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 in 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 spouting 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. Meislahn, attracted an audience of many thousands to the otherwise deserted marts of commerce "downtown."

Besides these more solemn 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 boat landings, 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 bicycleers 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, notwithstanding the patriotic policeman, just out with strict orders to prevent all firing of firearms or firecrackers within hearing of deaf ears and blind eyes to it all and wishes he was.

Of course, the police did their best to enforce the ordinances of the City Fathers, but what could a mere handful of 3,200 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 of the Knickerbocker Club of New Dorp; gathering of the Hell Gate Republican Club at 1629 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, lacrosse and games, with an evening display of fireworks; New York Section of the Socialist Labor party picnic and Summernight'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 are sporting events of every character.

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

Yachtsmen are dividing their attention between the regatta at Larchmont, at 11.30; American Yacht Club naphtha launch races, Tilly Point, beginning at 11 o'clock; Shrewsbury Y. C. regatta at Red Bank, 11 o'clock; Kill Van Kull open regatta, off Port Richmond, 2 P. M.; Oceanic Yacht Club open sweepstakes, Upper Bay, 2 P. M.; Atlantic Yacht Club reception by the Seawanhakas 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 Knickerbocker Club held 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 Seventieth street and thence east 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, detachment 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 McAvoy. Under his command were Capts. Schmittberger 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 E. F. Clauzen, Col. Charles E. Sprague and Col. John S. Ellison, of the Grand Army of the Republic, reviewed the parade from the plaza 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 rooms, 165 Clermont avenue, at 5.30 o'clock this morning. Headed by Commander C. Hull Grant the Post hauled its saluting gun to the heights of Fort Greene. At 6.30 o'clock a salute of 50 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. During the 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 rattle-to-bang 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 mirth-makers.

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 provided 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 is 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, 255 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.	83
8 A. M.	74	12 M.	85
9 A. M.	77	1 P. M.	85

Highest temperature July 4, any year, 95 degrees in 1890.

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

"The humidity registered only 55 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 as well."

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

"Not the slightest," he replied. "It was cloudy at sunrise to-day, the morning, but later I saw clear weather. There will be a slight change, but much cooler, in the Fourth and that of last year. The temperature at 8 A. M. last Fourth was 67 degrees, and humidity, 88, and at 8 P. M. the temperature was 76 degrees, and humidity, 48 degrees.

"This A. M. was cooler by 2 degrees than that of last year, but not much, however, it is warmer to-day than it was on any Fourth since 1889, when the thermometer registered 85 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. to-day.

Notwithstanding the dark clouds which appeared over the Southern horizon shortly before 1 o'clock this afternoon, accompanied by a drop in the temperature, the Weather Bureau sharps insisted 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 316 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 windows.

The police have arrested Patrick E. Cochrane, an ex-saloon-keeper, of 313 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 in 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 pistol coming from the direction of Cochrane's rear window. 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, "They come for you at last," 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 this took place 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, however, had no effect and 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 while 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 whether he had been firing a revolver out of the window.

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

The policemen, according to Mayers, made no attempt to arrest Cochrane, who was firing the shots until taunted by some of the dead woman's tenants that they were afraid to make the arrest.

Then only did Cooney and his brother officer leave the house to look for the miscreant. 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 no Coroners could be found, so Deputy Coroner Scharf was reached by telephone and he ordered the prisoners remanded until to-morrow.

Cochrane has engaged Lawyer Thos. J. Murray, of 258 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 family kept a saloon at 313 East Fifty-third street. He is, according to his neighbors, a peaceable man when not intoxicated.

He is an undersized man, with pale blue eyes and a sandy brown moustache. He looks to-day as if he appeared to be long and wiry with a nervous temperament.

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

An "Evening World" reporter was escorted by Detectives Reilly and Ryan to the back yard in the fence separating the house, in a direct line between Cochrane's window and the rear of Mrs. Rees's house.

