

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Interesting Little Notes from the Surrounding Country as Told by Our Active Special Correspondents Weekly

CAPITOL HILL

The Whitmores have moved into their new on Excelsior St. Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Plapp have moved into their new home in Hillgrove.

Mrs. D. S. Hatton and Mrs. O. Brumbaugh motored to Gearhart and Seaside over the week end.

In the Gresham County Fair the local 4H Club carried off many prizes. Joseph Kyser of this club had the largest display in the county at the fair. He won six first prizes and three seconds.

Teacher—Johnny, can you do this problem?
Johnny—No, ma'am, it's too hard.

Teacher—Why, Johnny, I'm surprised at you. When George Washington was your age he could do most any problem the teacher asked him to do.

Johnny—Yes, and when he was your age, he became president of the United States.

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STRAIGHT TALKS WITH AUNT EMMY

ON HOW TO LEAVE AN ESTATE

"Do you know, Auntie," said Helen, as she accepted a cup of tea from Aunt Emmy, "I feel terribly sorry for Mrs. Strong."

"Yes," agreed Aunt Emmy, "it will be hard for her. She is such a dependent, helpless, little thing."

"Oh, I don't mean that," interrupted Helen. "Her feelings are so hurt because, as she says, her husband publicly insulted her by not making her executrix and trustee of his estate."

"Good gracious, child, did she say that?" exclaimed Aunt Emmy, setting her cup down with a bang.

"Yes, she did, Auntie," said Helen, enjoying the sensation she had made and determined to make the most of it. "And I'm sure I agree with her. The idea of that old man appointing a trust company to look after Mrs. Strong's money. It isn't as though there wasn't plenty of it. The Strong's are the richest people in town, I guess."

"Well, for mercy's sake!" cried Aunt Emmy, disgust in every syllable. "If it don't beat all! You are as big a fool as she is then!"

"What do you mean, Aunt Emmy?" asked Helen with dignity. "I think it nothing short of disgraceful for a man to show that he has no confidence in his wife by putting his money in strangers' hands to be doled out to her as they see fit."

"You never thought that up, Helen," said Aunt Emmy, "that's Mrs. Strong. She always talks as though she was living in a story book, poor, silly, little thing."

Helen blushed and Aunt Emmy went on—"Do you know what it means to administer an estate, especially a big one like Mr. Strong's?"

"Why, no," stammered Helen, "but it must be simple."

Aunt Emmy sniffed. "Simple! Let me tell you a little about it. When a man dies the things he owns cease for a time to be anybody's property and become his estate. The property passes from his control on his death naturally, and as his estate it is controlled and supervised by the Court which will be in charge of the estate for many months probably. First this Court finds out whether or not there is a will and if the will is valid. Then it must find out about the executor. If the will is properly drawn and valid, it will be 'admitted to probate.' The persons who witnessed it must be found and examined."

"The executor must satisfy the Court as to fitness and willingness to perform the many arduous duties involved. Perhaps he will have to furnish a bond, to assure the Court of his financial responsibility. He must assemble all the so-called assets, have them valued and file an inventory and appraisal of them with the Court. All the debts against the estate must be collected. The settlement of all claims against persons and corporations is a job no one without a thorough knowledge of business can undertake."

"In an estate like Mr. Strong's there is sure to be a certain amount of financial negotiation that demands banking knowledge. Then the executor must pay claims against the estate in the order of precedence laid down by law. Also you know state inheritance and federal estate taxes must be met promptly. Finally, after the estate is settled as to claims it has and claims against it, the executor must see that the various bequests are made."

"Oh, Auntie, don't tell me any more. I never thought that there were so many complicated things to be done. Poor Mrs. Strong never knew a thing about business."

"Mr. Strong knew that," remarked Aunt Emmy dryly, "and don't you suppose he had his children in mind, too? He wanted his estate handled so that the children and Mrs. Strong would be protected and assured of a good, comfortable living all their lives, with something to go on to the grandchildren. Even if Mrs. Strong were a business woman, no one could tell how long she would live to administer the estate. He knew that the trust company would not die, nor lose its facilities, nor be influenced by personal feeling so that it might be unjust to some one, and that it represents some of the best business and banking judgment in town."

"Well, I guess old man Strong knew what he was doing!" said Helen—Anne B. Ayres.

BANKERS EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

John H. Puelicher, former president of the American Bankers Association, has been named chairman of the board of trustees of the American Bankers Association Educational Foundation for which \$500,000 has been pledged by the bankers to provide for scholarships and research in economics in colleges throughout the country. The other trustees are Leonard P. Ayers, Vice-President Cleveland Trust Company; Stephen I. Miller, Educational Director American Institute of Bankers; Lewis E. Pearson, Chairman in Charge Bank Columbia Trust Company; New York; George E. Roberts, Vice-President National City Bank, New York; Francis H. Sisson, Vice-President Guaranty Trust Company, New York; Evans Woollen, President Fletcher Savings & Trust Company, Minneapolis; W. E. Kaper, Deputy Manager American Bankers Association, Secretary.

Bank deposits in Oregon banks on June 30, were two million dollars larger than ever before in the history of the State.

The State is buying Indian lands along the Old Oregon Trail, in the Umatilla reservation, to preserve the trees and other scenic features.

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DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

by Mary Graham Bonner

ELAND AND VICUNA

"I'm an antelope," said Mr. Eland. "That's nothing," said Mrs. Eland. "What do you mean by saying that that is nothing?" asked Mr. Eland. "Isn't it something, and a very great something, too, to be an eland? Isn't it, now, isn't it?"

"To be sure," said Mrs. Eland. "But you said that you were an antelope, which is another name for us, or, rather, elands belong to the great family of antelopes or deer, and you said it as though you thought you were a king."

