

THE IONE JOURNAL

A Strictly Home Paper For Morrow County Residents

Published Every Wednesday By
F. WALLACE SEARS

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As the Editor Sees It

And we greet you yet again.

Your tongue was made for use but not for abuse.

In time of course we will read of the high cost of breathing.

General Villa has been killed so many times we can't see why the cuss don't stay dead.

Time works wonders. It may even yet unearth a candidate or two for the vice presidency.

Man proposes, woman supposes, dad opposes, the lawyer exposes, and the judge deposes.

Military preparedness is uppermost in the public eye, but the old eye is doing a deal of blinking.

Poverty drives to drink and drink drives to poverty, and between the two there's heck to pay.

"Are we civilized?" inquires the Chicago Tribune. We are but can't say as to the Chi. Trib.

A kid on a corner can see more in five minutes than an adult can discover in an hour of rubbernecking.

We don't care how much you cuss us, but don't profane our sensitive ears with such discordant noises.

When a fellow makes a practice of knocking his home town it is time for everybody else to hand him a few.

Don't worry about the mistakes of yesterday. Oil up your think works and avoid making any more of them today.

Just for the sake of variety, why couldn't we send a few genuine old time statesman to congress as well as mere politicians.

If we wanted to go down in history as a false prophet the one big stunt we'd pull off would be to predict an early peace in Mexico.

A few months ago we noted an enormous amount of newspaper gab about "America absorbing the commerce of the world." Just gab.

Don't be at all backward about dropping in and paying up that subscription. We'll take and shake as long as our old hand holds out.

For once we will welcome the advent of the baseball season with joy. 'Twill be a welcome diversion from our Mexican assassinations.

Of course, madame, you did not raise your son to be a soldier. Your neighbor's son should be the one to protect you from the ruthless hand of the invader when he comes.

At any rate, our very distinguished political leaders will graciously permit the common herd to vote "as directed" at the coming election.

Some one sometime once said that "all things come to him who waits." But that, of course does not include editors and delinquent subscribers.

Any fellow can cure himself of the habit of vilifying other people if he wants to. But most people are too absorbed in the art of vilification to want to.

Of course your excessive modesty would prevent your answering the question, but we would like to know the name of the smartest man in this community.

And soon, now the, long haired spindle shanked, short trousered, eye glassed city youth will be out on the farm again telling dad how to make a million out of a penny.

Have you told your congressman what you think on the subject of national preparedness? He don't want to hear from you of course, but it would be just as well to let him hear just the same.

Every time we dish up a genuine 18-karat joke some self styled wag ambles along and wants to know what exchange we copied it from. And still we haven't the slightest inclination to commit murder.

An eminent writer has said that we are physically, morally and mentally what our thoughts make us. Good! With this as an aid and a guide we ought to be able to diagnose the thoughts of every one in town.

We had the pleasure of shaking hands this week with one of the brightest, brainiest, and most lovable men of this whole community, and we pumped his right arm royally. We do it every time they pay up.

We don't know whether it is lack of feminine courage, or an

evidence of masculine obstinacy, or whether it "just happened," but the fact remains that we haven't a single leap year wedding to report this week.

With some women frantically demanding the vote and other women vociferously and contemptuously denouncing it, now in tarnation is a mere "it" of a man to decide without sinking in either the mud or the mire?

Have you ever been in a tropical country where you could stand at a safe distance and watch the alligators snooping around and waiting for an opportunity to pounce upon their unhappy victims? Mexico of today.

The man of millions is the one who will profit most by our new policy of preparedness. Hence the man of millions is the one who should cough up the liveliest in the matter of paying the freight. Tax the big incomes and collect the taxes.

Same old story again. An Oak Park, Ill., man owns \$2,000,000. His son wanted the money and plotted to kill his parents. Since they are prominent people the would-be murderer is pronounced "mentally unbalanced." Of course to be sure.

We don't lay any claims to being a wit or a wag, but we are just human enough to enjoy seeing you fellows crack a smile occasionally at some of the nerve racking and brain fagging puns we dig up. Now take the hint and warm up.

