

# WEE WISDOM.

BIRTHDAY NUMBER.



Jim's Sister-Baby.

Copyrighted by E. A. Filleau, K.C. Mo. 1901.



MOSIER, OREGON.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—As you are not afraid of the Oregon Bears, we have all come to your Birthday Party. We have something nice to tell you, and nice new clothes to wear. There are seven of us Bears: Papa, mamma, four boys and one girl. We are good, and we know our kind editor will let us in, for you will want to hear more about the Sunshine Barrel that was told about in last WEE WISDOM (see July WEE WISDOM, Sunshine Department). It was a long distance for a barrel of sunshine to come, but the country is so beautiful that it must have been glad to come through the gorges and canyons, and over the Rocky Mountains, and on nearly to the Pacific Coast. It finally stopped at a little station on the beautiful Columbia River, and waited one day, then Papa Bear came and asked for it; sure enough, the Sunshine was there already. This time it climbed the mountain in a wagon where a pair of kind horses were willing to give it a ride. A tired man sat on it to ride part of the way, but it did not care, it was so glad to come right on, and everything was willing to help the Sunshine along. The day was hot, and the road long, but it was patient, and at last it came in sight of the Bears' den, but it was not afraid; at five o'clock it was at the end of its journey. Lester Bear said, "Papa Bear is coming." Then Russell Bear ran out to help Papa Bear unhitch, and saw the Sunshine Barrel. Such a yell

of delight as he sent ringing through the big pines and fir trees, "Hurrah for Unity folk! Hurrah for the Sunshine Barrel!" All the Bears came out to get some Sunshine, and the little Bears cut just such antics as best suited to express their joy.

It was a long way from Kansas City to this mountain home, but the Sunshine Barrel was glad it came, for it made our hearts so glad, and brightened our little log cabin. A kind lady had brought us some big white raspberries, more Sunshine, and she asked if she might see the Sunshine from Kansas City. So after the good horses had been fed, and papa had his supper, the Barrel was opened, and it seemed as glad to be opened to let out the love and the Sunshine as we were to get it. When the lid was taken off the contents began to bulge up, for it was packed so full of nice, useful things; we could just feel the love in everything. We all perched around in a circle, like so many crows, all waiting. Mamma and papa were very still, silently thanking God and the Sunshine friends for this manifestation of the Ever-present Good. There was something for every one, and it seemed to be just the thing needed. Russell might write another chapter in the "Autobiography of a Nickel," for in the pocket allotted to him he found a nickel, which he seemed to be talking to. Maybe it will tell him about its travels. With love, we are,

—YOUR MOUNTAIN BEARS

# WEE WISDOM

"Little Children Love One Another." "Wee Wisdom" is Justified of her Children.

VOL. X.

KANSAS CITY, MO., AUGUST, 1905.

No. 1.

## JIM'S SISTER-BABY.

[Jim's grandma says, that when Jim first saw the tiny baby he said, "Mamma, I'm ahead of all the other boys, because I've the sweetest Sister-Baby in the world," and his little mamma thought that such a clear way of expressing it, that she's been Sister-Baby ever since.]

*Dear Wees:*

Grandma was reading "Elsie's Little Brother Tom" to me, and I said, I've an idea, grandma; let's write the Wees about Jim's Sister-Baby.

Say, she's just the kind of a sister a boy likes to have. She can do everything, and is only two years old. When we are playing show she is always ready for her act. She stands on her head, and, would you believe it? she can turn a somersault as good as you can. She rides my hobby-horse by herself. I help her on, of course. A man always helps his sisters and other girls on the horses, and when grandma is busy I entertain Sister by taking her on the horse in front or behind me, and we go to a play market, and get the things grandma wants for luncheon.

One time we went out to the farm (?) and dug some corn. Then grandma told us how corn grows, but she says I need not tell about it, because you know more about that than I do. I wish I could see it grow.

When I ask God to bless what we eat at the table, Sister-Baby folds her little hands, and keeps so quiet, and no one told her too, either. She looks



"SHE RIDES MY HOBBY HORSE BY HERSELF."

just too cute when she kicks my football with her tiny foot. She can't catch a ball, but she is "great" on trying.

Adda, that is her name, just loves flowers, and don't spoil them like lots of babies do, but puts them in water if



"PRETTA FLOWERS."

they are picked, and if they are growing she looks at them, and says, "Pretta flowers." Grandma says that is enough, but I could tell you lots more. Just you come and see her and you'll know.

(Dictated by)

— JIM BOWES, five years old.

### MILDREDS DREAM.

BY HELEN LOUISE KNOX.

(Aged eleven.)

**M**ILDREDS Mother had just tucked her into bed and turned out the light, when the child heard a tapping sound on the window.

Then suddenly the window opened, and in stepped a little fairy, dressed as a violet, all in purple. The fairy said

to Mildred: "You have been good all year, and now I intend to take you to the land where the flowers go when they die."

