



VOL. IV.

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No. 12.

## JULY.

WILHELMINE SMITH.

Hurrah for July, the month for the boys!  
The bravest, most manly of all the whole  
year!

Month full of shouting and merriest noise,  
That makes us assured that July has no  
fear.

O bright summer month, sturdy and bold,  
Birth month of our nation, the "many in  
one,"

The joy of our Union you let us behold  
In flashing of cracker, sky-rocket, and  
gun.

The quick lightning flashes, thunder's deep  
rolls—

What symbols they seem of strength and  
of power

To all the brave boys, who feel in their  
souls

These are toys for July, which he plays  
with an hour,

As tho' he would measure his power and  
might,

Then, satisfied he can all weakness defy,  
He modestly says, "After all, it's the light  
And the heat of the sun that strengthen  
July!"

## THE RED CAPS.

FLORENCE HARVEY.

"THOUGHTS ARE THINGS."



N A PRETTY shaded spot, by  
the side of a running stream,  
four small boys are eating their  
lunch; they are off for the day  
on a picnic, and are having a  
jolly time.

The eldest of them, Paul Derby, is enter-  
taining the others with the story of "Gul-  
liver's Travels"; his companions are listen-  
ing with wonder-eyed amazement to his  
description of the great giants, known as

Broddingnags. He is telling the boys that  
these men appear as tall as an ordinary  
steeple and take about ten yards at every  
stride.

"Say, boys, would you be afraid if you  
should see such a great big giant? When  
one of them picked Gulliver up in his hand,  
he was lifted so high it made him dizzy.  
Afterwards he visited Lilliput Land where  
people live who are no bigger than my  
thumb. The Lilliputians were the cun-  
ningest people you ever heard of, and I  
wish I had one right now to play with.  
Say, boys, would you rather be a Brodding-  
nag, or a tiny Lilliputian?"

"I'd rather be a robber," exclaimed Allen  
Derby, jumping up and waving a stick he  
had in his hand for a sword. "Let's play  
'Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves!'"

"Yes, that will be a good game," replied  
Willie Frost, "I'll be captain of the band."

"No, you won't," corrected Allen. "Paul  
will be, because he is the biggest."

"All right," said Paul, "I'll be captain,  
but it takes forty boys to play that. Let's  
play—let's play—" he hesitated while  
he thought. "Oh, I know! let's pretend  
we're White Caps."

"White Caps!" exclaimed the other boys.  
"What are White Caps?"

"I know," said Harry Wall, "they are  
waves of the sea that dance when the wind  
makes the water rough; but I don't see how  
waves can be robbers."

Paul laughed at him and then explained  
that the White Caps he meant were a band  
of men who had a captain and when the  
chief says, "Go, cut that man's head off!"  
why, off it must come without a word from  
anybody, for the men have to do what-  
ever the captain says.

"Oh!" exclaimed Willie Frost, "I

wouldn't play that, for I wouldn't like to kill anybody."

At this moment an old man appeared before them, with a white cap on; just where he came from none could say, for the boys had neither seen him nor heard him until he stood in their midst. He smiled at them and said, "I heard you in the land where I live wishing to be White Caps. I am one of the true White Caps, and have come to play with you awhile, and show you some of the wonders of Thought Land."

"Thought Land," exclaimed Paul. "Where is that, and who are you?"

"In the world in which you live," replied the old man, "I am known as Knowledge, which means to understand and know all things; but you boys may call me White-Cap."

"It don't seem then as if you were a robber, and we want to play thieves," said Harry Wall.

"But I am going to take you to Thought Land, which will be much nicer than that," saying which, he put his hand down into his big pocket and brought forth four bright red caps. "Here," he said "put these on." The boys each took one, and throwing down their own, placed the pretty bright ones on their heads.

Instantly everything changed and yet everything was the same, too. Why, where were they? Surely this must be Lilliput Land, for there were the very little men that Paul had been telling them about, rolling and tumbling about among the flowers and grass in front of them.

"Are those tiny men Lilliputians?" asked Willie under his breath.

"No, they are thoughts," answered White-Cap.

Some of the little men are dressed in green and some in blue.

"Why is that?" inquired Paul. "They look like two tiny armies, but the ones in blue don't play with those dressed in green clothes at all. Do they belong to two different sides?"

"Yes," replied White-Cap, "the ones in blue are true thoughts, and the green men represent false thoughts."

"Are they fairies?" almost whispered Allen, as they watched the cunning little fellows tumbling and rolling about.

"No," answered White-Cap, "they are thoughts, not fairies, and you boys are looking into Thought Land, not Fairy Land."

Just then there was a great crashing amongst the bushes, and they heard some one crying as if in pain. Instantly, all the little men stopped playing, and picked up their weapons; and, what do you suppose these weapons were with which they had armed themselves to fight? The funniest things you ever heard of, and it made the boys laugh heartily. The green men each picked up a spool of fine thread, the kind your mother uses to sew with, and the little thoughtkins were so very tiny, and the spools were so heavy and big for them, that they could scarcely carry them. The blue men had armed themselves with cunning little scissors. For some reason, which the boys did not understand, the green men seemed to feel very smart, for they rushed forward, while the little blue thoughtkins sat down on some toadstools near by, and appeared to feel very sorrowful.

The sound of someone in distress drew nearer and nearer, and presently down the road came a *great* giant! He was crying and saying, "I'm so sick! I'm so sick! Go bring the doctor, and get me some medicine!" As he said this, the green thoughtkins rushed forward and began tying the great giant's arms and legs with the fine thread from their spools of cotton.

"Who is he?" whispered Willie. "Is he a Brobdingnag, one like Paul was telling us about? He is not quite as tall as a steeple, but he's awful big."

"No," said White-Cap, "that giant is just the way all men in your world look in Thought Land. You must understand that every person, even little boys and girls, have all power and strength, so how could they look less than what they really are—great giants? But, big as he is, he does not know it, so it does him no good. We are what we think, and he feels himself to be weak and sick, so the little green

thoughtkins, tiny as they are, can completely overcome him."

