# WEE WISDOM




SEPTEMBER, 1909
KANSAS CITY, MO.

# AESOP VERSIFIED

## THE PORCUPINE

LIDA H. HARDY

A prickly porcupine went out
The fields and hills to roam,
In search of any nice sunny place
Where he could make his home.

And as he journeyed on he saw
What almost made him shake,
A good warm cave, in which there lived
A friendly looking snake.

"You have a sunny and pleasant home,"
The porcupine said he.
"Indeed, I have," the snake replied,
"Come in and dine with me."

"With pleasure," said the porcupine,
"I need a little rest.
I'll feel most proud to be allowed
To be your honored guest."

But as they dined, the guest began
To tell of all his ills,
And then he well surprised his host
By pushing out his quills.




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## THE WEE WISDOM CLUB

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER.

XII.

## THEY PLAY FAIR

"It isn't fair and it 'aint right Robert Wilson;" it was Lois speaking, and her face was red with offended righteousness; that picture of the school isn't *your* photograph, and if you don't send a real picture you'll have to pay your fifty cents fine."

"Indeed, madam?" grinned Robert. "I told you to wait and see."

"It 'aint honest, no sir, it 'aint a bit honest, 'cause ma says getting 'round a thing is lots worser than doing a wrong thing right out," Nellie's yellow head nodded vigorously.

"Sending that picture of the school was a pretty smart lawyers trick all right, but you see Bob, it won't work in *this* club, because we have got to play fair and *be* fair, and we'll have no 'gumfusialing;' so put up your fine or send your picture," Willie Monk emphasized his ultimatum by aiming a green apple at Mt. Hood, seventy-five miles distant.

"I think it was a real good joke on us," said Mildred, who thought the others rather hard on good natured Robert, who always did play fair and usually did more than his share of work or planning.

"It may have beeen a good joke on us, all right, but Robert's got to send a real picture of himself, or pay his fifty cents fine. I'd lot's rather he'd pay his fine, 'cause we haven't a cent in the treasury," said Margaret.

"So would I," said Lois, "'cause fifty cents would make a good start, and Robert's picture might frighten our honorary members so, that they wouldn't want to join us."

Robert sat up straight, "Well, if they'd once seen *your* picture, Lois Pettinger, there wouldn't be enough honorary members left to even look at mine."

"Don't be silly Robert, and let her tease you," said Sallie soothingly, "Lois you ought to be ashamed to make people angry just for the fun of it."

"He knows I didn't mean it," answered Lois "'cause *he knows* he is just as handsome as a—as his picture. *He knows* how handsome he is, so he doesn't mind me."

"I don't know anything of the kind, and you know it" said Robert, feeling out of sorts, but trying not to show it; "I'd like to know where *your* pictures were Sallie and Lois? If I pay fifty cents fine you'll have to, too: that will make a dollar and a half in the treasury."

"Our pictures we've sent all right, but they didn't get there in time; they will be in next month's magazine I guess," answered Sallie, "but really, Robert, you must send yours, because it isn't playing fair if you don't."

"O, well, if 'taint honest, I 'spose I've got to: no, don't you think I'm going to put fifty cents in the treasury," he added in answer to Lois suggestion that his money would be more acceptable than his photograph. And so it turned out that the treasury re-

mained empty, and Robert's picture went on its way to WEE WISDOM.

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"Come to order," said Margaret Gray, rapping on the table in front of her, "This is to be a regular business meeting and we must get to work. Will you please read those resolutions, Miss Secretary?"

"Miss Secretary!" wouldn't that make you grin?" whispered Robert to Lois.

"It makes me laugh," answered Lois, "but look out or they will fine us for contempt of court; we've got to be awful strict 'cause we are so awful poor."

Sallie began to read a set of resolutions, over which the club had spent many thoughtful hours. They had discovered, by chance, that Christmas was only about three and a half months off, and that they must begin to save their money, if they were to have any special Club celebration. There was other business too, aside from the financial standing of the club, for as Margaret said, "We must be doing some interesting work, or we'll get tired of the club."

"Yes, ma says you've got to work life into a thing, else it will die," Nellie had answered in her earnest little way, "ma says work is just like the yeast in bread — you've *got* to have it, to make things light and wholesome — that playtime is the flour and water; and worktime is the salt and yeast."

"Mother puts butter in her bread," said practical Mildred.

"That is the 'oil of human kindness,' worked into play-time and work-time; and it adds a delicate flavor and puts a shine on the bread crust," said Sallie, who loved to follow out a metaphor.

"What are you talking about?" asked Willie, with a look of perplexity on his mild face.

"We are saying, explained Margaret," that this Club has had a jolly summer, with plenty of play; now it is getting near winter, and we must stop play and get to work."

