

# 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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## *LITTLE BETTIE BARBER.*

*Little Bettie Barber*

*Sat in the arbor*

*Eating sweet corn on the ear.*

*There came a big spider*

*Which sat down beside her;*

*But Bettie said, "Nothing to fear."*



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

MYRTLE FILLMORE

CHAPTER III.

THE HOME NEST



HE little forest had twice changed its colorings since the happenings last recorded and was putting on the soft-greens of early Spring. The magic kiss of the Spring sunshine had waked the violets and Spring beauties and loosed the pulses of glad life throughout the little wood. Birds were singing, insects humming, plant and creature alike were rejoicing in the munificence of Spring. It was the robin who stayed at home who called the attention of the returning birds to the little home-nest builded in their absence. And the chorus of praise grew louder and sweeter because of the great love and joy this little home provided for. And it seemed as if the violets and Spring beauties grew brighter when they looked up and found this new child of the woods in their midst; for there, like a very part of the woods itself, stood "the-little-cabin-like-thing," Trixie and Jack had planned that happy Summer afternoon.

Into the midst of this Spring joy sauntered two gentlemen evidently too much engrossed in conversation to notice this new marvel till they had run upon it.

"By jove!" exclaimed a familiar voice, "what have we here, Jennings?"

"I should think," replied the astonished Jennings, "the wood-nymphs have builded a home. Did you ever see anything so elegantly harmonious with surroundings? This is what I call high art. I'd like to know the architect."

At this point the door of the bungalow opened, and a bright young fellow stepped out upon the veranda, seeing the strangers he smiled and remarked upon the beauty of the day. Jennings answered, "I trust we are not trespassing, but once having found this enchanting spot we wanted another glimpse of it. We were not aware that it was inhabited, nor were we prepared for a thing like this."

"You cannot trespass here, this is one place in the big city that is free to all who enjoy it, and this little home-nest is built here in the trees for Jack Wiseman and his bride who are soon to return from abroad. He is very fond of this spot and loves every creature of these woods," was the young man's reply.

Bond and Jennings exchanged glances, and Jennings ventured to say, "Jack Wiseman is a fine fellow, and surely there could never be a more unique nest for a pair of doves to coo in than this. I am much impressed with the originality and art displayed in its construction. Could you kindly favor us with the address of the architect?"

The young man looked down and a deep blush crept over his fair face, but there was a twinkle of humor in his eyes as he made answer:

"It was the fancy of the bride herself, that the trees which were sacrificed for this building spot, having grown here, rightly belonged here and so must

be woven some way, into the warp and woof of her home, and you behold the result."

"But," insisted Jennings, "it took somebody with artistic genius to work out her fancies and produce results like this."

"Oh, yes," quickly answered the young man, "her brother is an architect and of course it was such a pleasure for him to embody his sister's ideal of a home, that he may have excelled himself." Bond smiled shrewdly at the young man as he said:

"We need look no farther for the architect — all we lack now is the name."

"As you will," replied the young man with a hearty laugh, that shook off all his embarrassment.

"Here is his card."

I read:

Ned Day  
Architect  
407 Strong Building  
M

Bond was evidently getting interested in this young fellow and lingered, even after Jennings admonished him that time for some engagement was at hand.

"I will see you again," was his word at parting, and I hope to know your sister and young Wiseman. I have long known his father." Bond afterward confessed to Jennings, "I can't tell what it is about that young fellow, but I'd trust him with all I have."

Jennings smiled, for he inwardly knew that the ingenuousness of the boy had punctured the soul of the sordid millionaire. As Ned stood looking after the retreating pair, he remembered they had not given him

their names, but he knew from their general make-up they were wealthy men of the world. His meditations were cut short by a voice within the bungalow, and as he answered, "All right, Tom; what is it?" a muscular young fellow with a good face and pleasant voice made his appearance.

"I've finished putting down the rugs," he explained, "and I was a thinkin' how Miss Trixey was always likin' runnin' water and what's to hinder puttin' a little brook down there among the unevenness in the south corner, with water cress and ferns growin' along it?"

"It's a very pretty idea, Tom, but you know that those artificial streams mean lots of money and work, and Jack is mostly dependent upon his own efforts since this place represents his fortune."

"But," argued Tom, "the old man's awful rich, ain't he, and what's hurtin' to strike him for the money?"

"That would never do Tom. Mr. Wiseman is very unapproachable, and then, too, Jack would never consent to ask a favor of anybody; he's very proud to earn his own livelihood and pay his own bills, and we could not offer him greater insult than to apply to his father."

"That's good stuff," said Tom admiringly, "but I wish I had the money. Miss Trixey should have the little runnin' water and no one would be the wiser. I never could do enough for her and you. You were the making of Tom Sams. Why! don't I remember how Tom Sams' name stood for all kinds of deviltry and meanness? nobody believed in Tom Sams till you got hold o' him — never will the day grow dim, when you spoke them first kind words to me, and I a mock-in' at your crutch, too. Oh, Mr. Ned, them are the kind o' things that count, and never will the angels in

heaven get tired o' tellin' what good's come of it." Here Tom's reminiscence was interrupted by the "chug chug" of an Auto and the arrival of a stately old gentleman whom Ned addressed as Mr. Wiseman.

