

WEE WISDOM

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



Vol. XII. AUGUST, 1907. No. 1,
KANSAS CITY, MO.



Here we are, just Bert and I.

My name's Smiling Frank,

Bert is on the table by

Ready for a happy prank.



VOL. XII.

AUGUST, 1907.

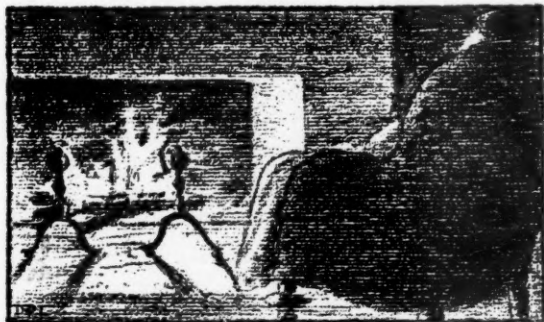
No. 1.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S HEROINES AND MINE

DOROTHY PULIS LATHROP



HAT is a heroine? I wondered idly. The fire was making me sleepy; and I snuggled into the depths of the great warm chair and watched it, as it flickered fitfully, throwing its light into the dark corners of the large dusky room. For an instant it danced on the wall, falling on the richly colored head of a Nu-



bian girl, playing over the delicately oval face, and caressing the downcast eyes and beautifully moulded mouth, until I almost thought her alive, so exquisitely tantalizing the face became in its movement.

Finding the subtle fascination of the East attracting me more than the contemplation of heroines, I turned impatiently away from the Eastern siren, and threw more wood on the fire. I had not yet satisfactorily settled in my mind who were heroines and who were not.

The fire blazed cheerfully, and almost angrily, and I, sitting alone in the dark room, grew so fascinated as I gazed into its great glowering heart, that I was oblivious of everything save it and the word "heroines," "heroines," endlessly repeated, beating slowly through my mind in union with the solemn "tick, tock" of grandmother's clock on the mantel.

The fire disappeared; and before my eyes stretched the cold sea, relentlessly cruel. I saw the waves, like beasts of prey, fall upon a shattered vessel. I saw the unhappy survivors alternate between hope and fear, as they watched a frail craft rise and fall among the billows. It was manned only by a young girl and an old man; and as I saw her bend to her oars, putting forth all her girlish strength and risking her life for those of the drowning, I gloried in her physical courage and daring, and understood why Grace Darling was one of my grandmother's heroines. But was she mine?

The crackling of the fire recalled me. A large pine knot had caught fire, making the immediate vicinity dazzlingly light; and several shingles blazed merrily with much sputtering and many loud reports. It was not hard to call up a vision of a battle field. The crackling of the fire became the report of rifles and the loud boom of cannon; and the lurid glare of the fire played its part well, as the cannon belched forth their flame.

I saw a man loading and reloading one of these

cannon. Suddenly there was a deafening report, and cannon and man were enveloped in smoke. When it lifted, the gunner was lying dead by the cannon's side. Then I saw his wife, Mollie Pitcher, running; no, not to his side, but to the cannon, conquering her grief and taking her husband's place. I wondered at her fortitude, as she stood at her post all through the long cruel battle, compelled to hear all the din, to know the horror and the human suffering that go to make up a great battle. I listened to the praise she received, and shared her glad triumph, as Washington commended her bravery and gave her a commission as sergeant.

I yawned. Did I not admire her? It was another case of the personal fearlessness and physical daring, which our grandmothers demanded in their heroines.

The fire was dying, but I did not try to revive it. I was looking into a hospital. Hundreds of wounded soldiers lay about. It was very close. A few competent nurses and doctors were working busily; but others stood around, not knowing just what to do. Most of them were willing; some tired of it all, and thought only of their own comfort.

Through this hospital and many others, I could see a woman walk quietly, but with authority, bettering in every possible way all wrong conditions and striving to inspire the different nurses with some of her own indomitable spirit and sympathy for humanity.

Hers was a hard duty, yet she did not falter. Her spirit and her love for mankind bade her do everything. This was impossible, and she recognized it, she cried:

"This is not the work I would have my life judged by."

And Dorothea Dix's life was not to be judged by

her hospital work alone. The dying genii of the fire raised yet one more vision; and as I looked, Dorothea Dix was standing before a legislature, before a body of cynical, doubting, careless men, forcing upon their unwilling ears disagreeable and shocking facts concerning the jails and almshouses, and telling of the terrible misery and degradation of the insane. It was not easy for her to do this. She was a woman, and shrank from declaring these things to the world with her own lips; but her divine love and pity conquered her reluctance, and overcame every obstacle.

As I watched, her eloquence won the men to her side, and the bill passed in triumph through both House and Senate, awaiting only the President's signature. I saw him veto it; and the work of many years was undone. All for naught had she worked. But had it been all for naught? I questioned the fire, and it exploded angrily. No, look at our jails and almshouses to-day, and one will not say her work was in vain.

