WEE WISDOM

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

> OCTOBER, 1909 KANSAS CITY, MO.

MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

For Twentieth Century Boys and Girls



Tom, Tom the baker's boy
Found a dog and named him Joy;
When Tom would call the dog would
mind,

And both were gentle, true and kind.

-- L. H. H



VOL. XV.

OCTOBER, 1909

No. 3.

THE VIOLET

H. DOROTHY DAMBMANN

Violet of a purple hue, Blossom of a turquoise blue. Violet, sweet, demure and shy Like a misty, dewy sky. Violet nestling in a dell, What new secret can you tell? Violet like a teardrop bright, Kissed by morning, noon and

Violet born of evening glow, Loved by sun and wind and snow; Heart of gold, leaves of blue, Violet, dear, I love you!

Some More About Our Happy Time at Catalina Island

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT

We had a Sunday School class of about four children every Sunday, and I am now going to tell you what a droll sight I saw from our door Sunday morning.

It had rained hard all of the day before, and was still raining, so when I looked out this is the living picture that was presented to my eyes.

I saw Arthur stepping carefully over puddles and in his arms fat little Donald clinging to his neck. Donald's brother, Gerald, was along, too, and heading the procession, umbrella clutched in one hand, came Miss Dorothy, nine years of age, on her other arm, lifted high, Teddy Bear surveyed the world. He was almost as big as brother Donald.

The children took off their rubbers on the front porch, leaned the umbrella against a post, and then stepped into our little parlor, where there was a nice fire burning in the little stove. So tiny was that stove that a gentleman upon seeing it, had declared it would "only do for a watch charm," but we thought that it charmed the room into warmth and comfort; so it was easy to give the children a lesson about the God that is all love, and warms and blesses his children everywhere with good gifts.

I don't remember Teddy Bear's having recited any verses or saying anything in particular, though he was a very well-behaved Teddy and sat up very straight on the lounge. But I do remember that the children each had a verse and some good thing to tell.

Those were happy Sundays, with warmth inside and beautiful sunshine or rain that gives itself to the plants and flowers outside.

Catalina is an island of hills, and how beautifully green those hillsides become under the steady downpour of rain.

The sheep and little lambs ran all over the hills, while on another side of the island were many goats; these latter we did not see. As all of these animals were sadly in need of food, they all must have bleated out their thanks to the Almighty One that sent them the sweet new herbage.

One day we gathered up all the dolls and piled them into a good-sized basket, with two apples and some crackers. We then went for Esther. She was soon ready to accompany us with her dolly-child, Mary Jane, and delighted to go.

So Esther's dolly joined the others in the basket, and away went the little party merrily tripping down the road and then over the stile into the beautiful meadow where the sheep browse, and where some times the boys play baseball.

Here we seated ourselves on the soft new grass

under a tree. The dolls were taken out of their basket, and they, too, took a seat and were as charming as all well-behaved dolls should be, sitting up like little ladies.

Esther had Estelle in her lap when we spied running toward us a dear fair-haired little girl.

"Tee Mabel!" said Estelle, pointing a cunning finger.

Esther meant, "See Mabel," for she has a funny little way of beginning some words with a T. Mabel was soon seated on the grass beside us eager to play with the dollies. Her mother followed slowly behind. "Yes," Mabel might stay, and Mabel's young auntie came then from across the meadow to remain with Mabel, while the mama went off up the hillside to look for mushrooms.

The kodak, which we had with us, would not obey, so it had to be taken to the photographer for treatment, to be reminded that it knew how to do its work well. Lady Helen offered to go with it, and Aunt Mary and the children awaited her return.

With that kodak we took three pictures that should have been good, for the children sat still and we are very sure the dollies did not move, but the poor kodak must have felt very much out of working order, maybe ill, for the photographer could not make it feel well, so he afterwards exchanged it for another which does beautiful work, but of that pleasure party we have no picture to show.

I hear some little girl ask, "But who ate the apples and crackers?"

Esther and Mabel and the dollies, of course.

We could tell you many, many stories of those good times at Avalon, but this is quite a long enough talk for this time, so here is my love for you all.



THE WEE WISDOM CLUB

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER.



CHRISTMAS GIFTS AND HONORARY MEMBERS

A big pile of red-cheeked apples, piled high beneath the Baldwin tree; several boxes, a heap of excelsior and seven very busy children — that is what the slanting rays of the setting sun fell upon, as he looked beneath the almost leafless branches of the orchard trees.

"That Wee Wisdom Club is the busiest set of people I pass in my twenty-four hours. They will keep me settin' here all evening just because the day isn't long enough for them to finish their work. Now that my friend, Dr. Cook, has found the North Pole, I suppose these blessed children will be wanting to make a journey there and take in the sights!" and the old red sun fairly blazed with good nature over such a proposition.

Willie Monk and Robert Wilson had gone three errands for the groceryman in pay for the three clean apple boxes standing in a row, ready now to be filled with the fruit that Oregon is most proud of—the perfect apple.

"These apples are the kind Oregon sends to Europe for the kings and queens to eat," Sallie was saying.

"They aren't any too good for me to eat," answered Robert, his strong white teeth biting into the lucious fruit; "I'd rather be president any day than a king. When I'm president this is the kind of ap-

ples I'll eat; but I'll not wait until then, I'll begin right now."

