

The Kind Deeds Messenger

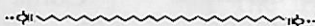


The Latham Foundation Story Service for the Public Schools

No. 43

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.



MOTTO

If children at school can be made to understand how just and noble it is to be humane, even to what we term inferior animals, it will do much to give them a higher character and tone through life. There is nothing meaner than barbarous and cruel treatment of the dumb creatures who cannot answer us or resent the misery which is so often needlessly inflicted upon them.—JOHN BRIGHT.



THE ADVENTURES OF BROTHER BUZZ, THE ELF BUMBLE BEE, IN ROSE-LAND

By DOLORES WILKENS KENT



He peeked out—upon a shimmering silver throne was his own red rose

BROTHER BUZZ hummed drowsily about in the heat of the late afternoon. "Buzz, buzz," he said; "buzz, buzz," as he flew through the garden into the rose-bed.

He rested lazily on a big green leaf and

looked around for a certain red rose that he liked best. Ah, there it was, swaying in the little breeze that came drifting gently down from the tree tops, a great royal rose, straight and beautiful on the top of its long, green stem. The dark, shiny leaves beneath it looking

like many little waving arms.

"Buzz, buzz," said brother Buzz, and he crawled into the sweet, fresh rose petals, deeper and deeper, into the very heart of the lovely flower, and there he found—what do you think? A drop of scented dew—left by the dawn when all the perfumed leaves were wet with the morning dew-drops. Ah, that tasted good to Brother Buzz; he drank every bit greedily, and then, feeling tired, he curled up for a nap.

When he awakened it was night, so he turned over, preparing to go to sleep again. Suddenly he felt a queer motion; why, the rose was moving! He crawled to the edge of the petals and peeked; he had been lying among some rose petals that were curled up like a little pocket in a dress, and as long as he stayed there he was safe.

He looked up, and lo and behold! The rose had turned into a tiny fairy with the most adorable face you ever saw; with lovely fair curls all over a shapely head. The rose petals made her dress and the green stem had changed into slender limbs in pretty silk stockings and slippers.

Brother Buzz lay close for fear of falling, and he was so curious to know what was going to happen and where they were going, for Bumble Bees are very, very curious, though they don't show it. They love to tell all they see or hear, too, regular gossips, that's why they buzz so. Brother Buzz kept his wings folded closely about him and didn't make even the least bit of noise.

On and on they went, it seemed a long, long time; finally the Rose Fairy was still. But, what did Brother Buzz hear? Music, fairy music, like the tinkling of tiny silver bells.

He peeked out. The moonlight was shining brightly through forest trees and seated in a round circle on a velvety-green little clearing, were Fairies. Dozens and dozens of them, all dressed as roses, white roses, pink roses and yellow roses, but, loveliest of all and seated upon a shimmering silver throne, was his own red rose. Upon her head he spied a sparkling crown, like diamonds, and a glittering scepter was in her hand.

Brother Buzz snuggled close in his petal pocket, keeping his head out so that he could

hear and see, but still, very still, stiller than a Bumble Bee had ever been before.

Two little pages stood beside her throne, clad all in gold and brown. The music played loudly as the Queen waved her scepter, while the rose fairies bowed down lowly before her.

In a voice sweeter even than the music, she said:

"Fairies of Rose-land, I have called this court! Let those who have a sorrow, or who are aggrieved,

Come before us now, and be relieved."

And the little pages called loudly:

"The Rose-court of Fairy-land we call!

Come tell your troubles, Fairies all!"

The music muted to a minor theme, as led by a pale wild rose, whose dress was wilted and torn, a band of wild flowers, poppies, daisies, shooting-stars, Johnny-jump-ups, butter-cups and dandelions, baby-blue-eyes and columbine, wild honeysuckle, morning-glory and dainty Mariposa lilies, and dozens and dozens of them, it would take too long to name them all. But, oh, how they did look! They were bruised and maimed, and their pretty frocks were in rags.

The Wild Rose Fairy knelt before the Rose queen, saying:

"Dear Queen of Flowers, we beg redress

From cruel hands that tear and pull and throw away.

See, all the flowers of the woods and fields

Have come to you for help.

Daily it is growing worse.

Men, women, children, too, come to our country-side

To pick and carry back with them our choicest blooms,

Not just a few to grace their rooms,

To yield their beauty and their perfume under tender care,

But, greedily, to see who gets the biggest bunch.

They decorate their cars with us,

Delicate flowers on those hard and dusty things of wood and steel.

Then, ruthless, crush and fling aside

The helpless, fading ones.

Pray tell us Queen, what shall we do?"

The Fairy Rose Queen looked sadly down at the sorry little band that had been fresh and

fragrant flowers that very morning. The music had died to a faint, plaintive melody. Brother Buzz had tears in his eyes at the plight of the poor little flowers, but he winked them away quickly to see the Queen as she answered:

"Fairies, this has been growing ever worse,
This ruin of our flower-land by humans,
Whose cruel carelessness, and grasping hands
Take but to kill.

