

WEE WISDOM

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



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*There's a darling baby boy
And his darling mother;
Of all the loving friends he has
Could there be such another?
Baby laughs at you in glee,
Could he answer other:
"Yes, I've two as good as she —
Grandma is the 'tother."*



VOL. XII.

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THE STORY OF LOVIE: OR, ESTABLISHING IDEALS.

MYRTLE FILLMORE

INTRODUCTION

[The Author of this little story wishes to explain to the older readers of *WEE WISDOM* that its object is to keep before them a wholesome working out of Divine ideals, and so to stimulate and encourage in everyone the desire to bring forth life's best and highest possibilities.

So many questions are being asked and so much seeking for help in the application of these higher truths to personal problems that it has seemed to the author as though these questions could be more successfully answered and this help more efficiently given through the creation of characters that shall work out in detail the problems that stand between the race and its demonstration of dominion.

"Every seed bringeth forth after its kind." To insure the highest and best in our lives and those of our children, it is absolutely necessary that we not only perceive exalted ideals of life, but that we shall work out their exquisite patterns in the loom of our every-day living.

This is what the characters are expected to do in "The Story of Lovie," and if in working them out the reader should have to accompany our heroine through some of the most sacred and delicate experiences of life, it must be remembered that it all belongs to the full, rounded-out problem of human existence.

There has been special request that Trixey* should have a place in the new story, and so, as she has grown to young womanhood along with a goodly number of others who were once "Wees," she has been given a high trust to fulfill in the expression of ideal womanhood.]

* See "Wee Wisdom's Way."

CHAPTER I.

THE CHOSEN SPOT



NCE upon a time there was a little spot of wildwood so near the heart of a great city — you would have wondered how it could hold against the push and power of man's avarice. Fabulous sums were offered for this bit of paradise, for it was coveted by the speculator and in demand for palatial homes. Yet there it nestled like a trusting child that knows only the protection of parental love. The birds sang and the squirrels frisked, and all the denizens of that miniature forest were as free and happy as though in the depths of a country wood. It was like an oasis in the desert to the weary passers-by. There the children and all who wanted a respite from the unnatural and over-crowded life of the city, found a welcome under its green tent of trees, and Nature took them to her wholesome heart and made them forget all but the exquisite joy of living.

The little street urchins had a name of their own for this wonderful spot and it was never in the heart of any one to harm or molest one of its happy creatures. One day Pinkey and Pigeontoe, two little gamins, were steeping their benighted souls in its beauty and quiet and rolling their little rag-ga-dy bodies over the delicious grass, when Pinkey's overflowing heart gave rise to these sentiments:

"Believe me, Kid, yer comes in here to find out what yer like; 'taint no put up job on yer here; it's all fair and honest and it makes sumpin' in yer feel different and yer'd like to get next to it."

When Pigeontoe ventured an opinion that it might be God, Pinkey's snub nose went higher up into the

air and pulling himself onto his feet he assumed the lofty manner of one who knows all about it and pointing to a tall church spire visible through the foliage, he scornfully turned down Pigeontoe's philosophy with:

"Yer off yer hinges, Kid, ye'll find God in them stone piles yonder, he's too upty for a place like this and fellers like us. You've got to have glad rags and nifty manners to stand in with God. This yere is wot yer call Natur'. Natur' hain't got no cinch on nuthin'. Yer don't have to take in yer layout and rag line for her; she takes yer on tick and divies up with yer and makes yer feel like a lord. Jim telled me there were a lot of it out in the country, and" —but Pinkey's oratory was suddenly cut short by a punch in the ribs from Pigeontoe, a signal for silence. Two gentlemen had entered the ground and were coming that way.

"Some of them Wall street fellers," was Pinkey's swift comment. "Skidoo, Kid"—and Pinkey and Pigeon toe vanished like a flash.

The two men halted under the big oak and the creatures that had listened to Pinkey and Pigeontoe heard this conversation:

"I say, Jennings, what does Wiseman mean by giving in to the silly whim of a foolish boy and holding onto this brush patch where property is invaluable?"

"I don't know," answered Jennings, "without it is because it belongs to the boy through his mother's dowry. But, say, as long as we've struck such a nice, cool spot, let's enjoy it awhile; there's no rush."

Coming under the charmed spell of the place, the other, whose name was Bond, offered no objection, and so these two Wall street princes, divested of coat and hat, stretched themselves out upon the fragrant sward. A season of delicious quiet followed, which

penetrated their sordid souls and awoke blissful memories. It was Bond who broke the silence.

"I say, Jennings, this is the whole thing. By Jupiter! it makes me feel like I was back in the old woods at home. What is life now compared with those halcyon days of boyhood. I believe I'd give my millions to have them back."

