

WEE WISDOM.

"Ye are of God, little
Children.
Greater is He that is in you
than he that is in the
World."



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Wee Wisdom

NATURAL LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

DICTATED BY ORION.

CHAPTER XIII.

BUTTERFLIES.

THE strangest fact about a butterfly's life is when it is a baby. It is hatched from an egg that is laid on a plant. When it is hatched it is all fuzzy; but some of them ain't fuzzy, but are just little smooth worms. They are called caterpillars and worms, and they only crawl around and eat up plants, and think. There are a lot of them on our sunflowers and sweet clover. The ones on the sunflowers are brown, and the ones on the clover are white. Albert and another little boy catch them, and play that they are kitties. They played the brown ones were the papas and the white ones were the mammas, and the little ones were kittens. They put the box of "kitties" out among the sunflowers, so they could crawl away, but some of them liked the box so well that they made it their home, and turned into chrysalides. Chrysalides are the caterpillars when they are turning into butterflies. They look like little smooth worms, and all they can do is wiggle; they cannot eat or move around. Albert says he is glad little boys don't have to be chrysalides.

They are usually found hanging up by little hooks under a beam or eave or something. They usually hang up all winter and come out as the imago, or butterfly, next spring or summer. The caterpillars are called "larvæ." Some of the larvæ are very beautiful, as, for instance, that of the papilio asterias, which is green, black and blue, and yellow; but when anything touches this pretty worm it sends out two little horns which smell awful. He uses these for

self-defense, so that nothing will eat him.

I think the papilio turnus is the prettiest butterfly. It is very large and yellow with black bands and tails on the wings. The papilio ajax is green with black bands and very long tails. Most people think that all the butterflies die when winter comes, but some go South, such as the maroon, and some winter in hollow trees, etc., such as the yellow-bordered butterfly. Papa says he knows of no butterfly that dies on account of cold weather.

Some fellows brought the little white butterfly over from Europe, I guess because they thought it was pretty; but all he seems to have done is to eat up all the farmers' cabbages. Mr. Butterfly has two cousins, Mr. Moth and Mr. Sphinx. The moth chrysalides dress in silk cocoons to keep warm, and often wrap themselves up in leaves. I think the sphinx has the funniest larva and chrysalis of all. We planted some tobacco plants, and a lot of tobacco worms, which are the larvæ of the sphinges, got on the plants and "chewed tobacco." They have horns on their backs. I took a flower-pot and filled it with soil, and put some of these worms in with some tobacco leaves, and they dug down into the soil and turned into chrysalides. These chrysalides look like little jugs with handles on them. Next summer they come out into five spotted sphinges. Many people think the sphinges are humming birds, as they hover over the flowers in the evening.

In "The Ice Plant" you will notice a lot of bottles and jugs. Well, these are only catsup and soda-pop bottles and vinegar jugs brought out for the occasion. It is only for fun, and we hope you will enjoy it as much as we did.



VOL. VII.

KANSAS CITY, MO., AUGUST, 1902.

No. 1.



AN ICE PLANT.

PHOTOGRAPH AND POEM BY RICK.

Instead of fighting the hot weather,
And a-brushing up your sweat,
A-hunting for a cool place
Till your clothes are wringing wet,
Don't pay any 'tention to it,
But just settle down like me,
With a few refreshments by you,
In the shadow of some tree.

And when you're tired of reading,
You can shut your eyes and dream
Of the snowy frozen Artic,
With its lights that flash and gleam;
Until upon awakening
You will feel "as cool as ice,"
And the atmosphere around you
Will freeze lemonade quite nice.

A BOY AND HIS KITE.

HENRY BEHLE.

ONCE a boy who lived in the city thought he would make a kite and fly it. His kite went up in the air, but it caught on an electric wire. His mother was in the yard looking on. She thought that his kite was gone, because when a kite gets on a wire its a very hard thing to get it down. But all at once the

little boy came with his kite not torn at all.

His mother said, "How did you get your kite down?"

Then the little boy said, "Why, I just thought that God was with me, and He made the wind blow it down to me."

It made his mother feel very happy to know that he put his trust in God.



My grandma don't live out there; that's the barn. She lives in our house here in front. She was sweeping the walk, when she stopped, and the boys caught her with their kodak. Don't you think she looks sweet? We are putting her picture in *WEE WISDOM* without her knowing anything about it; so we must n't give her name. But the editor knows her.

DOROTHY'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

LUCY AULT.

(13 years old.)

CHAPTER I.

DOROTHY went gaily to school Friday morning. She had two causes for gladness. First, tomorrow was Saturday; second, was n't Saturday her birthday? She would be eight years old.

Dorothy and her mother lived by themselves in a small three-room cottage. It was a pretty little house, painted yellow and white. There were flowers

along the tiny walk, and a little grass plot also, and best of all it was their very own. Dorothy's mother, Mrs. Vern, was a widow. She made dresses for ladies and children, and in that way earned enough to support them both.

Instead of calling her "Mother" or "Mamma" like other little girls do, Dorothy called Mrs. Vern "Mommo."

When she came back from school she put away her books, and swept the room. Then, putting on her bonnet, she went to visit some friends. The grandad was old, but quite spry enough to support three little orphan grandchildren. The oldest was nine years, her name was Vivian; the next was Robert, and the baby was Nellie.