"This is the kind that President Taft will eat this winter; they have already been ordered for him, and he has got to pay twenty-five cents a piece for them," said Margaret. "Your father was awfully generous, Sallie and Lois, to give us three whole boxes of them."

"Well, I guess we worked good and hard for them," answered Lois, "Sallie and I washed and dried the dishes every day for two weeks, and three times every day, while Josephine was away on her vacation. Father said we could have three boxes of the best apples on the place if we'd do it, and not bother mother about it; so we selected Baldwins, we think they are the best."

"Where did you get the excelsior?" asked Willie.

"I unpacked a barrel of dishes for ma; she said if I'd do it carefully I could have the excelsior for our apples," answered Nellie.

Each member of the Club (except Max) had a soft rag and gently polished the fruit until it was as smooth and glossy as a beautiful apple can be. Then into the boxes they were packed, with a piece of tissue paper around them, and each layer rested upon a thin bed of excelsior, so as not to bruise the ones beneath.

Willie and Robert nailed the top on the boxes with great care, while Margaret and Sallie tacked on cards, telling who the gifts were for. Of course they were Christmas gifts; as there was no money in the treasury the Club had to work, else the time would slip by, and Christmas would come, and as Robert said, "There'd be nothin' doin!"

Each day the children gathered a few pine cones to add to the pile already filling one end of the woodshed; all of their friends were to have a gift of a basket full of them for their Christmas fire; a handful thrown on top of the burning logs would fill the house with that pleasant pine odor so much a part of Christmas time; but the cones must be gathered before the fall rains soak them.

Margaret had cut and seeded prunes two whole days, for her mother had promised her a third of all that came out of the drier, and the Club were to pack them in candy boxes (or any small boxes they could get). Each box was to be a gift to one of the orphan girls living at the "Home" across the river. "You just ought to see them; the prunes I mean, not the girls," said Margaret, "they are just as sweet as candy, and seem almost like jelly,"

"Our old treasury can stay empty for all I care," said Lois, "I think our gifts will be lots nicer than

any we could buy."

"That's what they will," Robert said. "Dad said I could have a sack of potatoes if I'd dig 'em,

but I haven't got at it yet."

"Ma said she'd make me a gingham apron to give away, if I'd not forget to put my own on every evening when I came home from school from now till Christmas time; but how I hate to wear aprons!" sighed Mildred.

"Ma is going to give me six glasses of quince jelly when she makes it, if I pick the quinces and get her glasses washed and ready for her use," Nellie smiled proudly, "cause ma's jelly took the prize at the County Fair, and ma says her jelly is just right, if she says it, who shouldn't!"

"My dad is going to give me a half a cord of

wood if I chop all mother needs without being told to," and Willie looked as if he didn't intend to be "told."

So they talked and planned as they worked away, and the old sun sank hours in the West, and the soft home-coming cowbells blended their notes with the twittering birds and dry rustling leaves.

"Sallie, you were to think of something that would interest our honorary members. What is it?" asked Margaret.

Sallie looked uncomfortable; she seldom failed in any work assigned her; "Well, to tell you the truth, I just can't think of anything they would like. Of course we ought to have some rules, or a constitution that they could sign, and I'll write one out for next meeting if you say so, but I couldn't think of any game or anything like that, that would really be nice for us all."

"You had better get up some rules," answered Margaret, "but we must do something else beside that. Can't any of you think what it could be?"

"Tell'em about our Christmas gifts," suggested Robert.

"Yes, but some of 'em live in the city and don't have no chance to get the things we do," remainded Nellie. "So that wouldn't do no good — any good, mean."

"I've thought and thought," sighed Sallie, "and they are so nice to us! here is Margaret Epeneter who would write to us, and Frances Sutter wants to join the Club, and all the others, and here we are 'seven strong' and not a single thought among us!"

Lois looked a little embarrassed, "Mother and I have a game that might do," she said.

"Well for gracious sake tell us what it is!" exclaimed Sallie and Margaret in the same breath.

"It's a secret between mother and me, but I'l go ask her if I may tell," and away ran Lois, while the others looked after her in surprise.

"Do you know what it is?" they asked Sallie.

"Haven't an idea," she told them, "I never heard of it before."

"In a moment back came Lois, her eyes bright, but an humble sweet little look about them that always made its way to everyone's heart, for Lois was a girl of many friends.

"Now listen," she began, "this game is called 'It,' and you can play it all by yourself, or you can play it with as many people as know about it. Whenever things go wrong, when you ought to do something that you don't want to do, when your lessons are hard, or your mother don't fix your hair the way you want it, or folks tease you, or—oh, when things just go wrong when you want 'em to go right, then you say to yourself, 'I'm It just now,' and you'll find it the jolliest kind of a game, 'cause if you play fair, you don't dare to get cross over things any more than you would peek if you were 'It' when you play 'hide and seek,' or 'hide the thimble.'"

"It's a pretty hard game to play," said Nellie.

"Course, it's pretty hard," answered Lois, "but we aren't babies any more, are we? I guess we're big enough to play hard games; and besides that, it makes things easier right away, 'cause you say to yourself, 'I'm It,' and the first thing you know you aren't 'It' at all, and things are all 'hunky dory' again."