"But" said Mildred, "how can I—"  
She got no further, for she happened to look down, and saw that she had on a pale pink silk dress, with pink slippers and stockings. "O, how lovely!" said Mildred.

Then the fairy drew her wand over Mildred, and she became as small as the fairy. Out on the roof they went, where there stood the dearest little carriage, made of a lily. Stepping in, the fairy said to the coachman: "Away to the land of the flowers!"

Soon they drew near the castle of the queen, and the music became softer and sweeter, and they saw some hyacinths dancing with the roses. Then she led the little girl out in the yard, and there under a tall maple tree was a long table spread with good things, and around it were dancing a great many of her girl friends, all dressed like herself. As she drew nearer they began to sing:

"Come with us, fair maiden, and dance in the fairy ring."

They danced and sang until the lily began to ring its beautiful bells. Then they all sat down to the table. The queen was at the head, and there were six Paul Neron roses to serve the feast.

O! there were so many good things. Mildred could hardly wait until she was served. The daffodils were playing soft music on their violins, while the meal was served.

Mildred was just saying: "Mabel, how did you happen to—" but now she awakened, rubbed her eyes, and looked around.

Why! where were the fairies and daffodils? It was all a dream; but ah! such a beautiful dream.

## LUCILE AND HER BIG FRIENDS.

BY CECIL I. WALSH.



ONCE there was a little baby by the name of Lucile who seemed to love all living things very much. Every day she would ask if she could go out, by crying untill they took her out to see the lions who lived in a den about two blocks away.

As she grew older she wanted to go out every day.

After a while the parents talked it over, and to see why she would always go out without missing one day. Every time she would stay a little longer untill after a while the parents grew anxious.

At last the mother said she'd follow Lucile, and when she asked as usual she started with her mamma behind her. She went straight to the lion's den where her mamma used to take her when she was a baby.

The mother got frightened and didn't want her to go in, but she went right to a little hole and crawled in.

Now the mother was very much afraid that in an instant she would be swallowed by the lions, but the two-year-old baby knew better than she did.

When she got in, the lions looked to see if it was her, and then they went right up to her and she to them, and they lay down together, and she played with their ears and feet, and said, "What big ears and toes you have, haven't you? you big beautifull dear."

Then the lions would get up and they would play tag together, and the lions never thought of hurting her, but only played till she was tired, and then they sat down to rest a little. After doing this a long time they went to sleep and had a little nap together.

The mother saw that her dear baby would not get hurt, and let her go every day.

When she grew to be a lady she still loved her lions, and loved to learn about nature.

## THE HUMMING BIRD.

COMPOSED BY EDNA STRAUB,

10 years old.

Dear little humming bird,  
Do not fly away,  
Let me say a word or two,  
I'll give you food to-day.

But ah! soon as my voice touches her ear  
A hum, and then away,  
I call after her, "Birdie, Dear,"  
Why don't you stay longer to-day,

But soon as morning comes again,  
There she is in the tree,  
Humming the prettiest song I've heard,  
Trying to awake me.



DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — We send you a snapshot of little brother Theodore that papa took one day on our front porch. He does not try to talk much, but every night before going to sleep he says, "Nighty, nighty, Auntie Moremoree," meaning you. He enjoys going to church and if he is not quiet so well as usual he comes home allright. He likes to woch the birds and flowers and feed the chickens, and play with our four little kittens. Your happy little friend

TESSIE WALLACE.



# "Puckey's" Nothin' Paint.

BY HIS LITTLE BROTHER.

My brother is the queerest boy!  
But he has got a knack  
Of "workin' Pa for chemicals  
To fool with in the "shack."

The "shack's" a little place he's got  
'Way out in our back yard;  
Where he would never let me in,  
Though I have b-gged quite hard.

He'll go out there and sit by hours  
Monkeying with his "stuff,"  
And sometimes it will take afire  
And go off with a puff.

Well, one day when I knew he was  
A-workin' in the "shack,"  
I got upon the top of it  
And peeked down through a crack.

So there he was a-stirrin'  
And a-mixin' in some pans —  
But my! I nearly fainted,  
For he hadn't any hands.

He heard me make a scratching noise,  
A-walkin' on the tin,  
So slipped out quick as lightnin'  
And made me come on in.

You bet that I was awful scared,  
And started in to shout,  
Until he said it wouldn't hurt,  
And I could help him out.

He said he'd made some funny stuff  
And cal'ed it "Nothin' Paint,"  
For when you put it on a thing  
It looks as if it 'aint.

He got a dish from off the shelf  
And put his hands down in,  
Which seemed to tickle him so much  
He couldn't help but grin.

I then felt somethin' on my face,  
And though I couldn't see,  
I grabbed to find it was his hand,  
For he was touchin' me.

He said to watch his face until  
He rubbed some on his nose,  
Then I was just too scared to move,  
For off his nose it goes.

Of course I soon 'got on" to what  
The "Nothin' Paint" would do;  
So "Puckey" said we'd take some out  
And scare the world for true.