"I've run up to see if things were ready. Jack has wired that they will be here in the course of a week and" — sweeping the little bungalow with his haughty glance, he continued, "I suppose no persuasion will alter Jack's determination to take immediate possession of this little hut."

It took a moment of strenuous silence to enable Ned to quell the tumult of resentful thought that followed such ungracious reference to the pretty home, but remembering, "He maketh his sun to shine on the just and on the unjust," the sting was gone, and Ned invited the haughty father in to inspect preparations for himself. A few minutes later he was standing before a portrait which hung on the walls of the beautiful living room; oblivious to all else, he was gazing with longing eyes upon it.

It was the face of a woman in the prime of womanhood. A strong, pure, sweet face, that lacked only joy to make it radiantly beautiful. As he looked something stirred beneath the crust of his haughty exterior and like a pain that had no remedy it worked at his heart. The past arose before him. He saw and felt and knew as never before what had been lacking in the life of this glorious woman. Why these perfect lips should be a trifle too firm and this sweet smile but half formed while the eyes bore the unmistakable shadow of patient sorrow. Who can describe the agony of a soul crusted over with selfishness, when remorse thrusts its keen blade through into the quick of the living consciousness.

The figure before the portrait quivered with the in-

tensity of such experience and with a swift glance about to see if anyone were present he fell upon his knees before it and wept.

The man who came forth a half an hour later bore the evidence of one who had been overtaken "on his way to Damascus," and smitten down before the vision of a sacrificed life. Though his manner was that of one trying hard to assume the old proud authority, yet his form was bent and his voice broken when he joined the young architect on the veranda and proposed the addition of a rustic garage to the little home in the woods. "For," he explained, since this is my son's choice, I desire that nothing be left undone that may secure comfort or beauty here." A new tenderness crept into his voice as he proceeded:

"This little wood was his mother's gift to Jack. She was very fond of coming here and Jack is so like her he would never part with it though millions have been offered him. I have thought him foolish and withheld from him, hoping to force him to sell it, but I now see the boy was wiser than I. I want his life to be what mine is not—a happy, unselfish one."

Ned was silent, for it seemed a time when only silent comfort could be applied and in his heart he felt and knew some great change had been wrought through the influence of that portrait. At this juncture Tom appeared on the scene and asked for further instructions. The young architect introduced him as the chief artisan of the work just completed, and recommended him to Mr. Wiseman as the one to consult in matters of further improvement.

Ned gave Tom a meaning smile as he handed the eager father over to him, for he knew between them the dream of the "runnin' water" would be realized.

*(To be continued.)*





## THANKSGIVING DINNER

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER

“**T**HANKSGIVING isn't much fun” said Sallie, who was toasting her toes before the big fire place.

“You can't do anything extra but just eat dinner, and that isn't fun, 'cause you've got to have table manners same's any other day; how do you like this turkey?” and Lois held up a piece of paper which was supposed to represent a turkey. “Miss Eunice taught us to cut them out at school yesterday.”

“Well, maybe I couldn't have done any better than that when I was your age,” said Sallie with a superior air and a tone that expressed sincere sympathy. “O dear, I wish mother was here to tell us a Thanksgiving story!”

Auntie Laura, who was curled up in the corner of the davenport awoke in time to hear this conversation, and sitting up with a yawn, remarked, “You children hear too many stories. Your minds get too much exercise and your hands not enough. Why don't you find some work; the greatest fun in this world is found in work. I remember the most delightful afternoon in my life was one time my mother and the girl both went away from home and I stole out into the kitchen and kindled the fire, and when the boiler was full of hot water I scrubbed the kitchen floor. I was only

ten years old then, but I have never forgotten the fun I had. O, yes, I was scolded for it; you see I had put lots of lye in the water, and I swept it out the door onto mother's pansy bed, but then that was because I had not been taught to scrub and so of course knew no better; and I vowed then and there that if ever I had girls of my own they should be taught how to work — rather they should be taught to enjoy working."

"O, I just love to work, Auntie Laura, but Josephine won't let me muss up her kitchen and I don't like to make beds," and Sallie's face bore an injured look.

"Auntie Laura! let's go scrub the kitchen floor, do, please; Mother won't care if you help us," and Lois danced around in glee at the prospect.

"No; as tomorrow is Thanksgiving, suppose we cook something. I promised your mother that I'd make a cake for to-morrow's dinner so I think I'll let you do it instead. Go get your aprons, the big ones with sleeves, while I go take a look at the kitchen."

"Oh! Oh!" and the two little maids whisked up to their rooms, while Auntie Laura called after them, "Be sure you clean your finger nails and tie back your curls," adding to herself, "now I'm in for it, and I did want to finish my book!"

