WEE WISDOM



MAY, 1910
KANSAS CITY, MO.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

To her fair young daughter, a pretty white duck,
A good mother hen called, Cluck, cluck, cluck!

"Keep away from the water,
My little duckie daughter."

"But I'll never learn to swim
If I don't soon begin."

"Come, lie in the dust
And get your feathers clean."

"I'd rather wash them off
In this nice running stream."

"But you'll get your little feet
All dirty and wet,

And there's nothing to scratch
In the water, my pet."

"There are nice juicy things
That I like to eat,
And the water feels cool
On my flat yellow feet."

So the good hen lay down
In the dust to dream,
While the little duck swam
In the clear running stream.

—W. S.



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THE DIFFERENCE

FLORENCE SLACK CRAWFORD

Bobbie was chasing a butterfly. He did not mean to hurt it, for of course he knew that would be an unloving thing to do, but he wanted to get really close to it to see the beautiful colors on its wings, and to hold it in his hand if he possibly could. The chase seemed all in vain, and he was beginning to wonder if salt would work out with butterflies, as he had heard it would with birds, when he suddenly remembered that butterflies have no tails. He was just thinking it over, and wondering if wings would do instead, when he realized for the first time that he was around the corner. Now mother had said never to go beyond the corner at Tillimook Street, and in his haste while hurrying after the butterfly, he made the discovery that he was quite a few feet around it. He stopped short, intending to hasten right back, when his eyes became fastened upon something so bright and so lovely that both the butterfly and the fact that he had disobeyed instructions were quite forgotten. There shining through the fence was a beautiful golden poppy, the first he had seen since he had left his yellow-dotted sand lot in San Francisco. Eagerly he reached forth his little hand and grasped it, thinking in his joy how happy mother would be, for he remembered the beautiful smile which always lit up her face when he brought them to her in their California home. This one had a fine long stem, too, and for some reason mother seemed to like long stems, although he could not tell just why, for he preferred to get the soft golden cup right in his palm.

Suddenly a sharp voice rang out, "You little thief.

Don't you ever dare to touch my flowers again. I'll have you arrested."

"Oh," he gasped. The shrill voice lashed him like a whip. He trembled from head to foot. No one had ever spoken to him like that before. A thief—what was that? He had never heard the word; but being arrested, he knew what that meant. Once while on a car with father he had seen a policeman handling a poor man roughly. It had filled his little soul with anguish at the time, and father had explained that the man was being arrested, although he did not seem to want to talk about it. Could it be that he too had picked a poppy for his mother or little boy? The memory of that time and the sudden vision of the ugly wrinkled face now peering at him through the door-way filled him with terror, and not knowing why he screamed, "Mother, mother," and ran.

It was not until he had reached the vacant lot next door to his home that he dared to look back. The old lady had disappeared. He was out of breath, and still trembling. The poppy hung like a weight of lead in his hand. Somehow all the beautiful world seemed dark. The love had all gone out of his heart, and he was cold. The tears began to come to his eyes. How could he ever explain to his mother? Not knowing what else to do, he climbed up into the lot where he had thrown the poppy, and tumbling in a heap beneath a hazelnut bush, sobbed and sobbed.

He did not really know how long he had stayed there, but after awhile he lay quiet, and tried to face the situation in a more practical way. It was his first tragedy; the first time in his life that anything in the world had seemed against him. Before he had been as fearless and free as the air. Now he was burdened with an awful dread. What should he do, and how would he ever explain to mother? How would he be able to tell her that he was to be arrested? Perhaps even now a policeman was coming. Oh, to think of a policeman coming up into his mother's beautiful garden among the lovely flowers, and that big black wagon to be in front of the house, and for them to take him—oh, oh, oh, what would he do? In spite of himself the tears came into his eyes again. Then came a ray of hope: perhaps

the man would not know where to find him, perhaps he did not know where he lived, and perhaps, then, mother need never know. That would be such a relief. He must go home now, at least, for soon mother would be calling. She might find him there under the bushes, and question him, and now he did not feel that he would tell her. So he brushed away the tears, got up, peered among the bushes to see if either the old lady or the policeman were in sight, and seeing neither, he slid down the bank and made a bold dash for his sand box which stood just back of the sweet pea frame in their yard. That would be a good place to stay for it could not be seen from the street, and mother would know that he was all right for she could see him from the window.

Once safely seated there, he began to feel more and more comfortable. It was so nice to be at home, with mother near, and he was glad that the sand box was behind the sweet pea frame. Every once in awhile he peeped among the blossoms to make sure that everything was all right, and the afternoon wore on he felt more and more secure, and thought he must have been right in thinking they did not know where he lived.

The shadows on the grass were growing noticeably longer. The last rays of sunshine had left the sandbox, and were creeping up the raspberry vines which made a hedge at the back of the lot, causing the topmost leaves to shimmer in the soft light, while the roots below were bathed in increasing gloom. The telling hush which always marks the close of day became more and more apparent. It was doubtless almost five o'clock. Mother would soon be calling. This thought caused him to glance toward the window, and there she was smiling down upon him.

"Darling," she said. "let us get dressed now, and we can go meet father tonight."

They did not always do this. Some times mother was too busy, and the weather was not always pleasant, but occasionally, as part of a treat to all concerned, they would walk down to 19th and Tillimook streets, the end of the Irvington car line, and wait for the six o'clock car, as a little surprise for father. It was always so pleasant to see the happiness in his face when he caught sight of them waiting there.

