

Beautiful Stories

*See
pages
23
and
26.*

The
Teacher's Helper
IN
Humane Education

BY
FRANCIS H. ROWLEY
PRESIDENT OF
The American Humane Education Society

180 LONGWOOD AVENUE
BOSTON, MASS.

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

Was Founded In

Boston, Massachusetts

In 1889 By

GEORGE THORNDIKE ANGELL

Its work reaches into every State in the
Union and into nearly every country on the Globe.

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GIFT

MRS. M. C. JORDAN

JUN 15 1921



EARLY LESSONS IN KINDNESS OR CRUELTY

THOUGHTLESS and unfeeling conduct," says Mrs. Mary F. Lovell, "which rapidly develops into downright cruelty, is exercised first and most largely toward the brute creation, because of its helplessness and the larger opportunity. It may begin very early. An innocent baby will, in his exuberant happiness, squeeze a poor kitten nearly to death, and try to put his fingers into its eyes; but the baby's innocence is no reason for allowing him a pastime which gives pain to a living creature. The kitten has rights which even a baby can be taught to respect; and the baby has the right to an early training which will make him, by and by, a benevolent and humane member of society, and not a selfish and thoughtless one."

From the societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children we can learn how often little children are cruelly treated by those who ought to protect them. It is but a natural sequence. When the father was a baby he tormented the kitten; as boy he abused the dog; as larger boy he bullied the smaller one, and as husband and father he tyrannizes over wife and children. He has never learned to control his temper; he has never known what it was to protect the weak; he has never learned to regard the feelings of others—what can you expect of him now? The child's sense of justice is keen, and he knows when he is punished simply because father or mother is in a temper and must vent it upon something.

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Is it any wonder, then, that the child grows surly and resentful; that he learns readily to deceive, and that the life of the father is repeated over again in the child?

Baby's Earliest Lessons

Baby stretches out his little hand for the fly buzzing on the window-pane, and laughs and crows with delight as he crushes it in his tiny fist. These first destructive instincts should be checked then and there. If baby is old enough to have those instincts developed, he is old enough to be restrained from them.

Another writer says: "I know of a baby fourteen months old who has been taught not to touch flowers, but only to smell them; and not to touch the cat, although he is perfectly delighted with her. After a while, when he is old enough to understand, he will be allowed to touch her very gently; and he will be much more likely to always treat animals kindly and gently than if he had been allowed to handle the cat or other pets as he would a toy that squeaked when it was pinched."

Toys Are Teachers

Many a mother gives all unconsciously to her child his first lesson in cruelty. Baby is seated upon the rocking-horse, a whip placed in his little hands, and he is told, "Now, whip the old horse and make him go." Katie is teasing the cat and making her cry, and the mother says, "Don't pull the pussy, she will scratch you." Tommy is pinching the dog to see him squirm, and she says, "Don't hurt Rover, Tommy, he might bite you." Oh, mother, do you realize that you are teaching your child that there is no harm in inflicting suffering upon anything provided he is not himself hurt by it? Johnny starts to run across the room, trips over a chair and bumps his nose on the floor. Johnny cries and his mother says, "Naughty chair, to make Johnny hurt himself; beat the old chair," and she immediately proceeds to administer condign punishment to the unoffending chair. She is teaching the child that instead of controlling his temper, he must give full vent to it, and that if he is hurt, instead of bearing it with fortitude, he must revenge himself upon something, whether innocent or guilty. What will be the result of such a training? . . .

Most children do not mean to be unkind to their pets; it is thoughtless ignorance that makes them treat them as they do. . . . The rubber toy dog squeals when it is squeezed, so why should not the kitten do the same? The child makes no distinction between them, because the mother has never taught him that the dumb creatures suffer, and has never brought home to him the thought: "How would you like to have some one do that to you?"

No Whips, Guns nor Swords

Do not place in the hands of your child such toys as whips, guns, and swords, but teach him rather that needless wars and cruelty are crimes. Teach him to find delight in studying the birds with an opera-glass instead of shooting them, and to take pleasure in feeding them rather than in robbing their nests. There is no surer way to teach a child to be unselfish and thoughtful for others than to make him considerate of the feelings of his pets; yet this fact often seems to be utterly lost sight of in the training of many children.

Parent Strikes Child, Child Strikes Smaller Brother or Sister

The following incident which took place on a railway train illustrates another way in which some mothers unconsciously give to their children lessons which will develop results they little dream of. The gentleman who told the story said that it reminded him forcibly of what we are all too apt to forget—that our children do as we *do*, rather than as we tell them. He said: "On the two seats in front of me sat a mother and three children, aged about three, five and eight years. They had evidently been traveling a long distance and were thoroughly tired out. The oldest, a boy, was twisting about in his seat after his mother (evidently anxious that he should behave well) had told him to sit still. Out of patience, she hit him a sharp blow on the leg, which made him cry a little, after which he sat with a sullen look on his face, evidently feeling the injustice of his punishment. In a few moments his little brother did something that displeased him and he immediately gave him a slap in perfect imitation of what had been done to him. This action received a very slight reproof. I felt strongly tempted to talk pleasantly with the mother and try to show her the inevitable result of such treatment. I have been very sorry ever since that I did not, for I believe that every mother really wishes to do the best that can be done for her children."

The Tender-hearted Are Strong

We must give more attention to developing tenderness of heart, since we all know that the strongest, noblest man is he who unites with that strength tenderness and pity for the weak things of earth. Teach the child to be brave and strong, for to protect the weak and helpless often requires great moral courage. Teach him that it is cowardly to abuse any being weaker than himself, and that he must respect the rights of every creature. Teach him never to find his pleasure at the expense of another's pain and to love and protect whatever is dependent upon him. Think you that a child so nurtured could deal harshly with wife and children when grown to man's estate, or spend his earnings in the bar-room when his family were suffering for food? Show the children what an immense amount of happiness they gain for themselves in the love and devotion won from their four-footed friends, and open out before them an endless field of interest in the study of the wonders of the animal creation. Teach them that dumb creatures feel and suffer; that they have intelligence, that they have hearts full of faithful affection for us, if we are only willing to receive it.

O loving mother, put your child into the arms of Old Mother Nature and let her fill his heart with pure and innocent and holy thoughts! Teach the little one to love the woods and the fields, the flowers and the birds, and to call his horse and his dog his friends, and you have added to his capacity for happiness a thousand fold. Give him a glimpse of the wonders to be seen in the study of the animal creation, and you have opened out before him a field of interest and pleasure which a lifetime cannot exhaust. There is no surer safeguard you can give your boy than to send him into the world with this love of Nature filling his heart. He has learned to "look through Nature up to Nature's God," and to know the Creator, not as an abstract being, but as a living, breathing Presence. The man whose

heart has been thus kept pure and tender, whose soul is filled with divine love and compassion for the suffering dumb creatures whom he calls his friends, can never become hardened in sin; it would be a moral impossibility.—Adapted from "The Mother's Nursery Guide."

Quick to Learn

A pugnacious little boy, not yet three years old, was reprovved by his mother for some fault, and at last, as he continued to disobey her, was soundly punished. A few minutes later the child was seen beating his pet dog in a similar manner, just for amusement. He had felt the strong hand of might, not of love, controlling him, and exercised the same power over his inferior as soon as he had an opportunity. He is in excellent training to become a tyrant in the future.—*The Laws of Life.*

Which is the Better Way?

How many of us, when we come into collision with another, think that he also may be hurt? A little boy bumped his head against the wall, and ran to his mother crying to be kissed. She said: "What a bad wall to hurt poor Willie! Go hit the wall!" Another day he bumped his head against a little playmate, and at once struck him to punish the injury.

Another child, with a wiser mother, had been better taught, and when he fell against his little playmate, and they both got hurt, he said: "Kiss Harry, too." Which is the better way, and which child will be more likely to grow up kind and considerate in all the relations of life?

Corporal Punishment

The faults of little children which the parent seeks to correct with corporal punishment are largely the result of ignorance, accident, or the wrong point of view of the parent.

Corporal punishment by teachers is far less frequent than formerly, though many parents still claim they have the right to inflict it upon their own children. Slowly the race advances to higher standards both for parents and teachers.

Thoughtful persons trace a relation through the following series, viz.: slapping the hands of babies; spanking children; whipping large children (the strong taking advantage of the weak); disregard of the rights of others in the family, in business, in society; in flogging, in capital punishment, in fighting on the battlefield. Shall we plant the seeds of kindness, or of cruelty? As we sow, so shall we reap.

