

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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MY LITTLE WORKMAN

VALLA KILTON

*I have a little workman kind;
He has two names, the soul and mind.
He lives right in me, don't you see!
And builds as busy as can be.*



*His tools are thoughts;
with thoughts 'tis true
He makes my acts —
each thing I do.
Tinkery, tinkery, tock!*

*Now right thoughts
build the things I like,
And wrong thoughts all
that I dislike.*

*I don't want pain, so
think of health;
When things I want, I
think of wealth.
My lessons march in
earnest drill*

To steady tune, "I can, and will!"

Tinkery, tinkery, tock!

*My happy thoughts bring friends and fun;
With thoughts of strength I jump and run.
With jolly thoughts I whistle, sing;
Bright times and laughing jokes they bring.
Our workman, Mind, indoors and out,
Must build just what we think about.*

Tinkery, tinkery, tock!

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VOL. XII.

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No. 6.

THE STORY OF LOVIE: OR, ESTABLISHING IDEALS.

MYRTLE FILLMORE

CHAPTER V.

THE HOME COMING

“**C**OMING, coming,” sang the birds.
“C — umming, c — umming,” hummed the bees.
“Coming, coming,” rustled the big oak, and every leaf and flower and living creature in the little forest joined the refrain, “Coming, coming.” Anyway, that’s how it seemed to the little group waiting on the piazza of the bungalow, for the day and the hour had arrived for the homecoming of its king and queen.

“Just to think of Miss Trixey’s bein’ here in a few minutes and findin’ all these surprises,” was the exultant comment of Tom Sams.

“She’d never dream of me and you bein’ here to look after things, either,” and the rest of Jainey’s remarks were lost in the snowy apron she applied to her mouth to subdue the happy giggle that her thought of Miss Trixey’s surprise had inspired.

“It is truly wonderful,” said Ned, “how everything has worked out, not a thing planned or wished, but it has been promptly provided for, and today we are ready to turn over their little kingdom to them, in order and completeness. Even their delay of a few

weeks was a part of the divine order to help you out with your plans, Tom." And so the happy conversation went on till the sound of wheels grated on the new driveway, and then a moment more, and Jack and Trixie stood in speechless admiration before "the little cabin-like thing." When Trixie found her voice, she cried:

"Oh, Ned, I never dreamed it could be so beautiful as this!"

Then followed such greetings and explanations as are sacred to the "Chosen Spot."

Within as without, surprises greeted the home-comers — none more gratifying to Madam Trixie than the fact that Jainey Smith was installed as maid and housekeeper in her pretty new home.

"I wanted to come awfully," explained Jainey later on, when they were reconnoitering the kitchen and pantries, "and so your mother let me stay with her a few months just to learn how to do things like you're always used to, and I'm here, and I hope you'll like it, for I want to pay back some of the good things you have done for me."

"Dear, dear Jainey," said Trixie, putting her arms round the devoted girl, "your presence here makes me very happy, and you are a blessing to my pretty home, and will always keep me remembering that no kind act is ever lost. You and I will serve the Good together, and the motto of our home shall be '*Loving Kindness.*'"

In the sittingroom Jack had discovered his mother's portrait, and without knowing the power it had exercised over his father, he too fell on his knees before it, and cried aloud, "Oh, mother, mother, could you but smile upon me!" Trixie found him here and without seeming to notice his longing gaze, she

said brightly, "That is Aunt Joy's and 'Grace's wedding gift to you, Jack. Grace painted it herself from that sweet little portrait you loaned me of your mother. How do you like it?"

Jack turned and smiled, "Grace did that! the little minx! Who would ever have thought it, Trixie? There's a wonderful livingness about it that startles one. How could she have gotten into the secrets of mother's soul so as to have pictured them in her face like that?"

"Oh, you see, Jack, that is easily accounted for. Aunt Joy was her critic, and you know Aunt Joy and your mother were inseparable friends, and so she and Grace have managed the picture very cleverly," explained Trixie.

"I wonder if father has seen it," remarked Jack to Ned, who had just entered the room.

"Your father has seen it," replied Ned in a voice that permitted no further questioning.

Oh, such a delightful repast as Jainey served in their dainty breakfast room, and never were there such grateful hearts as Jack's and Trixie's.

"This goes beyond my ideal of a home, Jack, as much as I have stretched my imagination, I have really never compassed so much as this. Just to think, Ned will be with us part of the time, and Jainey and Tom are ours for good. I'd like to divide our happiness with the whole world, Jack."

