

# TAX COLLECTIONS EXCEED FORECAST

MOST SANGUINE EXPECTATIONS EXCEEDED BY \$166,000,000 TOTAL.

Raleigh. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1925, the State of North Carolina paid into the Federal Treasury in the form of Federal taxes a total of approximately \$166,000,000, the largest collection ever made of Federal taxes in North Carolina, according to Gilliam Grissom, Internal Revenue Collector for the North Carolina District, who characterized the showing made by North Carolina as "phenomenal." The collections were about six million dollars more than Mr. Grissom had estimated at the first of June, and were made possible by the unprecedented increase in the tobacco manufacturing industry which has large centers in this State, especially at Winston-Salem and Durham.

Collections for the fiscal year ending June 30, are approximately eight million dollars in excess of the collections for the fiscal year ending June 1, 1924, during which year \$158,000,000 was collected. Incidentally, North Carolina's collections for the fiscal year are approximately four times as large as the total collection of Federal taxes in the entire United States in 1863.

North Carolina last year ranked fifth in Federal tax collections in the United States, with New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Illinois leading in order. Of the taxes collected approximately \$16,000,000 represented income taxes, individual and corporations. This collection, due to a sharp decrease in the income tax rate, was approximately two million dollars less than the total income tax collections of the previous fiscal year. The two million dollar slump in income taxes, however, was much more slight than had been expected.

Collections of taxes other than income taxes were approximately ten million dollars ahead of last year. Cost of the collection of the taxes according to Mr. Grissom was between ten and twelve cents per hundred dollars while his the lowest tax collection rate in the United States, being about one-twelfth of the average cost of collecting United States taxes.

**Girls' and Boys' Clubs Plan Camps.** Twenty counties throughout the state have reported plans for summer camps for boys and girls to the home demonstration department and additional counties are expected to report later on. These camps are in charge of the home demonstration agents and farm agents, and in most cases will be joint camps. Other counties are planning summer camps for women belonging to the rural clubs.

Camping has come to be a reward for work well done. Miss Maude E. Wallace, who is head of the Girls' Club work in this state, states and the old idea of strenuous instruction has been largely discarded. A few hours of instruction will be given in the morning, and the rest of the day turned over to recreation. Most of the camps will be on the shore or near lakes where water sports may be included in the amusements. Contact with other boys and girls is the chief object and benefit from the camps.

**New Policies Put Into Effect.** The executive budget law, establishing executive supervision over state expenditures; the budgetary accounting system; holding the state departments and institutions to strict accountability for all disbursements and requiring them to live within their appropriations, an effective July 1. These measures, advocated by Governor McLean, were enacted by the general assembly of 1925, effective July 1, which marks the beginning of a new fiscal year.

The executive budget law, in brief, sets up a control of state finances. The governor is the director of the budget and, under the new law, he shall have power to examine under oath any officer or head of any department or any institution, and any clerk or employee thereof. Further, he is empowered "to cause the attendance of heads of responsible representatives of the departments, institutions and agencies of the state to furnish information; to compel the production of papers, books, and accounts or other documents in the possession or under the control of such officer or head of department, and the director, or any authorized representative, shall have the right to examine any state institution or agency, inspect its property and require into its methods of operation and management."

**State Tax Show Decided Stump.** A slump of approximately \$800,000 in state tax collections during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1925, under the previous fiscal year, was shown by the total of \$6,346,516.20 announced. Tax collections reported for the fiscal year just ended were as follows: Income \$3,751,349.23; inheritance, \$765,862.80; schedule B, \$556,283.71; schedule C, \$1,186,344.24; insurance (three months) \$67,544.46; bus permits (one month), \$26, and interest on balances \$5,630.26.

## Teaching Cost Under Average.

The average per capita cost of instruction in the United States is twice the per capita cost of instruction in North Carolina, according to figures made public by the State Department of Public Instruction.

The per capita cost in North Carolina in 1924 was \$34.06 while the United States average in 1920 was \$64.15. The figures for 1924 for the nation are not yet available, but there has been a material increase in the average for the nation.

The per capita cost of instruction shows a startling comparison as it applies to city and rural schools in the State. The 24 largest cities spent \$41.04 per child instructed. Fifteen smaller cities spent \$34.32 per child, while the State average was \$34.06. Only \$20.10 was spent on the instruction of each rural child.

Although there were \$602,441 children in the rural schools of the State last year and only 104,838 in the 24 largest cities, expenditures for the education of the county children was only three times as much as spent for the education of city children.