While White-Cap was explaining this to the boys, the giant kept moaning, and saying, "I'm sick! I feel so weak!" and the little green men were working with all their might, tying him fast. But still it made the boys laugh to think that the little green fellows had the conceit to think they could hinder the movements of such a big giant in any way. But the great fellow kept murmuring, "I'm so sick! I'm so tired!" As he said this over and over, more and more of the little green thoughtkins came running out of the woods, each one carrying his spool of fine cotton, and they ran the threads back and forth, tying them to every twig, branch or tree in sight. They were now in full power, and fastened the great giant's arms and legs until he moved slower and slower.

As he felt himself bound more and more, he cried louder and more often, "I'm sick! I'm weak!" Every time he said this, the little green men would tie him faster and faster, until they got such a lot of thread wound around the giant's body that he tripped, toppled over, and fell prone upon the ground. What a shout of joy the green thoughtkins gave as this happened. The boys watched them running over the giant's body, tying and knotting their threads in every direction, and they marveled how such tiny men could knock down such a great big fellow.

"What will happen to him now," asked Allen. "Will he have to lie there forever?"

"Yes," replied White-Cap, "he will lie there until he dies, unless the blue thoughtkins cut him free with their tiny scissors."

"Why don't they do it?" inquired Paul.

"They want to," answered White-Cap, "but the giant won't let them. If, instead of saying, 'I'm sick! I'm sick!' he would say, 'I'm well! I'm strong!' you boys would see the blue thoughtkins jump up and go to work with their scissors cutting him loose."

"Oh dear!" said kind-hearted Willie, "I wish he could say he was well, because I don't like to see a big giant lying down all tied up when he feels so sick."

"Dear White-Cap," said Paul, "won't you go and talk to him, and tell him what a big giant he is, and that he ought to be ashamed to just lie there and let those tiny thoughtkins tie him all up? You know so much, and I don't like to see him feeling so badly."

*(To be continued in September issue.)*

## DOROTHY'S FOURTH OF JULY.

SARAH ELWOOD.

On a certain summer morning Dorothy was dreaming in her white bed. A breeze stole in and kissed her, saying:

"Awake, my Dorothy!  
The flowers bloom for thee;  
The birdlings sing,  
The bluebells ring,  
And all for thee, my dear.

"We know a pond where the lily blows,  
And there from bud to blossom grows,  
And in the flower a fairy dwells—  
Its lips are red, its eyes are blue,  
Its wings of silver hue.

"When 'er the sun with kisses warm  
Wakes to new life each budding form,  
The fairy stirs its silver wings,  
And upward little arms it flings;  
Then ope's the lilies' petals wide,  
Its golden treasure house unguarded lies.

"The fairy's hands fast on the leaves,  
And o'er the brim it shyly peeps,  
When in the glassy mirror of the lake  
A summer cloud has taken shape,  
With wings outspread to rise  
The fairy flies,  
And on the cloud reclines,  
Until, journeying, in the ether blue  
Another lily comes in view."

By this time Dorothy was wide awake; there was the smell of the garden in the room, and Don, the dog, was calling to her to come down. Dorothy ran to the window and looked out. Grandma was feeding the chickens.

"Mamma, it's going to be the warmest Fourth of July God ever made, isn't it?" called out Dorothy.

"It's a pretty warm day," said grandpa, coming out of the door to tack up some red, white and blue bunting. He was a very patriotic man, and once a year brought out the faded bunting to drape over the door.

"We'll have to go on a picnic, I guess," said grandma.

That is the reason that about ten o'clock you might have seen a rather worn buggy drawn up before the garden gate, and an old woman in a black bonnet leading a little girl down the stone walk. No sooner, however, had they crossed the creek that ran through the farm than Dorothy remembered she had not bidden her flowers good-bye, and nothing would do but she must go back.

"It would not be fair, the poor little flowers can't go on picnics, they would never forget it."

But Don came to the rescue — no one had thought of him till this minute; now he came galloping down the road like a rabbit.

"Drive on, grandpa, he has told the flowers where I am gone." But first she insisted on taking Don into the buggy to rest, so the two sat in the bottom, Don with his feet over the lap-board, and grinning from ear to ear, as Dorothy stroked his head with her brown hand; occasionally he took a big gulp, as though swallowing a laugh, and turned to wink at grandpa and grandma behind.

A little later, they met a man riding on a load of hay. He spoke cordially to the old couple, and threw a kiss to Dorothy. She replied by waving her sun-bonnet, and confided to grandpa and grandma that that man always reminded her of a picture in a big book the minister gave her to look at once (it was a mythology). Grandma chided her, but she persisted. "The man in the book had curls just the same, only they weren't red."

At the top of a steep hill, they met an old man just resting after his climb. Grandpa pulled up his horse and spoke pleasantly, but the old man had eyes for no one but Dorothy.

"What rosy cheeks and bright eyes she has."

"Yes, we think she is a good little girl," said grandma, indulgently.

"Very," added grandpa.

"Wouldn't you like to kiss me?" said Dorothy.

The old man bent over without a word and kissed the rosy mouth. Afterwards she heard her grandma say he had just lost his little grandson; she turned around and watched the retreating figure hobbling along the dusty road.

As they traveled on the farms disappeared and steep hills rose on either side of the road; a stream also wound along beside it, (for you must know they were in the foothills of the Rockies now).

"There," said grandpa, pointing with his whip, "over there under those willows,

that's the place for trout."

But Dorothy was not specially interested in trout.

"Where are we going to stop?"

"Right here," he answered, and so they did.

Now the picnic had begun in earnest. Dorothy hastened to remove her shoes and stockings and waded in the brook, hunting pretty stones to carry home for her cabinet, but the stones were all so pretty that before she had waded five minutes, she had filled grandma's lap. At this rate, grandpa said that they would have to walk home and let Dobbin haul the stones. So one by one, she picked them up and threw them back into the stream, where Don made a great flurry in seeking them. Then she ran off to re-discover a mud hut she had built the year before and grandma began to prepare dinner; she spread the cloth on a big, flat rock, while grandpa made the coffee.

When Dorothy came back she explained that this was what she had been looking forward to all day. Then she retired into obscurity, followed by Don. When they called, "Dinner, Dorothy," she was nowhere to be found, but soon emerged from behind a rock, her apron full of flowers, which she made into a wreath and crowned grandpa with. There were hair-bells with pretty grasses, and a cluster of mountain daisies for a jewel on the forehead. So they sat down to their feast, and just imagine how it must have appeared spread out on a stone, beneath a willow, grandpa at the head with a wreath of fresh flowers in his white hair, at the other end grandma presiding over the feast as royally as a queen; on one side a little girl, full of laughter and smiles, on the other side Don — grave now and silent as became a gentleman in company. They sat still for a moment and then Dorothy exclaimed, "We must all sing something." So grandpa began like any child —

"Come, come, come, Dorothy,  
Come, come, come, my dearest,  
Do not fear me —"

But right here he stopped to clear his throat.



