

Dew Drops, Vol. 37, No. 09, March 1, 1914 eBook

Dew Drops, Vol. 37, No. 09, March 1, 1914

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DEW DROPS

Vol. 37. No. 9. *Weekly.*

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

George E. Cook, editor.

March 1, 1914.

How Lilian Helped Her Brother

By Julia H. Johnston

"May we go, mamma? Oh, do say yes. Please say yes."

Lilian and her brother Earl were invited to a children's lawn party, and, as they were not different from most other children, they were very anxious to attend.

"Lilian may go, but I am afraid to trust Earl," said mamma. "There will certainly be ice cream and berries, cake and lemonade, and you know what the doctor said, Earl. You think you are well, but you are not strong after your illness and you are not to eat or drink anything ice-cold for some time to come."

"But I needn't eat things because they are there," said Earl, "and I promise you, mamma, that I won't."



“I’m sure he won’t.” Lilian added. “I don’t care to go unless Earl can, and I’ll promise for him, too, that he’ll be good.”

“That means that you will be his security,” said mamma, smiling. “You will be a surety for him, as they call it, and give your own pledge that Earl will do his duty. Well, then, if you both promise, I will let you go. You must learn to do right, even if there is temptation to do wrong.”

So the loving brother and sister, who wished to go together, as brothers and sisters should, went merrily off at the appointed time, and enjoyed themselves with their playmates upon the lovely lawn.

As they went in together, Lilian said, “Now, remember, Earl, that when we have things to eat, you must not take ice cream and lemonade.”

“I’ll remember,” said Earl, and then, as it was a large party, the two were soon separated. Lilian trusted her brother so fully that she did not think it needful to speak to him again, and when refreshments were served, she did not think of looking for him. As it happened, they were far apart.

Earl was very warm. His mother had told him to be careful about playing too hard, but when interested in a game, the boy did not realize how fast and far he ran. When the tempting ice cream, with berries, cake and lemonade were passed, he allowed himself to be helped with the rest, thinking only how hot he was and how good the cold things would taste. He had eaten half his cream and half emptied his glass before he really thought of his promise. Then he stopped suddenly, feeling sorry and distressed.



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[Illustration: The ice cream and lemonade prove too big a temptation.]

“But what could I do?” he reasoned. “It would not be polite to ask for just berries alone.”

This was Earl’s second mistake. The first was forgetting his promise, the second in thinking true obedience could ever be impolite.

“I might as well finish now, for if it’s going to hurt me it has already, and the rest won’t do any more harm.”

Mistake number three. Why should any wrongdoing be finished? Suppose a driver should say about a horse, “He has a pretty big load now and so I might as well pile on as much more as I can,” would it be no worse for the horse? Earl was entirely wrong.

Of course he suffered for it. The doctor had to be sent for in the night, and the next day, though better, he was ill and weak, and had to stay in bed—something no boy was ever known to enjoy.

He had hoped that the simple remedies mamma gave him as soon as he confessed what he had done, and began to feel ill, would undo the mischief, but they did not. Earl had to bear the full consequences of his broken promise.

“Dear Earl, I am so sorry you are sick,” cried Lilian, when she came in to see him the next morning.

Kneeling by the bed she put one arm under his aching head and threw the other over his shoulder, while Earl put one arm lovingly about his sister.

“I’m sorry, too,” he said, “but really, Lilian, I’m sorrier that I did wrong. Mamma is so sorry she trusted me, and she says maybe she ought not to have let me go into temptation. She said that when we both promised she felt sure, and so let us go. Isn’t it mean not to keep a promise when you’re trusted?”

“I was mean not to help you keep yours, when I promised to,” Lilian said, not wishing to scold Earl when he was ill in bed. “Mamma says,” she went on, “that when I went security for you it meant that I must help you to keep your word as well as to say that I felt sure you would, so I didn’t do my part as I should, you see.”

“You told me to remember,” said Earl.

“But not at the right time,” said wise Lilian. “I ought to have looked to see if you remembered, when the time came. If I go your security after this, and promise that you’ll not forget, I’ll watch and tell you at the time.”



“Do,” said Earl. “You can think of things easier,” which was true, Lilian being older and more thoughtful.

So the sister promised to make it as sure as she could that her brother would keep his promises after this. True, she sometimes forgot, herself, and Earl was not always willing to do right, even when reminded, but both were in earnest, and Lilian grew to be more and more of a help, feeling the responsibility of being her brother’s security. Who will follow her example?

REAL FUN.