Josephine was taking up the last bit of dust onto the dust pan when Auntie Laura stuck her head through the door—"Have you finished your work, Josephine?"

"Yes ma'am, most all."

"Well, say, Josephine, don't you want to go up stairs and do your sewing or something and let me have the kitchen to myself this afternoon? I'll get dinner, too, so you can have the whole afternoon—and, Josephine, is the wood box good and full?"

"Yes ma'am," and Josephine smiled to herself, for she knew some one was going to have a good time that afternoon.

That "someone" turned out to be three, for you never saw three such busy, happy people in your life.

Yellow bowls and wooden spoons, egg-beaters and lemon squeezers! Making real things, just like grown-ups!

Auntie Laura had so many funny little things to tell them, and between the conversation and cooking directions a listener would have gotten sadly confused; for instance, "It was when your mother and I were at school — there, Lois, it's time to look into the oven — and we were getting ready to go home Thanksgiving — Sallie, I think that has boiled enough now, hold up the spoon and if it spins a thread it's done, yes, that's it, take it off now, — the teacher told us we would have to pass over go — here is your pan, Lois, now cut out some more — in our arithmetic and so we studied — beat it hard — for days before — put them in close together, Lois, or you won't have room — and when examination-day came — now Sallie take this knife for the icing, and spread it on quickly, before it hardens — every one in the class passed."

Sallie's lovely cake at last was finished; on its snowy top a gay-colored turkey was outlined in small candies, while rows of chocolate flecks decorated its sides.

Lois' turkey-shaped cookies were brown and crisp and the spicy eye was natural enough to wink.

"Now, don't admire your work too long, for you know we are to get dinner and leave Josephine a clean kitchen in the bargain;" and Auntie Laura gathered up the pans — "you go out in the shed and get the potatoes, Lois, and Sallie you may wash this celery while I pare the apples."

How their hands and feet flew! The important airs of satisfaction that were worn and the thrills of delight over each finished task!

Dinner time arrived and the two little maids in crisp white aprons and curls tied back with big butterfly bows served dinner themselves.

Sallie's neatly written menu cards rested beside each place.

#### MENU.

Celery Soup. Toasted Crackers	
Olives	Celery
Apple Salad	
Mashed Baked Potatoes in shells	
Stewed Lima Beans	Cabbage Greens
Baked Pears with Cream	

Thanksgiving day arrived and when the family sat down to dinner Sallie's cake rested at one end of the table and Lois' cookies at the other end, and both little girls decided that Thanksgiving was "fun" after all.

In the dusk of the evening as the family sat before the big brick fire place enjoying its warmth and light, the silence was broken by Lois, "Those were the best cookies I ever ate."

Everybody laughed and Father said "That's just the way I felt about the first real work I ever did. Work well done is the most satisfactory thing in life, no matter what the work may be, if it is joyously undertaken, like the ship-builder whose heart was in his work, and the heart giveth grace unto every art — it is that 'grace' in work which makes our lives sad or glad. I am thankful for many things today, but principally for work. If we consider work a blessing and look to it for our 'joy of living,' our lives can never be really sad or gloomy."

"How many things we have to learn!" remarked Sallie with thoughtful face. "I've learned today to be thankful for work, and that Thanksgiving's a truly happy day."

"I've learned to make cookies," said Lois, as she rested her curly head against Auntie Laura's shoulder.

### THE FLOWER CONVENTION

HELLE BURT

The flowers held a convention one day when the sun was low  
In a quiet nook in the garden, where they were wont to grow.  
The beautiful rose presided with so much grace and ease,  
And sent out such waves of harmony, that even the birds and trees  
Were inclined to enter the silence that they might be able to hear,  
For they were always sure from their flower friends of words of happy cheer.  
There were no special speakers of great talent or renown,  
Coming from far-off flowerland to wake up the little town,  
But just the flowers who lived there and bloomed from year to year,  
As spring called them from the stillness to spread beauty far and near.

The first to speak was the lily, so fair, so stately and tall,  
She spoke of the good All Father, who sendeth his love to all,  
How it comes in the shimmering sunlight, in the cooling drops of rain,  
In so many ways, that wherever we turn, we meet it again and again;  
In the air we breathe, the food we take, from tree to the lowly sod,  
We must ever be sending our praises up for this wonderful love of God.

The tulip told of the happy days he had passed on this beautiful earth.  
How joy had been his companion since the sunny day of his birth,  
How the air, the sunshine, the gentle breeze had each lent a helping hand  
To aid him in finding expression for all he could understand;  
How his life was one hymn of praise for all this unstinted good,  
That had come to brighten and bless him since the days of his babyhood.

The pansies lifted their faces, while they told of blessings rare  
That had glided into their quiet lives, they felt their abundant share  
In the beautiful love of the Father, that is ever seeking its own,  
Be it in the rolling planet, the tree, the flower, the stone.

