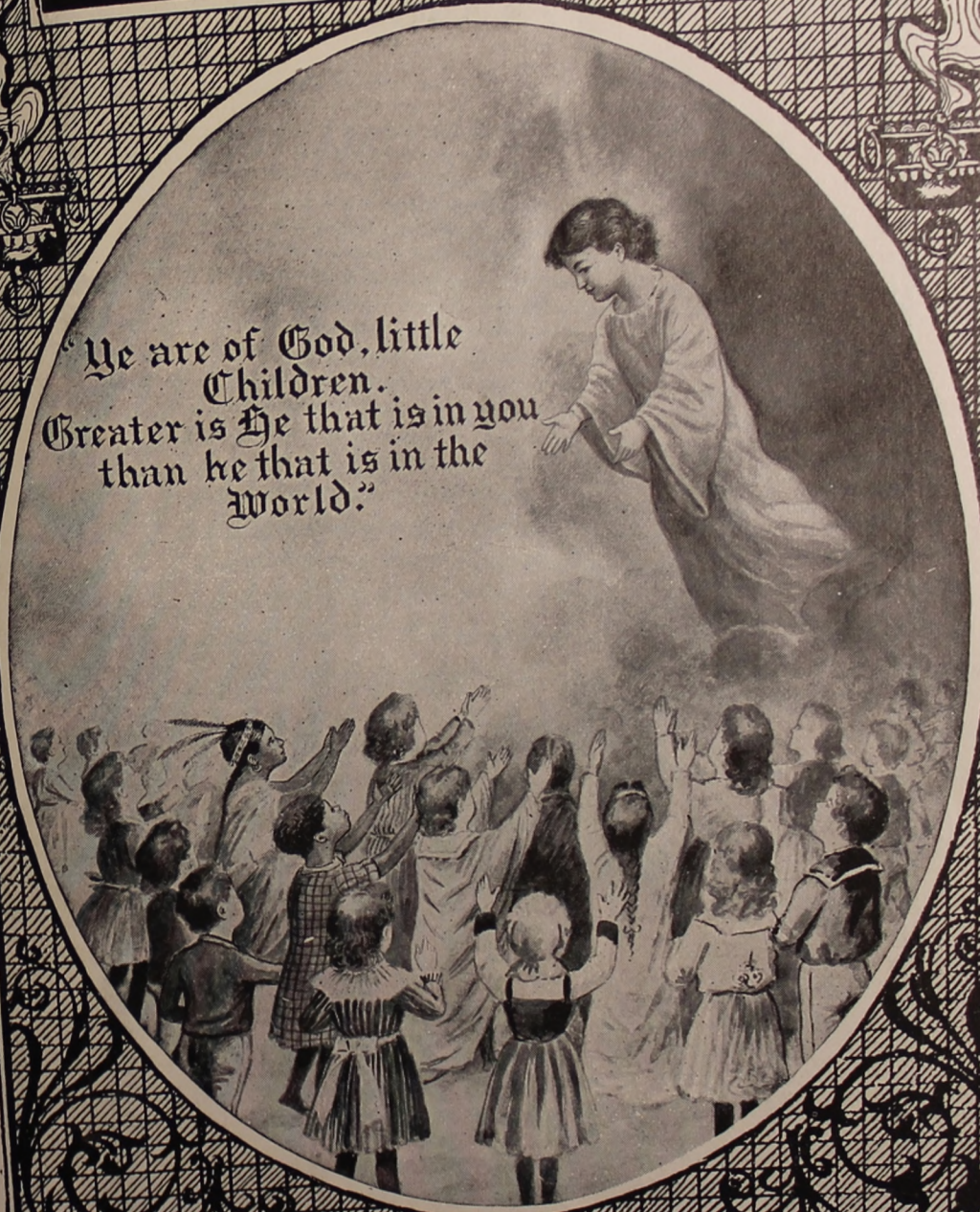


ADDRESS 'NO 710101

WEE WISDOM

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



JUNE, 1909
KANSAS CITY, MO.

**MOTHER GOOSE
RHYMES**

**For Twentieth Century Boys
and Girls**



*This little pig went to market
To buy some bread and cheese,
This little piggy when offered some
Said, "Yes, a small piece, please"
This little piggy had nice sweet milk,
And this little piggy had none,
So the third little piggy shared all he had
And gave the baby pig some.*



VOL. XIV.

JUNE, 1909

No. II.

THE TEMPERING OF JUSTICE

FLORENCE SLACK CRAWFORD

III.

SHE went to the door, "Well, Robert?" When mother used the full name there was always something wrong, but, then, one could tell that, anyway, for the little head, usually so erect, was hanging low.

"But I don't know," he was nervously swinging one arm.

"Come, let us talk about it," mother said, and led him to a rocking chair.

"Dearie, you played tonight so much longer than mother wanted, that you are very tired, and must go to bed at once." How she dreaded saying it.

The little lips quivered. Tears came in his eyes, but he uttered not a word. He was smothering an awful disappointment. Then, the shame of having father know he had been naughty.

Mother kissed him and led him to the bathroom. When the last trace of the day's play had been removed, she gave him his bread and milk. How sorry she felt for him. She almost relented. He was not saying anything, but the big salt tears were dropping in the bowl, and one little foot was swinging uneasily. When he was through, she led him into the bedroom. They had to have a short prayer, it was so hard to

say the words. When mother kissed him and turned out the light, there was a big sob.

