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CYCLONE, HOY!

Warning of a Rip Snorter That Has Just Left Florida.

Everything Is Lovely, but Sergt. Dunn Has His Fears.

We Have Succeeded in Shaking Old Humidity for a Few Days, They Say.

Sergt. Dunn evidently had the Suburban in his mind when he mixed to-day's dose of weather. It is cool, bright, fresh racing weather. The Florida and Katrina will sweep a lot of it to stiffen their sails with down the Bay and Terra Cotta and Raedland will run out their tongues into it when the jockeys crowd them under the wire.

"Fair, no rain, cool." That was the Sergeant's next bill for to-day. The cyclone hadn't begun to be feared yet. But while we are having such a blooming time a cussed, cantankerous cyclone, with a kick to it like a double-decked mule, has been playing the deuce down around the lower Atlantic States.

It raised its head in Cuba on Sunday, and laughed at the idea of its being the day of rest. Then, with a snort, it kicked up its heels and capered right across the island like a two-year-old. It skipped across to the Gulf, and raised the old boy around the eastern end of the Florida peninsula. It came on things up lively, but this was only whetting its teeth to bite better in more damnable spots.

After it had torn the Gulf all up, it charged right across Florida with a whoop and a rush. It ripped up the poor little orange trees, tore the mounds out of the groves and left a wasteland of ruin behind it. Bro. Magnesian tried to preach. Then it departed, leaving a perfume like a holy memory behind it.

The cyclone hadn't begun to be feared yet. It had only loosened its joints. With another shriek like a bursting caltrop it flung away from Florida, out into the Atlantic. A cyclone nearly always whisks around in this serpentine way. In fliriting its tail this way it gets more of a slap at things it whacks.

Boats going out upon the "vasty deep" had better look out for this wind twister, which is just in the humor to pull the sheets of Florida, snip the masts, rip the rigging, and scatter the wreckage generally of a trim, neatly appointed craft.

After it has gambled around out at sea it will probably turn about and come booming into land again. It will strike the coast hard whenever it hits it, and duces had better get their new straw hats insured.

Sergt. Dunn says there is a chance that the giddy thing will get so far out to sea that it will beat it up by the time it works in to the coast again. There is a high Canadian seaman who is like fixed bayonets against the return to shore of the cyclone. It is nature's own defense against her rebellious runaway. Hence we may get blown to pieces by the cyclone at all.

Another little storm is whirling around up at the Northwest and trotting in a straight line for Minnesota. It is a weakling, though, and will die young on its travels.

All along the Atlantic coast by the Carolinas and up and down the Mississippi valley it is raining, merrily and unceasingly, and the inhabitants. The rainfall all along the Atlantic seaboard has been very plentiful. At Jacksonville there was a fall of 1.40 inches; at Tampa, Fla., it was 1.74 inches; at Charleston, 1.40, and at Hatteras, 1.24.

Local weather here in town to-day was 62 degrees at 8 A. M., with a moderate breeze of wind that only looked up to 59. So we are in for a comfortable day, and if the cyclone doesn't turn up everything will be lovely.

JOHN GILBERT. John Gilbert is dead and the American stage has lost one of its most substantial figures in this earnest, intelligent old actor, whose careful studies and indomitable perseverance were for him more enduring success than the will-o'-the-wisp-like scintillations of genius could have done.

The life of John Gilbert, teaches an admirable lesson. It should be read and remembered by every member of the profession that has for so many years adorned it. It is a gem with instruction, at the present day when every third-rate actor appears to consider himself a genius, and the tendency to pose as such is so painfully to be seen.

Mr. Gilbert was willing to subordinate himself to his art. He acknowledged its existence and bowed to its dictates. His art, he felt, then he recollected himself. His excellent performances in the old comedies that were recently revived at Wallack's Theatre by Mr. Abbey will long be remembered.

John Gilbert was an artist in the real meaning of the term. He was one of the few men who enjoyed the results of their labor. He lived to be good, ripe old age, in harness almost to the last, and his death, neither sad nor deplorable, will yet be mourned by a nation. He has left the story of his life. Let the leaders of the profession preach it until its beauties are fully understood.

OUR BABIES' FUND.

This is the Time for That Corps of Free Physicians.

Johnstown Is Relieved and There Is Need for Charity at Home.

