

THE IONE JOURNAL

A Strictly Home Paper For Morrow
County Residents

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The man with pride is seldom without price.

Man proposes, woman supposes and the press exposes.

A dollar gained by a lie today will cost you two tomorrow.

Hard work never kills any man. It only snuffs out the makeshifts.

We want to float a billion dollar loan too. Who will do the under writing?

The most conspicuous decorations of the average ball room are the wall flowers.

If they whittle that billion dollar loan down much more it will not be worth handling.

A big gun shoots far—the pop gun only makes a noise. Learn the lesson of comparison.

A hungry dog camps on the trail of a juicy bone. Europe is the dog and America is the bone.

Occasionally we hear of a husband who declines to talk to his wife. Perhaps he is a diplomat.

Some husbands are providers while others are merely husbands. And some incidentally are only providers.

If you think taxes in this country are high just think of the poor devils in Europe for the next generation to come.

The man who does his work well, never fears the presence of the boss. It is only the idler who exists in a state of dread.

If we made munitions of war as fast as we make automobiles we soon would be able to lick the whole world. But we don't!

The war situation up to date: Mxpqwertjhgf.?.sd ;lk-zs e2-y&lmdf gybui-reuytbit. And that is about all anybody knows about it.

America is asked to prevent the slaying of Americans in Turkey. And don't even prevent the slaying of our own citizens on the Mexican border.

Just how long are we Americans to tamely submit to invasion of this country by Mexican soldiers commanded by Mexican officers in uniform? Even a worm will turn in time.

A writer once said that the best time to remember a thing is to write it down on a piece of

paper, roll the paper up in a ball and put it in your pocket with your loose change. It will do the rest.

Another New York preacher, a very estimable gentleman, has gone upon the rocks of commercial speculation. Stick to the saving of souls, brother; it is less hazardous and more productive of lasting results.

H. G. Selfridge, erstwhile American citizen and now a London merchant, urges the United States to "get into the war and help the allies." And the teutons would like us to "get into the war and help them." And not one of them would stretch a finger to help us when our time comes—not even Selfridge, erstwhile American citizen!

Why people Loved Him So

His past, while not an open book, had bitter lessons taught. The old diploma that he took in suffering was wrought; in Life's exacting school he'd learned how weak a man can be; he understood the hearts that yearned for love and sympathy; no pious saint himself, he knew the sorrow and the woe of others—he had suffered, too, and Ah! we loved him so. He freely gave, not asking why; no lecture throwing in; into no details would he pry; no sermon would begin; he sought no evils to correct; he gave because it pleased; he injured no one's self-respect, enough, that want was eased. His was the simple, modest creed. "Let not your right hand know," we knew him as a friend in need, and, Ah! we loved him so. Of his own failings conscious, he no judgement sought to give; he strove, unlike the Pharisee, to live, and to let live, unlike those "holier than thou," who sheltered lives have led, his gentleness would not allow a harsh word to be said; not with out sin, he undertook never the stone to throw; his past was not an open book—but, Ah! we loved him so.

Here's a humble suggestion to our farmer friends and others who have machinery or implements any of kind. When you have finished with them for the season, why not clean them up carefully, oil them up to prevent rust, and house them in some way or other to keep them out of the destructive winter

weather? Rains and wind and snow do more harm to them than the work you accomplish with them. It is simply a matter of horse sense and economy.

Idle talk makes busy tongues.

A fellow dropped into the office the other day and ordered the paper, and we were pleased. Said it was a good paper, and we were glad. Said it was more than worth the money to any man of intelligence, and we were glad. Said it was the mainstay of the town, and we were tickled. Said it was the greatest booster and the most reliable town builder and developer in this whole community, and we yelled with joy. Paid for his paper, and we slid gently to the floor in blissful unconsciousness. Nature had reached its limit.

As the Editor Sees It

The winter months will be along soon now and the farmer will be wondering what he can do to while away the evening hours. And right here the editor wants to throw out a suggestion that means both pleasure and profit. Arrange to have a meeting at one of your school houses or other public places at least one evening a month, at which you can all compare notes on the seasons work, note the mistakes that have been made and devise the best methods of correcting them the coming year. You can not get a dozen farmers together but what some of them will have something to say of value to you, something that perhaps you have not known before, something that will make work lighter and profits greater in future years. The social features alone of such meetings would drive away the monotony of the winter evenings and from a practical standpoint they would be a great value to every one who participates. Get together, gentlemen and compare notes. What is good for one is of equal benefit to all.