When you get a big hunk of something stuck in your throat and you can't get it up and it won't go down, the proper caper to cut is to make your will, and then get religion, and send for the doctor and the undertaker and the preacher and if between them this bunch can't extricate you from your dilemma you will at least have the satisfaction of knowing where you are at and what sort of a dinged place it is.

Our battered old editorial heart is just bubbling over with joy. We knocked off grinding out copy for the printers the other day and took a stroll around town just for exercise. Everywhere we went we found some one who had a good word to say, an expression of good will to offer, and not once did we hear a knock against the town, the people, ourself or the paper. Truly, it is good for any man to live among such a whole hearted and clean people. We hope we live to be a hundred.

Yearly subscriptions for the Journal are \$1.50. How about it?

The indoor swimming season offered rather conclusive evidence of the superiority of the treadle stroke over all others now used in this country, for it enabled Harry Heboer, Percy McGillivray and Joseph Wheatley to create a number of national and world's records. Furthermore, they were the only ones to establish new marks. To the casual observer there may be a striking dissimilarity in the action of the three men, but the careful analyst will realize at once that this dissimilarity, due to varying individual characteristics, is a matter of detail and not of fundamentals.

It is now generally admitted that in the several types of crawl obtaining the action of the arms is identical, and that the distinguishing factor between them, that Heboer, McGillivray and Wheatley all three show a well marked scissor kick at the end of the top arm pull, then follow it with a more or less vigorous fluttering of the feet, kept up until the time comes for another scissor. It becomes obvious that in spite of seeming differences they really exhibit the same principles. The treadle crawl was developed a few years ago by Frank Sullivan of Chicago, who thought that by introducing a narrow scissor kick (like that of the treadle) into the even less thrash of the true crawl more speed could be obtained. Everything now points to the correctness of the theory.

First Amateur Golfer—What are you going around in now?
Second Amateur Golfer—Oh, in five or six.
"Five or six? Holes?"
"No. Lost balls."—Life.

When Everybody Works

A movement seems to be spreading over certain sections of the country, notably in some of the southern states, which has great possibilities when properly pushed.

The idea is to select a certain roadway, for instance, which is in need of improvement and is of vital interest to all of the people. The next step is to arrange for a holiday on a certain date, at which time the people turn out by the hundreds and take off their coats and pitch in and build the road, or whatever the object sought may be.

Often the ladies declare a picnic and go along and take the dinners for the men and cheer them with their presence. It has proven a success in every case that has come to our knowledge. And if it is successful in other places, why not here.

Why can't we of this town declare three or four such general holidays and everybody turn out and make some improvement that is greatly needed in our midst?

Why can't we do something that will make this a more attractive place for the community around?

Why can't we do something that will be of commercial and civic value to our community?

We need a few get-together picnics and we need plenty of improvements and we know of no better way of getting them than by means of something of this kind.

The Problem of the Laymen.

There never was a time when preachers and politicians formed an unholy alliance—that civilization did not shriek out and Christianity cry aloud. Since the beginning of government, politicians have sought to decoy the ministry into the meshes of politics and make them carry banners in political processions. They have taken the ministry to the mountaintop of power and offered to make them monarch of all they surveyed, and while most of them have said, "get thee behind me Satan," a few have fallen with a crash that has shaken every pulpit in Christendom.

The ministry, unsophisticated and confiding, is no match for the politician versed in artful persuasion and skilled in deceit, and it is the duty of the laymen to protect the ministry against the onslaught of these wolves in sheep's clothing and drive the politicians from the pulpit with the lash of public scorn. It is the laymen's problem to keep the ministry free from unholy alliances, for it is said on divine authority that we are our brother's keeper.

Political Prayer Meetings.

It is a sad day for Christianity when the church bells call the communicants together for a political prayer meeting. Such gatherings mark the high tide of religious political fanaticism, put bitterness into the lives of men; fan the flame of class hatred and destroy Christian influence in the community. The spirit actuating such meetings is anarchic, un-Christlike and dangerous to both church and state.

It must be said to the credit of the church that the political preacher is fast disappearing and may his influence ever wane and his shadow ever grow less is the prayer of the farmers of this nation.

Not Consistent.

"What was I saying when I dodged that automobile?"

"You were saying that life is not worth living. But if you think so why did you dodge?"—Louisville Courier Journal.

