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THE AFTERGLOW

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Spencer & Wyckoff

Master Walter Owen Briggs, Jr., and his dog "Champ" in the woods near Walbri Hall, Bloomfield.

Contents for February
1926

COUNTRY HOUSES

SOCIETY • SPORTS

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Gable-end, garage and service yard, Wallace Frost house on Tooting Lane, Birmingham. Wallace Frost, Architect.

The House of Wallace Frost, Architect

Which Demonstrates that Cement Blocks May Have Charm

By MARION HOLDEN

Photographs by THOMAS ELLISON

THE VERY word concrete seems to have unpleasant connotations in the minds of most people. They shudder at the thought of a concrete house, instantly picturing either the usual "poured" concrete cottage, with staring walls and ugly lines, or the still uglier two story house of concrete blocks that are trying to look like hewn stone. And the concrete companies seem to have the same idea of what concrete can be built into, if one must judge by the books and catalogues in which they unblushingly publish these two horrific types, sometimes relieved by "touches of Italian influence"!

Calling attention to the photographs on these two pages and the next should be evidence enough that I mean none of these when I speak of a concrete block house. The idea of using concrete block without the usual stucco finish is not new in houses of good design, but it is new enough in Detroit to be worth more than a passing glance.

Mr. Wallace Frost of Birmingham, since he designed this house for himself several years ago, has, as far as I know, been the architect who is chiefly responsible for its wider use in that community.

The virtues attributed to concrete block are numerous. Of course a house with walls of hollow block, if properly insulated, would be cooler in summer and warmer in winter. The fire resisting qualities of concrete block are, however, the chief practical consideration, along with the fact that good carpenters are hard to get for inexpensive houses and that, as Mr. Frost says, concrete block construction is "pie for the country mason."

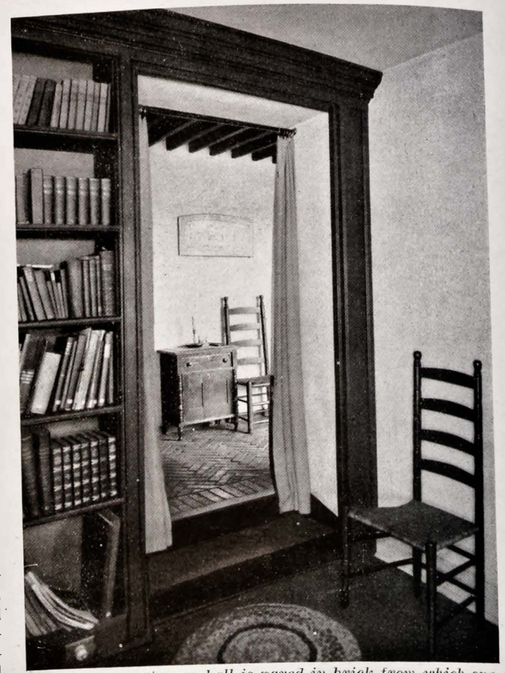
The more recently developed cinder block has, they say, even more things to recommend it than concrete, being lighter and easier to handle, more fire resistant as well as amenable to nails. Its surface is rougher, and I believe it costs less in the long run—though I am ill qualified to go into these technical things. Interesting contrasts in texture may be had by combining the two—using concrete blocks for trim around doors and windows for instance. And speaking of texture, either concrete block or cinder block have, when painted, a delightful rough surface and one that is eminently suited to the cottage type of design where it would not do in a more formal, sophisticated house.

In building his own house Mr. Frost simply used an excellent design with long low lines and a steep roof

that gives a rather large house a cottagey look. Of course the setting—on the edge of a ravine at the foot of Tooting Lane in Birmingham, could hardly be improved upon, and the planting. which he has wisely allowed to grow quite lush, helps to integrate the house with its surroundings. In this case the white paint on the blocks and the bricks of the chimney is nicely contrasted with the stained timbers over windows and doors and the stained shingle roof. Several concrete block houses designed by Mr. Frost more recently are painted a warm buff.

The Frost house, which I have chosen as the best example I know of in a concrete block house, speaks for itself in the admirable simplicity of its planning, planting and furnishing. The flagged terrace in a southwest corner back for the living room is one of the delightful features, looking off into the ravine where flowers have straggled from the informal gardens. All of the materials used are native to Michigan, and came indeed, out of that locality. The timbers used over windows and doors outside, and for ceiling braces inside, are from an old mill that once ground flour near Birmingham. Morover, concrete blocks are, according to Mr. Frost, preeminently the pietra serena of this locale so that houses of this type are as native to southern Michigan as houses of field stone are to Pennsylvania.

The furnishing of the living room is the simplest—rag rugs, old pewter, books, fabrics, old furniture—all of those things in fact that make a room charming and comfortable in any kind of house, but that are particularly nice in this spacious room which. with French windows looking east, south and west must always be full of light and air.



The narrow entrance hall is paved in brick from which one steps down into the living room.

The spacious living room has French windows opening east, south and west.

Sweet friends, pray do not be unhappe'
At her danger; the hat is by Tappe',
And the clothes of the rogue
Are precisely the vogue
That a tumble makes all the more snappe'.

Old English Walnut

By Mrs. Williard T. Barbour

DESIGNS in furniture, as in other forms of art, follow closely on national development and reflect the taste and emotions of their period. So in any distinct change, such as the general abandonment of oak in favour of walnut, as a material, we must look for some great influencing cause.

When Oliver Cromwell, austere puritan and fanatic, died in 1559, and Charles II returned from his exile in France, there was a marked reaction from the drab and uninspired styles which since the Civil Wars had sobered the taste of what was once "Merrie" England. There was a general outburst of luxury, elegance and colour, not only at court and in the mansions of the nobility and gentry, but in the homes of the now prosperous middle classes also.

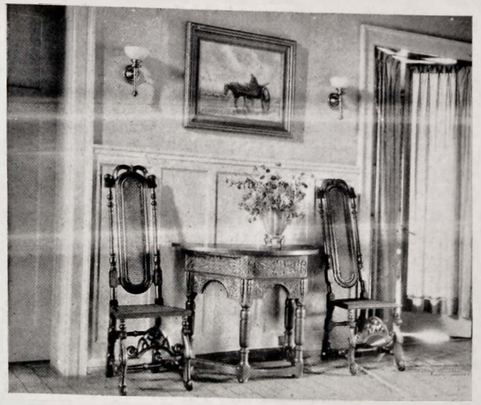
The foreign courtiers and favourites of the restored monarch helped him to popularize French and Flemish styles, an easy task, as their flowing and exhuberant lines expressed happily the joyful mood of the time. These styles, though of foreign inception, quickly assumed a national character and became intensely English. But together with the change in the character of design, it was soon recognized that a change in material used was necessary. The wealth of carving and detail was found to be unsuitable to oak, which is apt to splinter when cut and carved across grain, as in elaborate stretchers, perforated chair backs, etc., while the softer and more yielding walnut is ideal for this kind of work and possesses the added value of its exquisite grain, patina and colour—the latter ranging in its possibilities from pale amber to deep tawny orange. It is also much lighter than oak in weight. We find, then, from 1660 on, all the better furniture made in this wood, until about 1720 when mahogany began to be introduced into England in considerable quantities, and its durability (though never its beauty) being demonstrated as superior to walnut, cabinet makers transferred their allegiance to the imported wood.

