

**On to Him.**  
 "Yes," said the red-eyed clerk. "I'm a little late this morning. The midnight oil, you know."  
 "H'm!" interrupted his employer. "Oil, eh? Well, the next time you paint the town I'd advise you to use water colors exclusively."

**Important to Mothers.**  
 Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *W. D. Hoagland* in Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

**English Idea of It.**  
 Little things frequently illustrate the English view of American geography very picturesquely. An Englishman had taken the Pacific Express at Philadelphia, and, feeling tired, had retired to his berth. Just before he fell asleep he happened to remember that he had forgotten something, so he put his head out between the curtains and called:  
 "Portah! Portah!"  
 The porter came.  
 "What is it?" he said.  
 "Please wake me when we get to San Francisco, you know."

**SHE COULD NOT WALK**  
 For Months—Earning Humor on Ankles—Opiates Alone Brought Sleep—Eczema Yielded to Cuticura.

"I had eczema for over two years. I had two physicians, but they only gave me relief for a short time and I cannot enumerate the ointments and lotions I used to no purpose. My ankles were one mass of sores. The itching and burning were so intense that I could not sleep. I could not walk for nearly four months. One day my husband said I had better try the Cuticura Remedies. After using them three times I had the best night's rest in months unless I took an opiate. I used one set of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, and my ankles healed in a short time. It is now a year since I used Cuticura, and there has been no return of the eczema. Mrs. David Brown, Locke, Ark., May 18 and July 13, 1907."

**HARD TIMES, INDEED.**

"Poor man! so you are a victim of the late financial panic?"  
 "Yes, lady. You see, folks along de route is too poor now ter hand out free grub!"

**Mother's Accomplishment.**  
 In the Bohemian set of New York two of the popular members are a well known writer and his wife, who also has written several books. They have a daughter about four years old. Recently the little girl was visiting at the home of a friend and her small playmate asked her: "Can your mamma sew?"

The daughter of the literary pair evidently was a bit chagrined. She could not remember that she had ever seen her mamma sew. She is a truthful child and would not claim any advantages she was not sure of, yet she felt that mamma's honor was at stake. "I don't know if mamma can sew," she replied, dubiously, "but she can smoke a cigarette."

**ALMOST A SHADOW.**  
 Gained 20 lbs. on Grape-Nuts.

There's a wonderful difference between a food which merely tastes good and one which builds up strength and good healthy flesh.

It makes no difference how much we eat unless we can digest it. It is not really food to the system until it is absorbed. A Yorkstate woman says:

"I had been a sufferer for ten years with stomach and liver trouble, and had got so bad that the least bit of food such as I then knew, would give me untold misery for hours after eating."

"I lost flesh until I was almost a shadow of my original self and my friends were quite alarmed about me. First I dropped coffee and used Postum, then began to use Grape-Nuts although I had little faith it would do me any good."

"But I continued to use the food and have gained twenty pounds in weight and feel like another person in every way. I feel as if life had truly begun anew for me."

"I can eat anything I like now in moderation, suffer no ill effects, be on my feet from morning until night. Whereas a year ago they had to send me away from home for rest while others cleaned house for me, this spring I have been able to do it myself all alone."

"My breakfast is simply Grape-Nuts with cream and a cup of Postum, with sometimes an egg and a piece of toast, but generally only Grape-Nuts and Postum. And I can work until noon and not feel as tired as one hour's work would have made me a year ago."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

# CURLING AMERICA'S SPINE WITH DEATH-DEFYING THRILLERS

BY WILLARD W. GARRISON



TAKING A TRIP ON A THRILLER

"W O-O-W, whee-ee-e, oo-oo-o, gee-e—whi-iz, 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 pebbles.

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 fail 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 brooded 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



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 other 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

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.



THE SCENIC RAILWAY.

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 spidier, whose arms received you when 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 roony 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.

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**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 aweep the dust?"—Charles Kinaley.

**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 a restrictive of human contact as a live wire.—Mary Stewart Cutting, in "The Wayfarer."

**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 ne'er have need of them? They were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er 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 Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost 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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