In the year 1923-1924 there was spent for all educational purposes a total of \$29,747,076. Of this sum more than \$10,500,000 was spent for capital outlay, that is, for new buildings, equipment and repairs. The remaining \$19,000,000 was spent for the actual instruction of the children of the state.

Figures compiled by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction show that in the county school system New Hanover county stands first in the amount for the education of each child. The figures ranged from \$49.17, the amount spent per child by New Hanover, to \$13.19 per child, which Scotland county spent.

New Hanover spent more for the education of its rural children than it did for the education of the children of the city of Wilmington. This is the only county in the State where the expenditure for providing educational facilities for country children was greater than that spent for the education of the children in city schools in a county.

## Carolina Cotton Crop Conditions.

North Carolina cotton condition, at 77 per cent of normal, improved 3 per cent from May 25 to June 25, according to report released by the U. S. department of agriculture crop reporting board. The present condition compares with 74 per cent a month ago and 73 per cent at this date a year ago.

A normal or 100 per cent condition at this time would have indicated a yield of 300 pounds lint per acre in North Carolina. However, with a condition of 77 per cent, and without consideration of later weather or insect damage to the crop, the present report indicates a prospective yield of 231 pounds of lint per acre. This does not take into consideration the almost certain damage to the crop later from boll weevil.

Last year at the same time 2,099,000 acres were under cultivation, of which three per cent was later abandoned. The acreage under cultivation indicated at present is 2,183,000, or 4 per cent more than was planted last year.

With the prospective yield of 231 pounds per acre and not discounting almost certain boll weevil damages, these figures indicate a crop of 1,015,000 bales for this year. This is too early to rely on cotton estimates.

Influences that have affected cotton in North Carolina during June were weather, cultivation, moisture, temperature, insects and stands. The weather, cultivation, moisture temperature, insects and stands. The weather, cultivation, moisture temperature, insects and stands. The weather, cultivation, moisture temperature, insects and stands.

## To Erect Electrical Building at State.

The department of electrical engineering at State college is to have a new home. For nearly 20 years this growing division of the college has been housed in Winston hall, along with the department of civil engineering and chemistry. Upon the recommendation of President Brooks, the board of trustees has authorized the erection of a new building out of the permanent improvement fund provided by the last general assembly.

Contract for the new structure will be awarded as soon as Robert Upjohn, the architect, completes the plans and it is expected that work on the building will begin late in the summer. The job will be rushed to completion and the building will probably be ready for occupancy sometime during the spring.

## Stolen Cars Recovered in June.

Thirty-seven cars were stolen and 64, nearly twice that number recovered during the month of June according to the report of the Theft Bureau of the Department of Revenue. Twenty-seven of the 37 cars stolen were Fords, and 55 of the cars recovered were Fords.

The department makes the following request: "Please be certain to send in reports on every car stolen and recovered. This is required by law and is a great help to you and protection to all automobile owners."



## CHAPTER XIV—Continued

—18—

The Talks for Women on the Subject of Finance were held every two weeks in the crystal room of the Blackstones and were a great success. Paula was right. Much of old Aug Hempel's shrewdness and business foresight had descended to her. The women came—widows with money to invest; business women who had thrifflily saved a portion of their salaries; moneyed women who wanted to manage their own property, or who resented a husband's interference. Some came out of curiosity. Others for lack of anything better to do. Others to gaze on the well-known banker or lawyer or business man who was scheduled to address the meeting. Dirk spoke three or four times during the winter and was markedly a favorite. The women, in smart crepe gowns and tailored suits and small chic hats, twittered and murmured about him, even while they sensibly digested his well-thought-out remarks. He looked very handsome, clean-cut, and distinguished there on the platform in his admirably tailored clothes, a small white flower in his buttonhole. He talked easily, clearly, fluently; answered the questions put to him afterward with just the right mixture of thoughtful hesitation and confidence.

It was decided that for the national advertising there must be an illustration that would catch the eye of women, and interest them. The person to do it, Dirk thought, was this Dallas O'Mara whose queer hen-track signature you saw scrawled on half the advertising illustrations that caught your eye. Paula had not been enthusiastic about this idea.

"M-m-m, she's very good," Paula had said, guardedly, "but aren't there others who are better?" "She!" Dirk had exclaimed. "Is it a woman? I didn't know. That name might be anything." "Oh, yes, she's a woman. She's said to be very very attractive."

Dirk sent for Dallas O'Mara. She replied, suggesting an appointment two weeks from that date. Dirk decided not to wait, consulted other commercial artists, looked at their work, heard their plans outlined, and was satisfied with none of them. The time was short. Ten days had passed. He had his secretary call Dallas O'Mara on the telephone. Could she come down to see him that day at eleven?

