# The Kind Deeds Messenger

UNIVERSAL KINSHIP

The Latham Foundation Story Service for the Public Schools No. 36

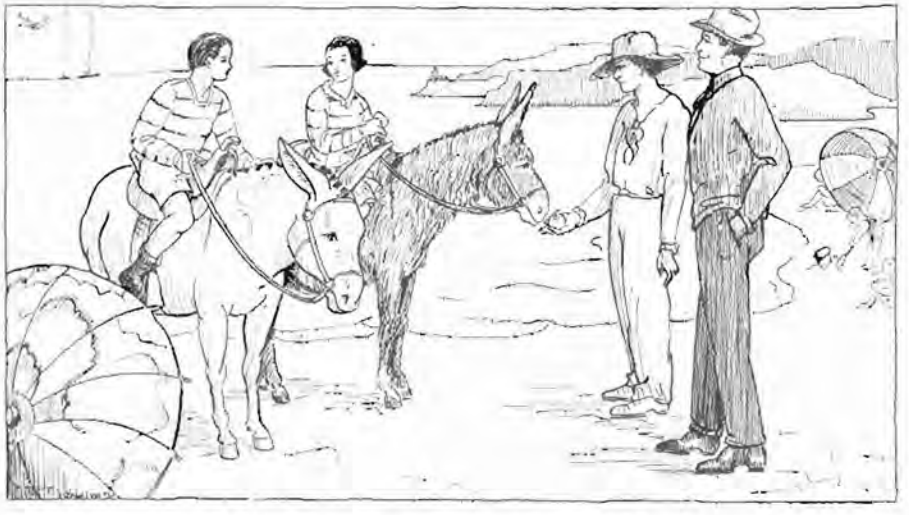

## THE KIND DEEDS CLUB PLEDGE

*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.*

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

*Humane education in the public schools is weaving into the warp and woof of our national life those refining and elevating influences that make for national greatness and stability. Man's inhumanity to man rests upon his inhumanity to the lower creatures. The man who beats or illtreats his horse will neglect and abuse his wife or child. The boy who is cruel to his pets will grow up to be a menace to society.*

—*A. W. S. Garden.*



## VACATION AT THE SEASHORE

*By* Ida Kenniston.

The Tweedie twins, Dick and Mollie, were going to the beach at Ocean Bluffs for four glorious weeks. Dad and Mother were going, too, and two-year-old Baby Dot.

Jeffo, the taffy-colored, shaggy Scotch Airedale, wagged his short tail and barked joyfully when Dickie hugged him and told him, "We're going to the beach, Jeffo. The whole fam'ly. Won't it be fun!" Even Snookie, the little black kitten was going, too.

The children had never been to the beach before, except just to spend the day. This time they were to live in an old gray-shingled house, with a garden of gay flowers before it. The house belonged to a friend of Daddy's, but he and his family were going to the mountains for a month, and they had invited Daddy and Mother to come and use the house while they were away.

Daddy said the house was on a high bluff, right near the long, sandy beach. The children would play on the beach, go wading, learn to swim, perhaps go out in a boat with Daddy. And at night they would go to sleep still hearing the soft sound of the surf on the beach.

It was fun getting ready to go. At least Dick and Mollie thought it was fun. They wanted to take all their toys, but Mother said no, just a few for rainy days. It was hard to choose. Mollie wanted *all* her dollies, and her toy stove, and her tricycle, and a lot more. Dick wanted his baseball bat, and his box of carpenter's tools, and the new blue and green fairy books that Aunt Hilda had sent them. At last mother told them to go out of doors to play, and not to come into the house again until she called them.

So while Dick and Mollie were playing "Pirates" and "Shipwreck" in the back yard, Mother finished the packing, and the twins did not see the new toys that went into the big trunk—the funny rubber sea-horse and the big duck that could be blown up like toy balloons, and that would float and bob about on the waves when the children went bathing or wading in the ocean.

At last they were really on the way. Dad and

www.latham.org

Mother and Dick and Mollie and Dot. Jeffo had to ride in the baggage car. Dad gave Jeffo a good, long drink of water before he put him on the car, and cautioned the baggage-man to be very kind and careful. Snookie, the little black kitten, was in a wicker basket, and Dick and Mollie were to take turns in looking after her.

It was even more lovely and wonderful at the beach than any of them had thought it would be!

