

It doesn't matter much what else
you have for breakfast if you have
good coffee. Everybody likes
Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand.

CELESTIALS AFTER WESTERN LEARNING

Chinese Taking to Foreign Lore
and Up-to-Date Business
Methods.

Washington, Aug. 21. — "All China is at present clamoring for western knowledge." Such is the tenor of all the reports received by the state department from the Yellow Empire. Everywhere in China schools are springing up to teach the people the lore of the foreign devils, who, though they be still have a disgusting, successful methods, as may be perceived by anyone having the opportunity to observe what Japan did to Russia.

In the single city of Coochow there are now more than thirty native schools advertising to teach after the foreign model and equipped with foreign apparatus. Vice-Consul Arnold, of Foochow, writes that it is no uncommon sight to see a group of modern school desks encircling the base of a dusty old Buddhist image in what was once a temple, while the walls are hung with charts dealing with geology, botany, zoology, anatomy, etc., and with maps of China, Japan and so on. There will also be blackboards with chalk and erasers, and a globe and other equipment commonly to be found in a school in the United States. In the grounds around the temple will likewise be seen horizontal bars, vaulting apparatus, dumb-bells and other things common to the well-equipped playground. The Chinese having yielded the point that the western methods are better than their own, are going the "whole hog" in taking advantage of their new-found knowledge.

In Foochow posters meet the eye everywhere, advertising the opening of another school, and scarcely a week passes without the announcement of a new one. They now have a normal school with 200 students, a military school with 250 students, and a high school with as many more, while the primary and intermediate schools are everywhere. These advanced schools are equipped with chemical, physical, botanical and zoological laboratories, and many of the other schools are partially fitted out along the same lines. Nearly all of the school supplies come from Japan, the people of that country having sent men to study the Chinese school question, with a view to supplying them with whatever they might seem to need. The result has been that the Japs have worked up a large business, and they are sending cheap, but good and useful school equipment to China by the shipload. This includes gymnasium supplies, military school supplies, scientific apparatus, and even modern musical instruments. The Japanese are making a commercial harvest out of it and of course are doing all they can to hasten the modern education of China, but our pundits say the United States could easily get a share of the business if the American makers of school supplies would send competent people over there to study the situation so our manufacturers could make goods such as the Japs have ascertained the best will buy. The field is so big, the pundits say, that it is hardly a limit, and just as soon as the Chinese have progressed far enough to realize that the cheapest is not always the best, there will be a boundless market for the higher grade of American educational apparatus.

Sometimes one's truth telling qualities are terribly dwarfed by one's imagination.

LADY HESKETT NEARLY BANKRUPT

San Francisco Fire Compels
Sportswoman to Practice
Economy.

London, Aug. 20. — Everyone in hunting circles is sympathizing with Lady Hesketh (Miss Florence Sharon, of San Francisco), who has suffered enormous financial losses through the earthquake at San Francisco.

Her legal advisers have told her that her income will be practically nil at any rate for some time to come, and as her husband, Sir Thomas, has never been well off, she has decided to reduce her expenses at once, and is even selling some of her favorite hunters at Tattersall's autumn sales. Lady Hesketh is one of the best horsewomen in England.

She does not ride recklessly like Mrs. Frank Mackay, but thoroughly "understands the game."

A season ago she came a bad cropper in the hunting field and was confined to her room in a private nursing home for some weeks. Nothing, however, seems to affect her pluck, and if she can afford to scrape together a few horses she will be seen again in the saddle in November. It is certain that her many friends will offer her their horse.

The Hon. Jack Cole, a good looking young officer in the Scots Guards and one of the ten sons of the aged Earl of Leicester, has received hundreds of congratulations on his engagement to Miss Dorothy Olive Lawson, granddaughter of Lord Burnham, proprietor of the Daily Telegraph, and her mother's sister of Sir Henry de Bathe.

Miss Lawson is not only one of the greatest heiresses in England, but an extremely charming and pretty girl. As she is the favorite of the Lawson family, she will be left enormous fortunes by all of Lord Burnham's sisters.

The family changed their name from Levy to Lawson a long time ago, but there was one exception, Lord Burnham's sister, Miss Matilda Levy, who, although getting on in years, is a very energetic and philanthropic woman. She always declined to change her name.

Lord Burnham's sisters, Miss Levy, Lady Campbell Clarke and Lady Paull Phillips, are all immensely wealthy. Each sister derives her income from certain allotted portions of the Daily Telegraph, according to the arrangement originally made by Lord Burnham's father, old Mr. Levy, who purchased the paper for the proverbial song and made of it a huge success.

