

# WEE WISDOM

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



MAY, 1909  
KANSAS CITY, MO.



## AESOP VERSIFIED

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### THE OAK AND THE REED

LIDA H. HARDY

**A** *grand old oak was rooted up  
By wind and storm one day,  
And saw while drifting down  
a stream*

*Some reeds along the way.*

*"Now why," the stricken oak com-  
plained,*

*"Should feeble reeds remain  
Unharm'd, while trees as strong  
as I*

*Give way to wind and rain?"*

*"The reason," said the waving  
reeds,*

*"Is not so hard to tell,  
We bowed before the rushing storm,  
You made a fight, and fell.*





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## THE TEMPERING OF JUSTICE

FLORENCE SLACK CRAWFORD

II.

**F**ATHER made this request of Bobbie each morning, as a method of securing obedience through the manly side of his nature. Bobbie felt somehow he and father were in partnership in the possession of mother, and sometimes they would indulge in friendly debate regarding the ownership. Father would say,

“You cannot have her, she is my Edith.”

Then Bobbie would reply, “No, she isn’t, she is mine.”

Father would then venture, “But I saw her first.”

This always made an end to the argument, for Bobbie did not know just what to say in response. Although he would think a long time, he could never fathom the depth of such a statement. It implied a time when he was not, and was altogether too confusing.

As Bobbie ran out on the walk, he began to think of his promise to father, and a feeling of remorse seemed to tug at his heart strings.

“He really had not been very careful of mother,” he mused. “He had been in such a hurry at lunch. Although mother had kissed him, he had not kissed her, and maybe she was crying.”



He was just about to turn back, when he caught sight of the golden poppies now wide open from the heat of the noonday sun, and dotted all over the sand lot.

He knew what he would do," he thought. "Father brought mother flowers sometimes, and he would just get her some too. Nice long stems as she liked to have them."

Love gave new impetus to his flight, and he bounded under the chain into the lot, and soon was busily engaged arranging a choice bouquet.

This was the picture which mother's eyes feasted upon, as she went to the window after closing the front door. Stooping over so far his little head almost touched the ground, he was tugging away at the flowers in a vain effort to get long stems. Mother could not help musing, as she watched, how flowers and children seemed to blend. The poppies appeared to vie with each other in their efforts to be found, and Bobbie, so glad and radiant, just bounded upon each new one that came to view. Soon the chubby hands were full and he started indoors.

Mrs. Barrett was still watching, but she would not let him see her, she would be so surprised! She sat back in her chair to await the ringing of the bell.

In a few minutes the signal was given. There was no mistake in Bobbie's ring. It was so vigorous and continuous that the battery became well nigh exhausted. Mother stepped quickly into the hall and opened the door with a flourish.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Barrett?"

"Very well, I bring you some flowers!"

"How lovely of you, and how beautiful they are!"

"Yes. Wasn't I a kind boy to do that?" (He always liked full credit for everything.)



"Indeed you were, and I thank you so much."

"And won't father be pleased," he persisted.

"Yes, indeed, Bobbie."

Then mother kissed him and he turned to go. At the second step he called out.

"And you'll give them a drink?"

"Yes, dear."

He descended a little farther, "And you'll tell father? But, why did you touch your skirt?"

Bobbie often crowded questions in this way. Nothing ever escaped him, and he wanted everything explained. Then, too, his time was limited.

Mother had to think a moment. This last was a little unexpected. Suddenly the idea dawned, and she laughed.

"Why you darling, I was making a courtesy. Ladies always do that. It looks pretty."

Bobbie turned again.

"Oh, Bobbie," mother called, "don't forget dear, come just as soon as mother calls *once*."

"Yes, mother," a little uneasily, and he was gone.

This last caution of mother's was the outcome of a difficulty they had been having with the little fellow. It had caused Mr. and Mrs. Barrett a great deal of concern. As evening approached each day, Bobbie was very loath to come in. Several times he had not seemed to hear mother when she called, and twice she had to go down after him.

This did not seem the wisest thing mother thought. He should be taught to obey promptly for his own protection. Just a signal from her should be all that was required. But then, the little fellow was so tired and sleepy at the close of day. There was some excuse. They had talked to Bobbie about it, and he understood thoroughly, and had promised to remember.



Slowly the afternoon waned. The big sun grew redder with the flying moments and wrapped itself in draperies of purple and grey. Now it was almost gone. Arrayed in infinite splendor, it seemed to hover there just above the billowy couch, as it would hold vespers with a waiting world and bid all be at peace.

Mrs. Barret had come to the window, as was her wont, to drink in the inspiration of the closing day. Not in all the world are there sunsets more beautiful than those of the west. The mountains, and the sea, the glorious ruggedness of Nature, but little scarred with the artificial hands of man, all blend to form a picture, before which one must stand in awe.

Mrs. Barrett stood silently for a little, then raised the window. Bobbie was in his auto speeding toward the far end of the walk.

"Come in, dearie, as soon as you go down once," she called.

"All right," was Bobbie's response.

