WEE WISDOM

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

JANUARY, 1910 KANSAS CITY, MO.

MOTHER TRUTH RHYMES

@. 2



GOOD MOTHER HUBBARD

Good Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get her nice doggy some food,
When she got there she found plenty to spare
Of victuals and every thing good.
Besides bread and cheese, there was pie if you please
And cookies and sweet meats galore;
She could not but win, she found all within
By just simply opening the door.

1588

-L. H. H.

UNITY SCHOOL LIBRARY



Vol. XV.

JANUARY, 1910

No. 6.

A "COME TRUE" STORY

FLORENCE SLACK CRAWFORD.

Bobbie was tired of house hunting. Mother was too, for that matter. They had been searching the city over for a suitable house, which meant that it must be of brown shingles with a green roof, and must have a fir tree and a cat. It seemed to be pretty hard to find all of that in one place, and Bobbie insisted on the cat, while mother felt that the fir tree could not be relinquished, for what was the use of living in Oregon if one could not have a fir tree? As for the cat, Bobbie had been dreaming of it ever since he left San Francisco.

They were talking it over tonight, for it was bed time and story time as well. Bobbie looked at his little fat legs and said he thought they had walked quite far enough to have earned a kitty, while a yawn from mother seemed to indicate that she felt that way about the tree. At last mother said, "I'll tell you, Bobbie, what we must do. Let us tell a 'Come True' story, tonight."

Bobbie was always eager for a story but this was a new kind to him, so he said:

"All right, mother, but what kind is that?"

"Well you see, dear," she said, "let us just make up a pretty story about what we want and go to bed pretending we have it, and in the morning let us see if it has not come true. I think we have been hunting too hard for our house. Let us just rest now, and let God find it for us."

Bobbie cuddled his head on her shoulder in sweet content, and mother began:—

"Once upon a time there was a father, and a mother and a little boy. The father had to come to Portland. ("To sell power plants and boilers and engines with wheels and smoke stacks--") interrupted Bobbie.

"Yes, dear, all of that, and so they got on a great big train——("And it had two engines.") again from Bobbie.

"Yes, pet, but wait now for the 'come true' part. They crossed big snow covered mountains until they came to a pretty city all nestled among beautiful fir trees with a lovely river flowing through it. They had no friends there, so they had to go to a hotel where little boys have to be very quiet, and so mother said they must find a home very soon." ("And a cat," insisted Bobbie.) "Yes, dear, so one day they were out walking in a beautiful suburb, when suddenly away down the street, mother saw a pretty new shingled house with a green roof and a lovely tree in front. They hurried toward it, and as they started up the steps, what did they see but the most beautiful black pussy curled up in front of the door, and just as they drew near, she arched her back up, as if to say, 'I've been waiting a long time for you,' and then mother hugged Bobbie and Bobbie hugged the kitty and they hurried next door to telephone father to bring the furniture right away for they had found the very place-"

"And—it is—all—true," yawned Bobbie, and mother seeing that the tired little eyes were tightly shut, kissed him and

tucked him in his bed.

The morning came bright and clear, and Bobbie's first whisper to mother as his eyes opened to the sunlight, was "I will see my kitty today." Mother gave him a hug and whispered, "And I my tree." It was a little secret between them, so they did not talk out loud.

Father asked to be excused after breakfast. "It is too bad," he said, "to have you do this house-hunting all alone, but I simply cannot leave the office today until I find a suitable stenographer. I am to see several today and if the right one appears, perhaps I can help you later."

"We will not need you, father, for we are going to find the very place today," said Bobbie, beaming up at mother.

"Well, bless your assurance, my boy, I hope you do."

Mother held her little boy's hand tightly as they started for the car and soon they were comfortably seated inside. "We want to go to a pretty suburb," mother said to the conductor.

"I will give you an 'I' transfer" he said, "you will find Irvington a beautiful place."

The car was fairly well filled, it being a down town trip and just at the early morning business hour. At Twelfth street there were but two remaining seats, one directly opposite Bobbie, and one beside him. A young lady coming in just then hesitated a moment in choosing between the two, but finally took the opposite seat. Bobbie had noticed her hesitation. She was so sweet that he loved her, so in a shy little way, he said:

"But why didn't you sit beside me?"

"Why, bless your heart, dearie, I will if you wish it," and with that she came over beside him.

"I get my kitty today," he began.

"Kitty?" she said.

"Yes. I do not know where,—where is it mother?"—he said aside,—"but this is kitty day for me, isn't it mother?"

Mother had to smile. In fact she had been smiling all the time at the way he had made friends with the young girl, so she explained that they were going to Irvington that morning in search of a home, and were expecting to find one with a cat attached.

The young lady had a hearty laugh. "Well honey," she said, "you need not go away over to Irvington to find a kitty. Just you come to my house tonight, and I will give you the dearest kitty you ever saw." Then she turned to explain to mother that a few days before, two little kittens had come to their house and as they were living in a rooming house, they could keep but one, and so were hunting a home for the other.

Bobbie was all smiles, and mother laughed as she said, "I believe you have found your kitty before I have my tree."

Just then, the young lady arose to get off the car and handing mother her address, said, "I am employed near here, so good-bye, I will look for you tonight."

It was at this point also that the conductor called out, "Irvington transfers," so mother and Bobby had to change cars and were soon riding through a most beautiful section of the city. The homes were lovely, and the gardens were bright with most beautiful Fall flowers.

There was a fine park filled with magnificent fir trees, which held mother's attention, so that it seemed but a moment until the conductor called out, "End of the line," and they had to get out.

"I would love to live here," said Bobbie, but before the

sentence was fairly finished, he started to run. Mother had to quicken her pace and give a little start of uneasiness as she saw him scampering up a flight of concrete steps, and then hurrying on to keep him in sight, she passed a border hedge just in time to see her little man under a fir tree holding a black cat almost half his size in his arms.

"I caught him, mother, but he tried to get under the fence," he cried breathlessly.

Just then a boyish voice called out, "Hey, there that is my cat," and in a moment the boy himself was there beside them claiming ownership.

