WEE WISDOM



JULY, 1910
KANSAS CITY, MO.

AESOP VERSIFIED

LIDA H. HARDY.

THE MAN AND THE HORSE

A farmer started with his son
To go to town one day,
And both walked gaily on and led
A horse along the way.

But as they journeyed on they met
Some men they never knew,
Who asked, "Why don't you ride your horse?
He's nothing else to do."

"A right good plan," the farmer said;
"To take it gives me pride.
I'll put the boy up on the horse,
And let the youngster ride."

So then they started on again
Much pleased that all was right,
When suddenly another group
Of men appeared in sight.

One said: "Just see that poor old man,
That's what I call unjust!
'Twas never meant that youth should ride
While age tramps in the dust."

The farmer answered, "Gentle friend,
There's truth in what you've said
So I'll take down the little boy
And ride myself instead."

And now they moved along well pleased
With this arrangement, when
Along the roadside path there came
Another group of men.

CONTINUED ON BACK COVER



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THE WEE WISDOM CLUB

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER.

THEY SPEND THE FOURTH AT THE COAST

THE Wee Wisdom club meet once a week; their club motto was inspired by Sallie's having read Kate Douglas Wiggin's book, "Sue and Susanna," in which the author tells of the Shakers' greeting, "More Love." Those of the older Wees who have not read this charming story will find much pleasure in so doing. The club color is pink, and of course you all know what pink stands for in the color world.

The game they play is "It," and a jolly fine game it is for both old and young. When playing "It," if things go wrong one just laughs and says, "Well, I'm It, this time," and straightway the trouble, whatever it may be, dissolves itself out of existence,—that is, of course, if one plays fair, and does not growl when his turn lasts longer than usual. You do not believe real trouble can dissolve itself into nothingness? Well, you just try it and see! The club members have proven it over and over again. When trouble comes your way next time, just laugh, (you must laugh to have it work), and say, "I'm It," then go and pin a little bow of pink ribbon onto your left side right over your heart, and say the club motto over and over again, More Love, More Love, More Love, and see how happy you will be.

There is another game the Wees play when their club meets. It is the "Page" game. They go forth into the world each morning and hunt for all the good

and beautiful things of life and each week at their club meeting they tell some of the many things that they have discovered. Sometimes they dress up in quaint costumes copied from pictures of pages of the olden days; sometimes they decorate themselves with wreaths of leaves and flowers, tie paper wings to their shoulders and make for themselves a "fairyland" beneath the big cedar tree, and from there they flit and fly about hunting for the flowers of happiness to take to their good queen Titania,—Nellie almost choked herself out of existence by forgetting to use her feet and depending upon her fairy wings and a rope with a slip knot at the end, for her flight among the flowers.

As the club meetings are weekly and the reports monthly, of course many, many things must go unrecorded and I am continually being tempted to go backward instead of forward, and telling you *how* things happened instead of what *did* happen. But time does not permit and we may touch only the high places.

You remember that May-day party when the Bell members were admitted to the club? You remember how, when the sun did shine out in the afternoon, the children were too busy talking to notice it? Well, I didn't tell you what they were talking about, but it was this: The Bell family have a dear, cosy cottage down by the ocean. The drift-wood comes up, almost in their front yard, and from every window in the cottage one gets a view of the great sweep and expanse of the surging water.

Three months out of the twelve the Bells spend in this Cottage down by the seashore and they were telling the Wee Wisdom members of some of their good times. "Would'nt it be jolly if you would all come down and spend the Fourth with us!" Tom had exclaimed, as he wound up a story of one of their experiences.

That remark was what led up to the whole glorious affair, and one hot day, the first of July, found Kate Bell and her two brothers impatiently waiting at the small sun-baked station for the little puffing train that never, upon any consideration, was less than an hour late.

The club had discussed nothing but bathing suits

and spades and buckets and sun-hats and rubber shoes for weeks past, and the parents had fitted them out according to the childish desires. Mother (that is I) had consented to assist Mrs. Bell in chaperoning the crowd, provided they obeyed without argument or persuasion in whatever matter they were told to do. This they agreed to, and further, that "Each feller must do his bunch of work without no foolin' around, nor shyin' off," as Robert expressed it. These children would keep their word, and never for a moment abuse the confidence and trust imposed in them by their elders. They might, and most of the time did get into mischief, but never would they do that which they knew to be wrong, and for this reason their parents felt safe in allowing them to go, and Mrs. Bell and mother felt willing to undertake their care.

At last the dingy little engine, with a great deal of noise, and very little speed, puffed into the station, and such a clattering and chattering you never heard in your life.

The seven members of the club fell and scrambled into the waiting arms of the three other members, and the boxes, bags and grips were piled high upon the buck-board drawn by Henry and Tom's Shetland ponies.

The sun was setting, just as the children caught the first glimpse of "Old Ocean," and the foam-tossed water was pink with the reflected light. The tide was coming in, racing up the sand, a little farther with each breaker, bringing with it bark and chips and masses of sea weed, shells and sea urchins, an old cask and some pieces of wreck.

Several of the children stood spell bound, the mystery and poetry of the sea calling to them in a strange, new language; but Lois, Nellie, Robert and Tom saw nothing but a big, rough play fellow, ready at all times to join in their sport. With a shriek of delight they bounded down the bank, over the piles of drift-wood, and were racing away, across the smooth hard sand toward the foam-tossed water.

