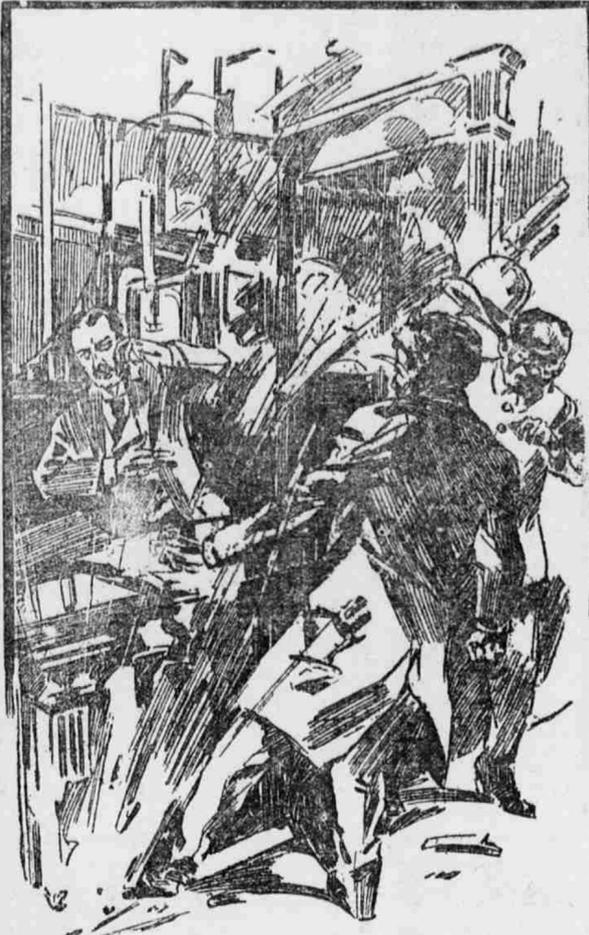


BOMB THROWER KILLS CASHIER AND HIMSELF IN PHILADELPHIA BANK



HAVOC BY EXPLOSION.
The Fourth National is the wealthiest national bank in Philadelphia.
President Rushton is the head of the Philadelphia Clearing House association.
Steele, the bombthrower, is known in Chicago as an anarchist.
When the demand for money was refused Steele dropped the bomb at the feet of himself and the cashier.
Both the cashier and the bombthrower were blown to pieces and scattered over the bank.
The interior of the bank was wrecked and money and blood blown even out the windows.
The police reserves and firemen were called to prevent looting.
Panic reigned throughout the eight-story structure and in the vicinity of the 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 totalling 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 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 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 offered, 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 Shunbaker 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 bombthrower 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 bombthrower 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 Iowa 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. Shanbaker, though only a few feet away, was unscathed. Second Vice President B. M. Fajres, 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 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

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 chiming 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 Mellhone, 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 ghastly 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 Bullitt 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.

Bomb Thrower an Iowa Man.
Robert Steele, who undoubtedly is the bomb thrower who wrecked the Fourth Street National bank in Philadelphia, left Garner, Ia., six years ago with his wife and two children, going to Chicago where he secured employment. From there he went east and while he did not correspond with persons in Garner it was learned there that he had located in Philadelphia.
While in Garner he ran a harvesting machine shop in which he was not overly successful in securing work. He was of a morose, despondent, retir-



BENJAMIN M. FAIRES



W. Z. McLEARN



UNIDENTIFIED PHOTO SUPPOSED TO HAVE BELONGED TO BOMB-THROWER



WM. CRUMP

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 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

ing disposition, mixing little with people generally.

He believed the world owed him a living and in numerous letters written while he was in Garner said that the United States owed him a livelihood and that he was going to collect it though he was having difficulty in doing so. Because of this attitude he was considered by many to be mentally deranged but was never looked upon as a dangerous or desperate man.

After giving up his machine shop he peddled patent medicines for a time. Steel was 35 years old. He has a brother, Charles Steele, living at Klemme, Ia.

