

# NATURE AROUSES ARTISTIC IDEAS IN PORTLAND SCHOOL CHILDREN

## VIRGINIA FROM THE OCEAN

### How It Looked to an Oregon Boy When He Left the Exposition.

By Jerrold Owen, North Central Ninth B.

It was now time to leave. The whistle blew and slowly the large vessel moved away from the city where I had spent a happy year. I was leaving Norfolk, an old city which has left many relics of the Revolutionary war. I rather hated to leave, yet I wished to go back to the west, which is my home.

As we steamed up the Elizabeth river and entered Hampton roads, where had been fought the historic battle of the Merrimack and Monitor, the sun was just setting in the west. As the last rays slowly died away, the Jamestown exposition, which was across the roads from us, and which I had visited, slowly began to light up. It was November 29, 1897, the last day of the exposition, and the last time it would ever be illuminated. Soon all the buildings were ablaze with light, and the giant searchlight swept the sky in all directions. Then, in front of us, suddenly loomed up the white, ghostly side of a battleship. It was one of the great fleet of battleships from almost every nation on earth, which had been there that summer. There were few lights on deck, and the sailors were evidently below.

Then the boat slowly stopped, directly across from the exposition, at Old Point Comfort, a town which adjoins Fort Monroe. As we did so a large, magnificent ocean-going steamship passed us on the way to the port we had just left. The rows of light from windows and portholes cast gleaming reflections on the water below.

Clustered around Old Point Comfort were many oyster boats, so heavily laden that they were scarcely six inches above the water, their lights bowing and dipping with every wave. In the foreground was the palatial Hotel Chamberlain, one of the finest on the Atlantic coast.

Our boat remained a minute, then, whistling, the throbbing of the engines beneath us was resumed, and we steamed swiftly away. As we drew nearer the ocean and Chesapeake bay suddenly opened wide before us, the lights, even the searchlights, slowly faded away. I had taken my last glimpse of Virginia. I turned and went into the salon of the ship, my ears caught the faint, silvery tone of a bugle blowing "taps" at Fort Monroe. The next morning I awoke in Washington, D. C.

## Football

By Grant Valck, N. Central, Fourth A.

It's quite a trick A football to kick. And very hard to catch it; Yet all boys say They love to play. And on other game match it.

## The River Danube

By Ethel Horner, Terwilliger, Fifth B.

The Danube river rises in the southern part of the German empire. It empties into the Black sea. Its length is 1,800 miles. Along the lower Danube are some of the interesting parts of Europe.

The river flows across the great plain of Hungary, and between the Alps and the Balkan mountains.

We are intensely interested in the strange sights of the Hungarian plains, because they resemble the Mississippi valley, for they have rolling prairies like those of Illinois and Iowa, and again it is flat like Nebraska and Kansas. We see vast fields of wheat, corn, oats and barley, and along the Danube river is one of the best wheat regions in the world.

The wheat barges float up and down the river with many tons of wheat. The floating flour-mills go up and down the river and grind up all the wheat and then go on.

There are herds of horses, pigs, cattle and sheep along the lower Danube. The cowboys on the Danube are almost as lively as those of the western plains. When they come into town they take off their sheepskin coats, put silk sashes around their waists and they have overcoats with embroidered flowers.

## An Autumn Day

By Charles Betz, Shattuck, Eighth A.

The air is deep and clear, and the birds have all flown south for the coming winter. The wild geese are heard aloft in the heavens. The trees are dressed in their best colors of scarlet, red, brown, yellow and gold, and in the woods the squirrels are chattering and gathering in their harvest of nuts and corn. The boys are anxious for school to close in the afternoon, so they can gather hazel nuts, and the apples hang from the trees, ripe and ready to be picked for winter use. Jack Frost has paid us a few visits, so the farmers are busy digging their potatoes and putting them in the bins, and cutting their corn and shocking it, and are starting to husk it. The pumpkins are turning yellow, and the time for pumpkin pies is near.

Thanksgiving day is near, and the people are fattening their turkeys and chickens so they will be fat when the time comes. The days are growing short and it is pleasant to sit by the fire in the evenings and read. The rains will soon set in.

