

# The Rogues' Gallery



With a tax collector stationed at every cocktail party this source alone should bring the treasury ample funds with which to finance all of the President's appropriations.

## A BOX OF PIN-HEAD TAX

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

**R**IGHT now the government seems to be taxing everything, including our patience.

There once was a day when, if you heard the word "tax," you thought of a small box full of little demi-tasse nails which bit you when you tried to pull one out to mend the window shade.

Now when anyone asks if you have some tacks in the house, you rush for the desk drawer and pull out a handful of final notices.

Of course, these only represent the sort of taxes which come to visit you in the home, and range in size from the big, burly Federal Income Tax Return counterpane, down to the little itty-bitty two-dollar poll-tax. Just why I should ever receive the latter, I have never understood. Poll-tax indeed, when I've never even priced a parrot, much less kept one.

I pay my dog tax, though. They call it a license, of course, but it's a tax on my pocketbook no matter what they call it. I suppose the tax on shoes is the real dog tax. . . oh well, that one is at least my own, poor thing!

The first fast one the government put over on us in a big way, was that intelligence test, the income tax, and what a crossword puzzle that turned out to be! At first it wasn't so popular, but now the fifteenth of March has become the fixed date for the annual Munchhausen contest, and everybody goes at it in a spirit of catch-as-catch-can and rather likes it. They say "it's fun to be fooled" but it's even more fun trying to fool the Collector of Eternal Revenue.

The states, many of them being a lot of old copy-ents, got out a second edition of the above mentioned. The State Income Tax may be a state affair but it is also that in the plural—a state of affairs—and if you don't believe me, just wait until you have to pay yours this year!

The whole country is now like midtown New York at midday: taxis, taxis everywhere and you can't make a move in any direction without running into 'em.

Of course the gas tax is a good thing in a way because it keeps a lot of people in their homes. But it's a shame it don't apply on the floor of the house of representatives.

While as for this sales tax they have got in a few states such as California and New York, well, it's funny how people are. When the government allowed that 2 1/2 per cent beer was legal, the folks kicked because it wasn't strong enough. But a 2 per cent sales tax is so strong they claim it knocks 'em for a headache. Oh well, it takes all kinds of people to make a world and then what have you got? The beauty who is getting all the attention just now is the inheritance tax. Around where I live, they call it the New Inheritance Tax. Well, I must say that years ago, all I inherited from my Uncle Bill was a lot of taxes, so if they think inheritance taxes are something new, they are goofy! I admit there was a farm attached—quite heavily attached—to the taxes Uncle left me, but it was so well snowed under that by the time I dug off the last line I had to slap it back again to keep the roof from caving in from age. If the inheritance tax goes far enough, we won't even be sure of our own tombstones.

Ah well, taxes never come single in spite of all Henry George said. The only people they really help are the newspaper cartoonists. With the rest of the population they have given rise to a lot of prejudice. Why, my brother, for instance, don't like to be known as a taxi-driver, because he's afraid people will think he's a revenue man.

Now I am not narrow-minded or unpatriotic about this tax business.

I realize the poor starving politicians cannot be allowed to go on home relief. Probably their homes would have no sense of relief at all if they stayed home all day. Also I am perfectly well aware that the office holders have a short season of it, even four years isn't much, so naturally they have to provide for their lean years while they can, or some day they might have to go to work.

I know, too, that the Government Machinery has to be supported although why it can't come down to earth instead, is beyond me. Oh heck, what I mean is, I know that taxes are necessary for the Public Weal. Or maybe it's the Public Veal—you know, killing the fat-head calf. Aw, peppermints; I'll quit trying to be high-hat about it and admit that all I know is you've got to pay 'em or else—

So as long as taxes have got to be paid, why not make them popular? Nobody minds giving up their dough for something which gives them a thrill—why, they will even give up other people's dough for that. So in my simple feminine fashion, I propose that we quit taxing necessary things and tax according to what is known as the Putnam Plan.

To begin with, this plan would take the tax off of theater tickets and put it on to wives who take singing lessons at home. Don't cheer, boys, this won't stop them.

The plan says further that there shall be a tax on every spectator at all sensational divorce or murder trials.

All malicious gossip shall be taxed at a rate of 20 per cent of the net income of the gossip. And a tax of 5 per cent of the gross income of the gossiper.

All smoking room stories over one year old shall be taxed at the rate of 50 cents per repetition. With a tax-collector stationed at every cocktail party this source alone should bring the treasury ample funds with which to finance all of the President's appropriations and leave enough over for a bromo seltzer.