Those were seven happy days for our little people. They were up before the sun every morning, and usually in bed with the birds, for they were tired and

sleepy from all their exertions and excursions. One day they took their lunch and walked eight miles to see the wreck, which at low tide was almost entirely out of the water; this was a sailing vessel that had been driven ashore during one of the hard gales the previous winter. The children climbed all over it, speculating as to how it happened, what the sailors did and said, how frightened they must have been, and how fortunate that the life boats rescued every one on board.

One day was devoted to berrying, and such blackberry pie as they had! One day they walked through the hot sun into the village to see a traveling show and to stock up with groceries; another day it rained, so they made their home in a cave-like shelter of rocks and played "Page," bringing back to their mermaid Queen the rarest treasures of the sea and shore.

In between times they rode horse-back up and down the hard beach, or drove for miles over the wet sand; they bathed and waded and built sand houses, and hunted among the drift wood for treasures such as one finds only among piles of drift.

The greatest of all days however, was the Fourth! They built a pile of drift wood on the shore, placing in the crevices powder to send out red, green and blue lights when the pile should be burned. The lunch they prepared was so enormous that even the club thought it would be sufficient for their need. They had green corn and potatoes to be roasted in the fire, and a kettle of baked beans, and water-melon,—you should just have seen the water-melons they brought out from the village in the little buckboard! When it grew dark the fire was lighted and the great circle of brilliancy sent queer shadows dancing in and out among the hollows and caves of the drift-wood banks, a few feet off. The Ocean beat and foamed and tossed in his endeavors to reach the merry party, but all in vain,—they had been too wise for him even at high tide, and were well out of his way.

They sat about the fire and ate their suppers, then they sang songs, and told stories, and played games, and told conundrums and sang more songs until every one was weary and ready for bed.

Those were good days, and there were seven of them. Those were good children and there were ten of them, "Not quite a day apiece," as Lois sighed. The eighth day found them all once more at the little sun-burned station, and this time they had only an hour and ten minutes to wait for the rusty little engine.

"All-a-board," shouted the shabby little conductor, and with many wavings of farewell the train slowly pulled its noisy way toward the big boat waiting to receive its city-bound passengers.

AN IDLE DAY



F I could only have one whole day to do nothing but play in, how happy I should be!" said Rosie to her mother at breakfast time.

"Try it," said her mother. "Play as much as you like. Try it today."

How the children going to school envied Rosie, as she swung on the gate and watched them passing by. No hard. long, lesson for her. When they were gone, she ran into the garden, picked some gooseberries for a pudding, and took them into the kitchen.

"No, Rosie. That is work. Take them away."

Rosie looked serious. She got her doll and played with it, but soon tired; her shuttle-cock, but did not care for it; her ball—it bounced into the kitchen window. Rosie peeped in after it. Mother was shelling peas.

"May I help you, mother?"

"No, Rosie, this isn't play.'

Rosie strolled away, with slow, lagging footsteps, to the garden again. She leaned against the fence and watched the chickens. Soon she heard her mother setting the table for dinner, and longed to help. After dinner Rosie took her little bag of patchwork and stole away to the barn with it for she could stand idleness no longer.

"Mother," she said, as she gave her a good-night kiss, "I understand now what the teacher meant when she said, 'He has hard work who has nothing to do.' "

—*Selected.*

BUZZY'S STORY

MARY BREWERTON DE WITT.



AFTER thinking it over I asked if I might not tell this story of myself. I am just little "Buzz Fuzz," or "Buzzy" to Aunt Mary.

My mother, for this is the way to begin a story, I am told—about your parents first—well, my mother is a fine Persian cat with long black fur. My father was a tramp; but I never knew him.

I was born in a basket which was in a corner of a room in a pretty two story house. Here I waked mewing one morning beside three other mewing kittens—two like mother, black, and one yellow, like myself.

There were four small boys in this house. The baby, Buddie they called him, used to love and squeeze me so hard it made me mew; but they were nice boys and their mother was a dear. There were dogs and puppies

there, too. I can't tell just how many. They never troubled me any.

One day, two ladies, Aunt Mary and Aunt Helen, came to see the boys, and, of course they had to have a peep at the kittens. Brothers and sisters were all cuddled in their basket, but I was running about the house into everything, for I love to see into things, and on that account the boys' mother always called me "Mademoiselle Mischief."

Well, what do you suppose happened? Those two Aunties asked for one of the kittens and as all the others were promised for different houses, I was the one that was taken. They seemed to prefer me, any way.

It was a cold snowy day. I had no desire to travel, so I wept bitterly when I found myself stowed away in a little bag under Aunt Helen's arm.

Dear me! dear me! how cold it was!

After carrying me a short distance they climbed onto a rumbling thing they called a car, and we rode for miles and miles! A strange lady entered the car, spied me and patted my head, saying, "How cunning!"

I was glad when we got off and they walked into a nice warm house—flat they called it—but it was warm like home, but dearie me, there was not a cat nor a kitten there, not even a dog! I investigated, peeped into all the corners, so, I know! There was a lady who thought she was old, whatever that is, sitting in a rocking chair; she did not seem a bit glad to see me, and said a queer word in a strange language, but I just held a thought of love for her and in three or four days she was letting me sit on her lap, but I noticed she only did that when the other ladies were out of the house. But she did say I "was a good kitten and had nice manners, and was neat and kept my face clean."

The first thing Aunt Mary did was to get me a saucer of milk, but though I'm used to that now, I did not understand then, and after licking a little from Aunt Mary's fingers I tried licking, or lapping they call it, that in the saucer, and found it very good.

