

WORLD IS UGLY, WOMEN SLAVES TO STYLE, VIEW

Less Beautiful Now Than It Was 2,000 Years Ago, Artist Declares.

By David M. Church,
(U.S. Staff Correspondent)

LONDON. Day by day this old world grows uglier and uglier—and woman is to blame.

This is the cheery view of C. R. W. Nevinson, brilliant young British artist, who is certain that the world is much uglier now than it was 2,000 years ago.

Nevinson draws his text from modern tirades against immodest modern fashions.

"Modesty varies according to religion, climate and period, and it is not possible to establish a universal standard," said Nevinson.

"This sounds like a defense of modern woman, but the female sex can't pat itself on the back until it has heard all of Nevinson's views, because his is a double-edged sword.

"In these days, when individuality in dress does not exist, I do not know how it can be thought possible to pass judgment on a woman's character by looking at her clothes," the young artist continued.

Styles Mean Nothing.

"How much greater is the error of thinking that the morality of a period is proved by the styles worn by those who live in it.

"Modern dress does not reveal morality, but it is completely barbarous. No longer do women rely on taste; their only standard is that of value—not artistic value, which they are too vulgar to understand, but of value in terms of cash.

"Nowadays we have only the mediocrity of mediocrity that has resulted from the desire of millions of women to copy what they were told was fashion, instead of developing the art of expressing themselves.

"Middle-class matrons unimpeachable respectability wear garments which shock the sense of modesty possessed by the super-critical, and are labeled as 'daring' when they are nothing of the sort. They are merely slaves of convention.

"Domestic servants, clerks, professional women, actresses and wives dress as near to the prevailing fashion as their means will allow; morality and taste do not hinder them, or help them, or even enter into the question. It is as foolish to assume that a wave of immorality sweeps over the country when a so-called 'daring' style of dress is copied by the masses as to think that a less extreme innovation implies an era of rigid respectability.

Originality Dead.

"What has happened is that conditions of today make it easy for women to ape one another. They have neither the intelligence nor the energy to be original.

"Until the people realize that beauty is not a question of price but that we will have to endure the monotony of mediocrity, which is all that democracy has achieved. It is here distinct at its worst—the slavish admiration of materialism. The world is uglier than it was two thousand years ago, and we are further from beauty than ever we were."

And that's that. Perhaps Mr. Nevinson's tea had been poor, or perhaps it was just a mood induced by the usual lack of English sunshine—certainly the young artist does not wear smoked glasses.

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Wouldn't you like to be president of the United States? Mrs. J. M. Jackson of Newham, Mass., is shown weaving cloth she will send to the chief executive. She used a hand loom nearly 200 years old. Her son, Colledge, soon will be sporting a new suit of clothes.

Oh Boy!

winter, so far as the American community in the capital is concerned. Once the meeting place of the diplomatic group, the great building where came the flappers from the tourist ships for a dance, and the American officers from the visiting ships in Yokohama, the Imperial Hotel has been transformed into a meeting place for the burned-out American colony members of the city.

Indeed, the American community has already given the Imperial Hotel a vote of thanks, for that hostelry was just about the only building of any size left after the great quake and fire of September 1. Monday morning after the quake found the Imperial Hotel housing the American Embassy, most of the American firms which had begun to gather their staff together again and the American Red Cross, which was headed by Brigadier General Frank McCoy. From that day, through the two weeks during which bully beef was issued from Peacock Alley, once the promenade place of Tokyo's younger folk, down to the present time the Imperial Hotel has been the meeting place of Americans.

Refugees' Haven.

Friend who meet friend in the courtyard of the hotel during the night quakes following September 1, when one and all left the hotel in a hurry to get out into the open has adopted the Imperial Hotel as the one place in the capital where there may be found a rest from the scenes of devastation which are all about outside. A few pictures shows have been given for those who had almost forgotten what a cinema film was like, a few meetings of various organizations have been held and the hotel management has stated that it will do all possible to provide some social life in its great guest rooms this winter. The American community has been

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greatly reduced as a result of the catastrophe. Scores of women members of the community took the first boats for the United States, and more are arranging to go, while many of the business houses of foreigners in Tokyo will not be reopened. Mr. Hugh Wilson, counselor to the Embassy in Tokyo, and Mrs. Wilson are the last prominent members of the community to leave for the United States. Their home was burned, along with all of the other Embassy buildings, but they were able to bring out many of the furnishings which they had collected when Mr. Wilson was counselor to the American Embassy in Berlin before the war. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson left for the United States on the President Taft.

Many Leave Tokyo.

Some of the American members of the Tokyo foreign community are staying at Karuizawa, the summer colony in the north of Tokyo, until they can arrange for home here. Others are living temporarily in Kobe and Nara, while some of the wives of prominent Americans are arranging to stay in Kobe for some months.

"The graveyard of Tokyo"—that has become an expression which one hears frequently from the tired foreigner who slips into the Imperial Hotel lobby after a walk to the site of his old business house. It is evident that Tokyo will be the gloomiest capital city of any in the world this winter, and the imperial family, which promised to lead in entertaining the diplomatic set at the time of Prince Regent's wedding, has announced that it cannot be depended upon to lend any aid to foreigners seeking diversion. The wedding, it has been announced, will be the quietest that is possible, and invitations to foreigners will be cancelled in all probability.

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FOREST MAPS ARE ISSUED

Detailed maps for public distribution of two Oregon and three Washington National forests have just been issued by the Portland office of the forest service. These include the Cascade and Umpqua National forests in Oregon, and the Chehalis, Olympic and Wenatchee National forests in Washington.

The Cascade National forest map covers the McKenzie highway and region, as far south as the Middle Fork of the Willamette river, joining the

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Intelligence

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be obtained from the Forest supervisors of these five National forests or from the district forester's office in Portland, Oregon.

Justice McBride, of Oregon, Now Aged 76

SALEM, Ore.—Thomas A. McBride, member of the state supreme court since 1909, celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday with a dinner served at a local hotel Saturday to which a few of his intimate friends were invited. Justice McBride was born in Yamhill county. He is a Republican, member of several fraternal organizations, and though getting on in years is extremely active. He has confided he expects to live to be 100.

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The particular Owyhee Chocolate assortment which you prefer will be found in one of these Thanksgiving Packages, which makes it an easy matter to please individual preferences. Look for them where you always buy Owyhee Chocolates.

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By Duke X. Parry,
(U.S. Staff Correspondent)

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VARIETY
OF
SHAPES
AND
SIZES

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THE

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