"Read your resolutions, Sallie," said Nellie, and then we will know, for sure, what we are talking about."

"Don't mix in any 'oil of human kindness' and bread crusts though, or we can't understand you," advised Robert, while Lois and Nellie giggled, and Margaret looked stern.

Sallie began to read, "Resolved that as there isn't a cent in the treasury we have got to have stricter rules, so that the members of this Club will be fined oftener; so hereafter these laws must be obeyed, or the chinaman will fine the guilty member. 1. Members must be present five minutes before the regular time. 2. Members must not quarrel, (every one laughed, and looked at Lois and Robert). 3. Members must not talk of Club business outside of the Club. 4. Everybody has got to work, (they need not talk however, added Robert). 5. Every member must furnish one number on the program once a week without being reminded of it. Sallie sat down, "I think they are very good resolutions," she said. Those in favor of adopting them, say aye."

And so the new rules were adopted, and added on to the old ones. The members did faithfully obey them, and the treasury gained only a few pennies. Lois and Robert found it too expensive to quarrel, and would have been quite disconsolate, if school had not started and filled their hours full of study and work.

"Before we adjourn," said Margaret, "I want to remind you that we now have honorary members, and we must do something that will interest them, and

something they can take part in. It's time to go home now so we can't talk of it today, but I'll appoint Sallie a committee of one, to think up some nice scheme, or some game or something that we can share with the honorary members."

Sallie promised she would, "you'll be fined if you don't," reminded Robert, and the Club adjourned to meet "after school next Friday."

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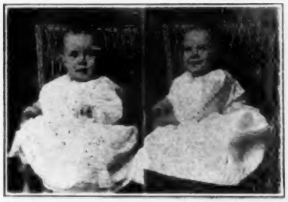
Sallie—(after reading this over), "What does 'metaphor' and 'ultimatum,' mean, mother?"

Mother—"Go to the dictionary and find out." (And she did).

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## BABY RAAB'S GREETTING

I am here. I have been here only a little while, but I wish to tell you that I am greatly pleased with this world. In fact, it is the best world I have found. The prettiest part of my being here is that I seem to please the world as much as it pleases me.



Mama says that I am sweet, papa says that I am good, and my uncles, aunts and grandparents say that I am the dearest ever.

If I should tell you the secret of all this happiness, it would be that I came to make the world glad, and the world always welcomes its joy-givers. I know that I have many friends who have not seen me as I look today, and to some of these I send my picture through WEE WISDOM, and to all of them I send my love.

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### CONTENTMENT

The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

# BELATED MEMBERS OF THE WEE WISDOM CLUB



SALLIE, LOIS, ARCHIE AND MAX.

*Lois:*—"I wouldn't send that thing; it's too awful of Archie."

*Archie:*—"Never mind, Lois, you can see I was having a hard time with Max."

*Sallie:*—"Let that go, and sometime we'll have a good picture of Archie for WEE WISDOM."

**ROBERT WILSON**



*Robert Wilson.*—"Well, of course, if 'taint honest, I'll have to send my picture, 'cause good lawyers have to be honest."

# JANET'S ANGEL

WINNIE ROWLEY. Age 13 years

*Conclusion*

II.

When they reached the station there was a nice two seated buggy and in it was a middle-aged man, his face looked very kind, but Mrs. Craig thought she could read sorrow there.

He came forward and bowing politely, said: "This is Mrs. Craig, I believe."

"Yes sir," answered Mrs. Craig.

"I am Mr. Walton, and I have come to take you to my house. You look as if you needed a rest. We do not live far," he said, as they were being helped into the buggy.

Soon they saw through the big trees a large white house with wide porches covered with luxuriant ivy. To Janet this farm house seemed a palace. With a wild cry of delight she took in at a glance the flowers, shrubs, vines, trees, and lawn.

What a paradise! To the starved little soul of a girl, forced into a woman's station before she was thirteen, who had seen nothing but crowded tenements, factories, and smoke all of her life that she could remember, why do you wonder at the exquisite delight which thrilled through the whole of her poor little being as she viewed this eden of delight, freedom and happiness?

Mr. Walton carried Roy into the house, Mrs. Craig and Janet following. They came to a big cool looking dining room, and on the snowy table cloth

was spread supper. Supper! although simple as it would seem to us, to Janet it was a banquet. Among many other things there was milk. Janet could hardly believe her eyes, but there it was, a great big glass pitcher full of it. And there were cookies, beautiful flaky ones, home made. Oh yes, and there was butter, home made too, a luxury which Mrs. Craig could never afford. After the delightful supper, as Janet and Roy were tucked into their little white beds, Janet asked of Mrs. Walton, "Are there no children?"

"No, dear," answered Mrs. Walton sadly.

On the morrow Roy slept till almost noon. "I am so glad he is sleeping," said Mrs. Craig. "He was so tired and needed rest."