Sam Li was already in the kitchen, and Mrs. Barrett went out to give him directions regarding the evening meal. This accomplished, she stepped again to the window to watch Bobbie as he came in.

He was out of the auto, romping with the children on the far end of the lawn. Apparently he had forgotten his promise. Almost reluctantly she raised the window again, "Bobbie!" No response.

Undoubtedly he had heard. The evening was calm. Every sound must carry.

"Bobbie!"

This time he turned around, then ran laughing in the other direction.

The spirit of play possessed him, and drowning even the voice of duty, which must have prompted him.



Mother was puzzled what to do. He must be taught to obey—but how? Long ago she had outgrown all violent measures. Not only were they ineffective, but they aroused feelings in the child's mind which were better never known.



Slowly she closed the window and stood in thought. At last she had decided, and turned from the window with a sigh. She would not call again. He could come in when he was ready. She would have his bread and milk prepared, and his night clothes at hand. He must go to bed before father came home. The thought brought a great lump in her throat. The punishment would be so hard for him to bear, and then, father would be so disappointed.

These two were such great chums. Bobbie could scarcely part with him in the morning, and often he ran in during the day to see if it was six o'clock—the time father reached home each evening. When the bell rang gently at that hour, mother and Bobbie knew whom to expect, and raced to the door to see who would win the first kiss. Bobbie usually won it, but sometimes he would be a "kind boy" and run slowly, so that mother could win. Tonight there would be no race. But it must be so.

It was five-thirty now, and Mrs. Barrett grew a little uneasy at Bobbie's delay. She had called him at five o'clock. She went once more to the window. He was watching another little boy fly a box kite. Still she waited, meanwhile preparing his bed. Twenty minutes of six, and still no Bobbie. A few minutes longer, and she heard his step on the stairway. The bell didn't have a very loud ring this time.

*To be continued.*



 **THE WEE WISDOM CLUB** 

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER.

## VIII.

## THE CLUB GOES A-GARDENING

**T**HE big, round, red sun rose slowly from behind the trees and turned the river into liquid fire, the dewdrops into glistening jewels, and sent the twittering birds into an ecstasy of song. But the old red sun winked twice in surprise, and rose still higher that he might have a better view of the Wee Wisdom Club. "Well, I never!" he exclaimed to the few baby stars that still lingered along the horizon, "what do you imagine that set of youngsters is up to now?"

The stars blinked once or twice, but being too tired to make reply, they closed their eyes and dropped off to sleep, leaving the old red sun to ponder over the question by himself. He grew yellow with curiosity and climbed from behind the tallest tree and surveyed the scene below with smiling approval, "Well, now! that's worth while, and I'll do my share toward making that work successful."

"Gee, ain't the sun getting hot!" exclaimed Robert Wilson, wiping his damp forehead with a very dirty hand, "But I got the very last tomato plant in, and my potatoes hoed, and I'm ready to get home and have my breakfast."

"So am I, after I put in these two cabbage plants and weed out this spinach," answered Willie Monk, straightening up, and rubbing a kink out of his back, "How soon will you girls be through?"



"I'm through now, and there isn't a weed in my bed, and just look at my lettuce grow," answered Lois.

"Can't see it," answered Robert.

"You can't see my lettuce?" exclaimed Lois, filled with indignation.

"Can't see it grow," answered Robert.

"Can't see it grow, stupid! of course you can't, but that's no fault of the lettuce; it's your eyesight, 'cause anybody knows it does grow."

"O I *know* it grows, but I said I couldn't see it grow, and neither can you."

"Who said I could?" retorted Lois, tossing her curls.

"You told us to watch it grow," provokingly argued the young lawyer.

"Well, you don't always do what you are told."

"And you don't always say what you mean."

Lois look indignant for a moment, then laughed—"I'll trade you a cucumber vine for one of these egg-plants," and straightway the trade was enacted, and peace proclaimed.

"Nellie viewed her fat little hands with favor, and denounced all garden tools as useless when compared with her ten strong digits.

"There's nothing like fingers," she said, "for thinning out beets, and I done my row in half the time it took Sallie, 'cause she done hers with a trowel."

"Did, Nellie," corrected Sallie; "you shouldn't say. 'I done' or 'she done,' and besides just see how awful your hands look, and when you wash them they will feel rough and stiff, and be stained in the little lines. When you are a young lady you will want nice hands, and you'll be sorry you didn't take better care of them now."



"Ma says you change your skin every seven years, so I'll have new hands before that time," answered Nellie, with nonchalance.

"Yes, but you'll get in the habit of spoiling your hands and won't break the habit before you are a young lady, and your hands will always be rough and dirty. And then what are rakes and hoes and trowels made for if not to be used?" asked Margaret.

"Well, what do you suppose fingers were made for if not to be used?" answered Nellie, adding with an independent toss of her little pug nose, "I don't much want to be a young lady, anyway, and ma says its foolish to worry over what ain't come yet, and you bet I'm not going to."

