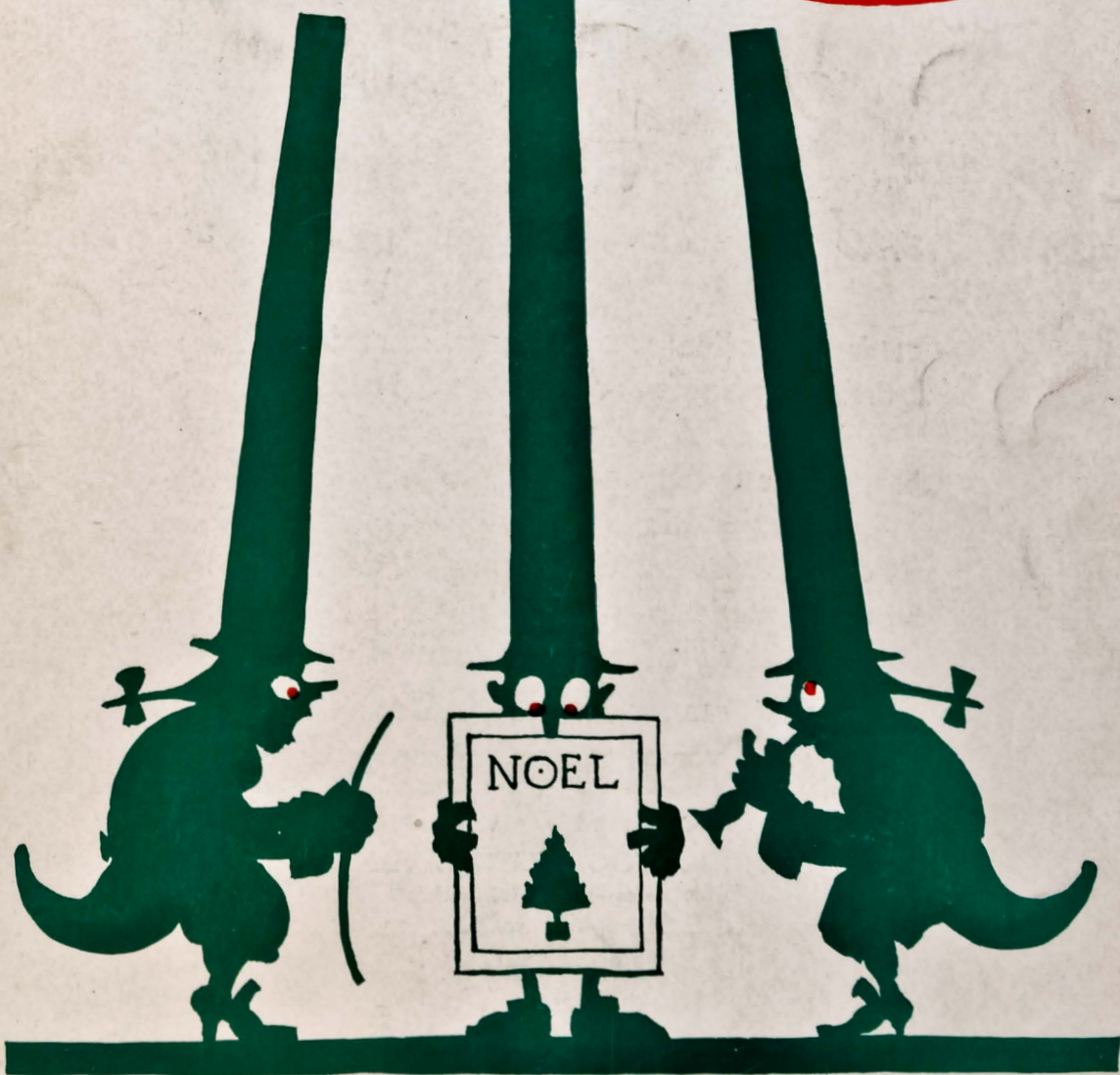


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THE AFTERGLOW



DECEMBER — 1926

VOLUME 2 • NUMBER 12 • PRICE 25 CENTS



*The
Steinway
Miniature
Grand*

In the
Adam Period
Case

IN its classic lines and ornamentation this handsome Steinway pianoforte case reflects the best handiwork of the brothers Adam whose taste and training led them to the development of a style which they engraved upon furniture, walls, ceilings, mantelpieces and even doorknobs. The Adam period Steinway will harmonize particularly well with plain interiors and simple furnishings of early American or English motifs.

"The Musical Center of Detroit"

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40 Stores—9 Detroit Branches

Chelmsleigh



Announcing the Aristocrat of Bloomfield Hills Developments

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, ushered in the aristocrat of Bloomfield Hills developments—Chelmsleigh, with its rare natural charm, its commanding elevation, its exclusive environment, its comprehensive restrictions designed to establish the character of "neighbors."

To those familiar with the Bloomfield district, it is but necessary to mention that Chelmsleigh is merely a new name for the beautiful 300-acre estate of C. H. Hodges, which the Judson Bradway Company—developers of Country Club Estates—are now offering to the public in tracts averaging over two acres in size.



Chelmsleigh is bounded by three of the region's principal highways—Lone Pine, Lahser and Long Lake roads. It is immediately surrounded by the handsome residences of J. Howard Muzzy, George S. Gnau, W. B. Beamer, Lawrence Smith and many other well-known Detroiters. The home of James Vernor, Jr., is located on the property. Just to the east on

Lone Pine Road is Cranbrook, the cultural center of Bloomfield Hills, the Cranbrook School, and the Bloomfield Hills School for children.

The limited availability of this high type of residence property is becoming more and more pronounced. Our recommendation is immediate selection.

Judson Bradway Co.
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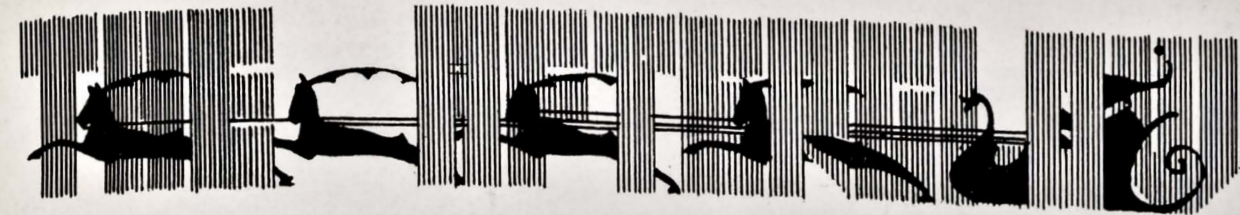
OUT OF THE SMOKE-ZONE INTO THE OZONE



SINCE June, 1924, 3461 discriminating Detroiters have purchased over \$5,000,000 worth of single homesites in Beverly Hills. They have done so because Clemons - Knight - Menard Company has enhanced the natural advantages of this property by the most complete physical development to be found in the Birmingham-Bloomfield district.

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Developers of BEVERLY HILLS - BRETON WOODS - WEST BLOOMFIELD LAKES



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No. 12

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

THE AFTERGLOW is published on the 1st of every month at Detroit, Michigan, by the Afterglow Publishing Company, Inc.
Marion Holden, Editor; Ralston Goss, Sport Editor; W. J. Murphy, Business Manager; J. C. Rodgers, Advertising Manager.
Editorial and executive offices, 4856 Woodward Avenue. Telephones: Glendale 5837 and 2751.

Articles, stories and photographs pertaining to any phase of country life around Detroit are solicited.
Subscription price, \$2.50 a year; 25 cents the single copy. For sale at most newsstands in Detroit and Birmingham.
Address all communications to The Afterglow Publishing Company, 4856 Woodward Avenue, Detroit.



Hance

The Bloomfield Hills School

This school for younger children is one of the vital factors in the country life of the Bloomfield Hills region. It was organized five years ago in the Cranbrook Meeting House, which was later incorporated with the school buildings. It is beautifully situated on the River Rouge, facing Cranbrook Road, just north of the Lone Pine Road. The enrollment includes about fifty children from the kindergarten through the eighth grade.



Crowell Cottage

A Quaint Little Old Farm House at Mt. Vernon Restored Last Summer by Mrs. Francis Duffield

By MARION HOLDEN

WHEN Mrs. Francis Duffield undertook last summer to bring this particularly adorable little farmhouse back into its birthright, she already knew a good deal about the let-well-enough-alone consideration that an old house expects, for she had restored and partially remodeled a lovely old house on the mill pond at Stoney Creek, and lived in it with her family for thirteen summers and the week-ends of as many winters—that last wintry item being very important to the full understanding of the anatomy of an old house.

Though experience is not exactly necessary, it does bring a certain reverence for a house as an architectural whole. For most of these houses, built in the '20's and '30's, were constructed by the village carpenter straight out of a classic manual and could not be improved upon for line and

mass. One of the sad sights of this countryside is the occasional house of this period that has been "improved" into something resembling the ugly architectural ideas of today—the sun porch, the front porch, the whatnots stuck on here and there that utterly destroy the original excellent lines.

This particular little house, just beyond the village of Mt. Vernon, which is several miles beyond Stoney Creek, looked very different a year ago. If it were

not standing in the same spot you might not guess that it is the same house, although not a line has been changed. In the first place it was weather-beaten and very, very dirty. Foreign farm tenants had lived in it for several years, doing nothing at all to keep it up inside or out. Mrs. Duffield had it thoroughly cleaned last fall, and the white



Arnold

The chimney piece in the dining room was made by raising the white wainscoting boards and adding a molding. The fireplaces are the only new things in the house and they have been cleverly made to look old.



