

PORTLAND SCHOOL CHILDREN MAKE HIGH GRADES GENERAL WORK

CHILDREN'S FAIRY TALES CREATES STORY

Pretty Fairy Tale Grows From Taste for Imaginative Stories.

MY TRIP TO THE MOON.
By Dorothy Jeffrey, Portsmouth, Seventh A.

CHAPTER I—GETTING READY.

I had been wishing that I might take a trip to the moon and see how it is inhabited.

One night as I lay asleep in bed, about 12 o'clock, I was awakened by a gentle touch.

I sat up and, behold! there stood a beautiful little fairy by the side of my bed. She was about five inches high and was dressed in garments of pure white trimmed in gold. Her beautiful long, golden hair was hanging in curls. Her sandals were made of soft white silk.

Her voice was low and sweet as she spoke. "I am a moon fairy," she said, "my name is Fairy Rosebud and I have come to see if you would like to take a trip to the moon with me. I told you I would be delighted to go, and asked when I should get ready. 'Right away,' she said, 'and take nothing with you except what you want.' I was ready in a short time, then the fairy led me downstairs and outside the yard, where stood the most beautiful chariot with wings on each side, drawn by two cunning little black horses who also had wings on their feet.

The fairy then made me so I was only about four inches high. Then we both got into the chariot and flew straight up into the sky.

CHAPTER II—ON MY WAY.

On our way we saw many wonderful sights. The stars, which looked so tiny from the earth below, grew more brilliant and large as we approached them. We went in a circuitous route and passed the planet Mars, the Three Bears and many other stars. We were quite tired by this time, so the fairy dipped to get a drink for ourselves and water the horses. Then we went on. It was noon by this time, and we were flying after worlds then we came to the Milky Way, the most beautiful drive in the sky. It was now 12 o'clock the next night.

We went on and on until 6 o'clock the next morning. "You must know," said Fairy Rosebud, "that the moon is very large and very bright, and that we have day and night while you are having night so 'twill be night when we get there." I was glad to hear this, for I thought it had been a very delightful one. The fairy and myself had many nice conversations on the way. It took us two days to get there, and I was getting very sleepy.

CHAPTER III—MY ARRIVAL.

"Here we are," said Fairy Rosebud, "now be very quiet, for I shall call on one of the queen's attendants and as it is night I will take you to my room, where you may rest all night, and in the morning I will introduce you to the queen."

CHAPTER IV—WHAT I SAW.

I had a fine night's rest. Rosebud slept with me. It was now morning and Fairy Rosebud first changed me back to my former size, then she put on me a most beautiful dress. She then led me to the queen who thought I was a guest and treated me with the utmost kindness. I told her all about how we lived down on the earth and she was very much interested in everything I said.

The queen's palace was made of glass, and everything in it was very dainty and bright. I was acquainted with many other little fairies who were very friendly. The queen's name was Luna.

The climate was very hot and dry. Part of the moon was very mountainous, but the part where the fairies lived was low land. They lived in tiny glass houses with furniture made of glass. They ate green cheese, milk, bread, and many things made from funny little vegetables that grew in their gardens. They looked so funny and had such queer names I was not able to remember them.

After Fairy Rosebud had showed me how people lived there and I had staid for a number of days, she told me we would get in our chariot and take a trip to the mountainous part of the moon where the giants lived and where it was very cold.

So, the very next day, we started out. It took us four hours to go. Fairy Rosebud knew the way to the palace, so we went straight to the palace the first thing. The palace was built among the bare mountains and was made of rock from the quarries. The king's name was Bug-a-Boo-Bill. He was exceedingly tall, but had a kind and good face.

The houses belonging to the giants of the surrounding neighborhood were only large caves in the mountains. Bug-a-Boo-Bill had a very large cap on his head, a very short yellow jacket trimmed in green, and a pair of tight-fitting trousers coming from his knees up under his arms. His trousers were a brilliant red trimmed in lavender. These giants the fairy told me were very fond of bright colors. The king had on half stockings and sandals.