At the boy's house I used to get a little meat, but here I did not get any, not for days and days!

One day I brought a lovely big bone into the parlor

to show them what I had found; I was jumping with it, dropping and chasing it, but they made me take it out in the kitchen, though they know I prefer company. One lady said, I think it was Aunt Helen, "Oh, Buzzy thinks she has a prize and wants to show it."

They gave me a bed on a bright pink pillow near the radiator in the kitchen. I did not like that very much. There were no warm brothers or sisters to cuddle up to, so I cried and cried. The next night I did not cry, for I saw it was of no use—nothing came of it.

But, Oh, the lovely toys I had! Aunt Helen fixed three things on the back of one chair—a bell, a hoop, and a spool hanging from strings. First I'd strike the hoop, then the spool and then the bell, and I would keep them all swinging at once.

How they would laugh and say, "Isn't Buzzy cunning?"

I must tell you how I came by that name. I was not in the house very long the first day when Aunt Mary took me on her lap. I was so happy to be warm again that I started my favorite song away down inside me. —"Oh Buzzy, what a Buzzy you are—that's your name, Buzzy! Helen, we'll call her Buzzy."

I like that name so well that I come whenever I'm called, and I always get something nice. If boys and girls would obey right away they would get nice things too. Sometimes it's dinner, sometimes a piece of cake, and sometimes it's a new toy.

Grandma and Aunt Helen fixed me a long bunch of empty spools tied to the leg of the kitchen table. Oh, but I had heaps of fun with that toy! I played with it for a week, then I got the bell and the hoop; and think of it, a lovely blue ribbon with three little bells tied about my neck, that makes real music.

It is dreadful though when Aunt Mary takes my bells off. Just so sure as she takes off that collar, I get a bath!

Oh, my! You other kittens have no idea of that! It's all right to wash your own paws and your face, but if you were plunged into a basin of warm suds! Miau! I don't know what to do!

I was terribly frightened, you see, though I am a

spiritual cat, so I forgot to hold a thought, or, to say, "There is no fear." I just spread out my claws and I gave Aunt Mary such a nip with my teeth. I was sorry for that, for she was good to me after the bath. She dried me all over until I felt warm, then laid a fuzzy shawl on the library radiator and put me there, and even put my bells on a brand new ribbon. I believe they called it the library, where you hide your face in a book, you know. Well, there were books enough, one side of the room had shelves filled with them!

I had a lovely nap on that radiator and felt like playing when I awaked.

In the evening is the time I have fun. We have such a frolic!

Aunt Mary puts me to bed on my pillow in the kitchen, and I play that I am going to stay right still, but just as she moves off I give a little gurgling laugh and just scamper for the door, then I lead her a merry dance! We have a real game of hide and seek. I love that; it's fine fun! She drags me out from under the sofa, and, when she spies me there I hurry under a chair, then she catches me! So I'm kissed and put to bed to stay.

I felt very mischievous one night and wouldn't stay in bed at all. Every time she reached the door I'd run between her two feet and get away. That ended by a spanking, then I lay still and went to sleep.

One night it was very cold and the radiator got cold, and I cried and cried.

I looked about and found the nicest bed the next night, and didn't I surprise those two ladies! They were looking all about for me. "Where is Buzzy? where can she be?" they were saying.

At last Aunt Helen cried, "Oh, come here; Buzzy has found a bed to suit herself."

And there I was in the clothes basket, in the bath room, a cosy, warm place. After that I slept there every night, and every night we had a game of chase and hunt.

I learned to beg and used to sit up on my hind feet until Aunt Mary gave me a bit from her plate.

I had discovered for myself, by observation, that the time to eat was when they did and I always found

something on my plate. In the morning, and again at noon, and when they had coffee and cake in the afternoon, I ran to my two saucers and had my milk and food. In the evening we ate again. If I didn't like what was there I ran to Aunt Mary's side and looked up at her, crooning, then I'd run towards my plate and she'd fix it a little and then it tasted better.

I usually finished eating first, and I would run again to Aunt Mary and look up in her face and say, "Ke-rew, ke-rew." Say it way down in your throat and you will know how I say it. Then I'd give a jump, and there I would be in her lap.

I'd sing and sing, and rest there, but she tried to break me of getting into her lap at meal time. She would lift me and throw me onto the floor quite gently. I'd "light on my feet" any way, for that's what all cat's do, they never fall on their backs.

She could not stop me. It was no use. I kept climbing back and I was so gentle in my pleading, climbing back again and again, until at last she let me stay, so now I sit on her lap every day while she is at the table, and if she goes across the room for any thing, I jump upon her chair and sit there until she returns.

Did I tell you about how I opened the door from the kitchen into the library? Well, I must tell you! The door was shut, I am sure. One morning I waked early—about five o'clock, and it was cold and no one was around, so I ran from my bed and went to that door and worked with it. There was a wide crack under it. In there I put my paw and I scratched and pulled. Oh, how I pulled! talking to myself in a low tone of voice. Aunt Mary called it scolding, but I wasn't scolding. I was saying statements to give me faith to open that door, and—I opened it! But, Oh dear me! After all that work I couldn't get into the bed-room, so I cried at the door till I was tired; then I jumped on the place where I sleep in the day time; that is on the foot of the library couch on a fluffy shawl. Didn't I have a good sleep though! In the morning those two ladies came out of that closed door, which they opened so easily to my surprise. There they were in long white dresses called "nighties," I believe.

How they laughed when they spied me. I was hugged and again told I was a clever Buzzy. Then I had my milk warmed right away. Aunt Mary ran in the kitchen in her bare feet to get it for me, and I had it in a blue saucer.