Mrs. Barrett had scarcely left the room when she heard her husband's ring. She went softly to the door. Everything seemed so still.

"But where is Bobbie?" he asked, almost before he had kissed her.

Mother put her finger to her lips, and led him into the living room.

"He did not come in tonight, when I called, and I had to put him to bed."

"Is he asleep?"

"No."

"I just must see him, Edith."

"But I cannot permit it. That is his punishment."

A shade of pain crossed father's face.

"You know best," he said.

Then a little voice came from the bedroom, "Father."

Mr. Barrett looked at mother, and at her sign of approval said, "Well, dearie?"

"I want to tell you something."

"But I cannot come in, dear, mother says you've been naughty."

Another choked sob, and a long silence.

Sam Li scounded the dinner gong, and they passed into the dining room. Bobbie's place was set as usual, but his chair was empty. It seemed like such a queer dinner without the happy little face, and his merry chatter as he told father about the day's happenings.

Bobbie could hear Sam Li moving softly across the carpet as he served the soup.

It was a rich, savory puree, and how good it smelled.

And father was telling about an engine. Oh, how dark it was! His bed was moving.

"Mother, mother," he could not hold it back any longer.

Mother ran to the door.

"What is it, dear?"

"My bed is moving."

"No, dearie, its just the cars going by. Listen, there comes one now. Hear how they shake the house."

"But it's moving; yes, it is."

"Good night, dear," she kissed him reassuringly.

"Tell me all about it, Edith," father asked as she took her place at the table once more. "How many times did you have to call?"

They talked it over again.

"Mother," came plaintively from the bed room.

Again she stepped to his bedside. His pillow was wet and hot from his restlessness. She turned it over. He seemed very nervous.

"Sing to me, mother — just only two songs."

"But dear, the dinner is served, and father is waiting."

"But just the 'Cradle is Green,'" he pleaded.

So mother began, "Rock-a-bye baby, thy cradle is green" until it was about half finished.

"Not that one. 'On the Tree Top,'" he urged.

Mother understood. He dreaded the end, so he wanted the other to prolong her stay. She began:

"Rock-a-bye baby, on the tree top."

Again she kissed him.

"Don't go," he cried.

"But I must, dear," she said, and joined father.

They ate in silence now. There was no sound from the bedroom. Perhaps he had fallen asleep. They would soon go in and see, and cover him up.

Not so, however, Bobbie was tossing about in torment. It was so dark. He was so naughty. He could not see father. He had not meant to disobey mother. He was going to stay just a little minute. The kite was so pretty. Father would not love him, for he had not taken good care of his Edith. Then came a thought. It was as a straw to a drowning man—the poppies!

“Oh, mother,” he almost shouted with growing hopefulness, “did you tell father about the poppies.”

It was as though a dart had pierced the breast of that father and mother. The eager little voice and its message—deepest gloom turned to brightness. More than words were contained in it. It declared the torment, the struggle and the final triumph of a child's soul!

They sprang to their feet, joined hands, mother in the lead. Oh, these children, these children, how much they have to give us! They had been dwelling on the evil. He in his struggling soul had been searching for the good, a light to overcome the darkness. Those poppies, those precious poppies!

In a moment he was in mother's arms, and she had him in the living room.

“Yes, darling, those beautiful poppies, you must help mother show them to father. Here they are in the little green vase.”

She kissed him again, as the vision of his happy face in offering the gift, came up before her.

“And wasn't I kind?” he said to father.

“Indeed, yes; dear, and I thank you so much.”

“Yes, and I got long stems.”

“They are just fine, dearie.”

“And I took good care of your Edith, and—and—”

He cuddled closer to mother, his soft arms closed

about her neck. The little mind now freed from its awful bane of evil was ready to give. Closer yet he clung, then sticking his little lips up close to her ear as if wanting her to know, yet not caring to recall memories of the offence:

"And mother," he whispered, true to his mechanical instincts to the last, "tomorrow, when you call, I'll just come a-running so fas' you hardly could see the spokes."

Mother pressed him to her. Together she and father laid him in his bed once more. Freed now from all accusation, the little body lay relaxed, and was asleep almost as it touched the pillow.

They looked into his sleeping face for a little, then stepped into the lighted hallway. Tears dimmed mother's eyes. Father knew what she was thinking. He placed his arm around her and drew her gently into the living room. In the warm glow of the fire-light they stood silently for a moment, then, softly, he kissed her.

She raised her head, the tears were still there, but there was a smile, too, as she whispered that loved couplet of Riley's:

The goodest mens they is, ain't good
As baddest little childs.

[*The end.*]

JUST a little thought of love,
Did you say?
And you really thought it could
Go astray?

Well, you needn't ever fear,
It will find its place, my dear,
And make some dusky corner
Light as day. —B.

**THE WEE WISDOM CLUB**

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER.



IX.

"A LETTER FROM SEASIDE"

Five Club members met under the lilac bushes at the south end of the garden, and proceeded to hold their usual Friday session. Five members only, for Sallie and Lois had been at the seashore for two weeks, and the little club, while missing the two sadly, carried on their work as usual.

