

AFTERGLOW

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DETROIT

COUNTRY LIFE AROUND DETROIT



Volume 3~No. 4 APRIL 1927 25 cents a copy

Bloomfield Downs ..

The English Village in the Very Center
of the Village of Bloomfield Hills

Bloomfield Downs is to be a typical English village, with all the beauty of architecture and charm of landscape characteristic of the quaint little towns of Surrey and Hampshire.

Mr. Edward J. Butler has done a vast amount of preliminary work in developing the idea. Part of this work consisted of a careful study on the ground of English suburban architecture and garden layout. The best examples of artistic treatment along these lines have been preserved for adaptation to conditions in Bloomfield Downs.

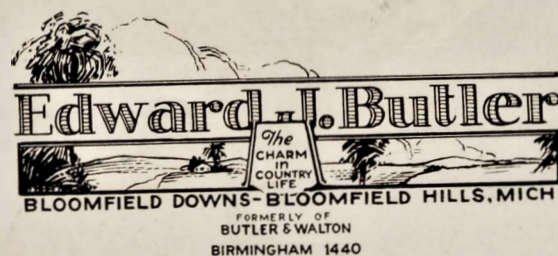
The site chosen for the village is in the very center of the new village of Bloomfield Hills, immediately east of Woodward Avenue at Bloomfield Center, and lying along the south side of Long Lake Road. Right between Bloomfield Hills Country Club and the Bloomfield Open Hunt Club, surrounded by the aristocratic estates of the hill country and with Woodward Avenue always available for rapid communication, it is hard to conceive of a more ideal location.

It is important to remember that Bloomfield Downs is a village, not in any sense a group of estates. The home sites are large enough for



comfort, and laid out to harmonize with the plan as a whole, but not so large as to require any effort or expense in up-keep. A resident of the village will have all the urban comforts, conveniences and freedom of action of the resident of Boston Boulevard. At the same time he will be able to enjoy the charming surroundings of the Bloomfield Hills District.

Office on Property



THE AFTERGLOW

Country Life
Around Detroit



Houses, Gardens
Society -:- Sports

VOL. III

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Lake Property on the Market

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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Cathedral Drive

This lovely avenue of trees which now leads to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar B. Whitcomb, on Lake Shore Road, Grosse Pointe, has a history which is affectionately remembered by the older residents. It was originally a woods path and later a driveway on the estate of Mr. Theodore P. Hall, who was the father of Mrs. Robert J. C. Irvine (Josephine Hall), the grandfather of Mrs. William Hendrie (Josephine Irvine), and the great grandfather of young Burns Henry, Jr. Years ago Mrs. Theodore Hall used to walk here, saying her rosary, and it was in that devout custom that the present name, "Cathedral Drive," originated.

Hance



Kalec and Forster

"Overbrook" takes its name from the stream on the front part of the estate that must be crossed to approach the house, which is set well back from the road, over rolling lawns, against the background of woods.

Overbrook

The Estate of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Robinson on Lone Pine Road—
A Real Country Home with All Its Attributes

By MARION HOLDEN

OVERBROOK," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Robinson, on Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield is—as the pictures and the name suggest—one of those lovely country places that is redolent of all the best things that country living has to offer. The house itself has an air of sophisticated comfort, and on the grounds, which cover about ten acres, I should guess, is every imaginable incentive to outdoor life.

The approach from the road is a winding drive through an old apple orchard, across a brook and up to the crest of a hill that is well back from the highway, so that in summer the house is almost hidden by trees. A tennis court on the level ground at the base of the hill seems to offer good play in the shade on warm summer mornings and a pergola and circular arbor on the hill is a delightful place to rest, with a view that looks out over the lawns and brook and trees. A tennis court on the level ground at the base of the hill seems to offer good play in the shade on warm summer mornings and a pergola and circular arbor on the hill is a delightful place to rest, with a view that looks out over the lawns and brook and trees. The picturesque Bloomfield Hills school on the edge of Cranbrook is visible from there, as well as the imposing stone tower of the new Christ Church, which

is nearing completion, and which will add so much to the already innumerable advantages of this beautiful section.

The house at Overbrook is not one of those imposing mansions that never seem at home in the country. It is built of white clapboards, with the rooms strung out in the floor plan so that most of them have windows on at least two sides. The inviting Colonial doorway leads into a wide hallway, which has the living room on the left and the dining room on the right, with sun parlor and porch at opposite ends. A sense of spaciousness impresses the visitor immediately, and, of course, the view from the numerous windows must be a constant delight.

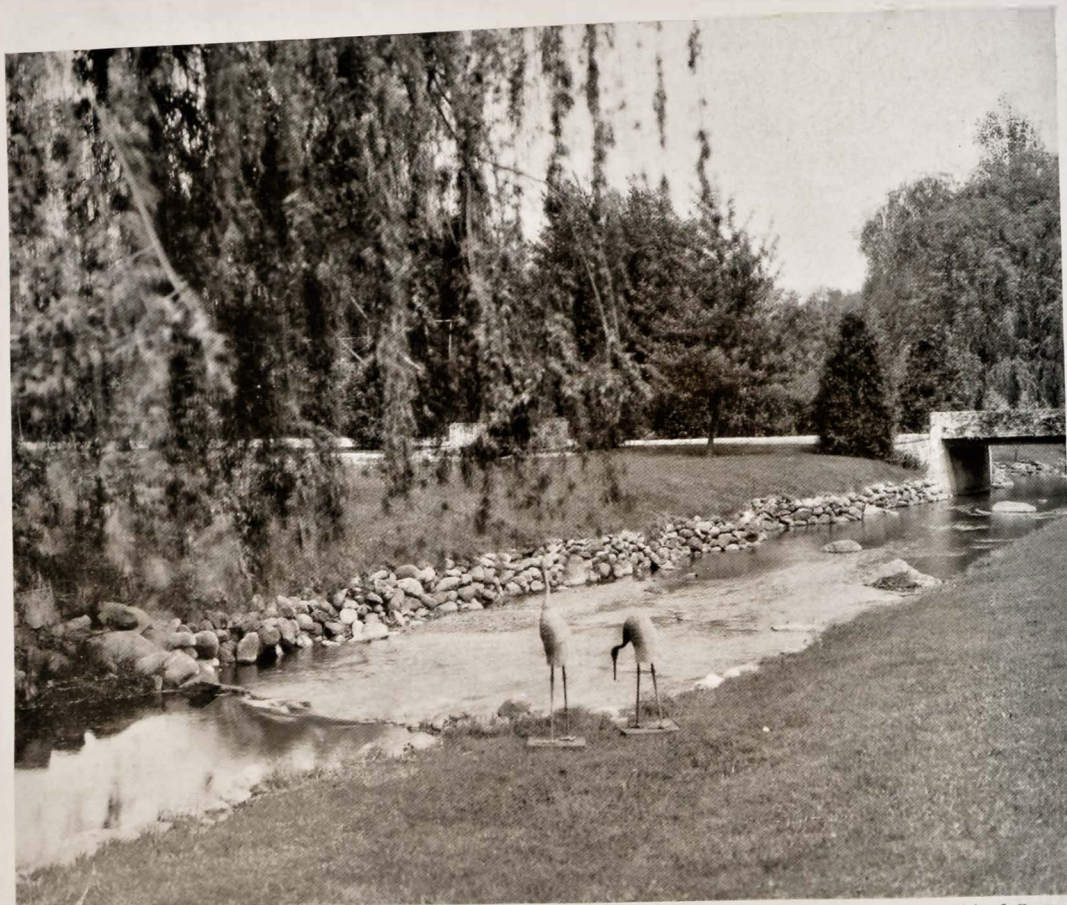
At the back of the house is another interesting entrance, flanked with urns and cedars, which leads into the heart of the grounds, where the outdoor interests of the owners are immediately evident. Here are woods left quite in their wild state, which in another month will be filled with all the flowers and plants and ferns that are native to Michigan. Already little sprigs of arbutus are beginning to show. Back of the

woods is another open space devoted to fruit trees and vegetables, berries and more flowers. In a wooded bank is a root cellar which houses in winter all the little brown bulbs that will come to gorgeous flower in the spring and summer.

But here also are the barns and the gardener's cottage. Always, in the country, you can gauge the enthusiasm of country dwellers by the barns and their accompanying coops and shelters. Fine Jersey cows live in the barns at Overbrook, and saddle horses, and on the edge of the woods are at least a dozen wire cages and shelters where live fat Plymouth Rocks,

geese, tame ducks and Mallard ducks, turkey gobblers and a pair of fine strutting peacocks brightening the yards with their brilliant plumage. There also is a friendly, even affectionate, police dog named Joe, who looks at you with beseeching eyes when you close the gate and leave him behind. He has his own little house, however, and could scoff at city dogs who must live in apartments, if he knew that such unfortunate creatures existed.

One wonders indeed why anybody who could live in the country, persists in living in town, when lovely settings like this are still to be had in the ever widening circle of the Hills district.



Another view of the brook and bridge.