If you are real persevering and help yourself people will do things for you. I've noticed that, though I am only a kitten.

A little girl was here one day. Her name was Edna. She was very much afraid of me. I did not like that so I ran and hid under the couch. Aunt Mary pulled me out and said as she put me in the little girl's lap, "Why you mustn't be afraid, Edna, Buzzy wont hurt you. She loves to play. She never scratches me any more."

I used to scratch at first but I'm ashamed of that now. I didn't know any better. I was very little and when Aunt Mary slapped my paws once or twice, and talked to me about it, I learned it didn't feel good, so I keep my claws turned in now when we play together.

Well, the little girl and I had fun after all, and she actually wanted to take me home with her, but I wouldn't go; no, not for anything. I'm having enough fun here.

Aunt Mary and I often roll on the floor laughing, and I let her do everything with me. I can jump towards her on my hind feet, she hugs me when I do that well; and I chase a string round and round; and I let her "Ring the bells for Christmas;" and I sing and purr all the time until I get out of breath. That's very exciting, that game! This is the game: She takes me under my front paws and I am obliged to dance up and down on my hind ones, while the bells on my collar jingle loudly. Then she sings all the time while we are dancing, "Ring the bells for Christmas, Christmas, Christmas!"

Do you know, I believe that she made up that game, it is so foolish!

After that I tear around like a wild cat, but, Oh, we are having such fun!

Was I ever sick?

Yes once, and I'll tell you about that. Some one I

never saw before, any way she was neither a Chicago nor a California lady, came into the house. My, but she was what I would call cross. Every one was wondering how they could please her. I jumped on her lap singing. She gave me one little pat and a squeeze, but it didn't last. She was scolding very hard every thing. I never heard that kind of talk before, not since I was with my Persian mother, and she talked a lot when I stepped on her tail.

Well, that lady's talk just gave me a pain in my stomach.

When I felt that awful feeling I just ran to Aunt Mary's chair—she was sitting at her desk writing—and I looked into her face and said, "Yow! Yow!"

What should she do but take me by the back of the neck and run with me to the kitchen, rubbing my aching sides all the way.

Something must have happened, for, right away, the pain was gone, and I felt splendidly, only sleepy; so she laid me on my shawl on the library couch and I do believe I slept all of that day.

I haven't room for any more now, so, Good-bye from, Your young friend. BUZZY.

EDITH AND FLORENCE

ADA DENSMORE.

Edith has two willing hands, precious gift!
Willing errands, do for baby, tug and lift.
Kindest things for dearest mother, making smiles.
Helping others to be happy, between whiles.
Happiness she gives to others, happiness she gets.
Lending helpful, willing fingers, without frets.

Florence' hands are careless, giving baby tears,
Causing mother anxious, troubled fears.
Thoughtless Florence, careless Florence, needs to learn
That in giving others trouble, she gets trouble in return.

(In the doings of these sisters
You will find
Something that you'd better
Bear in mind.—*Ed.*)

MARY'S APRON AND HOW IT GREW

MARY, your apron grew on a tree. Yes, it did!" replied seven-year-old Jimmie, laughing at his sister's reproachful look.

"I saw my mother make it," said Mary, taking up one corner of the dainty muslin apron and looking at it carefully.

"The stuff it is made of grew on a little tree that looks just like our bush rosetree," insisted Jimmie. "Aunt Ethel has a book full of pictures about it. Come and see!" and, taking Mary by the hand, Jimmie trotted out to the piazza, where Aunt Ethel was sewing.

"Aunt Ethel, did the stuff my apron is made of grow on a little tree like a rosebush?" asked Mary, eagerly.

Aunt Ethel took hold of the muslin apron, and then nodded, smilingly. "Yes, my dear," she said, "your apron is made of cotton, and cotton grows on a plant. It is the fruit of a plant."

"Well, I didn't know cloth grew!" said the little girl.

"I will tell you about it," said Aunt Ethel, lifting Mary into her lap. "Then, when you hear about cotton cloth and cotton thread, you will know just what it means."

"Does thread grow, too?"

"See," said Aunt Ethel, holding up the apron, "this cloth is made of hundreds of fine threads. So, you see, the thread is really made first."

"Tell her about the cotton-plant," said Jimmie.

"Some day," went on Aunt Ethel, "you and Jimmie will go to South Carolina; and, instead of fields of grass, you will see fields of cotton. If it be in July, all the cotton-plants will show a round fruit about as big as a walnut. In August, when this fruit has ripened, it bursts open, and then out come lovely white fluffs of lint. And this white lint is cotton.

"It is all picked from the plant and cleaned, and then the white strands are spun into thread, and then the thread is woven into cloth, and your mother buys

the cloth and cuts Mary out an apron and sews it with fine cotton thread, and here it is."

"There!" said Jimmie. "I told you that your apron grew on a little tree."

"Who picks the cotton lint?" asked Mary.

"Negro boys and girls," said Aunt Ethel.

"I must go and tell mother about cotton," said Mary, slipping down from Aunt Ethel's lap. "Perhaps she will set out some cotton-plants and we can raise our own cloth."

But Aunt Ethel shook her head. "No," she said, "it has to be a very warm climate for cotton to grow in, and a great deal of sunlight. Your mother can not raise cotton here."

"Well," said Mary, thoughtfully, "we can raise lovely roses. Mother is at work now in the rose garden, and I am going to tell her about my apron. Which do you think is best, Aunt Ethel, roses or cotton?"

