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## SHACKLING OF THE SOUTH

### How Cotton Growers Have Been Treated in Economic Frame-Up

#### TEXAS MAN THROWS ON SOME LIGHT

While All the Balance of the Country, East and West, Got a Big Share of the War Plunder, Cotton Farmers as Usual Were Held for the Task of Paying the Bills.

[Of late Texas papers have been extorting themselves to educate their people as to the true facts as to the cotton situation. The following from the pen of State Senator E. G. Senter, in the Texas Farm and Ranch, is one of the most enlightening articles that has appeared.]

E. G. Senter had the following article in Farm and Ranch. The time has come for plain speaking. The big question now hanging in the balance which affects directly every man, woman and child in the cotton states is not whether the inhabitants of Bessarabia shall be free, but whether the citizen of Texas shall be free.

There is no freedom where the principal industry of one section is subjected to the absolute control of another section elsewhere which feeds and fattens upon it, and fix the terms upon which it may live.

There is a battle royal on today, and every artifice that money, power and diplomacy can employ is being used to deceive and mislead those whose vital interests are at stake to fight against themselves.

The English spinner wants cotton, but he wants it dirt cheap.

The American spinner wants cotton and he wants it dirt cheap.

The financial power of Europe is hitched by an inseparable cord of the spinners of Europe.

The dominant financial powers of New York city and the Atlantic slope are tied by wires of invisible steel to the American cotton manufacturers.

Every great financial influence outside the cotton states is arrayed upon the bear side of the cotton market.

Every European state has thrown the full weight of its financial and political powers into the scale to help the cotton bears.

This is a condition known to every man who has access to the facts.

The world is being regaled with ornate stories which tell of plans to establish perpetual peace. But it hears nothing about the plans to control trade and commerce. These things are kept behind the screen. In the meantime the bear fight goes on against cotton.

And when does your government ask? Mr. Bernard Baruch. As far as cotton is concerned, he is the government. There have been many powers since time began, but no power ever existed before which exercised as complete mastery over all the business affairs of the universe as has been concentrated in this one personage. Let me introduce him to the readers of Farm and Ranch.

Ladies and gentlemen, this is Mr. Bernard Baruch, one of the most successful cotton and stock operators who ever hit the street; also one of the most urbane. A man who never lost his head, his temper, or a bet. He is a wizard and a wonder, I can find no record in history of any other man who could say to the waves of commerce, "be still" and they were still, or "be alive," and they awoke to action. His headquarters at present are in Washington. He is the law giver for the war trade board, the war industries board, and all other governmental boards which have much to do with making the wheels go round. When he is at home he is at New York, and he sometimes shakes things up on "the street." Also, he shakes things down—on B. B. and his friends. When he gets real busy—the small fry becomes mere pikers. Among the things for which he is noted is generosity. Common repute says that after the election of 1916 there was quite a deficit in the treasury of the Democratic campaign fund, and Mr. Baruch wiped it out with his personal check. This is gossip. Mr. Baruch knows, of course, whether it is true. And if it is not correct, the rumor ought to be silenced.

When cotton was headed for 40 cents per pound last year, the manufacturers and bankers of the east—plus all the powers of Europe—were indignant. True it was that Mr. Baruch's board had fixed a government price upon cotton products that would have justified a price of 60 cents per pound for raw cotton. Other government boards had fixed wages for labor of various kinds which called for a price upon cotton of \$1 per pound in order to give the women and children of the south who work in the cotton patch wages equivalent to those paid under the government scale to the immigrants from Europe who comprise the principal part of the laborers in the mines and factories of the Atlantic slope. But this was a different story. The powers that be in the industrial world said that cotton must go down, not up, and to Mr. Baruch they went with their complaint.

