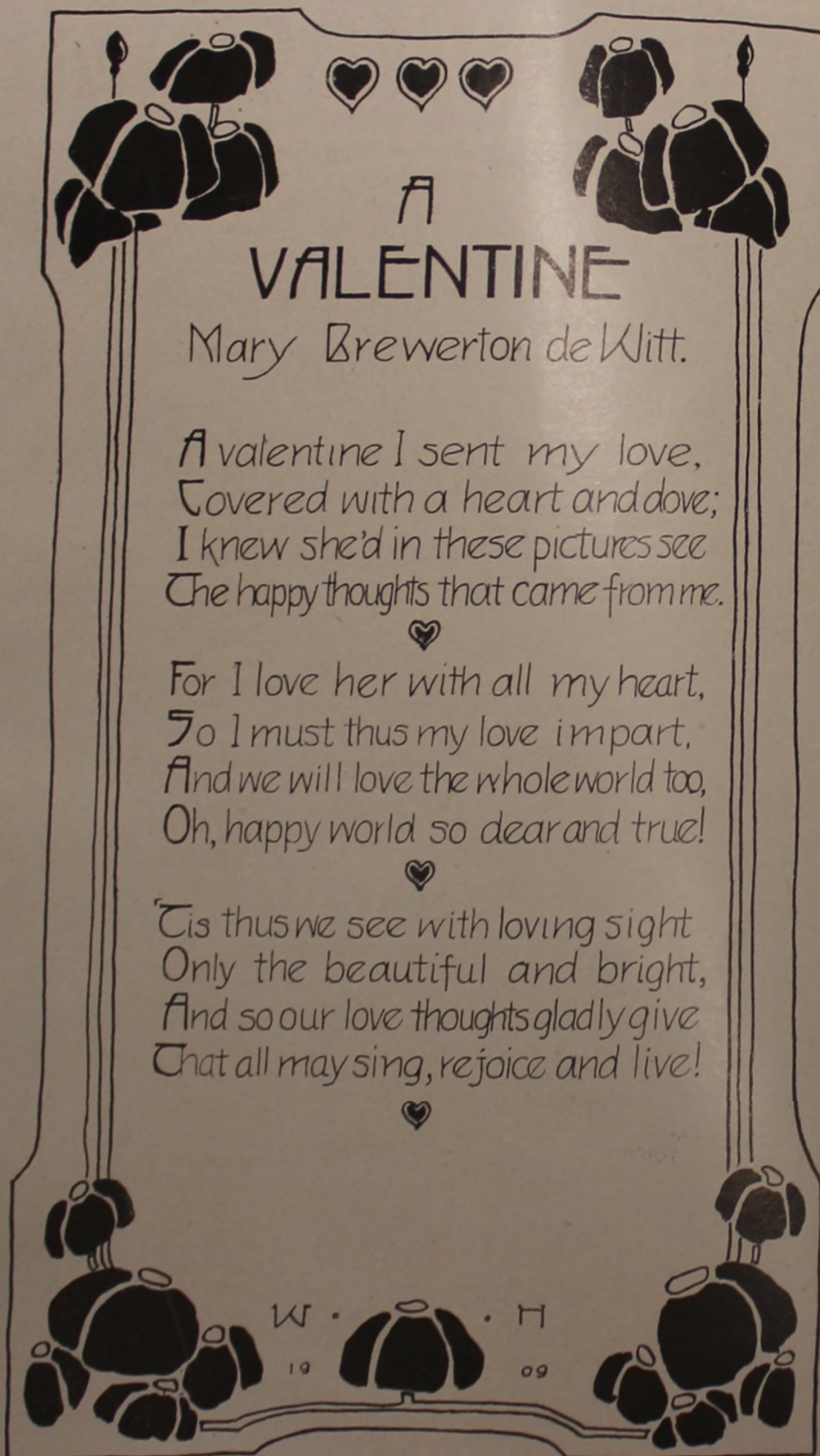


WEE WISDOM

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



FEBRUARY, 1909
KANSAS CITY, MO.



A
VALENTINE

Mary Brewerton de Witt.

A valentine I sent my love,
Covered with a heart and dove;
I knew she'd in these pictures see
The happy thoughts that came from me.



For I love her with all my heart,
So I must thus my love impart,
And we will love the whole world too,
Oh, happy world so dear and true!



'Tis thus we see with loving sight
Only the beautiful and bright,
And so our love thoughts gladly give
That all may sing, rejoice and live!



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VOL. XIV.

FEBRUARY, 1909

No. 7.

THE PORTER'S LODGE

LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE



CASPAR Ried, a prodigal son, received word that his father had willed him a house and land. The word was a long while reaching Caspar, for he had gone far off from his father's home, and was in no better company than swine. But now a change had come over Caspar, and no one would have recognized him as he sat beside the driver on the stage coach which went swinging along toward the house and land which his father had willed him. Caspar's eyes were bright, and looked from house to house as the coach rolled past them, eager for the one which was now his own.

"What are you looking for?" asked the driver, curiously.

"A house which is my own," replied Caspar. "My father has willed me a house and land. My name is Caspar Ried."

"I congratulate you," said the driver heartily, looking enviously at the young man.

Caspar's cheeks flushed, for everyone who had heard his name now glanced at him.

