

# THE KIND DEEDS MESSENGER

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THE BEST WAY OF BRINGING HAPPINESS TO ONE'S SELF IS TO WATCH FOR OPPORTUNITIES TO HELP ANY SUFFERING CREATURE—MAN, WOMAN, CHILD OR BEAST.—ANNA HARRIS SMITH.

## MEMORIAL NUMBER TO ANNA HARRIS SMITH

*The Life of a Great Humanitarian and Philanthropist*

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian  
Whose portal we call death. —LONGFELLOW.

By EDITH LATHAM

I AM addressing in this article the older members of the Kind Deeds Clubs who in the brief years of our work have blossomed into young men and women. Many of you will remember a story published long ago in the Messenger titled "THE FARMER'S BOY." How you all loved that story! And how many of you, after reading it, came under the spirit of wanting to share the farmer boy's idea of making Christmas a season more of giving than of getting. You went to work with your teachers and many were the reports received at our office of the deeds which rang very true to the intention of the clubs. And when messages of "God bless you" came back to you from lonely shut-ins in hospitals and elsewhere, I just know that your own Christmas was doubly blessed and happy, and that you were made to feel the truth of what Anna Harris Smith says is this month's truth motto as given above: "The best way of bringing happiness to one's self is to watch for opportunities to help any suffering creature—man, woman, child or beast."

In those two lines is expressed the keynote of this wonderful woman's life whose picture stands before you,—Anna Harris Smith, better known as Mrs. Huntington Smith, who was one of the pioneers of the humane movement and who has lately passed from earth. She was the writer of "The Farmer's Boy" and other stories which have occasionally appeared in the Messenger, and for that reason you will be interested to know something about her. Especially gifted with her pen, she has embodied in story form the fundamental lessons which she spent her long life of service in practically demonstrating and in coaxing into demonstration in the thousands of lives, like your own, which she has influenced.

The constructive trend of the present-day humane movement owes much of its impetus to Mrs. Smith's clear vision. When she came into the field at the end of the last century, societies for the protection of animals existed more for the purpose of enforcing law through the courts by arresting violators and obtaining their conviction than for anything else. In many instances patient leading would have achieved better results than jails and penalties and made friends instead

of eternal enemies for the unfortunate animals. Mrs. Smith was very practical in realizing that an ounce of education was worth a pound of punishment and that education—slow and painstaking, could reach as nothing else the mainsprings of man's inhumanity. Her first effort was to alleviate the vast amount of suffering which passed unchallenged by less sympathetic observers. She inserted an advertisement in the leading paper of Boston, "The Transcript," asking all those interested in lessening the suffering of abandoned animals to meet her in the vestry of the Park Street Church at a certain



Courtesy of the NATIONAL HUMANE REVIEW

ANNA HARRIS SMITH

time. Mrs. Smith's appeal was so successful that at once a single room was engaged in a little narrow street in the heart of Boston, called Carver Street. This street is as well known to Boston today as are its handsome avenues and boulevards by reason of the ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE, which was the name Mrs. Smith gave to her organization, and which is now the model after which many animal homes are patterned in different parts of the country.

The first year—1899—the League cared for upwards of two thousand animals, and so great and steady has been its growth that the last year of Mrs. Smith's life its charges had increased in number to nearly one hundred thousand.

"The League was very much more than an animal collecting agency," remarks the National Humane Review. "Its employes went out into the alleys, went on foot with hand-carriers, sought out the worst cases, picked up the most mangy of the mangy army of out-cast dogs and cats, and carried them to Carver Street."

Responsible people adopted many of the waifs and sent from time to time satisfactory reports of their condition. Others were painlessly put to sleep. "Better by far for them is death," said Mrs. Smith, "than a home where they will not be made comfortable."

