



# THE KIND DEEDS MESSENGER

THE LATHAM  
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FOR THE PUBLIC  
SCHOOLS



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## QUEEN VICTORIA

Compiled by DOLORES WILKENS KENT

Once upon a time there was a little princess—this sounds like the beginning of a fairy tale, doesn't it? But it is the true story of a real princess — Victoria — who became the Queen of England.

Her parents were the Duke and Duchess of Kent and she was born a long time ago, in Kensington Palace, London, a great big house, indeed, for such a tiny baby. If you should go to England, some day, be sure to visit this palace, for in a huge room with three large windows overlooking the park, there is a metal tablet on the wall, engraved with these words, "In this room Queen Victoria was born, May 24, 1819."

The month of May is a very beautiful one in England. It is the sweet springtime, when birds are singing, trees budding, and the air fragrant with the perfume of flowers.

So it is no wonder that the Princess was a lovely baby. She had flaxen hair, blue eyes, a fair skin and was the picture of health. Chubby, rosy, and of a happy, lively disposition, she grew into a charming little girl, with a warm, affectionate and impulsive nature.

Her grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Coburg, called her the "Little Mayflower," and the title suited her to perfection. However, she was named Victoria, some day to become a great and good queen.

Her father died when she was still a baby, but her mother brought up this loved little daughter in a simple, quiet and wholesome way. Victoria dressed prettily, but plainly, and her greatest amusement was playing with her animals and dolls, and going for rides on one of her pets, the cutest little white donkey.

The Princess loved animals dearly. Dash, a black-and-tan spaniel, was her special friend and playmate, and next to her pets she enjoyed her dolls. She had 132 of these. A large number were dressed entirely by herself in artistic costumes to represent historic characters or people she knew.

Victoria was very fond of flowers, also, and had a



By W. C. Ross, R. A.

Courtesy of D. C. Heath & Co.

*Queen Victoria once said, "No civilization is complete which does not include the dumb and defenceless of God's creatures within the sphere of charity and mercy."*

tiny garden of her own in the big park where she divided the contents of her watering pot equally between the flowers and her own little feet.

Her governess once said of her, "Princess Victoria is very good tempered and tender hearted, and cries at any account of distress of people or animals in the stories she reads."

When she was a very small girl she was looking out of one of the front windows of Kensington Palace on a stormy day, when she noticed an old man standing under a tree, being soaked with rain. She said to her attendant, "Run to that poor man with an umbrella; he is very old and will catch cold."

The Princess had to study very hard for she was being prepared to become a Queen. She learned to speak French, German, and Italian, and was well grounded in Latin and Greek. She enjoyed her singing and music lessons the most of all, and became a fine musician with a charming voice. Her talent for drawing was also quite remarkable, and gave her much pleasure as she grew older.

One of Victoria's greatest joys was to play on the beach at Ramsgate. Here she could be with other children, running out on the sands to meet the on-coming waves, and if they rippled over her feet she would laugh in glee.

Princess Victoria was nearly killed when a little baby. While spending the summer in Sidmouth, a boy, who had not been taught better, was shooting sparrows close to the residence of the Duke of Kent, and a shot came through the open window where the princess was sitting on her nurse's lap, narrowly missing her head.

This is one of the cases that often happen when children are allowed to have guns. Sometimes they are not lucky enough to miss, but kill people by their carelessness. Not only are they doing a wrong and cruel thing in shooting the pretty birds, who make the world happier and more beautiful by their lovely songs, but they

are killing the greatest friends and helpers that the farmers and gardeners have.

If this boy had killed the Princess, one of the finest women the world has even known would not have grown up. There never would have been Victoria—Queen of England and Empress of India.

So the years passed, and Princess Victoria gained daily in the knowledge and wisdom necessary for the task before her, until one month after her eighteenth birthday, her Uncle, King William IV, died, and our little Princess became the Queen, a queen with all the cares, worries and responsibilities of a nation upon her slim young shoulders.

She made a wonderful picture, quite like a fairy tale, as she drove to Westminster Abbey, where all the kings and queens of England are crowned. Her gown was of crimson velvet, embroidered in pearls and diamonds. On her head was a golden circlet fixed on a cap of purple velvet. Eight young, lovely girls of the highest nobility, robed in white silk and wearing pink roses, carried her train.

