

Contributions from  
the student body.

# Article

# Verse

## It's sauce for the gander

By Art Adams.

George is the most ineffectual man that ever lived, but he stole my girl. He even did more than that.

The first time I saw him he was loping across the campus carrying an armful of books. His air-dale brush of blond hair, the horn-rimmed glasses, and his slender build combined to make him look like the original mad genius. After that, I used to see him each day when my history class let out. He would come dashing down the hall with a squirrely look in his eyes. He never seemed to see anyone, but he looked like one of those rugged individuals who've really got something on the ball, so I was curious.

Well, we finally met when the second semester came up. He was in my history 109. I took a seat near him and looked him over, and the first thing he did was to pick a fight with me.

### Progress of Christians.

Prof. Anderson asked me to outline the progress of Christianity in western Europe, and I did the best I could. My answer was just what any would-be historian's should be—an attempt to give a reasonable account without talking down the church too much. Then all of a sudden George popped up.

"Mr. Harris," he said, "it's because of people like you that we have so much superstition in the world today. You know as well as I do that the church is one of the rottenest organizations conceivable..."

Boy, he really had a grudge! Before the prof got him quiet, the church and I were both ruined. I felt as though I had been slapped for having both hands in the jam jar, so I mumbled an apology that was meant to be sarcastic for daring to have an opinion at all. George shut up and glared at me as if I had broken a crucifix over his head, and the class tittered.

### I got mad.

His outburst made me mad. After all I haven't been in this knowledge factory all these years for nothing. I built up a lot of good angles before the class was excused with an idea of tearing into the smart boy.

The funny thing was that George came over to me after class and started his tirade all over again. I puffed up like a pigeon with the hives, and then something stopped me. George was talking with the most straightforward and simple manner imaginable. It just didn't seem right to hurt his feelings. Those big blue eyes of his were too sincere; they made me ashamed of myself, so I suggested that we continue our argument over coffee, and we did.

Well, that was George. He was himself all over. There wasn't a bit of front about him. If he wanted to talk, he talked. If he felt like sleeping, he slept. He had his own ideas about everything—good ones usually—and he was always ready to back them to the limit.

### Ideas on education.

Take, for instance, his ideas on education. Nobody knows why he came to school, because he was positive that it was a waste of time. And it was, for him. The only time he attended classes was when he was sleepy, and he shuddered at the thought of reading

an assignment. Most of the time, he did just exactly what he felt like doing, and he even stopped that if it got too strenuous.

But he liked the strangest things. Always, he had a couple of books under his arm. They were odd, ancient books like Aristotle and St. Augustine and Herodotus that no one else ever thought of reading. I've even seen him reading the Koran. If it had been anyone else, he would have been an exhibitionist, but with George the taste was natural. He had a real love for the books, so he read them.

In his native simplicity—I don't know how he managed to keep it—he saw no reason for not doing just as he pleased. He had a costly taste for Benedictine—an oily golden liqueur that is as expensive as sin. But would he drink beer? No! He went without meals to save money for the precious stuff. He thought it was worth it.

### A nice guy.

But he was a nice guy, interesting because you could trust him. I got to liking him a lot. His complete lack of ambition and his interest in everything made us all like him—even my girl.

Dorothy and I have been like that about each other since high school, and as far as I'm concerned she's everything that a girl ought to be, but George saw us studying in the library together. I introduced them. George sat down and started talking and there we were. After about an

hour, Dorothy, looking more beautiful than ever, suggested coffee—and I wasn't a bit worried. I thought she'd get him figured out the way I had—a nice guy with plenty of brains and no push. But she didn't.

It took us four hours to "drink that coffee, and I spent the time looking nonchalant, wishing I could say something bright, and trying to act like an uncle.

He took her away from me right under my nose! What could I do? Grab her and carry her off? I thought about that. The devil of it was that he was so completely unconscious of what he was doing. Could he help it if he fascinated my girl? It was impossible to blame him. I just watched my dreams fly away and tried to look as tho I didn't think she was such a prize after all.

### Just the beginning.

That was just the beginning. From that time on, I didn't see Dorothy for days. My friends made it their business to keep me informed. I should have killed them. George and Dorothy went to the Junior Prom, George and Dorothy went to this, George and Dorothy went to that—they went everywhere. And all the time I kept getting madder and madder, not at them but at myself. Here I work like a Finnish soldier. I get big circles under my eyes, and what happens? A guy who doesn't know what the word work means comes along and swipes the only girl in the world.

