

Dew Drops, Vol. 37, No. 18, May 3, 1914 eBook

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DEW DROPS

Vol. 37. No. 18. *Weekly*.

DAVID C. COOK PUBLISHING CO., ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

George E. Cook. Editor.

May 3, 1914.

THE SINGING HEART

By Elizabeth Noyes

It was a warm May afternoon: all the little flowers were stretching up their heads to catch the rain that was falling patter-spatter everywhere. Francis stood by the window pouting. He had been playing lovely games outside, and now the rain had spoiled his fun.

Mother was at her sewing machine. She felt sorry for Francis, he was such a little boy and he had no playmates, but she was too busy to invent games for him. But he began to make up one for himself. He came and stood by the machine and hummed as it hummed, louder and louder. Then the humming almost died away, as mother ran the wheel slower.

[Illustration: Mother was at her sewing machine.]

“Oh, dear.” Francis said. “I want something to do.” Just then he heard a robin singing in the rain. He tried to sing with the bird, as he had hummed with the machine, and was surprised that he couldn’t.

“Why can’t I, mamma?” he asked.

“Because you are Francis, and the robin is robin, I suspect,” said mother, laughing. “You can do many things that the robin can’t, you know.”

Francis threw himself down on the sofa and watched the bird as it swung back and forth in the apple tree, and by and by he dropped asleep. When he woke up he ran to the window to find the robin.

“Oh, he’s gone,” he said, very disappointed. “Did you hear what he told me, mamma?”

Mother shook her head.

“Why, he said to me that little boys can’t sing with their lips as sweetly as birds can, but they can sing with their hearts: are you sure you didn’t hear him, mother?”

“I’m sure as sure,” said mother. “But I know that’s what you heard him say in your dream for it’s true as can be.”

“What did he mean, mother?”

“He meant that in spite of rain, little boys can be happy, just as the birds are, and can carry smiling faces to show they have singing hearts.”

Francis laughed happily. “I’ll try to have a singing heart. Oh, the sun’s out, and I’m going out to find the robin.”

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THREADING NEEDLES.

Mrs. Sargent's sunny sitting room was a very busy place that Wednesday afternoon.

Four long sticks with their corners fastened together by wooden pegs, and placed on the backs of chairs, made a large frame in the center of the apartment. On this frame there were basted, first, some strips of pale blue cheesecloth sewed together, then cotton wadding was arranged evenly over this, and over all another large square of cheesecloth of dainty pink, was placed.

Now, I dare say that all you little readers know what this meant. It was a quilting-frame, of course, and the half-dozen ladies gathered around it were busily engaged in tying a comfortable; and, more-over, that same comfortable was to be sent to a good missionary out on our Western frontier.

There was a big box of other things to be sent, too—but never mind about them now; it is the pink and blue comfortable in which we are most interested.

Little Ruth Sargent was also interested in it. She wished that she were tall enough and nimble enough with her fingers to help fasten the pretty little tufts of white Saxony yarn that tied the comfortable. The work must be very pleasant to do, for the ladies seemed so happy.

How nice it was to think of making a sensible gift like that, to keep the dear missionary lady warm during the long, cold winter nights in far North Dakota!

Presently, a round, fluffy, white something tumbled off the quilting-frame and rolled along on the carpet beneath.

"Oh, there goes my ball of Saxony!" exclaimed Mrs. Dalton. "I was trying to thread my needle—my eyes aren't as good as they used to be—and the yarn slipped out of my hand."

Now, Mrs. Sargent didn't have to tell her daughter to pick up the worsted ball, for Ruth was a polite little thing, and the ball had hardly ceased rolling, before she had scrambled under the quilting-frame and picked it up. Then she thought of another polite thing to do.

"Please let me thread your needle, Mrs. Dalton," she said sweetly.

"Oh, thank you, deary, that will be such a help!" the lady replied.

"My! my!" laughed the other ladies. "Now, Mrs. Dalton, you will beat us all in tying, for you've got a fine assistant!"



