

BIRTHDAY NUMBER.

WEE WISDOM

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



Vol. XI. AUGUST, 1906. No. 1.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Edited by the Children.

US WEES IN OUR UNITY SUNDAY
SCHOOL.

By Blanche.

*We're a rollicking, frolicking, jolly crowd,
We're always ready for romping and fun,
But we're still as a roomful of little mice
When the Sunday School lesson's begun.
We control our bodies, every part —
The eyes, the ears, the feet and the hands,
And even that wonderful organ, the heart.
We train the eyes to see only the Good;
The ears to hear but the true;
And the feet and the hands, we teach to obey
Whatever we tell them to do.
And the little hearts, we teach always to beat
With thoughts of love for you.
We sit in a circle, peaceful and still,
With our feet on the floor and our eyes closed tight,
Till down in our heart of hearts we feel
Thoughts welling up of love and right.
And we learn, oh, we learn, so many things
About the good and the true,
About faith and love and wisdom and power,
And what mighty things they can do.
And every Sunday we have what we call
Our blessed "Remember Word,"
And we never forget all through the week
The good thought we have heard.
For "forget" is not in the list of words
We know and use every day,
For we keep only that which is good and true,
The rest we throw away.
And sometimes on a Sunday morn
We sing such songs, oh, me!
We sing of loving the birds and flowers,
And the grass, the trees and the bee.
And we sing of building our bodies strong,
And our tools are words of truth.
And don't you see, that in this way
We will build our eternal youth?
We wish you could come and visit us,
In our building, grand and new
But never mind, you can send love to us,
As we can send love to you.*



VOL. XI.

AUGUST, 1906.

No. 1.

EUNICE'S VICTORY.

BY DOROTHY PULIS LATHROP, (age 15 years.)



T was early morning on the ocean, and there was no sound but the gentle unceasing swish, swish of the waves. Dawn had suffused the east with her tender colors, and the mists of evening were slowly disappearing before the brightness of her smile.

One lonely seagull cried as if heralding the approach of a small, light rowboat, in which sat a young girl, slight of build, who was sending the boat, with long, firm strokes, flying through the water, making the only sound heard, that of the water breaking against the prow. Meanwhile, the sky had become more radiant and the sun nearer the moment of rising.

The girl's face was worn and tired with sleepless nights, and on her forehead were the wrinkles of anxiety. Hitherto, she had been too occupied with her own despairing thoughts to notice the beauty about her.

She lifted her oars out of the water and resting her arms on them looked at the sunrise. It constantly grew brighter and the girl's spirit with it. Dispair unfurled her dark wings and Hope took her place at the bow of the boat.

The sun rose in full glory and Power rose with it, flying with her strong wings to the boat, and whispering to the girl, "You can," took her place by Hope's side, slipping her arm about her.

"I can do it. She must get well," said the girl to herself, as she resumed her rowing. She rowed to a distant town where she did her errand, then returned to her home, where her cousin lay sick.

"Eunice," called the sick girl.

"Yes, dear."

"What took you so long?"

"I went to get some oranges for you, that's all," said Eunice, as she straightened the tossed pillows and flung open a window, that the fresh air of heaven might come in.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" she asked, as she brought in a glass of orange juice.

"No, thank you. Oh, that's so good."

Eunice took her sewing into the next room, and with her new felt power began treating her cousin, with whom she was left alone in the house.

Her mother, for whom she had just sent, was away visiting, and her cousin had been staying with her ever since her parents went abroad. So Eunice was left alone with her cousin when she was taken sick.

All day she fought, until just as the sun was about to go down, she heard a knock at the door and when she opened it her mother's arms enfolded her.

"How is she?" she asked.

"Better," said Eunice, "she has been asleep since dinner."

Her mother smiled a smile of approval, and together they tiptoed in to look at the sleeping girl. As they stood there she opened her eyes. Stretching out her arms with a smile, she said:

"I am going to get right up. I feel perfectly well." She smiled at Eunice. "You're a dear," she said.

The mother went out to get the supper and Eunice would have helped her, but she said:

"Run out, Eunice, dear, and get some fresh air before it gets too dark. You haven't been out all day."

Eunice untied the boat from the pier and stepped into it. The sunset was in its full radiance of triumphant glory. She stood spellbound, triumphant, victorious. The inspiring strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," floated over the water. Her

spirit rose exalted, and unconsciously she sang, and her voice rang out clear and strong on,

"Then conquer we must,
When our cause it is just;
And this be our motto,
In God is our trust."

"Why, Eunice, one would have thought that you had taken a whole army single handed by the way you sang that song," laughed one of her girl friends. "Oh, do come and have a game of tennis. It's going to be a glorious moonlight night and we will be able to see perfectly."

Eunice only smiled, as she tied up her boat preparatory to going with her friend.

She glanced at the moon rising red and full from the waters.

"Oh, lady moon, lady moon, you understand," whispered she, and the lady of the moon looked down at her and smiled.



WEE WISDOM CHERUBS.



BY HELEN KNOX, age twelve.

“**M**ISS Scratchclaw is going to be married to Mr. Thomas Chewfoot.” These were the words that had been on the lips of every cat for the last two weeks, and now as the time was drawing near for the wedding great preparations were being made, and every girl-cat was looking longingly at the fortunate Miss Scratchclaw.

The night of the wedding had come. The bride wore white satin with black spots in it. The groom wore his best yellow suit. Mr. Butterino Lickfoot, brother to the bride's uncle's nephew, was best man. There were four bridesmaids, one for each foot, and the finest orchestra in town had been secured.

