

WEE WISDOM

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



FEBRUARY, 1910
KANSAS CITY, MO.

AESOP VERSIFIED

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW

Lida H. Hardy

A hungry dog once stole some meat,
And running on his homeward way,
He saw his image in a stream,
And, puzzled, stopped for brief delay.

"What's this I see?" said hungry Tray,
"Reflected in the stream below?
Another dog with more nice meat,
I'll have his, too, or slay my foe."

Then snapping at the shadow near,
Expecting sure to make a haul,
He dropped the bit he called his own,
And so, of course, he lost it all.



MORAL: *There's nothing made by
being greedy.*



VOL. XV.

FEBRUARY, 1910

No. 7.

MATTERS AND THINGS IN
WHICH YE EDITOR GETS
IN HER SAY FIRST

Well, to begin with, I've lots to say to my Wisdoms, and I've squeezed into small corners and cracks with my little says, till I've decided for once to push boldly to the front and say all I want to, and if there's any room left the rest can have it.

You will all like to know that WEE WISDOM has made a steady and wholesome growth all through 1909. Miss Emma, who has charge of the list, could tell us if we asked her just how many more of us there are than were last year at this time. You have all noticed the improvement in WEE WISDOM's type-dress and how many more pictures she hangs on her walls than formerly.

Well, that's because of her new and fashionable tailor, Mr. Line-o-type, and also, because she has formed a partnership with Miss Prosperity.

Have you never met Miss Prosperity? Then WEE WISDOM will bring her around to your home and introduce you to her. You will like her. She's no relation to Mis-fortune and the funny thing is, wherever she appears *Mis-fortune* loses her head and *fortune* remains. Every family should get acquainted with Miss Prosperity.

All through the year we have had happy fellowship with "The Club," and those among you who have received benefit from the thoughts given out by its central members and carried into practice their happy sug-

gestions, may consider yourselves honorary members already and can write down your names as such, and send them to Ye Editor and she will publish them in *WEE WISDOM*, and then the Central Club will know how many are subscribing to their Constitution, "*MORE LOVE*," wearing their colors, "*PINK*," and playing with them the game of "*It*."

In the meantime we must not forget that we owe all the pleasure of knowing and hearing about these ambitious youngsters and their "*Club*" to Mrs. Pettinger, Sallie's and Lois' good mamma, and so must always send out to her thoughts of love and gratitude as we enjoy the monthly annals of "*The Club*."

Another one of our year's profits and pleasures has been, "*Our Nature Studies*" with Mrs. Hardy. Her efforts have been untiring to bring us in touch with the Great Wisdom and Love that expresses itself throughout the Universe. Everything she shows us has a story of its own to tell to whoever knows how to listen. She is teaching us how to listen and find out for ourselves the marvelous secrets of Earth, and Water, of Air and living things. Mrs. Hardy is also very painstaking in providing us suitable illustrations for these studies, some of which are sketched by her young sister, a kindergarten teacher, and some are photographs taken by herself and others. We can imagine what it means to her three Wisdoms to possess such a mother and how delightful "*Story-time*" must be in her home. Let us all join in thanksgiving that God has given us such a friend.

And there's Blanche! We couldn't well spare her. She's the "sugar and spice, etc." of *WEE WISDOM* diet. Blanche has a way all her own, no one was ever just like her, no one ever will be; there's a patent on her. She has a way of firing our enthusiasm and keeping our minds busy a-thinking. You can't fall flat or grow stupid when Blanche is around. She'll stir you up some way.

Blanche's Bible Lessons, "*Corner*" and little rhymes have called forth merited commendation during the past year, and as she is a grower we may expect more and more from her, right along.

Years ago, long before some of you were born,

while yet WEE WISDOM was learning to take her first toddling steps, the writer of our Christmas and New Year Verses, Mary B. de Witt, came to us. And such a friend as she has been. Beside helping with her pen, she has sent in list after list of new subscribers, and, as if that were not enough, she has taken out of her own purse, many times, traveling expenses that has enabled WEE WISDOM to visit little folks who have longed for her.

The faithful efforts of Miss de Witt in helping sustain WEE WISDOM and encourage Ye Editor during years of struggle and trial, we feel are potent factors in bringing about the success our little magazine is at last attaining.

God bless WEE WISDOM's "Aunt Mary"! may every Wisdom who reads Miss de Witt's sweet messages reiterate this blessing, and remember with gratitude *She is always your friend.*

One of her best stories is in booklet-form, "The Garden, the Gate and the Key." I remember when it was running in serial, Royal, who was a little shaver then, was very enthusiastic over it, and I considered this a fine recommendation. If you'd like to read it, the Unity Tract Society will send it to you for a quarter.

Well, here I am not half through with my "matters and things" but my bravery is beginning to flag as I see "The Club," and The Nature Studies, and a bushel of letters, and Blanche's batch all waiting for me to get through and give them a chance, so I'll stop right square off this time and may be they'll give me another chance. God bless you, my Wisdoms, and all your friends.



When you want to meet a smile
Take one with you all the while;
When you want the Good to grow
Watch the little words you sow.



THE WEE WISDOM CLUB

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER.



MARGARET CELEBRATES

Now, isn't it funny that when things have been running smoothly for a long, long time, and we have about made up our mind that no harm can come to us, all of a sudden, like a big wave, comes some catastrophe that upsets our little boat and we find ourselves floundering about in the cold water!

Funny too, that when one big wave gets us down, several other big waves follow in quick succession, dashing us first this way, then that, and preventing us from getting on solid ground.

