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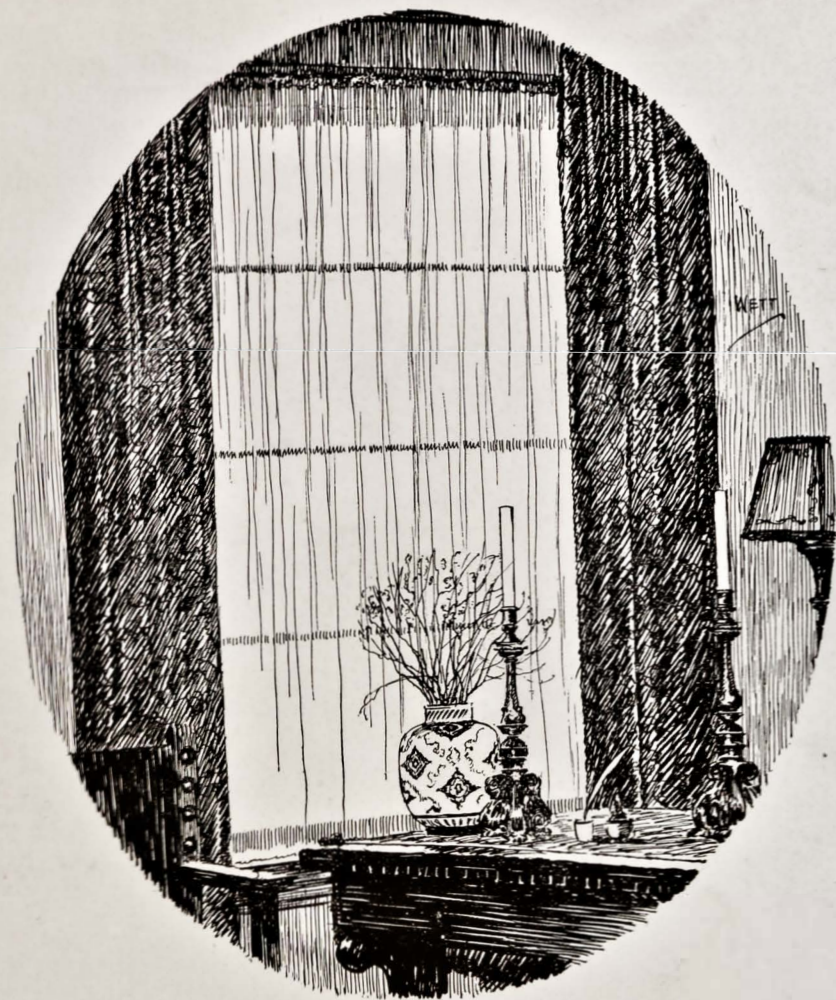
DETROIT

AFTER GLOW

1926

News and Comment
of Country Life near
Detroit

Vol. II, No. 4 25 cents



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THE AFTERGLOW

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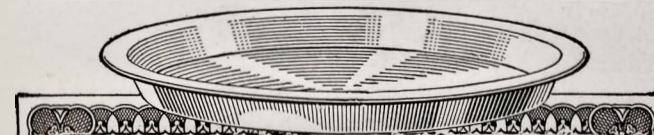
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THE AFTERGLOW

Country Life
Around Detroit



Country Houses
Society & Sports

Vol. II

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Ellison

SPRING IS HERE! OPEN THE DOOR!

Entrance Hall, "Walnut Hills," the Summer Home of Albert Kahn, Esq., at Walled Lake



The south side of the hundred-year-old house on Stoney Creek Farm.

On Restoring Old Houses

II. Stoney Creek Farm, An Old House Reclaimed by Dr. and Mrs. Francis Duffield

By HELEN MUIR DUFFIELD

There is a reassurance in these sturdy, calm old mansions which are the monuments of the sturdy, calm old patriots who raised them, men having a rare sense of proportion which they exercised, not only in building their homes, but in building the nation, on lines equally clean, sound and beautiful.

—Julian Street, in his introduction to "Famous Colonial Houses."

IF you love everything that's old—"old friends, old time, old manners and old manors" and if you've had the sheer joy, when you were very young, of spending many long happy summer vacations in a dear old house with an old fashioned buttery, which always had a smell of spice cake and cookies; which had a cellar, dark and cool, filled with many pans of rich creamy milk, where an old wooden dash churn was used to make the butter; where you slept in a trundle bed and had a mosquito netting let down over you at night; you will scarcely believe me when I tell you that there are many just such houses within thirty miles of Detroit.

Nestling among the trees, well back from the road, stands Stoney Creek Farm, looking, with its two low rambling wings, like a nice old brooding hen. When we found it thirteen years ago, thirty-two miles from Detroit over very

bumpy roads seemed a long way out. Two old spruce sentinels guard the front which faces the west and looks off over the hills into the sunsets; while from under the trees at the side, one can catch glimpses of the mill pond where we swim in summer and skate in winter.

The original part of the house is 100 years old, and it has a dear old buttery, a cellar dark and cool, and many little thoughtful devices planned to make life easier for the housewife in those early pioneer days; a wood box where the wood can be put in from the out-of-doors, and taken out in the kitchen; a dear little candle shelf placed at just the right height in the buttery, and a "cooler" which hangs down into the cellar but which opens from above. The latches are of quaint design, and the old brass front door key has to be placed in the lock upside down, and we even have the original candle molds and hand flails we found on the place.

When we bought the farm, it was woefully in need of care, and was cumbered with many old buildings, broken fences, burdocks and thistles, but the old buildings have been moved and rebuilt, an old fashioned garden rises behind the stone wall that was once the foundation of an old stable, and the wood shed is now our out-of-door living room. The sun dial is home-made. We stood an old stove pipe on a grind-stone (which we found in the "dump", filled it with cement, then placed on top our sun dial, a copy of one standing at the four corners of an old New Hampshire village.

The "old" garden is really new, because only a mock-orange, a yellow rose, a matrimony vine, and lemon lillies were left as silent witnesses that once a garden had bloomed and flourished; but old fashioned flowers have been used, and the old bee hives restored, and once more the bees add their lazy, sleepy hum to all the other happy summer sounds and we hope that it all looks as if it never had been different!

The house was furnished with old pieces found at the second hand store (it was second hand store and not antique shop in those days) and packing boxes were used for dressing tables and cupboards.

One of the most difficult things in restoring an old house is to keep a sane sense of proportion. The danger of sacrificing the family's comfort because you wish to keep the house "true to type" is always imminent; on the other hand, the desire to make the house comfortable is constantly urging you to add a wing here, a sleeping porch there, and so ruin all the old angles and roof lines.

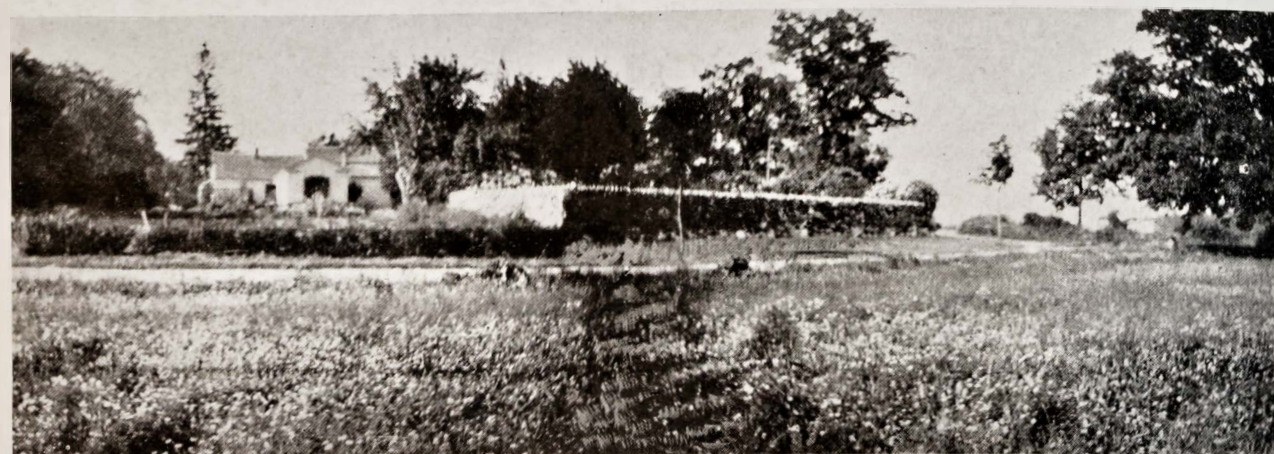
It is not given to all to have wise friends at the critical moment. We were using all available space, even a tent

house had been added as an extra room, and I felt something must be done, so we had a "conference," called in friends, and begged advice. While walking around and around the house where each pet angle and roof line was pointed out, I turned and said, "What can we do? How can we add on without spoiling it?" After a few minutes whispered consultation, while we waited with bated breath, thinking, "Now at last our problem will be solved," these wise friends turned and said, "Don't touch it! Just add more tent houses!" And so the day was saved.

Aren't these old Michigan landmarks worth preserving? They represent the old pioneer spirit. We hear a great deal about Pontiac and Old French Detroit, about Cadillac and the voyageurs, but do we hear as much about our early settlers who had the courage to leave peaceful old New England and come out into the wilds of Michigan?

"Could I ever suppose", wrote John Adams, "that family pride were in any way excusable, I would think a descent from a line of vigorous, independent New England farmers for a hundred years was a better foundation for it than a descent through royal or noble scoundrels ever since the flood."

There are many of these old houses to be had for the hunting, so well built, with their old hand hewn timbers and strong stone foundations, that they can be restored at comparatively little expense. Why not start out on a voyage of discovery and having found your house try your hand at restoring it? If you are lucky, or unlucky enough, to have only a limited amount of time and money, you will spend many happy winters planning, and many busy summers carrying out those plans and still be far from reaching your ideal of the house as you think is used to be.



The back of the house showing the outdoor sitting room which was a wood-shed and the garden wall which was the foundation of the old stable.



