

# **Dew Drops, Vol. 37, No. 10, March 8, 1914 eBook**

## **Dew Drops, Vol. 37, No. 10, March 8, 1914**

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# Contents

<a href="#">Dew Drops, Vol. 37, No. 10, March 8, 1914 eBook.....</a>	<a href="#">1</a>
<a href="#">Contents.....</a>	<a href="#">2</a>
<a href="#">Table of Contents.....</a>	<a href="#">3</a>
<a href="#">Page 1.....</a>	<a href="#">4</a>
<a href="#">Page 2.....</a>	<a href="#">6</a>
<a href="#">Page 3.....</a>	<a href="#">8</a>
<a href="#">Page 4.....</a>	<a href="#">10</a>
<a href="#">Page 5.....</a>	<a href="#">12</a>
<a href="#">Page 6.....</a>	<a href="#">14</a>
<a href="#">Page 7.....</a>	<a href="#">16</a>
<a href="#">Page 8.....</a>	<a href="#">18</a>
<a href="#">Page 9.....</a>	<a href="#">20</a>
<a href="#">Page 10.....</a>	<a href="#">23</a>
<a href="#">Page 11.....</a>	<a href="#">25</a>

# Table of Contents

Section	Table of Contents	Page
Start of eBook		1
Title: Dew Drops, Vol. 37, No. 10, March 8, 1914		1
DEW DROPS		1
FRANCIE FISHER'S FISH		1

# Page 1

## Title: Dew Drops, Vol. 37, No. 10, March 8, 1914

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## DEW DROPS

[Illustration]

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*March 8, 1914.*

## FRANCIE FISHER'S FISH

[Illustration]

By Marion Mallette Thornton

On the Primary Room wall was a beautiful picture of a shining river. Francie loved to count the fish that were swimming in it. Just fourteen there were, and every one stood for a new scholar someone had brought into the Primary Class.

How Francie wished he could bring one and have Miss Florence pin a fish in the river and a red tag on his blouse to show that he had caught it.

"How you s'pose I can get a fish, mother?" he asked earnestly. "I should think a Fisher-boy ought to be able to catch just one."

Mother shook her head. "I don't know, I'm sure. There isn't a child on this street who doesn't go to Sunday-school."

"P'r'aps one will move on," said Francie hopefully.

But when a new family did move to that street there were no children in it.

One day Francie came flying into the house. "Oh. mother, the ash-man's here and I b'lieve he's got a fish with him!"

"What?" exclaimed mother, but when she looked out she understood. Sitting in the ash-man's cart was a pretty little boy, with black eyes and tight curly hair.

"Is he yours. Mr. Lugi?" mother asked, and the ash-man smiled and nodded:

"Yes. mine—my Rafael."

"Does he go to Sunday-school?" put in Francie eagerly.

"No, no school—too little, him."

"Oh, but it's just Sundays and we sing and there's pictures. Couldn't he please go with me. Mr. Lugi?" begged Francie, "I'll take awful good care of him."

Mother explained a little more, and at last Mr. Lugi said Rafael might go, only—"No dress up, no clothes," he said sadly.

But that did not trouble Francie. "Why, he can have my brown suit, can't he, mother? I'd just as soon."

The next day mother took Francie down to see Mrs. Lugi. Little Rafael was shy at first, but he soon got over it and was friendly as could be. The little black-eyed Italian mother was very glad to see them.

## Page 2

"I like Rafael go the Christ-church," she said. "I use go myself, home—Italy."

The brown suit, too small for Francie, was just right for Rafael, and it would have been hard to find two happier little boys than Francie and his fish when they walked into the Primary class together.

Rafael clapped his hands with the rest when Miss Florence pinned the fish in the river and the red tag on Francie's blouse.

[Illustration: Miss Florence pinned the fish in the river and the red tag on Francie's blouse.]

And what do you think? Out in the big room there were two more new fish, one in Mother Fisher's class and one in Father Fisher's. They were Mr. Lugi and the little Italian mother, come to Sunday-school with their little boy.

"Really and truly," Francie said, "seem's if I caught three fish 'stead of one."

"Really and truly," said Mother Fisher, "I think you did."