It didn't take us any time  
To paint up our back door.  
And when the ice-man started in,  
He got knocked on the floor.

The dog next door came waggin' up;  
So funny brother said,  
"Dan needs a coat to fit his 'pants,'  
We'll paint all but his head."

When we got that dog fix'd up,  
We laughed till we were sore.  
To see his head fly through the air  
Was funny — and some more.

Just then a friend came up the walk,  
Whom Dan ran out to meet;  
He didn't stop to look but once,  
Then just tore up the street.

Of course Dan thought that Mr. Jones  
Was running him a race,  
And being quite a "sporty" dog,  
He started in the chase.

We don't know just what happen'd next,  
For Dan got out of sight,  
But everybody on the street  
Was talkin' "ghosts" that night.

The men commenced to get their guns  
To shoot the "spook," they said.  
We like old Dan, so caught him quick  
And locked him in our shed.

Things seem to be too lively now  
For us to try to "fool;"  
But we intend to keep them hot  
When we start into school.

So if you hear of "ghosts" and things  
That make your teachers faint,  
Just wink your eye, for you will know  
It's "Puckey's Nothin' Paint."

## OUR WILLOW TREE.

BY GERTRUDE K. LATHROP.

**O**NCE, a good many years ago,  
Mother and Father and Sister  
went out riding.

Sister was a very little girl.  
She picked a piece of willow  
and when they came home she wanted  
to plant it; so she put it in the ground,  
and it grew and grew until it got to be  
a big, big tree.

Ever since it has been a pleasure.

We sit in it when the days are hot  
and the sun is shining, and it keeps us  
all cool with its shade.

It is quite a pretty tree too.



I don't know what we would have  
done without that tree.

Little Donald, who lives next door,  
is only three years old, and he has  
learned to climb it.

He sits on one of the branches, a  
light-haired little boy, with blue over-  
alls and fat bare legs, and he looks  
cunning sitting up in the tree.

I send you a picture of the tree I drew.

## ELSIE'S NEW TAN TIES.

BY ELEANOR ANDREWS.

(Age 13 years.)

**E**LSIE wanted a pair of tan  
ties very badly. She had  
asked her father for a pair but  
he said she would have to  
wait a little longer till he got  
some more money.

She had waited and waited a long  
time, and at last her sister, Emma, said,  
"Why don't you earn some money to  
buy them with?"

"But how could I do it?" asked  
Elsie.

"Well, why couldn't you make some  
of those nice little collarettes and sell  
them?" said Emma.

"Why, that's just the thing!" cried  
Elsie. "I never thought of that before.  
I guess I will."

Elsie was a very pretty little girl with  
black hair and eyes, while her sister  
had light hair and blue eyes. They  
both went to the Home of Truth Sun-  
day School and hadn't missed a single  
Sunday, though they had been going for  
three years. No one was ever sick in  
their family, because they believed that  
God was their health.

So Elsie began that day and had  
made five collarettes by night.

The next day was Sunday so she  
could not sell any. She went to Sun-  
day School with her sister, and told the  
teacher what she was doing.

"Why, that's fine, Elsie," said Miss  
Greyson. "I hope you will succeed  
and always remember that God is your  
help."

"That's what I do," said Elsie, "I've  
made five already."

After church she helped her mother  
get dinner. When she had finished her  
dinner she went out in the back yard to  
her playhouse (which was big enough

## Wee Wisdom

for her to get into) and took her table and put the collarettes on it, and then put a chair behind it. This was where she was going to have her store. Then she started to make more, and by night she had made seven so she had a dozen little collars to start with.

Her sister told her she would get three dollars if she sold them at twenty-five cents apiece.

"Oh, goody," said Elsie. "That will be enough to get a pair of ties and two pair of tan stockings too."

The next morning she wrote on a piece of paper, "Collarettes sold in the back yard," and pinned it on the gate post and went in her store and waited. She had hardly gone in when a rich lady and a little girl came in.

"I see you have collarettes for sale," said Mrs. Meredith, for that was her name.

"Yes, ma'am. Would you like to look at them?"

"Yes, I would," said Mrs. Meredith.

So Elsie took them out and showed them to her, one by one.

"That is a pretty one," she said pointing to a white one embroidered with violets. "How much is it?"

"They are all twenty-five cents," said Elsie.

"Well I'll take this one. Now which do you want, Merriam?"

"I think I'll take that one with the sunflowers and brown scroll-work," said Merriam.

So Elsie wrapped them up and received her first fifty cents.

By Wednesday she had sold all of them and had three dollars. She was a very happy little girl when her father took her to the city to get her ties.

She wore them to Sunday School next Sunday, and her teacher said, "Oh, have you got them already? Why that's splendid."

And so Elsie got her tan ties by earning her own money and saying God is my help.

[The end.]

## A HAPPY DAY.

BY BLANCHE DUDLEY.

(Aged 11.)