"Please come to order," said the president with dignity, dodging a stray sunbeam that insisted upon slipping in between the waving, purple plumes of sweet scented lilac and sweet brier. "Come to order, and instead of having the minutes read we'll listen to the letter from our two departed members."

"O, gracious!" exclaimed Mildred, "don't say departed it sounds just like a funeral."

"Well then, our 'absent members,' although that sounds just the same," said Margaret.

"And after we read the letter, we'll have our refreshments," said Margaret.

"Refreshments?" exclaimed Willie and Robert in a breath. "What kind of refreshments?"

"Salad," announced Nellie, with gusto. "Real true salad and bread and butter, and sister made us the salad dressing; ma says it's quite the thing for afternoons, just a salad, and its all from our own garden, new potatoes, green peas, lettuce, onions and a few sprays of parsley."

"Well, I hope you didn't pick my lettuce without asking me," said Robert, looking concerned; "cause I aint got more than I want."

"O no, Mr. Stingy, don't you be afraid. It's all my lettuce; yours is too short and tough for any one to want it," answered Nellie with her small nose in the air.

"'T aint either tough," said Robert, "mine's head lettuce and yours is only bunch grass."

"It's earlier than yours, and just as tender as any thing!" retorted Nellie.

There might have been a hot argument had Margaret not called them sternly to order — "We are obliged to Nellie for using her own garden stuff, and we'll thank her in the proper way after our program; now we'll hear the letter; Mildred will you please act as secretary and read for us?" she handed the unopened letter to Mildred, "You see I didn't open it, as the girls said they would write, but we mustn't read the letter 'till a regular club meeting."

Mildred took the letter and opened it, while Robert stretched himself full length on the grass and rested his head on Max' shaggy coat. Margaret and Nellie cut paper dolls and Willie whittled a boat from a pine stick.

Mildred cleared her throat and began —

SEASIDE, ORE., June 1st., 1909.

Dear Wee Wisdom Club:

Do you know where Seaside is? Well, look on the map, and just south of the mouth of the Columbia river, you will see a small dot called Seaside. It's quite a good sized town, and off in the trees near the ocean are a number of cottages, used only in summer time. It is in one of these cottages we are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Mack.

We saw the place Lewis and Clark came to, when they boiled the sea water for their winter supply of salt ; and we thought of Sacajawea carrying her little baby way down here, just so she could see the ocean—and the same ocean is here, just the same as it was then, a hundred years ago, and the breakers come rolling in just as white and foamy as they did when Sacajawea and her baby stood on these same shores and watched them, while the Lewis and Clark party boiled the salt and packed it away in oil bags.

It's too cold to bathe in the ocean now, but we wade, and run and race along the beach which is hard and smooth as a floor ; we chase the waves out into the ocean, and then with a roar they turn and chase us back again. We pick up shells and sea biscuit and sea weed and many surprising things that the tide brings up and tosses upon the shore— one morning we found a big clothes basket, sometimes its vegetables or boxes that have been thrown off of some ship, way out to sea ; but what is the most interesting of all, are the bits of wreck and pieces of vessels that come in, and because they are white and smooth and water soaked we know they have been traveling for ever so long— years maybe— and if they could speak they could tell us of the ship from whence they came, what happened to her, and how she met with disaster.

Do you remember how Mrs. Hardy told us, in last month's WEE WISDOM, about the star fish and sea flowers? Well, we saw both today, on the big rocks off Tillamook Head, and we were so glad Mrs. Hardy had told us about them, that the sea flowers were really truly live things.

We will send you a picture of Tillamook Lighthouse, built on some rocks that, Mr. Mack says, some



day must have fallen off of the headland, and buried themselves in the ocean.

The light house is very high, but the water is so rough in the winter, that the spray reaches over the top of it, and the keeper sometimes has to stay there three months, before it is calm enough for him to come to shore. You can see in the picture, how things are taken up and down in sort of a basket.

All night long it throws its light out over the waters in every direction, making a broad yellow band of light across the rolling tumbling breakers, then it is dark for a few seconds, and then flashes another light. Sailors know by the number of flashes every minute just which light house it is, and can tell just where they are and how to avoid the dangerous rocks. There have been several wrecks right on this coast ; the wind has blown the big sailing vessels onto the beach before the sails could take them out into the deep ocean.

Mother read us an article from the March Bay View magazine about how light houses came to be built, and how important they are to the government ; it would interest you to get the magazine and read about it.

There is a story told of a Swedish ship sending a

signal to the North Head lighthouse, asking for a tug to take them into port. The keeper signaled back that he had sent to Astoria, and the tug was on its way. Then the ship sent out another signal which the keeper, never having seen before, had to look in his code book to find the meaning. What do you suppose the message was? It was "Thank you." Of all the service the keeper had been to ships, he had never seen the signal "Thank you." All honor to the polite Swede.

When we gather around the big fire place in the evening and it is so warm and bright inside, but the ocean roars and the wind blows a gale outside, and the breakers come crashing in, bringing drift and wreck, and piling it mountain high along the shore, we like to think that out across the stormy waters the broad yellow bands of light from Tillamook and North Head are keeping watch and warning "the men who go down to the sea in ships," that there is danger if they come too close.

If we are here another week we will tell you some of the strange sea stories we hear from the older folk as they sit about the fire place at night. We children sit and listen, too interested to hardly breathe.

