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 upkeep. 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

Edward J. Butler
BLOOMFIELD DOWNs BLOOMFIELD HILLS

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.

Act promptly!

MILLINGTON
4556 Woodward Avenue, Detroit

Evenings and Sundays: Birmingham 7033-R
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. Herbert J. C. Crane (Josephine Hall), the grandfather of Mrs. William (Josephine) Hendrie, and the great-grandfather of young Burns Hendrie. Years ago Mrs. Theodore Hall used to walk here, saying her rosary, and it was in that devout visitation that the present name, "Cathedral Drive," originated.

Overbrook

"Overbrook" takes its name from the stones 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 fields, against the background of woods.

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—so the pictures and the name suggest—one of those lovely country places, that is redundant 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 laws and brook and trees. A tennis court on the level ground at the base of 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 turned 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 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 cages 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, tama ducks and Mallard ducks, turkey gobblers and a pair of fine strutting peacocks brightening the yards with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their brilliant plumage. There also is a yard with their bright
In and About Oxford

In the Misting Month of November

By MRS. FRANC L. BROMLEY
of Epinal, Moseley Hills.

It was the first trip to England for one of us and a most disheartening 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 benches 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 shrouded 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 walled enclosures, and the little gray villages with their market squares and graveyards about their square-towered churches, which are all to date from the twelfth century. The English rely as casually to foot as five hundred years ago as we do in the last decade.

We had a varied two-day trip, sea and shore 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 more trippers, was like a sleeping beauty undiscovered. It was as if it had never been explored and despoiled. 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 eighteen-inch logs in a miniature fireplace, in little towns like Clovelly, to heat in your bedrooms, 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 fattened 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 tolette of a sad-eyed woman in black, who advertised that she was a widow by wearing 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 Heat 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 here for the season.

(Continued on page 25)
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 artistic 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 intrenched 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)
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 Willett's 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.

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 Brace 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.

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.

Miss Janet Skae and Miss Margaret Phillips Stand-
art were honored guests at a very lovely luncheon, given by Miss Georgia Hoyt. The tables were attractively set with spring blossoms and lovely corsages. 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 R. Redman, to Mr. Richard C. Ford, of Rochester.

**Miss Frances Morris** has been having a New York visit filled with many delightful affairs. She has been the guest of Miss Charlotte Parrell, and has been greatly admired and feted by her hostess' circle 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 happy 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 Shimmick, 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. Mason has returned to Willoway Farm.

**Grasse Plate**

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 McGray, Jr., Mrs. Frederick C. Ford, Miss Elsie Dacharme, Mrs. Douglas Campbell, Mrs. Harrington E. Walker, Mrs. William P. Hamilton, Mrs. Deuter Ferry, Mrs. Petreval Dodge, Mrs. Allan Sheldon, Mrs. Henry Sheldon, Miss Suzanne Copland and Mrs. John S. New.

Mrs. Keith McConkey of Wesham, Mass., who was the guest of her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Harris of Windsor Mill, Peoria, sailed recently for Europe, where she will remain for several months.

Augusta, Georgia, is most delighted at this time of the year, and has been the scene of several Detroit families. The attractive drives, splendid golf courses and the many dinner-dances at the Ann Arbor-Vanderbilt and Partridge Inn make the time pass in a delightful manner. Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Weh, who have been in Augusta for some time, have returned home. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar 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.

Mrs. Bert 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. Gersch Lewis and her daughter, Annette, have returned to this country. Before coming home Mrs. Lewis and her daughter joined Mrs. Lewis' son, Abraham, who is at school in England, 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 Stewart, 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. Josiah Vanier, 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 Coflin on their island off the Georgian coast, and have returned home.

Mrs. Charles Louis Palms and Miss Betty Hendrie, who have been guests of Mr. William James Miller in Palestine, have returned home.

Many DETROITTOVERS 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. Muckelbury on the Avenue were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Louis Palms, Jr., Mrs. Palms looking more graceful than ever in decidedly smart attire. Mrs. Edwin Askin Skeie and her young 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 Morris has been having a New York visit filled with many delightful affairs. She has been the guest of Miss Charlotte Parrell, and has been greatly admired and feted by her hostess' circle of young friends.

**Grasse II**

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 28th from New York, accompanied by her sister.
Old Time Hospitality Beckons from the Chateau in Birmingham

By JESSICA AYER HAY

"I will wake us out in my day, there's no need and place to give." 

