

# HAZEL'S JOURNEY.

[Hazel's grandma has kindly shared Hazel's letter with us, because she knows since Hazel is one of us Wees, we will all be glad to hear about her. To think of WEE WISDOM'S having to go way up to Alaska to find Hazel, now! You'll tell us all about your new home, won't you, Hazel?— Eds.]



Hazel Gardiner.

ON BOARD SEATTLE STEAMER OREGON, PACIFIC OCEAN.

DEAR GRANDMA-I am going to tell you all I have seen on my journey, and then I am going to tell you the story I made up about my journey. The first was, we were all seasick, and this lasted for four days. Grandma, I will tell you the rest in my story which is going to commence right now. The subject of my story is:

### MY TRIP TO NOME, ALASKA.

We got on Seattle Steamer Oregon at Seattle, Washington, June 1, 1904. It was night, about 9:00 o'clock. We stayed out on deck a little while, then we went in our bunk. It was about

as big a sa big playhouse. All went well until the next morning, and then we were all seasick. We were seasick for four days. Then we all felt better. The 7th of June we saw a volcano, and smoke was coming out of it. Then there was a string of mountains. Yesterday, which was June the 8th, we struck ice in Bering Sea, and it was wonderful; and I saw about three seals today, which is June the 9th. One had great wide white and black stripes and the rest were all black. We passed Dutch Harbor a few days ago. We never saw land for six and more days. Yesterday night we passed another steamboat. There is a bird called the Sea Gull, and they followed our ship all the time. And this is all

it to you. I guess I will close.



Frank Gardiner,

of my story. Grandma, if I can make my story better, I will, and send - HAZEL GARDINER.

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## A WISE CONCLUSION.

- "Said Peter Paul Augustus, 'When I am a grown man, I'll help my dearest mother the very best I can. I'll wait upon her kindly; she'll lean upon my arm; I'll lead her very gently, and keep her safe from harm.""
- "But when I think upon it, the time will be so long," Said Henry John Adelphus, 'before I'm tall and strong; I think it would be wiser to be her pride and joy, By helping her my very best while I'm a little boy."



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No. I.

# THE STORY OF FLORENCE.

Told by Florence Herself.



Florence at the Home of Truth.

School, and she sings and sits in her seat, and says her verse, "Jesus blessed the little children."

"Taat's my verse. I learn about the Christ-child, and God is in me. I have an Aunt Mary. I live with

This is a picture of Florence. Florence is a little girl with blue-gray eyes and golden hair. She has a blue dress on and blue ribbons in her hair.

"I was at mamma's, and then I came to live with Aunt Mary. I went to a kindergarten and to a picnic. Then Aunt Mary brought me to Pacific Grove."

Sometimes Florence goes to Sunday



Florence making her bow.

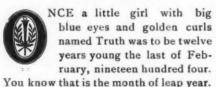
her. She dresses me in the morning, and when I go to bed she puts my nightie on.

"Onward, upward, ever Toward the Truth we go, Carrying others' burdens; Bright, glad seeds we sow. Sowing in the darkness,
And sowing in the light;
Sowing always, ever,
For Love and Peace and Right."

### A LEAP YEAR BIRTHDAY PARTY.

A True Story.

BY LAVERNIA LEEMAN.



Well, Truth's mamma thought she ought to give her a leap year party on her birthday this year, because she had just been promoted to the upstairs in school, and up there they thought, the girls did, that they were big enough to talk about love and boys, and the boys thought it was time to make eyes at the girls and laugh, and Truth did not see why boys had anything to do with love; this made Truth stay alone in school, so her mamma thought a good time to show her schoolmates how to think and act about girls and boys, and as she said, "Give them an object lesson in love that is love."

So Love and her planned it all fine as could be. Love is Truth's sister, and she has blue eyes and sunshiny curls, too, but she is not like Truth, for Truth is quiet and slow, but Love is so full of happiness she is always laughing and talking and running around.

Now I will tell you just how the party was fixed. First, the invitations had two hearts on, one yellow with "Wise Love" written on it, one white with "Pure Love" written on it; these were fastened together with baby ribbon.

The invitations read:

My true heart desires the pleasure of the company of your true heart on —— at ——

Miss Truth ——

Then Truth's mamma, Love and Goodness, (she's Truth's big sister, Goodness is) fixed the house all up with yellow and white crepe paper, yellow and white flowers, and great big yellow card-board hearts with smaller white hearts pasted on, and big white hearts with little yellow hearts on them.