The Very Ideal

"As a Boston manager, you ought to like this. This is a comedy of life in Boston."

"Sir, you are presumptuous. How can there be any comedy about life in Boston?"—Judge.

How to Utilize Discarded Stockings For Holders and Ousters.

Three useful ways of using discarded stockings: For ironing holder or hot dish lifter fold stocking in lengths of about nine inches and about one-half inch thick. Stitch lengthways four times, take a hook from an old garter and fasten on one corner for a hanger.

For a broom take the stocking and cut off the foot and slip over the handle down on broom part. This keeps it from spreading. Put a screw eye in handle and hang it up.

For a dusting mop take a mop stick and put a thickness of stockings on. If preferable silk ones can be put on top.

If one is young enough it is easy to find some occasion for a celebration.

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A FIRST CLASS PLACE
THE BARBER THAT
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BODY RIGHT.

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RUGS and CARPETS

With the winter months ahead and the social season breaking into life again, you may want a new rug or carpet for your home. We invite you to see our new selections, beautiful in design, excellent in quality, and very reasonable in price. Our carpets are popular, attractive and durable, embracing many designs, makes, qualities and prices. Each one a splendid value. For the blue on floor we have a very high grade moham which we can sell you very reasonable. Other grades at lower prices, but all of quality.

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Filtered Gasoline Station

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Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, December 28th 1915. Notice is hereby given that Dan Charles Doherty, of Lexington, Oregon, who, on June the 6th 1912, made Homestead-Entry No. 010396, Lots 1-2 S. 1/2 N. E. 1/4, section 4, Township 1-North, Range 25-East, 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 U. S. Commissioner, at Jefferson Oregon on the 9th day of February 1916. Claimant names as witnesses: Edward McDald, Neil Doherty, Bernard P. Doherty, Barney McDerritt all of Lexington, Oregon. H. Frank Woodcock, Register.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Morrow, Bert Mason, Plaintiff.

VS. P. M. Morris, defendant. To P. M. Morris, defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the Complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before Wednesday the 17th day of February, 1916 said day being after the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to appear and answer said complaint, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein, to-wit:

For a judgement in the sum of \$225.33 with legal interest thereon from October 2, 1915, until paid and the further sum of \$41.40 with legal interest thereon from September 1, 1915, until paid and the further sum of \$48.75 with legal interest thereon from July 15th 1915 until paid and the further sum of \$102.50 with legal interest thereon from October 2, 1915 until paid and for the costs and disbursements in this action.

Service of this summons is made upon you by publication pursuant to an order of the Honorable Gilbert W. Phelps, Circuit Judge made on the 22nd day of December 1915 directing such publication in the Ione Journal once a week for six consecutive weeks, the first publication thereof being on the 29th day of December 1915.

Knappenberg and Johnson Attorneys for Plaintiff Ione, Oregon. 31-38

Dr. C. C. Chick

Physician and Surgeon

DRUG STORE IONE, OREGON

Dr. M. W. Davis

DENTIST

MAIN STREET IONE, OREGON

Dr. A. Hennig

CHIROPRACTIC PHYSICIAN

HOTEL IONE IONE, OREGON

F. H. Robinson

Attorney at Law

Practise in all State Courts

and U. S. Federal Departments.

MAIN STREET IONE, OREGON

Jos. T. Knappenberg

Attorney and Counsellor

at Law

MAIN ST. IONE, OREGON

C. B. Sperry

Fire Insurance and Notary Public

Main St., Ione, Ore.

Ione Lodge No 135 IOOF

Meets every Saturday night in their hall, Ione, Ore., W. H. Cronk, N. G., John L. Clark, V. G., Joe. Mason, secretary, Visiting brothers cordially invited.

The editor knows of \$4000 to loan upon first mortgage on approved real estate.

For Sale or Trade—10 acres in fruit, 1-2 acre in strawberries, good buildings, perpetual water right, near Kennewick, Wash., will trade for property near Ione. F. W. Sears, Box 162—Ione, Oregon.

Anyone wishing to purchase N. P. R. R. land will find application blanks on hand at Judge Robinson's office. This land ranges from \$1.50 an acre up to \$10.