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DETROIT



**25CENTS**

## FAMOUS NAMES

When you see these emblems—as you will wherever you go—think of Pontiac.

For Pontiac is the home-town of the motor cars, coaches, trucks, the gasoline engines and the varnish; the tiny springs, great forgings, rubber mats, tools, machine parts, and bodies that these insignia have made famous.

And the chairmen of the boards, the factory sweepers, and all the thousands in between, believe in Pontiac. They'll tell you it's not only a fascinating city to visit—but a good place to live.

The Pontiac region is an ideal vacation land. Come and revel among its 400 lakes—half a hundred golf courses—wooded drives—and where the nights are always cool.

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**PONTIAC BOARD OF COMMERCE**  
East Huron Street Pontiac, Mich.

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**PONTIAC**  
A GOOD PLACE TO LIVE

This is the fourth of a series of advertisements carrying the invitation of Pontiac to over four million Americans. This ad appears as you see it here, in the following newspapers:

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Columbus Dispatch	Chicago Corn Belt Farm Daily	Omaha World Herald
Dayton Journal	Fort Wayne News-Sentinel	Pontiac Press
Boston Christian Science Monitor	Rochester Democrat and Chronicle	

# THE AFTERGLOW

Country Life  
Around Detroit

Houses, Gardens  
Society—Sports



Vol. III

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#### PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

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THE HOME OF CADILLAC AND LA SALLE, 314 SO. WOODWARD AVE., BIRMINGHAM

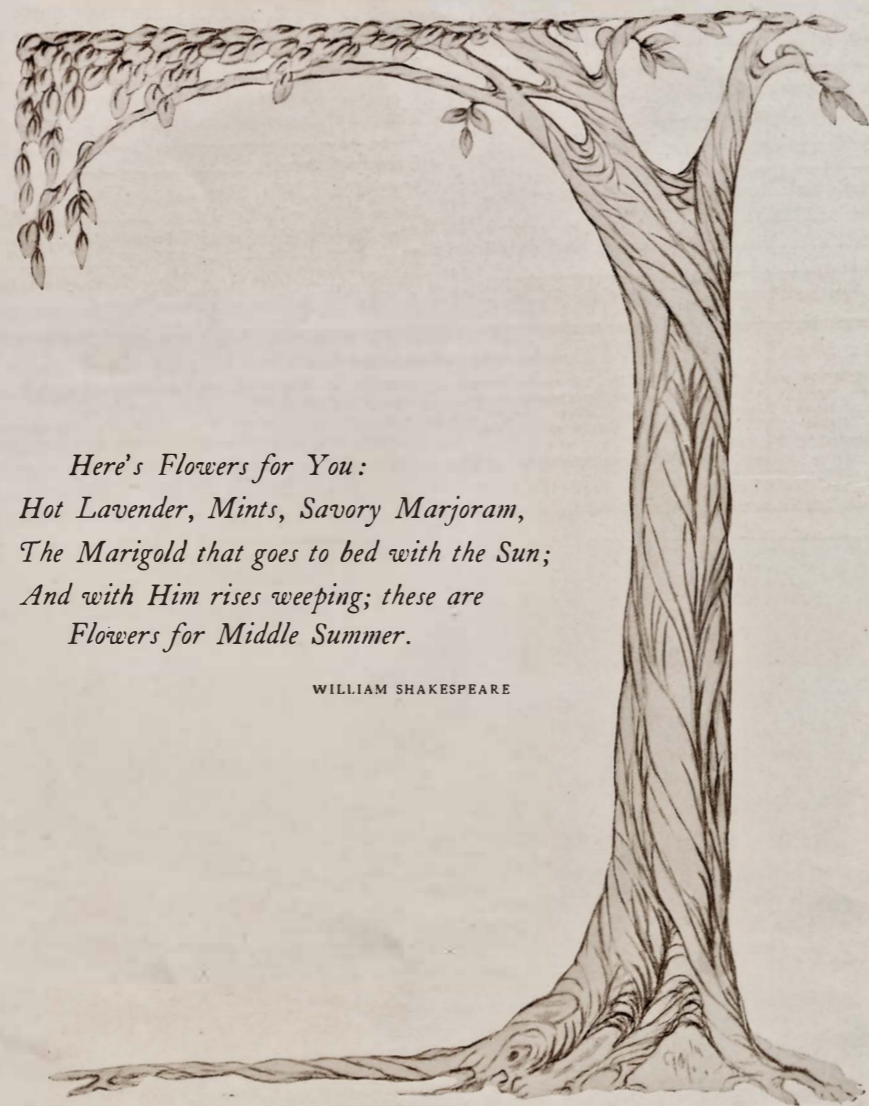
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121 Wayne St., Pontiac

Phone 774



*Here's Flowers for You:  
Hot Lavender, Mints, Savory Marjoram,  
The Marigold that goes to bed with the Sun;  
And with Him rises weeping; these are  
Flowers for Middle Summer.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

## The Country Charm of Pontiac

By JESSICA AYER HAY

AROUND Pontiac there lives enough Indian folk lore and tradition to curdle the blood and raise the hair of the most thrill-seeking boy; enough natural beauty to please Nature's most ardent devotee; and commercial advantages to satisfy the most industrially-minded. This little city, almost past its growing pains and fast shaping into one of the state's most important industrial centers, is at the foot of Wider Woodward Avenue, the world's greatest highway, and is uniquely described as being the only city in the United States where gifts of natural beauty and industrial opportunities have been endowed with equal lavishness.



Sylvan, a little gem of a lake

Thoughts of Pontiac bring immediately a rich mental tapestry, vivid with the romantic history of sapphire lakes, small camps pitched cautiously among the trees where large, slow squaws bend over the red embers of the fire near the brown tepee, and smooth bronze bodies of Indian braves, intent upon secret business and plying their canoes with crafty skill and quiet in dark waters, interwoven with the strong, sturdy warp of commerce growing from smokestacks and modern factories.

Yesterday we set out to prove the pleasure of Pontiac's magical combination. After a morning that was spent in dull business we pitched care to the winds, and as free as any Indian, hit the trail—in an automo-



Bloomer Lake makes a quiet fishing spot



Quarton Lake is like a mirror under the sun

bile, we'll have to confess. We waved a light farewell to such things as banks, varnish works and factories as we rolled merrily down Baldwin Road and turned our faces toward that placid little lake, Angelus, which always makes us think of even-songs and cathedral bells, and where lucky people are building their homes.

Along country roads that twisted and turned, were up-hill and now down-hill, or as smooth and straight as a white ribbon, we rolled past lakes that followed one another like a chain of clear crystal. There were lakes that lay as smooth and bright as a mirror under the sun, where indolent fishermen played a game of



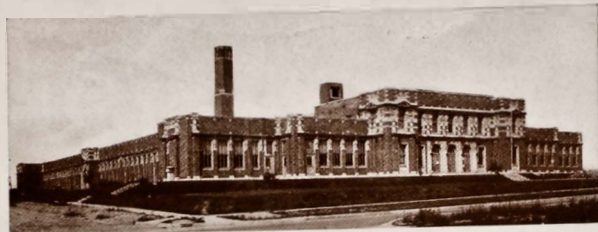
A lovely drive encircles Pine Lake

catch as catch can, and lakes that held the shadows of the woods that surrounded them.

Past Silver, Scott and Loon lakes, Watkins and Woodhill lakes, to the little town of Waterford, at the bottom of a hill, where we stopped at a little store that looked as if it might sell fat, square, lemon cookies from a barrel. But the service was up-to-date and we refreshed ourselves with ginger ale and then rolled across the river Clinton and by the lakes of Williams, and Maceday, to Drayton Plains, where the fish hatchery is.

Of course we couldn't hope to take in all the lakes, but we did the best we could in the time that we had,

and turned our tin Pegasus on to the Elizabeth Lake Road to pass the beautiful lake by that name, with its lovely homes, and thence to circle around Cass and Green lakes to Orchard lake, where Chief Pontiac used to hold his pow-wows, and where, through the generous bequeathal of more than a hundred acres from Mr. Willis Ward, a fine new club house for the Orchard Lake Country Club will be erected on a site that is high enough to command a view of all the relative lakes and fields.



Where the three R's in Pontiac are learned

Along the country side between properties landscaped and sleekly groomed for country home and club uses were stretches of ground where the wild beauties of nature grew in untamed profusion. Black-eyed Susans and wild Sweet Williams blossomed gayly alongside with the flame-orange butterfly weed and ivory Queen Anne's Lace. Little ponds covered with water-lily pads flashed by, and then another roadside border of purple clover, slender buttercups and spikenard, following old weathered rail fences.



Board of Commerce, Pontiac, Michigan

Quiet old farm houses with their thrifty red barns, where long shadows falling across the lawn, and a black Biddy leisurely dusting herself in the drive-way, accented the air of no-hurry, revived a much-cherished chickens-and-bees complex, and heavy nostalgia smote us as we had to turn city-wards. There was no use in it, but anyway, we slyly jotted down the name and address of a cozy little farm that was For Sale. For who knows when Fate may turn her thumbs up?

Finally we turned on to Long Lake Road, drove around Pine Lake, up West Bloomfield Road to Square lake, where the new golf club for Bloomfield Hills is being organized. Chains of lakes to our right and to our left stayed with us on our way back to the city. The country fields and borders gave forth their fragrance in double strength as the sun drew away.

Poor city-ites, we couldn't stay. Ours was to go back, regardless. But we could take deep, full breaths of country air, and we did. Great deep breaths of sweet clover, and new mown hay, and wild Sweet Williams, and elderberry,—and then, suddenly, on a real deep one, we were reminded of those pungent lines of Cowper, who "couldn't talk with civet in the room." You know, where he speaks of "a fine puss gentleman that's all perfume"?

We ended our ride through the lovely lake region just as the day was closing, and as we looked back from the edge of Pontiac, so bountifully blessed, toward the country that gave its invitation to life in the open, the radiance of the setting sun shone through the clouds like the golden roof of Valhalla's paradise, and was reflected in each small shimmering lake.



## Countryside Hobbies

TRY RAISING BEES — HERE'S HOW!



By JOSEPH H. THORPE

THERE'S no bee line drawn between who can and who can't raise bees. It is a painless and pleasant, and profitable, withal, hobby or business for anyone who likes honey well enough to be patient. These tuneful bearers of all country perfumes can teach a lesson in the whole-hearted labor that is always to benefit others, and the wonder is that there are not more country homes with their hives, and suppers of hot biscuits, milk and home-grown honey.

From one swarm of bees I started the foundation of an apiary that comprised seventy colonies or hives in about five years. Each hive is a regular army in itself and is composed of 60,000 to 120,000 bees, depending on the size and strength of the swarm. The Italian strain of bees are the best for this locality. They are good workers, have a milder disposition, and seem to be more easily adapted to domestic circumstances, while the hybrid or black wild bees are antagonistic, easily disturbed, and will fight and sting at the least provocation. There is this in their favor, though, they will gather far more honey than the Italians.

To the person who has a little time to devote to some hobby, the matter of bee culture on a small scale will prove very profitable. There is always a ready market, at a good price for all honey produced, and there will always be plenty left for home consumption. A good strong swarm will produce from 25 to 100 pounds of comb honey in a year, and if you have six or eight colonies, you can readily see what the result would be.

Bees are not hard to keep, and require very little time if managed in the right way. The main thing to keep in mind in beekeeping is to have all the hives, caps and everything else that has to be bought, of a uniform size, so that they are interchangeable. Otherwise there will be lots of trouble and discouragement.

Most people can handle bees, although you may not believe me. People that move slowly and are not easily irritated get along the best. The bee has a thousand eyes and every movement is easily detected. They do not like quick movements and are easily irritated by them.

A colony of bees will swarm every ten days if allowed to do so. As a rule this is caused by lack of room in which to store their honey. If given plenty of room they will seldom swarm more than once a year, and yet I remember times when colonies have had plenty of room and have literally swarmed them-

selves to death by becoming so weak they were unable to winter through. But these cases are rare.

Bees are composed of three classes, the queen, who looks like a wasp, in shape only; the workers, and the drones or male bees. The queen rules the hive, lays all the eggs, and during the honey season will lay as many as 3,000 to 4,000 eggs a day. When the queen becomes weak or dies, the swarm invariably dwindles or dies, although when one is accustomed to handling bees they can tell when a swarm is without a queen, and can prevent them from dying by giving them a new queen, or inserting a piece of brood comb that already has a queen started in a green cell, from another hive.

The workers compose the bulk of the swarm and are all female bees. Although they lay no eggs they see that the hive is kept clean and sanitary, and gather all the honey, brood-bread, etc. The third class, or drones, as they are called, are the males, and they do no work. In the fall when all the honey is gathered they are deliberately driven from the hives, and either starve or freeze to death.

The workers make three kinds of cells: the queen cells, which are the largest and are made on the edge of the main comb; the drone comb, from which all the cells hatch out drones, and are usually quite large and on the outer edge of the worker comb. After a swarm is well established it is advisable to cut out as much as possible of this comb, and the bees in replacing it will usually fill the space with comb composed of worker cells, of which the bulk of the hive is composed.

If one goes into bee raising for profit only, it is better to extract the honey from the comb, because under this method the bees will produce two or three times more honey, as they do not have to stop and take time to make more comb. Simply extract the honey and return it to be refilled. Bees have to consume 12 pounds of honey to make one pound of wax, and only the young bees can produce wax, so one may readily appreciate their handicap.

For any one who wishes to adopt bees as his hobby, or business, it will be well to obtain from Mr. A. S. Root of Medina, Ohio, his A B C in bee culture. Another good book is Langstrof's "The Honey Bee." These two books are wonderfully interesting, if for no other reason than to acquaint oneself with the habits of this wonderful and interesting insect.

