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(Continued from page 61)

A dead silence. Then Chris repeated, rather flatly:

"I wish you would."

The color had drained from Mary Kate's face, and she looked young, too, with her pale cheeks and dilated dark blue eyes, and her soft tumble of hair, as she sat on her mother's lap, one slender arm still lying about her mother's neck.

"Oh, thank you, Chris," she said, very faintly. "But—but—" she stopped short. "But thank you very much!"

And she looked at her mother in perplexity, like a child who is about to cry.

"Since I came here tonight," Chris said, "I've come to realize what—what your family means to you, and what you mean to them—"

"I don't believe I have much to offer you. Money, of course—"

Another silence.

"Money," Mrs. O'Hara pronounced, superbly, ending it, "buys very little."

And suddenly they were all in a gale of laughter. Martin laughed, Cass laughed and Mary Kate laughed almost hysterically. Even Chris laughed, caught by the contagion of their mirth.

"Ma, you are priceless!" said Mary Kate.

The atmosphere cleared. She and Cass and Chris were all on their feet. Mary Kate looked at herself in a little mirror by the sink, and made a few quick adjustments of collar and hair, and Cass held Chris' coat for him. Martin, his wounded arm strapped over his breast, watched them from his chair, and Mrs. O'Hara, fallen into deep thought with the amazing easiness of her mystical race, continued to occupy the shabby old piece of furniture known for many years as "Ma's rocker," her eyes narrowed thoughtfully, her full, disciplined, patient mouth slightly pursed.

Chris, overcoated, hat and big creamy gloves in hand, went over to Mart.

"Good-by, and good luck!" he said. "I hope—I hope you'll decide for Germany."

"Thank you," Mart said, gruffly, but in a friendly manner, too. "I'm sorry if I—blew up," Mart continued, awkwardly. "We have no father, you know, Molly and I, and maybe—maybe I forgot that she's perfectly able to run her own affairs."

"Oh, that's all right!" Chris said. He turned to Tom.

"I know Throckmorton," he said.

"What?" Tom shouted.

"If you really want to go in for aviation," Chris continued, "I'd be glad to give you a letter—"

"Let me know, will you?"

"Oh, Ma!" Tom said, almost crying.

CHRIS shook hands with Cass.

"I don't have to tell you that I congratulate you," he said. "You have my best wishes. You're—" he paused. "You're very fortunate," he said simply.

"Thanks," Cass responded.

"Good-by, Mrs. O'Hara." Chris was bending over her, he had her hand. "I—I certainly admire your family," he said, with a brief laugh. They all laughed. "I think they're all—stars. They have the—the vitality of—of—"

"Anyway, they're all stars."

"You've seen us at our worst tonight," Mrs. O'Hara assured him. "Maybe you'd come out and have dinner with us some night, and we'd treat you a little better?"

"I'm sailing on Sunday."

"Well, good-by and God bless you then," Mary Kate's mother said, with a sudden penetrating glance that saw through all the layers of veneer to the lonely, little-boy heart of the child inside him. Her changed, lowered tone spoke only to that.

"Thank you," Chris said, stirred,

clearing his throat. He blinked his eyes as he smiled at her, and bent his head suddenly over the fine work-worn, capable hand.

Then it was Mary Kate's turn. She stood by the door, and Chris took both her hands, and looked down at her, as he said, unexpectedly, incoherently:

"And you won't marry me?"

The girl looked very tall and very pale, and was oddly unsmiling as she answered, conventionally:

"No. But thank you for asking."

"Thank you." His face reddened and his voice thickened, and for a moment their hands held them united, and their bewildered eyes were fixed upon each other.

And it was as if both were asking the same question.

"What are we saying? What does all this mean? Is this good-by?"

SUDDENLY Chris, laying aside hat and gloves with a quick gesture, gathered both her hands against his heart, and bent over her, so that his browned, almost stern face was close to her own.

"There's one thing I left out, Mary," he said. "They may as well hear this, too."

"It's this," he went on, in a dead silence. "I didn't count on this. But I love you very much. Did I say that?"

The ground began to sway gently beneath Mary Kate's feet. Waves—waves lifted her from the floor, and the drumming and rushing of many waters was in her ears.

"No," she whispered. "You didn't say that!"

She turned to face the others in the kitchen, her shoulder almost touching Chris as she leaned back against him, his hand, that had been holding hers, still gripping her fingers, and his arm

half about her. And it was as if, standing there, she measured two worlds—the one against the other.