Late Charles II "oystered" cabinet

William and Mary walnut chest on stand and Queen Anne walnut armchair

Because the period covering the use of English walnut is so short, and also because unfortunately many of the beautiful pieces produced during the period have perished owing to the fact that walnut is so susceptible to the ravages of worm, fine examples of late Charles II, William and Mary and Queen Anne furniture are very rare and extremely valuable, and consequently much sought after by connoisseurs. The period of walnut in its full development, that is, from about 1700 to 1710, is considered by many experts to show English furniture at its very best. While perfection of workmanship and intricacy of design increased in the later eighteenth century, and great artists like Chippendale and Heppelwhite carried delicacy and invention to a very high pitch, yet the nobility of the simple lines and the unerring grace of the best Queen Anne has never been rivalled. The age of oak has its vigour, its spontaneity and its romance to commend it—the age of mahogany shows the genius of the polished eighteenth century and breathes refinement and sophistication, but the age of walnut stands midway between the two—it still shows the vigour and youth of the hardy English soil and yet its purity of line and colour make it a joy to the most fastidious.

At the beginning of the period, we find very naturally that the first pieces of walnut furniture are merely more elaborate examples of oak designs. The pair of chairs in the inset photograph are an example of this. Very beautiful and effective carving, rather French in character, adorns the stretchers and backs of such chairs and extremely delicate caning for both backs and seats began to be usual. Everything was done to lighten both the design and the actual weight of all pieces of furniture. It is interesting to compare these chairs with the solid-backed Elizabethan and early Jacobean ones.



A pair of Charles II walnut chairs, about 1670 and an earlier oak table

We also find that the first day-beds were being made and a good many have survived. So modern are these in design and practicability that it is with something of a shock that we realize how little our interiors have advanced so far as beauty and luxury are concerned, since the days of Charles II. It is of great interest to read contemporary letters and get an insight into the refinement of finish of these homes. And where palatial residences were concerned the descriptions are lavish. Nell Gwynne—Charles II's "poor Nelly"—seems to have had as luxurious an entourage as could well be imagined. Mirrors, lamps and even whole large pieces of furniture were made of sterling silver. These pieces were placed in rooms together with walnut, but later on, in the period of national poverty incident on the wars with France, most of them were melted down. The simpler walnut which survived however, was so much more beautiful that we cannot be entirely regretful.

When Charles II died and Dutch William and Queen Mary, his wife came to England, a further development occurred because of the Dutch influence they brought with them. In furniture the material used was still walnut, but we find that inlay of various woods, at first definitely Dutch in character, but later quite English, began to be common. The cane-backed chairs grew narrower and a rounded arched top to the backs came into vogue. Gradually, most important of all, the cabriole leg for chairs, tables and highboys was evolved. Desks, called

Queen Anne walnut dressing table and Queen Anne chair

Queen Anne walnut highboy and Queen Anne cabriole-legged chair

in England bureaus, and secretaries became very usual articles of furniture. This fact in itself shows the increasing education—one might also say, the cultivation, of all but the poorest classes. William and Mary desks are rarer than Queen Anne ones, but they are extremely interesting; they consist of pigeon holes and a flat leaf that can be let down, above; generally one drawer below, and turned legs with a stretcher for support. Cabinets, both at the close of Charles II's reign and during the succeeding William and Mary period, were supported thus on stretcher stands. The illustration from a photograph at the beginning of the article shows a Charles II cabinet of walnut, beautifully "oystered" or adorned with other woods. Such cabinets usually had several "secret" drawers. The one in the illustration was found to have no less than six, which were discovered one day when it was being cleaned.

At the end of the century and from 1700 on, the Queen Anne style of desk with pigeon holes above, and three or more tiers of drawers below supported on bracket feet, became very common. These Queen Anne desks have as a rule a "well" below the pigeon holes and many of them are lovely in colour, the walnut being so chosen that it gives the effect of the most beautiful tortoise-shell.

To find a walnut "chest" or coffer is rare. This early piece of household furniture had now given place to the "chest of drawers," which was made in great abundance. Lace boxes, and mirrors—the latter framed both in walnut and in the now fashionable lacquer—were growing common. Lacquer cabinets were sometimes placed on walnut stands but much more usually on English stands of carved and gilded or silvered

(Continued on page 30)

Ellison

Ellison

The architect has followed here in general, the design of a New England farm house. The fence, behind which hides a flagged terrace and narrow flower beds, also conceals the service end and automobile entrance, besides being a decidedly attractive addition to the facade. The chimney is of old brick.

Four built-in book-cases, two at each end of the living-room, are decorative and unusual. The French doors at the end of the room open onto a shaded lawn terrace at the back of the house.

THE RESIDENCE OF CHARLES C. L'HOMMEDIEU

Dorchester Road, Birmingham

D. ALLEN WRIGHT, Architect

Something in the Cellar for Henry

By FLORENCE DAVIES

HIST---- he steps a little closer and whispers---- "I've-got-something-in-the-cellar---"

Dry agents need not prick up their ears. This is not for them. There is no cheer here for thirsty ones.

"I've got something in the cellar," he whispers "that if Henry Ford could see, he'd be crazy about. He'd pay any price for it---he can't get one like it."

I had gone in to see if I couldn't find an old blue Staffordshire plate, light blue, apple blossom pattern. The place looked likely, with candle snuffers and rush bottom chairs and a tip-top table in the window.

Everywhere I go I look for plates, light blue—apple blossom pattern, my grandmother's wedding china, and Boston seemed the place to find them. I have only one left and I'd like to pick up some more pieces in order to recreate the old set.

I started out in dead earnest. But I have become convinced that there are no more plates like that light blue, apple-blossom pattern, in existence. There are scenes from Kennilworth and wild roses and whole forests and jungles of willow trees, but apple blossoms, there are none. At first, as I said, I was wholly in earnest. I did and do revere the memory of my grandmother, dainty little lady with the china blue eyes, as blue as the apple blossoms on her every-day dinner set. But I have about given up the expectation of finding more of her plates.

It is the expectation, however, and not the search that I have abandoned. When it comes to plates, I hold with Stevenson, that "to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive and the true success is to labor." The plates may never be found, but they will remain invaluable as a noble introduction to the discussion of candle-tables and corner cupboards and a priceless and plausible excuse for prowling around in the back rooms of dealers in antiques.

By the time we reach the back room in the perennial search for blue plates—apple blossom pattern—we have usually arrived at Detroit in our conversational adventure.

And then it always happens.

"You come from Detroit? I suppose you've seen Henry Ford. ----- Say, let me tell you, I've got something in my cellar that Henry would be crazy about if he knew it was here. He'd give any price for it. There isn't another one like it in the country."

"Sounds pretty good," I say. "What's it like?"

"Just wait till you see it. Finest burl bowl you ever saw. Henry would be glad to get this one if he knew about it."

"But Mr. Ford has a good many burl bowls," I suggest.

"Not like this one, he hasn't. Say, this burl bowl is twenty-five inches across. I've been in this business forty years and I never saw another one like it, I tell you this is the finest burl bowl in the country.

"But I've seen Mr. Ford's burl bowls, he really has a great many pretty good ones-------"

But I couldn't go on. Why tell him that Mr. Ford has thirty burl bowls half of them bigger than his favorite? Dream on and wait for a chance to snare the agent.

"That's the trouble," he will tell you. "You got to get to the agent. I know who he is—fellow named Smith. I know where he gets all his stuff too—place over on Beacon street. He'll take anything from that fellow and pay him any price for it. But if I offered it to him he wouldn't look at it. He won't buy anything that that Beacon street fellow doesn't show him."

"Look here," I said, "Did you ever see Henry's collection of old things? I really don't think he bought all of it from that fellow over on Beacon street. You know he's got a pretty big warehouse out there in Dearborn."