Bells pealed long and loud, guns boomed, and the people shouted with joy for they knew it was a happy day for England when this gentle, yet courageous young girl ruled the land. When all the long ceremonies of the coronation were over and Queen Victoria returned to the palace, she heard the bark of her dog, Dash, the first welcome home she received. "Oh," exclaimed the Queen, "I must go and give Dash his bath," and the newly crowned monarch of a great kingdom rushed away to change her gorgeous costume and care for her pet.

And still the life of Queen Victoria ran on like a fairy tale, for within a few years she married the good and handsome Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, and they dearly loved each other and lived most happily together. They had quite a family; eight charming little princes and princesses came to make their lives complete, and all England was proud of them, for nowhere in all the kingdom could there be found a more devoted father, mother and children than in the royal family.

The little Princess's love for animals remained just as great in the heart of the Queen, and the beautiful grounds of Windsor Castle held splendid homes for their many dogs, horses and pets, for the fondness for all animals was shared, too, by her husband. An amusing little favorite of the Queen's was "Picco," whom she used to drive in a pony carriage. He was a Sardinian pony, presented by the King of that country, and was only 44 inches high. An artist who painted his picture had a hard time to make his sketches, as Picco, a nervous, fussy little fellow, was very indignant at having his measurements taken.

Bushey Park, a lovely place of many acres not far from London, was a kind of home of rest for the horses, ponies and donkeys of the Queen and Prince Albert, for those who were no longer fit for active service. There Picco was sent to end his days in peace and plenty. One day when the Queen was driving in the Isle of Wight, she saw a man beating a beautiful white pony. Stopping her carriage, she commanded him to stop, and bought the ill-used little animal to save him from his cruel master. She gave the pony the name of "Alderney," and he, too, went to Bushey Park where he probably told his aristocratic friend, "Picco," stories of his former unhappy life.

A great sorrow came upon the Queen when, in 1861, Prince Albert was taken ill with typhoid fever and passed away.

The Queen lived to be an old, old, lady. History speaks of her as one of the finest monarchs as well as a great and noble woman. She tried in every way to help and benefit those who were unable to help themselves, the old and feeble, little children and dumb animals.

The first society to promote kindness to animals in England was formed in London, in 1832, by command of the Queen. It was called "The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." Queen Victoria was a member for over 60 years, and was always ready to assist with advice, influence, and gifts. Her example caused many of the richest and most honored men and women in the country to take an active interest in the society and its work.

As Queen Victoria once said, "No civilization is complete which does not include the dumb and defenceless of God's creatures within the sphere of charity and mercy."

Compiled from the following books:

"Personal Life of Queen Victoria," by Sarah A. Tooley.

"Heroes and Great Hearts," by Dale.

## SCHOOL CORNER

### OUR KIND DEEDS CLUB

(By Virginia Oltman when she was in L. 4th grade of the McKinley School of San Leandro.)

Our Kind Deeds Club has just begun,

It numbers now just thirty-one.

Earl Motta is our president,

His days are always kindly spent.

He helps old folks across the streets,

And others that he often meets.

We try to pattern all that's good,

Obeys teacher, parents, as we should.

We help our mothers when not in school,

And don't forget the Golden Rule.

And as it says, we shall always try

"To do unto others as we wish to be done by."

### SAN LORENZO CLUB SONG

(Sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne")

On Tuesday afternoon we meet

And say our pledge together;

We say a poem

And tell good deeds

That we have done to others.

The Kind Deeds Club,

The Kind Deeds Club,

I'm glad I am a member,

It makes me think of others first

And be a little kinder.



# HILDA ISLES AND ERNA



All those who were present last May at our entertainment at the Women's City Club of San Francisco cannot fail to remember Miss Hilda Isles, who made such a splendid plea for animals.

Her beautiful eye-seeing dog, Erna, pressed up closely to her side throughout her address and every time Miss Isles mentioned "Erna," Erna's face was lifted to her in eager interest. The dog is thoroughly conscious of a great responsibility. Upon her judgment may hang even the life of her mistress for, trusted to guard her, there are quick decisions to make in the busy traffic of a great city and there is needed, too, the kind of sense which can size up strangers who may approach the blind girl. Erna is very visibly suspicious of men, exercising an added care when they are about and giving a quick sniff which says plainly, "Who are you?"

