

TANEY COUNTY REPUBLICAN

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Four Pages.

County Bonds Paid Off.

Acting under instructions of the County Court Clerk Joe Gideon and County Treasurer Arthur James paid off \$21,500.00 of the bonded indebtedness of Taney County. This means the interest charge against the county will be reduced over one thousand dollars per year. The paying off of these bonds will enable the county to use this amount at home.

It was to pay these bonds that the County Court called in a number of loans on the sinking fund. There remain \$20,000.00 of bonds unpaid at the present time. The county is to be congratulated on its good fortune in getting out of debt. It should soon be possible to devote all our energy to improvements.

County Treasurer, Arthur James advises us that practically all of the 1919 taxes collected have been turned in and he is now in a position to pay almost all warrants for 1919 and earlier.

County Collector J. B. Hicks has been very busy on the collector's books. The collections for December were much the largest in the history of the county—about \$73,000.00. So far as known the previous record was about \$50,000.00. Approximately 80 per cent of the 1919 taxes have been paid.

Sheriff Combs took Herbert Day to Nevada to the asylum last week and brought back Nancy Risley, pronounced cured.

The painters are busy giving the inside work of the court house a new coat of paint. The new chairs are here ready to be installed as soon as the painting is finished. The new furniture for the court has already been installed. When the work is finished we will have a court house that will be a credit to the county.

Columbia Mo., Jan. 16—The fact that most of the disabled soldiers in the University of Missouri are taking agriculture is pointed out by Albert R. Gwinn, specialist for the federal vocational education board, as proof that a large percentage of the men seriously wounded in the war were recruited from the farms. The record of the board, he says, shows that approximately 40 per cent of the disabled men were farmers. At present the vocational board has 115 disabled men going to school here. About \$10,000 is distributed among them monthly. Seventy-two of these men are studying agriculture, sixty-two of them in the non-collegiate course and ten in the collegiate course.

LAND FOR NATIONAL FOREST

Presidential Proclamation Adds Many Acres in Wyoming to the Public Domain.

The president, on July 10, 1919, signed a proclamation adding 70,200 acres to the Wyoming national forest. This increase in area was authorized by the act of August 16, 1916, which provided for the addition of 5,700 acres, known as the Fontenelle addition, in the southeastern part of the Wyoming forest, and by the act of February 25, 1910, which provided for the extension of the western boundary of the forest to the Idaho-Wyoming state line by the inclusion of 70,500 acres.

The lands added are rolling, well watered and pretty well covered with a forest growth of aspen, Douglas fir and Engelmann spruce. The Wyoming national forest now has a total acreage of 975,988.94 acres.

Natural Barometer.

One of the simplest of nature's barometers is a spider's web. When there is a prospect of wind or rain the spider shortens the filaments by which its web is sustained and leaves it in this state as long as the weather is variable. If it elongates its threads, it is a sign of fine, calm weather.

Emeralds of the Aztecs.

Among the Aztec treasures of Mexico, besides other precious stones, many exquisitely cut emeralds were found, and it is from this source that the magnificent emeralds now forming part of the royal collection of Spain were supposed to have come.

Has Your Patent Been Delivered?

A large number of patents to Taney county lands are unclaimed in the U. S. Land office at Springfield. We are publishing this list that all may see if they are interested in any of these undelivered patents.

The land office has made arrangement with Char. H. Groom and provided him with blanks for sending for any of the patents mentioned.

We advise owners of lands to look over the list and if the patent to your land is mentioned therein to proceed to procure same. The recording fee is the only charge made.

(Continued from last week.)

T 24, R 18
Nw 1-4 sw 1-4 sec 11
Se 1-4 sw 1-4 sec 17 ne 1-4 ne 1-4 sec 20
Sw 1-4 se 1-4 sec 17 nw 1-4 ne 1-4 sec 20
Nw 1-4 se 1-4 sec 27
Se 1-4 ne 1-4 ne 1-4 se 1-4 sec 32
T 22 R 19

N 1-2 N fl 1-2 sec 21 nw 1-4 nw 1-4 sec 22
Se 1-4 nw 1-4 sec 13
N 1-2 N fl 1-2 sec 28
T 23 R 19
Sw 1-4 nw 1-4 sec 23 nw 1-4 se 1-4 sec 12
Nw 1-4 ne 1-4 sec 12
N 1-2 lot 2 sw 1-4 sec 19
S 1-2 ne 1-4 sec 21
E 1-2 ne 1-4 sec 24
Sw 1-4 nw 1-4 sec 27
Lot 2 ne 1-4 sec 27
T 24 R 19

