

# Bonny of The Sunshine Club

AN EASTER STORY

By JOHN D. WYNNE

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MR. GRIMMY stood looking out of his window, remarking to himself that the weather was beautiful. Mr. Grummy was a testy bachelor of forty, who lived with his maiden sister, aged sixty. He had accumulated a snug fortune and, not having anything else to do, occupied his time in what he facetiously called "kicking." He kicked at the weather, the party in power, the trusts, the trades unions, and he had just been kicking against the churches celebrating Easter with what he termed a lot of humbug, because Miss Grummy had asked him for a donation to buy flowers for the church.

"This is Mr. Grummy, I believe," said a cheery voice behind him. Turning, he saw a lady, aged perhaps thirty, looking at him with the most beaming countenance he had ever beheld. She smiled with her mouth, with her eyes—indeed, it seemed to Mr. Grummy that she smiled from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot.

"Like any fair lady that the breeze is upon when it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun."

"Yes, I am Mr. Grummy," said the bachelor.

"And I am Miss Bonny. Your sister told me that I would find you here, and I came in to see you on a little matter of the nature of which I will explain to you before entering upon the matter itself. I am a member of the Sunshine Club."

"I wish your club would improve the weather," growled Mr. Grummy, but with less acerbity than usual.

"Our work is to try to make people comfortable. We visit the sick and place flowers in their beds. We endeavor to find out people's special wants and supply them. In short, we are a charitable association, dispensing our charities so as to give the greatest comfort and pleasure."

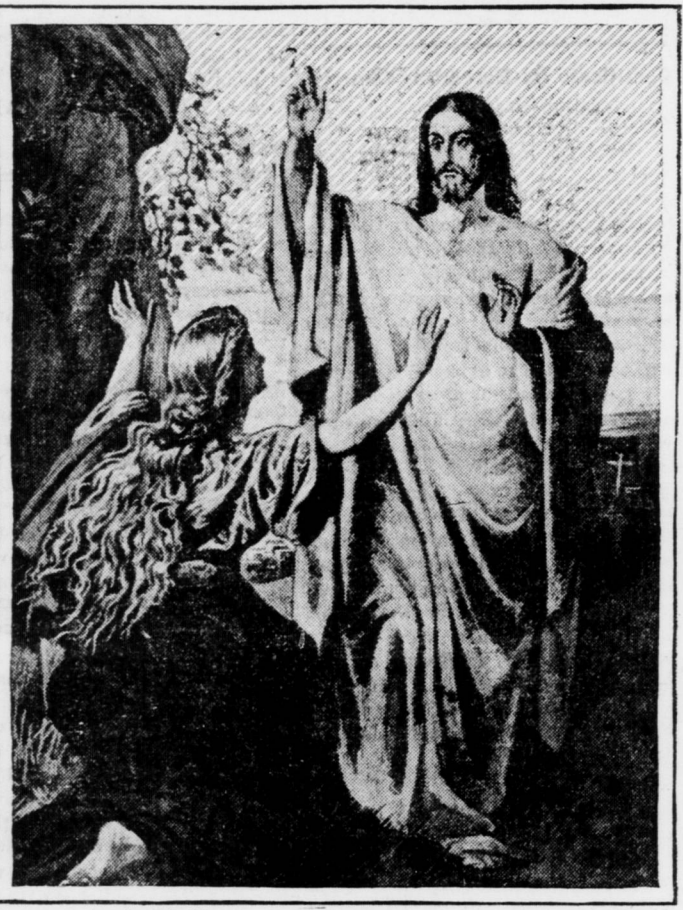
"Now, that's what I call practical."

the Trainers' home. From the moment Miss Bonny entered the sunshine of her presence infused itself into the mother—the father was dead—the daughter and little Tom. Mr. Grummy gave them each an egg, and Miss Bonny noticed that the hand receiving it sank as if under a weight. Taking Alice's egg, Miss Bonny tapped an end on a table and cracked it, exposing something very like sunshine. It was certainly as yellow as sunshine, for it was gold. Indeed, it was gold coins. Then she fell over them.