"Dear little Trixie, Sweetheart, you'll have abundant opportunities to do that, but we will not let the world divide its imagined miseries with us."

When the happy first meal was over, Tom was on hand to chaperon them about the wood.

Once outside, Jack's eye fell upon the rustic garage, and with a long whistle, he looked askance

at Ned. "It was your father's idea," answered Ned. "He said you would need a way of getting out of the woods."

"My father!" exclaimed Jack, "My father did that for me?"

"Yes, go in and see your fine machine."

"Isn't it a beauty, Jack?" was Trixie's comment, but Jack was like one stunned; he could not reconcile this with the habits characteristic of his father.

"Come on," called out Tom, who was eager to steer the home-comers 'round to "the place of running water." With the love and greetings that had to be bestowed upon everything alike in this realm of happy creatures, it was quite a time before Tom succeeded in bringing about the *denouement* of the little stream. They came suddenly upon it as they rounded a little knoll. There it lay like a pretty infant in its bed of white sand, cuddled in among fern and water cress. Trixie shrieked her delight as she sprang down beside it. "Oh, Jack, my dream is fulfilled; it always had running water in it and ferns. Surely the wonder-workers have been busy all over these little woods. Where did it all come from, Ned?"

"Ask Tom, over there, he's the wonder-worker here," answered Ned.

"You, Tom? is this your work? How did you do it?"

"Well, Miss Trixie, I s'pose you might call me the instigator of it, 'cause I had it in my heart, but it's Mr. Jack's father you can thank for it. He's the one who furnished the funds, and told me to make it just as beautiful as I could."

Again Jack exclaimed, "My father! did my father do this for us?"

"Why, of course," answered Tom, who saw no

occasion for surprise. "Your father is one of the cleverest old gentlemen I ever saw. He just wanted us to do everything that could be done to make this place nice and comfortable for you and Miss Trixey."

Jack passed his hand over his forehead, as if to make sure he was awake. Could it be his dream and the apparently hopeless one of his blessed mother were coming to pass, even as Trixey's about the little running stream that flowed at their feet! He turned to Ned with the question, "Has father been here lately?"

"Yes," was Ned's answer, "and he will be here today, for he knows you are come."

Trixey said she believed she'd stay and enjoy her "sylvan retreat" awhile. Tom delightedly watched her from a distance, and felt amply repaid for his part in bringing her dream to pass.

Jack Wiseman and Ned Day walked slowly toward the bungalow. Both were silent. Jack's mind was filled with the strange emotions that had been stirred through these evidences of his father's apparent interest in his new home. What could have brought about such sudden change, and what would be his father's greeting to him?

Ned understood the situation and was silently rejoicing in the thought that Jack would find his father's true heart that had been hidden away all these years beneath the hard exterior of a sordid business man. He felt, too, as he stood on the veranda later, that Jack had sought again the presence of his mother's picture; and as Mr. Wiseman drew up and alighted from his automobile, Ned was at his side, and pointing to the "little hut," said, "Jack is in there." That was all the father desired just then, and in a moment more father and son stood before that face looking down upon them from the wall, and a new and sacred relationship sprang up between them.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF GLADYS

Mary Brewerton de Witt

I opened the door to my playmate,
I opened the door so wide;
I called to her in my sweetest tones,
"O, will not you come inside?"

But she stood upon the lowest step,
And half-way looked at me.
And sobbing, she cried, "I cannot come,
I've been so bad, you see.

"I broke my mama's bestest vase,
And tore my new dress, too.
O, dear, life is so very sad,
Whatever shall I do?

"I did not mean to do it,
I stood upon a chair;
I wished to smell the flowers,
And so I fell from there."

And then I said, "Why, Gladys,
'Twas only a mistake,
And God will help you always,
If you advice will take.

"You'd never have an accident,
If you would think of God;
You would not want to climb so high
If you kept near the Lord.

"He'd say to you, 'My little girl,
'Tis much too high for you,
Be satisfied to play about
With things within your view.'

"But now I will come home with you,
And to your mother say,
'Gladys is a good girl now,
Please can't she come and play?'"



SERIES V

**THE STORY OF LEONA, MARY AND
MARTHA**

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER

Mother glancing out of the window saw distress written upon the three little faces, and noted the tears of the little guest who was spending the day. With a sigh she laid aside her sewing and went to the door. "Has Fairy Puck been playing some naughty trick upon you to cause all of this woe?"