The children lived in their bathing suits all the morning. Little Dot toddled about in her pink and white "sun-suit," looking like a big dollie. Jeffo raced about on the sands, and chased his rubber ball, and now and then went into the water and paddled about and swam a bit, and then came out and shook himself until the salty drops splashed over everyone near him.

One day when they had been at the beach about a week, Daddy took the twins over to the "Surfside Beach," for an afternoon. This was a place a few miles from where they were staying. It was a beach where crowds of people came from a nearby city, just for the day or evening. There were all kinds of amusements. Roller-coasters, merry-go-rounds, picture shows, and many booths where pop-corn, candy and cold drinks were sold.

Daddy gave the children a ride on the merry-go-round. Mollie chose to ride on a gallant red and yellow spotted horse with a flowing black mane. Dick rode a fierce-looking lion. Round and round they went, up and down, while the loud music thumped and screeched and rattled and blared. Everyone seemed to be having a good time.

Then Daddy bought them some popcorn and some molasses candy kisses. They had a ride on the roller coaster. Daddy went with them. It was very exciting. Mollie screamed when they went down too fast, and she was glad that Daddy had his arm around her and was holding her very close.

At last, near one end of the long, broad street, they came to a place where three patient, tired-looking donkeys were standing in line. The donkeys had gay red blankets strapped on tight for saddles, and bright yellow reins. A man with a heavy black moustache was standing near the donkeys. A sign near him said "Donkey rides 10 cents each." The man had a young boy with him, dressed in an "Indian suit" such as children wear for play suits. The boy always walked with the donkeys, or ran alongside when they trotted.

"O, Daddy, please let us ride! We *never* rode on a donkey," said Dick.

"Please, Daddy," coaxed Mollie. "I like the little fat one best. He's such a *darling* donkey, Daddy!"

Mr. Tweedie hesitated a few moments. Then he said, "All right." He paid the man, and lifted Mollie to a seat on the smallest donkey. Dick scrambled up on a second donkey. The man asked them to wait until someone wanted to ride the third donkey. Pretty soon a big boy came along, gave the man a dime and climbed up on the waiting donkey.

Back of the man was a stand with some gay little whips, the handles striped red, yellow and green. "Want a whip," said the big boy pointing to the stand. He gave the man ten cents for the whip.

"O, Daddy, please," said Mollie. Mr. Tweedie smiled and bought Mollie and Dick each a gay whip, an then the little procession started. The boy in the Indian suit led Mollie's donkey, and the two others followed soberly along, behind.

It was fun. Mollie wasn't a bit afraid.

They went along at a slow jog. Mollie wished they would go faster. She didn't want to whip the little donkey. The gay whip was just to wave about, and to carry home afterward. But the big boy thought the whip was meant for use. "Get up, there," he yelled to his donkey, and slapped him sharply with the whip. The donkey shook his head impatiently, but began to trot very slowly. The boy who led Mollie's donkey began to run, yanking at the rope, and so her donkey began to trot and Dick's, too.

This was a little better. But the big boy was not satisfied. He rose in the stirrups and began to beat his donkey as hard as he could. The little whip was not strong enough to hurt very much, perhaps, but the poor, tired donkey did not like it. He had been carrying children up and down the sandy beach all the morning and a good part of the afternoon. It was a very hot day and he was tired. So he did not try to run fast, but jogged along at an easy trot. The boy yanked the reins sharply. He was very cross because he could not make the donkey go faster. He turned the whip about, holding it so that he could beat the donkey with the handle end. Thump, thump, went the blows on the donkey's head, as hard as the boy could make them. Dick saw this, and called out, "Stop that, you! Stop beating that donkey!"

The poor beast had begun to totter by this time, hurt and frightened by the swift blows.

Mollie had been so indignant and so frightened when she saw what the big boy was doing, that she began to scream and then to cry, and would have fallen off her donkey if the boy in the Indian suit had not held her on.

Mr. Tweedie had not known what was happening until they returned. He heard Mollie's scream. He was waiting anxiously when the little procession of donkeys and children reached the starting place. The big boy, scowling and red-faced, slid off the donkey and turned to give him a strong hard kick. Mr. Tweedie grasped the boy's shoulder sharply and pulled him back so quickly that the kick did not reach the poor animal.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself!" he asked sternly.

Mollie and Dick were excitedly telling the story, both at once, of how the big boy had beaten the donkey.