The Bloomfield hounds starting out of a winter's morning in Tennessee, with A. L. Kirby, B. O. H. Huntsman, at their head. Photo by W. E. Barr

Winter Hunting for the Bloomfield Hounds

Members of the B. O. H. Seek Winter Quarters for Hounds and Hunters
Overnight from Detroit

By E. S. NICHOLS

IN the British Isles fox hunting is regarded largely as a winter sport, beginning early in the fall, reaching its peak during the cold weather and ending in the spring. In this country organized Hunts of the middle west, and those of the east as far south as Baltimore, start cubbing in August, enjoy their best sport in November and generally close their season with the calendar year. There are of course exceptions, some packs going throughout the winter and having excellent runs. Foxes travel better in January and February. The suitable days however are uncertain and cannot be determined in advance so that only the most enthusiastic riders can turn out.

In Virginia and North Carolina hunting is carried on during the winter months. That part of Virginia hunted by the Middleburg, Piedmont, Orange County and Warrenton hounds probably represents fox hunting at its best in the United States for a long season. Some of the

northern hunts may show as good days but not so many of them because of their shorter season. But Virginia's winter climate is not ideal. Often it is too severe and again during the moderate weather the going is very heavy, so that many a meet is postponed. In North Carolina the climate is nearly ideal for winter hunting, but the country is far from ideal and the foxes are mostly greys.

In the middle west, Detroit about fourteen years ago began to take its place in hunting lines by the establishing of a drag pack at Grosse Pointe. Progress continued, the sport was taken up by other clubs, and after the War the Bloomfield Open Hunt started fox hunting. The results have been very satisfactory and today we enjoy a fairly well developed hunting country and its sport compares favorably with the best packs in the east. The short season, however is a great handicap; hounds are not made in kennels, hunters in box stalls or riders in rocking chairs, (Continued on Page 18)



Mr. M. Francis Gagnier and Mr. E. S. Nichols, M. F. H. of the Bloomfield Open Hunt, after a hunt in Tennessee. Photo by W. E. Barr

Fakes I Have Known

By ROBERT H. TANNAHILL

WHEN statisticians decided that the making of moving pictures constituted our fourth largest industry, they failed apparently to take into consideration the business of faking antique furniture. For every foot of film, ten "genuine" Windsor chairs, twenty "original" tavern tables, and at least a hundred beds in which George Washington once slept—that seems to me a conservative estimate. Furniture factories from Maine to Florida are working overtime to supply the market with choice examples of early American art, all guaranteed to be "of the epoch and unrestored."

The reason for such wholesale faking is not hard to discover when we begin tracing the growing appreciation of American furniture during the last twenty years—a period of prosperity and settled conditions, interrupted by the war, it is true, but stimulated rather than depressed by it. In the early years of the century collectors were few and inconspicuous; gradually the number increased, some collecting through their genuine interest in preserving fine examples of early pine, maple and hickory, others perhaps seeing social advancement in the acquisition of Brewster and Carver pieces. Some day a clever politician will undoubtedly use this method to obtain votes.

As collectors increased, prices, at first moderate, rose. Then museums began to invade the field, and prices soared higher. With the publication of one or two good magazines on American antiques, another rise in the market. Then, as was expected, the source of genuine articles began to run dry and a problem arose, which was almost immediately solved by the mystic word "fakes." Said these purveyors in illicit goods, forerunners of our modern bootleggers, "If collectors must have their Americana, who better equipped than we to supply the demand? If an old pine table can be sold for five or six times the price of a new mahogany one, why not make old pine tables?" And so they forthwith set about manufacturing old pine tables, old hickory chairs and old maple desks. With a little knowledge of cabinet-making and a thorough knowledge of worms, their task was simple.

Once ready for sale, several methods of disposing of their stock were possible. The most obvious channel was, of course, the sales room. As one unique piece sold it would be taken off the floor or out of the window and replaced by a duplicate, equally unique. But occasionally a customer would come in, who after a good look at the dealer, might be heard to exclaim something about "doubtful piece" or "I don't like the looks of that arm." So another way of selling antiques came into fashion.

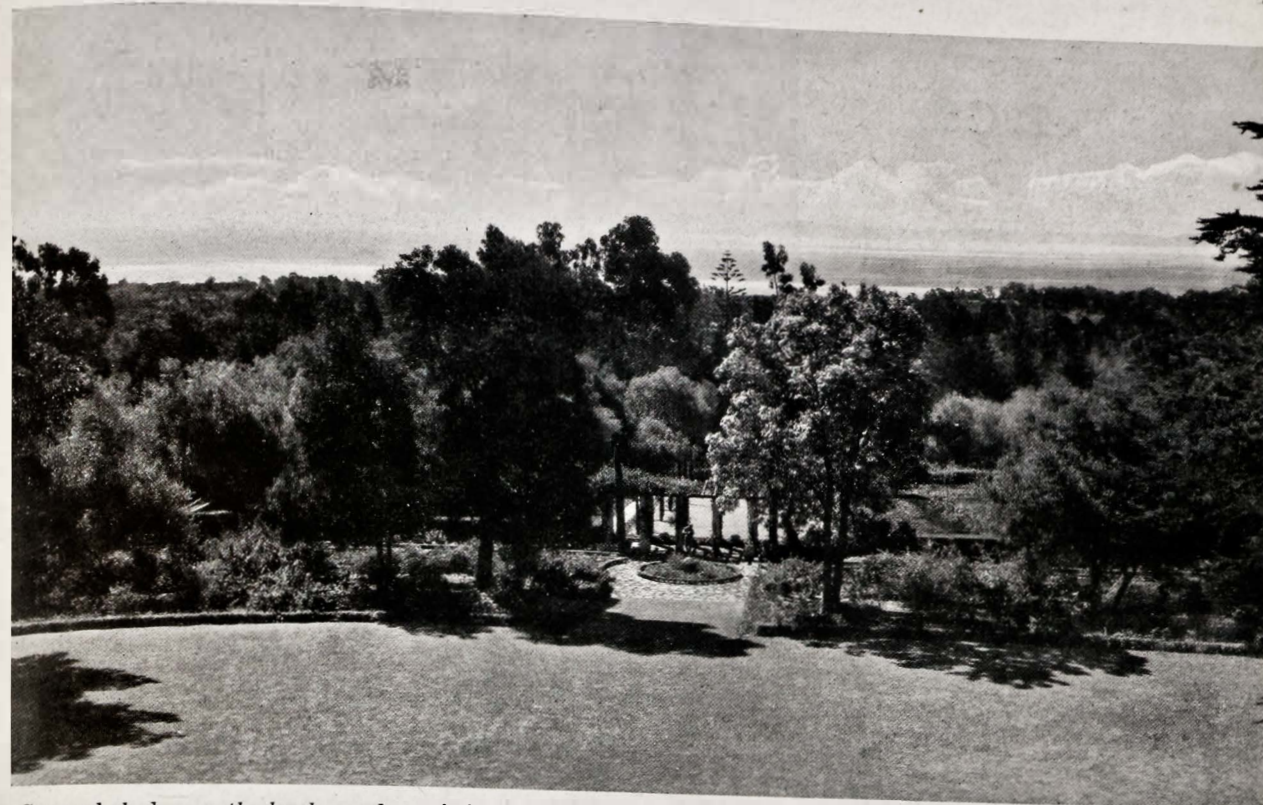
How many of us have not ridden past an old New England farmhouse, nestling among lilac bushes, the charm of which guided our footsteps to the front porch where sat the owner, a benign old lady in faded blue silk. As she got up to answer a question we were not slow to see that the chair in which she had been sitting was the most desirable type of Windsor, apparently in excellent condition and with its original dark green paint. Further questions elicited the information that the chair had belonged to the present owner's grandmother, that it had always been in the family and that she valued it above pearls and rubies. Still further insistence revealed that the old lady was in dire straits financially, that the old farm was in danger of being sold, that for the right price she might consent to part with grandma's old chair. With the chair under our arm and

a large hole in our purse, we would march triumphantly from the premises, never thinking to look back at the second Windsor chair that was being deposited on the front porch by the city dealer.

Nor are Americans sole offenders in this comedy of fooling the public. The French and Italians, with their vivid gift for impersonation, play the game even better. I remember once going into a shop at Honfleur, near Le Havre, attracted by some silver in the window. While I was examining a coffee set, two people came in, an elderly man carrying a package and a young woman, presumably his daughter. They engaged the shopkeeper in conversation and I paid no more attention to them until something in the tone of the girl's voice attracted me again. She was pleading with the merchant, begging him tearfully to offer them a better price for their pair of silver candlesticks that the older man was holding out in his trembling hands. Before my eyes they acted out a most pitiful drama, the shopkeeper obdurate and indifferent, the girl bold and reserved in turn, the old man dazed by the turn events had taken. Finally a deal was made, both sides yielding a point, and the couple departed leaving the candlesticks with the shopkeeper. When I evinced interest I was informed that the man and girl were poverty-stricken aristocrats and the candlesticks the last of their once proud possessions. As proof of his story I was shown the family crest on the silver. I found the candlesticks beautiful in shape and although the marks were very indistinct, I considered buying them. While I was debating the matter the twelve o'clock bell rang and I decided to lunch before coming to a decision. Instead of going to a hotel frequented by tourists I picked out a small popular restaurant where I had been told the lobster was unexcelled. There to my astonishment I found the three leading actors in the drama I had just witnessed, sitting together before a copious meal. The shopkeeper was no longer haughty and unyielding; his arm was now around the girl's shoulder. From time to time he whispered something in her ear that started them both laughing—her laughter was anything but aristocratic. The older man had regained his youth by the removal of grease paint and a grey wig. He was now completely immersed in a lamb chop. It seemed a shame to spoil their party, so I slipped out unseen. Only I didn't go back to the shop.

In Italy an even more exciting experience awaited a friend of mine. One day in Florence he stopped in at one of the shops on the Ponte Vecchio. The article he asked for was not on hand, so he started for the door. At the threshold the dealer caught up with him and whispered: "Would the Signore care to see one of the most beautiful palazzi in Florence?" The owner was absent, but the caretaker was a friend of his and would willingly show the place for the customary remuneration. Then the fat little man went on to say that the ceilings were by Poccetti, the floors and iron-work original. He said nothing about the furniture, leaving one to assume that the furnishings would also be of the period. My friend accepted the invitation with unconcealed eagerness, and the two of them set out for the palace which stood not far from the Piazza della Signoria. Once inside the building it was difficult not to be over-enthusiastic. Every room furnished with Florentine pieces of the seventeenth century, tapestries and pictures on the walls. Here,

(Continued on Page 27)



Sun and shadow on the lovely gardens of the Chatfield-Taylor estate, "Farafield," in Santa Barbara, with the blue Pacific glimmering over the trees to a far horizon.