Kalec & Forster



The house from the west end showing how the rooms are laid out to catch the sun at all times of the day.

Kalec & Forster



The house crowns a low hill, from which the neighboring estates are visible through the trees.

Kalec & Forster



Bibury is one of the picturesque villages near Oxford, a rendezvous for artists and other sketching people.

In and About Oxford In the Misting Month of November

By MRS. FRANK L. BROMLEY
of Uplands, Bloomfield Hills.

Editor's Note—Last fall when Mr. and Mrs. Bromley went to England to visit the Manley Davises who had a house in Oxford for the season, The Afterglow asked Mrs. Bromley to send back a travel diary for the pleasure of her friends and neighbors who are the readers of this magazine. These delightfully informal impressions are the result of that request. They are full of chatty anecdote and of discoveries of places and people in and about Oxford in England's dampish autumn, after the "trippers" had left for sunnier places.

There will be a second installment next month.

It was the first trip to England for one of us and a most discouraging first impression, landing from a tender at six in the morning at Plymouth in a gray chill drizzle from a dreary wharf and dingy waiting room into a drab and ancient cab to the hotel, which was in the hands of charwomen. No place to sit, for the lounges and chairs were huddled together as if they meant to keep warm that way, for there was no heat and November is raw in England.

The minute you land in England the landscape changes and you notice the rain-and-mist drenched forests, the trees covered with moss and ivy, the miles of stone walls, the old gray thatched cottages, the heather on the moors, the great wall-enclosed estates, and the little gray villages with their market squares and graveyards about their square-towered churches, which seem all to date from the twelfth century. The English refer as casually to four or five hundred years ago as we do to the last decade.

We had a varied two-day trip, sea and moor and mountain. The cathedral towns of Exeter and Wells, where the choir boys sang like angels as we entered the beautiful cathedral, and to Clovelly climbing up the steep hill from the sea. Out of season travel has

its advantages, for Clovelly, which is infested in season with noisy trippers, was like a sleeping beauty undiscovered. It was as if it had never been exploited and cheapened. There was only one other guest in the little hotel by the sea and we were waited upon like princes.

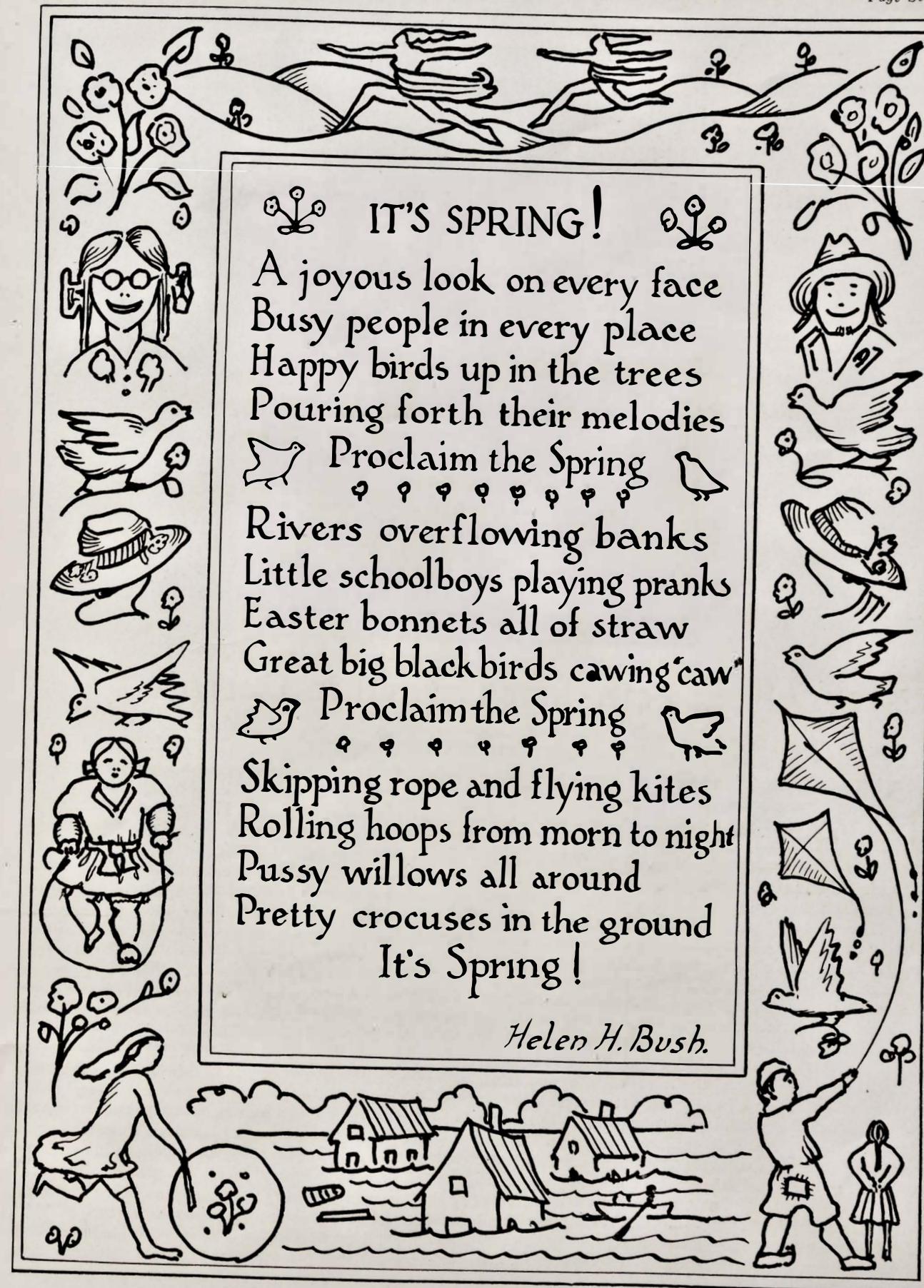
Of course, in England in November you must expect cold and rain, drawing rooms scantily heated by eight-inch logs in a miniature fireplace, in little towns like Clovelly, no heat in your bedroom, although plenty of bedding. We had a very snug tea party of two by the little blaze and the thin bread and butter, tea and cakes and jam were very welcome after a long drive. As our chauffeur had telephoned ahead they killed the fatted chicken for our dinner, so that with the personal attention of our hostess, we felt like welcome guests in a restful haven. We saw Clovelly as artists had painted it—a lovely hill town of the sea.

The next night we were in Bath, where we were amused at the full dinner toilette of a sad-eyed woman in black, who advertised that she was a widow by floating a black net veil from her hair. The dining room was filled with gouty individuals who were there for the curing waters.

We tried to connect them with the gay days of Jane Austen and Evelina and Beau Nash in vain. But then Du Maurier said that the "English take their pleasures sadly," so perhaps they did even then.

Our American friends, Mr. and Mrs. Manley Davis of Bloomfield met us and drove us on to Oxford where we were to visit them in the house they had leased there for the season.

(Continued on page 20)





*Madonna and Child
by Giovanni Bellini,
from the collection of
Mr. Ralph Booth*

Great Paintings Owned in Detroit

A Madonna Painting by Giovanni Bellini, Venice; 1430-1516

By JOSEPHINE WALTHER

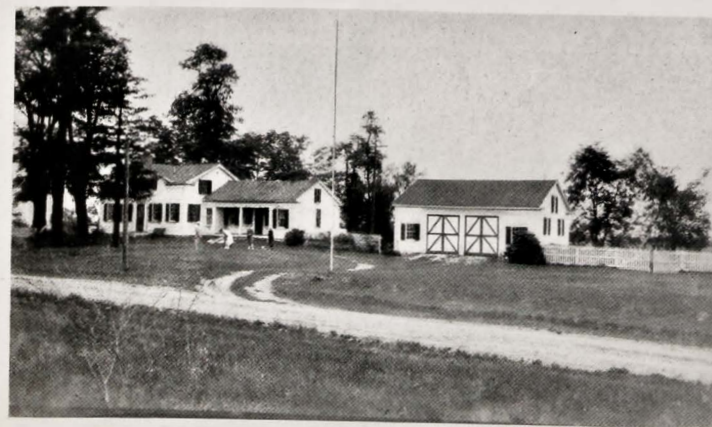
ONE of the most beautiful and important of the many fine masterpieces of painting owned in Detroit, is the Madonna and Child in the collection of Mr. Ralph H. Booth, by Giovanni Bellini, one of the greatest of the Venetian masters of the Renaissance.

During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when the rest of Europe was being rent by the anarchy of feudalism, and the first attempts at monarchical unity were occupying the attention of the European world, Venice alone among the great Italian cities, enjoyed absolute peace within itself, smilingly content under the rule of her merchant doges, who filled her coffers with the gold of commerce and her palaces with the rich and brilliant stuffs of the Orient. Owing to this close contact with the Eastern Empire and its comparative isolation from the rest of the peninsula, Venice was the last of the great art centers of Italy to throw off the confining fetters of the Byzantine tradition; but due also to this same isolation, her art remained comparatively free from the austere ascetic influence of the Middle Ages, and there is almost from the first a sweet worldliness in her religious painting, and a naturalness of form achieved seemingly without effort during the same period in which the Florentines were struggling frantically for expressive line and anatomical modelling.

