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BUBBLE WATER AND COLOR-BLIND KISSES AT JACK JOHNSON'S WEDDING

**All the Blacks Kissed the White Bride—Johnson Got a
Kiss from His Brother, and the Old Mother
Cried in the Kitchen.**

There was something strangely tragic, infinitely pitiful, about the wedding of Lucille Cameron to Jack Johnson yesterday.

Early in the afternoon the guests began to gather in the drawing room of Johnson's home, 3344 South Wabash avenue.

They weren't all black. There were E. F. Daniels, a white saloonkeeper, and his wife, also white. There were Sig Hart, who used to be a rubber for Johnson, and his wife, also white. There were Laura Smith, a white woman whose blonde hair cried aloud of peroxide, and a Mrs. Wilkins, also white.

There also were about a dozen newspaper reporters and photographers. They had to be there.

And there was Lucille Cameron herself, dressed in a gray checkered tailor-made suit, wearing a big picture hat, with a sweeping black plume, and the

\$2,500 diamond ring Johnson had given her earlier in the day.

She sat on a lounge beside Johnson. He wore a gray-checked suit that matched hers.

Her color was high. She had been drinking champagne. She laughed a great deal, and every few minutes she threw her arms around Johnson and kissed him.

"Oh, you great, big bear," she called him, and "Oh, you baby."

The time of the ceremony had been fixed at 3:30 o'clock. But the preacher who promised to perform, the Rev. Roberts, did not show up.

It had been arranged that none of the twenty-four cases of champagne Johnson had ordered would be opened until the ceremony was over.

The crowd of waiting negroes and whites got impatient when the preacher failed to arrive, and Johnson opened first one case, then another, and then another;