"What do you think?" asked Aunt Ethel.

"Roses," answered Mary.

"Cotton, of course," declared Jimmie.—*Alice Turner Curtis in Youth's Companion.*

What Keeps Off the "'Fraids" for Laddie

"I love to go to bed at night"
So sings our laddie boy
"And see God's stars and moon so bright,
It gives us strength and joy."

"You know you feel around you here
The peace of coming rest,
You cuddle down with daddy near
And head on mother's breast."

"And then into the nest of peace,
With wishes strong and bright,
Your father—mother tucks you in
With 'Pleasant dreams, dear one, good night.'"
"And when you give your thought of thanks
For health and strength abiding,
The ship-of-sleep drifts off the banks
In God's sweet love confiding." LADDIE'S MOTHER

OXFORD, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—My young sister, to whom I send WEE WISDOM, wanted me to write a poem for her about the departure of her Sunday School teacher for Scotland. I was "moved" to write these lines. It occured to me that you might use them in WEE WISDOM. EMMA FISK SMITH.

TO A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER

Thrice blest in her faithful service,
And dear to the hearts of youth,
Is the tender and loving teacher
Who guides in the way of truth,
Wherever their feet may wander,
However their paths divide,
In heart they are still together,
Though sundered by rolling tide.

No place can be far from the angels,
At home or in foreign land;
All people are gathered like children
In the midst of the Father's hand.
And the teacher that's well-beloved
A wonderful halo wears,
For always is she encircled
With beautiful thoughts and prayers.

Good seed in young hearts up-springing,
Will ripen in after years,
A bountiful harvest be garnered
Where haply 'twas sown with tears.
Together the sower and reaper,
Rejoicing o'er victory won,
Will number their sheaves at even,
When the Master shall say, "Well done."

So parting is shorn of its bitter,
With God is no here nor there,
And often may teacher and children
Be gathered as one in prayer,
Though seasons drift on like snow flakes,
Their love will be glowing yet;
The children must aye remember,
The teacher can ne'er forget.

EMMA FISK SMITH.

EPISTLES

NAPA, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the second time I have written, though I am in a different place. I was at Lancaster then, now I am at Napa City. I'm here for a visit. I thank you very much for the extra copy of WEE WISDOM. I send you the picture of the yucca in India ink. Last time I forgot



to put in ten cents for Blanche, though I said I would. But this time I will. I am going to write a story for WEE WISDOM. The second part of my story will be best.

Your friend, MARGARET WALTON.

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT TRAVELED A LONG WAY

Once there was a litle girl who traveled a long way alone. She started at one o'clock Saturday night and got there at fifteen minutes to twelve Sunday night. The little girl was nine years old. She was happy and felt all right till she got off the train.

Her father was to meet her, but he did not. She was the only person that got off the train and she was in the rear end of the train. When she saw her father was not there she could hardly keep the tears back, because she had quite

a way to go and she did not know what to do. She feared she would get lost when she came to the city, and the boat had just gone and was going across the Bay. The little girl had to wait an hour and a half before the boat came back. She thought maybe her father missed the other boat and would come on the next. So when the hour and a half was over she went out on the pier. She thought surely he'd come on this boat. She looked all around but did not see her father anywhere, so she went and got her ticket to go across the bay. When the little girl got her ticket the station agent asked her if she knew the way after she got there. The little girl had never been there before and said, "No." There were tears in her eyes and her voice sounded as if she were going to cry. The station agent said there were some other people going to the same place. So the conductor of the boat gave the little girl into the people's care. She tried not to cry but she could not help it. In a little while the boat went across the bay.

MARGARET WALTON.

(Continued next month.)

TUCSON, ARIZ.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I am living on the ranch this summer. I like it out there because you can have all the pets you want. I have a pet goat and pigeons. I did have a horse but it was stolen a week ago. I didn't get the May number and would like to have it. I would like to have some little Wee write to me.

Your loving Wee, FLEDA CHAMBERLIN.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Enclosed you will find 50c in stamps so that you may visit me another year. I don't think I can do without you. When you come you always bring sunshine and brightness. I shall try and write more this year. Love to all the Wees. I am sincerely yours. MAXINE H. DAVIS.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—Mamma has sent the money for WEE WISDOM last week and we got your letter today telling us of those nice books, and enclosed find love offering. Your little Wee. From, ANN RAMSAY.

BRANDY CITY.

MY DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I am eight years old and I am in the third grade at school. I like to take the WEE WISDOM very much. Well, I will close; from,

OLIVE A. CALVIN.



Zina Parkinson and her cat "Ginger."

TRES PINOS, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am sending three subscriptions for the WEE WISDOM. I thank you very much for printing in my drawing. I hope my friends will get the June number.

Your loving Wee, BERTHA NELSON.

(Good for Bertha! WEE WISDOM welcomes these new friends and returns thanks for Bertha's first bringing them. Now, if Bertha will choose one of the books from WEE WISDOM's Library, we will be glad to send it to her.—ED.)

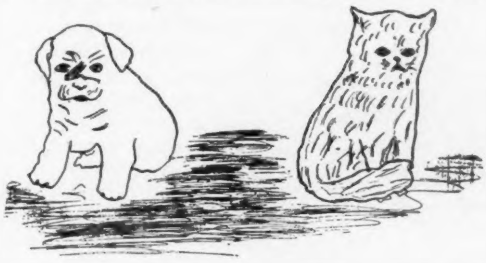
BRANDY CITY.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I am am only 9 years old. I like the WEE WISDOM. I have only one sister. I am in the third grade and I like to go to school. How are all the Wees? From your little Wee.

