WEE WISDOM



APRIL, 1909
KANSAS CITY, MO.

A Mystery

Blanche E. Sage

A LITTLE girl with big blue eyes,
Sat wond'ring on the grass,
With dimpled chin in tiny hand,
How such things come to pass.

And on the grass in front of her
A wobbly creature stood,
And looked at her, as if to say,
"I'd tell you if I could."

"Now, just look here, you little mite,"
The puzzled girlie said,
"My bunnie sat upon that nest,
When I last wen o bed.

"My rabbit he is made of iron,
And holds the garden hose,
And so I thought that he might hatch
Another bun, who knows?

"And then when he got awful tired,
There'd be another one
To hold the hose awhile so he
Could jump about and run.

"But I found you, you scrawny thing,
And now I just can't see
Why Bunnie setting on a nest
Should hatch a chick-a-dee,"





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THE TEMPERING OF JUSTICE

FLORENCE SLACK CRAWFORD

EVERY morning when Bobbie was through breakfast he would press his little face against the dining room window pane to watch for the first ray of sunshine to strike his sand pile. That was his call to work, and when there was no longer the least doubt that the sand really lay glittering in the sunlight, he would call out in glee,

"Sure enough, it is mother," and run for his overalls, which hung on a peg behind the kitchen door. Father called these his working clothes, and this made Robbie regard them with a good deal of pride, despite the big "Boss of the Road" tag stitched across the back, for true to his mechanical instincts, he liked to be appropriately garbed, and he thought an engineer without overalls but half an engineer.

This was Bobbie's highest ambition. He divided his time between a stationary line of work, which consisted of superintending the sand mill his father had helped him to construct, and locomotive engineering, when through the aid of Aladdin's lamp, his little red auto was transformed into a mountain climber of no mean type. Well equipped with imaginary smoke-stack, throttle valve and side-rods, he would steam up and down the cement walk in the rear at a speed

mentally approximating sixty miles an hour, bound for the East where grandpa lives.

Mother always assisted in adjusting his jeans and then with a big hug and fond assurance that he loved her "the very bestest in all the world," he would take his departure by the front door, adding in a tone which half apologized for his hasty exit, "And you will wave to me?"

Then after descending about two steps, and mother had almost closed the door, he would call out, fearing there might perchance be some mistake in arrangements, "But you won't wave till I get there?"

This was gone through with every morning. After the last trace of the little brown head and "Boss of the Road" tag had disappeared behind the bend in the stairway, mother would step to the dining room window and wait until Robbie and his auto were safe on the walk. Then began a series of love signals best interpreted by the two participants.

The Barrets lived in an apartment flat in San Francisco, and Bobbie was their only child. He was four years old. They occupied a west apartment, for by this arrangement they received the benefit of the afternoon sun; also, the windows overlooked the beautiful little park where the children played.

These apartment flats were very unique in their way. There were six buildings occupying an entire city block. To all appearances they resembled private homes, very artistically built, and all of different design. In each building were four apartments, two on each floor, one facing east and the other west. Bobbie and his parents lived in the west apartment upstairs. The yards of these houses had not been separately fenced in, but all thrown into one beautiful grass plot, with cement walks, and the whole surrounded by a

post and chain fence. The lot just back of this; that is, the other half of the square, was as not yet built upon, and it made a glorious sand pile for the children. It is well known that San Francisco is built upon sand dunes, and every vacant lot in the city is as clean and inviting as the ocean beach. It was here in the grass plot that Bobbie spent the entire day without hat or coat, reveling in the freedom his surroundings made possible for him, and just drinking in California sunshine and the pure salt air which blew from the vast Pacific, lying in full view many blocks beyond.

Mother would take her book or sewing and sit by the open window where she could watch the children at play, or, if occupied with some household duty, she would step to the window frequently to see that all was well. She loved to see the children skipping about below so like little birds in their joyous freedom, and her own "little brown sparrow," as she called him — how dear he was too her! From babyhood, and even before he came, she held such high ideals for him, and she rejoiced to see the little character develop in strength each day, and the little body keep pace and grow in perfect balance.

The day progressed in the usual manner. Bobbie came to lunch, so eager for play that he could scarcely take time to eat, and glad when the last sup of milk had disappeared. Then, half wondering if he had done all required of him, he slid down from his chair with the request that his bib be removed. This accomplished, and the last trace of milk wiped from the little mouth, mother planted there a kiss and accompanied him to the door.

"Do not fail, Bobbie, to come tonight as soon as mother calls. Remember, you promised father to take good care of his Edith."

"I will, I'll dis come a-trotting, dis a-trotting so fas'", he promised hurriedly, as he bounded through the front door into the open.

To be continued.

