

The Big Celebration

By David C. Gale

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

It was a sweltering day when the letter came, one of the days that makes you wonder why cities are built. The streets were parched and glaring, and the offices—everyone knows how they are in midsummer. Marshall Kenton leaned back in his chair with his eyes half closed. A bit of paper had set him to dreaming of the distant hillside where he had first become acquainted with green fields and shade trees.

"If you could arrange it so as to be at home the first week in August," the letter ran, "there's going to be a big celebration. Town is a hundred years old. Most likely you would see some people you know."

So the sleepy old town had decided to mark the advent of its second century with a birthday party. What a record of uneventful years! He could remember when, as a boy, he had climbed the hill out beyond the meadow and counted every house in the village. And the last time he was at home he had found it surprisingly easy to point out those same houses.

"That was when Alice was married," he mused. "Five years—no—can it be as long ago as that? I wouldn't have believed it."

All that afternoon he was living amid old-time surroundings. Once more he set out on the path that leads up past the trout-brook to the spring in the edge of the woods. He threw himself down beside it as of old, and watched the bubbles zigzag their way to the surface. He could almost hear the call of the south wind in the maples over his head.

When he reached home at night, his eye was still vibrant with boyish enthusiasm.

"You must have had a good day," was his wife's greeting.

"I got a letter from home," came the smiling reply.

"Then I'm sure there must be something nice in it—you are so light-hearted. You ran up the walk like a boy."

"I am a boy," he cried, as he handed her the letter. "I've been a boy all the afternoon. Don't ask for a reason; it's impossible to explain it. No one can tell why this letter of all the others should have given me such a backward turn—unless it's the hundred years idea. Anyway, I've squandered my time in dreaming."

"And have you decided to go?"

"We must. It would be a crime to put it off any longer, business or no business. I hadn't realized until today that it's been five years since we paid the old folks a visit. No wonder they keep asking when we are coming home."

"I'll tell you what you ought to do," she exclaimed. "Get the whole family home."

"Ours?"

"No—theirs."

"The old house wouldn't begin to hold us," protested Marshall.

"I mean their sons and daughters. Of course I would love to go myself and take the children," she hastened to add, "but that can come later. Just for this once, I'd like to have you all go back alone. In no other way could you give your father and mother so much real pleasure; it would seem like old times to them. Think of what it would mean to you, too."

"I don't believe it can be arranged. The rest of the family might not be able to get away."

"Oh, yes it can," she persisted. "I'll write to them tonight."

"Thus it came about that, on the first Monday in August, the grown-up Kenton children were on their way to the big celebration. They met at a little town six miles from their destination. They met there because the train could carry them no nearer—beyond that point the stage was their only choice. It was the same stage which had carried them to and from when they were children in reality.

Had Uncle Jerry, the driver, been in charge of things that afternoon, he would never have set out with any such collection of baggage and express—he would have left a part of it until the following day. But the boy was sanguine, and thought he could take it all. He was about ready to start when the Kentons came in sight.

"Wait a minute!" wheezed Marshall, who had run on ahead to make arrangements. "Where's Uncle Jerry?"

"He's sick. I'm driving today."

"Can you make room for us?"

"Guess so—if you don't mind being crowded. Get in anywhere you can."

At any other time they would have resented such accommodations, but on this particular day it seemed like another touch of realism. Often, in years gone by, had they started for home after spending the day in town, only to be confronted by similar conditions. So they climbed in among the strawberry crates and mail pouches without a word of protest—even the boy was surprised at their cheerfulness.

"It's a shame the way we've been

neglecting the old people," exclaimed Alice, as the stage tolled along over the country road. "I don't believe they've seen any of us since the day I was married."

"We might take turns in going home," advanced James. "Each one of us to make the trip every five years. In that way they would have at least one visit a year, and, as Alice says, we ought to get into line in some way."

"It looks as if we wouldn't any of us reach home this year," predicted Daniel. "There's Harrington Hill, and it's all the horses can do to pull their load on level ground."

"You'll have to get out and push—some of you," shouted the boy. "I would make Uncle Jerry sicker than ever if we got hung up."

Casting aside whatever portion of dignity may have remained, the Kenton boys jumped out and sought to relieve the overworked horses.

With an easier load and additional power behind him, the boy again took up the reins. He glanced confidently up the hill as he started the horses. For fully fifteen minutes he struggled to fill Uncle Jerry's place; then came the surrender.

"It's no use," he groaned. "We're stuck."

