

THE KIND DEEDS MESSENGER



THE LATHAM
FOUNDATION
STORY SERVICE
FOR THE PUBLIC
SCHOOLS



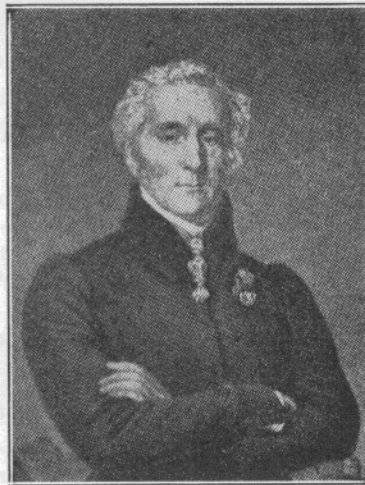
No. 61

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Compiled by Dolores Wilkins Kent.

THE NOBLE DUKE

Although called the "Iron Duke" because he had met, unafraid, the many hardships, dangers and stern realities of life, he could still take account of the little things that make sorrow for a child.



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

THE BRAVEST ARE THE TENDEREST

The bravest, finest and most courageous men are the most gentle and tender to all those who are weaker than themselves. Only cowards are cruel.

Courtesy of D. C. Heath & Co.

This is a little story of the Duke of Wellington, who was one of the finest soldiers and statesmen that England ever had. He was called the "Iron Duke," for hardships and dangers could not frighten him, however dreadful they might be.

Arthur Wellesley, for so he was named before he received the title of Duke, was the son of the Earl of Mornington and Anne Hill, daughter of the Viscount Dungannon.

He was not at all clever as a child, a very indifferent student, and showed no brilliancy of any kind while in school at Eton. When sixteen years of age he was sent to the Academy of Frimie, at Angers, France, where after a few months his teacher reported that—

"Little can be said of Arthur Wellesley, except that he has a rather weak constitution, is not very attentive to his studies, lies about a good deal on a sofa, and is constantly occupied with a little terrier named "Vic"—and here history speaks for the first time of his fondness for animals.

The future Duke was of medium height, neat and well made, with sparkling dark eyes. His manners were frank and self-assured, and he was entirely free from vanity, even when in later years he became the idol of England.

At about eighteen years of age he entered the 73rd Regiment as Ensign, and from then on his life was that of a soldier. He also began to study by himself in spare hours, and slowly forged ahead until he became Commander-in-Chief of all the English armies.

Napoleon Bonaparte, the French Emperor, desired to conquer England, but while he was considering the matter, the Duke of Wellington defeated him in the Battle of Waterloo, and Napoleon ended his days in exile on the lonely island of St. Helena.

The great are truly merciful at heart—that we well know—and once more it has been proved in the life of this great Duke, for he was ever tender and loving to the weak and helpless.

During the wars he was extremely careful of the horses and mules in his armies, seeing that they had proper food and good care. This was not only in the interest of his country, but for the welfare of the animals. His pet horse, Copenhagen, known throughout Europe, who had carried him safely through many battles, remained with his master for long, happy years, when the wars were over, in the Duke's beautiful estate near London.

(Continued on page four)

Blackboard Mottoes

For this Month

EVERY KIND WORD YOU SAY TO A DUMB
ANIMAL OR BIRD WILL MAKE YOU HAPPIER.

NEVER BE MEAN IN ANYTHING, NEVER BE
FALSE, AND NEVER BE CRUEL.

From "David Copperfield," by Dickens.

Children's Forum

WHAT THE KIND DEEDS CLUB HAS DONE FOR ME

By NORA COSTA, Warm Springs School.

Studying about kind deeds at school keeps me trying
to do them all the time. I am glad that I am trying to
carry out the Pledge this year.

I feed all my own animals and those that I find. It
is a cruel thing not to feed our animals. They like to
live and be happy just as much as we do.

If we find a stray cat, dog or any other creature, we
should take care of it. If it is very young we must be
especially careful that we don't let it suffer or die. It is
not right to allow people or animals to die without try-
ing to help them in some way.

Animals, cats as well as dogs, should be given plenty
of fresh water to drink as well as a nice, clean bed to
lie on. We should never tie a dog.

We should be kind to all people just as we are to
our animals.

A WORD OF PRAISE

By MRS. ETHEL E. ISMERT, Principal Redwood School.

"I think the Latham Foundation is doing a wonderful
work. Our school tries to make the Kind Deeds Club
work a part of our daily school and home life. At our
club meetings on Friday, we discuss the thoughtful and
kind actions we have seen and read about during the
week. Mrs. Tebault's work with the children is really
inspired. They look forward to her visits throughout the
year with great pleasure. It is interesting to me that the
older children in the school remember every story that
Mrs. Tebault has told and often refer to them."

Memory Poems

FOR FOURTH, FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADES

LITTLE WOODLAND GOD

By JULIA VAN DER VEER

I think that surely there's a god
For little hunted things;
A god whose eyes watch tenderly
The droop of dying wings.

A little woodland god, who sits
Beneath a forest tree,
With baby rabbits in his arms,
And squirrels on his knees.

