

THE KIND DEEDS MESSENGER

The Latham Foundation Story Service
for the Public Schools

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Animals are like us in all important things—in body, mind and nature—as we learn when we know and understand them. They can suffer from hunger and thirst, sickness and pain, and fear—just as we can, and they welcome relief from misery—just as we do. They are seeking happiness and are trying to avoid pain—just as we are. They love liberty and they want to live—just as we do. HELP to protect from cruel treatment the poor FOUR-FOOTED who cannot speak for themselves and who suffer much misery at the hands of human beings because they are unknown and misunderstood.

—Pasadena Star-News.

BOBBIE FINDS A PET

By IDA KENNISTON

Bob sat on the edge of the back piazza. He was trying to carve a totem-pole from a piece of pine wood with his jack-knife. Not a big totem-pole, of course. The stick of wood was only about 15 inches long. He was going to have an eagle on top, then a bear's head under that, and then—he didn't know what he would have next. So far, his carving hadn't been very successful. The top of the pole looked as much like a chicken or a duck as it did like the wonderful eagle on top of the flag-pole in the school-yard.

His mother came out on the piazza. "Will you take this letter to the postoffice, Bobbie? Right away, please. I want to be sure it goes in the next mail."

Bobbie threw down his stick of wood and put his jack-knife in his pocket. "Yes, mother. Say, mother, can't I have a dog, please?"

"No, dear," said his mother. "Your grandfather doesn't like dogs,—and a dog would bark and disturb the neighbors—and I've told you before, Bobbie, you cannot have a dog. Now run along with the letter like a good boy."

Bob started off on the errand with a gloomy face. He was almost the only boy in his class at school who didn't have a pet of some kind. Jimmie Reed had two rabbits, and Dick and Buck each had a dog and kittens, and the other boys and girls had pets. Some had tame squirrels—not kept in little cages, but free to come and go as they pleased, and always ready to come and take a nut from your fingers, or to run up your coat sleeve to a comfortable place on your shoulder.

Bill Ryder had a pony! Even Millie May, a little girl who lived across the street, had a pony.

ful, big, snow-white rooster with a red comb, who would follow her all about the yard. Why couldn't *he* have a pet. Even a little pig would be some fun! And he could teach the pig some tricks, too, and keep him as nice and clean as a cat. And *perhaps* he could teach Piggie-Wig NOT to put his feet in the trough when he ate his dinner.

Bob had got so far in his thoughts when he saw one of his friends, Sandy McGregor. "Hey, Sandy," he called. "Wait for me."

Sandy had some news. "Say, Bob—I took a note from teacher, after school, to the master's office. And guess what he told me! You know that big ack—ack—ack—?" Sandy stuttered sometimes. This seemed to be one of the times. "How do you say it, Bob? That glass thing he has the goldfish and tadpoles in."

"A—qua—ri—um," said Bobbie carefully.

"Yes—Well, the class that has the best record of attendance next month—with no one tardy a single once—is to have the a—quarry—mum in their room for a month. Won't it be fun? It's a *big* one, you know—as big as *that!*"—and Sandy stretched his arms as far as they would go.

"Bobbie!" said Sandy earnestly, "Class Room F is going to win that—fish-house!"

"Fine," answered Bobbie heartily. "We sure will. You bet I won't be tardy a single time."

Of course the boys would not have said "You bet" or "Sure will" in a class-room recitation, but—well, even boys who stand at the head of the class and get "A" marks in grammar are careless outside of the school-room. And anyway, neither Bobby nor Sandy ever *had* been at the head of the class.

Next morning, as soon as the opening exercises were over, the teacher told the classes of Mr. Gor-



Bobbie and Pronto had many good times together.

one month to the class that had the most nearly perfect record for attendance. The aquarium was really a fine one, with a number of beautiful goldfish, oddly marked, with bright splashes of color, red and gold and crimson and black. On the floor of the tank were pretty pebbles and grottos and there were some growing aquatic plants in the water. The little fish seemed to be having a good time darting about, in and out among the plants, and now and then steering skilfully through the little grottos.

In order that all the children might see the fish in their pretty home, each class was to have the tank in its room for two days during the month that they were to try for perfect attendance record.

If any child were to be kept at home by his parents because of illness, his absence would not be counted against the record, but no other excuse would be accepted and no excuse at all for tardiness!

Class F—Bobbie's class, started out with a really fine record. As the days went by it seemed as if they would be the winners.

A month can seem a long time if you are waiting for Christmas, or vacation, or for some promised pleasure.

It was almost the last day of the month, when, at the afternoon session, Bobbie came in late! The first time in all that month that any boy or girl in Class F had been tardy. He wasn't just a few minutes late. He was an hour and fifteen minutes late!

Bobbie's face was very red when he slipped quietly into the room and went to his seat. His eyes looked as if he had been crying. His coat sleeve was torn. He knew that he—Bobbie Sylvester—had lost his class any possible chance of winning the award of that beautiful aquarium. There were scowls on many faces in the room, a few groans and even hisses from some of the boys!

