THANKSGIVING SUGGESTS IDEAS IN DRAWING TO THE CHILDREN

ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING

Children's Librarian Writes Story of Early Thanksgiving Day.

By Jessie Millard.

The Pilgrims went through many hardships during their first winter in America. They suffered a great deal and many of them died for lack of food. The following spring one of the kind Indians, who was called Squanto, came to live with the Pilgrims and showed them how to prepare for another winter. They worked harder than ever now trying to keep their families from suffering. Squanto was such a great help to them, telling when to plant their corn, how to make their log houses more comfortable, and taught them how to hunt and fish.

It was a very dry season in 1621 and the Pilgrims thought all the crops would die. A day was set in which they fasted and prayed for rain. This was followed by such gentle showers that they knew their prayers were answered. The summer brought more rain and sunshine to ripen the crops and when autumn came and the wheat and barley and corn were gathered they found they had more than enough to last them through the long cold winter. The Pilgrims had been very grateful to the Indians for being so kind to them and now they said, "Let us thank God for it all, it is he who has made the sun shine and the rain to fall." So they kept a day in which to give thanks. When the governor of Plymouth colony issued the first Thanksgiving proclamation the Pilgrim fathers and mothers said, "Let us have a great Thanksgiving party and invite the Indians and all rejoice together." So they took the matter in their hands and began to get ready for the first Thanksgiving party and a splendid one it must have been, too. For many days the mothers were busy baking bread and cakes and all sorts of goodies. The fathers went hunting and fishing and brought back enough game and wild turkey to last them a week. The great day came at last, they forgot all their troubles, all their deprivations and thought only of how good God had been to them, and so they were all happy together on the first Thanksgiving day. In the morning they had service at the meeting-house, in which they gave thanks and sang psalms. Their good friend Massasoit and 90 of his loyal men came to join in the services and to spend the day with them. The Indians of course were all dressed up in their best feathers and furs and had their faces painted for the occasion. In the afternoon the Indians had their dances. Captain Miles Standish and his soldiers gave some military drills, they ran races and played all sorts of games. They must have had a very jolly time indeed for they stayed three days instead of one—a long Thanksgiving party, wasn't it? Perhaps it is a survival of those good old Plymouth games that the great football games of the year are held on Thanksgiving day. This all happened nearly 300 years ago you know, but Thanksgiving has been kept ever since. At first only the people in New England kept Thanksgiving day, but now it is celebrated in every state in the Union. The president, who appoints the day, always chooses the last Thursday in November.

Thanksgiving at Grandpa's

By Grace Townsend, Stephens School, Eighth-B.

Have you ever spent Thanksgiving at your grandparent's home? If not, to my notion, you have missed a great pleasure.

The children of our family looked forward to Thanksgiving with great joy. We were to go to our grandparents, who lived some distance out of town, to spend the day. It seemed as though the 25th would never come, but it did come at last.

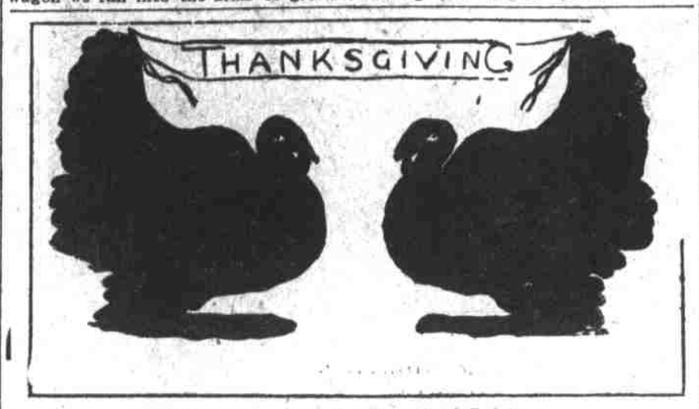
We started early in the morning and had to wait some 15 minutes for the car. It seemed a long 15 minutes to us for we were in a hurry to be off. When the car finally came we hurried aboard and started on our journey. After a ride of about 25 minutes we arrived at a small station named Courtney. We were greeted by our uncle in an immense farm wagon. We tumbled in pell mell and seated ourselves on a bed of sweet-smelling hay. The road was rough and we were pretty well shaken up, but that only sharpened our appetites for dinner.

