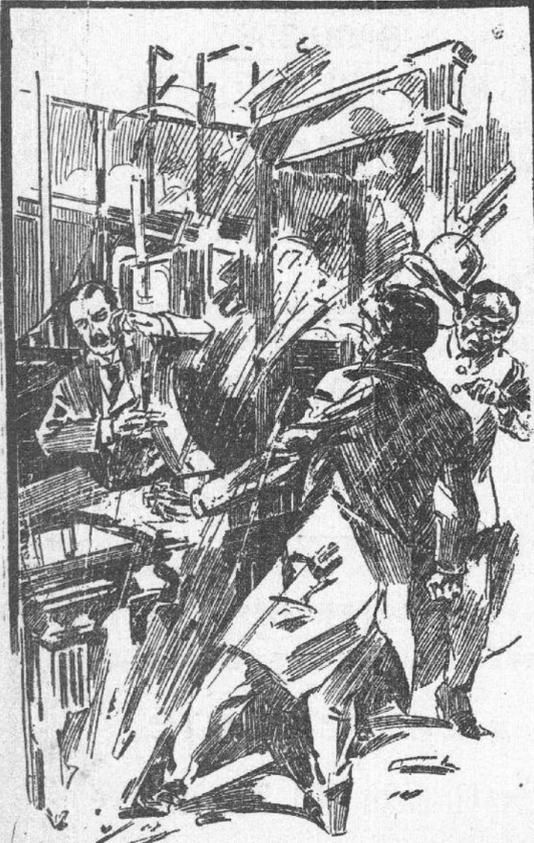


BOMB THROWER KILLS CASHIER AND HIMSELF IN PHILADELPHIA BANK



Philadelphia.—It was just 11:40 o'clock, 20 minutes before closing time at the Fourth National bank on the morning of January 5, when a tall, dark, unkempt stranger entered the bank corridor from the north corridor of the Bullitt building. Patrons of the bank—not many in number, fortunately—were passing in and out to make deposits or drafts before noon. The clerks and tellers were busy taping up their sheets for the day. The officers were hurrying to wind up their business. Scarcely anyone noticed the newcomer.

He had on a dark blue suit of clothing, those who saw him remember, ragged and shabby from age. He wore a black slouch hat. He peered around, hesitatingly, and then caught sight of President Rushton standing near one of the vaults, which were soon to be closed. He must have known Mr. Rushton, for he did not ask anyone for the president, but approached him and spoke to him immediately.

"My name is G. E. Williams," he said, "and I live in the suburbs of Philadelphia. I want to know if you can let me have a loan of \$5,000."

Mr. Rushton saw that the man was some sort of a crank, and to get rid of him, asked that he name his securities, which the president would consider before making the loan. At the same time, Mr. Rushton signalled to Crump, the watchman, a splendidly built big negro, who wore a gray uniform and to the bank's patrons, was one of the most familiar figures about the place.

As the watchman responded, Mr. Rushton whispered: "Get rid of this fellow, won't you, 'Bob,'" addressing the colored man by the nickname which the financial men of the district long ago applied to him. But the intruder pressed up close to the president again before Crump could reach him.

Insurance Policy as Security.

"My securities—why, I've got a life insurance policy that runs out in five years," said the stranger. His manner was hesitating and he stammered slightly. "I'll show you some pictures that are worth a lot of money, too."

And he drew from his pocket two photographs, dirty and torn. One was of a woman, the other a little girl. It is supposed that they were pictures of his wife and daughter. The banker would not take them in his hand and scarcely more than glanced at them. They could not be found later.

By now Mr. Rushton was sure that the man had no legitimate business with him, so he excused himself on a plea of considering the security of

fered, and went around a corner of the corridor, waving his hand in the direction of the cashier's office, to indicate that Crump should conduct the unwelcome visitor there.

The man was so big and strong that he would have been a match for the negro had it come to a physical encounter, and probably both Mr. Rushton and Crump unconsciously decided that the best thing to do was to let Mr. McLearn attend to him. The watchman had already taken the visitor towards McLearn's office before President Rushton's signal.

The cashier was sitting at his desk, which was behind a waist-high counter and separated from the main corridor of the bank only by a law railing. William McLearn was a big, hearty, jovial chap, who could handle any sort of a man without giving him offense, and could get rid of him without creating a scene.