“Why, I can thread all the needles,” Ruth said, her eyes shining. And so she did. Needle after needle was threaded with the white yarn, and it really was surprising to see how much faster the ladies could work. It wasn’t long before all the surface of the comfortable was filled with rows of neat, white tufts and was ready to be ripped from the frame and have its edges finished with herringbone stitches.

And Ruth felt very happy, for though she was only seven years old, she had helped in the making of the pretty comfortable for the dear missionary lady away out in Dakota.

—*Written for Dew Drops by Mary E.Q. Brush.*

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THE SANDMAN.

The Sandman comes at set of sun,
Just when the happy day is done,
And when the quiet night's begun.

You hear him softly, softly creep,
And if you turn around to peep
He throws the sand that makes you sleep!

But don't be frightened—he is kind:
His sand will never make you blind,
But only close your eyes, you'll find.

He's like a dear and gentle friend:
His pleasant task it is to send
Sweet dreams to follow playtime's end.

I've stayed up late, and tried to see
The Sandman passing close to me—
I've been as still as still could be.

But he is quicker than a wink!
He didn't give me time to think,
But made me yawn and stretch and blink.

He buried me so deep in sand
I dropped right into Slumberland—
Though *how* I cannot understand!

—Written for *Dew Drops* by Rose Ralph.

The Eastern Mail

By may G. Mooar

For a long time Teddy had wanted a cart, and when his seventh birthday came, there by the back door stood the "Eastern Mail" with a birthday letter from grandpa on the seat:

"Dear Teddy," it said, "I know you've wanted a cart for a long time so I hope you will like my birthday present. Have a good time with it, and give somebody else a good time with it, too."



"Your loving,
"Grandpa."

Teddy played nearly all day with his new present, and for a week he cared for very little else. One day he raced up the walk, dragging his cart behind him, and dropped down on the piazza steps near where mother was sitting.

"That's a dandy cart, mother," he exclaimed. "Jack Hoyt says it's the best one on the street. It's awfully strong, and it can go just as fast as anything. I tell you grandpa got a great bargain when he got the Eastern Mail."

[Illustration: Teddy played nearly every day with his cart.]

"Then you're doing just what grandpa wrote you to do with the cart?" mother asked.

"What's that? Have a good time with it?" Teddy answered. "I guess I am. I just wish grandpa could see how many miles that cart goes a day."

"But grandpa wanted you to do something else with it, too," mother added. "Do you remember about that?"

"No, I don't," Teddy replied slowly. Then after a minute's thought he exclaimed, "Oh! He said to give somebody else a good time, too, didn't he, mother?"

Mother nodded.

"But I don't see how I can give anybody else a good time with it except Mary and Ned, for all the boys have either a cart or a bicycle or something, so they don't care about playing with mine."

"Well, dear, keep watch and see what else you can do. There may be some chances to make somebody else happy. Will you take this jelly over to old Mrs. Atwood, now? She's been sick again."

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Teddy started off with the jelly, and in half an hour he came rushing back with his face beaming.

"Oh, mother," he called. "Mrs. Atwood says that Mrs. Carter will give her a stove for her sitting room, but she thinks it's going to cost a lot to get it moved. It's only a little one, and do you s'pose I could take it over from Mrs. Carter's in my cart?"

"I'm sure you could, if it's not very big," mother answered heartily. "I guess Mrs. Carter's son would lift it in for you, and we could find some man to get it out at Mrs. Atwood's."

Teddy ran to the cellar for the Eastern Mail and in a few minutes it was rattling down the street towards Mrs. Carter's.

"I've come to move that stove over to Mrs. Atwood's," he explained politely, when Mrs. Carter opened the door.

"Do you think it will go in your cart?" the lady asked in surprise. "Wait just a minute, and I'll get my son to see if he thinks it can go in that way."

Rob Carter was as sure as Teddy himself, and in a little while the stove was aboard, and Teddy was carefully drawing the Eastern Mail to Mrs. Atwood's, and Rob Carter went along to steady the stove and lift it out when they got there.

