

HON. WILL H. HAYS

EX-CHAIRMAN REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE



RALPH E. WILLIAMS
Vice-Chairman
Republican National Committee

TELEGRAPHS
RALPH E. WILLIAMS

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

A152NY 03 Blue
P New York NY 1205P May 5 1922
Ralph E. Williams,
Republican National Committeeman
Portland, Oregon.
Mutual friends have told me that you are a candidate for re-election as Republican National Committeeman this year, and I am constrained to send just this word of appreciation for your splendid service on the committee all the time that I was chairman. Your election as vice-chairman of the national committee was the fullest possible evidence of the committee's gratitude to you and their confidence in your great future usefulness to the committee and to the party. In this I join most heartily. Kindest regards and best wishes always.

WILL H. HAYS.

VOTE X 13

EDITORIAL from the MORNING OREGONIAN

MR. WILLIAMS FOR COMMITTEEMAN

Will H. Hays, who but lately retired as chairman of the republican national committee, pays tribute in a telegram to the service performed to the republican party by the committeeman for Oregon, Ralph E. Williams. Mr. Hays should know. His testimony may be accepted as something more than a mere laudatory formal expression of approval, to be expected from one member of the organization for another, for it is supported by the entire committee, which, not many months ago, by the unanimous vote of the representatives of forty-eight states elected, Mr. Williams vice-chairman. He is the oldest member in point of service, and it is obvious—it is not denied by anyone—that his standing with the heads of the republican party is very high.

The national committeemanship is a party job. It pays nothing in salary but it carries many responsibilities, and calls for work. Its rewards are, of course, recognition of leadership, and the prestige and influence that go with it. Mr. Williams has been the committeeman for Oregon for fourteen years, and is a candidate for re-election. There is no good reason why he should not be elected, there are good reasons why he should be. The most obvious and unassailable of which is that he has a high place with the committee, in terms of intimacy and confidence with the national leaders of the republican party, in line for the national chairmanship, and, even, and doubtless will perform service which no new man, whatever his qualities, can possibly perform.

The Oregonian is reluctant to interfere in the contest for national committeemanship; but the advantages to the republican party in Oregon of Mr. Williams' election are so plain that it feels that it should point them out.

VOTE X 13

(Paid Adv. by Committee of Republican C. L. Starr, Sec'y, 617 Board of Trade Bldg., Portland, Oregon.)

D. Perry Evans

Portrait
Photographer

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270 1/2 Washington Street

PORTLAND OREGON

Birt-day Cake Candies.

The custom of placing candles on a birthday cake—one for each year—comes from Germany. The Germans placed a thick one in the center, called Lebenlicht, the light of life. Only he or she who declares his or her birthday may put out the light of life; it is unlucky if done by any other member of the family. The lights are symbols of life and its purities the years. For persons advanced in years one candle must do duty, as otherwise too many would be required.

Skunks Well Behaved.
The skunk is slow to anger and bears malice toward none, becoming offensive only when startled or followed too closely, when his nervousness causes disastrous results, is the interesting statement of Hunter-Trapper.

Carping Criticism.
At a certain London store the decorative scheme includes a miniature fountain and a stock of goblets. A small girl was overlooked to remark, knowingly, "I suppose when they are grown up they are red herrings"—London Post.

Happy "Couple."
Charles and his adopted mother lived all alone, and they were the best kind of pals. One morning at breakfast Charles, who had just passed his seventh birthday, reached over and patted his mother's hand, saying: "Say, mama, I guess we're about the happiest couple in the world."

Women Own London Paper.
Time and Tide is the name of a London newspaper which is owned and controlled entirely by women.

Fords Are Better This Year

Ford cars are better than ever this year. Upholstering in the models and engines is 100 per cent better than last year. Prices are lower. These are the prices you get delivered in Beaverton:

Touring Cars	\$577.00
Runabout	348.50
Model 1922 type	787.40
Compt. 1922 type	710.74
Overhaul Tourer	353.25
Parlor Tourer	402.50

COME IN AND LOOK THEM OVER.

