

THE IONE INDEPENDENT
IONE, ORE.

Friday, May 31

Lalla, Her Son's Sweetheart

By CLEVES RUDYARD

The girl came riding in on a mighty wave that crashed on the beach in a smother of foam. She emerged, gloriously alive, her arms flashing through the water, her orange-colored cap glowing like some bright tropical blossom on her lovely head. The receding wave left her panting on the sands. Mrs. Mordaunt looked up from her book as the wave broke, and she received a faint shower of spray that brought the salt savor of the sea to her delicate lips. She smiled impersonally at the bit of foamscent left by the wave and would have resumed her reading but the girl's low, thrilling voice held her attention.

"Oh, oh!" she exclaimed. "It is the broken shell, madame, see I have cut myself." She sat down, displaying a small wet foot, with a crimson stain on the sole. "If I had a handkerchief—" she shrugged, and reached for a wisp of sea grass.

"Take this," said Mrs. Mordaunt, graciously, tossing a snowy bit of linen into the lifted hands; "I believe I have another one—here." She drew out another handkerchief and watched the girl dilly-dally with it, tugging the corners of the handkerchief in little upstanding ears. The girl laughed.

"The rabbit ears are droll—thank you so much for your kindness, and the handkerchief—I must return them some day."

"It does not matter, I hope the wound is not painful."

"Very slight, thank you. May I sit here in the sun for awhile; I am rather tired?"

"Do not go until you have rested. Are you stopping at one of the hotels at the point?"

"Yes, the Harradens."

"Did you swim that distance?"

"Yes, but it is nothing—only the surf is strong here—and I fought it. I have to rise above obstacles when I can."

"I have friends stopping at the Harradens Mrs. Mordaunt said at last; "the Sandersons."

"Ah, yes, I have seen them, but I am not acquainted; they are very rich and fashionable, and I am a poor, little mouse."

"They are delightful people—" she hesitated and her fine face colored painfully. "Miss Amy Sanderson is very dear to me—almost as a daughter."

The girl's face seemed to grow smaller as the happy light died out of it. "Miss Sanderson should be very happy," she said with wistful eyes.

"Why?"

"So well-beloved—so welcome as a daughter."

Mrs. Mordaunt laughed kindly. "I am sure you will be as gladly welcomed some day."

"I am afraid not," said the girl slowly. "I am quite a humble person, Mrs. Mordaunt."

"You know who I am?" asked the older woman, startled.

The girl nodded. "I have seen your picture. I am what you would call an actress—I entertain children of the rich—they love me—they love my stories and songs. My people are French—heroes, many of them—honorable—all of them—and I come here, and fall so foolishly in love with a young man."

"What is your name?"

"Lalla Cabot."

"Lalla?" the older woman's face paled and her eyes grew cold. "Do you know my son?"

"Yes, madame, we—we—love."

"Anthony?" her voice shook—she had planned so much for Anthony.

"Yes, madame; do not be distressed; I have told him I could not marry without your consent—I have pride." But, with a winsome smile, "I much desire your consent."

"You came—here—to ask it?"

"No—no—please do not believe it; your son does not know you are near! He would come to you at once—but I was swimming and weary and came here and recognized you."

Mrs. Mordaunt smiled, but her heart was cold towards this girl who had spoiled her plans for Anthony's future. Anthony had written her of some girl, Lalla, but his mother had thought little of it—the girl was fine and open and honest—but no match for Anthony; still Anthony was quite capable of marrying without her consent.

Her face had settled into stern lines and Lalla, seeing it, made for the water.

She would have vanished had not Anthony's mother suddenly missed her and followed.

"Wait!" she called.

The girl turned a weary face. "I go, madame—thank you for your kindness—and allow me to wish you much joy in your son's wife." She gave herself to the embrace of a great wave and went floating away with a white smother of foam streaming out behind like a wedding veil.

Mrs. Mordaunt felt a pang of remorse; she thought of the times she had snatched her son from death; she had watched over all his illnesses from

childhood, and now was she to snatch him away from happiness?

"Come back!" she called. "Lalla, come back to me."

The girl swam around and came near.

"You dear, madame?"

"Yes, my dear—tell Anthony to bring you to see me tonight," said Anthony's mother.

