

VELVET JACKET WAS SYMBOL

Worn by Stevenson, According to Writer, as Protest Against the Tyranny of Fashion.

Thus gallantly he appears in my mind's eye when I pause in rereading one of his books and summon up a fantasm of the author—Robert Louis Stevenson, gentleman-adventurer in life and letters, his brown eyes shining in a swarthy face, his lean, long-enduring body adorned with a black velvet jacket, Henry Van Dyke writes in *Scribner's*.

This garment is no disguise, but a symbol. It is short, so as not to impede him with entangling tails. It is unconventional, as a protest against the tyranny of fashion. But it is of velvet, mark you, to match a certain niceness of choice and preference of beauty—yes, and probably a touch of bravura in all its wearer's vagaries. 'Tis like the silver spurs, broad sombrero and gay handkerchief of the thoroughbred cowboy—not an element of the dandiacal, but a tribute to romance. Strange that the most genuine of men usually have a bit of this in their composition; your only incurable poseur being the fellow who affects never to pose and betrays himself by his attitude of scorn.

Of course Stevenson did not always wear this symbolic garment. In fact the only time I met him in the flesh his clothes had a discouraging resemblance to those of the rest of us at the Authors' club in New York. And a few months ago, when I traced his "footprints on the sands of time" at Waikiki beach, near Honolulu, the picture drawn for me by those who knew him when he passed that way, was that of a lank, barefooted, bright-eyed, sun-browned man who daubed along the shore in white duck trousers and a shirt wide open at the neck. But the velvet jacket was in his wardrobe, you may be sure, ready for fitting weather and occasion.

EASY WAY TO CRACK NUTS

Scientists Recommend Use of Liquid Air as Best Means of Getting at Delectable Kernel.

Liquid air for cracking nuts is the latest application of science. Science and invention relates that experts at the national bureau of standards in Washington were appealed to for a method of breaking the shells of chichu nuts without damaging the kernels. They found that it took a weight of nearly a ton to crack the shells, and that after that effort the meat of the nut was broken in many small pieces.

Then they applied liquid air to the problem. They did not freeze solid a piece of rubber and use it as a hammer, as is done in the classic stunt of physics, but they simply immersed the nuts in liquid air for 30 seconds and cracked them easily without damage to the kernels. Now the physicists are trying to find out whether this method can be applied commercially on a large scale.

Chichu nuts are grown in South America. Their dense, strong shells were used during the war to make charcoal for gas masks, and the oil from the kernels is a valuable food similar to copra.

All of That.

When my small daughter became interested in our ages I laughingly told her that I was sixteen and daddy twenty-one. After she learned to count she added a year as the birthdays came around.

One day while she was playing at a neighbor's the woman of the house said: "Mary, do you know how old your mother is?"

Mary answered: "Nineteen."
"Oh, she is older than that, Mary, I'll bet she is twenty-six or twenty-seven."

Mary came home and told me of the conversation. After my resentment of my neighbor's inquisitiveness had subsided I was amused at the unintended compliment. I am thirty-five.—Exchange.

American Silks.

There are some interesting phases of the official statistics with reference to the manufacture of silk goods in the United States, particularly those that have to do with the early history of that industry.

It appears that the making of silk goods in our country has grown rapidly since the year 1860. At that time only 15 per cent of the silk used in the United States was homemade. In 1870 the percentage of home manufactured silk had doubled; in 1880 it had become more than 50 per cent; in 1890, 70 per cent, while at present it is estimated to be in excess of 85 per cent.

Putting Her at Ease.

We were being entertained at dinner at the home of a friend who had prepared a most delectable meal.

Her dessert had failed and she had substituted prune whip for which she made apology.

I said: "There is nothing we like better—whenever I haven't much to eat for a meal I serve prune whip and our family think they had a fine dinner."—Chicago Tribune.

Heroic Measures.

"You and your husband go away every summer, don't you?"
"Yes, but I dislike doing it."
"Then why do you go?"
"I have to have Tom live in a stuffy hotel for a few weeks every year to make him appreciate the way I keep house."—Boston Transcript.

AS THE WORLD LOOKS AT IT

Much Truth, if Poor Morality, in Old Gentleman's Explanation of Ethics of Today.

Secretary Hoover said at a luncheon in New York:

"Let me tell you a story about old-school morals—the kind of morals we've outgrown.

