

Friday, July 5, 1929

Tracking by Telephone

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

WHEN Helen Davenport jumped up after a hurried lunch at the Pennsylvania station dining room and rushed for her train she didn't realize that she had not only left her unfinished crab salad and coffee but the threads of what promised to be a silver romance.

The threads were entangled, not in the remnants of crab salad, for the waiter had cleared that away long before the man arrived. It was the precious book she left.

Jack Eversley was glad the dining room was deserted when he came in. His greatest joy was to sit down restfully and have his silver coffee pot brought in with a plate of chicken sandwiches and while munching and smoking in turn, to think out the ideas for his numerous essays.

Eversley had always known that truth was much stranger than fiction and certainly more interesting if one cared to go deep enough into it, but it certainly was curious that some one had left, on the window sill beside him, the one book he had been making a vain effort to obtain. It was that wonderful volume of Mathew Arnold's Note Books—the facsimile of the great writer's daily notes so highly prized.

Eversley had tried to get a copy but none seemed to be forthcoming and here—out of a clear sky, as it were—he was actually in possession of the book. Judging by its weary looking pages it had been well read.

And on the front page was written the present owner's name, Helen Davenport. That was all. No address was given.

Eversley knew he must make an effort to return so precious a volume, and after his lunch went to the telephone book and jotted down the thirty-one Davenports that appeared to have telephones.

It was the tenth Davenport whom Eversley called up who gave him the first hold of the silver thread he must follow.

A man's voice had answered in this case and after Eversley repeated his tale for the tenth time the man laughed.

"Why, yes, there is a Helen Davenport in our family—my niece, as a matter of fact, but she lives at Great Neck—bit of a bookworm—no doubt the owner of the lost book which you found."

Has Miss Davenport a telephone, and if so may I have the number?"

And having got it Eversley lost no time in calling up the Great Neck number, and after a few preliminary questionings from a presumed maid he found himself listening to a voice such as poets write about—one of those rich, warm voices that make a man wish the owner were a trifle nearer than some twenty odd miles.

"How very kind of you to take so much trouble over my book, and when you are finished perhaps you will just mail it to me."

"If you were to say just when you could be in town, we could meet at the table where you left the book—Pennsylvania station dining room."

"But how will we recognize each other?"

"I will wear a large blue pansy in my lapel—my window boxes are a riot of them just now and besides I will be reading Mathew Arnold's Note Books—with the book propped against the flower vase or cruet—which ever adorns the center of our table."

"There should be no mistake with so many signs to guide us," she said, "and I, too, will wear a pansy—a yellow one."

Two days following, Eversley had smoked six cigarettes at the table by the window before he saw anyone whom he might expect to be Helen Davenport.

Eversley's heart gave a great thump—the girl was wearing a large yellow pansy and was apparently coming toward him.

"Oh," she exclaimed swiftly "I should have spotted you at once. My brother said you would be at this table and have a large purple pansy in your lapel." This glorious girl now held out slim fingers across the table. "I am happy to meet you at last, Mr. Harwood. Brother was sorry he couldn't come to introduce us, but said this was the next best thing."

"Not the next best, but the very best," said Eversley, "but I am not Mr. Harwood—I am Jack Eversley and never before in my life have I longed to be some one I'm not."

"Oh," gasped the girl, and a lovely flush dyed her cheeks. "I thought surely you were my brother's friend. I'm so sorry—"

"But you needn't be sorry on my account," laughed Eversley, "and the mistake was but natural. I am meeting a young lady whom I have never met and she, too, will wear a yellow pansy. Miss Helen Davenport."

"Helen Davenport?" exclaimed the fair one and Eversley could have sworn that a spark of joy kindled in her eyes. "Helen is my best pal and I am going to just wait here and chaperone this party. Her fiancé would want me to." And she smiled into Eversley's eyes. "That is," she added, "if you don't object."

"I would have held you by force—"

If necessary, said Eversley, and my friend turns up, we will have to invite him to join us, too—Miss Davenport will want some one to talk to." And Eversley smiled at the second blush.