"Maybe," responded Jennings, "that's what young Wiseman foresees and so intends to hold onto his boyhood and let the millions go. Not so bad an idea, eh? Bond."

"Well, if holding on to a spot like this insures perpetual youth the nature of my covetousness for the place changes and I would possess it as it is."

"That may not be impossible," answered the accommodating Jennings. "The coming marriage of young Wiseman is announced and it may make a difference in his notion about keeping this property, for I am told it is about all he inherits, and you know a wife is expensive."

"Have you ever seen this young fellow?" asked Bond, with some show of interest.

"Yes, quite a number of times, he's a fine specimen of young manhood, someway, this very spot reminds me of him, he's so unlike the young men of the day."

"Well, I hope he'll stay so," blurted Bond. "It's as rare a thing to find a young man of that sort these days as it is to run across a spot like this. They belong together."

Jennings reserved his opinion and silence followed. The birds looking down saw two men wrapped in blissful dreams and trilled soft and low lest they should waken them.

After a long, long time a busy bee buzzing too near the ear of Mr. Bond shattered his drowsy dreams through its suggestion of activity and brought him back to the world of affairs. Consulting his gold repeater he called out to Jennings that they'd wasted a whole hour in that fool place and he'd be blanked if he didn't believe it was charmed. Jennings arose, shook himself and laughingly declared they had been under the wholesome charm of Nature for one whole hour. Re-clothing themselves with coat and hat, these two princes of the world hastily left the spot without even a regretful glance backward. A thrill of sound followed their exit like the titter of suppressed mirth, and then all its creature-folk gathered themselves in and about the big oak to discuss the late visitors.

"Just to think," laughed Robin, "of their coming under the charm."

"But the queerest thing," chattered the squirrel, "was calling a little rest and happiness, waste of time." And so these happy creatures brought to naught the wisdom and gold of Wall street. Only mourning dove seemed cast down and concerned, and at last inquired:

"Do you really think this marriage will make a difference?"

"Why, you foolish dove," giggled the robin, "where were your ears last evening when *he* said right under this very tree to *her*, 'Of all the places in the world this is the one for you and me.'"

"And didn't *she* put her sweet arms as far around me as they would go," said the oak and whisper to me that some day she was going to live with us? Difference? Well I should rustle, it would make a difference her being with us always."

Then followed a long discussion which went unrecorded, but which made you wonder who this won-

derful "he" and "she" might be to whom this little kingdom offered such loving allegiance.

When the wood grew full of long shadows all the creature-folk were back at the big oak again, and you were certain of a great expectancy, for you could have heard like a wave of melody the conscious rustle of the spreading branches and the soft pipings of hundreds of little throats, then suddenly all was silent for there stood beneath the big oak a youth and maiden, and you beheld in them the king and queen of this enchanted forest.

(To be continued.)

A FAIRY STORY

MAUDE MALKSON

10 years old

Once there was a little girl who had a step-mother, she had a little girl of her own. She was mean to her step-daughter and was good to her own.

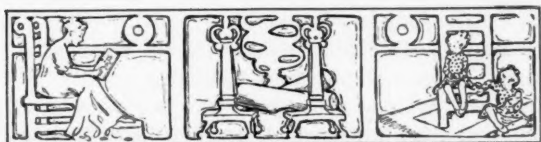
This little girl was kind and good, but her step-sister was wicked and bad.

Every day she had to go for water to a spring half a mile away, rain or shine.

One day while she was there an old woman came and said, "Pray give me a drink."

The child did and she said I will give you a gift and it shall be that when you go home your step-mother will love you. She hurried home as fast as she could. Now you know this old lady was a fairy and when she got home she found that it was true.

"Kindly deeds and thoughts and words
Bless the world like songs of birds."



BY THE BIG FIRE PLACE

“**W**HAT shall we do, mother? it's raining so hard we can't go out doors, and we are tired of playing with our dolls; won't you please, please find us something to do,” and the little six and eight-year old girls stood with faces that were quite as gloomy as the rain clouds.

Mother put aside her writing. “A rainy Saturday is a hard day for you, isn't it? Well, now, I'll tell you what we'll do. While I finish this letter you little girls will draw some pictures and when you have finished them, I'll tell you a story about them. “Now, not so fast,” as the two girls darted away for pencils and paper; “remember they must be well-drawn pictures and the nicer the pictures the nicer the stories will be, but the poorer the pictures the poorer the story.”

“Shall we color the pictures, mother?” asked Sallie, who was anxious to make the promised story last as long and be as interesting as her pains-taking efforts could secure.

“Yes, if you like, dear, and remember Lois,” to the little six-year-old whose whole idea was to hear the story at as small cost as possible, “remember, if your pictures are poor I may not know what they are, and then there would be no story.”