"The stage coach passes your place," said the driver.

So Caspar settled down and tried not to show his impatience, while he waited for the driver to set him down on his own land. He felt like a prince coming into his kingdom.

He was awakened from his day-dream by the sudden halt of the horses.

"This is your place," said the driver.

Caspar looked around, but all that he could see was a very small stone house by the highway. There was moss upon the roof, and the paint was cracked and peeled off from the little porch; altogether it looked neglected, and quite as Caspar had looked when word reached him that his father had willed him a house and land. He averted his eyes from the curious passengers on the coach, went quickly down to the ground, and did not answer the driver's "Good luck to you!" as he whipped up the horses and the coach swung down the dusty road.

There was a gate beside his house, and Caspar hastened to enter it, to hide himself from the stage coach passengers, who were still looking back at him. He stepped upon the shabby porch and went into the little stone house.

It was a neat little house, plainly furnished; though dust from the highway was over all the humble furniture. He went from room to room, three in all, with an attic bedroom above. Weary and disappointed, he flung himself down upon the narrow bed and fell asleep.

When Caspar awoke it was evening. He was hungry, and so he went down stairs, and there was a small garden hidden from the highway by a stone wall on the north, in which he found some fruit; he made himself a meal for the night, and then sat down and planned what he should do in the morning.

In the morning he followed out his plan. He arose early and went to the near-by town, and, telling no one who he was, sought employment. He found something to do at modest wages, and returned at night, spending the evening in his garden, hidden from the highway.

And so he worked in town by day and evenings attended to his garden and house. He found that the roof needed patching and woodwork needed painting, and he was kept very busy. As summer went and winter approached, he had to tighten loose window frames — oh, there seemed so many cracks for the cold wind to enter; he seemed always patching and mending, keeping out rain and snow and wind; and then summer came again, with dust and dirt. The little stone house was so close to the highway, that every passing wagon sent dust and noise in through the windows.

One Sabbath afternoon Caspar sat upon his porch, which looked quite neat since he had painted it. There was a green vine creeping up the post, but the leaves were gray with dust from the highway. It was such a pleasant evening, that there was much driving past the little stone house, and so Caspar was not able to concentrate his thoughts upon the book he was reading. At last he threw it down. He listened for a while to the horses' hoofs, the whirling wheel, and voices and laughter of passersby, and then he turned his eyes toward the the green country which lay upon the south side of the little stone house. A road went through the great gate and disappeared among beautiful forest trees; but no one ever passed by that road. Everyone seemed to love the highway, with its dust and noise. Caspar had often wondered whither that road went, hiding itself there among the trees. He was always so busy at work, in town or around his

house, that he never seemed to have time to find out about that road slipping so quietly by his home into the forest. But now, as he sat and gazed at it, wondering anew, it looked very inviting, and he arose suddenly and stepped upon it.

Once upon that road, it seemed to invite him to keep it company as it traveled toward the shady and pleasant wood. It rested his tired feet after their daily tread upon the hard highway. The grass beside it, the shrubs and trees, were like friends along the way.

And so Caspar came to the forest. He did not hesitate to enter it, turning the bend of the road and losing sight of his little stone house by the great gate. Oh how peaceful were the woods. They dipped down into a vale, where sang a tiny stream, but across the vale was a rustic bridge. The road wound among the trees and circled a hill, which it seemed to be gradually climbing. There were rustic benches under trees, but Caspar did not feel weary, the way was so pleasant. He came to another wood, where the flowers were lurking and ferns nestled; he picked some and they seemed like beautiful thoughts to encourage him on the long way.

Yes, the way was long, though Caspar knew that he was moving in a spiral toward something that was not far off; yet almost before he was aware, the trees had drawn aside like a curtain, and there upon the hill stood a palace of white marble!

The way to the palace was beset by flowers; fountains sparkled in the sunlight as they leaped upward, as if trying to reach as high as the white minarets of the marble mansion. There were statutes like lilies among the green foliage, hedges of sweet-smelling box, carved seats at the end of shady walks under canopies

of roses. These things Caspar noted as he sprang up the broad white steps to the wide portal of the palace.

And then he stopped suddenly. There were golden letters over the portal — a name. He turned, he was intruding; he blushed for his unseemly haste, he hesitated, was about to retrace his steps and return to his little stone house beside the gateway. Yet before he should leave this wonderful mansion, he glanced backward for a fleeting glimpse at the beauty within, and so once more his eyes fell upon the glittering letters, and, astounded, he read his own name, "Caspar Reid," written in gold over the door.

Caspar quietly entered the white palace, with firm tread and head erect walking from room to room, from one surprise to another, and this was all his own. Who can describe that which money can not buy? Caspar had one beautiful panorama of wonderful colors and marvelous designs; almost to rest his eyes he turned to the quiet courtyard, where there was only emerald grass and an iridescent fountain. He drank of the water and was refreshed. He sat down beside it, with only its music in his ear, and with the windows of the palace looking at him like so many loving eyes. He was far from the noise of the highway. Peace was his only companion. And yet he did not feel alone. The very fountain was alive, with the rainbow in its falling spray.

At last Caspar arose and returned into the palace, to its hush and beauty and friendly welcome. He stood for a moment at the portal, looking over the limitless acres between the marble pillars of the porch. All was his. And then Caspar smiled, and said to himself, "And all the while I did not know, but had been living by the highway in the porter's lodge!"