Things were certainly developing with rapidity. Mother had observed that there were no shades at the windows,—the house was unmistakably empty,—and it was brown shingled with a green roof, and without a doubt the cat and tree were in evidence, also, it looked as if a neighbor was there too, with an argument.

"Let us sit down and talk it over." That was always the way mother settled things. Lots of trouble may be prevented with a breathing spell.

So they sat down on the cement steps and had a talk. The boy said the house was vacant. The people had moved out the day before and the agent had not yet had time to put up the "For Rent" sign, and yes, the kitty was his.

Mother said, "Bobby dear, you forget that you found your cat in the car this morning, or at least, you met a lady who has one for you. It looks very much to me as though this kitty came over here just to tell us that this home is intended for us, and so we must give her back to our little friend. You see, dear, we want a kitten, and this cat is far too much grown up for us, I think."

Things were thus nicely settled. They went home with the boy and his cat and telephoned to father as they had pretended in the "Come True" story, and he said that he was very glad, and would see the agent at once.

Now this looks a little like the end of the story, but it isn't really, because you know every good seed which is planted has to grow, and sometimes it grows so fast that you just wonder how it happens. That is the way it was with the seed of kindness the young lady had planted that morning by offering Bobbie the little kitty she had been caring for in hopes of finding it a home.

1588

That night father and mother and Bobbie called to see her and her mother and found them living in very poor rooms, but their faces were like the sunshine in the midst of it all. As soon as father saw conditions there, and had conversed with the young lady, he knew she was the assistant he needed in his office, and as he offered her a good salary for her services, the tears came to her eyes, and kissing her mother she said, "Now we will be able to live in sunny rooms, and your rheumatism will get well."

"Rheumatism," said Bobbie, "what is that?"

When Mrs. Wharton took him on her lap and tried to explain, he just smiled right up in her face, and said, "It doesn't matter whether it is some thing you do want or you do not want, just tell yourself a 'Come True' story and it will all be right. That is how I found my kitty."

Of course, then, mother had to tell them what a "Come True" story meant. That it was just following out Jesus' beautiful words, "Believe, and ye shall receive." and that she would come again and tell Mrs. Wharton more about it, if she would like to know.

It was not many weeks later that Bobbie and mother and father were sitting in front of the open fireplace in their new home, enjoying the cracking logs. Bobbie had been building an engine with his blocks, when suddenly he broke out:

"It is funny how everybody is happy. Now I have my kitty; mother has her fir tree; father has his stenographer; Miss Wharton has father, and Mrs Wharton hasn't her rheumatism any more and——"

Just then they heard a loud "purr—purr—purr" from in front of the fire, and there was kitty stretching away up, wanted to be counted among the happy ones, and as Bobbie leaned down to hear where all the "purr—purr—" was coming from, he fairly shouted,—

"And, oh father, kitty has a power-plant inside!"

'Most everything looks good to me
I can't see nothing else you see.
Now starlight twinklin' on the snow,
Looks jest like whipp'd cream don't you know.
—B.







A NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE

The Chritmas tree's a blaze of light, And all the world is glad with cheer, For we are here this happy night To welcome in the bright New Year.

Our mothers and our fathers, dear, Our aunts and uncles, cousins, too, Are chatting gladly of the year And telling what they mean to do.

But I have felt so brave and free And kissed my dollies every one, I've thanked our lovely Christmas tree, All week it's served; the year is done.

And this is what I 'spect to do Through all the happy golden days, Just smile and smile and e'er be true, And fill my heart with song and praise.

NEW YEAR VERSES

Be a mine of wealth, of joy,
Make as merry as a boy,
Life was meant for glad good cheer,
Sunshine's with thee every year!

Breathe no discontented sigh! Let no storm cloud hide thy view, Looking out behold the blue; Fair and perfect be thy sky.

Here's a word of gladness, Here's a word of cheer, May it bring a blessing To last the whole New Year!

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.



THE WEE WISDOM CLUB



BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER.

ANOTHER STORY FROM MISS LUCY.

The day before New Year's, and it being club day, why of course, the club met; some-how after Christmas things seem sort of quiet and subdued, and there seems nothing really worth while, so the club sat around in the nursery and wondered what they should do.

"I can't think of any thing," said Nellie.

"Neither can I," added Mildred.

"What did we do last year? Our meeting came on New Year's day, and your mother had a party and made us come up the back stairs, and don't you remember we had ice cream and cake 'cause we were so quiet," said Willie.

"Yes, and don't you remember we read a story Miss. Lucy sent Sallie and Lois. It was about a little girl who went to cloud land with a queer little man, and she did'nt want to come home when he wanted her to," reminded Margaret.

"Oh, she sent us another story this year, let's read it now; it will be just the thing for this rainy day, and Mother is going to make us some chocolate and sandwiches at four o'clock, as a kind of treat," announced Lois.

"Just the thing," said Robert, "Go ahead Sallie, for you do read nice, if I do say so."

Sallie well pleased at Robert's compliment took from her desk Miss Lucy's story and read:

THE MOON LADY

Prince Arthur sat up in his little white bed and opened his eyes wide. The moon was shining through the window with a broad, steady stream of light. Could it be really possible that some one was smiling at him? At him,—who had been so naughty that day that the good Queen, his mother, had ordered the old nurse to take him off to bed? The Queen had not even glanced

at him as she spoke to the nurse; no, she had looked right over his head at the nurse and said, "Take him away and put him to bed." And then, as he had gotten slowly down from his chair, the Queen had continued talking to the cousins seated about the table, while he had been sent off to bed.

And now some one was smiling at him? Yes, she certainly was smiling. He could see only her face at the end of the broad, steady stream of moonlight, and her voice sounded like the far-off tinkle of bells as she said:

"You are not naughty now?"

"Oh no, no," replied Prince Arthur. "I haven't been naughty for a long time."

"And you are sorry that you misbehaved this after-

noon?" continued the tinkling voice.

"Yes, I am," he answered.

"I believe you, Prince Arthur." She nodded her head slowly. "Yes, you are sorry, and you have been good for some time. I think you may come with me. You see," and she smiled upon him again, "only good and obedient children are allowed to play in the Kingdom of Fairy Iceland, and I must be very careful to ask no others."