Then began the agitation for a government price upon cotton. The slate was made for a price of 25 cents, and the public was artfully prepared for the program. The editorial pages of the metropolitan press (principally controlled, as shown by the Kohna letter with London than with America) rang with attacks upon the cotton producers, who were classed with the "profiteers." Every other staple product had been harnessed with a fixed government price—why not cotton? Thus shouted the factories and their hirelings. Announcements said to be official were given out to the effect that the government was planning to fix a price upon cotton, and that that price would be 25 cents.

Then the bears got busy and began to hammer on the cotton market. Then the commissioners of agriculture of the several cotton states got busy; also the officials of the farmers union of these states. Together they hurried to Washington, and solicited an audience with the president. After

waiting around for awhile, through the aid of southern senators they got an audience. The audience room was the private office of Mr. Bernard Baruch. After waiting there about an hour and chatting about the weather, they were greeted by Mr. Baruch, who appeared upon the scene, moving in haste and clad in a business suit or ordinary gray, and a beaming smile, that reached from the tip of one ear to the extremity of the other ear. The first thing he did was to ring for a page and call for cigars. When they came he took the box out of the hands of the boy and personally passed it around among the delegates.

He explained that they needn't hesitate to smoke; that he, not the government paid for these cigars. He also shook hands with every man present and declared, with visible emotion, that his forbears had been hitched up with the cotton patch, had toiled and suffered in it, and that both tradition and experience had taught him that the cotton producer never got what was fairly coming to him. Then everybody was happy and expectant.

Parentally, it should be believed that Mr. Baruch missed his calling when he went to New York and tackled "the street." No matter how many millions he may make there he will never enjoy the sense of triumph that would be his if he will go upon the stage and play "Mulberry Sellers," "Widow Bedott," or something of that sort.

When the cigars were all lighted and good fellowship reigned from pole to pole, Mr. Baruch imparted the information that he had just come from the White House, and was authorized to speak for the president, who was too busy to speak for himself.

The representatives of cotton, several of whom were officials of their states, presented their case. They asked more favors of the government—although the government was then scattering its favors with a prodigal hand among all or most of all the big industries of the east. All they asked was that the government would take its hand off cotton, and leave it alone—to work out its own salvation. They pointed to the fact that there was no law which authorized the government to fix a price on cotton and for the government to do so would be a palpable and flagrant usurpation of power.

Mr. Baruch listened with neatness and dispatch. Among his numerous accomplishments must be listed that of being a good listener. Whatever he says, Baruch does well; that is to say, he does it artistically, if he ever attempts grand opera, good-bye Caruso.

The net result of this audience was that the cotton producers were passed on to the Page committee.

In the meantime the bears hammered and hammered away on the cotton market.

When cotton went below thirty cents the Page committee granted the cotton producers another hearing and graciously told them it had been decided not to make a price—unless cotton went too high or too low.

And the bears continued to pound and pound away on the cotton market.

And the financial and industrial journals of New York and the east recorded with great gusto the achievement of Mr. Baruch's board in coming to the rescue and preventing cotton from getting beyond their control and running to 40 cents. Only in Texas did the daily press take vigilance care to avoid any reference to this highly interesting and somewhat important fact.

The existence of a state of war furnished a seeming reason for the failure to find boats for cotton exports, although Mr. Hurley, head of the shipping board, assured the representatives of cotton that there was no lack of transportation facilities to supply the Allied and neutral countries with the cotton they needed.

The war came to an actual end, and still Mr. Baruch's board kept an iron grip on cotton.

And the bears continued to hammer and hammer away on the cotton market.

And still Mr. Baruch's boards say cotton shall move freely.

And in every nook and corner today of Wall and Broad streets, New York, the question on every tongue is, how much longer will the farmers of the south, reinforced as they are by the bankers and the merchants of the south—all, thank God, for once standing solidly together, like a stone wall—hold out against the opposing forces, which include all the powers of the world, plus all the power of Europe and Asia, plus all the banking powers of the east, plus all of Mr. Baruch's boards?

