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# WEE WISDOM.




Vol. 8. KANSAS CITY, MO., AUGUST, 1903. No. 1.

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*Theodore Fillmore Wallace.*

Here you see at a glance the three baby brothers mentioned in "The Very Latest," which appeared in the March number of WEE WISDOM this year. The first you see at the top of this page is Theodore Fillmore Wallace. He is five months young, and is one of the finest boys in Kansas City. He is Tessie's little brother, and she is very proud of him. And who can blame her for loving him? Look at his picture and tell us — can you?

The next baby is Margaret's little "brother." That is the way it says in "The Very Latest," but Margaret says the baby's name is Marcella Fillmore Bulkeley. Some of her admirers call her "Bill," but Margaret insists that she be called Marcella. Now Marcella is just as good a girl as Theodore is a good boy. Some say she is better, but you know they can't prove it. She is four months young.

Now, on the opposite page we have Charles Fillmore Sleater, of Merchantville, New Jersey. He is five months young, and is brother to Marion and Frances and Elsie. He is a bright boy and understands everything that is said to him. We know that he enjoys the birthday party and is glad he is in such good company. He appears again with Frances at another stage in this party.

We have the three "Fillmore" babies here together so that you may see them all at once and know how important they all are.

They will be writing for themselves in a few years, and then you will know just what they think about this world and things in general. Now you have to guess, as you look at their wise, happy faces, just what is going on in their big, round heads.



*Marcella Fillmore Bulkeley.*

REMEMBER that the subject for September is *The Kind Thought and the Angry Thought.* We want every one of you to try this subject and do your very best. The stories on this month's subject are excellent and will inspire more of you to write for next month.

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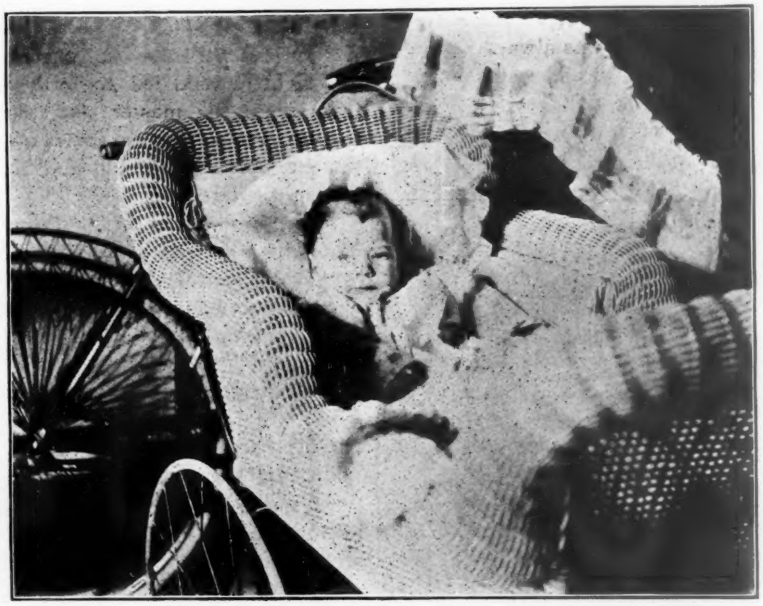
BIRTHDAY EDITION, EDITED BY THE CHILDREN.

WEE WISDOM

"Little Children Love One Another."

"Wisdom is Justified of her Children"

VOL. VIII. KANSAS CITY, MO., AUGUST, 1903. NO. 1.



*Charles Fillmore Sleater.*

## THE POPPY LADY.

BY JESSE JULIET KNOX.

O'er the golden summer field reigns the Poppy Lady;
In the warmth her wand she weilds, not in coverts shady.
When the faint perfume of flowers thrills the virgin air,
To this golden clime of ours, comes she regal, fair.
Comes she with her wealth of gold spilling o'er the fields;
And when day is growing old, thro' the dusk she steals.
When the Poppy Lady comes, down white eyelids go,
As her drowsy song she hums, "Sleep, dear one, by lo."
When the little ones have drained all her dream-cup golden,
Vanished are the things that pained in the day now olden.
But when comes again the day, with the Sun, her lover,
Hastens she away, away, new joys to discover.
Looking up into his eyes, 'neath his ardent glances,
Blushing, too, with sweet surprise, which her charm enhances.
Diamond dew-drops sparkle, too, on her hair all golden,
And her robe so fresh and new, all his love emboldens.

## THE NAUGHTY THOUGHT AND THE GOOD THOUGHT.

BY DOROTHY LOTHROP.

Age 12.

A LITTLE Naughty Thought and a little Good Thought were traveling through the great world in search of a home. The little Naughty Thought's face was covered with frowns, and he spoke in an angry voice, while the Good Thought was always smiling, and spoke in a sweet and gentle tone.

They stopped at the first house they came to. It was a little house that the owner was trying hard to keep pure and



*Dorothy.*

clean. They knocked, when a little maid opened the door.

"Who are you and what do you want?" inquired the maid.

"I am called Good Thought."

"And I, Naughty Thought. We came in search of a home."