Miss Flynn, the teacher, rapped sharply on her desk for order. She looked at Bobbie and hesitated a few moments. The boy looked so sorry and miserable that she only said, "You may tell me about it after school is dismissed, Robert."

At the close of the session, when the other children had all left the room, Miss Flynn closed the door and went and sat down in the seat across the aisle from Bobbie.

"Tell me what happened, Robert," she said gently. "Why were you late?"

Bobbie had dropped his head on his arms on the desk top as the children filed out. He had lost them the prize. But when he thought of what had made him late he was somehow glad, too. He *couldn't* have come away and left that little creature to his fate.

He sat up when Miss Flynn spoke to him and faced her bravely.

"Miss Flynn,—I'm—awful sorry I was tardy. I—I—forgot all about school."

Miss Flynn looked amazed. "Forgot, Robert?"

"Yes'm. Grandfather asked me to take a note to Mr. Gilliman down by the railroad track, you know.

I knew I had plenty of time if I hurried on the way back. But—."

Then he told the story. As he was coming toward the railway tracks near the station, a long train was rolling slowly past. He had seen a small animal on the roof of one of the baggage cars—saw it scramble down the iron rungs of the ladder the brakemen use, leap from the train, and scurry off across the tracks.

"It was a *monkey*, Miss Flynn. Such a *little* monkey. Maybe it's just a baby monkey—and it was so frightened and scared there all alone. And—and Smither's big dog, you know how fierce he is, he saw him, too, and made a rush for him, and I tried to head him off and get to the monkey first. That dog would have killed him in two seconds, Miss Flynn. And I had to chase the monkey and yell at the dog—and—and the monkey got away into the woods. I knew he was too little to take care of himself, so I went after him and tried to coax him to come to me. I had a banana in my pocket and I knew monkeys love bananas—and I coaxed and coaxed him and let him see the banana and at last I got him. He snuggled up to me as if—as if he *knew* he was safe and that I wouldn't let that big dog get him. He was so frightened he was trembling all over when I got him. I suppose he got out of a cage on the express train when they were taking some animals to a show or to a pet shop somewhere."

"How did you tear your sleeve?" asked Miss Flynn, as she noticed the jagged rent in his jacket.

"Fell out of a tree," answered Bobbie, briefly. He rubbed one knee where he had scraped it rather badly against a bough of the tree. "I had to climb three trees before I got the monkey."

Bobbie went on with his story. "The big dog found us again after I had the monkey and he tried to grab him. I don't think he meant to hurt *me*, but he meant to get that monkey. I had to crowd the little chap under my coat and fight off the dog and yell to the baggage man on the platform to help me."

"Where is the monkey now?" asked the teacher.

Bobbie grinned. "I got the janitor to let me put him in the basement here. We found a good, safe place for him. Will you—would you like to see him, Miss Flynn?"

"Yes, indeed, Bobbie. We will go down at once. And I think you did exactly right, even though your being tardy makes a black mark on our class record for the month."

A few minutes later they were in the basement with the good-natured janitor looking at the very small, lost monkey. He seemed to know Bobbie again and snuggled contentedly into his arms.

"Oh, I do wish I could keep him forever," said Bobbie. "But I suppose mother will say he would annoy grandfather."

But strange to say, grandfather did not seem to object at all to the little visitor. Grandfather had been a sailor in his youth and had been to South America and Africa on the old sailing ships. The

sailors had often had monkeys for pets on board ship.

So Bobbie had a pet at last, a friendly, lovable, mischievous, happy little pet. Bobbie learned just what was best to feed him and how to keep the little monkey healthy and happy.

On the last Friday of the month all the classes filed into the big school hall. The aquarium had a place of honor on the platform. Mr. Gordon, the master, told the children about the goldfish and showed some lantern slide pictures in color of other strange and beautiful fish.

Then he waited a few moments, looking over the hall. The children felt sure that now he meant to tell them which class had won the award. They were all very eager to hear. Mr. Gordon began to speak of the prize he had promised to the class with the best record of attendance. "The award would have been given," said Mr. Gordon slowly, "to a certain class if it had not been for the tardiness of one pupil, three days before the end of the month." Then he told them the story of Bobbie and the frightened little monkey he had saved from the big dog. Mr. Gordon had talked with the baggage man at the station who had seen Bobbie and had come to his help. The man told him how brave Bobbie had been. Even if the small monkey had escaped from the dog he was too young to be able to take care of himself and would soon have been lost or starved in the woods.

"It seems to me," continued the master, speaking slowly, "that this brave, kind deed of Robert Sylvester's, to save a helpless little creature from cruel suffering—might wipe out the black mark for being tardy—the only tardy mark for any boy or girl in that class for the whole month. I want all of the pupils who are in favor of this to say 'Aye'."