Arnold

The vista from dining room to kitchen is one of the quaintest in the house. The little window with its shelf and chintz curtain once looked out from a woodshed. The door at the left opens onto the living porch.

picket fence put up along the road to assure passersby that it was somebody's cherished property. Then in the spring the plaster inside was torn out and the house fumigated. After that it was replastered and the floors and woodwork painted. The floor boards are that nice old wide variety so hard to come by these days without great expense, and these were painted black as a background for rag rugs and hooked rugs and braided rugs. All the woodwork through the house was then painted white, except that in the parlor, which was restored to its original delicious blue. The parlor wall paper is the landscaped gray of a boar's hunt against white and the bright chintzes of wing chair, love seat and curtain valences are the right note of clear spotted gayety against this background.

The only change that was made in the construction of the house came in the installing of two fireplaces, one in the dining room and one on the same chimney in the parlor. (They had to pull out a solid walnut beam by the way, when they made room for this chimney.) The parlor fireplace is about the usual size, faced with brick, with a blue wooden moulding; the one in the dining room took much imagination and planning on the part of Mrs. Duffield, for it is built of old brick, large and open, and designed like the old ones with two little ovens at the end. For the mantle Mrs. Duffield very cleverly raised the two wide boards of the wainscoting, so that they form the mantle and the mantle shelf. This took courage as well as imagination, as did the placing of the fireplace a little off center in the room, in order to leave a funny little set-in cupboard at one side and the powder box on the other. This powder box has a carved lid, and the two iron hooks from which a shotgun once hung are still above it.

(Continued on page 26)



Looking from the fireplace in the parlor into the front bedroom, where the furniture is painted a creamy yellow and the curtains are sheer white with blue ruffled tie-backs and valances. The parlor woodwork is restored to its old delicious blue and the wall paper is landscaped grey on white. The cupboard at the left is one of several that were built in when the house was constructed.

Arnold

Grandma's Cupboards



Ellison



Spellman

The chaste simplicity of the best of the old corner cupboards is shown in this modern reproduction built into the dining room of the John B. Williams residence in Birmingham.

Muehlman and Farrar, Architects.



Ellison

This old mahogany corner cupboard at Apple Lane Farm, the summer home of the Gustavus D. Popes, belonged to Mrs. Pope's mother and is filled with old china.

An old cherry cupboard filled with old English china admirably fits its setting in the living room at the Lone Pine Inn.

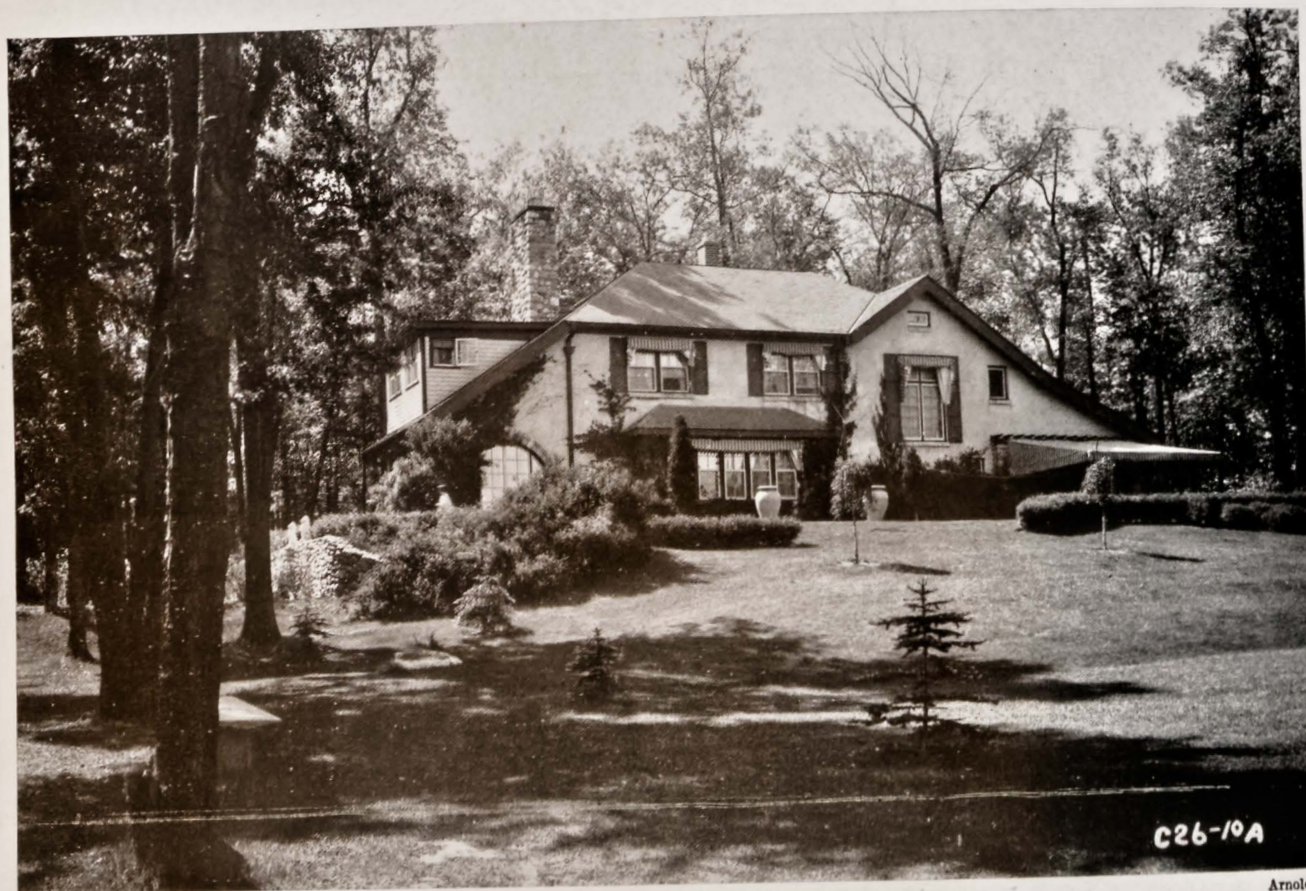


Two Houses

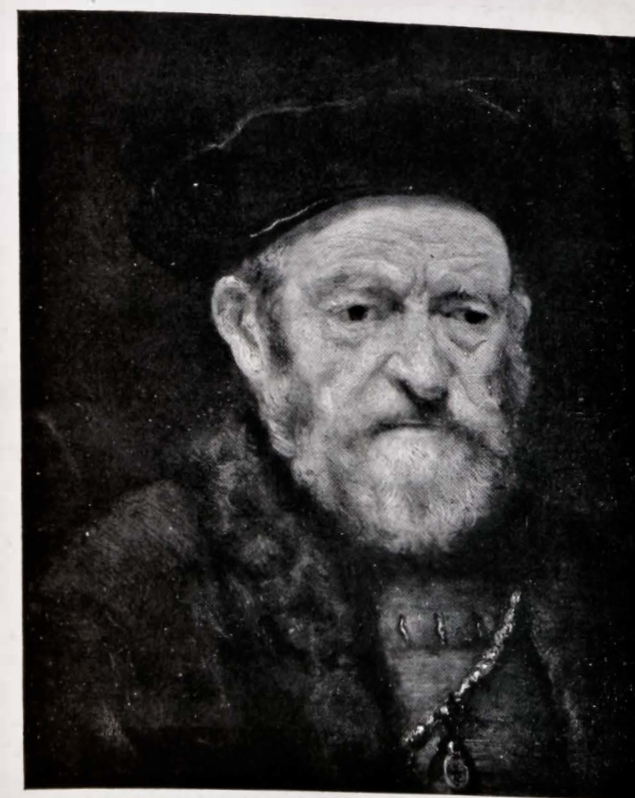
The home of Mr. John B. Williams on Yorkshire Road, Birmingham, is a fine example of Maryland Colonial. The round, pillared, Colonial porch at the back opens from the living room. Muehlman & Farrar, architects.

The residence of Mr. A. G. Osterman in Oak Knob Farms is the rambling, comfortable type of country house that immediately gives the visitor a sense of informal hospitality.

Hillmer



Arnold



Rembrandt's Portrait of an Old Man. Owned by Mr. and Mrs. Julius H. Haass.

Great Paintings Owned in Detroit

Three Rembrandts, and Something About the Artist

By RAE EMERSON DONLON

REMBRANDT HARMENSZ RIJN, born in Leyden in 1606, and perhaps the greatest of Dutch painters, was another prophet unrecognized in his own country. He suffered throughout the latter half of his life, his pictures sold for almost nothing, and he finally died in 1669, a poor man. His country cared nothing about his work; the people were in fact troubled by its unlikeness to the originals of the paintings. Many insisted upon the faces being repainted, made more beautiful, and complained bitterly if they were not.

Of course, everyone knows now how eagerly Rembrandt's paintings and etchings are sought, and what prices are paid for them. It is matter for pride that Detroit, although very young in collecting, already has four of his finest portraits, while Holland, the home of the painter, has only about forty. These four Detroit portraits, privately owned—the city of Detroit not having so far purchased a Rembrandt for its great new museum—were on view to the public at the museum last spring in the great loan exhibition from Detroit collections.

The Portrait of an Old Man, illustrated here, painted about 1640, is now the property of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Haass, though before coming into their hands it was for a time in several of the great collections of Europe, notably those of the Duke of Sutherland, Carl von Hollitscher and A. Preyer at The Hague. Mr.

and Mrs. Haass are also the proud possessors of the Portrait of Hendrickje Stoffels, Rembrandt's second wife. This lovely little portrait came from the collection of Baron Albert Oppenheim at Cologne.

Another Portrait of an Old Man is owned here by Mr. Henry G. Stevens. It is particularly decorative, being octagonal in form and more prettily painted than many of Rembrandt's portraits. A Portrait of Rembrandt's Son, Titus, is owned in Detroit by Mr. Edgar B. Whitcomb and came from the collections of T. Humphrey Ward and George Salting in London.

