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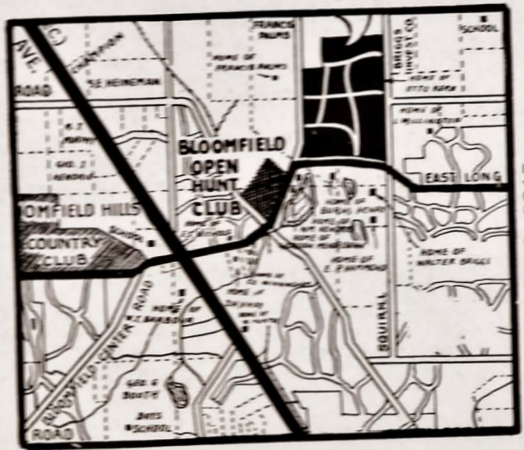
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THE AFTERGLOW

Page One



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# THE AFTERGLOW

Country Life  
Around Detroit



Houses -:- Gardens  
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Vol. II

## Contents for August and September, 1926

Nos. VIII-IX

Cover design from a linoleum cut by Sherwood Blackburn	
Summer at Cranbrook.....photograph by Hance	4
The Covert.....by Marion Holden	5
For She Was the Pet of the Army.....by Helen C. Bower	8
Golf.....by Ralston Goss	9
And Now They Ride To Hounds.....old photographs	11
Music in the Hills.....by S. R. M.	12
Cool Places.....photographs	13
Vacation Time.....snap shots	14
Society.....by Katherine Atkinson	15
The Towers-A Town House.....	17
Golf Club Gossip.....	19
Camp Cavell on Lake Huron.....	21
Golf Schedule for September.....	23
The Judson Bradway Exhibition Home.....	24
Country Comment.....	26
Rolla Coryell, Who Knows About Gardens.....	28
How Do YOU Lie?.....by Ralston Goss	30

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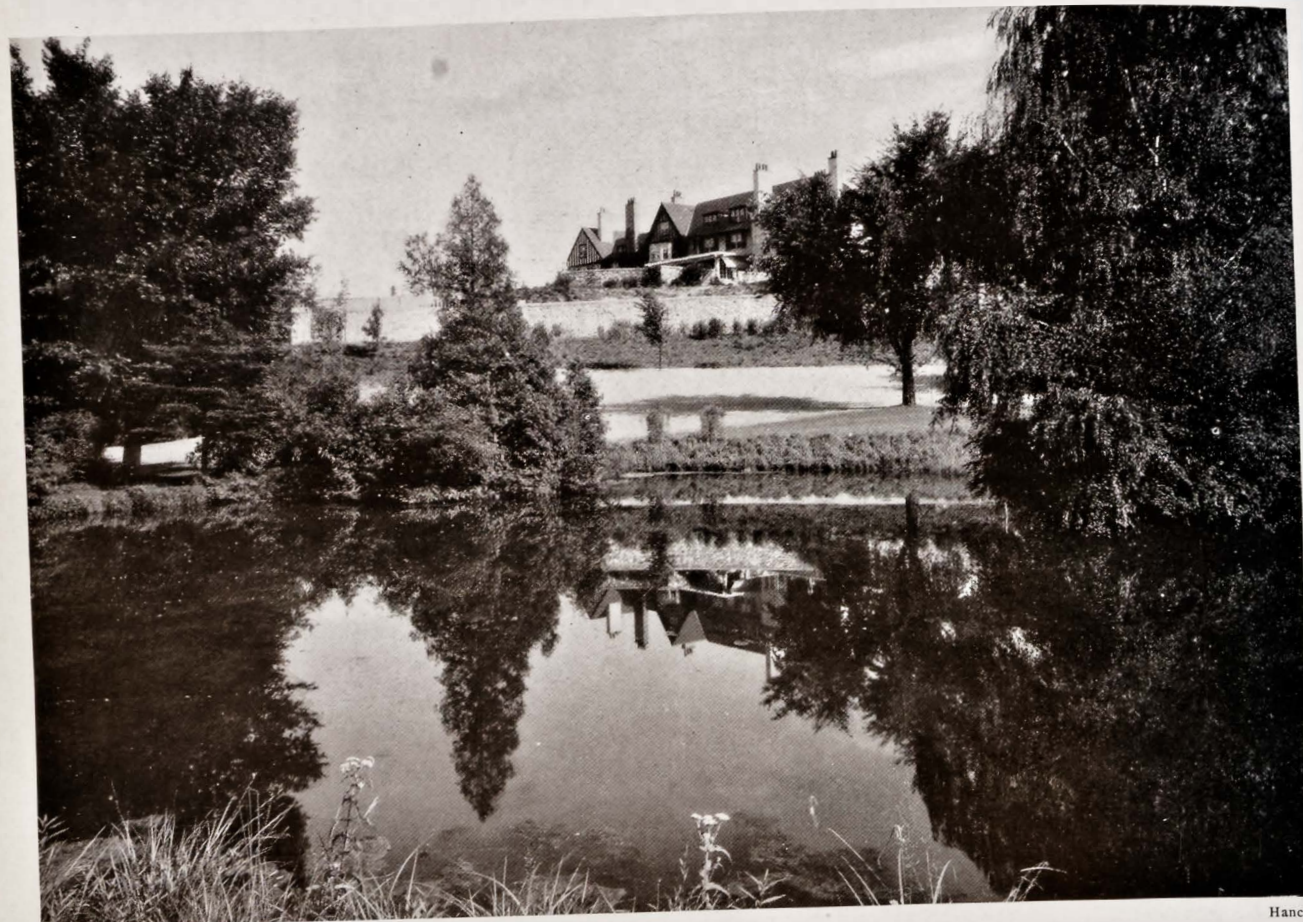
View of Orchard Lake from One of the Old Homes

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Hance

## Summer At Cranbrook

*The Bloomfield Hills Home  
of George G. Booth, Esq.*



Arnold

### The Covert

A century old farm house on East Long Lake Road that has been transformed by Miss Sarah and Miss Marjorie Hendrie into a week-end place and hunting lodge

By MARION HOLDEN

COVERT—pronounced “cover” by the English—means “shelter for wild things.” With all its associations and connotations it is of course the perfect name for a hunting lodge. Although the Hendrie Covert—owned by Miss Sarah and Miss Marjorie Hendrie—started out after the war as a more or less shack where the hunting Hendries and their friends might hole in after a long day with the B. O. H. hounds, it rapidly developed into the most charming of little houses—a country house, a playhouse, an early American farm house, almost any kind of small house that suggests picturesque informality and the out-of-doors.

The original part of the house is about a hundred years old, and at the time the Hendries bought it—with fifteen acres that stretch from the east



Arnold

Over the mantel in the dining room is a Bradford Johnson pastel portrait of the late Jessie Hendrie and in front of it a portrait rug in hooked rags, of William and Marjorie Hendrie on horseback.

Long Lake Road to the woods and the hill at the back—it was the only house on the road (except the Hunt Club) east of the tracks. Since then many friends of theirs have bought estates adjoining or near the Covert—the late Burns Henry's Hunting Hall is the next door west, E. P. Hammond has built Hillwood south and east and across the road, north and east is Francis Palms' beautiful new place.

Since it is down this road that the hunt clatters on a frosty autumn morning during the fall season these houses are overflowing with people who are keen to hounds, who, like John Peel, “want a good hunt in the morning.” The Covert is filled with reminders and trophies of the chase, souvenirs of three generations of hunting Hendries, clear back to a great grandfather and an uncle who was master





The photograph below gives a small idea of how the original farm house looked before it was rejuvenated by the Hendries. At the left is the gay little garden with its flagged walks and the cistern-well in the center. The little white fellow is one of the Scot-ties that are an important part of the Covert.



Arnold

of hounds in Scotland. Many of the old hunt engravings and prints on the walls of every room in the Covert were collected by these ancestors, who loved the chase fully as much as the present generation loves it.

The atmosphere of the little house is delicious, and has been carefully reproduced from the Victorian parlors by Miss Sarah Hendrie, who has taken delight in collecting the oddments that adorn her rooms. The "parlor," for instance, is filled with Victorian relics brought from the attic of Miss Sarah Sibley, an aunt. Here are stiff little sofas upholstered in green plush

gold wall paper in this room was carefully selected, with its gold top moulding, as a background for the funny old prints, engravings and silhouettes that adorn the walls.

This parlor (they like to use the stuffy Victorian name) was made from two little bedrooms, and what was the parlor before—shut tight against weddings and funerals—is now a quaint bedroom with mahogany four-posted beds and old mahogany and

blue painted furniture. The funny little bedroom that opened from this original parlor is now a bath.

Perhaps the perfect touch in the house is the tiny hall and circular stair. The walls are papered in old-fashioned landscape strips and the hall rack is a mahogany horse-shoe with large steel horseshoe nails for pegs which hold hunting whips and caps and derbies.



Arnold

Most of the furniture in the dining room is old maple. The screen is made of green and white French wall paper and you can just glimpse a piece of the maple corner cupboard with its hoard of old china.

The white and



Arnold

The little circular stair goes up from a small hall at one end of the "parlor." The center-table with its album, shell and stiff little vase of zincas is typical of the Victorian atmosphere of this room.

What was the old kitchen back of the entrance hall has been added onto and now makes a long dining room that is really half sitting room. As one enters this room one feels that the whole out-doors is there, pressing in at the windows, for from every side the landscape sweeps away to hill or lake, over garden, apple tree and wall. French doors on either side of the central fireplace open onto a stone terrace at the back from which steps lead down into a riot of color where a tiny garden is built between the body and el of the house—but that comes in the next paragraph.

At the ends of the long dining room are more French doors, curtained in dotted muslin and overdraped in striped green and white glazed chintz, which can be pulled across to cover the doors. This room is so delightfully full of interesting things that one simply can't describe them all. There is color everywhere, and the tone is set by the maple furniture, which is the main feature of the room—the three drop-leaf tables, the gorgeous old corner cupboard, the many chairs. The mantel here is just right, too.

In front of the hearth is a hooked portrait rug of William and Marjorie Hendrie on horseback, labelled "Billy and Marjorie," in large wobbly black letters. The portrait is said to almost exactly reproduce the color of the two hunters—otherwise the likenesses are delightfully sketchy.

The little garden—now we've come to it—with its garden house and well and dry stone wall and flagged

walks, is delectable. Miss Sarah Hendrie has made rather a study of gardening and her idea here was to have an autumn garden that would be gay into the hunting season and would also need very little care. With this in mind she has planted annuals and perennials in a riot of color—callendulas and phlox, hollyhocks and asters, zincas and marigolds, tiger lilies, lavender and mignonette, voilas and pansies, clove pinks. Near the screened part of the terrace are sweet briars that give fragrance after a rain; there are old-fashioned yellow roses and moss roses and ramblers. The rock plants, particularly the portulacca, grow in the wall and in all the crevices of the terrace and walks—so that one continually treads on little yellow and magenta and crimson flowers. Hens and chickens—so dear to Victorian hearts—grow up the steps with a casual air, while Virginia creeper crawls over the stone wall as willingly as it clings to old rail fences and ancient trees along the road side.

Beyond the little garden are fields that sweep down to Vhay's lake on the west—the sunset comes over it, and enters the dining room at the dinner hour—and a wooded hill at the south, so that one has no sense of being on a road—only a feeling of fields and woods and hills, clean-swept by country winds that are laden with nothing more noxious than the scent of clover and thyme and new-cut hay.