"I know my master will see Good Thought, we are in need of a helper. But I don't think he will take you into his service," said the maid turning to Naughty Thought. "My master always likes smiling faces like yours, sir," she continued as she turned to Good Thought.

"Stop your talking," growled Naughty Thought, "and let us see your master."

The little maid led the way to the hall where the master and the little helpers sat, each busy at some task, when the maid, Good Thought and Naughty Thought entered.

"Sir," said the maid, "here are two Thoughts who wish to remain with you."

"Well," said the Master Soul, "there is one whom I should like to have remain with us even forever. What is your name, sir?" said he, nodding toward Good Thought, "and where do you come from?"

"My name is Good Thought, and I hail straight from the arms of God."

"I guessed that before you spoke," said the Soul with a smile. "And yours, sir?" turning to Naughty Thought.

"Mine is Naughty Thought," he replied sullenly, "and I come from —"

"We all know where," said the Soul quietly. "I think I should rather not have you live here until you too can come with a heart of love. What say you, my helpers?"

"No, no, he shall not live here, but you may," they all cried, rushing with outstretched arms to Good Thought. He stood in the center of the room with a peaceful happy expression on his beautiful countenance. Then it lighted up into a series of bright smiles as he said, "I will help you all I can to keep this home beautiful and let no Naughty

Thoughts mar its happiness forever."

With this the Naughty Thought unwillingly left the house, where he joined a number of Naughty Thoughts and with these he kicked, scolded and screamed, for another Good Thought had entered and now he was entirely incapable of entering. Within, the Good Thoughts were rejoicing with their master. The little house was safe for that day at least.

One day, when the little house was good and happy, there arose an uproar, such as had never been heard in it before.

"I am afraid the Naughty Thoughts are trying to enter again," said the Soul. Away scampered the little helpers while the Naughty Thoughts rushed "up stairs, down stairs, in my lady's chamber," turning the little house upside down.

"Where is Peace?" gasped one of the little Good Thoughts.

"In her room, waiting to be called," cried another.

"She shant come, she can't come, for we have locked her in," shouted a Naughty Thought.

"No lock is strong enough to keep Peace locked up," said Peace, stepping in the midst of them.

"We knew you would come," said the Good Thoughts.

As soon as Peace entered, the Naughty Thoughts gradually slunk out for they were unable to remain in the presence of Peace.

The owner of this little house and the owner of another house were heard to speak.

"Mother," said the former, "I have tried very hard to be good today," and "I think you have succeeded very well," said the latter.

"But, mother, I let the little Naughty Thoughts get in."

"Yes, my son, but you managed them well after they were in."

"I did n't do it, Peace did."

"Peace and you are one. God bless you, my son, and help you keep your Naughty Thoughts safely without."



Can you guess who this young lady and this young gentleman are? Why that is easy. She is Miss Louisa Weirmuller, and he is her baby brother Theodore, of whom she is very proud. They live at Leeds, North Dakota, and have come all the way to see you at the party. They have other brothers and sisters who will come another time. Theodore is five months young and is a fine strong boy.

We are very sorry that Morris' Annual Report came after we had filled all of our space. Morris is now in Chicago, and you would have been glad to hear what he says about his new home.

## THE GOOD THOUGHT AND THE NAUGHTY THOUGHT.

BY LUCY AULT.

Age 14.

JERRY was eight years old. He was a bright, manly boy, who lived with his father in a small house deep in the middle of a large forest. Perhaps you wonder why he lived there. It was because his father was a wood-cutter, so he wanted to be where there were many trees which he could cut into nice wood. His mother had died when he was only three years old.

It was rather lonely for Jerry in these dark woods, but he did not mind it very much, because he used to take long walks by himself through the forest.

One day in the summer Jerry threw himself down in the shade of an oak tree to rest. He had been for a long walk, and being far from home thought he would cool off before starting home.

He had rested and was preparing to go back home to dinner when he saw a figure coming towards him. As it drew nearer Jerry could see that it was a little girl of about his own age. Now Jerry was rather shy, and when he saw the little girl coming straight up to him he sprang behind the oak tree to wait until she had gone. The little girl came to the big oak, under which she, too, sat down.

She had with her a heavy basket of peaches, which she was carrying to the town on the other side of the wood. Janet (that was her name) was very tired. The basket was hard to carry and the road was rough.

When Jerry saw Janet sit down under the tree he thought, "Now she'll stay there for a long time, and if I go out she'll ask me to carry the basket for her. I don't want to, either."

That was the Naughty Thought that had crept into his mind. Now hear what the Good Thought said:

"Jerry, you are strong and big; why don't you go out from behind the tree and offer to carry the little girl's basket?"

But the Naughty Thought was speaking again. "You'll miss a hot dinner, Jerry," it said, "and you know you're hungry. Besides," it went on, "your father might be anxious if you stay away from dinner, 'cause he don't know where you are."

"That's nonsense, and you know it," the Good Thought was saying, "you've been away from dinner lots of times, and your father was never anxious. And as for the hot dinner, you know you can make a fire and warm it when you get home."

"Well, I suppose that's what I'd ought to do; so here goes," Jerry said at last.

