

Contributions from
the student body.

Article

Verse

By Mary Adelaide Hansen.

The wire grating of the antique elevator protested weakly as it moaned shut behind Mr. Mumper. The young university student who ran the elevator part time scarcely looked up from his textbook.

The slight, stooped old man turned mechanically to the left and set out down the corridor. His black derby smothered grey hair, and his threadbare black overcoat hung morosely across thin, rounded shoulders and a sunken chest. A loose vest bulged untidily from the coat collar to frame a black string tie, and baggy trousers tumbled from bent knees into folds around cracked, black, high topped shoes.

Arresting face.

His face was arresting. It was the face of Spring peeping apprehensively out of the body of somber Winter. A childish face, it was strangely unlined for all the troubles its sixty-seven years had seen; a high forehead and weakly defensive chin bounded a nose of perfect proportions and a sensitive mouth that slightly quivered and twitched.

As he moved slowly down the long hall, the slap-slap of his short steps and the jangle of his heavy gold watch-chain echoed and re-echoed between the narrow walls. Most of the offices he passed were untenanted, but here and there a scarred door bravely bore the name of some poor doctor, lawyer, or insurance salesman.

A shabby shell.

A black umbrella and battered brief-case were transferred to one arm as he stopped before a door announcing in antiquated gold let-

All is not gold that glitters

Mr. Mumper found that out and decided to do something about it and he did!

ters that Junius B. Mumper was a realtor and appraiser. After fumbling for the key, Mr. Mumper slowly swung open the door, entered the shabby cell that was his waiting room, and carefully deposited his umbrella in the chipped porcelain stand.

Someone inside.

Crossing to the door of the cubby-hole which served him as private office, Mr. Mumper stopped short, his hand stayed upon the knob. He suddenly felt the presence of someone inside that room—someone who did not belong there!

For several moments he seemed frozen into immobility, but at last he gathered courage to open the door. Silence greeted him. With his eyes glued to the floor he carefully walked to the walnut coat-tree, and fighting for time, painstakingly hung his coat and hat upon their accustomed hooks. He seated himself in the swivel chair and waited for his visitor to speak. He had not yet looked up.

Finally a low, vibrant voice inquired mockingly, "What's the matter? You don't seem glad to see me."

Not at all.

Mr. Mumper dared to look up, then dropped his eyes in confusion.

"Oh, no, not at all. I knew I'd

be obliged to see you again, but I'm still rather surprised that you are here—I don't know why."

"I told you I'd come." It was a simple statement, and the visitor settled more comfortably in the only easy chair in the room.

Mr. Mumper glanced up again. This time he encountered a shapely pair of feminine legs, gracefully crossed, with one smartly-pumped foot swinging alluringly. Then his gaze again dropped hurriedly, and he fastened his eyes upon the safe, though splintered, edges of his desk.

Indiscreet outburst.

"To tell the truth," he finally stammered, feeling obliged to say something, "I was almost hoping that you would come again today." Then amazed, perhaps, at this indiscreet outburst he again fell silent.

"Well, tell me about yourself. What have you been doing since I saw you last? Did Mrs. Logan, your landlady, ask you why you were late to dinner last night?" she inquired mischievously.

"Yes." It was low, barely heard. Wickedly, "Did you tell her that you had been out with an ex-chorus girl?" He shook his head. "No? Why? Are you ashamed of me?"

"Oh, my, no," defended Mr. Mumper quickly. "I just knew too well what would happen."

And in his mind's eye he could see Mrs. Logan hurry her maiden daughter out of the room, away from such "sinful" talk; Miss Sniper, the Latin teacher, would purse her thin lips into a shocked "Oh!"; Madame LaBello, the old singing teacher, would giggle girlishly and shake her brass earrings; Dr. Lofner would peer questioningly over his thick lenses and shout, "Eh?"

A Gold Digger.

"They'd be shocked and accusing. They'd compare our ages and say I am an old fool and that you're just a gold-digger, and all sorts of things like that. I couldn't stand for them to get the wrong idea about you. You're too lovely—" He broke off in embarrassment.

"Bravo!" she applauded. Then, changing the subject, she asked, "But what shall we do today? Where do you want to go?"

"I don't care."

"No, you must tell me. Surely you have been thinking about it."

"Well, I—I have been thinking about it," he admitted hesitantly. "I—I—I remembered from a movie one of those little places where you can buy those little drinks—you know—" he finished lamely.

Bubbling laughter.

Her farm laugh bubbled richly. "You mean a cocktail lounge!" She laughed long. "Well, I told you yesterday I was going to see that you got 'educated' and that you see everything here in New York; so I guess we shall have to drop into a bar somewhere to make the day complete. I really have our day planned already. I've also made reservations for dinner at the new night club that's opening tonight on 57th street. After that, it's dancing wherever our fancy leads us." And she mentioned several likely places.

