

A-FINDING THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Three elms who live in a fairylike nook,
And never had seen any boys,
Once read of our Fourth of July in a book,
And promptly their own quiet woodlands took,
To share in the fun and the noise.

By the light of the moon they crept out on
the sky,
And merrily sang on their way,
Asking politely of each passerby
How far they must go to meet Fourth
of July.

Till they came to the dawn of day,
What a different song these three elms
sang
As they limped their way homeward
that night!

They had heard how the bells in the
steeples go "Clang!"
Torpedoes and crackers go "Rattety
bang!"
And the rockets go up out of sight.

For one little elfin by chance got astride
Of a giant torpedo nearby,
On a huge cannon cracker the next took a
ride:
Number three to the tail of a rocket was
tied,
And all three were blown up there sky
high.

On the way coming down each elfin de-
clared
He had seen quite enough of the sky,
And promised himself, if he lived to be
spared,
He would stay there on Fourth of July.

Yet this was not all, for they met on the
road

Three cripples in pitiful plight,
They also had been there to see things ex-
ploded—
A tailless young squirrel, a three-legged
toad
And a crow with tail feather turned
white.

A very wise owl was scowling close by
And the woebegone party drew near
Remarked, while winking and blinking one
eye:
"Didn't I tell you so, that the Fourth of
July
Is the fool's fool day of the year?"

But an eagle swooped down from a tower-
ing pine
And said with talons uncured:
"The day is all right, this country is mine;
'Tis said to be crippled, but sudden to
whine!
The Fourth of July leads the world.

"And now, my young friends, allow me to
state
That the flag you saw borne on the
breeze
Is the flag of the free, and we celebrate
The Fourth of July, while the crackers de-
bate,
With just as much fun as we please.

"Be careful, old owl, lest my temper you
stir;
This country cost more than one eye,
And is worth all it cost, though owls may
demur.
We invite everything in horns, feathers or
fur
To share in our Fourth of July."

course, continued to be very much in evidence, and toasts were drunk and responded to at the dinners which were provided on every village green or city common. "George Washington," "The Constitution," "The United States" and "The daughters of America" came in for a goodly share of attention in oration and in toast. "Squirrels, chickens, green corn and vegetables of the season" were piled upon the tables, and were free to all, while fireworks as well as fireworks abounded. The introduction of the "oration," however, chiefly distinguishes the celebration of 1783, and dates from that time.

The fiftieth anniversary was the "jubilee," and was the most elaborate of all celebrations up to that time. Three of the signers of the declaration were still living, although the weakness of old age prevented them from taking an active part in the festivities. The struggle of the South American countries to throw off the yoke of Spain and the popular sympathy with Greece helped to inspire the American people. Bells, shells, cannon and processions surrounded, and the oration held a conspicuous part. Josiah Quincy was the orator in Boston, Edward Everett in Cambridge, while in Washington an "honorable member" delivered a great speech before a greater crowd from the steps of the Capitol. New York had not yet made so much of the oration as had some of the other cities, but did not lack in enthusiasm. A long procession marched from the Battery to Washington Square, and was there reviewed by De Witt Clinton, the Governor of the State. Ten thousand people were in the assembly and aided in disposing of the "ox feast" which had been provided. The enthusiasm throughout the land was intense. The "Monroe doctrine," the "liberty of man," the oppression of effete monarchies, were expressions used not only by the orators, but by all men. Doubtless the "jubilee" provided a mighty impulse for the nation, then just passing out from its childhood.

PETER THE GREAT'S CITY

Madcap Exploits of Czar Who Changed Russia's Capital.

NEW YORK and St. Petersburg celebrated their birthdays recently. Each in commemorating its foundation recalled the name of a Peter. One was Peter Stuyvesant, the other Peter the Great. The commercial capital of the Americas looked back over its 250 years of municipal life and rejoiced in its rise from a group of huts with a stockade to the second city in the world. The imperial capital of the Russias exulted in the fact that it was not only the youngest of European capitals, but half a century younger than its American rival, and retold its two centuries of warfare against flood, pestilence and insurrection, in the transformation of the bogs of the River Neva to a city of palaces and cathedrals with a population of 1,500,000.

The remarkable origin of St. Petersburg has caused a revival of international interest in the still more remarkable character of its founder. Statesmen of foreign nations who are watching Russia just now with particular anxiety have gazed in their reading of dispatches from Kishineff, Port Arthur and Sofia to consider the kind of man who first roused Russia from its ancient Orientalism, who first organized its army, built its first ships and who started the Slav on his career of expansion from the Baltic to the Pacific and from the Arctic to the tropics.

