

SUPREME COURT CHANGES

FIVE JUSTICES MAY RETIRE AFTER PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.



At the present time three of the United States supreme court justices are eligible to retirement, and within the period of the incumbency of the next president two more will reach the age limit when they may retire upon pension if they so wish to do. This opens up an interesting condition and brings within the scope of possibility, if not probability, that the successor to President Roosevelt may have the privilege of filling five vacancies, which constitutes a majority of the membership of the highest judicial body in the United States. If such were the privilege of the next president and he were Democratic instead of Republican it would change completely the political character of the tribunal, and for the first time since the civil war give the Democrats a majority.

Politics is not supposed to cut much figure in that high tribunal, but political parties, none the less, have considerable pride and concern in seeing men of their own faith wearing the ermine, and the close decisions in a number of great legal and constitutional questions within the last decade make the personnel of the court a matter of concern for the future.

Three of the nine members of the court are now Democrats—Chief Justice Fuller, appointed during Mr. Cleveland's first term; Justice White and Justice Peckham, both appointed during his second term. Five of the justices will be eligible for retirement before March 4, 1913, when the next presidential administration will have come to an end. All but two of these—Justices Fuller and Peckham—were appointed as Republicans.

There is a double qualification essential for retirement, involving not only 70 years of age, but ten years of service on the tribunal. Chief Justice Fuller is 75, and has been eligible for retirement since February 11, 1903, but, being devoted to his high office, he has never indicated any intention of relinquishing the honor.

Justice Harlan, the ranking associate, who has been a member of the court over 30 years and has just passed his seventy-fifth milestone, has been eligible for retirement since June 1, 1903—more than five years. Justice Brewer has been eligible a year, having passed his seventieth birthday on June 20, 1907. Justice Peckham has now served on the court 13 years, and will be 70 on November 8, 1908, so that on the Sunday immediately following the coming presidential election there will be four members of the tribunal who may allow either president Roosevelt or his successor to designate their successors.

The fifth member of the court who will be eligible for retirement under the president to be chosen in November is Justice Holmes. Although he is one of the newer members of the court, being President Roosevelt's first appointee, he will be 70 on March 8, 1911, and will have rounded out his tenth year on the tribunal on December 4, 1912. He will therefore possess the right of retiring just three months before the end of the next president's term.

As a rule, members of the supreme court are not prone to retire the moment they have a chance. Most of the justices have died in harness.

Valuable African Fruit.
The fruit of the karite tree is now being handled in fair commercial quantities for the production of a cheap type of vegetable grease, useful for the manufacture of soap and candles. The natives of Africa hull the nut, which somewhat resembles the chestnut; mash and boil the kernels, skimming off the floating grease, which has also food value.

Definition of Whisky.
The eminent British surgeon, Sir Victor Horsley, not only enjoys the reputation of being one of the leading pathologists, but he is also known for his wit. Entering his club, the Athenaeum, one day, says "Fit-Bits, a friend said to him: 'Halloa, Horsley, can you tell us what whisky is yet?'" "The most popular poison in the world, my dear sir," was the retort.

CURLING AMERICA'S SPINE WITH DEATH-DEFYING THRILLERS

BY WILLARD W. GARRISON



TAKING A TRIP ON A THRILLER

"W-O-O-W, 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 three 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 plebeian.

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.

The process of starting a thrill through the pleasure-seeker's frame consists of laying out a device which combines both speed and the unexpected. This subject has been studied by every amusement manager in the United States and they can't get the jumps, drops and bumps long enough or fast enough to attract your shekels from your bank account to their coffers with the desired rapidity.

"Say, by heck, I'm afeared to ride on that shebang. It don't hev a safe look to me."

Well, hurtling through the air faster than an aeroplane in working order certainly doesn't look safe, but at the same time the visitor to the city who made that remark did not know whereof he spoke. Every single device, no matter how small, how large or how "safe-looking," is required to undergo a rigid test by the building commissioners, before being allowed to accept the public's dimes. There must be a block system of lights, much the same as that used by railway systems, also stoppage devices on every incline to prevent cars, chairs or other seating vehicles from sliding backwards down an incline.

The framework of the device is tested for its strength and made to support far heavier weights than are ever



A GROUP OF THRILLERS



THE SCENIC RAILWAY

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 cables 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 where you're 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 downtown friend into the stationary devices of every variety. These are 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're landed among the crowds outside, thanks to the manly strength of the speller, whose arms received you where the chute ended.