The farmer is the back bone of this town—in fact, he is the mainstay of the nation. We cannot place too much emphasis upon this fact. As the America farmer prospers, so it is with the county in general and so it will always be. If the farmer has a bad year, the stores and the shops and the business community as a whole suffers. Everybody feels the pinch of a close season. That's one of the reasons why we of the town should work in harmony with the farmer for a better and more prosperous community. As he encourages us with his patronage and his cheerful smile when he comes to us, so should we return courtesy for courtesy by giving him the best that is in us, and by fostering a feeling of brotherly love and comradeship. It will not hurt the farmer, it will not harm us, and it will do all of us a world of good.

A city dude drove up to a country store and stepped gingerly from his expensive limousine with eye glasses dangling at the front of his immaculate vest. At the same time a farmer drove up in his Ford and stepped leisurely to the pavement. The dude glanced at the farmer with a supercilious stare and stalked haughtily into the store. The farmer merely grinned and turned around to greet his friend the banker. The dude was on salary and living right up to his means. The farmer had mortgages plastered on property all over the territory, had money to burn in the bank, and owned a great farm that insured his independence for the rest of his days and a comfortable fortune for his family at his death. Which of the two was the better man. Of course not all city people are dudes or idiots, and not all farmers are rich. But

you see this same little comedy enacted in every town where automobiles find their way in the summer months. At least it is worth a passing thought.

And that reminds us that if we can get every farmer in this community to realize the financial advisability of tying to this town in his commercial dealings it will be a practical step in advance for the future of the whole community, town and country both. It will enable us to have better stores and shops and other business enterprises, and will inject new life into everything and everybody. It will increase the value of the farms and the town property and will make life easier and more attractive in every way. It will go far toward preventing our young manhood from straying away from safety and prosperity of the farms and into the pitfalls and misery of a hand to mouth existence in some great city. It will enable them to grow strong and virile manhood on the farm, while nine out of every ten in the great cities become but an atom among countless other atoms. Many farmers are as loyal to home institutions as it is possible for human beings to be, but with others there is room for conversion to the wisdom of feeding the mouths that feed them.

That the climate of Eastern China is similar to that of Eastern North America seems to be the reason for the success which has attended the introduction of many Chinese plants into this country; at least this is the opinion of the specialists in the department's Office of Foreign Seed and Plant Introduction. In a publication of this office which lists seeds and plants imported during the fall of 1912 a definite report is given on the growth of 79 different importations from China, most of which may be termed successful. Plant introductions from foreign countries are distributed by this office until sufficient time has elapsed to give some indication of their possibilities in this country.

Lemon Meringue Pudding.
Add a tablespoonful of butter, a cupful of sugar, two heaping teaspoonfuls of cornstarch dissolved in a little cold water and the juice and grated rind of two lemons to a quart of boiling water. Beat the yolks of three eggs and add to the boiling mixture. Pour into a baking dish and bake in a pan of water until the custard is set. Make a meringue of the whipped whites of the eggs and add two or three table spoonfuls of granulated sugar, beating in well. Brown, chill and serve.

How to Clean Soiled Wall Paper.
The following mixture is more easily applied and does the work more effectively than any of the baked preparations that are sold at a good price for a small quantity, one generally paying the sum for the label and tin to box it up for sale.

Take one part sal ammoniac, four parts rye flour and water enough to form a dough; then use on the soiled parts as if the mixture was a sponge. As the dirt is transferred from the wall to the cleaner turn the soil in and work out a clean part of the mixture. A little practice will soon show how easily this is accomplished without waste to the mixture. Never continue rubbing the soiled surface of the cleaner into the wall.

Made Her Sick.
"How about Vanessa? Is she really sick?"

"She was today. She has a handsome young doctor and he called while the maid had her false hair out for an airing."—Kansas City Journal.

DAIRY NOTES

It doesn't pay to keep the cows in the barnyard all night. The man who does that is surely far and away behind the procession.

Don't let the flies get up the noses. Remember their bite is this and tender. The pasture from flies is cruel and costly.

Try putting the cows and see how quickly they respond.

If the cows are put in the stalls at milking time let each one go quietly to her own stall.

Order of exercises in washing milk pans, pails, etc.: Rinse with cold water, scald and wash with a clean cloth, rinse again with cold water, set out in the sun.

Only level floors for separators. Uneven floors wear out the machine faster and do not give good results.

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Railley, Id.—Unable to speak and tell how the accident happened, Miss Lucille Guita, 17-years old, is recovering from an operation required for the removal of a fork which she swallowed. It is believed she was examining her throat with the fork when it slipped from her hand.

The Balkins are due for another blowup.

Sioux Falls, S. D.—Deliah Wyant, 16, is dead here because she laughed. She began to laugh while eating peas, and a pea lodged in her bronchial tube, choking her to death.

Mrs. N. Wilson has now on sale an up-to-date line of Millinery in the store room next to the Meat Market. Styles are right and prices reasonable. I will appreciate your patronage.