

TYPES ALL A-WHEELING.

Those We Know So Well Were Seen on the Boulevard.

HO! FOR THE FAT LADY

Then There Was Your Dear Old Friend, the Volunteer Repairer.

THE SHIRT WAIST GIRL.

She Makes the Pathway Billowy, and Is a Companion Piece for the Affectionate Young Man.

The Boulevard swarmed with wheels and riders yesterday. All the "types" were out. There are hundreds of these, some strange and more readily picked out than others. For instance, none could miss the Fat Lady. All sympathize with her in her effort to be graceful and dignified, and have wept with her in the realization that, despite her earnest endeavor, she remains one of a runaway team. When she gets on a wheel she intrudes like a fire in a livery stable.

All can be rolled into a composite description that will fit any one of her. She pumps at the pedals as though she were towing a wagon, and on her face there is a look of determination to get somewhere if she has to run over everything on the pike. Her passion for clothes makes her look larger than she is. When she gets a wheel she puts on a red waist and yellow shoes. Of fourteen obese ladies observed in the parade yesterday, nine wore red waists and yellow shoes. The Fat Lady can keep her head from falling over her ears. She arrives ultimately somewhere, perhaps.

The Volunteer Repairer. Then there is the gentleman who is always ready to give advice, but your wheel and wheels up with you. He is prominent on the Boulevard on Sunday. He will scorch to the sound of the bell, and he pushes his way through the crowd and insists on taking charge of affairs.

A crowd was gathered yesterday about a charming young woman who was making little efforts to get a broken pump. Volunteer Repairer, with great deliberation, took the wheel apart, smeared his cuts and trousers with oil, tore off a portion of the spokes, and then he told the young woman to take it to a repair shop. "No," she said, "it's not my wheel. It belongs to this lady," indicating an aged female with a tobacco visage. She took the wheel and the ancient was holding, mounted it, and rode away. The volunteer repairer threatened to have him arrested. He will be on hand next Sunday, for he is incurable.

The Shirt Waist Girl.

The Shirt Waist Girl has risen to the "fame" and she was on yesterday, the first occasion in 1897 when she could display herself to advantage. She shows changes; she is interested. The opaque white with the starched bosom, and the stiff white collar, has given place to the showy curves, suggestions of dimples, and veins throbbing with the excitement. Her riding is not the same as yesterday. She wears a red waist and yellow shoes, and plays fantastic capers in the sunlight.

Of all types on the Boulevard the Shirt Waist Girl is the prettiest. Her June robes around the Boulevard will be a billowy sea of white waists, a sea of filmy, caressing garments from which the red waist and yellow shoes will stand out like a lighthouse. The trademark of the Shirt Waist Girl.

The Affectionate Young Man.

Every girl knows the Affectionate Young Man, but she never knew him to become so violent as he is when she goes bicycling with him. He is seized with a desire to "hold hands," as a Law Docketer calls it. He wants to hold her hand, and she does not have to watch the Boulevard parade a great length of time in order to detect him. He rides along every three minutes. Noisy always he is riding close to his female companion, standing his wheel on the left hand and holding his right tightly clasped over her left as it rests on the handle bar of her wheel.

When he comes by with his right hand on her shoulder, occasionally allowing it to wander down to her waist, as if by accident. But he does not let her go. The chances are he will never be satisfied until he gets a wheel that will allow him to take his girl riding on his lap.

TO WHEEL OR NOT TO WHEEL?

Massapequa Doesn't Want Cyclists on Her Sidewalks, but Can't Well Prevent It.

Massapequa is a quiet little town on Long Island Sound, twenty-eight miles from New York. By comparison to it Sleepy Hollow must have been a howling gale. Massapequa has been a howling gale since the day before yesterday, when selected Massapequa for his twenty years' nap, in all probability he would be asleep yet. The Massapequans have not learned yet that bicycling is the new craze and are against wheelmen who traverse their sidewalks by day and night. Last year the officials they were crowded off the sidewalks by riders who refused to use the road. One Sunday they took undisputed possession of the town, and wheelmen therein were compelled to keep to their cottages and hotels. A demand was then made that the law should be enforced.