Rembrandt was little of a student of books, but in painting he very soon outstripped each of his masters. He was about twenty-one when his first great picture was painted, "Paul in Prison," and but thirty at the creation of the next one, "Simeon in the Temple." Each picture he painted was the best he could do, and as a result all of his canvases, more than three hundred years later, remain on a high level.

His work became more and more delicate as he grew older and suffered. When he was married in 1634 he himself had a large fortune and his wife a large dowry. They evidently lived very well and comfortably, for, when she died six years later, their fortune was greatly reduced. She left him one son, Titus, who became his sole support, sometimes selling his father's paintings and etchings from door to door.

(Continued on page 23.)

Ave Victoria Immortalis!

By DAVID BURGESS

IN Kensington Gardens, London, there is a monument erected by a strange frumpy old woman to her Prince Consort, Albert. Even the English admit that this monument is an insult to aesthetics. There it stands, however, and it will remain, perhaps forever, symbolical of a plague that swept the English-speaking world.

This plague is Victorianism and the age was the Victorian age, and the world is only now recovering from it. It is a slow process, however, since the inoculation has been so infused that the rank and file of the old guard just dearly love it. But, Praise Allah! on the horizon is the dawn of a new renaissance, bringing light and hope to a world surfeited with drab existence and hemmed in by the hills of monotony.

What are some of the signs and symbols of this Victorianism? Main streets; chair tidies; trousers; black evening clothes; the inevitable group of the bowl of gold fish, the plush sofa, the steel engraving of The Stag at Bay, and dear Uncle Henry's picture on the easel, the family album, so-called Chinese objets d'art, and the curious taste for American Colonial furniture.

As to Main Streets, Sinclair Lewis has explained at length in an excellent book the tragedy of the Village Virus, but we scarcely appreciate the tragedy since we persist in looking to far off places when examining the deadly microbe.

As to chair tidies, the story of the dear, old Victorian lady is applicable. She paid a dress designer a fabulous amount for a new black silk gown and finally appeared in it wearing a tabby bow of baby blue velvet ribbon around her neck, "To make it a bit soft" (soft pronounced with an "a," as in shaft). So people pay for beautiful chairs and furnishings and then pat them

and fuss with them and tack on things here and there to make them "a bit saft." O! Tempora! O! Mores!

It is to be feared that the male of the species is forever doomed to the curiosity of trousers and drab clothes as the Victorians interpreted dress. The fact that this kind of clothing should be relegated to the 45th level of the inferno, wherein is confined the stylist for walrus moustaches, bowlers, moustache cups and umbrellas for men, seems not to have an effect. The meat of Victorianism lies in fear of individuality. Shakespeare's words, "Oh! what men dare do! what men daily do!" are obsolete, since no longer men dare do anything that might brand them as individuals.

This readily applies to the furniture of the Victorian age. We all stoutly deny that we, in this day of efficiency and good taste, own or would tolerate Victorian furniture, though there still exist the neurotic few with an exaggerated bump of sentimentalism who cling to the hair cloth sofa from Aunt Emma's old farm, or the chromo of Uncle Ed in a pinafore. But these few do not concern us, as the fitting home for their furniture would be a mausoleum and the normal, healthy individual avoids a mausoleum as a home until it becomes absolutely necessary.

However, many of us are still affected by sundry off-shoots from the Victorian taste that are shockingly evident in the furnishing of our homes. Blue dining rooms with shiny mahogany furniture and the inevitable stained-glass dome center light; imitation chinese rugs in garish colors; over-stuffed mohair suites and the severe, angular, uncomfortable English kitchen furniture popularly dubbed "American Colonial."

This American Colonial that is sweeping the country deserves special mention. There is no doubt a great deal of it that is exceedingly interesting from an historical point of view, and

(Continued on p. 31)



A TAUNT TO TOWN FOLK

Under the hedges of blueberry bush,
Who knows the grace of the cranberry growing?
Down where the swamp grass is wiry and lush,
Feathery stalk for each ruby drop glowing?

What can you know of the marsh and its treasure,
Autumn-clad dunes with the bog at their feet,
Poor city children, out buying by measure,
Cranberries red for your holiday treat!!

H.C.B.



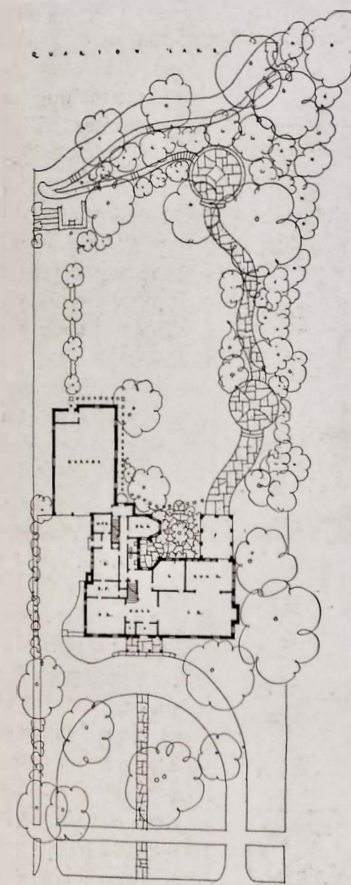
The House of Jay A. Walsh in Quarton Lake Estates Birmingham



The street front on Lake Park Drive.

Hillmer

Muehlman & Farrar, Architects
Genevieve Gillette, Landscape Architect



The plan of house and grounds.

THE house plan follows the requirements of the lot, by which two fronts are indicated, one toward the street, the other toward Quarton lake, the living room, sun room and living porch.

The landscaping follows the same general idea; i. e., it typifies suburban living and embraces a transition from semi-formal town treatment at the street front to very informal naturalistic country planting at the lake. A small sharp ravine along the right side of the property and the steep bank of the lake are filled with native trees and plants. A broad flagged walk leads from the living porch and the patio, along the edge of the ravine to a stone paved and stone walled circular sitting place overlooking the lake. From this a gravelled path with frequent short flights of log steps lead down along the face of the bank to a stone built "council place," where there

(Continued on page 30)



The garden front with the bay and round-headed window opening from the breakfast room toward the lake.

Hillmer

December Hunting at Bloomfield



SOCIETY

By KATHERINE ATKINSON

Bloomfield Hills

IN spite of the lull in social affairs in the Hills district everyone has been kept fairly busy running into town to attend some debutante reception or ball, or dashing out to Ann Arbor for a football game. Football in the East—notably the Navy game at Baltimore—also attracted a great many from here.

A gay party of debs attended the Yale-Princeton game on November 13th, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. J. Vincent Dwyer. Among them were Miss Margaret Phillips Standart, Miss Janet Skae, Miss Olive Ann Brown, Miss Marie Shurley, Miss Dorothy Becker, Miss Virginia Woods, and Miss Betty Bryant. Miss Ellen Skae and Miss Frances Alger also attended this game, having gone down earlier in the month for the Yale-Harvard game.

The Christmas holidays promise to be especially gay this year in the Hills. Although many have taken houses or apartments in town, it is becoming more and more the thing to keep the country home open for weekends, when from Friday until Monday you may be sure to find a jolly party of some sort arranged. The school set especially love the country during the holidays, with hunting, dancing, skating and coasting, there need never be a dull moment.

The reception and supper-dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Walter O. Briggs in their Boston Boulevard home on Tuesday, November 9th, to introduce their daughter Elizabeth, was one of the most beautiful affairs of the kind that has been given in Detroit.

The charming debutante, who is fair and slender, looked very lovely and girlish in her gown of flesh col-

ored chiffon, the sash of burnt orange and silver giving a smart touch. She carried pink roses.

Mrs. Briggs, looking almost as youthful as her daughter, was gowned in a Harry Collins model of orchid chiffon.

The spacious rooms of the Briggs home were beautifully decorated for the occasion. One marvels at the ingenuity of the florists, so many rare and lovely flowers, combined in no end of original ways. This popular debutante received many exquisite bouquets which filled every available space.

Among the guests were many from the hills. Mrs. Edward A. Skae was looking especially attractive in a wine colored gown with hat to match. Mrs. George T. Hendrie, Mrs. Edward P. Hammond, and Mrs. Elliot Slocum Nichols were together. Mrs. Frederick Robinson and her daughter, Miss Edith, Mrs. Joseph Mack, the latter being much amused over the teasing she received about her coming acquaintance with Queen Marie. Mr. and Mrs. Thorne Murphy (Elise Vhay) were made much of by their young friends.

After the reception a dance was given for the younger set, the lovely ballroom being

most attractively decorated for the dance.

The ballroom of the Bloomfield Hills Country Club was very lovely with its decorations of smilax and many colored chrysanthemums on Monday evening, November 15th, when Mr. D. R. Wilson of Pontiac entertained at a dinner-dance for one hundred guests, to celebrate his birthday.

Mrs. J. H. Muzzy entertained at a bridge-luncheon for eight guests at the club on November 12th. A "feather party," given at the Bloomfield Hills



Bahman, Kansas City

The engagement of Miss Julia Elizabeth Pickard, daughter of Dr. Mathew Waldemar Pickard, of Kansas City, to Mr. Howarth Widman Gnan, son of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gnan, of Long Lake Road, Bloomfield, has been announced, the wedding to take place in April.



Spellman
Miss Eleanor Jackson, attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Jackson, whose coming-out party will be a social event of December.

Club on November 20th, was a very jolly affair, members being allowed to bring guests.

The attractive new homes of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Westbrook and Mr. and Mrs. DuBoise Young, in Rathmore Road, back of the Bloomfield Club, have been completed and their owners have moved in.

