

PEOPLE and EVENTS

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

BY MISS E. NELLIE BECK.
Telephone 669.

BARLEY LOAVES.
Only five barley loaves!
Only two fishes small!
And shall I offer these poor gifts
To Christ, the Lord of all?
To Him whose mighty word
Can still the mighty sea,
Can cleanse the leper, raise the dead?
He hath no need of me.

Yes, He hath need of thee;
Then bring thy loaves of bread;
Behold, with them, when Jesus speaks,
The multitude are fed.
"Two hundred pennyworth,"
Said one, "had not sufficed,"
Ah, true! what is abundance worth
Unless 'tis blessed by Christ?

Only one talent small,
Scarce worthy to be named,
Truly He hath no need of this;
O soul, art thou ashamed?
He gave that talent first,
Then use it in His strength;
Whereby—thou knowest not—He may
Work a miracle at length.

Many the starving souls
Now waiting to be fed;
Needing, tho' knowing not their need
Of Christ, the living bread.
Oh, hast thou known His love?
To others make it known;
Receiving blessings, others bless;
No seed abides alone.

And then thine eyes shall see
The holy ransomed troop,
In heavenly fields, by living streams,
By Jesus led along—
Unspeaking thy joy shall be,
And glorious thy reward,
If by thy barley loaves, one soul
Has been brought home to God.

—Mrs. J. A. B. G.

DR. AND MRS. J. G. HEARD ENTERTAIN FOR FAIR MEMPHIAN GUESTS.

Dr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Heard entertained delightfully last night with progressive euchre complimentary to their charming house guests, Mrs. Chestnut A. Dennis and Mrs. C. C. Miller, both of Memphis, Tenn.

Their residence, 104 West Jackson was invitingly decorated, the color scheme of pink, white and green being beautifully carried out, the flowers being pink and white carnations. The chandeliers were entwined with smilax starred with pink carnations, while showery clusters of the same lovely flowers in pink or white or both were in tasteful profusion throughout the rooms.

Mrs. Heard, charmingly gowned in pink chiffon over pale rose silk, received her guests introducing her friends the honorees, Mrs. Miller in rich combination of white and black silk and white chiffon, and Mrs. Dennis in a becoming creation of white chiffon over white silk, while Dr. Heard saw that every one was hospitably entertained.

In the reception hall, Miss Clara Bell prettily gowned, presided at the punch table gracefully serving the delicious contents of the punch bowl, in the center of which floated a square block of ice in which were frozen green and red cherries.

The tables were all covered with pink silk and the score cards were white tied with pink ribbon, and bore sketches of Gibson girls drawn in black by Miss Emily Whaley and Miss

Mamie Ward, Miss Nancy Choate, sweet and girlish, kept the score. The decorative scheme was carried out in the refreshments which included little white individual cakes and pink Neapolitan cream. The prizes were very handsome, and the consolation, a book of "Favorite Poems" bound in Russian leather was drawn for in a novel manner. A dish of little pink and white mints was passed around with the information that "Whoever gets the mint with the coin in it also gets the consolation."

The gentleman's first prize was an imported German stein and the lady's first was a hand painted china cake plate decorated with pink roses to carry out the dainty color scheme. The stein went to Mr. Scarritt Moore; the cake plate to Miss Maud Fernald and the book of poems to Mrs. Charles Dishman.

ANOTHER DAUGHTER OF LEE MARRIES INTO THE U. S. ARMY.

Miss Annie Fitzhugh Lee, daughter of General and Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee, and Lieutenant Lewis Brown, Jr., of the Seventh United States Cavalry, will be married February 15, in St. Paul's Episcopal church in Norfolk, Va.

Miss Ellen Lee, the General's eldest daughter, is the wife of Captain Rhea, of the Seventh, which is Custer's old regiment, and his son, George Mason Lee, who married a daughter of General George H. Burton, inspector general of the army, is a subaltern in the same regiment. Lieutenant Brown is a Rhode Island man.

The wedding will doubtless prove a notable assemblage of distinguished and aristocratic people from all sections of the country, and the military will be in full dress evidence as well as in personal distinction.