Steele's widow and family live at 1770 North Ashland avenue, Chicago. His father, now dead, was an active Socialist.

Accounted For.
She—Mr. Dudgeon is looking more like himself, don't you think?
He is dead.—Puck.

Joshua Commands the Sun

A STORY OF THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN

By the "Highway and Byway" Preacher

(Copyright, 1907, by the Author, W. S. Edson.)
Scripture Authority:—Joshua 10: 1-27.

SERMONETTE.

Faithfulness to a Promise.—There is no more striking illustration in the Bible, we think, of the faithful fulfillment of a pledge given than this incident of Joshua going up to the aid of Gibeon. Here was a people doubly despised in the eyes of Joshua and the people of Israel, first, because they were a heathen people, and second, because they had tricked Israel into a distasteful alliance. And yet, when the cry for help came Joshua and the people with him hesitated not but made haste to go up to the defense of the Gibeonites. Under a strict interpretation of the agreement made, Joshua was under no obligations to fight Gibeon's battles, and what more natural feeling for Joshua and the people of Israel, who but a short time before had wanted to destroy the Gibeonites notwithstanding the oath of Joshua and the princes of Israel, than for them to welcome the peril which threatened Gibeon as an easy and fortunate escape from a most distasteful alliance. But no. The spirit of the agreement was that Gibeon should dwell with them in the land; she had identified herself with Israel, and had acknowledged the supremacy of the true God; therefore Israel would fight for her. Because of the promise Joshua and his men would face peril and hardship. Gibeon's plea for help should not go unheeded. What a noble devotion to lofty ideals.

Today there is not the same fine conceptions, the same faithfulness in the fulfillment of a promise. The modern Joshua looks for technicalities, the legal loophole which will let him slip free from the fulfillment of an obligation. He keeps the agreement that he cannot escape, but as for doing more, not he. If the Gibeon who is in trouble can show undisputed claim upon his time and resources, then he will go up to his help, but if there is convenient escape from the promise given, then he will let Gibeon shift for himself.

But Joshua of old had the divine conception of the importance and inviolability of an oath, and he did all and more than that oath demanded. And God honored such spirit of self-sacrificing devotion by giving Joshua power over the forces of nature, and lengthening the day so that the task undertaken might be fully done.

THE STORY.

FIERCELY the battle raged and gradually the army of Israel was driving the great hosts of the enemy backward. All day long the struggle had continued and now the sun was nearing the western horizon and two hours more would see it disappearing below the mountain's crest. Defeat now seemed certain to Adoni-zedec king of Jerusalem and to the other four kings who had federated themselves with him in the assault upon the stronghold of Gibeon, and the only gleam of hope for their shattered armies as they gradually fell back before the men of Israel was that darkness would ere long be upon them and they would then be able to escape under its friendly cover. And what though the Gibeonites had escaped them this time through the help of Israel, they would recoup their shattered armies and some day later come upon them unawares and punish them for the treaty of peace which they had made with Israel.

It had come almost as a complete surprise to find that the army of Israel had come up to the help of the people of Gibeon, and they had learned during the day while the battle was on that Joshua by forced march during the darkness of the night before had hastened from Gilgal to Gibeon and had his divisions drawn up in battle order when the great armies of the five kings had appeared. It is little wonder therefore that at the very beginning they should have been disconcerted, and before the day was half over it became evident that Joshua would win the victory, and, as we have said, Adoni-zedec and the four kings with him, as they took council together, watched the descending sun, and thanked their gods that soon darkness would give them the opportunity of making good their escape, if it did not also give them the chance to strike here and there against their powerful foe.

Filled thus with the purpose to save the remnants of their armies, word was sent through the ranks that as soon as darkness had come they were to scatter and come together again at Makkedah.

"Let the front ranks maintain as strong a line as possible, and fall back gradually when the major part of the forces together with their supplies and arms shall make prepara-

tion for the final fight when darkness has come," were the instructions.