George was just as unrestrained

toward me as ever. He continued to bring up his pet theories for discussion whenever we were together. What could I do? Well I decided to revel in my own self-pity and be friendly. There's nothing like telling yourself that you're noble, when you're really aching to strangle someone.

### A fatal introduction.

About two weeks after the fatal introduction, George came up to my room in the middle of the night—he wouldn't sleep when ordinary people do. He looked feverish and worried about something, so I put on the big brother act, and pitied myself all the more. Just like a maiden aunt, I asked him what the trouble was.

"Joe, remember that girl you introduced me to?" he said. "Well, I'm in love with her."

That wasn't news to me. I knew that the first time they looked at each other. But I was curious, so I nodded, "So what?"

"Well look, Joe, don't laugh at me, but I've decided I've got to start working harder. I've got to start planning for the future. You know all about efficiency and will-power and stuff, so I want you to tell me about it."

### Original grind.

Flattery? Well, I'll say I was flattered. I'm the original grind and everybody knows it; but here was a guy who had actually noticed that I got a lot done even if I do lose my women.

"Oh," I said, "there really isn't much to it. You just sit down and work."

"The devil of it is, Joe, I tried

## He had his cake but didn't eat

By Gordon Jones.

Carefully Mark looked thru the tie-rack until at last he found the cravat that he wanted—the green foulard with the red dots. It matched his grey suit perfectly. He knotted the tie, pulled it tight, and surveyed himself in the mirror. It would do, he decided.

The task that lay ahead of him was not an easy one; so the atmosphere had to be proper, as well as fitting. Things would have to go off smoothly, as they do in the theater. To put it bluntly, the time had come for Mark to break off with Flavia. She was a very nice girl, attractive, and all that, but...

### A handsome devil.

Mark straightened the handkerchief in his breast-pocket, flicked a bit of dust from his trousers, and had another look at himself in the mirror. He was a handsome devil; there was no getting around that. Blond, wavy hair, a high, intelligent forehead; keen grey eyes; strong masculine features. Small wonder the women found him irresistible. Small wonder Flavia had fallen in love with him. Still admiring his reflection, he drew a cigarette from a gold case, nonchalantly tapped the end of his thumbnail, and struck a match. He blew a cloud of smoke at the looking-glass and went out of the room.

A few minutes later he was speeding down Michigan avenue in his roadster, on his way to Flavia's home. He felt a keen sense of satisfaction as he watched the white pavement slipping away underneath him. Then, too, he had time to think the whole matter over and review it in his mind.

### She loved him.

One thing took form in his brain and bounced back and forth with every jolt of the car: Flavia was in love with him. How did he know? She had never told him in so many words; that was not Flavia's way of doing things. But Mark knew human nature. He could read people's thoughts where

other men saw only insignificant, everyday actions. And he knew the real thing when he saw it, he was experienced in affairs of the heart.

No, Flavia had never told Mark that she loved him, but her actions betrayed her. It was in the little, trifling matters that she revealed what was in her mind—the way she took his hand when she introduced him to her mother; the way she listened to every word he said and put it down in her mental notebook; the way she urged him to talk about himself and flattered him. Mark had seen these symptoms before, and he had seen them grow and grow until escape became most difficult and embarrassing.

### Satisfaction.

But he had to admit that there was a certain satisfaction in the conquest—in knowing that one had captured a human heart. And that was just what he had done, he mused. There was that night on the bench, for instance. Mark and Flavia had been to a dance and they had driven out along the shore to watch the restless tide with the moon playing on it. Both of them had been quite swept away by the beauty of the scene. And when Mark had kissed her—casually—there was a dreamy, faraway look in her eyes, and she had murmured earnestly, "Please don't do that again."

### Plausible explanation.

Had she, too, been afraid that she would fall in love? That was the only plausible explanation. She had feared that she would love and that her love would not be returned. How well founded her fears had been.

But the truth of the situation had been clinched in Mark's mind one day when he had called on Flavia and found her writing letters. She had received him cordially and offered to go into the kitchen to get him a highball. While she was gone, he had unintentionally glimpsed a small portion of the letter which she had been writing. "I know now more

than ever that I am madly in love with him..." This one line he saw, but did it not speak volumes? "Madly in love".... "madly in love." It had been inevitable.