"This is a pretty note!" exclaimed Marshall. "What are we going to do?" The Kentons were slow to adjust themselves to the situation. They had almost forgotten that at best country roads are very uncertain.

"You wait here," volunteered Daniel, "and I'll go to the village for a team."

"No," cried Alice, "let's all walk. It isn't far up over the hill. Our baggage will come—sometime." And she led the way out across the freshly-cut hayfield.

There was a fence to be scaled, and then they were in the midst of innumerable woodland voices and the richly-blended fragrance of the forest. Clambering up the steep, uneven roadway, they came to the sugarhouse in the clearing. Yet another climb, and the end was in sight.

"There she is—just the same as ever, bless her!" shouted Marshall, nodding his head in silent approval.

"Not much change, is there?" breathed Ellen.

"Father must be setting the pace," observed James. "Cur house is the only one that's decorated."

"I'll race you down the hill, Alice," challenged Daniel.

With a shout of acceptance she darted away, and the others followed as best they could. They were all troubled with a shortness of breath; that was another thing which the years had brought. On arriving at the orchard not one of them could speak intelligibly.

"Let me go and find them," panted Ellen.

She stole around the corner of the house, only to reappear again straightaway.

"They're on the front porch waiting for the stage," she whispered. "Come on. We'll go in through the house—all together."

Quietly, they picked their way about the familiar rooms—but not quietly enough. Mrs. Kenton heard the muffled click of a latch, and turned to look. Five smiling faces were peering at her from the doorway.

"Why—why—" she mumbled.

Then the storm of their greeting burst forth.

"Where did you come from?" questioned Mr. Kenton, wondering, as soon as he could make himself heard.

"Up through the woods—stage is stranded over at Harrington Hill," babbled Alice. "How's the celebration?"

"There, father, you see," moaned Mrs. Kenton. "I told you how it would be. Here they've all come, and we've got to tell them. Oh, why did we make up that story about the celebration?"

"You see, your mother has been trying to get some of you home this good while," interceded Mr. Kenton, "and we finally took a rather questionable way to bring it about. Yet there was no lie in it. We said in the letter that there was going to be a big celebration if you decided to come home—it wasn't necessary to add that there wouldn't be any if you didn't come."

"You poor, dear, old mother, you!" exclaimed Ellen. "I didn't care a rap about the celebration."

"Nor I!" shouted the others in unison.

Somehow, they got the old people together and formed a ring about them. Nor did they separate until everyone in the ring had thrown out a reassuring word.

"You won't have to go to all that trouble next time," asserted James.

"You'll have a visit from one of us every year after this," stated Ellen.

"It's all arranged," declared Daniel. "We talked it over on the way."

"That is what should have been done before," interposed Alice.

"And now," cried Marshall, "we are all going to have just the biggest kind of a celebration."

Her Favorites.

Young Sportleigh took Belle Gingham to see a boxing contest.

"Keep your eye on Billy the Bean Bumper," he cautioned, "because he is sure to put it all over that lanky boy from Showhagen."

Belle demurred.

"But why?" she inquired; "I'm sure the other gentleman has the best features."

Feminine Triumph in England.

A cable just received from England says: "The greatest success ever achieved at an English election by women was at Birmingham, March 18, where of twelve women nominated for members of the Board of Poor Law Guardians, eleven were elected."

THE CHILDREN

TRACE ORIGIN OF ALPHABET

According to Prof. Flinders Petrie It Existed 7,000 Years B. C.—Attacks an Old Theory.

In a lecture at the Royal Institute Prof. Flinders Petrie has attacked the long accepted theory that the origin of the alphabet is to be found in Phoenicia, whence it came from Egyptian hieroglyphics, says a New York Sun London dispatch.

According to Prof. Petrie, the researches of the last twenty years have shown that signs were earlier than pictures and that it was the sign that survived to become the alpha and beta of one civilization and the A B C of another.

Just as the philologist had discovered one entire system of languages, so the alphabetarian has discovered in the diversity of alphabets an original prototype of all. In Prof. Petrie's words, "The Phoenicians are people of yesterday compared with those who wrote the signs that are the origin of all alphabets."

It was to pottery, said the professor, that Egyptologists and others were indebted for these signs, and their development was worked out on these lines. Flatnose made a pot and put a mark on it to show that it was his. In time, because it was his mark, the sign stood for Flatnose himself, and then the sign became attached to a sound irrespective of the thing itself. Gradually the wearing down went on until the sign stood, not for a sound, but a syllable, and then for a letter.

