

Dew Drops, Vol. 37, No. 15, April 12, 1914 eBook

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BY JULIA H. JOHNSON

[Illustration]

“Why, Myra, what is the matter?”

Mabel had found Myra crying in a little sheltered place where the little neighbors sometimes played together. Mabel lived in a big house and Myra in a little one, but they were neighbors, and loved each other just the same.

“I don’t mean to cry long,” Myra said, “but I couldn’t help having a small cry before I began to look pleasant. It’s because mother could not make my white dress for Easter. She had to sew for other people till it was too late, and now I have to wear my blue dress when all the rest in our class wear white.”

“That is too bad.” said Mabel, putting her arm around her small neighbor, “but we’ll all love you just the same.”

“Yes,” Myra said, drying her tears, “and mother said that if I would take it pleasantly, and be happy just the same, because it was right, that it would be like an Easter love-gift. I can’t take many pennies, but I do mean to take the love-gift, and I’ll begin now, so that’s the last tear.” Her smile came out like a bright little rainbow. Mabel kissed her, because she could not help it, and the two little girls went together to look for as many little spring things as they could find. This was the best possible thing to do.

“Mother,” said Mabel that night, in the little go-to-bed talk. “Myra has to wear a blue dress on Easter Day, when the rest of us will all wear white. I am so sorry for her.”

“Is Myra very sorry, too?” asked mother.

“Of course she is, mother: I found her crying over it this afternoon. But she stopped pretty soon, and said she would not cry any more.” Then Mabel told about the “love-gift.”

“I wish I could take some kind of a love-gift, too,” said Mabel, seeing that her mother thought this a beautiful thing.

“I am sure you could, if you would.” said mother.

“Please, tell me how.”

“No. it must be your own *love-thought* first. You will have to-morrow to think it out. Good-night, now.”



Mabel thought and thought a long time, next day. At last she whispered something to mother that made her look very happy, and say "Yes, dear."

On Easter morning Mabel waited for Myra, that they might go to Sunday-school together.

"Oh, oh!" cried Myra, as she saw Mabel, "you have on your pink dress in-stead of your new white one. Now I don't mind my blue one."

"We sit in the same row, you know," said Mabel, "and we'll be near together." She looked very happy. The two little girls with shining faces went together to God's house, and One above looked down and smiled upon them.

* * * * *

The mystery in Billy's yard.

"Something's going on over to our place."

Billy Wells walked into the school yard at noon with a face which showed that the "something" was very important indeed. The other boys gathered in a little crowd about him.



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“What is it, Billy?”

[Illustration: “We sit in the same row,” said Mabel.]

“Tell us, Billy.”

“It’s—somebody that’s come there—”

“What for?”

“To stay, I guess. Acts that way.”

“Friends of the folks?”

“No, we’ve never seen ’em before.”

“Do you mean some kind of a tramp?”

“What’s he doing?”

“Seems to be building a house.”

“A house? Well, that sounds queer.”

“Whereabouts?”

“In my father’s back yard.”

“Billy, you’re joking.”

“It’s as true as I stand here.”

“Well, go on and tell more about it. Did he skulk ’round as if he was afraid?”

“Not a bit of it.”

“Did he see you?”

“Well,” Billy hesitated a little. “I didn’t go so very near him.”

“That’s best for you,” one of the boys shook his head wisely. “You never can tell what these tramp fellows may be up to.”

“How do you mean—building?”

“Just what I say. He was picking up things in the yard to build with. Stuff to begin with.”



“Your father’s stuff?”

“Yes.”

“What does your father think of it?”

“I don’t believe he’s seen him. Father goes to work early.”

“Of course he’ll drive him off.”

“Another one came and helped him,” said Billy. “They were both working hard when I came to school.”

“Billy, you’re fooling us.”

“You can come and see for yourselves,” said Billy. “You can see if it isn’t exactly as I’ve said.”

“Let’s do it.”

It was agreed, and after school a number of small boys took with him the road leading to Billy’s home. As they went in by the shady back yard, Billy held up his hand, saying:

“S-h-h-h-h—don’t scare ’em! Now—come this way—look up there!”

Billy led the way into a corner and pointed up into an oak tree.

“There—right above that branch—see? They’ve got their sticks for the foundation, and now they’re finishing up. Quick—see that flash of blue just where the sun shines! Look! look! they’re pulling at that bit of red yarn—I put it up there. My mother always hangs bits of string about for ’em. My mother likes blue-birds.”—*Written for Dew Drops by Sydney Dare.*

* * * * *

When anyone speaks to us in anger, we should remember that it takes two to make a quarrel, and determine not to become one of the two.

