

FAIR IS MIRROR OF STATES RESOURCE'S

IT IS A GREAT MOVING PICTURE OF A GREAT STATE, ITS PEOPLE AND ITS MANY INTERESTS.

IT IS EVERYBODY'S FAIR. Everybody Ought To See It—Every Effort Is Being Put Forward To Make The Michigan State Fair Greatest In Country.

What is the Michigan State Fair and Exposition going to be in 1911? This is a question that is now being

asked and will be asked much more frequently during the next few weeks. The real and conclusive answer will be made at the fair grounds the day following September 15th. Before that time it is only possible to judge of what the 1911 fair will be by a consideration of the methods employed by those who are making it and by comparison.

President Newton and the officers and board of directors of the Michigan State Agricultural Society, and Manager Hanson, have gone into the making of making the greatest fair and exposition of the Society's history in a very thorough, business-like and systematic manner. To the close observer, these gentlemen have already made marked progress and from all obtainable indications it seems sure that they will "make good."

There are several objects which the managers have unitedly determined upon and which they will work un-

multinently to attain. These objects are: To make the Michigan State Fair and Exposition one of the greatest educational institutions in the state. To make it a place where all classes and condition of people can come and learn from observation what brains and time and money and perseverance have achieved in every line of industry.

To make it a mirror of the State's resources, and thus Detroit and Michigan's greatest advertising asset.

To make it not only the greatest exposition in point of size and attendance, but the greatest in intrinsic educational value.

To make it a place where everyone can go and be entertained royally, but entertained without resort to amusements that are not uplifting and moral.

To make it a veritable short course in agriculture, stock raising, manufacturing and in every industry that is

worth while.

To make its location and its dates in September, the place and the time that will furnish the greatest interest to the greatest number of people in the state.

"The greatest of all fairs, in the fairest of all states," is the claim made by President Newton and his aides for 1911. Plans for the coming "big day" fair, September 15th to 27th, have been drawn to a gigantic scale and some idea of its magnitude may be gained from the statement that \$35,000 is offered in premiums and purses.

The fair grounds, with enormous buildings erected or under process of design, all of substantial and harmonious structure, estimate the generous figure of nearly a million dollars. It is doubtful if an exposition project was ever initiated under more favorable circumstances than is the State Fair this year.

KANSAS LOSES POET

Recent Death of "Ironquill" Removes State's Laureate.

Modest Verses Writer Who Assumed Pen Name for Fear People Would Not Hire "Fool Poet" as Attorney.

Fort Scott, Kan.—Kansas lost her poet laureate when Eugene P. Ware died at his summer home in Colorado and western literature lost one of its brightest geniuses.

Ware, known as "Ironquill," was a harness maker, lawyer, politician and poet. In the minds of his friends the last should come first, but personally he always belittled his ability as a poet, and instead of being proud of his success he spoke disparagingly of his verses. In this he was alone.

He came to this city in 1867 and began to work at his trade as a harness maker. A competitor was advertising, so Ware had to do the same. He went his competitor several better by writing his advertisements in verse. This attracted attention and he went to Topeka, where he wrote poetry and studied law, keeping his identity as a poet under cover. His explanation for this was: "I was afraid people wouldn't hire a fool poet for a lawyer."

There were plenty of harness makers, but very few lawyers in Fort Scott and that was the reason Ware deserted the stitching horse of his shop and took up the study of law. In his profession he was successful. As he practiced law he played the po-

NOTHING BUT AN AMATEUR

Fair Damsel's Questions That "Revealed Callow Lover in His True Light."

"Do you really and truly think I am beautiful?" she asked.

"You are simply divine," he replied.

"But there are other girls whom you think more beautiful than I."

"No, I don't think there is a more beautiful girl in the world than you."

"There are other girls you think are just as beautiful, though."

"You are more beautiful than any other girl I ever saw."

"I suppose; there are plenty of girls whom you consider almost as beautiful as I am."

"I think you are far more beautiful than any other girl that ever breathed."

"Well, why didn't you say that in the first place?"

"That was what I meant, if I didn't exactly say so."

"O, well, go on. My goodness! Must I suggest everything nice that you say to me?"

"What more can I say?"

"Heavens! I'm not going to sit here giving you lessons. I thought the way you started out that you had made love before."

