

Ione Proclaimer

Issued Oregon, Dec. 3, 1909.

Ione Town Officers.

Mayor..... E. L. Padberg
 Recorder..... E. J. Bennington
 Treasurer..... J. A. Waters
 Marshal..... J. C. Carle
 Constable..... W. C. Cason
 Sup. Light and Water plant..... E. E. Miller
 E. F. Perkins
 E. F. Willmot
 M. Halvorsen
 C. B. Sperry
 Frank Engelman

OFFICERS OF SCHOOL DISTRICT
 Clerk..... E. T. Perkins
 Directors..... E. J. Bennington
 W. C. Cason
 Ed. Stratton

OFFICERS AT THE DALLIES LAND OFFICE
 Register..... W. Moore
 Receiver..... Louis H. Arneson

Lodges Meet as Follows:
 Masons—Wednesday night at 8 o'clock
 the first full moon of each month.
 Odd Fellows—Every Saturday night
 Rebekahs—First and third Thursday evening
 each month.
 CHIL LODGE W. O. W., No. 755, meets first
 and third Saturday evening of each month.
 MORGAN LODGE I. O. O. F., No. 191, meets
 every Thursday night at Morgan.

LOCAL.

"All communications, as far as possible, should reach us not later than Tuesday night. Please bear this in mind and have communications in on time."—Editor.

Mr Bennett editor of The Dalles Optimist and the Irrigon Irrigator, was in town Tuesday and stayed over night with the Proclaimer people.

Every week now until further notice, there will be a show at Walker's hall every Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights. When you enter you will receive a ticket, the coupon of which you place in a box. On Saturday night there will be a drawing from the box and if the first draw is not the number held by some one in the house the draw will continue until claimed. This prize will be different each week and will be on exhibition in the window of the C. T. Walker store.

All kinds of Postal cards and Novels at the Chick Pharmacy.

Grandma Koller is suffering with burned hands, the result of an encounter with steam. They are getting well now but have been very bad.

Mrs Frank Nash is still very ill in Hoppner and her pupils are being taught by the several other teachers in the building.

Anyone in need of lime, cement and shingles call and see G F Parker before going elsewhere.

Little Joie Woolery who has been ill with diphtheria is again well and there are no other cases in town.

LOST strayed or stolen—A serrel ball faced horse, aged 13 years old weighs about 1300 pounds branded on the right stifle, has wind puffs on the left front ankle also has collar marks. A liberal reward for information leading to his recovery. Johnson brothers, Gooseberry, Oregon.

Mrs Martin who has been visiting her daughter Mrs Ben Morgan returned to her home at Walla Walla Saturday.

All kinds of Postal cards and Novels at the Chick Pharmacy.

TURKEYS!

I want 200 turkeys for Xmas. Bring them in at once. Highest market prices also for chickens and ducks. J. A. WATERS.

"Shorty" C. E. Shaver and Ed Rietman were out rabbit hunting Monday and brought in seven. They know what a poor hunter the Proclaimer man is, so dropped one off at the office. And was it good? Well rather.

All kinds of New Stationery and some dandy Birth-day Postcards at the Chick Pharmacy.

Mrs Ritchie left Saturday for Pendleton where she will visit her mother.

Ozen Grabill and Roy Akers made paths all over town last Monday with a horse and disk.

Mrs Ray is here from the Valley visiting her sons the Padberg brothers and Mrs Halvorsen. Mrs Halvorsen will return with her to her home for a visit.

All kinds of Postal cards and Novels at the Chick Pharmacy.

Ione Proclaimer and Weekly Oregonian—\$2.

The Youth's Companion



FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

THE volume for 1907 will give for \$1.75 an amount of good reading equivalent to twenty 400-page books—history, fiction, science, biography and miscellany costing ordinarily \$1.50 each. Sample Copies of The Youth's Companion and Announcement for 1907 will be sent to any address free.

Every New Subscriber
 who cuts out and sends this slip at once with name and address at \$1.75 will receive **FREE**
 All the issues of The Companion for the remaining weeks of 1909. Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers. The Companion's Four-Leaf Hanging Calendar for 1907 is color and gold, and The Companion for the year 1907—A library of the best reading for every member of the family.

\$16,290 in cash and many other special awards to subscribers who get new subscriptions. Send for information. THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.
 New subscriptions received at this office.

A Fitting Question.
 Jim, who is six and thinks he is a man, got into a crowded car with his nurse. The nurse got the last seat and two ladies made a little place between them for Jim and squeezed him in. Presently a portly lady got in, and Jim, the pink of courtesy, rose and lifting his hat offered his place. It was embarrassing. Afterward nurse explained to Jim that he must be careful in offering a seat, as a place that was large enough for a boy might not accommodate a lady. Next time he was in a car and a lady got in Jim leaned over to nurse and in a stage whisper asked, "Ladie, do you think she'll sit?"—New York Press.

