

THE PARADE OF THE FOUR HUNDRED.

Millionaires Have Caught the Bicycle Fancy Dress Parade Fever and Will Sweep Down Bellevue Avenue four Hundred Strong.

"THE LADY AND THE TIGER" AND UNCLE SAM.

Venus, the Velvet, Flora, Delft Ware, Indian, Sons of the Revolution, Pierrot, Watteau Flower Girl and Baby.

OTHER PARADES AT SARATOGA, LONG BRANCH AND ASBURY PARK

Newport, July 28.—The craze for the fancy dress bicycle parade is at its very height, and can be called a craze indeed. Last year there were a few bicycle flower parades, but this year the genuine fancy dress parade takes place upon the wheel and upon the principal streets.

Saratoga's bicycle flower parade is yet to come. Long Branch has just enjoyed one, when a score of pretty actresses received prizes for their fine dresses and their beautifully trimmed wheels. But by far the finest of the fancy dress bicycle parades will take place at Newport this summer, when, full 400 strong, they will sweep down Bellevue avenue, carrying with them a storm of applause and showers of flowers from all who are fortunate enough to see the procession. It will be modeled after the Long Branch one of two weeks ago.

The bicycle fancy dress profession may be said to have begun with the Bradley Martin ball, when fancy dress was made fashionable. The second great impetus it got was from the great ball of the Duchess of Devonshire, held a few weeks ago in London, when all came in fancy and historical costumes. Meanwhile, the bicycle flower parade has been going on every summer, because the wheel lends itself so beautifully and so naturally to decoration; and, therefore, when it was suggested that the fancy dress and the flower parade be combined it met with an enthusiastic reception.

A bicycle fancy dress parade is the easiest thing to arrange. The costume must first be obtained, then the wheel must be dressed in some characteristic way, after which the rider mounts and takes his place in the procession. Nothing can be easier of conception or more beautiful to look at.

The Newport bicycle parade, which will take place this summer will be one of the most notable things that have ever been seen in Newport, not only for its novelty, but because the Four Hundred are supposed to be seated with every kind of enjoyment, lend themselves, heart and soul, to this new mode of pleasure.

Yet, the parade is in its incipient stage, and has been talked of for some time. It is impossible to describe some of the costumes that are being planned. Some of the costumes are said to be of the most elaborate kind. Some of the costumes are said to be of the most elaborate kind. Some of the costumes are said to be of the most elaborate kind.

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The parade will be led by Uncle Sam, who will ride in the middle and a little ahead upon a nickel-plated wheel. Up on the front of the wheel there will be a great stuffed eagle, whose presence alone would proclaim the character, even if it were not for the well known white hat and big coat with stars upon the collar and striped trousers to be worn by Uncle Sam.

At Uncle Sam's right will ride the Watteau flower girl, who will be one of the most beautiful matrons of Newport. It is said that the part will be taken by Mrs. Hobart recently celebrated her twenty-fifth birthday in most glorious and fitting style. She is a very beautiful young woman, and an athlete, and would carry out the part of the delicate Watteau beauty most acceptably; but whether she can make her summer arrangements so as to be present is the question. But if she can, this parade this part will be assigned her. The Watteau flower girl will dress in pink and blue. Upon her wheel there will be a broad band of flowers put on a frame to resemble a tray. The flowers will be pink roses and blue forget-me-nots, with a background of green leaves to set them off.

The dress of the Watteau flower girl will be a pink and white striped silk. The waist will be figured in delicate pink flowers and bows of blue ribbon will decorate it, with a rising plume of the same and pale blue forget-me-nots underneath it. This design, like the other, is furnished by one of the most celebrated designers of Europe.

At Uncle Sam's left will ride the "Lady and the Tiger." This is a fashionable Newport belle, dressed for an afternoon drive, wearing a sailor hat and the regulation street dress. Behind her will sit her groom, namely, the "Tiger." This wheel is a tandem, and the "Tiger" will have a big parasol suspended over the lady's head. The front of the wheel will be decorated with flowers to match the parasol. Miss Louise McAllister, who is one of the most accomplished wheelwomen of Newport, will be asked to dress in this character.