Just as the Reverend Dr. Spitfire was placing the ring on the bride's front foot, some cruel giant from above threw a pail of water upon the bride's head. After she had been carefully dried, the guests were led to the back yard to a garbage can filled with dainties, which the cats of the neighborhood had been saving for the wedding supper. The bill of fare looked very tempting. It was: Rats on toast, grasshopper salad, dried fish sauce, fish fins a la de ratafino, dried shrimps rolled in fish scales, and fried butterflies. Everyone got down on all fours to eat. Mrs. Chewfoot trampled all over her wedding vail, but that did n't bother her.

After all were satisfied, the bride and groom took up their apartments in the Skunklin Hotel, where they lived happily ever after.

DOROTHY'S AND CYRIL'S HOLIDAYS.

BY ROSE EVELYN FOLEY.

“GOODBYE, my children, goodbye, and may your holiday be passed happily,” exclaimed papa, as he stood with mamma on the platform of the station in a large city, to Cyril and Dorothy, their children, who were leaning out of the window of a first class compartment, waving their handkerchiefs to their parents.

Soon the station and both pa and ma were lost to sight, and Cyril and Dorothy were being whirled away from the metropolis and its noisy, dusty streets, where they had lived from babyhood, to the refreshing country.

The children had talked excitedly of the intended visit to the country where they were to be entertained by their uncle, Mr. Geo. Rays, but now that their expectation was about to be realized, it seemed like a very pleasant dream.

“Won’t it be lovely, Cyril,” exclaimed Dorothy, who was ten years of age, excitedly, for they had never been in the country before.

“Yes, awfully. Uncle has a beautiful flower garden and orchard, pa says, and he will meet us at the station and drive us to his house in a fine carriage and pair. Oh, Dorrie, just imagine the sport we’ll have!” responded Cyril, enthusiastically.

They continued the conversation foretelling many wonderful, but still suneeen, at least by them, sights; but at sundry times they looked out of the window commenting on the scenes that “flew” past them.

At last the speed of the train slackened as it neared a small station.

Dorothy and Cyril alighted, and perceived a kind looking gentleman, still in his prime, whom they recognized as their Uncle George, by his resemblance to their father.

They bounded up to him and said, “Hello, dear Uncle George.”

"Hello, my pets. Had a pleasant journey?" he said kindly.

"Yes, indeed, Uncle, thank you," they replied.



Soon they were in his buggy and were being driven towards his residence.

He answered their numerous queries regarding many rural things, and they received quite a lot of information as they went; and after a drive of about half an hour in the exhilarating afternoon sunshine, they arrived at a stately gate at the entrance of a small drive bordered by handsome trees.

Uncle George drew rein, jumped down and opened the gate. He then resumed his seat and drove past a clump of palms, and revealed to the delighted children's vision a lovely house with magnificent ferns growing near.

Aunt Emma stood at the door and exclaimed as

they drew close, "Welcome to Carino (careeno), my dear children."

They responded to their aunt's greeting, and then were ushered in the drawing room, and after they removed their wraps they sat around the cheery fire with Uncle and cousins, thus spending a merry half hour, while tea was being prepared.

All too soon the bell rang and they joined Aunt in the dining room.

The children did justice to the meal, and as Dorothy and Cyril were a little fatigued after their journey, they bade their relatives "goodnight," and after saying their prayers retired.

(To be continued.)

JAP'S BOARDERS.

BY ROSE MARGRAVE.



JAPIE was born in the time of the Japanese and Russia war, so we named him Japie and his brother, Russia. Japie is dark brown striped with black. He always understands when we talk to him, and answers back with a mew or purr.

In the summer time some people go away, and leave their cats without anyone to take care of them, which is very cruel. This vacation all the cats come around and eat dinner with Jap. Jap is a Truth cat, and seems to understand that these cats are more hungry than he, so he stands by till they are finished, then he eats what is left. I call these cats Jap's boarders.

Loving hearts make loving mays,
Speak not at all or speak in praise.

If you want to meet a smile—
Take one with you all the while.

WEE WISDOM.
HANDS THAT HELP.

(PRIVATE)

OAKLAND CAL

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM; Thoe I am know new commer
I have never written to you before. As WEE WISDOM's birthday
is in August I think I will write the following story.

Harold was hurrying home from school one day. His playmates were going to coast on Point Hill. He soon had his sled and was on his way to the hill when he saw an old woman carrying a large basket of clothes she looked very tired and could hardly walk through the deep snow. Harold ran past her with his sled.

In a few minutes he turned back again and went over to the old woman who was resting on a door step. He lifted his hat and said, "Good afternoon."

"I suppose it is a *good* afternoon for boys who like to slide," she said, "but I know I shall slip on the ice."

"If you will put your basket upon my sled," said Harold, "I will take it home for you."

"What!" said the old woman "you make fun of me?"

"No," said Harold "I never make fun of any body, I can take it home for you as well as not."

Then the old lady put the basket on his sled. Harold went very slowly because the old woman could'nt walk fast.

One of his playmates saw him and said, "Hulloa, Harold, I thought you were coming to coast."

"So I am," said Harold, "but I am running an express now I shall soon be there."

When he came to the place where the old woman lived he carryed the basket of clothes in the house for her, she thanked him very much.

He then went to the hill and I think he had the best time of any boy there.

(PRIVATE)

I made this story up from a few outlines in child studies.
Your loving friend, O. S.

OUR ADVENTURE WITH A PIG.

BY HARRIET MCCREARY.

