

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 no. 669.

HER SEVENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY DINNER.

Mrs. Joseph Wilkins, of Fisherville, was 71 years young on Sunday and her children, grandchildren and a few friends assembled at her home to enjoy a two o'clock dinner with which she celebrated the day.

The color scheme of pink and green was beautifully carried out, and in the soft light of the many candles, the handsomely appointed table was pretty as a picture.

The special guest of honor was Mr. A. Lambert.

Others present were, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Wilkins, Miss F. Wilkins, Miss L. Wilkins, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wilkins, Mr. and Mrs. Hester Wilkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Hester, Miss Lena, Miss Angeline, Mr. George, Miss Ethel and Miss Modeste Hester; Miss Maldina, Mr. Oscar, Mr. Wilkins and Mrs. Genevieve Davenport; Mr. Joseph and Mr. Alvah Davenport.

Mrs. Wilkins received many beautiful tokens of love and esteem and a host of friends unite in wishing her many happy returns of her anniversary.

THAT GRIPPEAN CLIMATE.

It would be funny to hear some people express their opinions of this balmy climate if their tones weren't so muffled and they didn't sniffle so.

The fact is—we're spoiled. Dreadfully so. We enjoy almost perfect spring and summer weather for about 340 days in the year with little thought of but—how we do grumble and growl if the remaining 25 days are disagreeable.

One of the most eloquent tributes to the beauty and genial character of Pensacola's normal climate, is the fact that practically everybody succumbs to the fall of the mercury to anywhere round 32. Below that point—well, we are simply refrigerated—good for nothing but to smudge down by a big fire and stay there till the mercury rises.

If the atmosphere is both damp and chilly, then down go our hopes and we're as forlorn as though the last trump was sounding and we knew we would be unable to report in person.

Even those whose blood only tingles the merrier from a nip of Jack Frost give up the ghost of cheerfulness when the skies begin to weep or even threaten. But—it is amazing how little precaution the wisest take against these changes.

Men, women and children, as a rule, add more or less underwear and adopt a somewhat heavier dress when the first "cool spell" arrives along in the fall. This is their "winter" outfit which they wear for three or four months during which the mercury wanders up and down the scale.

When the mercury falls they add a few more wraps to their necks—turning up coat collars or twisting scarfs about them. In extreme cases an extra coat is added, but no one ever seems to think the feet and legs need protection. But, it is safe to say that one rarely "takes cold," if ever, when the feet and legs are kept comfortably warm.

Even a "draught" of cold air through a room is a good thing to keep going near the ceiling, but if it is within six feet of the floor it means sickness for the occupants—temporary or permanent—and the closer the floor the more deadly.

One little crack under a door will neutralize the warmth from a red hot stove and cause more rheumatism, pneumonia and sore throat than the best physician can guarantee to cure. We should pay less attention to season and more to temperature in Pensacola. There are many days when summer clothes are comfortable and should be worn during the winter months, but we should all use common sense enough to wear thicker shoes, stockings and underwear on a cold day than on a warm one, and still warmer ones when it is freezing, whether for a few hours or a few days. One may catch in five minutes, a cold that hangs on for months.

Mr. J. Lichten and family are pleasantly domiciled at the Southern.

Mrs. T. J. Hennican, of Mobile, left Monday noon for home after a pleasant visit.

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THE JOURNAL'S DAILY SHORT STORY CONSOLATION,

BY KEITH GORDON.

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Through the stained glass above the palms and roses the midday sun streamed in, flecking the scene with gorgeous reds, blues and greens. It shed a golden glow upon the tall, slender, graceful bride, and at the sight the best man shut his jaw a bit more determinedly. She was looking more than ever like an angel, and in five minutes she would be the wife of his best friend. That was the monotonous sentence which kept repeating itself in his mind. As if he were likely to forget!

Opposite him and just behind the bride the maid of honor stood. For the moment she, too, had forgotten the guests, forgotten everything save the fact that the one man in the world whom she might have loved—for she always phrased it thus carefully to herself—was at that moment vowing to love and cherish her closest friend. She had a curious feeling that when she was an old, old woman, when a sad eyes looked back at her from her mirror, she should still be able to live over again the despair of this moment, when the white robed clergyman was taking him from her life, a thousand times more irrevocably than death could have done.

There was a stir about her like the rush of the wind. For a second she was too lost in thought to understand then, as she dropped upon her knees, eyes caught those of the best man, casually at first and then with a quick, startled recognition of something she saw there. He, too, had the air of a person suddenly awakened from a nightmare, momentarily uncertain of the surroundings in which he found himself.

A moment later she had forgotten his very existence. "He's Ethel's husband now—Ethel's husband," she said sternly to herself, skillfully turning a dry sob into a long, broken breath and composing her face to the radiant expression becoming the bride's best friend. Meanwhile the best man admonished himself in a similar strain. "Steady now, old man! Now's the time to get out your happy smile." Then, as the rigid muscles of his face gave no indication of relaxing, his thoughts ran on crossly: "Don't be an ass! It's the worst ever, so you might as well cheer up!"

By the time the great organ pealed out the triumphant strains of the wedding march he and the maid of honor, their masks on, faced the guests that filled the church, ready to play their parts for all they were worth. Something in the music was at once an inspiration and a challenge. "Isn't she sweet?" whispered one of the guests to a companion, referring to the maid of honor. "But how pale she is, and what a curious look there is in her eyes—sort of nothing can ever matter again expression—and yet!"

