

WEE WISDOM

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



NOVEMBER, 1909
KANSAS CITY, MO.

MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

For Twentieth Century Boys and
Girls



LITTLE BO PEEP

*Little Bo Peep had lost her sheep;
They strayed away in the night.
She did not worry, she did not flurry,
And so they came home all right.*

—L. H. H.



VOL. XV.

NOVEMBER, 1909

No. 4.

A Personal Little Chat About One--- Thing---Another.

BY YE EDITOR.

For some unexplained cause our Wee Wisdom Club has failed to put in an appearance and we are left to guess out a reason. Do you 'spose it could be that you Wees have swamped the Secretary with letters of application and inquiry 'till she just hadn't time to write out her report? If so, you'll have to be more considerate in future for we can't afford to miss the wisdom and sparkle of its vivacious little members when the Club is in session. We are glad to have our good friend Mrs. Hardy back with us again, and see what a lot of little fish and wriggles and frogs she's brought along. She has the most delightful way of making us feel interested and kindly toward every living creature and every growing thing. Miss Kellerhouse is with us, too, this month, and the way she tells her stories, why! you feel just like you're there, everything's so real. "Billy-boy" said he could see pictures all the way through her story and so he has brought two of them out with his pencil for us. Some of you who have gotten into your teens, may remember "Billy-boy's" first visit to WEE WISDOM. He was a tiny chap, not so tall as the big dog that stood beside him. But now he is tall, ever-so-tall a lad, and is in high school. And the skill of his pencil is the wonder of the school. He's going to write us a story soon and illustrate it. The Blanche fund is growing. Maybe some of you overlooked the little corner in October WEE WISDOM, where ye editor suggested that we all take a hand in putting something nice into Blanche's new bungalow, something to keep reminding her of the love and appreciation the little readers of her "Corner" and Bible Lessons, have for her. If every Wee would send in a little mite, it would amount to a big lot before Christmas. Whatever you send, penny, dime or nickel, you can send to Ye Editor, 913 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo.



by

LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE

Pictures by Wilmot Heitland

(A True Story.)

The war was over.

"Then Papa and Wil'am will come back home?" asked Hetty wistfully.

Mrs. Craig did not reply; but dusky Anna said, "Law, chile, Marse George and Marse Wil'am done reached home long time 'go."

Hetty looked down at her little bare feet so that Mamma might not see her tears.

"I don't seem able to remember," she said slowly.

And then she tried to cover up her pink toes with her short little skirt, for her restless feet had long since worn out their last pair of shoes. Presently she slid from the sofa and trotted thru the great, empty house—empty, because so many familiar faces were gone, not only Papa's and brother Will'am's, but those dusky

smiles and soft dark eyes to which she had been used all her life—they were gone, too, and only Anna remained.

"Anna, you are free now," said Mrs. Craig. "You can go wherever you wish to go; you need not stay with me."

"Not stay with you, Mis' 'Lisbeth!"

Anna's great dark eyes opened wide.

"Law, Miss 'Lisbeth, is yo' gwine turn po' Anna out?"

"No, Anna, but the war is over, and you are free."

"Den, Mis' 'Lisbeth, I'se free to stay. What yo' and fo children gwine do without Anna? Law yo' ain't nothun but a chile, when it comes to lookin' out fo' yo'sef. Anna's gwine stay right here."

At the end of the first month, Mrs. Craig offered Anna a ten dollar bill.

"Why, Mis' 'Lisbeth, ain't you gwine do fo' Anna no mo'?" asked Anna reproachfully.

"No, Anna, I cannot do for you as I used to do. You are free now, and things are different. I must pay you for what you do for me."

"Yes; but, Mis' 'Lisbeth, I 'lects to stay."

"I cannot help it, The law insists that you receive compensation for your services."

"I dont wants condensation!" wailed Anna. "Please, Mis' 'Lisbeth, I heaps mo, dat yo' care fo' me laik yo' use' to do. Yo' can take better care of Anna dan she can."

"I know that I could do better by you in past days, Anna," replied Mrs. Craig. "This is the best I can do for you now; and you must take this money, or—or I shall be arrested," she added desperately.

So Anna took the money, lest she see her dear mistress walking away between Yankee soldiers. As she



was gingerly fingering her first Federal greenback, a patter of bare feet came thru the doorway, and Baby Bob climbed into Anna's ready arms.