Mr. Tweedie turned to the man who owned the donkeys. "Don't you ever let *that* boy get on one of your donkeys again. Do you understand?"

The man shrugged his shoulders carelessly. "He's a good customer. He rides every day. That donkey, she lazy. Ver' lazy. No like to go fast."

A small crowd had gathered around, looking on curiously. The big boy slipped away. Mollie was still crying. Mr. Tweedie took Mollie and Dick by the hand and led them away. He found seats for them at a little distance, soothed Mollie as well as he could, and stayed with them a few minutes. Then making them promise not to leave the place until he returned, he went back to talk with the man who owned the donkeys.

When Mr. Tweedie returned to the children, he told them that the man had promised not to make the old donkey take any more children to ride that afternoon.

Mollie and Dickie and Daddy were glad to get back to the pleasant gray house on the bluff and to see Mama and Baby Dot and Jeffo and Snookie. Their pleasant afternoon had been spoiled by the

www.latham.org

boy's cruel act.

That evening, after the children had gone to bed, Mr. Tweedie talked over the story with their mother.

"I don't think the man abuses his animals, or means to be unkind to them," he said. "He just doesn't seem to care about them. When I told him this beach work, all the long, hot summer, was too much for the oldest donkey, and the donkey is all tired out and too weak to work, the man said, 'Huh! What of it? They're only donkeys.'—I wish I knew what to do. I'd buy the old donkey and turn him out to pasture if I could afford it."

"I am almost as sorry for the boy," said Mrs. Tweedie, slowly. "I wish I knew what we could do for *him*."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Mr. Tweedie in surprise.

"If the boy is thoughtless and cruel," replied Mrs. Tweedie, "and *wants* to make a poor beast suffer now, what kind of a man will that boy make when he grows up? And I don't believe the boy is happy, himself."

"Yes, I think you are right. I have an idea about the donkeys," said Mr. Tweedie, and leaving the room hurriedly, Mrs. Tweedie soon heard him talking over the phone.

The next day the children spent in wading, swimming and playing on the beach. They had a wonderful picnic. Their mother made delicious sandwiches, stuffed eggs, and dainty little sugared cookies; how Jeffo loved them! He would look so pleadingly at Mollie and Dick when they ate them, that really, Jeffo had two to their one.

The next day neither Dick nor Mollie went near Surfside Beach, they didn't even want to go into town, but their father was away nearly all afternoon.

The following morning when they arose from the breakfast table, Mr. Tweedie said, "Come over to Surfside Beach with me, I have something to show you." Dick hesitated and Mollie said, "I'd rather not, Daddy." But Mr. Tweedie persisted and they went slowly along with him, not with the usual skip and jump of "going places with Dad."

As they approached the long, broad street where the donkeys were, Mollie stopped. "Daddy, I can't go there," she said. Her little lips trembled as tho' she were going to cry. Dick looked gravely troubled.

Mr. Tweedie smiled, saying gently, "Mollie dear, you know that I wouldn't ask you or Dick to do anything that would hurt you. I have something very nice to show you, that will make you very happy."

Mollie's face cleared, and she smiled as she tucked her little hand into her father's and the three walked on up the street. Two donkeys were standing near the same place, but this time in the shade of one of the buildings, and they looked differently, not a bit tired. The gay blankets had been changed for nicely fitted saddles, the old donkey wasn't there.

As they stopped a merry faced young Italian came running up and shook hands heartily with Mr. Tweedie. "Good morning, good morning, Padron," he said. "Good morning, Pedro," answered Mr. Tweedie. "This is my little Mollie, and this is my son, Dick." He couldn't help laughing at the puzzled faces of the children. "Pedro bought these donkeys, yesterday, and he is going to give the children rides, but he loves and understands animals and won't allow anyone to abuse them, will you, Pedro?"

"No, no!" assured Pedro. "I have donkeys in Italy, I know them, you see they like me!" He patted the animals kindly, and they rubbed their heads against him and showed signs of affection. "I make friends already," laughed Pedro. "They know soon who love them."

Dick and Mollie were too astonished to do more than stand staring. Finally Dick said, "Where is the old donkey?"

"Ah," said Pedro. "She go to my father's ranch, my little nephew take good care of her, no more work, plenty feed, water and a good bed."

