WHEN THE PORTLAND SCHOLAR IS BUSY THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS— A FULL NEWSPAPER PAGE OF CLEVER WRITINGS AND DRAWINGS

LADD

By Elinor Pillsbury, Ladd School, Ninth B.

Was anything more beautiful than a day in early October, especially if one lives in Oregon? This morning on my way to school I looked at the bright, blue sky, with its fleecy, white clouds, and at the soft, green grass that covered the brown earth, and I was very glad to be a little girl growing up in such a lovely country. The vines hung from the porches, with just a few red leaves to show where the frost had been, and roses were still blooming in every yard. High up in a big maple tree was an empty bird's nest. The baby birds had grown up and flown away, and next year they will be building nests for themselves, perhaps in that very tree. It must be very nice to be a little bird and be able to fly to a warmer country when the rainy weather comes. A little rain had fallen in the night before, and everything looked so clean and fresh that it seemed as if the world had just washed its face. People may say what they will, but I think October is one of the prettiest months in the year.

An Experience With a Dog.

By Pauline Heintze, Ladd School, Ninth A.

One hot day Mr. Brown, who was an invalid, lay on his couch in his well-kept yard. Now, Mr. Brown took great pride in his yard and no dogs or destructive boys were allowed to enter it. All the boys and dogs in the neighborhood were afraid of him and never came near his cottage unless they had to pass it.

Beside Mr. Brown was a small table, on which stood a pitcher of water; beside the couch leaned a cane, which Mr. Brown used in hobbling from his couch to the house when his wife wasn't near to help him. He lay there admiring his garden and thinking how beautiful it was, when he chanced to glance across the road at his neighbor's yard, which the chickens, dogs and boys had ruined. He chuckled to himself to think that no dogs ever ventured into his yard. He hated dogs anyway and would not stand one near him, when what was that which poked its nose through the gate! Mr. Jones sat up on his couch and looked. Yes, it was a dog, and it was coming. Mr. Brown called, but to no avail, for his wife was across the road. What should he do? The dog was coming toward him. Then a happy thought struck Mr. Brown—the pitcher. Surely the dog would run if he threw that. So Mr. Brown picked it up and threw it at the dog. The pitcher fell upon the walk and broke into pieces and the dog was still there. He then picked up his cane and threw it, but it whizzed past the dog and fell upon the walk beside the pitcher. Then, as a last resort, he pulled off his boot and flung it, but even that flew past the dog, which by this time was almost beside him.

He glanced at the dog, which was a small, yellow pup. The dog came up to him and still Mr. Brown stared, unable to speak a word. The dog laid down on the grass and when Mrs. Brown came home she found her husband glaring at the dog. She started to pick up the dog to put it out, when, much to her surprise, her husband said that he did not want her to, for any dog that was brave enough to venture inside his yard while he was there he would keep.

Mr. Brown had his way and the dog remained. He proved to be a very good dog and did not show any signs of digging up the garden. Mr. Brown and the dog became the very best of friends.

Heroic Burglar.

By Mildred Scott, Ladd School, Ninth B.

As the Irvings were going to the concert, the maid, Luella, was left in charge of Baby Margaret. The evening was warm and Luella disliked staying in, as she was going to have company. So she prepared to go out as soon as the Irvings had left. Her "gentleman friend" while waiting for her spent the time by smoking a cigar, which he thoughtlessly and carelessly threw down on the carpet as Luella entered, ready for a walk.

Lurking around the corner was a very rough looking man, who, on seeing the housemaid and her friend leave the house, instantly ran for the shrubbery. He whistled softly and another rough looking man made his appearance from the opposite end of the lawn.

"Keep watch, Jack. No one's to hum," said the first rough looking man to his partner, who was emerging from the thicket.

"All right, Tom. 'Member, one whistle," and with that he suddenly disappeared again.

The man addressed as Tom immediately took a bunch of keys from his pocket and quickly selected one with which he unlocked the door.

One long, penetrating ring was heard as Tom made his entrance. Back he jumped and managed to get outside again.

"Ah, git out! Ye 'fraid of a baby 'larm clock? Ho! You ain't no good fer ent'rin' houses," exclaimed Jack on hearing of the mysterious noise. "Jest watch me."