THE WEE WISDOM CLUB

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER

V.

MARGARET'S PARTY



THE Club was in a flutter of excitement, also a little flutter with hair ribbons and neckties, while the general scrubbing of hands and brushing of hair was unprecedented in the history of the Club.

It was Margaret's birthday and the Club was invited to attend the celebration in a body. O yes, of course it was George Washington's birthday, too, but that was a matter of small moment, when compared with this greater event, and each member of the Club had dreamed and talked of nothing else for the past week.

Margaret's invitations had expressly requested "please don't wear your good clothes," so her guests were trying to make up in neatness and cleanliness what they lacked in finery, and they all looked like children on their way to school, rather than company on its way to a party.

It was a clear, almost warm, day with a winter sharpness in the shady places, deep blue sky, dark rolling, restless river, and snowy mountains dazzling in their brightness as they shone and glistened in the February sunshine.

From the top of the knoll, the path led with a gradual decline down to Margaret's house. This path was wide and smooth and hard, without a stick or stone in the way. As the Club approached the knoll they saw Margaret at the top, waving and shouting to them, while about her seemed to be a family of wheeled contrivances.

"What are all them things beside her?" panted Willie Monk, ungrammatically.

"Why, it's her coaster and her bicycle, and that old wagon of hers, and I don't know what all," answered Robert, forging ahead the sooner to find out.

Margaret was soon explaining, "I'm going to receive you in state. Don't you remember when the 'Development League' came to visit Oregon, the mayor and governor and everybody met 'em at Hood River, and brought 'em down to Portland in automobiles, so they could see the country better? These are my auto's and I'm going to show you the country better between here and the gate, so just step in ladies and gentlemen, make yourselves comfortable, but for goodness sakes hold on tight, or you'll spill out."

"Isn't it a lark! Come on, Bill; you and me'll take the coaster."

"No, you won't, Robert Wilson. You and Willie have got to take the wheel 'cause its the dangerest and it won't hurt you boys so much to take a tumble," said Margaret.

"Well, I like that, I do," shouted Willie as he climbed onto the bicylce back of Robert, "I guess it would hurt my head as much as yours to get it cracked."

Sallie and Mildred boarded the coaster, Lois and Nellie squeezed their plump little selves into the express and Margaret standing upright upon the seat of an old-fashioned tricycle, counted, "one, two, three, Go!" and away they went, down the smooth, hard road, gathering speed as they neared the bottom, and rushing like a tornado through the open gateway, barely escaping a collision and landing with full force into a big sand pile. All except Willie and Lois, who picked themselves up sometime later, and after examination found all bones in place, and only a damaged fence post to bear witness that there had been an accident.

"Now, that's what it means to be received in state," announced Margaret proudly.

"Well, rather a painful state," said Lois with smiling jocularly, patting her bruised little arm.

"And a dirty state, too," added Nellie, trying to clean the mud from her stockings, "Come, and maybe your mother can help me get the dirt off when I take off my wraps."

"We don't want to waste time taking off our wraps or dirt either, it's after ten now, and we've got to go home at five," said Mildred, "Come on, we're 'received in state'; now let's get to playing."

"You don't care for a little dirt, Nellie," reminded Margaret. "You'll forget all about it on the merry-go-round."

"A merry-go-round! Where? When? How? Have you a really merry-go-round?" they all exclaimed in chorus.

"Come and see. Dad and I fixed it up, and it's a dandy!" said Margaret, leading the way down the hill to the orchard.

A two-foot plank was securely fastened with a huge iron spike to a stump three feet high, and when set in action whirled round and round with a restless and uneasy motion. "It's quite safe," Margaret explained, "provided you hold tight and don't get dizzy and fall off, 'cause if you do it'll kill you, sure."

Three children on each end and Robert standing in the middle and 'round and 'round they went with shrieks of delight and fear; all clinging to the board and to each other.

As no one fell off, fortunately no one was killed, and the merry-go-round was voted a success, although Sallie was a little pale and Mildred couldn't stand up for several minutes.

A big swing was set in motion and carried the riders dangerously high in among the tree branches, while the rest climbed the trees upon which had been nailed tiny cleats, so small as not to injure the trees, but large enough to furnish a good footing. "Monkey Town," Margaret called it, and a game of "monkey imitation" followed, in which all imitated their leader, and Oh, what fun they had! They picked cocoanuts from the fir trees and pelted the occupants of the swing, they jumped from limb to limb, forgetful of all danger, and wrinkled up their noses and called to each other in high squeaky voices, like the monkey at the park.

After the monkey game they got to the ground again and played "Follow the Leader," jumping over stumps and fences, climbing on top of the wood shed and brush pile, crawling under porch steps and summer house, running up hill and down dale until from exhaustion they sank upon the front steps.

"My, but I'm hungry," exclaimed Willie, "I could eat tacks."

"Well, so could I, too, but I'm too polite to speak about it," said Robert with a deep breath.

"Well, you did speak about it so you are no more polite than Willie," said Lois with a saucy toss of her curls.

"I didn't speak about it first, anyway, and I'll bet a dollar you are just as hungry as we are, every bit."