THE CONCORDIA CLUB INVITED TO ATTEND KING'S BIRTHDAY RECEPTION.

Captain Kock of the German cruiser Bremen, invites all the members of the Concordia Club with their families, to Emperor William's birthday reception tonight aboard the cruiser. The invitation was given to President Henry M. Horsler for the club, and he transmits it through the Journal. No formal or written invitations are sent. Boats will come from the Bremen to meet the people and will leave the east side of Palafox wharf from the City of Tampa landing at 6 o'clock.

Mrs. Walter White will entertain the Friday Euchre today for the first time since moving into her pretty new cottage.

Mr. Ed Higgins, warrant machinist of the U. S. S. Atlanta, has many friends who will be glad to know that he has returned on a leave of absence for thirty days. At the expiration of his leave, his wife and sister-in-law, Miss Margie Wilkins, of Warrington, will accompany him to Norfolk, Va., where Mr. Higgins will join the U. S. S. Galveston, to which vessel he is transferred.

Mr. Nicholas Alvarez, assistant ocean light keeper, is quite ill of pneumonia at his home, and much uneasiness is felt for him by his family and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. McCaskell returned home Wednesday night, having spent a few days in Freeport, after visiting in DeFuniak.

Mrs. Claude Donaldson is recovering from a severe stage of la grippe. Mrs. M. F. Tuggle of Magnolia, Ark., arrived yesterday morning on a visit to her sister, Mrs. L. M. Hokett, and her niece, Miss Della Clyburn, whom she had not seen for ten years.

Why He Studied Law.
"I am going to study law," he announced in decided tones.
"And practice it?"
"Oh, no."
"Then why study it?"
"Well, I've always been told that a man never should sign a document that he does not thoroughly understand."
"That, I believe, is generally considered to be a sound business principle."
"And I'm going to be a thorough-going business man or know the reason why."
"Well?"
"Well, I've just been looking over the lease of my house, and it occurs to me that if I study hard from now until the lease expires I'll have a glimmering idea what it's all about when I have to sign another. What the agent told me I was signing could have been put in 100 words; what I actually signed amounted to about 2,000 words, badly tangled. I've either got to study law or violate a great business principle."

Wealth's Changes.
Wilby—There goes that beautiful Mrs. Kofure with her wealth of auburn hair. She wasn't always so rich, was she? Nash—Oh, no! I knew her when she was red headed.—Boston Transcript.

Harakiri.
Despite the fact that harakiri is regarded as a national institution of Japan, instances of self destruction in that leading are much fewer than in the tropical lands of Europe.

DANCE.
Dance Monday, January 30, by East Hill Pleasure Club at G. K. of A. hall. Orchestra. Admission 25c.

THE JOURNAL'S DAILY SHORT STORY

A LIBERAL REWARD.

BY ETHEL BARRINGTON.
Copyright, 1904, by Ethel Barrington.

Deep in the heart of each man and woman lies some unfulfilled ambition toward which his efforts tend as a goal. With Myra Darling it was a gold watch.

Her days were passed behind a counter where a variety of neckwear was displayed. The remuneration was small and served only to provide her with a "home" and the simplest of gowns. The watch for which her soul hungered might have been the moon or the Roc's egg. But more trying than the privations she endured was the cheapness, the narrowness of her life, so different from the genteel surroundings of her girlhood.

It was her birthday, her eighteenth year, and Sunday—a day free from the aisle walker's espionage, a happy combination which Myra enjoyed to the full. A long afternoon in the crisp, cool air of the park was a happy climax.

It was turning dusk as she left the park. The city lamps already shone in a long line down the avenue. On the side streets the shadows fell black and ugly, causing a few buildings to stand out in bold relief. Suddenly a flash from a passing automobile struck a small, round object that glittered near the curb. Myra bent over to pick it up. Had some beneficent fairy godmother thrown the gift at her feet? It was a watch, and on her birthday! She seized it rapturously and, looking neither to the right nor left, fled up the steps of her boarding house, never pausing until she stood in the hall room she called her home. She lighted the gas and drew down the shade, then breathlessly examined her new found treasure. The small hunting case was of gold, with no mark to identify it, and set in diamonds.