Otto Erickson & Co.

Beaverton

Hills

Forest Grove

THE BEAVERTON TIMES

R. H. JONAS, Editor and Owner

Entered at the Beaverton, Oregon, Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

One dollar per year; 10c per month.

The Beaverton Times is not dead. Although you may have seen its obituary in its would-be successor, the slur was unmerited and ill be come the one who uttered it.

We sold the Times to Mr. Walker the day before we left Beaverton, at a price which he agreed to and on his own terms. He did everything but pay down the money. But as soon as we were conveniently out of the way, he began at once to make plans to take the field without the trouble of carrying out his agreement to buy. Then, to give color to his proposed scheme and to establish a sort of alibi, he wrote us offering 25 per cent of the price he had agreed to pay, and that not in real money, but just his note. We telegraphed him that we would take just half of what he agreed to pay if he would make it cash. He didn't reply but came to you with a sneer about the Times lacking proper burial and asks you for two dollars that he may start a new paper.

What do the people of Beaverton want? A legal paper that has stood the test of years, that is established for legal advertising and with the outside advertisers or a new experiment?

I believe in my old neighbors and friends and now that they know the facts, I trust that they will insist that Mr. Walker either buy the field he seeks to take or leave it to some capable newspaperman who will be able and willing to continue the work you have helped me with for the past four and a half years. Until that time I solicit your continued support.
R. H. JONAS.

Education in Toys.

Building blocks have helped many a boy find his chosen vocation. A set of building blocks is claimed to have been the inspiration of one of our biggest engineers today finding himself. All sorts of mechanical toys, not necessarily the expensive kind and preferably a product that your boy himself can invent, will help wonderfully in training him to find his natural inclinations.

Man Not Unlike Lower Animals.

Darwin says that weeping is a habit that "must have been acquired since man branched off from the common progenitor of the genus homo and of the nonweeping anthropomorphous ape." This assertion causes us to argue to ourselves one more point of difference between us and the lower animals, until we read on and find an account by this same author of an Indian elephant, which, when held captive, sobbed bitterly while tears rolled down his face.—Chicago Daily News.

Then Cupid Gets Busy.

"He talked to her about his misunderstanding self—the infallible sign that a woman has found favor with a man."
—From "The Ghost Girl" by Mary Marlowe.

THE CONSPIRACY

By MOLLIE MATHER

Across their hearthfire Don and Daisy looked at each other. "Nan is such a dear girl," Daisy said. "I do wish she would take a little more interest in me. I really cannot bear to think of Nan living alone all her days. And she is so provokingly distant."

Don smoked meditatively. "Like my friend Bob," he remarked. "Now take Bob, good honest fellow, kind, gentlemanly and successful in business—yet a woman hater."

"Oh! I shouldn't call him that exactly," Don's wife defended. "It's just that Bob Reynolds has had so many fussy females in his own family that he is cautious. You know, yourself, you would hate to risk being tied for life to anyone resembling his married sister. Then, too, Bob is satisfied in his profession, so he just steers clear."

"But he needs a sympathetic understanding companion," Don insisted. Daisy sighed. "No more than my lone, lovely Nan needs a protecting husband," she replied.

Then the two involuntarily smiled. "If we could manage a meeting between them," suggested Daisy.

Don shook his head. "Can't be done," he answered decisively. "Every time I invite old Bob out to inspect the much-quoted propensity of the happily married, and refuses."

Daisy looked at her. "I know," she said. "Nan is just that way. Who else is coming? You will ask me definitely."

The fire crackled on. Daisy stepped over to the friendly arm of her husband's chair and still sat gazing meditatively into the rosy depths.

"Look," she said at last, "while we are in New York next week will you ask Bob to drop into the flat occasionally and see that things are all right?"

"Good idea," Don hurriedly agreed. "Bob will enjoy looking after your affairs, Daisy; you know he is an admirer of yours."

