

Mrs. Fisie Shipley spent Tuesday afternoon, with Mrs. Eudora Seely.

James Hardesty called on Mr. Eckleberry, Wednesday.

Mrs. George Mahoney called on Mrs. Hardesty, Wednesday afternoon.

Leonard Mahoney left for the valley on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Pat Medlock went to Lexington, for combine extra last Wednesday afternoon.

W. F. Matlock, of Lexington, was delivering Rawleigh products in Morgan, Friday.

Mrs. Harbison returned from Portland on the stage, Friday. She had gone to Portland to consult an eye specialist.

O. C. Wyatt, of Hood River, was a business visitor in Morgan, Friday.

Mr. McDonald and son, Robert, of Arlington were business visitors in Morgan, Thursday evening.

Mr. Linsey was shopping in Morgan, Friday afternoon.

O. E. Wyatt was a guest at the R. Eckleberry home, Friday.

The Mesdames Krebs called called on Mrs. R. E. Harbison, Tuesday evening.

Continued on Pg. 6.

The Fraternities

Bunch Grass Rebekah Lodge No. 91 and Ione Lodge No. 135, I. O. O. F. held a joint installation, Friday evening, July 19. Between forty and fifty were in attendance. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served and all report an enjoyable time.

The affairs of the two lodges will be in the hands of the following officers for the ensuing six months: For Bunch Grass Rebekahs, N. G., Norma Swanson; V. G., Ruth Swanson Lundell; Secy., Verda Ritchie; Treas., Etta Bristow; Warden Amy Sperry; Conductor, Leona Ritchie; Clara Howk; R. S. to N. G. Mary Swanson; L. S. to N. G., Vida Heliker; I. G., Helen Farrens; O. G., Etta Howell; Musician, Gladys Drake; R. S. to V. G., Lena Lundell; L. S. to V. G., Ada Board.

For the Odd Fellows: N. G., Charley Shaver; V. G., Frank Lundell; Secy., Lee Howell; Treas., E. J. Bristow; Warden, Richard Lundell; Conductor, Lowell Clark; I. G. G. T. C. Troge; O. G., E. R. Lundell; R. S. N. G., Henry Clark; L. S. N. G., Geo. Ritchie; R. S. V. G., Chas. O'Connor; L. S. V. G., T. E. Peterson; R. S. S. Otto Rietmann; L. S. S. Blaine Blackwell; Chap., W. W. Head.

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No matter what his rank or position may be, the lover of books is the richest and the happiest of the children of men.—Dr. John Langford.

Local Happenings

Continued from Page 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Cole Smith and daughter, Mildred, spent the day Sunday, at Fleck's orchard on the Columbia Highway. The occasion was a reunion of Mrs. Smith's people—the Elder family. Thirty members of the family were present, and spent a very happy day together. Miss Irene Hoech, of The Dalles, Miss Blanche Elder or St Helens, Wash., and Miss Opal Elder, of Sunnyside, Wash., accompanied Miss Mildred Smith on her return to Ione and will spend a week here. Mrs. Smith went with her sister, Mrs. J. W. Hoech to Seaside for a two weeks outing.

Mr. Sam Warfield is moving to Peck, Idaho, next Monday. He expects to make his future home there and will have the management of the Peck elevator. Mr. Warfield is recognized among elevator men as having exceptional managerial ability and the Elevator Company is to be congratulated on securing his services.

The Missionary meeting of the Congregational Church will be held next Thursday afternoon, August 1, in the church parlors. Everyone is cordially invited to attend. The subject is Missions in Bulgaria and the leader is Mrs. Ed Keller. It may be of interest to know that one of the Missionaries in Bulgaria, Miss Agnes M. Baird, is a schoolmate of Mrs. Keller's, both having been students in Oberlin College.

In August the Tonkawa boys and girls, under the auspices of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, will camp in the Anthony Lakes region, out from Baker. The boys' section will camp from August 5 to 13 and the girls' section from August 13 to 21. Miss Eiva Balsiger who is a senior at the University of Oregon, will be with the girls' section and have direction of sports.

HELMS - YOCOM

J. T. Helms and Anna Yocom, both of Lexington, were united in marriage at the Congregational parsonage in Ione, Friday afternoon, July 26, Pastor W. W. Head, officiating. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Helms motored to Portland.