He stepped out, and said to Janet, "I'll carry your basket for you. Its too heavy for a girl." He picked up the basket and started down the road that led to the town.

Janet went after him. "Thank you very much," she said, "it is quite heavy."

They walked on in silence awhile, until Jerry said, "What's your name? Mine's Jerry Tucker."

"My name is Janet Lucile Martin, and you scared me when you came out from behind the tree so suddenly," Janet answered.

"Well, you did not screech even if I did. And I like you 'cause you did n't screech," Jerry responded.

"Now I can carry it. I am quite rested," Janet said as they came in sight of the village.

"Never mind, I'll carry it the rest of the way," Jerry answered.

They walked until they came to Janet's

stopping place.

"Good-by, Jerry, and thank you," Janet whispered, as she gave him a large juicy peach. "I'm going to ask grandma to let me bring the fruit all the time, so I can see you again."

"Hope she'll let you," Jerry called back as he went up the road.

It did not take him long to get to his home and dinner.

That was the first day that Janet and Jerry saw each other, but it was not the last. Oh, no! For Janet's grandmother let her bring the fruit to town once a week, and when she and the basket got as far as the big oak tree Jerry was always there to carry the basket the rest of the way.

Jerry and Janet played together many happy afternoons after the fruit was sold, and Jerry was always glad that he had let the Good Thought tell him to help her with the basket on the first day he met her.

## THE NAUGHTY THOUGHT AND THE GOOD THOUGHT.

BY MARION NUTTING.

A DOZEN little girls thought they would form a club, so they chose their officers. They then decided to pay five cents a month dues and to decide at the end of the year what they should do with the money. Once a week they met at one of their houses and would read a story, play games and have some refreshments. This went on until the end of the year, when, opening their bank, they found $7.20 in nickels. One selfishly proposed going to the theatre, but another suggested that they buy toys and take them to the Orphanage.

It was put to a vote. The result was six to six. Neither side would give in to the other, so they divided the money. Six went to the theatre, wishing they had given in to the other six for they saw the others were doing good and they were not.

The other six went down to one of the big department stores and bought books and toys at five and ten cents apiece until all their money was gone and their arms full of bundles. The next morning they picked flowers, making as many bunches as they had bundles.

In the afternoon they went to the Orphanage making the little souls happy with the toys and flowers. Thus many others besides the six were made happy with $3.60 while the six enjoyed a pleasant day and a half, working for others.

## THE SCHOOL PICNIC.

BY EDNA HICKOK.

12 years old.

ONCE I had a friend. Her name was Miss Hobbs, and she owned a kindergarten and had many children. One day she had a picnic for the children. They were to go in a little boat. It was a very nice day. The sun was shining and the children were happy, all but two little girls who did not like each other. One little girl's name was Dorothy Willson, and the other's, Ethel Bray.

When little Dorothy came down to Miss Hobbs' house, Ethel said to her mamma, "Oh, there comes that sassy Dorothy Willson. She has the same kind of dress I have."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Bray, "her mother dresses her the same as I dress you."

And so the two little girls had a quarrel. It was very disagreeable, for Miss Hobbs did not like the children to be naughty.

Miss Hobbs took the children on the little boat, but Dorothy and Ethel were

not nice. When they got over there they had a very nice lunch for them — bread, ham, cakes, pies, fruit, and many other good things.

Miss Hobbs said she would not bring the two girls any more if they did not behave themselves. Miss Hobbs gave Dorothy a piece of cake with pink on the top, and Ethel said, "Oh, I know you like Dorothy best because you gave her that piece of cake, and only gave me the plain piece." And so they had another fight.

At last they were all ready to go home, for they had told pretty stories all the morning, and had played games all the afternoon; but the two girls were very naughty and went into the woods. So Miss Hobbs took the children into the little boat and they all went home, and all the time these little girls were away in the woods.

When they got out of the boat Miss Hobbs counted the children and there were two missing, and Miss Hobbs was feeling very bad. When the mothers heard about it they were much frightened.

The two children in the woods found the shawl Miss Hobbs had left and wrapped it around them. Ethel kept saying, "Oh, I am afraid. I am dreaming of robbers and wolves." But Dorothy kept saying to her, "Don't be afraid; some one will come for us," and then Ethel did not cry any more, and then the two girls kissed each other and felt sorry because they had been so mean to each other.

They saw some one coming nearer to them and soon they found out it was their father.

"Oh, Dorothy, it is my father," said Ethel.

"Oh, it is my father, too," said Dorothy.

Then the two men took the children in their arms and took them home. The children said to each other, "Oh, I am so sorry I was so mean; I never will be mean again," and the mothers and fathers said, "Our children teach us a good lesson."

Mrs. Willson said, "Neighbor, we are sorry for the mean treatment we gave you; we promise not to do it any more."

And so they all became good friends, and this is the end of the *selfish children.*

## THE HEN-PECKED SQUIRREL.

**A True Story.**

BY H. DOROTHY DAMBMANN.

Age 11.

CHAPTER I.

