

made a rose "pot pourri" in the fall. A spicy petal filched from the jar added a delightful and unusual flavor to cherry pie.

I also think of the balsam filled pillows which decorated each end of the stiff horse hair sofa. The balsam was pungent when picked fresh in the fall, but by spring, crushed, old, dust laden it could start a violent case of hay fever in a minute.

When the evening's music and games were over we had a ritual for my trip home. Agnes walked with me as far as my home about three blocks - really only one, there being no cross streets - and feeling not quite talked out (young girls rarely are) I turned and accompanied her in the other direction again.

A little more than halfway to Agnes' house, there was a place we called the "Danger." Here the sidewalk became a culvert, four or five feet high where the ground beneath dipped sharply into a marshy rill. It was a rather "scary" place. The board planks of the walk gave out hollow sounds as our wooden-heeled shoes clattered over them. Sometimes pranksters hid under the walk and came out with loud yells; or fighting Tom-cats made the night hideous with yowls to send us flying in terror.

Neither Agnes nor I liked to cross the "Danger" alone in the late evening, so after she had taken me home I went back with her as far as the dreaded spot. Pausing warily in the middle of it we stood back to back, muttered an Abracadabra, then ran as fast as we could and as far as our breath would