

HUMAN WHEELS.

The Acrobat Who Tries the Triple Somersault Courts Death.

Wise Men Are Satisfied With Doing the Double and Staying in the Ring.

The triple somersault has slain its scores, yet as long as men tumble over elephants in the circus and as long as springboards are made the acrobats will be trying to accomplish this most difficult of feats. There have been acrobats who have done it. They are dead now. They were carried out of the ring to a hospital immediately thereafter and lived for the various period of from one to three days.

The members of this most difficult of acrobatic feats were recalled a few days ago when Augustus Warner, one of the tumblers of the Barnum & Bailey circus, in taking the double somersault over the backs of elephants, fell and narrowly escaped injuring himself for life. He took one of the surgeons that he had tried one of the "triple." It seems, however, that he had simply missed his calculations on the double somersault and had landed upon his neck instead of on his feet.

There have been men who have asserted that they can turn the triple. They are generally the acrobats who have left the circus ring forever and are devoting the last years of their lives to the sale of cigars and ginger pop. The men who have followed the circus all their lives say that no man has ever turned the triple from a springboard and has lived to boast of his triumph.

The triple somersault is done from the flying trapeze, but it is simply a series of revolutions in the air as the performer drops. Even then it should be called two and one-half revolutions, for the acrobat falls on his back in a net and depends upon the rebound to hurl him to his feet.

The triple somersault and a half from a springboard sometimes, with the difference that nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand he alights on his head or on the back of his neck, which, in the circus parlance, is instant death. A man who falls that way even in a net is a subject for the coroner.

It was only last summer that a well-known performer, in trying to turn the triple from the trapeze, went the usual two and one-half revolutions, dropped into the net and was almost instantly killed.

Yet as long as men are ambitious—and the acrobat is one of the most ambitious of men—the three somersaults will be attempted over and over again. There are so many men who say they have done it, you know, that the youthful performer starts out with the determination to do so or die.

It is to the circus ring what squaring the circle is to mathematics and the perpetual motion machine is to physics. The somersault, whether it be single, double or triple, is a feat which requires the most assiduous practice and the most accurate calculation. The public sees the rapidly revolving acrobat, and says: "Why, here is a man who turned six or eight times." It has been the double somersault with its ascent, its doubling and its twisting, and its illusion of endless whirling in space.

The somersault, simple as it may seem, is a complex feat. The mutoscope illustrations made by experts from the Edison laboratories show the various motions which are blended in this apparently simple feat of the tumbler's art.

The acrobat is Charles Werts, known to the circus folks as "Chad" Werts. He is one of the cleverest acrobats of the Barnum & Bailey show. The views were taken while the acrobat was performing upon the roof of Madison Square Garden one sunny morning last week.

Within a space of fifteen seconds this nimble acrobat had turned four distinct kinds of somersaults. He stood upon a strip of carpet and performed without the aid of a springboard. The muscles of his strong legs and shoulders enable him to make those gyrations, which the man who knows nothing of the rigorous training of the circus performer would consider impossible.

"Chad" Werts is one of the acrobats who says that he does not do the triple somersault. "That's not to say," he said to me, "that I couldn't do it. I'm not sure of doing it every time. And it isn't pleasant, when you start out on the springboard, to think that you may do the triple all right, but that it will probably be all day with you if you do. Well, yes. I never did it, but I think I can. The double somersault is good enough for me."

The fact remains that all the force which springboards and trained muscles can give is not sufficient to whirl the body of a man through the third revolution. The friction of the air overcomes the force, and when the third revolution is supposed to begin the acrobat has lost all control of himself. He becomes what the circus folk call "cast."

robot knows exactly where he is at every point in the revolution. He has a strange sense which makes him feel it. It is when he summons his almost exhausted energies for the third revolution that he feels like a ship without a rudder. In the words of "Chad" Werts, "A man doesn't know where he is at and he doesn't care much."

"If I was writing a book for circus acrobats," said the tumbler, "I'd tell them that there were three sure roads to death—rum, cigarettes and the triple somersault. Still, what would be the use? Men don't learn that those things are not good for them until they have tried them."

"YOURS" OR "MINE."

It Was a Soul-Absorbing Question for the Two Affiliated Lovers.

"Will you be mine?" It was a young man who spoke, and the young woman, understanding, bent low her shapely head, and, blushing, answered "Yes."

O love! O rapture! Sample copies sent on application. However, this is a true story, and it took place in Washington not three months ago, and the young woman has returned to her Western home to get ready for the wedding in May.

Fifteen minutes after the above emotional conversation had taken place the storm abated to some extent, and she lifted her joyful eyes to his as if in question.