At the extreme right of the forward row will ride the Baby, which part will be taken by one of the debutantes of the summer. It is thought that Miss Van Allen, the second daughter of the well known J. J. Van Allen, whose designation as minister to Italy created so much of a sensation four years ago, will take this part, as she is the most famous of the summer's debutantes. The dress worn by the Baby will be white muslin, with a big white hat tied with a big white ribbon; and on the front of her wheel will be a red and a big doll.

One of the beauties of the parade is that each character shows what it is at first sight. This feature is characteristic of all fancy dress parades, and is one of the reasons why they are so popular.

finite character figure is left out and you can tell by plain sight just what the figure is in the parade.

The other favorite, Pierrot, will be taken by one of the beaux of Newport. Pierrot has on his big white ruff, his little scull cap, his coat with big buttons and his loose trousers. Upon the front of his wheel there is a great bunch of daisies. He must be the most accomplished rider of all, for it is expected that he will perform many evolutions upon his wheel. He, like the Baby, at the other end, is not expected to ride perfectly in line, but to cut up all sorts of entertaining antics to make the parade interesting as it sweeps along.

Another figure is the Jester, known by his fool's cap and bells, whose merry tinkling sounds as he rolls along. The Son of the Revolution has on a three-cornered cap and a yellow and black striped suit with a ruffled shirt front. Another conspicuous figure is the Indian in his war paint and his moccasins. The Violet is taken by a young lady in all purple, with clusters of white on her head and a pasteboard hat, cut like a violet. One of the prettiest figures of all is Delft Ware. This is taken by a young woman who wears a blue delft suit. It is a blue duck, in that peculiar shade of blue which delft always takes. Upon her head is a windmill of wood to represent one of the Holland wind-mills. All the gods and goddesses are also in the procession. There are Flora and Juno and Minerva and Venus, Apollo and Cupid. These are patterned after the famous pieces of sculpture and the paintings by well known artists, so that they are recognizable at sight.

It is very fashionable, this summer, to hold fancy dress parades for the benefit of favorite charities, and it is hoped that the Newport parade will be sea down to some well known charitable enterprise. However, this is very unlikely, as it is purely a social thing. A great deal of charity is done incidentally because a great deal of money is distributed; but the people of Newport are not willing to invite people who line the pathway to see them. It is more for their own pleasure and gratification.

It may be said incidentally that a bicycle fancy dress parade is one of the cheapest things that can be planned for summer. The wheel costs nothing, because one already owns it; and the fancy dresses are made up of the very cheapest material, for they are to be worn only once. The jewels which the heiress of the season wears may be largely rhinestones and big ornamental paste, loaned by all his friends, and the very elegant ornaments worn by "the best catch of the season" are gathered together by him in the same way. The object is to get up something very pretty.

To make the parade more interesting there is a prize given to the person who has the handsomest costume, perhaps it is the most correct one historically, or it may be the most beautiful one, or the prize may be given to the most graceful rider. There is some ideal set when the invitations are sent out and all try for it. After the bicycle parade there is tea upon the lawn, and the day ends so happily that you wonder that no one ever had the good sense to think of it before.

HARRY GERMAINE.

COULDN'T KEEP UP WITH 'EM.
A Georgia man was arraigned for beating his wife.

"What have you to say for yourself?" asked the Judge.

"Kin I speak out, Judge?"

"Yes. What have you to say?"

"Judge, yer Honor, I want to say jest this. I never did have no trouble with none of my wives, 'cept this one. My first wife was an angel my second came mighty nigh bein' one, my third wuz willin' an' reasonable, my fourth wuz moderate, my—"

"In the name of goodness," interrupted the Judge, "how many wives have you had?"

"The man looked thoughtful and then said:

"Judge, I don't know. I use ter keep track of 'em, but I quit countin' after Lee's surrender!"—Atlanta Constitution.