Both in the artistic and worldly sense the career of Giovanni Bellini seems to embody the outstanding qualities of the Venice of his time: its mixture of Italian devotional piety with the colorful opulence of the East, its calm and prosperous serenity, the sureness of its position, its dignity, strength and grace. Born of a family of artists and working in collaboration with his father and brother until well on into middle life, it is to Giovanni Bellini more than to any other artist that is due the honor of carrying Venetian painting from its beginning under the harsh and searching masters of the Paduan school and the strongly entrenched influence of Byzantium, through successive victories over problems of composition, lighting, and form, finally leaving it a full-blown and perfect flower in the hands of Giorgione, Titian and Tintoretto.

The history of art knows scarcely another great master whose end was so far removed from his beginning as was Bellini's, and to know him in his entirety his work must be seen in all its phases: the early paintings which show so strongly the influence of his father, Jacopo; those of the period from 1460 to 1475, when Mantegna's sterner and more classical feeling affected his interpretation of religious subjects; and

(Continued on page 27)



"Cherry Garden," near Pontiac, is the country place of Mr. Claude S. Briggs and his family, who in the winter time live on West Grand Boulevard, Detroit. The house as you see is an attractive old farm house, restored about twelve years ago, when three thousand cherry trees were set out and the old barn made into a garage.

This good looking house under the snow is the residence of Mr. Carl L. Bradt, vice-president of the Walsh, James & Wasey Co. It is on Randall Court in Birmingham, and Wallace Frost was the architect.



Snap Shots from the Albums of Enthusiastic Country Dwellers

(If you have a little kodak in your home, why not send us some of the snaps that you like best?)



"Wing Haven" is the year round country home of Dr. H. J. York and his family, who are particularly enthusiastic about winter in the country and the winter sports in which Wing Lake abounds. This snap shows the rear of the house facing the lake.



At the right is Bob York, Dr. York's eight year old son, who thinks that you can't begin too early if you want to become as famous on skis as the Hall brothers, for instance.



Mrs. Hendrik Pieter van Gelder (Jean Donald) whose recent marriage has taken her to Rio de Janeiro where she will make her home.



SOCIETY

By KATHERINE ATKINSON

Bloomfield and Birmingham

WITH a promise of early spring, everyone who can is planning to spend Easter in the country, and many who have been away all winter will again open their homes. With the opening of the Bloomfield Hills Club and a promise that the Open Hunt will be an especially lively spot this season many house parties are already being planned.

The Bloomfield Open Hunt has been very fortunate in securing the services of Captain B. H. Mallan, who has recently come from his home in Virginia to become manager of the club. Captain and Mrs. Mallan have taken a house on Willetts Street, Birmingham.

Mr. and Mrs. James Vernor, Jr., of Lahser Road, have returned from a cruise in Florida waters. Before returning from the south Mr. and Mrs. Vernor were guests of Mrs. Chester Brown, at her home in Asheville.

Miss Laura Donnelly and Miss Helen Minton have opened their home in the Hills, after having spent the winter in Arizona.

Indialantic - by - the - Sea has been very popular with many of the Hills and Birmingham residents this past winter. Returning from there for Easter were Dr. and Mrs. George P. Raynale, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morley, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Donovan, Mr. and Mrs. Max Glover, and Mr. and Mrs. Lynn D. Halstead.

Mrs. H. W. Bird of Lone Pine Road has returned from Pasadena, where she has been the guest of Mr. Bird's parents.

After a most enjoyable visit with Mrs. Harrison J. Stringham, during which she was widely entertained, Mrs. Charles Lummis has returned to her home in Worcester, Mass.

The marriage of Miss Alice Louise Kidder, daughter of Mrs. Helen Kidder of Birmingham, to Mr. James K. Lewis of Minneapolis was very lovely. The ceremony took place on April 2nd in St. Mark's Church in Coldwater, Michigan. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis will reside in Minneapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Briscoe and son, Jack, will return to their home for Easter, after several weeks spent in North Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Copland of "Strawberry Hill," are enjoying a European trip. Miss Suzanne Copland has been with friends in town during the absence of her parents.

Miss Martha Palms and Miss Ruth Whitten, who are attending The Arden School, have recently been the guests of Miss Rosemary Street, daughter of Julian Street, in the author's charming home at Princeton.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Judd of Lone Pine Road will return later in the month from Long Beach, California, where they are guests at the home of Mrs. F. E. Burnham.

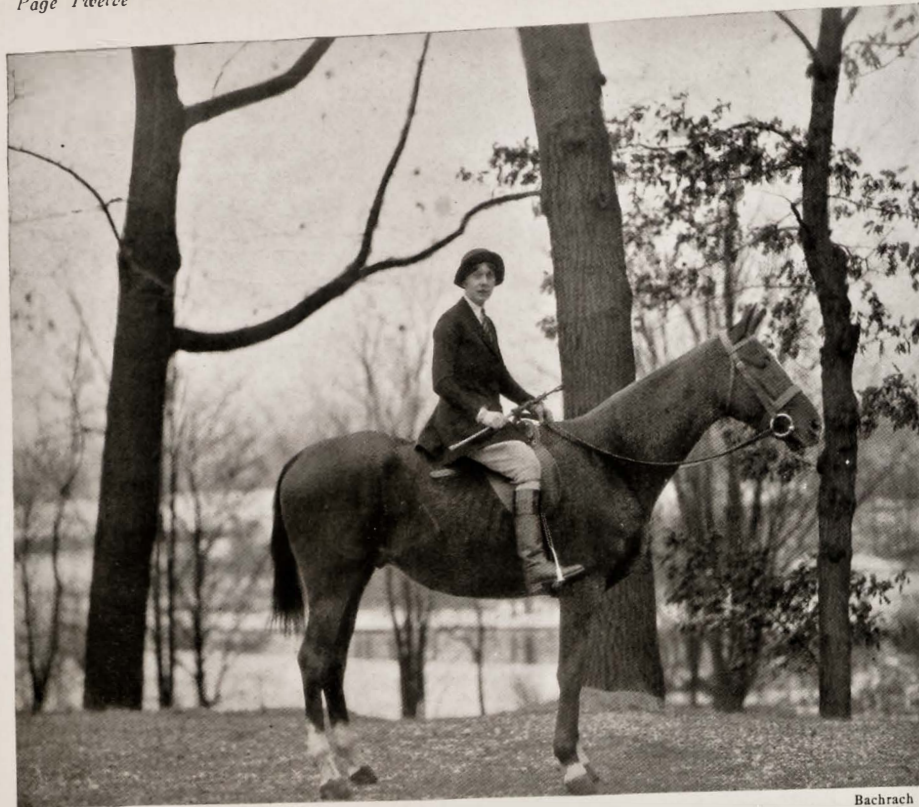
Mrs. George C. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. William G.

Harry and Miss Peggy Harry have returned from Augusta, Georgia. Mr. and Mrs. Otto Kern of "Westview" have left Augusta and will spend the next few weeks at White Sulphur Springs.

Miss Janet Skae and Miss Margaret Phillips Stand-



Mrs. Dunbar McIlhenny is a charming new comer to Grosse Pointe. Before her marriage, February 10th, she was Elizabeth Wilson of New York City and Dotuit, Massachusetts.



Mrs. James Blackwood of Rochester is one of the keenest horsewomen around Detroit. She maintains a stable of hunters and is a consistent blue ribbon winner as well as an intrepid rider, doing much of her own breaking and training.

art were honor guests at a very lovely luncheon, given by Miss Georgia Hoyt. The tables were very attractive with spring blossoms and lovely corsage bouquets of violets and roses marked the places. Bridge followed the luncheon.

After a winter spent in Southern California, the Misses Sarah, Martie and Addie Sly of West Maple Road, Birmingham, have started for home by motor. They will make several stops en route, arriving home the week after Easter.

Mrs. Cone Barlow of Donacona, Quebec, who is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Cecil Charlton of Randall Court, has been widely entertained during her several weeks' stay.

Grosse Pointe

The owners of lovely gardens at the Pointe who entered exhibits in the recent National Flower Show have reason to be more than pleased at the number of awards given them, and the members of the Michigan Garden Club, whose attractive garden was greatly admired, and who worked so hard to make the affair a success, are to be congratulated.

The March meeting of the Michigan Garden Club was held on Monday, March 14th, the members meeting at the Flower show and having luncheon in the delightful tea garden arranged by the Woman's Exchange. Among those who attended the luncheon were Mrs. Edwin S. Barbour, Mrs. Theodore McGraw, Jr., Mrs. Frederick C. Ford, Miss Elsie Ducharme, Mrs. Douglas Campbell, Mrs. Harrington E. Walker, Mrs. William P. Hamilton, Mrs. Dexter Ferry, Mrs.

