—because they extend from July 3rd to August 11th—a period beginning 20 days before, and ending 20 days after, the rising of the "dog star" Sirius. In hot weather

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS—Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Frederick Fraser, Surrogate of the County of Washington, New York, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Lewis Henry Burdick, late of the town of Greenwich, in said County, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, Executor of the last Will, etc., of the said decedent, at my office in the town of Greenwich in said County, on or before the 1st day of December, 1924.

Dated May 16th, 1924.

CHARLES H. VAN NESS, Executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Frederick Fraser, Surrogate of the County of Washington, New York, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against George H. Denel, late of the town of Easton, in said county, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, Administrators of the Goods, etc., of the said decedent, at the office of their attorney, Herbert Van Kirk, in the town of Greenwich, in said county, on or before the 20th day of September, 1924.

Dated March 4th, 1924.

PHEBE H. DEUELL,
FRED G. BATTY, Administrators.

Herbert Van Kirk, Atty. for administrators, Greenwich, New York.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Frederick Fraser, Surrogate of the County of Washington, New York, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Chloe A. Sisson, late of the town of Easton, in said County, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, Executor of the last Will, etc., of the said decedent, at the office of his attorney, Herbert Van Kirk, in the town of Greenwich in said County, on or before the 22nd day of July, 1924.

Dated January 8th, 1924.

BURTON L. SISSON, Executor.

Herbert Van Kirk, Attorney for executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Frederick Fraser, Surrogate of the County of Washington, New York, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Mary Wolfe, late of the town of Greenwich, in said county, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, administrator, etc., of the said decedent, at the office of his attorney, Herbert Van Kirk, in the town of Greenwich in said County, on or before the 8th day of November, 1924.

Dated April 19th, 1924.

THOMAS J. QUINN, Administrator.

Herbert Van Kirk, Attorney for administrator

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Frederick Fraser, Surrogate of the County of Washington, New York, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Henry M. Durfee, late of the town of Greenwich, in said County, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, Executor of the last Will, etc., of the said decedent, at residence, in the town of Greenwich, in said County, on or before the 1st day of October, 1924.

Dated March 24, 1924.

JOSEPH S. DELLON, Executor.

VanNess & Russell, Attorneys.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—Pursuant to an order of the Hon. Frederick Fraser, Surrogate of the County of Washington, New York, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Darius S. Chapin, late of the town of Greenwich, in said County, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, Executor of the last Will, etc., of the said decedent, at the office of his attorney, Herbert Van Kirk, in the town of Greenwich, in said County, on or before the 15th day of December, 1924.

Dated June 6th, 1924.

HORACE J. TABER, Executor.

Herbert Van Kirk, Atty. for executor, Greenwich, New York.

Delivering Matilda's Rubbers

By JANE OSBORN

(©, 1924, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

In a drenching rain, under the very limited protection of the entrance of a tall office building, Tom Swain rubbed elbows with a fidgety little woman who said she vowed she had never seen anything like that rainstorm before in her life. Two or three office boys, marooned in the same place, took the matter with complaisance. They didn't exactly relish standing there shivering with turned-up coat collars, feet wet and nothing to look at save the steaming backs of other wayfarers and the gray skies and grayer buildings; but compensation came in the fact that they were escaping the ennui of office work somewhere.

Tom Swain, on the other hand, had important work waiting in his office across the way, and important work was always interesting to him. He was contemplating trying to hail a taxi from where he stood, dashing out to the curb and driving across the street and part way up the block to his office. It seemed rather absurd, taking a taxi to go across the street.

Just then the fidgety old woman sighed heavily.

Tom looked at her in commiseration, keeping an eye open for possible vacant taxis coming by.

"Could you tell me the time?" she said. "I hate to open my raincoat to get at my watch."

Tom, having been caught without a raincoat, did not especially object to drawing his watch from his waistcoat pocket. He told her the time and she gasped.