After dinner came the celebration. Grandma lay down on the grass for a nap, and Dorothy held her hand till she was fast asleep, at least so Dorothy thought; then she and grandpa prepared the fireworks. When all was ready they called their audience, which consisted of grandma and Don, two birds on a bough overhead and a grass-hopper on a flower. First came the fire-crackers. Dorothy stood on the big, flat rock that had been the table. Grandpa lighted them and she threw them over into the water but not too soon, so that they went off in the air. Crack! crack! crack! went the fire-crackers, then fell into the water. As the crackers cracked grandma applauded, Don barked, and through it all laughed the mountain stream as it gurgled over the stones.

By this time the sun was red in the West, and just as it sank Dorothy jumped down, for the last cracker had been cracked.

In the long, summer twilight they drove home. Dorothy said good-bye to the little nook in the mountains, and kissed the big, flat rock, and its great heart came near to bursting, trying to tell the little girl how it loved her and cherished her footprints on the moss that covered it.

## NATURAL LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

CONDUCTED "PAPA HARRY."

### VI.

#### EFFECTS OF INTERFERING WITH GOD'S FREE CREATURES.

"From Nature's chain, whatever link you strike,  
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike."



ONE PLEASANT day the boys and their Papa started for a walk in the woods, taking along with them a basket, several paper sacks, a fruit jar, a large knife, and other implements for securing, transporting and investigating forms of life that might desire to be investigated. The boys also carried along a plentiful supply of sundry grins and miscellaneous questions.

A wild rose called to the boys by showing

bunches of delicately tinted flowers, and Orion secured a goodly supply, saying as he did so, "I don't see what roses want thorns for."

"The more thorns the more roses, as fewer plants will be destroyed. No doubt the roses were once being destroyed when they began growing thorns to protect themselves. Thus wanton destruction of a life form always brings about results that are not satisfactory," replied Papa.

"Oh! look at the pretty red clover all over," exclaimed Albert.

"Yes," answered Papa, "the people in this neighborhood must have many cats."

"How do cats grow red clover?" asked Albert.

"The cats," said Papa, "frighten away mice, and as mice destroy the Humble Bees, this leaves more bees. Humble Bees are the only insects that fertilize red clover, and without the Humble Bees, no red clover could exist; thus the number of cats, in a measure, determine the quantity of red clover in a district. You cannot destroy or move a single animal or plant without causing endless changes of living forms. The planting of a single tree has been known to change the entire character of the vegetable, insect and bird life of a large section of country. Every action of yours causes effects that reach, in a degree, every organic form in the entire universe, even throughout the millions and millions of worlds that stretch so far out through space that no figures can express the distance in miles, just as you know that the thoughts you think reach and affect every thing in the universe. How careful we all ought to be then, to think only true thoughts and guard our actions so that we see good results."

They had now come to a pond where they stopped quite a while, and after many exciting chases captured a few dozen "Polly-wogs," five tree toads, some boat and whirligig beetles, and two of the cutest little baby toads that were ever seen. The latter were about as large as shoe buttons.

They passed a house where some bird boxes had been put up for Purple Martins,

Bluebirds and House Wrens, but the boxes were all occupied by the busy English Sparrows that had the boxes so full of nests that some nests were leaking out.

"The English Sparrow has increased about as rapidly as the tree you told us about," remarked Orion.

"Yes," said Papa, "and this increase of the English Sparrow has changed the bird life of our cities and likewise the insect life. The destroying of a balance in Nature, by the ignorant destruction of a form of life or the importation of a new form, always results in apparent discord. We see many proofs of this in the United States. There is the English Sparrow, the White or Cabbage Butterfly, the Gypsy Moth, the Carp Fish, the Common Rat, the Canada Thistle, the Water Hyacinth, and many other importations that have resulted disastrously, and caused the expenditure of millions of dollars without checking the results. But out of the mistakes comes forth some good. The most laughable case is that of the Rabbit, which was imported into Australia, and became such a pest that a bounty was paid for destroying it. Then Foxes were imported to eat the Rabbits, and now the Foxes are a more expensive luxury than the Rabbits. Then there is the Mongoose (Ichneumon), which was introduced into several of our late possessions with such poor results. Likewise the Cockroach in Russia, the Hive Bee in Australia, the Missel Thrush in Scotland, the Thistle on the La Plate and the American grasses in India."

"But, Papa, I don't see what good can come of the White Butterfly eating up the farmers' cabbages," said Orion.

"Why," said Papa, "that makes the farmer do a lot of extra thinking, and the more thinking a man does the more intelligent he becomes."

"What change spoiled all our apples last summer?" Orion asked.

"The destruction of bird forms," answered Papa. "Most of the birds have been destroyed because women imagine they are pretty ornaments. For several years now the apple crop has been a failure, and is likely to be a failure for many years to come. Other fruits and vegetables are

suffering also. It seems so strange that women will wear feathers and birds on their hats. Certainly there can be nothing beautiful in a little dead bird sitting on a hat, sending forth its mute appeal to mankind to quit such sad destruction, and telling its story so often repeated of how it was killed when it had little ones. As you know, boys, the plumage birds are only in plumage during the breeding season, and this is the time when they are slain. Every bird or piece of bird, wing or bunch of feathers on a hat tells a sad tale—a tale of a happy pair of mates with little babies, of the mother and father going forth to secure food for a half dozen hungry little ones, and of their being shot down to adorn some unthinking head; of the little babies waiting and calling and crying for a papa and mamma that cannot come, waiting and crying and *starving* while the loved ones called for, having been stripped of their plumage, lie cold and dead; finally, as day after day slips by the little babies pass out and probably meet their papa and mamma on some plane where the beings *think* and cause not endless misery to satisfy a vain desire that is a relic of barbarism. Nothing is so shocking as the sight of an aigrette on a woman's hat. But, boys, you must send out thoughts of love and truth to the people, so that they will be about their Father's work. Many birds are destroyed through ignorance. There would be no fruit nor grain if the birds did not tend them, and yet, after the birds have succeeded in raising the cherries or corn, they are destroyed if they help themselves to a portion of their just share. Owls, hawks, crows and vultures are a great benefit to farmers, but the farmers wage constant war against these friends."

