

# WEE WISDOM

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



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## *Mother Goose Rhymes*

*For Twentieth Century Boys and Girls.*

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### *WISE YOUNG SIMON*

*Wise young Simon met a pieman*

*Going to the fair.*

*Said wise young Simon to the pieman:*

*"Let me taste your ware."*

*Said the pieman to wise young Simon*

*"I'm glad, my friend, we've met.*

*Just help yourself, for the more I give,*

*The more I'm sure to get."*



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## THE STORY OF LOVIE: OR, ESTABLISHING IDEALS.

MYRTLE FILLMORE

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE LOVERS.

**T**HE listening birds heard the "old story" over again, but not after the old manner for these young lovers possessed a love that not only enriched and ennobled their own lives, but radiating out, spread joy and warmth to all about them. He was saying to her:

"Do you know, Trixie, this is sacred ground to me? I stood upon this very spot once, when I was so young that my memory holds nothing of that time save this one indelible picture. My mother stood beside me, as you do now. There were soft white clouds floating in the sky, and as I stood gazing up through the branches of this giant oak it seemed as if it reached and reached until it touched the far-away sky, and I wondered could I climb up there, would I be among the clouds and stars and angels? I told my happy fancies to my mother. I shall never forget her glorious smile as she drew me close to her heart and told me there were greater heights for her dear boy to climb. And then she put into my hand an acorn that had fallen and explained to me how this great tree had once seemed a helpless little mite like that, but in its

heart had held the germ of this mighty promise it has now fulfilled. Then she broke the shell of the little acorn and showed me how tiny was the image of the oak tree slumbering there, and how like that acorn there slumbered in me the image and likeness of a divine *possibility* which I should bring forth some day to tower among mankind even as this giant oak towers among its comrades. I was to be great and good and noble and mighty. A great thrill of joy swept through my being and something awoke within my little heart that made it feel strong and able to bring forth this mighty manhood, and again my mother clasped me to her and breathed a prayer, so sweet and strong, it seemed to wrap me about in soft white folds of peace. And then I promised her I would be all the waiting image called for.

"But oh, the days that came and went after the inspiration of her presence was removed from me. Only he who watches with us ever could know the struggles of my wretched little heart. I was left alone to the care of tutors and servants, for my father was too much engrossed in finances to spare me time and then how could he understand about the divine image in me that struggled for expression, any more than he had understood the spiritual nature of my mother?

"I found consolation in retreating to this blessed spot. My father never denied me this; perhaps he felt it was a tie between me and *her*. This little woodland was my mother's gift to me, and I have never spoken it aloud before, but it is as if every tree and shrub and creature here were mother's messengers to remind me. It may be a fancy born of my great love for her, but some way, she is always an invisible presence to me here." He paused for a moment, for

his voice had sunken into an inaudible whisper. "Some way, Trixey, some way, I feel the intervening veil between the 'here-and-there,' is so thin at this spot that mother can look through and see and know all about us now. I have little beside my love and this Eden to offer you, but have we not learned, that 'life is more than meat and the body more than raiment,' and is not the union of our rich young souls more than all the world beside can give?" A gentle pressure on his hand first spoke for her. And then, turning her sweet face up to him she said:

"Dear Jack, you give me more than all the world beside and I in turn, endow you with my maiden heart and all the riches of the Omnipresent Good."

He bent and kissed her upturned face, saying:

"Trixey, the world of lovers could not understand why, dear as we have been to each other, I had never asked a kiss of you before.

"But you appreciate that I have waited till this holy moment for this sacrament of our love. I hold that a kiss is holy and whoso kisses lightly knows nothing of the sacredness of love. My mother's kiss and yours are all my lips have known. All that I am, all that I hope to be, I owe to the ideals you and she have held for me. Could mothers and maidens but know this power to save from the 'snare of the fowler' the feet of their sons and lovers, there would be more happy ones like us, Trixey."

Again the sweet voice which you both felt and heard rippled on the soft air.

"Dear Jack, it had never occurred to me that kissing had any part in our comradeship, and I do thank you for making it a sacred and not a common part of our love."

His smile was broad and genial as he answered,

"Yes, little girl, we will always be comrades, you and I. But since we are to become citizens of these sweet wilds we must be hunting up a place to pitch our tent."

Then followed the most delightful season of exploration. Every tree in the little wood felt the touch of caressing hands and every blade of grass the pressure of loving feet. The creature-folk frisked and winged about to keep up with the explorers. And there was great glee-over the antics and apparent curosimy manifested by these little neighbors.