When Dorothy reached their little home Vivian was holding the baby, and Robert was unusually quiet. But they brightened up when Dorothy came in, and Vivian told her their trouble.

"Tomorrow is San Jacinto Day," she began, "and we always celebrate it, because grandad was in the war. But he does n't get his salary until night, and then it's too late."

"And we were going to have such a nice dinner and fireworks," Robert said.

"It looks like rain, and I must go; good bye. It will all come right, I'm sure," Dorothy said as she went out the gate.

Dorothy's "It will all come right," cheered the children.

CHAPTER II.

All the way home Dorothy kept thinking of something. When she had put away her bonnet, she went to her mother and said, "Mommo, you said I might have a dollar tomorrow, and grandad won't be paid until next evening, and instead of going on the picnic as we had planned, let's use it for the children, and —"

"How many more 'ands,' dear?"

Mrs. Vern asked brightly, "I know you want to help them, but a dollar is so little for a celebration."

"But let me try, Mommo, and I can buy so many things. It will make them so happy." She finished her sentence with a kiss, and began setting the table for supper.

They planned it all before they went to bed.

CHAPTER III.

San Jacinto Day dawned warm and bright. Dorothy gave a little sigh as she thought of the picnic that had been planned with her dollar, but she thought of the pleasure she would give, and her face brightened.

After breakfast she put on a dainty linen suit, which was one of her presents, and went to the store with her dollar clasped tightly in her hand. She bought candy, fruit, cookies, fireworks, and a chicken for dinner, all for one dollar. She then went to invite the children to spend the day with her.

CHAPTER IV.

Oh, what a fine time they all had! and what a splendid dinner. They shot off the fireworks in the morning. After dinner they took a lunch and went to a park where they had a little picnic.

When they came back grandad was waiting to take his little ones home. He thanked Dorothy and her mother for being so kind to his children.

"You have made me happy by coming today," Dorothy said as they left.

CHAPTER V.

I forgot to tell you that Dorothy had a big brother George. He worked at another town for a month, and came back at the end of the month to stay about two days with them. This evening, however, he came bouncing into the room to tell the good news. He was going to get \$175 a month.

"Dorothy can have a dollar any time she wants it, now," he cried, dancing about the room, "and you won't have to be a dressmaker any more, mother."

"Yes," Dorothy said eagerly, "and I can have Vivian, Robert and Nellie spend the day with me often. This is my nicest birthday present, except having the children here all day. I am going to call that my birthday present."

Dorothy is grown now, but she still remembers her "birthday present."

WHAT MY BUNNY HAS TO SAY.

(A true story of my pet squirrel.)

JULIET G. LUCK.

THE first that I can remember was being in a warm nest in the hollow of a tall pine tree. When mamma squirrel was away I liked to climb up, and peep out. Papa squirrel said, "Don't do that, my son, or you will fall out and get hurt, or something will catch you."

Being a naughty little bunny, I tried looking out once too often; I fell to the ground where a boy named Wilburt caught me, and took me home, and shut me up in a dark box. I stayed in the box some time, and was treated very kindly. I now have a big cage in the yard under a tall tree, and several times a day I am allowed to go up and have a scamper among the branches. When I am tired I go back and take a nap in my cage. I sometimes have a game with little Kitty Tar-Heels. She will not hurt me.

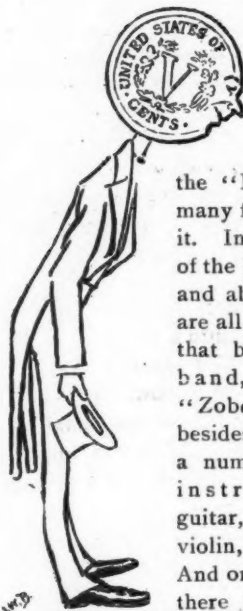
—BUNNY.

Mother: "There were two apples in the cupboard, Tommy, and now there is only one. How is that?"

Tommy (who sees no way of escape): "Well, ma, it was so dark in there I did n't see the other."—*Ex.*

The Au-to-bi-og-ra-phy of A Nickel.

CHAPTER X.



the "Den." It has many funny things in it. In the west part of the Den is a piano, and above the piano are all kinds of horns that belong to their band, called the "Zobo Band," and besides that Rick has a number of string instruments—the guitar, mandolin, violin, and accordian. And on the east side there is a stairway, and on the side wall of the stairway are many funny pictures that Rick has painted on the wall. There is Happy Hooligan, Mrs. Katzenjammer and her

After I got to the home of the three boys* I went all over the house and saw many pretty things. But I could n't get anybody to write for me, because I can't write. But after awhile a little girl came there, and said she would write for me.

But I must tell you about the boys' house, called

kids, Adam, Noah, Alphonse and Gaston, the cop, and the pug dog. On the north side there is a dark room, and many pretty pictures. On the south side are many pictures and their study table.

Then in the back yard are two little cottages that Royal owns, and they have many funny things in them; and that part of the back yard is called the "Irish Settlement," and then Royal has some guinea pigs, and they have a new cottage, too.

Then I went to see Lowell's flowers, and they are very pretty. Now I have seen every thing around here that is to be seen, and am ready to start for some other place to do good work, because I am one of the Wees.—A NICKEL,

(Per HELEN NACE, 9 years old.)