Miss Isles is a recent graduate of the San Francisco College of Women where she went every day, with Erna as guide, to attend classes. The lectures were plain Greek to Erna but she had a very definite idea of how long the professors should talk and if they talked longer than she thought they should, she would protest, at first discreetly with a low "woof," which was repeated with more authority if the first hint was not understood.

We are proud that Miss Isles is a member of the Latham Foundation and we feel that she is going to have a great future in advancing the welfare of animals. There was scarcely a dry eye when she spoke at our entertainment. We are hoping that she and Erna will visit some of our schools during the next Be Kind to Animals Week celebration so that our boys and girls may personally know this lovely girl. In advance of that event we are giving above her picture as she appeared this past summer at Vancouver, where she lectured to large audiences on "The Animal Kingdom." And we now present her to you to tell the story of those wonderful four-footed friends of the blind who so intelligently supply the greatest need in their lives.

## HOW DOGS HELP THE BLIND

By HILDA ISLES

God created the world as a school and playground for mankind. The grass, the flowers, the birds, the fish, the animals, and, in fact, every living thing was made to be of service. All God asks of us is that we give each living thing the proper care and protection and it will respond according to its nature. Next to the companionship of other human beings like ourselves, we enjoy the association of animals for they often seem to understand and appreciate our various moods.

We are gathered together because we are lovers of these friendly creatures, particularly of dogs, cats, horses and birds. I should like to introduce to you Erna, my faithful German shepherd dog, guide, and constant companion, whose duty it is to lead me where I wish to go, whether it be among traffic or on a quiet country road.

Erna was born away up in the Alps in Vevey, Switzerland. She came to me in January, 1933, when she was eighteen months old. Before we met, Erna had to spend a great deal of time in training. She was taught by command to sit, to lie down, and to pick up dropped articles. In a few minutes she will proudly go through these exercises for you. Erna was brought to Morristown, New Jersey, where her training was completed. She learned to take her blindfolded trainer through traffic faithfully. She was taught to walk down the street to the corner, to sit at the curb, and to wait for the command. If the trainer wished her to cross, he would give the command, "Erna, forward." If he said, "Erna, right," she would turn to the right, and if he said "Left," she would turn in that direction. Should he give the command, "Forward," when a machine was approaching which he could not see because of his blindfold, Erna would refuse to obey until the road was clear. This shows that she is educated rather than trained. The dogs that you see on the stage in a theatre are trained. They obey the commands of the master, but Erna reserves the right to disobey in case of danger.

The dogs used as blind leaders are all female dogs because they have the motherly instinct and are less inclined to be quarrelsome. Only German shepherds are used because they have an all-weather coat which can easily be dried when exposed to rain. They have a gentle disposition and are always eager to serve one master. This type of dog is commonly called the "German police dog." However, there is no such breed. The name, "police dog," originated when German shepherds were trained for police service and therefore they are the same breed as Erna.

Erna passed her training with high marks, and so, with seven companions, she was brought to Berkeley with her trainer. I spent a month at the Whitecotton Hotel and we were trained together. The first day each member of the class was given the comb and brush for his dog, her leash, and food pan. Although I had never had a dog before, I was sure that Erna and I would become great friends at once for I was always a lover of animals. However, I was disappointed for a little while.

Erna was the smallest of the dogs and the trainer's favorite. She was very unhappy when he left her with me and cried for him a great deal. The first few days were spent in becoming acquainted with our dogs. I sat on the floor for hours beside Erna, patting and talking to her. Then we went out together and I learned to follow her past obstacles and through traffic. It was not long before Erna was willing to be my friend and a close bond of unity grew up between us.

Those who train the dogs for this work study dog psychology. They learn to understand how a dog thinks and to allow her to form conclusions by herself. For example, Erna knows that she must not bump me into a tree, but she cannot tell the difference between a tree, a telephone pole, a floor lamp, or any other straight object; therefore she carefully guides me past them all.