They hung these from the chandeliers. Then they hung them all in a row, some smaller white and yellow hearts with smaller hearts pasted on them, enough for every boy and girl who came. The yellow hearts were for the boys, and the white ones for the girls. Truth's mamma wrote a poem about love on each of them.

Here are two of them:

Love is like sanlight, It shines everywhere, So sweet, pure and bright, All may have a share.

Love is good and true and kind; The pure heart will true love find, Joined with wisdom love will be Life and health and all that's free.

After they were all there, and had some yellow punch and listened to some music which the children gave, Truth's mamma had all the girls go in the front parlor and all the boys in the back parlor; then she took all the poem hearts down and gave one to each boy and girl; then the girls were to read their poems and the boys to find which one was like theirs; then the girls stepped to the folding doors, and the boy who had a poem like hers stepped toward her; this meant they were to eat refreshments and play games together.

Then they commenced to laugh and act foolish, so Truth's mamma thought the Good had given her a chance to tell them what love meant and how boys and girls should act towards one another.

She said, "Love was like sunshine, everywhere and in every one; that you could not give it to each other, but every one could live in it and feel it; then they could let love shine through them in thoughts, words and acts of kindness, not only for boys and girls, but for every one and everything, birds, flowers, worms, dogs and people."

Then she told them that boys meant wisdom, and they must let love be wisely expressed; that girls meant purity, and they must let love shine through a pure mind, and lots of other things; that Truth's teacher who was there said that was just what girls and boys of that age should have taught them in every home. When Truth's mamma finished talking, then no one acted foolish any more.

Then came the game of hearts which Truth's mamma fixed up. Each one was given a white or yellow pencil, and a white or yellow paper heart on which they were to write as many words commencing with the letters of the name of their Love—the boys you know were Wise Love and the girls Pure Love, and the one who got the most words was given a prize.

The prize for the girls was a big bunch of white carnations, and the boys a bouquet of yellow hyacinths. After the play lunch was served on little tables with white and yellow paper cloths. They had white and yellow brick ice cream, oranges, yellow and white candy, white wafers, deviled eggs, white and yellow cake.

The girls and boys said as they bid the receiving party "good night," that they had never attended a party where they had such a good time and learned so much good, too.

"If we're thoughtful just this minute,
In what e're we say and do;
If we put a purpose in it
That is honest through and through,
We shall gladden life, and give it
Grace to make it all sublime,
For, though life is long, we live it
Just this minute at a time."

# THEODORE FILLMORE WALLACE.



Would you know him? He came to the party last year along with Marcella and Charles. He is now 17 months young and weighs 27 lbs. Theodore keeps things lively at his house. He likes to pick his mamma's flowers, and he likes lots of nice long fern leaves in his bouquets; for this reason his mamma puts her ferns up a little higher. Theodore came out to see the Den the other day and brought Tessie with him. Just look at him now as he smiles at you, and you can't help but know that he is one of the strong, happy Wees.

Little Gussie said to her friend one day as they went out to run: "What was it your papa was saying this noon, when you folded your hands and sat up so straight, and bowed; I could n't quite understand."

"Oh, he was just saying, 'Thank you,' to God for giving us food every day," said Ruthie. "God is our great supper, you know."

— VIOLA.

### FOUR LITTLE GIRLS.

BY OLIVE FOX.

Age o years.

ONCE there were four little girls,
Bertha, Dorothy, Grace and
Bessie.

Bertha was like a beam of sunshine. The first thing in the morning, after she had eaten her breakfast, she started out with a basket of flowers on her arm and went to the children's hospital. She stayed a little while with the children, and then went home to help some one else.

Now, Dorothy was selfish and wanted her own way. She took her dolly and went out to a beautiful little nook. She played with her dolly a while, but she soon got tired. She threw her dolly down impatiently. As the doll fell on the ground it broke. Dorothy threw herself down beside the broken dolly and cried as if her heart would break. Just then Bertha came along and said, "What is the matter?"

Dorothy answered, "Oh, I have broken my dolly."

Bertha picked the dolly up and said, "Oh, I can fix it." Then she went away and soon returned with a bottle of cement. She soon had the dolly's head fixed in its place. Then she said, "See, I have made her all well again."

Grace was proud of her clothes. She put on a nice dress and walked about the streets hoping some one would notice her. After she had walked a little way she met Bessie, a little girl who did not like her. Bessie said, "I don't think your clothes are pretty, and you ought not to be proud of them."

Then Grace said, "My clothes are pretty."

They were just getting very angry when Bertha and Dorothy came along. Bertha said, "What is the matter?" Grace answered, "Bessie said my clothes were not pretty."

Bessie said, "She ought not to be proud of her clothes, had she?"