The Fraternities

The Past Grand Club of the Rebekah Lodge met last Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Etta Bristow. Those in attendance were: Mrs. Mary Shaver, Mrs. Oda Rankin, Mrs. Luvera Louy, Mrs. Nora Holland, Mrs. Arvilla Swanson, Mrs. Mary Swanson, Mrs. Etta Howell and the two hostesses, Mrs. Verda Ritchie and Mrs. Etta Bristow. The afternoon was spent working on a quilt that the ladies are making for the Odd Fellow's Home. Delicious strawberry short cake was served as refreshments.

There was a regular communication of Loyal Order, Tuesday of last week. This will be the last regular meeting until September. Besides the regular routine work there was the report from the delegates in attendance at Grand chapter in Portland.

This was followed by a social hour and refreshments to which the Masonic brethren were invited. Several of the men proved to be quite efficient dress makers, and the newspaper published during the evening showed marked ability on the part of the editors.

There was a special meeting of the Legion Auxiliary, Tuesday of last week at the home of Mrs. Grimes on Second Street. This being a social meeting there were several invited guests who are eligible for membership.

Those present were Mesdames Grimes, Blackwell, Hagewood, Abait, Cochran, Howell, Cotter, Beckner, Corley, Ferris, Farrens, Blake, Sperry, Louy and Holland. Delicious refreshments were served at the close of a pleasant afternoon. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Maude Ferris.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bullard and Mrs. Elmer Griffith were in attendance at the meeting of Ruth Chapter, O. E. S. at Heppner, Friday night.

Lodge Directory

IONE LODGE No. 129, A. F. & A. M. Meets every first and third Wednesday of each month.

W. M., Harlan McCurdy
Secy., W. E. Bullard

Loyal Chapter No. 119, O. E. Meets the second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

W. M., Lucy E. Harbison
Secy., Ruth Mason

IONE LODGE No. 135, I. O. O. F. Meets every Friday evening.

N. G., H. G. Rankin
Secy., Lee Howell

BUNCH GRASS REBEKAH No. 9, I. O. O. F. Meets first and third Thursday of each month.

N. G., Lucile Bristow
Secy., Verda Ritchie

ICNF POST No. 91, American Legion, meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Commander, E. G. Sperry
Finance Officer, John Ferris

American Legion Auxiliary No. meets on 2nd Wednesday of each month at 8:00 P. M. and 4th Tuesday at 2:30 P. M.

Pres., Margaret Blake
Secy., Gladys Drake

AMEC'n Legion Auxiliary No. meets on 2nd Wednesday of each month at 8:00 P. M. and 4th Tuesday at 2:30 P. M.

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Local Happenings

Don't let memories of the children disappear like bubbles. Keep them in Kodak pictures. Bullard's Pharmacy.

Mrs. Nels Jepson and son Paul of Portland and Mrs. Jack Bush and son Neil, of Vernonia, visited recently with their sister, Mrs. Fred Ritchie, at her camp in the mountains.

Al Friewald, of Portland, was transacting business here, Friday. W. L. Skipton and Charles W. D. of Sunnyside, Washington spent Thursday and Friday of last week, with Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Misener.

The Fred Ritchie family drove to Ione Saturday, returning on Sunday to their camp above Hardman, where Mr. Ritchie has work in a mill.

Cecil Sargent and family, who are residents of Eugene, have moved to Ione for the harvest season. Mr. Sargent owns a combine and has contracted to cut 1700 acres of wheat in this vicinity. He owns a filling station in Eugene and will return to his work there as soon as harvest is over. The Sargents are former residents of Ione.

Hank Filkins was returned to Ione after an absence of nearly two months.

Church News

Notes of Interest to All Local Denominations

Rev. Hall and his two daughters from McMinnville, held services at Morgan school house on Sunday morning. The service was much enjoyed by all present. After the service dinner was served in Odd Fellows hall.

The Christian Church Sunday School picnic held last Sunday at the Grant Olden ranch on Rhea Creek was well attended. All report a very enjoyable day.

Captain Hall and his two daughters gave a pleasing program at the Baptist church, Monday evening. They are working in the interest of Linfield College at McMinnville.

The Missionary Society of the Congregational Church will hold no meeting during the month of July. The August meeting will be held on the first day of the month, at which time, Mrs. Ed Keller will be leader.

