NOW SHOUT FOR THE FLAG.

Old Glory Everywhere Waves on This Glorious Fourth.

MILLIONS ARE CELEBRATING.

Big Parade, and Then the Usual Speechmaking at Tammany Hall.

PARTIES, PICNICS AND GAMES.

Even the Skies Lend Their Aid, and the Weather Is Splendid.

Independence Day, the one hundred and eighteenth birthday of American freedom, dawned resplendent with skies of unclouded blue, a brilliant Summer sun and a breeze that was refreshing.

The most enthusiastic patriot could not ask for finer weather on Independence Day, and the commemoration of the deeds of glory done by the heroes of 1776, when they offered themselves to martyrdom as rebels or to glory as patriots by hurling at the tyrant king the Declaration of Independence, was begun immediately and with commendable enthusiasm.

At the rising of old Sol from out his ocean bed the starry flag of freedom was run up simultaneously in Battery Park by the Anderson Zouaves and on the old block house fort in Central Park by the Washington Continental Guards, and Old Glory was given a royal salute by the patriots assembled at these scenes. Christopher R. Forbes hoisted the flag at the Battery, the Anderson Zouaves being assisted by Williams Post and Anderson Camp.

Within an hour flags were hoisted on the Custom-House, Sub-Treasury, Post-Office, City Hall, and a thousand other buildings and every citizen possessed of a flag displayed it from window or peak.

Morning naps were disturbed by the barging of guns and pistols, the snap of fire-crackers and the shouts of early celebrants of the ever glorious Fourth of July in all parts of the city.

The day's celebration had begun in a fashion to gratify the spirit of John Adams, who wrote 118 years ago to-day, the birthday of Independence:

"This day ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations from one end of the land to the other, from this time forward forevermore."

New York is a great, big, unwieldy town for the purpose of a general celebration. Its citizens must, thousands of them, rise early and travel many miles to reach any given scene of festivities, and for a score of years Independence Day has been given up to ward, district, society, club and individual celebrations, each individual or centre after its own fashion.

It is so to-day, but there was beside the general parade, the chief event of the morning, in which Grand Marshal I. S. Dickinson commanded a fine body of patriots, young and old, while thousands of men, women and children gathered along the route of the parade and gave their approval in an ebullition of patriotism.

The great powwow of the Tammany Society, or Columbian Order, at Tammany Hall came next in importance, and the Fourteenth street Wigwam was packed full of spectators.

That portion of the city known as Kingsbridge, quite rural in its character, had an old-fashioned flag raising, with the firing of guns, the shouting of orators, the singing of choruses and the blare of brass bands.

The ring of good, old patriotic hymns, songs and tunes on the chimes in old Trinity's belfry at noon, by Mr. Meltzlahn, attracted an audience of many thousands to the otherwise deserted marts of commerce "downtown."

Besides these more sedate celebrations of the nation's birthday, there were innumerable smaller celebrations. In the early forenoon the streets were the scene of merry tally-ho parties, parading target companies, clambake parties on their way to beat landlords, social and political organizations bound for an outing by the sea or in the woods; bicycle clubs out for a jaunt on their wheels, and fusileers in fantastic and grotesque garb.

Over all and mixed in with all was the small boy—young America—with firecracker and squib, mimic revolver and blank cartridges, each boy making as much noise as a thousand, while the patriotic policeman, just out with strict orders to prevent all firing of firearms and other explosives, turned deaf ears and blind eyes to all and wished he was an orator again in the city.

Of course, the police did their best to enforce the ordinances of the City Fathers, but what could a mere handful of 2,500 policemen do against an army of half a million patriotic youngsters, aided, encouraged and abetted by a million grown folks?