* * * * *

ENID’S FLOWERS

[Illustration]



BY MARY E. Q. BRUSH

The first robin had come, so had the first bluebird and the first hand-organ man; caterpillars were beginning to crawl along the sunny side of the fence rails and everybody was housecleaning, so it was quite certain that spring was here.



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With it there came to the three little Ashley sisters three packets of seeds.

A lady friend of their mother had sent them. Every one of them had printed on it, “A Surprise Collection.”

When the little, light-brown envelopes were opened, they were found to contain several varieties of seeds. Some were like little, round, brown pills—those were “sweet-peas,” mamma said. Others were very small indeed, like grains of powder, and some were like tiny, grayish-green sticks—somebody said those were verbena seeds; and, well, dear me, there were all kinds and shapes and sizes and grays and browns.

Three neat, round beds were spaded up on the lawn, and Amy, Enid and Ruth raked them over, smoothed and patted the rich soil, and then planted their seeds.

Of course, you know what happened next. There had to be waiting, watching, weeding and watering. Most of the seeds sprouted and grew, and soon the dark brown earth was covered by green shoots and trailing sprays.

By and by, buds began to appear and tiny bits of color to show, and then how happy the little girls were!

All but Enid. She was pleased, but also a little disappointed.

Now, it so happened, that Ruth’s “Surprise Collection” turned out to be pansies, asters, phlox and ragged sailors—all posies of bright pink, purple and crimson in various shades. Amy’s garden plot was gay with marigolds, four-o’clocks, larkspurs, and bachelor’s-buttons—all orange and yellow, blue and purple.

[Illustration: Enid was pleased.]

But Enid’s flowers were nearly all white, and it was truly a surprise, though not a very agreeable one. She had white verbenas, sweet alyssum, candytuft, daisies and gillyflowers.

Consequently, her flower bed did not attract as much attention from the passers-by as did the gay ones of her sisters.

“Anyhow, almost all my posies are sweet-smelling,” the little girl said, trying her best to be contented. For, after all, to own flowers, every one of which was fragrant, was a comfort.

Then, there came another comfort—a real “surprise” comfort. Late one evening, after the family had been away all day, attending the Sunday-school picnic, and drove home in the moonlight, what do you suppose they saw as they turned in at the gateway? Why, there on the lawn, was a great circle of white, gleaming like frosted silver.



“Wonder if a sheet has blown off the clothesline,” said grandma.

“Oh, it isn’t a sheet—it’s my flower bed! It’s my dear, darling white posies!”

And, sure enough, the white flowers could be seen in the dark, when all the gay reds and yellows and blues and purples were dim and dull.

Enid felt very happy.

“I like ‘surprise collections’ you can see at night,” she said.

* * * * *

True love.

“How much I love, you, mother dear,”

A little prattler said;

“I love you in the morning bright,

And when I go to bed.



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“I love you when I’m near to you,
And when I’m far away;
I love you when I am at work,
And when I am at play.”

And then she shyly, sweetly raised
Her loving eyes of blue—
“I love you when you love me best,
And when you scold me, too.”

The mother kissed her darling child,
And stooped a tear to hide:
“My precious one, I love you most
When I am forced to chide.

“I could not let my darling child
In sin and folly go;
And this is why I sometimes chide—
Because I love you so.”
—Sel.

* * * * *

A runaway umbrella.

There was a big umbrella with a pretty twisted handle, that belonged to father, and he carried it down town on rainy days. There was a little brown-eyed girl, who was four years old her last birthday; that was Marjorie.

There was a mischievous south wind that would be quiet for a long time and then come with a quick gust and blow, oh, ever so hard and play all sorts of pranks on people.

Then, there was a lady who sat on a porch not very far from Marjorie’s house. These four together made a story, and that’s what I am going to tell you about.

It was a beautiful sunny day and Marjorie was going out in the front yard to play. As she went through the hall there, by the hall tree, stood the big umbrella.

“Wouldn’t it be fun to take the umbrella and play rainy day?” she thought. So she reached and picked it up.

Through the door, across the porch and down onto the sidewalk she ran. She worked a long while before she could get the umbrella to stay up.



