WIEL WISDOM

Birthday Number





THE BIRTHDAY CAKE

By WEE WEE BENHAM

There was never a birthday party
Without the cake a-making.
For it holds more love than goodies.
When put in the stove for baking.
It is filed with things from out the heart,
And smells so good while cooking.
And into it each one slips a wish,
When nobody else is looking.

When baked, upon the largest plate, It is left to cool for icing. And there it stands a snow-white heap, Almost ready for the slicing. Soon the decorating work is done. With the name in candied writing, And last the candles on the top. Are ready for the lighting.

WEE WISDOM is the name we write
Upon the snow-white icing.
As forth the birthday cake we bring,
Now ready for the slicing.
Come one, come all, around the board,
We'll gather and we'll make
Wishes for WEE WISDOM'S coming year,
While we cut the birthday cake.

Pink roses hold the candles tall,
With seven colors blending.
And seven gifts we'll now bestow
In loves sweet dews descending
Upon Wer Wisdow's haloed head.
And the star-shine on her wing.
For the years will not be numbered here
To this daughter of the King.

The yellow candle brings wise thoughts
Into singing in your breast,
And the red one glows with sweet new life
The very warmest, bravest, best.
The blue one brings the light of truth
In your deep, deep, loving eye,
And the white one sheds its lambent ray
In your heart of purity.

The purple one gives you power to do All things, both great and small. The green one gives you strength to be. And the pink one crowns them all; For pink is love, and love will bless Where e'er its light may shine. And pink roses are Love's roses rare, And its deep rose-heart is thine.

Oh! we wish you many more returns,
Of this happy summer time!
We wish you health, we wish you wealth,
Rest, Joy, and Peace sublime.
God's little children will now unite
To thank you for this day,
And to wish that every Wee he'll guide
In sweet Wee WISDOM'S WAY.







VOL XV.

AUGUST, 1909

No. I.



THE WEE WISDOM CLUB



BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER.

XI.

THEY ATTEND THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

The seven members sat on the side of a hill, not far from the house, with a very thoughtful expression on each face. They were debating what to do for a birthday gift for WEE WISDOM in August.

"We must do something or other that will show the other Wees that we are a really truly lot of children," said Sallie, "but I can't think of anything that will do."

"If a monthly report of our meetings isn't evidence enough of our existence, I'd like to know what is?" asked Margaret with a perplexed wrinkle upon her brow.

"Well, it doesn't seem to be, for here are two little girls in last month's WEE WISDOM asking if the Club is just a story, or really true?" answered Sallie.

"Let's write and tell e'm we are true! Ma says there's nothing like making a clean breast of things," suggested Nellie.

"You talk as if you were ashamed of being true," and had been hiding that fact from a 's'picious public,'" said Lois, while Robert asked, "Who is going

to do all that writing? We'd have to get a stenographer and rent a typewriter."

Nellie looked disconsolate until Mildred suggested "We might divide up the letters, and each one of us write two a day; it wouldn't take very long."

"Twenty-eight cents a day for postage," reminded Robert, who was practical beyond human endurance.

"I'ts simply out of the question," declared Margaret, "but any way that isn't what we've met for this afternoon. We must each do something for the August number of the magazine; now what shall it be?"

Let's send 'em our pictures for a present," ventured Willie Monk. "That will do, don't you think?"

- "Well, of all conceit!" exclaimed Robert in high glee." "Now, who would ever want your picture for a birthday gift, Bill?"
- "They'd want it as much as they'd want yours," indignantly replied Willie.
- "Don't get ruffled, Willie," laughed Lois, "both you and Robert would look lovely in a picture."

Robert viewed himself in the shining side of a tin pail, "I'm not so bad," he said screwing his mouth out of all proportion to his face. "Not so bad, and yet not quite sweet enough for a birthday bon-bon."

- "Stop your nonsense," said Margaret, "That isn't a bad idea of Willie's at all, for don't you see, if we sent our pictures, no one could doubt, then, that we are a really, truly Club. Let's do it!" and the wrinkle disappeared from Margaret's face, for she had allowed herself to become quite uncomfortable over the question.
- "Not for me," said Robert." Do it if you want, but I'll not send my photograph. Lawyers don't adver-

tise and — and — well, I'll not be unprofessional, even if I a'int no lawyer yet."

"Silly!" said Lois, "Maybe you won't be a lawyer at all.

'Tain't advertising any way 'cause we haven't anything to sell. I think it would be great fun. Isn't it queer that the Wees should think that such plain bread-and-butter kids as us, could be 'story people?' "

"I think it's awfully nice of them to like us so well," said Mildred." I wish we could do something nice for them, to show we appreciate their interest."

"Let's let them be honorary members of our club," said Sallie, with a sudden inspiration. "We won't need to write to them, but they can write to us, and mother can give their names each month at the end of her report of the club. There are two or three girls I want to make honorary members right off; Ida Goldsmith and Alice Toothaker and several others."

"You can't make them honorary members unless they want to be made so, but we might ask them" said Margaret, adding "It's the hardest thing to keep this club down to business, that I ever saw. We are to vote about the pictures, before we get to making honorary members! Those in favor of sending our pictures say 'aye.'"

"Ayes," from five members.

"Those opposed?" asked the president.

"No," responded Robert in stentorian tones.

"The majority rules," answered Margaret with dignity. So we will send our pictures. You have to send yours, Robert, or pay fifty cents fine. Fifty cents will make a good start for our savings bank.

Robert scowled and Lois giggled. "Fifty cents!

My, how you'll have to work; dig potatoes, sell papers, run errands and, my! I'd hate to be you."

"You'd better come over to the majority, Robert, it's lots easier," said Sallie.

"And cheaper," reminded Lois.

"It 'aint professional," insisted Robert.