Prince Arthur's heart thumped loudly. Oh, he thought, was he good enough to play in the Kingdom of Fairy Iceland? Why, there would be snow there, and sleds, and skates,—just as his mother had told him about and which he, in his warm southern land, had never ween.

The lady was smiling brightly now. "Yes," she said, "you are quite good enough. But it is a long climb to the Kingdom of Fairy Iceland."

"I climbed to the top of the big walnut tree this morning," answered Prince Arthur rather proudly.

"But this is a different kind of a climb," laughed the lady merrily. See—" She pointed to the stream of light which Prince Arthur now saw had strips across, like the rungs of a ladder. "Can you climb that?"

"Yes," said Prince Arthur bravely, but as he placed his foot on the lower rung, he held tightly with both hands to the sides of the ladder, for he might get dizzy if he looked down upon the earth below him. The lady was still bathed in silvery light, only her sweet, smiling

face could be seen clearly.

"Come on," said she. Prince Arthur climbed slowly at first; faster and faster as he became accustomed to the swaying ladder. Now and then he glanced up at the lady who encouraged him with kindly eyes as he toiled along. It was a hard climb and he was beginning to feel tired when he reached a round, white little platform.

"Here we are at last," said the silvery tinkling voice. For the first time Prince Arthur saw all of the lady. She was very tall and as she walked along the narrow path in front of Prince Arthur he saw that she wore a pointed silver crown and from each point gleamed a sparkling white stone. From below the crown fell a long white veil like the spray of a windblow water fall. Her dress, too, was white, and it crackled in a pleasing way with each step. The ground they were walking on and the low hills about them were white, and now Prince Arthur remembered that his mother, the Queen, had told him that in the North, where snow comes in the winter time, everything is white.

Now they entered a great castle and walked down a long wide hall, at the end of which, on a raised dais, reached by several steps, the lady seated herself. Prince

Arthur remained standing before her.

"This is the Kingdom of Fairy Iceland," said the

"And are you the Queen of Fairy Iceland," asked Prince Arthur.

"Oh no," she answered. "I am called the Moon

Lady."

"Oh," was all Prince Arthur could say, for he remembered that when he first saw the lady she was looking down at him from the moon.

The Moon Lady clapped her hands together, and immediately two silver and white pages entered from

side doors and bowed low before her.

"Bring an outdoor suit for this young prince," she commanded. The pages bowed lower and quickly left the hall. Did he need an outdoor suit, thought Prince Arthur. Where was he going? He looked down at his feet. Why, he was barefoot; and, oh dear, he really had his night gown on! Why, of course, he remembered now. He had gotten right out of his bed and climbed the ladder without taking time to dress. He was ashamed and wondered what the Moon Lady would say, but she seemed to have forgotten him for she was gazing thoughfully at the floor. For the first time his feet felt cold. He had been interested in this new land, so pleased with the smiling Moon Lady, that he had forgotten himself entirely. Yes, it would be nice to have shoes and stockings and a coat and cap.

Steps sounded behind him, and in another moment the pages again stood before the Moon Lady, in their hands were his clothes she had sent for. Soon the little prince was completely dressed in white shoes, white stockings and leggings, white suit, and white coat, cap and mittens.

"There, now we are quite ready," said she as she gave a finishing pat to Prince Arthur's cap. Again the Moon Lady led the way down the hall, followed by Prince Arthur, through the great doors and out into the white world again; then along a roadway which soon brought them to the top of a hill. Just a short distance below were boys of all sizes at play, laughing and shouting as tobogganful after tobogganful coasted down the hill. One of the boys espied the Moon Lady, and with a shout, "Here's the Moon Lady!" one and all made a wild rush towards her. They clung to her hands, her dress, they almost knocked little Prince Arthur over in their excitement to reach the Moon Lady and win from her a smile and a welcoming word.

"Boys," said she, "I have brought you a play-

mate. This is Prince Arthur."

"Hurrah for Prince Arthur," shouted a dozen voices.

"You may ride on my toboggan, Prince Arthur," said one boy just about the Prince's size.

"Come on and try mine, its bigger," said another.

"Come on boys, its Prince Arthur," shouted the
boys in chorus, and Prince Arthur felt himself pushed
along so fast he had to run to keep from falling. Soon

he was seated on a toboggan and in another moment he was dashing rapidly down the hill; the wind whistling merrily in his ears; his breath coming quick and fast as the toboggan sped swiftly down the long hill. soon the end of the hollow was reached. The toboggan started up another small hill; slowly and more slowly it went, and then stopped. Other toboggans were stopping near them and the boys trudged hurriedly back up the big hill for still another and another ride down.

"This is my first toboggan ride," said Prince Arthur to his companion, the boy of his own size who had asked him to ride.

Back and forth, up hill and down hill, Prince Arthur shouted and laughed with the boys. He could play on like this forever, thought he, when he heard a voice, the silvery voice of the Moon Lady, "Come boys, play time is up.'

The boys stopped their play. Each took his toboggan and calling "Good bye Moon Lady," and "Good bye Prince Arthur, come again soon," they started for their homes in different directions.

The Moon Lady and Prince Arthur were left alone. "Have you had a good time?" asked she, smiling

down upon him in the same kind way.

"Oh I've had the very best time I've ever had." Prince Arthur's eyes filled with tears. The Moon Lady stopped and gently kissed him; took his hand in her warm, strong one, and slowly they walked back towards the ladder.

"You are crying because you think I shall not ask you to come again to play with the boys?" she asked. Prince Arthur nodded his head.

"Yes, I shall ask you to come again. I shall take you to other places to play. But remember," and her "You must voice was grave though she still smiled, watch for me; you must wait for me. I can not come except to the boys and girls who want me."

They passed the Moon Lady's castle and were soon at the place from which the moonbeam ladder hung. Prince Arthur thought of the long hard climb he had had and wished it was not quite so far to his home. The Moon Lady stopped and took him in her arms. He clung to her neck a moment and then with a "Good bye, dear Moon Lady, I will look for you often," he took off the clothes she had given him and started down the ladder.

