



THE KIND DEEDS MESSENGER

THE LATHAM
FOUNDATION
STORY SERVICE
FOR THE PUBLIC
SCHOOLS



No. 65

GENERAL GRANT

Compiled by DOLORES DE CANTAGALLO



GENERAL U. S. GRANT

ATANNER'S boy, born April 27, 1822, in a two-room house on the banks of the Ohio River, was named Hiram Ulysses Grant. Although modest and simple by nature, he preferred the fine name of Ulysses to homely Hiram, so he parted his name in the middle, making it H. Ulysses. Later when he was starting for West Point to become a soldier, he feared the boys would call him "HUG," so he turned his H. Ulysses around, becoming Ulysses H. However, the Congressman who secured his appointment, a neighbor of the family forgot his middle name and, as his mother's name was Simpson, thought it was probably the same. Since the Government never corrects a mistake, U. S. Grant he remained forever after.

Before going to West Point this shy, freckle-faced, blue-eyed boy's schooling had been mostly hard work—hauling and cutting wood, plowing and tending horses and cows. He chose this rather than to be in his father's tannery because he loved animals. From the time he was a tiny tad he could always be found trotting around the stables, feeding and petting the livestock, and not one of them, nor any dog or cat, who did not return his affection and follow at his heels.

While he was studying at West Point, where the Government has a big school to train young men to become soldiers, he was noted for his fine horsemanship. No

horse was too wild for him to tame, because he made them feel, by his kindly treatment, that he was their friend. The little boy whose greatest happiness was in being with animals remained the same at heart.

General Grant never hunted, never killed a bird or animal in his life. Yet there is surely no man or boy in the world who would dare accuse his memory as that of one lacking in the strength and bravery of a great man.

Only once during the Civil War did anyone see General Grant lose his temper, and that was, when riding with his staff along a road in Virginia, they came upon a teamster beating his horses. There was a violent explosion of anger from the commander, and before they went on Grant had the offending teamster tied to a post to remain there for six hours.

General Grant's skill and sympathy with horses saved him at one time from being taken prisoner of war. After a hard battle near the banks of the Mississippi, Grant and his men were chased by the Confederates toward the river. They had to scramble down to some large boats to escape. The last boat was leaving the shore when the captain saw the General coming up, just too late. The captain signaled to the engineer to stop the boat, and every one stood around, breathless, to see what would happen.

Grant did not have a moment to lose. The enemy was

GENERAL GRANT

(Continued)

rapidly approaching and the horse seemed to know this as well as his master did. The bank was very high and steep, but the splendid animal put his front feet over the edge, gathered his hind legs under him and slid down with General Grant upon his back. The men had thrown a plank across to the shore; it was only one board wide, but the horse did not hesitate. He stepped carefully along it until he reached the deck of the boat, where the soldiers welcomed their leader to safety.

How well must the horse and Grant have known each other! Such an act could not have been done unless each had perfect confidence in the other. No one can tell how much we owe to that brave act of a horse, for if General Grant had been taken a prisoner or killed at that time, it might have changed the whole history of our country.

There is an idea that Ulysses S. Grant, being so famous a warrior, must have been "a great big fighting man," but he was not a lover of war—on the contrary he was ever a lover of peace. However, as he had been trained as a soldier, it was his duty and he went straight ahead. The tactics of war never interested him; he simply used common sense, and he did not know the meaning of turning back.

Honest, kindly, unable to express the tenderness that filled his soul, people thought that he was hard and ruthless, but such was far from the case. He left a comfortable bed in a tent near the battle-field, to sleep under a tree in the rain, unable to bear the sounds of suffering from the wounded who were being taken away for care.

No conqueror was ever higher souled than General Grant. Sad and depressed at the downfall of a brave foe,

he met General Lee as though he were a neighbor in distress. The terms of peace were as simple as possible. The soldiers of the South were hungry; they should be fed. They were going home and would need their horses for the spring plowing; they should take them. Lee's hand moved to his sword for the purpose of surrendering it; Grant stopped him with a wave of his hand. The guns outside began to roar over the victory; the victor silenced them. The terrible war was over, but the noble conqueror turned away without even entering the fallen capital, Richmond.

When General Grant became President of the United States, he kept the love and faith of the people and proved well worthy of their trust and confidence. In one of his last public statements, a little before his death, he said, "I hope that some day war will give way to lasting peace, when the world will be one nation, speaking one language, and when armies and navies will no more be required."

