

THE FOURTH IN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

FIREWORKS AND PATRIOTISM.

Independence Day Celebrated Everywhere in Greater New York.

SOLDIERS OBSERVE IT.

Stray Bullets Figure in Several Accidents and One Man Will Die.

MANY FIRES, BUT LITTLE LOSS.

Giant Cracker Scatters Captain Chapman's Squad in Front of the Tenderloin Station House.

A crackling fusillade of pistols and giant firecrackers ushered in the celebration of the national holiday at midnight on Sunday, and thereafter the sleep of the city was broken. The sun rose in a clear sky, giving promise of an ideal Summer day, and the promise was not broken. Eighty-two degrees was the highest temperature of the day. Early in the morning and again toward midnight it dropped below seventy.

As the sunrise gun was fired at the fort on Governor's Island the Stars and Stripes were run to the top of the tall flagpole in Battery Park. Christopher Forbes was the man who drew the flag aloft, and he was chosen because he is the great-grandson of David Van Arsdale, who on November 25, 1783, when the British evacuated the city, climbed the Battery flagpole and nailed the Stars and Stripes to its peak. Old soldiers were grouped around, including the Anderson Zouave Fire Corps, Anderson-Williams Post, No. 394, G. A. R., and others. Comrade Pike made a brief address.

At the same hour that the flag was being raised in the Battery the Washington Continental Guard entered Central Park at West One Hundred and Sixth street and marched to the old Block House. The sun was rising as they formed there, the old structure and its first beams brightened the folds of the flag that, while the fire and drum corps played "The Star-Spangled Banner," was run to the top of the pole. The guard gave a hearty cheer and then marched to Fort Fish, near McGowan's Pass Tavern, and raised the flag there also.

Fireworks in Mott Street.

Nor was all the patriotism among Americans even in the early morning, for the Chinese, with whose nation the very invention of fireworks originated ages ago, made Mott and Pell streets roar with myriads of firecrackers.

Thronged began to leave the city early by boat, by railroad, and most of all, as it seemed, by bicycle. But throngs of visitors came in to take their places. Boat and horse races, baseball games and innumerable picnics and excursions took many thousands. Some excursions took many thousands. Some excursions took many thousands.

Old Glory Everywhere.

Flags were everywhere, on the City Hall, Post Office and other public buildings, and on business blocks and homes throughout the entire city. And noise was everywhere, and everywhere on sidewalks and pavements there were littered fragments of red firecracker paper.

The city magistrates were lenient toward offenders brought before them for minor violations of ordinances regarding fireworks, and Magistrate Brann, in Essex Market Court, declared but once a year, and I believe in enjoying it like our forefathers did. When I was a boy I used to shoot firecrackers, and I believe that every natural boy has the same feeling.

There were many visitors at the Zoo; Riverside Park and the space about Grant's Tomb were thronged; the buffaloes at an Courtlandt attracted many sightseers; Battery Park was crowded from an early hour until midnight, and the Aquarium, which never before been open on a Monday or a holiday, had a constant procession of visitors.

In the evening the sky was brilliant with skyrocket and fireball, and the many a corner bonfire merrily blazed. The inhabitants of that interesting neighborhood still called Greenwich Village were in liberal and metropolitan dooms for several of the streets have recently been asphalted, preventing the building of fires on corners, where, on each successive Fourth for decades, bonfires have been built by the present "villagers" and their fathers and grandfathers.

Clan-na-Gael Picnic.

The twenty-seventh annual picnic of the Clan-na-Gael Society was held in the afternoon in Broomer's Park, on the Harlem River, at One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street. A great crowd was present. A feature of the programme was the drill by the Irish Volunteers, under command of Colonel Moran, Company B, of the Irish Volunteers, won the "Clan-na-Gael" Trophy, and the Clan-na-Gael Trophy was won by the Owen Roe Club won the National Trophy, and the Clan-na-Gael Trophy was won by the Owen Roe Club won the National Trophy.

An "at home" chowder was held in the old grammar school in Trinity place, while waiting for their station house on the corner of Liberty street to be made sacred. Detective Goldeman and Doorman Al Garrison were masters of ceremonies, and they made the chowder, too, which was rapidly consumed by about forty men of the command.