The signs, of course, were not an alphabet; that did not arrive until perhaps 1000 B. C., whereas signs were found in early prehistoric Egypt, probably 7000 B. C. Proofs of this common origin were plentiful, for the signs spread by trade far north and south and appeared similarly in Runic, Iberian and Karian, and yet were unknown in Phoenician.

GOOD POINTS ABOUT TOOLS

Many Little Things That Boys Do Not Always Understand—Use for Notch on a Saw.

Boys that use tools do not always know what all the smaller parts of the tools are for. For instance, on the back edge of every good saw there

is a little notch and then a dip in the blade.

It often happens when sawing a piece of board that the saw cut will get choked. When it does the carpenter just takes the saw out, turns it over and uses this little notch as a sort of thin hook, which will pass freely through the saw cut, and yanks the obstruction out.

On the better class of wooden planes, near the front of the top, there is placed a small button of hard wood or leather. This is for the carpenter to tap on with his hammer when he is adjusting the blade. On the modern planes that adjust the blade with a screw at the back this tapping is not necessary.

TOYS TEACH BOYS AND GIRLS

Methods of Modern Life Are Employed in Making Electrical Playthings for Children.

Some of the electrical toys now on the market are actual wonders—working models in reality of the big electrical equipments seen all about us.

For instance, there is a little steamship complete in all its outward details, which is driven by a battery and motor concealed in its hull. It may be started, stopped or reversed from a small switchboard through a waterproof connecting cable.

Then there is a small electric fan which is not a mere toy, but which will give a good stiff breeze. It is run by a substantial motor suitable for other purposes.

Street lamps with real lights operate from a battery.

Complete electrically operated street cars with electric headlight and any amount of track may be protected by electric block signals.

The girls also have been remembered, and some of the things which interests them most is a complete electric range with cooking utensils, which operates from the lighting circuit and which is capable of doing real cooking.

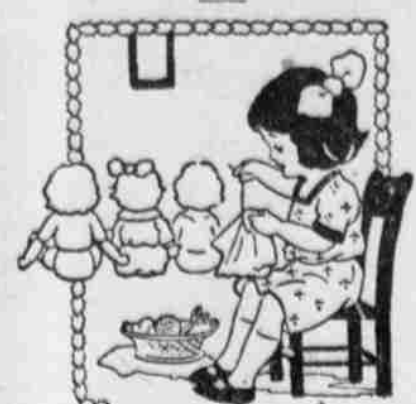
How January Gets Name.

January derives its name from the Roman god Janus, who was represented with two faces; one was the face of an old man, typifying the past year; the other that of a youth, in reference to the new year.

How Hens Eat.

Grandpa invited Dorothy to go with him to feed the chickens, the morning after her arrival at the farm. On her return to the house she inquired shyly: "Grandpa, do all hens eat with their noses?"

BUSY LITTLE MARY.



Little Mary sits a-sewing After school each day; Soon the holidays are coming— She has no time for play.

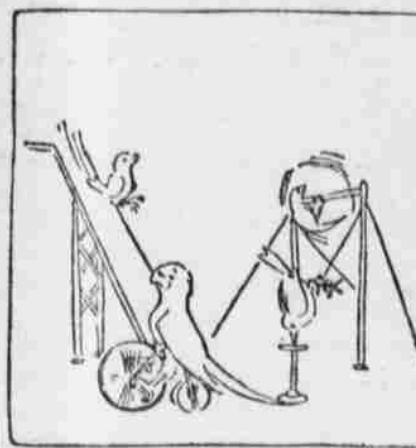
There are Dot and May and Nellie (Mary's dolls, you know); And it makes her very busy On their frocks to sew.

Christmas presents she is making For each doll, so dear; But—be careful; don't speak loudly, Or the dolls will hear!

PLEASURE FOR A MAHARAJAH

Among Other Things Maintained for Ruler's Fancy Are Twenty Well-Trained Parrots.

The elephant fights, while being the most spectacular performances, are not the only feature of the arena sports exhibited to please the ruler whenever he may fancy to order them, says an article in Pearson's on the maharajah of Baroda. Twenty trained parrots ride tricycles, fire miniature cannons, shoot tiny arrows and turn somersaults—feats which



Trained Parrots.