(Continued on page 27)



Arnold

John Hendrie, Esq.

From a sketch done in Glasgow by W. P. Frith, R. A., in 1854. This is one of the many interesting family prints and silhouettes that hang on the walls of The Covert.



## For She Was the Pet of the Army

By HELEN C. BOWER

IT wasn't the famous and fictitious "Captain Jenks of the Horse Marines" who taught Ann Harding to ride, because Ann isn't old enough for that. "Captain Jenks," if memory and the legends of my forefathers serve me correctly, flourished about the time of the Spanish-American war, which ante-dates Ann by at least a number of years.

Nevertheless, Uncle Sam was responsible for Ann's present and like-to-be-everlasting love of horses and horseback riding. And if she hadn't been working so consistently at being leading woman for the Garrick Company this summer, she would have had leisure to explore fascinating, tree-bordered bridle paths and country roads in Bloomfield.

"Somehow I find it easier to have patience with horses than with most people," admitted Miss Harding, one afternoon in her dressing room at the Garrick.

"You know horses aren't just horses,—to be classed with one sweeping gesture and dismissed. Horses have personality. When you go to ride you can pick a horse to fit your mood. You know I'm not a tremendously gregarious person, and I like to go off by myself on horseback. If I want to talk, I can talk to my horse. But my horse will never make the mistake of talking to me when I'm not in the mood for it."

Leaning forward to look into the little mirror, as she wiped smears of cold cream from her eyebrows, Miss Harding observed that "the scar doesn't really show any more."

"Scar?"

"Yes! Six stitches had to be taken in my forehead that time."

"That time?" I echoed again, inanely.

Sounded then the inimitable, throaty laugh, gentle now, a bit amused,

credulous. The play-acting child was holding her audience dramatically; grown-up Ann Harding was off somewhere, hiding in the folds of the black lace evening dress that belonged to Bluebeard's Eighth Wife.

"Why, I've had almost every bone in my body broken by horses, but I love it."

"You see, I learned to ride at Camp Knox, sometime around 1920. My father was commanding officer there. The artillery men were trying to prove that horses could do anything a tractor could do, and a few things it couldn't. So they used to go out on

the most frightful rides; and I used to go along sometimes, after I learned to ride, just because I was so frightened. I would rather have been killed than admit that I was afraid. The *piece de resistance* was always tearing down a high, perpendicular sand bank with a ditch or stony brook at the bottom and a road beyond. It was magnificent. We always came home with something broken.

"After a while I used to work with the polo ponies, give them a little preliminary training before the officers taught them to follow the ball."

The scar-of-the-six-stitches was acquired in 1923, however, after Miss Harding had given up the life of an army officer's daughter to follow the gleam of the theater's calcium lights. She had gone out one winter day with a party of her fellows in the company at Providence,—Ben Lyons and Adams Rice among them. Ann traded horses with a lad who hadn't ridden very much. But she didn't notice that her mount was smooth-shod; there were no caulks in his shoes for riding on icy roads.



Ann Harding and One of Those Army Horses.

(Concluded on page 35)

## Golf

Looking Backward as the Season Approaches Its Seer and Yellow End

By RALSTON GOSS

IT is almost time—since there are but four consequential tournaments left on the 1926 Detroit District golf schedule—to become retrospective.

And, in looking backward over the season that is approaching its seer and yellow end, we find that only one 1925 champion in these parts has successfully defended a title. That one is Mrs. Harley Higbie of the Country Club of Detroit, who retained the Michigan women's championship after a week of fine golf on the course of the Kent Country Club in Grand Rapids.

G. Leslie Conley of the Detroit Golf Club was unable to hold the men's District title he won a year ago, and Carlton F. Wells of the Ann Arbor Golf and Outing Club had no better luck when he essayed to keep the state championship he won in 1925 at Saginaw. In each instance boys not out of their 'teens became successors to those older and more experienced players—which brings us to a consideration of these younger men and the part they have played on the golf courses of the state in recent years.

Back in 1924 the first Detroit Interscholastic championship in golf was decided. The tournament was played at the Gowanie Golf and Country Club, Mt. Clemens, and focused golfers' attention on Ralph Cole, then a student in Northern High, who won the individual championship; Addison Connor, Paul Munn and Bill Courtney of Highland Park High, and several others who since have been cutting capers in events of greater importance than that one. The following year, 1925, Art Walker of Eastern was individual champion, and this year Stanley Ford of Redford High came into the title. Then, too, this year there was played—and oddly enough on foreign soil—the first Michigan Interscholastic championship. The venue was the St. Clair Country Club, near Tecumseh, Ontario. Dave Ward of Big Rapids—who had given promise in State and Western Michigan tournaments for the two previous seasons—won the title, while Eugene Hand, a lad of 17 who comes from Bay City, was runner-up.

Mark well all these names, for practically every one of these boys—with the addition of a few others—have played valiant roles in all of our major tournaments. The roll of honor of those who are 21 or less and who have done nobly this year includes:

Dave Ward of Big Rapids, who is Michigan State champion, Michigan Interscholastic champion, and Western Michigan champion. Pretty fair for a lad of 18!

Stanley Ford, who was captain of the Redford High school team that won the city and state team championships in the interscholastic competitions; individual city interscholastic champion; runner-up in the Detroit District tournament; semi-finalist in the National Public Links championship at Buffalo last month, and

who reached the third round in the Flint Invitation event. Not so bad for a child of 17!

Addison Connor, who was a semi-finalist in the Michigan State tournament, and who, with Ralph Cole, Robert Newman, Fred Feely and Fred Glover, Jr., gave the University of Michigan a golf team of which it was proud.

Lawrence Wood, a public links player, who eliminated the defending champion, G. Leslie Conley, in the Detroit District, and who put out James D. Standish, Jr., in the first round of the Michigan State championship event.

Johnnie Malloy of Ann Arbor, who at 19 won the Detroit District title, and his brother, Jimmie (a mere 17), who stepped out in the first round of the Flint Invitation tournament and defeated Dave Ward, State champion.

A few more—such boys as Dayton O'Donnell and John Glover of Grosse Ile; Ed, Joe and Dick Yates of the Pine Lake club; Bud Cumiskey, Lyman Crane, Bert Shuriy and Jim Hamlin of the Detroit Golf club; Francis Ryan of Oakland Hills; John Murphy of Pine Lake; Robert Borrowman of Plum Hollow; J. A. E. Vyse of Ann Arbor; and Burt Cushing of Barton Hills, Ann Arbor—are coming, and coming fast. All have been making real progress this year and each is taking his game seriously enough to warrant the prediction that they will all be factors in our major engagements next season.

### A Father and Son Tournament

Perhaps it was recognition of the sterling golf that these and other boys have played this year that caused the Detroit Golf Club, through John W. Bryant, Jr., its efficient and popular president, to offer that club's North (or championship) course for a Father and Son tournament, on condition that the Detroit District association would sponsor and run it as the first annual event of its kind. Father and Son tournaments have a vogue in the East, but have never been tried here. This one, as the ones in the East, will be played as a two-ball (or Scotch) foursome. Fathers will drive from the odd-numbered tees and sons from the even-numbered ones, alternate shots being made from tee to cup by the partners. As this is being written, the exact date for this event has not been determined. It will come before the boys are required to go back to school, however, and it should draw a field of at least 100 couples, for great interest has been aroused and many a family argument already is rife as to whether father is better than son. As a matter of fact there are but few of the sons who can not give their sires a couple of bisques and beat them in match play. And as for medal! That is where the older men worry and fret and see their scores mount with surprising rapidity, while the youngsters, with the optimism of youth, simply refuse to "tighten up."



*Michigan Open Revived*

Another major tournament on the schedule for September is the revival of the Michigan Open, an event that has not been played since 1923, when Harry Hampton, then professional at Brooklands, won. T. Frank Ferguson, who has been president of the Meadowbrook Country Club for the last three years and who can continue to hold that office as long as he cares to do so, is so proud of the reconditioned course and the new locker house that he wants all of Michigan to see and appreciate. Therefore he has conceived the idea of inviting all the state's professionals and best amateurs to compete in a three-day, 72-hole medal play competition to determine the Michigan Open championship. The club, President Ferguson says, will provide a purse that will permit of a capital prize of at least \$500 and will give prize money to each of the players finishing with the ten lowest scores. Such a program should attract not only every professional in the state but should take to Meadowbrook, also, every amateur of prominence. The amateurs, of course, will not be eligible to receive any cash rewards, but suitable prizes will be given any who finish among the first ten.

It might be said in passing that Meadowbrook has one of the finest courses in the district. Topographically it has no superior. For years the soil conditions there and the fact that heavy rains caused washouts on hillsides held back the development of fairways. This year—thanks to a watering system that sprinkles every bit of the course—results that are gratifying to every one connected with the club have been obtained. So enthusiastic are the club's directors that they are seriously considering offering the course for the 1927 Detroit District championship event.

*Women's Seventh Annual*

The Michigan Open will be the last major event of the season, for it will be played in the middle of September, at the earliest—but nearly a month before it will come one of equal importance and one that gives promise of keen competition. That is the Women's District association's seventh annual championship tournament. This will be at Oakland Hills and will revive the golfing feud that exists between Mrs. Stewart Hanley of Lochmoor, who will defend her title, and Mrs. Harley Higbie of the Country Club of Detroit, who will try to regain it and have the distinction, also, of being champion of the District and State at the same time. Mrs. Higbie won the title in 1922 and successfully defended it the following season, but she has not held it since, although she was runner-up last year to Mrs. Hanley. These Women's District tournaments are productive of excellent golf since they are the culmination of intensive play in which nearly 100 women participate every week of every season. One would not be fair to a number of other very fine women golfers if he were to say that the fight this year again will be between Mrs. Hanley and Mrs. Higbie. Mrs. Olin Finney of Oakland Hills, Mrs. William Chesbrough, Mrs. William L. McGiverin and Mrs. Sidney Small of the Country Club of Detroit; Mrs. Rowland M. Connor, Mrs. John W. Case, Mrs. John F.

Gilmore, Miss Jean McGregor and Mrs. J. Hal Livsey of the Detroit Golf Club; Mrs. R. C. Jamieson and Mrs. Manley Davis of Bloomfield Hills; Mrs. A. E. Sheill of Aviation Country Club; Mrs. W. Bruce Cameron and Mrs. Anthony J. Whitmire of Washtenaw; Mrs. Walter Hoy and Mrs. Philip Sheridan of Oakland Hills, all have something more than "outside chances" to reach the final round. If the gods of golf are kind to any one or two of them between August 30 and September 3 at Oakland Hills, then there will be a new chapter written into the history of women's golf in these parts and by some one other than the two favorites.

There has not been, in women's golf, the development of young players, as there has been among the male division. This may be due in part to the fact that the girls are not taking their sport as seriously as their brothers, or it may be because they are too much interested in riding and tennis. The fact remains, however, and the Women's District association has a problem it should solve next season—one that can be solved easily if the association will but lend as much encouragement to the sub-debs as it has to the matrons who have been in the limelight for these last six or seven years.

The opportunity for service is there—and the Women's District Golf association could do nothing better for the game in Michigan than to help develop a Virginia Van Wie, a Glenna Collett or an Alexa Stirling.