“Now, I am a big lady with a long dress and I am going over to the store,” she said to herself as she gathered her little short skirt up with one hand, and held the umbrella up straight and fine with the other. Walking carefully, “because it is so muddy,” she said, as down the street she started. Pretty soon a gust of the mischievous south wind came along and lifted the umbrella right out of Marjorie’s little fat hand and took it out into the middle of the street and set it down.

Forgetting the rainy day, the long skirt, and the mud, off the curbing she jumped, and ran for the umbrella. She had almost grasped it again, when along came another gust of wind, and down the street bumpity-bump went the big, open umbrella. Marjorie started to run after it, but over and over it went so much faster than a little girl could run, that it was soon far out of her reach.

[Illustration: She walked carefully because it was muddy.]

Then she began to cry.

“Catch it, oh, catch it!” she screamed, as she ran.

The lady I told you about heard the cry, and looking up from her reading, saw the big umbrella go rolling past, followed by the frightened, crying little girl. Down the steps she ran and out into the street after the umbrella. “Bump,” it went up against a telephone pole and the wind left it there. In a moment the lady had it in her hand.



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"I want it down, oh, please, I want it down." sobbed Marjorie all out of breath.

"Now, it's all right. Don't cry any more," said the lady as she put it down and handed it to Marjorie, kissing her little tear-stained face.

Marjorie clung to it with both hands and started for home. She wanted to put the umbrella back by the hall tree, and tell mother all about the runaway.—*Written for Dew Drops by Flora Louise Whitmore.*

* * * * *

The adopted brood.

"Oh, look, Bobby!" said Betty, as she jumped out of the swing, and went running down toward the hayfield. "Here comes Joe, and he has something to show us. I know it's a surprise."

Bobby looked, and then he and Betty went running to meet Joe, who was coming along the path by the orchard. He was carrying his straw hat carefully in one hand, and beckoning with his other hand for the children to hurry and see the surprise.

"What have you got?" shouted both the children, excitedly, as they came near.

"Eggs." said Joe.

"Oh, eggs," said Bobby and Betty. "Eggs—why eggs are nothing to see. We find them every day."

"Yes," said Joe, "but these are not hen's eggs—they are pheasant's eggs!"

Bobby and Betty looked, and sure enough, in Joe's hat were seven eggs—olive-brown in color.

"We were mowing in the meadow," said Joe, "and we almost ran over a mother pheasant on her nest. She flew up right under the horse's feet, and old Nell almost stepped into the nest. I took all the eggs, because a pheasant will not come back to the nest after she has been frightened away. She finds another place and makes a new nest. She won't go back to the old one."

"Well," said Bobby, "what are you going to do with the eggs?"

"Oh," said Joe, "I'm going to put them under that little brown bantam hen that wants to set, and let her hatch them."



So Bobby and Betty went with Joe, and watched him while he made a comfortable nest in an old box in the shop loft. Then he put the seven eggs in the nest carefully, and got the little bantam hen and put her in, too. She clucked and scolded, and when Joe put her in the box she stood up and moved the eggs round with her feet, to arrange them as she wished before she would settle down; but when Bobby and Betty peeped in, a little later, she was all comfortable for her long wait of three weeks. Joe put grain and water near by, and Bobby and Betty peeped in almost every day.

One day when the children went near the nest, they heard little peeping sounds, and ran to tell Joe. He came and lifted up the little bantam hen, although she scolded and pecked at him; and in the nest Bobby and Betty saw six little pheasant chicks and one egg that did not hatch. The pheasant chicks were little brown downy things, and Joe took hen, chicks, nest and all, and made a little coop for them under



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the orchard trees. The little chicks were very lively and very shy—not like hen chicks; they loved to run away and hide in the grass, and the children could hardly find them at all when they looked for them. Mother Bantam would cluck and run back and forth in the coop and call to them, she was so afraid something would happen. At last, one day, Joe decided to let the little bantam run with her brood, and show them how to scratch and find worms. So he took away the slats from the foot of the coop, and Mrs. Bantam stepped out.

The children saw the hen and chicks in the orchard grass. The little pheasants ran through the orchard and the little bantam hen followed them. What became of them nobody knew, and they have never been seen since. Joe thinks they are still out in the woods, and that the little pheasants are teaching their mother how to get her own food there.—*Selected*.

* * * * *

“Not mighty deeds make up the sum
Of happiness below:
But little acts of kindness,
Which any child may show.”