MY NAME is Whiskers. I am a little red squirrel, and can hardly leave my nest without my mother's help. I am one week old. I was born in South Vineland, and lived in an apple tree and was happy till one terrible day in July. Everybody was out of my nest but myself, and this accounts for my mishap.

I was peeping out of my home, hearing a strange noise below which attracted my attention. Looking below and straining my little neck, I could see a sandy-headed boy climbing up my tree. I was frightened and called for my mother, but she did not hear, and before I knew anything he had me by the tail. I twisted and twisted as best I could in a small nest, and squeaked piteously, but suddenly a sharp twang made me fall down in a heap — half my tail had come off in the cruel boy's hand. He snatched me roughly, and rapidly descended. The exertion of so much squirming and excitement left me unable to move, and when I did I was in a soft white hand of a young lady. She was gently stroking my poor sore back, and had bandaged up my bleeding tail.

CHAPTER II.

I went to New York with the kind young lady, and when I arrived everybody said, "Oh, what shall we call him?" On account of my poor injured tail they almost decided upon the dreadful name of "Bobtail," but I was finally called "Whiskers" to my great joy. I found lots of new masters and mistresses, who petted me and made me feel at home in my big new cage. They let me out all day, and in the evening it was very pleasant to climb up on their laps or go to sleep in their pockets. In the meanwhile time flew pleasantly by, and I was growing very fast, and my tail was quite beautiful.

One day they thought of sending down to the country for a companion for me, as they were afraid I was getting lonely. After much trouble a new squirrel was found and sent up by express. Her name was "Peanut," and she was very pretty and lively. I was delighted, and when she was put in my cage I went up to her gently and said, "How do you do?" like a polite city squirrel, when she turned around most viciously, and I thought a cyclone had struck me. She grabbed me by the tail and then began shaking me like a rat by the neck, and she flew into such a passion I was terribly afraid of her.

Although we are now the best of friends, she has kept the upper hand, and makes me go to bed whenever she is ready, and helps herself first to nuts and milk, and has me completely under her thumb. For this reason her name was changed to "Vixen," and I am called "Whiskers the poor little henpecked squirrel."

[*The end.*]

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We received Orion's report of the flood too late for this party. It will probably appear next month.

## THE STORY OF MY TWO CATS.

BY ALMA AULT.

9 years old.

WHEN we moved down on Second Street, in Ft. Worth, Texas, we got a kitten from a friend. We brought it home and put it in the kitchen. When we went to get it, there was n't any cat to be seen. We looked high and low, but could not find her. Finally, looking under the bed, I saw her under the springs on the slats of the bed. We got some milk for her, but she would not come down.

After awhile she did, however. We treated her kindly and she stayed with us. We named her "Tabitha," then "Katrina," and lastly "Trilby." One day in March she had four kittens. We named them "Tiddledewinks," "Snoopser," "Dandy Boy," and "Yankee Doodle."

Snoopser died a few days after he was born; Dandy Boy ran away; the others we kept and dressed up like babies, and rode in a doll-buggy. They liked it very much, too, but at last they died, and we were left with only Trilby.

When we came to Grand Saline we did not bring her with us, but got another cat which we named "Monday," because we got her on Monday. One evening when father came home he told me Monday was on the porch. I went out and brought her in, and when night came mother told me to shut her up in the kitchen. So I took her out in the kitchen, and what do you think I saw? Well, maybe you could guess, and maybe not, so I will tell you. It was a kitten just like the one I was taking to the kitchen. The one father told me to bring in was not our cat. It was a cat like Monday, and they looked so much alike that we did not know which was which.

This is the last of the story of "My Two Cats."




These seed words are contributed from month to month by the Wee Wisdom Society of Merchantville, New Jersey, and are for the use of all WEE WISDOM'S Truth sowers.

*Class Word*—GOD IS LOVE. HE THAT DWELLETH IN LOVE DWELLETH IN GOD, AND GOD IN HIM. (Chosen by Elise.)

*Jewel Word*—BE YE THEREFORE PERFECT EVEN AS YOUR FATHER IN HEAVEN IS PERFECT. (Chosen by Marion.)

*Thanksgiving Word*—"I THANK THEE, FATHER, THAT THOU HAST HEARD ME, AND I KNOW THOU HEAREST ME ALWAYS."

*Verse Word*—

"A little thought is a little seed,
Be it a flower or be it a weed.
My heart is soil where seeds are sown.
Kind words and kind deeds are all I'll own;
I'll sow them now and God will know
How to care for them as they grow."
(Chosen by Frances.)

[TO BE MEMORIZED.]

## MARION'S REPORT.

May 10th was a beautiful sunshiny day. Everybody was present at Unity School. We also had a little visitor, Stella Hansen. She was spending a few days with Uncle John's family.

We started with the song, "God is Love." Uncle John then read us a story by Ella Wheeler Wilcox published in the *New York Journal* about a rich (in money) boy whose parents and teachers had sadly neglected him. Although reared in comfort and educated in a private school, this boy was not taught to think that animals had a right to live as well as boys, and he boasted of cruelty to them. The parents of this boy no doubt believed that they were giving him every advantage, and his teachers are well paid to educate him, but he is worse than ignorant, for to have an education and to be cruel is far sadder than being ignorant and kind.