The buttercups and daisies that had come from the near-by field,  
Told how this same beautiful love had been their strength and shield;  
When the storms had beat upon them, when dangers had threatened their life,  
When the elements all about them were mixed in an angry strife,  
Then the powers that calmed the waters years ago on Galilee  
Proved sufficient for their peril, and had calmed their troubled sea.

Then the ways and means committee read a paper all about  
How to make their lives more useful, what to foster, what leave out,  
How to guard against spots and blemish, how to cultivate the best,

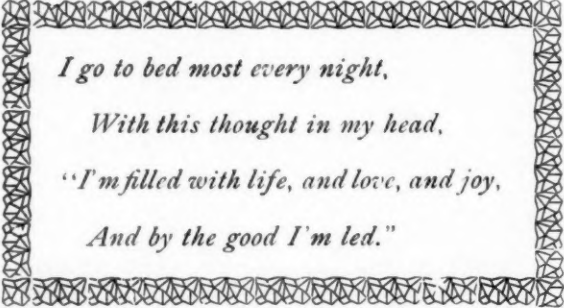
And most to learn, when all is done, to trust God for the rest.  
Very many wise suggestions from the flowers assembled there  
Were inscribed upon their banners to be read with love and care.

Nowere this convention ended, all arose with happy hearts,  
Said this prayer of true thanksgiving which had no studied parts:  
"O beautiful Father of light and of love, we thank thee for what thou hast given  
To make for us all such a beautiful home, we thank thee for this bit of heaven.  
We thank thee for people who come to us here with love shining bright in  
their faces.

We thank thee for sunshine, for birds, and for trees, for children with all  
their sweet graces.

But most of all, O Father of Light, we thank thee for our sweet mission here,  
Where life is a constant on-working unhinged by doubt or by fear.  
We thank thee we may bring to the world our brightest flowerland treasures,  
To gladden the children of earth with our overflowing measures."

In the softly fading sunlight of that dear, sweet summer day,  
This convention closed its meeting and each flower went its way.  
Every heart was full of blessing, full of kind and tender love  
That arose and fell on all things, as the dew falls from above.



*I go to bed most every night,  
With this thought in my head,  
"I'm filled with life, and love, and joy,  
And by the good I'm led."*

WEE WISDOM is full of the spirit of love and thanksgiving every month in the year, and she imparts it to her children. Are you one of them? If not, send your name and address, together with fifty cents for travelling money, and she will gladly adopt you and visit you once a month.

## THE ANGEL BY THE CASCADE

IMFLDA OCTAVIA SHANKLIN



THROUGH a forest of deep shadows glides a little stream. It issues from a fissure in a slanting rock of dark granite where vines grow and the twilight rests even at noontide hours. The stream is very glad to escape the gloom of the cavern. In its joy of freedom it leaps and plunges many a step, but when it sees the danger of imprisonment is past it leaves off its haste and takes time to enjoy the beauty of the way through which its path leads.

The bed of the stream is a sinuous course of white pebbles and smooth sand. Along its miniature banks grows the bright moss, and farther back stand the soft woodland grasses. Scattered about are white flowers, gleaming petaled cups with golden centers.

Between the tree-tops the little stream smiles up at the sky. From his throne in the heaven the glorious Sun-Father sends down his dazzling glances: Where the brightness of his face comes through the water has a tinge of fluid diamonds, but in the shade of the heavy boughs it is the color of amethyst.

The stream loves the pebbles, sand, moss, grass, flowers and trees. All day while the sun is over the forest it sings to its friends in its soft voice, cheering them with the words:

"Be brave; be brave; there is no loss.  
Be true; be true; God ever rules."

When the birds return to their leafy homes and stillness settles over all, the little stream sings through the night and the silver tones say in the dreams of those who hear:

"You cannot move backward;  
You cannot stand still;  
Move onward; move ever;  
'Tis law; 'tis God's will."

Of all its friends the little stream loves most the sky above it, for up there float the Water Spirits that have become so light and pure that they can no longer hold to earth. The stream has a message for the Water-Spirits, and to them it chats by night and day:

"The Past shuts in behind you;  
There is no path but upward;  
There is no law but Progress."

Among the white flowers there is one that grows so the edge of the stream that she is quite apart from her sisters. On a summer afternoon this flower was visited by a light-stepping Wind-Maiden. As she courtesied to her transient guest the flower modestly cast down her looks, and in doing so she beheld her own reflection in the water. Until that time she had not looked at anything so lovely, and in her simple-heartedness believed it must be the passing of some fair being of whom she knew nothing. This was quite the truth, for all her life she had been absorbed in love for others so she had not taken time to study what manner of flower she herself was. She was filled with a great peace and she thought long of the vision, hoping it would come again before her.

As he was meditating this and other things the image called to her mind, an oriole dropped down by her, and to him she told the marvellous thing she had seen. As she spoke her face was illumined by a flash from the Sun-Father, and the light on it was wonderful to the bird.

"It was here, at my feet," she said. She bent over to show the oriole where the vision had appeared, and as her face moved above the water the image again shone in the stream. She turned to her companion in great happiness, and whispered, "It has come again, even as I wished."