FINESSE.

"How in the world did you get Old Curmudgeon's consent to wed his daughter?"

"Finesse, me boy, finesse. I told all around that he caught seventeen four-pound bass on that last fishing expedition of his."—Detroit Free Press.

"Pa, who was Shylock?"

"Great goodness, boy! You attend church and Sunday school every week and don't know who Shylock was?" cried his father, with a look of surprise and horror. "Go and read your Bible, sir."

"CHINA WARE."

(A David)

"CHINA WARE."

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NEWPORT'S FANCY DRESS BICYCLE PARADE AS IT WILL SWEEP DOWN BELLEVUE AVENUE.

(Modeled after the Long Branch Fancy Dress Parade.)

MY IDEAL SUMMER GIRL.

A. H. Hummel Describes Her So Accurately That All Girls

Can Become His "Ideals"—Must Understand the Art of Flirting, Intelligent, But Not Too Much So; Sharp, But Not Too Pointed; and Must Be Good Tempered—Tessie's "Affection Testers."

It isn't fair to ask a business man his ideal of a summer girl; for the chances are that he must take her as he finds her, for he hasn't time to look her up.

But as for me, since you ask me point blank for ideal conception of the Goddess of Summer, I say that, though her name is Legion (for I like all girls and all women), I still have my ideals to which I cling, and which I discover when I can.

My ideal summer girl is beautiful. Now I can't ask for a perfect conception of beauty, an idealized goddess with features as if chiseled from marble and a form like that of Diana. But by beautiful I mean one who looks beautiful; and in this I must include the "handsome as is handsome does" idea.

My ideal summer girl is good tempered. Deliver me from a woman who is quarrelsome on a hot day. Such

time to settle up conclusions, I must say that I am a conventional man. No man more fond of law and order than I. Anarchy, incendiarism, blood and booty find no answering chord in my nature. It is this "very love" of law and order that has led my professional footsteps to where they are. I hate distress and disturbance; and I hold that the men of my profession do more to allay it than any other profession under the sun.

This may seem as idle, but it is not. It is an argument to emphasize my remark that I like conventional people, and particularly conventional women. It will often happen that, in their aim to become "ideal summer girls," young women will throw aside the appearance of conventionality and act as our grandmothers would call "hotty toity." But for such there is never the answering charm of admiration—at least not so far as I am concerned. Better Miss Prude than Miss Don't-Care, for I can laugh at the former, but there is only pity for the latter.

My summer girl, my true ideal, understands a delicate flirt. She can lie in an easy chair upon the piazza, with a book and smile. She can read, yet be ever awake and ready to laugh when the laugh is called for. I like an indolent summer girl. One who has possibilities, but is content to let them go—sometimes. I like a restful girl. I like a soothing girl.

I have heard, yes, and seen, Diana (the Huntress)—the athletic summer girl. I have beheld Psyche. I know all about Juno, for she has posed for me—and the rest of the piazzaful of peo-

ple about "Forgive and Forget, My Darling."

But such girls are scarce. Have I never seen them? Yes, hundreds of them. But, by the worst fate that ever overtook a man, some one else had seen them first—and so I was useless.

My ideal summer girl is dainty in her dress. She isn't elaborate. No man admires frills and fuss. But she is dainty. That is the only way to express it. If she wears a ribbon it is, oh so fresh! If she wears a hat, it is, oh so spotless and smart! If she wears a sun hat it is tipped at exactly the right angle, and her boots are poems at which I would gaze in delicate admiration. The dress of the summer girl is something upon which a man grows eloquent in thought. And every man thinks the same about it, at least every man whose soul aspires to know and be known in summer girl-dom.

Chauncey M. Depew once said a good thing about the summer girl. It is so good that it is no harm to use it again and to think of it often.

"My summer girl," he said, "hasn't a great deal of brains. She doesn't need them. I have enough for myself and her, too. She hasn't much money. She doesn't want it. I can earn enough for us both. But—she is fond of me."