And remember that there is no hobby that can be more profitable, or pleasant—or exciting—than bee raising. Try it!

## From the Salad Garden

By Carolyn Wilcox

These are the days to consider the salad possibilities of your backyard garden. Rosy beets and tomatoes, purple and ivory turnips, silver and green onions, cress, lettuce, endive, romaine, chives and parsley, orange carrots, plume-y asparagus, and plump young cabbages all are pining to prove their esthetic qualities in the salad bowl. Salads are the most attractive and irresistible part of the menu and they do marvellous good to your nerves, brain and complexion. A new salad, wafer, a beverage and a sweet makes a delightful and simple menu for the hostess at bridge. You'll enjoy trying these favorite salads of famous chefs.

### NEAPOLITAINE

Endive, alligator pear.

On a bed of endive, place slices of alligator pear. Roquefort dressing to be passed at the table.

### GOURMET

Lettuce, eggs, beets, tarragon, chervil.

On a bed of white bleached lettuce, place a row of whites of eggs, yolks removed, and slices of fiery red beets fitted into hole. Add a little chopped tarragon, chervil and thick cream to a French dressing, and serve.

### GYPSY

Endive, celery, beets.

On a half head of lettuce, place a row of beet slices, and sprinkle julienned celery over. French dressing.

### HAM

Ham, celery, apples, ripe olives, lettuce, truffles, green peppers.

On a bed of lettuce, place equal quantities of finely julienned boiled ham, celery and apples mixed with mayonnaise. Garnish with slices of ripe olives, truffles and green peppers.

### HEALTH SALAD

Lettuce, raw peppers, raw cabbage, raw carrots.

On a slice of lettuce, place a mold of equal quantities of ground or chopped green peppers, raw cabbage and raw carrots. Mix each vegetable separately with a little white, creamy mayonnaise, just enough to bind, before placing in the mold. Place the above ingredients in mold as in above order, then the colors will show up better, as the carrots will be next to the lettuce. Garnish around top and base with small rosettes of cheese. French dressing.

### DELICIOUS

Lettuce, cream cheese, orange, grapefruit, jelly, chopped nuts.

On a slice of white head lettuce, spread a layer of Philadelphia cream cheese. Next arrange alternate sections of grapefruit and orange. Sprinkle the top with chopped nuts. Place a spoonful of jelly on each side.

### FRANCES

Romaine, peaches, green peppers.

On a half heart of romaine, or third heart, place sliced peaches and cover with sour cream, dressing or mayonnaise. Garnish top with fanciful cuts of red and green peppers.

### GERMAN CAULIFLOWER

Lettuce, cauliflower, bacon.

In a bowl lined with lettuce, arrange white rosettes of cauliflower. Dice bacon and fry brown. Use bacon fat in place of oil in making French dressing. Add a few crushed caraway seeds. Sprinkle fried dice bacon over the cauliflower and add dressing. Serve. Half an ounce of diced bacon to a single order is sufficient.

### GEORGIA

Lettuce, celery, tomato, pickled walnuts.

In a bed of lettuce, basket shaped, place a whole small, ripe, peeled tomato, hollowed out and filled with finely julienned celery and mayonnaise. Garnish top and sides with slices of pickled walnuts. Place top of tomato on before serving.

### JOFFRE'S FAVORITE

Romaine, grapes, cheese, bar le duc.

On a third of a heart of romaine, place several seeded hot-house grapes filled with cream cheese. Rosettes of cream cheese at four sides of grapes, and fill centers of rosettes with bar le duc. French dressing.

### HIGH LIFE

Pineapple, celery, grapes, lettuce.

In a nest of lettuce place finely julienned celery. On top of celery place a slice of pineapple. Cover pineapple with creamy mayonnaise and garnish with hot-house grapes, seeded and halved.

### GADSKI

Romaine, alligator pear, apples, green peppers.

On a heart of romaine, place several slices of alligator pear, all uniformly cut. Between each slice, place some long, finely julienned eating apples. Garnish top with chopped green peppers. French dressing.



## SOCIETY

By KATHERINE ATKINSON

### Bloomfield Hills and Birmingham

BLOOMFIELD HILLS' younger set gathered recently in the lovely gardens of the Joseph A. Braun estate to honor Miss Marion Johnson of Syracuse and Miss Virginia Peine of Chicago, the house guests of Miss Virginia and Miss Rosemary Braun at a buffet supper. Following the supper the young folk enjoyed the dancing at the Bloomfield Hills Country Club.

Mrs. W. D. Thompson has as her house guests Miss Elizabeth Kemper and Mrs. William Huston of Dayton, who will spend some time in the Hills before leaving for their summer home at Southampton, Ont.

Mrs. Whitney W. Raymond is entertaining her sister, Miss Grace Hobson, of Indianapolis, in whose honor Mrs. L. W. Porter gave a delightful bridge luncheon.

Mrs. James Spaulding, of Tulsa, Okla., has been the recipient of much attention while the guest of Mrs. Herbert R. Earle, of Cranbrook Road. Mrs. Walter G. Morley entertained at luncheon and bridge, honoring Mrs. Spaulding; Mrs. Henry Jewett was hostess at luncheon at the Bloomfield Hills Country Club and Mrs. Charles Garrison complimented the visitor with a luncheon at the Boat Club.

Mrs. Edwin S. George with her two daughters is spending some time in Atlantic City.

Mrs. Fred Rollins was hostess to twelve of her most intimate friends at luncheon recently at her home in the Hills.

Mrs. Robert Traub, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Barbara, sailed from New York the first of July to spend two months in Italy, visiting Florence and the Italian lakes region.

Another group of Hills boys to depart for the popular camp at Atlanta, Mich., include Ned Skae, Ted and Fred Hammond, Francis Palms, Jr., John Franklin and Robert Messimer.

Mrs. Fred D. Farrar with her two daughters is enjoying a month's stay at the summer home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Hinkins of Benton Harbor, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. James Scripps Booth plan to leave early in the month for Estes Park, Colo., to join their daughters, Miss Margaret and Miss Ann Booth.

Gordon Mendelssohn is enjoying a summer's sojourn in Honolulu.

Dr. John M. Gordon, who is in New York for a month's study and research, was joined last week by Mrs. Gordon.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Hunter of "Brae Burn," in the Hills, have as their guests Mrs. Hunter's mother and sister, Mrs. Henry T. Ford and Miss Katherine Ford, of Pittsburgh. Mrs. David H. Fitch (Dorothy Hunter), who, with Mr. Fitch, is now sojourning at Sylvan Lake, O., will arrive later for a visit with her parents.

Mrs. Lee A. White and her children have been visiting in Bay City. Mrs. White was recently elected president of the Birmingham branch of the Michigan Women's League.

Mrs. William W. Collier of the Hills has returned from a visit in Chicago, where she was the guest of Professor and Mrs. F. R. Meechem of the University of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Walton, of Lone Pine Road, entertained thirty-five guests at a bridge supper last week, complimenting their house guest, Mrs. Kader Biggs Crawford, of Williamston, N. C.

Mrs. Guy E. Parker left the latter part of July to spend the summer on the Pacific Coast. Prior to her departure Mrs. Parker was the guest of honor at a bridge breakfast at the Forest Lake Country Club, at which Mrs. D. I. Cooke was hostess. Mrs. Newton Harley of Beverly Hills also entertained as a courtesy to Mrs. Parker.

Mrs. C. R. Wilson was hostess at a dinner for twelve, honoring Mrs. P. Haines Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Hendrie, who have been spending the past month in England, will return home this month. Mrs. Francis Duffield, who is with the Hendries, will remain in England for an indefinite stay.

Mrs. Edward M. Beresford and her daughter, Jean, are the guests of Mrs. Beresford's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William D. Thompson, at their home, "Kennoway," in the Hills.

Miss Katherine Pantlind, of New York City, was the guest of Mrs. Edward A. Wasey for the month of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Boynton, of Dorchester Road, are vacationing in Northport, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Shain, who have been in Europe for the past six weeks, are expected home early in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence P. Smith, of Oak Knobs, with their three children are spending a month at Brevoort Lake.

The Cecil F. Charltons, with their young son, are spending some time at Tawas with Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Maxwell Grylls, of Detroit.

Miss Margaret Whittemore, of California, has recently opened her home on Brown Street, where she expects to spend the next few months, dividing her time between there and visiting her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W. Nelson Whittemore, of Opdyke Road.

About 75 guests, culled from Detroit and Birmingham, enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Essig, of Buckingham Road, at a "gay and festive" barn dance at Dunning's Corners, on Adams Road, Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Max J. Stringer and daughter, Joan, are spending the month of August at Mackinac Island.

Mrs. Charles N. Stout and Mrs. Edward C. Tieman have returned to their home on Yorkshire Road after a three weeks' motor trip through the East. While in New York they were entertained extensively by Mrs. Stout's aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. James D. Lacey, at their beautiful estate, "Windridge," on the Hudson.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Tieman, of Yorkshire Road, will leave Thursday to spend the week-end with friends at Mullet Lake.

#### Grosse Pointe

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jay Raymond, of Cleveland, formerly of Washington Road, Grosse Pointe, were very happy to greet them over a recent week-end, when they were delightfully entertained as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Doughty. The Doughtys were hosts at dinner for their guests, Friday evening, and Mr. and Mrs. John Gaine Rumney entertained similarly Thursday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Hodges, Jr., gave a small dinner at the Grosse Pointe Club, Saturday evening.

Among those who will journey westward for the ranch life are Mr. and Mrs. James H. Flinn, who will leave with their family the first of August for a month's stay in Montana. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Burden with their son, Frederick, and daughter, Virginia, will leave soon for a ranch in Wyoming. The

Harry M. Jewetts had as their guests at their ranch at Rose City the Vincent Dwyers, the Edward Murphys, the Thomas Parkers and Thomas Paddock.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold U. Van Leyen have returned to their home on University Place, after a several weeks' motor trip in the East and a visit at Newport, R. I., with Mrs. Van Leyen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Ferris.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Schlotman, who left recently on a cruise through Georgian Bay on their yacht, "Stellaris," have as their guests Mrs. Schlotman's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Emory Leyden Ford and their son, Emory Moran Ford.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry N. Torrey have returned from a fortnights' stay at a hunting and fishing lodge near Quebec, where they were the guests of William Mer-shon, of Saginaw.

Miss Frances Alger is entertaining Miss Mildred Parker, of Lewiston Road, at the Alger summer home, "Edgerock," Pride's Crossing, Mass.

Miss Parker plans to visit Miss Harriette Root at Greenwich, Conn., the latter part of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Streeter Warren, who have recently returned from six month's of European travel, on which they were accompanied by their daughters, Miss Romaine and Miss Elizabeth Warren, left August 1st for their summer home at Charlevoix.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Brooks, Jr., accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Ford and Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Walker, are in the East enjoying a fortnight's cruise on the Truman Newberry yacht.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Harry, with their family, have opened their cottage, "Grey Birches," at Les Che-neaux.

To pass the summer at Miss Tuttle's camp, "Pine-wood," at Burt Lake, Miss Betty Tant of Grosse Pointe Shores, departed last week.

Miss Mercy Hayes entertained twelve guests at dinner at her home, "Garden Grange," Grosse Pointe, recently. Yellow roses and delphiniums, culled from her charming garden, graced the table.

Miss Hayes will sail on the S. S. Leviathan, August 1, for a motor trip in England and France. Her plans include a visit in Geneva during the assembly of the League of Nations, in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Henkel, of Bedford Road, are vacationing in a cottage at Chippewa Cove Woods, Harbor Springs.

#### Grosse Ile

An event of considerable interest on Grosse Ile was the opening dinner-dance of Chateau Voyageurs, whose clubhouse is the former home of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Olds, "Elbamar."

About 150 guests were present and the army officers stationed at Selfridge Field were the guests of honor. Mr. Edwin Denby is president of the club.

Among those entertaining friends at the affair were Mr. and Mrs. Denby, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hyatt, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Everett, Mr. and Mrs. James T. Kennedy, Mrs. Ralph Upson, Mr. and Mrs. Myron B. Vorce, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Parcells.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin J. Kates and daughters, Dorothy and Patricia, of Birmingham, are occupying the attractive house boat of the H. Leonard Wiltons for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Kenneth Laub were the honor guests at several delightful affairs preceding their departure abroad.

Mrs. Ernest N. Stanton was hostess at luncheon, honoring Mrs. Laub, and the same evening Mr. and Mrs. Y. F. Hardcastle and Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Alexander feted the travelers at an informal picnic supper on the Hardcastle house boat. Mrs. Cecil H. Hobbs, of Detroit, and Mrs. Duncan J. McNabb were also among the hostesses to entertain for Mrs. Laub.

During their sojourn abroad Mr. and Mrs. Laub have leased their home to Dr. George J. Rebredy, of Detroit.

Honoring the birthday anniversary of her daughter, Janet, Mrs. Robert A. Alexander entertained a number of little folk.

Mrs. H. J. Leonard is enjoying an extended motor trip to New York, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Harrison, of Detroit.

Mrs. M. William Clift was hostess at a luncheon of lovely appointments, complimenting Miss Catherine Bradley, of England, the house guest of Mrs. Charles E. Christian, of Elba Island.

Mrs. Edward Babbitt, of Detroit, and her daughter, Mrs. Owen B. Winters, of New York, have enjoyed an extended stay with Mr. and Mrs. Harold B. Williamson. During their visit, Mrs. Williamson entertained at a delightful bridge.

Mrs. Oscar Case and her daughter, Miss Margaret Case, accompanied by a party of friends from Cleveland, have left for an extended trip to Yellowstone Park.

Mrs. Edward de Mille Campbell, Jr., entertained at tea informally to meet Mrs. Duncan and Mrs. Fredericks, who are spending the summer in the home of Mrs. Frederick P. Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Buchanan have returned from a several weeks' motor trip through the East, stopping at Holyoke, Mass.

