

# AFTERGLOW

COUNTRY LIFE AROUND DETROIT



Volume 3·No.5 MAY 1927 25 cents a copy

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# Bloomfield Downs ..



Recall for a moment your own impressions while abroad, when you motored from London out through Surrey or Hampshire. The quaint little villages—the ivy-covered walls, the beautiful green of the trees and hedges—the quiet dignity of the landscape.

That is the atmosphere Mr. Edward J. Butler is transplanting in Bloomfield Hills. Immediately East of Woodward, along the south side of East Long Lake Road, Bloomfield Downs lies in the heart of the aristocratic hills country.

Plans for all the public utilities have been approved, and construction authorized.

A good indication of the character of the residential development in progress may be had from the homes here pictured, both of which are to go under construction immediately.

Bear in mind, this is a village—not a group of estates—no expensive upkeep for large areas of land—every convenience to be found anywhere in Detroit—and the freedom from managerial responsibility in dealing with the servant problem. Living in Bloomfield Downs, your departure from town consists merely in packing your bag and turning the key in your door.

Write for information.

**Edward J. Butler**  
The CHARM IN COUNTRY LIFE  
BLOOMFIELD DOWNS—BLOOMFIELD HILLS, MICH.  
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BIRMINGHAM 1440

# THE AFTERGLOW

Country Life  
Around Detroit



Houses, Gardens  
Society :- Sports

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### PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

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The country house of Mr. George D. Wilson on Quarton Road, Bloomfield, is remodeled from an old stone farm house. Muehlman and Farrar, Architects.

Hillmer



The house, of white clapboards with red brick ends, is adapted in design from the simple dwellings of 18th Century New England.

## The House of Mr. Lane Bishop in Birmingham

A Charming Modern Adaptation from Eighteenth Century New England

By MARION HOLDEN

ONE of the most attractive of the smaller houses recently built in Birmingham is the house of Mr. Lane Bishop (of Bishop-Grassan Co.) at the end of Poppelton Street, where it turns into the woods. It is of white clapboards with red brick ends, an early American phase that is being reproduced successfully in some modern houses whose inspiration derives from New England. Unfortunately we could take no exterior views, due to the fact that the grounds are not yet in order. The interior, however, is complete to the last detail—in

fact, it is the perfection of detail in this house that gives one pause—it is so well done.

It is well done, and yet it has none of the barren artiness too frequently associated with the interior decorated. Mr. Bishop formerly lived in Boston, and for years he and Mrs. Bishop have been on the lookout for good old pieces of furniture, and they have found them everywhere—even in Michigan!

The interior finish—the wood work, floors, walls, have had careful attention. The trim is pine, stained to look as nearly as possible



Arnold

One side of the living room, showing the long windows and the fine old veneered secretary filled with miniatures, daguerreotypes and silhouettes.



like the old, as are the oak floors. The living room in the main wing is open through to the top ridge of the roof. The walls are of rough plaster and the tall, small-paned windows are hung in a Fortuny print of magenta and dull gold. On the floor are oriental rugs in brilliant colors. An India shawl hangs over the fireplace, which is built into a flat wall surface with old brass candelabra hanging on each side.

Comfortable chintz-covered chairs flank the fireplace, but it is the ensemble that is the arresting thing about this room, the nice blend of old and new, the color that follows no special scheme but allows a wide range of clear tones. Books in pine shelves climb to the ceiling on one end and in front of them a comfortable couch in cut velvet with colorful cushions, reading lamps and convenient little tables invites a reading hour.

The piece de resistance—of the furniture—is an old mahogany inlaid American secretary which stands against the north wall, filled with miniatures and daguerreotypes. This is a truly beautiful piece, as is the needlepoint chair which stands beside it.

The dining room is equally—perhaps more—delightful. The old-fashioned tiled paper is in grey-blue. At the windows are white ruffled curtains with old block-printed chintz overdraperies. The Dutch door, the



This photograph of the fireplace end of the living room gives a very inadequate idea of the height and spaciousness of the room which is open to the ridge pole of the roof. Note the old pine stool in front of the fireplace and the carved arm chair at the right.

old pine corner-cupboard and the built-in cupboard in the butler's hall are extremely well done. These cupboards are filled with a colorful mixture of modern Italian pottery and old plates and cups—a juxtaposition which I very much like.

Against one wall is a small old maple piano which has been cleverly converted into a side table, holding Staffordshire figures and candlesticks and a curious pewter dish. Over it hangs an old family portrait in oils. The hanging lamp—so reminiscent of the old ones that went up and down in one's childhood with such violent screechings—is of pewter with a dull green shade, a fine solution for the table light in an early American house, as well as a unique center of interest in the room.

The master bedroom is in the main gable, which makes possible a small-paned, curtained window opening into the living room below. This not only gives a circulation of air on warm nights, but a view of the fireplace on winter nights when the light from the burning logs below is cast upward onto the ceiling of the bedroom.

This bedroom is most colorful with its India print bedspread, gay Oriental rug, quaint flowered paper and ruffled green taffeta overdraperies. The little girl's room too is most attractive. The chintz at the windows and on the walnut twin beds is very old, with faded moss rose buds sprinkled

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The other end of the living room, showing the stair hall and the pine bookcases which climb to the ceiling.



Noon—St. Jean, by Leon Kroll, is one of the outstanding canvases of the exhibition.

## A Spring Event

Notes On the Thirteenth Annual Exhibition of American Art at the Institute of Arts

By JOSEPHINE WALTHER

THE coming of the Annual Exhibition of American Art to the Art Institute in the spring of each year is an event of interest to an ever-increasing group of people in Detroit. Each year there is an ill-concealed curiosity to see if there are any new "movements" in evidence; if any of the painters have changed their style since the previous year's show, and what new men are showing.

The present exhibition, which opened on the evening of April 26th, with a well-attended reception to members of the Founders' Society and their friends, comprises one hundred and thirty paintings and twenty pieces of sculpture, selected for the most part from the past winter's exhibitions at the Carnegie Institute, Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Corcoran Gallery, Sesqui-centennial Exhibition, Albright Art Gallery and the Chicago Art Institute, where thirteen of them received important prize awards. A smaller number are fresh from the artists' studios and are being exhibited for the first time. A special feature of the exhibition and one that has aroused much interest is the group of bronze models for the monument to

the Pioneer Woman which is to be erected in Oklahoma. The group is touring the more important museums of the country, where votes are being taken for the best liked of the twelve models. There is a wide diversity of type and execution in the different artists' conception of such a figure. At the present writing, Bryant Baker, whose model also won the New York vote, is far in the lead as Detroit's favorite. While it is not the one which would be selected by the critics, whose vote seems to have been cast for either the Maurice Sterne or the James Fraser, it is easy to see why it catches the popular fancy.

Taken as a whole, the exhibition is in many respects the best that the Detroit Museum has shown in a number of years, if we understand by "best" a higher average of good painting and not inventiveness or originality of technic or subject matter. Many of the men who a few years ago were carried away in a glow of enthusiasm for the modern art movements—pointalism, cubism and expressionism—have returned to

(Continued on page 20)



## In and About Oxford

And a Visit to the Taylor Bell Foundry Where the Cranbrook Chimes are Being Made

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

### Along the Roads of England

The winding roads of England  
Curve up-hill and curve down,  
By ivy-grown stone walls  
And forests golden brown;  
By busy market places,  
And many a quiet town,  
Gray, little towns of England!

The winding roads of England  
Pass lonely moor and down,  
Signs of the "Silent Woman,"  
And "Unicorn and Crozier,"  
Old castles, great cathedrals,  
And Shakespeare's natal town.  
How proud the towns of England!

The winding roads of England  
Lead past many a door,  
Where poets and where dreamers  
Have trod the paths before;  
Wordsworth, Lamb and Borrow,  
Shelley, Keats, Tom Moore.  
How proud the roads of England!

The winding roads of England  
Unfold to watchful eyes  
The charm of Past and Present,  
And always the surprise  
Just waiting 'round the corner  
Where undreamed pleasure lies—  
Along the roads of England!

We lived very well with our friends in every way, even to turkey and cranberry sauce, on Thanksgiving; and although they say that to an Englishman vegetables mean cabbage of a week day and Brussels's sprouts and cauliflower on Sunday, we had our variety. But I must confess no salads as we make them, but they do have the greatest variety of delicious cheese and their meats, in Oxford at least, are remarkably good. At any time, it would seem, you can buy a pheasant or grouse and often venison. The game being hung out in tempting view and in surprising numbers. You wonder, considering the number of sportsmen in England, and the fact that their game is so openly and easily available for the table, that they have any left. Often, when driving through the country, you see the beaters out driving the game toward the hidden guns.

