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AROUND DETROIT



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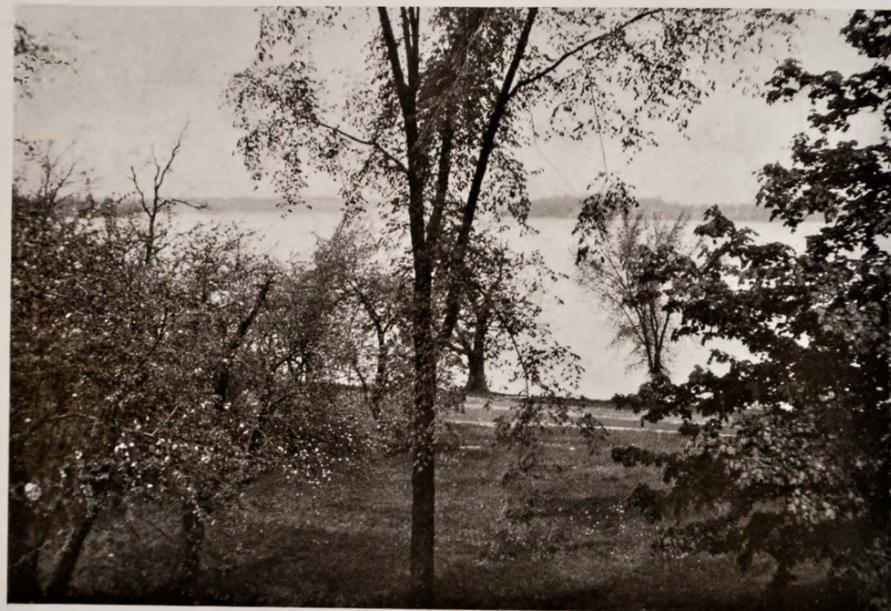
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THE AFTERGLOW

Country Life
Around Detroit



Houses -- Gardens
Society -- Sports

VOL. II

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Photograph by C. M. Hayes & Co.

The glassy surface of Lake Angelus makes a perfect mirror for its wooded banks and for the lovely boat house at Wilchester, the estate of W. C. Leland. The residence is on the bank, partly hidden by the trees.



C. M. Hayes & Co.

The Leland family in their electric launch on Lake Angelus.



Lake Angelus and the Leland Family

OAKLAND county is full of delightful surprises for the newcomer just exploring it. One hears of Lake Angelus, of course, but after all it is one of the most removed of Oakland's lakes and one doesn't just happen onto it—one must learn the way and drive to it (five miles north of Pontiac), and then explore it, summer and winter, to know its remarkable beauty, its high wooded banks, its lovely bays and promontories.

Once upon a time it was called Three-Mile Lake, until, in the '80's, a young woman, who was then called a "lady writer," sojourned there and wrote of its beauties. Some of her writings got to the government, and she was commissioned to rename it "Lake Angelus," a romantic name that could only have been thought up by a lady writer of the '80's.

Originally, of course, there were farms around Lake Angelus, and it was on one of these, spreading over the high ground north and east of the lake, that Mr. H. M. Leland, at that time president of the Cadillac Motor Car Company, ended his search for a summer home. It was for Mrs. Leland, who was a native of Massachusetts, and had never admired Michigan's flatness, that Mr. Leland wanted to find a piece of land that should as nearly as possible resemble New England. They looked at all the lakes farther in—Long Lake and Orchard Lake and the rest, but when they found Lake Angelus they said immediately, "This is the one."

So they bought the farm that belonged to Ashley Pond, who had owned it since 1890. There were 190 acres in the original piece, but Mr. Wilfred C. Leland, the son, has since added to that land until he now owns—including the island—about a thousand acres on and near the lake. One hundred acres he keeps under cultivation and the rest is being held for the simple purpose of keeping out the small and clutterly subdivisions that spring like native weeds on the shores of any small lake near a city, soon ruining it for people

who want peace and quiet, free of popcorn stands, banana peels and bathing beauties.

With the remodeled farm house as a nucleus, the Lelands have developed a large estate—which they call Wilchester—including stables and barns, a large garage, a superintendent's house, a power plant and house and a beautiful boat house.

It was in 1910 that the Lelands discovered Lake Angelus, but even now, sixteen years later, there are not more than sixteen families who have summer homes out there, so that the quiet and the beautiful woods and waters have remained as they were. The next family to come were the Grays, and a son and daughter of that family—David M. Gray and Mrs. William A. Kales—own farms there now.

On the northwest side, surrounded by elaborate grounds, is Cielo Vista, the summer cottage of the Frederic J. Fisher family; on the south and east are the houses, small and large, according to taste, of J. Walter Drake and George A. Drake, Dupont M. Newbro, who calls his house Glen Lodge, and E. E. Gallogly.

On the south side, toward the east end, is Willow Pointe, sixteen acres owned by J. L. Woods, whose delightful house is described elsewhere in this magazine. Next door on the east is the bungalow of Judge Henry S. Hulbert, and on the west the cottage of Dr. George F. Burke. Charles M. Roehm, John E. Baker, Newton Skillman and George F. W. Reid—whose daughter, Kathryn Jean, had a unique wedding on the shore of the lake June 30—also have houses there.

And these people all love Lake Angelus and do everything in their power to preserve its natural beauties. Several of them, including the Lelands, have always kept their houses open summer and winter, and spend happy week-ends out there. The Lelands are provided with guest rooms to accommodate as many as fifty people. One day, late in June, when the writer

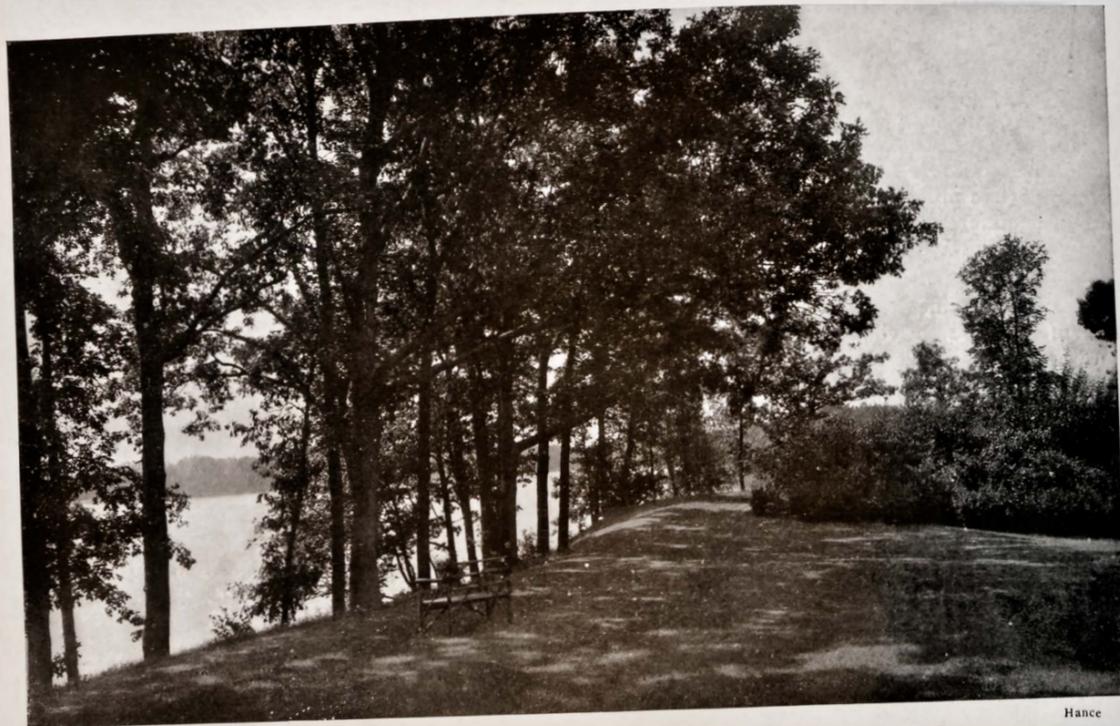
was exploring the lake, she was several times obliged to drive off the road to let a huge moving van pass. She later learned that the two big houses which the Lelands have occupied on Grand boulevard for so many years, have been vacated, and the lares and penates were being moved to Lake Angelus for all year-round residence.

They have made bridle paths through the woods and have horses in the stables to follow the lovely trails and canter over the fields. They were the first to put an electric launch, built on yacht lines, on the lake, and there are now four privately owned electric launches there to take visitors up and down the lake and to provide a pleasant means of making neighborly calls. There is also much sailing and canoeing, as well as excellent fishing, Angelus being one of the

few lakes in Oakland county that abounds in small and large mouth bass.

On the property owned by Judge Hulbert, Mr. Gallogly and Mr. Woods is a seven-hole golf course which is used by the community and kept in playing condition by yearly contributions from eleven men. It is no miniature either—the longest hole is 250 yards and the shortest 100.

Everything, in fact, that makes life worth living in the warm summer months is to be had at Lake Angelus. The lake is spring fed, with a sand and rock bottom, and receives very little surface water, so that it is always delightfully chilly for swimming. The drinking water for the houses also comes from the springs, in which the region abounds.



Lake Angelus is visible through the trees of the Leland garden.

Hance



A California rock garden on a dry, sunny hillside.

Rock Gardening

By W. NELSON WHITTEMORE

MANY people have spoken to me about rock gardening as though it were a fad or something new in the gardening business. As a matter of fact it is quite one of the oldest types of natural gardening, and in this district it is exceptionally appropriate, due to the fact that fields and roadsides are naturally covered with stones.