He was a "good fellow" with everybody, a handsome, likable man. Every bank has a man of that type as a valuable business asset, a man who represented the institution at conventions, banquets and social affairs, who by his personality secures and holds the business of the smaller banks in country towns. That was McLearn's place here. He had been with the bank nearly 20 years, had gained for it much business, and had been promoted upon his merits from one post to another until not long ago he became cashier when Vice President Shunbacker took his present place.

Just exactly what happened then may never be known. A business man who was not far away saw McLearn rise to meet the stranger and a moment later heard the latter's voice, high-pitched and angry. Only the words "five thousand dollars" could be made out. The business man, not interested in the talk, turned away.

Crash Heard Blocks Away.

Then came the ripping, grinding detonating crash. The roar of it was heard six blocks away. A great puff of smoke swept upward with the debris and drifted as high as the eighth or top story of the Bullitt building. Every pane of glass about the bank was shattered in a twinkling, and every piece of brass grill work was bent and twisted and torn.

A score of desks within a radius of ten yards seemed to leap straight in the air, and then drop back and crash upon the marble floor. There appeared to be a sheet of flame in the immediate vicinity of the explosion, for some of the desks were blackened and some curtains and woodwork at the

eastern end of the inclosure in which McLearn had his desk took fire.

Every person within the radius of the nitroglycerin's force was hurled flat upon the floor, many beneath crashing, cutting showers of heavy glass from the skylights and partitions, some beneath the desks at which they had been sitting a second before.

Not only from the bank's quarters, but from all over the building came cries of terror and shouts of warning. Men and women raced out through both of the big doorways into Fourth street, some fleeing for blocks in their fright. Pedestrians stopped in amazement as they heard the great "boom" and saw fugitives with bloody faces and hands pouring from the building.

In the terrific explosion both McLearn and the bomb-thrower were instantly killed. A negro messenger named William Crump, who was trying to eject the stranger, had both his eyes blown out and was fatally injured. A dozen or more employees and patrons were severely hurt and the entire first floor of the bank was wrecked.

The cashier's body was torn limb from limb. Both legs were blown off, one arm was blown from its shoulder; half the head was all that remained.

Of the bomb-thrower so little was left that a waste basket contained all that was later taken to the morgue. He was literally shattered to atoms.

The only thing that remained intact about his body or his clothing was a little brass name plate attached to a bunch of keys, which was found near a strip of blue cloth that had been part of his trousers. The words "R. Steele, Garner, Ia.," were inscribed upon the plate. Through this clue it was discovered that the man was Robert Steele, who had left the town six years ago for the east, and had presumably been living with a wife and three children somewhere in this city then. His identity would probably never have been known for the little brass plate.

President Rushton, whom the stranger had left only half a minute before throwing the bomb, escaped serious injuries, but had several small cuts on his face and hands. First Vice President Edward F. Shanbacker, though only a few feet away, was unscathed. Second Vice President B. M. Faires, whose desk is a mere step from the cashier's, probably escaped death only through having been ill and having stayed at home.

The explosion's force swept through

injuries, heroically, and went to work at once to rescue the money and securities. It was reported that two certified checks—one for \$30,000 and the other for a still larger sum—were missing. It was not known whether they were destroyed, blown out of the building, or stolen in the excitement.

So terrific was the force of the explosion that the dead cashier's watch, a heavy, gold hunting-case timepiece, was bent from its flat shape into the form of a horseshoe. A flat, mashed piece of gold found upon the floor near where the bomb was thrown was identified as a ring he had worn.

Whole Building Shaken.

As high up as the fifth floor of the building a desk in an office directly over the bank was completely upset and the employees panic-stricken. A medley of bells sounded all through the building as telephone bells in each office began to tinkle under the vibration of the building and chimes sounded on every side. The news stand in front of the bank was mixed up as badly as though it had been turned upside down. Papers, books and magazines were scattered everywhere.

It was an hour before anything like order was restored. Some of the bank officials and clerks actually did not know they were injured until friends or strangers pointed out their wounds. The bank's telephone system was thrown out of order by the explosion and the attaches ran all over the neighborhood, bloody and disarrayed, seeking phones over which they could let their families know that they were safe.

