

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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HAPPY HELPERS.

BY N. DIXON HAHN.

"**H**APPY Helpers." Why, of course, if you are a little helper you are a happy one, for helping always brings happiness; sometimes to a great many people all at once. And I do not know of anything that goes farther towards making a whole lot of people happy than "tending baby." It may not be your baby brother or sister, and it may be, but that does not matter much, for all babies are sweet, and they all love little boys and girls, and will smile and goo at them when they would timidly turn from older ones. And if you want pure, sweet love, you are almost sure to find it in baby. Just go near them and talk to them gently and see how pleased they will be. Tell them where you have been, who and what you have seen, and notice how important baby will suddenly grow.

When you were a baby some one taught you to say "Patty cake." Can you say it now? Well, then, just say it to baby. Pat your hands together and say:

"Patty cake, patty cake, Baker's the man.
Do'ey so baby fast ever they can;
Roll it and roll it, and pick it and pick it,
And toss it way up in the oven and bake it."

Say it over and over, and soon the dear little baby will pat its hands in glee while you say the words, and will toss it "way up" oh, so sweetly.

Of course, if mamma or anyone else

is trying to rest while you "tend baby," why, you must talk just as low as possible, and baby will think you are telling a wonderful secret, and laugh when you whisper, even if it does not understand one word you say. Then count baby's fingers this way: Take its little hand and count its fingers taking hold of one at a time—

"One, two, three, four, five,
Just as sure as I'm alive."

Baby will soon learn to put up its little hand to have you repeat it, and finally, when it learns to talk, will say it all alone. Count both hands over and over, for baby thinks your little voice the very sweetest music on earth, and all that you do and say is very wonderful to baby.

"Our little baby has ten little toes,
Ten little fingers and one little nose,
Two little ears and two little eyes,
Sweet little mouth, though it laughs or cries;
Two little hands and two little feet,
Two little legs and arms so sweet,
And all of baby's dear little self
Is sweeter than candy on the shelf."

We all love the baby better than candy I am sure. We can kiss and kiss baby's hands and head and cheeks, and sometimes the dear little mouth, and not kiss any of the sweet off; while candy will soon disappear, and leave nothing, only the toothache once in awhile.

There are many nice little verses to tell baby that you can learn from your story books or from others. Besides baby will be so glad if you will tell him about going uptown or about school or your games. Try it and see.



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No. 10.

One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did.

BY MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PICNIC.

Evelyn had soon joined her brothers on the beach. She scanned the faces of all the ladies there, but saw neither the face of Mrs. Winn nor Mrs. Doble. Harry and Jack were climbing over the rocks. She called to them, but both being so engaged in their own pleasure, paid little heed to her.

"Dear me," murmured Evelyn to herself, "just when one wants the boys to go to work they'll do nothing but play. Well, there is nothing to do about it, for mother said not to tell them."

She sat on a rock to think the matter over, and for awhile watched the people about her in a dreamy way. There were children wading and women bathing on one side, little ones digging in the sand on the other, a small child watching the boats on her right; people coming and going all the time.

"Well," said Evelyn at last, rising, "this will never do. If the boys won't go to work, I must."

She saw Harry sitting lazily on a rock doing absolutely nothing. Evelyn dropped down on the sand again, and pulling off shoes and stockings, and tossing them to one side commenced to wade, for that was the way she found the pretty sea-weed.

Jack was not far away with a smaller overalls boy, who was helping him throw sand into the sea. They looked like brothers, their hats and suits matching. Upon the third day at the grove Mrs. Evans had insisted upon



Evelyn on the beach.

the overalls, when she discovered the state of Jack's knickerbockers from contact with rocks and salt-water. Jack was satisfied to wear them, when he was made aware that other boys wore such things.

Evelyn started home a little earlier than usual with a pail full of sea-weed and two abalone shells. She had climbed over the rocks to find the latter, for the tide was now low, and below Lover's Point one sometimes found the

Wee Wisdom

abalone shells, as well as sea urchins that carry the pretty purple spikes.

The boys remained on the beach playing with the other children. Upon reaching their cottage Evelyn brought another basin, and helped her mother float out the sea-weed.

"Tomorrow I'll take you all into the



Throwing sand into the sea.

woods," said Mrs. Evans, "and we'll have the picnic I promised."

"Oh, I'm so glad," exclaimed Evelyn, as she finished the last card and laid it between blotters beneath a heavy weight.

The boys were jubilant when upon coming in they were told of the picnic.

The next day proved free from fog, so they started off, the boys carrying the lunch basket between them on a pole. They walked up a woody path beneath the tall pines, the yellow sticky monkey flowers poking their heads out at them from every side. The Yerba-buena, which the Spaniards use for making a tea, trailed over the ground to the right and left of their road, sending forth its minty fragrance; cones lay upon the ground, and near a tangle of bushes they saw now and then a beautiful white hare-bell nodding its graceful head.

At last they found the ideal spot to spread their lunch beneath some tall pines. This was a little more open than the rest of the forest, for here the sun-

light streamed in between the trunks of the trees.

