

NOTES OF THE WHEEL.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO DE-VOTEES OF THE BICYCLE.

The California Seceders Reported to Be Having a Rocky Time Trying to Hold Together—Their Recognition by the Canadian Wheelmen.

The California Seceders. HE movements of the Associated Cycling Clubs of California, who have assumed control of Sunday racing on the Pacific coast, are watched with great eagerness by the officers of the L. A. W. The early race meets held in that section were fairly successful and the outlook for a general secession of western riders from the league looked encouraging. Lately, however, advices of the progress of the Sunday Racing League indicate that general dissatisfaction is felt by the racing men, their confinement to purely local tournaments spreading discord in their ranks. A prominent wheelman in San Francisco describes the situation as follows:

"The L. A. W. national circuit has been a success far beyond the anticipations of the riders in this state. Great numbers of new men are coming to the front, and yet California has by her own act cut herself off from all part in this great circuit. The men who howled long and loudly for Sunday racing have it, and it has been in a measure a success, but whether it is worth the price paid is another story. The racing season in this state, if the meets held on the Olympic circuit are entitled to such a title, so far have not been very prosperous. In this city there has not been one meet since the Vedredome fiasco, and yet we are told that when Sunday racing was the rule there would be Sunday meets with great crowds. Some of the best racing men are beginning to see the situation more clearly now, and they realize, just as was predicted when the Sunday racing movement began, that they have paid the penalty—suspension by the L. A. W.—for the violation of the league rules."

A New Adjustment. Chain adjustment at the rear fork lugs has never been one of the features that cyclists in general admired in a bicycle, although a great deal of ingenuity has been expended by cycle makers and specialty makers to make such chain adjustment devices convenient to operate. There has always remained the irksome work for the cyclist of making the adjustment alike on both sides, and the adjustment by eccentric discs in the rear fork lugs, by which it has been sought to overcome the objection, have somehow not become popular, probably because eccentric devices in this part of the machine could not very well be made stout enough to work satisfactorily. It seems now that part makers have learned a trick from the tandem builders who effected front chain adjustment in the crank hanger by placing an interior shell containing the bearing members eccentrically in it. This has been found so satisfactory that on several tandems this mode of adjustment in both hangers has been employed and now by a gradual evolution there are signs appearing on the horizon that the same method will be rather commonly adopted for single machines.

The Real Champion. The fact that the Amateur Athletic union holds a one-mile national bicycle championship each season has suggested the point that the L. A. W. should discontinue this event. The national one-mile L. A. W. championship was won by C. M. Ertz of the Riverside wheelmen of this city at the Philadelphia meet. Naturally this rider received the championship title. Following the league meet the A. A. U. holds its annual championships, and among the events is a one-mile bicycle, which was won by I. A. Powell, of



C. M. ERTZ.

the N. Y. A. C. The point is now raised as to which rider is really the amateur champion at one mile. Both men have won championships at the same distance, but under the auspices of different organizations controlling amateur sport.—New York Sun.

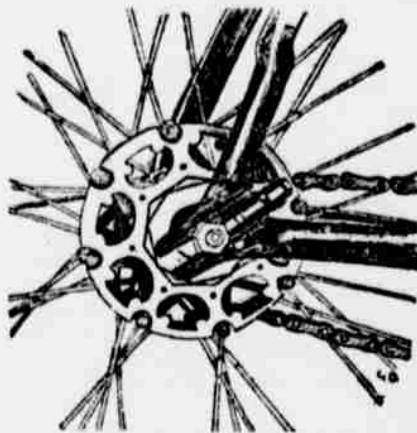
Canucks Worried.

The wheelmen in Canada are greatly agitated over the liability of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association recognizing the Associated Cycling Clubs of California as holding jurisdiction over cycling in that territory. It is evident that the Canadians will lose the allegiance of their riders in British