Detroiters Gather at Santa Barbara For Garden Club's Annual Meeting

CALIFORNIA! Magic in the word, and magic, too, in the name Santa Barbara. To some people who haven't been there, perhaps it spells earthquake, but to those who have, Santa Barbara means stretches of hills above the sea—hills brown in winter and green just now, in April—violets and acacia, live oaks and pepper trees; roses in a riot, olive trees gray-green against adobe walls and trails through the hills to the mountains with the blue reach of the Pacific always yonder.

Small wonder that a more or less large colony of Detroiters have transferred their homes and affections to Santa Barbara and Montecito, that charming outlying district where gardens flourish the year round.

On April tenth, delegates and visitors from all the chapters of the Garden Club of America arrived in Pasadena for the first few days of their convention and motored thence to Santa Barbara where entertainments and garden visits were planned to fill the remainder of the days until April 16.



Where a rock garden's moist fragrance and shy blooms make a gracious retreat from California's summer sun.

Many of the hostesses there are members of the Detroit colony at Montecito: Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, who sent us these delightful photographs of the Chatfield-Taylor estate, "Farafield," was formerly Miss Estelle Barbour Stillman of Detroit. Mrs. Edwin Scott Barbour, president of the Michigan Garden Club is Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor's sister-in-law and her guest during the convention.

Other members of the Detroit colony are Mr. and Mrs. David Gray whose estate, Grayholm," is one of the beautiful

Montecito homes, and the former Gertrude Boyer Stearns, now Mrs. Harold S. Chase who presides over one of the most beautiful of Montecito estates. There are also Mrs. Nathaniel Hawley Brush (Lorraine Stroh Baker), Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Black and Mrs. Beatrice Larned Whitney Massey.

Among Detroiters to attend the convention were Mrs. Murray Sales, who has been west for the winter, Mrs. Dexter M. Ferry, Jr., Mrs. Harold F. Wardell, Mrs. Edith Knight Butler, Mrs.

(Continued on Page 22)

The House of Frederick E. Good

Buckingham Road
Birmingham

Wallace Frost, Architect



Above: Although the rooms are rather small they are given the effect of spaciousness by the wide openings between. The living-room and dining-room occupy the back of the house overlooking the garden.

Left: This delightful little entrance hall sets the character of the house with its white board doors, iron hinges and fixtures and scrubbed brick floor. The front door opens in sections.

Photographs by T. Ellison

Below: The white clapboard house is Dutch colonial in type. Note the deeply recessed front door with its outer storm door and brick steps. Behind the open porch is a charming small sunken garden.



SOCIETY

By KATHARINE ATKINSON

Easter morning dawned bright and glorious in spite of the heavy fall of snow, in fact in the Hills district everything was especially lovely and only to those who have grown tired of the long winter was it a disappointment. Many who had hoped to spend the day in the open were snowbound and several amateur gardeners who had planned on putting in the first seeds were forced to resort to indoor sports for amusement. Owing to the heavy fall of snow many of the clubs were without week-end guests.

Every one is looking forward to the opening of the golf season and many of the courses have been improved in various ways. Especially attractive is the grouping of small pines and cedars on the Bloomfield course. The redecorating of the interior has added greatly to the appearance of the club house.

The first of the large social affairs given in April was the dinner-dance given at the Bloomfield Hills Country club on Monday evening April 5th by Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd M. Roberts in honor of Miss Mary Josephine Collins and Sherman Fitz-Simons who were married on April 10th. Mr. and Mrs. W. Dean Robinson also honored Miss Collins and Mr. Fitz-Simons at a supper-dance at the Book-Cadillac on Thursday evening April 8th.

Mrs. James Thayer McMillan of Grosse Pointe Park entertained 16 young people on Wednesday March 31st at the Bloomfield Hills club in honor of her daughter.

After a delightful winter spent in Miami, and in cruising about the coast, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Winningham of Robin Hood's Barn have returned home.

Mr. David R. Wilson of Pontiac gave a delightful supper party on Monday evening April 5th at the Bloomfield Hills Club. A buffet supper was served to 36 guests.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Barbour of "Briarbank" entertained a family party in New York over the Easter holiday their guests being their daughter and son-in-law Mr. and Mrs. James E. Duffey of Ann Arbor, their son William T. Barbour and their daughter Miss Ella who joined them in New York after having been the guest of Mrs. Guy Cady of Miami. Miss Barbour was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Betty Cady. Miss Barbour also visited Miss Henrietta Hoops in Wilmington, Delaware.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Klingensmith who spent the winter in Fairhope, Alabama, are guests at the Bloomfield Hills club. They expect to move into their new home on Square Lake this month.

Miss Louise Burrowes of Farmington entertained at luncheon on Thursday April 1st at her home.

Among the students returning from Ann Arbor on April 9th for their spring vacation were Jack Blanchard, Frank W. Atkinson, Jr., Francis Roehm and Elliott Chamberlin.



Miss Mary Turner who has a charming home in Santa Barbara, is returning to Detroit this month for a visit. While here Miss Turner will be at "The Wylies" and will have as her guest Miss Roff of California for whom she will entertain at luncheon on April 22d.

Mr. John Vhay of Santa Barbara and his son Jack who is a student at Princeton, have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Vhay of Bloomfield Center.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Shipman of Maryland avenue, Birmingham have returned from a two months stay in the south where they visited in Mississippi and Hollywood, Florida.

The Senior class of the Liggett School had a delightful week-end party during March at Vliet House in Clarkston. Miss Isabelle Davis, Miss Mary Morley and Miss Nancy Atkinson were among those who enjoyed the party.

The Wylie's charming house on Jefferson avenue has been the scene of many delightful entertainments during the past month. One of the most attractive luncheons of the season being the one given on Thursday April 8th before the wedding of Miss Mary Elizabeth Waterman and Mr. Ralph Isham Farwell of Chicago. Mrs. Howard W. Longyear of Grosse Pointe who gave the luncheon in honor of the groom's mother had as her guests the out of town people who were here for the wedding.

Mrs. Charles L. Palms who has been in Camden, S. C. for three months has returned home. Her daughter and son-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Harold Buckley who have been living in Mrs. Palm's home have moved to their country home near Oxford.

Grosse Ile, the lovely island down the river, has come into its own again. It seemed early in the winter as though the entire population had packed up and gone to Florida. Last week brought many of the travelers home and already they are planning the formal opening of the two very attractive golf courses. The Grosse Ile Golf and Country Club opened April 7th.

Mrs. Frederick Anderson whose home on the Island has always been most attractive both in the winter months and during the summer has been entertaining her grandchildren, Richard, Godwin and Frederick Jennings, while their parents Dr. and Mrs. Jennings are in Tryon, N. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McNabb and family who have spent the winter in Clearwater, Florida have returned home.

Mrs. George Balch has leased her home on the Island to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kurtel. Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Mitchell will be in the Kurtel home for another year.

Mrs. Robert L. Stanton was the guest last week of her brother Dr. Addington Newman at his home on Jefferson avenue.





Photo by R. D. Coulter, Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Raymond Reilly of Birmingham, in the costume which she wore at a recent Junior League Benefit in Grand Rapids. Mrs. Reilly sang a group of French songs and generally added to the liveliness of the affair.

Mrs. Sherman L. Depew and her daughters Valerie and Frances who have been visiting Dr. and Mrs. Harry Torrey at their winter home Ossabow Island, were joined in New York at Easter by Mrs. Frederick F. Wormer and her daughter Mrs. George Allison and Nancy Allison. Mrs. Wormer returned to Detroit with her grandchildren last week but Mrs. Allison and Mrs. Depew will remain in the East for a week longer.

On Friday April 24th Mrs. Frank Allen Whitten, who by the way is the sister of that delightful author Julien Street, will give a luncheon at "The Wylies" in honor of Miss Margaret Litle who will be married on the following day to Mr. Colin Campbell. Mrs. Whitten's guests will include the bridal party.

Mrs. William J. Barr of Washington road, Grosse Pointe, was hostess at a luncheon at "The Wylies" last week and Miss Marie Comstock entertained 10 guests the same day at a luncheon in honor of her mother's birthday.

Mr. John Vhay of Santa Barbara gave a delightful dinner party followed by a theatre party at "What Price Glory" on Monday evening April 6th in honor of his son Jack. The guests included Delphine Vhay, Mary Morley, Nancy Atkinson, Isabelle Davis, James Vhay, and Mortimer Neff.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Spencer Withee were hosts at a jolly supper on Sunday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Owen Mulkey, (Marion Lambert) who were married in March.

Among the parties given for the school set during the Easter vacation were a luncheon given by Adelaide Fellman, a tea in honor of Miss Betty Blanchard and Miss Suzanne House on Sunday March 6th given by Miss Barbara Potter, a supper party by Miss Nancy Atkinson and a tea by Miss Isabelle Davis.

Many delightful affairs have been given in Birmingham in honor of Mrs. James E. Howe of Virginia, Minn., who is spending several months with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Wall. On Thursday afternoon, March 18, Mrs. Harry J. Connine entertained at luncheon in honor of Mrs. Howe and the following Sunday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Fellows complimented her with a buffet supper. Mrs. Max Glover, on March 25 was hostess at a bridge luncheon for Mrs. Howe and Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Asper the next evening, entertained at dinner.

Miss Romaine Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Thompson of "Kennoway" returned from Dana Hall on March 27 to be with her parents for Easter.

On Saturday evening March 27, the Village Players presented at their March meeting two one-act plays, "An Even Break," written by William Petty, adapted for the stage by Helen Spinning; and enacted by Mrs. Harrison J. Stringham, Mr. Leigh Lynch, Mr. Herbert Zerbe and Mr. John Saunders. "Enter the Hero," directed by Mr. Richard Fowler, included Mrs. Cecil Charlton, Miss Katherine Donnelly, Mrs. William Chamberlain, and Mr. E. W. Chapin in its cast.