Such a backward view of the life of Peter the Great reflects a strange combination of traits which at first seem a medley. His great deeds, which so clearly illustrate the perseverance, the courage, the ambition and the will power of the Russian, are intermingled with strange, almost freakish escapades. For example, this monarch could divert his attention at one time to the building of a cathedral on an uninhabited island, and at another to a Parisian ball with wine, and then cause the drunken wretch to be partitioned in high state.

Modern Russians, however, are frank in relating both the noble and the grotesque acts of their great Czar as indicative of the struggle of the Slav from barbarism to the civilization of the present time. It was in Peter the Great that the forces of light and darkness met and battled. Now the one, now the other, conquered.

Those who are so intently studying the Russian of the twentieth century because of his tremendous influence in the world's politics find a peculiar significance in the wild side of Peter's character. Even at the present time the question is asked: Is Russia still barbaric? What will she do next? A comparison of the savage Peter with the Russian of today shows how far in these two hundred years the Russian mind has softened, and thus foretells to a certain degree its future development.

The tales told of Peter abound with many madcap exploits, which more recent writers have proved absurd. Among the stories, however, which have not met with positive contradiction there are many which would seem to belong more to fiction than to history. For example, it is related that during the earliest days of St. Petersburg the inhabitants revolted against living there any longer. In the first year one hundred thousand had died from pestilence and flood. The streets and floors of the houses were so near the water's edge that fevers ravaged the community, and the bitter cold of winter, when the temperature frequently sank to forty degrees below zero, froze to death many a hardy warrior who had been compelled to settle there. Accordingly the people sought the priests to intercede for them and secure their departure from the hated town.

The Czar was living there at the time in a wooden hut, which is still preserved, but the priests waited until Peter was out of town. Then they called the attention of the multitude to an image of the Blessed Virgin, which was weeping copiously.

"Our Blessed Lady weeps for the sickness and death which afflicts us. She bids us flee this valley of sorrow," said the priests.

The community had been left in charge of Count Goltzkin, and the count, in alarm, sent posthaste for his master. There was no flight for Peter was back before he was expected. As soon as he saw the weeping image he tore off the back of his head and discovered a hollow filled with oil, which kept trickling out through the eyes.

"That's the way your priests make fools of you," cried the Czar, and picking up the image he took it home with him to add to his collection of curios. The first building, however, which Peter erected in the city after the fort was a church.

At a state dinner Peter was wont to encourage drinking and scuffling, as he said it promoted good fellowship. For this purpose he saw that the tables were never furnished with enough chairs to go around. Accordingly, the dinner started off with a free fight for seats. Those who failed to find seats were compelled either to sit on the floor or go without food. Neither were there enough napkins, and after the guests who obtained chairs were seated they began another battle. In the same way there was always an insufficient number of dishes and knives, so that many of the guests were compelled to divide a dish or an eating utensil between them, to the derision of their more fortunate fellows. The Czar cheered on the combatants, and the greater the noise and confusion the more he applauded the roisterers.

To each guest was given a great cup of brandy, and this fiery potion was followed by goblets of tokay wine. Consequently the greater portion of the assemblage became befuddled before even the soup was served. Throughout the meal the hummers of lack beer were passed around, and Peter, sitting at the head of the table in honor, surrounded with carpenters, shipwrights and mechanics, shouted to the stumblers and foreign ambassadors scattered pell-mell around the table.

"Drink hearty! Drink hearty! Drink it all!"

At such dinners the Czar often played practical jokes on his guests which would hardly be considered good etiquette at the present time. For example, he would have his cooks put alive in the soup so that the animals would not be found until the banqueters had almost drained the tureen. Again the Czar would announce after a course had been eaten that the meat was that of a raven or wolf.

Other dinners, according to some historians, were made occasions for the slaughter of criminals and traitors. When Peter was in Holland working as a Zealand shipwright so that he might learn the shipwright's art and introduce it into Russia, he learned that a rebellion had broken out among the Strelitzes, or imperial bodyguard. Quickly returning home, he put down the insurrection, and then ordered a great dinner to be held to commemorate his victory. To those who had been faithful to him in his absence he offered rich rewards. The twenty leaders of the rebels, however, were led into the banquet hall and executed before the guests. Peter is said to have acted as executioner himself, and after each feast he would quaff a glass of wine and then strike off the head of a Strelitz. The other insurrectionists were put to death on the wheel or by the axe, and their heads were transfixed on pikes along the streets.