Without a word Bobbie arose, but he was trembling. It was dreadful enough to go in the house to face mother, and not to reveal the terrible thing which had befallen him, but to go to meet father, and to have to walk right past that house where the awful tragedy had occured, seemed altogether unbearable. There was nothing to say however, unless he gave out the secret, and so he thought best to suffer in silence, and perhaps, after all, things would glide along without serious trouble as they had done during the afternoon. So he called "All right mother," and started in the house.

"Did my little man have a good time playing out of doors today," mother asked as she met him on the stairway. Bobby could not say anything, but mother never noticed that he did not reply, and went right on talking about what a beautiful day it had been, and "Had he been around to look at the pansies? That lovely magenta one was in bloom, and didn't it seem strange that such a beautiful thing could come from the tiny black seed they had planted one day?"

When it came time to wash the face and hands mother noticed that the little eyes were heavy, and said, "It looks as though there have been tears in there, dearie. You did not have a quarrel with any of your little friends, did you?"

"Oh, no, he had had no quarrel," he said, trying with great effort to attain his composure, but he ventured no further remarks, and for the first time mother began to suspicion that something had happened to mar the harmony of the day, but she decided not to question him further, trusting that he would make her his confidant in due time.

Soon he was fresh and clean in a white linen suit. She always called this particular one his "little prince" suit, although she did not know just why. He looked so manly in it she guessed, and because it was a favorite with father, she had put it on him tonight.

They stepped out into the gathering twilight, in appearance perfectly attuned to all Nature round about them. He dressed in spotless white, and she, in a robe of softest blue, which seemed but a reflection of the sky above. The west was aflame with color, but the sun had just dipped behind the gray hills which form a

mighty bulwark at the back of the city. A beautiful night was fast following a beautiful day, but to Bobby there was no color, no loveliness, for his heart was heavy with dread. He tried to make his step as gay and free as ever, but he would lag behind, and several times mother had to slacken her pace or urge him to quicken his. It seemed as if there were weights in the little feet, and his legs were shaking almost from under him.

It seemed more than he could bear to go past that house, and perhaps to have that old lady come out to him again. It was not the policeman that he dreaded so much now, for did not policemen go home to their little boys at night as all other fathers do? But he could not bear the thought of that old lady coming out. She might shout at him again or tell his mother all about it, and he meant to spare his mother if he could.

Now it had always been their custom to walk upon the north side of the street, when they came to Tillimook. It was the most natural thing to do, but tonight when they came to the corner, and Bobbie espied that house of doom lying directly across the street, his feet just refused to move. He stood still.

"Come on, dearie," she urged, but without effect. Every vestige of color had left his face, his hands were trembling, and he was staring at the opposite house. Mother saw in a moment that she had been correct in thinking something unusual had happened in Bobbie's life that day, and now she felt that that house had figured in it in some way. She decided, however that she would not question him just then, so when he said "I would like to go this way," pointing to the south side of the street, she did not dispute him, but took his hand and crossed over Tillimook street with him. Poor little fellow. She wondered what the trouble had been. With true mother's instinct, she bided her time, knowing full well that he would unburden himself to her sooner or later.

He walked more briskly now, for the house stood behind him and he was almost to 19th street, and sure enough, the car was just turning the corner. It was on time, and they would not have to wait. His dear father would be with them in a moment.

Father was on the front platform calling, "Hello,

Buster," before the conductor had time to announce the end of the line. He swung down from the car to meet them, bouncing the little fellow in his arms, starting for home meanwhile. But Bobbie could have screamed, for, oh, they were on the north side of the street, and headed directly for that house. Things seemed to grow worse and worse. Would his torment never cease? The nearer they came to the dreaded corner, the slower went Bobbie's legs. The inevitable was upon him this time. He seemed doomed to go past it, and there was no help at hand. Mother whispered to father to observe him as they drew near the house, but not to say anything. Bobbie moved slower and slower,—it was but three houses beyond him now; in a moment, but two, and oh, at last he was right up to it! What should he do? For a second he hesitated, then seized with a mighty impulse, he stooped away down, keeping close in the shadow of the fence, crept past, and once safely by, he ran as fast as his legs would carry him. Like the wind he flew, and almost by the time mother and father reached the corner, he was bounding up the steps into their yard.

"What does it all mean?" asked father. "That is where Mrs. Williams lives, how could he possibly have had trouble with her?"

"I cannot imagine," responded mother. Then she related how he had come in that afternoon with heavy, red eyes, and continued by saying he had been so quiet all evening, and that as they were on their way to meet him, Bobbie had insisted upon walking on the far side of the street. "He seemed to be terribly wrought up over something," she added.

"Yes, agreed father," and we must find out what it is. It will never do for him to go to bed with that on his mind. It is not good for him, and doubtless, if we gain his confidence, we can see the thing in a light which will relieve him of all its terrors."

When they reached home, they found Bobbie in the kitchen with Emma, the maid. He was standing, pale and quiet, by the kitchen table.

(To be continued.)

A LIFE'S GARDEN

A garden plot of sunny hours,
God gives me when I wake,
And I can make it bright with flowers
All day for ms dear sake.

Red roses, if my heart is sweet
With love for all my own;
And heart's-ease springing at my feet
For every kindness shown. And shining sunny marigold,
If I am brave and bright,
And lilies for the thoughts that hold
My heart all pure and white.

Sweet violets, hiding in their leaves,
For truth and modesty;
And blossoms, if a soul that grieves
Finds comforting in me.

And poppies if my toil brings rest
To hands grown tired with care;
And always—first and last and best—
For-get-me-nots of prayer.

—*Selected.*

THE WEE WISDOM CLUB

BESSIE EVANS PETTINGER.

