QUESTIONS ABOUT SOCIAL SECURITY ARE ANSWERED

(Editor's Note:—This is the second set of questions and answers about changes which have been made in the Federal Social Security Act. Additional questions will appear in later editions of this newspaper. Answers to individual inquiries may be had by writing to Walter B. Redman, manager of the Social Security Board field office in Pontiac.)

Question: In general, what are the effects of the amendments on the old-age insurance provisions of the Social Security Act?

Answer: They expand the system for payment of benefits to individual workers into an insurance system for the protection of both the worker and his family.

Question: How is this done?

Answer: By providing for the earlier payment of benefits; for the payment of more liberal benefits to those now nearing the retirement age, 65; for extension of supplementary benefits to wives and dependent children; and for monthly benefits to survivors.

Question: Is there any change in the tax rate which was included in the original old-age insurance program?

Answer: Yes. The tax rate remains at one per cent for the next three years, starting January 1, 1940. The employe will contribute one per cent of his wages covered under the old-age insurance system and the employer will be taxed a like amount.

Question: When do monthly benefits begin under the old-age insurance plan as now amended?

Answer: Benefits are payable beginning January 1, 1940. The original Act provided for the beginning of these payments in 1942.

Question: To whom will monthly benefits be paid:

Answer: The amendments have broadened the plan to take into consideration the security of the family unit, in addition to benefits paid the retired worker the law now provides monthly supplementary benefits for his wife, if she is 65, and for his dependent children under 18.

Question: What other survivor benefits are provided?

Answer: There are now monthly survivor's benefits for aged widows; dependent children, widow with such children in their care; and for dependent parents of workers who die.

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TRIPLE IMPORTED

By THAYER WALDO

(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service)

FIBERG nibbled the end of a pencil and shook his head dolefully. "To me it don't sound so good. I'm thinking maybe Joe Dreyfuss ain't so smart to sign this Shikat woman up before anyone else even has a look."

Garrison gestured impatient dissent. "Listen—if Joe says she's good, that ought to be enough. He's never bonered, has he?"

"No, but always there's a first time. Seven years now he's our European scout, and never before does he pull this kind of a stunt . . . What'll we do with her, anyhow?"

"Do?" Why, star her, of course—make her the year's biggest sensation. Everything's ripe; there hasn't been a first class importation for a long time."

"Ah—but what a difference! How do you expect me to star a name our public never heard of?"

"Doesn't mean a thing. All this dame needs is a wildfire build-up. And I'm just crawling with ideas for it. Leave the whole thing to me. J. L.; you won't have a worry."

"So?" Fiberg's tone was cautious. "Let's hear about it."

"Okay—get this: Three sheets in every big city for a month. The first one just says, 'WHY IS HUNGARY HUNGRY? — JETTA'S GONE!' Then the next week it's, 'WHO HAS HOLLYWOOD HYPNOTIZED?—JETTA SHIKAT!' How's that?"

"Well, not bad—not bad. What else?"

Garrison sensed victory and grinned.

"Never mind. If I told it all at once the excitement would kill you. This is a natural and I'll play it wide open."

"Starting when?"

"Right now—today. But the real high pressure stuff won't begin till next Saturday when she gets in from New York. Let me meet the train and take care of her."

Fiberg shrugged his resignation and conceded:

"So why not? She looks like a pink elephant on our hands. If you think you can make her useful, go ahead."

"Useful — nothing!" Garrison snorted. "Man, this is going to be a gilt-edge wow!"

* * *

Ben Morris squinted through fog at the clock on the depot tower. It showed twelve past five. He shivered and began again to pace the station platform, grumbling: "A swell hour your rave picks to arrive—just when civilized people are hitting the hay."

Garrison chuckled.

Then from far down the track came an engine whistle's thin screech. He sprang forward and seized the other's arm, shouting:

"Quick—get your stuff set up!"

Unhurriedly Morris went toward a bench on which lay camera case and tripod. Anxiously the publicity man scanned the car windows as the train pulled in.

Another moment and passengers were swarming to the platform; Garrison found himself engulfed. With nothing but an instinct for the type to go on, he began a scrutiny of women's faces. Five minutes of it netted him only dirty looks. Then Morris was calling:

"Hey, Louis—your freight's up here."

The photographer was heading for the train's front end, camera on shoulder. Garrison followed and shortly saw, ahead of Morris, a man and a woman in traveling clothes obviously of European make. The publicity man asked:

"How do you know that's her?"

"Heard 'em give the name to the porter."

Hastening on, Garrison came abreast the couple as they reached the baggage car. A quick glance showed him that the woman's face was pretty and vivacious, but nothing more.

He stifled disappointment and stepped up to her, inquiring briskly: "Mademoiselle Jetta Shikat?"