Then Bertha said, "Your clothes are pretty, Grace. Bessie, you should not say that they are not pretty."

She talked so pleasantly to them, telling them about the dolly, that they forgot all about being angry, and went away and played together.

Dorothy forgot all about being selfish, Grace forgot all about being proud, and Bessie forgot she was angry with Grace, and they had a lovely time.

SHORT REPORT OF THE DIVINE TRUTH HOME SABBATH SCHOOL, OF HOLTON, KANSAS.

Lesson 1st. Subject: "God." Prayer Word: "God is everywherepresent, therefore, God is here."

Lesson Statements: "God is Spirit. God is Love. God is Wisdom. God is Power. God is Harmony. God is Good. God is Life. God is Light. God is Truth."

Lesson 2d. Subject: "Definitions." Prayer Word: "God (the Good) is within me."

Lesson Statements: "Spirit is invisible Life—that of wicked forms are made." The Love that is God always loves the good of all. Wisdom knows and does the right only. Power is invisible, and can do good only. Harmony is acting together."

- VIOLETTA LEEMAN.

"Three little rules we all should keep
To make life happy and bright—
Smile in the morning, smile at noon,
And keep on smiling at night."

### BLEUCHER.

BY BILLY HEITLAND.

Age II years.

When I was a little baby about two years old my grandparents, who lived in the same town with us, moved away to a distant city, leaving with us a very large New Foundland dog. Everyone thought we were very foolish to take



Billy and Bleucher.

him into the house with a baby because he was so cross with children, and not very nice with grown people, and a great fighter.

I was too young to be afraid of him, and so took possession of him as soon as he arrived. In less than a week he was my devoted slave. He sat beside my highchair at every meal, and I would break off little bits of my food and he would take them from between my fingers without ever pinching them. He slept by my bed at night, and followed after me all day. One day my nurse took me over to the boat-house.

The boatman, who knew my papa, took us out rowing, leaving Bleucher on shore. He howled and cried, and finally jumped into the water and swam after the boat, acting so distressed that the boatman had to bring us in to shore. Here is a picture taken of Bleucher and me at that time.

#### WEE WISDOM.

BY HAZEL L. BAIRD.

Wer Wisdom's loyal praises are by all children sung.

Especially upon this year when it is nine years young.

It brings to us from far and near the good and happy thought,

That by the minds of little Wees, so full of truth, are wrought.

It scatters all our sadness, for it gives us only love.

It helps us to be gentle as any little dove.

We do enjoy its pages that we may read and live, And unto every reader it does a full joy give.

We love to know the new friends that every month do come,

And we hope this month they'll be increased by the help of everyone;

For all should know the message Wee Wisdom has to bring —

'Tis sweet as the scent of flowers or songs that birds can sing.

We know the birds and flowers and wood,

We know what little children should.

Sweet greeting, then, to one and all,

To dear Wee Wisdoms, great and small.

The coming year we will try to show

We have read its pages and God's Truth we know.

#### WHO IS IT?

BY GENEVE SHAFFER.

Who corrects you,
Protects you,
Cooks your meals,
Sews your clothes,
Listens to your appeals?
Who provides your pleasures,
Tucks you in bed,
The affectionate word said?
Who dries your tears,
Laughs not at your ideas?
Who advises and consoles?
Who is your friend in need?
Oh, mother is your friend indeed.



Morris Shafer and Billy Heitland in the swing at Wee Editors' home.

#### A FOURTH OF JULY SURPRISE.

BY MARIORIE CRANE.

Age II years.

AZEL Moore was the daughter of a poor family that lived a half a mile south of Oakwood. It was nearing the Fourth of July, but Hazel's parents were too poor to afford her any fire-works.

There was a little girl by the name of Bessie Clark, who lived in New York, who was visiting at her Aunt's. One day she heard of Hazel and how poor she was. When she went home she said to her mamma. "When I was at Aunt Jennie's I heard of a little girl by the name of Hazel Moore; she wanted some fire-crackers and things, but her father was too poor to afford to buy her any. Can't we send her some? We could afford to."

"We'll see," said Bessie's mamma, but now run out and play."

After a while Bessie's mamma called her and said, "I have decided to let you send some fire-works to the little girl you spoke of. You can get them now if you want to."

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Bessie, as she put on her hat, and her mamma gave her the money.

It was but a short distance to the store, and Bessie was soon there. She purchased Roman candles, fire-crackers, and other beautiful things. That evening there was a box put on the train addressed to—

MISS HAZEL MOORE, care Mr. Moore, OAKWOOD, WIS.

The next morning (the Fourth of July) Hazel's father came home with a box for her.