In the gray ashes of the fire, I saw a humble home scene. The interior of the room was not poverty-stricken, and the children who played about were decently clothed; but it was all the little woman, moving so cheerily among them could do to keep them so, and to fill their hungry little mouths. I watched her as she labored unceasingly, sparing neither time nor strength to accomplish her mission, always singing, no matter how tired she was. Her whole life, as it lay unfolded before me, was one long hard struggle and unceasing self-sacrifice. It was never she who was tired, sick or cross. She hadn't time.

I thought of the many women on earth, and I wondered if there were as few as there seemed to be like this grandmother of mine. Then I realized, that al-

though there were plenty striving as she strived, living at peace with God and man, while wrenching a living from the miserly world, the real heroism of her life was her optimism, which bade her sing, though the future was a dark blank, and which made her the life and heart of the household, which revolved about her.

At last I realized who my heroines were, Dorothea Dix, famous for her great works, and the little woman, all unknown to the world, whom I knew and loved as grandmother.

I was surprised to see how much they were alike; and I understood why I had chosen them. I also knew why Grace Darling and Mollie Pitcher, my grandmother's heroines, were not mine.

In grandmother's time, physical strength and courage were needed and admired; but the present age demands more,—work that will last, the product of mind and intelligence, coupled with the spirit of righteousness.

I awoke from my reverie with a start. What was it that the clock was striking? Not eleven o'clock! I arose from my chair, cold and stiff. The fire had to all appearances gone out: but I stirred it; and underneath its cold exterior lay a warm, bright heart. I placed one little stick upon it, and watched it burn. As I arose to go, it gave one last flicker, lighting the face of the beautiful Eastern enchantress into a half-pitying smile, as she watched me from under her lowered eyelids.

This birthday number is printed on our new press which has just been installed. It dedicates our new machinery and opens the thirteenth year of WEE WISDOM's life.

The Picnic

BLANCHE SAGE

*'Twas Fourth of July,
Our spirits were high
The fire crackers sizzed around.
We rode on a car,
Oh, ever so far,
To a beautiful picnic ground.*

*And when we got there,
The smell in the air
Of lemons was very strong.
We kept watch on the man
Who was filling the can;
We waited, well, not very long.*

*Then we all stood up
With a little tin cup
And drank as much as we could
Of the best lemonade
That ever was made,
And I tell you it tasted good.*

*Then they all ran in sacks
And fell on their backs,
The children and grown-ups as well.*



WEE WISDOM.

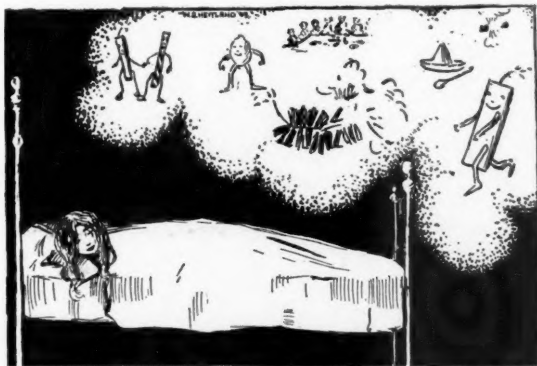
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*Which had the most fun
In the race and the run
Would be hard for a body to tell.*

*Then we had cracker races.
The Wees stuffed their faces
With crackers 'till none could take more.
Then to whistle they tried
And we laughed 'till we cried;
As for lemonade, all of them tore.*

*At about half-past five
We all made a dive
For the lunch, which was spread on the grass.
And the way we did eat,
Of sour things and sweet,
As the goodies the ladies did pass.*

*Then just before dark
We all left the park,
And when we got home 'twas quite late.
Then each "Wee" went to bed
With this thought in his head,
"The July Fourth picnic was great."*



THE LION'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

SHIRLEY T. SWAYNE



N a secluded and uninhabited part of Asia there lived a Lion, the king of beasts. His home was in the rocks along the side of a mountain shaded by trees and covered with vines.

Between the mountain ranges there was a valley of considerable width, through which passed a quiet stream with large and shady trees along its banks. This place was selected by the Lion for his birthday party to which he invited all the animals he knew. The Lion rose very early in the morning on the day of the party to prepare a table, for each family was to bring a basket of good things to eat. It was on a pleasant day in July and not a cloud was to be seen. After the sun had been up quite a while the animals came pouring in. First came the tigers with a bunch of bananas, then the bears with some huge watermelons, followed by the hyena with a basket of potatoes. Then the fox with a basket of grapes, followed by the ram, the ewe and the lamb with some corn. Mr. Brown Bunny with a basket of apples and Mr. Squirrel with a basket of nuts run a race down the mountain, but Mr. Bunny got there first. The monkeys came on elephants and brought some cocoanuts, and they had a snake with them. There were many more came, but last of all came the wolf down from the north with some beets he had dug out of the ground.

Now how do you suppose the Lion got word to all these animals? Why he had the birds for messengers. After wishing their host many happy returns and exchanging wise notes on the weather the animals

gathered round in a circle for a conversation. They did not of course all speak the same language, but the Lion had parrots for interpreters.

