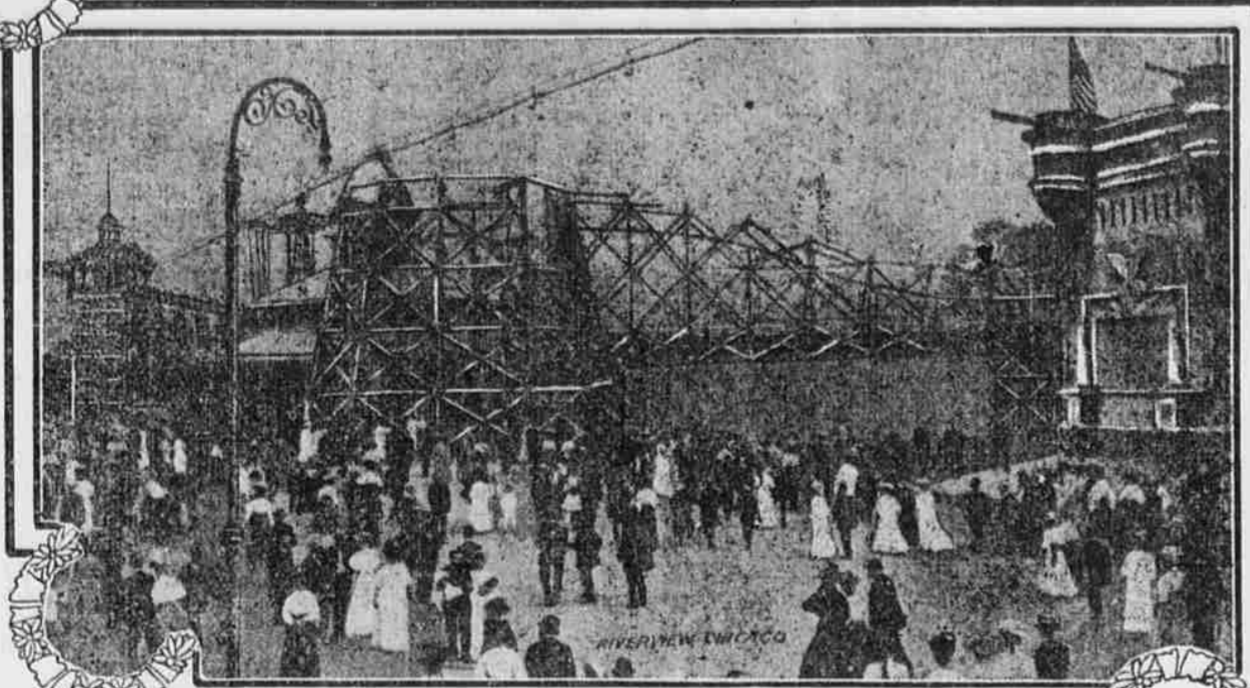


# CURLING AMERICA'S SPINE WITH DEATH-DEFYING THRILLERS

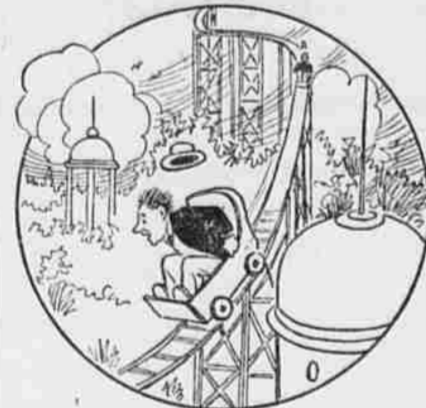
BY WILLARD W. GARRISON



TAKING A TRIP ON A THRILLER



A GROUP OF THRILLERS



THE SCENIC RAILWAY

"W" HOO, whee-ee, oo-oo, gee-ee-whizz, but that was a bump!"

It was our friend from the sand dunes of Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, Minnesota, Wisconsin, or any other state with plenty of farming districts, trying out a thriller at Coney Island, Atlantic City, one of Chicago's big four amusement parks or for that matter at any city or town which supports these summer devices for extracting coin of the realm from these plebeians.

