

PEOPLE and EVENTS

Seen, Heard and Done Among Those Who Go, Come and Tarry—Women and Society, Here and Elsewhere.

BY MISS E. N. ELLIE BECK, Telephone No. 668.

THE SUNNY SIDE.

Look upon the sunny side, lots o' fun in that. Laughter ringin' all aroun', Fun an' frolic jes' about— Nothin' like it to be found— Look upon the sunny side!

Look upon the sunny side, shadders there a're shy, Promise jes' a-smillin' at each feller passin' by— Hope a-hangin' all about Sadness passin' up the spout, Love an' life to fellers shout: "Look upon the sunny side!"

Look upon the sunny side, that's the way to look, Helps you out, no matter what big task you've undertook— Leads you straightway to the light, Past the darkest shades of night, Leavin' sorrow out o' sight— Look upon the sunny side!

Look upon the sunny side, pause a bit to smile, It will help you greatly both right now and after while— World is not a-seekin' sights, Hope is shinin' in the skies, Also in your sweetheart's eyes— Look upon the sunny side!

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MR. GOLSON AND MISS SPIVEY QUIETLY WEDDED.

The residence of Mrs. W. J. Acosta, corner of 10th avenue and 13th street, was the scene of a very quiet and impressive wedding last evening, when her adopted daughter, Miss Lena Spivey and Mr. Jay Golson were married.

Owing to the recent death of the bride's adopted father, only the immediate families and close connections were invited to be present.

The only decorations were draperies of ivy and banks of ferns. In the northeast corner of the parlor a temporary altar had been improvised before a bank of growing ferns and the space marked by an overhanging drape of ivy from the ceiling to the two side walls, where it was held by clusters of feathery ferns.

The groom, attended by the bride's adopted brother, Mr. Walter Acosta, as best man, entered from the dining room promptly at the hour, 8:30, and a moment later the bride entered from the hall accompanied by Mrs. Eugene Acosta as matron of honor.

The bride, who is a brunette, wore a lovely gown of pale rose crepe de chine over rose taffeta, the bodice draped over a deep girle effect and elaborately trimmed with real lace, which also formed the collar and the deep fall of lace on the sleeves. She carried white hydrangeas and white carnations.

The matron of honor, a blonde, and recently a bride, was gowned in grey crepe de chine, trimmed with real lace and carrying white carnations and ferns.

Rev. J. L. Rogers, pastor of the Gadsden Street M. E. Church, officiated with beautiful ceremonial, and after the benediction joined in congratulations and good wishes.

Later the little company was invited to the dining room where yellow flowers varied the cool green of the ferns on the table from which hot chocolate and cakes were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Golson went direct to

THE JOURNAL'S DAILY SHORT STORY

ADAM

By KEITH GORDON. Copyright, 1904, by Frances Wilson.

The girl in the hammock laid her book face downward beside her, a faint, skeptical smile visible about her mouth.

"How do you go about it?" was the question that her eyes asked of the radiant landscape. "It's all very well to say that a woman, if she have not a bump upon her back, may marry whom she will, but how would she go about it?"

The scratching of a match broke the summer stillness, and her meditations were suddenly precipitated from the general to the concrete. She glanced where a man's form bulked in one of the huge wicker chairs. With his hand forming a screen he was lighting a fresh cigar, seemingly oblivious to everything in life except that and the Engineering Journal, which lay in his lap.

He was her brother's best friend, and she had known him for years, not with much satisfaction, it must be confessed, since he was notoriously a "man's man," living in a man's world and regarding the rattle of feminine skirts with something of the same feeling that he did the humming of a mosquito.

But he was good to look upon—so good that a sudden, quick resentment shot through her heart at his indifference. It assumed the likeness of a personal affront, a sort of insult to her sex. It would serve him right if some girl would just make up her mind to marry him and do it, too, before he knew what he was about.

Meanwhile he had tossed away the match and picked up the Journal again as imperturbably as if he were alone, a pair of half indignant eyes watching him with a combination of pique and amusement.

It certainly would serve him right, her thoughts ran on, if some lady would just wind him round and round her finger, make him fetch and carry at her beck and call, reduce him to a perfect mush of sentiment. Something in her steady gaze caused him to move uneasily, then look up.

"Did you speak?" He had the perfunctory manner of a person who knows he must keep guard over himself or he will be guilty of some remissness. A heroic resolution to do his duty was visible in his face.

"No," she drawled, "I didn't speak. But if you don't mind very much I think I will. I'd like to ask you, for instance, if you have ever had a ladies' day?"

"A ladies' day?" he repeated helplessly, shaking off his eyeglasses with a characteristic movement, while his tormentor watched him as if he had been some sort of a specimen that she had impaled upon a pin. Then a light dawned upon him.

"You mean such as they have at the club—a day when the place is given up to your sex and other matters go to the wall? Well, no, I don't know that I ever have had."

"Don't you think it is time?" she ventured. "Possibly," he admitted, but he still held the Journal in a way that suggested a well nigh unconquerable desire to return to it. She stretched out her hand. Reluctantly he handed it over.

"Did it ever occur to you," she asked blandly, "that the creature who tempted Adam so successfully, who is at the bottom of everything, as it were, must be as—as intricate as your old engineering problems?"

"I have always considered Adam weak—very weak," was his evasive answer. "Men aren't like that nowadays."

