

# THE IONE INDEPENDENT

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Friday, July 4, 1930

## He Was the Last Shane

By LEETE STONE

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**T**HIEF or beggar? Which? His so-called rosy world of choices had narrowed to one of those two for Michael Shane. He passed and re-passed a part open window on the second-floor fire-escape of a substantial apartment.

Ah, this was never a bit like Ireland. The war past, Michael had handed his mother a useless V. C., kissed her with a gay flourish, lighted her long clay pipe for her with exaggerated dignity, and promptly sailed for the golden land of opportunity.

Maggie Shannon's lips trembled against his in their good-by kiss. His mother and sweetheart sent their love Shane away to seek his fortune with tears in their hearts and high hope in their eyes.

Michael Shane found America difficult and different; so much so that the passing of seven years found him one of the great army of odd-job casuals that ride in box cars from state to state. He had long since stopped writing to Maggie.

So he stared and stared at this open window, up one little ladder length from the pavement.

Stealthily, Michael was up and in the room. He cautiously swept the darkness with his one possession, a pocket flash.

From behind the gracefully meeting curtains of an alcove, faintly audible, came sound of a sleeper's breathing. On the bureau was a woman's hand bag; delicate perfume invaded his nostrils pleasantly and memory rushed back to his lost Irish sweetheart, Maggie Shannon. A woman's room? That's what it is.

No! It was not in him. Preying on a sleeping woman. Better for Shane to starve. With a deep inhalation of the room's fragrance, Michael slipped out as silently as he had entered.

Then his arms were close pinioned in a steel-hard embrace.

"Well, my lad, you were not long," the officer searched Michael for the gun and pelf and found only the worn flashlight. "I've watched you ever since you picked this block over to the station house with you now!"

"Why not?" Michael shrugged and smiled. "There's food and a flophouse. This was my first job and I did not take anything, so they can't hold me long."

"Let's look at you!" The big police man steered Michael under a street light and peered into his face. The eyes of both men grew large and round.

"Mickey Shane!"

"Paddy Flynn!"

Childhood playmates; buddies of the front line trenches—there they stood, speechless, before the long arm of coincidence. Question and answer tumbled over each other for a few moments. Then from Paddy:

"Meet me here at seven. I'll be off duty. You're comin' home with me." "Did y'ever think o' tryin' the Force, Mickey?" Paddy asked over breakfast.

"Never, Paddy! This is my first time in New York since landing. It's been dollar to dollar out West with me. . . an' a long walk in between."

"Would you like it, Mickey?"

"Like it? Don't you know it's some thin' steady I been searchin' for?"

It wasn't long before Michael Shane started on his training for the Force that is known as the finest.

"Meanwhile, till they accept you for duty, Mickey—mind you lay around the rooms and get fat—see?" Paddy grinned the Flynn grin. "Ye'll need all the beef ye can pile in around this gunner's town."

One day Michael Shane entered the Bronx apartment, stalwart and immaculate in the neat, deep blue of the "Finest."

"Look what you done to me, Paddy!" A re-born Shane spoke in hopeful, hearty tones.

Paddy leaped up. Eyes met eyes. They shook—a mighty grip, and something fine and intangible passed between them. Strolling together down town, later:

"Come along, and I'll show you somethin', Mickey!"

Paddy stopped in front of an apartment that seemed strangely familiar to Michael Shane.

"The scene of the crime, Mickey boy—'member?"

"Tryin' to forget it, Paddy. Let's be on our way."

"Sure thing, Mickey; but just a moment. . . 'twas the second floor front you stole into that night eh?" Paddy compelled his reluctant buddy into the apartment lobby, and using a massive index finger pointed to a calling card in a brass enclosure. "Here's the name, Mickey—what do

## The Fraternities

### PAST GRAND CLUB

The June meeting of the Past Grand Club of the Rebekah Lodge was held last Friday afternoon at the pleasant ranch home of Mrs. Victor R. Mann. Besides the hostess there were present Mrs. Vida Heliker, Mrs. Etta Howell, Mrs. Delia McCurdy, Mrs. Etta Bristow, Miss Lucile Bristow, Mrs. Clara Hawk, Mrs. Lena Lundell, Mrs. Gladys Drake and Mrs. Alice McNabb. The ladies started work on a friendship quilt which they plan to make and sell for the benefit of the club. A very happy afternoon was spent, the guests especially enjoying the delicious ice cream and cakes which was served by the hostess.

### EASTERN STARS MEET

Local Chapter O. E. S. of Ione, met with South Chapter of Heppner, last Friday evening, being the invited guests of the sister chapter. During the session members were received into membership, one by initiation. Refreshments were served in the dining room which was gay with spring flowers. Those in attendance from Ione were: Georg Ely, worthy patron, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Howk, Fannie Griffith, Ruty O. Roberts, Ruth B. Mason, Alice McNabb, Lila McCabe, Jessie McCabe, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Miner, Viola Luevalien, Mrs. K. W. Brown and Mrs. Carl Brown.