One of the most usual mistakes I have found recently is the location of the rock garden. In looking over a list of 360 approved Alpine or rock loving plants, 42 could stand partial shade and 28 of those 42 would grow nicely in the sun—so that out of 360 only 14 really required shade. It is, therefore, an obvious deduction that—contrary to popular opinion—a rock garden requires a sunny situation. A side hill or a stony bank is ideal, but where these are lacking, one does not have to use much imagination to find or to make a rock place on flat ground.

Wherever the location, however, several things must be considered, the drainage first, and then the soil. The drainage must be perfect and can be made so. Although almost any Alpine plant will grow in sand, the sharper the soil, the better, and leafmold, rotted sods and vegetable matter are the soils that make quick growths. The first growth of rock loving

plants, however, is not so essential as the later growth, since deep-rooting plants will extend several feet down, which means that one must be careful not to leave cavities or holes between the stones where the roots would just die.

The early flowering varieties usually prefer the southwestern or the southeastern exposure.

Many people would not have stones in their gardens because they "are too artificial," though they would import stone or slate and many other things from any part of the world to build their house or to wall their garden. Let me say that there is nothing so artificial as a flower garden where all kinds of flowers, annual and perennial, shrubs and trees are planted in spots for effect, all of them having been gathered from many countries. The harder it is to make a plant grow the more enjoyment some people seem to get out of it—the more interesting it is to visitors and to ourselves.

After all, we can always find room for interesting plants and brick-a-brac in our gardens and homes, and as soon as people in this district know what effects can be had with the rock-loving plants growing over stones and boulders, the more rock gardens there will be. These hardy plants may also be planted in the crevices of stone walls,

(Continued on page 22.)



A pool and rock garden combined on Gordon Mendelssohn's grounds.



Photo by Davis B. Hillmer

The house is on a bluff above the shore of the lake and is approached from the rear by a winding drive with lovely flower beds bordered by trees. The addition made by Mr. Woods last year may be seen at the right, with its stone walls and chimney.

“Willow Pointe,” the Summer Home of Mr. J. L. Woods, at Lake Angelus

By MARION HOLDEN

RUSTIC summer houses are almost without exception, too rustic—too full of peeling bark and knot holes and wabby lines. But I have found one that is as nearly perfect as may be, and that is the house of Mr. J. L. Woods on Willow Pointe, at Lake Angelus. The outdoor feeling that you get in the big living room pictured on the opposite page is delicious; the rugged rock walls, the smooth basswood rafters and wood work and doors, the cool summery chintz and the many windows that look over lake and gardens make a fine harmony that any man might be proud to have achieved.

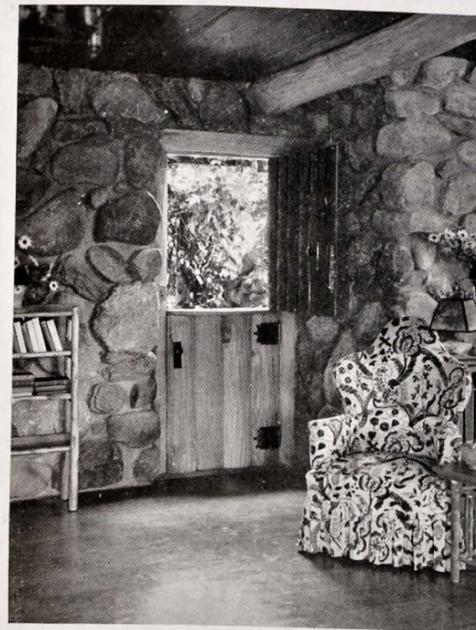
The original part of the house was built by Mr. George A. Drake and is made of basswood logs, with a huge stone chimney in one corner and a rustic balcony leading to the bedrooms above. That is the log room. A year ago last fall Mr. Woods, who bought the place from Mr. Drake, built the stone room which you see pictured here. He had his own ideas about what he wanted, but Mr. Albert Moring, of Brede and

Shroeter, helped him make the plans and choose the furnishings for the big living room and the equally large bedroom above. That bedroom is a classic. I'm sorry we haven't pictures of it, though they couldn't possibly do it justice.

The stone in the wall and chimney of the stone room came from neighboring fields and were brought there by men with sledges. Some of them were so big that it took four men to handle them, and many of them go through the thickness of the wall. You will notice in the picture how cleverly the mason has let a stone ledge stick out here and there to form a small shelf for a flower vase.

The first thing that strikes you as you come down the hall from the log room to the stone room, and step off the low iron-railed balcony, is the extreme beauty and smoothness of the floor. It is made of oak boards of several widths, some of them very wide, and all of them pegged into place with black pegs.

(Continued on page 31)



1. (Above)—Through a vine-covered passage this door leads to the lawn terrace. The outside doors all open in sections like this one.

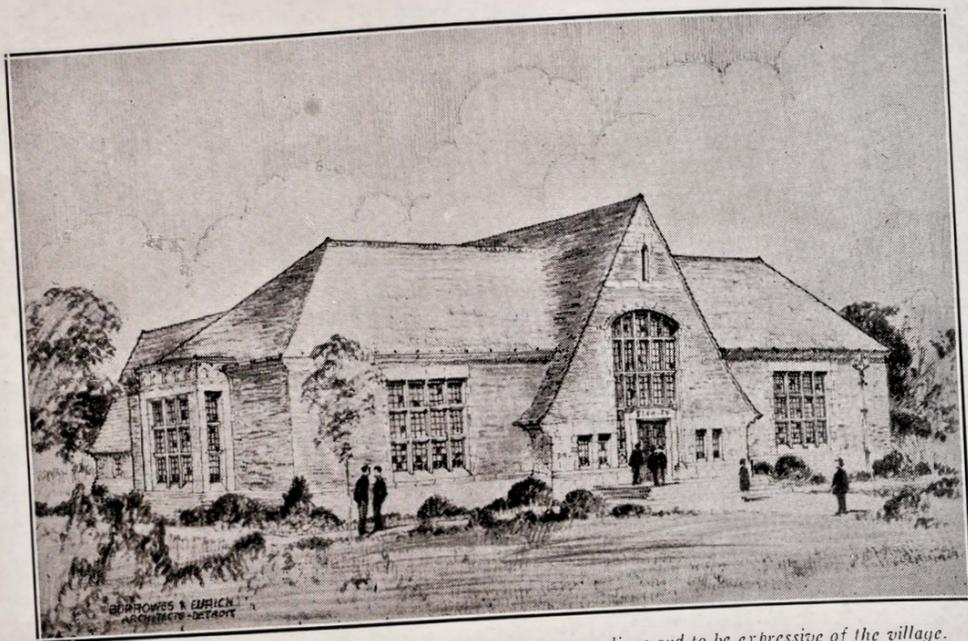


2. (Above)—Note the wide oak boards of this extremely smooth floor. A few basswood beams support the wood ceiling.

3. (Below)—This raised platform is the approach to the stone room from the hall. The door at the left opens into the kitchen.

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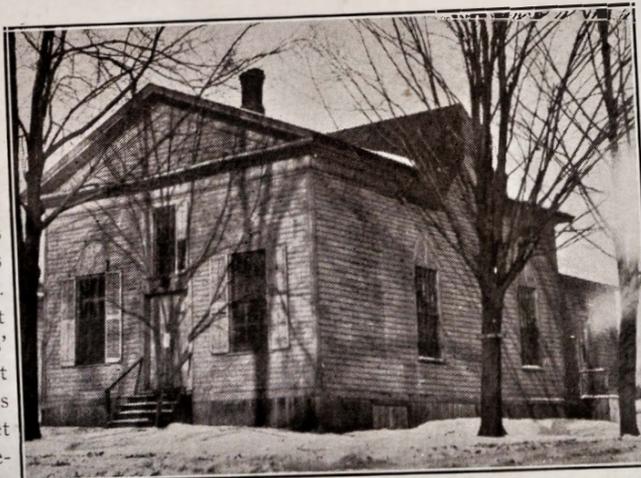
The new library at Birmingham is designed to fit into the surroundings and to be expressive of the village.

Birmingham's New Library and How— Long Ago—It Got Its Start

By IVA G. MARLOTTE

WHAT would the nineteen women who organized the Ladies' Library Society of Birmingham in 1867 with forty-eight books, think of the proposal to shelter their full grown child next year in a beautiful new building in the center of a block of its own?

Miss Jennie Keyes, the only one of the nineteen who has survived to watch the growth of the library, says that it will be much easier for Birmingham to pay \$175,000 for its new building than it was for the women of 1890 to raise \$3,000 with which to build the library of their dreams, but that the new library can never mean more to the town than the library of 1870, when books and magazines were scarce and folks were hungry for them. The Birmingham that passes by Miss Keyes' doorstep at 221 West Maple Avenue has changed, and the quiet village street has become a business thoroughfare.



In 1872 the first library was housed in the old town hall on Martin Street. (Continued on page 18.)

The first library building was the old hall on Martin Street, which was built in 1839 for a Methodist Church and purchased by the library association in 1872. Before that time the collection of books had been kept in the homes of members of the association, Mrs. Jack Baldwin being the first to open her home on Hamilton Avenue for the library. Urged onward energetically by Miss Martha Baldwin, always the leading spirit in civic improvements, the Ladies' Library Association raised the money to erect their new brick building at the corner of Woodward and Maple Avenues in 1893, and the old building was sold to Bloomfield Township for a town hall. One thousand six hundred dollars of the amount was loaned by Miss Baldwin, who later cancelled the loan when the village assumed the support of the library. Many of the bricks which went into its walls were pur-



Stanley Ford

Golf

A Champion and a Runner-Up

By RALSTON GOSS



Johnnie Malloy

IT is unnecessary to have your name in the Social Register—nor do you need to have parents worth millions—as a pre-requisite to becoming a golf champion, or even a runner-up.

This fact was clearly and startlingly demonstrated at Oakland Hills Country Club in the eighth annual Detroit District tournament.

