GETTING INTO THE PROCESSION

UP-TO-DATE IDEAS FOR CAMPAIGN PARADES

A Few of the Modern Improvements in the Art of Campaign Processions.

BICYCLE CORPS WILL BE PROMINENT IN THE LINE

Silver-Dollar Parade May Be Made an Interesting Feature.

NAPOLEONS, TRILBYS, TIN-PLATE MEN

(Copyright, 1896.)

New York, July 25.—In the good old times, not so very old, an evil-smelling kerosene torch and an oilcloth cape to keep the dripping oil off one's business suit was the height of elegance for campaign parade wear. All that is changed, and the present queer, multi-angular campaign will present as many points of novelty in its street processions as its new combinations of the personnel of the old parties.

The most popular of the innovations will, without doubt, be the bicycle parade. Both McKinley and Hobart are members of cycle clubs and the latter is an active good-roads advocate. Already, in many parts of the country, "McKinley and Hobart" bicycle corps have been formed for parading purposes. The usual method is to have a captain, flag ensign and thirty-four privates. Each private carries a lantern or transparency upon each of whose four sides a big letter is painted. The seventeen letters on the left of the line read "M—C—K—I—N—L—E—Y—A—N—D—H—O—B—A—R—T" from front to back. On the right of the line the same legend, of course, reads from rear to front. Of course, too, with more riders, additional mottoes can be spelled out, one word to each man. And, of course, the Democratic paraders are quite as free to use bicycles as the Republicans, except that they can't claim priority of invention, and may hesitate to seem imitative.

In the Chicago convention the feature most adaptable to parade purposes was the "silver hat" worn by some of the marching clubs of Missouri. This was simply a tall hat with a crown about thrice the usual height and colored to resemble silver. A more favored device for the campaign, however, will probably be a sort of helmet, upon which is borne by way of crest an enormous paper mache disc, a foot and a half or two feet in diameter, covered with tinfoil, and stamped into the crude semblance of a silver dollar. A banner in the shape of a dollar and much larger is borne by the ensigns. The defeat of Bland in the convention deprived the Democrats of the opportunity of realizing one picturesque campaign effect. Bland lives in Lebanon, Mo., and was fondfully referred to as the "Cedar of Lebanon." If he had been nominated his supporters would have borne sprigs of cedar to play against the McKinley pampas plumes. A parade so dressed would have looked like Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, in Macbeth. Still, the Democrats will find it easy to invent features as picturesque. They will doubtless make great use of the barbecue, an old-time Southern festival, which has grown into great favor again of recent years and is especially believed of Southern Populists. In the best specimens of the barbecue 10,000 persons are fed. Dozens of oxen are roasted nearly whole upon mighty turnspits suspended over deep fire pits dug in the ground. Sons of thunder roar speeches from half a dozen platforms, and everybody has a good time. The nearest approach New England can make to this style of feast is a big political clam bake, and this is hardly seasonable after the end of September.

Marching clubs in military uniforms have always been popular. This season's will merely differ in the details of the uniforms. Most of the Democratic regalia will involve a play upon color, and be designed to use silver gray cloth wholly or in large part. Republican marching clubs will, in perhaps half the instances, select some form of Napoleonic costume, usually the cutaway coat, trousers, boots and cocked hat familiar in the pictures and seen upon the stage in "Mme. Sans-Gene." A good many Republican leaders, however, regard the Napoleon element as an unfortunate intrusion upon the campaign and will fight as shy of it as the enthusiasts of their followers will permit.

A harmless substitute will be the "dinner pail brigade," of men either carrying tin dinner pails, or wearing them upon their hats. A popular addition to such a parade is a wagon drawn by ropes in the hands of two lines of men and bearing a gigantic tin dinner pail eight or ten feet high. Upon its bulging sides can be printed some such legend as: "66 new tin plants. Capacity 6,000,000 boxes. Who did it?" (The American rolling tin plants were on July 1, thirty-six in number, the dipping works thirty-one in addition.) The possible variations of the dinner pail idea are almost infinite.