THis broad, open doorway of the old home, 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 four hundred friends at a tea, 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 friends come with a mildly speculative thought of what they will get to eat and a politely laconic 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 kids. 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 groups, to crow at parties that are grandly exclusive in the small dining room with its big, creaking, 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 bottle".

Perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Price owe some of their happy talent for entertaining to their overseas 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 River, 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 ice-cold 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.

And 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 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 have meat, and we can eat, Sat let the Lord be thanking."

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

LIVING by a lake means everlasting 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-Elldricol Company, is open for your inspection Saturdays and Mondays.

Phone Birmingham 93:

391 Park Ave, Randolph 4886

Wormer & Moore Building

Wormer & Moore Building

Southwestern Center Woodward and Market Prices Birmingham 90
The Garden of Mrs. T. H. MacDonald at Northwood, Shown What Variety You Can Have on a Fifty-foot Lot

By FRED C. ROTH

Mrs. MacDonald's garden is a most excellent example of what the average fifty-foot lot, in this case the garden in the south end and receives the necessary sunlight practically all day. In the north is a grove of trees providing shade where one can rest and enjoy the garden in comfort. High shrubs along all the street front and give the necessary background for the flowers.

The garden is made up of over 1,000 laced-up bulbs arranged in all forms of a square. An attractive bird bath located in the center of the garden completes the picture. For accent in the planting, the bank of the flower borders is kept in full 

English jupettes are used. Their form and color add a certain dignity to the planting. The banks of the flower borders are kept 

low. The selection of plants here is small, the selection of plants 

which tends itself to the gladiolus make the plants of the garden provide the best for cutting. The bulbs of gladiolus make their form and color add a certain English June 14. The arrangement of the gladiolus for accent a month. The bulbs of gladiolus produce the best for cutting.

Mrs. MacDonald keeps her flower pots and vases filled with a succession of flowers. She has large baskets of petunia and yellow ivy. Succeeding the red is the blue, blue and yellow, yellow and white. Later there will be bouquets of light blue larkspur and pink Canterbury bells, also bouquets of dark blue larkspur, euphorbias and yellow daisy. Other combinations are the yellow shades of larkspur, also larkspur and coral bells. At the sound of a bell in a bouquet of one kind, then there is the yellow daisy, which lends itself so well for cutting.

Each year Mrs. MacDonald sets out some annual flowering plants between the perennials, as snapdragons and their aster, to give more color in the garden during the summer months. The annual flowers are planted in the ornamental beds of the garden where the stately height of the perennials provides the background and in late summer the gladiolus makes an excellent flower for cutting. Even though the garden is small, the selection of plants provides on us many different flowers for cutting with the minimum amount of care.

The Coryell Nursery

603 CORLEY, BIRMINGHAM, SOUTHFIELD AND UTICA HEADQUARTERS AT WEST MAPLE AVE., BIRMINGHAM

APRIL PLANTING

A substantial planting in April spells beauty for years to come; the failure to plant now means a loss of at least a year's growth.

Many prominent Detroiters specify Coryell stock for their homes. Allow us to fill your planting requirements.

CHINESE RUGS

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 modernized to include an assembly room with a 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 move- ment, the idea of better service to the community at large was conceived and executed by a small group of public spirited women. Assisted by a very active community, the Community House has developed its service until the present year when it approximates 20,000 persons have utilized its facilities.

According to the statistics of the group, the following is the achievement of the past year: The service started with 250 families and has grown to 1,000 families. To all of these Community House Associates extends a welcome and offers a personally invited meeting. 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 to the last summer was the attention given to the Community House and personally supervised by the resident Hostess, Mrs. Mary C. Griffith. This service, together with the free employment aids, has constituted a very important factor in the welfare and relief work of the Community during the past winter.
A Little House in the Country
The Diary of an Itinerant Housewife

May 28: So much depends upon the point of view.

A countrywoman, one of the neighbors along this road, dropped in the other night, all on her own volition and rubber boots. She stayed for two hours and I enjoyed every moment of gossip that last year would have bored me largely. She was a farmer's wife, but she dreams it into a country estate. She told me about her winter window boxes, and described every tulip that she had tried to bring up. She was the most interesting."Then that will be love," she said, "though they might not beloor any notion of it."

A downpour of especial violence preceded the parade to the post. Then the King, standing in the Earl of Derby's box, the cheered host, others of high and low degree saw the sunburst through the clouds, do its belated best.

"Sporting England flocked to murky Liverpool, there to watch the greatest of steeplechases. By plane, motor, train, boat, cart they came and, despite floods post-War depression, proved to numerous favorite to favor Condor later Aurana, 1400 tos, lying at big odds, become an ephemeral beauty, as at a photoshoot, and yet to bring many an unlooker from a damp night on the moors or dull rooms."

