

# THE KIND DEEDS MESSENGER

The Latham Foundation Story Service  
for the Public Schools

Number 25

Nothing more rapidly refines, uplifts, exalts both mind and heart than generous, gracious, unselfish ministrations to others, whether those others be our fellowmen or the creatures below us. So made are we that back upon us with the touch of a redeeming, regenerating hand comes every holy deed of righteousness and love done for another's sake. The word of human cheer spoken in honest good will to one less fortunate than we, the recognition of our kinship to men of every clime and color by some token of brotherliness, the act that, even in the slightest degree, blesses the life of some horse or dog or friendless sentient being, stirs within our own souls an emotion, a something that verifies the divine reality of the truth: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."—Dr. Francis H. Rowley.

## Our Little Brother Eight Legs

By E. M. S. FITE

"A Spider's web blocks all my avenue:  
Each morn it hangs a rainbow strung with dew  
Between boughs green with sap.  
So fair, few creatures guess it is a trap:  
I will not mar the web,  
Though sad am I to see the small lives ebb."  
—Christina Rossetti

"OH, LOOK! Virginia, what have we here?" This exclamation and question came from our young friend of last year, Tom Mann, as he and his sister Virginia were on their way to school one morning recently. That which the two children saw was a spider's web, so beautiful that it was no wonder that Tom exclaimed as he did. The web was fastened at one end to a shrub by the side of the road, and was caught across a wide space on the branch of another shrub. The dew was still on the grass and bushes, for the sun was slow in showing his face that morning. Could you have seen the beauty that greeted the eyes of the children you, too, would have exclaimed in wonder at it. Every tiny thread of the spider's web was laden with dew drops. They were strung along each thread like pearls, but they sparkled like diamonds as the sun played hide and seek and shone for a few seconds on these water jewels. The web was weighted down with them, and swayed back and forth as the breeze caught it; it shone in the sun with the colors of the rainbow. But no spider was to be seen.

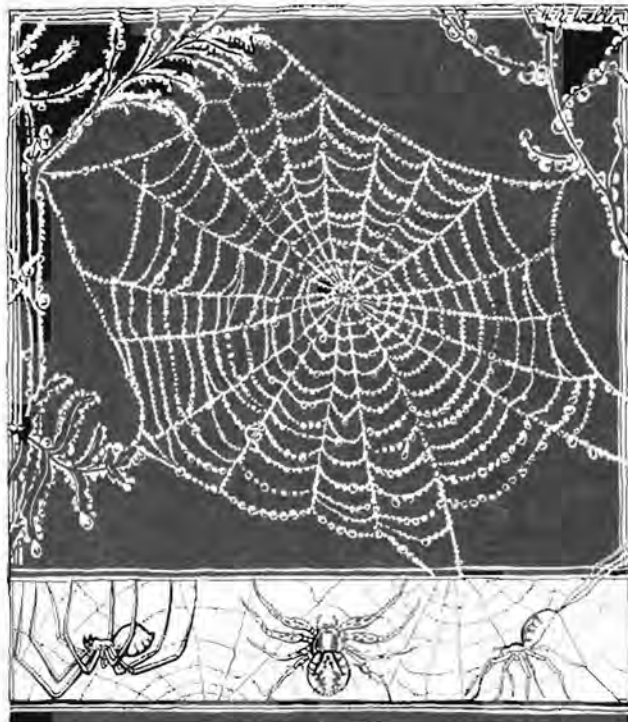
Tom looked very close to see if he could find where Mr. Spider Eight Legs was hiding, for he knew he must be close at hand after having spun such a fine web; and sure enough, to one side, hid under a leaf he was there taking a rest. When the children reached school, Tom told his teacher what he had seen and she in turn told the class, and added, "If you would like to know something about spiders and why I think they would be of interest to you as Kind Deed Members, I will tell you."

Many hands went up and there was no uncertain voicing of their eagerness to learn something of spiders.

Teacher began: "Spiders! the ugly things!" I can hear some of you say. Well, they may not be as pretty as some of the other live creatures you know

about, but let me tell you the spider is one of the most industrious, one of the cleanest and one of the most patient workers in the world. 'Cleanest?' you ask, 'Why a spider does nothing but spin webs in corners from where they have to be swept down,' but for all of that he is clean.