"Oh, my soul and body," she exclaimed. "I want to catch a train in ten minutes. I haven't any time to spare, now, and I'll have to get a taxi at that. My niece works over in the Townsend building. I was just going over there with her rubbers. Matilda's so careless, never will wear them in the morning unless it is actually raining. It was only showery this morning when she started. I had to come to the city on my way up state and so I brought them with me, thinking I'd stop at her office over there in the Townsend building—"

"I am located in the Townsend building," said Tom. "Perhaps I could see that they get to her—I—"

"Bless you, bless you," said the old woman. "My soul, there's a taxi—" and with that she made a frantic signal to the driver, casting the bundle containing the rubbers into Tom's hands, and dashed to the curb.

"Quick! The terminal!" she cried, and the door closed.

Meantime Tom had caught the rubbers and cried after her, "but what is her name? Your niece—Matilda what?" He followed her saying. "Matilda what?" but she was too eager to speed off in the taxi to notice him.

By this time the shower seemed somewhat abated, and seeing no other taxis not occupied Tom Swain strode across the street.

He reflected as he went that Matilda was a fairly unusual name. Perhaps there would be some clue on the paper in which the rubbers were wrapped or perhaps Matilda had marked the rubbers with her full name on the inside. But on close examination after he reached his office he found no means of identification.

He asked his stenographer if there were any young women first-named Matilda working for their concern The stenographer was quite sure there were not but she'd look on the card catalog. She returned some time later saying that there was no one so named.

He asked the elevator starter, asked a postman who went the rounds of the building daily, asked a friend he had in another business located in the same office. He ended by posting a neat little typewritten notice in the various elevators. It read:

"Will a young lady named Matilda please call at room 989 for a pair of rubbers that belong to her."

It was of course not likely that the owner named Matilda would call that day and it would probably be sunshiny when she did call. But still Tom had it rather on his conscience. He had offered to deliver the rubbers and it was no doubt his fault that he had not learned Matilda's other name.

Days passed and the neat little package containing the rubbers remained on the floor of the wardrobe in his office. When he had opened the package he had discovered that they were decidedly small rubbers, slender and the sort that women wear over high-heeled shoes. This gave him something of a clue. So for a few days more he came and went in the elevators of his building with his eyes intent on the feet of the young women who rode back and forth to their work. If he saw a pair of slender, small feet wearing high-heeled slippers or pumps he regarded them as at least likely to belong to his Matilda than those of the girl with flat, broad, large feet.

One day, however, he chanced to see two pretty faces and was so interested in them that he failed to notice the feet to with which they were related. The two girls were talking, making plans for lunch together. Then as they went to get off the elevator at the ground floor one said something that Tom did not hear and the other one answered: "Oh, Matilda!"

Tom followed them with all speed, threaded his way in and out of the lunch-hour crowd and having reached them felt embarrassed at speaking to them. Waiting for more courage he followed them to a popular cafeteria.

There he again heard the less attractive of the two attractive girls exclaim, "Oh, Matilda!" Reticent as he felt about speaking to her he felt that it was really his duty to do so. He waited until they had finished luncheon—meantime having taken his own luncheon in the place—and while Matilda stood waiting for her companion to pay the checks he addressed her.

"Pardon me, but I believe your name is Matilda."

The girl laughed. "Well?" she said, obviously not wishing to commit herself.

"I have been looking for you for weeks," he said. "You see my office is in the same building with you." Then he explained hurriedly the story of the rubbers.

The girl said, "That was mighty good of you to take the rubbers." She smiled sweetly and gave Tom the name of the firm for which she worked so that he might send the rubbers to her.

But Tom didn't send the rubbers, he delivered them personally the next day at a few minutes before one, for one o'clock was apparently the hour that the young woman called Matilda ate luncheon. Then Tom met the girl several times in the elevator and somehow it came about that he persuaded her one day to have luncheon with him. "I'll be glad to have you come along and eat at the same table at the cafeteria," she said. "But I won't let you treat me."