Waiting for the Glad June Days

ALAN CHASE MAXWELL, is the name of this little man, and the picture is called "Waiting for the Glad June Days." We do not think he looks very tired of waiting; but as if he was enjoying every minute of the time waiting, and working while he waits.





Alan has no brothers and sisters in his own home, and so he calls other children his sisters and brothers, and says, "I love you." It makes everyone so happy to be loved, that everyone loves Alan, and wishes him to grow up to be a great good man.

THE WEE WISDOM CLUB

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER

VII.

AN APRIL DAY IN OREGON

"MOTHER, why can't our Club go out after school for ferns? All the other children go, and Margaret's mother says she may go if we do. Can't we; please mother?" begged Lois as she stood in the April sunshine ready for the afternoon session of school.

Mother who stood on the porch found her refusal very hard; she knew what delight and what instruction was to be found in the woods on a pleasant April day; what delight and what instruction, but how could she allow these dear children to wander away by themselves where their ignorance and innocence might lead them into saying and doing things unworthy their better natures? Other children might join the Club in its ramble, and "other children" were not always suitable companions. There was Millie Strong, for instance, whose mother was so careless of her daughter as to allow her to go and come, when and where and how she choose. Millie had gotten into bad habits and bad company; she was no longer a suitable companion for other children; to be sure, Millie was the kindest-hearted little girl one could find in a day's journey; she was generous and sweet-tempered, but her words were not always clean and pure. She had the very bad practice of writing notes when her teacher wasn't looking; these notes had gotten her into serious trouble several times.

All these things passed through mother's mind as Sallie and Lois impatiently awaited an answer.

"Won't you let us, mother, won't you, please!"

"Girls," mother was very serious, "I cannot allow you to go off into the woods without an older person with you. Of course, I trust you to always do right, so far as you know, but there is so much children do not know, and until they learn they must be safe guarded from harm by those older and wiser. This afternoon I had hoped to finish your new blue dresses for your Friday exercises at school. Now, if you would rather go for ferns, and wear your old dresses on Friday, I'll put my sewing away when you come from school, and go with you."

They hesitated for a moment, both were to recite on Friday, all the other girls were to "dress up;" there would be lots of visitors that day, and the pink ginghams were faded; but the violets were thick beneath the trees, the time was just ripe for transplanting fern roots. A robin perched upon the summer-house, sang out his soul in clear ringing notes; a tiny tree frog, somewhere up in the cherry tree, called down "Spr-i-n-g! Spr-i-n-g!" and that decided the question. "All right, mother, let the dresses go; I'd sooner look like a fright than miss the woods," said Lois.

"Ask Millie Strong to go with you," suggested mother. Sallie stopped a moment in surprise, but catching a smile from her mother's lips, she answered quickly, "I will. Be sure to be ready at three;" and off they ran to school, while mother leaned over the porch railing and with a sigh asked the nodding yellow daffodils, "When will I *ever* get my sewing done?"

The daffodils smiled back their answer and mother replied, "Yes, you are quite right, morals are more important than dresses," and I may get time yet for the dresses. But she sighed as she folded away the sewing and pushed back the machine.

School was out and down the street raced the Wee Wisdom Club, and Millie Strong. Mother was waiting at the gate with basket and trowl; Max, the big, sharp-nosed Collie was ready, too, and away went the merry party, making their way down over a rocky, fern-covered hillside, overgrown with dogwood, maple and evergreen. Winter wood-vines, and moss, covered stump and boulder, while yellow sour-grass and spring-beauties lifted their sweet, delicate faces to the children.

The air was rich with the fragrance of bursting bud and stirring sap; a warm, soft shower made music upon the branches overhead and sprinkled their hair with misty pearls.

They had reached the river now, and mother said, "Come close in the shadow of this tree, now almost close your eyes, and look out across the water; that is the way to get an artist's view for a picture."

The eight little people wrinkled up their eight little noses, and squinted their eyes in a highly amusing, if not an altogether artistic manner.

"O see! how beautiful it makes the water look when the rain falls on it! That old barn across the river doesn't look like a barn at all, it looks like"—but Sallie couldn't think what it did look like, so mother said, "Half closing your eyes brings the barn into harmony with the lights and shades and colors about it. Everything in a picture depends upon the shadows, and looking at it in this way brings them out."

"I don't like to look at things with my eyes half closed." said Lois, "I want to open my eyes and see it all. If that's a barn, why do you want it to look like something else? It seems like a pretty good barn to me."

"I don't want to make it look like anything else,"

said Sallie, "but when you look at it through half-closed eyes it makes you think of so many beautiful things. I don't know why, but it makes me feel different, as if I just must paint it."

Loud barks from Max announced the fact that he had treed a chipmunk, and the children darted from under the tree, and, secure in rubber boots, splashed through half a dozen mud puddles, crossed a fallen log and came out of the trees near a rock-protected spring. Here they stood shouting and laughing at Max and Mr. Chipmunk.