On nearing the barnyard we heard the gobble of the turkey, which had been saved for a future feast, and the cackle of the hen. Alighting from the wagon we ran into the arms of grandma, and at her side, with broad farm hat in his hand, stood grandpa to welcome us. On approaching the kitchen savory odors met us. An hour was spent in romping with Dixie, the dog, and fondling the soft white kittens.

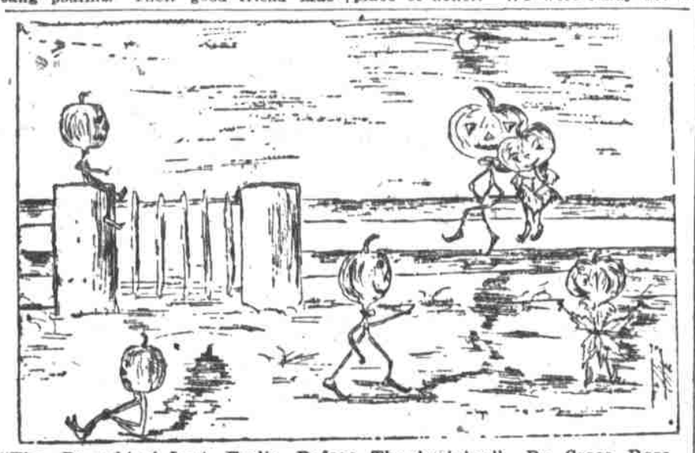
Then dinner was announced. The table was fairly loaded with good things. The companion to our barnyard gobbler, nicely browned, held the place of honor. We were ready for a generous slice served with cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes, and the other good things that go with the season. Just as we were beginning to think that turkey did not taste good, grandma said, "Who likes pumpkin pie, and plum pudding?" "I," came in a chorus all around the table. But strange to say these goodies did not taste as we thought they would or as they probably would have done earlier in the day.

Dinner over, grandpa proposed a stroll through the woods. This was a real delight. Grandpa entertained us with stories and showed us his favorite nook among the trees. We were sorry when it was time to say goodbye and turn our faces homeward.

Uncle Julius, who drove us to the station, said we might light our jack-o-lanterns to scare away the gobbins, and the funny part was that we thought we had found a gobin. A stream crossed the road and on either side stretched a long marsh. At some distance in the field was a moving light. I said to Jack, "There is the gobin." We all looked with great interest and asked Uncle Julius what it could be? He said, "It's not a gobin, but the next thing to it, the will-'o-the-wisp."



"Conventionalized"—By Winnifred Ralston.



"The Pumpkins' Last Frolic Before Thanksgiving"—By Grace Ross.

Susie's Lesson

By Elva McCormick, Atkinson, Seventh "B".

Susie was a little girl nine years old. Her mother and father called her "Golden Hair," because she had such beautiful golden curls. Susie was loved by everybody, because she was so pretty and good.

Now Susie had her faults, like any other little girl, and her most troublesome fault was forgetfulness. In the evenings when she came home from school she would place her books and pencils anywhere, and would run off and play and forget where she placed them. So, of course, the next morning she could never find her books until her mother helped her look for them.

She not only forgot about her books, but many other things.

Susie liked pretty things, and the thing she liked best was a bracelet. Susie's mother knew she wanted a bracelet very badly, so one day she told Susie that if she would break her habit of forgetting, she would buy her a bracelet at the end of three weeks' trial.

Susie was doing beautifully until the day before the end of the third week. It was Friday afternoon, and Susie was going to the woods with her friend to gather wild flowers. She ran home from school, threw her books on a chair, and ran out, forgetting her promise.

That evening after supper Susie's mother called her into her room and said, "Susie, you have forgotten your promise, and instead of putting your books where they belonged you laid them on a chair, so now you cannot have your bracelet."

This was a lesson for Susie, which she never forgot. After that she always placed her things where they belonged.

The Sparrow.

By Lottie Hall, Fulton Park, Grade 3B.

One day when I was coming home from hunting, I was walking up my garden path. My dog was with me and was running ahead of me.

He suddenly crept softly along the path. I found in the path a little young sparrow. It had a black bill and a yellow breast. The wind was blowing hard and the little sparrow had fallen from its nest.

The mother flew down right in front of the dog's nose and fell down like a stone.

A power stronger than herself drew her down from her high, safe branch. The bird flew down to protect her baby bird.

