WEE WISDOM

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

APRIL, 1910 KANSAS CITY, MO.



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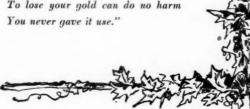
THE OLD MISER

LILA H. HARDY

A miser hid a lump of gold Beneath a pine tree's shade, But daily dug it up, because Of thieves he was afraid.

One day he found the gold was gone He cried, "O, woe is me! What shall I do? Who stole my gold? Please tell me, Oh pine tree?"

The tree replied—"O senseless man, You act just like a goose! To lose your gold can do no harm You never gave it use."





VOL XV.

APRIL, 1910

No. 9.



THE WEE WISDOM CLUB

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER.



WHAT YOU SEEK FOR YOU SHALL FIND

The weather was so mild, the air so fragrant and the earth so glad with the song of birds and the voices of romping children that Mother could not resist the temptation of taking her work out into the summer house where she would be sure to miss nothing of the joyousness of that beautiful June day.

Soon the Wee Wisdom Club came trooping in from school, and perching themselves on the branches of the big cherry tree, like so many crows waiting for the white boughs to turn into red, they opened their club meeting with a school song.

Margaret, whose cheeks were beginning to grow rosy once more, and whose hair was almost long enough to tie back, began the meeting with a very severe lecture on manners, intended for Robert, Lois and Nellie, but Willie, Mildred and Sallie were the only ones who heard it, as the other three were too busily engaged in balancing on limbs too small to support their weight.

"Now Sallie, you were to read us a story today, so start in," said Margaret after she had finished her lecture.

"My story is one Charley Hoffman wrote over at school, yesterday," began Sallie, "The teacher read the story to us and we wrote it down from memory an hour afterward. Charley got the prize for the best writing and composition and memory, and so I borrowed it from him to read today. Just see how nice he has written it!" and Sallie held up a beautifully written paper, so neat, and well spelled that it was hard to believe a school boy could have done so well.

After they had admired Charley's writing Sallie began to read, and Mother laid aside her writing and listened, with a pleased expression, to "What You Seek

For You Shall Find."

"There was once a queen who was very unhappy because her lords and ladies were always quarrelling. They came to her every day with stories of one another. This troubled her very much so she called a council of her wise men and wanted to know how she could stop this.

The wise men had different ideas. Some advised severe punishments. Others thought the lords and ladies should be sent away. One old man said:

"O queen, live forever! Your lords and ladies are jealous of one another. Can you in some way make them ashamed of themselves?

She then dismissed her wise men, and sent for her

lords and ladies. When they came in she said:

"I am going to send two pages out on errands in which you will all be very interested. I called you together to see them start. I will call you together again when they come back so you may hear what news they bring."

"Tell the first page to come in."
When the page came in she said:

"I wish you to mount a trusty horse and ride through my kingdom. Visit all the gardens on your way, and bring me the most beautiful flowers that you can find. You may start by taking the road to the right."

The page bowed and was gone, a few moments later they heard the clatter of the horse's hoofs on the pave-

ment.

"Tell the second page to come in."
When the other page came in she said:

"I wish you to mount a trusty horse and ride through my kingdom. Visit all the gardens on your way, and bring me the most harmful weeds you can find. You may start by taking the road to the left."

This page also bowed and was gone. The queen did not explain all these strange proceedings. She merely said that they would all meet again when the pages came back.

A week had passed. At last the queen heard that both pages had returned. She then sent for her lords and ladies. When they had all come in she said:

"Tell the first page to come in."

A moment later he entered, and his arms were filled with beautiful flowers. He laid these at the queen's feet.

"Well what did you find," said the queen.

"O queen," said the page, "your kingdom is full of beautiful flowers. I never knew there were so many lovely flowers."

"Were there no weeds?" the queen asked.

"There may have been weeds," said the page, but I did not see them. I was looking for flowers and did not notice the weeds. She told the page to go and ordered the other page to come in.

When the second page entered his arms were filled with the most harmful weeds.

"What did you find?" asked the queen.

"O queen" said the page "your kingdom is filled with weeds. I did not know there was so many."

"Were there no flowers?" asked the queen.

"There may have been flowers." the page answered, but I did not see them for I was looking for weeds and not for flowers." When the second page went out the queen looked at her lords and ladies. They all looked ashamed of themselves. She had intended to make a speech, urging them to look for happy things instead of unhappy things in each others lives, but she said nothing.

She never heard any more quarrelling after that."
The story was finished and there followed a long pause; none of the Wee Wisdom Club felt like talking; Mother, too, sat with her hands idle and with thoughtful eyes followed the bending of the river bank. Mildred was the first to break the silence," "Let's all be pages, and we will go out and look for the flowers and bring them in to our Queen! Let's make it a new game and

play it while we are playing "It". I think it would be

a lovely plan."

Then followed a lively discussion as to ways and means, and all decided that the "Page Game" would be one of the best they had ever played.

They were to be the Queen's pages, and they were always to hunt for the beautiful things in the kingdom and bring them to the castle for the Queen to see.