After they had a good talk dinner was ready and they all sat down. The table was just full. 'The lion and lamb sat down together, and the snake crawled around one of the monkeys and both ate off the same plate. The lioness cooked the things and she said if they weren't good it wasn't her fault. At the same time the birds eat cherries on a large tree near by. After dinner the birds sang songs and the animals jumped and danced till they were out of breath. Then they all walked down the stream till they came to a lake. Then they jumped in and swam and splashed water, and such a merry time they had!

When they got tired they walked back and played games till nearly sunset. Then after many solemn farewells they all departed for their homes with happy hearts.

The lion and lioness went to the top of the mountain and watched their guests till they were out of sight. They felt happier than they had ever been before, because they had made a happy day for all the rest

Wanted, 3,000 more Wees to dine monthly at the table of WEE WISDOM. Get your friends to join the Circle of Wisdom. A feast of good, pure mental food served monthly. It costs you less than ONE CENT A WEEK. Just think! YOU CAN HAVE WEE WISDOM EVERY MONTH IN THE YEAR BY SAVING ONE PENNY A WEEK. 50 CENTS A YEAR. DON'T SPEND THAT PENNY FOR CANDY! It will pay your subscription for a week. Write and tell us how you saved the money to board with us.

THE LOST BIRD RESTORED TO ITS
MOTHER

CECIL ISABEL WALSH

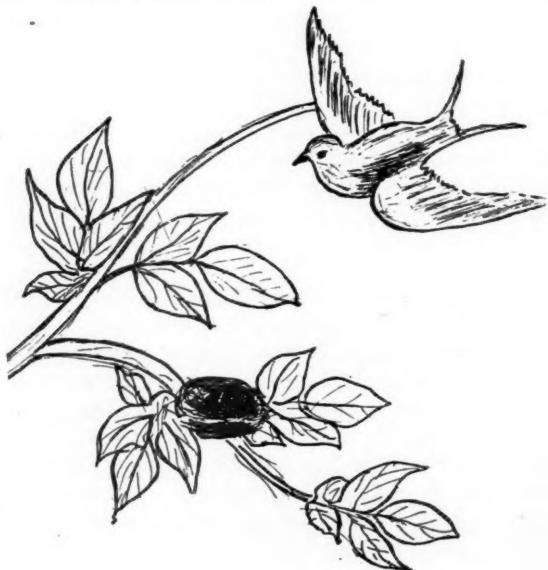
[14 years old.]



“Mama! Look at the little birdie I found out in the street, and Bert and Frank Middleton were trying to shoot the dear little thing with their sling-shots. May I please keep it?”

Little Leo was looking anxiously in his mother's face to see whether the “yes” that he was so anxiously looking for would come.

“Do you know whether the little bird has a mother or father, my little son?”



"Yes mama, I think it has, but may I not keep it any way? I will take good care of it—truly."

"Now you sit down in your little chair beside mother and hold the little birdie while I tell you why I think it best for you not to keep it."

"Wouldn't you rather—if somebody picked up your kitty—that they brought it home to you instead of keeping it? and don't you think that mama would be a good deal more thankful to anybody if they found you to bring you back to me instead of keeping you, even if they did take good care of you?"

Little Leo thought a few minutes and then answered, "Yes, mama, and I guess birdie's mama would too—so I will go and take him back."

"Will you please go with me and help find the nest?"

"Yes, I will go with you, dear, but we will just put him where you found him and his mother will come and get him."

Leo waited a few minutes and kept very quiet and then he saw the mother bird come down and get her young one and fly back to her nest, chirping all the time; and Leo ran home and told his mother that the birdie's mother said, "Thank you, little boy for bringing my baby back."

*A willing pair of little hands,
A loving heart so true,
Two tiny feet, quick to obey—
There's a boy for you.*

*He never speaks but cheerful words,
He always has a smile,
No matter what others do,
He's happy all the while.*

MY PETS

GERTRUDE K. LATHROP

[10 years old.]



THESE are my three little pets that I love very much. Bubbles, the monkey, is the funniest, Donkey is the most lovable, and Johnnie, the bear, is the most hugable.

I will tell you of a funny experience I had with Donkey. As I was playing with him on the floor, and making him hee-haw, all of a sudden he lost his voice, and papa took him apart, but could not make him talk again.

For one or two days I did not play with him because his voice was gone.



One day I thought I would play with him again, and Dorothy brought out her goat which had a voice. We began to run them up and down the floor, and Dorothy made her goat baa, and butt my Donkey, when suddenly Donkey answered back with a loud bray.

He sleeps in a little separate bed with springs and two sheets, and a comfortable. He used to sleep with Johnny, but now Johnny sleeps with me, while Bubbles sleeps in a shoe box.

Whenever I take Bubbles out in the street, or in

the car, everybody is very much amused. One day I had to put him behind me because the whole carful laughed, even the conductor.

Johnny was one of the first bears brought to America, before there were so many bears that were called "Teddy." I named mine after Ernest Thompson Seton's "Johnny" bear.

My little darlings never fight; that is why I love them so much. Johnny hugged Bubbles as soon as he saw him, and was delighted with Donkey because Donkey gave him a ride on his back.

They were very tickled to know that they were going to have their pictures in WEE WISDOM; you can see the smile on Bubbles' face. They sat very still and didn't move while I drew them.

