

The Educated Negro. Dr. Booker Washington has contributed to the Montgomery Journal a long statement regarding the graduates of Tuskegee, in which he again declares that he is unable to find a single one who has been convicted of crime in either a state or a United States court.

The English Cabinet. In England the cabinet is an extralegal creation. Nominally it is one of the committees of the privy council, whose functions are to advise the sovereign, but this is simply a survival of mediaevalism.

Prof. Muirhead of Harvard is taking an active interest in this country in the furtherance of Lord Monkswell's Atlantic union, formed to promote friendly and social relations between American and British statesmen, artists, authors and educators.

A New York company has begun the manufacture of a specially made rope for balloon purposes. One prominent aeronaut has given an order for 60,000 feet.

Marie Corelli has stirred up an awful row by proclaiming that most of her sex are unfit to vote, because they paint, and wear false frizzes. Miss Corelli's punishment, we are glad to note, has been as swift, as severe and as exemplary as she deserves.

Orsen, in Sweden, has no taxes. During the last 30 years the authorities of this place have sold £1,000,000 worth of trees, and by means of judicious replanting have provided for a similar income every 30 or 40 years.

The United States in 1905 for the first time led all nations in the import trade of Salvador, the value being \$1,352,627—an increase of \$190,258 over 1904.

A farmer at Winburg, Orange River colony, alleges that in his district alone 24 sheep are stolen annually by the natives.

Lady Cook says that the women of England will have the franchise in less than a year. They must have something terrible to their sleeves of which the statesmen of England know nothing.

The new army bullet is shaped like the whittled end of a lead pencil, and is expected to make its mark.

A New York straphanger secured damages in the sum of \$250, probably because the jurors all had lame arms.

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.

He had on a dark blue suit of clothing, those who saw him remember, ragged 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

ferred, 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.

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.

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.

Mr. Sage sent back word that he had some important appointments, but would see Mr. Wilson later.

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!

Should fall and miscarry—'tis strange to see Time's vista illumine the parts we played! How the roles have altered, the changes made, Quite other from what we had hoped it to be— 'Tis a queer old, funny old world!

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.

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.

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. Shanbacher, though only a few feet away, was unscathed.

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.

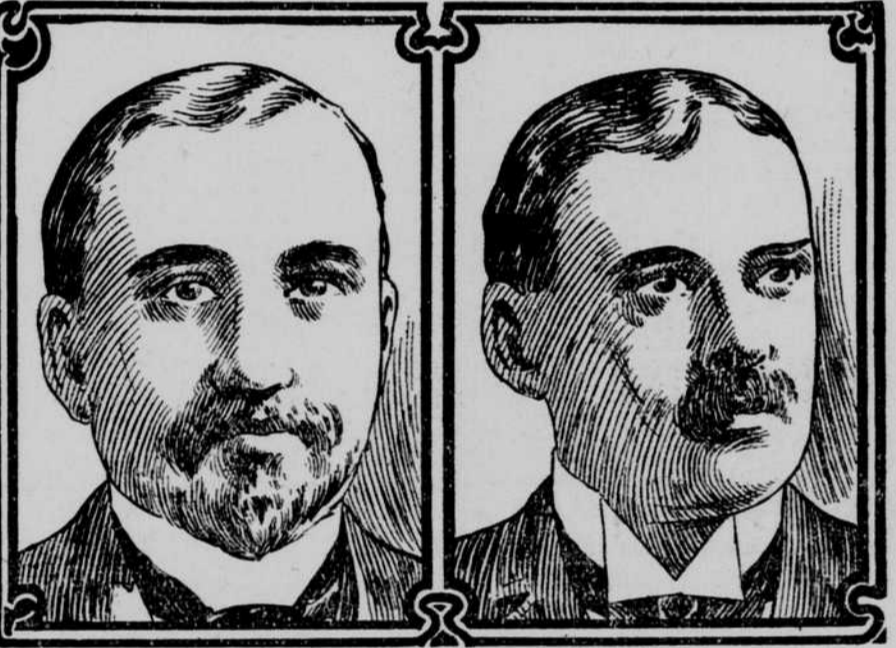
As high up as the fifth floor of the building a desk in an office directly over the bank was completely upset and the employees panic-stricken. A medley of bells sounded all through the building as telephone bells in each office began to tinkle under the vibration of the building and chimed sound on every side.