\* \* \* \* \*

*"All by herself."*

The older children were gone out for the day: mamma was busy in the sewing room with Miss Fay: Molly was doing the Saturday baking. "What could Alice do all by herself?"

This was the very question that popped into the wee girl's own head, and she trotted off to ask mamma.

"Here's I," she said, at the sewing room door. "Here's I, all by myself. What's I goin' do, mamma?"

"Going to be mamma's good little daughter and amuse yourself this morning without help from anybody. See how busy I am."

"Everybody's busy that isn't gone way off," said Alice dolefully.

"Well, then," said mamma. "Alice must be busy, too, taking care of herself and making her own good times. See how well she can do it."

"But first of all," mamma went on, "think what you would like to do or to have me get for you, and I'll stop a minute now for that, so as to start you."



This was an important thing to decide, so Alice went into the next room and sat down in her kindergarten chair before her table, to think it out. She folded her arms and sat still about a minute: then she ran to mamma, exclaiming. "I know now, please get me my snub scissors" (of course she meant round-pointed) "and some bright paper, and I'll cut and cut ever so long."

Mamma dropped her work and got the things. "Now, dear," she said, "see if you can't get along the rest of the morning by yourself. Dolly and the picture books are in the dining room. Don't ask me for anything if you can help it, but keep out of mischief and be as happy as you can."

Alice went back to her little table and soon had it covered with queer things. There were the oddest dolls you ever saw, with arms sticking out like stems: and there were horses with as many legs as could be put along the whole length of the body. It was great fun to cut them.

## Page 3

But by and by Alice grew tired of this, and jumped up quickly. Over went the little table, scattering things everywhere. Such a litter! "I'll just leave it all," thought Alice. Then a little voice inside said. "Pick it all up and help mamma." After a minute, the little girl obeyed this pleasant voice, and picked up every scrap. Then she ran downstairs without stopping at the sewing room door, though she wanted to.

"Peggy Morlinda," she said, taking dolly from her cradle, "is you all by yourself, too? Isn't it lonesome? Come, I'll put you to sleep."

Peggy was soon asleep, or supposed to be, though her eyes were still staring.

"Now I will go take one little peek at mamma." said Alice, starting upstairs, but stopping next step. "No. I won't neiver," she said bravely. "I won't 'sturb mamma one bit."

After this the little girl found amusement for awhile at the library window. Next, she went back to the picture books, and read a long story, all made up out of her own head, to Peggy Morlinda, who woke up to listen. But what a long morning it was! She did not enjoy it much, but she made up her mind about one thing—she wouldn't "'sturb mamma."

At last papa came home and Alice ran to him to be tossed up and down, and they had a fine frolic.

"Have you gotten along nicely with your work?" asked papa of mamma at dinner.

"Very nicely, thank you," said mamma. "Alice helped me a great deal!"

"Alice!" exclaimed papa, looking as surprised as possible. "Can Alice sew?"

Mamma laughed. "Oh, no, indeed, not yet," she said, "but she gave me a fine chance to do it. She amused herself all morning and did not ask me to do anything for her, so we got on beautifully with the work in the sewing room."

[Illustration: "Peggy Morlinda, is you all by yourself, too?"]

"Good girl," said papa, and Alice looked as happy as she felt. Oh, how glad she was that she had not left those scraps of paper for mamma to pick up! It is always safe to listen to the little inward voice that says, "Do right."

"Do tell me a story," "What can I play?" "What shall I do next?" the little folks cry to the grown-ups, and all these things take time to attend to. If the children who are too small to do any work to "help mamma," would oftener amuse themselves, as Alice did, they would help much more than perhaps they think.—*Written for Dew Drops by Mary Harris.*

\* \* \* \* \*



*Our skating Rink.*

The wind blew shrill, the sky was gray:  
“Oh, dear,” sighed Molly, “how it rains!  
Let’s think of some new game to play,  
I’m getting very tired of trains.”

“I know,” said Jack: “it will be fun!”  
And seized some paper, pen and ink;  
“Look, look,” cried Susie, “what he’s done:  
He’s written, ‘To the Skating Rink!’”

