

The

AFTERGLOW

MAY 1926

*News and Comment
of Country Life
Around Detroit*



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NUMBER 5

PRICE

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MAY, 1926

THE AFTERGLOW

Page One



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Entrance to
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WRITE FOR— "18 Holes of Golf," by Wilfred Reid; "Indianwood Shores," an illustrated folder; "The Investment in Lake and Country Club Property." Three Folders on Request.

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THE AFTERGLOW

Country Life
Around Detroit



Country Houses
Society Sports

VOL. II

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Eugene Holland

The great hall and library in the home of Mrs. Alice Van Hoosen Jones, on the old Van Hoosen farm, which was the first land to be cleared and settled on Stoney Creek. The lovely old beams came from Joshua Van Hoosen's barn and the stone from his fields.

There is a balcony with an iron railing at the other end of the room, and many books, which couldn't be shown in this picture. A particularly stunning color note is introduced in the East Indian hangings at the windows, which are embroidered in yarns of greens and blues and reds on heavy muslin.

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Page Five



SALLY TAYLOR MILLERD

Wife of the gentleman opposite and daughter of Lemuel Taylor, who founded the village of Stoney Creek

The Story of Stoney Creek

By MARION HOLDEN



NATHANIEL MILLERD

A son-in-law of Lemuel Taylor who migrated with him and his family from New York to Michigan in 1823.

FROM the sudden and infectious enthusiasm with which people began buying up farms along Stoney Creek last summer, it is interesting to look back a hundred years or so to the first white people who cleared these hills and built their homes among them. The next time you bump down the south hill into Rochester—avoiding the worst ruts which are particularly vicious just now after the spring thaw—give a thought to Lemuel and Sally Taylor, for it was just one hundred and four years ago that this valiant couple plodded down that very hill in the ox carts which had brought them and their six sons and three daughters (with their wives, husbands and children), all the way from New York state. When they got to the top of that hill, overlooking the fertile valley which was to become the home of their children and their children's children, the women folk, fatigued almost beyond endurance, screamed at the steep descent and begged the men to go no further that day. They were told, however, to keep their places, which they did, then and thereafter.

It was Lemuel Taylor and his sons who cut the road from Rochester to Stoney Creek in 1823 and established the village there. The old man bought five parcels of land from the government (at about \$1.50 an acre), with eighty acres in each parcel. To each son and daughter he gave forty acres, and here they lived and built their log houses, their grist mill and their woolen mill—in fact, the swift running little stream must have appealed to them for milling rea-

sons as well as for its admirable water supply.

For a time the Taylors were the only inhabitants of Stoney Creek—they and their Indian neighbors. Gradually other settlers came, until the little village rivalled Rochester, with its church and postoffice and its Masonic temple on Mount Moriah—the first temple to be built in Michigan. And it was Daniel Taylor, who, all by himself, kept the light burning in that temple every lodge night during the Morgan raids—

No. 5 being the only lodge in Michigan where this sacred duty was performed in spite of hell and high water.

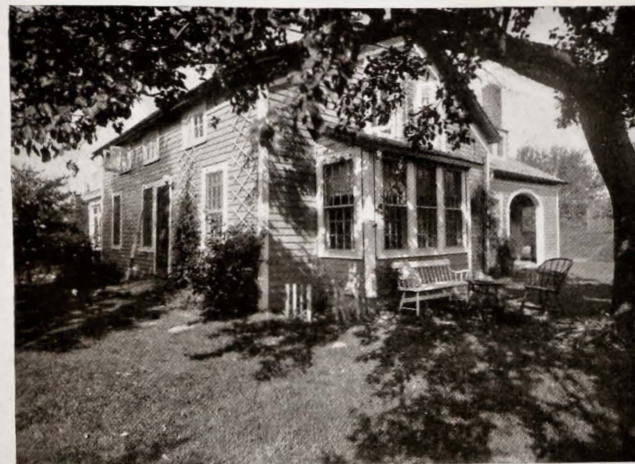
Can you picture that quiet wooded country with only the rattle of a passing wagon and the ubiquitous cow bell to break the stillness, and at sunset the Taylor wives looking out of the windows of their log cabins to watch a silent file of Indians—aborigines, they called them—

weaving over the hill into the dusk? Often the Indians came into the house to get warm, walked straight up to the fire and lay there until they were quite comfortable, when they walked straight out again. No settler, of course, ever urged an exit before it was volunteered, and there was no trouble with the tribes who had their winter encampments nearby.

Lemuel Taylor was a Baptist minister—"exhorter." I believe he was called—and he must have had a bent for poetry. The names of his sons show his inclinations very strongly: Lemuel, Jr., Elisha, Orestes, Henry, Joshua and Daniel. Harry, being something



STONEY CREEK MICH. 502. Flower photo.
This lovely little stream looks now just as it did a hundred years ago when Lemuel and Sally Taylor, with all their children, built their homes along its banks.



Ellison

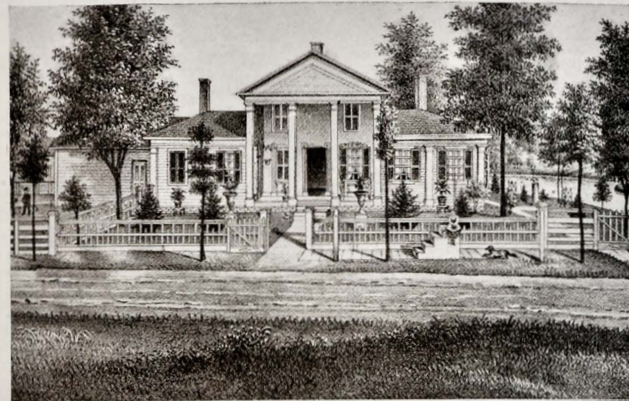
The summer home of Miss Dorothy Brown, overlooking the mill pond, has perhaps the loveliest setting of any house on Stoney Creek. It was originally the house of Joe Winkler, the miller, who ran the grist mill, where Miss Brown and Miss Freeman now have an antique shop and tea room.

out of the orthodox, became a doctor, and subsequently discovered the healing properties of the waters of Mt. Clemens, where, as one of his descendants puts it, "he started all that racket." The daughters, more tamely, were Sally (pictured here), Olive and Eunice. Sally's husband, Nathaniel Millerd, became one of the important men of Avon township, being chosen moderator at the first town meeting in April, 1835, as well as assessor for Avon. His home is still standing in Stoney Creek; of classic design with white clapboards, it is one of the excellent houses in that section.

All of the Taylor family lived within a stone's throw of each other; indeed, an old record states that there were so many related it seemed as though every one was uncle, aunt or cousin. And they were great marriers; when one wife died—as wives so often did in those days—these brave men hied them out and found another. Some of them had four or five and the supply seemed never to diminish. Rochester and

Pontiac were near enough to be good courting centers and the Masonic Temple was another magnet that drew young men from the neighboring towns, over rough roads in good weather and bad to the lodge meetings and entertainments, where they met the daughters of the fraternal farmers. But these amenities did not come, of course, for thirty years or so after the founding of the village. In fact, those first days were singularly free from everything except the most grilling kind of work.

Following are some extracts from the confessions of one Jonathan Pixley, written after 43 years of pioneering, which I have copied out of the old history of Oakland county. Mr. Pixley left his home in western New York in 1831 and came to Detroit, as most people came in those days, on the canal boat. When he got here he bought a team of oxen for sixty-five dollars, hitched them on to the wagon which he had brought on the boat, full of his household goods, and started for "Oakland," as he called it, with his family of eight children on board. "The mud was hub deep, and I had to walk by my oxen's heads, for I did not know

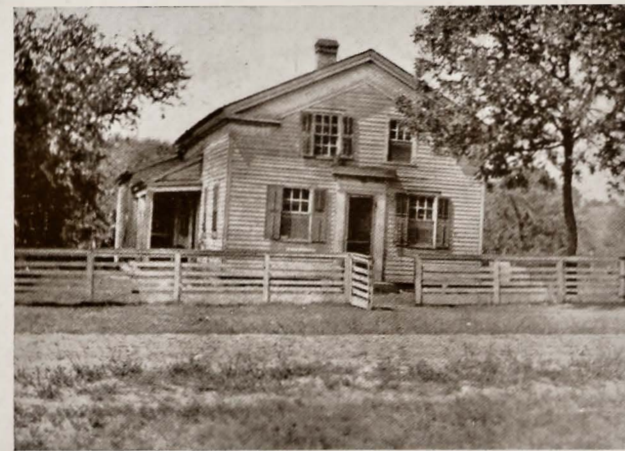


From an Old Print

The old Cole farmhouse, which now belongs to Dr. and Mrs. Francis Duffield and has been restored by them, is on the south side of Stoney Creek above the mill pond.

what caper they might cut up. We came to . . . 'Four-Mile House' the first night. Just before reaching this place we had to drive over a large whitewood tree that had fallen across the road. I knew that my oxen could not jump over the log while they were hitched to the wagon, so, driving as near as I could, I unhitched them and made them jump over; then hitching the chain to the end of the tongue of the wagon, soon pulled it over. . . . At noon we arrived at a place then called 'Mother Handsome's'; took dinner there, but had nothing for my oxen. I told the old lady that we were not very hungry, but wanted a good cup of tea. She said, 'By God! you shall have it!' We got it, and so strong I did not know whether it was herb tea or what . . . after which we resumed our journey and arrived at our present home, on the northeast quarter of section 23, now Avon township, on the 23rd day of May."

