

"GOING STEADY"

In the years from about 1890 to 1900, practically all the teen-agers in our village had steady beaux. The arguments for or against "going steady" in the many papers and magazines of the present day would have seemed to us a tempest in a teapot. Of course we went "steady." Each attachment might not have lasted long, but it was steady while it lasted!

We were sure of escorts to school affairs: to Sunday School picnics, for church entertainments.

If our "steady" for the moment happened to have a horse and buggy or the use of his father's farm team, so much the better, we were more certain of getting to the county fair at Charlotte or the United Sunday School picnics at Thornapple Lake.

One of my "steadies" was a farm boy, named, let us say, Harry Noble. He had a buggy and wonderful horse which I certainly enjoyed. The buggy always shone and the glossy coat of the horse glistened with the loving care the young man gave them.

I sometimes wished the driver looked as spruce as his outfit. He never appeared to be "dressed up" even in his Sunday clothes. His face was freckled and his hands were rough and reddened from toil in the fields, but the possession of a horse and buggy compensated for that.

The Methodist and Congregational churches were located "kitty-corner" on the main village square. The churches maintained a decided rivalry for membership, especially among the new crop of young people.