Bob was well pleased to oblige his friends. The thought of an untroubled evening among Donald's well-chosen books was inviting. He hired the latchkey which his friend had bestowed upon him and entered the deserted vestibule. All was in readiness for his coming, as Don had said. As he switched on the living-room lights he saw a dish of polished red apples on a table beside the freestone chair. Several new pieces seemed placed for his selection on the ground plane.

He hastily shut off the myriad lights as he dropped to the hearth rug, leaving the golden shaded lamp alone for his use. And as Bob bent to build the fire he discarded his coat. From a rear room came croakingly the chirp of a bird. Bob arose. Don had not mentioned the added cure of a bird, and here he, Bob, had allowed two days to elapse before visiting his friends' home after their departure.

The tiny creature might be suffering now for want of food. Softly, on the thick rug, Bob made his way in the direction of the bird's murmuring. The cage hung in a high kitchen window, and standing upon a stool before the cage was a girl. The bright lights of the white kitchen fell upon her bronze-gold hair; and presently, as though sensing his presence, the girl turned abruptly, and losing her balance fell with a startled cry directly into Bob's outstretched arms.

It seemed that he had anticipated that fall from the moment the girl turned her white face toward him. A quick stride found him at the side of the high stool. It took him some time, however, to realize that the young woman's alarm was occasioned by his own presence.

Then Bob, holding her and vainly endeavoring to reach the faucet in order to dampen her forehead with reviving water, wondered vaguely how in the world this strange young woman came to be in the deserted apartment which Don assured him was locked against intruders. For a moment the dazed thought assailed him that he had mistakenly entered the wrong apartment. Then the pale-faced young woman found voice.

"I don't know," she said, "what you are doing here." She surveyed Bob's coatless figure. "But if you are a burglar, won't you please go!"

"Burglar?" Bob gasped. He realized that the young woman was endeavoring to free herself from his close-sustaining grasp. Also, that a most becoming rose color had flushed the pale whiteness and that her startled eyes were now glistening dew-drops of resentment. "Burglar!" he repeated. "Why I came to look after the ferns. Don asked me to. On his friend."

The young woman, sinking down on a kitchen chair, stared at him. "Not," she asked meekly, "the paragon Bob Reynolds? I've heard of you. Once made me promise to look after her bird every evening. I am Daisy's friend."

"Not," insisted the man, "the rarely perfect Nan? I have heard of you." And when it so happened not many weeks later that Bob Reynolds proudly announced his engagement to the two friendly co-spatulators, Nan laughed. "Bob had to take me," she reproved Daisy. "You fairly threw me at his head."

"Meaning," said Nan's lover happily, "that you, my dear, dropped promptly into my arms."

ADJOURNED?

By ALICE BORDEN STEVENS

Dot and carry, dot and carry! Bob's crutch struck the stony ground and lifted, as in regular swing he skipped down the hill road in his own eccentric way, one shoulder lifted by the crutch, the other drooping with the head of the well knee.

"Have a ride?" The sweet voice rang above the chug of the engine as the automobile came to a sudden stop. "Going to the village? I'll give you a lift." She spoke in a carefree, comradely voice, as though every day she took in unknown crutches and landed them at unknown destinations.

"Sure!" he cried, deftly lifting himself through the door to the back seat of the touring car. Doris Berkeley didn't offer to help. She released the brakes and slid into the road again. "Where to, oh prince?"

"Golf links," he replied. "Golf! All right; here goes." The road was winding, now through woods and now along cliffs dipping to the river. The car ran with an occasional catch. "Break out of order! Can I help?" Bob hunched forward. "Knocking isn't it?" Oh, all right. I didn't mean to hurt in; go on, please."

Doris laughed. "I am sensitive about my driving, I suppose. I've had all that old law; now do you dare ride with me?"

"To the death," said Bob, more solemnly than he intended. Inwardly he was swearing at his wooden leg and truck generally; but he did know the value of a brave front, and used it. With all the money in the world he had a right to ask any woman to marry him a man? The dash and snap resolution that had made him a remarkable aviator gave him buoy a job as he limped through his days, by deciding on a future course sure to please his glorious spirit, why to find it impossible to his maimed body, however expert he might become in the use of unbreakable limbs and tools. So, with his heart and soul insisting "That art the girl," his mind and will clung to the iron of fair play.

