

THE KIND DEEDS MESSENGER

THE LATHAM FOUNDATION STORY SERVICE
FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS



Drawing by Hazel Z. Weller.

"The true test of civilization is—not the census, nor the size of the cities nor the crops—no, but the kind of man the country turns out."
—Emerson.

THEY CAPTURED WILD HEARTS WITH LOVE

TRUE STORIES

By E. M. S. FITE

MANY years ago there lived in America, two very wonderful men; their names were William Ellery Channing, and Henry David Thoreau. Now I know that you are trying to guess why I say that they were wonderful, and I know too that it will make you happy when I tell you that they loved birds and animals so much that they never harmed them, and always stood up for animals' rights when others tried to harm them. Every one who knew these two men loved and respected them, and many beautiful things have been written about them.

When William Ellery Channing was a grown man he said that he was thankful that he "had never killed a bird;" and he said too, that he "would not willingly crush the meanest insect which crawls upon the ground," because he thought they had the same right to live as

he had, as they had received life from the same God's creatures by cruelty.

You see Mr. Channing felt about all our younger brothers in fur and feathers in the way Mr. Mann has been trying to make you feel in these stories each month. He loved them so well that he suffered when harm came to them. One day when he was a child he found a nest of birds in some bushes in his father's field, and the four tiny birds in the nest were so young that they had no feathers on them. When birds first hatch out of the eggs their little bodies are quite bare. These little birds opened their mouths to be fed, the way all young birds do; young birds need to be fed very often, so Ellery gave them some bread crumbs which he had in his pocket. For many days he ran home after school to get some bread and he sat by the nest and fed the birds. By and by when the birds

were feathered and nearly ready to fly he came to the nest one day and found the young birds had been killed, cut to pieces by some cruel person; the grass around the nest was covered with blood and the poor mother bird was on a tree and the father bird on the stone wall near by, mourning for their babies; it was a pitiful sight and Ellery was so shocked and so sorry that he broke down and cried very hard. He felt that the father and mother birds thought that he had killed the young ones because they had seen him come to the nest every day. He said that he wanted them to know that he had not done it, and that he felt sorry for them. He said also that they watched him leave the field, and when he was grown he said that as long as he lived he never forgot how he felt that day.

A beautiful bronze statue of William Ellery Channing stands in the city of Boston, Massachusetts, opposite the church where this great hearted man used to preach.

The other "wonderful man" of whom I shall tell you, was Henry David Thoreau. He loved the birds and animals so much that he wanted to live near them and with them all the time, so he built himself a cabin in the woods, and all the wild creatures who lived in the woods learned to know that he was their friend. He never killed anything that breathed. "He felt a sense of love and brotherhood for the lower races and always insisted they must be treated with kindness and gentleness."

David Thoreau surprised his friends more than once by thrusting his hand softly into the water and as softly raising it, with a large, bright fish lying in his palm. He is said to have stroked the fishes gently, that he lifted out of the water, before putting them back again.

Birds and animals know very quickly who are their friends, and those of the woods where Thoreau built his cabin seemed to know at once that he was a friend. He used to sit very quiet and watch them patiently. It was not long before his cabin was the home of many little creatures. The birds flew in and out and built nests under the eaves. The little squirrels were quite as much at home there as he was, and we are told that "the mole and hares stabled in the cellar." The little chickadees used to perch on the armfuls of wood which he carried into his cabin. Once when he was hoeing in his garden, a sparrow flew to his shoulder and rested there while he worked; he said that he felt that this was a great honor, for it showed how much the little bird trusted him.

A very pretty story is told of a squirrel which Thoreau had taken home with him for a few days so that he might study his habits. The squirrel learned to love Thoreau so much that he was not happy away from him, and each time that Thoreau took Master Squirrel outdoors and told him that he could run away again, back the little fellow would come to his new friend, and would climb upon his knee, or sit on his hand, and finally to

did not want to leave his friend. Master Squirrel hid his head in the folds of Thoreau's coat. After that Thoreau let him stay and make his home with him.

One time some men, who thought that Thoreau was queer, asked him if he really did not shoot a bird when he wanted to study it. Thoreau said to the men, "Do you think I should shoot you if I wanted to study you?"