"Do you know that the spider is not an insect? Spiders breathe through their lungs as people do, while insects breathe through air tubes along the sides of their bodies. They also have eight legs—we might



call the spider our Little Brother Eight Legs; with these he can scurry away in any direction very quickly. Strange as it may seem, a spider has no head, that is what we think of as a head, but he has branched feelers at the end of the body where the head ought to be and a pair of eyes, each of which is made up of eight small ones. Instead of three sections, his body is in two sections only, and it is very soft, not hard like a beetle, and his legs fall off very easily if struck. So you see our Little Brother Eight Legs needs some sort of protection. Now this has been given to him through his skill to make a trap, such as Tom saw this morning; that is one way he has of taking care of himself. Another way, as you will remember, is the swiftness with which he can run away. Then again he is very cunning; if he sees a bird after him he will often pretend to be dead, for few birds will eat a dead insect, or other dead creatures.

"Now as to this wonderful web that Eight Legs makes. If it was a very rare thing to see a spider spin his web we would find people lined up to watch it, for it is so marvelous a thing; but because it is so common we think nothing of it. In spite of that how many persons do you know who can tell you how a web is spun, or knows much, if anything, about it? And how many persons can tell you if a spider is of any service to mankind and if so, how? Well, I shall tell you a little bit of what I know, in the hope that it will interest you so that you will find out more for yourselves.

"One kind of spider lives in water and weaves a web that is a kind of diving bell, and he fills this with air 'by drawing down bubbles into the net.' Another Eight Leg cousin 'makes a little raft of leaves and sticks on which he floats'—this little fellow lives on water insects.

"The round, wheel-shape web is the most common that we see and after that a flat net, such as Tom saw, which is slung from stem to stem something like a hammock. The wheel-shaped net is a wonderfully made piece of work. To make it Eight Legs starts out by laying the long threads first, he lays them out like spokes of a wheel which meet in the middle. These are joined by a thread which goes round and round. He starts this working from the center. As Eight Legs works he tries each thread every now and then to test it and if it should break he spins another in its place. Then he fastens other threads across. At the end he again spins another set of circles round and round the web; these last threads are of a different kind than the first sort—they are covered with tiny drops of 'sticky gummy fluid.' This is to catch flies and hold them so that they cannot get away once they are in the net.

"I feel sure that now you want to know how Little Brother Eight Legs makes the threads with which to spin his web, and where this thread comes from. This is one of the most wonderful things in nature. Miss Edith Carrington, who is an authority on Nature Study, tells us that the spider 'has four little, round warts at the end of the abdomen, each something like the rose of a tiny watering-pot. These are called spinnerets; and they are full of a great, great many small holes. Through these holes the spider squeezes from within his body a gummy juice, which the

moment it touches the air hardens into the finest threads of silk, much like the silk of the silk worm. From the four spinnerets come many thousand threads of silk and they are so thin and fine the eye cannot see them until masses of them are twisted together. 'The threads of each spinneret join into one and then the four threads are twisted together by the help of one of the spider's hind claws.' This forms a rope of four strands, each strand made up of thousands, perhaps millions, of lines so fine that they would not bear the touch of a breath. Did you ever hear of anything more wonderful than that? There is an island in the Indian Ocean where the people use the spider silk for weaving a beautiful kind of cloth.

"Mr. Eight Legs, who spins the round web in the shape of a wheel, is really our large common garden spider, but by people who like to use special names for spiders so as to know which variety they are talking about, call him the Geometric or Diadem spider. He is the fellow who, after he has finished his web, usually sits in the center of it and waits for his dinner to come to him.

"Miss Carrington says that 'at the end of his legs there are little hooks or claws which help to keep him steady, or to run and climb about his web as easily as any rope dancer could on a thick cord.' And he is dressed in a golden-brown velvet coat which looks as if it were trimmed with little pearls.

"The claws in all spiders are not alike. Some have two sharp claws for climbing and a queer one in between that has a knob on it; this helps to roll the web thread into a ball. They do this when they run up to the ceiling or to the bough of a tree. Some have a sort of comb in the claw which keeps the threads apart, so that they will not join into a round rope.

"The silk spun by Eight Legs is used in many ways. Mother Eight Legs makes a bag or ball in which she lays her eggs. The way she does this is very interesting. She 'begins to make a cloud of threads which she is weaving into the form of a cup, using her body in shaping it.' She gets inside and presses herself against the sides, turning round and round as a bird does when she is shaping her nest. When the little cup is made she lays her eggs in it, little things that look like tiny white beads. Then she spins a little silk top to cover them over so that there is a complete little web ball with the eggs inside and in the spring baby spiders come out of this ball and look just like the grownups except that they are small.