Homeless, friendless and worn out with toll, age and disease, Julia Flanagan, sixty-five years old, applied to Sergeant Webb, at the Old Ship Police Station, yesterday afternoon for shelter. The woman said she was destitute and ill. Sympathetic strangers had taken her in on Sunday night in a Washington street tenement, but they were too poor to keep her any longer. She was sent to the Hudson Street Hospital.

Governor's Island Celebrates.

Lieutenant Colonel W. S. Worth, com-

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Deaths due to the celebration.....	2
Probably fatally wounded.....	2
Eyes destroyed or badly injured.....	7
Fingers lost.....	6
Number of fires.....	53
Total loss.....	\$13,750
Highest temperature.....	82
Lowest temperature.....	66
Beer consumed, kegs.....	40,000
Whiskey consumed, gallons.....	19,000
"Soft" drinks consumed, gallons.....	70,000
People who went on excursions.....	970,000
Total spent, or lost, on account of the day.....	\$3,850,000

mandant at Governor's Island resolved yesterday that officers and privates should be as free as possible to enjoy Independence Day. To this end he issued an order in the morning suspending all duties except those absolutely necessary and granting the captains and sergeants the right to issue passes to leave the island to as many men as could be spared. Dress parade and the usual drill were dispensed with.

At noon a salute of forty-five guns—one for each State in the Union—was fired from a field battery of six twelve-pounders at Castle William.

Lieutenant Wise hoisted three of his smaller kites just before noon, and from one of them he suspended a big American flag. It floated 1,000 feet above Fort Columbus for the rest of the day.

As was inevitable, the day was marked by numerous accidents. They came principally from pistols, toy cannon and fire.

George Wolf, of No. 149 Essex street, was shot and probably fatally wounded shortly after 1 o'clock in the morning. He was standing in front of his house when he sank to the pavement. Bernard Brakowsky, living directly across the street, had fired a loaded revolver, and a bullet struck and killed him.

Another to be injured by a blank cartridge was Theodore Kenke, who was shot near Third avenue, by a man who ran away after the deed. He fired a blank cartridge in his face. Dr. Brandenberg worked over him for a long time in the hope of saving the eye.

Another to be injured by a blank cartridge was Miss Helen M. Gould, of No. 409 West Thirty-eighth street, when she was badly hurt by the discharge of a pistol by August Schreiner. He was taken to Jefferson Market Court and died.

A stry bullet struck the right hand of Charles, eight years old, of No. 72 East One Hundred and Nineteenth street, and he was taken to Harlem Hospital, and the bullet struck the eye.

Conrad Mouth, eleven years old, of No. 390 Eleventh avenue, shot off the index finger of his right hand with a pistol. A giant firecracker badly tore the hand of Herbert Moore, also eleven years old, of No. 72 East One Hundred and Nineteenth street, was shot in the index finger of the right hand by some unknown person. Kate Leonard, six years old, of No. 92 Lewis street, was burned about the hands and body through her dress catching fire while lighting a candle.

It was a cannon, which was prematurely discharged, that did the business for Spenser Brown, fifteen years old, of No. 248 West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street. He was badly burned about the eyes and taken to Manhattan Hospital. The female training department of Bellevue Hospital, was struck in the eye by a fragment of a giant mortar that was thrown into her parlor by some one unknown. She was not seriously hurt.

Only O'Rourke was "loaded." It was a pistol that got Patrick O'Rourke, of No. 110 First avenue, into trouble, but it was he, and not the pistol, that was loaded. He was pointing the pistol at a crowd of boys and threatening to shoot. He was placed under arrest. David Quarry, of No. 130 Leonard street, was another man who "loaded" himself instead of a pistol, and before he was arrested he had demolished all the furniture in the rooms of his sister.

A horse, frightened by firecrackers, ran away and knocked down Yetto Linsner, of No. 102 Hester street, badly bruising her. A stry bullet struck the eye of a young boy, of No. 400 West Fifty-fifth street, who was knocked down by a runaway at the corner of Third avenue and Fifty-sixth street, and he was taken to Harlem Hospital.

John Ward, of No. 15 Leonard street, was struck by a stry bullet while sitting on the roof of his home, and Charles Misch, of No. 295 No. 80 East Broadway, and seven-year-old street, received a stry bullet in his left leg.