THEY ADMIT NEW MEMBERS AND PLAY "IT"

The Bell family had moved into the neighborhood, and the Wee Wisdom Club was greatly exercised over this advent, for a new family coming into the quiet little village was a matter of no small moment. It might mean everything or nothing to the Club, for if the two boys and one girl were "nice" they would ask them to join the Club, but if they weren't "nice" then they would be treated politely, but not as "one of us."

Now the children had had one rather severe experience in taking in new members, for they had asked Harry Meggs to belong to the Club and afterwards found out

that he would not play fair, would not pay the fines that he was constantly calling down upon himself by his behavior, and that he made sport of their most earnest endeavors at entertaining; he was noisy and ill-mannered, and mother informed the Club that unless one of the members of the W. W. C. learned to close doors, and clean the mud from his shoes before going up stairs, she would no longer rent her rooms to them for their meetings. Things had gotten to a serious stage when the Megg family moved from the town, thus solving the difficulty.

So now that the new family had moved into the little yellow house around the corner from Robert's, the Club members were anxious to find the young people eligible for election, but wise through past experience, they awaited with cautious watchfulness the conduct of their new neighbors.

Of course the Bells knew nothing of this scrutiny to which they were subjected, and they went about saying and doing the things that were usual and natural for them to do, never dreaming how much of their future pleasure depended upon their present actions.

And how true this is of all of us, at all times! By doing the usual natural things of our life, day by day, we build up in our minds and bodies the forces that are to serve us in the future. Into our life structure we put love or hate, joy or sorrow, health or illness, just as we choose. If we put Love thoughts into our mind and body, the result will be health and harmony for the future, but if we allow jealousy and anger to crowd out Love then we must expect the fruits of hatred, which are misfortune and illness, just as surely as when we plant sun-flower seed we must expect to raise sun-flowers. As we live and think our thoughts today, so will we reap the results of them tomorrow.

So the Bell family did not know how their invitation to join the Wee Wisdom Club depended upon their own actions, or how their names were being discussed one pleasant morning in May, while the seven members were busy in their Club garden.

(Oh, yes; of course, the Club had the finest garden in town, not a weed or a stone in it, while rows of vegetables, in every shade of greenness, were as straight as

stake and cord could make them, but as I told you all about their garden last year, I will not repeat it now, except to tell you that each year the ground got better and easier to work, the weeds were scarcer, and the results more abundant, and the chldren stronger and happier,—for as Aunt Jane of Kentucky said "Heaven must be a garden," and I myself, believe firmly, that the happiest spot on earth or heaven is a garden, surrounded by cabbages and turnips, while the fragrance of lilacs, sweetbrier and wall-flowers fill the air.)

As the garden making went on the children talked. "Well, the two boys are true blue, I'll tell you that," said Willie, "Henry smashed his finger yesterday, and Tom tied it up for him. I call that pretty good for brothers."

"Yes, Tom licked Oscar White for calling him 'Red Head,' and when he licked him till his nose bled, he went and helped him wash it off, and then he shook hands with him," eagerly announced Robert, mixing up his pronouns with as much thoroughness as he was mixing the sand and loam for his pepper plants.

"Jane's a nice girl, too, 'cause she showed me how to tie my shoe string so it wouldn't come out when I jump rope," said Lois, carefully cutting leaves from her rhubarb.

"And she showed me how to get an example yesterday morning, when Teacher was too busy to help me," said Nellie.

"I saw her wheel Mrs. White's baby carriage up the hill when Mrs. White had her hands full of bundles," added Mildred.

Sallie looked up from a tomato plant over which she had been sprinkling ashes, "They *are* nice, I know, 'cause they are so happy and have such good times together,—I saw all three of them running a race together yesterday—and it is always a sure sign that a family is nice when they have good times by themselves."

Margaret said, "We don't want to do anything that we will be sorry for afterward, and although I'm almost sure they are the very ones we want in our Club, let us have a test. Suppose next Saturday we have a picnic at the Spring, and invite the three Bells to attend it. We can play the game of 'It' ourselves without their knowing it, and we'll see if they play fair, and if

they do their share of the work, and if they like our way of playing—for after all they might be the ones that would not like to play with us."

Robert held his sides and laughed, "I never thought of that! maybe we ain't good enough for 'em."

Sallie looked up, indignant, "Of course we are good enough for them; everybody is good enough for everybody else if they behave themselves properly; it is all in whether they want to be nice enough or not, and I'm sure *we* all *want* to be good."

Robert turned again to his pepper plants and Sallie to her tomato, while Margaret went on with her suggestion—"We could each take sandwiches and stuffed eggs, and lemons for lemonade, and we could have lettuce and onions and radishes from our own garden, and we can get some fruit and, and, well that will be enough. There is enough money in the treasury to buy some candy and nuts."

"Oh, joy," exclaimed Nellie, "Ma says there 'aint no better way to find out a person's true disposition than to go picnicin' with them."

Lois had been digging away at a rhubarb root, with a very sober expression on her face; at last she spoke her thoughts, "Don't you think it kind of mean to invite people to a picnic just so 'at we can watch 'em and criticise their manners?"

They all stopped work to look at her. Robert was the first to speak—"Yes, I call it a down right mean trick," he said, "and we wouldn't like anyone to try it on us, now would we?"

But the others took a different view. "Don't we have a test in spelling and arithmetic before we are put in another class?" asked Willie.

"And don't we have to find out about people before we know what they can and will do?" added Margaret, while Sallie said, "You see the Club isn't like a person; we must consider what will be good for the Club and not what we would like for ourselves. If we should take in members who would not obey our rules it would break up the Club and spoil everything. I think it is all right to find and make sure of them before we ask them to become members."