And when a ruthless hunter shoots
A deer with dreaming eyes,
I think that little god is there
To love it when it dies.

But all the hungry orphan things
Who meekly call and call
For mothers who can never come—
He loves the best of all.

He tells the breeze to softly blow,
He tells the leaves to fall;
He covers little, frightened things
When they have ceased to call.

I think his pensive Pan-like face
Is often wet with tears,
And that his little back is bent
With all the weary years.

FOR PRIMARY GRADES

SHELTER ANIMALS

(Courtesy of the Connecticut Humane Society)

(Written by Charlotte Latrician, age 9, pupil in the
Julia Stark School, who won first prize in a poetry con-
test promoted by the Stamford-Greenwich branch of the
Connecticut Humane Society.)

Shelter the little kitten
Who hasn't any home;
Shelter the little doggie
Who on the streets will roam;
Shelter the little birdie
Who in the spring does sing,
Take him in from the weather,
Nurse his broken wing;
Shelter the little chicken
Who gives us all an egg;
Shelter the little rabbit
Who has a broken leg;
Give all pets a kindly token
And never turn away
When you meet a dog or kitten
That has gone astray.

HIGHLIGHTS FROM DR. FOX'S HOSPITAL



DOLORES RYAN, 4 years old, anxiously visits her friend, Teddy.

Photo Courtesy Oakland Tribune.

TEDDY

"Bring your litter, bring your litter—quick, quick!" cried a breathless young man, dashing into the office of Dr. Carl Fox, at 2700 San Pablo Avenue, Oakland, the other afternoon.

"Bring my litter?" repeated the veterinarian in amazement, "What on earth do you mean?"

"Don't wait, we haven't time. A stray dog was run over down the street. Give me your litter!" and the young man fairly danced in his impatience.

"Oh, surely, wait a minute," answered the doctor, hurriedly discarding his operating gown. "Come, the ambulance is in the yard."

Dropping a roll of blankets he had carried into the office, the youth who was only about 20, followed the doctor, on the run, to the neat little white car. In a minute they were riding swiftly down San Pablo Avenue.

"There, right there, Doc—that's my pal holding the dog," the boy said eagerly. "Gee, I do hope the pup isn't hurt badly."

A crowd of fully a hundred people had gathered, hovering about another young fellow, of seemingly the same age as the boy who had summoned the veterinarian. He was seated on the curb tenderly holding the injured animal in his arms.

An excited man perched on the running board of a car was firmly clutching the arm of the driver, who endeavored to explain that he was merely a bystander waiting for some one in front of a store and that the hitrun driver who had struck the dog was miles away by this time, but nobody listened to his tale.

"Here's the doctor, Ernie," cried the boy, and his friend gave a sigh of relief as Dr. Fox carefully lifted the little sufferer, a pretty black spaniel, on the stretcher and securely replaced it in the ambulance. The three men climbed on the car and sped swiftly back to the hospital.

It seemed but a moment before the dog was on the operating table and a brief examination revealed that both hind legs were broken.

"He will have to be X-rayed and put in a cast," announced Dr. Fox finally, turning to the two young men

who had stood anxiously by.

"Will you do it, Doc? Will you take care of him? We'll pay you," said the boys.

The doctor smiled at them. "Let's have a talk," said he. Calling his assistant to care for the little patient, the veterinarian led the way into his office. "Let's sit down comfortably and discuss the matter," he continued. "Tell me all about it, where do you come from and where are you going?"

The story was a simple one. Fred Swartz and Ernest Kaiser, from Iowa and Kansas, had been picking fruit at Fresno, and were now hitch hiking on to Sebastopol. Passing through Oakland, they happened to see the hit-run driver strike the dog and go calmly on.

"It just made our blood boil," cried Fred. "Honest, Doc, to see that big good-for-nothing hit the poor little chap and drive off as though it didn't matter. We tried to grab him, but he made his getaway too quickly. Now, we've only \$1.80 between us, but here's 50 cents of it, and we'll send you the rest as soon as we get work," and Fred Swartz laid the money on the table.

"Sure, we will, you can trust us, Dr. Fox," added Ernest Kaiser, "the pup looks like my own dog back home. Take care of him and find him a good master, and we'll pay you."

"Take back your money, boys," said Dr. Fox, "and come upstairs and meet my wife."

People who really love animals understand one another. Besides, Dr. and Mrs. Fox have four boys of their own. The result was that Fred and Ernest were invited to dinner and spent the night with their new friends.

The next morning, after a hearty breakfast, the boys visited the injured dog, who was trying patiently to bear the discomforts of the cast, realizing that kind hands were endeavoring to help him.

"Goodbye, old chap," said Fred, patting the silky, black head gently.

"Hope he gets a good home, Doc," added Ernest, and they left rather hurriedly and shook Dr. Fox's hand until it hurt.

Words fail sometimes, but a little pat, and a sincere handclasp tell the whole story. The doctor smiled happily as he watched the boys go striding firmly down the street.

Turning, the veterinarian entered his inner office to begin his morning tasks.