Miss Viola Hammond has returned home from a very delightful visit with Mrs. John Bosley, in Baltimore. Mrs. Bosley, who belongs to the hunting set, gave her hard riding guest a wonderful time, as the hunting is excellent in that part of the country at this time.

The little daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. Ward Duckett (Josephine Vhay), on November 6th, has been named Susan Beaubien, for her great-great-grandmother.

Returning from school on the 20th of December to spend the holidays will be Miss Suzanne House, Miss Betty Blanchard, Miss Nancy Jewett, Miss Nancy Atkinson, Miss Elsie Morley, Miss Florence Skae, Miss Martha Palms, John Watling, Jack Blanchard, Frank W. Atkinson, and Ted and Frederick Hammond.

Mr. and Mrs. Manley D. Davis, who have been in England for several months, plan to be in Paris at Christmas time. Miss Mary Isabel Davis and Miss Mary Morley will spend their vacation with them. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bromley, who have been visiting the Davises, may also decide to remain abroad for the holidays.

Miss Nancy Atkinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Atkinson of Birmingham, spent Thanksgiving with friends at Redwood Lodge, Wrights, California. Miss Nancy is a student at Mills College, near Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Kern gave a very delightful dinner, followed by bridge, in their Bloomfield Hills home early in the month, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Currier, who have left to make their home in Redding, Pa.



Spellman
Miss Florentine Walker, daughter of the Harrington E. Walkers, whose debutante ball will be given on the 21st of December.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Buckley (Isabel Palms), who spent the summer at their farm near Oxford, have taken a house in Washington, D. C., for the winter.

Miss Katherine Strett of Baltimore, who has been the guest of Miss Margaret Phillips Standart, has returned home. Mrs. George T. Hendrie was hostess at a buffet supper in honor of Miss Strett. Last season's debts were much in evidence at this affair, as well as the debts of this season.

Mr. and Mrs. James Oliver Robinson of Grand Rapids were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Williams the week-end of November 13th. A breakfast party given by Mrs. Raymond W. Reilly, a luncheon by Mrs. Williams, and a tea by Mrs. T. R. Donovan were among the delightful affairs honoring these guests. Mrs. Robinson was formerly Mary Martin of Grand Rapids, and before her marriage spent a year in Birmingham, as head of the Community House, where she made many friends.

Mr. George G. Booth has again demonstrated his interest in the community and in the arts. At the exhibit of rare old lace held by the Junior League in November at Newberry House, Mr. Booth purchased a very beautiful lace flounce to present to the new Christ Church at Cranbrook, to be used as an altar cloth.

This lovely piece of lace was made in the 17th century, and is of Pointe de France, especially well designed with pomegranates and carnations, surrounded by an exquisite scroll work, the whole on a background of needle point. The purchase price of this beautiful cloth was \$4,800.00.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Slocum Nichols were hosts at a dinner on Tuesday evening, November 9th, in honor of Mrs. Burns Henry and Mr. William Hendrie, who were married on November 22nd. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. George T. Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Stoepel, the Misses Marjorie and Sarah Hendrie, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Hammond.



Spellman
Miss Phoebe Bennett, daughter of the Edward Sherman Bennetts, a lovely November debutante.

In honor of Mrs. Robert B. Mantell, Jr., a recent bride, who has come to live on Lone Pine Road, Mrs. Bert Morley entertained at two charming luncheons at the Lone Pine Tea House in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Flynn will spend the winter months at the home of Mrs. Flynn's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mack, on Quarton Road.

Mlle. Dagmar Ruin of Helsenfors, Finland, was the honor guest at a luncheon given by Mrs. Alexander

W. Copland at her country home. Mlle. Ruin has been the guest of Miss Frances Sibley.

Grosse Pointe

The Lochmoor Club has been the scene of some of the attractive debutante dances given during November. On November 5th, Mr. and Mrs. Allen F. Edwards presented their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Edwards, at a dance, to which both the older and younger set were asked. Owing to the fact that only the most intimate friends of the debutante and her parents were invited it was a very informal and jolly affair.

Miss Edwards was very attractive in a model of silver lace over silver cloth, and carried pink roses. Mrs. Edwards wore a gown of blue lace over silver cloth. Many lovely bouquets were received by the debutante, and added to the beauty of the decorations.

Mrs. James Thayer McMillan was hostess at a large luncheon in her home on November 16th, in honor of Miss Edwards. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards will give a dinner at the Detroit Club during Christmas week for their daughter.

Miss Eleanor Jackson was hostess at a dinner for forty young people on November 12th, later taking her guests to the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. DeHull Travis, for their sisters, the Misses Marjorie and Helen Crowley, at the Lochmoor Club.

Before the ball given by Mrs. Charles B. Davis at the Lochmoor Club for her daughter, Betty, on November 26th, Mr. and Mrs. Luther S. Trowbridge entertained.

(Continued on page 22)



Spellman
Miss Marie Shurly was presented to society by her mother, Mrs. Burt R. Shurly, at a reception at the Detroit Club, November 29th.

Sport Comment

Hockey and the Beginning of Winter

by RALSTON GOSS

JUST a month ago we were more or less bewailing the advent of the snows and frosts of winter and the concurrent diminution of out-of-door sports. We were looking forward with considerable apprehension to a season of bowling, wrestling and such other activeless activities. All of which left us in the frame of mind of a person who is doomed to exile on an island inhabited by mollicoddles—we were all steamed up, but had nowhere to go.

But we had overlooked at least one item on the Winter Sports menu. That was the advent of real, big league hockey—next to polo the fastest, most colorful game that sports provide. As this is being written the season is opening. The Detroit Cougars are taking on the Boston Bruins in the first at home game (albeit it is to be played on a foreign shore) of the National Hockey league season.

The local club is backed by some of the most influential men of the city, including Herbert V. Book, James E. Devoe, Laurence Fisher, Charles A. Hughes, W. P. Holliday, Louis J. Lepper, William G. Lerchen, W. A. C. Miller, C. Hayward Murphy, John C. Townsend, Frank A. Westbrook, J. L. Woods and Jefferson B. Webb.

This syndicate (for it is a money-making venture, after all) is financially responsible, of course, and has enough red blood in its collective system to want to give to Detroit the best to be had in the line of hockey. It, accordingly, purchased outright one of the greatest hockey teams ever assembled and brought it here to represent our city. Indeed, it has gone even further and is erecting the Olympia, Grand River at McGraw, in which will be the rink on which the local league games will be played after next February 1st (by which time the plant will have been completed). The Olympia also will be a spot where high class boxing and other winter sport events can be taken care of. Close to the geographical center of the city, Olympia should prove a magnet for those who love action in sport.

At home games (those scheduled before Olympia is finished to be played on the rink in Windsor) will be:

Rangers, December 4; Ottawa, December 9; Americans, December 11; Canadians, December 23; Montreal, December 30; Pittsburgh, January 1; St. Pats, January 4; Boston, January 13; Rangers, January 29; Chicago, February 1; Canadians, February 12; St. Pats, February 15; Ottawa, February 17; Chicago, February 19; Montreal, February 24; Chicago, March 8; Pittsburgh, March 10; Rangers, March 17; Boston, March 19, and Pittsburgh, March 26.

Arthur Duncan, captain in the Royal Flying Corps during the war, who won the Victoria Cross for his

daring in those days of stress, is playing manager of the Cougars. With him are the Victoria, British Columbia, team of last season.

And those of you who have not seen hockey as it is played by real teams should not overlook the opportunities you will have this year. It is a game that is primed with action throughout every moment of play—a game that “brings you up standing” time and time again.

Not So Good Here

Well, Suzanne has been here and gone.

And, if you leave it to us common people, we'll not sit up nights until she comes back.

Suzanne gave as fine an exhibition of doing as little as possible for the greatest gate she could hope to get as has ever been witnessed in these benighted parts. We are willing to grant, after having seen her in action, that she is the world's finest woman tennis player. She has speed, rare judgment and uncanny ability to place shots. Good as Mary Browne is, she was but a second rater compared to the great French woman.

After all was said and done Suzanne was just exhibiting—for American dollars. She'll get plenty of them before the tour is ended, but C. C. Pyle, small town business man before he began to capitalize on the American craze to see notables perform, will get more. The lads who backed the local venture and guaranteed the tennis troupers \$5,000, just escaped a deficit by the skin of their teeth. While we are glad that is true, still we want to warn them that, if they try again, the chances are they'll have to dig deep to meet the Pyle demands after the show has been staged—for Detroiters are not apt to fall for that kind of stuff again.

Football Season Closes

Before this is read, Michigan will either be champions of the Western Conference at football—or they won't be. There's no telling. Minnesota looms in the path of the Wolverines as this is being written, and the Galloping Gophers may hammer their way to a victory that will set Michigan several parasongs behind Northwestern, the only other Big Ten team that was not defeated by a Conference rival up to the middle of November.

In all justice to Michigan, however (no matter what the outcome of the Minneapolis engagement may be, and granting, for the sake of argument that Northwestern will close its season with a victory over Iowa, and, consequently, a clean slate) it must be said that the Yostmen must be considered the superior team. Northwestern “picked its spots.” It did not schedule

any team that might possibly “knock it for a goal.” Two games with Indiana, for instance (Conference cellar champions), were on the Purple program. On the other hand, Michigan took on the “tough babies,” Ohio State, Illinois, Minnesota twice and Wisconsin present problems. Not one of those games was a “set up,” in spite of the fact that the Maize and Blue ran roughshod over the Cardinals of Madison. From this crow's nest it looks as though Michigan ought to be entitled to consideration of the experts who decide what team is champion, regardless of whether or not Minnesota wins on November 20.

In the South, Alabama is headed towards another championship, and on the Coast “Pop” Warner's eleven at Leland Stanford seems to be best. In the East it is a dog's fight, with Navy and Brown looking the best, and Army, Princeton and Pennsylvania ranking right behind them.

