





## MOTHER HUBBARD'S PARTY



Mrs. Gwyn Tebault and Tony

**S**ATURDAY, March 25th, was the occasion of a delightful party given by Mother Hubbard (Miss Ruth Thompson, Editor of the Children's Page of the San Francisco News), assisted by her Jolly Juniors' Club and LAHS (Lend a Hand), whose varied features of work and play are entertainingly presented each week in the columns of this newspaper.

The hard-falling rain and high wind did not discourage the attendance in the large exhibition hall of the San Francisco Public Library, where crowds of happy children gathered at ten o'clock in the morning to take part in and to listen to the program prepared by Miss Thompson. Many of the San Francisco schools sent delegates. The Juniors helped both in ushering and serving refreshments. Bibbo, the cat widely known by Junior readers, was not able to attend, Miss Thompson announced, but would be substituted by no less a person than "Peter the Great." Then, to the surprise of all, a door suddenly opened at the back of the hall, and no prettier sight could have been imagined than the grace-

ful little figure that emerged in the form of a little pupil of the Frank McCoppin School, followed by the titled character, a large and very beautiful white duck whose plumage glistened like pure snow as, faithfully like a devoted dog, he followed his little mistress all the way, uncoaxed, up to the speakers' platform. Every step of the way he made little ejaculations under his breath as though talking to himself.

Most of the readers of the MESSENGER will recognize a well-beloved friend of many years' standing in the picture, Mrs. Gwyn Tebault, as she so graphically tells the story of the cat, Tony, famed from ocean to ocean for his brave deed of rescue and decorated by the Foundation. Tony is dead now, but his deed will live after him and, as Mrs. Tebault told it to hundreds of attentive children last Saturday, we feel sure that there will be a more compassionate feeling for all cats by those who heard her.

Following the story hour of narrative, Mrs. Tebault gave a timely little talk showing what loving care and kindness has done in one short year for Peter the Great, who was given to his mistress last Easter a tiny duckling. She alluded to a pathetic article written by the famous newspaper man, K.C.B., some some years ago on the Easter chicks, ducklings and bunnies. He writes of these poor little mites, chased, frightened at Easter hunts in parks or country clubs, squeezed and crushed by children's hands who do not realize in their eagerness to catch the little creatures that they are hurting, bruising and maiming them. Then many take them home where they forget to feed or care for them, and finally their poor dead little bodies are carted away in the ash can.

Please don't let this happen to any little chicks, ducks or bunnies that you may get this Easter. This is Mrs. Tebault's plea to all the little readers of the MESSENGER.

The entertainment was a signal success. We wish to congratulate Miss Thompson upon her enormous following and the vast work she is achieving in making children appreciate their close neighbors and friends, the animals.

## 1933 ANIMAL HERO CONTEST

Devotion and bravery of America's heroic animals will be recognized again by the Latham Foundation and various representative newspapers with the awarding of medals of honor during the next two months.

Search for the three most heroic animals in the State of California will be conducted under the exclusive auspices of the San Francisco News and the medals probably will be bestowed during the Latham Foundation International Poster exhibition in San Francisco at the Women's City Club, from May 13th to 27th.



"I have found that those who love  
A dog, a cat, a bird and flowers,  
Are usually thoughtful of  
The larger needs that may be ours;  
Who for God's creatures small will plan,  
Will seldom wrong his fellowman."

—Edgar A. Guest.

BE KIND TO ANIMALS ANNIVERSARY APRIL 17th TO 23rd

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## ENTERTAINMENT PROGRAM

Among the features of the entertainment to be given May 17th at the Latham Foundation's International Poster Exhibition, in the Women's City Club, San Francisco, will be a sketch written by John T. Lemos, the Art Director. In this playlet Mr. Lemos' talented pupil, Michael Angelo, holds an impromptu birthday celebration in which children of all nationalities participate. Dancing, singing and the chalk drawings of Michael form an entertaining and instructive, as well as humane, program that will appeal equally to adults and children.

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The Foundation Hero Animal Slides will also be given, and some of the Hero Animals will be present—"in person." The complete program will be contained in the May MESSENGER, with an invitation to all readers.



## SCHOOL CORNER

## WORTH-WHILE KIND DEEDS

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By DOROTHY BULLFINCH

(A pupil of Oregon House School, Yuba County, Cal.)

## KIND DEED TO A PERSON

One day Alvin came to school without any lunch. I divided my lunch with her.

## KIND DEED TO AN ANIMAL

One rainy night a lot of beetles came. Every time we opened the door four or five came in. Daddy was trying to kill them with a broom. I made him quit and carried them out in my hands. You can imagine for yourself how they felt.

\* \* \*

By CARYL TORRENGA

(A pupil of the Marshall School, Grade 4B, San Francisco, Calif.)

## KIND DEED TO AN ANIMAL

We were camping. Don and I went into the wood to pick some wild flowers. We found a rabbit caught in a trap. The trap was set to catch foxes in. Both its front feet were broken. Don got the trap apart and I carried the poor little rabbit back to camp. When it got well we let it go again.

## THE RETURN OF AMIGO, TO THE ELF COURT

(Continued from Page 1)

"I have, your majesty," said Amigo. "And I bring back this reason for the suffering of animals upon the earth—HUMANS DO NOT UNDERSTAND!"

The elves shouted loudly in astonishment and the King nodded gravely.

"You see," Amigo continued, "the creatures of the Animal Kingdom cannot speak; therefore humans think they do not feel or suffer as they do. This has caused all the misunderstanding and trouble."

"But, Amigo," said the King, "do these birds and animals not serve the humans as they do us?"

"Yes, your majesty," answered Amigo. "Everyone has its place and work in this great plan of living."

"Well, aren't the people grateful for this service?" asked the King.

Amigo smiled sadly as he shook his head. "Not all—only some of them. Those who have studied animals and learned to understand and love them. And it is through these people that I bring a message of hope."

"Of hope?" said the King eagerly, and the elves rose to their feet in excitement.

"Yes, of hope," repeated Amigo. "The children of men are being taught in more and more schools, by these fine people who understand. They teach them to be kind to every living creature and to treat others as we would want them to treat us if we were in their place."

A cheer broke from the throats of the elves, and the King and his counselors clapped their hands in approval.

When the noise died away the King turned to Amigo, saying, "Did you meet any child who has been taught in this way?"

"Yes," answered Amigo. "Two splendid children, Sally and Kay. They love and study animals, birds and all other creatures, and have learned how to treat and care for them. They are kind and helpful to one another, to their parents, friends and all people. Some day, when these children grow up and give their message to the world, the number of these fine citizens will grow greater and greater until at last cruelty and indifference will vanish and the suffering of creation will be no more."

"Amigo," said the King, "you have done well." And the elves cheered themselves hoarse.

Amigo flushed with pleasure as the King embraced him. "You shall be rewarded," continued the King. "What would you ask of us? It shall be granted."

Amigo looked sadly down at the little heap of black and yellow at his feet. "I ask but this," he said simply, "that I may save this dress and, if the need should come, that I may go forth again as Brother Buzz."

The King answered, "As you will, my friend, as you will."

The moon dimmed for a moment as some clouds drifted across the sky, and in the softened light Amigo vanished into the forest, clasping close to his breast the velvety black and yellow mass that had been Brother Buzz.