He was very glad to see me and ordered a feast to be held in my honor. After thanking the king for his kind back to where Fairy Rosebud lived.

I could stay only two days longer, so Queen Luna prepared a banquet for the following night.

Rosebud dressed me in a very beautiful dress for this grand occasion.

All the little people rode in chariots to the palace.

We had a splendid time, and after the banquet I received a present from each of the little fairies. There was nothing I could do but accept of them, so I took them all home. After that I returned to our room in the palace, where we both slept well all night.

In the morning I was to return to my home on the earth. I should have liked to stay longer, but I felt I had better go home, as my folks knew nothing of where I was and might be worried.

CHAPTER V—MY RETURN.

Rosebud and I got up early, and after eating a farewell breakfast we started out. She changed me to about four inches high again and we got into the chariot.

Everybody was sorry to see me leave and I was just as sorry to leave, because every one had been so kind and friendly and I had had a lovely time. It was a very interesting trip down to the earth. Rosebud told me about the stars.

We arrived at my home at noonday. I got out and the fairy bidden me back to my former size. Bidding her good-bye I went into the house.

The Dog and the Donkey.
By Margaret Van Rosche, Terwilliger, Third A.

One bright summer morning a donkey was grazing in the field. A man came walking by with his dog. The dog saw the donkey not far away and ran up to him and bit him on the leg.

The donkey seized the dog and shook him. Then the donkey walked slowly along the bank of the river until he found a deep place. Then he dropped the dog in the water, crawling up the bank, all dripping wet, he did not even stop to shake his coat, but ran back to his master.

I do not think the dog will bother that donkey again.

My Trip Through the Desert

My Trip Through the Desert.
By Mabel Wheeler, Montavilla, Sixth B.

The caravan that was going to travel through the desert stopped at the little city where I was staying. I wanted very much to see the desert, so I decided to join this party.

We filled our water bottles at the well near the gates of the city. Every one was provided with a camel and food enough for the journey. At last we were ready to start.

We traveled all day in the hot sun. I thought I had never seen such hot days, but the people with whom I was traveling said that the next day would be hotter still. So I tried not to complain. The day was so hot I was almost sorry I had come, but I could not turn back then.

The night was coming on. We pitched our tents and built a fire. Our supper was soon ready. We ate heartily and then lay down and went to sleep.

The nights are very cool in the desert.



"A Snow Scene"—By Leo C. Stein, Montavilla, Sixth A.

"A Rose Study"—Drawn by Franklin Patterson of Montavilla, Eighth A, an eastern Oregon boy who has had only a few months' schooling.



"A Still Life Study"—By Edward Mitchel, Portsmouth, Ninth A.

dampened cloths, so that we could breathe.

The hot sand felt like burning coals. At last the storm was over, and we started on again.

We traveled on for three days. Our water bottles were empty, and we were very thirsty. Near the evening of the third day we came to an oasis. We drank, and filled our water bottles again. When we had rested a little, we started on. With nothing else of interest happening we got out of the desert. I thought then that I should be very glad to return to my home in Oregon.

School Recital.
The program for the Hawthorne school musical recital at Ellers Hall next Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock will be as follows:

Chorus: "The Dream Ship," Sixth and Fifth grade boys and girls; vocal duet, Vlasta Kelkar and Helen Klekar;



"This Little Pig Went to Market"—By Albert Braunstein, Portsmouth, Third A.

chorus, "The Shoemaker," First grade children; sight reading, Third grade children; piano solo, "Beautiful Star of Heaven," Hubert Starr, solo and chorus, "The Rose Song," Lucile McCorkle and Third grade children; vocal solo, "The Pussy Willow," Elwood Willes; duet piano, Maria Young, violin Edith Barton; vocal solo, "Mighty Lak a Rose," Galina Humphreys; two-part song, "The Moon and Her Children," Seventh grade boys and girls.