"Well, of course I am, but I've got manners enough not to say so. I was hungry before we were 'received in state,' and that bump I got seemed to affect my appetite, for I could eat nails, I've been so hungry ever since."

"There! you said it yourself," jeered Robert, "Ah, ha! Whose got manners now? I wouldn't brag so much about being polite if I couldn't do no better than that."

Lois resorted to her usual show of contempt for Robert by making a face at him. "You bragged to Willie first yourself, you know you did."

"Didn't either."

"Did too."

Sallie looked reproachfully at her sister, "Lois, mother said we couldn't have our Club if we quarrelled, and you and Robert are going to spoil everything if you don't behave yourselves."

"This ain't a club; it's a party," answered naughty Lois, making another face to emphasize her remarks.

"It's our Club, just the same," said Sallie.

"It ain't either; it's Margaret's birthday party, and Lois and I don't ever quarrel at a Club meeting, do we, Lois?" asked Robert.

"No, 'cause we don't ever get a chance; Margaret and Sallie do all the talking, just 'cause they're the oldest."

"That's just it," declared Robert, while Sallie looked at Margaret and sighed, "Dear me, those two have actually agreed upon something — don't anyone spoil the beautiful effect."

The ringing of a Chinese gong, loud and soft and clear, brought the Club to its fourteen feet. "Dinner!" they shouted.

"Mother said we had to wash our hands and faces before we could come to the table, and she said she'd give us ten minutes; I'll beat you to the wash-room!" and Margaret starting took the lead with the pack at her heels.

No pampered taste for pie, cake or pudding interfered with the hearty, wholesome appetite for baked beans, steaming hot brown bread, fruit salad and Brown Betty with whipped cream. Neither tea, coffee nor chocolate ever tasted so good as the cold, creamy milk poured from the big blue pitcher.

After dinner the desire for noisy outdoor sport seemed to have vanished, and a quiet, peaceful influence settled upon the children. They spent the afternoon around the blazing fireplace playing games. Lotto, Tiddly Winks, Jack Straws and Authors. Then, while Margaret's mother told the story of George Washington; how he served his country as general, statesman and diplomat, the children's fingers were busy with moulding clay, forming a bust of the revolutionary hero.

Mildred's work was awarded first prize and Sallie's second, though it did seem as if some apology was due the "father of his country."

"Somehow it don't look like the words," said Sallie, as she viewed with discontent her clay hero.

"What words?" asked Mildred.

"Why the poem says:

'He raised not his arm, he defied not his foe,
While a leaf of the olive remained;
Till goaded by insult, his spirit arose
Like a long bated lion at bay.'

And my model don't fit into the words at all," and Sallie pulled George's ears, straightened his nose and pointed his chin, with a general air of dissatisfaction.

"Well, of course not," said Nellie, "'Cause he aint got any arms to raise, and you weren't trying to make him look like a lion, were you?"

During the laugh that followed Nellie's earnest endeavor to console Sallie, the clock struck five, and the Club having their "manners" with them arose to depart.

"O we have had such a splendid time, I shall never, never forget it," whispered Mildred to Margaret.

"You bet, we have," said Robert, while the others expressed themselves with equal warmth and sincerity.

"Don't forget next Club day; we must all say 'a piece,'" called out Margaret, as the six guests started for home.

"We won't; good-by," and the birthday party was over, to live in memory as long as memory should last.

FRIENDLY BARTERING WITH INDIANS

BERTHA ELETТА TYTLER

My dear Wees:

How would you like to have me tell you about the pleasant time I had last summer, bartering with Indians? You must first know that I was staying in an outlying part of the Rocky Mountains on the trail leading from Idaho into Montana. The "Divide" marks the end of the Bitter Roots and the beginning of the real Rockies—and is named after the Nez Perce Indians, who made and used the trail.



THE BEAR GRASS

I am writing to you from the same place and am sitting out on a hillside amongst the pines and surrounded by the beautiful bear grass from which these mountains got their name. You cannot see the whole plant in the picture I am sending, for it is difficult to get it

all in. How you would enjoy seeing their lovely blossoms, growing out of clumps of long, wiry grass! The bears dig up the bitter roots and eat them as a

tonic when they come out in the spring. Later on the dear little squirrels and chipmunks come out and cut the flower stalks into neat little lengths, which they store for the winter. It is their dessert, like rhubarb is to us.

Now, about the Indians. They are very fine and stalwart; quite different from the dreadfully dirty, clam-digging specimens I had seen on the Pacific Coast. It must have been a long time ago that they had pierced noses (the translation of Nez Perce), the name given them by the French "Voyageurs."

After watching one group after the other silently ride by with provisions packed on long "strings" of ponies, I noticed they had such beautiful bags for



INDIAN CAMP

baskets, hanging from the horns of their saddles, that I longed to possess one.

Finally, one afternoon a large crowd, some of them in vehicles, came by our cabin and camped at the end of the meadow. I watched them put up their

huge "wikkie-up" (they don't call it tepee here), and supposed it was only for the night. Men and women each did their appointed task silently and quickly, like an orderly camp of soldiers. There were eleven grown-ups and nine children in that crowd, and there was no bustle nor fuss nor confusion of any kind. It is really "one on us," Wees, dear, to think that it is only when they are *civilized* that the Indian children grow rough and noisy.

