

# Birthday Number

## WEE WISDOM

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



AUGUST, 1908  
KANSAS CITY MO.

# Young Mother Goose Rhymes

FOR TWENTIETH CENTURY BOYS AND GIRLS



JOHNNIE SCHIMER

*O, there's young Johnny Schimer  
A-climbing up a tree.  
He says he's going right straight up  
The big round moon to see.*

*"Why don't you play down here, John?"  
Said little Chester Lantz.  
"Why, kid, I can't, I've got to climb  
To keep up with my thoughts."*

— L. H. H.



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No. 1.



Yes, I am now "The Arkansas Traveler." Traveling in Arkansas is rather hard on shoe leather, but it certainly carries one through some of the prettiest country in the world. The Ozark Mountains are not great jagged heaps of stone, towering hundreds of feet above to dizzy heights; but on the contrary they roll in symmetrical green waves tipped with great forest trees, beneath which the most beautiful wild flowers nod their modest heads. The valleys are filled with meadows, orchards and fields of many-colored grain, through which silvery brooks wend their gurgling ways.

Our headquarters were in Sulphur Springs, a little town snuggled down between two of these verdant

hills. From here we made our short journeys into different sections of the country. I say *we*. Perhaps you may ask who *we* includes. Well, I must tell you who the three boon companions were. First, there was "Bill," properly called Wilmot Heitland, our young artist; second, there was "Pucky," that's me; third, there was "Repps" or the pup, Bill's dog, a brown water spaniel. This was the jolly company which sallied forth on the morning of Independence Day to seek adventures along the old cave road.

The sun shone hot as we crossed the little bridge and, leaving the noisy city behind, walked along the dusty lonesome road, our minds were filled with visions of the mysterious gold at the end of our journey. We thought of the old legend, telling how some hundred years ago the Spanish smelted millions of dollars worth of gold and hid it in the cave. We were eager to see the map on the tree, said to have been blazed there by the Spanish. We were positive that we would be the lucky ones to discover the gold somewhere in the winding passages of its depths. The reports were still there and books had been written on the subject, but the gold had never been found.

Occupied with these golden dreams, we wandered on. Suddenly Bill gave a scream of delight. I followed his movements and beheld the green mountains in wavy walls on either side of the fertile valley until they faded in the misty distance. It was a grand sight, and as a flaky cloud was wafted up the valley it made the shadows ripple over the hills until we seemed a sea of green. With a murmur of delight we pulled ourselves away from this inspiring scene and ascended the mountain road. Up, up we went until the valley became like a various colored map spread out below us. How the birds sang in the great trees

which surrounded us. How cool and inviting looked the mossy cliffs on which the wild flowers bloomed. Repps ran before us wagging his tail and barking for sheer delight. Sometimes a rabbit scurried across our path and leaped into a nearby thicket, giving Repps a merry chase and always escaping safely. Sometimes the squirrels chattered a welcome to us from the overhanging branches.

At last we came out of the woods, and after descending a road between two cliffs, found ourselves soon at the side of a sparkling brook. Repps immediately leaped in, while Bill and I, kneeling on some stones and paddling our hands in the water, wished that we had the liberties of Repps at least in this



event. Suddenly Repps looked as though some one had spoken crossly to him, then with a bound he shot out of the water with a big crawfish hanging to his tail. He set up a howl and tried in vain to relieve himself of his unwelcome caller.

Away he went, over fence, stones and bushes,

shaking his tail and crying at the top of his voice for help. Finally Bill and I were able to catch him and pull his close friend away. The poor crawfish was as scared as Repps and scurried back into the water as fast as he could.

Relieved of his burden, the pup was as jubilant as ever. He leaped over the fence and jumped happily through a nearby wheat field. We crossed the brook and continued on our journey. Oftentimes we traveled by the side of the brook; often the road wound and curved like a great snake. After crossing the brook again we neared an old sow with a litter of young squealers. Repps immediately wanted to play with the little ones, but the mother objected and there ensued a battle of grunts, squeals, barks and howls. No blood was shed, however, and we soon went on our way rejoicing, Repps being a wiser dog.

In about half an hour we came into a valley which seemed to have been the bed of an old creek. It was covered with great boulders, scrub oak trees and sand, and was very desolate. We hurried forward, eager, expectant. Soon the gold would be near us. Perhaps we might discover it. We ran to the cave entrance and went hurrying in when we were confronted with a sign nicely printed and tacked on a locked door:

**ADMISSION**  
**50 Cents**

Our dreams were shattered. There was nothing left to do but retrace our steps home. We did not

have our money and must share the fate of Simple Simon and the Pieman.

We rested for a while on a moss-covered stone; looked at the old maps and smelters; and started again for home, gathering wild flowers, ticks, beggarlice, blackberries, jiggers, and the tired-feeling on the way.

Our visions were gone. We were again Bill, Repps, and Pucky—two hungry boys and a tired dog hurrying home lest we be late to dinner.

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### The Fountain



*Into the sunshine,  
Full of the light,  
Leaping and flashing  
From morn till night.*

*Glad of all weather,  
Still seeming best,  
Upward or downward  
Motion thy rest.*

*Into the moonlight,  
Whiter than snow,  
Waving so flower-like  
When the winds blow.*

*Full of a nature  
Nothing can tame;  
Changed every moment,  
Ever the same.*

*Into the starlight,  
Rushing in spray,  
Happy at midnight;  
Happy by day.*

*Ceaseless aspiring,  
Ceaseless content;  
Darkness or sunshine,  
Thy element.*

*Ever in motion,  
Blithesome and cheery,  
Still clinging heavenward,  
Never a-weary.*

*Glorious fountain,  
Let my heart be  
Fresh, changeful, constant,  
Upward like thee.*

— Selected by GEORGIA WORLEY.

### Papa's Birthday

[This is what Mary Hoge and her brother "Bud" wrote for their papa's birthday present:]

*Dear Papa :*

*'Tis your birthday, don't you see,  
And we thought (that's Bud and me)  
That we'd like to give to you  
Something good and nice and new.*

*At first we thought a necktie bright  
Would make a present "out of sight ;"  
But you'd soon wear that out, you see,  
And then where would our present be ?*

*And then we thought a book might do,  
But you'd soon read that through and through. }  
An automobile would get broke ;  
A new house might go up in smoke.*

*So we'll send something to you —  
It's very old and very new,  
We hope you'll like it just the same,  
Because from Bud and me it came.*

*You just guess what we put in here—  
From "the nuisances" to papa dear,  
A bushel of love, and then a lot ;  
I hope you'll like it, for it's all we've got.*

—Your "LITTLE NUISANCES."