"We oughtn't to worry over things, of course, but we ought to think about them, and not get into habits that will be hard to break later on. It isn't ladylike to have dirty, rough hands when there isn't any excuse for it but carelessness. If you must work in a garden, you could certainly wear gloves," said Margaret, with an air of finality most exasperating to Nellie, who could think of no suitable answer.

"O bother the gloves!" exclaimed Lois, coming to her little chum's rescue, "I know just what Nellie means; she likes the feel of the dirt, and so do I, and I'd rather have dirty, rough hands than to be ladylike and proper; two refined people in this Club are all we can stand; Margaret and Sallie can wear gloves and use a hoe if they want to, but the rest of us will use our hands."

"No, I won't," said Mildred, "I don't want to be refined or ladylike or proper or anything like that, but I don't like to touch the worms, and the dirt makes my hands stiff and uncomfortable when I practice my music lesson, so I'll wear gloves."



"Do as you please," answered Lois, "but Nellie and I will have the pleasure of getting our hands as dirty as we like."

"I thought this Club was making garden, didn't you, Bill?" enquired Robert.

Willie grinned assent, and Nellie said, "Well, that's what we are doing, Robert Wilson."

"No, you ain't either, you girls are talking like a lot of beauty doctors about your hands, and I'm hungry and am going home pretty quick."

"We were talking about our hands, and you are talking about your stomach, so what's the difference?" laughed Lois.

"There's a heap of difference if it's feeding time," stoutly declared Robert, gathering up the rakes and hoes.

"We will continue to meet Saturday mornings before breakfast until the garden season is over," said the president with formality, "are you all agreed?"

"Yes, we get lots more done when it's cool, and mother says it gives us a splendid appetite for breakfast," said Sallie.

"I never cause my mother a moment's worry about my appetite," virtuously declared Willie, "except when there's company, and she's afraid the things won't hold out."

"If there's no further business we stand adjourned," said Margaret, and away flew the Club members as fast as their grimy feet would take them, and the sun climbed higher and higher until he stood directly above the seven small garden plots in Sallie and Lois' yard, and smiled down upon the neat, well-made beds with such a warm, friendly approbation that the onion sets threw off their earthen blankets and stuck their green noses out to get a breath of fresh air.




**CHILD GARDENING.**
  
 Conducted by LIDA H. HARDY.

GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY  
 THE LAW OF EXPRESSION.

SERIES XV.

**GODS GIFTS OF CORAL AND STAR FISH,**

And God said, "Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life. . . . And God saw that it was good."

Truly our Gospel of Nature Study is leading us on and on "into regions yet untrod," and how perfectly charming it all is! Far more so than any fairy stories that ever were written. And how much more we love them because they are really and truly Truth stories, written by God the Good for his little children who are willing and glad to listen and learn.

So we wander away and away  
 With Nature that dear old Nurse  
 Who sings to us night and day  
 The songs of the universe.

We enjoyed the wonderful story of the sponge and the sea flowers. It seemed very strange to us that a creature could grow on a stalk and look so like a flower and yet be an animal.

In beauty of tint and coloring, next to the sea flowers, comes the coral. If you have never seen a variety of specimens of coral you just cannot imagine how perfectly lovely it is.

When I was a little girl my mother had a friend who had a very beautiful home. This home was filled



with everything lovely and exquisite that heart could desire. Even the grounds were filled with costly statuary among which bloomed the most rare and fragrant flowers. One of the rooms of this home was called "the Coral room" in the middle of which was a large alabaster vase some four feet high, in the vase were specimens of every kind of coral in the world. All of the decorations in the room were of coral and in fact there was nothing in the room but coral. To be allowed to go into this room was one of the sweet privileges of my childhood and the remembrance of it, is a joy forever.



*An Ocean Coral Grove.*

What a delight it would be to take a trip in a diving bell, way down to the very bottom of the great ocean and see for ourselves, these marvelous creatures of which we are learning. We cannot do that, but I'll just tell you what we *can* do. We can "play like" we have taken such a trip and "play like" we brought up with us these beautiful specimens of coral and the remains of this Star fish, which I have right here before me, on my writing desk. Our "play like" journey is over. We have our treasure from the great ocean store house before us, and are ready and waiting with "seeing eyes" and "hearing ears" to learn of the wonders of the mighty deep.




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First, let us examine this dainty bit of white coral. See it is covered with little cells! A tiny animal called a polyp once lived in each cell. These little creatures *made* the hard coral, the material of which they gathered from the water. There are many different kinds and colors of coral. And their ways of living and multiplying are different also. Some kinds send forth from their mouth tiny globes of jelly which float around for a time and then hold fast to some rock ready to grow; there is another kind called the organ pipe coral in which each pipe is a cell; another kind is the mushroom coral, this kind is built by one single animal and looks like a mushroom, in the center may be seen a slit which is the mouth. Then there is the red precious coral; there are other kinds which look like the lobes of the human brain. These are called reef builders. Far down in the depths of the sea there are millions and millions of these industrious little builders, laying their foundation miles deep and then building, building day by day a structure solid as the rocks, finally reaching above the water and forming an island, on the top of which is formed a sort of soil made by the sun, wind, water and the crumbling coral. Here seeds are carried by winds and birds and soon the island is covered with shrubs and waving nut and fruit trees.