"And somebody else is 'It,' laughed Robert.

"No, not always, unless they let themselves be 'It,'" answered Lois.

"Did you play that game today?" asked Mildred.

"Several times;" Lois laughed as if remembering something funny, "You see, mother sent me to the store for some tomatoes, and one in the bag must have been soft, 'cause just as I was crossing the dusty road the sack tore and the tomatoes rolled every way. Some boys began to laugh, and that made me so mad, and my face got red, and I almost cried, and those horrid boys just made fun of me."

"Who were they?" demanded Robert, "and you bet I'll pounce 'em good. You just tell me who they were."

"Wait till I tell you how I played 'It,' said Lois. "Just when I was so mad I could have thrown one of those dusty old tomatoes at the boys, I thought of the game, and I said to myself, 'Well, I'm It, sure enough this time, and that made me laugh, and when the boys saw I didn't care, they came and helped me pick up the tomatoes, and one of 'em went back to the store and got a fresh bag. Then I liked the boys because they helped me, and we all had a good laugh."

"And we ate dusty tomatoes for our lunch," said Sallie.

"That's when you were 'It,' " giggled Lois.

"It seems like a fine game to me," said Margaret, "I can play 'It' when I have to darn my stockings. How I hate that job!"

"I'll play I'm 'It' when I have to chop the wood," said Willie.

"And I'll be 'It' when I have to practice my music lesson," added Mildred.

"I won't promise," said Nellie, "'cause ma says practicin' is better than any preachin', but I'll try to

play 'It' when I've got to help with the dishes. That is my worst cross!"

"A cross is 'Kings X,' now you've got to be 'It!" said Sallie with a laugh, adding to Lois, "Why didn't you and mother ever tell me you were playing this game?"

"Mother said you didn't need it as much as I did cause your temper isn't as quick as mine, and you don't get mad every five minutes the way I do. And you see part of the game is, not letting anyone know you are 'It.' I'ts lots more fun that way."

"That is settled then," said Margaret. "This Club and all its honorary members will play the game of 'It' until we find something better. Now next meeting Sailie will have some resolutions or laws or rules, or something of the kind, and we will meet at our house and pack those prunes. Now it is time for our programme."

After the programme there was still time for discussion, and it was decided, that with mother's consent, letters from the Wee Wisdom members would be gladly received it written on "Club business;" that all questions in these letters would be cheerfully answered at the end of each month's Club report in the magazine (provided mother knew the answer), and that the Club would ask the editors to add a blank form in the magazine to be filled out by the girl or boy wishing to join the Club. The blank form to be sent, as well as any letters, to the following address: "Pettinger, box 75, Oswego, Ore."

"O my! it's late; I've got to hurry home or I'll catch it!" said Robert.

"Then you'll be 'It' all right," answered Lois, as away they all scampered through the orchard and out the garden gate.

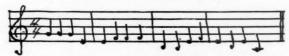
Original words and music.

MARJORIE GRACE KERR

MARJORIE'S SONG



Here is Mistress Mary She is not contrary.



She is a maid that always gets paid By a dear little fairy.

DOROTHY DUNCAN: OR THE

SARAH D'ANCONA

CHAPTER III.

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A LOST DOG

The morning after Dorothy's birthday she was hurrying towards Viola Drown's house as fast as she could go. She had so many things to tell her, as she had not seen her the day before, that she had written them on a piece of paper. The first thing was written in great big letters, "I have a little brother." She had also written down everything she had received. Another little girl was coming toward her reading a book. She was fair as Dorothy was dark. Neither one of them noticed the other, until they were both on the ground rubbing their heads.

"Why, Viola Drown!" "Why Dorothy Duncan!" Then Dorothy started in: "I got." Here Viola interrupted, "Oh, yes, what did you get?" "Well," continued Dorothy, "if you will please keep still, I will go on. I have a little brother, whose name is Philip—well, it's true," she insisted, as Viola laughed; "you can come home and see if it isn't; and I got two ponies, and a cart, and a bookcase, and a lot of books, and oh, a great many things." "Oh, Dorothy, you lucky girl, I'd love to see your things, but I was just going to your house to ask you to go down with me to the village to have an ice cream cone." "Thank you very much," answered Dorothy, "I'd love to."

"Oh, look, Dorothy," cried Viola, "at that man beating that poor little dog." Dorothy was off in a minute. "I'm going to make that man stop," she called back to the astonished Vicla. "I will fix him." In a minute she was in front of the man, "How dare you do that?" she cried, her eyes flashing, "you deserve to be put in prison and every day be flogged. What did the dog do to you?" "Well," answered the man, frightened at her tone, "he tried to eat some bread in my store." "No wonder he did, he is all skin and bone. Oh," she cried, turning to Viola, for the man had crept into the store, "just look at him, he is just like my little Bob." At the sound of Bob, the dog came creeping over and started to lick her hands, but then drew back as if afraid of a blow. "Viola," Dorothy said, "before Bob was lost, I made up a funny sort of a whistle, so the boys couldn't imitate me, and I'm going to whistle it now and prove if this dog is my Bob." She started to whistle a quaint little melody. Instantly the dog pricked his ears up, and tried to get up, but he was so weak for

want of food that he couldn't move. Dorothy said, "Look and see if on his hind leg there is a starshaped patch of white hair." Viola gently lifted up the dog's leg. "Yes," she answered, "there is." "Then," cried Dorothy, "that is my little lost dog;" and gathering him up she sped home, never once thinking of the ice cream. As she went in the back door, the cook Huldah called out to her, "Miss Dorothy, wy you taking dot doity dog into the house for?" "Yes, Huldah," Dorothy said, "he is dirty, but it is my lost dog." And never did a little dog have a better time. Dorothy even took the pillow off her own bed; then she made Huldah very mad by taking the clothes basket for him to lie in. That evening, as she sat on her father's knee in front of the cheerful fire, she remarked, "Daddy, now that I have found Bob, I am perfectly happy."