The Grand National, which was attended by not a few Detroiter who had been in Michigan, but not native here, do not come warm that will allow them to do their work 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 fastidious craftsmen to correctly execute your individual engraving requirements.

Mrs. Partridge expressed tearful gratitude. "I have always thought," she said, "that the old horse would do it—some day."

Jonathan and I spent the morning down in the swamp rooting out camel thorn, hollyhocks, and elderberries, and wild roses. The Virginia creeper that grows so profusely along the fence on the back of the farm. Jonathan replanted them here, and there, where we want lovely effects, put in a sumac bridge along the road, and at the moment they all seem to be waiting with business-like men for the first warmth that will allow us to do their stuff.

The winner, which had competed unsuccessfully on two previous occasions, is the property of Mrs. M. Partridge, 73, of our fighting relatives approved. She was very enterprising.

Mrs. Partridge, an actor from the London stage, was the guest of honor at an "I do" luncheon.

"Mrs. Partridge," the hostess said, "here is a little tea room to entertain your guests while you get ready."

Mrs. Partridge expressed tearful gratitude. "I have always thought," she said, "that the old horse would do it—some day."
The Rising Tide

of purple monotony is to perversely desire to have a home in the suburbs. That is where home is, in a home—a restful place. You have various desires about both layout and glamour and bustle of the busy city. You envy the English ladies and gentlemen who are allowed to have their feet up on the sofa and sit glum and drowsy in a landscape of white stone or old brick. Their rooms are filled with antiques, and their houses are full of atmosphere and ghosts and history. You must have some idea of the changing form of it.

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

You envy the English the love of old books and prints and you are surprised at the interest the student takes in them. You will buy a Dürer-choked, ethereal looking boy upickety, stair, in a dusty, musty little room spruced out on the floor and enrobed 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 twine them about their neuter needs like mufflers. They go bareheaded—that is the best they do, there are many girl students as well, at least 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 called at the start 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 clustered "quads," in rooms where Shelley, Sir Thomas More, Samuel Johnson and Waley have loved them 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 willow trees and with hidden bank and hedge. The garden in the rear would be 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 willow trees and with hidden bank and hedge. The garden in the rear would be 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 willow trees and with hidden bank and hedge. The garden in the rear would be...
Now is the time to do your planting.

All varieties of Nursery Stock can be found at our display grounds, located at Woodward Avenue at Pallister, Detroit, Mich., and Nurseries, Woodward Avenue, Pontiac, Mich.

Pontiac Nurseries
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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.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor G. Gann 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 Pulwell and their daughter, Betty, have returned from a trip to Boston and New York.

New Homes! Drive Out and See Them!

Bloomfield Village lies on West Maple Road, adjacent to the western limits of Birmingham. It is the largest, finest, completely improved residential development in Bloomfield Hills. Homes as low as $1,095 a month.

Charming Volume
Julian Street and his sister, Mrs. Mary Street Whitehead 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 Lassies" (D. Appleton & Co.) contains quaintly whimsical poems that will delight children as well as grown-ups.
In and About Oxford

We were always interested in the students wherever we saw them about Oxford and the colleges, buying the most suitable imaginable clothes for them, and where they played or lived 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 was at some point that they gave us the feeling of Oxford a chance to see at a very moderate price an old stone farmhouse and another, a Negro Seminary, for that was their interesting name, of a charming young couple, who had not helped it, or your thinking, by inserting modern English grates in the deep old fireplaces. One fireplace, in particular, had been room size and set with a pull out to protect it, but as the walls three and a half feet through were of stone, also the floor, English though our hosts were and accustomed to heat as we have it, still they felt as though they were in heaven.

But I would gladly brave the cold again for the good company.

Garden Hints for April

In the Greenhouse or Hotbed:
- Sow seeds of the sweet pea.
- Sow seeds of the sweet pea, or bake thoroughly in the sun before sowing for success with cucumbers.
- Plant all kinds of fruit now.
- Start celery seed for early crop.
- Sow seeds of tomatoes, cucumbers, lettuce, and broccoli, onions, peas, and spinach.

In the Orchard:
- Plant all kinds of fruit now.
- Start seed of melons and cucumbers in pots for planting outdoors next month.

In the Vegetable Garden:
- Spread layer of good stable manure over entire plot. Spade or plow deeply. Bake 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, and spinach.