"I can't thank you enough," Mrs. Atwood said when the stove was in place. "It's helped me a lot to get the stove brought over."

And as the Eastern Mail turned toward home she slipped a couple of lovely cookies into its owner's hand.

WHY MINNIE COULD NOT SLEEP.

She sat up in bed. The curtain was drawn up and she saw the moon, and it looked as if it were laughing at her.

"You need not look at me, moon," she said. "You don't know about it; you can't see in the daytime. Besides, I am going to sleep."

She lay down and tried to go to sleep. Her clock on the mantel went "tick-tock, tick-tock." She generally liked to hear it, but to-night it sounded just as if it said, "I know, I know, I know."

"You don't know, either," said Minnie, opening her eyes wide. "You weren't there, you old thing! You were upstairs."

Her loud noise awoke the parrot. He took his head from under his wing and cried out, "Polly did!"

"That's a wicked story, you naughty bird," said Minnie. "You were in grandma's room; so now!"

Then Minnie tried to go to sleep again. She lay down and counted white sheep, just as grandma said she did when she couldn't sleep. But there was a big lump in her throat. "Oh, I wish I hadn't!"

Pretty soon there came a very soft patter of four little feet, and her pussy jumped upon the bed, kissed Minnie's cheek, and then began to "pur-r-r-r, pur-r-r." It was very queer, but that, too, sounded as if pussy said, "I know, I know."

"Yes, you do know, kitty," said Minnie, and then she threw her arms around kitty's neck and cried bitterly. "And—I guess—I want—to—see—my—mamma!"

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Mamma opened her eyes when she saw the little weeping girl coming, and then Minnie told her the miserable story.

"I was awfully naughty, mamma, but I did want the custard pie so bad, and so I ate it up, 'most a whole pie, and then—I—I—I—Oh, I don't want to tell, but I 'spect I must; I shut kitty in the pantry to make you think she did it. But I'm truly sorry, mamma."

Then mamma told Minnie that she had known all about it. But she had hoped that the little daughter would be brave enough to tell her all about it herself.

"But mamma," she asked, "how did you know it wasn't kitty?"

"Because kitty would never have left a spoon in the pie," replied mamma, smiling.

—*Selected.*

HOW ROBBIE HELPED.

Little Robbie Denham was a good boy, though very active and full of play.

Aunt Abbie Peyton had been spending a few days with the Denhams, and one afternoon as she sat talking with Robbie, she said:

"Do you do something to help someone each day, Robbie?"

Robbie laid Nab, the kitten, down and sat in deep thought for a moment, after which he answered:

"I pick up kindlings for mamma and run errands for her. Is that what you mean, Aunt Abbie?"

"It is a part of what I mean. You should be very kind and helpful to the dear ones at home. But I was hoping you could find some way to help someone outside of your own home. Of course, you are a little boy, but you can do some small thing for an aged or helpless one."

"I don't know of anything now, auntie; but I'll keep on the watch to see."

"That is right. We should be on the lookout to see what work there is for as to do."

The next morning as Robbie was having a fine run with his dog Rover, he saw Granny Dorn, who was lame, hobbling along to get her cow, which had gone down the lane to eat grass.

[Illustration: Robbie was playing with Rover.]

"I could do that kind of work for granny," said Robbie, "but it's such a pretty morning, and Rover does play so nice!" Then he walked along slowly for a moment, until a bright thought came to him. "Why, I can run with Rover after the cow, and come back slower, so as to be rested for another run." Away he went until he overtook granny, and said:

"I'll get your cow every night and morning, if you wish. Just see how fast I can go! But I'll be careful and not run the cow, 'cause my papa says they will not give so much milk if you do."

"That is a good boy," said the old woman. "I'm going to bake some seed-cakes, to-day, and I'll give you a couple."

"But I do not ask anything. I just wanted to help you a little. Auntie Peyton told me to try to do something to help folks, 'cause that's right."