The mother was brave when she spread that lunch before their hungry eyes. For the next meal they had barely enough, but for breakfast the following morning she did not know where her supply would come from. Mrs. Evans said nothing to her children, but determined in her own mind to go and see Mrs. Winn that evening, and ask if she knew anyone who might like sewing or mending done, for that was her usual occupation at home.

The children enjoyed every moment of their outing. The boys picked up cones and Evelyn hunted new wild flowers, and even trimmed up her mother's hat with golden-backed ferns, Harry and Jack helping.

They walked as far as the sand dunes, then rested beneath some odd-shaped pines, their mother reclining on a long, low, leaning tree for their amusement. After resting there awhile and watching the sea dash in over the rocks, they



The ideal spot for lunch.

retraced their steps, reaching home about four.

"Look!" cried Evelyn, as she opened the door, "some one's been here. Here's a card. It's Mrs. Winn's, and she's written a note on it."

Mrs. Evans took the card from her little daughter's hand.

"It says, 'Called to explain. Will

come for Evelyn tomorrow at 11 A. M."

"Ah, then, there was a reason for her not coming before," exclaimed Evelyn.

"Mother! mother!" squealed Harry, who was on his tiptoes examining the safe. "Here's some fresh butter and a pitcher of cream. Where did it come from?"

"Harry, come away, please. Don't eat anything more before supper," advised Mrs. Evans as she opened the safe.

"See if you boys can't find some wild blackberries for our supper, while I help mother," suggested Evelyn, as she followed her mother, for she, too, wished to inspect the safe.

"It's true, mother, isn't it? A pat of fresh butter, enough for supper and breakfast, and cream! isn't that good? God is truly Love!"

[To be continued.]

TO THE WEE WISDOMS.

Aunt Mary deWitt will give a set of mounted photographs, pictures taken by herself, to the boy or girl who secures ten or more subscriptions to WEE WISDOM before June 1st. The one sending in the next highest will receive a book, and to all those who send in some subscriptions, Truth cards will be sent. Ask your parents to explain the word "subscription," and to help you in your work. In helping WEE WISDOM you are helping others, and you help yourself. It is God-like to spread the Truth. Subscriptions must be sent to

Wee Wisdom, 1315 McGee St.,
Kansas City, Mo.

"Come, pretty Violet,
Winter's away;
Come, for without you
May is n't May."

THE MAY QUEEN.

BY RUTH STIMSON.

Age 12.

Round, round the May-pole
We all go;
Round, round the May-pole
All in a row.

Round, round the May-pole,
Little seeds to sow.
Round, round the May-pole
To make friends of foe.

Each ribbon is a kind thought,
Each color is a deed;
Each little girl and boy is taught
To sow a kind word seed.

The little birthday party was continuing merrily, and Dorothy, the May queen, was considered a good entertainer. Around the May-pole they marched again and again, singing sweet little Spring songs.

The May queen felt that eleven years was improving the age, and that now she was old enough to do a great deal of good. She had invited all the poor children who lived near, and also all of her own dear little playmates.

Many were the games they played at this loving gathering. "Pussy wants a Corner," and "Ring Around the Rosy" were played for the younger ones. The children were not allowed in one place, it was a tent placed against a tree. They wondered what it could be for, and at meal time their curiosity was satisfied. It was growing dark by meal time, and the tent was lighted with Japanese lanterns. Under each napkin was a little present. After a hearty meal of goodies, they marched around the May-pole again, and then the pull, "One-two-three, go!" each one held her ribbon tightly in her little hand, and soon found herself at home in her bed, soon to be in the land of dreams.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

What the Prize Doll Says.

I am the prize dollie of WEE WISDOM. I wish to introduce myself to the little Wees, for through them I understand I have been given my present pleasant home. My name is Pansy Myrtle Fillmore Mary deWitt Leeman. Your dear editor's love thought of you and so I grew. Aunt Mary's love united with her love, and I was clothed in beautiful raiment.

One day away out in California Aunt Mary found me in a little dark box where I could scarcely breathe or move. She took me carefully into her loving arms, saying, "What a bright, sweet face. How dearly the little Wee who wins her will love her."

How glad I was to be free out in the sunlight and go home with this dear lady who loves dolls, children, birds, flowers and all of life's expressions.

Next day Aunt Mary, who is so full of grace "that she knows just how to fashion graceful raiment," commenced to cut and sew. First she dressed me all in white, because white expresses purity and allness, as white, you know, comprises all colors. Then my feet were placed in some sweet little blue stockings and slippers, which reminds me that my understanding must walk

and act in the Truth, for blue represents truth. Next, I was dressed in just the prettiest of pink gowns, and as pink means love, I at once felt loving and loveable. Aunt Mary said as she tied a pink bow on my golden curls, "How lovely!"



PANSY MYRTLE FILLMORE MARY DE WITT LEEMAN.

I watched the dear hands to see if they were going to work out some more Truth and Love. Sure enough they were. They went to braiding strands of pink and blue, which made me think of the strands woven into life of which the poets write. I thought, That is what the little Wees are doing by sending their good paper all over the world—weaving strands of Truth and Love into the lives of boys and girls who soon will

be men and women filled with good, for Truth and Love always make folks good.