The game worked well from the very first, and you would hardly believe that the world could hold all of the beautiful sights and sounds and pleasures that the children saw and heard in the next week, with their very own eyes and ears. They told it all at the club meeting the next time they met, and the game of "Page" became as popular with them as the game of "It".

Now if any of the honorary members should doubt this, all I can say is "just you try it," then you will find

out, for "what you seek for you shall find."

MAKE SUNSHINE

Manufacture sunshine, dear, You can surely do it, With a sky serenely clear Not a gray cloud through it, Make the flowers bloom like spring Down along the river, Gentle south winds hovering Where the frail ferns quiver, Life is all a smooth play-ground, If you look thus at it, Every trial a wee ant mound If you don't combat it; Each sorrow will take swift wings If you'll only let it, Joy will find the soul who sings Try, and you will get it, Just deny the "little me" Hush its poor complaining, You'll a beam of sunshine be And forget its raining. -ELLA ADAMS WATTERS.



ROBIN'S MISTAKE



"Now, just let my pencils alone, Charley! You're not to go meddling with my things."

"I'm not touching your old pencils."

"You were just going to then; I saw you!"

"No, I wasn't. So now! I was looking for my India rubber. Somebody's always getting hold of it and hiding it."

"Well, somebody's always taking my pencils and breaking the points off. I know that!"

"Oh, children, children," exclaimed Mother, "If only you could see how ugly you both look!"

Rose looked at Charley and Charley looked at Rose. Each saw the other's pouting lips and angry eyes but not their own.

"See here," said Mother, taking something from one of the ornaments on the mantlepiece, "isn't this your India rubber, Charley? Mary must have found it and put it there when she was sweeping."

"Oh, yes," owned Charley, "so it is. Thank you, Mother."

Rose was meanwhile hacking away at her best BB with an energy that sent chips of wood flying all over the fireplace.

"If you cut your pencils so roughly, my child," said her mother, "you will fracture the lead in the case, and then, at a mere touch, it will break and fall out."

But to this the little girl made no reply.

A few hours later she came to her mother with a white, scared face, and, putting her arms round her, burst into tears.

"I'm so unhappy!" she sobbed. "Something dreadful has happened. It did it just the same yesterday and the day before; and Mary told me not to tell you when I spoke to her about it. But I'm so frightened I can't bear it!" "What do you mean, dearie; what is it?"

"That robin!"

"Which robin, Rosie?" questioned Mother, "and what has it done?"

"It keeps flying at the kitchen window and tapping on the glass. This is the third day it has done it, and Mary says it is a most unlucky sign; something dreadful must be going to happen!"

"How strange!" said Mother. "I must go down and see it myself. But you know we don't believe in luck and such superstitious things, Rosie, but only in the wise

and loving God."

With arms round one another they proceeded to the kitchen, and there, sure enough, was Master Bob, now perching on a laurel branch near the window, ruffling up his feathers in a most excited manner, and anon making frantic dashes at the window pane, quite undeterred by the fact that several human beings were curiously staring at him from the inside.

"He begins first thing in the morning, ma'am," said Mary, "and keeps at it, off and on, all day."

The children's mother watched the bird for some time, and then an idea occurred to her.

"Come outside, Rosie," she said; "I want to show you something."

They went together, and stood just behind the laurel bush. The robin had flown away on seeing them, but reflected in the window, which was opposite a rather dark part of the kitchen, was the garden, and the lawn and the path, and every twig and spray of every bush as perfectly as in a mirror.

"James cut away a good deal of the overhanging creeper a few days ago," said Mother, "and Robin in consequence made a grand discovery."

"What discovery, Mother?"

"He saw another robin, just like himself, hopping about in another bush. They are most pugnacious birds, and he has ever since been spending his energies, and getting a good many knocks, in trying to drive that other bird away. As soon as he flies at his reflection it flies at him. He gets very angry and the other does the same." "What a little silly!" said Rose. "If he sat on the bough, and sang a song, he would find the other robin would sing to him, too!"

"Exactly!" smiled Mother. "How easy it is to fit a moral to somebody else's tale, especially if it is a bird's tale!"

Rose looked up into Mother's eyes, and then she turned red.

"Robins are not the only quarrelsome creatures in the world," said Mother, slowly. "Nor the only ones who tilt at their own reflection without knowing it."

That afternoon at tea both Rose and Charley reached out a hand for a certain "outside" of cake of which both were particularly fond. At any other time each would straightway have accused the other of greediness. But to-day, Rose, remembering her own "moral" said pleasantly:

"Do you want that piece, Charley? very well, I can have the next."

Charley looked astonished.

"I don't so much mind," he said; "you take it if you like."

"Suppose we halve it between us," suggested Rose.

And Mother smiled, for she knew that Rose had learned a lesson from Robin's mistake.—The Children's Friend.

DAILY WORDS

Monday: If you want the good to grow, watch the little words you sow.

Tuesday: If you want life's blossoms rare, pull out thoughts that wear and tear.