Church Directory

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
Sunday School at 10:00 A. M.
Prayer Meeting, Thur., 7:30 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
Rev. W. W. HEAD, Pastor

Services
11:00 A. M.; C. E. at 6:45, P. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wed., 7:30

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH
Sunday School 10:00 A. M.
Prayer Meeting Thurs. Evening
Services
C. E.: 6:30; Praising Service, at 7:30 P. M.

CATHOLIC CHURCH
Ione, Oregon
Official Announcement

Mass every second Sunday in Ione during Nov., Dec., Jan., Feb., Mar. April and May at 10:30 A. M. in the home of Mr. J. P. O'Meara.

In June, July, August, September and October there will be mass at 9:30 A. M.

Rev. Thos. J. Brady, Pastor.

Since January first
the step-up
idea in automobile
buying has taken
America by storm

The New Pontiac Big Six has been called the "step-up" car because it enables forward-looking people to step up in motor car quality without leaving the low-priced field. And since the first of the year, when the new Pontiac was announced, the step-up idea in automobile buying has taken America by storm.

Pontiac Big Six, \$745 to \$895, I. O. B. Pontiac, Michigan, plus delivery charges. Bumpers, spring covers and laundry shock absorbers regular equipment at slight extra cost. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.

Consider the delivered price as well as the list price when comparing automobile values. . . . Oakland-Pontiac delivered prices include only reasonable charges for handling and financing when the Time Payment Plan is used.

I. R. Robison, Garage
IONE OREGON

THE NEW PONTIAC
BIG 6 \$745 AND UP
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

LOWFARES
WEST
ROUND TRIP TO
DENVER \$87.20
OMAHA 75.25
KANSAS CITY 74.25
ST. LOUIS 85.25
CHICAGO 89.45
DETROIT 105.25
CINCINNATI 109.75
NEW ORLEANS 108.10
CLEVELAND 113.17
TORONTO 121.45
ATLANTA 120.95
PITTSBURGH 122.77
WASHINGTON 155.17
PHILADELPHIA 154.53
NEW YORK 151.91
BOSTON 157.97

Next time you come across a petrified tree it may interest you to know that in a few centuries more it will become agate from which the jewelry and marbles of another age may be made. Up to a few centuries ago notes the Farm Journal, this wood stone was highly prized as a magic charm, and was believed to be able to do everything from stopping the flow of blood to calming a hurricane.

Jefferson's Slavery Ideas
In Randall's "Life of Jefferson" appears the following: "He believed preparation would render it expedient to admit them (slaves) to the full rights of citizenship by making them a part of the electoral body; and on the other hand, he considered their retention in the state as a permanently distinct and inferior freestate as fraught with insuperable evils and dangers."

Arctic Temperatures
Instances of temperature above 32 degrees Fahrenheit have been recorded in Arctic regions. In Spitzbergen the average temperature of July is 40 degrees Fahrenheit, at Lady Franklin Bay, 37 degrees. The distribution of the average temperature of July shows a circumferential area of 35 degrees Fahrenheit, which lies mostly north of latitude 80 degrees between North America and Europe.

Life's Voyage
We are like men and women who pace the decks of ships at sea; we seem to come back again and again to the place of our departure, but while we have been moving we have come into new latitudes and longitudes and the constellations themselves have altered their relationship to the journey on which we started. All this is part of the deep meaning of life.—Exchange.

Briefly Told
It's thoughtfulness that makes and keeps friends.

All's Not Gold That Glits
"Many a show-off," says Tom-Tom of the town square, in Farm and Fire side, "mistakes his brass for a sign of gold."

Properly Designated
Colorado is called the "Centennial State" because it was admitted to the Union in 1876. The centennial anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

Color Affects Nerves
There are those who claim that the color you surround yourself with affects you psychologically and that too brilliant color is trying on the nerves. Whether or not one goes over as far as admitting that unnecessarily, we all know that there is an atmosphere of restfulness and quiet in a room with softly tinted walls which blend harmoniously with the other colors in the room.

Pioneer Auto Builders
Elwood Haynes is considered to be the first American automobile maker, his first machine dating from 1885, but he was followed soon after by Henry Ford, Charles E. Duryea and others. There was practically no commercial manufacture before 1880. Inventors in other countries had constructed successful automobiles before this. Carl Benz and Gottlieb Daimler in Germany as early as 1885.