* NOTE: See May WEE WISDOM.

BABY MARION'S LETTER TO MARION.

MY DEAR MARION—I have been in bed fast asleep for three hours but it is time your dear letter was answered, and so I make the attempt by the hand of mamma. I enjoyed your loving letter so very much. I was real naughty the morning your letter came, and I cried and kicked dreadfully, and mamma took me up and told me I was a little Peace baby and always had been. That I was mamma's Peace baby, and papa's Peace baby, and Marion's Peace baby, and then I stopped crying, for Peace babies should n't get into temper, should they? Then I looked at mamma very hard and she told me there was a letter from dear Marion Sleater, then I was very good and mamma gave me your letter and I carried it around a long time and then somehow it all fell into little pieces, and the kisses and hugs you sent fell all about the floor, and, mamma had them all to pick up again. The little spoon you sent is very pretty, and I try to feed myself with it, but fingers hold things so much better than spoons, I think.

Your loving namesake,

BABY MARION MANWARING.

THE SONG OF THE WORLD.

BY ROYAL.*

I love the Rocky Mountains,
And all the natural things;
I love the crystal fountains,
And all the birds with wings.

I love the woods and flowers,
And all of Nature's things;
I love her mossy bowers,
And butterflies with wings

I love the buzzing city,
Its song I've heard for years,
I love its noisy ditty—
But the country soothes my fears.

*Who posed for the hammock picture on page 3.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BROOK.

EVA O'NEIL.



AM a little brook. I started in a very rough country. A large bird lived in the country from whence I came, and it liked to come and bathe in my waters. It was a beautiful country. The mountains were covered with pine trees and grasses. In the summer the grass was full of wild flowers, such as the wind-flower, dogtoothed violet, etc.

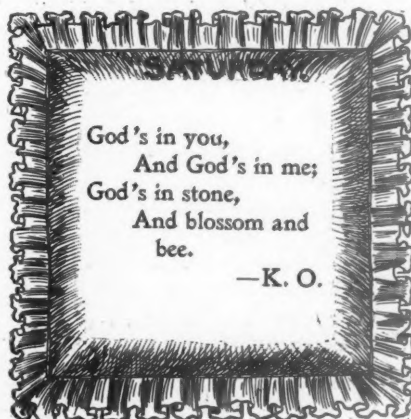
A little way down I take a rush, and run on very fast down a mountain. It is a very pretty sight; when I go on so fast everything looks so lovely. I gradually keep growing slower and slower. Finally I come to a very pretty place spread with ferns. These ferns are a very pretty green. They stretch their leaves out over my surface, and make a very pretty place for me to flow under. I keep flowing on and on. I now come to a beautiful valley. Here I meet two children, who have come to feed their father's sheep and cows. The sheep and cows like to come and drink at my banks. The children go a little way off and lie down under a shady tree that grows on my bank, or go to bushes and get blackberries. The fruit is not ripe yet, so they lay under a tree and watch the birds come and go, making their nests.

I now flow along among lots of hills. When the warm days come it is very pleasant to see the flowers nod and beckon in the sunlight. I flow along between ridges, when I come to a row of farm houses in the country. There is an orchard growing by my banks, and every tree is in full blossom. There is a spring in the center of the orchard, which makes a lovely place for the children to play around. The children like to pick a few blossoms to decorate

their hair, but their parents do not like for them to pick many blossoms, as every blossom will make some kind of fruit.

When I come to town I see many farmers going to market. There is a bridge stretched across my waters from bank to bank. The farmers often cross, and sometimes they give their horses a drink from my cool and refreshing water. They sometimes drink of my refreshing water themselves, and I do my best to comfort them. I sing a song, as I go on my way alone, in little sharps and trebles.

My banks are wider, and my water deepens as I flow on into a large river. I flow on and on, until I come to bays of all kinds into which I flow. I flow against my sides and wash out many capes and peninsulas. I curve my banks as I flow. The willow, weld and mallow grow on my banks. I go in and out, and blossoms sail on my waters. The water lilies bloom in enormous quantities on my bosom. The pebbles sometimes pile up and stop my flowing for a moment, then I wash them away and go on. The children come and plant flowers on my banks, so they will get plenty of water. I flow on and on until I now reach the ocean into which I flow.



LOUISE'S HAPPY ADVENTURE.

ANNA IGOE.

(11 years old.)

THERE once lived in the far-off land of Italy a little girl whose name was Louise, and who was a very good child; her parents were hard-working Italian peasants, and Louise was their only child, and she helped them all she could.

It was within a week of her eleventh birthday, and Louise was longing for the time to come, as it fell on a school holiday, and she thought of nothing but the good she would do that day in assisting her dear mother. At last the day arrived; it was a lovely June day. The birds were singing, and so was Louise, who was up bright and early, eager to begin her task of helping her mother and father, both of whom she loved dearly. Little did Louise think what a great, good reward was in store for her.

When she came down stairs that morning she found that her father had already gone to his work, and her mother was preparing to go on an errand to town a few miles distant. She left Louise in charge of the house, saying only, "Be a good child until mother returns," and then with a kiss left her little Louise, confident that all was well.

In a little while Louise was as busy as a bee, sweeping, dusting, washing dishes, etc., until everything was neat as a pin. Then she took her knitting, and sat at the window to await her mother's return.