Now here is a different type of boy, and one I would rather write about. He is one of eleven children belonging to a laboring man, and his name is Joseph Mc Laughlin, 340 East 48th St., New York. He is fourteen years young, and to save a wounded pigeon that belonged to a friend, he climbed to the fifth story of a house and after rescuing the bird, lost his footing and fell breaking a rib. His first inquiry after recovering consciousness was for the pigeon. Let us share our love with this boy, our thoughts and belongings.

Uncle John generally has a surprise for us, so we were greatly excited when he brought out a large pan filled with water. He then brought forth a medium-sized box filled with little fishes, ducks, lobsters, etc. They would all follow a magnet. He let us draw them around in the water, and it was great fun. We got the dictionary to find where the word "magnet" came from. Many centuries ago in the town of Lydia, near Magnesia, there was found some remarkable iron, capable of drawing and holding pieces of metal. The people did not know magnetism, and they supposed these loadstones which would attract pieces of metal were evil spirits, and nothing could persuade them to go too

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*Unity School of Merchantville, N. J.*

near to it. Uncle John then asked us what word could express the invisible strength of the magnet.

"The power of attraction," said Marion Sleater.

"But that is more than one word," said Uncle John.

"Power," said Marion Logan.

"Yes, power is right," said Uncle John.

"Love is power," said Frances, "because love has the greatest power to attract."

Uncle John then explained to us how God (Love) was like the magnet. Love has the greatest power to attract, and God is Love. If we want to be God-like we must use the power of love to control all our wandering thoughts that do not lead to God.

By being kind to others we attract them to us. We closed our morning lesson with a silence, and after receiving our tickets were dismissed.

— MARION A. SLEATER.

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Whether life is worth living depends a good deal upon your wiseness or other wiseness.

## FOR WEE WISDOM'S BIRTHDAY.

BY LUCY AULT.

While out in the garden pulling up weeds,
A farmer said to his son,
"Root out the tiny, tiny weeds, my boy,
Leave not even one;
For the smallest weed will to larger grow,
And over-run your garden the first thing you know."

Let us make a garden
Way down in our heart,
And plant the seeds close together,
Not at all far apart,
For the weeds might grow in
And make our hearts gardens all full of sin.

A kind thought here,
And a kind smile there,
Will make many flowers
That will grow everywhere.
And in that which we call our own
We want flowers blooming, and flowers alone.

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## THE DEW-DROP STORY.

BY MARGUERITE MOEBUS.

10 years old.

One morning very early from my bed I saw a little Dew-drop on the grass. As I looked out of the window I saw the bright sun shining on the Dew-drops on the trees. It was a very beautiful sight.

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*Frances and Fillmore.*

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TRENTON, MO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my second letter. I like your paper very much. I have two banties. My hen had four chickens but one died and that left three. I have a dear old grandmother. I have a mother. God teaches us to love everybody. I know my mother is the best mother in the world. Always be kind to the true. I will send a picture of myself for WEE WISDOM's birthday number. Good bye, LUTHER WILLIS.



WOOSTER, TEXAS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I like the little paper very much, so I thought I would write to it. I see two of my cousins' letters are in the paper. I have no pets excepting a little baby sister. I have two sisters besides the baby and one brother. I am eleven years young. I like the stories of "The Raindrop" very much. I am in the high fourth at school. Our teacher's name was Miss Lula Farrington. We all liked her very much. She lives in Houston. Give my love to all the little writers. Yours sincerely,

MORILLA SHRECKENGAUST.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I will write and renew my subscription for WEE WISDOM and for UNITY, which my papa takes. I wanted to write last week, but mamma thought it best to wait until this week on account of the flood. We were glad to see in UNITY that the flood had not harmed you any. Papa sends a dollar for Unitys' new home fund. With love, from your friend,

HARRY BEHLE.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — While attending the Home of Truth here I have monthly received WEE WISDOM, and enjoy reading it very much. I thought I would, as well as others, write a story as you so kindly give all an opportunity. Maybe next year I will send you some sketches as I am going to take up pen and ink work and would enjoy doing anything for the Truth and WEE WISDOM. Yours in truth, MARION NUTTING.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — We have got two of your good papers this month, so we say best of thanks. We will give one of them away and see if our friend will help you a little. We see that your birthday is in August and so is mine. We wish you good luck and success for the future. We had a very sad time last month. My mamma was very sick for three weeks in the hospital. We are glad that she is getting better. So you can think what kind of a time we had at home when mamma was away. It is not a pleasant vacation this summer. I think I will close now. With love from my sister Emma and myself,

Yours truly, ADOLPH HARTMANN.

AT THE SEASHORE.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I want to thank you for helping me to get well. I am perfectly wel now and very happy. Even the city seemed beautiful when I got up. I am sending you a little story with this letter for the August number. I hope that you will like it. Give my love to the boys and yourself. From your friend,

DOROTHY P. LOTHROP.

