

THE COURIER

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FASHION

NEW YORK, Feb. 7.—To the experienced in matters sartorial, the feat of naming the designer of a gown is not difficult. Like the mannerisms of a painter, a writer, a composer or an actor, the mannerisms of the modiste will invariably crop out no matter how diligently and deftly she endeavor to disguise them. The modistes will resent this statement. I am sure, but it is true, nevertheless. They will declare that many of their creations are never touched by them personally. This also may be true, yet their individuality is stamped upon their work by their able substitutes. Sometimes it is a sleeve, sometimes a skirt, or the back of a bodice which tells the tale; or it may be some favored finish about the fastening. Naming three of the best known New York couturieres, a woman of fashion told me the other day that she could invariably distinguish their productions at a glance. She was a constant patron of all three, and she knew of what she was talking.

"Blank always finishes a black gown

just so about the bottom, and Art & Co. invariably combine a certain kind of lace with crepe de chine, while Spangle has seemingly but one lower sleeve and puts dangling ornaments all over everything." Paquin and Worth, famed the world over, have each an entirely new and original model at the beginning of every season, and you will observe that all the gowns they turn out during the following months are merely a variation of it. Very often there is not much variation either, which accounts for the duplicates observed at any fashionable gathering. Some women take this good-naturedly, as did Miss Roosevelt and her friend the other evening, when they met dressed like twins, while others are greatly chagrined. A woman, not long ago, became very indignant because her gown was not "exclusive," as she had been assured it would be, and demanded an exchange. She got it, and an apology as well. The sending out of duplicate gowns as "exclusives" is the very worst and most undesirable reputation a house can possibly get.

One sees some stunning afternoon costumes these days. Mrs. George Law, whose brunette beauty is still striking, has a singularly becoming violet cloth gown, with which she wears a large flat hat of a somewhat darker shade. The suit is made with a long, sweeping skirt and a three-quarter coat of faultless lines. A little black is shown in the trimming of the lapels of the coat and upon the small cuffs, but otherwise the costume is unique in its simplicity. The blouses worn beneath the severe coat are another story, however, and are as elaborate as possible. The hat is trimmed with a profusion of great purple-hearted chrysanthemums.

All the most effective hats are now trimmed with some sort of flowers, or flowers in combination with something else. Crushed roses, roses and violets, pansies and dahlias, to say nothing of the immensely popular chrysanthemum, are much in vogue.

The touch of black seen in winter gowns and hats will continue in the summer gowns. The heavy linens and

crashes, elaborately embroidered, which are already shown in some of the shops, presage this indisputably. French knots are by no means things of the past either, but appear larger, more elaborate and more numerous than ever. In fact, many gowns show the entire bodice, skirt yoke and panel covered with the tedious and costly little things.

The lovely antique laces show squares and hollow circles of linen appliqued upon their big designs, the linen itself being profusely French knotted in either black or white. A white cloth calling gown seen recently was most effectively combined with this antique lace, and had applications of delicate blue broadcloth by way of color. With the gown a long coat of white cloth with black velvet collar and yoke and cuffs of heavy Russian lace was worn. The lace formed also the full bottom part of the coat, producing an effect almost like that of a flounce.

The cuffs on the new evening coats are very pointed in the back, and are much deeper than heretofore.

The advance spring gowns tell a story of their own about sleeves and skirts. The former are to be fuller, and the latter anything but tight. Indeed, skirts are to be just as generous as one's figure can stand. Of course, not like those seen in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," but just tending that way. The hoop-skirt must have been a product of the generally upset and extraordinary condition of things social and political during the civil war. It will probably never come in again. It is too clumsy and unmanageable.

The cherry-colored ribbons and flounces with which the girls draped the odious hoops were very pretty, however. Some of the wraps, too, were only exaggerations of the charming midwinter style we so much admire this season. But surely no modern modish will ever encase her feet in the flat cloth affairs, tied about the ankles with ribbons, which went with those costumes of the early sixties.

Discrimination is the keynote of successful gowns. A woman who knows at once what she can and what she cannot wear, even though she may not be able to tell you why, has solved the first problem of good dressing. Fortunately, white is to be the rage again this summer. I say fortunately, because it is becoming, in some form, to every woman. Laces, platings and tucks of all descriptions are also on the list of summer sureties, while handwork in many old and new styles will be popular. The grape craze, however, is waning. It had too great a boom.

Elaborate summer frocks have been in hand for weeks already. It takes so long to turn them out on account of the intricate work required in their trimmings. Even a simple Swiss or mull will be literally smothered in fancy laces of tuckings. Sashes, too, are to be worn, and long, stole-like ends of black velvet ribbons finish many a lovely gown about the belt.

The Parisian craze for gray hair among fashionable women is the very latest fad. It does not seem possible that such a custom should rule, even for a short period, but one can never tell. Bleached hair has entirely gone out, and now the wonderful Titian reds are passe. What the New York patrons of henna will do about the matter remains to be seen. It must be an almost herculean task to make gray hair out of any hair that has been tampered with, much less made red, without going into retirement for six or eight months and letting good old mother nature have another chance. There is no getting around the fact, however, that gray hair adds to one's age. A rather conspicuous guest of the Waldorf is a woman who declares she is only twenty-nine, yet who, because of her iron-gray hair, looks all of forty-five. I therefore seriously doubt the American adoption of this fad.—Lady Modish, in Town Topics.

First Lady Passenger (on elevated)—That is the first gentleman I've seen in some time.

Second Lady Passenger—What did he do?

First Lady Passenger—Offered me his strap.

"I suppose you can show up any old kind of a ghost I've a mind to call for?" said the scoffer.

"Not exactly," replied the spiritualist, who formerly presided over a ribbon counter; "I have only the medium shades."

"Marie has lost her German prince."
"How was that?"
"Well, another heiress offered more."

RICH ARMY LIEUTENANT



The richest young officer in the American Regular Army is Lieut. Robert S. Clark, whose mother recently wed Bishop Potter. Lieut. Clark has a fortune of \$10,000,000. He lives in a magnificent mansion in Washington. He gives nearly all his time, however, to his duties as an officer in the Ninth U. S. Infantry. He has never missed a day from post. Lieut. Clark will soon go on active service to China and the Philippines.

Mrs. Bixby—It takes a good milliner to make a hat become a woman.

Bixby—I should think it would take a magician.

"And what did you eat for lunch?" asked the doctor. "I don't know," answered the sick man, weakly. "I ordered turkey hash and mince pie."—Kansas City Journal.

FAIR JAPAN TO WELCOME CHINA



MME
TAKAHIRA

Mme. Tokahira, wife of the Japanese minister at Washington, is the only oriental woman presiding over a legation at the capital. She entertains lavishly and when the new Chinese minister brings his bride to Washington, Mme. Tokahira plans a brilliant reception to her sister oriental.

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and village
may be had,
the

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