

With Charity for All

JUST before closing time Chester A. Donner, the Reliable Druggist, came into Elmer's place to buy a copy of the Movie Review.

"You gotta hand it to Coolidge this time, Elmer," he said. "That was a fine speech he made last night."

"Did you read it?" asked the news-store man.

"Ye—es."

"Neither did I. But it *must* have been a good speech. It was made on Lincoln's Birthday."

"Well, I guess it wouldn't do this country any harm to have a little more Lincoln at that. Were you thinking of giving me change out of that fifty cents?"

"Oh, excuse me, Chet. I thought you were just slipping me a little token of esteem. Old schoolmates and all. I've been getting such an earful of philanthropy stories lately I'm all balled up."

"Speaking of Lincoln, there's one of his doctrines they've been carrying out for fair down there in Washington."

"I'd like to know what it is."

"With malice toward none, with charity for all. Especially that charity stuff. I never knew a time when folks loosened up so much. As the preacher said at the Brick Church last time I was there, 'we are putting the Golden Rule into everyday life.' It's getting so whenever I see that rich farmer, Herb Sawyer, on Main Street I think he's on the way here to give me six or eight cows. That's how they do things in Washington."

"One day last fall, Secretary Mellon was feeling good and he said: 'Listen here, let's make taxes so low that even the rich can enjoy them.'"

"Not only that," said Hi Johnson, "I move we give five billion dollars to the soldiers. They're nice fellows."

"Another bird piped up: 'These Europeans owe us a lot of jack. Let's tell 'em to forget it.'"

"A little fellow back in the corner got this off of his chest. 'We have the finest merchant marine,' he said, 'that was ever tied to a dock. S'pose we give it to some deserving shipping company.'"

"Give and let give was their motto. 'Christmas comes but once a year,' they snickered. 'Where do you get that stuff?'"

"Every day was everybody's birthday, and the streets were all clogged up with young fellas carrying suspicious looking satchels."

"Nobody was safe. This George Creel was ambling along one night, never suspecting that he had a friend in the world, when a guy with clear blue eyes sneaked out of a dark alley and slipped him five thousand bucks."

"A lame duck went waddling down the street and he bumped into a petroleum of finance."

"It's a pleasant day," the hasbeen statesman remarked.

"Nice of you to say that. Have a house and lot. Excuse me now. I gotta beat it along to the Navy Department. Denby left his glasses at home today and it's a good time to get some helpful papers signed."

"There was a spirit of give and take everywhere. Currency fresh from the refinery slipped from hand to hand. The Who's Whos looked like they worked in a garage and anybody found smoking in the Interior Department was arrested for arson. Faces that had not met solid food for years were wearing nosebags at the Willard, and threadbare suits were all lumpy with assets. The bread line over by the Veterans' Bureau would take an hour to pass a giving point."

"We must do our duty by the poor doughboys," kidded Colonel Forbes.

"And we are the poor dough boys," cried his laughing little playmates.

"But the open hand movement was not confined to Washington. Over in Baltimore Whosis Anderson was sitting in his office and in blew a teetotal stranger and slapped down twenty-five smackers. Anderson went to the window and whistled to a nice sober guy that happened to be passing. 'Here,' he said, 'whoever you are, put this where it will do the most good.'"

"I don't suppose there's been so much juicy kale floating around since the White Sox played Cincinnati."

"Remember about that newspaper guy, Shaffer, out west? Well, he was sitting gassing with an oil king and the conversation turned to soconomics."

"Here's a good one," said the kerosene kid. "This will hand you a laugh. First you gotta think of a number."

"Well, I'll be the goat," said the publisher. "\$125,000."

"Righto," said the oiligarch. "My satchel carrier will bring it to you as soon as he gets back from Washington." This cutup went on, "He's down there tying an oilcan to an oil candidate."

"What am I supposed to do, if any?"

"Nothing at all. This is adjusted compensation. Sinclairity begins at home," he said.

"Probably we don't know half of it. Stories of foolish generosity are on every lip."

"Including Vanderlip."

"Aw, Chet, behave!"

"Well," said the Reliable Druggist, "I hav'n't seen any of that easy money splashing around here in Wopington."

"It's got me nervous, though," Elmer replied as he prepared to close up the shop. "I'm getting so I hate to pass Jake Reisner's filling station on the way home. Some dark night a guy with clear, blue eyes is going to rush out and give me seventeen dollars."

FELIX RAY

The Shelton

The Shelton, a hotel, by Arthur Loomis Harmon. New York: Lexington Avenue and 49th Street.

ARCHITECTURE is perhaps the most neglected, perhaps the most observed of all the arts. Newspapers and magazines do not fail to chronicle the latest achievements in the fields of drama, painting, sculpture and literature, and now moving-pictures, our latest form of art-expression, daily acquire more and more front-page space due, in large measure, to the extra-curriculum activities of their exponents. But of architecture we hear little except in the journals devoted exclusively to the interests of the profession. This apathy on the part of the average man is often only his fear of becoming involved in the technicalities of this most complicated calling. A conversation between brother architects frequently abounds in references to such mysteries as spandrels, soffits, pendentives, fenestration and architraves, which leave the casual listener cold not to say bored.

I often think of a discussion of the buildings at the Paris Exposition in 1900 at a luncheon where the dynamic John M. Carrère held the floor. He was in a ferment at the architectural aberrations he had seen, the tortured and twisted columns, the overloaded detail and general effect of "pâtisserie" which the French dismissed with the casual, "C'est amusant."