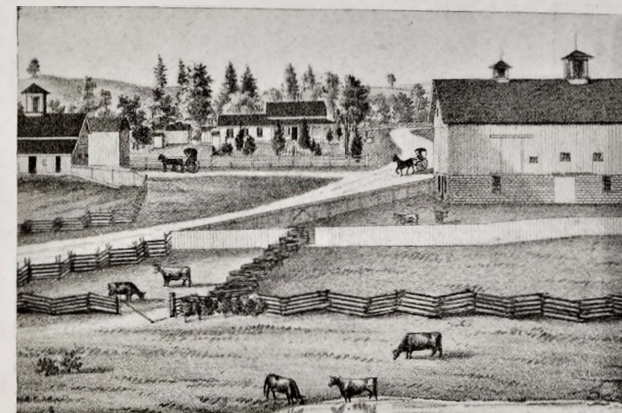
On the 12th day of September all of the Pixley children were taken sick with typhoid fever, which he admits was "a great drawback." But he had good and kind neighbors and somehow came through it.



This picture of the Van Hoosen farm house taken about thirty years ago shows the typical farm house in this part of Michigan. The feeling is classic, the proportions and lines are fine. This house was moved last year and remodeled into the long low house on the opposite page.

His conclusion is interesting, after a life of the most intense toil and anxiety and hardships: "In conclusion I would say, beside being very homesick the first season, I had to work out by the day for bread for myself and family of eight. My exertions to get out of debt were in vain, for at the end of the first year I was fifty dollars in debt. This debt I contrived to pay the following year. Now I have a good farm of one hundred and fifty acres, free from debt. According to my record I am seventy-four years of age. . . . Have lived in Michigan just forty-three years last May; have raised a family of thirteen children.

"P. S.—After I got settled down I stuck my stake and made a resolve that, if Providence would permit, I would have a good farm here and comfortable buildings, if hard work would do it; but when I was taken sick I began to think I should not accomplish it, but I was pretty gritty and worked night and day to bring it about. I cut wood daytimes and hauled it nights, and sold it for seventy-five cents per cord, and store pay at that, and, as the Queen of Sheba said to King Solomon, 'the half has not been told'; and further this deponent sayeth not."



From an Old Print

The Van Hoosen farm as it looked about a hundred years ago. The house was moved back from the road and is now incorporated in the larger stone house built by Mrs. Alice Van Hoosen Jones and her sister, Dr. Van Hoosen.

By reading between the lines of this abbreviated record, you have the history of almost any Michigan pioneer. Mostly these men had little money beyond the small amount they brought along for the purchase of the land from the government at two or three dollars an acre.

It is interesting to know that the sturdy Taylor family who settled the village of Stoney Creek are still represented on its soil. Near the bend of the creek, in fact, almost surrounded by it, and below the village, is a lovely stone house, very recently remodeled. Here live Mrs. Alice Van Hoosen Jones, her daughter, Sarah Jones, and Dr. Van Hoosen, her sister, who are the daughters of Elisha Taylor's daughter, Sarah, who married Joshua Van Hoosen. You will remember that Elisha was the second son of Lemuel Taylor, and you will also realize that Mrs. Jones' daughter, Sarah, makes the fifth generation to live on the land that Lemuel Taylor purchased from the government when



An old stone building on the Runsey place on Stoney Creek, which originally belonged to Philander Ewell. At first it was a grist mill, then a woolen mill, but was later used as a blacksmith shop and shelter for horses.

Monroe was president. Naturally, much of the land had been sold by various members of the family at different times, but it is the ambition of Miss Jones to secure as many of the original acres as she can, so that she will finally have all of her great-great-grandfather's land intact.

She is also installing a family portrait gallery in the balcony of the great hall of her house, of reproductions from deguerreotypes and tin types. They make an interesting and strong-visaged lot, those Taylors. What a satisfaction it would be to Lemuel Taylor, stern old patriarch, could he know that one of his children's children's children actually realizes him, and all that he toiled—more than a hundred years ago—to make. Many, indeed most, of those first farms that were deeded from the government have been sold and divided again and again, but Lemuel Taylor's shall remain intact and receive the attention that he would have given it.

Incorporated in the large stone house are rooms from the old farm house where Sarah and Joshua Van

(Continued on Page 20)



The old Van Hoosen farm house as it looks now after moving and remodeling and the addition of several large rooms. The landscaping of course was not completed when this picture was taken. It is now the home of Mrs. Alice Van Hoosen Jones, her daughter, Dr. Sarah Jones, and her sister, Dr. Van Hoosen.



Road entrance to the house of Frank W. Blair at Lake Orion.



*T*WO photographs taken at "Ferrier" on the estate of Frank W. Blair, Esq., at Indianwood, Lake Orion. The picture below shows part of the garden, which was made by draining a swamp. The natural basin, formed by low hills topped by trees, is typical of this beautiful region.

Beyond the hills lies Indianwood Lake where a community development and golf club were started last summer and are now flourishing. The stables of cement block painted white, built on long low lines, are being remodeled into club rooms, locker rooms, showers, and so on. Marcus Burroughs is the architect for the new club house, as well as for Mr. Blair's house, of which the entrance is pictured here.

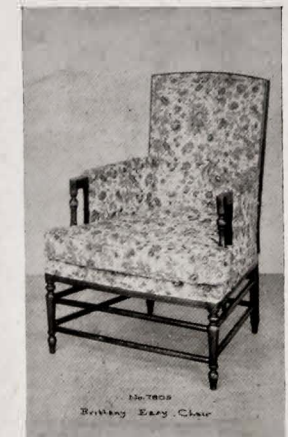


Reproduction of an Italian chair.

Reproductions of Peasant Furniture for Country Cottages

By

DAVID A. BURGESS and NEWTON MERRILL



Reproduction of a Brittany arm chair.

WHY did Marie Antoinette, surrounded by all the sumptuous luxury with which fabulous wealth and creative genius had endowed the palace of Versailles, command her architects to build a thatched farm house under the trees in the Trianon Park? Why also did she want a dairy, a stable for her pet horses and buildings for all the animals that belong on a model farm? Answer this question and you come upon that fundamental human impulse which continuously urges one to turn his back on the artificial and the sophisticated and seek tranquility of spirit by living in the shadows of great trees or beside green fields and pastures.

Thus it comes about that in our country those who are building homes are falling in with a marked tendency towards smaller houses and extreme simplicity in furnishings. This impulse may be but a natural reaction, following life in homes perhaps over-ornate and over-decorated, or it may be merely an "Athenian thirst" for contrast and novelty. Whatever the cause the situation presents to the decorator a very interesting opportunity to use types of furniture and fabrics that heretofore have only been seen by tireless travelers in country districts of France, Italy and Spain.

Those, for instance, who have traversed that picturesque section of France known as Normandy and studied those tiny cottage dwellings nestling so quaintly into the landscape must have been struck by their irregular roof lines and oddly placed windows. First and foremost the observer feels that these houses have been honestly built out of materials close at hand to suit the requirements of those who lived in them. If to us they appear too romantically picturesque it is due to the accidents of time and weather, and not to any sophisticated intention

on the part of the rough country builders. Upon closer inspection it will be found that the interiors correspond to the exteriors, inasmuch as the rooms harbor no useless pieces of furniture or multiplicity of ornaments that serve no purpose beyond that of collecting dust. Every piece of furniture is there to be used daily, but at the same time it has been decorated in a plain straightforward fashion that reflects the crude artistic instincts of the peasant mind. Reproductions of these Norman farmhouse pieces have found their way into America, for in an unusually quaint and pleasing way they seem to fit into the plain interiors of our newer types of country cottages.

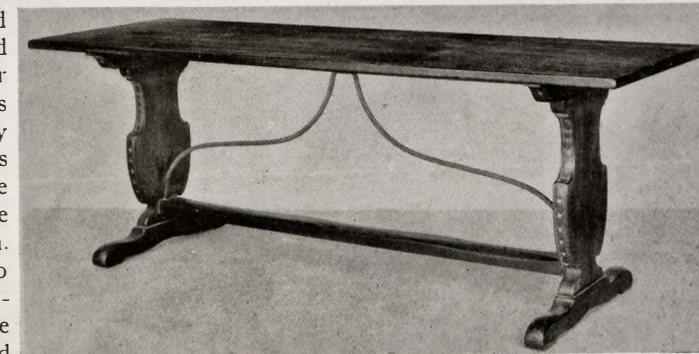
What, for instance, could be more appropriate than this reproduction of a Norman cabinet, shown in our illustration? Fashioned out of walnut, with its graceful curved and quaint carvings, instinct with the grace of the original model, it possesses unusual decorative charm, and when used with chairs and tables of the same period would make a dining room quite out of the ordinary. Windows in a room where this type of furniture is to be used should be curtained in Normandy chintz—a pattern of tiny roses scattered on a background of bright yellow or black.