James Eddy said, "Kind and loving parents are the agents and representatives of our Divine Father." It is through the parents that the first idea of religion dawns within the child's mind. When the baby who has learned to have love and confidence in the mother through whom he has drawn his life first sees her hand lifted to hurt him, moral and spiritual injury must result.

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Endorsements of The Teacher's Helper

Before publishing *The Teacher's Helper* we submitted the manuscript to the following well-known educators for an expression of opinion as to its value to teachers. We give their letters:

From the Hon. P. P. Claxton, U. S. Commissioner of Education

I wish to thank you for letting me see a copy of the manuscript of the proposed leaflet entitled "The Teacher's Helper in Humane Education," prepared by the American Humane Education Society.

The efforts of the American Humane Education Society to promote humane education in the public schools and to assist teachers with suggestions for lessons and special programs are highly commendable. The publication of this leaflet should be very valuable in this respect.

From Dr. F. E. Spaulding, Chairman Department of Education, Yale University

Your "Teacher's Helper in Humane Education" impresses me most favorably. It presents the subject clearly, helpfully, and suggestively. It will be of great practical assistance to teachers. I heartily approve both the form and the substance.

With all good wishes for the continued success of your important work.

From Dr. Charles H. Judd, Department of Education, The University of Chicago

I have read the proposed pamphlet on Humane Education and am quite willing to have you use my name as endorsing the same.

From Dr. G. D. Strayer, Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York

I have read with much interest the manuscript entitled "The Teacher's Helper in Humane Education."

I am glad to tell you that I thoroughly approve of it and believe that it will be helpful if printed and placed in the hands of teachers throughout the United States.

From Susan M. Dorsey, Superintendent of Schools, Los Angeles, Cal.

Enclosed please find the manuscript recently submitted to me for review. I have read it with some care and wish to add my testimony to that of others as to the availability of this material for use in the schools in the interests of humane education. I especially commend the Bibliography.

From Annie Webb Blanton, State Superintendent of Schools, Texas

I have gone over the outline of the pamphlet which you send and it seems to me that this would be of great value to the teacher in carrying out our state law. If this pamphlet is published, I shall be glad to place supplies of it in the hands of our city and county superintendents with the request that a copy be given to each teacher.

From Fred M. Hunter, Superintendent of Schools, Oakland, Cal.

Mr. Hunter has requested me to reply to your letter, dated December 7, and to say that he is vitally interested in the cause that you represent. Your syllabus, "The Teacher's Helper," proved to be very interesting and should be quite helpful to teachers.

From Payson Smith, Commissioner of Education for Massachusetts

I have been carefully over the enclosed material and am glad to say that the subject of humane education seems to me to be presented in a helpful and sympathetic way.

*From Mrs. Marion Jordan
Stonham Mass.*

HUMANE EDUCATION

What It Is and How to Teach It

What Is Humane Education? *X*

It is the awakening and fostering, particularly in the mind of the child, of those principles of justice, fair play, and kindness toward every form of life human and sub-human, capable of suffering, without which there can be no character worthy of citizenship in a free state.

Y What Is the Object of The American Humane Education Society?

By humane education to stop all forms of cruelty both to human beings and the lower animals.

To this end it would quicken in our colleges, schools and elsewhere that spirit of chivalry and humanity which shall finally end all wars, prevent lawlessness, anarchy and crime. Peace on earth and goodwill to every living creature—this is its goal.

*"Humane education lowers
the criminal record"*

~~To~~ To the Teacher

Into the hands of the teachers in our schools is committed as into the hands of no others the nation's future. Tens of thousands of children, unreached by church and Sunday school, are in our public schools. Multitudes of them are from homes where little opportunity is found for instruction in the things that mean most for conduct and character. These bring to the teacher the supreme opportunity.

The teacher's task seems often a hard, monotonous, thankless one. It has never been fully appreciated. Nevertheless, the teacher is the mightiest human force, next to the home, in determining the destiny of the world.

Anatole France, in opening his heart to a congress of teachers at Tours, said, "In developing the child you will determine the future. In the social and moral disorder created by the war and perpetuated by the peace which has followed it, you have everything to do, everything to rebuild."

This is true of the teacher in this country to a far greater extent than most of us realize. To this kindly and wise man the danger in our present education is that "implanting the thought of war in the mind of the child will keep war in the world." Therefore he would banish from our schools everything that makes children love war. "Burn," he pleads, "all the books which teach hatred; exalt love and work."

The teacher may be a machine, a professional in education, or a living, quickening soul, infusing his or her own spirit into the spirit of the pupil, working upon the character of the pupil as the sun works upon the seed, the plant, the flower.

Why Is This Work Worth While? X

Many educators have said that in their experience nothing has proved so real a power in shaping the character of their pupils in justice toward each other, in cultivating a fine moral sense, in compelling fair and kind treatment of their human fellows, as teaching concerning their relation to defenseless animals.

The *San Francisco Call* published the following some time ago:

One Band of Mercy in San Francisco*

People in the Jefferson School district, which has its centre near First and Tehama streets, are frequently heard to remark the change that has come over the spirit of the locality. A few years ago a Chinaman was unsafe thereabout. If he wasn't forced into unequal hand-to-hand battle he was pelted with stones. Woe to the stray dog or cat which ran into the territory of the young barbarians south of Market street.

Today the Jefferson School is one of the most orderly in all the city. The children don't fight as they used to; they don't stone cats, or tie tin cans to the tails of dogs, or molest the sons of the Flowery Kingdom. And why? Because every school child down that way, as soon as he is old enough to write his name, is made a member of an army for the prevention of all the old evils, and no blue-frocked, brass-buttoned guardian of the peace could ever have done a tithe of the good that those children have accomplished. For the last four years the principal of the Jefferson School, Miss M. M. Murphy, has been organizing the pupils of all the various classes into Bands of Mercy, and although at first the idea was combated in the district, it has gradually increased in popularity until now every child seems proud of his enrollment. There are about 350 members in the organization today, and each of them takes the Band of Mercy pledge.

*An officer of the American Humane Education Society visited Miss M. M. Murphy, who confirmed this report taken from the *San Francisco Call*. Miss Murphy said it was literally true.

What's the Psychology of It?

The child seems naturally more interested in animals than in people.

It is easy to awaken in the heart of a child the sense of justice toward a defenseless animal unable to voice its sufferings and wrongs. Its appeal stirs an elemental characteristic of human nature. Once awakened in the child toward the animal, this sense of justice naturally makes itself felt when a human being's rights are invaded or his just claims denied.

For the Child's Sake

Many think humane education is simply in the interests of animals, that we are seeking entrance to the schools only for their sakes. No. It is the child's welfare that we seek primarily. Whatever has been gained for the animals by the whole humane movement through the centuries, vastly more has been gained for mankind in the development of character. The reaction upon human character of obedience to the spirit of justice, kindness and compassion has done infinitely more to benefit humanity, to enlarge its vision, to quicken its sympathies, to enrich its life, than it has done to relieve the sufferings of animals. We do not hesitate to say that nothing so vital to the development of the character of childhood and the future well-being of the state is brought into the school-room as that which, rightly and broadly understood, we call humane education. *The ennobling of the character of the child is the fundamental thing it seeks.*

What Is the Band of Mercy Idea?

It had its origin in England. Its author was Mrs. Catharine Smithies. It was after his return from England, where he had visited Mrs. Smithies, that George Thorndike Angell founded the first Band of Mercy in this country in Boston, Mass. This was in 1882. The Governor of the State was a member together with several judges and a number of leading citizens.

Its purpose has been chiefly, through the public schools, to organize the children of the various departments or rooms into Bands; the plan being that, either by the teacher in the class-room, or by the meeting of the Bands by themselves, or by both, the principles of humane education should become an integral part of the pupils' lives.

More than *four million children* have been gathered into these Bands.

Organizing A Band of Mercy Not a Necessity

Humane Education in the class-room can be carried on by the teacher in whatever way may seem to him or her most effective. The advantage in organizing the room into a Band (with the pupils in more advanced grades it could be called a Junior Humane League or Club) is that whenever the American Humane Education Society is notified of the organization of such a group, numbering twenty or more, it sends free a copy of its magazine, *Our Dumb Animals*, for a year, and literature which can be used to make the meetings of the Band or League or Club interesting, and which can also be used in the class-room.