OUR BIRDS

BY ORION

THERE is a fine tract of woods near our house. It is inhabited by the brown thrush, flicker, dove, robin, blue bird, bluejay and many other birds and chipmunks. There is a meadow adjoining the woods where there are meadow larks, quail and gophers. One day while I was in the woods I sat down to rest near a stream. There was a short tree on the edge of the stream. There were a pair of small birds in a tree and they began to make a fuss, so I knew they had a nest near. I did not see their backs, as I was under them. One of them had a worm and it went into the small tree and came out without it. I went to the tree and a brown thrush flew out, and on coming nearer I saw a nest. It was about a foot above my head, and as I climbed it the little birds came and began to fuss more. It was a brown thrush's

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nest and I could not imagine what made the little birds fuss. I saw a small nest in a nearby tree which I climbed, and looking down I saw the blue backs of the little birds and knew they were blue birds. I remembered that there was a dead limb on the small tree, so I knew their nest must be in a hole in the limb and it was, and had little ones in it. I walked on down the creek when flop, and a dove lit on the ground and went fluttering off dragging one wing. I knew this was a trick to lead me away, so I took a good look at the tree and followed her, then returned to the tree, and in a fork was a nest with two young doves. I found seven brown thrush nests in three days, also a pewee nest in a culvert and a bluejay's nest with five little ones.

One day as I and my brother were going along the street we heard a noise in a tree and on looking up saw a little flicker being led through a hole by an old one. I climbed the tree and took one of the young ones out and could not make him stay in again. He flew into the next tree. About a week after we saw one of the youngsters on a pole near the tree. There are many gophers in the meadow. If you go and sit quite still the gopher's curiosity overcomes him, and he will come out and sit up, then come closer and is up again. We often see chipmunks in the trees. We also found nests of robins, great crested fly-catchers, sparrow hawks and wrens, all close to home.

Notice! All true loyal Wees get your friends to join the Wisdom Circle. We will send them sample copies if you will send their names and addresses.

Be sure to read the editorial, page 30.

OBEDIENCE OF HENRY GORDON

JESSIE A. SMILEY

[13 years old.]

THE express wagon stopped in front of the house of Mr. Gordon.

"Does Henry Gordon live here?" asked the driver, when the door was opened.

An express package for Henry, and he was only 12 years old. How Henry's eyes did open when he saw that splendid new bicycle, a birthday gift from Uncle Dick. It was just what he had begged for ever since he learned to ride, more than two years ago. Now he and his chum, Ray, could take a ride into the country to Uncle Dick's farm.

The day the boys were to visit Uncle Dick, Henry was up early and whistled merrily as he did his chores. When he came into the dining-room his father was busy reading a letter, but as Henry entered he looked up and said:

"Henry, do you remember that gentleman that was here Friday?"

Henry's heart seemed to stand still, for the look on his father's face seemed to tell him that he could not go.

"Well" said his father, continuing, "he left a package here which he intended to call for, but as he is ill it will have to be taken to him, and as I am very busy to-day you will have to take it."

"But I was going to Uncle Dick's farm," said Henry.

"Yes, I know," said his father, "but you will have to give it up. I am very sorry, for I like to see my boy have pleasure when I think he deserves it."

Henry at first had an inclination to say he would not go to that man's house and miss all the fun at the

farm, but the look on his father's face made him change his mind and answer: "Yes, father, I will go, because you think it best."

His mother came into the room and said: "Henry, I thought your love for riding your bicycle would make you disobedient to your father, but I see I was greatly mistaken." Henry smiled, but said nothing.

On his way to the Ferry, where he would take the boat for a four hours' journey up the Sacramento river, Henry stopped at Ray's house and told him the reason why they could not go to the farm. Ray felt badly about it, but, like a sensible boy, said: "You did exactly the right thing to obey your father and go."

When Henry reached home a pleasant surprise greeted him, for there was his Uncle Dick, and before Henry had a chance to greet him he said: "As I hear that you are such an obedient son, to make up for your disappointment at not going to visit me, I will take you and Ray to spend one week at my farm."

So all through his life Henry always obeyed his father, and when anyone would ask him why he was so obedient he would smile and repeat the story I have just told you, and add:

"You see, my father's way is the best."



LILLIAN

*I am well and glad and
hearty
And I've come to your birth-
day party.
Ida and I wish you a pros-
perous year
Full of love and good and
cheer.*

MY SUMMER VACATION

I promised a story of my summer's vacation for WEE WISDOM's birthday. Well I am eleven years old, but this is my first story. I live in Holton, Kansas, and my school was out the 17th of May. Ten days later I started on my vacation with my mama. Our first stop was at Kansas City. We visited the Unity buildings and saw where our dear little paper was printed, and had a nice visit with dear Mrs. Fillmore, WEE WISDOM's mama. Then our next stop was at St. Louis. Our train was waiting for us there and we would have missed it had it not been for a nice young man that helped us with our baggage and put us on our train. He was awful nice. Then we stopped next at Paris, Ills. Our train was late there and walked around over the town till train time, and it is such a nice little town, and mama used to live there and could show me around. It is the county seat of Edgar county. Then our next stop was where we were going for our first visit at Ridge Farm, Ill. I had an aunty living there and that is where my papa was buried and Decoration Day I got flags and flowers and decorated my father's grave and it was the prettiest grave in the cemetery. Mama said that day alone paid her for the visit. My papa was a soldier and of course the soldiers put a big flag and lots of flowers on it too. Then the next week I went to Danville and had a visit with my brother and sisters then I came back to Ridge Farm and after a four weeks' visit there we came to Terre Haute, Ind., where I have another aunty living and a little cousin, Elmo, about my age, and we had a nice time. I was there a little more than a week. Then we started to Muncie, Ind., where I have another aunty, but we

