

LAKE COUNTY FAIR

AUGUST 31, SEPTEMBER 1, 2 AND 3, 1915
LIBERTYVILLE, ILLINOIS

\$6,000 IN PREMIUMS
\$3,500 " PURSES

A good clean Midway, various and up-to-date Side Shows. Free attractions that will please and interest all. Good harness and running races every day. Good snappy ball games every day, by the best clubs in the County.

Music by Palatine, North Chicago and Grayslake Bands.

No trouble to find plenty to Eat and Drink at Reasonable Prices.

The Management is sparing no expense in trying to make this year's Fair the best ever.

Remember the Dates, August 31, September 1, 2 and 3. Plan to attend.

SPEED PROGRAM

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 1, 1915	
2:27 Trot	Purse \$400
2:24 Pace	" 400
Five-eighths Mile Running	" 100
Three-quarter Mile Running	" 100
THURSDAY, SEPT. 2, 1915	
Free For All Pace	Purse \$400
County Pace Eligible 2:25	" 300
Free For All Trot	" 400
Five-eighths Mile Running	" 100
Three-quarter Mile Running	" 100
FRIDAY, SEPT. 3, 1915	
Country Trot Eligible 2:30	Purse \$300
2:20 Trot	" 400
2:17 Pace	" 400
Five-eighths Mile Running	" 100

There will be Toy Balloons, Teddy Bears, Dolls, etc., for the little folks. The usual Amusement Stands for the grown ups.

And then there will be the various departments of exhibits for all to enjoy and all indications point to a larger exhibit than ever.

Every Department will be crowded with the best the County has.

This is your Fair, your vacation, the time when you expect to see old friends and make many new ones, in fact it is Lake County's Great Holiday. Don't miss your part of it, it belongs to you. It is your Fair.

Ammons Music Studios

will reopen October 4th in

Highland Park and Evanston

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Memorial Park Cemetery

Harrison Street and Gross Point Road
One-Half Mile West of Evanston

A beautiful, new, non-sectarian Park Cemetery where choice family lots may be purchased with perpetual care at reasonable prices on liberal terms for a limited time.

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GENTLEMEN:

Without obligation to me kindly send catalogue descriptive of Memorial Park Cemetery.

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ADDRESS _____

COUPON

While the morning rush was on one day a young woman followed a trolley car down Broadway, running two blocks before she caught it. This she was able to do because of the jam of the traffic which retarded the car. Her efforts attracted attention on both sides of the street, and hurrying shop hands stopped to cheer her on. At Houston street, where she came panting up to the side of the car, she gasped to the conductor that she had left her pocketbook on the seat and wanted to get it. He obligingly held the car while she made a search. No pocketbook was found, but as she stepped off into the street again, her eyes filled with tears, there came a shout from behind. It was the motorman of the succeeding car, and in his hand he held the pocketbook. "Here it is, lady," he said. "Don't cry. You only caught the car ahead." —New York Post.

Meat in Middle Ages.
Much of the medieval meat, which Cobbett says was plentiful and cheap, must have been poor stuff. Until the introduction of root crops in the eighteenth century cattle and sheep did not become even moderately plump till the end of summer, while lack of fodder made it impossible to keep much live stock during the winter. On St. Martin's day (Nov. 11) arrangements were usually made for slaughtering on a large scale, and for the next six months fresh meat worth eating was practically unobtainable. Until the spring grass was again ready there was a run on salted beef and salted mutton. Salted beef is excellent—for a change. But have you ever tried salted mutton? —London Graphic.

Futility of Flattery.
Nothing is ever gained by flattery. To the serious man flattery in the form of sincere praise makes him more responsible and only sadder because he knows how much he falls below what is expected of him and what he expects of himself. If flattery makes a real man feel as though his sex had been mistaken. He feels as though he had been given curling tongs instead of a razor for his morning toilet.—New York Telegram.

His Name Was in It.
Leader—I've been told that Rivers' name is in old Rockworth's will. Friend—Yes, his name is in it. He signed it as a witness, that's all. And—good gracious! What's the matter? Leader—Nothing, only I've lent him \$50 on the strength of it.—London Express.

Safety First.
The discovery that freckles are caused by too much iron in the system may explain why some girls won't get within a mile of the kitchen range.—Washington Post.

Tending the Baby

But He'll Never Repeat the Performance
By M. QUAD
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It was in one of the waiting rooms of the Grand Central depot. I was sitting beside an honest faced, motherly woman of thirty-five, who had a baby about eight months old asleep in her lap. She had asked about the train up the river, when she suddenly cried out that she had lost her portmanteau. She felt in the pocket of her dress and in the pockets of her cloak, and she shook out the baby's clothes, and by and by she said:

"I remember now, I left it at my sister's, in East Thirty-sixth street. My ticket and all my money are in it."
"Madam," said I, "you have fifty minutes before train time. You can easily go back and get your purse."
"But the baby?"
"He's asleep, and if you dare trust him with me I'll take care of him."
"I've most a mind to do so."
"Come on with him, and you needn't hurry a bit on my account. We'll both be right here when you get back."
She gave me a long, lingering look, so as to be able to swear to me in court, and hurried out, and she was scarcely out of sight when a "Rock-a-bye Baby" woman about four seats away, who had heard and seen all and was no doubt jealous, got up and walked around and said:

"That shows how much mothers think of their offspring! Do you suppose I'd ever leave one of my children that way? Not much!"
She was still walking around with her nose up in the air when an old man with a cane and a satchel stopped to yell at me:

"Do you know if this is the New Haven depot or not?"
"No, sir, it isn't," I replied as I held up my hand warningly.
"Young'un asleep, eh?" he shouted in still louder tones.
I nodded and cautioned him again. At that moment the baby's eyes opened. I rocked him to and fro and crooned to him, and he'd have slept again but for a woman who came up and loudly inquired:

"Did you notice a hand bag on that seat when you sat down?"
"No, I didn't see any hand bag, and you woke this baby up!" I shouted at the woman.
"Oh, I have! State prison offense, I suppose!" she sneered as she made off.
By this time the baby's eyes had got below my hat, and they began to betray a great deal of anxiety. I kept my knees moving and sang to him. I had sung about a rod of "The Old Oaken Bucket," which I have always found to have a soothing effect, and he was looking at me with great curiosity, when a fat woman came sailing along and stopped to exclaim:

"Kisses, what a sweet little baby!"
Walking about with a baby in your arms is rather monotonous on the spine and knees and shoulders, but was invigorated as an offset for paragonic. I lifted up the baby and took a walk-a-bye walk. As I walked I tried to divert his mind into a new channel by telling him a bear story. He was gradually becoming interested and had probably made up his mind that I was at least his stepfather when a little old man who hadn't the slightest excuse for living blocked my way and shrilly observed:

An Athletic Heart.
The use of the term "athletic heart" has led to more misunderstandings than probably any other one expression. Laymen or parents, provided they are not of the medical profession, get a picture from this expression which is anything but correct. If they were told that their boy's thigh had increased half an inch in girth under the exercise that he had been doing in the gymnasium they would be pleased, but when they are told that the size of his heart is increased they are at once very much alarmed. Active participation in almost any sport which causes the heart to beat more rapidly will produce an increase of size of that muscle as in any other muscle, and a certain amount of this is unquestionably nature's normal and proper way of taking care of her economy. Some people, it is true, believe that any enlargement is abnormal, but Dr. Meyer and most of the physicians who have followed the athlete closely would not agree with this.—Outing.

Erratic Record in Golf.
The world's record for unsteadiness probably goes to a certain California golfer. There was a team match scheduled between two clubs, each club picked its five best men. When the match started it was discovered that one of the four men had reported for the team that day. The captain of the team that had a missing man saw standing by a club member with a handicap somewhere around sixteen or eighteen strokes. His average game was about 98. As a rule he could be counted on to go out in 50 and come back in 48. That day, to his own amazement and the confusion of his opponent, he was out in 34, eleven strokes better than he had ever played the course before for the first nine holes. This was an upset, but no worse than the upset that followed, for, after being out in 34, he was back in 63. He got his 97, but as no 97 was ever got before.—Jerome D. Travers in American Magazine.

Turtle and Farina.
Turtle and farina taken together represent to those who live on the Amazon, be they white, negro or Indian or one of the numerous crossbreeds, what the salmon does to the Alaskan Indian, the cocconut to the south sea islander and rice to the Mongolian. A short run of salmon in the Alaska rivers, a crop failure in the paddy fields of China, a hurricane in the south sea islands, all reduce to the same thing—famine. On the Amazon a shortage of turtles may be tired over by a plenty of farina, or vice versa. A failure of both turtles and farina in the same year brings great and widespread distress. Farina is a crude, locally made product of the root of the manioc, a further refinement of which results in the tapioca of commerce. Farina under a number of different names is more or less of a staple with the natives in all of tropical America from the West Indies to Paraguay.

Colors and Heat.
In an attempt to illustrate graphically the relative values for summer and winter wear of different colors in dress materials—an interesting experiment was recently conducted, says Popular Mechanics. Four strips of cloth made of the same material and weight, but of different colors, were placed on a cake of ice and exposed to the sun. The fabrics were white, yellow, red and black. The result showed in a striking way how white reflects the sun's rays, while black absorbs them.
The ice covered by the piece of white cloth was not melted to any appreciable degree during the test, that under the yellow strip was slightly depressed, a deep cut was formed beneath the red cloth and a groove approximately twice as deep as that covered by the latter was melted under the black fabric.

Pinched.
Perhaps the origin of our slang term "pinched," meaning arrested, is in Defoe's poem "Hymn to the Pillory." Imagined in 1703 in Newgate, Defoe consoles himself with the reflection that, having meant well, he suffered unjustly. This is the passage:
The first intent of laws
Was to correct the effect and check the cause.
And all the ends of punishment
Were only future mischiefs to prevent.
"But justice is inverted when
Those engines of the law,
Instead of pinching vicious men,
Keep honest ones in awe." —Exchange.

The Earliest Lens.
The earliest known lens is one made of rock crystal unearthed by Layard at Nimveh. This lens, the age of which is to be measured by thousands of years, now lies in the British museum with its surface as bright as when it left the maker's hands. By the side of it are very recent specimens of lenses which have been ruined by exposure to London's fogs and smokes.

Following Principles.
"Did you see Bibbles disappear as soon as he saw his wife coming without even waiting to see what she wanted?"
"He wasn't taking any chances on that. You see, he belongs to a 'safety first' society." —Baltimore American.

Real Reason.
Friend—I suppose the bank examiner comes around to find out what is on hand? Banker (grimly)—No; more often to find out what's on foot! —Boston Journal.

It is difficult to persuade mankind that the love of virtue is the love of themselves.—Cicero.

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Monday and every other Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, two and three reel features. Sundays—5 and 6 reel features. Monday and Thursday War News.

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