Eugene McIlhonne, secretary to the second vice president, who was caught almost in the center of the explosion's radius, recovered consciousness before aid reached him, and then walked about for five minutes, dazed and helpless, before he discovered that the index finger of his right hand had been blown completely off.

Crowds numbering thousands gathered in Fourth street, in front of the building; in Harmony street, to the south of it, and in Orrianna street, upon which the rear windows face. Along both these latter streets ghastly relics abounded. In Orrianna street were fragments of glass and wood to which particles of flesh adhered. Harmony street was littered from curb to curb with glass and wood, with here and there a bit of brass from the grillwork. Some of the ultra-morbid took away in their pockets some bits of the debris as souvenirs.

All afternoon and evening the Bul-

NEEDED FRESH AIR

CHIVALROUS OLD SECRETARY HAD RECEIVED SHOCK.

Was Not Used to the Presence of Feminine Writers of Anonymous Letters—Hence His Instructions to Messenger.

A good story is told concerning the treatment a chivalrous old cabinet officer from the south, who served in one of the Cleveland cabinets, dished out to a writer of anonymous letters. A few months before this cabinet officer accepted his portfolio a woman had been dismissed from his department for insubordination. Not long after this woman's dismissal a woman clerk in the same division began to receive a shocking series of anonymous letters. The letters were obviously written by a woman, but the recipient of them had no notion as to what woman could be the author of them. She finally turned a batch of the letters over to the chief of her division, an elderly and kindly man of family. The courtly old southerner carried the letters straight to the secretary.

The latter picked up one of the letters and started to read it.

"Now, here is an odd thing," he said, and he touched the bell for his secretary. "Bring me," he said to his secretary, "the letter I received a few days ago from that woman who was discharged from the blank division before I came here and who applied to me for reinstatement."

The clerk brought the letter his chief wanted. The secretary compared it with one of the anonymous letters. Both were written in an odd back-slanting handwriting, and there could be no mistake about their being written by the same hand. The secretary sent a special messenger to the address of the woman who had applied to him for reinstatement, and she was at his office an hour later. The secretary, a cavalier of the old south, rose from his desk and gravely greeted the woman when she entered his office.

"Madam," he said, "I do not know whether the position you formerly held here required that you should be a judge of different sorts of handwriting. At any rate, I should like to ask your opinion of the handwriting of these two letters," and he handed the woman her own letter applying for reinstatement and the last anonymous letter received by her victim. The woman took the two letters and she saw that she was in a trap.

"Since you ask me, Mr. Secretary," she replied, "I reply that these two letters were unquestionably written by the same hand," and she frowned out of the office.

The old secretary sat tilted back in his chair, his head on his bosom, and reflected for a long while. Then he touched the button for his negro messenger.

"Mose," he said, when the messenger appeared, "open all of the windows," and the negro opened them, looking surprised, for it was midwinter and the snow was thick on the outside sills. "And Mose, start those two electric fans a-going."

"Whar's th' mattah, suh?" inquired the darkey, a privileged old retainer.

"Nothing, Mose, nothing," replied the secretary, thoughtfully, "except that something unfragrant was just in here, and I want to fumigate and dispel the memory of it."

NOW HAVE PRESS AGENTS.

Valuable Addition to Staff of Department Heads.

An entirely new feature in the big government machine in Washington, the departmental press agent, has come into existence in the last few years. It is growing. The reclamation service, which has charge of gigantic federal irrigation projects in the West, was the pioneer.

When this work was undertaken its vast importance and the millions to be expended made it of national interest. But the nature of the work, the language of it and all the details were grand-new. Director Newell was overwhelmed by Washington correspondents and others seeking information.

It was hard to find time to do any work. In desperation, after many conferences on the subject, he solved the problem by giving a newspaper man an appointment and making him a publicity agent. It worked well for all concerned.

Gifford Pinchot followed by placing a press agent, a former newspaper writer, in the forestry bureau for the diffusion of useful information. The agricultural department is thinking of getting a press agent to exploit its work in intelligent fashion, and the postoffice department is experimenting with "copy" telling about departmental affairs. The press agent's title is not officially recognized, but he's in the service and doing valuable work.

Orator's Great Triumph.

"We had an orator out in California," said Franklin K. Lane, interstate commerce commissioner, "who was somewhat of a talker, but the most conceited man I ever knew."