[The end,]

TWO LITTLE PAIRS

Two little pairs of boots tonight,
Before the fire are drying;
Two little pairs of tired feet
In a trundle bed are lying,
The tracks they left upon the floor,
Make me feel like sighing.
Those little boots with copper toes
They run the livelong day,
And ofttimes I almost wish
They were miles away,
So tired am I to hear so oft
Their heavy tramp at play.
—Sent in by Georgie Worler.

[&]quot;Let wisdom be your leader and courage your weapon and shield."

AN ENGINE DRIVER'S STORY

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us," said the engine driver, as he plied his oil can about and under his machine. "A queer thing happened to me about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes, and nobody hurt, either, wouldn't you? Well, I did, and I can almost cry every time I think of it. I was running along one afternoon pretty lively, when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the streets. I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly, about twenty rods ahead of me, a little girl, not more than three years old, toddled on to the track. You can't even imagine my feelings.

"There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop, or even slacken much at that distance, as the train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over; and after reversing and applying the brakes, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more. As we slowed down my fireman stuck his head out of the cab window to see what I'd stopped for, when he laughed, and shouted to me: 'Jim, look here!' I looked, and there was a big, black Newfoundland dog holding the little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt and the dog had saved her.

"My fireman thought it funny and kept on laughing, but I cried like a woman! I just couldn't help it. I had a little girl of my own at home."—Selected.



EPISTLES



DEAR WEE WISDOM — Marjorie has just received her first visit of WEE WISDOM, and the birthday number. She is so enthusiastic over it that she sat right down to compose for it. I suppose you are crowded with these busy little bees, but they all carry their little honey thoughts. I will not dampen her ambitious thoughts so will allow her to send her little compositions if it is all right. She is now composing her song. She has only had six lessons on the piano, through correspondence lessons, but could play every thing she heard as early as four and five years of age. I always hold in thought that she is God's child and deny the idea that she inherits from earthly parentage. She is extremely bright and studious, has never had medicine. I believe she will gain much in reading WEE WISDOM and I am glad such a paper is to be had for the little ones. Lovingly

MARIORIE'S MAMA.

Marjorie's Letter

WECHAWKENE HEIGHT, N. J.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I would like to join the club very much. This is the first letter I sent to you. I am 8 years old, and have something for the little book. I would like you to put it in. It is a little song I made up. It's name is "Mistress Mary." Love to al! the Wees.

MARJORIE KERR.

Here is mistress Mary. She is not contrary, She is a maid that always gets paid By a dear little fairy.

[Good for Marjorie! She goes to work like she meant to help out. She's a little honey-bee sure enough, and we're glad to have her in our hive of busy woikers. We like her drops of honey very much. You will find her little song on page 13.—ED.]

LUDLOW, MASS.

Dear Wee Wisdom —I have three brothers and five sisters, and I am the oldest of them all. I am twelve years old, and in the seventh grade. I like you very much. My friend, Mrs. Hattie M. Schoepf, gave Wee Wisdom to me for a Christmas present. My brothers and sisters like to read the stories in Wee Wisdom. We have an Indian pony and she is buff-colored. I will send her picture some other time. I should like to have some of the Wees write to me, Your loving Wee,

Shirley's Vacation

FAIRVILLE, PA.

My DEAR WEE WISDOM -As this is a rainy day I will tell about my pleasant vacation at Wilkes-Barre. Wilkes-Barre is one hundred and seventy-two miles north of Philadelphia and lies in Wyoming valley. The ride was beautiful. I became acquainted with a friend of my aunt who knew all about Wilkes-Barre, and I thank her for getting to see so much. Her name is Miss Johnson. She is very positive and does not say "maybe I will," but says "I will " and does it in her kind way. Miss Johnson asked the jailkeeper to take us through the prison. He is very kind to the prisoners and lets them have as much liberty as they are allowed. We took a trolley ride to Harvey's lake, eighteen miles north of Wilkes-Barre, and how beautiful it was. When we got there we took a boat ride around the lake. It is only ten miles around the lake but it is the largest lake in Pennsylvania. We took trolley rides to Manticoke and Scranton. Miss Johnson walked up "Giant Despair" to Prospect Rock with us and we had a beautiful view of the valley. We enjoyed it so much that we walked up the mountain again, this time to the top. "Giant Despair was originally an Indian trail and became the first American turnpike. On Decoration Day they have automobile races up the mountain. We visited the Wyoming monument and the stone marking the site of Forty Fort. The Wyoming valley, you know, is a very historical place. We visited the Historical and Geological Society and saw a great collection of Indian darts and numerous other relics. The most important thing we saw there, was the grate in which John Fell burned the first anthracite Wilkes-Barre is in the heart of the anthracite coal region. Miss Johnson made arrangements for us to be taken down into a coal mine. It is not the custom to take strangers down, but the assistant Superintendent saw how interested we were and took great pleasure in showing us around. The mine we were in is called the Redash. It is thirteen hundred feet deep and it takes three men about three hours to go through it in the morning before the workmen enter, to discover whether there is any gas in the mine. In the September number of 1908, our own WEE WISDOM told us how coal is formed. I saw the patterns of ferns and fishes on the coal at the Geological Society. They have a large engine in the mine to pump the water out and also stables. for the mules. Each miner is required to dig out fifteen tons of coal in a day, and he has a helper to load it in the cars. We did, not walk down into the mine but stepped on an elevator and were let down to a depth of seven hundred feet. We visited the Luzerne county fair, and the new court house and Masonic temple, went to church on Sundays. Everyone we met was so pleasant and kind to us. Wherever we went some one would show us around and explain things, making it as pleasant as possible. hope all the Wees had a pleasant vaction and are ready to start to work again.