*The Sixth Annual Mixed Foursome*

Before the golf clubs are laid away in moth balls, or taken to Florida or to California or to Bermuda (or where are you going next winter?), there will be another event that is always colorful—the sixth annual mixed foursome tournament under the auspices of the Detroit District association. No club has yet invited the association to use its course, but that is always an eleventh-hour decision. The tournament usually comes the last week in September or early in October. In the latter part of July the Women's District association sponsored and conducted a similar event (the first annual one to be conducted by it) at Oakland Hills. Mrs. Stewart Hanley and Harvey Olson of Lochmoor were the winners—on merit.

*The Flint Invitation Tournament*

Since last we hurtled to press with this compendium of information, Robert Tyre Jones of Atlanta has added new laurels to his already overlaid brow; Dave Ward, the Big Rapids schoolboy, has become Michigan's amateur champion, and Robert Lay, sometime of Detroit but now of New York, has become winner of the Flint Invitation tournament. Bobby Jones' victory over all the best professional and amateur golfers of this country, following, as it did, on the heels of his triumph in Great Britain, stamps him as the greatest golfer this or any other age has known. His play at Scioto Country Club, Columbus, Ohio, was remarkable because of the great last-nine-hole stand he made, when he shot one under par to finish one stroke ahead of Joe Turnesa, a young professional from the New

(Continued on page 25)

*And Now They Ride to Hounds*

From left to right they are: Marian Lewis (now Mrs. Howie Muir), Mariorie Hendrie, William Hendrie, Maud Hendrie (now Mrs. Henry Ledyard), the late Jessie Hendrie, Christine Russell (now Mrs. Allen Edwards), Sarah Hendrie and George T. Hendrie (on horseback). The photograph was taken (you may guess how long ago) in front of the old Hendrie home at Grosse Pointe.



The meek little boy in the sailor hat is Elliott Slocum Nichols of Bloomfield, with his sisters, Alice Nichols and Charlotte Nichols, who are now Mrs. Frederick Church and Mrs. Charles Church of New York City. The tin-type was taken at Slocum's island near Grosse Ile.



This pretty little girl on her sleek-looking pony is Hazel Pingree at the age of ten. She is now Mrs. Sherman Depew of Hickory Grove Farm, a dauntless rider and the mother of two spirited young horsewomen, Valerie and Frances.



## Music in the Hills

SUMMER in the Hills! The blue sky enhanced by everchanging forms of fluffy clouds; lights and shadows drifting across the vivid green fields and purple distance; the gleam of dancing waters glimpsed through shadowy woods; soft breezes laden with perfume of clover, wild rose and honeysuckle; sun-flecked dales and beckoning distances—and over it all, music! music! music! Tinkle of waves lapping sandy shores; plash of leaves stirred by soft winds; murmur of bees, trill of the meadow-lark, "chir-r-ree!" of the red-winged blackbird, bubbling lilt of the catbird, ecstasy of the bob-o-link, cheerful "Bob White!" of the quail; and if you are fortunate, the song of the hermit-thrush in the deep woods at twilight.

The Hills have their own allure for nature-lovers, and are prodigal of charms to satisfy every demand. It is easy to understand how they appeal to a musician. But I wonder how many people know that hidden away in the heart of the Hills is a shrine devoted to music, and that the path to this shrine has been trodden by the feet of many of the greatest living musicians.

It is a fascinating place—this little house that has been transformed from an old farm-house into a temple of music, filled with objects of art from all over the world, painting and carving, rare books, and above all, instruments of music—two pianos, five violins, a golden harp and a marvelous old 'cello, the most perfect Ruggieri extant, besides various other instruments.

Mrs. Julius Leon-



D. D. Spellman

Mrs. Julius Leonard Parke and her daughter, Lorraine.

ard Parke, the high-priestess of this shrine, is a well-known pianist, whose life has been devoted to music in the highest sense, for with her great talents she has been most generous, counting it her highest pleasure to bring music into the lives of others. She dedicated her children to music and the world is the richer thereby, for one is a violinist, one a 'cellist, and the third has more than a local reputation as an accomplished harpist. It is small wonder that such well-known musicians as Josef Lhevine, the pianist; Salsedo, the famous harpist; Frederick Stock, conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Hans Kindler, 'cellist; Gigli, Miquelle, the Lockwoods, Albert and Samuel, our own Madame Ostrowska, and many other well-known musicians delight to gather in this charming retreat, and when they come to Detroit always manage to steal a few hours to make the pilgrimage out to Bloomfield Hills.

Mrs. Parke has a heritage of music, literature and art. Her mother is a well known painter whose studio is in Cincinnati, while as a child Mrs. Parke's winters were spent in the home of her uncle, Hamilton Wright Mabie. There she met the most famous literary of the day, and has pleasant memories of the great writers who were always ready with a comradely word for the children.

"I remember," said Mrs. Parke, with a reminiscent smile, "how we children would tip-toe down the stairs and peek into the drawing-room or library, or perhaps into the dining-

(Continued on page 34)

## Cool Places



A bit of Jay A. Walsh's garden on Quarton Lake. Arnold Gillette was the landscape architect.



One of the many refreshing fountains that make cool places at Cranbrook, the George G. Booth estate in Bloomfield.



A lovely retreat for summer afternoons in the gardens of "Lake Terrace," the John S. Newberry home at Grosse Pointe.

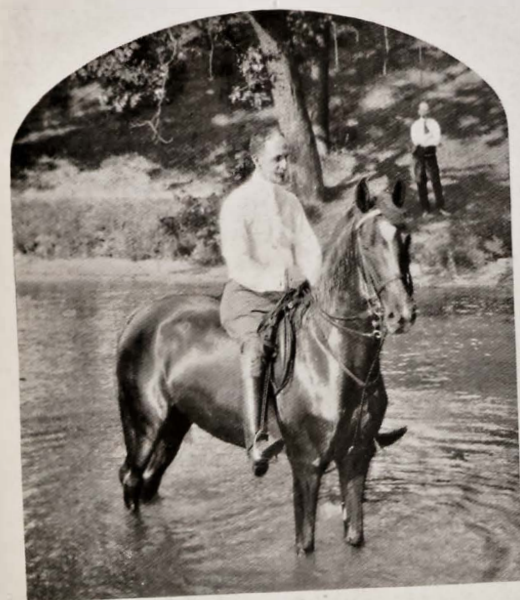
D. D. Spellman



## Vacation Time



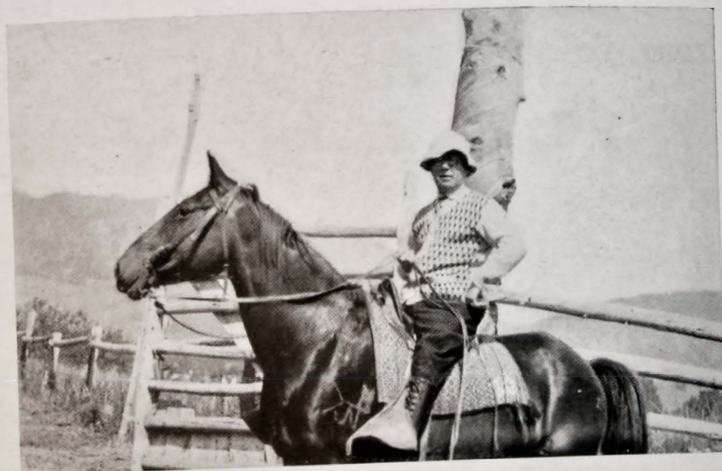
Delphine and Jimmie Vhay drying off after a swim in Lake Huron. They have been the guests of their sister, Mrs. W. Ward Duckett, who has the Frank Atkinson cottage at Sarnia for the summer.



Mr. Wilfred C. Leland letting one of his Kentucky saddle horses wade in the edges of Lake Angelus in front of his estate, "Wilchester."



Suzanne House in her ranch outfit at H F Bar Ranch, Buffalo, Wyoming, where she has been since the first of July with her father, Mr. George W. House.



And this is Mr. George House, father of the young lady above, on the western pony that he has ridden all summer at H F Bar Ranch, Wyoming.



The arrow points to Mr. Edward Donnelly, attorney, gazing wistfully at the next range of Canadian Rockies which he may—or may not—scale.

## SOCIETY

By KATHERINE ATKINSON

### Bloomfield—Birmingham

OF course summer is always a quiet time in the Hills, but it seems to have been particularly quiet this month. Everywhere I go people assure me that they haven't done a thing—a swim now and then, a breakfast ride, a picnic, lemonade and cakes in the garden—that's about all. Many families are away and those who are here haven't been doing much entertaining.

Parties at the Country Club are fairly numerous, however, and among the merriest affairs given recently were those in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Manley D. Davis and Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Donovan, who sailed August 7 from New York for England. Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Miss Isabelle Davis and Miss Mary Morley, daughter of the Walter Morleys, will remain abroad for six months, while the Donovans plan to return in six weeks. It is rumored that they have gone to England to look for a hunting box which they may return to for the fall hunting season.

Mrs. W. F. Hamilton was hostess at a dinner on Friday evening and Mrs. Robert Jamieson gave a dinner-dance on Saturday evening for Mr. and Mrs. Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Donovan.

Mrs. H. H. Bingham very delightfully entertained six guests at luncheon at the Bloomfield club on August 13th.

Mrs. William Traub is visiting friends at Houghton Lake in northern Michigan.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore McManus and their attractive family regret to learn that they are planning to make their permanent home in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. William T. Barbour is enjoying a two weeks' sojourn at the Charles Moore ranch in Wyoming.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Jewett will return this week from a motor trip to Montreal. They were accompanied by Miss Nancy Jewett and Miss Betty Blanchard.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thorne Murphy (Elise Vhay) have been the guests of Mrs. Murphy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Vhay of Long Lake road, for the past month. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy have taken a house on East Grand Boulevard for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Tracy are moving into their new home on Lone Pine Road, early in September.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Hammond and Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Slocum Nichols have returned from a motor trip to Virginia and Lexington where they "looked over the thoroughbreds."

Mrs. James Hamilton and Mrs. T. R. Donovan were hostesses at a jolly picnic at Lake Angelus recently, honoring Mrs. Donovan's niece, Miss Katherine Bigelow who, with a guest from Vienna, has been staying with the Donovans for several weeks. Supper was served in the Leland boathouse, and the guests included Miss

Constance Thrall, Miss Helen Minton, Gilbert Pingree, Virginia Hamilton and George Hodges.

Mr. and Mrs. Lerchen, who are spending the summer at Woodrow Beach, Sarnia, Ont., expect to move into their new home on Long Lake road in October.

During her stay at the Bloomfield Country Club, Mrs. C. Haines Wilson was hostess at several delightful luncheons and dinners.



Mrs. Ernest N. Stanton (Constance Blauvelt) of Grosse Ile and her charming children, Connie Lee and Ernest, Jr.



On July 24th, at Pine Lake, one of the loveliest of summer weddings was solemnized when Margaret Parsons, daughter of Mrs. Dudley R. Parsons, became the bride of Lawrence Smith Redford. The ceremony was performed on the lawn of the Dudley home at Pine Lake. The altar, of white lilies and gladiolas, was beautiful against the dark background of cedars which the bridal party approached through an aisle of tall gladiolas strung together with pink satin ribbons. The Rev. Allen M. McEvoy of St. Paul's Cathedral read the marriage service.

The bride wore a sleeveless gown of white satin, with rose pointe lace. Her poke bonnet hat was made of rose pointe and tulle and she carried lilies of the valley.