IN THE COUNTRY.



The City Man—Your father, I believe, cleared the land of everything. The Countryman—Yes—everything but the mortgage.

In the Church Millant.

Henry N. Clay, the secretary of the Chicago Publishers' association, has a negro cook he took with him to Chicago from St. Louis. The cook is very religious and immediately joined a church in Chicago.

Carry saw the cook going out of the house one evening with a large carving knife in her hand.

"Where are you going, Mary?" he asked.

"To give 'em church."

"Well, what are you doing with that knife?"

"That's a religious dispute goin' on down here," said Mary. "An' I want to see my side gets de best of it."—Saturday Evening Post.

Went Up Twenty Points.

During the recent hot spell a broker was complaining to a friend of the dull trading. "Business," he said, "What can one do in the way of business with the mercury standing at 100?"

"Dot!" replied his friend. "Great Scott, man! It's the chance of a lifetime to sell mercury!"—Boston Evening Transcript.

The Ultimate Limit.

First Dentist: My work is so painful that my patients often fall asleep while I am at their teeth.

Second Dentist: That's nothing. Mine all want to have their pictures taken to catch the expression of delight on their faces.

Father Time.

"Got the old man in an airship, have they?"

"That's Good"

Is often said of

Post Toasties

when eaten with cream or rich milk and a sprinkle of sugar if desired.

That's the cue for housekeepers who want to please the whole family.

Post Toasties are ready to serve direct from the package—

Convenient

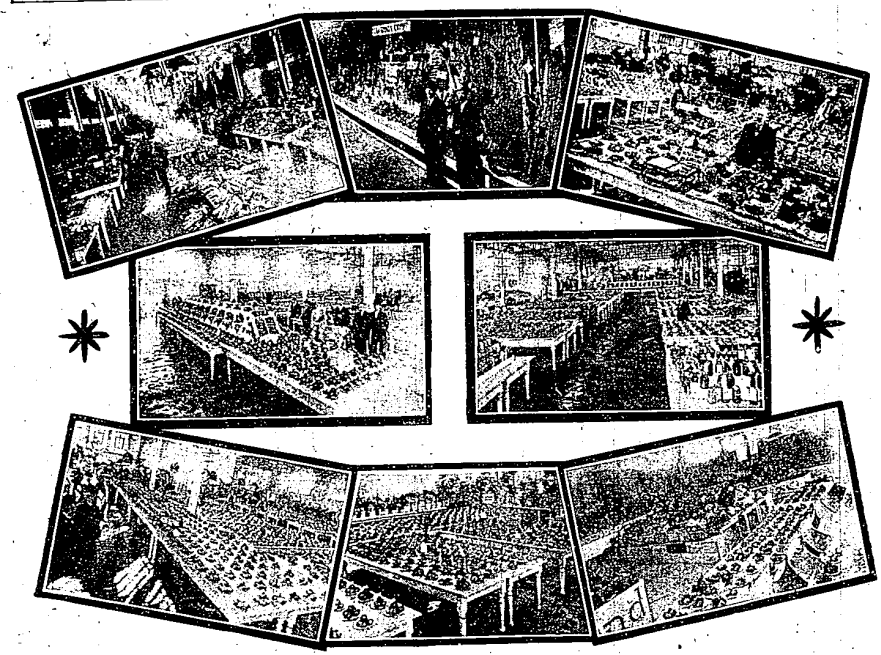
Economical

Delicious

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.,
Bartle Creek, Mich.



FRUIT AND FARM EXHIBIT AT MICHIGAN STATE FAIR.

The above views were taken in Horticultural Hall at the last Michigan State Fair and give some idea of the splendid displays in this department from every section of the state. At the state fair this year, September 15th to 27th, the exhibits will be larger than ever. The Western, Northwestern, and Upper Peninsula Development Bureaus have engaged a large section of the building, where they will make their exhibits. The development bureaus are offering special cash prizes for the best displays of fruit and grains and these displays will be well worth seeing. The "Back to the Farm" movement, the farm and orchard have a telling and lasting effect on prospective buyers.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

By Captain Leslie T. Peacocke.