Quick is the apprehension of love, and he was all anxiety in a moment. "What is it, darling?" he asked, holding her to him as if fearful lest she escape.

"Haven't I \$50,000 in my own right?" she murmured. "So I have heard, dear," he exclaimed, trying to be utterly indifferent. "And you haven't 50,000 cents?"

"Just about that, darling," and once more he tightened his hold on the future wife of his life. "For a long time she remained silent as if in deep thought."

"Don't you think, John," she said at last, "that that question you asked me a minute ago was just a little bit out of plumb?" "What question, dearest? I don't understand," he said greatly perplexed. "Do you mean when I asked you to be mine?"

"Yes, John." "What was wrong with it darling? I meant it all and more." "Yes, John, I know," she said, weighing her words carefully, "but it occurred to me that as you are not putting up the money and I am, you might change it around a little, and you be mine, instead of the way you had it."

And the worry and anxiety fled from his face and soul on the spot. "Have it exactly as you please, darling," he said with a radiant smile. "There isn't any more yours or mine in this family, anyhow. It's all ours. See?"

And they will no doubt "live happily ever after." At least we may all hope so.—Chicago Record.

A Cold-Blooded Girl.

"Oh, Mr. Stalate," she said, without taking her eyes off the clock, "I want to ask you something about your tastes in the way of cookery."

"I'm charmed to have you take such an interest," was the unnecessarily earnest reply. "Do you like bacon and eggs for breakfast?"

"Why—er—sometimes." "I hope you will speak frankly, because if you don't like them we can tell the servant as soon as she comes down stairs to prepare something else."

"No Place for Bailey." Business in the Japanese Parliament, as in our own, seems to be sometimes of a rather frivolous character. A whole recent sitting was devoted to considering whether a member had not violated parliamentary etiquette by attending the opening in a frock coat, instead of the regulation dress-suit.

"In 1907." She got up from her knees and glanced madly at the baggy trousers. She pressed down the unheaving tie. "You are a cruel coquette," she said. Cholly shivered.

"You led me on to think that you loved me, and now you tell me that you have accepted Grace Horseleigh. I will get even with you." And she went to the door vowing vengeance. "Coward!" cried Cholly, as she departed.—New York World.

Sherlock Again.

"Ah," said Sherlock Holmes, sitting down on the corner of the editor's desk, "I see you have just received a story from a young woman in a lawyer's office."

"How can you tell that?" asked the editor. "Can you recognize the type-writing?" "No. Don't you see the string is tied in a regulation true love knot? That is the woman end of it. And instead of ribbon she has used red tape."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Heartless Strategem.

"How did they stop the elopement?" asked Maud. "By a detestable piece of trickery," replied Maudie. "They came very near getting away in safety."

"Yes, but her father put his head out of the window and shouted that I saw a man pouring water into it!"—Washington Star.

Ocular Evidence.

"One of the greatest objections to whisky," said the man of abstemious habits, "is the fact that in this era of adulteration it contains so many foreign substances."

"You have just given utterance to one of the most impressive truths that I know of. Why, sah, last night I saw a man pouring water into it!"—Washington Star.

WEINSTOCK, LUBIN & CO. MILLINERY, TO-DAY, SPECIAL SALE. TO-DAY. MEN'S SUITS. Questions and Answers. TO-DAY FOR MEN. Another Carload of Furniture. Weinstock, Lubin & Co., 400-412 K Street, Sacramento.

Your Last Chance! The Royal Clothing. One week from to-day we drop the curtain over this PEERLESS FIRE SALE! Did you ever hear of ALL-WOOL MEN'S SUITS selling for \$2 29? \$3 Hats for 49c? \$3 Shoes for 97c? Summer Coats and Vests for 49c? Laundered Shirts for 12 1/2c? Ladies' Oxfords for 49c? Misses' Spring Heel Shoes for 47c? Or Boys' Knee Pants for 12c? Better not lose time. DROP IN TO-DAY. 414-416 K Street. (Red Signs.)

The Daily Record-Union, A Splendid 7-Day Paper. The pioneer journal, which from early years in the history of the coast, has maintained the front rank of journalism, having every news facility with the San Francisco leading dailies, and sustaining the fullest public confidence. THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM ON THE PACIFIC COAST. Clean in all departments, and therefore pre-eminently THE FAMILY JOURNAL. The best paper for the Homeseeker, for the Merchant, Farmer, Mechanic and all who desire the full news of the day presented in a cleanly manner. \$6 PER YEAR. THE SUNDAY RECORD-UNION (12 pages) sent by mail to any address for \$1 per year. Delivered by carrier at 25 cents per month.