* * * *

An hour later Lois' yellow head rested on her

mother's shoulder and her short, stout legs hung over the broad arm of the Morris chair.

"Hurry up, Sallie; mother's all ready to tell our stories and my pictures were done long ago."

"In a minute, I just have to color my butterfly and then I'll be through," answered Sallie, her long brown curls falling over her face and shoulders as she lay before the big brick fireplace, her feet in the air and her tongue thrust out and moving as fast as the colored crayon.

"Leave the butterfly uncolored, I believe I can tell a better story about him if he is just plain gray," and mother made room in the big chair for the little girl who came reluctantly, for things unfinished were to her a source of discomfiture.

"Now, whose story comes first? Lois', I think; for her pictures were finished first. Let me see," and mother unfolded the paper disclosing these pictures.



STORY FROM LOIS' PICTURE

"Well, once upon a time," began mother, "there lived a family by the name of Jones and they were a

very good and happy family, always doing what they thought was right. Now if they had not been good they could not have been happy, but when people are good and happy they can have just what they wish for just like in the fairy story. Now this Jones family wanted a baby so very much that one day they were overjoyed to receive into their home a wee, tiny baby, just from the spirit-land of God's love; a baby with a small pink rosebud mouth, and eyes so dark a blue they were almost black and the cunningest little fists and the sweetest little feet and — well, it was just the sweetest, prettiest baby that the Jones family ever saw; and just to think it was theirs!

“The house in which this Jones family lived was a poor little shack, just like you see here in Lois' picture, but because the family was so happy and had so much love in their hearts for others the house seemed like a grand palace to those who came near, just as if a fairy had touched it. When the friends came to see the baby they did not think of the poor little old house, with its clean but well-worn furniture, but they felt the peace and love as expressed in the little sleeping child and they opened their hearts to the sweet influence and when they went away they carried a new thought of love and they grew better and wiser, and stronger — for even a little child can teach wonderful lessons.

“The most serious question about this baby was at first its name. The father wanted to call her Sarah Ann Jane, after his oldest sister; but the family thought Sarah Ann Jane Jones was too ordinary a name for such an extraordinary child. In the garden grew beautiful roses and pansies and the mother thought no more fitting name could be found than Rose Pansy, but the family thought Rose Pansy Jones did not sound just right; it was too fancy. Grandma wanted

to call her Matilda, and Auntie wanted to call her Gwendoline and Brother Jack wanted to call her Topsy and Sister May wanted to call her Pauline, and so you see it was a serious question and very hard to settle, for in the Jones family no one ever wanted his or her own way and they did not seem able to agree upon a name. They had about decided to call her Baby until she could decide the matter for herself, when one day an old Indian who lived in a tepee upon the river came in to sell a basketful of wild plums. This old Indian sold fish and birds to the other people in the village, but he knew the Jones family never bought such things — they loved all living things so much that they would never rob a bird or fish of its life, so the old Indian would bring them plums and wild grapes and ground turnips and many other things that grew out in the woods.

“When the old Indian saw the tiny pink bundle in the wooden home-made cradle, he said, ‘She is just like the tiny pink flowers that grow in the woods about my tepee, the little spring flower the white people call *Arbutus*. That should be her name.’

“And it really did become her name. The Jones family decided that no sweeter or more beautiful name could be found than *Arbuta*, and when she grew older her friends shortened it to *Arba*, and thus the little girl was named to the satisfaction of her entire family.

“As she grew older her character and disposition became more like her flower name-sake and people looked for her coming and found her as sweet and friendly as they did the pale pink shell-like spring flower, whose beauty and grace they found so cheering.

When she was six years old she started to school and what happy days were hers. Each morning she would gather a bunch of flowers for the teacher’s desk,

kiss her mother good-bye, and down the street she would hurry to join her playmates and have a romp before the big school bell would call them to lessons.

"Now Arba had very long brown curls and every morning before school time these curls would have to be brushed and combed. Try as she would it was hard to keep the tears back when one unruly curl would snarl and tangle or a few hairs catch in the comb and jerk and pull. Mother was very patient and so was Arba, but it was a hard task at the best, and many times the little girl would say, 'I just wish I didn't have any curls,' and mother would answer, 'Ah, I could not get along without them.'

"One day Arba and two little friends went out into the woods to find some ferns and Arbutus vines, and while they were out a heavy wind came up. The children found shelter behind a fallen log and watched the wind as it pulled and tugged at the vines, seeming at every breath to uproot them; then the wind would pass and the flowers would be fresher and sweeter than ever.

" 'They don't seem to mind it a bit,' said one of the little girls, 'just see how they cling to the ground and after the wind passes they seem to smile all the sweeter.'