"Of course there was a flutter, and all eyes were directed to Mr. Grummy, who turned his back, grunting that if he was to go to church he would be on time and not one of the laggards that make nuisances of themselves by interrupting the service. But Miss Bonny remained to crack the other eggs and found them all full of gold pieces. Then she ran after Mr. Grummy, who had by this time got half a block away.

Miss Bonny was one of those people who can divine what other people want and more especially what they don't want. She knew instinctively that Mr. Grummy would not like to have her refer to the egg matter, so she said nothing about it, talking only about what deserving people the Trainers were. Suddenly she was surprised at her companion stopping at a flower store. He went in, purchased a large box of flowers and directed them sent at once to the church to which he and Miss Bonny were going. When they entered the Gothic door half an hour later some young girls were pinning the flowers among the others with which the church was decorated.

Thus it was that by sunshine method Miss Bonny converted Mr. Grummy from his opposition to everything that he did not approve—and he approved of nothing—to a valuable member of society, ready to give liberally and fall in with church observances.



EASTER MORNING.

said Mr. Grummy. "This giving money to undeserving people who will turn upon you and rob you—this wastefulness on such occasions as Easter?"

"I am glad you approve of our cause," interrupted the lady with a voice which in contrast with Mr. Grummy's sounded like the notes of a bell, either beside those of a kettledrum, because I have a case in point. I know you for a practical man, Mr. Grummy. You know we give comfort simply by conferring with and advising certain people who are in any way troubled. I made the acquaintance of the family I have in mind through the daughter, Alice Trainer. I didn't tell you the name was Trainer, did I? Well, Alice came to me about a love affair. She is engaged to a young plumber—

"A plumber! They're all a set of thieves!"

"Johnny Barnes isn't. For I am his confidant too. He only gets \$15 a week, but he and Alice are going to be married on this pretense. Now, don't you think, Mr. Grummy, that, inasmuch as you are opposed to placing flowers in the churches on Easter Sunday, you might give me 25 cents to Mr. Barnes and other similar amounts to get Alice a few decent clothes for the bridal?"

"As a practical man," said Mr. Grummy, "I've never done any such work and don't know anything about it. I suppose I ought to go and see these people."

"You'll find them!"

Mr. Grummy held up a deprecating hand. "I'm not going hunting all over town. You'll have to pilot me."

"Certainly, Mr. Grummy. When shall we go?"

"I have only one time to do anything—now!"

Miss Bonny, figuratively speaking, had thrown a lasso around Mr. Grummy's neck and led him out like a lamb, but like a wild bull he had found a master, though still restive, to the humble home of the Trainers. He had no fancy for looking over the family condition, though that was his ostensible purpose. He simply intended to be with Miss Bonny, but when he beheld Alice Trainer and saw she had a very sweet face and was devoted to her husband's mother he was interested. When he left Miss Bonny he gave her the 25 cents she had asked for, and she appeared as pleased as if he had given a hundred times as much.

"Do you intend going to church Easter Sunday?" asked Miss Bonny.

"Church? No. Why should I go to church? Besides, I have no one to go with me."

"There is Miss Grummy."

"H'm. I wouldn't mind going if you would permit me to—"

"With pleasure."

Easter morning was bright and fine. An hour before church time Mr. Grummy called on Mr. and Mrs. Trainer, as he had an egg for each member of the family. Miss Bonny assented, and together they walked to

especially with Easter Sunday, which became his favorite holiday. Notwithstanding this change inwardly, Mr. Grummy, who starts outwardly, though Miss Bonny has had the care of him as his wife for years, he kicks as hard as ever. Mrs. Grummy takes the tact always to find an excuse for his kicking and doesn't mind it in the least so long as he does exactly what she wants him to do, and that is give her valuable assistance for the Sunshine Club.