The women have such sweet voices! Their speaking is just like the gurgling of a mountain stream, or the wind sighing in the trees.

You can see by the picture how the camp looked early in the morning before they were stirring around outside.

I could hardly wait to go over, and so, after supper, I took my Wee by the hand and walked up to the camp. A very sweet young woman told us to come back in the morning, for they had not yet eaten their supper. In the morning I took an armful of old clothes along, having heard that Indians were very eager for them, and expected to exchange these for the pretty baskets.

After talking and laughing and coaxing for an hour, I came out of the wikkie-up with one "ka-ka-pa" (the Indian name for the saddle and baskets), and had come very near getting another, a beauty upon which an old woman was sewing strips of deer-hide for me to use as a magazine holder. But she suddenly changed her mind and I saw there was no use arguing any longer.

They had a wealth of magnificent blankets of all colors spread around the interior of their wikkie-up; a fire was burning in the center, and you can see the door-way in the picture; a heavy lap-robe was used as a door, with sticks spreading it out flat.

From the first I seemed to "hit it off" the best with the sweet-faced young woman I had spoken to in the evening, and it was from her that I got the first basket in exchange for an eiderdown jacket and a bath mat. She gave me valuable pointers as to dealing with Indians, but I saw from the first that no matter how much she favored me she would not meddle when I dealt with any of the other women. She said that there was no use trying to strike a bargain, unless I happened to



A GROUP OF INDIAN CHILDREN

trump up something the Indians really wanted, such as rugs, blankets or shawls. So, the next day I went around with a lovely pink Shetland shawl, for which I got a dear little bag, but it took a blanket and a good little rug to coax the large basket from the old woman who had grown cross the day before.

(To be continued)

Child-Gardening

CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY

GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY

THE LAW OF EXPRESSION

SERIES XII.

GOD'S GIFT OF THE FLOWERS

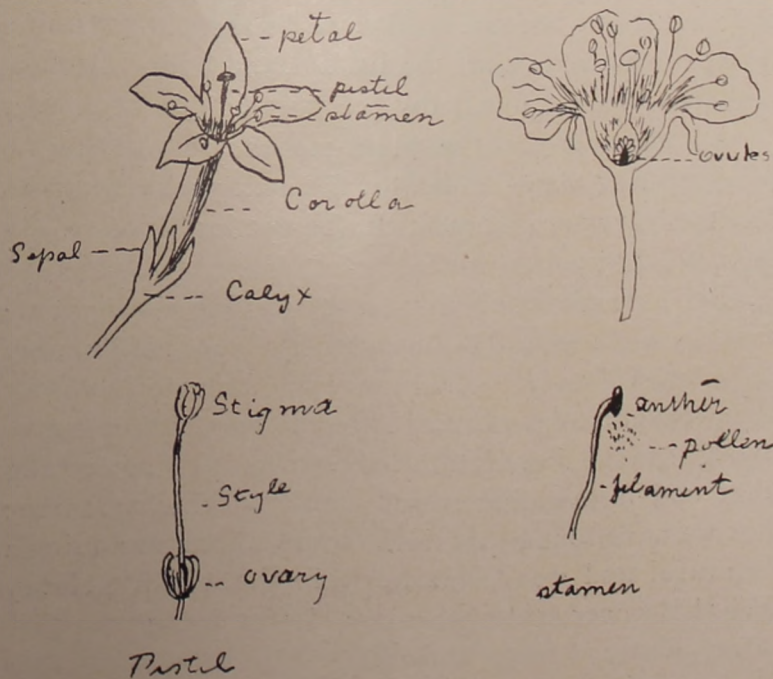


“For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth.”

Ralph Waldo Emerson says if the stars were to shine but once in a thousand years people would keep for many generations the remembrance of the City of God which had been shown. The same thing might be said of the flowers. If our beautiful flower-friends came only on a summer in a thousand, the memory of that beautiful summer would be cherished from generation to generation for centuries.

We have talked about the seeds, the plants, the trees and now in regular order come the sweetest of all, the flowers. The part that we love, and the part of the plant that is the most beautiful, is the flower or blossom.

The complete flower is made up of four sets of parts, the petals, the sepals, the stamens and the pistils. The petals taken together are called corolla. The sepals together are called calyx. The stamen consists



FLOWERS ANALYZED

of a thread-like stalk on the top of which is a two-celled box called the anther, which holds the pollen. The pistil is made up of the ovary which holds the seeds, the style a thread-like stalk which bears at the top, the stigma a round body on which the pollen falls. The pollen looks like yellow dust when the anther is ripe, the cells split open and the pollen falls out. Every flower must have pollen, if the plant is to bear seed. Sometimes when you look into a flower you see some of the pollen, sticking to the stigma of the pistil. At the lower end of the pistil you remember is the ovary. In the ovary there are little round bodies like tiniest eggs filled with a juice called protoplasm. In each tiny egg there is a wee dark spot. These little round bodies are called ovules. The grains of pollen which we saw sticking to the top of the pistil, came down through the thread-like stalk (the style) to help the little ovules to become seeds; after the pollen found its way into the ovules, the little round bodies became real seeds with a wee baby plant inside of each one.

All the time that the plant-mother is working to bring up new plant-babies for the next year, the roots and the leaves are busy as can be getting food ready for both the mother and babies.

