

THE KIND DEEDS MESSENGER

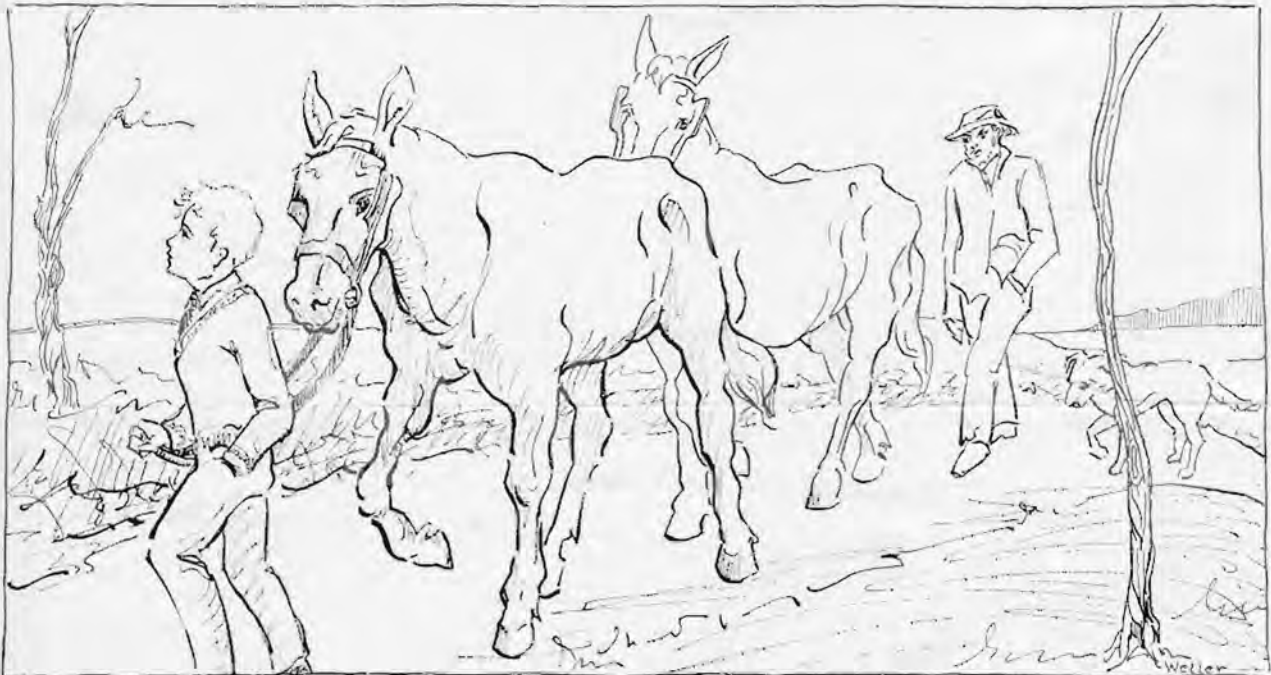
The Latham Foundation Story Service
for the Public Schools

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"Nearly all the criminals of the future are in our public schools now and we are educating them. We can mold them now if we will. To instil into the hearts and minds of the coming generation humane sentiment: the feeling of kindness and justice to every living creature, educating them in ways of mercy and thoughtfulness for the helpless in the world, will do more to decrease crime than punishment can ever be expected to do."—GEORGE T. ANGELL.

THE COUNTRY HOME

By ANNA HARRIS SMITH



There he is coming up the driveway with two wretched old horses and a very, poor-looking man

When Mrs. Carroll was left alone with six children to care for she did not sit down and cry and make her children unhappy by saying she did not know how they were going to live without their father to provide for them; she was not that kind of a mother, but she gathered her children all about her, from little Nellie, only three years old, up to Robert, who had celebrated his fourteenth birthday, and had a talk with them.

"You have lost the best father children ever had. I want you always to remember him and try to follow the good example he set you. We have got to leave this house; we can't afford to live here and I can sell it now for a good price. I have heard of a house I can buy down on the Cape; it is an unusually good chance. There is a barn, a henhouse, and a large vegetable garden. There are fruit trees, and if you are all willing to work, and live simply, we can keep together, but you must be willing to work."

"We'd love such a place, Mother," cried Robert.

"Wait a moment before you decide," continued

their mother. "Your Uncle Charles and Aunt Kate have offered to take Charlie and Minnie, the twins, into their home in the city. They could keep right on in the same school and everything would be done to make them happy. Your Aunt Eliza is willing to take Marian into her home and let her keep on in Miss Green's finishing school. It will be hard to separate, but I think you ought to know there are these chances for you here in the city. If we separate I shall take an apartment with Robert and the little ones, and Uncle Charles will find work for Robert in his office."