Be sure and keep our gardens watered, and see that the beans climb up the sticks we fixed for them: we will be sure and bring you some shells and some sea weed in bottles of salt water.

Your loving friends, SALLIE AND LOIS.

P. S. Don't let Max chase the chipmunk that lives under the summer house.

P. S. Robert, will you please hoe my tomatoes?

"Joy in the heart makes cheer in the face."

CHILDREN'S DAY.

In answer to the question "What are our Ideas of Children's Day?" Miss Shanklin makes the following reply.

When our brother Jesus was on earth in the form of man, he told us many things about our father God that the world had not known before. Whenever he wished his hearers to understand the way in which they could learn more about the Father he would tell them that they must become like little children. This means that all must be ready to be taught, willing to believe that they can have the most splendid things if they will ask of the Father in the same way children ask of the parents in the home. He tells us that the kingdom of heaven is made up of these pure minded persons who trust God for everything.

Once in speaking of the children, he said, "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." By this we are taught that the innocence of the child's mind always rests on God, and the little ones stand in the presence of our glorious Maker and Keeper.

Children's Day is one of our ways of reminding ourselves that God and the child dwell with each other, and it also helps us to remember that we must become as little children in our hearts if we would enter into peace.

No matter how little we know about the force that causes us to act or why the thing is done at the time, God fits every life to his own just ends, and sets everything in its proper place. This is why Children's Day comes at a season of the year when spring has become summer, when flowers are sweetest, when the birds are settled in their homes and when the sunshine is sure.

On that day we bring the flowers and the children together in worship, while the birds sing and the sun coaxes this way the warm airs that have their home in the south. The meaning is this: The flowers are the children of earth ; the children are the flowers of God's garden of life. The birds are the messengers of faith, uniting the heavens and the earth. The sun and the air are necessary to all things that have their homes on earth, worship and faith are necessary to all who have their home in the kingdom of heaven, where dwells our Father who is God.

To keep these things in mind when we observe Children's Day is to worship in Spirit and in Truth, and it is to knowingly make all our works to glorify our God.

WHERE THE KING WALKS.

IMELDA OCTAVIA SHANKLIN



IN the pleasant land of Forever there rules a great king whom all love and none fear. It is the custom of the king to go among his people to encourage them by words of approval, praising one and advising another, smiling upon a nobleman, or laying his strong hand of cheer upon the full muscles of a laborer bending to his daily task.

Where the little ones sleep in their white beds, there walks the king, and he sees that the lights are not too high or too low. Where browse the oxen in the fair fields, there walks the king, and his presence makes the grass grow lush and sweet. Where stand the white lilies in their deeps of mold, there walks the

king, and the light of his eyes kindles a glow in the slender cups of purity.

West of the land of Forever there lies the land of Time. In the land of Time there lived a child who longed to see the king of Forever, for he had heard many things from those who, coming from distant lands, passed his house on their way to the king. The child was crippled in his feet, and his little hands had ever hung helpless by his sides. Every morning he would say to his mother,

“O, mother Hope, carry me, I pray, to the ways where the king walks, and together we will look upon his beautiful face.”

Then the mother would answer,

“Not today, my child, for I am too busy with the things I must do. Some day I will carry you to the ways where the king walks, and together we will look upon his beautiful face.”

After she had said this she would carry him without the house and put him upon the earth by the roadway, saying:

“Perhaps here, my son, you may see the king, for men say he is wont to daily pass in and out among those who love him. See that you sleep not in the sun, and if the king should indeed walk this way, call me, that I may come and also look upon his beautiful face.”

Then the mother would go back to her tasks, doing that which she could not end, and the child sat by the roadway watching, watching for the king.

One day a passing man said to him.

“Why do you sit here in the sun? It were better to rest in the shade of yonder tree.”

The child replied:

"No; from the tree I cannot see the roadway, and the king might pass while I watched not. Tell me, O man, will the king walk this way before nightfall?"

"That I cannot say," answered the man, "for the king is busy all day long with those whom he must visit. Why not go to where the king most walks, then shall you see him face to face."

"I cannot go, for I might miss him if I left the roadway," wept the child. "Surely he will come this way if I am patient."

When the day faded and the dark night sank upon the earth, the child's mother came from the house and carried him in.

"O, mother Hope," he pleaded, "let me watch the whole night through, for men say the king walks at night, and if I wait perhaps he will come by my road."

"No, my child; the dark night and the road are not for you. You would be frightened in the loneliness, and if the king should come by he would chide me for leaving you outside while the night is upon the earth."

So saying, she would put the child into his bed and leave him. Many nights he did not close his eyes in sleep, for he had heard that the king walked through the rooms of children, and he did not wish to miss him should the royal guest come by. Sometimes he would say to his mother:

"Let me but sit upon the doorstep, that if the king walk this way I may hear the sound of his tender voice as he speaks to those he loves." To this the mother would make protest,

"Not so, my child, for the king would deem it scant courtesy to wait upon him in the dark, hearing his words to others. Some night, when my tasks are done, I will take you to the ways where the king walks,

blessing his people, and he will speak with us, face to face."