An old proverb says that "It never rains but it must pour," and some one else has said "Sorrow never comes single handed," and I think it is a pretty well established fact that one misfortune is usually followed by another. Sallie says if she breaks one dish she is always sure to break three, and Lois says if she misses her spelling on Monday she is sure to miss all the rest of the week.

Now why this is true seems very clear to me, but if I should try to explain to you there would be no time left for me to tell you what befell the Wee Wisdom Club that eventful Twenty-second of February. So I am going to leave that question for some of the honorary members to answer when they write to WEE WISDOM, for it is a question well worth consideration, and one which every Wee should be able to answer. If you can answer that question you will be able to tell why the Wee Wisdom Club met with such disaster that cold day in February,—that is, you can *reason* it out, if you are enough of a philosopher.

It was Margaret Gray's birthday, (also Washington's) and remembering what a jolly time they had had the year before, the children were overjoyed when Mrs. Gray gave her consent to Margaret's entering the club for the second time.

Two days before the eventful 22nd, the wind grew cold, the ground froze as hard as stone, and the white mountains against the blue-gray sky came out clear-cut as a cameo. For two days the wind blew cold, the snow flew, and the ground got harder and harder.

People wrapped themselves in woolens and shivered and shook with the cold, and they wished it would rain, warm, soft, gentle Oregon rain, rain that neither wets nor chills, but just makes the roses bloom and grow better than in any other place on earth. But it didn't rain, it just blew colder and colder, and the lake froze hard and deep, and every one went skating who could skate, and those who couldn't skate went anyway.

Now Margaret had an idea in connection with her party, a good idea it seemed to hear, but somehow her mother looked a little serious when it was proposed. There was no good reason for refusing to allow Margaret to carry out her plans, and yet,—well her mother did not quite approve. "It is too cold for an out-door party," she said, "and it is so far to come over here from the lake for refreshments."

Oh, I meant to take our lunch with us; a skating picnic, don't it sound fine! Bob, and Willie, and Sallie and I have skates, and the others can ride on the sleds and we will pull them, and we will go up to the head of the lake and——"

"Margaret, Margaret," exclaimed her mother, "You have it all arranged, and I might just as well say 'yes,' but I don't like the idea a little bit, it may be because I'll have to go with you, and I don't fancy a cold trip up to the head of the lake, and beside I'm not sure that it is safe."

"Oh, Mumsy, we'll tuck you in on one of the sleds where you will be just as comfy' as can be, and it is perfectly safe because every one says it is, and the ice doesn't even creak when you walk on it. You don't like the idea now, but you just wait until we get started, then you will be as 'thusiastic as we are.'"

There were other mothers that did not like the idea either, and yet there was no good reason for refusing the eager youngsters. Now this was the first mistake of this whole affair; when one *feels* a thing to be wrong,

that, in it's self, is excuse sufficient, no other *should* be necessary. If the mothers had said "no" when they felt that the children should not have an out-door picnic, then the first mistake would not have led on to the second, nor the second on to the third. But when we *make* one mistake we usually find ourselves entangled in several more.

On the morning of the birthday the sun rose clear and bright, the air was as invigorating as wine, the frost glistened on walk and fence boards, and the fir trees moaned when the sharp wind struck them. Oh, it was cold! that is, for Oregon. What a queer looking lot was that Wee Wisdom Club as they started off toward the lake! Skates swung over the shoulders, sleds dragging behind, hands filled with baskets, kettles and bundles, and each one so wrapped up in mufflers and caps that there wasn't an ear left uncovered to listen to the advice from the "mother tongue."

The lake was not a great distance, (only 'round the road' from Nellie's house,) and so the children were soon on the ice, packing the sleds for "the dash for the pole," as Robert said. Mrs. Gray sat on one of the sleds with her lap and hands full of bundles, while Willie was her prancing steed. Margaret drew Nellie, Sallie drew Mildred, and Robert sped far ahead of all the rest with Lois shouting and laughing on the sled behind him. The wind was at their backs and the sleds slid over the smooth ice without even a tug upon the skaters and in half an hour the camping place was reached. The party landed, and while Robert, Lois and Nellie were taking observations, a la Dr Cook, with a piece of ice on the end of a stick, the rest of the party were gathering fire wood, and by the time the three explorers had discovered that they were in latitude 45 degrees and fifteen minutes and forty-five seconds to dinner time, the fire was blazing merrily and Willie was swinging his ax like a pioneer wood-chopper. Beside the crackling fire they stood the covered bucket of brown beans which had been cooked with tomato sauce; the kettle of water was put to boil, swung from between two forked sticks, and the sandwiches, cake and pie were

left unpacked for the present, but were stood near the fire to keep from Jack Frost's greedy clutch.

Then the Club began it's fun on the ice! Sleds and skates were in commission. Margaret had arranged for a game that the Indians used to play, and of which her grandfather told her; she had a bundle of smooth colored sticks, a foot long, in the end of which she had stuck some feathers, (the Indians used buffalo ribs and eagle feathers); a line was drawn across the ice and the children stood at a distance and slid the sticks, as we do when we want to "skip a stone" over the water. The wind caught hold of the feathers as if they had been a sail and away they would speed over the glassy surface, sometimes out of sight. The points were counted according to the color of the sticks and the distance they would travel. The long journeys after the sticks tired the children so that they declared that they couldn't wait another minute for lunch, and although it was not yet twelve o'clock Mrs. Gray gave them their way. A hungry set of little Indians never played upon that lake, even in the early days before it's waters had seen a "pale face." Along these shores the wolves used to howl, but they never howled louder than this pack of youngsters when they discovered that they had forgotten the spoons for their hot lemonade, and that they would have to wait half a minute for it to cool, so they could drink it down. Across from them an Indian fortress raised its stony walls toward the sky, silently contemplating the time when the fierce war-fare of the past should be forgotten; but no fiercer battle was ever fought by the red man for the protection of his rights, than was fought by the Wee Wisdom Club when a spark set fire to the basket that held the sugar doughnuts. They stood around the blazing fire and ate their lunch, looking for all the world like a circle of blanketed chiefs at a pow-wow. This was the day for hot lemonade with grape juice trimmings, and they drank cup after cup, they drank to Margaret's good fortune, then to their own, then to all the other Wee's and as there was still plenty of red lemonade left, they drank a toast to every body they knew and to every body they didn't know.