Robert started to speak, but his mother said, "Before you speak, think quietly for a few moments. On the one hand is the family in the country, all together, with hard work and plain living. On the other hand, an easier life in the city, and no doubt many more amusements."

There was a moment's silence, then Robert said earnestly, "If I thought a year I know I should say I will go with mother into the country and work."

"And I say the same," exclaimed the twins almost in one breath. "I, too," said Marian, but more slowly.

Mrs. Carroll, with tears in her eyes, rose from her chair. "Thank you, dear children. I think you are right. Then the vote is to keep together. The country it shall be, with plenty of good healthy work and plain living, but we shall all be together."

"United we stand; divided we fall!" exclaimed Robert, spreading his arms over the little ones who were sitting on the floor. "Bless you, my children."

That set them all to laughing, which was what Robert intended, as he saw that his mother was on the verge of breaking down.

The children were all excitement; they tugged at their mother's dress and began crying, "When can we go, Mother?" "Can I have a dog there, Mother?"

"I mean to have a horse," said Robert. "When I was visiting Uncle Charlie in the country last summer I learned all about harnessing and feeding and driving, and everything. Don't you think I can have a horse, Mother?"

"Some time, I hope, Robert, but not right away. You know we have got to be very economical. Now you must all help pack, for Mr. Keller, the man who is going to buy this house, is in a hurry for it. He has bought most of the best things in it, so we have only to pack our plainest furniture and our personal belongings."

II

It was a raw, cold day in March. The Carrolls had been in their new home about a week. They were all sitting together in the living room excepting Robert. A fire was burning brightly in the fireplace and the room looked very cheerful, but the family, excepting the two little ones, who were building blocks on the floor, were looking sad and homesick.

"Aren't we going to have *any* rug on the floor, Mother?" asked Marian. "I hate bare floors unless they are very nice, they look so poverty-stricken. We must have a *real* rug on the parlor, nothing cheap. I hope we shall have a few nice persons calling on us and we don't want to be ashamed."

"The only thing to be ashamed of," said Mrs. Carroll quietly, "is living or dressing beyond our means. If we've got only money enough for bare floors let us have them bare, but let us have them clean. If our friends or acquaintances do not like our simple way of living they needn't come again."

"Well, they won't," said Marian disconsolately. "I know them."

"The friends who visit you because of your clothes and your furniture are not worth knowing. We will hope to discover some more intelligent friends who will value you for what you are, not for what you have."

"I was thinking that in the summer we might take one or two boarders," continued Mrs. Carroll, "'paying guests,' I think some persons like to call them, and then we could afford to pay Delia, who lived with us so long,—she is homesick to be with us again. She was a fine cook, neat and strong, and I miss her very much."

"O, Mother, not *boarders!*" wailed Marian.

"Call them 'paying guests,'" said Mrs. Carroll, smiling. "We will ask Robert, our man of the house, what he thinks. By the way—I wonder where he is.

I haven't seen him since breakfast. Where can he be?"

"Oh, Mother, look! *There* he is coming up the driveway with two wretched old horses and a very poor-looking man, and a dog. Look!"

All of the family followed Mrs. Carroll as she went to open the door.

As Robert reached the house, he thrust the bridle of the horse he was leading into the man's hands who was leading a second horse that was very lame. As soon as he saw his mother he called out:

"Please get me the barn-door key, Mother, please, quick!"

"Robert! What *does* this mean?" began Mrs. Carroll.

"I can't explain now, Mother; the key please, and I shall want a pail of hot water. I'll send Tony back after it. The pails are in the barn. Run ahead, Charlie," he called to his brother, "and unlock the barn door and bring the pails for some hot water. I must make some warm mash for these old horses are starving; can't you see?"

Robert was so excited he could hardly speak.

"I've *bought* them both, Mother, with my own money that I had saved for a bicycle. Will you get it for me? The man needs it awfully."

Indeed the man looked as if he needed it. He was ragged, dirty and thin. He looked afraid, as if he expected to be driven away.

Mrs. Carroll, with her children crowding behind her, stood in the doorway, a picture of astonishment.

"Robert, what does this mean? Where did you find this man and these wretched horses? Is he going about selling old horses? He has no right!"