Jack snatched the keys, which were still dangling from Tom's trembling fingers, and boldly marched across the wide veranda and boldly unlocked the door.

He started back with a yell and hastily retreated to where his partner stood laughing.

"So ye're 'fraid of a 'baby 'larm clock.' Ha! ha!" and Tom continued to laugh till Jack got breath enough to speak.

"But 'twant only a 'larm clock. No, 'twant a 'larm clock, but—but—"

"Well, what?"

"A ghost!"

"Say, what ye givin' me? What ye think I be, anyhow? Ain't crazy yet."

"But it was orful near like a ghost," protested Jack.

After a great deal of difficulty, Tom managed to find his way through a cloud of smoke and succeed in entering what he thought must be the nursery, as a baby's cries reached his ears.

"The house must be on fire," he said, "and it's a youngun that Jack saw, but I can't see it now," and he continued to grope his way around till he stumbled across the body of the child.

Picking it up he blindly fought the flames with a blanket till he reached the window. He carefully dropped the baby on the grass and jumped outside just as the fire department, which his pal had called, came up on the run.

The real intentions of the burglars were not thought of, so overjoyed were the child's parents at having it so safely restored to them.

Boys of Sunnyside.

The boys of Sunnyside school took part in the road and track races October 6 and carried off the honors. These races were given under the auspices of the Boys' brigade. Results are as follows:

Senior 100-yard dash—Won by George Rittenour, 8-A.

Junior 100-yard dash—Won by William Fowler, 9-B.

Junior one-mile race—Won by Joe Daley, 7-B.

Senior four-mile race—Won by William Hunter, 9-B.

Last Thursday afternoon a baseball game was played between the eighth and ninth grades of Sunnyside school, the score being 15 to 12 in favor of the eighth grade.

School League Notes.

Football managers—Ainsworth school, Sydney Lasswell; Arleta, Walter Boon; Brooklyn, Harry Wilson; Chapman, Harold Berkley; Clinton Kelly, Eddie Grigsley; Holman, C. W. Fargo; Hawthorne, Fred McKeen; Holladay, Whitney Hastings; Highland, George Donahue; Irvington, Earnest Mogula; Kerns, Noble Durlap; North Central, Robert Toevo; Ockley Green, Dean Lamb; Peninsula, Kenneth Abbot; Stephens, Foster McLynn; Sunnyside, Verne Shipley; Shaver, Eddie Taylor; Trade school, Wallace Carlson; Thompson, John Daly; Williams Avenue, Earl Arthur; Woodlawn, Frank Davis; Woodstock, Carl Cummings.

HOW ABOUT THIS?

Humor, Fact and Fiction in a Ladd Scholar.

Troubles of a Clock

By Marguerite Scott, Sunnyside School, Ninth A.

"I AM a clock; not just a common, ordinary clock, but a school clock. For almost eight years I have ticked away, and I am getting old. Of course if I were an ordinary clock I would not be old at all, but a school clock leads such a strenuous life. One would suppose that children were quiet, obedient and attentive, but I have discovered to my sorrow that this is seldom true. One noon I was ticking peacefully when a crowd of boys stole quietly into the room—that is as quietly as it is possible for a dozen mischievous school boys to come into a room. Then one boy, a little taller than the rest, climbed up and put my hands an hour ahead of time. They went into every room and put all the clocks one hour too fast."

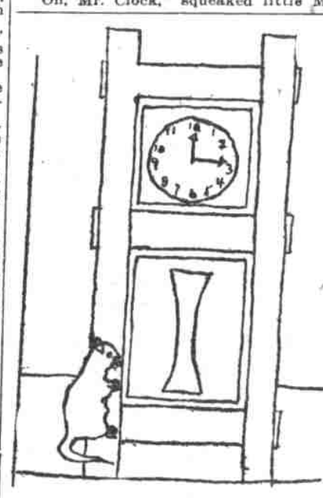
"Now, my dear Mrs. Mouse, you may say you have troubles, and you certainly have mischievous children. But that is not what made your fur gray. If clocks had hair I am sure mine would be iron gray," ticked the clock.