The following lines compose the epitaph on Grant's Tomb, on Hudson River, New York:

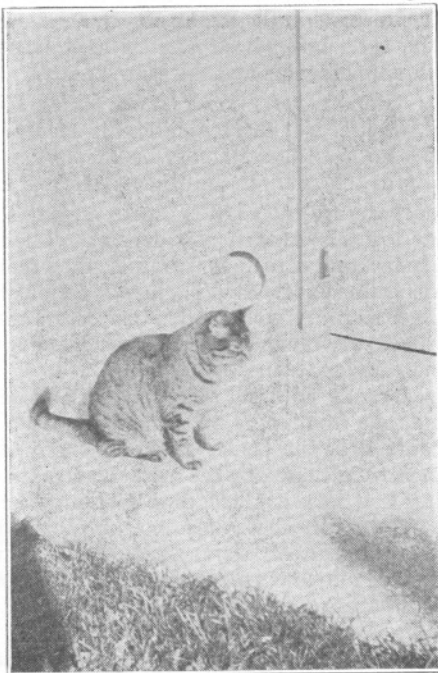
*"Oh, fallen at length
That tower of strength,
That stood four-square
To all the winds that blew."*

Surely nothing more beautiful can be said of any man, and every boy in our beloved country should try to be as "four-square" as General Grant was.

(Compiled from "Meet General Grant," by W. E. Woodward, and "Heroes and Greathearts," by John F. Dale.)

MEET MISS PUSS TAYLOR

Courtesy of The National Humane Review



Miss Puss Taylor, that's her name. When she wants to enter the home of Hon. George E. Taylor, of Wilton, Conn., former representative in the Connecticut Legislature, she always rings the front door bell. The cat has been doing this for the past three years. She came to the Taylor home when she was a small kitten about five years ago, and insisted on staying although neighbors were frequently asked to adopt her. Mr. Taylor describes Miss Puss as the most inquisitive and mischievous bunch of fur that he ever saw. Nothing seemed to escape her attention and her antics soon made her a great favorite.

Mrs. Taylor had tied a small iron anchor on the outside of the door, and Puss soon found that when this was rattled the door opened and she could come in.

One Sunday morning three years ago, the bell rang and on Mrs. Taylor going to the door, Puss walked in with tail erect. Since that time she has always used the bell, several times a day, always going to the same door.

Yet we hear a lot about the "stupidity" of cats.

A VOICE FOR THE VOICELESS

(An address for the Latham Foundation given over Radio KLX, The Oakland Tribune.)

By DR. PHILLIPS

Published by The KTAB Transmitter.



DR. GEORGE W. PHILLIPS

Pastor of the Tenth Avenue Baptist Church, Oakland, California.

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Ladies and Gentlemen: It is our humble but sincere mission tonight to give language to the voiceless. There are many spheres of being which are striving to "break through" and register messages upon our human consciousness, but obviously can find no voice except through the medium of those who choose to articulate for them.

The dead for example, and very often the maligned dead, must look to the historian to plead for them their cause at the bar of life.

Tonight we are speaking a kindly word on behalf of that world of life we are pleased to call the animal world. We speak because they cannot speak. We speak because their well-being or their destruction is in the hands of us. We speak because their life cycle so closely approximates our own. And we speak because their presence with us on this planet adds to existence a certain charm and loveliness without which our own lives would be poor indeed.

There is a certain limitation of life outlook which makes for a deadly provincialism. Only recently have we been learning to expand our sympathy to embrace our own human kind. A while ago man feasted on his fellow-man. Then came the time when the "lesser breeds" were bought and sold as "cattle." Then great souls began to recognize how terrible was that state of things. To end it the richest blood of our own nation was poured forth. Now the song of poor Bobby Burns seems on its way to fulfillment:

*"For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that;
And man to man the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."*

And what of the dumb creations? True, their lives are not lived on our lofty human level. True they can never be regarded in the light of human beings, yet there are points of similarity which we dare not overlook. They have bodies not dissimilar from our own. In their way they have love impulses quite parallel with our own. For them as for humanity comes the birth hour. They must suffer pain as we do. They become weary and diseased as we do. They hunger as we do, and finally close their eyes upon life's shifting scenes and pass into the Great Unknown.

Substituting the word "animal" for the word "Jew," how fitly might the speech of Shylock in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" apply:

"I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us do we not laugh? If you poison us do we not die? And if you wrong us shall we not revenge?" . . .

No, we are apt to be more kindly if we recall that with the lower orders we share the heritage of universal life. The life of man vastly *transcends* but in no wise does it *transgress* the physical and psychological processes observed in the world of total life.

