

**INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY.**

President General—Mrs. Cynthia W. Allen,  
Headquarters—96 Fifth Avenue, New York.  
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"Have you a kindness shown?  
Pass it on;  
'Twas not given for you alone,  
Pass it on;  
Let it travel down the years,  
Let it wipe another's tears,  
Till in heaven the deed appears,  
Pass it on;

Motto—Good Cheer.  
Colors—Yellow and white.  
State Color—Deep Orange.  
Flower—Coreopsis.  
Song—"Scatter Sunshine."

**THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.**

**Along the Way.**

For me the loitering of the road,  
The hidden voice that sings;  
For me the vernal mysteries,  
Deep woods and silent springs.

I covet not the ended road,  
The granary, the sheaf;  
For me the sowing of the grain,  
The promise of the leaf.  
—Richard Kirk, in Lippincott's Magazine.

**How We Learn.**

Garet truths are greatly won. Not  
found by chance,  
Nor wafted on the breath of summer  
dreams;  
Nor gasped in the great struggle of  
the soul,  
Hard buffeting with adverse wind  
and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn  
and wine;  
Not in the merchandise of gold and  
gems;  
Not in the world's gay and hall of  
midnight mirth;  
Not 'mid the blaze of regal diadems;

But in the day of conflict, fear and  
grief,  
When the strong hand of God, put  
forth in might,  
Plows up the subsoil of the stagnant  
heart,  
And brings the imprisoned truth  
seed to the light.

Wrung from the troubled spirit, in  
hard hours  
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of  
pain,  
Truth springs, like harvest, from the  
well-plowed field,  
And the soul feels it has not wept  
in vain. —Bonar.

**Between the Lights.**

A little pause in life while daylight  
lingers  
Between the sunset and the pale  
moonrise,  
When daily labor slips from weary  
fingers,  
And soft gray shadows veil the  
aching eyes.

Old perfumes wander back from fields  
of clover,  
Seen in the light of suns that long  
have set;  
Beloved ones whose earthly toil is  
over  
Draw near, as if they lived among  
us yet.

Old voices call me through the dusk  
returning:  
I hear the echoes of departed feet;  
And then I ask, with vain and  
troubled yearning,  
What is the charm that makes old  
things so sweet?

Must the old joys be evermore with-  
holden?  
Even their memories keep me pure  
and true;  
And yet from out Jerusalem the  
Golden  
God speaketh, saying "I make all  
things new."

"Father," I cry, "the old must still  
be nearer;  
Stifle my love, or give me back the  
past!

Give me the fair old earth, whose  
paths are  
Than all Thy shining streets and  
mansions vast."

Peace, peace! the Lord of earth and  
heaven knoweth  
The human soul in all its heat and  
strife;  
Out of His throne no stream of Lethe  
floweth,  
But the dear river of eternal life.

He giveth life, aye! life in all its  
sweetness;  
Old loves, old sunny scenes will He  
restore;  
Only the curse of sin and incomplete-  
ness  
Shall taint thine earth and vex thine  
heart no more.

Serve Him in daily work and earnest  
living,  
And faith shall lift thee to His sun-  
lit heights;  
Then shall the psalm of gladness and  
thanksgiving  
Fill the calm hour that comes be-  
tween the lights.  
—Sarah Doudney.

In the fall of the year our thoughts  
naturally turn not necessarily to decay  
and death with the falling of the leaf,  
but to the ripening of the harvest, to  
the maturing of our own hopes.

Not sadly, for do we not reap the  
harvest, see the perfection of the seed,  
realize the grand fruition of nature's  
promises, and see where we also can  
reap an abundant harvest from seeds  
sown in the hearts of others? Seeds  
of kindness, of unselfishness, of hope  
and love from sunshine scattered, and  
good cheer, given often unconsciously;  
a word spoken, a smile by the way,  
a tear shed, all unheeding, that later  
they would be found deep "in the  
heart of a friend," aye, of a stranger  
even: ever after to be a friend—

Nature is kind if our desires are pure,  
And strews rich blessings every-  
where around us;  
While Fortune, if we pant in her pur-  
suit,  
Too often grants her favors to con-  
found us.