The entire island starts from one common root. The whole is like an immense bush branching out again and again and every branch containing hundreds and hundreds of the tiny busy bodies, each glad and willing to work for the perfection of the one great whole. The one great whole then is one creature and yet many creatures, like the dandelion which is one flower and many flowers, or the one great ocean which is made up of many drops. All these are symbols of



the one great universe God the Good—who is made up of many and varied expressions.

These grand old ocean stories are filled with interest and awe and yet we need not go to the bottom of the sea for *wonder stories*. We need not go *any where* for them. We see them every day.

A day or so ago you scratched your finger. Today the place is entirely healed. Healing is growing again. Your finger is made up of tiny atoms and each one is filled with God's life and intelligence. Because this is truth the scratch has disappeared into nothingness and the place where it was is all made new and is filled in with the new living atoms. This to me is quite as marvelous as the deep sea stories, and yet it is such an every day story, that we do not stop to think as often as we should, that God the one great cause of every form of life, is above all and in all and through all, renewing, recreating and upbuilding all the time.



*The Star Fish.*

Another curious sea animal is the Star fish, whose mouth is in the under center, from which branch out the five arms or rays. At the end of each ray is an eye spot. In each arm there is a sort of channel along which are found four rows of sucker-like feet. The star fish breaths, has blood vessels, a nervous system,

Another curious sea animal is the Star fish, whose mouth is in the under center, from which branch out the five arms or rays. At the end of each ray is an eye spot. In each arm there is a sort of channel along which are found four rows of sucker-like feet. The



organs of digestion and is very devoted to its young. The eggs are contained in little egg pouches situated at the base of the rays. After the mother Star has sent her eggs out into the world, she hovers over them as a hen broods her chickens and constantly guards them from all danger.

And so we see that even the Star fish, through which God expresses so small a degree, compared to the birds and animals — even the Star fish manifests God's love, which is shown by the mother in caring for her young.

What do wavelets murmur to the sand?  
 What do birdies sing on leafy trees?  
 What do daisies whisper as we pass?  
 What sweet sound comes floating down the breeze?

God is love all things are saying,  
 God is love they sweetly cry,  
 God is love the echoes ringing  
 From the hills and vales reply.  
 All things tell us God is love.



### **An Opportunity to Help your Playmates.**

We have made up quite a few packages containing twelve assorted numbers of WEE WISDOM each, from our samples of 1908 and earlier. One of these packages full of good helpful thoughts and stories will be sent to any boy or girl for 10 cents. They are just the things to give to friends and playmates who need to know how to keep well and happy. Send 10 cents in stamps to **Unity Tract Society**, 913 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo.



## THE DIFFERENCE.

ADA DINSMORE

Edith had a little garden  
All her own.

Edith cared for all her flowers  
In the morn.

Florence had a little garden  
All her own.

Florence cared for all her flowers  
In the morn.

Edith dug, and hoed and planted  
In the sun.

Florence hoed, and dug, and planted,  
To be done.

Edith watered, watched, and waited  
For the blooms.

Florence watered, toiled, and hated  
Her forenoons.

One day Edith found her blossoms  
In the May.

Florence also found her fair ones  
That same day.

Edith plucked her flowers, pretty,  
For sick Mat.

Florence saved her little beauties  
To look at.

Edith's blooms came thick and steady,  
And were gleaned.

Blooms for Florence were not many,  
And were seen.

Edith's blooms sad hearts would lighten,  
Blessings wrought.

The blooms of Florence scarce could brighten  
Her garden plot.

Thickly Edith's blooms are coming,  
Fragrant sight.

Some dark spot they're always finding —  
Make it bright.

Blooms for Florence have stopped coming,  
"Why?" you say.

They were making no one happy  
All the day.

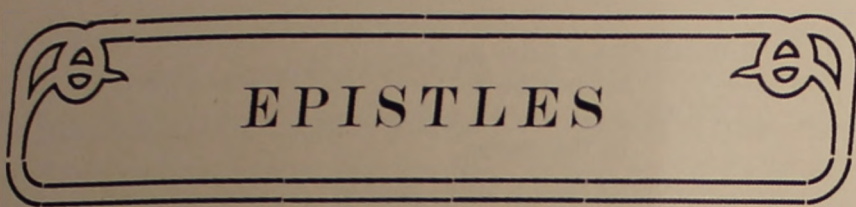
Flowers were given to cheer and gladden  
Hearts of earth,

So if hindered in their mission  
What's their worth?

Would you keep your flowers blooming,  
You must know,

Blessings where they're shared with others  
Always grow.



A decorative rectangular frame with ornate, scroll-like corners. Inside the frame, the word "EPISTLES" is written in a bold, serif, all-caps font.