No matter how stolid he may be in life's ordinary pursuits or how emotionless in an interurban wreck, his spine curls, his sympathetic nerve system tickles and he is compelled to give himself up to thrills. You can find him in every resort where there are scenic railways, roller-coasters, velvet-coasters, figure-eights, shoot-the-chutes, dip-the-dips, leap-the-gaps, ticklers and scores of other modes for shooting the electric currents up and down the spinal cord of the laughing, howling public.

He is a source of amusement for his tutored city brother who tickles the day ledger with a pen during daylight and cavorts about on amusement devices throughout the summer evenings. The city pleasure-seeker has much of this sport and the thrills fall to rise up in his anatomy the way they do in that of the man, woman and child who are taking their first turn at the game.

Statisticians claim that there are so many actual thrillers of different caliber and variety at work daily in the United States that if one should travel on every one of them, just once, the trip would take all summer. There were more this year than ever before. If all of the rides were strung out they would reach clear across the continent, high browed scientists claim. But that only goes to show that America is amusement-crazy. The populace and the elite, too, can't get enough thrill. Not long ago, an Illinois man with an idea proposed to install an automobile in the parks of the country and this device was scheduled to run down an incline, turn a double somersault and alight upon its wheels again. America's thrillers are terrific and getting more so each year, but the man from the middle west was perhaps a bit premature with his death-defying machine. Sometimes it didn't alight as per program.

after made its burden. On the curves of riding thrillers there is the usual horizontal track above the wheels of the vehicle to prevent it from leaving the scheduled pathway. Persons possessing weak hearts are forbidden the thrills and few accept the chance to test that organ when in bad condition. There are also straps, chains, guards, etc., to hold the patron in the car and if he or she falls out it is little short of a miracle and only once or twice a season are accidents reported, so carefully do the amusement managers guard the lives of those who provide a method of bread-winning.

Perhaps the scenic railway is known more generally to those who would line their interiors with momentary thrills. This ride consists of a series of cars strung together. There are brakes between each car and the levers are manned by strong-armed boys from the railway yards. To them there are no thrills. It's monotonous as driving the cows home from pasture for them. Even catching a pair spooning while the train is running through the blackness of a mimick Canadian forest, can't make them feel weary. It happens on every trip.

The average scenic railway runs up a 45-degree incline or rather is hauled up by a chain and you are ready for the first dip. The brakemen release their levers and down the cars go faster than the New York-Chicago 18-hour limited. If the uninitiated puts his head between his knees he is apt to kick himself in the face on the journey up the hill which follows every dip. Therefore if you haven't yet been bounced around in this manner, hang to the iron guard, stick your hat under your arm, grit your teeth and make up your mind not to care if your hair does get mussed.

After the train has completed the first series of dips there is usually a journey through a dark recess, tragically known as the "cavern," this being installed to give the spooners a chance to gloat over their nerve. The rest is a repetition, generally.

Next in line as a death defying contrivance is the coaster. There are fewer cars and not so many seats in each vehicle. Then, too, the coaster needs no hauling up a second incline, for there is only one, the difference being noticeable in the length of the descents. In some parks in both east and west there has been a tendency of late to turn the coaster into a semi-loop-the-loop, that is to say, the cars drop off the top of the runway onto a descent at an angle of about 70 degrees, dropping about 80 feet, and then start up the ascent at an angle which is not quite so abrupt. Some coasters have only one of these terrifying dips, while others have about 20—it seems to be the first-thing. Well, one isn't so bad, but about the third jump you begin to calculate that the seat must have slipped out the bottom of the car—you're so high in the air most of the time.

Passing on to another part of the resort you strike the figure-eight. Every hamlet has its figure-eights these days. That contrivance is fashioned like an "8" and much resembles the coaster, except that the cars follow the lines of the figure, the dips are smaller and you naturally don't get so fussed up. It's tamer in fact, and for that reason graduation from the figure-eight entitles you to prestige, which should carry you fearlessly over the jumps which the coaster takes and allow you to blandly hand the "second-

ride-lady" 20 cents for another trip for yourself and friend.