## My Desire

By Doris Goodell, Shattuck, Seventh B.

Of all things in this world, I would rather be a good, true, womanly woman. Why? For many reasons. In the first place, what is the use of being a woman, at all if one is not good, true, sweet and truly womanly in every way? That was what we women were created for.

It is the man's place to do the work, to make the plans; we women are to bring comfort and happiness—to smooth over the rough places and supply the peace and harmony of life.

A woman who is loved and honored for her gentleness, unselfishness and sweet, amiable, pleasing disposition—that seems to me the greatest thing a girl could work for.

Of course, there are many women who are compelled to work to support themselves. But must they be hard, heartless creatures as so many of them seem? Why don't they remain sweet and gentle? Is business such a hardening thing? If so, I hope I will never have to become a business woman.

Then there is the woman who takes up music or art—for pleasure. She may be a sweeter, gentler, in a way, than the working woman—but I have often wondered if she is not the least bit selfish.



"A Peaceful Scene"—Drawn by Irene Strowbridge, North Central, Ninth A.

I love music myself and enjoy good pictures also, but some way or other it seems to me that musicians and artists run their profession into the ground. They get selfish and care for live for nothing else. Of course there are exceptions, as with the working woman, and everything else, but I mean with women in general.

But in spite of the exceptions, I think that if a girl works to be a real womanly woman first, she can be something else later if the occasion demands it.

## The Book and the Pencil

By Pauline Quappe, Shattuck, Seventh A.

It was a dark windy night and nobody was in the schoolroom. All the children had gone home in the early part of the day.

A book was lying on the floor and a pencil that dropped from one of the desks was lying near.

When the wind had quieted down and the rain had ceased on the outside, a little girl came in and found where the pencil lay. It was talking about the children.

"What's that?" asked the book.

"What is wrong?" asked the book.

"Have you ever been anywhere else?" asked the pencil with a growing curiosity.

"Yes, I have traveled very far in my short days," answered the book.

"Tell me of your life," begged the pencil.

"Some other time I will," said the book, "but it is growing daytime and the children will soon be here."

"Did you ever have another mistress besides this one?" asked the pencil.

"Yes, a very kind one," answered the book, "but the girl who owns me now sticks pins in me and throws me on the floor."

The wind began to blow again and panes, so the voices could not be heard. The rain came pattering on the window any longer.



A Japanese Boy's Idea of Halloween—By K. Shingo—Shattuck School, Second A.

"I know you are," said the pencil, "for you look as if you had been illused, too."

"Yes," sadly answered the book, "I have been treated very badly in my last journey."

"Have you ever been anywhere else?" asked the pencil with a growing curiosity.

"Yes, I have traveled very far in my short days," answered the book.

"Tell me of your life," begged the pencil.

"Some other time I will," said the book, "but it is growing daytime and the children will soon be here."

"Did you ever have another mistress besides this one?" asked the pencil.

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## SHATTUCK, NORTH CENTRAL, TERWILLIGER SCHOOLS

### A Bear Experience

By Roy Lapham, North Central, Ninth B.

Last summer I spent my vacation on a homestead of my father's in the Cascade mountains.

My brother, a friend of ours, and I went up a week in advance of the others.

We were supposed to stay at home and take care of the farm, but the "call of the wild" was too much for us, and so a day after we had arrived found us on a camping trip for the purpose of hunting and fishing.

We went to the very head of a little valley, through which a trout stream flowed, and made our camp.

On the way up the valley, we had met a settler who told us that there had been several bears killed in the vicinity.

The boys began to cook supper, and as I was not considered much of a cook, I took my shotgun and went out to look around. I loaded my gun with buckshot and started up a trail to look for game. I had not gone 100 yards,

### THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT



And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand They danced by the light of the moon." —Drawn by Rita Resing, North Central, Fifth B.

### Thanksgiving Books

By Jessie Millard, Public Library.

CONCERNING ORIGIN AND CUSTOMS

Austin, J. G.—First Thanksgiving Day in New England. (See her Standard of Standards, p. 374-387.)