Margaret and I lived in a small cottage on the bluff near the lake, and one day as we had



HARRIET.

nothing else to do we went over to Mrs. Wire's farm to look around, and as we did not know the place very well we went into a big field where some beautiful flowers were growing, and just as I had picked one I heard a tramping of feet behind me; I looked around and there was a huge pig. I ran and climbed over the fence, and told Margaret to come. At first she was frightened, but then she remembered that she could not be harmed, and began petting it and feeding it grass, so the pig went peacefully away.

I wish WEE WISDOM many happy birthdays.

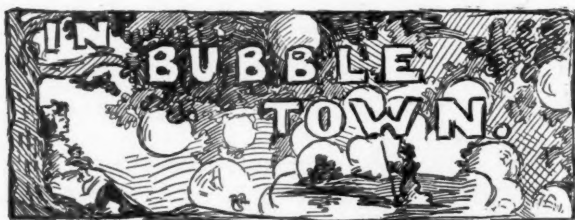
LONGFELLOW'S LOVE FOR CHILDREN.

SELECTED BY R.

Awake, he loved their voices
And wove them into rhyme;
And the music of their laughter
Was with him all the time.

Though he knew the tongues of nations,
And their meanings all were dear,
The prattle and lisp of a little child
Was the sweetest for him to hear.

— JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



BY LYNNE SHEW.

(A fifteen-year-old Chinese girl.)

“**L**ET’S take a walk down this road; it looks very nice,” said Violet to June, pointing to the East.

“Why, certainly, that’s what we will do, and maybe we can find some curious things,” said June, and they went to the pantry to gather up some lunch, and then started off for their walk. They saw lots of pretty things by the roadside, and after travelling two or three miles they came to an immense oak tree; so they sat down and ate their lunch, which was only a few pieccs of buttered bread, for they could not afford to get expensive things, because their mother had to work all day, and sometimes all night, to support these fatherless children and herself.

“Oh, dear,” sighed June, when they had finished their lunch, “I’m hungry yet. Oh, how I wish we were millionaires, so that we could have enough to eat, and —

“So do I,” interrupted Violet, “Well, we ought to be thankful for bread and water, anyway. Oh, dear, I am awfully tired. Let’s take a nap under that willow tree by the roadside.”

In about five minutes the children went to sleep, and a fairy queen from Bubble Town came up and touched them with her wand. In a second the two little girls were changed into fairies. The fairy queen took them to her town in a beautiful coach.

and when they reached there the other fairies were getting ready for the snail feast.

"Now, children," said Queen Happy after introducing them, "let's go into our dining room and have our snail feast."

"It's very kind of you, Queen, Happy," said Violet, "but we are not used to eating snails, you know, and if you don't object, please, a few pieces of buttered bread will do for us."

"Bread?" said the queen, very much startled, "why, we don't use such a thing as that. You might have some frog soup if you wish." The girls shook their heads again. "Well, I will give you our bill of fare, then," said the queen. "First comes frog soup, then snails, snake's liver, wild cat's tongue, eyes and tail. For desert we have horse and camel meat."

"I'm sorry, but I guess you'll have to excuse us, then," said June, in a polite way, "for we really don't care for those dainties, and we do not wish to disturb you folks, so we will take a walk in your town while you feast."

They then left the palace, and walking through Bubble Town saw the queerest kind of houses and people. The houses were down in the earth like our basements, and the people—why, the ladies had on men's clothes and the men had on ladies' clothes; even big girls wore overalls. Their heads were all shapes, and some without hair.

"I know where Bubble Town gets its name," said June, pointing to a bubbling lake. "Come, let's go and see what it is."

So they started toward the lake at full speed, and when they reached it, an old man with a diamond-shaped head came up to them, and said, "How do you do, little girls? How came you here?"

"Queen Happy brought us," they replied. "Please can you tell us about this lake?"

"Well," began Mr. Bigmouth, "You see Queen Happy is our ruler, and she named it Bubble Town after this lake. You've been over to the palace? I suppose you know they are having one of the most expensive feasts in the world."

"Yes, we've been there," replied June. "Please take us to your home now, and show us your things."

So they went down to a house about a block from the lake.

"Where are your bedroom, pantry, kitchen and lights?" asked the girls.

"What! bedroom?" laughed the old man, "why we don't sleep at all. You must remember that our sun never rises nor sets, so we do not have any lights, and we only eat once a year, and that happens to be today."

"Why I should think you would starve to death," said the girls, but Mr. Bigmouth only shook his diamond-shaped head and laughed.

"I think the queen will be through by this time, don't you?" asked Violet, suddenly.

"Oh, no;" said the old man, "she will have to eat twenty bushels of things today, before she is through. You see we eat according to our age. Now, I will have to eat seventy-nine bushels today, but you may find the queen resting after her thirteenth bushel."

"Good-by," said both girls. "Come and see us sometime, and we will try to come again soon."

"Thanks, little ones," said Mr. Bigmouth. "Be good girls!" They now ran back to the palace full speed.

"Enjoying yourselves, girls?" asked the queen, "and have you seen everything in the village?"

"Yes, Madam," cried both girls, "and we had a lovely time. Please, may we go home now?"

"Yes, dear ones," answered the queen, as she pressed a button for the royal coach. She then presented them with two packages, saying, "Here is one for each of you. I am very sorry that you could not sit at the table with us. You know I am the queen who makes poor people happy; so be happy with this forever. Good-by, dear ones."

Then she kissed them, and touching them with her wand she once more changed them into human beings. In another second the good queen had disappeared, and the two girls were rubbing their eyes and looking about. Could it be true, or was it

just a dream? No one knew, and never will, and yet—there was the package. Opening it in a hurry they found two beautiful dolls. The sun was setting as they gathered up their belongings, and ran home as fast as they could. When they told the story to their mother she was happy too.