"And you 'aint either,' said Lois," and I don't believe you ever will be. "I think you're going to be a poet."

"Why," asked Robert, with interest, wondering how Lois had discovered that he could, and often did, write rhymes and verses.

"'Cause I'm told their dispositions are so uncertain," answered the small tease.

"All right, I'll come over to the majority," said Robert, looking daggers at Lois, and whispening under his breath to her, "You just wait and see!"

A week later mother had possession of an odd collection of 'snap shots' of the club, which she bundled off to Wee Wisdom's editor, with a hope that they were large enough to be re-taken. Beneath each picture she wrote the words of presentation, made by the owner of the picture.



Ella A. Marvel two years old, taken in front of the White House.

HERE WE ARE!



The Real Members of the Wee Wisdom Club



Margaret Gray

Well, here I am Don't I look cool and comfortable in the swing? I wish some of you were here to push me-I'd let you take turns swinging, for we members of the Wee Wisdom Club are always generous.



Where Wee Wisdom Club Attends School

Robert Wilson—"Well, I don't care, its my photograph just the same, and if folks really want to know what I look like let 'em guess which one of this crowd is me."



Willie and Mildred Monk



Nellie Nelson

We'd have a better picture taken if there was time, for I'm just sure this one is too small to show" Teddie." There he is right at my feet, but you can't see his dear pretty white nose and cunning soft, litle feet.

"Ma says she knows this picture 'aint no good, but its awful life like / like it 'cause it don't show none of my freckles, and nobody wouldn't know these aren't my best clothes; 'cause of course you ought to have your good dress on when your picture's took."

Sallie and Lois were detained. They will come later.

Annie Laurie Morris, sends in a pretty post card with a rose upon it and this little verse:

I wish you well With heart and pen. Your joys be deep and true And free from care, The days may wear Their blithest face for you.

We are glad to welcome Annie Laurie to our birthday party, and thank her very much for her good wishes.

I saw a bumble bee, sittin' on red clover,
I heard him call to me, an' went right over.
He kiss'd me once, an' he kiss'd me twice.
Say | bumble bee kisses ain't so nice.

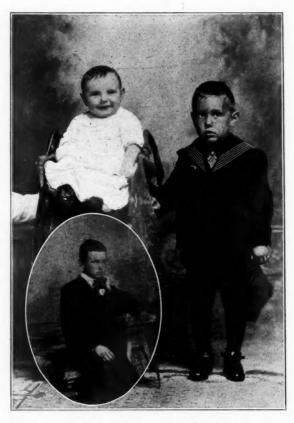
—B.



I-AM-THE-GOD-OF-CHEERFULINESS.
I-GAME-TO-BRING-MORE-JOY.
I-ALSO-BRING-THE-BEST-WISHES
OF EVERY-GIRL AND-BOY
I-HEARD ABOUT-YOUR-PARTY,
SO-JUST-DROPPED-IN-TO-SEE
AND-TO-WISH-THE-HAPPIEST
BIRTH DAY
TO-EACH-AND-EVERY-WEE.

T-AM-THE-GOD-OF-HAPPINESS,
T-CAME-TO-MAKE-YOU-SMILE
I-PROVE-THAT-LIFE'S-WORTH-LIVING
AND-THAT-EVERY-THINGS-WORTH-WHILE
I-FORCE-THE-FAILURE-TO-HIS-FEET
AND-MAKE-THE-GROWLER-GRIN
I-AM-THE-GOD-OF-HAPPINESS
MY-NAME-IS-BILLIKEN-

LOVE-TO-ALL-THE WEES
FROM
DONALD-V-STRANDBERG



Elbert E. Southerland, age 11. Dennis Freeman Southerland, age 4, and Victor Rogers Southerland, age 8 months.

Aren't these three fine looking boys? They came from Wilmington, N. C. See how happy they look. The littlest fellow is fairly bubbling over, and what do you suppose is the reason? Why, in all their lives they have never taken a drop of medicine, and

the oldest Elbert Earl, is II in this picture, Dennie Freeman, the sturdy little youngster next to the baby, is four, and his jolly lordship, Victor Rogers is about eight months. No wonder they are healthy and happy, because their mother is teaching them the true way to live.

Drawn by Ethel Melber



Blue Rapids, Kansas.

GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN

DORIS HARRIET DREW.

I.

In grandmother's old-fashioned garden Are sweetest scented flowers; Star and moon and sun-shaped beds And blooming rosy bowers.

II.

Pansies, violets, poppies and phlox Can here and there be seen. And tiny daisies pink and white, Dot the grass so green.

III.

Black-eyed-Susies, For-get-me-nots, And lilies, large and fair; Carnations blooming all around, Breathe sweetness to the air.

IV.

Tiger lilies gorgeous,
Dahlias, rich-hued in the sun;
Ah, grandmother's old-fashioned garden
The love of my heart has won.

THE MASK LIFTED



HAZEL AS "BUDDY"



I am a little wee, And the I look quite black, I happen to have another face, Just wait and I'll lift my mask. One night down at Unity
I sang a darky song,
My name that night was Buddy, And it sure made a hit, And I wish all you little Wees Could have been there to hear

I wish dear Mrs, Fillmore, And all the little Wees, A loving happy birthday

Hazel Davis Unmasked. And a bountiful prosperous year

JANET'S ANGEL

WINNIE ROWLEY. Age 13 years.

By the little fire, in the small sparsely furnished room which served as kitchen, dining room and parlor in one, stood a mere slip of a girl about thirteen years old. Her face was thin and pale and showed signs of care beyond her years.

She was thinking. No one could tell of what, for her face betrayed not a sign of her thoughts. Only a wild despairing expression was in the large black eyes.

"Janet! Janet!" "Yes dear, I am coming, the broth will soon be done."

