

THE IONE JOURNAL

A Strictly Home Paper For Morrow County Residents

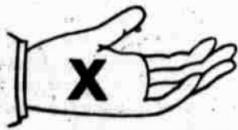
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F. WALLACE SEARS

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A blue mark on this space is notice that your subscription will expire in three weeks. Prompt renewals will prevent subscribers missing any papers. The Postal Dept requires all subscribers to be paid in advance unless other arrangements are made. If you want the Ione Journal let us know either in person or by letter. Subscription price noted above. Unpaid subscriptions are now due.

It is the man and not the plan, that brings success.

Making money is a good trait. Saving it is a better one.

People who "go the pace" usually arrive—and stay.

In the mind of the gossip, spreading scandal becomes a virtue.

Many a fool deceives the public into thinking that he is a wise man.

Ten dimes make a dollar, but half the world is content with the dime.

Dead men tell no tales, but the same can not be said of some live ones.

Keep away from lawsuits. The only man who wins is the attorney.

The fellow who continually talks of self has little about which to talk.

The fellow who kicks the cat makes the biggest noise when he himself is kicked.

A straight tongue lives long and goes far. A crooked one falls by the way side.

A stuck pig squeals, a hit dog yelps and the guilty man is always seeing a pursuer.

The boss who is ignorant of the things he hires others to do will not long remain a boss.

Size up the little things of life and in time you will be able to take advantage of the big ones.

The law excuses no man through ignorance. But it often lets a guilty cuss slip through who knows better.

The employe who makes it a practice of earning a small salary will soon be earning a bigger one.

We are really so disgusted with Carranza we can not find anything mean enough to say about the cuss.

Never mind how the term "horse sense" came into use. Just practice it and you will need no other kind.

A live man never fears a dead one. And the merchant who advertises need never worry over the one who does not.

Prosperity has turned many a

man's head. But the wonder is that he could achieve prosperity with such an empty shell.

Occasionally we hear of a case where a married couple's devotion in public is really a reflection on their private lives.

The man who has health happiness and a clear conscience is twice as rich as the fellow with a million and a bum stomach.

The farmer of today is a man of brains, and the greatest evidence of this is the fact that he is not always blowing about it.

When you meet up with competition in your business, set the pace for the other fellow and success will meet you half way.

Make up your mind that no work is so well done but that it can be done better. Therein lies the first element of future greatness.

The fellow who publicly insists that he is a gentlemen often has much to learn from the one who never imagines that he is one.

When you hear a man bragging of his birth it's a safe bet that is the only thing he has to brag about—and even that is not his fault.

The National wealth of the United States is estimated at the colossal sum of \$188,000,000,000. And yet we would jolly like to see the color of a few more of those subscription dollars that ought to be in our pocket.

We passed a little kiddie on the street this week and it looked up into our face with such a wistful and expectant look that it reminded us of the time when we were young and hurt to the quick because "grownups" did not give us a cheery greeting. Ever have the same thing happen to you?

How many times have you noticed the bloom on the cheek of the maid from the farm? It is not artificial—not indeed. It is the result of a clear mind, of right living of, the red blood that flows in a healthy body made stronger and better by associations with the green fields and fresh air of the country. When you see the bright eye and the tinted cheek of the country maid just thank your stars that we have such girls in this country,

for posterity will write their story in the years to come.

Say, dad, don't tell your little girl she is too fussy about her clothes. This is a fussy age, and the fussier the clothes are the more the little one will shine. Every girl is fussy whose parents can afford to provide the fags and to refuse to provide your girl with bright feathers is to confess yourself either broke or stingy. Lets hope you are neither the one or the other.

We like to see our dignified "city fathers" work. We like to see them hustle around town looking for an opportunity to improve something, to make this a more cleaner and more liveable town. It's what we elect them for. There are plenty of opportunities for improvement which have escaped their Eagle eyes and which are sadly in need of attention. Of course we can not expect our municipal dads to do everything at once, but we hope they will keep right on scouting around this burg until there is not a thing left undone, nothing of which anyone can complain.

Was there something in connection with your self or your family that should have been mentioned in the paper last week? The fault of the oversight was more yours than ours. Editorial eyes are popularly supposed to see every thing, put they don't—simply because we are human, after all. Next time anything of the kind occurs just tell us about it at once and you will find us thankful to get it. Our business is to tell other people what takes place in this community and we want you to help us every time you have an opportunity. Tell us about it the next time.

Some times when you walk into a store the clerk will jump to be the first to wait upon you. He is there to sell the goods and work never bothers him. He is willing to take down half the goods in the store in his efforts to please you. He makes sales and will rise in life. But there is another class of clerks. They let you hunt them up when the boss is not around, show you as few goods as possible and are not at all bothered if you walk away without finding what you want. They get their salaries just the same, it is only the boss who loses. They will always be clerks, just clerks.