"Mother, he is a poor foreigner. He moved into that old shanty yesterday you can see from my window upstairs, and last night I saw a poor horse out in the field lying down. There is no grass in that field yet fit to eat. The field is bare and stony and I pitied the horse so much that I could not get to sleep for a long time last night. I determined to go and look up the horse the first thing this morning. A trick horse dealer got hold of this man, Tony, and cheated him into paying \$5, all the money he had, for that old white horse he picked up somewhere on the Cape. The old, lame white horse Tony has had a year and he broke down on the road when he was moving here. I can't stop to explain now; the horses and the man are almost dead with hunger."

"The barn is open," called Charlie, "and the pails are ready. The stalls have got good straw on the floors."

Robert seized the bridle once more and the sad looking procession started for the barn. It seemed as if the old horses knew that something good was coming to them, for they pulled at their bridles and hastened their dragging steps.

Mrs. Carroll and the children all followed. The horses did not need to be *led* into the fine box stalls; they had known better days. Robert began at once to mix a good warm mash with Charlie's assistance. The hungry horses whinnied as they smelled the feed that was being prepared. The family stood around admiring Robert. Poor Tony, the Italian, was so astonished that he could not speak, but stood with open mouth and wide, staring black eyes.

The thin and hungry dog went from one person to another wagging his tail beseechingly as if to beg them not to forget that *he* was hungry, too, and Mrs. Carroll said to Marian, "do run into the house and get that good meat bone with the soup that we had left yesterday. I meant to have it warmed up today, but that poor dog needs it more than we do!"

Both the horses seemed to understand that something was being done for them; they turned their heads and whinnied softly again. Marian came out with a large pan of soup which she put on the floor for the dog. The two pails of feed were placed in the box stalls and for some moments nothing could be heard but the dog greedily gobbling the soup and the horses sucking up the warm mash.

Then Robert drew a long breath,—“Mother, did you ever see any creatures so hungry!”

But his mother could not speak for tears. At last she said, “Oh, Robert, what they must have suffered! These faithful creatures. How could anyone have been selfish and cruel enough to sell them when they were growing old and not take pains to see what became of them! Ford may pride himself on making cheap automobiles for the laboring man, but I wish that he would buy the old cast-off horses and save them from such misery as this in their old age. I have no doubt there are many of them all over the country. After working for mankind all their lives they deserve better treatment!”

“Mother,” said Marian, who had been watching the horses and the dog, “I was saving my spending money for a handsome rug but I want Robert to take it and buy a bicycle and go around the Cape to see if he can find more poor old starving horses and buy them.”

“The man here isn’t to blame,” said Robert. “I think he and his family are starving, too, and he expected to go around selling vegetables and fruit. The horse dealer cheated him. He didn’t know anything about horses himself.”

“We will take him in the house and feed him,” said Mrs. Carroll.

“Please,” the man said, “the money. My wife sick, the children hungry.”

“You shall have the money now and Robert will go to the store and help you buy the food,” said Mrs. Carroll.

III

The scene changes, from the barn, where we leave two contented horses resting on good beds of straw, and a happy dog sleeping in a pile of hay which the children had fixed for his bed right beside the stall where his companion to whom he had been so faithful was resting. Then, again, it changes to a cold room in a miserable little cottage where a sick woman lies on a hard bed and four dirty, ragged children are sitting at the window watching for their father.

“Do you think Father will bring us something to eat, Mamma? I’m so hungry,” said one child.

“I hope so,” the mother answered faintly. “We are all hungry.”

“He’s coming—he’s coming!” cried the children all together, “and the big boy is with him! They’ve got lots of bundles! Oh! Oh!” there was a rush to the

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MOTHER LOVE

Prize Essay, by Lillian Myron, Florence School,
Room 12, 6B, San Diego

“Boots,” my cat, met with a sad misfortune. After trying to raise a family, her baby kittens died. Poor Boots was heart-broken until she found the family of my pet dog, “Patches.”

When Boots found the puppies Patches was away chasing rats that had their home in the cellar.

Boots was yearning for some babies to love and



Mothers

here were six chubby puppies willing to be mothered. So into the box she jumped and started loving them, and washing them, and finally she curled up in the box and all the puppies cuddled to her.

I was so surprised when I came home from school and found Boots mothering Patches’ puppies. Boots was perfectly satisfied with her new found family and Patches did not mind her looking after them. So Boots kept on taking care of the puppies until they were old enough to look after themselves. We used to call her, “Patches’ nurse maid.”

It was great fun to see the puppies play with Boots. One would bite her ears, while another would pull her tail, and all the others would jump on her and have all kinds of fun. Before long the puppies got too rough for Boots and we had to give her away. We gave her to some friends of ours where we knew she would have a good home.

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door. "Have you got some bread for us?" they all cried together.