MONTAVILLA, PORTSMOUTH AND PENINSULA SCHOOLS

Highest Grades For Second Month

The names of the pupils receiving the highest scholarship in the primary grades—the first, second and third grades; the intermediates—fourth, fifth and sixth grades; upper grammar grades—seventh, eighth and ninth grades; for the second month, are as follows:

Albworth school:
Primary—Lillian Horn.
Intermediate—Margaret Holden.
Upper grammar—Cora Howe, Concl Aconci, Edith Eschicht, Margin Cerecul.

Hawthorne school:
Primary—Holt Berni.
Intermediate—Harry Snyder.
Upper grammar—Edgar Baumer.

North Central:
Primary—Louise Ingman.
Intermediate—Robert Montague.
Upper grammar—Sam Wernstein.

Falling school:
Primary—Sophia Krusch.
Intermediate—Sam Wernstein.
Upper grammar—Sophia Henderson.

Sellwood:
No primary given.
Intermediate—Mary Balcon, Bernice Johnson.
Upper grammar—Effie Jordan.



"A Pen Sketch of the Peninsula School Building"—By Beesie Tabor, Seventh B

Holiday:
Primary—Winifred Chamberau, Nellie Hegardt.
Intermediate—Edmund Sweeney.
Upper grammar—Beatrice Hill.

Thompson:
Primary—Berton Nelson.
Intermediate—Lettie Lang.
Upper grammar—Genevieve Pansman.

Davis school:
Primary—Lloyd Eckhardt.
Intermediate—Prokton Holt.
Upper grammar—Lloyd Hayman, Henry Heigesson.

Quokvin school:
Primary—Grady Epps.
Intermediate—Imogene Seton.
Upper grammar—Augusta Kautz.

Sunside:
Primary—Alice Singletary.
Intermediate—No name given.

they were mother and daughter. One day the lady of the house said: "We will have to get rid of one of those cats. The cook is very careless and gives them everything they want."

"Why not get rid of the black?" asked her husband, for he liked the cats.

But his wife did not like this plan. The cat and kitten were lying on the floor and heard it all.

"What are you going to do?" asked the cat.

"I am going tramping again," said the kitten, "the leaves are falling now and it will be fun scampering among them."

The kitten went away and the old cat stayed. She caught two mice a week and ended her days in that house.

A Story Retold

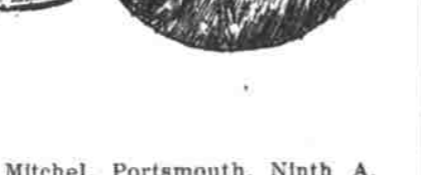
By Edna Dillon, Peninsula, Eighth B.

Some boys and girls think that the old Greek and Norse legends are the only pretty ones. They overlook the strange Indian myths of our own country.

One which seems especially interesting is the legend of Peboan and Segurn or Winter and Summer.

The wind roared through the forest trees and blew the snow in great drifts around a lodge by a frozen river. In the hut sat a young man shivering by a dying fire. Suddenly a young man carrying some flowers stepped into the hut and sat down by the old man.

Each told of his adventures. The old man said that when he breathed the river became hard, the flowers died and



"Some little chick is breaking the shell."

A Child's First Effort—Merle Davis, Portsmouth, First B.

the birds flew away. The young man said that when he breathed the flowers bloomed, the birds sang and every one was happy.

They talked all through the night till the sun rose, the air grew limy, the leaves were falling down, the birds sang and the wind blew fresh spring odors through the open doorway.

Then Peboan, with tears flowing from his eyes shrank till he vanished from sight but on the hearth bloomed a pink-nosed flower, the misdoled, earliest of all spring blossoms.

An Odd Experience.

By Lona Palmer, Portsmouth, Ninth A.