"We should send them thoughts to stop," said Orion.

"We must also send good thoughts to the English Sparrow, Rats, etc., so that they will assume peaceful relations with their fellow-beings," said Papa.

The boys soon arrived home and put their little friends from the pond in a tub, where many an interesting hour was spent.

# The Buttercup Talks

BY GRACE HOLMES WHITE.

To the Buttercup down in the grass,  
A good little, dear little lass,  
Some wonderful things came to pass.

And one of the wonderful things  
Was the song that a busy man sings,  
A wee busy man with light wings.

He lit on a blade near the flower,  
And he sang — “buzz-a-buzz” — for an hour,  
With a bumble bee’s wonderful power!

And the Buttercup told me the song,  
A part of it — *all* was too long,  
And the chorus so buzzing and strong!

I’ll tell it again, but don’t *you*  
Repeat it — although it is true,  
What he said of the people he knew.

## The Song.

“Jump!” says the grasshopper, “Jump!  
Up I go — down I go — thump!”  
“Jump!” says the grasshopper, “jump!”  
“Sing!” says the mocking-bird, “sing!  
I make a grand curve on the wing.”  
“Sing!” says the mocking-bird, “sing!”  
“Creak!” says the brown cricket, “creak!”  
And she saws away hard for a week.  
“Creak!” says the brown cricket, “creak!”  
“Spin!” says the wood spider, “spin  
Some beautiful lace — some mechlin —”  
“Spin!” says the wood spider, “spin!”  
“Soar!” says the bald eagle, “soar  
To the highest far crag on the shore.”  
“Soar!” says the bald eagle, “soar!”  
“Hop!” says the little toad, “hop!  
Flipperty, flapperty, flop!”  
“Hop!” says the little toad, “hop!”  
“Hum-m!” says the humming bird, “hum-m!  
Round I go — round I go — th-u-m-m!”  
“Hum-m!” says the humming bird, “hum-m!”  
“Buzz!” says the bumble-bee, “buzz-z!”  
And he says a sight more, Oh he does!  
“I am the bumble-bee — buzz-z!”

“ANGRY words, Oh let them never  
From the tongue unbridled slip;  
May the heart's best impulse ever  
Check them e'er they reach the lip.”

### A NICKEL STORY.

W. SMITH.



ONE DAY I was dropped gently down into the inside room of a lady's pocket-book. It had a nice, sweet smell that came from a soft little handkerchief that was tucked in the folded-over part of the pocket-book. There were two other Nickels, a Dime, and two jolly little brown Cents—the Dime and Cents with their wreaths of leaves—and a beautiful Dollar with Miss Liberty's head on one side and an eagle on the other. I had never before had so good a chance to get well acquainted with a Dollar, so I just rolled up to it and leaned against it in a friendly way, as I saw the little Dimes and Cents doing, and after awhile I had a chance to roll all around it and see the pretty lettering between the eagle's wings, which said—“In God we trust.”

I thought, and thought, but couldn't guess what it meant; so I rubbed up against Dollar and said, as if I had known it all my life, “Would you mind telling me what those nice words mean that you are trimmed with?”

“Why, of course not,” it said. “‘In God we trust’—now in the first place, do you know what God is? Yes, of course, you've heard something about God, and you've often heard yourself called ‘good.’ Well, God is the Great Father of all, you know. He made the mountains, and the metals that are in the mountains—the gold and silver and tin and copper, and the metals that are called ‘useful,’ besides. He even made men. Why, he made Uncle Sam, who is so great that we have only a faint idea of what he's like—splendid Uncle Sam, who had us formed as we are, and dated and trimmed!”

“Who's Uncle Sam?” I asked.

“Oh, I sometimes think Uncle Sam is an imaginary being. He's immense and powerful, and is made up of what seems to be many different kinds of men. He lives in all the principal cities of the different States, I believe, but his head generally stays in Washington, D. C.—not Washington State, you know. He seems to be all divided up into justices and senators and congressmen, and heads of departments, and great officials and small officials, and yet he is one being. That is what my other motto means—‘*E pluribus unum*’—‘one in many,’ or ‘many in one.’”

We were all leaning around against the sides of our soft, kid-lined room, listening to Dollar, and were almost startled when the clasp over our heads was opened and a pretty new Quarter and two more Dimes dropped in among us.

I suppose I was almost impatient in my eagerness to hear more about Uncle Sam, so I said, “Oh, this Quarter and the Dimes won't mind if you go on with the story of Uncle Sam, will you, friends?”

“No, indeed; I'd like to hear it myself,” said Quarter pleasantly, “especially as I've just been hearing something from a postman on the same subject.”

“Would you mind telling us what you heard?” asked Dollar. “I haven't had any news lately myself, and I think it would interest us all. I wasn't telling anything except general facts, and they can wait.”

“Why,” said Quarter, politely, “he was talking with the car conductor, who said he wished Uncle Sam was his employer too. The postman had a big bag of letters and papers on his knees, and he said, ‘Well, there's plenty of hard work in it; but it's good pay and the work is healthy. I'm aiming for promotion in my line, so I'm willing to work hard, and I find that the more cheerfully I take things the better I feel and the more certain I am of getting extras and the good wishes and influence of the other men. And when my bag is *very* heavy, I just pretend they're all love letters I'm carrying, for love's very light, you know, and easily carried. Oh, yes, I like to work for Uncle Sam myself.’”

“‘Uncle Sam's in trouble out in Utah,



isn't he?' the car conductor said. I didn't hear what the answer was, because just then I was given to the lady who has us now, with our friends, the Dimes, who I am sure would be as glad as I to have you go on with the story, friend Dollar." The Quarter rolled over by me as it finished speaking, and I saw the stars on its back twinkling with joy at the thought of hearing Dollar's story.