Columbia unless they recognize the organization on the Pacific coast. The official organ of the C. W. A. in its issue of Sept. 6 comments editorially on the existing trouble as follows: "The four letters C. A. C. C. stand for the Coast Associated Cycling Clubs, pronounced by the L. A. W. a blacklisted association. It was formed by the cyclists of California because they believed they could run their own affairs much better than the L. A. W. was doing. Many erstwhile prominent L. A. W. men are connected with the C. A. C. C., and its influence appears to be spreading to other states beyond the Rockies. Just what the association's strength is is hard to determine at this distance. * * * However, be the success of the C. A. C. C. little or great, the time has arrived when the Canadian Wheelmen's Association must either recognize or ignore it. Some time ago British Columbia requested that the blacklisted riders of the C. A. C. C. be allowed to compete in races sanctioned by the C. W. A. This request was not granted, the new association being told that when it demonstrated its control over cycling affairs in its jurisdiction, action would be taken. Now British Columbia wants the question settled one way or the other. The success of their race meets depends very largely upon the presence of these American coast riders, and while no threats have been made it is believed that it would not take much to cause British Columbia to throw off its allegiance to the C. W. A., and cast in its lot with the C. A. C. C."

Power Transmitter.

How to gain speed in a mechanical contrivance without the loss of power has been an unsolved problem to mechanics for a long time, but it seems that two Cincinnati inventors have to all intents and purposes accomplished this remarkable feat. The invention is applied to bicycles only at present. The idea of Messrs. Bultz and Reiter is very simple although to some it may appear difficult of explanation. The "power transmitter" is located at the hub of the rear wheel. The ordinary



POWER TRANSMITTER.

chain passes over at the rear wheel on what answers the same purpose as the ordinary small sprocket wheel. The sprockets of this wheel are loose and are really a part of a large sprocket wheel. The latter consists of parallel disk wheels attached to the hub of the wheel. Resting upon the small sprocket wheel are extended levers which fit into specially constructed grooves at some distance from the center of the hub. As the chain pulls at one point of the inner sprocket the extended lever engages one of the grooves and transmits the power to that point. The cut will explain this more clearly. If this is readily understood it will be seen that the same force that is applied to the small sprocket is transmitted to a greater radius, and hence with the same exertion additional speed is attained. Unlike the present method, the pulling section of the chain on the rear sprocket does not cover one quarter of the circumference thereof, but only the point near the top, thereby making the resistance considerably less and allowing the difference in power required to be transmitted to where it will do the most good.

Rivierre's Experience.

The London Cyclist, in commenting on the performance of Constant Rivierre, the French long-distance rider who is now in this country, in the recent twenty-four-hour race held in Paris, says: Rivierre should commit to memory the English exclamation, "Save me from my friends!" In the recent twenty-four-hour race he retired at the seventeenth hour, hoping to recruit his strength by a temporary rest. Some well meaning, but misguided friends gave him a potion, a sort of mysterious endurance-cum-speed elixir, which, by all accounts, nearly settled him. He was seized with violent abdominal pains, and for days afterward felt the effect of this drastic remedy. So sore does he feel about, mentally and physically, that no one dare mention the speed mixture in his presence. From such like philtres may all good speedmen be defended! Rivierre goes to the United States to try his luck in various handicaps, of six, twelve and twenty-four hours' duration. Our American cousins seem still able to tolerate long endurance fixtures, as witness the recent six days' grind at Boston. Time was when such events evoked more than passing interest in England; we remember something of the kind long before the advent of pneumatics. In 1879, at the Agricultural hall, when solid-tired ordinaries competed. But the British public will not go beyond a 24 hour show and our American cousins are welcome to keep their six days' grind as long as they please on their side of the herring pond.

The recent work of Tom Cooper, the Detroit racer, of the national circuit, shows that he is not riding in his usual form. Racing men declare that Cooper is all out of condition, and needs several weeks of rest.

THE HOUSE OF HAPSBURG.

The news that Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria, son of the late Archduke Carl Ludwig and Princess Annunciata, and heir presumptive to the throne of Austria-Hungary, has married beneath his station, while it will assuredly cause consternation in the great courts of Europe, will hardly surprise those who know how prone the male members of the Austrian imperial houses have been, at least during the present century, to enter into matrimonial alliances of this kind. In this respect many of the Hapsburgs have won much unenviable notoriety. Love, indeed, has played a great part in the lives of many of them, bringing in too many instances ostracism and social ruin, and in one instance, at least, a lamentable and untimely death. Never singularly fortunate, the Hapsburgs have of late years been singularly unfortunate. Study their history for the past few decades, and how many domestic casualties and eccentric acts you will find recorded.