Let me emphasize as I close that man on this earth home of ours seems to be the vicegerent of immortal God. His power over animate and inanimate creation is rapidly becoming absolute. The dumb brutes like the grand trees of our mighty forests await our fiat which brings them life or brings them death, consigns to them the modicum of happiness which nature makes them capable of enjoying, or consigns them to a welter of agony and blood. Their silent hopes await our mighty verdict. And experience has shown how beautiful the reaction of this world of lower life to the expressions of human kindness. The wolf that might tonight be roaming with bloody fangs, the terror of the forest—that wolf lies, sir, faithful and obedient—your dog—at your feet. Even today as I drove by Lake Merritt I observed the birds, beautiful and unafraid, coming to take food from the hands of those who offered.

But I have said enough. I rejoice to articulate this little message on behalf of those silent hosts which cannot speak the languages of men.

FROM OUR MAIL BAG

REDWOOD SCHOOL

Mrs. Ethel Ismert, teacher of the Redwood School, has always been a source of great encouragement in our work. Now in our ninth year in the field with humane education programs we have from the beginning had her strong support. She has conducted original projects and kept active a Kind Deeds Club in her school which meets regularly once a week.

It is reported from the school that both teacher and pupils grew very tired of the weekly round of reports about "helping mother make beds, wash dishes, feed the chickens, etc.," which are self-evident duties in the home. One bright pupil suggested that instead they make a study of themselves to find out in what way they were lacking in the qualities for which the club stands. Self-analysis was a new and exciting idea. Some of them found that they were not being as fair as they should to the younger children, others that they were careless about helping to keep order and to see that their desks were tidy and so save teacher and janitor extra work when school hours were over. Self-study has become a great thought, all leading to unselfish habits and the cultivation of the heart which is but another word for "humane education" which makes life happier for family, playmates, teachers and all the animals about us.



I sincerely feel that the Latham Humane Education is doing more than its share in the training for good citizenship.

Not only do the young citizens of to-morrow have the welfare of the animals at heart, but they are also showing an increased consideration for their fellow playmates. Being director of the boys' playground, I feel free to state that the older boys have become keen observers of fair play and take it upon themselves to promote such sportsmanship right in their own "back-yard." That in itself is more than a step in the right direction.

GREGORY MAHAKIAN, *Playground Supervisor*,
Lincoln Grammar School, San Leandro.

ESSAY CONTEST

As we go to press the entries for the Essay Contest, closing March 1st, are coming in very strong. In addition to our schools of long standing friendship we are gratified to find many represented that are new, schools which this winter have asked for our programs, our various contests, club organization, etc. A full report of the essay contest will appear in next month's MESSENGER.

CHEERS FOR THE KIND MOTORMAN

Miss Edna Brewington of 534½ East Pico Street, Los Angeles, although a very busy woman, never overlooks an opportunity to do a kind deed and she circulates reams of humane literature where she thinks it will do good. One day she gave some to a Los Angeles motorman.

Miss Brewington chanced to ride on the same car some days later and if she ever before had doubts about the value of humane leaflets she could never forget the wonderful thing which happened this time to prove that her work was worth while. The car was moving at good speed when all of a sudden the motorman put on the brakes with such force that it threw the people nearly out of their seats.

Scrambling under the car, he came out with a wee kitten in his arms, whose life had been saved by his quick action. He felt very happy when the passengers cheered him loudly for his humane act.

OUR TRAVELING POSTERS

Received your excellent exhibit from Allentown, Pa. It is one of the best ideas I have seen in education.

I have shown it and given lectures on Humane Education before two thousand pupils, including their grade teachers.

They love it. I have one more school to lecture in. That school is torn up and being painted, but in spite of this inconvenience the children from other schools have advertised your exhibit to such an extent that this Principal has requested me to lecture in his school also, paint or no paint.

ALICE MARLAND,
Elementary Art Supt.
Ossining Public Schools,
Ossining, New York.



We are enjoying the posters which arrived this week. They fill the drawing room and one wall of the domestic science room. Before school and at noon there are always groups of pupils hovering about them, asking me questions.

Now that we have had them two days in which to enjoy them in general, I shall have my drawing classes analyze them today.

A sophomore English class is also looking forward to a period in the drawing room when they will have an informal discussion of the pictures and any ideas suggested by them. Even the hygiene class is looking to the posters for suggestions in technique in preparation for the making of their own type of posters.

HILDA BLOOM,
Sutter Creek Union High School,
Sutter Creek, California.

BE KIND TO ANIMALS ANNIVERSARY APRIL 15-21