The minor accidents in the city were almost numberless. At Bellevue Hospital alone forty-three cases had been treated by 1 o'clock in the evening, this being about the time that sixteen more were admitted, and they were still coming in.

Cracker for Chapman. A sensation was caused at the Tenderloin Precinct Station House, last evening, at 8:20, when some one lowered a giant firecracker from the roof. It exploded close to one of the green lamps in front of the door, scattering police and reporters, and smashing the glass globe and blowing out the light.

Stray bullets flew after midnight, and at 9:40 o'clock Roundsman Clark received a stry bullet through the forehead. He was taken to Governor's Hospital. William Farrell, of No. 214 East Sixty-third street, was badly hurt by a stry rocket immediately over the left eye, and was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital. Mary Flynn, of No. 983 Amsterdam avenue, had an eye burned by a stry rocket.

throughout the city. At No. 6 City Hall place a small boy threw a firecracker through a broken window, and caused a \$100 blaze. A fire at No. 111 East Third street for a time threatened to be serious, but was extinguished with a loss of less than \$1,000.

RESCUERS TOO LATE.

Fifty Bathers Attempted to Save Rudolph's Life, but Failed to Reach Him in Time.

Reynold J. Rudolph, a barber, of Port Chester, was drowned in the sound at Rye Beach yesterday in the presence of a thousand pleasure seekers, the result of a cramp, brought on, it is believed, by excessive bicycle riding. Fully fifty bathers attempted to rescue the man, but before they reached him he was dead.

Rudolph, his wife and son left Port Chester on their wheels at 12 o'clock for the purpose of celebrating the Fourth of July at the beach. His mother and a servant followed in a stage. Rudolph was an enthusiastic wheelman. He rode very fast, and by the time he reached the beach, he was out of breath and perspiring freely. He told his wife he was going in bathing in order to get cooled off.

"Don't go in the water, Reynold, you can't swim," his wife pleaded. "Oh, I must," he declared. "I won't go out in deep water," and started for a bathing pavilion. Mrs. Rudolph called out: "If you are going in bathing, I am going home, as I am afraid you will get drowned." She then rode back to Port Chester. Rudolph waded out on the shallow beach until he was waist-deep in water. Then he tried to swim. He had been in the water but a few minutes when the saw heard a feeble cry for help and saw Rudolph throw up his hands.

E. B. Lyon and many other bathers swam to Rudolph's assistance. When they reached him they lay face downward in the water. He was carried to the shore and rolled on a barrel, but life was extinct. Rudolph's mother and son were witnesses of the drowning and became almost wild with grief. Mrs. Rudolph was notified of her husband's death.

AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES.

Miss Helen M. Gould Cared for Poor Children, and E. C. Benedict Exploded \$1,000 Worth of Fireworks.

The millionaire and country clubs in Westchester had special festivities in celebration of the day. At the Westchester Country Club, Pelham Bay, a golf tournament was the feature in the afternoon and in the evening there was a ball. The patronesses included Mrs. Edwin Gould, Mrs. John D. Archibald, Mrs. Samuel Thomas and Mrs. J. Jennings McComb, of Dobbs Ferry; Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin and Mrs. Adriaan Iselin, New Rochelle, and Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, of Scarborough.

Miss Helen M. Gould celebrated the day, as it has been her custom for years, by arranging special pleasures for the poor children sheltered at Woody Crest, her private orphan home at Irvington. Early in the morning the children were taken on a drive and in the afternoon they had firecrackers, torpedoes and caps, followed by a dinner.

A grand display of fireworks for the children took place in the evening. The homeless tots danced with glee and declared they were very happy because of Miss Gould's charitable acts. There were numerous special diversions.



Peculiar Ways in Which Ebullient Patriotism Found Vent.

at the Ardley Country Club. There was a lawn concert in the afternoon, and fireworks, followed by dancing were the principal attractions at night. Many dinner parties were entertained at the club by the members.

At the American Yacht Club, Milton Point, Rye, and the Knollwood Country Club there were extra attractions. May's Orchestra, of Bridgeport, gave a concert at the Larchmont Yacht Club in the afternoon. In the evening there were fireworks and dancing.

