

WEE WISDOM

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



JULY, 1909
KANSAS CITY, MO.

MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

For Twentieth Century Boys and
Girls



MARCH ON, MARCH ON!

*March on, march on the footpath boys
And merrily through the gate O,
The happy heart goes all the day,
The cross one's out of date O.*



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WHERE THE KING WALKS.

SECOND PART

IMELDA OCTAVIA SHANKLIN

While the child waited his strength drooped, and his eyes became dim from steady gazing toward the horizon beyond which he believed the king walked. Daily his mother's heart trembled as she looked upon his frail body and noted the pallor of his countenance. Nightly she cried out to the king that he would come and smooth the pillow of her child and temper the lights for his sleeping, and in all her supplications, this was her offer:

"I, myself, will bring the child when all my tasks are done."

Many nights she worked until the dawn, and always her hands were busy through the day, but her tasks did not diminish, but grew as she struggled with them.

One morning after the child had waked all night, he said to his mother when she dressed him,

"Mother Hope, I must see the king today. I shall not eat, or sleep, or rest until I have looked upon his beautiful face, felt the life of his hand and heard the strength of his tender voice."

The mother torn between fear for her child and the burden of her tasks, broke into sobs.

"My child, today I cannot take you to where the king walks. Sit you by the roadway, and tomorrow surely I shall finish my tasks, and when the evening comes I will carry you to where the king is, and together we will stand in his glorious presence."

He looked gravely at her, and again said:

"I must see the king today."

The mother feared mightily, but she could not leave her tasks, which work as she would, were never done. She kissed the child many times and told him to wait, only wait, just a little longer.

When she had left him upon the earth by the roadway, the child looked upon the hills that screened the king's palace.

"I shall see the king today," he said.

He threw his body back upon the sward, and with the utmost of his strength, he turned over. The effort exhausted him and he lay for some time.

"I will see the king today," he said, and again putting his strength to the effort, he turned his body over. Again he rested, and throwing all his force into the action, he turned his body over on the ground. A teamster drove up.

"What are you doing there, down in the dirt?" he called.

"I am going to where the king walks," the child told him.

The man saw that the child was crippled, and offered to take him in his wagon, for he himself was going to where the king walked in daily ministrations of peace. The child refused, saying:

"Perhaps the king may be even now walking this way. Leave me; I will wait for him here."

The teamster drove on and the child waited. There was nothing to tell him that the king would come, so

he grew despondent, thinking of the distance that lay between him and the hills. But he thought again, this time of the space that lay between him and the place where his mother Hope had set him down, and he said:

"I will go to the king in my own strength." Twice he turned his body before he found he must rest. Then he threw his strength into the work, turning several times.

"I go to the king in my own strength," he said gladly, and in a new voice.

He got upon his hands and knees, creeping forward in the manner of a babe.

"I go to the king in my own strength," he shouted, and sprang to his feet. He limped and wavered, but he would not desist. He laughed aloud, flinging out his words of gladness and determination. Power came to his ankles, and he walked steadily. Not once did he look back to the cottage of his mother Hope, for he knew her tasks would never be done, and that she could not help him to the king. He lifted up his face and breathed in the clear air.

"I go to the king in my own strength," he said in the tone of one who has convinced himself. Then he ran, swiftly, gracefully. A dark marsh crossed his path and the road swept to the northward to avoid the mires in which man and beast sank.

"It is far," said the child looking at the sweep of the road. "The king awaits me."

He saw a line of little mounds, insecure and unavailing to any less buoyant than himself. Lightly he leaped from one mound to another until the marsh was cleared and he was at the foot of the hills screening the king's palace. The hills were not as steep or as

high as they had looked from Hope's cottage, and he ran up the slopes with no thought of fatigue.

From the brow of the highest hill he looked down on a great city in which many people wrought. The city was surrounded by fertile lands in which the husbandmen plowed and harvested. It was like his own land, only the stillness of peace was in the air, and there was the warmth of an abiding springtime in the light.

With a shout of joy he started toward the city, and the landscape spread backward, so fast was his progress. The hills melted back of him; the City of the King drew nearer and nearer.

"The king awaits me; I come, my king, I come!" He spoke softly, serenely. The wings of eagles sprang out upon his shoulders, and the lightness of thistle down entered his feet. He arose in the air, and the quick impulse of the life that surged through him bore him forward.

The workers were bending to their tasks, the children played in the light. All were happy in the places that they filled; all knew that the king walked in their midst, and where the king walks there walks peace.

The child flew on, never stopping to question where he should find the king. His way led him to a sheltered nook, where under the shade of a tree a woman ministered to a young bird that had fallen from its nest. Here also stood the king, and the child rested before him.

The king turned his face upon the child; he placed his hands upon the child's head, saying:

"Where men prepare the way for his coming, there walks the king."

[The End.]



THE WEE WISDOM CLUB

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER.



X.

THE CLUB ENTERTAINS

“**H**IT it on the head, Bill, hit it on the head; it won't bite!”

