

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

HOW IT IS CELEBRATED IN BOSTON EVERY YEAR.

Times are very bad and Mills are shutting down everywhere—The Country is in a very unsettled state and will be until after the November elections.

Boston, July 5.—What used to be known as the Glorious Fourth in this part of the continent, is now looked upon almost as the twelfth of July used to be in St. John. Its greatest feature is a parade of patriotic bodies, so called, which in the estimation of most people fill about the same place as the Orangemen do in the provinces. In fact the general belief is that those who compose what is known as the A. P. A. are men who came from the provinces and were members of the Orange order there.

The parade last year took place in East Boston, and it made that part of the city notorious throughout the country. It was a large parade; the police protection was not what it should have been, and the result was a riot in which several people lost their lives and scores nursed broken heads during the following week.

The same thing was feared this year, although the parade was not to be in East Boston, but through the Back Bay and business districts of the city proper. The little red school house, which is regarded as the emblem of the public school system, and which is said to have caused all the trouble last year was brought out again, but there was not as many people in line as there was on the previous occasion. The police protection was all right, so far as protection went. It was ridiculous. There was one policeman for every six men in the parade. It was led off by a squad of mounted police, single lines of blue coats marched on either side of the procession over its whole length, and a formidable squad brought up the rear. As a matter of fact the police made up the biggest part of the show. This was not the fault of the department, for those who had the parade in charge had announced time and time again that there would be about 20,000 men in line, but not more than 2000 turned out yesterday.

Although the streets were crowded all along the line of march there was very little of that feeling shown, which caused so much trouble a year ago. It may have been that the marchers did not go through the same kind of a district, and there was certainly no cause for any disturbance of ill feeling over the arrangements and right to parade, which was one of the differences of last year. Nevertheless the effects of these turnouts last longer than the day on which they take place, and it will always be a question whether they are productive of any good, or whether they have any other results other than to stir up ill feeling between neighbors and friends. In a district like East Boston, where Catholics and Protestants live side by side, many of them ignorant people, a parade of this kind has an effect of which the great body of the people have no idea, and more homes are made uncomfortable by it than could readily be estimated.

Of course the Fourth is celebrated in other ways, all with the great idea of showing the patriotism of the people. Fire crackers of all sizes were exploded by the millions in Boston, and the night before the Fourth was as hideous as ever. In all parts of the city, men, women and children walked the streets blowing horns, burning red lights, exploding fire crackers, and making all the noise possible. The greatest noise-maker this year was a bell—a cow bell is what it would be called in St. John—which was tied to passing carts and street cars, or dragged along the sidewalks on the end of a string. Down in Chinatown the air was as thick as it would be in St. John on a foggy day. The Chinamen had a sham battle with fire works, those living on one side of the avenue lighting crackers by the bunch and throwing them across among the crowds on the other side, burning dresses, fingers, straw hats and everything in reach. Nobody knows which side of the avenue won. Nobody cares. Everybody enjoyed himself.

Every Fourth of July there is a reunion of provincialists on the common, near the soldiers monument, and from this annual gathering the place has been called Nova Scotia hill. They showed up yesterday as usual, bought pink lemonade and nuts and talked about days gone by. On this day the city government grants permits to vendors of refreshments of all kinds to erect booths on the common, and the sight is usually one worth seeing, especially along the Tremont street mall. This year, however, the work on the subway made it impossible to use the old stamping ground, and the booths were scattered all over the common. The city however, dispensed free ice water to the thirsty, as usual although water is not a popular drink on the Fourth.

The display of fireworks in the evening also used to be made on the common, but that too was transferred this year to Franklin park. About 50,000 people went out there last evening in a fog, walked around in wet grass and saw a show which was generally conceded to be a fizzle.

If the day before the fourth is an eventful one in Boston so is the day after. This year, however, the results were made

known on Monday when the police courts opened, and the men and women, who celebrated with too much patriotism showed up to take the consequences. But Boston did itself proud. There were only 140 drunks in the downtown courts, and this is not more than is found there usually on Monday mornings. The barrooms here are closed on holidays, but the days before are busy ones for the beer waggons. A house that does not have a couple of cases in for the holiday is not supposed to be patriotic, especially in the districts where the working people live.