Well, by the time I had thought this out, Aunt Mary had tucked me into the cutest little blue and white cloak and fastened something on my head which I saw, when she held me up to the mirror, was a beautiful hat made out of the braid she was weaving. Now my head, where I think, was crowned with the united power of Truth and Love. I was all ready to "go forth to bless

the children." "In Christ's name" Aunt Mary sent me forth.

I traveled four days and nights on the cars all by myself, but I was not one bit afraid, for the everywhere-present Good was caring for me. Just at noon I stepped out of my traveling case into this blessed Truth home in Holton, Kansas, of which you have all heard. Two sunny-haired, happy-faced little girls came running to greet me. How they did laugh, kiss me, and love me. You may be sure I held my hands right out to them. Then they took me to a sweet-faced lady whom they called mamma. She looked me over with a smile, remarking, "Your prize dollie surely expresses the Truth of life and Love of good; our little girls must always remember that she was sent of Love, and that the love in your hearts for the good of others drew her to you."

At the Easter services of our Home I was introduced to the Truth people. They all looked very happy when told how much good I had accomplished by causing so many children to take our WEE WISDOM, which is always full of Good News.

I have a little chair of my own and never miss being present at our Truth Sabbath School. I am sure I shall learn how to live a long, happy useful life in this Home where Harmony rules, and I expect you each and all to live with me in the everywhere-present love.

(Reported by)

LAVERNA AND VIOLETTA'S MAMMA.

"Pa," said little Tommy, getting a bright idea, "I can do something you can't."

"What?" demanded pa.

"Grow," replied the youngster.—*Ex.*

"Always do the best you can, and you will be happy."

THE MAY QUEEN.

BY NANCY SIMPSON.

Age 12.

A little girl looked anxiously out of the window; she was so afraid it would rain, and she had reason to be, for she had been appointed queen at a May party that was to be held the next day in the woods near by. All the children were going to bring their lunch.

As Lottie was looking out, the bright drops began to fall. Lottie nearly shed some bright drops herself, but then she thought, "Mamma will only feel sorry, and it will do no good;" so, sighing, she went to the kitchen to look at the good things that were being prepared for the picnic.

Lottie went to bed that night rather sad and tearful, but she thought maybe the morning would bring sunshine.

When she awoke in the morning the sun was shining brightly, and her dress was out that she was to wear.

Lottie did not know that mother had seen her disappointment. As Lottie was ready to start, her mother kissing her fondly, said, "The children elected my little girl for queen because she is so unselfish, and knows how to rule her thoughts better than most children."

Lottie never forgot those words, and they have helped her in many a sad and disappointed day.

She had a lovely time at the picnic, and when she came home she thought as she went to bed that the bright rain-drops had come to help her.

Class Word—"ALWAYS LOVE TO DO YOUR PART,

THEN YOU 'LL HAVE A HAPPY HEART."

Jewel Word—I WANT TO BE LOVING AND KIND.

Verse Word—

Love is gentle, Love is sweet,
Love has willing hands and feet.

Wee Wisdom

HONEYBEES IN MAY.

BY JENNIE C. SCHOFIELD.

Honeybees are much valued by men for their honey-wax. Bees live in hives containing from ten to fifty thousand bees. There are three classes: They are called the queen, or female; the drones or males; and the workers, or neuters.



JENNIE SCHOFIELD.

The queen bee is the largest of the bees, and there is only one queen bee in a hive. She lays all the eggs. About ten or fifteen workers wait upon the queen and feed her. When the young queen is hatched the old queen-bee leaves the hive with a large number of workers to start a new colony, which is called swarming.

I was very much interested in seeing a swarm of bees come out one day last summer, and how they did buzz and fly about. They finally lit on the limb of an apple tree a little higher than my head. When they were all fastened on the limb they looked like a great mass, nearly as large as a bushel basket. They hung right there as contented as could be until they were put in a hive.

The workers gather the honey and pollen.

They carry the honey home in their stomachs and discharge it. They carry the pollen in little sacks on their hind legs, and make it into bee-bread for the baby bees, which at first look like little worms. The workers kill the drones every Autumn. And so the old saying is:

"A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a ton of hay."

WHY I LIKE THE SPRING-TIME.

BY KATIE MEYER.

I LIKE Spring-time because as soon as the sun comes up in the morning all the little birds are singing their sweet little notes as they fly among the fresh green trees; and the grass, too, is of a nice, soft green color, and also the little showers which bring May flowers, which tell us about strength, courage, victory and life. Those flowers are often taken to decorate the old soldiers' graves, and sometimes taken to the sick to brighten the room; and their sweet fragrance and the fresh Spring air makes one feel strong and happy, for God is health, power, truth,

love, etc., for God's tender love makes everything bright and beautiful.

Even the children who play upon the fresh green lawn are filled with beautiful thoughts and deeds, as the sweet roses are filled with invisible perfume, and all the little insects which God made to beautify the earth, and all the little seeds which we plant work their way up through the soil and come peeping out fresh and green; all those pretty things seem to talk to each other and tell of their new life in this bright world.