“O, go along, Robert Wilson; guess I ken break this pig without any directions from you,” answered Willie Monk.

“Well *if* you can, then hurry on and do it, for I'm just dying to know how much we've saved since last September,” said Lois, giving the white china pig a poke with her sandled foot.

“Break it all to pieces; we don't want the pig any more,” said Nellie, while Mildred remarked “You are the slowest boy I ever saw! You are as 'slow as molasses in January.'”

“We'll never get the money in time for the Fourth of July,” Margaret said sarcastically, while Sallie asked, “Are you admiring the pig's beauty, Willie? Because if you are, I'll buy you another one when you break this one.”

Willie with hammer poised gracefully above poor piggie's glazed, brown spotted back, looked up with ill-disguised irritation on his usually placid, good natured face, “See here,” he said, “I thought I was a committee of one, 'pointed to smash this pig; now if you fellows want my job, just speak up and you can have it.”

“No, no, Willie, go ahead; only for mercies' sake hurry up about it. We have got to find out how

much money we've got before deciding how to celebrate the Fourth, and how to entertain the company we have invited. You see, there will be twenty people, if our mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers all come; twenty besides ourselves," and Margaret looked scared at the prospect.

"Well, I know I put in thirty-two cents, altogether, 'cause I was fined two or three times, and my birthday money was ten cents, and my dues which made eleven cents more; a cent a month since last September," said Mildred, counting up on her fingers.

"I had to put in eleven cents for my birthday, and Lois and I had to pay twenty cents fine apiece, the weeks we were at the Coast and didn't write a letter to the Club, but I haven't an idea how much more I had to put in during the year," said Sallie, adding, "I was sorry to have to put it in the pig at the time, but now I'm glad I did. O won't we have fun! What are you waiting for, Willie? Committees of one don't have to examine the pigs nose like that!"

"When people are so slow ma says that—" but no one heard what Nellie's "ma" had said on the subject, for at that moment down came Willie's hammer, crack went the pig, and out rolled a dusty, grimy lot of silver, nickel and copper coin.

"Lois and I are the committee to count it!" shouted Robert, waving the others back with excited gestures, "Step back, Bill, and let this committee get to work. We move like chained lightning, we do! Lois, you take the pennies, and I'll count the dimes and nickels. Here we go, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five—"

"Hush, Robert! how do you suppose I can count when you keep going like that. Count to yourself. And, anyway, why didn't you let me take the dimes

and nickles, they are a lot nicer to count than the pennies," said Lois.

"There, now, you made me lose my count. You never can let things move smoothly, Lois Pettinger. I'm chairman of this committee, 'cause I was named first, and you must do what I tell you to."

"O no, Mr. Robert, I won't do anything of the kind. You are chairman, all right, but you haven't any vote, and I have, and I'll vote to make you count the pennies."

It looked like war for a moment, but the others had learned by experience, that to let Robert and Lois settle a quarrel themselves was by far the best principle, and that they would "do right" if left to decide the question without outside assistance. It proved wise this time, for in a moment Lois said:

"You are so provoking, Robert! just as if it makes any difference who counts it!"

"Well, I didn't think it did; you were the one that objected," answered Robert, "I'd just as soon count the pennies; give them here."

"That's right, blame it all on me, and heap coals of fire on my head after you get through. I'll tell you what let's do, to be sure about the money. I'll count the pennies and won't tell you how many there are; you do the same with the other money. Then I'll count the other money and you count the pennies, and see if we make it come out right."

So the quarrel was settled, the war clouds rolled away from sight, and peace and quiet settled upon the Club. No one seemed to breathe while the counting went on under their breath. The money was exchanged and recounted.

"Got it?" asked Lois.

"Yep," answered Robert.

"How much do you make it?" from Lois.

"Four dollars and eighty-four cents," from Robert.

"Same! oh, goody!" exclaimed Lois, clapping her hands, and dancing a jig with Max, "I thought sure I'd make a mistake."

"Will four dollars and eighty-four cents buy fire works and ice cream?" asked Margaret.

"The box of fire works Bob and I were looking at cost four dollars, so that leaves the eighty-four cents for the ice cream; that ought to be enough," said Willie.

"But there will be twenty-seven people, and ice cream is ten cents a dish—that would only buy eight dishes and a half," mused Mildred.

"Well, we wouldn't need to eat any ice cream ourselves, and it ought to be cheaper if we buy a lot at a time. Ma says things are always cheaper when you buy in bulk," said generous little Nellie.

"Well, eighty-four cents won't buy twenty dishes, even if it *is* cheaper; and wouldn't our mothers enjoy eating ice cream if there wasn't enough for us to have some, too; and wouldn't it look funny to see us standing around watching them," and Lois lay down on the grass and laughed till the tears came in her eyes.

"I don't care, it's better than wanting to eat it all ourselves, Nellie," said Sallie.