The Fourth always makes business good at the hospitals, for fireworkers are set off without much regard for the limbs, and this year the papers published columns of accidents from the careless use of powder. The reckless use of fire-arms surprises everybody. It is a common thing to see young men and boys going along the streets with revolvers, firing blank cartridges among the crowds, and it sometimes happens when there is too much firewater aboard, that blank cartridges give way to one with bullets in them. There was one instance of this kind where a colored man amused himself, by sitting in his windows with a glass of beer in one hand and a loaded revolver in the other. He amused himself by firing shots indiscriminately between drinks, with the result that a woman sitting in her window across the street was shot in the leg, and had to be taken away to the hospital.

Times are bad. Mills are shutting down all over the country, and people have plenty of time to read the ratts of news sent from Chicago. The country is in the most unsettled state that it has been in for years, and until the November elections, Yankee guessers will be kept more than busy. R. G. LARSEN.

A CORNER IN COLORED SINGERS.

Scheme Worked by the Actor Who Holds the Record in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

All of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" actors in New York, and there are many of them expect a big revival of interest in the play because of the death of Harriet Beecher Stowe. There is now in this city an actor named Smith, who says he has appeared in this play more frequently than any other man alive. He has been stranded in every State in the Union, and a few years ago he took an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company and a pack of bloodhounds down to the West Indies. The venture was a failure, but all of the actors except the dogs got back to New York safely within a year. Smith himself worked his way back on a sailing vessel. The proudest achievement of his long and venturesome career was cornering the market in colored singers who had been trained with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" companies.

Smith begins all his stories now with "When I cornered the market in colored singers," and there are several managers in town today who paid the penalty of it. The incident happened about fifteen years ago, when several managers each sent out half a dozen companies to produce "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Before the season opened Smith had been engaged at a salary of \$40 a week to play Marks with one of the road companies. About a month before the company was to open the season he dropped in on his manager to ask for money to pay his board.

"Can't do it this time, Smith," said the manager, "because we have decided that we don't want you. I've got a man for Marks at \$30." This was a hard blow for Smith, but he rallied and went around to a saloon to think it over. No well-regulated company left New York to play "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with a chorus of negro singers, and there were about 100 of these singers in town who had been trained and the managers knew could be engaged at the last minute. Smith knew that the choruses were not engaged until a day or two before the companies opened their season. He advertised in several newspapers for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" singers, and a dramatic agent gave him desk room for a week. Before the end of that time Smith had every available colored singer in New York under contract to sing for him only. When the managers got ready to organize their choruses they sent out for singers, but they couldn't get any. Every colored man whom they tried to engage said that he was under contract with Mr. Smith. This was found to be true, and the managers were in a panic. The one who had engaged Smith hunted him up and offered him the part of Marks at his old salary if he would release his singers. "I've got a good thing. I want a thirty weeks' engagement at \$50 a week and a commission on every singer."

The manager objected strenuously, and then he surrendered, and every other manager had to pay tribute to Smith that season.

"It was a good year for the old play," said Smith, not long ago, "and I don't suppose that I will have another season like it."

Typewriter Bicycle.

The Inventive Age tells us that the latest invention to facilitate field operations is the typewriter bicycle. This consists of a typewriter mounted on a serviceable wheel, which can follow the movements of the army through an ordinary stretch of country. The operator can take commands and general orders in shorthand, and strike off several duplicates on the typewriter, being held erect by portable props. It has been tried in England, and worked very satisfactorily.

Hubby—"Darwin seems to have had a lot of trouble with his cuffs buttons." Blossie—"How so?" Hubby—"He was always howling about the missing link."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

TAXIDERMISTRY AS AN ART.

Nature Closely Followed in all Details in Mounting Animals Nowadays.

A sportsman shoots a deer, kills a bear, catches a fish, or gets a bird. The deer is a buck, with big, spreading antlers; the bear has white, cruel-looking teeth; the fish is extraordinary in size, and the feathers of the bird are beautiful to behold. Whatever his luck, he wishes he could have his trophy preserved, an evidence indisputable of his skill or luck.

In preserving the skins, skeletons, and environment of animals, there has sprung up what J. Carter Beard calls in Scribner's a new art, and he views taxidermy with the eye of an artist. In the Cosmopolitan Dr. R. W. Shufeldt tells about "The Preservation of Wild Animals" with the pen of a naturalist. As a matter of fact, either article could be pinned to the end of the other, and the two should be read together, since neither repeats what the other says, save in a minor instance or two, and both deal with what the writer of each regarded as the most interesting feature of the work.