Photo by D. D. Spellman

Miss Nancy Jewett spent the Spring recess with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Jewett of "Bloomfield Farms," Walled Lake. Miss Jewett is a Junior at the Bennett School.

After the performance, Mrs. Leigh Lynch, and Mrs. Richard Fowler entertained at buffet suppers at their respective homes.

During April the Village Players plan to give a public presentation as they did last year. Their meetings are of necessity exclusive of all but the members of the organization, as their quarters in the Community House are more or less cramped.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Gordon, of Lincoln Road, returned late in March, from Miami, where they had been visiting Mrs. Gordon's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Ford of Minneapolis, since the beginning of the winter. Mrs. Gordon's sister, Miss Virginia Ford returned with them for a short visit before going on to her home in Minneapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. John Watling, who have been in Biloxi, Miss., since January spent a few weeks in Washington, D. C., during March where they were joined by their sons, Jack and Palmer, who attend the Phillips Andover Academy, for their spring holiday. Mr. and Mrs. Watling went on to Atlantic City for a visit before they return to Birmingham.

The Birmingham Community House announces its annual spring drive for funds, to close on May 12. A luncheon for the captains will be held at the home of Mrs. T. R. Donovan, on April 22, and a round-up luncheon for all workers will be held on May 12.

The Community House's birthday party will be held on April 28, at the House and will take the form of a tea.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlow Davock, of Dewey street, spent the week-end of April 4th in Culver, Ind., with their son, Harlow Davock, Jr., who is attending Culver Military Academy.



Photo by D. D. Spellman

Miss Betty Blanchard is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Morley of "Hill Hollow," Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield. Miss Blanchard attends the Bennett School.



Photo by Bachrach

Mrs. Frank C. Blandon of Birmingham who, with Mr. Blandon, is spending the remainder of the winter at Pinehurst, N. C.

Mrs. E. G. Wasey of Harmon avenue, left April 5, for the East, to visit her son, George, who is attending school there.

Stephen Farr Booth, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Booth, was christened on Easter afternoon, at the Cranbrook Meeting House. Rev. Dr. S. S. Marquis officiated. Raymond Smith and Ralph Calden were godfathers, and Mrs. Hugh McMillan acted as godmother.

Mr. and Mrs. Booth returned the week before Easter from a trip to Asheville and New York.

Miss Rosalind Knox of Brady Lane was hostess at a delightful bridge luncheon on Saturday, April 10, at the D. A. C.

* * * *

Mrs. Fred D. Farrar, and her small daughters, Virginia Crane and Mary Caroline, left on Tuesday April 6, for Chicago, to visit Mrs. Farrar's parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Hinkins. Mrs. Farrar acted as matron of honor to her former schoolmate, Miss Emma Clarke, whose wedding took place on April 10.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Sterling of "Sterlingcroft," who have been spending the winter in California, left Los Angeles on the 13th for the trip home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Holmes, who have been spending the winter in Biloxi, Mississippi have returned to their home at Pine Lake, West Bloomfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Millington, Miss Elinor Millington, Miss Meredith and Master Theodore Millington, Jr., of Squirrel Road, are spending a few weeks at the Sunset Hill Club.

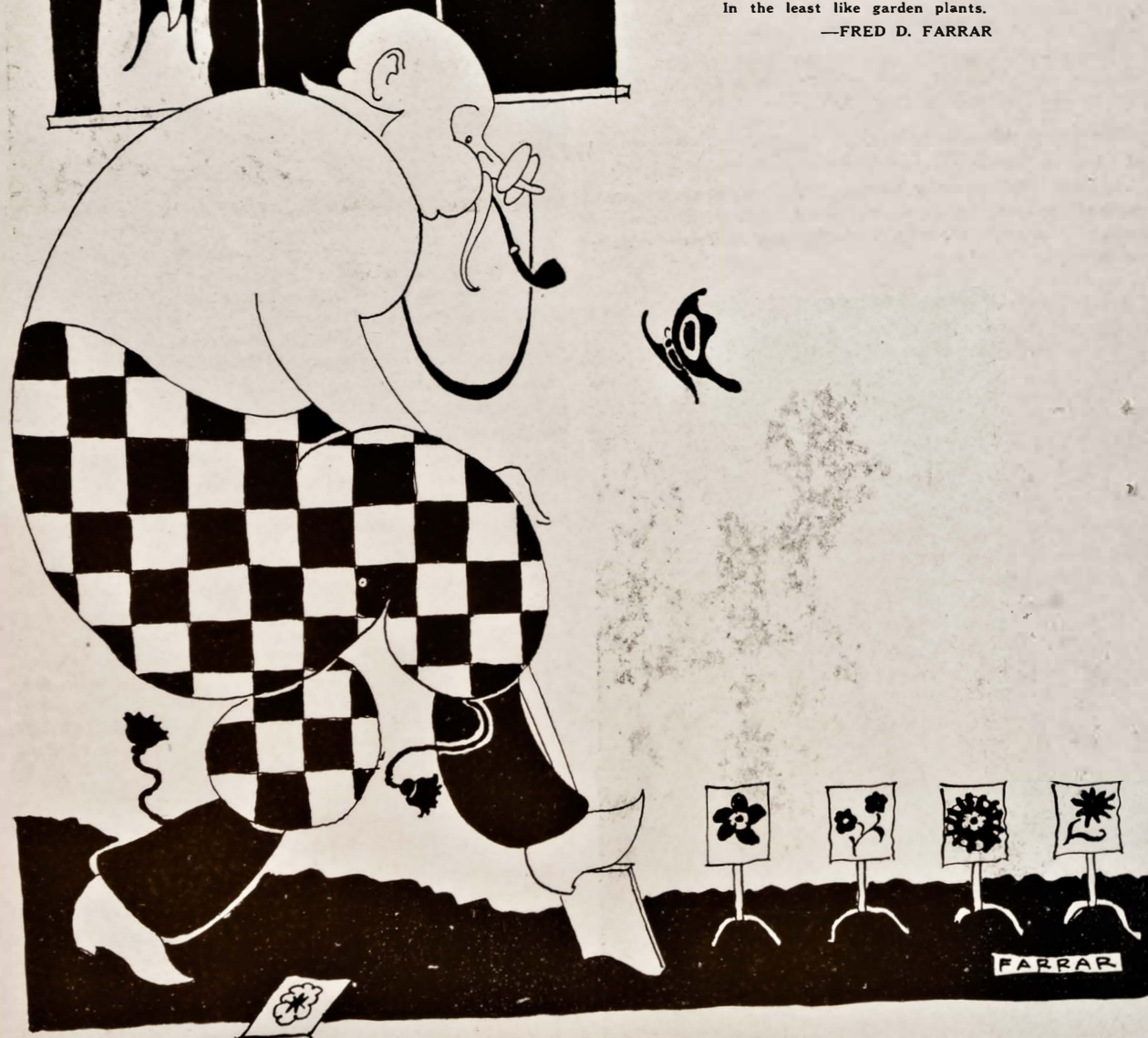
Mr. and Mrs. William Reilly of Greenwood avenue, Birmingham, returned recently from a trip through the West Indies.

(Continued on Page 23)



As the caterpillar woolly
From his sleep awakens fully
Changed to golden butterfly—
Even so the seeds that I
Merrily will soon be planting,
By some alchemy enchanting
From their sleep so deep and warm
Will awake to take the form
Of the dandelion yellow,
Of the puff-ball round and mellow,
Of the tall and graceful mullen
Of the thistle sharp and sullen,
Of the catnip meek and lowly,
Of the cockle-burr unholy,
Thus my seedlings all will take
Divers forms when they awake.
Never though by any chance
In the least like garden plants.

—FRED D. FARRAR



The Spring Gardening Panic

How to Prolong Your First Enthusiasm

By E. GENEVIEVE GILLETTE

SOME people tell when Spring has arrived by the looks of the coal bin! Others tell by the weight of their winter hat and still others sense a change in the season through the notes in the society columns. It seems to me that landscape architects tell when spring comes by the sudden activity of telephones.

It is so easy on the first sunshiny day to look out of the window and feel that your dahlias ought to be planted. And then it is so much easier to step to the telephone and assume an injured air because your gardner or your landscape architect has not been out and planted your garden or at least trimmed the lilac bushes. Of course your gardening enthusiasm has been bottled up all winter and you have gotten well over the sting of last year's failures so you get all "fussed up" and just bubble over when the first rays of an April sun plays on your imagination.

Now your gardner and your landscape architect know this. They are annoyed perhaps that you aren't displaying absolute confidence in them, but on the whole they are tremendously glad you like your garden and that your old enthusiasm has returned. But too well they know that you cannot hurry the weather and that he who over-enthuses on the strength of April sun lays up for himself extra backaches in May and perhaps not a few disappointments. Little seeds and young plants are tender, tender things. It isn't fair to put them out in an earth that is cold and lumpy and wet. If you really loved plants and growing things you just wouldn't and couldn't do it and your better sense would tell you that they grow twice as fast when the weather favored their growing. There is a saying somewhere that says something about a time to laugh and a time to weep—and so on.

Every Spring that comes and goes I answer the same old questions a thousand times. So I am going to put them down in black and white here in the hope that it may answer someone before they get ready to ask. This whole article is going to be about "times to do things!"

I. Yes. You plant almost all kinds of shrubs in the spring. They are planted in the fall too and there are advantages and disadvantages to both methods. Fall planting is supposed to give a quicker start in the spring and this is sometimes very important if the spring weather is unfavorable for setting shrubs. Fall set shrubbery is practically sure to get away to a better start and is then likely to withstand the summer better. But there may have been good reasons why you could not have it done in the fall and if so I would be the last to advise you to wait until another fall to set your shrubs. There are sure to be a few days or a week or two after the time when the ground would be ready and before the shrubs would be leaved too much. Then if you have your shrubs all ordered and everything ready you can get them set without any difficulties and still prevent serious setbacks.

II. No, we usually set perennials in the fall. They get started more quickly too

if planted in autumn but it might be well enough to try some last year's seedling plants; you save yourself money that way even if you do wait a little longer for blooms but it is a good way of reinforcing your border which may have been frozen back by a severe winter or become uninteresting through lack of new faces on the screen. In this way too you can try out some of the finer varieties with which you are not familiar at small expense and a maximum of delight. There are some few perennials which are always better set in the spring but the catalogues usually indicate these.