"Bobbie has a splinter in his toe," he said.

"Lawd bress de sprinter dat brought Bobbie to his ol' black mammy!" cried Anna, hugging him while he squirmed and thrust out the injured toe.

There were other bare feet upon the stairs, and Laura and Hetty followed Bobby to the sheltering arms.

"What is this in your hand?" asked Laura, when Anna had removed the offending splinter.

"Law, chile, it something dat hurts Anna mo' dan Bobbie's splinter."

"'Couse," remarked Bobbie gravely; the splinter was in my toe."

As their merry laugh rang out, Anna said:

"If Bobbie's toes wa'nt bare, Bobbie wouldn't feel no splinters."

And then, as the three pairs of feet went pattering away, Anna, holding the money tightly, began to cry.

"An' me with all dis here money, an' de bressed chillun barefoot!" she wept. "An' I'se got fo' to keep it, or Mis' 'Lisbeth 'll be 'rested!"

"Mrs. Craig and Frances, her eldest daughter, after talking matters over, had decided to board the Northern officers, as many others in Richmond were doing.

"Now don't yo' worry your haid one bit; Anna'll cook," said the dusky faithful.

"But, Anna," objected Mrs. Craig, "you were only brought up to sew."

"Dat all right, Mis' 'Lisbeth. Anna's free to do as she laik only she kain't do as she laik with her money."

"Oh, yes, Anna, do what ever you like with it," replied Mrs. Craig. "It is yours. You must do your own buying now."

A light of joy broke over Anna's cloudy face.

"Mis' 'Lisbeth, I fix de rooms fo' de Yankee so'jers when I gets back," she cried excitedly, running from the house.

"I fear so much money has driven our Anna mad," said Mrs. Craig, half smiling.

She sat buried in thought, and planning for the new order of things, until the dinner hour. When the bell sounded its call then thru the house, she listened for the familiar patter of six little bare feet. Click, clack, came a march down the stairway and thru the great hall, and a gay little brigade, headed by Bobbie, rushed nois-

ily into the dining-room. Anna looked a little frightened as Mrs. Craig counted the three pairs of new shoes which had made the racket.

"Yo' said I could buy what I laiked with my money," she said apologetically, "an' I laiked little shoes."

RULES FOR NEWSBOYS.

COMPOSED BY A NEWSBOY NINE YEARS OLD.

- 1 Never sleep later than 6 o'clock.
- 2 Always start home thinking, "I must sell papers." -
- 3 If you start from home thinking, "I can't sell these papers, I hate to do it," you will find that you won't sell *many* and maybe you won't sell *any* papers.
- 4 It is best to start early so you can get a good chance.
- 5 Follow the old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try try again."
- 6 If the office is crowded do not try to get your turn before someone else. Wait until your turn comes.
- 7 As you go along the street *hollow* out the name of the paper you have got. You do not want to run into people before you say anything.
- 8 Always be polite. Then people will like to buy of you.
- 9 Never forget to take to your customer, or they will stop the paper.
- 10 Always make the right change.
- 11 Always set down what you sell and what kind of papers they are. Then you can keep straight.
- 12 Take a bath regularly every Sunday.

PICTURE PAINTING

By F. E. B.

A way out in the country many miles from the smallest city, lived a little boy and girl who were as happy and loving as any little people who have all the things that amuse city children.

One sunny morning a gentleman called upon the children's papa. The stranger said he was from Boston where he had a studio in which he painted and sold many pictures of landscapes, flowers, etc.

Jack and Florence listened to all that was said about painting, the different colors, different lights and ever so many things that they could not understand or remember. The gentleman introduced himself as Mr. Max and talked some time with the family. Jack was extremely anxious to see the contents of a large leather bag that he carried.

The children ran to their play again and did not notice the movements of the artist until he had seated himself on a little camp stool in the back garden. He then opened the wonderful bag and the children ran to his side to see this strange work.

"What are you going to do?" asked Jack. "I am going to sketch your vine clad veranda," answered Mr. Max, "the honey-suckle is in blossom and the effect will be charming." He then produced his canvas, brushes and paints and began work. The children watched every move with increasing interest and neither of them spoke a word. How strange it seemed to see flowers and leaves grow on canvas; but they certainly did, and their own house, too, was nearly finished. The slats of the porch the gables of the roof, dormer windows, all were now perfectly natural and the picture set up

to dry. The artist packed everything back in the bag, and after talking with the children's papa, left the farm. The children watched him until he had disappeared behind the hedge-row.