When she had finished saying this she would return to her tasks, which she never finished, and the child would pull the sheets over his face and sob until sleep came. His dreams would be of the king walking upon a distant highway, while he, the crippled child of Hope, sat helplessly by his own doorway. Or he would hear the faint plash of sound that came from other fields, and he knew the king walked and spoke in blessings to those whom he loved.

One day by the roadway sat the child, looking, looking toward the hills that hid the king's palace. A sturdy countryman came by.

"Tell me, tell me," besought the child, "where does the king walk today? Does he come this way? Tell me!"

"Not this way, child," said the countryman. Then perceiving that the child was a cripple, he was much moved with pity. "I will carry you to the king's way, and then you may see him."

He swung the child up into his brawny arms, but the little one said:

"Sir, I cannot go with you. My mother Hope bids me wait here, saying that unless the king walks our way she will herself take me to him when she has finished her tasks."

The stranger put him down upon the earth, and passed on. Until dark the child watched, still the king did not come.

Days went, and months, and seasons. The child watched by day and slept not through many nights. His mother Hope still bade him be of good courage, for some day her tasks would be done, then would they go together to the ways where the king walks and see the splendor of his face, feel the life that dwells in his touch, and listen to the music that his voice is.

To be continued.

CHILD GARDENING.
 Conducted by LIDA H. HARDY.

**GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY
 THE LAW OF EXPRESSION.**

SERIES XVI.

God's Gift of Mollusks and Earth Worms

And God created every living creature ; . . . And God saw that it was good.

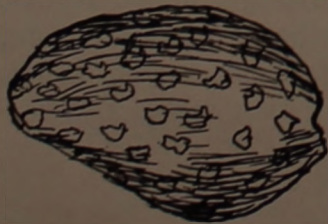
When we stop to study and examine the many different forms of life in the great outside world and those hidden beneath the blue waters of the deep seas, we find, truly, that we live in a very marvelous and wonderful world.



All the animals that have ever lived on the earth and all that are now living on the earth, have been made on the same great plan.

Among all the animals that live, there are just five different branches or types.

The first branch is called Protozoans, these are the plant like animals, like the sponge of which we have already studied. The next branch is called Radiates (star shaped) animals which belong to this class, have their



parts all start from a center. The star fish, which we have also studied, is a type of this branch. Now comes the third which is called Mollusks. Animals which belong to this branch have a soft body which



most always is protected by a hard shell. There are in the world a great many different kinds of Mollusks, in all there are about fifteen thousand different kinds. They are found in the seas, rivers, lakes and ponds. Some of the shells of Mollusks are very beautiful both in form and coloring. We have all gathered the pretty snail and clam shells by lake or river, and how glad and surprised we are when we find a "pocket book."



Children living near the sea gather the pretty pink lined shells for toys. They place them to the ear and think they hear the roaring of the sea. The shell is not a house in which the animal lives, but a part of the animal itself. Our beautiful pearl buttons, hair ornaments, brooches and buckles are made from the pearl shells.

The Mollusks are provided with heart, arteries and veins. They breathe by means of gills and increase by means of eggs.



The next branch higher in expression than the Mol-

lusks is called *Articulates* and includes all animals which are provided into rings or joints, like the earth worm, which is a well known friend to all of us. Have you ever stopped to watch him closely. Let us make it a habit of our life to look about us and find out what these tiny helpers are doing for us and for the big round world.

Go out into the garden and, turn over a few spades full of earth and get better acquainted with these little workers. That is what I have been doing this very day and my little friends have told me many things I never knew before. You turn over the rich moist earth for yourself. See! there are two — three — a whole family of earth

worms. Let us look closely at this plump fellow. At first glance you could see no difference between his



head and his tail. Now, as you study him closely, you notice that one end always moves forward and that there is at the end a little knob. This is his upper lip. Now take the magnifying glass and you will see at this pointed end two lips which form the mouth. There are no eyes, teeth, ears, nose, hands nor feet. The earth worms body is made up of rings see if you can count them. On each ring there are tiny hooks which serve as feet. These hooks help him to move along and help him to burrow in the ground. When it is cold he burrows way down deep where he can keep warm. While he goes creeping along under the ground, he fills his body with earth, just to get the earth out of his way. When he comes to the surface he empties all the earth out of his body, forming little coils of earth which you have noticed

and which are called worm casts. His food is the decayed stems of plants. The earth worm is called "a little gardner" because he is always helping the plants to grow by digging up the earth around their roots letting in air and moisture which the plants need for their growth.

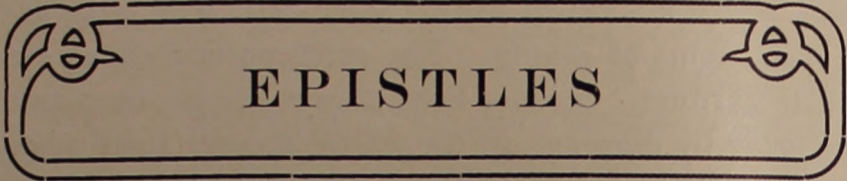
Think how many earth worms there are at work now all over the world, helping, in the only way they can, to make the world better. Stop a moment and think about all that *you* have which they have not! Now let us thank the kind and loving Father within us that we too may work to make the world better in our own beautiful way. Let us thank Him for the expression that we *are*, and that He is pointing out the shining path in which we may *best* work the works of Him that sent us.