No? she worked until four daily at her studio.

Could she come to his office at four-thirty, then?

Yes, but wouldn't it be better if he could come to her studio where he could see something of the various types of drawings—oil, or black-and-white, or crayons. She was working mostly in crayons now.

All this relayed by his secretary at the telephone to Dirk at his desk. He jammed his cigarette end viciously into a tray, blew a final infuriated wreath of smoke, and picked up the telephone connection on his own desk. "One of those d-d temperamental near-artists trying to be grand," he muttered, his hand over the mouthpiece. "Here, Miss Rawlings—I'll talk to her. Switch her over."

"Hello, Miss—uh—O'Mara. This is Mr. DeJong talking. I much prefer that you come to my office and talk to me." (No more of this nonsense).

Her voice: "Certainly, if you prefer it. I thought the other would save us both some time. I'll be there at four-thirty." Her voice was leisurely, low, rounded. An admirable voice. Restful.

"Very well. Four-thirty," said Dirk, crisply. Jerked the receiver onto the hook. That was the way to handle 'em. These females of forty with straggling hair and a bundle of drawings under their arm.

The female of forty with straggling hair and a bundle of drawings under her arm was announced at four-thirty to the dot. Dirk let her wait five minutes in the outer office, being still a little annoyed. At four-thirty-five there entered his private office a tall slim girl in a smart little broadtail jacket, fur-trimmed skirt, and a black hat at once so daring and so simple that even a man must recognize its French nationality. She carried no portfolio of drawings under her arms.

Through the man's mind flashed a series of unbusinesslike thoughts such as: "Gosh! Eyes! Eyes! That's way I like to see girl dress. Tired looking. No, guess it's her eyes—sort of fatigued. Pretty. . . . No, she isn't. Yes, she is. . . . Aoud he said, "This is very kind of you, Miss O'Mara." Then he thought that sounded pompous and said, curtly, "Sit down." Miss O'Mara sat down. Miss O'Mara looked at him with her tired deep blue eyes. Miss O'Mara said nothing. She regarded him pleasantly, quietly, composedly. He waited for her to say that

usually she did not come to business offices; that she had only twenty minutes to give him; that the day was warm, or cold; his office handsome; the view over the river magnificent; Miss O'Mara said nothing, pleasantly. So Dirk began to talk, rather hurriedly.

"Now, this was a new experience for Dirk DeJong. Usually women spoke to him first and fluently. Quiet women waxed voluble under his silence; voluble women chattered. Paula always spoke a hundred words to his one. But here was a woman more silent than he; not sullenly silent, nor heavily silent, but quietly, composedly, restfully silent.

"I'll tell you the sort of thing you want, Miss O'Mara." He told her. When he had finished she probably would burst out with three or four plans. The others had done that.

When he had finished she said, "I'll think about it for a couple of days while I'm working on something else. I always do. I'm doing a soap picture now. I can begin work on yours Wednesday."

"But I'd like to see it—that is, I'd like to have an idea of what you're planning to do with it." Did she think he was going to let her go ahead without consulting his judgment!

"Oh, it will be all right. But drop into the studio if you like. It will take me about a week, I suppose. I'm over on Ontario in that old studio building. You'll know it by the way most of the bricks have fallen out of the building and are scattered over the sidewalk." She smiled a slow wide smile. Her teeth were good but her mouth was too big, he thought. Nice big warm kind of smile, though. He found himself smiling, too, sociably. Then he became businesslike again. Very businesslike.

"How much do you—what is your—what would you expect to get for a drawing such as that?" "Fifteen hundred dollars," said Miss O'Mara.

"Nonsense." He looked at her then. Perhaps that had been humor. But she was not smiling. "You mean fifteen hundred for a single drawing?"

"For that sort of thing, yes." "I'm afraid we can't pay that, Miss O'Mara."

Miss O'Mara stood up. "That is my price." She was not at all embarrassed. He realized that he had never seen such effortless composure. It was he who was fumbling with the objects on his fat-topped desk—a pen, a sheet of paper, a blotter. "Good-by, Mr. DeJong." She held out a friendly hand. He took it. Her hair was gold—dull gold, not bright—and coiled in a single great knot at the back of her head. He took her hand. The tired eyes looked up at him.

"Well, if that's your price, Miss O'Mara, I wasn't prepared to pay any such—but of course I suppose you top-notchers do get crazy prices for your work."

"Not any crazier than the prices you top-notchers get." "Still, fifteen hundred dollars is quite a lot of money."