## BY THE BIG FIRE PLACE

SERIES XIII

## The End of the Story

BY SALLIE, LOIS AND MAMA

"Tell us a story, mother."

It was the middle of June and the sun was hot, and the breeze was cool and the big broad veranda was most delightful.

Sallie and Lois were in the porch swing and mother was stitching upon a small dress.

"No, indeed, I can't tell *good* stories unless I sit beside the fireplace; and, beside, I am busy thinking."

"What are you thinking about, mother?" asked Sallie.

"Oh, I'm thinking out a story for WEE WISDOM," was the answer.

"Tell it to us, oh, please do, mother; we won't care if it isn't good yet," agreed Lois accommodat-  
ingly.

"No, I can't think of any ending for it yet. I'd tell you the story if I knew how to finish it," and mother looked really perplexed.

"Tell us the first part and maybe we can finish it," suggested Sallie.

"I shouldn't wonder if you could," laughed mother, "we'll see;" so she began:

"Once upon a time, oh, a very long time ago, there was a magazine that was published just for

children. The little ones looked forward with a great deal of pleasure each month for the arrival of their paper, and were not slow in saying what they liked or did not like about it. The editor tried very hard to please them and to put in the magazine only the things that would interest and delight the young readers.

"Now this editor thought it would be a fine idea to have one number out of the twelve during the year gotten up mostly by the children. She called it the magazine's "birthday party," and the children's contributions were to be sort of birthday presents.

"But how hard it was to get the children to do their part, none but the editor knew.

"Sometimes she had to write and urge the children to send in their letters or stories or poems or pictures. — it would have been less work, and much quicker, to have supplied the material herself, but you see she was anxious to please her little readers.

"Well, it happened that one year this editor wrote to two little girls away off in Oregon, asking for a letter or a poem for the August number of the magazine. They promised to send something and really intended to do so. But school was over for the summer, their sewing lessons had taken the place of writing and the pencils and paper were put away. It seemed hard to get started.

"Day after day they would say, 'We will do it tomorrow,' or 'It's too warm now, I'll get to work later in the day.' But the time never seemed to come when they felt just ready; and the days went by and August crept nearer and nearer, and the editor said to herself 'I'm afraid my poor little magazine won't receive any presents on her birthday.'"

Mother paused. "That's as far as I could get in my story, maybe you *can* finish it, if you try."

The swing seemed to have lost its charm, for Sallie was soon chewing the end of a lead pencil and Lois' apron was stained from the neck band to the hem with water colors.

As mother tucked the two girls in bed that night, she said, "I have thought out an ending for that story now; do you want to hear it?"

The girls giggled and Sallie said, "We know the end without your telling it."

Lois looked at her mother reprovingly and remarked, "Sallie and I had to make up the end of that story ourselves, 'cause you couldn't.'"

This is the way Sallie ended the story:

OSWEGO, OREGON, June, 1908.

MY DEAR MRS. FILLMORE:—This week has been a great event. My sister Lois and I visited our grandma who lives in Portland.

Portland, Oregon, is called the "Rose City," because it has so many beautiful roses. Every year we give a rose festa. There are parades, and a king and queen of the carnival; there are also many decorations; large hand-painted roses on the shop windows and banners are waving from every window.

Wednesday, grandma, mother, Lois and myself went to the rose show in the Oriental building. (The Oriental building is one left standing from the Lewis & Clark Fair, and is used for public displays.)

Prizes were offered for the finest roses. There were jars and jars of roses on long tables and pyramids of yellow and red and pink down the center of the building.

But Lois and I came home Friday, so we didn't see the rest.

Very truly,

SALLIE SHANNON PETTINGER.

Sallie wanted to give good measure, for she added these verses on to her letter:

# JULY

Sing a song of sweet July,  
Cherries ripe and red,  
Once were milk white blossoms  
Now are cherries red.  
Once were cherries green,  
Not so red you see;  
But July is here,  
Just for you and me.

# WEE WISDOM

## AUTUMN

Now, my dear Summer, fare thee well;  
 But you will come again.  
 Pack up your trunk and say goodbye,  
 For Autumn here must dwell.  
 O hurry, Summer! please, oh, do!  
 The leaves are falling down;  
 The birds are going southward, too,  
 O Summer, what shall you do?  
 Then Summer gave a farewell look,  
 And with the wind she flew,  
 And Summer was gone and Autumn was here,  
 With a "How de do! de do!"

## THE SECRET

I know something. I won't tell,  
 Something red that has a sweet smell;  
 Something just as sweet as honey,  
 Something better far than money.  
 One, two, three, I think you'll guess!  
 It is a rose with a pretty red dress.

Lois ended the story with some nicely drawn pictures gayly colored, but the mischievous wind must have carried them off, for mother couldn't find them any place when the time came to send them away.

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## MY DEMONSTRATION

DEAR WEE WISDOM — When I was on my vacation in the Santa Cruz mountains, there was just lots of poison oak. I said I didn't care, because I was not going to be poisoned, and I wasn't. I am seven years old and have gone to Alameda Home of Truth Sunday School most of my life. Brother and I have WEE WISDOM, and we wish you lots more birthdays.

INA VAN STAM.

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"I'll help you and you help me,  
 And then what a helping world there'll be."

Johnson County, Kansas, Products



*Babies by the bucket full,  
Well, what do you think of that?  
They are packed like saradines in a box,  
And every one as fat  
And healthy looking as can be.*

*Bucket's full and running over  
With its precious freight ;  
Worth much more than solid gold,  
Of any equal weight.  
Mighty cunning seems to me.*

## A New Zealand Picnic

AS EDWIN CLARK'S MAMA HELPED HIM TELL IT FOR US

THE township of Mananni gave a picnic to celebrate New Year's day, and as it had all the characteristics of a true New Zealand outing, I shall give you an account of it.

