

The Kind Deeds Messenger



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THE KIND DEEDS CLUB PLEDGE

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In becoming a member of the Kind Deeds Club I will try to be kind to every living creature and to cultivate a spirit of protection towards all who are weaker than myself, and I will try to treat animals as I would wish to be treated if I were in their place.

Stop killing and start creating.
Stop cutting and start planting.

Stop wasting and start saving.
Stop hunting and start watching.

Stop hating and start loving.

These are the ten commandments of conservation for each of us within his own dooryard and neighborhood, over his own ranch and farm; a sower of seed, a planter of trees, a nourisher of life, where heretofore we have each plucked and burned and slaughtered.—Dallas Lore Sharp in "Sanctuary, Sanctuary."

THE ADVENTURES OF "BROTHER BUZZ," THE BUMBLEBEE ELF, IN BEE-LAND

By DOLORES WILKENS KENT



Brother Buzz Meets the Honey Bee.

PRELUDE

Once upon a time there was a little Elf, who at a meeting of the Elf Court one night, said "Oh, King, I would like to become a creature of the insect world, small enough to fly about and see for myself just how the insects, birds and animals live, to know how they feel, and only by being one of them can I really do this."

Then the King said, "Why would you do this, Amigo?"

And Amigo answered, "Things are not going very happily upon the earth; the nature animals seem to be

misunderstood by men. Perhaps if we could find out what is the matter we might be able to help."

Then the King spoke thus, bowing his head in assent: "Very well, we will arise and join our hands, forming the magic circle." Amigo stepped in the center and the elves formed a ring around him. The King continued, "and say the words that will make you a drone bumblebee, but one different from other bumblebees, for you will live a year and a day, learning what you wish to know. You will not remember that you are an Elf, for then you could not feel as the insects do, nor read the thoughts of the others, but one thing you must always say when questioned, that you

are a different kind of bumblebee and come from far-off lands, so go—and good luck go with you.”

All the little Elves danced about Amigo in the ring and said the magic words, and suddenly he fell down and seemed to sleep, and awoke a bumblebee.

It was a warm July morning in the beautiful garden where Brother Buzz, the Elf Bumblebee, woke up. The Elves had decided wisely in giving him a home in a tiny hollow of a tree stump that had been left when the tree was cut, and then ivy geranium trained over it. It made such a pretty little house, for the pink flowers and green leaves had grown into a curtain over the doorway, and as Brother Buzz crept out for the first time, in his velvety black and yellow coat, a real bumblebee, it seemed as though the whole world must be pink and green too.

However, as he gradually tried his wings and flew up to the top of the stump, he discovered that there were dozens and dozens of trees, flowers and shrubs with every color imaginable all about him.

“Buzz, buzz!” said Brother Buzz. “What a fine big world this is!” He droned along, looking around in great curiosity. There were so many new things to see; so many new things to hear; and best of all, for bees have a fine sense of smell, so many new perfumes.

Attracted by the fragrance and brilliant coloring, Brother Buzz flew to a nearby rose-bed, and, hovering over it, he spied a lovely red rose. “Buzz, buzz!” cried Brother Buzz. “How gorgeous!” And he alighted on the flower. The rose swayed gently upon her long green stem and the petals seemed to curl lovingly about Brother Buzz as he crept farther and farther into the flower, led by the odor of the sweet nectar in its heart. “Buzz, buzz!” he droned very softly, not to frighten the rose. “Buzz, buzz, how delicious,” for he had found the precious drop. He drank it all up, quickly, for Brother Buzz is quite a greedy little fellow. Then he crept out again, and seated on a satiny petal sat droning a song, perhaps a “thank you” to the rose.

“Buzz, buzz” mused Brother Buzz, enjoying the hot rays of sunshine that bees love so much. “I wonder what I will do next—here is a big new world to buzz about in, and nothing to do but enjoy myself!”

“Lucky you!” said a small voice crossly. Brother Buzz had been so intent upon his own affairs, that he hadn’t noticed another bumblebee on a white rose bush next to him. She was a worker, and was so busy brushing the flower pollen that had clung to all her fuzzy little body, with the two brushes on her second pair of legs and tucking it into the two tiny baskets on her hind legs that Mother Nature had given her on her birthday.