From this same country comes some delightful arm chairs, so light in weight as to be easily moved from one room to another and yet quite as comfortable as the heavier and more solid looking Colonial arm chairs of our ancestors. These go splendidly in bed-

rooms, living rooms or sun parlors and may easily be mixed with other periods of furniture to introduce a note of variety without any sacrifice of simplicity.

Fresh notes for cottage furnishing come from the sunny country districts of Italy. But in connection with an Italian setting there is one point that should always be held in mind, and that is that floors

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Tables such as this, designed after old Spanish models, please the eye and can be used in living or dining rooms very successfully.

Gardener, Spare That Swamp!

And Don't Pull Out the Old Cherry Tree, Nor Uproot the Sumac—
They're All in the Picture.

By E. GENEVIEVE GILLETTE

A RATHER interesting thing happened last week. A loyal Philadelphian recently sent down to do business in dynamic Detroit took a day off to inspect the Bloomfield Hills. He thinks he might move the family out next spring, where the children can keep out of the way of dashing automobiles and smell the "holy earth." All of which interests us! He is getting the Detroit viewpoint. But we don't need to flatter ourselves into thinking that it will be all get and no give with him. One of his Philadelphia ideas has gotten over all ready.

It came about with his inspecting a wild cherry tree. On a place where I have charge of the landscaping is a very old cherry, much the worse for the rigors of many Michigan winters. It is an old snag—that's just what it is. At least a third of the bark is gone on the windward side and the exposed heart wood is rotten as rotten can be. Still it is most essential in the picture from the house. You remember in February we talked about looking out the windows instead of in the seed catalogs? Well! Out of six important windows at this house there is the old cherry snag doing the best it can to help frame up the vistas. Beside, it rather gives an atmosphere to an otherwise commonplace hillside, and I presume if you listened closely, or were inclined that way, you could hear some pretty fair stories—or sermons maybe—should you chance under its meagre shade some breathless morning in June.

Still, this old tree hasn't looked well for more than two or three years. That is—it hasn't to me. So I asked the Philadelphian, whose business in life is trees, to see the cherry tree and decide its fate. Now, he says, says he—that my cherry snag needs food! That if it gets the proper calories and vitamins for a year or two it will last a hundred years. He says it doesn't need any operation on its heart or any splints or bandaging. It just needs roast beef and potatoes and gravy.

I expect if you have lived anywhere where you have seen a garden you understand that the soil is the dining room in the house where plants live. Here I might have ordered a glorious tree cut down just because I was too blind to see an empty pantry shelf. And the worst is that I am not alone in my blindness. We are all more or less in the same boat.

But you ask me how shall you feed your cherry tree and lilac bushes. You ask how can you plant rhododendrons and make them flourish. You remember the pic-



Wood-cut by Sherwood Blackburn

tures you were going to make in the meadow and you ask me how shall you do it, since the soil is so very sour. Well, I answer that you do have to study dietetics, and some chemistry and plant psychology—if there really is such a thing. You have to know plant likes and dislikes, and the best way to know them is to observe them in Nature. And that takes years and years. Sometimes you see red dogwood on clay banks when you know it prefers the low lands. So sometimes alfalfa will grow luxuriantly in almost sand. But there are the books! It may seem long and tedious, but it really is a shorter way. Find out what kind of soil you have and then what kind of things you might expect to grow on it. If you insist on going counter-clockwise you will know that you must pay the piper with money and brains and hard labor. Then, too, don't be disappointed if you fail in your egotism. It really would be better to do the things you discover you can do and learn to appreciate the things Nature allows.

THIS idea of ripping out everything just so that you can plant something else is one of the worst habits we ever did get into. Destructiveness is uneconomic, unsocial and unmoral. We are in the way of always looking over the fence rather than enjoying the pasture on this side. If the grass or the trees look better there we open the gate and bring them over—whether they fit or belong making ever so little difference. Just how long it will take to make us appreciate what we have at hand no one can tell, but it seems reasonable to suppose that we never shall have a real style of American gardening until we learn to do it. Just so long as we go "a-borrowing" from Japan and where-not, so long will we delay American gardening art, and just so long will we smack of the dilettante.

Now, besides, I cannot see why we long for a bit of the country and then as soon as we get it we destroy all its beauty. I know a man right here in our very midst who bought two or three barren hilltops with a bit of marvelous swamp land between. The swamp contained golden-rod and Joe pye weed. It had marsh marigolds and blue iris. In the late days of the autumn it was a blaze of sumac and osier dogwood. It was the only thing about the whole place to have recommended its purchase, and the only view was the one which swept over the brook to the cat-tails. But what did the man do? Just what you might have expected. He turned

(Continued on page 28)

The Preschool Project In Birmingham

By CORA H. FARRAR



Photograph by Edith Klein

Mrs. John B. Williams of Yorkshire Road is an enthusiastic leader of one of the preschool groups. These are her twin daughters Catherine Sutton Williams and Susan Dayton Williams.

ANY afternoon, upon entering the Baldwin Public Library in Birmingham, one may see a group of young matrons intently studying at a large table, with piles of the latest psychologies and tomes on heredity and environment stacked at their elbows. This changing group is, according to the librarian, the most interested and faithful study group using the library, and, most remarkable of all, it is composed of mothers of young children whose leisure is greatly limited and to whom systematic and faithful study is a matter of real effort. These interested students are members of the eight preschool study groups, organized last fall under the auspices of the Birmingham Association of University Women, which has met each week during the winter to study the vital question of how to be the intelligent, as well as the devoted mothers to this puzzling new generation.

These classes use an excellent outline, "How Children Build Habits," prepared by Miss Lois Hayden Meek, the Educational Secretary of the American Association of University Women, at the National Headquarters in Washington, D. C. The subjects taken up in this comprehensive outline are Heredity, Environment, Bases of Action, Learning Habit, Sleep, Enuresis, Food, Basis of Emotions, Fear, Anger,

Sex, and Affection and Jealousy. The Birmingham Branch of the A. A. U. W. gave the money to purchase the reference books necessary for the study classes and placed the books in the library. Each member of the group in turn takes charge of the lesson discussion and thus rotates the responsibility.

(Continued on page 30)



Photo by O'Connor Studios

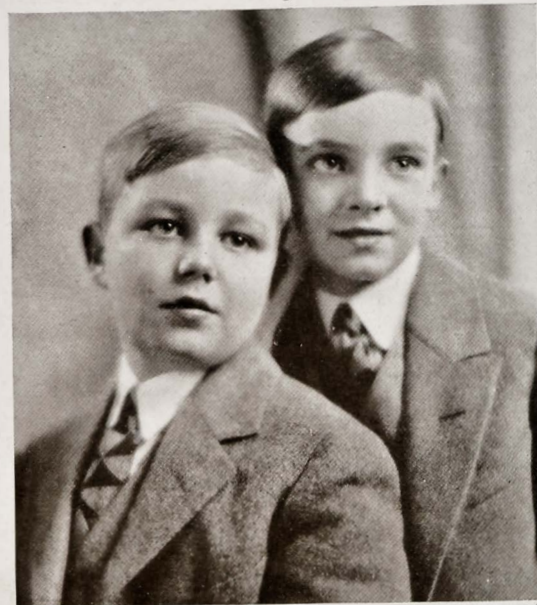
Mrs. F. Farrington Holt of Linden Road is another interested student of the preschool project in Birmingham.

These Fortunate Children Live in the Country



Redman

Frances Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Morley of "High Hollow," Lone Pine Road



Redman

John C. and William Minton, sons of Mr. and Mrs. William Minton Donnelly of "Rathmore," Bloomfield Hills.



Bachrach

Shirley Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lindsay Wallace of "Dunstan," Lone Pine Road.



Redman

Walter Richard and Harriet Royer, children of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Flannery of Bloomfield Hills.



Bachrach

Mary Elizabeth and George Dallaf, children of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Cameron of Pilgrim Road, Birmingham.



SOCIETY

By KATHERINE ATKINSON

"UPLANDS," the attractive country home of the Frank Latham Bromleys, will be the scene of the wedding of Miss Frances Latham Bromley to Benjamin Hall Micou, son of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Micou of Washington, D. C. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Dr. S. S. Marquis, of Christ church, Bloomfield Hills, at four o'clock on the afternoon of May 22d. Mrs. Donald Sanderson will attend her sister as matron of honor, and Miss Katherine Kay will act as bridesmaid. The ushers will be Donald Sanderson, Cresswell Micou of New York, Walter Bromley, F. T. Tower, Jr., and Hilery Herbert Micou.