"I believe," said Trixie, sending forth one of her rollicking laughs, "that we had better consult our future neighbors before we decide on settling here; they may consider us intruders. They have the first right."

"Oh you don't understand them like I do, I have been so much among them. I flatter myself it is rather an ovation than a protest they are giving us. They will be glad to have us here. I feel it in their friendly chatter. We will not infringe upon their rights. They will be cheerful and considerate little neighbors."

When the site for the bungalow was chosen several big trees stood in the way, but Trixie planned that they should still have their part in the home-making, for their big trunks and limbs could be used in helping to make this little bungalow harmonious with its surroundings. "A little cabin-like thing," Trixie said.

"We will have the artisans come after the birds have gone South, and when it will least interfere with those who enjoy these haunts. I wonder, Trixie, what you will think of the motley crew that find rest and pleasure here. It has been one of the greates

joys of my life that I could contribute something toward giving these products of an unwholesome civilization a little taste of freedom and Nature. I wonder, Trixie, if you will mind leaving the grounds open to them after we are settled here?"

You should have seen her face as she turned in answer, surely the light that shone upon it had not sifted through those heavy shadows.

"Dear Jack," she said, "do you not know me yet that you should question my love for the 'least of these, my brethren?' Not only can they have their old privileges, but we will see what we can do toward broadening and bettering these crippled lives. Why, Jack, we'll start a new civilization right here in our own little kingdom, and we'll lead these souls into the light and truth of a new glad life."

And as he took her to his heart he said, "God gave the best of himself when he bestowed upon mankind pure and noble womanhood."

(To be continued.)

### THE TWO GUESTS

*Worry and Fret were two little men  
That knocked at my door again and again:  
"O, pray let us in but to tarry a night,  
And we will be off with the dawning of light."  
At last moved to pity, I opened the door  
To shelter these travelers, hungry and poor;  
But when on the morrow I bade them adieu,  
They said, quite unmoved, "We'll tarry with you."  
And deaf to entreaty and callous to threat,  
These troublesome guests abide with me yet.*

—Selected.



## BY THE BIG FIRE PLACE

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER

STORY FROM SALLIE'S PICTURES

“**W**HAT have we in here? Lot's of flowers, a daffodil, a bachelor button, a daisy, a little girl”—

“No, that's a fairy, don't you see her wings?” “O yes, so it is,—a fairy, a butterfly and a tree—all colored but the butterfly.”

Well, once upon a time there lived two worms,



SALLIE'S PICTURES.

Mr. Green Worm and Mr. Yellow Worm. Now these two worms were great friends, but like many friends there was a great deal of jealousy between them. Whenever Mr. Green Worm got another spot of color on his coat Mr. Yellow Worm was unhappy until he got a spot on his coat, and if Mr. Green Worm was invited out to dinner Mr. Yellow Worm was unhappy until he received an invitation. So you see how it was, they were good friends but they didn't really love each other, else they wouldn't have been jealous. One day these two friends met underneath a myrtle vine and after shaking noses in a strictly fashionable manner, Mr. Yellow Worm said:

"I feel very sleepy, as if I wanted to take a long nap — longer than any nap I ever yet indulged in."

"It is very odd," replied Mr. Green Worm, "but I feel just the same way. Here is a stone wall with a great many stones loose. Let us each crawl in behind a stone and go to sleep."

They each settled to rest, but it did not seem to satisfy them and presently Mr. Green Worm saw Mr. Yellow Worm weave himself a silken blanket; this looked soft and warm, so Mr. Green Worm did likewise, and soon both friends were sound asleep wrapped in their silken cocoons. Then followed days of most delightful slumber when rosy dreams floated about them and bade them sleep on; and sleep on they did through rain and shine until one morning Mr. Green Worm began to stir and found himself no longer sleepy. He stretched himself to his full length, crawled out and found to his great astonishment that he had two large gray wings with which to fly. This was really a surprise and as he flew from leaf to leaf, his joy knew no bounds and he thought himself the happiest creature in this whole wide world. He

missed the pretty green stripe down his back, for he was very fond of color, but when compared with the gift of wings the loss seemed as nothing. Then he thought of his friend Mr. Yellow Worm and a smile of satisfaction crossed his face, for he knew how Mr. Yellow Worm would envy him his wings. He felt a bit sorry for his friend, but then he couldn't help the matter, and he was glad the wings had been given to him instead of Mr. Yellow Worm. He flew back to the stone wall to waken his friend and show his wings just as Mr. Yellow Worm crawled out of his cocoon. At first the bright sun dazzled the newly awakened worm, but when he stretched himself he at once discovered his new possessions — two big black wings with gorgeous yellow and white spots. His joy was so great that he flew straight to the honeysuckle and rested against its fragrant blossoms.