"Perhaps when we are better acquainted you will," said Tom and not long after that he asked for permission to call upon her at her home.

On the occasion of that call Tom told the girl that he loved her and wanted to marry her.

"Matilda, dear, you do care a little, don't you?" he said, with more ardor than originality.

"But my name isn't Matilda," said the girl. "I think I love you very much, but maybe you'll hate me now. I cheated. And those rubbers never would have gone on my feet. They are much too small. You see there was a funny little woman—not at all young and very cranky—who used to work at our office. She did have little feet and was terribly vain about them. Well, she left just a little while before I first saw you, and we used to joke about her because she had been so vain and cranky, and we got into the habit of saying 'Oh, Matilda!' just as a little exclamation. And—well, I cheated, that's all. I was afraid if I said I wasn't named Matilda you'd never look at me again."

"You wonderful girl!" sighed the perfectly captivated Tom.

"But I sent back the rubbers," continued the girl. "I got Matilda's address and sent them by special messenger. So that's all right—"

"But what is your name?" exclaimed Tom.

"Mary Ann," said the erstwhile Matilda, and Tom said that was much prettier.

Lapp Reindeer Raisers Get Storm Tips by Wire

"Telephone lines," says a Stockholm dispatch, "are to be laid to the most northerly portions of Lapland in order that the nomad tribes of Lapps may be given meteorological bulletins and information of snow conditions, when they make their spring and autumn moves."

When this contemplated telephone construction is completed, civilization will have extended its long tentacles of wire far up beyond the Arctic circle into the land of the midnight sun. For ten weeks during the short Arctic summer, the daylight is unbroken in this far northern country. For a similar period in winter unrelieved darkness shrouds the land.

The wandering Lapps, a diminutive, broadfaced race, of uncertain origin, drive their herds of semi-domesticated reindeer across the lonely uplands of northern Sweden, working south in the fall, and returning to the summer pasturage of the northern mountains in the late spring. They depend upon the reindeer for meat, milk and hides, eking out a precarious existence by occasional fishing in the lakes and fjords with which northern Scandinavia abounds.

Related tribes with substantially similar ways of life are found in upper Norway and the adjacent sections of Russia and Finland. But it is apparently only the Lapps of Sweden who are soon to be assisted in finding suitable feeding grounds for their reindeer, by "meteorological bulletins and information of snow conditions" transmitted into the Arctic wastes by telephone.—London Daily Mail.

Tropical Plant Eats Mice

A most unusual plant, that reverses the natural order of things by eating animals, has recently been put on display at the London horticultural hall in England.

This extraordinary meat-eating plant is a native of the tropical East Indies. Its principal prey is mice, which are attracted to it by a very pungent odor emanating from the mouth of the blossom, formed into almost a perfect hole. The mice crawl into this opening and natural bristles on the petals close about the victim as it makes an attempt to escape. Digestive juices similar to those secreted in the stomachs of animals are given off and the victim is slowly consumed.

It has long been known that plants breathe and sleep, eat and drink much the same as animals; but this is the only plant known that eats meat.

FEDERAL TAX REMOVED FROM TELEPHONE CALLS

Will Make a Noticeable Reduction in Cost of Toll Calls Costing From 15 Cents to $1.00.

In accordance with the revenue act of 1924, the New York Telephone company has discontinued at midnight, standard time, on July 2 when the act became effective, the collection of the federal tax which has been imposed since April 1, 1919 on telephone toll calls and certain types of long distance equipment. The removal of this tax will mean a considerable saving to telephone users.

The 1919 revenue act placed a tax of five cents on all telephone messages for which the total charge is more than fourteen cents and not more than fifty cents. A tax of ten cents was levied on all messages for which the telephone company's rate is fifty cents or more. In addition the act imposed a 10 per cent tax on leased wire service and on extra telephone facilities used for long distance purposes.