Bow, wow, wow! thundered Max, dancing around the tree on his two hind feet, so great was his excitement; his big bushy white tail waving in the air.

Little Mr. Chipmunk sat upon one of the higher branches, glaring sharply down at his disturbers, and scolding them in quick, sharp angry jargon.

"My, doesn't he sound mad!" said Nellie.

"Yes, but he's an old fraud; he knows Max can't hurt him. He's just makin' believe," answered Robert.

"'Course he is; he'd whisk away in a second if I tried to climb after him." said Willie.

Mr. Chipmunk, looking down with bright, scornful eyes, hurled some sentence at them which sounded very much like, "Heap you know about it, young man!"

For several minutes past the tug, tug, tug of one of the big river boats had been heard as it labored up the river, heavily loaded with merchandise for the valley towns. Now the smokestack could be seen above the bank at the river bend, now the flagstaff, with the gaily fluttering stars and stripes, then the owner's flag a white star in a crimson field. Now slowly and smoothly, like some great beautiful water bird, the big white steamer slipped into full view.

On deck a band was playing "My Honolulu Lady," and a group of children and grown people laughed and talked; some leaned over the rail and watched the powerful paddle-wheel churn the black-green water into milk white foam, sending a shower of spray into the face of some too venturesome observer; others were more interested in the deep primeval forest through which they were passing, gazing off across the mountain ranges, flecked with patches of snow and cloud. They could see old Hood, cold and white in all his venerable pride standing just as he had done when the red man drove his canoe over these same waters or cured the fish beneath these same trees.

The children on the boat waved to the children at the spring, in childhood's unconventional fashion, shouting at each other until the distance and the steamer's tug, tug, tug, drowned out their voices.

"A picnic excursion up through the Oregon City locks," said mother, who reached the spring just in time to see the end of the fun. "It's a bit early for excursions, I should think."

"But it's so warm; it's like summer. Can't we sit down somewhere and rest?" asked Mildred.

"Let's sort out the fern roots and keep only the strongest," suggested Nellie. "Ma says no use using poor things when good ones are just as cheap."

"Take your capes off and throw them over the big stones, rubber side down, that's it; now you can sit down and sort over your plants while I gather some water cress," for dinner," said mother, adding, "I remember it was just such a day as this when I planted, or rather sowed, the seed for this cress."

"Why mother!" exclaimed Lois, "hasn't the water cress always been here?"

"No; I was only a little girl when my father gave

me two packages of seed, and sent me down here to sow it along the edge of this little stream. This stream runs parallel with the river for nearly a mile, and all along its borders the cress now grows thick ; and it is all from those two little packages of seed planted so long ago.

"Do you remember what I told you the other day about your good thoughts being like seeds, that would, in season, grow and ripen into good deeds? Well, it's just like this water cress that has grown and spread ; everyone in town is supplied with the rich, green salad, and many people from the city come out here for it, and it all grew from a few little seeds."

"Yes; but your father gave you the seed and told you to plant it," reminded Robert.

"Yes, and our heavenly Father tells us to do many things, and if we listen we will hear what they are. He gives us the seed, and tells what to do ; but we must do the planting."

"Does he always tell us?" asked Millie Strong, a bit wistfully.

"Yes, if you listen to your conscience," was the answer. What a thoughtful mood Millie was in for a few moments!

"What lots of sea gulls there are today, the rocks out there are full of them," remarked one of the girls.

"See how soft and white they look against the brown rocks," said Sallie, "brown and white, and gray and white, and some are all white."

"They are watching us, see how they turn their heads when we move about. Aren't they dear? Why aren't they down at the seashore, mother, where they belong?" asked Lois, "I'd rather be at the seashore and watch the big breakers than come up here and sit on those rocks, wouldn't you?"

"Whenever sea gulls are so far inland you may know that there is to be rough weather on the old Pacific. The birds fear the strong winds which drive them against the rocky cliffs, often dashing them to death; so when there is to be a storm the sea gulls fly up the Columbia and down the Williamette to us. It's a pretty sure weather sign," said mother, as they watched the birds flit from rock to rock, now diving deep into the water after some foolish little fish who had gone too far away from home, now spreading graceful wings aud sailing off into the blue distance.

"How do they know what to do, and how do they know there is to be stormy weather?" asked Millie Strong.

"How do they know what to do?" repeated mother, "Why, we were just talking about that conscience of yours, it always tells you what is the right thing to do —well, the sea gulls have such a voice, or conscience, only we call it 'instinct,' but it is the voice of God, just the same."

Millie Strong's respect for sea gulls increased and she said half to herself, "I wonder if the gulls have as hard time to listen as I do."

"It comes from practice, little girl; it isn't hard if you are in earnest and try," and somebody's mother kissed Millie's upturned freckled little face, and thus removed a few briers from the way.