But once again, what was the use? Why spoil his dream? Why not let him think that Smith is the man and that some day he may be able to sing the siren's song in the ear of Smith.

"Have you any old blue plates?" I asked. This time it was in a little shop in Cambridge.

"So you come from Detroit do you?" he said with a light in his eye after we had compared notes on the price of spindle beds. Well, I suppose you know Henry Ford.

"Say, let me tell you something,---shh---I've got something in my cellar---"

This time it was a barrel made from a tree trunk.

"That's certainly a pretty fine old barrel," I admit. "It certainly is a beauty. But I happen to know Henry has a good many of those barrels, I know he has some pretty good ones in the lot, too.

"Well he hasn't got one like this. This is one he wants. I know that. I've been in the business for thirty-eight years and I tell you this is the finest log barrel I ever saw. Look at the size of it. Look at the way it's made. Just look at the work on it. You see this fellow shaped out the inside all smooth and nice with his knife. See how smooth it's all hollowed out. But that isn't all. Look at the outside. Now there's something you hardly ever see. He's whittled this on the outside too. Most of 'em just have the bark stripped off and that's all. But this one, see the knife marks on the outside. The fellow who made this put some work on it. That's better than a hundred years old, too."

"You say he has a good many of these barrels? Well he hasn't got one like this I can tell you that.

"Henry Ford'll own that barrel some day. I know the fellow who gets everything for his agent. He has a place up Lenox way. He knows the agent Jones, that's the man who buys all of Henry's old stuff. Name's Jones. No, I never met him. But I know the man that gets everything for him. Jones is the man that does the buying, but he gets most of his stuff through the Lenox man. I know him."

Over in Connecticut I found another man who knows the agent. But this time the agent was a chap named Brown, and over there too, "down in the cellar," there was something—nothing like it in the country—that Henry Ford wants. "Henry may have a grandfather's clock, but say, he hasn't got one like this. How do I know? I know because there isn't another one in the country like this."

(*Continued on Page* 26)

Some Representative Fathers and Sons

D. D. Spellman

D. D. Spellman

Mr. John Patterson, of Pontiac, and his son, Clarence, who is also his partner in the firm of Patterson & Patterson, Attorneys.

Bachrach

Mr. Walter Thompson, of Bloomfield Hills, and his son, Jack.

Mr. Fred N. Shinnick, of Rochester, and his sons, Graham and Ted.

Mr. Gustavus D. Pope and his sons, John Alexander and Gustavus D., Jr., at "Apple Lane Farm," their summer home in Bloomfield Hills.

SOCIETY

THE MARRIAGE of Miss Grace Briggs and Mr. W. Dean Robinson which took place on January 22nd at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter O. Briggs of Boston Boulevard, was given an original touch owing to the fact that the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Father Wm. Ryan of Birmingham, took place in the ball room. This beautiful room where the guests were seated as in a chapel was decorated with Easter lilies and greenery. The tall silver candlebra and Easter lillies formed an isle leading to the mantle which was beautifully arranged, soft candle light making everything look especially lovely. After the ceremony the bridal party received the guests in the sun room which was also very lovely with lillies, lilacs and pussy willows in tall silver vases.

The bride's gown was a Patan model. Every fold of the heavy white satin marked the grace and beauty of the wearer. The long court train was bordered with the same handsome pearl and bugle trimming that adorned the gown. A crown of rose pointe and Duchess lace held the tulle veil in place. The lovely necklace of pearls was the gift of the bride's parents and she also wore the groom's gift, a beautiful bracelet. A shower bouquet of white orchids, gardenias and lillies of the valley frilled with silver lace completed her costume.

C. M. Hayes

Mrs. W. Dean Robinson (Grace Briggs) whose marriage took place January 22 at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter O. Briggs, of Boston Blvd. and Bloomfield.

Miss Elizabeth Briggs was her sister's maid of honor and wore a shell pink chiffon gown trimmed with chantilly lace, a chic hat of pink chiffon with silver crown and drooping plume. Silver slippers and a shower bouquet of lavender orchids completed her costume.

The matron of honor, Mrs. Shepherd M. Roberts and the bridesmaids, Miss Julia Buhl, Miss Mary Jo Collins, Miss Elaine Pommerer and Miss Edith Robinson, wore gowns alike of apple green chiffon and carried shower bouquets of pink butterfly roses and valley lillies fringed in silver lace. The ushers were Henry Shelby Elliott, Henderson, Kentucky; Charles Thorne Murphy, Suffolk, Conn.; Sperry W. Miner, Buffalo; Welcher Walker, Salt Lake City. Arthur McAleman of New York was best man.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson have gone to Bermuda on their wedding trip.

* * * *

The Baroness Violet Beatrice Wenner was the guest of honor at a tea given Saturday afternoon and evening, January 30, by Mrs. Zelmer Dowling at her home on Cranbrook road. The Baroness Wenner, who is in Detroit to execute portrait commissions, is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Frohlich of Edmund Place. Some of the Baroness' more important portraits were exhibited at Mrs. Dowling's on Saturday.

Virginia, Josephine and Rosemary Braun are accompanying their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Braun, on a several months tour of southern Europe.

Photographs by D. D. Spellman

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Donovan of "Valhalla," Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morley of Lone Pine Road, Dr. and Mrs. Robert C. Jamieson, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph L. Polk, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Morley, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Renchard, and Mr. and Mrs. David Franklin Peck of Chicago, will sail on February 18 from New York on the Veedan, for a West Indies cruise. Some of the party will stop at Bermuda for a visit before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore McManus of Stonycroft, their daughter Theodoria and son John left early in January for their winter home in Miami.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Winningham and daughter Jane of "Robin Hood's Barn," will spend the remainder of the winter in Miami and cruising about the Florida coast in their yacht.

Miss Mary Morley went to Ann Arbor on Friday, February 5, to attend the J. Hop. Miss Morley was the guest of Frank W. Atkinson, Jr., at the Delta Chi fraternity house.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Slocum Nichols have a new daughter born January 3 at their home in Bloomfield. Little Miss Nichols is named Charlotte for her Aunt Charlot Nichols, who before her marriage to Mr. Frederick Church of New York, was one of Detroit's most popular and prettiest girls.

Bachrach

Mrs. Cone Barlow of Dounacouna, Quebec, who spent the month of January in Birmingham, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Cecil Charlton.

Miss Laura Donnelly has closed her home in Bloomfield and will be in Camden, N. C. for two months, later going to Washington and New York for a visit.

Miss Helen Minton is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Slocum Nichols.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. O'Dell of "Inch House" and their daughter have also left the Hills for a European trip.

Mrs. James Eugene Huffy, the former Irene Barbour, was the honor guest at a tea given in Ann Arbor on Wednesday, January 27, by Miss Virginia Mack.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Devlin had a merry party of Detroit guests, 26 in number, at their country home on Long Lake Road Saturday afternoon, January 23. Skating and coasting were followed by supper served in front of the cozy fireplace in their delightful living room.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Taylor of Brady Lane, entertained at supper on Sunday evening, January 25.

Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Woodruff gave a delightful dinner-dance on February 5, at their home in Grosse Pointe honoring Miss Frances Shaw who will marry Frederick Latta Smith on February 27. The wedding will be solomnized in the picturesque log cabin at "Whysall," the Bloomfield home of Miss Shaw's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Shaw.

* * * *

There is nothing lovlier than the Sunset Hill district in the moonlight with the snow piled high along the roads. This setting proved ideal for the sleighride which followed the dinner given by Miss Elinor Millington at the Sunset Hill Club on Saturday evening, January 16th. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Milton Spencer Withee, Margaret and Catherine Donnelly, Nancy Atkinson, Miss Thorpe, Miss Fox, James Vhay, Frederick Raeder, Jack Thompson, Mr. Stern and Mr. Fox. After the sleighride Miss Millington took her guests back to the club to dance.