In a little while someone knocked at the door, and going to it, Louise found a feeble old man who said he was very hungry, and asked for food. There was only a little food in the house, but this good child was delighted to be able to do something which would relieve the poor old creature's distress; so she

asked him in and got ready a scant meal, which she shared with him, and both were happy, because it was so cheerfully given and so cheerfully received.

While they were still eating, Louise heard the sound of wheels, and looking out, what was her surprise to see a carriage stop at her door, in which were seated her dear parents and a stranger who proved to be an uncle of whom they had not heard in a long, long time.

He had left Italy in search of work, and after awhile found himself making a fortune. Not until then did he think of returning to his relatives, and by chance happened to meet Louise's mother that day, his own dear sister. You may be sure the meeting was a happy one. They went to where Louise's father was at work, and after the greetings were over started for home together, and on reaching there they were as much surprised to find Louise entertaining her guest as she was to see the dear uncle who left there when she was a wee bit of a girl.

That was a happy time, indeed, with so much to tell, and when Louise found her uncle and they were all to live together for the future, she begged to be allowed to keep the dear old stranger whom she had taken in and fed, and who was not only willing, but delighted to remain with so kind and good a benefactress. Her request was readily granted, and they lived happily together forever after.

Thus are we reminded of the text, "A cup of cold water given in my name shall be rewarded an hundred fold."

God is Life and Love and Health,
God is Wisdom, God is Wealth.

—Royal.

Morris' Annual Letter.

My dear Wees and Wee-wees:

"Auntie Myrtle" says it is time I was writing my annual letter to the kids (I sometimes wonder who tells her everything, for she sure does know). Of course you want to know how things are moving on at headquarters. Well, we have been cleaning house and cleaning house and cleaning house, until things got so clean that I am half afraid to put on my shoes when I walk about the house, and we have papered and painted and puttied and japanned, until everything about the place is so splinterfied new, even some of my clothes are new, and a boy can't enjoy himself so awful much just after house-cleaning in new clothes, when school is just out, too, but I am getting used to those things now, and am having a jolly good time.

I expect to go away this summer, but I can't tell you about that till I get back. Marie is away now, and she wrote to her papa (our business manager), "Dear Papa, I wish I could kiss you." That is just like a girl, they are such babies. When I go away I won't write letters like that—I am going to have my mamma go right with me; anyway, I am three months older than Marie Prather. But I like Marie even if she is only a girl. Her brother Bert is a real boy. He is staying at home with his dear



grandma. He is so much company to her, but then boys always are.

This year we have no rabbits or cats, but we had a forlorn looking dog come to stay with us; it was so forlorn looking it did not even have a tail. But I have been kind to it and feeding it, and I can see its tail is growing. But my flower garden is the main thing I want to talk about. I have made a large garden. I am competing for the school prize. I have a large five-pointed star in the middle, and the other beds all form from that. I wish I could show you a picture of it, but since I can't do that I will tell you what kind of flowers I have. I started out with Morning Glory and Madeira



vine to cover the fence and porch, then I planted a lot of Chrysanthemums for a back ground by the fence. My other flowers are Canna, Gold Button, Balsam, Petunia, Phlox, Portulacca, Verbena, Nasturtium, Zenia, Four O'clock, Bachelor Button, Geranium, Amaranthus, with Dusty Miller for border. I think I have a pretty nice garden; the girls think so, too. "The girls" are Miss Tyrrell and Miss White. They make WEE WISDOM grow out of the funniest looking lot of scraps and things that anybody ever saw, but then they know how. Lowell and Rick have just put a new roof on the porch. I told them how I thought it ought to be when they seemed in doubt.

Well, my letter is getting so long I think I shall have to write twice a year, then I will not have to remember so hard. Your loving friend,

—MORRIS F. SHAFER.



These Seed Words are contributed from month to month by the Wee Wisdom Society of Merchantville, New Jersey, and are for the use of all Wee Wisdom's Truth sowers.]

Class Word—I WANT TO LOVE THE GOOD.—(Chosen by FRANCES.)

Jewel Word—I AM TRUTH.—(Chosen by ELISE.)

Song Word—No. 79.—“Jesus Blessing.”—(Chosen by MARION.)

Verse Word—

“A little bit of sunshine,
A little word or two,
Just falling as the moments
Suggests the way to you.
Ah, this is what is needed
More often than we know,
For those whose hearts are aching
Along their paths below.”

—(Chosen by MARION.)

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

MARION'S MESSAGE FROM MERCHANTVILLE.

I thought I had better write and tell you more about our Unity School. We have one little Wee named Allen; he came over the other evening, and papa gave him some strawberry water ice. Then we asked him who gave it to him; he said he did not know.

Then we told him that Uncle John gave it to him. “Is Uncle John a hecker” (huckster), he asked. He calls farmers heckers.

Papa said he was a hecker, because he farms his own kitchen garden.

Then we all went out on the porch. Little Allen talked a little while, then he put his little arms around papa's neck and said in the cutest way, “Uncle John's a hecker, I love him, and he loves me, too.” Just then his mamma called him; so papa carried him home on his back, with Little Allen's arms around his neck.

When Little Sunshine (Annette) comes to Unity School she brings her little dog, Toby, with her. Toby just sits as still as can be beside his little mistress, and never hardly stirs during the whole lesson.