Mr. A. J. Boucher, the impetuous actor-manager of the Garrick Theatre, is again in hot water. Mr. Boucher caused immense discussion some time ago by refusing to send a "first night" invitation to Mr. Walkley, the distinguished dramatic critic of the Times, on the ground that Mr. Walkley was prejudicial and jeered at Mr. Boucher's productions.

Now, Mr. Boucher is certainly one of the cleverest actors in England, but he is a little lacking in tact. His latest exhibition of impulse was to neglect to send another distinguished dramatic critic, Mr. Bangham, of the Daily News, a "first night" invitation. Both theater managers and critics are praying that this little incident will not lead to another long controversy and needless correspondence, and Mr. Boucher's friends wish he were not so sensitive to criticism.

When trouble drives a man to drink it also sets him to watching trouble's own incubator.

WAKES AFTER LONG SLUMBER

Hospital Patient Has a Three-
Months Spell of Napping
Following Operation.

Norristown, Pa., Aug. 21. — William Schnable, aged 36 years, of Edge Hill, has just been awakened from a sleep which continued for over three months and baffled a number of leading Philadelphia specialists, who worked upon the remarkable case at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital.

While going down a flight of cellar stairs last March, Schnable was struck on the head and knocked unconscious. Recovering consciousness, he was found to be in a physical condition, but there was some derangement of the mental powers.

At the home of his sister, Mrs. Fred Hohenleitner, at Edge Hill, this country, he grew worse. Mentally he appeared to have gone back to childhood, and preferred to spend his time playing with little boys of the neighborhood. Dr. Huber, of Edge Hill, had him removed to the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, on April 4, and Dr. Charles H. Frazier, trophied his skull in hopes of finding the abnormal condition of the brain which would account for his eccentricity.

The operation over, a nurse watched patiently by the bedside for Schnable to come out of the sleep produced by the anesthetic. She had been instructed to pay strict attention to what he should say, for if he should talk sensibly it would indicate that the operation was a success.

Doctors Greatly Interested.

Owing to the novelty of the operation unusual interest in the case was shown by the physicians.

But Schnable didn't awake. The day nurse was relieved by the night nurse, and the new attendant watched all night, then reported in a frightened way that the man was still sleeping soundly. Still there was no cause for alarm. The man's respiration and pulse were good, and it was considered simply a case of slow recovery from the influence of anesthetic.

But when the next day and then the next rolled by without any sign of returning consciousness, the physicians became uneasy. It was realized that from a case of peculiar aberration there had developed one of sleeping sickness.

Five days passed, during which the patient was watched day and night. Then it was decided that he must be fed or he would starve, for he was getting thin. How to make him eat was the question. First a place of quarter-inch rubber tube was passed through a nostril to the throat, and through this such liquid diet as milk, soup, beaten eggs and broth were fed. Medicine was placed in his food.

So deep was his sleep that he was not in the least annoyed by the tubing in his nostrils. To more radical means of resuscitation he was equally unresponsive. To pain he did not respond at all.

Needles Thrust Into Flesh.

Needles were thrust into the flesh of his arms and legs to the bone, but he never moved. Powerful electric batteries were applied in hope that the vibration would jolt the dormant brain cells into motion.

Schnable slept on. As far as outward appearances went, he was enjoying it. To be sure, he got somewhat thinner than normal, but he seemed to be getting sufficient nourishment through his nose. His appearance was exactly like that of a person enjoying a normal sleep. Sunlight on his face annoyed him so that he would change his face. His face at last began to draw up as with a yawn. Otherwise he was helpless, and had to be handled as an infant.

For a month he remained in the university hospital, and then was removed to the Philadelphia hospital. His case was considered hopeless. Besides the hospital physicians, Drs. Potts and Mills, two of the most prominent practitioners on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, took an interest in the case.

"He can live but two months at the most," was the report made at the hospital late in May. Every day until July his demise was looked for.

Early the other morning a nurse sat near Schnable's bed, deep in thought. A voice at her elbow started her, and she looked around. Schnable was sitting up supported by his elbows, and was eyeing her in a confused manner.

"Is it too late to go to work?" he asked. The first thought that had come to him was that he must get up and go to work. But this delusion was only momentary for he sank back upon the pillow, muttering, "Oh, I am so weak."

When he next awoke he was more confused than before. From that time he has been conscious, excepting at night, when he takes eight to ten hours sleep, like any normal person. He has grown gradually stouter, and the physicians feel confident that he will not again become a victim of sleeping sickness.

It is claimed that Pope Pius X. has treated St. Christopher as the patron saint of motorists. It occurred in this way: When the Princess Blanche Colonna, grandmother of King George V., was presented to his holiness, she asked for his blessing, and incidentally stated that she had come from Milan in an automobile. His holiness said: "Then I must give you a picture of St. Christopher in order that you may have a safe return."