"No, it's not Puck, but Max, the bad dog; we were playing tag and Max jumped right on May's apron with his dirty feet, and just look, Mother, see the mud!" and Sallie stamped her foot at Max who barked his enjoyment of the whole affair. "May says her mother's going to send her to bed before dinner, 'cause she gets her apron dirty; and, mother, can't you do something?" and Lois felt that the apron was clean already.

"It's my third apron this week and mama said she would punish me if I was careless and got this one mussed up, and I've kept it clean all day and now—and now"—and May's voice trailed off in fresh sobs.

Max wagged his tail as if to ask, "When the fun would begin again? that he would like another run, please," and receiving no answer he gave a couple of

quick barks, which said, "You need not stop your game on my account, ladies; I know how to play tag quite as well as you do, and I can run much faster."

"Take off your overshoes and come into the house," said mother, "and let's see what we can do. Dear me, it is muddy, isn't it? I think nothing but a wash tub will mend matters. Take the apron off, May. Sallie, you go get the corn and Lois you get the popper and we'll have a good time, if you stop crying, May. Now, while I wash the apron you girls pop corn there at the fireplace, and we'll have the apron washed and ironed by the time May goes home."

The tears were dried and the three little girls lay full length before the big brick fireplace as they watched the puffy white balls dance about in the popper, which was rested upon a wire bracket, (an invention of father's for the express purpose of popping corn.)

The apron was soon washed and hung over a screen at the side of the fireplace, where the heat soon drew the moisture into the air. Mother sank into the big Morris chair with its soft cushions, the three little maids sat on the hearth at her feet and munched their corn; the steam arose from the little apron as the flames of the fir log snapped and leaped up the flue. The children listened for a few moments in silence to the gentle down-pour of the Oregon rain. "Tell us a story, mother; it's just the kind of a time for one," and Sallie's dreamy smile rested earnestly on her mother's face.

"Tell us about when you were a little girl, mother," said Lois.

"Did you wear aprons when you were little?" asked May.

"Yes, indeed, we did, and our mothers tried to make

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WEE WISDOM II

us keep them clean just as much as we mothers do now-a-days. We always wore aprons except when we went to Sunday school or a party or something like that, and that reminds me of a party that — well, wait, I'll tell you a story about it.

Once upon a time there were three little girls; the oldest one's name was Leona, and the second one's name was Mary, and the third one's name was Martha. Now Mary and Martha played with dolls and Leona liked to play with dolls too, but she was over twelve years old and some of her school friends teased her about it, so she took her dear old doll Belle with all of her clothes up in the garret. A very foolish thing to do, of course; but then this is a true story, and little girls do many foolish things, you know.

Now in their mother's sewing box there was a very pretty piece of plaid velvet which Mary and Martha wanted very much for a doll dress, but their mother had said, "No, I may need that to trim a dress or hat, and it's too good anyway for a doll dress." So Mary and Martha had passed it by with longing eyes.

One very cold and windy Saturday mother went to the city to do some shopping and left the three girls home. Mary and Martha got out their dolls and were deep in the art of dressmaking when Leona offered to help. "Get me some heavy stuff and I'll make your big dolls each a coat." Mary and Martha were delighted, for Leona could make the most beautiful doll clothes one could imagine; so the girls looked in every bag and box for suitable material, but nothing seemed to satisfy Leona, who at last went to look for something herself. She returned in a few minutes with the plaid velvet.

"O Leona," said Martha, "mother said she wanted that for trimming on a dress. It's too bad for

it's just lovely, but of course we can't have it," and Martha carefully adjusted the feather in her doll's new hat.

Mary coming into the room exclaimed, "O Leona, don't cut that, mother wants it! Leona don't, please. Stop, mother won't like it."

Leona's scissors went on, deep into the velvet — "She didn't tell *me* not to take it, so how am I to know she wants it" — Leona wasn't thinking of her mother then, but just of how surprised and shocked her two sisters were and what fun it was to make them look so." You just wait until you see the coats I'll make for you. I'm going to put lace on the capes and put a bias band across the back," went on the little temptress, and your dolls will look too cute for anything."

The two girls looked at her in astonishment, for to them their mother's word was law — the law of love — which neither of them would wilfully break.

"Well, *my* doll won't wear a coat made of it no matter how fine it is going to be, so there," and Mary drew her brows together in a very decided frown.

"Nor mine," said Martha, "you ought to be 'shamed of yourself, Leona."

"Little Goodies, babies you are; afraid, that's what you are. Well, if you don't want coats made of it I'm going to make Belle a dress and then you'll be sorry" — and away went Leona to the garret where she rescued poor Belle with her trunks full of clothes.

