WIGWAM CHEERS M'CLELLAN.

ALTON B. PARKER CALLS SOCIALISM PROTECTION'S CHILD.

Gov. Glenn of North Carolina Says That We Are Living Too Fast and That Our Cities Are Perils—Congressman Sulzer Convinced That the Senate Is the Peril.

As a general custom in the speeches heard at Tammany's Fourth of July celebration local political matters are tabooed and the national eagle screams uninterrupted. But at yesterday's festival Walter S. Logan in presenting to the Tammany Society an engrossed copy of the Declaration of Independence caused an extra flame of perspiration in the heated hall when he exclaimed casually:

"Democrats in this home of Democracy, let us see to it that we are in the thickest of the fight. Democrats in this city of George B. McClellan, let us see to it that we follow our leader no less valiantly than our fathers followed his father at Antietam."

The prolonged cheering which followed the mention of Mayor McClellan's name would probably have tempted some of the local speakers whose names were on the list of "short talkers" to break loose on the coming municipal campaign had the chance been given to them. There were ten names on this list, but as the "long talks" of Gov. Robert B. Glenn of North Carolina and Lieut.-Gov. Jared B. Sanders of Louisiana were extremely long the only one of the ten who got an opportunity to speak was Congressman Billy Sulzer. And as he took twenty minutes out of the three minutes allotted to him by the chairman to talk about his pet hobby, the iniquities of the United States Senate, he had no time left to rekindle the earlier enthusiasm of the audience.

The Sixty-ninth Regiment Band played patriotic music ("Tammany" was added to this year's repertoire and was encored three times), the Tammany Glee Club sang the national songs its members learned at school and then, after the feast of oratory, came the feast of other things from the tables laid in the basement.

PARKER ON PROTECTION AND SOCIALISM.

Before the speaking began letters of regret were read. One of these was from Alton B. Parker, who wrote:

Because greed, left to run riot, has produced some bad conditions in cities and in great corporations, we are advised to run headlong into municipal or government ownership and operation. This policy is advocated in spite of the fact that, in other countries, and in surroundings far more favorable for these experiments than our own, they have uniformly interfered with development and curbed initiative. In other words, the only alternative thus presented for the curbing of greed is that of rushing wildly into all the perils of over-government.

The fact that this incipient stage of socialism finds advocacy ought not to excite surprise. For nearly half a century we have been preaching and practising it on a larger scale than ever before tried. We have thrown greed, organized as it never was before, into an active partnership with government. In order to swell the public revenues by one dollar we have permitted a small, exclusive, grasping class to put into their own pockets at least three dollars drawn in the form of inordinate and extortionate profits, from the whole body of consumers of every calling and employment. It is no cause for wonder if some of the latter have reached the conclusion that no formal socialism could be much more dangerous or demoralizing than the fiscal system which, producing such results, grows by what it feeds on.

The demoralizing effect of this system is seen in the alliance, resulting and necessary between greed and politics, which finds illustration at every step. Thus, we ought not to be surprised when we see a management in some of our great fiduciary institutions which is dangerous, corrupt and selfish. It is then realized that, under the workings of this system, in which lobbying, blackmail and corruption are the simplest elements, we are only looking upon the application, in all the successive circles of authority, of the vicious practises inherent in an unjust fiscal system.

And the dangers which confront us are not new, they require nothing but the old respect for law, a demand for its rigid execution and a recognition of those doctrines and practises which fix unalterably the limits of right and wrong. We do not need to look for new cures for the old diseases; we have only to apply the old remedies in drastic doses.

Following the recognition of this fact comes the necessity for the divorce of business and politics—a union which has been so long continued and so fertile in evil progeny that the process of separation will be long and difficult.

Gov. Glenn says we live too fast. Gov. Glenn's robust oratory frequently drew cheers from his audience. For half an hour or more he compared the beginnings of this country with its achievements of to-day, and, proceeding to dilate upon the great future of the American people, he said that there were, however, great forces at work which, unless checked, "will destroy our nation and bring shame on our wonderful people." One of these forces, he said, was the conflict between capital and labor, and he urged the establishment of courts of arbitration. The second danger he pointed out was the concentration of capital in the hands of a few. "The properties of corporations must be protected," said Gov. Glenn at the end of this chapter. "Combines and monopolies are not necessarily evil, but when they crush the feeble and weak and seek to control or destroy, then in turn they must be controlled or destroyed." Then Gov. Glenn went on to say this:

A third danger is we are living too fast, both as a nation and as individuals. We collect from customs and internal revenue taxes so much money that our Congressmen do not seem to know what to do with it, and so, not content with paying honest pensions, which all commend, they are squandering the people's money in paying out unfair pensions to men who never smelt gunpowder or heard of a battle. They are also squandering it in opening up harbors and rivers through which an old bark canoe could not run, much less a vessel, and it is now high time to call a halt and take an inventory and see what is now causing a deficiency in our Treasury, once so full. In private life we also live too fast. We are trying too hard to keep up appearances; we are living beyond our means. It is making us a nation of gamblers and thieves, and then, when in spite of our short cuts we fail to make ends meet, it ends in suicide, disgrace, shame and often in dishonor and the penitentiary. Let us call a halt. Let us right about face. Honesty is the best policy, and we can live within our means and still be happy.