Miss Estelle Wrock, of Detroit, has been the guest of Mrs. Leander Knight, of Elba Island. Miss Wrock, who has been studying music in Berlin for the past three years, will return to Germany the latter part of August.

A number of attractive bridge luncheons have been given recently with Mrs. Thomas Gage, Miss Wanda Felcyn and Mrs. Charles E. Christian as hostesses.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lloyd Weaver have joined their son, Lloyd, at the Philip Gray Camp.

Mrs. Amber Groh has this week taken possession of her new home on the island.

#### Rochester

Several out-of-town visitors have been the incentive for many delightful informal affairs during the month.

Mrs. Dewitt W. Chamberlain, of Atascadero, Calif., the house guest of the Roy McCornacs, was the honor guest at a bridge-dinner given by the Louis Shuelfers at Brooklands Golf Club, at which Mr. and Mrs. Grover J. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Roy J. McCornac and Henry Axford were guests. Mrs. Grover J. Taylor complimented the visitor at a bridge luncheon at her home on Fifth Street, inviting sixteen guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Land B. Spencer had as their guest for several days Miss Marie Floyd, of Detroit. As a courtesy to her guest Mrs. Spencer entertained a number of guests at two informal bridge teas—one on Thursday and another on Friday, at her home on North Main Street.

Mrs. James Blackwood, accompanied by Mrs. Roy C. Manson, have recently returned from a visit in Chicago, where they were the guests of Mrs. Manson's sister, Mrs. E. C. Mowbray.

Mrs. Meda C. Hadden and her grandson, Allan John Taylor, and Mrs. Nettie M. Bush, are enjoying a fortnight's stay at Rifle Lake.

Accompanying Mr. and Mrs. George D. Burr home from their eastern trip were Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Raymond and Mrs. Lola Raymond, of Fredonia, N. Y.

Mrs. Fred M. Moe was hostess at a bridge luncheon of charming appointments, entertaining twelve of her most intimate friends from Detroit at her country home, Valley View.

A group of the "young marrieds," including the Walter Buchanans, the Harry Tripps and the Addison Carys are sojourning at Randall Beach.

The many friends of Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Grimmert (formerly of Detroit) are rejoicing with them over the birth of a daughter, Joan Ruth, on July 6.

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Continued on page 13

Mrs. Edward M. Beresford and her daughter, Jean, are the guests of Mrs. Beresford's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William D. Thompson, at their home, "Kenno-way," in the Hills.

Miss Katherine Pantlind, of New York City, was the guest of Mrs. Edward A. Wasey for the month of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Boynton, of Dorchester Road, are vacationing in Northport, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Shain, who have been in Europe for the past six weeks, are expected home early in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence P. Smith, of Oak Knobs, with their three children are spending a month at Brevoort Lake.

The Cecil F. Charltons, with their young son, are spending some time at Tawas with Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Maxwell Grylls, of Detroit.

Miss Margaret Whittemore, of California, has recently opened her home on Brown Street, where she expects to spend the next few months, dividing her time between there and visiting her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W. Nelson Whittemore, of Opdyke Road.

About 75 guests, culled from Detroit and Birmingham, enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Essig, of Buckingham Road, at a "gay and festive" barn dance at Dunning's Corners, on Adams Road, Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Max J. Stringer and daughter, Joan, are spending the month of August at Mackinac Island.

Mrs. Charles N. Stout and Mrs. Edward C. Tieman have returned to their home on Yorkshire Road after a three weeks' motor trip through the East. While in New York they were entertained extensively by Mrs. Stout's aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. James D. Lacey, at their beautiful estate, "Windridge," on the Hudson.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Tieman, of Yorkshire Road, will leave Thursday to spend the week-end with friends at Mullet Lake.

#### Grosse Pointe

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jay Raymond, of Cleveland, formerly of Washington Road, Grosse Pointe, were very happy to greet them over a recent week-end, when they were delightfully entertained as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Doughty. The Doughtys were hosts at dinner for their guests, Friday evening, and Mr. and Mrs. John Gaine Rumney entertained similarly Thursday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Hodges, Jr., gave a small dinner at the Grosse Pointe Club, Saturday evening.

Among those who will journey westward for the ranch life are Mr. and Mrs. James H. Flinn, who will leave with their family the first of August for a month's stay in Montana. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Burden with their son, Frederick, and daughter, Virginia, will leave soon for a ranch in Wyoming. The

Harry M. Jewetts had as their guests at their ranch at Rose City the Vincent Dwyers, the Edward Murphys, the Thomas Parkers and Thomas Paddock.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold U. Van Leyen have returned to their home on University Place, after a several weeks' motor trip in the East and a visit at Newport, R. I., with Mrs. Van Leyen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Ferris.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Schlotman, who left recently on a cruise through Georgian Bay on their yacht, "Stellaris," have as their guests Mrs. Schlotman's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Emory Leyden Ford and their son, Emory Moran Ford.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry N. Torrey have returned from a fortnights' stay at a hunting and fishing lodge near Quebec, where they were the guests of William Mereshon, of Saginaw.

Miss Frances Alger is entertaining Miss Mildred Parker, of Lewiston Road, at the Alger summer home, "Edgerock," Pride's Crossing, Mass.

Miss Parker plans to visit Miss Harriette Root at Greenwich, Conn., the latter part of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Streeter Warren, who have recently returned from six months of European travel, on which they were accompanied by their daughters, Miss Romaine and Miss Elizabeth Warren, left August 1st for their summer home at Charlevoix.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Brooks, Jr., accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Ford and Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Walker, are in the East enjoying a fortnight's cruise on the Truman Newberry yacht.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Harry, with their family, have opened their cottage, "Grey Birches," at Les Che-neaux.

To pass the summer at Miss Tuttle's camp, "Pine-wood," at Burt Lake, Miss Betty Tant of Grosse Pointe Shores, departed last week.

Miss Mercy Hayes entertained twelve guests at dinner at her home, "Garden Grange," Grosse Pointe, recently. Yellow roses and delphiniums, culled from her charming garden, graced the table.

Miss Hayes will sail on the S. S. Leviathan, August 1, for a motor trip in England and France. Her plans include a visit in Geneva during the assembly of the League of Nations, in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Henkel, of Bedford Road, are vacationing in a cottage at Chippewa Cove Woods, Harbor Springs.

#### Grosse Ile

An event of considerable interest on Grosse Ile was the opening dinner-dance of Chateau Voyageurs, whose clubhouse is the former home of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Olds, "Elbamar."

About 150 guests were present and the army officers stationed at Selfridge Field were the guests of honor. Mr. Edwin Denby is president of the club.

Among those entertaining friends at the affair were Mr. and Mrs. Denby, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hyatt, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Everett, Mr. and Mrs. James T. Kennedy, Mrs. Ralph Upson, Mr. and Mrs. Myron B. Vorce, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Parcells.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin J. Kates and daughters, Dorothy and Patricia, of Birmingham, are occupying the attractive house boat of the H. Leonard Wiltons for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Kenneth Laub were the honor guests at several delightful affairs preceding their departure abroad.

Mrs. Ernest N. Stanton was hostess at luncheon, honoring Mrs. Laub, and the same evening Mr. and Mrs. Y. F. Hardcastle and Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Alexander feted the travelers at an informal picnic supper on the Hardcastle house boat. Mrs. Cecil H. Hobbs, of Detroit, and Mrs. Duncan J. McNabb were also among the hostesses to entertain for Mrs. Laub.

During their sojourn abroad Mr. and Mrs. Laub have leased their home to Dr. George J. Rebredy, of Detroit.

Honoring the birthday anniversary of her daughter, Janet, Mrs. Robert A. Alexander entertained a number of little folk.

Mrs. H. J. Leonard is enjoying an extended motor trip to New York, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Harrison, of Detroit.

Mrs. M. William Clift was hostess at a luncheon of lovely appointments, complimenting Miss Catherine Bradley, of England, the house guest of Mrs. Charles E. Christian, of Elba Island.

Mrs. Edward Babbitt, of Detroit, and her daughter, Mrs. Owen B. Winters, of New York, have enjoyed an extended stay with Mr. and Mrs. Harold B. Williamson. During their visit, Mrs. Williamson entertained at a delightful bridge.

Mrs. Oscar Case and her daughter, Miss Margaret Case, accompanied by a party of friends from Cleveland, have left for an extended trip to Yellowstone Park.

Mrs. Edward de Mille Campbell, Jr., entertained at tea informally to meet Mrs. Duncan and Mrs. Fredericks, who are spending the summer in the home of Mrs. Frederick P. Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Buchanan have returned from a several weeks' motor trip through the East, stopping at Holyoke, Mass.

Miss Estelle Wrock, of Detroit, has been the guest of Mrs. Leander Knight, of Elba Island. Miss Wrock, who has been studying music in Berlin for the past three years, will return to Germany the latter part of August.

A number of attractive bridge luncheons have been given recently with Mrs. Thomas Gage, Miss Wanda Felcyn and Mrs. Charles E. Christian as hostesses.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lloyd Weaver have joined their son, Lloyd, at the Philip Gray Camp.

Mrs. Amber Groh has this week taken possession of her new home on the island.

#### Rochester

Several out-of-town visitors have been the incentive for many delightful informal affairs during the month.

Mrs. Dewitt W. Chamberlain, of Atascadero, Calif., the house guest of the Roy McCornacs, was the honor guest at a bridge-dinner given by the Louis Shuelfers at Brooklands Golf Club, at which Mr. and Mrs. Grover J. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Roy J. McCornac and Henry Axford were guests. Mrs. Grover J. Taylor complimented the visitor at a bridge luncheon at her home on Fifth Street, inviting sixteen guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Land B. Spencer had as their guest for several days Miss Marie Floyd, of Detroit. As a courtesy to her guest Mrs. Spencer entertained a number of guests at two informal bridge teas—one on Thursday and another on Friday, at her home on North Main Street.

Mrs. James Blackwood, accompanied by Mrs. Roy C. Manson, have recently returned from a visit in Chicago, where they were the guests of Mrs. Manson's sister, Mrs. E. C. Mowbray.

Mrs. Meda C. Hadden and her grandson, Allan John Taylor, and Mrs. Nettie M. Bush, are enjoying a fortnight's stay at Rifle Lake.

Accompanying Mr. and Mrs. George D. Burr home from their eastern trip were Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Raymond and Mrs. Lola Raymond, of Fredonia, N. Y.

Mrs. Fred M. Moe was hostess at a bridge luncheon of charming appointments, entertaining twelve of her most intimate friends from Detroit at her country home, Valley View.

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Continued on page 13

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furnished



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View  
of Pine Lake

RESIDENCE OF J. C. ECCLESTON  
200 feet frontage, containing ten acres.

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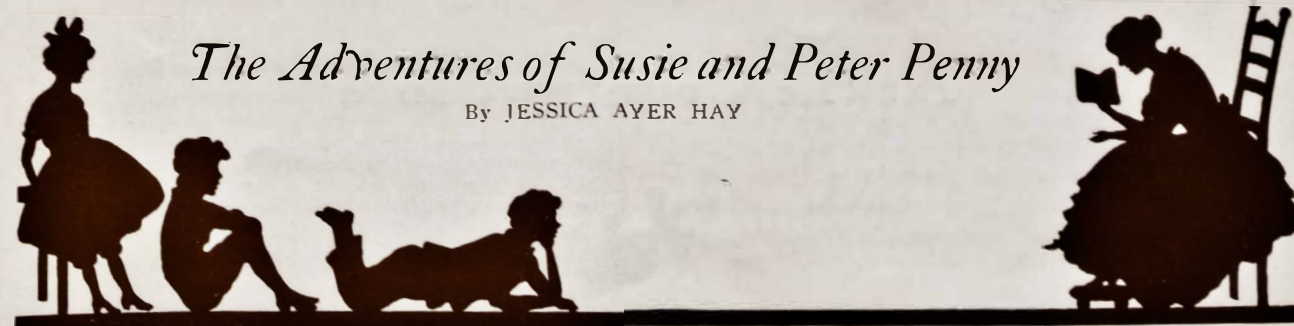
## MILLINGTON

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4856 WOODWARD AVENUE

# The Adventures of Susie and Peter Penny

By JESSICA AYER HAY



YOU must think that I like to sit here," said Peter Penny as he sat on a high stool in the corner.

He crooked his head over his shoulder and made his eyes as big as saucers, as he watched Nurse Annie go about her work of straightening up the nursery. Nurse Annie, who was as plump and soft as a feather bed, and wore a starched white apron with pockets, went on dusting the china cat that sat on the mantel in the nursery. It was the china cat where Susie and Peter had hidden the Magic Pebble that Uncle Woodchuck gave them at his party.—the Magic Pebble, you remember that would make you as big as an elephant if you wore it in your right pocket, and as little as a pea if worn in the left pocket.

"You sit right there, Peter Penny, until you promise not to wade in any more puddles with your shoes on," said Nurse Annie, shaking the china cat so that the Magic Pebble rattled around inside.

"I wish something would happen so that Peter and I could have some fun," said Susie, and she shook her head that was like a yellow dandelion, and pressed her nose to the window like a little white mushroom.

"Great goodness me," said Nurse Annie, "I do wish that you children wouldn't bring any more stones into the house." And she tipped up the china cat and emptied the Magic Pebble into her hand.

"Oh, that's the Magic Pebble! Be careful! Don't throw it away, Nurse Annie," shrieked Susie and Peter so loudly that Peter almost fell off his stool in the corner.

"Magic Fiddlesticks!" said Nurse Annie, and popped the Magic Pebble into the left pocket of her white starched apron.