### Poor girl.

Mark guided his car around a corner and noted familiar houses. He did not have much farther to go. Well, this unpleasant business will soon be over, he reflected. Flavia loved him and he did not love her, and he must tell her now before things become any more involved. It was as simple as that. But, poor girl, it will break her heart. Better this way, tho, than to carry on a deception and in the end only make the wound deeper.

Turning into the driveway of Flavia's home, Mark resolved to be as tactful as possible—to proceed with caution and compassion. He would take her two hands in his, look her earnestly in the face, and...

He heard a distant buzz as he pushed the button by the doorway. He hoped that he would find Flavia alone.

### Just a little hasty.

The door opened, and before him stood Flavia. For the first time, he was aware of how extraordinarily beautiful she was. She fairly took his breath away. He experienced quite unexplainably a vague feeling of regret, and wondered whether he was not being a little hasty.

"Won't you come in?" said Flavia, smiling.

"Of course. Thank you, Flavia." Taking her hand, he started to lead her down the hall to the library, but she hesitated.

"Please," he said, "There's something I want to tell you." Flavia laughed.

"First you must come into the living room. I have a surprise for you."

Reluctantly, Mark followed her into the living room. A tall, dark man was standing by the fireplace. Flavia beamed at him.

"Edgar, I want you to meet a very good friend of mine, Mark Woods. Mark, this Edgar Thayne, my fiancee."

that last night—an' it didn't work. I've got to work hard and keep it up, because—well I've got to be practical. I've got to take care of my wife right."

"Wife? You're not married?"

"No, but I'm going to be some-day. Now come on, tell me how to work."

Boy, I went for that hook, line, and sinker. Here was a smart student telling me that he thought my way was best, and asking me to tell him how to live. He looked more serious than I'd ever seen him, and I was riding on the wave of his flattery, so away we went.

### Effort and efficiency.

I told him about day-by-day schedules, spaced-study methods, and overlearning. I praised will-power, and effort and efficiency. I explained how most of us work our busy little heads off trying to get someplace—how we set up goals: good grades, money, or maybe a wife.

He sat there and took it all in. He began to talk when my crusading spirit cooled off, and I suddenly realized that my stock in Love Incorporated had fallen to zero. He had really gotten ambition from somewhere! I had to gasp when he outlined some of the things he wanted to accomplish.

When he finally left, there was a happy inspired look on his face, and I felt like St. Peter with his first convert. But I knew my goose was cooked. George is smart, he's got a good brain, and he had suddenly turned into a dynamo. How could I have been so dumb as to help him put me out of the running for good?

### He was a bear.

From that night on, he was a bear. He had every answer so well taken care of that even Prof. Anderson just gaped when George talked. Like a fool, I kept on making suggestions whenever he asked for them. George was as happy as a kid at his success, and I had to be happy too; though all the time my stock was going to sub-zero.

What a mind he had! All it had needed was starting. In class it worked like a Packard motor—smooth and quiet. It's beautiful to watch a brain like that running at full speed. Besides edging me out of my girl, he began to cop all the best grades, and there wasn't anything that I could do. I felt like jumping off something high every time he answered a question in class, because I knew it was all my fault.

Well, one night I was sitting at my desk, vainly trying to think of a good reason for studying. I'd been wondering how hard it would be to get on a tramp steamer bound for India, and how painful it would be to take arsenic. Then the phone rang! Do you know how it feels to hear a phone ring when you've been waiting for it for weeks?

### It was Dorothy.

I took the stairs three at a time and shouted into the mouthpiece like an idiot. It was Dorothy! "Hello, Joe," she said. Her voice sounded like heaven.

I stammered out something foolish and then she said, "Where have you been? I haven't seen you for ages."

I was so happy to hear her voice that I started to apologize for not being around; then I got mad all over and blurted out the whole thing.

"What do you want me for?" I said. "Isn't the mad genius enough for you?"

"You mean George?" she laughed. "Oh Joe, he's such a drone. All he ever does is study. He takes himself too seriously—you know I can't stand that type."

Boy, I gulped and took a big breath. "You mean you're not going with him anymore because he works too hard?"

"Why, no, Joe, of course not. Why don't you come out and study with me tonight?"

And the funny thing is that we did study—most of the time.