If a breach can be made in that wall, the forces opposed to cotton will rush in like an avenger; cotton will go down, hundreds and thousands of people in the south will be ruined, and hundreds of cotton gamblers in the east and in Europe will greatly add to their riches. Also, the spinners will be enabled to cut several jelly melons when next dividend day rolls around.

But that is not all. If the producer wins now he wins for good and cotton is free—free to seek an open market in an open sea; free to endow the tollers in the field with a just share of the proceeds of his own labor. If, however, the European combine—well forced by Mr. Baruch's boards—shall force the fellow who toils in the fields along the Nile, and the fellow who toils in Van county, Texas, will share and share alike a common fate. Each may fret and groan under his burden, but each will struggle in vain. His mission and the mission of his children and their children will be to produce and sell as much cotton as possible at the least possible price, to the spinners, to the end that a very hard and very wise patriots who do not light to serve their country at \$1 per year may not perish from the earth, or from the recollection of men.

Truly it is a battle royal, and one which calls upon every man in the cotton producing states to show his colors.

For the benefit of one and all I declare my conviction that the president does not know what has been going on in many of the departments and bureaus at Washington, and that he ought not to be held responsible for

many things that will sooner or later arouse the intense indignation of the whole American people. Every well informed man knows that a storm is brewing, and that it will break when the calcium is turned in full force upon all the proceedings of the jump-up-bureaus and boards that were hurriedly organized at Washington to help "win the war." The republicans are waiting the opportunity and more than half of the Democratic senators will energetically assist to throw on the light. The senate took orders during the war but it chafed under the collar. Now it is emancipated.

The policy of this government of ours directed by Mr. Baruch and his associates has cost the cotton producers of Taxes more than \$200,000,000 within the last twelve months. If it shall be persisted in the result will be to make the cotton growers of the country mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for the manufacturing districts of the east and of Europe forever and ever.

As I said to the Texas legislature, I am for war upon that policy, and believe that it should be a fight to a finish, no matter what complications, political or otherwise, may result. I have discovered that the manufacturer propose to continue to beat down the price of cotton to the lowest possible point. Henceforward I refuse to support their game merely for the sake of being permitted to play in their back yard. If that be treason, make the most of it.

Since the above was written, the following cable dispatch has been received from Paris, referring to the proceeding of the peace council.

"Announcement is made that the economic drafting committee has completed its work upon which the peace treaty will rest in so far as the world economic relations are concerned. Bernard Baruch is the American member of this committee, and he is to be appointed a member of this committee and the final committee which will define the principles of an economic settlement which will go to the supreme economic council."

In other words Bernard Baruch, chief of Wall street operators, whose absolute voice, speaking in the name of the government, drove down the price of cotton from 38 to 30 cents within a few days, and whose policy would make the southern states dependent provinces, is now writing the terms of "an economic settlement" which is expected to establish for all the years to come the basis for the commercial relations between this and foreign countries, and to provide regulations for the disposition of all the cotton and ecclesiastical exploitation," which has recently been active in southern California, launched its work in the northern part of the state recently at a public meeting in this city says a San Francisco dispatch to the Christian Science Monitor.

The meeting was addressed by the president of the league, Dr. L. P. Crutcher, a practicing physician and president of the board of education of the city of Long Beach, California, and by the organization's secretary, Douglas L. Edmunds, an attorney of Los Angeles.

Dr. Crutcher asserted that the political doctors have about given up hope of being able to force themselves into the home, directly, for the purpose of practicing compulsory medicine, and that they are now devoting all their attention to attempts to fasten these compulsory activities upon the public schools.

"The political doctors have the idea," he declared, "and are industriously spreading it broadcast, that as soon as the child enters the school he is outside the jurisdiction of the parents and the home and that the place of the parent and the home, in many important and fundamental respects, must be taken by the doctors. It is this idea that the league is vigorously opposing."