They were silent many minutes after his departure and the first to speak was Florence who said, "Jack, were all the pictures in our parlor painted like that?" "I guess so," said Jack. "But he did that pretty finely didn't he, just think how fine; let's us go try?" "What will we do it with, we have no paints?" "O! pencil and paper will do." So off they went for stools, pencils and paper. They tried very hard to produce the same effect on paper as the artist had produced on canvas, but the vines looked like a multitude of little pigs' tails and marbles, and the house was something like a poorly made hen coop. They were very disappointed with their likeness to the objects and trudged into the house to show their mother their work.

Mrs. Brown laughed and told them they might try painting pictures of what they admired on their faces. "Why mother," said Jack, "what do you mean, how could we ever get it off?" "I mean a different kind," said Mrs. Brown. "Your thoughts are the colors and brushes and your faces are the canvas that you paint upon." "How shall we do it?" asked Florence. "If you feel cross do not show it in your face but always hold up a sweet picture of happiness and the cross will go."

The children filled with a new idea, ran back to their seats near the veranda. After some minutes, Mrs. Brown looked out at them through an open window and this is what she saw. The children sat facing each other and Florence said, "Now it's your turn," she closed her eyes to open them the next second and there sat Jack with a broad grin in his face as she exclaimed,

"O! you are thinking of something happy, can't I guess fine?" Jack nodded assent and told her to try. She then said, "Now when I smile and look nice at you, you say I am thinking of something nice, will you?" She drew her curls round her face and looked quite ready to have her picture taken and Jack said, "What was it you told me to say?" "That I am thinking of something nice." "O! yes; you are thinking nice things," said Jack, and finished with, "I can guess fine too, can't I?" "Yes," answered Florence, "and now it is your turn, now you can look like—" but just then the hired man who had been also watching, laughed outright and the merry little couple went down behind the barn for the rest of their living pictures.

SPEAK THE TRUTH

*Speak the truth!
Speak it boldly, never fear;
Speak it so that all may hear
In the end it shall appear
Truth is best in age and youth.
Speak the truth.*

*Speak the truth!
Truth is beautiful and brave,
Strong to bless and strong to save,
Falsehood is a cowards knave;
From it turn thy steps in youth.
Follow truth.*

Sent in by Georgia Worley.

*My! but I'm a smilin';
Can you guess the reason why?
Thanksgivin' day is comin'
An I'll get some punkin pie.*

—B.

HAPPY PLAY

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT

*One windy day,
I went to play
With Nell and Bess across the way.*

*Our dolls were there,
Each in a chair,
To breathe the sweet and wholesome air!*

*The wind it blew
And Bob and Sue
Bumped their heads and tumbled Lou.*

*"Now, do not cry!"
Said Nell and I,
"And we will tell the reason why.*

*"For, children dear,
Must never fear,
Nor think that they feel awful queer.*

*"Such things, you know
Are never so,
And charming dolls in love must grow.*

*"Now, here's your tea,
Come drink with me,"
Said Nell, who poured for dollies three.*

*So each one there
Smiled from her chair;
And birds above sang love notes rare.*

*For every one
Was full of fun
Where dollies played beneath the sun!*

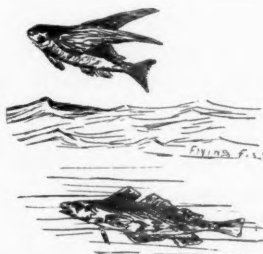
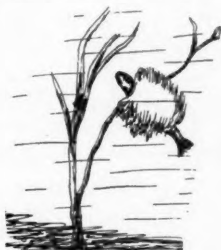
CHILD GARDENING.
Conducted by LIDA H. HARDY.

GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY
THE LAW OF EXPRESSION.

SERIES XVIII.

GOD'S GIFTS OF FISHES AND FROGS

"And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life. And God created great whales and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind; and God saw that it was good."



Through our nature study we have talked of many beautiful and wonderful things which God caused the earth to bring forth and now we are going to talk about some of the things which He caused the waters to bring forth. What a nice time we had, learning about the lovely sea-flowers the corals and the sponges! The pretty shells too, the homes of living creatures which the waters bring forth.