The girl waved a joyful hand, and now the foamy bubbles that reached all the way from Anthony's mother to Anthony himself.

Black Ants Valuable to Worry Coco Louse

"Without Black Ants No Coco" reads a sign posted at the entrance of a great plantation in central Java. It does not go unheeded, for the natives hand in some four million nests of these little creatures every year, and receive payment in return. These black ants live only upon trees infested by the white coco louse.

Neither the louse nor the ants injure the trees. The real enemy is a certain beetle whose name is Helopeltis, which also attacks the tea plant. It has been found that when the black ants are present the Helopeltis fails to injure the trees. Apparently this sap-sucking pest is deterred by the activity of the ants, for the latter do not attack the beetle.

This is why the black ants are protected. Food is provided for them by picking the white coco louse from the shells of the fruit, where they congregate, and placing them on the coco trees to attract the ants and destroy the beetles.

Loyal Fox Terrier

A delightful little story of the faithfulness of a fox terrier is told in a Budapest (Hungary) newspaper. The little dog was a great friend of a street flower seller. One day he missed her from her place and moaned. The next day she was still absent. He rushed into the restaurant where he worked and made such a disturbance that the waiters set to work to discover what it was all about. They made inquiries about the flower seller, and learned that she had been run over. A collection for a tribute to the dog. Perfectly true, says the newspaper.

Absolutely Noiseless

Elderly Gentlemen (wishing to rent room)—Yes, this room pleases me, but I notice there's some sort of a manufacturing plant in the rear facing the street; doesn't it make considerable noise?

Landlady—Oh, no, sir; not at all. That's a felt slipper factory.

League Directory

- IONE LODGE No. 120, A. F. & A. M. Meets every first and third Wednesday of each month.
W. M., Harlan McCurdy
Secy., W. E. Ballard
- Loeust Chapter No. 119, O. E. Meets the second and fourth Tuesday of each month.
W. M., Lucy E. Harrison
Secy., Ruth Mason
- IONE LODGE No. 135, I. O. O. F. Meets every Friday evening.
N. G., H. G. Rankin
Secy., Lee Howell
- BUN. J. GRASS REBEKAH No. 9, I. O. O. F. Meets first and third Thursday of each month.
N. G., Lucile Bristow
Secy., Veda Ritchie
- IONE POST No. 91, American Legion, meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month.
Commander, E. G. Sperry
Finance Officer, John Farris
- American Legion Auxiliary No. meets on Wednesday of each month at 8:00 P. M. and on 4th Tuesday at 2:30 P. M.
Pres., Margaret Blake
Secy., Gladys Drake

- 7. Rec., "Song of the Battal Flag", Opal Cool.
- 8. Address, W. W. Head
- 9. Memorial Ceremony, Choplain
- 10. Duet, Maybelle and Annie Krebs.

Ione vs Arlington

Ford showing up best. Arlington made their only hit with can after a strike caught in the 7th and the runner was caught off second base in the next play.

Arlington got a man to first in the second inning when Bohr's first man was hit after two strikes were called, and the next three men failed to advance him. The only other time that more than three men passed Ford was in the last of the 9th when, with two strikes against him, Grant, hitting for Chapman, struck at a wild pitch and made first, then stole second and was followed by Fisk, who struck out. Douglas reached first when Lundell dropped a bad throw from Davidson, on a fielder's choice and Grant scored. P. Fisk sent a roller to first, ending the game.

Morgan Items

ni B. urenfird got in a car of wood in last Wednesday Mr. J. F. Hardesty helped unload it.

W. F. Matlock of Lexington delivering the Rawleigh goods to his customers in and near Morgan, last Wednesday.

Mr. Timm called on Mr. Hardesty Thursday evening.

Frank Mahoney left for Portland in home at Gersa's in Wednesday.

Mr. Polynect took his Fordson to Arlington to have it overhauled.

Franklin, Alvin and their father, H. O. Ely, drove to Portland last week to visit relatives and friends. They returned, Sunday evening, bringing with them Franklin's wife Gladys, who has been teaching in Portland.