Warfare couldn't last long between the sisters, and before long all three were working away together with needles, thread and scissors, asking and giving advice as to the best use of buttons, lace or ribbons.

It was nearly dark before the sewing was finished and the playroom put in order. Mary and Martha

wondered if Leona would hide her work from their mother, but if they thought she would they were mistaken. Leona had done a naughty thing but she was not going to be a sneak about it. Belle was put in her own corner, sitting upright upon her own bed, a place she had not graced since she had been sentenced (without trial) to "solitary confinement" three months previous.

The little girls were in bed and asleep when their mother came home, tired from her long day in the city, so they did not know that when she came in to kiss them goodnight she saw Leona's doll in the old place and smiled fondly, saying, "I knew my little girl wasn't too old to play with dolls, and she has been sewing something for it too," and as she bent down to caress the head of poor old Belle she saw the velvet dress and with a mother's instinct she read the whole story. She knew her girls well, and felt sure Mary and Martha must have told Leona. It was all clear to her, the wilfulness and recklessness of Leona's bravado.

She was a wise mother, so the next morning she said nothing about the velvet, but told the girls she had bought them each a new winter dress and if nothing interfered she would have them finished in time for Alice Black's party.

A few days later the girls coming in from school found their mother busy at the machine while Miss Prince, the seamstress, was cutting busily away at the sewing table upon which lay folds and folds of soft delicate cashmere.

"O, mother! you're making our new dresses; did they come on this morning's train? Aren't they lovely! Which is for which," exclaimed the three girls dancing about the table in high glee. "The blue is for Mary and Martha and the red is for Leona. The blue vel-

vet is to trim the blue dresses, but I had depended upon that plaid velvet I had in my sewing box to trim Leona's. It's used up now so I will not be able to finish the red dress in time for the party. In fact, I may not be able to finish it for a long time as I do not intend to go to the city again before Christmas, and their mother became deeply engaged in the seam upon which she was sewing.

The girls looked first at their mother, and then at each other and read the lesson aright. All of the joy was gone and only astonishment and disappointment were left in its place.

Mother, so mild and gentle, yet so firm, sewed away down the seam; Miss Prince's scissors sounded to the girls as loud and discordant as a steam wood-saw.

Leona went to her own room and shed bitter tears. "It's all my own fault," she told herself. "Whatever made me do it? I didn't want the old doll dress anyway. I did it just to show the girls I wasn't afraid," and she buried her hot face in the pillow and cried herself to sleep.

The dresses were finished, the two blue ones and the red — no, not quite finished for the red dress had no collar nor cuffs nor belt, and as they lay spread out upon the bed mother said, "I'm sorry I can't finish yours, Leona, but I'll clean and press your last winter's frock and it will look fresh and nice for the party." "O mother," said Leona, "I did want a new dress for the party, and all the other girls are going to have new ones; I am so sorry I cut up that velvet for Belle's dress."

Mother put her arm around Leona, "You are not half as sorry as I am, dear, but we always pay the penalty for our own acts."

The day for the party arrived. The big sleigh with much ringing of bells and shouting and laughter drew up at the door. Fifteen or twenty young people were packed away in the furs. The three girls ran down the steps to join their friends, and with waving and shouting goodby to mother who stood at the window, the big carry-all sleigh flew down the street and turned the corner and was out of sight.

Their mother stood at the window for a long time and gazed down the deserted road. A happy smile played around her lips for she had seen something that pleased her far more than pretty new dresses — underneath Mary and Martha's coats had peeped, not the new blue cashmeres, but the garnet shade of their last-winter's frocks. The two sisters could not enjoy wearing their new dresses while Leona wore her old one. And that's the end of the story."

"Did they have a good time, anyway?" asked Lois.

"Yes, indeed, they did; they never thought of their dresses at all," said mother, as she fastened the electric iron to the cord and ironed smooth and straight May's apron — "Now put it on, May, and run home, for it is five o'clock. Be sure and tell your mother all about your apron, for if you don't it might be deceiving her."

Sallie and Lois lay before the fire thinking over the story of "Leona, Mary and Martha," while mother folded away her unfinished sewing.

*Say, I've got a secret to tell you,
And it's just simply this:
The easiest way to wipe out a wrong
Is to fill up its place with a kiss.*

— BLANCHE.



