

In January, Secretary of Labor Perkins, in a broadcast from Town Hall, New York, outlined her own American Beveridge Plan. On completion of the lecture a hysterical woman

phoned the office and screamed into the ears of the startled switch-board operator: "I can't stand it; can't stand it, I tell you! Additional expense! Mounting taxes! Are we to be saddled with the cost of this, too? Not I; I'm going to commit suicide."

The anguished woman was held on the line until police could be dispatched to the address which the resourceful operator had succeeded in getting. The police calmed the woman, so the account reads, checked casually for weapons and remained with her until she was again normal.

Now the question is, are we "normal" when we sit complacently by and watch plans being developed for taking countless billions of dollars from an already over-burdened populace in furtherance of some "Womb-to-the-tomb" security plan which would take from those who have and give to those who have not, which would aim at the destruction of those American traits of self-reliance, initiative, imagination and individuality, and which would commit the lives of all of us largely to the direction of a self-anointed "superior" few?

Are we "normal," when our American way of life, our life of free enterprise and private initiative, is under attack as never before in all our history, and that by forces within our own borders, if we take it sitting down? Is that when we are "normal"? Or, are we most normal when, like the distressed woman in the story, we go a little crazy at such a prospect?

That an influential Administration element in Washington regards taxation as not only a means of social reform but, even more importantly, as an effective method of meting out punishment to evildoers, with the raising of revenue a minor function, is unwittingly betrayed by the frequent use in such circles of the expression "to forgive." Administration officials are adamant in their opposition to any proposed measure that would "forgive" one year's taxes.

Now, "to forgive" means "to cease to cherish

IT STRIKES ME

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displeasure toward; to pardon; to excuse; to forego the penalty for." The inference is clear; the tax payer has been guilty of a crime; he has been engaging in the nefarious practice of production. The punishment must fit the crime. Hence, the greater the production, the heavier the tax.

Woodrow Wilson, himself a master of facile expression, once said that he enjoyed talking with his Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, because Baker would state a thing in simple terms and then give Wilson credit for being intelligent enough to understand it without having to have it repeated.

Apparently Mayor F. H. La Guardia, New York's own Little Flower, thinks less highly of the average New Yorker's ability to get what is said to him the first time over. His recent injunction in connection with air-raid warnings reads: "If your lights are out, leave them out and turn on the radio. If the lights are on and the radio off, turn lights out and put the radio on. If both are on, turn lights out and leave the radio on."

From the foregoing the suspicion arises that the same crafty hand had a part in the composition of that earlier masterpiece of befuddlement which reads: "Illumination is required to be extinguished before these premises are closed to business."

Could that possibly mean, "Put out the lights?"

"These cradle-to-the-grave social security programs must eventually result in economic and biological failure. If man is to survive as an individual social unit, free from the concentration camp of political slavery, he must return to the ancient philosophy of the Old Testament that 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.'"—Dr. Charles G. Heyd, former president of the American Medical Association in an address to the graduating class of the Buffalo Medical School.

Tut, tut, Doctor, where have you been for the past ten years? You'll be telling us next that the law of gravitation still holds true.

Two years of doing nothing. We now predict that's about all you can expect of Congress.—*Wall Street Journal*. What an optimist!