The law says bicyclists riding on the sidewalk shall pay a fine of not less than \$50. Several arrests were made, the cyclists being taken before Justice James N. Seaman, at Westburgh. The Justice is unopposed. He sympathized with the town, but he was overruled by the court. He now declares the attention of the Highways, but they have taken

1,000 wheelmen passed by, and over the village, and a man to prefer the sidewalk. The Board of Police, which has been composed of all who violated the law, and in the emergency, as one street they were crowded off the sidewalks by riders who refused to use the road. One Sunday they took undisputed possession of the town, and wheelmen therein were compelled to keep to their cottages and hotels. A demand was then made that the law should be enforced.

Number of bicyclists ever seen in the town. The town of Sleepy Hollow has sent out a special train to the city, and the officials there, who estimate they saw

ON WHEELS TO WEDLOCK.

Romantic Marriage of a Couple at Coney Island.

WHEELED TO CHURCH.

Minister Tied the Knot After the Close of His Sermon.

THEY SPEEDED AWAY.

Last Seen of Joseph Perez and Geneva Redpath, His Bride, They Were Riding Side by Side on the Cycle Path.

"We wish to be married." He was a man in a bicycle costume, who said this in the Coney Island Police Station last night. With him, also in bicycle costume, was a young woman. Her garb was modest, her face handsome. She wore a dainty black cap, under which her black hair was coiled.

Hand in hand they stood before the desk at which Sergeant Speckley presided. He glanced at the man and the woman, and blushed at the sight of her hair.

"Yes, we wish to be married," she said in response to a question by the sergeant. "I can't marry you, but the Rev. Dr. Frank Noble can do so. You will find him at the Brighton Chapel. Here is a note."

The sergeant seized a slip of paper, and wrote these words: "I have given the note to a messenger, and he has delivered it to the Rev. Dr. Frank Noble."

The messenger walked on the main aisle of the chapel, ascended the chancel steps and placed the slip of paper at the minister's right hand.

Without pausing in his discourse the preacher read the missive, motioned Deacon Peterson, and he came forward. While they conversed the services were stopped for a few moments. At the conclusion of the interview Dr. Noble said he would attend to the matter at the close of his sermon.

The doctor resumed his place in his pew after relieving the anxiety of the expectant couple, who stood in the rear of the auditorium. They looked at each other and smiled contentedly at each other.

"The congregation will please remain seated," said Dr. Noble, after he had pronounced the benediction, and the couple came to the altar rail.

They proved to be Joseph Perez, of No. 344 Kosciuszko street, and Geneva Redpath, of Fifteenth street and Fifth avenue, Brooklyn. He is thirty-eight and she is twenty-two years old. The ceremony was soon over and Mr. and Mrs. Perez left the church arm in arm. Outside they received many congratulations, and were watched while mounting their bicycles, which they had left at the curbside in charge of the friendly messenger. Then they departed, and the last seen of them they were riding side by side on the cycle path in the direction of the Coney Island pier.

CYCLIST URBANEK DROWNED.

He Struck the Stringpiece of a Hoboken Pier and Went Down Beside the Port Mouth.

John P. Urbank, twenty-three years old, of No. 830 Park avenue, Hoboken, an expert wheelman, was drowned yesterday afternoon while riding his bicycle on the Fifteenth street dock, Hoboken, through the wheel striking the stringpiece.

Both Urbank and the bicycle went overboard. His body and the wheel were recovered about twenty minutes after the accident. He was a clever swimmer, and it is thought he struck the sunken piles and was drowned.

Urbank was a member of the Hoboken division of the New Jersey Naval Reserves. He spent the afternoon aboard the United States ship Portsmouth, on which the naval reserve is stationed. He had his wheel with him, and shortly before starting for home, went out on the dock to ride.

When he reached the end of the dock, on his turn he started to make a wide turn. Whether or not he lost control of his wheel, will never be known, but as he made the turn he rode between William Brandt, of No. 12 Fourteenth street, and the dock. The wheel followed. The ship and dock were crowded with members of the naval reserve, and first to go to Urbank's rescue was August Harmon. He sprang overboard and searched for the unfortunate man, but was unable to find him.

