

The Dollar Bride

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR
Autocaster Service, New York.

FIRST INSTALLMENT

Mrs. Gordon peered anxiously out of the window.

"Papa," she said nervously, "I do wish you'd put on your shoes. There you are in your stockings-foot and I believe Nancy's going to 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 baby's with only tiny wrinkles about the mouth and eyes—like a withered rose leaf.

"Papa, I think Nancy—" There was a pause.

She did not finish. For the door opened and Nancy came in. She closed it behind her and stood looking at them, laughter in her eyes.

"You dear old things," she said gayly, "I thought you'd gone to bed; I know I'm late!"

"We sat up for you, dear, but I was afraid you'd bring Page Roemer in, and find Papa here in his stocking-feet."

Nancy laughed. "Page wouldn't mind," she said, taking off her hat and tossing it upon a chair. She had glorious hair; the tints of auburn in it glinted like sunshine caught and held in wavy brown shadows. She swept a rumpled lock in place now with a deft little touch, absently unconscious of the grace of it.

"It was lovely—the music. I mean, and we walked home; that's why we're so late, and—oh, 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 her 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

iously. "Let me get you something—a slice of cold ham—" she started toward the door.

But her son stopped her. "No!" he cried hoarsely. "Don't! For God's sake—I can't eat! Ham?" he laughed shrilly; "ham? When a man's done for!"

He made an angry, swaying movement toward a chair, stopped short and rallied himself, folding his arms on his breast in a boyishly tragic attitude. His hair was disheveled, too, one long lock hung between his bloodshot eyes. His startled family, gradually taking in these details, discovered, too, that his necktie was untied and his collar wilted.

Mr. Gordon suddenly sat bolt upright in his chair.

"What's the matter with you, boy?" he demanded sharply. "Have you been drinking?"

The young fellow steadied himself, white to his lips, his haggard eyes turning slowly from one to another in the little group.

"No," he said thickly, "I'm not drunk—I'm a thief."

No one spoke; his mother dropped 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 himself forward in his chair, gripping the arms with such force that his knuckles whitened.

"What do you mean?" he demanded hoarsely; "what are you talking about anyhow? Explain yourself!"

Roddy turned a startled look toward him, which had in it something 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 reckon. I didn't mean to keep any of it—I meant to return it all, but—" he stopped, gasped, and went on harshly—"I can't, that's all. When you can't you're a thief."

His mother, staring at him with terrified, incredulous eyes, uttered a cry of anguish.

"You meant to return it?" his father shouted with sudden violence. "You meant to return money you'd stolen? My God, do you mean to stand up there—my only son—and admit you're a thief?"

Roddy choked, his smooth young face darkening with shame.

"I meant to return it," he struggled with himself, facing his father; "I tried to—I even gambled in stocks to make good, but I can't—it's too late—they'll find it out before I can put it back."

"Can't we pay it back?" Nancy's shaking voice startled them; they all looked around at her speechlessly. "Can't we pay up? How much is it, Roddy?" she asked tremulously, her blue eyes fixed on her brother.

He gulped painfully. "Fifteen thousand dollars."

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

Mr. Gordon rose and prowled up and down the room, his heelless slippers slapping the floor at every step.

"Fifteen thousand dollars," he repeated fiercely; "by gum, you're 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 chewing gum?"

Young Gordon made no reply; he was breathing hard and drops of cold perspiration stood out on his forehead in beads. Mrs. Gordon was sobbing audibly, her head in her hands, and Nancy stood, looking on. She felt as if her world had suddenly tumbled down about her ears; for the first time in her life, too, her father terrified her. He wheeled now and came back, thrusting his face close to his son's.

"What do you mean by it? Did you forget the family honor—your own good name? Who taught you to steal? My God in heaven, I never thought my boy'd be a felon!" he raved.

Washington, Jan. 17.—Door-to-door pressure to force payment of federal income taxes was suggested by Secretary Morgenthau today in setting a \$200,000,000 goal for back tax collections this year.