SALLIE AND LOIS AT HOME

This is Sallie and Lois as they look at home when they are not "By the Big Fireplace" listening to stories or busy making pictures. You see Sallie and Lois are sure-enough girls, and the Big Fireplace stories are some of the ones their dear mama tells them when they want to be entertained.

We are really very glad of this glimpse of Sallie and Lois, for we like to know them since we are to share with them these fireside treats this winter.

What a nice time they will have making all these visits. It will be all right for them to go bareheaded to Australia and India, but how about Demark and Alaska?

PRINCE GOLDENHEART

ELIZABETH CARTER



NCE upon a time a baby prince was born, and at his christening all the fairies gave him of their gifts. His especial godmother bestowed upon him the one of being able to understand the eternal music of the world.

His father and his friends thought this rather a poor gift from so great a fairy, but his mother looked very happy, smiled and said, "Wait and see what it means."

As time passed and the prince grew older, people wondered why he was always so happy, and putting himself out to do a kindness for anyone — no matter how poor and lowly. For, you see, it had come to be the expected thing in a prince or princess, in fact, in everybody to be discontented and wishing for something they didn't have or couldn't possibly get. But Prince Goldenheart, as he was called, always seemed to want the things he got and was never dissatisfied.

When asked why he could be so cheerful even when none of his companions were near, he would tell of the wonderful things he could see and hear. The croaking of a frog made music for him, and he saw only the jewel in the head of the toad instead of the ugly hopping creature others saw. The nodding of the lilies, the swaying of the bluebells in the breeze were all parts of a glorious chorus, which he alone, apparently, could always hear. His mother could hear it, too, at times, and sometimes a few would listen with him and be able to hear a faint, sweet breath of music, but after leaving him they would say, "Oh, it was only because I was with the prince; his fancy was so strong that I imagined I, too, could hear music, but it isn't

possible." However, they felt happier and better ever afterward.

At last the prince was old enough to marry, and everyone was very anxious for him to find a beautiful wife, but he said he wouldn't marry until he found a princess who was able, not only to understand his love of all living things and the music he heard everywhere, but she also must be able to hear and see all he could.

When he set out in search of this ideal princess, vowing not to return without her, all the court mourned, for they believed his quest would be fruitless, and he would return a sad, disappointed man.

He travelled in many countries, and while he found many good, beautiful princesses, they failed to satisfy him. At last he heard of a princess, marvelously good and beautiful, living in a distant kingdom, whose home was in a tower set in the midst of dense, terrible forest of trees whose branches became flaming swords whenever a suitor tried to penetrate into her bower; although anyone without such a purpose could visit her as often as the princess permitted.

All these tales made the prince eager to find her, and he set out at once for this distant land. After a time he came to the forest, and as he approached the branches became brighter and brighter as if they were on fire, but as he came nearer he also heard music and soon was able to distinguish the words of a chant which came from the trees. They were something like this:

"To us is given the charge of the princess and keeping away all suitors who would seek her from selfish or any unworthy motives. Any who come with a pure, happy heart need not fear us, for we are only conventions."

So the prince rode on and passed safely through the barriers, and came to a lovely garden filled with the most beautiful birds and flowers all singing a happy welcome to him. There he found his princess—the fairest of all. She welcomed him graciously, and summoned her godmother, to whom he soon confided the purpose of his visit, and told her all about himself and his travels. The fairy then told him that she was *his* godmother also, and had meant him to marry this princess she had chosen and to whom she had given the same qualities she had to him, and knew that no other suitor could pass the test.

The princess was delighted to find a man who was a perfect companion in every way, and soon consented to be his wife.

They all set out for his home, and were married soon after arriving there. The prince and princess lived very happy together, and all their children inherit the peculiar qualities of father and mother. Added happiness came to them in seeing many of the people try to cultivate the faculty of seeing only the good and beautiful in everything, and thus many minds and lives grew brighter and larger from this development.

*Why do you feel so good today?
Just stop and think, my dear,
Have you helped someone to the knowledge
That there's nothing to cause a tear?
The joy you get from passing along
The truths which come to you,
Is a joy that will last forevermore;
It is firm and deep and true.*

— BLANCHE.

WEE-WEE

JESSIE JULIET KNOX



AM only a little brown mouse; my name is Wee-Wee.

I live in a big house, away out in California. My mama has made a very nice, cozy home for us, in between the walls, where it is nice and dark. We do not mind the dark, you know, for we can see even better then with our little bright eyes.

Our bed is soft and warm, and is made of tiny bits of paper, which we children helped our mama to tear up, and it is lined with some nice, soft cotton, which she picked out of a comforter, one night when everyone had gone to church.

