

THE IONE JOURNAL

A Strictly Home Paper For Morrow County Residents

Published Every Wednesday By
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Most rat holes will bear looking into.

Isn't the lover who braves the storm a rain-beau?

It doesn't take an ax to cut acquaintance.

Corn on the cob is more acceptable than the corn on the foot.

There is no impropriety in using a spring wagon in the fall.

It isn't long before the "good fellow" is a poor fellow.

Women are vain, but men are so much more so with less reason.

Many a man is in great fear that he will get all that is coming to him.

We notice that most people who are consumed by curiosity still survive.

If our mistake teaches us nothing it were hardly worth while to make them.

A horse is not of any use until it is broken, but it is different with a plow.

Though we may never have lost any, most of us are looking for money all the same.

A hen will spend a whole day getting up an egg that a hungry man can eat in a minute.

Here is a good question for lycceums to discuss this winter: "How much is enough?"

When you buy a balky horse you may not pay for any harness, but you will be sure to get halter.

The wise man does not let his wife hear him boast that he is a good manager; she knows better.

Don't wait for success to come in your yard. Grab it by the collar and yank it inside the gate.

He was an ambitious youth, the simple life was not for him. He was determined to go upon the stage. His persistence won the day. He now drives the stage between Upham's Corner's and Newton Center.

There are two classes of merchants—those who advertise, and those who do not. The man who advertises has the best of the deal. He keeps himself before the public—and he keeps his wares before the public—and he keeps their quality and price uppermost in the public mind. People talk about a man who advertises,

because they know he has something worth advertising, or he wouldn't advertise.

The Editor

Consider the editor. He wear-eth purple and fine linen. His abode is amongst the mansions of the rich.—His wife bath her limousine and his first-born sporteth a racing car that can hit her up in forty flat.

Lo! All the people breaketh their necks to hand him money. A child is born unto the wife of a merchant in the bazaar. The physician getteth ten golden plunks. The editor writeth a stick and a half and telleth the multitude that the child tippeth the beam at nine pounds. Yea, he lieth even as a centurion. And the proud father giveth him a cremo.

Behold, the young one groweth up and graduateth. And the editor puteth into his paper a swell notice. Yea, a peach of a notice. He telleth the wisdom of the young woman, and of her exceeding comeliness. Like unto the roses of Sharon is she and her gown is played up to beat the band. And the dressmaker getteth two score and four iron men. And the editor getteth a note of thanks from the S. G. G.

The daughter goeth a journey. And the editor throweth himself on the story of the farewell party. It runneth a column, solid. And the fair one remembereth him from afar with a picture postal card that costeth six for a jitney.

Behold, she returneth and the youth of the city fall down and worship. She picketh one and Lo, she picketh a lemon. But the editor calleth him one of our most promising young men and getteth away with it. And they send unto him a bid to the wedding feast and behold, the bids are fashioned by Muntgummary Hawbuck, in a far city.

Flowery and long is the wedding notice which the editor printeth. The minister getteth ten bones. The groom standeth the editor off for a twelvemonth subscription.

All flesh is grass and in time the wife is gathered into the silo. The minister getteth his bit. The editor printeth a death notice, two columns of obituary, three lodge notices, a cubit of poetry and a card of thanks. And he forgetteth to read proof on the head, and the darned thing cometh out, "Gone to Her Last Roasting Place."

And all that are akin to the deceased jumpeth on the editor

with exceeding great jumps. And they pulleth out their ads and cancelleth their subscriptions and the swing the hammer unto third and fourth generations. Canst thou beat it?

No Patent On This

An Iowa farmer has devised a rat trap on which he claims no patent but which anyone troubled with rats can use. He purchased a big galvanized iron bucket, or garbage pail, and placed it in the barn. He filled it two-thirds full of water and on top of the water a layer of chaffy oats an inch deep. The next morning he emptied out mixture of water, oats and drowned rats. He rebaited his trap and the next morning he figured results and found he had slain less but with malice aforethought, gotten rid of eighty-nine rats. He declares it will rid a barn in a short time.

When the editor of a country paper starts in on Monday morning to get up something for his paper in the way of interesting local news and finds, after nosing around, that nothing has happened in the town or community that he can write up, and nobody gives in any personal or local news, and every fellow he talks to says, "I don't know a thing," and his liver is not working right and he feels as though he had just as soon looped the loop with Lincoln Beachey as to go to work—that's the time when he would like to turn the job over to the "Smart Aleck" who thinks he could get up a better paper than the editor and not half try.

Lancaster, Mo. — J. Kelly Wright, lecturer for the state of agriculture, was here last week inspecting the elephant farm of William P. Hall (Diamond Bill.) Although not generally known, Hall has the only elephant market on this continent since the war, the largest in either Europe or America. He controls the elephant trade of this Hemisphere.

Des Moines, Ia. — In bankruptcy proceedings here it came out that a Miss Dottie Morgan, a former resident, had for a loan of \$10, pawned her body to Moses Levich, to be delivered to him after death. The woman moved to Denver and Lexich has asked the court if the pledge can be counted as an asset.