My sister Elise found a bee that was dead, and she dug a little hole, and put the bee in it, and put leaves and roses around it.

I have just gotten a new bicycle; I took a nice long ride with papa one morning. We went six miles and one-half, counting there and back. The first stop we made was at a little bridge. It had a small woods on each side of it; one end a little waterfall, and papa and I stood looking at it awhile, we then went over to the other end of the bridge. The two ends of the bridge are only about four yards apart. Papa sat down on the bridge, and so did I. We threw stones into the water, and listened to the birds. There are so many birds there, and they sing so beautiful. Nobody bothers them there. They just sing and sing, and fear nothing. Papa and I talked for awhile, then as I wanted to see the pond about one mile beyond, we jumped on our bicycles and rode off. As we got to the pond we saw a man getting water-lilies out of the pond. We stopped and talked a little while, and we bought a few water-lilies of him. Papa and I are going to begin and name all the places we stop

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at. We named the lily pond Houston's Lily Pond. We call the bridge Strawberry Bridge, because it has wild strawberry vines growing up it. And they do just look beautiful climbing up that bridge.

The other evening Marjorie and Marion Logan's father and mother went out carriage riding, and they stayed over at our house. We had lots of fun. We all played games with papa and sang songs and we had some recitations. We were all so sorry when they had to go home.

[Hurrah for the Fourth! We did just have a glorious time, indeed, celebrating Independence Day. We shot off fire-crackers, torpedoes, a pistol with caps, and in the evening we had some fireworks, and some friends over, too. We each took turns in setting them off, little Carl, Ruth and Evert setting some off, too. Then we trimmed the flower bed with lighted wax tapers, and everybody had a light in their hand, too. All the children took their lights and went marching up to the corner, singing "Columbia;" then they all came back to our house before leaving for their homes.

Papa was away one Sunday (July 6th) and I led the Unity School. I made a program. I would send you the program if I had not thrown it away. I will tell you about the Unity School meeting some other time. — MARION SLEATER.



DENVER COLO.
DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write because I will be nine years old in August, and because I think that your paper is very nice, and you have asked us to write for the August number. Our Sunday School went on a Hay Ride, and we had

lots of fun. We sung a great many songs, and ate our lunches at City Park. At our house there is a mother cat named Muff and four kittens; they have just got their eyes open; there is a black one, a spotted one and two gray ones. Muff does not seem to like any place to keep them. We put them down in the cellar, but she carries them one by one and hides them in almost every closet in the house; so at last we have put them up in a band-box, where Muff cannot get them out. I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore are coming out here this summer, and I hope they will bring the young editors with them, so that I can get acquainted with them. You might publish WEE WISDOM out here, and I would help you. I send you a pillow verse, and I would like you to put it in for Saturday.

Your loving friend, KATHERINE OMMANNEY.

LEMP, IDAHO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the second time I have written to you. I have many pets. I have a pet cat; she has four little kittens; and a pet horse; his name is Bill. I ride him every day. I like the stories in WEE WISDOM very much. I have two sisters and one brother. My sisters' names are Rosy and Pollie; Pollie is the baby. My brother's name is Fred; he is nine years young. He reads this little paper with me. I will close for this time. Your loving friend,

MARY SPECHT.

EAST HAMPDEN, MAINE.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—As I imagine you are in need of a story from me, I thought I would write you one. One day I was coming in from my play, and my sister was coming in from the other side of the house, and I said, "O Mollie, see the mouse that followed you in." Suddenly to my surprise there sat a dear little squirrel. It took four of us to catch him. I have him in a cage now. He is so tame that he will eat nuts from my hand. I enjoy reading this dear little paper very much. Lovingly, Lorena H. Murch.

WENONA, ILL.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I love to read WEE WISDOM, and enjoy the letters that are in it very much. I am seven years old and will be in the third reader this fall. I have one brother and two sisters. I would like one of your Flower cards Aunt Mary made.

Yours lovingly, IRENE ROBINSON.

CHARLESTON, WASH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am sending 50 cents for WEE WISDOM for another year. It helps me very much that I don't feel so lonesome because I cannot walk. I have a canary bird. I feed him every day, and I have a nice little garden to look at. Please send me a Mother Goose card, for which I enclose stamps. Yours in love,

ELLA DRENKAHN.

[We must all help Ella realize her perfect health and strength.—Ed.]

RAWLINS, WYO.

WEE EDITORS OF WEE WISDOM—Here we are again on hand to celebrate anniversary. The past

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year must have gone by on wings as it seems no time since the last celebration. My sister and I are enjoying a good time this vacation. The Fourth of July passed quietly with us. A cool breeze kept blowing through the day, and ended in a hailstorm, so in the evening while displaying fireworks we felt comfortable in winter wraps. We attend a Christian Science Sunday School, which was started here last spring and try to do the best we can. Your loving friend,

EMMA NICHOLSEN.



PASADENA, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — My auntie sends me your paper which I enjoy very much. I live in California where the wild flowers bloom from January till June. I went out last Sunday and had my



picture taken while picking poppies. So I thought I would send you one. Lovingly your friend,

RUTH LUCILE WILLIAMS.