The matron of honor, Mrs. E. Burdett Quinn, and the bridesmaids, Miss Annabelle Moore of Chicago and Miss Marion Parsons, were gowned alike in chiffons of coral, flesh and green. Their large leghorn hats were trimmed with tulle and they carried old-fashioned bunches of butterfly roses outlined with bachelor-buttons. Supper was served on the lawn

overlooking the lake, the bride's table being ornamented with the wedding cake, and tall white tapers set among pink roses.

After a motor trip through the East, Mr. and Mrs. Redford will spend several weeks at Pine Lake before they take up their residence in Detroit this fall.

A delightful luncheon was given at the Pine Lake Country Club early in the month by Mrs. E. W. Stoddard in honor of Miss Louise Griffith, who has gone East for the summer.

Mrs. Ross Holmes entertained on Wednesday, August 11, honoring Mrs. Grosvenor House's charming guest, Mrs. Prouty of Eldorado, Ark.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Hall Micou (Frances Bromley) have returned from their wedding trip.

The lovely home of Mrs. John Endicott was the scene of a charming luncheon on Wednesday, August 4th, followed by bridge.

(Continued on page 31)



*The Parsons-Redford Wedding at Pine Lake*

Miss Marian Parsons, Mrs. E. Burdette Quinn, Mrs. Lawrence Smith Redford (Margaret Parsons), Mr. Lawrence Smith Redford, Mr. John Lausfeld and Miss Annabelle Moore.



*One end of the living-room of the Howard Crane apartment in the Detroit Towers.*

## The Towers—A Town House

A good many Detroit families who like to live in the country during the summer and for week-ends during the winter have found that the maintenance of a large city home as well as a country house is almost too heavy a responsibility.

A fortunate few of these people have found the perfect solution for their town house in the new Detroit Towers, that unusual co-operative apartment building out on the East Jefferson river front, across from Belle Isle and the Boat Club.

These apartments are large and sumptuous, as the photographs on this page show. There are only two apartments on each floor and in some cases an apartment occupies a whole floor.

Mr. Scripps adopted the idea of throwing two apartments into one, thereby securing for himself a town home equal in size to his country residence.

We were talking to Mr. Herbert C. Monroe about it the other day and he says that living in the Towers is an ideal arrangement.

You are in town, close to the center of things, and yet you get no noise and no dirt. The Monroe apartment is on the fourteenth floor facing the river, and the view over the water, over Belle Isle and Canada, is as restful as possible with its ever-changing color, and its absolute isolation from the roar of the town.

Aside from these considerations, there is the matter of the ease with which the house-

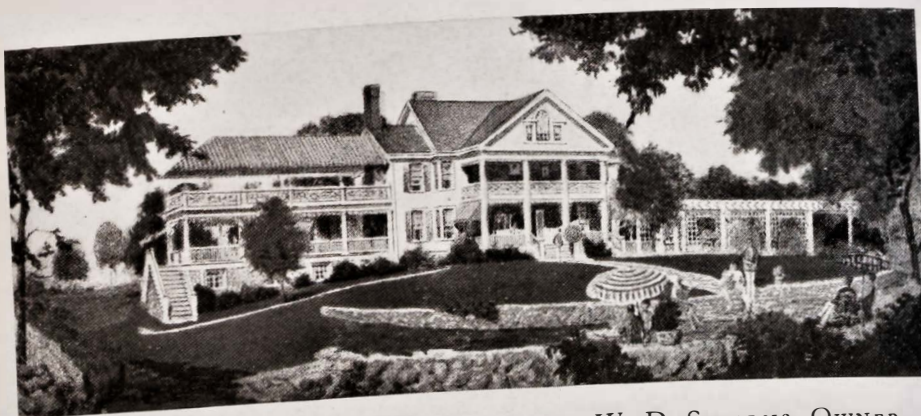
(Continued on page 34)



*A corner of the bedroom in the E. V. Rickenbacker apartment, Detroit Towers.*



## We Specialize in Artistic Homes



THENDARA COUNTRY CLUB, WALTERS LAKE, W. D. STEARNS, OWNER

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### SUNSET HOUSE On Orchard Lake

CATERING to the discriminating public, who appreciate fine food and quiet, dignified environment.  
Prepared for parties, receptions, luncheons, wedding parties, etc. Capacity: Main dining room, 100; also private dining rooms. This lovely old place has 600 feet of sandy beach.  
Phone Pontiac 1975      W. L. VAN ZANDT, Manager

## Golf Club Gossip



At Oakland Hills: Mrs. H. T. Graber, Mrs. C. L. Shafer, Mrs. A. C. Wall, Mrs. F. Robbins, Mrs. J. C. Compton and Mrs. R. C. Jones.

At Birmingham, Mrs. Rex I. Lee won the women's handicap tournament (the equivalent of the president's cup event for men) by defeating Mrs. M. B. Fetcher in the final round.

Four Birmingham women, who have been playing only three seasons, have developed into 90 players, i. e., those who shoot under 100 consistently. They are Mrs. Rex I. Lee, Mrs. Lester P. Dodd, Mrs. William J. Griffin and Mrs. C. E. Van Wormer.

The women who qualified for the women's championship at Birmingham are Mrs. Charles H. Stewart, Mrs. M. B. Fetcher, Mrs. C. E. Van Wormer, Mrs. John Sills, Mrs. Lester P. Dodd, Mrs. E. C. Troxell, Mrs. J. B. Dew and Mrs. R. I. Lee. Mrs. Dodd's 98 was the best medal. The women who are left in the tournament are Mrs. Van Wormer, Mrs. Dodd, Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Fetcher.

Mrs. Philip H. Sheridan and A. Claire Wall, shooting a gross 90, won the annual mixed foursome event at Oakland Hills. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. DeVisser had low net with a gross 91, handicap 13, net 78. Thirty couples participated in the event.

Never in the history of this flourishing club have the women worked as hard as they have this year to reduce their handicaps. They are preparing for the women's championship tournament which will start September 10 and continue for the remainder of the month.

Mrs. R. C. Jamieson and Louis J. Lepper, who have been perennial candidates for the mixed foursome championship at Bloomfield Hills, finally came through this year. Mrs. Jamieson won it by sinking an outrageously long putt on the eighteenth green. It was the most enjoyable event of the season at this popular club. Mrs. Jamieson and Mr. Lepper scored an 85. Mrs. F. W. Brede and Howard Cox scored low net with a 77.

## Franklin Hills or Franklin Heights

The logical places for the man who would thoroughly enjoy a country estate in the beautiful hills just beyond the city's boundary.

Incidentally your choice here saves you about fifty per cent over other properties in this district.

Franklin Hills and Franklin Heights are both in the beautiful Franklin Park between the 13 and 14 Mile Roads—Franklin Road and Telegraph Road.



7 MILE ROAD AT PARKSIDE      PHONE HEMLOCK 9097





### Before Long—Buy a Home in Wing Lake Shores

Above the gently sloping shores of picturesque Wing Lake are two year-round lakeside developments, Wing Lake Shores and Wing Lake Estates. In the rustic grandeur of Bloomfield Hills, they offer an ideal location for a permanent home, where the pleasures of a location on a lake can be enjoyed.

Today, four attractive homes are being constructed by Wormer & Moore at Wing Lake Shores. These residences will be sold when completed, for prices lower than you'd expect to pay for a home in this choice location. Each residence has a two-car attached garage.

Wing Lake is on West Maple Road, just beyond the Oakland Hills Country Club. It is close to Birmingham and Detroit, and the closest in of Oakland County's lakes.

Large lots, rolling land, trees.  
All city conveniences

Branch Office on the Property

## Wormer & Moore

2231 Park Ave.  Randolph 4886

Birmingham Office  
520 South Woodward Ave.

Telephone  
Birmingham 930

# WING LAKE SHORES

Mrs. Martin J. Doyle, wife of the president of Brooklands, and Mrs. George Shanahan and Mrs. William Van Dresser, also of that club, have qualified for the Women's District Golf association. To do this they were obliged to shoot consistently low scores on the difficult Brooklands course.

At Brooklands the men, too, have been shooting better games. There are fifteen more Class A players (those having handicaps of 20 or less) this year than there were last season. Charles E. Nelson cut his handicap from 30 to 20, and H. D. Stoddard reduced his from 20 to 13. Warren Pease, Jr., Bud Kelley, A. E. Block and Jimmie McKnight have been playing even better golf than in years gone by.



Mrs. J. D. Stanton snapped at one of the regular Tuesday tournaments.

Mrs. Sidney Cartright of Red Run deserves a place on the roll of honor, because she has reduced her handicap from 33 to 16 in the last few months and is now a member of the Women's District association.

Mrs. W. S. Killam and Mrs. A. E. Garrels have shot in the 90s in the past month and theirs were the best scores turned in by any women at Red Run in the season that is drawing to its close.

In Red Run's Summer handicap event, Mrs. Cartright won the first flight and broke 100 for the first time in her life. Mrs. Killam won the second flight and Mrs. Fred Christian won the third flight.

Women at Aviation are coming toward the end of the competition to decide who will win the Kennary trophy, which is the equivalent of the President's cup for men. They have played a match a week all summer and the end will not come for a week or two.

The challenge rounds for the Mrs. Huddy pin have been forward all season and the woman who will keep it for the winter will be declared before another fortnight has passed.

The Sheill family was 50-50 at Aviation club in tournaments. Mrs. A. E. Sheill defeated Mrs. Stanley Wilkinson, 5 and 3, in the final for the women's championship of the club, and Mr. Sheill bowed to Lloyd Mason in the final of the Woodison trophy event.



Denkelberg.

### Camp Cavell on Lake Huron

About fourteen miles beyond Port Huron on the lake shore is a lovely spot where birches make a perfect retreat from summer sun and rain.

Last Thursday was Romany day at Camp Cavell and every one of the 125 girls wore a bit of red or paid a forfeit. Some of them carried out the spirit of the day with gypsy costume complete; they were picturesque and gay as they strolled about under the birches or galloped in single file along the beach on the western ponies that the camp owns.

We stayed long enough to take a snooze on the beach and a swim in the lake, which was particularly

and ravishingly blue that day. While we were swimming far, far out but still within the danger line, the whole camp swarmed down over the beach in bright bathing suits, running over the warm sand, leaping over the pebbles, splashing and playing like boyish young mermaids.

Camp Cavell is in its thirteenth summer. It is run by the Detroit Y. W. C. A. on a cost basis, from July 5 to August 30, so that many girls who would not otherwise have much of a vacation may stay there for eight dollars a week. Miss Faye P. Fraser is the competent director.

### Those Things Called Dear are when justly estimated, the most economical

Confidence and respect won through many years of careful selection of merchandise of the better kind can not be too jealously guarded.

The House of McBride offers Hardware and Home Trimmings of the highest quality. For example, the famous RUSSWIN product, which was selected by the world's largest hotels and public buildings—The Pennsylvania, Plaza, Biltmore, Army and Navy Building and U. S. Government Post Offices. What more could any one expect in house hardware?

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Located at Aviation Country Club, Green Lake  
(West of Pontiac)

Horseback riding will keep you mentally alert  
and physically fit.

Memberships open at twenty-five dollars the season.  
INSIDE RING—HORSES BOARDED—BRIDLE PATHS—  
RIDING LESSONS

Under Competent Instructor  
SEASON NOW OPEN—\$15.00 FOR TEN LESSONS  
Saddle Horse Rates: \$1.50 first hour; \$1.00 for subsequent  
hours.