"You little beauty," whispered the girl as she caressed it with her fingers. Then, with woman's curiosity, she tried to open the back. It was difficult, but at last Myra gasped with surprise. The face of a young man, with honest eyes and kindly mouth, looked into her own.

"I wonder if he owns the watch?" she thought. "No, it's a woman's trinket. He must have given it to the girl—and if so he—"

Myra abruptly closed the case. But she could not shut out the face from her mental vision. She passed her evening rocking slowly in her chair, with a magazine between her fingers, the gentle ticking of the watch counting the passing hours. That night she dreamed not of the watch, but of a life which the watch typified, and through the dream stalked a man whose face was the face in the watch.

She awoke a little after 6 to revel in the delight of knowing the exact hour and turning luxuriously over for another fifteen minutes.

All day she thought about her wonderful acquisition and smiled happily to herself. The other girls noticed it and twitted her in their good natured if rather coarse way. Myra laughed, but guarded her secret and hurried home to pass another evening of delightful possession. Three days passed, and though the watch itself was a never failing source of delight, as the actual realization of her dreams it was

the picture that crept into her heart. She told her secrets to those honest eyes and called him "dear friend." He seemed somehow to understand her every whim.

"The whole world could trust you, and—I'd trust you absolutely," she told him one night very softly. "The other girl trusts you too? The other girl! How sorry she must be to lose your picture!"

Then suddenly, without any warning, Myra awoke to the truth. The watch, the picture, were not hers! She had no right to keep them. She turned to the window and looked drearily out over the roofs of houses.

"I never thought of it, not once. They're not mine. They are hers. Hers, and I kept them. It's the same as stealing. I never thought."

That noon she spent half an hour running over newspaper files in the library. She found the description in the "Lost and Found" column and made note of the address with eyes grown misty.

She put off the evil day until Sunday and decided to enjoy to the full her last day of the fairy gift which was to vanish so soon. She slipped a narrow black ribbon on the watch and recklessly wore it all day. She did not dare to look at it or exhibit it to the girls, but the knowledge that it was ticking steadily in her belt brought comfort.

"Can I see the lady—the one who lost her watch?" she asked, and she was at once shown into a room with luxurious appointments. There was a log fire in the grate, with comfortable lounging chairs and books in every available space. It carried Myra back to those other days now dim in her memory.

"You have found my watch? How glad I am!" The speaker came close to Myra, with outstretched hands and eager smile. She was as beautiful as any of the women whom Myra served during business hours.

The girl laid the watch in the other's hand. Surely with all Miss Shepherd possessed she could have spared this toy, but it was hers, and she must have it.

"It was my mother's," said Miss Shepherd softly. "That is why I cannot thank you enough. And you will accept this little acknowledgment?" she said, trying to press a roll of bills into Myra's clenched hand.

"No," said Myra. "It's yours. I want nothing."
"But I promised a liberal reward."
"And I had it—all the week. The watch was such good company." She did not mention the picture.

And to all Miss Shepherd's arguments and entreaties Myra reiterated "No." The picture held her firm. She could not take the money for that.

In the end she allowed herself to be persuaded to remain until the rain ceased and to drink a cup of tea.

"Here's Tom. You must meet him!" exclaimed her hostess proudly as the door swung open and there entered the original of the photograph.

One look from Myra, and then her lashes drooped in embarrassment. The others discussed the watch and its recovery. At first Myra could scarcely follow what they said, but they were so kind, so full of interest about her and her little experiences, that she soon found herself chatting freely and laughing at Tom's funny sayings; still she rose in trepidation to find how late it had become.

Tom (she had not discovered his other name) insisted that as his automobile was at the door he would take her home.

"Oh, no!" gasped Myra in distress, turning to her hostess. "I'd rather take a car."

"Don't you like motors?" questioned Miss Shepherd kindly.

"I've never tried one," admitted Myra.

"Then that settles it," exclaimed Tom, and Myra found herself hurrying to the door, with Miss Shepherd exacting a promise that she would come again.

"Yes, do!" urged Tom as they went down the steps. "She really means it. Isn't she jolly?"