Once, about two years ago, it was early in the Spring when there were no flowers yet, we had some house plants,

and one of our geraniums had about fifteen bright red flowers, and one of our neighbors was sick and we gave him that geranium. It made him so happy to see those pretty blossoms so full of love and beauty that he soon got well, and he takes care of his plant and his greatest delight is to tell of how a house plant saved his life. He is now an old man and always happy.

Once there was a Maple tree awoke at Spring-time shivering because it was so cold. "Oh, Mother Nature," said the Maple, "I tremble with cold, for my limbs are ugly and bare." And the Maple was wishing for some beautiful birds to come and build their nest in among her branches, for birds' nests make everything look pleasant. So kind Mother Nature gave the Maple such a lot of leaves, more than one could count, and the Maple was so happy and well pleased with the pretty green leaves, they were so beautiful, and one day a pair of golden robins made their home in that tree and the other robins often came to visit them, and then the pretty robins would sing all day long, and when the leaves would get thirsty Mother Nature gave them raindrops to make them look fresh. Then the Maple would thank Mother Nature for her loving kindness to her. And when the autumn winds came all the little leaves that were once fresh and green turned to a golden red and dropped to the ground. There are so many pretty things in the early Spring. That is why I like it.

Wild wind, blowing today,
Blow some generous thought my way;
Blow it to me like a winged seed,
Soon to grow to a lovely deed.
Dear wind, blowing today,
Blow some generous thought my way.

— MARGARET GEORGE.

THE MAY QUEEN.

BY ELEANOR ANDREWS.

12 years old.



DELLE Morgan was a poor little girl. Her mother took in washing and her father worked at the mills. One day Adelle heard some girls say she was poor. She was very angry and went and told her mother. Mrs. Morgan said, "Don't be angry, dear; even if we are poor, we are rich in love and kindness."

The next week was to bring May-day, and Adelle told her mother that the children were going to vote for the May queen at school the following day. Now, Adelle was a very pretty little girl, but the other girls who thought they were pretty wouldn't say so, yet they knew she was prettier than they were.

When the children were in school the next day, the teacher told them it was time to vote for the May queen; and she gave each child a slip of paper on which to write the name of the one they voted for. When the slips were collected, the teacher read the votes: Laurina Todd, ten votes; Isabelle Putzman, six votes; Helen Tyler, thirteen votes; and Adelle Morgan, seventeen votes; so Adelle was the May queen.

At recess none of the other girls played with Adelle, because she was queen.

"Pooh!" said one girl, "she has n't got a dress to wear."

That afternoon when school was over, Adelle ran home and told her mother that she was Queen of May. "And I have to be all in white, too, mamma," she said. "White slippers and stockings, and everything white. Do you think you can get them for me?"

"I think so, dear," said Mrs. Morgan; "I will talk it over with Aunt Laura. I heard her say that Marjorie had a

white dress she had out-grown, and some white slippers and stockings, too."

"Oh, goody! goody!" cried Adelle. "The teacher said the queen would ride in an open carriage covered with white roses. The horses will be white, and also their harness; won't it be pretty?"

"Yes, I think it will be very pretty. I will go to Aunt Laura's now."

Aunt Laura gave Mrs. Morgan the dress, slippers and stockings and a white hair-ribbon.

May-day came at last. When the children came they saw Adelle in the carriage all ready. They formed a procession, and walked behind her two by two. Adelle looked very pretty all in white.

They went to a big field, and in the center stood a big May-pole with pretty ribbons blowing around in the breeze. The children each took hold of a ribbon and danced around the May pole, weaving a beautiful pattern in bright colors. They all enjoyed themselves very much, and when they went home they all said that Adelle was the prettiest May queen they had ever seen.



"How much better it is to get wisdom than gold."

EDNA'S MISTAKE.

A Real Experience.

BY HARRIET H. RIX.

EDNA was a little girl with a bright, happy disposition and a face like the sunshine. She was a born Truth child, for long before she came into the world her mother had placed her faith in the power of the Word of God to protect, provide and keep His children.

When Edna was five years old she had never taken a drop of medicine, nor even, I suppose, heard of such a thing. She knew all about treatments, however, and if ever a pain came up or any little disturbance entered her life, she knew just where to go for help. Her mother's lap was very soft at such times, and her voice very comforting, and the silence very healing. So Edna never dreamed that there was such a thing in all the world as medicine, but this little girl had much to learn.

When the time came for her to attend school, she learned much that was not printed in the First Reader. Like all bright children, she kept her eyes and ears open, and had many questions to ask, almost all of which began with a long-drawn-out "Why?" or "What?" So that when any of her little play-mates were absent from school whole days at a time, upon their return she would ask why they had not come.

This led to her finding out that they had been sick, and had been taking medicine. This puzzled her, and when she in turn would ask them why they didn't have treatments, this would puzzle them.

After a time this Wee Wisdom got the notion in her head that medicine must be something very fine, like a prize in a box of candy, so one day when she felt a little pain in her stomach, she ran crying to her mother, who said, "It will be all right in a moment. Sit still until I speak the Word."

