize instantly the particular brand of faith practiced in any religious building and show not a moment's hesitation before the annual echoes of the trumpets of 1917. This year's offering in memorials was dedicated, apparently from motives of economy, to both War and Peace. (Who says the Lion shall not lie down with Lamb?) In form this memorial might be described as a glorified ash receiver, with stand, surmounting the most depressingly long flight of steps ever designed. Second place in the step designing contest was won by the George Washington Masonic Memorial at Alexandria. Quoting Hashmura Togo, "To make more expensive add more steps; to make less expensive cannot do."

The exhibition as a whole however in spite and at the same time because of the criticism that can be directed

against the larger phases of our architectural development was of tremendous value to Detroit in giving an otherwise unobtainable perspective. Further, there were small spots of interest that were very delightful to come upon, such as Mr. Sukert's shop front on Washington Boulevard in Detroit; Mr. Egger's pencil and wash renderings, and Mr. Chamberlain's sketches. And for those who like a dash of humor, the discovery of Shakespeare and Longfellow cheek by jowl in a frieze by D'Ascenzo adds spice to the occasion. All in all, the men who got the Fifth Annual Thumb Tack Show together did a good job. Long may they wave!

AUTHOR'S NOTE:—Attention has been called to the fact that no mention has been made of a building by Messrs. Day & Klander for the University of Pittsburgh, and entered in the exhibition as a Cathedral of Learning. We acknowledge the omission and wish to remark in passing that under certain circumstances ignorance may indeed be bliss.

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MISS MAURINE HAMMELEF of Birmingham, is here shown in the pose and costume of Senorita Marie from the picture "Santa Maria," used last spring in one of her dance recitals. Miss Hammelef, although only eighteen, has gained something of a reputation in these parts as a dancer. She began the study when she was eight years old under Theodore Smith, Detroit ballet master, and continued later under Miss Kathleen Perevia, of the Perevia School of Dancing with which she is still connected.

More recently Miss Hammelef opened a studio of her own in Birmingham where she gives individual instruction including toe dancing and foundation work to children from three to eighteen. She does no class work, believing that better results can be obtained with the individual.

Of Interest to the Amateur Gardner

FOR a long time The Afterglow has wanted to have a real garden department—a department of help and advice to the amateur gardener, the householder who has not lived long enough in the country to know much about what to plant or when to plant it or how to tend it after it begins to grow.

To this end we have asked Miss E. Genevieve Gillette to conduct a garden department in this magazine that will be of practical assistance to those newcomers in the country who are anxious to experience the joy of a garden of their own. Many of our readers have expressed a desire for just such practical advice.

Miss Gillette is a Landscape Architect with much experience behind her. She knows Michigan soil and Michigan climate as well as color and design in shrubs and flowers. She was at one time in charge throughout the state of the extension work in landscape design inaugurated by the Michigan State College; later she was associated with Jens Jensen in Chicago, who is best known here for his work on the Henry Ford and Edsel Ford estates; last winter she was in charge of a beautification project for the City of Lakeland in Florida.

Her article in the January number will deal generally with the subject. Beginning in February she will take up garden planning from month to month, giving practical advice about what to plant and when and where to plant it.

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Announcement

Commencing with this issue THE AFTERGLOW will publish a Classified Column for the convenience of our readers. Very often the thing that you want lies at your very door, if you only knew it. This department will find it for you, whether it be a dog or a bureau!

Rates for this page will be 50c a line or fraction thereof.

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Woman's Exchange

(Concluded from Page 27)

breadstuffs and other food dainties made fresh every day by the consignors.

The Cafe, which is always crowded to overflowing, the private dining rooms where one may entertain amid most delightful surroundings, and the Catering Department upon which Detroit society has come to depend in its entertaining, provide revenue to pay the expenses of the organization and make possible the marketing of the work of consignors on an extremely moderate commission.

Among the noteworthy activities of the organization is the annual Christmas sale, held in November in the ball room of the Statler. The sale usually lasts two days and many thousands of dollars flow from it into the worthy pockets of several hundred consignors who would otherwise have a much less joyous Christmas.

Much of the success of the organization is due to the untiring efforts and capable direction of Miss Stella V. Hough who has been with the Exchange since its beginning.

The officers for the present year are:

Mrs. William S. Power.....	President
Mrs. Dexter M. Ferry.....	1st Vice President
Mrs. Harry J. Warner.....	2nd Vice President
Mrs. James S. Holden.....	3rd Vice President
Miss Elinor Devlin.....	Treasurer
Mrs. John R. Searles.....	Recording Secretary
Mrs. Josiah C. Scobell.....	Corresponding Secretary
Miss Stella V. Hough.....	Superintendent
	M. L. H.