## EPISTLES

### A WORD TO OUR LITTLE LETTER WRITERS BY YE EDITOR

---

Bless you, dear Wisdoms! I like to call you Wisdoms rather than Wees, it gives you so much more room to grow in. Now, let's put our heads together and see if we can't fill this column with the best letters ever. As you know, it is the reward of every letter writer to receive an extra copy of WEE WISDOM containing the letter. Of course, that letter goes all over the world, and so you should make it the dearest, happiest little message possible.

You are to remember it is the business of every Wisdom to think and do something every day to make the world better and brighter. There's always something good and beautiful to tell — well, tell it, and make your letter feel like the sunshine and blossom of your sweet lives. "*Only the good is true,*" remember that, and never, never tell about evil.

God made the good, the true and the beautiful, let's keep thinking God's thoughts after him and we'll soon chase all the "bads" out of the world. So make your letters just as interesting and full of good news as possible — real good ones, and be sure and give your full address.

Some of these letters were sent late in March, and so missed getting a place in the April number, and now it sounds strange to hear them telling about snow and cold when we are right in the midst of May blossoming. I am speaking now for the middle states, for you who live in California and the South are seldom without flowers. Then too, some of our Wisdoms live way, way on the other side of the equator where things are turned round, and they have winter when we have summer, and summer when we have winter. But we can all have the same loving Good all the year round.



FREEBURG, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little boy nine years old, and have received only four copies of the little magazine. I have two brothers and two sisters, and I also have three little bantams, a bicycle and a cat that I call Carnegie. My mama takes UNITY, and says she likes it very well. I have showed WEE WISDOM to my little friends, and hope to introduce it in their homes. Hoping all the little Wees and big Wees are well, I remain a little Wee.

CLINTON WHITTAKER.

[Of course we are all well. We believe in HEALTH.—ED.]

BOISE, IDAHO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I am eight years old, and in the third grade at school. I have a little brother two years old. I like school very much, and I like my teacher, too. For pets I have a little bantam and a large gray



HAZEL'S LITTLE BROTHER

cat. I like the stories in WEE WISDOM very much, especially "The Wee Wisdom Club." My aunt lives in the country. We go to see her every summer. I will send a picture of my little brother. My aunt gave me WEE WISDOM for Christmas. I send love and best wishes to all the little Wees. I am your little Wee,  
HAZEL MARCELLUS.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I do not take you, but my cousin does. I like to read your stories. I am eleven years old, and I am in the fifth grade at school. I used to have a canary, but one night it died. Its cage hung very near the window. The night was very cold, and in the morning the canary was dead. I think it died of the cold. I was very sorry. Good-by.

FRIEDA CLAUSSEN.

[Wee Wisdoms always tells of happy things. Count your blessings and they will increase.—ED.]



TRES PINOS, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write and tell you how my home looks. There are lots of wild flowers on the hills. There are buttercups, Johnny-Jump-up and ferns. We have a nice garden. There are lots of pretty flowers, roses, violets, lilies and lilacs. Mama and I planted some vegetables the other day. It is raining today. The creek has been up very high, so I could not get to school for about a week. I enjoy the WEE WISDOM very much. I think I must close for this time. Yours sincerely,

BERTHA NELSEN.

CLAYPOOL, IND.

DEAR WEES—I like to read "Blanche's Corner," it is so interesting. I have sent a copy of three elephants. I went over them with red ink so it would be easy to print. I think that Wee



Katherine's picture is real nice. I hope you all had a happy time Easter. I am gathering up nice little cards to send to the Wees. I will send some this time. Your little friend,

WEE GEORGIA WORLEY.

[We thank Georgia for the pictures enclosed.—Ed.]

## A STORY AND LETTER FROM EMMA

## THE RABBIT AT SCHOOL

One day a little boy brought his pet rabbit to school. It was pure white, all but its eyes and ears, and they were pink. He brought some cabbage for the rabbit to eat. The teacher put it on the desk so the children could see it, and while it was there it got lost, and we found it under the desk. It hopped around the room and made itself at home.

Dear Wees, this is my first letter to you, and I like you very much. With love to Mrs. Fillmore and Miss Blanche, from your friend,

EMMA J. KLOSTERMANN. Age 8.

[You've written a very natural little story, Emma, and it is well written and spelled, and the capitals and little marks all know their place. Write again.—Ed.]



ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—My mother gave you to me for Christmas. She takes UNITY. I am eleven years old, and in the A 4th at school. I enjoy your stories so much, and I am so fond of reading them that sometimes I wish you were a daily or weekly paper. Is the "Wee Wisdom Club" a real Club or is it only a story? I like Blanche's Corner very much. From your little Wee,  
IDA GOLDSMITH.

[I leave Sallie and Lois to answer your questions. They are sure enough girls.—ED.]

HAMBURG,

DEAR UNITY  
want to send  
son's picture  
put in WEE  
is the jolliest  
fellow I ever  
ed please find  
WEE WISDOM  
This is for his  
birthday pres  
NEWELL'S



NEWELL GREEN

IOWA.

PEOPLE—I  
you my grand-  
for you to  
WISDOM. He  
happiest little  
saw. Enclos-  
50 cents for  
to visit him.  
three-year  
ent. From  
GRANDMA.