Suddenly a gentle voice said, "Good morning, is this Dr. Fox?"

Standing in the doorway between the two rooms was the sweetest-faced little old lady the doctor had ever seen.

"Yes, madam," he answered.

"Please tell me, did you take my Teddy yesterday? The little dog who was run over?" She clasped her hands and looked pleadingly into his face. "I didn't know until just now. I have been searching for Teddy all night," and her voice broke as she faltered into silence.

"Why, yes. Is he your dog? Come, and I'll show him to you," said the doctor. The little old lady followed him silently into the large, airy ward, where in a comfortable pen lay the injured spaniel.

(Continued on page 4)

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

(Continued from page one)

There is a tale that an old servant, who had greatly loved the noble horse, was overcome with grief at his death and, thinking that the Duke would never know, cut off one of Copenhagen's hoofs as a souvenir. But the Duke of Wellington came to bid his faithful friend and companion goodbye, and when he found that one of his hoofs had been cut off he flew into such a rage that the old man feared to tell him, and only years later acknowledged the deed.

The great Duke was walking one day near his home when he met a little boy who was crying bitterly. He stopped and asked the child what was the matter. The boy said that he was going away to boarding school next day, and that there would be no one to care for his pet toad.

The Duke told the little fellow not to cry for he would take care of the toad himself. And so he did. The child took his pet to the Duke's fine residence next day and it lived in the beautiful gardens. Very often the Duke of Wellington would write to the boy telling him of the welfare of his toad.

And so it ever is—the bravest, finest and most courageous men are the most gentle and tender to all those who are weaker than themselves—to children, old people, the feeble or ill, and dumb animals who can not speak for themselves, and are therefore the most helpless of all.

Only cowards are ever cruel.

UNSELFISH CHILDREN WHO SAVE DOG
AND MAKE A POOR MAN HAPPY

William Robinson lives in Hartford, Connecticut. Like millions of other men he lost his job during the long depression. His only remaining possession was a beautiful dog, who, not having a license, was taken up by the pound and doomed to die because his owner did not have the money to redeem him.

The dog was greatly beloved by the children in the neighborhood who were so unhappy over the pending fate of the unfortunate animal that they raided their little banks and managed to raise the two dollars needed to restore him to his owner.

Robinson, greatly touched by the children's generosity, was made happy by having the dog restored to him and now children and dog are greater friends than ever, and they feel they could not have made a better investment with their nickels and dimes than to have saved him from such a fate, and the man from so great a sorrow.

It pays to be kind even when it costs money.

HIGHLIGHTS FROM DR. FOX'S HOSPITAL

(Continued from page three)

"Teddy, Teddy!" a pitiful cry escaped her lips, and sinking to her knees, she gathered the dog's head in her arms. Whining with joy, he licked her face while she murmured lovingly to him.

"Oh, Doctor, is he badly hurt, will he get well?" she asked anxiously.

She was quickly assured that in a few weeks Teddy would be quite himself again, that he was doing splendidly and a very good patient, indeed.

The little old lady was a Mrs. Miller. She lived all alone with Teddy as her sole companion. "My very best friend," as she told the doctor.

So this story ends happily. In a short while Teddy will be home again with his kind mistress. But in the meantime he is being very popular—men, women and children come to see him every day.

"A touch of pity makes the whole world kin."

THE TRIAL

ZELMA LUCILLE REEDY

Edison School, San Diego, California

First Prize Essay, 5th Grade.

Once upon a time there was a boy named Tom. Tom had a little fox terrier named Foxy. One day Tom tied a tin can to Foxy's tail. That night Tom dreamed he was on trial in the Animal Kingdom. His little dog, Foxy, said, "Oh, King Lion, this boy has done a great wrong. Today he tied a tin can to my tail. I want him punished." King Lion replied: "Indeed he has, Foxy." Addressing the other animals, King Lion said, "Who among you can suggest a way to punish the boy?" The first one to speak was Mister Goat. "I have it, let me butt him." "Very good," said Mister Bear, "but why not let me crush him in my strong arms?" "I would enjoy nothing better than to stick a few quills in him," said Mr. Porcupine. "I will lock him up in my trunk," said Mrs. Elephant. "That will certainly keep him out of mischief." "Let me dangle him up in the air a while and then drop him," said Mr. Giraffe. "That will certainly give him a good fright."

"Oh, dear," sighed a gentle little Dove, perched in a tree and listening to the animals' words. "All of this harsh talk makes me unhappy." All the animals looked thoughtfully up at the little Dove. "Little Dove is right," said King Lion. "Two wrongs have never yet made one right." Just at this point Tom suddenly found himself wideawake. He was still badly frightened, but it was only his mother calling him to breakfast.

"Mother," he said, "I am going to save one-half of these cakes for Foxy." And Tom's mother well knew Tom was trying to right some wrong to his little dog.

When Tom carried his peace offering out to the yard, Foxy wagged his stub of a tail as lovingly as ever. And hastily gulping down his cakes, Foxy and Tom were off for a merry romp. But Tom never forgot his dream and was never again unkind to any dumb animal.