When Robbie had driven granny's cow into the yard, he ran home and told Aunt Abbie:

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"It's 'most as good as just running with Rover; and getting the cow helps granny, you know. Is that the kind of work you wanted me to do?"

"Yes, dear. I am sure you have made a very good beginning. You can see if there is anything else for you to do. If one learns to keep his eyes open, he will have a chance to help a good many people."

"I'm going to keep my eyes open, Aunt Abbie."

—*Written for Dew Drops by Rosalie Sill.*

THE MAKING OF A BOOK.

Miss Fanny has a little niece who lives so far away
That she has never seen her, though she's six months old to-day.
To be an aunt, Miss Fanny said there was so much to learn
Of proper auntly methods she knew not where to turn.
She'd never been an aunt before, and knew not how to be,
And so she asked if I should mind her practicing on me?
She bought a long thick blank book bound in leather, gold and brown.
And first we did the lovely things, and then she wrote them down.

There's chapter one, called "Going to bed, and how to make it fun";
And chapter two "On dressing dolls, and how it should be done";
And chapter three (the one by me), called "Things about the dark";
And chapter four we did last week, "On going to the park."
We're working now on "Cookies" (and we find they're apt to burn),
And after that is written down, there's not much more to learn.
Now if you ever meet an aunt who's not exactly right.
Just borrow dear Miss Fanny's book, and leave it out in sight!

—*Selected.*

DONALD'S "FORGETTERY."

"Oh, I forgot!" It was Donald excusing himself for leaving the gate of the chicken yard open, and now the pansy bed was all scratched up. Bessie was in tears, and Don was almost crying.

"What shall I do with a little boy who is always forgetting?" mamma asked very gently. She had tried so many different ways to have Donald learn to remember.

“Mamma, let’s have a forgetter, for Don, or any of us. Just a big closet—that one upstairs with the window will do. Let’s put all our forgets in there. Anything that’s spoiled because we forget it, goes in there, for us to mend or to think of some way to make good. If we forget, we have to go there for the very next hour—unless it’s schooltime—no matter how we want to do something else.”

“Shall we try that, Donald?” asked mamma. She knew that Uncle Rod was coming within that hour to take the children to ride.

Donald knew it, too, but his voice did not falter, “Yes, mamma, let’s begin now. I do want to stop forgetting.”

So up to the big closet they went, mamma, and Donald, each carrying some of the wilted pansy plants. There was a low stool to sit on, and there Donald spent the next hour thinking as he had never thought before. He heard Uncle Rod come and go away again.

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[Illustration: Donald spent the next hour thinking.]

It was a long time before Donald forgot again, then for days it seemed as if he almost could not remember. Every day for a week, he had to spend an hour in the “forgettery.” Not one of the other children had had to use it, so it began to be called “Donald’s forgettery.” He had invented a little play with the figures on the paper and the boards in the floor, so the time did not seem long at all. He was laughing when mamma came to let him out, and she asked what he was doing, and so Donald told her of his game.

Then mamma asked Donald if it was quite right to play, when he was put there to think. Of course it wasn’t. He had not thought of it that way. He had grown careless, because of this game, and to-day Uncle Rod had come again and this time Donald had missed going to the city and seeing the new steamer that was to be launched.

“I want to stay here another hour to-day, mamma, and it’ll be the very last time I’ll have to come. I’m going to think so hard I never can forget.” It was the hardest thing Donald could remember ever happening, losing this trip with Uncle Rob.

As he promised mamma, it was the last time he ever forgot anything he ought to remember.

Then the forgettery had a new use. All the children would open the door and put in things they wanted to forget. Bessie put in her hurt feelings, when Alice forgot to come for her on the way to Mabel’s party. Donald put in his anger, when Ben let go of the kite string and it sailed away never to come back. Robert put in his disappointment when papa wanted him to work in the garden instead of going fishing.

—Written for *Dew Drops* by Willametta Preston.

A SOFT ANSWER.