The ill-advised attack of the Harvard Lampoon on Princeton has wrecked the “Big Three,” but the Tigers have all the honor and glory that goes with victory over the Crimson and Yale.

Looming as national champions is Notre Dame. The so-called Irish have one of the finest and most versatile teams ever assembled. It has accounted for Northwestern, tied with Michigan for the Conference championship, and one of the greatest Army elevens that ever strutted its stuff at West Point.

Football has enjoyed wonderful popularity this year and has been interesting because of the reversals of form that have developed in the season that will be ended when this is read.

Golf Frozen Out

Golf is non est.

There ain't no sech animile in these parts, although November was kind to the “bugs” and permitted them to get in a lot of real playing.

But Winter's social season is upon us and will be observed at such clubs as Detroit Golf, Country Club, Lochmoor, Bloomfield Hills, Oakland Hills and Essex County Golf and Country Club, across the river.

Bloomfield will have a fine new locker house and will have added a lake to its natural beauty by the time the season of 1927 rolls around. The water hazard will be in front of No. 8 green and just ahead of No. 9 tee when it is completed. More than \$100,000 will have been spent when everything is finished. But when it is, Bloomfield members will be able to sit back and rub their hands together in a self-satisfied manner.

The November program called for Hallowe'en parties at practically every club in the district and for “feather parties” a day or two before Thanksgiving. Dinner dances and special holiday entertainment will be provided at all the clubs that will remain open for the Winter season.



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A Home in Bloomfield Downs Means

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- 2 Social advantages of Detroit's most exclusive residential area.
- 3 Immediate proximity of the Country Clubs and lake region.
- 4 Rapid transportation both ways on the greatest highway in the world.
- 5 None of the worries or expense incident to the large country estate.
- 6 All the conveniences of a home within the city limits.

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Wider Woodward, just below Beverly Hills.

Country Comment

BEVERLY HILLS, a development put on by Clemens-Knight-Menard over a year ago, is the largest property restricted to single homesites in the Birmingham district, and one of the largest ever developed in the Detroit district. There are over a thousand acres extending west from Woodward, crossing Southfield

Road and the River Rouge and extending beyond Cranbrook Road.

Along Southfield the property abuts on the Birmingham Golf course and takes in the River Rouge. South of Maple avenue the property comes up to Judson Bradway's Bloomfield Village, which insures a restricted district on all sides.

The picture below shows the type of home that is being built in Beverly Hills, the minimum restriction price being \$9,000, though many of the homes have cost \$20,000 and more.

The advantage of so large a tract of land is, of course, that it insures a more or less uniform neighborhood, and the buyer need not be afraid that the home-site he buys now will fall off in value because business property, oil stations or cheap dwellings may be built next door.



One of the curving avenues in Beverly Hills, showing the type of house that is being built there.

Mr. H. J. Bell, Birmingham's florist, has recently enlarged his shop and greenhouses, which are on the south edge of the village, facing Woodward Avenue. He will have an opening about the middle of the month, when he will invite his patrons to see what provision he has made for supplying them with cut flowers, potted flowers and plants, as well as ferneries and shrubs.

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Aristocratic Chelmsleigh

Chelmsleigh, an addition to the Bloomfield Hills development, Country Club Estates, was formally opened on Sunday, November 7, by the Judson Bradway Company. Because of its rare natural charm, its high elevation, and its exclusive environment, it is called the aristocrat of Bloomfield Hills' developments.

This property was formerly the beautiful country estate of C. W. Hodges. Its development was prompted by the almost instantaneous success of the original offering, Country Club Estates, now rapidly taking on the appearance of a built-up community of handsome residences.

Chelmsleigh fronts on three of the region's principal highways—Lone Pine, Lahser, and Long Lake roads. Just to the east on Lone Pine Road is the great, rambling estate of George G. Booth, the \$800,000 Christ Church now under construction, the site for the Cranbrook School for Boys, which will be opened in 1927, and the Bloomfield Hills School for younger children.

In the vicinity immediately surrounding Chelmsleigh are the attractive homes of such well-known Detroiters as John W. Watling, William G. Lerchen, Stanton Markle, William J. Traub, Walter L. Thompson, Lee Anderson, and Lawrence Smith. On the property itself is the fine residence of James Vernor, Jr., and just to the north is the estate of George Gnau.

Chelmsleigh is situated on the summit of Bloomfield Hills in a delightful region of beautifully wooded hills and valleys, hundreds of feet above the Detroit River, where the air is pure and invigorating.

The restrictions which have been carefully prepared for this newest Judson Bradway development are of the comprehensive type that definitely establish the character of neighbors. Each owner will have the comforting assurance that every new home must add to the attractiveness of every other.

The estates at Chelmsleigh are spacious one to six-acre tracts that are admirably adapted to the craftsmanship of the landscape gardener. These are laid out on winding, graveled driveways along which will be installed an underground system of boulevard electric lights. Other improvements include concrete curb and gutter and elaborate stone entrances.

The Hodges estate is the last Bloomfield Hills property to be purchased by the Judson Bradway Company. Together with a parcel already owned by the firm, it gives them 300 acres of high, rolling, picturesque land for their Chelmsleigh addition.

Country Club Estates, the parent development, was subdivided in 1921. It is directly across Long Lake Road from the greens and fairways of the Bloomfield Hills Country Club.



for—Mr. F. H. Harvey, Puritan Ave., Birmingham

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For those of you who are hoping to build in 1927, may we urge you to utilize the winter months in planning the many niceties that you would like to have in your new home. Perhaps we could help you.

A skilled registered Architect is available at our office for this purpose, and we would be pleased to give you further information regarding this service.

A long list of satisfied owners of "Reichle" homes is our best recommendation.

The active services of our Real Estate Department are at your full disposal for vacant or improved properties.



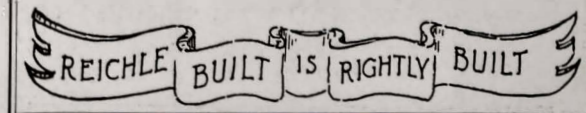
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Four hundred acres of rolling, timbered land almost surrounding Gilbert Lake—a natural park, valleys, terraces with beautiful outlooks, winding roads and bridle paths thru virgin forests.

Homesites varying in size from one to three acres are available. Each estate is so laid out that owners partake of the advantages of the entire development. Already a number of discriminating people have selected Lone Pine Estates as their future home.

Lone Pine Road Estates is easily accessible from Wider Woodward. Turn west on either Lone Pine Road or Quarton Road. Come out and see for yourself.

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see Walsh, James &
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Country Comment—Continued

Architectural Restrictions

By W. W. BURDEN, of Butler and Walton

Regardless of whether we, as individuals, have studied the history of architecture or not, we can not but be impressed with the many flagrant cases of in-harmonious architectural groups here in our own Detroit. Time and again we have seen it in the finer residential districts. An excellent example of Dutch Colonial will have next door an equally fine Italian villa, and next to that a charming example of the Georgian period.

It does not take a student of art or a full-fledged architect to feel the clash. Eight out of ten people with normal vision who pass that way in daylight would catch the incongruity of it all. It is almost too much freedom, even for an American, especially if he is a property holder in such a heterogeneous group.

The root of the difficulty lies in the restrictions. The subdivider's only architectural restriction in such cases has been one of dollars. In other words, each house must represent so many dollars in its construction. And the restrictions have in all cases been strictly adhered to.

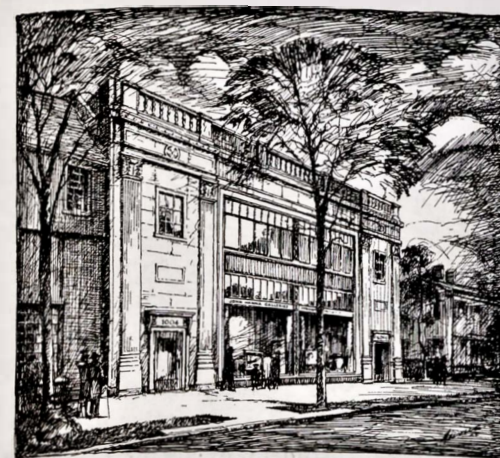
If the subdivider had specified, in addition to the cost of the residences to be erected on his property, that the plans for such residences be submitted to and approved by a competent board of supervising architects, the result would have been far different. And incidentally the value of the improved property would have been much greater.

This is the safeguard that property holders in Franklin Hills and Franklin Heights have to protect the beauty of their future homesites there.



"Sterlingcroft," the Bloomfield home of Mr. and Mrs. Rulof Sterling, has been leased for six months to Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Matheson of Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. Sterling have taken an apartment at the Wardell until after the holidays, when they will go south for the remainder of the winter.

The Mathesons are building a country house for year-round residence on the site of the old farm house at Oak Knobs, on the corner of Bloomfield Center Road and Orchard Ridge Road. J. Ivan Dise is the architect; the house will be built of cinder block faced in brick and stucco and half timbered. Mr. Matheson is Vice-President and Director of Sales of the Oakland Motor Car Company.



The John Hanna Galleries Move Into a New Home

FOR perhaps ten years, art lovers in Detroit have found their way to the old Lothrop house on East Jefferson avenue, where Mr. John Hanna has maintained his galleries. And whether or not they came to buy or whether they came to look, they were always sure of a quiet and cordial welcome from Mr. Hanna, who knows the best and has shown the best, and has, besides that, always held out a welcoming hand to whatever sincere art interest came to him for appreciation and attention.

But just lately the old galleries have been overcrowded, what with demands for exhibitions coming from all parts of the country as well as from Detroit, and so the old house is deserted and the galleries have moved next door into a more beautiful and spacious place, where there is room and to spare, as well as a finer background for beautiful things, and better lighting to show them at their best.