One more danger, and this is the danger of the great cities. Once M. de Tocqueville of France, and later the Hon. James Bryce of England visited our country, and they declared our cities were the greatest perils to our Republic. In the country they found God, Sunday a day of rest, the people happy and contented. In our cities, unrest, anxiety, a never ending, ceaseless strain on body, mind and soul. No time for Sunday and rest. God not in the heavens, but in business, in money, in a nervous anxiety to grow famous and rich. Saloons at every corner, destroying the body, blighting the mind, blackening the soul. Vice stalking abroad in the day and shame without fear walking at night. They have told the truth. Our teeming cities, with their restless millions, with their rush and crush, if controlled, rightly conducted and governed, will be the source of new power, new wonders, new glory to our land, but if misdirected, if steeped in crime and sin, then a source of national shame, destruction and death. For all of these evils there is a great and mighty remedy, simple but divine. If practised it will control capital and labor, regulate the proper distribution of wealth and power, prevent our living beyond our means as a nation and as individuals, and control and govern our cities and people in the proper way, and this great remedy is the message of Christ the King: "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also to them likewise."

Lieut.-Gov Sanders urged upon Tammany that as the greatest political organization in the greatest city of the union its responsibility was correspondingly great for the carrying out of the principles of the Democratic party. Those principles he proceeded to explain were to fight the "aggregation of predatory wealth" bound together "to wring from the paupers of all unjust and iniquitous tributes."

SULZER LIKE CATILINE, DOOMS THE SENATE

Congressman Sulzer said that the monopolist class would never be crushed as long as the United States Senate remained as it was. He described his efforts to have the Senate elected by the people. Autocratic, aristocratic and plutocratic, he called the Senator's.

"Every good bill sent by the House of Representatives to the Senate," he said, "and every bill to repeal a bad law is killed by that body. They defy the President and defy the people; you cannot get a bill to regulate the railroads or the monopolies through the Senate because the railroads and monopolies own the Senators."

Continuing, Mr. Sulzer said that three centuries ago Russia had the most representative Government then existing, but that it was destroyed because of the supineness of the people, and the Government was eventually grasped by forty-five Grand Dukes. He pointed the moral that unless the people of this country woke up to their danger the United States Senators would "establish an oligarchy worse than anything Russia has ever known."

THE FOURTH IN BERLIN.

Americans There Celebrate—Omit Yells Because of Hay's Death.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

BERLIN, July 4.—The Fourth of July was celebrated to-day with the usual sports and dinner at Gruenaue, which 350 Americans attended.

Consul-General Mason presided. He eulogized the late Secretary of State Hay, owing to whose death college yells were omitted.

GREATEST EVER AT CONEY.

Perfect Weather Attracts 300,000 Pleasure Seekers—More than Sixty Arrests.

Coney Island broke records yesterday in more ways than one. The weather was perfect and the crowds, estimated by th local statistician at more than 300,000, came early, stayed late and spent plenty of money. Never in the history of the Island has there been seen such throngs as were at the beaches and in bathing. Every place of amusement and entertainment from Sea Gate to the Oriental Hotel did so much business that press agents were unable to keep tabs on the celebrities.

Frederic W. Thompson of Luna Park and the Hippodrome returned during the early afternoon from a six weeks trip to Europe, where he has been for business and rest. Mr. Thompson said last night that he imbibed many new ideas during travels on the Continent, and that he would put some of them into effect during the next few weeks. The management announced last night that their best day was topped in attendance figures by 9,954 over and above any day in any season.

The attendance at Dreamland, where they exhibited Royal Prince, the largest lion in the world, and Steeplechase Park, was larger than ever before, and the Boer War management had big crowds at each performance. Many of the young men in the night crowds carried revolvers, which they discharged in the dense crowds on Surf avenue, and more than a score of arrests were made for carrying and discharging firearms. At midnight last night over sixty prisoners had been taken in by the police, and the record for all days was again broken.

COSMOPOLITAN CELEBRATION.

Many Nationalities in a Fourth of July Incident.

An incident showing that the celebration was cosmopolitan was recorded on the blotter of the East Fifty-first street station late in the afternoon. Detective Sergeants Giery and Marion, formerly of County Kilkenny, found Yuen Hong blazing away at a German beer sign with a Yankee revolver. They took the specimen of the Yellow Peril to the station, where he remarked to Sergt. Lehr, a Saxon: "You hella Amelican. You no celeblate."