"My dear Mrs. Eland," said Mr. Eland. "I am better than a king." "You're better than a king," said Mrs. Eland in a very much surprised tone of voice. "I wouldn't be so conceited, if I were you."

"I don't mean to be conceited," said Mr. Eland, "and perhaps I shouldn't have said that I was better than a king."

"I am glad you think better of it," said Mrs. Eland. "I don't think better of it," said Mr. Eland. "But I really should have said that I was more fortunate than a king."

"Oh," said Mrs. Eland, "that is different."

"I should have said," continued Mr. Eland, paying no attention to Mrs. Eland's smile, "that I was far luckier than a king."

"Well, you about said it the second time you spoke when you said you were more fortunate than a king," said Mrs. Eland. "It comes to the same thing."

"Only goes to show that I mean what I say when I repeat it twice and do it the honor to use two different words to mean the same thing."

"You're talking nonsense," said Mrs. Eland; "what do you mean when you say you do it the honor? What do you honor so?"

"I honor what I said," replied Mr. Eland proudly. "Yes, I would not be a king for anything. They have no kings in the zoo, no real kings. Kings are set kept in cages, but are free so they can be killed like elands."

"But people do not kill kings as they do elands," said Mrs. Eland. "They do elands," said Mrs. Eland. "They don't care, nor have they cared how many elands they have killed when they have found them in Africa, and that is why we are becoming rather rare."

"No matter whether they do or not," said Mr. Eland. "I would rather be an eland in the zoo and be fed and well looked after than be a king on a throne looking after others."

And now the Llama and Vicuna near by had greeted each other, and the Llama was asking the Vicuna and

"Be Nice to Me, Cousin Llama."

The Vicuna was asking the Llama why each went through life with such a queer name. Only the Llama had asked first.

"Your name isn't so simple," said Vicuna, "as boy or girl or cat or pig makes for a simple name."

"I don't know whether a boy or girl would like to be put in the same class with pigs," said the Llama.

"I wasn't putting them in the same class. I was mentioning each one by itself, one at a time. But I do not consider my name is queer. I belong to the same big family to which you belong. We are all called cameloids, because we are all somewhat like camels without the hump."

"You might as well say that boys are like birds, only without the wings," said the Llama.

"You're trying to be bright," said the Vicuna, "but you know that what I say is true."

"I am different from the rest of the great family because I haven't long hair. I am small and dainty and my coat is such a pretty shade of brown. I have a small and pretty head."

"In fact," said the Llama, "you don't like yourself at all."

"I do like myself very much," said the Vicuna. "What made you think I didn't?"

"I didn't think so," said the Llama. "What made you ask so, then?" asked the Vicuna.

"I thought one could take a joke," said the Llama, "and you know that I was only saying what I said in fun and in sarcasm, too. Sarcasm, you know, means jeering and taunting and sneering."

"It means three things, then," said the Vicuna. "Well, good for it, but you shouldn't jeer at me, Mr. Llama, for I'm queer and interesting. Sometimes I'll bite and sometimes I'll feel like being petted. Just now I feel friendly, so be nice to me, Cousin Llama." And the Llama talked pleasantly with the Vicuna.

Churches

CATHOLIC CHURCH SERVICES

Sunday Masses, 7:40 and 10 A. M.
Sunday Catechism, 9:20 A. M.
Week-Day Mass, 8:20 A. M.
Confession: Saturday, 3:30 to 4:30; 7 to 8 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Sunday School at 9:45 A. M.
Preaching service at 11 A. M.
Junior and Intermediate C. E. meetings at 7 P. M.
Preaching at 8 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH

10 A. M.—Sunday School.
11 A. M. Sermon, "Power of the Word of God."
8 P. M. "Paul's Quarantine Flag."

J. H. Irvine, Pastor.

KINTON CHURCH

Services at the church as usual, Sunday.
Bible school at 10:30, preaching in the evening by the pastor, Rev. W. L. Strange, at 8 o'clock.

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Second and Main
Sunday, August 22:
10 A. M. Bible School. Lesson, "The Ten Commandments: Duties to God." Ex. 19:1-20:11.

11 A. M. Morning worship. Sermon, "Christian Salesmanship."

7 P. M. Young People's Council. Subject, "Prayer." Leader, Miss Doris Harris.

8 P. M. Evangelistic Service. Sermon, "The Workman's Compensation Law."

Wednesday, August 25:
8 P. M. Prayer Meeting and Bible Study.

A hearty welcome is extended to all to attend all of these services.

J. Frank Cunningham, Minister.

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HAZELDALE

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Syverson were Hillsboro visitors on Tuesday.

Mrs. G. B. Anderson has returned to her home after a visit in Seattle.

Mr. C. R. Anderson is spending the week at St. Martin's Springs in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Brooks and Mrs. MacHenry were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. Brooks' sister in Gresham.

Mrs. Walter Thyng, late of Cooper Mountain is making an extended visit with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. O. Compeau.

Miss Betty Mills has had as her guests for a few days Miss Esther Epstein and Miss Bernice Winton, both of Portland.

Friends of Mrs. H. E. Grabhorn will be pleased to hear that she is making a good recovery from her operation and is convalescing at her home.

SAVE CALVES

Calf diseases result mainly from filth and carelessness. Cleanliness is necessary in feed, pens, bedding, and pails or other utensils.

SOME SEED IT IN SUMMER

Late summer seeding of red clover is successful in much of the southern and eastern part of the clover area. The use of high-quality American grown seed is strongly advised. Much of the imported seed is unfit for use in the United States.

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You'll Miss a Treat if You Fail to Read This New Serial in

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Starting Next Week