"Taint either," said Robert, "'Cause neither way would do. Let's *all* go without ice cream, and we'll each give two cents more, and that will make about five dollars, and we'll buy the five-dollar box of fire works instead of the four-dollar one. The five-dollar box has lots more things in it; it has more rockets, and one balloon that's warranted to go off, or your money refunded, and it has punk that won't go out when you light it."

"Good scheme!" said Willie.

So it was decided that the front veranda would be the grand stand for the invited guests, who were to assemble at eight-thirty, sharp, on the evening of July third (the Fourth being Sunday), while the Wee Wisdom Club would entertain them with fire works at the front gate. The guests were to be notified that no refreshments were to be served (so as to spare them unnecessary disappointment), but that they were to be treated with every invention of modern pyrotechnics in the way of pin wheels, devil chasers, doubled-headed Dutchmen, rockets, Roman candles, one balloon (warranted to do its duty), and, well, in fact, everything reason could demand in a five-dollar box.

Mother appeared on the garden walk — none but she knew how long she had been within hearing distance. "Children," she said, "I must get these cherries picked this afternoon, for tomorrow is the only time I'll have to can them. I would not like to disturb or interrupt your Club business, but if you could find time to pick them for me, I'd be glad to pay you for it by furnishing your guests Saturday evening with ice cream and cake."

"Hurrah! where's a bucket," shouted Robert, while Willie, Lois and Nellie were half way up the tree before the president could call them to order.

"All in favor of accepting this kind offer," sternly spoke Margaret, "say, 'Aye.'"

"Aye, aye, aye," came from the uppermost branches of the tree. "Aye," came from Robert, as he dashed in sight with his arms covered with buckets. "Aye, aye," came from Mildred and Sallie, as they unbuttoned their shoes to make climbing safer.

"Those opposed?" inquired Margaret, tying her hair tight to save her from an Absalom death. "It's

so ordered; oh, isn't it lucky for us it's cherry time?"

"You bet it is," said Robert, "Won't we have a party that *is* a party!"

"Don't forget, it's the cherries *I* want," called back mother, as she entered the house.

And Saturday evening, July the third, the Wee Wisdom Club entertained their friends in a royal manner. Everything was a success. Mother's cherries stood row upon row on the cellar shelves, and the ice cream was of two kinds, and every pin wheel stayed where it was tacked—yes, everything was a success, except the balloon which was warranted—it didn't go off at all, but it didn't matter, as everything else was so fine, and as the storekeeper had thrown in three sticks of punk for nothing the Club did not ask him to refund the money for the balloon.

A GARDEN FAIR

Helen A. Fussell

*I will sing you a song
Of a garden fair,
Wherein are sown seeds
That brought blossoms rare.*

*Love, joy and kindness
And hearty good cheer,
Were seeds that were sown
And flowered here.*

*The garden fair
Was a little child's mind,
And the seeds were these thoughts
Just the very best kind.*

—FROM WEE WISDOM, 1899.



WHAT THE BIRDS SAID

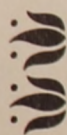
WILHELMINA SMITH

*Said the little brown Thrush to the Robin,
"Your whistle is so loud and clear,
I love its sound in the morning;
I know then the day is quite near."*

*But Robin Red Breast answered bravely,
"Your song is quite low, dear, but sweet,
My whistle is so loud and noisy,
I'd willingly sit at your feet."*

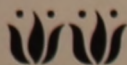


*Then the Catbird spoke quickly: "My
screaming
Is something so painfully shrill—
I wish I could whistle like you, Rob,
Or sing, Thrush, your soft little trill."*



*An owl, half asleep in the branches,
Waking up said: "This never will do.
To make up the songs of the woodland,
Even my very ghostly 'To-who'*

*Is needed, just as the big bass drum
Is wanted in every full band,"
So, children, despise not your voices;
Each helps in the full chorus grand.*



CHILD GARDENING.

Conducted by LIDA H. HARDY.

GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY THE LAW OF EXPRESSION.

SERIES XVII.

GOD'S GIFT OF THE SILKWORM

Silkworm, on the mulberry tree,
Spin a siiken robe for me;
Draw the threads out fine and strong,
Longer yet — and very long;
Longer yet — 'twill not be done
Till a thousand more are spun,
Silkworm, turn the mulberry tree
Into silken threads for me.

—Mary Howett, from *In the Child's World*.



In our last lessons we talked about our good friend the earthworm. We talked about the mollusks, too, and found that they belong to the animal branch called articulates, which branch includes those animals which are made up of points or rings. All in-

sects belong to this branch. They belong to a certain class by themselves called Insecta.

We now come to a study which is quite a little different from that of stones or flowers, but which is quite as interesting, and which is filled with wonders and surprises at every turn.

After we have finished our talks on the ant, the spider, the butterfly, the silkworm and the honeybee, we will fully understand what the great and wise Solomon meant when he told us to go and study about the ant and be wise.

It is through knowing the ways of these marvelous creations of God, that we find the real wisdom that we are wanting, and it is through this beautiful study that we learn to know and love our Father the maker and creator of all.