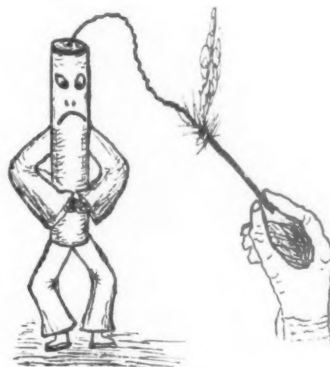
"Well," said Dollar slowly, "I was just thinking of what you said about trouble in Utah. Once in a while Uncle Sam seems to get a corn on one of his toes or a scratch on one of his fingers, and then they say

there's trouble somewhere. He's so sensitive to the least influence, because he's just brain and nerves and thought, that every little disturbance is telegraphed at once all through his whole system. But every one knows what he really is—how sound and healthful his whole body is; what a splendid head and heart he has, and how upright and noble his whole being is. Oh, Uncle Sam's all right. Three cheers for Uncle Sam!"

We all jingled up against each other, and rolled around and jingled again, laughing and rolling and jingling in the greatest glee.



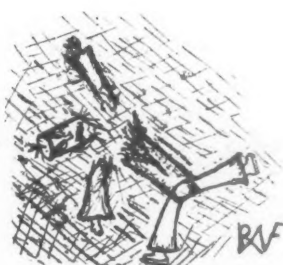
1  
*Little fli-clak-ee me  
Way from Chinee;  
Melican boy likee see.  
Little fli-clak-ee muck-ee.*



2  
*Melican boy he-pee free,  
Touchee cue with little matchee.*



3  
*Little fli-clak-ee jumpee—yellee!*



4  
*All that's left the tale to tellee.*



All Things  
Bright  
and  
Beautiful.

*All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful—  
The Lord God made them all.*

*Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colors,  
He made their tiny wings.*

*The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The morning and the sunset  
That lighteth up the sky.*

*The tall trees in the greenwood,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden—  
He made them every one.*

*He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell  
How great is God Almighty,  
Who hath made all things well.*

— Selected by Dailie Heinrich.

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

## Epistles.

DEARING CENTER, ME.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am going to send you to my little niece this year, and I hope you will open her eyes wide to see God in everything. With best wishes,

ELLEN T. WAY.

TABLE ROCK, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I don't know whether you will let me write to you among the little folks or not, but then we all know there is no age in Spirit anyway, and we must all become like little children before we can enter the kingdom of heaven. I want to tell you that I think WEE WISDOM is perfectly lovely, and I am sure I enjoy it as much as any of the children do. I want to tell you about our little Wee Wisdom, the little Thomas that Mrs. Brown wrote to you about, who enjoys the little paper very much, and falls in love with all the babies' pictures. I wonder if he is your youngest reader. He is nineteen months old, and cannot talk very much yet, but he has learned his first Truth statement. A few days ago he thought he didn't feel very well, and I was holding him and saying to myself, "*Peace and Harmony now prevail,*" which made him look up and laugh, and then he began saying "*Peace, peace,*" and he went around saying it the rest of the day, and it sounded very sweet, and, of course, made him feel better. I think the stories in WEE WISDOM are very nice, but I wish Mrs. Fillmore would write some more about "Trixy," don't you? I wonder what we can do to persuade her to write some more of her lovely stories? I admired Mother Sparr's picture and letter very much, and am sorry I am too late to get a moss card. I like to read all the letters from the dear little folks, and am sure they will all grow up into wonderful men and women after getting such a good start in the Science of Truth. With love and best wishes for the Wee Wisdoms and the dear editor, I am your true friend.

MYRTA E. HOWE.

\*\*\*

HELIX, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have just been reading your letters. I have also been reading *How Morris got a Moss Card*, and *The New Shoe*. I am a little boy nine years old. Can I have a moss card? I have a twin brother the same age as I. I like to go to school very much. I am in the fourth grade. I have a hen which is sitting on nine eggs. I suppose they will hatch in two or three days. Mamma is going to Cape Nome in a few days. I will close now. Yours truly, ERIC A. BINNEY.

\*\*\*

FORT WORTH, TEX.

DEAR MOTHER SPARR—I am a girl eleven years old. I have been to school two years. When I was ready to start the third year our house burned down. I have a brother and a sister. My sister and I like WEE

WISDOM very much. A friend sends it to us. I read the stories to my sister because she is too young to read yet. A family of Scientists live next to us. We try to be Scientists too, and I think we succeed pretty well. I belong to the Humane Society and I try to do all the good I can, I am going to the Christian Science Sunday School. I thought the Easter number of WEE WISDOM was very nice. Yours in Truth,

LUCY AULT.

\*\*\*

CHURCH'S FERRY, N. D.

DEAR WEE WISDOMS — My little girl Clara (age six years) has told me some verses she thought up. She wants me to send them to WEE WISDOM. She loves Mother Sparr very much, and thanks her for the moss cards. She sends much love to all.

Yours in love and truth,

CLARA WEIERMULLER'S MAMMA.

[We will save Clara's verses for August WEE WISDOM.—ED.]

\*\*\*

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I received the moss cards which I was very much pleased with. If you asked me to say which I thought prettiest, I wouldn't know what to say, they are all so pretty. From

BEULA CASE.

P. S. — I will press a sprig of arbutus and send it to you. L. C.

[Thank you Beula, for the arbutus, it kept beautifully.—ED.]

\*\*\*

ONTARIO, CAL.

DEAR MOTHER SPARR — I am nine years old. I love WEE WISDOM, I love reading the letters and pillows in the WEE WISDOM. I have a rabbit for my pet. I would like one of the moss cards very much. I go to Sunday School. Your loving friend,

FRANCIS PRATT.

\*\*\*

ONTARIO, CAL.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM — We are going to get a big doe and it has eight little ones. We like them very much. I like reading WEE WISDOM. I would like a moss card very much. I am seven years old. I am in the first grade. My dear WEE WISDOM, your loving

EVA PRATT.

\*\*\*

SAINT CHARLES, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Enclosed please find fifty cents to help pay for your transportation and other expenses for a monthly visit to little Martha Readlein for one year beginning with the Easter number, if you have any left. I sent my extra Easter copy to a dear little girl in Helensburgh, Scot-

land, and my regular copy made its regular visit to another dear sweet little girl. You see, I have you come here to me so I can enjoy a visit with you first. I have learned to love you too, and I look as anxiously for your coming as many another of your many loves. Martha has never seen you, but I know she is going to be one of your devoted lovers in a very short time. She is a dear, good, bright little girl and I know you will help open her mind to find beauty and love where she never expected to find it before. With a heart full of love to you and all your co-workers, I am

MARTHA FAULKNER.