Oakland, Cal. — Alex. Jacobi and his daughter, Grace, were mortoring on a boulevard last week when a bee stung Jacobi on the face. The surprise and pain caused Jacobi to lose control of the car, which overturned and fatally injured his daughter.

Columbia, S. C. — Miss Clyde Yarrowborough has been awarded \$3,000 damages for the loss of three inches of skin from her rosy cheek. She was thrown from a street car and sued for \$10,000 damages.

Inventor of the Deadly War Missile and His Reward.

Shrapnel was originally the name of a British general who, about a hundred years ago, was begging the board of ordinance of his native land for some substantial recognition in respect of the new and deadly missile he had pliced absolutely at their service and was being told that the institution in question "had no funds at its disposal for the reward of merit."

Henry Shrapnel's invention was probably first employed at Surinam in 1804 and was then "favorably reported on," but eleven years later Sir George Wood, who commanded the artillery at Waterloo, declared that shrapnel had won that famous battle. Without it, Wood asserted, no effort of the British could have recovered the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte.

In 1814 the government granted Shrapnel a pension of £1,300 a year for life, but this was interpreted by his paymasters to cover all the inventions Shrapnel had given to the army, including an ingenious gun mounting whereby the shell was utilized to bring one gun into action at the same time as another was put under cover. Shrapnel was then placed at a disadvantage, though he had the satisfaction of drawing his pension to a ripe old age. He died in 1862, aged eighty-one.—Argument.

SECOND ANNUAL MORROW COUNTY

Farmers' Union PICNIC

TO BE HELD ON

Tuesday, June 8, 1915

IONE, OREGON

O. F. DORNBLASER

member of the National Executive Board, of Texas, will speak. He is a very able speaker and will be well worth your time to hear.

Music, Recitations, Songs. Baseball and all Kind of Sports in Afternoon.

BASKET DINNER Bring Your Basket Well Filled

You are cordially invited to Celebrate with the Farmers

A GOOD TIME ASSURED

SEE OFFICIAL PROGRAM LATER

Barred Plymouth Rock eggs for Hatching. Pedigreed Belgian Hares and Pigeons. send for our prices and descriptions. Oregon Carneau Co. Box 279. Portland, Oregon. H. J. Hamlet, Manager.

C. B. Sperry

Fire Insurance and Notary Public
I. O. O. F. Building, Ione, Ore

Ione Lodge No 135 IOOF

Meets every Saturday night in their hall, Ione, Ore., C. B. Sperry, N. G. W. Reiman V. G. E. T. Perkins, secretary. Visiting brothers cordially invited.

Dr. C. C. Chick

Physician and Surgeon

DWIG STORE IONE, OREGON

DR. JOHN B. DYE

Dentist

Room 16, Ione Hotel, Ione, Oregon

Knappenberg & Johnson

Attorneys and Counsellors

at Law

MAIN ST. IONE, OREGON

F. H. Robinson

Attorney at Law

Practice in all State Courts

and U. S. Federal Departments.

MAIN STREET IONE, OREGON

A PASTORAL PLAYHOUSE.

Wonderful Open Air Theater in the Heart of the Alps.

What is probably the most perfect pastoral theater in Europe is situated in the heart of the Alps—at Interlaken, in Switzerland. This unique "playhouse" is open to all the winds that blow, and its roof is formed in the most favorable circumstances—by the blue canopy of the sky. It is not at all frequently happened that the box of the canopy has been less inviting and that players and spectators alike have

McCormick Haying Tools

How are your Mowers and Rakes? Look them over and if you are going to need a new one or a lot of repairs for the old ones you should attend to them at once as the haying season will be upon you in a short time and you must be all prepared to handle it when it is ready. Make up that repair list and send it to me at once and save yourself time and trouble

BERT Mason

experienced the interlude of a heavy downpour which was not in the program. The open air theater at Interlaken is used for performances of Schiller's great drama, "William Tell," for which it is by nature admirably adapted. The stage is a rising meadow flanked on three sides by dense woods of beech and pine, with a "backcloth" of gray, gray rock towering toward the sky beyond. Away to the right stretches a huge semicircle of mountain peaks, 8,000 and 10,000 feet high, and behind the spectator tower the great peaks of the Bernese Oberland—the Jungfrau, Mönch and Eiger, with their banners of eternal snow. Nature in accommodating mood has provided the entrance and exits of this unique theater—passages in the woods through which gallop with blundering of hoofs on hard ground the mail clad troopers of the tyrannical governor. The cattle, goats and sheep which appear in the first scene—the return of the flocks and herds from the Alpine pastures—approach down the steep path in the woods on the right and are heard long before they are visible, the tinkling and clanging of their bells mingling harmoniously with the long drawn notes of the huge wooden Alpine horn, seven feet in length, and forming an appropriate overture.—Wide World Magazine.

A farm should be operated for net, not for gross results.