Democratic parades will avoid the tariff question, following the lead of the convention, which recommended letting it alone for the present. Offensive campaigns are always stronger than defensive ones, and the party fight will be made on the silver issue. This will suggest truculent transparencies, differing in different sections of the country. Where a South Carolina parade might paint "No More 6 Cent Cotton" on the muslin of its transparencies, one in Iowa will declare that "8 Cent Oats Means a 200 Cent Dollar." Transparencies are easily and quickly made anywhere; campaign uniforms are made mainly in the large cities by a few firms, which furnish them very cheaply by the quantity.

Doubtless the campaign will become bitter and hot in no great time, and be disfigured on both sides by many regretable features. In general, however, more attention will be given than in the past to making people laugh. The comic element in parades is pretty well looked after nowadays. A company of Trilbys, wearing wigs, loose coats, such as Trilby wore on her first appearance to the three musketeers of the brush, and enormous flapping boots filled out with straw, is a funny device, for which costume-makers expect considerable call. It is unnecessary to remark that there were no Trilbys in 1892.

The development of electrical science suggests many new parade features never before possible, at least for moderate cost. About the most easily managed of these is given by the use of electric headlights, cased in glass bulbs of many different colors, and worn upon the marchers' hats. These lights come at from $5 to $10 each, and may be furnished much cheaper before the season is over. They work like the electric bicycle lamp, deriving their power from a small, portable dry battery carried by the marcher.

The ease with which trolley cars can be fitted with glowing lights of many tints has set many men thinking out ways and means of holding trolley car parades without interfering too much with the regular traffic; and of course there are always fireworks, in which line very little novelty has as yet developed.

It looks now as if women's marching clubs would be formed on both sides of the political fence and in many parts of the country.

A queer novelty of no earthly use for parade purposes is the political shirt front, a dickey, with the portraits of candidates printed on the bosom.

The "talent," who figured on Bland's nomination by the Democrats, have had to stack away hosts of Bland buttons and badges, made up in advance, and have had to work night and day on Bryan badges and buttons. But such is business.

Yes, it will be a hot and picturesque campaign; and may the country prosper!

Campaign Novelties on the March.

MADE A MANIAC BY SPIRITISM.

Prospective Bride Driven to Insanity by Fake Manifestations.

Buffalo Express.

A curious story of fake spiritism has come to light in New York, and, if the story of the complaint to the police be true, the spook-evoking had the effect of making a prospective bride a raving maniac. Martin Delberger, a cigarmaker, told the police that his young aunt, Louisa Goldstein, who was about to be married, went to a certain Mme. Rodling to have her horoscope cast.

The seeress considered a second visit necessary, and told Miss Goldstein that she must bring $25 with her. The girl went again, but had only $15. Then, according to Dolberger's story, Mme. Rodling took the girl into a dark room, where two men were concealed. The astrologer told Miss Goldstein that she could raise devils by simply calling for them, and that she would do more if she failed to come again and bring $20 with her.

Then Mme. Rodling produced some kind of a spectacle in the dark, accompanied by queer lights and noises. When Louisa reached home she fell upon the floor in a faint, and afterward told of her experience. All night long she raved about the devils and in the morning was a maniac. She was removed to Bellevue Hospital and then to the insane hospital at Ward's Island.

When a detective was sent to Mme. Rodling's house to investigate the woman denied that any such girl had been there. Moreover, she denied that she claimed to be a fortune teller at all, but read people's lives from their palms. To the detective she showed a lot of astrological rubbish. The records of Bellevue show that Louisa Goldstein was received there and afterward transferred to Ward's Island.

THE DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

Tried to Do Right, But Failed to Please Her Father.

Chicago Post.

She opened the door to her father's den, but hesitated on the threshold.

"Well?" he growled, inquiringly. Then, as he saw her indecision, he said in a more kindly way: "Come in. What's the trouble?"

