

GREENWICH VILLAGE ENTRANCES FAMOUS ENGLISH INVESTIGATOR

By CLARA WOLD International News Service Staff Correspondent.

LONDON, Aug. 21.—The short-statured English woman sitting opposite me solemnly poured a great stream of milk into a cup of very strong tea and remarked: "The most interesting place I found in America was Greenwich Village."

I looked at her sharply to discover if she were laughing. After all, Americans are not accustomed to hearing dignified judges speak so kindly of The Village. And here was an elderly woman, Mrs. H. W. Nevins, first woman justice of the peace in England, returned from a trip to America to investigate inferior crimes—especially domestic ones—giving our Village a good reputation.

"The most serious thinkers I met in New York lived in Greenwich Village," she continued, "and regarded the most happy and well-regulated families also. I stayed there myself much of the time."

Contradictory Atmosphere. There was an amusingly contradictory atmosphere about the long, narrow room looking onto the English garden that ran back from the

house between ivy-covered brick walls. It seemed to express a contradiction of spirit in the one who had arranged the room. On all the walls hung amazing paintings and drawings by her son, C. E. Nevins, the modernist artist—paintings of sheer power showing aeroplanes of the war, machine guns in action, workers in munitions factories and New York sky-scrapers. The walls were filled with these.

The room was filled with charming old English chairs, covered with antique English tapestries, smugly leaning back under old-fashioned tufted cushions. A man's overcoat hung on a chair waiting for a button to be sewed back on it—"true badge of feminine feudalism," my companion laughingly reminded me afterwards.

Disliked Prohibition. "The one thing I didn't like about your America was prohibition," Mrs. Nevins continued. "I don't believe in interfering with individual freedom in that way. And, besides, you haven't done anything, so far as I can see, but pass a law that no one keeps. The first case I heard tried in New York was in the inferior courts—an 'illicit still case.' All the

family was in the hospital suffering from poisoning except a four-year-old child that had been dragged in from the street.

"The second case I heard was in the Domestic Relations Court and was that of a man whose wife complained that he drank so much that it was impossible to live with him even for one day. In 'dry America' the judge forced the man to sign the pledge against drinking before he allowed him to go home to his wife, whom he did not wish to leave.

Bored With Repetition. "After many more cases of the same kind I was so bored with the repetition that I went to an higher court case. The case on the docket was an illicit still—a still discovered on the top floor of a large hotel. The hotel manager, the waiter, the cooks, the hotel guests, the chambermaids—in short, everyone who had entered that hotel seemed to be involved in the case. The judge, I recall, was so bored that he chewed and slept through most of the testimony.

I tried to push the discussion of women in America, but Mrs. Nevins refused to make any general comments. "I know about our own women, but in America you have so many kinds—very active and modern ones in New York, who are not bound by the old customs and antiquated ideas, and strangely reactionary, seriously religious ones around old Boston, and still another kind in Washington.

"I can't talk about them all, there are so many. At least, you never had the kind of militant suffragists in America that we had here in England." And all the old counsel of the Women's Freedom League, of which Mrs. Nevins is a member, with Mrs. Pankhurst and her followers, sprang forward.

"I'm not with most of the feminists who are trying to put through silly laws either."

"Do you think, then, that getting suffrage for women in England was worth while?" I asked. "Certainly it was. It was only a fortnight after we won suffrage that the paternal maintenance of illegitimate children was abolished. It was only a few months after suffrage came that women sat on the bench in England, and the Lord Chancellor, who had been most unjust to women previously, seized the opportunity to state that the rights of women are as important as those of men.

All politicians in England agree with him now that women have votes. We have changed many unjust laws, and we will change more." At this point my friend, Mrs. Patrick H. Hepburn, better known in England and America as the Australian poet, Ann Wickham, interrupted to ask Mrs. Nevins if she intends to stand for Parliament in the next elections.

"I have been urged to stand by many of my friends," answered this feminist, "but I don't think 'politics is ever clean and decent. No, I don't want to stand."

"But," said Anna Wickham, "that is why you should stand, and anyway I think you should stand, because my husband says you are the only woman who ever made him laugh with ironical remarks. He insists that you are the only English woman with a sense of humor."