She picked it up and went into the little bed room where her seven year old brother lay weak and exhausted.

He had been selling papers and while on the street one evening a drenching rain came up, and the little fellow had taken cold. The mother atraid her little son could not live had called a kind doctor. He said that the disease had weakened the child's lungs to such an extent that he must be taken to the country and live out doors if they expected to keep him long.

What were they to do? As Janet expressed it, "They had no money, no clothes, and hardly enough food."

"There dear, don't you feel better now," asked Janet, tenderly smoothing his pillow. You must go to sleep, dear, mama will be home in about an hour and maybe she will have something nice for little brother. Drawing her face down between his thin little hands

he kissed her upon the cheek.

"You must be quiet now dear," she said as she drew down the window to shut out some of the noise of the street below, for Janet was afraid of a coughing spell, after which her brother was always so weak that it frightened her. She came home in the evenings earlier than her mother, for her mother stayed to clean the working rooms in the factory for which she received a little extra pay. The little brother was left in the care of a big-hearted Irish washer-woman, when Mrs. Craig and Janet went to their work.

Mr. Craig and his pretty young wife had lived on a little farm in the country, and there little Janet was born. But there was a heavy mortgage on the place and once when it came due he was not able to meet it. With ruin and despair at heart he had set out with his small family to seek employment in the city. They had lived quite comfortably in their little flat in the suburbs and another baby had come to gladden their hearts, but slowly and surely it came—that which we cannot flee from. Mrs. Craig almost wished to die herself when she laid her husband away, but she was a brave little woman and did not shrink from the work before her.

Just as Janet was setting the table for the small meal there came a knock on the door. Janet was surprised as she did not think her mother would knock. When she opened the door she was still more surprised. It was not her mother. It was a young woman with the kindest gray eyes imaginable, well dressed and pretty. Janet bid her come in and motioned her to a seat.

"Yes dear, I will tell you who I am," she said,

answering the question in Janet's eyes.

"I am Betty Langford, and I am doing charity work in this district, now. Have you a mother?"

"Yes ma'am," answered Janet, and she told Betty where she was.

"I am expecting her every moment," said Janet.

"Well, then, I must hurry," she said. "Now dearie, tell me what you want most in the world?"

"I?" said Janet, wonderingly.
"Yes," said Betty, kindly.

"I would like to have Roy sent to the country, the doctor says that is all that will do him any good." "Who is Roy?" asked Betty.

"He is my brother, and he is sick and I am afaid he will not get well." Janet sobbed, and Miss Langford took her into her arms.

"Yes, dear," she said, "Your brother will get

well, he is full of immortal life."

Miss Langford's kind words helped Janet to bear

her work better the next day, and she had promised to come the next evening.

Janet waited for the knock tonight, and when it came she opened the door with an expresion of joy on her wan little face. Betty talked to Janet about the things that were nearest the girls heart and Janet told her of her past. And then she took from her pocket-book something — Janet did not know what. Betty handed them to her. "They are tickets, dear, to the country and here is some money for other expenses," she said, and she pressed into Janet's hand a twenty dollar bill. Then she went away, but she dropped an envelope on the table addressed to Mrs. Craig.

Janet could hardly wait for her mother to come and she could not tell Roy because it would excite him.

When Mrs. Craig came home, Janet showed her the money and tickets, and she read the kind little note which Betty had left for her. Then she said, "It has come."

"What has come, mother dear?" asked Janet.
God has answered my prayer, darling," and

Mrs. Craig held Janet close.

It was indeed a happy day for Mrs. Craig, Janet, and the pale little brother, when they were driven in a nice carriage to the depot with Miss Langford. She was sending them to the home of a kind lady she said, where they must not worry and must have a good time. When they took leave of Betty she gave them a package.

Mrs. Craig thanked Betty as best she could for all of the hopes and joys which she had brought into

their lives.

When describing it to her father as she sat on the arm of his chair, Betty said, "She thanked me with sincerity in those great beautiful eyes of hers, I could hardly keep from crying."

As soon as Mrs. Craig and Janet had made Roy comfortable, they opened the package. It contained delicacies of which Janet had never dreamed. Such a lunch!

"Mama, Miss Langford is an angel," isn't she?
"Yes dear, she is God's messenger and she is fulfilling his own law of love," answered Mrs. Craig.

Oh that there were more like her.

[To be continued.]

SALLIE'S ENGLISH MAID



Here is English Mary
A pretty little maid,
Her smile is worth at least a crown
If she were to be paid.



This is little Verna Geski, of the St. Louis Sunday School of Practical Christianity. The little boy is Verna's cousin and they seem to be having a fine time together. We are sure that Verna is a true Wee because her teacher writes that she is very regular in attendance at Sunday School, and that she has a sweet voice, and sings a little song at Sunday School nearly every Sunday. Verna calls Wee Wisdom "the Christ paper."

A pretty good name, isn't it? We are glad to have Verna at our party and wish she could sing for us.

THE STORY OF THE HUMMINGBIRD

FLORENCE MASON

There are many kinds of birds but none that I like as well as the humming-bird. One of this variety called the ruby-throat, built its nest on a swaying branch of a rose bush climbing over our porch. Here it hatched its two little eggs about as large as a bean and brought out two babies, nothing but skin and bones and about as large as your little finger. These babies were continually tumbling out of their nest, for it was rather frail, as it was built of fern-moss and lichen from the elm trees. One Sunday morning I woke up early and as the wind had been blowing hard all night, I went out to see if their nest was safe. When I got out there the nest was gone, and I looked down and saw it lying on the ground about six feet below where the nest had swung. One bird was in the nest but I looked all over the ground and tried to find the other but it was no where around. So I took the nest and gave it to mama who said to put it back in its place. After breakfast mama went out and found the other bird about a foot and a half from where the nest had fallen. As it seemed all right we put it back. All next night the wind blew but mama said Love would keep care of it so I felt better. I could tell of lots of other falls they have had, but as I have no more room, I will say that they escaped them all and are now nearly ready to fly and have all their beautifully colored feathers and their beaks are nearly as long as their mother's.