" 'They know it is for their good,' answered Arba, 'Mother says it is the way some plants grow, being swayed and tossed by the wind.'

" 'Wouldn't it be funny if we grew that way?' said the third little girl.

"They were silent for a moment, then Arba said, her dark eyes alight with a sudden new understanding, 'Why, we do grow just that way. Everything that seems to bother or annoy us is like this wind to the plants, and if we are not afraid and know it's all right,

just the same as these plants do, we get our strength just the same way. I'm sure I'll not mind any more when mother combs my hair. I just won't be afraid it's going to hurt and then it won't hurt.'

"And Arba kept her word and when she found that her fears had left her she didn't feel the hurt, and mother curled her hair each morning without a word of impatience.

"Arba remembered this lesson in other things, and she grew into a great and good woman and like the little flower namesake, she never tired of trying 'To lend sweetness to the ungenial day, and make the sad earth happier for her bloom.'

"Is that all, mother?" and Lois turned her pictures upside down and examined them to make sure none had escaped getting into the story. "Now tell Sallie's."

"Will mine be as good as that story? I think that was very nice. I wonder if my hair would hurt if I wasn't afraid it was going to, like Arba's?"

"I'm sure it wouldn't," and mother smiled to think her story had reached the right mark. "Now for Sallie's."

[We will have Sallie's in October]

HOW TO SUCCEED

"The boy that by 'addition' grows,
And suffers no 'subtraction',
Who 'multiplies' the things he knows,
And 'carries' every fraction,
Who well 'divides' his precious time,
The due 'proportions' giving,
To sure success aloft will climb,
'Interest compound' receiving."

—SELECTED.

THE LINNET

Mary Brewerton de Witt

*"I am singing every minute,"
Trills that merry little linnet;
He is glad as glad can be
From his home within the tree.*

*He knows God, and loves him too,
Sings his happy "How de do!"
Oh, how good if you and I
Could be as the linnet; try!*

QUERCUS

IV.

LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE

"I should like to be a house, a beautiful, sweet home, sheltering a family of little children, as even now I shelter birds and squirrels," said one.

"And I," said another tree, "should like to be the table around which they gathered, morning, noon, and again at night. Years afterwards they would remember me, around whom they had so often met."

"And I would be the chair in which the grandfather sat," said a third; "a good, gray grandfather, who had worked strenuously, and whose last years I should make comfortable; and when he was gone, they would look at me, and love me, and leave me in the chosen place, and care for me as he had been cared for."

"I should like to be a sidewalk," said a fourth, "and feel the ceaseless tramp, tramp of passing feet. There would be so many feet ouching me, and by

their tread I could tell why they touched me as they did; whether joy or sorrow or business or idle fancy took them over my prostrate body. I should be thinking, thinking, all day long, as the feet touched me; and even at night there would be stories to tell."

"I would be a church steeple, ever pointing upward, even as I have here striven to come closer to the mystery of the far-off sky," said Pinus softly, with his fading breath, knowing well that upon this earth his work was forever done.

"I would rather be a ship, to ride triumphant over the deep sea," said another.

"And I would be the sleepers over which those iron monsters fly, fast as the wind, bearing their freight of human lives."

"I would be a tall pole, with wires where my branches are, and Man's thought would fly over them faster than the squirrels, faster than the flight of birds," said another tree.

"Nay, I would be none of those things," said one. "I would know the touch of the keen ax until I was hewn into a thousand pieces; and these pieces should be placed in the grate, about which the family gathered of a winter evening. Then the red flames should clasp me and crown me, even as my green leaves now bind my brow; and the fire should leap through my veins, even as the sweet sap now steals through them; until at last that which had been given me by the earth, should return to earth as ashes; and that which had been given me by the air, should be freed from the bondage of my being, and return again to the spirit of the air."

"And what would you be?" asked the wind, caressing the giant frame of Quercus.

"I should like to be the cradle of babyhood,"

replied the king of the forest, while the laughter of the trees ran like squirrels over the branches. Unheeding he continued, "And I would whisper as I rocked the child, tales of the forest, till he smiled at my fancies and slept his innocent sleep. I would tell him the stories of acorns, and ivy, and birds. What the wind has told me, I would tell him, till his fancies were as flowers, and sunbeams of happy thoughts touched him with their radiance. And all the while I would be giving him the strength which is the strength of a great tree, the patience which is found in the growth of a century, the endurance which comes from a struggle for life from infancy. And what I have attained, he should attain; my strength should be his strength; and he at last should be crowned with victory in the struggle of life, even as I am crowned with branches and leaves. And while his feet were firm in the foundation of worldly wisdom, upon his head should rest the eternal sunlight of a truth higher than reason, a nobility of soul, a consciousness of life divine, a joy ineffable. Night after night I would hold him in my arms and teach him these things."