How to Form a Band of Mercy or a Junior Humane League*

After talking it over with the pupils the teacher may suggest the following:

Resolved that we will form a Band of Mercy, or a Junior Humane League, which shall be known as the (any name may be chosen) Band of Mercy, or Junior Humane League; e. g., the Audubon, or the Bird Lovers', or the Henry Bergh, or the Angell, or the California Band; or the name of the school, or of some prominent citizen interested in animals may be used.

The teacher may be chosen president, or, if she prefer, some member of the class, also a secretary may be chosen from the class. Meetings may be held weekly, or monthly, at which times the program may consist of music, readings, recitations, anecdotes or brief addresses relating to kindness to all, and particularly to animals.

Or the Band or League may be considered to be in session whenever the teacher devotes a few minutes to the subject of humane education.

Membership is conditional only upon assenting to the pledge.

*Humane Education is as necessary in the High School as in the lower grades. We would always, however, have the pupils of the High School organized into Humane Leagues.

The Cost

It costs nothing. All that is required is the simple promise: *I will try to be kind to all living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage.*

Membership

Any person may become a member by taking the above pledge, publicly or privately.

**How Best May the Teacher Do This Work, With or Without
a Band of Mercy or a Junior Humane League**

Here are some of the ways:

1. By the teacher and pupils repeating once a week the pledge of the Band of Mercy.

2. By keeping some appropriate, but brief, humane sentiment always upon the blackboard of the school-room, changing the sentence when it has become thoroughly fixed in the pupils' minds so that it can be repeated from memory.

3. By recounting frequently some incident observed by the teacher in which an animal was treated kindly or unkindly, and by having the pupils relate such incidents as have come under their observation.

4. By reading to the pupils from time to time some short animal story. These can always be found in *Our Dumb Animals*, sent free to every Band of Mercy, in other humane journals and books, in the newspapers, and often in books that treat of animals.

5. By having some pupil select for a declamation a choice bit of prose or poetry which has to do with animal life; by asking for practice in composition that such topics be chosen as are suggested a little farther on.

6. By occasionally asking some friend of animals to drop into the school-room and give the pupils a ten minutes' talk.

7. By keeping in the school-room an attractive animal picture.

8. By having an honor roll upon which the names will be placed of those pupils who can name and identify the largest number of birds as the result of personal observation.

9. By an occasional ten minutes' talk given by the teacher on the great characters in the history of the humane movement: Plutarch, St. Francis of Assisi, Jeremy Bentham, Richard Martin, Henry Bergh, George Thorndike Angell.

"If you can't be a light-house
be a candle"

X **Two Teachers Write Us**

One says:

My method of teaching kindness to animals has the advantage of in no way interfering with the regular routine of my school. Two days in the week all our lessons are conducted with reference to this subject. For instance, in the reading-class, I choose a book upon animals, and always find time for useful instruction and good advice. My "copies" for writing are facts in natural history, and they impress upon the pupils ideas of justice and kindness towards useful animals.

In written exercises, in spelling and composition, I teach the good care which should be taken of domestic animals, and the kindness which should be shown them. I prove that, by not overworking them, and by keeping them in clean and roomy stables, feeding them well, and treating them kindly and gently, a greater profit and larger crops may be obtained than by abusing them. I also speak, in this connection, of certain small animals which, although in a wild state, are very useful to farmers.

In arithmetic, I give examples in domestic and rural economy, and thus show the children, in exact figures, the amount which may be made by farming when animals are kindly treated.

The results of my instruction have been, and are, exceedingly satisfactory. My ideas have deeply impressed my pupils, and have exercised the best influence upon their lives and characters. Ever since I introduced the subject into my school, I have found the children less disorderly, but, instead, more gentle and affectionate towards each other. They feel more and more kindly towards animals, and have entirely given up the cruel practice of robbing nests and killing small birds. They are touched by the suffering and misery of animals and the pain which they feel when they see them cruelly used has been the means of exciting other persons to pity and compassion.

"What is time worth?
Ask death - beds"

Another says:

Methods of Teaching. Teach by means of talks, stories, reading, pictures and songs. Encourage the children to tell incidents of their own or others' kindness to animals, of suffering caused by neglect or thoughtlessness; do not read stories of cruelty, but dwell rather on the happiness that children can give animals.

The teacher or humane instructor cannot rely upon any single text-book, but will draw help and inspiration from, and impart instruction by, pictures, stories, poems, and songs. More important than all else is it to enlist the active interest of the children in the animals they see in their daily life.

Mottoes and Themes for the Blackboard

Animals Have Rights as Well as People.

Birds Are the Farmers' Helpers.

The Massachusetts Department of Agriculture Once Announced that Every Toad Is Worth Twenty Dollars a Year to the State as an Insect Destroyer.

Cruelty Is the Meanest of Crimes.

Hast Thou Named All the Birds Without a Gun?

Without Kindness There Can Be No True Joy.

Cultivate the Art of Being Kind.

Protect the Weak and Dumb.

You Never Lose by Doing a Kind Act.

Three Things to Learn—Kindness, Justice, and Mercy.

Do the Kindest Deed You Can Today.

Be a Friend to Every Friendless Beast.

A Great Englishman Once Said: "Compassion and Love for Animals Secures in the Heart Compassion and Love for Men and God."

The Bravest Are the Tenderest; the Loving Are the Daring.
Kindness Is a Language that Even the Dumb Can Speak and the Deaf Can Understand.

Cowards Are Cruel, but the Brave Love Mercy and Delight to Save.

It Is Estimated that Birds Save for Agricultural Pursuits Alone, Saying Nothing of What They Do for Our Forests, Annually, One Hundred Million Dollars in the United States.

Cease to Be Cruel, Try to Be Kind.

Be Gentle and Patient with Dumb Animals.

Protect the Defenseless.

Open Thy Mouth for the Dumb.

If We Were Deprived of the Services of Birds the Earth Would Soon Become Uninhabitable.

Be Kind to Animals.

Blessed Are the Merciful.

Kindness Is the Supreme Virtue; Cruelty the Supreme Vice.

Make the World Happier Because You Lived in It.

You Should Treat Your Horse as You Would Like to Be Treated if You Were a Horse.

The Pig Is not Only One of the Most Intelligent, but Naturally the Cleanest of All Domestic Animals. Filthy Surroundings, Garbage, and Other Impure Food and Lack of Exercise Are Responsible for Most of His Diseases.

All Life Is Sacred. It Is Enough to Kill for Necessity; to Slay for Pleasure Is Barbarous.

All Cruelty Degrades the Person Who Practises It.

He Who Is Not Actively Kind Is Cruel.

"Do Unto Others as You Would That They Should Do to You."
Every Living Creature Has Its Special Work to Do in the World.

Selections for Declamation

Eulogy on the Dog	Senator Vest
The Arab and His Horse	Bayard Taylor
To My Dog, Blanco	Holland
Dying in Harness	O'Reilly
The Bloodless Sportsman	Foss
The Voice of the Voiceless	Wilcox
The Emperor's Bird's Nest	Longfellow
Christmas in Norway	Thaxter
To a Water-Fowl	Bryant
Don't Shoot	Wilcox
Petition for the Birds	Senator Hoar

**Subjects Suggested for Older Pupils and Talks by Teachers
That May Be Followed by Compositions by Younger
Pupils**

(LOWER GRADES

- Some Pets That I Have Had.
- Ways to Help Wild Birds.
- Stray Animals That I Have Helped.
- The Squirrels in the Park.
- The Story of My Dog.
- Why It Is Cruel to Destroy Birds' Eggs and Nests.
- How to Tell Some Kinds of Birds.
- Animals That Work for Man.
- Why We Should Try to Save the Birds.
- The Pets We Have at Home.
- Some Birds That I Know.

INTERMEDIATE GRADES

- Building Bird Houses.
- Why We Should Feed the Birds in Winter.
- The Usefulness of Toads.
- Ways of Attracting the Wild Birds.
- What Work Horses Do for Us Daily.
- Animals Most Useful to Man.
- What I Learned from Reading "Black Beauty."
- What Boy Scouts Can Do for Animals.
- The Cruelty in Air-Guns and Sling-Shots.
- Dumb Animals and What We Owe to Them.
- What Our Band of Mercy Is Doing for Animals.
- The Cruelty in Catching Animals in Steel Traps.
- What We Can Do to Increase the Birds.