"Oh, Mr. Clock," squeaked little Mrs. Mouse, "you don't know what you are talking about. Why, it was only yesterday that my husband got caught in one of those things people call mouse traps. Fortunately he escaped, but not without the loss of his tail, and he had such a beautiful long tail. Then Whiskers, my only son, is such a gultton. He ran away and got into Lucy Brown's lunch basket and ate a whole cheese, besides nibbling her cake. He came home sick and I am afraid he will die. Now surely you can't say I don't have troubles."

Mr. Clock smiled scornfully. "Mice are nothing compared with children. Yesterday I saw a boy write a note and then borrow a dictionary from the boy across the aisle. He put the note in the dictionary and passed it back. Now wasn't that awfully deceitful? I couldn't begin to tell you all the awful things those pupils do."

"Once I saw a boy whose jaws were moving suspiciously. The children around him began to giggle. 'Dick,' said the teacher, 'are you chewing gum?' 'No, ma'am,' answered Dick, quickly swallowing the gum, and I felt so ashamed of that boy."

"Well, good night, Mr. Clock; I must go and attend to Tiny. She ate some candy yesterday and has the toothache."



HE HAS FOUND A JOB

Pat—Found a job yet, Mike?
Mike—Sure.
Pat—What kind of a job?
Mike—Draughtsman in a bank.
Pat—What do you have to do?
Mike—Open and close the windows.

Everest Ghormley, Hawthorne School, Ninth Grade.

SUNNYSIDE

My Last Vacation.

By Guy Read, Sunnyside School, Sixth B.

Last summer I didn't know what else to do so I went to Gresham on our farm. I had never been a farmer so I thought I would see if I could be one. At first I couldn't make it work very well, but after awhile it got so it was like half work and half play.

My mother was there to cook, while my father was there to boss. My sister was there to sit in the hammock and look pretty and my brothers were there to do work, too.

We camped on Gresham Heights. There was a cool breeze coming from the Columbia river nearly all the time. It was a pretty view to see all the fine country around there.

We had a dog, which I had to bring home. That day it rained and I tell you we got wet. I had 12 miles to walk and when we arrived home we were about as tired as we could be.

Camping by Silver Lake.

By Arthur Mitchel, Sunnyside School, Seventh A.

We packed our food and utensils the day before, so we would have nothing to do but dress, eat our breakfast, pack our pack horses and hitch the team to the wagon. When morning came we were up and ready to start by 4 o'clock.

We had the distance of 31 miles to travel before we came to our camping ground, by a large lake with evergreen trees bordering its shores. When we reached our camping ground we pitched our tents and made everything comfortable for the night. Then we got our fishing tackle and caught enough fish for our supper. Next morning we were up, had our breakfast and were ready to go out rowing on the lake by 6 o'clock. Then we fished the rest of the morning. In the afternoon we would go swimming, or rested and napped all afternoon, for it was very hot. In the evening we would fish for catfish, or sit around a large camp fire and sing or play games till 10 or 11 o'clock. We boys would go hunting for rabbits and birds that were good to eat. We enjoyed our outing for two weeks, then we returned to our homes to think and dream of our good times "Camping by Silver Lake."

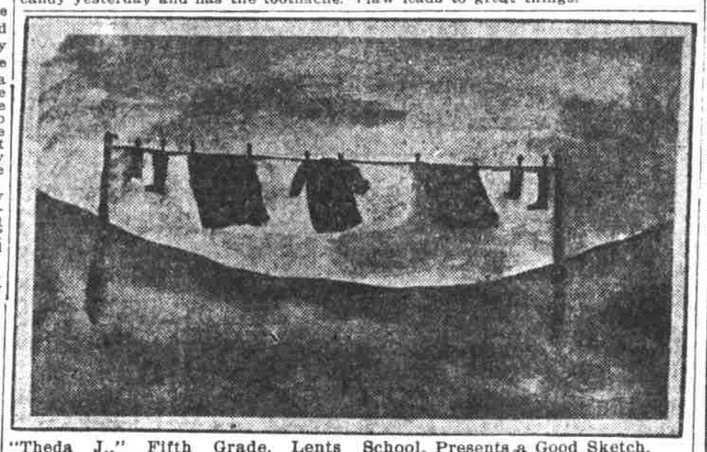
My Future Occupation.