She entered and stood before him with downcast eyes and cheeks suffused with blushes.

"I have a confession to make," she said, slowly.

"Fire away," he returned, cheerily, his whole manner having undergone a change when he saw she was perturbed. "I guess it's nothing very serious."

"Oh, but it is," she protested. "It's very serious indeed. You know Harold——"

"Well, what about Harold?"

"—has been coming to see me for quite a long time," she continued, paying no attention to the interruption, "and last night——"

"Well?"

—"last night he proposed that we—we—should run away together and—and be married."

The old gentleman frowned.

"And what did you say?"

"I refused," she replied, promptly and proudly. "I refused absolutely, and told him that he must go to you and ask for my hand properly if he wished me to be his wife."

The old gentleman still frowned.

"I recalled all that you said about our aristocratic ancestry," she went on, "and insisted——"

"Um—yes," interrupted the old gentleman, musingly, "that's all very pretty and very creditable, but far from businesslike. It seems to me you might have given your poor old father the best of it once, and saved him the cost of a wedding when times are so hard. If he brings the subject up again, just have your bonnet handy so that you can make a quick trip to Milwaukee and let the old man down easy."

"OOM" PAUL'S PRAYER FOR GAME

Incident in the Early Life of the Transvaal's President.

Philadelphia Press.

Before the Transvaal was a republic there was a famine in the land and a party was organized to hunt the hartebeeste. For days the party scoured the veldt in vain. Then one of the Boers declared his intention of retiring into the bush to pray for succor. He accordingly left the party, in company with a native.

Some hours afterward the Boer returned and informed the party that he had prayed, and in three days' time a very large troop of hartebeeste would pass that way. Sure enough, two days after the promised game appeared in sight, and the Dutchmen made a great haul. From that moment "the man of prayer" became the popular hero. That man was Paul Krueger. Some time afterward the native who accompanied Krueger stated that when Krueger entered the bush he did not pray, but struck out for a neighboring Kaffir kraal.

Calling the head men, the Boer informed them that there was a large number of armed Boers on the other side of the bush, who had sent him to tell them that unless they (the natives) discovered game in less than three days they would be all shot. The frightened natives set out forthwith, discovered the game, and drove it toward the Boer camp.

SHUT HIS EYES TO A THEFT.

But by So Doing a Policeman Proved Himself Humane and Wise.

Detroit Free Press.

So often has the story been told of the man who went to the penitentiary for stealing the loaf of bread, while the shrewd thief of millions was left free to enjoy his ill-gotten gains, that it has become a part of the stock in trade of those who rail at the existing order of things. But here is a true incident in pleasing contrast. To name the policeman implicated might make him trouble, though it would be the duty of position of the average citizen to hunt the officer up and pat him on the back. As he approached a bakery he saw a man rush out with three loaves of bread, while a clerk was shouting: "Stop, thief!" After a run of two blocks the man pulled up with his cheeks bulging out and with half of one of the loaves gone.

"I stole it," he managed to mutter, through his full mouth and busy jaws. "I stole it, I stole it," and there was an exultant look of satisfaction in his eyes as well as in his unshaken cheeks. "Nothing that I ever stole tasted as good. This bread makes me more like a beast than a man. I've walked my shoes off looking for work, and the rest of this bread I meant for my wife and little ones at home. They are starving, if not starved. You see I'm eating all I can before you take it back."

"It's only a joke," said the big policeman blowing his nose and looking the other way as the clerk arrived on the scene. "Don't say a word now. I know this fellow, and he wanted to give me a bit of a run. Take your pay out of this."

"Move on now, you can't have any more fun with me." And the bread thief did move with the policeman's strong hand as a motive power. "You're no thief," and his hand moved up and down with a caress. "I'd hang before I'd run you in. Take this dollar, me boy. Keep the bread and come to see me before you take such chances again."

There was a grip of hands, two wet pairs of eyes, and the policeman was proud that he had usurped the functions of justice.