"Plenty, plenty, and soup and bananas; every sing!" their father joyfully cried. The poor woman, hearing, sat up in bed and cried and laughed and said, "Thank God!" over and over again.

Robert opened the packages which he had placed on the table while the eager children crowded around him, reaching out dirty hands eagerly to grasp a banana. He was never so happy in his life before! The joy of giving, of helping the suffering, starving animals, the poor man, the sick woman, the hungry children, the broken down horses, the poor old dog—all one family whether traveling on two feet or four, all God's creatures, needing help and comfort—taught him a lesson he never forgot; that the best way of bringing happiness to one's own self was to watch for opportunities to help any suffering creature, man, woman, child or beast. All this comfort and joy came because Robert was a thoughtful, kind-hearted boy who could not rest or be happy when he saw any creature suffering; so he had gone to the rescue of an old, starved horse he saw out in a field.

The poor old horses never had to work again. The man who had, without thinking of his duty to his horse, let him be taken for "light work" when he bought an automobile and who gave him to a farmer on the Cape, thought he was doing a kind act. When told the story of Robert's purchase he went to see his old horse and was filled with grief and shame when he saw him and the old dog who had followed so faithfully after his companion.

The man proposed to Robert that he start a little horse rescue place on the farm Mrs. Carroll had purchased and told him to keep both the horses through the summer if they were able to enjoy themselves; when winter came it might be better and more humane to put them mercifully to death. He did not believe it to be kindness to keep alive sick and suffering animals. He gave the dog, Bruce, to Robert and said he would gladly pay for all expenses of the care of the animals through the summer. He also encouraged Robert in going about the Cape to see if he could find any other wretched horses left out in fields where they might be starving. Mrs. Carroll and Robert were very happy to feel that such a good work had been started in their new home and as for Robert he said that nothing would please him better than to help in saving horses from such suffering in their old age.

As the owner of this old horse turned away from Mrs. Carroll's door he looked back into the living room and saw the following motto taken from "Black Beauty" on the wall that had been placed there by Mrs. Carroll:

"People may talk as much as they like about their religion but if it does not teach them to be kind and good to man and beast it is all a sham."

*QUALITIES OF CHARACTER WE ALL
WANT TO HAVE

1. What great quality of character did Mrs. Carroll's children show when she gave them the choice between going to rich relatives or staying with her?

2. When Mrs. Carroll told her children that they could not afford any luxuries, what did she say was "the only thing to be ashamed of?"

3. When Robert bought with his own money which he was saving for a bicycle, two worn-out horses who could never work again, what unusual quality did he show?

4. What quality of mind did Robert show when he made allowance for the man who was not to blame for the condition of the animals?

5. When Robert opened the packages he had bought for the poor children what did he find was the "secret of happiness?"

6. What kind of service did the former owner of the horse propose to Robert?

7. What was the motto on the wall of the Carroll home and what do you think of it?

8. Make a list of the qualities Robert showed from the time he took his father's place in the home.

REPORT OF RADIO KIND DEEDS CLUB

Station KQW, San Jose, California

COUSIN DORIS

Our Radio Kind Deeds Club is progressing very nicely. We have many children busily learning the pledge and poem and doing their two kind deeds. The first member to qualify was Arvis Wright, 142 Fifteenth Avenue, San Francisco.

Entertainments specially dedicated to the children in hospitals and homes have been introduced to take place every month. The first one was given on September 9.

A splendid program was arranged by the Chief Scout. With the exception of Cousin Doris of the Latham Foundation and the Chief Scout, the performers were all children. These little Scouts and Kind Deeds Members give their talents to brighten the lives of their less fortunate little sisters and brothers. The following program was rendered:

Introductory Chat.....	Chief Scout
Song, "Smiles".....	Chorus
Riddles, Jokes.....	Chief Scout
Trumpet Solo.....	Maybell Fisher
Reading of Original Composition.....	Rose Gunn
Song.....	Betty Hill
Piano Solo.....	Irene Petrino
Song and Recitation.....	Sunny Girl
Recitation.....	Jerry Smith
How Rex, the Horse, Was Saved.....	Cousin Doris

Closing Song—"Smiles"

The hospitals and homes that have been personally brought in touch and are now on our list are:

Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children, San Francisco.
Children's Hospital, San Francisco.
California Society for Crippled Children, San Francisco.
Hebrew Orphan Asylum, San Francisco.
San Francisco Hospital, Children's Department.
San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children.
Baby Hospital, Oakland.
Home of Benevolence, San Jose.
Odd Fellows' Hospital for Children, Gilroy.

*Answers will be published in our next number.



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