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-



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.

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!"

"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.

DISH LIKED BY ALL

MANY WAYS OF SERVING THE POPULAR POTATO.

Easy to Avoid Common Mistakes in Preparation—Three Recipes That Are Used in Public School Classes.

"More than half the ills that attend the middle and latter part of life are due more to erroneous habits of diet than to the use of alcohol, great as I know the latter evil to be,"—Sir Henry Thompson.

After the first potato lesson, says Mrs. Mary Williams, instructor in domestic science, the girls have learned what mistakes are commonly made in the cooking of this vegetable and how to avoid such mistakes. They will not serve potatoes that are soggy and waxy instead of mealy. They know that potatoes should be left uncovered to allow the steam to escape, instead of recondensing and soaking into the starch.

The practical work in the second lesson on potatoes has to do with various ways of serving this vegetable. Potatoes appear on the table so often that this variety in serving is most important. The girls learn that with little trouble and expense they can prepare creamed potatoes, equal to those served in the finest hotels. The use of starch in thickening liquids for sauces and gravies is explained when making white sauce for the creamed potatoes. The important point in this is to keep the starch from lumping when it is used as a thickening material. There are three ways by which the lumping may be avoided.

Before leaving the subject of potatoes it will probably be of value to housekeepers (who dearly love recipes) to give some potato recipes which are used in public school classes.

Creamed Potatoes.—Cut freshly boiled or cold boiled potatoes into one-half-inch cubes, put them in a saucepan, nearly cover them with milk, and cook gently until nearly all the milk is absorbed. Add white sauce, stir for one minute, sprinkle with finely-cut parsley and serve.

White Sauce (for Vegetables).—Butter, two tablespoonfuls; salt, one-half teaspoonful; flour, two tablespoonfuls; pepper, one-eighth teaspoonful; milk, one cupful. Rub the butter and flour together with a spoon in a small saucepan. Add the milk and stir steadily over a moderate heat until the sauce boils. Add salt and pepper. For richer white sauce use part cream. Cream sauce is white sauce made with all cream instead of milk.

Mashed Potatoes.—Mash potatoes in the saucepan in which they were cooked, using a fork or a wire potato masher. When free from lumps add one-third cupful of scalded milk in which has been heated one tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one-eighth teaspoonful of white pepper. Beat all together until light and creamy.

Riced Potato.—Press boiled potatoes through a strainer or vegetable press into a hot dish. Serve potatoes uncovered.

How to Trim a Fern. Boston ferns that have grown so large and luxuriant as to permit dividing into smaller plants may have cuttings taken away from the roots without damage to the plant, if carefully done. If transplanted to the right soil and kept under proper conditions the cutting should root well and develop into a healthy plant.

A fern does not need hot and incessant sunshine. Two of the finest Boston ferns known to the writer spent the entire winter in windows where scarcely a sunbeam falls, though there is plenty of light. A little sun, however, does them no harm, and a moist atmosphere is essential.

Nut Wafers. Butter the inside of a granite saucepan, then put into it a cupful of light brown sugar, a cupful of granulated sugar and two-thirds of a cupful of sweet cream. Cook until the mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water, add a cupful of chopped nut meats of any kind, flavor with vanilla and stir until of a creamy consistency and commencing to harden. Reheat over hot water until melted, stirring constantly, then drop in small pats on buttered paper.

Good Way to Broil Chicken. Anyone who has broiled chicken knows how hard it is to cook it through without burning outside, so wish they would try this way: Split and wash chicken and put in a shallow pan with a little water in it and place in hot oven for about half an hour; then put on broiler and brown well on both sides; take the water in pan and make a butter gravy and pour over chicken; serve hot.

Steamed Eggs. Have a cup containing one-half spoonful of butter, setting in a dish of boiling water. Into the cup break one egg, beat slightly with a fork, add two tablespoonfuls of milk, mix, then cover the dish tightly so that the steam will not escape. The egg will puff up to the top of the cup as it cooks and is soon thoroughly done. A delicate appetizing dish served with toast.

