

HOW IS THIS FOR A PROGRAM OF THE STATE FAIR

GATE ADMISSION A FIFTY CENT COIN

SIX BIG SPEED EVENTS FULL ENTRIES IN EVERY RACE

"The Industrial Purse," 2:20 Trot---Purse \$1,000.
2:30 Pace (Hopples Barred) Purse \$500.
2:17 Pace---Purse \$500.

Five-eighths Mile Dash---Purse \$100.
Seven-eighths Mile Dash--- \$150.
Two Miles of Ten Mile Relay Race---Purse \$1,250.

LIBERETTI'S CONCERT BAND AND GRAND OPERA COMPANY

Great Patterson Shows in Continuous Performance, Moving Picture Shows. The Wilbur Band in Grand Concerts. Daylight Fireworks for the Children, etc.

THE FAMOUS WRIGHT BROS. AEROPLANE IN SENSATIONAL FLIGHTS
CLYDE T. WRIGHT, ON "THE TRUE LABOR PROBLEM," AT THE AUDITORIUM

PROGRAM OF THE NIGHT ENTERTAINMENT

WRIGHT BROS. AEROPLANE--2 Flights LIBERETTI'S CONCERT BAND AND GRAND OPERA CO.--Race Track Amphitheatre
STUPENDOUS DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS GATE ADMISSION 25 CENTS AFTER 5 P. M.

Zorlean, Lady Contortionist.
One-half Mile Running Race---\$100.
Earl and Landers, Bar Artists.
Hippodrome Race.

The Wertz Family.
High School Horse.
Nine-sixteenth Mile Running Race---\$100.
The Cretos Trick House.

Roman Chariot Race.
Patterson's Elephants.
Rollo the Limit.
Stupendous Display of Fireworks.

Immediately at the close of the fireworks display Liberetti's Concert Band and Grand Opera Concert Company at the Auditorium.

FOR LABOR DAY, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th, 1911

Lincoln Day, Children's Day, Old Soldiers' Day. Children under twelve years of age and old soldiers wearing the button emblem admitted free

A Bird's Barbed Wire Fences.

There may be seen along the roadsides in Central America a brown wren about the size of a canary which builds a nest out of all proportion to its apparent needs. It selects a small tree with horizontal branches growing close together. Across two of the branches it lays sticks fastened together with tough fiber until a platform about six feet long by two feet wide has been constructed. On the end of this platform nearest the tree trunk it then builds a huge dome shaped nest a foot or so high with thick sides of interwoven thorns. A covered passage-way is then made from the nest to the end of the platform in as crooked a manner as possible. Across the outer end as well as at short intervals along the inside of this tunnel are placed cunning little fences of thorns with just space enough for the owners to pass through. On going out this opening is closed by the owner by placing thorns across the gateway, and thus the safety of the eggs or young is assured.

A Detective Story.

I like detective stories; I read them, I write them, but I do not believe them. The bones and structure of a good detective story are so old and well known that it may seem banal to state them even in outline. A policeman, stupid, but sweet tempered, and always weakly erring on the side of mercy, walks along the street, and in the course of his ordinary business finds a man in Bulgarian uniform killed with an Australian boomerang in a Brompton milk shop. Having set free all the most suspicious persons in the story, he then appeals to the bulldog professional detective, who appeals to the hawklike amateur detective. The latter finds near the corpse

a boot lace, a button boot, a French newspaper and a return ticket from the Hebrides, and so relentlessly, link by link, brings the crime home to the archbishop of Canterbury.—T. K. Chesterton in Illustrated London News.

A Hand at Whist.

"That was a remarkable hand you held just now," said the commercial traveler to his companion at cards. "Pretty fair, pretty fair. But I've held a more wonderful hand than that."

"Really?"

"Yes. Once I was playing whist and dealt myself a hand of thirteen trumps."

"Great Scott!"

"And the funniest part of the matter is that I only took one trick."

"Impossible!"

"No, it's not. I played last and trumped my partner's ace. He was a hasty man, and before I could explain matters he lost his temper, and the game broke up in a row there and then. Funny game whist, isn't it? My deal, I think."

Diversions of Earlier Georgia.

Micajah Williamson kept a licensed tavern in the town of Washington. In front of this tavern was a large picture of George Washington hanging as a swinging sign. John Clarke (governor 1819-23) used to come to town and, like most men of his day, get drunk. They all did not "cut up," however, as he did on such occasions. He went into stores and smashed things generally, as tradition says, but he always came back and paid for them like a gentleman. Once he came into town intoxicated and galloped down Court street and fired through the picture of General Washington before the tavern door. This was brought up against him later when he was a candidate for

governor, but his friends denied it.—Macon Telegraph.

Looking For Them.

Major d'Arlandes, like many another French soldier, was tired of waiting for promotion and opportunities to distinguish himself. He seized an opportunity to enjoy a little excitement and at the same time remind Louis XVI. of his baffled ambitions. He made a balloon ascension, which at that time was thought to be a very risky affair. The king promptly reproved him for his rashness.

"Your majesty will pardon me, I hope," said the officer, "but the fact is the minister of war has made me so many promises in the air that I went up to look for some of them."

Her Triumph.

"Maria," Mr. Dorkins said, with a note of exultation in his voice, "I turned a trade today that netted me a clean \$2,000."

"H'mph," ejaculated his spouse in her loftiest you make me tired manner, "I went out today to hunt up a first class cook, and I got her, John—I got her!"—Chicago Tribune.

Got His Fill.

"Did you like the party, Rufus?"

"Yes, mother."

"Then why didn't you stay till it was over?"

"What was the use? I couldn't eat any more."

No Exception.

Miss Young—In Turkey a woman doesn't know her husband till after she's married him. Mrs. Wedd—Why mention Turkey especially?—Boston Transcript.

The Greater Blessing.

Jawkins—Ah, my boy, it's a fine

thing to have a friend whom you can trust. Pawkins—It's a jolly sight better to have one who will trust you, old man.

Strenuous.

"He used to be a straight enough young chap. What made him get crooked?" "Trying to make both ends meet, I believe."—Exchange.

Getting Near to Nature.

It was not always perfectly clear at first thought just what Ben Caldon meant when he spoke. The best a hearer could do was to guess at the most obvious meaning and let it go at that. In the matter of a captive moose, which belonged to Ben, the doctor followed this course. The moose was undoubtedly sick, and a veterinary had been summoned to attend him. Ben went out to the pen to assist the doctor.

"Is he mortal, doc?" asked Ben with extreme concern.

"Are you asking if he is sick?" hazarded the doctor.

"Sure," replied Ben, "only I meant is he goin' to die from it?"

"It's too soon to tell you yet," replied the doctor, "but he has pneumonia pretty badly."

Ben's eyes grew round with surprise. Pneumonia in his experience had been confined to humankind.

"Why, doc," he burst out, "does a moose have features like a grown person?"—Youth's Companion.

The Greatest Social Force.

The middle classes are the preponderant social force of today in republics as well as in monarchies, in Europe as in America. Everything is everywhere subordinated to the necessity of satisfying them as speedily and as thoroughly as possible.—Ferrero in Paris Figaro.