Our members who have been to Boston, or have read about it, know that it is famous for its many beaches, where thousands of strangers spend their holidays. These beaches were scoured for miles and miles every year before winter had set in and all the abandoned animals who would otherwise have met starvation, exposure, cruelty, disease and painful death were mercifully saved any one or all of these hard results of man's indifference to those who cannot care for themselves. Mrs. Smith organized nine substations to take care of outlying districts. She established a Home of Rest for horses, known as Pine Ridge, where, incapacitated for work, they could get rest and relief. "Many poor men," continues the Review, "who depended on horses for their livelihood have reason to be grateful to Mrs. Smith and the League. Their horses, if there was a chance for them, were welcome to all that Pine Ridge had to offer or could do for them. In what was done to restore the creatures to health and strength there was a big-hearted charity to the men, women and children whose welfare was so intimately linked with the ability of their horses to do a good day's work. And Mrs. Smith never lost sight of the fact that service for animals involved service for humans."

Mrs. Smith was a woman of great administrative ability, and her unassailable poise was the secret of much of her success. Contact with misery, so often purposely inflicted upon beings helpless to defend themselves, though inspiring well-merited rebuke, never changed the winning sweetness and patience of her personality, which were a part of her broad religion. Because she had this basis of harmonious adjustment, the clashes which have ruined many a fine work were absent from her organization. So that those most closely associated with her were her greatest lovers and most ardent admirers. In a memorial adopted by them we read: "The heart that gave its life to the service of the dumb and feathered creatures did not overlook its own kind. It encompassed all; and from the mouse in the household, which must be trapped unknown to her or

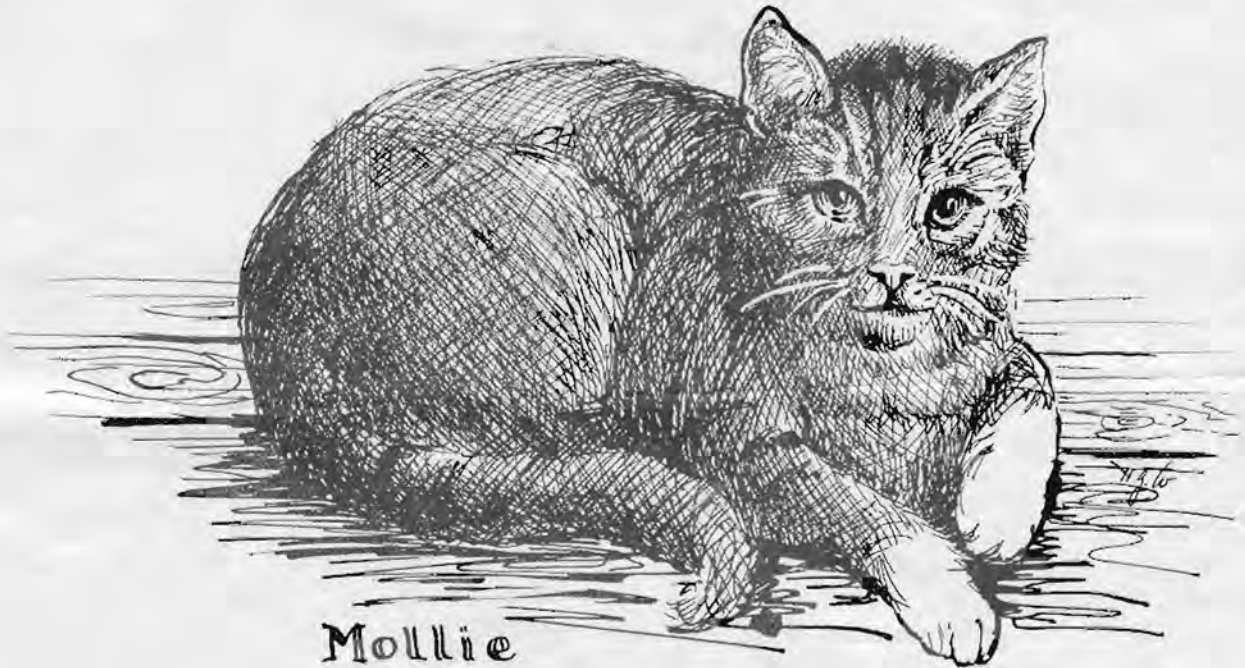
not at all, to the richest and the poorest in her list of human friends, she had the same tenderness, compassion and desire to help. She made life happier and easier for all who came under her hand. Among her associates in her work of animal rescue she was regarded with a love that was nearer reverence."