One of the most interesting of all insects is the silkworm.

When I was a child, living next door to us were my little girl friends, Frankie and Bertha, who had growing in their yard a large spreading mulberry tree. One springtime we found on the broad green leaves many wee baby caterpillars, whose ways we found very interesting as we eagerly watched them day after day.

The caterpillars stretched themselves, looked around and at length feeling as though they wanted a rest, they crawled under the leaves and went to sleep. When they woke up they were just as hungry as hungry could be. All they could find to eat were the mulberry leaves, and after they had gotten a taste they liked them very much. They would eat and eat until they grew tired. After resting awhile they would begin eating again. They just made a regular *business* of eating. Finally they grew so big and fat that

their clothes were too small for them. Good Mother Nature, who is always on hand in time of need, then made each one of them a nice new dress just like the old one, only much larger. They still kept on eating and growing fatter and fatter, and of course, Mother Nature had to keep on making new dresses all the time. After awhile they had eaten so much and so long, and had had so many dresses that they grew very tired of it all and felt as though they wanted something *new*, something *different*, something *better*. They really felt as though they wanted to fly about in the sweet cool breezes, among the blossom trees, but of course, since they had no wings they could not do *that*.



Mother Nature who understood all, knew that they were now ready for something better, so she taught them how to spin a soft silken thread. Back and forth, back and forth they spun until each one had made for himself the cutest little hammock, where they rocked and spun, neath the fresh, cool breezes and the beautiful shade. They did not rest in the hammock and dream. O no, it was not time for that. They just kept right on spinning away, spinning away until they had completely wrapped themselves up with the fine soft thread, and there they were inside all snug

and warm. The time for resting and dreaming had come! When Mother Nature knew they had slept long enough she said, "Come now, dearies, it's time to get up!"

Each one heard the still, small voice and obeyed at once by bursting open a little door and coming right out in the pure, free air—not silkworms at all, but airy, fairy moths with soft downy wings! Away! away, they flew fearlessly and freely, way out among the fragrant blossom trees.

This is the true story of the silkworm, and if you have in your yard a mulberry tree, you may read it for yourself from Mother Nature's own story book.

It was in China that the people first found out about the usefulness of silk.

Long, long ago the people in China wore only the skins of animals for clothing. One day Si-Ling Shi, a little fourteen-year-old Chinese girl, the wife of the Emperor Hoang Ti, was watching some caterpillars feeding on the leaves of a mulberry tree. Every day she would go out to see how they were getting on with their spinning, and finally after the cocoons were made she took one in her hand, found the end of the thread, and kept unwinding it until she had unwound a soft silken thread about four thousand feet long. After this she taught the ladies of her palace to manufacture and embroider silk.

For many years the people of China kept this discovery a great secret, while all the time they were receiving large sums of money for the silks they sent to India, Asia, Persia and Arabia.

Kindergarten children love to listen to the story of Baby's sash.

Grandma brought a pretty pink silk sash to Baby. Baby remembered, of course, to say, "Thank you."

Grandma said, "Don't thank me for *I* only bought it of the merchant." The merchant said, "Thank *me* not, 'twas the weaver who brought it to me." The weaver said, "'Twas the dyer who gave the silk to *me*, I only wove it." The dyer said, "Why *I* gave nothing but its color, thank the spinner." "No," the spinner said, "not *me*, for I found it in a silkworm's small cocoon."

Here then was the sash begun;
So, though strange it may be,
'Twas the silkworm, after all,
Gave the sash to Baby.

—*Emilie Paulson.*

And so remember, darling,
All things below, above
Come from the heavenly Father;
They tell us God is Love.

EPISTLES

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am sending you by same mail one of my stories, printed in the New York Herald, May 23, 1909. As I have previously written for you I thought that the publication of this story might interest you. If you care to vote for me, I would be very grateful as "every little bit" helps. I have been meaning to write you for some time—but have been so busy that time slipped by before I could do so. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain yours truly

H. DOROTHY DAMBMAN.

[We are not surprised to see our young authoress competing for this prize of \$2,000.00, offered by the New York Herald for the best story by amateur writers, nor would our surprise be great should she prove the winner. WEE WISDOM always enjoyed little Dorothy's contributions and if she had only given us timely notice about this competition, we feel sure she would have gotten the votes of all WEE WISDOM readers, but her letter was received after June WEE WISDOM had gone to press so it was too late to send out the word.—ED].

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am sending 10 cents in stamps for the package of twelve WEE WISDOM'S. I expect to send a story or poem for WEE WISDOM'S birthday. This is my second letter to you. I showed the May copy of WEE WISDOM to my teacher, and she read the poem about "Edith and Florence" to the pupils. I asked if the "Wee Wisdom Club" was a real club, or only a story, in my last letter to you and the editor said: "I leave Sallie and Lois to answer your questions. They are sure enough girls," and they did not answer my question. I would like to know very much. Your loving Wee,

IDA GOLDSMITH.

