

permit. Home safely!

The "Danger" spot was on the property belonging to a shiftless family. The ne'er-do-well son, Clyde, often went home past our house late at night. He shuffled along the sidewalk, whistling as he went. It was one of the most beautiful whistles I ever heard. It came softly as he left the Main Street to cut through the church yard, was in full force as he passed the house, diminished gradually as he went down the street until it faded out completely in the distance. I have no idea where he could have heard or learned the beautiful melodies he whistled, but they gave me the greatest pleasure and filled my mind with dreams.

I occasionally made trips away from Vermontville to visit friends or relatives, even going alone as far as Marshall-town, Iowa. Chicago was in the grip of Debs "March to Washington." I was thrilled with the U.S. soldiers riding on the cow-catcher of every engine in the railway yards and the air of intense excitement which pervaded the whole city.

Agnes didn't travel much and would dampen the enthusiasm with which I started to relate my adventures by such remarks as "Pouf! who wants to ride on dirty old trains! You should see the red velvet dress Mother just made me!"

I did see it, and suffered accordingly.

From one of these trips I brought back a little bonnet. It was about the size and shape of an oblong saucer to fit over the top of the head. Its wire foundation was covered with lavender crepe over which was draped loops and loops of