Warm and refreshed, they once more started out on

the ice for a last frolic, for they had promised to be home early. A little island covered with under-brush and several large trees rose up out of the frozen lake, some little distance from their camp, and around this island the children were skating and sliding, playing tag, follow-the-leader and hide-and-seek, just as their fancy prompted them. A call from camp told them that it was time to pack up the things and start for home, and obedient to that call they all started. No, not all either; Margaret sat down on a log at the side of the island to fasten her skate, and called to Mildred, who was passing, "Tell Mother I'll be there in just a second; my skate is loose."

Mildred delivered the message, and Mrs. Gray replied, "Well she had better hurry if she wants a cup of hot lemonade for I have to empty the kettle."

They finished their drink, packed up the sleds and were ready to start but still Margaret did not come. They called and halooed but got no answering shout, so Willie and Robert started after her.

The boys rounded the little island and were gone but a moment when, with white faces and terrified eyes they came back shouting, "The ice is all broken in, around where Margaret was sitting and we can't find her!"

Not a word was spoken as they started for the island, too mute with fear and apprehension to say a word. There, a great wide hole was broken in the ice and the deep, cold water reflected the blueness of the sky. The water of the lake was not swift but very deep, and was frozen over almost its entire surface. The ice about the island began to creak and sway and the children got into a panic of fear and began to cry and shout to Margaret, and call for help, while Margaret's mother stood white and still, and wrung her hands, and looked down into the deep hole in the ice where the black, cold water swirled around and carried everything within reach beneath the surface of the ice.

Now Willie was not much older than the other members of the Club, in fact he was just Margaret's age; he was very quiet, never quarreled in a childish way, always did his part of work or play, and was so good na-

tured, as a usual thing, that the other members of the Club sometimes imposed upon him, made him do more than his share, and sometimes forgot to consult his pleasure, or to remember that he had likes and dislikes the same as the more strenuous members of their organization. But now when this catastrophe befell them, Willie was the man of the party. His placid face wore a look of determination, and he took entire charge of the terror stricken, frantic children, and the speechless woman who wanted to throw herself into the black water of the hole.

He gave orders, and they were obeyed implicitly, for there was something in Willie's face that gave the children confidence, quieted their panic, and made them think of the things that should be done. He sent Robert, Nellie and Lois in three different directions for help; he set Sallie and Mildred to work building up a big fire, and with wisdom far beyond his years, he persuaded Mrs. Gray that she must help him get several long slim trees, to reach over the ice-hole.

In much less time than it seems possible men came with ropes, planks and axes; they consulted with each other and shook their heads gravely. Men and women and children came from all directions and stood about the bonfire, talked in lowered tones, and some were weeping aloud, while others tried to quiet them on the mother's account. The Club members clung to each other and tried to think of the words one should use when one is in very deep trouble.

Robert could stand it no longer and went to the opposite side of the lake where he might be alone with his feelings. He lay down on a log with his head on his arms, a very picture of grief, but he sat up suddenly; here on the log were Margaret's skates with the strap cut in two and on the ground was her wet mitten. Like a true little lawyer that he was he looked for farther evidence and found it. Then with a shout of joy he called to the people on the ice. The men stopped working and studied the ground. What ever had happened to Margaret she certainly had been to the opposite shore, but where was she?

To Be Continued.


CHILD-GARDENING

 Conducted by LIDA H. HARDY

GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY
THE LAW OF EXPRESSION
 SERIES XIX.

GOD'S GIFTS OF BATS AND SQUIRRELS

And God said: Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind * * * and it was so. And God made the beast of the earth after his kind * * and God saw that it was good.

See! God beheld every thing that ever He made good.

Every living creature comes to make the world better; each has its own work to do and each has been sent into the world for a special purpose. We may not understand just *all* the good they do, but we *love* every creature that God has made, and through our love and through our study of them, we are more and more learning of the dear heavenly Father the maker and creator of all.



PAPA AND MAMA BAT.

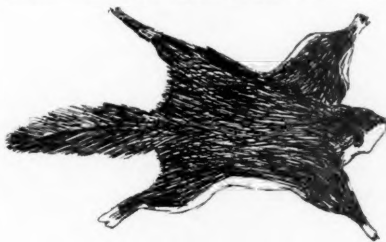
Oh, how we *did* enjoy the birds! And say, do you know that there are *animals* that can fly? I hear some one say:—"Why *yes*, Bats!" Have you ever *seen* any?

One time when I was a little girl, my mamma gave me a basket and asked me to go to the orchard for some

apples. I went right straight to my very own early harvest tree, and there hanging all over the limbs were the queerest little creatures! I called my brother, who was older than I and who was always ready and glad to learn all he could about curious things.

