

THE EXMOOR CLUB

We regret that our special article on the Exmoor Club prepared for our page of Points of Interest on the North Shore has been unavoidably postponed until next week as we were unable to secure the cuts in time for our press that were intended for illustration.

Flowers and Plants Show.

Preparation for the exhibition of the Lake Forest Horticultural society, to be held at the Durand Art Institute, Saturday, July 13, are nearing completion.

The entries are limited to plants grown upon the North Shore and must have been raised by the exhibitor. Commercial florists and nurserymen not being eligible competitors, the exhibition will be confined to products of private gardens between Evanston and Waukegan.

The Horticultural society is composed of Lake Forest gardeners. The officers are:

Emil Ballinger, President; J. W. Schwarzenberg, Vice-President; Geo. Koppenhoefer, Treasurer; G. L. Blanchead, Secretary.

The following committee is assisting the society in the work of obtaining exhibits:

Mrs. S. C. Chase, Chairman. Mrs. Cyrus McCormick, Mrs. F. C. Farwell. This committee is represented in several of the North Shore towns by resident members, among whom are the following:

Mrs. Edwin Upton, Waukegan; Mr. William Eagan, Highland Park; Mr. F. J. Wolley, Glencoe; Mr. George Higginson, Jr., Winnetka.

The installation of the exhibits will be supervised by the following committee:

Mr. Horace H. Martin, chairman. Mr. Jesse L. Moss, Mrs. Cyrus McCormick, Mrs. J. G. Farwell, Jr., Mrs. J. O. Heyworth, Mrs. James Viles, Mrs. J. T. Hirie, Jr.

The full advisory committee, assisting the gardeners in the organization and promotion of the exhibit is as follows:

Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, Chairman. Mr. Bland Ballard, Secretary.

Mesdames—	Messrs—
Samuel Chase,	A. L. Baker,
J. V. Farwell, Jr.	Ambrase Cramer,
F. C. Farwell,	A. B. Dick,
Arthur Farwell,	Granger Farwell,
James Heyworth,	Alfred Gronger,
Arthur Meeker,	H. H. Martin,
Cyrus McCormick,	J. L. Moss,
J. T. Pirie, jr.	C. D. Norton,
James Viles,	B. L. Smith,
Howard Shaw.	

Woman's Right

Every housewife has a right to demand a telephone in her home. It eases the drudgery of housework. It lessens the loneliness of a long, dreary day—It is a constant guardian and protector. Not a luxury for we have a rate for any purse. Chicago Telephone Company.

Two Way's of Looking at It

Not long ago a farmer in Iowa went into a harness shop to purchase a team harness. He found the one that suited him and the price was \$45. The farmer happened to remember that about a dozen years ago he had bought a harness just like it for \$35, and he mentioned the fact. The dealer went to his books and found this to be true. "But," said the dealer, "my books show that you did not pay cash for it, because you did not have the money. You hauled in 300 bushels of corn and gave it to me for the \$35 harness. Now, I will tell you what I will do: If you will bring me in 300 bushels of corn, I will give you the \$45 harness, also a double buggy harness, worth \$55; a single buggy harness, worth \$15, one \$7 plush robe, a boy's riding saddle worth \$5, one whip and riding bridle, worth \$1.50; two leather halters, worth \$2.50; brush and curry comb, worth \$1, and a row hide buggy whip, worth \$1." It is said that the farmer quit complaining about the raise in prices on harness.

Gleanings—Wise and Otherwise

"This paper," said Languid Lewis, "tells about a horse runnin' away with a woman, and she was laid up for six weeks." "That ain't so worse," rejoined Boastful Benjamin. "A friend of mine once ran away with a horse, and he was laid up for six years."

"Just before I left on this trip," said the returned traveller, "Your uncle Peter was quite seriously ill. I hope it turned out all right?" "Sure it did," replied the nephew. "Where did you suppose I got the price of this swell black suit?"

Teacher: "Who was the most patient person that ever lived?" Student: "Mrs. Job." Teacher: "How do you make that out?" Student: "Why, Job endured a whole lot, but she had to endure Job!"

"My mistress isn't at home, ma'am." "Please tell her when I saw her peeping from the front window as I came up I felt so afraid she was."

A lecturer before a large audience at an impressive moment exclaimed: "All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the footprints of an unseen hand."

"Why do you say Miss Haywood is homely? I thought you had never met her." "I havn't. But I have heard several other ladies refer to her as 'a good soul!'"

A gentleman travelling in the country met a half-witted youth. After

some conversation he asked him where he was born. The youth for some reason was not willing to tell him. "Come, come," said the gentleman, "surely you can tell me where you were born." "Oh, weel, I was born there," pointing to a village they were coming to. "But, as true's death, I couldna help it!"

When Marcus attempted to caesar, By her smile she showed it would please;

When he swore by his honour He doted upon her, She coyly allowed him to squesar.

An Englishman who was visiting Scotland found himself the center of attraction at a well-frequented pub, owing to the yarns he was telling. In

the course of his bragging and boasting he said, "Gentlemen, some years ago I was knocked senseless by a cricket ball!" Then the old man in the corner chimed in, "Ay, lad and when d'ye think ye'll get over it?"

At a boxing competition held at a small country town one of the competitors was described by the local paper as the "lightweight champion." The next day the man went to the editor and inquired what he meant by calling him the lightweight champion. "Well, aren't you?" said the editor. "No," said the man. "And you have made it very awkward for me in my business by calling me one." "How so?" asked the scribe. "I am a coal merchant!"

Bob Hampton of Placer

By RANDALL PARRISH,

Author of "When Wilderness Was King," "A Sword of the Old Frontier," etc.

This remarkable story will be run serially in this paper. Read what the critics say of it:

St. Paul Dispatch—A compelling interest biases the reader in favor of this tale, which, with a wealth of dramatic power, reaches its climax in a description of the Custer massacre. Injustice makes men restless, and Bob Hampton was no mean specimen, but the love he bears his old commander, General Custer, like a magnet draws him with unflinching fatality, so that, with his old company, he, reinstated, falls with that gallant leader.

Houston Chronicle—The story is decidedly the best Mr. Parrish has written, and the popularity of his former volumes in connection with the excellence of this latest will make it one of the widely read novels of the day. In this story he has, perhaps, reached the summit of his art.

The Little Rock Gazette—This is one of the strongest, most virile stories of the year. The author has had several successes. This latest should eclipse them all.

The Portland Oregonian—Mr. Parrish can rest assured that in writing this military tale he has created a true American novel on rational lines.

Chicago Daily News—The best and strongest story in the line of succession from Mr. Parrish's pen. The story in complication and characterization is wonderfully clever, the elements of suspense remarkably sustained, while its atmosphere of mystery is as strong and its purpose as deep as any that ever entered the most subtle, calculating mood of Sherlock Holmes.

Philadelphia Press—"Bob Hampton of Placer" is another thrilling American novel by Randall Parrish. Like its predecessors, it commands attention from the start and holds the interest absorbed by its continuous action. Furthermore it is a notably well written story, exhibiting the author's rare sense of dramatic values.

Grand Rapids Herald—The surpassing power of this new novel, "Bob Hampton of Placer," marks it not only as the best by Mr. Parrish but as probably the strongest in human interest of the season. Seldom has any novel exceeded it in virile strength and the quality that arouses the emotions.