

A DAY IN PLEASANT PLACES.

Special — July 16/93.
Wells Memorial Outing Club
Has a Little Holiday.

Members of the Club Go to Waltham as Guests of Mr. Robert Treat Paine. They Have a Fine Trip up River on a Little Steamer and Are Entertained at Mr. Paine's House.

A visit to Mr. Robert Treat Paine's country home at Waltham was the programme for the Wells Memorial Outing Club yesterday afternoon. This club is composed of the members of the Wells Memorial Institute of Boston and the People's Institute of Roxbury, and of both these institutions Mr. Paine is president.

The weekly outings were inaugurated last year for the summer months of June, July and August, when most workmen get a half-holiday on Saturday afternoon. They are usually real country outings, the members generally paying their own expenses and starting off in parties of about 75, including the wives and families of many of the men. Two weeks ago the club went to Harvard College and the Agassiz Museum; a week ago it went to Crescent Beach, and next Saturday they will visit the house of correction at East Cambridge, by invitation of Capt. Fisk. The trustees of the institute, colleagues of Mr. Paine, will probably join this expedition.

Yesterday was a red letter day for the Outing Club, as its members were to be entertained by the president. A party of about 90 persons, conducted by Mr. Edmund Billings, the superintendent of both institutes, left Boston at about 2 o'clock in a special car chartered by Mr. Paine.

It was a very pleasant carful of people, who knew what hard work meant and yet could enjoy a good time when it came their way. From the little girl of 3 years up to the man who was 93, there were young women and old women, young men and old men, of different nationalities and even different colors.

At the Waltham station they were met by the general host, Mr. Robert Treat Paine, who shook hands with each one before he led them to the river where the steam-wheel stouter Forest was waiting to take them up the Charles.

It was a perfect afternoon and the river was alive with small boats. The Forest is a typical river boat, with flat bottom for shallow water, and a hinged smokestack for low bridges. She was just large enough to accommodate the whole party comfortably, and ploughed her way through the flotilla of canoes in a most dignified fashion. Mr. Paine went from one end of the boat to the other, pointing out the interesting sights along the green banks of the winding stream, and here and there weaving in little historical anecdotes.

The river was really very low, and the Forest could go no farther than Forest Hills grove, where a brief stop was made. The return to Waltham was made without accident. A few of the older people were put in carriages, and then the rest of the party started to walk to Mr. Paine's beautiful home in the suburbs of Waltham. The host himself walked ahead, leading the way. He first showed his friends through the extensive grounds of the old Lyman estate, now the property of his wife's brother, Mr. Arthur Lyman. The scores of acres of park land and the fine colonial mansion were well worth seeing. It was in 1793, 100 years ago, that the hundreds of acres comprised in this property came into the Lyman family.

Mr. Paine's own place is on the wooded hill across the highway. The members of the Wells Memorial Outing Club said they had never seen such a country place before. The natural park of pines, oaks and great forest trees stretch for acres in every direction. High knolls alternate with beautiful valleys, and a long, winding avenue leads to the house, which occupies a commanding site.

The Outing Club stood upon the great glacial rock, and then, ascending the terrace, looked across a wonderful vista of country to the Blue Hills, miles away. Mr. Paine greeted the members of the club with gracious hospitality and bade them enter the great hall, which would easily accommodate a much larger company. All the rooms were thrown open, and the other members of the household helped to make the visitors from the South end at home. The rare bric-a-brac, the rich carved mahogany, the priceless Murillos and Tintoretos and the great onyx fireplace were enjoyed by all.

A little after 5 o'clock a luncheon was served in the dining room, followed by coffee and cigars. The men saw the grounds and stables and their wives the house to their hearts' content. Before they left the men of the club gave three cheers

for their hospitable president, and the ladies paid their respects to Mrs. Paine.