The oriole, being a wise bird, knew that the eyes of the pure see as in a mirror, beholding themselves. He agreed with her that it was the face of a most beautiful being, and as they praised the excellence of the flower-image, a flash of light came up the current of the stream, quenching the shadows as it passed into the forest. Neither the flower nor the bird knew nor understood this, and they talked about it for some time. Then the bird took a drop of water from the stream and flew to his nest in the tree above. He was much affected by the strange light. "There are things in the world that we know but little about," said he.

After the stream goes by the bed of white flowers it comes to a descent in the land. Here it pours over a flat rock, striking a short distance below upon another. Then it takes a plunge into a worn place in a rock yet lower down, forming a pool of great beauty. The basin of the pool is gray and white. The rock is worn so smooth that it looks to be a finely variegated earthenware dish rippling over with water. At this place the boughs form a canopy which protects the cascade from the heats of the day. At night the moonlight flecks the grass and brightens the water, or the stars look quietly down.

By the side of the cascade sat the angel. He was robed from shoulder to foot in a whiteness of cloudy sheen. His eyes were like stars glowing out of a late evening sky; they were so clear they dispelled fear in every creature, and so kind they gave gentleness to all. His face shone out of the darkness with a light that irradiated the shadows and made the place like the whiteness we see in dreams of heaven. The serenity of his face never grew less. The light of his eyes never went down. When he looked, not only

his eyes but also his face saw, and none could be troubled in that still presence. One hand lay over a fold in his robe, one rested at the margin of the cataract, and the feet of the angel were toward the pool.

It is never dark night where the angel tarries, and it is never strong light, but the world about him is as the face of the angel.

Afar in the ethers a star wheeled in majestic measures his prescribed course amid suns and systems. Looking down into the waters of the basin, he saw his own light mirrored.

"Surely," he declared, "that world must be the happiest of places. The brightness I see there can be no part of sorrow."

The angel heard the star, and his face glowed with a stronger radiance. He dipped one hand into the pool, and from his touch the water took a more crystal glow. The brightness of the angel's hand rippled up the cascade, along the bed of white flowers. The flower at the margin was sleeping to the melody of the stream, but she caught the light and shook off her dreams with a thrill of joy. The oriole in his tree felt the glow and awoke. He opened his beak and gave out several notes, so rich and strong that all the woodland wondered.

Through the forest toward the pool, came a deer. He lifted his feet with cautious noiselessness, his eyes were alert for unfriendly forms, his nose eager for strange scents. When he neared the pool and saw the angel he no longer feared, but stepped boldly forward to the angel's side, and drank. Then his thirst ceased, he lifted his head, and in quiet confidence went his way, saying, "My good is secure."

The angel, knowing all thoughts that are set in the eternal, understood the deer. Again his face

glowed with the holy light, and he dipped his other hand into the pool. Again the water took the glory of the caress, and they sped it down the stream. Through the dusky night it ran, shimmering like a ray from the courts of the highest heavens.

Below the pool the little stream slips out of the forest and winds through the bright verdure of the smiling meadowland. Among the rank grass, the shining daisies and gorgeous lilies-of-the-field, romped a child. All afternoon she had lived with the things she knew, and as the homeward summoning voice came to her she turned to give her day's farewell to the companions of her joy. She trailed her hands through the grass, she caressed the lily-bells, she kissed the daisy faces. Stretching her body prone upon the earth, she drank of the water of the stream. With bronzed hands she lifted some and dashed it over her face. Looking at the reflection of the sky, she smiled. "I love you all; good-night," she said.

A homeless wanderer knelt at the brink of the meadowland brook. From his pack he took a rusty tin cup, dipped some water and bore it to his parching lips. Again he drank, and blessing the child had spoken entered his troubled mind. His memory stirred, and he looked back on many things. Distinctly he heard as in audible sound, the tinkling bells of the hillside flock. Distinctly he heard the gentle tones of his father's voice, unmistakably he felt the touch of his mother's lips. The innocence of that early season was eternally associated with his life. Now it rushed upon his soul, a complete absolution of subsequent mistakes. Soothed and encouraged, he took up his burden and resumed his journey. Turning in benediction to the little stream, he murmured:

"He maketh his sun to shine upon the evil and

the good, and sendeth his rain upon the just and the unjust."

The angel heard the thought of the child and the thought of the man. Bending, he dipped both hands into the pool. The light entered the water, dividing to bless both ways. Up the stream it flashed, into the cavern of dark rock which now glows from every nook. Again the flower quivered with joy, again the oriole sent forth his exquisite notes of praise. Down the stream through the meadowland ran the light, to where the water spreads in friendly union with the mighty sea. Here it abides, being the light and sparkle which in all times make so much the charm and mystery of the ocean.