"Some spiders live in burrows under the ground and are to be seen sometimes when the earth has been turned up near their home.

"It is a well-known fact that the mother spider loves her babies so much that she will die for them rather than forsake them in time of danger. I will give you an example of this by telling a story which is said to be true. A naturalist, that is a person who studies animal life and habits, saw a mother spider carrying her egg-bag to a safe place, when she fell into the pit of an ant-lion; now an ant-lion is a queer insect which digs a little pit of loose sand and hides in the bottom to catch and eat whatever may fall in. The mother spider tried to run away with her eggs when she found herself slipping down into the pit,

but the ant-lion was too quick for her and dragged her back. She fought the ant-lion, and tried and tried to get out, but the ant-lion finally got the bag of eggs and drew them under the sand. The naturalist who was watching the struggle felt so sorry for the mother spider that he tried to help her away from the hole by pushing her with a twig, but she returned again and again to the hole and showed she would rather die with her babies than to live without them.

"Now, you will be asking me of what *use* are spiders, for they don't seem to do anything but spin webs and catch flies in them. So you will be much surprised, I am sure, when I tell you that spiders are of great value to man; they catch gnats, flies, and winged insects of all kinds. Just how great is the number which they clear from the leaves of trees and plants is not possible to know, but it is reckoned that we would have plagues of these creatures if it were not for our little brother Eight Legs. Now I am sure you never knew that before, did you?"

"The varieties of spiders we have here are said not to be poisonous to human beings, so you should never kill them when you see them about, for they are very useful, and you will understand after what I have told you that they are attending to their day's work. If you find one in the house and wish to put him out of doors, pick him up carefully with a cloth and put him out, don't kill him. If a spider catches and kills an insect he kills him at once, he never tortures him.

"Besides brave affection, and taking great pains with his work, we can gain the great lessons of patience and perseverance from this little creature. By perseverance is meant to try and try again in spite of the odds being against you. You will recall the story that is told of the Scotch King Robert Bruce, who learned this lesson from watching a spider trying to mend her web. King Robert was sick and was greatly discouraged, he felt that he had lost everything and that there was no use for him to try again. As such thoughts went through his head he looked up and saw a little spider; he saw her try six times to throw the thread from one beam to another, trying to mend her web, and six times she failed.

"Six times have I been beaten in battle," said Bruce. "I know how to pity that poor spider."

"But you see King Robert did not know much about spiders, for as he watched he saw the spider throw the thread for the *seventh* time and *that* time it caught and she fastened it to the beam. King Robert grew very excited and exclaimed as he sprang to his feet, 'I will try once more!' and history tells us that the next time he won a victory. The story goes that from that day to this no member of the Bruce family has been known to kill a spider."

## QUESTIONS

- 1—What is the most common spider we see?
- 2—By what names is it known?
- 3—Describe the shape of the webs we most often see?
- 4—How does a spider spin a web?
- 5—From where does the thread come?
- 6—Tell how a spider is made; how many parts to his body, how many eyes, and legs he has.

7—Is he easily injured? If so, why?

8—How is he prepared to protect himself?

9—Describe the feet of a spider.

10—Tell how the mother spider lays and protects her eggs.

11—Does the mother spider show love for her young?

12—What do you know of other kinds of spiders?

13—Are all spiders poisonous?

14—What does a spider do to its web to hold the insect which is caught?

15—Do spiders torture their victims, or do they kill them at once?

16—Of what use are spiders to mankind?

17—Why should the spider interest Kind Deeds Club Members?

## The Garden Spider

By CHARLES MACKEY

(First Five Stanzas)

Though fear'd by many, scorn'd by all,  
Poor spider on my garden wall,  
Accused as ugly, cruel, sly,  
And seen with an averted eye;  
Thou shalt not lack one friend to claim  
Some merit for thy injured name,  
If I have strength to right the wrong  
Or in men's memory lives my song.

Men call thee ugly;—did they look  
With closer eyes on Nature's book,  
They might behold in seeing thee  
A creature robed in brilliancy;  
They might admire thy speckled back  
Beguinn'd with purple, gold and black;  
Thy hundred eyes, with diamond rims;  
Thy supple and resplendent limbs.