"There! It's jammed against. Oh—can you jump? You can't, of course!" Doris nudged at the wheel in despair but it would not move.

"We're going over—I'm sorry—" and she held the wheel as the fence crashed with the impact. The car pitched at right angles into the top of a tall sapling, and slid, jerked, buzzed, down its bending length to the beach beneath, stopping with the front wheels in the water. The slide of 20 feet was, thus broken, not more exciting than a good loop-the-loop at the park, but the girl felt the grip of responsibility before there was time for fear, and the man cursed his impotency to help as a man who was not a wreck—a thing—an idiot—might help. To be strong—and useless—what a pain!

All was still. Doris unfolded from the bottom of the car where the drop landed her, and peeped over the seat. "What? Aren't you dead? Thank heaven, though I've little right to even speak of heaven, after risking your life this way. How could I guess it would set so? It did it this morning, and landed me in the ditch, but the garage man said it was all right now."

"Burned it too hard, that's all!" Bob unscrupled the seat and the artificial of his belongings and crept from the car. Holding by the back wheel, he handed her the crutch.

"Can you walk? If you can, you won't get wet. I don't know how we will get out of this. He looked up the sheer face of the cliff, but first, let's get out of the machine, anyway. Sure, you're all right?"

"Why, they're alive!" "Not after that fall!" The voices came incredulously from above their heads.

Leaning over the rail, two scared faces took account of conditions below. "Can you walk?" "Sure!" called Bob, "if we had a chance." He looked up and down the rocky shore dubiously.

"How is the car?" "It looks all right; wet, of course." "Well, wait, and we'll get ropes and things from the garage."

When the climb was made with the aid of engines and pulleys and many strong arms and ingenious minds, two people rather shiver now that it was over, sat in the back seat, the girl smiling tremulously, but finding courage in the face of the man.

"Do you still want to go to the golf grounds?" she asked.

"Well—under the circumstances—" "Say," broke in a gruff and practical voice. "That engine would go if it wasn't wet. As it is, we're going to tow you home; take the wheel, one of you!"

"Meeting adjourned," whispered Bob, as he helped Doris over to the driver's seat. "There's to be a happy ending, isn't there?"

She smiled and leaned a bit on his shoulder as she jumped.

"Yes—adjourned," she said, and he traced his good foot against the true rail, and dreamed strong dreams as they went on their way. Perhaps there was still in him, after all, a power to serve.

Needed Getting Down. Walter—Was the dinner cooked to suit you, sir? Dinner—Yes all but the bill. Just take that back and boil it down a little.

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Three Friendly Gentlemen
TURKISH VIRGINIA BURLY
10¢ for FIFTEEN
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Piston clearances /

4/1000 of an inch when cold
1/1000 of an inch under fire

An automobile engine having a 4" bore will have when cold a clearance between its pistons and cylinders of approximately 4/1000 of an inch. When the same engine has been heated to operating temperature, this clearance will have decreased 75%, or to 1/1000 of an inch.

Likewise, a main crankshaft bearing having a clearance of about 1 1/2/1000 of an inch when cold, will show a decrease in this clearance at operating temperature to less than 3/1000 of an inch.

All oils lose viscosity, that is, they become lighter in body when subjected to the heat of engine operation.

An analysis of Zerolene shows that the difference in its body at the various engine temperatures, from cold to operating temperature, follow in close relation the decrease in bearing clearances.

The right body at all operating temperatures

For this reason Zerolene oils have at all engine temperatures exactly the required body to splash and flow freely into the fast-moving, small-clearance bearings to provide an adequate film of lubricant.

Because of their "oiliness," Zerolene oils cling to bearing surfaces, and at the same time offer in themselves a minimum of resistance to the engine power going to the driving wheels. For this reason they give perfect lubrication and permit the development of the maximum power, speed and gasoline mileage of the car.

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