Furthermore, one does not need to be a veteran of many a hard-fought campaign, nor yet be one who is bowed beneath the weight of honors previously won in order to reach the final round of an event of such importance.

What one does need is youth, endurance, a certain amount of skill plus the will to win.

If you do not believe this, ask the Lees, the Standishes, the Wallaces, the Quirks, the Hills, the Renchards, the Schiappacasses, the Cains, the Kinnears, the Conleys and the other veterans and socially elect who sat on the sidelines in the final round and watched two lads—neither of whom is out of his 'teens—battle for the title with determination and skill and with true courtesy in spite of the fact neither was born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth. But—if one can be permitted a golfing pun at a moment like this—each was born with a spoon in his hand and the knowledge of how to play it when out in the rough.

All of you who keep in touch with events know that Johnnie Malloy, but 19, and Stanley Ford, a mere 17, played it out over the 36-hole route to determine who would be the successor to an imposing line of Detroit District golf champions—one that includes such prominent golfing names as G. Leslie Conley, class of '25; James D. Standish, Jr., class of '24; T. Worden Hunter, class of '19 and post graduate in '23; Fred G. Hoblitzell, class of '22; and Joseph T. Schlotman, class of '20, post graduate, '21.

To reach the last round Malloy was compelled to play through the upper bracket and defeat such good golfers as Warren Pease, Jr., of Brooklands; Howard B. Lee, of Country Club; Harvey Olson, of Lochmoor, and Roger Hill, of Detroit Golf Club. Stanley Ford went through the lower bracket by whipping F. Lawrence Dow, of Oakland Hills; Lawrence Wood, an unattached player of greater tournament experience

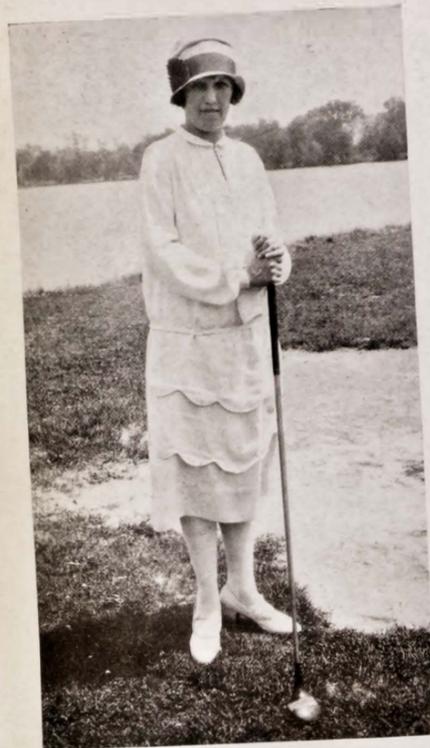
than his; William Courtney, of Plum Hollow, who gave great promise last year, and Lawrence W. Kinneer, of the Detroit Golf Club.

Malloy was the medalist with a 78 and an 80 in the two qualifying rounds that were played, with gales howling across the hills and swooping down with unprecedented fury through the valleys of the two Oakland Hills courses. Young Ford qualified with 171 for the two days of medal competition. Thus the medalist and one of those who got in with the first thirty-two literally by the skin of his teeth came together in the last struggle of the week. They had fought hard all the way. Neither had enjoyed a walk-over in any match. Neither had coasted—so it was to have been expected that one or the other of them would crack wide open when they met in the last round. But neither did. Ford was a bit more nervous than Malloy. This was to have been expected, for the new champion first came into golfing prominence three years ago in the Michigan State Amateur championship to go then to the final round—and he has been playing in tournaments ever since. On the other hand this event at Oakland Hills was the first major tournament for Stanley Ford. True, he is this year's city interscholastic champion, but that doesn't mean a great deal when one who is only 17 gets into competition of the importance of the Detroit District.

It is unnecessary to go into extensive detail about the five days of play,—or even the final day's competition which saw Malloy reach the goal he set out after three years ago—a goal that not even his preceptor in golf (Carlton F. Wells of the University of Michigan teaching staff) has been able to reach. Probably it will be sufficient to be sketchy. Perhaps it might be dismissed in a very few words indeed—words to convey the idea that there is a wide divergence between these two finalists and the finalists of other years. That divergence, however, is not great in skill. Nor is it wide in point of spontaneous recognition of each other's ability. And, again, it is nil when it comes to real sportsmanship and inherent modesty. These two boys—one the manager of the small Ann Arbor Golf and Outing Club and the other the son of the professional at Oakland Hills Country

(Continued on page 27)

Golfers All



Mrs. Harry C. Clarke is club champion of Plum Hollow.



Mrs. J. C. McClurkin, of Meadowbrook, is, they say, a fine player.



Mrs. Rolland M. Connor of the Detroit Golf Club is president of the Women's District Association.



Mrs. S. H. Wilkinson of Aviation is head of the Women's Committee there.



Mrs. A. E. Garrels of Red Run is prominent in that club and in the Association tournaments.

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Women's District Golf

By RALSTON GOSS

THERE has been so much men's golf played, for the Oakland Hills tournament has been prominently in the public prints, that what the indefatigable women have been doing was lost sight of. True, their Spring championship at Bloomfield Hills Country Club got attention from the newspapers—but the fact that Miss Louise Fordyce came over here from Youngstown, Ohio, and set a new record for women on the South Course at the Detroit Golf Club did not get even a line. Miss Fordyce, be it known, is the young woman who has been Ohio state champion, and who, last spring, beat Miss Glenna Collett in the women's North and South at Pinehurst. Miss Fordyce was the guest of Miss Florence Bodman. She played a round in 79, two strokes under the record previously held by Mrs. Rowland M. Connor of the Detroit Golf Club. It was Women's District day at that club, and the winner—for Miss Fordyce could not compete — was Mrs. Stewart Hanley.

Mrs. Hanley, by the way, has won all but one of these Tuesday events. She was successful at Red Run, at Plum Hollow, became Spring champion at Bloomfield, at Detroit, and, finally, at Aviation. The only Tuesday

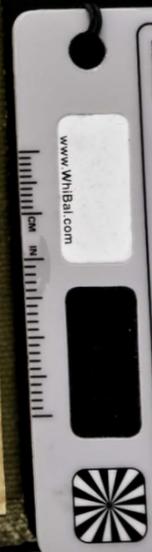
that saw her not at the head of the list was when they met at Lochmoor. Then Mrs. William L. McGiverin was winner. Incidentally Mrs. Hanley and her boon comrade, Miss Madge Miller, went over to Hamilton, and there, on the short Ancaster course, turned in 75 and 76, respectively, for a round. Miss Miller, by the way, was runner-up in the Spring tournament.

Mrs. A. E. Shiell, of Aviation Country Club, is another woman who has been playing well this year. Mrs. W. Bruce Cameron of Washtenaw, Mrs. R. C. Jamieson of Bloomfield, Mrs. J. C. McClurkin of Meadowbrook and Miss Jean McGregor of Detroit Golf Club also have shown games that are worthy of them.

The Women's District Association is in its seventh year and is ably presided over by Mrs. Rowland M. Connor, who has a corps of chairmen under her who are functioning smoothly and helping her to keep the organization on the high plane where Mrs. J. Hal Livsey, Mrs. Charles Hague Booth and other previous presidents placed it.



Mrs. J. E. McBride is one of the best players at Bloomfield, where she often plays with her pretty daughter, Evelyn.





Bachrach

Mrs. Sherman Depew of Hickory Grove Farm, Bloomfield, with her daughters, Valerie and Frances, on their new mounts, Gray Light, Miss Hickory and Hickory Blaze, which they rode in the Grosse Pointe Horse Show, July 1, 2 and 3.

SOCIETY

By KATHERINE ATKINSON

A WEDDING of much interest to Bloomfield Hills and Birmingham was that of Miss Emily Jennelle and Ensign John Clough Harris, which was solemnized in Seattle on June 23, at the Church of the Epiphany.

Ensign Harris is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Harris of Quarton Road, Bloomfield Hills. They attended the wedding with their daughter, Betty, who acted as one of the bridesmaids; the others were Miss Virginia Haynes, Miss Martha Wood, Mrs. J. B. Williams of Coronado; Miss Mildred Hart, Mrs. Joseph Frederick Swallow of Aberdeen, Miss Polly Van Patten and Miss Esther Davis. They all wore bouffant organdie in various pastel shades. Mrs. Tulloch Barnes of Los Angeles was matron of honor, and Miss Katherine Shafer maid of honor.

Ensign J. B. Williams, of the U. S. Destroyer Farragut, acted as best man, and the ushers, all of whom are attached to the U. S. S. Maryland, were Ensigns E. T. Layton, R. T. McDaniel, F. H. Gardner, R. N. Oliver, Arthur Townsend and D. N. Headden.

"The bride," says the Seattle Star, "was radiant in a period gown of 1860, made of imported white taffeta over a very full skirt of shell pink tulle, which fell over a rose shade of georgette. The taffeta skirt, which opened down the front, had rounded corners and fell away to show the under skirt of pink tulle trimmed with wide bands of ivory princess lace. Narrow taffeta plaiting finished the hem of the skirt and the bouffant hips had a festoon of orange blossoms at either side. On the long, tight, sleeveless bodice there was a deep collar of Duchesse and rose point lace

which reached to the waist in front, and fell from the shoulders in the back in circular cape effect.

Her long veil of gossamer princess lace was bound in a close-fitting cap with orange blossoms at each side, and her bouquet was of orchids, gardenias, roses and lilies of the valley."

The past month has been filled with many thrills and much pleasure for the members of the Bloomfield

Open Hunt, many of whom entered new mounts in the Detroit Riding & Hunt and the Grosse Pointe Hunt Club horse shows. The splendid horsemanship of those who rode brought much praise at both events.