Let us think about this marvelous God-given plant-wisdom when we walk out under the trees and among the plants. Surely, "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." People who do not give thought to the flowers think of them only as something that nod in the breezes and smile in the sunshine; but we have found that flowers and plants are doing a beautiful and wonderful work in the world. Henry Ward Beecher said of them, "Happy is the man that loves flowers! loves them for their own sakes, for their beauty, the joy they have give nand always will

give; so that he would sit down among them as friends, and companions, if there was not another creature on earth to admire or praise them!"

Thinking boys and girls see in every blossom something akin to their own souls. God's perfect life and power flows through every flower and plant. Under the microscope we can even see the tiny moving grains. We can not see the *power* that moves them, but we *know* it is there, just as we know it is within ourselves. This wonderful power is ever guiding and helping both plants and people to make the world better because they have been placed in it.

More charming than any fairy tale in the story of truth about the sweet flower-mother who cares for and nurses her babies in tiny cradles, feeding them until they are ready to go out into the world; then turning them over to the kind West wind, who gently rocks them and helps them down to a cozy resting place on the bosom of dear old mother earth, never leaving them until he has carefully tucked them up and covered them over with soft rustling leaves, where they sweetly rest until the glorious waking up time.

In the kindergarten the children love to play a game called, "Watering the Flowers." Froebel says when these children are older they will want to have a little garden of their own and will carry water to real flowers. They will find that all living things need care and love, and that love must show itself in actions. When these same children grow to be men and women they will have developed in themselves the very highest type of love, self-sacrificing love, which is the greatest power in all the world.

Jesus Christ lived close to Nature. He never had a church to teach in. He didn't want any. Once he said: My church is right here on this rock. He

taught the people through stories — the sweetest ever told. And some of the most beautiful ones were told as he walked by the lakeside or among the hills or valleys. He loved always to be in God's wonderful out of doors. Through these beautiful stories he always connected God's truth with the common everyday thing that the people knew all about. One day he plucked a lily and as he earnestly looked into the faces of the people, He said something like this: Think about this beautiful lilly of the field! Think about the wonderful way in which it grows! It does no fussing nor fuming nor worrying. It just grows in sweetest innocence and meekness, and God takes *care* of it. His lesson was this: Leave alone all those thoughts outside of yourself which bring into your life discontent and unhappiness, cut those things off. Go inside were God is. There you will find meekness, peace and joy, and everything you need. Instead of fretting because one doesn't do as you think he should, just say a little prayer for him, and then go inside, away from it all. And like the sweet lily, be still and know that God is caring for you, and everybody, and that All is Well. All the work that we have to do is right inside of ourselves. We can safely trust God to do the rest. Jesus taught that from the seed there is first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.

A little boy planted some peach seeds; but he didn't see any pink blossoms or gather any peaches for five years; yet all this time he was waiting for God's promise to be fulfilled according to his unchangeable law of expression. With perfect faith he watched and waited, knowing that he would gather the fruit in due season. If we wait on God's promises, in due season we shall gather fruit from our word seed, too.

We have learned in a lesson that has gone before that every seed brings forth fruit of its kind, whether it be a pansy seed or a word seed. Let us have as much faith in the word seed as the little boy had in his peach seeds; then it shall be our good pleasure to gather today, tomorrow and every day, the everlasting flowers of God's love, which never wither or fade away, but which bud and bloom continually, sending out sweetest fragrance from the soul garden within, where you and I and all who will may gather lillies of hope, pansies of peace, trumpet flowers of joy, roses of love and violets of meekness. We may gather as many of these beautiful flowers as we choose, there are plenty for all. As soon as one blossom is gathered, another fills its place, and one of the sweetest things about it all is, that the more we give away, the more we keep.

TO THE WEE WISDOMS WHO LOVE MUSIC

Dear Children :

Do you play or sing? Have you ever thought what it means? That every beautiful tone you produce goes out from you to help the whole world? I said every *beautiful* tone, it must be soft and round; a tender messenger which sings and sings its way out into the world, finally to come back again to you. We used to think it was a great thing to play very difficult music, but now we know that to play a simple little folk-song with a beautiful singing tone is more worth the while. Ask your teacher to let you have some of the German folk-music, it came from the hearts of the people, and through it we know there is "something singing eternally," if we will only let it, and this makes health, happiness and harmony in our hearts and homes.

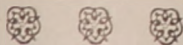
HARRIET AYRE SEYMOUR.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my first letter to you. I have not been taking you only about six months. My mother takes UNITY, and she could not get along without it. I am thirteen years young, and in the seventh grade at school. Mama and Papago to the Home of Truth, but I go to the Methodist Sunday School. We have a lovely teacher. I am getting a great deal of good out of this little book. I will close with love to all the Wees.

Respectfully,

GLADYS MISHLER.

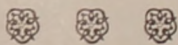


OZONE PARK, L. I.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Mrs. Marsh, the leader of the New Thought church in Brooklyn, started a Sunday School, and appointed Mrs. Timmerman as the teacher. We hold our meetings in the Aurora Grata Cathedral on Sundays, the Sunday School at half past two, and church at half past three. Mrs. Timmerman is a splendid teacher, and we think all the New Thought lessons are beautiful. We have the WEE WISDOM and love it dearly. We will write again and let you know how our Sunday School grows. We all send love to all the Wees. Yours sincerely,

LEONA H. RITTER.