Mollie clapped her hands. "Oh, I am so happy, so glad!" she cried. "Now, you take a ride?" asked Pedro. Up they got on the donkeys, and with Pedro walking with them they had a splendid ride way down the beach, the donkeys seemed to enjoy it as much as they did, and when they returned to Mr. Tweedie their happy faces amply repaid him for the trouble he had taken in arranging the new order of things.

"Goodbye, we'll come every day, Pedro," they said as they walked away with their father.

Mollie chatted blissfully as they went on, but Dick was very quiet and thoughful, his father noticed this and finally said: "What is the matter, son?" "Did you get Pedro to buy the donkeys, Dad?" he asked. "Well, yes, I did," confessed Mr. Tweedie. "I think we should try to better bad conditions when we find them, and Pedro was my bootblack, had often spoken to me of his knowledge of animals and love for them. I knew, also, of their ranch in the country and thought it would be a fine place for the poor, old, tired donkey. I felt that he could be kind to these animals and still make good in this work, so I phoned to him the other night. He came down yesterday, and, well—we clinched the bargain. He is going to buy two more donkeys and it is going to be run in the right way."

"Gee, you're a brick, Dad," said Dick. Mr. Tweedie patted Dick lovingly. That was higher praise to him than any the world could give.

There were more happy, wonderful days at the gray house on the bluff by the sea before the twins went home. Dick really learned to swim. Mollie could *almost* swim. Even Baby Dot loved the salt water, and the splash of the waves. She would squeal with delight when her father took her on his shoulder, waded out to where it was deep, and with a "Ready—one—two—three—" ducked down under the water for a moment.

Jeffo liked to run in and out of the water. Snookie liked to come down on the sands where it was nice and dry, and play with the children, or race after a rolling rubber ball, but she never put even one dainty forepaw in the water.

The last evening of their stay, they were all sitting on the sand, watching a wonderful red and gold sunset. "Mother," said Dick, "I was thinking of the donkeys again just now, I'm so glad Pedro owns them, we've had such happy rides every day and that he sent the old donkey to the country where he'll have *a good* home, and people will be kind to him. I didn't know people ever *wanted* to hurt animals, I'd *never want* to hurt any animal. Don't you think everybody ought to be kind to them?"

"I do," said his mother. "And I am glad to feel sure that you and Mollie will always do what you can to help any suffering animal, and try to teach others to be kind to them."

"We will!" said Dick and Mollie earnestly.

www.latham.org

## A LETTER FROM MRS. TEBAULT

My Dear K. D. C's:

What do you think has happened? Well, just this: Every month just you and I are to have this corner of the KIND DEEDS MESSENGER for our very own to tell the splendid things that have happened in our Kind Deeds Clubs.

Now will the Secretary of each club write and tell us just what work is being done in your club? Already such a splendid true story has come in from Palomares School, which we are proud to print in the next issue.

You who wrote essays in the last semester will be pleased to know what Miss McKeever thinks about you. Miss McKeever, you will remember, has watched your progress for four years because through all those years she has very carefully judged the essays sent in for the contests. This has been a big work. She writes: "It is a great pleasure to note the work done in the schools in which you are carrying on Kindness to Animals work. Each year the essays show more beautiful lessons learned, and more splendid examples of kind deeds done by the girls and boys. It is comforting to read the Kind Deeds Messenger and learn from the pupils themselves about the very fine work they are doing in spreading information on kindness to all living creatures. Thank you for the privilege and the pleasure of reading the essays and the Kind Deeds Messenger."

Sincerely,

Gwyn Tebault.

## MOTHER HUBBARD'S LAHS

All Kind Deeds Club members should buy the San Francisco News and turning to the Children's Page get interested in becoming junior members of Mother Hubbard's Club. Besides the regular club, Mother Hubbard has oganized a LAH Club. Now you will wonder just what LAH means and you will never guess. It means LEND A HAND and the members are known as LAHS. They have to do their kind deeds to win the lovely blue and gold badges which are supplied by the Latham Foundation, as the work of the LAHS is very similar to our own Kind Deeds Clubs.

Mother Hubbard receives some days between three and four hundred letters from members and there is buzz and hum in the big office of Mother Hubbard where we enjoyed a marvelous afternoon not long ago. We want all our members to become the children of Mother Hubbard, who though she has so many, still has room for as many more.