The township turned out one hundred and fifty strong and took their places on the log trucks which had been fitted with seats; the arrangement was rough, but the cars were open and allowed a full view of the beautiful bush scenery. The road ran across the river and about eight miles through the bush. While crossing the river we had a fine view of the beautiful snow-clad mountains in the distance. A more beautiful sight than the New Zealand bush, or what you call forest, cannot be imagined. The trees shoot straight up seventy-five or eighty feet before they throw out a branch or leaf, then the upper part of the tree is a mass of foliage far lovelier than any trees at home. But the beauty of the bush is the under-growth. A parasite vine lodges in the upper branches of the tree and grows down, throwing out long rope-like arms which catch the vines from below and support them, forming a trellis work in all manner of fantastic and beautiful designs; then there are tree ferns, huge umbrella-shaped plants twenty-five and thirty feet high; there are bush ferns, large bushes of ferns with leaves six and seven feet long, and every leaf perfect; then there are small ferns without number—every kind imaginable; and last, but not least, are the mosses. If there was nothing else in the bush but the large trees and the moss, the bush would still be beautiful. The moss grows as

much as six inches deep on the tree trunks and roots and every dead log or fallen tree. Nowhere have I ever seen anything so beautiful as the moss in a New Zealand bush. Then in the tops of the trees are all manner of parasite plants, beautiful and fantastic beyond words.

There is so much rain here that the bush is never withered and dry like at home. The foliage is always fresh and reveals every shade of green possible; nor is the color monotonous, for it is varied with brown and grey from the tree trunks and old hanging leaves from the tree ferns. There are very few wild flowers, the under-growth of vines and ferns is so dense, but the color effect seems perfect without the flowers. The colors of the mosses alone are in endless variety. Add to this delightful springs, babbling brooks and glimpses of the river and you may have some general idea of the route we traveled.

Our picnic ground was a Maori (native) camp, and we arrived between ten and eleven o'clock. The committee served tea and cake (you must remember this place is English and we consume vast quantities of tea), to which we all did full justice. Then the children ran races and received toys, the winner having first choice, etc.

Then there was a Maori dance. Although I have been in New Zealand several years, this is the first time I ever saw a native dance. It is simply impossible to describe it more than to say there is much stamping of feet, waving of hands, rolling of eyes, thrusting out of tongues and shouting; the grewsome effect is, to say the least, weird and suggestive. After the dance the Maoris served a feast to us. This consisted of potatoes and roast pork. The pork was roasted in the most approved savage manner. A

hole is dug in the ground and a fire started and stones heated; the stones are then removed and the hole lined with leaves; then the meat is packed in and covered with leaves over which the stones are laid, and those in turn covered with more leaves. The feast was served in baskets of green flax woven and sewed in true native style. We formed a large circle on the green and the natives came in with the food, singing and dancing and shouting. A favorite feature was to drop on one knee, make bows which looked like threatening gestures, and yell. This was repeated time and again.

The natives placed the food in the center of the circle and then withdrew. The food was excellent. After the feast there were more races, and a number of the younger people had a dance on the green, after which more tea was served and a social hour enjoyed before preparing for the trip home. If possible the ride home was more pleasant than the preceding one had been. The day was an ideal one, the morning looked rather threatening, but no rain fell and the clouds prevented it being too warm during the mid-day, and then cleared away altogether when we were going home. Before leaving the ground speeches were made thanking the Maoris, and three cheers for the providers of the feast were heartily given.

On arriving in Mananni a vote of thanks was given to the committee for the delightful outing they had given us, and so ended our New Year's picnic in the bush while you were enjoying great fires and wrapped up in fur and flannel.

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Industry is the magnet that draws things our way.— *The Glenwood Boy.*

## Grace

**T**HIS is Grace. She is a dear little girl belonging to a tribe of Indians called Apaches. Since she was five years old she has been in the care of a kind



GRACE

Christian teacher who has taught her the lessons the Wees are learning about God and his love.

Grace is an affectionate little soul, and the love be-

tween her and her teacher is much like that between mother and daughter. Miss M., the teacher, tells us these stories about her little pupil:

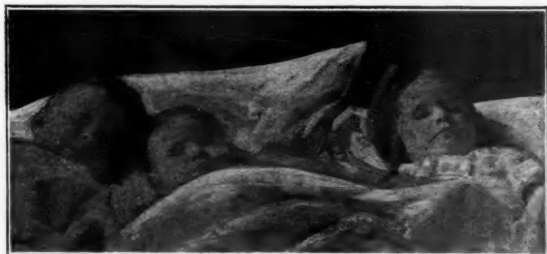
One of the dearest little stories my memory contains, relates to the severe illness of a boy friend of hers. John Smith was an orphan boy whom Grace's father and mother had befriended, and to whom they had opened their hearts and their home since he was a tiny fellow. Being several years older than Grace, he helped to take care of her from her babyhood, often carrying her about on his back. He was exceedingly fond of her, and she naturally grew very fond of him. Soon after she came to live with me, John was suddenly taken very ill. All that day Grace talked about him, and seemed very much concerned for him. When night came she could not go to sleep, but kept thinking and talking about him. She asked again and again, "Is John Mitt pitty sick?" "Is John Mitt will die?"

I held her in my arms and rocked her, and sang her little lullabies, but still no sleep came to soothe her anxious little heart. After some time a thought came to me, and I said, "Would you not like to pray for John Smith, and ask our Father to make him well." Quick as the flash of a thought, the anxious expression was gone from her face, and sliding down from my lap on to her little fat knees, with her eyes closed, she said: "God, our Fadder, make it John Mitt sick all gone, please, for Jesus' sake." Then jumping up quickly her whole face radiant and beaming with joy, she said as she climbed into my lap, "Now John Mitt sick all gone. God, our Fadder, make it all gone," and nestling in my arms she was asleep in a moment; and surely enough when we heard from "John Mitt" the fever had left him, and he was much better.

One evening after I had gotten her all ready for bed, she asked if she might go out on the porch, and look at the stars for a little while. Soon she came running in, and took hold of my hand, saying, "Come out on the porch quickly, I want to show you something." When she led me out she pointed to a star and said, "You see that little 'tar up there? he wink at me. I was lookin' at him, and he wink at me just like this." She winked at me with one eye in imitation of the stars winking at her.

Once in writing to a young lady friend who had sent her some clothing, she said: "My dear Miss —, I thank you for all those things that you sent me. I like them very much. And do your mother is well now?"

WEE WISDOM's cover pictures children of all the nations reaching out hands to the Christ-child, and now we have heard a little story of one of these of whom many of us know but little.