We were visiting at a friend's ranch, which was at the head of a bay. The house was large and was situated on a high hill, which was once covered with the forests. Back of the house the hill sloped into a ravine which in some places was a tangle of underbrush, wild vines and fallen logs. In the ravine was a beaten path, which had been an old bear trail. We were going down a ravine at the side of the house and were walking over mossy logs which had fallen across a gulch. When we were almost to the big ravine we heard fallen twigs cracking and snapping, as if some one were walking around in the underbrush. We at first thought it was a bear and we hurried up the gulch to the house and didn't stop much to cross logs. When we went into the house the folks laughed. In about five minutes the boy came in laughing. I guess he wanted to see what we would do if we saw a real bear. Anyway, he found that we wouldn't find out what it was before we started to run to the house. It might not have turned out so well if it had been a real bear.



"A Pen Sketch of the Peninsula School Building"—By Beesie Tabor, Seventh B

Tramping

By Geneva Carson, Peninsula, Seventh A.

A tortoiseshell cat was lying under a cedar hedge, purring and blinking in the sun. She was very wet and dragged.

Pretty soon there came along a kitten. It was wet and dragged too. The cat looked at it and saw that it was a tortoiseshell kitten. It was very nice and warm there in the hedge and so she said: "Come and lie down in the sun," and the kitten went.

"What are you doing?" asked the cat.

"Tramping," replied the kitten.

"I am going to try and end my days in that house," said the old cat, looking toward a large white house. "They have fish quite often and the cook is careless. You may as well come also. Two is better than one. You are merry and frisky and can make yourself agreeable. I will settle the rest." So the kitten ran into the house as the door was opened. It played and ran about and the people all said: "Oh, what a dear little kitten. What shall we do with it?"

"We must keep it," said one.

Pretty soon the old cat came in. She dragged one foot after the other and the people thought she was lame.

"Oh, poor old cat! we must keep her," they cried. Every one thought that



"Janey, Josey and Joe"—By Theodore Klingsporn, Peninsula, Third A.

berry bush to show everybody how fast she could run. Then all the people clapped their hands and said, "Oh! Oh! How fast Janey can run and how fast Josey and Joe on the other and they would clap their hands, too. That is the list of the story.

The Marks on the Door

By Raymond Cager, Montavilla, Eighth A.

It was the latter part of the summer and mamma and aunt had left my cousin, Harvey, and me to keep house that day. They told us that they would not be home until late, but that we must not be afraid, at which Harvey thought she was lame.

"Why not get rid of the black?" asked her husband, for he liked the cats.

But his wife did not like this plan. The cat and kitten were lying on the floor and heard it all.

"What are you going to do?" asked the cat.

"I am going tramping again," said the kitten, "the leaves are falling now and it will be fun scampering among them."

The kitten went away and the old cat stayed. She caught two mice a week and ended her days in that house.

An Ostrich Farm

By Gladys Willard, Montavilla, Seventh A.

I once knew a friend who visited an ostrich farm in the Hawaiian islands near Diamond Head, and the story was told as follows: Most of the ostriches live in Africa in the southern part, but ostriches are now raised on farms just as horses and cattle are raised in this country.

It takes a great deal of care and money to raise ostriches in foreign lands. The young ones live in paddocks which are kept green and grassy and have plenty of shade. Although in Africa they live in the deserts, they change their habits in the foreign lands.

The ostrich lives in a warm climate where there is not too much rain.

The chicks are of a light color with soft shiny down. When they are two months old they resemble the mother bird. When three years old, they resemble the adult ostrich.

The male bird has black glossy feathers on the body and long, white feathers which are of the greatest value. The neck resembles the camel's in shape. Their feet are padded.

The ostriches defend themselves with their sharp claws, and one blow will dangerous wound or kill a man. They run very swiftly on the deserts and a hunter on a fast horse can hardly overtake them.

On a very hot day they fan themselves with their wings. They eat cabbage, shinn-down, alfalfa and other things. Their eggs are hatched in an incubator. They lay about 30 eggs in one nest, but the greatest care, few of these eggs hatch.

The feathers are not of much value until they are 18 months old. At that time they are worth from \$750 to \$850 apiece. Young birds, when full grown, in good condition are worth \$1500.

The young birds are kept very warm and dry, and are fed very carefully. When the farmer goes out to steal the eggs he takes with him a short forked stick, and keeps the old birds back. They are afraid of the stick and stay away. They get very angry when people disturb their nests.

