

EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE BEAVERTON TIMES

UNCLE SAM AND YOUNG MEN

Opportunities for young men increase as older men learn more of the science of government. Boys who are growing to manhood today have opportunities for education and entrance into business that their fathers never enjoyed. They have chances for enjoyment, privileges of improvement and opportunities for travel never before enjoyed by the youth of any land.

Not the least of the new opportunities that have opened up for young men is the offer of the Government to entertain them one month each year at the Citizens' Military Training Camps with all expenses paid, even to transportation to and from the camps, theatre tickets and physical examination.

To be able to leave home the latter part of July and return again the latter part of August, learn the principles of military training, enjoy athletics, theatre, social functions, pleasure trips and new scenery, to be of some use to the Nation and at the same time to benefit physically and mentally without the incurring of any obligation for further military service is an opportunity no young man can afford to overlook. Yes, this chance is open to any young man between the ages of 17 and 27 who is in good health and reasonable physical condition.

Three courses are offered: The Red Course: Ages 17 to 25—No previous military experience of any kind necessary.

White Course: Ages 18 to 24—For those who have had Red Course. Grammar school education or its equivalent necessary.

Blue Course: Ages 19 to 27—For civilians having completed Red and White Courses. High school education or its equivalent necessary.

White Course qualifies student to become non-commissioned officer in Organized Reserves if he so desires and Blue Course as officer in the Organized Reserves.

Ex-service non-commissioned officers, not older than 35 years of age who have high school education or its equivalent, may enter Blue Course.

With conditions in the turmoil that exists in Europe and China today, America is in a position that she may be called upon to take further part at any moment. Young men will not escape military duty because of ignorance of its principles but they are at a decided disadvantage without a knowledge of those principles and the government has a decided advantage if a reasonable number of its young men are versed in the rudiments of its military practices. Hence the plan for summer camps which do not entail any obligations for further service.

FAIRMER OF THE FUTURE

The farmer of the future is going to be a professional man—farming is not the work of "the chodopper" of the funny papers. It is the work of scientists, men educated and trained to the work. The farmer of the future will be the graduate of the agricultural college, the young man who knows about soils, fertilizers, seeds, crop rotations, planting times and seasons—and also about marketing his crop when it is made. The farmer of the future will be not only a scientist, but a business man.

A manufacturer who merely made goods and knew nothing of selling them would be a failure. The farmer has been the maker, the producer, and has then sold the goods to the middle man at whatever the buyer chose to pay. The farmer of the future will not do this, any more than the manufacturer will permit the buyer to tell him at what price he shall sell his goods. Each year sees improvement in the methods of farming as well as marketing. Perfection is yet a good way off, but the educated young men that are going on to the farms are going to put the business of farming where it belongs—near the top of all professions. The oldest occupation in the world is just coming into its own.

The baseball scandal of that famous world series is to be again "aired." It is stated, of course it needs the air, very badly, but we prefer not to be in the neighborhood.

THE BEAVERTON TIMES

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BOBBED HAIR TEACHERS

Boards of Education in many cities, especially in the East, have decreed that no teacher who bobs her hair can be employed, and there has been some protest on the matter from the young women who have bobbed their locks. They contend that they are employed to teach what is inside the head, not outside.

Yet the Boards are clearly within their rights in the matter. Teachers must be examples to the young whom they instruct. They are looked upon as leaders, and a teacher stands to much the same general relation to the preacher. Bobbed hair is not immoral—but it is extreme. It has been adopted by many young women of high standing, yet it may be frankly admitted that it does not tend to dignity and certainly does not improve the appearance of the girl. Possibly the attitude of the Board is that girls who are prone to follow extremes of fashion are more or less "dainty," and lacking in that poise needed for the ideal teacher.

Generally it is a hopeless task to attempt to regulate the dress or habits of the girls and young women, but when men charged with the duty of employing them decree that they will not engage such ones, the effect is very apt to be to render bobbed hair much less popular.

WHEN TO STRIKE IS CRIME

Forest fires were razing across the woods of New Jersey towns were threatened, farm homes were being consumed; lives were in danger; men had been working with might and main to save property and protect life. Most of them were volunteers, a few were hired fire-fighters—and right in the midst of that fire, with death stalking toward hundreds, those fire fighters demanded more money and on being refused, "struck" and their work and left people and property to their fate.