N fl 1-2 N fl 1-2 sec 9
E 1-2 sw 1-4 & sw 1-4 se 1-4 sec 11
N fl 1-2 N fl 1-2 sec 21
T 22 R 20
W 1-2 ne 1-4, se 1-4 ne 1-4, nw 1-4 se 1-4, sec 1
E 1-2 ne 1-4 sec 4
Ne 1-4 sw 1-4 sec 10
N 1-2 se 1-4, ne 1-4 sw 1-4, se 1-4 nw 1-4 sec 15
S 1-2 sw 1-4 sec 10, w 1-2 nw 1-4 sec 15

Nw 1-4 & n 1-2 sw 1-4 sec 19
Sw 1-4 sw 1-4 sec 23
Se 1-4 se 1-4 sec 25
Sw 1-4 se 1-4 sec 28
Se 1-4 & w 1-2 nw 1-4 & se 1-4 nw 1-4 & ne 1-4 sw 1-4 sec 20, sw 1-4 sw 1-4 sec 21, nw 1-4 nw 1-4 sec 28
T 22 R 20

Lot 1 ne 1-4, e 1-2 lot 2 ne 1-4, ne 1-4 se 1-4 sec 1
T 23, R 20
Lot 1 ne 1-4 sec 3
Nw 1-4 se 1-4 sec 4
Sw 1-4 nw 1-4, n 1-2 nw 1-4 sec 13, sw 1-4 sw 1-4 sec 12
Ne 1-4 se 1-4 sec 13
Nw 1-4 sw 1-4, sw 1-4 nw 1-4, ne 1-4 se 1-4, se 1-4 ne 1-4 sec 15
Sw 1-4 sec 19
Se 1-4 ne 1-4 sec 23
Sw 1-4 ne 1-4 sec 23

Se 1-4 sw 1-4, sec, 13 nw 1-4 ne 1-4 sec 24
Ne 1-4 se 1-4, w 1-2 se 1-4, ne 1-4 sw 1-4, sec 27
Ne 1-4 sw 1-4, n 1-4 nw 1-4 se 1-4 sec 28
E 1-2 sw 1-4 sec 35
Lot 3 ne 1-4 sec 4, nw 1-4 sw 1-4 sec 36.

(Continued next week.)

Free.
Although a busy government a tax to all things would apply. The railroads never charge a cent for leaving cinders in your eye.

Good Reason.
Hub—I don't see where women acquired their extravagance in dress. Eve wasn't that way.
Wife—Of course not. There was only one man in the world then and she had him.

He Gets It Again.
Percy—Yes, I judge others by myself, don't you know.
Miss Keen—Really! But isn't that rather a low standard of judgment?

Unfeeling Father.
"Have the Blitherbys named their new twins yet?"
"Yes, but they were not given the names applied to them by Mr. Blitherby when they first arrived."
"What did he call the precious pair?"
"Trouble and More of It."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Trouble Listener

By R. RAY BAKER

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He stood at the park entrance, a dark-haired, fashionably garbed man of slender build, and allowed his cane to swing repeatedly against the wall that embraced the terrace. Beneath a small, dignified mustache his lips twitched nervously, and his black eyes, set in a pale, almost emaciated face, roamed restlessly over the throng that was enjoying a late afternoon steeple.

From his position at the gate he could see two old men smoking corn-cob pipes contentedly, chatting aimlessly as they rested on a bench, against which a pair of crutches leaned. Nearby was a languid young woman with yellow hair shielded by a red parasol, gazing dreamily into space and now and then calling methodically: "Edward, come here," to a bare-legged youngster romping heedless of her admonitions, on the lawn in the vicinity of "keep off" sign.

A grimy laborer, clamping his jaws placidly on plug and carrying a dented dinner pail, his shoulders hunched forward and his feet dragging after him, slouched into the park and paused near the entrance, where the wind had separated an abandoned newspaper into its several folios and scattered them over the grass.

The laborer glanced furtively about, stepped gingerly on the lawn, and a moment later moved out of sight along the walk, whistling blithely no tune in particular, the newspaper folded compactly and protruding from a coat pocket.