"Who can it be from?" Hazel exclaimed, as she opened the box and saw the fire-works.

After she had taken part of the things out she found a slip of paper on which was written, "To Hazel from her friend Bessie Clark."

You can imagine how glad Hazel was to receive such a nice box of things. Don't you think Bessie was happy, too?

# STORY OF THE PINE TREE.

Dear Wee Wisdoms and Wee Editors:

It has been a long time since you heard from the "Little Bears," so I am going to send you a story of "The Pine Tree" as told by the "Little Bears' mamma.

Now, children, I have had a grand lesson today. Shall I tell it to you?

Well, this morning as I was looking out of the window, I saw the men in the clearing in the woods preparing to fell a very large tree; a tree that stood out a little apart from the rest of the trees. I wondered how long it would take them to saw it down. So I stood watching for its fall. All at once I seemed to see the great pine enveloped in a pure yellow halo. The halo was the same shape as the tree, only about two feet larger every way. Soon I saw a beautiful light green tree at the root of the big one, as perfect a tree as 'tis possible to see; and the sky all around the halo was a pure purplish red, and between it and the tree was the vellow light. The tree itself was enveloped in the white halo of Divine substance.

Soon the tree, trembling in every limb, reached out its long arm-like branches as if beseeching protection and mercy. It looked so patient and imploring as though it was saying, "I have always been a good example of strength, always ever green and refreshing to look at. I have sheltered everything that came this way. The birds find homes in my sheltering foliage; the squirrels find protection from the dog and the gun of the hunter, in me; the Indian used to rest here in my shade, as does the white man now, I never turned anything away, but always nodded a friendly greeting to every living thing in God's creation. Who will rescue me?"

Then, as if making one mighty effort to call all power together, it seemed to raise its head, or topmost branch, a

little higher, and everything was still not a limb moved for a moment. Then the sky became a beautiful pink all around the clear white of the halo while the trunk, or body of the tree, was covered with the yellow light. men sawed away vigorously, but the tree had gotten so still that not a twig. so far as I could see, was stirring. Then, as though the tree had gotten all the power in her, she raised herself and fell amid a crackling and a roar that sounded like thunder. It seemed as though the tree trunk would be crushed in the fall, but it quivered and trembled and was all still.

I was still looking where the tree had stood for so many years, and its place was filled with the yellow light of Divine wisdom, and I thought, The place where it stood is still hallowed in God's infinite mind. The life, the spirit of that tree, has its own place in Being. I could see the tree had its purpose as well as you and I. We are not as tall and strong to look at, but we are temples of the living God, and the same powerful hand and mind upholds us. We are given power and dominion. We can decide whether we will be cut down like the tree by outside forces, or whether everlasting life in us shall go on manifesting. "My words they are spirit and they are life."

Now, my children, I want you to see how nearly you can manifest, or bring forth, the Divine purpose of life that is within every one. Remember, too, every flower and tree and shrub has its place in God's great plan.

Lovingly yours,

— CARMEN BEAR.

"Sing a cheery little song;
It will help the world along;
Do not worry, do not fret;
Love and faith will conquer yet."



ST. Louis, Mo.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I did not write to you for a long time, so I thought I would write. I like the story about, "One Summer in Pacific Grove or What Faith Did." We were in the country picking all kinds of berries for about six weeks. We had plenty of fun. When I was picking one day I found a bird's nest and there were four little yellow birds. Those people we were picking for, their name was Joe Zielemeyer. And Mrs. Zielemeyer gave me plenty of flowers. My sister Ida was picking and my sister Bertha was picking too. And me and my papa were picking. I like to read in my papa's magazine. I read one day in it and there was written how pleasures were shared. Here it is. From a loving friend.

#### PLEASURES SHARED.

This truth do I hold while the earth blooms fair, Ere the days of our youth are flown — Far sweeter one pleasure that two can share Than a score that we hold alone.

Aye, more; when the shadows of age appear, With the love of our youth still true, No selfish delight can be half so dear As a joy that is shared by two,

Life's trials, I know, lose their power to harm When she whispers soft words of cheer; And all the sweetness that give life and charm, Being shared, is made doubly dear.

[Selected by Hulda.]

[Hulda's selection is a good one, Wee think.— Eps.]

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TABLE ROCK, NEB.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I feel as though I ought to help celebrate Wee Wisdom's birthday, so I will write a letter. I was sorry when "One Summer in Pacific Grove, or What Faith Did," stopped. I hope Aunt Mary will write another story soon. I would like to have Aunt Phebe write some more about Sam. I like true stories of dogs and cats. I like stories of birds also. I think birds know when people won't hurt them. This summer I found thirteen birds' nests. I watched them build their nests; I looked at their eggs, and their young ones. I will say good-bye. Hoping Wee Wisdom a happy birthday.