But all the joy was gone from Mr. Green Worm. His large gray wings hung idly from his side and the jealous tears choked his throat. His wings that he had thought so beautiful such a short time ago, were only gray wings after all and Mr. Yellow Worm had beautiful black velvet wings with white and gold circles! The joy he had found a few moments ago in flitting from flower to flower was gone and he sat dejected, nibbling at a myrtle leaf.

At this moment a little girl came out of the house with a net fastened to a long stick. She crept around the honeysuckle so quietly that had Mr. Yellow Worm been listening he could scarcely have heard her approach.

"What you doing, Connie?" said a voice from the window.

"O Ted, there is the loveliest big yellow and

black butterfly here on the honeysuckle vine and I'm going to have him for my collection."

"How do you fix them up?" asked Ted.

"O just pin them to a card, if you do it while they are alive the wings will stay out straight." "Well, I'm sure I wouldn't torture a poor thing like that, and I don't see how you can. How would you 'ke to be pinned to a board 'till you died?' And Ted's indignant face disappeared from the window.

Connie paused for a moment, "O it doesn't hurt 'em—I've got to have that beauty for my collection," and she crept slowly toward the fragrant vine where Mr. Yellow Worm stood admiring himself, quite unconscious of Mr. Green Worm's jealousy and the danger from Connie's net.

Mr. Green Worm saw the danger of his friend's position and for just one little moment he was glad and then, though he knew he might meet the same danger, he flew straight over Connie's net, bumped his head against Mr. Yellow Worm and then flew as fast as his untaught wings could carry him—but he was too slow and the net caught him, almost breaking his large gray wing. Mr. Yellow Worm was taken so by surprise that he lost himself for a moment in the heart of a big peony and when he crawled out Connie had lost sight of him.

Mr. Green Worm lay panting and hurt in the net, but he wasn't sorry for what he had done. He knew now that in spite of his jealousy he had really loved his friend and if any one's wings were to be pinned to a card his dull gray ones should suffer rather than the beautiful black velvet ones with their golden rings.

"This old gray one isn't worth anything," and Connie dumped Mr. Green Worm out on his head in a flower bed. Poor Mr. Green Worm! Life was pretty

hard for him but just then he heard a sweet voice. He looked behind him and there stood a fairy. He had mistaken her for a pansy, but there she stood.

"I am the fairy, Love," said she. "When you gave your life for your friend you called me from my home in your heart and now I am ready to grant you any wish you may have."

Mr. Green Worm soon told "Love" all of his sorrows and together they flew from flower to flower and from each took a bit of color and painted it upon the big gray wings until he was the most gorgeous of all the winged creatures; and Love taught him many things and introduced him to her little fairy sister, "Wisdom," and together they showed him that "jealousy" was an enemy of theirs and that he must not let enemies have their home in the fairyland of his heart and—"well that's all."

Mother stood up and stretched herself.

"O mother, don't you wish you had wings like Mr. Green and Yellow Worm?" asked Sallie as she and Lois got down from the chair." "What became of Mr. Yellow Worm?"

"O he got acquainted with Love and Wisdom too, and grew to be a very sensible butterfly. But run on now, I've told enough stories."

The fire crackled up the big chimney and the Oregon rain came down in a cold shower, but summer with its honeysuckle and butterflies did not seem so far away to the two children as they stood in the gathering winter dusk.

At last Sallie remarked, "Well I'm going to color that dear old gray butterfly before dinner." And she did.

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*God is Love,*

## THE FAIRY SONG

Lucy C. Kellerhouse

**S**WEET blew the breath from Zephyr's  
lips,  
Who from fair flowers the nectar sips;  
Unbroken through the midnight shade  
Came insect whirr from forest glade;  
While woodland lake, a mirror bright,  
Reflected Luna's silver light.

Upon its bank of velvet green  
A happy fairy host was seen  
Formed in a ring around their queen;  
And merrily their voices rose  
And sounded clear through Night's repose,  
Now low and faint and far-away,  
Now swelling to a joyous lay;  
While to the fairy voices sweet,  
How blithely moved the twinkling feet.

Obedient to the queen's command,  
At length the dancing host disband;  
On gauzy wings their way they take  
To lily-beds upon the lake,  
To list to Zephyr's lullaby,  
And sleep while bright-winged hours fly.

The king of day had hardly spread  
His splendor o'er the earth's fair head,  
When to the forest glade came down  
A woman from the near-by town.

With out-reached hand, a lily fair  
She plucked from where it nestled there;  
Then home with hasty step she trod,  
O'er hills and fields of dewy sod.