* * * * *

[Illustration]

WHERE THE JASMINE BELLS WERE RINGING

BY ALICE MILLER WEEKS

The pine woodland was dark and sweet and cool, and grandmother and little Emily were walking through it, hand in hand, enjoying its peace and fragrance. The trees grew so closely on either side of the narrow path that hardly a glimpse of blue sky could be seen overhead, and not a shaft of golden sunlight was bold enough to shine down through the glossy pine needles, as both were thinking.

“Why, yes there is!” little Emily called suddenly, as if answering her own thoughts aloud. “There’s a sunbeam over there—right where the trees are thickest!”

Grandmother and she hurried to the spot; it seemed a little strange that the sunlight should have filtered down through such dense shade. And when they reached it, it was not sunshine at all. It was a delicate spray of clustered yellow bells, swaying from a slender thread of vine, and filling the spring air with delicious perfume.



“Oh, it’s jasmine!” grandmother and little Emily exclaimed, at the same moment. And a mocking-bird, flying by, stopped a moment to trill a sweet strain, as if he, too, was glad to welcome back this lovely blossom of early spring.

Little Emily gathered the spray of golden bells very carefully, to carry it home to mother, who was not well enough to walk in the woodland and see it where it grew; and all that day and the next, the sweetness of the delicate flowers filled the room and seemed to speak of love and hope and cheer.

“They bring the sunshine and springtime right here to me,” the little girl’s mother said, looking lovingly at Emily. “They are like a small lassie I know, who helps to brighten all the dark places in my life.”



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Emily looked questioningly at her mother. "What does that mean, mamma?" she asked. And grandmother, who was standing by, said, with a smile:

"You thought the jasmine bells, shining in the dark wood, were a gleam of sunshine, dear, brightening up the gloom. There are sometimes dark places in our lives, you know; mother is having one just now, while she is not well enough to go out herself into the sunshine. And her little daughter, by being sweet and cheery, is just such a gleam of sunshine to her as the jasmine bells were to the dark pine woods."

Little Emily leaned over her mother for a kiss, then turned to touch caressingly the golden bells of the jasmine.

"Dear little sunshine flowers," she said, lovingly. "I'll try to remember you every day, and be a sunshine maker, too."

[Illustration: "You thought the jasmine bells were sunshine."]

* * * * *

The more one controls his temper, the less will it control him.

* * * * *

Knowledge Box

Berry.

Berry is not something to eat, as you might think, but a big dog that has a very important place. He is the night watchdog of the Electra Company's factory in Cleveland, Ohio. Before Berry was given the job they had a watchman, but he had to be discharged because he was unfaithful, which Berry never is. He is well fitted for the place, as he is a big, powerful animal, part Newfoundland and part St. Bernard, and weighs 170 pounds. Not only does he do his duty well, but Berry works cheap, for he is counted an employee of the company, and is on the pay roll at seventy cents a week, which is the cost of the food he eats.

Berry is not only faithful, but one night he even proved himself a hero, in a battle with two desperate safe robbers, who had gained entrance to the office by sawing the lock, thinking, no doubt, that they could easily overcome the watchdog. But when the door was burst open, Berry instantly sprang at the burglars, and a terrible fight he had, for the men who had come armed with pieces of lead pipe, struck him most cruel blows.

But they struck in vain, for with howls of mingled pain and determination to guard his trust, Berry fought the robbers till they were glad to escape into the darkness. It had been a desperate struggle, and though Berry was terribly hurt, he had proved that he



was both fearless and faithful. In the morning he was found lying beside the safe whose valuable contents he had kept from being touched, but with only enough of life left to give a feeble wag of welcome to his master, as though he would say, "You trusted me. and I have kept the trust."

So badly was Berry injured that he was taken to a dog hospital where for two weeks it was uncertain whether he would live or die. But at last he grew well so he was able to go back to work again, more loved and trusted than ever.



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Though only a dog, was not Berry a hero?—*Written for Dew Drops by Adele E. Thompson.*

* * * * *

Easter day.

Awake, pretty flowers
Asleep in the snows,
For this is the morning
When Jesus arose.
Each lily he loved
In the meadows of old,
Will welcome the Master
With blossoms of gold.

Ye violets, sweet with
The breath of the South;
Anemone blushing,
With rosy-lipped mouth;
Arbutus, half-hiding
Your delicate grace—
The Savior has risen,
Behold ye his face!