Much to her mother's surprise, Edna began to cry, a most unusual thing, and

sobbed out, "Treatments, treatments, treatments! I can never have anything else when I am sick but treatments, while Susie and Mary always get medicine."

Edna's wise mother closed her eyes for a moment, and then she replied, "Edna, mother will never force her little girl to take treatments, or to do anything, and if you want medicine you may have it. But remember, since mother does not know what kind of medicine to give you, you will have to tell her what kind you want to take."

Edna thought for a moment, and then she remembered having heard Susie and Mary talk of castor oil; so she exclaimed, "I want castor oil, mother."

"Very well," said her mother, as she made an effort to keep back the smile a certain memory of her own early struggles with this medicine tried to force to her face. She knew the lesson would be a good one for the child, so she gave her ten cents, telling her where she could buy the oil.

You ought to have seen Edna then. She forgot her stomach ache in her joy. Her little feet fairly danced on the sidewalk, and very soon she was back, her face all dimples and smiles in expectation of the treat in store.

In a minute the oil was ready—a whole tablespoonful, and Edna had swallowed it; then you should have seen her face, a dozen different expressions played over it in as many seconds, but she was so loyal and quick to see a point, that she never so much as let out a single groan, but that face told a tale.

Her mother said quietly, "Now, Edna, when you think it time for a second dose, come and tell me."

But you may well believe no such thing was ever asked for. Truth treatments from that time were good enough for Edna.

It is seven years since Edna took that dose of medicine, and I am sure she is laughing while reading this, as no doubt you are also.



OSHKOSH, WIS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first time I have ever written to you. I like to read you very much, especially "One Summer in Pacific Grove," for I have been there. And I think it is the most beautiful place on earth. WEE WISDOM, you are doubly precious to me, for my Aunt Goodall sent you to me from the Golden West. After I read you I send you to my little cousins, Edna and Vera Krence. I believe in keeping a good thing a going. We have a horse that I can drive, and I have a pet colt. His name is Prince. I have a pet cat, too. I think she is the most advanced cat I ever saw. Now I will ask you to change my address. Yours very truly,

HAROLD SEELING.



BULLS ISLAND, S. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little girl just six years young. I like WEE WISDOM very much. Mamma or one of my brothers reads it to me. I am sewing a quilt for my little bed. All the peach and plum trees are blooming. I would like to have the Bible lessons. Mamma tells me how to spell some of the words. From your loving little friend,

INGA SVENDSEN.



(BADEN) ST. LOUIS, MO.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM—As I have received the WEE WISDOM for two years every month, I would like to have it another year. Would you please send me the April copy? I like the story "One Summer at Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did," very much. Inclosed find fifty cents to pay for another year. Yours truly,

AGNES WITTICH.

[I wish you could see what a neat business letter Agnes has written. WEE WISDOM would like about 10,000 letters just like it.—Ed.]



LAFAYETTE, IND.

DEAR WEES—I am sick in bed, and I don't expect my story will be very good. Four years ago on the eleventh of May I was at a May-pole party. When I came home mother showed me a little white kitten and said that it was mine. He is snuggling up close to me now on my bed. We named him Feathers. I wish some one would tell me what to give for his birthday present.

Ever yours, RUTH STINSON.

[How's this, Ruth, a little Truth girl in bed? Surely it's just a resting spell. Remember our words of Spirit and Life—

"God is my health, I can't be sick;
God is my strength, unfailing quick."

—ED.]

Wee Wisdom

PARTRIDGE, KANSAS.

DEAR WEES—How are you going to answer our editor's question? I for one say I want the Bible lessons, and know Aunt Joy's Bible studies will be

"Full of love and truth,
Full of health and full of youth."

So send them right along. Here is the piece my little brother learned to speak when he was four years young. He is five now. His name is Tyson Vergil:

I'm as merry as a cricket,
As busy as a bee;
Full of love and sunshine,
Don't you see?

Your friend, BENTON ROWLES ANDERSON.



JOPLIN, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the second time I have written to you. I just received my paper yesterday. I have a dog named Tip; two sisters, one is Lottie and the other is Mary. I like to hear mamma read the letters and stories. I am nine years old. I am in the third reader and I haven't been to school since Christmas. This is all I have to say.

ROY LANGTHORP.



PARTRIDGE, KANS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like very much to have the Bible lessons in WEE WISDOM. We learned lots of truths from the little paper when we were repeating the Class Word. I will speak words only that bless and brighten. Mamma said, "Here is a Bible verse for you to learn, 'Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.'" We are reading "Wee Wisdom's Way" through again the second time this winter. We read one chapter through each evening this time. We like our Christmas book, "Elsie's Little Brother Tom."

Your loving friend, WILLERD COE ANDERSON.



