

Costly Coat Is in Great Favor

Heavy Outer Garment Is Distinctive Article in Season's Wardrobe.

USE FUR, VELVET AND CLOTH

Favorite Materials Are Lovely as Well as Expensive—Cape Arrangements Prominent in Scheme of Evening Wraps.

Frocks are lovely this season but after a careful study of the season's modes one feels inclined to say that the coat is the distinctive article in the season's wardrobe—coats are so handsome, so varied, so altogether to be desired, and also in these most desirable forms so expensive, says a leading fashion writer.

One can buy a cheap coat, but unless pocketbook limitations positively enforce rigid economy, one is not likely to buy a cheap coat. Temptation to extravagance lurks on every hand. It is easy to be wise when folly does not wear alluring guise; but if a woman gets into a coat shop this season with more money in her pocket than she intends to spend, the chances are that she will invest it all.

Cloths, velvets, furs, all of the materials for the high class coats, are both lovely and costly. In addition, the modish coat is one of such ample fullness that it calls for much of that same costly material. There is no dodging high prices with that combination of expensive material and plenty of it.

Variety in Cost of Fur Coats.

The smart fur coat varies in price with the kind and quality of the fur, but even Hudson seal and caracul mount up if freely used and trimmed with other fur. These are two standard furs for the coat of more moderate price, and, while the seal, which as a matter of fact is dyed muskrat, is the softer and more becoming, caracul stands wear and weather more sturdily. The matter of becomingness is settled by the big collar of long-haired fur or contrasting short-haired fur that is likely to be used upon either the seal or the caracul.

Noted recently were remarkably smart-looking coats of caracul dyed in a bisque or tanish shade—and in about three-quarter length or even shorter. The collars were draped in loose folds or made, as one especially noted, in hoodlike shape at the back. These models were unquestionably intended for rather dressy wear.

But, to return to the subject of coats of exquisite cloths and velvets, so closely allied are these materials that in some instances one can scarcely tell whether it is the cloth or the fur that is the foundation material for the wrap. Especially is this true with regard to the coats of the more expensive type.

Smart Models Pictured.

One coat, handsomely trimmed with fur, was of velours in a beautiful dark brown tone with quantities of beaver trimming. The body of the



Coat of Navy Blue Duvelyn Trimmed With Opossum.

coat was built upon straight lines but given the modish width at the hips by shaped pockets of the beaver, which extended from the waistline to the coat hem. There was a large collar and cuffs of the beaver. A youthful,

small round hat and round muff of the beaver accompany the coat.

Another coat, of navy blue velours, rich in texture and with a wonderful bloom in its soft surface is trimmed with opossum, which gives the effect of chinchilla and is also tremendously effective in contrast with the soft dark blue velvety tones of the cloth.

The coat under discussion is made on the simplest of lines and has a large collar and large patch pockets and cuffs of the opossum. There is a narrow girdle of the material.

Velvet Wraps Are Lovely.

Velvet coats and capes of this season are really lovely, and upon them the designers have lavished their skill and inspiration as well as the hand-somest of materials. There is a great variety of line displayed in these coats



Satin Frock Trimmed With Marten Fur and Gold Galloons.

and because of the suppleness of the material it may be manufactured in a variety of ways. Such wraps invariably show a large fur collar and many ways of introducing fur trimming. Often the collar is so large that it covers the shoulders like an enormous fur cape. Again, there may be a velvet collar with wide fur band trimming. Another new and effective model of velvet had a large fur hood falling down over the back of the mantle. The lower part of the wrap was banded by the fur.

All Colors in Vogue.

All the dark velvets are used for afternoon coats. Black, of course, has first place because of its adaptability; but very dark browns, the dark greens, grays, prune, dark blue, the castor tones, amber and sulphur yellows and various shades of reds appear in the display of afternoon coats. All of these, without exception, are fur trimmed—some in dark, long-haired fur like skunk or its cheaper relatives. But any and every effective type of peltry from sable to beaver is pressed into service.