AUSTIN, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I thought I would write a few lines to you, and send you 50 cents as a renewal of the subscription to WEE WISDOM which expires in September. I would not miss it for one month even. I wish I could send you a birthday present, but it is the best I can do to pay for WEE WISDOM. It is too late now to write a story for the August number, but will write one later on. I will close my letter for this time, wishing the paper prosperity and many more happy birthdays.

I remain your loving friend,

ALMA ANDERSON.



RAYMOND, KANS.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I wrote to you about two years ago, and will write again, and will send you "The Autobiography of a Brook" for WEE WISDOM's birthday. I live in central Kansas. Everything looks beautiful at this time of the year. I wish you were close so you could have some of our nice apples. Wish if you could when you go or come from Denver you could stop and see us. The boys took the UNITY out of the post office and

lost it. Mamma missed it very much. I like WEE WISDOM very much. Will send you the money for subscription before long.

Yours in truth, EVA O'NEILL.



STERLING, KANS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I will try to write a letter to you this month. Mamma has canned 14 cans of plums and 11 glasses of jelly, and she wants to can some more. We all had a happy time the Fourth of July. Yours truly, MYRTH WRIGHT.



FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I write to thank you for telling me how to help kitty. I have learned the first verse on my Truth card, and I think the verses are very nice. I have read them all, but have only learned one, and that one is the first. And I think, too, that the Flower card is pretty. I have another cat now, came to me of its own wish, too; has a collar around its neck, so I suppose it was somebody's cat once upon a time. Well, I can't think of anything else right now, so I will close. Your friend,

ALMA AULT.



FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have written a story for you and I would like to have it published if you think it suitable. I am Alma Ault's sister, Lucy. As much as I know of Mental Science I believe in. I am never sick, but every one in the house has been sick during the last year except me. We all try to be scientists as much as we can.

Your friend, LUCY AULT.

P. S. — I would like a card.



DEAR WEE WISDOM — I enclose a true story this morning and for to tell where I live because I want a Truth card. I would be very thankful if you would send me one. I live in Forest City, Ark. I have no street.

ARDALE ROLLWAGE.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am a little girl nine years old. I live at 3031 St. Vincent Avenue. I have two sisters, one six years old, and one eighteen years old, and I love them both. My biggest sister is in Salem now. I was at my grandma's when I wrote the first letter to you. My grandma keeps it. My grandma loves the Truth, and she teaches it to us girls. I love my grandma because she is good to everybody. I also have a dear grandpa; we love him very much; he is very kind to us all. My grandma's name is Mrs. Wren, and I should like very much to have one of Mother Sparr's Moss cards, if you have any more.

EDNA BOSCHÉ.



AVON, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I send 25 cents. I like the story of "The Garden, the Gate, and the Key." I am 8 years old. Yours truly,

CAMILLE STUMP.

CINCINNATI, O.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—My sister Marguerite has been taking you for a long time, and I love to read the children's letters and the lovely stories. I was ten years old the 27th of June this year. We all love pets at our house; we have a Polly; we have a pure white pussy and she has two kittens, and they scamper all over the house after us. We have a Maltese cat who has four kittens, and we have a St. Bernard pup six months old



who plays hide and seek with us. I send you the picture of Bertie, Morton, the Polly, Kittie, Babine and myself. It is taken in our dining room. I will send you 50 cents for WEE WISDOM's bank.

Your loving friend,

DAISY ROBERTSON.

P. S.—I think the editor has such a pretty name. It makes me think of the lovely blue flowers of that name. All of mamma's little girls are named after flowers: Marguerite, Rose, Daisy and Violet. If mamma ever has any more little girls, I shall ask her to call her Myrtle.

—DAISY.

CINCINNATI, O.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I meant to have written this in time for WEE WISDOM's birthday, because it is about birthdays. I have a little brother who was seven years old on the seventh of June. Our old white cat was eight years old on the seventh of June. For weeks before this, my brother kept telling us what he wanted for his birthday. He told the old white cat to bring him some kittens, and "they must be pure white for my birthday

present." About six or seven days before the time, our old cat had two colored kittens, but on Morton's birthday, much to our surprise, she brought three purest white kittens you ever saw, and you can imagine his delight. And he said to everybody, "I told her to bring them, and I knew she would," and we have named them the three graces: Faith, Hope and Wee Wisdom, but I suppose this one will get called Wissie for short. We send you a picture of this old white cat. I am holding her in my arms. We all like this little paper so much, and hope she will have very many happy birthdays. I will send 25 cents to help celebrate WEE WISDOM's birthday with you.

BERT ROBERTSON, age 11 years.

SABINE, TEX.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—As it is near your birthday again I will write and wish you many more happy birthdays. I would like very much to come to your birthday party, but it is too far. I have just returned from a week's visit with a friend at Gladys, which is right at the Beaumont oil fields. Spindle Top, as the oil region is called, is a very interesting sight, with its hundreds of derricks, a great many of which are clustered close together. It is a very noisy place. Will you please send my little brother and me each a Flower card? My WEE WISDOM comes every month, and I enjoy reading it very much. I am twelve years young. I am ever your friend,

EVA M. BALL.