On one side was only this protecting arm and this gripping hand. She knew little more of him. And on the other, were all the associations that she knew, were all her happy, adored, protected years. The kitchen with its worn linoleum and familiar frying-pans and chairs and oilcloth-covered table. Mart, handsome and resolute and fiercely protecting; Tom, who was developing so rapidly now, who had come, just of late, so much more close to his older sister, who had seemed, just of late, to need her. Cass, clever and successful and devoted, planning a happy normal life with her—a forty-dollar flat, curtains, dishes, a white wedding in the new Dominican church in a few weeks' time, years of love and labor shared, children, some day a country home.

And last, and first, and all the time, Mother. Mother, with whom she hurried, sleepy and chilly, to early church, and with whom she walked home, at peace, for hot coffee and special Sunday rolls. Mother, who had taught her, talked to her, scolded her, praised her, all her life long, even while she fumbled in her flat purse for movie money for "Mart and Mary Kate," or patiently thumped the heavy iron that meant exquisitely fresh frills and blouses for the beloved eldest daughter.

To choose Chris meant no more kitchen, no more Cass, no more Tom—and in the dear home sense, at least, no more eager, ambitious, headstrong Marty.

It meant that she chose exile, alienation, distance. It meant no more Mother.

(To be concluded next week)

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Whatever Goes Up

Continued from page 11



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about new building which I have quoted do not take into account the immense volume of alterations to bring old houses up to date. A large group of building material manufacturers have recently organized what they call the Home Modernization Movement. They have made a survey and find that out of 20,000,000 homes in the land about 12,000,000, or sixty per cent, are in need of modernization.

The movement has had a tremendous popularity. Everywhere one sees old weather boards coming down and a new garment of stucco descend upon the old house or the old crumbling stucco disappears and a robe of shingles follows. A change in the roof gives the house a new sweeping line. Rich colors brighten the door and window frames. Somehow a sun parlor gets worked into the house, stepping-stones supply the walk and a bird bath appears on the rear lawn.

Towns of the Future

I have talked about this with a good many thoughtful architects, and they are fairly well agreed in their picture of our future development. The people who want to live in private houses are moving more and more away from the town, as a result of which a wide margin of semi-rural satellite suburban settlements is spreading around the big towns, while the towns themselves are tending to become more and more aggregations of skyscrapers.

Even the dwellers in the towns are gravitating more and more into large structures of brick or concrete called multi-family houses. We may or may not like this. I state it as a fact and regardless of whether it is wise or not. The trend toward apartment living is the outstanding fact in our home life. In 1921, of all the living accommodations built, one fourth was in multi-family dwellings. In 1927 it was almost one half. In 1928, for the first time in our history, the number of dwelling units in apartment and tenement houses was greater than the number of private houses. That fact tells its own story.

Even those who do not like this tendency must find some comfort in the fact that modern apartment homes are at least immensely superior to those early structures. It must be remembered that the apartment house is not a very old institution in this country. The first apartment was built in 1870. It is interesting to note that it still stands at 142 East Eighteenth Street, New York City, and that a family which moved in when it was completed is still living there. But what a far cry it is from that old tenement to the finely planned, handsome and convenient multi-family houses of today!

About ten years ago I ran into an architect who turned out to be a good deal of an enthusiast. He had done some good work but he was by no means overburdened with this world's goods. He happened to be a man with an idea and, like most such men, his idea was consuming an immense amount of his time. His name was Andrew Thomas.

He had been looking at magnificent apartments going up for the rich men of the great cities who were running away from the servant problem and taking refuge in fine apartments. He had also been looking at the monstrously ill-favored and misplanned tenements put up for the poor man.

Thomas had won five awards from the American Institute of Architects for his apartment plans. He might have lived at ease designing skyscraper pal-

aces for the wealthy. But he was letting this idea about building apartments for the poor man run away with his time.

He had worked out plans under which an apartment might be built on just forty per cent of the plot instead of seventy-five or ninety per cent, thus allowing more space for light and air. He had also planned to reduce the cubic contents of the building but at the same time give the dwellers more room.

