

BERMUDA—the HOME OF THE EASTER LILY

BY WALDON FAWCETT

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OW that American tourists, in search of the novel and picturesque, have taken to journeying in great numbers to all parts of the West Indies and other islands off our Atlantic coast, beautiful Bermuda is rightfully coming in for a greater share of attention. The only wonder is that these dream islands, where frost and snow are unknown have not been the mecca in the past of a greater proportion of Yankee pleasure lovers who each winter and spring seek more kindly climates than are to be found in the northern and western portions of the United States. A hospitable domain, where the temperature never goes below 60 degrees or above 75 degrees and which is only 48 hours' sail from New York, may naturally be expected to claim no meager share of attention from travel loving Americans—particularly that large portion of us who enjoy a complete change of scene and manners and customs, even though we cannot (by reason of time and expense) journey far to find them.

These coral islands in mid-ocean may be very delightful at almost any season of the year, but the particularly auspicious season in which to visit Bermuda is in the lily season, just as Japan may be seen at its best in cherry blossom time. Bermuda's chief claims before the world are as the home of the Easter lily and the onion and right royally does she merit prestige in both directions. However, the reader need conjure up no mind picture of an atmosphere laden with the odors of the strong-scented vegetable. In Bermuda, in lily time, at least, the delicious, pungent odor exhaled by millions of the white, bell-shaped flowers dominates every nook and corner of the land. The only rivals of the lilies in floral splendor are the oleanders, which grow in hedges to twice the height of a man, and while the flaming tints of these latter flowers challenge the eye they have no fragrance and so leave the lilies undisputed in their pre-eminence.

The lilies are not the only contributors to the spectacular features of life in Bermuda. The island community is a British colony and military



NATIVE HUT IN BERMUDA



IN LILY TIME—BERMUDA



A MARKET SCENE IN THE LAND OF THE LILY

post and the periodical parades of red-coated soldiers add a touch of the bizarre to life in a restricted little community. Likewise are the dusky natives speaking a cockney dialect a source of amusement and the quaint little white houses attract every person with the slightest trace of home-love in his make-up, but, after all, it is the lilies which constitute

the omnipresent, ever-satisfying attraction. The lily fields are easily and comfortably reached, thanks to a network of hard and perfect shell roads. In most instances the lily tracts are surrounded by walls, but visitors are usually welcomed. Some idea of the beautiful spectacle afforded by these vast masses of gleaming white blossoms, gently swaying in the breeze, may be formed from the fact that there are a number of lily fields in Bermuda each of which are 25 acres in extent and there are some lily

farms where from 30 to 40 acres of bloom may be seen in a single field. Many of the stalks are literally laden down with the precious posies. Indeed Bermuda holds the record for the production of the greatest number of lilies on a stalk, as high as 145 perfect flowers having been in bloom on a single plant at one time. A large proportion of the sweeter rivals of the Bermuda onion which overspread the islands in the spring are shipped to the United States for Easter. The employment of fast steamships and the comparative nearness of Bermuda makes it possible to get whole cargoes of cut Easter lilies to the large cities on the Atlantic coast promptly and in perfect condition.

In the average Bermuda landscape it seems as though every detail had been arranged with

a view to maintaining harmony with the billowy fields of white. The small, cottage-like houses, built of coral, would appear almost glaringly white were it not that in almost every instance a contrast is afforded by clinging rose bushes and sturdy vines which entwine the habitations. According to tradition, it was an American woman—Mrs. George Russell Hastings, niece of the late ex-President Hayes—who first gave to the people of Bermuda the idea of growing Easter lilies on a commercial basis. In 1878 Mrs. Hastings planted some bulbs in Bermuda and, finding that they took kindly to the thin, rich soil, she urged the farmers of the islands to raise lilies as well as vegetables. Soon it was found that an acre of lilies would net three or four times as much revenue as an acre of onions.

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Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K-259 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show you its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

HIS WAY OUT OF IT.



Prospective Tenant (noticing several inches of water in the cellar)—My, this cellar leaks.

Landlord—It don't leak a drop. That water has been in here for two months and not a single drop has escaped.

"How Sharper Than Serpent's Tooth." An irritable old farmer and his ungainly, slouching son were busy grubbing sprouts one hot, sultry day, when the old man suddenly stumbled over a small stump.

"Gosh darn that everlasting stump!" he exclaimed. "I wish it was in hell!" The son slowly straightened up from his work and gazed reproachfully at his father.

"Why, you oughtn't to say that, pap," he drawled. "You might stumble over that stump ag'in some day."—Everybody's.

The Right Spirit.

Appropos of Valentine's day, a passenger on the Bermudian said:

"Mark Twain once told us, in a little Valentine day speech on this boat, of an Irish wooer who had the right Valentine spirit. Acceptance or rejection he could take with equal grace.