And so it was decided, and the committee was ap-

pointed to see that the ground was clean, a swing hung from one of the tall trees, the invitation sent, the croquet set ready to put up and the refreshments prepared.

The guests accepted the invitation with gusto, and promised to be not a moment later than nine-thirty in making their appearance on the day set. Tom Bell went farther and said he could be there at eight, if they said so, but the president assured him that, owing to parental discipline, they would not be able to start earlier than nine-thirty.

But at nine-thirty Saturday morning the rain was coming down in sheets, and it was not only wet but cold and windy. Seven children stood on the front porch with faces as cloudy and dismal as the weather, and the game of "It" seemed to have been forgotten.

Big tears choked Nellie's voice, "Ma says the sun is always shining behind the clouds, but I don't care if it is, if it's pouring and raining in between."

"It's a shame!" Exclaimed Margaret, "and all this nice lunch, and our work all for nothing."

Just at nine-thirty exactly, and just when a heavier shower than usual struck the house, around the corner came three umbrellas which turned in at the gate. Past the lilac hedge and up to the front porch they came—"Fine day for ducks!" shouted Tom as he caught sight of the group on the porch. Henry shook the rain from his cap and with a grin of good nature remarked—"It's jolly wet, but I hope you have no intention of withdrawing your invitation, 'cause I've brought my fins with me."

Jane climbed the steps with a little shriek of laughter as the wind blew the rain in her face, "I told mother that you would be doing something nice, even if it did rain, because you were all that kind, and I wouldn't have stayed at home for worlds! oh, I'm just achin' to have some fun!"

The Club brightened up with the advent of their guests; they all looked a little ashamed of their former glumness and tried to atone for it with a forced hilarity.

"'Course we'll have a good time," answered Robert, "we always do."

"They are the ones who are showing us how to play our game of 'It,'" whispered Sallie to Mildred,

saying aloud, "Shall we have our picnic up in the hay-loft or in the nursery?"

How it happened is not just clear to me, but half an hour later the ten children were in the back yard at the Bell house, where a tent had been stretched some days before. "Us boys sleep here, because the house is too small when we have company," explained Tom ungrammatically, "and me and Hen cook lots of our meals here on this little cook stove, just for the lark of it, and Jane makes all sorts of good things on it for us and her dolls."

Soon the stove was alight, and while the rain pelted the sheltering canvass the children laughed and planned, and before they knew it they had made Jane, Tom and Henry members of their Club.

Lunch time came and Tom opened the oven door and took out ten beautifully baked potatoes; Henry had put a pot on the stove and now the tent was filled with the delicious fragrance of coffee, (a rare treat for all of them;) Jane brought cream, butter and salt from her mother's kitchen. While the girls unpacked their baskets the boys constructed a table by means of two boards and a couple of saw horses—and then the banquet began! What fun they had! How they laughed and chattered and told stories and jokes! The sun shone out toward the afternoon, but the children did not know it—they were too much occupied to notice any little thing like that. When time came to go home they were surprised that the day had been so short, and the old members bid the new members good-by, silently agreeing that the Bell children had taught them a few things that made the game of "It" more attractive than ever.

We want the little Wees to please remember that their little drawings *must* be sketched upon separate paper from their letters, and that the only color of ink that can be reproduced for making pictures for the WEE WISDOM magazine is a coal black India ink. Lead pencil and colored ink sketches we cannot use, and this is why so many of the nice drawings sent us are not found in the printed magazine.

AUNT LUCY'S HEART TO HEART TALKS WITH WEE WISDOM

LUCY C. KELLERHOUSE

Aunt Lucy (Miss Kellerhouse) is employed by "Uncle Sam" in the Forestry Department at Washington, D. C. She is on real good terms with him and "Hail Columbia." You must be sure and tell her what you want in the way of stories.—Ed.

I was sitting at my desk, when I felt a tugging at my skirt. Looking around, I saw WEE WISDOM with a very pleading look upon her face.

"Well, child," I said, "what do you want?"

"Aunt Lucy, you have neglected me," said WEE wistfully.

"Yes, child, I have," I replied.

Then I turned fairly around in my chair. "Sit down, Wee," I continued, "and let us talk it over."

So she took her little rocking-chair and brought it up close to me, while I studied her through my spectacles. "You are a dear little thing," I said, after a pleased scrutiny.

"Yes'm," she replied dutifully, "but—"

"Yes, it is always the 'buts'. And so, although your other relatives have been so good to you, and made you happy and the giver of happiness, there is still a little 'but', which I put there. They are all good to you—— *but* me. At least, I might have done more for you, seeing that I am one of your aunts, and your mother is always so busy. Blanche is good to you, *but* Blanche isn't Aunt Lucy. Now, Wee, I am going to look you over from top to toe, and see what I can do for you. You see, I am always so busy with things of my own, that I forget you—think that someone else can do for you, and I make promises that after awhile when Uncle Samuel does not demand so much of me, I can do for you. Well, we might as well plan for that time right now.

"The first thing that you need, to be a most interesting Wee, is stories. Your mama and your aunties do tell you some fine ones sometimes, and then there comes a little gap. Aunt Bessie is certainly doing her part, and Aunt Lucy might tell a fairy story once in awhile, for a change. Blanche, with her Bible Lessons, is tending to your spiritual welfare all right. Her poems help, too; for every poem and every story should have a meaning and help in that for which you stand, Wee—the spiritual life. Your Aunt Lida Hardy is giving you those beautiful lessons which Mother Nature has told her, in such an interesting way. I always read them, and I hope that you do, too.