“Buzz, buzz!” cried Brother Buzz in astonishment. “Good morning! May I ask who you are? I am Brother Buzz.” “Good morning, I am Miss Busy Bee.” And she brushed pollen harder than ever. “Buzz, buzz,” said Brother Buzz, politely. “A great pleasure to meet you, but why did you say that I am lucky?” “Nothing to do but play,” answered Miss Busy Bee, peeking into her baskets to see if they could contain any more pollen. “You should see what we workers have to do.”

“Buzz, buzz.” Brother Buzz felt very lazy as he watched Miss Busy Bee work. “I’d like to see what you do. I am quite a young chap, you know, and I am very interested in all that is going on. May I go with

you and watch you?” “Surely,” said Miss Busy Bee with a smile, for Brother Buzz was such a handsome fellow and had such a winning way that no one could remain vexed with him. “But,” said Miss Busy Bee, “I don’t understand how a drone can be flying about out of his home, as you are doing?” “Buzz, buzz,” Brother Buzz hastened to explain. “I am a different kind of bumblebee, from a far-off country,” and this seemed to quite satisfy Miss Busy Bee.

“Come then, I am going over to that jasmine vine to gather some more honey,” she said, and together they winged their way to an arbor that was covered over with jasmine, the pretty flowers like yellow stars amid the green leaves.

“Buzz, buzz, but this is good!” said Brother Buzz, tasting the nectar. “Yes, indeed, quite my favorite breakfast, if you ask me,” and Miss Busy Bee brought up her long proboscis, or tongue, covered with nectar. “But, of course, I’ve finished mine hours ago.” She could not help this one dig at Brother Buzz. “Buzz, buzz! But, then, what are you taking honey now for?” asked Brother Buzz. “For our little babies; you see, we workers have to help our queen mothers gather food for all the family, and ours have such an appetite!” Miss Busy Bee sighed, as she stopped to rest a minute. “Buzz, buzz! But, where do you carry it?” asked Brother Buzz, looking vainly about to see if she had any more baskets or jugs. “Why, I swallow it, and it goes into my honey-bag; then, when I get home I simply bring it up again.” Here Miss Busy Bee looked as if she thought that Brother Buzz really didn’t know very much. Brother Buzz watched the amazing amount of energy with which she worked. He wondered if she ever got tired.

“Now,” said Miss Busy Bee, “if you want to see me feed the babies, come along.” They flew right through the garden, over the high honeysuckle hedge, and on to the meadows. Tho’ only a short way, it tired Brother Buzz, whose wings were not yet used to flying, but he wouldn’t have Miss Busy Bee know for worlds, so on he went. He was getting in a sad state when Miss Busy Bee suddenly began flying very low, just skimming over the ground and zigzagging around as tho’ looking for something. At last she darted into a little hole in the side of a bank. Brother Buzz thankfully stopped at the opening, mighty glad to rest a bit, and peeked in.

“How do you like it?” asked Miss Busy Bee, with pride in her tone, as she saw Brother Buzz gaze about. “Buzz, buzz, a mighty cozy little home,” said Brother Buzz. And it was, all lined with dried grass. “Yes, we like it very much; it belonged to Mrs. Squeak, the field mouse, and we took it when she moved away. But won’t you come in?” asked Miss Busy Bee. “I am going to feed the babies now.” “Buzz, buzz, thank you, but I can see from here,” answered Brother Buzz, who thought the babies were really most unattractive. They were fat, soft, little white things, shaped more like fish than bees, with bright black eyes and a fin-like tail that later on would turn into wings. Other workers were going in and out, and at the back of the burrow two bees were waving their wings rapidly back and forth. They seemed to be standing up, and their little wings raised quite a breeze, also a funny, whirring noise. “Buzz, buzz, what are they doing?” asked Brother Buzz. “Those are the trumpeters or fanners,” answered Miss Busy Bee. “They help to keep the dens aired.” “Buzz, buzz,” said Brother Buzz, “but don’t they get awfully tired?” Miss Busy Bee laughed heartily. “I don’t mean always the same bees; they

change when they get tired." "Buzz, buzz, oh, I see," said Brother Buzz, feeling foolish.