Beard, L., and Beard, A. B.—Thanksgiving entertainments. (See their American Girl's Handy Book, p. 302-314.)

Gordy, W. P.—Miles Standish and the Pilgrims. (See his American Leaders and Heroes, p. 84-85.)

Hawthorne, N.—Partisans and the Lady Arabella. (See his Grandfather's Chair, p. 5-14.)

Smith, N. A.—First Thanksgiving Day. (See Wiggin, K. D., Story Hour, p. 107-114.)

### The Moon

By Bertha Richardson, Shattuck, Ninth B.

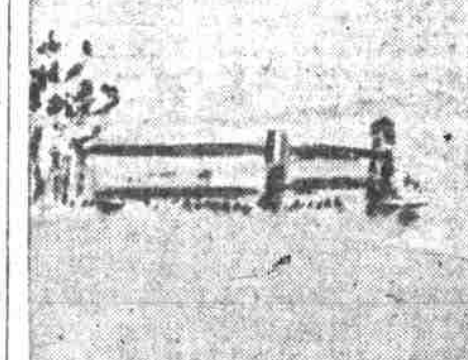
One evening in the summer I went out for a short walk. I was too much wrapped up in my own thoughts to think of the beautiful evening. As I passed under a tree I heard a whisper, and looking up I saw the moon looking through



Landscape Scene—Drawn by William Holden, North Central, Ninth B.

the branches upon the earth. I was not a little surprised when she looked down at me and smiled and said:

"Behold me, I am the daughter of the Sun, a fairy princess who comes out at night to make mortals happy. In the daytime my maid, the light, covers me with a misty veil, and I sleep. But as soon as the enchanting hours of evening come my dear mother, Nature, comes to me and says: 'Little daughter, be up



The Land Where Snowcaps Are Real—By Aline Johnson, North Central, Ninth A.

and stirring, for it's time you were making the shadowy night beautiful with your moonbeams.' I then put aside my misty covering and send sweet messages to the earth. Mortals do not often appreciate my efforts until a dark night, when all my kindred and I have a banquet and stay within our palace."

I felt in a better mood after that message and from that evening forth have enjoyed the chaste companionship of the moon.

## Euchlichan Oil

By Penton Ford, North Central Sixth A.

In southeastern Alaska, the Indians use a great deal of fish oil. They get this oil from a fish about six inches long called Euchlichan. They use the oil for cooking, as we would lard, to spread on their bread as we would butter and to preserve fruit as we would sugar.

I will tell you about a visit I made to their euchlichan grounds when they were making this oil, which is about 1200 feet high.

We left home early in the morning, taking some lunch with us. We walked over eight miles on an old Indian trail along the Chitina river. We found a party of Indians camped and making oil. It was in May and the river was full of these fish. The Indians take their seines and canoes and fish until they get a canoe full, then they bring them to the shore, take a fresh canoe and go for more.

They dig a round hole in the ground about four feet deep and from eight to twelve feet across. They line this hole with grass and put the fish into it, letting them stay there in the hot sun until they are all rotted. They then put this oil into cans, bottles, barrels or anything and carry it home for winter use.

We saw about 25 pits and about 25 or 30 canoes full of fish. It was very interesting to watch them, but I am afraid that is why they have their euchlichan so far from home.

When we had watched them long enough to watch them, an Indian man came home in his canoe. The Euchlichan is a beautiful river and we had a fine time. It was almost 9 o'clock when we reached home. We did not care for any more fish oil after that.

## The King of the Golden River

By Pearl Ward, Terwilliger, Ninth A.

In a secluded and mountainous part of Styria there was in olden times a valley of the most surprising and luxurious fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains rising into peaks which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of streams flowed in constant cataracts. When it was cloudy everywhere else the sun shone here, and it had rain when there was rain nowhere else. Because the fruits, wines, vegetables and other things which grew here were better than elsewhere, it was commonly called the Treasure valley.