HIGHER GRADES

- Our Domestic Animals and What We Owe Them.
- What Has the Horse Done for Man?
- The Famous War Horses of the World.
- Man's Debt to the Cow.
- Man's Debt to the Sheep, etc.
- Shall We Capture and Cage Wild Animals?
- What Are Some of the Cruelties of the Zoological Park?
- What Is the Jack London Club?
- Why Must Cruelty Be Practised in Compelling the Most of the Trick Animals to Perform Their Tricks?
- What Is the Best Way to Stop Trained-Animal Performances?
- How the Wild Birds Help the Farmer.
- What It Means to Be Humane.
- Useful Dogs.
- How to Identify the Common Birds.
- Sketch of the Life of George T. Angell.
- Cruelty in Wearing Dead Birds or Wings.
- A Short History of the Bands of Mercy.

X Acts of Kindness to Animals That I Have Seen.
 Some Ways of Making Animals Happy.
 The Birds as Insect Destroyers.
 Why It Pays to Be Kind to Animals.
 What We Can Do to Prevent Cruelty.
 Famous Horses and Dogs.
 Why We Celebrate "Humane Day" in the Schools.
 Benefits We Receive From Animals.
 By What Methods Are the Animals Whose Flesh We Eat
 Destroyed; and Why Are Many of These Methods Cruel?
 What Kind of Death Do We Owe the Animals Whose Flesh
 We Eat? If a Painless One, How Can We Accomplish It?
 Why a Public Abattoir?
 The Cruelties of the Steel Trap.

X **The Best Humane Short Stories**
for
Teachers' Use

The Story of Barry.
 The Dogs of St. Bernard.
 Sir Walter Scott and His Dogs.
 Rosa Bonheur, Painter of Animal Pictures.
 Abraham Lincoln's Kindness to Animals.
 Charles Kingsley and His Pets.
 Story of Greyfriars' Bobby.
 Daniel Webster and the Woodchuck.
 St. Francis and the Birds.
 Story of Owney, the Postal Dog.
 Story of the Bell of Atri.
 Audubon and the Birds.
 Louis Agassiz, the Great Teacher.

For condensations of these stories, made by William M. Morrill for the American Humane Education Society, see pages 19 to 31.

X Books on Animals

Bird Friends	<i>Trafton</i>	Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston
*Our Friend the Dog	<i>Maeterlinck</i>	Dodd, Mead & Co., New York
*Bob, Son of Battle	<i>Ollivant</i>	A. L. Burt Co., New York
Greyfriars' Bobby	<i>Atkinson</i>	Harper & Brothers, New York
<u>Black Beauty</u>	<i>Sewell</i>	American Humane Education Society, Boston
*The Horses of Homer	<i>Rowley</i>	
<u>Friends and Helpers</u>	<i>Eddy</i>	Ginn & Company, Boston
Heroes and Greathearts and Their Animal Friends	<i>Dane</i>	D. C. Heath & Co., Boston
*Our Dooryard Friends	<i>Pruesser</i>	The Platform, Chicago
Famous <u>Four-footed Friends</u>	<i>Harvey</i>	Robert M. McBride & Co., New York
*The Bird Study Book	<i>Pearson</i>	Doubleday, Page & Co., New York
*Wild Bird Guests	<i>Baynes</i>	E. P. Dutton & Co., New York
The <u>Child's Natural</u> History		De Wolfe, Fiske & Co., Boston
*The Works of Henri Fabre— the Homer of the Insects		Dodd, Mead & Co., New York
<u>American Wild Life</u>	<i>Deming</i>	Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York
*A Dog of Flanders	<i>Ouida</i>	Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston
Stories of Brave Dogs	<i>Carter</i>	The Century Co., New York
<u>Bird World</u>	<i>Stickney</i>	Ginn & Co., Boston
Our Humble Helpers, etc.	<i>Fabre</i>	The Century Co., New York
*The <u>Fireside Sphinx</u>	<i>Cal Reppier</i>	Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston
*Famous Pictures of Real Animals	<i>Bryant</i>	John Lane Co., New York
Beautiful Joe	<i>Saunders</i>	American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia
*In Beaver World	<i>Mills</i>	Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston
<i>grand</i> <u>Songs of Happy Life</u>		The Educational Publishing Co., Boston
*For Older Pupils.		

Books for Teachers

	<i>McCrea</i>	The Columbia Press, New York
The Humane Movement		
The Humane Idea	<i>Rowley</i>	American Humane Education Society, Boston
Manual of Moral and Humane Education	<i>Krause</i>	Atkinson-Mentser Publishing Company, Chicago
Animals' Rights	<i>Salt</i>	G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London
<i>Grand</i> <u>Voices for the Speechless</u>	<i>Firth</i>	Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston
<u>The Universal Kinship</u>	<i>Moore</i>	Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago
The Place of Animals in Human Thought	<i>Cesaresco</i>	Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York
The New Ethics	<i>Moore</i>	S. A. Black, Chicago
Every Living Creature	<i>Trine</i>	Purdy Publishing Co., Chicago
Thoughts on Humane Education	<i>Reynolds</i>	Humane Publishing Co., Washington, D. C.
Little Brother to the Bear	<i>Long</i>	Ginn & Co., Boston
Billy and Hans	<i>Stillman</i>	
Billy Boy	<i>Long</i>	Dodd, Mead & Co., New York
<i>Five</i> <u>Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst</u>		American Humane Education Society, Boston
John of the Woods	} <i>Abbie Farwell Brown</i>	Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston
Saints and Friendly Beasts		
<u>Curious Book of Birds</u>		
<u>Neighbors Unknown</u>	<i>Chas. G. D. Roberts</i>	Macmillan Co., New York
Insect Stories	<i>Kellogg</i>	
<i>Five</i> <u>Our Four-Footed Friends</u>	<i>Mrs. Huntington Smith</i>	Ginn & Co., Boston

Animals in Art and Sculpture

To be used by the teacher in school-room or class-room, the most of which may be secured at small expense from the Perry Pictures Company, Malden, Mass.

Pharaoh's Horses	Herring
Horses at St. Mark's, Venice	
St. Francis Preaching to the Birds	
The Lion of Lucerne	Thorwaldsen
Monarch of the Glen	Landseer
Shoeing the Bay Mare	Landseer
The Sheepfold	Jacque
The Newborn Calf	Millet
Weaning the Calves	Bonheur
The Horse Fair	Bonheur
My Dogs	Landseer
Three Members of the Temperance Society	Herring
The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner	Landseer
"Can't You Talk"?	Holmes
Sheep	Mauve
Cattle	Potter
Little Foxes	Carter
Thoroughbred	Hardy
Morning in the Highlands	Bonheur
The Cat Family	Adam
Saved	Landseer
Waiting for Mistress	Landseer

The Best Humane Short Stories

FOR

Teachers' Use

X THE STORY OF BARRY X

On the highest point of the Mountain Pass that leaves Martigny in the Valley of the Rhone across the Great Bernard into Italy, there stands in a dreary solitude, shut in by wild rugged mountains covered with eternal snow, the most elevated dwelling-place in the Old World—the Hospice, or Inn, of St. Bernard. Ten or twelve monks reside here in the midst of the most complete wilderness, where winter reigns eight or nine months. The Hospice offers to everyone a refuge, with kindly help and care. The monks are especially busy in winter time, when they go forth to seek and rescue the lost wanderer. Every year many lives are saved through their endeavors. Specially trained dogs accompany the monks or are sent out alone to search for those in danger.

Of all the intelligent and self-sacrificing dogs of St. Bernard, Barry was the bravest and saved the most lives. This grand old dog had saved the lives of forty persons and was trying hard to rescue the forty-first—an effort which cost him his own life. Here is what happened:

Two travelers were lost in the Alps in a blinding snow-storm. One of them in his extremity insisted that, as a last resort, he should have recourse to the brandy flask. His comrade urged upon him the folly of this, inasmuch as after a brief period of exhilaration, the reaction would leave him in a worse condition than before. Refusing the advice of his friend, he drank heavily, and after forging ahead for a short distance, became utterly exhausted and sank in the snow. His companion struggled on and at last was able to reach the friendly shelter of the Hospice, where he told the story of his lost fellow-traveler.

Barry was called by the monks and told to take the traveler's trail, which he did, finding at length the man who had been left behind, unconscious in the snow. Barry finally, by various methods, roused him from his stupor only to be mistaken by the more or less dazed man for a wild beast. With what remaining strength he had, the traveler managed to get his knife out of his pocket and plunge it into Barry's neck. In spite of this, the faithful dog kept at his task until the traveler realized that he had evidently been found by one of the dogs of the Hospice. He struggled to his feet, and half leaning on the dog, whose strength was rapidly failing from loss of blood, at last reached the Hospice. On its threshold the noble creature, who had stained every step of the way back with his own life-blood, fell exhausted, having given to all humanity a lesson in fidelity to a trust as great as could well be taught.