Quick as a wink, Nurse Annie disappeared from the astonished eyes of Susie and Peter. She grew down to the size of a pea so quickly that it took away her breath, like going down in an elevator! Far away, up in the air, she could see Susie and Peter, who looked as big as giants.

"Oh! Help! Help!" cried Nurse Annie in a voice so small that Susie and Peter could not hear it.

"We must find her, quickly," said Susie and Peter, "before some one steps on her," and their voices sounded as big as the rumble of thunder to poor Nurse Annie, who was no bigger than a pea.

So Susie and Peter lay flat upon their stomachs and slowly moved their arms over the floor to find Nurse Annie. Suddenly Peter called out, "I've got her!" and as his hand closed over Nurse Annie she cried and kicked she was so frightened. They carried her care-

fully to the window and watched her as she tried to walk across Peter's palm.

Poor Nurse Annie, she had a dreadful time! Peter's hand was so fat that his fingers were like little hills. Once when she climbed to the top of his thumb he waggled it just the least bit and Nurse Annie rolled right down hill and almost stood on her head.

"Oh, I love her that way!" said Susie, as Nurse Annie sat down to think. "We can keep her in this little box. I'm going to make a little bed for her."

"I think that we ought to have a circus and earn some money," said Peter, popping his eyes importantly. "She can be the circus."

"And we'll have the circus in the Apple Orchard," planned Susie happily, "and charge all our friends a dime for coming. We can call her Miss Teeny Tiny the Circus Lady, and I'll make her a little cage with grass and flowers."

Susie made Nurse Annie, or, I should say, Miss Teeny Tiny the Circus Lady, a little cage out of a box and lined it with grass and flowers, and then they carried her down to the Apple Orchard, where Uncle Woodchuck and all the rest of their orchard friends were waiting. Susie sat on the grass and held the cage, and Peter made a speech, telling everybody what a wonderful circus it was.

"This is a wonderful circus lady, and her name is Miss Teeny Tiny. Everybody can see her for a dime. She belongs to Susie and me and we are going to keep her forever. Step right up and see the littlest lady in the world."

Everybody stepped right up to see Nurse Annie, or, I should say, Miss Teeny Tiny the Circus Lady, and because she was so tiny they couldn't see that there were tears in her eyes. And while everybody told the other how perfectly cunning she was, Nurse Annie cried to herself because she didn't want to be a circus forever. But how could she help it?

They were all sitting under the apple tree taking turns at holding the cage with Nurse Annie, or, I should say, Miss Teeny Tiny, when the most dreadful thing happened! The Red Bull, who stayed in the pasture all day and ate grass and pawed the ground, broke down the fence that kept him in and came right toward them. Right toward them he came with his tail up in the air, his head down, and his eyes blazing like two searchlights.

Uncle Woodchuck and all the rest of the little animal friends scuttled for their holes and were out of

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## At the Country Clubs



### Aviation Country Club

The event of chief interest last week at the Aviation Country Club was the Detroit Athletic Club tournament, held at the Aviation estate on Monday, with one hundred enthusiastic golfers in attendance.

On Tuesday, Miss Vivien Dant was hostess to several of her friends at luncheon, and on the following day Mark Atkin entertained ten guests at the club, playing the 18-hole course, and later enjoying a club dinner.

The Detroit Rotary Club enjoyed a day of sports at the estate on Thursday, and the same day Mrs. T. E. O'Brien gave a luncheon for a group of seven of her friends. Mrs. I. D. Reed entertained at a luncheon of eight covers on Friday and on Saturday evening Mrs. E. L. McFern was hostess at a dinner of eight covers.

### Bloomfield Hills Country Club

The Bloomfield Hills Country Club was the scene of many gay little dinner parties last Saturday evening. Mrs. W. D. Thompson had a party of friends, as did Mrs. H. W. Potter and Mrs. Robert Mantell, and Mrs. Guy C. Smith was hostess to ten. Mrs. William G. Lerchen entertained sixteen guests at dinner at the club recently.

Mrs. E. C. Knisel was hostess at an attractive luncheon for thirty friends at the club last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Ewald and son, "Teddy," are spending a fortnight at the club.

Guests over last week-end included Mr. and Mrs. George Wiley, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McBride and daughters, Miss Natalie and Miss Evelyn, Dr. and Mrs. R. C. Jamison, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Griffith, Edward Stark and Peter J. Monaghan and son, Peter, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. McNaughton celebrated their second wedding anniversary Saturday evening with a dinner-dance for 22 guests.

Edward Stark had a party of twelve guests the same evening and Carl and Mrs. Flenterman entertained a company of twenty-one.

Mrs. A. E. Hosmer was hostess to twenty friends at a bridge tea, Wednesday afternoon, honoring Miss Jean Bentley, whose marriage to Dr. H. L. Hosmer will be an event of August 6.

Mr. Ralph L. Bird and two children left July 18 for a month's stay in California with Mr. Bird's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Bird.

After an extended stay at the club, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Teal and son have returned home.

During the week of July 11 the Women's State Golf Tournament was held at the club. Among the out-of-town guests were Miss Lucille Desenberg, of Kalamazoo; Miss Elsie Hilding and Mrs. L. H. Owen, of Grand Rapids; Mrs. Frederick Hodges, Mrs. W. E. Hodges and Mrs. D. A. Gilmore, of Kalamazoo, and Mrs. D. A. Stewart Hanley and Miss Madge Miller, of Detroit.

The championship flight was won by Mrs. Hanley with Mrs. Sheridan as runner-up.

The schedule of golf events will close on September 2 with the Championship Tournament.

At the Mothers and Sons and Mothers and Daughters tournament, held July 21st, there were seventeen pairings, low gross being won by Louis Fisher, son of W. A. Fisher, and low net by George Monaghan and Natalie McBride. Prizes were given, being presented at the special dinner planned by the mothers, and following the dinner moving pictures were shown. It was decided to make this affair an annual event.

### Brooklands Golf Club

For the men—the finals of the Club Championship and qualifying round for the President's Cup will be held August 13th and 14th. On August 20th and 21st will be played the first round for the President's Cup; on August 27th and 28th, the second round, and the Dan Hulgrave tournament will be held the same day. The finals for the President's Cup will be played September 24th and 25th.

The most interesting event on the women's golf calendar is the Fisher Cup finals, to be held September 14th. This trophy is donated each year by Mrs. W. H. Fisher.

The members of Red Run Golf Club were recent guests at the club.

During their stay at the club, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Haag were hosts at a dinner of lovely appointments.

Mrs. Lewis E. Becker, Mrs. John T. Norton and Mrs. Bert E. Norton were joint hostesses at luncheon and bridge for thirty-six guests at the club recently.

### Pine Lake Country Club

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Baumgartner, who are spending some time at the club, were hosts Saturday evening at a dinner of sixteen covers.

Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor Campbell and young daughter, Nancy, are the guests of Mrs. Campbell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Grindley, of "Shadowlawn," Pine Lake.

Among the members who have reservations for an extended stay at the club are Dr. and Mrs. M. T. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Hartman, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Wagner and children, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Prince, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Burritt, Mrs. John Mabley, Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. Sanders, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Huyette and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Ball and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gray.

On July 21st, the Ladies' Bridge Committee, consisting of Mrs. C. M. Burton, Mrs. Hubert Hartman and Mrs. Frank Kanter, gave the second of the series of bridge luncheons to be held at the club monthly.

On the evening of July 28th a reception of 200 guests was held at the club, following the wedding of Miss Mary Catherine Kessel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Albert Kessel, and Mr. MacThomas Whitfield, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry O. Whitfield.

The finals of the Championship tournament will be held September 1st.

## SOCIETY

Continued from page 9

Luther Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Scripps and Mr. and Mrs. James Vernor, Jr., and their children. Mrs. Wilson, accompanied by her children, sailed July 23, for an extended European trip. Prior to her departure Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oakman entertained at dinner on their yacht, and Mr. and Mrs. Donald C. Wilson were hosts at a dinner of lovely appointments at the Detroit Golf Club, honoring the traveler.

Among the recent hostesses at the ladies' day bridge luncheon at Brooklands Golf Club on Wednesday were Mrs. Milton H. Hazelwerdt, Mrs. Meda C. Hadden, Mrs. Nettie Bush and Mrs. Harvey J. Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer A. Case, who have been sojourning in the West for the past three months, returned home the latter part of July.

### Pontiac

For a summer's sojourn at their country home, "Greenbriar," on Pine Lake, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Beals, of New York City, and Mrs. Beals' daughter, Miss Gladys Snell, have joined Mr. Edward Snell, where he has been staying for some time.

The Pine Lake Country Club was the setting for a luncheon of charming appointments when Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey H. Hutchins, of Ottawa Drive, announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helen Elizabeth Hutchins, to George K. Zimmerman, of Chicago, son of Mrs. F. W. Zimmerman, of Marine City.

Another interesting announcement to Pontiac's younger set is the engagement of Miss Virginia Sweet to Chauncey Sanborn Hutchins, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hutchins, which was made known recently at a tea of beautiful appointments at the home of Miss Sweet's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Sweet, of Cass Lake.

Miss Mary Catherine Kessel, whose marriage to Mr. MacThomas Whitfield takes place this month, is the recipient of many pre-nuptial affairs, including a dinner party in Clarkston, at which Mr. and Mrs. John Clark were hosts, a luncheon for a few intimate friends given by Mrs. Stuart Whitfield, a dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Tubbs as hosts, and Mrs. Basil Brown and Mrs. Arlene Fleming honored the bride-elect with a bridge luncheon at Pine Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Anderson and Mrs. Charlotte Ormsby, of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., are enjoying an extended visit at the Fred Ormsby home on Ottawa Drive.

After a fortnight's stay at Lost Lake Woods clubhouse, Mrs. L. C. Barker and Mrs. Roy Barker and her sons, Roy, Jr., and Edward, have returned home.

Mrs. Mary Freer, of Tampa, Fla., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Orville Moll, of Chippewa Road. Accompanying her are Miss Elizabeth and Miss Jane Wilson, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson, also of Tampa, Fla.

More than usual interest is being manifested by Pontiac folk this summer in the equestrian program arranged at the Aviation Country Club.

The interesting events include the Saturday evening rides, followed by a steak roast on the grounds of the club and the Sunday morning rides which are terminated with a late breakfast at the club.

Among those seen at various times at these events are Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Curtis, Mrs. Glen A. Bennett, Mrs. J. E. Yatus, the Misses Mildred, Elizabeth and Angela Gaukler, Charles B. Oshi, Andrew E. Gault, Carl O. Larson, Mrs. Frank Munro and J. C. Alcock.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Maytag, of Newton, Ia., who are enjoying an extended stay at "Willow Pointe," Lake Angelus, the summer home of the Jesse Woods, were the honor guests at an attractive dinner given by their hosts recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Denby, who are now ensconced in their country home near Pontiac, are entertaining Mrs. Denby's uncle, Jefferson M. Thurber, of Seminole Avenue.

## Thoughts for Pansies

By EARL SMITH

THIS is the time of year to plant pansy seed. The best place is in a cold frame which will bring the plants along more quickly. But if this is not available the seeds may be planted in a place lying to the south or southeast, where they will be sheltered from the cold winds.

The first step in preparing the seed-bed so that it will profit the grower with bigger and healthier plants and larger flowers, is to spade as deeply as possible, mixing in a large amount of barn-yard manure. The depth will be governed by the thickness of the top soil. When spading keep the soil as even and level as possible. Next, soak the ground thoroughly with the garden hose. When it has dried sufficiently, so that one may tread on it without sinking in, take the garden line and make a straight trench about one-eighth inch deep, and sow the seeds therein. Use the rake to half-fill the trench, and then tread every inch of the bed to make the ground firm. Finish the seed bed by using the rake to fill up the trenches with the rest of the earth to an even level.

When the plants have come up and are looking sturdy, they should be transplanted at a distance from eight to ten inches apart. As the season advances and the ground becomes slightly frozen, cover them with straw or manure to keep them from freezing too hard. In the spring the straw may be removed, and the ground cleared for the usual cultivation. If a cold-frame is used, only a sash and few hurlap bags will be needed to keep out the snow.

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ward Avenue.*

PERCY MORNINGSTAR, Host

## Garden Hints for August

Late celery, cabbage and kale may still be planted. Use plenty of water when setting out, and water twice daily until established.

Spray cabbages and other green vegetables with arsenate of lead to kill leaf-eating insects.

Tomatoes, cauliflower, lettuce, spinach and parsley are of easy culture under glass and may be started for cultivation in the greenhouse.

Set out the strawberry bed for a full crop next year. Use both perfect and imperfect plants for proper fertilization.

After gathering the peach crop, spray with Bordeaux mixture to keep the foliage diseases in check. Trees with the yellows should be cut down and burned.

Use a top dressing of bone meal for the roses to give them more vigor for the next year.

Neglected ground intended for cultivation next year should be forked and harrowed to remove the troublesome twitch grass and rye.

For a good lawn sow grass seed thickly to choke out the weeds.

Evergreens may be planted at this time of year. They need lots of water, and so when resetting saturate the soil.

Spray with Bordeaux Mixture the melons that are ripening. Place boards under the young melons so that they may be sure to ripen. Let them leave the vines voluntarily.

Order all bulbs for forcing now. Be sure your boxes, pans, soil, and all other materials are in readiness.

Take cuttings of all bedding plants, such as coleus, geraniums, alternantheras. Carry through the winter in a cool greenhouse to make good stock.

There is time yet to sow cool crops. Make several sowings of peas, this month, also spinach, cress, radishes, lettuce, turnips, etc.

Prune the shade trees. Remove the limbs close to the trunk, make clean cuts, and paint the wounds carefully.

Gather the onion crop now. When the tops have died down, put in the sun to dry, and then store in a cool dry place.

Make a compost heap of all plants for the greenhouse. Use top soil with a sod growth and add manure and bone meal. The material will decompose.