The varied programme of New York's celebration of the day included an outing by the Beekman Social Club, at New Dorp; gathering of the Hell Gate Republican Club at 1620 First avenue, at 4 o'clock, with fireworks and music in the evening; excursion of the Young Men's Institute to Navesink Highlands, at 8.45 this morning; festival, games, music and fireworks of the New York Letter-Carriers' Association, at Lion Park, all day and this evening; the Clan-Na-Gael, at Ridgewood Park, Brooklyn, with games and speeches; Knickerbocker Field Club at Flatbush; lawn and games, with an evening display of fireworks; New York section of the Socialist Labor party picnic and Hummernight's festival at Brommer's Park, One Hundred and Thirty-third street and Willis avenue, with target-shooting, prize bowling, athletics and games.

Besides all these there are sporting events of every character.

The opening races of the Flushing Jockey Club occur to-day, and more racing at Brighton Beach and Sheepshead Bay.

Yachtsmen are dividing their attention between the regatta at Larchmont, at 11 o'clock; Atlantic Yacht Club, which is on recess at Milton Point, beginning at 11 o'clock; Shrewsbury N. C. regatta at Red Bank, 11 o'clock; Kill von Kull open regatta, off Port Richmond, 2 P. M.; Ocean Yacht Club, open sweepstakes, Upper Bay, 2 P. M.; Atlantic Yacht Club reception by the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, Oyster Bay; Shelter Island regatta, and Harlem Yacht Club's opening of their new quarters on City Island.

Parkway Driving Club track has a sweepstakes on the tapis for 2.20 o'clock.

Athletics were the order of the day at the New Jersey Athletic Club, Bergen Point; St. George A. C. games, Weehawken and Montclair Athletic Club grounds.

In neighboring communities in New Jersey, Westchester County, Long Island and Staten Island the day is being commemorated fittingly in celebrations of more or less pomp and circumstance, and the 118th birthday of Freedom is being made a reminder to the country's youth of the glories of the Revolutionary fathers and the value of liberty.

The Beekman Social Club had its annual outing at New Dorp, S. I.

THOUSANDS SEE THE PARADE

Veterans, Cadets, G. A. R. Men and Children in Line.

One of the features of the celebration of the National holiday in this city was the parade which marched down Fifth avenue, from Thirty-fourth to Seventeenth street and thence cast past the reviewing stand in Union Square. Tens of thousands were out to see it.

I. S. Dickinson was grand marshal and was ably assisted by Major John G. Norman, of the Washington Continental Guards.

It was expected by those who arranged for the parade that there would be 10,000 in line, but that was a high estimate. The intense heat was said to have prevented many from taking part in the parade who otherwise would have done so.

The parade started at exactly 9.30 o'clock. Leading the parade was the grand marshal and his aides. Next came, in the order named, Farragut Veterans, Naval Cadets, the branches of the Grand Army of the Republic, Sons of Veterans, independent military associations, Veteran Firemen and Firemen's Sons, Senior and Junior Orders of American Mechanics, delegates from various Red Men tribes and scholars from the public and parochial schools.

The police arrangements along the line of march were in charge of Inspector Alexander Williams, under his command were Capts. Schuettler and Strauss, with details of patrolmen from the Nineteenth and Twenty-fifth precincts.

Ex-Judge Gedney, of the Sons of the Revolution; Col. John Pryor, of the Old Guard; Major G. F. Chusen, Col. Charles E. Sprague and Col. John S. Ellison, of the Grand Army of the Republic, reviewed the parade from the piazza of the cottage at the north side of Union Square.

THE DAY IN BROOKLYN.

Celebrations in the New Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth Wards.

The day was celebrated quietly in Brooklyn. There was no public demonstration. Each man, woman and child did as he or she was individually inclined. The day was formally ushered in by the veterans attached to W. W. Stephenson Post, G. A. R., who, with their friends, to the number of two hundred, assembled at the Post room, 165 Clermont avenue, at 5.30 o'clock this morning. Headed by Commander C. Hall Grant the Post hauled its saluting gun to the heights of Fort Greene. At 4.34 o'clock a salute of 100 guns was fired. Addresses were delivered by Richard P. Curran and Commander Grant.