**THE FIRST EASTER EGG.**

**IT WAS Laid, It Is Said, by a Roman Emperor's Hen.**

Who used the first Easter egg, and was it a colored one?

If we are to believe one of the most reliable antiquaries the practice of using colored eggs had its origin in the interesting fact that when the Roman emperor Alexander Severus was born he had belonging to his parents a very red egg, a memorable one by laying the day egg. That the custom of coloring them is older than the Christian era is proved by the fact that colored eggs have been found in the tombs of Tartars in Russia who were buried many years before Christ. The Persians, who have kept the festival of the solar year in March from time immemorial, make free use of eggs as gifts, colored most effectively with their splendid dyes.

The Romans made more use of eggs than any other nation, for they were used on the most important occasions. There can be little doubt that the use of eggs in the spring was originally symbolic of the revivification of nature, the coming forth of new life.

We find traces of superstition connected with the egg, many of which are firmly believed in today, coexistent with the first record of the economical use of the egg. When the church was obliged to make Easter coincide with the date of pagan festivals these superstitions were grafted on to the Christian belief, which accounts for their existence today. Laura B. Starr in Woman's Home Companion.

**Love's Young Dream.**

A Washington youth wrote home after the elopement, "I am married now, and all my troubles are over." Married men, please don't titter.—Chicago Journal.

Nobody ever pries into another man's concerns but with a design to do or to be able to do him mischief.—South.

## Consider The Lilies, How They Grow

By GEORGE H. PICARD

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UNTIL the early eighties the favorite Easter lily with Americans, who spend over \$1,000,000 a year upon this feature of Easter decoration, was the Madonna or Ammission lily (*Lilium candidum*), the common white species of the old world, a native of southern Europe. But in 1882 it was quite eclipsed by the Bermuda lily, which was introduced by William K. Harris, a Philadelphia florist, under the name of *Lilium Harrisii*. The new variety had larger flowers than the Madonna lily and more of them. It was earlier in season, requiring only thirteen weeks for development under favorable conditions, and, best of all, it took kindly to the hot-house forcing process.

Then came the bonanza period for the Bermuda grower, but in his zeal he came near to killing the goose which laid his golden egg. Competition carried the forcing process to such a point that the bulbs were dug before they were ripe in order to get them into the American market by Christmas or earlier, and disease resulted. In the most prosperous days of the Bermuda lily one grower often harvested 20,000 bulbs from a single acre, with gross profits of \$2,000 to \$2,500. The United States department of agriculture expertly investigated the lily disease, but the Bermudians were not bound to follow its advice, and little good was accomplished.

Here was Japan's opportunity, for the Bermuda lily was originally a native of Japan and China. In 1879 Japan sent the United States only \$2,000 worth of bulbs. In 1895 the exports amounted to \$40,000. By 1899 they had reached \$130,000, and they have been increasing ever since, while the Bermuda product is supposed to be a quarter less than it was a decade ago. But the Japanese made the same error as the Bermudians, and the lily disease is now ravaging the white fields of the mikado's empire.

The agricultural department again took up the lily question, and in 1900 an attempt was made to transplant the whole lily industry to the United

## The Resurrection Flower, the Lily

By GEORGE H. PICARD

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THE lily has long been the resurrection flower of the Christian churches. It is a distinction based entirely on its beauty and adaptability. All vegetable growth is symbolic of the resurrection. The plant which springs from a tiny poppy seed is more miraculously so than that which comes forth from a more promising, like the lily. The stately flower is also the symbol of martyrdom and virginity. The early Christian painters, to whom the lily is indebted for so many of its theological traditions, are probably responsible for that.