III. Annuals are always planted in spring. Either the seeds are sown as early as danger of cold weather is over directly in the ground or else the little plants are planted in well prepared soil, the weeds having first been sown in the greenhouse or hotbed. When you plant these fragile annual plants you must be careful to have the soil nice and fine and well worked up because their roots are slender. Annual plants cannot be planted too early and if the seed is sown outdoors it is well to plant much more seed than you think necessary. It is easier to thin out than to lose time and have to begin over again.

IV. Fall or late summer flowering bulbs are the only ones to be planted in the springtime. The most important of these are the lilies. *Lilium candidum*, old fashioned Madonna lily is planted in the fall but it is about the only one that cannot be planted in the spring. Some of the others may be planted in fall but spring will do as well. All the lovely early flowering bulbs must be planted in Fall.

V. Evergreen trees are said to be best transplanted in September. Still they are successfully moved, if you know how, in spring. It is their "poor time" however and if you can as well wait until fall the chance of keeping them is greater in ordinary cases.

VI. Small deciduous trees may be set in spring although fall is considered better. Large trees must be moved in ordinary cases when a ball of earth may be frozen to their roots. There are tree experts in these United States who can move a ten inch tree in full leaf in July and not lose a leaf in the process but they are not in Michigan and don't agree to do it often.

VII. All shrubs that bloom in the spring are not to be trimmed until after they bloom. Early blooming shrubs have their flower buds all developed in March and are just waiting for fine weather in which to display their fine blossoms. Therefore when you trim them in the spring you cut off the flower buds and get no flowers. Just after they flower is the time to trim them. With shrubs flowering in the fall this does not hold; trim them early in spring and the earlier the better. Probably March would not be too soon.

VIII. Now I am always asked and asked about roses! You might get the notion to hear people talk that the rose was the only flower on the fact of the globe. Mr. MacFarland tells about making the rose universal in America. Well! If Mr. MacFarland can make it as universal in gardening

(Concluded on Page 26)



What the Clubs Are Doing

By Harold George

Great squawks and cries of anguish now ring throughout our land. The horrible deterioration which set in early last Fall is showing its dread effect, and it will be Fall again before all traces are erased.

"Fore!", battle cry of the army marching out against Bogey, Par & Co. resounds again o'er hill and casual water. Bogey, Par and all their contemptible allies will be struck down and tossed out with untiring and unrelenting persistence. But the colossal ignorance of the forces of Bogey, etc., will bring them back just as often because they haven't sense enough to know when they're beaten.

This verbiage, brought on by a sudden unexpected flash of sunshine after all hope of ever seeing the sun again had been abandoned, means in the simple jargon of the golfer: "Spring has come." The golf season is open.

The earliest birds, apparently, are those at Bloomfield Hills and Oakland Hills. Their clubs are open all winter and go in more or less for winter sports. That undoubtedly accounts for it. They get so adept with snowshoes and skis that a snowdrift or two on the course means little if anything to them.

Both Bloomfield and Oakland have been playing golf since almost the first day of the month, and Bloomfield reports an average attendance of nearly 30 players daily. The formal openings have not been held, naturally, since no regular competition is planned before the first of May.

Red Run probably will be the first to start competition. The opening event is scheduled for Saturday, April 17, a kickers' handicap, and from that date through the season a tournament of one kind or another is on the boards for every week-end and every holiday. Red Run has a golf committee that takes Time by the forelock and tosses him for

the count. The whole season's schedule for both men and women has been published in book form for nearly a month.

It is only a question of days, however, for the rest of the clubs. Players have been tramping around at Plum Hollow for a month and the staff returned in the middle of March, but play has not been general. Plum Hollow, like all the others, has been soft as a result of the uncompromising Spring. A new bridge that will save a long and tedious climb will be received with shouts of glee by many Plum Hollers when they go out the first time.

Meadowbrook is badly cut up in spots, caused by installation of the new watering system, but it is convalescing rapidly and nobody will know the difference shortly. A day or two of sun and wind is all Meadowbrook needs to snap the course into life. Work goes ahead rapidly on the new locker room, which is to be the first unit of the new clubhouse.

Brooklands will have its formal opening late in April. Several twosomes and now and then a stray foursome have wandered out across the links already this year. The clubhouse presents a snappy greeting with its fresh decorations, just completed.

Birmingham is straining at the leash, champing at the bit, not to say rarin' to go. Golf will be bigger and better every day in every way, as usual, but the club is going in for social activities as well this summer. The season started off with a crash of cymbals by means of a big party in town and the ladies will carry on in the country as soon as the club house warms up enough.

Pine Lake awaits only the return of President Prentice from California to unlock the front door and pull up the shades. He was expected home not later than the fifteenth of April.



Sketch for a house in Crestview, by Robert W. Tempest, Architect



A BLOOMFIELD
MIGRATION
TO CUBA

Nineteen prominent Bloomfielders caught (and blinded) by the flashlight at dinner in the Inglette Hotel, Havana. Beginning with the gentleman at this end and reading from left to right they are: Mr. John Brunton, of Edinburgh, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morley, Mr. Charles Roehm, Mrs. Bert Morley, Mr. Manley Davis, Mrs. Frank Hamilton, Mr. Bert Morley, Mrs. E. H. Griffith, Mr. John Vhay, Mrs. Ralph Polk (at the end of the table), Dr. R. C. Jamieson, Mrs. T. R. Donovan, Mr. Ralph Polk, Mrs. Brunton, Mr. Donovan, Mrs. Jamieson, Mr. Hamilton, and Mrs. Manley Davis. The dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Donovan for Mr. and Mrs. John Brunton, of Edinburgh, friends who happened to be cruising in the islands at the same time as the Bloomfield party.

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Winter Hunting for the Bloomfield Hounds

(Continued from Page 7)

while lack of action has a deteriorating influence on Hunt personnel.

Kentucky and Tennessee lie directly south of Michigan. These states have been known to most of us for a great many years as the home of well bred horses. In the past year a few of us learned that they also were the homes of probably more foxhounds than any other of the states, possibly excepting Virginia, Pennsylvania and Maryland. Also, with the exceptions above noted, they are probably the localities where more foxhunting is done, the hunting, however, is of a little different sort and is commonly known as "hill-topping"—that is, the hounds are taken out to a likely covert and turned loose, they cast themselves in all directions and the hunter depends upon his ear rather than his eye for information as to the working of the hounds. In fact, a large percentage of the hunting is done at night for the reason more foxes are out then, the scenting is better, and quicker and surer starts are made, and generally a better run is had, the process being more of a campfire gathering than a gallop across country which most of us here consider essential to a full enjoyment of the game.

The weather reports show Kentucky to have a climate similar to that of Virginia, while Tennessee has a climate similar to North Carolina. Both of these states have a variety of country, varying from that around Lexington—probably the finest farming district in the United States—to rough, mountainous country in the east—too rough for even hunting. Between these extremes there are many places with country entirely suitable for hunting.

With the view of being able to give hunting to its members during the winter time, the Bloomfield Open Hunt last month sent to Nashville, Tennessee a part of its pack by motor truck and hunted some of the surrounding country. After three weeks there the hounds were moved to Camp Knox, Kentucky, thirty miles south of Louisville and hunted two weeks there. Both places have many good points. The Tennessee country properly developed would compare favorably with the best in Virginia while its superior climate would make it much more desirable than Virginia for winter hunting. Kentucky also has country which properly developed would be as good as any in the United States, but it has the same drawback as Virginia—its winter climate is quite uncertain. On the other hand, from a Northerner's



point of view it has the great advantage of accessibility. You may leave Detroit after attending the theatre and hunt the next day in Kentucky. The same point makes Virginia so attractive to the New Yorker. The local representative in Virginia telephones the New Yorker at dinnertime that conditions are good and the next day without loss of time he enjoys a good run. For these reasons Kentucky could be worked as a week-end proposition. Tennessee is too far for that, but if one wishes to be away for a week or so at a time it offers a safe bet.

While foxhunting as it now exists in Kentucky and Tennessee will continue to grow, undoubtedly there will also be developed hunting as we know it—that is packs well mened and under control will in the day hunt a country suitable to cross a horse back. There are many now who would like to do this and the little junket of the Bloomfield hounds aroused considerable interest down there and stimulated the desire for hunting in that form.

The following was written by J. Churchill Newcomb, editor of "The Chase," a magazine devoted to foxhunting, and describes a day with the Bloomfield hounds at Camp Knox, Kentucky:

"Wednesday, March 10: Clear and bright with a slight steady wind from the N. E. The temperature was about 40 degrees going up to 60 towards noon. Jean Yates, the local banker closed his bank for the day and joined us as did Mr. Reiss Dickson, manager of the Kentucky Silica plant. Several of the officers also turned out, and all horses were taken. The field rode from kennels at 8:15 o'clock.

Hounds were trucked out a mile through the woods on the N. E. side of the Aviation field. A half mile from here the huntsmen threw them into a covert. Within five minutes they had found a cold trail which they worked out until they had a grey on foot. They rushed him along for thirty minutes, the trail growing better every minute and the tongue getting shorter and quicker. Galloping through the wood we climbed a hill in time to see the pack swing from a hollow a hundred feet ahead of us and bear south where they were interfered with by some hunters who burst out of the woodland on the up wind side and probably rode over scent. Hounds entered the yard of a deserted house and checked. One hound seemed to strike and the pack was hushed to her. They ran through the yard southwest and lost on the edge of an open field three-quarters of a mile in extent. Probably the fox had turned and the horses had ridden over his trail. A Tom Smith cast here might have picked them up, but he was so hard pressed that in all events he would soon have taken to one of the numerous earths.

The huntsmen made a straightaway. Hounds whipped across first field to a woodland and due east across another field, and another wood. Turning back in a long loop, the huntsmen pushed along toward the place where the pack made its first strike. Here they put up a grey which none of us saw and put him to earth immediately, as tracks the next day disclosed. Then a good trail was hit. Hounds soon had their quarry rolling along. Time and again he was in our view and much of the time he must have been in plain sight as well as up the nostrils of the pack. He doubled and turned through fields and through woods. Sometimes he elected to go straight away for half a mile and then again he would turn back. All of us were red in the face from crying the pack on and keeping the field up with us. The front flight kept within a hundred feet of hounds most of the time, and the huntsmen and whip seemed to run under the same blanket. In long straight aways, of course the pack put distance between us, but all of us are agreed that we never saw a country in which one could keep closer to hounds.