'T was a sunny afternoon when Pearl and her dog Carlo was taking a walk to see if Papa was coming. Carlo was a good natured dog, and Pearl liked him so well that she stayed with him pretty near all the time, she would hide and Carlo would hunt her, and they would run races, and have lots of fun together.

On this sunny afternoon, Pearl walked along by the river and gathered water lillies, and as she went she sang this little song.

"Be kind, be kind.

Be kind to everybody.

And everybody will be kind to you."

She picked flowers until she had a large bunch to take to Mamma, and then she saw her Papa coming a little way off and sat down to wait for him to come.

When he came up to her Pearl said, "Oh Papa, Carlo and I came to meet you! Did you get me any candy?"

Her papa gave her some candy, but she did not eat it then, she wanted to give her baby brother some of it first. So she called Carlo and they all went home together, and when they arrived, they found Pearl's playmate, Emma Fox, there waiting for Pearl to come and play with her. So she gave her flowers to Mamma, and then divided her candy with her brother and Emma, and thought how much better it tasted than if she had eaten it all herself.

The little girls then went out to the playhouse and played until it was time for Emma to go home. They were kind to each other and had a nice time together.

After Emma went home, Pearl sat down and wrote this little song:

Everything is mine,

Everything is thine,

Happy are we,

On every sunny hour,

We shall see God's power,

Blessed is He.



## KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

BY CARL BURKHART.

(12 years.)

Once when I was playing with some boy's a boy I knew came by with a wagon and horse and he said to me, "Carl do you want to take a ride down here a little wase with me?"

I said, "Yes," so I got on the wagon. After while we came to the place where he had to take the wood at. He had to drive the horse in two gates and then back up to the barn. When we got through the gates Frank tried to make the horse back but the horse would not back. So Frank commenced to call the horse all kinds of names.

But still the horse would not back. So I asked him to let me try but he said "No!" So he tried every way but nothing could make him back. So he went and got some boys to help him but the boys could not do anything eather. So I asked him again first he said "No!" then he said "Yes!" So I got upon the wagon and took a hold of the reins and I remembered what Miss Lord said to me one night when I took a treatmunt. So I set down and said, "*God is all there is in you,*" and held that for at least 10 minutes, and then I opened my eyes and was going to say, "Get up," to the horse, and the horse just backed right up to the barn, and then I helped Frank uplod the wood, and as I was coming back he asked me what I done. "I jest remembered that God was all there was in him," I said.

"Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier."



MERCHANTVILLE, N. J.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—We have been taking your little paper for a long time. Every month I look forward to WEE WISDOM. I like the continued story called Ministering Angels. I was



CHARLES FILLMORE SLEATER.

sorry when it stopped. I have a brother two years old. His name is Charles Fillmore Sleater. He can clime play ball and make a lot of noise. I like Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons very much and all the stories. With love to all.

Yours Lovingly

ELISE SLEATER.

✽ ✽ ✽

FREEBURG, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have not written to you for a long time but I have received a very pretty picture of two angels it comes from Alameda, Cal., I do not know who sent it to me. But I return many thanks for it. I am writing this letter for WEE WISDOMS birthday my birthday is in the same month (August 21st) I will

## Wee Wisdom

be fifteen years old. I thought of a little piece I would send. If you think it good enough put it in the paper. Please let me know when my time is up I think it will be in September. I liked the songs on the back of WEE WISDOM better than the pillowverses because I play them on the piano and then learn to sing them. I hope WEE WISDOM will have a nice birthday. I think I will close. The mail-man will be coming soon.

I remain a WEE WISDOM friend,

IDA E. SCHANZ.



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Enclosed please find order for one dollar and fifty cents for UNITY and WEE WISDOM. I go to Mr. Schroeders Sunday school now and get a WEE WISDOM there, but I want the paper sent any way for I give it to one of my playmates so that they may learn some of this beautiful truth.

Yours truly

HARRY BEHLE.



VALMEYER, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—With pleasure I will write a letter to you. This is the first letter I ever wrote to you, but I like you very much. I like to read the letters that the Wees write. I have 2 brothers and one sister their names are Alwin and Elmer and my sisters name is Lydia. Mamma also likes to read WEE WISDOM. I will close with love to the little Wees

SOPHIA LUDWIG.



DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am going to try to write the Wees a love and Truth letter every month, if Ye editor has room enough for it, which I hope she will have. I wonder if some of the little Wees tried to learn that little prayer that was in this nice little paper last month? I think it is such a beautiful one. When any of the Wees get frightened or feel bad or get cross, just think of that little prayer, and think that God is with us all the time to help us and keep us well and healthy. When I see any one with a broken arm or leg or that have been burnt, I just think if they only knew that they were all spirit and perfect that they could heal themselves. Coming home from Sunday school I saw a man that had a sore hand I just thought that if he only knew that he was all spirit and perfect he would not have that sore hand. I am going to write a little story the best I can. I must close now. With a blessing to all the Wees from

MARIE YOUNG.