Shirley Swain

LONG BRANCH, N. J.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is is my second letter to you. I like to read you very much. I like to read the "Wee Wisdom Club," and the letters that the other Wees write. I am having swimming lessons. I have had two lessons and can swim alone. My home is in East Orange, but I am spending the summer here. I will enclose a little verse that I made up the other day. With much love to all the Wees. Your little friend.

RUTH J. DEAN.

There was a little girl, and her name was Mary, She was a good little girl.

In winter she went out on her sleigh, When her mother called her in She came without delay.—R. J. D.

[WEE WISDOM thanks Ruth for traveling fare enclosed, and will be pleased to continue her acquaintance.—Ed].

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my first letter to you. I have a big dog, named Sport. Grandma reads Wez Wisdom to me. I am eight years old. I have a nice swing on my back porch. I sit in it and swing high. Wee Wisdom helped me learn my lessons in school. Your loving Wee.

Edna Gauger.

LUDLOW, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — My sister Helen takes WEE WISDOM, and I am sending a story:

The Good Fairy

There was once a poor man and his daughter Dorothy, and they lived in a little red house, two miles from any other one. He had two acres of land. Dorothy had a little white dog which she called Beauty. Dorothy was very good and kind. One day her father was ill, so she took her dog and went down the street. She met a man, he asked her if she would change the dog for two golden seeds, she said she would. He told her to plant them that day, so she did. The next day the seeds were up, and there were six golden pears on the tree. Dorothy was as happy as happy could be when she saw the tree. Every day it bore six big pears. One pear was worth a hundred dollars. In two weeks they were rich. The man who gave the seeds was a good fairy.

Your loving Wee, MABEL E. HARDY, (Age 11.)

[This story of Mable's may come true for you, if you know how to apply it. Who will be first to tell what the 'golden seed 'stands for. and how we plant it to have it bring to us great riches and good.—Ed).

EXETER, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am nothing but a child myself. A big one. I own all the children there are, and a number of my children will be your readers and subscribers. You already have Ellen Powers and Laddie Carney, soon you will have my two little H's — Helen and Horace Hayes and dear little Mary Virginia and Marshall and Leabright Denyan, all cousins, and Carroll — just a fine bunch. I live all alone with my cat. He sleeps on the roof against the chimney, he sits on a cushion and purrs a merrry song. I live in such a funny house it was half of a frame hall, it was cut in two like a sandwich. I have two rooms, I callit my ship because I have lived on ship board a good deal. I have a picture of my front room, my cabin, it may interst the



Marie Holmes Bishop's "Cabin."

Wees. I have traveled in all European countries and made the acquaintance of the children. Dear little Holland boys and girls walking home from school, knitting long blue stockings—yes, boys too. Beautiful Italian children teaching me to swim in the lovely Mediterranean. A dear Arab boy guide in Algiers, but no children are nicer than the Great American Wees. I hear Mrs. Fillmore saying, "cut it short," so I must stop. I will be glad to answer any letters any lonely little Wees want to write. Address Marie Holmes Bishop, Exeter, California. Long live Wee Wisdom. I'd like to tell you of the theatre I am getting up, all children under fifteen. Four short plays in one evening, but another time.

M. H. B.

[We shall be glad to hear more from our traveled friend, -Ep.]

SNOHOMISH. WASH.

Dear Wee Wisdom — This is my first letter to you, although I have taken you two years. I like you very much and intend to keep on taking you. I am twelve years old, and have a little sister five years old. We live close to the brick yard where they make bricks and wish all the Wees were here to see all the things they do to the clay before they make it into bricks. I hope my letter will get here in time. I am sending you a drawing of mine which



I hope you will put in Wee Wisdom. From your loving little Wee. Merle Gainer.

P. S. My address is just Merle Gainer, Snohomish, Wash. General Delivery.

APPLETON, WIS.

