



Here is shown a cape mantle developed in a lightweight gray homespun and a serge coat with accordion plaiting at the sides and a vest with a high Directoire collar.

THE DIRECTOIRE NOTE IN COATS

Fall and Winter Wraps in Line With Features in Other Wearing Apparel.

HIGH COLLAR MEETS FAVOR

Historic Form of Neck Dressing is Eagerly Taken Up by Smart Women and Success Seems Assured.

Coats are among the first clothes that we buy for autumn. There are several reasons for getting these early in the season.

This fall's topcoats are in line with the advanced style features seen in other articles of wearing apparel.

Regarding the styles of this period there might be something in common between the psychology of 1920 in France and that of the closing years of the eighteenth century.

Society is not yet organized as it was before the war. Everything goes, as it were, in a hit-or-miss style.

One of the most pronounced and striking features, which has already registered a success in Paris, is the high Directoire collar of organdie or crepe georgette, and even of plaited cloth.

Very smart in its aspect is the tailored coat developed in beautiful beaver shades of cloth, that strongly emphasizes the slim line of the Directoire.

A HOMELY STORY

By JACK LAWTON. (C. 1920. Western Newspaper Union)

The man stretched his long length beneath the wide-spreading tree, and sighed in relief. He was weary of gay and brilliant conversation, weary of the necessity of conventional attire—wary altogether of the thoughtless, pleasure-seeking throng at the big hotel of the seaside resort.

As he lazily lay, he noted the girl's plain, brown shoes and the plainness, also, of her face.

"I see," said David, "that they are doing things down at Washington."

"You are not stopping at the hotel?" she asked abruptly, after a silent survey of the girl's bent brown head.

"I'm all right. Come out and have a stick of candy with me."

"What is a cat?"

"A neighbor seeing the seven-year-old daughter of a geologist playing with a bedraggled but cherished kitten, asked what her pet was called."

"Well," replied the precocious youngster, "that depends. Father calls her a segregation from an intrusive mungma of doubtful genesis; mother refers to her as the basement complex; sister Helen insists that she is a typical example of secondary impoverishment; but I just call her my dear little Kitty."

"Sawditches," he explained. "I had them put up at the store—with a pickle. Thought I'd enjoy a meal alone, and a cigar afterward, out in the silence."

"All right," she agreed. "I will leave you. It takes some time to walk back to the farm."

"Thank you," the girl agreed.

"Ah, yes, Farmer Giles," said the worthy parson, "you have, I must confess, good cause to complain; but you must remember that Providence cares for all, and that even the birds of the air are provided for."

"Now, just listen to our new neighbor talking to her baby," said Mr. Dubwaite, who was sitting by an open window of his apartment.

"You ought to see her 'baby,'" replied Mrs. Dubwaite, with a sniff.

"I see that, instead of being prosecuted, a bomb thrower will be sent to his native country at government expense."

"Is that so?"

"The idea."

"Time Well Spent."

Jud Tunkins wishes to explain that he was not wasting precious time when he was sitting on the fence whittling.

HOW WEASEL PAID HIS BOARD

Little Visitor, During the Winter Season, Freed the Farmhouse From Plague of Rats.

The farmhouses in northern New Hampshire are usually built with two to three back rooms which are used to keep food and milk in summer, but are too cold for winter use.

One day early in the winter, Ella Shannon Boyles writes in Our Dumb Animals, Mrs. Emerson heard a strange little barking sound in her back buttry, as a room of this sort is called.

"Well, I declare," she said aloud, "if a weasel hasn't come into the house. I must try and get him to stay, so that he will frighten away the rats."

"Taming a weasel is rather a difficult matter, but Mrs. Emerson was patient. Every day she took her new boarder out something to eat and left it on the buttry floor.

"Do you ever drink to excess?" asked the girl's father.

"I never touch liquor of any kind, sir."

"How about tobacco?"

"I suppose you swear sometimes?"

"No, sir. An oath has never passed my lips."

"Um. All right. Come out and have a stick of candy with me."

"Still Unsubdued."

Marian had formed the bad habit of sucking her thumb. Her parents had wasted considerable time and energy trying to cure her of this.

The day that a little sister arrived in the home her father said: "Now, Marian, you must never suck your thumb again, as the baby might see you, and do it, too."

Marian coolly replied: "When I want to suck my thumb I'll turn my back on her, and she will never know anything about it."

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"Now, just listen to our new neighbor talking to her baby," said Mr. Dubwaite, who was sitting by an open window of his apartment.

"You ought to see her 'baby,'" replied Mrs. Dubwaite, with a sniff.

"That 'titty, pitty peccious' she's ravishing about runs around on four legs."

"Heavy Sarcasm."

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ELEVATED ROMANCE

By MILDRED WHITE

Fate has strange ways of working. If John Harmon's mother had not been sought after to look after his Aunt Henrietta, and if Janey's illness had not made it necessary for her to accept Aunt Caroline's hospitality, the two might never have met.

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CATS DISBAND

Released in City. They Terrorized.

An army of cats, numbering in the thousands at Highland Park, has been disbanded and released into the city.

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