CHIEF TWO BELLY'S DOG.

Magician McAllister's Trick Cost the Poor Brute His Life.

(Buffalo Express.)

Nothing so completely mystifies an Indian as to witness the operations of some itinerant sleight-of-hand performer, many of whom find their way into the sparsely-settled portions of the Northwest, where they are always sure to reap a good harvest.

Prof. McAllister, the magician, once visited a camp of River Crows on the Yellowstone, and, after extracting various packs of cards and other articles from the ears, necks, noses and garments of the astonished Indians, was invited to a big feast of roast dog and other delicacies.

Chief Two Belly was so impressed by the great medicine powers of the professor that he took him to his wigwam, introducing him to his daughter, Miss Wicista-Neeta (meaning Wild Cat), and offered her for a wife at the low price of two ponies. The feast and daughter were both declined, but as McAllister was leaving the tepee he spied a lean, yellow cur. He asked Chief Two Belly how much he would take for the dog, at the same time stroking the brute down the back to his tail length and each time taking a handful of money from the end of the tail.

"Him very valuable dog," said McAllister, picking a coin out of the dog's eye and another out of his nose. "Two ponies for him, chief."

The Indians, with eyes as big as saucers, stood in awe and astonishment, and shook their heads. After McAllister had gone they carried the poor dog down to the river side and cut him open, but the goose had no golden egg, and they went slowly back to camp, as completely dumbfounded and as solemn as human beings can possibly be.

Killed by Hailstones.

Hailstones the size of pigeon eggs, according to W. G. McKinnell, of Melita, Manitoba, writing in the London Field, killed 105 Canada geese during a heavy thunder-storm recently near Sauris, Manitoba. A farmer named Coulter found a large flock of the geese killed or disabled after the storm and after killing the living ones with a stick, went home and got a wagon and took the geese to Sauris and sold the lot at 50 cents each. He took in $52.50 for his windfall.—Exchange.

Charity in New York.

It is not generally known, except by certain persons whose office it is to learn of such matters, that the immense sum of $9,500,000 is annually expended in charity in the city of New York. That, at least, is the approximate amount, estimated as closely as circumstances admit of on the part of experts. There are about 5,000 families who are listed "givers" to charity.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Cheap Horse.

"I should like," observed the shade of Richard III anxiously, "to go back and cancel that option, don't you know. Of course real estate is pretty dead, but still I wouldn't just care to give a kingdom for a horse as matters stand."—Detroit Tribune.

SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF THE FRIGATE BIRD

The Darius Greens of the Present Day May Thus Learn to Use Their Wings.

IT IS THE SWIFTEST THING THAT IS ALIVE TODAY

It Is Claimed that It Could Cross the Atlantic in a Day and a Night.

AT THE RATE OF 125 MILES AN HOUR

I met a scientist on the street the other day and asked him whether he believed success to be nearly within the grasp of the Darius Greens of our day—the men who are trying to master the secret of the art of flight. He applied in the affirmative, and made the affirmation strong.

"We shall soon fly," he said. "But," he added, "inventors must study nature's machines more carefully if they would win complete success in that line. They should study the frigate bird, for instance. It can fly faster and further and remain longer in the air than any other creature that wings the ethereal blue. Beyond doubt it is the fleetest thing in existence.

"Crossing the Atlantic in a day and a night would be traveling at a lively clip. It would be maintaining a rate of nearly 125 miles an hour for almost 3,000 miles. It would be such a speed achievement as has only been dreamed of, so far, even by the wildest enthusiasts. And yet it is declared by some who are familiar with the frigate bird, that such a flight is quite within its power.

"The body of the bird is not much larger than a chicken's, and yet when its wings are spread for flight the tips are fully seven feet apart. Unfortunately for an accurate measurement of its rate of speed when flying at its best, it is not a migratory bird, but some enthusiasts among tropical bird hunters have declared the belief that, with the wind, it ought easily to make 250 miles an hour, which would be flying twice as fast as would be necessary to go from New York to Liverpool in twenty-four hours. Others, not so enthusiastic, place the rate at 175 miles an hour, and others at only 100, but all say that it is incredibly fast."