On the monument to Barry in the cemetery in Paris, is the following inscription: "He saved the lives of forty persons, and was killed by the forty-first."—*From Our Dumb Animals.*

THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD

The great St. Bernard Pass, which lies between Mt. Blanc and the Matterhorn heights of the Alps, used to be crossed chiefly by pilgrims to Rome. Sometimes these pious people foolishly tried to make their way across in winter, when the pass and mountainside were thick with snow, and blizzards swept down at frequent intervals. Then the pilgrims, blinded by the driving storm, would lose their bearings sometimes, and, after wandering, perhaps for days, would finally sink down from weariness, soon to be covered by the snow.

At last, Saint Bernard of Menthon, a monk, founded the Hospice of St. Bernard, and a group of monks came to live at this desolate spot, high above where any trees can grow, so as to be at hand to lend aid to exhausted travelers. But the noble monks soon discovered that, alone, they could seldom find the drift-covered pilgrims in the blinding storms, so they brought some dogs up to the Pass, and trained them to hunt for wanderers. It is said that the St. Bernard dogs came originally from the Pyrenees mountains in Spain, but they have been born and have lived so long at St. Bernard now, that perhaps no one knows exactly where their ancestors came from.

To teach the dogs to find the lost pilgrims, one of the monks would cover himself with snow, far out on the mountainside, and then the dogs would be sent out to find him. Of course they were made much of when they were successful, so that they soon understood what they were expected to do. To the dogs' collars, small barrels, containing food and drink, were fastened, and many an exhausted traveler was saved from death by these little barrels.

The dogs of St. Bernard are not clumsy and lazy as are the St. Bernards that we usually see. They seem to be full of life, and some of them are very savage with strangers when the dogs are visited in their kennels. But these savage ones are just as faithful and valuable when a lost traveler is to be sought, and they are as gentle as possible when they are doing their duty.

We cannot look at these wonderful dogs without wondering at their splendid courage. However deep the snow may be, and though the wind may be hurling great drifts down the mountainside, these brave fellows set out at the word of command and cheerfully risk their lives. And none the less to be admired, are the brave Brothers who, no matter what the weather, are always ready to give their lives for others, so that the Hospice of St. Bernard might well be called the Home of Heroes.—From "*Famous Four-Footed Friends.*"

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS DOGS

Sir Walter Scott's love for animals is one of the most strikingly marked traits of his character. His horses liked to be fed by no one but him, and with his dogs he lived on terms of intimate friendship. "Camp," who is often affectionately mentioned in his master's letters, was the chosen champion of hill and hearth and a couple of lively greyhounds, answering to the names of "Douglas" and "Percy," came in for their full share of attention.

One day when Sir Walter was a boy, a dog came running toward him, and he picked up a stone and threw it at him, as some boys will do, just to see if they can hit the mark. The stone broke the dog's leg; yet the poor suffering dog crawled up and licked Sir Walter's feet, as if to forgive him of any intentional wrong. Then Scott felt the bitterest remorse. He could never forget this incident, for he was a kind and tender-hearted man.

Camp was a large and handsome bull-terrier, very fierce by nature, but very gentle with children. His master used to call him the wisest dog that he had ever known. For it seems that Camp once forgot himself and bit the baker. Since the good man had done nothing to provoke the dog, Camp was given a good whipping and was also told very solemnly that he had done a very wicked thing and that he must never bite anyone again. After this, whenever anyone spoke about the unfortunate baker and how he had been bitten, Camp would sneak over into a corner of the room with his tail hanging down and with a look of great distress on his face.

Maida was a deerhound, very large and handsome. After Camp had gone Sir Walter loved Maida more than any other of his dogs. It was Maida who used always to sit by his master's side at dinner-time, and many a choice morsel found its way to Maida's mouth before the meal was over. Maida accompanied Sir Walter on his walks and tried to be very dignified. On one occasion when his patience had been exhausted by the antics of some younger dogs who jumped on him, he seized one of his tormentors and rolled him in the dust. At which Sir Walter remarked to his friend: "I make no doubt when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside and plays the boy as any of them; but he is ashamed to do it in our company." When Maida died and was buried at the gates of the Abbotsford grounds, a stone was placed to mark his grave and was used by Sir Walter as a mounting-block—that is, a block to step upon to get to his horse's back or into his carriage. These were the lines cut upon the stone:

Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,
Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door.

It is from incidents like these that we learn about the life and character of the great and beloved poet and author of the Waverley novels who loved animals and never tired of doing kind acts.—*From Our Dumb Animals.*

ROSA BONHEUR, PAINTER OF ANIMAL PICTURES

As a little girl living in the south of France Rosa Bonheur loved animals. She was also deeply interested in the trees, the flowers, the clouds, and other beauties of nature. Her father, being an artist, early allowed his little daughter to become acquainted with the materials of his studio, and so Rosa's playthings may be said to have been paints, palettes, and color brushes.

When Rosa was seven years of age the Bonheur family removed to Paris, where the daughter was sent to school. But she had no liking for books and came to be a good deal of a tomboy. In her eleventh year her father decided that she must earn her living and so apprenticed her to a dressmaker. Again Rosa quickly showed that she despised sewing as well as books, whereupon her father took her into his studio and permitted her to use her time as she saw fit.

It was not long before the young girl's work justified his course. She spent many days in the Louvre copying the great masters and studying their methods, and became very proficient in the art that she loved.

Not long after this her father moved out into the country where there were many neat farms well stocked with animals.

Rosa's heart was full of the joy of being near these living things. She spent day after day, sketchbook in hand, making studies of sheep and cows and horses and pigs. She studied animal anatomy and sculptured in wax and clay, so that her paintings might be more perfect.

When she was nineteen years old she had her first two animal pictures accepted by the Salon. Soon her work was paying her handsomely. The painting entitled "The Horse Fair" is undoubtedly Rosa Bonheur's masterpiece. In preparation for painting this picture Rosa went daily to the place where the fair was to be held, in male clothing so that she might escape attention. The picture was sold at a fabulous price in 1857 to Cornelius Vanderbilt and is now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City.

Rosa's fame soon became world-wide. She was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the first of many high honors that came to her. She continued to paint all kinds of animals with firm and virile hand, even up to her death, at the age of seventy-seven, in 1899. Her biographers have said that the best proof of the opinion in which she was held lies in the fact that she was followed to the grave by every eminent person then known to the Parisian world of arts and letters.—*From Our Dumb Animals.*

X ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S KINDNESS TO ANIMALS X

In the early pioneer days, when Abraham Lincoln was a young lawyer and "rode the circuit," he was one day traveling on horseback from one town to another with a party of friends who were lawyers like himself.

The road which they traveled led across prairies and through woods. As they passed by a grove where the birds were singing merrily, they noticed a baby bird which had fallen from the nest and lay fluttering by the roadside.

After they had gone a short distance, Mr. Lincoln stopped, turned, and said, "Wait for me a moment; I will soon rejoin you."

As his friends halted and watched him, they saw Mr. Lincoln return to the place where the helpless bird lay on the ground, and tenderly take it up and set it on a limb near the nest.

When he joined his companions, one of them laughingly asked, "Why did you bother yourself and delay us with such a trifle as that?"

Abraham Lincoln's reply deserves to be remembered. "My friend," said he, "I can only say this—that I feel better for it. I could not have slept tonight if I had left that helpless little creature to perish on the ground."

Lincoln's sympathies went forth to animals as well as to his fellow-men. On one of his visits to General Grant's headquarters during the Civil War his attention was attracted to three tiny kittens crawling about the floor. The mother had died, and the little wanderers in their grief were mewling piteously. Mr. Lincoln picked them up tenderly, sat down on a camp chair, took them on his lap, stroked their soft fur, and murmured, "Poor little creatures! Don't cry! You'll be taken good care of." Then, turning to an officer, he said, "Colonel, I hope you will see that these poor little motherless waifs are given plenty of good milk and treated kindly." Three times the President went to that tent during his short visit, and picked up those little kittens, fondled them, and took out his handkerchief and wiped their eyes as they lay on his lap, purring their gratitude. It seemed a strange sight, on the eve of battle, when everyone was thinking only of the science of destruction, to see the hand that by a stroke of the pen had loosed the shackles of four millions of bondsmen, and had signed the commission of every officer of that gallant army, from the general-in-chief to the humblest lieutenant, tenderly caressing three stray kittens.—*From Our Dumb Animals.*

This grand, wonderful man & President loved & protected all animals & birds. Like all good & great men. He despised & hated cruelty, & injustice & all base

traits. all sin & heartless, selfish acts. He loved & followed all that is noble

CHARLES KINGSLEY AND HIS PETS

Charles Kingsley loved every living thing with all his big, generous heart, and as a natural result every living thing loved him—his cats, dogs and horses giving him a devotion that was almost human.