## Freckles.



**T**WO blue eyes looked into mine,  
Two lips so rosy red  
Were pucker'd in an angry pout,  
As Laddie crossly said:

“I just hate freckles, so I do;  
The fellers tease you so,  
And why I've got just pecks of 'em  
I'd honest like to know.”

“Now, Laddie, listen here to me.  
Those freckles on your nose  
Are mighty good signs, that they are;  
I love each one that grows.

“They stand for happy, truthful thoughts  
Of a healthy little boy,  
And were each one a coin of gold  
They'd bring you no such joy.”

When Laddie went to school next day  
 The fellers call'd him "Freck;"  
 And did it make him angry then?  
 It did not—not a speck.

He answer'd them with laughing eyes,  
 "Say, fellers, don't you know,  
 That these freckles is God's trademarks  
 For the truthful seeds I sow.

"For every real good thing I do,  
 A freckle comes to stay;  
 And every time I'm very bad  
 A freckle goes away.

"I have just got oceans of 'em.  
 The truth is plain to see,  
 You will all have lots of freckles,  
 If you'll be good like me."

BLANCHE E. SAGE.

## Our Wee Authors



### MARGARET'S DREAM

BY OLIVE FOX

MARGARET sat in the easy chair by the window looking discontentedly out into the muddy street, where the early winter twilight was already deepening. She had been nearly sick with a cold all day and was not in a very cheerful mood. "O! dear," she sighed, "if I could only have my three wishes I would be happy."

"What are your three wishes? Perhaps I can help," said a sweet voice by her side, so suddenly that she jumped and turning answered, "O! I wish that every one was healthy and good and had the wisdom of Solomon, but who are you?"

"I am the fairy, Faith," replied the voice, "and I am very sorry I cannot make everyone what you wish. Here is something which will make you what you wish." She handed Margaret a wand with a glowing star at it's end whose rays spelled F-a-i-t-h. Then suddenly there were two other fairies with her. One fairy was the fairy Hope. The other was evidently their queen, for she wore a beautiful golden crown, in the center of which Love was written in glowing letters and Faith and Hope on either side. They sang a song of Faith, Hope and Love and then vanished in a flash of light.

Just then Margaret awoke and saw mama setting the evening lamp upon the table. "Why, dear," said mama, "if I had known you were asleep I would not have brought in the lamp."

"O! mama, I have had the loveliest dream," cried Margaret, and then she told her all about it.

"My dear little girl, there is a lesson in that dream," said mama when she had finished. "It means that you must have faith in the Good Spirit within you and he will make you healthy, wise and good."

## THE STORY OF ROVER

MABEL LUCILLE STUART

**T**HERE is a pretty little town on the coast of Maine. It has many children that go down to the beach and play. They build sand castles and dig in the sand and have very good times.

In this town on one of the broad streets lived a little girl named Mabel. She had a dog named Rover, a great black and white dog, and she also had many dolls. One bright, pleasant afternoon Mabel went down to the beach with Rover and one of her dolls to play. She put her doll down on the sand and went to build a sand castle. Presently she looked up and saw the tide about to cover her doll. She ran toward the spot only to see the tide cover her poor doll completely. She reached out her hand to take her and went a little bit into the water, never dreaming of danger. But she had gone too far, and as she stooped to reach her doll she suddenly fell into the water. Rover saw her and swam in and got her. Mabel's father had come down to bring her home and saw the action of the brave dog.

He took Mabel home and gave Rover a new collar with his name on it in silver.

Always be kind to dumb animals. They might save you sometime, as rover saved Mabel.

## THE BEAR AND THE MAN

BY GEORGIA WORLEY

ONCE a man was in a woods cutting wood. Pretty soon he saw a bear coming, so he said, "When did you come, and how did you find me?"

"I smelt your footprints down the road for a mile or so," said the bear.

"You must have a good sense of smelling," said the man.

The bear said, "I have."

"Which could you do without best?" said the man.

"I could do without all but my sense of smelling," said the bear. "Which one could you do without best?" said the bear.

"I could do without all but my sight, so you see we are different," said the man.

So they went on till it ended in a fight, and the bear killed the man. So, little Wees, I would not fight with people who know no better.

## THE STORY OF THE GOLDFISH

BY AMELIE DE WITT

(8 years old)

ONCE there was a little fish. He lived in a pond in a park. He was black as ink. One day a little girl came to the park and brought with her some paints. With these paints she had some gilt. She was about to paint a picture, when she dropped her gilt in the pond. The little black fish saw it and put his head in to see what it was. The gilt spilled on the little fish and so it made him gold. And that was the way he became a goldfish.



*One-ery, two-ery, ick-ery, Anne,  
Find a handsomer set of kids, if you can.  
They came to Ye Editor and to me,  
And very proud of them are we.  
"Wee Wisdom's" children, every one,  
Chuck full of jollity and fun,  
For faith and life and truth and love,  
Stands this sweet picture placed above.*

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### THE GARDEN OF THE GODS

BY VIOLETTA LEEMAN

**T**HE Garden of The Gods is a wonderful tract of land on which rocks of all sizes and descriptions are placed in different places. The rocks are forms of men, animals and different things. There are also some monster rocks that are not named, also some

caves. I will tell you the name of some of them, and try and describe them to you. "The Balanced Rock," is a very large rock coming into quite a small base, resting on another rock. It is called "Balanced Rock," because it is resting on so small a base. Right next to this one is called "Steamboat Rock." It is somewhat the shape of a steamboat. There are stairs to the top of it: On the top are three large telescopes. One shows the house or hotel on the top of Pike's Peak. Another shows the "Kissing Camel," in the Garden of the Gods. Another shows the "Printers' Home," which is about five miles from Colorado Springs. It is a home for printers who are too old to print any more. Near these two rocks is a space of ground called "Mushroom Park," filled with stones something the shape of mushrooms. Another stone is called the "Ant Eater," from its resemblance to that animal. On the top of a large rock about one hundred feet high, are two rocks called, "The Seal and the Bear." They are facing each other and are very natural. There is a small cave called the "Old Man's Wine Cellar." Another rock is called "The Scotchman." Another is a "Hen Setting on Her Eggs." Another, which is very natural, is called the "Queen Going to Her Throne." There is one stone something the shape of a throne. The other rocks represent the queen. She is facing the other rock. It seems as if she had on hoop skirts with big ruffles like the ones worn in olden times. The top of a big rock comes into two heads of camels. Their mouths come together and they are called the "Kissing Camels." This rock is about three or four hundred feet high. It is also very steep. At the bottom of this rock is quite a large cave. Near it are two large rocks looming up in the air. They are quite close together, and

therefore form a natural gateway. They are called "The Gateway to the Garden of the Gods." On a rock are prints which look like footprints. They are called "The Chicago Lady's Footprints." One rock is the shape of a Tam-o'-shanter. It is placed on another rock. A toad is sitting on a rock. One rock placed on another takes the shape of an old-fashioned stage coach. All these rocks are very peculiar.