Little Miss Busy Bee was piling the pollen from her baskets into heaps, and mixing it with honey into pellets, or bee-bread, for the babies to eat; also, she brought up the honey from her honey-bag and put it into the wax cups that the queen had made from the wax contained in little glands under their bodies.

"Won't you have some honey?" Miss Busy Bee flicked her antennae hospitably at Brother Buzz.

"Buzz, buzz, no thank you, I've had my breakfast," he answered, "and really must be going. Thank you, also, for showing me your nice home." "Wait a minute," said Miss Busy Bee. "I am going over to call on our cousin, Mrs. Leaf-Cutter. You might as well go with me, and meet her." "Buzz, buzz, Mrs. Leaf-Cutter!" echoed Brother Buzz. "I never heard of such a bee in our family." "I begin to suspect there is a great deal you haven't heard of," snapped Miss Busy Bee. "You'd better come with me and see for yourself." As for your family, please don't forget that we have the same folks and we are all "Apidae," and Miss Busy Bee visibly swelled with importance. "Buzz, buzz, what, what?" Poor Brother Buzz was vainly trying to learn too many things at once, and his head fairly buzzed with it all. "That is what the scientists call us," and with all her dignity Miss Busy Bee could not restrain a giggle. "Buzz, buzz, what are scientists?" Brother Buzz inquired eagerly. "People who are even busier than I am, trying to find out what everything in this world is, and why," Miss Busy Bee said disdainfully. "Buzz, buzz, and do they?" asked Brother Buzz. "No, they only think they do." And Miss Busy Bee buzzed her loudest in disgust. "But, there are some, of course, who really love animals and insects and understand them; those are the ones who see us as we are." "Buzz, buzz, so we are Apidae," said Brother Buzz thoughtfully. "Yes, and of the sub-family—Socialinae and genus Bombus," added Miss Busy Bee slyly. "Buzzzzzz!" protested Brother Buzz. "I can't remember all that; the first name will have to do."

"Well, come along, and we'll go and visit our cousin Mrs. Leaf-Cutter; I know you will like her," and Miss Busy Bee tied on her bonnet again. "I know where I can get some fine honey in the red clover patch near Cousin Leaf-Cutter, so I shan't be wasting my time," she added, as they prepared to fly away. "Is it far?" asked Brother Buzz fearfully. "You know I have to get home soon, and I don't know my way about very well." "No, just over this rise," answered Miss Busy Bee. Soon they were flying over a field in which the lovely red clover blossoms were scenting the air. Brother Buzz sniffed delightedly. "How wonderful," he cried. "I must come over here often. I am sure the nectar in these flowers is delicious." "It is, but don't stop until I introduce you to our cousin," said Miss Busy Bee, who evidently wanted things done her way. Brother Buzz sighed regretfully, but flew on to some tall bramble bushes where they alighted. Miss Busy Bee buzzed about a minute or two, then called to him, "Come over here; she's in." Brother Buzz gazed in astonishment. Why, there were eight little apartments, one over the other, built into the side of a stalk. A pretty small gray bee was carefully fitting a tiny round piece of rose leaf over the top of the last apartment. She finished and flew over to Miss Busy Bee and Brother Buzz. "Good afternoon," she said.

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OUR MASCOT

MRS. VIOLA BROTHERS, Palomares School

Over two years ago a most pitiful sight greeted the eyes of over thirty boys and girls of the Palomares School. A cat, led by we know not what instinct, came with a silent plea for first aid and protection. Being without food would have been cause enough for complaint, but this friend of man had been further mistreated. Both a front and hind leg had been caught in a trap. We never knew in what manner it had become extricated. The tail of the cat had been nearly severed at the base. There was a very nasty wound which so far as we were able to determine had been caused by a wire or rope being wound tight at the very base of the tail. I have never seen a more heart-rending sight than when he wandered upon our front steps.

