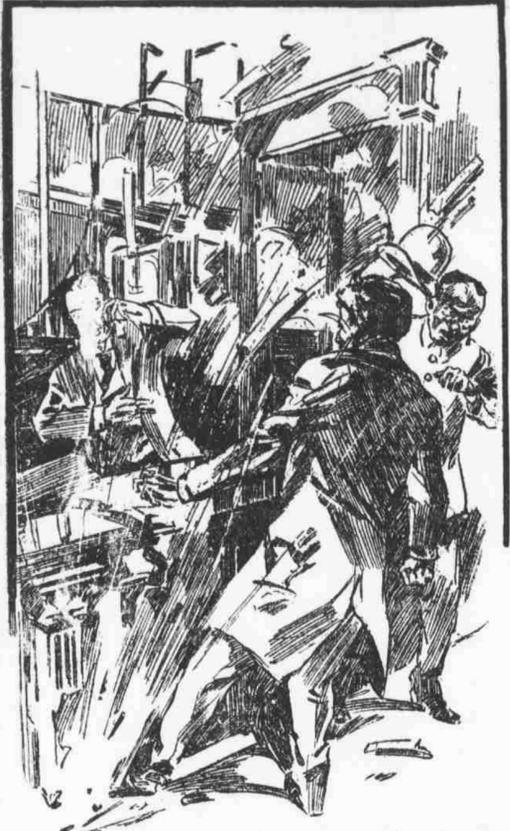


BOMB THROWER KILLS CASHIER AND HIMSELF IN PHILADELPHIA BANK



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 tending up their checks 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, raveled and shiny 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 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

every department of the bank 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. McLeary attend to him.

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 McLeary 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 McLeary'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 McLeary 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 Back 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

reception room where Norcross was sitting, fast 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:

Reterie.
"Tis a merry old world when the heart is young,
When happiness beckons and hope fires 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
Steem the forces of nature, and side by side
Goes the struggle of living, of riches, and
To needs—
'Tis a hard old, busy old world!
'Tis a funny old world that the plans we laid

eastern end of the inclosure in which McLeary 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 flight. 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 McLeary 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, Pa.," were inscribed upon the plate. Through this clue it was discovered that the man was Robert Steele, who had left the town twenty 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. Fairies, 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 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.

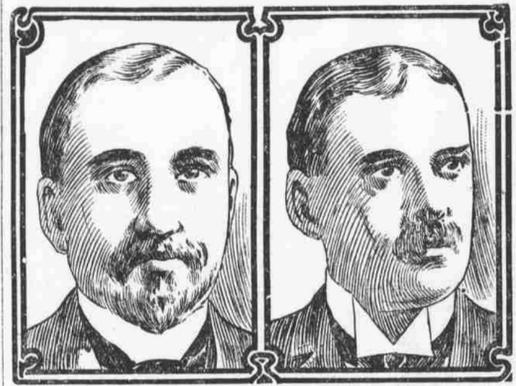
Whole Building Shaken.
As high up as the fifth floor of the building a desk in an office directly over the bank was completely upset and the employees panic-stricken. A medley of bells sounded all through the building as telephone bells in each office began to tinkle under the vibration of the building and chimed sounded on every side. The news stand in front of the bank was nixed 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 Melihone, 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 Orianna street, upon which the rear windows face. Along both these latter streets ghostly relics abounded. In Orianna 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-



BENJAMIN M. FAIRES W. Z. McLEARY



UNIDENTIFIED PHOTO SUPPOSED TO HAVE BELONGED TO BOMB-THROWER Wm. CRUMP

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.

The All-Powerful Schooner.
"Maine has ordered a fleet of schooners to help her dispose of her immense potato crop."
"Enough schooners will help to dispose of anything. Old Boozer's house and lot and job and family all went by the schooner route."—Houston Post.

General Grant Prohibits the Canteen.
On July 24, General Fred D. Grant, in command at the Mt. Gretna, Pa., military camp, issued an order making the camp a military reservation, thus barring liquor of all kinds.

A Stand for Temperance.
The government of Honduras has awakened to the evils of the liquor traffic. The importation of whiskey and rum in barrels, casks or demijohns has been prohibited.

Cigarette Smokers Barred.
Many leading railroads of the country will not employ a cigarette smoker.—Statement by a Railroad Official.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

PROHIBITION'S PROGRESS.

A World Glimpse of the Battle That Is Being Waged.