Percival Dodge, Mrs. Allan Shelden, Mrs. Henry Shelden, Miss Suzanne Copland and Mrs. John S. Newberry.

Mrs. Keith McLoud of Wenham, Mass., who has been the guest of her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Harris of Windmill Pointe, sailed recently for Europe, where she will remain for several months.

Augusta, Georgia, is most delightful at this time of the year, and has been the mecca of several Detroit families. The attractive drives, splendid golf courses and the many dinner-dances at the Bon Air-Vanderbilt and Partridge Inn make the time pass in a delightful manner. Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Web-

ber and Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson C. Wormer, who have been in Augusta for some time, have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Barbour and Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Warren will return the latter part of the month from White Sulphur Springs, where they have been guests at The Greenbrier.

Mr. Burt Eddy Taylor has joined Mrs. Taylor and their children in Egypt and will travel with them for several weeks before returning home.

Having spent the past six months abroad, Mrs. A. Ingersol Lewis and her daughter, Annette, have returned to this country. Before coming home Mrs. Lewis and her daughter joined Mrs. Lewis' son, Alexander, who is at school in the east, and remained with him during his Easter vacation.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Austin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick G. Austin of Lewiston Road, and Mr. Gilbert Stuart Currie, son of Mrs. John C. Currie, which took place on March 30th, was a very small, but very lovely affair. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Joseph Vance, in the presence of the relatives and a few intimate friends.

Miss Helen Chalmers was the bride's only attendant and Mr. Arnold Moore acted as best man for the groom.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wright enjoyed a very delightful ten-day visit with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Coffin on their island off the Georgian coast, and have returned home.

Mrs. Charles Louis Palms and Miss Betty Hendrie,

who have been guests of Mrs. William James Miller in Palestine, have returned home.

Many Detroiters were seen on Fifth Avenue during the month of March, many going down for Easter shopping, while others spent the spring vacation with their children in the East. Noticed on the Avenue were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Louis Palms, Jr., Mrs. Palms looking more girlish than ever in decidedly smart attire. Mrs. Edwin Askin Skae and her younger daughter, Florence, had a delightful time during the latter's vacation. Mrs. Harold Palmer and her two sons also seemed to be enjoying the many attractions of New York.

Miss Frances Moran has been having a New York visit filled with many delightful affairs. She has been the guest of Miss Charlotte Farrell, and has been greatly admired and fêted by her hostess' coterie of young friends.

Rochester

Many lovely new homes have been built in and about Rochester during the past few months, and there have been some very merry house warmings. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin J. Tucker, who have moved into their charming home, were hosts at a dinner, followed by bridge, and later in the week Mrs. Tucker entertained at a bridge-tea.

Another very beautiful new home which has just been completed is that of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Shinnick, in a lovely spot just west of Rochester.

Having had a delightful visit with her sister, Mrs. E. C. Mowbray, in Chicago, Mrs. Roy C. Manson has returned to Willowtwig Farm.

A charmingly appointed dinner given recently in New York by Mr. and Mrs. John E. Tompkins, served to announce the engagement of their daughter, Catherine Elizabeth, to Dr. Francis A. Scott, Jr., son of Dr. and Mrs. Francis A. Scott of Rochester.

The wedding will take place at the home of the bride's parents in Friendship, Maine. The date of the wedding has not been set.

Grosse Ile

Many delightful dinners, luncheons and teas were given in honor of Mrs. Elliott Hardcastle before she left for a trip abroad. Mrs. Hardcastle sailed on March 20th from New York, accompanied by her sister.

(Continued on page 22)



Mrs. Gilbert Stuart Currie (Dorothy Austin) whose marriage took place on March 30th.



Mr. Harold Lindsay Wallace of "Dunstan," Lone Pine Road, and his small son, Richard Booth. Mrs. Wallace was Grace Ellen Booth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Gough Booth of Cranbrook.



Arnold

Old Time Hospitality Beckons from the Chateau in Birmingham

By JESSICA AYER HAY

"I will make an end to my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come."

THE broad, open doorway of the old homestead, known as The Chateau, right in the center of Birmingham, has become the sign of all that is kind and generous in its reception to the guest and the stranger.

When milady would entertain her dear five-hundred friends at bridge, she makes arrangement with The Chateau, knowing that all the formalities will be expressed as carefully as she would direct. And business men, who know that a dinner lubricates business, send word as confidently as they would tell their families, to have the feast prepared, and they will arrive at the arranged hour.

The cook and the host confer on best recipes. Each table-hostess becomes concerned with attractive table arrangement. And all is a-bustle! There's cinnamon spice in the air and ginger in their steps!

The cook is the pride of the establishment.



Arnold

She is a woman of joy in her art, and has attained with Athenaeus the knowledge that every investigation which is guided by the principles of nature, fixes its aim entirely on the gratifying of the stomach. It will be a long day before her superb dish of a huge, planked, silvery muskellunge, overlaid with crimson slices of tomatoes and sprays of green parsley, and wreathed with creamy white roses of mashed potato, will be forgotten.

Those who have a tear in their eye for the old days when they ladled generously, and yarned with a merry wit, should just betake themselves to The Chateau. There they will find the old-time, open-hearted hospitality they are pining for.

People who are strangers come with a mildly speculative thought of what they will get to eat and a politely aloof manner. There's a bit of surprise at the genuinely glad greetings of their host,

and they relax to the enjoyment of a generous and meticulous menu. They depart with the feeling that they are one of the family, and make plans on the way home for a party.

Home-folks drift in, in the evening, with their kiddies. There's the red glow of a wood fire on the hearth in all the spacious rooms. There's Master Billy, feet wide-apart and expectant eyed, standing under the old lantern in the wide hall, and waiting for young voices. There are cordial greetings with Mr. Price, while wraps are left confidently in the hallway. Mrs. Price, in one of the dining rooms, drawn into a cozy, family chat with other guests, hastens forward to help the parents to establish their family comfortably by the fireside. A fine dinner, leisurely eaten, a good visit while the children romp, and then away home, and a day well-ended.

High school and college students, who demand "atmosphere" and up-to-date attention, come in rollicking, good-natured crowds to give parties that are grandly exclusive in the small dining room with its big, crackling, wood-fire, and large French posters on the walls. Talking all at once, their fresh, young laughter drifts into the larger dining rooms, lending vivacity and family atmosphere to the whole place. We can't help but think of the man who went out of business after forty-five years of catering, because people didn't take time to enjoy their food, and we decide that his vision must have been as "narrow as the neck of a vinegar cruet."

Perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Price owe some of their happy talent for entertaining to their over-seas service, however irreconcilable that may seem. Mr. Price served many, many months in the air service, and Mrs. Price, as an officer in the Red Cross, took care of the personal communications of the wounded soldiers. They lived a life-time in those months and their many contacts have enriched them with a deep and kindly understanding of people.

When the Armistice gave them the right once more to order their own plans, they very sensibly and happily concluded a college romance by getting married in Paris. Then they went honey-mooning down the Riviera, and through quaint Brittany towns. They dined and danced on the big French and American boats, where they ate delicious lobster and reveled in American ice-cream, coffee and steaks, with iceless refrigeration, on the American ships. They experienced the sharp realization that one simply can't help being happier where the food is good and plentiful, and there, perhaps, was born the idea for The Chateau.

More and more, people who seek hospitality for their friends outside their homes, turn with grateful appreciation to The Chateau in Birmingham, where sincere public service is given without a hint of commercialism in the flavor. Even the cash register is missing! And so they come, and so they go, leaving with the jolly Good-nights of the three good Prices floating out of the warmly-lighted hallway, and down the path.

Then home is reached with the comfortable thought that here is a place where "we hae meat, and we can eat, Sae let the Lord be thankit."



Out Where Monotony Ends —and the Zest of Life Begins!

LIVING by a lake means ever-changing scenes and moods: the greens and browns of willows, the blue of water and sky—the rolling sweep of the Bloomfield Hills, and the health of golden sunshine. Neighbors are near, but not pressed close to your dwelling. Here is a year-round residential region that charms at first sight. It is well worth seeing.

The Model Home, completely furnished by Newcomb-Endicott Company, is open for your inspection Saturdays and Sundays; other days by appointment. Drive out West Maple Avenue from Birmingham to just beyond the Oakland Hills Country Club.



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HEADQUARTERS AT
WEST MAPLE AVE., BIRMINGHAM



*The Garden of Mrs. T. H. MacDonald
at Northwood, Shows What Variety
You Can Have on a Fifty-foot Lot*

By FRED C. ROTH

THIS garden is a most excellent example of what the possibilities are on the average fifty foot lot. In this case the garden is at the south end and receives the necessary sunlight practically all day. To the north is a grove of trees providing shade where one can rest and enjoy the garden in comfort. High shrubs shut off the street from view and give the necessary background for the flowers.