"Pop," said a little boy, "if I steal a nickel out of your pocket, that's stealing, isn't it?"

"You bet it is," said the little boy's father, "and you'd go to jail for it, too."

"Suppose I bet a nickel on a game of euchre and won, that's gambling, ain't it, pop?"

"Sure is, son, and you know where gamblers—wind up—gallows or poor-house, every time."

"But, pop, suppose I cornered all the quinine in the world, or all the chloroform, or all the wheat—something the world can't get along without, you know—and suppose I ran the price up a thousand per cent, or a million per cent, what would that be, pop?"

"The father's eye beamed, and patting his boy on the back, he said with a proud laugh:

"That would be business genius, sheer business genius. You'll have mankind at your feet if you ever accomplish that."

ANTELOPE BEING WIPED OUT

Despite Possession of Remarkable Signaling System the Animals Are Rapidly Disappearing.

The American pronghorn antelope is approaching extinction. Formerly ranging from the Saskatchewan to Mexico, and east to the Missouri river, it is now confined to a few hundred wild animals and a few more in enclosures.

Moving creatures, easily the swiftest runners on the continent, living mainly in the open, they have become easy prey for long-range raffles when fleet-footed enemies were easily outdistanced.

Even their remarkable signaling system has not saved them. Ernest Seton-Thompson has explained how, on approach of some strange object, the antelope through a set of muscles raises with a jerk the hairs on the white rump patches on either side.

This flash shines afar like a patch of snow, and the message is read by all who have noses to read, for with the flash of hair is liberated an odor of musk from a gland located in a patch of brown hair in the white bloom.

The flash is given and away they go. If the flash is not seen their keen sense of smell carries the message even over long distances.

What Becomes of Rainfall.

One ton of water to three pounds of flour is nature's recipe for making wheat bread, according to figures on rainfall published by the bureau of soils in the Department of Agriculture.

By controlling the water supply in irrigation, accurate measurement is possible, and this estimate is of the minimum requirement. Many crops need five times as much water.

What becomes of all the water? Of a ton of water falling on a dozen square feet of soil during the year, about one-third sinks through and is drained off underground. Only a little runs off the surface if the field is well plowed. A little evaporates immediately and the rest is held in the soil. As the surface dries, the moisture in the soil soaks up by capillary attraction and evaporates off the surface. But by far the greater amount is drunk by the roots of the plants, drawn up into the leaves and breathed back in vast quantities into the atmosphere.

One Little Grain of Wheat.

One grain of wheat will produce 100 hexillion grains in the tenth year, an agricultural professor told a group of visiting farmers at the Pennsylvania State college. He wasn't quite sure that "hexillion" was the correct word, but here is the way he wrote it: 100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. There would be wheat grains enough, he said, to string four billion chains of it from the earth to the sun. Indeed, the crop of wheat, long before the tenth generation, would be so large that the earth would not be big enough to provide space to replace the entire crop.—Bucks County Daily News.

Statue to Red Cross Man.

Capt. J. A. Pedlow, the American Red Cross commissioner to Budapest, is said to be the most popular man in the Hungarian capital. Out of gratitude for his relief work among the starving war victims, the Hungarian government has erected a monument to him in the city park, which was recently unveiled on the seventy-fifth birthday of Count Apponyi, the "grand old man" of Hungary.—The Argonaut.

Sentiment and Appetite.

"I understand that one of your colleagues voted for prohibition, in spite of the fact that he personally consumes convivial fluids."
"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "His heart was in the right place, but his stomach wasn't."

Relief to Friend Husband.

"Has the woman in politics improved the conditions of life?"
"Undoubtedly," replied Miss Cayenne. "Women now argue great questions among themselves instead of making husbands try to explain matters they do not understand."

MIGHT BE MONARCH OR CAT

Officials of Spanish Royal Palaces Careful in Their Investigation of Sounds at Night.

One day, so the story goes, a member of the royal household of Madrid heard noises below. He rose and went downstairs.

"It must be the cat," he thought, though as a rule the cat was not permitted to wander about the place at his discretion. They must have forgotten to lock it up. Suppose it should wake the king!

Fearful thought! Conceivable the royal anger! The official hurried through the dark passages, and at last tracked the sound to the pantry.

"Aha—now I've got you!" he whispered, as he opened the door—and beheld the king rummaging around for food!