Above all, our memories of England in November, linger about the drives in many directions out of Oxford. One day we would see the White Horse of Wantage carved for King Alfred on a clay cliff to celebrate some victory. Then on for tea to an old inn kept by an ex-London bobby and his wife in immaculate perfection, despite its five hundred years of active and honorable service. The upstairs rooms were up a step and down a step under a sloping roof and the solid wooden benches and table of the tap-room were shiny with use. Or, we would be off early to the Heythroppe meet with an English friend as it started from the house of her niece and nephew. We found them excited because their small six-year-old son was ready, in his new riding breeches, cut by

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

*This is the second and last installment.*

the village tailor, for his first hunt, mounted on a shaggy little pony. A very pleasant young man rider made himself responsible for the youngster and had the pony on a lead. The boy was as seriously excited as if the success of the meet depended on him and nothing escaped his watchful eye.

It was a very pretty English scene; the few houses opening on the park; the restless pack of hounds; the beautiful hunters, and the huntsmen in green; the riders in pink; the women who rode mostly side saddle, all sitting as though carved in one with the horse, their habits and derbies and cravats as perfect as if they were riding in Rotten Row. Young Vincent Astor was very affably there, and there was an old lord in pink with topper and violets in his buttonhole, who, with his sun-rougtened face and monocle looked as though he had stepped out of Anthony Trollop's novels and of the same type was the old lady of about seventy who sat like a centaur, as trim as the youngest, her monocle never out of her eye. There were many women riders, most of them well over middle age.

Mrs. S—congratulated the pleasant young Englishman who was with her little son, on his mount, and said it was as good as any there, but he answered, "Not with Plympton Park in the field," and we saw the young lady in question, dark and well favored, a beautiful rider and owner of a wonderful estate and stables.

It was a pretty sight to see them all start off through the park and over the hill. From the top of the hill we followed on foot for some time until we could just distinguish the pink coats in the distance.

Several times we drove to London, about two hours' drive past Blenheim and Henley, and suddenly, when you were not expecting to see it, London was just below you as you came to the top of a hill. Once we drove there for the Lord Mayor's show, which we saw from the leaded casement windows of Ye Old Cock

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## Killez La Femme!

By ROLFE C. SPINNING  
DECORATION By FRED D. FARRAR

I

I'm on the green in two, dear,  
Too bad you're in the sand.  
Just keep your shoulder down, dear,  
Pull back with that right hand.

II

You mustn't heel your club, dear,  
You told me that, you know,  
And said you'd teach me more, dear,  
Than Canny Mac, the pro.

III

Just keep your courage up, dear,  
It's only half past four!  
Perhaps you'll make the green, dear,  
In twenty minutes more.







This horizon-reaching view in Wyoming was taken from the porch at P Bar P ranch described below.

## P Bar P—A Detroit's Dude Ranch in Wyoming

By HELEN H. BUSH

AN article of mine published two years ago in *Bridle and Gopher* set forth the fact that I believed Wyoming to be a future playground. And I used the word playground as it has been applied to Florida, California, and other of our resort states. Today that is well on its way to manifestation, and Detroiters have had their part in its being. Many of our local sportsmen and their families are to be found during the summers on ranches all through the state, or making trips through the Park and Jackson Hole country. Others go out annually for the hunting season. Only recently Mr. Vincent Corbett purchased a large ranch near Sheridan.

During the summer months—in reality from May through October—the climate is perfect. The scenery is beautiful beyond dream. Yellowstone Park and the Jackson Hole country, with its magnificent Teton mountains are world famed, attracting tourists from every corner. The latter section gives challenge to other beauty spots with a grandeur and glory that is typical of its strength. It is a heavily wooded, rugged land, with broad streams of water, the home of wild game, the lakes teeming with fish, and plenty of opportunity for good mountain climbing.

There are excellent ranch resorts everywhere. At several of the larger ones with accommodations for over one hundred guests, every sport can be participated in from swimming in outdoor pools to golf at Country Clubs not too far away. Always there are weekly or holiday dances and real western rodeos. Signs of old frontier life are still extant, lending romance and color, for it is not many years since the days of Indian raids, the famous Custer battle, the days

of unfenced plains, great herds of sheep and cattle.

An interesting venture had its inception about five years ago when Mr. Albert G. Wilkinson, of Detroit, son of Ralph B. Wilkinson, became connected with the P Bar P Dude Ranch at Cody. Today, he is part owner and the place has been extremely popular as Detroit guests will readily testify. In those years the land control has mounted to about twenty thousand acres. Over thirty interesting trails have been made into the mountains and down onto the flat. These are ridden over daily and often pack outfits go out for a week's stay.

One hundred and fifteen head of good western horses provide the guests with safe, fresh mounts. The ranch raises its own vegetables. The water is excellent. With chickens, milch cows and a good cook, mealtime finds everyone rejoicing. The altitude at this point is seventy-two hundred feet. It is in the heart of the game country, and during the hunting season elk, deer, mountain sheep, moose and antelope are to be had.

Mr. Wilkinson has kept his ranch capacity small. Thus the guests belong to the P Bar P family. Beyond the trail riding, camping trips, swimming, hiking and occasional drives into Cody, the life is of the simplest nature. A large dance now and then, perhaps at neighboring ranches, the rodeo in town on the Fourth of July, and trips through Yellowstone Park are features of the season. The accommodations are modern, with cabins, which are comfortably large and comfortably furnished. The main house contains the dining hall, kitchen and living room. The location is

(Continued on page 28)

## Snap Shots from Country House Albums



One of the first estates in Bloomfield was that of Mr. William T. Barbour. The trees, shrubs, and lovely rolling lawns of "Briarbank" show the results of years of care.

Hance



The garden terrace of Mrs. Theodore A. McGrath's lovely house at Grosse Pointe. Arthur Hopkins of New York was the architect.

Ellison



This interesting photograph taken at the rear of the John B. Williams residence in Birmingham, was made by Fred D. Farrar of Muchman and Farrar, who designed the house.



The gate lodge at the entrance of Apple Lane Farm, the estate of Mr. Gustavus Pope, on Franklin Road.

Spellman





Lee F. Redman

Mrs. T. R. Donovan (Elizabeth Bigelow) of "Valhalla," Bloomfield Hills, is a popular hostess as well as one of the most intrepid and enthusiastic riders in field and ring in the membership of the Bloomfield Open Hunt. Not content with chasing the fox in Oakland county, she follows the Bloomfield hounds to Kentucky for the December hunting, and then goes to England for more. She has ridden in hunts over English moors and downs twice this season and is there now. She will return, however, in time for the Horse Show at East Lansing, May 30 and 31.

## SOCIETY

By KATHERINE ATKINSON

### Grosse Pointe

THE members of the Grosse Pointe Country Club were more than delighted over the charming new clubhouse which was opened on Thursday evening, April 21st. This new building is quite the most attractive one the club has had and the tea and dinner-dance given for the formal opening were very gay. The entertainment committee have planned a number of interesting affairs for the coming season to which the members are looking forward.

Quite the most important social event to take place in June will be the wedding of Annette Lewis, daughter of Mrs. A. Ingersol Lewis of Grosse Pointe, and Jerome H. Remick, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Jerome H. Remick. A definite date has not been set for the wedding, but it will take place during the latter part of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Newberry, who are old friends of the parents of both Miss Lewis and Mr. Remick, have persuaded them to be married in the charming garden at "Lake Terrace," the Newberry home on Lake Shore Road.

Miss Lewis will be assisted by Miss Betty Hendrie as maid-of-honor, and the bridesmaids will include Mrs. J. Vincent Dwyer, Mr. Remick's sister, Mrs. Edwin Stroh, Mrs. Thomas Parker, Mrs. Edward H. Murphy, Miss Florence Bodman, Miss Annette Bailey and Miss Ellen Skae. Mr. Remick will have Mr. Henry Ledyard as best man and the ushers will be Messrs. A. Ingersol Lewis, Charles R. Murphy, Edward H. Murphy, Edwin Stroh, William K. Muir, Augustus C. Ledyard and James Remick.

Miss Lewis is at present the guest of Miss Betty Hendrie, and many delightful affairs have been given for her during the past two weeks, and many more are planned for the days before the wedding.

Society is, of course, always keenly interested in the Horse Show given at the Hunt Club, and this year that event will take place on June 29th, 30th and July 1st. Many house parties are planned for this time,

and there will be a great many new entries to add to the pleasure of this affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Warren had as their guests last month the Japanese Ambassador to the United States and his wife, Mme. Matsudaira. In their honor Mr. and Mrs. Warren gave a very delightful dinner. When Mr. Warren was in Japan as United States Ambassador he and Mrs. Warren were very popular, and among their most intimate friends were the Matsudairas.