The garden is made up of four L-shaped beds arranged in the form of a square. An attractive bird bath located in the center is the feature of the garden and completes the picture. For accent at the outer corners of the garden, English junipers are used. Their form and color add a certain dignity to the garden. To the back of the flower borders are larkspurs, both light blue and dark blue, hollyhocks, foxglove, phlox, canterbury bells and false dragonhead. In front of these perennials are the lower growing kinds such as columbines, shasta daisies, Japanese iris, German iris, coreopsis, clove pinks and coral bells. The arrangement of the plants in the border provides for delightful combinations of color and plant forms as well as a succession of bloom throughout the season. Most of the flowers grown in this garden can be used for cutting. From spring until frost, Mrs. MacDonald keeps her flower bowls and vases filled with fresh flowers. First she will have large bouquets of purple and yellow iris. Succeeding the iris will be columbine in delicate shades of blue, pink, yellow and white. Later there will be bouquets of light blue larkspur and pink canterbury bells, also bouquets of dark blue larkspur, coreopsis and shasta daisy. Other combinations are the various shades of larkspur, also larkspur and coral bells. If the mood is for a bouquet of one kind, then there is the shasta daisy, which lends itself so well for cutting.

Each year Mrs. MacDonald sets out some annual flowering plants between the perennials, as snapdragons and chrysanthemums, to give more color in the garden during the late summer months. The bulbs of gladioli are planted in clumps here and there throughout the border. The foliage of the perennials provides the background and in late summer the gladioli makes an excellent flower for cutting. Even though the garden is small, the selection of plants provides a complete garden picture and an abundance of flowers for cutting with the minimum amount of care.



Mrs. Otis Helferich is chairman of arrangements for the Fourth Birthday Party of the Birmingham Community House, which will be celebrated on April 28.

*Birmingham Community House
Celebrates Its Fourth Birthday*

APRIL 28th marks the fourth birthday of the Community House of Birmingham, the quaint little old frame house at the corner of Maple Avenue and Bates Street, which has been somewhat remodeled to include an assembly room with billiard table, a reception room and kitchenette on the first floor and a small apartment for the resident hostess on the second floor.

So much for its physical setting. The soul of the movement, the idea of broader service to the community at large, was conceived and executed by a small group of public spirited women. Assisted by advisory groups of Birmingham men and women the Community House has developed its service until the present year when approximately 20,000 persons have utilized its facilities. These facilities vary according to the demands of the group to be served. Beginning with the small boy and girl who utilize the house for various group activities, then serving the high school students and the young women's business groups, the teachers' organization and the several civic study and luncheon clubs of the community. To all of these Community House Association extends a welcome and offers a centrally located meeting place. For those unable to visit the House during the day there are night study classes.

One of the most far reaching elements of service rendered is the vast amount of welfare work administered through the Community House and personally supervised by the resident hostess, Miss Mary C. Griffith. This service, together with the free employment files, has constituted a very important factor in the welfare and relief work of the community during the past winter.

Funds sufficient to cover the running expenses of the entire season are subscribed during the Annual Roll Call beginning April 28th each year. Responsibility for this one yearly appeal is assumed by the Board of Governors and assisting committees.

The Executive Board: Mrs. Chas. J. Shain, president; Mrs. John H. Marlotte, vice-president; Mrs. Harvey Whalen, recording secretary; Mrs. Roland H. Mann, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Seymour Adams, treasurer; Mrs. T. R. Donovan; Mrs. J. F. Donnelly; Mrs. Milton R. Schatz and Mrs. Howard L. Simpson.

For the fourth birthday party, Mrs. Otis Helferich is chairman of the committee on arrangements. Members of her committee are: Mrs. W. G. Lerchen of Long Lake Road, Mrs. Henry Scripps Booth of Cranbrook, Mrs. Herbert E. Moore, Mrs. Clarence Vliet, Mrs. Arthur Neff and Mrs. J. F. Donnelly, all of Birmingham.

Raggedy Anne and Raggedy Andy

On the 23rd, 25th and 26th of April, the Junior League Players will put on their annual play for children at the Cass Theatre. The charity performance, on Saturday afternoon, April 23rd, is given under the auspices of the Detroit Community Union, who will invite children from the various settlement houses.

The play, which has "Raggedy Anne and Raggedy Andy" for its engaging title, was written and dramatized by Johnnie Gruelle. The cast at this date has not been announced, but it's sure to be a jolly and talented one—as it always is. The officers of the Junior League Players this year are Mrs. Frank Sladen, president; Mrs. Cortland K. Larned, vice-president; Mrs. John Kendrick Bangs, Jr., treasurer and Mrs. T. Worden Hunter, secretary.

*"He broke, 'tis true, some statutes of the laws
Of hunting—for the sagest youth is frail;
Rode o'er the hounds, it may be, now and then,
And once o'er several country gentlemen."*

Byr

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A Little House in the Country

The Diary of An Itinerant Housewife

MAR. 28—So much depends upon the point of view. Yesterday a young actor from the local stock company drove out for an early supper. From the table by the window we looked onto the little triangle in the flagstone terrace that I can SEE at this moment, beautifully in flower, with wild things from the woods backing it and hollyhocks all in a row along the sides, and the little fish pond—the sweet little fish pond—made from an old horse trough sunk in the ground, with its water lily and bending grasses.

The young man said "Yes," and "That will be lovely," but when I remarked the glazed look in the eye and the generally stiffened countenance, I remembered with horror the garden bores I have known in other springs before I had this little triangle and the long unmanicured patch back of the house to plan into shape. There is probably nothing more deadly than walking over a muddy lot in spring, trying to vision with the excited gardener all the luxurious loveliness of summer. Ha, how the point of view changes. So I shut up and went on talking about the theater, for, after all, a guest is a guest.

A countrywoman, one of the neighbors along this road, dropped in the other night, all in her oilskins and rubber boots. She stayed for two hours and I enjoyed every moment of gossip that last year would have bored me largely. She lives in a tiny farmer's shack, but she dreams it into a country estate of surpassing loveliness. She told me about her winter window boxes, and described every tulip that the south sun has brought out this month. She described her four gold fishes, one by one, with details about color and eyes and appetite. She told me about the fish pond she had tried to have last year, made of an old wash tub with a water lily from a northern lake, rooted and cherished and planted here, where it never bloomed, because the children played with it.

And then, looking about my room, she told me that she liked old things as much as I do. She told me how she got her drop leaf table, which she has painted blue, with yellow chrysanthemums stenciled on the corners! She knew every stick of furniture in every farm house for miles about, and who would sell and who wouldn't part with their things for the price of a handsome grand piano. She said she liked old things because she had an ancestor who fought in the Revolutionary war, by gosh, and she thought it the duty of us early Americans to perpetuate the settings which our fighting relatives approved. She was very entertaining.

Mar. 30—Jonathan and I spent the morning down in the swamp rooting out cunning little thornapple trees and elderberries and wild roses and the Virginia creeper that grows so profusely along the fences on the back of the farm. Jonathan replanted them here and there, where we want bushy effects, put in a sumac hedge along the road, and at the moment they all seem to be waiting with business-like mein for the first warmth that will allow them to do their stuff.

We also lugged stones for the triangle garden, where portulacca will soon be clambering in vermilion and yellow and magenta, and put up a gas pipe trellis along the west side of the terrace for wild grapes and Virginia creeper and the quick growing wild cucumber that in summer will shelter us from the road and make an enclosure under the apple tree for breakfast on summer mornings and tea on summer afternoons.

Most people who have the greenhouse man set out bridle wreath and all the other shrubs that are profuse in Michigan, but not native here, do not seem to realize that sumac and dogwood and elderberry and thornapple are to be had for the digging, and make a much more interesting setting.

The Grand National

The Grand National, which was attended by not a few Detroiters, is succinctly described by "Time" for April 4th. We cannot resist quoting in part:

"Sporting England flocked to murky Liverpool, there to watch the greatest of steeplechases. By plane, motor, train, boat, cart they came and, despite fabled post-War depression, proved so numerous that luxurious Cunard liner Aurania, 14,000 tons, lying at her dock, became an ephemeral hostelry at a guinea "and up" per bunk, thus saving many an onlooker from a damp night on the moors or pub floors.

The morning brought black skies, torrential rains. Sporting England, drenched, excited, gathered at the famed Aintree course; issued 150,000 prayers for better weather; surveyed the soggy turf and swollen streams with misgivings; hoped their favorites liked mud.

The Earl of Derby, 17th of his line, owner of the broad acres over which the race would be run, technical host to the dripping throng, actual host to His Majesty, looked glum, embarrassed. He had anticipated a pleasant party; heartless elements had interfered.

A downpour of especial violence preceded the parade to the post. Then the King, standing in the Earl of Derby's box, the Prince, ensconced at the Valentine's Brook jump, the cheered host, others of high and low degree saw the sun burst through the clouds, do its belated best.

Thirty-seven horses started the agonizing 4½ mile chase. Over stone fence, green hedge, wide ditch and stream, they charged. One by one, sweating, steaming animals with blood-shot eyes found themselves wanting; fell, pitching heart-broken men onto tough shoulderblades. Only seven horses came to the last hurdle, Bovril III, 100-to-1 shot leading, closely pressed by Keep Cool and ten-year-old favorite Sprig. At this point Sprig lent ear to able Jockey Leader, executed a series of super-equine lunges, crossed the finish line a length ahead of Bovril III, two lengths ahead of Bright's Boy who had come up for third money.