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### A VISIT TO THE CITY OF MEXICO

BY JESSIE A. SMILEY

Age 13

**T**HE City of Mexico is built in a circular plain surrounded by lofty mountains. The lakes are so low and marshy around the city that the drainage is very poor, but the climate is excellent on account of the elevation. The fresh water supply comes from Lake Chalco.

The City of Mexico is built like a square, and the streets are all very straight. The houses are about two stories high. Each has its courtyard, and, unlike other Mexican cities, has few windows facing the street.

At one end of the city is a beautiful plaza with flower gardens and shady walks. In one part of the plaza you find Mexican women selling fruit, flowers and small sugar cookies. Almost everything is contained in that plaza, such as chickens, vegetables, gigantic pumpkins and a most beautiful museum.

The president's palace is built on a hill called Chapultepec. Besides the president occupying the palace, part of it is devoted to a military academy where the Mexican boys are trained to be soldiers. They have a tablet which was erected in honor of the

youthful cadets who fought in the United States and Mexican war. The guide tells you with much pride, if the regulars had fought as well as the cadets Mexico would have won.

The most beautiful building in the city is the cathedral, which is built in the shape of a Greek cross. Inside there is a plate bearing the inscription, "Stones from the bloody altar of Mexico."

Right out of the city is a lake with its shores chalky white and its waters brackish. It is called Lake Texcoco. Just beyond the city are two mountains, one is called Smoky Mountain and the other Snowy Maiden. This ends a brief description of the City of Mexico.

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### GLADYS ST. JOHN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

BY FRANCES DIXON

(11 years old)

GLADYS was asking her mother to let her have a party. Her mother said, "You can have as many children as you are years old." Gladys was ten years old. So she invited ten children to come to her party Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Mrs. St. John was making cakes and other nice things, and Gladys saw there was nothing for her to do, so she went upstairs and on her bed was a pretty red silk dress. After she had made her toilet, she went down stairs and filled the vases with pretty red roses. After she had got them arranged she heard a knock at the door, and saw a little girl, who asked if she could have something to eat. Gladys said, "Come in."

I will describe her. She had on a ragged dress, but her face and hands were clean and her hair was combed neatly, and she had a pretty locket on her neck.

Mrs. St. John came and gave her something to eat. After she got through, Mrs. St. John said, "What a pretty locket."

"My father's picture is in it," said the girl.

Mrs. St. John opened it and said, "It looks like my first husband."

Mrs. St. John was looking it over, when a little secret door opened and a letter dropped out. The little girl asked Mrs. St. John to read it to her.

This is what it said:

MY DEAR CHILD:—This will help you to find your mother. Your mother and I and you were on a boat. You were swept from your mother's arms. I got you. Your name is Esther Parsons. Keep this locket always. Good-by. Your father,  
G. H. PARSONS.

Mrs. St. John said, "You are my lost Esther."

Mrs. St. John bought her a new dress. After a while the party came. What a lovely time they had!

The next present, best of all, is WEE WISDOM.

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## A SNOW STORM

BY PAULINE FALKINGTON

(11 years old)

IRENE, Louise, Lawrence and Roy had all sat down around the fire. Louise was telling the children a story of Dorris and Julie taken from *Little Folks*.

The day had been cold and still outside. Now the wind had raised, and it was blowing a perfect blizzard. After Louise had finished her story the children were all still for a little while. Then mama and I came in from washing the dishes to join the family circle. After prayers were said and we had all gone to bed there came an awful wind and it lasted for about an

hour, and then it was not quite so windy the rest of the night.

We always got up in the morning at 7 o'clock, and when we did get up the snow was piled all over the porches and up against the doors. It must have been sixteen inches deep. What great fun we had going to school that morning. The boys, Lawrence and Roy, took the road scrapers and made a road to school and all around.

I had a pretty grey pussy named Rosebud, which I took great delight in sitting at night and holding. But you can imagine what happened, there was Rosebud on the doorstep dead. So the boys took the scraper and made a road up to a little field above our house, and then cleared a big spot and dug a grave for Rosebud. I went down to the house and I had \$1.00, so I took my money and went to the store and bought a yard of silk and some ribbon to make Rosebud a dress. You may think it funny for kittens to wear dresses, but I wanted Rosebud to have a dress. Well, I got silk and ribbon and then I got a yard and a half of satin to line Rosebud's little box, which I was going to bury her in. I sang a little song and Lawrence put the lid on the box and put Rosebud in the ground to never see me again. I was very lonesome for awhile without Rosebud, but I soon forgot all about it. So you see that is what a snow storm did for me.

---

"Tommy, did you give your brother the best part of the apple, as I told you to?"

"Yessum. I gave him the seeds. He can plant them and have a whole orchard."

— *Sunshine Bulletin.*

THE WHITE NARCISSUS

BY WEE WEE BENHAM

I WANT WEE WISDOM's birthday party to be a very happy one. It was very kind of you to invite us all to your entertainment. I am going to send you my "White Narcissus" for a birthday present, and I will let it tell you and the little Wees the same story it told to me. Last winter this Narcissus was given to me by a dear friend. It bloomed long and well, so we became great friends. I talked to the dear white blossoms, and they talked to me. And this what they said :

I am a tall Narcissus white ;  
I've bloomed from day to day,  
In the sunshine and in the light,  
My white blooms rock and sway.  
I give my perfume to the breeze,  
Because I love them here,  
In the humble home among the trees,  
And to one that I love dear.

A little girl takes care of me,  
And brings fresh water cool,  
And dusts my leaves and kisses me  
Before she leaves for school.  
I love this simple-hearted child,  
She reminds me of myself ;  
She whispers love to me the while,  
This charming little elf.

"I love you, sweet Narcissus, rare,  
You have bloomed so long and well."  
Then I fold my leaves in prayer,  
And to her my story tell.  
It is my time, I'm fading now,  
Be pure and white and true,  
My perfume I bequeath, and vow  
You are a white Narcissus too.