E. C. Benedict had one of the finest pyrotechnic displays of the millennium for the sound. It is sold he burnt up \$1,000 worth of fireworks in honor of his guests. Mrs. and Mrs. Grover Cleveland and other distinguished folk.

CONVICTS SANG "AMERICA."

Sing Sing Prisoners Had a Holiday and Celebrated the Fourth.

The convicts in Sing Sing prison were given a holiday yesterday. The shops were all closed.

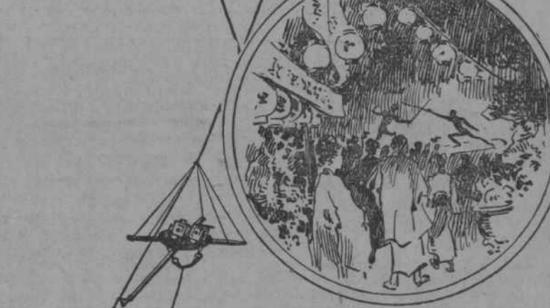
Their breakfast consisted of boiled ham, of which 1,000 pounds were used. Then there were six barrels of onions, eight barrels of new potatoes, 1,500 pans of gingerbread and a large quantity of tea with sugar and milk.



A VISIT FROM OUR COUNTRY COUSINS.



CITY FOLK INVITE THE COUNTRY.



JAPANESE CELEBRATE IN BROOKLYN.



WARDS ISLAND PATIENTS FURNISH THE CELEBRATION.



WARD ISLAND PATIENTS FURNISH THE CELEBRATION.

BAYARD ON CURRENCY.

The Ex-Minister to England Cries Out for the Gold Standard at Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, July 5.—Thomas F. Bayard, ex-Minister to England, was the principal orator at the Fourth of July celebration held here to-day under the auspices of the Society of the War of 1812. In the course of his address he said:

"I think he to God, never were the international relations between the people of the two countries in a clearer atmosphere of unimpaired mutual good understanding and more free from ignorant suspicion or hostile intent than on this 121st anniversary of American Independence.

A derangement of the currency of a country is like unto a poisoning of the life blood of a man and no greater danger can await us. To embark the business and contacts of a country upon a currency which is not firmly anchored upon a stable standard and measure of value is to insure ruin and disaster to every member of society. No elections are now pending, but the time for decision approaches with inevitable certainty, and from a full heart and in all earnestness and sincere affection, I conjure my fellow countrymen, casting aside all other differences of opinion, to reject the measure and delusions of those remedies which in seasons of popular distress or excitement induce the foolish and impious belief in the power of any government to create values by statute.

Hurt by a Giant Fire-Cracker.

William Hoffer, of No. 6 Court street, Hoboken, was sitting at his door step last night with his children between 9 and 10 o'clock, when a passerby threw a ignited giant fire-cracker at them. Hoffer picked it up to throw it out of his way, when it exploded in his left hand. Three of his fingers were blown off and his hand was terribly lacerated. He was taken to St. Mary's Hospital, where it was said he would lose his hand.

QUEER WAYS AND UNUSUAL PLACES.

William H. Eddy Spent the Fourth Flying Big Kites.

TOOK PICTURES IN AIR.

Japanese Fenced, Juggled, and Made Speeches in Brooklyn.

CHASED A GREASED PIG.

Insane Patients Also Had Wheelbarrow Races, and a Tug-of-War with Attendants.

Yesterday was an object lesson in the varieties of patriotism. Everybody celebrated, each one in his or her own way. The way some celebrated caused sentiments varying from astonishment to amusement to affect the minds of some who celebrated in other ways.

Some hard working people, who complain from day to day of the severity of their toll and their slack opportunities for rest, mounted bicycles and pedaled as far as they could without dropping dead. Other people—and the juvenile population do not overshadow in this—broke into hospitals by the firework route, martyrs to patriotism. Some went so far out of town on excursions that they arrived at their destinations after the last train had left, and others celebrated so close to home that they fell a prey to bill collectors. Here are a few odd Fourth of July celebrations:

William H. Eddy spent the day flying kites. On the grounds of the New Jersey Athletic Club, at Bergen Point, N. J., Mr. Eddy and several other grown men indulged in the pastime. They sent up kites and kites. When they sent up the first there was a wind blowing that whipped the white caps on Newark Bay. With each succeeding kite the wind died away, until, when it came time for Mr. Eddy to make his final experiment, his long distance record breaking flight with tea kites, there was scarcely enough wind to agitate a silken thread.