Four or five members of the Suffolk street [illegible] were in the back yard when Mrs. Rees was shot in the right side by some one firing from the direction of Cochrane's window. One of the bullets struck the wall of the house on the opposite side of the street. One of the bullets fired from Cochrane's window penetrated the room in which a young man was asleep and the room in which a young man and his wife were asleep.

Emil Simon, twenty years old, was shot in the left groin in the house, 70 East Third street. Simon was dressed only in underclothes and was remained at home. James Quigley, fifteen years old, of 163 Twenty-fourth street, celebrated the Fourth in Bellevue Hospital. At 6 o'clock last night while experimenting with a toy pistol, he shot himself in the right leg.

Jacob Langsdorf, sixteen years old, of 205 Seventh street; James Posener, eleven years old, of 215 1-2 Seventh street; Henry Steinmeyer, eleven years old, of 225 Seventh street; Benjamin Ackerman, nine years old, of 223 Seventh street, and Frederick Wagner, ten years old, of 205 Seventh street, were all badly burned by the premature explosion of a toy cannon in Seventh street, last night. Posner and Langsdorf are in Bellevue Hospital. The others, wrapped up in bandages are in bed.

Over in Newark, N. J., a boy named Murphy, set off a toy cannon last night. It exploded and Mrs. Taylor, of 55 Adams street, who was near, lost a finger and received other injuries.

Charles Adler, fourteen years, of 82 Rivington street, had his face burned [illegible] 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 on a charge of discharging an enormous-sized bulldog revolver last night at Forty-sixth 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 marvellous that no one was shot. The shooting attracted the attention of Policeman Kear, of the West Forty-seventh street squad. When he ordered him to stop shooting Watson laughed tantalizingly in Kear's face and said: "It's too near the Fourth, and you can't stop me."

Watson discovered his mistake the next instant. Kear disarmed 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 686 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 fire-crackers into a crowd at Eighth avenue and Forty-second street. He was fined $10, 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, 328 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 111 East Seventeenth street started a fire in the basement about 7.5 this morning. The [illegible] 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 hose cart, and Insurance Patrol No. 1 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 discharged in the hallway of the three-story brick dwelling at 234 Greenwich street at 1 o'clock. The only damage done was the burning of a portion of a stairway.

Fifty dollars damage was caused early this morning to the liquor store on the ground floor of the five-story tenement at 145 Amsterdam avenue. The flames are said to have been started by fireworks.

An awning in front of a store at 46 Eighth avenue was set afire at 1 o'clock this morning by a sky-rocket falling on it. Twenty dollars damage was done to the store front.

The front window on the first floor of the five-story brick building 191 North Sixth street, Williamsburg, stood invitingly open this morning and bad boys threw a bunch of firecrackers into the apartment to the annoyance of Stephen Durvea. 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 81 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. Instead however, of returning them immediately to the firm, he kept them for awhile at his home, 18 Waverley place, intending when occasion offered to deliver them at the [illegible].

Rudolphi says that during his absence [illegible] to Waverley place closed up the house, and when he returned [illegible] only his books but his clothing and other belonging were gone.

[illegible] months ago, and Rudolphi, after that left the employ of Phillips & Co. and became an agent for various other concerns in the neighborhood of No. 18 Waverley place.

After the published account of the clubbing in 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 and Rudolphi placed under arrest. He was yesterday remanded at Special Sessions for trial next Friday.

Inasmuch as Rudolphi had figured in the account of the clubbing, and as the assumed name of Karl Wendt, it seems strange how the police discovered his identity and his former connection with the publishing firm. Rudolphi explained to an "Evening World" reporter who visited him at he Tombs this morning how he thought this had been done.

"The day after I was clubbed," he said, "I complained about the assault to Inspector McAvoy, at Police Headquarters. I was thereupon taken to the Tenderloin station-house, where I identified the policeman in question, and got a copy of the identification in my pocket. This was signed in my true name and gave my right address.