Then there's the tickler. That's a new ride just put on in the west this season. You get into a round car and the device is dragged up an incline for the downward thrill. Starting down it enters a labyrinth of rails, the car revolving in one direction and the descent carrying it in another. This gives a remarkable opportunity to learn how it feels to be jerked in two directions at the same time.

The Potsdam railway is a practical device, "made in Germany," which runs on an overhanging rail and which magnates among the Teutons threaten to make a conventional mode of travel there within a few years. The thrill in this consists of hoping it won't fall off this trip.

Amusement-loving Americans also have the aerostat. Cars are suspended at the ends of long cables, you are locked in and the device is started. It is like a Maypole, except that the cables don't become intertwined around the pole. As the speed increases the cars rise higher at the ends of the cables and, inclined, speed through ether far out over the heads of the multitude. Anyone who is susceptible to sea-sickness might possibly become immune by this treatment for the blues of everyday life. The giant swing, while it is not much like the aerostat, gives the same feeling to some.

Then there is the airship, which majestically winds about the outside of a tall tower and then winds down again. Merry-go-rounds are numerous and despite the fact that this is the father of all thrills, it still has its patrons among the children.

Among the time-honored creations is the shoot-the-chutes, which consists of a slide down a toboggan and a few bounces after the boat strikes the water of the lake at the bottom of the chute. If you're wise you'll not sit in the front seat. There's where the big bump comes and the occupants of the bow of the boat feel the leaps over the water most.

Having traveled on rides enough to stimulate an appetite for something in a different line we steer our downstate friend into the stationary devices for the same purpose. These are of every variety. You step into one at random. The floor starts to move with a circular motion toward the top

of the room. If it moves backwards from you, intuition tells you to step forward. Don't step too speedily or you'll find yourself walking on the ceiling, head down. Finally an opening is reached. You step out onto a floor which bounces up and down as you meander along. A moment later you walk upon what seems to be the top of an airship, loosely inflated. By that time, if you're one of the fair sex, you need protection. The recesses are all pitch dark.

Then, perhaps you are swayed by a wave-like motion of the entire room, which very naturally elicits very proper screams from the women folks. Freed from ocean-liner imitation, you are immediately introduced to a 200-miles-an-hour cyclone, coming from the floor, ceiling, walls and in fact from all sides. The floor begins to move sideways with a quick-jerky motion. You try to steady yourself on a rail, just perceptible in the blackness. Ouch! It's charged with electricity.

Ahead are several staircases and you feel rather relieved to think you're out of it at last. Reaching them safely you start up when, without warning, the whole contrivance begins to move backward and forward, compelling you to grab the rail for safety. In darkness again, you try to make your way through a typical labyrinth of rooms. Feeling along the wall with one foot ahead of you to ascertain the nearness of bottomless pits, etc., for your mind's eye sees lots that don't exist, you bump your nose against a few barriers and eventually push against a wall, which gives way and you find yourself alone in a turnstile, inclosed on all sides. When your terror has reached a burning point someone else behind pushes the wall as you did and you are liberated, only to again find yourself in the midst of weird ghostlike cries and see skeletons darting hither and thither (on pulleys). A little scream just at this moment might be appropriate. Just to get your mind off the terrors of the place, the next few turns are tame, when suddenly your feet slide out from under you and you find yourself shooting down a chute in a sitting position. Daylight ahead and once again, before you have time to think it over, you've landed among the crowds outside, thanks to the manly strength of the spleer, whose arms received you where the chute ended.

## COW BROKE UP BARN DANCE

Of course, realism is all well enough in its way, but it can easily be carried to an excess. Here, for instance, is the case of that barn dance in the east, where an actual barn was the scene of revelry.