They call thee cruel; but forget,  
Although thy skilful trap be set  
To capture the unwary prey,  
That thou must eat as well as they.  
No pamp'ring appetites hast thou;  
What kindly Nature's laws allow  
Thou takest for thy daily food,  
And kindly Nature owns it good.

Fie on us! we who hunt and kill,  
Voracious, but unsated still;  
Who ransack earth, and sea, and air,  
And slay all creatures for our fare,  
Complain of thee, whose instinct leads,  
Unerring, to supply thy needs,  
Because thou takest now and then  
A fly, thy mutton, to thy den.

And then we call thee sly, forsooth,  
As if from earliest dawn of youth  
We did not lay our artful snares  
For rabbits, woodcocks, larks, and hares.  
Or lurk all day by running brooks  
To capture fish with cruel hooks,  
And with a patient, deep deceit  
Betray them with a counterfeit.



# Save the Dog

EDITH LATHAM

This is an S. O. S. call to all California subscribers to the MESSENGER to help us rescue man's best friend from legislation which will put his life in jeopardy merely because he has the misfortune to be a dog. Senate Bill 25, drafted by dog haters, will, according to the terms of this extraordinary proposed law, confer upon "any person" or "the owner or tenant of such field or their agent or servant" unlimited authority to kill dogs without any liability therefor. Sections 22 and 23,

William T. Paullin, the Foundation's attorney, says of this bill: "Under its provisions a dog seen chasing a cat, even on the premises of the dog's master—perhaps its master's own cat,—and in play, or chasing a law-breaker from the premises of its master, *not only may be killed but must be killed if the fact is called to its master's attention*, unless the master is willing to run the risk of paying the penalties provided in section 24. Every dog's life is in danger, though it does no harm, wherever it may be, both on and off its master's premises.

"Outside of cities a dog unaccompanied by its master between sunset and sunrise on a public road, though in front of its master's premises, may be killed by anyone finding it there, though it be still twilight and the dog be molesting no person or thing."

License fees are to be raised so that the dog will become the special luxury of rich people.

Readers of THE MESSENGER, don't fail to write to the representatives of your county in the Senate and

Assembly to use all the influence in their power to kill this bill, which is unnecessary, unjust, inhuman, and pernicious.

We do not wish to deny to the Legislature the reasonable exercise of police power in the control of dogs, which is necessary to the protection of livestock, but this bill, in its present form, is drastic beyond all reason.



## A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

A Prize Essay, 1928

Mary Elizabeth Medeiros. Age 13  
Fifth Grade, Pleasanton Grammar School  
Pleasanton, California

### THE CRUELTY OF HUNTING

Hunters seldom think of the pain of their victims or of the happy families among the wild creatures to which their guns bring bitter sorrow. Yet we know how birds and many other creatures mourn for their dead mates, how the little ones starve and die when their fathers and mothers are killed and how animal parents grieve over their dead children. It is all very

much like our families, just how much we do not know. We know the dog mother loves her puppies, which are her babies, like a human mother, that she will freeze, burn with a fondness, courage, sacrifice and devotion not all human mothers are capable of.

The same is true of the cat. We know the wild creatures love and nurse their children in the same way. We know how the timid little birds fight to protect their young. But all the suffering and sorrow hunting causes, besides that of the creatures wounded or killed outright, we can only guess at. As time goes on and we grow wiser and kinder there will be less and less hunting done.

# Be Kind to Animals' Week

## April 14th to 20th

The observance of BE KIND TO ANIMALS' WEEK will take place this year April 14 (Humane Sunday) to April 20. Much has been done each year by the Foundation to popularize this event. Our Humane Poster Contest has been held always during this period. Last year it was held at the San Francisco Civic Center and the same courtesy is extended to us this year by Dr. Robert Rea, San Francisco Librarian. We have given moving picture entertainments in the auditoriums of the county schools. Foster & Kleiser Company has made it possible through granting us the use of many of their boards to demonstrate to the public the appalling tragedy of the steel trap whereby more than 100,000,000 fur-bearing animals are ruthlessly done to death each year.

But more, perhaps, than all our achievements, has been the interest which we have been able to arouse on the part of the children to themselves participate in some kind of celebration of their own making. We have stimulated this interest by the introduction each year of humane plays suited to all ages. This

year, by kind permission of the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts, we are presenting in THE MESSENGER "The Trial of the Birds," which is a very timely selection. Coming when the birds are most in evidence, it should serve to impress upon the minds, not only of the children but the many farmer parents who will attend these performances in our country schools, the important service the birds render to agricultural interests.