They watched the kingfisher dart from her place in the balm-of-Gilead tree, and with the swiftness of an arrow plunge into the water; a moment later she arose with a silvery wriggling fish in her beak.

An old chicken hawk sailed slowly past, and lost himself in the woods beyond. A little brown water-dog wriggled back into the water just in time to escape Max' playful paw. Mildred had some bread in her

pocket and the girls threw bits of it into the water, and soon a school of tiny minnows gathered about the shallow water.

Sallie and Margaret found two little greeen frogs in among the fern roots, and a little garter snake, red and yellow and green, glided past them into the moss.

Little Mr. Chipmunk contented himself with throwing a hand full of dried leaves and hazel-nut shells at their heads, scolding at them all the time, while the sky had darkened once more and the chill of evening was in the air.

"Come children," said mother, "it's time for home. Max, your playtime is over, go for the cow." Max understood the word "cow," and he bounded off to his evening task of finding, and driving home the soft-eyed Blossom.

Slowly they climbed the hill to the house, carefully they divided their wild plants and then said "good-by."

Surely the world is a beautiful place! Surely God is everywhere! in the earth, the sky, the trees, the river — and in every living thing.

Even the freshly laundered pink dresses looked spring-like and dainty, and no one knew or thought of the faded spots. And how those ferns grew.

"The thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worth while,
That's worth the most, that costs the least,
Is just a pleasant smile;
'Tis full of worth and goodness, too,
With many kindness blent,
'Tis worth a million dollars,
And it doesn't cost a cent."

EASTER

I. O. S.

NO man knows when the first Easter was kept. Perhaps Eve, walking with smiling lips among the fair lilies of her Eden garden, sang the first Easter song this world has heard.

We know that farther back than any written book can tell, the people everywhere held a spring festival, a flower day when all rejoiced because the sleeping life of earth was again awaking. They performed many pretty rites, and the flowers of the spring were an important feature of the day. This was their way of welcoming the sun back from his journey into the south. The sun brings the pleasant days, the flowers and the birds. The sun gives light and warmth and life to earth. For these reasons Easter has been kept as a day of joy among the children of men in all lands.

Thousands of years ago the egg was used as an Easter symbol of life waiting to come forth. Thousands of years ago the rabbit was an Easter figure, representing the increasing power of nature. The presence, the increase, and the resurrection of life have been the teachings of Easter in all times.

To us the Easter season means all things that the world has known, and it means this much more: We know that the changeless life of God grows in each of us, larger and more beautiful each day; we know that the Son of God is the life of our lives, and each day we make the way clearer for the coming forth of his greatness and purity. Our brother Jesus taught us many things about the life that is in us.

We keep Easter, not because of something that occurred in times past, but because of the resurrection that is taking place in us now. The resurrection is the knowing that God is in the world, in our thoughts, and in our bodies.

Child-Gardening

CONDUCTED BY LIDA H. HARDY

GOSPEL OF NATURE STUDY

THE LAW OF EXPRESSION

SERIES XIV.

GOD'S GIFT OF THE SEA FLOWERS

Look on this beautiful world, and read the truth
In her fair page: see every season brings
New change to her of everlasting youth;
Still the green soil with joyous living things
Swarms, the wide air is full of joyous wings,
And myriads still, as happy in their sleep
Of ocean's azure gulf, and where he flings
The restless surge. —*Bryant.*

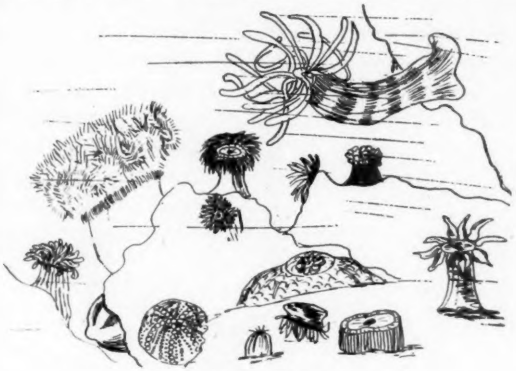
Not long ago *The New York Magazine* told of a man by the name of Captain S. Musgrave, who had gone to Africa on an Zoological expedition (that means he went in the interest of animals). When he came back to this country, he brought with him a wonderful plant, which lives on meat and insects and which has a brain, digestive organs and nerves. It really is more like an animal, than it is, a plant.

Our Nature-lessons are now leading us to study those forms of life which to the natural eye look exactly like plants and flowers, but which in reality are living, breathing, digesting animals.

An animal plant growing on land, outside of the water, such as Captain Musgrave has discovered, is quite unusual, and it is awakening a great deal of curiosity and interest.

