

TANEY COUNTY REPUBLICAN

Keep Your Eye on Taney—She's All Right! Her Skies are Clear and Full of Cheer, and all her Prospects Bright.

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FORSYTH, MISSOURI, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1908.

\$1 a Year in Advance.

TANEY COUNTY REPUBLICAN
BY W. H. AND R. B. PRICE.

B. B. PRICE. R. C. FORD.

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Forsyth, Missouri

Will practice in all the courts of the state.

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I can sell your real estate, at a price
justified by its character and location.
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it is too late. I can also sell your farm or town
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ufacturing towns to trade for Taney county
lands.
Office with Dr. C. W. Burdett, Branson.

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can sell or exchange your real estate; write
your fire insurance; do any kind of Notary
Public work—at a reasonable fee.

Call and See Him

C. C. BLANSIT,

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WALNUT SHADE, MO.

I am a farmer and stock-raiser, and
have personal knowledge of the lands I
handle. Whether you want to go into
fruit- or stock-raising, or intend to con-
tinue your attention to plain farming, I
can suit you. I place my own teams at
the disposal of homeseekers, and show
farms, without livery charges, to pur-
chasers. Correspondence solicited.

C. C. Blansit, Walnut Shade, Taney Co. Mo.

Horse coughs and stuffy colds that
may develop into pneumonia over
night are quickly cured by Foley's
Honey and Tar, as it soothes inflamed
membranes, heals the lungs, and ex-
pels the cold from the system. Sold
by all druggists.

"DAD"

Byron Williams.



From the laurel bays of a mother's
crown
I would snatch no spear of affection
down,
For the crown she wears on her lustrous
hair
Is the crown of love we have fashioned
there,
And the stars that glow in her diadems
Are the hallowed glints of the rarest
gems—
But I fain would pluck from the daisied
vale,
From the dew-wet fields where the
zephyrs sail,
From the meadows sweet where the
world is glad,
Just a wreath of blooms for my dear old
"dad!"
Just a wreath of blooms I would cull
with care,
For the dear old crown of his graying
hair,
Just a coronal of the buds that blow
On the hills he knew in the long ago!
In the days of sun and the days of rain,

Through the laughter days and the days
of pain,
Though his heart were light or his heart
were sore,
He was always true to the trust he bore—
When the world was gay or the world
was sad,
He was faithful still, was my dear old
"dad!"
And I deem it just on Life's thorough-
fare
That I pause to place on his silvered
hair,
Just a radiant wreath which will let
him know
I shall not forget as the cycles go:
Just a wreath of blooms that will cheer
his heart
In the sunset days that are now his
part—
Just a chaplet fair of the buds that
blow
On the hills he knew in the long ago!
Weave forget-me-nots and a spring of
hay
In the crown we make for our "dad!"
to-day!

Our Young Folks Age Limit ..
Ninety Years

With New Year greetings to all, I
especially thank those who have writ-
ten to me and helped make the Home
Newspaper Legion an established fact.

It is now in order to begin the work
of 1909. Many of you have been
thinking about joining the young folk's
club, but have not yet written to me.
It will facilitate the work of organiza-
tion if you will get your letters in as
soon as possible.

It is intended that our club em-
brace a wide variety of enterprises and
benefits, so that all members will find
something to do that is to their espe-
cial liking and profit. When our young
writers get busy many of their produc-
tions will be of such general interest as
to find place in the columns of the Re-
publican, where all may read them.
But we do not want to limit the work
even to that.

It is a part of the plan to establish
correspondence between such of the
members as so desire, not only in Taney
county but wherever we can find the
address of an English-speaking boy
or girl who is alive to the spirit of im-
provement and a helpful exchange of
ideas. When you write to me it would
be well to indicate the special sub-
jects in which you are interested and
whether you would like to secure the
address of one or more correspondents.
I can at present get the names of some
people in the United States and
Canada who want correspondents, and
hope to be able to have access to a
larger number if our members demand

them. It is simply a question as to
whether many of our readers favor this
idea and desire correspondents. Post
card correspondence has become quite
popular and I approve of it provided
everything savoring of nonsense or im-
propriety is strictly avoided. Some
members may limit their correspond-
ence simply to an exchange of post
cards, while others might desire the
more voluminous method of letter
writing.

I received two post cards from James
R. Owen, from Nagasaki, Japan, bear-
ing date of Nov. 20th, and later a card
from Honolulu, so I suppose our friend
is again on American soil. He re-
ported a pleasant voyage thus far. In
his letter to me from the Philippines,
James spoke very favorably of the idea
of a young folk's correspondence club.