## Jimmy Joy



"I'm starting my boat," said Jimmy Joy,

"The day is bright and fair.

I'm sending it out all over the world,

And freighting it with great care.



"I'm filling it full with purest love

For everyone in the world,

And banners and flags of hope and joy

All playfully float unfurled.



"I started my boat all laden down  
 With love so pure and free,  
 And a thousand weight of her precious freight  
 Came sailing back to me."

—L. H. H.

### JACK AND FRED

BY MARY E. FOLEY

**T**HERE was once a boy named Jack, who was just ten years of age. He went to the State school and was in the third class. He was both very clever and kind. Another boy named Fred was in his class. Fred was a dull, lazy boy and never got any enjoyment except when he was killing moths, flies, rabbits and insects. He enjoyed killing ants by pouring hot water

on them, and killing rabbits most. It never occurred to him that their life was as dear to them as his own was to him. One day the teacher planted some pretty flowers. By and by he noticed that something had been eating the flowers. Fred at once said it was rabbits, and that he would bring a rabbit trap. After school Jack begged Fred not to set it, as the rabbit if caught would be very much hurt. But Fred just laughed and said he did not care if it does hurt them, for I like to hear them squealing. "My," continued Fred, "what of the rabbits we kill? I burnt one yesterday because it wouldn't come out. I got fourteen on Saturday and twenty on Sunday; how they did —" but he got no further for Jack could not stand hearing Fred talking about the rabbits he killed. Jack said, "What? you go out trying to kill rabbits? Does it never occur to you, Fred, that they love to live as well as you?"

"Well," said Fred, "they should not eat our things." Rabbits in the bush would not trouble you much if you let them alone. When you kill a rabbit it might have young ones and then the young ones would have to get their own food often," answered Jack. Then he said, "Fred, if you were starving and you saw some nice food, wouldn't you try and get some, though you wouldn't know who's it was? Well, the rabbits do the same, but you do it for sport, not for anything else," but Fred just laughed and walked on, and Jack went the other direction.

The next morning Fred uttered a whoop of joy, for there in the trap was a rabbit. The poor little rabbit squealed as Fred got a stick and killed it. Fred took the rabbit home. When Fred was in bed he dreamed that he was hungry and was looking for some food when he came to a giant's place with a lot of food, he

ran across to a place where he saw some nice food, but just as he was going to take some, he found both his feet and hands caught in a trap. He was kept like that for a long time, when he heard a voice saying, "I have got you this time. I shall get a stick and kill you." And Fred awoke to find himself in bed, he then realized that the rabbit must have been hurt very much, and that when the rabbit was in the trap it must have hurt the rabbit as much as it would hurt them. He then said to himself he would never again kill anything. He told his mother his dream, and his mother said she would never again eat any thing that had to be killed. Fred also told Jack, who was very glad, and Fred is no longer dull or cruel, but is very kind and clever like his chum Jack.

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### The Story of Bethesda

HOW EVA LAY TOLD IT TO HER SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS

One time there was a feast at Jerusalem, and Jesus went up there. And as Jerusalem is a great place for sheep, there was a large sheep-fold, and close to the gate was a large pool. This pool was called "Bethesda," which means *House of Mercy*. It had five porches, and these porches mean to us the five senses. The people that lived close to Jerusalem were in the habit of taking all their sick and lame and diseased friends to this pool, so they could bathe in it and be healed. They did not know that they had the power within themselves to heal them. But one poor man was not able to get into the pool. He lay on his bed waiting for someone to put him in the pool. While he was waiting there Jesus came along, and wanted to know if he didn't want to be healed. The man said he did, but no one would put him in the pool. And Jesus told him to take up his bed and walk. The man's understanding was awakened to the fact that he had the power within himself, and no longer had to depend upon some power outside of his own. So he took Jesus at his word, and took up his bed and walked on his "old sick ideas," and demonstrated over them.

# EPISTLES



BOTHILDA

[A very neat and interesting letter, Bothilda. We would enjoy the views very much.—Ed.]

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR EDITOR—My sister and I have come to WEE WISDOM's birthday party and wish her many more years of happiness and prosperity. I love to read the letters and stories and the Bible lessons. I did not receive my June copy of WEE WISDOM, and missed it greatly. I would be much pleased if you would send it to me. My sister, my two brothers and myself go to the Sunday School of First Church of Christ, Scientist. We have about 80 teachers and between 600 and 700 pupils there. There are a great many visitors in Denver at present on account of the Democratic Convention, which opens here July 7th. Our new auditorium which was just completed is a beautiful structure, seating 12,000 persons. I have a camera, and will send some Colorado views sometime. I graduated from the eighth grade last spring, and will enter the Manual Training High School next fall. With love from your friend,

BOTHILDA E. CURTZ.

BOLTON, MISS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—My grandmother takes you for me. I like you fine. I am nine years old. I am in the third grade at school. I go to Sunday School. My teacher's name is Mrs. Lizzie Carsorphen. I take music lessons from my mother. I have two cats. My great-grandmother lives with us. She will be eighty years old in July. Grandmother and an aunt from Mexico are here on a visit. I am enjoying school vacation. I have been going to school two years, and won a medal each year. I will close, with love to the Wees.

DAISY BELLE FARR.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR WEE, WISDOM—Enclosed please find 50 cents for re-



GERTRUDE AND FLORA

newal of the WEE WISDOM. We all like the magazine very much, and could not do without it. We like "The Story of Lovie" so

well we can't hardly wait till the little book comes so we can read it. I will send for WEE WISDOM's birthday a picture of my sister and myself. Mine and my sister's birthday is in August. The 7th is my sister's, and she will be sixteen. At the 9th I will be twelve years old. As this is the first letter I have written, I better not make it too long. Wishing you and WEE WISDOM many more happy birthdays, I am as ever your little Wee,

FLORA RAMSIER.



NATURITA, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am not going to take WEE WISDOM this year, as my brother Ralph wants to take it. I am sending in his subscription with this letter. I have it begin with the July number because the very next day after I got it, it was left out in the yard where we were reading it, and our little dog, Jo, who is only a pup, got it and read it all through. So when we found it it was in a poor condition. I guess Jo wanted to learn about the Truth too. I had just a delightful Fourth and hope you did too. The only trouble with the Fourth is you are all tired out the next day and don't feel like doing anything only resting.