Two girls passed near the observer with the cane. One was chewing viciously on gum, punctuating her remarks with frequent snatches of the lips. The other evidently had been weeping, for there were traces of tears in her eyes and she carried a wilted handkerchief.

"I'd tell 'em where tuh get 'em at," snapped the gum chewer. "Don't let 'em put anything like that over on yuh. The deard dockin' yuh a whole dollar jes 'cause yuh busted one measly 'll' fift-cent vase. Well, gooby, I gotta hurry home 'n' get fed."

She hurried off through the park, while the other girl walked on down the street, soaking up more salt water with the tiny lace-fringed square of linen. All this ceased abruptly at the next corner, where she was joined by a young man and a ripple of laughter floated back.

The man with the cane smiled somewhat grimly and adjusted the stick on his arm.

"The inhabitants of this old world certainly do have their troubles," he sighed, and as he turned he collided with a tall, thin, blond young woman clad in pink.

"Pardon," he murmured, and then as he recognized her:

"Oh, hello, Evelyn. This is a surprise. What are you doing, that you can't see where you're going? Studying astronomy?"

Evelyn smiled sadly and took him by the arm.

"You're just the man I need," she asserted. "I'm in awful trouble—and it's all on account of my no-good husband, Joe. I wish I'd married you. Come in the park and I'll tell you all about it, and maybe you can advise me."

With an air of resignation he allowed himself to be piloted along the park walk. They were just in time to see and hear the amiable discussion of the two old men with corn-cob pipes break up in an angry, sputtering argument over the effect of the peace treaty on the map of Europe, or the high cost of living, or the battling percentage of the major league catchers.

As the man and the girl passed the young woman with the yellow hair, the youngster who had been romping on the lawn came running up to her, spluttering the air with shrieks.

The young woman manifested great annoyance, stopped gazing at distant nothings, seized the bare-legged child by the arms and dumped him unceremoniously on the bench beside her.

As they were being seated she remarked:

"Where have you been the last three years? I heard you went West. And you look so pale. You must have been sick."

He nodded but did not vouchsafe a reply, simply moistening his dry lips with his tongue.

"I heard you were engaged to marry out there," she rattled on. "Well, I got married soon after you left; and we lived so happily till—"

Tears came to her eyes and a choking sob halted her conversation. She blew her nose and resumed:

"Ain't it queer, to see people like Mrs. Haines back there fretting and worrying about that little boy and thinking she's in misery; while here I am with something real to worry about. Oh, Joe, it's awful, that's what it is! Who would have thought two years ago—Oh, that husband of mine is a brute! Do you know what he's been doing? Well, he—he's been going out with another woman, that's what."

She broke down completely and the man placed a sympathetic hand on her shoulder.

"Don't feel so badly," he advised. "It can't be helped. Men sometimes do those things. Anyhow, it isn't as bad as if—"

She looked up and said almost savagely:

"Oh, it ain't! That's all right for you to say, Joe Carson—you who never had a care in your life, and loaded down with cash, too. I can't tell you how I'm suffering because of Walter's actions."

"You see, Walter never comes home to lunch; but I phoned his office at noon yesterday to see about some things for dinner, and the office girl told me he went out to eat with some woman. It made me furious, but I didn't say a word to Walter. I called again just a little while ago and the girl told me the same thing. So I came out to take a walk and decide whether to get a divorce or just leave him. That woman must be terrible—one of those vampyres."

Another flood of tears broke forth and Carson looked about uneasily, hesitating to speak lest he say the wrong thing again.

The languid young woman and the bare-legged boy who was such a trial were passing. The youngster was laughing up at his mother as they tripped along, his hand in hers.

Evelyn looked after them and remarked sneeringly:

"Well, Mrs. Haines has got over her spell and the kid's finger ain't bothering him now. Ain't that the limit?"

She did not observe a middle-aged man and an elderly lady with gray hair who were sauntering through the park until they were close to the bench.

"Evelyn!" exclaimed the man in astonishment as he and his companion halted. "Why, how do you happen to be here?"

Evelyn leaped to her feet in surprise and confusion. However, in an instant she had regained her composure and was all smiles.

"Mrs. Wilcox," said the man, "allow me to introduce my wife, Evelyn, you remember me speaking about the buyer for the Clayborn milliners—our best customers. Well, this is she."

Evelyn beamed on Mrs. Wilcox.