Fresh air and sunshine, flowers and  
health and love,  
These are endowments, if we learn  
to prize them;  
The wise man's treasures, better  
worth than gold,  
And none but fools and wicked men  
despise them.  
—Chamber's Journal.

Now, between the lights of a sum-  
mer season past filled with joys, rest  
and gladness, and an active winter,  
full of perplexities, probably with its  
many joys, we pause a moment to  
gather up the threads, consider ways  
and means and resolve upon our  
course of action and how best to de-  
velop all resources.

**Florida Fall Sunshine.**

Our messages to-day are taken from  
the Sunshine Bulletin and other  
sources in order to show how sunshine  
has been, and is being carried all  
abroad, which will inspire us, doubt-  
less, to a renewed sunshine life  
throughout the State. Sunshine can  
work wonders!

**Traveling Schools.**

Farmers' daughters are educated in  
many parts of Germany in traveling  
schools, which go from village to  
village to give girls over sixteen years  
of age practical lessons in housekeep-  
ing, cooking, the selection of food,  
care of poultry and cattle, the culti-  
vation of vegetables and butter and  
cheese making. The results have  
been so satisfactory that it is now pro-  
posed to add instructions in nursing,  
cooking for the sick, mending and  
sewing. The teachers, who are grad-  
uates of the schools of housework, and  
have passed Government examina-  
tions, carry with them an outfit of a  
cooking stove and the various uten-

sils for cooking and ironing. The  
classes are held in the schoolhouses,  
the term lasts six weeks, and the  
cost of tuition is put so low as practi-  
cally to exclude no one.

**A Most Appropriate Gift.**

The Natural Food Company has  
paid its dues for September and Octo-  
ber in a most practical way. Two  
big boxes of shredded wheat biscuit  
and triscuit were sent to the Sunshine  
farm that the little folks might have  
all they could eat. The Natural Food  
Company has never failed to answer  
a call for a contribution of their goods  
when they were assured that the  
gift was to go to little folks under  
the care of the Sunshine Society.

The following appeals strongly to  
those of us who, for the time being,  
have had cause to feel we had no  
place wherein to lay our heads, and  
doubted for an unhappy day, whether  
we could ever find one:

It is especially discouraging to peo-  
ple who are so fortunate as to have  
children. We are reminded of the  
story of a benevolent man who built  
his houses and insisted real, true  
families should inhabit them, the more  
children the better. Why not follow  
his example in portions of our city,  
where it would be well for children  
to live? Crowded streets, with reck-  
less drivers, indifferent cabmen and  
whirling automobiles are not the  
places for them. Children should be  
our salvation from selfishness, from  
bad habits, from all forms of evil.

Would one hear small boys coming  
from our schoolhouses using profane  
language if it was not a family habit  
to exaggerate and to yield to unseemly  
speech—more often, we believe, the  
result of carelessness and unrestraint  
than from deliberate intention to blas-  
pheme or to make holy things common  
and unclean? Our grandmothers'  
remedy of washing out the mouth  
with strong soapsuds would be bene-  
ficial oftentimes to both old and  
young. Unfortunately, grown-up  
children cannot be restrained and  
punished except by process of law.

This postulation of the little girl  
who told her auntie who corrected  
her, "you are not the one who must,"  
could be given as a reason why  
grownups are exempt from punish-  
ments they so richly deserve.

All waste of words in profanity and  
evil speaking is a crime, and leads  
to the usual results of ill-doing.

Small children, also, smoking cigar-  
ettes or stumps of cigars, would, we  
should think, be disgusting even to  
all who have grown to the habit.  
The growing custom of obliging ladies  
who need to get their Sunday mail  
to enter a dense cloud of tobacco  
smoke should be a matter subject to  
the interference of the Government  
under whose control postoffices are.  
Nor are any of us entirely exempt from  
reprehensible habits. We all have  
something in our own person to  
guard against. As the Quaker told  
his friend: "Friend, it seems to me  
that all the world is queer, save thee  
and me, and sometimes I think thee  
is a little queer."