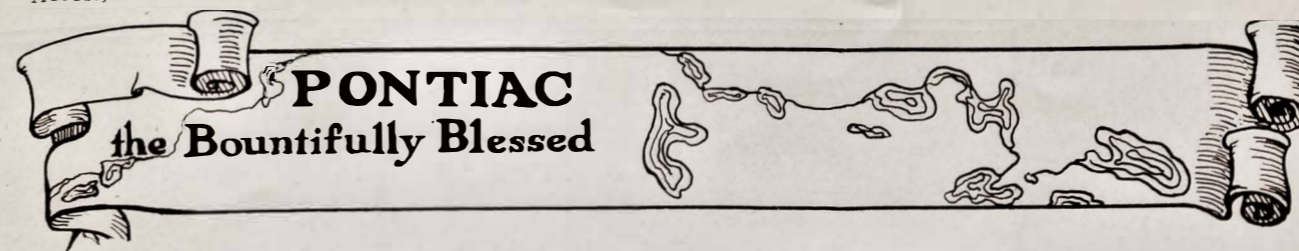
To obtain high-grade dahlia blooms keep the plants properly disbudded. This means a constant and consistent pinching of the young growth.

Cut out all the old shoots on the raspberries and blackberries and any other cane fruit. They will not bear again.

Keep up the flower garden. Cut out all dead stalks and trim the borders. And stir up the top soil.

Give a tonic of nitrate of soda, sulphate of ammonia, or other materials of this kind to newly set out plants that are not growing satisfactorily.

Growth is about to cease, so go over the hedges, evergreens that have been confined to a form, and plants that have been clipped.



## Pontiac in 1910 and Today

By TED VANDENMARK

SOMEBODY spoke the truth when he said, "a small town is small because the men who run it have small ideas, and a big town is big because the men who run it have big ideas."

In all human endeavor there must always be the idea, and the idea or ambition must always be several jumps ahead of the attainment. Whenever a town, or the men who direct its destinies are so well satisfied that plans for the future are not being made, it is dead, or soon will be, and dead ones are not profitable company, except for the undertaker.

This spirit of planning is what hits the visitor right in the eye when he meets one of the men who are planning for the future of Pontiac, and that means most any citizen of Pontiac he may talk to. For instance, the new eight million dollar Yellow Truck plant, which will employ six thousand men, represents a staggering housing proposition for any town under the million mark. It means twelve or fifteen hundred more homes.

What of that? A few years ago there was a shortage of homes. The Board of Commerce organized its citizens who could stand the pressure, and presto! five hundred new homes appeared. The Dupont Engineering Company was induced to build five hundred more. The Board of Commerce is already formulating plans to meet the present situation, not only for homes, but for a Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. and other recreational facilities.

Pontiac, like everything else, has won its popularity on account of its attractive features. Pontiac's attractions are its natural advantages and its leaders. Speaking of leaders, we mean men who have done things to furnish employment, and who plan for civic comforts for the employed.

The greatest new source of employment during the last twenty-five years has been the making of automobiles. It is strange that of all the cities, large or small, in the United States, there were only a few who caught the idea and Pontiac was one of them. Not only did they start one, but many automobile and accessory factories. Some failed, but others were organized and new ones brought in. Often the leaders were weary and perplexed, but never discouraged. Today there are fifteen thousand employed in the factories at an average of six dollars a day. This number is equal to the entire population of Pontiac in 1910.

And speaking of living comforts! Twenty minutes is all the time needed to go from any factory to the limit of the county in any automobile. The county has over four hundred lakes, and has eleven state

parks. It is full of rolling hills and tempting roads, and has an altitude of about five hundred feet, which makes it higher and cooler than Detroit in the summer. Many of the lakes are spring-fed, with clear, drinkable water.

Three rivers, the Clinton, the Huron, and the Rouge, have their source in the hills surrounding Pontiac, and are fed by numerous springs along the way to Lake St. Clair and the Detroit River. Oakland County is more like a gigantic park or playground than a county of farms. Its lakes and hills are so diversified in their settlement that whatever one's means or home requirements, a suitable community can be found.

The millionaire and the mechanic, alike, can have his country home in keeping with his means. And Pontiac is the hub of all this country and comfort. Its leaders are keen, and are on the job of serving not only the city, but the whole county. Its stores are progressive and up-to-date, and an evidence of the appreciation of this fact is the crowd in Pontiac on Saturday night, when the streets are like a county fair.

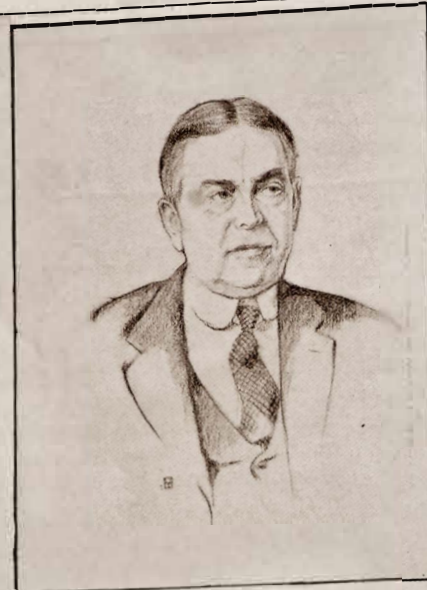
When the General Motors Corporation was being organized in 1909 to strengthen and develop the new-born automobile industry, Pontiac men had made sufficient progress in the city to tempt the organizers of that great corporation to acquire the Pontiac plants. That event was the real beginning of the growth of Pontiac by which its name has become known beyond the confines of its own territory.

What about "Pop" Day (W. L. Day) when he took hold of the General Motors Truck Company in 1911? It was millions in the red ink. "Pop" wrote his own ticket. He had vision, courage and organizing powers. Ill health has put him on the side-lines, but the institution to which he gave his best years and his unstinted ability is today building an eight million-dollar plant and will employ alone three times as many men as all of Pontiac employed when "Pop" said, "How do you do?" to Pontiac.

When you speak of "Pop" Day you always think of O. J. Beaudette. They were an inseparable team in play and work. Then there is Cramer Smith, inseparably a part of the financial history of Detroit, and now president of the Pontiac Commercial and Savings Bank, the largest in the county.

The Board of Commerce is the rendezvous of the worthwhile men of Pontiac. There is an atmosphere of common or family interest at noon as they drop in for luncheon. But there is also serious thought behind the friendliness and brotherliness of these busi-

Continued on page 32



E.L. KEYSER  
Sec-y. Board of Commerce

GLEN C. GILLESPIE  
Judge Circuit Court



SENATOR THAD D. SEELEY



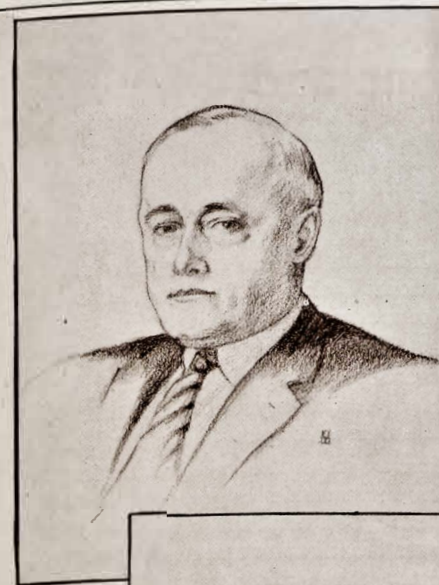
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Pres. Pontiac Board of Commerce



PAUL SEILER  
Pres. Gen. Mfg. Yellow Truck & Coach Mfg. Co.



H.M. ZIMMERMAN  
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MAYOR



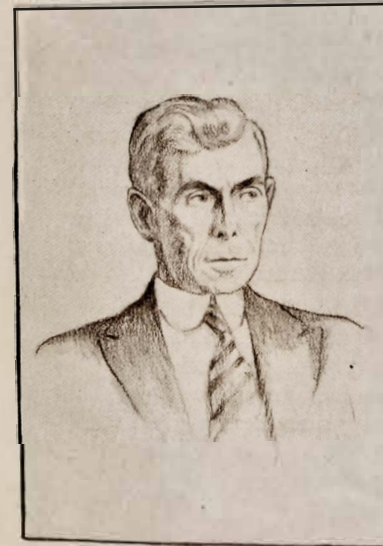
CHAS. SMITH  
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Commercial-Savings  
Bank



A.R. GLANCY  
Pres. Oakland Motor Car Co.



W.B. ANDERSON  
Pres. Pontiac Real Estate Board



F.L. COVERT  
Judge Circuit Court



W.L. (POP) DAY  
Ex. Pres. Gen. Motors Truck Co.

## Plants for Exposed Lake Front and River Conditions

By ALBERT D. TAYLOR, M. S. A.

WE have often noticed plantations along lake fronts and river fronts where normal development seems to have been greatly retarded, and a considerable loss from winter-killing has been experienced. A definite problem in the selection of plants adapted to these locations is presented, especially where the prevailing winds during the winter are from the water.

The plant materials listed in this group are selected from those which have been found hardy under the exposed lake front and river front conditions near the northern portions of the middle west. Many plants which apparently are hardy under the more even and severe climatic conditions of the inland, are not hardy under these water-front conditions. No plants, not even the more hardy types of those included in this list, will adapt themselves to normal conditions of growth as early as the same plants would under inland conditions of climate and atmosphere.

It is necessary for much of the material to become acclimated to these more severe conditions, and it may be advisable at times to plant some of the more rapid-growing trees and shrubs as a partial protection during the first two or three years. It is preferable that material used on the steeper slopes of river or lake fronts should have a deep root system which will aid in protecting the slopes against erosion. If the slopes are steep and wash badly at times during periods of rain, such types as locust, sumacs, willow and the matrimony vine will form a deep root system quickly.

It should never be attempted as a single operation. The material should be young, a great percentage of loss must be expected, and only the "survival of the fittest" can apply. The following plants have been known to survive under severe exposure of lake shore and river frontage throughout the northeastern part of the United States:

Trees: Siberian Maple, Black Alder, European White Birch, American White Birch, Siberian Pea Shrub, Scarlet-fruited Thorn, May Thorn, Russian Olive, White Ash, Common Juniper, Red Cedar, White Spruce, Norway Spruce, Jack Pine, Dwarf Mountain Pine, Austrian Pine, Pitch Pine, Scotch Pine, Balsam Poplar, Carolina Poplar, Hop Tree, Siberian Flowering Shrub, Mossy Cup Oak, Black Locust, Yellow Willow, American Mountain Ash, American Elm.

Shrubs: Siberian Dogwood, Silver Berry, Bayberry, Common Mock Orange, Beach Plum, Common Buckthorn, Fragrant Sumac, Smooth Sumac, Stag-horn Sumac, American Black Currant, Japanese Rose.

Rosemary Willow, Canadian Buffalo Berry, Mountain Ash-leaved Spirea, Hardhack, Wolfberry, Common Lilac, High-bush Cranberry.

Vines: Dark-leaved Silver Vine, Silver Vine, Cut-leaved Vitis, Asiatic Creeper, Virginia Creeper, American Bittersweet, Japanese Honeysuckle, Matrimony Vine, Silk Vine, Bull Brier, Grapes.

A peculiar situation exists in the relative hardness of trees and shrubs for seaside exposures. Plants which are entirely hardy on exposed river and lake fronts and fresh-water locations are apt not to thrive at the seaside, especially those along the Maine Coast, and the more exposed points of New England. When the climatic conditions of the winter are not extremely severe, as on Long Island and the points farther south, most of the hardy trees and shrubs are well adapted. There are locations on the exposed frontage of the Great Lakes where conditions are as severe as on the east coast of the northeastern part of the United States. The salt air condition and the salt air spray does not become a factor, however, in lake front exposures.

Perhaps the most severe of the seaside exposures are along the shores of Penobscot Bay and the Maine Coast. In all ornamental planting in these locations it has been a question of experimenting to determine the trees and shrubs that can withstand the extreme and severe winter months. The growing season is short. Therefore the trees and shrubs which require a longer time to ripen, are apt to die, because of the immature condition of the wood when freezing weather begins.

The same factor also deprives the early spring-flowering shrubs of the wood which produces flowers on buds formed the year before. The deciduous trees which are hardy along the coast of Maine are those which are indigenous to that section, such as beeches, red oaks, willows, and red maples. None of the more refined types of evergreens, with the exception of the red cedar and the prostrate juniper, have proved hardy in these locations. The American arborvitae in many instances is hardy, and in others has proved not so hardy. The white cypress is rarely seen.

Under excellent care good results may be attained by transplanting all plants during the fall planting season, or during the spring planting season, although some types respond better to the one time or the other. When the trees are set out place them so that they turn the same side to the north as in their original position.



J. C. Stahl, Jr., Architect

## Country Comment

BEAUTY spots in Birmingham are many and varied. Some are simply beautiful, others are interesting. Quarton Lake is both beautiful and interesting.

Entirely within the village limits of Birmingham, Quarton Lake is surrounded by many beautiful homes which have taken full advantage of the water-front opportunity for beautification. But not so long ago Quarton Lake was not so beautiful, perhaps not quite so interesting as the perspective of time has made it, for it was once a mill pond. The waters tumbled over an ancient dam beside a weather-beaten stave mill.

Surrounding the old mill pond there was a pony farm, the old Watkins place, it was called. Many of the ponies on Belle Isle first called it home. Then the old mill was erased by the expansion of Birmingham. The old dam was replaced by a higher, reinforced concrete structure and the floodage in turn erased the pony farm.

Where a few years ago diminutive ponies frisked over the pastures, are sedate homes and winding drives that daily see the comings and goings of cultured happy home folks.

This section is experiencing an unusual demand, logically accounted for by the industrial development of Pontiac and the outflow of population from Detroit. The movement from the great cities toward the suburbs is nation-wide.

