

THE IONE JOURNAL

A Strictly Home Paper For Morrow,
County Residents

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As the Editor Sees It

Preparedness is galloping along

Health hint for today: Keep healthy.

Query of the ages: Just why does one woman kiss another when so many willing men are waiting to be sacrificed?

Here's an original idea—push it along. The quickest way to get good roads in this community is to present every township official with an automobile. Editors first, of course.

Up in Alaska the mercury has been crawling down to 71 degrees below zero. A few more falls and the darned stuff will get down to where editors are never supposed to go.

No, our farmers will not be sowing tacks in the roads traveled by automobiles. They are buying cars instead.

This is to be a great year politically, but of course it will not be permitted to interfere with baseball or fishing.

Congress has seen a great light on the subject of preparedness. Incidentally, of course, the people created the light.

Just about an ordinary old tomato can is about the proper thing to tie to that continental army scheme. And even at that it might be rough on the can.

The wise man buys his home paper. The foolish one borrows it from his neighbor and thereby advertises his lack of wisdom.

If the government goes into the business of manufacturing its own war munitions we will at least have the munitions with which to fight if war is forced upon us.

Things do move around the farm these days. When Bill wants to come to town he just lights his cigar, steps into his car, pulls a lever, gives a few honks, and alights at the store a dozen or so miles away. Some speed to Bill, you bet!

If a show troupe should come along and advertise a free performance the people would jam the hall and line up a hundred deep outside the door. And yet

the door of every church is open Sundays and their show is infinitely better than that of any troupe that travels the road.

Keep right on yelping for good roads. The louder you yelp, the more likely you are to be heard, and if we all get to yelping some one will soon be doing.

When you meet a grouch on the street, smile at him; if you see him in church, sing to him; when he is at home, feed him; if he creeps into heaven, — but he won't.

A friend thought to take a furl out of us the other day by insisting that no spot in heaven is suitable for editors. Exactly right. When an editor gets such hell continually in this world he is entitled to something even better than heaven in the next.

Right now is a mighty good time to overhaul that farm machinery and polish it, and oil it and get it to running smoothly and without a hitch or a break. The smoother and easier it works, the more dividends it will earn during the summer's work.

There are lots of good things we could say about this town—things that we have said before and expect to say again. But we would like to hear a few warbles from your own lips. Tune up!

Young men—bald heads—men of every variety! We solemnly warn you to avoid the perils of the fashionable bathing beaches next summer. Fashion has decreed that the skirt to feminine costumes will reach at least three to four inches below the waist line. Again, beware!

Our Homes And Our People

The home life of this community is an indication of the character and make up of the people who constitute the community. Of course you will find exceptions to every rule of life, but it is an indisputable fact that the home life of this town and countryside is one of the brightest spots in our existence. We have been in a majority of the local homes, and in almost every case we have found a spirit of happiness, contentment and thrift prevailing seven days in the week. We have found amicable relations existing between the

heads of families; We have found strong indications of filial respect and devotion on the part of children for their parents; we have found a spirit of love and comradeship existing one toward another. It speaks in volumes for the homes, the people, and the community. It indicates that we have a people who are above the average in intelligence, moving in an atmosphere that elevates instead of destroys. In the business house and the offices, and in the shops, we find a consistent desire to be fairminded and just in the commercial affairs of the day. That craving to "skin the other fellow" so prevalent in some communities is happily absent here. Our people are moving steadily and persistently and consistently onward and upward and to better things and to a greater future. Such is the spirit of this community as we find it in our daily rounds. It is a condition of which we are proud, of which every citizen should be proud, it is the mirror which reflects the inner life of our homes and our people?