Nothing can come more under the  
head of true sunshine than for the  
sake of these little ones men and  
women should endeavor to keep them-  
selves pure in person, mind and heart.  
"From out of the abundance of the  
heart the mouth speaketh." The  
struggle for existence for these little  
ones is hard enough at the best.

Courtesy, self-restraint and sweet,  
well-guarded tempers can be kept un-  
furnished if older people are ever  
heedful of the necessity of daily  
guarding against the growth of habits.

Do let us keep what at first may  
have been in us a thoughtless action  
from becoming a fixed habit, well-  
nigh impossible to be broken, as the  
dear old ladies who show us Shake-  
speare's home at Stanford-Up-Avon  
told us, "Shakespeare's drinking was  
an act, not a habit." Alas, that act,  
to our thinking, was unwise from the  
start.

**A CRY FOR A HOME.**

**Only a Home—Nothing More.**

My Dear Mrs. Alden—God bless you  
for the grand work you are doing, also  
all your co-laborers.

It is one of my dear grandmother's  
oft spoken, terse bits of advice to do  
something for somebody quick, when-  
ever one of us felt out of sorts. So  
you see it's a family motto handed  
down for I don't know how long.

When I started to write it was to  
make an appeal for aid, but it is hard  
to do so. I had rather give than  
receive. But perhaps, though my  
plea may not benefit us, it may help  
some one else.

We are not of the poor to whom  
any one gives. We are industrious  
and saving, but the panic of 1893 laid  
us low, and what with babies and  
sickness, we have only once had \$100  
saved, and we could not find at the  
time a healthy located home to buy  
where they would take so small a  
payment. Subsequent sickness and  
moving from Kansas City here used  
it up, and it's so hard to get ahead  
moving around.

My husband is a mechanical engi-  
neer and electrician, and has the mu-  
nicipal light plant here, and if in this  
wide, full, world there were some one  
to put up a respectable, comfortable  
home and sell it to us for a small  
payment down and a low rate of inter-  
est, it would put an untellable amount  
of sunshine into two lives that al-  
most from the day of marriage have  
been one of long battle with financial  
difficulties. I am not strong, and  
have four children, God bless them,  
we are now living in rented rooms,  
but can't seem to do better. Every-  
body wants four or five hundred  
dollars down to sell, and I don't be-  
lieve we can ever get that and educate  
our children properly. They are of  
that refined, slender type, thorough-  
breds, that one cannot rear cheaply,  
whose brains must be trained in case  
their muscles cannot stand the hard  
tussle for daily bread.

Oh, if only the rich would build  
homes for the workers. What are  
libraries when we have no time to  
get the books, and if we have we are  
too tired to read or study. We want  
homes! It is at times maddening to  
try and try, and always fail. And I  
do beg of you that though you may  
not help us you will start this work  
among those who have for those who  
have not.

Instead of large libraries we want  
homes. I am dulled and tired with  
overwork, so feel I write blunderingly,  
but God grant my appeal may touch  
the heart of some one who may help  
the struggling hundreds who suffer  
as we do. All we want is a chance  
without too heavy an interest rate.  
Only a fair chance!

Again, may God bless you with  
health and increased power to do  
good is the prayer of one who, from  
babyhood, has tried to be a Sunshiner.

Mrs. L. P. Caldwell,  
Batesville, Ark., Box 198.

**JUNIOR SUNSHINE.**

**The Flowers.**

All the names I know from nurse;  
Gardener's garters, Shepherd's purse,  
Bachelor's buttons, Lady's smock,  
And the Lady Hollyhock.

Fairy places, fairy things,  
Fairy woods where the wild bee  
wings.

Tiny trees for tiny dames—  
These must all be fairy names!

Tiny woods below, whose boughs  
Shady fairies weave a house;  
Tiny tree-tops, rose or thyme,  
Where the braver fairies climb!

Fair are grown-up people's trees,  
But the fairest woods are these;  
Where, if I were not so tall,  
I should live for good and all.

—R. L. Stevenson.

**The Junior Postoffice.**

The children's letters are coming by