MAYVILLE, WIS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like you very much, and I would like to renew my subscription for another year. Enclosed find 50 cents. My sister and I earned the money ourselves. I am twelve years young. I have a father, mother, one brother three sisters and one grandmother. I send a new subscriber, Lora Grashorn. She has read some of our papers, and enjoys reading them as much as we do. Perhaps I can get some more subscribers by next winter. My sister and I were the first ones who read the dear little paper in our town.

Lovingly yours, ALMA WITKE.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write and renew my subscription. I received your Truth card, and liked it very much; and my sister was so pleased with her card from Aunt Mary. We both thank you very much. I have written a story for the birthday number. My Father would like to have you send him UNITY. We will send the money by postoffice order. From your little friend,

HENRY BEHLE.

IOWA FALLS, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have taken you for three years, and I think you are a very nice little paper. I received the Truth card, and I think it is very nice. Today was Independence Day. I did not go anywhere; I was at home all day. I liked the story about the "Two Gardens," and also all the other stories. I did not go to school this Spring, but think I will go this Winter. I have written to you before, but I thought I would write again, because it is WEE WISDOM's birthday.

Well, I must close for this time, hoping to see my letter in print. I remain as ever, your loving friend,

KATIE MEYER.

AVON, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am six years old. I am a Christian Scientist. I like to read the letters in you. I hope you will put my letter in. We have a kitten and it can bite hard. It is getting fat.

GRACE DORIS STUMP.

TABLE ROCK, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have written to you before, but I thought I would write to you again. I like all the stories in you, but I like "The Garden, the Gate and the Key" the best. I have two brothers and one sister. I can play and sing "Love the Good you See in All." Some little wrens built their nest in the reaper, and there were seven little birds in the nest; but they flew away, and another bird is building a nest there now. I want a Flower card, please. I will close with love. Your loving friend, VIOLET BOONE.

ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—We love to read you very much. I am *Annie*, and I liked Edna's story. I love every story in the WEE WISDOM.

Gladys: I like the Pillow Verses.

Louise: I liked the Mother Goose stories.

Rose: I thank you for the little prayer and card you sent me.

Lucie: We children are so happy, we are always laughing. We all love the Good. I am glad I go to Aunt Mary's class. We play games, and get a pretty card every time. I love to be good and true.

Nonie: We are learning a Lullaby to sing for the Home of Truth.

Your loving readers from Aunt Mary's class, GLADYS MAILLOT, EDNA HICKOK, NONIE MCLELLAN, LOUISE CROW, LUCIE ALTONA, ROSE MARGRAVE, ANNIE WEEKS, IRENE BLAKE, EILRENE HOSFORD, DOROTHY KUCHEL, FLOSSIE MILLER.

THROCKMORTON, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write you a letter for your birthday. I take you and like you very much. I like to read the little letters, and hear the children tell of their homes and little pets. I have just returned from a nice visit to Erath county. Me and my mamma took a trip down there, and had a nice time. I hope you a happy birthday, and hope to read this again. June is my birthday month. I was nine years old the twelfth of June. I would like very much to have one of your little Truth cards.

I am yours lovingly, AGNES AUTREY.

P. S.—Enclosed please find some stamps.

KOKOMO, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first letter I have written to you, and hope to see it in print. I like to read your stories very much. I go to school all the time. I have two sisters and one brother. Please find enclosed 5 cents, which I

send to you for a birthday present. Hoping to receive one of Aunt Mary's dainty Flower cards. Also a stamp for a Truth card if you have any to spare.

Lovingly, EDITH M. LADD.

BRATTLEBORO, VT.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like you very much. I like the lessons in Natural History very much. I am ten years old, and am in the sixth grade in school. My grandma sends you a subscription for me every year. You and the Youth's Companion are the only magazines I read. Will you please send me a Truth card?

I am yours truly, ARTHUR B. DE WITT.

WEE EDITORS' SANCTUM

Wee Editors greet all the Wee Wisdoms from out our little corner. Wee have retired to as little a space as wee can, so that there will be more room for you. Why, this is a grand birthday; wee are overrun with letters, and they are *still* coming to the party. And these letters and stories are so good. They make the Wee Editors, and all others who read these messages of love and peace, feel kindly and loving towards the whole world, because here is shown in plain language the good in everything.

A few of you are crowded out this month, but will be in the September number. You must remember that when we say, "All letters must be in by the 15th," we mean that they must reach us by that time. Dorothy Lothrop sent a lovely story with original illustration, but too late for this month. We also have a *very* nice letter from Verne Millsaps, which will appear next month. Ardale Rollwage's good story was crowded out till next month, but his letter is in, as you will see. Well, wee cannot mention them all, for they are still coming. But come on; we have taken this month's by storm, and we will capture a large part of next month's paper. Wee cannot say any more, so wee will leave you with our blessings, and let each Wee read what his little brothers and sisters in Truth are doing to make the world know itself better.

KIND LITTLE EMMA.

EDNA HICKOK.

(11 years old.)

ONCE I had a little friend named Emma. She was a kind little girl, who was always trying to help others who were in trouble or sick. Emma is only seven years of age. She had a little cousin named Helen, who was sick, and Helen's mamma had invited Emma to come and stay this summer with Helen.

Helen lives up in the mountains, and she is six years old. Emma and Helen love each other very much, and so Helen's mamma wrote to Emma and told her that Helen was sick, but that Emma can come anyway, for she can make Helen well, for she has made others well.