Peter's sojourn in Holland in the guise of a shipbuilder and his visit to England to study the wharves and commercial life of London were filled with startling incidents in keeping with the kind of man he was. Soon after his arrival at Zaandam crowds began to besiege his humble apartments to see him. Crowds always provoked Peter, and at this time he went into a fit, as he often did at times of high nervous tension. The sight of the young man writhing on the floor drove off the curious throng in a panic, but it did not discompose his own attendants.

In London the Czar encountered such crowds that on one occasion when a porter carrying a hod pushed him clear off the sidewalk he immediately pulled up his sleeves for a fight. The Marquis of Carmarthen was with him, and the English lord exclaimed:

"Look here, you hind! Do you know whom you have insulted? This man here is the Czar of Russia."

But the porter did not recoil. Instead he threw out his chest and remarked blandly:

"Czar, heh? Well, we're half czars ere."

On returning from England Peter was struck with the absurdity of the ancient costume of his countrymen, which they had inherited from their former masters, the Tartars. Accordingly he began a crusade against the great long coats and baggy trousers, which he said prevented the Russians from keeping up with their Western neighbors. His ministers and courtiers were thunderstruck. Such a reform was not only revolutionary, they said, but would destroy the nation utterly. The Russians would have their coats dragging on the ground or they would perish.

"You will cut off your coats or I'll cut off your heads!" shouted Peter in a passion. The courtiers finally decided that their heads were of more consequence and sullenly obeyed. The coats came off. Then the royal reformer ordered the beards off. This was heaping injury on insult.

"What was more beautiful than a beard reaching to the waist and covering the chest like a shawl?" asked the noble boyars. An insurrection was imminent. So Peter changed his tactics slightly, but at the same time executed a neat business coup by taxing every long beard on a noble \$100, and that of the peasantry a certain small sum every time they passed the city gates. At first the revenue was a handsome one, but slowly the beards came off.

"Fools," said Peter as the tax dwindled away. "They had rather have their beards pulled out half by hair than shave them off all at once."

Finally there were only two long beards left at the court, and Peter caught these transgressors one day and shaved them himself before a court filled with guests and ambassadors.

Her Plan to Conquer Him.

She was a bride of three weeks, and her eyes were red and swollen as he leaned over the gate of her Staten Island home and talked to her neighbor.

"Yes, my husband had some words with me this morning," she said, "and he got the best of the argument—that's the worst of it."

"Dear girl, that will never do," said the experienced matron. "You can't afford to start in married life that way."

"I know it! I've thought it all over, and when he comes home to-night I'm going to bring him to terms so quick that he'll hardly know what's happened."

"Well, it's only right to show some spirit! What are you going to do?"

"I'll bring up the subject again, and then I'll cry!"—New York Press.

The Cavalry Horse.

The cavalry horse has no nationality. The exigencies of war find him turning from rural scenes from the land of his birth to distant fields of battle, an involuntary participant in the strife of nations. He is a fresh product from the range, from the hills, from the breeding farm, from the great horse markets. He begins service as a four-year-old, not being strong or tough enough to begin much earlier than that. He may last one, two, four, six, seven years in time of peace. He may be the veteran of several campaigns in times of war, and he is to deserve the personal pronoun.

Finishing His Training.

It is wrong to suppose that the cavalryman breaks his own horse. The animals come into the service trained simply to saddle and bridle, to halter and rope. Then the cavalryman puts on the professional touches, teaches his mount the tricks of the trade, the way to lie down at command, the way to clear obstacles, the way to kneel, stand and to keep perfect alignment in the ranks without fussing and kicking; the way to wheel on the turn; to trot, to gallop in company. The cavalryman's training is merely the higher schooling given a well-broken animal.

OUR OWN GREAT DAY.

Some Noteworthy Celebrations of the Fourth of July.

WHEN IT WAS FIRST OBSERVED.

OUR first Fourth of July celebration took place in Philadelphia four days after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, on July 8, 1776. "A warm, sunshiny morning," as one of those who were present described the day. John Nixon read the declaration in the yard of the State House, and the great assembly of people "gave three repeated hurrahs." The king's arms were torn down from their place, and then the proclamation was read before each of the five battalions on the commons. In the evening, which was clear and starlight, bonfires were kindled, cannon were fired, bells were rung, "with other demonstrations of joy upon the unanimity and agreement of the declaration."