Motion and Heat.
 All visible motion when created becomes heat, even that of running water. If we take two pieces of solid ice and rub them together, they can be heated by the friction until the melting point is reached. If we should pour water into an ordinary rotary churn and turn the crank, the mechanical energy exerted against the water will be transformed into molecular energy, and the water will be warmed in proportion to the amount of mechanical energy expended.

HE OVERDID IT.
Nonpareil
 COPPER PLATED
OVERPAID
 A Splendid Overall for every use. Cut generously full. Two hip pockets. Felled seams. Continuous fly.
 J. A. WATERS

HE OVERDID IT.
 A Last Wager That Might Perhaps Have Been Won.
 When it got as far as the cigars at an informal supper the other night, at which the manager of one of the most talked of New York hotels was the host, the talk turned on the perfection of modern hotel management. The manager boasted of the fact that in his house at least the clerks were paragons of memory and cleverness.
 "Yet I will bet the cigars," said one of the guests, "that exactly at midnight when the clerks change I, having no room here, can walk to the desk, ask for the key of a certain room, giving the number, and get it."
 "Done," said the manager.
 Exactly at 12 the man making the bet entered the lobby as if he had just come from the street. This dialogue followed at the desk:
 "My key, please—No. 7A."
 "Yes, sir; what name?"
 "Mr. Johnson."
 "Yes, Mr. Johnson."
 The clerk turned back to the desk as if to reach the key from the rack. For a moment he was out of sight of "Mr. Johnson."
 Then to "Mr. Johnson's" dismay he was quietly seized by two men, who seemed to come up from the floor on either side of him and who asked him very politely, but with firmness, to leave the hotel at once.
 It was then that the manager appeared from behind a pillar and explained.
 A few moments later, when they were smoking the cigars, the chagrined loser said:
 "Well, that's a wonderful thing. How the deuce do they remember everybody they see?"
 "Easy enough," said the manager, "and then in this particular case there isn't a room in the house numbered below 100."
 "The loser bought more cigars without being asked.—New York Times.

The Star Bit.
 An old Lowlander had been persistently asked by his son, who was doing very well in London, to pay him a visit. Having at length decided to comply, he spent a fortnight in the metropolis and duly returned north to tell the tale. A pompous person invited him to his house soon after the old man's return, with a view to having some amusement at the latter's expense. "And what was it that most impressed you in the great city?" asked the pompous gentleman. "Well, sir," quoth the old fellow, "the thing aboves a' that impressed me maist was my ain insignificance. 'Deed, sir, I wad strongly advise ye to gang-it wad das ye a vast deal o' guid, sir!'—Dundee Advertiser.

Sixteen Miles Underground.
 The most remarkable canal in the world is the one between Worsley and St. Helena, in the north of England. It is sixteen miles long and underground from end to end. In Lancashire the coal mines are very extensive, half the country being underground. Many years ago the managers of the Duke of Bridgport's estates thought they could save money by transporting the coal underground instead of on the surface; therefore the canal was constructed and the mines connected and drained at the same time.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Wise Son.
 "A dislike," said the gentle philosopher, "should not lead us to any active demonstration. We should merely seek to avoid its object."
 "Maybe my boy Josh has more sense than I gave him credit for," rejoined Farmer Cornstossel. "That's exactly the way he feels about work of all kinds."—Washington Star.

An Expert Statement.
 "Is there any sure way of knowing when a man is meaning to propose?" asked the bud.
 "You needn't worry about that," said the belle. "The knowledge comes by nature. The most important thing is to know when he isn't going to."

Polliteness of Childhood.
 "What kind of pie will you have, Willie—mince or apple?"
 "I'll take two pieces of each, please."
 "Two pieces?"
 "Yes'm. Mamma told me not to ask twice."—Life.

To do a kindness to a bad man is the wrong way in the end.—Phocylides.

STOP!

AT THE

C. T. Walker, Store,
 General Merchandise.

Ione, Oregon.

Every Saturday at 3 O'clock

And see what time

The Clock Stopped

You may get a set of Dishes.

A Complete Stock of
FURNITURE

Carpets and Window Shades
 New 1909 Wall Paper. All Kinds of Furniture
 Repaired and Refinished. Iron Beds Re-Enamelled.
 Anything not carried in stock will be ordered at a Reduction

S. E. MOORE,

IONE, OREGON.

THE BANK OF IONE

Has served the community of Ione with banking facilities for several years. In doing this we have had the co-operation of our local people. We are better prepared than ever to take care of the banking business of this community.

Conservative business is invited.

Capital	\$15,000.
Surplus and Undivided Profits	\$1,000.
J. E. Cronan,	President.
T. J. Mahoney,	Vice President.
J. D. Cronan,	Cashier.

Do you want the writing machine that does the most perfect work?
 Practical work of all kinds, all the time?
 Do you want the one that saves the most time?
 The speediest, simplest, strongest?
 The one that far outwears any other make of writing machine?
The Smith Premier
 The World's Best Typewriter
 Send for our little book which explains why.
 High-grade typewriter supplies. Machines rented. Stenographers furnished.
The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.