\*\*\*

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am eleven years old, and go to school every day and I am in the fourth grade. I like to read the stories in WEE WISDOM very much. My sister has been to the Home of Truth and she likes it very much. Please send me two moss cards, one for my sister and one for myself. I think Mother Sparr is very nice to make such nice cards for the children. I will close for this time. Your loving friend,

ANNIE WING.

#### AN ABSENT-MINDED MAN.

I will tell you while I can  
Of an absent-minded man,  
And an absent-minded man was he,  
Who forgot an unkind word  
Just as soon as it was heard,  
Such an absent-minded man was he.

In political debate  
Now, I can most truly state,  
Such an absent-minded man was he,  
His opponent on the street  
With a hand-shake he would greet,  
Such an absent-minded man was he.

Once he left a goodly store  
At a poor old widow's door,  
Such an absent-minded man was he,  
And, although 't was all the same,  
Quite forgot to leave his name,  
Such an absent-minded man was he —  
You see —  
Such an absent-minded man was he.

—St. Nicholas.

I CAN is a hero!  
I WILL is another!  
I CAN'T is a coward,  
DON'T KNOW is his brother.

To love everything and everybody is to  
be always well and always happy.

## JUVENILE BIBLE LESSONS.

FANNY B. JAMES.

LESSON I. JULY I.

Jesus Walking on the Sea.

Matt. 14:22-33.

GOLDEN TEXT — "*Of a truth thou art the Son of God.*" Matt. 14:33.

After feeding that multitude of people, of which we studied last month, we read that Jesus "went up in a mountain to pray." You see Jesus needed to pray just as we do, for his power to do all these great things came not from himself but from God.

This power belongs to all of us, for "of his fulness have all we received." We have not known how to have this power as Jesus knew, although the prayer that gives it to us is very simple, even a child may understand.

Going to God in prayer is like going to your dinner at home. Mama has made everything ready for you, and you would never think of begging her before every meal to let you eat! No, indeed. You know it is all waiting for you and that mama loves to give it to you. You never doubt for a moment that it is yours. You go to the table with her and take all you need, and in return, just love and obey mama. In the Bible we read, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies," and it means that when sin, sickness or evil threatens us, we have right with us the power to destroy these "enemies" of our peace. We may have this power whenever we will, so let us *take* it by saying, "Love has given me all good, and all power to do good." This is prayer. You see it is just taking what God has given us.

The disciples had gone out in a boat on the water while Jesus was in the mountain, and there was a great storm that frightened them. As they looked at the sea, doubtless wishing in their hearts that their good friend, Jesus, were with them, they saw some one walking to them on the water. You will say at once, "Oh, they knew it was Jesus!" but, strange to say, they did not and were afraid again until Jesus spoke to them, "It is I, be not afraid."

In every time of trouble there is a little voice that says to us, "I am here, be not afraid." Will you try to think what that voice is, and where it speaks to us? The next time you feel afraid of anything just think of that voice and say, "I am not afraid, dear Lord." Your feeling of fear will go away for there is no truth in fear.

Peter (you know who he was) answered Jesus and said, "If it be thou, bid me come to thee on the water." Jesus said to him, "Come," and Peter was able to walk on the sea as Jesus was doing. He kept his eyes right on Jesus for a while and was not at all afraid. While he did this he could walk over the rough waves. So, children, we cannot be hurt by anything in the world if we keep our thoughts in the everpresent good.

You will feel sorry, I know, to learn that Peter did not keep looking at Jesus, but turned to look at the storm and the great waves around him; then he became afraid, and as soon as he *felt afraid* he *began to sink*. This shows us what being afraid will do to us. The Bible says, "The fear of man bringeth a snare, but whoso trusteth in the Lord shall be safe." I believe you know the meaning of this verse.

When Peter felt himself sinking he did not give up but he did the right thing. He called on Jesus to help him. You know from the lesson — which of course, you have read over — how kind Jesus was, that he reached out his hand and saved him.

Let us try never to doubt the power of good, but if we are tempted to believe in the power of evil, let us deny it and think of good harder than ever until we are saved from all beliefs of evil.

Jesus then got into the boat and "the wind ceased." As soon as we receive the good into our thoughts we see no more evil.

LESSON II. JULY 8.

Jesus the Bread of Life. Jno. 6: 22-71.

GOLDEN TEXT — "*Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.*" Jno. 6:35.

A minister once said, the children of our Sunday School today can understand Jesus' words better than many of his own disciples did. We read that after Jesus spoke these words in this lesson many of his disciples "went back and walked no more with him." This was because they could not understand what he meant, and should we not be glad now in the thought that these same words of Jesus can be explained to our Wee Wisdoms so that they may understand?

You find in the lesson that Jesus calls himself the bread of life, and then tells them that unless they eat this bread they cannot have life. Those that heard him say this, thought it a hard lesson and said among themselves, "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" You see they believed Jesus meant for them to eat his very flesh — but we know better than that.



What did Jesus mean when he said, "I am the bread of life?"

Jesus often spoke to the people by taking the things they saw and used every day, to teach a lesson from. You remember he once took the lily to show them how easy it was to grow strong and good if one trusted in God.

Now he talks about bread—something they were eating every day. They believed bread was necessary for the life of their bodies, and Jesus wants to show them that he has found something that gives life eternal. He says then, "I am the bread of life; if any man eat this bread, he shall live forever." Jesus said, I am the truth, which shows us that *Truth is the bread of life*. What is this Truth? That you, and I, and all are children of God, made in the likeness of good; made to be good, to be loving, to be strong and well. Now, we know that to "eat" this Bread is to believe in this Truth; it is to think about good and not evil, about life and not death, of love and not hate, of health and not sickness.

To eat his flesh, or bread, is to let only good and true thoughts come to us, just such thoughts as Jesus had, then shall we have the power that he had to be and to do good.

Do we want this Bread of Life?

#### LESSON III. JULY 15.

##### The Gentle Woman's Faith.

Mark 7:24-30.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Lord, help me.* Matt. 15:25.

We love, as never before, to read of the wonderful things that Jesus did, because we now know that whatever he could do we may do! This is the meaning of Jesus' words, "As he is, so are we in this world."