By Oscar McPherson, Sunnyside School, Seventh B.

This subject is being pondered throughout the land. Young men and young women are always looking for work. Often they take positions in department stores and other places of poor wages when very young, and sometimes it is not necessary. After they have remained there at their place of business for 15 or 20 years, they look back and see their folly at not taking the advantages of a public school education.

Often young people work their way through college, but some persons think it is humiliating and often avoid an education this way, but it depends upon the personality of that person.

Law and its many branches I think are interesting occupations, and a person that follows these lines can use their brains and delve into great subjects. A lawyer has a great chance for political and diplomatic positions, and law leads to great things.



"Theda J.," Fifth Grade, Lents School, Presents a Good Sketch.

MANUAL TRAINING IN CITY SCHOOLS

Boys of Portland in the manual training classes of the city schools have many ideas and preferences regarding what they would like to do in the days when they grow to be men. Some time ago, April, 1907, when the manual training classes were being put under way, a straw vote was taken to ascertain the boys' preferences for life work. The result was instructive and in some cases amusing.

In many instances boys picked out callings in life because their fathers had the same, but for the most part they thought out the problem as well as might be and chose that calling which appealed to them most.

In the table of results shown below some interesting things can be gleaned. For instance, one boy wanted to be an admiral in the navy. One wanted to be secretary of state. Three had their eyes on the United States senate, two wanted to be vice-prelent and 12 had presidential aspirations.

The most impressive fact shown by the table, however, is that with two exceptions every boy who voted wanted to do something useful. The percentage who would be engineers was large, while all the well known professions and callings had many juvenile votaries. Two boys wanted to be loafers. Both of these when interviewed by their teachers contended that they knew what they were talking about, that they did not want to work but wanted to loaf and live on someone else. One boy changed his idea after some debate but the other stuck to his point. The list of the votes cast is as follows:

Actor 4, admiral 1, artist 2, architect 35, baker 12, banker 9, blacksmith 14, bollermakers 7, bookkeeper 37, railroad brakemen 3, brickmason 8, business men 13, butchers 6, cattlemen 8, ship captain 2, carpenter 53, cabinet maker 9, cartoonist 5, chauffeur 6, civil engineer 117, clothing store 1, contractor 5, chemist 2, dairyman 1, detective 1, dentist 11, doctor 43, draftsman 11, druggist 25, engineer 87, block signal engineer 1, electrical engineer 78, mechanical engineer 17, mining engineer 8, locomotive engineer 17, marine engineer 2, electricians 94, farmers 46, florist 2, fireman 2, grocer 13, harness maker 2, housecleaners 1, laborer 1, lawyer 32, loafer 2, locomotive fireman 2, machinists 76, mail clerk 2, manual training teacher 16, mechanic 26, merchant 26, millionaire 1, minister 3, missionary 3, motorman 3, musicians 16, navigator 1, painter 25, piano tuner 1, photographer 1, pilot 2, pattern maker 3, plumbers 57, president United States 12, printers 6, sailor 7, salesmen 2, ship carpenter 5, shoemaker 1, streetcar conductor 1, tailor 11, teacher 2, telegraph operator 5, tinner 1, telephone expert 1, traveling man 5, tramp 6, rubber weaver 1, soldier 2, surveyor 34, secretary of state 1, United States senator 3, vice-president United States 2, wheat broker 1, window dresser 1, livery stableman 1, ornamental iron worker 1, hardwood finisher 1, newspaper man 1, real estate 7, governor 1, professional ball player 12, postoffice clerk 1, interpreter 2, optician 1, West Point cadet 7, plasterer 1, miller 1, postmaster 1, sign writer 1, logger 1, inventor 1, watchmaker 1, bicycle repairer 1, naturalist 1, wood carver 2, veterinary surgeon 1, peddler 1, theatrical manager 1, naval officer 1.

Definitions Given by Children.

"What is meant by luxuriant vegetation?"