His riding horse followed him about like a tame tabby cat, and the far-famed dogs of Eversley Rectory—Dandy, Sweep and Victor—moped and grieved during his absences until it was frequently feared that they would die.

Dandy was a terrier, "long, low, with short, crooked legs, big paws, a broad head with plenty of room for his brain, and soft brown eyes that expressed every thought in his heart as plainly as if he had had human speech," writes Rose Kingsley, in an article about her father's dogs. Dandy was his learned master's shadow and made it his especial duty to accompany him on his visits among the people of the parish. Sometimes Dandy attended church, and when he did, "he behaved with his wonted discretion," says his mistress, "calmly lying down at the top of the high, old-fashioned pulpit steps, looking around on the amused congregation as much as to say, 'If you attempt to annoy my master, I am here to defend him.'" Dandy lived to be thirteen years old, and when he died Kingsley himself dug his grave and placed a stone at its head, with this inscription: "The faithful to the faithful."

Sweep was another of the Eversley dogs—a great black retriever noted in several ways. One thing was his ability to bear a pet cat all over the place by grasping her head in his mouth. Miss Puss and he were devoted friends, and for years she would very complacently allow him to bear her about in this fashion to amuse guests at the rectory.

Victor was another dearly loved pet of the great author. He was a dachshund of the royal breed, for he was given to Kingsley by Queen Victoria herself from her own kennel. He was "five inches high and a yard long when he was grown," says his mistress. "He insisted on sleeping in my bedroom, and if he was put out, his shrieks roused the house. He had very aristocratic tastes. No power on earth could make him go down by the back stairs, and if the maids invited him to the kitchen, he would leave them to go down their own way, and running round by the front stairs would meet them at the kitchen door."

When this little dog fell ill, the man whom even royalty loved to honor laid aside his busy pen, and for two nights and days nursed the suffering little animal. And when Victor's big, wistful eyes closed forever, their last glance was for the kindly man whom he had loved all his life with all the devotion of his doggish heart.

Charles Kingsley took great delight in cats; the stable had always its white cat, and the house its black or tabby, whose graceful movements he never tired of watching. On the rectory lawn dwelt a family of natterjacks (running toads), who lived on from year to year in the same hole, which the scythe was never allowed to approach. He

made friends with a pair of sand wasps, one of which he had saved from drowning. They lived in a crack of the window in his dressing-room, and every spring he would look out eagerly for them or their children as they came out of or returned to the same crack. The little flycatcher, who built its nest every year under his bedroom window, was a constant joy to him.—*From Baptist Boys and Girls.*

THE STORY OF GREYFRIARS' BOBBY

More than fifty years ago a poor old shepherd died, and was buried in a graveyard at Edinburgh, Scotland, his only mourner being a little Scotch terrier. On the two succeeding mornings the sexton found the dog lying on his master's grave, and drove him away with hard words, dogs being against the rules of the cemetery.

The third morning was cold and wet, and when the sexton found him shivering on the new-made grave, he hadn't the heart to drive him away, and gave him something to eat.

From that time, the dog made the churchyard his home, every night for eleven years and three months. No matter how cold or wet or stormy the night, he could not be induced to stay away from the beloved spot, and if shut up would howl dismally.

Every day, when the castle gun was fired at ten o'clock, he went punctually to a restaurant near by, where the proprietor fed him. At one time Bobby was in great danger of being seized and done away with by the dog-catcher because his tax had not been paid. Whereupon the boys and girls of the neighborhood collected the amount and tendered it to the Lord Provost. This official was so moved by what the children had done that he promised to stand good for Bobby and so exempted him from the dog tax, and to mark his admiration of his fidelity, presented him with a handsome collar inscribed, "GREYFRIARS' BOBBY, presented by the LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH."

Bobby had many friends and visitors, and many, beside the men employed about the yard, tried to win his affections; but he refused to attach himself to any one person. For more than eleven years he kept his watch over his master's humble grave, and then died quietly of old age, and was buried in a flower bed near by. The master's grave is unmarked by any stone, but a marble fountain was erected to the memory of his homeless dog, and a bronze statue of Bobby stands on top of it. It was the gift of a kind and wealthy woman, Baroness Burdett Coutts, and may be seen to this day just outside the gate of the churchyard where Bobby's beloved master was buried—the spot that was watched and guarded by the faithful little dog to his dying day. Lady Coutts said she built the monument to Greyfriars' Bobby to teach the boys and girls of Edinburgh the meaning of that single word—"Loyalty."—*From Our Dumb Animals.*

DANIEL WEBSTER AND THE WOODCHUCK

Farmer Webster lived away up among the hills of New Hampshire, and was as honest and kindly-tempered a man as you could find in all the countryside. He had two sons, Ezekiel and Daniel. Ezekiel set a box-trap for a woodchuck which had been eating the vegetables in Farmer Webster's garden.

The woodchuck was caught. "Now we'll kill the thief!" cried Ezekiel. "You've done mischief enough to die, and die you shall."

"O, don't," begged his brother Daniel, pitying the poor captive. "Take him into the woods, and let him go."

The boys could not agree, so they told their father all about it.

"Well," said the farmer, "there's the prisoner; you shall be his counsel, one for his life and the other against it, and plead the case before me. I will be the judge."

Ezekiel opened the case as follows: "The prisoner at the bar is naturally of a mischievous disposition, and wherever he goes he does much damage to people's property. In our own field he has eaten the red clover, and in the garden no kind of plant is safe from his destructive teeth. Much time and labor and patience have been spent in catching him, and it is not right that all this should be wasted. If he is allowed to go at liberty, he is sure to take to his evil habits again. He will then be wary enough not to be caught a second time, and will do more harm than ever. If he is killed, his skin will be of some value, though not nearly enough to pay for the damage he has done. For these reasons the woodchuck ought to die."

This was a good argument, and weighed very much on the farmer's mind. He turned to his younger son, and said, "I'll hear now what you have got to say on the other side, Daniel."

Daniel was afraid his brother had the best of the case. But when he turned his large dark eyes on the poor woodchuck, trembling with fear in the grating of his narrow prison, his breast swelled with pity; he took courage and, looking the judge in the face, poured forth his plea in its behalf:

"God made the woodchuck. He made him to live, to enjoy the bright sunshine, the pure air, the free fields and woods. God has not made anything in vain, and the woodchuck has as much right to live as any other living thing. He is not a destructive animal like the fox or the wolf. He simply eats a few common vegetables, of which we have plenty, and we can well spare a part. The little food he requires is as needful and as sweet to him as the food on our mother's table is to us. God gives us our food and all we have; and shall we not spare a little dumb creature, who has as much right to his small share as we have to our portion?

"Nay, more, the woodchuck has never broken the laws of nature or of God, as we have done, but strictly follows the simple instincts given him by his Creator. He has a right from God to life, to food, to liberty; and we have no right to deprive him of either.

A PLEA FOR THE HORSE

Every horse will work better and longer if given three ample meals daily; plenty of pure water; proper shoes, sharpened in slippery weather; a blanket in cold weather; a stall 6 x 9 or enough room to lie down; a fly net in summer; two weeks vacation each year. Avoid the cruel, tight check rein, and closely fitting blinders, which cause blindness.

SPARE THE WHIP

Look at the poor little creature, trembling in his cage, pleading mutely, but earnestly, for his life and liberty, as sweet and dear to him as ours is to us. Do not in selfish cruelty, and with a cold heart, take the life which you can never give back again."

Daniel saw the tears start in his father's eyes and run down his sunburnt cheeks for this appeal to his mercy was too much for him. Suddenly the judge rose from his chair and exclaimed: "Zeke, Zeke, you let that woodchuck go!"

Daniel, the young, eloquent pleader for mercy, became one of America's greatest statesmen; but in all his after-life he never won a nobler victory than when he compelled his brother Zeke to "let that woodchuck go."