Life is every where, in the water as well as on the land.

Water animals do not need as much air as land animals do. They must have some air though. Do you know that there is air in the water which the fishes breathe? Well there is. And what is it that moves the great bodies of water, keeping them pure and fresh for the living breathing sea things? Yes, the storms and the tides. Fishes breathe through gills. Some kinds breathe by means of lungs and gills both. After they draw the water into their mouth, they send it out again through the gills, keeping back the air. In this way they breathe.



Inside of the fish's body there is a bladder filled with air. It is through the use of this air bladder that they are able to rise and float whenever they please. Haven't you often wondered about that?

Fishes belong to the great Branch of the Animal Kingdom called Vertebrates. To this Branch belong all animals which have a backbone and a brain. What other animals can you think of that belong to this same Branch? Yes, snakes, birds, animals and people, all belong to this Branch. When we think of all the different varieties of sea creatures and their many colors and sizes how it fills us with wonder and delight!

Instead of being covered with hair and feathers, the skin of the fish is covered with scales, and I believe you could find fishes to match all the beautiful colors in nature, from the blue of the sky to the yellow of the dandelion.

I wonder if you can tell what the fishes use their

fins for. Yes, to help in swimming and to balance with. The tail you notice is very strong. They use this to steer with and to push themselves along with, while the fins keep them from falling over.

The mother fish lays her eggs in the sand after the father fish has hollowed out a little nest for her. After the eggs are hatched, the father fish watches over and cares for his children until they are large enough to look out for themselves.



There is a certain kind of fish called the stickle-back. These fishes build nests like the birds, out of leaves and sticks. And have you ever heard about flying fish? These are found in the warm countries. There are Sea Ravens, Sea Robins and Sea Swallows. Of course they do not fly as fearless and freely as the birds do, but they often rise up in the air and are able to keep themselves there quite a few minutes at a time. And so we are finding that in some ways fishes are like birds.

A very queer looking fish is the toad fish. This fish is so careful of its eggs that the mother fish cements them fast to the stones so that they will not be washed away.

Another strange looking fish is the fishing frog which very much looks like the land frog with which we are all well acquainted.

Just a little higher than the fish in the scale of life is the frog, which begins his life just as the fishes do; this state we call the tadpole period (and isn't it jolly to watch them dart around?) and while in this state

"taddy" breathes by gills in true fish fashion. As he grows older his legs appear, his tail disappears and after his lungs have developed his gills close and he hops out of the water a full fledged frog. The mother frog is a true land animal, yet she always lays her eggs in the water, for she knows that her babies will go through the tadpole stage just as she did.



Toads have the body warty, above, and may be seen hopping along the walks and around the shrubbery any summer evening.

I know a lady who went down cellar one morning to skim her cream. All at once there came hopping out from one corner of the cellar the cunningest little toadie! The little fellow really looked up to her and made her understand that he wanted something to eat; so she let fall on the cellar floor, a drop of cream which he promptly ate up with great relish, then he went back into his own little corner. After this, every time the lady went down to skim her cream, out hopped the little toadie for his drops and finally he grew into a great big toad, and the lady thought as much of him as you do of your kitten or canary.

As we study the different creations of God, we find them interesting and intelligent, when otherwise we would not have found them so at all. When Kate

Douglas Wiggin was a little girl, she and her sister used to love to play with frogs. Through their father's large garden ran a clear babbling brook. To a deep quiet pool in this brook they brought all their frog friends. This they called "The Frogger" and here they played singing school and all sorts of things. All the frogs



were named. There were Prince Ponter, Goldilegs, Bright-eye, General, Tiny Tim and many others.

You must read the story for yourself in "The Story Hour" by Mrs. Wiggins. And after you have read it, you will look through kindly eyes at the nice old hop toads that visit our yards and gardens.

Many boys and girls say they do not like frogs and fishes. That is because they do not know them.

There are many wonderful things to be known about everything that God has made.

Way down in the big dark ocean where the sunbeams can not reach, there are beautiful bright lights flashing through the darkness, so the fishes can find their way.

Do you know where the lights come from? I'll tell you: God who doeth all things well, has created these fishes with a strange kind of light which they can flash

from their bodies whenever they choose to do so. This makes us think of that most glorious of all lights which is found in every body in the world. And which we may shine out all around us, in pleasant words and kind acts, and if we only remember about it, this same true light will show us each day, the beautiful shining path of All Good.