The Woman's Exchange

47 Adams Avenue, East



Christmas Gifts

CHILDREN'S DRESSES
LAMP and SHADES
INFANT'S WEAR LINENS
DOLLS NEGLIGEEES
HOME MADE MINCE PIES
PLUM PUDDINGS
FRUIT CAKE

WM. P. SMITH

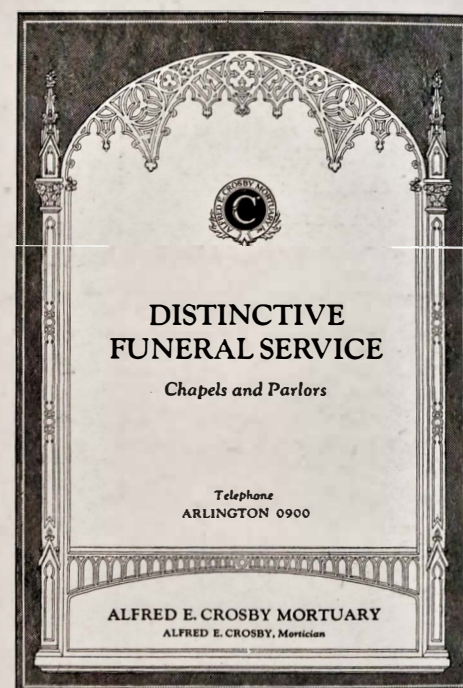
BUILDING
CONSTRUCTION


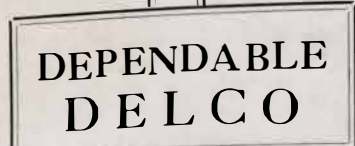
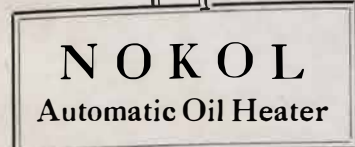
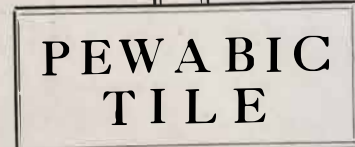


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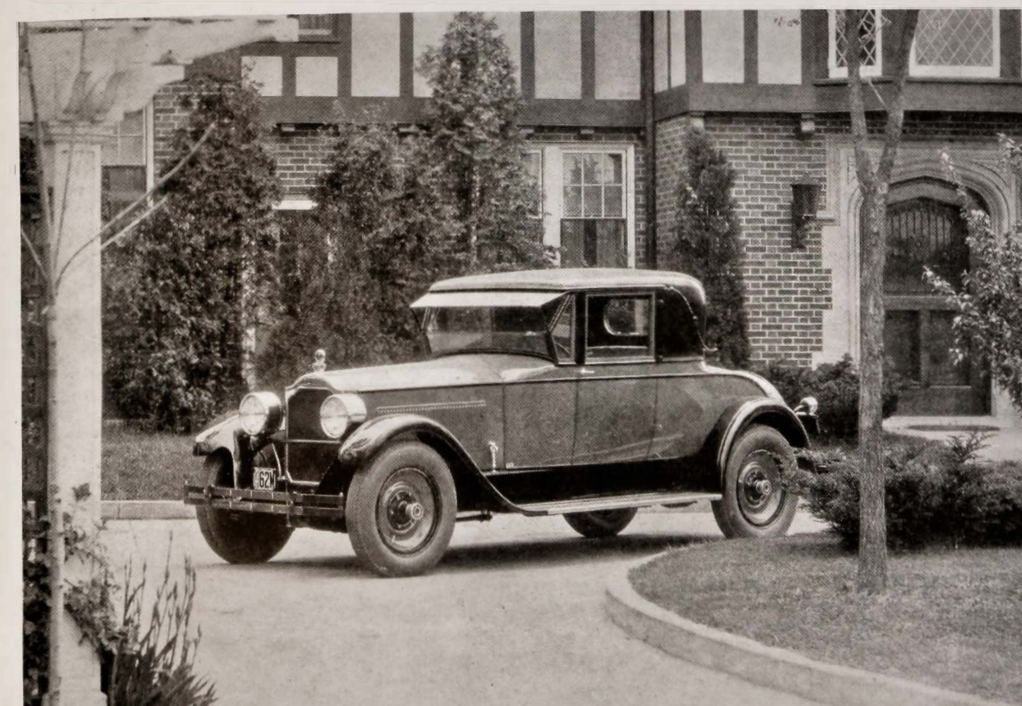
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L. M. FARR
President

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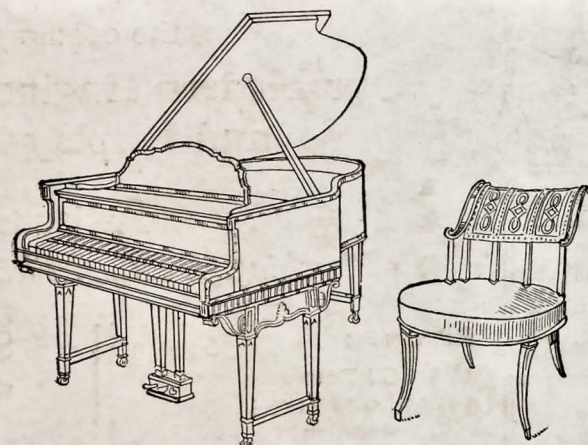
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