The patriotic Chinaman was released on bail furnished by Keith Macallister, a plumber of East Sixty-first street. As he left the station Policeman Llewellyn brought in Xerxes Polouarkos, a Greek, and had him held on a charge of shooting Roman candles.

Chin Tei, a Chinese laundryman of 318 East Twenty-fourth street, was locked up last night in the East Twenty-second street station for firing a revolver in his own shop.

JOY AT SING SING.

Prisoners Listen to Patriotic Music, Eat From Delft Plates and Smoke.

OSSINING, July 4.—The prisoners in Sing Sing prison enjoyed a special celebration of Independence Day in the prison grounds this morning. After breakfast, consisting of ham, new potatoes, bread and tea, 1,200 inmates were marched out to the big square in the rear of the cell house. There a platform had been erected and the prisoners sat on the lawn and listened for three hours to the convict band, which played patriotic airs.

The bandmaster is a convict named Fritz. The convicts showed their appreciation of the music by frequent applause. After the concert the prisoners were served with buns, tea, cake and cigars. Instead of tin plates being used in the mess hall, as heretofore, the food was served in delft plates and bowls. The delftware will be used in place of the tinware hereafter.

NAVY OBSERVED THE DAY.

Order of Mourning for Secretary Hay Not in Effect on the Fourth.

WASHINGTON, July 4.—The President's proclamation for the observance of the usual period of general mourning on account of the death of Secretary Hay will not go into effect until to-morrow, the day of the funeral. This enabled the Navy Department to carry out the usual ceremonies of dressing ship for the Fourth of July.

Had the order for half masting the flags on all war vessels gone into effect to-day it would have rendered the usual Fourth of July ceremonies on shipboard impossible.

Killed by a Stray Bullet.

BOSTON, July 4.—William Brown, a young man of Cambridge, who was sitting with a young woman on the steps in front of 15 Anderson street shortly after 12 o'clock last night, was shot in the right side of the head by a stray bullet. He fell forward into the lap of the young woman, who supposed he had fainted until she saw blood flowing from his wound. Brown was hurried to the Massachusetts General Hospital, where he died at 1 o'clock.

Valuable Team Drowned.

A valuable team of horses belonging to Thomas J. Donnely of 74 Hudson avenue were drowned in the East River off the foot of Hudson avenue, Brooklyn, yesterday. A giant firecracker scared the horses and they ran down Hudson avenue to the river. At the end of the dock the wagon wheels struck an obstruction, the harness broke and the horses plunged into the river and were carried down by the tide.

The Weather.

The storm which was in the West on Monday passed over the upper Lakes and Michigan into Canada yesterday, leaving the country free from general storms. There was an area of low pressure undeveloped in the Southwest.

Fair weather was general save for thunderstorms in Georgia, North Carolina, Alabama, South Dakota, Wisconsin, northwestern New York, northern Pennsylvania and Florida.

The temperature was higher in the Atlantic States north of Virginia. There were no extreme temperatures reported; the highest was between 90 and 94 degrees, in the Southwest.

In this city the day was fair and warmer, maximum temperature 83 degrees; wind fresh southerly; average humidity, 51 per cent.; barometer, corrected to read to sea level, at 8 A. M., 30.02; 3 P. M., 30.00.

The temperature yesterday, as recorded by the official thermometer, is shown in the annexed table:

	1905	1904		1905.	1904.
9 A. M.	70°	74°	6 P. M.	76°	78°
12 M.	78°	82°	9 P. M.	72°	68°
3 P. M.	83°	81°	12 Mid.	71°	67°

Highest temperature, 83°, at 2 P. M.

WASHINGTON FORECAST FOR TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

For eastern New York, eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware occasional showers to-day; to-morrow fair; fresh to brisk south winds.

For western Pennsylvania and western New York, thunder showers to-day; to-morrow fair, fresh to brisk southwest winds.

For New England, thunder showers to-day and to-morrow; fresh south winds, becoming brisk on the south coast.

BIG AFRICAN IN JUNGLE MOOD.

DOES TREE TRICKS ON CLOTHESPOLES, MUTTERS SPANISH.

Captures a Policeman and Tears His Clothes to Ribbons, Strips Himself Naked and Fights Gorillawise—Police Clubs Win However and Bellevue Gets Him.

Word of strange doings in the back yards near Forty-second street and Eleventh avenue got about soon after midnight yesterday. Some said that it was a man, and some called it a monkey, and some of the excited neighbors made it out to be a whole troop of apes. The thing was skipping from fence to fence, the neighbors said; it was climbing clothespoles, running out on clotheslines, hurling itself against windows and breaking the peace and dignity of Forty-second street.