But strange to say it was not a long ladder, this time! It seemed just a step to the open window of his room and into bed. He snuggled down beneath the covers; returned the smile of the dear Moon Lady above, then turned over and fell asleep.

OUR NEW YEAR'S CALLERS



garet come to wish you a very glad and happy New Year. She is four years old and has so many things to make her happy that she would gladly give some of her dolls and toys to some little girl that hasn't any. She loves so many people and so many people love her that she really ought to be happy and loving all the time, and so she is almost

This is Mar-

Margaret Page all the time and a good helper, too. She thought that "Jesus" would be

the sweetest name for her new little brother because it was such a nice name, and she loves her baby brother very much. One Sunday after she had come from her Sabbath school she said the lesson was "about the little birds falling and Jesus catching them." (We found out that the teacher had told them Jesus said, "Not a sparrow could fall to the ground without the Father's care.") She is just as dear and sweet as all the rest of the little girls, only to a few people, she is dearer and sweeter.



"Robert."

If you would be happy for ever and aye—

Be glad every moment, and love every day!

THIS IS I AND MY FAMILY COME TO MAKE A NEW YEAR'S CALL

You did not expect us all at once did you? I teach them to say at table:

"God is great, God is good,
And we thank thee Father for our food,
By his hand we all are fed
We thank Thee for our daily bread."



My elephant hurt his foot but I told him to say quick: "God is my health, I can't be sick—God is my strength unfailing quick."

And do you know he went right along to school with me.

My colored doll says this little speech:

"My! but I'm a smilin', Can you guess the reason why? Thanksgivin' day is coming And I'll get some pumpkin pie."

They all say nice little pieces. I will tell you more about them when I write again if you want to hear about them.

ADDA BOWES.

[Yes, we'll be glad to hear all you have to tell about your family, and are glad of the New Year's call.—Ed.]

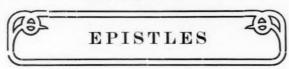
ZUND, ARIZ.

Just a word to let you know how Baby Smith is: I rejoice to say she is healed. I think she must have been healed in-



stantly for I have not heard a word of the trouble since I had her ask your help. She is five years old, but signed her name to the letter I wrote for treatment.

ELVA SMITH.



ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM-Here is a little poem which I wrote:

SWEET PEAS

Pretty little Sweet Peas, Growing on the vine; With your roots and leaflets, Calling you to dine.

Pretty little Sweet Peas,
In dainty sunbonnets;
Some are fair and some are bright,
And some of them, brunettes.

Pretty little Sweet Peas, Growing on the vine; With the air and sunshine, Telling you to climb.

My friend, Mr. George Geist, put it to music for me, and so it is now a little song, but I cannot give you the music, because it is too long to write it. I want to ask Margaret and Sallie and Lois, and all the rest of the Club members, if I can become an honorary member of the Club. My cousin, Ida Goldsmith, is an honorary member, that is why I would like to be one. Some day I will send you my picture. Well, goodbye, with very much love to Blanche, Mrs. Fillmore, Ye Editor, Club members and all the little Wees. I am yours always.

P. S.—Enclosed, find five cents for Blanche's Christmas present. My! won't it be just fine. I hope my five cents is in time. What ever you buy, please let me know. I suppose I ought not to write such a long letter, because so many other little Wee's will probably want room for their letters.

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR EDITOR-Enclosed please find One Dollar for two

subscriptions to Wee Wisdom. We think so much of the little magazine; also a trifle in stamps, from Jamie and myself, for Blanche's present. This such a mite—but we just must be included in her remembrance; for we claim her as a very dear friend. Kindly multiply this by the thousand in good wishes. With love.

Mis. J. A. Kiltox.

SNOHOMISH. WASH.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I hope this letter will reach you in time for the November number, and also the Jack-o-lantern (boy) for a Hallowe'en party. How are all the little Wee's? I hope they are all well and will have a good time Hallowe'en. It has been raining for a long time and it is so muddy and wet, but then we will all have a good time on Hallowe'en. I would like to join your Club very much if I can, so please write and tell me what to do in order to join it. Will close for this time but will write soon. Your loving Wee.

MERLE GAINER.

| Merle's jack-'o-lantern appeared in December Wee Wisdom, -Ed.]

WACO, TEXAS.

Dear Wee Wisdom—You have come to me for three months through the kindness of my Auntie who subscribes for you for me. I am nine years old and go to school, but am staying home today because I don't feel very well. My mother has been reading to me in Wee Wisdom this morning. I love the little stories and never get tired of being read to. I hope you will print my letter as this is my first attempt. With love to all the little Wee's, I will say good-bye.

HELEN SCRUGG.

CROSBY, N. DAK.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I enclose fifty cents for an other years subscription for Wee Wisdom. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade at school. I have a little Shetland pony, she is black, I can drive her to the buggy and ride her horseback. Love to all the little Wee's. Your little Wee,

MABEL HALVORSEN.

Du Bois, PA.

Dear Wees—I enclose a dime from my brother and me toward Blanche's Christmas present. I like Blanche's Corner. I like Wee Wisdom, too. I wish all the Wees and Blanche and everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

ANNA MAE TAYLOR.

DECATUR, GA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM-This is the second time I have written you, but the first time my letter was not printed. I hope I will succeed in getting this letter in print. I am eleven years old and am in the sixth grade at school. I hope that the story of the Wee Wisdom club will be longer in the December number because it was left out last month. I go to Sunday School and to our Sunbeam Band. There are about twenty-eight who are members of the Sunbeams. One Sunday we learned the first verse of Dorothy's poem but not the last two verses. I am enclosing a poem called "Not Fit to be Kissed" which I cut from a paper. I hope it will be published. My aunt gave me Wee Wisdom as a Christmas present Christmas before last. My subscription ran out last November, and I did not renew it until this November. Mamma told me that I could take Wee WISDOM orSt. Nicholas and I chose WEE WISDOM because I like it better. I hope I will see my letter in print in the December number. I must close now and am your loving Wee.

MAMIE POWERS.