If the above story is not true, it is at least founded on fact, for the king of Spain sometimes feels hungry in the middle of the night, and when the pangs become poignant, he seeks royal joints, as you or I would seek the humbler biscuit. Going into the royal pantry, he will tear off the leg of a cold fowl, or quietly carve himself a slice of meat.

"We never know," said an official who figures in the story, "whether it is the cat or the king!"—London Answers.

RECEIVED DOLE FROM ENEMY

Irish Irregulars Stopped in the Middle of Fighting to Draw Their Unemployment Pay.

For several years the unemployed in Ireland, as in Britain, have been receiving a government dole weekly, relates Niall Ronan in the Outlook. The provisional government has continued this. Despite the difficulties of distributing it during the recent trouble, it was very anxious that it should not be stopped, lest any excuse should be given for looting.

One of the district offices was therefore opened—not more than 25 yards from Moran's hotel, an irregular stronghold, now destroyed. After several hundred men had quietly entered, undismayed by the rifle fire from the national and rebel forces outside, and signed for and received their money, seven republicans came calmly across from the hotel, showed that they were entitled to payment, were paid, and returned to their duties as enemy soldiers of the government whose money lay in their pockets.

Crowding Insects.

Man, calling himself the master of nature, may yet be involved in a life-and-death struggle with insects for possession of the globe—and in some ways scientists declare insects are better fitted than men for survival on earth. Baked beans at a dollar a portion! Is the pebelan bean to be driven from its present democratic company into the ranks of the aristocracy? This possibility is suggested by the recent invasion of the southern portion of the United States by the Mexican bean beetle, a bandit pest of the first magnitude that now has gained a firm foothold and is already at work in a limited territory, undermining natural resources with such telling effect that the final outcome is a matter of grave concern. Beans of all kinds are being attacked by this bandit—a kind of ladybug—and entire crops are being wiped out.

That Word "Hysteria."

There is a lot of scientific truth pertaining to the physical nature of woman, concealed in the word hysteria. The classic origin of the word is the ancient Greek "hysteria," the womb. The sexual or mother nature of woman is indicated in the word as the origin of the laughter, the tears and the contradictory conduct implied by the word hysteria.

When a man is called "hysterical," therefore, the implication is plainly conveyed that he is acting under the impulses understandable and excusable (though sometimes extremely annoying) in a woman, but not permissible in a person of the male persuasion.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Bad Teeth as a Racial Trait.

Do poor teeth run in races? According to a report made by Dr. A. W. Schoenleber of the medical department of the Standard Oil company to the Eugenic Research association there is a racial difference in resistance to dental decay as shown by an examination of 2,758 men of various nationalities.

The gleaming whiteness of the negro's teeth is not just contrast with his black skin, these figures show, as the greatest proportion of perfect teeth was found among the Afro-Americans. Polish and Austrian Jews showed the next highest percentage of excellent teeth, while English, German, Danish, Norwegian and Swedish subjects showed very feeble resistance to decay. The Irish had the worst teeth of all.

Why Hoover Sent Corn to Russia.

Someone asked Mr. Hoover recently why he sent corn to Russia instead of wheat. "Because," replied the secretary of commerce without a moment's hesitation, "for one dollar I can buy so many calories"—carrying it out to the third decimal place—"in corn, and only so many"—again to the third decimal place—"in wheat. I get about twice as many 'n corn as in wheat."—From "Behind the Mirrors."

Synopsates It.

Jed Tunkins says profanely in to conversation what jazz is to music.—Washington Star.

WON OVER ALL HANDICAPS

Famous Explorer Conquered Disabilities That Would Have Daunted Big Majority of Mankind.

The belated dedication of a monument to Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, once a famous Arctic explorer, is a reminder of an achievement quite as remarkable as anything that Kane did to add to the sum of knowledge of the polar regions. This was his mastery of physical handicaps which would have daunted ninety-nine men in a hundred.

He was physically so frail that he was unable to complete his studies at college; he completed his medical education at home, became a surgeon in the navy, and while physician of the American legation at Peking began his career as an explorer which marked him for fame. It is less known than it ought to be that his polar researches, important though they were, constituted only a small part of his work.

He succeeded in descending into the crater of the Taal volcano, though several able-bodied adventurers had failed; he fought Bedouins in Egypt; he crossed the island of Luzon on foot, and he made an early study of Alpine glaciers in Switzerland. All this and more he accomplished before he died at the age of thirty-seven, sustained always by unflinching pluck and by determination such as few men possess.