* * * *

Mrs. John Whaling is at Biloxi, Miss., for the winter.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Thompson left on the first of February for Palm Beach to visit Mrs. Charles Lambert and remain for the marriage of her daughter, Miss Marion Lambert, to Philip I. Mulkey.

* * * *

Immediately after the wedding of their son, W. Dean Robinson, to Miss Grace Briggs on January 22, Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Robinson accompanied by their daughter, Miss Edith, closed their home "Overbrook" and went to Palm Beach for the remainder of the winter.

Bachrach

Miss Hortense Knox, one of the last debutantes of the season, made her bow on December 18, at the Detroit Athletic Club. Her parent are Mr. and Mrs. Earle S. Knox of Lawrence avenue, Detroit.

Bachrach

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Snell and daughter, Miss Gladys and younger son, Edward Snell, of "Green briar," went early in January to California.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert R. Earle and Miss Florence Earle are spending the season at Melbourne, Florida.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Glancy of Lone Pine Road, left on January 28th for a fortnight's visit in Hollywood, California.

* * * *

Mrs. C. L. Wilson of Willets Road left in January for her winter home in St. Petersburg, and shortly afterwards Mr. and Mrs. George D. Wilson and their little daughter Shirley, went to St. Petersburg.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Copland are spending the winter on the Riviera; and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Braun and their three daughters, the Misses Virginia, Rosemary and Josephine left on the fifth of February for a several months tour of southern Europe.

* * * *

California via the Panama Canal will be the destination of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Harry and their son William. In honor of the Harry's Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Whittlesey entertained at a dinner dance at the Bloomfield Hills Club on Friday evening, January 29th.

* * * *

Mrs. Frank W. Klingsmith and her son, Charles, and small daughter, Miss Betty left on January third for Fairhope, Alabama, to remain until spring.

(Continued on Page 28)

Barbara Alice Booth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Scripps Booth (Alice Newcomb), and granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Booth of Cranbrook.

Spencer Wyckoff

Looking West over Bloomfield to Walbri Hall, summer home of Walter O. Briggs.

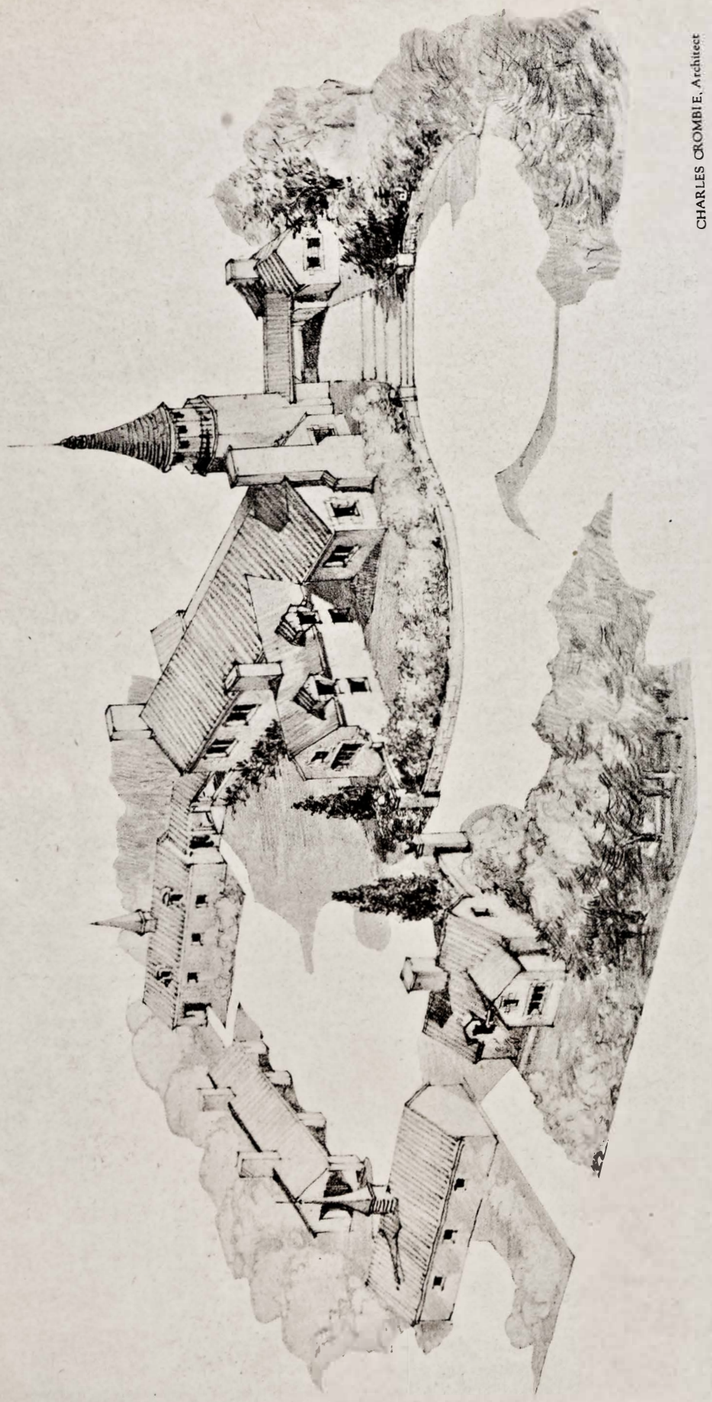
The back yard at "Highgate," the home of R. L. Polk, Jr., on Lone Pine Road.

D. D. Spellman

Winter Over Bloomfield

This photograph of "Apple Lane Farm," the summer home of Gustavus Pope, shows the house from the orchard at the back. W. B. Stratton, architect.

The entrance to the Col. Edwin S. George estate on Long Lake Road.



CHARLES CROMBIE, Architect

Bird's Eye Perspective for the New Camp Brady

Detroit Council, Boy Scouts of America

The long main building is the mess hall, looking over the parade ground at the back; the small building at the right of the tower will house the administrative offices; the open sheds around the courts are for all manner of shops and the little house at the left of the gate is the caretaker's lodge.

View of the Mess Hall from the Parade Ground Charles Crombie, Architect

Rebuilding Camp Brady

Boy Scouts of the Detroit Council Putting on Intensive Financial Campaign for the New Camp at Waterford.

By A. D. Jamieson, Scout Executive.

THE LATE George N. Brady, a Michigan pioneer, experimented with the Boy Scout Program in the summer of 1919. Mr. Brady owned a tract of some forty odd acres on the south shore of Green's Lake, Independence Township, Oakland County. He had acquired this land for the purpose of loaning it to boys' camps, and finding that the Boy Scouts of the Detroit Council were looking for a camping place, invited them to use it in 1919. Satisfied with the Boy Scout program, Mr. Brady again tendered the use of his camp to the Scouts in 1920, and later made provision for the creation of the Independence Corporation whose trustees hold title to the property for the use of the Detroit Council, Boy Scouts of America.

Mr. Brady's generosity likewise made possible a splendid lodge building used for recreational purposes, and known to some three thousand Detroit Scouts as the Brady Lodge. During the eight weeks of summer camp the building was the scene of many interesting occasions, not the least interesting being the wonderful meals served in its dining room by the camp chef.