Those men were being paid the wage fixed by the state legislature. The fire warden had no power to change it without paying it from his own pocket—and these men knew that. They struck, not against ordinary employment, but against the state, against a work of humanity, against every feeling of pity that should make all men brothers. To strike at such a time is nothing less than a crime. It is as if the sailor, in the midst of a storm should strike—though that would be called mutiny and punished by death. The right of a man to work where the right of his neighbors begins—and the right of the community to protection is superior to the demands of any set of men for big pay to render that protection.

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STATE POLICE POWERS

Much has been done by congress under cover of the power to regulate interstate commerce that appears to many to be encroaching on the rights of the states, but in the Child Labor Decision the Supreme Court has called a halt. The regulation of child labor belongs to the police power of the state, and each state can exercise that power as it shall deem best for the citizens of that state.

The question of whether children of tender years should be employed in manufacturing is one for the states. Humanitarians generally contend that such labor tends to retard growth, to take from the child its rights of childhood, to prevent education and to finally result in a degeneration of the race. Most of these contentions will be admitted by all thinking people, yet it is not making it better to add another wrong to the one done the children. The end does not always justify the means. Preventing child labor may be a good work, yet if it be necessary to override the Constitution to do this, then it were better to wait until the offending states can be educated to the point of acting on the matter. There has been too much stretching of the Constitution in recent years and the states have been left with few rights. A reaction may be wholesale.

HAS THE PRIMARY FAILED?

Many and various are the indictments which have been hurled at the direct primary by its foes. It has been declared responsible for inefficient officials, for dishonest political practices, for high taxes, for extravagance in office, for hundreds of lesser shortcomings of the men whose place it created for them. But the most serious indictment it has yet received came from the people themselves in last Friday's election.

Throughout the state men and women of both parties are asking the question: Has the Direct Primary Failed? The question must be answered soon. Possibly this fall we will see a measure on the ballot to abolish or to modify the provisions of this law. If it is not to be made worse, the substantial thinking people of the state must give their earnest attention to the remedy.

We have nominated a governor with less than ten per cent of the people of the county favoring him. We have expressed with that small percentage of our people interesting themselves in the most important office in the state, a verdict similar to that which the voters of the state expressed in the same manner.

Is it any wonder that staunch supporters of the old system of politics insist that the direct primary has failed?

Two Italian editors fought a duel with all solemnity the other day, with the usual result—no one hurt.

PHILIP THOMPSON WRITES OF HIS TRIP TO THE ORIENT

Continued from page 1.

Spent two hours to get to the boat (she is not docking into the harbor). They landed him on with a rope. We hired a launch the next morning and got back just in time for breakfast. The steward was a cool and aloof messman while one of the seamen took my place till we got back.

On account of an epidemic of smallpox in Shanghai we were all vaccinated by order of the American Consulate. Mine didn't take for a few days but when it did—my arm was swollen and useless. I had a fever and headache for two days. One seaman for one night had pains in every bone and muscle of his body. The steward thought he was going to die. The next morning the vaccination broke out instead of staying in and he got well quicker than I did.

Shanghai was our next port. Here we remained two days, arrived March 5, and sailing the 10th. We took on all at the Standard Oil docks here then sailed for Dairen, Manchuria. We had perfect weather during the two days. At Dairen we discharged our cargo of flour then took on ballast. Then the ship was transferred from the Columbia-Pacific Shiping Company of Portland, to Struthers and Barry of San Francisco. So we had to dump ballast and take a cargo of corn and beans for Shanghai. We arrived here March 23, and sailed April 5, after taking more off at the oil dock here. We have some cargo for Hongkong and Manila. We also have a passenger for Manila, a doctor of some sort.

(The next part will follow immediately at Hongkong.)

Reel II, Part I, etc. etc.

April 13, 1922. We arrived in Hongkong about 8 o'clock, April 8, anchoring over a mile from shore. The sampans here are different from all others in that they use the sail continually. And the people here actually live on their boats. They tell me that 300,000 Chinese live on their boats here.