In telling of the procedure and actual work of the league to protect the schools from medical influence and activities, Mr. Edmunds explained that the organization had secured many excellent results by taking legal action or by giving notice that such action would be taken, when anything unlawful had been done, by acquainting the parents with the true situation, and by showing them what their rights are in regard to their children and the schools.

Jerusalem's Water System.—How- ever individual inhabitants of Jerusalem may differ in regard to the British occupation, there is one result concerning which their approval can hardly be anything short of unanimous. Jerusalem at least has an adequate water supply, and this blessing has come with the British. In more than 1,000 years from the time when Herod established a water system for ancient Jerusalem, nothing had been done, till the beginning of the present century, to enlarge or even keep up the Herodian system, and the city depended largely on private cisterns of rain water, and it was considered an event when the Turks, in 1901, partially restored the work of Herod. But this restoration, as the British found, provided only a small aqueduct and pipe from the Pools of Solomon, which also supplied water to Bethlehem. In the past six months the British royal engineers have restored and improved the Herodian system, and Jerusalem now has plenty of good water.

## ALONG WITH THE A. E. F.

### Soldier Tells Hometowns of Some of His Experiences

#### HAS BEEN THROUGH QUITE A LOT

Frank Grayson Reviews His Service from the Time of Leaving Home Until the Time of His Being Ready to Come Back.

Dudelande, Luxembourg, March 1, 1919.

Dear Home Folks:

I shall at last try to give you a brief account of myself, what I've been doing, and where I've been.

I left Camp Jackson with the 11th Battery, August Automobile Replacement draft, on the afternoon of August 16, 1918.

I had charge of the coach in which I rode. Everything went very nicely in the beginning, except that we did not have very much to eat, and we were badly crowded. We passed through several towns and cities, but I shall mention just one in particular, Hamlet, N. C. At this nice little town, the ladies served us, hungry boys, chicken sandwiches. And, believe me, they were appreciated too.

We arrived at Camp Stuart, about 11 a. m., August 17. The barracks were very dirty. We had nothing to eat, and the rain was pouring. You can imagine our feelings. About all that I did here was to help clean the barracks, turn in some of my equipment, and draw my overalls and equipment, and my spare time I spent in writing, eating and sleeping.

I left Camp Stuart on the afternoon of August 21, marched three miles, with full pack, to the port of embarkation, Newport News. I boarded the ship at 3 p. m. At 11 a. m., next day we sailed.

And that sailing! Oh, boy! When I looked my last on the dear old home land it had never seemed so dear before. I said, Good-bye relatives! Good-bye friends! Good-bye! And I thought my God that I did my "bit." There is no dead man who took my place. Can you say that? You, who stayed behind. Can you say it? If you can't, there may be harder things for you to face than the German guns. It was an awful trip. Packed like cattle, our "chow" was ridiculous, and the place where we had to sleep wasn't like "mother's beds." I was carried on special duty and had many privileges which the other boys did not have. But I can say that it was next to hell. After we had traveled in this way just thirteen days, we landed at Brest, France, September 3, 1918.

As soon as we were off the ship we formed a line and marched three miles to Camp Brest. In an open field we pitched our "pup" tents. This from the battery commander: "Grayson, you will be acting mess-sergeant." I said, "Very well, sir." He and I then hiked back about two miles to draw rations for next day. Neither of us knew where we were going, but we soon found the place. We drew the rations; then I was told to meet the detail. "Go out the north gate, take the road to the left," was the order. How the devil was I to know which was the north gate, in a strange place, and the night so dark, not a single star to guide a fellow. I went out at the first gate that I found, turned to the left, and ran square into the detail, asking the way up. I took charge of the detail, got the rations and returned to camp. It was only 2.30 a. m., as I "turned in" with my "Buddie," Ralph C. Jackson.