For Full Particulars, Address  
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302 Detroit Savings Bank Bldg. Randolph 6570

For Full Particulars, Mail This Coupon

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



## X Marks My Room—Tell Annie to Write



"This is what I see when I open my eyes of a Sunday morning at Sunset House."

Sunset House,  
Orchard Lake,  
Michigan.

DEAR Jane:

The picture post card which I enclose was all addressed to you when I realized that I simply couldn't get onto it all that I want to tell you about this place.

Last spring you know you said you'd stay in Detroit for the summer, if only you knew a good place to go for week-ends. Well, Jim and I were obliged to stay in town and so we, perforce, had to find the place—and this is it. They used to call it Sunset Hill Club, and then it was open only to members. But the club has disbanded, and the old club house is now a sort of glorified road house, with hotel accommodations.

But don't let "road house" mislead you, for the only possible likeness is the menu, fish and frog and good fried chicken. Otherwise, it is just a quiet family hotel, facing lovely Orchard Lake, and most accessible—only about 25 miles from town. We started coming out in July for swims in the late afternoon and dinner afterward. Then one day I noticed how attractive the rooms upstairs were, furnished in old pieces, with gay old-fashioned wall papers and rugs, and I found, my dear, that you can have one of these rooms, plus the three excellent meals, for six dollars a day. Fancy that!

So beginning in August, Jim and I have spent every week-end here, driving out Saturday afternoon and staying over Sunday. The drive back early Monday morning is delicious, after an early swim and a bacon-and-egg breakfast. You know, I adore swimming, and I love it here, for there is no terrible drop-off to congeal your blood when you realize you have passed it. I just wade out up to my shoulders and then locate

a tree as far up the shore as I think I can swim, and swim to it and back. That does for morning, but afternoons we play around in the late sunshine and often watch the sunset over the lake.

There is an island in the middle that is quite untrammelled; we sometimes row over there and stroll about. Jim always brings his golf clubs and, when he isn't playing with friends at one of the near-by clubs, he plays the miniature nine-hole course around Sunset House, which is really quite wonderful for one so small, and he has improved his game considerably. Then the Detroit Aviation Riding and Hunt Club isn't far away, so we joined that for the season (it only costs \$25.00) and we have had a lot of long rides through the lovely country around here.

Sunset House is ideal for people just like us who can't go away for a long vacation and who simply burst if they are obliged to stay in town. It's a big old country house, rambling and with long verandas that are *not* occupied at all times by the proverbial row of gossiping old ladies. There are quiet family groups, like ourselves (don't you think Jim and I are a nice group?) and gay crowds of young people who drop over for dinner and dance to the radio.

When you come back in the fall we'll take you out and you can see for yourself. I daresay we can have some jolly parties out there next winter, for they make a good deal of their winter sports, and for that reason stay open all the year round.

We'll be so glad when you are all home again.

Surviving this summer with unexpected felicity, I subscribe myself,

Contentedly yours,

Marj.

August 25, 1926.

## Golf Schedule for September

### District Association Events

Father and Son tournament, Detroit Golf Club, on date to be determined.

Michigan Open, at Meadowbrook Country Club, on date to be determined.

Mixed Foursome, sixth annual, at club to be selected and on date to be determined later.

### Men's Events

#### Brooklands

September 4, 5, and 6. Semi-Finals President's Cup—To be played not later than September 6th. Finals not later than September 12th. Qualifying Round Club Championship—Lowest 16 gross scores to compete in the match play, no handicaps. Kicker's Handicap—18 Hole Medal Play. Winning scores between 75 and 80, inclusive, will be drawn. Select your own handicap.

September 11 and 12. First Round Club Championship—To be played not later than September 12th.

September 18 and 19. Second Round Club Championship. To be played not later than September 19th.

September 18 and 19. Clock Tournament—54 Hole Medal Play. Entire 54 holes must be played during the week of September 18 to 25th. Prize for the runner-up.

September 25 and 26. Semi-Finals Club Championship—To be played not later than September 26. Finals must be completed by October 3rd.

#### Pine Lake

September 4, 5, and 6. Consolation tournament—Open only to members who have not won a tournament prize this season. 54 holes medal score, played over three days or all in one day if desired. However, in either case, intent to turn in score must be given before playing and a tournament card obtained. Prizes for: Low gross, second low gross, low net, second and third low net.

#### Bloomfield Hills

September 4. 18 Holes Medal Play Tournament—18 Holes Handicap medal play. Best low net score in each class declared winner.

September 6th. Labor Day Tournament—All day event. Thirty-six holes handicap medal play. Best low net score in each class declared winner. Morning and afternoon events—Individual 18 hole handicap medal play. Best low net score in each class declared winner. No contestant can win more than one prize.

September 11. Birdie Tournament—Birdie contest using club medal play handicap according to card. Most birdies in each class declared winner.

September 18th. Foursome Total Score Tournament—Add the total score of the foursome and deduct the medal handicap of the four players. Low total wins. Four prizes for the winning foursome.

September 25th. Mr. T. W. Taliaferro's Ham and Bacon Tournament—Prizes eight hams and eight strips of bacon.

#### Red Run

September 4. Qualifying round, club championship—September 5, first round matches. September 6, second round matches. September 11, semi-final matches. September 18, final for club championship. September 25, Cadillac Sales managers' special event.

#### Aviation

September 2, finish of qualifying round for club championship. September 4, first round. September 5 second and third rounds. September 6, final match, 36 holes. September 6 (Labor Day) mixed tournaments.

(Concluded on page 25)

## Lone Pine Road Estates

A suburban development in Bloomfield Hills that meets the demand of those who seek a fine place to live.

400 acres of rolling land almost surrounding Gilbert Lake—a natural park with every landscape attraction—trees, winding roads.

Easy to reach from Wider Woodward or Franklin Road, between Quarton and Lone Pine Roads.

Lone Pine Road Estates is but a short distance from Oakland Hills, Bloomfield Hills, and other golf clubs in this district. Shaded winding roads make excellent roadways for horseback riding.

The new Cranbrook School and Bloomfield Hills School are close by.

This development is so divided that each estate gives you the advantages of the entire development. The lots are large, varying in size from 1½ to 3 acres—many of them fronting on Gilbert Lake. Proper restrictions control this development so that you always will be sure of living in a community of beautiful homes—with congenial neighbors.

Make an appointment with us to see this property.

## Walsh, James & Wasey Co.

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Jay A. Walsh Donald B. James Albert W. Wasey  
Carl L. Bradt W. Whiting Raymond

If it's Birmingham or Bloomfield Hills...

see Walsh, James & Wasey Co.







Hance

## The Bradway Exhibition Home

That home builders might obtain novel ideas and suggestions for the design and interior decoration of their future homes, the Judson Bradway Company has built an "Exhibition Home" in Bloomfield Village, their exclusive residential offering just west and north of Birmingham. It has been completely furnished and decorated in the latest mode by the Tuttle & Clark-Jaeger Studios.

While the modern trend in furniture, rugs, and draperies is exemplified in the interior of each individual room, the dining room is particularly striking. Here a Chinese motif prevails. In place of the usual sideboard is a handsome Chinese chest done in red

lacquer. The curtains and table linen also are Chinese in design.

The living room carries out a new idea in interior design, having no matched pieces of furniture, but instead, odd pieces each with individual characteristics. The room is large, well lighted, with a deep fireplace and a grand piano. The most unusual pieces of furniture are a small walnut desk decorated with floral designs, and a leather screen done in hunting scenes. Notable oil paintings decorate this room, particularly one by Leon Makielski of Ann Arbor, and another by Edwin Glenn of Ontario.

The Exhibition Home is of an early American type, of white clapboards with green roof and shutters. It is situated on Williamsbury road, Bloomfield Village, just two blocks west of Cranbrook road, and in the first block north of West Maple road. Mrs. Parker, the hostess, shows visitors through the home on week days from 2 p. m. to 9 p. m. On Sundays, it is open from 10:30 in the morning until 9 in the evening.



Manning Bros.

The breakfast nook is brilliant in blue-green, orange and black.



Manning Bros.

A view of the living room taken from the sun parlor end.

## Golf

(Continued from page 10)

York district. Dave Ward, at Lochmoor, simply confirmed the suspicion previously prevalent that he is the best young golfer in Michigan. He was strokes ahead of Bill Courtney who met him in the final round and he won every other match he had—with the exception of the semi-final with Addison Connor—with ease. Connor gave him a real battle, one that was not decided until Ward had holed out on the twentieth for a par 4. The Big Rapids youth was medalist in the Flint tournament, but lost his first round match to Jimmie Malloy of Ann Arbor, who did the course in par figures to wipe out the State champion in a surprising victory. The honors of the tournament went to Bob Lay, however. This former Yale backfield star, in the days when Yale was Yale, showed the Michiganders that he has lost none of his power and cunning on the links, even though he had played not more than six times this year before he went to Flint. He has a surprising long game, when it is considered that he does not take a full swing on any shot, and his short game—particularly his putting—left nothing to be desired. Playing against him in the final round was Ross Hayes, a young man from Sarnia, whose game has been good ever since he was 16 (he is only 23 now), but who had never before played outside the tri-club tournaments that are annual events participated in by Sarnia, Port Huron and St. Clair, Michigan, club members. Hayes will bear watching in future District competitions, for he expects to make Detroit his home, and undoubtedly will become a member of one of the local clubs. His game is sound, albeit lacking in the finesse that older and more experienced players have.

It has been a great month for golf, the one just finished, and another good one is ahead.

Indeed, Detroit has never had a better season, nor a more interesting one, but 1927 will be better, for the younger element is here to stay and will be playing even more prominent roles next season than it did this year.

## Golf Schedule for September

(Continued from page 23)

### Women's Events

#### Oakland Hills

September 3, final round of Women's District Championship. September 10, Club Championship qualifying round. September 17, first round matches. September 24, second round matches. October 1, semi-final matches. October 8, final match.

#### Pine Lake

September 2, mixed foursome. September 9, qualifying round for club championship.

#### Brooklands

September 1. Match against Par—Driving Contest. September 8, Kicker's Handicap—between 80 and 90. September 15, Medal Handicap Play—Classes A-B-C. September 22, Team Contest—Golf Chairman chooses captains. Medal play, handicap basis. September 29, Match play for each class (A-B-C). Twosomes only. Full handicap. Prize for every winner.

#### Bloomfield Hills

September 3. Team match with Essex County Golf and Country Club. September 10, qualifying round, club championship.



## Shoes and Houses

Some men buy a house as they buy a pair of shoes. If it doesn't fit, it will soon wear out and be thrown away. If it gets out of style, buy another.

That's one kind of a house, but there is another kind—the house that fits, the house that doesn't wear out, the house that never goes out of style.

It is the business of this company to build the second kind of house—the house that expresses the life of the owner so completely that it becomes part of him.

Reichle houses do not depend on passing vogues in architecture for their substantial beauty, because they are designed on the basis of building principles developed and tested for centuries by the world's artists in stone and wood and metal.

Don't build just a house. Build a home.

We offer complete service—  
from plans to finished home.