WALLACE, W. VA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will send you a new subscriber for a birthday present. I enclose 50 cents for which send WEE WISDOM one year to Miss Grace Hooper. I will send you a story that I wrote, and mamma copied, so that you could read it better. I named my story "A Happy Day." With love.

BLANCHE DUDLEY.

STERLING, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—It has not been so very long since I wrote to you but I have a story for you this time. I have been try to get some little ones to subscrib for you but cannot but I will still try to get some for you. We still have the harvest men here to cook for. I hope to see my story in WEE WISDOM this month. I have told it in my language and I hope you will allow it to be continued until it is finished. I would like very much to have the little Wees read it for I think they would like it.

I will close with love

BESSIE WEBB

[Bessie has used good composition in her little story, but, alas! we could not print it. We do not print any story which dwells upon sickness or death, because we believe in life, joy and health, and print only stories which dwell upon life, joy, health and happiness. We hope that Bessie will change the character of her little story, so we can print it.—Ed.]



SANTA BARBARA.

TO THE DEAR WEES AND OUR EDITRESS—This is my first letter to you as my uncle Clayton Woods has sent me your nice paper which I like and as it is now our school vacation I am visiting my grandma in Santa Barbara and tho't it a good time to write and tell you that I have a Brother Victor 17 years old and another Brother (Lemar) 6 yrs old. We have a pet dog (Fanny) she has a nice puppy and we have a Bessy cat who has two pretty kittens. We think the "Grumble Bag" a good story to teach us the better way. I am 8 yrs old.

Yours lovingly

NELLIE MAY NEWMAN.



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write to you and the little Wees. I am eight years old, and have a little sister Hester who is nearly four years old. We live on a fruit farm just a mile from the end of the longest street car line in the city. I think that Salt Lake City is very beautiful; the mountains lie to the North East and South and still have quite a good deal of snow on them. There are a great many large trees, and lovely clear water from the mountains running in little ditches at either side of the streets. My aunt Mattie Kriger from Manitou Colo. sent me WEE WISDOM for a Christmas gift. I hope I may always take it. With love to you and all Wees I am lovingly yours

DORIS H. DREW.



DENVER, COLO.

DEAR EDITOR—Please find enclosed \$1.00 money order for which send WEE WISDOM for one year to the following addresses Ruth Marie Marford. and Hugo Anderson. I send these new subscribers as a birthday present to WEE WISDOM. I wish WEE WISDOM a happy birthday.

Your friend

BOTHILDA E. CURTZ.

TEN BROECK, ALA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write the Wees a letter. I am going to school. I like to go to school. My studies are: History Spelling Physiology, Arithmetic and Geography. I think WEE WISDOM is a nice, good paper. I enjoy the many good things in it. I have no pets but one little brother and sister, Hershel and Lucile. I live in the country on the farm. I enjoy farm life so much. I want to be kind and gentle to everyone. I am eight years young.

With love,

LUCIUS GRAVES.

BURNS, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little girl eight years old. I have a dog and a rooster and a pigeon and a fish and a rabbit. I like to read the letters in WEE WISDOM very much.

Your friend

LUCILE L. STROUP.

MADISONVILLE, OHIO.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like to write verses and stories for your dear little paper of which I always read. I have a few lines here I would like to have printed in it. And my name signed to it as. "EDNA STRAUB age 10, years.

AVON, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—We went to California last winter and could not find any of the little girls that wrote their letters in WEE WISDOM. This has been a very nice day, but very muddy. Papa set the baby in his red buggy yesterday, and gave him his bottle of milk, and the baby wanted out and so I lifted him out and I fell backward with him in my arms and hit my head on the brick floor. We stopped at Kansas City one day at mamma's cousin's house and I wanted to go and see WEE WISDOM, and mamma said that we could go to see you but we forgot it so I never got to go. Well I guess I will close with fifty cents for one year. Your little subscriber,

GRACE STUMP.

GALVA, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—As I have not written for quite a while I will send a story for your Birthday Number. I wrote the story myself. I live in a beautiful little town of three thousand inhabitants. It has an electric plant, and one of the best city water systems in Illinois. Its schools are fine. Our school exhibit won the bronze medal at St. Louis Fair. I am fourteen, and will be in third year High School at the beginning of next fall. We have a fine garden, both vegetable and flower. There are three hundred pansy plants set out, and about half are blooming. I don't know what we will do with the blossoms because in such a small town there are no hospitals or any such thing, like in a city. Besides we have sweet peas, carnations, phlox and forget-me-nots blooming, and many other

varieties that don't bloom until later. We have no pets, but a stray dog that stays with us. We don't seem to have luck with kittens, for we have had many, and they either die or run away.