Simultaneously it was disclosed that disbarment from practice before the internal revenue bureau and all other treasury agencies might be the penalty for lawyers, accountants and tax experts who assist in preparing income tax returns which contain glaring errors or hints of fraud. In the latter case, conspiracy charges probably will be filed.

Morgenthau's proposal was made before a meeting of more than 150 internal revenue collectors and field agents who met to receive the secretary's personal orders in the drive to collect all taxes owed the government.

"We shall watch the work done by each district every month and we shall let each of you know what the others are doing," he said. "We hope to stimulate an interest that will mean a considerable gain in revenue to the government."

Morgenthau told his officers to decide whether they considered a house-to-house canvass to make certain that income tax returns are filed was a practical proposition. If they recommended this course, Morgenthau said he would ask the civil works administration for money to cover expenses.

A close check on the thousands of tax experts who prepared corporation and individual returns was planned by the treasury "to insure a higher degree of accuracy and care by the professional advisors who have actually prepared the return."

A new rule requires these experts to sign the return along with the taxpayer. In this way, the treasury expects to find it easier to trace errors and forestall their repetition.

More than 50,000 persons are on the enrollment list representing clients before treasury bureaus. This does not mean that all experts making returns are or must be on the list. But if the treasury considers a return fraudulent and the name of the professional advisor is on the enrollment list, it will be removed.

The purpose of the plan was described as fixing "the responsibility for the return where it belongs."

Morgenthau told his tax collectors that budget estimates for the collection of back taxes in 1934 were \$132,400,000, or approximately the same as collections for the calendar year 1933. His new figure represented a 51 per cent increase of the 1934 goal.

The secretary urged weekly luncheon conferences among officials at the treasury's various district headquarters as a stimulus to "better teamwork."

"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 who grow hogs for the market should sign one of the new Corn-Hog adjustment contracts, suggests W. W. Shay. He urges such action where the growers have also signed one of the tobacco or cotton contracts.

Tells Federal Tax Collectors To Use Door-to-Door Pressure

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 for appointment to the Annapolis, Naval academy, but young Raby won by two points. Lawler was too tall for his weight.

Years passed and the two lost contact. Last month, Lawler read that Rear Admiral James J. Raby was entertaining the Lindberghs. He wrote, asking if he was the "Jimmie" Raby of school days.

Yesterday an answer came. The admiral said he soon would command the 12th naval district, with headquarters in San Francisco, and they would be able to see each other. Lawler answered the letter.

Last night he read that Rear Admiral James J. Raby died at Savannah, from injuries received in a motor car accident.

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.

Steel Production Gains New York, Jan. 17.—Iron Age said today steel production is making a more rapid recovery than had been expected as a result of heavy shipments made against expiring contracts in December. 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 three-wheel taxicabs in Manila, P. I.

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A MAIN STREET'S INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

BEAUTY CONTEST JUDGES MAKE SELECTION TODAY

JUDGES OF THE DAILY BUZZ BEAUTY CONTEST STARTED INSPECTING PHOTOGRAPHS TODAY IN ORDER TO SELECT MAIN STREET'S MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

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Opposes Property Tax

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 17.—J. Frank Porter, president of the Tennessee Farm Bureau federation, said in an address at the group's meeting here today that all property taxes should be removed from homes and farms as near as possible.

Power Output Higher

Chicago, Jan. 17.—Production of electricity in the United States for the week ended January 13 showed a 10 per cent increase over the corresponding week a year ago, the Edison Electric institute said today.

Bus Fares Reduced

From North Wilkesboro To—

Winston-Salem	\$1.75
Greensboro	2.50
Statesville	1.25
Atlanta	6.50
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Washington	7.45
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By L. F. Van Zelm

I WANT A SUE IF THEY GOT TO MY PICTURE YET

QUIT PUSHIN— GIVE THE JUDGES A CHANCE!

BEAUTY CONTEST EDITOR

OH F'HEAVENS TRAKES!

JUDGES TABLE

BARBER SHOPPE