If birds serve us in the protection of crops from insect destruction it behooves us from purely selfish self-interest to protect our benefactors. It is equally incumbent upon us as moral beings to extend in return to these, our feathered friends, the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

So we make a special appeal to all the schools where our MESSENGER is received, to get busy with this interesting, charming play presented in this issue, so that by the middle of next month a substantial contribution can be made to this splendid event of BE KIND TO ANIMALS' WEEK, and friends and relatives invited with a sense of pride and pleasure:

## THE TRIAL OF THE BIRDS

### A Play for Children, in One Act

*Courtesy of the American Humane Education Society*

#### CHARACTERS

HIS HONOR, THE JUDGE.....	BIRD FAMILY
CLERK OF COURT.....	Kingbird
FARMER WISEMAN.....	Warbler
ATTORNEY HASTE.....	"Red" Woodpecker
ATTORNEY FAIR.....	Bob White
FARMER SNAP-JUDGMENT.....	Mr. Hawk
ORCHARDIST HARSH.....	Bluebird
FARMER FRET.....	Meadow Lark
BUMKIN, FARMHAND.....	Red-eyed Vireo
FARMER MEDDLEWITH.....	Others
PROFESSOR TENSIF.....	

#### A JURY OF TWELVE

*Parts can be taken by girls as well as boys. Paper costumes may be worn to represent different birds. As many as desire may participate as Birds, the more the better.*

#### SCENE: A Courtroom

*(Audience occupies rear of room. The several characters assemble and take seats, birds in group, others well to front. Jury files in to right of Judge's desk. His Honor enters, raps on desk, clears his throat.)*

THE JUDGE. Court will come to order. Mr. Clerk, you may call the first case.

CLERK. *(Picks up document from desk and reads.)* Farmer Wiseman and others versus the Bird Family—being a suit to recover damages for destruction of plaintiffs' property, to-wit: honey-bees, growing crops in field and garden, fruit, shade and timber trees, grain and seeds, rabbits and chickens, and other divers, mischievous and malicious injuries done on said plaintiffs' estates.

THE JUDGE. *(Turning towards plaintiffs' attorney.)* Mr. Prosecutor, you may now proceed.

ATTORNEY HASTE. Your Honor and members of the Jury: In consideration of the great damages done by these defendants of the Bird Family as has been charged, we shall present evidence on five different counts. If we prove these allegations, as I have no doubt we shall, it will pave the way for other charges which will be brought until the whole Bird Family is exiled, imprisoned or exterminated. *(Scoffs fiercely at birds and continues.)* First charge, that defendants have killed plaintiffs' bees and so prevented him from making a fair profit on his honey. *(Kingbird shakes head emphatically as if about to speak out, but a sign from Attorney Fair restrains him.)* Farmer Snap-Judgment, take the stand! *(Witness obeys.)* Farmer Snap-Judgment, how was your honey crop this year?

FARMER SNAP-JUDGMENT. Not so good as it might have been. Profits were pretty small.

ATTORNEY HASTE. How do you account for this shortage?

FARMER SNAP-JUDGMENT. Kingbirds were round my beehives a good deal and probably killed many of my choicest bees.

ATTORNEY HASTE (*turning toward Judge*). No further questions.

THE JUDGE (*rising and looking toward Attorney Fair*). Have you any questions to put to this witness, Mr. Fair?

ATTORNEY FAIR (*bowing to Judge, then turning toward witness*). Your beehives have been troubled considerably by robber-flies, have they not?

FARMER SNAP-JUDGMENT. Yes, pretty badly.

ATTORNEY FAIR. And your fields were overrun with clover-weevils, were they not?

FARMER SNAP-JUDGMENT. Yes, they were this year. I spent so much time trying to get rid of the pesky kingbirds that I couldn't get after the weevils.

ATTORNEY FAIR. That's all. (*Both sit down*.)

ATTORNEY HASTE. Secondly, we charge the defendants with pecking at the tender young leaves on fruit and shade trees, causing them to wither and die. (*Red-eyed Vireo is heard to say, "Do you hear him? Do you believe that?" At which the Judge thumps his desk and calls sharply, "Order in the Courtroom!"*) Orchardist Harsh, you may take the stand. (*He complies*.) Your fruit crops have fallen off badly of late, have they not?

ORCHARDIST HARSH. Yes, they have.

ATTORNEY HASTE. To what do you attribute this?