P. S. I hope all the Wees will have a Merry Christmas.

NOT FIT TO BE KISSED

"What ails papa, mother?" said a sweet little girl, Her bright laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl; "I love him, and kiss him, and sit on his knee; But the kisses don't smell good when he kisses me." "But, mamma,"—her eyes opened wide as she spoke—"Do you like those kisses of 'bacco and smoke? They might do for boys, but for ladies and girls I don't think them nice," and she tossed her bright curls.

I want to kiss papa, I love him so well,
But kisses don't taste good that have such a smell.
"It's nasty to smoke, and eat 'bacco and spit;
And the kisses ain't good, and ain't sweet, not a bit;"
And her blossom-like face wore a look of disgust,
As she gave out her verdict so earnest and just.
Yes, yes, little darling! your wisdom has seen
That kisses for daughters and wives should be clean;
For kisses lose something of nectar and bliss,
From mouths that are stained and unfit for a kiss.

[Your clipping is good, and I think if little girls and big girls, and women would refuse tobacco-flavored kisses, they'd soon free men of the tobacco habit.—Eb.]

BEVERLY, MASS.



Dear Mrs. Fillmore—Christmas is nearly here and since we have been hearing so much about the North Pole with its snow and ice, it came to me that perhaps the Wees might like to hear about a little dog I once had, whose grandmother came from the Arctic regions, brought by Dr. Kane, one of the early explorers who did not reach the pole, but gave inspiration to those who came after. The Wees who are studying geography,

look on their maps and find a body of water called Kane's Strait, named for the brave explorer. Our little dog was named Fritz. He had a beautiful coat of cream white fur. Raising the long hair, under it next the flesh, was found a thick fine fur, very close together, thus making a warm coat against the cold. He had rather a pert but very intelligent face. His eyes were black and so was the end of his nose. His ears stood up straight and his tail was like a plume, always carried in a circle over his back. When he was given to my sister by a cousin who owned the mother, the maid that had just bathed him, said "He has been washed, rinsed and blued, everything but starched and ironed." The bluing was used to make his coat clear. Combing and brushing finished his toilet. He was such an unusual dog and so beautiful, I was always stopped on the street by men, women and children and asked all kinds of questions about him. The children loved to pat him. In summer time he was too warm and would dig deep holes in the garden in shady places to lie in to keep cool. He would often ask to go down cellar to be on the cool cement floor. When winter came, wasn't he happy though! He loved the snow and would toss it on his nose and eat it and race over it and drag his body through it. On the morning marketing was done, we allowed him to go along. The butcher gave him the bundle of meat and he took it in his mouth and trotted home with it. I believe, once or twice, he couldn't resist the temptation and ate it before coming home. He carried other bundles, sometimes quite large ones in his mouth; this he would ask to do. He sometimes ran away and we would often go several miles before we found him.

As he was an unusual dog we would get his trail quickly.

He went quite often down near the wharves where the big vessels were anchored, and one day we found a man had taken him on board a ship. Another time I found him tied in a back yard, where some small boys wanted to keep him. these runaways, he came home dirty and ashamed, but we received him with as much joy as the prodigal son. Then followed a bath and he always felt very proud after he was washed and combed and had his two big bows of ribbon put on-one on his collar and one on his tail. Fritz sometimes dragged us on our sleds, but he much preferred to run and jump in the snow. I hope all the Wees who read this, will feed their pets on vegetables and fruits. I have been thinking if we can't reach the North Pole we can in ourselves by practicing these words of WEE WISDOM. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." "I, wisdom, cause those that love me to inherit substance and I will fill their treasures." I think Blanche's grandma turkey must have made the Wee Wisdom's laugh to be heard all around the earth. A happy, joyous one went up in Beverly, Mass. Don't you think that grandma turkey practiced Wee Wisdom's savings to have been spared long enough to be a grandmother? I am glad Blanche does not approve of flesh eating. I send you the picture of Fritz, also a mite toward Blanche's present which is laden with love. I would suggest a writing table as a good reminder of her Wisdom. ALICE L. LAMBERT.

COTTON WOOD, S. D.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I now live in the country where we have eight cows and four horses. As this country is newly settled there are many coyotes around here, but as far as I can see they do no harm, but in the evening we can hear them howl in the hills. They live on prairie dogs and there are many of them. When it is nice weather we drive a horse to school, but when it is stormy mamma or papa takes us to school. I hope this will reach you in time for the Christmas number. With love to all the Wees.

Julia Egger.

NEENAH, WIS.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I am six years old and go to school. My school is a half of a mile away. We are going to have Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus at our Christmas exercises. I have a piece to speak at Christmas. My grandpa and grandma live

a half a mile from here. I have lots of fun with grandpa, he is full of tricks. Nov. 3rd a baby sister came to stay with me. I love to play with her, she is so cute. With love to all the Wees. From

OLIVER M. THOMSEN.

DENVER, COLO.

Dear Editor—Enclosed you will find a seventy-five (75) cent money order; fifty (50) cents of which is for one year's subscription to Wee Wisdom, and twenty-five (25) cents for Blanche's fund. I am also sending you a couple of pictures that I took out at City Park last summer. One shows my sister Ella sitting on one of the cannons in the park. The other is Robert Burn's statue, with flower beds in the foreground. I hope that you will get a goodly sum toward Blanche's present, and will select something both useful and attractive. I will close wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Your friend,

BOTHILDA E. CURTZ.

[We thank Bothilda for the pictures. WEE WISDOM just loves to visit her, Thanks, too, for contributing to the Blanche fund.—ED.]

CAMERON, Mo.

Dear Wee Wisdom—Enclosed please find twenty five cents for Blanche's Christmas present. I hope I am not too late. I just received the December number and I wish you came every week instead of every month. I think that More Love is a fine thought for the Wee Wisdom club. I would enjoy being in Kansas City in the Unity Rooms on Christmas Eve very much, but find it impossible. I have a canary bird for a pet. One day I happened to look at it and he was all swelled up and panting for breath. Grandma and Marcella and I all sat down and held this thought: "You are filled and thrilled with the abundant life of the Spirit," and in a few minutes he was hopping around as lively as ever. As I may be crowding some little Wee out, I will close. Wishing all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. I am your loving Wee, Margaret Bulkeley.