Policeman Allen got a position in a back window on Forty-second street and watched. Presently there was a sound of chattering in a strange language, and over a fence rolled a big black figure. Without a break it shinned up a clothespole and sat at the top singing. It poised itself for a moment and swung eight feet through the air to another pole. This brought the figure into the light, and Allen saw that it was a negro, big as a house and coal black.

It was either a climbing drunk or plain lunacy. Allen called for reserves. Three men waited on Eleventh avenue while three charged. The negro took flight. Swinging from pole to pole, he escaped into Eleventh avenue and bumped into the waiting squad of three. The fight which followed was lively but short—two black fists against three clubs. They put him down and out, got the handcuffs on him and heaved him into the wagon.

At the West Forty-seventh street station it was a question whether he was insane or drunk. He had come to by that time and was muttering and singing in a tongue which the police managed to classify as Spanish. The sergeant booked him as Anthony Reid, because that did just as well as any other name, and, proceeding on the drunk theory, the police heaved him into a cell and locked him up. For a time he shook the bars and sang at the top of his voice. Gradually he calmed down. They thought that he had gone to sleep with the rest of the drunks.

At 7 o'clock yesterday morning Patrolman Goetzger prepared to take the overnight arrests to court. He called the name of Anthony Reid, and Doorman Dorsch started for the negro's cell to call him out. No one seemed to remember that the negro had been violent the night before. Anyway, these crazy drunks of the midnight hours are usually whimpering, aching babies by court time.

Dorsch peered through the cell door. There was no one in sight. He called. No one answered. He unlocked the door and stepped inside. The place seemed to be empty. Dorsch went cold all over. There had been an escape and he was responsible. And just then he heard hard breathing behind him. He wheeled, and went cold again.

Tight in the corner, his shape hardly distinguishable against the black bars, was the negro prisoner, stark naked. He was a whale of a man, with a barrel chest and arms like an ape's. He made no move; he just stood watching the doorman as a cat watches a mouse. Dorsch started to sidle toward the door. The negro made just one jump of it and was on the policeman. Dorsch let out a yell as he went down. It came near being his last noise, for the negro got a thumb and finger on his throat and pressed tight.

Dorsch thinks that they lay that way for a full minute. Three times he started to fight. Each time the negro put another pound into that grip, and Dorsch, up against a man of three times his own strength, relaxed and lay quiet, waiting for an opening.

Suddenly the maniac began talking to himself in Spanish. He loosened his grip on the doorman's throat and dumped him like a wheat sack on the cell bench. Dorsch did not make the mistake of shouting this time. All his attention was on the cell door, which swung ajar. If some one would only come in by accident! A drunk in the next cell was howling at the top of his voice for help, and a dozen reserves were loafing about the station outside. But the drunks in a police station are always yapping, and the reserves, chatting over their morning cigars, only remarked that they were keeping it up rather late. Dorsch knew that; he knew also that his only chance lay in keeping still, playing for time and waiting for chance help.

Deliberately the negro planted his knee on the doorman's chest, hooked one of his big hands into his uniform coat and pulled. The whole front of the coat came away. Laughing to himself, the negro ripped off a sleeve and threw it into the corner. A trouser leg followed, the tough wool tearing as though it had been cambric. After that he seemed to take some new notion into his crazy head, for he jumped back into the corner of the cell and began ripping the cloth to pieces. His eyes turned away from Dorsch for a minute; the doorman gathered himself and jumped at the door.

It was a game of cat and mouse. The black held the door with one big arm, swept Dorsch back with the other and fell on him. Dorsch yelled and had his wind shut off again. The negro sat down on his chest and began to tear his shirt up, ribbon by ribbon.

Out by the sergeant's desk Patrolman Goetzger was getting impatient. They were already late to court.

"George is an allfired long time getting those drunks out," he said to the sergeant. So he sauntered back into the jail.

A dozen drunks were howling for help. Goetzger ran down the corridor until he came to an open cell door. He stepped in and was hit amidships by 200 pounds of black. Goetzger reeled back, smashed out with his club and stopped the charge. And out of the door shot Dorsch, bloody, staggering and draped in the tatters of what had been clothes.

The negro jumped back to the end of the corridor and snatched up a fire shovel, just as the reserves, who had been called out by the dilapidated Dorsch, ran in. Reid was clubbed into quiescence and recovered in a straitjacket, with a sheet thrown in for decency. He was hurried to Bellevue.

They found his clothes, down to the last stitch, all neatly folded under the bench.

Dorsch got first aid for a sore windpipe.

"And what were you thinking about all that time?" they asked when they patched him up.

"I was thinking like this, and it's God's truth," said the doorman; "if I ever get out it'll be a long time before I miss mass again to go fishing."

COCKATOO II. WINS.

Good Sport in Class for Small Sloops at Atlantic Y. C. Regatta.