"Luxuriant vegetation means a whole lot of green things growing all around."

* * *

"What are bacteria?"

"A bacteria is a camel that carries heavy loads upon its back."

* * *

"Can you tell what a court is?"
"Where they grant divorces."

* * *

"What is the meaning of shy?"
"Don't want to be introduced."

* * *

"Give the meaning of confusion."
"Where soldiers are fighting."

* * *

The teacher suggested to a little boy who had been injured by a larger one that it was probably an accident. "No," replied the little fellow. "He done it for really, he didn't do it to excuse."

* * *

During a geography lesson a teacher asked, "For what is Colorado Springs noted?"

The pupil addressed, entirely innocent of any desire to be satirical, answered promptly: "It is a great wealth resort."

PUSSY'S STORY

Ladd School.
George DeCorsey 3A
Pussy's Story

My name is Pussy. I have a fine coat of fur. My eyes are made so that I can see in the dark. If you look into my mouth you will see my rough tongue. I wash my self by licking my paws. Then I use my paw like a brush and clean my face with it. I carry my kittens in my mouth I take them up by the back of their necks. I have five very sharp claws on each of my front feet and four on each hind foot. I can draw my claws back into my foot so you cannot see them. When I run up a tree I make my claws come out and hold on to the bark with them. Once I saw a dog. This is the way I looked. Then I ran up a tree as fast as I could.

By a Ladd School "Writer and Artist."

By Ruth Woolley, Sunnyside School, Ninth B.

HIS composition is not written for those girls who have brothers, for they know what they are, but is written for girls who do not know the blessings they have missed.

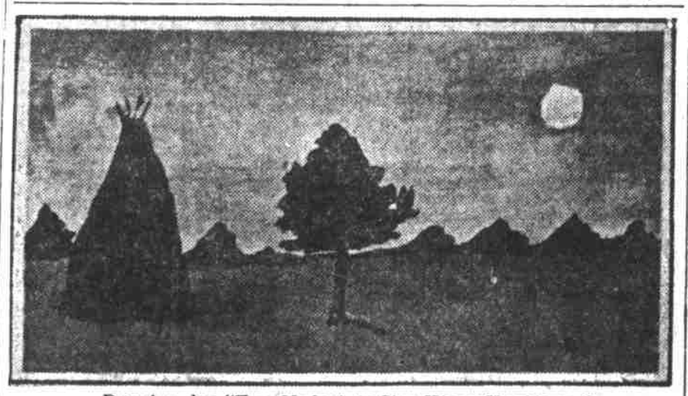
You can do lots of things with a brother, provided you know how to handle him, for you have to do it just right or you'll never get a chance to experiment on any one else's brother. Of course the kind of a brother you have depends on the kind of a sister you are. If you are kind and loving, your brother is sure to be just the opposite. That is the reason my brother is so nice, and I have to be kind of bad to preserve the balance. If you have trained him right, he will take you to parties and make himself generally useful, although he will hate to do it.

Of course some boys really like to go to parties; if your brother does, there is something wrong. A boy isn't much good unless he would a lot rather watch a game of baseball than chase around with the girls.

Boys, and brothers especially, have a habit of giving you good advice. Always take it. If you don't some day you will be sorry. Never give your brother any advice, because he won't like it and may remember it at some inconvenient time.