Among the velvet coats much originality in sleeves, as well as in collars, is possible. The dropped shoulder is emphasized by lines of fur and the sleeve wrinkles softly from elbow to wrist. The collar may be of velvet and banded by fur.

Cape arrangements are seen upon some of the chic velvet coats, as well as upon cloth models, and enter into the scheme of beautiful evening coats. But the evening coat is another story. Afternoon cape coats having wide sleeves or just a wide encircling band of fur sewn into the sides of the garment are one of the smartest things this season.

A charmingly picturesque cape coat is of this type and made of blue velveteen. The deep yoke is trimmed with several bands of fur. The lower part of the wrap is attached to the shaped yoke with fullness. The arm slips through wide fur-trimmed bands at the sides.

An extremely smart coat and skirt costume is made of brown velours trimmed with dyed squirrel of a darker tone. The bodice of the coat is rather snugly fitted. Fullness is introduced at the hips and trimming consists of bands of the squirrel. The long shawl collar of fur fastens at the waistline with a large button.

Fur is introduced on frocks and suits in all manner of ways. It edges openings, is inset in panels, and borders semi-fitted long-waisted bodices at the lower part and various other decorative uses are made of it.

Moro Chieftain Lived to Be Eighty-Three Years Old; Remarkable Age for Tropics

The tombs of some of the Moro chiefs of the Philippines are a curious combination of native ingenuity and civilized finery. An ancient and distinguished Moro chieftain is said to have lived to be 83 years old—a remarkable age for the tropics where men and women mature early and die young, according to American standards. This chieftain, Benguito, was not only a distinguished warrior of a powerful tribe, but also a wise diplomat. He held his tribe under firm control during many turbulent periods. He was usually at peace with the Spaniards when they had control of the islands, but when he occasionally struck, perhaps on the advent of a new Spanish governor-general, he struck hard, and with such savage ferocity and good generalship, followed by a mastery disappearance of the entire tribe into the jungle fastnesses, that the Spaniards, after some show of pursuit, were glad to make a peace treaty and leave Benguito to the management and administration of his own tribal affairs. When the Americans took possession of the Philippines, Benguito with unusual discrimination for a native refused to be led into the Aguinaldo revolution, maintaining a dignified but armed and watchful neutrality, and when he saw clearly, long ahead of the other native chiefs, the rising star of the Americans, he gracefully suggested a coalition or treaty with the United States which nearly took the breath away from the American authorities, some of whom had about concluded that the only way to make peace with the Moro was with a Krag rifle.

Benguito's body lay in state for 35 days within his tomb, constructed of bamboo framework, but decorated with white cloth after the Moslem fashion, for he and his tribe were devout Mohammedans. The body of the old chief was placed in a sitting posture.

JUST TO LAUGH

Why He Raved.
Mrs. Myles: "I hear Mrs. Styles has a new hat which cost \$40. Have you heard her rave about it?"
Mrs. Wyles: "No, I haven't; but my husband heard her husband doing considerable raving about it."

A Convincing Alibi.
"You ought to be as rich as Brown."
"I know it, my friend, but you see I'm more liberal with my wife than he is with his."

Drilling Them In.
Wright: "I see by the paper that electrically-driven drills have been invented for surgical operations on the human skull."
Penman: "Do not despair, old man; they'll succeed in making people see your jokes yet."

He Got Whaled.
Jimmie—I put a tack on teacher's chair yesterday.
Willie—Did you? I'll bet he won't sit down in a hurry again.
Jimmie—No; and neither will I.

Satisfactory Evidence.
Mrs. June—Did you water the ferns in the drawing room?
Maid—Yes'm.
Don't you hear the water dripping on the carpet?

Too True.
"Pop!"
"Yes, my son."
"Is fifty dollars very much money?"
"It all depends whether you mean when I'm earning it or when your mother is spending it, my boy."

Upraised Arm and Open Palm Meant Soldier Had No Dagger

The military salute so familiar to every soldier and scout dates back to very early days, notes Boys' Life. At first it was not intended in the least to show respect to superiors. The upraised arm with the open palm extended was meant merely to show that the soldier did not carry a dagger in his hand and could not attack if he wanted to. An even more remarkable change has come in the meaning of the custom of retiring backward from the presence of royalty. In very early times men backed away from a king to protect themselves from being kicked.