Wednesday: Loving good is always brought into sight through loving thought.

Thursday: If you want to meet a smile, take one with you all the while.

Friday: Kind and loving deeds attract, and, like the echo, come right back.

Saturday: What we give, we surely get; love for love and fret for fret.

Sunday: This sweet law, dear Lord, I know: I will reap the good I sow.—M. F.



CHILD-GARDENING

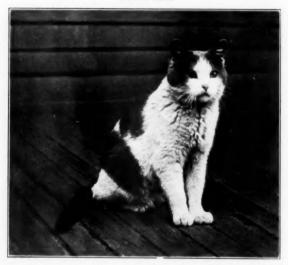
Conducted by LIDA H. HARDY



GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY

THE LAW OF EXPRESSION

Series XX.



God's Gift of the Family Cat "White Face"

She's just as nice as she can be!
"White Face" is her name!
To treat her any way but kind
Would be a perfect shame!

And now I'll tell the reason why You hear her sweetly purr! It's just because a little boy Is always kind to her! In our last lesson we talked about a gift of God, which is as much higher above our feathered-friends, as the bird is above the frog. Our subject was the squirrel.

This pretty earth home of ours is fairly teeming with the most marvelous of gifts. All different and yet,

in many ways, very much alike.

Have you ever heard of an animal called the squirrel-cat? There is such an animal. It lives in North Carolina, Virginia and New York. These animals live much as the gray squirrels do, only they are not so industrious.

Squirrels can easily be tamed, and what cunning pets they do make!

It is the tame animals that we know the most about. It is not easy for us to get close enough to our wild friends to learn much of their habits and ways of living.

Some of our great nature students, like Mr. Long, are so eager to know of the curious ways of wood-folk that they go way out into the wild wilderness, pitch their tents and spend months of time every year in quiet watching, that you and I may read and enjoy their interesting nature stories, which could not be learned in any other way.

Tame animals are, in many ways, like the people

with whom they live.

I know a little boy who scarcely ever remembers to feed and water his kitten, and who often kicks, chases and abuses her. This dear little kitty is not at all pretty,

and is afraid of every one she sees.

"White Face" is a lovely cat, as her picture tells you. She is always kind and loving. Her thoughtful little master never forgets to feed her. When he eats his own meal, he is reminded that cats get hungry just the same as boys do. Then he takes a nice plateful of food out into the kitchen for his pet. After that she rubs up against her dear kind friend and meows "Thank you!"

I know a little Topeka girl, whose papa brought her the dearest blue kitten from Kansas City. The little girl named her kitten K. C. and calls her "Cassey." One day the kitten was just purring away and purring away in the little girl's lap when her mama said "Isn't she a dear sweet kitty!" "Yes" said the little girl, "just

hear her singing 'Keep on the Sunny Side!' "

A cat is a very wonderful creation. She has sharp teeth and claws. She has strange beautiful eyes. If you will look at your own cat's eyes, you will see in the middle a little round dark spot. This is the little window through which the light shines, so that the animal can see. In the cat's eyes the windows are shaped different from those of other animals, and are so made that they can open much wider than can the eyes of other animals.

When pussy is in the dark, the window in her eye opens so wide, that she gets light enough to see by,

where you and I could not see at all.

When we studied about ants and butterflies we learned about feelers. Pussy has feelers too, which help her in the dark.

The cat has four cushioned feet. It is on account of these cushions that she is able to walk so softly and creep so slowly. If you will examine your own kitty's feet, you will find a pad or little cushion under each toe. Hidden in a little sheath in every toe is a very sharp claws, which is kept carefully folded in while kitty

rests or walks.

When she is treated kindly, one never would know she had any such things as claws; but if anyone hurts her, she thrusts them out in a hurry "to scratch back," that is the law and kitty knows about it as well as boys and girls do.

When I was little girl in the second reader, one of

the lessons that I loved to read was:

THE FAMILY CAT

"I can fold up my claws in my soft velvet paws And purr in the sun, till the short day is done, For I am the family cat.

I can doze by the hour, in my vine covered bower, Winking and blinking through sunshine and shower, For I am the family cat.

I do not remember just how the last verse went but it was about the law of love, where pussy said that those who treated her with kindness would never see her claws; that she only kept them at all, for those who did not know the law, just to show them how it works, so that they could turn it around and have it work the other way.

One of the most marvelous things about the cat is her very useful tongue, which is covered with sharp prickles, pointing backwards. In a cat's tongue, Mrs. Kate Donglas Wiggin says, there are a hair-brush, a comb, a tooth-brush, a nail-brush, a sponge, a towel and a cake of soap. In order to know this for ourselves we shall have to watch pussy use her tongue; then I'm sure we'll agree that it contains all these, and that pussy is very wonderfully made.

Once a homeless cat came into a Boston school-room. The teacher and scholars fed her and treated her kindly. In this school there was a boy who was called one of the worst boys in the city. The cat showed a great fondness for the boy, even though he had paid little or no attention to the school pet. Every morning when all heads were bowed in prayer, pussy would pass by all the other pupils to lay her head against the neck or hand of the "bad boy."