HOUSTON, TEX.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am seven years young. I have had you as a visitor for two years, and I like you so much that I will keep you as my best friend. I have a dear little brother five years young. Uncle Ed bought him a gun for birthday, and a big boy next door gave him one, so he has two. We had a beautiful Hoo hoo cat. She traveled with us, and we saved her from a fire that burned up our clothes in Monteagle, Tenn. We left her in Nashville with her two little black babies. I have so much more to say, but mama says I must not make my letter too long, else it might push out some other letter in WEE WISDOM. Oh, I nearly forgot to say: Treat my ankle, it is sprained; I don't want to stay home from school. I have an answer here to "Where the Violets Come From:"

I see, little violet, so tender and true  
Where you came from, and what colored you.  
You are the scraps, you say.  
Well, these scraps make God's little ones gay,  
And each scrap is a message of love  
Sent from the angels in heaven above.

KATHERINE FRANCES MILLER.



## A BUDGET OF LETTERS FROM DADEVILLE, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM— Take my pencil in hand to write you a letter. This is the second time. I have written you. I love to go out and hunt flowers, there are lots of pretty flowers in bloom now. (This letter came in March). When I wrote to you before you called me a girl. My name is Joy, but I am not a girl. I love to read WEE WISDOM. I will close from your little reader,  
 LOVING JOY ORTLOFF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM— I thought I would write a letter to you, have not written to you for a long time. I am 17 years old. I am glad spring has come. I love the springtime because there are so many beautiful flowers in bloom and the birds sing such beautiful songs. I guess the Wees thought I had forgotten them, from your happy reader,  
 GRACE ORTLOFF.

[Grace has been one of us since she was a real Wee Wee, and we are glad she has not grown away from us.—Ed.]

DEAR WEE WISDOM— This is my second letter to you. Papa bought some sheep and lambs. One of them is black, and Joy claims the black lamb, and Lillie claims one with a black spot on it. From your loving friend,  
 SOPHIA ORTLOFF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM— This is my second letter to you. I learn little verses out of the WEE WISDOM. Lillie was trying to write to you and could not get through and I thought I would write for her. From your loving little friend,  
 LILLIE B. ORTLOFF.

## DOWNINGTON, WYO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE— My last letter was published in the WEE WISDOM so will try again. I am going to tell the Wees about one of my little friends who lives in Arizona. We edit a paper and make little verses and things up to put in it. I thought maybe Sallie and Lois would like to edit a paper for "The Club." Do you suppose they would? I will be twelve of age years the eighteenth of next October. I am in the 5th grade. Our teacher's name is Miss Ruth F. Widrig. My brother is writing a letter to a boy friend of his. Mama is telling me to go to bed, so must go. O, I do think Blanche is just fine. Well I must go to bed. There is snow on the ground here now. Here is a good night to you.

Good night,  
 Sleep tight,  
 Wake up bright,  
 In the morning light,  
 Do what's right,  
 With all your might.

Lovingly from your Wee, ALICE IRENE TOOTHAKER.  
 P. S. The "Wee Wisdom Club" is just splendid. A. T.

[You can tell that Alice is a wide awake girl and keeps things moving. Sallie and Lois can answer for themselves about the paper.—Ed.]



ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM— With love I will write you a few lines to let you know that we would like you and UNITY to call to our house for another year. I enclose \$1.50. With love to all the little Wee Wisdoms.  
M. DETTERMANN.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM—I enjoy you very much. I am now ten years old, and I am in the sixth grade at school, and the seventh class at Sunday School. I again want to thank you very much for your little visits.  
Yours sincerely,

HASTINGS HALL.

STERLING, COLO.

DEAR FRIEND—I have received the receipt. The book is nice. I am six years old. I am very happy on the ranch. I have had a pleasant Easter time. I am quite well. I am truly yours.  
BLOSSOM TEELE.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR BLANCHE—I read about the Easter eggs in your corner in the April number to my mother, and she asked me if I thought that Bobby and the little girl would think of it at the right time. Do you think they would? I don't think I would be likely to. Your loving Wee,  
IDA GOLDSMITH.

ROSE LAKE, IDAHO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am sending 50 cents for you another year. I am also sending a poem; I made it up myself. It is my first poem. It is called

THE PANSIES

The pansies are lifting their heads  
And looking around the garden beds.  
You look into their faces bright,  
And you'd almost think that they had sight.  
The snow comes and covers their faces bright,  
And hides them away from human sight.  
In winter the snow lay  
Over their heads for many a day.  
In the spring the snow melts away,  
And the pansies come out to smile and play.

I am ten years old. Your little Wee. FRANK METLER.

In ourselves the sunshine dwells,  
In ourselves the music swells;  
Everywhere the heart awake  
Finds what music it can make;  
Everywhere the light and shade  
By the gazer's eye is made.