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

practically motionless over flowers that the best marksmen can bring them to earth.

Best He Could Do.

"Sir," said the irate parent as he unexpectedly entered the parlor, "what do you mean by kissing my daughter?" "Excuse me," replied the poor but otherwise honest young man, "but I desired to show my appreciation of your daughter's loveliness, and kisses are the only things I can afford to give her at the present stage of the game."

A Poor Scholar.

The other day a professor leaving the university was approached by a seedy individual, who pathetically asked:

"Won't you help a poor scholar with a dime?"

The coin bestowed, the learned man said:

"You tell me you are a poor scholar?"

"Sure," answered the other. "I never went to school in my life. So long."—Philadelphia Ledger.

BY THE WAY.

Few lives are better than they seem to be.

We say our conscience is good if it suits ourselves.

Everyone will have his turn in the court justice holds.

The oftener people are in love the less they know what it is.

Educating is making pupils able to learn and to use what they learn.

No man is a nobody, but it may take a great many men to furnish a somebody.

Pert Paragraphs.

It is extremely hard for a silver-tongued orator to be at all interested in golden silence.

When a man forgets his own name sometimes he isn't as absent minded as he would appear.

If leap year doesn't turn out to be a match factory, there will be many a cold hearth next year.

Anybody who is fond of us must of necessity possess a certain amount of taste and good judgment.—Nashville American.

A Soporific.

Miss Gusher (who has just been introduced to the great author)—Oh, Mr. Lyon, I am so enchanted with your dear, delightful novels. I fall asleep with one in my hand, every night.—Sunday Magazine.

Content to Do Little.

Let us be content to do little, if God sets us at little tasks. It is but pride and self-will which says: "Give me something huge to fight and I should enjoy that; but why make me sweep the dust?"—Charles Kinsley.

Practical Economy.

If you would succeed in business, never spend a cent more than you earn. No matter how small your earnings, you should master this art. I use the word "art" advisedly, as so many young men appear to fritter away without so much as a thought all their earnings.—Marshall Field.

The Strong Thought of Self.

The strong thought of self is inevitably insulting—it is as restrictive of human contact as a live wire.—Mary Stewart Cutting, in "The Wayfarers."

Forcing the Child.

Do not force a child unduly to practice the piano, unless it acquires a distaste for the study, which both child and parent may bitterly regret in later years, says Woman's Life. It is little short of a crime to compel any form of study in a child even though it happens to have a natural talent for a particular art.

Same Here.

One of the behests given the Japanese bride is "Do not talk too much." The constant stress laid on this advice is a sure sign that it isn't being heeded.

Friends in Need.

What need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? They were the most needless creatures living, should we never have use for them, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to themselves.—Shakespeare.

A Motor Servile.

With slight modification the boy's criticism in his essay on the horse might be applied to the motor-omnibus—namely, that "the horse is a noble animal, but he does not always do so." The motor-omnibus is the servant of vast numbers of people, but it is sometimes allowed to behave in a manner which is objectionable.

East and West.

There is no longer any doubt, our Shanghai correspondent tells us, that the old order of thought which has guided the lives of countless millions in the Chinese empire through a long succession of centuries is passing away forever. The movement in favor of western education has become irresistible.—London Times.

The Sense of Duty.

A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent like the Delfy. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning and dwell in the utmost parts of the sea, duty performed or duty violated is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are with us yet.—Daniel Webster.

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BIRDS SHOT WITH WATER

Shooting a hummingbird with the smallest birdshot made is out of the question, for the tiniest seeds of lead would destroy his coat. The only way in which the bird can be captured for commercial purposes is to shoot him with a drop of water from a blowgun, or a fine jet from a small syringe. Skillfully directed, the water stuns him. He falls into a silken net and before he recovers consciousness is suspended over a cyanide jar. This must be done quickly, for if he comes to his senses before the cyanide whiff snuffs out his life he is sure to ruin his plumage in his struggles to escape. Hummingbirds vary in size from species perhaps half as large as a sparrow to those scarcely bigger than a bee. The quickest eye cannot follow them in full flight. It is only when, though still flying furiously, they are

COW BROKE UP BARN DANCE

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