



The Soda Fountain. "Gee, they certainly get away with murder! The nerve of 'em, calling the nut sundae I eat for lunch every day a 'luxury'!"



"My dear, I hope they put a big tax on corsets—they are absolutely passé for the American woman!" remarks Miss Priddy, dress reformist. "Why, I haven't worn them for years!"

Among Us Mortals

"THE LUXURY TAX"

By W. E. HILL



Cousin Mae has found a 2-cent soda check in her maple nut sundae, and doesn't know whether to complain at the desk or feel pleased to be ahead of the game.



What with explaining to Mrs. Delight Evans that no matter how she feels about it, the new set of spring furs must be taxed as a luxury, and straightening out tax entries on the sales slip for Mamie, who never did get beyond simple fractions, the floorwalker's life is not a happy one. Mrs. Evans is explaining minutely that the furs are an absolute necessity.

As for Lizette, the bookkeeper's assistant, she is going into the movies next month. Keeping tabs on the luxury tax is too much for her. In fact, says she, "It's almost enough to make you go out and be one of them dirty Bolsheviks!"



A little happening on the 5:10 train to the suburbs which was the direct outcome of Mrs. Harley Snap's efforts to combat the tax on expensive neckties. A bright red tie wasn't quite to Mr. Snap's liking, but then, as Mrs. Snap says, there's no tax on a 50-cent red tie, and one ought not to be too particular these days. However, the red tie is a huge success with the lady Bolshevik who is sharing Mr. Snap's seat, and just matches the red bow on her dress. She is murmuring something about "comrade," much to Mr. Snap's terror.



If the salesmen are preoccupied these days, don't lose your temper, but emulate Alvin P. Coax (shown above), who has waited fifteen minutes for some one to change this six and seven-eighths straw for a seven and a quarter, while the salesmen are struggling over the proper entry of the luxury tax on the books.