"Children must always have nature stories to read, and Aunt Lida tells about everything under the sun; but—another 'but'—she talks generally, and I might specify; for instance——"

"Aunt Lucy, do you know about trees?" cried Wee.

"Would you like to hear about trees? I could tell you about the different trees, one at a time, and their pretty stories; or I could tell you how all trees budded and bloomed in the spring, wore various leaf dresses in the summer, hung festoons of seeds on their branches, or grew nuts in tucked-away places; and at last, in autumn, were as gay as could be in bright colors, after which they settled down as quiet as could be, and only the little evergreen trees wore clothes in cold weather—how funny!

"Yes, Wee, you must be educated—in a nice, easy way, so you won't know it is being done. I have thought over ever so many plans. For instance, a series of stories telling how children lived in other countries, which the Wee's in Australia and Japan and at the North Pole could write us. Then I thought of a chain of stories telling how little children lived in our own land—those little children who have to work in mills and factories, who live in city jungles and on lonesome mountains—the babies in tenements, the children who take outings in summer from the crowded city streets,—just so we could know what we are all doing in this big land, and help along with our thoughts and in every other way we could to make everyone as happy as we are. These last stories might be sad, unless we always told how someone came along and made things better—brought

to pass real quick, the Good which the little ones had seemed to miss. Every little child does not know all about the Good as you do, Wee; you are to tell them, and to tell others so that they can spread the glad tidings. You are a little Gospel.

"What more can I say? Yes, I have thought, too, of stories of what faith, faith in self and Good, has wrought in the way of success and great work and loving help. They would be historical and biographical.

"But everything must work around the central idea—uplifting of thought and life and everything and everybody that needs uplifting—and there always is room to go higher.

"Some day—I hope not far distant—I want to write about the little Wee's who are budding in the dark and looking for the light. I want to get acquainted with them. Just now I suppose that I know more about trees, which are very human when you come to know them, and have ever so many stories to tell. At least, they tell them to me. I have right now upon my desk two little twigs, one covered with red flowers and one with yellow. They are both from the same kind of tree, but would you have known it? They are from the silver maple tree, which hurries up in the spring and gets its flower dress ready almost ahead of any tree. But why are some of the flowers red and others yellow? Every Wee ought to know why. It is so nice to look at the trees and be able to tell about them—to know that forest trees bloom, as well as cherry and apple trees. Why, someone asked me this morning, 'Is that a peach blossom?"

"But I am digressing. I was just thinking things over, and wondering just what *you* would like most from your Aunt Lucy. Suppose you think it over, too, and tell me."

Isn't it a pleasure and joy to you, little Wees, to know that this beautiful little magazine is all for the little ones—to build health, happiness and contentment.

EPISTLES



MAY LOUISE SNYDER

DAYTON, TENN.

DEAR WEES—Wasn't our April number of WEE WISDOM fine? There are so many interesting things in it. Let's all be the queen's little page, but we must be careful and look for the beautiful flowers and not for the weeds. The Sun sent

such a bright warm message to us. I will always remember it and when the sun shines hot I know it is helping the flowers and plants. Our school has just closed and we had an entertainment the last day. There were crowds and crowds of people came and I wish all of you Wees could have been here. I recited the little Narcissus poem which I composed two years ago. In honor of school closing, that night we gave a surprise party to one of our little friends. It being "April Fool" day we had lots of fun fooling every one. The next day we were all very busy getting ready for a straw-ride-picnic. The girls furnished the lunch and the boys the wagon. About two o'clock we all started. The wagon was very crowded. There were twenty-one children besides the driver. We were packed like sardines in a box. Before we left town the wagon broke down and we had to send back after another wheel. We did not break down any more. When we got to the river we all took hands and climbed up a high bluff. When we came down we were hungry so we opened the lunch on the rocks. We had just started to eat when it began to rain. So we picked up our lunch and finished under a berry shed. Our chaperon surprised us all by bringing a freezer of ice cream. We all had a fine time. When we started back we each sang a different song at the same time. We had many yells too. It seems just anything will do to make a noise. I enclose a little poem which I selected for the May number. I have lots more to say but I will save it for another time. Wishing you Wees and Wisdoms, Health, Prosperity, and Love, I remain,

Lovingly yours. WEE WEE BENHAM.

DECATUR, GA.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my third letter to you. *I* have been taking WEE WISDOM for a good while and I like it *very* much. The front of the March WEE WISDOM sure is pretty. I love to read the stories, and the letters especially. I wish WEE WISDOM came every week. My Sunday School teacher wants our class to learn all of the Sermon on the Mount by heart. I have already learned some of it. I am sending you a story called "The Lost Ring," that I wrote myself. I trust it will be printed. I am eleven years old and am in the sixth grade at school. I like to go to school and Sunday School very much. I will close now with love to all the Wees.

Lovingly, MAMIE POWERS.

COLUMBUS, IND.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I now send you traveling money for five of my playmates. This is the third year you have come to me and I love you very much. I took the last number with the rabbit on the cover and showed it to my friends and they



read it and then subscribed for it. I have two pets, a hen and a kitten. My kitten is black with white feet and a white nose. My grandmother gave me a pretty toy rabbit last Saturday for Easter. My mama read Wee Wisdom's Way and The Story of Lovie to me. I like them very much. Now we are reading

the newer Wee Wisdom's Way. It makes the Little "*know*" grow in me and makes me well and strong. I am 7 years old. Very truly yours, WILLIAM W. SCHOMACKER.