He had worked out a method of using just common brick instead of expensive face brick, yet getting more artistic surfaces for his building. He had done a great many more things, including plans for putting up these apartments in large groups, thus organizing the resulting large open spaces for gardens, playgrounds and so forth. I was a reporter assigned by a great liberal-souled New York newspaper to devote practically all my time to the pressing question of housing, and I spent many hours talking to Thomas, or rather listening to him talk. With the zeal of a crusader he would say:

"Why, man, if I could just get someone like young John D. Rockefeller to see these plans—think what a man with his money could do!"

Well, I talked with Thomas a little while ago. He had just completed for John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the second or third of such apartment enterprises. It was for the colored people up in Harlem. There he has put up a marvelous full-block apartment house, beautiful, comprising every modern convenience, with playgrounds, lovely gardens, sun parlors. The tenant pays for these houses about six dollars a room less than for ancient, badly lighted and ventilated monstrosities in the same neighborhood, and owns his apartment at the end of ten years.

And there isn't an ounce of charity in the whole enterprise. Mr. Rockefeller so organized the financial arrangement that he derives a return of six per cent from his investment. That is part of Mr. Thomas' and Mr. Rockefeller's plan—it furnished an enlightening demonstration of how fine, modern, multi-family construction can be carried on at a profit. And now he is just finishing a similar job for young Mr. Marshall Field in Chicago.

Wiping Out the Slums

Between the old apartments built back in the eighties and the nineties and these modern American homes, there is such a gap that the old ones are being simply abandoned as so much junk. The vision of Andrew Thomas is destined to sweep down billions of dollars' worth of outworn, impossible construction. Already it is making its impression on the slums of New York and Chicago. I talked with an English landlord recently, indeed the largest of English landlords, whose tenants comprise 30,000 families. He had come to this country to study America's handling of the tenement problem. He had seen the Thomas apartments. He declared them to be far ahead of any similar work being done in any part of the world, and he planned to go back to England and design his own new construction on this model. He declared to me that he saw America wiping out her slums within twenty-five years or less.

It is in these buildings and in the skyscrapers that a distinct American taste is asserting itself. Few realize

(Continued on page 64)

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(Continued from page 63)

how very new the skyscraper is. In spite of all the destruction that has gone on, the first American skyscraper is still standing, unless the wreckers have climbed on it in the last few weeks. It is the twelve-story building of the Home Insurance Company standing on the corner of LaSalle and Adams Streets in Chicago. This building was started in 1884 and finished during the following year. Its designer, who must therefore be known as the father of the modern skyscraper, was W. L. B. Jenney.

It is also interesting to note that Chicago and not New York was the birthplace and first nursery of the skyscraper. In fact an old dictionary defines a skyscraper as "a very tall building such as are now being built in Chicago."

It is fair to say, however, that another man had dreamed of such a thing at an earlier day. He was L. S. Buffington. He had conceived a principle which permitted him to dream of buildings fifty stories high. Of course that principle is the steel skeleton in which the walls are only a garment and no longer perform the function of supporting the building. He even gave his dream buildings a name in which he came very close to the one they are known by. He called them "cloud scrapers."

Fathers of the Skyscraper

Buffington applied for patents on his various ideas around 1887. I think he secured protection for them after many, many years of controversy and has only lately collected his first royalties. He might also be called the father of the skyscraper, though certainly Jenney built the first one.

One other man is sometimes referred to as the father of the skyscraper. He is Jules Breuchard. Certainly the huge structures of today would be impossible without Breuchard's contribution. This so-called "solid earth" on which we build is by no means as solid as it is supposed to be. It is strong and compact enough for most purposes, but if you were to try to up-end a thirty-story skyscraper on it you would soon discover that it is very mushy. But down thirty, forty, fifty or more feet is usually solid rock.

Breuchard invented a means of sending down steel foundations, filled with cement as underpinning, to the solid rock. Not only that. Some day when you have nothing else to do, try digging a hole—a big excavation—next to a good-sized old building. You will notice, if you look closely, that the old building will fall very readily into your hole. Breuchard invented a method of propping the adjoining buildings on underpinnings driven down to the deep rock foundations in order to avert little embarrassments like that. Certainly these three men—Jenney, Buffington and Breuchard—must be accepted as the great pioneers in this new field of engineering.

Of course the first skyscrapers were little more than huge steel and stone or brick boxes. But today new forms of architectural beauty are being created through the skyscraper. Ugliness certainly deformed our cities. Of course we have beautiful homes and beautiful public buildings of an older vintage, but they are few and they belong to remote decades.