[WEE WISDOM and all her Wisdoms send greetings and congratulations to the new Sunday School and declare for its increase and prosperity.—ED.]

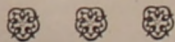


MITCHELL, IOWA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I would like to know if you will accept me as one of the members of your club. I suppose you had a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year. My name is Marguerite Ross and I am ten years old. I will write a story some time but I can't tell just when. I will close and I remain your friend

MARGUERITE ROSS.

WEE WISDOM welcomes Marguerite to her club of Cheer-makers, and hopes she will not forget the story she promised.—ED.]

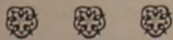


SPOKANE, WASH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my first letter to you. My Auntie had WEE WISDOM sent me a year ago and I feel I cannot do without it. I am seven years old and this is my second year at school. I have never missed a day. Enclosed please find fifty centy for WEE's traveling expenses. With love to all the little Wees, I remain yours lovingly,

FLORENCE McNAMARA.

[WEE WISDOM will take great pleasure in continuing her visits to Florence's home, and thanks her for sending car fare.—ED.]



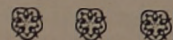
NESTOR, CALIF.

DEAR WISDOMS — This is my first letter to you. I have not taken your paper, but a little girl the other day brought me all the 1908 numbers except the January number and I have enjoyed

them so much that I want to send WEE WISDOM some travelling money to visit my home, for I know she brings happiness and prosperity into every home she visits. I am so interested in "The Story of Lovie," I just love it, and I like so much the stories "By The Big Fireplace," or rather now the "The Wee Wisdom Club." I think Sallie and Lois are fine and the whole Wee Wisdom Club. I live in the back country of San Diego, down near the Mexican border and I ride horseback every day and cross the line to go to Spanish school. It is awfully funny to hear all the little girls and boys chatter away in Spanish. I am learning to talk Spanish, too. I used to live in San Diego, but we are out in the country for a little while now and I enjoy it very much. We have two hunting dogs and one little pointer puppy. He is the dearest little thing. I call him Skeezecks, because he is a little skeezicks — always into mischief. There are two little kittens and four big cats on the ranch, and Oh, so many horses, but the one I ride is a Mexican horse and has never had anything on his back except his saddle. His name is Ned, and I surely do love him. Before I close I must tell you that the little girl that brought me the papers was Theresa Ward, a great little enthusiast about WEE WISDOM. Well I send my love-thoughts and wishes for a Happy and Prosperous Christmas to WEE WISDOM and all the little Wisdoms. Lovingly

ISABEL FRANCES McLEOD.

[WEE WISDOM is delighted to make the acquaintance of Isabel Frances, and thanks Theresa Ward for bringing it about. Such interesting times as she will have visiting Isabel's home once a month, and seeing her pets, and perhaps getting a horseback ride and a bid to the Mexican school. Oh, how we'll scatter together the truths that shall make everybody happy and well. Frances and WEE WISDOM. We thank her, too, for the pretty Christmas card that came with her letter.—Ed.]



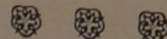
NEENAH, WIS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I enclose 50 cents for you to come and visit me for another year. Mama gave it to me for Christmas, because I told her I could not get along without you. I would miss you so much. This is my second letter to you. Perhaps I will send you my picture some day. With much love to all the little Wees, from your loving little Wee,

MILDRED NELSON.

P. S. I will send you my picture now with this letter.—M. N.

[Mildred will make us a photo visit next month.—Ed.]



NORTH ROME, PA.

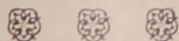
DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am ten years old. This is my first letter to you. I have received three copies of you. I like to read the stories, and I like to read the letters from the other Wees. I have a cow, a pair of bantams, one canary bird and one rabbit. I have one brother and no sister. I go to school every day. I have only missed one-half day of school. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. Mama is my teacher. I like to go to Sunday School. I'm glad I take WEE WISDOM. Yours truly,

SUSIE M. PAYNE.

[One little friend writes to another.]
NEW YEAR'S DAY

DEAR ESTHER—I enjoy the WEE WISDOM book ever so much, especially the Christmas number. I had a happy Christmas and New Year. I hope you did, too. Yours truly,

HASTINGS HALL.



ARVADA, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I received you for Christmas, and like you very much. This is my first letter to you. I like to go to Sunday School and church. I have three bantams. I go to school every day. I am eight years old, and am in the second grade. I like the story of "Princess Bluebell." I got a large doll for Christmas. Love to the Wees. From your little Wee.

BLANCHE HELENE HICKS.

Blanche's Bible Lessons

LESSON 6. FEBRUARY 7.

True and False Brotherhood—Acts 4:32; 5-11

GOLDEN TEXT—*Lying lips are an abomination to Jehovah; but they that deal truly are his delight*—Prov. 12:22.

Today's lesson is a story about a man named Ananias, and his wife, Sapphira, who did not tell the truth. They both died very suddenly one day after they told a falsehood. The Golden Text says that the Lord does not like lying lips, and this man and his wife found that out. But the text also says, those who speak only that which is true are a delight to the Lord. We all want to be a delight to the Lord, but I wonder how many of us always speak the truth. Whenever you say the opposite of health, life, joy or love, you are speaking that which is not true. When people keep saying those things, they needn't be surprised if the thing that happened to Ananias and his wife should happen to them.

