

SUNSHINE COLUMN

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY.
 MRS. J. M. RANSIER, State President, Hendersonville, N. C.

MRS. RANSIER'S LETTER.

Miscellaneous Sunny Suggestions From Sunshine Headquarters.

"They helped every one his neighbor, and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage."—Isa. 41:6.

Come in! Come in! So glad to see you all; so glad there are so many of you here. Seat yourselves comfortably, here in the cozy corner. Now for a good visit.

First, let me introduce to you all, our Sunshine sister from "Old Virginia," although before you get through her letter you will see she is after all a "Tar Heel."

Dear Mrs. Ransier:—I wanted to tell you how much I enjoy your letters. I just love the Sunshine, as well as any one, and I am like you in believing in making all we can. We all would prosper more if we would help the needy. I feel it is my duty to do a little. I am a housekeeper, and most all of my time is employed, but still I can take time and write you, just to let you hear from old Virginia. My father takes The Progressive Farmer, and I do think without doubt it is one of the best papers I ever have read. I have not been reading the Sunshine but a few weeks, and I have been impressed very much. I feel sometimes I need a little to cheer me up. I feel so sorry for the poor children and everybody who needs Sunshine. I have some few scraps, I thought I would send them to you for the poor, crippled child. I wish so much I had something else to send her. I save all my scraps when I am sewing. I believe in never throwing anything away. I have pieced ever so many quilts, and I dearly love in the winter to be at something like that, but don't think I ever will piece any more. I have eight in family. It keeps me going, but I want to teach my children to sew. I love to do fancy work also, but not any better than I do the Sunshine.

I hope to hear from the little girl. I am going to send some stamps to you and to the little girl so you can both write to me. I want to hear from you soon. I am a Tar Heel. I was born in Pasquotank County, N. C., but have lived here since I married. I love my old home although I live in a pretty place here, near a village.

Enclosed find some stamps, from a stranger, but one who loves the Sunshine.

Yours truly,
 MRS. G. W. CULPEPPER.

* * *

The little girl who wrote such a pretty little letter whose name I couldn't quite get right, was Annie Lee Rlyler. It is a little unusual name, is why I couldn't just get it. Come again, Annie Lee.

Mrs. D. H. writes in answer to my letter inquiring about her own little helpless girl:

"My dear friend:—Your dear letter came and also the papers, and I thank you very much for them and the kind interest you have taken in us. I have been married eleven years last Christmas eve. I have a kind, hardworking husband and three children living and three dead. Lillie May is the oldest living. She will be ten years old the 19th of coming August, and is as helpless as a young baby. She has what the doctors call corea; she cannot be still at all, she just draws every which way. She can talk, but not very

plain; cannot read, cannot hold anything in her hands and cannot keep her hands down so we can put a book where she can see it. Kind Sunshine friends far and near gave her some money to get her a wheel chair, but not enough, so some other Sunshiners finished it out, and sent her a wheel chair last fall.

My next child is a girl of seven, bright and healthy, and so much help to me, and the baby is a boy nearly two years old, has been sick nearly all his little life, and not well now. Father has a small farm, and husband helps him work it, and we live in the house with father and mother, just an old log house in a lonely country; only one neighbor in sight, and our mail box half a mile away on the public road. The little crippled girl I wrote you of lives ten miles from me. We live nine miles from K.—, our nearest town. I cannot get out much, cannot leave the afflicted child, so I enjoy letters, I get so lonely. I want to do what I can to help the Sunshine cause. I wish you great success in your noble work. I was very sorry to know that you had been sick. I know something about sickness, for some of us are sick nearly all the time.

I will close for this time wishing you health and happiness and a pleasant summer.

Your Sunshine friend,
 MRS. D. H.

* * *

South Carolina.

Mrs. K. C. B. writes:

"Your letter reached me last week, and I was glad to know you had found some one to use the baby crib (She had passed-on.) I hope it will be a comfort to some little child who perhaps could not have one otherwise.

"There are no other Sunshiners here that I know of excepting father-in-law and mother-in-law, who are eighty-four and eighty-one years old. My husband who died a year ago, was a member as well as myself. For the past year I have not had time to do as much Sunshine work as I would like, as I spent some months studying stenography at the college, and now have a position with this company, but I try to get others interested in the work. MRS. K. C. B."

A letter comes with no name signed to it, but with twenty cents for the old couple whom the Sunshine Society is building the house for, and a paper of needles for the old lady. The needles have a threader attachment which is very nice for people with poor eyesight, and the sender writes:

"I find my greatest comfort in making the needy happy."

How sweet! And the writing shows that the hand that held the pen is old and the needles enclosed show that it is a woman. Dear old lady. What is more lovable than such thoughtful, helpful, old people. Outside on her envelope is pasted a little printed verse which is so truly our Sunshine text that I have used it as such this day. Isa. 41:6: "They helped every one his neighbor, and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage."

Prof. J. Y. Joyner, State Superintendent of Public Instruction writes: "I suggest that you write to the various county superintendents in regard to your sunshine work and put the matter before them.

Mrs. Roach, the mother of the dear little sunbeam whose picture with his "bow-wow" you saw in our Farmer in this corner a few weeks ago, wishes,

"Dear Mrs. Ransier:—I have not been well or would have written and sent the things sooner. Will send the oil stove and other things tomorrow."

The oil stove is one she has donated for our free cottage at Rest. Re-

at, and is timely, for we have now in it a widow and her dear little girl who are getting well and courageous and happy. There is another room for free use, but not one bit of furniture in it. If you can't find some pieces of extra furniture in your garret somewhere to send to help make it habitable and home-like, send what you can. Everything is needed: Chairs, tables, beds, bedding, cloth for curtains or comforts, and if you can send none of these, but can send a little money or stamps, it will be made to go as far as possible by having "home-made" tables, chairs, etc., made.

Sisters and brothers, come again. Let me tell you something. I've just got a whole box of bright yellow envelopes, yellow and white are our Sunshine colors you know, and if you want to get a letter in one of those pretty yellow envelopes write to me quick before I get them all used up, and when you see them at the post-office or in your box you'll know before you open it, that that letter is from me.

Who wants one?

"How will you have your eggs cooked?" asked the waiter. "Make any difference in the cost of 'em?" inquired the cautious customer with the brimless hat and faded beard. "No." "Then cook 'em with a slice o' ham." said the customer, greatly relieved.—Tid-Bits.

"Was your husband good to you during your long illness?" inquired the kind lady who was making a charity call. "Oh, yes, indeed, ma'm!" replied the poor woman; "as good as could be—he was more like a friend than a husband."—Puck.

Will Pay F. O. B. Norfolk, Va.,

— FOR —

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 Large Fat Old Hens, per lb. 12½c.
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