

# Your University

PERSONS, PLACES AND ACTIVITIES YOU HAVE HEARD OR READ ABOUT AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

President of the University of Michigan since 1929, Dr. Alexander Grant Ruthven has been instrumental in revising and reorganizing a number of aspects of the University's administrative organization in a more efficient and sometimes non-traditional way. In educational administration and development, he has fostered the creation of "Divisions" and "Institutes" within the University whole, such as the Division of Social Sciences and the Institute of Fine Arts. These units bring together, for the discussion or criticism, members of the faculty of independent, but fundamentally related departments, schools and colleges within the institution. It is also known for his interest in foreign students and non-sectarian religious study and counseling.

Dr. Ruthven was born in Hull town, April 1, 1882. After receiving the degree of Bachelor of Science from Morrisville College in 1903, he attended the University of Michigan from which he obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1906. He has been member of the Zoology Faculty since that time, holding the positions of Instructor of Zoology, 1906-10; Professor of Zoology and Director of the Museum of Zoology, 1911-23; Director of University Museums, 1922-29; Chairman of the Department of Zoology and



DR. ALEXANDER GRANT RUTHVEN

Director of Zoological Laboratories, 1927-29; and Dean of Administration, 1928-29. He has also been Chief Naturalist of the Michigan Biological Survey and director of several scientific expeditions in North, South and Central America. Dr. Ruthven's special field of zoological interest has been herpetology. He is a member of 14 national and foreign scientific organizations and fraternities.

## ON SECOND THOUGHT

By J. A. WALDRON  
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The varied lights, the garish colors, the vocal buzz and the jazz were there. As the evening wore on, the business increased, and here and there the gaudieries (natural) to the class that had made the Great White Way a naughtily descriptive phrase were noted. John Blount and his wife, from the hinterland, like so many others who have made this metropolitan locality profitable to caterers and their hangers-on, were guests. They had finished a dinner in some details strange to them and, seemingly bored by each other, were watching the mildly exciting scene from a small table that had two empty chairs opposite them. While the Blounts were sipping mild drinks ordered to insure their places—although they took no pleasure in either's company they found entertainment in the place—a waiter placed another couple at the table.

As the four began to scan one another a surprise developed. Blount blushed as he sought recognition in the second woman's face. He turned to her with an air of embarrassment.

The other man also showed confusion, for Mrs. Blount had recognized him, and he smiled weakly as he held out his hand to her.

A clumsy introduction followed, initiated by the women, who nervously turned aside the men's acquaintance and included each other by incidental gestures.

The newcomers were the Ramseys.

And then embarrassment settled on all four.

Blount and Ramsey eyed each other guardedly, with a suggestion of antagonism, yet tried to make conversation on subjects not related to the situation. The women, more adept, disguised a possible hostility under superficial smiles, and chatted amiably.

But the immediate matter absorbed the men, and Blount returned to it.

"Doesn't we know one another—in a fashion," he said, "or rather that I know your wife and you know mine?"

"It seems," replied Ramsey uneasily.

The women saw that the situation rested with them.

"Oh, I knew Mr. Blount in Chicago, ages ago," said Mrs. Ramsey.

"Yes," confirmed Blount, "we met in Chicago."

"And I knew Mr. Ramsey in Pittsburgh," volunteered Mrs. Blount.

"The lady is correct," Ramsey admitted. "That was the place, all right. And then to Blount: 'So you're from Chicago?'"

"Not lately. Used to live in the Windy City, as they call it. We're from Kalamazoo. That's my headquarters if I have any steady place. I've made a little money and like to look around. Do you like Pittsburgh?"

"Oh, I don't live in Pittsburgh now," returned Ramsey. "I live in Kansas City. I've got a few iron men, too. We're here on a little vacation."

"Same here. We all come to the big town."

"New York's all right, eh?" Ramsey cracked a smile.

"For a few days—yes, but not permanently unless you've got loads of money. Millions. Nothing less will do here. I'll take Kalamazoo for mine with my stake."

"What's the idea? A man can get along all right here on a fair income."

"Perhaps—in a way. As a piker. I'd rather be a big load in a smaller puddle, as they say."

The women had failed to negotiate mutual subjects, and tried to seem satisfied with things as they were, but unsuccessfully. Mrs. Blount was timing the music with an air meant to be unconcerned. Mrs. Ramsey, who had her vanity case out, was inspecting her latest powdering, forgetting that it was but a minute old. She seemed to doubt Mrs. Blount's detachment. Women have subtle ways, but these two could not summon ease.