In the Flower Garden:
- Some seeds of the sweet pea will come up in the summer. Sow seeds of hardy annuals as nasturtiums, California poppy, niggettia, calendula, alsam, balsam, common pinks, petunias, sweet peas, purples, and larkspur.

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The Swing of the Business Pendulum Demands an Investment Reserve

By BURLI R. S. RICHARDS of Charles A. Parthey & 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 more comfortably 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, showy investors usually keep a fair margin of funds intact, either in high grade bonds, which can be used as bookkeeping capital, or quietly liquidated when money can be advancet

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 bargains which crop up at more or less rare intervals. In any event, there are always funds available for the “Sunny Day” when the last engender 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 economists struggle 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 standards. The standard example of Bankers’ Trust Companies, and Interior 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 matter of regret for every one to be less 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 con
cessively 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 in detail, exaggerated more blantly—fast or famished. History demonstrates that after a wave of prosperity has swept forward with increasing momentum and built empires, there have been capitalized with almost reckless enthusiasm, the time always comes when the inexorable economic laws kick in and compelled a drastic readjustment of values to correspond to actual earning power. Irrevocably genuine growth and expansion have brought us up until they caught us up once more, moving forward in a new wave of impaired prosperity, but the perils and pitfalls of the economic pendulum are as old as the world.

Immediately after the War of 1812, our infant industries were unable to compete with the large influx of imported manufactured goods, and many over-capitalized manufacturers and wares came withersofter migration, then canal, post road, and railroad construction. Great regions were opened up by pioneers, who pushed forward into every wilder
ness. Forests, mines and prairies were made to yield their treasures to vigorous competitors, and a great nation was in the making. Into the Mississippi Valley they went to the West, and into the South spread their fertile fringes 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, larger 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 factors were upon the wholesale production of shoes, clothing, agricultural implements, and there was a vast change in the stock and packing industry were established, cotton and wheat raised for export, and a huge foreign trade developed.

All of this required enormous capital and in a new country very little was available. Europe shewed forth its faith in us by loaning huge sums of money, which represented the savings of her people. Such banking facilities as existed were continually crowded and groaned under the weight of the load. The years 1907 and 1914 were followed by the great financial panic, and the effects of the United War kept our new country rocking upon its own 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 during enterprise, the dauntless courage, and the unflinching genius of the pioneers from every land, this nation of opportunity would still be a wilderness.

And yet with pedestrian regularity occurred those economic nightmares of the time, the economic nightmare of the public. How beautifully expressive the glowing, graceful hand of the mother which played such an important a part in the design? Few artists have made the hand as important a part of a picture as does Belling. It is scarcely less important than the face in producing the expression of the picture and perhaps as important in the design. Added to this is his mastery of light and shade and his strong sense of plastic values, because the correct play of his followers, and reached full fruition in the movement of the masterpieces of Titian, Giorgione and Titian.

But apart from all this technical knowledge is the beauty of the feeling which prevails more or less among painters and artists in general, who feel beautifully exemplified in this Mag

The quality of the Russian which Mr. Booth has acquired is such as has scarcely been surpassed in the whole course of art. Indeed, so well have we by no means

I love the gravity of the Virgin’s femininity, as she contemplates the Holy Child. I love the Wordsworthian sobriety of the landscape and the un

the other Italian master has painted a sky less like a drop cannot omit the unusual quality of this mass, which I find has something of the grandeur of great py

Great Paintings Owned in Detroit

finally those works executed from 1875 until his death in 1876, during which time he threw off the last remains of the delicate, one might say, gradually acquiring a complete mastery of the new art through, indeed, the body of the Babe! How b

Let us consider the Principles of Decorative Simplicity. In his use of color perhaps, that Belines

The great artists whose influence was to be reflected in Bel

lin’s work.

The last period the old intensity of pathetic and devout feeling gradually fades away, being repl

ed by a nobler, if at the same time more worldly, sentiment, for here, in Antone of the Vedutists. One of the most prominent in tendency of all Bellini’s, in his strong pyramidal structure, rhythmic outlines, plastic three-dimensional form, and harmonious color scheme, it completely satisfies the most sensitive esthetic judgment.