The little girl sat up in bed, pushing the hair away from her forehead. The garments of her couch were softened by the early twilight. Her eyes sought the open window. There shone upon her face the rays of a brilliant star, high in the western sky. She was so happy in her dreams that she could not sleep. Her thoughts were of the shining palaces of higher worlds, and all their throngs of glittering robed, angelic souls.

The star moves even toward the west. The flower dreams and the oriole sings. The deer walks in the security of the forest. The wanderer returned to his childhood's home and laid down the load which he first lifted when his steps sought strange paths. The angel sits by the cascade to give and to receive.

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*Did it ever occur to you, my dear,  
That the good you see in the world so clear,  
And all the things that are pure and true  
Must have had their birth in the heart of you?*

**"DAISY AND DEMI"**

"Daisy and Demi" are twins who figure in the closing chapters of Louise Alcott's wholesome story, "Little Women." Here are some of the things she says of these wee twins:

Daisy and Demi had now arrived at years of discretion; for in this fast age babies of three or four assert their rights, and get them, too, which is more than many of their elders do. If there ever were a pair of twins in danger of being utterly spoiled by adoration, it was these prattling Brooks. Of course they were the most remarkable children ever born, as will be shown when I mention that they walked at eight months, talked fluently at twelve months, and at two years' they took their places at table and behaved with a propriety which charmed all beholders. At three Daisy demanded a "needler," and actually made a bag with four stitches in it. She likewise set up housekeeping in the sideboard and managed a microscopic cooking stove with a skill that brought tears of pride to Hannah's eyes, while Demi learned his letters with his grandfather, who invented a new mode of teaching with his arms and legs, thus uniting gymnastics for head and heels. The boy early developed a mechanical genius which delighted his father and distracted his mother, for he tried to imitate every machine he saw, and kept the nursery in a chaotic condition, with his "swim-'sheen," and a mysterious structure of strings, chairs, clothes-pins, and spools for wheels to go "round and round," also a basket hung over the back of a big chair, in which he vainly tried to hoist his too confiding sister, who, with feminine devotion, allowed her little head to be bumped till rescued, when the young inventor indignantly remarked "Why, marmar dat's

my lillywater, and me's trying to pull her up. \* \*  
\* \* A rosy, chubby, sunshiny little soul was Daisy, who found her way into everybody's heart and nestled there.

It was always fair weather in her world, and every morning she scrambled up to the window in her little night-gown to look out, and say, no matter whether it rained or shone, "Oh pretty day, Oh pretty day." Everyone was a friend, and she offered kisses to a stranger so confidingly that the most inveterate bachelor relented and baby-lovers became faithful worshippers.

"Me loves everybody," she once said, opening her arms, with her spoon in one hand and her mug in the other, as if eager to embrace and nourish the whole world.

Demi, like a true Yankee, was of an inquiring turn, wanting to know everything, and often getting much disturbed because he could not get satisfactory answers to his perpetual "What for?" He also possessed a philosophic bent, to the great delight of his grandfather, who used to hold Socratic conversations with him, in which the precocious pupil occasionally proved his teacher, to the undisguised satisfaction of the women folk.

"What makes my legs go, drampa?" asked the young philosopher, surveying those active portions of his frame with a meditative air, while resting after a go-to-bed frolic one night.

"It's your little mind, Demi," replied the sage, stroking the little yellow head respectfully.

"What is a little mine?"

It is something which makes your body move, as the spring made the wheels go in my watch when I showed it to you."

"Open me; I want to see it go wound."

"I can't do that any more than you could open the watch. God winds you up, and you go till He stops you."

"Does I?" and Demi's brown eyes grew big and bright as he took in the new thought. "Is I wounded up like the watch?"

"Yes, but I can't show you how for it is done when we don't see."

Demi felt of his back, as if expecting to find it like that of the watch, and then gravely remarked:

"I dess Dod does it when I's asleep."

A careful explanation followed, to which he listened so attentively that his anxious grandmother said:

"My dear, do you think it wise to talk about such things to a baby? He's getting great bumps over his eyes, and learning to ask the most unanswerable questions."

"If he is old enough to ask the questions, he is old enough to receive the true answers. I am not putting the thoughts into his head, but helping him unfold those already there. These children are wiser than we are, and I have no doubt the boy understands every word I have said to him. Now Demi, tell me where you keep your mind?"

If the boy replied like Alcibiades, "By the gods, Socrates, I cannot tell," his grandfather would not have been surprised, but when after standing a moment on one leg, like a meditative young stork, he answered, in a tone of calm conviction. "In my little belly," the old gentleman could only join in grandma's laugh and dismiss the class in metaphysics. \* \* \* Their mama had made many moral rules and tried to keep them, but what mother was ever proof against

the winning wiles, the ingenious evasions, or the tranquil audacity of the miniature men and women?

"No more raisins, Demi, they'll make you sick," says mamma to the young person who offers his services in the kitchen with unfailing regularity on plum-pudding day.

"Me likes to be sick."

"I don't want to have you, so run away and help Daisy make patty cakes."

He reluctantly departed, but his wrongs weigh upon his spirit; and by and by when an opportunity comes to redress them, he outwits mama by a shrewd bargain.

