

# The Halls of Memory

By W. E. Hill

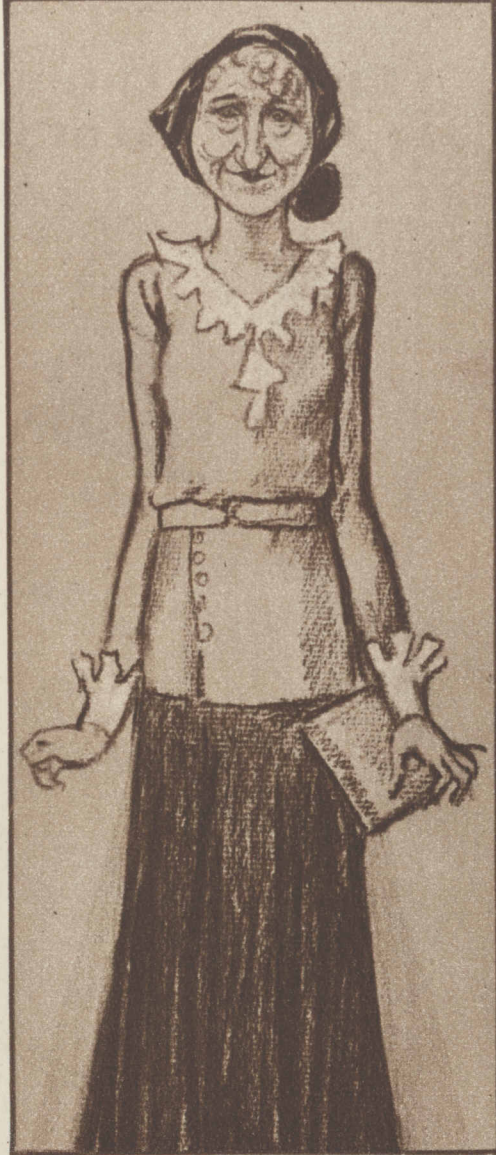
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The unpleasant memory. Some people are born with a faculty for assembling gruesome facts and hanging on to them. Just such a person is Mrs. Harold Wigge. "Twenty-eight?" she will comment brightly. "Why, Lucia, you must be thirty-eight if you're a day! Because I remember Aunt Hattie sent me over with a little combing jacket she made for you on your seventh birthday, and that was in 1899, I'm sure."



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



Miss Mabel Mantle has one of those day-before-yesterday memories which causes her to look saucer-eyed and vague—no easy matter after the crow's-feet begin to creep in—when anything before 1920 is brought into the conversation. "I was such a tiny tot when the great war commenced that I can hardly remember anything connected with it, except that we all saved and saved every scrap of tinfoil we could lay our hands on!"



The memory for faces. "I remembered your faces right away. I never forget a face, but I couldn't recall the name!"



The college memories. These lovely girls are a couple of old college grads talking over the old days on and off the campus. "Will you ever forget," reminisces old grad No. 1, "the time those three Amherst sophomores took us to dinner at Boyden's, and we didn't know what to order, and Alice Mould spilt mayonnaise on her roommate's pony-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 forgot, and so forth. "I remember, Gertrude, my mother once saying to me," begins Mrs. Huggins, "a lady is known by the company she keeps," and after Gertrude has digested this Victorian wisecrack she will say, "O, mother, please don't say things like that. You've no idea how it dates you!"



The blank memory. "Contrast the style of Chaucer with the methods employed by the poets of the Restoration period and illustrate by examples from what you have read." (Dudley is A-1 on bits from "All Quiet on the Western Front," "The Corpse with the Winking Eye," and several other lately perused volumes, but memories of Mr. Chaucer's works just will not come to mind.)



The sentimental memories. Aunt Grace is spending such a happy day at the university with her freshman nephew, meeting all the upper class fraternity brothers and telling them about Laurence's home life. "He was such a sweet child I hated to have him grow up. He used to have a doll named Jimima that he always took to bed with him."



The embellished memories. "I recall General Grant sending for me to step over to see him in his tent at Bull Run, and how he said to me, 'Silas,' he said, 'you may be only a corporal, but if Lincoln and Seward and the rest had you in Washington there'd be a lot more efficiency.'" Uncle Silas' memory goes so far back there are very few who can dispute his veracity.