Nineteen boats set sail in the open regatta of the Atlantic Yacht Club held yesterday afternoon on Gravesend Bay. The boats were divided into classes N, P, Q, Q special, and RR, and the winners were, respectively, Vivian II., Anona, Cockatoo II., Wraith and Beta.

Two distinct courses were sailed by the racers. For classes P and above, the course was from a mark boat anchored in front of the Atlantic Yacht Club to the Craven Shoal bell buoy, thence to a bell buoy three-quarters of a mile due north of the West Bank light and then home. Classes Q and below also started from the Atlantic Yacht Club. They, however, sailed their first leg to a signal buoy anchored off the Marine and Field Club. From there they continued to Fort Hamilton and then back home. The course was sailed twice by all the boats, leaving the marks on the port hand.

The interest was principally centered in the smaller craft. For the first time Cockatoo II., owned and sailed by Hendon Chubb, was the winner of the Q class. She covered the regulation racing course of the Gravesend Bay Association in 1:04:08. Saetta, another of the new Q boats, was 2 minutes and 27 seconds astern.

"THE OPPRESSORS ARE LOST."

Booker T. Washington Says a Good Word in Montclair for the Chinese.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., July 4.—Booker T. Washington addressed about 2,500 persons on the high school grounds to-day. More han one thousand were colored people, some of whom came from Orange, Newark and other neighboring cities. Crowds lined Bloomfield avenue, the main thoroughfare of the town, to see the parade. Only one fire company failed to appear and that was Washington Hose No. 3, which is in the Fourth ward. Its apparatus was in line but none of the members would accompany William Mulligan, the driver. Citizens applauded the men along the line, showing that popular opinion was not with those who failed to turn out.

Mr. Washington spoke of the progress of the negro, saying no one will doubt that the negro in America is rendering a service to the commercial world that is many times greater than he ever rendered in the days of his bondage.

"Russia," Mr. Washington said, "is drinking to the dregs the cup of sorrow because of her failure to learn that her people could better serve her in a state of freedom. I believe that our own country has a lesson to learn and to put into practise regarding the Chinese who wish to come into the United States. I believe that we will soon learn that it will pay from every point of value to give these people a fair chance. I am glad to see that some such impression is gaining ground, but I wish it had happened before that Chinese boycott had been spoken of or before our conscience had felt the value of the Chinese dollars.

"The white man of this country has a tremendous responsibility and a tremendous opportunity; to him every door is open. Such strength should never be used to crush, but to uplift. There is no slavery more hurtful than that of hatred, whether it be of one section for another, or of one race for another, for, as is shown in history, in the end the oppressed become free and their oppressors are lost."

ATHLETES DISAPPOINT CROWD.

Joyce and Hynes Fail to Appear at Big Meet in Celtic Park.

A crowd of about 6,000 sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle journeyed to Celtic Park yesterday to see a set of athletic games for the benefit of the O'Connell Memorial Church, at Cahirveen, County Kerry, Ireland. A big, green flag ornamented with a gold harp entwined with yellow shamrocks, fluttered in the breeze from the big flagpole, while the band of St. John's Orphan Asylum ripped out a cantata of Irish airs and dance tunes that made many an eye twinkle and many a leg keep time on the gravel. There was one drawback, though, and it was in the five mile run. It was announced that John J. Joyce and Thomas Hynes were absentees from the event in which they were expected to compete. There were signs of strong displeasure from the spectators, but they subsided after a while, and the crowd cheered Bonhag and Frank of the Irish club in their long tussle. The pair took turns at pacing and were trailed by Fred Lorz, Mohawk A. C., and Mike Spring, Pastime A. C., for about two miles. Then the latter pair tailed off and Frank held to his task for a mile further, when his stomach gave out and Bonhag had matters his own way to the finish. He won by nearly a quarter of a mile.

A smart piece of running was done in the half mile handicap, which was won by J. A. Miller of the New York A. C. from the 34 yard mark in 1 minute 55 4-5 seconds. Paul Pilgrim was virtual scratch man, being on the 8 yard mark, and his work in finishing close up shows him to have very few equals for the distance on American soil just now.

A lot of excitement was created by the obstacle race, but J. M. Kelly, Pastime A. C., who finished a close second, was disqualified for not jumping one of the hurdles while within the sack. The New York A. C. won the point honors by a comfortable margin.

100 Yard Run, Handicap—Won by A. C. Johnson, New York A. C., 8½ yards; P. J. Callahan, New York A. C., 8 yards, second; W. F. Greene, Xavier A. A., 7 yards, third. Time, 10 1-5 seconds.

600 Yard Run, Novice—Won by Charles McAuliffe, unattached; G. W. Sutton, unattached, second; R. G. Castleman, New York A. C., third. Time, 1 minute 23 2-5 seconds.