"So pleased to meet you," she said warmly. "My husband has often spoken of you. Can't you come up to the house for dinner tonight? Oh, by the way—Mrs. Wilcox and Walter, dear—meet Mr. Carson, an old friend I happened to meet while getting some fresh air and sunshine."

Carson acknowledged the introduction and presently excused himself. Slowly he walked out of the park, swinging his cane, and entered the hotel across the street. He noticed in passing that the two old men again were smoking in peace.

"Troubles, troubles," he soliloquized. "Everybody has them, and yet eventually they seem to work out all right. But mine—there's no chance."

He nodded to the clerk, who handed him a telegram. With nervous fingers Carson tore open the envelope.

"Come home, Joe," it read. "Parks confessed to embezzlement. You are cleared. I'm ready for the wedding."

Carson looked out the window at the hurrying crowds, which he did not see.

"The world's just about all right," he murmured. "Dear girl, she stuck to me through it all."

Wild Animals That Are Passing.
In former days one of the most numerous of our American game animals was the "prong-horn" antelope. It has been well-nigh exterminated, and though there are some in the Wichita forests and other national game preserves, they are sadly few. It is feared that this beautiful species must inevitably pass away. Wherever there are mountain sheep, on federal reservations utmost efforts are made to protect them. Their shyness is proverbial, and yet in the Uncompagne National Forest (Colorado) they have acquired such confidence that actually they come into the town of Otray in the winter time to be fed.

Result of Thought.
Simplicity of character is the natural result of profound thought.—Hazlitt.

THE SETTLE

By MILDRED WHITE.

Cynthia paused before the doorway of the old house and looked up at its desolate windows. She had known the time when these windows were trim with white curtains, the shining glass reflecting firelight within. As workmen came past, removing old mahogany furniture, a whim seized her to go in through the open door and inspect the straggling rooms, with their unexpected corners.

Soggy fall leaves, which had lately been luxuriant and green, carpeted the veranda floor; Cynthia thought, as she stepped inside, that the leaves were an emblem of that life which had, until the last, made the rambling dwelling a place of comfort. The springtime of the woman's life had been green and generous with promise; now, even as the leaves, it lay broken and wasted.

The stairs echoed to her tread as she went on to the long hall above. From this hall rooms branched out perplexingly and she hesitated selecting her way. Here, a white marble mantel beckoned from its inviting nook near the green latticed bow-window; there, an outer balcony promised a view of the tangled garden beneath. But Cynthia went down three steps, to a second hallway, on to a twisting turn, resting at length on a wooden settle at the end. The place was delightfully surprising. She thought how easily one might keep house for one's self in one or two of the great spreading rooms. Cynthia loved to keep house. Now, she was boarding.

Presently, as she sat, she began to dream of the old house, peopled with forms of her fancy. Some way, always in the center of these happy dream people she herself moved, dispensing hospitality. The fire beneath the marble mantel of the living room glowed cheerily. Late chrysanthemums were heaped upon it. Then, with a tremulous laugh into the shadows of the hall, Cynthia came back from her dreaming to a realization of her own small room at the city boarding house.

Following the sound of her broken laughter came quickly another step. Some one else had paused, perplexed at that last twisting way, undecided how to continue. The unexpected sight of her apparently decided the man, for he advanced, hat in hand, toward the settle.

"Pardon the intrusion," he began. "I thought the house vacant."

"So it is," Cynthia told him. "I stayed in, following an impulse."

"Interesting old place," the man said pleasantly; "don't let me interrupt your inspection."

"I am not exactly inspecting," she said.

Looking into his kind, shrewd eyes, Cynthia was moved by a second impulse—a need of fellow sympathy, perhaps, for the hardness of the world. She herself could hardly have explained the impulse.

"I came," she added abruptly, "to think things over. To put myself, as it were, in place of the woman who has been dispossessed of the home of her lifetime. To wonder just what I should do in her place."

"Dispossessed?" asked the man. Uninvited, he seated himself on the settle.

Cynthia nodded.

"She carried the mortgage as long as she could, and then it was foreclosed. There had been an invalid father for years, you see, her youth was tied. But she made little money go a very long way; she was planning to make the old house pay for itself, when—"

Cynthia's tender face hardened—"a brute of a man foreclosed the mortgage. He'd been waiting his chance for years, wanted to build a big apartment on the land. So the poor woman had to get out. I"—she brushed the tears from her eyes—"it's a tragedy to me," Cynthia explained. "You see, I knew her well."

The man drew a notebook from his pocket and held it up to the light.

