

# The Kind Deeds Messenger

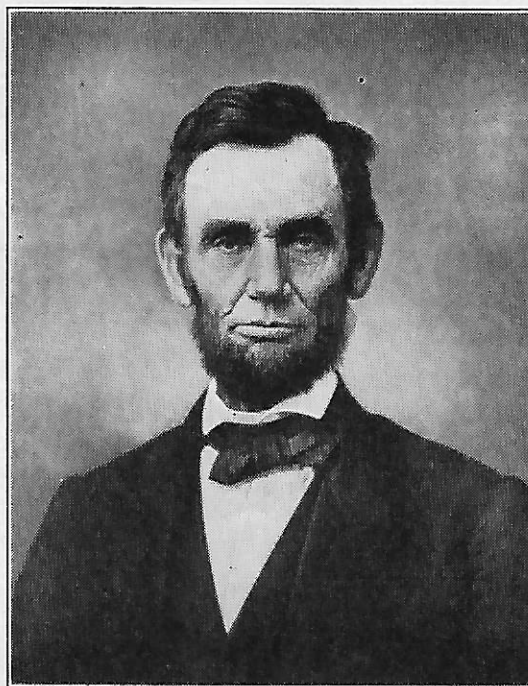


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## THE KIND DEEDS CLUB PLEDGE

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.



*Life of a fluttering sparrow  
was vital to the heart of Lincoln.  
"I could not have slept tonight  
if I had left that helpless crea-  
ture to perish on the ground."*

—Quoted from the American  
Humane Education  
Society.

## STRONG AND KIND

By DOLORES WILKENS KENT

Lincoln—his name lives on,  
Like an echo of all good,  
Of tenderness and strength,  
Of justice linked with mercy.  
From boyhood into manhood,  
Thro' the years he passed,  
A good Samaritan.  
Stooping to lift a baby sparrow from the earth  
And place it in its nest again;  
Rescuing the little mired pig from out the swamp.  
And mid the hideous burdens of the Civil War  
He paused to order milk for starving kittens.

Great Heart who stooped to these kind deeds  
To aid our little, lesser kin,  
How can we wonder his the hand to strike  
Fetters from the limbs of suffering slaves?  
He died—a martyr to the world's misunderstanding.  
But, "The truly great are truly kind."  
And love and kindness never die.  
The soul of Lincoln marches on,  
Yet still remains — enshrined within the living  
hearts of men.

## THE ADVENTURES OF "BROTHER BUZZ," THE ELF BUMBLEBEE AMONG THE SILKWORMS

By DOLORES WILKENS KENT

(Amigo, a little Elf, has become Brother Buzz, a magic bumblebee, who is to live a year and a day studying the lives of insects, birds and animals, so that he may find out why human beings understand these nature creatures so poorly.)

Brother Buzz woke up all alive! Usually he opened one eye first to see if daylight had arrived, shutting it again, glad to find that it hadn't, or pretending to himself that it was much earlier than he really knew it was, and trying to steal another little snooze. But, this particular morning he awakened with a feeling of excitement—of something nice going to happen—maybe another adventure—maybe a very different, queer one—anything, as long as it might be new and interesting!

Brother Buzz dressed quickly; he certainly did not linger over his toilet, but he looked very spick and span, however, when he finished tying his bow tie, and placed his tiny silk hat carefully just at the angle it should go. Then, he crept out of his little pink geranium-covered den and stood in the doorway considering what he should do next.

Ah! Breakfast! One naturally can't go adventuring on an empty stomach—so, off he flew. The spiced honey of clove-pinks didn't tempt him, nor the heavily perfumed sweets of jasmine or honeysuckle; he was very choosy this morning, our Brother Buzz.

On and on he flew—over the rose-beds, where the morning sunshine touched each lovely flower with a richer hue; on where tall white lilies swayed in the balmy breeze, and underneath forget-me-nots, like a bit of the blue sky above, sweet illysum and pansies formed a colorful carpet. How wonderful the world was! Tempted by gay red and white fuchsia blossoms bowing gracefully in the breeze like dainty, ruffled ballet dancers, Brother Buzz stopped to taste their nectar, and tasting, remained to make a very delicious breakfast. Then, after carefully wiping his mouth with his fuzzy little front legs, he sat on a leaf thinking, waiting for a clue that would lead him to an adventure.