The saving resulting from the repeal of the revenue act will be particularly noticeable on telephone calls for which the charge ranges between fifteen cents and one dollar, as the tax applied on such calls meant an added payment of from ten to twenty percent.

Story Tangle Has to Be Knotted in Harry

If it had not been for the short story and its parallels in the other arts, there could be no question about the merits of this sort of orderly arrangement of facts, says Archibald MacLeish in the North American Review. But the short story made popular an entirely different model of display. The art of the short-story writer consisted in laying out something called the plot, which was a sort of intricate human tangle, and then magically unpulling the knot just before it choked the persons of the tale. The trick was to get the knot tied before any one saw how easily it could be undone. And that required a great many rapid gestures and a considerable amount of distracting noise in the first few sentences. So you had stories beginning with the echoes of a scream which had just been stifled to the left of the first paragraph. "My God!" gasped pretty little Nausicaa Nevers of Pride's Crossing, sitting up quite straight in her little bed. Plump—you're in it What on earth made pretty little Nausicaa Nevers curse? And before you find out, or before you discover that you never will find out, the seeming tangle has been neatly caught and your fingers are working anxiously at the threads. Or you have stories which begin with a deliberate and brutal assault upon your intelligence. You read that "Lesbia was seen upon a midnight bench in Madison square at the age of three-and-twenty." Well—really—you protest. And then you are in over your head.

Odd Playing Cards

A pack of Hindustani cards in the possession of the Royal Asiatic society of England is supposed to be one thousand years old. It consists of eight suits of various colors. The kings are mounted on elephants; the viziers—or those second in rank, are upon horses, tigers and bulls. Some of the cards have such curious marks as a pineapple in a shallow cup and an object similar to a parasol without a handle, but with two broken ribs sticking through the top.

Golden Ideas.

I believe happiness comes out of doing things for other people. If all rich people knew the pleasure of giving or helping others they would do so. It is the best medicine I have ever taken. When I die I will leave only a little for my children. I have never figured up what I have given away in the last thirty years. I cannot say how much I have left to give away. I know it is too much for me to keep and most of it will go.—Nathan Straus.

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ON IMPROVED ILLINOIS & INDIANA LANDS
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The fields for speculation are myriad in number, but since the time of Babylon—two thousand years before Christ—First Mortgage loans have stood preeminent for safety and liberality of yields. Recent investigators have discovered clay tablets on which were written mortgages similar to those used today, proving that this form of investment is the oldest yet discovered. For nearly 70 years this firm has been negotiating and selling First Farm Loans to satisfied investors who are always pleased to speak a good word for

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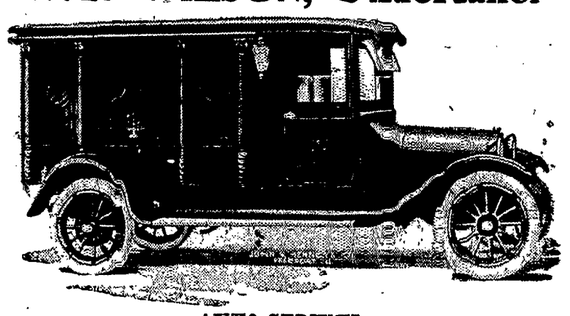

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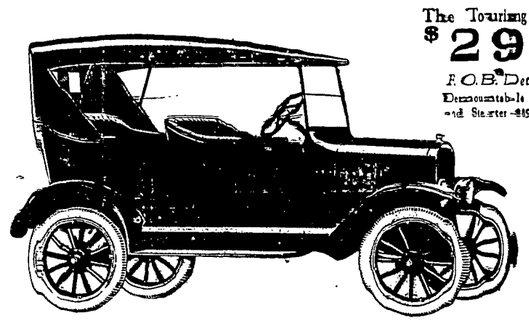

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