They were silent as the monarch paused.

"May your wishes come true, dear children of the forest!" said the wind, touching them lightly at parting. Quercus thoughtfully hushed the young birds to sleep in his arms, gave food to the squirrels, offered a staff to the struggling ivy, and a home to myriad small creatures.

"Should Man never need me, is this all there is for me to do?" he next day asked the wind.

"Look high over the other trees," replied the wind. "See the streams winding through the land, furnishing water for stock and farm and orchard.

How finely the green hill slopes down to the valley, fruitful and populous. Thou and thy brothers and sisters are the bulwark of safety about this smiling land. Thy roots, united, hold firm the earth on the hillsides, and with thy shade and thy mould, hold a deep well of rain, to which the springs ceaselessly come to fill their overflowing vessels; and so the good streams bless you for life, and Man blesses you for his prosperity."

Quercus smiled in the joyful sunlight. He saw the fields of shining grain, the browsing cattle, the bending orchard boughs.

"I would remain here to the end of my days," he said.

"Look," said the wind, inclining the oak's head.

And Quercus saw the young trees below, struggling for life in the shadow of his branches.

"In time you must die," said the wind. "If then thy children are dead, who will take thy place, to be the home of wild creatures and the sustainer of Man?"

Quercus was silent.

The following day men came with sharp saws, as strong as the teeth of the storm. Quercus, looking below at Alba, his offspring, in the dense shadow beginning to falter in the mighty and everlasting struggle for existence, said, "A life for a life," and offered up himself to the teeth of the saw.

And when he, the monarch, had fallen, and they had stripped the crown from his head and borne him away, the forest became silent; the birds gazed questioningly at the vacant throne, the squirrels looked up timorously at the great hole in the leafy forest roof; the wind, passing his hand lightly over the harp of the trees, touched the strings tenderly, paused, and

was still—for one strong note in the forest harmony was missing, one chord was forever lost!

"Ships that float over fathoms of water; bridges so he can walk over the water; houses to live in; chairs, tables, beds, to make him comfortable; fences, so that he may own a piece of the earth and keep his neighbor off. And the bigger his house and the larger his piece of earth, the farther, in cars made of your bodies, does he fly from them; while, when a house is divided between many men, they cannot get away from it,



"STROLLERS IN THE WOOD"*

but crowd therein like beetles," replied the wind.

Almost every day, as the wind came hurrying by from over plains and cities and seas, the trees asked him questions. Strollers in the wood, listening, said:

"Hear the wind talking through the branches." Only they did not really believe that the wind was talking; but all the while he was telling the trees what Man did with their bodies.

* Illustration reproduced by permission of the Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

"FEARNAUGHT"

[An interesting experience of little Annie Key, now Dr. Annie Key Swift, as told by herself and written out for *WEE WISDOM* by Miss Imelda O. Shanklin.]

In the days of the earlier history of Texas the K. family lived on a ranch bordering the Red River, the house standing near the banks of the stream. The youngest daughter of this family had met an experience which for a time deprived her of eyesight. That her child might have a companion in walks and to be seeing for her in other ways, Mrs. K. brought into the home a little girl whose name was Maggie Darnell.

One important member of the K. household was Fearnaught, a St. Bernard dog, very large in size and the bravest of his kind. He went with the girls on their excursionings along the river or over prairies, and kept near them when in the house. It was not thought that the K. estate was removed from the possibility of Indian invasion. The seniors of the family had no real fears, but the children had heard stories of raidings, and from these had gained too large a dread of their red brothers. One day it became necessary for the house to be left in charge of Miss Annie and the little companion Maggie. The other members of the household, including Fearnaught, were called to town, expecting to return in late evening. The hours passed pleasantly for the two girls. There were books for the one, quiet thinking for the other. There were songs of birds and the odor of sweet flowers for each. When the sun began to smile "Good-evening" from the western horizon and the stillness of early twilight spread over the river shore, Miss Annie and Maggie went into the kitchen to make ready the food the home-comers would be so eager to receive.

As they worked and talked and sang, the prepara-

tions went gladly forward. There are always two points of happiness in a home-coming. One joy is with the returning friends, the other with those at home who are filled with expectation and the happiness of doing those things that will speak of welcome and love. Everything was ready to place on the stove when the wagon should be seen coming down the road. Maggie had gone to the door to search for signs.

"I don't see them," she said.

Then out of the evening hush, suddenly, clearly down the hollow of the river, came a cry:

"Tu-whit, tu-whit, to-whoo-oo!"

Immediately up the hollow of the river came an answering call:

"Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whoo-oo!"