The boy grew up to be a grand good man; but like "little Phil" he had been told so long that he was bad, that he himself and those around him believed he was, when really, way down deep in his heart he was noble, pure and good. It seemed the school pet pussy saw the truth even when people were blind to it.

The Bible says: "But ask now the beasts and they shall teach thee: and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee. Who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this?"

(Adapted from John Kendrick Bangs.)

I met a little squirrel once,
Down where the chestnuts grow.
I asked him why he frisked about,
And hopped and scampered so.
Just then he stopped and winked his eye,
And pertly looked me through.
"I'm quite as staid for me," he said,
"As you are staid for you." —Rosa Magrath.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SUN FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

One day I sat at my window, and all of a sudden I felt a warm kiss on my cheek. Raising my eyes I saw the bright Sun looking down into my face as if he had something to say. With a smile I said: "Well, can I do anything for you?" With a merry twinkle in his eye and another warm kiss on my cheek, he said: "Yes; please listen. I want to send a message to the girls and

boys." And this is the message he gave me:

"Dear children, I am your warm friend, the Sun. I am in the universe to make it better, and happier, and to spead sunshine. You may wonder how old I am. I have lived so many years I cannot remember when my first birthday was. I have such a sunny heart that my face is always shining, as yours will be, my precious children, if you will only have kind thoughts and do good deeds; and you may laugh, too, in the merriest way if you are kind and good. I give people some very broad smiles sometimes, and then I go on my way happier.

"I have been very busy to-day, and happy, too; but you know that busy people are always happy. I can always find plenty to do; but I am never too busy to visit my little friends. They sometimes say, 'What a long way you have come, and you never seem weary in well doing! If the rain clouds hide your face you never fret, but you wait patiently till they pass by, when you seem

to shine brighter than ever.'

"You see, I canot help anybody unless I am happy. I cannot be happy unless I have a shining face. I cannot have a shining face unless I have a kind heart. A shining face and a kind heart do a great deal of good in the world. Many times doctors say smiles and sunshine cure their patients. Now, by this time, you know of

some of the work I have been doing.

"The spring has come, and that has meant still more work for me; for I have had to wake up the flowers that are asleep under the sod, and the trees, bushes and grass must have a good shaking to get them fairly awake, for they are much like sleepy children. Sometimes I will work hard to rouse them, and then a chill at night, a few

cold drops of rain or a handful of snow will make them hide their heads.

"I can never sleep, for I must all the time be doing good. Now, when you see me in the early morning with my head coming up the eastern sky, you must not think I have crept out of bed, nor again when my head is disappearing down the western sky, you must not think I am tucking the clothes around me for a long sleep; for I

never close my eyes.

"Dear children, when you are cold stand in the sunlight, for that is God's fire that warms the earth. In the Spring the plants are putting on their clothes to be ready to labor for God in the Summer; then I work, too, to make all these beautiful children brave and strong, that they may give food, fruit and flowers to the girls and boys. The rain helps to make these children tender and kind. The Autumn comes and the trees, grass, and plants begin to be tired, and as fast as they can, put off their clothes, to be ready to sleep. Then Winter comes and the plants are all asleep. By-and-by God spreads a great white blanket of snow over them to keep them warm, just as some loving hand spreads the soft, white blankets over the girls and boys while they sleep. In the spring God tells the Sun to send a finger of fire away down into the ground to wake the plants up, and the trees, grass and flowers to begin to stir and they hear God saying: 'Come, my children, it is morning; wake up, for you have work to do.' By-and-by they raise their heads from the earth's warm pillow and open their eyes to the spring daylight. Turning their faces skyward their perfumed breath seems to say 'Dear God, we will grow in Thy loving service. While we slept You cared for us. As we waken You nourish us from the bosom of the earth. You quench our thirst with cooling drops from heaven, and you warm us from the Sun's bright fire. Like a little child we are awake by day and asleep by night, and Thy hand guides and guards all Thy children through the day and nights of the changing seasons.'

"Now I must spread sunshine on distant countries. I have had no food and no sleep, but it is not what I receive, but what I bestow that makes me happy. Good night; God willing, I will shine for you to-morrow."

BY OUR YOUNG AUTHORS

TWO DAYS IN THE COUNTRY

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY LEE JONES.

One morning early in August while seated under the big maple tree reading a book, my brother who was sitting in a swing which I had made for him, called to me that the postman was coming with some letters. One was for me and upon opening it, I found that it was an invitation from two boy friends in the country to visit them.

I was very busy the rest of the morning and by

one o'clock was ready to start.

As it was but a short distance, I arrived in about two hours at the station where my friends were to meet me.

I had hardly stepped from the train when Glen Perkins, the older boy, rushed up.

He was a fat, red-headed boy of thirteen. We went over to the spring wagon where Mr. Perkins and Frank the younger boy were holding the horse. We arrived at the farm in a short time.