"Taxidermy," says Mr. Beard, "a name heretofore suggesting nothing more than dusty heaps of straw, stuffed hides on varnished platforms, or pyramids of hawks being sung to by robins and other songsters under bell glasses, now lays claim to designate really artistic work."

Dr. Shufeldt says that "embalming is allied in a way to prehistoric taxidermy," that the taxidermist "must be familiar with the anatomy of animals, their habits, and their normal surroundings," less the result of his work be offensive to the eyes of a naturalist. Taxidermists must be naturalists, both field and armchair ones. They must have the eye of an artist and the hands of a sculptor. The more skillful they are and the better they know their subjects, the better is the work they do.

From the days when shoe buttons, or equally crude materials, served as eyes to these, when the English taxidermists are discarding the ordinary glass eye for hollow globes, hand painted so well that the eye has absolutely the precise expression desired, of rage, hunger, affection, or fear, is a long flight. What is true of the eye is true of the features and forms. The modern mounted tiger, from whose lips blood is dripping, does not have smiling wrinkles in his jaws and a merry twinkle in his eye, nor is his tail curling up over his back like a purring cat's. Every possible means of making a mounted creature look natural is adopted. Countless photographs and endless study, materials of all descriptions, go to aid the modern taxidermist in his work. Further than this, animals are grouped on their native soil—scd that shows their footprints, their food, and the water which they drank. Buffaloes, moose, and even elephants are shown in this way. A single Rocky Mount in goat on its native rocks would not be natural, so Prof. Lewis Lindsay Dyche of the State University of Kansas put seven on a mountain peak—a papiermache peak, perhaps, but so lifelike, so true to nature, that the look hunter trembles with excitement with looking at them.

A fight in the treetops, as shown by William T. Hornaday, between two ugly cragtooths, carefully reproduces the vines, orchid, and moss, as well as the trees and foliage, the nest of the female for whom the two were fighting, and the female and her young one as well.

HE TIED HER SHOESTRINGS.

Then He Was Inclined to Pride Himself Until the Fall Came.

She was pretty and pert, and as the theater train swayed around the high curves of Harlem four men in dress suits glanced at her approvingly. All at once she made a discovery and her manner let everyone in to her secret. One of her shoes was unlaced. At first she made a show of stooping to tie it up, but she was not comfortably adjusted for lacing her own shoes. In fact, it was a physical impossibility. The four young men in dress suits saw it and soon were discussing the young woman's dilemma.

"I'll make a bluff at it anyway," said one of them as the train left the Fiftieth street station. Whereupon, to the delight of his companions and the astonishment of those who hadn't observed the situation, he arose and, kneeling deliberately at the feet of the fair one, he raised his hat politely and said:—

"May I have the?" etc.

Her red lips parted, showing two rows of pearly teeth, while a faint color mounted to her cheeks.

"If you will be so kind," she said.

It was a mighty pretty foot, and none too quickly the job was done neatly and dextrously. The pretty woman thanked him and he returned to his seat. He plainly inclined to plume himself in the eyes of his companions, who made various remarks about "having her on the string," etc., all of which was heard by her, as was evidently intended. At the Forty-second street

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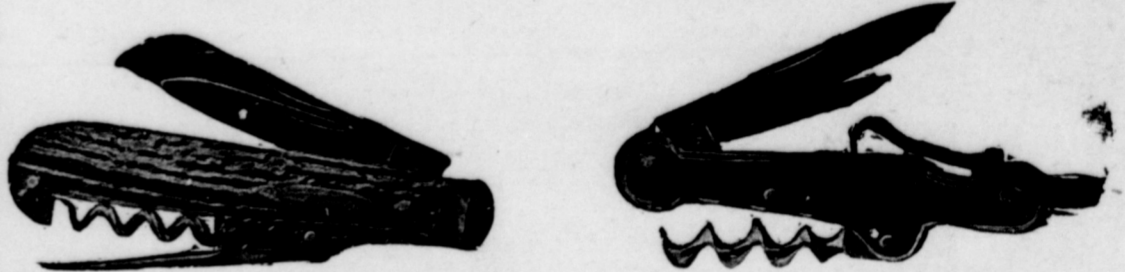
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