stopped off at Indianapolis a few hours. Mama had some friends there and they met us at the depot. And they showed us around the city. We saw the soldier's monument and the State House and the Federal Building, and that was the finest building I ever saw. The floors and walls were solid marble, and the ceiling was solid gold and I tell you it was grand. Then in the evening the 2d of July we went on to Muncie. Aunty and Uncle were at the depot to meet us and went to those two dear little cousins who awaited me, Irene and Robert, and they are going to be little Wees too, for they love the little paper. Well we didn't go any where the Fourth for my aunty thought she was sick. But my mama treated her and she got all right for she only just thought she was sick and God just whispered to her that she was well and we had a nice time and lots of fireworks at night.

Now my story will be continued in the October number and hoping that all the Wees are having as pleasant a vacation. I am, BENNIE PURDUM.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING THIS SUMMER?

Just waiting for school to begin? If you wish to pass many happy hours under the old tree in the yard reading, we have the nicest books imaginable. "Summer Stories" is a beautiful collection of nice attractive stories, as airy and bright as their name. "Drops from Wee Pens" contains also a fine assortment of short stories. We will give you either of these books or any one in the "Wee Wisdom Library" for two subscribers at 50 cents each, or we will give both books for three subscribers at 50 cents each. These books are 25 cents a copy if you wish to buy them, but we give them to you FREE for subscriptions.

EPISTLES

ONTARIO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I love you. I like the nice stories you have and the letters. I take *Little Folks*, but I like you better. This is the first time I wrote to you. Good-bye.

JOHN MANN.

WALLACE, W. VA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am coming to the Birthday Party with merry greetings to you and to the Wees. I like you very much and enjoy reading the letters and stories the children write. I am eight years old. I go to school in winter and have a good time in summer. I have a pet kitten. It is black, with white shoes and collar. I will close for this time. Here is a nice verse.

"To give good cheer
Will drive away fear
And cause happiness all the year
Nothing like evil is here
For God's Love is near
So keep back every tear.

Good Bye.

OMAR CARLOS DUDLEY.

OTTAWA, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade at school. I live in the country and walk one and one-fourth miles to school. My grandpa gave WEE WISDOM to me and I think it is the nicest paper for children I ever read. I like to read Lida Hardy's "Child-gardening" and all the other stories and letters in WEE WISDOM and the Bible Lessons in it are a great help. Miss Wiggins is my Sunday school teacher. I have six brothers and one sister. I have a pair of bantams and the bantam hen had one chicken. When she left it the rooster adopted it and hovered over it at night and found food for it. The hen has twelve chicks now. They are all game bantams. The rooster's name is Ben and the hen's name is Biddy. Brother Leo has a dog for a pet. The dog's name is Lead. He also has a cat and two kittens. We live on a nice farm, where there are many birds and wild flowers and we have five cows to milk. My papa is in Denver and so will not be home to spend the Fourth. With many good wishes.

Your friend,

MAMIE DENNIS.

P. S. I should like to have some of the Wees write to me.

M. D.

TYABB, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I wish you many happy returns, you will be twelve years young when this reaches you. As your dear mother said to us that the Christ-child was born amongst us. We are striving to make it so. So we are coming with greater power, and larger treasures to you. We enclose our pictures which we



got taken in our school dresses. I am so glad we are going all over the world with you, and to all the homes you know. Rose is also writing a story for you. I enclose you eighty recipes for New Diet. And you will find them nice recipes for dinner dishes. When *UNITY* comes the first thing I read is New Diet. I am always trying to bring you new Wees. You will have quite a large band of us in Australia. There are six baby Wees who are all going to write when they grow bigger. We are going to hold up your birthday in Australia this year, so you will be thought of by us, although we are thousands of miles away. So I will now conclude, with dear love and fond wishes. MARY ELSIE M. FOLEY.



SAN FRANCISCO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—As it is your birthday I am sending you a story I wrote for the *San Francisco Chronicle*. I think San Francisco is the finest place in the world to live in, although we do have earthquakes. I don't think the climate can be beaten, it never gets too warm nor too cold, it stays just right. Would you please, if you have an extra one or two birthday numbers send them to me. I must close now with best wishes for a happy vacation to all the Wees. Yours for success, JESSIE A. SMILEY.

WALLACE, W. VA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will come to your Birthday Party with my brother Carlos. We are trying to help WEE WISDOM improve every year. I live in the country where the trees and everything is full of abundant Life. In summer I like the country best. I go to Sunday school every Sunday that I can. It is two miles from here. I am sending a little poem which I composed myself. Here it is:

JOYFUL CREATURES

We are God's own creatures
All together in the world so wide
Conscious of the Truth are we,
Happy in his love we abide.