The younger set, and especially the children, are excellent riders. Miss Margaret Phillips Standardt, Miss Viola Hammond, Frances Depew and the Braun children all gave remarkable exhibitions of riding.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Slocum Nichols carried off honors at both events, and the riding of Mrs. T. R. Donovan was particularly exciting owing to sev-

eral falls from her horse, and her quick recovery. For sheer pluck there is no one to rival Mrs. Donovan.

The Windsor race always attracts many of our riders and noticed in the boxes at the recent races were Mr. and Mrs. George T. Hendrie, Wm. Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. Wesson Seyburn, Mr. Frank Palms and the Misses Sarah and Marjorie Hendrie.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Stoepel have opened their home in the hills and were hosts at a delightful week-end party over the fourth of July. Mr. and Mrs. Stoepel will spend August at Bass Rocks, with Mrs. Frederick C. Stoepel.



McBride Studio, Seattle

A wedding in Seattle on Wednesday, June 23, made Miss Emily Jennelle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Judson Jennelle, the bride of Ensign John Clough Harris, son of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Harris of Quarton Road, Bloomfield. Brother Ensigns from the U. S. S. Maryland were, as you see, in attendance. They are Ensigns E. T. Layton, R. T. McDaniel, F. H. Gardner, R. N. Oliver, Arthur Townsend and D. N. Headden.



Photo by Schaldenbrand

The wedding supper was served at a beautifully appointed table set in the gardens after the wedding of Miss Eleanor Osborne Jewett and Vincent Dwyer on June 19 at "Maplehurst," the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mulford Jewett, Grosse Pointe Shores.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Palms have had as a guest at their country home, their nephew, Count Francois de Champeaux of Paris. The young Count is a delightful chap, very much like his mother, who was Martha Palms, one of Detroit's most charming and lovely girls. A supper party was given on Sunday evening by Mrs. Palms in honor of the Count.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel S. Marquis have announced the engagement of their daughter, Gertrude, to Mr. Donald Ballantyne, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Ballantyne. The wedding will take place in September. Miss Marquis entertained at a lovely luncheon at her home on Cranbrook Road last week, covers being laid for twenty guests.

Miss Margaret Cramer of Cleveland has returned home, after a visit with Miss Elise Morley of Lone Pine Road. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morley gave a delightful dinner dance in their home for the younger set in honor of their daughter's guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesson Seyburn have had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Stevens Gillespie of Flushing, L. I. In their honor Mr. and Mrs. Seyburn entertained at a jolly supper party at their farm house near Pontiac.

Quite the jolliest and most novel entertainment of the month was the supper dance given by Mr. Hus-

ton Rawls, in the old barn on his farm near Rochester.

Mrs. J. B. Williams has taken her twin daughters, Susan and Kitty, to Grand Rapids, where they will spend the summer with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Collins Johnson.

Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Donald and Miss Jean Donald will spend the summer at their cottage on Deer Lake, near Clarkston.

Grosse Pointe

A prince and princess, a wedding, a horse show, and many attractive garden parties and dances have kept Grosse Pointe society busy, the most important event being the dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Warren for their guests, the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden. The wedding of Miss Eleanor Jewett and Vincent Dwyer was quite the largest and also the jolliest wedding of the year.

The garden parties given by Mrs. Truman Newberry and Mrs. B. E. Taylor were lovely affairs, and it is a pleasure to note that the Detroit Symphony Orchestra is becoming so widely popular as an entertainer at private affairs.

Mrs. Murray Sales' dance for her son's fiancee was also very much enjoyed by the younger set.

The Frederick M. Algers have arrived at Prides Crossing, where they have leased the home of Mrs.



Miss Betty Stahelin on Grey Dawn, with the cup which they won in the Juniors' Riding competition at the Detroit Riding and Hunt Club show.

P. C. P. Wichfield of Washington. "Swift Mool" is one of the loveliest places on the north shore and lies between Manchester and Marblehead. The house has one hundred rooms, and the Algers plan to do a great deal of entertaining during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesson Seyburn will spend the summer at Bass Rock. They have the Drake cottage at Grapevine Cove.

Mr. and Mrs. Truman H. Newberry are at their cottage, "Redtop," Watch Hill, for the summer.

Grosse Ile

Grosse Ile staged a most interesting and exciting home-coming week, beginning July 5th, when they celebrated the sesqui-centennial anniversary of the signing of the treaty by which the island was ceded by the Indians to the whites. Many house parties were held and a great number of dinner dances and luncheons were enjoyed by the home-comers.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest N. Stanton gave a lovely dinner in honor of the wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Stanton on Monday evening, June 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. John McNabb and Miss Isabella McNabb are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McNabb over the fourth.

Mrs. Henry Hooker of Columbia, Mo., is spending the summer with Mrs. Frederick P. Anderson.

Lake Angelus

Lake Angelus is never lovelier than in June, and the attractive gardens around the home of Mr. and Mrs. George F. W. Reid proved an ideal setting for the wedding of their daughter, Kathryn, to Mr. Clarence E. Butler, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Butler, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, which took place on June 30th. The ceremony was performed by Dr. M. S. Rice in an arbor of pink rambler roses, a hedge of white peonies adding to the effectiveness of the improvised altar. Chains of roses formed an isle through which the bridal party walked.

The bride was lovely in a gown of white moire, trimmed with Duchesse lace. The long tulle veil was caught with a cap of Duchesse lace and orange blos-

(Continued on page 26.)



The wedding of Miss Kathryn Reid, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Reid, to Clarence E. Butler, took place June 30 in an arbor on the shore of lovely Lake Angelus, where her parents have a summer place.

LEONARD LANE



GRACE (using subtle persuasion):

This would be a splendid location, Tom. It's so convenient to the golf clubs!

TOM (employing ditto):

Yes, and think how convenient it would be for Junior. The Adams School is less than a mile away.

GRACE (seeing the light):

You old tease! I might have known you were crazy about this property from the very first!

LEONARD LANE, located on Adams Road (formerly Dodge Road) is but 3/8 of a mile from the Village of Birmingham, over Adams Road, and 1 3/4 miles from Greater Woodward Avenue. Broad lots, 70 to 80 feet wide, and 140 feet in depth—at prices as low as \$1,900. All city improvements—winding graveled drives.

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Birmingham's Library

(Continued from page 10.)

chased by individuals, and baby shows, art exhibits, pageants, pantomimes, circuses, dances, banquets, minstrel shows and socials were given to raise money.

The new \$175,000 building which, with two other building issues, will be voted upon by the village of Birmingham on July 29, is not nearly so startling or radical a step as the acquisition of the old building was in 1893, and the current comments upon the proposal cannot be compared to the furor which stirred Birmingham in 1907 when, against determined opposition, the voters decided to accept the gift of the building and assume the support of the library. Until that time it had been supported by the benefits with which the library association enlivened the social life of the town.

Now the Baldwin Public Library has 6,596 books, which crowd its shelves to their capacity. There is not space enough for the 10,000 books which the last village census indicates is the proper number of books in relation to the population. An average daily circulation of ninety books is constantly and rapidly increasing, in spite of the obvious handicaps under which the library works.

Burrowes and Eurich of Detroit are the architects for the proposed new library building, which will be of brick and stone construction, with a roof of variegated natural slate shingles, graduated in size. The design is distinguished and beautiful, and at the same time presents a hospitable and inviting appearance. It is designed to fit into the surrounding landscape and to be expressive of Birmingham.

It will face Martin Street with a lovely entrance, and the wide low steps will ease the footsteps of the thousands of book borrowers who have toiled for years up the steep stairway of the old building. The dimensions will be 53 by 116 feet, with a 29-foot extension at the rear, and it will be situated in the center of the site, 206 by 240 feet, now held by the library board.

The interior of the main library will be artistically lighted by large windows, one arched over the doorway, to light the delivery desk, one on each side of the front, and a lovely bay window at either end. This leaves the blocks of bookcases continuous and unbroken around the walls, instead of interrupted by smaller windows at intervals. The front lobby will be separated from the library by a glass partition, so that the desk attendant can see all who enter, and the doors into the main room open from the two sides of the lobby, instead of in line with the outside door, so that no draft may be felt at the delivery desk.

The library will be arranged inside with a mezzanine floor in the rear, overlooking the twenty-foot height of the main room, which will have a delivery desk in the center with reading rooms on either side. The new Dearborn library shows the charm and convenience of this mezzanine arrangement. A reference room, a children's story hour room, accessible from a separate entrance, the librarian's office and work room, and space for a stack room are conven-

(Continued on page 30.)

His Name Was "Arizona Pete"



Photo by D. D. Spellman

But Now They Call Him "Trouble"

Last summer Mr. R. E. Chamberlain of the Packard Motor Car Company met a gentleman from Tuscon, Arizona, who greatly admired his police dog. The dog was a bit pale for a police dog—perhaps he had incipient lung trouble—anyway, he took the Arizona gentleman's eye. He said, "I wish I had that dog in Arizona, I'd make a man of him!"

And Mr. Chamberlain said, "I wish you had. The only thing in Arizona that I have ever wanted to own is one of those little burros—the kind they call canaries in California."

And the gentleman from Arizona said, "It's a deal!"

So the gentleman from Arizona went back to his native state with one pale police dog, set out to make a man of him and forgot all about the joke, as did Mr. Chamberlain. But it suddenly occurred to the Westerner that he could make it a very good joke indeed, so he wired Mr. Chamberlain, "Shipping thoroughbred today."

Mr. Chamberlain, forgetting that the only thing from Arizona that he wanted to own was a burro, took a fine padded horse truck down to meet the train from the west, and he reserved a fine box stall at the Aviation Riding and Hunt club. The train came in, and there, pushed along in front of two long-suffering baggage men, was Arizona Pete, a darling little silly burro with heaven knew what lung-capacity hidden within him.