The place has rather a Metropolitan look, with its large street window, well lighted and hung at the back with brocade, against which a single fine picture may be hung. The entrance is on the street level, with a small hall and iron railed steps leading up to the main gallery, where the current exhibition is hung. The office is at the back of this, in a panelled room with a fireplace, and also at the back is a smaller exhibition room for a single picture or a small, choice group.

The print and sculpture room is in the basement, with excellent lighting and a neutral background for prints and etchings, aquatints and wood blocks and bronzes.

Altogether it is a delightful place, where people are welcome to drop in and look about whenever they are passing by—for an art gallery of this kind is not an exclusive place where only those may enter who have a full purse, but an informal meeting place for lovers of beautiful things, who may see them at leisure, in a clear unhurried atmosphere.

An exhibition of contemporary American art has just closed at the John Hanna galleries, to be followed by an exhibition of fine prints during December.

You may have known

that Mount Clemens, Detroit's most interesting suburb has long been known as the Bath City of America,—but

Did You Know

That the installation of scientific medical service at two of the largest hotels, under the supervision of a Mineral Hydrologist of international reputation, has placed this Spa on a par with the best of the Great Baths of the Continent?

And did you know that world travelers, members of the Diplomatic Corps, and officials from Foreign Embassies in Washington, writers, artists, heads of great corporations, and many distinguished social leaders have found rest and relaxation in Mount Clemens this summer?

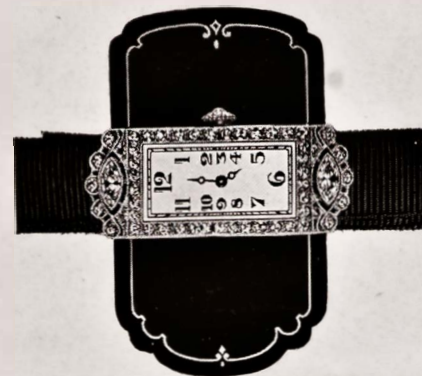
Thousands of others have found Mount Clemens Mineral Water a best Help in the relief of Rheumatism and Hyper-tension, which is the forerunner of many serious afflictions.



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SOCIETY

(Continued from page 15)

tertained at a beautifully appointed dinner in honor of their niece, Miss Janet Bethell, of Scarsdale, N. Y.

The Duchess del Monte returned to Detroit this month, after spending the summer abroad. It is very gratifying to the many friends of the former Julie DuCharme, to find that the charming Duchess is so loyal to her old home. She will be with her sister, Mrs. Cyrus E. Lothrop, in Grosse Pointe Farms.

Miss Kathleen Trowbridge, who has been living in Berkeley, is a welcome visitor, her many friends being



Weekly visitors in the Hills are Elizabeth, Barbara and Jean Hyde, children of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Brossy Hyde of Detroit and grand-children of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Robinson of Overbrook, Lone Pine Road.

delighted to have her with them again. Mrs. Sidney T. Miller entertained at dinner in honor of Miss Trowbridge on Saturday, November 13th.

The wedding of Miss Emily Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Scott, of Hubbard Woods, Chicago, and Mr. Langdon Hubbard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Hubbard, of Grosse Pointe, attracted many Detroiters. The ceremony took place on Saturday, November 20th, at four-thirty in the afternoon. The Rev. James Austin Richards read the marriage service in the Winnetka Congregational Church.

Among the attendants at the wedding from Detroit were Miss Romaine Warren, who acted as one of the bridesmaids; Mr. Charles Parcells, George F. S. Hendrie, William K. Muir, Eliot Farrington, and Thomas Paddock. Bartow Hemmingway, the groom's brother-in-law, was best man, while the others acted as ushers.

The wedding of Mrs. Burns Henry and Mr. William Hendrie took place very quietly on November 22nd at the Plaza Hotel in New York. Among those who went down from here for the wedding were Col. and Mrs. Frederick Alger, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Hen-

(Continued on page 24)

Great Paintings

(Continued from page 9)

Rembrandt's troubles began in earnest when his wife was gone. He was misrepresented and misunderstood, and he was resented because he would not conform to public wishes, this latter fact being as true today as it was then about a great painter. He worked very hard, painting all manner of things in a short space of time, in order to save himself from bankruptcy, but could not do it. When the storm broke over his head he had nothing left but his materials.

The man Rembrandt was a clean-minded, fine personality, standing quite alone; the artist Rembrandt at all times retained his reverence for art, and it was this quality that enabled him to see beauty, not in ugliness, but through it. He seldom, if ever, painted a pretty thing, or a merely attractive thing, but painted character and expressed himself and his own character in everything he painted. From his many self portraits, we gain the impression that he put his own keenness of mind into the faces of others, and his own brightness of eye into the eyes of his figures.

His paintings, intensely real and ideal at the same time, seem a subtle combination of realism and idealism, which is, perhaps, why we never grow tired of studying him—why we are forever discovering something new in his work.

Important Loan Exhibition of 18th Century French Paintings to be Shown at the Museum

Two years ago the Detroit Institute of Arts inaugurated a policy of bringing to the city each year at least one loan exhibition of important paintings of some past period. Three such exhibitions have already been shown: Dutch paintings of the seventeenth century, English paintings of the eighteenth century, and a collection of Old Masters from private collections in Detroit. A fourth exhibition has now been arranged, and from the 3rd to the 20th of December a group of about fifty fine examples of French eighteenth century painting—that delightful period which is called the Age of Rococo—in which were produced some of the most typically "French" of all the wide range in the history of art in that country. The complete range of the century will be included: Watteau's charming fantasies, Peter's and Lancret's delightful *fetes galantes*, paintings by Greuze, Fragonard, Boucher, Nattier, Drouais, Chardin, Le Brun Robert, David and Prud'hon.

J. W.



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SOCIETY

(Continued from page 22.)

drie, Mr. and Mrs. Heatley Green, Mr. and Mrs. George F. S. Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Barbour, the Misses Sarah and Marjorie Hendrie, Mrs. Strathearn Hendrie. Mrs. Henry's son, Burns Henry, Jr., and her mother, Mrs. Robert J. C. Irvine, were in New York with her several days before the wedding.

Only a very short trip was taken by the bride and groom, as they plan to go to Europe in the spring. They will be at home in December in Mr. Hendrie's home, "Gearholm," at 203 Lake Shore Road, Grosse Pointe Farms.

Grosse Ile

The lucky few who love the country all the year round, and who stay on the Island in spite of the ice and snow, are as usual planning to have a jolly winter.

The Grosse Ile Dancing Club had its opening dance on the evening of November 11th at the Grosse Ile Country Club. A number of dinner parties were given before the dance, the hostesses including Mrs. Raymond Day, Mrs. John C. Wright, Mrs. Ernest Stanton, and Mrs. Louis O'Connor.



Elliot Slocum, Jr., Charlotte Donnelly, Elizabeth Truax, and Ann, children of Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Slocum Nichols, Bloomfield Hills.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McNabb have returned from St. Louis, where they attended the wedding of Mrs. McNabb's brother, Willis Broadhead, and Miss Dorothy Snodgrass. Miss Snodgrass was greatly admired when she visited Mrs. McNabb.

Mrs. Robert Alexander, Mrs. Dan Agnew, Mrs. Fred Glover, and Mrs. Yellott Hardcastle, spent ten very delightful days in New York this past month.

Mrs. Charles Christian has been the hostess at a series of charming bridge-teas, which have been much enjoyed.

Birmingham

The members of the new Thursday Musical, which meets on Thursday morning of each week, are very enthusiastic over their project. Mrs. Henry Reilly Fuller has been made president.

A very delightful buffet supper was given by Mr. and Mrs. Warren Pease, Jr., in their charming home on Buckingham Road. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tison, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Wurster, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Caulkins, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Essig, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Damford of Detroit.

The Detroit Alumnae of Alpha Phi gave a dinner at the home of Mrs. Melvin J. Kates, Buckingham Road, on Tuesday evening, November 9th. The hostesses were Mrs. Kates, Mrs. L. J. Morgan, Mrs. David R. Ballentine, Mrs. Marion Holden Bemis and Miss Marie Paulus.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Granger of Greenwood Avenue have moved into their new home near Hickory Grove, Bloomfield Hills.

Professor and Mrs. Morris Tilley of Ann Arbor were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lee A. White during the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mann have moved into their new home in Birmingham.

A very delightful luncheon, followed by four tables of bridge, was given last week by Mrs. Robert W. Essig, of Buckingham Road, in honor of Mrs. Frank Mellinger.

Mrs. A. R. Glancy gave one of the most elaborate luncheons of the month at her home in Cranbrook Road when 22 guests were entertained. The Wileys catered for this affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Ballentine (Gertrude Marquis) have taken an apartment at 2275 Chicago Boulevard.

Mrs. Francis J. Sarmiento of Brookhurst, Farmington, was hostess at a luncheon for twelve, given at the Wileys' tea room on East Jefferson.

Mrs. E. Howard Bingham of Birmingham gave a very delightful luncheon at the Detroit Club on the 30th of November to introduce her daughter, Clara, who is one of the season's debs.



WANTED—Airdale puppy, male, six weeks to six months old. Moderate price. Write Editor Afterglow or call Glen, 5837.