And in the midst of the fun a blooded cow broke away from her stall and took an active interest in the proceedings, ripping the shirt waist from a college youth and hooking a roomy hole in the big fiddle. After which she pranced up the middle with her head down, and six girls and three boys crawled onto the feed box and fell off in a shrieking heap, and the athlete of the party, with wild yells, broke the record on a quick climb to the hayloft, and four girls hid under the straw cutter, and there was the merry mischief to pay. The cow quickly had her gambol out, and then backed into her stall with a satisfied moo and immediately resumed her cud.

But the barn dance was effectually broken up.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## USE ANIMALS TO TEST DRUGS.

How Chemists Ascertain the Purity of Ingredients.

A lot of sorry looking chickens, dogs and cats loafed in the black, ill smelling yard of the great chemical plant. "We use these animals to test our drugs on," said the chemist. "They come in very handy. They more than earn their board." "Ergotine is a drug we test on chickens. It is a simple test. If a dose of ergotine fails to turn a chicken's comb black we know that the drug is, for some reason or another, worthless." "Hasheesh we test on dogs. Hasheesh is made of female hemp buds; male hemp buds have no medicinal value, yet some dishonest dealers put male buds on the market, and since they resemble female buds precisely, it is impossible to detect them save by actual test. Dogs given hasheesh get drunk and happy if the stuff is good." "Digitals, the heart stimulant, is tested on frogs. We inject a drop of it into a frog's stomach, and in the kymograph, or heart-recording machine, we study the changes that take place in the frog's heart action. Thus we get a very accurate knowledge of what our digitals can do." "Do we ever test drugs on ourselves? Oh, yes, indeed; often. Chemists have lost their lives, chemists have gone incurably insane, through too rash bravery in testing drugs on their own persons."—Los Angeles Times.

The Grampus Gourmet. "Of all the gourmets on land or water," said the captain, "commend me to the grampus."

The ladies at the captain's table looked with inquiring smiles at the handsome sailor.

"The grampus," he went on, "is a kind of overgrown shark or a kind of undersized fighting whale—you can take your choice. At any rate, he is a terrible creature to meet with if you happen to be aquatic."

"He and his mate travel together. Sometimes they have a friend along—big, fine, strong chap, as such friends usually are. And their game is the bowhead whale."

"When they find a whale, they go at him, they stick to him, invincibly. They punch and thump till he is as limp as a rope of seaweed with exhaustion. Then, by means of one horrible deed, they show their unexampled gluttony."

"They take hold of the whale's lower lip, they hang their weight on it, till it drops open. Then in go their heads, disappearing inside that great red mouth, that warm, moist cavern of scarlet, and they eat in there the whale's tongue, a tender tit-bit, very rich and delicate."

"The tongue consumed, they go on their way again, leaving the whale to die slowly."

He Got His Change. One of the many surprises for eastern visitors at the Democratic convention in Denver was the general use of "iron dollars"—that is, silver—to the exclusion of paper money. It is related that a "well-heeled" Tammany man passed a \$1,000 bill over the bar of a leading hotel and waited for his change. "Tom," said the bartender, turning to the colored porter, "take 75 cents out of that and hand the gentleman his change." The negro never turned a hair. He took the bill, walked around to the stockroom and in 40 seconds came trundling in a wheelbarrow load, touched his hat and said: "Yo' change, sah." There was the change—999 silver dollars and a 25-cent piece!

In Germville. Banknote Germ—There he goes. He thinks he is the sweetest thing on earth.

Doorknob Germ—Who is he? Banknote Germ—Why, he is a kiss microbe.—Chicago Daily News.

Getting Back at Her. Mr. Cute (who has been refused)—Won't you sing us something, Miss Brown? Miss Brown—What shall I sing? Mr. Cute—Sing "He is gone, but I shall miss him."—Half Holiday.

## THE MARKETS.

Financial. New York, Aug. 11.—Money—On call 1 per cent. Sterling exchange at \$4.84.90 for demand. Government bonds steady. Grain, Provisions and Live Stock. Flour—Steady. Wheat—No. 2 red \$1.00 1/2. Corn—No. 2 at 57c. Oats—Mixed 56c. Hay—Steady. Cattle—Steers \$4.25@6.20, veals \$5.00@8.25. Sheep—Steady at \$3.00@4.25, spring lambs \$4.00@6.50. Hogs—Yorkers \$7.00.