## C. E. REICHLE CO.

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REICHLE BUILT IS RIGHTLY BUILT





## Fall Planting

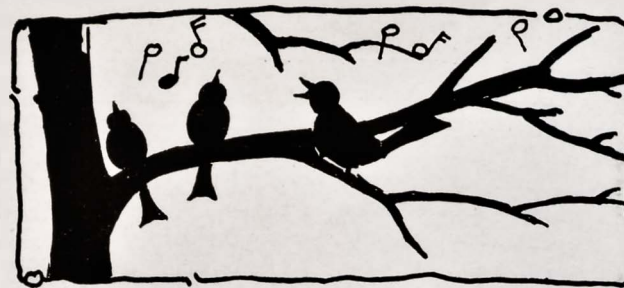
NOW is the time to make preparation for your fall planting.

Evergreen trees must be set out during the latter part of August and September in order that their roots become well established before heavy frosts.

Our landscape department is at your disposal at this time of the year and ready to assist you in your garden problems.

## PONTIAC NURSERIES

204 Architects Bldg. Glendale 8507  
DETROIT - MICH.



## Country Comment

### Bloomfield Crest Estates

About September 1st, Bloomfield Crest Estates will be put on the market. It is a highly restricted subdivision laid out on the 120 acres of the old Wesson Seyburn farm from which Westview, the house, was purchased last fall and remodeled by Otto Kern. The ground is rolling, part of it is wooded, and is to be sold in three to five acre parcels, made accessible by winding, concrete roads which connect with the newly paved Long Lake road running from Woodward at Bloomfield Center to the Dodge road.

The Bloomfield Open Hunt's course is across the road, and the land is otherwise surrounded by the estates of Walter Briggs, E. P. Hammond, Burns Henry, Carlton Higbie, Francis Palms, and the Misses Hendrie.

Charles W. Burton, who is president of the Bloomfield Crest Company, was also the developer of the Palmer Woods subdivision.

### Wise's Public Golf Course

Following Long Lake Road from Woodward avenue around Orchard Lake to the north, you come to Wise's Public Golf Course, laid out on an old farm just off the main road.

It is an excellent course of 18 holes, with watered, creeping bent greens. Three holes border Long Lake and part of the play is through an old apple orchard. The fee is very reasonable and the pro is one of the best. He is Mr. Emerick Kocsis, a recent winner in the pro-amateur tournament at Lochmoor, and is one of the few pros in the district who play from scratch.

The fee for lessons is also reasonable, and the course a particularly good one for beginners to play. It is beautifully situated with woods on one side and the

SPECIALIZING IN

## PORTRAITS

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OF ALL KINDS

Homes, Exterior and Interior

## THE ARNOLD STUDIO

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Phone 905

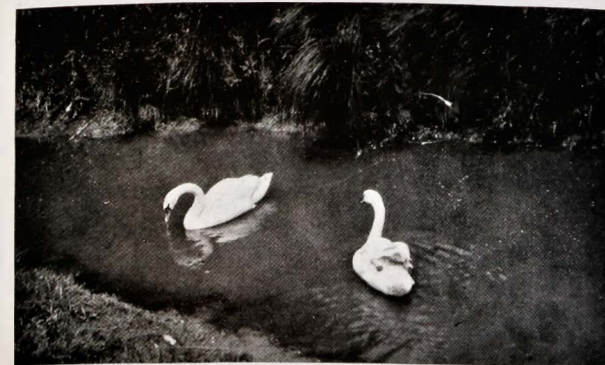
lake on the other, and Mr. Wise, the owner, promises to show in the future the same improvement in playing conditions on the course that he has shown in the past.

### The Park Hotel at Mt. Clemens

Mt. Clemens is simply swarming with people at this time of year, and the good old mineral smell meets you around every corner. Here are the maimed, the halt, the aged and the young, all enjoying the daily dip that refreshes and rejuvenates.

The Park hotel is always beautiful and inviting, but in the summer time the gardens are quite ravishing, with their fountains and their colorful blooms. The parlors are cool and lofty, furnished in brocade and gilt, the walls hung in brocade and ancient faded tapestries that were brought from France by the first owner of the house, the mother of the present owner, Mrs. Julia MacArthur, who has her own palatial suite in the hotel the year round.

There is a restful old-world atmosphere about the place that makes it seem a century removed from the present hectic moment.



Swans in the mill stream on the estate of Mr. S. D. Bolton, near Franklin.

### The Covert—(Continued from page 7)

And this is the reason that—although the Hendrie house, "Gearholm," at Grosse Pointe, is large and high-ceilinged and spacious—almost every week-end during the summer as well as the fall, finds the Misses Hendrie at the Covert, which has been so carefully planned to let in the breezes and to bring into the house that wide sense of the outdoors that can only be had in country places.

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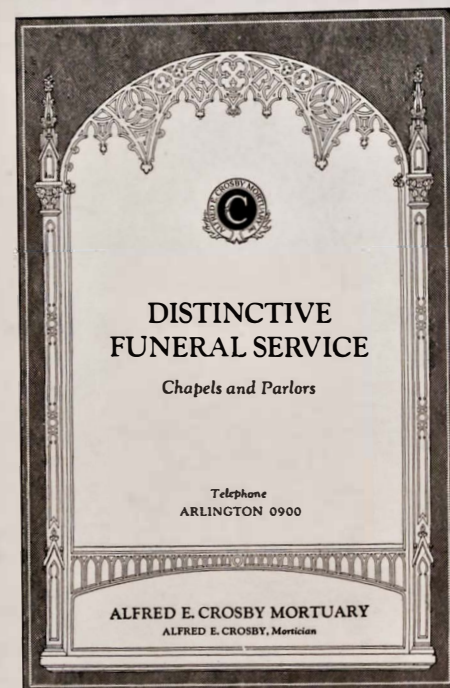


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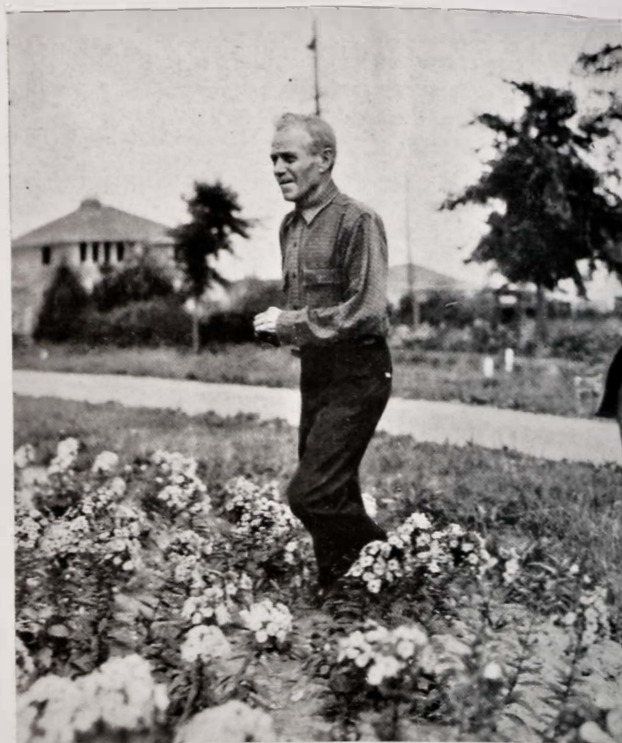
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### Rolla Coryell— Who Knows About Gardens



SOONER or later young people find that the meager life of the city is not enough; they find that they want to puddle around in their own back yard and get their feet on the ground and their hands in the soil," says Rolla J. Coryell, who is a veteran nurseryman and likes to see this trait cropping out.

"Young married people," he goes on to say, "who live in a very up-to-date apartment in town with everything on tap except the weather, think it's pretty nice at first, but it isn't long before they begin to miss something, something of their own, something that they can watch develop from year to year—a home, in other words—and of course a garden is part of a home. And then you see them flocking out here," he said, waving an arm toward the surrounding countryside where new houses and gardens of all kinds and sizes are springing up all over the place.

Mr. Coryell has helped so many of these young people to start their gardens that he knows a good deal about the psychology of the beginning-gardener.

"The thing is to hold them down," he tells you with a chuckle. "They all want something different; and most of them want to raise tea roses and rhododendrons the first year. And after a little taste of garden-making they simply can't be trusted with a seed catalogue or in a nursery, because they want to order everything that looks good, whether they know how to take care of it or not."

But Mr. Coryell is such a kindly man, so full of garden wisdom that is a result of a long accumulation beginning way back in '84 when he graduated from

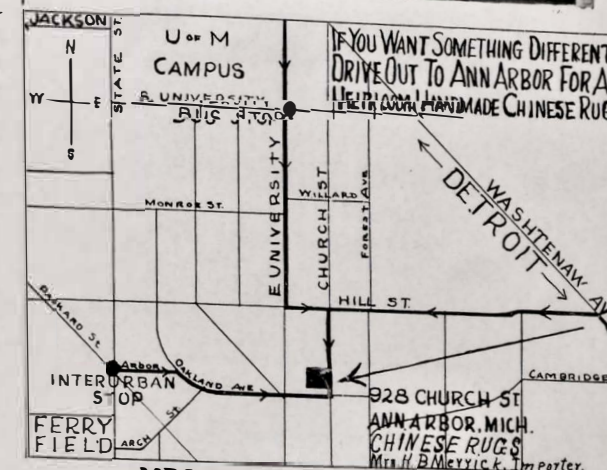
the Horticultural Department of M. A. C., that I am certain there are very many amateur gardeners in Detroit and Birmingham who have learned what they know from him. For he is primarily a lover of growing things; it is not his own nursery stock that is his first concern so much as promulgating the idea of getting people to grow something—anything—for one growing thing leads to another, and the love of a wild flower garden transplanted with one's own hands is of as great importance to general garden welfare as elaborate beds laid out with tender care.

After Mr. Coryell graduated from M. A. C. he was assistant in the Horticultural Department there until 1892, teaching landscape design. In his courses he gave special attention to all the varieties of plants, trees and flowers that would be specially hardy in Michigan. During this time he learned how to use the native trees and shrubs, but he also learned not to discount the imported shrubs that are hardy in this climate, such as the dwarf barberry which came from Japan but is ideally suited to Michigan.

After he left M. A. C. he undertook the development of Peche Island under Mr. Hiram Walker, and in '93 was promoted to Superintendent of the Detroit Park and Boulevard system. At this time he did extensive landscaping along the boulevards and in Palmer Park and Belle Isle. Boston boulevard was the first example of parkway planting on any scale in Detroit, and Mr. Coryell introduced the use of annuals and perennials. Palmer Park was laid out entirely in native shrubs and trees by Mr. Coryell, who was general supervisor for General W. J. Palmer.

In 1905, when the Coryells bought the farm near Birmingham where their nursery now is, the habit of planting was not so general as it now is, and Mr. Coryell has undoubtedly done a great deal of garden pioneering during the twenty years since he established his own nursery. In Detroit on Grand Boulevard is one of the most charming city gardens imaginable which has been developed, with Mr. Coryell's help and co-operation, for the past sixteen years. The trees have grown to shady maturity during that time and the perennials have taught themselves how to make the rows lovely as month follows month during the summer. And now, because it is so noisy and dirty there, the owners are contemplating a new house farther east, on the south side of Jefferson where no trees loom and no shrubs grow—at the moment.

"But," said the always-experimental lady of the house, "we can call in Mr. Coryell again—he knows every tree on the place and every shrub—and with his knowledge of transplanting he can practically take our garden up bodily and put it down on the new acre, just as we have it here. And then we'll hardly know we have been uprooted ourselves, which will make it all a lot easier."