Practical jokes shall be taxed on a sliding scale. That gives me an idea! Can you just picture a fat woman stepping onto a sliding scale? Huh! So you won't laugh, eh? Oh well, what do I care? But this is a rich idea, this taxing practical jokes. And what I really started out to say was, the jokes would be taxed in proportion to their cleverness and originality. The dumber the joke the higher the tax. Joe Cook, for instance, would get off practically free.

The list of properly taxable things could go on practically endlessly, beginning with visits from mothers-in-law and ending with buttered parsnips, and such a tax list, far from making Mr. Taxpayer, the Forgotten Man and Mr. Average Citizen feel even more gloomy than they look from their pictures in the papers—well, far from making them feel oppressed, it would have them practically laughing out loud.

Nobody could object to seeing a guy pay a tax on a stale egg, or shell out ten bucks to the government for having said "Olive Oil" or "Abyssinia" as farewell to a pal.

In fact, this Perfect Putnam Plan if carried out properly, might even result in the happy populace digging up the tax money for their taxed brethren voluntarily, with song and dance, instead of giving the government a song and dance about not being able to pay at all, the way a lot of them do now.

But all this depends on my plan being carried out, and I don't mean feet first, either.

© Nina Wilcox Putnam.—WNU Service.

**In Advance Class**  
"I thought you finished your correspondence school education."  
"I did. Now I'm taking a parcel post-graduate course."

## Daily Farm Broadcasts Ford Issues Farmers Almanac Is Now Ready

**R**ALEIGH, Feb. 5.—Extension of officials at State College now believe that four months after its beginning, the daily Carolina Farm Features radio program is building up a larger audience each day.

The service was started during the latter part of September, 1935 and has progressed steadily since that time. While most inquiries as a result of these broadcasts come from North Carolina, many are received at State College from listeners in other states, both nearby and distant.

One of the programs which has proved to be consistently popular is the home demonstration broadcast. Extension workers reports that these Thursday programs always create a great deal of comment among rural women.

Another popular broadcast in the week's series is the poultry department period. Poultrymen at the college are more than pleased with the response which they have received as a result of sending out information over their air lines.

The schedule for the week of February 3-8 follows: Monday, Dr. C. D. Grinnell, "Hints for Dairymen;" Tuesday, Dr. S. G. Lehman, "The Tobacco Mosaic Disease;" Wednesday, Zoology department; Thursday, Miss Pauline Gordon, "Home Management;" Friday, Roy S. Dearstyne, "Questions and Answers on Poultry Problems;" Saturday, S. A. Redfern, "The Tennessee Valley Authority."

Publication of a "Farm Almanac and Facts Book" which will be distributed to the rural population in all parts of the country was announced today by the Ford Motor Company.

The book is of a convenient pocket size, containing 48 pages. It is unusual in makeup and content, presentables, statistics and charts for the assistance of the farmer and business man. Other sections are designed to aid the farm wife.

This first Ford Almanac is published for 1936 and is now being distributed. It carries a readily available calendar on the back cover and contains tables showing the time of rise and set of sun and moon in all parts of the country every day of the year. Other helpful and interesting astrological and astronomical information is included.

Among the prominent sections of the book are: A list of memorable historic events for each day of the year, facts about the universe, explanations of physical phenomena, a list of important festivals and anniversaries for the year, rules for forecasting weather conditions, population statistics, facts and records on farming as an industry, discussion of the farm of the future, information on citizenship and naturalization, a brief review of the history and development of the United States, "Jo's and don't's" for use in emergencies, poisons and their antidotes, instructions for flower and vegetable gardening.

crop seed sowing instructions a list of places of interest to the tourist, parcel post rules and regulations, temperature and rainfall chart, dates of killing frosts in all parts of the country and a table of distances between the principal cities of the country.

Stories on the founding and development of the Ford Motor Company and about the Ford Rouge Plant, North Carolina.

word pictures of famous Edison Institute Museum and quaint Greenfield Village, established within a few miles of the Rouge Plant, are other features of the Ford Almanac.

Thinning pines rather than clearing "newground" is rapidly becoming an improved practice in the handling of farm forests throughout

**HERE'S THE AID TO FEWER COLDS... VICKS VA-TRO-NOL**  
A FEW DROPS UP EACH NOSTRIL



Follow **VICKS PLAN** for better CONTROL OF COLDS  
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## Something New In Train Service

**A CONVENIENT DAYLIGHT TRIP TO ATLANTA**  
AND A QUICKER TRIP TO HIGH POINT, SALISBURY, CHARLOTTE, SPARTANBURG, GREENVILLE AND ALL INTERMEDIATE STATIONS, TO ATLANTA  
**NOW IN EFFECT**  
**SCHEDULE AND FARES FROM GOLDSBORO**