I think it was Tessie who received a letter asking if such a thing as an affection tester could be added to the brain camera now in use, and if Mr. Tessie would send the first one C. O. D. to the named address.

If there were such a thing as an "affection tester" I should purchase one, for the summer girl who is heartless and who plays with a man for chaff, leading him into prettiness only to make fun of him afterwards, is a creature who is not worthy the name of summer girl—the name which is a synonym of all that is sweet and lovely in summertime.

You ask for a description of my summer girl—in one word. Then I should say it is—grace. For in that little monosyllable is summed up characteristics, not only of the body, but of the mind and heart as well—grace!

And did I add that the summer girl ought to know how to flirt? Perhaps I forgot to mention it—but she ought.

—A. H. Hummel.

RACE OF OCEAN LINERS.

Marshall P. Wilder Tells How the St. Louis Beat the Campania.

Louis Beat the Campania

On a Home Run—Five Hours From Nantucket Shoals to Dock—Mrs. Astor Waved Enthusiastically and Thomas Nelson Page Saw a Chapter for His New Novel.

"Thank God, It Was an American Done It!"

I wish to say, to begin with, that this is no race! The steamship companies expressly forbid racing, the captains are down on it, and Old Ocean has never countenanced the laying of a race course over its surface.

But all the same, when we of the St. Louis went to bunk Thursday night we knew there was something in the air. And that the "something" was a great Cunarder coming up behind us—we knew not when or where!

On the great race tracks a jockey does his best from start to finish, as long as he knows there are others behind him. But on the ocean it is not a race unless you can see the rival ship bearing down upon you—and you are trying to beat it.

But we knew it was coming! It was a short night's sleep we put in Thursday night. The last night aboard ship! Everybody knows how it is! There is packing to do (with all sorts of cunning tricks to deceive the Custom House officials—tricks by the way, that never deceive them at all). And there are good-bys to be said, hands to be shaken again and again. Last words spoken once more, and all that foolishness gone over and over again—as every one knows aboardship. And when at last we lay down it was for what they call in Holland "a snooze," only a doze, and nothing more.

At 4 Friday morning we were all out on deck. It was grey and misty, black you would have called the ocean, and the sky murky in the dim, thick glow of the before-sunrise-tea.

We are bound for port—for home! Yet, strange to say, none of us were looking towards America's shores. But backward! Had we all turned "black and blue" that we could leave England's jubilee shores without regret? No, it was something more.

The captain voiced it at last. Lo-

ing through those wonderful glasses backward he saw something looming up black and white and red all at once. "There she is!" he said quietly. At once every glass was leveled that way. We could see nothing but a great gray mass on the horizon, as every stoker below knew, that it was the Campania steaming up behind us, and that we were "in" for an ocean race.

You who have seen horse races and their quick and exciting denouement can have no idea of the slowness of an ocean race. It is like watching the minute and the hour hands of a watch as they separate at 12 o'clock. They draw apart, but unless they hang upon their movement you do not notice it. And so with the great Campania coming up behind us. You had to hold your glasses a minute to your eyes before you could see her funnels. Then another minute before you could distinguish her bow. Next time you looked you could catch the first splash of her foam as her sharp bow cut the waves. But it was an hour before you could see the great tidal waves spreading back from her stern as she scattered the waters on each side of her.

Meanwhile all was excitement on board the St. Louis. "It's a race," explained one of the passengers (and a very distinguished one at that).

"It's a race divided into four parts. The first quarter is where you're getting ready to sight the ship. The second is when you see her and begin-ning to put on extra coal. The third is when you're coming up to Fire Island and the home stretch is the thirty-mile miles from Fire Island to the lights. Now get ready to cheer for we've got to beat her."

But the Cunarder was drawing nearer! It was plain that she was trying to beat us. Her great bow became clearer and clearer, and for a few seconds it seemed to us as though she were going to laugh at us on the home race.