(Continued on Page 26)



Country Comment

Another large tract of acreage has been recently purchased by Judson Bradway. This tract, formerly known as the Alger Farms, is composed of 450 acres and lies east of Woodward between Bloomfield Estates and Trowbridge Farms, connecting these subdivisions with Bloomfield Manor and Eastover Farms, all of which are Judson Bradway developments.

* * * *

Wormer and Moore will open a new office in Rochester about April 20.

* * * *

That Bloomfield Hills will soon have in beautiful White Chapel Memorial Park, the most modern burial park in America is the statement of C. J. Sanger, president of the Park Development Company, 620-1 Book Bldg., Detroit. Its 75-acre site is located on Long Lake Road in the heart of the Bloomfield Hills district, and, according to Mr. Sanger, the company is planning to spend approximately one million dollars toward the beautification of this park which will have no stonework above the ground, outside of a \$150,000 white stone entrance, a \$250,000 chapel, an artificial mirror lake and fountain, and a number of pieces of classic sculpture. In addition, a fund of nearly a half million dollars will be set aside for perpetual care. The new project is being accepted in a most enthusiastic manner, and Mr. Sanger predicts that it will not be long before Bloomfield Hills district may point with pride to this beautiful memorial park.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gillette, Jr., are remodeling the old Thurber home on Wing Lake Shores—one of Wormer and Moore's developments.

* * * *

Recommendation for a postoffice to be located in the Bloomfield Hills district has been sent to Washington by William P. Walters, postoffice inspector. Walters said no location had been selected for the postoffice and that residents of Bloomfield are expected to aid the postoffice authorities in the selection of a suitable place for the proposed station.

* * * *

Mr. Otto Huck and Mr. Alfred Stephens are building homes on Stinchfield Acres, another of Wormer and Moore's subdivisions.

* * * *

On the shores of Wing Lake, closest-in of Oakland County's lakes, are two new residence communities of Wormer & Moore, known as Wing Lake Shores and Wing Lake Estates. Restrictions will attract the builders of a year-round home, who enjoy the added summer time advantages of a location adjoining a body of water. A portion of the lake frontage is devoted to a park for the exclusive use of residents.

* * * *

Mrs. Harold Palmer has recently purchased the Frank Kuhn farm, next to the Francis Palms estate. She will probably build on it in the near future.

* * * *

The firm of Saunders-Colgrove have moved to new quarters. Their new offices are over the new First State Savings Bank on the corner of Woodward and Maple avenues, Birmingham.

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YOUR
DOG

The Shepherd

By H. F. LEIGHTON, V. M. D., PH. G.

THIS breed of dogs has different official names: in America he is the Shepherd; in England, the Alsatian; and in Germany the German Shepherd, and from his popular use he is called the "Police Dog." However, this name has nothing to do with the breed, as the Doberman Pinscher was used for police work long before the Shepherd, and Airedales and Collies were also used successfully for this work. The term "Police Dog" has reference to the training, not to the breed.

The German Shepherd has been used most for police work, and during the World War won distinction in that field. In view of the fact that they have become popular in this country since the war, they are generally known as "Police Dogs."

The German Shepherd was first heard of about the middle of the 19th Century, and was used for herding entirely. Probably he has undergone the most scientific breeding or any family of dogs. Great care has been used by German Scientists in selecting for character and temperament.

Contrary to the belief of many there is no wolf blood in these dogs. Their wolf-like appearance is due entirely to scientific breeding to type.



The German Shepherd is an out-of-door dog, a utility dog, and should be kept as such. When trained he makes an excellent farm dog, but he is never at home in town or city. He is quick, active and strong, and very beautiful to look at. Some of them make fair gun dogs, and some are trained after the fashion of the bloodhound. There is a great variety of colors, ranging from snow white to jet black. The most common are wolf gray, black and tan—a black saddle and tan underbodies, and black and cream.

In this country, due to our close housing and lack of out-door life and exercise, the German Shepherd is hard to raise. He stands distemper badly owing to his nervous temperament, and too often he succumbs to convulsions and cholera. He thrives much better if he has plenty of exercise and open air. At best he is nervous and excitable and always restless, demanding constant entertainment.

Fakes I Have Known

(Continued from Page 8)

said my friend to himself, is a complete specimen of old Florentine palazzo. Only why have modern shutters at the windows, and closed ones at that, keeping out most of the light? Then he reflected that sunshine is very brilliant in Italy and thought no more about it. Going from room to room the guide expatiated on the virtues of the owner of the palace—a paragon, but for one fault, that of gambling. Would the Signore kindly regard that space on the wall over the credenza? Alas, until the month previous that space had been filled by a superb picture by Titian, one of the wonders of Italy. Now it graced the collection of a rich American and all because of a cursed run of ill luck at Monte Carlo. Then the dealer went on to say that some of the furniture would have to go next, as the Count was gambling again, this time at Saint Sebastien. Such a pity, such—. Cutting short his exclamations, my friend hurried him out of the palace and once free of him, taxied to the home of a gifted amateur collector. There he told of his amazing discovery and the wonderful opportunity of acquiring museum pieces for very small sums, provided, of course, that the roulette tables favored them. The collector began to laugh—an ominous sign. Then he explained that the fat little dealer was the owner of the palazzo, that he had filled it with fakes and second-rate examples from his own shop, that the shutters by preventing close inspection, were fulfilling an important mission, and lastly that more than one unwary visitor had been caught in the net. As for the mythical owner, baccarat at Deauville would probably attract his attention next.

Occasionally one comes across what might be termed genuine fakes, the accuracy of the term depending on the attitude of the salesman. A dealer attempting to sell a piece of furniture made sometime about 1770, during the revival of the Gothic style in England, might represent his ware as a genuine example of the Gothic revival, or on the other hand he might tell you that it was a genuine Gothic piece. In the first instance he is stating his case accurately, in the second he is obviously twisting the facts to suit his own case. Usually the dealer is very careful in his phraseology, leaving himself a loophole for escape. I remember once finding an ivory statuette of the Virgin and Child in a small shop in Nantes. Though the pose was mediaeval, the treatment was unmistakably Renaissance and I diagnosed the ivory as a sixteenth century copy of a fourteenth century work. Before I had a chance to air my opinion the dealer informed me that what I beheld was a gem, a jewel, a phoenix among ivories, that rara avis, a genuine example of Gothic ivory. When I replied, yes, a genuine Renaissance copy of a Gothic ivory, he was disappointed but in no way cast down. Very blandly he went on to assure me that he had used the adjective "genuine" not to modify the word "Gothic", actually used, but rather the word "Renaissance", implied and presumably understood by me. His whole manner was a delicate reproof for questioning anything made as long ago as the sixteenth century.

The large majority of spurious furniture is, however, of very recent date. And what makes the situation alarming is the skill with which old furniture is imitated today. At this point I foresee an interruption to the effect that if furniture is so well imitated as to make detection difficult, what difference does it make if one buys the counterfeit for the genuine? To which there are several replies—one, practical: why pay the price of an original for a modern copy; another, sentimental: why forego the thrill of possessing a piece made during the reign of, say, Charles II or of Marie Antoinette, offering endless possibilities for romantic asso-

(Concluded on Page 27)

PICTURES TAPESTRIES BRONZES



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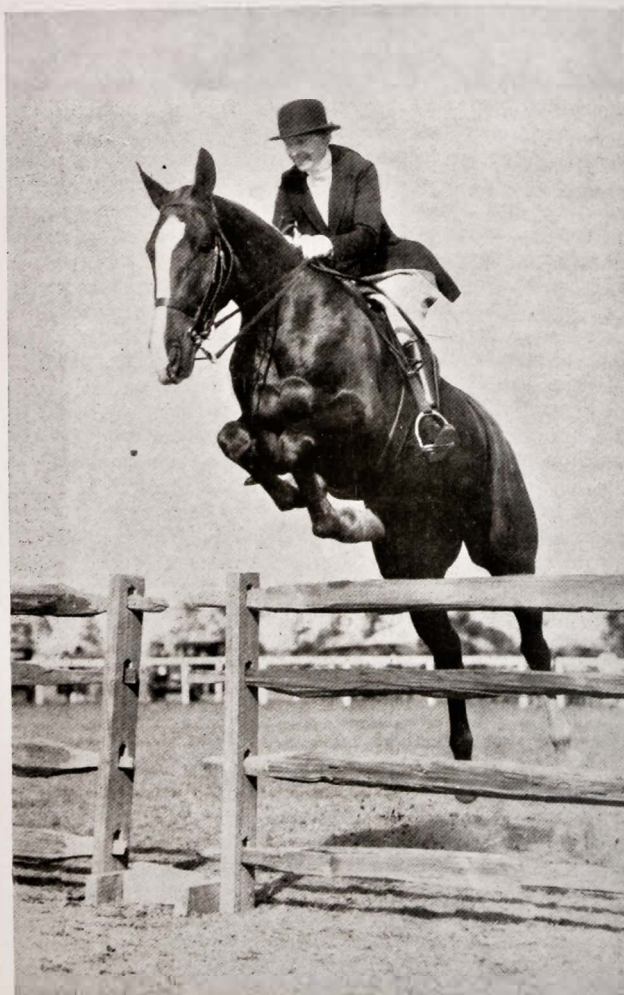
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Mrs. Carlton Higbie of Detroit, on "Hackler," took first prize in the middleweight hunters' class at the Pinehurst, N. C., horseshow last month.

Detroiters Gather at Santa Barbara

(Concluded from Page 9)

James S. Holden, and Mrs. Benjamin S. Warren. Mrs. Warren was the house-guest of Mrs. Edward Lowe of Grand Rapids who also entertained Mrs. Ferry in her Santa Barbara home.