Soon after daylight patriotic citizens began to break out the Stars and Stripes from their flagstaffs, by 7 o'clock nearly every public building was decorated with the National bunting. The usual nuisance of night fire-crackers and other noise-producing machines were at work. Towards morning the small boy added his quota, until by 8 o'clock there was a continuous fusillade going all over the city. By that time, too, the streets and the trolley and Elevated cars were well filled with people bound for a day of pleasure outside of the heat of the city. With the advent of the day came a cooling breeze which took the edge off the scorching rays of the sun.

The programme of sports and pastimes for the day was a long one. Nearly every pleasure ground in the vicinity of the city is filled with merrymakers.

In Flatbush, or the Twenty-ninth Ward, as it is now known, a small parade of local military and civic societies was held this morning.

Mayor Schieren and several members of his cabinet were guests of the Midwood Club during the festivities.

In Bay Ridge, or the new Thirtieth Ward, the day opened with flag raisings and a salute of twenty-one guns. A parade of school children followed. At 11 o'clock the Declaration of Independence was read, followed by an oration by Andrew W. Gleason. The Fort Hamilton military band furnished the music.

Shortly before 10 o'clock a large delegation of American Mechanics left the city over the big bridge to take part in the New York parade.

The public offices, courts and all business in generally suspended, except that of the Police and Fire Departments.

Among the other demonstrations of the morning was an oration by John Maguire before the Democratic Club bearing his name, in the Twenty-sixth Ward.

The annual celebration of the Andrew Jackson Club, of the Seventh Ward, included an oration by ex-Police Commissioner James D. Bell.

A patriotic programme was the feature at the Logan Club, 25 Sixth avenue. The members of St. Peter's Catholic Literary Association celebrated at their building, 112 Warren street. Frank Gallagher was the orator.

A National salute was fired from the Cob Dock at the Navy-Yard at noon. The yard is closed for the day. The cruiser Cincinnati, training ship Portsmouth and receiving ship Vermont were arrayed in holiday dress.

This afternoon excellent musical programmes were to be rendered at Prospect and Washington Parks, by Innes's and Conterno's bands respectively.

American Flags in London.

(By Associated Press.)

LONDON, July 4.—In honor of the Fourth of July, many American flags are to be seen flying to-day about the West End of London and the City proper.

The United States Embassy and Consulate are closed.

HOT, BUT COMFORTABLE.

Mercury Goes Up, but Humidity Gives Up the Fight.

Hourly Heat Record.

Hour.	Degrees.	Hour.	Degrees.
6 A. M.	69	10 A. M.	81
7 A. M.	71	11 A. M.	82
8 A. M.	73	12 M.	85
9 A. M.	75	1 P. M.	86

Highest temperature July 4, any year, 95 degrees in 1886.

"Although this is a warm day the heat will not be felt as much because the humidity is very low," said Weather Clerk Dunn to an "Evening World" reporter who visited him in his circle on top of the Equitable Building this morning.

"The humidity registered only 56 degrees at 8 o'clock this morning," he continued, "and the indications are that it will fall still lower, and that to-night will be comfortably cool, in fact fair weather prevails all over the United States to-day, except in the vicinity of the great lakes, where light showers fell during the early morning hours. I only saw a little rain in Boston as well."

"Is there any sign of rain for this vicinity?" he was asked.

"No rain whatever is predicted. It was cloudy around Sandy Hook this morning, but later reports show clear weather there also. There is not much difference in this Fourth and that of last year. The temperature at 8 A. M. last year was 68 degrees and humidity 61, and at 8 P. M. same temperature 77 degrees, and humidity 47 degrees.

"This is a warmer Fourth of July than that of last year, but not much. However, it is warmer than it has been any Fourth since 1876, when the thermometer registered 98 degrees at its highest. I do not think we will reach that to-day, but we will come near it."