The farmer has a kerosene stove and lamp in the incubator. The eggs must be kept very warm, and turned four times a day and four times a night. The eggs hatch in six weeks.

Some of the ostriches are seven feet tall. They are very proud acting. When the farmer whistles they will come trotting out of their homes, hoping to be fed. The mother bird listens for the chirp of the little ones, and when it is heard she strikes the egg with her breast bone to help the chick out of the shell. The farmer also listens for the chirp and when it is heard he takes a long sharp instrument to help the chick out of the shell. I hope we all may be able to see and visit a large ostrich farm some day.

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Approaching Examinations Chief Topic in High School.

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The Adelphiads and Philolettians held their elections. The result of the Philolettians election was as follows: President, Ada May Elger; vice-president, Addie Bowie; treasurer, Le Conie Jamieson; secretary, Hulda Pava; assistant secretary, Winifred Shaw; sergeant-at-arms, Jennie Donnell; an editor, Keran Davis.

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On Friday the Commercial club completed their organization. They chose as their name, "Modo Society." Their president is Sweeney Swanson; vice-president, Willard Houston; secretary, Lena Beckler; sergeant-at-arms, Earl Hammon. The purpose of the society is for the discussion and study of practical subjects and current events. Open meetings will be held in room 18, the first and third Fridays of each month.

East Portland High School Notes.

By Edward C. Garcia.

Friday the Examinations postponed their program intended for the afternoon and adjourned to attend the meeting of the sister society, the Phrenodickens, who presented a most excellent program in the assembly hall. The greater part of the student body of the high school was present. A large audience, when the program opened with a finished piano solo by Miss Shaffer, a member of our school, herself fully deserving of the appreciative applause which followed her first selection, and she further delighted her hearers with a well-rendered encore. The next number on the program was an address by Rev. H. O. Shaffer, who spoke upon an interesting and profound topic, "Social Pathology." In his address, Rev. Mr. Shaffer clearly proved that the subject is destined to command and receive wide recognition and deep thought. Frau Bekker of the faculty sang several German masterpieces with delightful tone and voice. Frau Bekker's appearance greatly added to the success of the entertainment, for her work was captivating throughout. Miss Courtney, another talented member of the society, cleverly recited a pleasing account of a rustic family's visit to the department store. She responded to the hearty applause with a delivery of Eugene Field's beautiful poem, "The night wind." The program closed with a number of delightful songs rendered by the Phrenodickens chorus. This number also reached the high standard set for the afternoon, and won great admiration for the society.

The Phrenodickens are certainly to be congratulated upon their splendid program, for it is a safe assertion that the high standard they set, is destined to be seldom attained to by the school organizations of Portland.

The Boy's Lesson

By Dorothy Pierce, North Central, Second B.

A poor, little, helpless toad lay taking his morning nap in the road. Peter came with a shout and a run. John Declared they'd have such fun. Peter said, "Let's stone the toad to death."

John said the same, all in one breath.

A poor, old donkey came, with his head down, bringing the load from a far-off town. He saw the poor, little, harmless toad, and down they came with a frog and a dump. The frog awakened and went away with a jump.

Then Peter said, "We can't kill that And that donkey has too big a load." John said, "We'll help the donkey up the hill."

And the two boys did it with a will.

So up the hill the wheel did go. And none of the boys ever said "No." And down they came with a frog and a dump. And said they never had such fun.

How a Little Boy Helped a Big Boy.

By Margaret Niedringhaus, Terwilliger, Fourth A.

Once a big boy whose name was Fred lost his ball and could not find it. It was getting late and he was about to go home when a little boy whose name was Lewis came by and asked him what he lost.

"I lost my ball, and what do you want to know for?" said Fred.

"I thought I could help you," answered Lewis.

"I do not think you could find it if you hunted a whole day," said Fred.

"Let me see," said Lewis. While Lewis was hunting Fred was laughing. But in a few minutes Lewis found the ball. Fred was ashamed. But since that day they were friends, and it was Lewis who helped the other. That is the way the little boy helped the big boy.