All that day Mrs. Craig and Mrs. Walton talked as only women can talk, and Janet, *she* was *living*, she had never known what childhood was, she had never understood the longings, the desires, which come to every child, but now she knew, she understood and she was happy.

That day little Roy was taken out doors to *live*, a tiny white cot was made for him in a summer house covered with beautiful vines, and oh, how happy he looked, and what a load was dropped from Mrs. Craig's shoulders as day after day passed, roses were coaxed into Janet's cheeks, and the mother laughed.

One day, about two weeks after they came, Janet was in the attic, the big wonderful attic, exploring. In a few minutes she came down with her arms full of small magazines.

"Oh mama!" she exclaimed, "I have found a treasure. There is a whole box full."

Mrs. Craig looked inquiringly at Mrs. Walton.

"They were my little girl's," she said. You

may have them though. She would be glad. Some day I will tell you about her."

Now dears, guess the little paper's name? It was WEE WISDOM.

Janet had gone to school almost four years, in the time that her father and mother were living in the little flat, so she was able to read quite well. With one of the papers she ran to her brother. "Roy! Roy," she cried, "look!" She read it through to him.

"It says, 'God is your health, you can't be sick,' Roy." Isn't it wonderful?" She was groping for an understanding. All at once a light illumined her face. "Roy," she said, "Look what God has already done for us. Why can't he give you back your health?" "He can, he can," she cried joyfully. "Mother prayed, let us pray."

That night Janet prayed for her brother's recovery. Even in her sleep she seemed to be saying "God is your health, you can't be sick."

The next day Roy was so much better that he was able to play with Janet. This encouraged Janet for she said, "God is answering my prayer. Roy *will* get well."

But now a new sorrow was assailing Mrs. Craig, she could not always stay here and live with these kind people, and she felt she could not go back to the city. One day a letter came. (In answer to her prayer) It ran:

MY DEAR LITTLE SISTER:—How long it has been since I heard of you. I did not know that you were alone with your children until———. You dear little sister, guess how I found you out? You know Betty Langford, well, she and Louisa went to college together and they still correspond. She wrote to Louisa of you, not having the least idea you were Louisa's Aunt, and now I know where you are, and Miss Langford has been the means of helping

you when we were in ignorance of your great need. But now you must come out here to good old Colorado, the Sanitarium of the United States and be free with us. The Colorado air is fine. In about five years after you married we came here, and lost track of you, and had it not been for that blessed little Betty just think what would have become of you. Answer just as soon as you can and we will send for you. With love, your sister RHODA.

You may believe Mrs. Craig made all haste, and it was not long till the little family were speeding to the mountains.

Janet regretted to take leave of the paradise she was in and of the kind lady; but she thanked and kissed her and promised not to forget her, and Mrs. Craig with tears of gratitude in her eyes, also thanked her a thousand times for her kindness.

When they were put off by the stage driver by a big gate and went up the drive arched by fruit trees they saw a beautiful Bungalow, on the porch was a mother and five children with their hands over their eyes watching.

What was the joy of the two sisters when they met. One of the girls, Lucy, was about Janet's own age, and if they didn't have fine times — Well, I leave you dears to guess.

Little Roy improved so fast he was soon seen with his cousins, Jim and Ralph, galloping around the big ranch. Janet and Lucy rode horse-back and oh, how nice it all was.

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Glad are the leaves upon the trees,
  Strange powers in them are vested;
They laugh and frolic with the breeze,
  Turn to the light, and so are bright.
The children seek them with delight,
  And stay till they are rested.




Here's a paper dolly,
Come to make a call,
She is very sorry,
For she's last of all;
Couldn't get here
sooner,
For the train was late,
But she's glad she got
here
For this birthday
fete.

SALLIE PETTINGER.

## THE MISSION OF THE VIOLETS

WALTER S. WELLER

A bunch of pretty blue violets grew in a shady nook by a running stream. One day, in summer, a party of three merry girls came that way, and they discovered them. Their names were Alice, Ella and Lucy Brown. Lucy was five years old; Ella was thirteen, and Alice was sixteen. Their parents were well-to-do people, who lived on a small farm.

"Oh, look at these lovely violets!" exclaimed Alice who was the first to find them.

Lucy and Ella hurried over to where the flowers were.

"What shall we do with them?" asked Ella.

"We had better take them up very carefully, and transplant them into our own yard at home," said Alice.

So they did so; and the violets thrived and grew. They reminded Ella of little baby faces looking up at her; therefore they signified innocence and purity, and whenever any of them became angry one look at these blossoms drove the bad thoughts right out of their hearts. And so this was the mission of the violets.

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Little Edwin had gotten to Tommy's birthday party early, and Tommy's mother met him, saying, "Your host is not dressed yet. Go out in the yard and play. He will be down soon."