IRENE D. CALVIN.

SNOHOMISH, WASH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write to you and send you a picture I drew. I wrote to Louise Parker and sent her one and thought I would send you one too. She writes



nice letters and she answered mine. She is going to send me her picture and a picture of her pony. Well, I will close, with love to all the Wees. Your loving friend,

MERLE GAINER.

SAN JOSE, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I like you very much. My Sunday School teacher gives you to me every month. I am ten years old and I am in the fourth grade. I go to the Home of Truth Sunday School. I like it very much. We have made three books with verses in them and pictures too. I like the books of "God's Care," the best. This is my favorite verse: "Seek ye first His kingdom and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

Don't all you little Wees think that it is a nice verse? I have some chickens and a little kitten. With love to all you little Wees.

RUTH MEAGEHR.

BELOIT, WIS.

DEAR FRIEND—Certainly we want WEE WISDOM to visit us, not only for one year but always, for is it not a part of our family circle, and how could we get along without it? So am enclosing traveling expenses, and trust that this time next year, Ruth will be able to write you personally, as she will be six in October. Ruth and Ruby are learning so many new pieces and songs that I can hardly keep up with them. They know so many that I can hardly tell which to send to WEE WISDOM. Will take a little time to think it over, and send them later.

MRS. A. L. FEIDLER.

CASEYVILLE, ILL.



DEAR WEE WISDOM—It is quite a while since I have written to you, so I thought I would write. The stories which are being published in you are always growing more beautiful. The story, "The Difference," is very beautiful. The Bible Lessons and also WEE WISDOM'S Club are very beautiful. Our school will soon be out. Our picnic is on the 26th of May. I am very fond of drawing, so I drew a few pictures and thought I would send them to you. My garden is mostly composed of flowers and a few vegetables. We had a frost and some snow here on the 23d and 24th of April which froze all of the fruit and most of the vegetables. I will close with love to you and all the Wees.



ANNA STOLLE.

SAN JOSE, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am a little girl that goes to the San Jose Home of Truth. I like the Home of Truth Sunday School very much. We have been having a lesson about the story Jesus told of the lost sheep. I have raised little sheep. My mother has twenty little lambs. We live on a big farm in

Montana. I am going home this June to spend my vacation on the ranch. I will get to see all the little sheep that my mother raised. Sheep are very useful in ways; their wool is made into cloth. They make nice pets, too. Once there were some men driving a big band of sheep; there were about two thousand of them, and they camped all night in front of our place. They left one poor old sheep in the road and my brother and I went up and got it and brought it home and took good care of it. We raise cows and horses on our farm too. Once there was a man gave me a sheep. My father sheared it with some big scissors and sent the wool away by a man who was taking a load to town. Here in San Jose I have a fox terrier. She is just five months old. She is little for her age. From,

ARLO HIGHT.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR WEES—I think WEE WISDOM is a beautiful little magazine. This is my first letter to you. I am nine years old and am in the fourth grade in school. My papa takes UNITY and likes it very much. I have a pet; it is a black cat named "nigger." He is as black as coal. We have a big back garden. I like Blanche's corner and WEE WISDOM club. My papa gave meWEE WISDOM for Christmas. With love to all the little Wees. Yours truly,

ESTHER ECKERSON.

CLAYPOOL, IND.

DEAR WEES—This is my first letter to you. I have learned to read WEE WISDOM through. A neighbor gave me a sample copy and I think it is fine. I like it for the good that is in it. I am seven. Last year was my first year of school, and my teacher promoted me to the third year grade. We live on a farm. I can milk one cow. I have a dog and his name is Ted and two pet lambs, and one is brown and one is white. I have four brothers: Earl, Carl, Eddie and Raymond. I go to Sunday School and get a little paper and ticket. I have two dolls, and one's name is Netty and the other Nelly. I am learning to help mama with the work. I will close with love to all the little Wees and Blanche.

MARJORIE CAUFFMAN.

VALMEYER, ILL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would let you know

that I am well and hope the same of you. I will write to you to tell you about my garden. I sowed one bed of lettuce, two beds of radishes, one bed of carrots and turnips. Everything came up very nice and is growing now. This is all I can tell about my garden.

My little sister Eleanor was three years old on the 14th of May. We have two little kittens at home and she plays with them all day long. This is all I know for this time. I will write a little verse:

There are no flowers grown in the vale,
Kissed by the dew, wooed by the gale;
None by the dew of twilight wet,
So deep as the deep blue violet.

Your little Wee, FRIEDA SCHELLHARDT.

VISALIA, CAL.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—How are you? I am getting along fine. I have received two letters from Merle Gainer, and one from Ruth Dean. I was awfully glad to get them and enjoyed them so much. I am very near well now. I wish WEE WISDOM came every week. I love to read it. It gets pretty hot here in the summer and then I go away. Well, I will close this time with love for all. Your Wee. LOUISE PARKER.

POTTSVILLE, MICH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my first letter to you. I am 9 years old and in the third grade at school. WEE WISDOM'S birth month is in August and so is mine. I like to read the stories in WEE WISDOM so much. I will send my traveling expenses as soon as I can, for I want to take her another year, she is so nice. I have a big brother and a pair of twin sisters and a little brother 14 years old. And I am the youngest. I will close with love. I am your loving Wee.