## Page 4

The children thought it strange of him  
To pin it up upon the wall;  
“We haven’t any skates,” said Jim;  
“It isn’t any good at all.”

But Jack looked wise. “Oh, yes,” said he,  
“I’ve thought of just the very thing;  
These railway trucks do splendidly—  
We’ll tie them on our feet with string.”

They did, and all began to skate.  
But Jack, I fear, was rather rash;  
He *would* start off at such a rate  
That down he tumbled with a crash!

He wasn’t hurt. “I’m quite all right,”  
He cried, and scrambled up again;  
And on they skated with delight,  
Forgetting all about the rain!  
—*Selected*.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Why Betty Changed Her Mind

By Marie Deacon Hanson

[Illustration]

Each day, on her way to school, Betty called for Robbie Porter. There were two reasons why she did this. One was that she had promised Mrs. Porter she would, the other was that the little boy’s mother always gave Betty a cookie, or a piece of candy, or sometimes a penny. Betty never wanted anyone to know about this second reason, which made her feel ashamed of herself, whenever she thought of it.

“Just as if you couldn’t do a kind thing for your neighbor without expecting to get something for doing it,” she would say scornfully to herself.

One afternoon, Mrs. Porter met Betty in the grocery, and said to her: “Deary, shall you mind calling for Robbie about ten minutes earlier in the morning? I want to go to the city on the eight-thirty train.” And before Betty could answer, she added. “Of course, Robbie could go by himself now that he has learned the way, but he does so enjoy going with you.”

“And I don’t mind one bit calling for him,” Betty hastened to assure Mrs. Porter. “I’ll come early in the morning.”

On the way home from the store. Betty saw her cousin, Julia Norton, coming eagerly to meet her.

“Betty,” Julia cried, “mother sent me to ask you to stay all night. Cousin Lottie has come, and mother says we can pop corn and have a good time. And you must be sure to bring your books so you can go right to school in the morning from our house.”

“That will be lovely,” Betty exclaimed delightedly. There were few treats she enjoyed more than going to her aunt’s home.

Julia ran off to speak to another girl, and Betty following, suddenly remembered Robbie. How could she call for him if she were at her aunt’s?

The latter lived on the other side of the village, and it would be far out of Betty’s way to call for Robbie.

[Illustration: “I’m sorry I can’t call for Robbie in the morning.”]

“I just won’t bother about him,” she decided.

But even as she did so, she remembered that she had not only promised to call for Robbie in the morning, but to call for him earlier than usual and his mother would depend upon her.

## Page 5

"Oh, dear! What shall I do?" Betty cried impatiently.

A small voice seemed to answer in her ear, and it sounded so real that Betty actually turned to see if the owner were near: "Do as you would be done by."

"Why, that's the Golden Rule," Betty quickly exclaimed. "And mother says if you do as the Golden Rule tells you, you'll never be unhappy. What does it tell me to do now?" She stood in thought for a moment, and the next, she ran to overtake her cousin.

"Julia, please give this sugar to mother," Betty said, placing the bag in her cousin's band. "And tell her that I've gone to Mrs. Porter's and I'll be right back."

Betty flew down the street to Mrs. Porter's and knocked hurriedly on the door.

"Why, Betty, what is it, dear?" Mrs. Porter asked in surprise, as the former rushed into the room, in response to the invitation to enter.

"I'm sorry I can't call for Robbie in the morning. I'm going to Aunt Fanny's to stay all night," Betty explained breathlessly.

"It is thoughtful of you to come and tell me now, dear," Mrs. Porter replied. "I'll ask Jennie Lee to stop for Robbie in the morning. I hope you will have a nice visit at your aunt's."

"I know I shall," Betty answered happily. "I'll call for Robbie the next day, Mrs. Porter." And away the little girl tripped, light-hearted as could be. That is the way it makes one feel to follow the Golden Rule.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Jack's master.*

Jack's most delightful present last Christmas was a red wooden gun, with arrows that would shoot very hard indeed. At least Jack thought it was delightful, but his mamma did not; those little pointed wooden arrows that flew so far and hit so hard made her very uneasy, for fear her little boy would presently hurt somebody.