Hongkong is the most beautiful city I have ever seen. Perhaps Honolulu is better but I doubt it. Hongkong appears to be just the peak of a mountain. The city climbs up 1-3 of the way. From the top you see a row of buildings of a water front. Higher up are gray stone buildings and patches of trees. The green predominates. When you get up there you find beautiful buildings, parks, pretty lawns, patches of trees and wide, cool, clean streets with "No Auto Traffic" signs. Here you may hire sedan chairs for 30 cents. Men and 40 cents gold per hour. I walked through. I would much rather walk any time. While I was here I visited their two "Botanical Gardens," the only real parks they have and met several English girls and got slightly acquainted. I met a group of children and they had me play tag and hide and seek with them. I had more fun in those games than any other time this trip.

While here we got acquainted with a number of American and English sailors a Tommy and some civilians. The Prince of Wales had just left two hours after we got in, so we had a topic of conversation. The city was still brilliantly decorated with flags and lights and the Hongkong hotel was just recovering from the Prince's stay.

Well, we left Hongkong yesterday evening. Before that we, Dan Quinn by an actor really, but just now a mess boy, and I went over there. She is a C. P. boat from Portland, so we met several fellows we knew and had a pleasant confab. We are at sea now. It is very hot. The fellows are all moving up on deck but I think I'll remain below tonight. There is a strong breeze and a rolling sea. The ship is pitching and rolling quite a bit. Well, I shall have to close now till we make Manila.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY ACT COVERS FARMERS HELPERS

Many Rural Employer Already Under State Act Which Removes Big Risk for Farm Operators.

The following article is taken from the Extension Service News, published by the Extension Service of the Oregon Agricultural College, and will be of interest to employers of farm labor.

"The farmers of the state may not generally know that under a decision of the Oregon supreme court made in April, 1917, they are subject to the operation of the Employers' Liability Act with practically the same effect as any of the most hazardous occupations. It was decided in that case that an injured farm hand had a right of action for damages against his employer even though there was a contributory negligence on his own part.

"The knowledge of this condition has caused many farmers throughout the state to embrace the protection afforded by the Oregon Compensation Law as administered by the State Industrial Accident Commission, which is a state institution not operated for profit, but for the benefit of Oregon citizens, and which furnished a guarantee to the employer against lawsuits.

"An employer who is operating under the Industrial Accident Commission pays a certain percentage of his payroll into the state fund, his workers each contributing one cent a day to the same fund. When an accident happens and a workman is injured he is entitled to medical attention and care, also compensation for loss of time, and in such cases of accident as result in death, the widow and children or other dependents receive substantial relief, the widow for all her life unless she remarries, and the children to the age of 16 years.

"All this is paid from the contributed fund, the beneficiary requiring no lawyers or other costly agencies to obtain it and the employer being relieved of legal liability.

"All this is done at the lowest possible expense because the Industrial Accident Commission is a state functionary, existing and operating not for profit, but for service to the whole people.

"Farmers who may feel interested in the matter can obtain all the particulars and instructions by applying to the Commission at Salem."

4-22-22. We have left Cebu, so I will finish.

Last night I went to another show which was also very good but didn't last so long. Admission 10 centavos or five cents. I got a number of pictures, went out into the country to the golf club, watched them warming up race horses on the race track, and nearly sweated away.

Two fellows gave me some presents when we left. Several others gave me their addresses and asked me to write. One of those traded pictures. It is surprising how many of these Filipinos want to go to the U. S. to work and study, or just to work. There are many who have been to the States or have friends or relatives. One man was telling me how he had heard that America was the land of promise. Compared to the islands, it certainly is.

4-24-22. We are again in Manila, having arrived this morning at 5 o'clock. We will probably leave sometime tomorrow, so I am mailing this letter. I cannot say much about Manila, except that it is a beautiful city and rather big. Manila is the largest Philippine city and Cebu is the second largest.

Here we are loading several thousand barrels of coconut oil for the States. It is really still unsettled whether we go to Los Angeles first, or even at all. However, I hope we go there first, even if just for a day.

We expect to arrive somewhere on May 23. About May 30 we will be paid off, and believe me, I'll stay off. In this sort of weather, I prefer land where you have some chance not to melt away.

At present I do not expect to return to Oregon for sometime. However, plans go astray and something often happens, so I cannot say definitely when I will return. However it may be, I shall always remember my friends in Beaverton and Hillsboro and a copy apiece of their respective high school annuals will help me very much. Just as soon as I get back I shall send the money, for I have already requested someone in each school to save me a copy.