BEMIDJI, MINN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first time I ever wrote to the Wees. This is the third paper I ever got. I like all the stories so well. I am nine years old, but have only gone to school a year, as we moved from Indiana two years ago for mamma's health, and the school is three miles from our house. We live near a beautiful lake, and the woods goes for miles and miles. I didn't like it at first but I like it better now. I am the only girl around here for several miles. One little boy lives about one-half mile away. I was rather lonesome for a while, as I always lived in town, but now I have my dog and cat and chickens and one little calf to play with. My dog's name is Rover. I have a little sled and harness. My cat weighs twelve pounds. His name is Tiger because he looks like one. This is a pretty big letter for the first time. So good-bye to all the Wees,

JUANITA GRAY.

[How beautiful it must be up there among the trees and lakes. We'd all like to come up and picnic with you this summer, Juanita.—Ed.]

HOLTON, KANS.

MY DEAR YE EDITOR—I have just received the prize doll from Aunt Mary, and I think it is very sweet and dear. I hope all the little Wees will enjoy the little paper that they will get on account of prize dollie as much as I do. Mamma says she thinks it looks as if it were ready to talk, and she said it expressed the Truth because it looked so active. It is jointed in the head, arms and legs, and has real hair and its eyes are blue. It has a dear little hat that is made of straw, and Aunt Mary said she made it herself. It has such a sweet little cloak. Its hair is parted on the side like mine. I know Ye Editor did not have Aunt Mary dress the dollie just for the sake of giving it away, but to have other children take WEE WISDOM and be blessed too, and that is what it is doing for me. I say that long verse about "God is my help in every need," and one of the little pillow verses about,

"Little thoughts have little wings,
And fly like little birds that sing."

It was raining all this morning. It has stopped now and the wind is blowing. In the school house it began to get dark, and my teacher was going to see if she could not let us out early before it rained and she did. When we were going out she asked Mr. McKinsey, our janitor, if there was a cyclone coming, but he said there were no signs of a cyclone. Now I think I will have to close. With love to all the little Wees,

Your little sweetheart, VIOLETTA LEEMAN.



BULLS ISLAND, S. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I thought I would write to you about our island home. It is shaped like a horse shoe, and it has a beautiful beach about an eighth of a mile wide and twelve miles long. It is grand to go in bathing in the surf in the summer. The woods are beautiful. We have palmettos, oaks, magnolias and pine trees. When we go in the woods we play we are climbing the Alps, the sand hills are so high, and covered with holly and cassia bushes, all covered with red berries and vines. The hills are so high that they are level with the tops of the pines in the valley. In the Spring we have beautiful yellow jasmine and magnolia flowers and blackberries. We have a fine dog. His name is Pinkney. He is named after an old fort in the harbor of Charleston called "Castle Pinkney." Our next door neighbor lives ten miles away, and my younger brother and I often walk down to visit them. We have a school down here. Mamma got the school commissioners to give us a teacher. We divide the term with the family on the other end of the island. We live about forty miles from Charleston, S. C., and travel to the city in a small sail boat, for Charleston is our mail station. We all like WEE WISDOM, and we would like very much to have the Bible lessons, because we have no Sunday School. My little sister, Inga, is writing a letter too. She is so fond of her books. Papa intends to renew our subscription as a birthday gift. It expires on the fourth of June, which is my birthday. I will be thirteen years. With best wishes to all, I am your little friend,

VIRGIL P. SVENDSEN.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought that I would write you a little letter because I had never written to you before. I am a little boy eight years old. I like to hear my sister read the stories in the little paper. I know a little verse that I think is very nice. This is the little verse:

"Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind words are the roots;
Kind thoughts are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits."

We had very much rain Thursday and Friday. I like the rain because I think the flowers get plenty of water to drink. My papa brought some nice plants home from the country. They are just beginning to sprout. I like to go to school. And I like to go to Sunday School because our teacher, Mr. Krohn, reads and tells us those nice stories. I like my teacher very much. I will close my little letter now.

Yours truly, WILLIE SPAETH.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my second letter to you. I have read your paper every month and like the stories very much. I will try to get some new subscribers, though do not know of any now. Well, I must close. Love to all the little Wees.

Yours truly, NANCY SIMPSON.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

WEE WISDOM—I don't know much about WEE WISDOM, but I will tell you the best I can about it. It was the first time I was down in this Sunday School. And I am very glad that my teacher told me that I should not look in back of the clouds any more to find God. My Sunday School teacher told me that God lives right in me. And if this is so the heaven must be in me, too. And to find the heaven in me I must follow the law of God. I must think the truth, speak the truth, and live the truth. CONRAD BISCHOF.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have not written much to you yet. I am so glad that I thought I would write a lesson about a wonderful lesson we learned about God. The Sunday School taught me these lessons. Here they are:

First is, *That the love of Harmony means love, truth, peace, health, life, spirit, joy, strength and kindness.*

Second is, *How to live.* First, we must think truly of each brother and sister, we must love each other. And when I get a fever I must think it is a warning for me to be good, and when I go to bed I must not be afraid; when I work I must not play.

Third is, *What I have to say before I go to bed.* I must say I am God's child. I am filled with perfect love, strength, life and wisdom. I am afraid of nothing, and I must think good thoughts so I can go to rest and sleep quietly.

Fourth is, *What God Stands For.* God stands for all of us people.