"You fellows may think I'm joking, but you'll find that once my mind's made up, it's made up for good. No more of this sort of game for me. I'm going to live THE SIMPLE LIFE," and Sidney Chapin slammed his finished highball glass with emphasis on the round table and rose with a glare of amazing defiance at his three companions.

"Yes, you will," laughed Squatty Dawson sarcastically. "I can see you doing it. Early to bed, and only one drink between meals. That'll be fine, won't it?"

"And walking about the wet grass with bare feet, so to get up his circulation and his appetite for a vegetarian diet," broke in the young stockbroker, Archie Harris, over the rim of his whiskey sour. "The simple life is all right, Sid, for fellows that's past 50 and for the regular long-hairs, but it won't suit you. Let's have one more drink, boys, and then Chris can give us a spin round in his machine before dinner."

"Yes, ride over to Baldwin's Ranch will do us all good," agreed Chris Mortimer, son of old man Mortimer, the Springfield street broker, and then we can toss who's to go to the Jonathan Club, in whose smoking room they were now assembled—with the exception, perhaps, of one of the Simple Life's, who was thus astonishing his companions by announcing his sudden determination to amend his mode of living.

"That'll be fine," said Squatty Dawson. "One more drink now, and another when we get to the Oakwood, and then we can toss who's to pay for dinner at Levy's, and, snapping his fingers, he attracted the attention of a waiter.

Squatty Chapin set his hat determinedly on his head. "Not for mine!" he asserted firmly. "I'm through with the rule book and last night's racket at the Bristol has given me a head that'll take two weeks of the Simple Life to get over. It's either that or the Cooley Cure. I tried the Cooley Cure, and I prefer the Simple Life. You fellows would do better if you'd follow my example and quit, right now."

QUIET THOUGHTS.

It is through association with others that the human will makes its most wonderful advance in freedom. Every invention is an instrument through which the human will reaches out toward the mastery of nature. The emancipation of the individual is always accomplished by a deepening of the content (meaning) of personal life.

Religion was "one" an institution of the state, is becoming more and more the faith and ideal of the individual soul.

"Oh, rats!" retorted Chris Mortimer. "What's the use of trying to kid yourself. Why, you're only 25 and just beginning to enjoy life. I've never seen you draw what I call a sober breath, and I've known you for five years. After you've had a couple of highballs at the Oakwood, you won't be talking such foolishness."

"I know what it is!" interposed Archie Harris. "Sid has struck a new ally, and wants to keep her all to himself—some grass-widow most likely who's going to try and reform him. Lots of 'em are great on that you know."

"Well, she'll have her hands full with Sid," laughed Squatty Dawson. "She's never seen him making love to four different affiliates all at once, as we did at Ocean Park last summer. What's she like, Sid?"

Chapin muttered an impatient "phew," and snatched his gold cigarette case to his pocket. "You fellows never take things seriously. You just wait, and see what a different man I'll be in a few weeks."

"Well, I hope you will," sneered Archie Harris. "There's a lot of room for improvement. Where are you going to tackle this wonderful reformation? In a monastery?"

"Not quite, but I'm going to live a good Simple Life to the same. I've fixed myself up a nice little place at Catalina that I rented last week. It's about two miles from Avalon, and it's one of the sweetest little cottages you ever saw."

"Catalina!" cried Squatty Dawson. "That's a queer sort of place to choose to live. What are you going to do there? Fish?"

"Yes, fish some, I guess, and take long walks. The hills there are fine and the air's full of ozone. I'm off now to take a Hamman bath, and then I've got some things to express down to San Pedro."

"And when do you leave?" queried Chris Mortimer, changing his bantering tone as Sid's overture on seeing that Sidney was in earnest.

"Tomorrow morning, by the 9 o'clock boat. I'll be over in Catalina about 11. If you fellows care to come down some day next week, I'll treat you to a fine day's fishing, and as good a dinner as you'll get here at the club. I've got a fine cook (a Chinaman), and all the drinks you

want. You'll have to put up at Avalon for the night, though; the cottage won't run to beds for the night."

"Sure, that'll be all right," said Archie Harris. "We can find accommodations at the Metropole. What day shall we make it, Sid?"

"Let's see," replied Sidney, calculating. "This is Tuesday. How about next Monday? I'll be all settled by then."

"Suit me all right," returned the stockbroker brightly. "How about you fellows? We have nothing on for Monday, have we?"