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MORALITY AT A DISCOUNT

Evidently Guide Had Learned Wisdom From Association With the Modern Business Man.

Attorney General Daugherty said at a dinner in New York:

"There's a certain class of business men—a very small class, thank goodness—whose honesty reminds me of a fish story.

"Two men with their guides were fishing for salmon in Lake Sunapee. The first man's bag of salmon was the smaller of the two, so he swiped a fish from the second man.

"But the second man caught him in the act. He had the nerve, though, to deny his guilt, and he refused positively to give back the stolen salmon.

"A pretty bitter altercation followed, of course, and it looked as if there would be a fist fight; but as they were peeling off their coats the second man's guide—it was the second man who had been robbed, you know—the second man's guide drew him aside and whispered:

"Ah, let him have it, boss, let him have it. I got two of his."

Disgusted Genius.

Even the art students are denied a little fun nowadays. Aspirants for fame were recently informed that for their year's competition for the Prix de Rome they could submit either "A Nude Boy" or a "Prometheus."

These themes seemed rather hackneyed to the ambitious mind of youths, and the students protested, pleading for some less banal test of their powers. The protest was ignored, and one of the students, in the exuberance of his disgust, proceeded to ridicule the decision of the authorities by himself posing as "a nude boy" in one of the windows of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

The Phillistine residents in the Beaux-Arts quarter were much scandalized, and complained to the authorities of the school, with the result that as a punishment for the student's levity it has been decided to hold no competition for the Prix de Rome this year.—London Times.

Cause for Haste.

"We had a big argument last night, Squire, about the real cause of the coal strike," began the village bore, upon discovering Esquire Ramsbottom, the well-known jurist of Petunia, sitting in comfort in his back-titled chair in the shade. "Now, what is your opinion about—"

"Sorry, Emory, but I haven't time to settle that for you now," interrupted the squire. "I just happened to remember that my niece told me to be sure to do something right away. I forget whether it was one or the other. To make certain of being right I am going now and have both operations performed. See you later!"—Kansas City Star.

The Whipped Cream Age.

Old Charlie Isaacson says: As I rode out of Buffalo I observed three men playing poker in the club car—three tough politician types.

When I arrived in New York I was thirsty and went into my favorite fountain at Grand Central. While I waited for the electric shaker to make my egg phosphate I heard in a gruff voice:

"Three chocolate sodas, please." And in a gruffer voice came the remark:

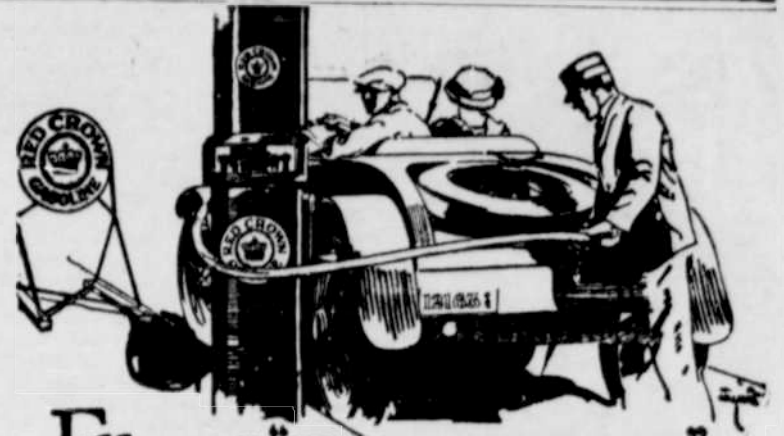
"And give me plenty of whipped cream on mine."

I turned; I found the customers were my tough companions from the train.—Pittsburgh Leader.

Wireless Signals and the Aurora.

It is due to the observations of a scientist of Montreal that we now know to a practical certainty that wireless telegraphy may be affected by the aurora borealis.

This scientist describes three occasions, when the aurora was present, or in the brilliant weather associated with aurora, when his apparatus received dispatches over abnormal ranges. Singularly, the apparatus apparently affected by the aurora could receive but not transmit signals while the influence lasted.



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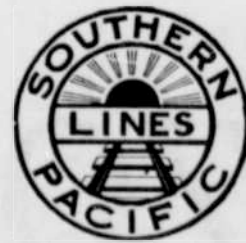
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