Route and Destination	Daily Schedule	One-way Coach	Round trip Unrestricted
Lv. Goldsboro,	6:35 AM		
Ar. Selma,	7:20 AM	\$ .31	\$ .80
Ar. Raleigh,	8:20 AM	.73	1.95
Ar. Durham,	9:00 AM	1.12	3.00
Ar. Burlington,	10:12 AM	1.63	4.35
Ar. Greensboro,	11:00 AM	1.95	5.20
Ar. High Point,	11:30 AM	2.18	5.80
Ar. Salisbury,	12:25 PM	2.69	7.20
Ar. Concord,	12:55 PM	3.04	8.10
Ar. Charlotte,	1:30 PM	3.15	8.40
Ar. Gastonia,	2:00 PM	3.48	9.30
Ar. Blacksburg,	2:37 PM	3.85	10.30
Ar. Spartanburg,	3:20 PM	4.28	11.45

Ar. Tryon,	4:34 PM	4.68	12.50
Ar. Hendersonville,	5:28 PM	5.00	13.35
Ar. Greenville,	4:25 PM	4.75	12.20
Ar. Seneca,	5:35 PM	5.33	14.20
Ar. Gainesville,	7:30 PM	6.22	16.70
Ar. Atlanta,	8:10 PM	6.88	18.35

**FIRST CLASS COACHES AND PULLMAN SERVICE. DINING CAR SERVICE BETWEEN GREENSBORO AND ATLANTA**  
Coach fare tickets honored in coaches only; Pullman accommodations will not be sold in connection with coach fare ticket except at supplementary charge.

Unrestricted fare tickets does not include Pullman fare but Pullman accommodations will be sold in connection with these tickets at regular tariff rate.

**TRAVEL BY TRAIN**  
Save — Convenient — Comfortable — Economical  
Convenient and excellent train service to all other stations in the State and Nation; Ask your ticket Agent J. S. Bloodworth, D.P.A., Phone 621. Raleigh, N. C.

**SOUTHERN RAILWAY**

## NOTICE!

### NORTH CAROLINA, CARTERET COUNTY, IN THE MATTER OF THE BANK OF BEAUFORT, BEAUFORT, N. C.

To the depositors and creditors of the Bank of Beaufort, Beaufort, N. C., and all other interested persons:

You are hereby notified that on the 21st day of January, 1936, there was filed in the office of the Clerk of Superior Court of Carteret County a written outline of a plan for the immediate liquidation of the Bank of Beaufort, Beaufort, N. C. Said plan of liquidation provides that all assets of said Bank of Beaufort will be offered for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, at which sale the depositors of said Bank of Beaufort of Beaufort, N. C., will be permitted to bid on said assets, and in the event said bidder becomes the highest bidder, said bidder will be permitted to use his or her deposit in payment of the purchase of said assets on the basis of 20 per cent of the face amount of such deposit. That this plan of liquidation was duly adopted by the Depositors at a meeting held on January 9th, 1936.

You are further notified and admonished that all depositors and creditors, or other persons, may file with the Clerk of the Superior Court of Carteret County, within thirty (30) days from the date of the first publication of this notice any objections which they, or any of them, may have to said plan of liquidation.

This the 21st day of January, 1936.

**GURNEY P. HOOD,**  
Commissioner of Banks

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SPECIAL

EDITED

# ORANGE GIN

## TREMENDOUS TASTE SUCCESS

Never before has there been a liquor with a taste that appealed to everyone as amazingly as **ORANGE GIN**. Men who work in shirt sleeves claim "It's positively the grandest straight drink ever distilled." Men in swivel chairs prefer it "because it is completely delicious either straight, or as a mixer." The ladies, too, are delighted with its beautiful flavor. It's a gleaming golden taste miracle, greeting you with a taste of real sun-ripened oranges. Look at a bottle. Sunshine beams out of it. It bears the grand Old Mr. Boston name. It comes with a handy jigger cup—fine for nips, or measuring. There's an illustrated recipe folder with every bottle. 100% perfect.



Illustrated recipe folder with every bottle



Everybody's reaching for ORANGE GIN. It looks great. It tastes great. It IS great. You never tasted anything half so delicious.

**ORANGE FIZZ.** Jigger Old Mr. Boston ORANGE GIN, Juice of half lemon, 1/2 tablespoon powdered sugar. Shake with cracked ice. Strain in 6 ounce glass. Fill with seltzer water.



**OTHER DELICIOUS OLD MR. BOSTON LIQUORS**  
Dry Gin  
Sloe Gin  
Apricot Nectar  
Straight Whiskey