Your loving friend, VIOLET BOONE

(Wee are glad you are helping celebrate Wee Wisdom's birthday, Violet. Wee hope Aunt Mary and Aunt Phebe will write soon again, too. Suppose you write a true story about birds for Wee Wisdom. Birds do know when you won't hurt them, and they show their confidence in you by hopping near you and building their nests in your yard.—Eds.)

(Edith brought this good letter with her sister's and the picture of Josephine to the office herself.)

KANSAS CITY, Mo.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I thought I would write a letter for Wee Wisdom's birthday. I have three sisters and one brother. My youngest sister is four years young. Whenever she is sick she always said to have Mrs. Fillmore to come and make her well. When you ask her who made her well when she was sick she would say,



Josephine Lytle.

'Mr. Shafer and Mrs. Fillmore made me well."
She says her prayers every night, and after she would say her prayer she says, "I love everybody and everybody loves me. I am filled with lite and intelligence." Well, I will close for this time.
Yours truly, EDITH LYTLE.

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KANSAS CITY, Mo.

DRAR EDITOR — I received the little papers you sent me and the card, too, and thank you ever so much. I have learned the little prayer and think it very pretty. I am going to get three little girls to subscribe for the paper if I can, but I am going to my auntie's this morning in the country on a visit, but I will when I come back, I think of you very often. Your loving friend,
LUCILE ALEXANDER.

[Wee wish you a happy visit at your auntie's, Lucile. — EDS.]

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - It has been a long time since I wrote to you, but I think about you every day. We have one more in our family now. I have a sister-in-law. My oldest brother was married last week on the 22d. He was twentytwo years young. I gave my new sister a canary bird for a wedding gift, and named it Two-two. Don't you think it a good name for the occasion? He is a beautiful singer. I send you one new subscription to WEE WISDOM today, and will send others soon, Miss Jennie Brookbank is an artist, and is one of the sweetest ladies I know. She paints such beautiful animal pictures, and loves all kinds of pets, and thinks WEE
WISDOM a lovely paper. I send you 50 cents for her and \$1,00 for a set of Wee Wisdom Library to be sent to my address. I hope you will have lots of new subscribers for this year's birthday. I am going to get all I can. Lovingly,

Daisy Robertson.
[Wee appreciate Daisy's interest and shall be very glad to welcome to the list of Wees all of

her friends whose names she may send.— Eds ]

St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I haven't written to you for a long time, so I will write now. I will send one dollar and fifty cents for Unity which papa takes, and for Wee Wisdom. I haven't received the July number yet. I am having my vacation now. We were out in the country last week at my grandpa's house. I have a Great Grandpa ninety-seven years young. He lives in Germany in a little town. He was mayor of that town for fifty years. We have his picture and he looks as if he might live a long time yet. I like Wee Wisdom the same as ever, and I think the story of "One Summer at Pacific Grove" is very nice. I will close now. Your friend, Harry Behle.

[Wee are very glad to hear from Harry; he always writes such good letters. Wee wish you could see how neatly this one is written.—EDS.]

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FREWSBURG, N. Y.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I send you a story for your birthday number. Yours truly.

OLIVE FOX.

[A wise little Fox .- EDS.]

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CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write.
I have not written to you for a long time. I have a cat. I call her Martha Washington. She has three little baby kittens. She washes and dresses them every day. She is a very proud mamma of her babies. She don't want any ome to touch them. My Aunt Lucy sends me the WEE WISDOM. We call her "Toot," like the steam engine goes "toot, toot." She lives in Oregon I am getting old enough to read the WEE WISDOM and I enjoy it very much. Your loving friend,

MARGARET HAIGHT.

(That's right, don't wait too long before writing.

— Ens.)

CHARLESTON, WASH.

DEAR EDITOR—I congratulate WEE WISDOM to its ninth birthday, and would like to be there, but as I can't I will send you my picture. Will you accept it? I am



you accept it? I am real sorry that I couldn't get any subscribers, but I still try to get some. This week I wrote a little letter to Maud Bailey and sent her my picture. My home is on a little ranch near to town, where I have many pets, chickens, little ducks and two dogs; their names are Curlie

and Trixy. I also have a little garden with my sister, and have all kinds of flowers and vegetables planted in it. I will close with love.

ELLA DRENKHAHN.

P. S. Enclose find \$1.00 for which please send WEE WISDOM for another year, and the book "Elsie's Little Brother Tom." If it is more, please let me know and I will send the rest.