"Now you have been good children, and I'll play anything you like," says mama, as she leads her assistant cooks upstairs, when the pudding is safely steaming in the pot.

"Truly mammar?" asks Demi, with a brilliant idea in his well-powdered head.

"Yes truly, anything you say," replied the shortsighted parent, preparing herself to sing, "The Three Little Kittens," half a dozen times over, or take her family to "Buy a penny bun," regardless of wind or limb. But Demi corners her by the cool reply,—

"I then we'll go and eat up the raisins."

*From "Little Women."*

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*Hones' Injun this is true,  
If you let the good in you  
Grow and grow, it'll shine right thru.  
Hones' Injun this is true.*

—B. S.





*Here's a dainty little "Pye,"  
 Made of life's sweet blisses;  
 A toothsome morsel for mama  
 Of sugar-plums and kisses.*



## EPISTLES

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my second letter to you. This is the third year I have taken WEE WISDOM and I like it very much. It is given to me as a christmas present. I liked "The Story of Stella a Star," and I think "The Story of Lovie" will be interesting. The extra WEE WISDOMS you send me I give to a friend in Pasadena. I will close for this time. With love.

LENA BROWN.

HOLTON, KAN.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I will write you a few lines to let you know that I am a Wee Wisdom and I thought I would write a little story to put in the little magazine.

RUBY VIOLET RABB.

CRANDON, WIS.

DEAR WEES — I get the WEE WISDOM every month. I like it very much. The story I like best is "The Story of Lovie." I am in the seventh grade and eleven years old. When I come home from school I do my work around the house then after supper I read the WEE WISDOM if I don't have to do arithmetic. This week is Fair week at Crandon. I like "The Two Guests," and "A Wonderful Engineer." This is all for this time. Your Wee

JOEY PIGGS.

PISMO, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my first letter to you. I am eight years old and in the third grade at school. I have a baby sister six months old. I know Mrs. Dennis; she lives near us. I like the WEE WISDOM very much. This is the first letter I have written to you. I will close with best wishes to you.

LOIS BASKETT.

PISMO, CALIF.

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 I wrote to you. Good-bye dear WEE WISDOM.

FERN BASKETT.

CLAYPOOL, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought I would write you another letter. I am in the 4th grade in school. I go to Sunday School every sunday. I think I will help you with a verse:

God is love.  
God is our Father.  
Suffer little children to come unto me  
God is true.  
God loves you and me.

Well I will close for this time. I still continue your dear little Wee.

GEORGIA WORLEY.

LINDSAY, Cal.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have been going to school. I am in the fifth grade and I have so much work to do that I have not much time. I am nine years old now. We spent the summer in the giant forest. I rode horse back almost all the way up there, on a little Shetland pony. We had a fine time up there. Two of my brothers go to school with me. I also have two big brothers who are through school. We read the WEE WISDOM so much. I will say good-bye, from

LAURA D. HOPPING.

Here is a little verse that I selected:

"So many gods, so many creeds,  
So many paths that wind and wind,  
When just the art of being kind,  
Is all this sad world needs."

## Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons.

BY MARY BREWERTON DEWITT.

LESSON 5. NOVEMBER 3.

### The Cities of Refuge.— Joshua 20:1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT — *My refuge is in God.* — Psalm 62:7.

You all know what the word refuge means. It means a place of safety — where you may be taken care of and protected. No harm can come to you when you have a real refuge. Your home is your refuge. Mothers' arms are sometimes a refuge when you feel you want their loving protection. God is an everlasting refuge for us. He is ever our protection. All we need do is to call upon him to know that he is near. He is an "ever-present help in time of trouble."

The lesson speaks of cities of refuge. Who knows what these cities really are, for these cities are right here with us, ready to be occupied?

If you are full of doubts and fears and are thinking that everything is going wrong, the city you need to enter for refuge is *Faith* — faith in the good, then you will feel safe from those unhappy doubting thoughts.

Suppose you are feeling ill and you think your head is bad or your back, then must you search for the city called *Health* and enter it, and then see how well you will feel. Keep saying, "I am in health."

If you should feel angry and cross, then stop long enough to look about you and discover the beautiful city of *Love*. Enter right away and say, "I am in Love," and the cross feelings will take to their heels and run off.

## LESSON 6. NOVEMBER 10.

**Joshua Renewing the Covenant with Israel.— Joshua 24:14-28.**GOLDEN TEXT — *Choose ye this day whom ye shall serve.*—

Joshua 24:15.

This lesson tells us to serve the Lord. The Lord is God and God reigns everywhere—All about us and within us. We can never get away from God, for God is our very life. Without God we could neither breathe nor think.

To serve God is to please him, or to do all things for his sake.

Jesus said, "Pray without ceasing." To pray without ceasing is to think always of the good, and by so doing we are serving God. If we think always of the good we will not refuse to help little sister make her dollie's dress, and we will be also willing to show brother how to get his lesson more easily. We will also be glad to help mother with the ironing, and we will lay aside our interesting book and amuse the little sick friend instead, and tell her how God is her health.