"They're *bats*" he said, and carefully lifting one from its resting place, he carried it to a shady spot where we could study the little fellow more closely. His body was about the size of an ordinary mouse and was covered with soft brown fur. He had the oddest little face which he screwed into all sorts of grimaces. His ears were quite large and his little mouth was filled with the whitest sharp white teeth. On each side was a long arm bent at the elbow. Its hands were half as long as its arms and on each hand were four long fingers. These long arms, hands and fingers formed a frame work, which was covered with a thin, tough, wrinkled skin that looked like rubber. When he was not flying he folded his wings up like a fan. On his feet there were five toes. His thumbs were left free, each furnished with a sharp strong claw with which the creature could drag himself along the ground or climb up a steep wall.

The wings from tip to tip measured ten inches. His tail was short. He used it precisely as the fishes and the



FLYING SQUIRREL.

birds use their tails. The fish uses his tail as a guide in swimming, the bat and the birds as a guide in flight.

The bat mother usually has two tiny baby-bats which she cares for very tenderly, even carrying them on her back when she is flying, the little things hanging tightly to the fur.

There are over one hundred and fifty different species of bats. The larger is the "Flying-Fox," so called because the head looks like that of a fox.

The "Flying-Fox" is a vegetarian. Under no circumstances will he be persuaded to touch flesh food.

Bats wash their faces somewhat like a cat does. When tamed they become quite friendly and are appreciative when people show them kindness.

Do you think of any other animal that can fly?

That's right. The squirrel. The flying squirrel. When my brother was a little boy he brought from the woods in his pockets two baby flying squirrels. Our mother said: "Would *you* like to be taken away from this *home* and from *me*, by a *great big giant*?"

My brother was only a *little* fellow and didn't stop to think that the flying squirrel mother loves her babies, and that the babies love their mother better than any thing in the world, just as human mothers and children do.



BABY FLYING SQUIRREL.

After mother spoke of the love between the mother and baby, my brother turned around and went right straight for the wood as fast as he could and put those baby flying-squirrels right back into their little snug home. I went with him. We saw the mother flying-squirrel, and she was the queerest looking animal you ever saw! She had a fold of skin like a parachute all along each side of her body; through the use of this she could make long flying leaps through the air. She made a long flying leap to the little home nest when she found that her babies were back. And we can all imagine how glad she was.

Last Spring the dearest and cunningest squirrel was sent to us. The children named him "Blitzen." We

bought a cage with wheels for him, and for an hour at a time he would keep that wheel spinning around and seemed to be quite as happy and contented as when he went frisking around outside of it.



"BLITZEN"

He had been with us but a short time when he was allowed to leave his cage. He became quite tame and for our amusement would do all sorts of funny tricks. He would sit on the shoulder of his little mistress and eat from her hand.

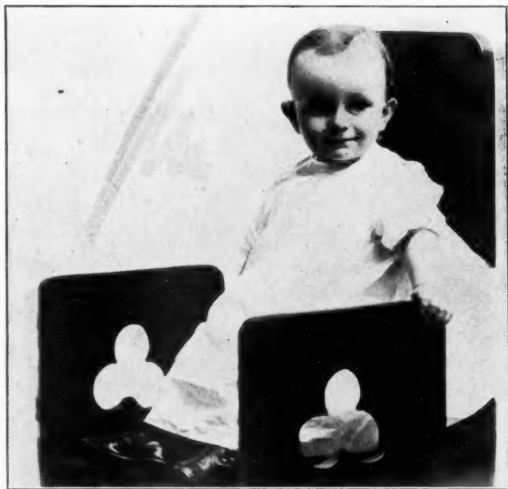
One day I was sewing out in the grape arbor. Suddenly a grape-leaf dropped on my needle work, which I thought natural enough. Pretty soon another leaf dropped, then another, and another; by this time I looked up and saw that "Blitzen" was trying to tease me.

One day he ran off to the wood and enjoyed himself so much better among his squirrel friends that he never came back. Whenever we think of him, we enjoy the thought of his freedom.

The squirrel is a milk giving animal. The mother squirrel feeds her babies with milk created by God in her own body. Mammals, such animals are called. They are a higher expression of life than the bird and stand at the top of animal life, for man himself, the likeness of

God, is a mammal, the most perfect of all that God has created.

What an interest we feel in every animal that lives! And how we do love to see the least sign of intelligence in bird or animal! Froebel says this interest is an open door through which unbounded good may pour, this good is the knowing which comes to us through living close to nature. It is in this way that we find for ourselves the wonderful laws of nature which is only another name for God's laws.



BABY HENRY LEILICH, ST. LOUIS, MO.

How good it is to know and see the increasing interest being manifest in the *WEE WISDOM* magazine. Purely a child's paper, and published for their especial good. Why shouldn't the thought spread!

EPISTLES

CHICAGO, ILL.

MY DEAR WEES—Such a beautiful snow storm in Chicago, and how your Aunt Mary is enjoying it, who has most of her life lived in California. Now my dear Wees I do hope you will correct the big mistake I must have made in the last line of your Christmas poem. To be practical and correct, and also as I wished it to be, that line should read "Upon the dear Christ-day!" You will see it is now prettier and is correct, according to accent. I wish you all a very happy New Year! I hope there is a Wee Corner for me for I wanted so much to make this correction for some of you may be learning that poem as a piece. Lovingly, AUNT MARY DE WITT.

[You ought to have had Aunt Mary's letter last month, but it was left over with other matter, because of so many New Year callers. Please take notice of the correction she wishes you to make. Get out your Christmas WEE WISDOM, and turn to the sixth page: In the last line of her poem, make a pencil mark across the mas in Christmas, and it will read correctly, and you will like it better.—ED.]

CLAYPOOL, IND.

DEAR WEES—How are all the little Wees? I am all right and hope you're the same. I am in the 6th grade at school and I am eleven years of age. I have not missed one day. I hope you will all have a Merry Christmas. I think I will have a Christmas tree. Well, that is all I guess for this time. I still remain, your loving Wee, GEORGIA WORLEY.