ORIGIN OF THE PENKNIFE

Do you know why the little pocket-knives are often called penknives? Perhaps some of you have often wondered, and did not like to ask. You use a steel pen in school; but when Washington lived there were no steel pens. At that time, and until the year 1820, pens were made out of the quills or large feathers of the goose and other birds. Now, these quill pens, being soft, got out of order and split, so they had to be remade. Most writers kept a sharp knife to remake these pens; so the knives got to be called penknives. The word "pen" is from the Latin word *penna*, which means a feather; so when we say steel pen we talk of a steel feather, which is absurd; but then the language is made up of very funny words and phrases, and the little word "pen" is now used only for the piece of steel with which we write.

What becomes of all the pens made? One firm in England makes two hundred million pens every year, and there are several other makers who send out nearly as many more; then in the United States we make at least two hundred millions every year. Where do they all go to? It is not often that you can pick up old pens, and yet a vast number must be lost every day.—Selected.

EPISTLES

TORREON, COAHUILA, MEXICO.



MY DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am sending you picture of my two little Wees—William and Margaret. They live way down in old Mexico and they have enjoyed seeing all of your little pictures in your magazine very much. William is four and a half years old and little Margaret will be three in October. I am sure they will be surprised and pleased to see their pictures in Wee Wisdom's page. With love to you all, I am your friend in love,

MARY HEILSCHER.

—O—

BOISE, IDAHO.

DEAR EDITOR OF WEE WISDOM—I am a little tot, I'm sending a birthday card with many good wishes for her. Lovingly,

WEE MURRAY.

WESTBORO, MASS.

DEAR WEES—I am nine years old or will be the 28th of October. I have a lovely black cat that will be nine next spring. We call him Snip. I take him to ride in my doll carriage. He goes to bed with me most every night. Yours truly.

ELIZABETH FALES.

—o—

CLAYPOOL, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Well I thought I would write you another letter. I have sent a verse along with my letter. I read WEE WISDOM this morning and I like to read about the club, and I wish there was a club of little Wee's in each town, it would be so nice. I hope Blanche will live happily for ever which I think she will, for she is so kind to the Wees.

The Juniors have bought a nice window for the U. B. church. I belong to the Junior society. We had Y. P. C. U. put on the window. Well I must close. With love to all, your Wee.

GEORGIA WORLEY.

—o—

LE ROY, KANS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Inclose please find 50 cents for WEE WISDOM another year. I am a little girl 11 years old and I am in the eighth grade at school. My aunt gave you to me for a Christmas present. I like you so well I almost wish that you were a weekly. I will close for fear of crowding some other little WEE's letter out. If I see this letter in print I will write again. I remain as ever your own little Wee.

JENNIE MICKENS.

[WEE WISDOM is glad to continue her visits to Jennie.—ED.]

—o—

R. D. R. No. 11, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

DEAR WEES—I will come again. I have not been to see you but once in three years, isn't that awful. Well I have been busy. I will inclose 10 cents for Blanche. I would send more but if all the Wees send 10 cents I will think that I have done my share. It would be nice to get her a piano if she has not got one, but what ever you decide to get let me know. The birthday number was a nice one. I did not take part because I did not get time. I would like one of Georgia's Sunday School cards. With love.

FAUN WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Do you know that I have been sending in my little letters and poems, and never told you that I wished to subscribe for this year? Of course I do. You are all dear friends to me, and I'm going to write you some nice stories. I will do any illustrating you may want, as I am used to drawing and painting both. You dont think I am too big to enjoy you all, do you? It only seems a few years ago that I was a Wee Kiddie also. Most sincerely, yours.

H. DOROTHY DAMBMANN

[WEE WISDOM will be glad of whatever Dorothy may like to send her. Why not illustrate one of your own stories, Dorothy? Have them short and full of joy.—Ed.]

—O—

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I was so happy to find that my story was good enough to be published and it was very kind of you to send me so many extra copies. I am getting up a club to help the poor. I think Sallie Pettinger draws fine. It was very nice of Robert Wilson to send his picture when he didn't want to. Your loving Wee. SARAH D'ANCONO.

—O—

DOROTHY'S LETTER

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—

I SEND LOVE TO YOU ALL AND TO THE WEES.
DOROTHY MAJEL MATHEWS.

