

# THE IONE INDEPENDENT

Published Every Friday by  
W. W. HEAD, Editor-Publisher.

## SUBSCRIPTION

One Year.....\$1.50  
Six Months.....0.75  
Three Months.....0.50

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Ione, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1879.

Friday, Feb. 28 1930

## The Charming Hostess

By LEETE STONE

NED EDGERTON was tired of Broadway. His nerves were frazzled to a fringe and his doctor told him to take a European tour or go jaunting in the Maine woods unless he wished to be sanitarium provender that autumn.

So Ned went to Monhegan Island, seventeen miles out from Boothbay Harbor, Maine, where the presiding genius is Cass Brackett.

Edgerton had ensconced himself in the boat's stern when he heard a voice whose silvery ripple vied in charm with the murmur of the waves.

"Hello, Cass Brackett, dear! Here I am again, all the way from Mecon, Ga. Start your Katie for our magic island. Reckon I'm your only passenger this time. My, it's good to be here again. . . . Oh!" The pretty girl with the soft Southern drawl caught sight of Ned Edgerton propped on one elbow in a corner of the cockpit, where he was nearly hidden by a pile of ropes and nets. She smiled brilliantly.

"So long as we're shipmates we may as well chat," she vouchsafed.

"Right! And what a pleasure!" Ned returned.

The three-hour sail seemed over in fifteen minutes, speeded by the pleasant splash of ripples alongside, the mirth and humor of a lovely woman, and the quaint yarns of a rugged, blue-eyed seaman; or so, at least, it seemed to Ned Edgerton, who was fed up with Broadway.

"Children," announced Cass Brackett, "we've made such good time I'm just going to circle the island before landing and give ye a sight for some eyes."

"Great!" said the man.

"Perfect!" said the woman.

Monhegan's little sister, Manana, snuggled close to her across an inlet flecked with graceful sail craft. The Katie skirted Manana on the seaward side, past the Washwoman, with the sands churning over her rocky washboard, past Lobster Cove where the gaunt salt and sun-bleached skeleton of a trim schooner lay rotting in the sands, past Gull Rock, specked with seabirds, past the queer, funicular Chimney, past Captain Kid's Cove, and Black Head. Last of all they skimmed by White Head Cove, whose majestic cliffs rise two hundred feet and scan the trackless sea Canary Island way.

Ned Edgerton did not know that his destiny lay in wait for him at White Head Cove.

Interest claimed him at once as they walked up Monhegan Lane to the inn, past the post office and the ice cream parlor, the latter painted an appropriate hue of crushed strawberry. She pointed out to him the Haunted House, with its whole side torn away.

Far finer it was than a hundred midnight roof performances to sit after supper atop a rock he found where an unbroken sea line met his eyes in all directions save one; there a far-off coast was marked with a diamond—Permanquid Light.

The weeks that followed fostered a very real friendship between Ned Edgerton and Gloria Fay, the girl with the warm heart and silvery voice. They breathed together the gusty salt air, listened to the deep, vibrant note of fog sirens, or read to each other in the hollow curl of some cliff nearby Cathedral Woods.

Often, too, he was alone, with his pipe and book for company, while Gloria was off playing with other summer companions of longer standing than himself.

The day arrived at last when Ned could not deny the claim of Broadway any longer. Fresh and new in body and mind, he felt that taxis could now scream their wheels off without an outraged response from a single one of his nerves. There was a sharp hurt in his heart as he spoke of returning to Gloria one October day.

Leaving him in the lobby of the inn she flashed him a bright smile and whispered:

"Come to the grotto in White Head Cave tonight at the rise of the moon and I will give you a farewell dinner." Her accents were mysterious with provocation.

At the first hint of the grant, yellow moon, Ned picked his way through the damp grass and along the twisted lane, the shortest possible route to the ribbon of smoke that marked the banquet hall.