Jesus healed every kind of sickness. For a long time it has been believed that Jesus had some special power given him that no one else had. Christians have not even tried to do his works because they did not believe it was possible. Now, Jesus said very positively that if we didn't believe, we couldn't do anything, but that "all things are possible to him that believeth—he that believeth in me, the works that I do shall he do." Wee Wisdoms not only believe but know that the Power that did all those great works through Jesus is with us always and never changes; that it always has and will work through anyone who loves and trusts in it.

In our lesson today a mother brings her little daughter to Jesus. It is said once that she had "an unclean spirit," and again

it is said she had a "devil." This tells us truly what the "devil" is—an unclean spirit within us, or a wrong, false thought.

A wrong thought is a selfish thought; it is often angry or cross. It makes us act unkindly, and then we feel unhappy and sick. You see how careful we must be not to let the first wrong thought come in, or it will bring us into all sorts of troublesome conditions.

How does the Truth teach us to drive out these wrong thoughts and conditions either from ourselves or others? Simply by speaking the Truth about it. God never gave His children any unclean spirit; it is just fear and false belief that makes wrong thoughts. We can cast this out by saying, "I am a child of God, made like God, pure in mind, good in thought and kind in word and deed. There cannot be an evil thought in me." Say this over until you begin to forget all that is wrong.

This woman that asked Jesus to help her child did not give up easily, but kept insisting upon it until he healed the child. So does our faithfulness always succeed. If we believe, we may not only heal the sick but cast out devils. This is Jesus' promise, and we know it is true for we are seeing it done every day.

#### LESSON IV. JULY 22.

##### Peter's Confession and Christ's Rebuke.

Matt. 16:13-26.

GOLDEN TEXT—*If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.* Matt. 16:24.

The name Christ means Truth, and to follow Christ is to follow Truth. To come to Christ is to come to Truth, and to confess Christ is to acknowledge Truth.

This Truth that we are to follow, to come to, and to acknowledge, is the Good that is everywhere. Not a day passes but that each one of you must choose whether or not you will follow Truth! You must often each day decide whether you will acknowledge Truth or error—Good or evil.

Let us see how this is. You go to school. Your teacher has many children to take care of and she asks you to help her by being quiet. After a little a child speaks to you or tries to play with you, if you follow Truth, what will you do?

At recess a little companion strikes you. You are tempted to strike back, but if you are trying to come to Truth, to be Truth, what will you do? On the way home another little friend talks sickness to you, tells you all about a disease some child has. If you are acknowledging only Good, what will you think or say?

You see that if we are really meaning to follow Christ, we will be willing to put out all that is not like Truth and Love, and to keep being Truth and Love no matter what all the world is saying.

This is what Peter did, as this lesson tells us. He told Jesus that one person was saying one thing and another something else about him; then Jesus asked, what do *you* think about me? and Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ."

Jesus then told Peter that this truth he had just spoken was like a rock, because it was so firm and strong. You know when a house is built on a rock foundation it is safe from wind and storms—it cannot be shaken. Jesus shows us in this lesson that if we know the Truth, and keep it in our thoughts all the time, we shall be so strong that no evil can tempt us either to do wrong or to be sick.

#### LESSON V. JULY 29.

The Transfiguration. Luke 9:28-36.

GOLDEN TEXT — *This is my beloved Son: hear him.* Luke 9:35.

In this lesson we read again that Jesus went up in a mountain to pray. Will you try to give some reasons, what you think of why Jesus so often went into a *mountain* when he wanted to pray?

This time he took with him three of his disciples, and while he prayed they must have been watching him, for they saw his face, and even his clothes, begin to shine like light!

We know that "God is light," and is everywhere present, and that we live in God. That God is not a big person, but a Great Spirit of Love and Light. When we pray to God right we do more than speak words, we think with all our hearts of this Love that is so good and is right within us and all around us, of this Light that makes everything so bright, and that we are one with it always.

We know that when we truly feel this it fills us full in our thought and in our body. We are sure that here we see Jesus praying just that way. He was so certain of the presence of Light and Love within him, through him and all around him, that even his body shone with the light in his thought. So it is true that if our thought is pure, our body will be. If our thought is strong in Truth and filled with health, so will our body be strong and healthy.

Our Wee Wisdoms who know that God is Life, Love and Good can understand how God is omnipresent, for Love can be everywhere at the same time. Life can find every part of the world every minute, and

Good can be known and had by every child of God at any time.

Let us then close these lessons by saying these truths:

Because God is omnipresent, Good is everywhere. I live in Good, am one with it, hence I am good, in mind, thought and body. I am the image and likeness of God.

#### THE SPARROW.

I am only a little sparrow —  
A bird of low degree;  
My life is of little value,  
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers —  
It is very plain I know,  
With never a speck of crimson,  
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,  
And it shields me from the rain;  
Were it bordered with gold or purple  
Perhaps it would make me vain.

I have no barn nor storehouse,  
I neither sow nor reap;  
God gives me a sparrow's portion,  
But never a seed to keep.

If my meals are sometimes scanty,  
Close picking makes it sweet;  
I have always enough to feed me,  
And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows —  
All over the world we are found;  
But our Heavenly Father knoweth  
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are not forgotten;  
Though weak, we are never afraid;  
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth  
The life of the creatures He made.

I fly through the thickest forest,  
I light on many a spray;  
I have no chart or compass,  
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,  
Wherever I happen to be;  
For the Father is always watching,  
And no harm will come to me.

— Happy Hours.

Loving makes strength.

Fearing makes weakness.

"Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."



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MYRTLE FILLMORE, EDITOR.

## FOR THE WEE WISDOMS.

CHARIT C. ARTHUR.

Little children from above,  
Glad and free,  
You are but a thought of love,  
Don't you see.

Like the flowers in the spring,  
Bright and fair,  
Or the birds that sweetly sing  
Through the air.

God is watching you at night  
While you sleep,  
And his angels robed in white  
Vigil keep.

God is with you all the while,  
Little one,  
Shining in your happy smile  
Like the sun.

Our young artist has given us a Fourth-of-July piece.

Mr. A Nickel did not get round in time to tell us about the Wisdoms of Denver this month, but we'll hear from him next. We have a very delightful and instructive chapter from one nickel's experience in this issue.