Pennies Bigger Than Dollars

If you were to travel from Canada to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, we doubt if you could find anywhere traits of character more admirable than those possessed by our own home people. And yet even we are not free from many of the vagaries that beset human nature, and especially is this the case in determining the relative value of the penny, and the dollar. Not long ago a warm personal friend dropped a penny in a puddle of soft mud. It was only a penny, worth but one cent, yet our friend promptly dove into the ooze and rescued that penny and restored it to the safety of his pocket. He felt better after the ordeal. In the back yard of that same friend was a lawn mower of expensive make rusting its life away in the rain when it might just as well have been oiled up and put away in a dry place to await the coming of the green grass of summer. The expensive lawn mower represented only an expenditure of dollars, while the penny was cash in the puddle of mud. Another admirable friend, noted for his acute business acumen, will walk from one end of town to the other in order to save a penny in the price of a twenty-five cent article. It is good business. But we have noticed valuable machinery and implements belonging to that man standing out in all kinds of weather, the iron accumulating the rust that ends in gradual disintegration and the woodwork rotting from constant exposure. A penny saved and dollars rotting and rusting away. We know of a certain farmer in this township (a mighty good man, too) who doesn't take his home paper because it costs a few cents a year. He is great on saving the pennies. Yet on his farm, if you take the trouble to drive by, you will find wagons mowers, rakes, spreaders, machinery and implements of every kind still standing without a particle of shelter, some of them actually in the fields. Rust will soon get in its work and push this expensive machinery toward the junk pile. We might go on and enumerate cases by the dozens, cases of people known to you all. The story is much the same wherever you go or turn. The immediate penny is saved at the expense of the dollar of tomorrow. We fish around in the slimy ooze in search of the dropped penny, consuming our time and energy for a paltry cent, when by a little effort and forethought we should be prolonging the life and usefulness of articles that cost many dollars. The value of a dollar is a hundred times that of a penny, and yet there are times in the lives of

us all when we give more heed to the penny that we see than we do to the dollar that we feel. But then these are just a few of the vagaries of human nature, and we are all intensely human.

A VERY QUEER BIRD.

The One Young Mark Twain Sprung Upon the Scientists.

Mark Twain's father was an ornithologist. He had several friends who were also enthusiasts on the subject of birds. Whenever any one of them discovered a rare avia it was the custom to have a consultation. Mark had been a witness of several of these bird inquests and had noted the delight the old men took in discussing a new found specimen. One day it occurred to him to provide the Hannibal ornithologists with a real circus in the form of a bird. He killed a crow and also a barnyard rooster. Plucking out the tail feathers of both the crow and the rooster, he substituted the rooster's tail feathers for those of the crow, producing a unique effect. When he had the specimen nicely prepared he went to his father and, handing it to him, said:

"Here, father, is a very curious bird I shot. I thought you would be interested in it."

The old gentleman gazed upon the specimen with astonishment. That



"WHY, JUST LOOK HERE," HE SAID.

evening the ornithologists of Hannibal were assembled in Mr. Clemens' parlor. The rare specimen was put before them. The discussion was long and learned. The opinions expressed were various. One thought the bird was an offshoot of the bird of paradise family; others had equally ridiculous notions as to its ancestry. But there was one who refused to be swayed by the peculiarity of the bird's tail from the judgment that it was of the crow family.

"Why, just look here," he said, lifting the bird by its tail feathers. He got no further. The feathers came out. There was a quick closing of a door, and Mr. Clemens started to leave the room.

"Gentlemen," he said, "please excuse me a few moments. I will see Samuel first and explain later."

SEGREGATION OF HOMES FROM BUSINESS SECTIONS

Isolation From the Busy Marts of Trade.

The need for protecting residential districts was emphasized by Lawrence Vellier, secretary and director of the National Housing association of New York city, in a paper read recently at the city planning conference held in Toronto.

"It is only in very recent years," he said, "that we have been conscious of the necessity of doing something to protect our citizens in the enjoyment of the right to lead a quiet, contented, rational existence and bring up their families free from the noise, discomfort and nerve racking atmosphere which generally surrounds our industries."

After outlining the restrictive legislation passed by different states Mr. Vellier sums up:

I think it must be evident to the unprejudiced observer that a new use for the police power has been discovered and that it is possible to protect residential districts from the invasion of objectionable industries and to preserve to the inhabitants of those districts the enjoyment of their homes and property under rational conditions of human existence. In seeking legislation of this kind, however, there are certain important considerations which should be followed if we wish to succeed.

First.—We must have a board enabling grant of power from the legislature authorizing the individual city or a group of cities to establish residential districts.

Second.—We may prohibit outright in such residential districts all uses of property except for strictly residential purposes, or we may enumerate certain industries that we desire to have excluded from such districts.

Third.—If we desire to exclude large multiple dwellings, such as tenement houses, apartment houses and hotels from private dwelling districts, we must so draw our enactment as to exclude everything other than private dwellings or two family dwellings or

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RUGS and CARPETS

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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.

Vents For Gear Cases.
Worm gear cases and, for that matter, all gear cases should be provided with vents. If this is not done the expansion of the air by the heat will drive the air out through the bearings. The action repeats itself every time the gearing is started from the cold state and ultimately empties the case of most of its oil.—American Machinist.

About Dry Goods Store.
"Before we were married, Tom, you used to drink in every word I said to you."

"Yes, but your conversation has become so dry now that I can't drink it in."—Boston Traveler.

Well Matched.
"They're well suited."
"Very. They're both made for bridge."—Detroit Free Press.