It by no means amused Mr. Carrère. It horrified and offended him and he expressed his feelings with his usual forcefulness. It happened, however, that his immediate table neighbor was a guest whom I had innocently brought to the meeting, a New York stock-broker with all the unconsciousness of art matters which that occupation usually implies. To him Mr. Carrère turned with a vehemence of appeal which seemed to demand a reply and asked, "Can you imagine the effect of two broken pediments meeting at an angle of forty-five degrees?"

I shall never forget the look of anguish on the face of

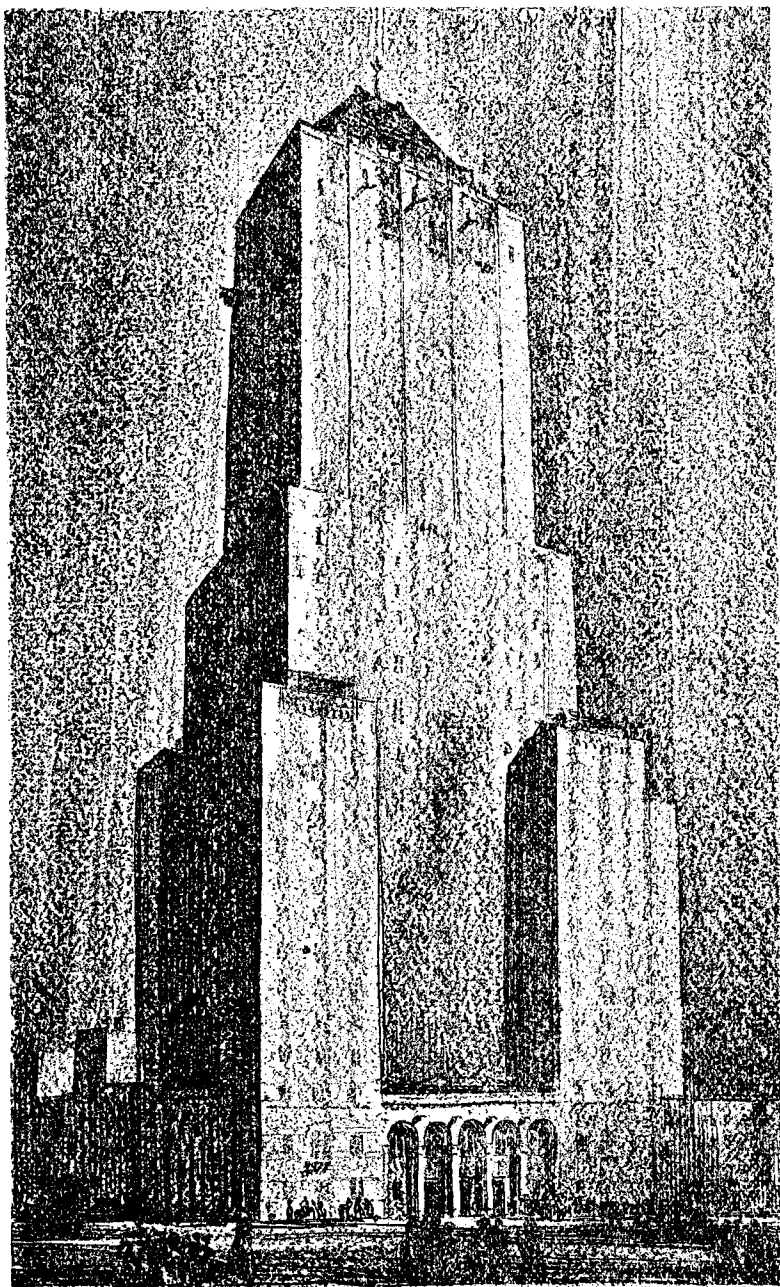
my friend as Mr. Carrère glared at him, waiting to jump down his throat at the faintest sign of an argument. Then as the speaker turned his attack to his other neighbor the broker leaned across the back of the chair and whispered desperately, "For the love of Mike, switch it to dog-fights or something where I can make good." His whole attitude was, "You got me into this; now get me out."

Aside from these technical considerations I am inclined to think that the very obviousness of architectural creations removes them from the topics which go to make up news or conversation. It does not occur to us to say, "Good morning, have you seen the Woolworth Building this

morning?" any more than we would ask a friend if he had recently inspected the Hudson or the Palisades. Our great buildings rapidly become one with the works of nature. But this is far from saying that they are unnoticed or ignored. On the contrary I believe that no form of art enters so deeply, because so unconsciously, into the soul of our people.

What we do not realize is that America is on the threshold of an architectural development which is the most important—because the most original—contribution which this country has ever made to any form of creative art. This is a fairly large order, but it is based on what I think is the sound premise, that in no other branch of aesthetics have we had so complete a set of surrounding conditions which demanded a new solution. Our graphic, plastic and literary arts descend in an unbroken line from what has gone before, the variations being those of the individual. But

what can be said of the architect who faces the problem presented in New York today, namely that of designing a building on a relatively restricted area towering to a height of thirty or forty stories above the street level? Nothing like it has confronted the designers and builders of earlier ages, nor does it exist today in other countries. In New York City we find this problem boiled down to its essence. Here the two forces of a tremendous population and an equally tremendous land-value meet and the line of least resistance is upward.



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