Send in Your Mite Towards Saving the Sick Children in the Tenements.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.
THE EVENING WORLD.....\$100.00
Already acknowledged.....\$14.22
Theodore W. Myers & Co.....\$10.00
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There are many demands upon the charity disposed just now, but no appeal is stronger or goes more directly to every heart than that in behalf of the sick children of the crowded tenement districts. It is a tough heart indeed that feels no pang at the thought of these little sufferers scooped up in noxious rooms, deprived of the soothing sunlight and stilled with impure air, unskillfully attended by kind but ignorant mothers because of the poverty which bids them to dispense with the attendance of paid physicians and improperly and inadequately fed.

It is this why THE EVENING WORLD fund is started for defraying the expenses of a corps of energetic and enthusiastic physicians of good repute to make house calls upon the tenement babies sick with the various ailments of weather.

It should be borne in mind that the field is boundless, and that the larger the corps the more lives can be saved and the more suffering alleviated. The best terms, and haste should be made in those who intend to contribute, that this charity may do its work speedily and before it is too late.

Helps from Sunday-School Scholars. To the Editor of The Evening World: I enclosed find money I have collected for THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Babies' Fund.

Two Little Contributors. To the Editor of The Evening World: We send you our savings, 25 cents, to help the sick babies. With best wishes, we remain yours truly, EDDIE and JENNIE STERN.

Sacrificed His Candy Fund. To the Editor of The Evening World: Instead of buying candy for my pennies, I saved them all up, until I saved 25 cents, which I wish to give towards the Sick Baby Fund. I hope I will soon be able to send you more. MORRIS MEYER (aged eight), 207 East Forty-ninth street.

Even the Babies Join In. To the Editor of The Evening World: I am a baby not quite a year old, and as I sympathize with other babies, I send you all the money I have. I hope it will do a little good towards the sick babies. Yours truly, META LONDON.

A DISASTROUS FLYING SWITCH. Brakeman Pleaver White Thrown and Killed at Bridgeport. (SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) BRIDGEPORT, Conn., June 18.—A flying switch was attempted this morning on the New York and New Haven tracks in this city, with disastrous results.

PENNSYLVANIA AND PROHIBITION. A Battle of Ballots Being Earnestly Waged There. PITTSBURGH, June 18.—The vote on the Prohibition amendment is going on through the State to-day and the result will be looked for with general interest.

Miss Edgerton—Do you remember what Dolly Farren had on, Tom? Her Brother—No, couldn't make out whether it was a love affair with Jensen or just a flirtation with me.

Plain English. Mr. Bostonbred—Pray tell me, Miss Montana, who is that lady dressed in green standing by the mantel—the one whose emblem-point is rather pronounced.

Would You Give That? Say, come into the bank and identify me, will you? he asked of an acquaintance on the street.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. An uncleanly vigor in every part of the body is Hood's Sarsaparilla. That tired feeling is entirely overcome. The blood is purified, enriched and vitalized, and carries health instead of disease to every organ.

IS HE THE BURKE?

Chicago's Police Think So, but There Are Doubters.

He Has Secured Counsel and Will Resist Extradition.

Hopes and Conjectures About the Latest Suspect in the Cronin Case.

CHICAGO, June 18.—The sensation of the day is still the arrest in Winnipeg, as told in yesterday's EVENING WORLD, of Martin Burke, alias Delany, who is said to be an accomplice, if not one of the principals in the Cronin murder.

It is now stated that Burke is the man for whom Moroney was arrested a few days ago, and that the arrest of the New York suspects was nothing more or less than a device to throw the reporters off the track while the real assassin was being pursued in Canada. It is suspected, however, that the police say this merely to cover up the fizzle which they made in the New York case.

He moved around from one boarding house to another, and seemed to suddenly come into possession of large sums of money. He was also an intimate friend of P. O. Sullivan the loeman.

He was acquainted with Senior Guardian Beggs, of the notorious Camp No. 20 of the Irish trade and through him got a position in the Sewer Department of the city, but he was discharged about four months ago and has apparently had no employment since.

He has a fanatical devotion to the Irish cause and is a member of the Clan-na-Gael. He was born in Ireland and has only been in this country three years, but he is known in Chicago as a desperate fellow and a dead-end toward it to pick it up.