But mammas hate to spoil their little boys' fun, and Jack's mamma made an arrangement by which it was agreed that he was to have his gun, provided that he never pointed it at anybody, even in play.

Jack was quick enough to promise; he meant to keep his promise, too; and I think would have kept it if it hadn't been for his master. You didn't know Jack had a master? No more did he know it till the day he had to give up his gun.

You see, Jack had a little brother, two years younger than himself, who was a very spirit of mischief, and loved above all things to tease big Jack. One day, when the two boys were playing together, pretending to be wild Indians out in the woods. Will began to tease Jack by saying: "There was a little man, and he had a little gun," and all the rest of that little song. I don't know why this teased Jack, but he got madder and madder, until, alas! in spite of his promise, he pointed his gun—not at the "duck—duck—duck," but at Will, and struck him on the cheek.

Now it was not the wooden arrow with which his gun was loaded this time, but one leg of a sharp steel hairpin, and it went into the cheek and stuck there like a little dagger.

## Page 6

Half an hour later the red gun was in ashes on mamma's hearth, while mamma herself and both boys sat sorrowfully by its grave.

"Mamma," said Jack, "I didn't mean to shoot Will, but somehow I couldn't help it."

"No," said mamma, shaking her head: "I forgot when I let you keep the gun that you had a master."

"A master?" asked Jack, in surprise.

"Yes," said mamma, "you obey Bad Temper's orders, though you don't always obey mine."

"Mamma," said Jack, presently, "I think I'll leave Bad Temper's service. He gets me into a heap of trouble."

"Do, Jack," she said, smiling brightly at him. "And while you are getting rid of a bad master, remember that you have a good one, the Lord Jesus, on whose banner is written, 'Putting away all wrath and clamor.'"

Little Will listened very soberly to all this, with a red hole in his cheek, and both chubby hands resting on his bare knees. I hope he made up his mind, too, to choose the good Master.—*Selected.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*What makes men?*

What care I for cold or snow?  
School bell rings, and off I go!  
I am ready for the storm,  
And my heart is light and gay;  
Mother's hand has wrapped me warm,  
As I trudge along the way.

Mother says, "Learn all you can,  
Then you'll be a better man."  
So I pack my books and go.  
Through the rain or wind or snow;  
For I hope some day to be  
Just the man she'd like to see.

Well I know that boys must learn  
To be ready for each turn,  
Never idle nor afraid.



By rough struggles men are made.  
So each morning, off I start.  
With a merry, willing heart.

—*Selected.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Lucile's surprise.*

It was a bitter cold day in January, so cold that the children ran all the way to school. It was snowing, too, and blowing as hard as it could. A very small crowd was in the classroom that morning, and everyone began to wonder why.

"Not on account of the cold, surely," declared Edith Watts. "Why, it's just fine to be out to-day. And I know Lucile would never stay away because it was cold. She has too much spunk for that."

But still Lucile didn't come, and everyone wondered: for she never was sick, and had said nothing the day before about staying away.

[Illustration: "I want her to awaken from a nap and find the kittens swinging in the basket."]

At the last moment Polly Dalton came hurrying in, saying, "Girls' there's a scarlet fever sign on Dayres' door, so Lucile must be sick. The nun was putting the sign up as I came by."

Later in the day it was found that several other children had fever, or were afraid to come out lest they should get it, so the Hill School was closed for a week. Edith Watts was very lonely without her little friend, and spent much of her time writing letters to her, or in thinking of nice things to do for her.

## Page 7

"I wish I could think of something very, very sweet to do for her, something that would make her happy all the time," she said. "It must be so lonely and stupid for her to stay in the same room all the time, never seeing any other children."

"Keep thinking about it and the right thought will come to you," mamma told her, and mamma's advice turned out to be right, as usual.

Two days later, Edith came downstairs, her face shining.

"I know, mamma. I know what will make Lucile happy every day in the whole six weeks she must stay in the house. The kittens! I will give her my kittens. It has been nearly two weeks since she has seen them, and they have grown so much and their fur has fluffed out so beautifully she will hardly know them."