When Roy saw that Uncle Henry was in the shop getting the troughs and pails ready for the spring sap running, he made up his mind to ask if he couldn’t go to the maple orchard with the men. He had heard them tell so much about the happy days among the big maples that he had wanted to go for a long while, and it seemed to Roy that he must be large enough this year to take his turn at the sap gathering. He asked Uncle Henry about it first.



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“Can’t I go to the sugar camp this year?”

Uncle Henry looked up from the buckets he was counting.

“Maybe you can! I’m ready enough to take you along for a week. But I want to tell you right here how it isn’t all fun up there in the sugar camp. You hear us talking about the best side of those days, and we don’t say anything about the backaches and such as that!”

Roy was a little surprised to hear Uncle Henry speak like that, but he was too brave to change his mind about going.

“There must be a lot of fun,” he said, “and it’s manly to do hard things.”

Uncle Henry nodded.

“So ’tis! That’s more real fun than playing at easy ones! If your folks are willing, get ready to start for the sugaring with me to-morrow morning. The yoke your father used when he was a boy is hanging up in the shop, and I guess your shoulders have grown broad enough to hold it on!” laughed Uncle Henry.

The very next morning they started for the sugar camp far up on the side of the mountain, and long before noontime they had built a fire in the log shack, and Roy was out in the woods helping Uncle Henry tap the maple trees.

Every minute after that was a busy one. The nights were crisp with frost, and the days were full of spring sunshine. For hours and hours each day Roy trudged through the snow wearing on his shoulders the yoke which had a pail hanging from either end, and after each trip into the woods he would turn two brimming pails of sap into the big kettle boiling over the fire.

[Illustration: After each trip into the woods Roy would turn two brimming pails of sap into the big kettle.]

Sometimes his legs ached, and he got tired tramping through the snow, and one pair of mittens grew quite useless for the holes worn in them. But he did not give up one bit of his share of the work.

For a whole week the sap ran freely, and then came the time for Roy to leave the men and go home.

“I’m going to miss you a whole lot!” declared Uncle Henry.

Roy laughed happily. He was going down the mountain on the ox team which was piled high with barrels of rich brown syrup.



"I'd like to stay!" he said. "I've learned about what you said before I came: that it's more real fun doing hard things than 'tis to play at easy ones!"

—Written for *Dew Drops* by Ruby Holmes Martyn.

NEIGHBORS.

Bobby made the snow man. He had made snow men in the country, and he knew how. He always made them by the gate, next to the big syringa bush. He used to cut a stick from a tree for the snow man to hold, and he generally placed a long chicken feather in its cap.

But in a city yard that was not even all your own yard, it was different. Recently Bobby's father had come into town to live.

In the same street lived Joey Rodman, who was about Bobby's age. The afternoon that Bobby made the snow man Joey kept throwing stones. Bobby tried not to mind. There was lots of snow in the yard, and he made the snow man unusually large. The other children helped him, but Joey kept calling out and throwing things, and at last he knocked off the head of the snow man just as Bobby had put in two bits of coal for the eyes.

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Bobby could not stand that. He ran after Joey, and Joey dodged and began to call him names. Joey's sister, Sadie, who cared for the six children, heard the noise in the yard below.

"Do you think it's your yard?" she called out to Bobby. "It is just as much Joey's yard as it is yours!"

Then Bobby's mother opened her window. "Come in, Bobby!" she said; and when Bobby left the snow man and climbed upstairs, she said, "Son, we mustn't quarrel with our neighbors, you know."

"But Joey threw stones—"

"Never mind," said mother. "We won't talk about that. Perhaps we'll get to be friends with Joey after a while. And you remember about coals of fire."

That was mother's rule. Bobby knew that text about coals of fire so well!

"But I don't see how you could ever make coals of fire out of a snow man, mother!" he said. And then mother laughed, and he laughed, too.

After a while, Joey and the other children ran out into the street to play. Bobby went down and finished the snow man with no one to trouble him. He put on the head again, and placed an old broom under its arm. He put it in very tight, so that no one could take it out easily.

Joey's sister, Sadie, was bringing things out to the roof of the two-story extension. It was a tin roof, and sloped a bit. Suddenly her foot slipped, and she lost her balance. She clutched at a clothesline, but it snapped. Down she came, and Bobby stood speechless with fright.

But the snow man—the heroic snow man—was there to save her. Standing firm and erect, he received the shock of Sadie's fall. It was too much for his head. He lost that first, and then, as he went all to pieces, he made a pillow for Sadie. Bobby ran forward.

"Oh, oh, I never will say a word against that boy!" she said, sitting up in the snow. "His snow man has saved me!" Bobby's mother came running downstairs and out into the yard.