ORCHARDIST HARSH. To the warblers and vireos that must have taken a heavy toll all season.

ATTORNEY HASTE (*nodding toward witness*). That is all.

ATTORNEY FAIR (*rising and taking a few steps toward witness*). Now, Mr. Harsh, is it not true that caterpillars and locusts have almost ruined your trees for some years past?

ORCHARDIST HARSH. Well, I dunno. There are plenty of them but I don't know which has done the most damage to them, the bugs or the Birds.

ATTORNEY FAIR. You admit, then, you don't know? That's all. Thank you! (*They both sit down*.)

ATTORNEY HASTE. We now allege that the bark on the trees of the plaintiff was bored through and through by certain members of this destructive Bird Family and the sap drawn from the trunks. Bumkin, you may testify. (*He takes the stand*.) What's your occupation?

BUMKIN. I have been employed by Farmer Wiseman to shoot the woodpeckers, flickers, sap-suckers and chickadees that injure his trees.

ATTORNEY HASTE. What success did you have?

BUMKIN. In spite of all that I could do the Birds did a lot of damage, but I killed off a lot of them.

ATTORNEY HASTE. That will do.

ATTORNEY FAIR (*rising and facing witness*). Wasn't Farmer Wiseman's timber infested with timber ants this year?

BUMKIN. Yes, there was a lot of them.

ATTORNEY FAIR. And wasn't his orchard troubled with the apple-louse?

BUMKIN. I heard him say so.

ATTORNEY FAIR. You heard him say so. That's all, Bumkin. (*They sit*.)

ATTORNEY HASTE. Farmer Frett, will you take the witness stand. (*He steps to stand*.) Your fields have been robbed by the Birds who have taken so much grain and seed that the crops have been nearly ruined, is that correct?

FARMER FRETT. That is so. The meadow larks, Bob Whites, crows and robins stole a lot of my seed right after I had planted it.

ATTORNEY HASTE. What did you do to stop this?

FARMER FRETT. I hired boys with guns to shoot the marauders and so guard my fields. (*A short pause during which Attorney Haste looks toward Attorney Fair and resumes seat*.)

ATTORNEY FAIR (*to witness*). Your fields were badly infested with wire-worms and root-borers, were they not?

FARMER FRETT (*showing surprise*). Why, yes, they were.

ATTORNEY FAIR. That's all I want to know. (*Both sit down*.)

ATTORNEY HASTE. Farmer Meddlewith, take the stand, please. (*He takes the stand*.) You've lost a good many chickens and rabbits, haven't you, by the ravages of hawks and owls?

FARMER MEDDLEWITH. Yes, I've had to fight these pesky Birds a good deal of the time but in spite of my watchfulness and shooting them they've done me a lot of damage. (*Attorney Haste withdraws and Attorney Fair rises*.)

ATTORNEY FAIR. Farmer Meddlewith, isn't it true that you have had a lot of trouble with field mice and rodents that prowl about your premises day and night?

FARMER MEDDLEWITH. Yes, they have been a great nuisance, too. I've been unlucky, I'll admit.

ATTORNEY FAIR. I thought so. That's all. (*They go to their seats*.)

ATTORNEY HASTE (*addressing Judge and Jury*). Your Honor and members of the Jury: We have now shown you how great have been the losses sustained by the Farmers through the depredations of all these Bird defendants. You will readily perceive from the evidence that has been given how much mischief they have done and why they should be destroyed or driven from our midst. Our farmers are in need of helpers in grain fields, orchards and gardens, but with these thieving birds hovering over their premises how can they be successful or prosperous? Consider the facts as they have thus far been brought out and I think you will decide that we have proved our side of this case.

THE JUDGE. Counsel for the defendants will now be heard.

ATTORNEY FAIR. Your Honor and members of the Jury: In presenting our side of this case we will show you that the Birds are not thieves and pillagers, as has been claimed, but that they are honest, hardworking, helpful friends of the farmer and not his enemies. Their services are given free. They aid him when he needs them most—in spring and summer, when insects and worms, bugs and beetles prey on his growing crops. It is then that the Birds come to his rescue, destroy his real enemies, save his crops and insure him a goodly harvest. We shall try to prove that the Bird Family have been most unjustly charged with these offenses; that while they may take, when pressed by hunger, a little grain, a few seeds or berries, perhaps a



little juicy fruit, they are not guilty of any mischievous or malicious wrongdoing. And we shall call some of these birds to the witness stand that they may tell their own story briefly and we think you will not fail to understand how unfair are these charges made against them. I will first call Kingbird to the witness stand. *(He quickly responds.)* Kingbird, you are accused of spending much time around the beehives and feeding on the bees. Is that true?