Some more little guests came in a few minutes, and Edwin went out to them with this greeting, "Come and play with me, the *ghost* will be down in a minute."

# HAPPY TIMES AT CATALINA ISLAND

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT

Most of our Wisdom's know Miss de Witt as "Aunt Mary." She has been our friend almost since the very beginning of WEE WISDOM, writing stories and verse and cheering and helping along in invaluable ways. So now we are glad to share her good times on the "Happy Island."—ED.]

*My Dear Wee Wisdom:*



*Aunt Mary and Esther*

HOW many times when I was in Catalina did I think of writing to you and telling you something of that interesting place!

It is not a small island, but quite a good sized one, and it takes three hours in a rather uncomfortable boat going from Redoudo to the island.

Some of you know Mrs. Harmon, whom Robin McQuesten mentioned in a letter to WEE WISDOM a few months ago, she was with me, and we did have such good times together. Both of us were busy blessing different ones so that they might realize God's beautiful health and sweetness of character, and writing letters also to others.

But I am going to tell you about our little home and some of our funny times, for we enjoyed many a

hearty laugh while living in that cunning little four room house with its neat porch and pretty vines of smilax climbing up, and even a rose tree in front, that kindly bloomed for us at Christmas time. We had great fun the first few days fixing up our house. Mrs. Helen Harmon knew a great deal about arranging things easily and quickly, that, so far, Aunt Mary had not discovered. In no time that lady had covered and lined a soap box or cracker box with white paper, hammered the box onto the wall of our tiny parlor, hung a pretty drape over the top and sides, and lo, and behold, we had a fine book case! And some of the books that I put in it were three bound WEE WISDOMS. Think of it! I sent away to Alameda for them. Next, out of that Lady Helens' trunk, came yards and yards of turkey red material, and we soon had some bright curtains against the white ones at the front and side windows.

As we worked away at this, with the four dolls seated in a row on the couch on one side of the room, a little three year old girl, with shining black eyes appeared at the door way, smiling so sweetly that we soon had her inside, and introduced her to the family of dolls — whose names are Estelle, Lillis, Phyllis and Bobinette. The latter has short hair— the dutch cut. Esther, for that was the little girl's name— born on Easter day, so her papa told us — often after that came to see "The 'ady with the dolls," and we had great fun, she and I.

I am sending you a picture of Esther, the dolls, and Aunt Mary taken on a very cold day in January, for Miss Esther's mama had tied Esther's head up, so that she would feel nice and "comfy." You also see Aunt Mary standing back against the Marguerites, not a very good likeness. As Esther takes WEE WISDOM, she will no doubt find herself in the picture and laugh, for she is a jolly little thing, and laughs a good part of the time. I'll tell you more next time.

# DOROTHY DUNCAN: OR THE LITTLE LOST DOG

SARAH D'ANCONA

CHAPTER I.

## DOROTHY

Tomorrow was to be Dorothy's tenth birthday, so of course she was very happy over the prospect. She had asked for a good many things, such as a pony, a lot of books, but the thing she wanted most of all was her little lost dog. Every night before she went to bed she would think, "If only tomorrow morning little Bob would come scratching at my door to greet me good morning, how happy I would be. But of course there is no use looking for him." As she went to her room on the night before her birthday, after receiving her mother's good-night kiss, she drew a chair up to her bureau. Then she put out the electric light and lit the two candles on her bureau, and putting her head into her hands, she looked into the glass. What she saw there was a very pretty little girl with big brown eyes and a delicate wild-rose tint in her cheeks. But she gave just one glance into the mirror and started to sob, "Oh, oh, Bob, if you would suddenly appear tomorrow while I am out walking." Then she started up saying, "How awfully naughty I am to cry when I have the darlingest father and mother a little girl would want, and yet I am thinking how cruelly I am treated just because I have lost a dog." So giving herself a shake, she turned on the

electric light and blew out the candles, and with a blissful little smile she started to undress to dream that her dog was found.

CHAPTER II.

## A BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

The first thing Dorothy's eyes lit on next morning was a darling bookcase, and by giving just a glance she could see it was filled with new books. But the first thing to do was to pull up the blinds. It was as beautiful a May morning as you could wish. It was so warm that Dorothy put up the window, murmuring, "What a lovely birthday."