— *Sunshine Bulletin.*



## THE MOTHER'S LULLABY

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT

*Rock a by, oh, rock a by!*  
*The evening star smiles in the*  
*sky,*  
*While on the bosom of the deep,*  
*The water babies sweetly sleep.*

*Looking out upon the sea*  
*I feel the world is wide and free;*  
*While close and warm my little dove*  
*Lies cradled safe in God's dear*  
*love.*

*Like the ship with spreading sail*  
*Love weath'ring every passing*  
*gale,*  
*Across life's glorious open sea*  
*My baby. may thy soul sail free.*

*Sweet be thy rest, my little one,*  
*The golden day his course has*  
*run;*  
*The ship has faded from our sight,*  
*While love enfolds thee for the*  
*night.*



**BLANCHE'S BIBLE LESSONS.**

LESSON 5. MAY 2.

**Paul's First Missionary Journey — Cyprus. — Acts 13:1-12.**

GOLDEN TEXT — *Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.* — Mark 16:15.

When we read Bible stories we very often think, oh well, that happened long ago. Things are different now. But do you know, we are learning the same things today that people learned in Bible times. Once, years ago, there was a little group of people in a place called Antioch, who wanted to do just what was right and best for them. Did they depend upon other people, or the world to tell them what to do? No, they listened to the voice within them, because they had found out that it was the only way. One day the Voice told two of their number, Paul and Barnabas, to go out and tell what they knew to the people. Now it was much more comfortable and pleasant in Antioch, but these men had learned to obey, so they at once prepared themselves and set out to preach the gospel. Today Wee Wisdoms all over the land are learning just what these people learned — to listen to the Voice within.

To hear this Voice, we all know, that we must be very still and not think about anything outside at all. We have found, that the very best way, is to sit down and close our eyes. We have faith in the Voice of the Spirit and know that it will tell us the right thing to do, and we are going to obey it, just as did Paul and Barnabas.

LESSON 6. MAY 9.

**Paul's First Missionary Journey — Antioch In Pisidia. Acts 13:13-52.**

GOLDEN TEXT — *The Word of the Lord was published throughout all the region.* — Acts 13:49.

Last Sunday we learned how Paul and Barnabas were told to go and preach to the people, and how they obeyed. Today we



find them talking in the synagogue of a strange city. The people were anxious to hear them, and they were not afraid to tell what they knew, but they stood up boldly and preached.

All of us are learning this wonderful truth day by day. We are learning how to be happy and healthy always, and we must not be selfish and just use it for our own good. We must tell it to other people so they can be well and joyful and strong. If you see any of your little playmates who do not seem as healthy or as prosperous as they should be, just tell them how to be still and know about the Spirit within. If they do not want to listen, why don't say any more, but just be still and know for them. After awhile they will learn the right way to all good things. Let us never forget to help others with this wonderful Truth which makes us free.

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LESSON 7. MAY 16.

**Paul's First Missionary Journey — Iconium and Lystra.—Acts 14:1-28.**

GOLDEN TEXT — *All the Gods of the Nations are idols, but the Lord made the heavens.*—Psalm 96:5.

Again the lesson is about Barnabas and Paul. They are still traveling all over the country, telling the people about the Truth. They told him just the same things that we are all learning. These people never heard of the I AM within. They thought there were many Gods and that they lived in a place called heaven, away off in the sky. Now, of course, we know that God is Spirit dwelling everywhere, and that heaven—well, now, where is heaven? I will let you answer that for I am sure you know.

Sometimes people now-a-days worship idols; not exactly as they did in Paul's time, but just as untrue. Have you ever heard of the Money God? But of course Wee Wisdom's know the real God.

LESSON 8. MAY 23.

**The Council at Jerusalem.—Acts 15:1-35.**

GOLDEN TEXT — *We believe that through the grace of the Lord Jesus, we shall be saved even as they.*—Acts 15:11.

After Paul and Barnabas had been preaching for some time, there arose an argument in the church. Some of the men started



out to preach and they taught some things that Paul and Barnabas did not believe were true. So all of them went to Jerusalem and asked the council of wise men and elders to decide the question.

Now this is what it means to us. Sometimes things will be going along smoothly, and we will be well and happy, when suddenly an untrue thought will creep in. Maybe we will forget that we are God's healthy children. Then the thing to do is to go to Jerusalem and settle the matter, just as Paul did. Jerusalem is the City of Peace within us. So we must get real still and close our eyes and think deeply. Then we will hear a voice telling us that health is all there is and the untrue thought will fade away. Whenever you find yourself out of harmony, just go to the city of peace within you, and settle the matter right away.

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LESSON 9. MAY 30.

**Believing and Doing — James 2:14-26.**

GOLDEN TEXT — *Faith without works is dead.*—  
James 2:20.

We always like to talk about faith. It is such a wonderful thing. There is nothing in the world we cannot do if we have faith. But in the lesson today we learn that if we just talk about faith and never do anything to prove it our faith does not amount to much.