[Sallie and Lois, will you please rise and explain at our birthday party about your "Wee Wisdom Club"?—ED.]

SCRIBNER, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I am nine years old, and was in the second grade at school. But my school is out now for three months, and I am glad vacation has come at last. I expect to go and stay with my sister this summer during vacation, and play with my niece and nephew. I guess the dear little Wees are planning already for the great celebration of Fourth of July, and I wish they will all have a good time. I wish the same to Blanche and Mrs. Fillmore. I must close my letter this time. I am sending best regards to all the dear Wees.



As ever I remain your loving Wee, LIZZIE KOESTER.
Cherries will soon be ripe. I will close with a memory gem.

Be kind and be gentle
To young and to old,
For kindness is dearer
And better than gold.

L. K.

SCRIBNER, NEB.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my second letter. I am going to send a story of the Declaration of Independence. Also a song, the name of it is "America." I like to read Blanche's Bible Lessons and the interesting stories in her Corner. I also love to read the letters the Wee Wisdom children write. I hope you all

will have a good time Fourth of July. So I guess I will close my letter for this time, and hope, when this is published, that it will reach all the dear Wees at the best of their health. Sending best wishes from your loving Wee.

MARIE KOESTER.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I like you very much and like to read your stories. I like "Froggies Song" very much. I learned it the very day I got my WEE WISDOM. I have a dear little sister named Lois. I have a big Maltese cat named Sir Thomas Grey. With love to all the Wees,

FRANCES SUTTER.

[Frances forgot to give us his street address and so may not receive his extra number of WEE WISDOM. Little writers will please remember, to always give their full address.—ED].

EXETER, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am now a happy "Wee," for my teacher has given me WEE WISDOM for my seventh birthday, which will be July 7th. I live on a ranch, two miles from town; we have 150 acres in oranges, 70 in grapes, 30 in peaches and walnuts. I have a lovely baby sister two years old. I am called "Laddie," she says "Lah dee." Here is a true story for the Wees. I read in my Natural Science, squirrels often migrate by night, (migrate means to seek a new home), if they find a river too wide to cross, they each get a piece of bark for a boat, sail across, using their tails for both sail and rudder. You may call me Laddie. Love to the Wees.

ALEXANDER RAYMOND CARNEY, Jr.

[What a nice letter Laddie has written us. We will never see a squirrel again without remembering what sailors they must make.—ED.]

LONG BEACH, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I thought I would draw one pansy for you. I am ten years old and I am in the B class at school. I have a sister and her name is Flora, she is in the B class. I love to read WEE WISDOM Books. I will close. Hope all the little Wees are all well. Your little Wee.

GEORGE D. ROSE.

[Georgie's drawing is very good, but as it is done with lead pencil the engraver can not use it. George has forgotten to give his street number.—ED.]

SEATTLE, WASH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I think your club is fine. I can't wait for mama to read the nice stories to me. I am 7 years old. I go to school and to Sunday School. I am going up to the mountains.

soon to spend the summer and papa will send me WEE WISDOM.
I have one brother and three sisters. I will close with love to all.

VALERIE GRACE NOYES. (Per mama).

WATERLOO, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOMS—This is my first letter to you. I have been sick for about three weeks and I am writing this in bed. I think the "Wee Wisdom Club is nice. I am 13 years old and go to High School, I think I will send a story for WEE WISDOM'S birthday. Here is a little poem that I made up this morning. With love to all the Wee Wisdom's.

ESTHER REUPKE.

DOROTHY'S GARDEN

In Dorothy's garden violets grew
And she had other flowers too.
She tended her garden most every day,
But sometimes when busy at play
She would forget her garden for a couple of days
And then her flowers would wither away.

[Esther will learn that Wisdom's ways are ways of health and peace and then she will never let any more "sicks" into her beautiful body-house.—Ed.]

FREEPORT, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you I love to read you very much. I am nine years young. I have three sheep and two lambs. I could not do without dear WEE WISDOM, so I will send fifty cents for her to visit me another year. My papa takes UNITY. Love to the Wees, from a loving friend,

ESTHER MARTHA RUTH.

[WEE WISDOM is delighted to continue her visits to Esther's home.—Ed.]

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Please find enclosed fifty cents. I want you to go to Alvin Tinnerholm. This is the fourth WEE WISDOM subscription my sister and I have given away for birthday presents. I like WEE WISDOM very much. Your little Wee,

ALTHEA GUSTAFSON.

[Althea's generous way of sharing her good with her friends insures her bountiful measure in return.—Ed.]

GREENLEAF, IDAHO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I enclose fifty cents for renewal, and also a little poem, which I wrote for you. I cannot do without you, for you have taught me many good lessons. I have a play house in which every day I read some in the Bible, and write my good

thoughts down, and have a little silence. My sister Hester has a playhouse in which she does as I do. I was promoted in school this year, so I am in the 7th grade. My sister was promoted, also, and she is in the 3rd grade. During our final examination I held the thought that I should be shown how to do every problem. I was second in class rank, and my sister was first in her class rank. With blessings of love and success to you and all the Wees, I am your loving Wee,

DORIS HARRIET DREW.