## Unity Offer!

For the next 15 days the publishers of UNITY are sending to every new subscriber or renewal a set of SCIENTIFIC LESSONS IN BEING, an excellent course of study by Edith A. Martin, free.

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## YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

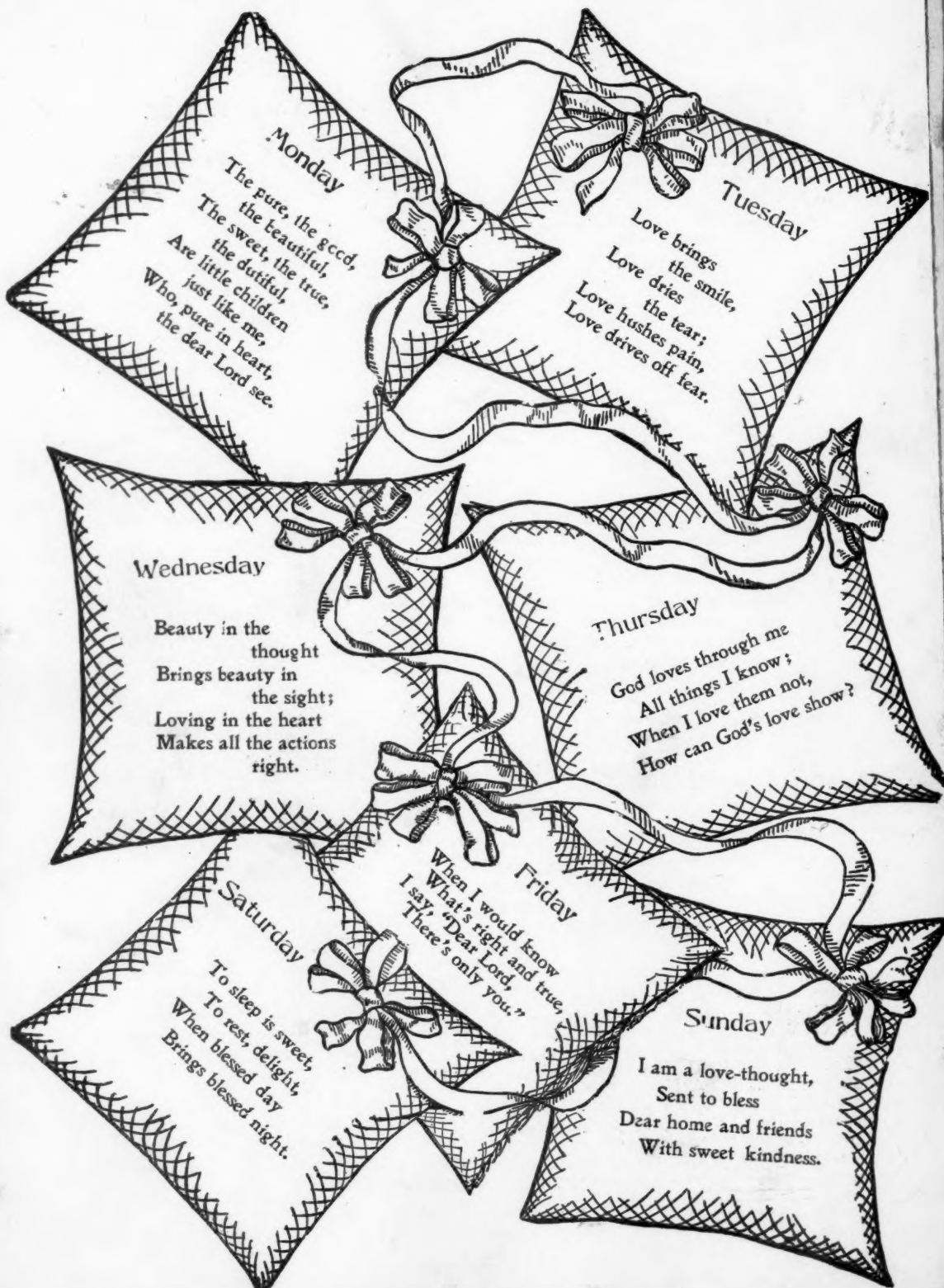
"FIRE CRACKER month," is it? Well, it sounds and smells very much like it 'round these premises. One brave victim (?) of it has just paid "Ye Editor's Sanctum" a visit to have the kick of a fractions fire cracker "thought away." And who should this visitor be but Master Wray, with the smell of powder on his hands but not a tear in his eyes, while we remember together that there "is no hurt in matter." Almost quicker than it can be told, the smile was back and the sense of pain gone "and Richard himself again." Now the bang, bang, banging is renewed in the back yard and fire-cracker-patriotism is at its height. Well, I 'spose that's the way it grows up into presidents and statesmen.

The little visitors are coming in from North, South, East and West to attend the "Birthday Party." Come on, you're very welcome, and we trust the Boys will have "Ye Editor's Sanctum" in apple-pie order and give you a "Royal" greeting. We know you will do beautifully and *prove* that "Wisdom is justified of her children."

We want all your stories, poems, letters, and sketches in by the 15th of July. Some of you have already helped to swell our numbers, and what a birthday gift to WEE WISDOM for every one of you to present her with a new subscriber!

You must read and appreciate "Dorothy's Fourth of July." It is written by one of our young writers who will make a shinging mark with her pen some of these days. She doesn't tell you her "sure enough name," but she's a dear Wisdom girl and will always speak for the good and true.

It is evident from the subscriptions that are coming in that some of our Wisdoms are at work. We want you all to get subscribers during vacation.



### Monday

The pure, the good,  
the beautiful,  
The sweet, the true,  
the dutiful,  
Are little children  
just like me,  
Who, pure in heart,  
the dear Lord see.

### Tuesday

Love brings  
the smile,  
Love dries  
the tear;  
Love hushes pain,  
Love drives off fear.

### Wednesday

Beauty in the  
thought  
Brings beauty in  
the sight;  
Loving in the heart  
Makes all the actions  
right.

### Thursday

God loves through me  
All things I know;  
When I love them not,  
How can God's love show?

### Friday

When I would know  
What's right and true,  
I say, "Dear Lord,  
There's only you."

### Saturday

To sleep is sweet,  
To rest, delight,  
Brings blessed day  
Brings blessed night.

### Sunday

I am a love-thought,  
Sent to bless  
Dear home and friends  
With sweet kindness.