She was editor of a monthly periodical, "Our Four-Footed Friends," which has been the medium of her great educational work and has found its way all over the world. As a writer of humane fiction she is unexcelled, and, translated into foreign tongues, the influence of her striking stories will be felt far and wide through generations to come. Her word pictures grip the imagination and the lesson subtly and delightfully conveyed soaks into the memory and leaves a wholesome impression, especially with the child, which is never lost.

A quotation which adorns the walls of the Foundation in letters of gold has a very direct application to Mrs. Smith: "Nothing bigger can come into a human being's life than to love a great cause more than life itself and to have the privilege throughout life of working for that cause." "Throughout life" indeed! Up to within one hour of her death Mrs. Smith was dictating to her secretary. This "privilege" of service throughout life meant for Mrs. Smith a degree of self-sacrifice which the world will never know and which if told the world could never understand. As age came upon her with the slowing down of physical processes, how much easier it would have been to say: "Well, I have done all I can. I will leave the work for others now and take my rest." Would not most people at the age of eighty-four, and even many years earlier, have sought rest and comfort and release from the most nerve-racking, the most exacting, the most discouraging and undermining and despairing cause in the whole category of world-uplift causes? Not so Mrs. Smith. Up to the last breath no handicaps overcame her unconquerable spirit. She died in harness. "Anna Harris Smith," says the Boston Transcript, "has written her name with those of Henry Bergh and George T. Angell."

"In her transition," says the National Humane Review, "millions of animals lost an advocate, thousands of human beings a friend, the humane movement a patron and pioneer. Many would say that of all the women who have ennobled our cause Mrs. Huntington Smith was foremost in accomplishments and influence. Her individual achievement stands out as the greatest."

The true poets are those to whom the great facts of life, concealed from ordinary men and women, are revealed. Our true poet, Longfellow, assures us that what we call death is but the gateway into a life of larger opportunity. It does not seem fantastic to believe that those who have served their fellow beings, "man, woman, child or beast," as Mrs. Smith says, may from the perspective of a higher vantage ground trace deed by deed the part they have played in the affairs of life here. To have lessened, even by a little, the sum total of the world's worst sickness—cruelty—is the most glorious of all privileges. From her personal work, which is closed on earth, hundreds will gather inspiration to better service and deeper consecration, moving always towards the fulfillment of the greatest promise of the greatest prophet: "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain."



Mollie

## MOLLIE WHITE-FOOT'S VACATION

By ANNA HARRIS SMITH

[NOTE.—Summer is not far away. Many will be going away to enjoy a good vacation. Remember that the animals you leave behind you must be thought about; they must not be left to shift for themselves. Mrs. Smith's story, "Mollie White-Foot," tells you all about what happens when people don't think to look after their pets. When you read the story you will not want to be that kind of a person.—The Editor.]

WHEN Mrs. Perkins gave Clara Bourne her prettiest kitten—the gray one that had four white feet—she thought Clara loved kittens. She did not know that it was her own amusement Clara loved, and that she wanted a kitten just as she wanted a doll to play with.

Clara carried the kitten home; and, fortunately for the kitten, the cook was kind and gave it every morning a saucer of milk, with bread crumbs, and also looked after it at dinner time, so that Mollie White-Foot had, on the whole, a very comfortable time, except when Clara played with her too roughly.

When summer came, Clara's mother and father decided to close the house and go away to board for two months at the mountains. Clara was so delighted that she hardly gave a thought to Mollie until the day before they were to start. Then she asked her mother if she were going to take Mollie with them. Mrs. Bourne told her that it would be impossible, but that she need not worry, as Mollie could very well take care of herself for two months; and Clara, busy with getting her

little trunk packed and putting in it her favorite toys and books, gave no further thought to the matter.