Mr. F. M. Chapman, of the Metropolitan Museum of Natural History, in New York, knows a good deal about this strange creature, which is sometimes called the sea hawk, sometimes the man-of-war bird, sometimes the frigate pelican, and by ornithologists tachypetes aquilla.

"I have shot several specimens of the frigate bird," said Mr. Chapman to the writer, yesterday, "and I have watched them in their flight for hours. I wouldn't like to hazard an estimate as to their speed, but their flying machinery is the most wonderful I have ever seen. It is also peculiar. Each wing is about three feet long and furnished with remarkably strong feathers. Save when they are exerting themselves, frigate birds use that part of the wing which corresponds to a man's upper arms simply as an aero-plane on which to float, propelling themselves solely with the pinions and moving that joint only which corresponds to the human elbow. When they wish to make time, they extend their wings to the utmost, and then they are a wonderful thing to see. I took an instantaneous photograph of a lot of them when I was down among the tropical birds last time, which shows their method of flight most admirably.

"They are exceedingly fond of floating on the high air layers, where they will sometimes sail for hours without perceptibly moving a feather, and, when thus disposing of their time, they afford excellent examples of the working of the aero-plane principle adopted by Maxim and other investigators of the art of flying."

Mr. Chapman, who was sitting in his private office at the Museum at the time, then brought out for private exhibition a handsome specimen of a frigate bird that had fallen a victim to his marksmanship. The specimen had been preserved by arsenic applications and was all ready for mounting. In life it could not have weighed more than six or seven pounds at most—perhaps not more than five—and its contours are the perfection of grace; its wings a matchless combination of strength and lightness. The tail is peculiar, being long and forked, and admirably fitted to serve as a rudder and a balancing apparatus. Whenever it floats its head is kept to windward, so as to utilize the sustaining force of the air current, and the wings are motionless, but the forked feathers of the curious tail alternately open and close like a pair of scissors, while the head is inclined first to one side and then the other. It was a great puzzle to some of the earlier naturalists like Humboldt and Darwin, to determine how the frigate bird managed to maintain its ebb in the air at all without motion, but the aero-plane theory, together with the now known fact that it cannot float motionless in still air, fully explains what puzzled those wise men. The more enthusiastic estimates as to the speed possibilities of the frigate bird may seem extremely extravagant at first blush, but they are based upon the fact that the homing pigeon, which weighs more than two-thirds as much as the frigate bird, but has a wing spread of not more than twenty-four inches, has a record of about ninety miles an hour.

"The frigate bird," said Mr. Chapman, "is a true tropicopolitan—that is, it is found in all tropical regions—but it is also a sea bird and it nearly always remains near the islands on which it lives. That, no doubt, explains in large measure, why so little is known of the habits and powers of the bird. The male frigate bird is of a glossy black. Underneath the bill is a pouch of a brilliant red color. The female is nearly white on the under side and of a very dark, glossy chocolate brown elsewhere. The power of a frigate bird to turn quickly in flight is quite as marvelous as its ability to remain aloft a long time and to fly far and fast. I have often watched them with delight when they would pursue birds of other species, attack and frighten them into dropping fish just taken from the waves, which would then be seized by the frigate bird before the fish could reach the water. This bird is much superior in some particulars in flight to the turkey buzzard, which has been carefully studied by Prof. Langley in his experiments in flying devices.

The sail area, so to speak, of the former is at least as great as that of the latter and perhaps greater, since, though the wings are not so broad, they have a spread of quite a foot more, and the weight of the bird is not more than a quarter as much.