I go to a different school now, and the name is Pestalozzi school. It has fourteen rooms, and I

am in the second last room. It is number two. I am in the Fourth Reader. My sister, Ida, is in number seven, and sister Bertha is in number seven in the second class. My birthday is the 8th of May. I am going to Sunday School. I will write you a few Golden texts. Here they are: "A voice from heaven saying, This is my beloved son, with whom I am well pleased." "The Lord is my shepherd." "Thou shalt not steal." "Love thy neighbor as thyself." I will come to a close. With many kisses to all of you.

Yours truly, HULDA SCHELLHARDT. (Age 12.)

VIOLA, IDAHO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Please find enclosed fifty cents for WEE WISDOM for one year. I am eleven years old. I have four sisters. They are all older than myself. My school is out now. I will be in the fifth grade next year. I think WEE WISDOM is a nice little paper. Hoping to see my letter in the next paper, I will close. Your true friend,

FANNIE CUTHBERT.

PUYALLUP, WASH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—We have had a great deal of snow here the last week, and all the children were glad. The girls chose sides and would throw snow at each other. Last Friday when I was at school I asked some of my playmates if they would like to have a free copy of WEE WISDOM and there were nine girls who said they would like to have a free copy. I will try and get some subscribers. Oh, I have something to tell you. Last month a friend of mine sent me a book. The name of the book is *Elsie's Little Brother Tom*. I think it is the nicest book I ever read. I wish all of the Wees could read it. Perhaps some of you have read it. I hope you have. I like the paper so well I will send fifty cents in stamps for it. I guess I will close now.

Your loving friend, RUTH DARR.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I like you very much. But I like the last number best of all because of the Bible lessons. I love the letters and stories the other Wees write. I am in the Third Reader. I have a sister six years young, and a brother twenty months young, and I am eight years young. I have a little kitten and a rabbit. I have a little lamb, also. Papa once bought us two tiny pigs. We fed them milk, but they soon grew so big and so noisy that we could not keep them. I enclose fifty cents for another year. From your loving friend,

EDITH HANSON.


ALAMEDA, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I wrote a little story about "The May Queen" for you. I hope you will like it. I think you are a dear little paper. This is the first story I wrote you, and the first letter, too. I have three sisters and one brother. Their names are Ray, Anita, Adelle and Wallace. We were all consecrated in the Home of Truth here on Easter. I will close now with love from your friend,

ELEANOR ANDREWS.



YE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

OME folks are worrying over the backward Spring and wondering if ever it will get warm again. Now, we don't want to get into any such kind of habits. We want to make friends with everything. Even a chilly day will warm up when we smile on it. Why, there's a little Jonquil down in the yard that came up and bloomed all through April, and when the snow came whirling down upon it, it just seemed to send out its brightness like a spot of sunshine, and could we have heard the greeting to the swirling flakes it must have been like this, "I am glad to meet you. You are flowers of the sky, and are so soft and white you must be made of something very pure." And so the loving snow-flakes spread themselves between the happy Jonquil and the cold north wind, and when the sun came out they left the little Jonquil with a sparkle in its golden crown. It isn't the things that happen outside that hurt us, it's the fears and worries within that rob us of our happiness and joy. Why! the whole Everywhere is brim full of beautiful opportunities for us to lay hold of and make up a world to our liking. When these "some folks" were scolding about the snowfalls of April, they ought just to have opened their eyes and seen these wonderful blossoms of the sky—why! the flowers of Spring could never out-do the snow-flakes for beauty—and then they came not only to bloom for themselves but to spread a soft protection over the tender buds of Spring. It's better to keep one's wisdom eyes open and see how full of thoughtful tenderness the whole great Universe of God is. We want to train

our eyes to look for the good. After a little practice of this kind you'll be surprised how many beautiful things will spring out of homely places. We always find what we look for. What are *we* looking for?

WEE WISDOM stands for the new eyes and the new ears that are looking and listening for that which shall bring us into seeing and hearing all the beautiful and melodious creations of Divine Wisdom. We are looking for the very best God can give us. Some people think Health is the very best God can give us. And I guess there wouldn't be much enjoyment without it. But then what is Health but knowing real well that we are one with God's beautiful life? Last Sunday we turned our class of Wees into a kind of Health Club. Helen wrote the word, H-e-a-l-t-h on the board, and we all spelled it out and found that while it took only just six little letters to form the word, it took "the tongue of the wise" to keep the Health showing forth. So Helen wrote on the board—

"The tongue of the wise is Health." That is our "Remember word" for this week, and wise tongues and good health is the fashion with us now. A dear little fellow whom I went to see today, and tried to find health for, was complaining of pain. When told to tell the old pain it had no business there, that it must get right up and go away, he turned to his grandma and said, "I don't think that would be very polite." So the statement had to be modified with a *please*. Blessed little tongue that couldn't speak rudely even to pain.



I wonder if we didn't make it clear to Aunt Mary that we wanted her to continue her Bible Lessons, for she has sent us none this month? There's quite a call for them, too, as she will see from your letters. Well, we'll hold her responsible for them after this.