The Bournes started off in excellent spirits one pleasant morning; and, as they turned the key in the door, Mollie came and looked at them, and cried as if she understood that they were going away, and as if she were begging them not to leave her alone. This made Clara, and even Mrs. Bourne (who did not like cats), feel a little uncomfortable; but they soon forgot all about Mollie in the excitement of the journey.

They had left enough scraps of bread and meat under the doorstep in the back yard to last Mollie for a few days; but she missed her milk, and when night came mewed sadly, for she began already to feel very lonesome.

In a day or two there was a heavy rain, and Mollie had to crawl under the doorstep as far as possible and stay there until the storm was over—an experience which she did not find at all pleasurable. She had never been a cat given to neighborhood wanderings; and, when her little store of food had given out, and no human being came near her, and, in spite of her most beseeching mews at the side door, the house remained closed to her, the creature began to feel very wretched indeed. She got so hungry that she could not



sleep at night; and one night her cries reached the ears of a sick woman in a house near by, and kept her from getting the sleep she needed, until her husband went out and threw stones and sticks in the direction from which the cries came, and then poor Mollie, frightened nearly into a fit, crept under the doorstep again and lay in half-dazed silence.

That night Mrs. Bourne and Clara slept soundly in their comfortable room at the hotel among the mountains, and no thought of Mollie came to trouble their placid repose. The days, which flew by so rapidly for Clara and her mother, dragged slowly for Mollie. Now and then she managed to catch a bird, and once she made a scanty meal upon a very small mouse that ventured across her pathway; but she was getting too weak to do very much hunting, for which indeed she was sadly unfitted, owing to the manner of her bringing up. She ventured into the neighbors' yards in her desperation, but she found that the swill-buckets were all kept tightly closed, and if she were seen, she was driven off with a stone or a broomstick. Many of the houses round about were shut up like her own home; and the families who were left were so indignant to think that the more fortunate ones who could get away should leave their cats behind for the stay-at-homes to take care of that they would not often feed a stray cat, or even tolerate its presence. Mollie saw two little pet kittens bereft of attention crawl away and hide and die, and she felt as if that must soon be her fate, too.

One day when Mollie was prowling around in search of food a boy threw a stone at her. Being weak with hunger, she did not jump aside quickly enough to avoid the missile. In the panic caused by pain and fright she ran wildly, she did not know where, and by chance took refuge in a garden belonging to a house a few streets from where the Bournes lived. There was a little hole in the fence, which she spied out as she ran, and, being thin, she crawled through and fell exhausted under a low-growing shrub.

The day and night went by, and another day and night, and Mollie still lay under the shrub, aching from the bruise she had received, and too weak to crawl about any longer in search of food and drink. Her mouth was parched with thirst; she slept and woke with feverish starts. How gladly she would have welcomed a taste of cool water! The third day was slowly drawing to an end when Mollie heard footsteps approaching her. She had met with so much unkindness that she wanted to get up and run away, but she was too feeble to do so. The footsteps paused, and a hand pushed aside the branches that partly concealed her, and, as Mollie raised her eyes and tried to shrink back under the bush, she saw a boy looking down at her. This sight alarmed her very much, for boys, as a rule,

had never been kind to her. All she could do, however, was to lie still and wait for the expected blow. Instead of the blow she felt a hand touching her head softly, and heard a gentle voice say, "Poor pussy!" That was all; and just as Mollie was trying to purr a faint response, the steps retreated much more rapidly than they had come, and Mollie, thinking herself forsaken, closed her eyes again in a sigh of disappointment.

In a few minutes she heard once more the sound of footsteps, and this time two voices.

"Here, mamma, right here under this bush," said one voice.

"Oh, the poor thing!" said another.

"Is she dead, mamma?"

"No; she is opening her eyes," was the reply. "Put the saucer of milk down close to her head."

Help had come to Mollie at last, but it seemed as if it were too late. Mollie could not take the milk. "Bring a little water, Henry," the kind voice said, and in a few minutes Mollie saw a dish of water placed almost under her nose, so close that she could, by raising her head, lap a little. She was so grateful that she tried to purr, and, in fact, succeeded in making a faint sound.