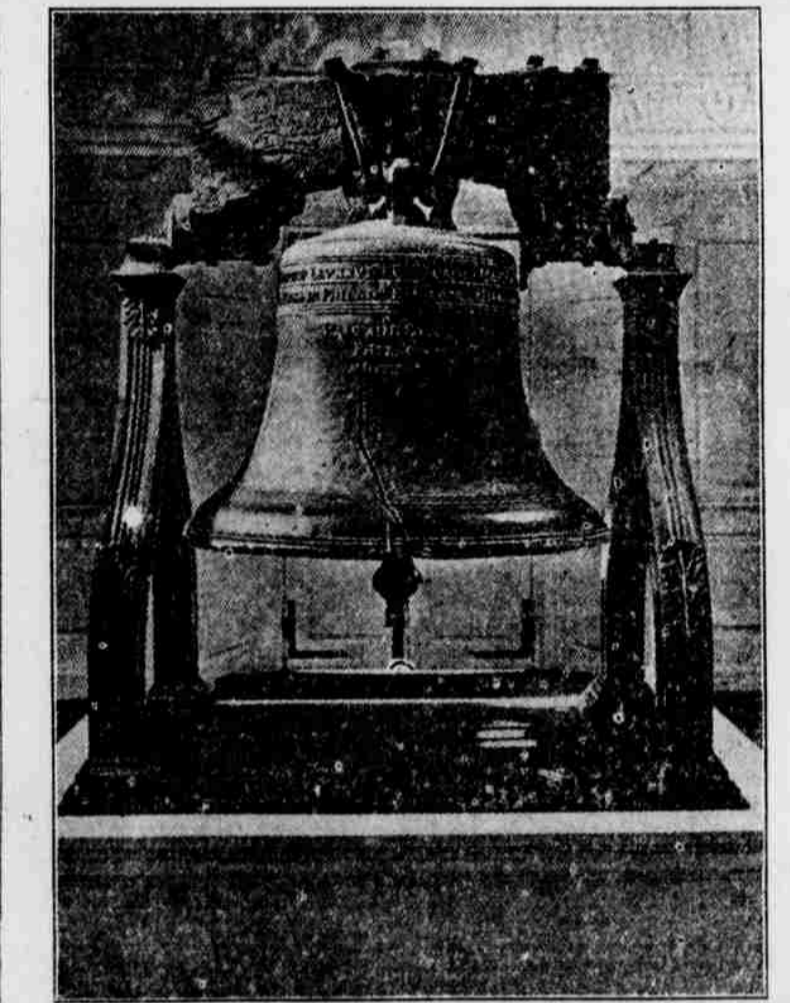
On July 9 Washington himself directed the celebration which was held in New York. The declaration was read in the presence of the army, and the assembled people indulged in displays very like those of the preceding day in Philadelphia, although the New York celebration went a step further, for in their enthusiasm the people tore down, beheaded and melted the statue of George III. in Bowling Green. "The troops long having had an inclination so to do."

The news was hurried forward to Boston, and the messengers made such incredibly fast time that they arrived on the 18th of July. The people were dressed in their "holiday suits," and with the soldiers thronged the streets. Exactly at 1 o'clock Thomas Crafts arose in the town house and read aloud the declaration, and the men stood up and repeated the words of their officers and swore to uphold the rights of their country. The town clerk read the declaration from a balcony to the crowd, "at the close of which a shout, begun in the hall, passed to the streets, which rang with loud hurrahs. The slow and measured boom of cannon and rattle of musketry." Then there was a banquet in the council chamber, "to which all the richer citizens were invited," while great quantities of liquor were distributed among the people, and in the evening there was a general illumination of the entire town. There was no statue of King George to be broken, but the people did the next best thing, for they tore down the lion and the unicorn from the east wing of the State House.

One of the unpublished letters of John Adams gives the following description: "The thought of taking any notice of this day was not conceived until the 2d of the month and was not mentioned until the 2d. It was too late to have a sermon, as every one wished, so this must be deferred to another year. Congress determined to adjourn over that day and to dine together. The general officers and others in town

the river, and several of them were dressed in the colors of all nations displayed above the masts, yards and rigging. At 1 o'clock the ships were all manned; that is, the men were all ordered aloft and arranged upon the top yards and shrouds, making a striking appearance of men drawn up in order in the air. Then I went on board the Delaware with the President and sev-

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE



LIBERTY BELL, INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

eral gentlemen of the marine committee, soon after which we were saluted with a discharge by thirteen guns, which was followed by thirteen others from each of the armed vessels in the river, then the galleys followed the fire and after them the gunboats. Then the President and the company returned in the largest to the shore, and were saluted by three cheers from every ship, galley and boat in the river. The wharves and shores were lined with a vast concourse of people, all shouting and huzzing. . . . At 3 we went to dinner, and were very agreeably entertained with excellent company, good cheer and music from the band of Hessians captured at Trenton and by continual volleys between every toast from a company of soldiers."