"Two days later I was arrested as a suspicious person and was taken to Police Headquarters, where everything was taken away from me, and I was compelled to sit for my picture for the Rogues' Gallery. When my property was restored to me I noticed that the cards had been changed.

"Before I could get any satisfaction as to its whereabouts I was hustled off to the Tombs Court, where I was remanded until evidence could be obtained against me. I have no doubt that great pressure was employed to get Mr. Phillips to make a criminal charge against me in a purely civil matter."

Rudolphi had before his arrest applied for a place for the clubbing to Lawyer W. Travers Jerome, Mr. Goff's assistant as counsel to the Lexow Committee. After his arrest he addressed letters to Mr. Goff and Mr. Jerome complaining of the treatment he had received at the hands of the police, and appealed to "The Evening World" asking for its intervention. He has also appealed to the German Consul here.

NEW TWIN SCREW STEAMER

City of Lowell Heartily Saluted on Her Arrival.

The new Sound steamer City of Lowell of the Norwich line arrived yesterday afternoon, and was given an enthusiastic whistle welcome by all the crafts on the river. She is the first twin screw Sound steamer, and on her trial trip scored a record of 20 1-4 miles an hour.

The new boat is 320 feet long at the w[illegible] feet in beam over guards. Her gross tonnage is 2,576 tons. She has 150 staterooms and 108 free berths. She will be put into commission in about two weeks.

LIFE IN APARTMENTS.

It Can Be Made Delightful, if You Know How.

Fit Them Up with Gas Appliances, They Will Do the Rest.

Many a woman in New York confesses that she does not like living in an apartment. She would rather live in one than not live in New York at all. Ah, yes! But still the prayer goes up from many a housekeeper, Oh! but for a house—one ever so little, but still a house!

However, if the dreadful question of expense forbids, if we must live in flats, why should we not make the best of it? Making the best of it is the greatest of arts and the best of philosophies.

How apply this art to the keeping of flats? Why, by not trying to do at all what you can't do well. Every housekeeper's problem has its advantages and disadvantages.

What if the advantages of flat-keeping should turn out to be greater than those of housekeeping, after all!

It is quite possible.

A home is what you make it. Health, comfort, leisure, the atmosphere of beauty—all these conditions are obtainable in a flat—perhaps more so than in a house, if we could but realize it. A flat is one floor of a very large house. In the house we have more floors; not always more available room. In the flat, less trouble in climbing them, less care, less dirt, less responsibility and less expense, especially in one which is occupied all the year round. The prime essentials of a good apartment-house are:

First—A full equipment of gas appliances.

Second—Plenty of room.

But, even if all these conditions are not present, much can be done by the individual holder to improve them. I must lay stress upon the use of gas as coal. For it is inconceivable that any one should continue to use coal in houses when gas is conceded to be in every way cheaper, healthier and more convenient. The use of coal, both in winter and summer, is simply absurd.

A flat can be fitted up with gas appliances for a mere song, but, even were gas more expensive than coal, it is no less necessary. The one disturbing cause in a flat is the kitchen, with its heat, dirt, odors and loss of time. With gas appliances more comforts, with less expenditure of time and labor, can be secured in the most modest house than in the best approved house.

Avoid the north side of the street, unless so constructed that the bedrooms face directly upon the street. Even then there is the noise of the street to be reckoned with, and it is impossible to get so sunny an exposure as when the sleeping room is back from the street.

Happily, the position of the sun changes during the summer months just enough to keep the sleeping rooms out of the glare. The kitchen should be across the hall if possible. In any event, however, the kitchen should not be a torture chamber, but a laboratory of domestic science. By using gas appliances instead of the coal stove, everything connected with the question of food supply and preparation is simplified.

A gas range can be fitted up anywhere, even in the middle of the room, for there are no poisonous fumes given off as in the case of coal stoves. The kitchen can, with a little ingenuity, be turned into a delightful store-room and ventilating room. When it is realized that a porterhouse steak can be broiled in four minutes on a gas-broiler, the art of cooking by gas takes as little time as it does room. Still, while the range is being used for the meal of the day, in the afternoon, then, there is no reason why it should not do hygienic duty.