Our tasks we do willingly
Always ready for his power;
So full of joy and so glad,
So happy we live every hour.

We never say "No" to anyone
Who asks us for a helping hand,
But do the tasks and love it, too,
Because the Truth we understand.

Hoping you can read this I will close now. Lovingly yours.

BLANCHE DUDLEY.



INMAN, KANS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I received WEE WISDOM this month and also the sample copies you sent me. I like WEE WISDOM very much and the little girls I have given the sample copies to think they are very nice too. I noticed that next month would be WEE's Birthday Party and would like to have all the children write then. I have a little brother his name is Waldo he is five years old and I am eleven. I am taking music this summer, in fact I have taken 3 years. I have four pets—a dog cat bird and one little chicken. Well I must close and wish you many more happy birthdays. Yours truly,

HILDA ENN



BONNEY, TEX.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write you a birthday letter today. I wish you a happy birthday and wish you many more such birthdays. I write you a letter every year that I have been taking the little paper. Papa gave it to me three or four years ago. When my turn is out I will take it another year and many more years until I get too large to take it. I am sorry I can't get anyone to take WEE WISDOM. I have one pet kitten it is yellow. When we feed the calves it drinks out of the bucket with them. It catches mice and rats all the time. It plays with them a long time before she will eat them. How many of you had watermelon this year? I had all I wanted to eat. We are going to have all the pears we

want if nothing knocks them off. It was awful warm here; last week it was a hundred degrees in the shade. I hope it won't be so hot this week as it was last week. I will have to close for this time. I will write again sometime. Love to all the Wees.

NORA MEYER.



KNOX CITY, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have not written for a long time to you but thought I would write some this beautiful Monday eve.



There are not but four of us in family now, as my sister married. She has been married three weeks. She lives out on the plains. We have another sister's little baby boy; he is two years old. He is the sweetest baby I ever saw. I send his photo. I have just got the July WEE WISDOM and it is just fine. I am anxious for school to start. I am in the sixth grade. I was fourteen the 12th of last month. I expect to go in the seventh grade next year. My teacher's name is

Spratlin. I hope

we will have a nice Birthday Party. My father owns a well drill and we expect to take it and our house on wheels and go drilling out on the plains this summer. We have a fine little city, and you all must come down some time. We are going to have a reunion here the two last days of July and the two first days of August. I will send you one of my photographs; my chum and I. The one on the left side is me. I will close wishing you all success. I remain your true little Wee.

AGNES AUTREY.



NATURITA, COLO.

DEAR LITTLE WEES—I am bringing a new subscriber for a birthday present for you, besides my renewal. I had a splendid time the Fourth. I spent the week of the Fourth with a friend of mine. It is dreadful hot here during the day but it is nice and cool night and morning. I liked "The Story of Stella a Star," fine. Please send WEE WISDOM to Miss Reina Chatfield, Gypsum, Colo. Wishing WEE WISDOM a happy birthday. I will close. Love to all.

ELDA CHATFIELD.



WEST COMPTON, N. H.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Joyful greetings for your birthday. We are glad you have grown so much since one year ago. Now you can be happier in helping so many more dear people. You will please come to my little schoolmate, Gertrude Harrington,

W. Compton, N. H. Enclosed you will find one dollar to pay your travelling expenses to us both for the next year. Love from
HELEN L. SMITH (per Mamma).



FAIRVILLE, PA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Many happy returns for you. Well, I hope this will be the best birthday you have ever had. I am sending you a story to help you along.

My sister Annie and I graduated from the public school. Next year we are going to the Martin Academy at Kennet Square, Pa. Our teacher's name was Miss Bailly. She is a very nice teacher. I wish you would send her a sample of UNITY. I was 17 years old the 18th of May, the day our school closed. We had our Children's Day exercises yesterday at our chapel and I had a recitation. Best wishes
SHIRLEY T. SWAYNE.



DOWNINGTON, WYO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—This is my second letter to you. I like WEE WISDOM better than any other paper I ever read. I like the letters. I sent one of my WEE WISDOMS to a friend of mine in Arizona whose name was Georgie Frost. She hasn't written yet so I don't know how she likes it. I have gone into the fifth reader. I will be ten years old the 18th of October. I'm going to send you one of my pictures when I get one taken if I can. Well I will close from your little friend,
ALICE IRENE TOOTHAKER.

P. S. We had a picnic up in the hills today; had lots of fun and lots of noise.



EVERETT, WASH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first letter I have wrote to you. I am ten years of age. I like WEE WISDOM very much. I have three brothers and one sister. I am in the sixth grade. I have learnt many things from the little magazine. I like the little stories very much. I like to read all I can. I take music lessons on a piano and so does my sister. My oldest brother's name is Earl and he takes music lessons on a violin and Bennie is the next to the oldest and he takes lessons on a cornet and Bertha is my sister's name and Rufus is the youngest. He does not take music lessons on anything. I am sending a little story that I made up myself. Well, will close now with love to all the little Wees.