The South Pontiac Development Company recently organized has acquired 2,000 acres lying south and east of the present Pontiac limits, and completely surrounding the new Yellow Truck plant. This will be ideal for a perfect community development, as there will be railroad frontage on the two branches of the Grand Trunk railway, factory sites, business frontage on Woodward Avenue, and every type of home. The company is planning to widen Opdyke Road, South Boulevard and Square Lake Road, almost to superhighway width. When, according to present intentions, Opdyke Road, which runs from Woodward Avenue, near Bloomfield Center, north to Utica Road, is improved and extended north to the Lapeer Road, it will give an east side short cut into Flint.

Easy access to the Pontiac and other General Motors plants will be given by the widening and extending of Manhattan Street at the northern city limits, and by connecting it to Opdyke Road. There will be every convenience and improvement, including golf course, parks and playgrounds, schools and churches, with water, sewer, electricity and other facilities installed. Mr. Arthur F. Bassett has been elected president, and Jay A. Walsh, vice-president, of the company.



Municipal Golf Links of Pontiac

THE beautiful Bloomfield Village School, shown above, inspires the enthusiastic praise of all who see it. Mr. Judson Bradway has made good his statement that he wanted a school design so far out of the ordinary that it would fit into the picture at Bloomfield Hills, and be a credit to the Cranbrook cultural center, near which it is located.

Mr. J. C. Stahl, Jr., himself a resident of Bloomfield Hills for ten years, was thoroughly in sympathy with Mr. Bradway's dream, and by his experience as a specialist in church and school, was well prepared to undertake the design, which is Old English, brick, stone, half timber and stucco. Mr. Stahl, we learned, has built thirty-eight churches, many schools and thirty-two bank buildings. He does not tell you this unless you insist upon finding out.

The writer knew that Mr. Stahl designed the First State Savings Bank building in Birmingham, and took particular notice that its modest designer did not mention that fact. If you compliment him he just smiles, shows a beautiful set of teeth and says "thank you," and changes the subject. He finally told us that he is now building a Methodist church to cost \$750,000 and a community church to cost \$500,000.

The Bloomfield Village school is fireproof throughout, and is to cost \$500,000 when completed, and is the last word in school arrangement and equipment, as well as strikingly beautiful.

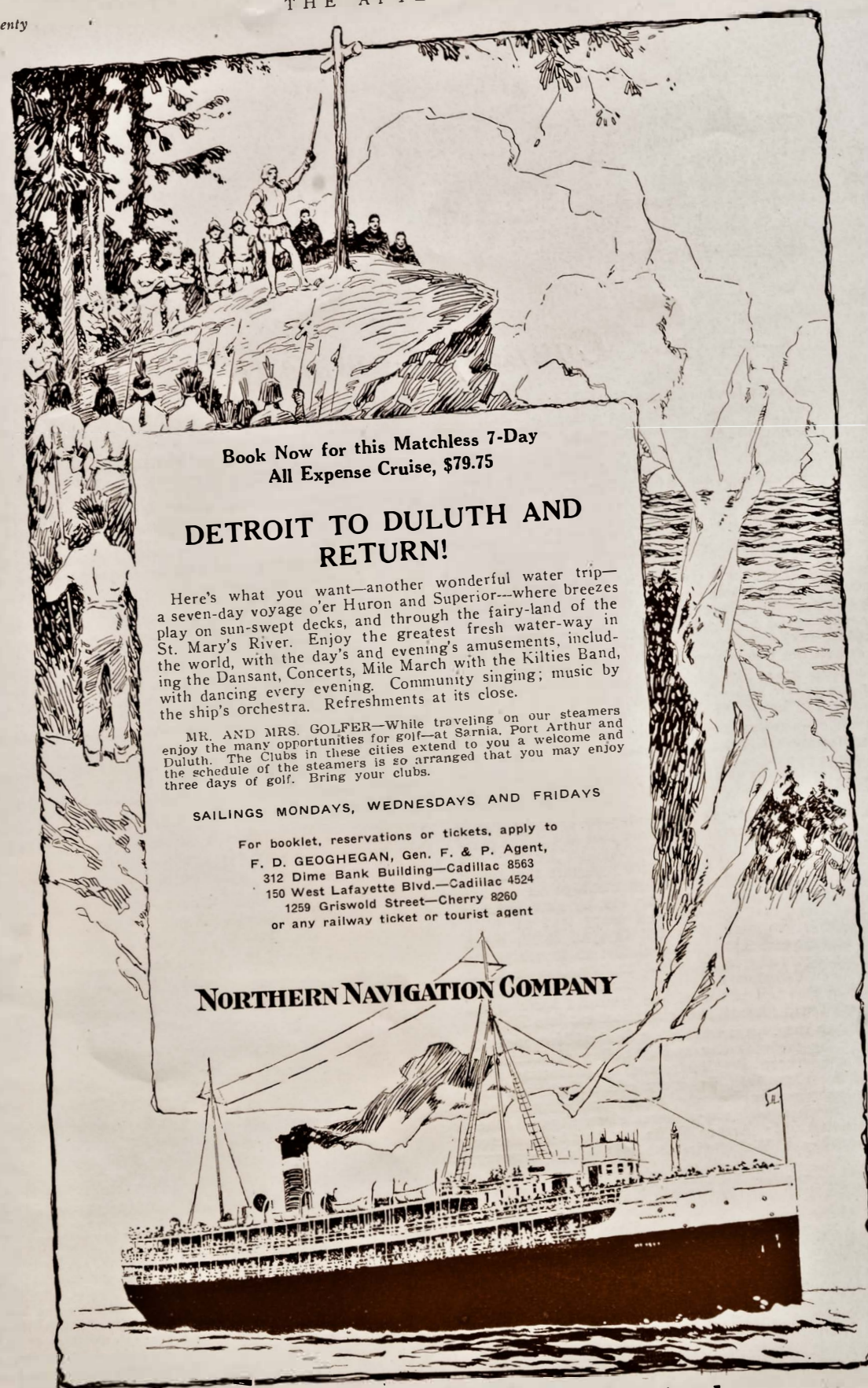


Sketched by Elinor Millington

MR. J. C. STAHL, JR., Architect

Following the development of the South Pontiac Development Company, the South Pontiac Sales Company has been formed with members and officials of the real estate firms of Ezra H. Jones, Walsh, James and Wasey and Bassett and Smith. Mr. Jay A. Walsh has been elected president; Ezra H. Jones and Donald D. James, vice-presidents, and Arthur F. Bassett, secretary and treasurer. C. R. Greenough has been appointed supervision sales manager.

(Continued on page 32)



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### My Golfing Sticks, They Talk to Me

MY DRIVER said to me one day, when I donned my togs and was out to play, "Bill, there's something wrong with you; you never seem to follow through! You take your stance and plant your feet, and wobble about, so indiscreet. Then you fling me back and grip me tight, and bring me down with all your might. And when you top the ball, it goes ten yards, and that is all."

Next my Brassie spoke and said: "If you'd only try and hold still your head, and let your arms swing through, and turn from the hips like others do, and keep your eye, and mind, and all, riveted upon the ball, you would get a drive now and then, that would outdistance a lot of men! You sway too much, and you grip the club. That's why so many shots you dub."

My Mid-iron next took up the line, and said: "Now, Bill, you use me fine,—you seem to know just what to do. You raise me up and follow through, and oftentimes you dance for glee, after you've hit the ball with me. The only fault I have to make—and I trust this tip you'll gladly take—just take more time; I'm not a maul. Don't try to pulverize that ball!"

My Mashie smiled, and said, "Old man, were trying to razz you if we can. I really haven't a thing to say about your form or the game you play. But, Bill, I just would have you know that I am the real club in this show. Others are necessary, and you need them too, but I am the club that carries you through."

The Niblick then took up the cue, and handed me a tip or two. "There's just one thing, that to your mind I wish to bring. Every golf course in this land has lots of traps filled up with sand. There's not one stick in the whole lot that can get you out of a sandy spot. Take it from me I'm worth your while, and I always serve you with a smile."

The Putter then said, "Oh! my, now, that's bunk, for without me you would be sunk. When you're all finished and the game is done, I'm really the club with which you won. Most games are lost upon the green. You must be able to "put," I mean. Your eye must be right, and your aim must be true. Bill! I'm not kidding, I'm talking to you."

I've just lighted my pipe and thought it all o'er, and, darn the luck, it makes me sore. I've tried for years to learn the game. I've practiced and practiced until my whole body's lame. I've taken lessons from the best of the Pros. I've grounded my heels and wiggled my toes, held my head still and bended my knees, and studied my stance in all the degrees. I've done all these things ten thousand times thrice, and yet, by the Horn Spoon, I still get a slice.

Yours mournfully,

Bill.

The traveler was indignant at the slow speed of the train. He appealed to the conductor:

"Can't you go any faster than this?"

"Yes," was the serene reply, "but I have to stay on board."

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### Senator Couzens Buys Birmingham Church

With purchase of property from the Birmingham Baptist Church for \$115,000, it has been announced that the offices of Senator James Couzens will be moved to Birmingham in three weeks. For the present the new offices will be established in a residence on the church property.

The property will be developed by Frank Couzens, son of the senator, but the nature of building operations has not been made public. The Detroit offices of Couzens in the First National Bank building will be vacated at the end of this month. The announcement was made by Henry S. Morgan, secretary to the senator.

*When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted  
and dried,  
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has  
died,  
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon  
or two,  
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work  
anew!*

*And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall  
blame;  
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for  
fame;  
But each for the joy of working, and each, in his separate star,  
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the God of Things as  
They are!*

—Kipling.



## Little Talks

With the Editor

### The Things That Are Funny

WHETHER or not a thing is funny depends upon one's individual thought, doesn't it? It's really funny how two-sided most funny things are. The native black chief, bedecked in the cast-off wisp of a lace boudoir cap, is perfectly captivating to his subjects, but he would rock our crowd with laughter—he's so funny! It is the same way when a man chases his brand new straw hat down a windy street. When it isn't our hat—it's so funny!

Years ago when we were still wearing pig-tails we took a walk, and a plump bunch of flowers to the colored lady who kept our gingham dresses starched and clean, for her little daughter, Mandolin, was sick. In the clean little living room there was poor Mandolin propped up in bed, a languid study in contrasts against the snowy pillows, with black little pig-tails sticking up all over her head like so many exclamation points.

"Mandolin shuh has a lot ob misery. But Ah's glad it aint Iodine, he's so hahd to tek cah of," said Betty, as she poured castor oil down her shrinking Mandolin.

"How is the baby?" we politely inquired, and it was only because we had along our very best manners that we did not giggle right out when Betty hitched him higher on to her hip, and replied, "Ah reckon Marietta Sandusky is doin' right fine."

They were such funny names! A long time after, we asked Betty how she came to name her children and she answered, simply, "Ah jes lak the sound ob them." And where can you find a better reason for a name?

She could have run her finger down a page of the directory and found such conventional names as Hattie and Peggie, Stonewall or Trout. But if these are good, what is wrong with Mandolin? And that is what Betty thought, no doubt.

It is no funnier to be named for a musical instrument than it is for a stonewall, or a peg, or a fish. It's just the way you look at it whether or not it is funny. And isn't that *funny*?

### The Country Makes You Good

SOME DAY, when we are all standing before St. Peter and explaining in our most ingratiating way just why we did the things that we ought not to have done, and left undone the things that we ought to have done, I feel pretty certain that St. Peter will point a long finger, and wave all the city people into Heaven first. And the reason is perfectly logical. There will we be, the race ended for all of us, but the city folks will have made it with the heavy handicap of a complex environment. The scars of strife, petty

dealings, and disillusionment will mark them readily from the serene and clear-browed country folk. But the venerable Peter will know that a race run from the stuffy enclosures of high, sky-scraping buildings, the over hard, cement roads of shrilling clangor and gaseous odors, requires more effort and honesty than to make it through wide, fragrant meadows, under a blue, sunny sky.

In the city, where man is surrounded by his own inventions, we find him uncertain, restless and developing to the fullest his instinct of self-preservation. His temptations are multiple. His pleasures and time are measured to the minute, and his sorrows cannot pass beyond the four walls that enclose him. It is a hard way.

Out in the country life is a kind of benediction. There is kinship in everything. Simply and naturally one finds his place as a relative in the animate world of flowers and grasses, birds and animals, and sun and sky. The vastness and everlastingness of it makes one humbly conscious of the power and support of a conception greater than one's own. Unconsciously we become a little child again, enjoying this day's contentment and looking fearlessly to the morrow.

Troubles come, but so perfect is the Universe that they become absorbed gradually in the far, open spaces, and there is faith in the ultimate good for all. A living is wrought with honest sweat, and by craft of hand, instead of crafty mind. And the conscious knowledge that he is arbiter of his own little kingdom, and the unconscious response to the harmony that prevails through the country land, makes man a brother in heart to all.

It is as natural as breathing to trust a farmer. And do we not always call him an "honest farmer?" We know that if we are lost or hungry it is going to be his real concern until we have been fed and set upon the right road. We catch his friendly wave from the harvest field. Being a law unto himself he can calmly discard the conventions that exist to keep cityites in their own little places.

There isn't any doubt about it—country folk have all the best of it. They are like plants set out to grow in the sun and fresh air and they ought to blossom gorgeously in all the virtues of the heart and soul. But the poor city person, there's nothing to make *him* unconsciously grow in grace. If he keeps to a straight line he must have a ruler! And there's always something happening to make him drop the ruler.

Yes, indeed, it's easy to be good when there's no reason to be otherwise, and that is why we just naturally trust and like the country folk, living along simply and naturally, and why special credit must be given the city folk for surmounting the obstacles that beset their complex life.