It so happens that most of the houses and buildings in this country were put up in the seventies and eighties and nineties—a period in which the whole world was under the dominion of an appallingly bad taste.

When our tall buildings began to make their appearance the designers proceeded to borrow their art and their

decoration from the classic schools. The ancient architects used great buildings as documents on which to inscribe the heroic deeds of their patrons in symbolical figures.

Later architects adapted this form of decoration and from it resulted all the well-known forms of intricate details which we see upon the façades of buildings the world over.

Of course American architects began to apply this to our skyscrapers. But they did not produce anything very impressive. Now they have discovered that this intricate and petty detail in ornamentation is unsuited to our tall buildings. Instead they have learned how to handle the large masses simply and to apply to them great surfaces of color. From this conception have arisen those gorgeous towers, with progressively receding terraces which are the admiration of foreign visitors to our cities.

So fine are these huge, soaring buildings that even churches and schools and museums are going into them. When Cardinal Mercier, the heroic prelate of Belgium, visited America after the war, he was being driven up Broadway from his ship. Suddenly he looked up and gave a little gasp of admiration.

"They told me that you had no grand cathedrals in America," he said. "What cathedral is that?"

"That, Your Eminence," said the guide, "is the Woolworth building."

A number of skyscraper churches have since been designed. The Church of the Strangers has opened its doors in New York—a lovely house of worship stowed away in the center of a sixteen-story apartment building.

There is scarcely a bank still functioning in the building which housed it in 1900. In these twenty-nine years the banking business has undergone a complete change. The sober, stately old bank of the nineties with its one or two paying tellers has now expanded into a complex commercial institution, with twenty or thirty or more tellers, employing hundreds of clerks, perhaps thousands, and occupying not one small building, but mayhap many. The Bank of Italy, with its numerous branches, uses not less than one hundred separate buildings throughout the world.

I have said we are rebuilding America according to a better pattern. Many architects criticize what we are doing, but all admit that it is infinitely better than the ugliness we are replacing.

Building Prosperity

All this has a meaning for every family in America. For our building industry, along with our automobile industry, has been at the base of the great prosperity this country has enjoyed during the last five or six years. It has accounted for business amounting to eight billion dollars a year and, if we include all the alterations and repairs, something more than nine billion dollars—that is, nine thousand million.

Not only does it keep employed a vast army of masons and carpenters and plumbers and steel workers and laborers, but it keeps an equally large army of workers busy producing material. A million men are employed in the lumber industries. More than 100,000 are engaged in producing brick, and 350,000 in stone and clay industries.

If our prophets had been right in their dismal prophecies of a decline in building, if we were in reality just building to keep up with the needs of our increasing population, the great prosperity of the last five years would have suffered a severe dent. It is because we are engaged in the fascinating adventure of rebuilding this great country that we have been prosperous and will continue to be prosperous.



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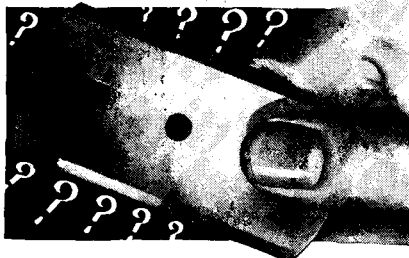
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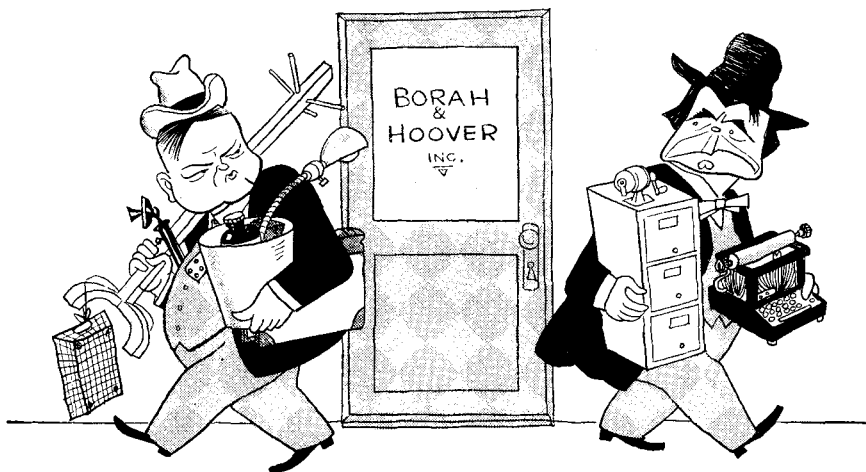
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Who's Mad at Whom?

