

was a fruit that never, even in its maturity, did lose its color and it was known as the green *gage*. Not even then did the smile fall from the face of our instructor. "Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed, "That is an old gag. People have worked it on me ever since I was a freshman at Amherst College."

The Professor graduated with us—in a sort of a way. But the University gave him no sheepskin.

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### OLD NORTH HOLLOW

When I think that for the students of these days North Hollow is not the wild tangle that it was for us I cannot but pity them. If youth is the time for "long thoughts," then it is also the time for heartaches, heartaches of many kinds, some vague, others acute. The vague ones were those which simply came as a sort of heritage from the ages of pain that have made this world what it is. They came to us in our youth, when we ceased to take things as free gifts and realized that we must pay, as all have paid. The study of history, of literature and of philosophy awoke them in us, but could not always still them. They were almost pleasantly painful heartaches and their chastening power was wonderful. You felt rather exalted to be having them, ache though they did.

Of the acute kind you always felt ashamed. They were so personal. You hadn't done well in a quiz—some one else had done much better. Some one had slighted you and honored your best friend. Fools that we are we go on having wasteful aches like these to the end of our lives. But when North Hollow was that lovely wild thing that I remember, you could take your heartaches there and hide them. While you gathered Pennsylvania anemones in the seas of them that used to grow there you could reason with your foolish heartaches and grow strong with your wise ones.

There used to be great clumps of the wild crab apple there, that most tantalizingly beautiful of all wild things, so red in bud, so pink in blossom, so sweet to smell and to hold in your hands—surely the flower of romance. I have gathered it gaily in the morning sunshine with happy, light hearted friends—and I have gathered it on cold raw evenings with

a friend whose heart was as leaden as mine, the silence between us broken only by the sweet mournful call of the turtle dove. For the last I loved the Hollow most.

I have gone into its tangles of violets, wild onion, johnny-jump-ups, and anemones so "blue" with those grosser wasteful foolish heartaches that I never wanted to come out again. But by and by I have found myself with hands full of flowers, hurrying to a belated supper, eagerly hoping that there would be cream pie for dessert.

Oh! me, those happy days of heartaches are gone and now I haven't time to have any of my own, and North Hollow is so changed—and I wonder, where do the students hide their heartaches now?

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### *HEROIC MEASURES*

We should all rejoice in the proposal—perhaps it will be more than a proposal by the time my letter reaches you—to use that murderous infamy, described as the whistle on the power plant at the University, to give signals for the assembling and dismissal of classes. The classes will run enough more smoothly through the day's schedule to demonstrate the necessity of some signal that can be depended upon as to its regularity; and the whistle will prove so obnoxious that the means will be forthcoming for that set of fine chimes that the University has needed all these years—these many years while we alumni were growing rich enough to buy it, or influential enough to persuade someone else to make the gift.

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### *WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND ROMANCE*

Of all the unmanageable subjects Woman Suffrage is the worst. I shouldn't undertake to drive it single, but if I may hitch it up with gentle Romance, I believe I can get my team at least around one of the Many Angles and out of sight. Some people, I know, say it can't be done. Romance will shy and run away, they assert, if such an attempt be made. But I don't believe them. I shall try.

Professor Munsterberg is credited with drawing the following distinction between the German girl and the American girl. Before an-