The growth of temperance sentiment the world round is remarkable. In the United Kingdom the victory at the polls at the last general election was so sweeping that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has promised on behalf of the government to introduce a great measure of temperance reform during the session of 1907. Throughout Canada an increasing warfare against the drink traffic is continually in progress, and Prince Edwards Island is now under complete prohibition. This is the first British colony to come into line with Maine, Kansas, North Dakota, and the other prohibition areas in the United States. In each of the other provinces of Canada steady progress is continually reported, while in the United States it is stated that over 30,000,000 of people are now living in cities, towns and districts where there is no legal sale of alcoholic liquors. On the continent of Europe the movement is always on the side of progress; this is most notable in Iceland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, but in Germany, Switzerland and Finland the cause has obtained a strong hold, and in the near future cheering reports may be expected. In New Zealand the people have declared by a majority of 16,921 for the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic, the votes being: For prohibition, 199,354; against, 132,433. In every part of the great commonwealth of Australia progress of a substantial character is also reported.

MINES OR SALOONS.

Coal Operators Say That the Latter Work Ill to Mine Workers.

A dispatch from Somerset, Pa., says: "The great coal companies of Western Pennsylvania some time ago announced that they intended to crush out the saloons in the bituminous districts under their control."

There are four of the largest coal companies engaged in this movement. Their mining property covers several counties and they give employment to 50,000 men. They have already begun operations by filing a remonstrance against the granting of a wholesale liquor license, and in their statements to the court they say:

"Such a license injuriously affects the rights of property holders in that borough, and does irreparable damage to the coal companies, in that when the miners receive their pay, the hauling of large quantities of intoxicants from house to house by wholesale dealers causes the miners to become drunken and remain idle for long periods of time."

All that is here said in relation to the injurious influence of liquor selling upon mining industries is true of every legitimate business activity. Anywhere and everywhere that the liquor selling saloon exists it preys like a parasite upon every phase of business prosperity. Every dollar spent in the saloon is diverted from the channels of legitimate trade and tends to produce idleness and vagrancy, which are hindrances to every feature of business activity and are, and bring, measureless burdens upon the people.—Pioneer.

CIGARETTES AND BEER.

Why They Do More Harm Than Cigars and Whisky.

Cigarettes do more harm than cigars for the same reason that beer does more harm than whisky. One cigarette will not do as much harm as one cigar, and one glass of beer will not do as much harm to a person as one glass of whisky. But because cigarettes are milder than strong tobacco, a boy or man, instead of smoking one and stopping, continues to smoke until a whole box is gone and then gets another box and keeps on smoking.

Because beer is comparatively so much milder than whisky, says the National Advocate, the beer drinker does not stop at one glass, but often drinks many glasses in a single day, and so the best physicians say beer drinking is doing our country more harm than whisky drinking.

MARKET REPORTS.

Cincinnati, January 20.	
CATTLE—Extra	\$5 50
CALVES—Extra	9 50
HOGS—Choice	6 80
SHEEP—Extra	5 10
LAMBS—Extra	8 00
FLOUR—Spring pat.	4 45
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	76 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	46 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	38 1/2
RYE—No. 2 choice	68
HAY—Ch. timothy	19 1/2
BUTTER—Dairy	18
EGGS—Per doz.	25
APPLES—Choice	2 25
POTATOES—Per bu.	55
TOBACCO—Burley	5 50

CHICAGO.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	76 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	44 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	36 1/2
PORK—Prime mess.	15 55
LARD—Steam	9 22 1/2

NEW YORK.	
FLOUR—Wit. patent.	3 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	79
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	50 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	39
PORK—Prime mess.	17 50
LARD—Steam	9 50

BALTIMORE.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	77 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	47 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	39 1/2

LOUISVILLE.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	76
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	50
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	36
PORK—Prime mess.	16 50
LARD—Steam	9 50

INDIANAPOLIS.	
CATTLE—Prime	5 15
HOGS—Choice	6 00
SHEEP—Extra	4 60



RESPONDED TO HIS NAME.

Dog Had Good Excuse for His Appearance in Church.

"Willie was asleep and Dan was lonely," says Our Little Ones. "Willie is the minister's son, Dan is his dog. It was Sunday morning, and every one was at church but these two friends. It was warm and sunny, and they could hear the good preacher, for their house was next door to the church."

"Dan," said Willie, "it is better here than in church, for you can hear every word, and don't get prickles down your back, as you do when you have to sit up straight."