"You poor child!" she said. "But I don't believe there's a bone broken. Come right in and I'll give you a cup of hot tea."

Sadie came, and Bobby followed. Behind him came Joey, and the two boys lingered round while the tea was made. Sadie drank it, and smiled at Bobby's mother.



“We’re neighbors. I always like my neighbors, and I want to help them if I can,” said Bobby’s mother.

“Well, you can count me as a neighbor who likes you,” said Sadie. “Come along, Joey—and mind you behave to Bobby like a good neighbor, too.”

Bobby climbed into his mother’s lap after they had gone upstairs. “Coals of snow are all right,” he whispered in her ear.

—*Selected.*

“The thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most,
Is just a pleasant smile.”

O SANNA SAN.

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O Sanna San was a little Japanese girl whose home was among the mountains of North Japan. Now because Japan is called the Flowery Kingdom we are apt to think of it as a country where the sun always shines and flowers are always in blossom. But in the northern part, where O Sanna San lived, they have winter, and cold, and in January and February the snow is three and four feet deep; the rivers and canals are frozen over, the people wear wadded clothes, and many of them go about on snowshoes.

But O Sanna San would not go about, for she had fallen and hurt her back so badly that she could not walk at all. Her father and mother were Christians, and one day when a missionary came to their house he told them about the hospital in the city, some thirty miles away, and that if they would take O Sanna San there she might be cured.

So it was that as O Sanna San looked out one snowy morning she saw her father coming over the snow with a sleigh, which was like a little house on runners, with a roof, a window and a door. Her mother told her it was to take her to the hospital to see if she could be made well again.

Then they wrapped O Sanna San warm, and laid her in the sleigh, and her father put the ropes from the runners over his shoulders, took the pole in his hand, and away they went. In many places in Japan when one travels one must be either pulled or pushed by a man.

[Illustration: O Sanna San's father takes her to the hospital.]

All day he drew her over the snow, till they came to the city and hospital. Forlorn enough O Sanna San felt when her father left her among strangers, kind though they were. And when they laid her on one of the hospital beds she was dreadfully frightened, because she had never even seen a bed before, but had always slept on a mat on the floor, and she did not dare to move for fear she would fall off.

The days that came after were still worse, for the doctor put her in a plaster cast, so she had to lie straight and stiff like a wooden doll, and she was so homesick she could hardly speak, and her big black eyes were full of tears most of the time. But one day a little girl came down between the white beds and stopped at hers. O Sanna San had never seen anyone like her before; for her eyes were blue, her hair yellow, and her skin was not brown, but pink and white.

"I am Frances," she said, "my papa is the doctor. He told me about you, so I have brought you my doll and a picture book."

"I shall love the doll," said O Sanna San, "but I cannot read, there is no school in our village."



“Never mind,” Frances smiled, “I am coming to see you every day, and I will teach you to read. My papa says you will soon be able to walk again, then you shall go with me to the Plum Blossom school for girls.”

O Sanna San’s eyes were shining. “Oh, I shall not be homesick any more.”

—*Written for Dew Drops by Adele E. Thompson.*



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SAM’S LITTLE DOG.

“Mother,” cried Sam, raising his tousled head up from his no less tousled pillow, “I had the funniest dream you ever heard.”

“Well,” said mother, drawing the comb through her long brown hair, “I’ll give you just five minutes to tell it in; then you must jump up quickly and run over to the bathroom.”

“It seems to me I was dreaming it all night,” said Sam, “but I believe I can tell it in less than five minutes: I thought I was going along, and a little black dog was following me. As long as I kept walking on straight ahead he trotted on behind me like a lamb, but every time I got out of the path, and tried to cross the fields, he barked and snapped at me till I came back to the path.

“I got tired staying in the path, so I dashed out on one side presently, but the doggie barked so furiously that I got scared and climbed a little tree. Just as I got to the top, the tree broke off at the roots and ‘down came Sammy, tree top and all.’ The fall woke me, and I found I had rolled out of bed. Wasn’t that a funny dream?”

“Sam,” said his mother, who had been much interested in his dream, “don’t you wish you had a little dog to go around with you and bark when you went out of the right way?”

“I don’t know, mother,” answered Sam, doubtfully; “maybe I don’t.”

“I hoped you would say you did,” said mother, looking disappointed, “and I was going to tell you that conscience was that very little dog, and if you tried to get away from conscience’s barks, either up a tree or elsewhere, you would certainly fall and come to grief. Time’s up, little boy; hie off to the bathroom.”

—Selected.