“Oh, Emma, where are you going?” asked Kitty, as she ran after her sister.

“I’m not going to tell you where I’m going; so there!” replied Emma.

“You’re just the hatefulest girl I ever saw,” said Kitty, beginning to cry.

These two little girls did not remember the verse their teacher had given them the Sunday before. It was this: “A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.” Emma’s rough answer stirred up an angry feeling in Kitty’s heart. They were grievous words and brought a reply of the same kind. How much better it is to help each other to do right and to be gentle.

Miss Maggie had heard what the girls said, for she was just coming into the house. She had a rose in her hand, and just as Emma ran away, leaving Kitty in tears, she held out the rose, saying to Kitty:

“Smell it, dear; is it not beautiful?”

The sweet words and the beautiful flower calmed Kitty's angry heart. Miss Maggie told her to keep the rose, and when Emma came home, instead of finding a cross little sister she found Kitty very happy.

“Come see my rose,” said Kitty. Emma smelled it and said, “Oh! How sweet it is!” and they forgot their unkind feelings.

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What power there is in a gentle word. Kind actions, too, are opposed to anger; the good will drive out the bad.

“Do your duty as if you enjoyed it.”

—*Selected.*

Why should soldiers be rather tired on the first of April?

Because they have just had a march of thirty-one days.

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| Knowledge Box |
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Strange Little Duckbill.

If you lived in Australia, you would hear the natives call the little duckbill by three different names—Tambreet, or Tohunbuck, or Mallangong. Are they not queer-sounding names?

But the little duckbill is a queer animal, too. Its mouth looks like a duck’s bill. Some people name it the Water Mole, because its fur looks like the mole’s coat, and because it is fond of the water.

When dogs first see Master Duckbill, they watch him waddle along in his funny, awkward way and bark at him, but they will not touch him. When cats first see this queer creature, they scamper quickly out of sight.

Master Duckbill is a skillful burrower and makes long tunnels in the earth with his strong claws. His round body is thickly covered, first, with woolly fur and then with long hairs. A leathery hanging protects his round eyes from the earth in which he burrows.

Being fond of the water, he always builds near a stream—usually by some quiet pond or the still, wide part of a river. He makes two doorways. One he reaches by land; the other, by diving into the water. The land door is always carefully hidden under weeds or bending plants, so that no stranger can find it. Yet, often you can see the footprints of this little worker in the wet soil.

To look at Master Duckbill, you would not think he is so active: and he is so strong that you could not hold him in your hands. He is a wonderful climber; so that, if you had him

in your house, you would soon see him running up your bookshelves or clambering along some other piece of furniture. He would put his back against the wall, his feet against the bookcase, and thus he would travel upward to the top. Sometimes boys try to climb up a barn that way.

When Master Duckbill is swimming, he looks like the bunches of weeds floating in the water. But he cannot stay there too long, for he grows very tired trying to float. He will leave the water and travel through his curving hallway till he comes to the end where his nest is. There, resting on a soft bed of grasses and dry weeds, he finds his two baby duckbills. They are only ten inches long, but Master Duckbill is proud of them. And well he might be. Do you not think so?

—*Written for Dew Drops by Susanne C. Umlauf.*

GOOD-NIGHT

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Good-night, pretty sun, good-night;
I've watched your purple and golden light,
While you are sinking away.
And someone has just been telling me
You're making, over the shining sea,
Another beautiful day:
That just at the time I am going to sleep,
The children there are taking peep
At your face—beginning to say
“Good-morning!” just when I say, “Good-night!”
Now, beautiful sun, if they've told me right,
I wish you'd say good-morning for me
To all the little ones over the sea.

—Sel.

Our lesson.—For May 3.

* * * * *

Prepared by Marguerite Cook.

* * * * *

Title.—The Prodigal Son (Temperance Lesson).—Luke 15:11-32.

Golden Text.—I will arise and go to my father.—Luke 15:18.

Golden Text for Beginners.—*God is love.*—1 John 4:8.

Truth.—The Lord will receive all who return to him.