RANCHO SAL SI PUEDES, NESTOR, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I found a blue mark in the back of this month's WEE WISDOM, and as I just *couldn't* let WEE WISDOM have the "blues," I am sending her the price of a ticket for 1910. I couldn't get along without her. Mama and I have been in the Cuyamaca Mountains for three months and have just returned to the ranch; everything seemed glad to see us. We have two new dogs, they are Airedale terriers, one is called "Ginger" and the other "Snap." I am getting along very well with my music, I practice three hours every day. I am playing a great deal of Opera music and I like it so much. Mama got me a very pretty new violin for my birthday, which was the 8th of April. I am thirteen years old. I think the "Club consti-

tution" is fine and I have started in saying it already, it helps a great deal. I would love to be a member of the "Club" if I could. How many years old is WEE WISDOM, Ye Editor? I liked the "Nature Study" in Christmas WEE WISDOM so much. When we were in Los Angeles not long ago, I used to walk down past Central Park and watch the pigeons. There were quite a good many; one morning after a rain there was quite a large pool of water in one of the paths there and all the pigeons were taking their bath, they were splashing water in all directions. Another time a man who was sitting on one of the benches had a lot of corn which he was feeding them, they were perching on his arms, shoulders, knees and his head and were fluttering all about him. They would eat out of his hand and when he would put a few kernels between his lips they would pick it right out. They were so pretty. Well I must close now, so wishing WEE WISDOM, the Club and all the Wees a happy and prosperous New Year, I am as ever, your loving Wee Wisdom.

ISABEL FRANCES McLEOD.

[Isabella writes a letter of genuine interest, and WEE WISDOM is glad to be with her another year.—ED.]

OSWEGO, ORE.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—We had a lovely book sent us. It was just what we wanted. Our drawings are so poor that we cannot color them, but we can color the pictures in this book and it also teaches us to draw. This has been a very happy Christmas for us and we hope it was for you, too. Our cousin, Archie and his baby brother Hunter, spent Christmas with us. Archie got a bicycle of which he is very proud, and the baby got several rubber toys, a rag doll, and a little jacket. It was baby Hunter's first Christmas, he enjoyed it about five minutes and then went to sleep with his rubber kitten. We wish you and all the Wees good wishes and remain yours with lots of love,

SALLIE AND LOIS PETTINGER.

VINEMONT, ALA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little girl and I am 9 years old and I go to school and I am in the fourth grade. I take music and I can play on the piano. I like to take you. I read you and this is my first letter to you, and I hope to see it in print. I must make it short because I am afraid of crowding some one else out. I will close my letter and write again some other time. With love to all the Wees.

HELEN E. POWELL.

JANET'S AFTER CHRISTMAS LETTER.

TOPEKA, KANS.

DEAR WEES—Lowell sent me a beautiful doll hat which just fits my dear "Octavia Patria Karnahan Hardy," and I have a book about paper people. I can cut them out just as



nice and plain as Harry can. Santa Claus brought me a beautiful tree with red balls and green balls and purple balls all hanging on. He brought me a red sled and when "Hobbo" and I went out in the snow Christmas morning, Mama took our picture. Santa Claus is good and kind and nice and I like 'im. He makes all the people glad and happy.

JANET.

TEXARKANA, ARK.

DEAR WEES—I'm nine years young. I read WEE WISDOM and I like it very much. We use the school motto, brother and I, "God is my intelligence." One day I had a hard lesson in arithmetic. I was the only one in the class that knew it. The

teacher asked me how it was that I was the only one in the class. I told her our motto. She said it was a good thing to use. Your loving Wee.

REA CLARK.

KEYSTONE, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have not written to you for a long time so I thought I would write to you today. I am going to school every day. I am in the fifth grade. I send you my picture. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. My teacher's name is Mabel Brismann. We had a Christmas tree at our church. I spoke a piece, "The Longest Night." I was in a dialogue, too. We were phoning for Santa. I had forgotten to send WEE WISDOM traveling money, so I send fifty (50) cents now for the year's expenses. Your loving Wee.

GLADYS M. GRUVER.

(Extracts from Willie's Letter.)

N. YAKIMA, WASH.

I received a dollar from grandma for a Christmas present which I am going to use for myself in this way: I want to subscribe for WEE WISDOM for myself and my cousin. I send the dollar in this letter.

WILLIE BELL.

[With friends like Willie WEE WISDOM will grow and grow and get acquainted with a lot more Wee friends. Bless you, Willie!—Ed.]

LONG BEACH, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. We use WEE WISDOM in our Sunday School class, and like it so much. Miss Blake is my teacher. We also use UNITY in Sunday School. Mama says it is fine. My father is pastor of the New Thought church; he talks in The Psychological Temple. I am nine years old. Your loving little Wee.

REBECCA PRICE.

WILBRAHAM, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. My sister Helen takes WEE WISDOM. We have an Indian pony. She is buff colored and is the best pony I ever saw. We have a gray working horse, a cow and a calf. They are Holsteins. We have seven acres of land on our farm. I am ten years old and I am in the fifth grade. I got a flexible flyer for Christmas. It is the best sled going; and a knife and a kodak and a set of dominos, 3 books and a box of writing paper for Christmas. I ride the pony a lot. We only had one week of vacation. That was not enough. My teacher's name is Miss Cushman. Your Wee.