Way down in the bottom of the great sea, there are many beautiful ocean-gardens, filled with the loveliest

sea-flowers, or animal-flowers, which are called sea-anemone and which in beauty of tint and coloring are quite as pretty as our own roses, carnations and lilies. Each sea-flower is a living animal whose body looks



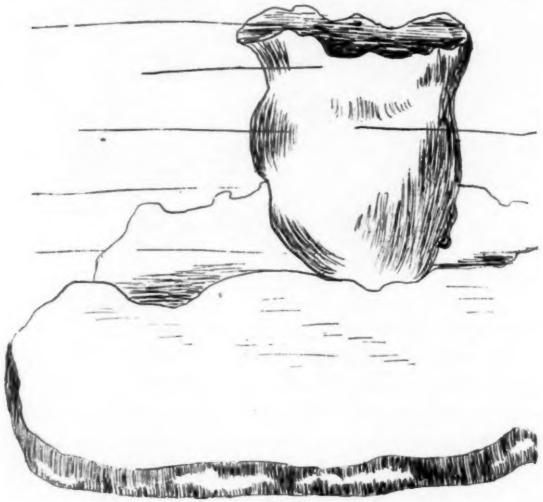
SEA-FLOWERS.

like the stem of a flower, only it is much thicker than our rose and pansy stems. The stem of a sea-anemone is more like the stalk of a mushroom. On the lower end of the stalk there is a muscular disk, in which is created a sort of glue, with which the animal clings to rock or shells. On the upper end of the stalk there there is another disk, around which are rows of little arms called tentacles and which look very much like the petals of a flower. These little arms or tentacles, have the power of grasping food and carrying it to the mouth which is in the center, and which is connected with the stomach by a short tube.

Mr. Damon who has studied sea-anemone and watched their ways for many years, says that each of these curious creatures has within itself a tiny thread-like lasso, which it can throw out toward a sea-animal,

even larger than itself, and give the animal an electric shock. In this way these animal-flowers capture their food.

There is one form of animal-flowers with which we are familiar ; and that is the sponge. This is said to be one of the lowest forms of life. We do not say that any form of life is *low*. We say that through the



A SPONGE

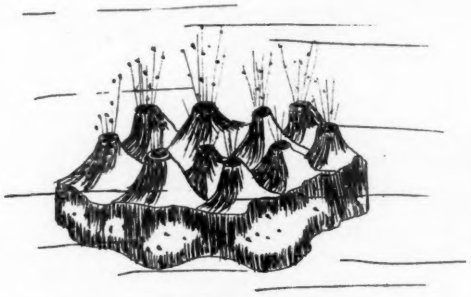
sponge, God (who is every form of life whether it be plant, stone, man or bird) does not express (press out) as much as he does in some other forms.

For many years naturalists could not make up their minds whether the sponge was a plant or an amimal. Finally through the study of the great Swedish naturalist Linnæus it was decided to be an animal.

The best sponges are found at the bottom of the

sea. During the months of April and May the sponge develops eggs, which float near and around the parent, trying to find a resting place. Soon it fastens itself to a shell or stone and is soon covered with holes, then the sponge is formed. The many little winding canals which run through it, are its stomach and lungs. The water passing through the sponge furnishes its breathing, its food and also carries off all waste. Many of our sponges come from the Mediterranean. The best are brought up by divers from the very bottom of the sea. Sponges that are not so good are found in shallow water.

The next time you see or use a sponge think of its



LIVING SPONGE

far-away home, and the wonderful way in which it lives, breathes and eats.

There are many beautiful and marvelous forms of life in this great earth-home of ours, which we have never known. These curious creatures dressed in scarlet, buff, pink and green have lived way down in the caves of the sea for untold ages, and yet we have given them scarcely a thought.

Yet through our Gospel of Nature Study we shall wander

> Into regions yet untrod,
> And read what is still unread
> In the manuscripts of God.

Have you ever thought about the wonderful power back of all these various forms of life, the cause of each? Has it ever come to you that the cause of every single thing in the whole big universe, whether it be the world itself or a tiny flower at the bottom of the ocean, is God? He is not only the cause of each form of life at the beginning, but he lives in each form, building it up and keeping it new all the time. Now we can understand how, not even a sparrow can fall without his knowing all about it.

"And ye are of more value than many sparrows."

GOD'S GIFTS

WINNIE ROWLEY

We love God's gift of the flowers;
We love his gift of the trees;
We love his gift of the sunshine;
We love his gift of the seas.

All things in the universe;
Working for one great Will,
To make this earth more beauteous,
And more heavenly still.

Even the tiniest flower;
Even the tiniest bee;
Even the beasts in the jungle,
And *always* you and me.

We think our young poetess intended to dedicate this to Mrs. Hardy and Nature Studies.—ED.]