ST. FRANCIS AND THE BIRDS

St. Francis of Assisi loved all animals and birds. It is said that the dog, the wolf, the rabbits, the pigeons, the fishes, the birds turned to him for protection, and he took their part, righted their wrongs, treated them fairly and kindly as his own little sisters and brothers.

Tradition says that, going towards Bivagno one day, he lifted up his eyes and saw a multitude of birds. He said to his companions, "Wait for me here while I preach to my little sisters the birds." The birds gathered around him and he spoke to them somewhat as follows:

"My little sisters, the birds, you owe much to God your Creator, and ought to sing His praise at all times and in all places, because He has given you liberty and the air to fly about in; and though you neither spin nor sew, He has given you a covering for yourself and little ones. He sent two of your species into the ark with Noah that you might not be lost to the world. He feeds you though you neither sow nor reap. He has given you fountains and rivers in which to quench your thirst, and trees in which to build your nests. Beware, my little sisters, of the sin of ingratitude, and study always to praise the Lord." As he preached, the birds opened their beaks, stretched out their necks, and flapped their wings, and bowed their heads to the earth. More than seven hundred years have passed since St. Francis of Assisi blessed the birds and the animals and called them his "little brothers and sisters," and since that time there have always been some good men in every age who have tried to soften the hearts of their fellow-men towards their brothers in fur and feathers, and to impress them with a truer conception of their rights.—*From Our Dumb Animals.*

THE STORY OF OWNEY, THE POSTAL DOG

A homeless and hungry dog, shivering from the cold, one day crept into the Post Office at Albany, N. Y. The clerks were all too busy to notice him, so he huddled himself up on a pile of mail bags and went to sleep. He had scarcely known such warmth and comfort before. The next day he was discovered and no one had the heart to drive him out into the cold, so wistful was the look in his eyes, and so pleading the wag of his tail. At dinner time, the clerks shared their lunches with the half-starved dog, and from that time on, he had faith and confidence in the men who work in the Post Office or who have charge of the U. S. mail.

The little dog stayed at the Post Office for several weeks and made friends with everyone. Nobody knew who owned him and as so many asked the question, the dog soon came to bear the name of "Owney."

Owney was a very intelligent dog. He watched the mail bags come and go and one day decided to go along, too, for he knew the bags were always safe and handled with care. He was gone for several weeks and then reappeared among his old friends at the Post Office. Fearing that Owney might get lost, the clerks bought a collar for him and had his name and address engraved upon it. After this, Owney made long trips and visited many cities all over the United States. How do we know this? You ask. It is in this way. A card was fastened to Owney's collar upon which the railway postal-clerks were asked to attach tags to the dog's collar, which would show where Owney had been.

In the course of time, Owney acquired so many tags that they became almost too heavy for him to carry continually. He traveled whenever he took a notion. No one restrained him or directed him. Once he visited Washington, D. C., and was introduced to Postmaster-General Wanamaker. This high official was much interested in Owney and all the tags that his collar bore which proved that the dog had been in cities of the West, South and East and even Mexico, where someone also gave him a Mexican dollar to wear.

Postmaster Wanamaker pitied Owney for having to carry round such a heavy load and had a harness made for him to which all his tags, checks and trophies were transferred and then Owney continued his travels in greater comfort.

The most remarkable journey that Owney ever made was his trip around the world. One day Owney arrived in the city of Tacoma and went down to the wharf with the mail bags that were to be placed aboard a great steamer, soon to sail for Japan and China. Owney wanted to go along too, and walked up the gang-plank of the steamer and was welcomed by the captain. Before he sailed away as the captain's guest, he was given letters of introduction to the postal authorities of the world. He was furnished with other credentials and wore his harness with all the tags and medals that had been presented to him. When the little dog traveler arrived in Japan, his presence

was announced to His Imperial Majesty, the Mikado, who presented him with a passport bearing the seal of the empire and extending to him the freedom of the country. In China, Owney visited many distinguished merchants; was given another passport by the Emperor and received many more decorations.

Owney was treated as a visitor of high rank or distinction everywhere he went. From the far east, he returned by way of the Suez Canal across the Atlantic to New York, and then across the country to Tacoma, his starting point. He made the trip in 132 days, which was a quick time for a dog traveler, who attracted so much attention wherever he went.

Owney was the greatest dog traveler in the world. His home was on the fast trains among the mail bags. He always greeted the postal clerks with wagging tail and eyes beaming with joy, but there his familiarity ended. It is said that Owney used to arouse many a tired railway mail clerk, who had fallen asleep, and thus remind him to throw off the mail bag. Clerks thought themselves specially favored and very fortunate when Owney chose to accompany them over their route, and it is recorded that no accident ever happened to a train on which Owney was traveling. At the end of his journeys, this wonderful dog had over 200 checks, medals and certificates and his picture and harness and great collection of tags is still kept and exhibited by the U. S. Post Office Department.—*From Our Dumb Animals.*

STORY OF THE BELL OF ATRI

In Atri, one of the old cities of Italy, the King caused a bell to be hung in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it a "Bell of Justice," and commanded that anyone who had been wronged should go and ring the bell and so call the magistrate of the city and ask and receive justice.

And when, in course of time, the bell rope rotted away, a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it. One day an old and starving horse that had been abandoned by its owner and turned out to die, wandered into the tower, and, in trying to eat the vine-stalk, rang the bell. The magistrate of the city, coming to see who had rung the bell, found the old and starving horse. And he caused the owner of the horse, in whose service it had toiled and been worn out, to be summoned before him, and decreed that as this poor horse had rung the "Bell of Justice" he should have justice, and that during the horse's life his owner should provide for him proper food and drink, and stable.

Longfellow has told this story in beautiful verse entitled "The Bell of Atri."

This was a part of the King's proclamation:

"What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

—*From Our Dumb Animals.*



AUDUBON AND THE BIRDS

John James Audubon knew more about the birds of this country than any one had known before. He was born in the State of Louisiana. His father took him to France when he was a boy and there he went to school.

As a boy John James was fond of studying about wild animals, but most of all he wished to know about birds. Seeing that the boy liked such things his father took pains to get birds and flowers for him.

While he was yet a boy in school, he began to gather birds and other animals for himself. He learned to skin and stuff them, but his stuffed birds did not please him. Their feathers did not look bright, like those of live birds. He wanted living birds to study.

His father told him that he could not keep so many birds alive and to please the boy he got him a book with pictures in it. Looking at these pictures made John James wish to draw. He thought that he could make pictures that would look like the live birds, but when he tried to paint a picture of a bird, it looked worse than his stuffed birds. The birds he drew were not much like real birds and he called them a "family of cripples."

All of this time he was learning to draw birds. They were not just like the real birds. So when he grew to be a man he went to a French painter whose name was David. David taught him to draw and paint things as they are. Then he came back to this country, and lived a while in Pennsylvania, where his chief study was the wild creatures of the woods.

He gathered many birds' eggs and made pictures of these eggs. He did not take the eggs to break up the nests. He was not cruel. He took only what he needed to study.

He made up his mind to write a great book about American birds, and in another book to print pictures of birds just as large as the birds themselves. He meant to have them look just like living birds.

To do this he must travel many thousands of miles and live for years almost all of the time in the woods. He would have to find the birds in order to make pictures of them, and he must see how the birds lived, and how they built their nests, so that he could tell all about them. It would take a great deal of work and trouble, but he was not afraid of trouble.

That was years ago. Much of our country was then covered with great trees, and Audubon often had to travel on foot through woods where there were no roads. Many a time he had to sleep out-of-doors.

Finally he lost his money and became poor. Sometimes he had to paint portraits to get money to live on, but he did not give up his great idea. He still studied birds, and worked to make his books about American birds.

After years of hard work he made paintings of nearly a thousand birds, which were

almost enough to fill his books. But, while he was traveling, two rats got into the box in which he kept his pictures, and cut up all of his paintings with their teeth and made a nest of the pieces. This almost broke his heart for a while. For many nights he could not sleep, because he had lost all his work. But he did not give up. After some days he went into the woods, saying to himself, "I will begin over again. I can make better paintings than those the rats spoiled." But it took him four and a half years to find the birds and make the pictures again.

He was so careful to have his drawings just like the birds that he would measure them in every way. Thus he made his pictures just the size of the birds themselves.

At last the great books were printed. In this country, in France, and in England, people praised the wonderful books. They knew that Audubon was indeed a great man.—"*Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans.*"



LOUIS AGASSIZ, THE GREAT TEACHER

Have you never wondered how we know so much about animals? How do men find out so much about their ways of life and their instincts?