It was a nice place; a cozy little house surrounded by large shade trees. A short distance from the house stood a large red barn with cows, horses, chickens and

pigs in the yard.

We went into the house and there was Mrs. Perkins baking bread. My! but it smelled good. Mrs. Perkins was a jolly, happy faced English woman. As soon as she saw me, she came forward and greeted me with a warm hug as if I were her own boy. We went out to the barn yard and there was an old sow with a lot of baby pigs.

Glen took me to the sheep pen and hardly had I stepped inside when something struck me from behind and I landed in the watering trough at the other side of the pen. Scrambling to my feet, and running up a ladder close by, I saw an old goat, with mischief in his eyes,

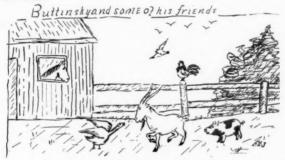
watching me.

Going on down to the pond we saw six beautiful ducks taking a bath.

As we came nearer, several pigs and an old cow hustled out of our way. Frank and I decided to jump in and have a swim. Gee! but we had a fine time splashing around.

We tried hard to get Glen to come in, but he only laughed and when we approached him, he began throwing mud at us so we hurriedly got back into the water.

Buttinsky the old goat, which had surprised me so the day before, came to our assistance and butted Glen into the pond, clothes and all. I had the laugh on him this time.



Returning from the pond, we put on dry clothes and came down to supper. Frank sat on one side of the table with his father, while Mrs. Perkins took a seat between Glen and me to keep us out of mischief.

We had a splendid supper of home-made bread and butter, honey, fresh eggs, chocolate cake and fruit.

The boys had a nice tent in the yard and we all thought it would be great fun to sleep out there, as if we were real Gypsies. We were soon fast asleep. Early in the morning we were aroused from sleep by the barking of dogs, and running out in our night clothes, guess what we saw! a raccoon.

He was perched upon a limb just above our heads. Glen nicked up a couple of stones and threw them at him but they went wide of the mark.

The coon sat and grinned as much as to say, you will not get me. Frank and I ran into the tent to get our

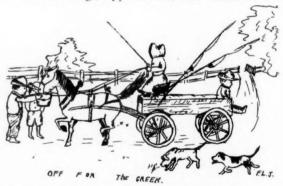


bean-shooters and when we came out the coon was flying down the yard with the dogs in pursuit.

We did not let his escape trouble us much as we were looking forward to a delightful fishing trip at a large creek a few miles away.

We harnessed old Dan to the spring wagon and by nine o'clock Mrs. Perkins had two baskets filled with delicious goodies.

The two dogs, Gyp and Rex, were turned loose so



they could go with us. We were soon ready to start and the last thing done was to give old Dan a drink.

After a delightful day's fishing we started for home,

going by way of the railroad station so that I might catch the six o'clock train for my home in Kansas City.

The last thing I saw as the train pulled out, was the old spring wagon going over a hill and the boys waving a good-bye to me.



HAYWARD, CALIF.

Dear Wee Wisdom—This is my first letter to you. I am 9 years old. I have three sisters and one brother, all smaller than myself. I have a pony and trap. I can take the children out driving alone. One day when I was playing with the pony, she kicked me. I have just received the first copy. I like it very much. My granny reads it to me. I suppose I should read it myself but I don't. Dear Mrs. Blanche I always read your corner first. I will close with a quotation. "One can not always be a hero but can always be a man."

LYLE ROSENBERG.

[We are very glad to number Ruth among our Wees, and shall hope to hear from her again.—ED.]

MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIF.

Dear Wee Wisdom—This is the first time I have written to you. I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade at school. I go to a country school not far from my home. My sister and I have seven cats. We had them trained to come to dinner when we rang a cow-bell. They follow us all around and sometimes we have to carry them home. Our cats are never sick. When they get sick we treat them and they get well. I will close with love to everybody. Your Wee.

EMILY SMITH.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

Dear Wees—I think it would be very nice if the Wees would write each other, don't you? Please write soon. My address is 43 South Maple Avenue, East Orange, N. J. I have written Ruth Woodcock. Her letter is in the Easter number, Page 19. Have enjoyed the poems very much but I think they are very hard to write. I am trying to write one. I had scarlet fever at Christmas and that was pretty hard. But I had my presents afterward. I got Little Men, by Alcott, some very nice handkerchiefs, a box of writing paper and lots of other things. Don't forget to write. You don't know how much I enjoyed the Wee Wisdom while I had mumps. Your loving Wee.

Donothy Lottenge.

P. S. Please write Ruth Woodcock because she said it was very lonesome out in Idaho.—D. L.

[In a letter from a struggling mother is this tribute to Mrs Crawford's helpful story in January Wee Wisdom.—Ed.]

The little Wee Wisdom came for January and as I read the "Come True Story" I knew just what to do. I want to buy a place and pay a little down and so much a month for a time where I can plant flowers and have birds singing in the trees and be surrounded with life—beautiful out-door life—for myself and the children, where I can teach them to love all nature. I want to have chickens and pheasants. I need your thought to help as I am sitting every noon seeing all the beautiful things I desire in my "Come True" story.