And the kittens were lovely. Who wouldn't want a present like that? Edith loved them with all her heart, but she didn't for one minute want to keep them for herself when she knew they would make Lucile happy. She put them carefully in a basket, covering them well to keep out the cold. A nice Indian hanging-basket that she had used for a swing for the pets was packed, too, and then papa took the "happy thought," as mamma called it, to Lucile's home.

"Remember, it must be a surprise for her," his small daughter reminded him as he left the house. "I want her to awaken from a nap and find the kittens swinging in the basket just where she can see them."

And that is the way Lucile saw them. If they ever had looked sweet to Edith's eyes, they looked a thousand times more so to Lucile's poor, tired ones.

"Oh-h-h!" she exclaimed, with a long-drawn, happy sigh. "You darling darlings! Have you come to stay, or are you only visitors?"

The basket with its dainty load hung from a picture-hook near by, and the new-comers looked quite contented to stay. They jumped into the bed and did all they knew to cure the little girl. And they really helped.—*Written for Dew Drops by Elizabeth Roberts Burton.*

\* \* \* \* \*

### Knowledge Box

When Lapland Babies Go to Church.

When Sunday morning comes, the Lapland father harnesses his reindeer to the sleigh. Father and mother wrap themselves in fur coats and put a fur coat on the baby, and



away they go over the snow to church, it may be ten or even fifteen miles, for the reindeer can go a good deal faster than a horse.

But the old Lapland custom of caring for the babies while the grown people are in church, you never would guess. For as soon as the reindeer is made secure, the father Lapp shovels out a snug little bed in the snow, and when it is ready the mother Lapp wraps the baby snug and warm in skins and lays it down there. Then the father Lapp piles the snow around and over the baby, when they go into the church and leave the baby in the snow. So common is this that sometimes there are twenty or thirty babies, down to the little wee-est ones, buried in snow around the church.

## Page 8

You might think the babies would suffocate, but they do not, nor do they freeze. In fact, the snow does not make them cold. For when it covers anyone all over, if they have clothes enough on, so the snow will not melt and wet them, it will keep them warm. And as the little Lapland babies are not strong enough to knock the snow away and let in the cold, they just lie there safe and warm and go to sleep.

When church is out the father Lapp goes to the spot where his baby is, puts his hands down into the snow, pulls the baby out and shakes the snow off it; then the reindeer is unfastened, father and mother tuck themselves and the baby in the sleigh, and over the snow away they trot home again.—*Written for Dew Drops by Adele E. Thompson.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Mother HULDA'S feather bed.*

How many children know what the boys and girls of far-off Norway sometimes think when they see the dainty, feathery snowflakes flying softly and silently through the air? I don't think there are many of you who do know, so I will tell you the story.

If we were there when they have the first snowstorm of the season we could hear them shouting gleefully to each other: "See! oh, see! Mother Hulda is shaking her feather bed."

There is a story about this Mother Hulda and her feather bed that is told to the little ones there. She lives, it is said, far, far above this busy world, with the clouds for her home, the sun for a lamp and fire.

She is always very busy, and especially so at the beginning of the winter, for then she has to unpack her great feather bed, and after that is done she spends all of her time shaking it. Indeed she shakes it so much that she wears many holes in it, through which the feathers fly in all directions. The wind catches them up and carries them gently to the earth, where they cover the bare limbs of the trees, making them beautiful, and where they spread lightly on the ground and protect the roots of the flowers from the cold winter winds.

Mother Hulda does not tire of shaking her bed until the warmer spring winds begin to blow; then she packs it away until she sees Jack Frost traveling again over the world below, and finds traces of the mischievous fellow even in her lofty home.—*Selected.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Our lesson.*—March 8.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Prepared by Marguerite Cook.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Title.—Watchfulness (Temperance Lesson).—Luke 12:35-48.

Golden Text.—Blessed are those servants, whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching.—Luke 12:37.

*Golden Text for Beginners.*—*Even a child maketh himself known by his doings.*—Prov. 20:11.

Truth.—Be always ready.

1. Jesus told his disciples that they must be always ready and watching for his coming.

## Page 9

[Illustration]

2. He told them to be like faithful servants, who, with their lights burning, wait for the return of their absent master.
3. He said that the master who should come home and find his servants watching for him would be pleased.