Wishing you the best success I am your friend

LOUISE T. KLINE

MERCHANTVILLE, N. J.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I hope this letter will reach you in time for the August WEE WISDOM. I want to tell you about our big brother. He is two years five months young. He can play ball, croquet and anything he puts his hand too. He copies every thing he sees any one else doing. After the carpenter had finished making our screens he had to fit them, and for days after he would be hammering and sawing etc. just as the



FILLMORE AND BLACK BEAUTY.

carpenter did. He has not learnt to say the blessing at the table before our meal. But the other evening all through the blessing he kept saying, 'Amen, amen, amen mamma amen Lo Do, amen papa.' It was funny but we didn't let him see us laugh, because we don't want him to do it again. He bows his little head and looks through his fingers. Alan MacDougal, the little boy next door, plays with Fillmore some times. Fillmore thinks he is fine. Fillmore tries to turn somersaults just the way Alan does and rolls up and down the lawn. He has

## Wee Wisdom.

a boat, and he plays with it in the bathtub. He often comes up to mother and says "bath, boat." He is very fond of splashing. He climbed up to the top of a fourteen foot ladder and was promptly hauled down. We all send our best love.  
Your Loving Friend

MARION A. SLEATER.



LAFAYETTE, GA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little girl eight years young. I have three cats and a dog. I go to the public school. I read your little paper and I like it very much. I have a little brother and two dolls.  
[No name signed.—Ed ]



SELMA, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am ten years young and thought I would write a letter for WEE WISDOM birthday. I have read WEE WISDOM for a long time and like it very much. I love to read the little letters and also the stories. I like the story of Grumble Bag. I used to live in Kansas City and WEE WISDOM's mamma was my Sunday School teacher. How I do love her, she is so nice I wish all the Wees could see her. I love to go to Unity Sunday School, and study Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons and learn how to be well and happy. I live in California now and will tell about the beautiful flowers and fruit, the beautiful roses, just all kinds of beautiful flowers and the loveliest fruit of all kinds. I will close with love to all the Wee's

EDNA SWEANEY

P. S.—Find enclosed 10 (cts) for 3 months trial subscription to WEE WISDOM for Andrew Reynolds.  
EDNA.



SPOKANE, WASH.

DEAR EDITOR—We have taken this book WEE WISDOM for four years and like it very much. We live in Hillyard on Cannondale street. We just moved here a while ago. I have a sister ten years old and a little brother a year old. I am nine years old. My birthday is the thirtieth of June. I was up in grandma's loft in the barn and I ran a nail in my foot it was a rusty nail and it bled profusely. Grandma said, "Now cure your foot" and I said, "*God is my strength, nothing can hurt me,*" and by night I could walk on it. We have some fireworks for the Fourth of July. I will close. If my letter don't go in the waist basket I will write again.

Yours truly

BRENDA IAN MITCHELL.



ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you, but I have been intending to write for a long time. I am ten years old. I have been going to the Home of Truth Sunday School for five years. With love to all the Wees.

MARION BROWN.

SPOKANE, WASH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM AND WEES—This is the first letter I have ever written to the Wees. I am ten years old and have a little sister and a baby brother. We have taken this little paper four years and enjoy it very much. We get it every month and wish it would come more often. It learns me to be good, honest and truthful. We are out to grandmas spending vacation. Grandma has chickens and cows and we have all the milk and butter we can use. There are woods all around grandma's place. I like to live out in the country. I love to work in the garden. I love the flowers. Grandma has lots of flowers. They are all in bloom now. Love to all the little Wees.  
EDITH MAY MITCHELL.



BONNY, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write you a letter. I like you very much. I like to read the letters. I am seven years old. I have seven Brother and three sisters to of my Brothers works in the oil fields. My papa has a hay ranch. I go out some times and work there. I sent any little WEE WISDOMS that I know of. I started to draw a picture but didn't get it finished. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I will close  
From a Wee Wisdom. NORA MEYER.



DODSON, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am spending my vacation at my uncle John's farm. One day he found some water grass so he dug the grass away and found that a spring was underneath it so he rocked it and it is as pretty and clear as it can be, and from the overflow my cousin Charlie made a smaller one for the cows and horses to drink out of it is pretty too, and we get all the fresh, cool water we can use, and we all think it a great blessing. We have a little maltese kitten and one evening it followed some girls and went to a meat market and stayed there until my uncle went down and found him there and brought him home. I have a little sister named Emma that just loves to hold the cat he never scratches her at all. I have seen them make hay, and I've seen potatoes tomatoes squash cucumbers cabbage corn beats onions radishes and beans grow and in the fruitline I've seen raspberries and citron and blackberries and plums and muskmellons grow. I wish WEE WISDOM many happy years of its birthday and I will always be a subscriber. I will close with much love to all the Wee Wisdoms every where  
BESSIE KLOSTERMANN.

### THE PEACH TREE.

BY NELLIE BABE, (9 years old.)

I saw a little peach tree,  
It had one little peach  
And that was all that I could see.  
But that was out of reach.

## Bible Lessons.

BY LOWELL'S SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS

### LESSON VI. AUGUST 6.

Josiah's Good Reign. II. Chron. 34:1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.*—Eccl. 12:1.