Wishing you all a happy birthday and a prosperous year, which you will have. Your loving friend.

ELDA CHATFIELD.



ELLA

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR EDITOR—I have come to WEE WISDOM's birthday party. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I like to read WEE WISDOM very much. I have a little playhouse. I play with my dolls and Teddy bear in it. Your loving little friend,

ELLA CURTZ.



ALLIANCE, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like you very much. I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. I have two sisters and three brothers. I attend the Presbyterian church every Sunday. We are not having very good weather. Friday we had a big hail storm. Well, I will close. I cannot think of anything else to say. Yours truly,

CECIL DUGDEON.



NORFOLK, VA.

DEAR AUNT MARY—You asked me to write a story. I made up one. Do you think you could put it in WEE WISDOM? From your loving niece,

AMELIE DE WITT.

[Aunt Mary sent Amelie's story to us, and it appears in this number. — Ed.]

TOPEKA, KAN.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am glad to be at your birthday party.

I would like to tell all the boys and girls about my pet squirrel. Her name is Blitzen. When papa first sent her to me she wanted to fight and bite everybody that came near her, because she thought that everybody was trying to hurt her. She has been with us long enough now to know that we are her friends, and that we only want to be kind to her. Since she has found this out, she is not the same squirrel, but is so amiable and sweet that all the children just love her.

Wishing you a happy birthday, and many of them, I am yours truly,

LIDA M. HARDY.



FAIRVILLE, PA.

DEAR WEES—I will come to WEE WISDOM's birthday party and bring four new Wees. I hope they will have a good time. Their names are Ernest Cloud, Edgar Mendenhall, Maud Weber and Miriam Moore. WEE WISDOM will bring health and happiness to their homes. I will join the "Christmas Circle," and help WEE WISDOM all I can. Your friend,

SHIRLEY T. SWAYNE.

[Shirley, we are so glad to meet your friends. We are sure they will have a good time.—Ed.]



DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I go to the Divine Science Sunday School. There are about 200 boys and girls that attend. We have a nice big building. Each month we have a subject, which is printed on a very pretty card. The one I like this year is:

LOYALTY

With charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Then all the statements, or Golden Texts, are about the subject. We memorize the little verses and the statements, and at the end of the year we go to Miss Brooks (our pastor) and recite them.



JAMES

Then she gives us a certificate for each year's work, and four years allows you to enter the Junior Bible Class. We don't have Sunday School during the summer vacation. Mrs. Hoffman is our teacher. There are eight boys in our class, but no girls. On holidays she sends us souvenir postals. On Christmas she gave each a hand-painted motto. Each one had a different border. She had a party at her house, we had ice cream and cake and it was fine! We played games most of the time. She says she likes us boys, and we certainly like her. This year the Sunday School gave a social. Each had to dress up to represent some advertisement. I dressed up as Cream of Wheat. I went around saying, "Do you want something to eat? How's

Cream of Wheat? " I send you my picture in my costume. Some of the costumes were pretty and some were funny. I think Japalac was the prettiest, a girl dressed up as a Japanese. The funniest was a little pickaninny dressed up to represent Korn Kinks. For our Sunday School picnic we went to Eldorado Springs. We went on the train (about an hour's ride), and had a lovely day. It was cool and refreshing. There are precipices hundreds of feet high, with a little mountain stream that flows in the gorge,



GATEWAY TO ELDORADO SPRINGS

and roars like thunder. There is a crazy stairway that goes to the top of the precipices, and up there, there is a big cable stretched across the canon. Baldwin walks this cable across the gorge over the torrent. One of my friends and I went up to the

to top of the crazy stairs, and climbed over the rocks to Baldwin's starting point. We saw a man there, but did not know whether it was Baldwin or not. We began talking to him and learned quite a little bit about walking the tight rope. Then we started to get some things, and went back to the little pavilion on the top of a rock. Pretty soon Baldwin was walking the tight rope. We are able to say that we have talked with Baldwin. We had a fine time, including an hour's ride on a "Rocky Mountain Canary Bird." I send a picture of Baldwin as he is walking across, which will give an idea of the height of his cable.

Many happy returns of WEE WISDOM's birthday, and many more years of success. Your little Wee,

JAMES A. KILTON. (Age 10).



TOPEKA, KAN.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like to go to Lowell's Sunday school again and sing "Let the Blessed Sunshine In." Tell Lowell I can sing, "The Lillies Look Like Me," with—brown shoes on. Tell him I'm big and clap at Kindergarten and fold and sing, "Keep on the Sunny Side," and when I go to Kansas City, I'm going to take Teddy.

JENET HUMES HARDY.



CASEYVILLE, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I am eleven years old, and will be in the seventh grade at school. Our school closed on the 27th of May. I like WEE WISDOM very much. I think "The Story of Lovie" is the best story I ever read. I will send you a letter of "Thanks to God," which I wrote not very long ago, and I also will send you my photo. With love to you and all of the Wees.



ANNIE STOLLE.

THANKS TO GOD

Ought we not all be thankful to God? Yes. Because he gave us all of our health, and also because he gave us our eyes to see, our ears to hear, our nose to smell and our mouth to taste. I love God.

God is our health, God is our strength, and God is our prosperity. So now as I have told you all how kind God is, let us all try and be the same. If you cannot succeed right away, try until you can.

A. S.



MANANNI, N. Z.

DEAR FRIENDS—I am a little boy eight years old. I live in New Zealand, and my mama sends an account of our New Year's picnic to you. I hope you will like it. Yours truly,

EDWIN CLARK.

[The account of the picnic referred to will be found in another part of the magazine.—Ed.]

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I send you a picture of a dear little girl (Birdie, I call her) that I had with me and cared for for some time



ANNA

until her mother took her. She was only two and one-half years old when she came to me and she has grown and developed very beautifully out here in the country. Her name is Anna G. Irvine, and her father is a writer, and has been a preacher. Every day Anna had a cold bath, she ate nothing between meals and only a little fruit for breakfast. She has been perfectly well during the time she has been with me, has had no medicine of any kind. I have trained her in the principles of Practical Christianity and the results show how a little child can demonstrate when it is

properly taught. People would look at her and wonder when she asked them questions.

Sometimes I would send her to her room to sit and think over what she had been doing, if it were not right. In time she got so she would go herself and sit awhile, and then come to me and say, "I am all right now, Auntie."