The bride-to-be has been extensively entertained by her many friends. Miss Josephine McDonell gave a bridge tea on Tuesday, May 4th; Mrs. Donald Sanderson's shower and bridge-tea in honor of her sister were given at the Bromley home in Birmingham, on May 7th; on Monday, May 10th, Mrs. Alger Sheldon of Grosse Pointe gave a lovely luncheon; a dinner at the Detroit Golf Club was

given by Miss Grace Williamson; a luncheon on Tuesday, May 11th, at the home of Miss Katherine Kay, and a shower and bridge tea, given at the Parkstone by Miss Eleanor Malow, on Saturday last, completed a busy week for the bride-elect.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tefft Barbour have opened their home, "Briarbank," Bloomfield Hills, for the summer. Mr. Barbour and Dr. Robert W. Gilman are in Jacksonville, Florida, where they went last week to bring the Barbours' new yacht back to New York.

A lovely luncheon was given on Thursday afternoon, May 6th, at the Detroit Club by Mrs. Arthur C. Dunton in honor of two recent brides, Mrs. W. Dean Robinson (Grace Briggs), and Mrs. Sherman J. FitzSimons, Jr. (Mary "Jo" Collins).

Miss Harger of Pontiac was the hostess at a delightful bridge luncheon on May 15th, given at the Sunset Hills Club.

Many of the Hills people who spent the winter in warmer climes are back in their homes again. Mr. and Mrs. Freder-



D. D. Spellman

MISS MARY ISABEL DAVIS
Miss Davis is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Manly D. Davis of Bloomfield



Henry Miller News Picture Service, Inc.

Here we have Miss Adriene Riehl, Mrs. Edward Fisher and Edward Fisher, all of Detroit, watching the tennis at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. The Fishers took a house there for the month of April.

ick Robinson and Miss Edith Robinson are back from Miami, and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Walter Yeats of Cranbrook Road have returned from Florida.

The Misses Marjorie and Sarah Hendrie of Grosse Pointe and Bloomfield, who have spent the winter in South America, Africa and on the Continent, will sail for home on May 14th. Mr. William Hendrie, who attended the races in Aintree, England, in March, returned home early in the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter O. Briggs and family are in France at present, having sailed on the Aquatania from New York, May 5th. Mr. and Mrs. Briggs will be at their country home, "Walbri Hall," later in the season.

Many from the Hills and Grosse Pointe will go to the R. O. T. C. Horse Show, to be held in Lansing, May 28th and 29th. Among them will be Mrs. Doris Chapman Blackwood of Rochester, Miss Mary Taliaferro, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Donovan, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Slocum Nichols and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hammond.

Mr. and Mrs. William Robinson of Pasadena, Mr. Landseer Jones of London, England, and Mr. Charles Raybold of New York, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Klingensmith at the Bloomfield Club, have returned home.

Mrs. Sherman L. Depew was hostess at a dinner party on Friday evening, May 7th, in honor of her daughters, Valerie and Frances, later on taking her guests to the May party given by Miss Foster's dancing class. Mrs. Depew and her daughters are at the Grosse Pointe Club, where they will be until June 1st, when they open their summer home, "Hickory Grove Farm," Bloomfield Hills. Colonel and Mrs. H. Q.

O'Dell have leased Mrs. Depew's farm house for the summer.

Mr. Walter Thompson, who has sold his home, "Whinstone House," on Long Lake Road, has taken an apartment in the Indian Village Manor. Miss Jane Thompson will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Spencer Withee, in Birmingham for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Edmunds have returned from California and will open their home on Lone Pine Road early in June. Others who are opening their homes this week are Mr. and Mrs. Farrington Holt, who have returned from Ashville, N. C., and Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Campbell, who have returned from California, where they spent the winter.

Mrs. Arthur Neff entertained at a breakfast party on Thursday, May 6th, in honor of her sister, Miss Dorothy Wagner, of New York, and Miss Naida Loeffler, who were feature dancers at the Capitol Theatre last week.

"The Village Players" will give a public performance in the Baldwin Auditorium on the evening of May 15th, their main object being to raise funds for the remodeling of the "old town hall" for a playhouse. Four one-act plays will be given and there will also be a splendid orchestra to entertain the audience.

Dr. and Mrs. Eugene Smith, who have been living in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold George on Henrietta street, have taken the Anderson home on the same street for the summer.

Mrs. Francis Lovely of Muskegon returned to her home last week, after having been the guest of Mrs. Julian H. Case of Merrill Avenue.

(Continued on page 26)



Redman

Miss Mary Taliaferro on Woodpecker, the glorious hunter whom she will ride in the Lansing horse show the end of May. Miss Taliaferro has entered in the lightweight hunter classes and will also ride in the pairs with Mrs. T. R. Donovan on "Freckle's Sister."



Ellison

A Very Small House in the Suburbs

The Home of the Cecil F. Charltons, in Birmingham, is a Delightful Combination of the Urbane and the Practical in Small House Design.

D. ALLEN WRIGHT, Architect

By M. H.

UNTIL quite recently the plan of the very small house has received scant attention from either architect or layman. The builder has had it all his own way, which has been the way of the incoming dollar and the stereotype design. While one must admit that the necessity for conserving space and expense and energy was never so paramount as it has become in the last eight years, it is also true that these problems have been adequately solved only in the apartment.

But since how not to live in an apartment, is the first big question that confronts John and Mary after the honeymoon—if they want to live like human beings and not like white mice—perhaps a study of the plan of this very small house may provoke ideas as well as a further inquiry into the expense of building and maintenance of such a house. Certainly if Mary has determined to do her own work for a time, a plan of this type will recommend itself to her as a labor saver as well as a delightful place to live and to work.

The most popular and overdone labor saver is

the dining alcove—or the breakfast nook—and it is usually a horror. Tucked up and too intimately related to the kitchen, it has proved no solution to those who look upon dining as a rite and not as an obligation that must be dispatched as quickly and with as little inconvenience as possible. The dining alcove in the Charlton house is sufficiently removed from the kitchen, and at the same time may be screened from the living room if there are guests. Between meal times this added space is a charming addition to the living room, lending a spaciousness that the room could not otherwise have.

The pantry was originally designed for a breakfast room, but it has been more convenient to use it as a pantry for china and for service. It makes a cunning little nook in itself, painted apple green, with white shelves rounded in each corner, hung with gay cups and holding glass and china. The kitchen is tiny, but compact, quite large enough when supplemented by the laundry and fruit cellar in the basement whose stairs open conveniently from the back door.

Please note particularly
(Continued on page 22)



Ellison

The dining alcove opens onto the terrace and into the pantry. The glazed chintz shades under ruffled marquisette curtains give a light, cheerful air to the room.

THE spring golf season has been a frost, literally and figuratively. There wasn't any spring in which to half a golf season. It was winter and now it's summer. There was practically no golf at all in April. May brought warm weather and with warm weather came record-smashing attendance at every course. More golfers played on the first two week-ends in May than on any mid-season week-end in the history of the Detroit district. On May 9, for instance, it was estimated that 15,000 players jammed the fairways.

The country club social season also was lax in April. Bloomfield Hills and Oakland Hills are year 'round rendezvous, but few events of importance took place at any of the other clubs. Golfing weather, however, also is luncheon weather, and tea weather and bridge weather. May, consequently, will be a big month in the clubhouse as well as on the golf courses.

* * *

Competition of minor sorts for the men has begun at several clubs, but this month will remain more a tuning up month and June will see the first real tests of strength. The women as a general rule await June before beginning their tournaments.

BLOOMFIELD HILLS

The golf and social season both got an earlier start at Bloomfield than perhaps any other club in the district. The regular greens have been in use since early in April. By the first of May, the Hills contingent that had gone to town or South for the winter had returned and the club now forsee its most active season.



Mrs. R. K. Greaves and Mrs. A. E. Shiell on the beautiful course at the Aviation Country Club. Mrs. Shiell is club champion.



R. O. Six and Thomas Pendleton, talking it over at the ninth green, Oakland Hills.

The most notable event on the links was Louis J. Lepper's recovery of his game. He played for a month consistently in the 90's and had nearly resigned himself to a season of setbacks. But with the first warm day his score fell down to 81 and now Mr. Lepper is shooting regularly in championship form.

Among the regular players in early May were Mrs. R. C. Jamieson and Mrs. Manly D. Davis, finalists last autumn in the club championship. Both are in top form this year and if no reversals take place they will be contenders in District and State tournaments. Mrs. H. A. O'Dell and Mrs. Frank L. Klingensmith also have been consistent low scorers this spring.

PINE LAKE

A. J. Prentice, president, and Mrs. Prentice, club champion, have returned to their house on the course after a winter in California. Pine Lake, consequently, has opened the season and the indications are that it will be the biggest and most successful season the club ever had.