I've thought and pondered just what you can
do,

And counsel this—

That for a long, long space of time,

It may be years, you fairies of the Wild-
flower-land

Fly far away beyond the silver moon.

There dwell in safety, happy, unafraid,

Until some distant day when mankind
realize

How lonely fields and woods will be,

And with repentance call you back again.

This is my counsel, no longer here, need you
remain."

The flower fairies swayed violently and clapped their hands as they shouted, as loudly as they could, while the music brightened to a martial tune:

"We will, we will, oh, Queen!

Tomorrow not a flower will be seen."

Brother Buzz, knowing that without the wild flowers there would be much less sweets or honey for the bees, gave such a start of dismay that he fell out of the petal pocket of the Queen's dress and—woke up. It had all been a dream! He was still in the heart of the Big Red Rose. He crept to the edge of the petals and looked out. The moonlight shone upon the quiet garden and the flowers slept upon their green stalks.

"Bzzzzzz!!!" said Brother Buzz, "if these bad people don't stop picking the wild flowers, this is just what might happen. I'll buzz about and warn everybody." So, next morning he told me, and I give the message to you, dear little reader, from Brother Buzz.

THE FORTHCOMING POSTER EXHIBITION, April 19th-26th, 1931

A celebration of "Be Kind To Animals Anniversary" will take place Sunday afternoon, April 19, at 2:30 o'clock, in the Women's City Club, 465 Post Street, San Francisco, consisting of a preview of the Posters, a program of prominent speakers, and both vocal and instrumental music.

The Chairman will be Mr. John T. Lemos. A very cordial invitation is extended to all teachers and to readers of the MESSENGER.

The Latham Foundation is very gratified with the splendid posters arriving from all over the United States. Artists and Art Schools are responding from every state in the Union and the standard of the posters received is indeed very high.

The public school groups include dozens from Eastern Schools. Among them Hoboken, New Jersey; Brockton, Mass.; Watertown, Mass.; Lock Haven, Pa.; Bloomfield, New Jersey; Chicago, Philadelphia, and Toledo, Ohio.

THE ESSAY CONTEST

The Essay Contest closed March 15th with many more entries than in previous years. As we go to press the judging is under way and results will be announced in our May issue of the MESSENGER.

The prizes will be sent out May 1st, and the winning pupils are requested to cash in their checks without any delay.

MEDALS FOR HERO ANIMALS



The Latham Foundation in cooperation with newspapers throughout the nation will recognize hereafter the heroic acts of America's so-called dumb beasts.

Three medals will be provided by the Latham Foundation and bestowed upon the most heroic animal in the various states by a representative newspaper during the annual BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK, April 19th to 25th. The first medal will be gold, the second silver and the third bronze.

The Oakland Tribune is cooperating with the Latham Foundation in California, and there is an opportunity for all school children to aid in this movement by reporting to the Animal Hero Editor all instances of animal heroism, immediately.

The contest will close soon, so if you know of any cases, send them in to the Tribune at once.

Among the newspapers participating in this movement are:

The Oakland Tribune, Oakland, California.
 The Post-Intelligencer, Seattle, Washington.
 The Atlanta Journal, Atlanta, Georgia.
 The Boise Capital News, Boise, Idaho.
 The Des Moines Register, Des Moines, Iowa.
 The Item-Tribune, New Orleans, Louisiana.
 The Portland Evening News, Portland, Maine.
 The Nevada State Journal, Reno, Nevada.

The Oklahoma News, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

The Oregon Journal, Portland, Oregon.

The Providence Journal, Providence, R. I.

The Houston Press, Houston, Texas.

The Washington Star, Washington, D. C.

The Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.

Many of these papers are giving the survey front page space with large headlines telling the stories of animal heroism.

SCHOOL PROJECTS

Mountain House School,
 Bethany, Calif., Feb. 16, 1930.

DEAR MRS. TEBAULT:

I'm writing to tell you about our kind deeds work. Last Friday the boys made bird houses; we have one already up in the tree. We made Lincoln and Washington posters and we made a Thanksgiving poster in November also. Last Friday for one of our kind deeds we wrote to the boy that came back from the hospital. I think he enjoyed reading the letters very much; we also sent him some valentines. We are doing kind deeds right along and we are going to have some more meetings. We are going to make our kind deeds books as soon as the teacher gets the magazines that she has in her car. The bird houses are very attractive; some are finished and some are not quite finished. The boys seem to like to make them. We have been saying the kind deeds pledge every morning after we salute the flag.

I think I have told you all about the kind deeds we have been doing, so I will close.

Sincerely yours,

MINNIE SOARES,
Secretary of Kind Deeds Club.