You are reading this paragraph now because you have learned to look for something of value in these columns. Here's something that is worth much to you. What stores have the best goods and at the most reasonable prices in this town? How can you know which stores they are? Watch the ads in this paper, for they tell the story. The merchant who spends money in advertising his goods almost invariably has goods that are worth advertising, and his prices must of necessity be right or he could not afford to call especial attention to them through the public print. Just glue your eyes to the ads and you will save time trouble and money. Especially money.

If you have a boy who is afraid to soil his hands, lead him out into the garden and start him digging. Stand over him and see that he keeps on digging. And when he gets through digging, just hand him an axe and show him the wood pile let him exercise his muscles there for a few days. Possibly the barn needs a good cleaning out. That will please him and add a little more muscular development. It may soil his hands, but a little soap and water will do wonders when properly applied. He may not be ardently in love with his job, but they will serve to beat a little horse sense into his head and in time he may become a

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF SALE of Estray Animals

In the Justices Court of the third district of Morrow County, Oregon

In the Matter of the Taking up Estray Animals by B. F. Morgan, of Ione, Oregon.

NOTICE is hereby given, that by virtue of an order granted by Hon. E. T. Perkins, Justice of the Peace of the Third District of Morrow County, Oregon, on the 13th day of October, 1915. I will sell at public sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, at the ranch now occupied by B. F. Morgan, the Taker-up in the above entitled matter, and known as the C. W. Parker ranch, situated about five miles North west of Ione, Oregon on the third day of November, 1915, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, estray animals to wit:

One sorrel mare, three years old, branded MO connected on right strifle.

One blue gelding, three years old, branded circle M on right strifle and two inverted figure fives on right shoulder.

One brown gelding, twelve years old, branded inverted V, with crescent above and bar below on right strifle.

Said animals having been taken up as Estrays by B. F. Morgan, of Ione Oregon on the 1st day of October, 1915.

Provided, however, that the owner of said estray animals may re-take the same at any time prior to said sale by paying to the taker-up all costs, expenses and damages to date.

W. C. Cason, Constable.

Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, October 4, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Curtis C. Rhen, of Heppner Oregon, who, on October 18, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 09589, for S. E. 1/4 N. E. 1/4, E. 1/4 S. E. 1/4, Sec. 25, T. 2, S. R. 24, E. Lot 4, Sec. 30, Lots 1, 2, 3, N. E. 1/4 S. W. 1/4, Section 31, Township 2, S., Range 25, E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described before C. C. Patterson, United States Commissioner, at Heppner, Oregon, on 29th day of November 1915. Claimant names as witnesses: John R. Olden, of Heppner, Oregon, Arthur C. Keene, of Lexington, Oregon Ora E. Adkins, of Heppner, Oregon, Ralph L. Benge, of Lexington, Oregon.

H. Frank Woodcock Register

Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, October 5, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Michael Szapanek, of Echo, Oregon, who, on May 23 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 08704, for W. 1/4 N. W. 1/4, 1/4 S. W. 1/4 S. E. 1/4 S. W. 1/4, Section 12, Township 2 N., Range 26, E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. C. Patterson, United States Commissioner at Heppner, Oregon, on the 19th day of November 1915. Claimant names as witnesses: William B. Finley, of Lexington Oregon, Carl E. Mattson, of Echo, Oregon, Henry J. Tafel, of Echo Oregon, William H. Murphy, of Echo, Oregon.

H. Frank Woodcock Register

Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles Oregon, October 5, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Carl E. Mattson, of Echo, Oregon, who, on April 27, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 08601, for N. E. 1/4, Section 24, Township 2 N., Range 26, E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. C. Patterson, United States Commissioner, at Heppner Oregon, on the 19th day of November 1915. Claimant names as witnesses: William B. Finley, of Lexington Oregon, William H. Murphy, of Echo, Oregon, Henry J. Tafel of Echo, Oregon, Michael Szapanek of Echo, Oregon.

H. Frank Woodcock Register

fairly good citizen. The high positions in the commercial world are not filled by men who were afraid to soil their hands in their youth. A dirty face is to be censured, but dirty hands are more often an evidence of manly

HOWARD HEATERS

I have the agency for the well known HOWARD and have them in several popular sizes, also other styles of heaters and am prepared to fill your wants in the heating line

See my lines before the winter comes and be prepared to keep warm.

BERT MASON

THE IONE BARBER SHOP

A FIRST CLASS PLACE

THE BARBER THAT TREATS EVERYBODY RIGHT.

DICK TURPIN,

PROPRIETOR

CITY MEAT MARKET

All Kinds of Fresh and Cured Meats
Fat Stock Wanted at all times

S. H. Holgate

Main St.

Ione, Oregon

\$50,000.00

to Loan on Approved Real Estate Security, by The Bank of Ione, Ione, Oregon

FOUNTAIN PENS

Start that girl or boy to school right by giving them one of those fine fountain

pens from \$1.00, up, at

TITUS—THE JEWELER

PAUL G. BALSIGER

Dealer in Myers Pumps, Stover Engines, Star and Wonder Windmills, Parry Buggies, Winona Wagons, Empire Jr. Drills, Champion Harvesting Machinery.

Hailey, 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.