FAITH.

BY BLANCHE DUDLEY, age 11.



ONCE upon a time there was a little girl. Her name was Nellie. She would soon be ten years of age. Nellie wanted a piano, and her parents were trying to get it for her. They only had \$2.50 toward it, and the piano cost \$400. But Nellie said she knew she would get it somehow.

She tried hard, but the money came slow. At last when they had \$300 a man told Nellie's father that he would give him \$100 if he would sell \$200 worth of his goods. Nellie's father said that he did not know whether he could or not, but he would talk it over with his family. After the man had gone Nellie said, "Why, papa, can't you do it, for you know that if we had \$100 more we would have enough to buy that piano."

Her father said nothing. But the next day he went to the man (whose name was Mr. Maxwell) and told him that he would take the job. He then went to work trying to sell the goods. By evening he had one-third of the goods sold, and in a few days he had them sold. So when he got home Nellie said, "Papa, did you get all of the goods sold?"

"Yes," said papa, "and I have \$100 dollars in payment."

"Oh, goody! goody!" cried Nellie with much pleasure. "I thought that I would get it, and so I did. And now we shall have our piano."

So you see if we have faith and try we always wins.

WEE WISDOM.
THE BUSY CITY.

BY JOSEPHINE LILLY.



It was a beautiful day. The sun was just coming from behind the mountains. All was in a bustle at the Morton ranch. The thrasher was coming. Everything was ready outside, and preparations were being made inside. The pantry shelves were loaded with good things, while the kitchen stove was still fuller. Mrs. Morton was busy directing the hired help. The Mortons were well-to-do. They had a very large farm, and raised all kinds of vegetables, grain and hay, and had a great many cattle and a few horses.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Morton and their only child Lorreta. Lorreta was never known to be cross, but today she was quite cross. She told her mother of a dream she had about the city. Her mother told her the country was much nicer than the city, but Lorreta wanted her own way, so her mother gave it to her.

* * * *

It was near Thanksgiving, and the leaves were putting on their dresses of golden hue. Thanksgiving was coming nearer and nearer. Thanksgiving was always a great day at the Morton farm. All their relations were invited. Mrs. Morton thought she would please Lorreta by allowing her to have a picnic for all her little friends on this day. Mrs. Morton had a great surprise besides the picnic for Lorreta. She knew though that Lorreta's friends would not like it, and then she was afraid that Lorreta would not feel any too happy over it either.

It was three days yet, and Mrs. Morton told Lorreta to prepare to go with her to the village. While they were there Mrs. Morton gave Lorreta some money, and told her she had better buy the presents she intended to give for Christmas. "It's a long time until Christmas, but I see so many things in the windows that would delight some of your

friends." Lorreta kept wondering why her mother wanted her to prepare for Christmas already, but she soon was lost in picking out her presents.

Lorreta talked about the city every day, and today her mother ventured to ask her what she would do with her playthings.

"Oh," answered Lorreta, a bright light coming into her eyes, "I had n't thought about that yet, because I knew we would n't go anyway. Mamma, I'd keep Edith and Harriet and all of my cards that were given to me, and a few other things, but all of the rest I would give away."

Her mother tried to think how she could prepare everything without Lorreta knowing it until Thanksgiving day, but she waited. The day was so clear and bright, but through the night a crisp but light snow had fallen. Early in the morning Lorreta was awakened by her mother calling her to make a quick toilet. Before she was quite through a crowd of girls burst into her room calling, "Surprise." Then it dawned upon Lorreta that something unusual was going to happen. They all had a lovely time though, and were invited to stay all night. Lorreta was busy half the night, assisted by Edith, her most intimate friend, to pick out which presents she would give each of her friends. The room looked quite bare when all the old clothes (they looked as good as new though), and dolls, books, cards, old copies of *WEE WISDOM*, together with a subscription to *WEE WISDOM* for each of the nine girls, and the other things; oh, it would make too many to mention. Sunshine Barrel was not forgotten either. Everyone went home happy the next day (all but one little sob) when Lorreta said good-by.

Lorreta's mother had told her that they were going to Chicago the morning of the party. When they reached Chicago they went to live in a little cottage by the lake. Every one and everything was strange to Lorreta, but she never let her mother see her cry for her friends at home or for all the pets she had left on the farm. Long towards spring she ventured to tell her mother of her longing for the country life once more.

"I'm sorry for being disobedient, and crying to come to the city."

"I've been waiting for you to say that, my dear, and now I will tell you all about it. We just came here for a little change, and papa had some business to do that took him far into the winter, so we remained here, but in a few weeks we shall go home."

It was a very happy day when the train bringing the Mortons back arrived. And Lorreta never even wished to go to town only every month when she knows that the dearest little paper in the world has come.

A VEGETARIAN CAT.

BY ORION.



ONE day Uncle Lol brought home a little, weak, scrawny black kitten which had followed him home from Ninth street Depot. He did not seem to want to eat meat so Lol fed him on vegetables, mostly corn, potatoes and bread although he would relish milk. He grew slowly and became a mild mannered cat that all the cats in the neighborhood enjoyed whipping and chasing home. Like all black cats he was properly named Nig. About the time cats usually stopped growing Nig began to grow much larger and developed most powerfull muscles. He was of a most gentle disposition and would harm no living animal excepting the cats which used to worry him. He had all the cats looking up to him as their superior and he ran the cats which ever bothered him out of the neighborhood. He would not touch any meat and when I put a bird or a mouse in front of him he only turned the other way. He used to walk up to the corner and meet my Uncle each evening.