[Surely Doris' faithful practice of truth will bring into her life only that which is good and desirable. We will keep her little poem for the Birthday entertainment.—ED.]

Julia Eggan from Pierre S. Dakota, sends a pretty rose postal upon which she says: "Dear WEE WISDOM:— I am nine years old, I have taken you for a long time. We are going to Cottonwood next week. I like 'Blanche's Corner' ever so much "

BALLION, NEV.

UNITY TRACT SOCIETY—Please find enclosed 50 cents for WEE WISDOM. I have been taking it for one year and like to read the stories. Am 7 years old.

EMERSON ELLIOTT.

[WEE WISDOM is glad to keep up her acquaintance with little Emerson.—ED.]

Tillie Litterell's mama (Foley, Minn.,) writes: "Tillie is a little girl eleven years old, and loves to read WEE WISDOM to her little brothers and sisters. She is in the sixth grade. WEE WISDOM for some reason has not made her visits lately, though her visiting expenses are paid, and we all miss her very much.

[We will see that she misses you no more, Tillie. Though our mailing clerk finds your name and address she reports "all O. K." on the subscription list, and can't understand why WEE WISDOM failed to reach you.—ED.]

DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR UNITY—I received WEE WISDOM, "Love's Roses," and "Wee Wisdom's Way" with tracts, etc. I am very fond of all broader literature written for the children, for from such literature I gain so much life and inspiration. We have a dear little four-room cottage, in which we start tomorrow on our third year of happy married life; years of preparation for sweet Wees of our own some day, when Love shall tell us if we are worthy of so sweet a gift from the Father. But now every Saturday afternoon I have a group of dear little girls with me for a chat in "Wee Wisdom's Way," and it is from the few little copies of

WEE WISDOM that I have gained my greatest inspiration. These children have never before received the Truth which WEE WISDOM teaches, and I hope soon to have WEE WISDOMS coming here every month for them. Miss Armstrong, also a teacher, wrote you a little while ago for some WEE WISDOMS. We have a tiny Sunday School, and are trying to give those in attendance clearer insight into true thought, and we have gained the greatest help from your literature. Sunday I read "Love's Roses" to our class, and they all declared it to be the sweetest story they ever heard. I love to read it myself. I am sending for more literature. I would like all the back numbers of WEE WISDOM. I read of the Birthday Party to be in August, and am quite sure our group will come tripping in with a birthday present, for we chose the name "Wee Wisdom's Band," and want to get acquainted with all the Wees. I have a little offering which I enclose with this as an early birthday gift, for WEE WISDOM would not be able to carry all the gifts she will receive at once. Ever with you in the school which the Wees teach.

Father, we thank Thee for the children,
Sweet jewels Thou hast given,
For when the little ones are near
It is a dream of heaven.

Yes, it *is* heaven just to see
Their happy dancing eyes,
Their lovely smiles that always glow
Like stars that dot the skies.

Father, we thank Thee for the joy
They bring us day by day,
And may we learn to walk with them
Along Wee Wisdom's way.

I am lovingly yours,

WINOGENE SMITH SAVAGE.

[Extract from a letter received by Society of Silent Unity from some small folks father.]

"I am enclosing a small offering—small, but given by my two little boys to assist in spreading the knowledge of God's healing power which they say has made a new man out of their father."

[They must be Wee Wisdom's.—ED.]

Some folks say he says, "Bob White,"
But I was a-singin' one day—
"God is Love," and heard him answer,
Clear as could be, "Quite right."

— B.

PLAYING AT THE SEASHORE.

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.



Mabel waded in the water.

On the summer's day,
Wet her cunning little footsies,
Then she ran away!

Oh, what fun to chase the wavelets!
And to kick the sand!
Water is a joy to play in,
Better than the land.

Here she felt the tiny breezes,
Kissing her, so sweet!
First a breath upon the forehead,
Then upon her cheek.

"Oh, you darling, darling, ocean,
God has made you big,
Wonder if I'd find your bottom
If I'd dig and dig!"

So said Mabel, nodding wisely
Her bright curly head;
Tried to dig deep to the bottom,
Found a crab instead.

"Ah," said Mabel, "look at crabbie,
Doesn't he have fun?
Plays in all this great big water;
See, how he can run!"

"God has blessed the big, big ocean,
Blessed the crabs and fish,
Made the sands for me to play in,
There's nothin' left to wish."

Our 4th of July Page



DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND SONG

By MARIE KOESTER

DECLARATION of Independence, was adopted July 4th 1776. During the day, the streets of Philadelphia were crowded with people, anxious to learn the final judgment. In the steeple of the old State House was a bell on which, by a happy acting in conjunction, was inscribed "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." In the morning the bellringer went to his post, having placed his grandson below to announce when the Declaration was adopted, that his bell might be the first to peal forth the glad tidings. Long he waited while the mature reflections went on. Impatiently the old man shook his head and repeated, "They will never do it! They will never do it!" Suddenly he heard his grandson clapping his hands and shouting, "Ring, Grandpa Ring!" Grasping the iron tongue he swung it to and fro, proclaiming the glad news of liberty to all the land.