Mr. Mumper swallowed hard. How he admired the casual manner of this young thing as she tossed off these names of strange, exciting places, known vaguely and only by name to Mr. Mumper! Then he remembered.

"B-But my dinner. I have to go back to Mrs. Logan's or she will worry."

Out for fun.

"Oh, bother! I'd forgotten about that. And I had such an amusing time planned for us. Well, we'll make the best of it," she finished philosophically, "and have fun in what time we have."

Apologetically he began, "I'm awfully sorry—"

"Forget it. Perhaps some other time. But come, let us be off on our shopping."

Over special non-fattening salad bowls and Melba toast it is true that Mr. Mumper, for one weak moment, may have remembered his usual noon-day meal—a snowy bowl of "half-and-half," substantial vegetables, a flaky chicken pie, the fat wedge of apple pie a-la-mode, and huge cups of steaming coffee—but he quickly erased these disloyal thoughts from his mind. In the midst of this brilliant and chattering luncheon crowd his pale skin took on a soft flush, and his awed eyes danced excitedly from one new sight to another. He scarcely could believe that he, simple, shy, uninteresting Junius Mumper, was here in this glamorous place.

Ray, brittle humor.

The matinee that afternoon was also an experience for Mr. Mumper. He understood very little of its brittle, ray humor, but he chimed in enthusiastically whenever his companion laughed at its risqué jokes.

When, at five o'clock, they entered the bar, all eyes were turned to this striking couple. And how very striking, indeed—the frightened little man, obviously unaccustomed to such an environment, pattering self-consciously after the tall and sophisticated blonde.

Perched upon a chromium and leather seat, Mr. Mumper eyed the cocktail list a bit dubiously. The unique names of some of the drinks engrossed his whole attention and wonder; he was amazed at the wide variety and picturesquely exciting names, and was completely at a loss to make a choice.

Deliciously wicked.

Laughing at his bewilderment, his companion ordered for him. When the sparkling liquid was set before him, Mr. Mumper, feeling deliciously wicked, sipped it slowly with a kind of fascinated intentness. Mr. Mumper had not tasted any liqueur since boyhood, when his mother used to serve homemade blackberry cordial on special occasions, and the blood pounded in his temples.

Mr. Mumper suddenly turned and called to the waiter. "I want," he pronounced imperiously, "another of those 'thing-a-ma-jigs'!"

Amazed at his recklessness, the young lady lost her composed veneer for a moment, but then laughed again. Mr. Mumper frowned petulantly. That was the trouble with women—they laughed too much and at the wrong times. He definitely did not like it. Arching his back aggressively so that his bony chest stuck out, he glared about the room defensively.

He makes a decision.

Then suddenly he made a decision. Or rather, it just appeared—he knew not exactly whence it came. This seeing her would have to stop—he realized that very clearly. In fact, he found himself tremendously tired of her artificial and affected manners, her roving and appreciative eye for other, younger, more attractive men, and of her demanding ways.

He rose abruptly. "Come on. We're going back to the office where we can talk. I have something important I want to say to you."

She demurred, but for once Mr. Mumper was firm. Grudgingly she complied, in order not to cause a scene, which she detested, for the high-pitched squeak of Mr. Mumper was conspicuous in the low wave of carefully modulated voices about them. The cocktail had given Mr. Mumper a heady self-

assurance strange to him, and even he was more than a little surprised at this new mien.

Both were silent.

Back in the office they took the same chairs they had occupied previously. Both were silent; she, to hear the reason for his astounding and unprecedented behavior, and he, to find the words to express his turbulent thoughts. Then she, at the sight of his worried and pathetic countenance, the corners of her mouth twitched, and she burst into uncontrollable laughter.

Mr. Mumper immediately rose and strode to the window. Confound it! That was just exactly what had incited his decision in the first place—her laughter! To be frank, Mr. Mumper had nearly relented, and regretted his choice in those few quiet moments back in the office, but when she laughed again his old annoyance returned. With his hands folded behind his back, he teetered back and forth upon his heels, staring moodily at a flock of pigeons on the roof-top directly opposite his window.

Forbidding mask.

When he had first met her, her smile had been one of the main things that had attracted him. Accustomed to seeing only the forbidding masks of his fellow boarders, it had brightened his whole life to see this lovely curve of her lips. But now the accompanying laughter grated upon his nerves. She seemed never to entertain an intelligent thought in that pretty blonde head, but to allow only frivolous and "amusing" things to linger momentarily.

He turned and looked at her.

Her type of beauty did not belong in this dingy office—it never would. He was old, she was young. In time, each would grow tired of the other; he knew it because, already, he was irritated by her continual laughter.