S. M. T.

Extracts from a letter to U. T. S.

I enclose 25c to "Ye Editor" of Wee Wisdom, toward the fund for Blanche's Wedding present from my little girl Joyce, who very much enjoys the little magazine from month to month. May Blanche long continue to write good things for Wee Wisdom and be absolutely blessed in so doing.

MRS ELIZABETH HAWLEY.

[We are sure our young editor will appreciate the above letter, and since the New Year present is bought and paid for, Ye Editor will turn these tardy coins over to the mistress of the bungalow, with the names of the donors. She may be able to add some pretty new, dish or glass to her buffet display.—Eb.]

HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE WEE WISDOM CLUB

CATHERINE CLARK, Massing, N. Y.
DOROTHY LOTTRIDGE, East Orange, N. J.
MILDRED REEVES, Camden, Ark.
MONA APPLETON, Lents, Orc.

ROSLINDALE, MASS.

Dear Editor—I have been a constant reader of Wee Wishom and I have read the letters from all over the country but have not seen any from Roslindale so thought I would write. It is a very nice place and has many nice schools. I go to the Charles Sumner school and am in the fifth grade of grammar. I am eleven years old. I am glad you give the children a place in the magazine. Your reader,

Marjorie Roberts.

(We are glad to hear from Rosindale. Tell us some more about your pretty town.—Ep.]

Massing, N. Y.

Dear Wee Wisdom—This is my second letter to you but as the other one wasn't printed I thought I would write again. I began taking music lessons yesterday. I like them very much. I am in the fourth grade at school. I would like to be an honorary member of the Wee Wisdom Club. I think I am the only little girl in town that takes you. I am in the primary class at Sunday School and mama is the teacher. I have two brothers older than I am. I was nine years old last July. I think I had better close now. With love to everybody. Your little Wee,

Catherine's letter will get in all right this time. - ED.]

EDGAR, NEBR.

Dear Wee Wisdom—Please find enclosed 50 cents to pay Wee Wisdom's traveling expenses to my brother Vernon E. Jacobs. He is six years old and can read it now. I thought it would be nice for him. My Grandpa came from Horton, Kan., last night to visit us. We shall move onto a farm in a few weeks. Vernon and I have 71 blocks and some building blocks. I am eight years old and have never been to school but mamma teaches us. Goodbye. Wesley Jacobs.

[We are glad to have Wee Wisdom keep such nice little friends as Vernon and Wesley.—Ed,]

DENVER, COLO.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM—I feel that I have neglected you and it was very sweet of you to send me the Easter number when I forgot your traveling expenses. I love to draw and am sending you a paper doll which I drew in India ink so it would not be troublesome to print. I have written to you three times now. I am very busy at school but always find time to

number. I am 15 years young and believe in the Truth. I enjoy Blanche's Bible lessons and think they are as good as a Sunday School lesson. Enclosed please find your travelling money and good bye for now. Your faithful friend.

MARGARET EPENETER.

[Wee Wisdom is glad of Margaret's continued patronage. She likes to go to Margaret's house,—Ed.]

FAIRVILLE, PA.

DEAR WEES-Let us all say together, "God bless Ye Editor, Blanche and WEE WISDOM." Blanche told us to "consider the lily." Well, I got busy with my reasoning faculties and have come to the conclusion that Jesus told us to consider the lily in order that we might develop the two undeveloped senses. I think their names are Truth and Obedience, because there really is no other way to be happy in Jesus but to trust and obey. If we trust and obey the Light it will shine and if we obey, it will keep on shining. We have higher faculties than the faculties called human nature and agreeableness. I think we have human nature so we can study people and see what good qualities they possess, and then express them in an agreeable manner as possible so they will cultivate them. In Germany parents tell their children that a rabbit comes around the night before Easter and lays eggs. When morning comes the children run about and hunt for the eggs until they find them. I imagine they have as much fun Easter as we do on Christmas. With love to all. SHIRLEY T. SWAYNE.



EAST ORANGE, N. J.

YE EDITOR—I am sending
WEE WISDOM a picture of a
fox. If you would like it, I
hope to see it in the April
number. Father takes quite
a few photographs. Yours
truly, DOROTHY LOTTRIDGE.



LEAVENWORTH, WASH.

To Papa and Mama's Friends—I came this noon at 1 o'clock and am a nice little girl. I have black eyes and black hair and nurse says I weigh almost eight pounds. I live in a cottage right behind the smoke in the lower left-hand corner of the other side of this card, and I think I will like this strange, funny world very much. Lots of snow here now, but mama says there will be birds and flowers pretty soon. With all the love a little girl can have for those who like little girls and boys.

MILDRED ELEANOR BOOMER.

[This letter is from a bran new Wee Wee. It is written on a postal on the back of which are high mountains, and the place where Mildred found herself.—Ep.]

KELWOOD, MANITOBA, CAN.