"He was talking about one of his triumphs. 'I finished my peroration,' he said, 'and stood there with the thunders of applause ringing in my ears. It was a grand ovation. And the people crowded up to shake me by the hand and to touch my garments, so impressed and enthusiastic were they over my effort. I was gracious and shook hands with all who made the proffer to me. Finally one man, weeping because I had played so feelingly upon the harp of his emotions, leaned forward to kiss my shoe.'

"I drew back. 'Stop,' I said. 'I am but human.'"

Peculiar Cognomens.

By naming his ten children after by many states, a North Carolina valley farmer has proved his patriotism. His six daughters are named Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, Florida, Jersey and Idaho, while the boys are known as Texas, Tennessee, Ohio and Missouri.

GRAVE OF AN OFFICE HOLDER.

Plot in Greenwood That Recalled the Saying About Government Jobs.

"Did I ever tell you about my great-uncle who is in the pension bureau at Washington?" asked a matter-of-fact individual of his friend.

His friend did not recall any such information.

"He is 92, coming next birthday," the matter-of-fact man went on. "He's been in the bureau ever since Andrew Jackson swore by the Eternal."

"Must be pretty husky."

"Slightly. He's never been sick but once since he got that job."

"Fortunate old man."

"He scared me nearly to death when he was sick. Caused me a whole lot of trouble, besides."

"I got a wire from him that he didn't expect to live and had written. Same day I got a letter in which he wrote that he had a lot somewhere in Greenwood. Wanted me to go over and look it up, make necessary preparations and await orders."

"I took a day off, found the spot, and told the man in charge to await my phone message before he prepared the grave. He misunderstood me. The next day I got a message from him saying the grave was ready."

"I waited several days and no tidings came. All quiet on the Potomac. Just about that time I had a hurry call to go to Buffalo. I expected to be back in 24 hours, and left instructions to cover the situation in case a corpse arrived before I returned."

"I was detained in Buffalo longer than I expected. When I got back I asked my bookkeeper if he had any news about my great-uncle."

"He was here day before yesterday," was the reply.

"That shut off my breath for a minute or more—it seemed more."

"What did you do with the body?" I gasped.

"There was a lot of explanations. The short of the story is that the old duffer had recovered, come on to New York, and concluded that a sea voyage was what he needed. He took a trip to London and stayed over there six weeks."

"He came back looking as though he were good for a hunt on the plains. I never told him the Greenwood story, but I had to pay for a grave that was never occupied."

"I have heard that office holders seldom die and never resign," said the friend. "Now I believe it."

MANY BELLES AT CAPITAL.

Ethel Roosevelt's Debut Would Find Her in Brilliant Company.

Like all the Roosevelts, Miss Ethel rides beautifully. She used to have a piebald pony, but now that she is Miss Roosevelt she has a blooded mare, Lady Dancer, on which she often takes a canter in the afternoon. She can skate as well as ride, and likes tennis immensely.

If Miss Roosevelt makes her debut at the White House, which all feel is only fair to her, she won't be without experience. She has played the hostess many times before. In the winter there are many parties at the White House for young girls and youths of her age, and Miss Ethel always receives her guests as to the manner born.

Such is the new Miss Roosevelt. If she has the same good fortune as her elder sister, she may make her first public bow next winter. She will be 17 then, just the age of Mrs. Longworth when, as Miss Alice, she came to New York and christened the kaiser's Meteor.

If Miss Roosevelt does come out, she will be in a brilliant company of buds and belles, for Washington is alive with them. For example, there is Miss Marguerite Shonts, daughter of the engineer of the Panama canal, and Miss Williams, and Miss Frances Goldsborough, and Miss Edith Root, daughter of the secretary, and Miss Frederica Morgan, beauties all.

One Physician Enough.

The latest story about Senator Pettus of Alabama is of how he was overcome with vertigo some time ago while working on a law case in his Alabama office. He recovered in a few minutes and his clerk said he was going to send for a doctor. "All right," said the octogenarian, "but don't get more than one." When the doctor arrived the senator said: "You are the only doctor here, are you?" "Oh, yes, senator," said the physician, who thought the old gentleman had some confidential communication to make. "I'm mighty glad of it," the senator said, with a sigh of relief. "I am sure I'll get well if there is only one of you fellows here, but I could not survive a consultation."