Thoreau knew where all the nests of birds were to be found, where the spawning places of the fishes were in the river; spawning places are where the fish lay their eggs. He knew the kinds of food they liked and he knew all about the haunts of the birds that go to the streams, and of the snake, muskrat, otter, woodchuck, and the fox on the banks; the turtle, the frog and the cricket were all known to him and he looked upon them as his friends. It has been said of Thoreau that he knew how to sit so still that he seemed to be a part of the rock on which he sat. He would wait until the bird, or the snake, or the fish, which had left the spot when he came near, would come back and continue what it had been doing. Very often these little creatures would then be as quiet as Thoreau was and would watch him, and in this way they learned that he was to be trusted, that he would not harm them, and they made him their friend. It is said of him that snakes coiled around his leg, the fishes swam into his hand, and he took them out of the water; he "pulled the woodchuck out of its hole by the tail" and took the foxes under his care when they were being hunted by men.

But you see these things could never have been done by Thoreau if he had killed any of the wood folk; He said that no boy who had the making of a real man in him could stick to a gun. Finding pleasure in giving pain belongs to cowards. He learned to know them and their habits by watching them and they gave him their trust and friendship.

Now I shall tell you about another "wonderful man." He was born in California and he is alive now. He loves birds and animals and he has said that in all his travels around the world he has never carried a gun, he has never found it necessary to "harm bird, beast or man." This man's name is Charles D. Kellogg.

Charles Kellogg has a throat that is somehow different from your throat and mine, it is more like the throat of a bird, and he can make all the bird calls. He talks to the birds so perfectly that they come and perch on his hand and talk to him, and he answers. He does not whistle or sing the notes, he warbles them exactly like the birds.

Charles Kellogg spends most of each year camping alone in the woods. He has traveled all over North America from Alaska to Mexico and he makes friends with all sorts of birds. He has been to Jamaica too, and other of the West Indian Islands in search of birds not found in the United States.

A friend who knew how to appreciate birds went with Mr. Kellogg on one of his trips and he tells of what happened. He said that they heard a woodpecker call, and very soon "a tiny little woodpecker fluttered on to a tree near by, and then on to Mr. Kellogg's hand which he held out to the bird. The bird looked up into his face, opened his little beak and talked to him while Mr. Kellogg talked back." This talk kept up for several minutes until the woodpecker flew away.

Some years ago Mr. Kellogg had a big New Foundland dog who usually went with him on his trips into the woods. This dog was taught to love all living things from the time he was a puppy; wild birds would perch on his head just as they would perch on his master's hand. Once the New Foundland dog found a sparrow with a broken wing, fluttering on the ground, and he pounced upon it. Instead of hurting the sparrow he lifted it

gently in his mouth and took it to his master. We are told that the bird stayed in the bird hospital where the wing was treated, for some time and the dog used to go each day to visit the little bird. When the sparrow was well and was set free, the dog "barked joyously and rolled on the ground with delight; and the sparrow returned several times to pay a friendly call on the dog."

Mr. Kellogg made many beautiful pictures of the forest creatures; he was one of the very first persons to "shoot with a camera;" when he was asked to explain his great friendship between himself and the birds, he said, "It is love. Anybody who goes out into the woods with the spirit of love in his heart, and without wanting to catch or hurt the birds can make friends with the birds; but he must be patient and tactful. Birds can read the heart better than men can. They know their friends, and are ready to love them."

TEACHERS' PAGE

What Our Kind Deeds Clubs are Doing



WE NOW receive so many reports of Kind Deeds that we can no longer handle them individually except as illustrating the work which is day by day becoming stronger in the schools. Mrs. Borneman's Model Plan as outlined in No. 4 of THE KIND DEEDS MESSENGER is a conspicuous success, recommending itself as practical and resultful to every supervising principal in the State of California. Mrs. Borneman controls six schools in the Hayward district, and she has put Humane Education on the calendar of each one.