The editor of the Garden Club bulletin has this to say about the setting for the convention: "California will be at its best, empty of trippers, full of roses and wild flowers, with clear skies . . . could anything be more alluring? The fatigue of four days constant travel will be forgotten as we slide over the Cajon Pass and see the lights of San Bernardino far, far below. It's Westward Ho for all of us—and a great adventure for many of us."

Cohn
MILLINERY

Day Time Apparel

Sports Clothes -- Costume Jewelry
35 ADAMS AVE. EAST

Society

(Continued from Page 13)

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Curtis who have recently moved into their new home on Oak Knobs, left early in the month for a few weeks' stay in their winter home at Tryon, N. C. They were accompanied by a party of friends: Mr. and Mrs. J. Shurly Kennary, Mr. and Mrs. Roy G. Michell, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Wilkinson.

Miss Nancy Atkinson, daughter of the Frank Atkinsons, was hostess at a small dinner party April 6 at her home on Harmon avenue.

Mrs. Ralph H. Booth, Mrs. Walter O. Briggs, Mrs. Dexter M. Ferry, Jr., Mrs. Julius H. Haass, Mrs. Frank Scott Clark, Mrs. Ernest Kanzler, Mrs. William N. Miller, Mrs. C. Hayward Murphy, Mrs. Conrad H. Smith and Mrs. Richard H. Webber were hostesses at the opening of the Twelfth Annual Exhibition of American Art at the Detroit Institute of Arts, Tuesday evening, April 13. Music during the evening was furnished through the courtesy of the Chamber Music Society.

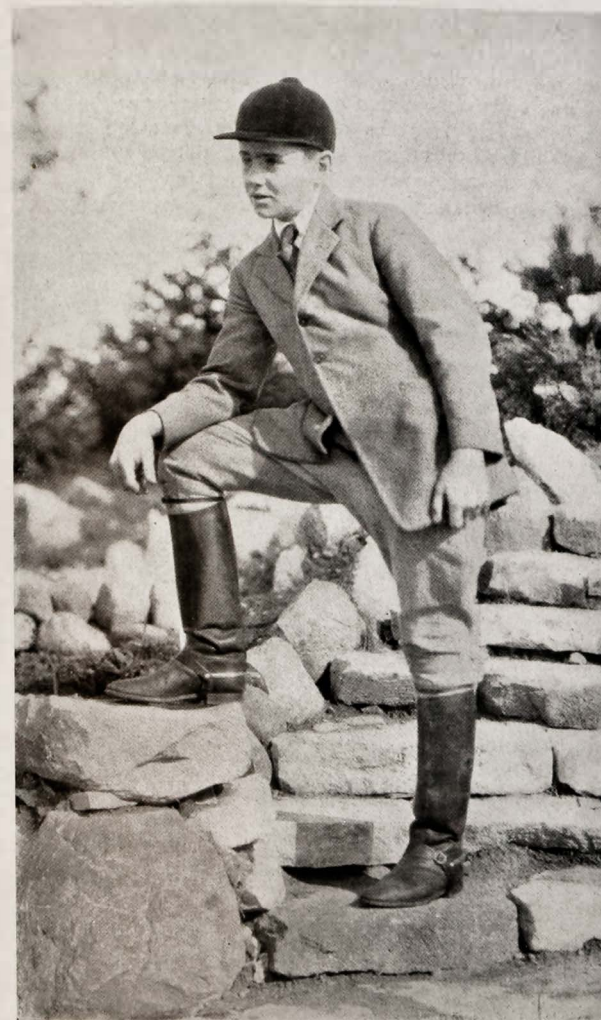


Photo by J. Wells Chilson
Frederick M. Hammond, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Hammond of "Hillwood," is one of the gallant young equestrians of the Bloomfield Open Hunt.

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Choice Perennials for the Flower Garden

By FRED C. ROTH

IN February we talked about planting the perennial garden, about a plan for this garden in which height and color of plants and flowers were taken into consideration. This month we give you below a list of some of the best perennials, with their colors and characteristics and general treatment.

Annual flowering plants are always raised from seed each year. Perennial flowering plants are propagated in various ways depending upon the characteristics of the particular variety. Some kinds are most easily raised from seed, while others are most easily propagated by division of the mature plants or by cuttings taken from the growing shoots. A few perennials will bloom the first year from seed sown in early spring. Other perennials are best sown in late summer and will not bloom until the following season. Perennials propagated by division of the plant, produce flowers the first season as a general rule. All perennials which are hybrid and come in named varieties, can only be propagated by division or by cuttings. Seeds from these plants will not produce plants like the parent but will revert back to the original stock. The most satisfactory way of starting a perennial garden is to use nursery grown plants. Get your plants from a good reliable nursery and insist on strong, two-year old clumps. This kind of stock will give you large plants and an abundance of bloom the first year.

Tufted Pansy (*Viola cornuta*): A low plant growing about six inches high with flowers similar to the pansy. The flowers are white, blue, yellow or purple depending

upon the variety. It is very good for edging since it blooms from April to October. It is also good for the rock garden as it will grow in sun or partial shade.

Forget-me-not (*Myosotis palustris*): A low-growing plant, about eight inches high, bearing small, light blue flowers with a yellow center. The flowers are borne in clusters and appear from May until September. Very good for an edging or bedding plant in shaded locations. It prefers a moist, partially shaded location, but will thrive in a sunny location if kept moist. Very good for naturalizing along streams.

Iceland Poppy (*Papaver nudicaule*): An early blooming perennial that grows about twelve inches high. The flowers are large, with crinkly petals, and are borne on long stems. They range in color from white, through yellow, to a deep orange. The blooms appear about the first of May and if not allowed to go to seed, will bloom continuously until frost. Prefers a light soil and a sunny location. Very good for the front of the perennial border or in the rock garden. Excellent for cutting. If the flowers are cut early in the morning while still in the bud and allowed to open in water, they will last several days.

Columbine (*Aquilegia canadensis*): A good free-blooming perennial growing about two feet high. It blooms through late May and June. The flowers are white, yellow, pink or blue depending upon the variety. Prefers a moist, light, sandy soil and a sunny location. Will grow in partial shade. A useful plant for the rock garden.

Clove Pinks (*Dianthus plumarius*): A low growing plant,

height about twelve inches, bearing single or double, carnation-like flowers. The flowers are very fragrant and vary in color from white to deep red. It blooms in June. A good plant for the rock garden and for the front of the perennial border. Will grow in any well-drained soil and in a sunny location. Divide the plants every three years. Very good for cutting.

Painted Daisy (*Pyrethrum roseum*): Height about one and a half feet. The flowers are single or double, daisy-like, ranging in color from white to red and with a yellow center. They are borne on long stems and are very good for cutting. If the flowers are picked before they go to seed, the plant will bloom all summer. If the whole plant is cut back after the blooming period, it will grow up again and bloom profusely in the fall. It prefers a light, sandy soil in a sunny location but will tolerate some shade.

Peony (*Paeonia officinalis*): The most favored of all perennials. The plants grow large averaging three feet in height and the same in diameter. The flowers are large, either single, semi-double or double, and ranging in color from white to deep reds and purples. Many varieties are fragrant. Blooms the last of May and through June. Prefers a rich, deep soil and will grow in full sun or partial shade. Very good as specimen plants in the perennial border or for massing in front of shrubs. Should be left undisturbed for at least ten years before dividing. Excellent for cutting. If all the side buds are removed from the flower stalk when small and only the terminal bud allowed to remain, larger and finer blooms will be produced. To prevent bud rot, spray the plants with Bordeaux mixture every week beginning with the first signs of growth and until they begin to bloom.

German or Bearded Iris (*Iris germanica*): A common and easily grown perennial ranging from two to three feet in height. The flowers are large and come in a variety of colors and combinations of colors. The colors are white, yellow, bronze, blue, lavender and purple. The drooping petals have a golden beard. A very decorative perennial and excellent for cutting. It blooms in late May and June. It will grow in very dry soils, and in sun or partial shade but prefers a rich soil in full sunlight. It should be divided every three years, preferably immediately after the blooming season.

Tickseed (*Coreopsis lanceolata*): It grows from two to three feet in height and is a mass of yellow flowers in June. If the flowers are not allowed to go to seed the plant will continue to bloom all summer. Since the foliage is rather scanty, it is best to plant with other plants having good foliage. Will grow in any soil and in a sunny location. Very good for cutting.

Blanket Flower (*Gaillardia grandiflora*): An easily grown perennial which will thrive under adverse conditions. It grows from two to three feet high. It produces an abundance of flowers from June to October. The flowers are daisy-like, the tips of the petals being yellow in color and the center, red. The general effect is a bright orange. Excellent for cutting. Will grow in any light, well-drained soil, and in full sun. It will tolerate a poor, dry soil.

Larkspur (*Delphinium*): There are a number of varieties ranging in height from two to eight feet and blooming at different times. One of the best is *D. belladonna* which grows three to four feet high and produces spikes of light blue flowers with white centers in late June and during July. *D. formosum* is another, similar to *D. belladonna* excepting that the flowers are deep blue with white centers. The most striking larkspur is *Delphinium English Hybrids*. The flowers range from the lightest blue to deep purple with white, grey or black centers. The plants are very vigorous, growing six feet high. All varieties are excellent

for cutting. They thrive best in a rich, sand loam and in full sun. They will grow in any good, garden soil and in either sun or partial shade. If larkspurs are cut down after blooming, fertilized and watered, they will bloom abundantly again in September. Every three or four years, the plants should be divided and replanted. To prevent blight, dig Bordeaux mixture powder into the soil about the crowns and spray the plants weekly with Bordeaux mixture.

Coral Bells (*Heuchera sanguinea*): A small perennial growing from one to two feet high. The foliage is evergreen and very ornamental. The flowers are small, bell-shaped, deep pink in color and grouped on slender, graceful stalks. It blooms from June until September. Excellent for cutting. Very good for the front of the perennial border or for the rock garden. Prefers a rich loam and will grow in sun or partial shade.

Shasta Daisy (*Chrysanthemum maxima*): Height eighteen to twenty-four inches. The flowers are large with white petals and yellow centers. It blooms during June and July. Excellent for cutting. Prefers a rich soil and full sun.