Just on the outskirts of the town  
She reached a tiny cottage brown,  
And therein found a fair young boy,  
Her only source of earthly joy.  
He helpless lay; yet in his eyes,  
In spite of pain, showed glad surprise,  
And stretched his trembling hand to hold  
The petaled snow and heart of gold.

Long, long his bright look lingered where  
The lily lay so white and fair;  
In waking dreams he seemed to see  
The woodland lake and forest tree;  
And in his fancy he could hear  
The fairy voices soft and clear.

At last his lingering eyelids closed;  
And while the lad so still reposed,  
From out the snowy lily-bed  
Popped up a fairy's tiny head.  
With troubled eye and wondering look  
She gazed from out her sheltering nook;  
Then straight the boy she did espy,  
With waxen face and sunken eye.

In haste she winged her silent way  
To where the slumbering laddie lay,

There at his ear to sweetly sing  
Of moonlight night and fairy ring;  
And smiled the sleeping boy to hear  
The fairy whisper at his ear.

Not till the sun had mounted high,  
And busy folk were passing by,  
Like some fair dream the pretty fay  
From mortal eye did hide away,  
Or like a star in golden air —  
The flower alone could tell you where.

That night when from her lily-bed  
Like stamen lift the fairy's head,  
And she came forth like some fair thought  
From a pure heart with love inwrought —  
A fairy band, with much ado,  
In with the night-breeze wailing flew.

They spied their queen; all their dismay  
Was gone; they winged to her their way;  
And tears were turned to glad refrain,  
As laughs upon the roof the rain;  
Till, pointing to the sleeping boy,  
She bade them still their clamorous joy,  
And joining hands in fairy ring,  
To slowly dance and softly sing.

Then danced the fairies lightly where  
A moonbeam cast its radiance there;  
In silvery tones, a magic lay  
Swelled from the throat of every fay;

Till cadence soft and rippling sound  
Did break the bands that Sleep had bound  
Around the boy, whose wondering gaze  
Beheld the ring of dancing fays.

Oh, brightly then he smiled, to hear  
The sweet, low song that reached his ear;  
And his large eyes of violet-blue  
Contented watched a sight so new;  
Till, forced by fairies' magic spell,  
The fringed lids slowly drooped and fell.

When stirred the Dawn's soft wings of light,  
The fairies quickly took their flight,  
To come again when, shimmering fair,  
Pale Luna shed her luster there,  
And once again with music sweet  
And twinkling of their tiny feet,  
To make the boy forget his pain  
And smile his old, sweet smile again.

The third night came; the fairy throng  
In dancing ring trilled forth their song;  
While, watching, brighter, happier smiled  
Than ere before, the gentle child.  
From melting cadence, soft and long,  
The melody rose clear and strong;  
While deep and rhythmic came the breath,  
Which told that life had conquered death.

And as they sang, bright blood did trace  
A sunrise in the boy's fair face;

And life and joy leapt to his eyes,  
Now widened with a glad surprise.  
He sat up laughing in his bed :  
“ Youv’e sung me back to health ! ” he said.

The fairy queen, in accents low,  
Now bade the dancers move more slow,  
And let their tones from glad refrain  
Sink to a softer, sweeter strain ;  
Till faded all the harmony  
In one faint breath of melody.

The mission of the fays was done ;  
The red outriders of the sun  
Warned their departure ; out they flew  
And flashed their wings athwart the blue ;  
Tho’ early gazers at the sky  
Saw but a flock of birds go by !

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*As the years go by, dear,  
As the years go by,  
Let us keep our sky swept clear,  
Little you and I.  
Sweep up every cloudy scowl,  
Every little thunder growl,  
And live and laugh,  
Laugh and live,  
’Neath a cloudless sky.*

—Selected.

## A TALE OF A CAT

Let us take a long step from Kansas City to a pretty village called Northport, on the north shore of Long Island, in New York state, where a handsome gray kitten named Midget had played and frisked all summer long.

Midget had been so tiny that the name seemed very proper when he first came to this home in Northport, but he had grown rapidly during the summer, and now, though he was not quite six months old, he was large and heavy, almost full grown.

He had spent the long days out of doors, playing in the garden or on the hillside back of the garden, only coming into the house when he was called or when it rained.

Midget never cried, and when he wanted to come into the house had been in the habit of springing on the window or door screens, and climbing up until some one saw or heard him and let him in. He was always sure of a welcome from the kind people with whom he lived, and the moment he was spoken to he responded by sticking his long tail up in the air as straight as a flagstaff, and giving a cheerful little "Purr-r-r."