She was so excited over the new books that she did not see the pretty wrapper she was putting on was new, neither did she notice the warm bedroom slipper that kind Marie had patiently knitted for her until she felt something sticking into her foot, and impatiently she shook out her slipper. A card fell out, and on it was written in French, "*je vous souhaite une bonne fete.*" Then she noticed her wrapper, and gave a little squeal of delight, "To think that last night I was crying." Then she turned to her bookcase. It was made of rosewood to match her room. Then her glance fell to the books. There were the "Little Colonel" books, the "Dorothy Dainty's," the "Helen Grant's," "A Little Princess," and many other books. Dorothy wondered who they were from, but as she opened one of her books a card fell out which said, "To mother's little girl, a very happy birthday." Then she saw the darlingest little workbag. But what did she see on a piece of paper, but, "To dear sister Dorothy from her little brother." "Little brother," exclaimed Dorothy, "Little brother, Oh, what does it mean, Marie?" she asked, as a

pleasant-faced woman entered the room, her face all a-beam. "The stork brought a baby boy this morning while you were asleep," she said, "You had better hurry up and get dressed." "Oh, Marie, Marie, you don't mean it," cried Dorothy. "Oh, I can see by your face that it is true. A little brother for a birthday present, how lovely. Did you say it was a boy?" "*Oui cherre*," answered Marie, "and there are a lot of pretty presents for you down stairs, so you had better hurry."

In five minutes she was ready, and was hurrying down the stairs as fast as she could go. She ran into the dining room, where her father caught her up in his arms, and said, "Well, little daughter, how did you like your things?" "Oh, Daddy, they are fine," she answered, giving him an ecstatic little hug. "And here are some more presents; oh, what a happy girl I am. Daddy, please let me down, I want to look at my presents." "Not until you tell me you are glad to have a little brother." "Why, daddy, should you think I was a selfish, jealous little girl who wouldn't want a dear little brother? No, indeed," she said, not waiting for an answer, "I am just so happy I could squeal." Well," he said, "if you are as happy as that I guess it is all right." Oh, daddy," she said, giving her father a kiss on both cheeks, "you are so dear and funny." "You had better look at your presents," he said, "and eat your breakfast before it gets cold."

She eagerly swallowed down her breakfast, and then she started to open her presents. The first thing she opened was a darling little Japanese kimono and Japanese slippers to go with it. On it was written, "From Harry." (Harry was the Japanese servant.) When he came in the room she said, "Thank you

very much, Harry; it is awfully pretty." He bowed very low, and said, "Me thought you likee it." "Yes, indeed, I do," she answered, "I have been wishing for one for a long time." He went out very much satisfied. The next present was a little box of note paper from her cousin Frank. Her cousin Eleanor Duncan had sent her a little gold ring set with an emerald, for that is the birthstone for May; and all the maids in the house had each given her a lot of little presents such as a handkerchief, a little book, and things of the like. But no present from daddy, and he didn't seem a bit surprised. Dorothy was bitterly disappointed. For a week she had wondered what her father would give her. He had always given her such lovely presents on other years, but this year he had not given her a thing. Even John, the stableman, had given her something.

"Come," he called, "for a walk around the grounds."

"Daddy," she said, trying to keep back the tears, "I would love to." They were walking around towards the stable when what should Dorothy see but two dear little Shetland ponies, one with a saddle and the other drawing a pretty little cart which John was driving, but the little saddle horse was coming toward them of his own sweet will.

"Well, Dorothy," said her father, "how do you like daddy's birthday gift? You thought daddy was not going to give you one; now, didn't you, Posy?" he asked, playfully pinching her cheeks. "The pony and cart are for when your little friends come over, and pretty soon mother and baby brother can go out driving while you ride the other pony. He is as gentle as a lamb." "Daddy, daddy," cried Dorothy, "I can never thank you." Oh, yes, you can," he answered, "by being a good little girl, and not be so quick about thinking bad things. Now I am going to

get my horse, and you jump on your pony and we'll go riding."

That evening, when Dorothy went in to see her mother and brother, and sat in a big chair to have the baby put in her arms, she had had such an exciting day that she fell asleep before the baby could be put in her arms; so she was carried off to bed to dream about Philip, for that was to be the baby's name, as she had dreamt about Bob the night before.

[*To be concluded.*]



Robin has visited us before. He was younger then and his mama wrote a story of one of his demonstrations. We are glad to see his big aim, and are sure that he has been making demonstrations ever since.

# THE FLY

Baby Bye,
Here's a fly:
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Up the walls—
Yet he never falls!
I believe with six such legs
You and I could walk on eggs!
There he goes
On his toes,
Tickling Baby's nose!

Spots of red
Dot his head;
Rainbows on his wings are spread.
That small speck,
Is his neck;
See him nod and beck!
I can show you, if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes;
Three small pairs,
Made of hairs,
These he always wears!

Black and brown
Is his gown;
He can wear it upside down;
It is laced
'Round his waist.
I admire his taste;
Yet, though tight his clothes are made.
He will lose them, I'm afraid.
If tonight
He gets sight
Of the candle light.

In the sun
Webs are spun,
What if he gets into one?
When it rains,
He complains.
Tongues to talk have you and I;
God has given the little fly
No such things;
So he sings
With his buzzing wings.