"Will ye be my valentine?" he said, on February 14, to the girl he loved. "No," she replied; "I am another's." "He heaved a sigh and said: "Sure, thin, darlin', I wish ye was twins, so that I could have at laste the half of ye."

Cold Meat.

Mrs. Bacon.—They say these cold-storage houses are responsible for the high price of meat.

Mr. Bacon.—Is that so? Well, I hope we'll have no more cold meat for lunch, then.—Yonkers Statesman.

Hope is a fine thing, but it doesn't always enable a man to deliver the goods.

A LITTLE THING Changes the Home Feeling.

Coffee bids out the sunshine from many a home by making the mother, or some other member of the household, dyspeptic, nervous and irritable. There are thousands of cases where the proof is absolutely undeniable. Here is one.

A Wis. mother writes: "I was taught to drink coffee at an early age, and also at an early age became a victim to headaches, and as I grew to womanhood these headaches became a part of me, as I was scarcely ever free from them.

"About five years ago a friend urged me to try Postum. I made the trial and the result was so satisfactory that we have used it ever since.

"My husband and little daughter were subject to bilious attacks, but they have both been entirely free from them since we began using Postum instead of coffee. I no longer have headaches and my health is perfect."

If some of these tired, nervous, irritable women would only leave off coffee absolutely and try Postum they would find a wonderful change in their life. It would then be filled with sunshine and happiness rather than weariness and discontent. And think what an effect it would have on the family, for the mood of the mother is largely responsible for the temper of the children.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The AMERICAN POULTRY INDUSTRY



SCENE ON AN AMERICAN POULTRY FARM

OTHER American industry has a heavier tax suddenly put upon its resources than that imposed upon the poultry industry at Eastertide. It comes about largely, of course, through the significance of the egg as the emblem of the universal currency of the spring holiday. It is not, moreover, the actual consumption of eggs on the Easter breakfast table that is solely responsible for this heavy drain upon an important branch of our food market. That is an important factor, to be sure, but it must be remembered that tens of thousands of eggs are, in effect, suddenly "with-drawn from circulation" as eatables at Easter time. In this category are countless numbers of the colored eggs which have been dyed for the occasion and most of which are never intended to be eaten. Similarly there are the myriad eggs which are used for egg rolling and other childish games on Easter and Easter Monday and which are, for the most part an actual as well as a theoretical loss at the close of the day.

The largest poultry dealers declare that the drain upon the egg market at the close of Lent is only rivaled by the strain imposed upon that other branch of the industry—that covering live and dressed fowls—at Thanksgiving and Christmas. With the steady increase in the Easter egg requisitions of the American people and the price advancing at times to about 50 to 70 cents per dozen in many of our most populous cities, it is small wonder that the purveyors of Easter ammunition are greatly concerned regarding the various projects for increasing the egg production of American hens. Much has been accomplished in this direction by the introduction of scientific breeding methods somewhat similar in scope to the methods followed in breeding horses

and dogs. Only with chickens the qualifications of pedigree necessary to win places in the breeding pens include records of having laid at least 160 eggs per year.

The source of supply for America's Easter eggs is no longer restricted to those farming communities where the poultry and egg business is in effect a "side line" and supplementary to grain growing or some other agricultural activity. A tremendous aggregate of eggs is obtained through such channels—often through the enterprise of the women folk of the farms, who are allowed the "butter and egg money" as a personal income—but heavy dependency is now placed upon the great poultry farms which specialize in this particular sphere.

To convey a more vivid idea of the magnitude of these fountain heads of the annual

flood of Easter eggs it may be noted that one of the largest American poultry farms is 82 acres in extent and the buildings and poultry yards cover more than 35 acres. This metropolis of the feathered aristocrats is lighted by electricity and heated by steam. The farm has its own water system, with a complete system of piping leading to all parts of the institution and in one of the buildings is a huge food cooker, with a capacity of 1,000 gallons. In the laying department of this particular farm are more than 2,000 hens and this tremendous flock contributes from 1,000 to 1,200 eggs daily. For gathering these eggs promptly a novel system has been perfected and as the eggs are collected the date is stamped upon each one. Each individual egg is neatly wrapped in tissue paper ere it is dispatched to market.

Although no recent accurate statistics are obtainable covering the entire country, it is known that the consumption of eggs by the people of the United States, even under normal conditions, is such as to astound persons who have never had occasion to become familiar with the magnitude of this food industry. New York City alone receives about 30 carloads of eggs every working day in the year and other cities have proportionate appetites.

Of course the current production of eggs is nowhere near sufficient to meet the demand at the Easter season. Great quantities of eggs are taken from cold storage for the Easter trade and, incidentally, it may be mentioned that the cold storage system has become one of the most important adjuncts of the poultry industry.