Dear Wee Wisdom—We thank you so much for the Christmas numbers you sent us. We look to its coming with pleasure. We missed receiving our January and February number. We are going to school now and have lots of fun. We are having lovely weather here. Love to all the Wees and Mrs. Fillmore. Yours truly,

[The reason for Clara's missing her Wee Wisdom, Lowell says, is because she moved without sending her change of address to Unity Tract Society, and her little magazine has been going to Togo. Wo are sending her the missing numbers, and we trust hereafter our little friends will always notify the Business Department when they change their location.—

St. Louis, Mo.

I send the money for the dear Wee Wisdom to visit me another year and 50 cents for Blanche. M. Detterman.

[We are glad to have all our old friends back. Blanche returns thanks for the extra. She is saving this little fund for something new for her bungalow.—Ep.]

HOUSTON, TEX.

Dear Wees—How are you all getting along? I have been taking Wee Wisdom for over a year, and like it very much. I live in Houston, Texas, and am eight years of age. I go to Fannin school, and in the second grade. I have a little brother ten months old. His name is Kyle. With love to all the Wees.

Josephine Morrow

[Josephine sends along traveling expenses for WEE WISDOM and we are glad to keep her with us.—ED.



LOWELL PINER.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

Dear Mrs. Fillmore—Here is my baby's picture I would like to have in Wee Wisdom. His name is Lowell L. Piner. He is two months old. I used to take Wee Wisdom when I was a Wee. Yours truly,

MRS. GUSSIE PINER.

[This must be Wee Wisdom's grand child since its mother was one of our former Wees. We welcome Baby Lowell, and give him a place among our Wee Wees, and shall expect a letter from him. bye and bye.—ED]

WILMINGTON, N. C.

Dear Wee Wisdom—Will you put my little gradnson's picture in your paper. His name is Dudley Le Rogers. I hope you will get this picture in the same number you do Lowell Piner's. Lowell is my great grandson. With love and good wishes for all Wees.

MRS. N. E. ROGERS.

[Isn't it nice! Little Dudley must be Baby Lowell's Wee Uncle. What un they will have sharing all their joys together. For, of course, being Truth children they will miss much of the trouble and miseries of the error-world. God bless them —ED [



DUELEY LE ROGERS.

VINEMONT, ALA.

Dear Wee Wisdom—I am sending 50 cents for another year. You have helped me and my home so much. I have been neglecting writing to you. I like to read your letters. I sure did enjoy reading my letter in Wee Wisdom. We have some new desks in our school. I am keeping all my Wee Wisdom's and every Sunday I read them over. Well I guess I had netter close. Your little Wee. Helex Powell.

[Wee Wisdom assures Helen of her willingness to continue the visits she enjoys so much.—Ed.]

These are the pictures of Dorris and Grace McAdams. Grace is 7, Dorris 2 years old. They love to hear me read from Wee Wisdom. They are remarkably bright, healthful,

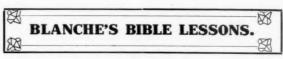


happy children, being children the 1.ord has blessed. God bless Wee Wisdom. Their grandmother,

MRS. HENRIETTA LESLIE.

LENTS, ORE.

Dear Wee Wisdom—This is my first letter to you, although I used to live in Kansas City and attended the Unity Sunday School. I have a beautiful place to live, and a fine view of Mt. Hood. We have chickens and they are so gentle that I can pick them up. I would like to be with the Wee Wisdom Club. Your little Wee. Mona Appleton.



Lesson I, April 3,

THE POWER OF FAITH-Mat. 9:18-34

GOLDEN TEXT—"All things are possible to him that believeth."—Mark 9:23

Let us repeat the Golden Text, "All things are possible to him that believeth." It is very easy to understand, isn't it? Yet some of us seem to have missed its meaning. There are many things which people call impossible. Some people believe that it is impossible for us to heal as Jesus did. But the Bible says, "All things are possible" if we have enough faith. We can do all the things that Jesus did, and even greater if we believe firmly enough. We could walk upon the water, but we do not need to. However we do need the power to keep ourselves healthy and happy, and we can do it if we have faith.

Faith in what? Why, in the Spirit within us. If we really know that the same Spirit that was in Jesus is in us we can do anything. If we realize that this Spirit is health, life and joy, we will be filled with health and life and joy all the time.

And how can we get this faith? How can we truly know this? Why by getting still very often and letting the Spirit talk to us—by saying over and over in the stillness, "The Spirit within me is all powerful. It is greater than anything outside and I realize that I am its perfect child. If we do this earnestly, after awhile we will discover that we can drive away all unpleasant things by our faith and we will believe more strongly, and learn to trust entirely; then we will have all the health, happiness and prosperity we want, for "All things are possible to him that believeth."

Lesson 2. April 10,

THE MISSION OF THE TWELVE-Matt. 9:35; 10:15, 40,42.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Freely ye have received, freely give." Matt. 10:8.

There were twelve men who had followed Jesus and learned the truth from him. They were called disciples. There came a time when Jesus thought these men should begin to use the truth they had learned. So they were sent out to teach people what they had learned about the Spirit, and to heal.