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## How Do YOU Lie?

By RALSTON GOSS



### WHY?

*I DO not know, I cannot tell just why it is that I  
Can never, never make the grade, no matter how I try.*

*I'll start with holes shot perfectly, or even under par,  
And then I'll hit two out of bounds, yes, very wide and far;*

*Perhaps I'll stub a putt or two, or miss a mashie shot,  
Which means I'll see my lovely dream quite quickly go to pot.*

*I'll get a 40 going out, mayhap a 38,  
And then I'll tell my inner self, "Oh, boy, you're simply great."*

*You'll get that 80 score today, or even something better,  
You're due to do the trick at last, for you're a real go-getter.*

*Right then and there the score mounts up with 7s, e'en with 8s!  
And soon I find that once again I'm tricked by golfing fates.*

*I stagger home with 52, or maybe even more,  
To clutter up the locker room with curses on my score!*

*But when I DO shoot 70, or thereabouts, some day  
(Should that day ever come) I'll tell the world about it, say,*

*I'll shout it from the housetops and I'll get a ballyhoo—  
But the chances are my 90s will continue to beat you!*

\* \* \*

"Golf is an old man's game"—

So doddering Dave Ward, staggering around under the weight of 18 years, won three titles in Michigan this year; feeble Johnnie Malloy, whose 19 years have bowed his back, won the Detroit District championship; and Bill Courtney, Stanley Ford and other veterans ranging from 17 to 21 have been knocking off such promising and rising young stars as Joe Schiappacasse, Jimmie Standish, Les Conley and Haze Wallace!

\* \* \*

The tournament committee positively prohibited the use of the expression—"So's your old man"—in the Father and Son event.

\* \* \*

What a lot of hard guys those Flint police turned out to be!

\* \* \*

### I Putter Around

*It is a golfing failing  
That always gets my goat*

*When I putt and putt and putt and  
putt*

*Like a one-lunged motor boat.*

\* \* \*

Larry Kinnear complained after the district tournament that the output of Fords is entirely too big in Detroit.

\* \* \*

Of course we don't want to quarrel with Ty Cobb, or anything like that, but we would like to get this in the record:

Miller Huggins allows the Yankees to play golf—and they're on their way to another world's series;

Ty won't let the Tigers play golf—and look at the poor things!

### And Lastly—

*COUNT that golfing day as lost,  
Whose low, descending sun,  
Sees you walking to the clubhouse  
Without a syndicate that's won!*

When Robert Tyre Jones, champion of Great Britain, meets R. T. Jones, champion of America, there will be a golf match!

\* \* \*

"Over the hills to the poorhouse" one of our best golfers remarked, after he had completed a round at Oakland one afternoon when he had shot a 77 and still hadn't won a single syndicate.

\* \* \*

### Society

(Continued from page 16)

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford James McDonald (Marian Sanders), are receiving felicitations on the birth of a daughter, Jane Ann, August 4th.

The Detroit Riding and Hunt Club's usual Wednesday evening ride, August 18th, took the form of a mid-summer paper chase. The crowd left the club house at five-thirty, returning in time for a sumptuous dinner in the tea rooms.

Miss Lillian Vhay, Miss Delphine Vhay, James Vhay, George Murphy and Cedric Millington were the weekend guests of Mrs. W. Ward Duckett at Lake Huron Beach, Sarnia, Ont., August 14th.

Plans have not been completed yet for the wedding of Miss Gertrude Marquis and Mr. Donald Ballantyne, but the younger set are looking forward to that event with much interest.

Miss Peggy Harry, who will be among the season's "debs," has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. George Coleman Booth at "The Snows." She will probably return early in September.

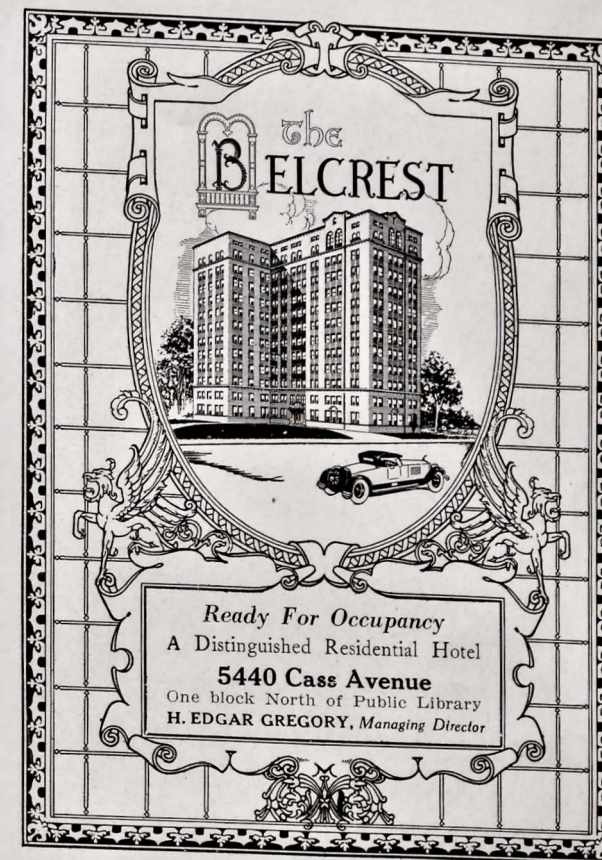
The engagement of Miss Eleanor Mack, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mack, to Mr. James T. McMahon of Toledo, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McMahon, was announced at a charmingly appointed dinner at the Lochmoor Club on Saturday evening, August 14th, by Miss Madeline Couzens. No date has been set for the wedding.



Lee F. Redman

The three cunning children of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Good of Buckingham road, Birmingham. Betty June and Frederick Earl, Jr., are seven; Barbara Kerr is just a year.

Mrs. J. T. Newton, Miss Virginia Newton and Master Jay Newton of Cleveland are visiting their cousins, the Earl B. Newtons on Long Lake Road for several weeks, and are being extensively entertained by their friends in the Hills.



## The WILEYS

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In addition to outside catering the house is admirably adapted to the giving of all entertainments, large and small, *RECEPTIONS, TEAS, WEDDINGS, BRIDGE PARTIES, LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, ETC.*, with incomparable food and perfect service.

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### For the Autumn Bride

A wedding gift suggestion . . . the Sterling Silver water pitcher . . . a distinctive table accessory . . . evidence of the donor's esteem and a tribute to the discrimination of the bride herself!

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### Society — Continued



Betty and Jane Post, attractive twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Post, Jr., of Grosse Pointe, left Thursday with their mother for Les Cheneaux, where, with Mrs. Charles Wright, Jr., they will be the guests of Mrs. Rawson B. Harmon for the rest of August.

A lake trip on a freighter is always unusual and delightful, and among those enjoying them this month are Mrs. E. Phillips Standart and her daughter, Margaret, who are returning August 30th from a trip to Duluth.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Hendrie will return this week from Salt Lake City, where they have been for two weeks.

On Sunday evening, August 15th, Mrs. Alexander Copland of Strawberry Hill served a delightful buffet supper in honor of Miss Mary Sharp of Bermyel, Pa. Miss Sharp is the house guest of Miss Constance Thrall of Parker avenue, Detroit.

Miss Virginia Woods of Lake Angelus will return August 30th from a fortnight's visit in Asheville, N. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKean (Esther Edmunds) have a baby daughter, born August 7th. Her name is Margaret Ann.

Mrs. Julius Leonard Parke and her daughter, Lorraine, of Long Lake Road, entertained at a picnic supper, with swimming, on Monday evening, August 15, in honor of Margo Couzens and her guest, Francys Galvin of Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. Ira Goodrich entertained fourteen guests at dinner at the Brooklands Country Club last week.



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JAEGER STUDIOS**

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Surround yourself frankly with colors and furnishings that please you. Select materials thoughtfully for you are buying ideas, atmosphere and setting for your home life.

—C—

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Mrs. Raymond Ballentine has had as her house guest Mrs. H. B. Knap of Marblehead, Mass., formerly of Detroit. Mrs. Raymond Reilly entertained a few guests at Sunday night supper in honor of Mrs. Knap, Miss Rosalind Knox entertained at luncheon for Mrs. Knap, and Mrs. Ballentine entertained at tea on Wednesday and a buffet supper on Saturday.

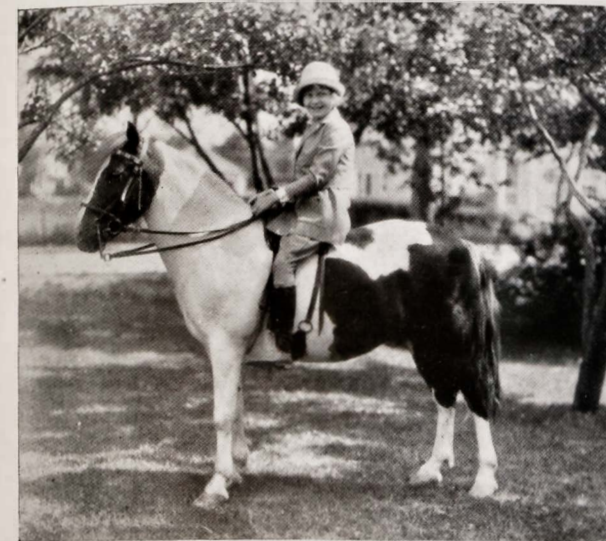
Miss Lillian Huff is giving a bridge luncheon at Bloomfield Hills Country Club on August 25th.

Miss Winifred Grindley gave a delightful bridge luncheon at the Bloomfield club on August 7th, in honor of her house guest, Miss Betty Cheatham.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Glaspie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gale Thomas of Rochester, to Mr. John W. Jackson, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Jackson, will take place August 21st at the Methodist Episcopal church. Miss Lelene Leria of Royal Oak will be the bridesmaid and Mr. Harold George will act as best man.

### Grosse Ile

As far as island affairs are concerned, gaiety for the past month has centered around the Grosse Ile Golf and Country Club, many hostesses taking advantage of the club's attractiveness to do most of their entertain-



Lee F. Redman

Little Miss Hermine McCormick and Billy, her pony, live on the corner of East Maple Avenue and Adams Road, Birmingham. Hermine is the daughter of the A. L. McCormicks.

ing there. The Wednesday bridge luncheons and the Friday golf luncheons have been great successes this season.

On Friday, August 13, ten people from the ladies' golf team of the Sarnia Golf Club were guests of the club when a tournament was played and Sarnia won, two up.

That same evening Mr. and Mrs. John Charles Wright were hosts at a charming dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wilson of Omaha.

On September 3rd, the annual Children's Party will be given at the club.