Herbert Photos, Inc.

Mr. Lawrence D. Buhl and Mrs. Roy Chapin of Grosse Pointe on the promenade at White Sulphur Springs.

A merry party of Dobbs Ferry graduates went east last week to attend the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the school. Among those who went on from Detroit were Mrs. Cameron Beach Waterman, Mrs. Theodore McGraw, Mrs. Dexter M. Ferry, Jr., Mrs. Harry Finkenstaedt, Mrs. W. Beresford Palmer, Mrs. Percival Dodge, Mrs. Frederick Clifford Ford and Mrs. Frank W. Brooks, Jr.

Mrs. Courtney D. Allington of Rivard Boulevard entertained at the tea hour on Thursday afternoon, April 28th, in honor of her sister, Mrs. Richard Morgan, who, with Mr. Morgan, has come here to live. The Morgans formerly lived in Mount McGregor, N. Y. Mrs. Courtney's guests included Mrs. Lucian S. Moore, Mrs. Harold Baker, Mrs. Howard F. Smith and Mrs. Harry Finkenstaedt, who assisted the hostess on this occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Murphy will occupy the home of Mrs. Sherman Depew, on McKinley Place, while Mrs. Depew is at her country home in Bloomfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucian S. Moore, Jr., of Bishop Road, who have been in Chandler, Arizona, for the past four months, have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson C. Wormer and their daughters, Virginia and Marjorie, are leaving July 2nd for a summer abroad. They will spend a great deal of the time in England.



Mr. Walter Russel has joined Mrs. Russel in Italy, and will travel on the continent for a few weeks before returning home. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin S. Warren, who have also been in Italy, are expected home very soon.

Mrs. Joseph Boyer Chandler (Betty Bryant), whose romantic marriage has caused such a thrill among the debutante set, has been the honor guest at many lovely parties. One of the most attractive ones was given on April 26th at the Grosse Pointe Country Club. The hostesses, Miss Janet Skae, and Miss Evelyn Bayne, arranged a most attractive miscellaneous shower and luncheon, followed by bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Standish Backus were hosts at a dinner, followed by dancing at the Grosse Pointe Country Club, on Saturday evening, April 30th, in honor of Miss Florence Walker, and her guest, Miss Florence Marsh, of Los Angeles.

Mr. Harry Bulkley sailed early in the month to join Mrs. Bulkley and his daughter, Miss Helen, who have been abroad all winter. Mr. Bulkley will join them in Italy and will spend some time there before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Holden have returned from a delightful trip abroad. While in Venice, Mr. and Mrs. Holden were guests of Dr. and Mrs. W. R. Valentiner.

#### Bloomfield Hills

With the opening of country homes and the Country Clubs, life at Bloomfield Hills has been very gay. The golf links are well patronized and now that the Horse Shows are in the offing riders from the Hunt Club may be seen daily doing their stunts in preparation for these events. There will be many entries from Bloomfield Open Hunt at the R. O. T. C., which will take place at the Michigan State College, at Lansing, May 30th and 31st. There will also be a number of the Hills riders at the Toledo show on June 24th and 25th. The Spring show at the Detroit Riding and Hunt Club promises to be the best ever, and, of course, every one is looking forward to the Hunt Club Show at Grosse Pointe.

A new feature at the Open Hunt are the larking rides which take place every Wednesday afternoon

at four o'clock, and at which green hunters are taught to jump. These rides are taken very slowly and are very popular, especially with the timid riders. The lane rides are also very popular on Sunday afternoons and are followed by supper at the club. A buffet luncheon, served from 12 until 2 o'clock on Saturdays, is also attracting many riders and their guests.

Mrs. Francis Palms had a merry group of youngsters out from town on Tuesday, May 3rd, to celebrate the birthday anniversary of her son, John.

Driving over Long Lake Road recently we noticed that The Covert, charming home of the Misses Sarah and Marjorie Hendrie, is having a new coat of paint and a new fence, in anticipation of the owners' return from a trip to South America.

Returning this month from a nine months' trip abroad were Mr. and Mrs. Manley Davis of Oak Knob, their daughter, Isabelle, and Miss Mary Kathleen Morley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Morley. Mrs. Morley went down to New York to meet her daughter and accompanied the party home. Mr. and Mrs. Davis spent the winter in Oxford, England, where they had a charming house, while Miss Davis and Miss Morley attended classes at the University.

The wedding of Miss Catherine Bigelow and Dr. Josef Rochlitzer of Vienna came as a surprise

to the many friends of Miss Bigelow in the Hills, where she has so often been the guest of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Donovan of Valhalla.

The ceremony took place in the chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York in April, and was witnessed by Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Donovan, Mrs. Irwin Neff, Mrs. Elliot Slocum Nichols and Mrs. George T. Hendrie, from the Hills.

Miss Ada Averill of New York attended her cousin as bridesmaid and Count Josef Bombelles of Schloss Opeka, Jugo-Slavia, was best man. After the wedding the bride and groom sailed for Europe, and will spend their honeymoon in Switzerland, going from there to Vienna, where they will live.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Donovan will return the end of May from a six weeks' trip to England.



Kitty Newman, lively small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Newman, is a leader among the young equestrians at the Detroit Riding and Hunt Club.

Lee F. Redman

Mrs. Marietta Johnson of Fairhope, Alabama, has been the guest of Mrs. Frank Klingensmith of Square Lake Road. During her stay Mrs. Johnson gave a very interesting talk at the Baldwin High School to parents on "The Needs of the Growing Child." In the audience were noticed many who are sponsoring these lectures, including Mrs. Walter G. Morley, Mrs. William D. Thompson, Mrs. A. J. Fellman, Mrs. Lynn D. Halstead and Mrs. Joseph A. Braun.

Mrs. Spencer Withee was hostess at a charming luncheon in April, honoring several members of her family. Mrs. Walter Thompson, Mrs. Frank Bromley, Mrs. Donald Sanderson and Mrs. Benjamin Hall Micou were guests at this affair.

The marriage of Miss Dorothy Donaldson of New York City and Mr. Lawrence Worthington Snell, Jr., will be an event of interest to the Hills. The wedding will take place some time during the next month and Mr. Snell will bring his bride to Detroit to live.

Miss Eleanor Millington has returned to Chicago, after an Easter visit at the home of her parents in Bloomfield Hills. Miss Millington is a student at the Art Institute in Chicago and is also taking a course in modelling at the Lorado Taft studios.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander W. Copland are at home, after a delightful trip abroad. Miss Suzanne Copland met her parents in New York and returned with them to their country home, "Strawberry Hill," Bloomfield Hills.

Mrs. Dupont M. Newbro of "Glen Lodge," Lake Angelus, accompanied by Mrs. E. E. Gallogly and her daughter, Elizabeth, will arrive home this week from a trip around the world.

A very jolly supper party, given by Mrs. F. Farrington Holt, served to honor Mr. and Mrs. James L. Reinhard, who have come on from New York to make their home in Detroit, and Captain and Mrs. B. H. Mallan. Capt. Mallan is the new manager of the Bloomfield Open Hunt.

Mrs. Sherman L. Depew and her daughters have opened their country home, "Hickory Grove Farm." They will take an active part in the riding events to be held in the Hills, and also at the local horse shows.

Mrs. Edward Askin Skae, with her daughters, Miss Ellen and Miss Janet, will open their home, "West Winds Farm," this week. Miss Florence Skae and Master Edward Skae will return from school in the East early in June.

#### Birmingham

The Musical Fantasy, "Penny Buns and Roses," given by the Village Players on Saturday evening, April 30, was a huge success. It is the first musical affair that has been given by The Players, and owing to the large cast required to produce it they decided to ask their friends to enjoy it with them. Owing to a lack of room there were many heartaches as the "Standing Room Only" sign was hung out early and many who had planned dinner parties, expecting to take their guests on to the operetta, were disappointed.

The musical directors, Melvin Kates and Helen Neff, are to be congratulated on the finished way the musical part of the program was carried out, and as a dramatic director Betty Penny was a great success. The scenery, designed by Harry Muehlman, was very effective. The Gay Gallants were very gay and fantastic with their giddy coats, pantaloons and beaver hats. The Beautiful Damsels with their crinoline costumes, were lovely. Harry Mack, David Bal-

lentine, Rodney Weeks and Kenneth Bingham were the gay gallants, while Carolyn Reilly, Katherine Donnelly, Ruth Baldwin, Maude Ranney, Doris Simpson, Eloise Murray, were the beautiful damsels. Erminie Gilray, as the little old wife, was the hit of the show, and was ably assisted by Ernest W. Chapin, Raymond Riley, Waldo E. Fellows, Billy Robinson and Clayton H. Gracey. The orchestra, which was a pickup, did excellent work, and was led by Max Glover. It included J. F. Wenzel, Arthur DeRosier, Wm. Stone, Dr. J. M. Rainey and Robert Clayton.