He can eat
Bread and meat;
There's his mouth between his feet!
On his back
Is a sack
Like a peddler's pack.
Does the Baby understand?
Then the fly shall kiss her hand!
Put a crumb
On her thumb,
Maybe he will come!

Catch him? No?
Let him go;
Never hurt an insect so.
But no doubt,
He flies out,
Just to gad about.
Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the Baby's milk!
Fie! Oh, fie!
Foolish fly,
How will you get dry?

All wet flies
Twist their thighs;
Then they wipe their heads and eyes;
Cats, you know,
Wash just so,
Then their whiskers grow.
Flies have hair too short to comb;
So they fly bare-headed home;
But the gnat
Wears a hat;
Do you believe that?

Flies can see
More than we—
So, how bright their eyes must be!
Little fly,
Ope your eyes—
Spiders are near by!
For a secret I can tell,
Spiders never treat flies well!
Then away!
Do not stay—
Little fly, good day!

—*Theodore Tilton.*

# EPISTLES

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have never written to you. I know I am late for the birthday party. I am a little girl eight years old, and have a little sister that is five, I will present my gift in a letter. I like the stories in WEE WISDOM. With my love to all the Wees I remain lovingly yours, MAXINE DAVIS.

[Maxine shall have a piece of the cake and enjoy it with the other tardy ones, the continued birthday party,—ED].

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is the second time I have written to you. I enjoy you very much. I would like to tell you I am a girl and not a boy. My WEE WISDOM is sent to my mother and not to me. I was sorry I could not get to the birthday party. I hope all the Wees had a good time. Ask Sallie and Lois and all of the others that belong to the Club if I can belong too? Your loving Wee, FRANCES SUTTER.

[We will not call you "he" any more, Frances. What about enrolling Frances as a member of "The Wisdom Club?" What shall entitle one to membership? Will Mrs. Pettinger please tell us?—ED].

DEAR WEE WISDOM — We have been taking WEE WISDOM for two years, now, and I like it very much. I am 8 and a half years old. Whenever I am sick, I always get your book and I feel better afterwards. Well, I have written a long enough letter. So give my love to the Wees Good-bye, from

BERNICE EVELYN HOLBROOK

[Bernice forgot to give WEE WISDOM her street number.—ED].

CLAYPOOL, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I thought I would write you another letter, and tell you that I am well, and hope you are the same. I like to read WEE WISDOM. I will write a little story for the Wees, if it is too long you may continue it. Well, I will close for this time. Yours sincerely, GEORGIA WORLEY.

WHITE BEAR LAKE, MINN.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I enclose fifty cents for subscription to WEE WISDOM to come and visit me for one year. This is the

second time I have written to you, although I have not been a little Wee. From my cousin, Ida Goldsmith, I heard of you, WEE WISDOM, and I got so interested in you that I thought I would just *have* to write you to come and spend a year with me. I hope to see you arrive at my house soon with a trunk just packed full of stories for everyboody. Good-bye, from your loving, going to be Wee,

FRIEDA CLAUSSEN.

[WEE WISDOM gladly accepts Frieda's invitation to visit her home, and thanks "Cousin Ida," for the introduction.—ED].

SEATTLE, WASH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my first letter to you, I like you very much. I started last September. I like Billiken, because he is so funny. My grandma has a garden and every day there is a little tiny green frog in it. I am seven years old and in the third grade this fall. I hope you will print my letter in the WEE WISDOM next month. Love to all the Wees,

IRENE PYNCHEON.

[Street number omitted. Please always give full address.—ED.]

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — The reason I am writing so soon again is because I am sending you a story I wrote when I was ten years old. It is exactly as I wrote it and it probably will need to be corrected. From your loving little Wee.

SARAH D'ANCONA.

PORTLAND, ORE.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — Enclose please find 25 cents for "Love's Roses." My mother is going to buy it for my birthday. My birthday is the same month WEE WISDOM'S is. I wish I could come to WEE WISDOM'S birthday party. I have been taking the little magazine two years, and like it very much. With love to all the Wees, your friend,

HELEN JONES.

LETTER NO. 1.

NESTOR, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I have a new Wee Wisdom for you, he is 7 years old and such a dear little boy. His name is E. Akim Harper and address is Descanso, P. O. Calif. He would like to begin with the August number. I am so glad to get another subscriber and hope to get more among my friends. WEE WISDOM seems to be getting better and better all the time, and I enjoy it so much. I really don't believe I could get along without it now.