Since Mr. Chamberlain felt no hospitable inclination to turn his new little friend loose on the home shrubbery and what not, he put him in the back of a Ford truck and had him taken out to Aviation, where he became a sort of symbol, arriving as he did about the time that the club came out from under its cloud of financial worries. Bill Stout, president of the club, suggested that they name him Past Experience and shoot him, but the wails of the club children prevailed and so they named him Trouble, and now let the children go as far as they like with him.



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Le Maire's Affairs—and Some Others

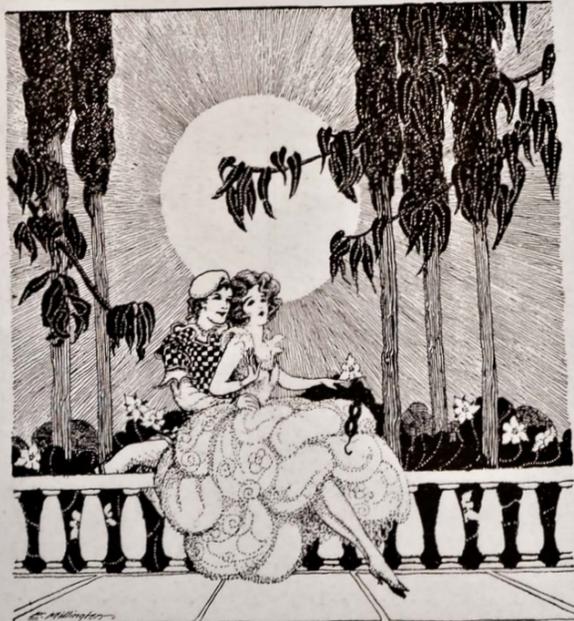
By GORDON COOKE

WITH but all too few exceptions, somnolence—desolate, drear, and very dismal, has settled over the local theatre . . .

The one bright spot since hot weather has definitely taken up its abode here was "LeMaire's Affairs," in which Miss Sophie Tucker, aided and abetted by Messrs. Ted Lewis and Lester Allen, proved that she is still in good voice—so far as speaking is concerned. Miss Tucker belongs quite definitely to a generation who, by this time, have ceased to concern themselves with that type of music which in their day was known as ragtime. Her place has been filled—and who shall say that it is not for the best?—by Marion Harris, Margaret Young, and less personable coon-shouters.

For perhaps the first time in his life, Ted Lewis has a whole show through which to romp and display the histrionic ambitions with which one suspects he is afflicted. Yet Ted Lewis away from his jazz band is comparable to Lorelei Lee in a land of Amazons, if you get what I mean. He is out of tempo; a lost figure in a new and unnatural setting. And now that he has proved that he can act, I hope he will be a good little boy and go back to his incomparable tom-foolery with fife and drum. A great deal might be said of Mr. Lewis, because in many ways he is one of the most significant figures of this jazz age—a part of it, in that he moves in and about it, and yet not a part of it because he seems to hold it in disdain. He is a musician—and a very, very good one—who has also a flair for parody, for mimicry, and for theatrics. He escapes being truly great by virtue of his rebellion against jazz and his pre-occupation with footlight hokum. A little over a year ago, he told me in Chicago of his wish to get away from the jazz band; his desire to characterize. That, of course, is unwise, and not a little absurd. He is as good in his element as John Barrymore is in his. But there is no possibility of invasion; in any other field he will fail utterly. And if he had not been misled by the applause of audiences who are glad to get Ted Lewis in any guise, he must realize this.

Yet a lively and a lovely thing, this "Affairs";



costly raiment, distributed cunningly over those portions of feminine anatomy where it was likely to do the least good, marked the ultimate in theatrical undrapery. Still, there were plenty of flesh-tinted tights in evidence to the observing eye, proving that there is nothing nude under the sun after all.

And when will producers learn that too-frequent allusions to such psychopathic manifestations as Kraft-Ebing recites have ceased to be funny—until, at least, some new jokes are coined about this curious and perhaps not so funny phase of sex?

* * *

Of the recent movies, "The Grand Old Army Game," with W. C. Fields, is probably the most notable. Here is comedy at once deft and broad—so broad, at times, as to be unhumorously obvious, so deft at other times as to be almost undiscernible. Fields brings with him to the screen not a few of his stage tricks, which might better be omitted as irrelevant, and since he seems to find no difficulty with film technique he should be able to contribute something new, rather than remodel something very old into an almost unrecognizable semblance of the new.

* * *

IN BRIEF: "The Rain-Maker," a frightful distortion of platitudes into verities; salvaged over with religious miracles, undying love, noble and self-sacrificing inmates of brothels, and erudite conversations between jockeys and their paramours . . . "The Volga Boatman": DeMille plays at being Griffith; princesses of the "genre," whom, you recall, felt the disturbing presence of a common garden variety of pea under the softness of twenty mattresses, fall in love with bol-

shevik agitators of whom cleanliness cannot be said to be characteristic . . . "That's My Baby": funny and good; Douglas MacLean almost a real comedian . . . "Ella Cinders": Colleen Moore in an adaptation of the so-called comic strip in the News; highly praised by the New's movie critic . . . "Good and Naughty": Pola Negri in a comedy that reveals her to be no comedienne; loud hosannas from the movie-critic of The New Yorker, proving that all movie critics do not know what they're talking about; Ford Sterling the only

(Concluded on page 30)

The Pledge of Inverness

This is the story of the Pledge of Inverness.

Back in 1920, after the last putt had been holed in the gathering darkness and the American Open golf title had been won by stoical Ted Ray of England, the Lodge of Sorrow met in the locker room of the Inverness Country Club at Toledo, where the event had been played.

Not only had Ray won by one stroke, but his countryman—Harry Vardon—had finished in a tie for second place. Walter Hagen, Jim Barnes, Jock Hutchison, Leo Diegel, Emmett French, Bobby Jones, Chick Evans and other American professional and amateur stars had failed to beat back the attack of the two lone Britishers. The gloom was thick. The "if-I-had-only" boys were bewailing their failure to have gone hand-in-hand with Lady Golfing Luck in the 72 holes of fighting.

No one was chanting a pean of victory.

Suddenly a sharp, piercing voice was raised. If memory serves correctly, it was the voice of Bill Mehlhorn, then a compatriot unknown.

"Let's snap out of this," he cried. "Let's forget about having lost to the Britishers. Let's get revenge."

"All right, but how?" came a question from another locker aisle.

"Let's show them that Americans, as well as English and Scotch, can play this game."

"When?"

"Next year. We're licked this year, but we oughtn't to cry over spilled milk and missed putts. Let's send a team over next year after their cup. Who'll go?"

"I," and "I," and "I," came from various parts of the room.

And so it came to pass that the Pledge of Inverness was made.

The following year a team did go across and Jock Hutchison, Scotch born, but citizen of the United States, came back with the British cup. Another year passed and Walter Hagen, American born and bred, topped the field. In 1923 Hagen missed out by one stroke, to see Arthur Havers, an Englishman, take the cup back to British soil. But in '24 Hagen won again and, last year, to cap the climax, another American—Jim Barnes—was the victor.

This brings us to the current year, to find Robert Tyre Jones, American Amateur champion and former American Open title holder, leading all the pack and to find Al Watrous (who learned his golf right here in Detroit) the best professional in the same field. And in this year's event, seven of the first nine in the British Open were Americans!

Thus has the Pledge of Inverness been kept.

R. G.

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The Garden of a Puttering Provincial

"Once on a time two little hands
Planted a garden in the sands . . ."
By E. J. B.

IT is rather distressing at times that a garden should be so personal and indicative. It is not so much what they signify to other scrutinizing and kindly critical eyes (that would be enough!), as the facts about ourselves that they innocently force upon us. We are, in a garden, unwittingly induced to exhibit so many things that we would prefer to be allowed to ignore. We unconsciously invent excuses to cover our actual guilt. With crowding, half-formed pictures in our minds of the charming possibilities of this same plot of ground, the actual results of our labors tell us bluntly that we have been inadequate. What can we do but take refuge in the thought that we haven't really applied ourselves as we might and that, after all, it is no very vital matter—merely a garden, built just for fun . . .

At Mid-day

Those feathery columbines over-topping the prim Canterbury Bells that way is very bad. We didn't intend that in the least, but—let's see, it started to rain that afternoon and the little plants simply had to be hurried into the ground at the most convenient spot; or perhaps it was getting dark . . .

Those stunted little snap dragons there where they run too far into the shade bear unmistakable signs of dejection. They touchingly lift themselves to the utmost, but there is surely an accusing air about them that says, "Stupid, you should never be trusted with a snap dragon seed." We did know better, but it was just there that we have visioned such a nice long border . . .

Those paths—how symmetrical and unrelenting they are. The rows are so straight—too straight, positively geometrical, and that absurd image standing on a pedestal is trying so hard to have an air . . .

The garden is too fussy, that's what—there are bare spots, wrong colors, too much mass, heights are miscalculated; there is lack of taste, proportion, ideas, arrangement, right effects, in fact, experience itself. It's bad—it's an abysmal mess—it's the garden of a puttering provincial.

Oh, well, there were too many distracting cares at planting time. Carpenters, plumbers, masons—what-not—demanding constant and instant attention. Too many irons and too much fire—no wonder.

After Sunset

But after sunset comes the amateur gardener's compensation. As the season advances he finds himself lingering about the place a good deal after dark. Then he sees much better than he can during the day. Things are much more as he intended. There is new confidence to be found in the garden after dusk; the whole effect is really rather pleasant after all. The way the riotous blooms toe the mark for those little brick-edged gravel paths is pleasing, too, and that dignified row of dwarf pears against the wall with their ridiculously heavy fruit—Frenchy, positively Frenchy . . .