Care of Wooden Articles. All wooden articles may be cleaned thus: When greasy spots are found, cover these thickly with soft soap, then hold a red-hot shovel over the place, close to the soap, after which wash with Fuller's earth and water, and then with clean water. Where boards have been neglected, use one pound soft soap boiled down with one pound Fuller's earth, one pound soda, and two quarts of water, till reduced to half.

RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA. ST. JACOBS OIL. The Proved Remedy For Over 50 Years. Price 25c and 50c.

Berth Was Reserved. Franklin K. Lane, interstate commerce commissioner, went west last week. He wanted to reserve a berth from Chicago to Minneapolis. He wired the request and this reply came back: "Can't do it. Interstate commerce commission will not allow it." He fired a wire back reading: "By what authority do you say interstate commerce commission will not allow you to reserve a berth in a sleeping car?" The Pullman agent answered: "By the authority of a recent ruling." Mr. Lane was interested by this time and he telegraphed: "I am a member of the interstate commerce commission and am not familiar with the ruling. Give me a reference." And a short time afterward he received this telegram: "Berth reserved."

AWFUL EFFECT OF ECZEMA. Covered with Yellow Sores—Grew Worse—Parents Discouraged—Cuticura Drove Sores Away.

"Our little girl, one year and a half old, was taken with eczema or that was what the doctor called it. We called in the family doctor, and he gave some tablets and said she would be all right in a few days. The eczema grew worse and we called in doctor No. 2. He said she was teething, as soon as the teeth were through she would be all right. But she still grew worse. Doctor No. 3 said it was eczema. By this time she was nothing but a yellow, greenish sore. Well, he said he could help her, so we let him try it about a week. One morning we discovered a little yellow pimple on one of her eyes. Of course we phoned doctor No. 3. He came over and looked her over, and said that he could not do anything more for her, that we had better take her to some eye specialist, since it was an ulcer. So we went to Oswego to doctor No. 4, and he said the eyesight was gone, but that he could help it. We thought we would try doctor No. 5. Well, that proved the same, only he charged \$10 more than doctor No. 4. We were nearly discouraged. I saw one of the Cuticura advertisements in the paper and thought we would try the Cuticura Treatment, so I went and purchased a set of Cuticura Remedies, which cost me \$1, and in three days our daughter, who had been sick about eight months, showed great improvement, and in one week all sores had disappeared. Of course it could not restore the eyesight, but if we had used Cuticura in time I am confident that it would have saved the eye. We think there is no remedy so good for any skin trouble or impurity of the blood as Cuticura. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Abbott, R. F. D. No. 9, Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y., August 17, 1906."

Keeps Young by Outdoor Exercise. Although James Bryce, the new British ambassador to this country, is 68 years old, he has not by any means exhausted his physical energies or his fondness for exercise in the open. His favorite recreation is mountain climbing, and he is president of the English Alpine club.

Youthful Astronomer. Robert H. Baker, formerly of the Amherst faculty, is assistant astronomer of the Allegheny observatory at the age of 23.

BRING GOOD HEALTH

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Used After the Grip, Arrest Fatal Decline and Rebuild the System.

Any bodily weakness caused by a deficiency in the blood can be cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills because these pills actually make new blood. After attacks of the grip the blood is generally run down and the patient continues to decline.

"About three years ago," says Mrs. Jennie Cowan, of 713 N. Henry Street, West Bay City, Mich., "I caught a severe cold, which ran into the grip. I was confined to my bed for two weeks. At the end of that time I was able to be about, but was completely run down. I was so weak I could hardly stand, my cheeks had no color and I felt faint. My heart would flutter and it was difficult for me to breathe at times. Neuralgia settled in the back of my head and stomach and I suffered from rheumatism in my shoulders. 'I had the care of the best doctor in town but became no better until a friend told me one day how she had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try them. I soon felt better and continued using them until I was entirely cured. They built me up again to perfect health and I use them now whenever I feel at all sick and they always help me.' Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.