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QUEEN OF MAY.

Shall Ruth be Queen of May?
Come, now, a vote we'll try.
She does not tease in play,
Nor strive to have her way;
So all the girls say "aye!"

With boys she's kind and good,
And not too grave nor shy;
She does not raise a feud
Nor call them rough and rude;
So all the boys say "aye!"

We know this dear sweet lass
Loves all the birds that fly;
They watch to see her pass
Upon the fresh green grass;
And all the birds say "aye!"

Now from the flowers a voice
Comes like a faint sweet sigh:
And Ruth must be the choice,
Since all the girls and boys
And birds and flowers say "aye!"

— EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD, in *Youth's Companion*.

What about the new subscriptions?
Who's trying to win Aunt Mary's new prize?

Any little story or letter that has not found room this time, will find first place next month. So don't feel disappointed.

Ye Editor had nothing to do about the prizes Aunt Mary has offered. They're out of her own loving thought for you and WEE WISDOM.

We are glad to see little Miss Prize

Dollie and hear about her new home. The Leeman girls and their mamma never do things by halves—nor does their uncle, who did the picture taking for the love of WEE WISDOM. His name is J. H. Holt, and he lives at Fairview, Kans., and does all kinds of fine picture making.

Our subject for June will be, *A Rose*. My! who cannot get an inspiration out of a rose? And that reminds us, so many have asked for Miss Kellerhouse's story, *Love's Roses*, that if you don't tell enough about roses we've a mind to reprint her story.

We will have to leave some of the stories and letters over till next time, but keep on writing. We like to have plenty of material on hand. But bear it in mind always, to tell all the good and leave out the bad, which really is only a shadow without any substance. We want to make health and joy catching wherever WEE WISDOM goes, and so don't want any shadow words put into it.

WEE WISDOM will have to enlarge her letter box. How the dear little white-winged messages fly in! it means interest; we're all getting acquainted with each other, aren't we? I heard Papa Harry say those letters were more to him than all the fine composition grown-ups could grind out, or something to that effect. And another admirer of Wisdoms said WEE WISDOM was destined to be a great light in the world with so many little stars shining out through it. Well, we are glad to see so many of you trying to help make it more interesting. The things that take best are the most natural things. You want to go right into the heart of everything and find out just what the heart has in it, and then you'll always have something fresh and new to tell. Even the flowers and birds will yield you their pretty secrets if you take them for comrades and fellowship with them.

AN ECHO FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY THRESA T. B. H. BROWN.

The Wisdoms Wee will be glad to hear an echo from the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, since it concerns them all individually and collectively. I wonder if any of you ever heard of the Rev. F. Frederick Bliss? Some of you surely have, for he is the founder of the Junior American Republic in Detroit, in Washington City, in Chicago, and other large cities. He is in St. Louis now engaged in the same work of organizing the boys and girls into this grand Junior Republic, and he would like the company of all the youths the world over. How many of you would like to become members? You can belong no matter where you live, and there are many advantages of education to be derived from your membership.

The World's Fair committee has given a concession of land to the juveniles of the world for the purpose of having erected upon the ground Juvenile Headquarters at the World's Fair. Now, since the building is for the youth of the entire world, I think it no more than right that the youth of the world should have a part in building it. The concession was granted through the intercession of Mr. James Eads Howe. Mr. Howe is the grandson of Capt. Eads, the engineer who planned and put into successful operation the world-famed St. Louis bridge that you will wish to visit when you go to the Fair. Mr. Howe is a friend to all the little fatherless boy waifs of St. Louis, and works for them in all the ways he can devise. He has been talking for these boys for months, trying to interest the public in them, and to devise some method by which they may receive the full benefit of the Exposition; and this gift from the World's Fair committee

of land upon which to erect a building is an outcome of his efforts.

On Saturday, March 3d, Mr. Howe, Mr. Bliss and several lads went to the Fair grounds and took formal possession of this land, driving down some stakes. I am on the committee interested in seeing this work for the dear little people and the dear young people go through to a successful finish, and if you visit the Fair I think you will find me somewhere around there, because some of the Kansas City Wisdoms Wee know how well I love to be where the children are, and how they love to be with me. I am thinking up hundreds of fairy tales for the happy time.

All who read this can become members of the Junior American Republic and at the same time have a part in the juvenile headquarters of the World's Fair by sending a dime to the Rev. F. Frederick Bliss, 509 Burlington Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. You will receive in return the certificate of citizenship in the Junior American Republic. Your dime will be used in the purchase of brick, plank or some other building material, and the St. Louis Wee Wisdoms will help see that it is put in place.

The boys want a swimming pool, so that when the weather is hot and they have grown weary of seeing the sights, they can go to the juvenile headquarters and rest and cool off. There will be a quiet nook where children can go and write a letter home while all they have seen on any particular day is fresh in their minds. I can see the author of Nature stories in *WEE WISDOM* and his two boys fairly reveling in the sights of that World's Fair.

If any of you have in mind something you think would be nice to have in our building, you may mention it in the letter in which you enclose the dime, and I assure you we will be pleased to take note of your suggestions.