Whoever restores a young bird to the limb,
Or gladdens the lives of dumb creatures in need,
Is one of Christ's helpers whatever his creed,
Clasps hand with "the angel that comforted Him."
But whoever finds pleasure in adding one hurt
To an innocent life, be it insect or dove,
Is somehow in league with those who found sport
In nailing the hands of the World's Greatest Love.
Oh, dare we ask a just God to bestow
The mercy *we* grant not to creatures below!

—*Mt. Pulaski (Ill.) Weekly News.*

Kind hearts are more than coronets.—*Tennyson.*

"Do you know that the cheery smile and pleasant words will open doors of opportunity to you that could otherwise remain closed?"



EPISTLES

KEYSTONE, IND.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE—I haven't written to WEE WISDOM for a long time. I think the Sunday School lessons are just fine, they help me to get my lesson stories for Sunday School. My Sunday School teacher's name is Miss Mabel Busmann. I go every Sunday. I am eleven years young. I like to read about the children's club. I like to read the letters that the other Wees write. I read in my Bible every day, sometimes I have one hundred verses for Sunday School. Your loving Wee,

GLADYS M. GRUVER.

PALO ALTO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM— have been reading you today. I have just finished "Blanche's Corner" and like it very much. At school we have gardens and we all have vegetables. I have peas, lettuce and radishes. Enclosed please find money for "Wee Wisdom's Way," also ten cents in stamps for a package of the assorted numbers of WEE WISDOMS. With lots of love to Blanche and all the little Wees, from your loving little subscriber,

SYBIL CALLEY.

NESTOR CAL.

MY DEAR WISDOMS— It is recess at school so I thought I would let you know that I had not forgotten you since my letter about Christmas time. Yes, I am still in Spanish school, and am doing fine. I ride horse back to school all the time and go over to see my little friend Theresa Ward very often. We have a little vegetable garden—and follow Blanche's little boy's example. I have such good times with the dogs and horses and in the evening, when mama is brushing my hair, I read to her out of *UNITY* or "*Eternal Progress*," the two magazines we take. We are cutting hay down our way now, wheat, barley, oats, alfalfa, and many other kinds. Up in the grape arbor there is the dearest little linnet's nest with five tiny speckled eggs in it. I have been practicing my violin three hours a day lately, and I go in on the train to San Diego (just 17 miles from us) and take a music lesson every Saturday. Well, here's knowing that WEE WISDOM will

have to be *big* WISDOM soon and that all the Wisdoms are well and happy. I will surely be a guest at the birthday party. Always your loving little Wisdom

ISABEL FRANCES McLEOD.

Mama some times calls me "Chabelita" (pronounced Cha-baa-lee-ta) which is an endearing term for Isabel. Rancho Sal si Puedes — which means in English "Get out if you can." I. M.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Please find enclosed fifty cents for WEE WISDOM to travel to me another year. I don't believe I could get along without her. I am twelve years old. I am in the sixth A division. I like the "Wee Wisdom Club and other stories very much. I like to read the letters the little Wees write. Since this is my second letter I must not make it too long. From your loving little Wee.

FLORA RAMSIER.

NORFOLK, VA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have been taking you for about three or four years, and I like you very much. I enjoy reading the letters the children write. I wish I could write nice stories like some of the children do. But I guess I'm not old enough because I'm only nine and a half years old. I saw last year my story in print and the letter I wrote to Aunt Mary. Aunt Mary writes nice verses for WEE WISDOM, doesn't she? I write stories from memory at school, like all children do. But the stories I write for WEE WISDOM I make up. I have four sisters and two brothers. I'm the oldest of the children, so you see mama and papa have seven children. Good bye, from your loving little reader,

AMELIA DE WITT.

BLUE RAPIDS, KANS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first letter to you. I like you very well. I like to read your little stories. I like "Wee Wisdom Club," and "The Tempering of Justice." I have four pets and playthings, a dog, a cat, a colt, some Bantams, two dolls, and a Teddy Bear. Two Bantam hens are setting now. Well I must close from your little Wee,

ETHEL MELBER.

[Ethel drew a nice picture but as it was done with a lead pencil it could not be reproduced.—Ed.]

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first letter I have ever written you. I like WEE WISDOM very much. I am going to subscribe for it this year. I am ten years old. I am in the 5th grade at school. Whenever I am sick I read WEE WISDOM and it makes

me feel better. I have a great many boys and girls to play with after I get home from school. I love my mother and father because they are good to me, and I am good to them. I will close now. With love to the Wees,

RUTH IRENE HOLBROOK.

CORNING, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my first letter to you. I am eleven years young and I am in the seventh grade at school. We have a New Thought Sunday School at our house. I have one sister. We have taken WEE WISDOM for one year, I like to read it very much, especially "The Wee Wisdom Club." With love to all of the Wees. Your loving little Wee,

RUTH BUTLER.

NEENAH, WIS

DEAR WEE WISDOM — As I am staying home from school these days on account of being sick, I was a little lonesome, and I was so glad WEE WISDOM came today. I enjoy reading the stories so much, especially "The Wee Wisdom Club." I am going to try to get some subscribers for the dear WEE WISDOM. With much love to all the little and big Wees, your loving little friend,

MILDRED ADELA NELSON.

P. S. I am 9 years old.

[You will have to learn the little verse Lucius tells about and then you won't get sick.—ED].