EPISTLES



KATHERINE

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — The blue mark on my last little book tells us that we must send another bit of traveling money, so here it is. I am one of your youngest sisters, but I love you very much,

and show you to all my friends. Long ago I sent you a little note and a photo taken when I was a *li'le baby Wee.* I send you today another taken at Christmas time. You see I am still well and happy. I must be, 'cause I am God's child. I say every evening before I go to sleep, " I am Spirit. I am good. I am happy. God is my healf. I won't be sick. I'finite wisdom guides me all'eday and a'll 'enight. I love every budy." I like to help my mama work and I like to run and play and learn things. In April it will be three years since I came. Here is a little rhyme that helped me to not forget, maybe it will help you.

I am happy, I am good
I *do* remember all I should.

Your own little Wee, KATHERINE MYERS. (per mama).

FLANAGAN, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my first letter to you. My uncle gave you to me for Christmas. I like you ever so much. I look for you every month. My favorite story is " The Wee Wisdom Club." I am in the sixth grade at school, and am twelve years old. I have a little dog named Tiny, and some chickens. With love to all the little Wees, I am your loving little Wee.

RUTH GINGRICH.

CLAYPOOL, IND.

DEAR WEES — I thought I would write you a letter. I expect I am late for this number. I hope all the little Wees had a nice time Valentine day. I wish some of the little Wees would write to me, I would be glad to hear from them. It is very cold and stormy today. The ice is all froze on the trees. I am glad I take WEE WISDOM, for it has such nice little stories in. I like the Nature stories, for they are so interesting. I did not go to Junior this afternoon it was so stormy. Well I guess I will close for this time, and if my letter is too late you can save it for the next time. I still remain your little Wee. GEORGIA WORLEY.

DAYTON, TENN.

DEAR BLANCHE — I have been reading your " Corner " in the January number of WEE WISDOM. I thought it would be nice to make a resolution. So I did. I am glad I did, for I have stuck to it, and every time I see one of God's creatures I speak kind words

to it. It makes me feel real good to think kindly and speak kindly of them. I am learning to be a vegetarian. I eat vegetables and fruits and nuts. It is so much better to be a vegetarian, and let all the little animals and birds live. I am sending a little poem I selected. I think it is real cute. I always like to contribute little things to dear little WEE WISDOM. I am sorry my valentine was too late for the February number. I could not do without the dear little magazine, so I will send fifty cents for her to visit me another year. I will close for this time. Wishing you all a happy Easter. I remain your devoted little Wee.

WEE-WEE BENHAM, (11 years old).



HULMERVILLE, PA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I am seven years old. How are all the little Wees? I am in the first grade at school. I have three little bantams, one is named Whitey, one Snow, one Tip. I had a little rooster and I named him Speckle but he died. My aunt gave me the WEE WISDOM for Christmas. The "Wee Wisdom Club" must have had a good time at Margaret's party. Good bye,

LEONORE R. LAROS.

[Leonore's letter is well written for a seven-year old. Will be glad to hear from her again.—ED.]



ROWLEY, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — My grandma gave me you last Christmas. and I like you very much. I have not been absent from school this year. In school I am in the the sixth grade, and I am eleven years old. I read the Bible every day. I like to read your stories very much. Love to the Wees. from a loving friend.

GLADYS DRUMMER.



WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have never written to you before. I live in New York, but am spending the winter at my grandmother's at Washington. I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade at school. I like WEE WISDOM very much, and I like to read the letters the other Wees write. My grandma takes UNITY. With love to all the Wees from your devoted reader.

HELEN PIERCE.



OGDEN UTAH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Enclosed please find fifty cents for

WEE WISDOM's traveling money. I have never written before, and am 10 years old. I am interested in "Lovie," and the "Wee Wisdom Club." We would all like WEE WISDOM to continue her visits to us. I am your loving little Wee. HELEN CAHILL.

[WEE WISDOM is glad to continue her visits to Helen.—ED.]



HIGHWOOD, MINN.

DEAR LITTLE WEE WISDOM — Enclosed find fifty cents which will pay your traveling expenses to visit me another year. You always cheer me up. I certainly do love to look for you every month. My mama takes your big brother UNITY, and we take turns reading you aloud. I am twelve years old and will be thirteen in April. I am in the A sixth grade. I take reading, arithmetic, spelling, geography, language, history. With love I will close. As ever your friend EVELYN WILLIAMS,

P. S. This is a little prayer that might help somebody:

Lord for tomorrow and its needs
I do not pray,
Keep me from stains of sin
Just for today.
Let me no unkind word
Unthinking say,
But keep me, guide me, love me Lord,
Just for today.

[WEE WISDOM thanks Evelyn for the pleasure of visiting her home another year.—ED.



DOWNING, WYO.