880 Yard Run, Handicap—Won by J. A. Miller, New York A. C., 34 yards; F. J. Sweeney, Pastime A. C., 40 yards, second; J. A. Banderman, Irish A. A., 22 yards, third. Time, 1 minute 55 4-5 seconds.

One Mile Run, Handicap—Won by Bartholomew Freeman, Xavier A. A., 55 yards; A. C. Crane, New York A. C., 95 yards, second; H. P. Odell, unattached, 70 yards, third. Time, 4 minutes 30 1-5 seconds.

300 Yard Run, Handicap—Won by Syme C. Northridge, Irish A. A. C., 10 yards; E. W. White, Euclid School, 22 yards, second; F. J. Sullivan, New York A. C., 16 yards, third. Time, 31 4-5 seconds.

Throwing 16 Pound Hammer, Handicap—Won by James S. Mitchel, New York A. C., 20 feet, with an actual throw of 147 feet 6 inches; Robert Edgren, New York A. C., 25 feet, second, with an actual throw of 130 feet 11 inches; W. S. Krapowicz, St. Bartholomew A. C., 28 feet, third, with an actual throw of 129 feet 1 inch.

600 Yard Obstacle Race—Won by J. J. McLaughlin, Xavier A. C.; C. Smeinder, Mohawk A. C., second; W. F. Greene, Xavier A. A., third. Time, 1 minute 33 seconds.

Five Mile Run—Won by George V. Bonhag, Irish A. A.; W. G. Frank, Irish A. A. C., second; F. Lorz, Mohawk A. C., third. Time, 27 minutes 39 seconds.

HARNESS RACING AT CLIFTON.

L. A. Burke Drives West Wilkes and El Moro Two Good Miles.

Jersey folks had an enjoyable afternoon with the harness racers at the Clifton track yesterday. The special on the card of five events was two exhibition miles by West Wilkes and El Moro, driven by their owner, L. A. Burke of New York. As the footing was a trifle heavy on the turns, Mr. Burke did not attempt to break the track record of 2:25 for pairs, but gave his black trotters a first mile in 2:26¼, and repeated in 2:26¼.

There was a lively struggle in the opening event to sulky, in which Single D., from Montreal, finally won after losing two heats by bad breaks that even his hopples did not prevent. He had the speed of the party, though Billy Paxton, owned by Edward Scranton of Brooklyn, gave him a merry chase in every heat. It was the latter's maiden effort, and, after losing by a short length the first time, he landed the second heat in slow time, with a mark of 2:26¼. Walter E., the only trotter in the party, took a tumble near the wire in the second heat, sending his driver flying over his head, but neither was badly hurt.

The diagonal gait triumphed over the lateral one in the second race, when Charley Gorman trimmed the side wheelers in clever style. Two old-timers, Brownie and Frank Wilkes had a match which began at a snail's pace, but quickened when Handsome Jim Belden of Bloomfield, who did the starting, told these men behind the two veterans that the glorious Fourth was no time for funerals. After that they cut loose in turn, and Brownie finally won in 2:19, the best mile of the day.

Class 2:27 trotting and 2:20 pacing; purse, $200:

Single D. (p), bl. g., by Parker (O'Connell)	1	2	1	4	1
Billy Paxton (p), b. g., (Wilkins)	2	1	2	2	3
Barney, (p), b. g. (York)	3	3	4	1	2
Grand Hal (p), b. g. (Rinker)	5	4	3	3	4
Walter E. (tr), b. g. (Smith)	4	5	5	5	5
Tom (p), b. g. (Cuff)	6	dis.			

Time—2:28¼, 2:26¼, 2:23¼, 2:29¼, 2:26¼.

Class 2:22 trotting and 2:24 pacing; purse, $200:

Charlie Gorman (tr), b. g., by Chester (O'Connell)	1	1	1	1
J. H. D. (p), b. g. (Moller)	1	2	2	2
Joseba (p), b. g. (Petrie)	3	3	3	3
Hal Almont (p), b. g. (Rinker)	4	dis.		

Time—2:24¼, 2:22¼, 2:24¼, 2:25¼.

Exhibition trotting:

West Wilkes, bl. g., and El Moro, bl. g. (L. A. Burke)	1	1

Time—2:26¼, 2:26¼.

Match—Pacing; $100 a side, with $100 added:

Brownie, br. g., by Baron Bay (Kehoe)	1	2	1
Frank Wilkes, r. g., by Kansas Wilkes (O'Connell)	2	1	2

Time—2:27¼, 2:20¼, 2:19.

Joyce Wins Five Mile Race From Irish Champion.

BOSTON, July 4.—Thomas Hynes, the champion runner of Ireland, was defeated by J. J. Joyce of the Irish-American A. C. of New York in a five mile race at Combination Park this afternoon. There were eight starters in the race, but Joyce and Hynes were the only ones who had a chance to win. The two men alternated in holding the lead, and until the last lap they were never more than six feet apart. At the turn of the final lap Joyce sprinted away from his rival and beat him by fifteen yards. The time was 27 minutes 18 3-5 seconds.