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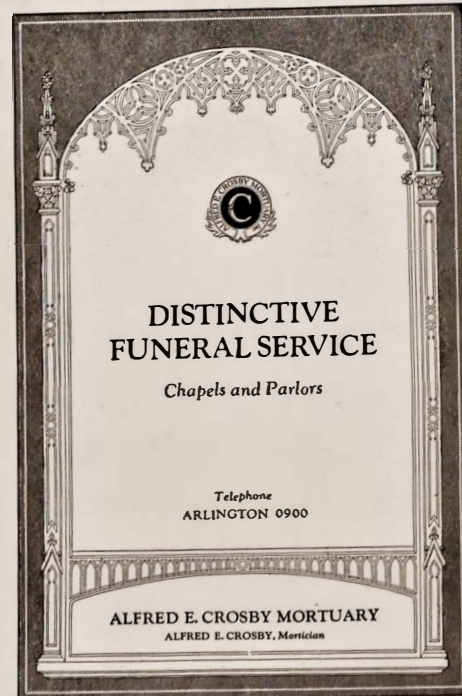


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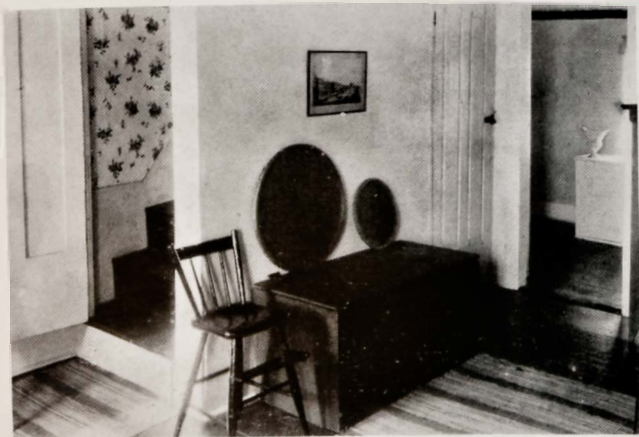


Crowell Cottage

(Continued from page 6)

There are just five actual rooms in the house, but the extra nooks and corners and cupboards make it seem much larger. The dining room is in the center: with the fireplace already described, white woodwork and the loveliest scenic wallpaper in faded pink. An old red chest, worn by time to a soft pink, blends with the paper, a cherry table and cupboard, a cherry cradle by the hearth and black painted farm windsor chairs complete the room. From it opens the old buttery, which might be used as a kitchenette by people who wanted to use the house on winter week-ends—as who wouldn't, with the lovely countryside all about, still and glistening under a winter sun.

A dilapidated old woodshed leaned against the back end when Mrs. Duffield found the house, but you would never know it now. One end has been partitioned off for a small kitchen, with the most adorable long window, complete with chintz frill, apples in a row and hanging corn; the middle section just back of the dining room has become a porch that will make a delightful summer living room, and the end that jutted out from the side is now a picturesque well house. The ceiling of the whole thing—above the



The side wall of the dining room opposite the fireplace, showing the buttery at the right, the kitchen door, the red painted chest, and at the left the steep little stairway with its door open.

rough hewn rafters which were left as they were—is painted a brilliant blue. Upstairs, with the roof sloping steeply down on each side, is a large sleeping room with the whole back side "let out" to frame a view of the sweet fields and woods that are behind the house.

There is another bedroom upstairs, besides the front bedroom downstairs which opens from the parlor, and has its old furniture painted a soft, creamy yellow. You can just see the corner of the window and chest of drawers in one of the pictures.

It is hard to see that the restoration could have been more skillfully or more sympathetically done. The lawn has been retrieved and perennials planted, which will bloom in profusion next year. The little back garden has a sundial in its small oblong enclosure and behind it is the good red barn which might very well

be used for automobiles or for saddle horses or, even quite amicably, for both.

The particular countryside where this little house is, is dotted here and there with just such nice little and big old houses. Many of them—in fact, most of them—have been bought recently by people who are interested in just the sort of thing I have been describing, and some of them have done it very successfully. Others are holding the old houses, to remodel them at some future time.

The little village of Mt. Vernon is not very much heard of, but in it live the descendants of some of the fine old Revolutionary stock that came to Michigan in covered wagons from New England and New York state in the '20's. It is just a four corners now, with its old wagon shop and cemetery occupying opposite corners, but you will notice that the old houses are of fine design, and if you are so fortunate as to be asked to dine in one of them, do not express surprise if the table is set in lovely old silver and the food is served on an entire and priceless set of Staffordshire china that has been in the family for more than a century.

Such is the country around Detroit for those who have the imagination and the wit to seek out its fine qualities and restore them and delight in them. The natural country is almost as lovely as that of New England—in places—there are houses that are just as quaint, and that ask just as loudly for new roofs and loving care. And there is just as much old furniture to be had here as there, if you know how to find it.

The more you see of the country around Detroit the more fed up you will be with those near-sighted people who talk and see nothing but Detroit's awfulness, its ugliness, its commercialness. There are other things here. All one has to do is to find them and enjoy them—and this may be done with as great or a little expense as you please.

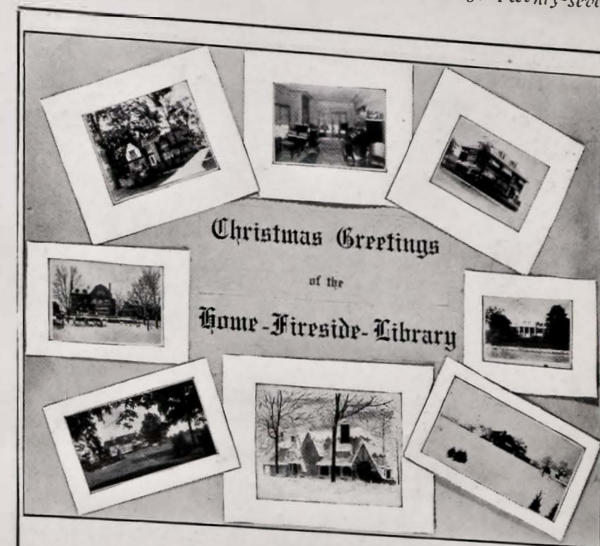


The cottage from the back, looking toward the road. The well house and porch were once a dilapidated woodshed. The side door opens into the parlor.

On Restoring an Old Building

"The inn . . . was until lately . . . a dirty and ruinous hole. . . Today, with hard work and clearly with no very great outlay but obviously under the eye of a clever directing feminine mind from London, the old place has been transformed, and yet at the same time brought nearer to its original aspect. All the old features of the building are retained and emphasized, where they are useful and beautiful, but modern features are boldly introduced whenever modern demands make them desirable, regardless of archaeological harmony."

—From Havelock Ellis' "Impressions and Comments," Second Series

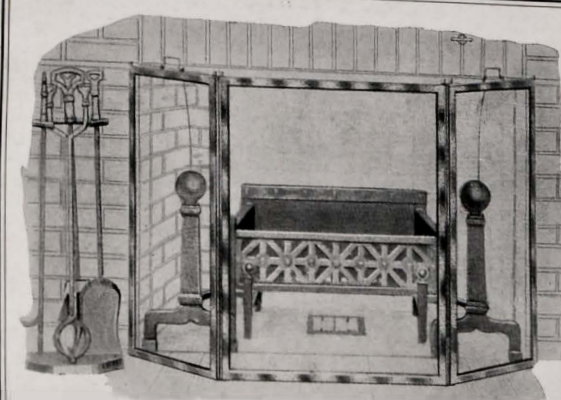


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Speaking Post Prandially

By RALSTON GOSS



It's Hard To Take

THE WORLD seems topsy-turvy; I can't believe my eyes
When I see that poor Northwestern can to the heights arise.

* * *

It used to be that Northwestern was always the stepping stone on which other Big Ten teams rose to the championship.

In these days Northwestern steps all over the faces to those that have championship aspirations.

Time was when the only yell the Purple section knew was, "Hold 'em, Northwestern!" And Northwestern couldn't.

Now all the rooters can cry is, "Sic 'em, Wild Cats!" And the Wild Cats do.

Once upon a time Northwestern had no stars.

In this year of grace it has "Moon" Baker and the whole darn solar system.

In days of yore the Purple was licked before it went on the field.

But the tide has been turned by its "Moon."

For years and years the Purple had no spirit, and no victories.

Nowadays it has a lot of choice spirits that do not concede defeat.

It used to be that when you wanted to learn where Northwestern stood in the Conference race you had to get a well digger and a plumb line.

In this day and generation you engage an astronomer who has a high-powered telescope.

For, in olden time, all Northwestern could do was "gas" about football.

Now all it does is to step on the gas.

Once upon a time the Purple could have been arrested for blocking the traffic.

Nowadays they should be pinched for breaking the speed laws.

YEA, NORTHWESTERN! Let's go!

* * *

Spurlos Versankt

THE broadside of the Navy fleet
Quite sunk our highest hope.
It wrecked the cruiser Michigan
And upset all the dope.

* * *

Beset on the one side by the reports of "tropical storms" in Florida and on the other by rumors of "earth tremors" in California, your inveterate winter golfer is now getting out his furs and laying in a supply of red balls for a quiet season at home.

* * *

Cash and Carry

PRO tennis is a game, my dear,
That makes a cynic smile,
For Suzanne has been among us here
And left us with her Pyle.

* * *

Three In a Row

BREAKING off of old relations
Must always give us pause—
And Harvard took the step because
Of wounds from Tiger claws.

* * *

There's many a slip 'twixt the toe and a championship as the Ohio State football eleven found out when a hurried shot for a goal after touch-down sent it off the field one point behind Michigan in the race for the Western Conference title.

* * *

And Lastly—

REMEMBER this and get it straight (not in a manner curly), you face that Christmas shopping job—go out and do it early!

Brooklands Elects New Officers

Mr. Dan Hulgrave of Detroit was elected president of the Brooklands Golf and Country Club at the annual meeting, November 8. Mr. Charles W. Case of Rochester is vice-president; Mr. Harry T. Clough of Detroit, secretary-treasurer. The new directors are: Mr. Joseph Stratton, Mr. Harry Gordon and Mr. Robert Bradley, all of Detroit. The three directors carrying over from last year are: Mr. W. A. Fisher, Mr. Anthony Block and Mr. Harry Knepper.