The band crushed freshly, mauling an old dance melody into approved jazz.

Ramsey pulled himself together. "Perhaps you'd like to dance?" he ventured to Blount, indicating Mrs. Ramsey as a possible partner by a nod.

"I don't dance," replied Blount. "But Mrs. Blount lives on it. She's been ragging me about it. Want to renew old acquaintances?" he asked his wife.

"Do it? Why not? It'll be a pleasure I hadn't expected!" Mrs. Blount was on her feet at once.

"It's my middle name—dancing," said Ramsey, swinging around and taking Mrs. Blount's hand. "Excuse us, please!"

And the pair slipped into the dancing throng, while Mrs. Ramsey and Blount were a bit flustered at the suddenness of it.

But Mrs. Ramsey quickly recovered presence of mind. She took the seat Mrs. Blount had vacated. It was nearer Blount.

"So you're married again, John?" And she hitched a little closer,

scanning the passing dancers.

"It appears you'll have to plead guilty too, Mary!" Blount encouraged her proximity by feeling for her hand.

"Yes, I married Ramsey a year ago. It seems an age!"

"So?"

"You know I took my maiden name when you and I were divorced, and moved to Kansas City."

"And he doesn't know you were married before?"

"No. Why should I have told him?"

Now she moved a little nearer.

"I think he's a little jealous of you—thinks you're an old beau of mine, doesn't he?"

"Think so?"

"Yes. And you were a little jealous of him. You both showed it."

"But isn't dancing with my wife a funny way for him to show jealousy?"

"There are various ways of showing jealousy. You used to know a lot!"

"Some of my guesses were wrong, Mary. I admit that in sorrow. I used to be more foolish than I am now."

He looked at her admiringly.

"Gee! You look good to me!"

Mrs. Ramsey's gratification sent the blood to her face. She tried to hitch a little nearer.

"Do I look as good to you as Mrs. Blount does?"

"Better! Beyond words. No comparison. But I wonder where they knew each other?"

"Pittsburgh. Didn't you hear?"

"I mean I wonder how well they knew each other?"

"Pretty well, I should say! Ramsey is a thirty-third degree philanthropist."

Mrs. Ramsey looked again at the passing dancers.

"Just see 'em!"

Blount looked. Mrs. Blount and Ramsey gazed past. They danced with the grace and intimacy of professionals—or lovers.

"They're enjoying it all right! Did Ramsey ever tell you he had been in love before, Mary?"

"Yes. But I had to corkscrew it out of him. No detail. He once has been married more than once when I met him. He admitted being divorced. But he wouldn't tell me who got the decree. Whenever he's angry he's a nagger. Says his first wife was more congenial than I am. And that she was better looking."

"She must have been a peach then!"

"John! Don't flatter me!"

"I'm not flattering you! As I've said, you look good to me!"

"Do you think Mrs. Blount is better looking?"

"Haven't I said the contrary? And I mean it! Tastes differ, of course. You used to say I was homely—when you were angry!"

"John! Please don't! I say things we don't mean when we are angry. I always thought you were an upstanding man. And you and I were so congenial—when you weren't jealous of me."

"Then you and Ramsey aren't congenial?"

"Not so congenial as we used to be, John—honest!"

"Do you mean that?" Blount sighed. "Seems like old times—good old times—Mary, to be sitting here with you!"

He squeezed her hand. Her fingers clutched on his. She hitched a little closer, looking furtively at the passing dancers.

"To tell the blessed truth, John—do you and I—were never really congenial?"

"And I wish now. I know what you're thinking! And I wonder! Do you know, Mary, I feel like picking you up and running away with you!"

"John!" She sighed and looked again at the dancers. "John! If I were only could!"

Their hands remained locked. Both scanned the dancers. Mrs. Blount and Ramsey were not in sight. In fact they were not dancing. They had just emerged from the door room with their wraps.

"Isn't it lucky, Billy, that I always keep my check? It's a habit with me." Mrs. Blount was excited, and looked behind her nervously.

"A commendable habit, I'll say!" responded Ramsey. "Things are coming our way! And then to a porter: 'Did you get a cab?'"

"Right!"

They hurried to the street, both looking behind and entered a taxi.

"I'm a little frightened, Billy!" said Mrs. Blount, as she settled back and felt for his hand. "And yet—"

"And yet what? We both wish we had not been divorced. What follows? Don't worry! We'll fix this up in some way. And didn't they look chummy, too?"

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