"She's very kind. How happy she must be—so pretty and such a beautiful home, and—and you!" Myra had not meant to say that at all. It just slipped out.

"You bet. She's the best sister that ever a fellow had."

"Your sister?" stammered Myra, and somehow in her surprise she nearly missed the step of the motor car, but Tom caught her.

"Of course. What else did you think?" Myra felt her face flush hotly. She trembled a little, but she did not say just what she thought. In fact, she did not tell him until the following Christmas. Tom had presented Myra with what had once been the desire of her heart, a gold watch.

"I can't take anything so handsome," she had said, shaking her head earnestly.

Tom only laughed. The case flew back, and there was the one face in all the world for Myra.

"Sweetheart, I claim a liberal reward," said Tom. "Please take me too."

Mrs. R. sa Prendenthal Moonish, SPECIALTY DISEASES OF WOMEN.
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How Trousers Came to Be Popular.

Trousers came into use for general wear with the French revolution. The gentlemen, the supporters of royalty and sound constitutional principles, wore breeches. The "sans culottes," who denounced every one who wore breeches, finally went beyond their opponents and wore twice as much cloth around their legs—in a word, adopted the modern trousers and made them the badge of a party. Napoleon, who was too thin at one period of his life and too stout at another to look his best in small clothes, nevertheless wore them on state occasions after he had been crowned emperor. His army was the first that wore trousers, and they kept progress step by step with the march of the French legions.

The French trousers were seen in Egypt, in Spain, in Italy, in Germany, in Poland and in Russia, and with them the neat gaiter. People thought that the manner in which a great conquering nation clad its legs was the correct model, and when the trousers wearers marched over the wearers of pigtails and knee breeches at Jena and Austerlitz a decision was given from which the world did not care to appeal.

The Defiant Tomato.

"It has happened to me several times in my life," says Thomas E. Watson in Ethans, "to be arrested, convicted and sentenced to dine with other well dressed convicts, male and female, at a swell dinner—one of those formal functions where solemn flunkies bring you one thing only to eat at a time. When you have pecked awhile at that one thing, whatever it may be, solemn flunkies take it away and bring you another plate and some other thing to peck at awhile.

"Sometimes it happens that this one thing is a big, defiant looking tomato. To sit in one's chair, gazing at the last course which the flunky has just put on; to realize that this entire course consists of a solitary tomato, looking fiercely red and raw; to glance along the table and to realize that all the convicts, male and female, have one tomato apiece and are trying to look cheerfully at the convict boss—the host—has overwhelmed me every time it got the chance. The scene is heartrending."

Father and Daughter.

Is there any fairer relationship in the wide world than this between father and young daughter? Its only rivals are the ties between mother and son, mother and daughter and father and son. To the budding womanhood that skips and pranks beside him the settled man of affairs betrays the shy chivalry that, so long as he retains the innocence of his affections, nestles at his heart. For her he remembers again the gallant days of his youth; he quotes poetry, brings out for her amused and affectionate inspection dreams and hopes long laid by in the cedar chests of memory. For her sake he goes again into society, consents to dress for dinner, is careful of his manners and his speech. The graces of life tra into his consciousness with the soft swish of her lengthening skirts.—Harper's Bazar.

A Slave of Prosperity.

Mrs. Porter had married late in life and married a rich man after years of prudent scrimping and much care. "How does Annabel look?" asked one of Mrs. Porter's old neighbors of another who had been visiting the bride of a year. "Does she appear satisfied?"
"Oh, yes, she's satisfied and happy and all that," said the old friend slowly, "but you know folks can't get wanted to things all of a sudden, and so there will come times now and again when Annabel looks as if the kettle was b'lin' over and she was tied hand and foot so she couldn't get to the stove. It's not for me to say how she feels."

PROTECT YOUR WATER PIPES.

INDICATIONS ARE THAT THE FREEZE WILL CONTINUE SEVERAL DAYS. MEASURES SHOULD BE TAKEN TO PROTECT YOUR WATER PIPES.

A CROWN OF GLORY

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It has been truly said that the crowning glory of our race is a luxuriant head of hair.

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