BEATRICE, NEBR.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my second letter to WEE WISDOM. I am 9 years old. I will be ten years old in September. We have two birds, a parrot, and a dog. The dog's name is Fanny. Mamma has 14 little ducks and 5 little geese, and 250 little chickens and 33 little turkeys. I have two brothers; their names are John and Clarence. I hope to see my letter in print.

Yours sincerely, AUGUSTA KILPATRICK.

GARNETT, KANS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I like your little paper very much. This is my first letter. I am 9 years young. I am in the third grade. My brother Willie and I help my papa hoe. We have lots of blackberries and raspberries, and I like to help pick them. I have four sisters and three brothers. Well, I hope this will escape the waist basket. I will close, so good bye. With love,

CHARLEY HAMILTON.

## JACK AND HIS DOG.

BY MAURINE RUFFNER.

12 years old.

JACK was a little boy who lived in the country. His only playmate was his large dog Jim. One day Jack went to the woods to pick blackberries, and Jim went with him. Jack carried an umbrella and Jim a basket in his mouth.

After picking many berries they brought them home to Jack's mother, who promised to make them into jelly for Jack. Jack enjoyed the berries, and when they were all gone Jack and Jim went to the woods and picked more berries.

And soon they went to the woods and got a blackberry bush, and Jack planted it in their back yard. Jack's mother was a poor lady who took in washing, and Jack sold enough blackberries to get his clothes. Jack could not go to school before, because he had no warm clothes, but now he could go. He went to school every day. The boys that were dressed so fine called him "Rag-a-muffins." Jack had to always amuse himself at recess, because nobody would play with him.

Jack was always good in his studies, and always got 100 in his lessons. He graduated when he was fifteen years young. One of his schoolmates met him on the street two years later, and told him that they should not have called him such names. The boy asked Jack to forgive him, and Jack said very politely, "Why, Harry, I certainly will. I knew that you would be sorry for it. I tried to be good to you boys, but I saw there was no use in it, that you would just call me 'Rag-a-muffins.'"

That nearly broke Harry's heart. He sobbed out, "O Jack, I will never do it again. Will you forgive me?"

Jack got very sick that night. Harry heard about it, and took him some flowers and enough money to pay the doctor bill, with some left over. Harry was the only one that made up with Jack, and after that they were always together, and Jim was with them, too.

It does not pay to be bad to the poor,
Be kind to everybody.
Love the rich,
And love the poor,
Love your work and love your play,
And love everything in the wide world o'er.




LESSON V. AUGUST 2.

### Samuel Anoints David.—I. Samuel 16:4-13.

GOLDEN TEXT—*Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.* —I. Sam. 16:7.

Before beginning this lesson you must understand that all the things in the Bible represent something in us. Samuel represents the Spirit of judgment and obedience, for you remember when he was a child the Lord called him, and afterwards he became one of the judges. But let us begin with the lesson The Lord, or ruling good spirit, sends Samuel, the Spirit of Judgment, to Bethlehem or the material body. There the elders or rabbis come out and ask if he is going to disturb them, and he says he is not. Then he tells them to purify themselves; then he purifies the ill-will, or Jesse, and his son, and invites them to come to a sacrifice, or a giving up of an old idea. When they had come the Spirit of Judgment looked at Eliab, faith, the son of High Will, and said, "Surely the ruling good Spirit has purified him," but the ruling good Spirit said, "Do not look on the outside but look upon his heart and thought, for he is not pure in thought and heart." Then the High Will called Abinadab, or obedience, but he was not pure in heart and thought. Then the High Will called another son named Shammah, or understanding, but he was not pure in heart and thought.

Now High Will had seven of his sons pass before the Spirit of Judgment, but none of them were pure in heart and thought. And after all had been rejected, the Spirit of Judgment asked High Will if he had any more sons, and he said he had one who kept the sheep, innocent thoughts, and the Spirit

of Judgment had him sent for. Now he was beautiful, wise and pure in heart and thought, for his name was David, or love. And the High Good Spirit had him anointed which made him the most necessary and the best thought of the human body. —ROYAL FILLMORE.

LESSON VI. AUGUST 9.

## David and Goliath.—I. Sam. 17:38:49.

GOLDEN TEXT — *If God be for us, who can be against us?*— Romans 8:31.

This is one of the most beautiful chapters in the Bible, if we would only one and all take it to heart and always remember it. Not only remember, but use it in our daily life. It would make us feel, oh so happy. There is one of the greatest examples shown in this lesson about David and Goliath.

Now David was the youngest of eight sons, and he took care of his father's flock of sheep. When the war broke out with the Philistines, the men of Israel were much alarmed for the army of Philistine was so much stronger than they. The three eldest sons of Jesse (David's father) followed Saul to battle. David was tending his sheep as usual when his father one day told him to take his brothers something to eat. When he reached them he heard of the Philistines' great leader, Goliath, he was anxious to go and fight him, for he knew God would help him.

The Israelites told Saul of David, and Saul sent for him, but when he came he told him he could not go against the Philistine, for he was but a youth and the Philistine a great man of war. David told him that once there came a lion and a bear into his father's flock and took a lamb out of the flock; "I went after them and slew them both, therefore this Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he has defied the armies of the living God." He said, "The Lord that delivereth me out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear, He will also deliver me out of the hand of the Philistines." He had the faith, he knew God was with him, so he feared nothing.