RAWLINS, WYOMING.

Dear Wee Wisdom—Enclosed please find sixty cents for the subscription to Wee Wisdom and the September number of 1909, as I lost mine of that date, and would like to have a new one. I am saving all my Wee Wisdoms and am tying them together. I enjoy reading the Wee Wisdom club and the epistles. I am in the sixth grade in school and am twelve years

old. I began in the Kindergarten and have made a grade every year. I hope all the Wees are well. From your little Wee.

HAROLD DONNEL.

[We are glad Harold appreciates WEE WISDOM so much.-ED.]

FAIRVILLE, PA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM-You are becoming so interesting and beautiful I cannot miss you this year. I think the Wee Wisdom club is fine. I will try saying the constitution and playing the game of "It". I hope Blanche will have enough money for a piano and so I'll send a little more. "Ye Editor" wants us to explain the idea in the Christmas cover. I see a little child with a beautiful Christmas tree and lots of playthings besides. She is beautifully dressed, too, but why is she not happy? Because happiness comes from within us and unless we are contented and give thanks for what we have we cannot he happy. To me the wise men represent the Gift of God, seeking Christ. The child does not recognize them because she is not conscious of the presence of the indwelling Christ. Wishing everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. SHIRLEY T. SWAYNE.

NATCHEZ, MISS.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I am a little girl eight years old. I am sending you a dime for Blanche's piano. I love to read Wee Wisdom. I never went to school until this year and I started in the second grade. I get a fine report every month. Wishing Wee Wisdom a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Your loving little friend.

Agnes Marshall.

AUBURN, MASS,

Dear Mrs. Fillmore— That is such a good thought to help us all unite in a gift for dear Blanche. Tell her please we "know she'll grow 'cause we all love her so," and you will not let her picture get crowded out every month, will you, because it is so helpful to see that sweet face. I am sending my offering of fifty cents with the thought that enough money will be sent to buy whatever thing Blanche most desires for her new home and you will know what that thing is. May I suggest that the game of "It" be explained again in Wee Wisdom, for the benefit of new subscribers, because it is such a good game to play? Wee Wisdom is a treasure and your loving work is appreciated by your sister in Truth.

Agnes R. Jacobs.

WENONA, ILL.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I am eleven years old and am in the fifth grade at school. We have been taking the Wee Wisdom for a long time and like it ever so much. Mamma takes Unity, and I often hold the thought. I had a little brother



come last May. We named him Calvin Oscar after his papa and grandpa. We think he is the dearest little fellow, and he is so good. Will send you a picture of him. Will close with love to all the Wees. Your friend, Wand Robinson.

BELOIT, WIS.

Dear Mrs. Fillmore—Am enclosing something for Blanche. Next month I hope to be able to send enough traveling expenses for Wee Wisdom another year. Ruth likes it so well, I do not want to miss even one number. She will send you her picture soon, and perhaps a little Sunshine Song she learned at Kindergarten. I often wonder how she can learn so much, but it must be because she is a little Wee. Yours very truly.

Mrs. A. L. Fiedler.

PLEASANTON, NEBR.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I forgot to send a dime with my letter for Blanche's Christmas fund so I will send it now. I like "Blanche's Corner" very much and hope she will be happy. I wish you all a Merry Christmas. I wish Santa Claus will bring me a Flexible Flyer. It is a sled. They say it beats every sled. Yours truly.

ARTHUR HAYS.

[Of course "Santa" brought Arthur the Flexible Flyer, and he's having a good time with it. "Santa" lives close to loving girls and boys and is doing for 'em the year round.—ED.]

PARTRIDGE, KAS.

Dear Wee Wisdom—Please find subscription blank and 60 cents enclosed. Ten cents for Blanche. I have been a silent reader until now, but I am now sending in a real little letter. I have four kittens and one mother cat. They are the cutest little cats I ever saw. I walk to school two miles and a quarter. I like the teacher and I like the school. My two brothers go to High school four miles from home. I am ten years old and I am in the fifth reader. I have not missed a day yet in school and don't expect to. I will get Thursday and Friday vacation, Thanksgiving. Well I must close. Your loving Wee.

[Good for Tyson, he has a good record, and he'll be one of God's noble men. Wee Wisdom's glad to visit him another year.—Ed.]

CURTESIAN, S. D.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I will enclose fifty cents for the renewal of my subscription to Wee Wisdom. I enjoy reading it so much. I am eight years old, will be nine Christmas day. I have two brothers, one aged twelve and one seven, and wish so much I had a baby sister. I would not be like the little boy you told about last winter who wanted "Dad" to take her back and pick a boy instead. I would be happy even if she was "second-hand." Your loving Wee.

Faye Millard.

[Wee Wisdom is glad to continue visiting Faye, and is sure the little sister she so covets will find her way round some of these days.—Ed.]

YANKTON, S. DAK.

Dear Wee Wisdom—Enclosed find fifty (50) cents to pay for traveling expenses of Wee Wisdom for another year. It is a birthday gift from my dear grandma, who is a student of Truth and so is my mamma. Some day I will send you my picture. I enjoy you so much Wee Wisdom, especially about the club. From Bille Box Smyth per Manma Smyth.

[Wee Wisdoms all welcome Billie, and will be glad to see him-ED.]

CRAWFORD, N. J.

My Dear Myrtle Fillmore—Your book "Wee Wisdom's Way" has found its way into our home, and we are enjoying it. The children are much interested and ask me if there really was a boy corresponding to Ned who was lame and is cured in the manner related. Elliot begs me to write and ask you about it. Yours sincerely Zeta A. Moody.

[Yes he is a man now and married. The wonderful part of it is he came and was healed after the author had started her story, and it seemed as if it so occurred to prove that truth is stranger than fiction.—Ed.]