MAUD MALKSON



WALLACE, W. VA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am very much interested in the little paper and like to read it. I have 2 brothers and 5 sisters, one of my sisters is married and 4 are not married; 2 over 12 years old. Their names are, Myrtle and Delsie, Edna, Hattie and Mattie. My brothers' names are Guy and Willie. Willie is the oldest. There is summer school here, but do not go this summer. Papa made me me a swing, and it is very much pleasure to swing in it,

when my playmate came to play with me and my little sisters. I will write you a little verse. I do not take this paper but my friend, Blanche Dudley, give it to me to read.

'Tis good to sit and listen
To the Woodland sounds so sweet
No noise, no care, to burden
Away in the woods retreat.

Yours lovingly,

BELLE SHAFER.



ALAMEDA, CALIF.

DEAR EDITOR—Once there were two little cousins who lived in the same town one always lived there and the other just moved there. Every Sunday the little city cousin comes to take her little country cousin to the Home of Truth Sunday school. It is a nice Sunday school. I like to go there.

PEARL HINMAN.

(8 years old.)



TYABB, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA

DEAR WEE WISDOM—We are all coming to wish you many happy returns of your natal day. We intend to be in time this year for your birthday anniversary. We are not coming empty handed, for as you see by our photos we have our hand-bags full of good things. My youngest sister is sending a silver coin, and 25 cents for Mrs. Golding's WEE WISDOM for 6 months. My eldest sister is sending a coin and 35 cents for "Golden Moments" by Miss Shepard and now for myself I also enclose a silver coin and a blue crochet hat pin holder and Unity emblem pincushion. I hope you will like them. I invented the Unity emblem covers myself. I wish to tell you that so every child that gets 2 subscriptions for you, during the month of August and September. I will send a U. E. or heart-shaped pin cushion cover. They will need to write their full address, so that I may send them the covers; but remember we live in Australia and it will take about two months after the letter appears in WEE WISDOM. I must close heartiest good wishes. Very cordially yours

ROSE E. FOLEY.

(14 years old.)



DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—One night I was sick and I took you to read, and while I was reading you, this thought came into my mind, "I am God's eternal child." Then I went to sleep, and when I woke up I was well. I read WEE WISDOM before I go to bed, and, "It's so comfy." Can't we please have some "Pillow verses?" I enjoyed the "Song of the Rose," in the June number, (mamma played it on the piano.) Can't we have some more music? With love,

JAMES A. KILTON. Jr.

(9 years young.)

Tell WEE WISDOM what you like about her or what you don't like.

Bible Lessons.

BY LOWELL FILLMORE'S SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS.

DESSON 5. AUGUST 4.

The Tabernacle.—Exodus 40:1; 34-38.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Then the cloud covered the tent of meeting, and the glory of Jehovah filled the tabernacle.*—Exodus 40:30.

The Tabernacle represents our own bodies, and all the furnishings of the temple correspond to the parts of the body. The temporary walls of the tabernacle surround the prized altar and candlesticks, which were made of gold and precious materials. The inner furnishings were made to endure, and represent the spirituality of our hearts and minds, which will live always, while the flesh changes. When we bring in the lighted candlesticks we let into our hearts the light of Divine Understanding. Aaron, the High Priest, is the I Am that denies all wrong and makes us know the truth. The table to be set up represents our daily needs, and the anointing oil is the Divine love, which makes all who come into it good. The golden altar is the little sacrifices which we make daily, and the laver containing the holy water is the denial of all that is wrong. When we recognize and accept this inner purity we come into Divine relation with the Christ and take up a newer and happier life.

MARIE.

LESSON 6. AUGUST 11.

The Sin of Nadab and Abihu.—Leviticus 10:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Wine is a mocker, strong drink a brawler; and whosoever erreth thereby is not wise.*—Prov. 20:1.

This lesson holds two central thoughts, the disobedience of Nadab and Abihu in burning strange fire in their censer, and the use of strong drink. If we break the laws of God we suffer, "For whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." "Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, took each of them his censer, and put fire therein, and offered strange fire before Jehovah, which he had not commanded them, and there came forth fire from Jehovah, and devoured them, and they died before Jehovah." Jehovah is the Jewish name for God. God did not kill these men. They did what they were told not to do and destroyed themselves. This lesson tells us not to drink wine, for wine takes away our wisdom, and we do not hear the voice of God. Therefore we do many things that are not of the Spirit.

EDITH MARTHA HASELTINE.

LESSON 7. AUGUST 18.

The Day of Atonement.—Lev. 16:5-22.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Wherefore also he is able to save to the uttermost them that draw near unto God.*—Heb. 7:25.

When we realize that we are one with God, that we are one and inseparable with the divine, everywhere present Good, then we have reached the Day of Atonement. For at-one-ment means one with God in Spirit. Through following the example of Jesus Christ, we reach this realization. Jesus said, "Follow me," and "Do as I do," and since he proclaimed himself the son of God, we, too, must acknowledge our birthright. If we say over these words, "I and my Father are one," and try to think exactly what they mean, we shall soon become conscious of their truth, and the Day of at-one-ment, will have come for us. When that consciousness comes, we will have perfect health, peace and joy.