Children who lived on the borderland knew that Indians when surrounding a white settlement used the call of bird or animal as signals meaning, "Close in! Close in! We are coming!" So naturally were the imitation cries given that only those who had close knowledge of Indian ways failed to be deceived.

Again came the call down the river:

"Tu-whit, to-whit, tu-whoo-oo!"

To this came the quick response from the other side:

"Tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-whoo-oo!"

Maggie sprang back, shut the door and turned the bolt

"O Miss Annie!" she cried, "It's Indians!"

Then she ran into a sleeping room and went under the bed. After another short silence the signal calls were again heard, made clearer and nearer by the ear-keen ears of the girls. Soon they heard soft steps,

feet muffled not by the shoes of the white man. There seemed to be but one walker, but in this the

girls were not to be deceived. They knew the cunning of the Indian by which a company practiced following in the steps of a leader so that the sound was that of one man's cautious walk. The steps drew near and halted at the door. Then the march was resumed, this time leading around the house. When the door was again reached there was a pause, then came the sound of heavy hands placed upon the woodwork. After a silence, the steps were again heard, following close to the wall of the house. There was another halt at the door, and again the sound as of pushing hands came from the panels. The third time was the house circled, and the third time came the movement at the door, this time a heavy lunging pressure that threatened the bolts.

In her eager memory, stored by words and readings from others' lips, Miss Annie had kept two peculiar traits of Indian mercy. One was that no blind person had ever suffered violence at the hands of even the most hostile, the other was that Indians had a veneration for red hair which rendered sacred the one who was so favored of nature. For the first reason, she would not be harmed; for the second, Maggie would not be hurt, for the little girl was blessed with a cloud of hair so red that no Indian would fail to do her reverence.

These pledges of safety encouraged Miss Annie to fearlessness, and to the trembling girl under the bed she whispered:

"Maggie, we must open the door. They won't hurt you because of your red hair. I am safe because I do not see, but we must not make them angry by refusing to unlock the door. If we wait much longer they may burn the house. So come quickly, and we will open the door."

With a few more words of persuasion the fearful Maggie came out and the two girls went to the door. Acting on a courage that came from a fear of worse in case they hesitated, they withdrew the bolts, raised the latch, swung the door on its hinges, and there leaped into the room — Fearnaught!

Well, those two girls on the borderland of Texas threw their arms about the dog's neck, fondled him and kissed him in a way most gratifying to the faithful friend whose loving instinct had brought him some time in advance of the wagon. Fearnaught! All that the name tells was hidden in that dumb heart. When the shadows commenced to trail away to meet the night as it peeped over the line of the East, his faithful love put such strength into his body, that leaving his companions far in the rear, he had bounded across the prairies to carry the assurance of his protection to his two friends who might need the comfort of his presence in that lonely house on the frontier. Never was sight of man or creature more welcome. As he stood in the middle of the floor receiving the endearments of Miss Annie and little Maggie, there was both appreciation and tenderness in his manner and face. He watched them with his loving eyes in the way a mother looks at her babe from whom she has been separated and then restored.

And the sounds from up the river and from down it? Why, bless your eager heart, they were not imitations. They were real owl hootings.

“Where am I going to? Never mind;
Just follow the signboard that says ‘Be kind,’
And do the duty that nearest lies.
For that is the pathway to Paradise.”

EPISTLES

GRINNELL, IA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I saw you run out of traveling money in the last visit you made me. Here is 50c; I want you to come and visit me for another year. My cousin Harold Lembach is spending his vacation with me. I have a little room all to myself, but we have turned it into an art gallery. Harold printed a sign which read:

* * * * *
 * "ART GALLERY" *
 * * * * *

and tacked it on the door. We keep our paints, brushes and paintings in there. Whenever it rains we pass our time making post cards. Some day soon I will send you one. Today Harold went fishing and brought home over thirty fish. I stayed at home



and as I had nothing to do I thought I would write a letter to you. I did not want you to stop visiting me for even one month. Harold goes to Mr. Schroeder's Sunday school in St. Louis. I always enjoy your visits because you are always so entertaining and so full of God's sunshine. This is all I can think of for this time so I will close with love to all the Wees, I am still your loving Wee,

GERTRUDE LANGE.

[That's what I call an interesting letter. We all declare success for our young artists, Gertrude and Harold. Some of their handiwork has just arrived in the shape of a Teddy Bear. — Ed.]



CLAYPOOL, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my first letter to you. I am nine years old. I have a little pony. It is a little Shetland pony. It is four years old. I have a spotted dog. It is black and white spotted. I have two little kittens. They are white and black. They romp and play from morning till night. We have a little bantam chicken. I have three sisters; one is married. We have two mules. I have a little black cow. I am in the fourth grade. Well I will close for this time.