Small and inexpensive gas-stoves are now made to do this double duty. These devices are not expensive. Gas appliances never are, and they effect so enormous a saving that the initial cost is paid for in a few months.

Now let us stop a moment, and let us see what we have done. We have abolished the coal stove. Is that all? Hardly. We have cut down our fuel by nearly one-half. We have saved time in the early morning, at noon, and in the afternoon. We have banished the dust and the grime of dirty coal for our dwelling.

The problem of ventilation has been solved, so that when we want has to heat enough to cook food, we are at least doing some good with it as well—we are [illegible].

Last but not least, we have made our contribution to the city's health and comfort in the summer time—we have one fire of Baal less. Just think of forty furnace-coal ranges going about all at the same time in the same building, and then thank heaven for gas stoves!

Why not save fire under control like so much water, and be turned on when wanted and off when not wanted? In the mean while, all ye who live in flats and who aspire to live in them, prepare for the dog days. Lay in a stock of gas-[illegible] coal to the coal [illegible] it belongs.

A recent write, in the Evening Post has shown that with gas stoves cooking becomes indeed an art, but an art that any one can practise. A saving of nearly 25 per cent. in the weight of a piece of roast beef is effected by gas cooking.

"You see, of course," says the writer, "that the joint is properly skewered by your butcher, and compact shape. You wipe it thoroughly and weigh it to ascertain the exact weight. Now, light the gas in the range for ten minutes. If your roast weighs twelve pounds, allow ten minutes and let the gas still full on. This closes up the pores of the joint and keeps in the juices. Then turn the gas three-quarters full on, and let it remain so for one and one-half hours. Finally, turn the gas turned full on again for twenty minutes—a brown finish—making a total of two hours. A six-pound joint requires only five minutes with the gas full on, forty minutes with it half full on and fifteen minutes with the gas full on again, making a total of one hour. The basting can be done by clockwork, and careful housekeepers will certainly not begrudge an investment in a cooking clock, for with the proper appliances and the use of gas, the control of the kitchen is in fact absolutely in hand. The housekeeper knows that at the end of the process she ought to have a perfect piece of roast beef. If not, the cook is clearly in fault in not specifically following out the simple directions given her. A five pound porterhouse steak, cooked in the ordinary way, will in the great place appear on the table as only three and one-quarter pounds. Whereas, if cooked in the gas-stove new four and one-half pounds. Thus, time and place, it has been cooked evenly throughout, and to such a point as to be delicously palatable and digestible; and, third, the process is so perfectly regulated by time and by machinery, and by the conditions of perfect combustion, that it is not too much to say a mere child, armed with the proper appliances, can accomplish a better result than many experienced cooks working under the unscientific conditions of the coal-stove.

No wonder there are 150,000 gas-ranges in London; no wonder the Victoria Hotel and the Conservatoire Gas in that city have cured a popular prejudice and ignorance, been forced to adopt the gas-stove. Many women, after all, want, chiefly, results; they seek the methods which will best accomplish them.

MARGARET MANTON.

ONE DOLLAR PER WEEK Will Furnish Your Flat.

25 PER CENT DISCOUNT OFF OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF THE PAST SPRING'S SAMPLES OF PARLOR, DINING-ROOM AND BEDROOM FURNITURE—THE CHANCE OF A LIFE-TIME.

CASH NOT NECESSARY.

3-room flat furnished complete. Old price, $95.00; cut price, $70.00.
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SAME REDUCTIONS MADE ON LARGER FLATS.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, BEDDING, STOVES, CROCKERY, LAMPS, CURTAINS, PICTURES, REFRIGERATORS, BABY CARRIAGES, TINWARE, &c., &c.

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76TH ST. ELEVATED RR. OR CABLE CARS. Open Saturdays till 9 P. M.