Sometimes we forget to see the Good everywhere. We are still one with God, but thoughts which have no right there sometimes creep into our minds, and for a time hide from us the fact, that we are one with the Father. The thing to do then is to drive the untrue thoughts out, and you know that the way to drive out bad thoughts is to fill your mind with so many good ones, that the others will have no room, and will naturally fade away. When our minds are filled with thoughts of truth, and we feel the Spirit within and we know that we are one with all that is good, beautiful and true.

BLANCHE E. SAGE.

LESSON 8. AUGUST 25.

Israel Journeying to Canaan.—Num. 10:11-13, 29-36.

GOLDEN TEXT—*And Jehovah went before them by day in a pillar of cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light.*—Ex. 13:21

Today the children of Israel, led by Moses, are journeying out of the wilderness of Sinai towards Canaan, "the promised land," the land where they wanted so much to be, and which meant to them all that is good and would bring them peace and joy and rest after their many troubles in Egypt and their long, weary journey to Canaan.

Now the children of Israel, you know, are like our thoughts, especially our religious thoughts. Can you not imagine that each of your thoughts is a child full of promise and power and great abilities, just like the children of Israel were? And of course you know that sometimes these thoughts of yours are not clear and clean cut and as powerful as they might be. Often you think only of material things, of dress, of money, or things to eat. This is called living and thinking on the material plane, and brings with it suffering and stops growth. This is where the children of Israel

were in Egypt, when Moses, the great law giver brought them away, and they started towards Canaan, the promised land which they loved. Canaan then, if we make the Israelites our thoughts, is the plane where you think of God, of being good and true and like the Christ. To this Canaan of spiritual peace and growth, this great invisible realm, you must lead your thoughts. And if you do, you will not worry about clothes and things that do not count, but you will march steadily onward towards Christ's kingdom. Now the children of Israel wandered long in the wilderness. This is when your thoughts get mixed and seem to go wrong, and it seems impossible for you to be good. But if you are very patient and try very hard, you will soon lead your thoughts out of this disagreeable wilderness. And you will find that the way will be very clear and safe, for God will lead you, just as the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, which were really God, led the children of Israel. And you must take your Ark of the Covenant with you, for this is like a great link, a union between that which you can see and feel, and the great presence of God, who is your strength and the source of your power. So after you leave the wilderness it will not be so hard and if you persevere, you will soon be in Canaan, where you will be, O, so happy and good and full of love, that you will forget the hard journey. Elsa.

Please accept my birthday gift — my photo. 'Twas made six months ago and I have now been among you fifteen months. Can speak only eight words of your language, but I understand it all. I am very busy growing and loving everybody and trying to stay good and beautiful and happy always. I love you all and will call again.



KATHERINE MEYERS, Chicago, Ill.

God is Love.



Young folk's Magazine
Devoted to
Practical Christianity

*"Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness,
and all her paths are peace."*

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WELCOME Wees! The feast is ready, so gather you all around the steaming festive board. Come one and all! We have plenty! Yea, we have plenty and then some. But who has furnished the material for this grand banquet? Every dish is labeled and the name of the donor plainly marked on it. Let us see what our Wee writers have provided for this birthday feast. Here we have Blanche's poem. Just right for an entree! Nice and spicy and true as can be. It complies with the pure food law. For a relish Bennie's and Isabel's stories are excellent. Now shall we have baked squab on toast? No. We will enjoy much more than dead birds, live birds served in the trees by our young naturalist Orion. Ah, here Jessie has brought us a dish clear from San Francisco. Notice this rare and especially palatable delicacy which Dorothy brings us from New York. It took a gold medal there and she

wants you to taste of it. Gertrude, her sister, also donates a dainty morsel, the receipt of which is known only to those who love their pets. What lies under this cover marked "Shirley"? Oh, it is a pleasant surprise which seems beyond belief—"The Lion shall lie down with the Lamb."

Now for the desert! The "Bible Lesson" sherbet is donated by members of the Joyful Circle—Blanche, Martha, Elsa and Marie. The "Letter" cakes are the product of our Wee faithful ones, who do as we would have you all do. They have provided most enjoyable bits of the cake of human interest

Take your time and chew every morsel of truth thoroughly. How do you like the feast? Write and tell us if you had a good time at the party. Write to one another and tell each other all about yourselves. We want the Wees to know one another and be like one big happy family at the monthly banquet of WEE WISDOM.

Make everyone in your classes a "Wee Wisdom." Membership only 50 cents per year and the magazine every month besides.

Notice the Eaton boys are with us on the second page. Their smile means that they like it awfully well.

For a new subscription or your renewal we will send a bundle of back numbers of WEE WISDOM free.

We have not been able to find Rose's story, and perhaps she forgot to send it. Maud's story got crowded out, but will appear in the next issue.



Important!

Is there a blue mark on me?

The postal officials will not let us send you WEE WISDOM unless you are paid up to date.

When you see a blue mark across this notice send your fifty cents right away so that WEE WISDOM will still come to you.

If you love WEE WISDOM open your door to her when she knocks. Don't throw her out by carelessly forgetting to send her passage money.