The children's expressions were a study of emotions, pity, compassion, and in many righteous indignation. There wasn't a doubt in any of those thirty minds as to what must be done. There were many more volunteers for food than we could possibly have used for a regiment of cats. Lunches were ransacked for choice bites to tempt our bedraggled visitor. The poor animal was at first slightly suspicious of so many hands lending assistance. This suspicion was of surprisingly short duration. In less than half a day he was one of us.

A Kind Deeds Meeting was called. It was decided to adopt the cat for our school mascot. A name, at the time inappropriate, but later most fitting, was chosen, namely, "Beauty." Beauty was provided with a bed and provision made for fresh food each day. Every morning when school opened Beauty came in and took his position by the fire.

Careful treatment, loving hands and hearts, nourishing foods, did their work. In a few weeks most of the wounds were healed, and Beauty had gained in weight. His fur was also becoming sleek and softer. It was not long before every visitor remarked about our beautiful cat who could most generally be seen either sleeping by the fire or in a desk with one of the children.

"Doesn't the cat disturb the children?" was often asked. Never! Yes, they stopped to pet him every now and then as he passed from one desk to another; their eyes were filled with love and admiration for their pet, and who could censure them for showing how they felt. I must say that at times Beauty caused slight disturbances. A pen or pencil moving along was intriguing or perhaps some stacked-up compositions, drawings or other material captured his attention and sometimes with disastrous results. Not once, even when some special piece of work was destroyed, did I ever hear a cross word spoken to the mascot. It sometimes became necessary, however, to lock him out on the porch as punishment.

During vacation Beauty was cared for by one of the children. He was always on time for the opening of school.

After having adopted a school mascot and having observed the development of the children's love for the animal the experiment has been more than worth while.

We feel that our Kind Deeds Meetings have not only given us a greater insight into the needs, care and protection of animals and birds, but greater brotherly love for one another. The Kind Deeds Messenger is looked forward to from month to month, and if a bit late I am asked, "Mrs. Brothers, hasn't our Kind Deeds Story come yet?" I hope that the story paper, filled to the brim with beautiful thoughts, will always be with us.

WHAT WE WANT

In our last issue we mentioned as one of our projects the assembling of material from each school which would illustrate the work of our Kind Deeds Clubs. Let us realize that these clubs are not study clubs alone but that they are chiefly organized for service for others. For four years these clubs have been in existence. It is time now to see the result in part, to know that the beautiful stories and precepts which we have enjoyed are taking substantial root in ourselves and influencing actions, great and small, of our everyday life.

We are appealing to all the schools to which the Messenger goes each month to be represented in this finest, most practical of all projects. Mrs. Viola Brothers has sent in a most delightful story of rescue work by her thirty children. This charming story will be illustrated by a noted artist and slides will be made to show practical humane work.

Will not ALL schools co-operate in like manner? We want you all represented in this collection which we hope will go far and wide throughout the state and even into other states. Please send in your true stories of work done. To date we have splendid stories from Green School, Tennyson School, Markham School, Cornell School, and the outstanding work organized by Mr. Keim in Marin School in over six hundred bird houses made by boys and girls of Albany. Each story will be published in the Messenger as a first step.

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"I have just finished my babies' homes, and can sit down and chat for awhile. How are you, Busy dear?" and she rubbed antennae lovingly with Miss Busy Bee. "Let me introduce Brother Buzz, a cousin of ours from a far-off land." Miss Busy Bee looked rather proud as she claimed relationship to the fine young bumblebee. Brother Buzz and Mrs. Leaf-Cutter took quite a fancy to each other and she told him all about her apartments, how she cut out the little thimble-shaped pockets of leaves with the sharp mandibles just like tiny scissors on her front claws, and put a heap of pollen and honey with one egg in each little room, then built another just the same on top, and so on, until she had eight babies in her eight-storied building. "Buzz, buzz," said Brother Buzz. "I think you are wonderfully clever, Cousin Leaf-Cutter. May I come and see you again, some day?" "Surely, come when my babies fly out; I want you to meet them," answered his little relative, proudly thinking of the eight beautiful children she had carefully walled up in their apartment house. "Buzz, buzz, indeed I will, thank you," said Brother Buzz, hoping that these babies would be prettier than those of Miss Busy Bee's family, but all baby bees look alike, as Brother Buzz would find out later on.