And a unity has been accomplished that had been

despaired of. The shadow on the path from that pedestal with the figure—very nice; a border of delphiniums and hollyhocks like that might easily be anywhere in England. Colors blend, things sit more comfortably in relation to each other—that intrusive grape arbor is in about the right place after all, and nothing could be fitter than those squatty quinces at the corners.

A little formality, but not too much—about right, in fact. In another two years it will be a model, no question about that. Taste and discrimination are paramount. (Anyone, with a little practice, can drop seeds and use a hoe.)

What a satisfaction to have made such a demonstration with a mere garden—how personal it is, and how very indicative . . .

Rock Gardens

(Continued from page 7.)

covering them with a riot of color.

About the first of June I made a small rock garden on a hill with no water available and until July 9th no rain came. Out of 240 plants I lost only 10, and the cut worms were responsible for some of those. The balance are growing better than those in another little display where we have used the sprinkler several times.

It might be fitting now to mention that if one has water available or shady spots, there are many plants which will grow nicely there—but such a garden should be called a marine garden, or a water garden. One can easily and beautifully have a composite arrangement, blending all types together by selecting the plants and location carefully.

Following is a list of hardy rock plants for the beginner and in most cases I have included the common names for easy reference. Most of these plants are found in any seed catalogue:

Campanula carpatica—(blue and white Canterbury bells).

Matricaria Exima Nana.
Papaver Alpinus—Hardy poppy.
Statice Incana—Sea pink.
Tunica Saxifraga—Coat flower.
Aubretia Purpurea—Wall Cress.
Gypsophila Repeus—Baby's Breath.
Arabis Alpina—Rock Cress.
Lychis Haageana—Campion.
Helianthemum Nudicule—Rock rose.
Veronica Spicata—Speedwell.
Armeria Lauchiana—Sandwort.
Viola Cornuta—Violet.
Saponaria Ocymoides—Soapwort.
Sedum Album—Stonecrop.
Sedum Samentosum.
Semperivium tectorum.
Semperivium Arachnoideum.
Phlox subulata—Creeping Phlox.



Rudolph,
Aged 8

THIS is Rudolph, aged eight. He is just one of several hundred who are on the waiting list for the Free Press Fresh Air Camp—which, as you should know, is located in Oakland county, at Sylvan Lake.

He has a winning look, don't you think? Rudolph would so very much like to go to camp. You see he has no mother, and he lives in one of Detroit's unspeakably dirty and congested down-town districts with his father and two sisters, 11 and 12 years old.

They have two rooms, and there isn't so very much air at night, and it's hot and sticky, and the little kitchen sink is the only place where the child can feel the comforting touch of cool water.

So very much Rudolph would like to go to camp and run merrily down over the grass with the other boys to plunge headlong into the lake for the twice daily swim.

There are a lot of other things there too that he doesn't know about yet—a shop and a library and an auditorium where there are movies or other entertainment every night. And the little wooden houses where the boys sleep have screened sides open to the cool night air, and there are three good nourishing meals a day, and rowboats and long country walks.

There are lots of other Rudolphs who are also waiting a chance at all this. Your contribution would help get them there faster. Send it—no matter what size—to the Detroit Free Press Fresh Air Fund, Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit.

The camp is open until the last of August, and you are welcome to visit it at any time and see for yourself how it takes away the wistful look from the faces of any number of little Rudolphs.



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DIAGONALLY OPPOSITE PRINCE EDWARD HOTEL



Country Comment

Building activity in Bloomfield Hills goes on apace. Mr. H. A. O'Dell has started construction on his house in Stinchfield acres, a Wormer and Moore development, and Mr. Frank E. Werneken, who now lives at Grosse Pointe, expects to break ground within the next couple of weeks on Wing Lake Shores, where he will live permanently.

Wormer and Moore are building four houses, also at Wing Lake, which will be completed about October 1 and will go on sale at that time.



PERSPECTIVE of a residence for Mr. T. W. Taliaferro, as designed by Mildner & Eisen, local architects. The home is now being constructed in Trowbridge Farms, exclusive Judson Bradway development in Bloomfield Hills. The first floor is composed of a living room, dining room, chamber, reception hall, butler's pantry, and two baths. On the second floor are four bedrooms and two baths; on the third floor are two bedrooms, a bath, and a cedar closet; and in the basement is the laundry, vegetable cellar, boiler room, and billiard parlor. The garage is a two-story building with servant's quarters on the second floor.

* * *

Officers of the Pontiac Kennel Club are enthusiastic over the results of their first dog show, held June 26th at the Leighton Dog Hospital, on Perry avenue, just out of Pontiac. One hundred and twenty-five dogs were exhibited, the W. L. Helmer cup for the best in the show going to Jarvis Thompson. Charles Quetschke of Toledo was the judge, presenting twelve cups in as many classes with ribbons and special prizes for many others.

Selection of the champion "mutt" brought out a field of all kinds of nondescript cross breeds, this class being one of the features, and the cup presented by Dr. Leighton. Everard Aikens was the owner of the champion "mutt."



Et Cetera

By GORDON COOKE

The jitney-drivers may as well adapt for their slogan that old classic: "Never say die; say writ."

—etc.—

One can be thankful for his enemies. At least he has no reason to doubt their sincerity.

—etc.—

A woman's love is a species of tyranny against which few men have courage to rebel.

—etc.—

Inconsistency may render its possessor insincere to the world at large, but it is the one way by which he may remain sincere with himself.

—etc.—

I dislike other men in the degree that they differ from myself.

—etc.—

Definitions

Movies: Against a plain white sheet, stretched taut, are flashes of light and shadow—signifying absolutely nothing.

Jazz: The gutturals in the language of harmonics.

Women: The depths of superficiality.

Men: The superficiality of depths.

—etc.—

Argument with men is a necessity for the soul's sake; with women, a necessity, but for quite another reason.

—etc.—

Men become bachelors for the same reason that other men become husbands: Women.

—etc.—

Every conspicuous personage is given an aura of romance, is in some way set down as being impervious to the perplexities which beset more common folk. One simply cannot imagine great personalities engaged in the humbler actions of ordinary mortals. It were impossible, for example, to picture Mary Garden lustily and sonorously blowing her nose, or the Hon. William Howard Taft, benighted in a gown ending just short of the knee, groping for the bathroom light while chilling his bare feet on the bathroom floor!

—etc.—

With which to brave cloudbursts, Man has invented umbrellas, oil-skins, and one-man tops, but after centuries of experimenting he has been unable to devise any adequate defense against a woman's tears.

—etc.—

The Poet builds cathedrals out of words . . . The Cynic steals their altar clothes and uses them for bath mats.

—etc.—

We can forgive people their virtues if their vices are sufficiently attractive.

—etc.—

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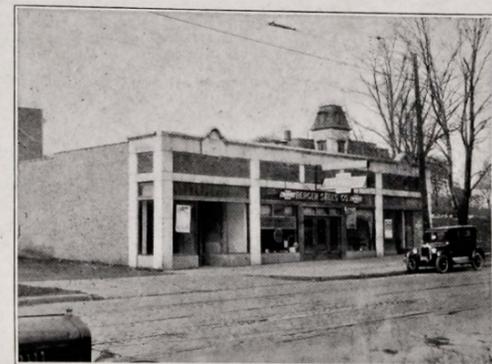
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SOCIETY

(Continued from page 17.)

soms. She carried a bouquet of bride's roses, lilies of the valley and orchids.

Miss Elizabeth Gallogly, the maid of honor, wore a gown of rose pointe d'esprit over nude satin; satin slippers to match, completed her costume. The bridesmaids, Miss Helen Butler, and Miss Louise Barnard, were gowned alike in rose pointe d'esprit, and wore white milan hats. Their bouquets were of roses and larkspur.

After the ceremony a reception was held in the orchards. Mr. and Mrs. Butler left for an Eastern trip, but will spend the summer at Lake Angelus.

Sarnia

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Burrowes and family of Farmington are spending three weeks in Quebec, after which they will go to Sarnia, Ontario, to be with Mrs. Burrowes' sister, Mrs. W. A. Kittermaster.



Photo by shaldenbrand

Detroit's recent royal visitor, Gustavus Adolphus, Crown Prince of Sweden, and his host, Hon. Charles B. Warren, taken in Mr. Warren's garden at Grosse Pointe.

GOLF

(Continued from page 11)

club—are fine types. They are worthy successors of the finalists in the seven previous tournaments, in spite of their comparative inexperience. They were skillful with wooden and iron clubs, with mashies, niblicks and putters; they were courageous, they were generous—and above all they were just boys, keen to do clean battle with each other.

Johnnie Malloy was conspicuous by his absence from the clubhouse, the locker room, and even the course at those moments when he was not actually engaged in competition, or in practicing for a few moments before each round. He and two little supporters—brothers, by the way—drove the long distance from Ann Arbor each morning and back again in the evening, in a battered car the maker of which has made Detroit famous. The two fraternal rooters walked with Johnnie around the course on every round and pulled silently, but none the less strenuously, as every shot was played. They hoped and prayed that victory might perch on the Banner of Malloy and that their car might, on the final evening, carry the trophy back to a modest home in Ann Arbor.

Stanley Ford was equally inconspicuous. It was at the proverbial eleventh hour that Ernie Ford, his father, came to this chronicler of the event—who was secretary for the tournament—and said:

"I believe I'd like to enter my boy Stanley in this tournament."

"That's fine, Ernie, why don't you do that? You'll have to enter him unattached, you know."

"Sure. I know. He ought to have the experience. Here's the entrance fee."

And that is how the 17-year-old Detroit Interscholastic champion became a post entrant fifteen minutes before the tournament actually started. From that time on Stanley Ford was a golfing machine—one that was able to qualify for the championship and to earn the heartiest of commendation for his ability to defeat Bill Courtney, and the warmest of congratulations from Larry Kinnear himself when he put out that veteran and former Kansas Amateur champion in the semi-final round.

