for money!"

now!

hussy, a

who-who"

a painted trollop!"

His son stared at him for

his mother's frantic cries.

near as possible.

stitute said today.

Opposes Property Tax

Power Output Higher

From North Wilkesboro To-

'hush!" She was in tears.

"I'm sorry, Father," Roddy

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

Autocaster Service, New York.

FIRST INSTALLMENT

out of the window.

"Papa," she said nervously, "I There you are in your stockingto bring young Roemer in!"

Mr. Gordon glanced up from his newspaper.

His wife turned slowly from the window, a slight flush on her smooth round face, a face that had a skin almost as fine as a beby's with only tiny wrinkles bout the mouth and eyes-like

a withered rose leaf. "Papa, I think Nancy-" There impatiently. was a pause.

spened and Nancy came in. She eyes softly, without casting darkclosed it behind her and stood looking at them, laughter in her

in his stocking-feet."

Nancy laughed. "Page would- or do you know really what you m't mind," she said, taking off saw first in Mama, Papa?" ber hat and tossing it upon a sunshine caught and held in you're in love with Page?" wavy brown shadows. She swept added dryly. a rumpled lock in place now with a deft little touch, absently unconscious of the grace of it.

"It was lovely-the music. mean, and we walked home; that's why we're so late, andeh, Papa, I met old Major Lomax there; he stopped me to ask, quite pointedly, about Roddy. He said: 'Tell me, child, is he doing well?"

"Of course you said he was!" her mother exclaimed. "Why, I thought the major knew that Roddy was in the Greenough Trust Company in New York, she added proudly.

Nancy, who was looking at father, nodded thoughtfully.

"He knew all that, of course. but he was very pointed. I didn't know just what he meant."

"He's getting old," remarked

NEW · COLORFU

handier to use · · ·

WASK MOUTH FOR **MAKY** FILLING AND

Mrs. Gordon peered anxiously all. He probably forgot that Rod-

do wish you'd put on your shoes. Third-out of his stables. Did he keep you?" he added grimly. met and I believe Nancy's going "It's eleven o'clock. I'll wager the squawking was over at ten-upright in his chair. thirty; you an that Roemer boy must have found the walking boy?" he demanded sharply. "Have

> good." His daughter laughed. "It's a lovely night." she said archly.

Her father laid his newspaper across his knee.

"What d'you see in that fellow, Nancy Virginia?" he asked

She gave him a sidelong look, She did not finish, for the door her dark lashes shading her blue ness into them.

"What do I see in Page?" she smiled provokingly, showing a "You dear old things." she said fugitive dimple in one cheek. gayly, "I thought you'd gone to "I'm sure I don't know, Papa.

bed; I know I'm late!"

Do you think people do usually? Do you think people do usually? "We sat up for you, dear, but Do you suppose old Major Lomax I was afraid you'd bring Page knows what he saw in that poor Roemer in, and find Papa here Diana Aylett? He's mourned her for forty years, hasn't he? Or-

"I suppose the major and I chair. She had glorious hair; the fell in love, Nancy," Mr. Gordon tints of auburn in it glinted like retorted. "Do I understand that

> Nancy moved easily across the room and looked out of the window, her small slight figure and the uplift of her defiant little head showing plainly against the square of darkness.

"That's just what I'd like to know, Papa," she replied, and laughed a little tremulously.

Mrs. Gordon stirred uneasily. 'Papa, it's time to go to bed," she warned him, trying to catch his eye

But he ignored her, reaching "If you're so keen about fall-

ing in love, Nancy," he remarked all. When you can't you're a calmly, "it's a pity you couldn't have managed it with Richard

Nancy flashed around upon him, her blue eyes wide open. "I hate that man!" she said

time you got a little

ense and.... But Nancy interrupted him face darkening with shame. with a little startled, joyous cry, er eyes fixed on the space out- gled with himself, facing his fathside the open window. Then she er: "I tried to-I even gambled in

Mrs. Gordon looked blank. "It fore I can put it back." can't be that Roemer boy back again " she exclaimed.

sharper than hers, pushed back speechlessly. "Can't we pay up? group's meting here today that his shair, looking toward the How much is it, Roddy?" she ask- all property taxes should be re-

door. "It's Roddy."

to her feet, flushed and eager, thousand dollars." why, Roddy dar-

made a soft illumination which ery step. showed young Gordon tall and slender and boyish, but other- repeated fiercely; "by gum, you're

Mrs. Gordon, still clinging to chewing gum?"

cut too short!"

ed toward the door. But her son stopped her. "No!" er's insuits was turning his shame

iously. "Let me get you something

he cried hearsely. God'ssake I can't eat! Ham?" he with rising fury. laughed shrilly; "ham? When a man's done for!"