"Well, we'd better be going over to the red clover field," suggested Miss Busy Bee, who soon tired of doing nothing. So, bidding Mrs. Leaf-Cutter goodby, they flew back to the clover field.

The nectar contained in the deep tube of the clover blossom was certainly the finest that Brother Buzz had ever tasted, and the bees could easily reach with their long tongues into the pretty red flowers. "The clover depends upon us to scatter its pollen, as even the breeze can't blow it about, the tubes are too deep," said Miss Busy Bee, taking a breath between sips. "Buzz, buzz." Brother Buzz looked puzzled. "Why

should we scatter the pollen?" he asked. Miss Busy Bee stopped abruptly, and gazed at him in horror. "Don't you even know that?" she gasped. Brother Buzz was getting tired of having her consider him stupid, when he was merely young, so he talked back. "Buzz, buzz, I don't know, and if you were only one-half day in the world, you wouldn't know either," he retorted. "One-half day! Why, you're only a baby yet." And Miss Busy Bee's tone was almost caressing. "Buzzzzzz!" Brother Buzz was furious at being compared to those horrid white grubs that he had seen in Miss Busy Bee's den. "Buzz, buzz, indeed I am not!" he spoke sharply, "and if you don't want to answer my questions, you needn't." "I had no idea, I did not understand," faltered Miss Busy Bee, for she had grown to like Brother Buzz and didn't want to hurt his feelings. "Buzz, buzz, all right, all right, never mind, we'll forget it," and Brother Buzz took another deep sip of honey to console himself.

"May I explain about the pollen?" asked Miss Busy Bee timidly. "Buzz, buzz, surely, go ahead," said Brother Buzz forgivingly, for he really had a very amiable disposition. Most bees have; they only get mad and sting when they have been hurt or abused. "Well, you see we bees are one of the insects that carry pollen from one flower to another. It clings on our bodies and legs, and as each grain has the speck of life that a plant must have to form a seed, we help the plants to grow." Little Miss Busy Bee felt very clever.

"Buzz, buzz, how interesting!" cried Brother Buzz. "While we are drinking the honey at the bottom of the tube and taking the pollen from the rest of it, we are really helping the red clover to grow!" "I should say we are," said Miss Busy Bee firmly. "Why I heard not long ago that in a place far away, called Australia, they sent for some plants of red clover. It grew beautifully, but there were no bumblebees there, and when the time came for the clover to have seed, it just didn't. At last the people found out what was the matter, and they sent for bumblebees that lived right near us, to come and scatter the pollen of the red clover." "Buzz, buzz, that makes me feel good," Brother Buzz beamed with pleasure, "and we give them honey too, don't we?" "Indeed we do. A great many people prefer our wild honey to the hive kind, and they steal it whenever they get a chance," laughed Miss Busy Bee, "but we don't care, we can always get more." "Buzz, buzz; you said the breeze also scattered pollen?" asked Brother Buzz. "Yes; now, a great many flowers, the wild rose, for instance, has the pollen just like powder on its face, so the breeze can blow it about to other roses." Miss Busy Bee had grown quite excited with her role of story teller, but it was nearing noon, and those babies would be getting hungry again, and she must bring her share of food, so she quickly filled her little honey-bag full, and her pollen baskets, and she and Brother Buzz flew back to her home, where he thanked her warmly for her kindness and stories. "Oh, that's nothing," she said, as he prepared to enter the den. "I'll look you up some day and show you what the tame bees are doing." "Buzz, buzz, fine, don't forget, I'll expect you," said Brother Buzz, taking off his silk hat in a very low bow. "Toodle-oo!" and she flicked her antennae cooly as she disappeared.

Brother Buzz was so tired when he reached his garden that he curled up in a big pink poppy that speedily lulled him off to sleep.

(To be continued in our next issue)