YE EDITOR—Enclosed please find a little offering of love towards Blanche's Christmas. From a little Wee Wisdom. JAMES FORGOTSON.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

YE EDITOR-As I have overlooked the little Corner in the October Wee Wisdom where Ye Editor suggested that we all take a hand in putting something nice into Mrs. Haseltine's new bungalow, I hope my little offering has not come too late. Inclosed please find ten cents in stamps for same. How I wish I could be with you at Christmas time! Wishing you and all the Wees a Merry Christmas, I remain your loving Wee.

FLORA RAMSIER.

[Flora, and all who are helping with Blanche's fund, have our thanks, and when the pretty remembrance is in the place in Blanche's burgalow, we will tell you all about it.—ED.]

Six-year-old Margarette sends to cents to help buy Blanch's gift.

DAYTON, TENN.

Dear Wee Wisdom-It almost seems as though I have forgotten you and the Wees, but I have not. Indeed, I have been thinking a great deal about you, all the Wees and Blanche. I have been so busy learning at school that I have not had time for writing letters. I have not forgotten the little notice our dear "Ye Editor" slipped in October number of our little paper. I enclose ten cents that Dayton sends and ten cents that I send for the surprise we are going to give to Blanche. I think "Ye Editor" will decide what to get for her little den. I know this will not reach you in time for Christmas, but it will for the New Year. I know we will all have a fine time Christmas, giving and receiving presents, for it is the time of good cheer and happiness. I send best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a New Year full of Prosperity, Joy and Health. As ever, your WEE-WEE BENHAM. loving Wee.

Wee-Wee has our love and blessing and thanks .- Ep. |

TABLE ROCK, NEBR.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE-When I renewed my subscription to WEE WISDOM, I forgot to send any money for Blanche's Christmas present. Enclose please find 30 cents from Orville, Herbert and myself. Yours truly, THOMAS D. HOWE.

[Tom sends 50 cents instead of 30. They always do it up extra at Tom's house. The "Tom Stories," by Tom's Aunt Myrtle, have been asked for. Will it be all right to do so, Tom?—Ed.]

CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear Wee Wisdom—Here I share with you part of a letter from my niece away off in South Africa, for she speaks of her three Wee Wisdoms, grand nephews, to your very young and loving,

Aunt Mary.

SANTEGLOS FARM, GATOONIA, RHODESIA, S. A.



Dear Aunt Mary—I've so much to thank you for lately—Wee Wisnom for one thing. Kit (five or six years) looks upon it as his, and enjoys it thoroughly. The little photographs from the children are so interesting. I enclose a photo, but its very bad, of baby D'Arcy. Tom, the black pickaninny, is now graduated to house boy and wears a shirt. The children love him. He's very strong, has the biggest mouth I've ever seen.

It took him eighty-eight days to walk from his home, here. He comes

from Blantire. Baby is much bigger now. He was not even walking when the photograph was taken. Now he goes around in a kind of trouser and tunic.

He has beautiful eyes neither brown nor blue. John is very like me in looks, with eyes like Daddies. Kit looks like his Daddy and is thin and wirey. Bless you. Lovingly.

SALLIE DE WITT BAKER-CARR.

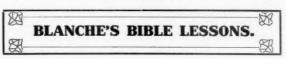
[Baby D'Arcy came a long way to see us-'way from Africa. We are glad Aunt Mary has sent us Sallie's letter, and that WEE WISDOM is a wel-come visitor even in Africa,—ED.]

CHATWORTH, ILL.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I have been taking you for one year. My uncle gave you to me. I like you very much. I like to read the stories and all that is in you. I am in the seventh grade at school and am 13 years old. Please find enclosed 50 cents for Wee Wisdom to come to me another year. With love to all the little Wees.

Fern Schrock.

[WEE WISDOM is glad to keep going to Fern's house.-Ep.]



LESSON I.-JANUARY 2, 1910.

John the Forerunner of Jesus .- Matt. 3:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—"The voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight."—Matt. 3:3.

John came to prepare the way for Jesus Christ. He baptized the people with water and told them that one greater than he would come and baptize them with the Holy Ghost.

We all want to realize that we are God's perfect children, because when we know that we will always be well and happy. But first we must cleanse our minds of all untrue thoughts. You see if our minds are filled with unreal thoughts they must be made ready for the real. That is what the baptism of John means to us. To do this we must say, I do not believe in poverty, sickness or unhappiness. If we do not believe in these things they will disappear. Then our minds are ready for the truth and we must say, I do know that I am God's child and that I am filled with health, joy and love, I know that the spirit within me is all powerful. That is the coming of the Christ.

LESSON II .- JANUARY 9, 1910.

The Baptism and Temptation of Jesus.—Matt. 3:13-17; 4:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"In that he hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted."—Heb. 2:18.

Jesus we know was a man. The *Christ* is the Spirit which is in every one. Now Jesus the man, had temptations just as we do. In this lesson we are told that Satan tempted Jesus. Does Satan some time tempt us? What is Satan anyway?

If a thought gets into our hearts and tempts us to say, I am not well, or I am angry, or I am afraid, that thought is Satan. Thoughts crept into the mind of Jesus and tempted

him, but he did not let them master him. He knew that the Spirit in him was all powerful and that the unreal thoughts had no power except what he gave them. Satan is nothing but a shadow. Are we going to be ruled by a shadow? Surely not. Then let us say to the fear thoughts—I am not afraid. There is nothing to fear for God is here. Then a true thought will spring up where the shadow was and Satan will disappear.

LESSON III.-JANUARY 16, 1910.

The Beginning of the Galilean Ministry.—Matt. 4:12-25.
GOLDEN TEXT—"The people which sat in darkness,
saw great light."—Matt. 4:16.

We have read some of the things that Jesus told the people in his wonderful Sermon on The Mount. Today we are told how he traveled from place to place healing the people and telling them the truth. The Golden Text says, "The people which sat in darkness saw a great light." That means that all these people who had never heard about the truth were taught it by Jesus. The Great Physician healed them and talked to them until they understood. That's what the Golden Text means when it says that the people saw a great light.

Some of us seem to be in darkness. When we forget that we are God's children, and begin to think that we are unhappy or afraid, then we are in darkness.

We must just sit still and close our eyes, and listen to the Voice within. It will teach us and heal us, just as Jesus did the people in the days of old. It will come into the light of love and understanding.