We are never too young to begin to practice the Truth. We must begin right away to purge our hearts of all the unreal and untrue thoughts, and then let the pure, true ones come in and fill our minds.

Josiah was only eight years old when he began to reign. Just think! A great many of us are older than that now. He didn't wait until he was a man to begin his good works, but started out when he was first crowned. So we must begin now and send out good, loving, wholesome thoughts to all the world. We must dissolve all the seeming evil, just as Josiah cleared Judah and Jerusalem of untrue gods. If we begin right now to build our characters in the right way; if we hold thoughts which will make strong bodies and active minds; if we recognize the I AM within each of us there will be no necessity for tearing down old and unreal conditions. All that time and labor can be saved by an understanding of the Truth.

The workmen to whom Josiah gave the building of the temple are our thoughts, and the temple is our body. The thoughts work away and build any kind of a body we want. Isn't that lovely? We can have just the most beautiful and perfect bodies in the world by holding true thoughts about ourselves. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." All we have to do is just remember that we are created in the image and likeness of God, and then we see that we just can't be anything else but perfect. So we will begin today to build up perfect conditions around every one of us, by holding thoughts of Life, Love and Truth. —BLANCH SAGE.

### LESSON VII. AUGUST 13.

Josiah and the Book of Laws. II. Chron. 34:14-28.

GOLDEN TEXT—*I will not forget thy word.*—Psalms 119:16.

If we always do right we will be obeying the Word of God, but sometimes in our desire to do right we get confused. Then if we would stop trying to think, and be still we would hear a small voice ready to guide us. But this voice cannot be heard when things are in a turmoil. This

voice can be heard only when you are quiet. Meekness in spirit is another requisite to hear this voice.

Josiah was meek in spirit, and because of his meekness he saw things on a spiritual instead of a material plane.

When we become meek in spirit, and we are guided by the right, then we will be spiritual.

"There's a way to banish wrong  
Do the right."

—RUBY HOMBS.

### LESSON VIII. AUGUST 20.

Jehoiakim Burns the Word of God. Jer. 36:21-32.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Therefore now amend your ways and your doings, and obey the voice of Jehovah your God.*—Jer. 26:13.

Jehoiakim burned the Word of God, thinking probably that he had done away with the truth contained therein. An underlying truth is never changed nor made void.

A lesson is taught in his burning the whole bible. One should cleanse the whole temple in which he dwells.

Obey the voice of the Lord your God, which comes not in thundering tones but is the still small voice which assures you when you have done right. If one always listens to this quiet voice he can never fall short of his very highest ideal. Therefore now listen to this voice, and begin now to realize a growing to be as you want to be.

—FAYE THOMAS.

### LESSON IX. AUGUST 27.

Jeremiah in the Dungeon.—Jer. 38:1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*—Matt. 5:10.

Jeremiah warned the people of Jerusalem to leave their city, and escape destruction. The people did not like this and had him put in a dark dungeon. But later an Ethiopian told the king of Jeremiah's innocence, and he was saved.

Jeremiah's warning had been in love, but the people did not like it. It was easier to stay in the city than leave it. So they took his warning in a spirit of revenge. But truth is never entirely crushed, and Jeremiah was saved. We too, often do not receive things as they are meant. We do not heed the warning of the still small voice, and thus get into bad habits which often cause suffering to ourselves. It is easier to go on in the same old way than to change. But if we trust in the Christ everything will turn out well as it did with Jeremiah, for, "Love is ever lord of Death," and Jeremiah's love for the people made him the master. We can also master ourselves and our conditions by meeting everything with faith and love. —ELSA C. KATZMAIER





YE ROYAL EDITOR.

## Editorial!

**W**ELL, I have finished getting all the stories and letters together and have only to write this little message to my friends. The stories and letters are fine and some of the authors have used original grammar and spelling. I will have the material printed *as they wrote it*.

This is WEE WISDOM's birthday party and all were invited, many came in the shape of letters; some sent presents in the form of stories; and a few good thoughtful ones brought substantial

gifts of new subscriptions. One or two little friends have sent some fine pictures which illustrate their interesting stories and make them more delightful.

Many of the Wees are growing larger and stronger and are reaching out for larger and stronger ideas of the truth. So we have decided to start a section called "*The Youth's Department*." This will be for the young folks over fourteen years young. We wish to have contributions and ideas for that column and when you send them address "*The Youth's Department*," WEE WISDOM, 1315 McGee Street, Kansas City, Mo. The "*Joyful Circle*" started this idea, for we discovered that there were quite a few "truth lovers" who had outgrown WEE WISDOM and found UNITY with ideas too far advanced. But, speaking of the "*Joyful Circle*," it is a club organized to carry out its name as near as possible. When it started it had but three or four members but now it has about twenty five and has been going only ten months. We meet at Unity Headquarters every Wednesday evening and speak, not of death, as some of our little authors did whose stories I could not print, but of life and joy, our motto being, "*Joy to the World*." We also debate and have programs.