But the cool weather of October had come, the screens were to be taken from the windows and doors, and Midget's mistress, Mrs. S., was wondering how he would let the people in the house know when he wanted to come in. "I'll just treat him for wisdom," she said at last, when she could think of no way out of the difficulty; and that night and for several nights when she went to her room she declared that he was a wise, clever kitten and could make his wants known.

Mrs. D., who owned the house, had talked of cutting a hole in the back kitchen door, just large enough

for Midget to get through; but that didn't seem to be a wise plan, as the back kitchen door was so far from the sitting room and dining room that he could not be heard there, and Midget always wanted to be with the family when he was in the house. Besides, the back kitchen was pretty cold in winter, and the hole in the door would make it very uncomfortable when the really cold weather came. So that idea was given up, and Mrs. S. thought she could do nothing but treat the big kitten for wisdom. She hoped it would result in his learning to cry as other kittens did.

One evening during this week, just before dark, the door bell rang and two ladies called on Mrs. D. and Mrs. S. Midget was sitting on the railing of the veranda when the ladies rang the bell, but did not come in with them, as he often did when company came. The ladies were chatting together in the sitting room, talking about the cold weather that had suddenly come when the bell rang again with a loud clang. The door bell had a handle shaped like a letter T, which hung on the outside of the middle panel, while a large gong was struck on the inside when the T-shaped handle was pressed down.

Mrs. D. hurried to the door when the bell rang the second time, but came into the sitting room with a startled look on her face, saying, "There is no one at the door. Do you think some one could have rung the bell and then hidden under the veranda?" Mrs. S. said, "I'll go and see." So she ran down the steps and looked under the veranda, but there was no one to be seen.

"You don't suppose Midget could have rung the bell?" said Mrs. D., "I remember now that he came in as soon as I opened the door, with his tail up, and that he made his usual remark, 'Purr-r-r.' But as I

was looking for a human being I didn't pay much attention to him."

"We can soon find out," said Mrs. S., believing instantly that the kitten had proved her treatments. Calling Midget to her she put him out on the veranda, saying as she closed the door, "If you rang the bell, Midgie, do it again." Almost immediately they heard a little scrambling sound on the outside of the door, and the gong pealed forth once more. When they all went to the door and it was opened, Midget came in promptly with his usual "Purr-r-r," and his tail lifted in its stiffest greeting.

How they all laughed and petted the clever cat! Then they went out on the veranda and closed the door to see if he would ring the bell again; but Midget was satisfied to be out doors too if the family was there, and jumped on his mistress's lap and prepared to settle down for a nap.

So Mrs. S. and Mrs. D. went into the house and left the two visitors on the veranda, as they wanted to see how the kitten rang the bell. For a minute Midget hesitated, as if wondering if he ought to be polite and stay outside with the strange ladies; but as they did not speak to him or seem to notice him, he suddenly sprang at the door, catching his fore feet on either side of the bell handle, and giving his heavy body a quick jerk, brought the handle down as low as it could be pressed, with the result, of course, that the bell rang out as clearly as if a human hand had pushed the handle.

So the only difficulty that had presented itself in Midget's short life disappeared when the magic word "wisdom" was spoken by some one who cared for him and had faith that her word would bear fruit. This is a perfectly true story.—W. S.

OUR YOUNG AUTHORS

THE SURPRISE PICNIC

HAZEL GARDINER



T was a very cold day and Mary's mama did not have any food in the house.

Mary's mother was a dressmaker and had to sew all the time to get enough bread for them, as her father was dead. Mary often wished that she could help her mother sew, but she was too small.

A few months in a year Mary could go to school. Part of the time she did not have any shoes to wear.

One day when Mary could not come to school the children in her class said they would try and help Mary, so they, with some older children to help, all gathered under a large tree in the school yard. They all agreed that they should save their money and earn as much as they could and buy clothing and food for Mary and her mother. Then the money that was left they would give to them on Mary's birthday.

The day before Mary's birthday, instead of her expecting presents, she did not know if she would have food or not. But Mary's mother said, "Trust in God and everything will come right." And it did.

The next morning was Saturday and Mary heard a knock at the door and opened it. There to her surprise was a number of her schoolmates with a carriage (a little girl's father had let them take the carriage). In the carriage was baskets full of food and clothing for Mary and her mother. Most of the things they

gave to Mary, but one or two of the baskets they kept as they were going to have a picnic for Mary.

One of the girls gave Mary's mother a little package. She opened it and found fifty dollars. Mary and her mother were so surprised that they could hardly say anything, and tears came to their eyes.