It was warmer in Boston and Philadelphia than it was in this city at 8 o'clock this morning. The thermometer in the former city marked 76 degrees at 8 A. M., and it was 80 in Philadelphia. In Chicago it was 68 at 8 A. M.

Notwithstanding the dark clouds which appeared over the Southern horizon shortly before 4 o'clock this afternoon, accompanied by a drop in the temperature, the Weather Bureau stuck to its text that New Yorkers would not be treated to a shower to-day.

SHOT A WOMAN DEAD.

Mrs. Julia Rees Killed While at Her Bedroom Window.

Patrick E. Cochrane Was Celebrating with a Revolver.

Many Other Accidents from Over-Enthusiasm.

The first fatal Fourth of July shooting occurred shortly after midnight last night. The victim of what appears to be either a flagrant case of criminal carelessness or deliberate murder was Mrs. Julia Rees, a wealthy widow, of 216 East Fifty-eighth street.

Mrs. Rees was shot through the heart while standing at her bedroom window, where she had gone to ascertain who was firing pistol shots through her back window.

The police have arrested Patrick E. Cochrane, an ex-saloon-keeper, of 212 East Fifty-seventh street, whose apartments in the basement are directly behind those of Mrs. Rees.

There is little doubt, the police think, that Cochrane is the man who fired the fatal shot. Whoever it was exhibited the most criminal recklessness, as is shown by the fact that at least twenty bullet marks were found this morning on the wall and in the rear rooms of Mrs. Rees's house.

Jacob Mayers, the dead woman's son-in-law, who stood beside her when she fell, told the story of the shooting to an "Evening World" reporter this morning.

Mayers and his wife lived with Mrs. Rees, occupying apartments in the front of the house. Mrs. Rees slept in a smaller bedroom opening off the dining-room, which is in the rear.

As near as Mr. Mayers can recollect, it was 12.10 o'clock when he was awakened by a pistol shot, followed by the crash of glass. He arose hastily and ran into the dining-room. Going to the window, he saw the flash of a third coming from the direction of Cochrane's rear windows. While he was trying to locate the apartments from which the shots came Mrs. Rees called to him from her bedroom.

She had arisen and was standing by the window. A moment later two shots were heard in rapid succession, and two bullets crashed through the window-pane over the woman's head and struck the wall back of the bed.

Mr. Mayers said that his mother-in-law raised her hands and resting them on the top of the wire mosquito frame, exclaimed, "Oh, I've been shot!" she said.

Hardly had she uttered the words when another shot was fired. The bullet pierced the wire netting and entered the woman's left breast. She fell into the arms of her son-in-law, who had just reached her side.

"I'm shot, Jacob."

Mayers supported her into the dining-room, where she sank down and expired in a few moments.

All the remaining in the house were aroused by this time. Mayers says that the shooting still continued and he went to the window and called out: "You have shot a woman; why don't you stop?"

This, he says, was followed by several shots more were fired in quick succession. Mayers could see from the flash that they all came from Cochrane's back window.

Meanwhile somebody had been sent for a policeman, but it was, Mayers says, twenty minutes before one could be found. Finally Policeman J. H. Cooney, of the East Fifty-first street station, was found and went to the house.

Mayers says that Cooney and another policeman who came in later, insisted on getting the dead woman's pedigree before doing anything else. Mayers declared this morning that the policemen sat in the dining-room taking notes of the occurrence several more shots were fired.

When Cooney knocked at Cochrane's door, shortly after 1 o'clock, there was no reply, and it was some minutes before the door was opened. Cochrane was found sitting in the kitchen. He was sullen and uncommunicative when asked if he had been firing a revolver out of the window.

A lot of empty cartridge shells of forty-four calibre scattered about the floor and on a table near the window led to suspicion towards Cochrane being the right man.

The policemen, according to Mayers, made no attempt to find out who was firing the shots until hunted up some of the dead woman's relatives that they were afraid to make the arrest.