See Bristow and Johnson's Saturday and Monday Specials.

### Grasping

They know their grammar down in Santa Monica. The other day a visiting teacher thought to stump a class of primary pupils with the question—name a collective noun. "Vacuum cleaner!" was the prompt reply from the rear of the room.—Los Angeles Times.

## NOTICE

NOTICE Is Hereby Given that E. G. Frank, being the legal owner of the lots in Block 5, Cluff's 7th addition to the City of Ione, Oregon, adjacent to McGee St., did on the 1st day of July, 1930, file with the Common Council of the City of Ione, Oregon, his petition, asking for the vacation of that portion of McGee Street lying and being between, the north and south extension of the western boundary lines of G Street and H Street in the Addition and City above designated.

That by order of the Common Council of said city duly made and entered herein, Tuesday, the 5th day of August, 1930, at the hour of 8.00 o'clock p. m., at the Council Chamber in said city, is time and place set for the hearing of said petition and objections thereto, if any.

Said petition is now on file in office of the City Recorder of the City of Ione, and is subject to examination at any time.

Dated at Ione, Oregon, this 1st day of July, 1930.

W. W. HEAD

City Recorder

### Awful Threat Brought

"Half-Croon" in Hurry Grim was the reply of the Scottish gravedigger when a certain gardener was haggling about the charge for his wife's interment. I well remember the gravedigger recounting the incident. I had asked him if he ever had had any difficulty in getting payment for his rather trying work.

"Only yince," he said. "It was when Ewan Swan buried his wife. Ye mind her with the gold gann tongue. Efter I had raised my kep, as a signal to the mourners to gang, Ewan stayed abint. Says he to me, 'What will I be aw'n ye, John?' 'Seven and six,' says I. 'It's over much,' says he. 'In licht sandy soil like that, and he hands me a croon. 'Sandy soil or hard clay, it's seven and six,' says I, 'and doon with another half-croon or up she comes!' And I niver seen a half-croon come sue smert out o' a fermer's pouch."—Scots Observer.

## He Was the Last

you say?" Michael leaned down to the card. His breath came suddenly in a soft sob:

"Maggie!" "The same—Mickey, quite the same! She's been in the land o' opportunity five years, an' she'll have none o' me. All the time hopin' an' lookin', she is for you!"

"Paddy! Paddy. . . you're kid din' me!"

"Buck up, Mickey! It's Shane luck, is it, which never leaves a Shane. . . Go see Maggie Shannon, mind! An' mind, don't ye be late checkin' in at the station house on this ye're first day."

### Apple Flavors

The flavors of apples are natural to different varieties, but can be influenced by water and excessive tree growth. Much wet weather and heavy growth shading the fruit will cause the flavor to become less pronounced. Colors are natural to fruit and can only be changed by shading or pruning to let in more light.

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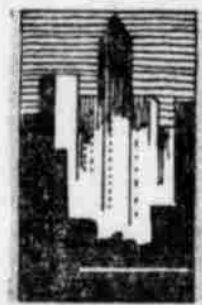
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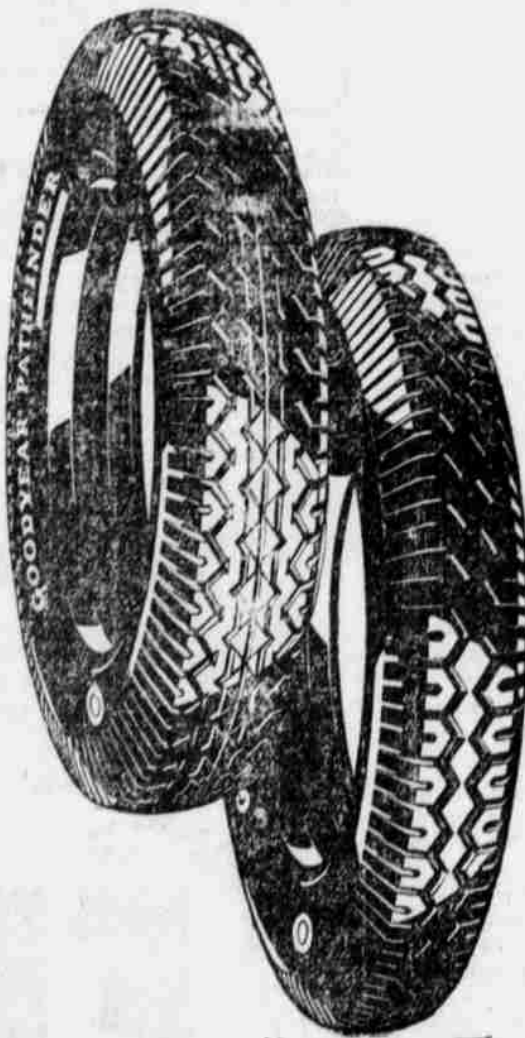
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