EPISTLES

Zas



TOPEKA, KANS.

Dear Wees — I saw a light bug. He had a yellow tummie and a pink spot on his head. He had a little teensie weensie brown in the pink and he had a black back. When the dark did come, why the light bugs did just come a shining, and made all the kids just as happy. Margaret touched the gray bug and then it flew away off to its little sisters. I never do hurt 'um. Thur nice and everybody must be kind to 'um. Kids—'er I mean Wees. I saw a mama toad and a little

girl toad under the porch. Marie did throw at a baby toad but she wun't do that thing any more. Bernice goes with me out toad hunting. We give thum water. We don't ever hurt thum. I have whole lots o' dolly roses for everybody. Tell Lowell to come to see me tomor.cow.

JANET HUMES HARDY, (dictated to mama).

Janet has given us a very interesting description of the "light-bug." We do hope Lowell will visit her soon.—ED.

MARSHVILLE, N. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I like you very much. I like to read your little stories. Mama gave me a hen when she was quite small, and now she is grown and has eight little chicks. I like "Blanche's Corner" because it is my mama's name. Would be glad to hear from any of the little Wees. I live in the country and in a lonely place. Well, I will close for fear of crowding some one out, from your little Wee.

MELVINA DOBBS.

NUCLA, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I hope I am not too late for the birthday number. I bring a story which I hope you will like. I would have sent it in earlier had I got it written in time, but I trust I will see it in the columns of my cherished little paper. I wish also to join in congratulating Blanche. I know she will be very happy and I am glad she is not going to forsake Wee Wisdom. I wish we could see Royal in Wee Wisdom more than we do. Hoping all of your birthdays will be as happy as this one. I remain your Wee Winnie Rowley.

Winnie's story is very well written, but part of it had to be left over, it was so long. Wee Wisdoms, you know, should not dwell upon the dark side of things. Tell only of the good and true,—ED,

Togo, SASK., B. C.

Best wishes to all Wees and Blanche and Mr. Haseltine. Your loving little Wee, CLARA WAGER.

Togo

I hope this posta! will get there in time for the Birthday Party. The July number is very nice. I like WEE WISDOM very well. From your loving Wee. VIRGIE WAGER.

Two beautiful post cards were received with the above letters, but owing to the colors were not capable of reproduction.— Ep.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR WEE WISDOM—A little line to thank the editor for publishing my letter, and also to thank her for the congratulations and kind wishes. I won first prize \$75.00 and also a place in the grand prize list. I enclose a little poem, "The Mist," which I hope will please the Wee readers. I write a great deal in verse and will send you others. Hoping to hear from you soon. Most sincerely yours,

H. DOROTHY DAMBMANN.

We are glad Dorothy is having such success, and are sure it will continue. Her little poem appears in another part of WEE WISDOM.— ED.

LONG BEACH, CAL.

Dear Wee Wisdom — This is my first letter to you and I want you to put my letter in with the Wee Wisdom birthday party, which will be in August. I go to Sunday School every Sunday, my teacher is awful nice, her name is Miss Blake. I have a little pet kitten her name is Dolly. I also have two canary birds. With love to all the little Wees. Yours sincerely Flora Rose.

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILLS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write you a letter; this is the second time I have written to you. I like the stories in WEE WISDOM very much, and especially the "Wee Wisdom Club." I was promoted at school and hope that all the Wees were too. I hope that all

the Wees will have a good time this vacation. Next year I will be in grade 3. The teacher of that grade was liked by all the children that were in her room last term. What I am sending with this letter is for Miss Blanche. New I must close because if I write any more I may crowd some other little boy or girl out. Many more happy birthdays for Wee Wisdom. Love and best wishes for my dear Miss Blanche. Your little friend.

EMMA J. KLOSTERMANN.

Mrs. Blanche thanks Emma very much indeed for the pretty wedding present.— Ep.

VALMEYER, ILLS

DEAR WEE WISDOM AND WEES-As I have not written for a long time I thought I would write and let you know that I am well and hearty, and hope the same of you, I said hope, but should have said know you are all well, for with God there is no sickness. I enjoy reading WEE WISDOM very much, especially the "Wee Wisdom Club," and "Blanche's Corner." I wish Blanche and her mate Charles, a long, happy and prosperous life, and hope they will stay with us to help WEE WISDOM along. I also wish WEE WISDOM a happy birthday, and many returns of the day. I am a reader of WEE WISDOM, so I thought I would write. I will be 17 years old next month, but I think I am not too old to spend time in writing you a letter, or to sit and read a while of the love, truth, harmony and peace you teach us. My sisters and prothers all like WEE WISDOM very much, even my little two year old sister, Eleanora, likes to sit in a corner and look at all the loving pictures and happy faces in it. Our cousin, Oscar Goldsmith, who has been an invalid for about three years, has joined the Christian Science Club and is getting along nicely. I think I will have to close for I do not want to crowd out any Wees. So with best regards and happy wishes from parents, brothers, sisters and cousins. I will remain your loving Wee. ANNIE SCHELLHARDT.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my first letter to you, I like you very much. I like best of all to read the letters and next to that to read about the "Wee Wisdom Club." I am eleven years old and have no brothers and sisters, but I have a dear little dog named Betty. Some other time I will send you her picture. Wishing you a happy birthday.

SARAH D'ANCONA.