The study of birds seems to be a
very favorite subject with many people
who are inclined to like nature study.
There are many interesting facts to be
observed about bird life in winter time.
Minnie A. Ranslow and her brother
Court W. Ranslow, of Garrison, Mo.,
are two members of our Legion who
are interested in science, and ornitho-
logy especially. I hope to quote some
of their observations in this depart-
ment the coming year.

William Church, of Pinetop, Mo.,
enters our Legion with an interesting
story of his explorations of a cave in
the south part of the county. His let-
ter may be submitted for you to read
in this department.

I acknowledge a letter from Col. J.
E. Burbank, of Malden, Mass., who
wishes to associate with our young

folk's club, and volunteers as our Bos-
ton correspondent. Welcome, Mr.
Burbank; and I hope we may hear
from other readers of the Republican
in distant states.

I have been much interested in the
articles written by A. L. Brace, and
hope he will continue giving us his-
torical and scientific literature. I like
his description of the grand old sycam-
ore trees of the Beaver valley, and I
believe a strong public sentiment
ought to be encouraged to prevent as
much as possible the destruction of all
such ancient landmarks in Taney
county. It takes several centuries to
replace an object like that, which is
often ruthlessly destroyed in an hour's
time.

We now have members ranging in
age from 16 to 86. There is room for
many more and I am looking for let-
ters every day. It might as well be
you who will be next admitted to mem-
bership.

ELMER WALTER, Peru, Ind.

Coughs that are tight, or distressing
tickling coughs, get quick and certain
help from Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy.
On this account Druggists everywhere
are favoring Dr. Shoop's Cough Rem-
edy. And it is entirely free from
opium, chloroform, or any other stupe-
fying drug. The tender leaves of a
harmless lung-healing mountainous
shrub give to Dr. Shoop's Cough Rem-
edy its curative properties. Those
leaves have the power to calm the
most distressing cough, and to soothe
and heal the most sensitive bronchia
membrane. Mothers should, for safety's
sake alone, always demand Dr. Shoop's.
It can with perfect freedom be given
to even the youngest babes. Test it
once yourself, and see! Sold by City
drug store.

Buddy Brace Writes to Santa.
To Santa Claus, care of Col. Prather,
Jefferson City, Mo.

Dear Santa: I am a little boy most
68, and as lots other little boys will
be writing you telling you what to bring
them, I'm going to do so too:

First, I want you to put Mr. McKin-
ley in my stocking for U. S. senator;
but if you can't get him in, then put
Mr. Folk in, for I've got all the gum
shoes I need this winter, and makes
biscuits with keg soda and buttermilk,
so we don't need any baking powders
either.

Then give me a bank guaranty for
my toy bank, for it looks terribly like
it is going to bust; and if I get it,
ma says she will take the money out
of her old stocking that she has had
hid away so long and put it in my
bank; then she won't lose any sleep
nights, fearing it will break and she
lose her money. Be sure and do this
for me and a lot of other little boys,
cause they may have their money in
banks just as rotten as mine.

Then bring me some plain road over-
seers, what knows enough to turn the
water out of the road and saw logs off
to let teams go by, cause that's all we
need, for we aint any township organi-
zations and no bridges for the other
feller to see into.

Then I want at least one big bridge;
but if you cant get a big bridge into
my stocking, then give me a little
bridge; one that I can carry a turn of
corn over on my back to mill. Lots
of us little folks would like some little
bridges if you cant give us big ones.
This is all I can think of now.

Ma says that this letter wont do any
good, cause its writ after Christmas;
but I'm going to send it and keep my
stocking hung up all winter, cause I
know you are going to put something
in it.

Truly,
BUDDY BRACE.

A Dangerous Operation

is the removal of the appendix by a
surgeon. No one who takes Dr. King's
New Life Pills is ever subjected to
this frightful ordeal. They work so
quietly you don't feel them. They
cure constipation, headache, bilious-
ness and malaria. 25c at O. C. Hus-
ton drug store.

IN THE HOME NEST

Cheerful Evening Reveries for Tired
Mothers

"The year lies white in the distance,
Like snow that no step has marred,
And we look at its shining surface
As though through a window barred,
And we wonder what idle footsteps
Shall trample the fallen snow,
Just as we watched and wondered
A year ago.
"Since then so many footsteps
Have fallen and stumbled past,
That the white perfection of promise
Grew scattered and dark at last;
But the new drifts lie on the pathway
To cover the blackened snow,
And the New Year comes in its beauty,
As it came a year ago."

NEW YEAR REVERIES.

If you find it so difficult to keep
your New Year's resolutions, per-
haps it would be a good idea to
make a few bad ones this time,
for a change. For instance, you
might resolve to be cross to your
wife (if you have one) everyday
during the year, and then give her
gentle words and loving kisses in-
stead. You can thus be consistent
with your past record, and possi-
bly be a better man when an-
other year rolls around

The pessimist delights in de-
cision of the good resolutions
which mark the celebration of New
Year in the minds of many people.
Shame upon the man or woman
who would dull the bright ambi-
tions and desires for the better of
any human being! But there is
little time to give to habitual
mourners and augurs of evil. The
new year will be what we make it,
so far as our individual lives are
concerned, and the man or woman
who resolves to be happy in a
healthful, unselfish way, is taking
the first road toward happiness.