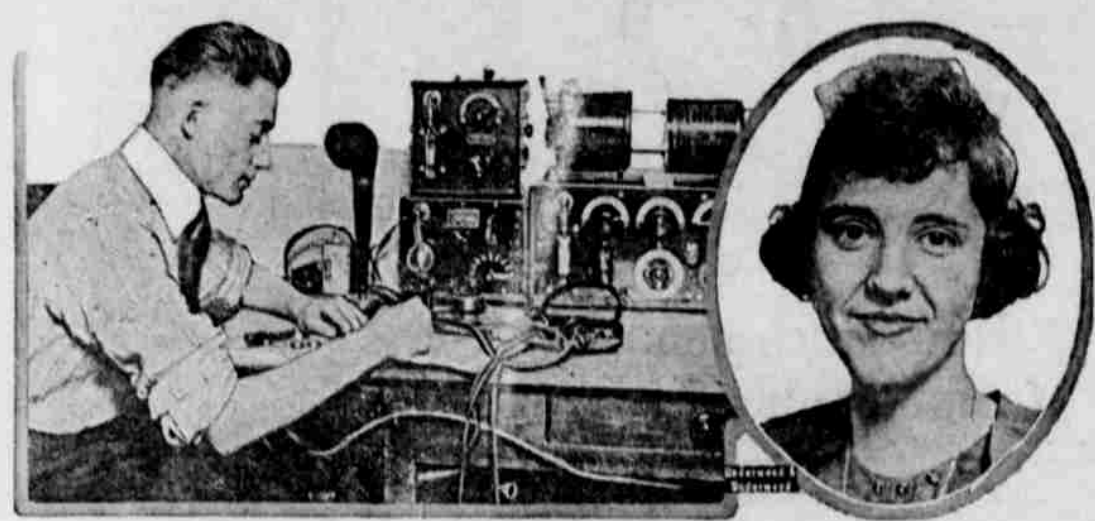
Cakewalk Really Irish.

Although we usually associate the cakewalk with negroes, says London Answers, the original cakewalk was popular in Ireland before the negroes knew it, a cake being awarded to the best dancer.

What Birthmarks Indicate.

According to a French scientist, birthmarks in families not now of good social position indicate that they are of knightly descent, the marks being due to the fact that their possessors' ancestors wore armor.

FOUND HIS LONG-LOST SISTER BY WIRELESS



Lester Archer, son of Mrs. Dorothy Archer of Toledo, O., with his wireless set with which he found his sister, Cleo, aged seventeen, for whom he and his mother had been searching for 13 years. No trace could be found of the girl shortly after she had been placed in a children's home near Lima, O., until one of many wireless appeals sent out by Lester located her on a farm near Rockford, O. Cleo is shown at the right.

Magic of Law Puts Millions in 9 Pockets

Forgotten Poor Cousins Share in Estate of Wealthy Oil Man.

MILLIONAIRE LEFT NO WILL

Wealth Comes to Aged People Whose Lives Have Been Largely Filled With Hardships—Hunt for Heirs Is Difficult.

Wheaton, Ill. — Satisfied smiles spread over nine faces in the corridors of the red courthouse here recently, for nine persons, whose lives had been largely filled with hardships, knew that within a few weeks they would be rich. Rich is the only applicable word—wealth to these people had been nothing but a dream.

Judge S. L. Rathje of the DuPage county court had just indicated that five of the nine were legal heirs to the \$3,000,000 estate of William P. Cowan, former president of the Standard Oil company of Indiana, who died at his Wheaton country home in the summer of 1918. The other four were husbands and wives of the heirs.

Nine to Share \$2,500,000.

With the establishment of heirship by the five relatives of the wealthy oil man the total number of heirs who will receive a share of the estate is nine. After expenses have been deducted, according to attorneys, the estate will total more than \$2,500,000.

Each of the nine heirs will receive something like \$200,000 when the inheritance taxes are paid.