"It is to be regretted," Mr. Chapman concluded, "that the frigate bird has not been more closely studied. It will undoubtedly receive much attention in the future, but whether a record flight can be arranged for is doubtful. Non-migratory birds rarely fly their best for long distances. There is no reason why they should; they have no trains to catch, no business appointments to meet, and a sort of sauntering flight will get them to whatever place they wish to reach quite as soon as they desire to reach it."

The Frigate Bird.

HE DIED JUST IN TIME.

Tragic End of the Literary Lion From Unsuspected Cause.

He was a symbolist.

He knew not whey, nor whence, nor how. He was. That's all.

He drooled in monosyllables. Like a convict he reveled in short sentences. Five words were volumes. And yet he never began one and divined the end thereof. If he did he paused and drank absinthe till all danger was past. Then he began all over again, says a writer in Truth.

These sentences were cameo chunks of immortality. They were first written and afterward carefully thought out. Once he spent a full month endeavoring to fathom the esoteric meaning of one of these tiny masterpieces. He failed gleefully. He immediately celebrated to the verge of excess. Bravo! He knew that he was great.

One day this symbolist published a book. Call it a "book" in sheer despair. More approximate names there doubtless are, but they are not of earth. Edition limited.

There were illustrations. Swashes of ink through which things crawled maudlin for a time and then expired.

In the far nor'west corner, lost in a wilderness of hand-made paper, was the oracle. It was printed in lily-stemmed italics, as if blown on with an angel breath through a bean-shooter. Price $4.

The symbolist became famous. More. He was even now and then, in rare cases, read. He became the idol of Boston's bean-eating Buddhists. Bards of the coffee-and-sinker school discussed him long over their orange phosphate. He soon became quoted. And what is still more remarkable, overcoated. Alas, this last was his ruin. To be quoted is the birth—overcoated, the death—of genius.

One day he stared at the patchouli-scented pad till he fell into the trance. When he came to there was another fresh-laid oracle there. For a month he pondered upon them. At last, about to celebrate the sublime failure to discover their hidden meaning, an accident happened. Standing before the mirror he held the sentences up, reading them backward.

For a moment all was well. Then suddenly his heart stopped beating. His eyes grew bloodshot and a weak moan escaped him.

Alas, it was too true! A faint glimmer of lucidity, like dawn over Pittsburg, shot the death arrow into his heart. Read backward the oracles were intelligible.

The shock was too much.

Reeling, he grasped the rubber stamp with which he punctuated his masterpieces with "My God!" and "Ah me!" and tattooed himself therewith from head to foot.

And fell dead.

Strength of a Swan's Wing.

The first surgical case that I had in the State of Arkansas was setting an arm that had been fractured by a blow from a swan's wing. The accident occurred at Swan Lake, near Shawnee Village Plantation, in Mississippi county in the winter of 1870. The patient, a hunter for the Memphis market, was "fire-hunting" at night, and a band of swans flew at the light. The man was in a little pirogue, and instinctively threw his arms up to protect his head. The left arm was struck by the wing of one of the birds and sustained a compound fracture of the forearm, both bones being broken.—Forest and Stream.

Living Again.

"I love you, my darling, although—"

The light from his eyes was as tender as that of a June dawn, and his tones caused her heart to dance in a billowy ecstacy of joy.

"—you are a woman with a past."

And, with a frenzy of passionate affection, the theosophical groom pressed to his bosom the blushing bride he had wooed and won long ago when the world was yet damp from the creation, in the evenings and on the holidays after carrying the hod on King Solomon's temple.—Truth.

The Fisherman's Fault.

Isaak Walton deftly impaled an angle-worm on his hook.

"As no man is born for an artist," he murmured reflectively, salivating his bait for luck, "so no man is born an angler."

"True," cried his cynical friend; "but all men are born liars."

They never went fishing again.—Puck.

Guilty as Charged.

Judge—You are charged with cutting Jasper Johnson with a razor after he had worsted you in a friendly sparring match.

Prisoner—Yaas, sah. I stabbed 'im. Dat coon 'veigled me into boxin' an' nebber tole me he was lef'-handed.—Detroit Free Press.