Suddenly he noticed a strange-looking caterpillar climbing up a stem toward him. Brother Buzz had never seen such a handsome caterpillar. It was very big, nearly three inches long, and sort of blue-green in color, with red, blue and yellow points sticking out all over it, like little pegs.

As it came near, it raised its head, saying:

"Good morning; fine day, isn't it?"

Brother Buzz politely answered that it was indeed, and watched the caterpillar climb up beside him and begin nibbling at the edge of the leaf. "Very tender, this," said he, "but, I forgot, you bees do not care for leaves." "Buzz, buzz," said Brother Buzz. "No, but I suppose they are very nice. My name is Brother Buzz; may I ask how you are?" "How-de-do, Brother Buzz; this is a pleasure, I am sure. I have been hearing about you, coming from a far-off country and all that. I am Mr. Pegs."

"Buzz, buzz," faltered Brother Buzz, astonished at the simple name, but it certainly was very apt. "Mr. Pegs!" "Yes, you see my friends call me that, and I hope that you are going to be one of them. Of course, my family name is Cecropia, and we are lepidopterous insects, as the scientists say, ha ha!" Mr. Pegs waved back and forth in glee. Brother Buzz joined heartily in the laughter for by this time he had grown used to these funny long names.

He liked Mr. Pegs right away, he had such fine bright coloring and a cheerful way about him, and how he could eat—why half of the leaf was gone already! But now he stopped nibbling and sat up.

"Buzz, buzz," said Brother Buzz. "Please do tell me all about yourself. I have never seen such a handsome caterpillar before, if you will pardon me saying so; and I would like to know about you."

Mr. Pegs sat more erect and looked very proud and handsomer than ever as he answered. "You really are kind, Brother Buzz, to say such nice things; I'll gladly tell you all about myself. In a few days I shall begin to make my cocoon and will be too busy to talk, so it's good we met today." And he waved about in a most important manner, as taking a muffler from one of his right-hand pegs, he wrapped it around his throat with two of his front legs, for, as he explained, the morning was still a bit chilly.

"Buzz, buzz," said Brother Buzz, so interested that he didn't know if it was chilly or not. "I suppose it is, but please tell me, isn't that a silk muffler?" "Yes, of course, doing this, wearing a muffler is just an idea of my own; caterpillars don't do it, but I like to be different. Yes," he continued, "I am a giant silkworm, you know." "Buzz, buzz, a what?" asked Brother Buzz. "A silkworm. Didn't you know that silk is made by worms?" Mr. Pegs spread out an end of his muffler so that Brother Buzz could examine it. It was made of slender threads of grayish-brown silk. "This is wild silk; we are called the wild silkworms, as we are left to spin our cocoons on the trees, as we please. If you have ever seen a piece of pongee silk from China, Japan, India or Italy, where most of the wild silkworms are, that is how real wild silk looks when it is woven into cloth." And Mr. Pegs placed his scarf back around his neck.

"Buzz, buzz, do you mean to say that the silk made into dresses and things that humans wear, is all woven by silkworms like you?" asked Brother Buzz. "Yes, sir; oh, there are some other kinds of silk being manufactured now, but," answered Mr. Pegs, "I can only tell you of the silk the worms make, and that has been done for hundreds of years and is still the finest silk in the world."

Brother Buzz was absolutely flabbergasted and so interested that Mr. Pegs was very flattered, so they sat down comfortably, Mr. Pegs curled up in sort of a circle, and proceeded to talk. "Do you see that small oak tree?" asked Mr. Pegs, pointing to a tree not far away. "There my cousin has spun her little cocoon and is already comfortably tucked away for the winter. The





Brother Buzz had never seen such a handsome caterpillar. "Who are you?" he asked.  
 "I am Mr. Pegs," answered the caterpillar.

cocoons look like little gray or brown hammocks and are fastened to the under side of a branch by each end. Inside is another cocoon, and I can tell you they make very snug homes."

"Buzz, buzz," Brother Buzz asked, "do you mean that you stay in the cocoon all winter long?" "Surely, until the spring. You see, we throw away our last skin when we enter the cocoon, then we are not caterpillars any more, but little brown pupas, something like the bee grubs. In the spring we come out full-grown moths and fly away when night comes." "Buzz, buzz," cried Brother Buzz, "how will you and your cousin look?" "Oh, very fine, indeed," said Mr. Pegs proudly. "We get at least six inches long from tip to tip of our wings, and they are a beautiful brown with red and white trimmings."