There are men who seem to be born for the purpose of finding out these things and then telling us what they have learned.

Louis Agassiz was one of these. When he was a little child he began to take delight in birds and beasts, fishes and insects. He felt toward them as if they were his friends.

When he was a little older he was never so happy as when tramping the fields or searching along the banks of a lake or stream to find some new creatures. When he was in college he was familiar with every beast, knew the different kinds of birds from hearing their songs, even when far away, and could give the names of all the fishes. He was very fond of pets, and at one time had in his room about forty birds which made their home in a small pine tree set up in one corner.

Agassiz started in the world as a poor boy but he became one of the most learned men and greatest teachers of his time. He made known to us a great many things that we did not know before about the world we live in and about our fellow creatures.

Among many other important things that Agassiz used to teach his pupils is that they should always kill the fish they caught as soon as they were taken out of the water. He said we should strike the fish on the back of the head with a stick or stone, because the fish that die as soon as they are caught are much better than those that die slowly, and suffer before they die. Let us remember this the next time we go fishing.—*From "Heroes and Greathearts and Their Animal Friends."*

look over

"International peace begins, if anywhere,"
writes a clear-thinking editor in the *Boston Herald*, "in that reverence for life, for individuality, which has its root in kindness to animals."



A LETTER TO CHILDREN

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:

I want to ask you some questions and make you think for a few minutes. Did you ever have a pain, or get hurt? Yes, and you wished the pain would stop pretty soon, didn't you, because it made you suffer. Now I want you to take notice that it is because you can feel that you have suffered, and to remember that everything can feel, horses, and cows, and cats, and rabbits, and birds, and insects,—*every creature that is alive* can suffer.

You all know that it is bad to be hurt, and that it is hard if some one goes on hurting you just for fun. It is no fun at all for you. That is the way it is when you hurt animals, or birds, or insects. Just think. They cannot speak and tell you how much

you hurt them, and that makes it still more wrong for you to do it. When you feel like throwing a stone at some creature, "just for fun," stop a moment and think, "How would I like it myself? How would I like some big, strong person to throw stones at me?" You know you would not like it. Do you know what a coward is? One kind of a coward is a boy or girl, or anybody who hurts anything for fun. It is not real fun, it is a very ugly thing indeed,—CRUELTY.

There are ever so many kinds of cruelty. Sometimes boys have to drive horses with heavy loads, and the horses want to go slowly as they should, for a heavy load cannot be drawn fast without hurting the horse; yet the boys do not think, but beat the horses and jerk the lines. Boys, that is cruelty. If any of you want to do it, stop, and say, "How would I like it myself?" Think how it would seem if you were the horse, pulling a heavy load; straining hard to do it; perhaps thirsty and not able to say anything about it; and with somebody behind you constantly beating your tired back with a whip, and jerking a hard bit in your mouth. Boys, will you not try to *think* when you drive? Learn to use the whip as little as possible; encourage your horse with kind words,—they are what you would like if you were a horse,—and never jerk the line and never have a tight checkrein.

It is cruel to drive cows fast. Cows were not made to run as fast as boys, and when you hurt the cow by making her run you spoil her milk too, and it is likely to make people ill when they drink it. It is cruel to do anything that you would not like yourself if you were in the dumb creature's place.

A lady once told me of two pictures which she saw. One was a very large frog sitting on the edge of a pond and throwing stones at a very small boy, and asking him how he liked it. The other picture was a large fly hurting a little boy and paying no attention to anything but the fun he was having. How dreadfully cruel such a frog and such a fly would seem. But, boys, you know it is really the other way, and it is boys who are cruel to the poor creatures who cannot speak or protect themselves.

Sometimes boys think it is fun to frighten animals. There are boys who think it no end of fun to say, "Scat!" whenever they see a cat, and I have actually heard of boys who throw stones at cats! How would the boys like it themselves?

Suppose that whenever they dared to show themselves in daylight somebody a great deal bigger than they should make a great noise and chase them and frighten them dreadfully and throw stones at them; wouldn't they be very unhappy boys?

In hot weather, when dogs have gone a long distance or are very thirsty they sometimes grow feverish and ill, just as human beings do. Often when they have fits people who do not understand are afraid and perhaps chase them. Then the poor things

grow still more ill, just as you would if you were so cruelly treated. Any animal that is ill should be very kindly treated and given some water and allowed to rest quietly in a shady place.

Another way of being cruel is by neglect. If you have a pet of any kind do not neglect to give it food and water. If you have cats or dogs always keep a pan of clean fresh water where they can get it when they are thirsty. Once I knew a little girl who, because she had company in the house, forgot to feed and give water to her bird, and when she thought of it it was too late and the bird was dead. Think of that, children. *Starved to death.* Think how uncomfortable you are when even for a little while you need food or water and do not have it, and then think of doing without it until you died. Now do you not see how very wicked such thoughtlessness is? God made all the dumb creatures and he made the dear little birds, and he did not mean them to be put into cages, but if we do it we must take care of them.

And now I want to speak of the birds that are not in cages, but in the woods and fields. How beautiful they are and how sweetly they sing, and how cruel it is to kill them or to take away their eggs or their young ones. Once I read of a boy who stole a nest of young birds, and he did not care, though the old ones shrieked and cried in their grief at losing their children, and the little ones cried for food and their mother's care and her warm wings; and his little sister cried for pity, and said: "Ah, the poor birds!" But after he had taken the nest he fell asleep and dreamed that some one, cross and ugly, came and took *him* away from his home and his mother and all his friends and put him in a cold, dreary place, and that it was because of what he had done to the birds; and he was so sorry that he took the bird's nest right back within half an hour to the tree where he had found it, and the old ones came to it, and he never again touched a bird's nest.

Women who wear birds in their hats or bonnets are doing a cruel thing, for the men who catch them often kill them in a manner far worse even than shooting, and leave their young ones behind to *slowly starve to death.* Girls should never wear birds in their hats, nor birds' wings; they are helping to encourage very cruel work if they do. The dear birds were made to sing and fly about and be happy and make us happy with their beauty, not to be cruelly killed and put in hats and bonnets. And it is wrong for another reason. When the birds are killed there are too many insects, because birds use a great many insects and their eggs for food. Insects eat up the farmers' crops and do much harm in other ways. It is said that one tenth of what is grown is eaten every year by insects. You may often see birds hunting in the bark of trees for insects' eggs.

Dear boys and girls, it is dangerous to yourselves to be cruel, because you are likely to grow worse and worse. Cruel people often end by going to prison. They do not believe it in time, but

cruelty grows like other sins if it is not checked. Dear children, learn to be kind to everybody and everything. Sometimes because there are so many insects they have to be killed; but, if so, be sure and do it as quickly and mercifully as you can. It is a good thing to belong to a Band of Mercy, as that teaches you so many ways of kindness. If there is not one where you live, send a two-cent stamp to the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., and get directions for forming one.

With much love to you all, your friend,

MARY F. LOVELL.

THINGS TO REMEMBER

Let us learn to love and protect the birds and their nests.

Birds are man's helpers.

Let us protect the cats and dogs from ill treatment, give them food and water and a warm place to sleep in. They like a gentle touch and kind words.

Please do not let your dog run under a cart or after a bicycle. He will soon become exhausted. Many dogs are killed, many lost, many are made very ill by following bicycles and electric cars.

Please make your horse comfortable. Do not use the overhead check or any tight checkreins. Never jerk, kick, whip, overload or overwork him.

Please be gentle with your cattle, never frighten them or give them pain by dogging them, or other cruel usage.

Please do not fish or hunt for sport or use steel or other cruel traps.

Try never to cause needless pain to any living creature.

Do nothing to hurt the feelings of anyone.

Do all you can to make others happy.

When you see any creature abused please earnestly but kindly protest against such abuse.

Remember the Golden Rule.

Try to treat every living creature as you would like to be treated if you were that creature.

Be above using profane or vulgar language.

Be clean in body and mind.

These are the ways to be happy and loved.

Coleridge was a thinker. His worst critic never denied the power of his masterly mind. What was he thinking about when he wrote "The Raven" and "The Ancient Mariner"? This is what Stopford A. Brooke says in his Introduction to "The Golden Book of Coleridge":—

"'The Raven,' which is the story of the bird whose home, in an old oak tree, and whose children were destroyed by those who sacrificed the tree to build a ship, has the same motive as that of 'The Ancient Mariner'—compassion and love for animals secures in the heart compassion and love for man and God."