Then only did Cooney and his brother officer leave the house to look for the informant. The shots were still heard when they went out.

Fully an hour elapsed before Policeman Cooney found Cochrane's apartments and placed him under arrest.

Finally Cochrane, who appeared to have been drinking, exclaimed: "I guess I have a right to celebrate the Fourth, haven't I?"

The policeman asked where his pistol was, but Cochrane denied that he had any.

A thorough search of the premises has failed to discover the revolver.

Cochrane was placed under arrest, as was his wife, and taken to the police station, where he refused to make any statement.

His wife was locked up as a witness and her baby was given into her care. The couple have another child four years old.

When Cochrane was taken to Yorkville Court this morning, Justice McMahon said that it was a case for the Coroner, and ordered that the prisoner be taken to the Coroner's office. This was done, but the Coroner could not find the Coroner's clerk, who is reached by telephone, and he ordered the prisoners remanded until to-morrow.

Cochrane has engaged Lawyer Thos. W. Murray, of 228 Broadway, to defend him.

Lawyer Murray said to-day that Cochrane drank heavily last night and was not accountable for his actions. The shooting, he said, was purely accidental.

Cochrane's friends kept saloon on West Sixty-fifth street, but, according to his neighbors, a policeman man when not intoxicated.

He is an ordinary man, with pale blue eyes and a sweeping brown mustache. In court to-day he appeared to be long and walked with a cane.

Mr. Mayers said to-day that at least twenty shots were fired from the direction of Cochrane's back window.

An "Evening World" reporter who examined the premises to-day found six bullet holes in the fence separating the yards, in a direct line between Cochrane's window and the rear of Mrs. Rees's house.

Fanny Kinder, of 92 Suffolk street, while sitting at the window of her home, was hurt in the right side by some one on the roof of one of the houses on the opposite side of the street. One of the ribs was broken. The ball was extracted and the woman will recover.

Emil Stoike, twelve years old, was shot in the leg while sitting in his home, 1,000 East Twenty-third street. He was dressed by an ambulance surgeon and he promised to remain at home.

James Gadley, fifteen years old, of 1,1 Twenty-fourth street, celebrated the Fourth by being shot in the leg. He was last night, while sitting with a toy pistol, he shot himself in the same leg.

John Longmore, eleven years old, of 1,1 East Twenty-fourth street, shot himself in the left leg. Frank Schmidt, seven years old, of 1,1 East Twenty-fourth street, shot himself in the left leg. Frederick Wagner, ten years old, of 26 Seventh street, shot himself in the left leg. Frank Kochman, nine years old, of 1,1 Seventh street, shot himself in the left leg. Frank Kochman, nine years old, of 1,1 Seventh street, shot himself in the left leg. Frederick Wagner, ten years old, of 26 Seventh street, shot himself in the left leg. Frank Kochman, nine years old, of 1,1 Seventh street, shot himself in the left leg.

Charles Adler, fourteen years, of 72 Rivington street, had his face burned by powder from the explosion of a toy cannon, on Orchard near Delancey street. He was taken to Gouverneur Hospital.

MUST COOL OFF IN JAIL.

Three Enthusiastic Men and Boys Fell Foul of the Police.

William J. Watson, a truck driver, thirty years old, of 531 West Thirty-ninth street, will have to celebrate the Fourth in prison. Justice McMahon, at the Yorkville Police Court, this morning held him for trial for recklessly discharging an enormous-sized bulldog revolver last night at Forty-fifth street and Tenth avenue.

Watson had been drinking, and fired shot after shot from his revolver. A crowd of men, women and children was standing around him, and it was regarded as no fabled thing that no one was shot. The shooting attracted the attention of Policeman Kane, of the West Forty-seventh street squad. When he ordered him to stop shooting, Watson laughed contemptuously in Kane's face and said: "It's too near the Fourth, and you can't stop me."