GEORGIA WORLEY.

[Georgia's letter is very neatly written. — Ed]



SHINGLE, CALIF.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — This is my first letter to you. I like WEE WISDOM very much, and like the story of "Stella, a Star." I am nine years old and am in the fourth grade. I have a pet dog. His name is Poncie. I have four cats and a pet calf. Her name is Bessie. Your friend,

BEURDINA HEUSNER.



NAMEOKI, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — As next month is your birthday, I will send you one of my little friends to help celebrate your birthday. Her name is Irean. She wants to be one of the little Wees. I hope my letter will be in time so she will get the birthday WEE WISDOM. Your loving friend,

VERNA DIEHLE.

[Verna and her friend were a little too late to get their names in the Birthday number, but they are not too late for the Birthday feast. We thank Verna for bringing in a new subscriber and we give Irean a hearty welcome. — Ed.]



TONOPAH, NEV.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought I would write to you and tell you we got in from the mountains near Las Vegas a few months ago. It is lovely out there as there are flowers and trees, and we have no flowers or trees here. I enjoy WEE WISDOM very much, especially the letters. I enclose a story for you. I will

close now, hoping all the Wees will have a nice vacation. With
love from

HAZEL GARDINER.

(13 years old.)

[Hazel has sent in a nice story which will have to wait till next time. —
Ed.]



(A left over birthday toast.)

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am ever so many years young; can
you find a wee corner for this toast to you?

*Send we to all, our good wishes and greetings,
Hoping these birthday and party-like meetings
Shall long continue as Time's flowing river
Sings through the realm of our bounteous Giver.*

*Here's to your Ship of Life, captain and fond crew!
Here's for success to you, Oh, little friend true!
Here's to Wee Wisdom's bright joy radiation:
Love, with good wealth, be your rich compensation.*

V. K.



*My Teddy has a little bed
Upon which he sleeps,
It's only a shoe box,
But yet he rests in peace.*

(10 years.)

GERTRUDE LANGE.

Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

LESSON 9. SEPTEMBER I.

The Two Reports of the Spies. — Numbers 13:17-20.

GOLDEN TEXT — *The Lord is with us, fear them not.* — Numbers 14:9.

Before one starts any new work, he usually thinks it all over, and goes to the place he intends to have his office, and sees what sort of men are already there engaged in the business.

So, Moses sent men ahead to see what sort of a land Canaan was to live in, and what sort of people dwelt there. Now this was really not necessary, for if God tells us to do anything new, or to go into a strange place, we may know it is all right; place our trust in God and fear nothing. We do not have to wonder if it is safe, but trust in God and know he sends us only good. The spies found the land very good and brought back the ripe grapes as a proof of its richness.

Caleb was not afraid. He knew it was safe to go where God directed, but many of the people that were with him were afraid.

We know it is not good nor true to speak evil of places and people, but this is what the Israelites did through their fear and lack of trust. We are to learn from this lesson, to know only courage and bravery and faith in God's ways. We are not to stop from obeying God. We are to listen to the voice of the Soul — the voice within — that speaks of good things.

I trust in God.

I trust in the Good.

I am brave.

I fear nothing.

I have faith in my Good.

LESSON 10. SEPTEMBER 8.

The Brazen Serpent. — Number 21:1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT — *As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.* — John 3:14, 15.

It is often the case that when people begin to allow themselves to be discouraged and displeased with their work, and so on, that

they will commence to blame God. We know that God is ever the Good and brings us only good, for no harm can come from Good. So, it is very wrong indeed for us ever to find fault with God for our own mistakes; this is the same as "taking God's name in vain." No one can ever make evil for us except ourselves, with our own naughty, distrusting thoughts. We must have faith in God if we would feel conscious of His lovingkindness.

The Israelites blamed God in the wilderness and were afraid of many things, and talked their fear-thoughts just as persons so often do now-a-days.

Now God did not send the fiery serpents to bite the people, but the people were so blinded by their anger and annoyance against God that they walked right among the serpents, and so the serpents stung them.

Those people attracted to themselves biting, angry thoughts in the form of serpents. Then were they frightened and ran to Moses, begging him to pray to God for them.

Moses was a wise man, and the Lord in him said, "Make a serpent of brass that will look just like the fiery serpents, then the people can look upon it and see how harmless it is."

Moses made the serpent and raised it high on a pole for all the Israelites to see, and they saw it could not hurt them, and those that had been bitten felt cheered and got over the pains of the serpents' bites.

God never sends evil, but God does allow us to learn our lesson, and so if we are disobedient or cross and mean, troubles will surely come to us, but God does not send the troubles.