One of the most exquisite of the monkish legends is to the effect that the lily is one of the flowers which changed their color on the morn of resurrection day. Is it not true, these days of sophistry, that the Saviour himself declared that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these? Originally erect and respectable as it is, the lily is so easily cultivated and may be ship so successfully that its propagation has become a great industry in certain favorable locations, notably in Bermuda, which seems to be peculiarly adapted to its production in unlimited quantities. Lily growing is now the chief business in Bermuda, and the frostless and humid island is a level stretch of lily fields. There are more than 200 farms on the island which are devoted to the cultivation of this fragrant crop. The major part of the industry consists in the raising and exporting of bulbs. These are shipped to all parts of Europe and America, and they are easily brought into Dover by profes-

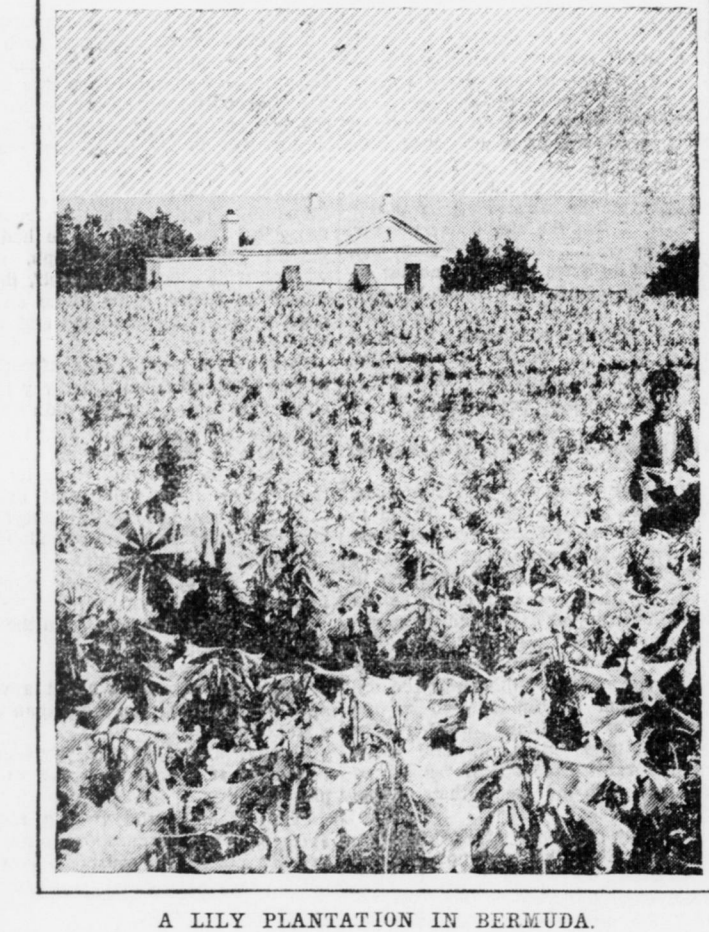
ional florists and even by the most inexperienced amateur.

A marketable lily bulb must measure at least five inches in circumference. Propagated from a scale—the technical name for one of the external accretions to the parent bulb—at least three years of growth and cultivation are necessary before it can be marketed as a mature flowering bulb. Commercially the bulbs are divided into three classes—five to seven, seven to nine and nine to eleven. These designations represent the average circumferences of the bulbs in inches. A five to seven bulb should bear five or six perfect blossoms. A seven to nine bulb, if given liberal treatment, will yield seven or eight flowers. The largest size lily bulb is expected to furnish from ten to sixteen extra large blossoms. The prices of bulbs are graded according to their size.

The stock used to keep up the succession of bulbs is derived from the smallest size, as a rule. Sometimes, however, it becomes necessary to vary the process and to use only the largest bulbs for propagating purposes. When that happens the price of mature lily bulbs soars upward, and the supply is visibly diminished. The lily crop is planted in October, and most of the labor of preparing the soil and putting in the bulbs is done by the negro farmers, who are sometimes in the employ of the great lily planters and sometimes till their own frehold fields. After the crop is in little is required beyond keeping the growing plants free from weeds. The warm sun and the humid atmosphere are depended upon to do the rest, and they rarely fail to do their part in the interesting process.