Only a few years ago Archduke John of Austria disappeared, and they say that the old emperor still mourns for him. A brilliant fellow he was, but wonderfully hot headed and independent. "His teachers complained that he seemed to lack a sense of reverence." He entered the army and at once inaugurated several sweeping reforms. The state authorities checked him, and then, in revenge, he published a bitter pamphlet, in which he inveighed fiercely against the Austrian military authorities and claimed that the army was shamefully mismanaged. The emperor punished him by sending him to Cracow, but he was soon back in Vienna, writing music, studying spiritualism, and otherwise busying himself. The red tape of officialdom he constantly defied, and at last, in September, 1887, the emperor deprived him of all his offices and forbade him to appear at court. In disgust the archduke left Vienna, and the world next heard that he had assumed the name of Johann Orth, and had married Emilie Stubel, a pretty little Austrian singer. It was a love match, pure and simple. One day Emilie "met a handsome young man who said he was a student, and with whom she fell in love, because he loved her so tenderly. Only she thought he dressed much too

MEMBERS OF THE HAPSBURG FAMILY WHO HAVE FIGURED IN HISTORY.



The Hofburg, Vienna.



Archduke Franz Ferdinand.



Crown Princess Stephanie.



The Late Crown Prince Rudolf.



King Joseph, Emperor of Austria.

plainly. At a review of the army, however, she saw her student lover in a uniform so fine that it almost took her breath away. She asked some one who he was and was told that he was Archduke John of Austria." Johann Orth next became a captain, and soon afterward the world heard that he had lost his life at sea while sailing to Valparaiso from Buenos Ayres. Not very long ago, however, the rumor spread that he was still alive and he had been fighting on the side of the congressionists in the Chilian war. Anyhow, there is no more typical example of a rebel Hapsburg than Johann Orth.

A kindred soul is Archduke Henry, youngest son of the late Archduke Rainier, viceroy of Lombardy. He was a general in the army, and while stationed at Graz he made the acquaintance of Fraulein Hofmann, a singer at the theater, with a monthly salary of fifty florins. She was by no means a great singer. Her last role was that of Pamela, in "Fra Diavolo;" but she was pretty, quick witted, the very type of a Viennese girl, and above all, irreprouchable in her conduct and manners. The archduke paid court to her, and when he was obliged to take the field in Italy he promised that he would marry her if his life were spared and his promise he faithfully kept. The emperor stormed, fumed, and did all in his power to reclaim the prodigal, but all his efforts were in vain. Archduke Henry had vowed to be true to Fraulein Hofmann, and not all the powers in Christendom could persuade him to abandon her. All Francis Joseph could do was to deprive the archduke of his military rank and ex-

Austria. He was carefully educated and learned to speak ten languages, and also became versed in zoology and the natural sciences. He was also a great traveler and hunter. He was married in 1880 to the Princess Stephanie, Duchess of Saxony, daughter of Leopold II., King of the Belgians. It was one of the most brilliant nuptial ceremonies of the century. The royally wedded pair did not live happily and the princess sought in vain for a separation. It was said that she was in love with an American when the policy of the state forced her to marry Rudolf.

Rudolf's sudden death, which occurred at Meyerling, near Baden, on Jan. 30, 1889, astounded Europe, and was at first supposed to have been caused by apoplexy. Then the statement was given out that the heir to Austria's throne had met his death by being accidentally shot while on a hunting expedition to Meyerling. Later the entire civilized world was startled by the news that the prince had committed suicide.

The archduke was deeply infatuated with the charms of the Baroness Vetcera, a beautiful young girl, who returned his love. He wished to be united to her by morganatic marriage, but his father would not allow such an arrangement. On the evening of Jan. 29 the crown prince met the baroness in a gamekeeper's house not far from the castle of Meyerling, and spent the evening with her. In the morning both were found dead, lying side by side upon a bed. It was asserted that the baroness had taken poison and that the prince had shot himself.

But there were a great many variants to the story, and though the fact that the prince committed suicide is now generally accepted, there are different versions as to the manner of his taking off. One story is to the effect that a forester already equipped for the morning's chase went to the house where the prince was staying in order to ask the gamekeeper for some instructions regarding the hunt that was to take place. He knocked loudly at the door, a window was opened and a man jumped out and ran away. The forester aimed and fired, and the fugitive fell, and when the forester walked up to him he recognized to his horror the crown prince, who had fainted. The shot had entered the prince's shoulder. The forester called for help and, with the assistance of a man who ran to his aid, carried the prince into the game-keeper's house. The baroness, seeing the prince in a

the story of the prince's taking off has never been authoritatively told.