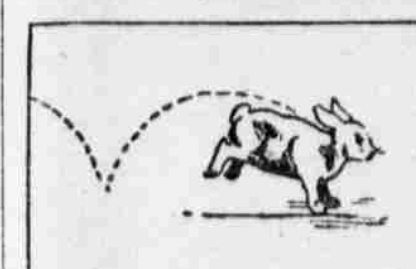
would elicit applause anywhere in the world. Eleven acrobats, who can tumble and vault as if they were constructed of springs, arranging themselves one above the other in living geometrical figures, and who would delight the most hypercritical music hall audience in any European or American metropolis, are regularly maintained at state expense.

Thirty-eight first class wrestlers are employed to amuse his highness with matches similar to those which, for the last two years, have been the rage in London. Sixteen buffaloes and bulls, which, when let loose in the arena, rush toward each other, smashing their foreheads together and trying to prod their sharp horns in each other's necks, ten pairs of rams which, immediately after running into the inclosure, begin butting their heads together, not stopping until the vanquished ones are lying prostrate on their backs, quivering with pain. Numerous fighting cocks, partridges and quails, and performing nightingales also are kept in charge of expert trainers to add variety to the program.

LITTLE TOY QUITE AMUSING

Rabbit Arranged With Spring to Jump Forward When Anyone Pulls Small Tail of Animal.

An amusing little toy has been designed by a Pennsylvania man, and is shown in the illustration. It is a rabbit that leaps forward when anyone pulls its little stump of a tail. The rabbit is hollow and has an opening under the hindquarters. The hind



An Amusing Toy.

legs are movably mounted in this opening and are normally held drawn up into the body. They are actuated by a spring, however, and this spring is held in leash by a catch, which runs down to the rabbit's tail. When the tail is pulled the catch is moved and the spring released. Bunny's hind legs shoot out and propel him forward with all the suddenness with which a frightened rabbit might be expected to jump away from a tormentor or a pursuer.

Something Just as Good.

Train Boy (going through car)—Pecans? Filberts? English walnuts? Gruff Passenger—Don't want 'em. Haven't any teeth.

Train Boy—All right, sir. Here's some nice gum drops.

Social Forms and Entertainments



From a Mere Man. Will you kindly advise me the duties of the "best man" at a home wedding? I am to wear a dress suit. Will you state the accessories that go with it? Harry.

The best man is supposed to be the moral support and adviser of the bridegroom; he sees to the details, such as having the necessary credentials at hand required by the state and clergyman, pays the latter, stands by the bridegroom and enters with him; he takes the maid of honor (if there is one) under his especial protection after the ceremony. In fact, he is supposed to be the official thinker for the bridegroom. Pearl studs and cuff links, a white bow tie, white kid gloves and white waistcoat, with patent leather pumps, go with full evening dress.

The Proper Thing to Do. Being in doubt I come to your helpful department for information. Is it necessary to write anything upon the card that is sent with a wedding gift? If so, what? Must an invitation to a wedding be acknowledged? A. G.

It is not necessary to say anything on the card, on the other hand, it is perfectly proper to do so. The words "Sincere good wishes" or "Heartly congratulations" seem to bring the donor into closer touch with the recipient, but as with all things, this is a matter of personal feeling. Dame Curtsey has said time and again that an invitation to a home wedding demanded an immediate "acceptance" or "regret" the same as for any social function at a home. A wedding at the church does not require a reply.

Fit for a Man. Will you name a few articles that a young woman may with propriety give to a man who is about to leave for a distant city to study law? Sweet Sixteen.

It is supposed that the man in question will have a "den" of some description and there are a number of things to provide which are useful as well as ornamental. For instance, a bronze incense burner to hold cigar ashes, a stunning metal desk set, a brass candlestick with a bayberry candle, a metal letter holder, book ends of wood or metal, a framed sentiment, etc. In fact, there is almost no limit to acceptable objects outside of the ever-present pillow, of which, like teaspoons for a girl, "there can never be too many."

Where to Send the Present. I have received so much help by reading your page that I come to you now.

My brother will marry in the fall, as he will go to our home and I am not able to go to the wedding shall I send the present home or give it to them when they come back to the city? Engle.

Seems to me as long as the bridal couple are to make their home in the same town that I would wait and give them your gift when they arrive, as it will save them packing it and bringing back with them. However, it will be perfectly proper to send it to the bride before the wedding if you prefer.

Send Self-Addressed Stamped Envelope.

I find your department very helpful. I would like to know of a book of nice parlor games that could be played at house parties for boys and girls.

A Constant Reader.

There are several books of games and amusements intended to help those who entertain but who have little time or thought to give to the matter. Just send me a self-addressed envelope in care of the paper (stamp-ed) and I will send you the names and prices of three or four.