The winner, which had competed unsuccessfully on two previous occasions, is the property of Mrs. M. Partridge, 73, by the will of her son, killed in the War. It was his dying wish that Sprig might win a Grand National. Presented to the King after the race, Mrs. Partridge expressed tearful gratitude. "I have always thought," she said, "that the old horse would do it—some day."



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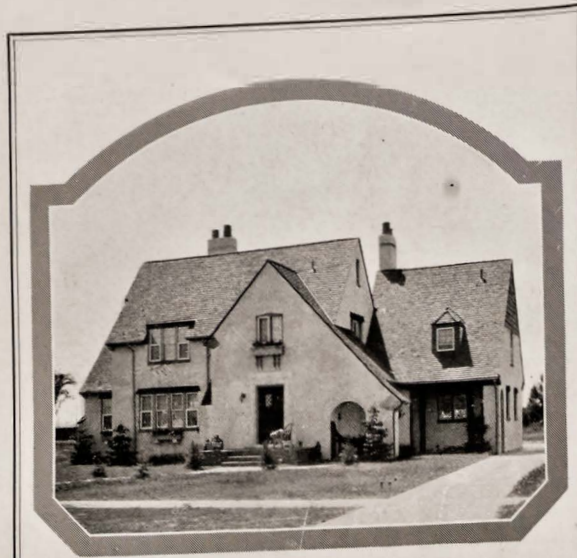
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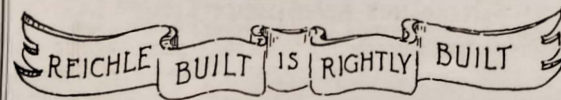


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In and About Oxford

(Continued from page 6)

It was, we considered, a great opportunity for us, both on account of being with them and because they had taken the house furnished, and with the servants of the owners, so that it was being run in quite the English manner.

We were awakened in the morning by a tap on the door, curtains were drawn, our brass hot water pitchers filled; breakfast waiting for us in the dining room on hot plates on side tables, and we served ourselves to coffee from the percolator, toast (cooling on racks so that it wouldn't be soggy they said), cereal, eggs, delicious breakfast ham and marmalade—if you could possibly want so much. If you have seen the English breakfast scene in "The Last of Mrs. Cheney" you have some idea of the charming informality of it. The maids were very quiet and well trained. The kitchen and offices were in the basement and they had to go up and down stairs with every course. Lunch and dinner were elaborate and somewhat formal meals and afternoon tea very cozy by the fire, if you could arrange your full day to be home for it. If we had been English we would have had our afternoon tea somehow, somewhere without fail.

The house was a large brick one, behind a brick wall and hedge. The garden in the rear would be pretty in summer and the lawn at all seasons was kept brushed with a big broom of twigs. There were a large number of bedrooms in the house and one bath room. "Why more?" an English woman who was talking of renting a furnished house said. "And fancy! No pitchers and bowls in the bedrooms—you must wash your hands and face in the bawth room. I couldn't quite do that."

Every house to me is a revelation of the character of its family and in the one where we lived you could see the army represented, and the church, and the landed gentry, as well as the university, where the owner, who had been secretary for Sir Horace Plunket, was now bursar of one of the colleges. He had a large library of books on land and economics, for the different colleges of Oxford are heavily endowed and are big land owners.

You envy the English the lovely old inherited furniture in their homes. What wouldn't we give, for instance, for the piecrust table, and the Sheraton sewing table, or the wonderful old inlaid William and Mary dining room set, or the carved chairs covered with needle point? But why is it that in a land where they make such wonderful block linens and chintzes they are so prone to use cretonne with cabbage roses; and in their rows of terraces curtains of Nottingham lace when they are not of solid harsh blue or mustard color? Their modern houses and furniture have not the charm of the old mellowed houses and hand made furniture of their historic past. We tried a little antique hunting, but prices were extraordinarily high, although we saw many things we craved, so I, for one, had to content myself with rummaging the book shops with their lofts full of old books and engravings.

Oxford is a fertile field for old books and prints and you are surprised at the interest the student takes in them. You will find a fresh-cheeked, athletic looking boy up rickety stairs in a dingy, musty little room sprawled out on the floor and engrossed in a pile of old leather-bound books of philosophy. Of course the students are very much in evidence on the curving old streets in groups or on bicycles. They must wear their gowns so they twist them about their necks like mufflers. They go bareheaded—that is the boys do; there are many girl students as well; in fact a fifth of the whole student body are girls. They all have intelligent and interesting faces, for the students at Oxford and Cambridge are the pick of England. Three-quarters of the applicants for admission are culled at the start and of the rest a great percentage are scholarship men. They must feel the responsibility of tradition, living in their "digs" up winding old stone stairways that open out of cloistered "quads," in rooms where Shelley, Sir Thomas More, Samuel Johnson and Wesley have lived before them and dining in a vaulted hall hung with portraits of famous members and hallowed by historic memories like the hall in Christ Church (or as the students who belong to, say, "The College"), or passing a deer park to enter Addison's walk along the Isis, shaded with ivy-twined trees or russet and copper and red and bronze.

We were in Oxford for Guy Fawke's night, which was (mild) excitement—a few students, arm in arm, across the street; no noise except firecrackers and fire works; and we were also there on Armistice day when everyone wore a red poppy and when the dons and students in their robes marched to the cenotaph, which was touchingly covered with wreaths and flowers.

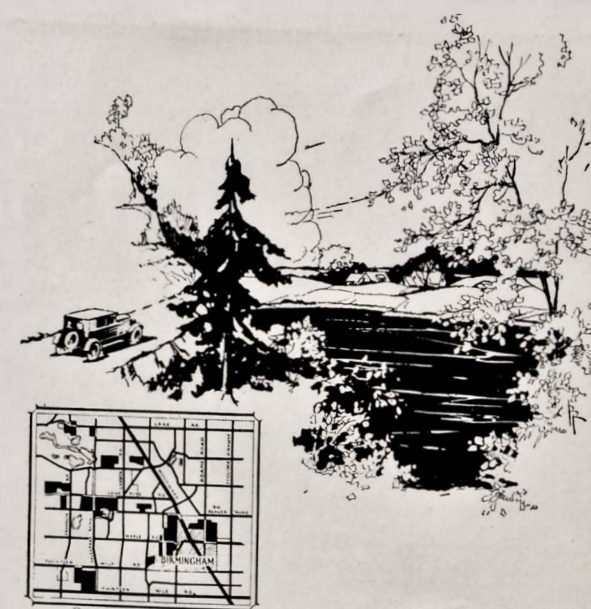
(Continued on page 24)

The Scarab Club Fellowship

THE SCARAB CLUB Fellowship Exhibition, which will be on view to the public at the Scarab Club on Forest Avenue through April 25th, is the means of financing a splendid art activity in the settlement houses of Detroit.

One of the art study clubs made possible through this annual exhibition now numbers some thirty enthusiastic members. It is composed entirely of negroes who meet every Tuesday night to sketch and to discuss art. Many of the members of this class show real ability and from time to time they are visited by Scarab Club artists who speak or offer constructive criticism on their drawings.

This club is the largest, but not the only one of its kind, nor is this the only form that the work has taken. By loan exhibitions, lectures and other methods, the club has endeavored to inculcate a knowledge and appreciation of art in the minds of all classes of people within its reach, realizing that as love for, and understanding of beauty grows in a community, the standards of living and general enlightenment in that community are bound to grow also.



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SOCIETY -- Continued from page 13

Mrs. Edward Lowell Anderson was hostess at a tea for Mrs. Hardcastle. Mrs. Kenneth Laub entertained at dinner later, taking her guests to the performance given by "The Islanders" on Tuesday evening, March 15th. Mrs. William Clift also had a charming luncheon for Mrs. Hardcastle.

The Islanders will not have their next meeting until May when they will present a program under the direction of Mrs. Kenneth White, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Stanton, Mr. H. L. Gaddis and Mr. White.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor G. Gnau have returned to their home, "Clinehaven," after having spent the winter in San Diego.

Mrs. John Charles Wright gave a very jolly supper party at her home after the meeting of the Islanders on March 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fulwell and their daughter, Betty, have returned from a trip to Boston and New York.

Charming Volume

Julian Street and his sister, Mrs. Mary Street Whitten, have recently brought out a small book of verse for children, which will be of interest to their many friends in and about Detroit.

"Lyrics for Lads and Lasses" (D. Appleton & Co.) contains quaintly whimsical poems that will delight children as well as grown-ups.



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In and About Oxford

(Continued from page 21)

We were always interested in the students wherever we saw them about Oxford and the colleges, or buying the most vivid imaginable men's "toggeries," or in the "flickers," where they applauded or booed the films, and where they smoked and had tea during the performance.