DEAR MRS. FILLMORE — I haven't written to WEE WISDOM for a long time. I think that the "Wee Wisdom Club," is just fine. I wish I were where I could be in it, too. I wish I knew Sallie and Lois. How old are they? I do think Blanche is splendid. Winnie Rowley's picture of the blue jay is fine. I like the story of "How Eleanor Got Her New Dress." Here is the picture of a valentine I received from a boy friend in our neighborhood. The hearts are pink and the flowers blue and purple. From your little Wee,

ALICE J. TOOTHAKER.

[We didn't get Alice's valentine in shape to show you the string of hearts, but this is the verse:—ED].

Here is my valentine,
Don't you think it fine?
Six hearts all in a line,
This makes my valentine.

Blanche's Bible Lessons

LESSON I. APRIL 4.

Peter and Cornelius—Acts 10-1:48.

GOLDEN TEXT—*But in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to him.*—Acts 10:35.

The lesson today is one of obedience. A good man named Cornelius, saw in a vision an angel of God, who told him to send to another town for a man named Peter. In the meantime Peter was praying, and he also had a vision. When the messenger from Cornelius came, the Spirit told Peter to go with them, and he went without question. Both of these men obeyed the voice of the Spirit. People now-a-days, do not always obey the still, small voice within. Cornelius might have said that he did not need to send for Peter. Then, too, Peter could have made excuses about being too busy to go with the messengers. People are often too busy to remember that they are the children of God. Cornelius and Peter did not understand exactly why all this was done, but they trusted in Spirit.

We, too, should be obedient to the voice within, and to the voices of our parents and teachers. If we do not understand why we should do certain things, just do them, anyway, as did these two good men in our lesson. Then some day we will find out why it was the right thing to do.

LESSON 2. APRIL 11.

Peter Delivered from Prison — Acts 12:1-11

GOLDEN TEXT—*The angel of Jehovah encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.*—Psalm 34:7.

This is another story of Peter, and, of course, as we all know very well by this time, Peter means faith. The story today reads

like a fairy tale. Peter had been thrown into prison by King Herod. All his friends, and the members of his church were praying for his deliverance.

As Peter was lying one night asleep, bound with chains, between two guards, an angel came and awakened him. The chains fell from him, and the angel led him out of the prison. The iron gate opened as if by magic to let them pass. All this time Peter had been thinking that it must be a dream, but when he was outside the prison walls, the angel left him, and he knew he was free.

Now, Peter didn't stop and argue with the angel, and say that it was impossible to get out. He followed obediently and had faith enough to do as he was told. If we listen to the voice within, and do exactly what it tells us, without doubting, we will be guided out of all our difficulties. It is only when we have not faith enough to obey the voice within, that we get into trouble. If the Spirit could free Peter from iron chains and a dungeon, it can surely free us from our prisons of nothingness. Because all these things which, to us, seem real trouble, are nothing but lack of good. So let us, like Peter, listen to the voice of the Spirit, and we will be guided out of our prisons of lack of health, happiness and joy. We will have as much good as we can hold, and some more to pass on to our neighbors.

LESSON 3. APRIL 18.

The Conversion of Saul—Acts 9:1-30.

GOLDEN TEXT — *And he fell upon the earth, and he heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?*—Acts 9:4.

Saul did not believe in Jesus Christ, and he blustered around so much that he did not hear the voice within. One day he set out for a town called Damascus. He was going to find all the people who believed in Jesus, and bring them bound to Jerusalem. But when he was almost to Damascus a great light suddenly fell on him, and a voice spoke to him. He was frightened, and asked who it was. The voice said, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." Then Saul asked what he should do. The Lord told him to arise, and go to the city and he would be told what to do. After that Saul obeyed the voice within in all things. The light shining on Saul means that he began to understand the Truth; that he began

to feel that he was not doing the right thing. When Saul found out about the Christ within he was ashamed to think he had been so foolish as to denounce him. There are people who for years would not believe the Truth, then suddenly they heard the voice and understood. Just think how many unreal thoughts they would have to get out of their minds. Are you not glad that we know the Truth right now, and only think true thoughts? We will never have to get rid of unreal ones.

LESSON 4. APRIL 25.

The Gospel in Antioch — Acts 11:19-30.

GOLDEN TEXT — *The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch.*—Acts 11:26.

The lesson today tells about how the Truth began to spread. People all over the country began to believe in Jesus Christ. There had been people in Jerusalem who believed in Jesus for sometime. But now, way over in Antioch the people wanted to learn about him. So a man named Barnabas went to teach them. After he got there he sent for Saul, and together they taught about the Master.

Now, the people in Antioch were gentiles and before this the Jews and gentiles had not been very friendly. But when they began to learn about the Christ they loved they wanted to help each other.

We know that when people learn the Truth, they love everybody, and everybody loves them. It doesn't make any difference to what race people belong, they are all the children of God.

WHERE THE VIOLETS COME FROM

I know blue, modest violets,
  Gleaming with dew at morn —
I know the place you come from,
  And the way that you were born.