KINGBIRD. I often forage for my food in the orchards where the beehives usually are but I don't feed on bees except perchance a drone once in a while.

ATTORNEY FAIR. Will you tell the Court of what your diet does consist?

KINGBIRD. Oh, a good many kinds of flying insects. I like to take my meals on the wing.

ATTORNEY FAIR. Well, tell us what you like best to eat.

KINGBIRD. Personally I enjoy robber-flies and mosquitoes and moths and rosebugs.

ATTORNEY FAIR. Harmless enough diet as far as bees are concerned. I think that is all. *(He sits down.)*

ATTORNEY HASTE. *(rising quickly.)* Do you mean to say, Mr. Kingbird, that you would scorn to swallow a sweet, toothsome bee?

KINGBIRD. Perhaps you forget, Mr. Attorney, that a "toothsome" bee carries, as every schoolboy knows, a sting that is anything but "sweet." Well, that's my chief reason for avoiding them. *(Attorney Haste takes seat, showing signs of embarrassment.)*

ATTORNEY FAIR. I guess that's all, Kingbird *(who then goes to seat)*, and now, Professor Pensif, will you take the stand. *(He does so.)* Will you kindly tell the Jury, Professor, of your findings in the examination of the stomachs of kingbirds that were killed on the farms of these plaintiffs?

PROFESSOR PENSIF. We found from 281 stomachs that fourteen contained bees. Fifty bees in all, and of these fifty, forty were drones. The rest could not be identified with certainty. Hence we are forced to conclude that Kingbird only rarely snaps up a bee and then accidentally. *(The witness retires.)*

ATTORNEY FAIR. Vireo and Warbler, I see are present. I will ask Warbler to go on the stand. *(Warbler takes the stand.)* You've been charged with pecking young and tender leaves of trees and shrubs and so injuring them. Can you deny it?

WARBLER. I don't deny pecking at the leaves. But it is not the leaves that I'm after; it's the tiny insects and lice that sometimes almost cover them that I am pecking off. If I didn't I don't know what would happen to the tree. I guess the insects would eat it all up.

ATTORNEY FAIR. What is your diet, Warbler, chiefly?

WARBLER. I'm very fond of plant-lice, insects' eggs, canker worms, small caterpillars and house-flies. We leave the big web-worms and caterpillars and moths for our bigger brothers the orioles, bluebirds and cuckoos. That's what they want us to do.

ATTORNEY FAIR. Unless there are further questions, that will be all. *(Warbler leaves stand.)* "Red" Woodpecker, will you step to the witness box? *(He responds.)* What do you say to the charge that you have bored holes in Farmer Wiseman's timber?

RED WOODPECKER. Well, I don't bore holes for my living. I do extract grubs from under the bark and beetles that have themselves bored into the wood. I might give an extra tap or two now and then. I'm never quite sure I've got the big fellows unless I do.

ATTORNEY FAIR. What else do you eat?

WOODPECKER. Oh, I like all kinds of insect eggs,

weevils, moths and timber ants; most everything that lives on trees, I guess—except squirrels.

ATTORNEY HASTE. Isn't it true that you and others of your family tap the trees and suck sap from them?

RED WOODPECKER. I don't. Nor does Downy or Hairy or Flicker.

ATTORNEY HASTE. What about Sap-sucker?

RED WOODPECKER. Well, once in a while Sap-sucker does tinkle. He can't resist new sweet sap. He's been warned about it. But he's a good worker most all the time and a mighty fine fly-catcher.

ATTORNEY HASTE. That'll do. *(Woodpecker sits down.)*

ATTORNEY FAIR. I will now call to the witness stand Bob White. *(Bob steps gingerly to stand.)* Bob White, you know the charge—destruction of seeds and grain, and so forth.

BOB WHITE. Yes, and it's a ridiculous one. What do you suppose would happen to the grain crops if we didn't keep after the chinch-bugs, cut-worms, corn-lice, grasshoppers, boll-weevils, Hessian-flies, weed seeds—

ATTORNEY FAIR. One moment there, Bob, you know I'm not good on riddles. You don't mean to say that you eat all these pests that torment the farmers and cut down their crops?