Once each month a General Council meeting is held, composed of representatives from each room of each school, and in this cooperative method interest is splendidly sustained and new ideas are stimulated. The children all over the county are proving themselves exceedingly resourceful in their application of Kind Deeds. How many, many people are getting the reaction in the beautiful thoughtfulness of little children! Lame people, old people, blind people—men out of work, sometimes, whom a child helps to a meal; dogs run over who would most surely perish in agony but for the mothering of a sympathetic child; cats rescued from starvation and cruel treatment; birds with broken legs and wings ministered to. Great indeed is the function of our KIND DEEDS CLUB and great the child's perception of what it means! Thus—

"An old woman was starting to wash her clothes. She was so old that she could hardly wash it. So I washed it for her and she offered me money, but I would not take it."

A boy writes: "One day at recess Johnnie and I were playing and we saw

him sawing wood. We saw that it was hurting him to saw, so we did the work for him."

A little girl writes: "I saw a little kitten. He was starved. I took him home and fed him and made a bed for him in the shed for the night. Morning I fed him again. He stayed and became a truly friend."

Another little girl writes: "I rescued a poor little kitten that some mean boys had urged a dog on. I also made some boys stop shooting birds with sling shots. I comforted a little boy that some other boys were teasing."

We have myriads of the same nature.

The children in many of the schools are making attractive scrapbooks of kind deeds culled from various sources. In many of the school rooms boxes are installed into which children drop their written reports. We owe this excellent idea to Miss Gray of the John Gamble School. In the best organized clubs the children take charge of the meetings and conduct them with remarkable ability and dignity. We have never seen a prettier sight than the meeting held in Miss Gallagher's room, Cornell School, where a small child of ten presided. After the preliminary formalities she called for kind deeds. Each child rose in turn and addressed the chair: "Madam President," etc. The children had written original blackboard mottos such as:

"A kind deed a day keeps bad thoughts away."

"A kind deed a day makes one happy and gay."

"A kind deed day and night shines like a bright light."

"Do it good, do it right. Do it with kindness and your might."



Summit School Kind Deeds Club

SUMMIT SCHOOL

The Summit School under the leadership of Miss Dortha Madsen is doing remarkable work. We are glad to publish the beautiful picture of this charming country school, which has already appeared in several of the city papers. The interest of the children is 100% strong and the light of eager anticipation in their illumined little faces when we arrive makes hard work easy. They are learning the names, useful habits and songs of our local birds, ways whereby they can attract our feathered friends, besides learning humane poems and carrying along the organizational work of the club.

GREEN SCHOOL

To Miss Phebe A. Jackson, Principal of Green School, is due the admirable idea of incorporating the KIND DEEDS CLUB Pledge in the opening school exercises directly after the salute to the flag. It sounded very full, strong and impressive as the children recited it. Each month finds the work going stronger at Green as at almost all the schools.

MURRAY SCHOOL

Helpfulness

"If I can stop one heart from breaking
I shall not live in vain.

If I can ease one life the aching
Or cool one pain;

Oh help one fainting robin into his nest again,
I shall not live in vain."

On the occasion of a recent visit to Murray, a little child gave us the above which she had found in a book and copied as being appropriate to the KIND DEEDS CLUB work.

The children, themselves, had arranged a

splendid program, in which an original play was featured. The secretary had notified us a week in advance that we were due on a certain day and that we must be sure to keep our engagement. Of course, neither earthquakes nor cyclones could have held us back after a notice like that. Miss Silveira has developed one of the most effective clubs in the county and our great regret is that we have not the space to do full justice to this or to any of the other clubs.

OUR MAIL BOX

Dear Kind Deeds Club:—

I was playing with a little girl and two little boys. One boy was nine and one boy was eight. One had a beebe gun. He was going to shoot a little sparrow in a tree near by. He raised his gun, but I ran and shook the tree best I could. The bird flew away and the boy didn't get to shoot the bird. He got mad at me but I saved a life as dear to God as me.

—Muriel Berry.

Dear Kind Deeds Club:—

One day I was going along the street. A dog came up to me. His foot had been run over. He was limping and crying. I got a cloth and wet it and put it on his foot. In four days he was well.

There was a new baby dog born two doors away from my house. One day the box the baby was sleeping in fell over and the baby with it. When I saw what had happened, I climbed over the fence and picked up the box and put the baby in it. The mother dog was so happy when I picked up her baby for her.

Sincerely yours,

Eleanor Mitchell.

REPORT OF OUR ESSAY AND POSTER CONTESTS WILL BE MADE IN OUR MAY ISSUE



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