Church Directory

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

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
 R. v. 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; Preaching 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.

Mulberry Cultivation
 There are several varieties of mulberry in the United States the best of which are used for feeding silkworms. One is the black mulberry (Morus nigra), which grows in the South and in California. The white mulberry (Morus alba) is much more extensively planted and its leaves are considered the best food for silkworms. The paper mulberry is still another species which furnishes leaves for silkworms.

Scientific Method Need in Government

Perils to Democracy Pointed Out by Noted Statesman in Address to Graduates of University of Oregon

This article is the second of a series of six which will be published in this paper. The address on "Social Science and Social Progress," of which this article is a part, was delivered by Governor Lowden before the graduating class of the University of Oregon at the annual commencement this year.

By FRANK O. LOWDEN
 Former Governor of Illinois

The modern university is now making its full contribution to the continuous achievements of the material sciences. Have the so-called social sciences, however, kept pace with their material sisters in the progress of the age? It was but natural in the development of the social sciences that the method which had transformed the material sciences should be long delayed. The social sciences deal so largely with intangible forces involving human nature, that it was more difficult in these sciences to apply the method of observing facts, of applying the rule of trial and error, than in the material sciences.

Despite man's triumphs over mere matter, as distinguished an authority as Professor Fetter, of Princeton, recently said:

"Throughout the nineteenth century the civilized nations, like children with new-found toys, rejoiced in each new wonder of material progress. Suddenly we were made to realize how far material progress had outstripped spiritual growth.

"Race, biologic quality, human psychology are the foundations and substrata on which any civilization is built. Are these present foundations strong enough to stand the increasing pressure of the enormous superstructure of our material achievements? Many men are asking whether indeed civilization has not already begun its descent into the twilight of the gods. There is no longer doubt in any thoughtful mind that the danger that threatens the world can be averted only by drafting all the powers of science, and all the finer possibilities of human nature, into the service of a new statesmanship."

Why this note of despondency repeated with ominous frequency from time to time? Is it not because those sciences that have had to do with human relationships have not kept pace with the mere material sciences? The scientists tell us that the first noticeable progress upward began when man became a social animal. So long as he was not conscious of being a member of a society, however primitive, progress was impossible to him. It was only when social consciousness came to him that he began his upward climb to the heights upon which he stands today.

Perhaps in this we find the clue to a higher civilization than any we have yet attained. Just as the material sciences have vastly improved the condition of mankind, so the social sciences seem now to have entered upon a new career of usefulness to the world.

It was in the recognition of the possibilities of the material sciences that the social sciences received their greatest impetus. I quote from that great work called "The Rise of American Civilization," by Beard:

"In the midst of the intellectual activities which surged up with increasing power as the eighteenth century advanced was formulated the most dynamic social theory ever shaped in the history of thought—the idea of progress or the continual improvement in the lot of mankind on this earth by the attainment of knowledge and the subjugation of the material world to the requirements of human welfare."

This concept was unknown to the ancients. It was unknown to medieval times. For the first time in history the idea dawned upon men's minds that there might be continual progress. An implication of this concept was that such progress should go so far as to embrace all mankind. It was the most powerful impulse that had been set in motion against the idea of the need in society of classes or of slave and free. From its impulse there came largely the revolution in America and the revolution in France. It inspired the urge toward democracy. It has become the underlying and still but half-recognized principle of the social sciences. It is the absolute condition upon which rests the perpetuity of the modern state. The happiness and well-being of the average man and woman must be steadily advanced if our civilization is to endure. The economist may explain, the statesman may excuse, our failure to accomplish this, but the fact remains that no government can endure if the well-being of the men and women and children under that government is not continuously improved.

And why should we despair of the indefinite progress of the human race? We are told by the scientists that man had been upon the earth for at least fifteen hundred thousand years before he learned to make the crudest instrument of stone. And that event was only eight thousand years ago. One and a half million years to invent his first crude tool! And only eight thousand years from that primitive invention to the marvels of today! The social sciences are beginning to apply the same method which has

(The next article will follow in an early issue.)

To the Rainbow's End

By LEETE STONE

PROFESSOR DUSTMAN was annoyed that his nephew, Jack, should have chosen this particular week-end to become obstreperous. The professor had been invited to spend Saturday and Sunday with his old friend and fellow fossil, Doctor Booker. There would be hours of chess and other pastimes as erudite.