TITUSVILLE, FLA.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — This is my first letter. I am 17 years old, and have no mother, she left us 8 years ago. I am staying with my father and blind brother. The WEE WISDOM is very nice, and lovely pieces in it. It is very nice to read to brother who can not go out doors like any other boys. My home is lovely and I have a large flower garden, and it is just full of flowers. I take some to some of my friends every night. Best regards to all the little Wees. I am a new friend.

LOUISE NELSON.

TITUSVILLE, FLA.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE —I am a boy that has been blind and cannot walk for 15 years. I am 19 years old. Would be very glad if you would write to me. My sister, Louise, reads the little magazine to me and helps me. I had a stepmother, but she just stayed two months and left. My first mother has been gone eight years. I live with my father and sister. Hoping this will be put in WEE WISDOM so that all the Wees can see it. I am your loving new friend.

Henry Nelson.

A good friend has sent them WEE WISDOM .- ED,

CAMERON, Mo.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - I thought I would come to your birthday party. The ninth of June I was eleven years young and had a birthday party, too. I am going to tell you about it. O how I wish dear Mrs. Fillmore and all the big Wees and little Wee's could have been here. We served our refreshments on the lawn at small tables. We had a peanut hunt, and played all sorts of games. Our hours were from half-past two till half-past five, but we all had such a good time they stayed till six. Little sister Marcella and I are planning to have a fine time tomorrow. We have lots of fire works, but will not enjoy them as much as if our dear papa was with us, but he is away off in Southern Texas. A little bird whispered to me the other day that our dear Blanche had taken a big boy to raise. I am glad she isn't going to desert her "Corner," for I like it so much. I will now close by wishing Mr. and Mrs. Charles Haseltine much joy and WEE WISDOM many happy birthdays. Love to dear Mrs. Fillmore and all the Wees. MARGARET BULKLEY.

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is the first letter I have ever written yon. I began to take WEE WISDOM at Christmas and I like the stories very much. I am writing to wish WEE WISDOM

many happy returns on her birthday. I enclose a little story about some humming birds who built on our porch. Mama is going to let me belong to the Audabon Society for the prevention of cruelty to birds. I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade at school. Please give my love to all the little Wees. Your loving Wee FLORENCE MASON.

OUR DADEVILLE VISITORS

DADEVILLE, Mo.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would like to be present at your birthday party. I have never been present before. I like to read the "Wee Wisdom Club." I think it very nice, and all the little stories and verses, and I love to read "Blanche's Corner." I will send WEE WISDOM a little story for a birthday present:

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

Once there was a little girl who lived with her mother and father near a branch, and she used to play in the atream and gather flowers along the banks, and watch the squirrels carry nuts and listen to the birds sing. She loved the woodland very much. Her parents were poor and she hadn't many playmates. One day she was wandering along in the woods, and gathering flowers when she met another girl who lived not far from her home, but they never played together, and so they passed on without speaking to each other. The little girl whose parents were poor was named Nellie and the other was Alice. So when Nellie had wandered far down the river, she turned and started back towards the house. She was almost home when she heard a splash in the water and saw Alice in the water. She had started to cross on a limb and it had broken. Nellie ran to the spot and saw Alice sinking in the water, She got down and pulled her out and put her on the bank, pretty soon Alice opened her eyes and saw Nellie there beside her, and she got up and threw her arms around her and kissed her and told her how much she thanked her. Ever after they were good friends and played together, and when Alice had parties or anything Nellie was always invited.

Yours with love from

MISS GRACE ORTLOFF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought I would write you a few lines I love the little stories in Wee Wisdom, and the little verses t.o. I love to read the little letters. I am watching and waiting for Wee Wisdom every month, and I love the little stories. I love to pick the pretty flowers. I love to hear the birds sing. I love to find the pretty birds nest. I love to have a pet cat. I like lots of pets. I guess I will close for this time. From your loving friend.

SOPHIA ORTLOFF.

DEAR WRE WISDOM—I like to pick flowers. I like to read Wee little verses. I like to hear the birds sing. I like a pet cat. They are cutting oats. I wanted my letter there for the birthday party I guess I will close for this time from your loving little friend.

LILLIE ORTLOFF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I take my pen in hand to write you a letter. I like to pick flowers. They are done cutting wheat. I like to hear the birds sing. I like to have a pet cat. I like to read little letters in WEE WISDOM. I wish you would send me a card like you use to Verdie and Grace and Jack. You never did send me a card. I like a pet cat. I love a brown chicken. I guess I will close for this time. From your loving friend

IOY ORTLOFF.

We are glad to welcome our Dadeville friends again.-ED.





DEAR WEE WISDOM — Theodore Fillmore and I have come to visit you again. He has got to be a big fine boy, graduated from the kindergarten, and is now ready for the primary. He has enjoyed the beautiful stories, songs; and games he learned at kindergarden, and has got to be quite an athlete. He won a prize for running and jumping and was so happy. He has his school pennant and has gone with me

to the athletic meets and enjoyed them as much as the bigger boys and girls. Theodore took his grandmother the other day to

the country and while there a little squirrel came and ate out of his hand. he had
such a good time playing teeter-totter,
and in the swing with his little cousins.
They had lovely peaches also. Theodore and I wish the Wees could have
been to our Unity picnic on the Fourth.
Lowell, Emma and Augusta got up
such fine original games. They had
races for everyone, both large and
small, and they had bean bag games
too. The winner in each game re-



ceived a prize. Then our good mothers gave us the most delicious dinner with plenty of lemonade. We all had a good time in the swings and then came home in the cool of the evening. Our picnic is always held at Budd Park. I remain your sincere friend.

Tessie Evelyn Wallace. MOUNTAIN-VIEW-VIA-LOMA-NEVADA.

