



## GANOUNG'S PHARMACY.

1400 O STREET.

Successor to H. O. Hanna.

First Pub. July 6-4.

### Notice of Sale of Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given that we, the undersigned, will at 10 o'clock A. M. on the 31 day of August, 1901, at the east front door of the Lancaster county courthouse, Lincoln, Nebraska, sell as an entirety at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described real property of the estate of Albert E. Touzalin, deceased, situate in the county of Lancaster, state of Nebraska, to-wit: the n. 1/2 of lot 14, and lots 15, 16, 17 and 18 in block 3. Lots 16, 17 and 18 in block 6. Lot 7 in block 8, all in Hillsdale, an addition to the city of Lincoln, as surveyed, platted and recorded. Also lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15 and 16 in block 1. Lots 10, 11 and 12 in block 3; all of block 5, being lots from 1 to 16, inclusive. All of block 7, being lots from 1 to 16, inclusive. All of block 9, being lots from 1 to 12, inclusive. In Second Hillsdale, an addition to the city of Lincoln, as surveyed, platted and recorded. This property was offered for sale on the 25th day of June, 1901, but it was found best to postpone the sale.

EDWARD C. PERKINS and  
CHARLES S. MAURICE,  
Executors of the will of  
Albert E. Touzalin, deceased.

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### PIERRE LORILLARD.

"A thousand dollars a day and expenses"—that was Pierre Lorillard's standard of what a man needed to enjoy life thoroughly. He so expressed himself, on many occasions, and I recall particularly a discussion at the Union club one day, when a banker with vastly greater wealth than he possessed, said that \$100,000 a year would suffice for any man's wants, no matter how luxurious or extravagant he might be. "In fact," said the banker, who has given away millions in the causes of philanthropy and art, "a man can't spend more than one hundred thousand dollars a year on himself." Lorillard ridiculed the statement. "Why," he laughed, "that just about enough to keep a man uneasy. With a hundred thousand a year he just begins to see what a good time he might have if he had the money." In response to the storm of inquiries from those about him as to what did constitute an appropriate and adequate income, Lorillard replied promptly: "A thousand dollars a day—and expenses," he added, observing that his friends regarded the figures as preposterous.

Mr. Lorillard held to the rather socialistic idea that the rich were in duty bound to spend their money. He believed that they fulfilled a large part of their obligations to the community if they dispensed their incomes in an extravagant and even prodigal style. While appreciating, of course, the virtue of gifts for charitable and educational purposes, he thought that society and state would get along very well and be able to supply all their own advantages in these regards, if the rich, like himself and his associates, scattered their superfluity in the lavish expendi-

tures for which he became notable. There have been some sound economists who held much the same views on this subject as did Mr. Lorillard, who, throughout his joyous career, did his utmost to give his sentiments practical application. There were few years when he did not spend all his income and some when he spent more.

For the men and families of enormous wealth that seemed to take pride in their economics and that bent all their wits to increasing their useless hoards he had a lively and freely spoken contempt. In their comparatively simple houses, meagre cuisines, commonplace equipage and general "closeness" of menage he saw nothing for them to be proud of. For the lack of "sportiness," on which some of the scions of our posterously rich families plume themselves, and their abstention from the costly and prodigal diversions in which the European aristocracy indulges, Mr. Lorillard had no patience. He thought that the very rich man who did not spend money extravagantly for the encouragement of the industries and callings that depend on such patronage was very near to being a public nuisance. He had his own notions of the way in which a man might be a useful citizen, and he certainly attained his ideal—in his own way. The newspaper guesses that he has left an estate of \$25,000,000 are absurd, almost pathetically so. Indeed, if Pierre Lorillard's genius for spending money had been transmitted, even in attenuated degree, to his posterity, the worn-out dictum that in republics it is only three generations between shirt sleeves would find picturesque illustration in the family for whose aggrandizement millions of Americans have pinched snuff and spit tobacco juice.

Had Pierre Lorillard died ten or fifteen years ago it would have been almost impossible to fill his place in smart society. He literally earned the title by which he was known—"Prince Pierre." His were the best horses, the best carriages, cooks, wines and cigars. His place at Newport, the famous old "Breakers," was the finest there. His yacht Radha was the best in the fleet. With the possible exception of Mrs. August Belmont, with whom there was always a keen rivalry, his wife wore the most superb gowns and jewels in town. There was no limit to his extravagance; yet with all his plunging he had a marvelous head for business. He used to say that the only fellows really worth racing or gambling or chucking pennies with were his own brothers, George "Jake" and Louis, who had the true sporting instinct of playing every game on a large scale. Whether it was an ocean race—his Vesta against George's Meteor or Louis' Eva—or a game of tennis, or a mere quibble over a game of billiards or pool, there was always a large stake immediately placed on the result, and nothing pleased the "Prince" more than to win his brothers' money.

Because the Belmonts had a ballroom Pierre Lorillard bought a lot adjacent to his house on Fifth avenue and Thirty-sixth street and built a ballroom. There were three reception rooms, the dining room and the ball room off to the east of the house, now given up to trade. His house was the first in which champagne was served from great glass pitchers holding many quarts. His canvas-back ducks and terrapin were especially hunted for him. Invitations to his dances, which were never overcrowded, were as eagerly sought as for a drawing room. He went in for every form of sport—yachting, racing, pigeon-shoot-