"That's nothing. Don't be scared," called out an experienced old ocean traveler. "The sun has lifted and that brings her closer. She isn't gaining much on us."

Meanwhile the captain, gallant Capt. Randle, was hurrying hither and thither. His orders were not to keep steam up, but to keep steam off. To stop coaling, not to coal up. But how are you going to restrain a whole shipful of would-be stokers and five hundred pleasure-seeking souls? I verily do believe if the good captain had given orders to reverse the engines and put out the fires he would have been seized and chained right in sight of land as Columbus was in that eventful voyage of his four hundred years ago.

But the captain knew better than to go beyond his power. Instead of fruitlessly waving his hands and shouting he bore himself in a dignified, even beaming way, and some one whispered that the captain would never cry we to win the race. Ah, Captain!

But the Cunarder was gaining on us. We could all see that.

"What's the matter?" called out some one. "We've got to stop to take up a pilot," explained the experienced traveller.

"But I can tell you he'll meet with quick treatment if he doesn't hurry." But the pilot did hurry. He was brave pilot No. 7; and when he saw us coming full head on he grasped the situation and a rope and was ready for us.

I have crossed the ocean twenty times but never in the course of my travels have I seen so quick a landing. The pilot boat swung as near us as she dared, the St. Louis kept on all the speed she could, and whizz—zzz—splash—b—b—quick as a flash! The pilot was up the side of the ship and aboard! We had the Man at the Wheel.

But in the second we lay alongside the pilot boat we lived an eternity of anguish. Suppose the pilot should take it in his head to deliberate. Suppose he should not understand! But there was no time for that! From out the port holes came twenty heads. And one composite voice yelled "hurry!" It was the stokers imploring the pilot to waste no time.

The Campania had to take up her pilot, of course. And is here where she lost. Her pilot was taken off the same pilot boat as ours. And it took time to turn around, change her course and come alongside the big Cunarder. The Cunarders meanwhile sweating ocean foam and lashing the waves with their impetuous! They say Thomas Lip-ton, who gave \$125,000 to the Queen's jubilee fund, was aboard and Frederick Adams, of the British Embassy, and Edgerton Winthrop. If so, God help them! They suffered a thousand deaths in that brief minute of picking up the pilot!

But now we are coming to the light-ship and there was Quarantine ahead of us and the Custom House. There could be no more racing! With a few dexterous turns past the shoals of the harbor, Pilot No. 7 carried us past the lightship, with the Campania two miles in our stern, and we one and all shouted a cheer!

"Three cheers for Capt. Randle!" cried one of the passengers. The Captain raised his hand in protest.

"Three cheers for Walls, the chief engineer!" cried some one else. "I won't cheer for him!" came back a chorus. "We all volunteered to go down and help the stokers, and he wouldn't let us. He could have had at least a dozen millionaire stokers for the asking!"

Everybody laughed. Wall most of all. "Three cheers for the St. Louis!" cried the others. "Yes, and three cheers for Uncle Sam!" cried we all, for the spires of New York city were coming in sight and we were ready for "Home, Sweet Home!"

"Did you enjoy the race, Mr. Wilder?" asked a reported of me as I stepped ashore.

"Yes, I did," said I, "and I think we all did, from Thomas Nelson Page, who saw a chapter for his new book, to Mrs. Wm. Astor, who is a true blue."

"As for me, I couldn't help saying as I stepped into my cab, John L. Sullivan expressed my sentiments four years ago—"Thank God, it was an American done it!"

Merrily yours, MARSHALL P. WILDER.

SHE ENJOYS A DOLCE FAR NIENTE—LOVES TO DO NOTHING SWEETLY.

women should be transported to the South Sea Isles, where they place a bad tempered woman upon an island by herself and let her fight it out with the dolphins. Or, if a nearer expedient is sought, she could be taken to Ocean Grove and set down in the auditorium for a course of sermons and lectures. The ideal summer woman is as unruffled as a summer breeze and as calm as the moon when it shines like a pearl over a silver heaven.