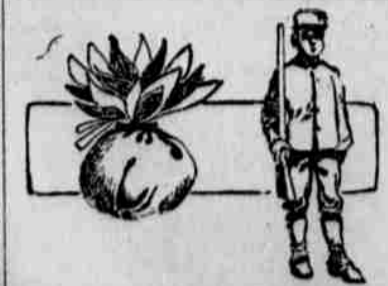
The letter then goes on to describe the processions and salutes of the soldiers, and expresses the surprise of the writer in the evening to behold almost every house lighted by candles in the windows, "though a few surly houses were dark. I had forgot," he continues, "the ringing of bells all day and evening, and the bonfires in the streets, and the fireworks played off. Had General Howe been here in disguise, or his master, this show would have given them the headache."

WHEN PEACE WAS RESTORED.

The anniversaries had been celebrated in the army by the discharge of guns, the setting free of prisoners, and festivities in which the wives of the generals had been very active. Mrs. Knox and Mrs. Greene being especially interested. The year when peace was declared witnessed the introduction of the oration. Guns and bells, of

speaks for himself, and in the language of the sex (according to its traducers) is just too sweet! This brave boy is not necessarily in brown. If you prefer he will don strawberry breeches and a blue blouse. Indeed, he is so accommodating as to adapt himself to any color scheme, even if it be far from a la maitre.

Slangy ones refer to the torpedo for as hot stuff. It is desirable for those



IES FOR THE FOURTH.

who don't care to have the things they eat too highly colored? Yet it boasts the colors. The delicious spherule itself is first done up in wax paper. Then comes this potato-upside-down effect called the torpedo. It is a crumpled tissue paper, ribbon-tied as a matter of course.

A Delicately Messured.

"Marietta, you had better write your Aunt Jane that we are coming out there on the Fourth."

"Why?"

"If you don't she will be writing us that she is coming here."—Chicago Record-Herald.

NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City.—Broad shouldered effects are among the most notable features of the season's styles and are never more attractive than when produced by means of the drop yoke and attached bertha cut on graceful lines. The very stylish May Manton waist illustrated combines these features with entirely novel sleeves, that can be made with the puff under-sleeves or without as may be preferred. As



FANCY WAIST.

illustrated the waist is made of white batiste, with yoke and trimmings of antique lace, but the design suits all the cotton and linen fabrics of the season as well as soft wools and silks. The waist is made over a fitted foundation, that can be cut away at yoke depth when a transparent effect is desired, and on it are arranged the full portions of the waist. The yoke drops over the sleeves and to its edges the circular bertha is joined. The sleeves consist of the tucked upper ones and the full puffed under-sleeves which are attached invisibly at elbow length.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and three-quarter yards twenty-one inches wide, four yards twenty-seven inches wide, four yards thirty-two inches wide or two and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, with a half yard of yoking material eighteen inches wide.

Woman's Shirred Waist.

Soft materials shirred make one of the most attractive features of the

any other fabric except sheer cotton or linen.

Colored Stitching.

Black stitching on white and white on black have been familiar to us long enough, but now the idea extends to stitchings in bright contrasting or shaded effects on materials of dark or neutral tone, and also in silks of different colors to form a plaid. Shirt-waist suits of dark blue are stitched with bright red, orange or green. Another development of the ombre idea is in frocks of white linen or lawn with ruffles feather-stitched with three or four shades of a color in as many different rows.

Shawl Points on Ribbon.

Usually the black taffeta hair ribbons used by school girls are clipped with deep swallow-tail indentations. The exact reverse of this cut is seen in the new fashion of clipping the ends of ribbon used in rosettes or crown bands or simple bows and loops in millinery. The deep, sharp and narrowly pointed centre of the middle ribbon is shaped as a "shawl point." You can scarcely help noticing them on the new straw walking hats. It is particularly striking where two shades of ribbon are used, and the "shawl points" are spaced like shingles on a roof.

Elbow Sleeves.