JANE JOHNSON.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—We've been friends a long time and your visits have made me ever so different. I used to get mad; blame somebody for everything that went wrong with me. But you've helped me to think about the Good—and I've found out we can't be well and happy when we let bad thoughts get into our head. So I'm learning to love everybody and to be patient with everything—and things don't go wrong with me any more—and someway, I wonder how I ever overlooked the beautiful, good things that fill God's world. Your loving Wisdom, MAMIE.

BLANCHE'S BIBLE LESSONS.

Lesson 1, July 3.

PICTURES OF THE KINGDOM.—Matt. 13:31-33, 44-52.

GOLDEN TEXT—*"The Kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.*—Romans 14:17

In today's lesson Jesus tells of the value of the Kingdom of Heaven. He says that for the Kingdom of Heaven it would be worth while to give up everything else.

Now where is the Kingdom of Heaven? Why, it is the City of Peace within each one of us, isn't it? When we once get our thoughts centered there, things outside never bother us any more, for we are in harmony with the Divine order of things. We are on the smooth track of Love and we know that the outside has no control over us. No wonder Jesus told how good it was to be in the Kingdom.

It isn't hard to get there. All we need to do is to be still a little while each day and sort over our thoughts, throwing away the unreal and keeping the real. If we form the habit of sitting in The Silence a while each day and allowing only good thoughts of ourselves and those around us to enter our minds, it will not be long until we enter into the City of Peace and leave all disturbing things outside.

Lesson 2, July 10.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT—*"The words that I speak unto you, they are Spirit and they are Life.*—John 6:63.

In our text today, "The words that I speak unto you, they are Spirit and they are Life,"—the word I, means the voice within us, the voice of the Almighty. So it is the words of the Christ within that are Spirit and Life. When the voice says, *"God is my health, I cannot be sick,"* they are not dead words, but are full of life and health, and make us strong and well. The words of the Spirit are living words. And if we say,*"I am strong and well and happy,"* we drive the unreal

away from us and make strength and health and happiness all around and through us. We must always speak living words of truth for we do not want to create shadows around us, but the beautiful light of Divine Order.

Lesson 3, July 17.

PETER'S CONFESSION.—Matt. 16:13-28.

GOLDEN TEXT—*"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God.*—Matt. 16:16.

When Jesus asked the disciples who they thought he was, it was Peter who answered,—"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God."

Peter, you know, means faith. It is our faith that believes in the Christ within us. This Christ is all powerful, but it cannot help us unless we believe in it and want its guidance. When we absolutely believe as Peter did, that the Christ within,—the Son of the Living God,—is greater than anything else in the world, then there is nothing that we cannot do. We can keep ourselves healthy and happy all the time through this power within. We can—by thinking about the Good and listening to the voice of Good all the time—become so filled with Good that we will see nothing else. Everything will be bright with the light of Love and error will disappear. Let us, like Peter, *know* that the Spirit within is the mightiest thing in the world and that nothing else is worth while.

Lesson 4, July 24.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.—Matt. 17:1-8; 14-20.

GOLDEN TEXT—*"This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.*—Matt. 17:5.

In the lesson today we hear of a certain man who was brought to the disciples to be cured, but they could not do it. Then he was brought to Jesus who healed him immediately. Jesus was much displeased because his followers had failed to heal the man. When they asked him why they could not do it, he said it was because they had so little faith. He told them that if they had faith as much as a grain of mus-

tard (which you know is very small), they could move mountains. He told them that if they had faith, nothing should be impossible to them.

When we find that we are not keeping ourselves joyful and well it is because we have so little faith. Let us never blame things outside for our troubles. Remember it is only our lack of faith. There are people who continually go around with a long face, saying such things as this, "I hope it will be all right, but I am afraid it won't," or "Oh, you might know it would go wrong if I undertook it. Things always do." They wear such an injured expression just as if it were the fault of someone else that things went wrong.

If we have enough faith (and the way to increase our faith is to use it), we can always keep ourselves in perfect harmony. If we are not always well and happy, whose fault is it?

Lesson 5. July 31

A LESSON ON FORGIVENESS.—Matt. 18:21-35.

GOLDEN TEXT—*"If you forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you.*—Matt. 6:14.

Once Peter asked Jesus how many times he should forgive his brother for sinning against him. He wondered if he should forgive him seven times. Then Jesus said, "I say not unto thee, Until seven times, but Until seventy times seven." Jesus' advice was given to Peter, but is for you and me as well. We are to forgive our enemies. Forgiving, as we have learned before, means giving-for. So when people do things which offend us, instead of getting angry we should give them good for evil. We should be kind to them, and then they will be sorry that they ever were unkind to us and will be just as nice as can be afterward. Isn't that better than being angry?

Today's lesson is a story about a king, one of whose servants owed him some money. The king commanded that the servant and his wife and children be sold to pay the debt. The man begged so hard that at last the king forgave him the debt. Then this same servant met a brother-servant who was indebted to him. Immediately he took him by the throat saying, "Pay what thou owest." His fellow servant besought

him to have patience, but he would not and had the debtor cast into prison. When the king heard of this he was very angry and sent for the cruel man and said, "Thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou besoughtest me. Shouldest not thou also have had mercy on thy fellow-servant even as I had mercy on thee?" Then the king delivered the wicked servant to the tormenters until his debt was paid. Our King is the Spirit within us. It is always ready to forgive us, that is, it is always ready to teach us, no matter how far out of the path of Divine Harmony we have strayed. Unlike the king, the Spirit never punishes, but sometimes we punish ourselves by not listening to it. We should forgive others as our Father in Heaven (the Spirit within), forgives us. Not only until "seven times," but until "seventy-times-seven," are we to "give-for evil, Good.