On Friday evening, May 6th, the Thursday Musical Club sponsored a musical in the Playhouse, at which Mlle. Tchoukleva was the soloist. Mlle. Tchoukleva has many warm admirers in the Hills district and gave a very delightful concert.

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Helen and Mary are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Burroughs of Farmington. They leave next month with their parents to spend the summer months at Lake Huron Beach, Sarnia, Ont.

D. D. Spellman





## A PERMANENT HOME ...ON WOODED LAND WHERE SKY AND WATER MEET....

**L**AND and water in all their virgin splendor and every modern comfort for a permanent home . . . this is what the West Bloomfield Lakes district offers! As beautiful as the hand of Nature could fashion . . . 1200 acres of shore frontage border on eight of the most picturesque bodies of water in Oakland county, including Orchard, Cass, Upper Straits and Pine Lakes.

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## Fixin' Up the Cottage

By JESSICA AYER HAY

ALONG with the first dandelions pushing their yellow heads through the brown earth, and the sun's first promise of warm weather, the Pettigrew family, too, was caught in the cosmic urge. "Out to the cottage!" became the family slogan and chorus. With the promise of blue sky and relief from meticulous housekeeping contained in that little phrase, Mrs. Pettigrew's spirits soared like a feather, and her soul was wrapped in yards and yards of cheesecloth and gingham for cottage curtains. Mr. Pettigrew wore an expression of permanent peace, and he studied with a kindly calculating eye all the old second-hand furniture he saw.

Theirs was a co-operative plan. Nan assumed the esthetic responsibility of color schemes. Mrs. Pettigrew did wonders with bolts of gingham for curtains and bedspreads. Bud developed high-powered elbows painting and rubbing down furniture. Mr. Pettigrew lovingly executed some original designs for furniture. It was a wonder what that man could do with only six nails, a hammer, and a packing box!

Thus it happened that one fine early morning found them on the road traveling, somewhat asthmatically, in the little family limousine, with the trusty trailer fastened on behind and containing the sum total of all their efforts. Mr. Pettigrew drove, Nan carefully held a new lamp made from an old jug, Mrs. Pettigrew firmly and determinedly maintained an exalted position on various articles in the back seat, and Bud was the care-free captain of the trailer. And so they arrived, where a jewel of a little white and green cottage was set on the rim of a smooth little lake.

The fragrant pine walls of the living room were stained a soft woodsy brown, and the floor was covered with linoleum in squares of orange and brown and then given a coat of amber varnish. Blue and orange—blue because it is such a soft, cool color for a warm day, and orange to add a touch of warm contrast—was the color scheme. In less time than it takes to tell Nan and Mrs. Pettigrew put up the curtains of blue voile, which, with simple shirred valance and one inch hems on all sides, hung in soft folds to the window sills.

Bud lugged in two wicker arm chairs, which he put in front of the fireplace, and surveyed with satisfaction the pleasing contrast of their bright blue against the brown walls. "Boy! That's a swell job! 'N jest done with brushing lacquer!" Bright chintz cushions, and a little card table covered with a golden brown linen cloth to serve for a friendly game or for a fire-side supper eaten off yellow lustre china bought at the "economical" store, completed a jolly little group.

Other furniture consisted of brown wicker chairs with bright cretonne cushions, and a box couch with a tailored slipcover of brown denim and orange sateen pillows. Back of the couch, against the plain wood wall, hung a crude "tapestry," made of natural colored burlap decorated with a bright "Patch" pic-

ture of felt, in poster effect. For reading there was an old oak table from which Bud had removed the varnish, decorated the ends with fruit transfer picture, and then rubbed well with wax. In the center he set the lamp made from the brown, glazed jug, with a shade of shellaced wall-paper.

The kitchen and breakfast nook were stained fern green, and the curtains were simple and economical, made of white cheese-cloth, edged with green rick-rack braid. Here again Bud surveyed his handiwork with pride. Plain table and chairs had been painted canary yellow, and—smart and original thought of his own—the chair seats were covered, except for an inch and a half margin, with black oilcloth, firmly glued in place, and the edges finished with passe partout. Green linen for the table, buff colored china, and white daisies in a crock painted black finished a happy and serviceable scheme.

The bedrooms were fetching in gingham curtains and home-made furniture. Green and white checked gingham curtains and spread, gray painted walls and furniture, black floor, green rag rugs, and black wicker furniture with bright cretonne pillow, furnished one, and Nan's room was a jonquil affair with yellow cheesecloth curtains, floor and walls stained green, yellow gingham bedspread, pale green bed, and a dressing table made from a packing box fitted with shelves and covered with a gay calico flounce.

Bud preferred his bed on the porch and proceeded to put it there. An army cot with plenty of wool blankets and covered with a piece of khaki during the day, and protected by khaki side curtains, was his fresh air camp. On the other side of the porch, next to the kitchen door, so as to be "handy" for the cook, Mr. Pettigrew was installing his hand-made dining furniture, the pride of his heart.

There was a long table made of smooth pine boards, large enough to uphold the tradition of any hospitable board in case one's closest friends and relatives came to visit. Along the sides were two benches with short backs, painted black, with pads of black oilcloth bound in cherry red tape. Two packing boxes put together and fitted with shelves made a fine cupboard, and were protected from the weather with a covering of the black oilcloth. On top was a crock of yellow and white daisies.

The sun had dropped below the horizon, leaving just a warm flush on the sky, and there was beginning that evening silence when one hears only the poignant song of the tree-toads and the quiet lap of water breaking through the dusk.

"Come, Pa Pet, we're going to eat on the beach," called Nan's voice, cheerily, and as the sun went down, the silvery lady moon came up to watch the Pettigrews, jolly and tired, munching sandwiches around a bonfire, and well-settled with their Lares and Penates for the coming summer days.

## At the Clubs

### LOCHMOOR CLUB

A three-day medal competition running over Memorial Day of 72 holes will be one of the many interesting features on the Lochmoor schedule. A mixed foursome and flag contest will take place at this time. A mixed foursome is also to be played on July 4th. There will be prizes given each month for a low net total of four Saturday afternoon scores. After turning in five scores for a handicap juniors will be allowed to play in regular club tournaments.

An all season ringer contest is included in this schedule. Lochmoor has also announced that the woman members have selected a team of four players who will represent the club in the matches played every Tuesday by the Woman's District Golf Association. Those selected are Mrs. Benjamin Middleditch, Mrs. W. E. Laughman, Mrs. Horace Kendrick and Mrs. L. H. D. Baker. Mrs. Stewart Hanley, who is also a Lochmoor member, will play with Oakland Hills as she is in A division and the Lochmoor team play in B class. Tournaments for juniors have been announced for Fridays during July and August. Mrs. Thomas Robinson is chairman of the woman's committee.

### THE WOMAN'S DISTRICT

The first tournament of the Woman's District Association will be held at the Bloomfield Hills Club on Tuesday, June 7th. There will be 21 of these events and three of them will be held before the spring championship takes place at the Lochmoor Club June 27th to 29th. This event is a medal tournament. The final championship match will be played at the Detroit Golf Club the week of October 3rd.

The captains of the A class teams are: Class A—Bloomfield, Mrs. R. C. Jamieson; Oakland Hills, Mrs. Stewart Hanley; Country Club, Mrs. William I. McGiverin; Detroit Golf Club, Mrs. J. W. Case; Washtenaw, Mrs. W. B. Cameron; Meadowbrook, Mrs. C. W. Thomas. Class B—Aviation, Mrs. A. E. Shiell; Birch Hill, Mrs. E. A. Rosier; Brooklands, Mrs. J. C. Merle; Birmingham, Mrs. R. I. Lee; Bloomfield, Mrs. J. E. McBride; Detroit Golf Club, Mrs. C. W. Burton; Grosse Ile, Mrs. Stewart Stone; Gownie, Mrs. P. A. Kempt; Lochmoor, Mrs. T. M. Robinson; Masonic, Mrs. E. A. Ranney; Red Run, Mrs. W. P. Ladd; Oakland Hills, Mrs. A. C. Wortley; Pine Lake, Mrs. C. P. Webster; Meadowbrook, Mrs. H. W. Hanlon.

### BLOOMFIELD

The Bloomfield Country Club has an attractive schedule for May which includes the opening day tournament on Saturday, May 7th, the Kickers' Handicap, May 14th, Four Ball Foursome May 21st, best score on holes May 28th. On Decoration Day an all day event will be held at which there will be an 18 hole handicap and a 36 hole handicap event, no contestant to win more than one prize. On Saturday, June 4th, the Spring Tournament qualifying round will take place, 32 players to qualify—16 in each class. Match play will start June 5th.