Winning Oarsmen Peppered With Bird Shot.

SPRINGFIELD, July 4.—The annual regatta of the New England Amateur Rowing Association was held on the Connecticut River here this afternoon and a large crowd witnessed the races. The feature of the regatta was the race for junior eight oared shells, which was won by the crew of the Wachusett Boat Club of Worcester. When this crew crossed the finish line two of the men were struck on the back by bird shot fired by some gunners on the banks of the river. Neither man was injured.

Philipsborn

THE OUTER GARMENT SHOP

Offers on Wednesday and the Balance of the Week

Another tremendous purchase and sale of

5,000 High Grade Waists

We bought

Over 5,000 expensive Waists from one of the leading manufacturers of fine goods

at less than half their wholesale prices

These Waists are even finer than those we sold last week, and created a furor in the retail trade.

You can buy Waists at this sale at less than half the price you pay elsewhere.

We have divided this purchase as follows, and will have extra salespeople to serve you:

50 Doz. Lawn & Linen Waists many models, Val. lace trimmed. *Usually sold for $2.00, $2.50, $3.00.*

95c

1,500 Waists—30 models, of Persian Lawn, beautifully embroidered fronts, finely tucked, others trimmed in new effects of Val. lace. *Usually sold for $3.50 and $4.00.*

1.25

900 Lawn Waists—15 models, of fine Lawn, embroidered fronts and lace yokes and excellent laces. *Usually sold for $3.75, $4.50, $5.00.*

1.50

1,000 Lingerie Waists— many models to choose from; of very fine Lawn. *Usually sold for $4.00 and $5.00.*

1.75

500 Lawn Waists—10 models, many new designs of Embroidery, All-over tucked and Val. lace trimmed. *Usually sold for $5.50, $6.75, $7.50.*

2.00

500 Lingerie Waists—15 models; exquisite quality Lawns and Handkerchief Linens, beautifully trimmed. *Usually sold for $6.75, $8.50, $9.00.*

3.00

90 Lingerie Waists— only one of a kind—High grade models of exquisite lawn; elbow and long sleeves; trimmed with fine laces and hand embroidery. *They would sell for $12.00, $15.00 and $17.50.*

3.90, 4.90, 5.90

SALE WILL CONTINUE UNTIL ALL ARE SOLD.
NONE SENT C. O. D. NO MAIL ORDERS FILLED.

12 West 23d St., Opposite Fifth Avenue Hotel, **through to 22d St.**

SALE OF HAGGIN YEARLINGS.

August Belmont Buys a Half Sister to Scottish Chieftain.

August Belmont paid the top price, $4,000, for a bay filly by Dieudonne—Miss Darebin, a half sister to Scottish Chieftain, at the sale of Haggin yearlings held before the races at Sheepshead Bay yesterday. The leading sales were as follows:

Ch. f., by Nasturtium—Julia Hanover; J. B. Haggin $800
B. c., by Longstreet—Lizzie B. II.; F. Walhauser 350
B. f., by Kinley Mack—Loyalitta; F. J. Farrell 1,250
B. f., by Longstreet—Marasaresa; W. H. Snyder 350
B. c., by Dieudonne—Mary McCoy; W. B. Jennings 1,800
Ch. c., by Ben Holladay—Miserere; H. Stover 500
B. f., by Dieudonne—Miss Darebin; August Belmont 4,000
Ch. c., by Watercolor—Numeroi; H. Stover 500
Ch. f., by Juvenal—Over; John Mackey 400
B. c., by Ben Holladay—Palusire; A. J. Joyner 1,000
B. c., by Bathampton—Pandemonium; A. J. Joyner 1,000
Bay filly, by Kinley Mack—Peppergrass; John Mackey 500
Bay c., by Salvator—Phida; J. C. Cooley 1,000
Ch. c., by Salvator—Plaza; H. Stover 900
Ch. c., by Ben Holladay—Plumage; Speedway 500
Ch. c., by Rapallo—Rose Carlo; J. Mackey 1,000
Bay c., by Nasturtium—Rose of Hampton; J. B. Haggin 3,000
Bay c., by High Order—Royal Nun; J. Mackey 500
Ch. c., by Bathampton—Salvacea; J. Mackey 600
Blk. f., by Dieudonne—Sandola; H. Stover 400
Bay c., by Greenan—Seminola; J. Mackey 600
Bay c., by Longstreet—Shrub; P. Wimmer 450
Bay c., by Juvenal—Speedy; F. Walhauser 500
Ch. c., by Nasturtium—Spinning Time; W. H. Kraft 1,200
B. f., by Watercolor—Sue Kittie; H. Stover 400
Br. c., by Dieudonne—Swift; H. B. Duryea 1,400
Ch. c., by Arkle—The Alarm Bell; W. B. Jennings 1,250
Ch. f., by Rapallo—Thesa; Columbia Stable 500
Ch. f., by Watercolor—The Task; N. Bennington 1,200
Ch. c., by Rapallo—Thistlebird; J. J. Hyland 900
Ch. f., by Nasturtium—Thorn Blossom; A. Belmont 900
Bay c., by Greenan—Tongese; N. Bennington 1,600
Bay f., by Rapallo—Trouba; J. J. Hyland 800