1. Jesus told the people a parable, or story, about a man who had two sons.
2. The younger one asked for his share of his father's money to spend as he pleased.

[Illustration]

3. He took the money and went away, and soon wasted it in sin and rich living.

[Illustration]

4. When he had spent it all, he found that he had no money or friends.
5. He hired out to a man to feed swine.



6. He was so hungry that he wanted to eat the swine's food.

7. He felt very sorry that he had been so selfish and wicked.

[Illustration]

8. He said to himself, "I will arise and go to my father."

[Illustration]

9. His father saw him coming, and ran out to meet him and kissed him.

[Illustration]

10. He gave him new clothes and a ring.

[Illustration]

11. He made a great feast, and wanted everyone to rejoice because his son had come home.

12. God is our loving Father, and he rejoices when we turn away from sin and come back to him.

* * * * *

QUESTIONS.

What is the Golden Text?

What is the Truth?

1. About what did Jesus tell the people a parable?
2. What did the younger son want?
3. What did he do with it?
4. What did he find when he spent it all?
5. What did he do to earn a living?
6. What was he willing to eat?
7. How did he feel?
8. What did he say to himself?
9. What did his father do when he saw him coming?

10. What did he give him?
11. Why did he want everyone to rejoice?
12. When does God rejoice?

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* * * * *

LESSON HYMN.

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

God is Father of each one,
And he cares for every son;
If we leave him he is sad,
But when we return he's glad.

* * * * *

Title of Lesson for May 10.

The Unjust Steward.—Luke 16:1-13.

* * * * *

Golden Text for May 10.

He that is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much.—Luke 16:10.

* * * * *

Beginners Golden Text for May 10.

Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.—1 John 4:11.

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| |
| Advice to Boys and Girls |
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For Sake of the Younger Ones.

"Ralph, you went down town without permission after you came home from school to-day. Did you forget the rule about that?"

"I did forget, mamma, but what's the use of the rule, anyhow? I'm a pretty big fellow, it seems to me, to have to ask every time I want to go out. And there's a lot of rules that I think I might do without that are well enough for Archie and Bess." Ralph spoke in a

fretful tone, and looked abused. It seemed to him that his mother did not realize what a great boy he was, or she would allow more liberty in many ways.

"It is partly for the sake of Archie and Bess that I make the rules for you, and I insist upon having them kept," said mamma. "The younger ones cannot understand why you should have more privileges in these ways than they have, and if I allowed you to do as you please, even if you should generally please to do right, it would make it much harder for them to obey rules laid down for them."

"It isn't very nice for me, though," grumbled Ralph. "I don't see why it should be made hard for me just for their sakes."

"It ought not to be hard, when you think of the reason, my boy. The rules are good for you, too, and even if they were needless, you should obey cheerfully for the sake of the younger ones. It is only fair, I am sure, that an older brother, who can help a great deal with the younger ones if he will, should gladly set them a good example, and even deny himself a little for their sakes."

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| |
| Thoughts for Mothers |
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Conquering Fear in the Child by Common Sense Methods.

"It is evident that the first and most important step to be taken in fighting fear in the child is the establishment of physical health," is the conclusion of Dr. Josiah Morse in *The Sunday Magazine*.

"Whenever a parent finds that a child is becoming timorous, she may be sure that the child is not enjoying perfect health. A physician should straightway be consulted. Fear thrives upon weakness; it also aggravates weakness. Many a child has been weakened mentally and physically by fright or a shock, or by witnessing frequent expressions of fear in its mother.

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“So we may say that the best way to fight fear is carefully to avoid inducing it in children, and to be on the watch, so as to be able to nip in the bud those fears which are more or less natural to children, and which appear of their own accord.”

Dr. Morse holds that frequent calming and explanative conversations with the child, analyzing things that appear to cause it fear, and showing that grounds for fear do not exist, suppression of fearsome emotions in the parent, and strict cultivation of the child's physical health will take from it those mental torments which afflict so many.

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