If your faith cannot help you, it is of no use to us, is it? All of us have faith in the Spirit within us. We know that I AM can make us well and strong and successful. But what good does that do us, if some time when we do not seem as well or strong as we should be, we forget our faith and turn for help to something else? If we just have faith on Sunday it is not worth while. Let us prove our faith by using it. Make it help us to be God's perfect children, outwardly as well as within. That is the kind of faith, which — mixed with love, will keep all the world in tune.

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*All over the woods the violets bloom ;  
The violets so dainty and blue,  
And each lifts its head to the breeze and says,  
To the best that is in you be true.*

— B.



## Blanche's Corner.



It was Maytime. The birds in the branches above my head were trilling it to me; the bright crocuses were nodding it to me, and the sunshine was beaming it on me. Early spring has a certain joy, a wild, bubbling-over joy, all its own.

As I was strolling along, wondering about the mysterious awakening of the whole world, I suddenly heard on the other side of the board fence that I was passing, the most terrific blowings and puffings imaginable. Having a wonderful amount of curiosity, I stepped close to the fence and looked over. To my amazement I found that all that noise came from a very small boy, who was digging vigorously in a little plot of ground. Every movement was emphasized by a puff.

At my gasp of surprise, a head, covered with a shock of red hair, was lifted, and I found myself looking at two wide blue eyes and a very freckled face — just now alarmingly red from over-exertion.

“Gardening?” I asked, in my most affable manner. A solemn nod in the affirmative followed my question.

“It must be very hard work,” I ventured again.

“Yep.” Then coming close to the fence, he said in a low, confidential tone, “It ain’t really so hard; I’m just puffin’ fer fun. Papa always puffs.”



I nodded understandingly. Now that we had a sort of secret between us, we grew more friendly. The conversation went merrily on, and in the meantime the boy had resumed his spading. Presently the tiny spot was all spaded.

"Now I'm ready to plant," he announced. I leaned farther over the fence.

"Say," as an idea struck him, "do you know how to make things grow? Of course they have to have rain and sunshine, but I mean something else."

I confessed my ignorance.

Then climbing up on the fence close beside me, my friend gazed for a long time into my face.

"My mother told me. But she says some folks don't understand, so I'd better not tell 'em. But"—here he looked at me again—"I guess I can tell you, you look like you'd understand."

Then, climbing down, he ran into the house for his seed. I waited with a happy heart. For, let me tell you, it's a mighty good thing to look like you could understand to a small boy. When he came back with his seed I asked him what he was going to plant.

"Oh, I'm going to plant sweet peas and 'stursians here, and radishes and onions there, and I don't know what else here."

It seemed to me that was about all that could grow comfortably in so small a garden, but I said nothing; one never knows what a boy can do.

"Now if I say some things that sound funny, why you mustn't laugh. You must keep real still, so I can think."

After I had assured him that I would be silence itself, he set to work. His method of planting was this: First he made a hole with a stick, then carefully dropping in a single seed he filled the hole with



dirt, and pressed it down firmly with his thumb. As he was planting he repeated in his clear, childish voice, this little rhyme:

I know you will grow,  
'Cause I love you so.

That was his secret. And I know, in spite of the irregular planting, that the seeds could not help but burst and grow with all their might, to answer the call of love in the boy's heart.

When the planting was over, I asked him if he thought he could spare time enough some day to come and help me plant mine. He fairly beamed with joy and importance. Of course he could. Then he assured me, with twinkling eyes, that he liked me "awful well," and our friendship was sealed.

I resumed my walk, but I no longer wondered at the awakening of the earth. I knew the secret. In my heart I kept hearing a child's voice chanting:

I know you will grow,  
'Cause I love you so.

And I was thankful, so thankful, that I "looked like I'd understand."

#### WEE WISDOM'S NEXT BIRTHDAY.

It won't be long till WEE WISDOM will have another birthday (August), and we want to have the very best birthday party she ever had. Now, for the enlightenment of those who are new, I would explain that the August, or Birthday number, of WEE WISDOM is written entirely by the children, and their letters and stories, pictures and whatever, counts as their presence at the party. So come, all of you, but whatever you send must be in by the 20th of July if you'd be early to the party. Come in picture, song, verse or story; in photo or letter, but be sure and come and do your best to make the birthday party a success. Bring all the new subscribers you can for a birthday gift.

Our good friend, Mrs. Suda, has made WEE WISDOM her annual gift, which will help us to send the little paper to six more children who need it.



# WEE WISDOM

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, *Associate Editor*

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*Do you wish that you could do  
Only things so good and true?  
Do you wish that you could be  
Always bright and full of glee?  
Well, right here just let me say,  
'Tis the merry month of May,  
—B. And you may.*

WEE WISDOM will be furnished in quantities to  
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- 10 to 24 copies, 40 cents each per year.
- 25 to 49 copies, 35 cents each per year.
- 50 to 100 copies, 25 cents each per year.

IF THERE IS A BLUE MARK at the end of this notice, it is  
because you have forgotten to invite WEE WISDOM to continue  
her visits to you. You must not miss her this year, for she has  
planned many new treats for her readers, great and small.

"I, Wisdom, cause those that love me to inherit substance  
and I will fill their treasuries."



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