[Just think of William's bringing us five little new friends! We thank him ever so much, and bid them all a hearty welcome, and are very sure they will like us and we them. William has written us such a good letter, too, every word as plain as print, and not one misspelled. We shall like to hear from his little friends and him again.—ED.]

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR WEE'S—I think WEE WISDOM is a beautiful little magazine. I am sure you will like to hear what I have to tell you. In my Sunday School there is going to be an entertainment, and we are going to learn some of Wee's verses to speak. This is the first time I ever wrote to you. I am twelve years old. I am in the high fourth grade. I like my teacher very much. If you love every one, every one loves you. I like my teacher, and my teacher likes me. A little Wee.

EVA JOY COLLIER.

OAK LAWN, R. I.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is my second letter to you. I will be nine years old in April. My cousin's birthday comes the 20th of March. I like school very much, am in fourth grade. I hope my letter will be printed in April WEE WISDOM. I think the March cover very pretty. I like the letters, the big and little Wees write. Your loving Wee.

LYNDA N. BAKER.

P. S. Lynda is delighted with a magazine all her own. She is very fond of reading and is now deeply interested in "A Child's Garden of Verses," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

LYNDA'S MAMA.

BERKLEY, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—You will find enclosed 50 cents for WEE WISDOM for one year. My Grandma has one that belongs to a little friend of mine and she reads to me before I go to bed and I like the stories so very much that my mother says I may take it. Grandma teaches me dear little pieces to speak from. I am very glad I am going to have it. Love to all the Wees. Your loving friend. RUTH H. FEFFIERS.

[We welcome little Ruth, and are glad to number her as one of our Wisdoms.—ED.]

WILBRAHAM, MASS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thank you very much for the extra copies. I have quite a few friends who like you very much. I am sending a picture of my two little sisters, Carol, aged three, and Edith aged four. Will you please have the picture published in WEE WISDOM, and then return them to me? Just



address it to Ludlow, Mass., R. F. D. No. 2. I think the cover of WEE WISDOM this month is very appropriate for Easter. I have a camera and I take a lot of pictures with it of my brothers and sisters. Our two weeks vacation has just ended. I am kind of glad to have school to begin. I am very fond of drawing and will send one, of a rose. Your little Wee.

HELEN HARDY.

[Helen's rose was on her letter, so if we cut it out for the engraver it would spoil her letter. She did not think about that.—ED.]

LANCASTER, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I live in the desert. I send you a picture of the kind of tree that grows out here. Indians used to come into this valley to hunt antelope. We children find a good many arrow points and some times a metale in which they ground their meal. One boy found a stone hatchet head and another boy found an arrow straightener. I like WEE WISDOM very much. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade. I enclose ten cents for Blanche. Your friend,

MARGARET WALTON.

[Margaret's sketch could not be reproduced because it was done with a lead pencil. Use India ink. Blanche returns thanks.—ED.]

NEENAH, WIS.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—It is quite a while since I have written to you, so I though I would write. I enjoy reading the lovely stories in you. I would like to be an honorary member of the Wee Wisdom Club. I am ten years old, and in the fifth grade at school. For pets I have two gold fishes, a canary bird which sings very sweetly and a little kitty which is black and white. It has been raining nearly the whole day and par of the night, but we are glad of it, because we need it. I think it would be very nice to have little gardens of our own, as Blanche said in the last issue. I think I am going to have one this year, it will be so much fun watching the flowers grow. I think that paper doll that Margaret (de) drew is very good. My Easter vacation is over now, but I had a very nice time. Good-bye, little Wees, till the next time. Yours,

MILDRED NELSON.

[Mildred sends WEE WISDOM traveling expenses for another year, and WEE WISDOM is delighted to continue her visits to Mildred's home.—ED.]

SNOHOMISH, WASH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I thought I would write to you. How are all the Wees? Mama sent fifty cents for another year's WEE WISDOM. I am going to draw something to put in WEE WISDOM. Well I will close for this time. With love to all the Wees.

MERLE GAINER.

[Merle's picture is on the back of his letter, and as the printer and the picture-maker can't very well work on it at the same time we had to leave it out.—ED.]

DUNGNESS, WASH.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I am sending some traveling money for WEE WISDOM. I like her very much. I have a sister that is getting so she can read it now. I live on a farm. We have horses, cows, pigs and chickens. I like to milk the cows and ride the horses. I do not milk very often because they say I am too slow. I would like to be an honorary member of the Wee Wisdom Club. I always read their story first. I will close for this time. Your loving Wee,

GLADYS TAYLOR.

[WEE WISDOM accepts Gladys' invitation to visit her another year and is glad of the opportunity.—ED.]

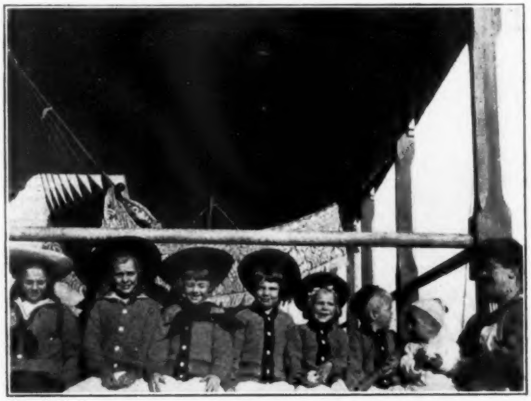
ANAHEIM, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—I have moved. So when you direct the WEE WISDOM book to me just write Anaheim, Calif. and it

will get to me all right. I am writing to you on my father's typewriter. I make quite a few mistakes. I like it very much down here where I am living now. With much love to the Wees from RUTH IRENE HOLBROOK.