Our Letter Guests.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE AND YE EDITOR MR. ROYAL, AND WEE WISDOM;—As WEE WISDOM and I were both born in August, 1894, I come to our birthday party with my little brother, Theo-



TESSIE AND THEODORE.

dore Fillmore Wallace, by the way, he says his name is *Fillmore* Wallace it seems to make him feel good to be called Fillmore. He says he has to drink lots of milk and have plenty of air so he can grow and learn his lessons. He is always

glad when "Sunday school day" comes so he can see "Auntie More-more" and "Billy Hastletine." (He means Mrs. Fillmore and Mr. Haseltine, president of the Board. They are great friends of his.) He says, "Auntie More-more loves me." As I was sitting on the front porch this morning in the hammock with a piece of bread in my hands I heard the birds twittering away and I tried to talk to them when the first thing I knew one little birdie came then another till quite a flock came and ate my bread and butter and then flew away. My, but I did sit still. I wish all the Wee Wisdoms could have been at our Fourth of July picnic we had such a nice time playing and swinging but I know wherever there are Wee Wisdoms they are having a nice time. Theodore Fillmore says, "*God's love makes everybody well and strong and happy.*" When he gets bumped or hurt he goes to mother to get God's love into it and in a few minutes he says, "It's alright now." He has two songs he sings, "*I am mother's happy little sunbeam,*" and "*Joy cometh every minute.*" And he sings them over and over again till his face looks like a sunbeam. Mother took us on the steamboat we both enjoyed it very much. The Wee Wisdoms of Kansas City will be glad to greet all the Wee Wisdoms of the world during our Jubilee week. We are going to have the nicest time. Yours truly,

TESSIE EVELYN WALLACE.

[Tessie must be WEE WISDOM's twin.]



CAMERON MO

DEAR MRS FILLMORE i ENJOY WEE WISDOM SO MUCH MORE SINCE i CAN READ IT MYSELF i LIKE THE STORY OF DOINGS OF LITTLE DAYS SO MUCH i MUST TELL YOU ABOUT MY DOG COLLIE THAT MY UNCLE SENT ME MARCALLA AND i HAVE GREAT TIMES ROMPING AND PLAYING WITH HIM HE SLEEPS BY MY BED ROOM WINDOW GOOD BY FOR THIS TIME YOUR LOVING FRIEND MARGARET BULKELEY



BONNEY TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write to you tonight. I haven't written to you for a long time. I have two pets one of them is a calf and the other one is a cat. The cat's name is Cooney I haven't named the calf yet. I help Papa in the hay field every day. We had a good rain Sunday. It has been the first good rain we had since Jan. I like the story of Doing

pretty good town and it is still growing. I would love to come to Kansas City very much I like the story of "*Doings of the of the Little Days*. I like to read letters that the others write I am fond of music. I go to Sunday School nearly every Sunday. It is aful hot down here most of this summer. I live in the country. I never did live in town but I have been there several times. I will close for this time. With love to all Wees.

NORA MEYER.



NATURITA COLO

DEAR WEE WISDOM Find in-
closed 50 cts which please send me
WEE WISDOM for another year. I
am staying with my Grandma now.
I expeck to stay about a week. She
lives three miles from anybody. It
is kind of lonely at night bought in
the day time it is fine. Well I will
close now Yours lovingly

ELDA CHATFIELD.



DEAR WEE WISDOM. This
picture shows the costume
worn by a family of nine
children. I think it very
artistic. The "*red leaf*"
cured me of a rash in a few
minutes. Happy calls rash
trash. Your little friend —

CAROLINE SEYMOUR.

[We think the costume very
unique and original, also the very
picture of comfort.]



KNOX CITY, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM. This is my fourth or fifth letter to you
and I love very much to write to you. I also love the dear little
paper and its readers very much. I live in a city it is about 3
years old and is a fine little place. We have 5 stores 3 drug
stores postoffice Restaurant 2 hotels, 4 cold drink stand, 2 hard-
ware houses and about 12 hundred inhabitants. So we have a

little Days. " I love to read the little Wees letters. I also like the little boys composition on Water. Well I am takeing up too much space I was 13 years young in June. I hope to see this in print I will close with love to all as ever Your loving friend

AGNES AUTREY.

P. S. I will send 50 cents for which please send me WEE WISDOM another year. Dear Mrs. Fillmore I want you to treat me for heart trouble.

As ever, A. A.

[Treatment — *Your heart is alright with God.*]



MERCHANTVILLE N. J.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM I will write and tell you some things about our "big" brother. He would be very much hurt if I called him "little." He feels very big. He says he isn't as big as father, mother, Elise or myself but he is just as big as my

youngest sister Frances age twelve. (He is only three.) At night when mother wants him to go to bed and he doesn't want to he says, "Papa do *we* have to go to bed?" (Emphasizing the *we*.) Father always says much to brother's dismay, "No Brother, *we* don't have to go to bed but Fillmore does." He can say his prayers by himself and then he says, "God bless everybody" — And then he names every one he knows and some he don't know. One evening at the table he started to say his prayer instead of the blessing. He is as fond of hollering as ever. And whenever a car passes he



CHARLES FILLMORE SLEATER.

waves his hands and hollers, "Hurrah! Hurrah!" There are about five playmates his age that live some near and some not so near us. So he has lots of good times with Donald Norman, Dydra Bill and Ned. Dear me! he knows lots more. But those are the ones he plays with most. He is very fond of climbing

our cherry tree whenever he can find a ladder. We do not like him to do it. But he is so fearless, he knows he wont fall. The grape arbor is another of his climbing places. He gets up there and eats green grapes. They never hurt him. For one reason we get him down before he eats very many. When we make him come down it hurts his dignity very much. He says he is a "big boy." Best Love to all from us all

Lovingly yours, MARION SLEATER.