There were campfires indoors, too, on rainy nights, there were the traditions of past camps brought close to the boys by the banners of all of the Detroit camps which hung in the assembly room, there was a moose head presented by Mr. Brady to the camp, there was the silver spade which turned the first sod at the time the Brady lodge was built; then the dormitory upstairs where, in winter time, those first class Scouts fortunate enough to attend winter camp had their sleeping quarters, and from whose windows they peeped out to see if the ice was good for skating. Then there was the Trading Post, tucked away in a corner of the assembly hall, skillfully designed and built by the Camp Director and an assistant in 1924, in that rustic style dear to the hearts of all outdoor people; and over the fire place in the assembly hall hung the immense tablet, made by Troop 23 way back in the war days, depicting in huge letters of bronze the words of the Scout Oath, and surmounting this a picture of our generous friend and patron, Mr. Brady.

Hi! For Camp Brady!

All of this lay in ashes on the morning of November 11th after fire of unknown origin completely destroyed the building and its contents the night before. But the ashes were hardly cold before plans were under way for the rebuilding of a bigger and better Camp Brady—not only to meet the needs of the Boy Scout world in and near Detroit, but to justify the faith of George N. Brady in the Scout movement and to keep alive the Brady

(Continued on Page 31)

BOOKS

By HOWARD WEEKS

ABOUT a year ago we were talking to Theodore Dreiser in Detroit and the answers made to our questions by this greying blonde giant were disappointing. Mr. Dreiser's remarks gave one the feeling that he was not in touch with the life about him as he was fifteen and twenty years ago when he was writing his memorable books. In leaving Mr. Dreiser we thought perhaps it was our fault that he had not been impressive; that perhaps he was not a convincing conversationalist and that he did not display the power of his writing in his speech.

But now, after the reading of "An American Tragedy" (Boni & Liveright) we feel that our judgment of Mr. Dreiser today was true. This huge novel, in two volumes and approximately 400,000 words, is unworthy of shelving beside "Sister Carrie" or "The Genius" or "The Financier." But before going on, we do not wish to give the impression that "An American Tragedy" is worthy only of condemnation; it contains many remarkable and arresting scenes; it contains fine tragedy; it contains many finely developed characters; it contains passages of excellent writing and incidents of genuine pathos—but it also contains much of the worst writing ever published by a man of any literary stature and scenes that are shockingly bathetic.

Some years ago a young woman was found drowned in a lake in the Adirondacks. A young man, father of the girl's unborn child, was arrested, tried, convicted, sentenced and electrocuted for the murder of the girl. This Mr. Dreiser borrowed and it is his American tragedy.

To tell this story Mr. Dreiser employs two volumes and almost half a million words. He takes the youth from childhood and portrays his life until its ending in the electric chair. In doing this Mr. Dreiser shows flashes of his pristine power: the scenes in the death cells in Auburn prison are tremendously moving; the character of the youth's mother, the wife of an itinerant evangelist, is magnificiently created and sustained and there are other parts in the book where Mr. Dreiser displays his marvelous percipience into the lives and into the motivating forces behind the lives of human beings of various social strata.

But in this book Mr. Dreiser's besetting sin is multiplied an hundredfold. Although he has written some of the most impressive stories of any American alive, he has never learned to write. He handles the English language as if it were a club; he bruises words and phrases; he leaves paragraphs mangled and bleeding—he writes as if he were wearing mittens.

The book abounds in infelicitious combinations of words, it contains diction unworthy of a college sophomore and it even displays bad grammar and faulty construction. For Mr. Dreiser, who possesses such remarkable abilities of perceiving and understanding the lives of men and women and the great abstract forces that drive them on to deeds of love, valor, crime and other intense human activities, for this man who knows so well the virtues, faults and frailties of his fellow beings to bungle so helplessly with words, his only medium of expression, is enough almost to make one weep.

The love of words, the pride of the craftsman in the use of his tools, the attribute of every writer whose works remain uncorroded by time, is not in Mr. Dreiser; it is pitifully and conspicuously lacking.

Perhaps it is unfair to quarrel with the work of a man on the ground that he should be something that he is not, yet in the case of Mr. Dreiser hope springs eternal and with the publication of this novel, his first in 10 years, we thought he might have become, to a degree, more of a master of his medium than he had been, but that hope is painfully unrealized.

In this book Mr. Dreiser at times is tremendously dull. In the trial of his young protagonist, Clyde Griffiths, for murder, he writes almost as many words as one finds in the novel of ordinary length. In creating this character, he writes at great length of almost every aspect of the boy's career. Undoubtedly there are many aspects which merit lengthy treatment, but not all of them, and Mr. Dreiser does not exercise any of the faculty of selection which he may possess to sort the wheat from the chaff but throws everything in, omitting nothing and achieving at times an almost unbelievable prolixity.

Clyde Griffiths, the youth whose tragic career is traced in the book, comes from Kansas City, from extreme poverty, to work for an uncle in a collar factory in a town that is ostensibly Troy, N. Y. The uncle and his family are a part of the bourgeois country club society of the day and when Clyde joins their activities he undergoes a tremendous change and falls in love with a girl of wealth and social position in the town.

In this Mr. Dreiser stumbles. His depiction of the activities of this group by which Clyde is fascinated and captivated is clumsy, incomplete, unreal and a little ridiculous. Obviously, Mr. Dreiser does not know this aspect of life, however unimportant it may be, and his writing displays his ignorance. This should not be; he should not attempt to picture many people doing diverse things when he does not know his material or is not able convincingly to imagine it.

Mr. Dreiser has done tremendous things for those persons in this country who are writing. Many years ago he cleared the way with the publication of novels which were received with indignation and scorn by many, books which today have come to be classics of

(Continued on page 26)

THE SECRET

Winner of the Mrs. August Helbig prize for sculpture at the Scarab Club's annual exhibition for Michigan arists which has just closed at the Detroit Institute of Arts.

THE CELLIST

Sculpture by Samuel Cashman of Detroit

Putting the Garden on Paper

By E. Genevieve Gillette

SEVERAL years ago in Chicago the members of a Garden Club were asked to respond to roll call by telling which month of the year they enjoyed their gardens most and why. One little lady said she enjoyed hers most in February because it all looked so well on paper and there were no weeds to fight. Perhaps she meant to be humorous but she touched on a vital point.

Anticipation is sometimes a greater pleasure than realization. We are not apt in the snuggness of a winter evening to remember the disagreeable features of a summer morning. We turn the pages of the nursery catalog and decide we must have Flowering Quince! Would you think it very good business if the nurseryman said underneath the picture that Flowering Quince (Cydonia Japonica) was extremely susceptible to San Jose Scale? Would you think him clever if he explained to you that Flowering Quince only blooms real well about once in five or six years?

If you are a gardener you will know exactly what I mean. If you are planning to become one (as many of you seem to be doing) I suggest you remember that roses always come with thorns and that rain makes your garden grow.

Now then! Listen to reason and don't plan too much. It's easy to do that and then suffer keen disappointments. Just because you have gotten into the country and are thinking acres instead of square inches, don't lose your head and plan acres of poppies. Take it easy. Think about it a lot. And better still put your order blank away and get a glimpse of the woods from your window. See what kind of a view you have there. See what there is about that view that you like. If Hi Brown's red silo the other side of the creek is spoiling your view of the woods don't you see that you haven't much chance of shutting out his silo with poppies?

Go over every important room in the house the same way. Look out of every important window at different times of the day; perhaps the view will be much better at night than it was in the morning or better in April than on the Fourth of July. Maybe you will have moved out of the library onto the porch by July. If so it won't matter so much about library windows in mid-summer. Therefore plan the poppies where you can see them when they bloom.