"Leave the milk, Henry, and the water," said the voice. "See that faded ribbon around her neck! The poor thing has been left to starve by some family gone away for the summer, and I think she has been hurt in some way. Do you see how wicked it is for people to be so thoughtless?"

From this time on better days came to Mollie. Slowly her strength came back under the ministrations of the kind little boy and his mother, and by and by she grew sleek and fat and seemed quite like her old self.

Mrs. Lane had a few rules she always followed in her care of cats, and they were very successful.

First, she realized that cats, like people, need a mixed diet, and she gave Mollie not only a little meat every day, but some kind of vegetable. Some cats, she had found, were fond of potato; some of asparagus; some would eat cabbage; and almost every cat liked corn and beans.

She was always particular to keep a dish of fresh water where the cat could get at it, for cats often are allowed, through thoughtlessness, to suffer with thirst. They need fresh water, as well as milk, just as we do. Milk cannot take the place of water. With their milk she often mixed rice or oatmeal. She also carefully picked the bones out of fish, and mixed it with potato, or rice, for a change of food. Cats are sometimes seriously hurt by swallowing fish-bones.

She fed her cats regularly, and they knew just when to expect their food, so were not teasing around the house. She found that they were much better hunters

after rats and mice if they were kept in good condition. It is only those who are very ignorant of the cat who imagine she must be kept half-starved to be a hunter. A well-cared for cat is always the brightest.

She never turned her cats out of doors at night, but kept a box of clean, dry earth, where they could get at it, and she had no trouble with them. A little training will make any cat neat, for cats are naturally neat, and it is only neglect that renders them otherwise.

She never tied a ribbon or placed a collar around a cat's neck, for there is always danger of their getting caught in some bush or fence and getting serious injury. They may be starved to death or strangled by means of a collar.

Mrs. Lane's experience had taught her that cats have much more feeling and intelligence than many people give them credit for, and they thoroughly appreciate good treatment as well as suffer very much from neglect. They learn to know the tone of the voice, the glance of the eye, of those with whom they live, and respond to a look, and a word. They are very affectionate, and love those who are kind to them.

With such a thoughtful and considerate mistress it is no wonder that Mollie grew fat and handsome, and had no desire to leave her happy home for anything more than an occasional outing or promenade.

When the early days of September arrived, instinct drew her back to her former home, and there a great surprise was in store for her. The house was open again, and, as she walked leisurely toward the open door, Clara darted out and seized her with a cry of delight.

"O mamma, mamma! just look here! Mollie has come back, and see how handsome she has grown!"

"Well, didn't I tell you," said Clara's mother, casting an approving glance at Mollie, "that cats are quite able to take care of themselves when they are obliged to do so?"

"But, mamma," Clara said, eyeing the large, beautiful cat critically, "don't you think it strange she should have grown so sleek and fat? It seems as if someone had been taking good care of her. Just see how glossy her fur is."

Mrs. Bourne would not stop to think about Mollie's good looks, and it was not until she found the cat did not stay with them that she began to grow interested. "Someone has coaxed her away," she said, when Clara bemoaned the loss of her pet. "I think it is pretty mean business! We must inquire about the neighborhood."

All their inquiries, however, came to nothing. Mollie appeared and disappeared. It had always been Mrs. Bourne's habit to shut her out at night, but when she made her next friendly call, a few days later, Mrs. Bourne allowed Clara to confine her in the cellar for two days. After this confinement Mollie ran away and was seen no more until Clara discovered her one day sitting in the window of a pretty home with a garden about it some streets away from her neighborhood.

Clara at once ran home and told her mother, and a few moments later Mrs. Bourne, in quite an angry frame of mind, was on her way with Clara to reclaim the wanderer.

They were greeted very pleasantly at the door by



She could, by raising her head lap a little.

Mrs. Lane, the lady of the house, and invited to enter. When Mrs. Bourne told her errand, and accused Mrs. Lane of coaxing the cat away from its home, Henry Lane was standing by his mother, and his brown eyes flashed ominously. "May I speak, mamma?" he said.