You, boys, will know how I felt next morning with the words ringing in my ear, "Grayson! Grayson! in the he—! are you?" "Here!" I called. "Report to the battery commander," cried the runner. I reported and was told to have two field ranges set up, and prepare breakfast as soon as possible. I had never seen a field range, and mother, I know, would not trust me to make coffee; but in the eye we obey. I got my four cooks to work at the breakfast and a special detail at the field ranges. I had everything in readiness in a very short time. My work as mess sergeant consisted chiefly in drawing the rations and wood, and in getting the same to our camp. Yes, and I had to prepare the "bill-of-fare," that is I decided whether we should have bacon and ham or jam and bacon for breakfast. The other meals were as easily decided.

On September 10th we packed our packs, hiked the three miles to the Brest depot, and boarded a train made up of box cars, just forty to a car. My brother, Maynard, had charge of the car in which I rode. He became sick the first night. I took charge of the car. We traveled on that night and the next day. As hour after hour passed by, Maynard grew sicker and sicker. Finally the battery commander had him moved to his car, a box car. I tried to sleep. Suddenly I was awakened and someone said, "If you want to tell your brother good-bye, you must do so at once." Can you, there at home, imagine that feeling? That handshake I shall never, never forget, nor shall I forget how my brother looked as he was carried away on that stretcher. On and on still onward we traveled until at last we arrived at Camp Hunt, 11 a. m., September 12th.

At Camp Hunt I was transferred to the Sixth Battery, Field Artillery Replacement regiment. A gas mask and an Enfield rifle were given to me. I was given a little foot drill and some side drill—all that could be given within three days.

On September 15th, I was again transferred to the Troop Movement battery, to go to the front. While waiting for transportation the influenza epidemic broke out in camp, and for that reason the camp was quarantined for twenty-two days. On the 18th I was taken to the emergency hospital—barracks with wooden bunks—sick with influenza. I stayed there two weeks, then I was discharged and sent back to the Sixth Battery, and on the quarters until October 14th. On the 12th I was again transferred to Troop

Movement Battery. This time I left on October 14th for the front.

We traveled in another box car for four days and five nights. At the end of which time we found ourselves at Bellecourt. Here we were taken from the cars. Then it was hike, hike, and hike some more. On October 26th we found the 21st Field Artillery headquarters. Here I stayed until October 29th. Then I went to "A" Battery Echelon. That night I slept in a dug-out—my first experience. Next morning I awoke with the music of our machine guns ringing in my ears. They were firing at a "Boche plane." I crawled out of my underground bed with some reluctance, got some "chow," and hiked two miles up to where "A" battery was making gun positions. This was in a valley one mile six miles a day, because as I was from Thiaucourt. This is the valley called "Death Valley." Here I used a pick and shovel and carried ammunition, until November 5th, when two men were "knocked off," and another seriously wounded.

It was then that I volunteered to take one of those dead men's places, at the 155mm howitzer. And this place I filled until all was finished, November 11, 11 a. m., 1918.

We stayed in "Death Valley" until November 23d, then we hiked about seven kilometers to Manney. Here we stayed until the morning of the 30th. On that date we hiked to Thiaucourt. We left Thiaucourt on the morning of December 2d, and hiked to Dudelande, Luxembourg, a distance of seventy-five kilometers. We made this journey in just four days, arriving on the morning of December 6, and I am still in this town, Dudelande, today, March 1, 1919.

I have been carried on special duty most of the time since I've been here. I was assistant battery clerk for a little over two months. Now I am instructor in the regimental school of common education.

I am now looking forward to that great trip home. When I get there I will stay six or seven days, because as I am going over I shall have just that many "Bean chow chow"—three down and three up. See?

Yours truly,  
Private Frank L. Grayson.