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S. FLUDICKI & SON, Auctioneers, 85 Bowery, will sell at 11 A. M. To-morrow (Thurs.)

Unredeemed Pledges at Auction.

Absolutely Without Reserve, by order of D. BRAHAMS & SONS, 84 Park Row.

A Large and Choice Assortment of

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Also a General Assortment of Choice Silverware, Opera Glasses, Guns, Revolvers, Musical Instruments and miscellaneous goods.

DIAMONDS will be offered at 1 o'clock. Goods on EXHIBITION after 9 A. M.

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DRY PLATES, 4x5, about 0x7½, 90c. Lenses and supplies in the usual overcoming.

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BICYCLE LIVERY or MACHINE, and BALANCE IN MONTHLY PAYMENTS, $20 CASH, $10 A MONTH.

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SEVEN RACES. Trotting steeplechase.

FIRST RACE AT 2 P. M.

Regular meeting begins Monday, July 9, and continues every week day; first race at 2.30 P. M.

Admission $1 (including Ladies' Stand). Ladies free.

All Coney Island Boats Direct to Track.

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Second hand bicycles in trade for new wheels; we have over 200 to select from; any wheel in the world, such as Nassau, $37.50; Sylvester, $35; Warwick, $40; Westcott, $40; Gormully, $45; Ormond, $50; Columbia, $60; Barclay st., near Greenwich, N. Y.

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SOLID OAK CHAMBER SUIT, 7 pieces (24x30 glass) $12.50
RUG AND TAPESTRY PARLOR SUIT, 5 pieces $20.00
DINING ROOM SUIT, consisting of Sideboard, 6-ft extension Table and 6 Chairs, only $18.00

PACKED AND SHIPPED 100 MILES FREE OF CHARGE.

TERMS TO SUIT EVERYBODY.

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Men's, Youths' and Boys' FINE CLOTHING, ready made or to order. Ladies' and Misses' Wraps, Jackets, Capes and Suits, all the latest styles and designs, on easy weekly or monthly payments.

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OFFICE, 1271 BROADWAY AND 2D AVE.

Interest and Dividend Notices.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK,

51 Chambers St., N. Y.

New York, June 23, 1894.

DIVIDEND.—The Trustees of this Bank have ordered that interest be paid to Depositors entitled thereto for the six and three months ending June 30, 1894, at the rate of Four per cent. per annum on all deposits up to the limit of Three Thousand Dollars ($3,000).

Interest will be credited under date of July 1st, 1894, and will be payable on and after Monday, July 16 h.

JAMES McMAHON, President.

DAVID LEDWITH, Comptroller.

Personal.

LUDWIG NELSON—Call on or write to Holland & Respert, Rockaway, L. I.

No Money Down

IF YOU SATISFY US YOU ARE THE RIGHT PARTY.

J. & S. BAUMANN'S

AMERICA'S GREATEST CREDIT HOUSE,

EVERYTHING FOR HOUSEKEEPING

Furniture, Carpets, Bedding, Lamps, Baby Carriages, Clothing, Stoves, Pictures, Clocks, Portieres, Crockery, Refrigerators and Tinware.

We allow the railroad fare both ways to out-of-town buyers.

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Notice to our Patrons: We Are Open Saturday Nights Until 10 O'Clock.

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RUPTURE CURED.

The improved Adjustic Truss is the only truss in existence that is worn with absolute comfort night and day, as it rests on the mature under the hardest exercise or severest strain, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure without regard to the age of the patient; examination free. Lady in attendance for ladies; send for pamphlet.

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PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

DR. O. W. HALL'S NEW METHOD.

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Gold crowns and teeth without plates inserted, positively painless, at reasonable rates.

BEST GOLD TEETH, $10.

GOLD FILLINGS $1.50 UPWARD.

SILVER FILLINGS 75c. UPWARD.

Fillings inserted painlessly and warranted 5 years.

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