Pine Lake has had its difficulties this spring. Five holes of the course were under water when Mr. Prentice returned and it will be mid-May or later before they can be used. The 13 holes in use, however, are in admirable condition and play has been heavier than in other springs.

The clubhouse this year presents facilities many of the members have long desired. The dining room is considerably larger, which provides more space for dancing. In the past it was necessary to greatly restrict or bar altogether the bringing of guests because

Club Activities

By
HAROLD GEORGE



Photographs
by
D. D. Spellman



C. E. Richards, R. A. Randall, V. M. Davis, C. Arnold, and L. P. Dodd, all feeling very jolly over the opening of the Birmingham course



Mrs. Manly D. Davis and Mrs. R. C. Jamieson (club champion) on the Bloomfield course.

of the limited room. The rules, as a result, are expected to be less rigid in the future.

AVIATION

The addition of Robert Emerson's stable to the club's facilities has added considerably to the prestige of Aviation, and today it is hard to say where a country club could be found with such varied and interesting activities for its membership.

Nearly 12 miles of bridle paths wind through the estate and a cross-country ride of 25 miles awaits the more spirited horseman. Emerson's horse, Fremont, a 5-foot jumper, is the show animal of the stable, although Dr. Meade's Arabian might be put at the top by those who prefer that breed. Two Kentucky horses, a sorrel and a bay, also enhance the string of 32 now in the barn.

Golf has forged ahead with the coming of balmy days. Mrs. A. E. Shiell, woman's club champion, has been one of the most frequent players, and Mrs. Robert K. Greaves also has been practicing with results more than favorable. The Women's District Golf Association will play a tournament at Aviation this summer for the first time.

BIRMINGHAM

The course is in the throes of reconstruction, but it will not interfere with play until September. The second nine will be entirely changed about. Players next year will not have the fatiguing hills to climb and will get away from the more or less monotonous

north and south, up and down going of the present layout.

The first important event for the men will be the qualifying round for the president's trophy, which is scheduled for June 5, the final match coming on July 10. The club championship will take place early, beginning on July 31 and ending August 29. In the meantime, competition will be held every week-end.

The women started their season May 14. The spring tournament will be held June 3 and 4 and on July 2 they will qualify for the vice-president's trophy, with the final match slated for not later than July 28. Like the men, they will play the club championship earlier than before. The qualifying round will take place August 6 and the final match on August 27.

OAKLAND HILLS

Play at Oakland Hills always has been heavy. The extent of it, however, is better realized when it is pointed out that 370 caddies were used on one mid-May Sunday. Starting times have been established on both the North and South courses in order to send out the great throngs who wish to play. The club has perhaps the largest membership in the District, and most of them are golfers.

The season schedule of competition has not been announced, but events are arranged for every week-end. Among the men, R. O. Six, T. L. Denk, Olin Finney, R. W. Bonds and Francis Ryan, the champion, have been scoring particularly well. Paul Munn,

(Continued on Page 21)



Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Prentice (center), and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith (outside), after the first game of the season at the Pine Lake Club. Mr. Prentice is president of the club and occupies a cottage on the grounds during the summer.



By GERALDINE CALDWELL

Sketches by Gladys Caswell

WELL, as Loralie herself might remark. if a girl lives in a city like Detroit, and has to go shopping all alone, why do the shops on the Boulevard have such perfectly gorgeous, breath-takingly beautiful things? Things that every girl needs, I mean . . . if the Gentlemen are to be kept interested.

Now, the day we did the shops was just a typical Detroit April day . . . windy and coolish with a sun that merely wore a sad, sweet smile. First we flounced into Irving's . . . and wearing our winsomest assured him that we were only in the market for something ultra chic, a hat so very different . . . and of that smartness that might be illustrated over the caption, "Seen on Duchess Dorothy at Cannes." He grasped our point at once and showed us a hat and matching scarf that would stop the show at even a Paquin opening! Chic . . . scrumptious—a squarish high crowned hat with only a promise of a brim . . . severely plain, but so built that nothing extraneous could have been tolerated . . . one of those hats that is breathed into being from the soul of an artist de chapeaux and is forever after the despair of would-be copyists.

The scarf was just tie width at the center of the back and was beautifully modelled out to reach a full eighteen inches, the ends tapering off again. And note in the little sketch that even after it is tied it reaches right to the very bottom of the skirt hem. Material? Oh, yes, that is the high point isn't it? Scotch plaid silk if you please . . . either MacDougal or MacGregor, I couldn't just remember which . . . red-apple red, and white and black. Stunning? Ah, oui, oui, oui!

Well, next we paid Mr. Lubin our regular bi-monthly call. Can anyone remember when shoes *weren't* interesting? Just plain old black leathers . . . patent, vici, calfskin? . . . And today what have we? . . . cobra, lizard, sharkskin, elkskin . . . why, a girl's feet tell the story! We asked him what we were going to wear this summer . . . the very smart-

est thing we were going to wear . . . and what do you think he produced? The dearest sandal slipper, made in Paris, with a white kid back and a most delightful woven strap in a really new design and a toe of woven raffia! Raffia . . . natural color . . . if Raffia is a palish tan naturally . . . with a dear little splash of bright raffia embroidery pertly pointing each toe! Smart? And think how cool . . . and how intrigant worn with an afternoon-club dress of Rajah or linen. Clever Mr. Lubin preaching the gospel of *interesting* shoes always to Detroit women, how much we have to be grateful for in thy name!

Mrs. Sax produced le dernier cri in bags for our delectation . . . and if New York, Bond Street or Paris has anything smarter . . . well, we are deceived, that's all . . . just deceived. Two bags she showed us . . . one made from the crown of a panama hat with a frame of lovely blue shell . . . lapis lazuli blue . . . natural panama, of course. If you have hated leather in summer for its general inharmony with fluttery summer frocks, and have found all substitutes fickle . . . beads, fabric and their ilk . . . here is your soul-satisfying joy. Large enough to hold things . . . vanities, check books, shopping lists, car keys, just the things one *must* have summer as well as winter, and smart enough for luncheon at Pierre's. The other bag was just as surprisey . . . a treat. Black and white . . . a white background with the most unusual black spots that trailed through the back of our memory with a tantalizing familiarity. Finally, the obliging lady explained that it was natural cow . . . just a piece of nice old black and white cow taken from where her most interesting hide-al area had been. Now wasn't that an idea? And we couldn't begin to describe how truly enchanting the effect was . . . perhaps the birth of our enthusiasm came with the realization that at last we were near enough to pet and pat a cow's sleekness. We've always been such an ardent admirer . . . from train windows.

(Continued on page 30)

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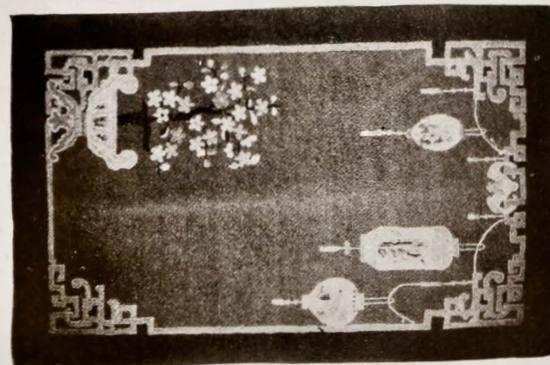
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The Story of Stoney Creek

(Continued from Page 7)

Hoosen lived for many years. Beams from the old barn have been beautifully used in the hall and in the great gallery which is the library. The kitchen is the same, and the little front sitting room, papered in old-fashioned design, is now the farm office. In remodeling the house the old cellar stairs with their little crooked lintel were unearthed and are now demanding that the women stoop to enter just as they did a hundred years ago. From this kitchen and from one of the living rooms the windows look out over the creek and onto a grove of maples and walnut that Lemuel Taylor planted there, with Mount Moriah looming against the western sky beyond.

It is an interesting and perhaps a salutary thing to stop now and then and try to realize what this land meant to the men who first cleared it and made it yield a living. The land that they, and their hard-working, God-fearing families reclaimed from the wilderness, is now being bought up by the hundreds of acres for the pleasure and recreation of people who realize that a town of Detroit's overwhelming size is no place to live through the whole year. They come seeking the country for other reasons than the first men and women who sought it hereabouts a hundred years ago, but after all it is the same lovely country, and it will yield beauty and refreshment, just as it still offers fields to gallop over and rail fences to jump. The waters of Stoney Creek no longer turn the mill wheel, but they do fill a mill pond, where happy people swim in summer and skate in winter, and they still gurgle over the stones, singing to those who take time to listen.

It is rather nice to think that the country life development around Stoney Creek so far lies entirely in country life for its own sake. There is nothing here of a de luxe order yet. Those who came first bought old houses because they loved them and could have a great deal of fun restoring them, and because they wanted to get into the real country. It is possible, of course, that in ten years this section may have developed into another subdivision, with "a mansion crowning every hill," as one realtor put it. That, however, seems improbable, if the present country-loving spirit continues to prevail.