So many have come to WEE WISDOM's party that she could not see them all at once but they will appear next month with their presents and cheering words.

Would it not be nice to have a birthday every month and come and bring presents, and enjoy ourselves always? I would like you to come and visit her every month and bring your stories and gifts, giving her a perpetual birthday of our perpetual life and truth.

— ROYAL FILLMORE, Editor and chief.



ROYAL FILLMORE, Editor.

50 cents a year.

5 cents a copy.

Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings a year.

Published monthly by

UNITY TRACT SOCIETY,  
1315 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.

Entered at postoffice as second-class matter.

*August, 1905.*

WEE WISDOM'S BIRTHDAY  
PARTY.

By Mamie.

*We come from the West,  
We come from the East,  
We gather here  
For a royal feast.*

*We come from the East,  
We come from the West;  
We come to be  
"Wee Wisdom's" guest.*

*We're bringing the best  
Of our treasures true,  
And offer them here,  
"Wee Wisdom," to you.*

*We bring you our love,  
We bring you our thought;  
We give you the best  
That our hands have wrought.*

*Your message of Truth  
Shall prosper, and go  
From the lands of bloom  
To the lands of snow.*

*You shall always bless  
And comfort and heal.  
Wherever you go  
They shall know the Real.*

## PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT (2)

BY YE WEE EDITORS.

Ye Royal editor, after getting his matter into the printers' hands, has skipped out for a good time among the Northren Lakes, leaving Ye Wee Editors to do the rest.

We find there are too many good things for this number, so we will continue our Birthday Party into September. Dorothy's story and beautiful drawing of "Meadow Lilies," and Botherilda's "Happy Birthday," will be among the September goodies.

"Don't tell him that I told you," but "Puckey" is a pet name for Ye Royal Editor, and that is where you can apply for "Nothin' Paint."

WEE WISDOM is wonderfully pleased over her birthday gifts of new subscribers, and thanks everybody and their friends.

You will notice how *your* spelling looks in print. Royal ordered it left just as *you* wrote it. Some folks may be surprised.

(Just before going to press). My! but there's a crowd of us! The printers say they have failed to squeeze in Louise and Erie, but will give them plenty of room to tell their stories next time. Orion, too, stands at the door with "Our Pigeons." We'll see him and them at our September party.

WEE WISDOM will be furnished in quantities to Sunday Schools at the following rates:

10 to 24 copies, 40 cts. each per year.  
25 to 49 copies, 35 cts. each per year.  
50 to 100 copies, 25 cts. each per year.

The Editor had a pillow fight and lost the pillows but one which he saved with much care. Keep this always in mind:



**Say!** Do you know a good thing when you see it? Here it is about the best thing yet. We have a little book which would cost you seventy-five cents (75c) if you bought it, but we give it to you for three new subscriptions or two new ones and the renewal of yours. Just think \$2.25 worth for \$1.50! This little book is bound in boards, and is fine to read on these lazy summer days. Just get us three subscriptions and send the \$1.50 and we will mail "Elsie's Little Brother Tom" to you free.

If this offer does not suit you, you may send one subscription at 75c and get this book and WEE WISDOM for one year.

**Look Here!** We are going to let everyone get an insight into the Truth cheap. We will send a trial subscription to both WEE WISDOM and UNTV for three months for 15 cents. This is a good offer for you get 15 cents' worth each month for 5 cents.

## LITTLE BOOKS BY LITTLE AUTHORS.

### Wee Wisdom's Library.

Volumes V. and VI., 25 cents each.



In presenting these little books to the public we claim for them the originality of being the first of their kind ever published. Over two years ago the little contributors to WEE WISDOM were promised that their best efforts at story writing should be gathered together in a small book, and their names appended as the authors thereof. Now it so happened when this gathering together was made, there were found to be more "Drops From Wee Pens" than one small volume could hold, hence the overflow called forth a second volume, which our young artist presents to you cloud-and-color-bedecked, entitled, "Summer Stories."

The "Raindrop Stories," with which the little volume of "Summer Stories" begins, forms a very pleasing symposium for a summer's day, and were much appreciated at the time of their first appearance, in so much as a drought threatened the land and raindrops were a luxury. But whether by the magnetism of flattery of these wee pens or by the power of the Word behind them, the raindrops were not long in finding their way to the thirsty earth. They came in drops, they came in showers, they came in torrents; they came day after day — but Orion tells you in his chapter "On the Flood."

SUMMER  
STORIES

## WEE WISDOM'S WAY.

By Myrtle Fillmore.

It contains the whole gospel of healing and salvation in a nutshell. Price, 25c.

Title printed in red on cream cover paper, and tied with red silk, making a dainty and acceptable holiday remembrance.

One of the most delightful stories published. It is a booklet of 64 pages, complete in twelve chapters, written in beautiful child language, descriptive of how the Day family was healed.