The Oxford Players, a stock company of men and women, served tea on a tray on your lap between acts, but it is of more interest that they gave the people of Oxford a chance to see at a very moderate price Tchekov's "Sea Gull," Coleman's "Jealous Wife" and Bernard Shaw's "Devil's Disciple" very well acted and period and costume well portrayed, although in the "Devil's Disciple" I was amused at first to notice the very English setting and very broad English accent in a play of the American Revolution, until I stopped to think that our revolutionary grandparents were not very long from their old English homes.

The theatre was much like our little community theatres, and had bare green-blue walls and a curtain decorated with Gothic looking Shakespearean kings and queens.

We were variously entertained at bridge in the evening, once at what had been for about four hundred years an old stone farm house and now the Sanctuary, for that was their interesting name, of a charming young couple, who had not helped it, to our thinking, by inserting modern English grates in the deep old fireplaces. One fireplace, in particular, had been room size with settles. A pity not to preserve it, but as the walls three and a half feet through were of stone, also the floors, English though our hosts were and unaccustomed to heat as we have it, still they felt the need of some and made that disastrous concession to modernity.

When cards were over and refreshments ready they had an oil stove carried from the drawing room into the dining room, as otherwise, in our evening gowns, we would just about have frozen. As it was we shivered. It amused us that on account of our nationality they served, along with other things, peanuts and lemonade. Our hostess had a sister in the U. S. A., and she knew what was most decidedly what.

Another evening we went to a very charming home with everything lovely about it; arts and crafts pewter; carved furniture; East Indian silver; pictures of nice English ladies in beautifully starched caps; rare china and a warm drawing room.

The moment the guests have arrived for an evening of cards, after-dinner coffee is served. They all dine from seven to eight and drink their coffee later at the home of their host. My friend and I drew for the evening a merry reverend and a cheerful colonel. I overheard the reverend gentleman say as he saw the prospect of two American women for partners: "We will make the best of it," and he most decidedly had to, with no thanks to us, however, for he lost persistently all evening. In deference to his cloth we

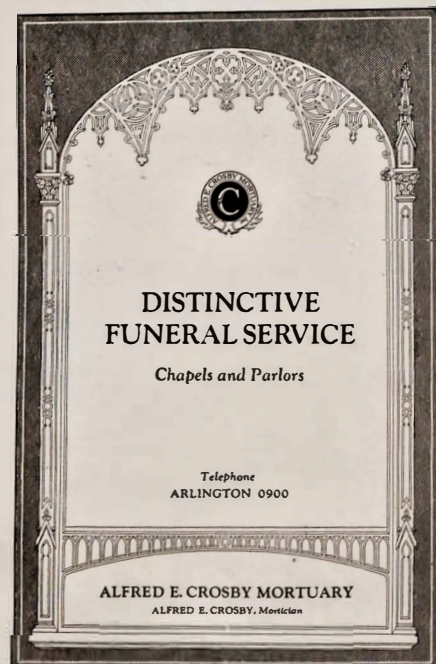


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played for threepence a hundred instead of sixpence, as they did at the other tables. They were very careful to avoid treading on international corns, but under the surface we could see that they felt their taxes were too high and our prosperity too great.

We passed another evening with a sprightly old lady, who wore for the occasion a spangled jacket and ruff and a palpitating flower on her bosom. She was a widow and a fitting one, playing bridge part of the year in Oxford and part of the year in Mentone. Bridge, with her, was a serious business, and so, after taking off our wraps in the cold hall of the private hotel where she lived, we were put to the work of the evening in the upstairs drawing room, where there was just a thread of flame in the lowest round of the gas grate, and we played uninterruptedly until twelve, being served port or soda and whisky with lady fingers when we were dummies. When we were putting on our wraps again in the unheated hall, one of the English guests said in all good faith: "One feels the cold after sitting in that hot room!" But I would gladly brave the cold again for the good company.

(Continued in the May number)

Garden Hints for April

In the Greenhouse or Hotbed:

Transparent young seedlings when large enough to give them more space to develop and to make sturdier plants. If possible, transplant to small pots.

Start seeds of melons and cucumbers in pots for planting outdoors next month.

Start celery seed for early crop.

In the Orchard:

Loosen mulch on strawberries.

Plant all kinds of fruit now.

Spray apples and pears when the flower buds show pink and before they open, with lime-sulphur solution, diluted 1 to 40, to which is added 1½ lbs. of the dry arsenate of lead to every fifty gallons of the solution. If aphids are present add ½ pint of nicotine sulphate to every 50 gallons of spray. Spray the stone fruits after the petals drop.

In the Vegetable Garden:

Spread layer of good stable manure over entire plot. Spade or plow deeply. Rake or harrow thoroughly so that the soil is in fine condition and the surface smooth. Sow seeds of the hardy vegetables as radishes, lettuce, onions, peas, parsnips, and spinach.

Sow seeds every two weeks for successive crops.

In the Flower Garden:

Sow seeds of the sweet pea.

Sow seeds of the hardy annuals as nasturtiums, California



A wild flower garden made by Edmund Gunther of Ann Arbor for exhibition at the National Flower Show.

Kalec & Forster

poppy, mignonette, calendula, alyssum, balsam, cosmos, petunia, zinnias, snap-dragon, portulaca, and larkspur.

Remove mulch and old plant tops from perennial border. Burn refuse for disease control.

Cultivate the soil between the plants and work in some fertilizer as bone meal, sheep manure, or commercial fertilizer.

Remove protection from roses. Remove all dead wood and cut live wood back about one half. Heavy pruning means fewer roses but longer stems.

Fertilize and cultivate the rose beds.

Set out new perennial and rose plants now.

On the Home Grounds:

Fertilize shrubbery beds with stable manure or commercial fertilizer, and spade the soil.

Fertilize the lawns with bone meal, or some good commercial fertilizer. Reseed the thin places and rake the seed in. Roll the lawn when it is soft, to make it smooth and firm.

Plant all kinds of trees, shrubs, evergreens, and vines now. Keep new shrubbery beds well cultivated during the growing season or else mulch with stable manure. This will conserve moisture and keep out the weeds.

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The Swing of the Business Pendulum Demands an Investment Reserve

By DURELL S. RICHARDS
of Charles A. Parcells & Co.

THE principle of conserving one's resources during the seven good years in order to carry through the seven lean, has never been improved upon. Today, in these prosperous times, the more thrifty and far-sighted are living modestly within their means, putting aside as much of their income as possible. In a fast growing metropolis, such as Detroit, where attractive opportunities are constantly presented for the investment of surplus income, shrewd investors usually keep a fair margin of funds intact, either on deposit, or invested in high grade bonds, which can be used as banking collateral, or quickly liquidated when that seems advisable.

The two principal reasons why the business man, or investor, desires to have this command over ready capital, are, first: to be prepared for any financial emergency which may unexpectedly occur; second, to be able to take advantage of the exceptional bargain which crops up at more or less rare intervals. In any event, there are always funds available for the "rainy day," and this fact engenders a feeling of confidence and security which constitutes an intangible asset of real value.

The pendulum of business is always swinging from one extreme to the other, and the science of economics attempts to forecast the extent of future swings. More persons than ever before are studying the relation in business between cause and effect, in order to guide their affairs more intelligently. The result is a growing appreciation for the necessity of establishing Investment Reserves. The successful example of Banking Institutions, Insurance Companies, and Industrial Corporations in maintaining such reserves, is being emulated by a rapidly increasing number of private investors, with the result that general business is becoming more stable, progress more steady, and prosperity more constant and assured.

It would be a desirable thing for every one to be more familiar with the history of economic development in this country from the earliest days, for a general perspective could thereby be established which would enable us all to visualize the rather definite waves of progress and expansion which spread successively westward across the face of our new and undeveloped continent.

The history of progress seems to have been two steps forward, then one step backward, repeated indefinitely. Expressed more bluntly—feast or famine. History demonstrates that after a wave of prosperity has swept forward with increasing momentum and hopes for the future have been capitalized with almost reckless enthusiasm, the time always comes when the inexorable economic law has stepped in and compelled a drastic readjustment of values to correspond to

actual earning power. Inevitably genuine growth and expansion have gone on until they caught up once more, moving forward in a new wave of unbridled prosperity, but the periods in between have constituted yawning depressions of economic hardship, disturbing, wasteful, and unnecessary if the truth were recognized—and used.

Immediately after the War of 1812, our infant industries were unable to compete with the large influx of imported manufactures, and many over-capitalized ventures collapsed in 1817, the year of our first business depression. But conditions gradually improved and before long the Eastern Seaboard had become the scene of great manufacturing activity. In successive waves came western migration, then canal, post road, and railroad construction. Great regions were opened up by pioneers, who pushed forward into every wilderness. Forests, mines and prairies were made to yield their treasures to vigorous conquerors, and a great nation was in the making. Into the Mississippi Basin, into the Far West, and into the South spread that outer fringe of settlers, whose frontier towns were followed by a network of turnpikes, waterways and railroads. In rapid succession came the discovery of improved methods of steel making, better ways of mining, greater efficiency in manufacturing. New sources of iron, copper, gold and petroleum were discovered. Land values were enhanced by the steady influx of immigrants, who began to use dry farming and irrigation. The factory system was applied to the wholesale production of shoes, clothing, agricultural implements, and sewing machines. The livestock and packing industry were established, cotton and wheat raised for export, and a huge foreign trade developed by leaps and bounds.