Eager nods and a torrent of unfamiliar language came from both.

The man thrust something into Garrison's hand; it was a trunk check.

"What's this for?" the publicity man asked, bewildered. Again the dual cataract in foreign tongue. At last the bleak truth came to him. Neither spoke English.

Morris approached. Garrison pounced on him, saying:

"For the love mike go find me an interpreter—pronto."

The other set down his camera and started back toward the depot.

"Fiberg's gonna love this," he jeered; "six months in school before she can even start a picture. What a laugh!"

After giving a red cap the baggage check and instructions, Garrison took a more leisurely look at Jetta Shikat, now seated with the man on a nearby bench. The exotic quality he had counted on was definitely absent. Still, there might be possibilities . . .

Suddenly it occurred to him that the man's presence was unexplained. Thought of what the answer might be produced a sinking sensation. A husband simply wouldn't fit the scheme of things.

He caught her eye and started making signs again, pointing from her to the man and indicating query. Seeing his meaning, she beamed happily and held up her left hand. On its fourth finger sparkled a diamond-set band.

Garrison cursed softly, but returned her smile . . .

Down the platform Morris was coming, a bulky, sallow fellow in soiled apron at his side.

The publicity man went to meet them.

"Found him in a Hungarian restaurant down the street," Morris explained; "he'll handle your job for ten bucks."

"Sold!" said Garrison, and turning to the interpreter, went on: "First tell her who I am—here's my card—and say that all Hollywood, and Zenith studio in particular, extends her a cordial welcome. Make it sound very nice. Then tell her she and her husband will have to go to different hotels—and that needs to be very firm. Get the idea?"

The pasty-visaged man grunted assent and ambled over to the actress. In a raucous voice that never seemed to need breath-pause, he commenced to shout at her. For a moment there was no response; then, with every appearance of anger, she commenced jabbering back at him. Garrison grimaced, muttering:

"Yeah—I was afraid of that."

The interpreter turned to him with an impotent gesture.

"Never mind," the publicity man snapped: "I got the drift. Tell her it's just too bad—that the American public doesn't want her to be married. Tell her this is part of her contract. Tell her—"

His words died as the woman leapt up and made a sudden dash toward the depot. Turning, he beheld a glamorous vision in picture hat and orchid gown. Just outside the station door she stood, hand on hip, a little impatient frown darkening her lovely oval face.

Wonderingly, Garrison went forward. The superb creature eyed him with disdain.

"If you're quite through," she drawled in nearly flawless English, "with my secretary and my manager, may I have them again? Sitting in this waiting-room is hardly the reception I expected."

He just stood still and stared, jaw quite slack. Then, at sound of Ben Morris' derisive snicker, he whirled on the man in the greasy apron, demanding:

"What's the idea of making me think you—"

Frantically the other waved conciliatory palms.

"Vait a minute!" he cried. "You vouldn't listen vhen I'm trying to tell you I and her don't spikking de same langvitch."

Pointing at the photographer, he added:

"It's all a mistake because dot schliemel dun't asking kvestions. Alongside my partner I'm running a Hungarian kosher restaurant, but he's de Hongarian. See?"

English Prison Issues

Books to All Inmates

Wadsworth prison in England has 800 inmates, mostly of "low mentality"; only 2½ per cent of them have what is called "very good education"—that is, of the secondary school standard. A prisoner of university training is "exceptional." Apart from textbooks used for classes, the prison library consists of 15,000 volumes; the book stacks are supervised by the chaplain and a dozen inmates help him. A correspondent of the London Times describes the manner in which the books are issued:

On entering the prison each prisoner receives two books in addition to his religious books, one standard fiction and one educational. After four weeks an additional book is issued, and after a further eight weeks each man gets four books a week. In addition to these, a prisoner may at any time obtain one or more technical volumes.

Among the books most in demand are those of Edgar Wallace, Sinclair Lewis and W. J. Locke. In one habit library patrons in jail do not differ from library patrons out of jail, for there is a tendency to mutilate and disfigure books. The men who do this are usually short-term prisoners who seem to delight in creating disorder. Bibles are often mutilated, and an interesting fact is that from one out of every two or three Bibles the last few chapters of Revelation are missing. The psychologists may have a word for this.

After a man has been in the prison for three months he may obtain a large notebook and pencil. Many ask for these, but nine out of ten men abandon note making after using two or three pages of their books. Prisoners attending classes may have exercise books, atlases, and the like in their cells, and it is not unusual to see 10 or 20 books on a cell shelf. This evidence of interest must not be too readily accepted as final; many men think "the extent of their learning and knowledge can be measured by the number of books in their possession." A prisoner condemned to death may have any book or periodical, and if he wishes may play chess with a warder. However, this is not compulsory on the prisoner. The type of book called for by prisoners is improving.

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