Saul let David go and wanted to arm him for battle, but David said, "I cannot go with them for I have not proved them." He took his staff in hand, chose five smooth stones from the brook and put them in a shepherd's bag he had with him, and drew near the Philistine. The Philistine said to David, "Come to me and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field." Then David said unto him, "Thou comest to me with a sword and with a spear and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel whom thou hast defied, and all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth nothing with sword and spear; for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands."

They began to fight and David took a stone from his bag and slang it, smote the Philistine in the forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth. David had won. Dear readers, if such great things can be conquered by knowing "if God be for us who can be against us," why cannot small things also? —GRACE COTTON.

## David and Goliath.—I. Sam. 17:38-49.

David, the great-grandson of Ruth, represents the soul in its first awakening powers. It was said that David drove the spirit of melancholy from Saul (human will) by the melody of his voice.

David was born in Bethlehem "the house of bread." The Philistines represent the animal forces. Goliath represents physical strength. The Israelites represent higher forces. The Philistines were going to war with the Israelites, and they felt greatly encouraged to go to battle, not only because they were greater in number, but because the giant Goliath was on their side.

The Israelites were not great in number, and had nothing but the indomitable will of Saul to win the battle. But Saul overcame all obstacles, and he chose David to kill the giant Instead of David putting on Saul's armor and taking his spear, he chose five smooth stones (five earthly senses) out of the brook, took his sling and went out to kill the giant. The first stone was fatal, hitting him in the forehead. It is not a war of force against force that wins a battle, but a silent declaration of Divine Law. The battle is the Lord's. —RUBY HOMBS.

LESSON VII. AUGUST 16.

## Saul Tries to Kill David.— I. Sam. 18:5-16.

GOLDEN TEXT — *God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.*—Psa. 46:1.

When David was returning from the killing of the Philistine, the women came out singing and dancing to meet King Saul with tabrets, with joy, and music. And the women as they played said, "Saul hath slain his thousands and David his ten thousands." This made Saul very angry, and he said, "What more can he have but the whole kingdom?"

The next day an evil spirit came upon Saul, and David came and played his harp for him as he had done many times before.

There was a javelin in Saul's hand and Saul threw the javelin at David. David went out of his presence twice unharmed. Saul became afraid of David because he saw that God was with him. So Saul made David captain over a thousand. David went where Saul told him to and behaved himself wisely. In all that he had to do the Lord was with him and the people loved him. Now in ourselves Saul means our wills, and David means our love and strength. David had spent his life in the fields with the flocks; in the pasture he roamed, he wandered by the springs and brooks, and the shepherd's tent was his home. All his boyhood he has had the love presence with him by day and by night, and he knew God was his refuge and strength when he slew the lion, the bear and the Philistine. So he is not afraid of Saul. He knows nothing can hurt him, for he is folded about with infinite love and wisdom.

Now you see Saul was afraid and jealous of David; that drives away the beautiful presence, and when Saul talked to the Lord, the Lord did

not answer him. Now you see we must be very careful to fill our hearts with love, and love everybody and every thing, or we are falling short and will not get our prayers answered. So the love of the people left Saul, and it is said the people loved David. So in our own hearts love must be king. — MARTHA HASELTINE.

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LESSON VIII. AUGUST 23.

## David and Jonathan. I. Sam. 20:12-23.

GOLDEN TEXT — *There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.* — Prov. 18:24.

"And Jonathan said unto David, O Lord God of Israel, when I have sounded my father about tomorrow any time, or the third day, and, behold, if there be good toward David, and I then send not unto thee, and shew it thee (12).

And as touching the matter which thou and I have spoken of, behold, the Lord be between thee and me for ever (23).

Therefore hath the Lord recompensed me according to my righteousness, according to the clearness of my hand in his eyesight (Psa. 24.)

With the merciful thou wilt show thyself merciful and with the upright man thou wilt show thyself upright. — GERTRUDE WILLIAMS.

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## David and Jonathan. — I. Sam. 20:12-23.

How beautiful is the sight of an oasis in a desert, and how refreshing to the weary traveler! With what delight we point to the silver lining of the clouds! Though David's life at the court of the king had brought him so much that was hard to bear, there came to him an experience the worth of which cannot be measured. It was the friendship of Jonathan, the king's son. He was about thirty-five years of age, quite a man, and David was at this time perhaps twenty-two. Some one has said, "There is no more beautiful page in history or poetry than the story of passionate love of the heir to the throne for the young champion, whom he had so much cause to regard as a rival."

How beautifully the Bible expresses Johnathan's love and friendship. "The soul of Jonathan was knit to the soul of David." "He loved him as his own soul." Friendship is one of the sweet gifts of God, and we can only know what it means by being good and true. And the beautiful One in one friend loves the beautiful One in the other, and there is much sweetness and joy in the friendship. Some one has said that friends form two parts to the same tune. With one's friends we naturally think more about what we can do for them than with strangers. In the Truth more do we learn to look upon all God's children as friends, as more and more the Christ-child rules our hearts can we extend friendship to those we meet, even though they be strangers. But even Jesus had his inner circle of friends and these were very dear to him. He took Peter, James, and John when he did n't take his other disciples, and he loved to go to the home of Mary and Martha at Bethany. All these experiences of our love-nature teach us of God and His love.