Following are the names of some of the fortunate people who have bought farms and old houses along Stoney Creek and in that vicinity within the past year or two: George T. Hendrie, Dr. Francis Duffield, William W. Talman, Roy Manson, Allan Shelden, Alger Shelden, Clifford Taylor, Herbert Barbour, Farland Williams, George McMahon, Frederick Booth, Standish Backus, Paul Maxon, Edward Murphy, Blair Taylor, John S. Sweeney, Huston Rawls, William H. Gage, Edith Corbett, Walter Ford, James Giblin, Theodore Hinchman, Ward Duckett, Mrs. George Hosmer, Ada Freeman, J. R. Blackwood, Austin Harmon, M. J. Murphy, Dorothea King, Allan Zacharias, Katherine Demme Douglas, Gilbert Pingree and Donald Woodruff.

Club Activities

(Continued from Page 17)

former champion, has been ill, but he is fast recovering both his health and his game.

Oakland Hills can boast a group of women players that would be difficult for any club in the country to defeat. Mrs. Stewart Hanley, District champion, is playing better golf than ever this spring. Time and again she has been on the border of 80. Miss Madge Miller, Mrs. S. M. Newton, Mrs. Olin Finney (Elsie Krug McEvoy), and Mrs. Charles H. Booth also appear to be at the peak of their game.

BROOKLANDS

New furnishings in the lounge, new rugs, new drapery and new decorations greeted the members at the formal opening on May 1. Many improvements that can't be seen have been installed also, such as service machinery in the basement and kitchen.

The Fisher cup tournament, one of the club's favorite events, will begin on June 26 this year, with 64 to qualify for match play. It will run through to August 8. Before that, on June 12 and 13, the annual Pontiac-Detroit team matches will take place. The club championship qualifying rounds are scheduled for September 4, 5 and 6, the final coming on October 3 or before, if possible. Dan F. Hulgrave is chairman of the tournament committee.

Brooklands women began their season with a bridge breakfast on May 5 and the season schedule calls for an event every Wednesday. Qualifying round for the spring tournament is set for June 9, for the Fisher cup on July 14, and the club championship on August 18. Mrs. Martin J. Doyle is general chairman; Mrs. E. Glenn Simpson, chairman of the social committee; Mrs. R. W. Hollister, of the golf committee, and Mrs. H. A. Benjamin and Mrs. H. W. Sheriff compose the tournament committee.

RED RUN

Red Run was the first in Michigan to begin competition. A handicap match against par was played on April 17 and a sweepstakes handicap on April 24. The Women's District Golf Association will open their season this year at Red Run, on Tuesday, June 1.

Besides the regular week-end events for the men, a two-ball mixed foursome tournament is listed for June 23, the qualifying round for the mid-season match play handicap will take place on July 17, to be completed by August 14, and the club championship qualifying round will be held on September 4, the final at 36 holes coming on September 18.

A bridge dinner on May 19 officially opened the season for women of the club. The more important events, besides the opening District tournament on June 1, include the match play handicap, starting June 18; mid-summer medal play handicap, July 16; club championship qualifying round on August 27, and another District meeting on October 12.



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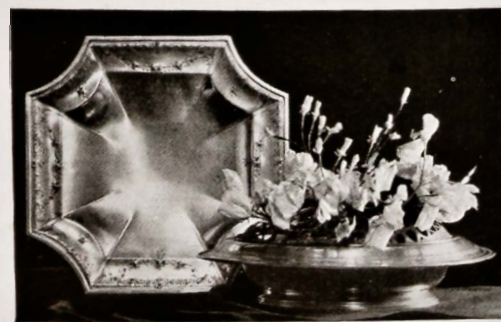
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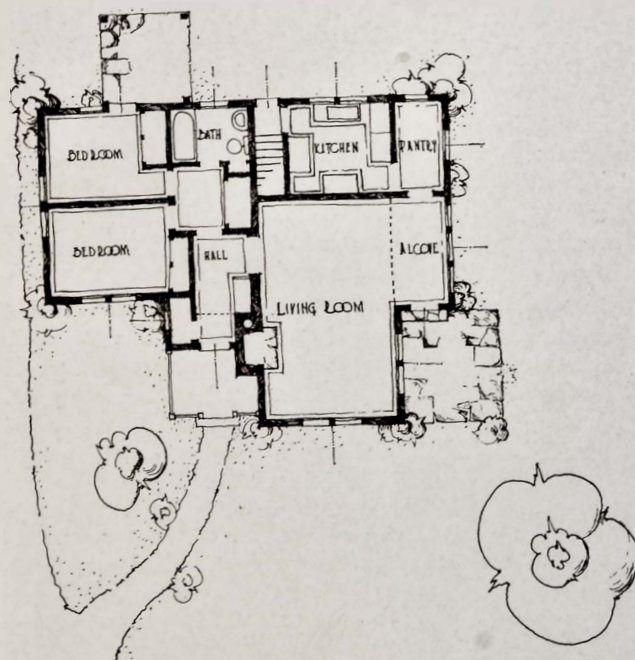
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A Very Small House in the Suburbs

(Continued from page 15)

the entrance hall and the arrangement of the back hall and bed rooms. The arch between entrance hall and living room, with a step between, is another thoughtful provision for spaciousness—an effect which too many people believe cannot be produced in a small house. The cloak closet shares a small between-walls space with the bedroom closet, and the back hall is a provision for privacy, with the linen closets, the bath and the bed rooms opening from it.

Study the roof lines of this house and you will see that an indefinite number of additions may be made without spoiling the design. A screened porch has already been added onto the back, in fact, connecting with the bedroom, which not only provides more sleeping quarters, but actually improves the lines of the house from the rear and side.



The pictures, I believe, tell the rest of the story. The placing of the house is well nigh perfect, with the living room facing west and overlooking a ravine and a little brook that trickles down from Quarton lake, where no building may come in to obscure sun and trees, or make the outlook ugly.

The lot slopes into this ravine and is provided with a natural border of shrubs; the living room terrace overlooks it and big trees shade it. A tiny formal garden at the back for vegetables and flowers completes the scheme, which is all done on a diminutive scale, but is so well thought out that it is not only adequate, but charming. One cannot but wonder why people live in apartments or two-family false fronts, or terraced rows when a house of this sort might be quite possible if they would give it some small thought and make the plan meet the needs of the family.



Country Comment

On April 20th, a new Bloomfield Hills subdivision, South Bloomfield Highlands, was opened by the Michigan Investment Company, Detroit real estate concern. The property, which is a 100-acre tract, lies at the intersection of Square Lake road and Woodward avenue, within a short distance of the Barbour community development at Bloomfield Center. All improvements will be available, the company having already installed modern water and sewage systems, and the property's wide, rambling drives will be gravelled within a short time. It is planned to assure permanent desirability by placing adequate restrictions upon the property. At the present time, there are a number of attractive homes and a public school in South Bloomfield Highlands.

* * *

A new lakeside residential development in the Bloomfield Hills district is Franklin Lake Park, the opening of which was recently announced by Wormer & Moore, Detroit realtors. The property was formerly the summer estate of James H. Flimm, and lies on Franklin road, just south of West Maple road. With the exception of a small section being reserved by Mr. Flimm for his own use, the entire tract has been divided into one-acre to three-acre estates for permanent, year-round homes. Each residence site in this exclusive development will have a view of Franklin Lake, upon which a large majority of the estates will front. Arrangements have been made to provide lake front privileges for every property owner. The Flimm estate has long been noted for its "rugged slopes of unexpected beauty," its wood-fringed valley, through which runs the Franklin stream, and its picturesque old cider mill, near Franklin road.

Living Room of the Charlton House



A view of the living room looking through the archway into the entrance hall. The walls are rough plaster.

AN ESTATE In the Hills of OAKLAND



We have all pictured at one time or another the contentment of life in one of those beautiful country estates of England or Scotland. The beautiful green of the rolling hills—the sunshine, the murmuring brook, the birds and flowers. And in the midst of it all our own cosy little home and our own children at play.

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Country Comment—Continued

Mr. Arthur Crafts of Portland, Oregon, has recently come to Birmingham to live, where he will be associated with Loren G. Stauch in the real estate business. Mr. Crafts is a brother of Mrs. John T. Shaw of "Whysall."

* * *

The old Fosdick homestead, about three miles north of Rochester toward Orion, was sold recently to William C. Devereaux and George W. Mason. The farm, which is very high and fertile, comprises 130 acres. The deal was transacted by Miss Lois Devereaux.

* * *

Another Fosdick farm, adjoining the homestead, was sold last summer to Mr. Farrand Williams, president of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, who expects to make extensive improvements there.

* * *

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The architect's sketch for the residence of Mr. Arthur C. Born, which has recently been completed in Trowbridge Farms, a Broadway development in the Bloomfield Hills district. The house was designed by J. Ivan Dize, Detroit architect.