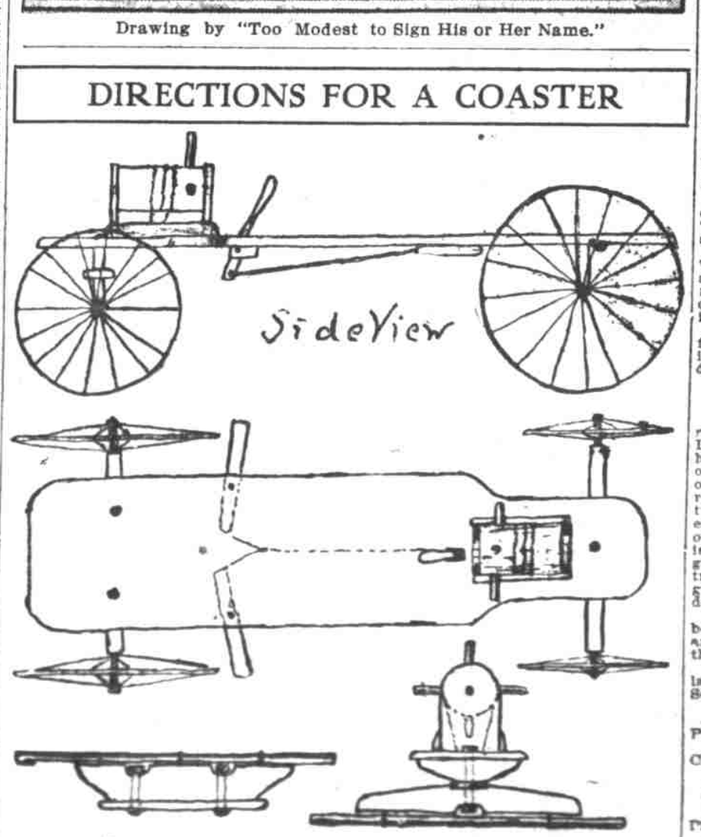
The time they like to help you most is when you are getting supper. Especially if you have cake. You can always tell whether it is good or not by the gestures and the faces they make. But don't pay any attention to them, because they are just making fun of you.

In a word, do everything you can to please them, for if they don't appreciate it now, some nice girl will some day.



Drawing by "Too Modest to Sign His or Her Name."

DIRECTIONS FOR A COASTER



By Otis Fitch, Hawthorne School, Ninth B.

Make the trucks out of boards one and one half inches thick, the width to be according to the length of the axles. The top board is four feet long, one foot wide at the back, eight or nine inches wide at the front. Fasten the axles on the trucks with large screw eyes.

The back trucks are six inches and the front ones eight inches from axle to bed. The steering gear is a round block of wood six inches long with handles three or four inches long. It is set in a special box on pivots so that it revolves. Then wrap the rope around three or four times and cross it underside and fasten the ends to the trucks. This makes the wagon turn the way you turn the spool. It can be seen by the pictures how the brake is to work. No axletree is needed if the holes are the right size for the bolts in both the front and the back trucks.

HAWTHORNE

Portland Future City of the West.

By Katherine Vigars, Hawthorne School, Sixth A.

Portland is to be the future city of the west. The saying is:

"Portland great, Portland fine,
Five hundred thousand in ninety-nine."

It has a fine harbor and large boats can come up to Portland. When the boats get up to Portland the water is fresh, and it takes the barnacles off the boats. You can see five snow-capped mountains from here. They are Mount Hood, Mount St. Adams, Mount Jefferson, Mount St. Helens and Mount Rainier. Portland is nice because there are lots of resorts near by. Portland is also called the "City of Roses." Each year they have a rose festival. There is fine drinking water here. It is the Bull Run, and comes from the foot of Mount Hood. The water supply is always good. They have plenty of rain, so they can raise crops all the way up the Willamette. There are lots of salmon in the Columbia river.

The Story of the Poor Man.

By Gertrude Dewitt, Hawthorne School, Fifth A.

Once upon a time there was a poor man and he lived in a little old hut. He would sit on a bench and say to himself: "If I had the money that some of the rich people have I would help the poor and buy them nice things, so when winter came on they would have things ready for the cold days."

One day as he was sitting on a bench saying to himself what he would do if he were rich, a man came in and said to him, "I heard you say if you were rich you would help the poor and make them happy."

So he gave the old man a purse and said: "Here is a purse with only one coin in it, but when you take out that coin another will come in its place. Do not spend any money until you have taken out what money you want, then take the purse down to the river and throw it in." The old man was so happy that he didn't know what to do.

After awhile the old man sat down and began to take the money out of the purse. He sat there all that day and the next day taking money out of the purse and putting it in a big box. He kept on until he didn't know how much he had taken out of the purse and forgot all about the poor people.

One morning he started out bright and early to throw the purse into the river. When he got to the river bank he thought he would keep the purse another day yet and take out the gold coins. So he kept on taking the coins out and putting them in a box.