One of the curious customs of phraseology which is observed almost regularly in the United States Senate, and frequently in the House, is the use of the words "on yesterday" instead of "yesterday." "On yesterday," when I spoke," etc., Senator Bailey gets up and declares, and Senator Foraker immediately replies, "On yesterday I said" so and so. Apparently, the custom dates back to time immemorial.

Quite often the man who is swift and a good guesser distances the slow but sure chap.



Cracker Charm

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may eat a biscuit and not taste it, but when you think of biscuit eating you think instantly of

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Crisp, delicious and tasty.
Absolutely and distinctly superior to any other make.
Say "Mooney's" to your grocer.

PAT CROWE AIMS TO OUTLIVE PAST

Bandit and Kidnapper Settles
Down in Gotham and
Begins Life Anew.

New York, Aug. 21. — "Pat" Crowe, the western bandit, and "gunfighter," and kidnapper, is in this city, where, according to his friends, he will begin life anew and strive to outlive his past.

One of the first persons he met after his arrival here was "Bat" Masterson, United States marshal, with whom he had a long conversation. To the friend whom he met after his talk with Masterson, Crowe made known his intention of reforming.

According to this friend, Crowe has awakened to the error of his ways and has realized that the path of righteousness is the only one to follow. He has formed no definite plans for the future, but is satisfied he will succeed. Crowe talked of the kidnapping of Eddie Cudahy, for which crime he was arrested but acquitted. Crowe also told his friend of many daring crimes which he was a party to in his early life.

Crowe does not appear like a man who has been a terror to sheriffs, United States marshals, and the police of many western sections for years. He is clean cut, with regular features and mild eyes. His lips are firm and express determination.

Crowe says he is 35 years old, and was born in Davenport, Ia. His father was a cattle dealer, and Pat worked for him until he had completed his schooling, then went to Omaha, where he obtained employment in a packing house. Several years later he opened a butcher shop in South Omaha, taking as a partner Patrick Cavanaugh. They had been in business only a short time when they were bought out by a trust, and this Crowe went to work for Cudahy.

Crowe says his first dishonest act was committed while in Cudahy's employ, when he took \$20 which had been paid him by a customer. Some time after this he lost his place. He had saved some money and concluded to open a butcher shop in the town where he was born.

While in Chicago, where he went to buy supplies, Crowe says he fell in with a band of thieves, and his career of crime began. His first desperate act was committed while in a hotel, where several thousand dollars' worth of diamonds were stolen. As a result of this robbery Crowe had his first "gun" fight. When discovered by the police he wounded three, but was finally captured. He was sentenced and sentenced to serve six years in Joliet, but was pardoned after he had served seventeen months.

After he left prison Crowe says he concluded he could not make a living honestly and decided to become a professional criminal. There were few jails in the west strong enough to hold Crowe. He broke jail once in Denver, after he had been arrested on a charge of robbery, and again in St. Joseph, Mo., taking five prisoners with him. After this Crowe says, he held up several trains and the governors of at least four states offered rewards for his capture.

Crowe says he conceived the Cudahy kidnapping some time after his release from the penitentiary. He took in an accomplice with whom every detail of the crime was planned for several months. An old house on the outskirts of Omaha was rented and the Cudahy house was watched for an opportunity to make off with the boy. The chance came on the evening of Dec. 18, when the two men, the lad who was to be the victim, and the boy, were taken to the house of a neighbor.

When the boy appeared he was made a prisoner and taken to the old house. Then Crowe returned to the Cudahy house and threw into the yard a letter demanding ransom. The letter demanded \$5,000 be paid or a kid would be put into the boy's eyes. Following the directions of Crowe, Mr. Cudahy paid the money and the boy was released. After that rewards amounting to \$50,000 were offered for the arrest of Crowe.

Crowe surrendered five years later in Butte, after a fight with the police. He says after he had settled with his accomplice he buried his share of the proceeds. He was taken to Omaha and placed on trial, but was acquitted. Crowe says his acquittal was due to a faulty prosecution.

While it is doubtless true that there are sermons in stones, there is also quite often a very forceful and pointed hint in a brickbat.

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They are almost without exception ALL WHITE. Sheer lawns, linens and muslins. Beautifully trimmed with embroideries, insertions, laces, etc. Short sleeves and long sleeves. Buttoned at front and back. Quite an extensive assortment to choose from. Choicest, of course, will go to the early-comers.

This is the way they are priced:

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Fillings and coverings are first-class in every respect.

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