Fine Residential Street
The relative standing of the various large streets of the American cities is, of course, largely a matter of opinion, but according to Edward Tamm in his book, "Rochester," East avenue, Rochester, is perhaps the finest residential street in America. He says that this is due not only to the beauty of the homes, but also to the careful restriction of the style of architecture and the encroachment of business.

On the Doctor's Orders
By JANE OSBORN
(Copyright.)

THE second time that Larry Otis went to Doctor Manuel's office, the renowned doctor was out, but the white-capped nurse who was in attendance suggested to Larry that there might be some message.

Larry mumbled words of acquiescence, sat down, and as the pretty nurse stepped into the next room quickly passed a hand over his chin. He hadn't shaved since early morning, and he wished now that he had—wanted the pretty nurse to see him at his best.

She was standing before him and Larry rose. She handed him an envelope. "I hope you can make it out," she said. "You see, he always writes these out himself. I suppose a doctor's advice is too confidential to dictate to a secretary. You don't look as if you had very much wrong with you."

"I suppose I do look fairly fit," said Larry. "I wouldn't have come if they hadn't pressed the matter at the office. You see, I got mixed up with that mine cave-in out at the works—and I dare say I did look a bit haggard—"

"You mean you were one of the three brave men who went down to rescue the men—and you were caught down there three days—"

"Only three days," said Larry, "and the papers piled it on a bit thick. We weren't actually injured at all—only a little suffocated and half starved—so they sent me over here to Doctor Manuel."

Larry slowly opened the envelope and as he slowly drew out the sheet of paper it contained. The message was in thick pencil marks. He read it twice and when half-way through the second time he looked up in great amazement.

"I had heard that Doctor Manuel's conclusions were sometimes surprising, but this beats the Dutch—"

"I suppose you can make it out without any difficulty," she said.

"Oh, it's legible enough," said Larry, "but I'm blebbed if I can see how I can carry out instructions."

"If you don't do precisely what he says," warned the nurse, "Doctor Manuel will never consent to give another interview."

In that case, thought Larry, he would never have another opportunity to visit the office and further his case with this charming nurse. He had taken his hat from the table where he had left it and was moving toward the door when with a hold-up that seemed to surprise himself more than it did the nurse he said:

"I suppose you will be leaving before long. It's nearly nine. I thought I might take you on your way."

The pretty nurse smiled her acceptance, told Larry that she had been ready to leave when he arrived and went into the inner office for her hat and coat. And when Larry suggested going the longest way round to her boarding house five blocks away the nurse did not protest. It was after they had stopped in front of her boarding house that she hesitated a moment and said to Larry: "Of course, it is none of my business—but if there is anything I can do to help you carry out Doctor Manuel's instructions I will be very glad to do so. I do hope that there is nothing very seriously wrong with you."

"If you knew the advice the letter contains you would probably not inventively make that suggestion," said Larry seriously. "But the idea had already occurred to me that I might at least ask your help."

Back in his own rooms, still thinking of the girl whose name he had not even asked but who had consented to allow Larry to take her home again the next night, he reread the letter. This is what it said:

"Your case is by no means hopeless. Very strict attention to diet is necessary and well-ordered home life. Marry some girl of a domestic sort and when you have done this call again for diet list. Living as you do in clubs and hotels any attempt to follow it out would be worse than useless."

The next evening Larry discovered that the pretty nurse was named Rose Drake. They drove an hour in the country and then Larry suggested getting a bite to eat at a quiet little restaurant he knew about. After that he took Rose home with a promise she would spend Sunday with him at the lake.

Then when Sunday came Rose met him with an expression of much amusement. "Whatever the message was that Doctor Manuel gave you—it was all wrong. He found the one he intended for you in the envelope of a man that had come in the same day. Poor thing died of apoplexy before he ever had a chance to get the report. Here's the message you should have received." And Larry read:

"Condition hundred per cent. Remarkable recovery from shock of accident and exposure due to good habits and perfect physique. Make no changes in present diet or mode of living."

"It's something of a relief," said Larry, "because in the message I did get Doctor Manuel advised me to marry—to marry a girl of domestic inclinations who could look after me, and I don't know any girls of domestic inclinations."

"I'm very domestic," said Rose. And because Rose made that remark she always insisted that it was she and not Larry who first proposed marriage.

IONE INDEPENDENT
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