

THE COURIER

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FASHION

NEW YORK, Jan. 31.—It is all in the pronunciation. The spelling is the same in both cases, but a difference in the manner of pronouncing the word marks a distinction. If the blouse be a veritable creation by one of the best couturieres and possessed of a certain indescribable style it is called a "blouse"; but if it comes from a Sixth avenue department store, and is one of a thousand identically alike, it is just a common ordinary "blouse." "Blouses" are more in vogue than ever just now with the Modishes—dainty conceits of exclusive design, bearing the mark of the most recherche modistes.

At Sherry's at the luncheon hour, at matinees, at afternoon musicales, and, indeed, at any gathering where smart women throw aside their furs for an hour or two, the display of these exquisite waists is varied and entrancing. The skirt may be dark and plain, and of velvet or cloth, or it may be light and trimmed out of all reason, but the "blouse" must be a work of art, and, above all, rich and exclusive—possessing an individuality that is unmistakable. Many women of fashion pay more for one of these "blouses" than they do for a complete man-tailored suit of finest material.

One of the most beautiful I have seen this winter was made of pale pink satin, ornamented down the front and across the bust with wheels of silk drawn work a little larger than a dime, done in Mexico by order, and imported by one of the most original of New York's modistes. A simple but perfectly-fitted waist of this sort costs fifty dollars. The sleeves show some few perpendicular tucks and an under-elbow fulness, and are finished in a cuff of the drawn work.

Another model is of pale yellow crepe de chine, embroidered in white silk in curious designs. The silk seems to have been first oddly twisted and then made into cunningly contrived crosses with French knots for centres. There are straight shoulder pieces, from collar to sleeve, ornamented in a like manner; and the sleeves are tucked in big wide tucks at the top, and tiny ones from the elbow to the cuff.

The bodices of genuine Cluny are still very popular. Nothing seems to be able to displace them, not even those of gorgeous Irish crochet. Nothing is more effective nor more certain to elicit favorable comment from a man of the fashionable world than a stunning Cluny lace waist over white chiffon, worn with a plain black silk velvet skirt, a big black picture hat, pearls in the ears, and a simple strand of pearls about the throat. The home-made "blouse" is not by any means always distinguishable. Some of the most smartly dressed women are wonderfully "handy" with the needle.

I chaperoned a party of a half a dozen matinee girls at the Holland House for luncheon the other day, and must confess to having been surprised at their confessions. Three of the six had made their own stunning shirt waists, and two of the others had "fixed" theirs all over.

One of the prettiest of the waists was of lovely soft white satin, into which the young lady had set big medallions of cream-colored lace. These were in turn outlined with fancy stitches, after having first been beautifully buttonholed all around. Odd-looking turnstiles in silk floss were embroidered heavily between every two medallions, and the entire front of the blouse was decorated in this way. There were some tucks just below the collar, and the whole thing opened in the back.

Another girl, with a snowy throat, wore a collarless waist. At least the collar was a very tiny affair of silk and lace insertion, and laid down. This blouse had narrow valenciennes lace applied in continuous squares—a double row—

over its front and sleeves. The material was pale blue batiste of the sheerest quality. Fine hemstitching and fancy crosses alternated with the lace, and a dream of a blue beaver hat covered with baby-blue plumes completed the ravishing effect. The skirt worn with this was of black silk velvet, made over a drop of blue taffeta, many founced about the bottom.

One of the girls, who confessed to having "fixed over" her blouse, had entirely altered the shape of the sleeves, and had embroidered the loveliest bunches of grapes in heavy white silk upon the yellow peau de sole of the waist. Her hat was white, trimmed with wide, pale yellow ribbon bows.

The Countess de Castellane is showing some lovely gowns and wraps as she appears at various places, but all her modes have an unfortunate tendency to make her look like a dowager, instead of the young woman she is. Her hair, too, is worn in a most unbecoming manner.

There is now a wide difference between the French and American style of dressing little folks. The two Castellane boys wear absurdly long and loose sailor breeches and blouses. Their gray cloth coats, trimmed with squirrel fur collars and cuffs and worn with caps to match, are their most becoming outfits.

A boudoir creation, a Christmas memento to a recent bride, is one of the most exquisite things I have seen this season. The material used in its making is a pale blue taffeta, to match the reigning color in the bride's boudoir. The skirt is made in narrow gores, each outlined in fancy stitch, and is most charmingly trimmed with white linen torchon lace let in slashes within a foot or so of the bottom, which is finished with a flounce of wide torchon. This produces a sort of a double ruffle effect. The jacket is slightly bloused in front, and is finished with a plain frill of lace, above which is ribbon let through embroidery beading. The collar is a wide torchon sailor, pointed a little in front. The sleeves show three or four big horizontal tucks just at the bend of the elbow, and end a little lower in a frill of lace.

It is the latest novel fad to have one's boudoir furnishings and fittings for bed,

SUCCEEDS TO PLACE ON SUPREME BENCH.



Former Secretary of State William R. Day, of Canton, Ohio, has been appointed by President Roosevelt to succeed Judge Shiras on the bench of the U. S. Supreme Court. Judge Day has wide fame for his profound knowledge of the law.

bureau and tapestried walls to harmonize with one's negligees, or, rather, to have

one's lounging robes match these accessories in color.

Most of the fashionable young women carry wrist bags of silk this season in preference to those of leather or suede. Those of gold mesh are as popular, too, as anything so expensive can be. One of these, made simply, about five inches wide and three deep, with small diamonds set at intervals about its plain rim, and with no jewels in its clasps, costs fifteen hundred dollars. The silk ones, however, are almost as effective. Gay Dresden and tinsel or beaded silks are most favored.—Lady Modish, in Town Topics.

TO PAINT THE PRESIDENT



John Singer Sargent, R. A., one of the world's most famous portrait painters, is in the United States. It is the first time he has visited his native land since 1898. Mr. Sargent is here to paint President Roosevelt's portrait. The picture is for the historical series of United States presidents.

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