Don't you see how important it is to know just what you want to do before you spend a lot of money to do it? Of course it may be you needn't consider money much but if so I, for one, would like to meet you. I never yet had a client who didn't expect me to consider his purse and if I ever do have I'll go on considering from force of habit. It's too often the other way, although my clients have always been nice about bills. It's just a matter of knowing that you haven't wasted your money on something that you didn't want. The landscape architect is supposed to know what will give you the best effect and the most pleasure for the money and time expended and he, besides, is supposed to know where you get the most from just such and such an effect.

It isn't only what you waste on doing a wrong thing in your garden; it's what you have to spend in maintaining a thing that's wrong. And maintainance costs always startle and perplex the uninitiated country dweller. Too well do I remember the lady on an old road out of Philadelphia who decided she couldn't afford to have her lawn mowed and instructed the gardener to mow her a pathway every morning down to the flower beds.

Now after you have thought a good deal about this place of yours and about your favorite windows and favorite views you can take a big piece of brown paper and draw in the center a plan of your house. Then you can locate Hi Brown's silly red silo and the willow tree by the creek and the bend in the road and so on. Mark everything you want shut out of your vista with an X and everything you want saved in your vista with a circle. Then figure how you can plant to shut out the crosses and frame in the circles and before you know it you are becoming a landscape painter. You are creating pictures one by one and placing objects in such a fashion that the finished picture will be pleasing to the eye.

It is all quite simple, isn't it? Obviously a sturdy white pine will shut out the silo better than the acre of poppies would have done. And probably the poppies will make a nice foreground for the more distant view of the road. So you have progressed and on your order sheet can now write "one Pinus strobilus and ten packets of Papaver seed."

You can see how essential this plan business is. An experienced landscape architect may manage your whole estate without making a lot of fancy plans on paper. He may go out and stick in his heel and say "Boys, set a Liriodendron tulipifera here," but you can wager your bottom dollar that he has the plan in his head; that he knows why that Liriodendron tulipifera is there.

So lay aside those nursery catalogs, at least temporarily. You are getting the cart before the horse. They are merely appetizers brought on before your dinner. They have their time and place, but you must learn to hold your pencil before you learn how to write. In town it may not have mattered—you grew the things you could—but now you live in the country and think on a broader plane.

"The next dear thing that I ever loved
Was a bow-kite in the sky
And a little boat on the brooklet's surf,
And a dog for my company."

From "Christian Ballads."
By the Rt. Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

Planting the Perennial Garden

By FRED C. ROTH

THE FLOWER GARDEN usually is the most intimate and most personal part of the home grounds. Even though the area devoted to flowers be relatively small, many persons spend more time in the flower garden and derive more enjoyment doing so, than in any other part of the grounds. Whereas trees, evergreens and shrubs give us the proper background and setting for the dwelling and the lawn area, the flower garden gives us an opportunity to express our own ideas. It is a unit in itself and because of the great number of varieties of flowering plants, the possibilities are innumerable. The garden need never become tiresome because the various groupings can easily be changed and endless combinations made.

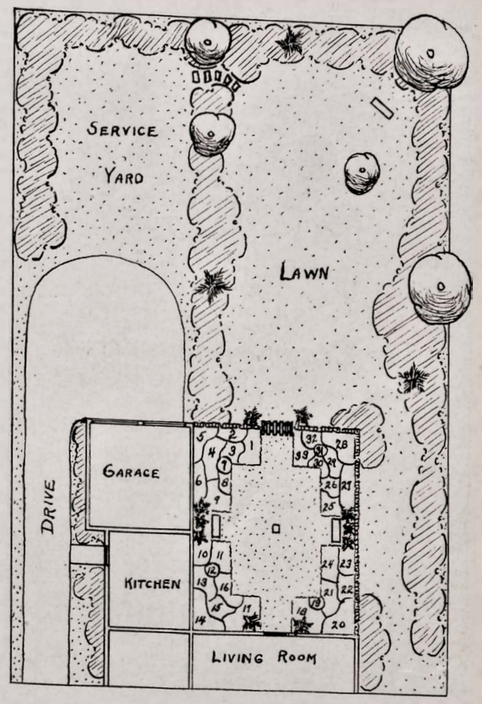
A herbaceous perennial—more commonly known as a perennial—is a plant which dies back to the ground in the Fall. The underground portion of the plant remains alive over winter in a dormant condition and in the Spring, produces a new top. The individual plants become stronger and larger each year. All of our so-called "old-fashioned" flowers belong in this group such as peonies, phlox and larkspurs. These plants are being constantly improved and the newer varieties are more beautiful that the older varieties. It is hardly fair to call them old-fashioned. Perennials are preferable to annuals as a general rule because they are hardier, produce blooms earlier in the season, need not be planted each year, start earlier in the Spring, fill the beds in more quickly and require less care. However, such annuals as calendulas, snapdragons, china asters, zinnias, nasturtiums and cosmos are very fine, producing an abundance of flowers for cutting the latter part of the summer and continuing to bloom until frost. Annuals are useful in the perennial garden for planting among the early blooming perennials such as columbine and painted daisy, thus giving color to those parts of the garden at a time when they would otherwise be lacking in bloom. Ageratum, petuias and verbenas are very good for this purpose too.

To get the maximum beauty from the flower garden the planting should not be haphazard. A flower garden can be made an object of beauty as well as a source for cut flowers by a careful consideration of plant forms, foliage, color and time of bloom, height of plants, habits of growth, etc. In the first place, the flower beds should have some definite and balanced arrangement. It is best if the beds can be centered on an axis with a living room door or window. Two possibilities are illustrated in Plan I, where the garage is attached to the rear of the house and there is a door off the living room directly into yard. Therefore, the ideal place for the garden would be close to the living room where it can be a part of it. The garden area is enclosed with a privet hedge. An arch for training climbing roses or other vines is placed at the far end and on a line with the living room door. Garden seats backed up with evergreens are located half way down each side. Formal evergreen are used to frame the door way and the arch. To give the whole garden a finishing touch a sun dial or other ornamental feature is placed in the center. The flower beds should not be over four or five feet wide since they are only accessible from one side. Wider beds necessitate trampling

on the planted area and make it more difficult to care for the plants and to cut the flowers. The lawn area beyond the garden is enclosed with trees, evergreens and flowering shrubs thus giving a good background and insuring privacy.

In the selection and arrangement of perennials in the beds, consideration must be given to the characteristics of the different plants. The taller plants must be kept to the back with the lower growing ones to the front. All of the plants in the rear of the bed, however, should not be the same height. Variety in height as well as variety in foliage, forms and color of bloom are what make the garden interesting. Group a few plants of a kind together in irregular masses rather than plant individual specimens and repeat some varieties in other parts of the garden. A mass of bloom is more effective than a spot of color. It is preferable to plant peonies singly since they make such large plants and have such a short season of bloom.

Locate the varieties so as to have a succession of bloom throughout the garden. Of course there will be some places without bloom since it is practically impossible to have a mass of bloom throughout the garden the entire season. We can avoid having one section entirely barren of flowers at certain times of the season. Time of blooming and color of bloom should be considered jointly in order that there will be harmonious color combinations. Some good combinations are: Hollyhocks (pink) and Larkspur (light blue); Coreopsis (yellow) or Golden Marguerite (yellow) and Larkspur (deep blue); Coreopsis (yellow) and Gaillardia (orange); Phlox (white) and Larkspur (blue); Phlox (white) and Coral Bells (pink); Madonna Lily (white) and Larkspur (blue). There are many other goo dcombinations. Unharmonious colors should be separated by a mass of white flowers or green foliage. In another article, I shall discuss the more common perennials in detail.



