



POETRY

IN PARTING

By CLARA ROEHM

GRIEVE not for me because your love is done,
For all your pity is an empty glass —
And who, when the inspiring wine is gone,
Would hold the flimsy goblet? All things pass.
Less than the tree that yields the lifeless leaf
Would I detain you now as you depart.
Moreover, let this message smite your grief:
Another love already lifts my heart.
But lest scorn (worse than pity!) scar your eyes,
Should you recall how many times I swore
That you were all my loves, these were no lies;
Their very truth moves this new love the more.
My pledge still holds when, with my final breath,
I love this black-robed one. Come closer, Death.

REGRET

By ALICE COWLES MORRIS

I SOUGHT to store the honey of delight,
The years of joy long past, its sweet to savor.
What is this sorry stuff that Memory serves?
It has a bitter flavor!

GARLANDS FOR THE LIVING

Young Man Looking Backwards

By J. P. McEvoy

BOB HUTCHINS, the "Boy President" of the University of Chicago, will be 40 next year. He is, he will confess with a wry smile, pretty tired after ten years of that "Boy President" stuff. "And publicity, too," he adds, "even though I am assured it helps raise funds for the University and spreads abroad my peculiar convictions about education." The night he was awaiting the birth of his second daughter, he purred to the pursuing reporters, "Gentlemen, believe it or not, this is not a publicity stunt."

But Robert Maynard Hutchins is too dynamic in action and too ornamental in repose to escape the photographers, while the reporters who come to sip at the spring of his wisdom remain to dunk in the sauce of his wit. As the youthful Dean of Yale Law School he looked more like the strapping stroke of the Yale crew, but his pronouncement on athletics then was: "I think vigorous physical ex-

ercise is an excellent thing—for other people." Today—tall, trim and handsome, he holds with that hero who confessed: "The secret of my abundant health is that whenever the impulse to exercise comes over me, I lie down until it passes away."

Hutchins was born in Brooklyn and started in the public schools there. Later he moved to Oberlin, Ohio, with his father, a Presbyterian minister, who was a Professor of Homiletics—"and if you know what that is, you know more than the professors know", drawls Hutchins, as he wraps his long legs into an interesting design and continues: "Oberlin Prep, Oberlin College, into the Army—they loaned me to the Italians who returned me two years later with a war cross which I've lost—then Yale, where I supported myself by organizing a co-operative tutoring bureau. At 22 I persuaded Yale to give me a degree and Miss Maude Phelps McVeigh, a gifted