[Irene writes nicely with the typewriter. The reason WEE WISDOM has ceased her visits to Irene, is because her invitation ran out last November.—ED.]

SEVEN LITTLE WEE WISDOMS



Here is a large family of Wees, and in the house is the baby, little Marie Louise. The first and biggest in the line of the children is Amelie de Witt, who takes WEE WISDOM, next is Elizabeth Motter de Witt, third Julia Coppee de Witt, who is Aunt Mary's God-child; fourth comes Katherine de Witt, fifth Harriet de Witt, sixth Cornelius de Witt and seventh little John de Witt. Cousin Ethel sits there smiling at the children. They all live at Virginia Beach where they have great fun chasing the waves and playing in the sand. By and by little Marie Louise will grow up too and be able to play with them. AUNT MARY.

VISALIA, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—This is the first letter I have written to you. I have only taken you about three months. I like you very much. I do not go to school, because I am lame. I get

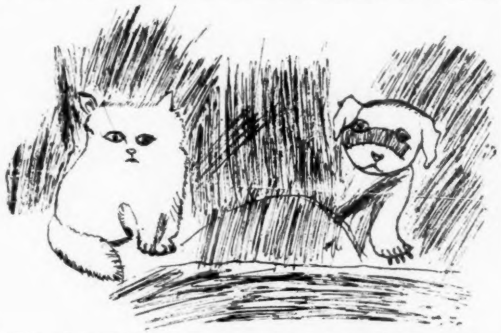
very lonely here by myself. I have a dog, bird, horse and a pony. I go out riding quite often. We have a big garden with lots of pretty flowers in it. I am sending you a California poppy. I will send you a picture of my pony sometime. With love to all.

LOUISE PARKER.

[Can't some of you make letter-visits to Louise and help her find her perfectness like Ned did? God meant her to be his perfect child, and we are sure she will learn to walk straight well some day.—ED.]

FRES PINOS, CALIF.

DEAR WEE WISDOM—It is a long time since I wrote to you. I enjoy reading the Wee Wisdom Club. I am glad when springtime comes. Then every thing looks so nice and green. Then we can go on the hill and have picnics with my school



friends. It has been very warm here the last few days. The swallows have come back to build their nests again. I like to watch them. I enjoyed Easter week fine. I hope I can get the April number. My letter is short. I think I will close. Love to all the little Wees. Yours sincerely.

BERTHA NELSON.

P. S. I am sending you a little drawing.

[Bertha pays WEE WISDOM'S traveling expenses for another year, and we are very glad to have her continue with us.—ED.]

HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE WEE WISDOM CLUB

GLADYS TAYLOR, Dungeness, Wash.

MILDRED NELSON, 213 Washington Avenue, Neenah, Wis.

BLANCHE'S BIBLE LESSONS.

Lesson 5, May 1.

TWO SABBATH INCIDENTS.—Matt. 12:1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT—"*I will have mercy, not sacrifice.*"—Matt. 12:7.

Sometimes people think they should be better on the Sabbath than any other day, and that things which are all right on other days, are wrong on Sunday. But right is right, Sunday or Monday.

We have set aside Sunday as a day to think and learn about the truth, and that is right. We are so busy that we do not stop to learn the truth about ourselves. It is good to go to church on Sunday for it helps all through the week. That is it ought too. But if we only think about the truth on Sunday, and forget to use it the rest of the week, our Sabbath has not helped much has it?

Sunday is a good time to meet and help each other by talking about the truth and how we have used it. But do not forget that the principal thing is to live the truth all the time—Sunday as well as every other day.

Lesson 6. May 8.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.—Prov. 23:29-35.

GOLDEN TEXT—"*At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.*"—Prov. 23:32.

Todays lesson is really one on self control. To be temperate in all things is to have perfect self control. To be able to control our own thoughts and actions, is the greatest thing in the world. If we controlled our every thought, and only allowed good, pure ones to enter our minds, then all unreal desires and appetites would pass away.

The people who drink are not satisfied. They always go back for more. It isn t liquor they want at all, but the Spirit of Truth. They long for something and they think it is drink, but its truth they need, the very truth we are learning every day.

But we know that temperance does not only apply to drinking. We are told to be temperate in all things. Temper-

ance means not too much of anything. It means to be evenly balanced. If we let go of our tempers in a burst of anger we are intemperate, and that kind of intemperance is perhaps the most dangerous of all.

How can we learn to be temperate? Why by learning this same self control that we talked about in the first of the lesson.

The first step in self control is to learn to obey those who are trying to help us, mother, father and teachers; then get into the habit of watching our thoughts. When we find ourselves thinking thoughts which are not good and true let us immediately say that we are God's child and only good thoughts can enter our mind. Say this firmly two or three times.

Do not let thoughts control you, make them obey you. When you have learned this, you have the key to all peace, happiness and joy.

Lesson 7. May 15.

GROWING HATRED TO JESUS.—Matt. 12:22-32-38-42.

GOLDEN TEXT—"*He that is not with me, is against me, and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad.*"—Matt. 12:30.

What is sinning? Today we hear about the unpardonable sin. What do you suppose it is?

Sinning means falling short of the mark. When you don't live up to the highest that you know; if you know the truth and do not practice it, you are sinning. So if you know that you are God's perfect child and can't be sick, and then are not perfectly healthy, you are sinning. There is a space in your mind somewhere which needs a health thought to fill it up and the quickest way to stop sinning is to think that health thought good and strong.