Senator Hadn't Missed It.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, chaplain of the senate, usually listens for an hour or so daily to debate, taking a sort of fatherly interest in the members, as the chaplain of a boys' school might. The story goes that Dr. Hale once asked a certain senator with a good deal of solicitation if he was a church member. The senator was glad to be able to say that he was. Two or three days later, according to the story, Dr. Hale recurred to the subject and asked the name of the church. The senator gave a name. Two or three days later again Dr. Hale remarked with regret that he had looked up that church and that he was sorry to find that it had been burned down 12 years before—and never rebuilt.

Wikie Fine Amateur Magician.

John E. Wikie, chief of the secret service and formerly a newspaper man in Chicago, is one of the best amateur magicians in the country. He performs wonders with a deck of cards and his sleight-of-hand maneuvers with coins, handkerchiefs and other objects are a source of constant wonder to his friends.

TERRIBLE TO RECALL.

Five Weeks in Bed With Intensely Painful Kidney Trouble.

Mrs. Mary Wagner, of 1367 Kosuth avenue, Bridgeport, Conn., says: "I was so weakened and generally run down with kidney disease that for a long time I could not do my work and was five weeks in bed. There was continual bearing down pain, terrible backaches, headaches and at times dizzy spells when everything was a blur before me. The passages of the kidney secretions were irregular and painful, and there was considerable sediment and odor. I don't know what I would have done but for Doan's Kidney Pills. I could see an improvement from the first box, and five boxes brought a final cure." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

BOY WAS SOMEWHAT MIXED.

Had Wrong Idea of the Sound to Be Removed.

Deacon Allen Sheldon, who recently passed away, was universally respected by all who knew him, and his stories were listened to with much delight, says a writer in the Boston Herald. He used to tell the following with a great deal of interest:

"When a very small boy asked his father to let him go with him to the town meeting. He went, with the promise that when he returned he would tell the folks what happened."

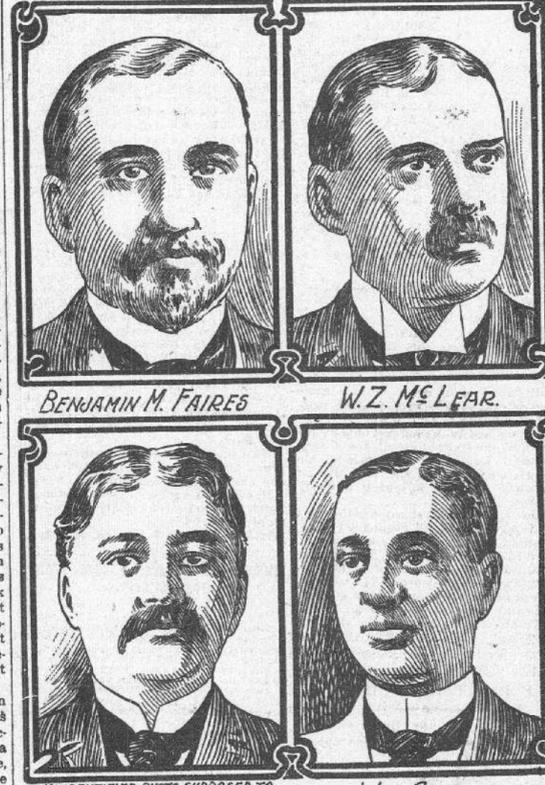
In those days the church was supported by a tax on every property holder. Whatever of interest came up for the church had to be voted on at the town meeting.

The pastor being feeble and his voice not strong, an article in the town warrant called for the removal of the sounding board from over the pastor's head, since it acted as an extingisher, and not as originally planned. When Allen returned he told his mother about the sounding board, and said:

"Mr. Flagg got up and said, in his squeaky voice: 'Mr. Moderator, I make a motion that we remove the sound from under the board.'"

Scrupulous Senator.