[Fillmore seems to mean business.—ED.]



ALAMEDA, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM, This is the first letter I have written to you but I have written stories for you. On the first of July a week ago last Sunday my father, mother, sister and I and Aunt Minnie and Cousin Winnie and another lady went on a trip up the Sacramento River and had a nice trip. We left at six in the morning and we got home at 10 p. m. We went to Idora Park in Oakland last Saturday and carried our lunch with us and had a nice time. We fed the bears and watched the monkeys play. There was one little monkey there which was too cute for anything. It would every monument or so jump up on a little black pig's back and keep us all laughing. From MARGARET MOEBUS.



ST. LOUIS MO.

DEAR WEES as it is your birthday I will write a letter wishing you a happy birthday and many happy returns of the day. And here is a little verse if you have room for it.

"Now before we work today,
We will bow our heads and pray
For God has kept us through the night
And woke us with the morning light,
Help us Lord to love Thee more
Than we ever did before
In our work and in our play
Be thou with us through the day."

I go to H H Schroeder's Sunday School. With love to all the little Wees.
Your loving little friend EDNA IWIG.



ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM This is not my first letter but I am sure you are glad to hear from me. I am 11 years old. My little cousin from Colma came to see and we are having lots of good times. I enjoy reading the WEE WISDOM paper very much and the pretty song on the back. I have been going to the Home

of Truth Sunday School ever since I was two years old. I have a play-house and some dolls and a swing to play with but I would rather know the truth than have all the things in the world. Well this will be all this time with lots of love to all the Wee's and I wish a happy happy birthday to WEE WISDOM.

Your loving friend VIOLA RUTH MOEBUS.



OAKLAND, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM I am sending a story for your paper for the birthday paper. My home is a few moments trip to the scene of the great fire in San Francisco. Even though part of it is gone the spiritual part still exists, as the people have proven. The poorest have shared with the richest and vice versa. The earthquake scared us all pretty bad, but with the exception of a few instances that was all. Of course we lost our chimneys, but what was that. Didn't it seem like camping to cook on the outside? After the fire in 'Frisco' the bill boards were taken down to build shanties or fires, with the exception of those advertising 'Varney, green and blue paints' which said that and person found molesting them would be obliged to pay a fine of \$50. Provisions of all kinds were sent from all over the U. S. and every one was well taken care of. 'God does my every hunger feed.' The spirit of cheerfulness and fun was everywhere. Tourists going through the city were very much surprised to see this. I hope this reaches you in time.

Your friend, VERA BROWN.

[Vera's good story got crowded out, but will appear next month. Ed.]



NUCLA COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM I have taken WEE WISDOM since Jan, but postponed writing until your birthday month. My grandma sent you to me for Christmas. She takes UNITY. My mama has a flower garden and the flowers are in bloom. I find lots of dear little birds nests around in the trees. I have some little rabbits. We live in a desert country that has to be irrigated. I have two little brothers both younger than I. They enjoy the stories in WEE WISDOM very much. I think "Fairy Forest" was fine. Well I must close with love and best wishes WINNIE ROWLEY.



ALAMEDA CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM This is my first letter to you but I have thought of you all the time. I love to read the pretty little verses on the last page and I like the little songs to. I have a big black cat at home and his name is Tarbaby, and one of his sports is to catch little birds and eat them. He chases the little white butterflies but never hurts them. He is very loving sometimes but he will scratch at other times. There are so many

pretty butterflies around here. I live in Alameda, Calif. and I go to the Home of Truth. I love it well and will always go there. I am twelve years old. I can not think of anymore but will close, sending much love to all the Wee's,

Your true friend, ANNIE E. WEEKS.

[Annie, you should teach Tarbaby not to kill the little birds. They have as much right to live and enjoy life as he. They love their life and sing its praises just as all the Wees do. You should teach your kitten to be a vegetarian. Ed]

✻ ✻ ✻

FT WORTH TEX

DEAR WEE WISDOM This is second letter to you. I think the story called "The Rainbow" is very pretty and the one called "In To The Magic Land" too. I am in the third grade at school. I only have thirteen chickens for pets. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. I shall be glad school begins again. I hop to see this in print. Your loving friend

FANNIE MAY WETTEN TUCKER.

✻ ✻ ✻

WAVERLY IOWA

DEAR WEE WISDOM This is my first letter to you. I like the little paper very much. My mama takes UNITY. I like the ones that have WEE WISDOM very much. I will be eight years of age this July. I will close for this time with much love

I am your friend RACHEL BOHN.

✻ ✻ ✻

MOSIER OREGON

DEAR YE EDITOR AND WEE WISDOMS. I suppose you think we mountain Bears have not wakened up yet but we have. We came from our winter quarters early in March and now all sleep in the open air. We have been as buisy as ants which are very numerous here. There are so maney thing to write about I hardly know what to tell you first. I missed the Sunshine Stories very much. I guess I will tell you about a man and his good motherly wife Mr and Mrs Ireland, Mamma says they are a gleam of sunshine across our mountain Side. They do not realize tho,

"God is my Strength unfailing quick,"

God is my Health I cant be sick."