## A TERROR OF THE JUNGLES.

### Famous Naturalist Tells of Experience With Army Ants.

As that active naturalist and aviator, Mr. William Beebe, has recently sailed on another visit to his beloved jungles in Guiana, we may expect new pictures of tropical life like those that delighted the readers of his latest book, "Jungle Feet" (Henry Holt & Co.). In this book Mr. Beebe tells of that strange bird, the hoatzin, a relic of pre-glacial days, that in its pin-feathered stage climbs the trees of the region that it inhabits, and, when hard pressed, escapes by taking a strange dive into the water below. Hardy of less interest is the following description of a marching army of ants:

I was dozing quietly in my hammock, glad to escape for an instant the insistent screaming of a cicada, which seemed to have gone mad in the jungle heat, when a low rustling caught my ear—a sound of moving leaves without the wind; the voice of a breeze in the midst of breathless heat. There was in it something sinister and foreboding. I leaned over the edge of my hammock, and, when coming toward me in a broad irregular line, a great army of ants, battalion after battalion of them flowing like a sea of living notes over twigs and leaves and stems.

I knew the danger and I half sat up, prepared to roll out and walk to one side. Then I gazed my supporting strands; tested them until they vibrated and hummed, and lay back, watching to see what would come about. I knew that no creature in the world could stay in the path of this horde and live. To kill an insect or a great bird would require only a few instants, and the death of a jaguar or a tapir would mean only a few more. Against this attack, claws, teeth, poison fangs would be idle weapons.

In the van fled a cloud of terrified insects—those gifted with flight to wing their way far off, while the humbler ones went running headlong, their legs, four, six, or a hundred, making the swiftest pace vouchsafed them. There were foolish folk who climbed up low ferns, achieving the swaying, topmost fronds only to be trilled by the savage ants and brought down to instant death.

Even the winged ones were not immune, for if they hesitated a second, an ant would seize upon them, and, although I was in a harpish mood, I could not help but think that they were being brought to earth in the heart of the jungle, where, cut off from their kind, the single combat would be waged to the death. From where I watched, I saw massacres innumerable; terrible battles in which some creature—a giant besides an ant—fought for his life, crushing to death scores of the enemy before giving up.

They were a merciless army and their number was countless, with host upon host following close on each other's heels. A horde of warriors found a hole in my game bag, and left it half a feather. I wondered whether they would discover me, and they did, though I think it was more by accident than by intention. Nevertheless, a half dozen ants appeared on the foot strands, nervously twiddling their antennae in my direction. Their appraisal was brief; with no more than a second's delay they started toward me. I waited until they twanged all their way, then vigorously swung all the cords under their harpish, sending all the scouts into their fellows. So far as I knew, this was a revolutionary maneuver in military tactics, comparable only to the explosion of a set mine.

But even so, when the last brigade had gone on their menacing, pitiless way, and the danger had passed to my province, I could not help thinking of the certain inexorable fate of a man who, unable to move from his hammock or to make any defense, should be exposed to their attack.

Here is One for You.—What did clothes moth live on before Adam and Eve got clothes?

## TAXES ON LUXURIES.

### New Revenue Law Gets Income from Many Commodities.

Certain sections of the new revenue act and how they affect a large number of taxpayers, calling for monthly returns of taxes due and when they become effective, etc.

Section 623-A. Upon what is generally known as bottle soft drinks, including unfermented Grape Juice, Ginger Ale, Root Beer, Sarsaparilla, Pop, Artificial Mineral Waters, other Carbonated Waters and Soft drinks; sold by the manufacturer, producer or importer, in bottles or closed containers: Of selling price, 10 per cent.

Section 623-B. Upon all natural Mineral or table water, sold by producer, bottle or importer thereof, in bottles or other closed containers, over ten cents per gallon, a tax of, per gallon, 40-92.

Act effective on above two sections, February 25th, and remaining days in February to be included in March report.

Section 630. On and after May 1st, 1919, upon what is commonly known as soft drinks including ice cream, ice cream sodas, sundaes, or other similar articles of food or drink, when compounded and mixed and sold at or near soda fountains, ice cream parlors or other similar places of business. One each 10 cents or fraction of amount paid, 40-91.

