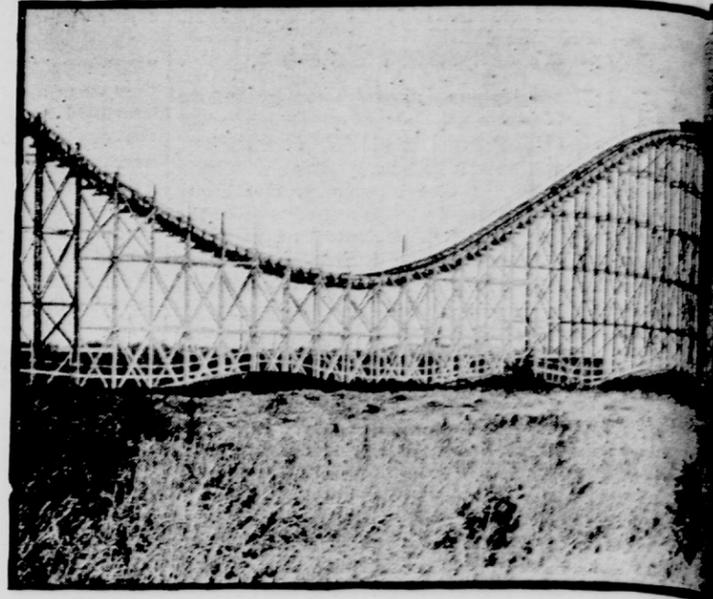
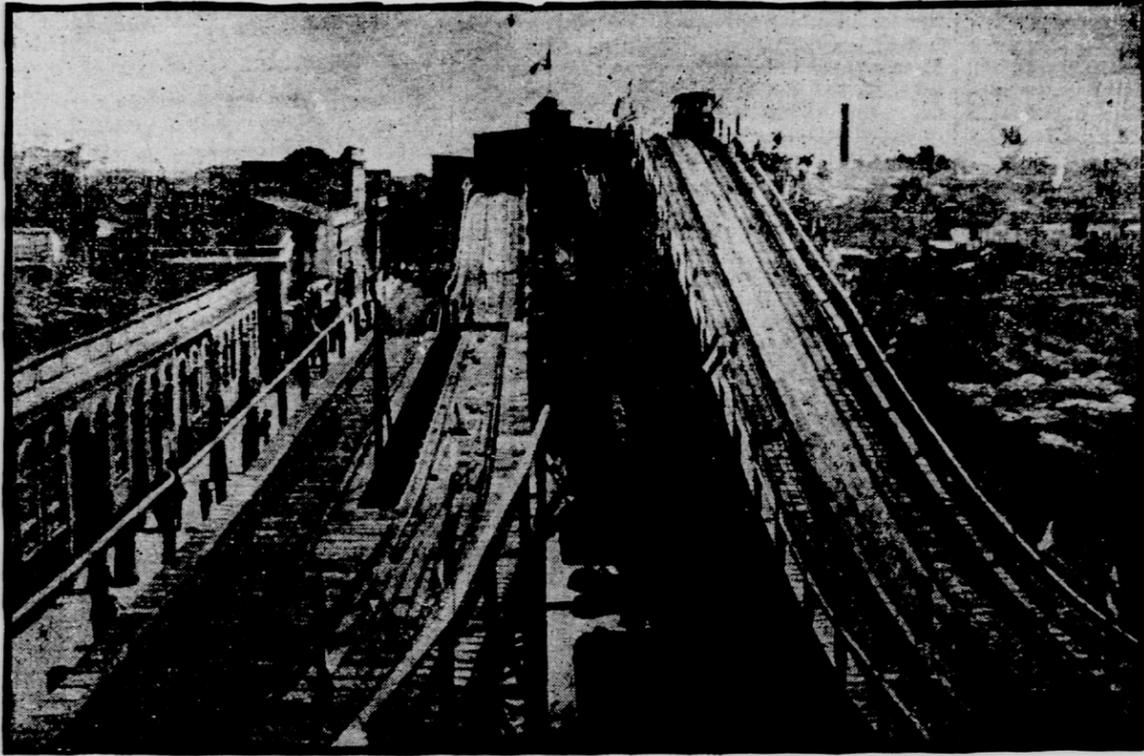


MAN'S PRIMITIVE PASSION FOR SLIDING DOWN HILL HAS BEEN SEIZED UPON BY SHREWD INVENTORS,



GIANT COASTER AT BRIGHTON BEACH, THE LARGEST

THIS YANKEE ROLLER COASTER WAS SET UP IN PARA, BRAZIL, AT A COST OF \$30,000 ALL TOLD. It paid for itself in ten weeks, so greatly did it delight our South American cousins.

CELLAR DOOR APOTHEOSIS

Continued from third page.

Then watch the people getting into the cars. The two cars of the train carry eight passengers each, and each passenger is persuaded that the ride is worth 10 cents, so that the train brings in \$160 at each trip. On crowded days a train is sent out every half minute, making 120 trains an hour, carrying 1,920 passengers and turning their enjoyment into \$192 United States currency. It would be interesting, if rather difficult, to compute how many cellar doors it would take to let 1,920 persons slide two miles each in the course of an hour.