All of this required enormous capital and in a new country very little was available. Europe showed her faith in us by loaning huge sums of money, which represented the savings of her people. Such banking facilities as existed often creaked and groaned under the strain, and at times gave way. Great political upheavals, unsettled world conditions, and the effects of the Civil War kept our new country rocking upon its very foundations. It was the privilege of both capital and labor to stand together in the building up of this country, but they were not alone, for without the daring enterprise, the dauntless courage, and the unselfish genius of the pioneers from every land, this nation of opportunity would still be a wilderness.

And yet with ponderous regularity occurred those economic nightmares of depression—when men went hungry, and bread lines formed in the great cities. What is the solution which will cure such conditions before they occur? One thing which has already

proven its great worth is the Federal Reserve Bank. The establishment of investment reserves by individual investors is of almost equal importance. Our people have been very thrifty and have profited by past experience. They have contributed in the upbuilding of the general wealth, and they have had a share in the general prosperity. They have conserved their resources and have to a large extent fortified themselves against adversity. They have also pooled their savings to take advantage of large scale operations, and through lower costs and efficiency of management, to help in stabilizing production and distribution. They are now loaning billions to the people of other countries to help them finance their economic development. Today we seem to be the children of good fortune as well as of hardy pioneers.

But the time-proven theory of conservation of resources still holds good. The establishment of an investment reserve is a form of insurance, not based upon pessimism, but upon clear, steady, confident, constructive optimism.

*"How bless'd is he who leads a country life,
Unceas'd with anxious cares, and void of strife!"*
Dryden

Great Paintings Owned in Detroit

(Continued from page 8)

finally those works executed from 1475 until his death in 1516, during which time he threw off the last restraints of the fifteenth century manner, gradually acquiring a complete mastery of the new oil medium introduced into Venice by Antonello da Messina, the last artist whose influence was to be reflected in Bellini's work.

During this last period the old intensity of pathetic and devout feeling gradually fades away, being replaced by a nobler, if at the same time a more worldly, serenity and charm. It is to this period that Mr. Booth's Madonna belongs. We can see in it how strongly his design was advanced and enriched by his contact with Antonello. One of the most purely geometric in tendency of all Bellini's madonnas, in its strong pyramidal structure, rhythmic outlines, plastic three-dimensional form, and harmonious color scheme, it completely satisfies the most sensitive esthetic judgment. The drapery, an exquisite shade of pure blue, arranged in simple folds to produce the pyramidal effect, is relieved by touches of crimson at the throat and wrists. It is in his use of color, perhaps, that Bellini showed the greatest advance over his contemporaries, for here, almost for the first time in Italian painting, we find color used structurally, so that it appears to enter into the solid substance of things, at the same time unifying the composition and producing the circumambient atmosphere which we always associate with the "glow" of Venetian paintings. And what perfect modeling of the little body of the Babe! How beautifully expressive the slender, graceful hand of the mother which plays so important a part in the design! Few artists have made the hand so important a part of a picture as does Bellini. It is scarcely

less important than the face in producing the expression of the picture and perhaps fully as important in the design. Added to all this is his mastery of light and shade and his strong sense of plastic values, which became the earnest study of his followers and reached full fruition in the marvellous masterpieces of Titian, Giorgione and Tintoretto.

But apart from all this technical knowledge is the beauty of feeling which pervades all Bellini's work, and which we find beautifully exemplified in this Madonna picture. What a deep impression of dignity and inward strength is conveyed by this gentle, unsentimental mother who regards her child with such quiet seriousness! It may be interesting to quote here parts of a letter written by Bernard Berenson, the greatest living authority on Italian Renaissance painting, when he first saw the picture, shortly after its re-discovery in England:

"The quality of the Bellini which Mr. Booth has acquired is such as has scarcely been surpassed in the whole course of history. Indeed, even he by no means always reached such perfection of decorative achievement. I love the gravity of the Virgin's tenderness as she contemplates the Holy Child. I love the Wordsworthian sobriety of the landscape and the inexhaustible beauty of the sky. I doubt whether any other Italian master has painted a sky less like a drop scene and more like the infinity of nature itself. I cannot omit the unusual quality of the mass, which I find has something of the grandeur of great pyramids looming against the sky."

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BOOKS

By HAROLD C. AUER

The title of Sydney Loch's new book, "Three Predatory Women," intrigues our interest in these days, when predatory women flaunt across the screen lines of our press. Three tales make up the volume, and with the exception of the second, they are rather inarticulately told. The second tale, narrating the love of a tenor, gives promise that future efforts by Mr. Loch will be worth watching.

"Wedlock," from the pen of Jacob Wasserman, author of "The World's Illusion" and numerous other novels, presents those characteristics that commonly confront the native reader of a heavy foreign tome. But without question, "Wedlock" stands out as one of the few lonely accomplishments among the newest fiction. There are many passages that carry the burden of a blunderingly ponderous style. But throughout them all, the people in this drama derous style. But throughout them all, the people in this drama derous style. But throughout them all, the people in this drama derous style.

It is far from being the same old hackneyed story that this description might lead you to conclude it to be. For "Wedlock" illustrates in compelling fashion the blind and futile atmosphere in which the world struggles and gasps and lives. We recommend it, without reservation, to any reader who does not succumb to heavy reading.

Mary Larimers' "Sacrifice" is a very "young" novel; a first attempt in the novel-writing field by a lady of deep faith and sincerity. However, the faith by no means reaches this reader. Her whose judgment is perhaps a bit too calloused and severe. Dr. Peter Lee, a young medic, catches the curse of drugs. Through a succession of happenings, highly jumbled and incoherent, he comes finally to redemption through a fair-minded lady, who likewise heals by faith her own crippled body. Apparently, Mary Larimer has mountains of faith, but somehow she fails to justify her convictions to the weary reader's mind. According to your own beliefs and credulity, however, "Sacrifice" may impress you more favorably.

"Summer Storm" is the title of Mr. Frank Swinnerton's new novel. The story itself is highly suggestive of one of this author's earlier successes, a tale of two sisters—rivals in their passion for a single male. Like other books by Mr. Swinnerton, "Summer Storm" is well written; it is interesting, but somehow it left this reviewer a trifle too calm and undisturbed. The character of Beatrice, who for no politer word, we'll term a "hussy," is well done and shows the depths to which a cunning lady may descend to gain her heart's desire. Altogether, the book is a bit better than anything I've read recently by one of our own sweet, gentle scribes.

"Grain," a novel by Robert Stead; suggestive in title and theme of the great epic of the illustrious Frank Norris. Here is a virile story of the Canadian northwest and the Winnipeg country. There are flaws in it, including a very unreal story of the mysterious foster son. But the characterization of Gander Stake in "Grain" is a masterful piece of work. "Grain," unless we are much mistaken, comes close to being a great book.

"The Widow of Ephesus" is by Mary Granger and Putnam's must be found guilty of perpetrating the act of publication. We should bear charity: it is a first novel. But some of the verses by one Stephano or about this person and her first love, John, are little short of an atrocity in English.

"Doomsday," by Warwick Deeping, alleged to be a prolific writer of rather mediocre English fiction, is of better stuff than most of the new novels. The atmosphere of Sussex, so well expressed by Sheila Kaye Smith in several charming books, is reproduced again in splendid fashion. Of the story itself we can hear our astute critical gentlemen dubbing it sentimental pish-posh, and our native Puritans decrying it as wicked and licentious. But in this tale of an army man who plays Chopin and Schubert and becomes—ah! desperately enamored of Mary Viner, we find much that is mighty good reading! Poor Mary weds a wealthy, aged fellow, and he is . . . there, we'll stop, because you must read "Doomsday" for yourself.

Recently, in leisure half-hours, I have been given to reading again bits from some books, not altogether new, that have charmed or interested me. Possibly, several of them deserve mentioning. "It's Not Done," by William C. Bullitt, once dragged before the high priests for his radical views, while a government personage, upon Dussia, is a year-old novel well worth reading. I recommend it, by the way, only to the adult reader, who is not too easily shocked by life's unpleasantness. It is frank, brutally and physically frank, in telling the truth, and nothing but the truth, about marriage—life behind the curtain of concealing custom and prudence.

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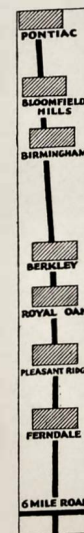
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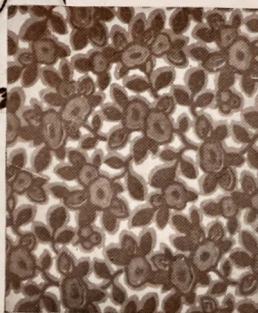


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