The dearly beloved, this sublime shade of pure blue, arranged in simple folds to produce the effect, shaded by touches of crimson at the throat and wrists. It is in this way that Belinei showed the greatest advance over his contemporaries, for here, at the first time in Italian painting, we found color used structurally, so that it appears to enter into the solid substance of things, at the same time studying the composition and producing the right atmosphere, which we always see with the “glow” of Venetian paintings. And what perfect modulation of the whole body about the line. How beautifully expressive the glowing, graceful hand of the mother which played such an important a part in the design? Few artists have made the hand as important a part of a picture as does Belling. It is scarcely,
BOOKS
By HAROLD C. AUER
The title of Dorothy Lath's new book, "Three Fiddledom Wrenns," suggests our interest is given days, when gentlemen's sonnets
fitly across a weary line of one's pros. The sub jects make all
visits to the old master, and with the exception of the minor
shepherd, we can find the name of a tutor, to
rather a solitary gift. The writer will be well
recompensed if future efforts by Mr. Lath
promise as much as his first work did.
"
"Woolf's," from the pen of Jacob Burman, author of "The
World's Lipsum" and numerous other essays, promises great
artistic qualities that commend it to all. The author's aim is to
unburden some of the few lightly considered themes among the minor fiction. Typi
of the best literary effort, "Woolf's" stands out as one
utterly and sincere. De
Poe, a young lad, solves the case of the day. Through a
series of happenings, highly charged and melodramatic, he comes
finally to recognize the truth through a feat of logical
thought. Apparently, Mr. Lamott has maintained his faith, true
or false. One returns to the story reader's table. According to your
own tastes, "Woolf" may reassure you in
"failure.
"The" is the title of Mr. Frank Schuyman's new
novel. The story itself is highly suggestive of one of this author's
earlier comments; a tale of two sisters—daughters in their parents
for a single life. Like other books by Mr. Schuyman,
"The" is well written; it is interesting, but somewhat.
It left this reader a tingle all over and an "inquir
of intuition, who far from pleasure, too, will bring a "iichte," it well
to gain her heart's desire. Altogether, the book is a better
reach and a more enlightening than one of our other, better
pieces.
"That's a novel by Robert Snell," suggests in title and theme
of the gentle jest of the eloquent Edgar Rice. Here in a
tale story of the Canadian northeast and the White Mountains.
There are flaws in it, including a very perfunctory
of the bronzee sea. But the characterizations of "Grind," the
"Giant," is a masterful portrayal of a rural,
the greater reading, comes closer to being a rural
book. "The Widow of Egdon" is, by Mary Grace and Poynter's
must be found in the perpetrating of the art of publication. We
have been looking at a novel, but some of the stories by our
Stephanie or about her first year, John, are
ever dear it of an synopsis in English.
"De screit" in Waverly Drug, alleged to be a prolific
of rather mediocre English fiction, is of lesser value than
most of the new novels. The atmosphere of Snows, so well
expressed by Sheila Kuhn Smith is far-reaching today, seems re
bursed again in splendid tradition. Mr.
age and gentlewomen delighted it sentimental childish, and
also well-realized locations. But in th
on a man who plays Chinese and Shanghai and
buses—however, deplorably, enjoyed of Mary York, who feels like
that is mighty good reading. Poor Mary speaks a wealth, aged
bald, and she is—too, "then we'll stop," because you need read
"Doomyard" for yourself.
"Recently, in lemonade half-liters, I have been given to reading
again bits from some books, not altogether a practice which
I have wanted to encourage me. Especially of those "three
desires remaining," it's like the regular correspondence with
his relatives, more designed to be his
addiction to his rural views, while a governess-personnay
is in a year-old's well worth reading. I recommend
by the way, only to the itch reader, who is not too easily
schooled by this week's figments. It is fresh, honest and
physically frank, in telling the truth, and nothing but the truth, about
merchandise. Behind the curtain of complimenting and pre
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that will guide you to
courses of Beauty Spots
out Greater Woodward
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the wooded hills a more charming green.
Spread before you on this map is a new world, a territory
that invites your exploration. If you are tired of the same
old drives, or if you want to visit some new place, in the old
question, "Where shall we go?" rises again and again, by
all means write or telephone at once for the Greater Woodward
road map.

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Already Dean's New and Greater Galleries have provided the inspiration and the unexcelled facilities for decorative furnishing schemes that, this Spring, will make many Detroit homes more beautiful still.

It has been Dean's privilege to advise and serve successive generations of Detroiter's in the furnishing and decoration of their homes. And this year we have welcomed a new and, perhaps, more sophisticated generation bent on avoiding cold formalism and substituting, even to ceiling decorations, perfect harmony, reposeful in its balance with new moods and brighter temperaments.

We suggest that you visit our New and Greater Galleries and there discuss your problems with our skilled craftsmen, each a specialist in the art we foster.

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