Three brothers lived in this valley—Hans, Schwartz and Gluck. Hans and Schwartz were very ugly, with small eyes, which were always half shut, and heavy eyebrows. They never gave anything, not even to the hungry people, and many would starve on their doorstep without any thought or consideration from them.

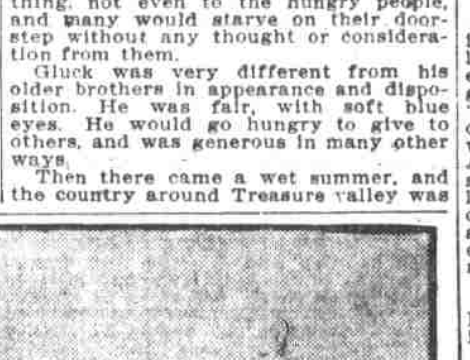
Gluck was very different from his older brothers in appearance and disposition. He was fair, with soft blue eyes. He would go hungry to give to others, and was generous in many other ways.

Then there came a wet summer, and the country around Treasure valley was

## What Became of the Dollar?

By Lewis Graham, Shattuck, Fifth B.

One morning a dollar found himself away up high upon a shelf; Up he jumped and away he rolled, For if he didn't he would bet a cold.



He was going around and around and around When all of a sudden he fell on the ground; Up he jumped and down he fell, But where he went no one can tell.

## The Fox and the Stork

By Walter Hudson, Terwilliger, Third B.

The Fox and the Stork were good friends.

One day the Fox invited the Stork to a tea party. The Stork was pleased. He went to the Fox's house. When he got there he saw two flat dishes with soup in them. He could not eat it and as the Fox lapped his up he laughed at the Stork because he could not eat it.

One day afterwards the Stork invited the Fox to come and have dinner with him. And so the Fox went to the Stork's house. When he got there he only saw two very tall bottles. In them he saw some nice mince meat but he could not eat it. The Stork with his long bill reached down in the bottle and ate it. The Fox could only lick around the top of the bottle.

He became very angry.

The Stork felt sorry for the Fox and emptied the mince meat into a flat dish so he could eat it. And then the Fox was sorry because he had treated the Stork so badly.

## Oral Stories by Little Tot.

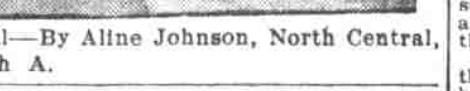
Story of a Monkey, by Phillip Martin, Couch, Grade 1A, Age Six Years.

(The suggestion for this voluntary composition was received by hearing the teacher tell a true incident about a monkey. The reproduction is as nearly verbatim as possible.)

Once upon a time I saw a monkey at a place where there was a lot of monkeys back east. This monkey hung himself on a telephone wire. Then he swung his self like a tree; you know how a tree goes, don't you? Then there came a peep up to him and he caught it. Then I threw a plum up, and he ate that stem, an' an' all. And that's the end of my story.

## The Three Little Fishermen

Three little fisherman, see, Going a fishing as you see. Well fish all day till the sun sets low Then home again in the cool twilight we'll go We three little fishermen bold!



Writing and Picture—By Carl Sidor, North Central, Fourth A.

## Mrs. Snow White's Family



Mrs. Snow White's Family—By Hilda Kuhnhausen, Shattuck, Third A.

By Hilda Kuhnhausen, Shattuck, Third A.

Mrs. Snow White was a pretty white hen. She wanted a family of little Snow Whites. One day Aunt Mary put 13 eggs in a warm, cozy nest in the hall. Then Mrs. Snow White spread her pretty wings over them and was happy. She sat on the eggs for days and days to keep them warm. One day she heard a peeping and cracking, and all the eggs cracked open and came little, fluffy, yellow balls. Now she thought she was ready to leave the nest.

Then she took her little Snow Whites behind the barn to see something of the world. There was a little brook. She thought there might be some bugs, and gnats for her family. When they got to the brook, she heard splash! splash! and there she saw 13 little bodies in the water. Poor Mrs. Snow White! She thought what funny, funny children they were. She did not know that Aunt Mary called them ducks.



A Manual Training Class in Action.