My-Dear-Wees - A-Happy-birth-Day-to-all - The-last-time-I wrote-to-you-my-mama-held-my-hand - Now-I-can-write-alone - I think-it-is-lots-of-fun-to-hitch-the-letters-together-Don't-you?-I-am 7-years-young - I-am-learning-to-read-out-of-WEE-WISDOM-and-I love-to-read- the-letters- from-the-Wees-and-all-the-pretty-storiesand-Blanche's-Corner-too-I-have-a-big-Dog-named-Jack-one-Day he-Was-playing-With-an-old-Salmon-can-and-barking-at-it-so-I picked-it-up-and-What-Do-you-think-Was-in-it?-a-little-squirrel had-shut-him-self-in-there — We-put-him-in-a-box-and-gave-him Something-to eat-and-he-felt-better - But-Squirrels-are-not-Happy in-boxes- So-When-Papa-Came-home-at-night-We-took-the-box-out in-the-sage-brush-and-let-him-go-away-to-run- Happy-and-free --- I think- he-told- his- brothers -and -his- Sisters -about- lack- and -me-There-are-some-Wild-flowers-out-here-on-The-desert-I-love-God's Gift-of-The2Flowers --- When-they-are-in-bud-I-build-a-ltttle-rock pile-to-tell-where- to-find- them - I-am-the-only- little-boy-here- just now-but-when-I-hear-of-my-little-friends- being-seemingly-sick- I send-them-a-little-paper-pillow-and-put-some-health-verse-on-it With-my-crayons --- I-will-close -with- Love- thoughts- For-all-From your-Loving-Wee DONALD-VALENTINE-STRANDBERG.

P. S. Billikin-wants-to-come-to-the-party-too-if-there-is-room I-had-help-in-making-him. D. F. S.

Yes, Donald, it is fun to hitch the letters together, and your Billiken bears a happy message. Donald's Pillow is on the back of this number.—Ed.



CASEYVILLE, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Enclosed you will find fifty cents for the renewal of WEE WISDOM. I think it is the loveliest magazine ever published. I am thirteen years young and will enter the eighth grade at school next fall. I have two miles to walk to school. I enjoyed the Fourth of July very much this year and hope you did too. I will close with

love to all of the Wees.

ANNA STOLLE.

P. S. I will send you a photo of my little brother, Johnnie. I also send a little verse which I think is very nice. A. S.

If wisdom ways you'd wisely seek. Five things observe with care, Of whom you speak, to whom you speak, And how, and when, and where." TYABB, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM - I thought I would write to you to night, and tell you about the prize I won at Somerville. It was a spelling bee competition for the school children; the one that spelled the most words correctly got first prize, seven shillings and six pence. Tyabb School and Somerville school children tried for it. There was forty including both schools. When I went into the hall my teacher came up to me and said, Elsie you have no show tonight against all these big boys and girls; with that, the Somerville children said, we will not let the Tyabb children have any show at all tonight; with that, I thought to myself, God never failed me, and I shall be victorious. I then took my place with the other children on the stage, at half past eight, and we were spelling till half-past eleven, and at that hour I won the prize with honor and cheers from everyone, as I was the smallest upon the stage. My teacher was very pleased with me. I have been wishing for a letter from some of the American Wees for some time, and I was delighted to get a nice letter all the way from Colorado, which I have answered tonight. My sister Rose is coming home at Easter, and she is writing a story for you. My sister Ellen has completed some beautiful hats, and all the ladies think her a perfect milliner. This is the autumn season in Australia - the mushroom season. I think I shall close now, with best love to you all, Your little Wee. ELSIE FOLEY.

Elsie proved that little girls are sometimes mighty, and that she uses her knowledge of the truths. Of course her teacher was pleased.



SANDY POINT. MAINE.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would come to the birthday party, and bring with me a bunch of daffodils as I have plenty in my garden. My home is in the Pine Tree state, and I had WEE WISDOM given to me for a Christmas gift, I like it very much. I remain lovingly, your little Wee

THELMA SEGER.

P. S.—My birthday comes this month (June) and I will be eleven years old.

DAYTON, TENN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM —I have just won a prize from the St. Nicholas Magazine and have decided to spend part of it for the Wee Wisdom Library of six volumes, which I see advertised in our little magazine. Enclosed please find One Dollar (\$1.00) the price of the Library. Will some one please tell me how old or how young is WEE WISDOM? I have been a subscriber for three years only. Now I have been thinking about the birthday number, as many of you have, and I am going to propose to all the Wees that we ask as a special favor that Mrs. Fillmore will give us her picture on the first page of the August number. All the Wees who are in favor of this, say "I," and let Lois and Sallie whisper it to Blanche, who helps us in her "Corner." I hope to meet you all at the birthday party. Your loving Wee.

WEE-WEE BENHAM.

Wee-Wee seems to be making good use of her prize. Wee Wisdom is celebrating her 15th birthday.—ED.



TILLAMOOK, ORE.

DEAR WEZ WISDOM — This is my first letter to you. I am a happy Wee, for my mother gave it to me. I am 15 years young. I am going to send a picture to the dear Wees. I am taking drawing lessons. My mother takes Unity. I live on a ranch two miles from town, we have 160 of land. I must close my letter for this time. I am sending my best regards to all the dear Wees. As I remain your loving Wee. RUTH FRASER.

Enclosed you will find to cents to help WEE WISDOM along

VANCOUVER, B. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I am seven years old, I have no brothers or sisters, but I often wish for one. I have a pussy cat, and a garden of my own, with pansies and roses in it. Though I live in Canada, I am a native daughter

of the golden west, for I was born in Alameda, Cal. I like WEE Wisdom very much. I send love and best wishes to all the little Wees. I will write again soon, I am your little Wee,

JOYCE HAWLEY.

SEATTLE, WASH.

DEAR WEES—I wish all of you could be at the Fair. The Eskimos are the most interesting to me, and maybe you would like to hear a little about them.