### OAKLAND HILLS

Oakland Hills Country Club opened the season on Thursday evening, May 5th, with a formal dinner party after which a delightful entertainment was given, Edgar Guest heading the list of entertainers. Mrs. J. L. Dryden, Mrs. Ezra H. Jones, Mrs. Charles C. Limbocker, Mrs. George E. Quigley and Mrs. H. H. Esselstyne had charge of the affair.

### BROOKLANDS

Brooklands Golf and Country Club had a dinner dance on Saturday evening, April 30th. A program of special music was given during the evening.

### BIRMINGHAM

Medals have already been won by the members of the Birmingham Golf Club who qualified in the 36 hole handicap match which took place April 23rd and 24th. It was a pin tournament and will continue throughout the season. Three gold, six silver, and nine bronze pins were awarded to the following players: Henry E. McCurry, S. A. Wilson, K. H. Owens, Dr. H. McMahon, L. P. Dodd, A. P. Richards, Bud Wilson, Rex Lee, C. S. Slack, Major Sills, W. J. Griffin, A. W. Kludt, B. M. Stahl, Charles Bennett, W. G. Ferguson, Sedey Brown and D. Leuty.

Qualifying rounds for the spring championship are scheduled for May 14th. By that time the second nine holes will probably be in condition for play.

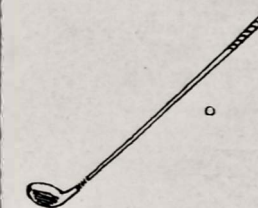
(Continued on page 19)

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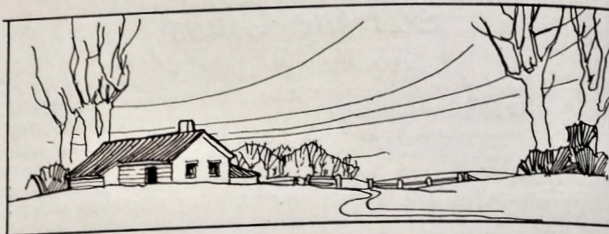
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## Country Notes

MAY THIRD, if you remember, was something of a spring day! Forsythia gleamed yellow from every garden, the hedges and ditches showed a brilliant emerald. A great day to make notes on what is happening in the country!

1. W. O. Briggs is building a huge natatorium on the hill just south of his house on Squirrel Road. When the warm months come, it will be completed for swimming and water sports.

2. The Elliot Slocum Nichols' have added a small and lovely swimming pool to their house, which opens from the sun parlor and makes an interesting vista from the end of their living room. It is painted green and all around the walls are planted flowers and shrubs against the many windows. At the outside end is a large brick fireplace which can be used on coolish days. There is a flat bottom boat on the water and some of those amusing rubber animals with which the four children of the family play hilariously when they go in swimming.

3. Just south of the Nichols place, a little back from East Long Lake Road, the first building of Bloomfield Township is nearing completion. It is interesting architecturally, and gives one an idea of the village group that will sometime stand there: a town hall, a fire house and a village garage.

4. Across the road is Bloomfield Downs, Mr. E. J. Butler's picturesque development, which will, in the not very far off future, present the picture of an English village. Many of the sites are already sold to enthusiastic people who will begin building very soon. Plans for sewer, water, paving and other utilities have just been approved by the village commissioners. This English village idea has long been a pet one with Mr. Butler, and he is to be congratulated on the artistic, as well as on the practical, way in which he has brought it about.



The attractive entrance of the F. W. Brede residence on Linden Road, Birmingham.

Landscaped by Pontiac Nurseries

5. The Bloomfield Open Hunt is showing all the signs of spring activity. Members are getting ready for the annual horse show at East Lansing, May 30th and 31st, but it is not yet definitely decided just how many entries there will be. Mrs. Blackwood of Rochester will enter two horses, and Mrs. T. R. Donovan will be back from England in time to enter "Freckles Sister" in several of the classes.



Susan Blanche Whittemore and her pony, D. Harum, who is the youngest son of David Harum, famed pony of Mr. Leroy Pelletier's herd at Orchard Lake.

6. Woodcrest Farms, the picturesque estate of Hugh Chalmers, has recently been subdivided by the Hannan Real Estate Exchange and put on the market in estates of from one to several acres. Mr. Chalmers himself has kept forty acres for his own use, which contain a lake, woods and frontage on Franklin Road.

"I want," says Mr. Chalmers, "to give others a chance to enjoy the beauties of this wonderful section which I have enjoyed all these years. Wider Woodward has made Bloomfield Hills really a part of Detroit, and yet, with the continued movement out that way, acreage can be purchased there for the price of lots in the city.

"In subdividing this property all the beauties of nature are to be retained, and at the same time I will be assured of having many desirable neighbors."

## At the Clubs

(Continued from page 17)

### BIRCH HILL

The formal opening of the Birch Hill Club took place on Saturday evening, April 30th, when a delightful dinner dance was held. The ladies of the club had an informal bridge-luncheon on Tuesday, April 19th, at the Wardell.

### MASONIC COUNTRY CLUB

This beautiful club has recently been the scene of some very attractive dinner parties, the most attractive being the dinner-dance given by the Yachting contingent of the Detroit Country Club on Wednesday evening, April 27th.

Thursday evening, April 28th, the Rotary Club of Mt. Clemens entertained at a dinner-dance, for various Rotary Clubs in the district.

### OLD CLUB

The members of the Old Club at the Flats are looking forward to the opening of the new club house which will soon be ready. Not only will the club house be more attractive in every way but the golf links have been put in excellent condition and members may leave town on the afternoon boat, enjoy a swim and a game of golf before dinner, returning to Detroit the same evening.

## Horse Show

### MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE

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Open Air Show Ring  
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DR. JOHN P. HUTTON.....Secretary  
EAST LANSING, MICH.



Of special interest to lovers of artistic things is the dance recital to be given the evening of May 21st in the auditorium of the new Maccabees Building, Woodward Ave. at Putnam, by Kathleen Parcher and her pupils.

Miss Parcher has been directress of aesthetic dancing at the Detroit Institute of Musical Art for the past season, having come here direct from the Vestoff-Serova Russian School of Dancing, New York City, and dance enthusiasts will be deeply interested in this, her first exhibition of work.

## Beetle's Wings

Beetle's wing on the grassy earth,  
The rasp of hawk in the endless sky,  
Things that whirl when the breezes stir,  
And the talk of people who always die,  
If the grassy earth would open for me,  
And the beetle's wings cover me there,  
I could lie in a peace that never would cease,  
With the roots of grass in my hair.

—W. H.



## A Spring Event

(Continued from page 5)

a more conservative way of painting, and though these movements are still not without their exponents, there seems to be for the most part a greater emphasis on the plastic qualities of painting and less upon the more superficial surface aspects of it. Pointillism, for instance, which dwells almost entirely upon surface brilliancy, is little in evidence, while the modifications of impressionism, where form is also given consideration, find interesting expression in such paintings as William Glackens' lovely Renoiresque nude, James Chapin's sunny and colorful *Banana Vendor*, Charles Hopkinson's convincing *Mary in Blue*, Gifford Beal's *Circus Equestrienne*, and Louis Kronberg's *The Visitor*.

In the same way the influence of Cezanne and the later schools is visible in many of the landscapes and figure subjects, though is modified by the artists' individual temperaments. Among these are Ross Braught's *Landscape*, Henry Lee McFee's *Man With a High Hat*, Judson Smith's interesting *Brickyards on the Hudson River*, Maurice Sterne's *Francesca*, and Charles Rosen's *Brickmaker's House*.

Then there is a certain group of painters who have been but little affected by the changing styles of the last three decades and whose work shows little change from year to year, so that it is often difficult to tell whether one of their canvases was painted in 1910 or 1927. Men of sound technic, though lacking sometimes in imagination, they belong to the more truly American tradition, of the line of Tryon, Murphy, Inness and William M. Chase. There is little effect of foreign influence in the work of such men as John C. Johansen, Sidney E. Dickinson, Gertrude Fiske, John F. Folinsbee, Daniel Garber, Paul King, Emil and Dines Carlsen, Leopold Seyffert, William M. Paxton and Samuel Halpert. There is a further more vigorous group of canvases of typical American subjects handled in a purely American way. Outstanding among these are Oscar E. Berninghaus' *A Hunter of Taos*, Randall Davey's *The Duck Hunter* and Herbert Dunton's *Pastor de Cabras Neco Mexicano*.