However, when we say, "I am filled with health, and joy, and life and love," we are speaking the truth, and we needn't be

afraid of anything in the world, for then we are the true children of God. Let us remember because we don't want any of our boys to be Ananias or our girls to be Sapphiras. We want them all to be children of the Truth.

LESSON 7. FEBRUARY 14.

The Apostles Imprisoned — Acts 5:17-42

GOLDEN TEXT — *Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven — Matt. 5:10.*

One day, when the Apostles were preaching and healing in the name of Jesus, they were arrested and thrown into prison. You see, the rulers and high priests didn't want people to believe in Jesus. The apostles were locked up, and guards were placed over them. But the next morning when the officers went to look for the prisoners, they were gone. The doors were still locked and the guards had not seen them go. An angel of God had set them free in the night.

Now this is a wonderful story, but of what use is it to us? You know the Bible stories are all meant to help us, and to teach us something. Sometimes we are in prison. When we are not feeling very glad or well; when things seem to go wrong, and we not feel full of love, then we are in prison, just as the Apostles were. Now what angel do you suppose will come to our aid, and let us out into the freedom which is ours? Why, the angel named "True Thoughts." When you feel that you are in prison, and you want to get out into the sunshine again, just begin to say, "I am a free child of God, and I have all good now." The first thing you know, the darkness and unreal feelings will disappear, and you will be out in the bright sunshine, God's own free child.

LESSON 8. FEBRUARY 21.

Stephen The First Christian Martyr — Acts 6:1-8; 3.

GOLDEN TEXT — *They stoned Stephen, calling upon the Lord, and saying, Lord Jesus receive my spirit — Acts 7:59.*

This is the story of Stephen, a man who believed in Jesus and told the people about the Truth. The people did not believe

him, and in those days when people did not believe what was told them, they were very rough. So they threw large stones at Stephen, and chased him out of the city. Stephen didn't mind all this, because in the midst of it, he suddenly saw the kingdom of heaven.

Now what is the kingdom of heaven, and where is it? If we know where heaven is, then no matter what people say to us; no matter whether the day be cloudy or full of sunshine, we can be happy all the time. By keeping our minds filled with pure, true thoughts, we will not only see the kingdom of heaven, but we will live in its peace and joy forever.

LESSON 9. FEBRUARY 28.

The Gospel in Samaria — Acts. 8:4-25.

GOLDEN TEXT — *The multitude gave heed with one accord unto the things that were spoken by Philip, when they heard and saw the signs which he did — Acts. 8:6.*

We are introduced to another great man this week. His name is Philip, which means power. The people in Samaria, where Philip was preaching and healing, began to believe in the truth he was telling them. When Peter and John (they mean faith and love, you know) heard how Philip was trying to teach the people, and that they were willing to listen, they came over to help him. So the people were taught the truth,

There was one man who had an idea that money would buy the truth, but Peter and John (faith and love) soon taught him better.

If we let love, faith and power get to work in us, they will soon straighten out the tangles. They will go into the corners of our minds and weed out all thoughts which are not true.

If there is a selfish thought in us, like the man who tried to buy power, it will quickly be turned around, and its true unselfish side will come to light. Then our lives will run smoothly, without any hitches, just like new, perfect machinery. You had better set Peter and John and Philip to work at once. The sooner the better, you know.

“Remember that you are on God's side so long as you are true to the best that is in you.”

Blanche's Corner.



Once there was a certain person who was going to tell the story of the birth of Love. She started it this way, "Once upon a time, when the world was young, the first man whom God had made"—then it occurred to this ambitious writer, that Love must have been born before the first man, because how could a man be born without love in his heart? So she started again, "Once upon a time,

before there were any people upon the earth, a lion was"—then came the thought that in every animal there is love. So she tried again, "Once before any men or animals lived upon the earth, a dainty columbine was lifting its head to the sun"—here she stopped in despair, for hasn't every flower and tree and blade of grass the love of God in it? And surely the columbine, with the blue of Truth in its petals, must be full of love; and the sun, my, how full it is of the warmth of love.

There is no use trying to tell when Love was born. It wasn't born. It always has been, and it always will be. It is everlasting. Its rosy tint is seen in the morning when the birds break the news to us of coming dawn, and at evening the same tint, grown deeper and fuller, tells us that Love watches over the coming night.

Every year on the 14th of February we remind one another of the everywhere-present Love. And so from day to day and year to year the little pink god stays with us, and helps us to keep our cheeks rosy and our eyes bright; to keep youth in our hearts, and to let our lives float peacefully on to the tune of—

God is Love, that love surrounds me;
In that love I safely dwell.



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February and St. Valentine

*February's snow and bluster
Is a joke, for don't you see
Underneath it all he carries
Lots of love for you and me?*

— B.

*Under the snow, which softly falls,
Are dainty violets sleeping;
Not till spring will their tiny heads
Out of the ground come peeping.*

*So in each child a good seed's sown
That oftentimes lies a-sleeping,
Wakes when showers of love-thoughts fall,
And through the eyes comes peeping.*

— B.

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
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