

THE IONE JOURNAL

A Strictly Home Paper For Morrow County Residents

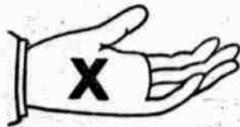
Published Every Wednesday By
F. WALLACE SEARS

Entered at the Postoffice Ione, Oregon,
as Second-class matter

Subscription Rates

One Year	\$1.50
Six Months	\$1.00
Three Months	50c

Advertising Rates Upon Application



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.

As the Editor Sees It

Thanks, that subscription looked good to us.

When ignorance is bliss all fools are wise.

Trade where you live, or live where you trade.

It is advertised in the paper this week. Look for it.

To admit your faults is one of the greatest virtues of all.

Buy it at home this Christmas. Keep prosperity in this town.

Make your visit short and you will be welcome the next time.

Let's make it America first, last, all the time, and then some.

Get into the "buy it at home" crowd. All mighty good people.

Another week nearer Christmas. Read the ads. Buy it at home.

The "buy it at home" fever is spreading. Have you caught it yet?

We think a town that is worth living in is worth trading in. What do you think?

Buy it at home this Christmas. Keep prosperity in this town. It's good for all of us.

When a man's head begins to swell what few brains he has just slide down into his heels.

Cheer up, old top. It keeps other people busy looking after the droop of their own spirits.

Live merchants will be telling you about it in the paper from now on until Christmas. Use your eyes and save the pennies.

They say beauty is only skin deep. But it has a practical value to its possessor when angling for an American millionaire.

The "favorite son" idea with regard to the presidential nomination is springing up all over the country. We decline in advance.

When "recognition" of Carranza fails to restore peace and order in Mexico (as of course it will), what will be the next move?

Just glue your eyes to the ads in this paper and you will not even want to think of going anywhere else to do your Christmas shopping.

Anybody who doesn't wish the president and his bride-to-be all kinds of happiness is just a jealous old codger who would like to stand in his shoes.

The Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady says that "woman's suffrage is an insult to God and man" Possibly—but not to Brady, as he appears to be neither God or man.

We would like to know which business house you think has the most attractive, appearing and compelling advertisement in this issue of the paper. Why not tell us?

Uncle Sam and the Central and South American republics are recognizing Carranza and his government, but hanged if we would want to recognize the cuss or any of his horde in a dark alley.

You feed your horse well because you know it is of no value to you when it is dead. Why don't you do as much for your home town by trading here? Without either you would be in a bad way.

If you hear a fellow cussing this town remonstrate with him. If he don't stop, choke him. If he keeps it up, punch him in the jaw. And if he does it again, take him out and bury him. The town will not miss him.

A bullet fired at a fleeing robber went wide its mark, flattened itself against a steel rib of a corset worn by Mrs. Charles Chadwick in Chicago and fell harmlessly at the lady's feet. Will it be corsets for the army next.

Are you going to have any kind of a public celebration this Christmas? And if so, what? December 25 will be ambling along now within a few weeks and it is time for some one to do the necessary thinking and planning. We'll do the pushing.

A fellow started to read us the riot act the other day because we suppressed a certain unsavory piece of news. But when we mentioned a certain indiscretion of his which he thought was unknown he immediately saw the wisdom of our forbearance. But it's just human nature, you know. Such fellows were and always will be.

Every day we see or hear something mighty good and praiseworthy about some one in this town, and it just clinches us in the opinion that this is a "good place to live". And we hear and see good deeds and traits of the farmers out in the county, and that, too, gives us a mighty fine feeling. A person might travel a long way and see many worse places to live than this town and among these good town and country people. It suits us.

Four hundred and fifty million Chinese tremble at the menace of seventy million Japanese—a giant helpless at the feet of a pigmy. Japan has a magnificent army of seasoned and disciplined veteran troops and a complete equipment of modern guns and munitions of war, while China is without the means of defense, just like Uncle Sam.

Do you want to know how to get a tip top dinner? Just buy the necessary ingredients and take them home to your wife. She will be more than willing to cook them. The best cook on earth can not make a tempting dessert out of a hunk of salt pork.

Every little while some fellow lets out an excruciating yawp about the country being hard up and going to the dogs. It would if they could have their way, but fortunately they can't. This old U. S. A. is a long way from being busted and everybody knows it but the yawpers.

It makes a country editor feel bully to have John Smith or Tom Jones meet him on the street and hand him a dollar and a half with the remark, "I don't know when my subscription expires, but just give me credit for this anyway." But don't be all to timid in case your name doesn't happen to be Smith or Jones. We'll grab it.

Your Best Gift

In looking around for something appropriate to send to your friend or relative at a distance for a Christmas present, just remember that your friend is always interested in the doings of the folks at home, and that the one thing of all others that he or she would appreciate is a years subscription to this paper. It is about the cheapest present you could make and by far the most to be appreciated.

You Don't Want to Kill This Town

If want to kill the prosperity of this town, if you want to make it financially hard up, IF YOU WANT TO BUST IT, just keep right on sending your money to outside firms and especially to the mail order man.

If you want to make Christmas a mockery in this town, if you want to contribute your share toward pauperizing the business interests of this community, just keep right on sending your money to other places and you will succeed.

If you want to decrease the value of your town property or of your farm, if you want to make local conditions such that no one would risk buying your property, just keep right on patronizing mail order men and other foreign concerns and you will wipe out your own accumulations of years.

But if you don't want to do these things—if you are in reality what you profess to be, a good citizen—BUY IT AT HOME THIS CHRISTMAS, AND KEEP PROSPERITY IN THIS TOWN.

A Hard Bump Coming.
Her Dad—Does that young man you've been keeping company with intend to get married or to remain single?

Daughter—I think he's on the fence, papa.
Dad—Then throw him over.—Boston Transcript

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. Rhea, 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, W. 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. 08801, for N. E. 1/4, Section 24, Township 2, N., 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 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

Causes For Divorce.
Judge—Why do you ask for a divorce? The Mere Man—My wife has an artistic temperament and I have an appetite.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Change.
"So he has ceased to be her ideal?"
"He has."
"What disgraceful thing did he do?"
"Married another girl!"—Louisville Courier-Journal

SHOE BARGAINS!

We have just received over 500 pairs of ladies, mens and childrens sample shoes and are offering them at wholesale prices, here is a chance for you to save from 50c. to \$2.00 per pair on shoes and every pair is of this years style and the quality is just as good as can be found anywhere, COME EARLY and make your selections while the stock is fresh and clean.

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.

THE STAR THEATRE

J. B. Sparks, Prop.

High Class Moving Pictures

The Walker Rink

Ione, Ore.

On the Fence.
"That woman won't take either side of the social dispute until she is reasonably sure which one is going to win. She's a cat!"
"Ah, then that accounts for her being on the fence!"

Ione Homestead No. 5239

Brotherhood of American Yocemen, meets the first and third Tuesday of every month. Visitors cordially invited.