There is an unusually fine group of marines in this year's show. This is one field at least in which our painters have not been outstripped by those of other lands. The old favorites are here: Dougherty, Waugh, Kuehne and Woodbury, each with a vivid canvas; and two newer men, Stanley Woodward and Merton Clivette, who are attracting considerable attention.

## Wedding Stationery

A sheet of white paper, two plain envelopes, a few lines of wording—a wedding invitation! Simplicity itself; and still there is a difference in wedding stationery—just the difference between that which is in perfect good taste and conforms strictly to current social usage—and that which doesn't quite meet these requirements.

There is a genuine sense of satisfaction in having this detail of the wedding safely in the hands of the Warren Social Stationery Department.

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There are several well-painted canvases that do not come under any particular classification. Leon Kroll's *Noon—St. Jean* is the best painting that this constantly growing artist has sent to Detroit. John Grabach's *October* is a brilliant piece of work, and William Meyerowitz's *Humoresque, Gloucester*, shows this artist in a new and interesting choice of subject.

An increasing number of our local artists are achieving a more than local reputation and each year finds new names being admitted to the exhibitions in the east. Those included in the present exhibition show up well and we have much cause to be proud of such painters as Roy Gamble, Roman Kryzanowsky, Zoltan de Sepeschy, John Morse, Reginald Bennett, Esther L. McGraw, Iris Andrews Miller and several others.



Arch Carey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Carey.  
By Iris Andrews Miller.

But there seem to be no new "isms" in evidence, probably because there are none in Europe at the present time, for as yet America does not seem to be able to create any great American "ism," but relies for its inspiration on foreign sources. The French exhibitions of the past year have been surprisingly devoid of originality, with the possible exception of de Segonsac, whose *Bathers* created something of a furore at the Sesqui-centennial exhibition. On all sides a return to a more naturalistic method of painting seems to be the order of the day. Even in Germany, where the modern schools have had such enthusiastic following, such movements as *Die Neue Sachlichkeit* and similar groups show this tendency.

We cannot help feeling at times that in the rapidly changing styles of the last half century we have run the gamut of all the possible ways of looking at nature, and that there is nothing left but a return to tradition, but we know, as Havelock Ellis says, that "The problems of art, like the problems of life, will never be settled," and that with each new change in thought there will come a corresponding change in art expression. If we find little of a lofty or inspiring nature in modern exhibitions, we have only to realize the materialistic trend of the times. Perhaps we shall be forced to agree with Spengler that since we are living in an age of civilization rather than culture, we cannot hope to produce a really great art and must wait until the cycle turns round again.

If, as he says, America is playing the Rome to Europe's Greece, and that we should be content with the contributions that that role would permit us, our efforts to build up a great national art will be without fruition in the present cycle. But I like rather to accept the viewpoint of Flinders Petrie (whose book, *Revolutions of Civilization*, appeared at almost exactly the same time as Spengler's *Untergang des Abendlandes*, but which seems to have been eclipsed by the larger book), who lays the lack of genius in American art to the fact that we are still in the first stages of fusing the many motley strains which make up our national life, and that we must wait for the complete fusion to take place before we will have a pure American type and a great American art. It is at least much more consoling to feel that we are at the beginning of a new culture than at the end of an old.



SOCIETY—Continued from page 13

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Oliver Robinson of Grand Rapids were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Williams over the week end of May 1st.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. George Alfred Moore were decidedly sorry to have this popular couple leave the village. Mr. and Mrs. Moore have gone to Toledo to live.

A very delightful dinner party was given by Mrs. Henry Penny before the performance of "Penny Buns and Roses." Mrs. Penny took her guests on to the operetta.

An impromptu supper party after the operetta was given by Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Reilly. Among the guests was Mlle. Mara Tchoukleva, who delighted the guests with her charming singing.

Mrs. Frank B. Leland has leased her home on Burns Avenue to Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Wilmer. Mrs. Leland is leaving early in June for the Leland farm, near Holly, Michigan, where she is building a permanent country home.

Miss Ada G. Dewar of Pittsburgh, after spending a few days at Eastertide with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Dewar of Woodland Villa, Birmingham, sailed from New York April 27 on the S. S. Berengaria for an extended trip abroad.

### Grosse Ile

The last meeting of "The Islanders" will take place on May 17th in the auditorium of the High School and promises to be most interesting.

Two plays will be presented on this occasion, one by The Players of Detroit. In this play, "Les Echappes," by Rene Gimple, the players will be Mr. DeHull N. Travis, Mr. L. H. D. Baker and Mr. Edward Loud.

Christopher Morley's "Saturday Evening" will be given by the local players and the cast will include Mrs. Frederick Glover, Miss Florence Lake, Mrs. C. H. Harrington and Mr. R. G. Day.

The cast of the second play, "O'Neill's Ile," includes Mrs. Ralph Upson, Mr. Houston Gaddis, Waldo Johnson, Ernest Stanton, John Nolan, John C. Wright, Mrs. Edward Lowell Anderson is the director and Mr. Charles Anderson the stage manager.



## Out-Where Living is Joyous and Free

After your day's work, how fortunate if you live where recreation is an ever-present lure. If you live in the Birmingham-Bloomfield Hills area you have all about you the most important of these opportunities for recreation—beautiful lakes, pleasant lanes and roads for riding and driving. Only a few minutes away are the golf courses—Oakland Hills, Birmingham, Pine Lake and others. Fresh, clear air and all the other natural advantages for life at its best. You are among the people you like. Let us help you find the place that suits you best.

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Mlle. Tchoukleva as she appeared in the leading role of the operetta, "The Rose of Stamboul," several years ago in Sophia, Bulgaria.

### Lovely Bulgarian Prima Donna Gives Two Programs in Birmingham

Mlle. MARA TCHOUKLEVA came to the United States last season with Balieff in Morris Gest's second edition of the Chauve Sauris. Unhappily she was overtaken by illness and has remained in Detroit with friends ever since, incognito. She is an amazingly talented and beautiful creature, who has lived and traveled in many far corners of the earth, pursuing her two arts—for she is equally gifted as an operatic singer and as a cinema star.

"I like, somehow, the movies," she says quaintly, and in her portfolio of pictures are many photographs of herself in dramatic and tragic roles taken in Italy, Germany and Africa, where she worked with German and Italian companies.

She feels that her voice, due to recent illness, is not in the best of condition, but she graciously consented to sing a group of folk songs for the entertainment which the Birmingham Players put on so successfully Saturday night, April 30th. Again, on Friday evening, May 6th, she gave the program for the Thursday musical, singing an aria from Carmen and a group of folk songs in Russian and Bulgarian.

The Thursday Musical was fortunate indeed to be able to secure so colorful and dramatic a figure to

present to its members and their friends. There is probably nothing that an American audience likes better than old country folk songs sung in costume, and Mlle. Tchoukleva does that supremely well. "I had rather," she says, "sing from opera. But everybody do that. So I sing what they want—folk songs."

Mlle. Tchoukleva was born in Sophia, the capital of Bulgaria, and at an early age went on the stage of the Svobodny Theater, but shortly afterwards was taken on as the leading soprano of the Bulgarian National Opera. It was later that she succumbed to the lure of the cinema, and after engagements with the Emelka Ufa Film Company of Berlin, the Unione Cinematographica Italiana, in Rome and northern Africa, she finally landed in Paris with the Gaumont company. It was there she met Balieff, who persuaded her to come to America with the Chauve Sauris.

### A Song of Spring Greens

Shepherd's purse, lambs' tongues, dandelions, cress:  
Chiming words, quaint words, words of loveliness.  
Hear the tinkling waters where the cress grows green;  
See the rippling meadows with their wind-swept sheen;  
Little lambs that gambol, grazing with the flock,  
Woven in the sing-song, mustard green and dock!  
Meadowland and brookland their melodies convoke,—  
Watercress and lambs' tongues, narrow dock and poke.

Isabel DeVine Moore

### The House of Mr. Lane Bishop

(Continued from page 4)

over it. The ceiling and walls of this room are a clouded blue with gold and silver stars of various sizes pasted here and there, very much as they are in a fairy-story sky.

I like this house very, very much. It has such a nice atmosphere of being lived in and all its furnish-



A corner of the dining room, showing the old-fashioned tiled wall paper, the hanging lamp of pewter, the Dutch door, the raisin brown chintz overdraperies and the Chippendale chairs.

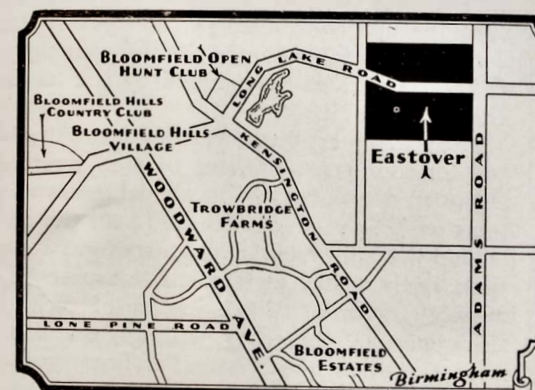
ings and effects enjoyed to the utmost. Only careful and clever planning could have achieved it, as well as a nice sense of the many things and colors that will go—if properly handled—into a house that has its origins in a slower and quieter time.