"I think so, too. But then, I'll always think anything over nine dollars is quite a lot of money. You see, I used to get twenty-five cents apiece for sketching hats for Gage's."

She was undeniably attractive. "And now, you've arrived. You're successful." "Arrived! Heavens, no! I've started."

"Who gets more money than you do for a drawing?" "Nobody, I suppose."

"Well, then?" "Well, then, in another minute I'll be telling you the story of my life." She smiled again her slow wide smile; turned to leave. Dirk decided that while most women's mouths were merely features this girl's was a decoration.

She was gone. Miss Ethelinda Quinn et al., in the outer office, appraised the costume of Miss Dallas O'Mara from her made-to-order footgear to her made-in-France millinery and achieved a lightning mental reconstruction of their own costumes. Dirk DeJong in the inner office realized that he had ordered a fifteen-hundred-dollar drawing, sight unseen, and that Paula was going to ask questions about it.

"Make a note, Miss Rawlings, to call Miss O'Mara's studio on Thursday." In the next few days he learned that a surprising lot of people knew a surprisingly good deal about this Dallas O'Mara. She hailed from Texas, hence the name. She was twenty-eight—twenty-five—thirty-two—thirty-six. She was beautiful. She was ugly. She was an orphan. She had worked her way through art school. She had no sense of the value of money. Two years ago she had achieved sudden success with her

drawings. Her ambition was to work in oils. She toiled like a galley-slave; played like a child; had twenty beaux and no lover; her friends, men and women, were legion and wandered in and out of her studio as though it were a public thoroughfare. She supported an assortment of unucky brothers and spineless sisters in Texas and points West.

Dirk had made the appointment with her for Thursday at three. Paula said she'd go with him, and went. She dressed for Dallas O'Mara and the result was undeniably enchanting. Dallas sometimes did a crayon portrait, or even attempted one in oils. It was considered something of an achievement to be asked to pose for her. Paula's hat had been chosen in deference to hat, hair and profile, and her pearls with an eye to all four. The whole defied competition on the part of Miss Dallas O'Mara.

Miss Dallas O'Mara, in her studio, was perched on a high stool before an easel with a large tray of assorted crayons at her side. She looked a sight and didn't care at all. She greeted Dirk and Paula with a cheerful friendliness and went right on working. A model, very smartly gowned, was sitting for her.

"Hello!" said Dallas O'Mara. "This is it. Do you think you're going to like it?" "Oh," said Dirk. "Is that it?" It was merely the beginning of a drawing of the smartly gowned model. "Oh, that's it, is it?" Fifteen hundred dollars!

"I hope you didn't think it was going to be a picture of a woman buying bonds." She went on working. She had on a faded all-enveloping smock, over which French ink, rubber cement, pencil marks, crayon dust and wash were so impartially distributed that the whole blended and mixed in a rich mellow haze like the Chicago atmosphere itself. The collar of a white silk blouse, not especially clean, showed above this. On her feet were soft kid bedroom slippers, scuffed, with pompons on them. Her dull gold hair was carelessly rolled into that great loose knot at the back. Across one cheek was a swipe of black.

"Well," thought Dirk, "she looks a sight."

Dallas O'Mara waved a friendly hand toward some chairs on which were piled hats, odd garments, bristol board and (on the broad arm of one) a piece of yellow cake. "Sit down."



"Hello!" said Dallas O'Mara. "This is it. Do you think you're going to like it?"

had opened the door to them: "Gilda, you will dump some of those things. This is Mrs. Storm, Mr. DeJong—Gilda Hanan." Her secretary, Dirk later learned.

The place was disorderly, comfortable, shabby. A battered grand piano stood in one corner. A great skylight formed half the ceiling and sloped down at the north end of the room. A man and a girl sat talking earnestly on the couch in another corner. A swarthy foreign-looking chap, vaguely familiar to Dirk, was playing softly at the piano. The telephone rang. Miss Hanan took the message, transmitted it to Dallas O'Mara, received the answer, repeated it.

Perched atop the stool, one slipped foot screwed in a rung, Dallas worked concentratedly, calmly, earnestly. There was something splendid, something impressive, something magnificent about her absorption, her indifference to appearance, her unawareness of outsiders, her concentration on the work before her. Her nose was shiny. Dirk hadn't seen a girl with a shiny nose in years.

"How can you work with all this crowd around?" "Oh," said Dallas in that deep, restful, leisurely voice of hers, "there are always between twenty and thirty"—she slipped a quick scarlet line on the board, rubbed it out at once—"thousand people in and out of here every hour. Just about, I like it."