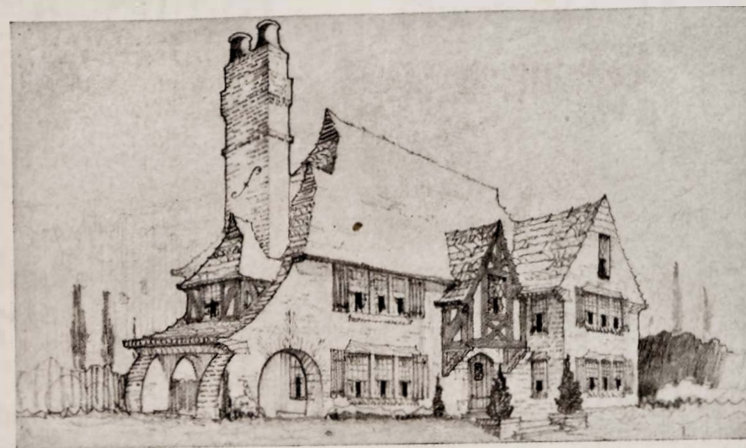
Phlox (*Phlox paniculata*): Height about three feet. The flowers are borne in large heads or clusters and vary in color from white through all shades of red, to violet. The flowers are fragrant and excellent for cutting. The blooming period extends through July, August and September using the early and late blooming varieties. Prefers a rich, moist soil and full sunlight. The clumps should be dug up, divided and replanted every three or four years.

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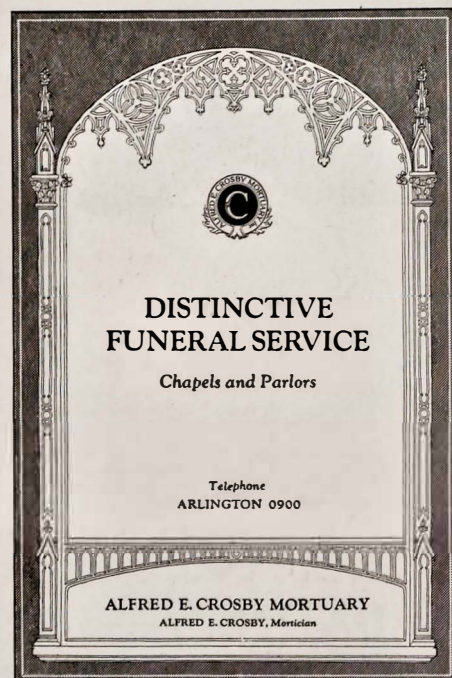
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Winter Hunting for the Bloomfield Hounds

(Concluded from Page 18)

The work of both the huntsmen and whip was brilliant, as a result of which the pack ran as a unit and gave good tongue from start to finish. What that finish was I can tell only through the eyes and description of others. The grey crossed the trail of a red which uses the country from the machine gun range south of the aviation field on due south across the old Dixie Highway to a rough, hilly, more heavily wooded country. Hounds picked up the red, jumped him and went away like the wind. Most of us were with the pack at this time. Before we reached the old highway, the field was making its point as best it could, each for himself and strung out like wild geese. Kirby, Woolridge and I plunged into a wood behind the hounds. A limb jerked my stirrup clean from the saddle. I was a fool to stop for it. By the time I had jammed the leathers through a tight safety catch and mounted my horse, which was too excited to stand still, hounds were out of hearing. I plunged through the wood and rode a mile across pasture land and never saw hounds again until that afternoon. Hilliard, Lowry, Watkins and Lt. Martin crossed the woods at another point and rode on till the fox was accounted for after a five mile point. Later I found the whip, and one by one the rest of the field. Those that I named galloped behind the red viewing him sometimes and seeing the pack most of the way. Their quarry doubled a mile back after his first point, then galloped on again for a mile until the pack had a good view of him. I understand that Clover, Cora and Chanter were in front much of the way. When he was forced to earth the lead hounds were snapping at his brush. He was marked to earth at about 11:45. Horses and men were so tired they hardly could return. Woolridge's horse fell down by the fox's den when Woolridge dismounted."

(Note: While the tape was not put on Mr. Woolridge his girth approximates that of E. P. Hammond, and he stands fully two hands higher.)

It is our belief that in the near future several hunts will be established in the South. It is possible that one or more of these Hunts may extend an invitation to the Bloomfield Open Hunt to bring their hounds down next winter. In that event those who were down there this year feel that it will be an opportunity not to be neglected by those who are fond of this sport.

The Spring Gardening Panic

(Continued from Page 15)

ens as it is universal in the minds of the general public he will have done a big thing. I hope he can do it—doubtless you do too. Therefore do not expect to take pot grown roses all in leaf and perhaps in bloom and set them when there is still danger of frost. Dormant roses, yes. But not pot grown tender plants. You know you never can depend upon the weather man down in East Lansing. He is a fickle little man and I like him a lot but he does play tricks that are not so funny if you are the one he tricks. I am more and more of the opinion that pot grown roses are much to be preferred. Therefore June is more likely to be well on the way when you get them from your florist.

I could go on and on telling about "times to do things." It isn't necessary. All I want you to get this time is that you must wait in gardening and prolong your first enthusiasm over until there is the right season. You will learn all the details by experience—which after all it the very best and the only teacher that a real gardener ever listens to.

Fakes I Have Known

(Concluded from Page 21)

ciation? Your dyed-in-the-wool collector will argue from another angle, maintaining that the imitation is never as beautiful as the original, that old patina cannot be reproduced, that copies fail to preserve the spirit of the antique—in short, that the fake reveals itself immediately to the discerning eye.

In general this is, of course, true. But occasionally even the connoisseur is troubled. There exists a shop in London devoted exclusively to reproductions of Queen Anne furniture, sold as originals. The workmen who produce the furniture are uncannily skillful at counterfeiting. By making friends with their foreman I discovered that the usual process is to collect pieces in broken-down condition, strip off the veneer and glue it to new frames. Where old walnut is lacking, new strips are treated in such a way as to resemble the original veneer. The finished product almost, but not quite, escapes exposure. The sixth sense that true collectors are provided with enables them to avoid the trap, some intangible premonition rather than a definite suspicion will prevent them from buying shams.

A formula for buying old furniture, then, would lay particular stress on "hunches." It might be worded something like this: after applying successfully all the tests you know,—condition of wood, colour of finish, harmony of lines, purity of decoration,—ask yourself if the piece of furniture seems "right." If it does, buy it; if it doesn't, leave it alone. Follow that impulse.

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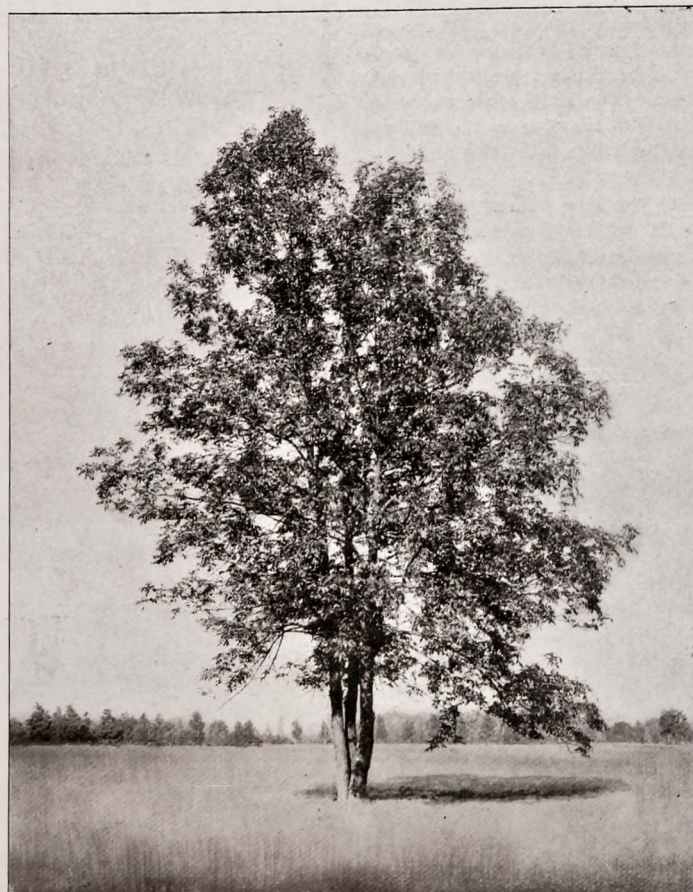
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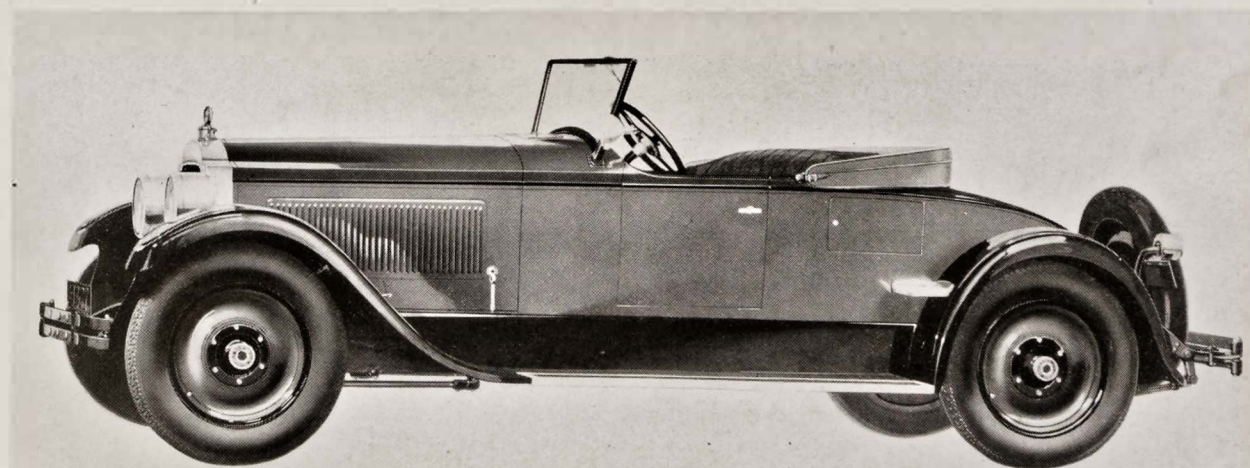
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