REDONDO BEACH, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — You will find enclosed 50 cents for WEE WISDOM for another year. I enjoy the reading in it so much, especially "Wee Wisdom Club," and the letters written by the little Wees. My mother takes UNITY and enjoys it. Wishing you all good health, I will close with love to all the little Wees, Your loving friend,

LUCY LEONARD.

BEVERLY, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM -- I laughed fifty cents worth of joy over "Blanche's Corner" in May number. That Corner is great. I enclose fifty-five cents for another year's subscription. I'm a grown up Wee, but I count only from my entrance into New Thought, for it really was the time I began to know what it is to live, I am going to rebuild my body and I'll let you know how I succeed.

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

When I was a little girl I used to visit my grandmother and while there I was sometimes left in charge of the milk for her cus-

tomers. She always gave them one gill extra of milk, to each quart. She used to quote from the Bible, "Full measure, pressed down and running over." I want to continue the practice in my life and so am sending WEE WISDOM this little extra for good measure. Very truly

ALICE L. LAMBERT.

SCRIBNER, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I will write my first letter to you. I am eleven years old. My birthday comes in October, the 20th, 1909,



and I am in the fourth grade at school. Our school will be out June the fourth. Our teacher's name is Miss Mabel Ward. I have a quarter of a mile to go to school and I like to go. I live in the country on a 320 acre farm. We milk eleven cows and have eight little calves. For pets I have three little rabbits. I have three brothers and three sisters. My oldest sister and brother are mar-

ried. My sister has two children their names are Laura and Marvin. I go to stay with them in summer during vacation. I stayed with my brother last week and had a fine time. One of my sisters is going to graduate in school this term. Her name is Anna; she is fourteen years, and my youngest sister Lizzie is nine years old. She is in the second grade. My two brothers' names are John and Otto and my other brother that is married is Henry, and my sister's name is Helana. Well I guess I will close soon for fear of crowding some one out. I like to read Blanche's Bible lessons, sometimes I look the Golden Text up in the Bible and read the rest that belongs to it. I will draw a picture and send it along. I must close now. I thought I would close before, but something came to my mind just then so I will close with two memory gems.

Hearts like doors, ope' with ease
To very, very little keys,
And don't forget that two of these
Are, "I thank you sir," and "if you please."

Good boys and girls never say
"I will" and "give me these."
Oh no, that never is the way,
But—"mother, if you please."

I send best regards to all the dear Wees. As ever I remain
your loving Wee

MARIE KOESTER.

ALABERTVILLE, ALA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am a little boy filled with life and love. I am enjoying school fine. I hope to go through school and make a kind and noble man. We should not think of sickness. It is only a shadow and you know that the light can keep away the shadow, so we should not let the little shadows come into our minds but bring in the beautiful rays of sunshine. I will always remember the little piece:

God is my health
I can't be sick,
God is my strength
Unfailing quick.
God is my all
I know no fear
Since God and love
And truth are here.

If every boy and girl was just like this piece, what a happy, happy world this would be. I will enclose for WEE WISDOM and the book "Wee Wisdom's Way." Love to all the Wees,

LUCIUS GRAVES.

DOWNING, WYO.

DEAR BLANCHE, MRS. FILLMORE AND WEES — I got the May WEE WISDOM tonight. We have four of the tiniest little gray kittens. I have a playmate named Marian Grace Crout. We have lots of fun. She was down here to see me a little while today. She has a brother (William) just a little younger than my brother. We had our pictures taken today. Marion had a yellow kitten in her arms, and I had a gray kitten in my arms. Mr. Crout and papa are old friends. There are three little girls I want to see real badly, their names are Nora Toothaker, Georgia Frost and Erma Davis. I have six dolls. Well, I must say goodnight. Lovingly

ALICE TOOTHAKER.

Here comes a man, (sand man) his hand is full of sand,
And says "It's time to go to dreamland."

P. S. So I give him my hand and we walk together to dreamland.

A. T.

NUCLA COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — You are growing better every month and I have hopes of getting you one new subscriber soon and I will be so glad. I am enclosing another little poem. Well I will close with best wishes. Your little Wee,

Winnie's Poem:

WINNIE ROWLEY.



BIRDIES

Birdies in the tree tops
Birdies in the ground
Birdies in the bushes
Birdies all around

Singing sweet and chirping
Making people glad
When we listen to them
We are never sad.

They are glad expressions
Of our Father's love
Making earth as joyous
As the heaven above.

—W.


BLANCHE'S BIBLE LESSONS.

Lesson 10 — June 6

THE POWER OF THE TONGUE — James 3:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles.* — Prov. 21:23.

The lesson today is one of the best we have had this year. It is about the power of the tongue. Did you ever think about how powerful it really is? If we are masters of our tongues just think how many good things we can make it say. We can make it talk about life and health and joy. Then people will always love us, and be drawn to us.

But sometimes you know, people let the tongue master them. That is a great mistake, for it might talk about things which are not good and true. Then we will not feel so well and cheerful, and people would rather we did not come around. Everything looks dark and miserable when the tongue goes wrong and we wonder why, forgetting about the words our tongues have spoken, and that the tongue of the wise is health. Let us learn to bridle our tongues and teach them to be wise and scatter words that are good and true and then we will always be well and happy.