Mrs. Lane gave him permission, and Henry began his story. When he described what condition the poor forsaken cat was in on the day he found her, almost dead under the bushes in the garden, Clara cried, and even Mrs. Bourne looked ashamed. He told how they had built up her strength and got her into that fine and sleek condition by careful attention.

Mrs. Lane begged Mrs. Bourne to consider that a cat could not take care of herself any better than a child, "not as well, indeed, for a child can ask for food and drink, and someone will listen, but a poor cat is driven from house to house, hungry and thirsty, and it may be days before anyone will take pity on her forlorn condition, and sometimes, alas, not at all." She said, "I cannot understand how people can be so cruel as to leave their pets to suffer when they are going away to enjoy themselves. If they cannot take them or find a good home they ought to have them humanely disposed of—usually any humane society will send an agent to do this or give directions for the best method of chloroforming an animal."

She told, with tears in her eyes, how Henry, climbing over a fence into the back yard of a house that had been shut up all summer, attracted by a faint mew, had found under the back doorsteps a mother cat, dead of starvation, and five little kittens, three of them dead. The other two had a little life left in them, and those he had brought home to her, and she had mercifully ended their sufferings.

"Now," Mrs. Lane said, "you have heard all the story, and you may take Mollie if you think best, or I will get you a very pretty kitten I know about if you will promise never to leave her to 'take care of herself,' and will adopt my method of treatment."

Mrs. Bourne was not a hard-hearted woman, only thoughtless and selfish, but Mrs. Lane had convinced her of her wrong-doing, and she very readily promised to treat the new pet differently.

Mrs. Bourne and Clara thanked Mrs. Lane for her kind advice, and the promise of a kitten, and went their way, sadder and wiser for hearing the true story of Mollie's vacation.

I believe that nobody has a right to keep a cat and turn it loose on the world when the house is closed.

—Prof. LeBaron R. Briggs of Harvard College.

## THE VALUE OF KINDNESS TEACHING

An Important Statement from James M. Curley, Mayor  
of Boston, Expressed in a Letter to  
Anna Harris Smith

... As the twig is bent so grows the tree. When society recognizes the tremendous truth that the solution of most of our problems lies in the proper training of childhood and acts upon it, much of the evil that saddens the world will be banished. Children taught the necessity and duty of kindness to animals will be kind to their fellows; cruelty and uncharitableness and all the evil things that grow out of them, will pass; and the betterment of the world will be in proportion always to the growth of kindness in the hearts of children. You will recall that Boyle O'Reilly, with the instinctive perception of the poet, recognized this truth. He wrote:

"What is the real good?"  
I asked in musing mood.

\* \* \*

Then within my bosom  
Softly this I heard:  
Each heart holds the secret:  
Kindness is the word.

Kindness—which manifests itself in charity, consideration for others, tenderness for all God's creatures, pity for the unfortunate and in many other ways—is the very marrow of Christianity and civilization, and cannot be too sedulously taught or too constantly practiced.

I wish your League every success in the coming days, feeling sincerely as your Gospel of Kindness grows and spreads its beneficent influence, the world will be a better and sweeter place to live in.

I WOULD NOT WEAR THE COSTLIEST FUR  
IN THE WORLD! THIS IS NOT BECAUSE I  
BELIEVE THAT NO ANIMALS SHOULD BE  
KILLED, BUT BECAUSE OF THE CRUEL MAN-  
NER IN WHICH THEY ARE KILLED; THAT IS  
WHY I CANNOT EAT MEAT.

—Anna Harris Smith.

We need not pity animals because they cannot talk "grammar." What we have to do is to build a bridge—a thought if you like—that will help them to cross over to our country, and help us to get into theirs, and study each other's languages.

—Anna Harris Smith.