They are a queer race of people, the shade of a Jap, har ly, jolly, modest and quiet till they know you, and then they never forget you. They wear their hair cut very close to the head, except around the edge and leave it hang about two inches long. The girls never seem to laugh. They work hard and steady. They know no time for they have nine months day and three months night. They have no religion, worship no idol, or image, or god, and think no one is greater than themselves. They have no alphabet, but have great ideas of right and wrong. Not a thing grows in their country except a few dots of vegetation below the Arctic Circle. These people depend on animals for clothing, fuel, light and food. The animals are the polar bear, seal, whale, walrus, and reindeer. These are the Alaskan and Siberian Eskimos. The Labrador Eskimos are short, stout, and queer people also. They bob their hair off at the ear, and dress in seal skin only. They live in the northern part of Labrador. Columbia, born at the Columbian Exposition, was christened by Mrs. Potter Palmer. Columbia is the prettiest Eskimo girl in the world, and challenges the world with a twenty-five foot whip. The whip is made of walrus skin, the tips of seal skin being very strong and durable. The whip is used in guiding the large team of dogs. The Eskimos live in a snow house nine months of the year, and the other months in skin houses. They have nine months day and three months night, going to bed and getting up when they want to. Their boats are made of walrus hide, very tough, and if you drive a hole through the skin with a nail, it will heal right over, and therefore will not leak. There is not a nail or screw used in the construction of the boats. They are known as the kiacks, komeacks, and sailor boat. They are made so as not to tip over. It takes from seven to ten years to find enough wood to make a boat. One of their boats holds from thirteen to thirty, people, and about eight tons of goods besides. WILL BELL.



FAIRFAX, Mo.

DEAR WEE WISDOM-

Enclosed you will find a little Wee, who, I hope will not be too late to attend your party. He is three now, but was two years old when the picture was taken. He placed a tin funnel on the spout of a small oil can—then laid a little round tin can on top and said: "Mama come see my phonograph." He

enjoys the little paper so much. With love to all the other Wees and best wishes to your paper, from

NEWELL GREEN, (per mama).

SOMERS, CONN.

Dear Wee Wisdom — This is my first letter to you. I am eight years old I am visiting my grandmother. She lives in Somers, Conn. I live in Oak Lawn, R. I. I like Wee Wisdom very much. My aunt, Hattie Schoepf, gave it to me for my Christmas present. I learn most all the little verses in it each month. I have a pet dog and his name is Prince. Your loving little Wee,

KANSAS CITY, MO,

Dear Wee Wisdom — We belong to the infant class of the Unity Society of Practical Christianity Sunday School. We want to come to your birthday party. Our teacher is Mrs. Edith Haseltine. We had a picnic at Budd Park the fifth of July, and had such a good time playing games and eating under the shady trees on the green grass. Everyone was given a badge with Unity on it and also a flag. We wish that all the Wees could have been with us. We send all the Wees in all the world loving thoughts. "We love everybody and everybody loves us." Wee Wisdom comes to visit us once a month and we are so glad to see you. We

fold you in our arms with delight. This is our first letter but our teacher says we shall write again. Frank Eaton, Bert Eaton, Vaugn Seidel, Paul Jones, Lucile Gregory.

BENSON, NEB.

Dear Mr. Thompson—I received your letter, and the Wee Wisdom dooks Thursday; but being so taken up with studies it was very nearly impossible for me to write before today. You cannot imagine how I eljoy the Wee Wisdom dooks, because there are so many pretty ideas and thoughts in them. Friday the studies at school were rather hard, and after school I dug a little garden, so by evening I did not feel very well; so I sat down and began to read Wee Wisdom, and by bed time I felt so happy and so well that I had a fine night's rest. I like Wee Wisdom so well that mother is going to get it for me. Mother is so glad that you told me about it, for she is very anxious that I shall get interested in that line. Even mother and Margarete read Wee Wisdom, and enjoy it very much. I thank you very much for sending the letter and magazines to me. I remain, your friend,

KARIN LILJENSTOLPE, (12 years old.)

This letter was sent in by the friend addressed, in May.-ED.



Sent in by Margaret Etsmeter.

Won't some of the Wees tell us what story the picture tells them,



BLANCHE'S BIBLE LESSONS.



Lesson 5-August 1

CLOSE OF PAUL'S SECOND MISSIONARY JOURNEY —
Acts 18:1.22.

Golden Text — In the world ye have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.—John 16:33.

The story today tells about how much trouble Paul had when he was telling the people of Corinth the truth, but he came out victorious. Have you noticed that he always did? That was because he believed in the truth he was teaching.

Now in the missionary journeys that we are taking, sometimes we will come across some untrue thoughts that do not seem to want to go away. Then we have to hold on to the true thoughts a little more steadily. Remember, Paul never gave up what he knew was true. We must cling to the truth as Paul did and our missionary journey will be crowned with success.

Lesson 6 - August 8

PAUL'S INSTRUCTIONS TO THE THESSALONIANS—I. Thess. 5:12-24.

Golden Text — See that none render unto any one evil for evil; but alway follow after that which is good.

— I. Thess. 5:15.

In this lesson we learn some of the things Paul said to the people. We have been reading that Paul taught the truth, but today we learn exactly what he said. In the first part of the Golden Text Paul says that we shall not give evil for evil, but we need not think much about that, if we will just learn the last part of the text and practice it. "always follow that which is good." Isn't that a pure statement? If we always follow that which is good we will never see anything else, so there is no danger of our returning evil, since no evil will come to us. We will get nothing but good and give only good.

Just think how much good came of Paul's missionary journeys. He taught the people of that day, and today we are learning from his sermons. One of the best of his lessons is this one: "Always follow that which is good." Remember it and profit by it.