One of the ship's boats was manned and grappling irons brought into play. After about fifteen minutes search the bicycle was brought up and then the body was found. City Physician Simon pronounced life extinct.

Morgue Keeper Parlow to charge of the body and removed it to Urbank's home. The unfortunate young man was the only son of a widow and her sole support.

A Spring Tonic is an absolute necessity to many. There's nothing so good as Anker-Punch's Malt-Nutrient Food. Palatable and strengthening. At all druggists.-Adv.



Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst's New Bicycle Suit.

TOTTIE TANDEM ON MASHERS.

She Discovers an Objectionable Feature of Wheeling on the Boulevard.

Bicycling has its "behind the scenes" as well as everything else in this life. It isn't all down grade by any means, and as we spin along this vale of punctures we meet many obstacles that forever loom up like gray spectres or mile-posts on a century run.

One of the most odious things in cycling is the bicycle "masher." Adventures are very nice, or would be if we were the girls in Anthony Hope's novels. But nice young men with regular hope-to-die bank accounts don't fall in front of your wheel every day; the deserted castles on Riverside Drive don't stand with open doors; and the only prizes to inspire awe are the "bicycle cops," and they are not intensely romantic.

A funny thing happened yesterday which will serve as a good example of what I wanted to say and was afraid to. Since Jack and I broke our engagement Jack has been twice as attentive. That's always the way. Let me tell you he walks the chalk line now.

I wanted to go for a short spin, so Jack came for me, but not with the tandem. That isn't been repaired yet.

Now, Jack is all right when it comes to dinners and dances, but there is no use denying the fact, he can't ride a bicycle. We had not gone very far when he begged off and wanted to rest.

"Jack," said I, "I've got more patience than any other white woman on earth, but I'm losing more of it on you than on any man that ever pretended to know a bike from a mill wheel. You can rest if you want to. I'm going on. If you care to catch up with me don't sit there and count stars."

Jack is like the boy in the story that laid in bed mornings until his mother vented her scorn on him, and he excused himself by saying he would rather be ashamed than get up.

I knew Jack was horribly ashamed, but that he'd rather be so and rest. I rode on. After a time I got off and sat on one of the wayside benches and counted stars and wondered where Jack was. It was growing dusk, and I scanned every pair of golf stockings that whizzed by. Jack's are the ugliest color that he could

HAS A NEW BICYCLE SUIT.

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst Aired It Last Saturday on the Boulevard and Discoursed on Scorchers.

Among the devotees of the "wheel who took advantage of the exceptional weather last Saturday was New York's well-known reformer, Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst. Not only was he a wheel, but he was clad in his new Spring bicycle suit.

He rode from Fifty-ninth street to Grant's tomb and back. He did not frown on the bicycle girls, and they did not fear him. They recognized him from his pictures, and as he passed them they remarked, "There goes Dr. Parkhurst."

The doctor appeared a trifle thinner than usual, but a great deal more vigorous. What he seemed to have lost in weight he had apparently made up in sterner, and his voice was deep and resonant.

He wore a gray alpine hat with white band. His suit was of gray and white mixture. He wore knickerbockers, yellow golf stockings encased his legs below the knees, and his shoes were of regulation bicycle pattern.

Dr. Parkhurst was alone and rode composedly, like a person who meant to get all the good possible out of his seven-mile spin. At the Tomb he stopped a few moments. He was curious to know how many bicyclists would pass in an hour.

"Is it a fact?" he asked, when told of a Sunday average. "It is strange what a passion the wheel has created. Still, there is great fun in a wheel, and I have been riding for about a year and a half. There is no question about the good it does a man or woman who needs diversion because of overwork. At an odd hour a short spin can be taken with the required result, whereas circumstances would not allow of any other kind of exercise."

"I'm a believer in the wheel, but I am not a believer in the scorchers—the fellow who cramps his body and leans forward as if he were about to take a leap over the handle bars. Why not sit straight on a wheel, or make the inclination forward as slight as possible? The other position cannot be a healthful one."

Dr. Parkhurst was enraptured with the view of the Hudson, and inquired about a number of races to his credit. The eleven policemen recommended by Roundsmen Brown were detailed to the bicycle squad, but because their wheels were not ready they were not assigned to duty yesterday.