At the Beach

By Zaida Ketchum, Portsmouth, Fifth B.

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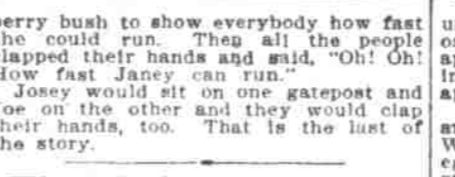
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Janey, Josey and Joe

By Theodore Klingsporn, Peninsula, Third A.

Janey is the happiest little girl you ever saw. Josey and Joe were not so happy as Janey. Can you tell me why? Well, tell me. Just because every body loved Janey.

She could run as fast as a little deer. She always would run up to the mul-



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berry bush to show everybody how fast she could run. Then all the people clapped their hands and said, "Oh! Oh! How fast Janey can run and how fast Josey and Joe on the other and they would clap their hands, too. That is the list of the story.

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The Boy's Lesson

By Dorothy Pierce, North Central, Second B.

A poor, little, helpless toad lay taking his morning nap in the road. Peter came with a shout and a run. John Declared they'd have such fun. Peter said, "Let's stone the toad to death."

John said the same, all in one breath.

A poor, old donkey came, with his head down, bringing the load from a far-off town. He saw the poor, little, harmless toad, and down they came with a frog and a dump. The frog awakened and went away with a jump.

Then Peter said, "We can't kill that And that donkey has too big a load." John said, "We'll help the donkey up the hill."

And the two boys did it with a will.

So up the hill the wheel did go. And none of the boys ever said "No." And down they came with a frog and a dump. And said they never had such fun.

How a Little Boy Helped a Big Boy.

By Margaret Niedringhaus, Terwilliger, Fourth A.

Once a big boy whose name was Fred lost his ball and could not find it. It was getting late and he was about to go home when a little boy whose name was Lewis came by and asked him what he lost.

"I lost my ball, and what do you want to know for?" said Fred.

"I thought I could help you," answered Lewis.

"I do not think you could find it if you hunted a whole day," said Fred.

"Let me see," said Lewis. While Lewis was hunting Fred was laughing. But in a few minutes Lewis found the ball. Fred was ashamed. But since that day they were friends, and it was Lewis who helped the other. That is the way the little boy helped the big boy.

At the Beach

By Zaida Ketchum, Portsmouth, Fifth B.

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An Ostrich Farm

By Gladys Willard, Montavilla, Seventh A.

I once knew a friend who visited an ostrich farm in the Hawaiian islands near Diamond Head, and the story was told as follows: Most of the ostriches live in Africa in the southern part, but ostriches are now raised on farms just as horses and cattle are raised in this country.

It takes a great deal of care and money to raise ostriches in foreign lands. The young ones live in paddocks which are kept green and grassy and have plenty of shade. Although in Africa they live in the deserts, they change their habits in the foreign lands.

The ostrich lives in a warm climate where there is not too much rain.

The chicks are of a light color with soft shiny down. When they are two months old they resemble the mother bird. When three years old, they resemble the adult ostrich.

The male bird has black glossy feathers on the body and long, white feathers which are of the greatest value. The neck resembles the camel's in shape. Their feet are padded.

The ostriches defend themselves with their sharp claws, and one blow will dangerous wound or kill a man. They run very swiftly on the deserts and a hunter on a fast horse can hardly overtake them.

On a very hot day they fan themselves with their wings. They eat cabbage, shinn-down, alfalfa and other things. Their eggs are hatched in an incubator. They lay about 30 eggs in one nest, but the greatest care, few of these eggs hatch.

The feathers are not of much value until they are 18 months old. At that time they are worth from \$750 to \$850 apiece. Young birds, when full grown, in good condition are worth \$1500.

The young birds are kept very warm and dry, and are fed very carefully. When the farmer goes out to steal the eggs he takes with him a short forked stick, and keeps the old birds back. They are afraid of the stick and stay away. They get very angry