However, he had promised Jack's mother before she died to look out for the boy, so, in spite of the disparity in their dispositions, there was nothing to do but forego the attractive invitation and hurry to Jack's town quarters in an effort to avert a calamity.

From reliable sources Professor Dustman had just learned that Jack was on the immediate verge of committing matrimony—a crime not countenanced in students by the faculty. He bestirred himself as hastily as his age and extreme absent-mindedness permitted and took the noon express for New York.

There was no vacant table in the dining car, but a waiter donned the habiliments of Fate and led the learned one to a seat opposite a young and charming woman.

Professor Dustman's outfit arrived and was placed before him in a glittering silver dish. The waiter, understanding Fate again, placed knife, fork, gravy spoon, Worcestershire sauce, everything, in fact, but the salt, in their proper and accessible places.

Where was the salt? Ah, over there on the Vision's side of the table. The old teacher reached with a blue-veined hand and grasped the bright metal shaker. Before a grain of the seasoning could touch his cutlet, a quick little cry from the Vision startled him so that he nearly dropped the large shaker into a tiny pool of Worcestershire sauce on his shiny platter. Something soft and warm and amazingly firm closed tightly around his wrist.

"Oh—oh!" exclaimed the voice of the Vision. "The sound of it made him think of a May afternoon long, long ago, a spring breeze, and the soft ripple of a meadow-bordered brook.

"Please excuse me, won't you?" the voice ran on and the soft, warm grasp on his wrist relaxed. "Don't you see? It's the sugar you're about to sprinkle on your meat!" A smooth silver laugh tinkled over to the professor's ears.

Thereupon the Vision partly because some beautiful fount of happiness welled within her, and partly because she guessed the professor to be centuries old, and was sorry for him after the manner of Youth for Age, passed him the salt.

Resting small, sculptured hands on the table, she talked to him of all the many things that matter to Youth. The professor's memory spanned a gulf of years—way back to that May afternoon; to another Vision in white standing in a blossom-laden orchard at the curve of the old meadow. His Vision had left him that afternoon for a man who dealt in dollars instead of definitions.

In a twinkling, or so it seemed to Professor Dustman, the train reached the Grand Central; long enough, though for him to have forgotten his disagreeable mission. Recollection etched stern lines about his mouth, and he relinquished all thought save that one of duty; he must save nephew Jack from an early, imprudent marriage.

The old scholar was the first passenger to alight. Quite an achievement, this, considering his absent-mindedness and that he was unaccustomed to travel. Concentrating his mind on a taxicab and Jack's club address, he led the straggling procession of arrivals down the cement platform toward the knot of people behind the rope waiting to welcome friends.

Something astounding interposed itself in the immediate line of his eyes, the foremost figure in the clustered throng at the gate.

The very object of his trip! Stairway, handsome Jack himself, clutching the rope with manifest eagerness; fractious, fugitive Jack—victim of the marrying man!

That boy could not be there to meet him. Quite impossible! No one, except Professor Dustman's spinster sisters, with whom he lived, had known of his frustrating intention. Suddenly he saw both Jack's arms reach straight out.

Something small and swift, crowned in white and clothed in white flew by the old man's elbow, straight into the outthrust arms of Jack.

Certainly nobody noticed the old professor. He seemed to fade into the crowd, lost in the light and shadow of a great station. His slow, hesitating feet moved in the direction of an obscure corner bench. As he walked his hard old eyes grew misty and a faint smile transformed his wrinkled face.

He had just watched Jack and the White Vision vanish through the great arched doors into the maze of Forty-second street.

An insistent, inner voice whispered to Professor Dustman:

"Go and keep your engagement with Doctor Booker. There's a train in ten minutes. There's just time. Play chess! Discuss chemistry! Read! do anything you will; but leave them alone together. They've picked up the trail to rainbow's end just where you lost it that May afternoon."

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Lodge 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. Bullard

Lodest 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 BEBEKAH No. 9, I. O. O. F.
 Meets first and third Thursday of each month.
 N. G., Lucile Bristow
 Secy., Verda Ritchie



IONF 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 2nd Wednesday of each month at 8:00 P. M. and 4th Tuesday at 2:30 P. M.
 Pres., Margaret Blake
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