

succeeded in making those who are comfortably off feel very uncomfortable.

It was said, many years ago, that taxation is the art of plucking the goose with the greatest amount of feathers and the least amount of squawk.

During the last score of years, the taxing authorities have refused to permit our financial feathers to enjoy the natural process of "moulting" and in place thereof have imposed by law the rigorous benefits of a very clean shave.

The French have a word for it:

When you are at your lowest ebb—despondent, melancholy, dejected, sorrowful, miserable, morbid—the French say you are "déplumé".

That all your feathers are gone.