The types of his death
And rising are ye.
Fair gems of the meadow,
Bright buds of the lea.
“Messiah is living!”
The cherubim say;
Shine forth in your beauty
To greet him to-day!
—*Sel.*

Our lesson.—For April 12.

* * * * *

Prepared by Marguerite Cook.

* * * * *

Title.—The Journey to Emmaus (Easter Lesson).—Luke 24: 13-35.



Golden Text.—It is Christ ... that was raised from the dead.—Rom. 8:34.

Golden Text for Beginners.—Be ye kind one to another.—Eph. 4:32.

Truth.—Jesus is alive for evermore.

1. The day that Jesus arose from the dead two of his friends walked to a village called Emmaus, near Jerusalem.

[Illustration]

2. Jesus passing by noticed that as they walked they talked together and seemed very sad.

3. He went up to them and walked with them and asked them why they were so sorrowful.

4. They did not believe that Jesus had risen from the dead, and when they saw him they did not know him.

5. They told him about the sad things that had happened—how Jesus had been put to death and placed in the grave.

[Illustration]

6. They said that some women who had visited the tomb of Jesus had told them that Jesus was risen.

7. Jesus then told the two men that if they were not so slow to believe the Word of God and the promise Jesus had given them they would know that it must be true.

8. When they came to their home the men urged Jesus to stop with them for it was now evening.

9. While they were eating supper Jesus took bread and blessed it and gave it to them.

[Illustration]

10. As they saw Jesus blessing the bread they knew him, but he at once vanished out of their sight.

[Illustration]

11. They said one to another, “Did not our hearts burn within us while we talked by the way?”

[Illustration]

12. They at once went back to Jerusalem to tell the other disciples the good news that Jesus had truly risen from the dead and they had seen him.



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* * * * *

Questions.

What is the Golden Text? What is the Truth?

1. On what day did two of Jesus' friends walk to a village called Emmaus?
2. As Jesus passed by, what did he notice?
3. What did he do?
4. What did they not believe?
5. About what did they tell him?
6. What had some women told them, who had visited Jesus' tomb?
7. What did Jesus tell the two men?
8. When they came to their home what did they urge Jesus to do?
9. While they were eating supper what did Jesus do?
10. When they knew him what became of Jesus?
11. What did they say one to another?
12. What did they at once go back to Jerusalem to tell the other disciples?

* * * * *

Lesson hymn.

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

Close beside us every day
Christ is walking all the way;
And his voice is very near;
If we listen we may hear.

Title of Lesson for April 19.

The Cost of Discipleship.—Luke 14:25-35.

* * * * *



Golden Text for April 19.

Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it.—Matt. 16:25.

* * * * *

Beginners Golden Text for April 19.

Be ye kind one to another.—Eph. 4:32.

* * * * *

Advice to Boys and Girls

The Extra Step Society.

The “Extra Step Society” was formed in the Martin household when the mother was forced to be on the lounge for some time with a sprained ankle. It was Tom who cheerfully took an extra step on his way to school each day to call at his grandmother’s and report the progress of the invalid. It was Bessie who left her play and stepped softly into the parlor every morning to lower the blind so that the sun’s rays might not beam too warmly on her mother’s face. And it was wee Alice who took many an extra step during the day, sometimes to carry a glass of fresh water to her mother, and sometimes to bring a magazine or paper.

“We’re trying to pay you back a little, mamma,” Bessie said lovingly one night when all the children were gathered around their mother. “We don’t mind a bit taking extra steps if only we can make you comfortable, so you must not think we get tired of doing things for you.”

“Bless my faithful, unselfish little nurses!” Mrs. Martin rejoined earnestly. “Love lightens your labors.”—*Sel.*

* * * * *

Thoughts for Mothers

The Care of the Home.

The busy mother will find the care of the home too much for one pair of hands unless she enlists the children as helpers. Let her begin to practice systematics at once. Assign some corner or box of play-things to one child to be cared for. A small boy might have the work of putting away yesterday’s newspapers regularly, as his part in keeping the house tidy. The small daughter could pick up and dust in one special room, taking care that a second dusting by a more careful hand is not necessary.

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The motive for doing these little tasks well should be made prominent, showing that the child is big enough to “help” mother. Praise should be bestowed, not as if it were anything astonishing and out of the way for the child to do the work well, but as a token of appreciation of the motive and manner in doing it. Encourage as much as possible, but do not develop vanity by praising to excess.

Let their love be the mainspring of their every act of service.—*Written for Dew Drops by Julia H. Johnston.*

* * * * *

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