

# NORTH SHORE POINTS OF INTEREST

## The Great Gads Hill Fair

THE right of way was certainly conceded to Gads Hill Camp last week. Ravinia Park was a veritable fairyland even as it was also a "vanity fair." Fair ladies by the score were dressed in all the colors of the rainbow with many variations, and representing all the characteristics of the nations of the earth.

Indeed, these ladies with their magnificent representation of the march of all nations, constituted the leading attraction of the great fair; especially, when to their splendid pantomime was added the exquisite rendering of the songs of the nations by Damrosch's richly appointed orchestra.

The side-shows included almost every form of circus events, and seemed to be patronized liberally by the thousands of visitors.

The estimated attendance for the three days is about 11,000 persons, and the net proceeds, which will be turned to the aid of the Gad's Hill Camp, will be about \$8,000.

We devote this page to this interesting benevolence in order to shew some of the scenes which are associated with the work. Much credit is due to Mrs. Martin for her indefatigable labor in promoting—not only the fair, but all the affairs of the Camp, and to Mrs. Jones and Mr. W. Lowry is due the credit of arranging and drilling the march of the nations, which was more than a march and more than a ballet. It was a poem of grace, fashion and beauty.

What shall we say of the great band of ladies who devoted themselves day and night to unstinted labor to promote this charitable movement? We are sure they already feel that their generous expenditure of strength, time and money is well rewarded.

There is a strange mixture of the selfish and the benevolent in the best of us. We will do and give of our will and our means if only we can do it our own way, or mix a large measure of personal pleasure with our charity.

These noble ladies recognized this, and caught the spirit of these lines:—

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,  
Weep, and you weep alone;  
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,  
It has trouble enough of its own.

Sing, and the hills will answer,  
Sigh, it is lost on the air;  
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,  
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you,  
Grieve, and they turn and go;  
They want full measure for all your pleasure,  
But do not want your woe.

Be glad, and your friends are many  
Be sad and you lose them all;  
There are none to decline your nectared wine,  
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded,  
Fast, and the world goes by;  
Succeed and give, and it helps you to live,  
But no man can help you to die.

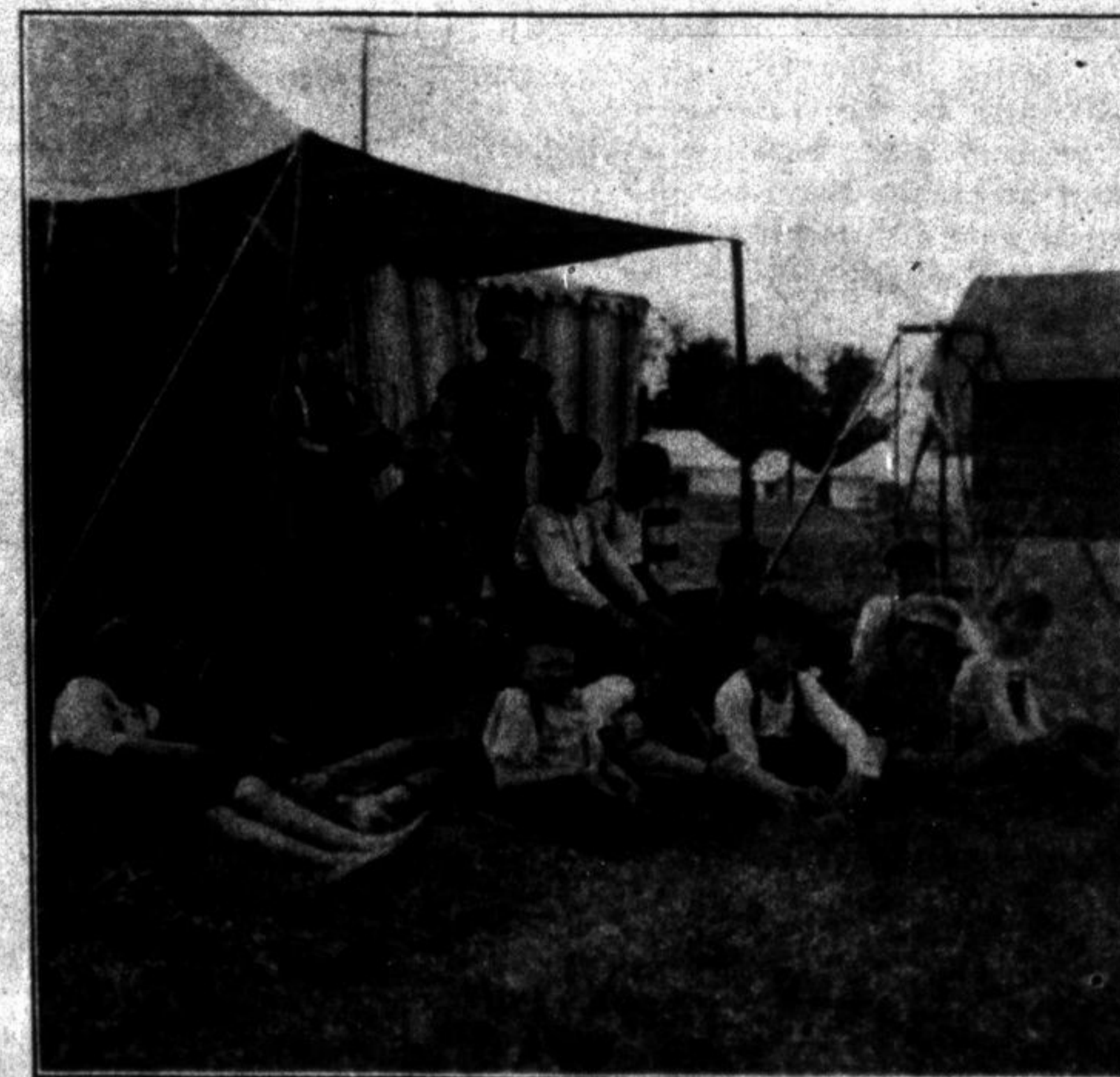
There's room in the halls of pleasure  
For a long and lordly train,  
But one by one we must all file on  
Tho' the narrow aisles of pain.



VIEW OF GADS HILL ENCAMPMENT—SOUTH OF THE ROAD



GIRLS FROM SHOPS AND FACTORIES WHO GET THEIR OUTING IN RETURN FOR DINING-ROOM WORK



MOST OF THE PEOPLE COME FROM THE BOHEMIAN DISTRICT NEAR GADS HILL CENTER