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THE inevitable drifting apart of President Hoover and Senator Borah is noticed by everybody in Washington. Though neither says anything which reaches the ears of the press, there are indications that a good deal of irritation exists in the mind of each against the other.

The Idaho senator in the campaign showed an enthusiasm for Mr. Hoover that he had never shown for any other Republican candidate for President. You would have thought that here at last were twin souls.

And the odd part of it is that, even though each of them probably thinks that the other is not all that he should be, the two still have more in common than the President and his more regular Republican supporters have. They are both for a limited revision of the tariff, but they don't agree on the tariff, and there's the rub. They are both for naval disarmament, but they don't agree at all on Russia.

Heaven knows whether they really agree on prohibition, for nobody knows just what Mr. Hoover's real position on it is, and Mr. Borah's position on it is that of a defender of the Constitution rather than of a convinced supporter of the noble experiment.

The differences are important. Mr. Hoover is a man whose nature craves unquestioning loyalty from his supporters. He likes "yes" men, but Mr. Borah has too much intellectual self-respect ever to be so loyal as to accept the views of another.

The fact that Mr. Borah is not in entire harmony with him probably disturbs Mr. Hoover more than the fact that any other member of the Senate does not agree with him, even though Mr. Borah's points of disagreement are slight and the other senators' points of disagreement with Mr. Hoover may be considerable.

Unpraised and Unrewarded

Now imagine the situation from Mr. Borah's side. The Idaho senator was Mr. Hoover's most important supporter. He gave a certain character and respectability to the Hoover campaign that it otherwise would have lacked. He might reasonably expect a great deal of consideration from the new President. But does any one think that Mr. Borah is as considerable an adviser of the President as Franklin Fort is, or Jimmy Burke is, or Mark Sullivan is?

Ordinarily, a man who has done as much for a candidate as Mr. Borah did for Mr. Hoover might expect the offer of an important place in the Cabinet. Just what Mr. Hoover said to Mr. Borah about the Cabinet is not clear. But if

Mr. Hoover offered him the Secretaryship of State, it was probably one of those offers like the invitation, "I hope you will come and see me sometime."

On the other hand, Mr. Hoover did offer Mr. Borah's worst enemy, Charles E. Hughes, the Secretaryship of State. And if there is any one in the Cabinet who was definitely Mr. Borah's choice I should like to know who he is. He may have expressed his approval in advance of several of the Hoover selections. But that any Cabinet officer was appointed because Mr. Borah recommended him, no one in Washington believes.

Nearest to His Heart

But Mr. Borah is not so much interested in appointments as he is in public questions. Well, let us see how he has fared on the issues which are dearest to his heart. There is not a sign that Mr. Hoover's election has brought the recognition of Russia, one of Mr. Borah's favorite aims, a step nearer, except as the passage of time brings everything nearer. In fact, Mr. Hoover is reported to have told many persons that he had no intention of recognizing the Soviet government.

Then there is another issue, the freedom of the seas, which is nearer and just as dear to Mr. Borah's heart as the recognition of Russia. The Idaho senator got Congress to pass unanimously last year a resolution in favor of defining the rights of neutrals in war. He regards it as the most practical way of lessening the use of navies in war and so of bringing about disarmament.

Mr. Hoover has dismissed Mr. Borah's idea as impracticable and has preferred to go along the old route of Coolidge toward reducing and limiting navies by specific agreement.

So Mr. Borah has not got much out of his services during the campaign, either in the way of appointment to office, recognition as an adviser, or regard for the policies nearest to his heart.

Now let us look at the other side of the picture. Mr. Hoover came out very emphatically against the debenture plan as a means of farm relief. And Mr. Borah came out with equal emphasis in favor of it. I suppose that Mr. Borah's support of this plan was more annoying to Mr. Hoover than was that of any other senator who voted for it. All the other senators who voted for it could be brushed aside as cranks and half-baked Farm Relievers. But not so Mr. Borah. He gave the cause respectability. Without his aid it is doubtful whether the plan could ever have got through the Senate. He kept it alive to trouble Mr. Hoover in case the Hoover farm-relief plan fails to aid the big-crop farmers.

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