When God cut holes in heaven;
  The holes the stars look through,
He let the scraps fall down to earth —
  The little scraps are you.

— *Selected.*

EASTER VIOLETS

SELECTED BY WEE-WEE BENHAM

LITTLE Miss Violet, blooming and sweet,
Has a new Easter bonnet
All trimmed and complete ;
The brim is rich purple
With hair-lines of black,
It flares in the front, and
Fits close at the back ;
There's a bow knot of yellow
And strings of pale green,
A prettier bonnet has never
Been seen.

But Miss Violet's careful ;
And keeps it well hid,
In her under-ground band-box,
And holds fast the lid.
When Easter is early, and
March winds are cold,
You'll not get the glimpse
Of the purple and gold.
But when Easter comes late,
You'll see the whole place,
Grow bright with Miss
Violet's beauty and grace.

Blanche's Corner.



In the corner of the yard beside the grape arbor, a fat little girl and an equally pudgy little boy were looking at a nest of precious Easter eggs. There were eggs of all colors. The little girl began to divide the eggs.

"Purple for you, that's power; white for me, that's purity; yellow for you, that's wisdom; pink for me, that's love;" and so she counted until the eggs were divided into two neat piles.

"Say!" said the boy, "Ive been a-thinkin' while you was a-countin', why not eat our eggs and then we'll get all that power and wisdom and good stuff inside of us, where it ought to be?" There was a long silence, during which the little girl weighed this important question.

"No, Bobby," she said at last, putting her fat little hand on his arm, "I don't think that's the way. I'll tell you what let's do. Let's put our eggs all in a line, and then sit down in front of them, and look at each one for a long time. Then shut our eyes tight and keep real still, and *think* it inside of us. 'Cause if we eat 'em, we'd be so busy chewin' 'em and tastin' 'em, that we'd forget to think 'em, and thinkin' is the most important part."

"That's the stuff!" said Bobby enthusiastically, "and when I get through thinkin' mine, and you have thunk all yours, why we'll trade 'an think all each other's."

"Yes," answered our wise little maiden, "and if

we think hard enough, they'll stay in our minds forever and ever. Then whenever you don't know just ezackly what to do, why shut your eyes and think your yellow egg an' you will be guided by Infinite wisdom; and when I get cross, I'll just shut my eyes and see my beautiful pink egg, and I just couldn't be cross any more if I wanted to."

And a certain person who had been reading in the grape arbor, thought it a pretty good plan. What do you think?

THE LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER

DEAR God, I need you awful bad;
I don't know what to do;
My papa's cross, my mama's sick;
I hain't no fren' but you.
Them keerless angels went and brung,
'Stid of the boy I ast,
A weenchy, teenchy baby girl,
I don't see how they dast.

Say, God, I wisht you'd take her back,
She's just as good as new;
Won't no one know she's secon'-hand,
But 'ceptin' me and you;
An' pick a boy, dear God, yourself,
The nicest in your fold;
But please don't choose him quite so young,
I'd like him five years old.

—*S. M. Talbot*, in *Lippincott's*.

WEE WISDOM

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Devoted to
Practical Christianity.

" *Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.*"

MYRTLE FILLMORE, *Editor.* BLANCHE SAGE, *Associate Editor*

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April showers, the saying goes,
Bring the flowers of May.
And the thought-flower, too, who knows?
May grow for you today;
Maybe the flowers of love and joy,
Peace, health and happiness,
Are growing in each girl and boy,
In May to bloom and bless. —B.

* * *

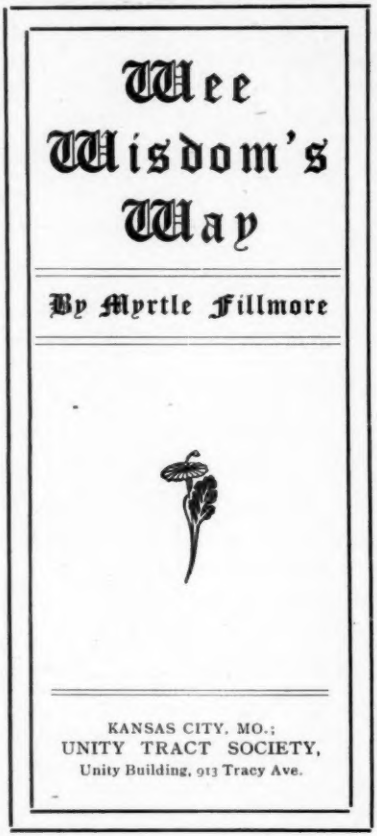
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IF THERE IS A BLUE MARK at the end of this notice, it is because you have forgotten to invite WEE WISDOM to continue her visits to you. You must not miss her this year, for she has planned many new treats for her readers, great and small.

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

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