Appointments by President

The President appoints without consent of the senate the private secretary and the librarian of congress. The President, with the concurrence of the senate, appoints about 10,000 persons a year. These include ambassadors, consuls, judges, collectors of customs, cabinet officials, district attorneys, marshals, territorial governors, postmasters of certain classes, treasurer of the United States, controller of the currency, superintendent of mines, commissioner of internal revenue, interstate commerce commissioner, mines, pensions, patents, Indian affairs, all bureau chiefs, all military and naval officers, and many

Bells Not Always Cast

The earliest bells were probably not cast, but made of plates riveted together. An example at St. Patrick's bell preserved at Belfast Ireland, which is 6 inches high and adorned with gold and silver filigree work. It is believed that it is this bell which is alluded to in the Ulster annals of 552.

Fastest Swimmer

The dolphin (Coryphæna hippurid) is supposed to be the fastest fish in the ocean.

Fly Fishing in 200 A. D.

We are indebted to the Missouri Fish and Game News for the discovery that fly fishing is far from a modern sport. In the second century of the Christian era, a Greek, Aelian, wrote as follows:

"I have heard of a Macedonian way of catching fish, and it is this: They fasten red wool around a hook and fit on to the wool two feathers which grow under a cock's wattles and are in color like wax. Their rod is six feet long, and the line is the same length. Then they throw their snare, and the fish, attracted and maddened by the color, comes up, thinking from the pretty sight to get a dainty mouthful; when, however, it opens its jaws, it is caught by the hook and enjoys a bitter repast, a captive."

Antique Dealers' Tribunal

One of the strangest tribunals in England sits at regular intervals in a upper room in St. James' street West, in the center of the great art world of London. It is the antique dealers' "High Court of Justice," to which any of the 550 members of the British Antique Dealers' association has the right to appeal. Its judges, who sometimes number as many as 20, include some of the world's greatest experts on precious stones, old china, tapestries, pictures and antique furniture.

Disputes arising out of the sale of an antique of more than ordinary importance are often referred to the court for arbitration, and if they think fit, the judges have the right to call in independent art experts. It is to protect the interests of antique dealers and safeguard the honor of their industry that this tribunal has been established.—Hartford Courier.

Equal Opportunity to Lose

"I thought you rather liked Mr. Cusher. You know he believes in equality for women."

"Yes," said Miss Cigarette. "He goes too far in that idea to suit me. When he put me to the opera he insisted on matching coins to determine which of us was to pay for the tickets and the supper afterward."

Everybody Pussy-Footing

As street traffic noises become worse and worse in the large cities, the pedestrian becomes still quieter in his movements, by the use of rubber soles and heels.

Even in Lancashire quietly padding rubber and leather steadily replace the clatter of clogs and wood shoes. The silent shoe is a modern notion. Nobby boots were formerly something to be proud of. The gaiters of Alexandria let people know when they were coming, the London Macaroni of the eighteenth century wore heel-tips that clinked, and a Northampton boot manufacturer says that some of his West Indian orders used to stipulate that the boots must squeak!

Says Cohn Found Bacteria

That Dr. Ferdinand Cohn, the bacteriologist, and not Robert Koch, the chemist, was the discoverer of bacteriology, was brought out in Germany during the recent celebration of the centenary of Koch there. Cohn is said to have examined the frontier regions between plant and mineral. Then came his investigations of the bacteria. He discovered a number of mysterious carriers of sickness and grouped them into a system. He influenced a young physician to pursue his scientific studies in bacteriological research. The young physician was Koch.

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1929 PLAYING SCHEDULE WHEATLAND BASEBALL LEAGUE 1929

TEAM	At CONDON	At FOSSIL	At HEPNER	At IONE	At ARLINGTON	At WASCO
CONDON	BATESBALL FANS!	April 7, June 9.	May 12.	May 19.	April 21, June 23.	June 2.
FOSSIL	May 30.	READ THE NEWS	May 26.	April 28, June 30.	May 12.	April 14, June 16.
HEPNER	April 14, June 16.	May 19.	EACH WEEK IN	June 2.	May 30.	April 28, June 30.
IONE	May 5, July 7.	April 21, June 23.	April 7, June 9.	IONE. INDEPENDENT.	May 26.	May 12.
ARLINGTON	April 28, June 30.	June 2.	May 7.	April 14, June 16.	RENEW OR	May 19.
WASCO	May 26.	May 5, July 7.	April 21, June 23.	May 30.	April 7, June 9.	SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

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