I asked her one day as she was feeding the birds, "Who takes care of the birdies; who feeds them?" She had been talking in her childish way to the birds, and when I asked the question she looked around as if in search of the Source of Supply. I said, "God feeds the birds."

She looked up into my face and said, "He feeds the chickens, too."

I asked her, "Where was God?"

Again she looked all around, then said, "All over the country."

She had a little verse she used to say:

I promise to do all the good I can,  
To all the people I can,  
As long as ever I can,  
In all the ways I can.

One day when I asked her to do something, she was very busy, she said, "writing a letter." I waited a minute. She looked up and said, "I promise—" and stopped.

I asked, what is your promise?"

"I promise to do all the good I can; that means to mind Auntie."

She laughed and left her play at once to do what she had been told to do. She planted corn, beans, potatoes and flowers, watered them, hoed them, and watched them grow. Her face was a pleasing picture of surprise and joy when she saw the full ears of corn and the abundant yield of potatoes in the fall.

I hope to have little Anna with me again, for I feel sure that she will some day make a wonderful woman. Sincerely,

ELLA L. POTTER.

VALDEZ, ALASKA.

SOCIETY OF SILENT UNITY—I am a little girl of twelve. My mother has a laundry here in Valdez. I am asking for a medicine to cure the disease I have. It is catarrh in the nose, and I have had it for about a year. I have been treating it with all sorts of medicine, but it does not go away. We have no money, but we will pay it when we get it. And if you would send some kind of medicine that you think would cure it I would be very thankful. Now I will close, hoping to get it soon. Yours truly,

HENRIETTA LENA SHARTO.

[We have sent Henrietta a "medicine" that will make her well and strong. What is it? Why, some little books about Life, and WEE WISDOM, of course. Don't you think that is a good idea?—Ed.]



GREENLEAF, IDAHO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM: I am sending you a picture of my sister Hester and I, for your birthday, and also a little song which mama wrote for you. It is called, "Let in a Little Sunshine." We hope you will receive many love letters for your birthday. We have a little Sunday school at our house. Hester and I come, and mama is the teacher. Lovingly your Wee.

DORIS H. DREW.



DORIS AND SALLIE



HESTER AND MARY

[We were not able to get the music to this little song set up, and so we could not sing it at our birthday party, but maybe sometime we can have it. — Ed.]

"If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,

No matter how large the key,

Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard

'Twould open, I know, for me.

Then over the land and the sea, broadcast.

I'd scatter the smiles to play,

That the children's faces might hold them fast

For many and many a day."

## Blanche's Corner.



My, Oh my! What a birthday party! How happy WEE WISDOM is to greet so many of her little friends. There isn't even standing room left in this issue. Enough visitors have arrived to make another large party. So if you cannot find room in this number, you may know you were just a little late, and will appear next month. Always remember

to come by the 15th, then there will be no danger of your being too late. WEE WISDOM got so many presents this month that we don't know just where to begin to tell about them. There seems to be a lonesomeness about Ye Editor's sanctum in spite of our bright visitors. Why? Because Ye Royal Editor, who is always the life of the party on WEE WISDOM's birthday, is not with us. We hunted all over for him and at last found his plump form down in Arkansas. He is having a jolly time though, and has sent a breezy description of a day's adventure to let us know that he has not forgotten us. And Billy Heitland, our young artist, who is with him has illustrated it for us.

Didn't Mary and Bud give their papa a nice present? And wasn't it thoughtful of Tessie to send it to us? And the Big Fireplace, which was in reality not a fireplace at all, but a comfortable, cool veranda. Didn't Sallie and Lois finish the story well? We appreciate Lois' efforts even if the wind did blow the pictures away. Didn't you enjoy the New Zealand

picnic? I did. It makes you feel cool this warm weather. I am sure we are all in love with the dear little Indian girl, Grace, with her unique ideas. Georgia made a happy selection in "The Fountain," especially for this time of year.

Our Wee authors did nobly. We are very proud of them, every one. We haven't space to name them all, but they have made our hearts glad with their loving efforts.

The letters this month are such bright, newsy ones.

Well, they told us not to talk too long, but we will stay just long enough to say that WEE WISDOM has never had a more happy and successful birthday than this one, and the credit is due entirely to her many friends who sent in such beautiful tokens of their love.

LATER.—Such a lot of birthday visitors have just arrived. And though we have added a number of extra pages for the entertainment of WEE WISDOM's guests, we find it will be necessary to continue our party on into September. What a good time we are having! Here is Winnie from Colorado with an original poem illustrated by herself; and here is Georgie from Idaho, tempting us all to have a nice wade with him in the cool brook. Margaret and Marcella are here with a letter and poem Uncle Ben wrote for them; and Ruth from California has a nice story to tell us of her trip to the Yosemite, with snap shots; and Blanche from Casper, California, is here, and still they come. WEE WISDOM has hosts of lovely friends.

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"There is no day born, but comes like a stroke of music into the world and sings itself all the way through."



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

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## August, 1908



### WEE WISDOM BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

FROM JOHN BOYDEN, ALAMEDA, CAL.



FAY, GAY AND JOHN

Though the book is small,  
It has love for all  
Within its pages fair.

In the book of WEE  
You can read and see  
Divine love everywhere.

It scatters the seeds  
Of many kind deeds,  
To blossom and to grow.

It carries God's word  
All over the world  
For everyone to know.

Many kind thoughts in our home for WEE WISDOM's large  
circle of little loving hearts. Love to all.

[John sent a birthday present from his own earnings. WEE WISDOM  
appreciates his love and thoughtfulness very much.—Ed.]

## Elsie's Little Brother Tom

*A Story for Boys and Girls*



This is a beautifully bound book of 168 pages written by Alwyn M. Thurber. It advances the truth of the Science of Being in a clever and most interesting manner, but not in any way obtrusive. It is the one child's story that has been sought so long by parents who love the Truth.

The story opens with a charming Christmas scene in Elsie's home, after which the youthful mind is carried through the other holidays of the year with interest redoubling in every chapter.

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**WEE WISDOM'S WAY**

BY MYRTLE FILLMORE


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BY LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE

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 A BLUE MARK HERE IS "WEE WISDOM'S" warning that the term of her present visits has ended, and that she would like another invitation, with a little traveling money, so that she can keep up her list of friends and do her work. "WEE WISDOM" grows wiser and better with the years, and hopes to make herself welcome in every home. Subscription, 50 cents per year.