About 40 years Coffee kept a man down

with indigestion, heart trouble and a hacking cough (lots more like him). This man finally found it was coffee caused the trouble. He quit and took

Postum Food Coffee

in place of the old fashioned. The change in health came quickly. He concludes in his letter: "I enjoy Postum as much as I ever liked coffee and what's more my health is now

"PERFECT"

This man's name and address given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a Reason"

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

SCULLER TITUS BEATEN.

Sheppard of the Seawanhakas Wins at People's Regatta.

PHILADELPHIA, July 4.—The People's Fourth of July Regatta on the Schuykill River was one of the most successful held in many years. The almost perfect weather and water conditions contributed largely to the success. The day being ideal caused an immense crowd to gather along the course, and the oarsmen were not handicapped by rough water.

The defeat of Titus by Fred Sheppard of the Seawanhaka boat club of Brooklyn in the senior single event was a feature of the regatta. It was a grueling race for the first mile. Going under the bridge, Sheppard, Titus and Vesely, who had all qualified in the morning trial heats with Jesse Williamson, pulled over toward the east shore which took them out of their course. They all soon discovered their mistake and sought midstream again. Meanwhile the pace was stiffened against a strong head wind.

As the island was neared it was any one's race, and while every man was fighting with every ounce of strength for the lead Titus was seen to quit rowing. He said he had a stitch in his side, but he did not leave his boat.

When Titus quit Sheppard spurted and soon had a lead over Vesely and Williamson. Sheppard showed the way to the finish and the other men made a beautiful race of it, which ended in a dead heat.

The Craigie A. A., which is practically the Harvard University crew, scrached the other races for the senior eight oared shell event, which they won rather easily.

Senior Single Sculls—First trial heat won by Frank Vesely, Bohemian B. C.; C. S. Titus, Nonpareil Rowing Club, second. Time, 10 minutes 31 seconds.

Second Trial Heat—Won by Fred Shepheard, Seawanhaka B.C.; Jesse Williamson, University B.C., second. Time, 10 minutes 24 seconds.

Final Heat—Won by Fred Shepheard. Dead heat for second between Vesely and Williamson. Time, 9 minutes 35 4-5 seconds.

Junior Double Shells—First trial heat won by Joseph Seeiger and Victor Clement, Metropolitan R. C.; S. D. Sinkler and W. Stokes, University B. C., second. Time, 9 minutes 55 seconds. Second heat won by Harlem R. C., Hartman and Surman; Vesper R. C., second. Final heat won by University B. C.; Vesper B. C., second; Harlem R. C., third. Time, 9 minutes 59½ seconds.

Senior Double Shells—Won by Myers and Zane, Bachelors B. C.; Morris and Platt, University B. C., second; Monghan and McCloskey, Pennsylvania B. C., third. Time, 9 minutes 35 4-5 seconds.

Junior Eight Oared Shells—Wanamaker Cup—Won by Malta B. C.; Pennsylvania B. C., second; Potomac B. C., third; Montrose B. C., fourth; Arundel B. C., Baltimore, fifth. Time, 8 minutes 56 seconds.

Intermediate Single Shells—Won by George F. Jolly, Bachelor's B. C.; Thomas Stokes, University B. C., second. Time, 10 minutes 58 seconds.

Senior Centiped Shells—Won by Crescent B. C.; Philadelphia B. C., second. Time, 8 minutes 56 seconds.

Senior Four Oared Shells, Downing Cup—Won by Seawanhaka B. C.; Metropolitan B. C., second. Time, 9 minutes 5 seconds.

Junior Four Oared Gigs—Won by Pennsylvania B. C.; Quaker City B. C., second; Crescent B. C., disqualified.

Junior Single Shells—Won by Walter Stokes, University B. C.; F. Beale, Bachelors B. C., second; B. A. Jenkins, Staten Island B. C., third. Joseph Cleo, Fairmount R. A., fourth. Time, 10 minutes 18½ seconds.

Intermediate Double Shells—Won by Philadelphia B. C.; Nassau B. C., second; Ravenswood B. C., third. Time, 9 minutes 20½ seconds.

Intermediate Eight Oared Shells—Won by West Philadelphia B. C.; Nonpareil B. C., second; Malta B. C., third. Time, 8 minutes 17½