# THE ANIMAL SHELTER LEAGUE OF OAKLAND

By MURIEL A. HEALEY, President

[April is the month of NATIONAL BE KIND TO ANIMALS ANNIVERSARY, which is steadily gaining in popularity as the years go on. We are making every effort this year, as never before, to call the attention of the public to what this event means. And among other things we are appealing to Oakland residents to lend a helping hand to our abandoned animals by joining the ANIMAL SHELTER LEAGUE, an organization which merits the support of animal lovers who wish to see cruelty to, and suffering of, domestic animals alleviated. The self-sacrificing women who, in spite of every obstacle, have kept the League alive through their own unremunerated service, and even their own slender means, deserve help from the public. This organization is 100% trustworthy, serving no ulterior motives and having no "entangling alliances," either with medical experimentalists or rodeo cruelists. Membership, \$2.00 per year. HELP SUPPORT THE LEAGUE.—THE EDITOR.]

At the Animal Shelter League, 1417 East 10th Street, a greatly needed work is being done in caring for the lost and strays of Oakland. It is open at all times and takes care of between 150 to 200 animals a month, chiefly dogs and cats who are homeless or suffering.

These animals are brought to the Shelter and given comfortable quarters as well as medical attention when needed.



"I want a home"

Many lost dogs and cats find their way to the friendly Shelter, usually brought by animal lovers, who take pity on the hungry, frightened creatures. It is hard to believe, but many are brought in here who are starving to death, and a great many injured animals are also taken care of.

For a large number we find good homes where they can spend the remainder of their lives treated with the kindness and consideration due them. Animals are called for and taken back daily in response to calls. Some animals that are not suitable for giving away remain here permanently, where they have a large sunny yard and proper food. It would be a real treat for one who loves animals to visit the Shelter and see how happy these little waifs are. We also board a few animals at the Shelter and they receive the best of care.

People have brought quite a variety of animals for us to care for, including white rats, goats, rabbits, mice, fowl, and even once a hawk with a broken wing, and we take care of all as far as our limited funds allow. Whole families of cats find their way to the Shelter. It is sad that people will move away and leave a mother with her family of kittens to shift for themselves, which means starvation and death unless some more thoughtful person rescues them in time. Quite often people leave their dogs as well. This is a very cruel thing to do as a dog is so devoted to his master that he will often grieve himself to death. The Animal Shelter League is supported entirely by memberships and donations.

## THE LITTLE WHITE PUP

K. C. B.

*Courtesy of the Oakland Tribune*

MILES UP in a canyon.  
WHERE THERE wasn't  
A THING but just a road  
THAT WOUND its way,  
UP INTO the hills.  
AND OVER them.  
AND THAT'S where it was,  
AS WE drove along,  
THAT ONE of us spied  
BY THE side of the road,  
A LITTLE white thing,  
WITH SPOTS of brown,  
AND IT looked like a pup,  
BUT IT couldn't be that  
FOR HOW could a pup

BE AWAY up there,  
WHERE NOBODY lived,  
FOR MILES and miles,  
BUT ANYWAY,  
WHEN WE got to it,  
WE STOPPED the car,  
AND IT was a pup,  
A LITTLE girl pup,  
AND IT was so glad,  
IT CRIED right out,  
AND SO very small,  
IT COULD do no more,  
THAN GET its fore feet,  
ON THE running board,  
AND WE took it in.

AND IT wagged itself  
INTO EVERYONE'S arms,  
AND LICKED every face,  
AND THEN settled down,  
IN SOMEBODY'S lap,  
AND WENT to sleep,  
AND IT must have been,  
IT WAS taken up there,  
IN AN automobile,  
AND THEN deserted,  
FOR IN no other way,  
COULD IT get up there,  
AND OF course I know  
THAT A little girl pup,  
WITHOUT ANY CLAIM,

TO RELATIONSHIP,  
WITH WELL bred families,  
IN THE canine world  
ISN'T IMPORTANT,  
OR ANYTHING,  
BUT NEVERTHELESS,  
IF I had to choose,  
BETWEEN THE persons  
WHO TOOK it up there,  
AND LEFT it up there,  
AND THE pup itself,  
I'D TAKE the pup,  
AND THAT choice goes,  
IF WE were all wrecked,  
ON A desert island,  
I THANK you.

[Copyright, 1929, for the Tribune]



The Latham Foundation for the Promotion of Humane Education, Inc.,  
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