PHILIP CAMPBELL HARDY.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write you a little letter and tell you about our Christmas entertainment at Unity. We have a pretty large Sunday School here. We always have an entertainment and a Christmas tree on Christmas Eve. This year our class (Mrs. Blanche's) sang songs, then there were some recitations. Mrs. Haseltine's class, the tiny Wees, sang a



EVA AND CECIL LAY.

cute little song. Mr. Fillmore told us about "Santa Claus" or "Sandy Claus" as he called him. He told us once when he lived up in Santa's Country a baby, the Indians came along and put him on their horse and rode around with him but brought him back all right. I certainly think that his mother was

frightened. There was a surprise for us. Mrs. Croft made a nice and inspiring little talk then the curtains opened and behold, there was a fairy lying asleep on a pile of snow, and two snow men. The fairy was supposed to have been Santa's messenger but she had fallen asleep. She was soon awakened however. She touched one of the snow men on the head with her wand and he came to life. He was said to be Peary. But the other one who was supposed to have been Dr. Cook did not move. Old Santa was delayed on account of his airship breaking down, but he finally arrived. Jack Frost helped find him. We had a very exciting time receiving our presents. But one of the funniest things of it all was, that in Mrs. Croft's talk before the curtain opened, she told about the tree and how it was filled with nice presents and all and when the tree was exposed there were no presents, or candy, or nuts on it at all. But that is no sign that we didn't get all those things. Every one that belonged to the Sunday School got a nice present, and there were candy, nuts and oranges for everybody. I think I am too late for January, but I guess I will be in time for the February number. Wishing that you may have had a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am yours truly, One of the Wees of Unity Sunday School.

EVA LAY.

YUMA, ARIZ.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM—My mama reads the beautiful stories and letters from the Wees and I like them so much. We have many little Indian girls here. I am five years of age, my birthday is in June. I go to school. I have four white dogs and a black kitten. I enclose ten cents to help WEE WISDOM. I close wishing all a Merry Christmas.

Dictated to Mamma.

BABY SMITH.

FREEBURG, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my second letter to you. I hope all the Wees had a happy New Year. I enjoy reading the "Wee Wisdom Club" the "Gospel of Nature Study" and the "Epistles." Your little Wee,

CLINTON WHITTAKER.

[I think Mildred has written this letter all by herself, and it's quite clear for a seven-year-old. She'll be writing us stories before long.—Ed.]

CHUGWATER, WYO.

DEAR EDITOR—I am sorry that I did not send this money sooner. I hope it is in time. We wish Blanche a happy Christmas and we hope she will like her present very much. Your loving friends,

LILY AND MARGARET.

WILBRAHAM, MASS.



DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my second letter to you. I think you are the best paper I ever took. I am sending a drawing. Your little Wee.

HELEN HARDY.

P. S. Here is a story I am sending.

"BEAUTY'S JOURNEY."

There was once a very nice lady, and she lived in Redfield, her name was Miss Pearl. She kept a special house for cats, she had all kinds, sizes and colors. In Deerfield there was a lady whose name was Mrs. Campbell, and she had four children; there names were Paul, Donald, Doris and Margaret. One day in May, Mrs. Campbell was going there for a kitty for her children, who never had one, but wished for one very much. She was going to give them a great surprise. She started next morning at eight o'clock. When she got there she knocked at the door and Miss Pearl came and opened the door. Mrs. Campbell ate dinner there. In the afternoon she and Miss Pearl went out to look at the pretty kittens. They went in the house and talked, for Mrs. Campbell was going to stay a week.

(To Be Continued.)

[Helen is a worker, that is evident. She starts in by doing her part toward making WEE WISDOM interesting, for see, she draws a picture, writes a story and expresses her appreciation of it.—Ed.]

CHADD'S FORD, PA.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—Ever since "WEE WISDOM" has been coming to us, I look forward with pleasure to its coming. Shirley thought it would be so nice for me to have it to read to my little girls, so I thank him for making me acquainted with "The Wees." I find such a comfort in reading the beautiful thoughts, which I hope my little ones will learn to love more as they grow older. Blanche's Bible Lessons, what a help they are! written so clear and plain, so full of love and truth. I know whatever her New Year's gift is, she will appreciate it, because she will know that each offering comes with love. I am late with mine but send best wishes with it for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year for "Ye Editor," "Blanche" and all "The Wees." Sincerely your friend.

BERYL SWAYNE ARMENT.

[We appreciate very much such co-operation on the part of the parents of the Wees, and it counts for the making of beautiful and harmonious lives for their little ones.—Ed.]

FAIRBURY, NEER.

DEAR WEES—My Grandmother was in Kansas City summer before last visiting and sent you to my sister, Flora, and me. We both like you very much. We would like to have you come and visit us another year. The nature study is very interesting and helpful. I wish you a very Happy New Year.

AGNES SMITH.

[WEE WISDOM is always delighted to be invited to continue her visits to her little friends, and thanks Agnes for her cordial invitation and traveling fare.—ED.]

DULUTH, MINN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I am nine years old. I like to hear the stories in WEE WISDOM very much. A kind friend gave it to me for my birthday present. I have a little brother named John. I would like to be in the Wee Wisdom Club. Your little Wee. DOROTHEA ENGEL.

[Your wish to be a member of the Wee Wisdom Club constitutes you one. If you live up to its Love Constitution you are a member in full standing.—ED.]

SNOHOMISH, WASH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write and send you 20 cents for your New Year present to Blanche. I don't know whether it will get there in time or not, but I hope it will. My sister is sending 10 cents and so am I. I am sorry I didn't send it earlier. With best wishes to all the Wees.

MERLE GAINER.

[You got your name on the list for the New Year present, all right, Merle. What is your sister's name?—ED.]