[Wee Dorothy has printed out her own little letter, ever so plain, on a cute little sheet with Sunbonnet Babies.—Ed.]

MAMA'S LETTER

Dorothy thot she must send the love herself but there are other things which she has entrusted to me.

She wished me to tell you that she is learning to be a little Truth girl, that her mama gives her a thot to take to Dreamland with her every night so that it will be ready to come back with her in the morning and help her to start being a good girl as soon as she is awake.

Am sending copy of a little poem of which Dorothy is very fond and from which we draw many lessons at different times. Dorothy would be pleased to see it in the WEE WISDOM magazine if you think best. She tries to read the letters and stories and would be surprised and delighted to

find her letter among the others. She would say "It was such a spizement."

Dorothy read three little readers thru before she was five, which was the 18th of May, and she enjoys little lessons in Arith., Geog. etc.

A few days ago she was laughing long and heartily when suddenly she stopped out of breath exclaiming, "Oh, my laugh-joint is broken down."

Dorothy is very anxious to attend the Unity Sunday School and to see all the people who want some of the love she sends in her letter.

DOROTHY'S MAMMA.

—o—

VANCOUVER, B. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like you very much. I think that the Wee Wisdom Club is very nice, and I like Blanche's Corner very much. I hope you are all very well. I have a little fern that is growing very nicely. I will be 8 years old on the 28th of September. I think I had better close now. Love and kisses from

JOYCE HAWLEY.

—o—

DUNGNESS, WASH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I like you very much. I have been to the fair and I thought I would tell you something about it. I liked the Forestry building the best. They have the piano and melodian that were made in Washington. There are several other old things. They have all kinds of wood and some lumber in the Alaska building and a million dollars worth of gold. I wish all of you could see the fair. I remain your loving little Wee,

GLADYS TAYLOR.

[Gladys encloses her little mite "to help get something for Blanche."
—Ed.]

—o—

TABLE ROCK, NEBR.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am eleven years old and in the seventh grade. I have two brothers, Orville and Herbert. Orville will be nine this winter and Herbert will be four this winter. I have taken Wee Wisdom since I was four years old and before that, Aunt Myrta took it for me. I enjoy reading "Wee Wisdom Club" and was surprised to find that they were real children. I am renewing my subscription. Your loving Wee,

THOMAS D. HOWE.

R. R. No. 1, Box No. 158, WHITE BEAR LAKE, MINN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—



I thank Margaret of the Wee Club for thinking of me as an honorary member of the club. I will very gladly be a member. My cousin is Frieda Claussen who has invited WEE WISDOM to visit her, and we are together very much and I ask if Frieda may also be made a member. Another cousin of mine who lives in Cincinnati, has been visiting me. I told her mother about you and showed her

some of my copies of you. She said she'd invite you to come and visit her daughter and bring a bag full of cheer for Dorothy and her family. Will the editor please send me a paper so I can write the names of some of my friends who would like to hear more about WEE WISDOM? I enclose a picture and poem. My invitation to you will last till Christmas, but I hope I will be able to send money for you to come more. Your loving Wee,

IDA GOLDSMITH.

WILD ROSES

Pretty little flowers,	In the sunshine blush.
By many eyes were seen,	Dainty little posies
Under leafy lovers,	On the prickly bush;
In the woodland green.	Dainty wild roses,
Lovely growing beauties	
Bloss'ming there alone;	
Remembering their duties	
In a cheerful tone.	



PLEASANTON, NEBR.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—It is about time for me to write you. I am going to school this year in a new brick schoolhouse. I of fruit and some jelly. Mamma is teaching me the Bible verses. I have learned 4 verses in Luke 2nd chapter, begin-work in the store on Saturdays. Mamma has put up 83 quarts

ning with the 8 verse. Please send me the Wee Wisdom
another year. Yours truly,

ARTHUR HAYS.

—O—

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Don't tell Lowell I am coming to
Kansas City and don't tell 'im I'm five 'cause I want to
'spize 'im. The morning glories are all wilty so we'll have to
keep some tiny brown seed so we can plant them in the gar-
den when the summer comes the next time. I love every body
in the world and I am well and strong and cheerful and
happy every day.

JENET HARDY.

—O—

KEYSOR, COL.

DEAR WEE—You made your first visit to my house this
month. I am well pleased with WEE WISDOM. Give my love
to all Wees.