"Politics is black." Surely it is not a little thing to have Patrick H. Hepburn, the greatest living authority on the plant Saturn, call you the only woman humorist of his country, but Mrs. Nevins only smiled and insisted that "politics is black," and "no political leader can remain both honest and successful." She suddenly changed the subject by showing us a patchwork cushion she made a year ago, when she was ill. Remnants of a good old-fashioned age, I thought. But she told us with great satisfaction that her son, C. E. Nevins, the modernist, greatly admires the patchwork and considers it a remarkable expression of modernism. And so it is.

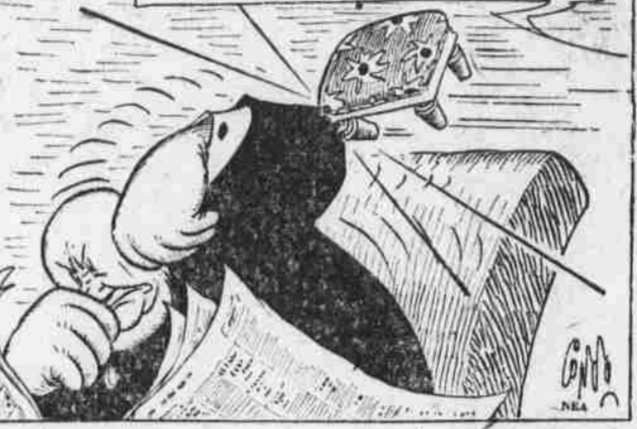
As we rose to go she mentioned the Russell divorce case that is occupying the minds of all London. "Think of the cleverness of that little woman," she chuckled. "They say that His Honor, Sir John Simon,

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE

LISTEN TO THIS ONE, MRS. TRUE: "WHAT WERE FATHER'S LAST WORDS BEFORE HE PASSED AWAY?" "FATHER HAD NO LAST WORDS; MOTHER WAS WITH HIM TO THE LAST." HA! - HA! - HA! - HA!



WHAT'S TO LAUGH AT?! IS THAT WIFE'S FAITHFUL DEVOTION SO FUNNY TO YOU?!!!



OFFICE CAT



BY JUNIUS

Conference Called On Oil At Sea

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—(U. P.)—An international conference of the principal maritime nations of the world will convene here this winter, at the invitation of the United States, to consider measures to be taken to rid the world seacoasts of the menace to fisheries, property and migratory birds in the increasing pollution of coastal waters by oil ejected from steamships.

President Harding, acting in compliance with legislation enacted recently by Congress, has authorized Secretary of State Hughes to issue invitations to the conference, and in interdepartmental committee representing the Departments of State, War, Navy, Commerce, Interior, and Agriculture and the shipping Board is at work determining which nations will be invited and formulating agents for the conference.

Representative T. F. Appleby, New Jersey, in whose state are some of the finest bathing beaches on the Atlantic Coast, notably that at Atlantic City, is the father of the conference. He introduced and secured passage by Congress of a bill authorizing President Harding to call it. It is intended that the result of the conference will be an international agreement whereby each nation will pledge itself to see that masters of ships flying its flag will exercise every precaution in the ejection of oil from their ships and in no case will eject it where it will drift shorewards. Because no nation has jurisdiction on the high seas beyond the three mile limit, an agreement is the sole manner in which the object can be attained, domestic legislation being inoperative.

THE OLD HOME TOWN By Stanley

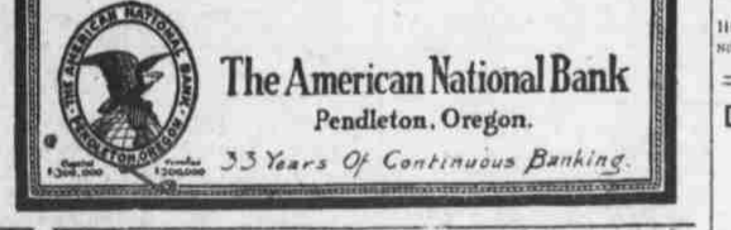


SOME JOKERS AT THE FEED STORE ALMOST RUINED MARSHAL OTEY WALKER'S HAND PAINTED SUSPENSE OF THE NEW DRESS MAKER GAVE HIM.