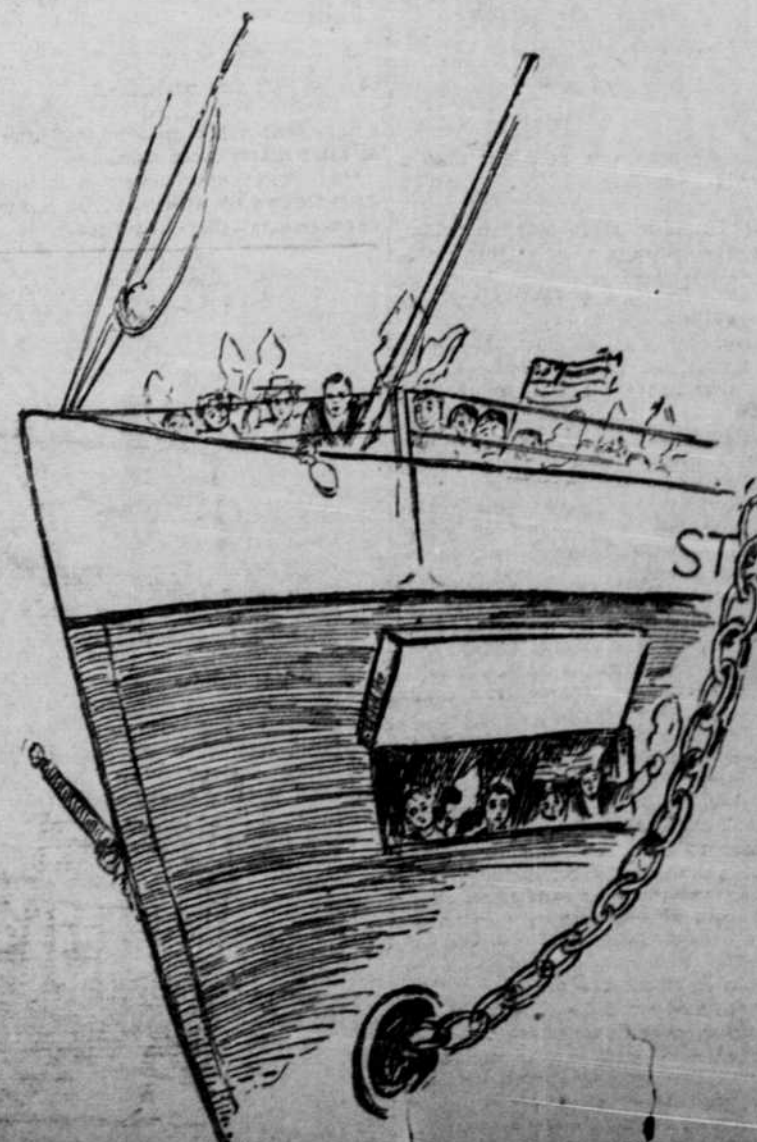
As my ideal summer woman is more than a creature of mere form, I must speak of her attainments. I like her to be intelligent, yet not too much so. I like her to be informed, yet not posted to the point of argument. I like her to have ideas, yet not too original ones. I like her to think new thoughts and do new things, but by no means those out of the conventional run.

When all is said and done, and it is

ple, I can recall Minerva and her everlasting book and her drowsy questions—looking always for information. But as for me, give me the restful girl. The girl who doesn't ask you to chase a ball over a netting, who doesn't thorn you into taking a mountain tramp, who is willing that you should let the wheels in your bicycle recuperate together; the girl who isn't always planning a trip somewhere.

A young woman once said to me: "Mr. Hummel, I know why you like your sister better than other girls. It is because she lets you alone."

Maybe she was right. I am not going to say. But I will remark that it would be extremely dangerous to my peace of mind if I were to find another girl I enjoy as well as I do my sister. That girl would have to take the name of Hummel, or Hummel himself would have to go away and learn the little



"THREE CHEERS FOR CAPT. RANDLE AND UNCLE SAM!"