Section 900. Effective February 25th, 1919. Upon manufacturer, producer or importer of the following articles, a tax equivalent to the following percentages for each sold:

1. Automobile trucks and automobile wagons, etc., 3 per cent.

2. Other automobiles and motorcycles, etc., 3 per cent.

3. Tires, inner tubes, parts or accessories, etc., 5 per cent.

4. Pianos, organs and other musical instruments, 5 per cent.

5. Tennis rackets, nets, and other sporting goods, etc., 10 per cent.

6. Cheiving gum or substitutes, 3 per cent.

7. Cameras weighing not more than 100 pounds, 10 per cent.

Photographic films and plates, other than moving picture films, 5 per cent.

8. Candy, 5 per cent.

9. Firearms, shells and cartridges, 10 per cent.

10. Hunting and Bowle knives, 10 per cent.

11. Dirks, knives, swords, etc., 100 per cent.

12. Portable electric fans, 5 per cent.

13. Thermos and thermostatic bottles, etc., 5 per cent.

14. Cigar and cigarette holders and pipes, etc., 10 per cent.

15. Automatic slot devices, etc., 5 per cent.

16. Livery and livery boots and hats, 10 per cent.

17. Hunting and shooting garments and riding habits, 10 per cent.

18. Articles made of fur on the hide or pelt, etc., 10 per cent.

19. Yachts and motor boats not designed for trade, etc., 10 per cent.

20. Toilet soaps and toilet soap powders, 3 per cent.

The taxes in this section only apply to the manufacturer, producer and importer.

Section 902. Upon the following articles when sold by any persons other than the artist, a tax equivalent to 10 per cent of the price which so sold.

1. Sculpture, paintings, statuary, art porcelain, and bronzes. Tax on the above effective from February 25th 1919.

Sec. 904. In effect on and after May 1, 1919, a tax equivalent to 10 per cent of so much of the amount paid for any of the following articles as is in excess of the price hereinafter specified as to each such article, when sold by or for a dealer for consumption or use.

(1) Picture frames, on the amount in excess of \$10 each.

(2) Trunks, on the amount in excess of \$50 each.

(3) Carpets and rugs, including fibre, except imported and American rugs made principally of wool, on the amount in excess of \$5 per square yard.

(4) Valises, travelling bags, suit cases, etc., used by travelers and fitted toilet cases, on amount in excess of \$2. each.

(5) Purses, pocketbooks, shopping and hand bags, on amount in excess of \$7.50.

(6) Portable lighting fixtures, including lamps of all kinds and shades, on amounts in excess of \$25.

(7) Umbrellas, parasols and sunshades on the amount in excess of \$4.

(8) Fans, on the amount of \$1.00.

(9) House or smoking coats or jackets, and bath or lounging robes on the amount in excess of \$7.50.

(10) Men's waistcoats, sold separately from suits, on the amount in excess of \$5.00 each.

(11) Women's and misses' hats, bonnets and hoods on the amount in excess of \$15 each.

(12) Men's and boys hats, on the amount in excess of \$2 each.

(13) Mens and boys caps, on the amount in excess of \$2 each.

(14) Men, women, misses and boys boots, shoes, pumps, and slippers, on the amount in excess of \$10 per pair.

(15) Mens and boys neckties and neckwear, on the amount in excess of \$2 each.

(16) Mens and boys silk stockings and hose, on the amount in excess of \$1 per pair.

(17) Womens and misses silk stockings and hose, on the amount in excess of \$2 per pair.

(18) Men shirts, on the amount in excess of \$3.00 each.

(19) Mens, womens, misses and boys pajamas, night gowns and underwear on the amount in excess of \$5 each.

(20) Kimonos, petticoats and waists, on the amount in excess of \$15 each.

Sec. 905. In effect on and after April 1st, 1919. Upon all articles commonly or commercially known as jewelry, whether real or imitation; precious and other articles thereof, etc. Upon any of the above articles when sold by or for a dealer for consumption or use, a tax equivalent to