Both great hearts and mighty souls, the world has never tired studying and thoroughly enjoying the friendship of David and Jonathan. These young men were both brave and noble soldiers, both modest, both good and unselfish, both faithful and fearless, both with trust in God. David, the greater genius, and man, Jonathan, recognizing his supremacy without a bit of jealousy, unlike, very unlike his father. Besides being devoted to David, Jonathan was a model son, and it is said that "Saul hearkened unto the voice of Jonathan."

It is an oriental custom, though rare, for one friend to give robe or ornament or weapon from his own person as a token of favor or friendship. After David's victory, Jonathan the prince took off his royal robes and put them on the young lad whom he loved as his own soul, and gave him his sword and his famous bow.

Jonathan stood between Saul and David and yet was faithful to both. The story told us in today's lesson is an interesting account of Johnathan's scheme to protect his friend from his father's anger. There was to be a feast, and David was expected to be there. Should hi absence be noticed by King Saul, Jonathan was to be observant of the mood of the inquiry and report by signals of arrows in a field not far from the palace. Should he shoot the arrows beyond a certain mark, that was an indication that the king's musician had better make his escape from the capital. And so it came about. And Jonathan went to the cave in which David had hidden himself, and they embraced each other and wept and said farewell. Tears in the eyes of such great warriors was an indication not of weakness but of deep feeling. The words of the Golden Text refer to God as the constant Friend of man.

— A FRIEND OF THE CHILDREN.

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LESSON IX. August 30.

## David Spares Saul. — I. Sam. 26:5-12, 21-25.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you.* — Luke 6:27.

This lesson teaches us to love our enemies, as it says in the Golden Text. Do you know how good it makes you feel to be good to your enemies as David was to Saul? David went to the place where Saul's tents were pitched and saw Saul who was his enemy. Then he asked the people who would go with him to the place where Saul lay. Abishai said he would go. When they came to the place where Saul lay sleeping, Abishai wanted to kill Saul but David would not let him. He said, "As the Lord liveth he shall smite him." And Abishai did not kill Saul. Saul confessed that he had sinned and said, "Return, David, I will not do you any harm." Then David said, "It was in my power to kill you, but I would not stretch forth my hand against the Lord."

"Now as your life has been much helped this day in my eyes, let my life be much helped by the Lord." Saul said, "You shall both do great things and still live." So David went his way and Saul his. — MAY HOAGLAND.

## THE GOOD BROWNIE.

BY MARION VAN VELSORWILL.

9 years old.

THERE was once a good Brownie who lived in a coal cellar. He was kind and good to every one. He was happy because he was good. Sometimes when people were out of the room he would do up the work. He would sing as he worked. Sometimes when the woman of the house was in the other room she would hear a voice, and she would go in the room where Brownie had been and all the work would be done. Brownie visited from house to house doing good all the time. People always like to have Brownie around. He is so cheerful. Nobody has seen him yet but they have heard him.

## WEE EDITORS' SANCTUM

IT IS again WEE WISDOM'S birthday, and she is eight years young, as we are in the habit of saying. There are quite a number of us to celebrate; some with stories, some with poems, others with letters, and still others with unwritten thoughts, and a few are here in their photographic manifestations. But you are all at the party. The party is everywhere. Wherever *you* are, there we all are in spirit and when you read the good stories and letters and look at the pictures you will know that we are all around you.

The Wee Editors have taken charge this month, as they have done on several of WEE WISDOM'S other birthdays. But the Wee Editors are not as *wee* as they used to be—one of us weighs two hundred and thirty pounds, but he is only fourteen years young. We are all taller than five feet, seven inches.

Ye Editor looks on to see fair play, and enjoys the party as much as anybody, although she does n't say anything. You will notice how well the three "Naughty Thought and Good Thought" stories are written. They show what the wees are made of. Wee know that every one of you could have written a story on this subject, and even if there were not room to put them in the paper, Wee Editors would have enjoyed reading them, and it would also have done you lots of good by teaching you to put your *good* thoughts into words and remember them.

But where are the letters? You see there are only nine. Why, you should all write. We are all interested in each other. If you have never written, write a letter and get acquainted with all the wees, and if you have written before, write again and get *better* acquainted.

The Bible Lessons are written this time by the Unity Sunday School of Kansas City, Mo. There is also one by our good California friend whose lessons we are sorry to crowd out this month.

### TO EXHIBIT "WEE WISDOM" AT ST. LOUIS.

No World's Fair has had an exhibit of journalism. The Missouri Commission plans, however, to make an exhibit in the Missouri State Building at St. Louis. As part of it a bound volume of this paper for the year 1903 will be included. The exhibit will be arranged by the Missouri Commission through its department of Publication, of which F. J. Moss, of St. Joseph, is chairman, and Walter Williams, superintendent. This department will make a special exhibit of the history and literature as well as of the journalism of the state.