The girls told Mary not to cry and they gave her another package and when she opened it they told her to put them on. It was a dress, shoes and stockings, and coat and hat. Mary put them on and went to the park and had a good time.

Mary went to school the rest of that year.

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### MORE ABOUT MY SUMMER VACATION.

*Dear Wees:*

I will now finish the story of my summer vacation. After the Fourth of July, Auntie was feeling so well that she went some place almost every day. Muncie, Indiana, is a large city, and there are lots of places to go. I will try tell you about some of the things which interested me.

We visited the large cemetery, and the interesting feature there was a large pond, full of great, big fish. They were so tame that they would come right up to the edge of the water and eat the crumbs which I threw out to them. There were also large white swans, which would eat out of our hands.

Then we visited the glass factory. The factories were all closed but one, and they made what is called the fired ware. They were making milk bottles the day I was there. First the melted glass is poured into molds, and formed in sheets. Then it is placed in other molds which shape it into bottles, and ~~put~~ **the letters on it.**

I was also interested in the bedstead factory. There I saw how all the pretty iron beds are painted pink, blue, green, etc. They have a big tank of paint and the whole piece is dipped into it and then hung upon an iron hook to dry.

The factory is near one of the parks, and as Uncle Tommy and one cousin work at the factory, we all took our supper out to the park and had a fine time.

Auntie and Uncle, Mama, cousin Jimmie, and his wife and baby, cousin Irene and Robert and myself had our pictures taken together. Irene, Robert and I intended to send you one of ours but they are not finished yet, so we will send them some other time.

I made many visits to the river and gathered small shells. I have a string of them two yards long as a souvenir from White river.

We spent one day in the country with Grandma Newkirk. We had such a good time.

On August fifth we began our homeward journey. Our first stop was at Paris. We had two hours to wait, and I cut my initials on the stone post in front of the depot, so if any of the Wees ever go there, they will probably see B. H. P. on the post. At eight o'clock in the evening we started for Kansas, Ill. I have two big cousins and four little ones living there. The little ones are Ralph, Roy, Roland and Ruby. They are going to be little Wees. You bet I had a good time there. For as mother says, when four boys get together there is going to be some fun. We stayed for the Harvest Home Picnic on the 14th of August, and started to Delia, Kansas, on the 15th. I have two sisters living there.

Our next stop was St. Louis. We had about two hours there. We ate supper and looked around till train time. We were on the train all night and got

into Kansas City about seven in the morning on August 16th. I wanted so much to stay over and visit the Unity Building again, and see Mrs. Fillmore, the editor of our dear little magazine, but our train was due in an hour, so we had to go on. When we were pretty close to home, we met my brother Roy, going to visit sister. He was surprised for he did not know that we had come back from the East yet. We stayed at my sister's a week. One sister has a little girl and the other has three little boys.

We started for Holton on the 22nd of August, and then it was only a little more than a week before school commenced. I spent the time visiting the boys. Now it is school time again. There is a time to work and a time to play. I have had my play, and now I am ready for work. My vacation is ended, and my story is ended. With love to the editor, and all the Wees.—BENNIE PURDUM.

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### A WONDERFUL ENGINEER

BY V. K.

*My body is an engine fine  
Built by Love, the Spirit.  
It carries words and acts of mine;  
Listen! you can hear it  
As my load I tug,  
Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Chug!*

*What makes it go? The engineer  
Who is my little mind,  
He runs me far away and near,  
And friendly play I find  
Is the load I tug,  
Choo, choo! Choo, choo! Chug!*

# EPISTLES

DOWNINGTON, WYO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I will write my third letter to you. Mama likes the "Story of Lovie" and "Quercus" because it's



about Nature. We have four colts, Beth, Queen, Darby and Wisdom. We named him Wisdom because he is so wise. We have a cat almost sixteen years old. The next time I write to you I will be ten years old. My birthday is in October. I think maybe I will write a story for November WEE WISDOM. I am going to try and find some more members for WEE WISDOM. Thank you for the extra WEE WISDOMS you sent me, I will send you a picture of my doll.

I have six dolls, but I like this one the best,

## MY RAG DOLLY

Here is my dearest dolly,  
Her sister's name is Polly;  
She is full of fun and folly,

From your friend,

ALICE TOOTHAKER.

[Our young artists are at work. We like to see what each other can do. We thank Alice for her efforts to get new friends for WEE WISDOM.—Ed.]