## ADDRESSED TO TEACHERS

THE COMMITTEE ON HUMANE EDUCATION

Mr. Vierling Kersey, our State Superintendent, appointed a conference on August 5 at the office of Mr. D. E. Martin for the purpose of considering plans for the expansion of humane education in the schools of the State of California. The attendance was most encouraging although, being held during vacation time it represented necessarily but a fraction of the eighty-three schools which the Foundation is personally contacting. Mr. Kersey suggested that sub-committees be formed for the purpose of framing material based upon what teachers in Alameda and other nearby counties have achieved, the objectives being to make such material practically available for all the schools of the state.

During the five years of our work in the field we have accumulated a great deal of worthwhile material, which has been featured through various channels; through the story service for the schools, representing the Kind Deeds Messenger; through the Story Board primary program; through series of lantern slides, and through the outstanding work created by the pupils themselves in an amazingly good collection of posters which can now be organized into a traveling exhibit for the schools of this and other states; through the yearly essay contests which have demonstrated to what an extent this study has taken root in the minds and hearts of hundreds,—I think I can safely say thousands—of children.

It is therefore our plan since conferring with Mr. Kersey to carry out what we understand to be his wish, namely, to develop through the members of this committee who can and will co-operate, a workable program for those schools which it is impossible for us to contact personally. Under classification of subjects we shall present stereopticon slides or still film pictures, each series being accompanied with explanatory text.

These we shall have on demand, either to sell to schools at cost price, or for rent where this plan is desired.

One of the members of the committe, Mr. Geo. E. Cass, visual education specialist of Santa Clara County has made us a very valuable suggestion as regards the visualizing of the work of our Kind Deeds Clubs. He urges that each club send to our headquarters kodak or camera pictures of their activities. This suggestion opens up an enormous field of supreme usefulness. I would like for such purpose, for instance, the picture of the president of one of the clubs presenting at Christmas time, one of those lovely, delectable baskets of goodies to some crippled or sick inmate of a hospital, an instance of what has been done innumerable times among our clubs. I would like a picture of the lad in 4th grade in Mr. Glines' school, Leo McCleary, holding a little lamb and with it the prize story of the spectacular rescue which made a sensation in the work of last year. I would like a close-up of the cat in the school of Mrs. Brothers, rescued from the appalling torture of the steel trap, and mothered back to life and health by the vigilant care of all the pupils of her school. I wish I could have a picture of the diminutive Portuguese lad, carrying a baby up the stairs of Mrs. Borneman's school, who when complimented on his care of his "baby brother," replied: "Oh, he ain't my brother; I'm jest tryin' to learn to be kind."

Dear friends, there is an infinite amount of material pertaining to this one subject alone to make this project one of the finest that has ever been presented to any school, and we hope and believe that we shall have your wholehearted co-operation to that end. We want to make it irresistibly attractive, so that the public will know just what humane education stands for.

Teachers sometimes ask: "What can we do in Kind Deeds Clubs?" There are so many things. Our essays of 1930 show how many children are doing rescue work for abandoned animals. We are advocating the making of attractive humane scrap books and sending them to the schools of foreign countries, with a request for exchange of material, thus cementing international friendship among children. This thought was suggested by Mr. Glines. We wish for such scrap books to send to children's hospitals and shut-in homes. We wish to see the child encouraged to think out his own expression of kindness. And how many little deeds of kindness can be put into performance to bring sunshine and happiness into the lives of others, if the desire is constantly encouraged to take root!

Mr. Kersey sincerely wishes to promote humane education. He wishes to see it promoted because, besides believing in it, he realizes that it is a statutory study in the schools of this state. We are very much inspired that he wishes our co-operation together with the members of the committee, and may we all strive to be worthy of the honor entrusted to us, and thus bring into our state a new era for the growth of humaneness.

The Board of Trustees of the Foundation at its meeting held August 15 passed resolutions thanking Mr. Kersey and all the members of the committee for this first step taken with the objective of further developing an organized subject.

EDITH LATHAM.

## NOTICE

All our members who were so thrillingly interested in Farmer Kindheart and how he saved Lightfoot the Deer, will rejoice to know that this great man, beloved by all, is to step into our stories the first of October. You will love to know all about him, his home and about all the great things he is doing. Don't forget Farmer Kindheart.

## SUBSCRIPTION PRICES

Single copy, 25 cents per year.
Each 100 copies to one address, 65 cents.

www.latham.org