J. A. H.

## The Comfortable Art of Swimming

By DAN STEPSON

DURING such days as these even the most timid of us feel a wonderful affinity for water. As the temperature rises and the water assumes a smooth, soft, downy-quilt feeling, fear recedes and confidence grows. Even the "swimmer" who keeps his nose above water and his toe on the bottom hies himself off to a nice big lake or ocean, where he is sure that the water is plenty wide and plenty deep.

The first lesson in swimming should consist in doing away with fear. This can be done by various devices for keeping afloat. The best of all such is an automobile tube.

Once the fear of sinking is overcome, the desire to move about in the water will lead to attempts at propelling. The real secret of swimming is to be able to propel, because as long as the body moves forward it cannot sink. But to learn propelling is very difficult for timid persons. They are constantly reaching for the bottom with either hands or feet or all fours. Now when hands and feet are on the bottom they cannot do anything to propel the body in the water.

That is the reason that means for keeping the body afloat must be safe and reassuring to the beginner. An automobile tire is so big that it is impossible to sink with it. This leaves the beginner perfectly fearless and free to learn the right stroke for moving the body forward. This takes time and patience and often requires some muscle development. Once the stroke is learned and strength enough has been developed to keep going the tube can be dispensed with without fear.

Nothing adds so much to the confidence of the beginner as the knowledge that he can regain his feet when he desires. The cause for much panic, even in shallow water, is the unsuccessful effort to stand up. All one needs to do is to draw the knees up close to the body, under the chin, and then give them a sudden, vigorous, downward push to put the body in a standing position. Women find it more difficult to regain their feet than men do, because their feet are light and float nearer the surface, while the feet and legs of men are heavy, like anchors, and make them likely to sink too easily.

The slender tapering shape of women and their buoyancy makes it easier for them to keep the horizontal position in the water, and to glide through the water with small effort, while men, on account of their weight, are more likely to assume the oblique position which requires more strenuous leg or arm movement, according to the degree of angle, to keep afloat.

There is the popular theory that the fat person is non-sinkable, just naturally gifted with the talent for floating. But, like in everything else, it all depends upon the person. If he is small-boned, with large

chest and lungs, and small muscles and flexible joints, he will have buoyancy that will keep him afloat, but if his bones are heavy and muscles are tight and inflexible, it will be impossible for him to float. Women, being naturally possessed of more buoyancy than men, find it easier to float, but seldom equal men in speed, which demands harder muscle work.

There are several methods of propelling and one famous teacher, George Hebden Corsan, recommends this as the most successful and easiest method: First, to scull. This means to swim head first, on your back, with arms only. This is a life-saving stroke, and should be learned by everyone, as cramps may attack the legs, but they never attack the arms.

Second, steamboating on back, which is the easiest way to learn the crawl flutter. Third, the back crawl, which is the back racing stroke, and especially easily learned by women. Fourth, the front crawl, which is the most difficult of all swimming strokes, but is easily accomplished if taken slowly.

Swimming on the back is easy and is one of the best ways for the beginner to lose his fear of the water. The effort to propel the body is easy and smooth, and the face is turned away from the water, giving a sense of confidence. Many like to swim with the side stroke, but as the habit is to swim on one side always it cannot be recommended for growing children, lest it make a crooked spine.

If you are afraid of sinking, remember that you couldn't stay under if you tried. Your body will come to the top in spite of any efforts to stay under. And when you have proved all these things and learned your stroke, you can let go of your automobile tire, take your toe off the ground, shove your nose under water, and make yourself thoroughly at home with the most satisfying and all-around sport there is.



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## How to Treat Your Best Friend

By BILL SHADY

JUST as people have to be very careful about their food if they are to keep well, so the same attention must be given to your dog, if he is to be a jolly and healthy companion. His dinner should not be given later than six o'clock, and a walk should be taken afterwards. A few, dry dog biscuits, however, will do no harm before going to bed and a large mutton or beef bone may be given now and then.

Of course, you will want to keep your dog well-groomed. Frequent baths are not necessary, but he should be well brushed every day. If the hair is short use a stable dandy-brush, or a hard-hair brush with long metal bristles, which may be bought at the saddlers, for long hair. If he needs a bath take him in the basement or yard and proceed in this way:



Have a bar of mild yellow soap, plenty of soft thick towels, a pail of warm water, pail of cold water, and a large mug to bail with. Wash his head first, making a lather with the warm water and soap, and be careful not to get it in his eyes. Rinse with the warm water. Next wash his body, working the lather well into his coat, and rinse with the warm water. Then pour the cold water over him and let him shake himself.

If your dog should, while a puppy of six or eight months old, grow depressed and quiet with inflamed eyes, it may be taken as a symptom of distemper. He should have very great care and be put away by himself as distemper is very infectious. Sew him up in a thick coat of flannel and bathe his eyes with cold tea. Coax him to keep up his strength by urging him to take strong beef tea, milk and tripe. The latter is an especially good food for him and he should eat all that he can of it.

Even though the dog is sick he will need exercise, so wrap him well, especially across the chest and throat, and take him for a walk where he will not meet other dogs. Distemper needs the attention of a

veterinarian, as it is a case of fever, followed with chills, and is dangerous.

With your dog in good health and bounding spirits you will find that he will enjoy learning most any trick that you wish to teach him. He can be taught to beg, shake hands, waltz, play hide-and-seek, play "dead," and many other tricks that you may devise. Teaching your dog to "trust" or guard is one of the most important tricks, and may be taught at an early age. You may start by placing a crust of bread or bone by him and teaching him not to touch it until you give the permission. Don't require longer than three or four seconds at first, and then increase the length of time until you may leave the room for an indefinite time, while he will remain faithful to his "trust."

Steward: Can I do anything for you, sir?

Passenger (faintly): You might present my compliments to the chief engineer and ask him if there is any hope of the boilers blowing up.

She: When one is really thirsty, there is nothing so good as pure, cold water.

He: I guess I have never been really thirsty.

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## The Adventures of Susie and Peter Penny

Continued from page 11

sight in a twinkling. But there was no hole for Susie and Peter. They stood as if they were turned to stone, and their eyes were popping, as they watched the Red Bull come snorting and jumping toward them.

They were so frightened they couldn't move. And that is why Nurse Annie could think so quickly. She loved Susie and Peter and when she saw the Red Bull coming she put all her wits to working. She remembered the Magic Pebble in her left pocket and she took it out, and quick as a wink put it in her right pocket.

Quick as a wink Nurse Annie grew from a lady as big as a pea to one as big as an elephant. She tucked Susie under her left arm, and Peter under her right arm and ran home with them. Nothing could stop her! She stepped right over the brook and over a small apple tree, and she looked so big and fierce that the Red Bull stopped glaring his eyes and waving his tail and fell right over backward, scared to death.

And what do you think happened when Nurse Annie arrived home with Susie and Peter, and found that she was too big to get through the doorway? But that is another story and we will tell it to you next month in the September number. You watch for it!



## TO CORRECT AN ERROR

A typographical error in the July issue of the Afterglow resulted in the mis-spelling of the name of Mrs. John D. Beals, for which we offer our apology.

## An Offer for Our Readers

The animated map cover for this issue of the Afterglow, drawn by Gertrude G. Monk, is just the thing to frame for your office or den. A revival of the old illustrated maps has brought about the attractive fad of using maps in a decorative way. And a map of one's own locality is especially interesting.

There are many attractive ways in which these maps may be used: As a decorative motif for box or waste basket, giving them a protective cover with wax, or coating with shellac or varnish; to decorate a small fire screen, or to line a serving tray. It is not too early to think of their possibilities in connection with Christmas gifts designed at home.

Several requests for these maps have led us to think that there may be others who would like them, and The Afterglow has arranged to supply extra copies upon request.

Send your request with 25 cents and address to The Afterglow Publishing Company, 4856 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, and the map will be mailed to you immediately.

## Willowgreen Hills

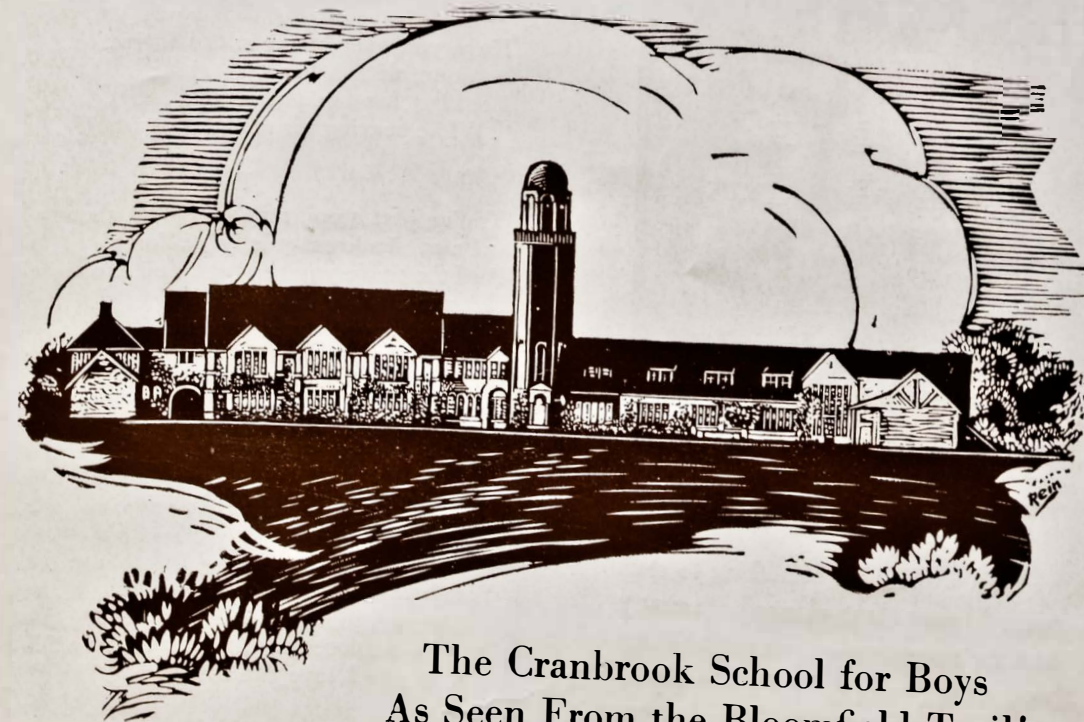
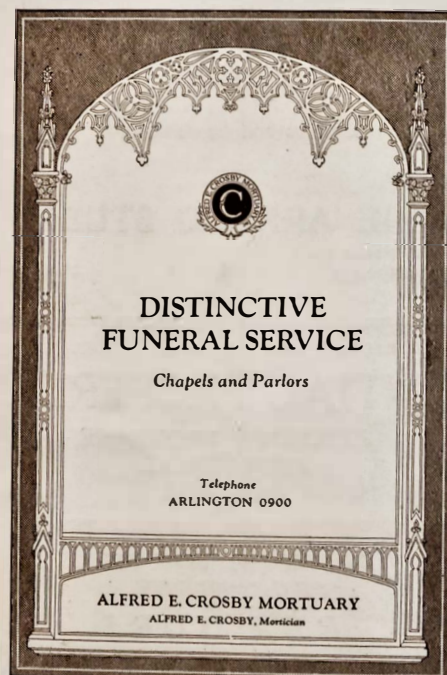
## ON FRANKLIN ROAD

On the crest of the majestic hills immediately south of the picturesque old village of Franklin. From the Hills the tall buildings of Detroit are plainly seen.

Sites range from one to three acres and each one is a complete landscape unit in itself, unequalled in value and beauty, and permanently safeguarded by comprehensive restrictions.

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The Cranbrook School for Boys  
As Seen From the Bloomfield Trail!

Bloomfield Hills' magnificent \$2,250,000 Cranbrook School, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Booth, will open its doors this fall, as one of the finest schools of its kind in the country. All of its buildings were designed by Prof. Eliel Saarinen, of Helsingfors, Finland.

Cranbrook School is but one of many fascinating scenes along the Bloomfield Trail. For this delightful afternoon's drive leads through charming vistas, to the gorgeous estates, the exclusive country clubs, the palatial homes of Bloomfield Hills—the most beautiful residential district that adjoins any city in America.

If you would enjoy the most pleasant three-hour drive within a short radius of Detroit—follow the "Trail" this Saturday or Sunday afternoon!

Phone Now for a "Blue Book" Guide

Phone the "Trail Girl"—Randolph 9700! A "Blue Book" will be mailed to you! Or pick one up at our Birmingham Office (315 South Woodward Avenue, just inside the village limits).

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The  
Bloomfield Trail

This interesting booklet names the owners of the many beautiful estates—points out with pictures the country clubs, riding clubs and other places of interest—and keys them by your speedometer. Phone now for your copy! There is no charge whatsoever!



SUGGESTION FOR A WING LAKE HOME

## Give Yourself a Start—

IF you've been waiting for something to start you toward your long-planned "country home," here's a suggestion—drive out to Wing Lake Shores next week-end and get some inspiration from the environment. See what has been done—what homes built—what neighbors comfortably established. Learn the costs, too—we'll be glad to tell you—and then you'll find it easier to make your "plan" a reality!



Drive out West Maple Avenue from Birmingham to just beyond the Oakland Hills Country Club

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# WING LAKE SHORES

## Sounds

I

Have you ever stood in the forest,  
Alone, with a heart so glad;  
Looking for the pine tree's heart  
While hearing his murmurings sad?

II

You've just stood still, while all about,  
Faint shadows quietly stalked;  
And the more you thought, and the more you  
watched  
The less you cared to talk.

III

It's the great big bigness and solitude,  
Among friends you ought to know;  
That grips your heart and holds it tight,  
Among the things that grow.

IV

You hear a creak and then a rub,  
Like a call and a fond caress;  
As if old spruce to the birch tree said,  
It is you I love the best.