They were not feeling well enough to go anywhere at Xmas times, so by agreement all the neighbors that had not gone from their mountain homes went to see them Xmas evening. A nice Fir tree had been gotten ready for decoration and a married daughter of the family and mamma fixed up the tree. The ladies took cake and Mrs Ireland had a nice cake also. The tree looked very beautiful all green and bright with little candles and useful things. Papa and Sister Carmen gave Some music on their violins. Mr. Ireland said it would not seem like Xmas without Singing so we Sang, "*Joy to the World*" and other songs and then we all went to the room where the tree stood. We little Bears Spoke pieces, brother Hymans and mine were taken from

the UNITY. A grand Son of Mr Irelands who had been away to Carvallis Agriculture college gave us a nice talk about making life useful; then came the distributing of the presents Mrs Ireland was given a chair beside the tree and everybody seemed to wish to give her Something, when she had her hands full mamma told her to hold her apron which she did and by the time the tree was stripped of its nice things she had her apron nearly full. One young man a settler snored as mamma gave Pillowslips and Papa Said when you runout of anything else to give Just make Pillowslips. After the distribution of presents were finished then came the cake and oh, the finest Snow apples everybody said that ever was. Then the fun commenced, there was a contest between two young men it was the eating of a string of popcorn each beginning at an end to see which could get to the middle first Well we laughed and enjoyed our Selves untill nearly eleven oclock. Mr and Mrs Irelands faces were a picture of sunshine and happiness they seemed to have as good a time as aney one. They are doing good on every occasion possible and if you would like I will tell you in the near future something good they have done. Ye editor may think I am staying to long so I will go back to my mountain home which is very cool and pleasant this time of year I mean to grow big and strong up here. We send the whole Unity Sunday School an invitation to come into our woods and have a picnic whenever they want to Now bye bye with love and best wishes I am LESTER C. BEAR

[Our mountain bears seem to be very nice and tame and entirely different from the ordinary ones. All ferocious beasts may be tamed by love. Ed.]



EDWARDSVILLE, ILL.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE This is my first letter to WEE WISDOM and I am glad to say that I like WEE WISDOM very much. I read the book and I like Aunt Mary's Bible lessons I go to Sunday School almost every Sunday. My sister Ivy and I only missed two Sundays this year. Mamma reads WEE WISDOM and likes it very well. I take Elocution lessons. Monday evening July 9th I spoke at Granite City for the W. C. T. U. and got a silver medal. I am learning to play the song on the back of July's WEE WISDOM. I am eleven years old. We have just one more month vacation and then school will begin. We are going to have the month of August for vacation in music. My sister Ivy is 14 years old. We have two dogs, a bird and a horse. I will close with love to all the Wees,

MYRTLE KUNNEMANN.

[Congratulations! Myrtle. Keep up the good work. Ed.]



ST., LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM I thought I would write to you a letter wishing you a happy birthday and many returns of the day. I have been going to Mr. Schroeder's Sunday School for the last eight years and have been receiving the paper for the same amount of years. With love to all. Your friend,

HELEN DIETZLER.

WEE WISDOM'S WAY OF HEALING.

INTRODUCTION BY ROYAL.

In different parts of the country are poor little children whom fate seems to have pointed out never to share the joys and pleasures of other children; but to live always in doors and be handled as fragile china. These children, cripples and invalids are called "shut-ins." Many societies have been organized for the purpose of giving these little ones books, toys, etc to make them forget their pain and be satisfied with their condition.

WEE WISDOM proposes not to just temporarily make them forget their pain, not to have them share part of the pleasures of life, but to Heal them and make them become part of the living world, and not just on lookers. By the co-operation of the Wees she will be able to do this. Just think what a power 2,000 or more earnest healing affirmations per day is. Only a few moments a day is all that is needed for each Wee to hold the strength-giving affirmation, but to those who are treated it means much. It means years of the happiness of living heart and soul. It means a resurrection from the tomb of inactiveness.

If our readers will kindly send us the names of "shut ins" whom they know, and will all co-operate in holding for them, we are sure the world will be much happier.

In the next issue of WEE WISDOM we will print the names sent us of the "shut ins" and also the affirmations for the readers to hold for them—in a special department.

**Health, Happiness
and Plenty are for
you now.**

Bible Lessons.

BY LOWELL'S SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS.

LESSON VI. AUGUST 5.

False Excuses.—Luke 14:15-24.

GOLDEN TEXT—*And they all with one consent began to make excuse.*—Luke 14:18.

We may all profit and learn much good from this lesson. It tells us of a certain man who was preparing a great supper for many invited guests and when it was prepared he sent his servant to tell his guests to come, for supper was now ready. But all the guests began to make excuse and say they could not come. This made the man very angry and he told his servant to go out into the streets and bring in the poor, the lame and the blind and then if there was still room to go to the highways and hedges and bring anyone he could find, until the house was filled.

How many of us make false excuses every day. "I can't help you today, mamma, I must go with the girls or go and play" How many, many times do we find excuses for our habits or neglect of duty, when if we had our minds filled full of tender, gentle, beautiful thoughts, we would have no excuses to offer for anything, for only the "Good" would be there. When we let ugly, naughty, cross thoughts creep into our minds once in awhile then we begin to make excuses, but that is not our own true, beautiful self, and we crowd them back and out with Perfect Love and Truth, for our minds must be filled and fed, and we must feed them nothing but Perfect Love and Truth. Our ugly thoughts are not perfect in any way we know, so they are the outsiders and must also represent the poor, the lame, the blind.

If Perfect Love and Perfect Truth are filling every corner of our hearts and mind, an uninvited guest cannot enter, and we have no false excuses to offer.