My dog must have seemed to the little bird a gigantic monster. The dog stepped and drew back. I called the amazed dog back. I, too, had respect for the little hero. Love, thought I, is mightier than death and the fear of death. Love alone inspires, and is the life of all.

Stephens Wins Three Games.

By Craig Baker, Eighth "B".

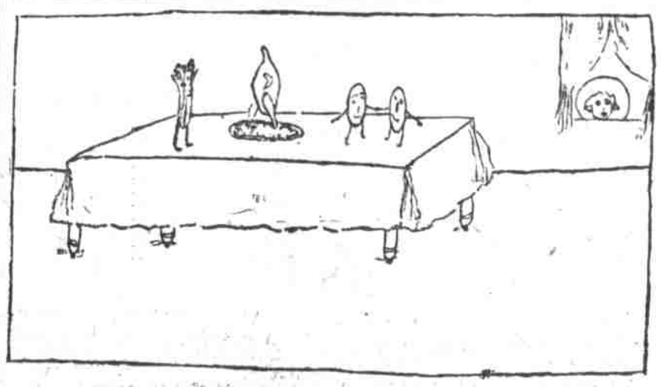
All the Stephens boys and girls are proud of the work done by their football team. They have played and taken three games.

The first game was played with Brooklyn. Two touchdowns were made in the first sixteen minutes of play. Morrow, Stephens' quarter back, never fumbled the ball once. Elliot made some fine end runs. Rutherford got up out of every scrimmage grinning like a monkey. All the backs broke through the line for gains. The Brooklyn backs also put up a fine game. The way Stephens' ends, De Temple and Ruffner, got behind the line and broke up plays wasn't slow. Nothing was made in the second half.

The next fight for superiority was with Irvington. It was a hard game for the teams were evenly matched. The score was, Stephens, 5; Irvington, 0. Stephens made her touchdown in the first seven minutes. Stephens' goal was in danger several times, but she would get the ball on downs and keep her opponents from scoring. Both teams put up a good game.

The third game was played with Hawthorne; they had the heaviest team and therefore had the advantage over Stephens. But Stephens wasn't to be held down by weight. She went through the line for gains of three and four yards nearly every time, and finally came out winner by the score of 14 to 5.

The enthusiasm of the school brought out a large number of boys and girls whose cheers helped the game on to victory.



"Caught in the Act"—By Erma Stillwell.

THE ATKINSON AND STEPHENS SCHOOLS

Fire Drills

By Elsie Lee, Stephens School, Nine-B.

Since the Collingwood school in Cleveland burned, which resulted in so many lives being lost, we have seen the necessity of fire drills in our schools. So at least once a week here in Portland we have a fire drill to prepare the children if an accident should occur.

In Portland our schools can be emptied in two or three minutes and the children lined up on the opposite blocks. As our city grows we possibly may need a quicker way to get out.

In the larger cities fire drills do not merely mean marching out of a building. Some of the schools are so high that the children on the top floor could not get down in time. So a quicker and safer plan has been made.

At one of the newly constructed schools in San Francisco I attended, this incident occurred:

A new fire escape had been put in which extended from the top of the building and wound around to the ground. We had to sit on a piece of carpet and go sliding down.

The first day we used it, when the sounding gong for fire drill was sounded, everybody began to be frightened at the thought of sliding down the fire escape, but we marched out to the place on the top floor where we were to start. I watched them with a sinking heart as they flew down. No one was supposed to scream, but as it was the first time, all the girls did scream.

It was one consolation that two were allowed to go at one time. My chum and I were going together. At last our turn came. I gave one despairing look at my teacher and then we sat down on our piece of carpet and the principal pushed us off.

We went like the wind, whizzing around corners and hanging on to each other like grim death. I wanted to hang on to the sides to make us go slower, but there were more children behind us and I feared a collision.

I breathed a sigh of relief as we neared the end. We landed at the bottom on our feet and after that we always anticipated our fire drills with pleasure.

Little Jimmy.

By Laura Kelly, Atkinson Five A.

Little Jimmy was a poor little boy. His mother used to leave him alone. He had no brothers or sisters to play with. They lived in an attic. His mother worked by the day. This little boy was a cripple. His father had been killed in war.

One evening when his mother was coming home from her work she found a $5 gold piece. When she got home she found her little boy sitting in his chair. She told him about the money which she had found. Just as she was telling him they heard a rap at the door.