Now the worst sin is to say "I do not believe in the power of the Spirit within me to do all things." For that you will not be forgiven.

That doesn't mean that you will be punished by some mighty person on a golden throne, but you will punish yourself. Don't you see that by denying the power of the Spirit you keep away all the good things of Spirit—Life, health, happiness etc.? It is not the fault of Spirit. You have jumped the track; you have run against a stone wall and hurt yourself.

But there is no danger of our committing the unpardonable sin. We do believe and *know* that the Spirit within us is all powerful. But let us remember that we should be healthy and happy all the time and think thoughts which will keep us that way. Then we will not fall short of the mark or punish ourselves at all, but will walk the smooth road of harmony and peace.

Lesson 8. May 22.

THE DEATH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.—Matt. 14:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—"*He that is slow to anger is greater than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.*"—Prov. 16:32.

Sunday before last we had a lesson on self control, in connection with temperance. Today we have another one. The golden text is a good one to learn and remember. "He that is slow to anger is greater than the mighty and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

If when some one does or says that which annoys you, you can hold your temper and not say the harsh things that rise to your lips, you have done a greater thing than commanding an army or taking a city. Then too, it always makes the other person ashamed and peace comes more quickly.

Hate-thought, brings awful results. Sometimes people wonder what makes them lack health. It is just the hate-thoughts they let in.

When we love our temper we become just like the wild wolf. Let us remember we are children of God and use our intelligence.

Lesson 9. May 29.

THE MULTITUDES FED.—Matt. 14:13-21; 15-29-39.

GOLDEN TEXT—"*Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of Life.*"—John 6:35.

Today we have the story of the loaves and fishes. Jesus fed four thousand men besides women and children, with seven loaves and a few fishes. It looks like a big task. But we had a golden text once which read: "All things are possible to him that believeth."

Jesus said we could do the things he did and even greater. If it was possible for Jesus to feed all those people with so little to start on, then surely we can keep just ourselves well and happy and prosperous. If we do not, it is our own fault.

There is never any thing set before us to do which we are not strong enough to accomplish if we will. Do not say I can't, for it is not true. You are God's child and *can* do all that is necessary for you to do.

BLANCHE'S CORNER



Well have you planted your garden? I suppose there isn't much sign yet. but you may be sure the little life is growing and developing down there in the ground. Remember to help it by giving it plenty of water.

About all there is to use around here is a new tomato plant in a window box, and they are so small they can hardly be told from the weeds. However it will not be long now until things begin to peep above the ground, then it will be interesting. Oh yes, I forgot. We planted some grass seed and it is coming up fine. It's so funny and fuzzy. It looks like the hair on a tiny baby's head.

Do not be discouraged if things do not come up as they should. Maybe it wasn't a good place to plant them. Try again some other place.

There was once a little girl who planted some seed and it didn't come up. Possibly it didn't have enough sunshine. At first she was very disappointed, but one day she was out in the woods picking wild plants with her mama. The flowers were so pretty and so plentiful that her heart was as full of joy as her apron was of blossoms. In the evening as they came home and saw the bare garden spot, a shadow appeared on the little one's face. But only for a moment, then with a bright smile she said, "Mama I dess its better to let God grow the flowers. He knows just how."

That was one way of looking at it but I think we will find it lots of fun to help the little seeds to grow.

YE EDITOR'S LITTLE CORNER

Our Wisdoms are certainly doing their part in the matter of helping WEE WISDOM along. New subscriptions are coming in from every direction. You will notice, one little fellow alone brought five new Wees with him. Of course there are none of you will want to strike WEE WISDOM'S name from your visiting list. Keep her in your home and you will always have wholesome companionship. Health and Joy and Plenty follow in her train. What we talk about and think about that we make our world like. To have a world full of Beauty and Good, only means for us to have a mind and soul overflowing with loving, harmonious thoughts, and our lips to be speaking words of kindness and thankfulness.

Love everything and everything will love you. You will find no hard corners to run against and get no hurts or bruises if you are always cushioned with loving feelings toward everything and everybody.

If you want to meet a smile,
Take one with you all the while;
If you want the Good to grow,
Watch the little thoughts you Sow.

CLOVER

The clovers have no time to play,
They feed the cows and make the hay,
And trim the lawns and help the bees,
Until the sun sinks through the trees.
And then they lay aside their cares,
And fold their hands to say their prayers,
And drop their tired little heads,
And go to sleep in clover beds.
Then when the day dawns clear and blue
They wake and wash their hands in dew;
And as the sun climbs up the sky,
They hold them up and let them dry;
And then to work the livelong day,
For clovers have no time to play.

—*Selected.*

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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May, 1910

May Sweet May is here today,
Scattering flowers all her way.
Fileds of green and skies of blue,
Make happier hearts and thoughts more true.

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 fil their treasuries."

THE HAPPY DAY

EMILIE PAMELA BRIGGS.

Oh! dilly, Oh! dolly,
The world is so jolly,
And all is as gay as can be;
The birds are a'singing,
The butterflies winging,
And the little fish leap in the sea.

The clouds are a'chasing,
The dragon-flies racing,
And the clover nods greeting to me.
The rabbits are hurrying,
The chipmunks are scurrying,
Their little hearts throbbing with glee.

While the happy trees bend,
And their loving shade lend,
As they whisper, "I've secrets for thee,"
The poppies are showing
Their faces a-glowing,
And swinging so gaily and free.

Then the mocking-bird trills,
And the sweet little rills
Are babbling their way to the sea;
While the gentle winds sigh
As they blow softly by,
"Oh! why not be happy as we?"