If you have pets, you know that they respond to kindness much more readily than to beating or scolding. This was an essential part in our training and we were constantly being reminded to caress our dog. The name of our dog must never be sharply spoken and the moment that a command is obeyed, she must be told that she is a "good girl." As the dogs have a work to do and love to serve, they like to be considered as human beings and I am sure that Erna would feel very much insulted if I called her a "good dog" instead of a "good girl."

We are continually hearing of animals doing heroic deeds and even saving lives. One of our trained dogs in an Eastern city took her blind master every day to the broom shop where he worked. She would lie down in a corner to wait for him. One day she grew very restless and whined a great deal. Finally she came and sat by her master, carrying her harness in her mouth. The blind man decided to put the harness on the dog and see where she would lead him. He told his companions to arrange themselves behind him in single file and to place their hands on the shoulder of the one in front of them. Then the blind man commanded "Forward," and his dog led the nineteen men out of the building just before the wooden structure was consumed in flames.

We do not expect our pets to be great heroes, but if they are treated with love, kindness, and understanding, they will eagerly try to learn the little things that we teach them. We must not expect them to think as we do and I believe that rather than constantly punish a dog or cat for stealing meat, we should keep the temptation away from them. We should show that we love them by giving them proper care and food and by not spoiling them with sweets. Every day Erna is brushed and currycombed like a horse and her face washed. She has one meal a day, consisting of a pound of raw meat, shredded wheat or dog biscuits, and a non-starchy vegetable. Twice a week she has a bone and once a week, as a special treat, boiled liver, which is the only cooked meat that she is allowed. Although my mother prepares Erna's food, I am the only one who is permitted to feed her. The reason for this is that she will not only depend upon me for her creature comfort but will not seek food from other people. I, myself, not only feed her but I brush her each morning, for all these little acts of personal attention help to strengthen the bond of comradeship.

For the first few months after getting Erna, she slept on a rug beside my bed, but as she developed the habit of jumping on the bed during the night and as I had

grown so very fond of her, the mat has been discarded and she now sleeps at the foot of my bed.

One of the rules of training is that Erna is not to be played with as is the case with ordinary dogs for her mind might be distracted from her work. She does not even have a ball, for if she had at some time while she is leading me, she might chase a ball with which children are playing. Erna has a great responsibility and she knows it. In fact, when I put the harness on her she is all attention, becoming subdued and ready for business for my life is in her care. The dogs are not given to their blind masters but the blind master is given to the dog, for it is the dog which has to protect her master and has to decide how, when, and where there is danger.

As I have said before, Erna is not an ordinary dog and there are only ninety-one of her kind in all of the United States. Although my friends and I believe that Erna is an exceptionally beautiful dog, she and all other blind leaders are selected for their intelligence rather than for their appearance. Each dog becomes so attached to her master that if he were to die, the dog would grieve herself to death if she were not put back in training and equipped to serve another master. As an instance of this kind, probably most of you read a few months ago about a dog belonging to the blind Senator from Minnesota. The Senator had occasion to be absent for three days and the dog refused food and died of grief before his return. There are many instances of this kind to prove the staunch devotion of animals to their masters. As they give their entire affection and ask so little in return, the very least that we can do for these dumb creatures is to show unfailing kindness at all times.



## MONKEY ATTENDS FORMAL LUNCHEON

The noted naturalist, Prof. E. G. Boulenger, writing in a London paper, says:

"These highly organized animals are self-conscious to a degree, and know in an instant whether the laughter of the crowd is with or at them. Some years ago a young chimpanzee, soon after his arrival, was taken by the writer to his home to make one of a luncheon party. In spite of the fact that he was entirely untrained, being fresh from the Congo forest, he sat at table and, as a result of watching the behavior of his fellow guests, drank out of a glass and made use of table implements.

"All went well until the end of the meal, when a bowl of cherries—the chimpanzee's favorite fruit—appeared. For a moment the primitive asserted itself and the little ape, shrieking with joy and excitement, plunged his hands deep into the bowl with a noticeable forgetfulness of the conventions.

"Whereas he had up to this point largely joined in the laughter, the burst of merriment occasioned by his sudden lapse caused him at once to drop the hastily-snatched fruit and cover his face in a paroxysm of embarrassment."