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BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN

Reproductions of Peasant Furniture

(Continued from page 9)

should be of brick or tile or even stone. The whole atmosphere of a room is changed should this point be overlooked, for, somehow, the carved and painted chairs and tables of the Italians seem to fit best and become more decorative when standing upon faded tiles or uneven old bricks. Then, too, it is best to leave the walls in a rough plaster finish. Against such a wall bits of Majolica or Florentine faience show to best advantage. For curtaining an Italian interior interesting effects may be obtained by using plain colored materials, such as yellow, for instance, bordered with narrow bands of magenta or a faded red touched up with bands of gold or emerald green. Bear in mind that very little furniture is required in making an Italian room which depends for its best effect upon plenty of wall space, light and bold contrasts of color.

Color again, and plenty of it, is the keynote of an interior to be carried out in the style of old Spain. Let the floors be made of tiles, preferably in colorings of old blue or yellow.

Norman chairs have certain touches of rustic beauty not found in the ordinary kitchen furniture of other countries.



Leave the walls in the rough plaster and paint the window frames and the doors in a yellow or blue to match. As the kitchen in a Spanish cottage, is a living room as well as a dining room, the walls will be gay with gleaming copper utensils, and the plate rack will be filled with plates and patterns vibrant with color. Surround a walnut table with chairs having rush seats, not forgetting several small ones for the children, and a stool for the dog, and the result will be an interior distinctive in style, and yet one that would be perfectly appropriate for a farm house.

A Norman cabinet, reproduced in walnut, gives charm to a small dining-room.



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Society

(Continued from Page 14)

Miss Frances Booth and Mrs. Frederick Latta Smith, Jr., are in Louisville, where they went to attend the annual convention of the Junior League on May 9th. During their stay they also attended the Derby, which is the great social event in Louisville in the Spring.

ROCHESTER

Mr. Huston Rawls entertained at a supper party at his country place near Rochester on Friday evening, May 7th, in honor of Mrs. John A. MacGruer of Albany, N. Y., who has been the guest of Mrs. Charles Murphy of Grosse Pointe. Mr. Rawls' guests included Mr. and Mrs. Charles Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Higbie, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dean and Mr. Jess Mattingly. Mr. Rawls, who has recently returned from England, where he had a hunting lodge for the spring hunt, had the honor of entertaining the Prince of Wales at luncheon. The Prince also assisted Mr. Rawls in selecting a new hunter, which he brought back from England with him.

Mrs. James A. Blackwood of Rochester entertained at luncheon on Wednesday for the members of her bridge club. On Tuesday, May 4th, Mrs. Blackwood had a number of Detroit guests for luncheon at her charming home, "Oak Bluff."

An informal bridge party was given on Monday afternoon, May 3rd, by Mrs. Oliver P. Gibbs at her country home near Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Von Isser (Dorothy King), who have spent the past two years in France, have returned and are in their home on Stoney Creek near Rochester.



Redman

Mrs. T. R. Donovan of Bloomfield, with her grey hunter, "Freckle's Sister." She will ride Freckles in the R. O. T. C. horse show at Lansing, May 28 and 29.

Cohn MILLINERY

Day Time Apparel

Sports Clothes

Costume Jewelry

35 ADAMS AVE. EAST

Mrs. Francis Duffield of Stoney Creek Farm has returned from the East, where she visited her daughter, Susan, and her son, Alexander. Dr. and Mrs. Duffield have opened their home on Stoney Creek for the summer.

Mrs. Helen C. Day has opened Hollyhock Lodge, north of Rochester, for the summer. Mrs. Day has a most attractive tea room there, which is open to the public.

The women members of the Brooklands Golf and Country Club gave a bridge luncheon on May 5th. Members were allowed to bring guests and the clubhouse looked most attractive.

GROSSE POINTE

Miss Betty Hendrie of Grosse Pointe Farms is the guest of Miss Annette Lewis in New York.

Colonel and Mrs. Frederick M. Alger, who have been abroad since early in March, will sail for home the latter part of May. Miss Frances Alger, who was with her parents, returned home last week with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pike of Chicago, and will be their guest until her parents return.

Mrs. Cameron Beach Waterman entertained the members of the Michigan Garden Club on Thursday afternoon, April 29th, at her home in Grosse Pointe. It was a most entertaining meeting, owing to the fact that many of the members had recently returned from Santa Barbara, where the Garden Club of America had such a delightful meeting. Mrs. Edwin Scott Barbour, the president of the club, gave a very interesting talk on the meeting in California. Among the social affairs given were a barbecue at El Mirador, the lovely home of the John J. Mitchells, a dinner at the Montecito Country Club, a Spanish dinner at El Paseo, and a luncheon given for the entire group of guests by Mrs. Oakley Thorne, whose charming home and gardens are among the most attractive in the West. A request from the landscape gardeners in charge of the planting and arrangement of the grounds of the new National Cathedral in Washington, D. C., asking for suggestions and assistance from the club, was received during the meeting, a request which pleased the members very much. Mrs. John A. Stewart, Jr., was elected president, and Mrs. Harold Pratt, secretary.



Redman

Miss Mary Fisher, daughter of the Charles T. Fishers, has entered Iona Pelter in the Lansing horse show. She will ride in the champion saddle horse stake, the pairs, the ladies' class and the 15-2 and under.



Appropriate Chairs

NO matter how beautiful a chair or any piece of furniture may be in itself, if it is not suited to its surroundings in your home it is not appropriate—not truly decorative. Charming homes result from a subtle harmony of furniture, fabrics and colors.

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Gardener, Spare That Swamp!

(Continued from page 10)

his back on the swamp and faced his house into the roadside. The next summer his farm man drained the brook that made the swamp and now there is a patch of cabbages grown there in summer.

Well! Mayhap by now you will realize that some of the pictures you dreamed while looking out of your windows are impractical or impossible. If so you will see how terribly foolish it would have been to begin with a seed catalog and discover your mistakes next fall when the disappointment would have overwhelmed you and hit your gardening enthusiasm death blows. Anyway you will realize that the gardening business is complicated and not to be learned in a minute. And besides that it has a price which every enthusiast must pay. (If you are a "peter-outer" stop while the plan is on paper.) But having decided that there are pictures you can still create in the meadow or by the brook, it is time to go ahead and day by day fill in the details. Eventually, then, there will come a time when your mental picture is finished and you can go back to the catalog. There will be no excess then of material or expense; no loss of time and energy; no disaster or disappointment. I may not be telling you to trim your grapevines or take the leaves off from the rhubarb. What I am telling you is vastly more important. It is how to begin with your garden and make it fit into God's plan.

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Everton Engravings would put new life into your advertising literature. Call in a representative of this company when planning your next campaign.



EVERTON ENGRAVING CO.
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Garden Hints for May and June

By FRED C. ROTH

ORCHARD

Spray fruit trees and berry bushes to control insects and diseases. Lime sulphur solutions (summer strength) and Bordeaux mixture are fungicides and only control plant diseases, while lead arsenate is used to control leaf-eating insects and nicotine sulphate is used to control plant lice. Never spray fruit trees while they are in bloom.

Cultivate frequently to control weeds and conserve moisture.

There is still time to plant nursery stock.

SHRUBS

Prune shrubs after they have finished blooming, e. g., Golden Bell (Forsythia) and Spirea. The best blooms are produced on the two and three-year-old wood. The object in pruning flowering shrubs, then, is to renew the top to maintain the younger and more vigorous branches. Remove the older wood by cutting back to the crown. Any weak shoots may also be removed entirely. Never clip the ends of the branches unless they tend to become straggly. Preserve the natural form of the shrub.

Keep new shrubbery beds well cultivated to control weeds and to conserve moisture, thus promoting vigorous growth.

Watch out for the leaf-eating worms. When they appear, spray or dust with lead arsenate.

Nursery stock may be planted until the first of June.

EVERGREENS

Water all evergreens planted last Fall and those planted this Spring. When watering, soak the ground thoroughly. Water every day in hot, dry weather. Occasionally direct a forceful stream of water on the tops to wash foliage free from dust.

Prune formal evergreens by lightly clipping the tips of the new growth. This maintains a dense, formal growth.

FLOWER GARDEN

Set out bedding plants and tender annuals after all danger of frost is past.

There is still time to set out new perennial plants.

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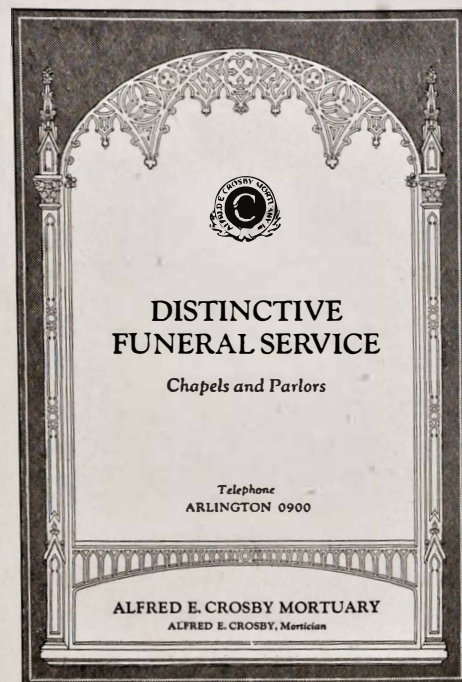
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The Preschool Project in Birmingham

(Continued from page 11)

This is the second year that the Birmingham Branch has organized round table study groups for young mothers to study this most vital question of parenthood, for people everywhere are recognizing that to be an intelligent parent in these complicated days, one must not only be a devoted parent, but must conscientiously study to be an intelligent one.