They found the cottage luxuriously and tastefully furnished, and followed their host from room to room with feelings somewhat akin to envy.

A hundred and forty pound tub and a score of yellow-tiled rewarded their efforts, which, with the addition of some delectable root beer, made up a tidy haul, and the waning sun warning them to retire, they bore the "catch" in triumph to the cottage, and begged the Chinaman to add some of the smaller and most succulent specimens to the bill of fare.

The Oriental's cooking left nothing to be desired, and, the bottles extracted from the ice chest sparkled a fitting accompaniment to the jingling of the heartily-pled silverware and the flow of ready wit.

It was near midnight when they rose and accouped the body and the chorus of a time honored song in deference to their host; assuring him again and again that he was "a jolly good fellow," and continuing the assurance with unsteady gait and uplifted voices as he assisted them that way to bear them to the cottage.

Chapin gave a sigh of relief as he re-entered the cottage, mixed himself a modest "malt-whisky," placed the glass back on the table, and, sweeping the debris of plates and innumerable glasses with suddenly affrighted eyes, gave an astonished gasp, and called loudly for the Chinaman.

"Me no savvy," said Sing Kee, protesting. "Me no touch any silver at all. There last time I come into room. You flenda take 'em away from me. You flenda make a joke, maybe. Flenda make 'em all the time."

"I guess so!" agreed his master, instantly grasping the situation. "It's silly fool Squatty Dawson trying to bear them to the Metropole."

Virtue is the moral fiber that comes from soul struggle.

Thinking bitterly of others strikes a blow at my own heart.

Our neighbors are not lifted up by looking up their records.

He who spreads himself in prayer is not likely to rise in it.

People who practice duplicity naturally label it diplomacy.

It's always easier to slung about heaven than to serve earth.

Every great public victory has many a private struggle.

Many believe they are sanctified because they feel so self-satisfied.

to be funny. He must have swiped all the silver off the table when he ran back to get his cigar case. All right, Sing, you can go to bed. They'll be sure to send it back in the morning when they see what a silly joke it was. I hope they won't lose any of the spoons or forks, though, because they're all solid silver.

The damned fool! I hate practical jokes."

His hopes were not fully realized, apparently, for three days later the trio at the Jonathan Club received a caustic letter, setting forth the valuable nature of the silverware, which they were given to understand had been precious to the family of Chapin for several generations.

Three days later another and more urgent letter was received, with threats of bodily hurt, and yet three days later a third epistle was delivered into their hands in which the solemn air of sinister nature was more than broadly hinted at; in answer to which our friend at Catalina Island received the following:

"Dear Sid—The tone of your last letter has hurt us very much. The first two we thought were written as a joke, as we were certain you had discovered the knives, forks and spoons which Squatty merely slipped between the sheets of your own bed. We cannot understand why you have not found them. We enjoyed our day with you most thoroughly, and we do not blame you for having temporarily adopted the Simple Life.

Your sincere friends,
CHRISTOPHER MORTIMER,
ARCHIBALD HARRIS,
EUGENE DAWSON.

P. S.—You ought to warn your agent against housebreakers against the danger of too hurriedly crossing the streets of Avalon. Automobiles are apt to skid. The poor housebreakers are scared. She will no doubt appreciate the warning!"

The very same day the following telegram was handed to Mortimer at the Jonathan Club:

"You silly fools—I'm married, and on my honeymoon, and you didn't know it. Better go and see a dentist and find out what's delaying your wisdom teeth. Anybody but a friend knows that matrimony means the Simple Life."

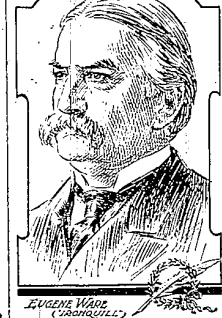
While the exports of human hair from China are very large, it is depleted that any comes from corpses.

Fifty-eight millionaires died in France during the year 1909, two of whom left estates of over \$10,000,000.

Someone who thinks he knows, claims that the executive cost of living is due to the reckless slaughter of birds.

Ten cents a day is the amount actually required for food to sustain a human. The remainder of the money is spent for flavoring.

The appearance of evil often helps the devil more than the real thing.



EUGENE WARE ("IRONQUILL")