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I think *More Love* is a fine constitution for the Wee Wisdom Club. I love to memorize the little poems and thoughts of WEE WISDOM. My mother gave me a little blank book to copy down all the nice little sayings I find in books. Here are *some* of the things I have copied into it.

"The inner side of every cloud

Is bright and shining:

Therefore I turn my clouds about

And always wear them inside out

To show the lining."

"Learn patience from the lesson,—

Tho' the night be drear and long,

To the dearest sorrow there comes a morrow

A right to every wrong."

I have copied a great many sayings from WEE WISDOM. I copied one that was on the cover. It is very interesting to do this and I wish all the Wees would do it. My mother has filled two books with little sayings and she shows them to me. I should think *every body* in the world would want WEE WISDOM to come and visit them. Santa was very good to me and I suppose he was to all the Wees because they all are so good, kind and loving. My Sunday School teacher, Miss Greene, gave me a little Bible for Christmas. That is a fine thing to copy sayings out of. Here is a poem which my cousin, Ida Goldsmith and I wrote together.

Christmas Joy.

Christmas comes but once a year,
Bringing with it love and cheer,
Ice and snow and coasting fine,
And, besides, a merry time;
Santa comes with fir trees gay
And all the world is glad to-day.

Of course the love that comes with Christmas lasts all through the next year, but I think it is strongest at Christmas, because it is Christ's birthday. Don't you? I am sorry the little poem did not get there in time for Christmas, but we only made it up a little while before Christmas. I never like to write it Christmas because I think it loses its meaning about Christ's birthday. I hope I will see this letter in print in the February number. Yours lovingly, WEE FRIEDA CLAUSSEN.

P. S. I hope, if there are any mistakes in this letter that Ye Editor will point them out.

F. C.

[Frieda's letter is not only interesting, but gives us the very helpful idea of doing something that will be of lasting benefit to every one who will act upon it. Her suggestion of putting in a little book the good and helpful things we run across is good. When once our minds are filled with true thoughts, there will be no place for sick and ignorant ones, and so we will be wise and well.—Ed.]

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Enclosed please find twenty-five (25) cents toward Blanche's Christmas present. Am afraid I am a little late. Better late than not at all. I received from my Father and Mother a Eastman Kodak for Christmas. As soon as I learn to take pictures I will send WEE WISDOM some of my work. I am your loving friend. LUCILE V. ALLEN.

[Lucile's help was not too late, and she can rest assured her name is on the list with those who have contributed toward Blanche's New Year gift.—Ed.]

WEST FALLS, N. Y.



DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have never written WEE WISDOM before. I am 14 years old. I had the cerebro spinal meningitis which made me deaf 5 years ago. I enjoy the little magazine very much especially the Wee Wisdom Club. I should like to be a honorary member. My aunt gave you to me for a birthday present. I am in the fifth and seventh grade. I like drawing best of all my studies. I hope Santa Claus will visit the little Wees. I hope to see my letter in the next number. A Merry Christmas to you all. I remain yours truly. GLADYS GROVER.

CLAY CENTER, KANS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first visit to you. Mama reads you to me and I enjoy you. I am seven years old and am in the second grade at school. My baby brother's name is Joseph. Was two years old in October. I will close this time with love to all the Wees. Yours very truly,

MILDRED IMOGENE SHELTON.

BLANCHE'S BIBLE LESSONS.

LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 6, 1910.

Almsgiving and Prayer.—Matt 6:1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—*"Take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men, to be seen of them."*—Matt 6:1.

The lesson today is so full of good thoughts that we haven't space to talk about them all. In the first place it contains the wonderful prayer which we call the Lord's prayer. I suppose we all know it. But I wonder if we have all discovered that it is a magic prayer. The older we get and the more we say it, the more things we find in it. We read it and think we have read all there is in it, but when we read it next time we discover something new. It would seem as if there were additions made to it, but of course the change is in us.

The prayer stays the same but we learn better how to find its meaning. And not only this one prayer, but the whole Bible is magical in the same way.

We have been talking about prayer. What is prayer anyway? Does it make any difference whether we pray aloud or silently? Is it necessary that we kneel?

Now listen. Suppose that you want more health. Jesus said to pray as if you had already received, so if you say, "I am God's perfect child, I can't be sick," that is as if you had already received health isn't it? That is true prayer, and will always be answered.

It makes no difference whether we pray standing, sitting or kneeling, just so we pray as if what we ask for is already answered.

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 13, 1910.

Worldliness and Trust.—Matt. 6:19-34.

GOLDEN TEXT—"*Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.*" —Matt. 6:33.

In all the Bible there is no more beautiful or useful lesson than the one we have today. There are people all over this world of ours who think it is absolutely necessary to worry. They think if they didn't worry and work hard and save they wouldn't have enough to eat and wear. Very often with all their worry and saving they have just barely enough to live on.

It isn't necessary to worry at all. Nobody ever gained anything by it. We learned last Sunday that prayer was asking for what we wanted just as if we had already received it. Then instead of worrying we should pray. That is, we should just know that we are God's children and that all that the Father has is ours. Then all our wants will be supplied.

The lesson tells us about the little birds. They don't plant any grain or reap it, or put it into barns, but they are fed just the same.

So many of us worry about our clothes. Do the flowers, the lilies of the field, do they worry and spin and toil? No, but they are dressed more beautiful than the most gorgeous among us.

Wee ones, remember this lesson. It will save you many hours of sadness and distress. Learn these words by heart, you may make use of them some day. "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not array-

ed like one of these." It is a lesson which if well learned will keep the eyes bright, the step and the heart young.

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 20, 1910.

The Golden Rule—Temperance Lesson. Matt 7:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets."—Matt. 7:12.