Senator Spooner of Wisconsin surprised some members of congress with whom he was chatting the other day by announcing that he has never taken part in a congressional junket of any kind. "I never shall undertake such a journey at government expense," he said. "There is something very objectionable to me in members of congress going on such expeditions." For the same reason that made him sidestep a congressional junket Senator Spooner said he had never been shaved in the senate barber shop, which is maintained at Uncle Sam's expense.



every department of the bank and wrought havoc as it went. In the collateral department, not far away from where the bomb was thrown, \$100,000 worth of valuable securities were blown from the desks and trays and were scattered in a twisted, torn mass. Just outside the waiting room, which is in the same section of the bank, a massive brick fireplace, surmounted by a large marble clock, was wiped out of existence, not a trace remaining of either timepiece or bricks.

Bank Notes Swept Away.

From the desks of the paying teller and receiving teller the concussion and consequent rush of air swept at least \$20,000 in bank notes. The clerks and officials there, as well as those in the collateral department, forgot their

litt building was visited by the crowds. At night the police were still in charge of the bank. The officials were there, too, going over accounts to see that the money and securities were intact. Outside of the two certified checks reported missing, it was said, unofficially, that everything had been found.

Anglicized French.

For two centuries we have been crying "Encore!" at the end of a song, where a Frenchman never says it, his own equivalent for it, strangely, being the Latin "Bis!" And "on the tapis" appears in English far more often than in French, and misunderstood at that, since it does not mean "on the carpet," but on the table-cloth of the council table for discussion.

Reception Room Where Norcross was sitting. Just at that moment Laidlaw and Mr. James entered the reception room and passed into the interior of the office. Norcross approached the old financier and handed him a neatly folded note. Mr. Sage opened it and read:

"This bag I carry contains dynamite. I demand from you \$1,200,000. If you refuse I'll blow up the building and everyone in it. Will you give me the money? Yes or no?"

Mr. Sage did not lose his nerve. He read the note again, and sought to temporize, at the same time moving backward toward the inner office. Norcross followed and dropped the satchel. The report was terrific. Norcross was blown to pieces.

There was nothing about Norcross by which the detectives could establish his identity. A reporter secured a piece of the man's clothing and a button with a shred of cloth attached. The button bore the name "Brooks, Boston." Taking these pieces of evidence, the reporter went to Boston and established beyond question that Norcross was the man who threw the bomb.

Laidlaw soon after the explosion set up a claim that Mr. Sage had used him as a shield and thus saved his own life. He brought suit that dragged through the courts for years, and was finally defeated shortly before Mr. Sage's death.

LIKE THE ATTEMPT ON LIFE OF RUSSELL SAGE.

Story of Man Who Demanded \$20,000 and Was Killed by His Own Bomb.

There is a striking similarity between the Philadelphia affair and the attempt of Henry L. Norcross to kill Russell Sage in his New York office 15 years ago. Norcross threw a bomb at Mr. Sage. The explosion killed himself and a clerk named Benjamin F. Norton, seriously injuring Mr. Sage, Frank Robertson and William R. Laidlaw, slightly wounded other persons and demolished the office.

Norcross was a note broker, with an office in Pearl street, Boston. He conceived the idea of getting money from Mr. Sage by threatening his life, and in pursuance of his plan manufactured a destructive bomb in his office. The bomb he placed in a satchel and then started for New York.

On December 4, 1891, Norcross walked into Mr. Sage's office, at No. 71 Broadway, carrying the satchel. Handing the clerk a card inscribed "H. L. Wilson," he asked that Mr. Sage be notified.

Mr. Sage sent back word that he had some important appointments, but would see Mr. Wilson later. Norcross instructed the clerk to tell Mr. Sage he had a letter to him from Mr. Rockefeller and would take but a moment of his time. Upon receipt of this information Mr. Sage stepped into the

Reverie.

'Tis a merry old world when the heart is young, When happiness beckons and hope lures on, When the moonlight entices and songs are sung, Eyes shining with laughter, and every tongue Full of promise and faith in the things to be— 'Tis a merry old, jolly old world!

'Tis a busy old world when the season's tide Is rushing us on in the high noon glow, And strength and power and manhood's pride Stem the forces of nature, and side by side Goes the struggle of living, of riches, and need— 'Tis a hard old, busy old world!

'Tis a funny old world that the plans we

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Hydraulic or Rock Drilling Machines to drill any sized well to any depth. Operated by Steam or Gasoline Engines or Horse Power. Dept. 10. SPARTA IRON WORKS COMPANY, SPARTA, WIS., U. S. A.

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