Three of the heirs are more than seventy years of age; one is ninety, the youngest is forty-four years old.

None of them remember personally the man whose death brought them this benefaction. But two ever saw him. They look upon their inheritance as some vague dream of paradise.

The heirs who established their claims are:

William Saxton, seventy-two years old, Engle, Mich.
Walter Saxton, seventy-two years old, Waucausa, Mich.
Charles Saxton, sixty-eight years old, Elsie, Mich.
Mrs. Caroline Saxton Hart, fifty-eight years old, Grand Lodge, Mich.
Mrs. R. B. Colby, forty-four years old, Cadillac, Mich.
William and Walter Saxton are twins. William is married and his wife was in Wheaton with him. Mrs. Colby and Mrs. Hart had their husbands along, too.

Other Cowan Heirs.

The other heirs who have established sufficient evidence of relationship to Mr. Cowan to win an indication of equity from Judge Rathje are:

Judson Phelps, ninety years old, Detroit, Mich.
Henry B. Stillwell, seventy years old, Gloversville, N. Y.
William G. Stillwell, seventy-two years old, Springfield, Mass.

Heirs at law of Mrs. Helen Shadbolt, Plymouth, N. Y., who was ninety-five years old when she died a few weeks ago.

All of the heirs are cousins—first, second, or third. No nearer kin could be found by Alfred C. Hoy, public administrator of DuPage county.

The day's hearing before Judge Rathje did not close the case. A few more depositions must be taken, a few more weeks must elapse before the jurist can enter a decree. But the Saxton boys are happy.

When in 1918 it was learned that Mr. Cowan, a successful business man and one of the rich residents of the Chicago Golf club colony at Wheaton, had died and left no will, Wheaton wondered. Then it was announced that there were no heirs in this state. Mrs. Cowan's death had preceded her husband's, and there were no children and no brothers or sisters.

Public Administrator Hoy took immediate charge of the estate and appointed Charles W. Hadley and George Thoma his attorneys. Mr. Hadley is state's attorney of DuPage county and has a weakness for flaring ties.

THEY ARE JAZZ MAD IN LONDON

Night Club Fever Sets in as Gay Life Is Resumed.

ENGLISH LEARN TO DANCE

Shortage of Eligible Young Men Puts Crimp in Dancing Aspirations of Many English Girls—Resort to "Paid Escort."

London.—"Making a night of it" became almost a lost art in England during the late war. The owl and the Briton were scarcely on speaking terms.

In the first place, it wasn't patriotic to "stay out at night." Then there was the absence of lights, the shortage of taxis, the ban on dancing and—the Gothas. So nights were spent in bed, and the only time a Londoner saw the sun rise was when he got up early to work in his allotment.

London, once the gayest of cities, became a silent tomb of somber grays and deep shadows after nine o'clock at night. I can remember when it was actually a penal offense to strike a match in the street. But those who only saw it in wartime wouldn't know the old place now!

The grays are purples now and the lights are bright and red, and in Piccadilly Circus they have four electric signs that flash on and off.

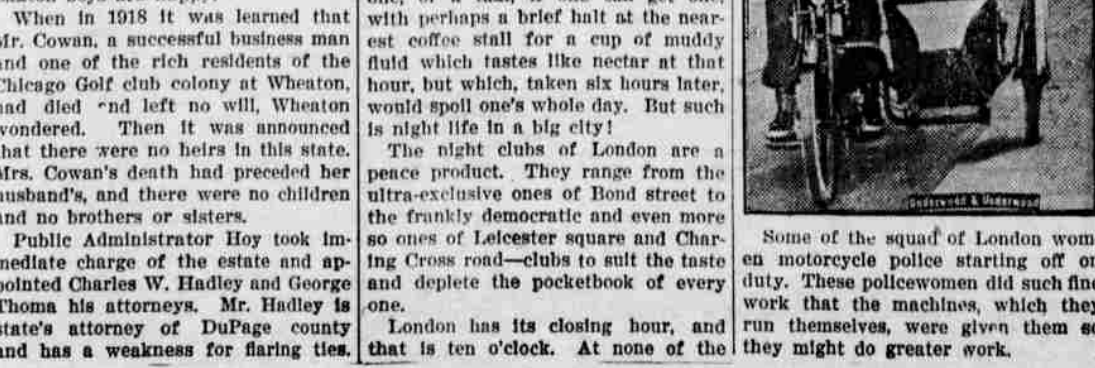
London has acquired the night club fever. From 11 p. m. to 3 a. m. has become the recognized space of time for worshipping at the shrine of Terpsichore.