The main thought in the lesson today is, judge not. We haven't any right to judge anybody. It is so easy when we see some one doing something we do not like, to say: "That is wrong." How do we know it is wrong? We are not judges of what is bad and what good. A thing may be right for some one else which is wrong for us. If we really think a thing is wrong we should not do it. Others might think it was all right and for them it would be. So do not judge others. All you need to do is to see that you do what you know is right. When we judge others we get off the track of harmony. We don't want to do that because all sorts of unpleasant things happen. Remember that we are not to judge anybody, but are to do unto others as we would have them do unto us.

LESSON IX.—FEBRUARY 27, 1910.

"False and True Discipleship."—Matt. 7:13-29.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven."—Matt. 7:21.

Sometimes people go to Sunday school every Sunday and talk about the truth, but during the week they forget it. Then it doesn't do them any good does it? If they don't use what they learn they will never enter the kingdom of heaven. Now where is Heaven? It is within each of us isn't it? Well what we want to do is to get into the "City of Peace," inside of us, and then we will always be in divine order. We will never know any lack of health or joy or any good thing. But to be able to hear the voice of Spirit and dwell in the City of Peace we must practice just like we would practice our music lesson. For a little while each day, we should sit still and listen to the voice of Spirit. We should say, "I know that the Spirit within me is greater than anything else in the world, and I do hear and obey the Voice within."

Blanche's Corner.



And now I must tell you all about it. First we must go back to the beginning. You all know that for the past few months, Wees all over the land have been sending me treasure. It was to buy something nice for the little house. Ye Editor decided that I should say what it was to be. So I began to think about it. I thought of a great many things. Once I thought of a desk or writing table. But there was the

desk I had been using since I was a little girl. Why just think how many times I have talked to you from that desk. It knows all of you, it has heard so much about you. Now you know yourself, that it would never do to part with an old friend like that, would it?

Then I thought of a picture, that would have done very well, but someway I couldn't quite decide on it.

One day I happened to open a drawer where, nestled down in tissue paper, all my pretty cut glass things lay. They were all love gifts, every single one of them, and it seemed too bad that they should be hidden away in the dark like that. They should be out where they could radiate their love. But there wasn't a single place in our little home to put them. I was going to feel very sorry, but suddenly a thought struck me full force and almost knocked me over. I jumped up and shouted, "I've got it. The very thing." There wasn't a soul around to talk to, but I talked any way. Then I sat down calmly to think about it. Yes it was the very thing. I would get a buffet. The little dining-room needed one very badly and then I could put the cut glass on the top. I hurried to tell Ye Editor about it. She was as enthusiastic about it as I, and the very next day, the loveliest

buffet was standing in the dining-room looking just as much at home as though it had been built there. It is weathered oak, and matches the other furniture exactly. And you haven't an idea how pretty and sparkling that cut glass looks against the dark wood.

There is a deep drawer for the table linen and smaller ones for the silver, and the best part of it is that there isn't one thing in it that was not a gift of love.

People tell me how pretty it is, but they don't even guess how much I think of it. Why! I almost want to talk to it and pat its sides, for it isn't just wood to me. It's a great big bundle of love.

There isn't another buffet in the world like it. Other folks may think their's look almost like it, but I know their's are not made up of love from so many Wee hearts. Mine's just love, the purest kind of love in the world.* Why do you know, it fills the little house so full of love that I do believe it oozes out the doors and windows, and gets into the neighbor's houses. I hope so.

Did you ever whirl 'round and 'round until you just got so dizzy you had to stop and sit down?

Well, this house is so chuck full of love that I am getting dizzy and will have to stop, too.



*The little god comes tumbling out
From his warm hiding place in our hearts.
The world is filled with a merry shout
As from one to another he darts.*





Young folk's Magazine
Devoted to
Practical Christianity

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

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BLANCHE SAGE HASELTINE, *Associate Editor.*

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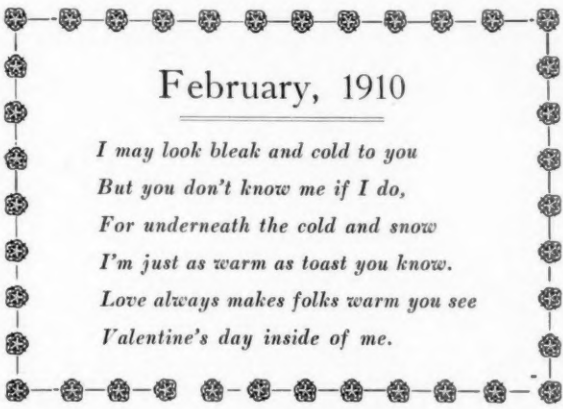
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February, 1910

*I may look bleak and cold to you
But you don't know me if I do,
For underneath the cold and snow
I'm just as warm as toast you know.
Love always makes folks warm you see
Valentine's day inside of me.*

We are "awful" sorry that we had to omit from this
WEE WISDOM (for want of room) a couple of the little
Wees' letters. The magazine is becoming too little, but
we expect to soon overcome this and then our little Wees
will have all the room they want.

*If there is a blue mark
on this page your . .
subscription is due . .*

WEE WISDOM'S WORD TO HER WEES

ATTENTION! Don't let this blue mark come between us. We like each other too well to be
++++ separated. You need me and I need you. I've tried my best to help you think and do your best.

I'm sure you and your home are better for my visits, for my mission is to scatter sunshine and joy wherever I go and help every seed of Good to spring up and grow. In every heart and home these seeds are waiting, ready for loving thoughts to bring them forth.

I shall love to keep on visiting you and will try harder than ever to help you be wise and well and happy.

I hope you'll want me and send my invitation and traveling expenses to

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