We have never been out very much, but now our mother says we are big enough to help get the living. When she told us this, we all said: "Squeak, squeak, squeak," which in mouse-language, meant that we were so glad, and thought it would be fine fun to leave our nest and go out into big world.

But mama said: "Children, before you go I want to tell you something. Listen well to what I am saying."

And so we six little mice sat very solemnly in a row, on our hind legs, and pricked up our ears, and listened quietly while she went on. "You go through a narrow passage, till you come to a little round hole, and when you have squeezed through this, you will find yourself in a big room called a kitchen. You must then run quickly across the floor and into the door of a bath room. There is also a hole behind the bathroom door, which you may need to jump into if anything happens. Next comes a nice large pantry, and in here you will find everything that we mice like to

eat. (Our mouths fairly watered at the mere thought.) Bring what you can carry, after you have eaten all you can, but do not eat too much, or you will never be able to squeeze through the hole again. Now you must never go in the daytime, but wait until night."

After telling us this, my mama left the nest, saying she was going to call on one of our neighbors, who lived in an old felt hat very near us. She said she might be gone some time, so while my brothers and sisters were taking a nap, I thought to myself, I don't see why mama told me not to go in daylight. I am sure everything seems perfectly quiet now, and I don't think anything could hurt me; and I do feel so hungry.

I guess I will go on a little trip, and "we shall see what we shall see." With that I crept out of the nest, without making the least bit of noise, and followed the directions my mother had given me.

Soon I found myself in the pantry, and O, how good everything did smell. I found some lovely cheese, and ate a very big hole in a white cake, with the loveliest icing on it; and was just thinking what I could carry home, as a surprise for the children, when I heard a rushing noise, like the patter of feet, and I jumped behind some glass jars that were on the floor in the corner.

To my horror, I saw very near me, (for I could see right through the glass jars), a funny thing with long, white wool and sharp teeth, a long pointed nose, and a terrible, big red tongue, hanging out of its mouth; and little sharp black eyes that seemed to be looking clear through me. Oh, how I trembled, and Oh, how I wished then that I had done as my mama said.

I saw now when it was too late that she knew best. Just then, a big giant with dresses on came into

the pantry, and I heard her say: "That dog thinks there is a mouse in here," (so it was a dog then, and I remembered now, that my mother had said one day, that there was a Spitz dog in that house).

The lady went out, but the dog he smelled me and was determined he would not give me up, so he ran out to the big giant with dresses on, and whined and whined, until she came in again and said: "Well, Zip, I guess there must be a mouse here, since you insist on it. So she went out and got a long stick with a lot of straws on the end of it, (she called it a broom, I think), and with that, she poked around all over the pantry, and the funny thing with the long, white wool and sharp teeth, kept smelling around and clawing at the glass jars, 'till I thought I should die of fright. "It must be behind those jars, the way Zip acts," she said, and she took the broom, and knocked over all the jars with a crash.

Well, I thought my time had surely come, and my eyes filled with tears, and my little heart almost broke, as I thought of my dear mother, and all my sisters and brothers so happy at home.

But just in that terrible moment I happened to remember what my mother had said about running into that other hole, in case anything should happen, so, with one bound I was on the floor, and the funny thing with long, white wool and sharp teeth made a grab for me, and I could feel his hot breath close upon me, and I could almost feel his sharp teeth, and I could hear the big giant with dresses on, say, "Catch him, Zip."

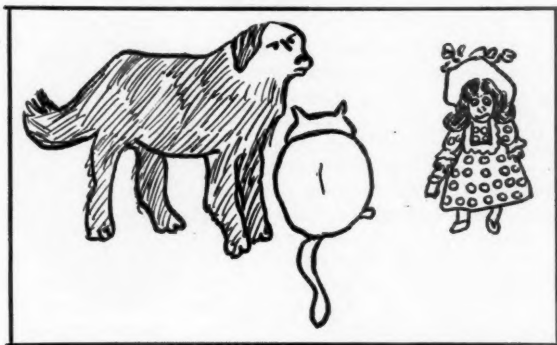
But surely, a kind fate must have been with me, for I was too quick for them, I never ran so fast in my life, I fairly flew, till I found the hole behind the door, and jumped in, ran and ran along till I found myself once more at home, where all the family were frightened at my absence.

After that terrible experience I shall always do what my mama tells me. After all, she knew best.

ROVER, KITTY AND GRACE

[These words were picked out of the first 20 pages of Reed's primer by little Lois and formed into this story.]