Lesson 11 — June 13

HEROES OF FAITH — Heb. 11:1-3, 17-29.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.* — Heb. 11:1.

And now we are going to talk about faith again. Some time ago, we learned about Peter, and how through faith he was freed from prison. Even before Peter lived, there were people who had so much faith in God that they would do anything the Spirit told them to do. One of these, a man named Abraham, was even willing, (if it had been necessary) to kill his own little son, feeling sure that God could bring him to life again.

Of course we know that it is not necessary to kill anyone, but we should have faith in the Voice of the Spirit just as did Abra-

ham and Isaac. If, when we think we are not as strong and well as we ought to be, we would put our trust entirely in the Spirit, instead of other things, and *know* that we are God's perfect children, why, we would get well right off. Then let us have absolute faith in the Spirit within us, and know that it will keep us well and strong always

Lesson 12 — June 20

REVIEW

GOLDEN TEXT — *And with great power gave the Apostles their witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus.*—Acts 4:33.

We have received many good helpful thoughts from the lessons of the last quarter, but taken all together they have taught us simply this — that the Holy Spirit is all powerful, and can do anything, if we will only listen to it and have faith in it.

When we have learned this thoroughly and believe it, we have learned the only true way to live.

Lesson 13 — June 27

TEMPERANCE LESSON — Romas 13:8-14.

GOLDEN TEXT — *But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ* — Romans 13:14.

The subject of our lesson this week is love. Sunday before last, we talked about faith. Love and faith are partners. They go together and wherever you find one, you must find the other.

We read in this lesson about some things we must not do, such as — "Thou shalt not kill," and "Thou shalt not steal," but it is much better to find out what we should do, for if we always do what we should, then what we should not do will take care of itself, will it not? But it does tell us something to do — "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." That is after all the best of the commandments, because, if we obey that there is no danger of our stealing from our neighbor, is there? Then let us remember this thought all through the week: "I love everybody and everybody loves me." If we keep love in our hearts we will be sure to obey the ten commandments.

Blanche's Corner.



LITTLE-GIRL'S DREAM, AND WHAT CAME OF IT

Little-girl was lazily swinging in the porch swing. It's all right to be lazy in a porch swing in June, you know. It was such a balmy noontide, just enough breeze to rock the swing gently, and to make the dainty pink roses on the vine over the porch nod gracefully. It was the month of roses and their fragrance filled the air.

Little-girl had been sleepily watching the nodding flowers for some time, when suddenly she noticed that every time a rose swayed, a little pink ball escaped from it and floated away. When she looked closer, she saw that the balls were tiny fairies in fluffy pink dresses. How pretty they looked, and how gently they glided along. Every minute or so Little-girl noticed that one of the fairies would start suddenly off as though it had been called. "Oh, how sweet they are," she thought, and her little heart fairly bubbled over with love. Instantly a fairy separated itself from the group and flew straight to her. It settled down close to her and stayed. She was thinking how nice it was to have this lovely creature with her, when it occurred to her how surprised papa would be to see this little pink lady perched on the desk in his hot, dusty office.

"Miss Fairy," she said at last, "I don't know

your name, so I will have to say Miss Fairy, would you mind very much if I would ask you to go and see my papa for a little while. His office is down on Main Street, and he would be so pleased. His number is —" but the fairy had darted away. Little-girl shut her eyes to keep the tears back—it had been hard to send her guest away, and when she opened them again there were two pink fairies beside her.

Then she began to think of so many people who would enjoy the fairies; of mother upstairs in the sewing room, of grandmother and Aunt Mary. The fairies seemed so willing to go, and others flocked around until the whole swing was one mass of pink balls, dancing merrily around Little-girl, and bursting out ever so often into musical peals of laughter, like the tinkling of tiny bells. Then the sound of bells grew louder until they all melted into one, and Little-girl opened her eyes and sat up.

The breeze was still blowing, the roses still nodding, and in the distance the lunch bell was ringing. The fairies had disappeared, but that afternoon, as Little-girl thought it over, she remembered that every time she had sent out a loving thought a fairy had come to her.

"They were love fairies," she decided, "and my love-thoughts called them."

After that she tried always to think loving, kind thoughts, and although she did not see the fairies, she felt them, and they kept her well and happy all the time.

You do not need magic to make things come right,
Or money or power from above.
Just sit down and quietly think the thing out,
And you'll find all you need is just LOVE.

—B.

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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June, 1909

*The air is full of melody,
The world's in tune—
And all things are in harmony,
For it is June.*

— B.

One more issue of WEE WISDOM and then comes the Birthday Party number. Of course all our Wisdoms want to attend the party, and so, please remember to have your stories, pictures, rhymes and letters in by the 10th of July. Let's have the biggest time ever.

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."

Froggie's Song

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.

*Little froggies, sing this song
Every eve at eight;
Sometimes short and sometimes long
By the garden gate,
"Be cheerful, be cheerful,"
Then they shout, "Good cheer!"
While every little baby frog
Croons out, "'Tis here, 'tis here."*

*Let your little song be bright
Every eve at eight,
Gaily sing a glad good-night,
Like froggies by the gate,
"Be cheerful, be cheerful,"
Then, they shout, "Good cheer,"
While every little baby frog
Croons out, "'Tis here, 'tis here."*