The crowded streets caught up the sound. Every steeple re-echoed it. All that night long the shouts, and lights and booming of cannon declared the joy of the people.

AMERICA

Tune — America.

My country, I love thee,
Though but a child I be,
Of thee I sing;
I love the stories told,
Of all the heroes bold,
With each bright starry fold
Thy flag I bring.

Arranged by Marie Koester.

My country, I would pray,
To serve thee every day,
Like those before;
I would a hero be,
And love and work for thee;
To keep thee pure and free,
For ever more.

**BLANCHE'S BIBLE LESSONS.**
**Lesson 1 July 4**

PAUL'S SECOND MISSIONARY JOURNEY—ANTIOCH
TO PHILIPPI—Acts 15:36-16:15.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Come over into Macedonia and help us.*—Acts 9:16.

Not long ago we studied about Paul's first missionary journey. Now he is making another journey and he knows more about it. Silas is with him, and Silas means *understanding*. Paul, you know, means *will*. Now if we go to work with a will and understand the Truth, there isn't anything we cannot do. We can bring to ourselves all good things.

Paul was doing the will of God; that is, he was listening to the voice of the Spirit within and obeying it. The people in Macedonia did not know much about the Truth, but Paul and Silas taught them and many people believed.

Let us start on a missionary journey, each one for himself. Let us take our will and understanding, sit down by ourselves, shut our eyes and throw the searchlight of Truth on every thought until they are all pure and true. That is the very best kind of a missionary journey, and it will always make us well and happy.

Lesson 2 July 11

PAUL'S SECOND MISSIONARY JOURNEY—THE PHILIP-
PIAN JAILER—Acts 16:25-48.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved, thou and thy house.*—Acts 16:31.

This is the story of an earthquake. Paul and Silas were thrown into prison in Philippi, and in the night, when they were tired and sore, they began singing praises because they knew the Truth would make them free. While they were singing, there was a crash and the foundation of the jail was shaken. The doors flew open, and the prisoners hands were loosed. The jailer was

very much frightened because he thought they would escape, but Paul told him they were all there. He didn't need to run, for the Spirit had made them free. The jailer was very much frightened, and wanted to know about this wonderful Truth that makes men free.

In our little missionary journey we started last Sunday, you will remember, we will find sometimes that we seem to be in bondage to some untrue thought, just as Paul and Silas were in bondage to the Philippian jailer.

Then we must just get still and say over the words of Truth again and again. It will surely make us free as it did them, and everyone will want to know our secret of happiness.

Lesson 3. July 18.

PAUL'S SECOND MISSIONARY—THESSALONICA AND
BEREA.—Acts 17:1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Thy word have I laid up in my heart, That I might not sin against thee.*—Ps. 119:11.

This Golden Text is a good one: "Thy word have I laid up in my heart," that means the word of Spirit, "That I might not sin against thee." Thee means Spirit or God. What is sinning against Spirit? When we are not happy or loving — when we are not healthy and wealthy, then we are sinning against Spirit. The God Spirit meant for us to have all good things, and it is our own fault if we don't get them. The way we sin against the Spirit is by forgetting sometimes the truth about ourselves. If we keep in our hearts all the time words like these: "I am a child of God," "I love everybody and everybody loves me," we are obeying the voice of Spirit. Let us always keep the word of God — the true words — in our hearts so we shall not sin against Spirit.

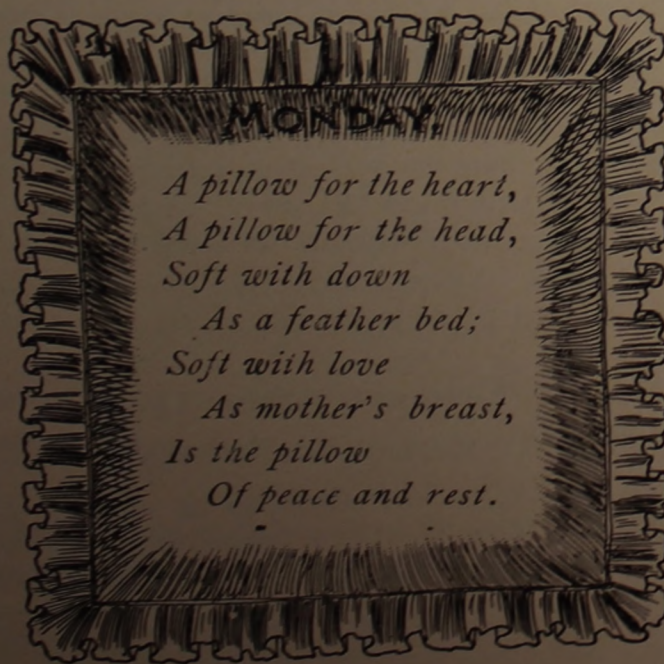
Lesson 4 July 25

PAUL'S SECOND MISSIONARY JOURNEY—ATHENS—
Acts 17:16-34.