Watson discovered his mistake the next instant. Kane clubbed him, and locked him up all night on the charge of reckless shooting and violation of the corporation ordinance.

John Nelson, a colored boy, of eighteen years, living at 602 Eighth avenue, employed in Macy's dry-goods store, was the next prisoner arraigned before Justice McMahon. Nelson was enjoying himself throwing a lot of cannon firecrackers into a crowd at Eighth avenue and Forty-second street. He was fined $5, which was paid.

Otto William Abel, eighteen years old, paid a fine of $5. He was arrested last night by Officer Driscoll for shooting off a revolver near his residence, 238 East Seventy-sixth street.

FIRES ALL OVER TOWN.

Flames Break Out in Many Places, Caused by Fireworks.

Some boys setting off fire crackers in the rear of 114 East Seventeenth street started a fire in the basement about 7.30 this morning. The rac to the alarm box at Fifteenth street and Fourth avenue, nearly three blocks away, and turned in an alarm. The boys then disappeared and the occupants of the house proceeded to extinguish the blaze with pails of water. Engine 14, with its hose cart, and Engine 21 responded to answered the alarm, and for fifteen minutes the firemen were kept running around the neighborhood looking for the fire and getting laughed at.

A firecracker was thrown in the hallway of the three-story brick dwelling at 134 Greenwich street at 1 o'clock. The only damage done was the burning of a portion of a stairway.

A small blaze in a grocery was caused early this morning in the liquor store on the ground floor of the three-story tenement at 115 Amsterdam avenue. The flames are said to have been started by fireworks.

An awning in front of a store at 412 Eighth avenue was set afire at 1 o'clock this morning by a firecracker and damage to the extent of twenty dollars was done to the store front.

The front window on the first floor of the five-story brick building 134 North Sixth street, Williamsburg, stood invitingly open this morning, and bad boys threw a bunch of firecrackers into the apartment to annoy the tenant, Stephen Puryea. The fire that followed was brisk while it lasted, but was extinguished in a few minutes, the damage to the building being $300.

SAYS HE IS PERSECUTED.

Rudolphi in the Tombs After Being Clubbed.

Declares the Police Hounded Him Because He Complained.

Karl Rudolphi, who claims to have been clubbed by a policeman in Union Square Park last week, as was published at the time in "The Evening World," is now in the Tombs Prison, as the result, he claims, of police persecution.

Rudolphi was for some time a canvasser and collector for W. Phillips & Co., publishers of a business directory at 87 Nassau street. As such he says he collected $4 for two books and also took back four books from customers.

Rudolphi says he was ordered by Mr. Phillips to take these latter books in order to have them rebound, but, instead, he says, he kept them for awhile in his home, 138 Waverley place, intending when occasion offered to deliver them at the office.

Rudolphi says that during his absence to-day the owner of the Waverley place closed up the house, and when Rudolphi returned he found that not only his books but his clothing and other belonging were gone.

This was several months ago, and Rudolphi, after that left the employ of Phillips & Co. and became an agent for various other concerns in the neighborhood of 96 Nassau street.

After the published account of the clubbing in the Union Square Park, Rudolphi says the police, in order to avenge themselves, prevailed upon Mr. Phillips to make a charge against him for larceny, and accordingly a warrant was sworn out for Rudolphi's arrest. He was arrested in the office of Justice Ryan, and committed to the Tombs to answer the charge in default of $500 bail.

Rudolphi was then locked up in a cell with a drunken man, who, he says, vomited all over him. The next morning he was arraigned before Justice Ryan, and was discharged from custody, the complaint against him being dismissed.

Rudolphi then went to his home, but was immediately followed by a detective who had a second warrant for his arrest, issued by Justice Ryan, charging him with having stolen the books and clothing from the house in Waverley place. This time he was locked up in a cell with a man who was in the last stage of delirium tremens, who, he says, kept him awake all night by his ravings.

Rudolphi was taken before Justice Ryan this morning