# Eastover

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EVENINGS AND SUNDAYS:  
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## Certain Factors Which Influence the Trend of Bond Prices

By DURELL S. RICHARDS,  
of Charles A. Parcels & Co.

PROSPERITY comes as the cumulative effect of a long building-up process. It is based upon creative work, intelligent executive direction, improved methods of operation and production, the general practice of thrift, and a wise policy of investment.

The Advance Scouts of Progress, working in laboratories or upon the job itself, find better ways of producing and distributing the necessities of life, and their inventions and refinements make possible lower costs and greater efficiency throughout the whole economic fabric. Through their guiding genius, man is enabled to improve his standard of living; to raise his general level of comfort and independence; and to secure more hours for leisure, relaxation, and self-improvement.

The financing of improved methods, of large scale operations, and of the steady expansion necessary in these modern times, calls for large capital expenditures which come from the accumulated savings of all. When new capital is created, there is an insistent demand for it in constructive enterprises. In the capital structures set up to serve existing needs, bond issues, secured by tangible physical assets, or pledges of collateral, are among those most sought after for conservative investment, and here, as elsewhere, the return which capital can secure is based upon the supply available. When the supply is large, it seeks an outlet and rates fall; when the supply is limited, borrowers bid against each other and the rate rises.

Prior to the World War, interest rates on bonds were extremely low when compared with those in effect today, and the return on governments and municipalities was meagre enough. But that was entirely natural when considered in the light of conditions as they then were, with the world seemingly stabilized and interest rates determined by the large supply of available capital.

Then, with very little warning came the World War, and for four years millions of men diverted their energies to a program of incalculable destruction. Nations were so vitally concerned over the outcome that human life and material resources gravitated into the vortex of war like an irresistible avalanche. So thoroughly convinced of the justice of their cause were these nations, that they willingly sacrificed accumulated surplus, capital assets, and mortgaged their futures, in order to achieve victory.

The fumes of war cleared away, leaving the world staggering under a great load of debt, with capital at a very high premium and United States Liberty bonds way below par. Here in Detroit, the Edison company brought out gold debenture bonds on an 8% basis; the Packard Motor Car Company also found it necessary to pay 8% for money. Many firms were forced to liquidate. Employers and employees—all suffered.

What has been happening since the war? Men have been working, saving, investing—creating new

capital—building up—buying homes—financing progress—developing—improving! Bank deposits have been growing faster; more capital is available for constructive purposes. Rates have become less prohibitive, and as the yields on good bonds have grown smaller, prices of bonds have gone higher. Those investors who bought bonds when they were low priced, have benefited by their courage and good judgment.

For several years the trend of bond prices has been definitely upwards, and still is, from many indications. High coupon bonds are being called for redemption continually, in most cases at a premium, and are being refunded upon a lower interest basis. Between April, 1926, and April, 1927, the average price on 40 domestic bonds rose 5.79 points or \$57.90 per bond, and in ten foreign governments it rose 2.97 points, or \$29.70.

After a great orgy of destruction the world is settling back to work, and beginning to enjoy the fruit of its labor. We are building a substantial prosperity so long as we create, develop, improve and invest our surplus wisely. Conservative investors who have participated actively in this program, still feel that the trend of bond prices is upward. Such a trend is further accelerated by the fact that more people than ever before are becoming bond buyers.

## A Book of Entertainments for Rainy Days

THE long vacation is coming soon, and with the approach of the summer holidays the question of suitable and happy occupations for the children looms large in the minds of mothers. To them a little volume by Mary Street Whitten and her daughter, Hope Whitten, will prove a treasure.

"Pastimes for Sick Children and Rainy Day Occupations for Those Who Are Ill" (D. Appleton & Co.), is an attractive collection of hundreds of fascinating games, tricks and stunts. They were contrived originally to entertain a sick child, but are equally adapted to the needs of active, restless youngsters—a most welcome answer to the question that always comes up when two or three children are gathered together, "What shall we do?"

Mrs. Whitten and her daughter have gathered together the amusements that proved most diverting to a little shut-in over a period of years, and have put them in book form for the benefit of nurses and mothers who realize how essential is happiness and occupation to the recovery of a sick child, as well as to the entertainment of eager, growing minds and bodies.  
S. R. M.



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## In and About Oxford

(Continued from page 6)

Inn, where we were hemmed in by a group of cockney English, one little man blowing tobacco smoke in our faces, and saying: "Hi never 'ave saw such 'orscs."

The moving picture camera fortunately took some very good pictures of the gay procession. Ahead of it we saw a funny sight, a working woman merry-maker, who had had too many glasses, danced on ahead, lifting her full skirts and circling about kissing her hand to the mounted police officers and smacking their horses on their flanks. But all was taken in good part.

In the procession were cavalry, infantry, soldiers in red tunics and bearskin, sea scouts, an armored car, Sairey Gamp in a growler, an aeroplane that had made a sensational flight, all kinds of early bicycles and horse-drawn vehicles on which sat people in period costumes, a stage coach with the Pickwick Club on top; a runaway couple in a Tilbury off to Gretna Green; medieval citizens; motor vehicles from an early Ford to the most luxurious modern limousine; ancient and modern fire brigades; all the city aldermen in their silk robes and furs, massive chairs and velvet berets; then came the Lord Mayor in his carved and gilded and painted coach with eight horses and outriders and coachmen and footmen in white wigs and scarlet liveries. The old coach had been in use several centuries and was like the pictures of Cinderella's coach. The new mayor cheerfully acknowledged the cheers of the crowd and then it was over, except for the surging crowd of people, which soon filled the blocks solidly from side to side. Several women fainted and were carried off by first aid men. In a remarkably short time the solid mass of people dispersed and the show was over for another year.

One day we drove to Witney, where they make beautiful blankets; and another day we saw the process of making leaded glass windows at Moreton-on-the-Marsh.

We had a cozy luncheon with beer in pewter mugs and delicious cheddar cheese at the Lamb Inn at Burford. The inn is over four hundred years old (nothing seems to be as new as two hundred; they always say four hundred or five hundred), and this inn looked its age with its uneven worn slab stone floors, open oven, settles and low beamed ceilings. In a nearby shop of old things we found, and one of us acquired, four lovely old carved Jacobean chairs.

On to Bloxham and Banbury, but we saw no lady with bells on her toes. Reached Sulgrove Manor just before closing, and found it rather interesting, and the formal garden would add a great deal to its beauty in summer; and we saw the old village stocks where they used to punish offenders in the village green of West-on-the-Hill.

We never gave up an outing for a little rain—"mist" the English call it when it doesn't pour. We remember one day for its sunshine, which we took advantage of to drive to Ewelme, a little known village of which we had heard through an Oxford friend, but even she

did not know about some of the places we discovered on our many drives.

Ewelme has a charming group of old brick buildings around a cloister, formerly a monastery, but now used as almshouses for aged poor. Their old church has interesting monumental brasses and a colored alabaster effigy of a bygone patroness, as well as a beautiful carved ceiling. The old pensioner who showed it to us said that spiders never spin webs there, because it is carved of chestnut, and chestnut is to spiders what cedar is to moths.

On our way back we drove through little villages along the Thames, but saw them dimly, for twilight in November is early. The great disadvantage of traveling during that season. We also missed the flowers, which were gone, except for a few belated roses and autumn flowers in the cottage gardens. Autumn is late in England and beautiful, although without our flaming colors, but with more subdued tones of rose-colored leaves and the golden glow of the woods; and always between gray, mellow, moss-grown walls the lovely old gray villages, following a curving path at the foot of the hills or along a stream, have untailing charm. And Bibury, winding along the River Combe, chiefest among them! We chanced on it to our lasting joy. It followed the little trout stream by the Swan Inn and a widely-famed group of stone cottages with smoke mounting in a straight line from each old chimney pot; and on to Bibury Manor, a beautiful old stone mansion, surrounded by a formal garden and park. It is dated 1633 and connected with old racing days and the story of Charles the Second and Nell Gwynn. It has a new owner, who has stripped the inside until there is nothing left but a shell, and it is now in the hands of renovators. It seemed a shame to destroy the past so ruthlessly, but we could appreciate that a 1633 house might be lacking in comfort and hard for a modern Englishman to live in.