HELEN BLAKE.

LESSON IX. AUGUST 26.

The Rich Young Ruler.—Mark 10:17-31.

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

The man who came running up to Jesus asking what he should do that he might inherit eternal life was grieved when Jesus told him to give his riches to the poor. You see the rich man cared more for the material world and its luxuries than for eternal life. If he had cared more for eternal life he would have gladly given all his riches to the poor and have followed God's laws, and obeyed the Christ principal within him.

Little children, if those worldly thoughts of the rich man creep into your consciousness, just tell them to get out, and then fill your mind with thoughts of love and happiness.

And what does the golden text mean to us? When we would seek the Christ principal we must deny all thoughts of unkindness, sickness and untruthfulness, and think of love, peace and power; and live in the Truth.

OSA PALMER.

LESSON VII. AUGUST 12.

The Parable of the Two Sons.—Luke 15:11-32.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Return unto me and I will return unto you, saith the Lord.*—Mal. 3:7.

Perhaps after reading this little parable, you might think that it is a good thing to be naughty and do things you should not, but that is not what this means, for the Father said to his elder son: "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine."

Taken symbolically, this story shows how some of our thoughts become angry and material, and stray away from the spiritual, but after they get poor and weak from having their own selfish way they eventually come back to the good and true, and are welcomed because they have learned the value of the good. But the thoughts that have not strayed, although they are not made much of, are more valuable than those which have strayed, because they form a part of the spiritual and have spent none of their strength in being material.

When brother comes home for a vacation, do you feel bad because papa and mamma do not hug and kiss you as much as him? They love you just as much, although there is no special call for the expression, for you have stayed at home and worked diligently all the time.

Thus the Universal Love welcomes her children who have strayed and forgives them when they humbly ask. True humiliation is needed at times to make us see the good. White can not be seen on white, but black is easily discernible, is a good illustration of this parable.

ROYAL FILLMORE.

LESSON VIII. AUGUST 19.

The Judge, the Pharisee and the Publican.—Luke 18:1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT—*God be merciful to me a sinner.*—Luke 18:13.

Jesus said that men should pray and not be afraid.

In a certain city there was a judge that was unjust, and a widow wanted to be relieved of her trouble so he helped her, that she might not worry him by her constant coming.

God will help his people though he has to deal long with them. Faith is being manifested stronger now than ever before. Many people are being healed now by the power of faith. We should pray having faith that we have already received.

God will have pity on such as this Publican who repent and confess their sins to Him and will permit them to come into his presence. The Pharisee thought is of our own good deeds and the wickedness of others. "Everyone that exalteth himself shall be humbled; but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted,"

AMY SPENCER.

Editorial.

YE editor welcomes the guests who respond to his invitation to WEE WISDOM's birthday party. They come laden with gifts which they lavish on her profusely, while she stands in her new dress, also a gift, and greets them with outstretched hands and a welcome smile. Now she wishes to share with her friends the bounty which she has received, and I am sure that never before have her children remembered her more generously.

Ah, first comes Blanche with her sunny smile and gentle words. She seems to be very talented in her poetic tastes and WEE WISDOM welcomes her poem gladly. Next comes Dorothy with her gift, "Eunice's Victory." Dorothy received all the high honors at her graduation and a special art medal for which all the schools in the city of Albany competed. Her story exemplifies her poetic nature but we are sorry she did not illustrate it. What is that queer noise. It sounds like the mewing, yowling and hissing of a thousand cats. It is Helen with "A Wedding in Catville." A very unique little story. From far off Australia comes Evelyn and her gift, "Dorothy's and Cyril's Holidays." WEE WISDOM did not have room for all of it in this issue, but it will appear in the next. Here is Rose bringing the good and true story of "Jap's Boarders."

The next comer does not tell her name and makes her letter and story "private," so we do not know who to thank for our "Hands that Help." What a grunting and snorting breaks upon the calm. It is Harriet bringing in her blood curdling adventure with a pig.

Ah, here comes Lynne Shew, the little Chinese girl, with her story "In Bubble Town." Hello, Blanche, your gift sets forth a property that is one of the most important in the world; "Faith" is a good little story. Josephine has a nice story for you, "The Busy City." What a lot of cats we have at this reception, but cats are welcome, so we grasp the hand of Orion who brings "A Vegetarian Cat,"



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50 cents a year.

Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings a year.

5 cents a copy.

Published on the first of each month by
UNITY TRACT SOCIETY,
913 Tracy Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Entered at postoffice as second-class matter.

AUGUST, 1906.

WEE WISDOM'S BIRTH MONTH.

BY MAMIE.

We come to celebrate your fame,
Earth is the better since you came,
Each Wisdom loves to bear your name.

We gather up the truths you tell,
In work or play we practice well.
So Love and Plenty, Health and Joy
Delight to bless each girl and boy,
Opening the way to peace and right,
Making our life all glad and bright.

WEE WISDOM's growing up now and can entertain both Wees and Youths.

We are indebted to Ralph Barton for the original sketches and headings in this number, all but Caroline's. We think he's done us proud. Don't you?

Ye Royal Editor has left Ye Young Authors' original spelling and punctuation unchanged, though not authorized by Webster.

Our Letter Guests are very welcome, and we thank them for their thoughtfulness. See if each reader can't get us a subscription, and so double our issue for September.

With this Issue Wee Wisdom

is improved and increased about one-half, but the price for the present will remain 50 cents per year.

In order to keep up this standard the subscription list must be doubled. This means that every subscriber must get at least one New One.

HOW MANY CAN YOU GET?