[Illustration]

4. He would invite them to sit down at his table, and he would serve them himself.
5. Those faithful servants would receive a blessing.
6. Jesus warns us all to watch and be faithful about our work, so that when he comes again we will be ready.
7. He says that no one knows the day nor the hour when he will return.
8. The master chooses the faithful servants to rule over his house.
9. The unfaithful servant will not be found watching when his master shall come.
10. He will spend his time in eating and drinking and abusing his fellow-servants.

[Illustration]

11. The master will come when he is not expected, and will see these evil deeds and punish the servant for his unfaithfulness.

\* \* \* \* \*

### QUESTIONS.

What is the Golden Text?

What is the Truth?

1. For what did Jesus tell his disciples to watch?
2. Like whom did he tell them to be?
3. Who would be pleased to find his servants watching?
4. What would he invite them to do?



5. What would they receive if found faithful?
6. What does Jesus warn us all to do?
7. Who knows when Jesus will return?
8. Who will be made ruler over his master's house?
9. Who will not be found watching?
10. How will he spend his time?
11. Who will come when he is not expected?

\* \* \* \* \*

#### LESSON HYMN.

*Tune*—"Jesus loves me, this I know," omitting chorus (E flat).

When our work on earth is done,  
Jesus calls us, every one;  
Let us work, and watch, and pray,  
For his coming, every day.

\* \* \* \* \*

Title of Lesson for March 15.

The Lawful Use of the Sabbath.—Luke 13:10-17; 14:1-6.

\* \* \* \* \*

Golden Text for March 15.

The sabbath was made for man.—Mark 2:27.

\* \* \* \* \*

Beginners Golden Text for March 15.

*Even a child maketh himself known by his doings.*—Prov. 20:11.

\* \* \* \* \*

Advice to Boys and Girls

The Difference it Made.

“What a sweet voice that little child in the red cloak has!” said a visitor in Sunday-school to a teacher, as together they listened to the children raising their song of praise.

“Yes, isn’t it sweet? And she always sings just so heartily,” was the reply.

## Page 10

A little later, the school closed and, the children on their way home, the visitor chanced to pass by the child in the red cloak, just in time to hear her say angrily to her nurse, who had called for her:

"I don't want to go this way—I want to go through the park. I won't! I won't go through that horrid old street!"

"But, Miss Mazie, your mamma said we were to go straight home and not stay in the park to-day."

Upon this, the little lady marched away, with pouting lips and injured mien.

"Ah," thought the lady, "what a difference it makes in the voice when one speaks angrily! No matter how sweet it may be, how harsh and unloving angry words make it!"

What a pity that Mazie did not keep her voice as musical and birdlike as it was when she was singing her morning song of praise! Think of this, little readers, and when you are tempted to be angry and speak in cross tones, instead of making your voice unpleasant to hear, endeavor to make it sweet and loving.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Thoughts for Mothers

#### The Earnest Mother.

Mothers seldom realize the influence they exert in molding the lives of their children. It is the faithful teaching, as well as the consistent practicing of an earnest mother which results in forming characters of nobility and uprightness in the sons and daughters. The work cannot be begun too early. From their very birth, our children receive impressions. What the character of these impressions is depends upon surrounding influences. A true mother's influence should last long after she is at rest. Said Thomas H. Benton: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco; I have never touched it from that time to the present day. She asked me not to gamble, and I have never gambled, and I cannot tell who is losing in games that are being played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking, and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I may have attained in life, I have attributed to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence; and that I have adhered to it through all time, I owe to my mother."

Mothers, do not think your little ones are too young to receive advice; it is true they may not act upon it for many years, but they will remember it and follow it sometime.

\* \* \* \* \*

## HURRAH FOR THE BOY THAT WHISTLES.

Hurrah for the boy that whistles!  
Just now he passed by here.  
The rain dripped down from his sodden crown,  
But his whistle sounded clear;  
And it made my task seem easier,  
And my heart grew brave and strong,  
Hurrah for the boy that whistles!  
He helps the world along.  
—*Written for Dew Drops by Bertha E. Bush.*



# Page 11

\* \* \* \* \*

[Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second Class Mail Matter.]

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