"Ruth Vall was the former owner of the property, I believe," he said.

"You knew this man who foreclosed?"

"I saw him," Cynthia replied, "just once. A red-faced bully who made no allowance for woman's helplessness in his dismissal." Her indignation ended in a sudden smile.

"I hoped," said Cynthia, "that I might meet that man here today to give him an illuminating glimpse of his own character. Gain and greed have killed all humanity in him."

The stranger rose from the settle and stood looking down upon her.

"You may be right," he said, thoughtfully. "Sometimes that is so; but this red-faced bully of whom you speak was but the owner's agent fulfilling what he thought to be his duty. The despicable creature to whom you refer is—myself. I held that mortgage; that I was not informed of this particular instance of foreclosure does not excuse me. My man is ordered to take always what is mine. Now that you have relieved my blindness will you take upon yourself the pleasure of going

ing to your friend and telling her from me that she is to be reinstated here, with promise of being undisturbed, until she has the advantage of a good start?"

Cynthia arose.

"You can't mean—" she began shakily. She paused.

"I am Ruth Cynthia Vall," she told him.

The man smiled enigmatically.

"You looked very much at home upon that settle," he said.

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REVERSE METHOD OF NATURE

How Japanese Produce Dwarf Trees Which in Many Cases Are Remarkably Beautiful.

There is a general impression that the method of producing dwarf trees is a secret that the Japanese have never divulged, but the course to be pursued is really simple. The whole system of culture may be summed up as the reverse of nature's method. It really consists, not in the survival of the fittest, but rather in the survival of the unfittest. A poor, weak seed is usually chosen and planted. As soon as it has attained some growth the leading shoot is trifurcated off. The little plant then grows two other shoots, and these are carefully watched. When one shoot exhibits a strength and vitality greater than its fellow, it is at once cut off, and the weaker shoot is untouched in order to form the future dwarf tree's main stem or trunk. This system of trimming and cutting is followed punctiliously. Water is seldom used—only in very small quantities to keep the little plant actually alive. The tree is kept in a pot too small for its full development, and the roots are constantly pruned. The shoots are carefully trained and bent to follow the growth of a large tree. All this requires great patience, but the Japanese never tire watching the growth of the tree from day to day, week to week, and month to month. When the tree has been growing for about five years, it can then be practically left to take care of itself. It has become accustomed to its training, and its surroundings, and, like force of habit, follows the course laid out for it. In this manner some very magnificent specimens of dwarf trees are produced which in their miniature beauty and majesty compare favorably with their big brothers in the untrained forests.

How to Retrieve Stamp.

Most people do not know that an unused postage stamp which has been attached to a letter that it is decided, later, not to mail, can be very easily separated from the envelope it cleaves to—without the troublesome soaking in water that takes time when one wants to use the stamp in a hurry. And most people do want a stamp in a hurry.

The trick is simple enough: Simply tear the envelope from the stamp instead of trying to wrest the stamp from the envelope. Cut the envelope away from the stamp, leaving just a margin of paper for thumb and finger to grasp; then with the stamp turned away from you and the paper toward you, begin to peel away the paper at one corner of the stamp, then another, then another. Presently the paper will be loose at all the edges and a little care will get it quite off the stamp at the center. Try this, next time you want to use an already pasted-down postage stamp and see how easy it is!

HOW IT IS POSSIBLE TO RECORD EMOTIONS OF CERTAIN VEGETABLES.

—Did you know that vegetables can write? An Indian scientist, who has made a very close study of vegetables, has invented an elaborate instrument through which vegetables record their emotions in visible marks and dots.

As, in the ordinary course of events, it would take too long to wait for the emotions to occur (for vegetables do not pass through such rapid emotions as human beings), the scientist induces the emotions, "reading," subsequently, the vegetable's remarks upon the subject.

This scientist excites the vegetable, and its excitement is plainly shown by the manner in which it writes its dots. He benumbs it with potassium cyanide. The "pen" writes nothing. He makes it drunk by administering intoxicating vapors, and the dots are as straggling as a toper's footsteps!

Finally, he kills the vegetable by heat. The dots descend as the temperature rises. At 140 degrees Fahrenheit the dots bound suddenly upward. This is the final spasm—The vegetable is dead.

— Astonishing as this may appear, it is less surprising, scientists say, when it is realized what a fine line divides the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

Optimistic Thought.

Those who travel lead more than one life.