



GANOUNG'S PHARMACY.

1400 O STREET.

Successor to H. O. Hanna.

[First Pub., Aug. 31--3]

Notice of Petition.

Estate No. 1586 of John J. Gillilan, deceased, in county court of Lancaster county, Nebraska. The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said estate, take notice, that a petition has been filed for the appointment of Susie H. Gillilan as administratrix of said estate, which has been set for hearing herein, on September 19, 1901, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Dated August 28, 1901.

FRANK R. WATERS,
County Judge.

By WALTER A. LEESE, Clerk County Court

FASHION LETTER.

(From the Sunday Papers.)

It has been said—and said with a strong suggestion of satire—that the human individual is composed of three parts, soul, body and clothes. Whether or not this kind of pluralism is satisfactory to the philosopher, it is at all events a very convenient mode of analysis. It emphasizes what the dualist and the monist both neglect—the importance to man of his clothes. If one stops to consider the offices of clothing, one is astonished to find what a small part utility plays in its making and how multifarious are the social functions which it fulfills. The present spirited discussion of the shirt waist for men is a case in point. Even the most urgent claims of utility and comfort must wait upon the pleasure of custom and tradition. Try to imagine what clothing would be today if it were not fashioned by social custom and usage. It would be altered only to suit the weather or the employment of the individual.

Whatever primitive man thought of clothing, whether he bothered his head over it much or little, we have to confess that homo sapiens at his highest level of development spends much of his time worrying over the adornment of his body.

It is a somewhat ugly truth that our souls and our bodies show pretty nearly what we are, while our clothes declare what we should like to be. If the flesh is pink and the limb is round, if the spirit is pure and the conscience clear, we don't mind a bit going on parade. There is a delicious satisfaction in letting others mark our good points. But when soul and body shrink and fade and lose their graces we hasten to retire. Or

rather we should hasten to retire if it were not for the blessing of clothes. Clothing is surely a gift of the gods. It gives back the color and the plumpness, it adds to or subtracts from the stature, as the case requires; it draws attention from ugly features, and, best of all, it furnishes a certificate of social or even intellectual success. It is a recommend of good character and a passport to the "best society." It gives Cinderella the air of a princess and makes (with an appropriate change of diet) a gentleman of the prodigal son. There is without doubt some subtle magic about clothes.

There is, first of all, a peculiar prestige which belongs to certain patterns in dress; a prestige which rests upon no less an authority than the authority of society itself. Almost every walk in life, as well as every grade of social position, has a distinctive dress. There is nearly always something about the attire of an individual that indicates rank or employment. The blacksmith has his apron, the baker his cap, the day laborer his coarse and simple blouse, the postman, the soldier, the sailor each has his uniform, the king his robes and crown, the hero his laurel wreath or his medals, the clergyman, the judge, the scholar, his gown, the chief his special headdress and his gaudy war paint, and the loafer his bared head and upturned sleeves. The great division of the world's labor—and the world's play—has called for varied and elaborate insignia. It has become necessary to brand men in order that their functions in the gigantic social mechanism may be known at a glance. As a result countless associations have clustered about every form of dress. One feels, almost instinctively, a respect for the justice's gown or the clergyman's surplice, and even the most pronounced democrat among us experi-

ences a little shiver of awe before the trappings of royalty. It could not be otherwise. So truly are we the offspring of society that we cannot but clothe the symbols of its various offices with our emotions and sentiments.

Thus it is that clothing stands between us and the world. Not only is it a material protection; it is also a notice to society that the wearer is a member of one of her great guilds and is entitled to the privileges and honors which custom and traditions have established. Even the fraternity of tramps has been known to receive vagrant brothers from other orders under the guise of "hobo" apparel. It is not an unheard of thing for a respectable citizen to tour a country in the guise of a tramp, depending chiefly upon his borrowed clothing for a welcome among vagabonds.

One sees very little black without its touch of color, just as one sees little color without its touch of black. So, with a very pretty gown, which was for traveling, yachting or the street, there was a boa of silk and velvet, chiffon and chenille, all in emerald green, while the hat, which was a Gainsborough, was in emerald green velvet, trimmed in white feathers.

All things, this autumn, demand slenderness, and to attain it is our greatest ambition. In reducing, one must guard against leanness, scrawniness or lankness, and must aim at just the right quantity of flesh. One must be lean—that is the word—but not lanky. Svelt, they call it, when one has attained just the right proportions for one's height, and where one's height is fairly good.

So great is the rage for getting thin that starvation lunches are given at

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