The report of the treasurer showed that the club's indebtedness had been lowered from \$92,000 to \$7,000. Much credit for the good management last year which made this decrease possible was given the retiring president, Mr. Martin Doyle.

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Recently we had the opportunity of looking through the book of listings of a prominent real estate company.

There was one residence (a very nice one) which had the usual brief description, and then this unusual addition,

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Village Players of Birmingham Open New Play House

ON Saturday evening, November 27, the Village Players of Birmingham opened the new playhouse to which they have been looking forward these several years. The furnishings were all donated by various members, and the plans themselves were made and donated by Wallace Frost, a member of the organization.

The building is constructed of cement block, with brick trim, and the inside has an English character, with stained rafters and recessed windows. The auditorium seats about 250 people.

The opening night was a gala affair, the guests of honor being Miss Bonstelle and the Board of Governors of the Detroit Players. The plays given were "The Camberley Triangle," by A. A. Milne, and "The Travelers," by Booth Tarkington. In the first play Mr. Robert L. Gosselin took the part of Camberley, Mrs. Loren Stauch was Mrs. Camberley, and Spencer Withee the lover. Mrs. Tillotson directed the comedy.

"The Travelers" was directed by Miss Betty Penny, with Mrs. Arthur Neff as assistant director and Waldo Fellows had the lead as Mr. Roberts. Mrs. Leigh Lynch was Mrs. Roberts; Mrs. Spencer Withee, Jessie Roberts; Mrs. Frank Packard, Mrs. Slidell; Harry Muehlman, Freddie Slidell; Mr. G. Essen Olsen, La Sera; Herbert Zerbe, the Chauffeur; Mr. N. J. Hadjisky, Leieg; George W. Smith, Salvatore; Mary Taliaferro, Maria, and Howard Simpson, the Man with the Scar. The scene is laid in a Sicilian country inn, dilapidated and mysterious, with hysterics and terror resulting.

Many of the members preceded the affair with dinner parties in their homes, and after the performance an informal supper and reception for members and their guests was held at the playhouse.

The Jay A. Walsh House

(Continued from page 11)

is a stove for picnic cooking, and seats (on the left); thence back across the bank and down toward the lake—across a small plank bridge and to a small bird observatory at the lake.

In the space beneath the living room, library and sun room, the basement contains a large play room (reached by a stair under the main stair) and card room. A chauffeur's bedroom and bath are located beneath the breakfast room and rear entrance hall. The garage is designed for six cars. The room partitioned off from it at the rear is for poultry. All master bed rooms and maid's rooms are on the second floor.



Ave Victoria Immortalis!

(Continued from page 10)

that there are times when good American Colonial may be judiciously used, but it suggests the utmost simplicity in life and living conditions. If the home does not reflect the life in it, it is in bad taste. But think carefully of the life of the individual of today. Consider the average American that can indulge his taste for a home. What has he to go with this home? Shining motors of exquisite smoothness, glittering jewels, luxurious gowns, and clever, brilliant daughters with keen eyes for realism, unfairly called "Flappers." Picture the following scene, a dinner party, a galaxy of beautiful, well-groomed women, the hostess in a gown by Callot with a diamond pendant worth a breath-taking amount, rare wines, fine cigars and the entirely modern daughter quoting Freud. But the setting is so incongruous as to be laughable. All of this brilliant and glittering ensemble is so suitably backgrounded by English kitchen chairs, an oak board with the beauty of a carpenter bench, battered brass candlesticks, a pale and sickly small-patterned chintz that any puritan elder would have approved, and bare walls of severely chaste monasterial appearance. The effect is meaningless.

All this is a sickly hang-over of Victorianism. Why? Because it is the safe thing. The line of least resistance. It is the thing that requires no daring and no individuality to do. A little thought and an intelligent understanding of furniture as something more than the mechanical assistance to sitting down and to sleeping will go far to eradicate this dull background of existence, but until then, to paraphrase the ancients, it will probably be "Ave Victoria Immortalis!"



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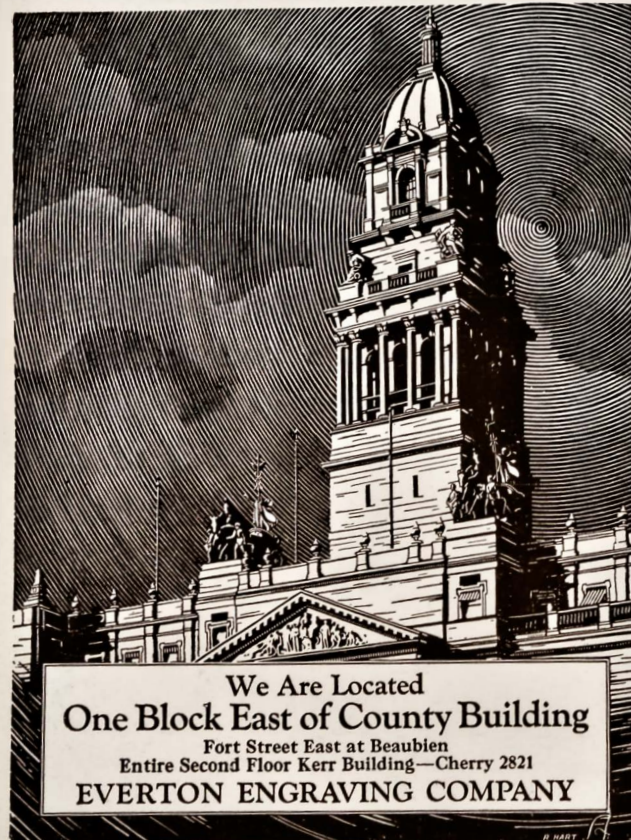
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The Crabitts

Sophira Tells Just Why City Folks Ought to
Consider Suburban Life

Sophira Crabitt put the last dish away in the cupboard over the sink and then turned to her brother Zebediah, who had his feet on the kitchen stove and was perusing the latest copy of a farm magazine that he had picked out of the R. F. D. box as he had come from town in his tradin' buggy.

"Well, w'ats the news, Zebediah?" she asked, as she dried her hands on her apron and began to take that garment off. "Nothin' much in this paper—it's al'ys talkin' 'bout th' joys of suburban life."

"Now w'at in time's suburban life?" inquired the sister. "Never heard tell of it afore."

"It's w'at you bin livin' all your life, Sophiry, only not so fur from th' marts of trade, as the Chautauquaters puts it."

"You mean it's livin' on a farm, same's we bin doin' all these years?" was the sister's next question.

"Yes an' no," replied the brother, as he laid down the paper and began to polish his spectacles.

"Yes an' no! W'adda y'u mean by that?"

"It ain't farm life, it's just life in th' suburbs—forty-five minutes from Broadway an' all that kind of Georgie Cohan stuff," said the brother. "It means gettin' up ev'ry mornin' an' takin' a quick shower bath an' grabbin' a bite t' eat so's y'u kin chase down th' street t' ketch th' 8:11 fer th' city an' th' grind of th' day. It means hustlin' like Old Ned t' ketch th' 5:15 in th' ev'nin' t' git home t' find th' wife's bin playin' bridge all day an' has let th' fire go out an' left th' canary out of th' cage an' that consequently th' cat's had a square meal, an' findin' that little Jimmie's gone an' fell through th' rubber ice on th' creek an' got so wet he'll prob'ly have neu-mony. It means a lot of things that ain't in th' urban book," said the brother rather morosely.

"Things c'd be worse 'n that," remarked the sister.

"How much worse, I'd like to know," rejoined the brother.

"Well," answered Sophira as she adjusted the wick of the lamp and prepared to sit down with the latest copy of the neighboring town's weekly paper, "I figger's how livin' in them suburbs thataway would do a lot of city folks a heap of good. First out, it'd give th' youngsters a chanct t' grow up healthy an' strong. They wouldn't be cooped up in none of these here flat buildin's an' havin' no place t' play 'ceptin' on th' city streets with drunk drivers drivin' reckless an' bandits shootin' up th' folks they're holdin' up an' hi-jackers shootin' up each other an' street cars rattlin', flat-wheeled, past th' door, an' fire engines roarin' by day an' night, an'—"

"Hold on, Sophiry, ain't y'u never goin' t' stop fer breath, or do y'u aim t' do all th' talkin'?" interrupted Zebediah.

"I agree with most of w'at you say. I know that livin' in th' country is healthy an' all that. But there ain't so many of them city fellers w'at knows jus' how t' enjoy country life."

"Well, it's 'bout time they was learnin'. They bin pilin' into th' cities fer so long now that I see where prom'nent statesmen is beginnin' t' talk 'bout goin' 'Back t' th' Land.' Sakes alive, Zebbie, I'd think that ev'ry man could 'ford it w'uld jist be itchin' t' git back t' some place like Bloomfield Hills w'ere he c'd have a couple of acres an' raise some garden sass and have a cow an' a shoat an' a few fruit trees an' give his children some of God's fresh air ev'ry day, 365 days in th' year, instead o' just on Sundays w'en city folks gits in th' flivvers an' comes out an' trapes into our wheat field an' knocks down th' growin' crop an' robs th' melon patch an' litters up th' wood lot an' runs th' hogs till they're so skinny a person can't do nothin' to fatten 'em up. Looks like t' me's if they didn't use th' brains God give 'em."

"Yep, I suspect you're right, Sophiry, 'ceptin' in one p'int—they can't have bin given much brains, er they wouldn't be livin' in th' cities like they is," said her brother, as he proceeded to put the cat out and wind the alarm clock, preparatory to a night of peaceful suburban sleep.

R. G.

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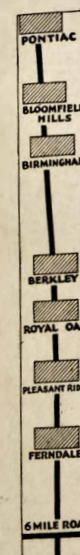
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