He was arrested last night, and after telling their story were held for examination. They were arraigned in the Tombs this morning and promptly discharged.

ROSE'S LOVE-DREAM OVER. FAIR MISS COGHAN AND HER HUSBAND ARE DRIFTED APART. Miss Rose Coghlan has for some time been pointed out in the theatrical profession as a shining example of what matrimony will do for an actress. From the giddy ranks of dramatic spinsterhood Miss Coghlan suddenly and quietly graduated into matrimony with Mr. Clinton J. Edgerly, a well-to-do, athletic, young business man.

This happened about four years ago and Miss Coghlan instantly settled down into a humdrum matrimony, just as though she liked it. "All the world wondered," but Mrs. Clinton J. Edgerly let it wonder. She was satisfied apparently with her Clinton, and life in her home was generally alluded to as "something almost holy in its domesticity."

THE GREAT SUBURBAN. "THE EVENING WORLD" SPORTS EXTRA WILL HAVE A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT SUBURBAN. DE GRAAF & TAYLOR CO., 47 & 49 West 14th St., FURNITURE, BEDDING AND DECORATIONS. WE DEFFY COMPETITION.

LOST IN THE STORM

A Rowboat Capsized and Two Men Were Drowned.

Their Companions Rescued After a Half Hour in the Sea.

Sad Catastrophe Which Overtook a Merry Party.

Benjamin Foster, for the past four years the cashier of a morning paper; Robert Smiley, an employee of the same paper; John Burke, of another paper, and Michael Ryan, a newsdealer, started out at 8 o'clock yesterday morning for a day's recreation on the river.

They got into Foster's light rowboat, the Gracie, with the intention of rowing up to High Bridge. When they got near Ward's Island it occurred to them that there was a yacht race on the Sound, and some one proposed to go to the regatta. A little mast was put up in the rowboat, a leg-of-mutton sail set to it, and the party sailed into the "grand to join the yachts."

The men landed, took dinner, went in swimming, and about 2 o'clock boated the leg-of-mutton sail and started for home. The breeze was fresh, and the light rowboat scudded across the rough sea.

After going about three miles, the boat came up with the mast screw John Keefe, which was in one of the tubs boat Volunteer. The mast screw threw out a line and took the rowboat in tow. The rain began to fall and the men took down the leg of mutton sail, spread it over the boat and got under it for shelter.

The sky grew black; a squall came up; the waves ran high, and the men had to bail to keep the rowboat afloat. A big wave struck the little boat, turned it over, and the four men were left struggling in the water, two miles from the nearest shore.

The waves were so high that the tugboat did not dare stop, for fear of a general wreck. The man on the mast screw out the capsized rowboat loose, that the men might have something to swim to in the storm, and went on.

After the rescue, the men were taken to the hospital. The man who was in the tubs boat Volunteer was severely injured, but is expected to recover.

ROCKAWAY BEACH. JAMAICA ROCKAWAY BEACH RAILWAY. VIA NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN. TRAINS LEAVING AT 8:00 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 2:00 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 8:00 P. M.

Stern Bros.

direct attention to their large assortment of Tourist Requisites, consisting of VALISES, BAGS, SATCHELS, TOILET CASES, TRAVELLING RUGS, SHAWLS, CANES, UMBRELLAS, TOILET ARTICLES, LADIES' COSSAMER and SILK WATERPROOFS and GENTS' MACKINTOSHES.

32 to 36 West 23d St.

COBURN LOCKED UP AGAIN. HE BLACKENS THE EYE OF A RESTAURANT WAITER HALF HIS SIZE. Ordered a Meal, Ate It and Then Refused to Pay Except in Advance—His Excuse in Court Is that the Coffee Was Bad—The Complaining Waiter Bled and Coburn Is Held for Trial.

Joe Coburn, the retired prize-fighter and ex-convict, was brought to the Tombs Market Police Court this morning charged with assaulting a waiter in a cheap eating-house on Third avenue. Coburn has greatly changed in appearance during the last few years. In place of the fine clothing and showy diamonds he used to wear he wore a cheap suit of mixed goods and a dull, gold-plated pin.

He had a fashionable silk hat, however, and when he removed it his hair was neatly combed across the bald spot on his head, something after the style of the "little Judge" before whom he was brought.