DEAR WER WISDOM—I have taken you since June, but this is my first letter to you. My brother who is four and my sister who is two are such jolly little babies that they ought to belong to Wee Wisdom. I am eleven and in sixth grade at school. Mother takes UNITY magazine and says it helps her, wonderfully and she never gets the doctor for us. I know this will find you well, since the Wees are never sick. I must close for I fear that I am crowding out some other little Wees. I hope to find this in next Web Wisdom. With love to all the little Wees, I remain your loving little Wee,

P. S. I enclose my favorite motto—"Speak the truth, right the wrong, and follow the Holy One."

[Margaret's motto is good. We're glad to number her little brother and sister among our Wees,—ED.]

REDLANDS, CAL.

DEAR WEES — This is my first letter to you. I live in Redlands, California, and like it fine, It's quite warm here in the summer so we went and spent a month in Long Beach. We enjoyed bathing in the ocean and lying in the sands watching the waves go in and out. I am eleven years old and I am in the fifth grade at school, I have a sister she is in the eighth grade. I have two little brothers my biggest brother is going to start to school next year. I will close now remaining as ever, yours truly,

HILMA HANSON.

BERKELEY, CAL.

DEAR LITTLE WRE—This is my first letter. I like you all very much from your little letters. I go every Sunday to Sunday School, clear from Berkeley to Alameda. It begins at 9:30 sharp.



I will send you a photo of my little sister and myself. From your loving Wee, DOROTHY V. PERCIVAL.

P. S. I am nine years of age. I am very interested in the Truth.

[Dorothy forgot to give her Street number and so may have to call at the Gen'l delivery for her extra WEE WISDOM. We are very glad to meet Dorothy and her little sister,—Eb.]

STERLING, COLO.

MY DEAR LITTLE WEES — This is your first year with me. I like you very much. I think my letter is long enough now. Send my love, from

BLOSSOM TRELE.

P. S. "Laugh and the world laughs with you."
[We're glad to have such a sweet little Blossom.—Ep.]

REDLANDS, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—As I have not written for a long time I thought I would write to you now. We just got back from Long Beach, where we spent our vacation. We had a very nice time bathing in the ocean. This picture I am enclosing was taken by



the San Pier at the beach. I am standing on the right hand side. We found a Home of Truth and a New Thought Home while there, and we attended the meetings. They were held in a private home, but were very nice. We enclose fifty cents, for which we would like Wee Wisdom to continue her visits. I have taken her ever since I was seven years old, and now I am thirteen. I will close now, so as not to crowd anyone else out. I remain as ever, your Wee,

[Wee Wisdom is glad to keep on visiting Edith and Hilma and their little brothers.—Ed.]

SEA GIRT, N. J.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I hope you will pardon my tardy acknowledgement of the pretty little Birthday numbers you sent me —I was delighted to see one of my poems in its pages, and enjoy writing for you, so much. I enclose another little poem "The Violet," which I hope to see printed, also. How would a story be for next month? With many thanks, I remain sincerely yours,

H. DOROTHY DAMBMANN.

[It will be very welcome Dorothy, if it is full of life's sunshine, Little flowers thrive not in the shadows.—Ep.]

DAYTON, TENN.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE - I come and bring with me a dear little Wee, about two and one-half years young. Her name is Julia Hayes, and she lives at Woodson Cottage, Toronto, Kansas. I enclose fifty cents for WEE WISDOM to visit her a year. The birthday number was a great success. I hope all who were present at the party enjoyed the cake. Billiken is so cute, and he certainly brought me a message of cheer. I am so glad to know the real members of the Wee Wisdom Club. I tried to guess which one of the crowd was Robert Wilson, but I couldn't, Sallie's "English Maid," is real cute. I have given several copies of the birthday number to my friends. I enjoyed the birthday party very much indeed. Tell Rick WEE WISDOM'S new dress is so pretty, and she looks so sweet cutting her birthday cake. I think Royal and Blanche are fine editors. I had a postal card from Blanche, vesterday. She does not seem a bit changed, even if she is married. I am glad she is going to stay in her "Corner." I think all the Wees will join me in thanks to you for the distinction shown us by mentioning us in the "big" UNITY. I want to tell you about the pictures Dayton (my brother) and I saw in the clouds several evenings ago. Dayton and I were out walking. We have had several hard storms lately, and we noticed the clouds more than usual. This evening the clouds were particularly varied and beautiful, with the faint evening glow on them. Dayton called my attention to a pelican, and then we saw a rabbit, a goose, and a king, and I saw Unity World with the out-spread wings. The world part was dark, and the wings white. It was so perfect that Dayton and I watched it as it slowly faded away. Much love, and best wishes for a long and prosperous year, I remain, yours in WEE WEE BENHAM. love.

[Now, that's what I call a real live letter. Wee Wee strikes out and tells things in her own bright natural way, and then, too, you will notice, she is bringing in new friends to Wee Wisson, and thus adding work to her faith. The world is full of beauty for those who have eyes to see. Wee Wee and her brother will certainly find it wherever they are.—Ed.]

CLAYPOOL, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write you another letter. It is a beautiful morning, the sun is shining but it is cold. In a week and five days I will start to school. I live a half-mile from the school house. I go to the town school. We had a storm a few days ago. It blowed lots of the trees down and blowed the apples off. So I picked them up. Well, I will write a verse this time, as I do not know any stories. I wish some of the Wees

would write to me. I would like to hear how they are getting along. With love to the Wees, and lots of love to Blanche and editor. Yours truly,

GEORGIA WORLEY.