I have grown to look forward to its visits each month. I am getting along fine at school and am learning Spanish very fast. Our school has its vacation from Christmas until April instead of in the summer, it is across the boundary line into Mexico. I did not realize that the birthday party would come so soon or I would have had this in earlier and been a guest at the party, but any way I will send you a little birthday card that I thought was very pretty. Congratulations and love and best wishes to Blanche. I know she must be very happy as Mrs. Charles Haseltine and in her new little home. Now we shall enjoy "Blanche's Corner" more than ever. With lots of love and good thoughts for all the Wee Wisdom's, I will close. Always your loving little friend.

ISABEL FRANCES MCLEOD.

[WEE WISDOM is ever so glad of the new friend Isabel brings with her—and will take great pleasure in making her acquaintance. You are not too late, Isabel, to get a slice of the birthday cake and have a romp with Sallie and Lois. Your birthday card is beautiful,—ED].

LETTER NO. 2.

NESTOR, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — You will wonder at another letter from me, with only the lapse of a few days since the last one, but will be glad when I tell you that I have still another Wee Wisdom for you — this time it is a little girl nine years young. Her name is Glady's Pruitt, San Diego, Calif. I am so glad to get subscribers for WEE WISDOM, it is such a dear little magazine and so many beautiful and helpful things in it. I hope to get many more subscribers, and also hope that those I have gotten will get more. Well, in the last letter I wrote you, I told you about all there was to tell, so I will close now with love to all the Wees, and Mrs. Fillmore and Blanche. Your loving little Wee Wisdom.

ISABEL FRANCES MCLEOD.

[And here comes another recruit. Isabel is enlarging WEE WISDOM'S list of friends right along. Bless her!—ED].

BERKELEY, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — This is my first letter. I like you all very much from your little letters. I just joined the WEE WISDOM. I like it very much. I go from Berkeley to Alameda every Sunday to Sunday School, it begins at 9:30 sharp. It is very near bed time so I will close. I don't want to crowd any other Wee. From your loving Wee DOROTHY PERCIVAL.

P. S. I am nine years of age I will send you a photo of my little sister and myself.

DENVER, COLO.

DEAR WEE WISDOM — I received your Birthday number which I have been waiting for quite a while; and I wish to thank you for the extra numbers you sent as I have many friends who are interested. This is my second letter to you. I like to read about the "Wee Wisdom Club," and was glad to find it was a "really true" Club. I saw the little picture I drew in it, but you spelled my name wrong. I would like to write to the Club but I don't know what to address it to. Here is a little truth verse I think would be very good to use.

The *Luck* that I believe in
Is that which *comes* with *work*,
And no one ever finds it
Who's content to wish and *shirk*.
The men the world calls *Lucky*
Will tell you every one.
That *success* comes not by wishing
But by *hard work bravely done*.

With love to all the Wees, I remain truly

MARGARET EPENETER.

[Is "The Wee Wisdom Club" open to correspondence with other Wees? . . We will let the Club speak for itself.—ED].

OMAHA. NEB.

EDITOR WEE WISDOM—I have initiated a little move to organize a Wee Wisdom Club. Last Sunday morning three of us Wees met in my office and talked over plans for future work. But for a rain that fell all day long there would have been three or four others present. As soon as we get into organized running order, we may turn our club into a Wee Wisdom School as an auxiliary of our New Thought Society. At next Sunday's meeting we are going to arrange for some subscriptions to WEE WISDOM. I am going to work with interest to build up a Wee Wisdom Sunday School. Yours with and for the Wees,

ALFRED THOMPSON.

[Ye Editor and all the Wees, are in hearty sympathy with Mr. Thompson's efforts to get the Omaha small folk started in the right direction, and WEE WISDOM will be glad to bring her magazine of Love and cheer.—ED].

## BLANCHE'S BIBLE LESSONS.

### Lesson 10 --September 5

PAUL'S THIRD MISSIONARY JOURNEY -- FAREWELLS — Acts 20:2-38.

GOLDEN TEXT — *I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me.—Phil. 4:13.*

Paul's Missionary Journey's which we have been reading about for some time are drawing to a close. In the lesson today he is saying farewell to the people whom he has been teaching in Ephesus.

He has told them all about the Truth, and now they must do without him. They must practice the truths he has taught them, for themselves. He tells his people to stand by what they know is true — no matter what happens — just as he did.

We have teachers today, who tell us about the Truth — but we must faithfully think only the right kind of thoughts or we do not receive any good from the teaching. Sometimes as Paul says, wolves enter in among us — that means shadow thoughts steal in and rest, where sunshine thoughts should be. We should watch our minds very carefully as a good housekeeper watches to see that no dust gathers. Whenever we find a shadow creeping in we must speak the magic word and a flood of sunshine thoughts will drive out the shadow thought. There are many magic words you know, and the one to use depends upon the shadow. Sometimes it is the word health that drives away the shadow. Again, it is life or love and so on, and remember we can drive away anything we do not want and get anything we do want — if we always remember the Christ Spirit within us, it is that which gives us this wonderful power. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

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### Lesson 11 — September 12

CLOSE OF PAUL'S MISSIONARY JOURNEY — Acts 21:1-17.