Cleveland, Aug. 11.—Flour—Minnesota spring patent at \$5.65@6.00. Wheat—No. 2 red 94c. Corn—No. 3 yellow 85c. Oats—No. 2 white 60c. Butter—Best creamery 23c. Cheese—York state 13 1/2@14c. Eggs—Strictly fresh 18 1/2@20c. Potatoes—Best grades 8c. Hay—No. 1 timothy \$10.50. Cattle—Best steers \$5.50@5.75, calves \$7.25@9.00. Sheep—Choice wethers \$4.00@4.25, lambs \$6.00@6.50. Hogs—Yorkers \$4.75.

Chicago, Aug. 11.—Wheat—September 83 1/2c. Corn—September 77 1/2c. Oats—September 48 1/2c. Pork—September \$15.37 1/2. Lard—September \$9.45. Cattle—Steers \$4.75@7.90, heifers \$3.00@6.00.

Toledo, Aug. 11.—Wheat—Cash 94 1/2c. Corn—Cash 81 1/2c. Oats—Cash 60c. Cloverseed—October \$8.25.

East Buffalo, Aug. 11.—Cattle—Export steers \$6.00@8.40, fair \$4.25@5.00. Sheep—Wethers \$4.75@5.00, spring lambs \$4.50@6.50. Hogs—Yorkers \$6.80, pigs \$5.50.

Pittsburg, Aug. 11.—Cattle—Choice \$6.20@6.50, good \$5.00@6.15. Sheep—Prime wethers \$4.40@4.60, spring lambs \$4.00@6.00. Hogs—Yorkers \$6.50@9.75, pigs \$5.50@6.50.

## Practical Fashions

LADIES' NIGHT-GOWN.



Paris Pattern No. 2469, All Seams Allowed.—Made of sheer white nainsook and slipped on over the head, this night-gown pattern is both pretty and comfortable. The fullness is gathered into the square neck, back and front, by a ribbon run through worked buttonholes, or beading may be substituted for the latter. The wide shaped pieces over the shoulder are of insertion, or they may be made of all-over embroidery. The flowing three-quarter sleeves are trimmed with insertion and finished with an edging of the same embroidery. The pattern is in four sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust the night-gown requires five yards of material 36 inches wide, or 4 1/4 yards 42 inches wide; one-half yard of beading, one yard of ribbon, five yards of insertion, and 1 1/2 yard of edging.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 2469. SIZE..... NAME..... TOWN..... STREET AND NO..... STATE.....

## CHILD'S EMPIRE DRESS.



Paris Pattern No. 2466, All Seams Allowed.—This simple and dainty little frock is developed in Persian lawn. The fullness of the waist is distributed in groups of small tucks, three to each group, and finished with a high neck and straight collar band, or with a round Dutch neck. The straight full skirt is gathered and attached to this waist under a ribbon-run beading, two groups of three tucks each being used as a trimming above the hem. The arm-bands are of embroidery insertion, finished with a narrow edging of lace to match, and if made with round neck any edging to correspond is used. The model is adaptable to the every-day frock of chambray, linen, or any of the pretty summer materials. The pattern is in five sizes—one to nine years. For a child of five years the dress requires 3 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 3/4 yards 36 inches wide, 1 1/2 yard 42 inches wide; seven-eighths yard of beading, two yards of ribbon, five eighths yard of insertion and two yards of edging.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 2466. SIZE..... NAME..... TOWN..... STREET AND NO..... STATE.....

## Luminous Fish.

The flesh of most sea fishes and other marine animals becomes more or less luminous within a day or two after death. The light is emitted, however, not by the flesh itself but by certain bacteria which can be collected from its surface and which are of common occurrence in sea water.

One Guess. Mr. Peavish says the reason women get off a street car the wrong way is because men get off the right way.