P. S. I am going to send you a postal, and then if you tell me how many Wees there are, I will send them each a Sunday School card.

[We thank Georgia for her postal—but dear me, Georgia, you'd have a big contract to send several thousand Wees postals. I would suggest tha those who want to take up Georgia's offer write and ask for them.—Ep.]



DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I thank you for that lovely Red Leaf Unity sent me when I was sick. Our black cat, Tom kitten, has bells on his collar and he jumps up in my bed in the morning and begins to sing. I think he is a Wee Wisdom kittie, he sings so much. I like Wee Wisdom. I have tomatoes, and violets, and asters, and a good many other flowers in my garden. I send you six kisses and three hugs, and I hope I shall see you some day. Withlove from

RONALD.

OAKLAND, CAL.

My Dear Wee Wisdom—I received your letter a week ago, telling me you would have my address changed, but am sorry to tell you we are to move on account of fire. We are having nice weather here. I have been reading the little letters in the Wye Wisdom book, that I got in April. I just think I could not get along without the little book. I am so anxious for the rest of them to come, so hope to hear from you soon. I still remain your Wee,

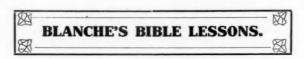
Mrs. R. B. Pulver.

MASSENA. N. Y.

Dear Wee Wisdom — This is my very first letter to you. I have taken you an awful long time. I am nine years old, and I will be in the fourth grade this fall. I like the "Wee Wisdom Club," and "Blanche's Corner." I love to read the letters from the other Wees. I used to take Little Folks, but now I take The Children's Star. I inclose fifty cents for your traveling money. I think I had better close for this time for fear of crowding some one out. With love to everyone, Catharine Clark.

P. S. I wish some of the Wees would write tome, for I love to get letters.

[WEE WISDOM is happy to continue her visits to Catherine.-Ed.]



Lesson 1- October 3

PAUL A PRISONER - THE ARREST -Acts 21:17-22:29

GOLDEN TEXT — Suffer hardship with me, as a soldier of Jesus Christ — II. Tim. 2:3.

Not long ago we learned that Paul was warned not to go to Jerusalem. He did not listen to the voice of Spirit within him, and went anyway. Today we read that he got into trouble. In Paul's time and today, just the same, people who do not stop to isten to the voice within, run off the track of divine harmony.

The Jews mobbed Paul and were going to kill him, but the soldiers took charge of him, and put him in prison. Through it all Paul was calm and trusted in the All Good to help him. Things looked very dark, and it looked as if there was a great lack of good, but Paul knew all the time that the good was his, to help him in his need, and he stood firm.

Now it isn't the divine plan that we should suffer. If we were always in harmony with the divine order of things, everything would run smoothly. But, like Paul, we sometimes forget to listen to the voice of the Christ within, and then we get out of line. But, also like Paul, we must remember that the All Good is there just the same, and claim it. Let us never waste time whining and complaining; that only makes it harder to get back. Just begin right away to say, "Only the good is true," and you will soon be on the smooth road.

Lesson 2 - October 10

PAUL A PRISONER - THE PLOT - Acts 22:30-23:35.

GOLDEN TEXT — I will say of Jehovah: He is my refuge and my fortress; My God in whom I trust. — Ps. 91:2.

Last Sunday we left Paul a prisoner and the angry mob waiting to kill him. A party of men banded together took an oath not to eat nor drink until they killed Paul. They planned to ask

the chief Captain to send Paul to the High Priest to be questioned and then on the way these men would capture him and kill him. It looked as if Paul would surely die, but a nephew of Paul heard their plan and told it to the chief Captain and to Paul. So you see the plan failed, and once more the All Good in which Paul trusted protected him.

Lesson 3 - October 17

PAUL A PRISONER - BEFORE FELIX-Acts 24:10-27.

Golden Text — Herein do I also exercise myself, to have a conscience void of offence toward God, and men alway.—Acts 24:16.

When Paul was before Felix, a judge, he said that he kept his conscience void of offence toward God. God, of course, means Good. Do we all keep our minds clear of offence toward Good?

First, let us see what an offense toward Good would be. Do some of us sometimes believe in or talk about lack of health, lack of wealth, of joy, of life, etc.? Any belief in lack, is an offense toward Good. If we have been offending the Good by belief in untruths, let us stop it right away. Let us fill our minds full of strong, pure, live thoughts of Good, and then like Paul, we can say, "Herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offense toward God."

Lesson 4 - October 24

PAUL A PRISONER — BEFORE FESTUS AND AGRIPPA —
Acts 25:6-12.

Golden Text — I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to guard that which I have committed unto him against that day — 2 Tim. 1:12.

Again we find Paul facing judges. He tells his story and one of the judges calls him crazy. Paul might have lost his temper, but he calmly told Festus that what he told them was truth.

This is another lesson we may learn from the life of Paul—patience and calmness. It never pays to lose one's temper. No matter what the cause may be, always keep cool. We all want to be masters of our minds and bodies, and when we get angry ou

temper is in control. That is dangerous, for we often say and do things which our real self very much regrets afterward. It is stronger and better to keep our temper. People have much more respect for us. In a certain little story I have read, it said that temper was a beautiful fairy as long as it was kept in its cage, but the moment it escaped it became an ugly imp, up to all sorts of naughtiness.