The Kites Refused to Fly.

During the afternoon, however, Mr. Eddy and his hard working assistants sent a camera up with the kites and took some good pictures. The intention was to take pictures of the athletic games in progress on the oval, but Mr. Eddy will not swear that he has not some excellent bird's-eye views of Staten Island and Bayonne.

Mr. Eddy was not the only kite flyer at Bergen Point. W. W. Hotchkiss and Henry L. Allen, of Bayonne, flew a few kites themselves. Mr. Allen sent up the largest kite ever built for practical service—a great, shield shaped, red, white and blue kite, 12 feet across. A big American flag was sent up on the string of this kite and floated proudly in the sky all the afternoon. About six o'clock the kite collided with one of Mr. Hotchkiss's kites, the string broke and it floated away. There was a great race of small boys in its wake. Mr. Allen will pay a suitable reward for its return. In this connection it may be well to assure the boy who got it that he cannot fly it anyhow.

The Japanese citizens of Greater New York celebrated the Fourth at No. 104 Sands street, Brooklyn. An invitation to the Journal read: "We will make the small celebration of the 4th July with the bands, fireworks, speech, Japanese fencing, dancing, juggling, lecture, music and refreshments."

M. S. Matsumoto, the editor of the New York Japanese News, had the celebration in charge and delivered an address in English. The celebrators burnt up enough firecrackers and other noise-producing explosive agents to supply a rainmaker with stock in trade for an entire season.

A unique celebration was held at the Manhattan State Insane Hospital at Central Islip, L. I. It partook of the nature of athletic games. The events included everything common to athletic games, from a 100-yard run to a tug-of-war. One patient, who insists that he is the Prince of Wales and is enjoying the hospitality of the State on that account, refused to stop running when he crossed the line in the 100-yard race, and was not caught until he was well on his way toward Babylon. After he was brought back he beseeched the managers of the affair to put an extra number on the programme, a five-mile run and a mile race. His request was declined from motives of prudence.

The greased pig race convulsed everybody. The pig was caught, after a long chase, by a young man who went crazy trying to collect a bill. He sat down on the pig and held it, while a muscular patient, who had been driven mad from football, tried to kick a goal with it. He did not kick a goal, but he kicked most of the life out of the pig. In the wheelbarrow race one of the contestants insisted on starting the wrong way, and he bowled over a dozen attendants before he was subdued. The tug-of-war between the patients and the attendants was won by the patients who dragged the attendants all over the field. It was great fun for the patients.

Ebenezer, a nobody of New Jersey, put on a starched shirt, a green necktie and a black bronzed suit of clothes early in the morning and was not home in New York to celebrate. He was accompanied by several of his neighbors, Ebenezer and his friends, arriving in New York, walked up the long pole that supported the flagpole, and lived in a One Hundred and Fourth street flat on the ground floor, facing the rear, determined to enjoy the Fourth in his own way. He slung a hammock from his fire escape, tied the other end of it to the long pole that supported the flagpole, and sprang his arm and the hammock, sleep, lying on his back, swaying gently in the breeze.

Up on the roof the janitor's little boy was celebrating. He dropped a large firecracker down into the area, where it would make more noise than on the roof. The firecracker alighted on Mr. Bird, an attendant, and he awoke. It blew the bottom off his shirt, he fell to the ground and sprained his arm, and the hammock caught fire. Bird is willing to make affidavit that his experience was the oddest in New York.

Two 24-hour limited trains each way, every day in the year, between New York and Chicago, via New York Central and its Michigan Central and Lake Shore connections.—Adv.

CUBA, COINAGE AND THE FOURTH.

Washington Democrats Follow the Lead of Their Brethren in Ohio.

LETTER FROM MR. BRYAN.

Warns the Country Against Maintaining the Shadow of Independence and Losing Its Substance.

THIRTEEN STATES REPRESENTED.

Senators and Representatives Make Short Speeches, and Mr. Lipscomb Reads Jefferson's Last Fourth of July Communication.