He made an angry, swaying by bit-to help someone else, somemovement toward a chair, stopped one in distress. I swear I meant to short and rallied himself, folding return it; she-he promised to re-Mr. Gordon grudgingly. "Lomax his arms on his breast in a boyish- turn it to me-things went wrong. must be close on eighty—that's ly tragic attitude. His hair was I can't put it back in time—I all. He probably forgot that Rod-disheveled, too. one long lock bung started for Brazil—I—I came here dy was grown up. I thought he between his bloodshot eyes. His because—I wanted to see Mother was getting dotty when he let startled family, gradually taking first!" Haddon buy that racer-Polestar in these details, discovered, too, that his necktie was untied and his collar wilted.

Mr. Gordon suddenly sat bolt "What's the matter with you,

you been drinking?" The young fellow steadied him-

eyes turning slowly from one to for her-I'm going to jail for her self, white to his lips, his haggard another in the little group. "No," he said thickly, "I'm not

drunk-I'm a thief." No one spoke; his mother drop-

ped into the nearest chair and his father stared at him with his mouth open. Only Nancy drew a little nearer, searching his face her eyes intent and wide. She caught at his sleeve.

"Rod! What do you mean?" He shook her hand off. "You'd better not touch me, Nance, I'm a thief-that's what I came home to tell you all." The repetition was too much, it

forced belief. Mr. Gordon pushed his knuckles whitened. "What d'you mean?" he demanded horrsely; "what are you

talking about anyhow? Explain yourself Roddy turned a startled look toward him, which had in it some true-about her, the lady, I mean, thing of his boyish flinching from the paternal wrath, but he faced

them all desperately. "I've been taking money-bonds and cash," he repeated it like a lesson he had already learned by rote. "I've been a messenger and go-between in the Trust Company. Mr. Greenough sent me over to the banks sometimes himself. I've carried a lot of money. Millions, I for a pair of old heelless leather reckon. I didn't mean to keep any slippers and thrusting his feet of it-I meant to return it all. but-" he stopped, gasped, and went on harshly-"I can't, that's

> terrified, incredulous eyes, uttered raw heart. Hatred leaped up in rollment list, it will be removed. a erv of anguish.

"You meant to return it?" father shouted with sudden vio- gone mad. lence. "You meant to return mon-"Hoity-hoity" said her fath- ey you'd stolen? My God, do you rising, "you'd better go to mean to stand up there—my only son-and admit you're a thief?"

Roddy choked, his smooth young "I meant to return it!" he strug-

ran tempestuously to the front stocks to make good, but I can'tit's too late-they'll find it out be-

cy's shaking voice startled them; Tennessee Farm Bureau feder-lus to "better teamwork." Mr. Gordon, whose ears were they all looked around at her ation, said in an address at the ed tremulously, her blue eyes fixed moved from homes and farms as on her brother.

"Roddy?" Mrs. Gordon sprang He gulped painfully. "Fifteen

"Roddy!" his mother dropped weakly into her chair.

ing-lamp on the center table slippers slapping the floor at ev-

"Fifteen thousand dollars," he "You got off unexpectedly, didn't you. Rod?" Mr. Gordon asked. "Got a vacation?" some spender for a boy of twenty-three! You're the first felon in our family, sir. How did you get rid of a small fortune? Spend it in some spender for a boy of twenty-

Roddy's arm, was absorbing him Young Gordon made no reply; so closely that he did not an- he was breathing hard and drops wer, and his father spoke again of cold perspiration stood out on his forehead in beads. Mrs. Gor-"Did you hear me. Rod? How don was sobbing audibly, her head auch of a vacation have you in her hands, and Nancy stood, looking on. She felt as if her His son laughed suddenly, and world had suddenly tumbled down colishly, a deep blush mounting to about her ears; for the first time s hair.
"That's what i'd like to know," in her life, too, her father terrified her. He wheeled now and came he exclaimed. "i hope it won't be back, thrusting his face close to

ut too short!" his mother agreed "What d'you mean by it? Did warmly. "You've been working too you forget the family honor-your hard, you show it. Now you've got own good name? Who taught you to let me have my own boy for a to steal? My God in heaven, I while. Have you had your supper never thought my boy'd be on the train, dear?" she added anx-felon!" he raved.

Tells Federal Tax Collectors iously. "Let me get you something—a slice of cold ham—" she start felt tike a man with his back to the door. His son faced him successfully, he felt tike a man with his back to the wall, but the sting of his fath-"Don't! For into rage; he returned his look

"I didn't take it for myself," he to-door pressure to force paycried bitterly. "I borrowed it-bit ment of federal income taxes was suggested by Secretary Morgen-thau today in setting a \$200,-000,000 goal for back tax collections this year. Simultaneously it was disclos-

ed that disbarment from practice on the pronoun. "You've been giv- cles might be the penalty for law-"'She'?" Mr. Gordon pounced ing money to a woman—that's yers, accountants and tax experts too tall for his weight. who assist in preparing income what you've been doing! Some painted hussy's been playing you latter case, conspiracy charges "She's not a painted hussy!"

