

## OLD HOME WEEK

The citizen of Arlington called a meeting to see if the town would do anything towards the observance of Old Home Week. Two individuals and the janitor of the Town Hall were present. So the matter was apparently dropped. Strange to say an invisible System began to work. This plant, generating its own power, was soon drawing the wires of friendship and messages from heart to heart were being rapidly recorded. News spread from house to house and preparations went on without a break. Every house was open familiar forms flitted from door to door, groups of old friends "comparing notes" young people dancing and singing, and all was merry as a "Marriage Bell" the merriment aroused the Village Improvement Society and they decided to put the town in perfect order highways and byways were swept lawns mowed, buildings decorated, and even the Boston Maine Station

Exchanged its dress of red and yellow  
For softer tints of Grayish Color  
Made flowering stars to deck the Green  
With Fleur de lis' grown in between

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The delicate and intricate System kept up its scintillations and crowds were coming within our gates A day was set apart to give our guests a grand welcome The Arlington Historical Society - the most energetic Society in Town - volunteered its services for the occasion. Snoozer's Band was engaged. A tent was erected on the common illustrations were arranged "Turkey Hill" to "Poverty Plains" fairy light booths on the road side - trees hung with flowers, Fountains sparkling in the sunlight Why! the town was transformed into a perfect Eden - a Procession was planned. The day, was bright and beautiful, was ushered in with dogs



barking, - cannons firing, bells ringing – and

the band played Hark; the Goddess Diana  
calls out of the chaise,  
bright Phoebus awakens the morn. Our junior editor  
as one of the “Knights of Old” was Chief Marshall of the day  
he wore a glittering armor of copper and rode Boralma  
richly caparisoned, and kindly by Mr Thomas Lawson.  
loaned for the day ^

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### Order of Procession

#### Mounted Police

Knights of Columbus dating back to 1492  
Grand Army in horseless carriages –  
to represent the late wars Sons of Veterans followed dressed  
in suits of khaki with Porto Rico Hats  
Eureka Engine Company Protected by William Penn  
Hose Company, Hook and Ladder and Chemical  
Market Gardenus, escorted by Heath Department  
and Village Improvement Society

#### Board of Leading Stamps.

Society of Arts and Crafts  
Bank Officials with Legal Fraternity  
Women’s Club escorted by the Arlington Boat Club  
This section was the gem of the procession  
Ladies charming gowns décolleté. Each lady wearing  
white plumes and a silk flag in her hair – they  
rode in a white and gold baeouches propelled by the  
new system – the escort in yachting costume  
carried blue and gold banners with mottos  
the “New Woman” “Patient – Investigations” Is marriage a failure?  
“Household Economics” “Equal Suffrage” and many others

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#### Snoozers Band played “Oh Promise Me”

During the route of the procession Mr. Oakman’s Landau  
was in readiness to take up anyone who fell by the

16b.



wayside and convey them immediately to the  
Lymmes Hospital where they might – receive absent  
treatment – at high noon the procession halted  
the portals of the Lent – the antiquarians  
in colonial costume stood ready to receive them  
they ate and ate, until all were “full for utterance”  
After dinner speakers had been provided –  
Mr. Day as dust - from away down in Lynn spoke  
upon education taking for his theme – just  
as the twig is bent the tree’s inclined – he  
remembered feeling the application of the twig – now  
called “Corporal Punishment” - the Alphabet being obsolete  
they use the twig to point out the words to the learner  
and if he is inclined he knows them “every time” – The pupil  
also memorizes , a method much better than committing to  
memory – The child now enters a garden – its mind is feed  
with the beauties of Nature – they go on, through Fields of  
Science, Art, Physics, up the ladder of learning.

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until they reach the goal - there, they have new  
dresses, speak their pieces and finally graduate on  
Jarvis’ Field – music “sleeping I dreamed love”  
Miss Prunella from Saccarappa Me. was next in  
order – She spoke upon gastronomy versus health.  
She was a trim little spinster with silvery hair;  
formally librarian in West – Cambridge – She  
stopped at the Bellevue one of the fashionable boarding  
houses – saw no beef there because it - was a way out of sight  
but she fondly hoped to see the “lowing herd wind  
slowly o’er the lea” – then beef would be lower - she  
recommended a cereal diet – Wheatlets Mealta Vita  
Grape nuts with Prunes – Force for working men – Fish and  
Prunes for teachers – music “whistling Rufus” this aroused  
the sleepers and they all arose from the tables  
and joined in singing “How dear to my heart are  
scenes of my childhood” – The people dispersed and  
wandered through the Elysian Fields of Arlington  
some walked to the “Crescent on the Street – called



Pleasant" through Belham Terrace, over the bridge through  
gate to the classic shades of academy beyond the temple

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of learning, by living, to Jason Street – saw the  
house where the Patriot Russell died while  
defending his castle – others were wafted to  
Arlington Heights Mrs Marion McBride's Hospital  
gate was open – they repeated the poem – "Listen my Children  
and you shall hear, of the Midnight ride of Paul  
Revere" When night came on the Celebration  
seemingly had just begun – The New System pressed the  
button and the town awoke to a new life – Electricity  
permeated everything – Flowers expanded with the light  
The Night-Blooming Cereus unfolded its petals radiant  
with perfume Tiny balloons floated through the air  
filled with ethereal music – electric flashes illuminated  
Mt. Wachusett – its firey summit seemed another  
Lea Soufriere – But tired nature seeks repose  
Band played "This world is all a fleeting show  
For man's illusion given"  
Now friends – things are not what they seem  
For when I awoke twas all a dream.

16d.