BACHELOR (Bu Salamander)

Not that it is really anybody's business in particular, but the writer hastens to point out that he is a bachelor—and glad of it. This charmingly frank admission should successfully spike the guns of the groaning masses who, as they hug their chains of matrimony, might feel that this article had a certain bias. Perish the thought!

Periodically, a certain meannatured section of the populace come worrying their hardworking MP's with sadistic proposals for a «Bachelor Tax.»

Needless to say the deputations are comprised almost invariably of either much married men who harbour the natural resentment of caged carnivora upon beholding their liberated brethren, or, the frustrated female who feels that the defaulting male should be made to pay—and pay—and pay.

Consequently, after the usual dog-fight in the columns of the Press this malignant movement gradually recedes into the background of lost causes, leaving a trail of muttered threats and imprecations to mark the battle-field. But the close of this present costly war will cause tax-hungry governments everywhere to seek



more and more sources of revenue—and they are not going to be too fussy over outraged feelings.

Thus, the question of taxing honest bachelors will more than likely rear its ugly head once more and it might be profitable to consider such a proposal from its proper perspective, i.e., the perspective of the one who is about to be mulcted.



Countries such as New Zealand are faced with a definite population problem. It took a major and bloodthirsty war to bring this home to the panjandrums, and at long last they realise that something will have to be done about it. One partial solution would be the encouragement of larger families by the offer of substantial bonuses — Italy is an example of this.

Therefore, it might be logical to suppose that the imposition of a bachelor tax would be a mild form of blackmail to force him into marriage and—presumably—fatherhood. This can be the only construction placed upon such a proposal, for the revenue so derived would hardly warrant the collection costs unless the tax were of such formidable proportions as to impoverish the unfortunate bachelor completely.

Granted the family man performs a service to both state and society, but being married is a pretty expensive sort of business. It is quite understandable, therefore, that he should cast envious eyes in the direction of his more untrammelled brother who, he imagines, has nothing better to do with his spare cash than to spend it on riotous living. Such is not the case.

The bachelor, because of his comparative freedom of movement, is far more likely to embark upon financial adventures which do much to foster commercial progress. It may even be the indirect cause of enabling that same grumbling benedick to maintain his wife and progeny in whatever degree of luxury they happen to be demanding at the time.