We are all learning about the wonderful power within us, that can do all things, but if we do not use it, it is not worth learning. We should use it to keep ourselves and those around us bright and happy and well.

Jesus told his disciples not to demand money for what they did. He said, "Freely ye have received, freely give." Jesus did not charge for what he taught others.

This wonderful Truth does not belong to you or to me, but every one on earth—to all of God's children, and we snould gladly, freely help them to find it. Besides we cannot give them the Truth, we can only help them to get it for themselves.

The more we use this Spirit-power in us, the more good comes to us; so you see we are paid in health, joy, life and all good things.

The money always comes, too, because when people really get the Truth they are so happy they want to give freely. If they do not then they haven't the Truth at all, and we should be sorry for them.

These are some of the reasons why we do not charge for telling people about the Almighty Power within them. We are all followers of Jesus and we are obeying his voice—the voice of Truth saying, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Lesson 3. April 17,

THE QUESTION OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.—Matt. 11:1-19.

GOLDEN TEXT— But the witness which I have is greater than that of John; for the works of which the Father hath given me to accomplish, the very works that I do bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me."—John 5:36.

All the time John was doing the wonderful healing we have read about, John the Baptist was in prison. Now John had believed in Jesus at first, but when he was shut up in prison and had nothing to do but think, he began to wonder if Jesus really was the Great one, whose coming had been foretold. John wanted to be sure he was not mistaken, so he sent his followers to Jesus to ask him about it. The mesengers found Jesus in the midst of his healing and he told them to tell John what they saw—the blind given sight, the crippies cured; even the dead raised. These things proved that he was the Son of God.

There are people today who doubt the power of the Christ within. They doubt especially the healing power. It does no good to try to convince them by talking. The only way is to do the healing, and the things Jesus did. That will prove the truth. If we use what we know to keep well and joyful, and to bring us the good things of life—If we live our Truth, then people will stop doubting. Let us all live the Truth we know and it will make our lives so beautiful that everybody will want to learn about it.

Lesson 4, April 24.

WARNING AND INVITATION-Matt. 11:20-30

GOLDEN TEXT—"Come unto me, all that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11:28.

There are many folks in the world who believe that burdens are necessary and are put upon them by the Lord. They think everyone must have a burden and should bear it meekly. It seems to them a punishment from God.

We know that God never punishes, and that if we have a burden it is our own fault. We are disobeying some law of God or we would not have a burden, but it isn't the fault of God. If we are sorrowful and heavy laden it is because we are not in Divine order. Jesus said, "Come unto me," that means come unto the Christ Spirit within. keep your mind filled with true thoughts. Know it is God's will that his children be joyful and free, then you will come into Divine order and all burdens and sorrows will melt away as shadows before the light.

Blanche's Corner.



It's about time to plant gardens again. Do you all have gardens? It's the most fun, for this time of year, that I know of. You don't need very much ground. dig it up and make it nice and soft, then take a stick and make little holes a ways apart and drop in the seeds. When they are all covered up, there is a waiting time. All we can do is to give the garden water and be patient.

commence to pop their heads out of the ground, we feel so proud to think we have helped that little life to grow.

Girls like flowers, but I think most boys would

rather grow vegetables.

Let's try raising something this year. Anything we like best. When we once get a garden spot of our very own, we'll want it every year. Be sure and water it and attend to it yourself. It isn't half so much fun when the plants come up, if Father or Mother have done all the work.

I'm going to begin my garden right soon. Let's all begin one and then when things commence to come up. write to WEE WISDOM and tell just what you planted, how you cared for it, and how it is growing. We will see who can do the best. We'll all tell about our gardens and have a fine time. It will be almost as good as being together in a big garden.

We can all help each other by telling our experi-

ences.

I shall have flowers and I expect the silent partner will have a nice vegetable garden. We will tell you all about it. But remember we want to hear about yours.

Better speak to Mother and Father about it right away and find out just where you can plant your seeds.

Here's success to all industrious Wees.



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 cepy

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.

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April, 1910

A game of hide-and-seek they play
The sun and shower of April day,
And while one seeks and while one hides
Or one upon the other glides,
In romping steps of shade and sheen,
The brown clods turn to living green.
There's burst of color everywhere,
There's trill of gladness in the air.
There's swish of wing, there's hum of bee,
There's fairy legions come to see
This April game of seek-and-find,
This symbol of our happy mind.

M. F.

Last month we had the cunning little poem, "Magination Paint," written and illustrated by Wee Wisdom's old time and substantial friend, "Aunt Emma," or as she is known to others, Emma Harrington Teel. We have no idea how her name happened to be left off the poem. But read it again and you will enjoy it all the more, now you know it is the work of our own "Aunt Emma."



DOM'S warning that the term of her present visits has ended, and that she would like another invitation, with a little traveling money, so that she can keep up her list of friends and do her work, "WEE WISDOM" grows wiser and better with the years, and hopes to make herself welcome in every home. Subscription 50 cents a year.