LITTLE INDIANS AT PLAY.

Do Not Lose Their Tempers Like Our Lord Faunterloys. What unconfined joy when the camera came out to picture some one, or when we played pa-tol, the game of the bounding sticks, or the aboriginal hide-and-seek, says the Land of Sunshine. Wildest of all was the fun when the fire fights were on and one party defended the Pueblo, and the other, assuming to be Comanche, attacked it at dusk. Then how we rolled adobe mud pellets and stuck them on the tops of our throwing sticks and jammed a live coal into the side of each, and sent them hurtling into the enemy's camp—until all the sky seemed to rain shooting stars! And what perfect spirits! Now and then a fire ball would find its billet and there would be a howl of pain—and in the next breath the wounded warrior would be bombarding again with more spirit than ever and not a whit worse nature. That is another of the good things that generally go with the brown skin—these children of the sun, young and old, are fit players at any game, for they do not lose their tempers. They give and take, like the many creatures nature meant us to be, and not the peevish, selfish, inflammable things that civilization has made us. I would like to see just how long one of these happy fire fights could go on between an equal number of Little Lord Faunterloys before there would be several real fights on hand.

A WONDERFUL MAGNET.

Some years ago, at Willet's Point, New York, Captain King of the United States army made an interesting experiment. He took an old gun sixteen feet long, wound it with ten miles of copper wire, and then connected it with an electrical battery. The result was astounding. The old gun, used to repulsion, the synonym of destruction, only useful when opposed to great forces, had changed its character completely. It now exhibited wonderful attractive power. The cannon ball that once whistled from its mouth, now, by an irresistible force, leaped toward it. The iron and steel which it used to repel were now enticed. In short, Captain King found that the doused gun was the most powerful magnet in the world.

It soon became one of the sights to see cannon balls, which no man could lift, rise from the ground to the muzzle of the magnet, and it did not take long to find out that this wonderful magnet had a lifting power of twenty-two tons. One of the most interesting experiments was to place a soldier about a foot from the muzzle of the gun and then turn on the current. Great iron spikes would jump from the ground and attach themselves to the silent soldier, who bristled with them all over like a metallic porcupine. Even great cannon balls would leap up and hang upon him. There he would stand holding up much greater weight than he could ever possibly lift, and all with no conscious expenditure of strength. This, which was the natural, seemed the wonderful part of the scene, and always impressed the visitor.

For the power was not in the man, but in the magnet behind him. It was simply working through him, and would always do so as long as he stood within the radius of its activity. When he moved away from the magnet the iron would fall from his body, because there was no power in him to sustain it.

There is a beautiful analogy between this magnet and the Great Teacher who said, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me," and who is today to mankind the supreme magnetic center and fountain of moral and spiritual force. They who follow His teachings are made strong to bear burdens they never could bear alone.

The Corned Philosopher.

"They say," said the Corned Philosopher, "that a man is known by the company he keeps, but there are a lot of fellows who, if they were really known by the company they keep, couldn't keep it. I trust I have made my meaning clear."—Indianapolis Journal.

Self Diagnosis.

Mrs. Blinks (meaningly)—I asked Dr. Aquapura if whiskey was good for colds, and he said "no." Mr. Blinks—Well, I don't believe I've got a cold, anyhow. It's something else. Did the doctor mention what diseases whiskey was good for?

DON'T.

- Don't eat shad in a hurry, unless life has lost its charms.
Don't sit with your back to a slight draft; it might get too warm for you.
Don't wear your bathing suit to a Christmas party, just to show folks that you have one.
Don't think that when woman gets her rights she will be man's equal. She'll be his boss.
Don't swear before your wife. A gentleman will always give his wife a chance to swear first.
Don't make a fool of yourself if you are a man; there's lots of women who will do it much better.
Don't refuse to argue with a woman. Of course it doesn't do a particle of good, but it affords her lots of pleasure.
Don't throw old shoes after a bride. Tie them up in a neat package and send to her a year later; she'll appreciate them then.