Plan I—A Perennial Garden for a Small House

A PERENNIAL GARDEN

PLAN I

1—Coral Bells (Heuchera sanguinea)
2—Larkspur (Delphinium belladona)
3—White Phlox—(Phlox paniculata)
4—Baby Breath (Gypsophila paniculata)
5—Hollyhocks (Atlheae rosea)
6—False Dragonhead (Physotegia virginica)
7—Peony (Paeonia)
8—German Iris (Iris germanica)
9—Blanket Flower (Gaillardia grandiflora)
10—Foxglove (Digitalis purpurea)
11—Blanket Flower (Gaillardia gradiflora)
12—Peony (Paeonia)
13—Balloon Flower (Platycodon grandiflorum)
14—Hollyhocks (Altheae rosea)
15—Tickseed (Coreopsis lanceolata)
16—Columbine (Aquilegia vulgaris)
17, 18—Speedwell (Veronica spicata)
19—Peony (Paeonia)
20—Hollyhocks (Altheae rosea)
21—Ox Eye (Heliopsis pitcheriana)
22—Larkspur (Relphinium formosum)
23—New England Aster (Aster Novae Angliae)
24, 25—Shasta Daisy (Chrysanthemum maxima)
26—German Iris (Iris germanica)
27—Pink Phlox (Phlox paniculata)
28—Hollyhocks (Altheae rosea)
29—Balloon Flower (Platycodon grandiflorum)
30—Cantebury Bell (Campanula persiifolia)
31—Peony (Paeonia)
32—False Camomile (Boltonia asteroides)
33—Coral Bells (Heuchera sanguinea)

Books

(Continued from Page 20)

a kind in our language. He was a pioneer; he possessed the strength and daring and hardihood of the pioneer and his books made possible the writing of other books which might have never been written if it had not been for him.

But Mr. Dreiser today—that is a different matter. Let us hope that the indiscretions of age will not outlast the triumphs of youth.

* * *

"The Ship of Silver," an anthology of verses contributed to The Detroit Free Press by youthful makers of rhymes is a most interesting and heartening experiment. Many of the verses, all of which appeared in Sunday editions of the Free Press, show various aspects of fresh and unusual talent. Such a publishing enterprise is most commendable for it gives these youngsters an opportunity to see their early creative efforts in print and aids them immeasurably in improving whatever abilities they possess.

Appended to the volume is an introduction to the study of English versification by Sylvestre Dorian which should materially aid young verse writers.

Something in the Cellar for Henry

(Continued from Page 11)

Before you work your way back to the Grand Central station and the Detroiter, you've found that Henry has more agents than there are descendants of the human beings who came over on the Mayflower.

It's a great game, this "hunting of the snark," which in this case happens to be either a blue plate of a certain pattern, or the particular old chair or table which fits your heart's desire. But once you have been fired with an enthusiasm for the things of yesterday you are bound to keep on hunting.

So perhaps it is just as well that blue plates with the apple blossom pattern are scarce, for while I'm looking for them I can always find the most remarkable specimens of Americana, waiting in the cellar for Henry.

February Birds

FEBRUARY is the month that marks the first noticeable change in the bird calendar, with the arrival of the first brave vanguard from points south. It is probable that the first robin heard this month has merely been in wintry seclusion in nearby marshes or other thick undergrowth and takes this opportunity to gain for himself the credit of being the highly honored first arrival. But whether or not this be the case, he is new to us and his first defiant chirp never fails to furnish its annual thrill of pleasure.

Until his arrival however, (usually the last few days of the month) there is no particular dirth of interesting winter residents that may be seen by the braving of a little winter weather. Even this is unnecessary, however, if you live in the country. A wide board fastened to a favorable window ledge, if spread with small offerings such as table crumbs, small grain and a piece of beef suet nailed fast, will sufficiently manifest one's good intentions—and undoubtedly draw a multitude of voracious English sparrows.

This is merely an ill attached to almsgiving, and must be borne. If persisted in, there will sooner or later appear at the board a new bit of life, perhaps with darting head, spotted breast and jerking tail—all of which are in startling contrast to the other besmudged truants. The new bird book comes into its own at this point, and the guest is registered as the cheery and highly welcome song sparrow. His sturdy little song may often be heard on bright days the last of the month, near low places along the roads.

Others likely to be interested in the food board are the White Breasted Nut Hatch—easily recognized by his smart black cap and energetic manner—and the Brown Creeper, a tiny brown and black bird with whitish under parts and the creeping and prying ways of a wood pecker.

Where evergreens are abundant, chickadees sometimes congregate in company with a number of Golden Crowned Winglets. The vivacious Chickadee will solicit your attention and approval by his contagious chick-a-dee-dee--de-de-de. He may even favor you with his disarming little encore: pee-wee--pee-wee--pee-wee, a note often confused with that of the Wood Pewee and Phoebe.

The Kinglet, a mite of only four inches or so, distinguishable by his dress rather than his voice, wears a yellow crown and, in the male, a patch of flaming orange.

Severe weather often brings comparative strangers to the shelter and food offered by the village: the Junco, for instance, or the Hairy Wood Pecker, the Quail or the Cedar Wax Wing. Small flocks of horned larks may often be seen swooping over snow fields where they feed on the protruding stems of weeds. No weather seems too rough for them.

The Kentucky Cardinal too, has often been known to appear in the vicinity of Detroit. If you have seen his flash of scarlet at this time of year you are indeed favored.

E. J. B.

Society

(Continued from Page 15)

Mr. and Mrs. M. Spencer Withee (Barbara Thompson) have leased the home of Mrs. C. R. Wilson on Willets Road for several months.

* * * *

Mr and Mrs. Jerome C. Draper and their small son, Jerome C. Draper, Jr., of San Mateo, California, spent a fortnight early in February with Mr. Draper's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Morris B. Draper of Adams Road.

* * * *

Mrs. George T. Hendrie left on the 22nd of January for a two weeks visit in Boston and New York where she spent some time with Mrs. Betsy G. Rayno, formerly of Birmingham.

* * * *

In February 2nd Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tillotson entertained about sixty guests at a supper-party at "Harwood," the home of Mr. Tillotson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tillotson.

* * * *

Miss Pauline Howden of Detroit, was the house-guest of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Harris of Quarton Road, for a week late in Januarv.

February Art Exhibitions

Detroit Institute of Arts - Regular galleries open from 9 to 5 daily.

Gordon Galleries - Paintings and etchings by Frank Armington and Mrs. Caroline Armington (mostly French landscape and architecture). Mr. and Mrs. Armington will be present during the exhibition which takes place the last two weeks in February.

Hanna-Thompson Galleries - Old and Modern Masters.

Bonstelle Playhouse - Paintings by Roy Gamble.

Scarab Club - An exhibition by architects and decorators who are members of the club showing those phases of their work which are not regularly seen in a public exhibition, namely: preliminary studies of motifs from first inception to the final working drawings; photographs of completed work; free hand sketches in water color, pen and ink or pencil; outdoor sketches and still lifes.

John Hanna Galleries - Portraits by the Baroness Violet Beatrice Wenner for two weeks beginning February 8.

BIRMINGHAM

Miss Barbara Potter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Potter of Greenwood avenue, left on January 27th for Lewiston, New York, where she spent several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Manley.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Charlton had as their house-guest for several weeks Mrs. Charlton's sister, Mrs. Cone Barlow of Donna-Conna, Quebec. Mrs. Barlow was extensively entertained during her stay in Birmingham.