God is Love.
God is Good.
God is Peace.
God is Joy.

LESSON II. SEPTEMBER 15

Moses Pleading With Israel. — Deut. 6:1-15:

GOLDEN TEXT — *Beware lest thou forget the Lord.* — Deut. 6:12.

Moses begged the Israelites to keep the commandments, for he knew how necessary it was to be good if we would have the Good come to us. He reminded the people that they must not forget God, the one God, the principle of Good.

We are also told in the Golden Text not to forget the Lord.

The Lord is the Spirit within one, the good, true self that never does wrong, the self God created. How many persons forget this true self! The little boy who beats his dog, or ties tin cans to the poor cats' tail has forgotten that kind, true self that would be God-like and tender of every living creature.

The child who disobeys mother and wants its own naughty way has forgotten the Christ-self that loves to obey.
How much pleasanter it is to be kind than unkind?
How joyous you are when you let your Christ-self lead you!

LESSON 12. SEPTEMBER 22.

The Death of Moses.—Deut. 34:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.*—Psalms 116:15.

David is supposed to have written the Psalms, but as God is life and not death, God says and thinks nothing of death, for there is none. In the sight of life, life only is precious. David might have written, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the life of his saints. Those would have been true words. People think a good deal about dying, but God thinks of living. How do we know this? We know this because *God is Life* and *God is Health*. There is nothing sick or dead about God.

Moses was a very good man and for that reason he lived on the earth in his fleshly body for a great many years. Then, after people could see him no more, he still went on living somewhere in a new body. Read your Bible carefully and hunt up the many good deeds of Moses. He brought the Israelites out of the land of Egypt across the Red Sea into the land of Canaan, a land flowing with milk and honey.

Find out what he did in order to cross this sea. Also remember the meaning of his name—Moses, drawn out—for he was drawn out of the water when a tiny babe and brought up by King Pharaoh's daughter. Moses was a shepherd and a prophet. Best of all, Moses loved God and tried to obey Him always and taught the people so to do.

LESSON 13. SEPTEMBER 29.

[REVIEW. Read Psalm 90.]

GOLDEN TEXT—*The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.*—Psalm 103:8.

Say daily these words:

I understand Truth.
I am God's child.
I love the Good.
God is the Good.
God is my Peace.

"I cannot fret, or pout, or whine,
I am God's child and made to shine."

Our Talk Room.

You are all to be congratulated on the way in which you turned in and helped at WEE WISDOM's thirteenth birthday party, August number, 1907.

Your host did his part quite Royally, but then how could he help it, since that is his name? which by the way, he left you to guess at, for either through modesty or forgetfulness he omitted to introduce himself to you, a crime ye editor intends to punish by bringing him before you next month and making his name public.

It was just lovely of Dorothy to give us her beautiful story which had won the prize over a hundred others in the Albany schools. Her illustration was good, too, as were Gertrude's and Cecil's. The pictures illustrating "The Picnic" were done by our young fourteen-year-old friend, Billy Heitland, who visited us a long time ago as tiny Billy Boy with his big dog Bleucher. We have plenty of genius among our Wisdoms and we shall expect greater evidences of it all through the coming year.

Do all you can toward making WEE WISDOM the very best and brightest and most wholesome magazine that was ever given youngsters or grown-ups. Put the extra number you receive into the hands of friends and tell them it will bring them health, wealth and wisdom.

"WISDOM IS JUSTIFIED OF HER CHILDREN."

* *

Our visitors on the second page are Rose Wood-Allen Chapman and her boy. Mary Wood Allen is his grandmother, and she edits the beautiful magazine, *American Motherhood*.



Young folk's Magazine
Devoted to
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"Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness,
and all her paths are peace."

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September, 1907.

A SEPTEMBER KID

*I like the months of all the year,
For every one brings something dear;
You will not think it very queer
I'm partial to September.
It was the month that brought me here,
And mother holds it very dear;
And loving friends from far and near
Bring me presents and good cheer
Since ever I remember.*

The subscription list of WEE WISDOM is fast doubling up.

Everybody wants to begin with the new serial —
"The Story of Lovie."



Important!

Is there a blue mark on me?

IF there is a blue mark across this notice it is because you have forgotten to invite **WEE WISDOM** to continue her visits to you. You must not miss her this year, for she has planned many new treats for her readers, great and small.

"I, Wisdom, cause those that love me to inherit substance; and I will fill their treasure."

For a time, new subscribers to **WEE WISDOM** will be given a copy of "Wee Wisdom's Way," the beautiful story of which "The Story of Lovie" is the sequel. It will be interesting and instructive to note the further development of the characters, whose childhood became familiar in "Wee Wisdom's Way," and this offer gives you the opportunity without extra cost.