Late in February or very early in March the Bermuda landscape is a thing unseen to be remembered all ways. On some of the larger farms it is no uncommon sight to find 100,000 lilies in full bloom in a single field. The whole island of Bermuda is converted into a gigantic lily bed. The odor which rises from this vast aggregation of sweets is almost overpowering, especially in the morning, when there is a breeze to waft it seaward. Passengers on the steamers which ply between the various ports of the group can easily recognize this scent several miles out at sea.

The lily plantations retain their beauty for several weeks. Finally, however, the state withers and it is up, and all the remaining energy of the plant is devoted to the formation of the bulb. During the latter part of June the digging begins. This is decidedly reminiscent of the annual potato digging at the north. All the sentiment attached to lily culture gives place to a very hard and careful computation as to the probable outcome. As the bulbs are taken from the ground they are sorted into their various classes by expert hands and carefully packed in boxes, each one wrapped in a protective coating of dried sphagnum. Shipments begin in July and are continued until the latter part of August. Undersized bulbs and those



timed that no delay occurs in the final distribution. These imported flowers are used to supply advance orders from churches and societies and are mostly for decorative purposes.

There are several peculiar features incident to lily culture in Bermuda. One of them is the fact that the industry owes its present flourishing condition to the efforts of an American long resident there. The popularity of the flower was promoted greatly in New York by a Chinese florist, the late Mr. Lee. Most satisfactory of all, it is practically an American industry developed on British soil.

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**EASTER RECIPES.**

**Five Ways of Making Eggs Into Toothsome Dishes.**

Here are some recipes for making Easter eggs, not the colored kind, but the edible variety:

**Baked Eggs.** Break six eggs into a well buttered dish, cover with bread-crumbs, season with pepper, salt and butter, then cover with cream. Bake twenty minutes and serve hot.

**Egg Salad.** Use the required number of hard boiled eggs. Remove the yolks carefully, so as to leave them whole, and chop the whites. Serve on lettuce leaves with a boiled dressing and balls of cottage cheese.

**Eggs a la Parisienne.** Generously butter the bottom of a baking dish, then cover with grated cheese, broken eggs, season with pepper and salt and a little cream, cover with grated cheese and bake brown on top.

**Escaloped Eggs.** Cover the bottom of a well buttered dish with bread-crumbs, then a layer of sliced hard-boiled eggs, covering with a cream sauce to which the yolk of an egg has been added, then a layer of finely chopped meat, preferably ham or chicken; then eggs and sauce, with crumbs on top. Bake until light brown.

**Egg Timbales.** Chop fine any good cold meat. To one cup of meat add a scant cup of breadcrumbs, pepper and salt to taste and with beaten egg. If necessary add a little milk to make stiff batter. Line timbale molds, both top and sides, with paste and drop an egg without breaking in center of each. Sprinkle breadcrumbs on top and bake brown. Gen. pans may be used in place of timbale molds.

**Conscious Virtue.**  
Senator Blown (proudly)—No, sir; no one has ever attempted to bribe me. Senator Ketchum—Never mind. Some day, when it's a close vote, you'll get your chance.—Chicago Journal.

**Getting Even.**  
Barber—Does that razor pull, sir? Customer—Yes, but go ahead. I've been pretty hard pushed lately, and this'll even up things a little.—New Yorker.

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In Effect Nov. 29th, 1904.

Seranton	6:15	7:15	8:15	9:15
Pittston	6:45	7:45	8:45	9:45
Wilkes-Barre	7:15	8:15	9:15	10:15
Scranton	7:45	8:45	9:45	10:45
Buffalo	8:15	9:15	10:15	11:15
Pittsburg	8:45	9:45	10:45	11:45
Harrisburg	9:15	10:15	11:15	12:15
Philadelphia	9:45	10:45	11:45	12:45
Washington	10:15	11:15	12:15	1:15

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