The Halls of Memory
By W. E. Hill

The supplanter century. Some people are born with a favor for remembering numerous facts and hanging on to them, such as a personal friend, Harold Wiggins. "Twenty-eight!" she will comment brightly. "Why, Lucia, you must be thirty-eight if you're a day!" Because I remember that Hettie sent me over with a little sewing jacket she made for you on your seventh birthday, and that was in 1889. I'm sure.

"When You and I Were Young, Maggie," sang a poet of the kilnsome long ago, and fond memory is painting a fleeting picture for Margaret and Walter of the days when they were sweethearts, before Margaret married the bank cashier and Walter took his employer's only child for better or for worse.

The college memories. Those lovely girls are a couple of old college grads talking over the old days on and off the campus, remembering the times they were "the three Andrews seniors" at Royle's, and we didn't know what to order, and Allison Mould split my monkeys on her roommate's pump-coat!

The helpful memory. There's usually a lot for the younger generation to learn from Mrs. Huggins' store of girlhood memories. What her mother said and how she profited by it, and never forget, and we never forget, and we are now old enough to know...

The sentimental memory. Aunt Grace is spending such a happy day at the university with her friends most impressive. Nothing to eat, and we are not hungry...except he is a forbidding, but if Lincoln and Howard and the rest had us in Washington, you'd be a lot more efficient. Uncle Silas' memory goes so far back there are very few who can dispute his veracity.