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 C. F. CHARLTON, Residence, Randall Street, Birmingham.  
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 J. A. GILRAY, Residence, Dorchester Road, Birmingham.  
 FARINGTON HOLT, Residence, Linden Road, Birmingham.  
 HUGH W. HITCHCOCK, Residence, Randall Street, Birmingham.  
 C. M. HIGBIE, Residence (under construction), Kensington Road, Bloomfield Hills.  
 OTTO KERN, Residence (additions), Squirrel Road, Bloomfield Hills.  
 CHAS. L'HOMMEDIEU, Residence, Dorchester Road, Birmingham.  
 T. L. LUSCOMBE, Residence, Maple Avenue, Birmingham.  
 D. W. LADD, Residence (sold to J. A. Cameron), Pilgrim Road, Birmingham.  
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 A. C. MARSHALL, Residence, Palmer Woods, Detroit.  
 R. H. MANN, Residence (addition), Greenwood Avenue, Birmingham.  
 C. D. MacGREGOR, Residence (under construction), Linden Road, Birmingham.  
 McBRIDE HARDWARE CO., Store and Office Building (under construction), Woodward Ave., Birmingham.  
 C. C. NEWELL, Residence (under construction), Grandmont Road, Detroit.  
 R. L. PULK (additions), Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills.  
 FRANKLIN ROBBINS, Residence (sold to Geo. Linton), Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills.  
 FRANKLIN ROBBINS, Residence (sold to W. S. Kennedy), Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills.  
 LOREN C. STAUCH, Stores, Woodward Avenue, Birmingham.  
 CHAS. J. SHAIN, Stores, Woodward Avenue, Birmingham.  
 SAUNDERS-COLGROVE, Office, Woodward Avenue, Birmingham.  
 RALPH STONE, Residence, Cranbrook Road, Bloomfield Hills.  
 H. H. SHUART, Residence, Atkinson Avenue, Detroit.  
 A. W. WASEY, Residence (under construction), Dorchester Road, Birmingham.  
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## Music in the Hills

(Continued from page 12)

room where the men lingered over their cigars, hoping we should be discovered and invited in to sit down with them, where we listened with eyes and ears wide open, to the wit and laughter around the table. Sometimes we were asked to play for them; and how thrilled we were it someone asked, 'What was the name of that selection?' I was always glad when Samuel Clemens was among the guests, for he had a fondness for children and a winning way that delighted our souls. Sometimes he even told us a story, and that was a red-letter day!"

When asked if she spent only her summers in the Hills, Mrs. Parke replied, "Oh, we *live* here, summer and winter. We find the quiet and beauty a great and sustaining inspiration. We enjoy going to the city for our work—to play at a concert or to give a recital. But we always hurry back to the Hills, and find we can study and practice here with better results and fewer distractions than in the city. We love the winters almost as much as the summers."

Well, who wouldn't? With their well-loved instruments about them, their friends making a path to their door, the best literature at their elbows and the city within easy reach, small wonder that artists and musicians and writers and nature-lovers quite naturally find a congenial abiding-place in the Hills.

S. R. M.

## The Towers

(Continued from page 17)

hold is managed. There is no responsibility for maintenance of house and grounds; one is perfectly guarded against marauders and can pick up at any time and go off for a year or a day without a nagging worry to dog one's steps.

For this reason the Towers commends itself to people who like to travel, as well as to those who like to spend much time in the country. Mr. Robert C. Graham, for instance, besides his home in the Towers, has a hunting lodge in northern Michigan, a house in New York, and another in Indiana. Mr. Albert T. Knowlson travels a good deal as well as owning a fishing lodge where he spends much time. The Monroes have a place at Grosse Ile, and every winter take an extended trip.

Mr. Gustavus Pope and his family have a country place at Bloomfield; William E. Scripps has a farm near Orion; Mrs. L. W. Snell a house at Pine Lake. For all of these people the problem of a town house was beautifully solved when they became part owners in the Towers with its sky-searching view and its city gardens and its accessibility to office and to all the activities of the winter season.

The apartments are spacious and from every window is a stunning view, including, on the Jefferson side, the beautiful gardens of the homes that front the avenue. Each apartment is decorated by its owner, so that there is a great variety in the style and type of decoration.

## For She Was the Pet of the Army

(Continued from page 8)

Someone suggested racing, and Ann gave them a handicap. She came spurring down the road, where the others had turned off to the right. Her horse was stable-trained, and made for home, to the left. At the fork in the road there was a moment for mastery. Ann kicked free of the stirrups, ready to jump clear. But the struggling, slippery-footed horse suddenly jerked back his head, caught his hider squarely on the chin, and knocked her out as neatly and decisively as a hard-hitting "pug" could have done. So the others came back to find Ann lying huddled in the road, her head dreadfully gashed by the sharp stone upon which she had fallen.

But fear is not in the vocabulary of Ann Harding. She rode again after that as soon as possible; and now she rides whenever she has time. If there is something sporting to do,—golf, tennis, whatever,—Ann Harding chooses to ride horseback.

"Did you see what new adjective they've applied to my hair, the last time my picture was printed in Vanity Fair?" she asked, irrelevantly, in a momentary pause. "They called it the color of canned corn." Again that flexible voice expressing amusement, faint irony and mockery. "Why 'canned' corn?"

"More fluid, perhaps," I suggested hopefully, thinking to myself how odd that Ann Harding's hair should always remind people of things to eat. "Honey-colored" was Detroit's favorite adjective for so long. When all the time the color is really more like corn silk.

You see, Ann Harding, for all that she likes to ride horseback, and go off by herself to rest and think, isn't a bit of an Amazon. She couldn't be, with that voice and the long, moon-yellow hair.

"The Wileys," on East Jefferson avenue has been closed during the month of August while Miss Margaret and Miss Mary Wiley vacationed in Maine at Saratoga. They are now on their way home, however, and their charming house will be reopened on September 1, for the dinners and teas that will begin the fall season.

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Ideas! Ideas for the plan of your new home—ideas for its interior decoration!

That home builders may obtain novel ideas and suggestions for the designing and furnishing of their future homes, the Judson Bradway Company has built this "exhibition home" in Bloomfield Village. The home is ultra-modern in every respect, and has been very beautifully furnished and decorated throughout by Tuttle & Clark—Jaeger Studio. Inspection is cordially invited.

Drive out Wider Woodward Avenue to the center of Birmingham; then west on Maple Road 1 1/4 miles to Bloomfield Village; watch for direction signs. The Exhibition Home is open to visitors week days from 2 P. M. to 9 P. M.—Sundays from 10:30 A. M. to 9 P. M. It is one of a number of beautiful homes recently completed in Bloomfield Village, where over one-half million dollars is now being spent to install all city improvements.

## Judson Bradway Co. Realtors

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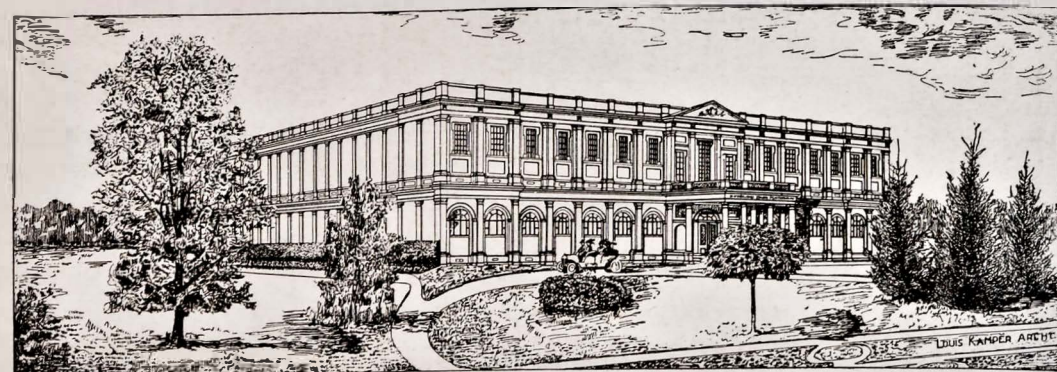
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## that will guide you to scores of Beauty Spots out Greater Woodward

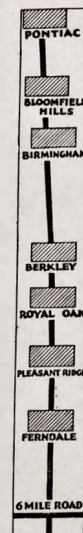
**Write for It!**

There are scores of beauty spots out Greater Woodward that you have never seen—out of the way corners that invite the carefree motorist. Many of them have been carefully charted on a new map—just off the press—that is yours upon request and without obligation.

Write for it now. Let it guide you out the magnificent superhighway, the greatest thoroughfare in the world, to this glorious land of sunshine and fresh air.

Nature is now at her best. The sparkling lakes seem a deeper and richer blue, the air is more invigorating, and the wooded hills a more charming green.

Spread before you on this map is a new world, a territory that invites your exploration. If you are tired of the same old drives, if you want to visit some new place, if the old question, "Where shall we go?" arises again and again, by all means write or telephone at once for the Greater Woodward road map.



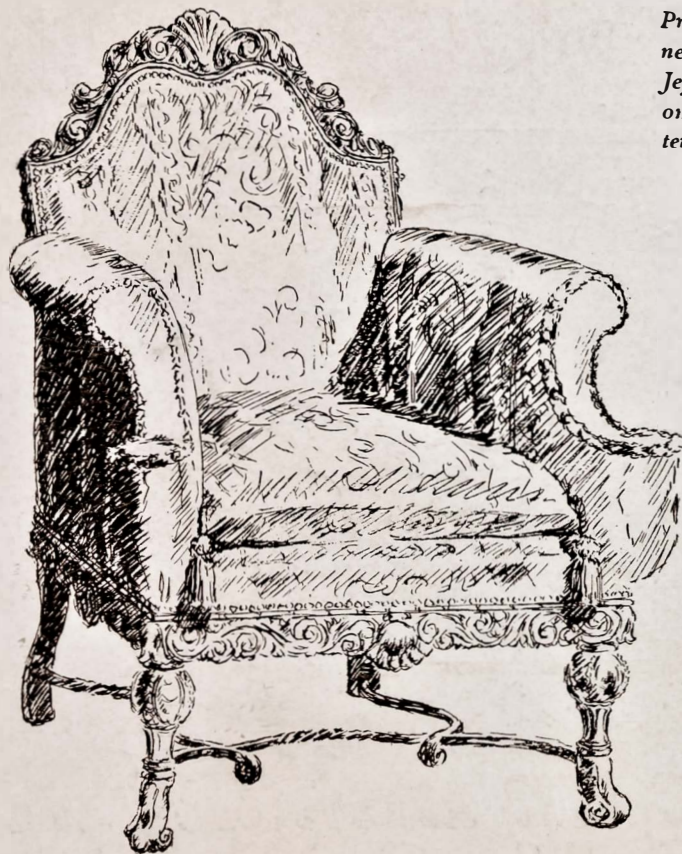
**GREATER WOODWARD AVENUE ASSOCIATION**  
508 Majestic Building Phone Cadillac 7237

# Greater Woodward

## AVENUE ASSOCIATION



*Prior to the completion of our  
new studio building at 1397  
Jefferson Avenue East, we will,  
on June 15, 1926 move to  
temporary quarters at 1432  
Jefferson Avenue East.*



## *Originality and Fine Art Meet in* **DEAN UPHOLSTERY**

In upholstering alone one may, by the exercise of judicious selection of fabrics, style and coloring, do away with tasteless uniformity in furnishings. Consulting experience on this important point is no reflection on your own good judgment.

Old pieces faithfully  
restored or modernized.  
Ultra new designs supplied.  
Original ideas  
faithfully executed.

Just one phase of Dean's interior decoration and home furnishing service is the consummate art to which it has raised upholstering. Clever and original conceptions, as well as faithful restorations are carried out at amazingly little expense.



*The*  
**HARRY J.**  
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**COMPANY**

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EXTERIOR PAINTING ~ INTERIOR DECORATING ~ WALLPAPERS  
EXQUISITE IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC FURNITURE OF ALL PERIODS  
UPHOLSTERING ~ DRAPERIES ~ RUGS AND CARPETS  
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OBJETS d'ART

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