In the meantime Joshua was watching the progress of the battle from a high point overlooking the battlefield. He saw the struggling lines of men, and that slowly but surely his forces were advancing, but as he lifted his eyes to the sun and measured its distance from the horizon, he muttered:

"Darkness will be upon us before our victory is complete, and then our enemies will escape us."

"Oh, God," he continued, after a pause, "didst not thou tell us that thou hadst delivered them into our hands, and that there should not a man of them stand before us? And here they are about to escape, for the night soon cometh." And almost a sob escaped from the great, strong man, as he lifted his eyes to heaven.

Were they to fall short of a complete victory? Had they not been told to destroy utterly those who bid defiance to God and God's people, and were they now to be hindered by the shortness of the day?

"Yea, will they not say that it was their god, the sun god, which has helped them?" he cried. "Will they not claim that he has hastened his journey across the heavens so as to quickly bring the darkness to their relief?"

But does not the sun move at the dictates of God's will? He thought suddenly came to him, and aloud he asked: "Cannot the God who rolled aside the waters of the Red sea and then the Jordan, also make the sun, moon and stars to obey him?"

With the expression of the thought came the inner peace and assurance that he could, and he would, and descending quickly into the midst of the hosts of Israel, he shouted:

"Slack not thy hands. The Lord will give thee complete victory over these thy enemies."

"But the night cometh," was shouted back. "And in the darkness we dare not fight, lest we smite friend for foe."

"Yea, but God will lengthen his day," Joshua shouted back. And then, lifting his hands toward the heavens, he cried: "Stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon!"

That was all that was said. Joshua returned to his observation point and the soldiers who had been about him turned and carried the news everywhere through the ranks of Israel that daylight would not fail them, for Joshua had commanded the sun to stand still. With new vigor and earnestness they fought. One hour—two hours went by, and still the hosts of the enemy stubbornly strove to hold Israel in check.

Hopefully at first did they turn their eyes towards the sun. Then as the moments grew into the first hour and then the second, and still the sun held its place in the heavens, they looked in anxiety and growing terror at the sight. Adoni-zedec and the kings with him paced to and fro. What strange thing was this? Was the sun in league with their enemies, that he should tarry thus in the heavens? In the agony of desperation they cried to their gods to hear them and send the darkness, but their cries were only drowned in the din of battle, which thickened about them. Faster and faster now become the retreat, until it was clear that it would soon develop into panic-stricken flight. The five kings as they watched the progress of the battle realized that all was lost, and white yet they had the opportunity and their men were bravely striving to hold in check the onward rush of the Israelites, they sought safety in flight, and came at last to the cave at Makkedah.

But of what avail their flight? The sun still shone in the heavens, and followed them as though to reveal their flight, as indeed it did, for some of the men of Israel fighting on the outer edges of the battle line, observed this movement, and hastened to follow, and came up with them just as they disappeared into the dark depths of the great cave. And when one of their number had returned and told Joshua that the five kings were hidden in the cave at Mikkedah, he sent word that they should seal the mouth of the cave and set at watch there, while the forces of Israel continued the pursuit of the now scattered and fleeing enemy.

And there was no day like that before it or after it, that the Lord harkened unto the voice of a man; for the Lord fought for Israel. And the sun stood still and the moon stayed until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies.

Unique Midday Services.

An innovation in church circles has been the holding of midday services in the new Madison Square Presbyterian church, New York city, the pastor of which is the great Tammany Hall fighter, Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst. These services commence at 12:10 o'clock and last just 15 minutes. The organ plays for ten minutes before the meeting begins. Dr. Parkhurst's aim has been to keep the gatherings as simple and informal as possible. They have been in the way of an experiment, being held every weekday except Saturday.

International Prayer Circle.

An informal organization, to be known as "The Interdenominational Prayer Circle of America," has recently been formed. Its purpose is to enlist as many church people as possible, in all denominations and throughout the country, for definite, covenanted prayer invoking revival. A fuller explanation of the plan may be obtained by addressing Rev. Henry B. Roller, Huntingburgh, Ind.