NUCLA, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—How glad I am every month when you come. I read you through and then I read you over again more slowly so I can get all the beautiful thoughts and sunshine you bring. I was very much interested in Gertrude's letter; I can draw a little myself. I haven't got a Teddy bear, but I want one. My chief Nature study is plants. I have a flower garden and a vegetable garden all my own. I am earning your traveling money

for next year by selling my vegetables. Well this is all I can think of so I will close. From your loving little Wee,

WINNIE ROWLEY.

[What we earn we appreciate most. WEE WISDOM is proud of you Winnie.—Ed.]



CLAYPOOL, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write you another letter. I wish you would have some of the Wees to write to me. I would thank you very much if you would. I like the WEE WISDOM book, for it has such good stories in it. I live out on a farm. My little Shetland is very gentle. We had another pony, but mama sold it and kept the other one. I ride it all over the fields. The next letter I write I will send some stamps. Well I will close for this time. I still continue your dear little Wee.

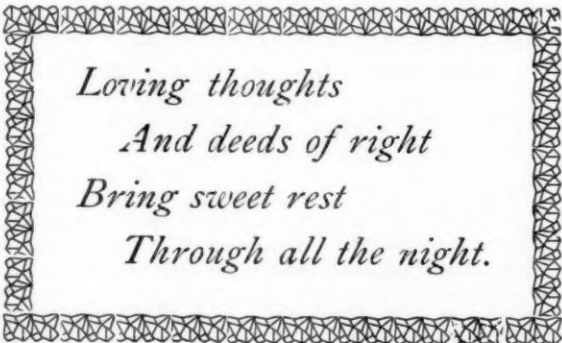
GEORGIA WORLEY.

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OUR COLORS

*Pink is the color for you and me,  
For it is the color of love, you see,  
Blue is the color for you, my love,  
For it is as true as the sky above.*

—ARLENE BIRDELL (8 years old.)



*Loving thoughts  
And deeds of right  
Bring sweet rest  
Through all the night.*

# Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons.

BY MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

## LESSON I. OCTOBER 6.

### Joshua, Israel's New Leader. — Joshua 1:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT—*I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.*—  
Joshua 1:5.

God has given to us the earth. It is ours—"every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon." (See verse 3.) Think of that! And it can be said for us, as well as for Joshua.

This earth is for us to make beautiful. We are to glorify it with good deeds. We are to bless the earth, speak well of its people, comfort them and help them to find the sunshine of life.

There are many ways to draw their attention to the happy things. A young man once told me that he had never in past years, seen any beauty in the clouds or the sunsets, or the evening tints of the hills. But, he said, "I shall ever be grateful to my sister, who is an artist, who so often pointed out to me these beauties of nature, that I too can enjoy them now and feel their beauty."

Instead of growing angry when the brother said he saw no beauty, the sister patiently went on pointing out the lovely things and talking of them, until her brother saw them too.

Joshua had to "be strong and of a good courage," (v. 6,) in order to teach his people.

We cannot help others to know the Good unless we believe in the good ourselves and prove the good.

We are to be without fear and very brave if we really believe that God is with us. We must ever be true to God. It would not be true to say, "yes, I believe God is everywhere, God is all," and then to cry out in a dark room, "I'm afraid."

God cares for his children everywhere, and God is good.

## LESSON 2. OCTOBER 13.

### Israel Enters The Land of Promise.— Joshua 3:5-17.

GOLDEN TEXT — *And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.*— *P'salm 107:4.*

God always shows us the right way if we only turn to Him, and He points out the easy way so that all we have to do is to obey His voice.

The way to sanctify one's self is to put away all the willful, naughty thoughts, and to think of God. This will make you pure in heart. A way that will make this easy is to speak true words, such as — I love to be true; I am God's child; I am willing to do God's will; I love the truth; I am holy; I am pure, for I am God's child.

No matter how difficult your task may seem to be — God makes it easy, but you must think of God and know that He is with you.

In the lesson you will notice that Joshua told the Israelites what God wanted them to do, and they obeyed Joshua.

We must always be obedient to the Good if we would have our work made easy for us.

If we should ask God's help and then right away displease father or mother by disobeying them, things would not be easy or smooth. Everything would seem to go crosswise.

If father asks you to do some little thing like piling wood in the shed, and says, "Robert I want you to pile the wood *so*," showing you, and then you do it another way to suit yourself, you will make a very disagreeable, unhappy day for yourself. That would not be doing God's way.

Suppose the Israelites had been afraid to cross the waters with the ark! But, they were not afraid. They obeyed Joshua, and so the waters rolled back for them and it was easy crossing.

### LESSON 3. OCTOBER 20.

## The Capture of Jericho. — Joshua 6:8-20.

*GOLDEN TEXT — By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days. — Hebrews 11:30.*

In the old Bible days in the time of Moses and Joshua, and other wise men, all of their ceremonies had a meaning, and a good spiritual meaning.