Then, finally, Mr. Mumper spoke, regret softening his voice to little more than a whisper.

I am too old."

"You must understand that I have thought this matter over carefully. I realize what a wonderful time you have given me, and I am very grateful. However, I am too old to become interested in a chorus girl. You excite me strangely and make me do things I've never done before and certainly should not do, nor even think about now. Thank you very much for showing a dull old man a good time, and I am sorry that it has to end this way."

Giving her no opportunity to speak or weaken his purpose, he strode over to her. Almost savagely he tore the gaudy calendar from the wall and crumpled it between his hands. The mouth of the laughing girl on the calendar was relentlessly crushed, and her lovely figure was bent all out of shape.

The calendar was hurled into the wastebasket.

Again all was silent. Dusting off his hands, Mr. Mumper reached for his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his brow. Sinking wearily into his old swivel chair, he sighed heavily.

A new calendar.

Reaching disconsolately into a bottom drawer, he unrolled a huge new calendar. It had a picture of a glistening silver stream-lined train upon it. Mr. Mumper pulled himself out of his chair and went to hang it up. He stood back and surveyed his work. He saw himself in the smoker, a cigar in his mouth, a deck of cards in his hand, well, he said to himself, perhaps a train trip would do just as well as a pretty girl to pass his senile hours. After all, travel would be educational, as well as interesting.

Seated back at his desk, he sank back and crossed his hands complacently upon his stomach. Yes, the idea appealed to him more and more. With a dreamy smile he contemplated a future, an honest future, with its simplicity once more bright. In fact, he had bought his train ticket already!

With apologies to Lincoln

The Gettysburg address of today

By Warren Romans.

One score and two years ago, our fathers, and our grandfathers, and our brothers, and our husbands brought forth into this world a new life for man, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created to live and to be happy; to work and thrive; to sing and play; and love mankind. They fought and died and suffered to "save the world for democracy," and they hailed "the man that kept us out of war."

Now we are engaged in another great world war, testing whether this world or any civilization so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. My answer is it can never endure! I wonder if it is an inherent instinct of man to kill, to slaughter his like, or if it is his ignorance, or if it is his fate. Certainly, it is not right. "Conscription," "Western front," "I hate 'WOAH,'" "the dirty Huns," "Invasion," "Attack," "Repulsion," "Draft-dodger" bring cheers to our throats and curses to our lips again; and then we plead for "arbitration" and "peace."

Here to dedicate.

I stand on a battlefield of this war. I am here to dedicate a portion of this field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that this world might live; that this world might live to see engineers create again the beauties that have been destroyed. Would it be possible that the geniuses of music and literature and science once more could produce their works of art? Yes, but once again they would destroy each other and blast the products of nature and science and art to ruin.

How fitting and proper it is that I do this. To dedicate this field to those that made a mass of wreckage of the earth would certainly be pleasing to the eyes of God. We set aside a portion of this ground as sacred and hallowed, signifying the bravery of the men that fell—in an attempt to blast the living Hell out of the enemy before the same happened to them.

Consecrated for love.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—

we cannot hallow this ground. It was dedicated to life, not death. It was consecrated for love, not hate. The brave men, who struggled here, have hallowed it far above our power to add or detract. Sacred is this ground where man killed man, snuffing out that flame that we call life. Brave, patriotic, valiant!

Today we are in the midst of another great world war. Guns and artillery again wring their toll from the ranks and files, from the regiments and divisions. Gas and fire, bombs and torpedoes, grenades and shrapnel! And I stand here and honestly honor and praise the dead. They have died that this world, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that the governments of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth. I highly resolve that these dead have not died in vain—a futile resolution, for even now they would march to another world war to destroy life and property, and throw havoc onto the earth.

Horrible irony.

But I have no answer. I have nothing to add. The only thing that I am capable of, is to ask an everlasting "WHY?" There is a horrible irony in war, and that is that the man with the greatest talents is the man who kills. There is the terrible irony. The most capable man is the most destructive. The army with the most defiant will and determination, qualities which in war spell death. War is not a game of chance; it is a game of skill; and the most skillful wins. How ready we are to condemn a murderer, and yet, how we cheer the soldier who destroys hundreds of lives!

Man has destroyed himself, and I stand here to reverently dedicate this battlefield to the freedom and liberty that it has brought to this, our earth. I stand here alone to praise and honor the dead, that they had the patriotism, the courage to walk into battle and kill their fellow men! I am proud that I was one of those who helped make this world free—free of man. Now, I must face God; I must tell Him what we have done; tell Him of the rivers of blood that flow, the fields of guts and gore and bodies that rot, tell Him—tell Him—