Washington, July 5.—A patriotic celebration was held here to-day at the Grand Opera House under the auspices of the National Association of Democratic Clubs and the Democracy of the District of Columbia and contiguous sections. Patriotic addresses were delivered by Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, and Joseph C. Sibley, of Pennsylvania. Short speeches were made by members of Congress and others representing the original thirteen States. The Declaration of Independence was read by Andrew A. Lipscomb, as was also the last letter written by Thomas Jefferson, expressing regret that he was unable to attend an Independence Day celebration in this city seventy-one years ago. Mr. Sibley acted as chairman of the meeting.

Mr. Bryan's Letter.

William J. Bryan, in a letter expressing his regret not being able to attend the meeting, said:

Lincoln, Neb., June 10, 1897. Hon. Lawrence Gardner, Washington, D. C. My dear Sir:—In my recent visit to Los Angeles, Cal., will make it impossible for me to attend the 4th of July celebration held under the auspices of the National Association of Democratic Clubs. I regard the commemoration of our national Independence Day as a duty, and I trust that the Washington meeting will be useful in stimulating those present to a more active interest in the independence achieved by our ancestors may be preserved for posterity.

Four years ago the reason for reluctance to attend a public celebration in a foreign country was a foreign financial policy which was the substance of our national policy. It was the shadow. Very truly yours, W. J. BRYAN.

Resolutions were adopted which in a great measure follow the political sentiments expressed by the platform of the Democratic convention in Ohio. In substance the resolutions were:

We endorse the time-honored Democratic doctrine that taxes should be laid for revenue only, and limited to the wants of simple government honestly administered, and we denounce the scheme of the Dingley bill and the various amendments made in secret caucus there as a conspiracy to maintain the present system of protection, which is a burden upon the people, and a means to enrich the few at the expense of the many. We demand that all capital from all taxation, while restricting our trade and depriving the American producers of free access to the markets of the world, be used to develop the resources of our country.

We reaffirm the Democratic doctrine that the legal tender money of the people should be issued by their government, and we demand that all paper representatives of money shall be redeemed in gold or silver, and we demand that the issue of the coin, the silver and gold of the Constitution.

We demand the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver at the present legal rate of 16 to 1, without waiting for the consent of any other nation.

At the present time, one hundred and twenty-one years ago declared that this people were and of right ought to be free from all foreign domination and control, and we demand that this people make its own national laws, all of them, without asking the advice or consent of any other nation.

Cuba Should Be a State.

The Democratic party from the beginning has pronounced its sympathy with every people struggling for the right to govern themselves in their own way. We do not extend our sympathy to the people of Cuba, because their heroic stand for liberty and independence, and their refusal to be satisfied with the present means, which shall see the Stars of Cuba fixed forever in the constellation of American States, and we demand the immediate recognition of the belligerent rights of the Cuban people.

THE DAY IN STATE CAMP.

Eight Hundred Visitors Were There from This City.

The celebration at the State Camp was limited to the firing of the salute of forty-five guns at noon. At 7 p. m. General Tillgham reviewed the troops. Eight hundred visitors came from this city to see their friends. The larger part of these were on the excursion of Company B. The drill of the morning was in the school of the company. Following breakfast the men were put through battalion work.

There were six prostrations from the heat of the sun. The team of the Troy company, in the afternoon by the team of the Troy company. The score was: B, 9; Troy, 18.

SUMMER IN THE KITCHEN.

Everybody knows what it is that makes the average kitchen in Summer a place of torment comparable to the stovehole in an ocean steamer. It is that ugly structure of iron known as the coal range. In the light of modern ideas and practice it is little better than a barbarous instrument of torture. When you want the heat you haven't got it, and when you don't want it it has got you. It takes a half-hour to heat up the mass of metal, and then it glows and radiates all day long, leaving servants and mistresses gasping for the sake of heat resolutely when no longer needed. Think of the gain in temper and health, as well as the great convenience. The gas range is a demonstrated economy, too. Why should people pay twice as much to make their kitchens like the pit's mouth as they would need to in order to keep them comparatively cool and pleasant? The use of gas as a fuel has increased, is increasing, and is bound to increase still more. It is scientific, it is economical, it insures the highest convenience and comfort attainable.

Have you anything you want to sell quickly? Use Journal "Want"—16 words for 30 cents.