We are all after happiness, in
one way or another. Even the re-
cluse, even the martyrs of old,
were on the endless search for
happiness, though the joy of heav-
en rather than that of earth was
the goal fixed upon in the eyes of
those who sacrificed the present
for the future. Eternal happiness
was what they desired. Unselfish
happiness is always waiting right
around the corner if we will only
take our eyes off the far distance
and look nearer home. The re-
solve to make next year a happy
one for those nearest us will bring
a good deal of real joy and satis-
faction to the maker of the resolu-
tion, if he holds out well.

The first of January is the initial
day of the year, and as such is
honored by a multitude of obser-
vances, chief among which are
the New Year calling customs, the
interchange of gifts, the cordial
greeting, "A Happy New Year,"
and the demonstrations attendant
upon the contemplative habit of
seeing the old year out and the
new year in. There are two great
reasons why the time should be, if
not cheerful, at least tranquil. If
the old year has brought sorrow
and desolation, and hung crape
on our doors, the new year will
bring us the leaves of healing, and
we are glad to part with the one
and welcome the other. If, on
the contrary, the old year has
brought us only joy and comfort,
we part from him sorrowfully, but
meet his successor with the ardent
hope that he, too, comes with
blessing. The sober jollity of
New Year's day is always of an
impressive nature. It is like stand-
ing for one brief moment on the
crest of a mountain time and eter-
nity. It is the world we know
— the old world that is new and
new.

Another year is drawing to a
close. Another milestone of life
is in view and we shall, in all hu-
man probability, pass it and strug-
gle on to the next. As we sit at
our desk and pen this short epistle
to the young, we wonder if any-
thing we may write will cause
them to think more seriously of all
life means to them and the brief
period that is given them to im-
prove it. The boy makes the man,
the girl the woman. My boy, how
do you want to be remembered by
the people after you are gone; as
a Lincoln or as a Booth? My
girl, what position do you wish to
occupy in the hearts of the people
with whom you have lived? You
are the moulders of your own des-
tinies. You can make them what
you will. It rests with you wheth-
er your name shall go down in
history honored or cursed, or wheth-
er it shall pass into oblivion as
soon as the earth has hidden your
mortal remains. Now is the time
to choose. There are only two
roads to travel; one leads to hap-
piness and honor, the other to
sorrow or degradation. We sup-
pose you want to travel the first
mentioned. Are you doing it?
As the apprentice works at his
task and each succeeding day
turns out work more perfect than
on the preceding one, so should
we make each succeeding year of
our lives more perfect. Are we
doing this? Do we take time dur-
ing the hurry and bustle of the
holiday season to review our work
of the year and see wherein we
have made mistakes, jotting them
down in our memory as to be
avoided in the future? That boy
would never have become a per-
fect workman if he had not avoided
the mistakes of yesterday. We
must never make the same mis-
take twice, and in order to guard
against doing so, we must look
back and find the mistakes we
have made. Will you do this,
boys and girls? Will you rest
from your play and jollity for just
a little season between now and
January 1, 1909, and recall those
indiscreet words, those hasty
actions that will prove stumbling
blocks in the way of your becom-
ing strong, helpful men and wo-
men, honored and loved by all for
your noble character? Will you
do it?

A HAPPY WOMAN.

Is she not the very sparkle and
sunshine of life?—A woman who
is happy because she can't help it,
whose smiles even the coldest
sprinkle of misfortune cannot
dampen. Men make a terrible
mistake when they marry for
beauty, for talents, or for style.
The sweetest wives are those who
possess the magic secret of being
contented under any circumstances.
Rich or poor, high or low, makes
no difference; the bright little
fountain of joy bubbles up just
as musically in their hearts. Do
they live in a log cabin, the fire
that leaps upon its humble hearth
becomes brighter than the gilded
chandeliers in an Aladdin palace.
Where is the stream of life so
dark and unpropitious that the
sunshine of a happy face falling
on the turbid tide will not waken
an answering gleam? Why, these
joyful, good-tempered people don't
know half the good they do.

Preventics, the new Candy Cold
Cure Tablets, are said by druggists to
have four special specific advantages
over all other remedies for a cold.
First—They contain no Quinine, noth-
ing harsh or sickening. Second—
They give almost instant relief. Third—
—pleasant to the taste, like candy.
Fourth—A large box—48 Preventics
—at 25 cents. Also fine for feverish
children. Sold by City drug store.