For summer gowns of sheer cotton stuffs and also for thin shirt-waists of the elaborate kind, elbow sleeves will be much worn. They are generally finished with frills and much fluffiness brought about by narrow, gathered lace ruffles or ruches on their edges. The upper part follows the skirt idea and is shirred, tucked, pleated or flounced to accord with it.

Wraps For the Summer.

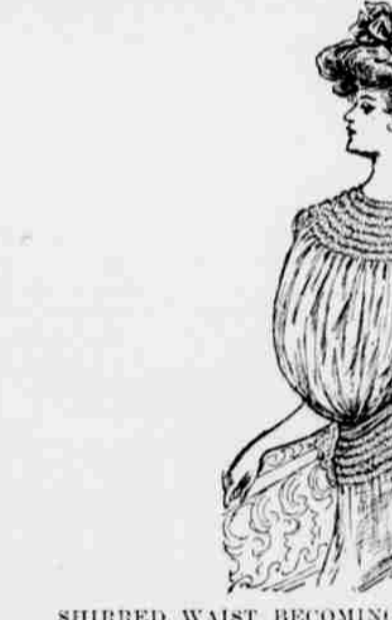
Three-quarter and full-length wraps of black silk in loose styles will be worn through the summer, to cover up light gowns. Long loose wraps of p. nagee, both lined and unlined, are fashionable. These will be used for dust coats and for traveling generally.

Irish Crochet Lace.

Irish crochet lace has a silk braid woven in with the lace, which is a novelty at least. It would seem, however, that lace in itself is handsome enough without the addition of much trimming.

A Wreck Every Day.

There are more wrecks in the Baltic Sea than in any other place in the world. The average is one wreck a day throughout the year.



SHIRRED WAIST BECOMING TO SLENDER FIGURES.

son's styles and are exceedingly becoming to slender figures. The very stylish waist illustrated in the large drawing shows them used after a novel fashion and can be made with a low round neck, or high neck finished with stock collar as may be preferred. The model is made of cream-colored silk and is trimmed with lace at the edges of the sleeves, but very soft and pliable material is appropriate.

The waist consists of a fitted lining on which the shirred portions are arranged. The waist proper is shirred to yoke depth, then falls in soft full folds to the belt. The sleeves are shirred from shoulders to elbows and are arranged over a lining which serves to keep the shirrings in place, but fall in drooping frills below that point.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five and a half yards twenty-one inches wide, four yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and a half yards thirty-two inches wide or two yards forty-four inches wide.

Popularity of Shirring.

The popularity of shirring amounts to a fad. It is used on coats and peleries to as great an extent as on gowns. Shirred strapping, says Toilettes, is the latest form the craze has taken, straight pieces of the material of the gown, with edges turned under, are shirred in three or four rows over soft cord to cover the seams of gored skirts. Everything shirred or gathered into ruffles or ruchings is in high vogue, even the lace edgings on the borders of handkerchiefs, ties, transparent stocks and various articles of lingerie is invariably gathered quite full in the sewing on.

Walking Suits of Silk.

Shepherd's plaid in black or blue with white, and in louisine or taffeta is grand, made for short morning suits in shirt-waist style. Shot tuffetas are still modish for the purpose, and the gun-metal effects are quite as popular as they were last year. Satin foulards are no longer ultra-fashionable, but are no longer recommended them for summer morning and shopping suits, and for traveling as well. They shed the dust and are decidedly cooler than



WOMAN'S BLOUSE.

Broad collars are becoming to the greater number of womankind and are exceedingly effective on the dainty blouses now in vogue. The very pretty May Manton waist illustrated shows one of a novel sort and is made of pale blue louisine silk with trimming of evert lace. The design, however, suits thin cotton and linen fabrics as well as those of silk and wool. The original is made over the fitted lining, but this last can be omitted when washable fabrics are used.

The blouse is made with a fitted foundation and consists of a plain back, and fronts that are tucked at their upper portions and joined to a round yoke. This big collar lies flat and is cut in wedge-shaped pieces at its inner edge, the points of which are attached to the shield and under which the ribbon is passed. The shield and stock are separate and are attached to the waist beneath the collar. When desired they can be omitted and the waist worn with an open neck. The sleeves are tucked above the elbows and form the fashionable puffs at the wrists, where they are gathered into pointed cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and three-quarter yards twenty-one inches wide, four yards twenty-seven inches wide.



WOMAN'S BLOUSE.

four yards thirty-two inches wide or two yards forty-four inches wide, with three-quarter yards of tucking for shield, collar and cuffs.