"Buzz, buzz," asked Brother Buzz, "how do you get out of those cocoons; have they a door?" "Yes, a secret doorway that we can go out of, but no one can open it from the outside," answered Mr. Pegs. "Buzz, buzz," Brother Buzz had to be insistent, "I want to get this straight; then all the silk made by silkworms is from your cocoons?" Mr. Pegs coughed in a rather embarrassed way, "Well, not all is our silk, for the doorway in our cocoons makes the thread break when it is taken off, so it is not used as much as the kind without a doorway; the kind used most is from the Chinese silkworm or mulberry silkworm."

"Buzz, buzz, oh!" said Brother Buzz, in a rather flat tone. Mr. Peg flushed a brighter green. "Lots of people do make silk from our family cocoons, but it is more troublesome," he acknowledged guiltily. "Buzz, buzz, don't they have these Chinese silkworms over here in your country?" asked Brother Buzz. "Yes, quite a few have been imported, a number of states have tried to raise silkworms, including California, but tho' more of the silk is woven into cloth in American mills than in any other country, most of the silk thread is made by the silkworms in China and brought here for weaving after it is unwound from the cocoons."

"Buzz, buzz, my, my! This is surely interesting!" exclaimed Brother Buzz. "No wonder I felt that I was going to have a new adventure this morning. Do you

know, Mr. Pegs, I would love to see one of those Chinese silkworms." "Well, that wish is easily granted," laughed Mr. Pegs, "for a few days ago I happened to be eating some of the leaves of those mulberry trees over in that sunny quiet corner of the yard," he pointed to where some small dull green trees were growing, "when a man came with a box of silkworm caterpillars and put them on the trees. If you go over there you may meet some of them and I am sure they will tell you all about themselves, for the Chinese are very polite, you know." Brother Buzz thanked Mr. Pegs heartily for all his kindness and waved his little silk hat as he flew off, while Mr. Pegs waved back with his muffler.

Brother Buzz looked closely as he neared the mulberry trees and sure enough, there, on a broad rather fuzzy leaf, near a queer little red flower, was a yellowish-white caterpillar. It was about two and a half inches long, with a smooth skin. It was eating away busily at the mulberry bush. Brother Buzz flew down to a small branch and perched upon a nearby leaf. The caterpillar looked up with a start, for Brother Buzz made quite a buzzing sound as he flew down.

"Oh," said the silkworm, "Honorable Sir, you greatly startled me!" "Oh, my," thought Brother Buzz, "how quaint! He talks just like a Chinaman." But he said aloud, "Buzz, buzz, I am very sorry, I assure you; I would have been more careful had I known that noise bothered you." The silkworm bowed so lowly that the little Chinese hat he wore on top of his head nearly fell off, as he answered, "It is my miserable self that is at fault. We silkworms are afraid of noise, oh, much! Once in a thunderstorm a whole colony of my ancestors were killed; even the barking of a dog will make us ill."

"Buzz, buzz," said Brother Buzz. "You certainly are delicate, but I don't wonder when you make such beautiful silk. I have just been talking to a wild silkworm and he told me about you and your family. I am Brother Buzz." "We are honored that you should speak of us," cried the little Chinese worm, bowing again. "I am called the Little Mandarin, by the kind people that brought me here; my unworthy pet name, you see, sir." And he bowed again. Brother Buzz, not to be outdone in

being polite, took off his little silk hat in a sweeping bow. Then, feeling a trifle exhausted by all this ceremony, he asked, "Would you be kind enough to tell me all about your life in China and how you make the silk there?"

The Little Mandarin sat down in startled amazement. "I should be only too happy to speak of our unworthy selves, sir, but it takes far too long for that. However, I can give you some of the main points, if you will listen to my stupid speech." Brother Buzz flew up to the same leaf and sat down beside the Little Mandarin. He decided that as the Mandarin was speaking he would examine him closely. There were twelve sort of rings around his body that gave and contracted as he moved; he had sixteen legs, in pairs, six in front placed under the first three rings and covered with a scale-like substance, and ten other legs without the scales, under the rest of the rings, called holders, having little hooks that help the worm in climbing.