At last—the banquet! From over a crackling fire two lobsters served piping hot from a blackened pot, savory roasting corn and baked potatoes.

And Gloria presided! The charming hostess—wearing a dinner gown of rose-colored gingham, almost hidden by a checked apron boasting a bit,

## 'TIS FEBRUARY

'Tis February

And the cold wind blows!

Across the roof and thru the trees

It goes.

It roars and whistles,

And 'tis sending forth a sharp shrill song.

It blusters,

And it brings the rain along.

It roars about our heads,

Tears at our caps, and sheds

A gloom o'er all.

The cold, bare branches of the trees

All wave their ghostly arms

And creak and groan

It seems as tho' thy'd freeze!

The wind dies down!

It is but gathering strength

For new attack.

It comes again with greater force

And rages round the corners,

Sighs and dies away again

The cold, friendly night

Lies o'er the land.

The dark dead earth

Is washed and washed again.

The dial of sun of moans

Throbs against our ears.

Quick footsteps pass

And echo clearly forth.

The steady drip of water

From the eaves

Sounds most persistently

The ground beneath our feet

Is soft with ooze.

The pavement glistens

With reflected light

Which it throws back upon receiving

From the lamps which hang above.

The stars are blotted out.

The moon shows not that 'tis existing.

All life is dormant,

'Tis awaiting warmth and light.

—CONTRIBUTED

They roared to an orchestra of wind and wave, and were lighted by a harvest moon.

As silence fell between them, near the end:

"Love and luck to you," the man said very softly, raising his Venetian goblet, which was really a cracked china cup. "Queen of Monhegan and my heart."

"The same to you, kind sir . . . and may we both have many meals like this one!" Gloria's whisper was scarcely audible and for a moment she turned her eyes away from his.

(Copyright.)

## Transparent Foods

Pipa foods, which have recently arrived at the London zoo from South America, are so thin that one can see through them. The eggs, numbering up to 100, are taken by the male and deposited in cavities in the mother's back.

## Almost Always

The trouble with being a thinker instead of a talker is that after a while people get to wondering if you're really thinking—Ohio State Journal. They're pretty safe, as a general rule, in guessing that you're not.—Newark Advocate.



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ONE GIRLS DEFEATED  
jour ned to the lunch room where they enjoyed appetizing refreshments consisting of vegetable salad, sandwiches, pickles and chocolate.

Earle A. Brown, Supt. of the lone school, has been quite ill.

Mrs. R. M. Brown, Mrs. Bert Mason and Mrs. Roy Lieualen were lone ladies who attended a delightful bridge party given Thursday of last week in the C. W. McNamer home in Heppner.

Veterinary Vaseline at Bullard's Pharmacy, 25 cents per pound Monkey's price 41 cents. How come?

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## HISTORIC TIMBER FROM NATION'S CAPITOL

Continued from last week

In partial explanation of the tusses, it may be said that they were apparently designed to carry only the roof loads on their upper chords. Because of lack of space in the lower stories, however, the attic space was used for the storage of records, and after 1902 for servants' quarters and general storage, bringing heavy loads on the lower chords. As a result of this overloading many of the joints were pulled apart, and the end joints, where the end post were mortised into the lower chords, had some cases completely failed by longitudinal shearing. The lower chords had

continued next week

## ADDITIONAL LOCAL

This locality has been visited by several good rains during the past week. Farmers report that most of the wheat is looking fine. A few farmers are having to reseed a part of their fields.

Fred Buchanan Autone Holub and Fred McMurray, alfalfa farmers living above town, have begun irrigating their fields. We believe they are the first to take out water.

Mrs. J. W. Howk and son, Allan Hale, were outgoing passengers Sunday night. They will spend a week visiting relatives in Portland and Vernonia.

A son was born Saturday morning, Feb. 22, to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Bauernfeind, of Morgan. The mother and babe are in the Heppner hospital.

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selling your wheat it Will  
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Ione, Oregon