Rover was a bad little black dog. He ran after the poor little white kitty. Kitty ran up into a big tree. Rover ran after the kitty and said, "Bow-wow." Poor little white kitty cried, "Mew, mew." Grace saw her poor kitty up in the tree and said, "Come down to me, my little white kitty, I will tell Rover to



love you; he will not hurt you; come down to me."

Kitty ran down to Grace, and said, "Mew, mew." Rover ran to Grace and said, "Bow-wow." "You are a good dog now," said Grace, "Kitty and I will love you and you will love us; come, let us play."

Rover, Kitty and Grace went to play, and Rover was a very good little dog after that.



EPISTLES

PLEASANTON, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Please send me WEE WISDOM another year, beginning with November. My name is Arthur Hays. I have one brother and one sister; their names are Marjorie and Guernsey. We live on the north side of the Loup river. Mama works in our store. We have some ducks, a dog, a cow and calf, and a kitty. From your friend,

ARTHUR HAYS.



VICTOR, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I am nine years old, and am in the fourth grade. WEE WISDOM has been coming to me five months, and we enjoy it much. "We" is my brother, who is six years old, and I like to read the letters the little Wees write. I am sending you the names of four new Wees that would like to dine at the WEE WISDOM table, and you will find in this (\$2) two dollars to pay your car fare. Mother read in October UNITY that every new Wee should get the book "Wee Wisdom's Way." Will you please send them, and to me please send "Elsie's Little Brother Tom." I like WEE WISDOM, because it teaches us how to be happy and how to make others happy. I will write again soon. Love to dear Mrs. Fillmore and all the Wees.

Your little Wee,

ESTHER SNYDER.

[Good for Esther! If each of our Wisdoms could bring in four new ones what a lot of us there would be to help along the Good and Happy.—ED.]



DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—Have you ever thought of a "Primer Page" for WEE WISDOM? Children love to pick out words they know. My little Lois will go over page after page picking out words she has in her primer, such as, "look," "love," "mama," "baby," etc. A page in big print and primer words, having just a thread of a story about it, would be a great pleasure to little tots. Please tell Blanche that her little verses are much appreciated by the children, and I send them over to school where one of the teachers gives them to her room for memory gems, and it

is an amusing and pleasant thing to see the forty little "kids" shake their forefinger while their shrill voices insist, in all degrees of shrillness, "Honest hingin, this is true," etc.

LOIS AND SALLIE'S MAMA.



KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—Please treat me for peace and wisdom. I am going to have examination at school this week, so thought that I had better write you. I am taking music lessons on the piano, and trust to sometime be a good player. I would like to come to Sunday School, but I live too far out to come by myself, but I will when I get older. I like to read WEE WISDOM. Yours in Truth.

RUSSELL SHEPHERD.



HOLTON, KAN.

DEAR WEES—Here is the picture that I promised you. The largest boy is Bennie Purdum, the author of "My Summer's Vacation." The other two are his cousins, Irene and Robert, of Muncie, Ind.

With love.

BENNIE PURDUM.



DENVER, COLO.

DEAR EDITOR AND WEES—I thought I would write you a letter and ask WEE WISDOM to visit us for another year. So I enclose 50 cents to pay traveling expenses. I also send 75 cents for a subscription to WEE WISDOM to be sent to my cousins in Sweden. I am going to school every day and expect to graduate from the 8th grade next June. As I and a girl friend of mine came home from school today we looked at the mountains and thought they had never looked so beautiful before. We have had a little snowstorm here, and the atmosphere was so clear that the mountains seemed only a short distance away. We have sunshine every day or nearly every day in the year, and snow never lies on the ground more than a few days after falling. I wish all the Wees could see our mountain scenery and enjoy such pleasant

weather as we have. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I remain your friend,

BOTHILDA E. CURTZ.

P. S. Blanche, the answer to your puzzle is "Christmas."

B. C.



ST. MARYS, KAN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would send fifty cents for the WEE WISDOM, as I like its stories so well. I go to school. My teacher's name is Blanche Isnoglé. There is almost 20 children going to school. I like WEE WISDOM so well. When I left off taking the WEE WISDOM I missed it awful bad.

Yours truly,

GARNET GROVER.

WORDS LIKE BIRDS

[We found this expressive little poem in October *Motherhood*.]