They did not have seven priests carry seven trumpets, just for fun. The seven signified some truth.

Seven means completion or bringing things to a good end.

Here notice (verse 15) that on the seventh day they went around the city seven times, and (verse 16) at the seventh time the priests blew a blast on the trumpets, and that foretold their victory, for Joshua said, "Shout!" and the people shouted; (verse 20) and the wall fell and the people took the city.

Sometimes it is necessary to work a long time with the naughty thoughts to make them know they cannot stay where the Christ child is, but if you are faithful, and keep on silently saying, "Good is the all; I am God's child," for maybe seven days or more, or, perhaps it may only take seven minutes, all those naughty thoughts will fall as the wall did for Joshua. Joshua was a strong thought, you know. Then you will realize what a lovely

city you have right within yourself, where only true, holy, Christ-thoughts may dwell, and so you take your own city, you are victorious and may shout for joy!

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LESSON 4. OCTOBER 27.

**Caleb's Faithfulness Rewarded.— Joshua 14:6-15.**

GOLDEN TEXT— *Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.*— Matt. 25:23.

How good it is to know that we have been faithful and true to the good!

Caleb had been a faithful man, true to his God. Caleb loved God. In verse 8 we read his words, "I wholly followed the Lord, my God."

Do you know what this means to wholly follow God? It means to serve God in all ways, and Jesus told us how to do this. First we must love God, then we are told to "love our neighbor," next to "love our enemies and those that hate us." God will make this easy for us if we listen to his teachings in our heart.

If a little girl says a mean thing about you to some other little girl, what are you going to do? Are you going to say something mean back? No, you are to, "resist not evil." Do something kind for that little girl, then she will feel ashamed, and the Christ-child will come forth in her, and she will most likely be kind to you in return.

This will be letting your light shine. You will also be acting in a faithful true way, proving your love for God and His children.

Everyone is the child of God and everyone can be faithful if only he will.

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Our "Talk Room," has given place to "Blanche's Corner" and that you may know who Blanche is, ye Editor will explain that she is one of our Wisdoms that has read WEE WISDOM ever since she could read anything. And now that she has come up into her teens and just graduated from High School, she wants to be doing something for somebody, so ye Editor has given her a chair in the editorial room and set her to work. You will find her in her corner ready to listen to all the good things you have to say or suggest, and you will find her bright as a gold dollar (that's the color of her hair) and full of good wholesome fun and strong and true as a Wisdom girl should be.

## Blanche's Corner.

**H**OW do you do, Mr. and Miss Wees? I suppose you are all settled down in school by this time, and working away in earnest. How nice it is to learn to read and write and spell. Then when we have some good thoughts of our own, we know just how to express them to other people. But the best thing of all we don't learn from books. Wee Wisdoms are learning it every day. And what is this wonderful thing? Why, it is to know that we are the children of God, and can always be well and strong and joyful. After learning this truth, the next thing to do is to practice it. We all know how to eat pie, and we use that knowledge every time we get a chance. Don't we? Well, this month we want you to use your knowledge of the truth by holding this thought:

### GOD IS MY INTELLIGENCE.

Whenever you come to a hard problem, or a word which bothers you, just say over those words, and you will be surprised how easy it will be for you. Then when you have used the thought to help you over a hard place, write and tell us all about it in an interesting way, and that will help other little folk to demonstrate the truth.



Don't forget to tell your friends about WEE WISDOM. She loves to travel, and she loves all the boys and girls. She is always glad when she gets an invitation to visit another home. WEE WISDOM repays your hospitality by entertaining you. She has many treats in store for her friends.



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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MYRTLE FILLMORE, *Editor.*

BLANCHE SAGE, *Associate Editor.*

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October, 1907.

THE OCTOBER KID

*I was born onc't in October,  
And my mother says to me:  
"Nature wears her brightest colors  
Jest to celebrate, you see."*

*So I like October bestes'  
It's as purty as kin be;  
An' the reds and yellors seems like  
Comes especially for me.*

— BLANCHE.

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WEE WISDOM is greatly encouraged at the number of subscriptions that are pouring in from all directions. She loves to make friends. If you will get three of your little friends to each give you 50¢ for traveling money, so that WEE WISDOM can visit them for a year, and send the \$1.50 to us with their names and addresses plainly written, and ask us for the pretty story entitled, "Elsie's Little Brother Tom," we will send it to you free of charge.



## Important!

Is there a blue mark on me?

**I**F 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."

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

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