LESSON IV.-JANUARY 23, 1910.

True Blessedness .- Matt. 5:1-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Blessed Are The Pure In Heart for they shall see God."—Matt. 5:8.

The Golden Text today is taken from that wonderful sermon which Jesus delivered from the mountain top. He went up on the mountain and the people followed him. There he talked to them, and the things he said are just as true today as they were then. Jesus was not talking to those people alone, but for all people through all eternity. He was telling those truths for you and me, and trust, you know, never dies. So when Jesus said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," he meant all of us. The pure in heart always see God, whether they lived a thousand years ago, or are living now.

Let us find out just what it means, this Golden Text. What is it to be pure in heart?

I wonder how many of you have ever lived in a mining country where they dig for gold. Perhaps you know when it is first taken from the ground the gold is in the form of ore, that is it is mixed with other things. There are men whose business it is to separate the ore and get the gold away from the other minerals. They do this with heat—smelting, it is called.

Now to become pure in heart we must go through a process a great deal like smelting. Our ore is the mass of thoughts we are holding. What we want to do is to separate the truth from the untruth. Our fire is love. Just turn on a good strong love thought and it will drive out all unreal thoughts. Just say, "Divine love sets me free," over and over and the unreal thoughts must go if you get the fire hot enough.

Then when all of our thoughts are good and true we are pure in heart. We shall see God in every thing and everybody. God is everywhere but we do not feel or know it until we are pure in heart. When we do know that God is all there is then we know that there is nothing to fear and we are indeed blessed. Our words will all be true words, and will never die. They will live as do the words Jesus the Nazarene spoke one day on a mountain top.

LESSON V.-JANUARY 30, 1910.

Some Laws of The Kingdom.-Matt. 5:17-26; 38-48.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Be ye perfect as even your Father in Heaven is perfect."—Matt. 5:48.

Some laws of the Kingdom, is our title today. Now, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you," as the song goes, and there are certain laws which we must obey if we wish to

realize that we are perfect children of God. One of the laws is, "Resist not evil." Why, we know that evil is nothing but a shadow anyway. It would be very foolish to try to push darkness out of the room, because darkness is nothing, it is just lack of something. So it is with evil. Instead of fighting it we simply fill our minds with good. If a fear thought or any other untrue thought has crept into your heart, just steadily hold a thought of truth and the unreal will disappear. We don't need to resist it. When we learn this we know that we are perfect even as our Father in Heaven is perfect.

LOVE THOUGHTS

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

You have gathered roses oft From some garden fresh and fair, Take this little hidden thought It may sweeten all the air!

Can you find your little fairy? She is here to stay with you! She has helpful willing hands, And a heart that's ever true!

Smile upon your way, dear, Let no sorrow in; Make your life a garden Where weeds cannot begin!

If you have a reason
For every little deed,
Let love be the reason
And joy the planted seed!

Let your faith be in the good, Let your vision be so clear; Do each kindness as you should, Add a joy-note to each year:

A NEW YEAR'S CALL FROM ROYAL





I just dropped in to say "hello" since I am home for a few days from the University. Wee Wisdom has grown so much since I visited her last Fall that I hardly knew her. She is getting to be such a nice big pretty girl. A Happy New Year to all Wee Wees. I shall try to write you a letter from "Missouri" when I go back.

A WORD FROM YE EDITOR

Haven't we a lot of New Year callers, though!

Unity had a great Christmas "doin's." The Wees sang their pretty songs, and then the curtain arose on a beautiful Christmas Tree, full of colored lights and decorations—but not one present was visible, much to the disappointment of all concerned. The news came that Santa Claus had broken down and his presents were scattered all over the snow. Then a little pink fairy was discovered on a snow bank asleep and Mrs. Croft woke her up (it was Hazel) and she fixed matters up by bringing the Snowman to life and sending him and Jack Frost (Lee Jones) to look up Santa and his scattered gifts. And such a lot as they found! Everybody was loaded with the presents that Jack and the Snowman and Santa brought in.

Ye Editor wants to thank all who have contributed to the "Blanche fund." There wont be enough to get a piano, so we're going to let Blanche go and get what she wants.

Happy New Year

Blanche's Corner.



Another New Year! It is going to be just the same as the old one, only better. Some folks say the old year is dead, but don't waste time feeling sorry about that. The only thing about the old year that dies is its mistakes. All the good and true lives right on and helps, in the New Year. We know that the good never dies, so when we ring out the old year, let us remember that we are ringing out the unreal things, that all

the old mistakes and untrue thoughts can never come back. They are gone forever. They never were anything but shadows anyway, and the love light of the New Year has banished them. When we know the truth about it our New Year is happier than ever, isn't it?

Let us try and see how many new subscribers we can get for Wee Wisdom this year. We want it to visit the home of every girl and boy in the world so that they all may learn the truth which we know about the Spirit within them. We want them to know that they are God's perfect children, don't we? For if every one knew the truth there would be no unreal thoughts or shadows to ring out at the end of the year.

God is love, and love is here; You are folded in it dear; Free from harm, and free from care Find God's blessings everywhere!



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.

50 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 as second class matter, August 8th, 1898, at the postoffice at Kansas City, Missouri, under the act of March 3d. 1879.

January, 1910

Ring the bells for January,

Nineteen hundred ten!

Blow the horns and all be merry,

For January has come again,

And every year

Since we've been here,

He's followed close

On Christmas cheer.

-W. S.

IF THREE 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,"

Library of Wee Wisdom Stories

Qoqoqoqoqoqoqoqoqoqoqoqoqoqoq

Six Booklets

-OF-

Short Truth Tales, Poems, Etc.

Book III. is one complete story, "The Garden, the Gate, and the Key," by Mary Brewerton de Witt, the popular writer for children.

Books V. and VI. are compiled from stories written by the Wees themselves, and are very entertaining.

> In Attractive Paper Covers. Price 15 cents each.

ELSIE'S LITTLE BROTHER TOM.

A Story for Boys and Girls.

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

Published in boards only, 75 cents, postpaid

Unity Tract Society, 913 Tracy Ave, Kansas City, Mo