FRED LAMB.

—O—

THE POEM WEE DOROTHY LOVES

*"Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thots are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits.*

*"Love is the bright sunshine,
That warms into life,
For only in darkness,
Grows hatred and strife.*

*"Take care of your garden,
And keep it from weeds,
Fill, fill it with flowers,
Kind words and kind deeds."*

—O—

CHICAGO, ILL.

MY DEAR MRS. "YE EDITOR"—Enclosed please find one
dollar from Mrs. H. and myself for Blanche. I do hope
there'll be a lot of them coming in for her, and that they will
all purchase a beautiful gift. My suggestion is that whatever
the amount, that it be given to young Miss Blanche herself,
so that she can buy just what she wants. I think this such a
good idea of yours.

AUNT MARY.

BLANCHE'S BIBLE LESSONS.

LESSON VI.—NOV. 7, 1909.

"Paul a Prisoner"—"The Shipwreck." Acts 27: 2-28-10.

GOLDEN TEXT—"The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate."
—Ps 34: 22.

It seems as if Paul had a great many accidents and a great amount of trouble for one who was preaching the gospel of truth. But we have learned before that Paul got off the track once in a while and then he went through all those experiences to get back again. This time it is a shipwreck.

But Paul held to his trust in the good no matter what happened, and the best part of the story today is how Paul proved that spirit will protect and heal people if they will just trust it.

After all the people on the ship had swam ashore they began to gather wood to build a fire, for it was raining and they were wet and cold.

Just as Paul was putting a bundle of sticks on the fire, a viper stuck his head out and fastened on Paul's arm. Did Paul scream and become afraid? No, he just calmly shook the snake into the fire and went on about his business.

His companions all expected that Paul's arm would swell and that he would drop dead. When he did not, they were mystified and called him a God. Paul healed many people while he was on the island and when they embarked the natives were so thankful, they heaped the boat with all needful things.

The snake could not hurt Paul because he knew that all was good. All things that look dangerous and bad to us, are the same as Paul's snake, they will disappear if we have faith in the Spirit.

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 14, 1909.

Paul a Prisoner—In Rome.—Acts 23:11-31.

GOLDEN TEXT—"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."—Rom. 1:16.

At last Paul is in Rome and is telling the people about Jesus. Paul tells the things which he knows to be true no matter what happens. He has many trials but he still holds to the truth. He never stops talking about it and teaching it to others.

Just because Paul was shipwrecked, he didn't complain and say that God was not good.

We too, must remember the truth and when unpleasant things happen we must know that it is not because the all good has failed but because we have been thinking untrue thoughts. We should keep on pleading the truth to ourselves, just as Paul did to the people and soon we will be all right again.

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 21, 1909.

"Paul's Story of His Life."—2 Cor. 11:21-12-10.

GOLDEN TEXT—"He said unto me, My Grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness."—2 Cor. 12:9.

In today's lesson Paul tells the story of his life. He tells all about his trials, and some people call it suffering for Jesus, and seem to think that all those who follow Jesus must suffer. But we know that Paul brought all his suffering upon himself. He was a good man and

never lost his faith in God, but he didn't always obey the voice within. If we always obey the voice of the spirit, we will never get into trouble, and following Jesus is the easiest and most pleasant path in the world.

LESSON IX.—NOVEMBER 28, 1909.

"Paul on help—Denial—World's Temperance Lesson."—Rom. 14:10-21.

GOLDEN TEXT—"It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth."—Rom. 14:21.

The first sentence in the Bible lesson for today is Pages could be and have been written on that one this—"But why dost thou judge thy brother?" little sentence.

Have you ever heard a boy or girl, whom the teacher has been scolding, say, "well Willie Jones did it, I guess I can." Now, what Willie Jones or any other boy does—doesn't make any difference to us—all we are accountable for is ourselves. We must do what we know is right. Just because some one else seems to be doing wrong, is no excuse for us.

How many times we hear people who are old enough to know better, say, "That man is bad clear through."

Have we a right to judge? Indeed no. It is absolutely none of our business, and besides, if we didn't have an unreal thought in our own minds, we would never see any seeming bad in anybody.