We had tea at the Swan Inn, where we saw a copper vessel shaped like a long-toed shoe in the fireplace. It was for mulling ale; heating it in the fire, but although we had read the poet's praise of fine old mulled ale we were not served any.

Of course, we drove to Warwick, Kenilworth and Stratford, through the country of old timbered houses. We were the only tourists about and were given especial attention in places where in summer we would have been hustled through with crowds of other sight-seers. We drove to Leamington Spa, which we tried in vain to connect with the day of Hawthorne, and also went to see the early Cathedral glass of Fairford and Cirencester. There we spent more time in an antique shop looking at lovely old inlaid mahogany and Irish and English glass. We couldn't see why the glass should be so favored by English collectors, as it is colorless, heavy, and, we thought, clumsy. Twice we drove to Broadway, "the loveliest old Tudor town in England," the haunt of artists and writers and the home of our Mary Anderson. And have you heard of the Lygon Arms, where Charles the First and Cromwell slept in the turbulent days of the past; and where it is gay now at Christmas with an old yuletide

celebration, and during the hunting season with hunt balls?

One of the most interesting days of all was by train to Loughborough, in the Midlands, to the Taylor Bell foundry, where we were asked to go to see the progress on the Cranbrook Chimes. The Bell foundry has been in the Taylor family since 1776, and was founded two centuries before that; and is said to be the best bell foundry in the world. It was walled in like a prison and almost as hard to enter as Buckingham Palace, but we finally found a bell to pull, and after registering in a visitor's book, we were asked into Mr. Taylor's office and were his guests for the remainder of the afternoon. He showed us all the processes of making the bells.

There were famous bells from all over the world to be remodeled or retuned, and they were sending out new bells to all parts of the world—all sizes, from the smallest church bell sent to Africa, to be carried on the backs of natives from one palm grove to another wherever an altar was to be set up and the bell hung to a tree to call the near and far worshipers to service, to the big B-flat bells, weighing 6,000 pounds, parts of huge carillon. We saw a carillon set in a frame to try out before sending to Pennsylvania, to be erected in memory of two sons of the donor. It was a complete chime of forty-two or three bells. We saw thirty-three of the carillon for Christ Church at Cranbrook and the mold for the largest. The bells are tuned to such mathematical precision that one Irish organist tunes his organ by his bells. They are made of part copper and part tin, two of the softest metals, in conjunction so hard that they file off like sharp steel.

Mr. Taylor's office opened on to his garden and we went through the garden to the house to meet his charming young Scotch wife. While we were having tea by the fire we listened through an open window to the clear, mellow music of the Cranbrook chimes, which he arranged to have played for us; and it seemed strange that the next time we should hear them would be so far away at home across the fields and from the tower of Christ Church, Cranbrook.

There was something to see every day and always interesting people to meet or conjecture about; but we missed seeing the old don we had run across in the famous old Mitre Hotel, Oxford, two years before. An old character, who kept on his opera coat and black and white straw hat, begrimed with soot and rain of many winters and summers, while he thumbed a tattered old book and ate his dinner.

The days flew by too fast and we didn't mind rainy days and even the coal strike couldn't spoil our pleasure with an allowance of half a ton of coal for eight weeks; for we had the pleasantest of companionship and a most comfortable car in which to see the country, rain or shine, and we took leave feeling that we loved and understood much better "Our Old Home," as Hawthorne called it, for having lived in Oxford so happily for three short weeks.

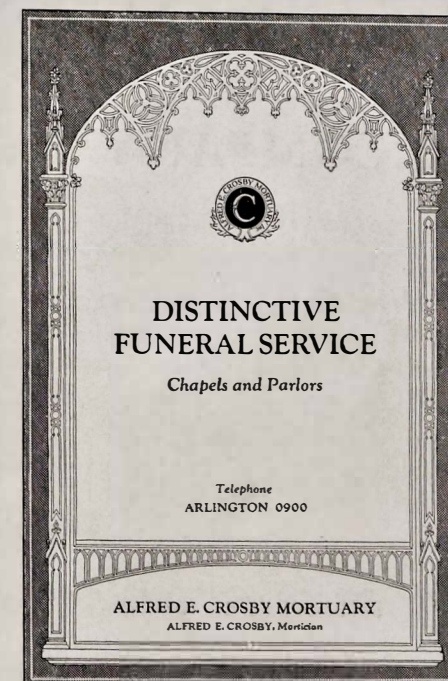
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### P Bar P—A Detroiter's Dude Ranch in Wyoming

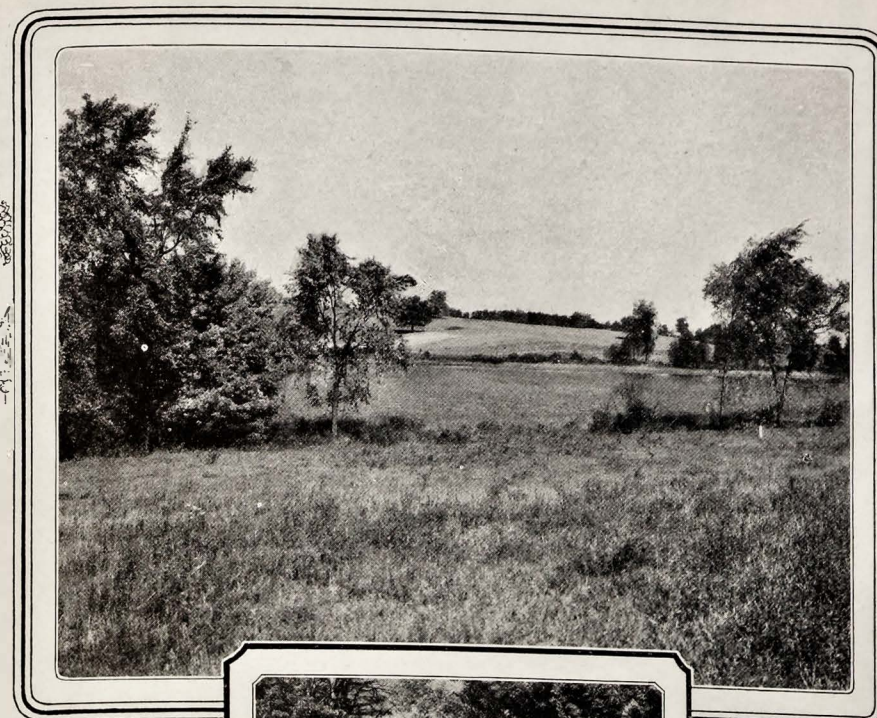
(Continued from page 8)

unsurpassed by any other in the state. From the plains and Yellowstone Highway two thousand feet directly below to the perpetually snow-clad peaks above, there is a distinctive beauty that I have not found elsewhere. Petrified woods, phenomena in rock, acres of wild flowers, grass, sage and pine trees are all about. Twenty-five or thirty guests are grateful each season to Mr. Wilkinson for having provided so fine a vacation spot. Among them last season from Detroit were Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Cortis, Mr. and Mrs. Joel Prescott, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Dickinson, Mr. Ted Kampi, Mr. Austin Harmon, Miss Theodora Teal, Miss Constance Stanborough, Miss Myrtle McDonald and Miss Helen Bush.

Including the National Park and Reservations, which are widely advertised and written of, there is in Wyoming every feature, excepting expanse of water, that is conducive to a wholesome and healthful vacation. The train service is extensive. Motor roads are splendid. Every phase of western atmosphere can be had by motoring through the big oil centers near Casper and Salt Creek on to Cheyenne for "Frontier Day", north through the desert country, through the farm lands in the central part of the state, to the glorious hills of the northern corners. Good camping sites, good hotels, are just ahead of the motorist along each highway.

Because the Dude Ranch is just emanating from its infant state, there are still persons who regard the Rocky Mountain region, that eastern strip running north and south in the foothills, as undeveloped, arid, unpopulated wasteland, probably with rough chinked cabins, cactus-covered plains and unpaved roads. But what a glorious surprise those persons have in store for them! Instead, they find a veritable fairyland. There is trout fishing for the sportiest fisherman, wild animals and game for the veteran hunter, landscapes for the artist. In June one finds solid carpets of flowers over the land. Every wild flower grows there with the lovely forget-me-not, the lupine and the wild rose. Later, after the Mariposa lily, comes the marvelous Indian paint-brush and rose-cup. Wild flowers growing in profusion one does not see in any other part of the United States over such an area.

One-half of the world must have the ocean or great lakes of water. The other half is becoming acquainted with what is to be their land. Our writers, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Will James, Struthers Burt and others are helping to make this acquaintance possible. The best imagined is to be had so easily. Several weeks or months in the summer of Nature's unadulterated beauty begging to be shared is an appeal not to be lightly cast aside.



Views of Wood-  
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