The mere craving to cut loose for a wild rush down hill is the basic metal from which the coaster mint has coined its fortunes, but there are other human desires that have been fed into the hopper with it, and all have come out good gold and greenbacks. Wed the cellar door impulse to the urge of the swimming hole, mankind's love for splashing and the smooth motion of water, and you have the "shoot the chutes." Add to the cellar door impulse the grown-up's sneaking feeling that this sliding is awful foolishness, but he is going to cut up just the same, and you have the "freak" rides. There is the "Virginia reel," in which couples slide in tubs down a path where they are bumped and turned hindside before, striking pegs on the way. There is the "Human Niagara," which is a flight of stairs to all intents and purposes, except that when you try to walk down you roll down instead. And then, ranked among the "freaks," is the slide that is really the most fundamental of all, the "Human Toboggan Slide," in which you simply place your person in contact with a smooth wooden surface and glide at a speed that is almost too good to be true, and with the blessed assurance that there are no nails anywhere on the way.

The "scenic railway" is the result of another combination; the cellar door impulse mixed with the love of surprising things to see. Here an ordinary roller coaster winds through Arctic ice fields of papier maché or canvas canyons or

down fantastic valleys where dragons glare out of red electric eyes and real brooks tumble in noisy waterfalls.

Against the common coaster it may be urged that the ride is an anticlimax. The big thrill comes first and every drop thereafter is gentler than the one before. There is a very full and satisfactory reply to such an objection in the "loop the loop" machine. In this amazing road, after coming up from a dip instead of going on down another hill the track keeps on rising until it has turned over backward, so that cars and passengers are turned upside down for the fraction of a second, during which they are passing the top of the loop.

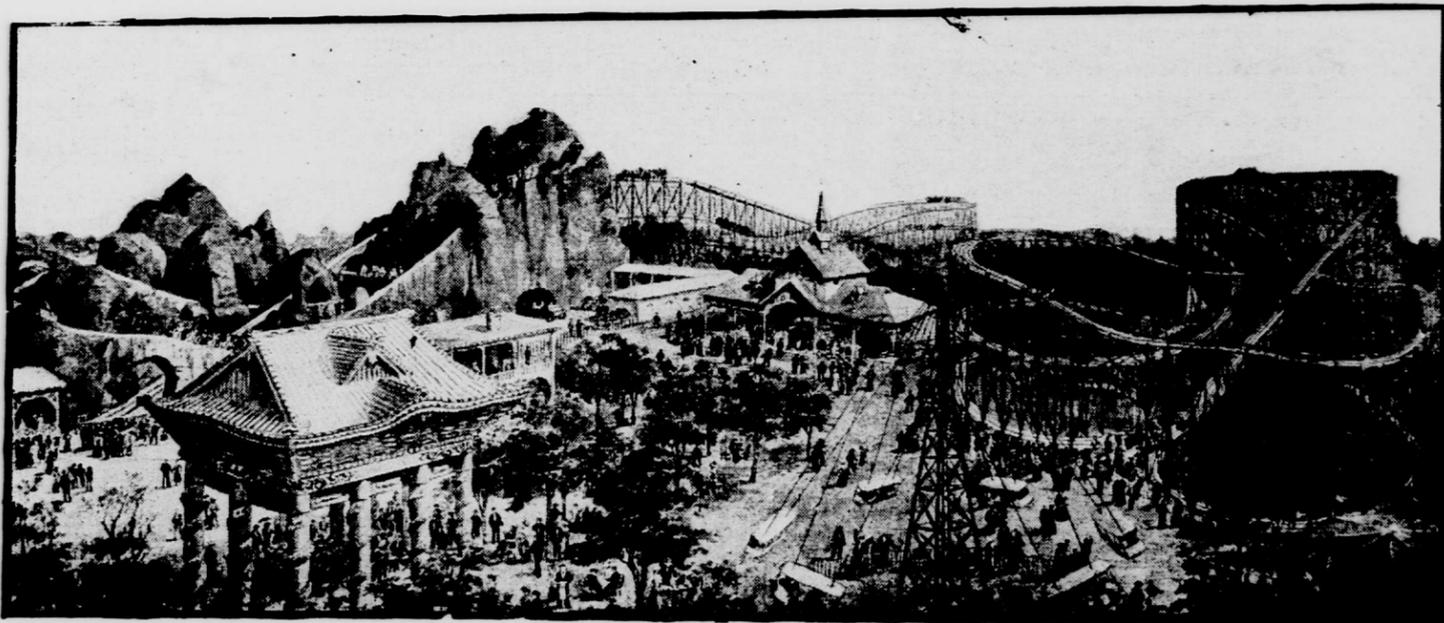
Here is a climax that is a climax. When you are through the loop there are several minutes in which you have nothing to do but get rid of your conviction that the world is breaking to pieces and you won't be there to see the finish because your head is being torn off and your heart is being pulled out by the roots. You will be fonder of life than you ever were before. However, if you have ridden once you will ride again, for the thrill is different from any other on earth. The stair rail, or even the ice covered "side hill" never gave more than a hint of such a spasm. In its capitalized state the cellar door has done more than to develop a great industry with a vast capital and thousands of workers. It has developed a small new science as well, and new sensations of unheard-of intensity. Not content with making dollars out of the surface deposits of the sliding instinct, it has gone mining for deeper veins of thrill and pleasure.

This is the story of the origin of the roller coaster. L. N. Thompson was riding in a train once when he saw some boys sliding down hill. Now, Mr. Thompson had been born in Indiana, and afterward had lived in Arizona. There were no hills about his birthplace and there was no snow in Arizona. As he looked at the boys he felt as if he had been deprived of his birthright in his own boyhood and declared that he would like to go sliding then and there.

The more he thought it over, the surer he became that thousands of grown-up people everywhere must feel the same way. If he could



QUEEN ALEXANDRA OF ENGLAND (1908) RIDING ON A YANKEE-MADE SCRY, AT DUKE WITH WHIS



THE WAY THEY WHIRL PEOPLE THROUGH THE AIR AT ST. LOUIS.



PASSENGERS SHOOTING OUT ARMS