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| Knowledge Box |
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How Eskimo Dogs Sleep on a Journey

You have heard a great deal, very likely, about Eskimo dogs that haul the sledges over the snow in Alaska. Have you ever heard what becomes of them at night, when the traveler must stop in a snowstorm? Would you like to hear?



When the traveler with his guides must stop, the sledge is turned up, and the men get into their fur sleeping-bags, and lie down under such protection as it offers, if there is nothing better. But the dogs are all turned loose. You would think that there was danger of not finding them in the morning, but there is no danger of that at all. When it is time to get up next day, the guides look around, and see as many snow mounds as there are dogs in the train, and in each mound where a dog has burrowed, and let the snow cover him, is a hole made by his breath. It is very easy to find the dogs by these holes, and they never go far from the sledge.

—Written for *Dew Drops* by Julia H. Johnston.

JUDY'S REVENGE

By Dorothy Hartley



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[Illustration]

It was very evident that Judy was in trouble. There she stood in the middle of the yard, her tiny brows drawn together in a pucker, one finger resting between her rosy lips in a way that would have been irresistibly lovely if the lips had been smiling instead of pouting, her eyes cast down on the ground at her feet.

"I sha'n't! I sha'n't!" she kept saying every now and again, with a shake of her short, sturdy self.

"Judiet, come here!" called her mother from the kitchen, where she was making a pie for dinner. "Why, what's the matter, child?" she added, as she saw the very evident traces of displeasure on her little daughter's face.

"It's Tom, and I'll never forgive him!" she cried.

"Hush! hush! you mustn't say that, Judy. What has Tom been doing?"

"He's gone off playing, and he wouldn't let me go with him, and Daisy's gone with her brother."

"But perhaps Tom has gone some place where it would be too far for you to walk," said Mrs. Tewsbury, as she sliced the apples into the dish.

"He's only gone to watch the boys fly their kites, and he said I should stay home and play with my dolls. But I sha'n't!"

"Well, Judy, I want you to go to the store for me, and then, when you come back, we'll talk about Tom. There, run along now. Get the basket and bring me two pounds of sugar."

Judy started on her errand, her little heart very sore against the brother who rarely found time to make things pleasant for his sister. Tom always had something he wanted to do when Judy asked him to help her. He had felt a little prick as he went off that morning, when he remembered that George Brown had promised to take his sister with him to the top of the hill. "Oh, Judy couldn't walk so far!" he tried to comfort himself by saying. "I'll take her to some other place another day." But Master Tom knew he was making a promise to himself that he was not likely to keep.

And so Judy went to the store, and by the time she returned home she did not feel quite so angry with Tom. Perhaps her mother hoped this would be the case when she sent her little daughter. It is always well to wait and think when one feels angry, before saying things that afterward one will be sorry for having spoken.



“Judy, I’ve been thinking,” said Mrs. Tewsbury, as the girl entered the kitchen, “that we’ll teach Tom a lesson. Shall we?”

“What kind of a lesson, mamma?” asked Judy.

“A good lesson, of course. Now, when he comes home he’ll expect to find you cross, and perhaps sulky with him. Suppose, instead, he finds you smiling and with a nice little apple turnover that you have made for him; what do you suppose he will think? Why, that you are too good a girl to be treated so badly; and, perhaps, too, if he sees you smiling and loving, he will realize how much better it is to be that way than selfish as he has been.”



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“Oh, mamma!” And now there were no frowns on Judy’s rosy, dimpled face; nothing but smiles. To make a turnover was a delightful treat in itself. But to help Tom to be a nice boy was more of a satisfaction. So the little girl started to work, and under her mother’s tuition soon had a very wonderful-looking turnover made and baked.

[Illustration: The frowns had all left.]

“I’d most like to put salt in instead of sugar, just to pay Tom up,” Judy thought to herself; and then a better feeling came to her and she added: “Oh, no. I wouldn’t, ’cause that wouldn’t be right. I want Tom to think I’m as nice as Daisy’s brother thinks she is.”

Master Tom came home whistling shortly after the dainty had been removed from the oven. He thought Judy would be waiting for him with angry words. So she was waiting for him, but with a beautiful smile, a rosy face, and on a plate in her hand what seemed to Tom a very delicious tit-bit.

“I made it—made it for you, all by myself. Mamma said I could.”

“Oh, Judy! And I wouldn’t take you with me!” exclaimed Tom regretfully.

“But you will next time, if I’m good; won’t you, Tom?” said Judy, coaxingly.

“As true as my name’s Tom Tewsbury. I say, Judy, it was good of you to make this for me, when I don’t deserve it, but I won’t forget it of you.”

And Judy felt well paid for her turnover.

HELPFUL AND HAPPY.