Card to Send With Flowers. Will you please tell me what to write on a card to send with flowers when a death occurs? Anxious to Know.

Your card if sent from the florist with the flowers which you order by telephone or mail need have nothing upon it beside your name, but if you wish you may send a card which has penciled upon it "With deep sympathy" or "Accept our sincere sympathy in this your great sorrow."

Reply E. L. O.

A girl only twelve years old is entirely too young to have a beau or go to dances. Perhaps young people think I am too strict, but remember I have been over the road and know and a girl loses all her freshness and attractiveness by going out when she should be in bed by eight o'clock. MME. MERRI.

Health & Beauty Hints

By Katherine Morton

While not perfumes exactly, toilet waters are always scented, and their use is very beneficial to the skin, particularly in the summer, when it needs all the refreshment it can get. The scented waters are diluted with plain water for use, for some of the vinegars are so strongly perfumed as to seem disagreeable when used full strength.

From 20 drops to a teaspoonful of the toilet water is put in a basin bath, the water so treated being intended for the rinsing after a cleansing sponge or tub bath. The liquid is left to dry on the skin, as one of the chief purposes of the toilet water is its tonic effect. After a weary day, a rub-down with a good toilet water, properly diluted, makes one feel like a new being, and while it is very convenient to get the vinegars ready made they can be turned out at home very easily, and sometimes much more cheaply.

Of all the fragrant toilet waters none is so much used as rose water, and when this is pure it possesses the greatest cosmetic virtues. One formula for this delicious toilet water calls for four pounds of rose petals and ten quarts of water. The water is first distilled and then poured cold upon the petals, which are shaken around in the liquid. Then the vessel is loosely covered and put in a cool, dark place for several weeks, until the liquid becomes odorous. Then it is again distilled, and the drippings are gathered in small bottles and closely corked.

Another formula calls for putting the rose petals in an earthen jar and covering them with a weak brine of common salt. The roses may be gathered every day, and the petals added as they come handy.

An improved still can be made by fastening an India rubber tube to the spout of a tea kettle and passing it through cold water to condense the steam. The distillate, or drippings should be received in a glass or earthen receptacle; for if toilet waters come in contact with copper, zinc or lead, they will oxidize the metals. Stills for home use, however, can be bought very cheaply in the shops—from a dollar and a half up.

Many other garden blooms with pungent odors, or even faintly delicate ones, can be used for exquisite and helpful toilet waters—mignonette, lilies of the valley, clove-pinks, valerian, heliotrope, honeysuckle, violets, gardenias, jasmine, etc. In New Orleans and Charleston Creole ladies often drop the more richly scented blooms into pure alcohol, allowing them to digest or soak in the spirits, when the odor thoroughly permeates the alcohol.

A toilet liquid much used by the ladies of the olden times, and often called to this day "angel water," is much esteemed for its beauty value. It can be made at home in the following manner:

- Rose water 5 ounces
- Orange-flower water 5 ounces
- Myrtle water 2 1/2 ounces
- Essence of ambergris 1 drachm
- Essence of musk 1/4 drachm

Mingle the various substances and agitate the bottle for several hours, continuing the shaking during the day; keep frequently for some weeks. Quote the bottle closely stoppered and in a warm, dark place. Let it stand for two weeks or longer, then decant the liquid, and if it is not perfectly clear, filter it. Properly made, angel water should be almost colorless.

There are many uses for bay rum, one being that it is admirable for massaging the scalp after the shampoo, when one is likely to catch cold or the hair needs some little dressing to keep it in order. But if it is used too often or too lavishly on the head it will dry out the locks. Bay rum of a very good sort is cheap enough at the drug store, but if one is clever; at turning out beauty preparations—this formula would give about as pure a thing as could be had:

- Oil of bay 240 grains
- Oil of orange 16 grains
- Oil of pimento 16 grains
- Alcohol 1 quart
- Water 25 fluid ounces

Dissolve the oils in the alcohol and add the water. Then stir into the liquid about two ounces of precipitated phosphate of lime and filter. This will improve with age.

New Color Schemes. Navy blue and violet are dominating colors in millinery, and are mixed very artistically with light threads of cerise, orange, green and gray straw. Even the new flowers show the influence of these contrasting mixtures, and often some novelties in their arrangements.

Popples of shot taffetas succeed the white popples of velvet. Each petal rests on another large petal of green crepe de chine, forming a border all round, while the heart or center of the flower is in ostrich feathers, either black or yellow. This is an amusing novelty for the spring millinery.