* * * *

Mrs. Frederick C. Fisher of "Walnut Glen" left on the 26th of January for a three weeks trip to Houston, Texas.

Bob and Billy, sons of Harry W. Taylor, Brady Lane, Birmingham

Mr. and Mrs. Verne Burnett of Brookside Drive, were hosts at a dinner and coasting party on Monday evening, January twenty-fifth.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mack of Puritan Road, had as their house-guest for a short visit Miss Sara Balshaw of Saginaw, Michigan.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Cruickshank are entertaining for several months, Mrs. Cruikshank's sister, Mrs. Edgar Eugene Dix, of Dayton, Ohio.

* * * *

On Saturday evening, January 30th the Village Players held their monthly meeting at the Community House presenting there one-act plays: "The Finger of God," by Percival Wilde; "The Impertinance of the Creature," by C. C. Gordon-Lennox, and "Where, but in America," by O. M. Wolff.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Atkinson entertained at dinner followed by bridge on Thursday evenin, January 7th at their home on Harmon avenue. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morley, Mr. and Mrs. Manley Davis, Mrs. Avery Billings, Mr. Edward Donnelly and Mrs. Otto Lang

* * * *

On the twenty-sixth of January Mrs. Stowe Baldwin of Dorchester Road entertained at bridge in honor of Mrs. Cone Barlow.

* * * *

"Architecture, properly understood, is civilization itself."
—W. R. Lethaby.

Old English Walnut

(Continued from Page 9)

soft wood, such as limewood.

It is a curious fact that English furniture was at its most distinctive during the reigns of the two Queens—Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne. Possibly there is some reason for this, in a national sense. Under Queen Elizabeth the English threw off the Spanish yoke—and in Queen Anne's reign the English freed themselves from the menace of France. Both events served to encourage a feeling of power and efficiency which the interest of a woman ruler would naturally encourage and divert into the channels of household decoration and beauty.

And so we find in the best of the Queen Anne period an intensely national and unmistakably English feeling in everything produced. The debt to France and to Holland is evident, but it is subdued and transmuted into a simplicity and sometimes even a grandeur of design that is utterly different from the restlessness of the French and the heaviness of the Dutch. The cabriole leg in its full beauty is found about 1705. In some examples the purity of the line in these cabrioles is astonishing. Of all leg structures for pieces of furniture, the cabriole is the hardest to manage. The slightest deviation will make the difference between grace and absolute rightness, and clumsy impracticability. The earliest William and Mary cabrioles had a very distinctive type of club foot—rather Dutch in charcter. In the early Queen Anne these feet were modified into the simple spade shape, and about 1710 the claw and ball or "eagle" foot as it is sometimes called, began to appear. This foot is also seen in the earliest mahogany. The first cabriole-legged chairs had stretchers, while the later ones are often found without them, the reason being, that as the cabriole evolved the laws governing its structure became more universally understood and the stretchers—which are actually braces or strengtheners—were less and less needed.

It is extremely interesting to notice how beauty and fitness go side by side and how in any material, the method that is right is always the most beautiful. The hard unyielding oak needed boldness and austerity of design and was suitable to a more primitive national civilization. As manners and the needs of the educated classes grew, we see the instinctive feeling for a freer expression of beauty and comfort encourage the use of walnut. This softer, lighter wood, so exquisite in colour, lends itself to line, and it is gradually found that its full beauty is shown best with little detail which tends to perfect design and a judicious choice of veneer. When the age of mahogany takes its place, we shall see how detail is again needed to lighten the darker, less picturesque wood.

One of the most beautiful pieces developed between 1700 and 1720, is the highboy on cabriole legs. Even in the country-made pieces it is extraordinary to observe with what grace the curve of the cabrioles, the design at the base of the drawers, the placing of the handles and lock plates, and even the choice of the veneer all combine to make the most satisfying and restful set of curves. Very exquisite dressing tables belong to this period also—these are sometimes, but erroneously called "lowboys." Cabriole-legged stools, now unfortunately very rare, were made in sets for the large mansions. Possibly the use to which they were subjected, and the friction of the feet on the floor as they were moved, together with the action of the worm on the soft walnut, caused them to get rubed down and then be discarded. These stools are unluckily among the hardest pieces to find. They are very beautifully placed by one of the contemporary dressing tables. Side tables are found in some quantities but dining tables are very rare. It seems that the older oak tables were still used and continued to be so until the introduction of the extending mahogany dining-tables in the middle of the eighteenth century.

Early in the eighteenth century the multiplication of card tables, tea tables and china cupboards gives evidence of the increasing refinement of life and manners. The tea tables and the china closets are both signs of the large trade with the East. It is both amusing and interesting to know that "cultured" men and women of this time were as inveterate curio hunters as we, and sales of rare china were as well attended as first nights at the play. And it is doubtful whether Bridge or Mah-jongg have had any greater vogue than spadille and Ombre in the times of Good Queen Anne.

To all true lovers of beauty it is a great cause for regret that the period when these exquisite pieces were made was so short, and any fortunate possessor of a good example should treasure it and be particularly careful not to let it get into the hands of unskilled restorers—those devils in disguise. Such pieces are especially suitable for wall spaces. They will be found to lend a feeling of dignity and spaciousness to a room, and to be an inspiration in the carrying out of a scheme of decoration. Acquring of a fine piece of Queen Anne may make us eliminate other possessions, prized possibly, until then—but the resulting harmony will give rest to the tired eye and often to the tired spirit.

"That life is worth living is the most necessary of assumptions, and were it not assumed, the most impossible of conclusions."—George Santayana.

(Continued from Page 19)

spirit, which all who knew Mr. Brady could not help but catch from him.

The new building will be as fireproof as modern skill can make it. It will be commodious, artistic and practical to a high degree. The experience of Camp Directors during the past five years has been called upon to suggest changes in design which will make Camp Brady in 1926, we hope the finest Boy Scout Camp in the country. A committee is now at work planning an intensive financial campaign which will bring the building fund resources, together with the insurance money, up to a sum commensurate with worth and dignity of the camp's history. The Finance Committee's objective is $50,000.

Plans are being prepared of which the accompanying sketches are but a hint. The architect is Mr. Charles Crombie and the committee is fortunate in having the assistance of Mr. Albert Kahn who is contributing his aid as consulting architect. Offers of help of all kinds have been pouring in on the committee from Scout leaders as well as parents and friends of Scouting, but especially gratifying have been the contributions, entirely unsolicited as yet, from boys who have experienced the joys of Camp Brady in the past, boys from universities and colleges all over the country and from the field of commerce and business. These young men who, but a few years ago, learned to swim in Green's Lake or sat about the camp fire at Brady are sending in their substantial assistance to make the new Camp Brady a great tribute to Scouting and to George N. Brady.

BRADY CODE

Safety First.
The Camp Law is the Scout Law.
Keep Camp Clean.
Stay healthy—
Be prompt.
Be a good mixer.
Advance in rank.
Improve your Swimming.
Study Leadership.
Win the Camp Emblem.
Woork hard for your Troop and tent.
Smile at difficulties.
Be considerate of others.
Remember your prayers.
DO A GOOD TURN DAILY

Par Value - $1.00 per Share

DETROIT COUNCIL
BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA
1416 Griswold Street

I hereby make application for_____ Shares of Preferred Stock in The Future Citiship of Detroit, by pledging $_____ to the Camp Brady Rebuilding and Camp Development Fund, payable as follows:

$_____ down, balance_____ 1926
(not later than June 1, 1926)

Signed _____

Address _____

Make Checks Payable to

BOY SCOUT CAMP FUND

E. C. Mahler, Vice-President, First National Bank, Treasurer