These are a few examples showing how to serve the Lord. There are many ways of serving God. To serve Him we must be unselfish and thoughtful of others. We must not be peevish or fretful, but keep a cheerful smile for our friends and thus make them and ourselves happy, for God intended us to be happy.

We all choose to serve the Lord. We cannot serve God unless we of ourselves choose to serve Him. We must think ever of him, of love, of truth, of harmony and wisdom.

I choose to serve God.

I choose to serve Truth.

I choose to serve Love.

## LESSON 7. NOVEMBER 17.

**Gideon and His Three Hundred.— Judges 7:9-23.**

GOLDEN TEXT — *Ye shall not fear them: for the Lord your God he shall fight for you.*— Deut. 3:22.

When we remember and know that God is with us, we feel so strong and ready to accomplish any task, for God makes it easy.

If you read this lesson carefully you will see how very easy it was for Gideon to take the camp. The host fled before them, and all that Gideon's men had to do was to blow the trumpets, which meant victory, of course.

If we know God is on our side we will not have to fight anyone. We will just know to send out our good thoughts and proclaim peace and health and joy, and so on. We will just sing these good thoughts in our hearts, and that will be like blowing on

trumpets and shouting victory. Peace thoughts will conquer fear thoughts, and love will conquer hate, and health will conquer sickness, and joy will conquer and put to flight sorrow. We are strong to have all these true good thoughts if we remember God is with us and makes it easy.

The lamps represented light or knowledge. When we have light we can see clearly just what is right to do, so Gideon's men knew how to obey God.

We must keep our light with us ever and not forget the good.

LESSON 8. NOVEMBER 24.

**World's Temperance Sunday.—Romans 14:12-23.**

GOLDEN TEXT—*Judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block, or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.*—Rom 14:13.

God sees only good in us for he has created us good, so it is our part to be true to God, and show ourselves as good.

We must look at others just as God looks at us, and see the good in the soul. By so doing we are helping our brother and our sister.

I knew two little sisters once. One of them was very quick-tempered and would cry and get angry easily. The older sister, instead of scolding back, was always very gentle with little sister. She would either laugh good naturedly, or say, "No, you're not naughty, you're a sweet little Fannie."

Then Fannie would feel ashamed, and wipe her eyes and show big sister what a good girl she could be.

You see big sister saw the Christ-child in Fannie and helped her to bring forth that true self.

We must all be charitable and not condemn any one, then we will not be putting a stumbling block in our brother's way.

The way to keep peace is to see the good in one another, just as God sees good in us.

It is not what we eat that hurts us either, but the thoughts with which we eat. Fearful thoughts will make us sick and thoughts of condemnation also. No one can take life, for life is God and God cannot be killed, so let us eat quietly with love and not condemnation in the heart, *whatever* is set before us.

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 50c. 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.

## Blanche's Corner.

"Listen my children and you shall hear."



BLANCHE

I wonder how many of you could tell me to what poem that line belongs? It is a wonderful poem, full of the music of words; but what I have to tell you is still more wonderful, and is full of the music of the soul.

This is the season of thanksgiving. Of course we must always appreciate the good which is ours, but now especially must our hearts be full of praise and thankfulness.

Last month you held the thought, "God is my intelligence," and I know it made your lessons easier. Now this month I want you to sit down in the stillness as often as you can, and listen to the small voice within, telling you of the many things for which you should give thanks. It will tell you of the hands, which are so swift to do your bidding; of the feet, which are such willing servants; and of the eyes, through which the light of God shines continually. It will tell you of so many things that your heart will be filled with joy and love, and you will be so thankful that you'll want to do something good right away. When you feel this joy, you have the richest possible treat, the real spirit of thanksgiving. And the best part of it is that you don't lose it, but keep it all the year round—through Christmas, Fourth of July, and everything. Let's all take this gift of the spirit, this feeling of Thankfulness, and make it ours. You will know when you have it, you can't help knowing it, because you feel so happy. When you get it, write and tell us all about it.

The spirit of Thanksgiving be upon you, and the joy of the season stay with you the whole year through.



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

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Devoted to  
Practical Christianity

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MYRTLE FILLMORE, *Editor.*

BLANCHE SAGE, *Associate Editor.*

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### NOVEMBER KID.

*Thankful, well of course I am,  
Cause I got a pap and mam  
Et beats eny enywhere.  
En I got a kettle-drum,  
En a old jews harp to thrum,  
En a great big Teddy-bear.*

*Ma says to talk about yourself,  
Est all the time ain't nice.  
But when you got es much es me  
Your jest so thankful, don't you see  
You don't stop to think twice.*

*I'm jest as thankful es I kin be  
Fer the bushels of good what's cum to me.  
I'm thankful clean down to the tips of my toes;  
An' best of all I'm sure God knows.*

—BLANCHE.



## 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 for 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.