The Chairman of the Preschool work has arranged several inspiring Union Preschool meetings, with such well-known speakers as the late Elizabeth Cleveland, Dr. Leona Vincent, Psychologist of the Merrill-Palmer School, and Dr. Helen T. Wooley, organizer of the Merrill-Palmer School.

One of the most interesting and vital outgrowths of this seeking after knowledge among our young mothers is the probability of the establishment of a Merrill-Palmer Nursery School, in connection with the delightful Cranbrook School on Lone Pine road, beginning with next fall.

* * *

Ladies Prefer

(Continued from page 18)

Mrs. Van Rensaaler, who knows our penchant for captivating wee appurtenances, had another surprise tucked away for us . . . a new boutonniere . . . and just fancy, it was a sprig of white and pink apple blossoms with the most natural, lovely leaves of cool, glowing green . . . and every bit made of shells! Original? It is to exclaim. Against the background of our dark suit it raised a dainty head aloft and proclaimed to all who saw . . . "I am for Spring!" Being so embellished we stepped into the Frock Shop where Madame's charming sister produced their latest, loveliest sports frocks. The material is Chinese and is woven in two dazzling tones of gold and brown . . . silken threads, of course, and so achieved that the dress never wrinkles, or stretches, or sags. Being an Import it was in the Varese mode . . . the only embellishment two very mannish square pockets and a series of gold and brown buttons with bullet tops. We came out into the cool, bracing air of the Boulevard again . . . and for some reason that old doleful verse of Bobbie Burns came popping up . . . you know the one . . .

"If I'm designed yon Lordling's slave, by nature's law designed,
Why was an independent wish e'er planted in my mind?"

Which, translated for tiara-loving Loralie and me, becomes—

If I'm designed this Fashion's slave and to its beauties so enthralled,

How can I see . . . and ever save . . . I WANT 'EM, YES, I WANT 'EM ALL!

Take you shopping with us next month! We've been promised . . . but then you wouldn't really want to know *now*, . . . would you?

WANTED—General Governess Pony Carts, in good condition. Must be two-wheeled only. Wayland D. Stearns (Frederick Stearns Co.), Jefferson and Bellevue Sts., Mondays only, 9:30 to 12 M.

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One thousand acres, including several lakes, good stream, 300 acres in timber, on the state highway in the 30-mile circle.

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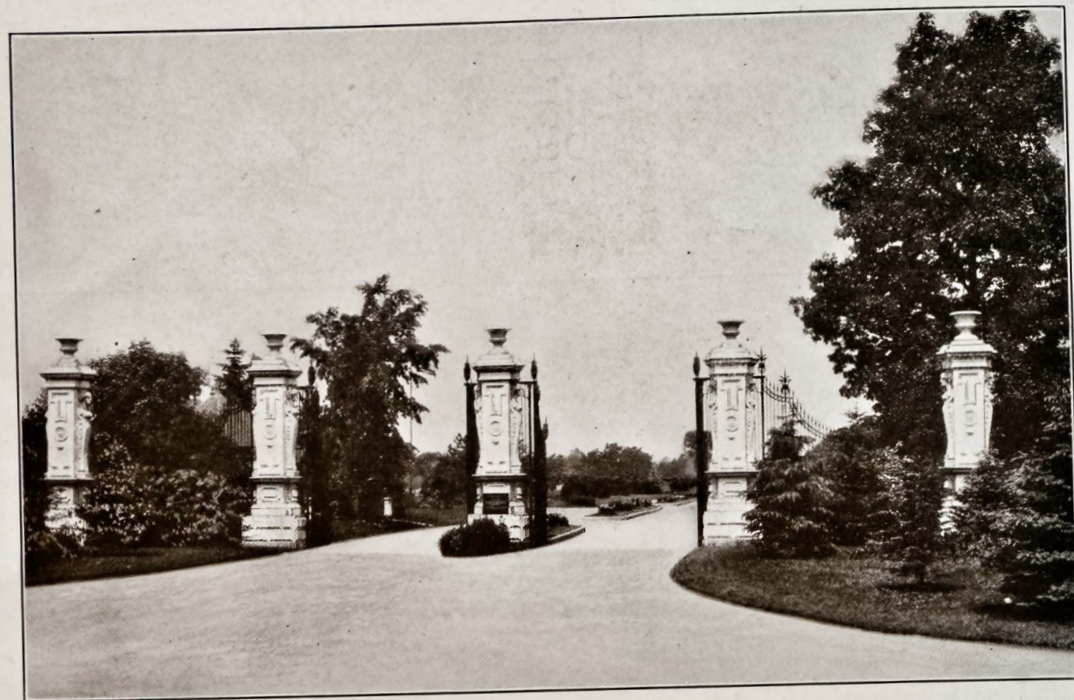
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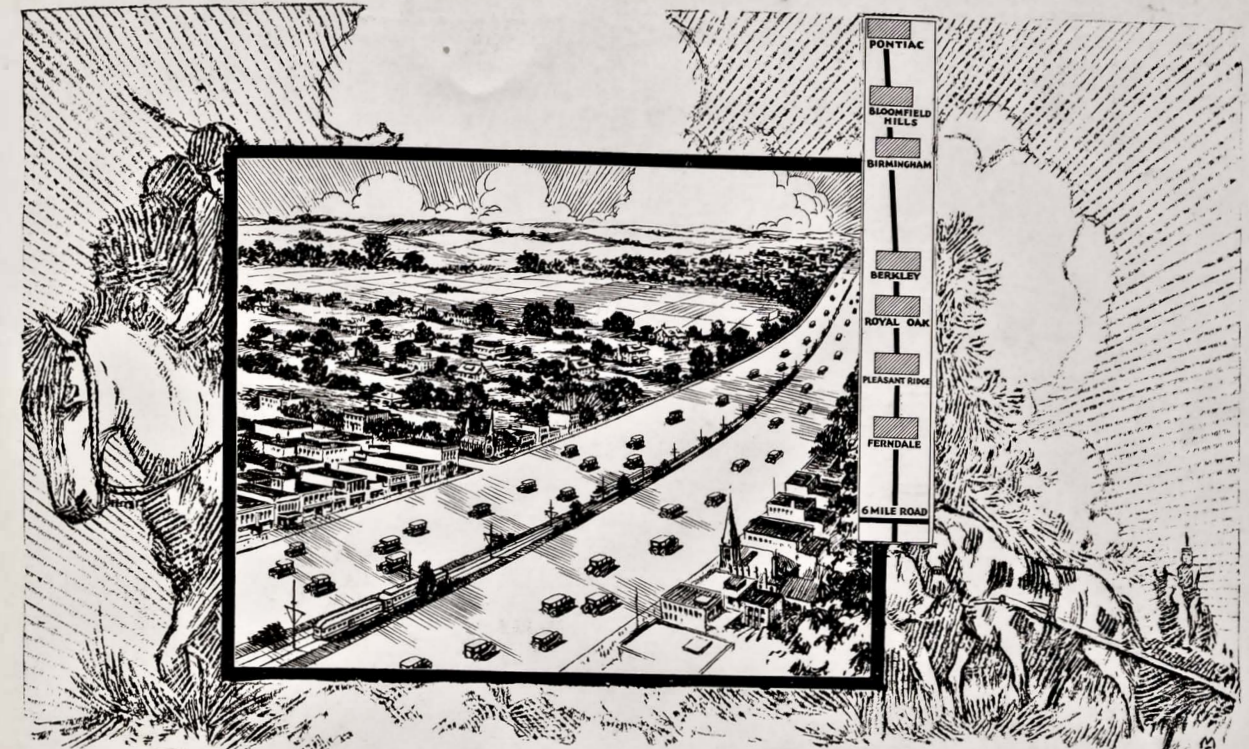


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dream of the future, but a splendid reality—a real development for all to inspect and use. Drive out the highway at your first opportunity. Then, indeed, you will realize that no roadway ever built by man can compare with your Greater Woodward Avenue—two broad 44-foot strips of smooth concrete that will extend from the city limits clear to Pontiac.

It is a real pleasure today to drive through beautifully wooded and gently rolling country, out Greater Woodward Avenue.



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Franklin Village is located on the Franklin Road, one of the main highways into Oakland County, a mile south of Maple Road, overlooking Oakland Hills Country Club.

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