"In some way, while Willie was listening he fell asleep. Dan kissed him in the nose, but when Willie went to sleep he went to sleep to stay, and did not mind trifles. So Dan sat down with the funniest look of care on his wise, black face, and with one ear ready for outside noises."

"Now, the minister had for his subject Daniel. This was the name he always gave Dan when he was teaching him to sit up and beg, and other tricks. While the dog sat thinking, the name Daniel fell in his ready ear. Dan at once ran into the church through the vestry door. He stood on his hind legs, with his fore paws drooping close beside the minister, who did not see him, but the congregation did. When the minister shouted 'Daniel' again, the sharp barks said: 'Yes, sir,' as plainly as Daniel could answer."

"The minister started back, looked around, and saw the funny little picture; then he wondered what he should do next, but just then through the vestry came Willie. His face was rosy from sleep, and he looked a little frightened. He walked straight toward his father and took Dan in his arms, and said:

"Please 'scuse Dan, papa. I went asleep and he runned away."

"Then he walked out with Dan, looking back on the smiling congregation. The preacher ended his sermon on Daniel as best he could, but then he made a resolve if he ever preached again on the prophet Daniel he would remember to tie up his dog."

Testimony From the Inside.

Rufus L. Griswold, the Cleveland educator who holds that it is wrong to let children believe in Santa Claus, was arguing about his strange views at a dinner.

"Why lie to children?" he asked. "Why let them believe in a myth? Whenever I hear mention of that loathed name of Santa Claus, I think of a lunatic."

He paused and smiled. Then he resumed:

"Some years ago I attended a trial wherein my brother was concerned—a trial having to do with a lunatic asylum."

"A witness was being examined as to the sanity of one of the inmates."

"You hold that this inmate is insane, do you?" a lawyer asked.

"I do," was the firm reply.

"Why are you so sure?"

"The man," the witness said, "goes about asserting that he is Santa Claus."

"And," said the lawyer, "you hold, do you, that when a man goes about asserting that he is Santa Claus, it's a clear proof of his insanity?"

"I do."

"Why?"

"Because," said the witness, in a loud, indignant voice, "I happen to be Santa Claus myself."

Boa Constrictor at Large.

When the caretaker at a traveling menagerie recently exhibiting at Stratford, England, went to heat the water in a tank under the cage of a boa constrictor one morning the reptile was missing. After two hours' search they found it snugly resting in a cinematograph box. Attempts to induce it to return to its proper quarters were resisted, but the creature responded readily to the woman snake charmer, its keeper. During its wanderings the big reptile swallowed a cat.

Small Landholders in Egypt.

There is an enormous number of small landholders in Egypt, 5,000,000 acres being cultivated by over 1,000,000 landowners, of whom 6,000 are Europeans, owning, on an average a little over 100 acres. Nine hundred and forty peasants hold under five acres each, or 23 per cent. of the whole cultivated land; while 12,000 men of means have holdings above 50 acres, their total being over 2,250,000 acres, or 44 per cent. of the whole; proprietors of between five and 20 acres having 21 per cent.

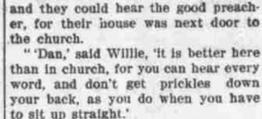
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TERRIBLE TO RECALL.

Five Weeks in Bed With Intensely Painful Kidney Trouble.



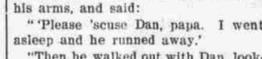
Mrs. Mary Wagner, of 1367 Kossuth avenue, Bridgeport, Conn., says: "I was so weakened and generally run down with kidney disease that for a long time I could not do my work and was five weeks in bed. There was continual bearing down pain, terrible backaches, headaches and at times dizzy spells when everything 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.

Shakespeare as Novel Hero.

William Shakespeare is the hero of a new and striking novel by the Danish woman writer Sophus Banditz. Moreover, British and American readers will probably soon have a chance to read this tale, for Queen Alexandra, who recently read it in the original, was so much impressed by it that she advised the authoress to have it translated into English. This translation is now proceeding and the English version is to be dedicated to the queen, who is herself a Dane.

RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA



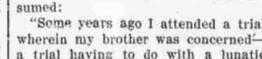
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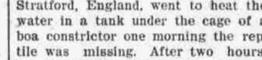
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Ely's Cream Balm is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once. It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts., at Drug-ists or by mail. Trial Size 10 cts. by mail. Ely Brothers, 50 Warren Street, New York.

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