[Yes, wee will accept your picture with many thanks.— Eps.]

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FLORESVILLE, TEXAS. DEAR WEE WISDOM - I think I will write again. Our school turned out in May. Minnie Lee, Christine and I are having a very nice vaca-Mamma is going to teach a singing class. The Normal here began on the 5th of June and will close on the 31st of June. The 17th of July will be my birthday. I will be eleven years old. I am going to save up my money so I can subscribe for the WEE WISDOM again. I like to read it so much, and as Christine cannot read it, I read it to her. Cousin Ione was in Los Angeles, California, and she sent us a postal card with a very pretty picture on it. I will describe it to you: There is a stone bridge and sparkling water running under it. There is a pretty palm tree near it. There are some other trees that I do not know the names of. But I think it is time for me to close, as I guess you are getting tired of me. (Not a bit of it .- EDS.) I will tell you some-Your loving friend, thing nice next time. ANNIE MURRAH JOHNSON.

[No, Wee couldn't get tired of an interesting letter. Your letter isn't long enough.—EDS.]

JE JE JE

Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I thought I would write
to you. I like your little paper very much. I
like to read the story of "One Summer in Pacific
Grove." I like to read the stories because they
are always full of love and truth. I hope the
Wee Wisdom will have many, many birthdays.
Your loving little friend, RUTH LYTLE.

(Wee thank you, Ruth, for your good wishes, and Wee know that WEE WISDOM will have many happy birthdays if all the Wees take an interest in it.—Eds.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Dear Wee Wisdom — This is the first time I ever wrote a letter to the Wees. This is the third paper I have got. I got mine at Sunday School. I like the stories very well. I am eleven years old. I go to school and am in the fifth grade. I go to the Jefferson School. I like the Sunday School. We have such nice lessons. Our school closed the 22d of May. I like to read the papers, and I guess I will close. Yours truly,

LEAH DAUGHERTY.

[Wee are glad to hear from the Kansas City Wees, and hope you will write often, Leah.—EDS.]

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DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have been living in Chicago a year. I came back to have a visit and see the Unity folks again. Billy is a playmate of mine. Nights we catch toads and put them in the garden to eat the bugs out at Mrs.



Royal and Morris.

Fillmore's. They have a nice garden full of different kinds of flowers. Billy and I had our pictures taken yesterday for Wee Wisdom (see page 8); the wind was blowing so we thought it wouldn't be very good, so Lowell took two pictures of Royal and myself.

Morris Frank Shaver.

KNOX CITY, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—It has been a long time since I wrote to you, so I thought I would write. I like Wee WISDOM very much. "One Summer in Pacific Grove" is very nice, but I like the story of "Hazel and the Spring Time" the best. I have no pets at all I would like to see this in print. I will send in one new subscriber, and have the promise of four more. I think it is a dear little paper. I was eleven years young the

12th of June. I have two dolls, one is about a foot and and a half tall and the other is about a half foot tall. I would love to get to come to your birthday party, but don't guess I will get to come. I send my love and best wishes to the party. Will I get fifty cents if I get three subscribers, or will I get the paper a year free? I hope to get one of the little books you are giving away. I remain in love,

AGNES AUTREY.

[Oh! yes, Agnes, you are at the party. The party is everywhere. It is as much at Knox City as at Kansas City. All the Wees take part in the celebration and enjoy the good letters and stories. If you get three subscribers at 50 cents each you are entitled to another subscription free. That is, you could send in four names and addresses with \$1.50, keeping 50 cents out of the \$2.00 you receive for the subscribers, for your work.— EDS.]

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have never written to you yet. I am ten years old. I went to the country and saw many chickens, cows and pigs. I hope all the little Wees will have a happy vacation.

With love to all, JESSIE SMILEY.

[Wee are sure the Wees all thank you for your kind wishes, Jessie, and Wee are sure that they are all having a happy time.— Eps.]

A & A

SEYMOUR, Mo.

Dear Wee Wisdom—As I have not seen any letters from around here I thought I would write. It has rained every day so far this month, I have a little garden and am raising tomatoes for the canning factory. I have two little brothers; one is seven years old and the other is two years old. I am eleven. Willis, my younger brother, has a little puppy and we call it Kricket. Herman and I each have a pig that we bought with our own money. I like the paper very much. I will close for this time. I remain, Yours truly,

[It is a pretty good idea for you to write to WEE WISDOM, Floyd. Wee want to hear from every town.—Eds.]