Brother Buzz noticed that the Little Mandarin's head was covered with the same scaly substance as the front legs. The mouth was vertical, like a fish, and there were eighteen little breathing holes, nine on each side of his body, while strangest of all, were seven small eyes on either side of his head, near the mouth.

"In China," began the Little Mandarin, with importance, "they have big quiet rooms carefully heated and with plenty of fresh air, for silkworms are very easily made ill by strong smells, noise or cold. First the moth lays its eggs on sheets of paper; these eggs hatch into small black worms about a fourth of an inch in length. They are then kept on large trays where fresh mulberry leaves are placed every morning; they do not care to move about much, just stay on the trays where the food is abundant." "Buzz, buzz, most creatures would be fairly happy that way," said Brother Buzz, thoughtfully, "but I like adventure."

"Every one to his own taste, Honorable Sir," said the Little Mandarin, bowing. "But we silkworms are a very quiet family. To continue: After eight days the worm gets sick and for three days will neither eat nor move, lying apparently asleep. Since being hatched it has eaten so heartily that it has grown tremendously and is now too big for its skin." "Buzz, buzz, good gracious me!" exclaimed Brother Buzz, nearly falling off the leaf in his excitement. "What happens then?" "Why nature has provided for that," said the Little Mandarin, quietly, "it grows other skins. At the end of the three days' sickness it wakes up and moistens the old skin with a sort of liquid that makes it come off easily. It first fastens the skin to the place where it is resting, by silken threads, then by rubbing its head against the leaves about it, it gets rid of the scales, next the front legs, and then the rest is easy, and it creeps off, leaving the old skin still fastened to the spot. After this the silkworm begins again to eat and grow. This happens four times, and after the fourth skin it is a full-grown caterpillar like me, ready at the tenth day to spin its cocoon." Here the Little Mandarin had to stop for breath.

"Buzz, buzz," said Brother Buzz, "I would love to see the making of a cocoon." "Your honorable wish is granted," smiled the Little Mandarin. "A friend of mine is spinning her cocoon on a leaf below us; you can see it from here if I snip out a piece of this leaf, which he proceeded to do. Brother Buzz waited anxiously and

gave a little cry of pleasure when he could look through to a branch just below, where on a broad leaf a silkworm caterpillar was busily working at its cocoon.

Oh, what fairy work! The caterpillar was in the middle of thin silken threads that it seemed to be fastening to the leaf in an oval shape. "Buzz, buzz," cried Brother Buzz, "I can see your friend pulling out the silk from her mouth." And so she was, throwing it back and forth with a waving motion that wound the cocoon.

"My friend is very industrious and will within three or four days have completed her task," said the Little Mandarin. "Then safely tucked within her warm cocoon she will change to a grub or pupa and sleep away the winter. In the spring she will come forth a pretty cream-colored butterfly, with faint brown markings on her forewings."

Brother Buzz looked anxiously at the Little Mandarin. "Buzz, buzz," said he, "will you do this too?" "Yes, most Honorable Brother Buzz," answered the Little Mandarin, bowing deeply, "I shall; I must, in fact, bid you good-day now, for I feel myself growing green and that means that soon my silk will be ready to spin." And he was becoming a light green, as silkworms do, turning white again when the silk supply is completed and the actual spinning of the cocoon is begun.

"Buzz, buzz," said Brother Buzz, thoughtfully. "The silkworms do a tremendous service for mankind; are they grateful? are they kind to them?" "Honorable Sir," said the Little Mandarin gravely, with a polite waiving of the question, "are people ever grateful for anything that nature's creatures do? They need the silk, so they care for us, but do they like us—who can tell!" Brother Buzz felt very sorry to lose the Little Mandarin. "Buzz, buzz," said he sadly. "Shall we meet again?"

"When I shall have put on my wings, when the spring comes again," said the Little Mandarin softly. "I shall meet you then, Brother Buzz, farewell!" Brother Buzz, seeing that the Little Mandarin wished to be alone, thanked him for all his kindness, and they said good-bye in Chinese fashion with deep bows. Then Brother Buzz flew away back to his geranium-covered den, where he sat thinking for a long time of the wonderful silkworms, and of what marvelous creatures God has made.

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