At these boastful words a resolution that had been taking form in her mind became full fledged. She was inspired with the sense of a mission. Her neglected sex should find an avenger in her.

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"You think you wouldn't have eaten of the apple, then?" There was a new note in her voice. It was at the same time a challenge and an appeal.

As if it were something absolutely new it came to his mind that girls were delicate, helpless creatures, and a wave of tenderness for the sex swept over him. Still he was very positive that he wouldn't have eaten the apple, and something in the soft, babyish, yet dependent way in which she looked at him caused him to explain at great length why.

"Has talked fifteen minutes by the clock," she was thinking in high glee, but outwardly she was all deferential, honey sweet attention.

"I'm sure he wouldn't have yielded if he'd been like you!" was her earnest comment when he finished speaking, and at the words he was conscious of a pleasant expansiveness, a caressing sense of satisfaction as delightful as it was unusual. It was as if he were growing taller, broader and more severely strong before her very eyes.

"Go back to your reading. I'm not going to bother you another minute." She jumped up and, laying her hand on his arm, flashed ingeniously: "You don't mind my bothering you, do you? A girl gets so tired of woman talk! A chat like this is like a plunge in a cold stream." And she vanished into the house and scurried to her room, where she threw a kiss to her image in the mirror, with the remark, "You're doing well for a beginner, my love."

Down on the broad piazza the man had returned to the closely printed columns before him, but after a half hour he gave up.

"I'm stale!" he murmured, throwing the paper on the table. "Wonder where's she gone? Never before realized how interesting she is—for a girl. Had I ever had a ladies' day? Umph! That was funny!" And he smiled at the recollection of it.

For the next two or three days she avoided him as much as possible.

"I must give him plenty of line," she decided craftily, "and never let him suspect that he's taken the bait."

On the third day he proposed a long tramp to her.

"You don't want a silly thing like me," she protested, with modest self depreciation. "I can't talk about bridges and buttresses and caissons and all those interesting things that you know about. I shall only bore you."

"What was it you said the other day about the creature that tempted Adam?" was his laughing reply. "Perhaps I want to take up a new line of study."

"I just made him think I was the most dependent thing that ever lived," she confided shamelessly to her mirror that night. "My timid little feet could scarcely get over the ground without help, and as for climbing fences—"

She went off into a peal of laughter as she remembered how solicitous he had been about her getting over a fence that was in their way—and she who could turn a handspring as well as either of her brothers.

"Of course I couldn't do it if I really liked him," she murmured. Then the girl in the mirror averted her face quickly. "I'm just going to give him a much needed lesson, you know," she went on. This time the girl looked into her eyes for a moment. After that she threw herself on the bed and buried a hot face in the pillows.

As the weeks went by the startling conviction that there was one girl in the world who never bored him, never made him long to escape and get back to his own kind, came to be a certainty to the man. With the coming of this knowledge the world seemed a brighter, livelier place.

The idea of marriage, which had hitherto seemed so remote as that of suicide, came and lodged within his brain as if it were an old friend. He thought, with some scorn, of his former views.

They were standing under the big apple tree in the back garden. From the ground she picked up one of the round, smooth apples and began to eat it. Something in the action brought back to him the conversation they once had about Adam, and he wondered how he could ever have been so cross, so dense. He held out his hand.

"Please, Eve," he beseeched. "But you are not like Adam," she began archly.

"No," he said meaningly. "He waited for temptation. I—don't intend to wait!"

And that night she whispered to the girl in the mirror, "What Thackeray says is true!"

The Sphinx's Riddle. The riddle which the sphinx propounded to the Thebans and the solution of which she made a condition of her withdrawal from the state was as follows: "What animal has one voice, at first four, then two and at last three feet?" Oedipus discovered the answer to be "man," who in infancy, from using his hands as well as his feet in walking, may be said to have four feet (all fours), in after life employs but two, and in old age to these he adds a staff, which may be reckoned a third.

Upon this solution being given the sphinx is said to have thrown herself headlong from the citadel.

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AMUSEMENTS.

CRESTON CLARKE. It is always a pleasure to welcome such a deserving actor as Creston Clarke, and for that reason his appearance here tonight is being regarded in the light of a real dramatic treat. Especially is this so, on account of the choice he has made this season of a play so full of romantic comedy charm as "Monsieur Beaucaire" with which Richard Mansfield substantially won the public favor two seasons ago.



CRESTON CLARKE.

He is said to give his portrayal a distinctness that was lacking in some of the scenes enacted by his distinguished predecessor. In fact, Mr. Clarke is credited with having found in "Monsieur Beaucaire" a play that is likely to serve him in every respect with better and more becoming advantage than anything with which he has yet been identified.

"Monsieur Beaucaire" will be presented by a cast of adequate balance, and with such costume embellishment and scenic accessories as cannot fail to make the production of special interest.

Agnes Ardeck, who succeeded Henrietta Crossman as "Mistress Nell" will be seen as Lady Mary Carlisle, while Blanche Moulton essays the role of the countess of Greensburg. Others of equal renown are with the larger and well fitted company.

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DANCE. Dance Monday, January 30, in some of the scenes enacted by his distinguished predecessor. In fact, Mr. Clarke is credited with having found in "Monsieur Beaucaire" a play that is likely to serve him in every respect with better and more becoming advantage than anything with which he has yet been identified.

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