Nothing need be said about the actual competition in that last round. It is history, history all of you have read in detail in the daily papers. The better boy won and he won because he had a bit more poise and considerably more experience. It would have been equally as popular a victory had Stanley Ford won—for Johnny Malloy, as well liked as he is, has earned not a bit more of the approbation of his elders.

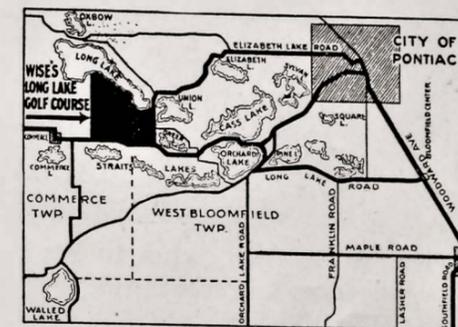
In the first round Malloy defeated Warren Pease, Jr., of Brooklands; Howard B. Lee of Country Club defeated T. L. Denk of Oakland Hills; William Sutherland of Hawthorne Valley defeated Tom Paddock of Country Club; Harvey Olson of Lochmoor defeated Robert Borrowman of Plum Hollow; Edgar Brandau of Island defeated Sherman Grosslight of Knollwood;

GOLFERS

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GOLF—Continued

Roger Hill of Detroit Golf Club defeated Paul Munn of Meadowbrook; T. A. Elwood Vyse of Ann Arbor defeated Hazelton A. Wallace of Detroit Golf Club; Fred Glover, Jr., of Grosse Ile defeated A. B. Dietrich of Lochmoor; William Courtney of Plum Hollow defeated Fred Feely of Detroit Golf Club; Daniel Trowbridge Quirk of Washtenaw defeated Howard Maguire of Meadowbrook; Lawrence Wood, unattached, defeated G. Leslie Conley of Detroit Golf Club, defending champion; Stanley Ford, unattached, defeated F. Lawrence Dow, Oakland Hills; James Hamlin, Detroit Golf Club, defeated G. R. Harris, Oakland Hills; George W. Renchard, Detroit Golf Club, defeated Guy A. Miller, Detroit Golf Club; Richard Barnum, Detroit Golf Club, defeated Addison Connor, Detroit Golf Club; and L. W. Kinnear, Detroit Golf Club, defeated James D. Standish, Jr., Country Club, former champion.

In the second round Malloy defeated Lee, Olson defeated Sutherland, Hill defeated Brandau, Glover defeated Vyse, Courtney defeated Quirk, Ford defeated Wood, Renchard defeated Hamlin and Kinnear defeated Barnum.

In the third round, Malloy defeated Olson; Glover defeated Vyse; Ford defeated Courtney, and Kinnear defeated Renchard.

Semi-final results found Malloy winner over Glover and Ford the winner from Kinnear.

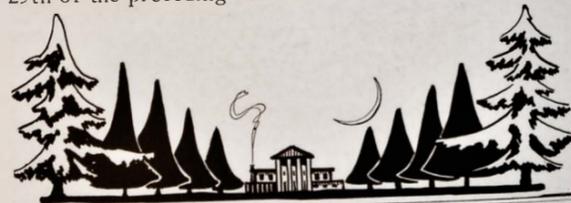
In all, nearly 300 district golfers played in the qualifying rounds. There were five flights of 16 players each in addition to the 32-player championship flight. It was a successfully conducted tournament, one that went forward for the five days without a single question that was taken up to William Gale Curtis, chairman of the committee. Incidentally it demonstrated that the older golfers—the ones who have been in the habit of having things their own way year after year—must look to themselves and mend their golfing ways. The boys are not coming—

They are here!

Two In One

The August and September numbers of the Afterglow will be combined this summer, as they were last, into a fatter magazine, which will appear on August 25.

Beginning with the October number the Afterglow will appear on the stands and in the home about the 29th of the preceding month.



WANTED—Live wire direct salesmen for Fette Chinese rugs in Detroit, Flint, Grand Rapids, Saginaw and Pontiac. Full or part time. Commission, salary or both. Write, giving experience in direct selling, salary expected and references in first letter. Mrs. H. B. Merrick, Direct Importer Fette Chinese Rugs, 928 Church Street, Ann Arbor, Mich.

An Enthusiastic Horsewoman



From Toledo for the spring and summer horse shows has come Mrs. A. E. Rueben. She is here shown jumping Darlington at the Detroit Riding and Hunt Club show.

Schedule of Men's Events, July 15 to Aug. 15

Birmingham Golf Club—Saturday, July 24, handicap medal play; Saturday, July 31, qualifying round Club Championship; Sunday, Aug. 1, qualifying round Club Championship; Saturday, Aug. 7, first round Club Championship; Saturday, Aug. 14, second round Club Championship.

Meadowbrook Country Club—Saturday, July 17, Father and Son tournament; Wednesday, July 21, Monroe at Meadowbrook; Saturday, July 24, fourth round President's Cup; Wednesday, July 28, Meadowbrook at Birch Hill; Saturday, July 31, fifth round President's Cup; Wednesday, Aug. 4, Meadowbrook at St. Clair; Sunday, Aug. 8, two-ball mixed foursomes; Wednesday, Aug. 11, Meadowbrook at Monroe; Saturday, Aug. 14, ginger ale tournament.

Plum Hollow Golf Club—Saturday, July 17, second round Summer tournament; Saturday, July 24, semi-finals Summer tournament; Saturday, July 31, final round Summer tournament, 36 holes; Saturday, Aug. 7, qualifying round President's Cup; Saturday, Aug. 14, first round President's Cup.

Bloomfield Hills Country Club—Saturday, July 17, best score on holes 2, 9, 11 and 13, and ball sweepstakes; Saturday, July 24, tournament against blind par; nine holes will be drawn and contestant making best showing on those holes will be the winner; Saturday, July 31, 18 holes medal play tournament and ball sweepstakes.

Red Run Golf Club—Saturday, July 17, qualifying round Mid-Season Match Play handicap; Wednesday, July 21, two-ball mixed foursomes; Saturday, July 24, first round Mid-Season Handicap; Saturday, July 31, second round Mid-Season Handicap; Saturday, Aug. 7, semi-final Mid-Season Handicap; Saturday, Aug. 14, final round Mid-Season Handicap.

Brooklands Golf and Country Club—Saturday and Sunday, July 17-18, third round Fisher Cup and match against par; Saturday-Sunday, July 24-25, fourth round Fisher Cup and medal handicap; Saturday-Sunday, July 31-Aug. 1, semi-finals Fisher Cup and qualifying round President's Cup; Saturday-Sunday, Aug. 7-8, final round Fisher Cup; first round President's Cup, and first round Consolation tournament; Saturday-Sunday, Aug. 14-15, second rounds President's Cup and Consolation.

Women's Golf Events

Brooklands Golf and Country Club—July 21, team play, approaching and putting contest; July 28, Aviation at Brooklands; Aug. 4, clock tournament, 54-hole medal play; Aug. 11, par against bogie. Social events: July 28, bridge, ladies' choice; Aug. 11, pivot bridge.

Red Run Golf Club—July 16, Mid-Summer medal play handicap, first 18 holes of 54; July 21, two-ball mixed foursomes; July 23, second 18 holes of Mid-Summer handicap; July 20, final 18 holes of Mid-Summer handicap; Aug. 6, best gross score for holes 4, 6, 8, 11 and 17; Aug. 13, flag tournament.

Plum Hollow Golf Club—July 23, two-ball foursomes; Aug. 6-13, qualifying round for Fall tournament.

Birmingham Golf Club—July 16, second round Vice-President's trophy; July 23, final round of Vice-President's trophy and ball sweepstakes; July 30, guest day, bridge; Aug. 6, qualifying round Club Championship; Aug. 11, first round Club Championship; Aug. 20, semi-final round Club Championship.

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Le Maire's Affairs—and Some Others
(Continued from page 20.)

justification for the price of admittance . . . "Say It Again": Chester Conklin the only justification for the price of admittance . . . "High Steppers": no justification at all . . . "The Volcano": with Bebe Daniels; part of the nefarious Take a Chance Week at the Capitol—as if every week wouldn't qualify!

If anyone should happen to ask me just what I most hate about movies, I should answer, promptly, and with not a second's hesitation to make it up, "the organ concerts." In fact, I know that is what I would answer. Mind you, I have no quarrel with the pipe-organ. It may be a demure and likable sort of thing when you get to know it better; a splendid instrument in the shadowy dimness of some cathedral, and, for all I know, it may be of inestimable aid in the salvage of wayward souls. But its place, emphatically, is not in a building dedicated to pleasure. It might be that if these organs were played as are those in the churches I could stand it. I'm no authority on this subject, but no devotional music I have ever heard has sounded anything like the tinny, squeaking, ear-drum bursting cacophony that assails one's hearing in the cinema houses. It's worse, even, than Herb and His Bunch. If you are among those who've heard Paul Whiteman play "Rhapsody in Blue," and among those, as well, who heard the organ rendition of the same selection at a movie palace last month, you'll know the source of my peeve.

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Birmingham's Library
(Continued from page 18.)

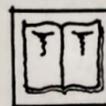
iently located on the first floor. Staff rooms and committee room on the mezzanine floor are reached by stairways back of the delivery desk.

One of the stairways may be reached by a side entrance and leads directly to the lecture room on the second floor of the rear extension. This room is intended for the art exhibits, lectures and library meetings which usually accompany library work, but it will be available for community gatherings of a similar nature. There will be a small stage with modest equipment, and comfortable seats with wide aisles between. The staff kitchenette is nearby to provide the inevitable cup of tea.