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The bicycle is building up thousands of weak men and whom whom the doctors have failed to cure. And another thing, bicycling is as good for man on Sunday morning as Sunday bicycling. There is no sense no reason in the arguments against it. What is good for man or woman, boy or girl, on one day is good on another."

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The applicants were turned over to Acting Roundsmen Brown, one of the original four "bike cops," and were "tried out" by him at the Olympia track. The policemen were put through tests of speed, mounting and dismounting, and out of the one hundred applicants the names of eleven were sent to Commissioner Andrews as best fitted for bicycle duty.

Policeman Labold headed the list, as in the trials he covered a mile on a poor track in better than 2:10. The time attracted the attention of the Commissioner, who, on looking up his record, learned that Labold had been in the force for a few months, and that prior to donning the blue uniform and brass buttons he had been a professional racer, with a good record and a number of races to his credit.

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MAD DOG IN BEN SCORCHERS' THEIR PATH.

Wheelmen Scared on Bedford Hill, Brooklyn.

SHOT BY A POLICEMAN

Animal Snapped at the Crane Says It Is as Good on Sunday as on Another Day.

MRS. RINEHART AWHEEL.

Driver Held for Trial for Running Down and Injuring a Wealthy Woman, Who Presses the Charge.

A mad dog ran amuck on the Brooklyn path yesterday afternoon. Had it not been for Roundsmen Barry's aim and prompt action the consequences might have been serious.

The scene of the shooting was at the junction of Bedford avenue and Eastern Parkway. Crowds of boys and girls, men and women, were pedaling down the path, when, at 4:30 p. m., a pug dog, trotting at the mouth and dragging ten feet of clothes line behind him, came dashing up. Wheelmen saw the danger, and the cry "Mad dog" was raised as they scorching away in confusion. Men and boys abandoned their wheels and climbed trees, while others dived head first into the embankment and deserted their machines.

In the restaurant at the corner women and girls climbed on the tables, over the counter and crouched behind the soda fountain and lunch counter. Meanwhile the dog ran toward the crowded shelter, pursued by mounted Policeman Byrne. The dog snapped viciously at bicycle tires and then dashed into a wheel which had been abandoned by its owner, Roundsmen Barry, of the Twenty-second Precinct, sprinted down the path, revolver drawn. The dog turned and ran toward the gate way into the grounds of the shelter, scaring a photographer nearly into his. Roundsmen Barry fired his pistol and women fainted at the report and men fell off their wheels in the rush. As the smoke cleared away the dog was seen lying in the dust trying to rise. A second bullet did the work and the dog was dead.

It was half an hour before the scare subsided.

Mrs. Rinehart on the Path.

Mrs. A. E. Rinehart, the famous century rider, of Denver, Col., was a prominent figure during the afternoon on the cycle path. The grace and ease with which she rode attracted much attention.

Charles J. Mosbeck, of No. 1338 Gates avenue, Brooklyn, was locked up in the Seventeenth Precinct Police Station yesterday charged with reckless riding. At noon he went scorching along and at the junction of Brooklyn, Glenmore and Miller streets ran down West Avenue, sixty-one years old, of No. 2367 Fulton street. She was badly shaken up and her scalp was cracked. The wound was dressed by Ambulance Surgeon Martin, and she was taken home. She declined to make a complaint against Mosbeck but was arrested by Patrolman Jones. He left his wheel as security.

Driver Held for Trial. Justice Steers, in the Flatbush Police Court, yesterday held Paul Shear, of No. 41 Locust street, in \$300 bail. The complaint was against Shear, wife of David Shear, of No. 125 Nevins street, who was run down on Flatbush avenue Saturday night while riding her bicycle. Mrs. Shear appeared in court in blue walking suit and diamonds sparkled in her ears and in a big cluster at her throat.

She declared that Shear, who was driving a business wagon, ran deliberately over her. She was thrown to the street and her wheel damaged twenty-five dollars' worth of goods. Shear was charged with reckless driving, and she was held for trial. Shear escaped trampling her to death. She received severe injuries and had to be attended by a physician.

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Four Old Friend the Fat Lady.



The Volunteer Repairer.



The Shirt Waist Girl.



The Affectio



The Colored Man and Brother.