probably will be filed. cried his son passionately, "she's Morgenthau's proposal was the loveliest woman in the worldmade before a meeting of more I love her, I'd steal for her, I'd die than 150 internal revenue collec- The admiral said he soon would "Going to jail for her now, are you?" his father shouted. "A prettaxes owed the government.

ty story-stealing for a jade, a "We shall watch the work the letter. done by each district every month and we shall let each of "Oh, Papa, hush!" shrieked Mrs. Gordon, snatching at his sleeve doing," he said. "We hope to ed in a motor car accident. But her husband shook her off. stimulate an interest that will 'You keep out of it!" he said mean a considerable gain in rev-

fiercely. "You let me alone-I know enue to the government." what I'm talking about. Here's Morgenthau told his officers this young jackass been stealing to decide whether they considerfor a hussy! D'you hear me, sir?' ed a house-to-house canvass to he thundered, facing his son again. make certain that income tax re-"You've forgotten the family honturns are filed was a practical proposition. If they recommendor, you've forgotton you're a Gordon, yu've broken yur mother's ed this course, Morgenthau said ping the arms with such force that heart, you've disgraced your father he would ask the civil works adand your sister-your young sisministration for money to cover ter! Look at her, a girl in the expenses. morning of life-with a thief for a A close check on the thousands

of tax experts who prepared corporation and individual returns burst out hoarsely. "but it's not was planned by the treasury "to insure a higher degree of accuracy and care by the professional "Lady?" mocked his father, advisors who have actually pre-"lady? By gum! You fool, you mad pared the return."

A new rule requires these exyoung fool, you've ruined yourself, perts to sign the return along you've ruined us all-I'm too poor to bail you out, you'll go to jail. with the taxpaver. In this way, the treasury expects to find it You're a felon, a disgrace to your people, your name, family hon- easier to trace errors and foreor, yourself-and you've done it stall their repetition.

all for some worthless, painted More than 50,000 persons are trollop-d'you hear me, sir?-for on the enrollment list representing clients before treasury bua reaus. This does not mean that moment, speechless. He was not all experts making returns are or quite sure that the red-faced, must be on the list. But if the screaming, frantic man was his treasury considers a return fraufather. He couldn't be! And the in- dulent and the name of the pro-His mother, staring at him with sult plunged deep into the boy's fessional advisor is on the en-

The purpose of the plan was him like a flame. He emitted a snarl of rage, like a young wolf described as fixing "the responsibility for the return where it "Stop that!" he shouted. "I belongs."

Morgenthau told his tax colwon't have it! You shouldn't insult lectors that budget estimates for the collection of back taxes in He rushed blindly at his father, deaf to his mother's shriek. His 1934 were \$132,400,000, or aphands were actually on the older proximately the same as collecman's throat before he knew it. tions for the calendar year 1933. Then, for the first time, he heard His new figure represented a 51 per cent increase of the 1934 (CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

The secretary urged weekly luncheon conferences among of-Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 17.-J. ficials at the treasury's various "Can't we pay it back?" Nan- Frank Porter, president of the district headquarters as a stimu-

"You should be able in that way to help each other and to promote better service to the public by the treasury department," Morgenthau said.

North Carolina farmers Chicago, Jan. 17 .- Production grow hogs for the market should of electricity in the United States | sign one of the new For Nancy appeared, driving her brother before her. The read-her brother before her. The read-her brother before her brother before her brother before her. The read-her brother before her brother before her. The read-her brother before her brother brother brother before her brother bro year ago, the Edison Electric in- signed one of the tobacco or cot-

Washington, Jan. 17.—Door Death Prevents Friends' Reunion After 44 Years

Seattle, Jan. 17 .- Forty-four years ago in Bay City, Michigan, James T. Lawler, Seattle attorney, and James J. Raby, were schoolmates.

In '91 they took examinations before the internal revenue bu- for appointment to the Annapolis reau and all other treasury agen- Naval academy, but young Raby won by two points. Lawler was

Years passed and the two lost tax returns which contain glaring contact. Last month, Lawler read errors or hints of fraud. In the that Rear Admiral James J. Rahy was entertaining the Lindberghs. He wrote, asking if he was the "Jimmie" Raby of school days. Vesterday an answer came.

tors and field agents who met to command the 12th naval district, receive the secretary's personal or- with headquarters in San Franders in the drive to collect all cisco, and they would be able to see each other. Lawler answered Last night he read that Rear

Admiral James J. Raby died at you know what the others are Savannah, from injuries receiv-

The oldest tree in Scotland is said to be a yew tree in Glen Lyon, which has an estimated age of more than 2,500 years.

Age" said today steel p To Use Door-to-Door Pressure is making a more rapid restricted as a second seco sult of heavy shipments in against expiring contracts in the cember. The national output average was estimated as 33 per cent of capacity, two points higher than last week's average.

More than 150 retired government employees are forming a corporation to operate threewheel taxicabs in Manils, P. I.

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