The ultimate capacity of the building would be thirty thousand volumes, which, according to library statistics, should satisfy a town of thirty thousand people. The building may be enlarged without spoiling its appearance, but it would seem that the natural expansion when books begin to crowd its walls would be to establish small branches in the outskirts of this impending city of thirty or forty thousand. Extension work through schools and other public or community institutions would release some space also.

The building itself will cost not more than \$140,000, and the remaining \$35,000 to be asked for is intended to cover equipment and architect's fees. If the bond issue for \$175,000 is approved at the election July 29, work will begin immediately and the library will be completed within a year.

Two other bond issues are to be voted upon at the same election, one for \$40,000 for a village fire hall, and the other for \$200,000 with which to purchase two blocks west of Pierce Street, south of Bates Street and between Merrill and Martin Streets. If these two blocks are purchased and used for later public buildings they will complete a civic center four blocks long, adjacent to the center of the village and situated upon a ridge overlooking West Maple Avenue. The next block west is the library site and the fourth block is the Hill School site, which will be eventually used for a large high school, according to the expressed ideas of the school board. The idea which the village administration is trying to materialize for a future Birmingham is one of beautiful buildings, surrounded by spacious grounds to break up the congested area downtown and to conserve some of the breathing spaces which are rapidly disappearing under the ruthless march of business progress.



"Willow Pointe"
(Continued from page 8)

The floor is highly polished, with only two big skins for rugs.

The rustic idea has not been carried to an extreme, for much of the furniture is soft and chintz-covered. In the windows at the lake end is the dining table and from that side two doors open, one onto the lawn terrace, which leads down to the lake, and the other into a narrow passage between vine-covered stone walls, which give the cool effect of a grotto.

The basswood used throughout the house is most unusual. At first I thought it was soft wood with the bark whittled off, leaving the marks of the knife, but it seems that basswood has that fluted effect hidden under its bark, which has only to be stripped off to reveal it. The wood has been left in its natural state, quite free of wax or oil.

I have already mentioned the bedroom above. It is quite the loveliest room I have seen in many a weary tour. The dimensions of these two rooms by the way are 35 by 45 feet; spacious, you must admit. The bedroom is all summer airiness, with the same smooth floor and one chaste white fur rug on its polished surface. The color scheme is particularly felicitous, tired as one is of the usual misdirected efforts of decorators. Three colors are used—apple green of a dull tone, with a soft mauve and old rose. The walls are a subtle mauve and the furniture is painted the dull green with painted willow branches trailing over it. The chintz on beds and chairs and chaise lounge combines the three colors and is a particularly happy choice. The bath is of dull green tiles and from the lake side a door opens onto a stone balcony, from which a rugged stone stairway leads down to the lawn terrace, and so to the lake—for early morning plunges, one suspects.

The smaller bedrooms deserve a mention too, especially the two guest rooms, which are painted in delicate colors and fitted up like a cabin on a yacht, with built-in beds and funny little drawers and contrivances that are very shipshape.

The grounds of the place cover sixteen acres, with flower beds, lovely trees, a tennis court and the golf course, which is described in the article on Lake Angelus in another part of this magazine.



AN ERROR

The Afterglow regrets an error made on page 9 of the June number in which the name Andrew Bowdan was under the top photograph. The house and grounds there pictured belong to Mr. S. D. Bolton, who has a beautiful place on the mill stream just north of Franklin.

Bloomfield Village



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The Bloomfield Village owner is protected by Judson Bradway's rigid restrictions.

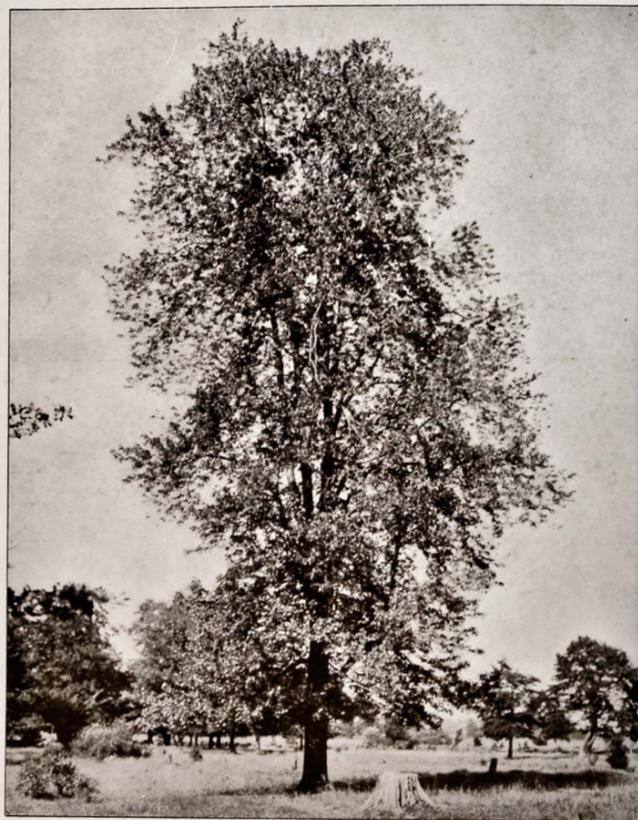
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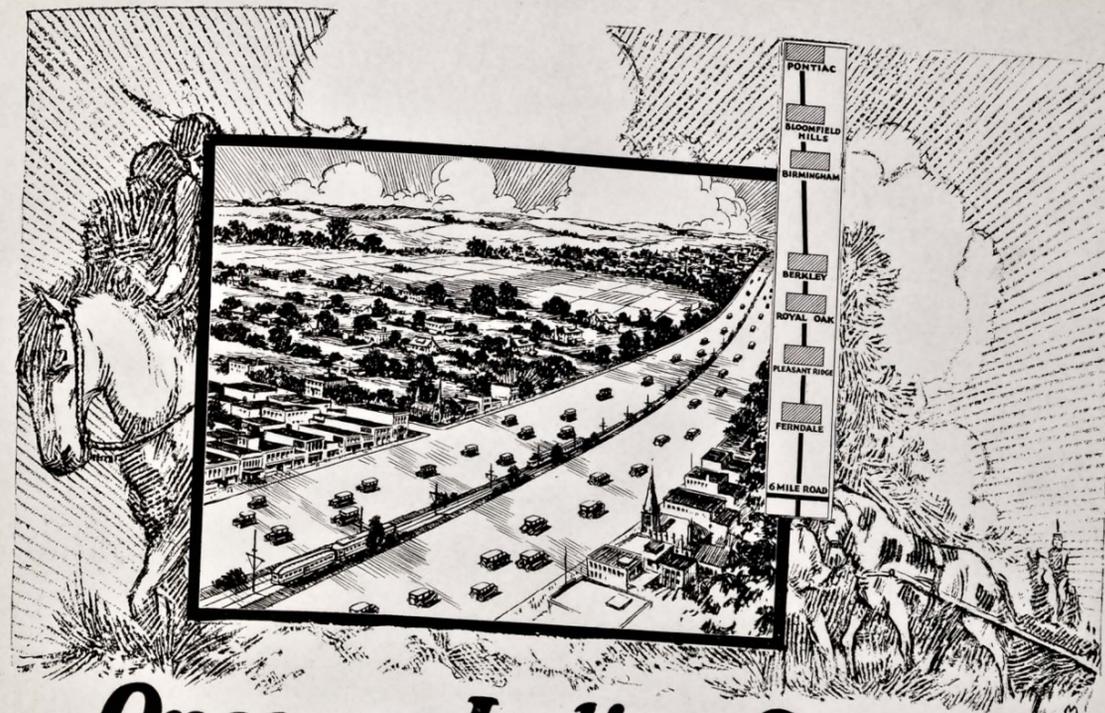
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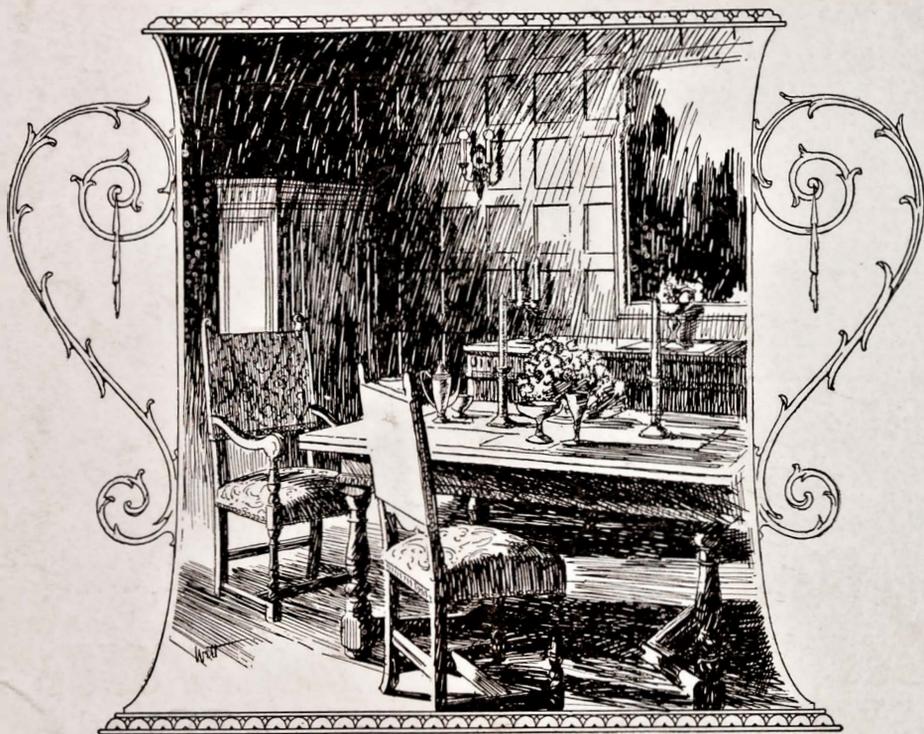
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