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS DANNY DECLARES HIMSELF. By Allman



NEW YORK, Aug. 21.—(U. P.)—Gene Sarazen the twenty-one year old American open golf champion, is good with golf stocks and he knows it.

He is a cocky youngster with all the confidence, the enthusiasm and energy that an American youth carries into sports.

There is nothing of the enlarged cranium apparent in his speech or actions, however. What symptoms he shows of liking his own game are not immediate. They are but the tendencies of a winning temperament that make him the champion that he is.

Recently one of the clubs around New York offered Sarazen \$500 for an exhibition match and gave him the privilege of selecting his opponent.

He surprised the club officials by asking them to get Jim Barnes for his opponent.

Joe Kirkwood, the Australian trick shot artist, was kidding the young champion about it.

"Kinda pick 'em big, don't you Gene?" he asked.

"Well, it'd be better to be knocked off by Barnes than some little bird, wouldn't it?" Sarazen replied.

In Walter Hagen, the American winner of the British open championship, and Sarazen the United States has two real champions who are a credit to themselves, to the game and to the nation.

Both stepped into fame graciously and both minimized their success with the statements that they had all the good breaks and their opponents went down through hard luck.

While the preponderance of evidence shows youth to be coming in to supremacy in all sports, some old fellow is always stepping up to take a sock at the old theory.

"Red" Russell, the old White Sox pitcher, who had been cut out of the record books, is back again doing big things in the Pittsburgh outfield. He is batting fiercely, hitting plenty of home runs and fielding fine.

When the pressure becomes great enough, John McGraw may call upon Amos Rusie to do a little pitching for the Giants. Amos keeps stowaways from getting into the grounds at night and he might be able to keep a game from getting out of the park.

If you like to be one of the discoverers of champions, just tell the boys to keep their eyes on Emil Loeffler, the young Pittsburgh holder of the Pennsylvania state open golf championship. This said he is going large in the coming amateur fracas.

Tommy Gibbons, St. Paul light heavyweight who has been taking it

easy since he lost the decisions to Harry Greb in their last fight, is ready to get back in the ring.

Gibbons wears another crack at the light heavyweight crown which Greb is wearing and he is willing to take on a stiff bout to prove that he is entitled to a return engagement.

Gene Tunney former champion, and Gibbons have both challenged Greb through the New York state boxing commission and Gibbons suggests that he and Tunney meet to decide the challenger.

Very fair proposition and the commission is in favor of it.

WHY RUSSIAN FACTORY COST ARE SO HIGH

MOSCOW, Aug. 21.—(A. P.)—Production charges in many Russian factories have become so high that the Soviet government would now find it cheaper to import certain manufactured articles than to make them at home.

For example, it is said that harvest machines can be purchased and transported from Germany, or even from America, to Russia for much less than the cost of producing them in the plant of the International Harvester company, near Moscow.

This American factory, one of the few industries in Russia that was not nationalized by the Bolsheviks, is one of the most efficient in the country, but its production costs per machine manufactured are almost twice those of the German and American plants of the company. This is chiefly due to the high prices of raw material, but the unusual Russian labor laws also are an important factor.

For example, a workman whose wife is expecting a child is paid 25 per cent additional salary for nine months, and in the month when the child is born receives still another full month's pay. If the workman is supporting a sister or a mother or any other woman in an interesting condition, the same rule applies, while a feminine employee receives even more liberal treatment, amounting to seven full months extra pay.

The average daily pay of a Russian workman is about \$1 exclusive of extras, but it has been estimated that five Russians, who work under less efficient conditions than in America, no matter what their individual ability, produce only as much as two Americans working in the United States with more improved machinery.

"What's Growing After Fall in Eastern Oregon" is the name of a new bulletin by D. E. Stephens, superintendent of the Moro branch experiment station, and G. R. Hydrop, chief of farm crops at O. A. C. It gives methods and results of the most profitable practices so far developed. Copies free to citizens of Oregon.

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