Lesson 7 - August 15

PAUL'S THIRD MISSIONARY JOURNEY—EPHESUS.—
Acts 18:23-19-22.

GOLDEN TEXT — The name of Lord Jesus was magnified.—Acts 19:17.

We have been studying about Paul, and how he told the people the true way to live, but in this lesson we are told that he could heal people too. That does not seem so wonderful to us, because we know that all of God's children have the power to heal if they will but take it.

When we get far enough along in our journeys through our mind and body, and have the unreal thoughts converted into true strong ones, then we can heal ourselves and everyone around us, just as Paul did.

Lesson 8-August 22

PAUL'S THIRD MISSIONARY JOURNEY—THE RIOT IN EPHESUS—Acts 19:23-20:1.

Golden Text—And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee; for my power is made perfect in weakness.—2 Cor. 12:9.

This is another lesson that shows how hard it is to get old ideas out of people's minds. The people of Ephesus worshipped a Goddess named Diana These were men who made their living by making shrines of silver for Diana, and when Paul commenced to preach about Jesus, these men were very angry. They knew that if the people gave up the worship of Diana they would not want any shrines. So they all got together and shouted with all their might—"Great is Diana of the Ephesians," but that did not make the truth any different, and Paul went right on talking of Christ.

There are many people today who are shouting that sin and sickness and such unreal things are true, but all the time we know that only the good is true. Let us be sure that we do not join the crowd who believe in unreal things. Let us keep our minds always full of good true thoughts.

Lesson 9 - August 29

PAUL ON CHRISTIAN LOVE,-I. Cor. 13:1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT - But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love .- I. Cor. 13:13.

Today we have one of the greatest lessons in the whole Bible - the lesson of love. Of course the Bible is full of lessons on love, but this is one of the best. Love, you know, is the greatest thing in the world, and through it we can do anything. Paul knew this too, and so he said that while faith and hope were mighty, love was the best of all. If we have love, we will have faith and hope, too.

Now, Paul thought the people wouldn't understand just what love meant, so he told them. He said: "Love rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things; hopeth all things, endureth all things; love never faileth."

Let me tell you about those last three words. There is magic in them if we know how to use them. You would be surprised how many things you can use them for: They're health, happiness and wealth, all in a nutshell. Make them yours and learn to use them.

THE MIST

H. DOROTHY DAMBMANN

All night I dream and listen To the tale of the fair south wind. All night I watch the blue stars glisten. And the gray mist slowly spin.

It starts on the peak of yonder hill, And ends in a streak of gold; It bends to the whispering little stream I would that I were the streamlet,

To tell its secrets of old.

I would that I were a sunbeam Then I would clear you away, Then I could kiss you good day.

But I am only a little fellow, Just as small as can be. And I can't drive you away cold mist So you must go 'way from me.

Blanche's Corner.



Here I am back again. I had a fine vacation, and I know you enjoyed it as much as I did because you were so well entertained.

Didn't Royal think he was bright, slipping in while I was away? He was right about one thing though—The 'Corner" is going to be the same old place and I will talk

to you in the same way every month. Of course there is a new partner, but he is to be a silent one, helping in a quiet way, "the man behind," you know. I wish you could all have been with me in the Ozarks. The mountains were literally covered with wild roses. Their pink faces peeped at us from every nook and corner. It seemed as though they all burst forth to give us a message of love. So I just took all the love I could carry and brought it home to give to you at the birthday party.

By the way, the party is a great success. There are so many happy faces and bright words; WEE WISDOM is very proud of her little guests.

Ye Royal Editor and I thank you all for coming and feel sure you are having a pleasant time.

A little boy said that he didn't see what made Satan act so, for he didn't have any devil to put him up to it.—Selected.



Come, Ye Wees, one and all, large and small, young and younger, short and tall! Come and let's celebrate the fifteenth birthday of WEE WISDOM!

For fifteen years WEE WISDOM has called monthly at the homes of those who answered her knock and bade her enter. These beautiful years of joyous life have been spent in striving to bring the great sunshine of life into the hearts of all the children who listened to

her. Many of have grown are the proud fathers of a tion of Wees. to live? trade this world full of shine, flowers clouds for Perhaps you this world as



our little Wees
up, and now
mothers and
new generaIsn't it great
Would you
beautiful
birds, sunand soft fleecy
any other?
may not think
beautiful as

one you picture in fancy, but if you will but look through the "happy window," all things will appear to you in their true beautiful light. And what is this happy window? The "happy window" is the window of happiness which is often called Love. Have you ever noticed how nice everything acts when you see the good and true side of it only? How, when your little playmates are cross and you are kind to them, they forget their crossness and break into sunshine? The world is just as beautiful as you make it, and WEE WISDOM'S world is more beautiful than any fairy realm that ever lived in books or fancy.



Young folk's Magazine Devoted to Practical Christianity.

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

MYRTLE FILLMORE, Editor.
BLANCHE SAGE HASELTINE, Associate Editor.

so cents a year.

Foreign Subscription, 3 shillings a year

5 cents a copy

Published on the first of each month by
UNITY TRACT SOCIETY.
913 Tracy Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter

August, 1909

WEE WISDOM'S BIRTHDAY GREETING

\$\\displays\

Another birthday rolls around,
And I m as young as ever;
Birthdays bring nothing but joy to us
When we learn to grow old—never.
Let's grow together in health and joy,
In wisdom and happiness,
Learning in lessons of love and truth
That life is made to bless.
I bid you welcome, every one,
For I'm just brimming with joy,
And we're going to give a lot of it
For every girl and boy.

IF THERE IS A BLUE MARK at the end of this notice, it is because you have forgotten to invite WEE WISDOM to continue her visits to you. You must not miss her this year, for she has planned many new treats for her readers, great and small.

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