BOB WHITE. Yes, that's just what I meant, and scores of other kinds just as bad for them. And I'm not alone. There's Meadow-lark, think of the millions of grasshoppers that he keeps from doing injury! Why, even Blackbird and Crow eat three times as many army-worms and cut-worms as they do pieces of grain. That shows they, too, are on the farmer's side. And there's the root-borers, squash-bugs, potato bugs, wire-worms, crane-flies, maggots. Why, we keep the fields in condition for the planter and then protect the young shoots as they come along—

ATTORNEY FAIR. Yes, I know you're right, Bob White, and I believe this Court thinks so. I guess that will be all. *(Bob White leaves the stand.)* *(At this point the farmers who have previously testified are seen to draw together in a whispered conversation.)* Your Honor *(to the Court)*, we have yet a considerable number of Bird witnesses who have come here and are anxious to be heard. *(Looking towards Birds.)* I see Robin and Purple Martin, Bluebird and Grosbeak and Mr. Hawk and others. They all could tell of their useful services to the farmers, how they help to check the ravages of many forms of insect life. And they want us to understand, those of us who have failed to appreciate their great value, that they are actually saving millions of dollars, yes, hundreds of millions, every year to the farmers of our country. It is quite impossible to give them all the opportunity to be heard at this session, and as the regular time for adjournment is drawing near, it will be necessary, I think, to ask that this trial be continued to a later day.

FARMER WISEMAN *(springing from his seat)*. Your Honor, I respectfully ask that I may be allowed to make a brief statement. *(Judge nods his assent.)* I speak for my fellow farmers as well as myself. Since coming into this courtroom we have seen many things in a different light. The Birds have convinced us of our error, that we are greatly mistaken in regarding them as our enemies. On the contrary, we are now willing to believe that they are just about the best friends we've got. And so we propose to get into active partnership with them and welcome them into our midst and offer them every encouragement to stay with us and be safe and happy. We have just celebrated Be Kind of Animals' Week and it would seem strangely stupid, inconsistent and ungrateful on our part, did we longer withhold any kindness towards the Birds. We therefore respectfully ask that this case be now dismissed.

*(His Honor rises to grant request but his words are interrupted by the clapping of hands and expressions of unanimous approbation.)*

## WHAT OUR KIND DEEDS CLUBS ARE DOING

Two months and a half after our humane work was started in the schools of Alameda County in 1925, we issued with the approval of our superintendent, Mr. Martin, a questionnaire to all the principals asking what their reaction would be to the forming of clubs in their schools to be called KIND DEEDS CLUBS. The answers were so favorable that we began organizing and our enrollment, which was entirely optional with the children, registered 2500 members in the first two weeks.

Very much in all our success has been due to Mrs. Katherine H. Borneman, who gave serious attention to our efforts and after the first year established humane education as a part of the curriculum in the schools of Hayward, of which she is supervising principal.

The following letter will illustrate how much joy these clubs are bringing into the lives of others, the members using Christmas as a special season to make sure those who might otherwise be forgotten, not neglecting deeds of thoughtfulness to our animal friends as well:

January 23, 1929.

Mrs. Katherine Borneman,  
Markham School, B Street,  
Hayward, California.

Attention: President of the Kind Deeds Club.

My Dear Mrs. Borneman:

It was a wonderful pleasure to have such a very generous donation from the Kind Deeds Club of your

school. The things were of such fine quality and were so attractively packed. We sent some baskets to our families and to our aged people who would not have had any Christmas. One dear old lady who was a cripple was so overjoyed at her little box which contained some home-made jam and jellies that she wept. I wish I might tell you of every client that received something that you so generously donated but that is impossible.

If you will multiply our thanks many, many times you will get some idea of the pleasure your boxes gave.

Sincerely yours,

Southern Alameda County Welfare Board,

By (Mrs.) Ruth W. McCord,  
Executive Secretary.

Schools which were several years ago hard to win are now recognizing the value of humane education and welcoming the work with sincere enthusiasm. The principal of one of these schools recently said: "The change that has come over our San Leandro boys and girls has been noticeable and we feel it is due to the humane work of the Latham Foundation."

"I wish you could hear the exclamations of delight from both teachers and pupils when new MESSENGERS come. January package here. One young girl always asks for a special copy to mail to a school friend in Colorado."—Alice Park, Palo Alto.



The Latham Foundation for the Promotion of Humane Education, Inc.,  
Latham Square Building, Oakland, California