THINK RIGHT

AUNT NINA.

'Tis not the place where you stay
  Nor the food that you eat,
That makes the happiest mortal on earth,
  With health and blessings complete.

It's the thoughts that you think,
  And the words that you speak,
And the deeds that you do every day,
That make up your happiness, make up your woe,
  And keep you strong, healthy, or weak.

Now, your thoughts are the seeds
Of your words and your deeds—
  Whatever you sow you will reap;
Make your harvest quite sure
And your blessings secure,
  By the strong, loving thoughts that you think.

You want to find God's home?
Gently, softly, this way come,
On the *"door"* you'll find a name—
"Jesus Christ"—all written plain;
"Knock!" The door swings open wide.
Only *your* pure heart inside. M

BLANCHE'S CORNER



If all of you knew how much fun you could get out of a little patch of ground I believe you would spend at least part of your vacation gardening.

Every morning I array myself in a big garden hat (it is not very pretty but it is wide and comfortable), and a pair of long gloves—then I take my watering can and small trowel and start. I water, and dig a bit, coax and love all the plants and they are growing beautifully. We are eating vegetables from the garden and this very morning I counted ten tiny tomatoes. Of course there will be a great many more because the vines are loaded with blossoms.

And the flowers—the verbenas are blooming and the porch box is loaded with blossoms. The Marigolds and nasturtiums are budding, and yesterday I picked my first rose, a beautiful white one, with a wonderfully delicate fragrance.

Queer things happen to the beginner in gardening. For instance, I have watered and cared for something I thought was purple clematis. For days I have watched it and now I strongly suspect it of being nothing but a common thing they call buck-weed.

But I'm going to try again, this time buying clematis of a responsible nursery. We mustn't let little things bother or discourage us in gardening any more than in life, and anyway, the dear weed did its best for me. It just couldn't send out lovely purple flowers but it could *grow* and it certainly did that.

I wish some of the Wees would write us about their gardens. Surely some of you planted something. We would all be glad to hear about it.

By the way, next month is August and you know that means that all of you must write something for WEE WISDOM. That would be a good chance to tell about your gardens. If you have any good pictures of yourself or your garden send them along.

If you haven't a garden write about anything you think will be interesting. There's another thing we haven't heard about and that's the "Remember Word." If you have used it, write about it. Begin right away, because you should send it to us early in July.

Everybody get to work now, and write something fine for August. We want to make it the best Birthday Party WEE WISDOM ever had.

YE EDITOR'S CORNER

The time draws nigh for WEE WISDOM's sixteenth birthday. She's getting to be a big girl now, and what shall we do about it? Lengthen her skirts, put up her hair and make a *debutante* of her?

You are laughing! "Oh, she isn't a real girl," you are saying. To be sure, I had overlooked the fact that to you, WEE WISDOM is just a little magazine, visiting you at your homes and telling her little truth-stories. But to me she is a real, living Wisdom-child, almost as really my girl as these three blessed boys, that have grown up to manhood since her inception in type, are my boys. This being the case, you can understand how much ye Editor loves WEE WISDOM and how glad she is to have her go to your homes and carry health and joy with her. Why! it is almost as if I were going myself, so interested do I feel in all our Wisdom's and their affairs.

And so, though I am not on the entertaining committee next month, you may be sure ye Editor keeps near enough to see that Blanche and Royal do the right thing by our birthday visitors. Everyone who comes to the birthday party in letter, story or picture, will receive an extra copy of the Birthday Edition, providing they send with it their full address. So, come one, come all, and let's have the very biggest and best birthday gathering ever known to WEE WISDOM.

WISDOM

Young folks Magazine
DEVOTED TO
Practical Christianity

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

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

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July, 1910---Our Fourth

(Viewed by a Kid.)

Say, I'm looking spry
Fer it's Fourth of July
  And my hat is red-white-and-blue.
I'm goin' away,
To a picnic today,
  An' I'd like mighty well to take *you.*

It's a reg'lar lark
In the beau'fulest park.
  It's the whole bunch from Unity.
An' th' most things to eat.
Gee! but it's a treat!
  Would I miss it? Not much, no-sir-ee!

There's games fer a prize
An' you're full to your eyes
  Of sandwiches, pickles and cake.
They don't stint you none;
You can eat till you're done.
  'En lemonade—all you can take.

An' that night in bed
When you lay down yer head
  You think with a right happy sigh,
Of the eatin' an' fun,
'En then things you have done.
  'Twas a glorious Fourth of July!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

AESOP VERSIFIED

"O look!" cried one, "A big strong man!
On horseback! Look and see!
While just behind a little boy
Is trudging wearily."

"Quite right you are," the farmer said,
"I'm glad we chanced to meet."
And then he placed the little boy
Up with him on the seat.

Said he, "My son, let us go back,
We've tried to please each one,
And we've succeeded in the end
In satisfying none.
"So now we'll go back home again
And start another day,
And travel just as we think best
Nor mind what people say."

Wee Wisdom Library

Six volumes full of interest to boys and girls.

The first, second and third volumes are short Truth stories, poems, etc. Volume three is a complete story in itself, entitled, "The Garden, the Gate and the Key," by Mary Brewerton de Witt. It is beautifully told and personifies the virtues of Faith, Prudence and Patience, seeking each their special way into the garden of Wisdom. Volumes five and six are composed of short stories written by children. Price per volume, 15 cents.

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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."

