THE COURIER

Published Every Saturday

Entered in the Postoffice at Lincoln as second class matter.

OFFICE, ... 900-910 P STREET

TELEPHONE { Business Office, ... 214 / Editorial Rooms, ... 90

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Per annum, in advance, ... $1.00
Single Copy, ...05

FASHION

NEW YORK, March 14.—The advent of Prince Heinrich von Preussen has seemed not unlike a special dispensation of Providence in behalf of the fashionable modistes.

The armor put on by the women engaged in the social war waged at the Metropolitan opera house last week for the favor of this genial young German was splendid.

I doubt if ever the women took greater pains to look their best. Certainly not this winter, unless it was at the famous bachelors' ball, at Sherry's.

Most of them bedecked themselves with all the jewels they could possibly muster; and the exceptions were conspicuous.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay, clad in an effective white embroidered gown, sprinkled with gleaming rhinestones, was one of these.

She was minus necklace, tiara, brooches and even the gorgeous stomacher presented to her by her father-in-law.

Mrs. George Vanderbilt, who, I dare say, did not trouble her pretty, sensible head in the least whether the prince smiled on her or not, contented herself with an orchestra stall, and looked radiant.

Her gown was a most becoming chiffon and satin affair, of a yellowish shade, and the few diamonds she wore were superb.

She is a most attractive woman, because of the poise of her small head, which is so admirably set on her shoulders.

An additional charm is her extreme modesty.

Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt, who is just now looking her best, wore white, as did most of the young married women. This was probably with the idea of marking the American debut of royalty.

Mrs. Alfred's gown was of heavy satin, and her tiara, which was gorgeous, made her look a veritable giantess in height.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who is popularly supposed to hold the most enviable position in America today, and who seems perfectly aware of the impression, was in white satin and lace with a diamond crown.

Mrs. Perry Belmont, Mrs. Cass Canfield, Mrs. Baylis, Mrs. J. Stickney, Mrs. W. Bayard Cutting, Mrs. J. A. Burden, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Gerry, Mrs. Gould, and many other prominent women, wore diamond coronets and tiaras.

One cannot help wondering whether or not Prince Heinrich ever had so much made of him before, or ever saw so many jeweled crowns at one time.

It certainly does not come to the brother of a ruler more than once in a lifetime to have such a display made in his exclusive honor.

Miss Alice Roosevelt was charming in her simple gown of filmy white, with a pretty pink ribbon at her slender throat.

Mrs. George Gould wore pale turquoise blue—her favorite and most becoming color. She was covered with diamonds, at least to the box rail.

The wife of ex-President Cleveland, who made such a charming and lovable first lady of the land that she can never seem to us anything else, was the handsomest woman among the many.

Her black velvet gown, ornamented by flowers near the shoulders, was most effective.

She wore a magnificent necklace of diamonds.

The very simplicity of her toilet made her conspicuous.

Mrs. Ogden Mills was ablaze with sparkling things.

Her gown was spangled, and she wore many jewels. Her crown, however, is altogether too high to be becoming.

To Mrs. Perry Belmont, with the famous Belmont emeralds about her throat and reaching down to the top of her low bodice, must be awarded the distinction of being the most splendidly jeweled woman at the opera that evening.

There seems, by the way, a veritable fever among the women to see and hear this big blond German prince. At the banquet tendered him by the Staats Zeitung, granting one simultaneous interview to all the newspapers of the country, there was a most unseemly crush among the wives and women friends of the guests to catch a glimpse of this august personage. However, though many wordy battles were fought for front box seats, I am assured that no blood was shed.—Lady Modish in Town Topics.

Objects . . . to Criticism

Editor of the Courier—In your issue of February 22d, in an article entitled "Observations," you published some statements concerning Christian Science which I would like to review. You referred to the essay on this subject by Mark Twain. Many, besides Christian Scientists, have criticised Mark Twain's parody on Christian Science. True wit must contain the essence of truth. Otherwise it becomes an offensive, ridiculous farce. There is no doubt that Mark Twain made the mistake of his life when he attempted to satirize Christian Science and he himself will live to regret that day. The exaggerated, unreasonable, irrational, fanatical characteristics attributed to Christian Scientist practitioners, as pictured by that writer, do not give any sense of the truth concerning Christian Science and its methods.

In justice to the emperor of Germany as well as to Christian Scientists, I desire to say that the report that he has taken up a crusade against Christian Science is not borne out by facts. While the emperor has been obliged to take some note of the discussion on this subject, yet according to a telegram from one who made a thorough investigation of this question he has not defined his position. The news items coming from Germany like those of our own country, are sometimes largely exaggerated for the purpose of sensation. That our good friends across the water should look with incredulity upon this new school of religion is not strange when we consider that even in our own fair land, which boasts of her liberties, Christian Science has not entirely finished the guantlet of skepticism and is even at this present day being maligned and falsified by some critics. Without doubt, if the kaiser of Germany investigates Christian Science sufficiently to learn the truth about it, he will end a full-fledged Christian Scientist.

ALFRED FARLOW.

Boston, March 7, 1902.

* * *

NOT A WOMAN.

A Boston Episode.

Geoffrey was of a singular temperament. He did so enjoy trying experiments on human natures.

People said that he was espris with Mrs. Harriott. When he heard the rumor he was led to wonder what sort of a woman Mrs. Harriott really was.

The very next day he saw her buying some violets on the corner by the Interurban, so he crossed over and held her muff while she paid for the flowers.

"Have women any real idea of truth?" he asked, as they stood there side by side.

Mrs. Harriott was busy pinning on her violets. "I don't know," she said, absent-mindedly. "I'm not a woman, anyway—I'm a Colonial Dame."

"For instance, now," Geoffrey went on, feeling in his pocket, "If I give you this note, and you promise me that you will not open it until you are alone in your room at home, can you keep your word?"

Mrs. Harriott suddenly recollected that this man was said to be most awfully in love with her. She looked up with interest.

"Yes, of course I can."

Geoffrey put the note in her hand and she buried both hand and note deep in her muff.

"This is your car, isn't it?" he said, a minute later; "I'll get on with you." He went half up the aisle to secure her a seat alone to herself and then he bowed and left her.

The instant he was gone she took out the note and examined it carefully. There was nothing on the envelope and it felt thin.

Curious!

She looked carefully around, to be sure that no one whom she knew was near, and then she tore it open.

There were only two lines:

"You said that you would keep it until you were alone at home, and now you are letting the man behind read every word."

Mrs. Harriott turned quickly in her seat. The man behind was Geoffrey himself.—Town Topics.