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WATERFORD, MICH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—As I have not written to you for a long time I thought you would be glad to hear from me. I have written you a story which I hope to see in print. Enclosed please find 50 cents for which send me Wee Wisdom for another year. Also please send me a copy of the June and July numbers. I missed them. I have a horse by the name of Tommy that I ride all around, as she is very gentle. I had a kitten named Starbright. I will have to close for this time. Your loving friend,

MARJORIE CRANE.

I will send my picture next time.— M. C.

(Wee are glad to hear from you, and wish you could have sent your picture to the birthday party.—Eds.)



LESSON VI. AUGUST 7.

God Taking Care of Elijah.—1. Kings 17:1-16.

Golden Text—He careth for you.—I. Peter 5:7.

This is a beautiful lesson. It tells us how God cares for us and keeps us from want if we obey

What are His words? Well, you know that God is love and wisdom and health and peace and power, and, in fact, everything good. Don't you? Then, what are His words? Aren't they words of love and wisdom and peace and power and health? Why, yes, that's easy to see. God is always with us. Then we always have these good words with us. Elijah listened to these words, and obeyed them very carefully, and you see he was taken care of through all the hard times when other people had nothing to eat. He was never afraid that he wasn't going to have enough to eat. "Perfect love casteth out fear."

But some of you will ask, How can we always

tell just what is the word of God?

There is something inside of each one of you that tells you what is right. That is the word of God. You, each one of you, know what is right, and if you should ever get to a place where you couldn't quite tell whether you were doing right by some one else, just put yourself in their place and try to see how you would feel if some would treat you as you were about to treat that person. If you would always follow that little rule (Do as you would be done by) you will always be well taken care of, no matter what happens.

#### LESSON VII. AUGUST 14.

Obadiah and Elijah. I. Kings 18:1-16.

Golden Text—I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth.—I. Kings 18:12.

Elijah means God is Good. He stands for the Truth, or your real self. Obadiah is that in you which is always looking for the good. Obadiah feared (loved) the Lord (true substance), and knew Elijah although he had never met him before. If we are always looking for good we will always know the Truth wherever or whenever we see it.

But a little fear crept into Obadiah's heart, and he was afraid of the king, and of being killed. He was soon convinced of the Truth, and was no longer afraid.

Elijah feared no man, for he did as the Lord told him. He trusted the Lord, and knew that all would be well. Let's get this lesson, then, from the text: We will not be afraid to do w' we know is right.

 $\overline{\text{Note:}}$  You will notice that the word Lord, which means bread guardian, is used in this lesson, and not the word God, which means good.

LESSON VIII. AUGUST 21.

Elijah on Mount Carmel.-1. Kings 18:30-46.

GOLDEN TEXT -If the Lord be God follow him. -I, Kings 18:21.

Once there were some people who worshipped false gods, so Elijah came and told them to offer up a sacrifice to their god, and if he came down and took it, he was the right god; but the false god did not come and get it, because he did not exist, but when Elijah offered up a sacrifice to his God—the one and only true God—He came and took it up by fire. Then the people believed in the Lord, and Elijah had all the prophets of the false gods put to death. Then Elijah went to the top of a high mountain and prayed for rain, because it had not rained in that country for years and years, and when he was through praying it began to rain.

Now this is just the way it is with some children. They get angry, and, of course, are worshipping the false god; then everything goes wrong. But after awhile a little voice begins to reason with us, how if we do naughty things nothing goes right, and our evil god never helps us; but if we do good, why, every one loves us, and every thing goes right.— ROYAL.

#### LESSON IX. AUGUST 28.

Elijah Discouraged .- 1. Kings 19:1-8.

GOLDEN TEXT-In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and he heard me, - Ps, 120:1,

Well, when the king of the country heard about Elijah killirg all the prophets he said he would kill Elijah. Elijah had to flee for his life, leaving his servant at a house on the way, and after awhile he lay down and wanted to die, but the Lord gave him food and drink; so he arose and went to a cave in the Mount of God, and the Lord asked him, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"

After you have killed all the thought-followers of evil there is an uprising, and you refuse to listen to the "little voice," and so it goes off and wants to die, but good never dies, because God takes care of it.—ROYAL.

#### GOOD ADVICE.

BY GENEVE SHAFFER.

When on an errand you run,
Proclaim it great fun.
When their is a hole,
Mend it with heart and soul.
If lesson you take
And there seems many a mistake,
Try, try again —
Do not fall in the den,

Where failure reigns
And no one gains.

If in school you seem slow,
The Christ-child does know.
Do your best, angels do no better,

Then to no one you are debtor.

THE LOST GIRL.

BY HATTIE TOMPKINS.

Age o years.