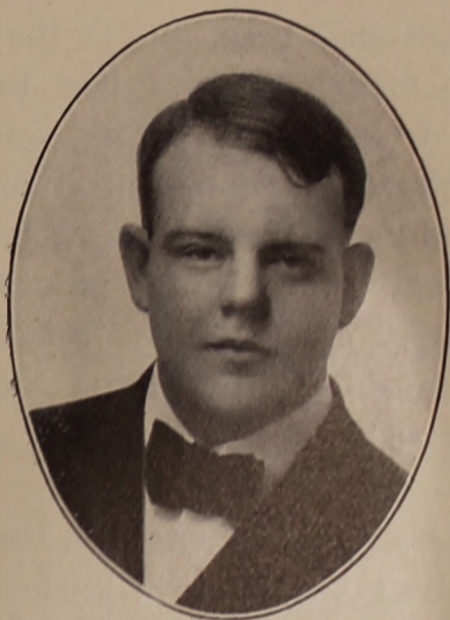
GOLDEN TEXT — *God is a Spirit and they that worship him must worship in spirit and truth.*—John 4:24.

This is another good Golden Text. "God is a Spirit," just think of it. Away back years and years ago Paul and Silas were

telling the people the Truth we are learning today. Those people of Athens were wonderful. They knew many beautiful things, but they thought there were many gods. Then, too, they thought these gods were men. There was one God which they had heard of, but didn't know much about. They were afraid that this God would be angry if they did not worship him, so they built an altar and wrote on it, "To the Unknown God." That unknown God was our God—the Spirit within, which we know is all-powerful. Paul came to Athens and taught the people all about God. He told them God was not a person dwelling in a temple, but universal, all-powerful Spirit, which was within and around them all. They listened and were glad to learn. Some people today do not sit in the silence long enough to know the Spirit within them. Our altars are our hearts, and we are learning about the Truth all the time, so that instead of the inscription: "To the Unknown God," we will impress on our hearts this thought: "To the All-powerful Christ Spirit."



IN BLANCHE'S ABSENCE



Sh-sh-sh-! Blanche doesn't know that I am here, for I stole in while she was out, and now I want to whisper a little secret into your ear. *Don't you tell I told you:* A great big, handsome boy came and carried her off the other night, and now her name is Mrs. Charles Haseltine. She is the same bright,

sweet, loving little Blanche she always was, however. Oh, yes, she will be back all right next month, and, perhaps, tell you all about it at the Birthday Party. Charlie is a nice boy, and you need have no fear but what he will take good care of her. Soon they will move into their own little bungalow, and then Blanche will make her monthly visits to you in her own cozy little den overlooking the rose garden.

Next month you must all come and be present at WEE WISDOM'S Birthday Party. We want each Wee to be represented in the shape of a letter, for we are going to have a little bride's reception for Blanche along with the annual Birthday Party. Be sure to send your letter in by July 10th.

Well, I must slip out now before Blanche comes back, but I shall see you again next month at the WEE WISDOM Party, and shall help Blanche entertain you.

ROYAL.

As Royal has let the secret out, Ye Editor will add that our Blanche and Charlie, who is one of our Truth boys, took to liking each other in the period of short dresses and knickerbockers, and now that they have arrived at young womanhood and manhood, it seems to be a case of full-blossomed love, and so they decided it would be ever so nice to always live together, and help each other to be happy, strong and good. They are to have a nice little house all their own, and the young folks made a "tin-shower" for them, and cut glass, linens and pretty things galore, have been showered upon them. Blanche has promised that she would not desert her "Corner," and that Charlie would help her entertain you.

That was a sweet little story Blanche told in the last month's WEE WISDOM about the pink love-fairies. Do you know, that a lady in Kansas liked it so much that she slipped it into one of the daily papers, and it was widely read. The love-thought in it was the means of preventing a quarrel between two reporters, and the foreman's wife read it to her restless children at bed time, and it put them to happy sleep. I hope you all keep these love-fairies flying for you.

Be ready for the Birthday Party next month. Some of our little guests have already arrived. I think Sallie and Lois will write up the Club next month, and, maybe, one of the little Hardys will give the Nature Study lesson.

*Wild roses peeped through the shrubbery,
As pink and delicate as could be;
"Do love-thoughts give that shade to thee?"
I asked, and they nodded "Yes" to me.*

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 HASELTINE, *Associate Editor.*

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July, 1909

July! say, it "listens" loud don't it?

*Sounds like firecrackers, cannons
and such;*

But we've all a soft spot for it,

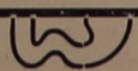
*And wouldn't miss it; no, not
much!*

— B.

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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771