So as summer was near Emma was getting all her things packed, and her mamma was cleaning the house all ready to leave, and when they got on the train Emma was thinking of her little cousin Helen, and saying to herself, "Helen, you are alright; God takes care of you, you can't be hurt."

And so pretty soon they had some bread and fruit for their lunch, but they were not hungry for the ride was so pretty they did not care to eat. When they reached the mountains, Helen ran out to meet them, and kissing her little cousin, Emma said, "Why, Helen, I thought you were sick," and Helen's mamma came out and said, "Yes, she was sick, but she just got well this afternoon. She seemed to be well and said, 'Mamma, I don't feel sick at all; I think I must be well.' And here she is; and she can play all she wants and have a good time." Then Emma told her mamma she had sent the good thought to Helen, and Emma's mamma told Helen's mamma, and when Helen went to bed at night she put her hands together and thanked God for His kindness.

CARVILL'S MESSAGE TO WEE WISDOM.

Dear Wee Wisdom:



June lives right across the street from us, and June and I have fine times playing house with her dolls. June and I play with her little dog, and Jippie plays tag with us.

Elsworth Chase has an electric motor. Don is a boy who lives next door to Elsworth; he has lately moved here.

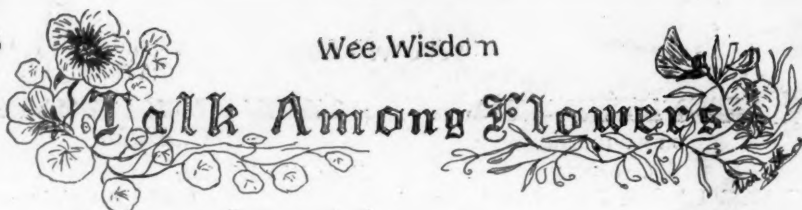
I ride my mamma's wheel. I went to Chinatown, and the Chinese came out as soldiers, and marched to the Joss House. As they marched, a policeman lighted a paper man full of packages of firecrackers. As these firecrackers went off, a horse formed in the brass thing about as big as a dog. The horse burnt up then, and they set off a five-dollar firecracker, and the policeman threw out of his pocket a double-headed Dutchman to a Chinaman. The Chinaman lighted it, then it shot up in the air, and came down in his hand. He lighted it again, and it went over the Joss House into a field; a boy caught it.

As they marched, the Chinamen threw packages of firecrackers to the boys. I took one, and fired them off as I came home. We were invited to Mrs. Wiley's after we went to the Chinese celebration. There we had iced lemonade, chocolate cakes, and all kinds of cookies. Don't you think this is a fat letter? With love to Mrs. Fillmore, I am your friend,

CARVILL CARMER.

[Dictated by Carvill Carmer, 7 years old.]

A dear friend of WEE WISDOM has sent in sixty-two new subscriptions during the past month. If you each got 1-62d as many each month, what a big party we would have on our next birthday!



VIOLETTA LEEMAN.

(7 years old.)



TALK MY NAME is Mr. Nasturtium. A little girl planted me on the south side of the Truth Home in Holton, Kansas. I am trying my best to grow fast, so I can make some yellow and salmon blossoms to place in vases in the parlors. I heard my brothers and sister, Sweet Peas, say that they were trying so hard to climb the strings so they could blossom out into pink, white, and purple blossoms. Then we will tell of love, purity and wisdom.

"I am little Miss Mignonette. I have a whole family of brothers and sisters; some of my sisters are garden pinks. We are trying hard to grow up, because the little girls watered us so nice, and it is because they loved us so, and love always gets a return of good."

"I am a little vine; a little girl planted me here. I drink rain water and eat sunshine. God gives me my food. I have little yellow blossoms; they are shaped like a pear. I think when we are all in blossoms we will sing a song of Truth, don't you?"

THE SUNSHINE BIRDIE.

LAVERNIA LEEMAN.

ONCE upon a time there was a little birdie who came to a little girl named Lavernia, and she named the birdie Sunshine, because it was so full of sweet sunshine and its feathers so like the sun.

This little Sunshine birdie sang such sweet songs that Lavernia would give Sunshine good things to eat, and he knew it too, and would keep on singing, for he was so full of love.

Lavernia has a dollie, and she would take it to Sunshine's cage, and Sunshine would pull the dollie's hair and play with the dollie because he had so much good in him.

This little girl would let this sweet birdie out of his home, and he would fly around the room and light on Lavernia's and her little sister's shoulder, and would eat out of their mouths and pull Lavernia's hair, and would get so much sweet air flying about the room.

Once Sunshine was trying to get some peppergrass, and got his head caught in

the wires where it was so tight that he could not get his head out, so he hung there with his little feet, and after a while Lavernia came out of doors and then ran to tell her mamma. Lavernia's mamma pushed the birdie's head down farther where the wires are not so close together. Then the two little girls went into the house and sat down and thought love and life for birdie, and told God to help little Sunshine and not let him do it again, and soon he was alright, and sang a new song of praise to the good,

When Sunshine sings it fills Lavernia and her little sister with love, and then they sing too, and it fills the house with joy. When Lavernia wants Sunshine to kiss her he understands and does it because he knows that love is everywhere and there is nothing but love, so he has no fear but loves to express love. How happy we all are, birdies, girls, boys and big folks, when we let our sun shine all the time.