GOLDEN TEXT — *The will of the Lord be done.*— Acts 21:14.

Paul's third missionary is over, and today we read that he is going to Jerusalem. That means "City of Peace," you know.

We have all heard about the "City of Peace" within us, where there is never any lack of good. It is behind the beautiful gate, and when we once get there we are happy and well always. But, the wisest thing to do is just to be patient, and let the Spirit show us the way to the City. We will never get beyond the beautiful gate, if we do not sit still and listen to the voice within Paul was in too big a hurry, it was not quite time yet for him to go to Jerusalem. He did not stop and listen to the Spirit, so he got into trouble. But we know better, we will just say, "The will of the Lord be done," because, we know that it is the Lord's will that we shall enter the "City of Peace" all in good time. The sooner we learn to control our thoughts and our bodies, the sooner we will pass through the gate beautiful to the "City of Peace."

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## Lesson 12—September 19

REVIEW

GOLDEN TEXT — *So mightily grew the word of the Lord and prevailed*—Acts 19:20.

We have finished "Paul's Third Missionary Journey." When we began the lessons of this quarter, we decided to take a missionary journey each one for himself. Our missionary journeys, you remember, were to be through the mind — putting in every nook and cranie, thoughts of health, life, harmony and love. If we have been faithful in our journey, we should have pretty good control over our thoughts by this time, but we can keep right on, you know. These lessons have given us a good start,and now like the people of Ephesus—we must continue the journey by ourselves.

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## Lesson 13—September 26

TEMPERANCE LESSON — Cor. 10:23-33.

GOLDEN TEXT — *Let each one of us please his neighbour for that which is good unto edifying.*—Rom. 12;12.

Today's lesson is about unselfishness. It teaches us to think of others — to help them and be kind to them. Do you know if you help your neighbor or friend to get health, the first thing you know health will come to you. It is the same way with life, joy, wealth, intelligence, and all good things. Sometimes you get things quicker by helping others than by trying to get them for yourself. Think how much wiser it is, because then two people are made happy — we all want to be unselfish so let us remember to hold good thoughts not only for ourselves, but for everybody around us who seems to need them.

# Blanche's Corner.



My! how fast vacation does fly. Here it is September again, and almost time for school to begin. Next time I talk to you, you will be well started in your studies. I know you have all enjoyed your vacation, and are ready to go to work with a will. A certain great man once told of "The whining school boy, with his satchel, and shining morning face," creeping like a snail *unwillingly* to school.

Evidently that boy did not know about the Truth, and I am sure WEE WISDOM did not visit him every month, because our boys have shining faces, morning, noon and night, and they run joyously to school. Why, study is just as much fun as play, if you know how to make it that way.

You remember we always start in September with this thought, "God is my intelligence." Let us take it this time, and think it all the year through. If we do that, our studies will come easy and we won't ever creep unwilling to school. We will like school just as well as Wee boys like to play marbles or base ball, and Wee girls like to play house.

This is really true, but you must remember to say "God is my Intelligence," every day, because it is the Spirit within us, you know that helps us, and makes things easy.

## BACK TO SCHOOL

ROYAL

Isn't it great that school is starting again! Just think, we can go back to our teacher and again be with our dear school mates. And at recess and noons, what times we have playing games and talking. Did you say that you did not like that horrid old school? Well, my dear, what would you do if there were no school? Would you play all day and "have a good time?" That kind of a life would soon get tiresome, and you would wish for the company of your schoolmates and teacher. What would you do when you became a man or woman if you could not read and write? School teaches us how to do these things, and besides we learn how to figure, to speak correctly, and to appreciate the beautiful. We children are learning now, just learning. We are like the little catapillar who has gone into a cocoon to become a butterfly. Soon we shall have learned all that is necessary, and then, we shall like the freed butterfly, come forth perfected and ready to take the pleasant duties of life. Without the chrysalis there would be no pretty butterfly and without the happy joyous school child there would be no bright and prosperous men and women.

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*Daylight drives the night away,*
*Smiles make bright the troubled way.*

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"Love never faileth."

# WEE WISDOM

Young folk's Magazine
Devoted to
Practical Christianity.

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

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

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## September, 1909

*Hooray! September's here again*
*With goldenrod and apples red.*
*The swimmin' hole is nice and cool,*
*But shucks! a fellow's got to go to school.*

—B.

WEE WISDOM will be furnished in quantities to Sunday Schools at the following rates:

10 to 24 copies, 40 cents each per year
25 to 49 copies, 35 cents each per year
50 to 100 copies, 25 cents each per year

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.

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