ARY was a very nice little girl.
Her mamma said to her one
day, "Go out and get some
berries for supper, and I will try and
finish your dress." So Mary went out
and got some blackberries.

The sun shone brightly and she sat down in a grassy spot to eat her dinner. Pretty soon she heard a "whoop" come out of the woods, and she started up in a fright of dismay. Pretty soon there was another "whoop," and there came out of the woods two Indians. They came on a trot past Mary. She ran into a dense wood where she sat down and began to cry.

"Do not cry," said a voice near by; "God is with you." So Mary stopped crying and took courage and got up and went on and on, trying to find her way out of the woods. Bye and bye she met her father who took her home, and there was great rejoicing, and while rejoicing God was with them.

# WEE EDITORS' SANCTUM.

Wee Editors are in Ye Editor's Sanctum and greet the Wees and welcome them to WEE WISDOM'S ninth birthday party. It has been our custom for a number of years to take charge of WEE WISDOM for August and so Wee are here.

Wee know you are enjoying your vacation. Some of you are spending your summer in foreign countries, some at the seaside, some in the country and others in the city, but wherever you are there is joy and happiness, for you all know the secret of happiness. You know that it is not in the place, in the

weather or in what you have; it is in your own self, and if you think happy thoughts you will be happy.

You have all tried this many times, but if anyone should read this who has never tried it, let him begin right now to think happy joyous thoughts, no matter how other people act or the weather changes, and he will soon see the result. Wee know that it will make him happier than eating ice cream.

Wee wish wee could meet you all face to face or have you at a party all in one place, just to see what a fine time we all could have. It would make a big outof-doors picnic, for wee could not all get in one house if our brothers and sisters were along.

Some of the Wees are a little slow in getting their stories to us, so if WEE WISDOM is a little late in reaching you this month you will know the reason.

You see wee have some good stories and poems and a number of handsome boys and girls' pictures in this paper.

How wee wish you would all interest your friends in WEE WISDOM and get them to interest their friends so that WEE WISDOM could grow bigger and have more stories in it.

Maybe some of you would like one of those "original drawings, with autograph, designed after any subject you may name." If you will just get ten subscribers at 50 cents each, and send the \$5.00 with the ten names and addresses, together with the name of your choice of subject for drawing, our artist will go right to work, (he works hard) and draw you just the best picture he possibly can. He drew the picture at the head of "A Fourth of July Fairy Story" in last month's paper.

Others of you would rather have a little money for your trouble, so if you will get four people to subscribe for WEE WISDOM at 50 cents each, you may keep one 50 cents and send us just \$1.50 with the four names and addresses, and we will send each one of them WEE

WISDOM for one year.



so cents per year.

5 cents per copy

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# August, 1904.

WEE WISDOM costs but 50 cents a year, which is less than a cent a week. Anybody can afford that.

We have special rates for Sunday Schools, where a number of WEE WIS-DOMS are taken each month. Write for rates.

WEE WISDOM is written this month from cover to cover by the children; however, some of the Wee Editors are getting too big now to be called *little* children.

Two stories in this month's paper were left over from last month, that number being too full to hold them. They are: "Story of a Pine Tree," by Carmen Bear, and "The Lost Girl," by Hattie Tomkins.

Remember when your time is out WEE WISDOM is discontinued. If you don't want to miss a number just send in your 50 cents before the date of expiration. This date you will find on the wrapper with your name. If the date says August, 1904, it means that the August number is the last one you will receive unless you renew your subscription.

New Sunday Schools are being started in various places, and they find WEE WISDOM very helpful. There should be a Sunday School in every town, and several in the large cities. If you are thinking of starting one, write to us and we will tell you how the Unity Sunday School at Kansas City is conducted, and will be glad to do anything we can to help you along.

The Unity Sunday School, of Kansas City, Mo., held a grand Fourth of July picnic at Budd Park. Everybody brought well-filled baskets. The day was beautiful. Races, games and a general good time were the order of the day. Everybody was well pleased, and well filled at supper time.

KNOX CITY, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Please find enclosed 50 cents for subscription to the little paper for one year. Address to Pauline Warren, and oblige,

AGNES AUTREY.

P. S. With much love to you all, I remain as ever, Your little friend, Agnes.

(Why, here is Agnes again with a subscriber. If she keeps on she will have enough Wees in Knox City to start a Wee Wisdom Sunday School,—Eds.)

Elsie's Little Brother Tom. Price, 75 cents, or with WEE WISDOM one year 75 cents. Given free with three subscriptions to WEE WISDOM.

Wee Wisdom's Way, or any one number of Wee Wisdom's Library, 25 cents, or given for two subscriptions.

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