Lesson 5 - October 31

PAUL A PRISONER - THE VOYAGE - Acts 27:1-26.

Golden Text — Commit thy ways unto Jehovah, trust also in Him, and he shall bring it to pass — Ps. 37:5.

This Sunday we read about Paul's journey toward Rome. He and his companions set sail with a soft south breeze blowing, but soon there arose a tempestuous wind. For days it blew and they all became afraid that they would perish, but Paul told them not to be afraid. An angel had appeared to him and told him they would all be saved. "Fear not," the angel had said, and Paul believed in God and was not afraid.

What is there in the story for us? Why the keynote of the whole thing is "fear not." How many times a day do we hear that word, fear? Then we wonder why so many accidents happen. Let us never speak or think that word. So many places in the Bible, the angels of the Lord have said, "Fear not." God is always present. Why fear is mere nothing, anyway. It is lack of faith. When one is afraid, that simply means he has not enough faith in the Spirit.

Let us all have faith in the Christ within us, which we know is greater than anything else in all the world. Let us forget the unreal word fear, and put in its place the real word faith.

THE HUMMING BIRD

He dips his bill in each fragrant flower, He gathers honey hour by hour; He's a tiny thing, but he knows the way To get the sweetness day by day.

Aud he never gathers the bitter taste,
Nor lets the honey go to waste.
Let us, like our little friend of the air,
Just gather sweetness everywhere.

—B.

Blanche's Corner.



Of course you are all settled and working steadily now in school. I am sure you are going to enjoy this year and learn many things which will help you all your lives. I hope though, you won't have to learn the lesson one boy did.

This boy loved to play and didn't always want to study

his lessons. So when examination time came he generally got very low grades.

One day his room was to have an examination in grammar, so the boy copied some of the hardest rules on the top of his desk and put a paper over them. Then when the others were busy writing and the teacher's back was turned, he slipped the paper over and copied the rule. But he had been in such a hurry when he wrote on his desk that he got all the letters crooked. They were top heavy h's and l's, and wiggly I's and k's.

That night, after the boy went to bed, he saw the top of his desk come dancing toward him, and all the letters come to life and danced a crooked dance all over the bed, singing—"Richard isn't fair, he's crooked, he's crooked," until Richard could not stand it any longer and cried out. The letters disappeared, and he was alone in his room with the peaceful moon smiling at him through the window.

The next day he shivered every time he looked at his desk, and at noon he washed the rules off. After that he never cheated again, but studied so that he could pass without being dishonest. Even when he grew to be a man, he used to tell this story, and he always ended by saying, "and to this day, whenever I am tempted to do something dishonest, I think of those letters and their song, "Richard's crooked," and I always straighten up and say, "Richard is honest," and it saves me."

Let us be careful all the year and not give our conscience a chance to call us crooked. For, of course, it was Richards conscience that bothered him.

And now, dear Wees, may all your dreams be all straight letters, spelling beautiful, true words of joy and life.

My dear Wisdoms - I've crowded into this little corner to tell you, that Blanche has just moved into her cute little house and ask you how you'd like to join me in giving her a surprise. If we could only march down upon her some day, a few thousand of us, and give her a good house warming, wouldn't she open her eyes? But we're scattered too far apart over this big earth for that, but I'll tell you what we might do, club together and buy her something pretty and useful for her new home, that could always be reminding her of how much we Wees appreciate her loving efforts to make us wiser and better, through her counsel and Bible Lessons in WEE WISDOM - What say you? All who are in favor of this can send your pennies, nickels, dimes or whatever, with a suggestion of what you'd think the very nicest thing we could get Blanche for her new home. Of course she has no idea I'm putting such a thing into your heads, she's too busy fixing up her little house -but we'll 'sprise her about Christmas time with something she'll like. Anything along this line you will please send to "Ye Editor." care, Unity Tract Society, 913 Tracy Ave., Kansas City, Mo.



Young folk's Magazine Devoted to Practical Christianity.

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

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

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October, 1909



I always think that August's best Until it is September, And now October's pretty nice; Let's wait and see November.



-B.



This number of WEE WISDOM with a few exceptions, is the work of our young Authors—and there are more letters and material waiting for next issue, which shows there's something doing among our Wisdom's. You must all take a hold at "The Club's" new game and tell us how you succeed.

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."





MRS. CLAY'S COOKIES

BLANCHE

Miss Clay makes cookies, well, I guess! Say! you just oughter taste 'em. There aint no danger when I'm there That she will ever waste 'em.

Ma sent me over there one day To watch just how she made 'em; She put in butter, flour and things, And in a pan she laid 'em,

She fixed 'em just like ma does her'n, Except she keeps a singin'; Ma scolds and fusses at us kids For trouble we're a-bringin'.

Just 'cause we want to see and smell, And watch 'em when they're done, And ask a question now and then, Ma doesn't see the fun.

But Miss Clay smiles and lets us look And taste and smell and know, It never bothers her at all, Because we ask her so,

I ast her why her cookies was Better 'en ma could make, An' what she 'specially did to 'em Before they went to bake.

She smiled and said 'twas Love I liked, The flavor best of all, To sweeten and make of life Cookies for big and small.

I wonder does it come in cakes! We sure must get us some And put in everything we make, And keep it in our home.