Well, I really cannot think of anything more to write, so I shall close. Hoping to see you again, I remain, Sincerely yours, PHILIP F. THOMPSON, S. S. Bearport, Manila, Luzon, P. I., April 24, 1922.

MY OWN PEOPLE

By ELIZABETH M'NAUGHT.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

There were many things that dark-eyed Rebecca was forced to put up with in her squalid little home—many things that were not at all conducive to the happiness of a twenty-two-year-old visionary such as she happened to be.

There was Grandma Schwartz, comfortably situated, with no real worry of an impoverished old age, yet forever lamenting her growing feebleness and its attendant loss of usefulness; and Grandma Schwartz, continually railing against the present generation; and last, Rebecca's father, moody and silent, constantly worrying that a like-wise prohibition might bring it to an issue. And he in the hour business!

To gentle, retiring little Rebecca the very smell of the still was an abomination. Naturally, she worked herself into the little compartment behind the bar, looking out, contented but worried mechanically, for always her mind was far ahead in the future; she removed from that damp, heavy atmosphere. Before her mind's eye many futures visioned themselves faintly, many modes of life, many friends. And, impulsively, without a moment's notice she reached her great decision.

About the bars and pines and thro, bewildering predictions of her nearness she passed into the gray stone walls of the county hospital to emerge four years later a positive little soft-voiced Rebecca, spotless in white linen, bearing so much dignity, yet influencing so sweetly. Not even her father dared to challenge her when she sprinkled her queer smelling disinfectants about the house nor yet when she calmly disagreed with many of their life-long traditions. Slowly, yet patiently she worked for the change. And slowly it came.

No longer did grandma pray aloud that her last sickness might be "a short bout"; grandma, if he still retained his own opinions, kept them pretty well to himself, especially in the presence of this capable young changeling, and father, the former manager of his own and others' destinies, had cause to be jubilant, for because of the earnest solicitation of Rebecca, he had stepped very gracefully and bloodily safe from the business a year previous and complimenting himself on his shrewdness, sat back and dared a real prohibition to do his worst. Thus they sat satisfied atop of their little world of happiness. Suddenly, their world collapsed! Father saw him first.

"Why, I was simply on a case with him," was her only explanation, given with a finality that was eloquent in its defiance, or such it seemed to the weak old man. But the cases became most frequent.

Like most old ladies, grandma had the habit of sitting down in her rocking chair with something to read, then going to sleep; to awaken just as the small black ronder bearing away her daughter's child turned the corner. One evening she awakened about three seconds sooner than usual or just in time to catch a glimpse of the mystery man. Her vantage point was the bedroom window and the moonlight, abetted by a falling vision, incanted somewhat. Her heart stood still, for the silvery, grayness of the hair and the paleness of the skin proclaimed him a gentler. The trembling knees grew weak and shakily she crept beneath the sheets, set at heart, fully apprehensive, yet so ally.

Rebecca would wonder whomever she chose, this old lady knew, yet she also knew the hardness of the non-compromising father, and after weeks of dwelling in such misery, it was not surprising that she took to her bed, rarely sick this time. One evening, he invaded their home; straining hard, the invalid heard Rebecca's happy voice and cheery laugh welcoming him.

"Oh, God of Abraham," she prayed faintly, "take me to your bosom."

Great drops of perspiration stood out on her forehead and it was quite a few minutes before she became conscious of a cool hand soothing her brow. Slowly, she peered up, seeking for a little comfort in the kind eyes above her bed, but they were elsewhere.

"I shouldn't have left her," Rebecca was saying, "the best is so depressing today."

Grandma's eyes encircled the room, seeking the intruder, and one look into a pair of somber black eyes and her bluish, grayish, swaying old world up and righted itself. What matter blonde-hair or Gentle features? For, instinctively, Grandma Schwartz knew she was being supported by the strong arm of a son of the chosen people. A little gasping, half-uttered explanation in Rebecca's ear, a few nervous tears and it was all over as the girl said chidingly:

"Grandma, dear, where is your trust in me? I never could forsake my own people, my own faith; if I for a moment doubted that I should, I would have dropped it all four years ago."

And with a glad little cry, recognizable as happiness in any dialect, grandma sank back among the pillows and closed her eyes for her first real nap in weeks.

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