The speaker stopped, staring thoughtfully at the girl until she had passed. More than once during the course of the wedding breakfast that followed the best man found himself watching

her curiously. No one was gayer than she—none so gay, in fact. Her eyes were brilliant, and her laugh rang out valiantly, but his own misery made him subtly conscious of some undercurrent of feeling that was running strong and pitiless under the surface bubbles—an undertow of misery that she was resisting with all her strength. He remembered that when, during the ceremony, their eyes had met in that confused, unveiled glance she had been staring at the groom as intently as he had at the bride. Could it be? He did not formulate the thought, but he watched her more keenly than ever after that—so keenly, indeed, that once, unable to bear it any longer, with an appearance of unconsciousness she taxed him with it.

"You are very rude!" she said lightly, but at his grave, sincere "Believe me, I have not meant to be," and the searching look that accompanied it, the expression of a sympathy he could not put into words, her lips quivered ever so slightly. "Weddings get upon my nerves," she explained, with a little grimace, and before he could reply she had turned away.

The shower of rice and old shoes had spent itself, and the bride and groom had departed, taking all the romance of the world with them and leaving behind a monotony without form and void. All of the guests felt it, and already the bustle of departure was in the air. But to the best man and the maid of honor it was a ghastly, appalling fact that made them linger on the steps after the others had re-entered the house, staring blankly after the carriage that had disappeared around the corner. Then the man remembered where he was and pulled himself together with an effort.

"Seems rather like the end of things, doesn't it?" he observed as they turned into the doorway. "From our standpoint, yes," was the listless answer. Then she caught her lip between her teeth and darted a quick, inquiring glance at him. That was not precisely what she would have chosen to say, and she hoped that he would not notice it. But at the sight of the somber smile in his eyes the hope assailed.

In a snug corner of the deserted library, where the farwells of the departing guests came to them but faintly, she next found herself, without being very clear as to how she came there. The best man was sitting in front of her holding one of her hands in a protecting, big brotherly fashion, while she vainly tried to keep back the tears that seemed to be rising as quietly and relentlessly as a flood. It was no use. Higher and higher they came. She winked hard and shut her teeth firmly. Then she snatched her hand away and covered her face.

"My poor little girl," murmured the best man softly. "Weddings are always sad, don't you think?" She gasped out, dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief and giving a little hysterical laugh. "Still, I don't usually behave like this. You see, when your best friend marries—she—that is—everything is different and"—She gave

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up trying to explain the situation in despair and ended with an incoherent, "But it's all very ridiculous, and I don't know why I should say all this to you."

She was the picture of helpless, girlish misery, and the best man's heart ached for her. Momentarily his sympathy took the edge off his own loneliness. He winced at the thought of her having to suffer alone the maddening sense of loss that tormented him.

"Perhaps it's because misery loves company," he said gently. "Perhaps you feel that this wedding hasn't been altogether like other weddings to me either." He went on, with a matter of fact air, as if it were the most natural thing in the world that they should be confiding in each other.

She was watching him with a dawning understanding in her eyes, and he met her gaze with a whimsical smile, as if he were offering her the open book of his soul to read if she would.

"Do you mean that you, too?" There was no need to complete the question, for it was answered before it was spoken. Involuntarily her hands went out to him in quick, warm sympathy, and though her only comment was a breathless "Oh!" it was eloquent with feeling.

Little by little her composure came back to her. "It was so good of you to tell me," she said gratefully. "I think I feel as Robinson Crusoe did when he discovered the man Friday."

"Not that I'm glad that you're happy, too," she added quickly; "only it doesn't seem so lonely now that I know that there is some one who understands. After all, that's what makes life worth living, isn't it?" She finished, looking up at him with what seemed to him the sweetest look he had ever seen in a girl's face.

When at the end of six months the bride and groom returned from their honeymoon abroad the best man and the maid of honor were among the first of their dinner guests.

"See here; it seems to me that you two have been making hay in our absence," laughed the bride, noting with a woman's quick instinct the deep, strong understanding that seemed to exist between the two, whereupon her listeners exchanged a somewhat humorous, albeit confused, glance, but refused to explain.

The following June they were married. Just before the Lohengrin march the organist played "Consolation," at which such of the guests as recognized the selection elevated their eyebrows and wondered. But the bride and groom alone were in the secret. It was a case of in memoriam.

The Journal's Daily Fashion Feature.



A smart coat suit of brown Venetian cloth, trimmed on the coat with brown fur. The skirt is the favorite pleated walking length. A white felt turban is trimmed with hands and tails of brown fur, and a large crimson velvet rose gives a touch of brilliancy at the left side.

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DEATH OF MRS. LANG-LEY, AN AGED WIDOW.

Chipley, Fla., Feb. 6.—Mr. L. E. Miller, the contractor of the B. C. & St. A. R. R., returned to Chipley Friday from the east with all arrangements completed for the immediate construction of the road. All the hands available are now at work. Considerable grading has been done and ties and rails distributed for quite a distance out of town. A car load of mules arrived Friday for the contractor. They are advertising largely for hands.

The widow of Rev. T. E. Langley, residing with her daughter, Mrs. J. N. Daniels died about 12 o'clock m. Saturday, the result of an attack of lagrippe. She was 72 years old and was rather feeble. She was one of the oldest citizens of this community and of a highly respectable family.

Maj. W. O. Butler, a prominent attorney, has been away several days during the past week attending to legal matters. He made one trip to Millville, two trips to Vernon, one to Tallahassee and one to Bonifay. Mr. J. J. Pelt is using the new gasoline burned and has the best lighted store in Chipley.

Read The Journal's Want Ads.