How the Night is Spent.

"Are you dancing tonight?" no longer means are you going to spend the hours between dinner time and midnight at a hall or club. It means are you going to Rector's, to the Grafton galleries or to Brett's, picking up your party somewhere about midnight and never thinking of going home until the milkman's horse has got his second wind and the pink finish of a London dawn colors the cold night mists. Then, and not till then, does one turn homeward in a private car, if one has one, or a taxi, if one can get one, with perhaps a brief halt at the nearest coffee stall for a cup of muddly fluid which tastes like nectar at that hour, but which, taken six hours later, would spoil one's whole day. But such is night life in a big city!

The night clubs of London are a peace product. They range from the ultra-exclusive ones of Bond street to the frankly democratic and even more so ones of Leicester square and Charing Cross road—clubs to suit the taste and deplete the pocketbook of every one.

London has its closing hour, and that is ten o'clock. At none of the



Some of the squad of London women motorcycle police starting off on duty. These policemen did such fine work that the machines, which they run themselves, were given them so they might do greater work.

believe they will spend much of their fortune on the aircraft.

"You can get a drink of red eye or an airplane ride for \$25," said Walter. "I believe the airplane ride would be the best. You can get the same results from either one. They'll both kill you."

Walter and Mr. Hart have been sections in different cemeteries ever since they can remember.

"We been buryin' 'em fast as they'd die," said Mr. Hart. "But I reckon we'll retire now. Maybe not though."

Mrs. Colby isn't sure what she'll do with her money. Neither is Mrs. Charles Saxton sure what she will do with her husband's, but Elsie, Mich., is going to have some thrills, she said.

"I guess we could all go in the moving picture business," said Mrs. Caroline Hart. (She doesn't like to be called Carrie.) "But maybe we'll all retire now."

"Pretty hard to quit work," said William Saxton, "we've been working so long. Gee, I'm kinda glad we heard about it, though. No, I ain't got no daughters for any one to marry."

Mrs. Charles Saxton said she had two daughters, but thought they could take care of themselves.

Meantime 11 lawyers, who have been in the litigation, were conferring in the Judge's chambers on a tombstone to be erected over Mr. Cowan's grave.

"I hope them lawyers leaves us some of the money," said Walter.

THEY ARE JAZZ MAD IN LONDON

clubs or dance halls is any form of intoxicating liquor sold openly. Ostensibly one does it on pink lemonade and elder cup—unless one has a large hip pocket or knows the proprietor.

Every place in London which dispenses jazz music and French pastry during the wee sma' hours is a "club." In most of them membership consists merely of filling in a form at the door. Many, however, are sure enough clubs, where only members and their guests may dance. Of the former class, Rector's, on Tottenham court road, is unquestionably the most popular. Needless to say, it has an American orchestra; all the dance clubs have bands that are either American or good imitations of American musicians.

Rector's draws the theatrical crowd, folks from behind the footlights as well as those who have been to a "show" and are out to make a night of it. It charges \$5 a ticket, or \$7.50 for a couple, which includes a light, very light, "buffet supper."

London is jazz mad; they are learning to dance over here, and when an Englishman dances he likes to get plenty of exercise. Woe to the slow or tender of foot when the band strikes up a fast one-step.

The shortage of eligible young men has, of course, put a severe crimp in the dancing aspirations of many English girls. This has led to the "paid escort," usually an amiable youth with enchanted feet and suave ballroom manners and a rented dress suit.

WOMEN MOTOR COPS



Some of the squad of London women motorcycle police starting off on duty. These policemen did such fine work that the machines, which they run themselves, were given them so they might do greater work.