"There's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so," said a great man. So, if we think home people are not good, the trouble lies in our own thoughts. Wherever any of you find yourselves thinking that Sammy Thompson is a bad boy, you may know that you are thinking untrue thoughts. Don't waste any time judging your neighbors, judge yourself. Search every nook and cranny of your mind and drive out the shadows. If you faithfully hold to the good, you will never see anything but the good and true in anything around you.

Blanche's Corner.

THE TURKEY FAMILY'S THANKS- GIVING

"Ah Pa! Ah Ma!" shouted little Tommy Turkey, racing with all his might toward the corner where his family were having consultation.

It was near what men call Thanksgiving, and Papa Turkey was instructing his family to stay close together, and telling them what to do in case he was chosen by his master, man, to be sacrificed. It was a very sad group. little turkeys were crying and clinging close to her. Just then Tommy, whom they had not been able to find when the council was called, came racing toward them. When he came within hailing distance to them he began to shout: "I just saw Ucle Jacob and Aunt Saphia and all the children in the alley. They found a wire loose down by the shed and they're going to a place where they don't kill turkeys, not even on their Thanksgiving day." Tommy said this all in one breath and papa had to make him repeat it before they could understand what he was talking. As soon as they understood they all started for the fence and there sure enough out in the alley stood uncle Jacob Turkey and his family. He told his story over to Papa Turk. It seemed that there was a place not so very far away where the people didn't believe it was right to kill turktys, or anything else for that matter, and instead of a wire fence around the back yard with chickens and turkeys penned up, there was nice green grass. Papa Turkey waited to hear no more

but hustled his family out through the opening in the wire. Grandma came last and it was quite a job to pull her through she was so fat, but at last they all stood together in the alley. They set out immediately and after traveling many alleys they came to a large yard all covered with a soft green carpet.

"This is the place," announced Uncle Jacob, and they all went in. The older folks rested but the children rolled around on the grass to their heart's content.

After awhile a young woman came into the yard, and upon catching sight of the Turkey family, stopped in amazement. "Well of all things!" she exclaimed. Then she called and a man and woman came out of the house. They too seemed surprised and after a good laugh, the man said: "Well they look as if they intended to stay so I guess we'd better feed them. It certainly is funny though. It almost looks as if they knew they were safe here."

That evening they were fed and made comfortable and they continued to live there in peace and happiness. The day before Thanksgiving the Turkeys were a little nervous but night found them safe.

Thanksgiving day dawned bright and clear and about two o'clock the clatter of dishes and delicious odor that came from the house told the Turks that the family were eating dinner. In a short time the man brought them their meal, and it was the best and biggest dinner they had ever had. The little turks all danced for joy. Before eating, papa turk called them together and began. "In the Turkey family we have always been taught that man's Thanksgiving was one day of doom. It was always a day of bloodshed and sorrow. But that is all changed now and we have found a paradise where we are safe. Hereafter instead of saying "Man's Thanksgiving," lets drop the first word and just say Thanksgiving. It

is our day of thanks too. Now before we begin, let us form a line by the kitchen door and give three rousing gobbles for our kind friends. They did as Papa Turk desired and then hurried back to their repast.

If the family within did not understand, they were at least amused. In time they began to understand better, and the man used to say that those turkeys could do anything but talk and sometimes he almost believed they did that.

Now, dear little Wees, we want to make the December number of *WEE WISDOM* one of the most interesting that we have yet published, and in order to accomplish this, we hereby extend a hearty invitation to the little ones to our Christmas Festivities. Send in your little contributions,—prose or poem—early, and lets have a glad, happy Christmas. You little Wees, are largely responsible for *WEE WISDOM*'s success in scattering "seeds of kindness" and Truth, and we want our Yuletide edition to have more of it than ever.

THE LOST IS FOUND

We stop the press, squeeze up our reading matter a little, and tell the little Wees that the joke, if such it may be, is on us this time. After *WEE WISDOM* was on the press to be printed we found the copy for the "Wee Wisdom Club" carefully tucked away with a number of letters, seemingly so precious that it would be impossible to become lost—also to become found. Of course, this meant "too late" for this issue, but we think the dear little Wees will appreciate the joke by realizing how funny we must have felt after speaking of the non-arrival of the copy, on page 3, to find it so carefully tucked away from seizure.



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November, 1909

It's allus nice and crispy,

And the leaves are red and brown

In November.

You think of lots of good things,

'Cause Thanksgivin' day comes roun',

You remember.

— BLANCHE.

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."

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