Coburn was arrested last night. He entered Flynn's coffee and cake shop in Tombs Market, on the corner of Seventh street and Third avenue, and called for a light lunch. He got it and was quietly making his exit when he was asked to pay his check.

He was slightly under the influence of liquor. The complaint at the station-house was that he struck the waiter in the face. Policeman Howard, of the Fourteenth Precinct, who was in the neighborhood, came up and with the assistance of a brother cop, took the man of science in a cell in the Fifth street station.

The complainant, Flynn, was in court. He is a little short man with a dark complexion. His right eye bore a beautiful mark of red, black and blue.

Flynn said that Coburn came in the shop and asked for a cup of coffee. He ordered, walked out without paying. "What have you to say, Mr. Coburn?" asked Judge Duffy.

"No, Judge, it's just this way. I went into his place last night and ordered coffee. I walked out and he made a row about my not paying," said Coburn.

"Well, it wasn't no good. I couldn't drink the stuff. It wasn't because I wanted to 'skin' the man or 'know' Judge, because a man like me you don't do that."

He came out and called me a name, and I slapped his face," said Joe, in a contemptuous tone of voice.

"You are a man of science," said Judge Duffy, "why did you strike a man of his size right eye with a beautiful mark of red, black and blue?"

"I only used the palm of my hand, I didn't want to hurt him," whined Coburn.

"I told you the last time you were here that if you go if you kicked Sullivan," said the Judge, "but here you are again, charged with striking a man half your size."

"Will you have me settle it here?" asked Justice Duffy. "I want it to go down below," said Mr. Flynn.

B. Altman & Co.

On Wednesday, June 19 WILL OFFER IN Lace Dept.

The balance of their IMPORTED NOVELTIES at LESS than ONE-HALF their ACTUAL VALUE.

Also, in connection with the above, they will offer their entire stock of Lace Flouncings and Draperies at very attractive prices, including one special lot of 48-inch Black Drapery Nets at \$1.00 per yard.

AND IN EMBROIDERIES AT SPECIAL PRICES.

The Balance of this Season's Styles comprising wide and narrow Embroideries in a great variety of Patterns, and including Hemstitched Flouncing 42 inches wide, at 98c. and \$1.10 Yard.

18th St., 19th St. and 6th Av. (18th St. Station Elevated Road.)

Useful Goods for Summer. White Bed Spreads, 50c. & 65c. White B. d Spreads, extra size, 75c. and 90c. Cheese Cloth Comfortables, \$1.90 and \$2.25. Lap Robes, plain, 75c. & \$1.00. Lap Robes, embroidered \$1.60. Travelling Blankets, \$7.00.

Try our Castile Soap for Toilet and Laundry use. Sold by the cake, bar or pound. Lord & Taylor, Grand Street Store.

RAILROADS. CENTRAL RAILROAD OF NEW JERSEY. FOOT LIBERTY ST. NORTH RIVER. FOOT LIBERTY ST. NORTH RIVER. For Easton, 4:30 A. M., 11:30 A. M., 3:45 P. M., 4:45 P. M., 8:30 P. M. For Paterson, 4:30 A. M., 11:30 A. M., 3:45 P. M., 4:45 P. M., 8:30 P. M. For Newark, 4:30 A. M., 11:30 A. M., 3:45 P. M., 4:45 P. M., 8:30 P. M. For Hoboken, 4:30 A. M., 11:30 A. M., 3:45 P. M., 4:45 P. M., 8:30 P. M. For Jersey City, 4:30 A. M., 11:30 A. M., 3:45 P. M., 4:45 P. M., 8:30 P. M. For Elizabeth, 4:30 A. M., 11:30 A. M., 3:45 P. M., 4:45 P. M., 8:30 P. M. For Camden, 4:30 A. M., 11:30 A. M., 3:45 P. M., 4:45 P. M., 8:30 P. M. For Philadelphia, 4:30 A. M., 11:30 A. M., 3:45 P. M., 4:45 P. M., 8:30 P. M. For Baltimore, 4:30 A. M., 11:30 A. M., 3:45 P. M., 4:45 P. M., 8:30 P. M. For Washington, 4:30 A. M., 11:30 A. M., 3:45 P. M., 4:45 P. M., 8:30 P. M. For New York, 4:30 A. M., 11:30 A. M., 3:45 P. M., 4:45 P. M., 8:30 P. M.