There was a ringing shout of "Aye" from the boys all over the room and the sweeter voices of the girls chimed in heartily with "Aye." Some of the boys began to clap their hands and to call "Bobbie Sylvester! Bobbie Sylvester!" and soon they were all applauding. In a few moments Mr. Gordon raised his hand for silence and then announced that the prize of the goldfish aquarium had been won by Class F.

Bobbie named his monkey "Pronto." Bobbie's grandfather and mother learned to love the eager, affectionate little monkey almost as much as Bobbie did. Sometimes, of course, Pronto would get into mischief, but Bobbie was patient with him and tried to teach him to be a good little monkey.

So Bobbie has a real pet of his own now and he and Pronto have lots of good times together.

(To be continued) www.latham.org

HUMANE EDUCATION IN YUBA COUNTY

Mrs. Agnes Weber Meade, Superintendent of Yuba County Schools, is forming Kind Deeds Clubs in all the grade schools of her county and has the interested and active participation of every teacher under her, even those of the eighth grade. A close and very professional record is kept of every child's standing in the club.

One child writes: "The Kind Deeds Club is the active club in our school. We are very much interested in it and are going to support it in every way possible."

Another child declares: "A Kind Deeds Club is a wonderful thing for a school. It makes the children thoughtful of others and kind to animals."

A third one endorses the club work as follows: "It teaches bad girls and boys to be kind to everything. Every boy and girl should join it because it helps them in their work when they grow up. If one is kind to everything it will be kind to you and help you every way it can."

These schools of Yuba County have sent to the Foundation's office weighty reports of what these clubs are achieving in learning kindness, which is but another word for unselfishness.

We select the following as typical of the way children are learning to think helpfully of the feelings of others: "Two little chickens were caught out in the snow. I went out to find them. Before long I heard a peep under a box. I lifted up the box and there I found the two little chickens. They were nearly frozen to death, so I took them into the house and warmed them."

ONE MOTTO A WEEK FOR SCHOOL. BLACKBOARDS

(Selected from *The Teacher's Helper*; published by the Massachusetts Humane Education Society.)

1. Without kindness there can be no true joy.
2. Protect the weak and dumb.
3. Cultivate the art of being kind.
4. Be a friend to every friendless beast.
5. Three things to learn: kindness, justice, mercy.
6. Have you named all the birds without a gun?
7. Consider nothing pleasure which causes pain to another.
8. Be considerate of the aged and find ways of bringing them happiness.
9. The bravest are the tenderest: the loving are the daring.

10. Open your mouth for the dumb.

11. All life is sacred. It is enough to kill for necessity. To slay for pleasure is barbarous.

12. Kindness is the supreme virtue; cruelty is the supreme vice.

13. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kindly deed.

14. Animals have rights. Ownership gives no right to abuse.

15. If we were deprived of the service of birds the earth would soon become uninhabitable.

16. The Massachusetts Department of Agriculture once announced that every toad is worth \$20 a year to the state as an insect destroyer.

17. Compassion and love for animals secures in the heart compassion and love for men and God.

18. Make the world happier because you lived in it.

Be noble and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

NOTED ORNITHOLOGIST PRAISES OUR WORK

John A. Brock says:

"I was much interested and pleased to read an article in the *Post-Enquirer* on Monday, January 13, the heading of which read, "Teaching of Kindness Spreads." It was a report of the good work carried on by the Foundation and the effective teaching of humane education in the public schools. This work deserves the highest of praise and the co-operation of every American citizen.

"My boys enjoy the Kind Deeds Messenger and they stop every boy who carries a gun for the purpose of shooting birds. Only last week they saw a big boy kill some wild birds with a B-B gun. He refused to stop when my boy warned him, so my boy came home after me. I got in the car and made the boy take me to his home, where I interviewed his mother. The mother promised me her boy would not be allowed to take the gun out again."—JOHN A. BROCK.

Editor's Note—We congratulate Mr. Brock upon his action and its result. We know that only through supreme tact can such an approach to the parent of a guilty boy result happily. This is a lesson which will never be forgotten by mother and boy and we wish there were more men like Mr. Brock to intervene against cruelty and ignorance.

The Frank McCoppin School of San Francisco, so well known for its outstanding work in humane education, is going to produce "Virginia's Dream" for "Be Kind to Animals Week."

Miss Effie E. Smith, the principal, has all grades from the primary to the junior high interestedly active in humane education. The C. P. E. Chum's Club of the school has won the bronze plaque awarded by the St. Francis Hotel at the Bench Show in the San Francisco Auditorium for several seasons for having the best exhibit of pets in all the San Francisco schools.

This little bronze plaque hangs in the main hallway of the school and the children keep fresh flowers beneath it, forming a little shrine—a shrine to kindness and love.

The Play "VIRGINIA'S DREAM"

This beautiful play is now available and we strongly recommend it for school use as a most entertaining and instructive feature for "Be Kind to Animals Week."

The score is complete with music, songs and costume suggestions. For all details refer to the last issue of the KIND DEEDS MESSENGER. Sold at cost price, 50 cents.



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