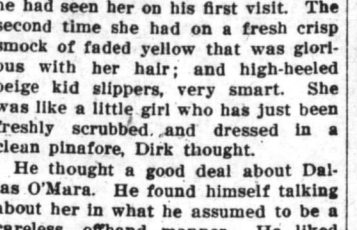
"Gosh!" he thought, "she's—I don't know—she's—" "Shall we go?" said Paula. He had forgotten all about her. "Yes, Yes, I'm ready if you are." Outside, "Do you think you're going to like the picture?" Paula asked. They stepped into her car. "Sure." "Attractive, isn't she?" "Think so?" "So he was going to be on his guard, was he?" Paula threw in the clutch

## HELPED THROUGH CHANGE OF LIFE

Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during This Critical Time—Benefited Greatly

Baltimore, Maryland.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help me through the Change of Life and for a broken-down system. I had been complaining a long time and dragging along had tried other medicines which did not help me much. I read in the newspapers of the Vegetable Compound and after taking a bottle I felt better. I did not stop with one bottle, but took it through the whole critical time and am now practically a well woman. I have two daughters whose health was very bad before they married and I was worried about them. I got the Vegetable Compound for them and it helped them, and after they married it also helped them in bearing their babies. This is a great and good medicine for all the ailments of women, and I recommend it to all."—Mrs. L. GINGRICH, 1875 N. Gilmore St., Baltimore, Maryland.

The Vegetable Compound is a dependable medicine for women of middle age. Let it relieve you of nervousness, that feeling of strain and those annoying hot flashes so common at this time.



**Cuticura Soap**  
Pure and Wholesome  
Keeps The Skin Clear  
Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere.

**Thief Had Nerve**  
A cool and daring robbery took place at Chapin, a staid little hamlet in New York. While Charles Burd was visiting in Pennsylvania, an unknown man stood for more than two days at Burd's gasoline station and sold gasoline and edibles, cutting prices in order to attract purchasers. He offered for sale the new gasoline station at a low price, but did not secure a purchaser.

**Fast Trip**  
Caller—You say your boss went to Europe this morning. When will he return?  
New Boy—Well, it won't be before lunch anyhow.

**Unrested Old Age**  
Perhaps an unrested old age is better than a crotchety one.

**Feel All Out of Sorts?**  
Is backache spoiling your summer? Do you get up lame and stiff—feel tired all day? Are you so nervous and worn out you cannot rest or relax? Look, then, to your kidneys! Sluggish kidneys allow poisons to accumulate and upset the whole system. When this happens you are apt to suffer backache, sharp pains, soreness, stiffness, dizziness and annoying kidney irregularities. Help your kidneys with a stimulant diuretic. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are used the world over. Ask your neighbor!

**A North Carolina Case**  
Joseph Eason, Route No. 2, Smithfield, N. C., says: "My kidneys were out of order, caused by a cold. My back was so lame I could hardly stoop. I was all played out and the weakness of my kidneys caused me to arise often at night. Doan's Pills were so highly recommended I started to use them. Doan's are used by my neighbors in good shape and relieved me."

**DOAN'S PILLS**  
60c  
STIMULANT DIURETIC TO THE KIDNEYS  
Foster-McMillan Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Women Good Judge**  
A Philadelphia judge, with a close approach to the wisdom of Solomon permitted a woman who had been beaten by a drunken husband off and on for 30 years to pass sentence upon her unworthy spouse. The woman started off by telling the man that she ought to send him up for a year. He begged for mercy, took the pledge, promised to pay his wife \$15 a week out of his \$22 salary, and was placed on probation for a year. The woman was not a half-bad judge, either.—Health Culture.

**A Splendid First Aid Remedy**  
for Cuts, Burns, Wounds and Sores is Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Antiseptic and healing. Three sizes; all stores.—Adv.

**38,000,000 in Italy**  
Italy, with an area about equal to that of the states of Indiana and Illinois combined, now has a population of 38,000,000.

**Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION**  
BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief  
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

**Marvels of Jelly-Fish**  
The Jelly-fish has a truly wonderful way of reproducing its species. In most cases the beginning is an egg, which, lying on the bottom, produces a beautiful tree-like growth. The "tree" fastens itself to the bottom and brings forth buds which, when ripe, drop off and develop into jelly-fish. The latter in turn lay eggs and the process is repeated. Most of the very large species have a different way of reproducing themselves. The egg is set free in the water, and develops into a pear-shaped larva, which for a while swims about rapidly, being provided with hair-like appendages that serve the purpose of ears. Then the larva settles down, anchors itself to the bottom, increases in size rapidly, and finally splits up into this, flat discs which swim off and grow up into large jelly-fishes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)