One day he was thinking of what he should do with the money when he had taken all that he wanted, when it was quickly turned into dust, and then he was left in the same old hut and nothing to eat.

Our City of the West.

By Hugh Baldra, Hawthorne School, Ninth B.

Taking all the states together,
Oregon has the finest weather.
When, back east, 'tis very cold,
Our autumn sun is hining bold.

Our crops out here grow very fast,
And by none can be surpassed.
The land is very fertile and cheap,
And a bright man a fortune can reap.

It is true we have much rain,
But not enough to spoil the grain.
The people here have no webbed feet;
And don't have to bridge each street.

Seattle may think we're very small.
When it comes to shipping, she's nothing at all.
Most all vessels come in here,
For Seattle's not so near.

Of all the cities in the west,
Portland is the very best.
And Seattle, without a frown,
Shall see this city wear the crown.

Good Books for Boys and Girls.

(These books may be found in the children's department at the public library.)

Alden, W. E.—"Moral Pirates," story of four boys who live in New York and of their summer trip up the Hudson in the Whitewing.

Andrews, Jane—"Stories Mother Nature Told Her Children," about the queer pranks played by the frost giants, how coal was stored away in the earth, and many other mysterious and delightful things.

Austin, O. P.—"Uncle Sam's Soldiers," for boys who want to learn about West Point, army organization, coast defenses and modern military methods in general.

Beckwith, M. H.—"In Mythland." Greek myths retold in very simple language.

Bennett, John—"Master Skylark," story of a little boy during Shakespeare's time and the reign of good Queen Bess.

Bostock, F. C.—"Training of Wild Animals." The author is one of the greatest of wild animal tamers and he gives a very interesting account of how wild animals are taught to do tricks.

Craik, Mrs. D. M.—"Little Lame Prince." About the wonderful journeys little Prince Dolor took on his traveling cloak.

Deland, E. D.—"Katrina." Katrina takes care of the summer boarders who come to the Perkins farm.

Hale, E. E.—"Man Without a Country." Story of Philip Nolan, who for 50 years lived as "a man without a country."

Kingsley, Charles—"Heroes." Stories of the courage and bravery of Perseus, Theseus and Jason. A charming version of the Greek fairy tales.

Linn, W. A.—"Rob and His Gun." The author tells how one may become an expert with the gun and rifle, and makes you acquainted with game of different kinds and the manner of hunting it.

Spyri, Johanna—"Heidi." A delightful story of a little girl who lived up in the mountains of Switzerland. Good description of child life in Switzerland.

Recital Tuesday Afternoon.

A recital was given Tuesday afternoon by pupils from the Brooklyn and Llewellyn schools at Ellers Recital hall. It was given under the auspices of Miss Kline, assistant vocal teacher of the Portland Public schools. Other recitals are to follow of this same nature, the object of them being to interest the public in the work in music in our schools and to give an idea of what is really being done. The children were given drill in sight reading and ear training. Though this exercise was given after their day's work, the children were a credit to their instructors.

Next Tuesday Sunnyside school will be heard in a recital at the same place and it is hoped that parents will show their interest by attending.

The following program was given last Tuesday:

Song—"Lady Golden Rod" ..... Mildred Le Compte, 1st grade.
Piano solo ..... Emma Matheson, 6th grade.
Chorus—"O Moon in the Night" ..... 2d and 3d grade.
Bernice McCracken, Ethel Smathers, Esther Johnson, Myrtle Trogen, Lucile Coley, Violet Derry.
Piano solo ..... Hannah Gerde, 7th grade.
Vocal solo ..... Cori ne Key, 4th grade.
Piano solo ..... Lydia Monnette, 7th grade.
Chorus—"Music Everywhere" ..... 6th and 7th grade.
Sopranos—Florence Shinn, Hilma Fox, Marie Sandercock, Myrtle Bittner.
Altos—Alta McFarland, Hannah Gerde, Selma Anderson, Mildred Plopper.
Piano solo ..... Marie Sandercock, 6th grade.
Vocal solo—"Mighty Lak' A Rose" ..... Miss Kline
Piano solo ..... Sadie Harvey, 8th grade.