“I am so little!” sighed Helen,
“Tell me, dear mamma, the way,
How to make somebody happy;
How to be helpful each day.”

Mamma replied: “To be helpful,
Be of a sweet, willing mood;
And, to make somebody happy.
Little girls need to be good.”

Written for Dew Drops by Eugene C. Dolson.

Our lesson.—For March 1.

* * * * *



Prepared by Marguerite Cook.

* * * * *

Title.—Trusting in Riches and Trusting in God.—Luke 12: 13-34.

Golden Text.—Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.—Luke 12: 34.

Beginners Golden Text.—*He careth for you.*—1 Peter 5:7.

Truth.—The wise lay up for themselves treasures in heaven.

1. Jesus wished to show the people the danger of caring too much for money or the things of this life, so he told them this parable or story.

[Illustration]

2. He said the ground of a certain rich man brought forth very large harvests.

[Illustration]

3. The man had so many good things he did not know where to put them.

4. He did not share with his poorer neighbors.

5. He forgot that God gave him all his good things.

6. He made up his mind to keep all he had for himself.



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7. He said he would pull down his barns and build larger ones.

[Illustration]

8. He planned to store his wealth in these larger barns, and having nothing else to do would eat, drink, and be merry.

[Illustration]

9. He was a foolish, selfish man, and his plans were all spoiled.

10. That night God called for his soul, and he had to leave all his wealth.

11. He was very poor in God's sight, for his wealth was not of the kind that he could take beyond the grave.

12. It is foolish for us to love money too much, for if we do, we may neglect our souls while we are trying to get more of it.

13. Our souls are worth more than the whole world.

* * * * *

Questions.

What is the Golden Text?

What is the Truth?

1. What did Jesus wish to show the people?
2. What did he say about the rich man's ground?
3. About what was the rich man troubled?
4. What did he fail to do?
5. What did he forget?
6. What did he make up his mind to do?
7. What did he say he would build?
8. What kind of a life did he plan to lead?
9. What became of his plans?



- 10. What happened that very night?
- 11. In whose sight was he poor?
- 12. Why is it foolish for us to love money very much?
- 13. How much are our souls worth?

* * * * *

Lesson hymn.

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

Jesus, help us all to see
 That it's better far to be
 Rich in all that's good and kind,
 Than to worldly riches find.

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Title of Lesson for March 8.

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

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Golden Text for March 8.

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

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Beginners Golden Text for March 8.

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

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| Thoughts for Mothers |
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Teach Politeness.



Mothers, do you ever impress upon your children the fact that they ought to show true politeness to everyone? Do not let them show rudeness at home, and then expect them to be polite in company. Politeness is not inborn, it has to be cultivated. It is a singular fact that parents allow their children to treat their brothers and sisters with little or no respect; this is one great cause of inharmony in many homes. Some parents think that to have their children pay too much attention to the rules of politeness, is apt to make them too formal. Better a little formality than actual rudeness.



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If there is any place in the world where true politeness and consideration should be shown, it is at home, and a parent cannot begin too early to teach such acts to a child. Remember that true politeness begins in the heart: "Out of the fullness of the heart, the mouth speaketh."

An earnest desire to "do unto others as I would that they should do unto me," should be a child's motive power to impel to acts of kindness and politeness. See that the heart is kept right, and your child will be truly polite.

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| Advice to Boys and Girls |
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A Welcome Little Guest.

Eloise had been visiting at the home of her mother's girlhood friend, and the latter said to the little girl when she was leaving: "I hope your mother will allow you to come soon again; it has been such a pleasure having you with us."

Eloise is just turned eight years old, and perhaps you wonder how she made herself a welcome guest; it would doubtless seem that when so young a girl goes visiting without her mother, she might be more of a care than a pleasure. In the first place, Eloise was careful not to go farther than the end of the block when she went outdoors to play; the end of the block was as far as Mrs. Dawson could see from the sitting-room window and, as she said she did not want Eloise out of her sight, Eloise took pains to remain within it. When either Mr. or Mrs. Dawson asked her to sing one of her dear little songs, she did so willingly, though it was very hard to sing the first time before Mr. Dawson who was a complete stranger to her. In short, whatever Eloise could do to please her hostess, she did, and she tried to leave undone the things she thought would not please her. Perhaps Eloise did not think of it that way, but she just followed the Golden Rule, and it is a very good rule to follow, either at home or when visiting, or, indeed, at any time.

—Written for *Dew Drops* by Marie Deacon Hanson.

It is good to see the way a brave, manly boy goes through the day, shirking no duty, but doing cheerfully whatever his hand finds to do.

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



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