<p>"If words Were birds, And swiftly flew From tips Of lips Owned, dear, by you; Would they Today, Be hawks or crows? Or blue And true, And sweet? Who knows?"</p>	<p>"Let's play Today We choose the best; Birds blue And true, With dove-like breast! 'Tis queer, My dear, We never knew That words Like birds, Had wings and flew!"</p>
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Turn on the lights in happy-land,
 Leave not a shadow there;
 But keep it lit the whole year through;
 And shining everywhere.

—BLANCHE.



Blanche's Bible Lessons.

LESSON I. JANUARY 5.

The Word Made Flesh.— John 1:1-8.

GOLDEN TEXT — *The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.*— John 1:14.

Jesus was the Word of God made flesh. So you see, the Word of God created Jesus. Our words create, too, and so we must be very careful of them. It is a wonderful power we have, this power of creating conditions by our words. But we must realize it and learn to use it rightly, or it will create things we really don't want. Just think, why if we send out thoughts of health, we can make our bodies healthy, and if we send out thoughts of life, we will feel the warm life in every part of us. We can make ourselves just what we choose to be, when we realize this wonderful force within us. Now the people of Jesus' time did not realize that the Word made flesh, or Jesus was dwelling among them. And sometimes today we do not realize that there is a spirit within us which is all-powerful, and that by sending out the word, we can make our lives just what we would like to have them. When we do know this, then there is never any lack anywhere, and all is peace and joy.

LESSON II. JANUARY 12.

Jesus and John The Baptist.— John 1:19-34.

GOLDEN TEXT — "*Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.*"— John 1:29.

It was John the Baptist who first told the people that Jesus the Christ was in the world, and that he came to tell them of the good which was theirs, if they would take it. Now sometimes we see beautiful pictures of good things, which we would like to have, or of noble things we would like to do. That is John the Baptist in us, telling us of these good things, which are rightfully ours. If we don't get them, it is because we are keeping them away by thinking thoughts which are not true. Now let us remember that, when we feel that we would like to be noble and true, and have good things, we must not let in any untrue thoughts to keep us from our own.

all sorts of things. Anyway, I can tell by his little eyes, that he sends thoughts of love and happy New Year to you all.

I read the following little verse to him, and as he listened with his head on one side, and then scampered up and down the roof in glee, so I think he approved of it as an introduction to you:

Oh, the little squirrel called Happy,
He's a frisky little chappie,
And he scampers 'round as merry as can be;
He's never sad and dreary,
He don't think of getting weary,
Isn't that a good plan, now, for you and me?

Ye Editor finds this tinsey place where she
can poke in a few words, and A Happy New
Year to you all!

Hasn't Blanche just spread herself this month?
It's almost a Blanche number, but it's not her
fault. Aunt Mary's Bible Lessons were not
here, and so Blanche was plucky enough to
write some herself. She had no idea her name
was going to be tacked on them, though, nor on
all her little rhymes either; that's the work of the
printers and yours truly. 'Cause I want you all
to see what our young editor can do, that it may
stimulate all our Wisdoms to greater effort.
Shirley's letter, which came too late for this
number, is a beautiful one, and makes us glad
all over. Some Christmas gifts have been re-
ceived, too, which we would like to tell you
about. But God bless you all!



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

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Devoted to
Practical Christianity

MYRTLE FILLMORE, *Editor.*

BLANCHE SAGE, *Associate Editor.*

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HAPPY NEW YEAR!

*Speakin' of the joy of the New Year,
And the good resolutions an' things,
It appears to me sorter funny,
That just once a year the heart sings.
Why not fill our minds so chuck full of
The pure, and the good, an' the true,
That our hearts ull just hev to keep hummin'
With joy the hull durin' year through?*

— BLANCHE.

*There's happiness within us all,
And the quick way to reveal it —
Be kind and gentle all the time,
And then you're sure to feel it.*

— BLANCHE.

The New Year is a great year for WEE WISDOM
and her Wisdoms.

*Just as the golden sunlight comes stealing o'er the hill,
And redbreast sings his carol with notes so clear and
shrill;*

*I love to gather daisies and place them in my hair,
And I think I hear them whisper about a lily fair.
And oh, those lovely pansies, too, with faces all aglow,
They seem to smile just all the while, like little folks,
you know,
And looking up into my face they say, "You little dear,
You look just like the lily fair," that's what I like to hear.*



This is a verse of the beautiful little song for children, entitled, "The Lilies Look Like Me," and composed by Prof. LeRoy Moore.

25 cents per copy. For sale by

UNITY TRACT SOCIETY,
913 Tracy Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

IMPORTANT!

IS THERE A BLUE CROSS ON ME?

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

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