V

And then again some weakling bough  
Comes falling to the ground;  
Its life all lived and in its vow  
Its clay again has found.

VI

A distant cry from the marsh hawk's throat,  
As in its downward flight  
In circles wide, that seem to say,  
It's we who live by night.

VII

The rustling leaves, the swaying trees,  
The chatter of the stream;  
The wild-oat sheaves, the humming bees,  
Make nature a wondrous dream.  
—A. Peter Stowe from Tamarack Songs.

The painter was required to render an itemized bill for his repairs on various pictures in a convent. The statement was as follows:

Corrected and renewed the Ten Commandments.....	\$ 6.00
Embellished Pontius Pilate and put a new ribbon on his bonnet .....	3.06
Replumed and gilded the left wing of the Guardian Angel .....	5.06
Reanimated the flames of Purgatory and restored some souls .....	3.06
Renewed Heaven, adjusted ten stars, gilded the sun, and cleaned the moon.....	8.02
Put a new tail on the rooster of St. Peter and straightened the eye of St. John the Baptist.....	2.06
	<u>\$16.26</u>

## A Cure for Garden and Lawn Pests

By FRED C. ROTH

ANTS and ground moles are two pests that often do considerable damage to the garden and the lawn. They do not appear so much in the heavier soils as a rule, but very often in the lighter soils. Where the ground moles are quite active, they result in the death of evergreens, shrubs, flowers, and sections of the lawn by burrowing underneath the plants, cutting off the moisture supply from the roots. Whenever the ridges appear indicating where the moles have burrowed, the soil should be tramped or rolled to press it back about the roots of the plants.

Ants can be controlled by either of two methods. One method is to pour boiling water over the ant hills, thoroughly drenching them. Another method that is very efficient is to punch small holes in the ant hills and pour a small quantity of carbon disulfide in each hole. Carbon disulfide can be purchased at any drug store or seed store. It is a highly volatile and inflammable liquid that must be kept away from fire. The fumes are poisonous to insects and the lower forms of animal life. If used indoors the fumes may cause headaches, but in the open air it is perfectly safe.

Traps are sometimes used to kill moles, but this method is not so satisfactory since one must guess where the moles are going to burrow. As a rule,

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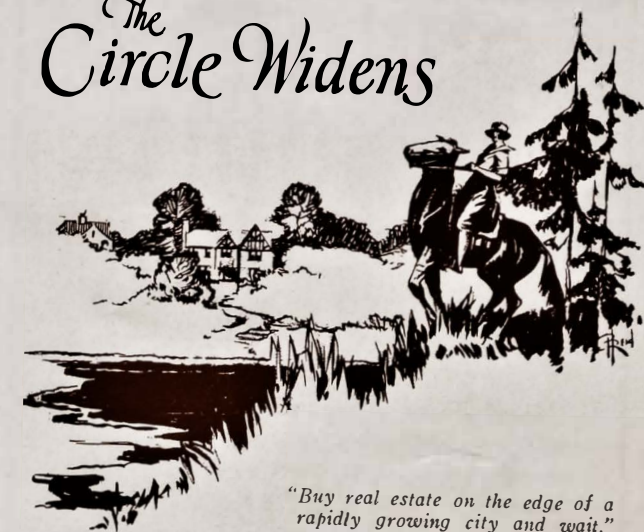
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Birmingham

## The Circle Widens



"Buy real estate on the edge of a rapidly growing city and wait."  
—John Jacob Astor.

Once merely on the fringe of a growing city, the Birmingham-Bloomfield area has now demonstrated the sagacity of Mr. Astor's advice.

Those who bought land there have seen the ever-widening industrial circle about Detroit extended until it now embraces Pontiac, with its giant General Motors factory projects.

Placed between these great mill-wheels of progress, endowed with fortunate residential advantages, this ideal inter-urban community now feels the stimulus of a two-sided demand.

Values follow demand, so the Birmingham-Bloomfield district, being the logical living place for those whose business interests lie in either Detroit or Pontiac, is the focal point of rapidly increasing values—a favorable place indeed for you to choose, either for a home or for investment.



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Area.

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moles do not use the old burrows. They merely burrow in search of food. A better method is to use carbon disulfide. Dig down to the burrow and pour a little of the liquid in the runways. It soon volatilizes and the fumes, being heavier than air, flow to all parts of the burrow, finally killing the moles.

Another method which has only recently been developed is highly recommended. Dig down to the burrow as with above method and place a teaspoon of calcium cyanide in the burrow. This chemical and the moisture in the soil produces a deadly gas that penetrates to all parts of the burrow.

### Even the Ancients Liked Salads

Do you know that tomatoes are the only new salad ingredient? The Egyptians liked onions and garlic and no doubt Cleopatra often served them with herrings. The Persians used lettuce and radishes with a sour wine dressing, and Confucius liked cucumbers! The ancient Chinese made a real salad, mixed with mustard, water-cress, nasturtium leaves and hard-boiled eggs.

Dandelions, plantain and buckthorn may be destroyed by the use of gasoline injected into the center or crown of leaves with a sharp-pointed oil can or by touching them with a few drops of sulphuric acid. Crab-grass, which does not appear until about the middle of summer, is one of the most troublesome lawn pests. It does not thrive in the shade and may be smothered quite easily by covering it with tar paper or boards. Weeds which are matted together in patches, like ground ivy, thyme-leaved speedwell, heal-all and yarrow are best removed by lifting the turf completely and reseeding with quick-growing grass such as redbud.



## LONG LAKE ROAD Acreage

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Arnold

This cozy little home is a perfect example of what a skilful architect can do to achieve, with a small setting, those qualities that are characteristic of larger estates. There is dignity and individuality in this small home, and so compactly is it arranged that one is pleasantly surprised at the roominess and convenient layout within when it is remembered how consistent in size the exterior is with the small lot setting.

This home was built on a city lot not so very large, but by cleverly placing the front to face on the corner, with a curved walk that takes its time to reach the formal front entrance, and with low steps that curve, every inch is made the most of, and an impression of space subtly obtained. Mr. Glen Routier, architect, designed and built this home for Mr. Harold Borgman, and the exterior presents a pleasing combination of textures in its brick, stucco and timbered surface. French windows, with square, leaded panes, open outward so that there is no interference with the draperies, and add another touch of quaint hominess. On the interior the walls of beige sanded plaster are softened by the arched doorways, and make an interesting background for the soft bright colors and textures of the draperies and furniture coverings, achieving a room that is of mellow charm and comfort.

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# Franklin Village

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There's a bit of Old England in the winding roads of Franklin Village. The compelling charm of Franklin's hills takes you away from the humdrum of everyday and brings to you the joy of living.

As an investment in "hills" property it offers an exceptional opportunity. For it is laid out in parcels running from one-third acre to two acres in size, and is carefully restricted. Franklin Village is offered by the owner at prices that represent unusual values.

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### Country Comment

Continued from page 19

A very attractive home of New England Colonial architecture, designed by Mr. R. W. Tempest, for Mr. Hayward Thompson, now living at 7745 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, will soon be ready for occupancy. The house is situated on Vaughan Road, right off from Long Lake Road, near the Bloomfield Hills Country Club.

In about two months Mr. Guy C. Brown, of Lawrence Avenue, Detroit, will be able to move into the lovely new home planned for him by Mr. Harry S. Angell, architect, on Nicolette Road in Bloomfield Hills.

Mr. J. M. Evans, of the firm of Evans, Winter and Hebb, has taken residence in his new home in Oak Knob.

A new golf club is being organized for Bloomfield Hills, to be known as East Bloomfield Country Club, on 139 acres northeast of the Bloomfield Open Hunt, at the northeast corner of Square Lake and Squirrel Roads, one-half mile west of Dodge Road.

This is one of the most scenic properties in Oakland County, and has been highly recommended by several golf experts.

It is planned to have an 18-hole course of championship quality and length, sufficiently good to attract tournaments, and a simple and artistic club house.

The membership is by invitation and limited to 250, and is being subscribed for by well known Bloomfield Hills and Detroit residents.

An event of great interest in the lakes region will be the formal opening on Wednesday, August 3rd, of the Orchard Lake Country Club. This will make the second recently completed golf course to be formally opened in less than a week. The land for this club is a gift from Mr. Willis Ward, and much care and attention has been given this summer to get the course into shape for play this season. It is planned to build the clubhouse next year, the site of which is on a high knoll overlooking the adjacent country.

Officers of the new club are Harold L. Smith, president; Cramer Smith, vice-president; Cy Newcomb, secretary; Harry Wallace, treasurer.

### Pontiac in 1910 and Today

Continued from page 15

ness men. They are thinking of the future of Pontiac and how to meet the new issues, and are ready to subordinate their own issues for the benefit of their city. Here you meet all classes of business men. The judges of the court are called by their first names and return the compliments. Yet there is no suggestion of favor or scandal in Oakland County courts.

Space does not permit the mention of all the strong men of Pontiac. But the thought is inevitable that with the growth Pontiac has had from 1910 to 1927, the next ten years will require all the ability, energy, and experience available to keep pace with the growth and development of the city.

Miss Elinor Millington, herself a product of Pontiac schools, has sketched from life a number of the men prominent in the growth of Pontiac, and we regret that opportunity and space did not permit of acquiring the likenesses of the many others.

## Lake Property For Sale



Residence of Harry Fraser

THE property fronting on beautiful Orchard Lake, formerly the grounds of the Sunset Hill Club, has just been put on the market, divided into six lots, 55x200 feet, with running lake and well water available. Beautiful woods and fine bathing beach.

Also, one lot with eight-room modern house, hot air heat; one large lot with 180 feet frontage, lawn and trees, sixteen-room house, modern plumbing and steam heat.

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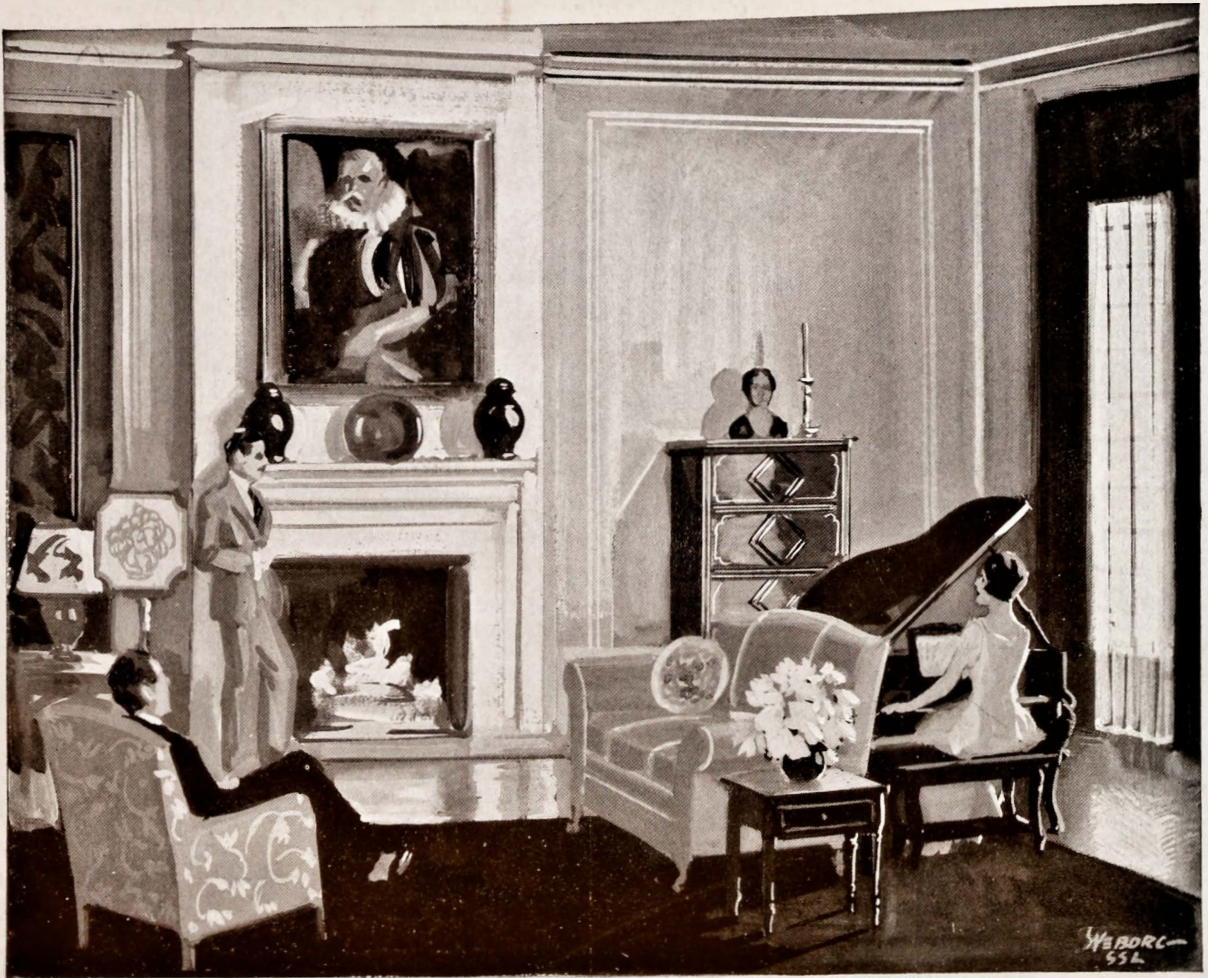
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Uninterrupted View of  
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Dean leadership was never more evident than it is today—nor Dean artistry more necessary. People are more cultured, more

conversant with, and more appreciative of, true art. Labored effort, excessive symmetry, garishness and haphazard decoration are immediately recognized for what they are. Such things are inexcusable to the person of any discrimination.

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