She said: "Who's there?" She heard no answer so she called out again: "Who's there?" Someone answered, "It is a man who has lost $5 and someone told me that you had found some money and it belongs to me."

The old lady gave him the money and said, "I will be honest and give you your money." The man took the money and went away.

That man was dishonest for the money did not belong to him. He was in the hall when she was telling her little boy about the money she had found.

Don't be dishonest.

A Windy Day.

By Agnes Nichols, Vernon, Grade 3A.

One day in October the wind blew very hard. It blew the bushes and trees back and forth. The ground was covered with little red and yellow leaves. All the children went to gather them. We had our coats buttoned and our hats pulled down. Maud put up her umbrella and Mr. Wind blew it inside out. Oh! how the children all laughed.

The children love the pretty leaves. They like to put them in a vase in the parlor. In the sun they shine bright. The children sometimes bring them to their teacher at school. I like a windy day because it blows the pretty fir boughs to and fro.

Amusing Remarks

The past week was examination week in the schools and many students came to grief. Some demonstrated their originality beyond doubt in their utterly new and unheard of definitions. Following are some that made their initial appearance:

"Bamboo is an animal in Africa."

"Cuticle is something cute."

"Miracle, something about a mirror."

"Realistically, really sticky."

"Tributary is a place where they pay tribute."

"Barbarism is a name for all barbers."

"Orifice means opening. I went to the millinery orifice."

* * *

Two original arithmetic problems given by first grade pupils were as follows:

"If I see four cows in a field, how many legs do I see counting the tails?"

"There was a monkey settin in the yard. How many monkeys was there left?"

* *

On Lincoln's birthday a first grade teacher held before the class a picture of Abraham Lincoln.

Immediately a small boy raised his hand with, "I have seen him."

"Seen whom?" asked the teacher.

"Abraham Lincoln," answered the child.

"Indeed, where did you see him?"

"Riding on a handcar," came the quick reply.

* *

"I know what 'in hell' means," said a tiny maid to her mamma.

"What does it mean, dear?" said her fond mamma, in breathless suspense.

"Well, it is what we do when the teacher tells us to take in a long breath, and 'exhell' is what we do when we let it out again."

* *

Some comical errors:

The "destructive" pronoun.

"Emerson lies in Sleepy Hollow crematory."

"The Turkey's Eternal Question"—Marie Varner, Ninth B.

The Lens

The East Side High school magazine, The Lens, has just appeared in its November dress and is a credit to editors and publishers alike, it is full of interesting matter from the pens of the high school students. Much of their verse would do credit to a larger, better known publication.

The magazine comes out in an attractive cover of brown and red, suggestive of autumn, with the high school monogram interlaced in a prominent position. The work of the printers and binders is exceedingly neat. A good advertising patronage is sustained and seems to promise a bright future for the paper.

The various interests of the school are represented in the departmental section. Football and other athletics, debating societies, Bible clubs, glee clubs, and all student activities receive their share of attention and the humor side is not forgotten. This number gives an excellent idea of what the school is doing and offers plenty of entertaining reading, so that all who are interested in the school and all who wish to be should read it.

The Magic Cloak

By Rosalia Haworth, Portsmouth, Sixth "A."

One autumn afternoon a picnic crowd gathered near the bank of a creek to eat their lunch. It was a happy, merry crowd; and when one of them said she thought she had seen something very brilliant in the edge of the water, they all laughed at what they called her imagination.

There was quite a discussion among them, whether it was really imagination or the truth.

Then one of the men declared it was so, and after a second hunt, he drew the object to land.

It was a most beautiful garment. It looked as if it might have been a fairy cloak.

They spread it on the grass to dry, and when they were ready to go home it was given to Florence Wells, the girl who had seen it first.

The next night Florence was invited to a party, and as it was a chilly night she wore her beautiful cloak.

Coming home that night it was very dark, and as she didn't know it was magic, she said: "I wish there wasn't any night." It suddenly became all light.

All the people awoke and were very discontented. Her friend told her it must be magic. So finally she said, "Well, then you put it on and wish it would become night again, and that the moon would rise."

Then she put it on and wished, and this instantly happened. All the people came running out to see what had happened, and they were all very much surprised and alarmed.

The girl was very generous with her magic cloak, and many wonderful things happened in that city.

"Decorative Composition"—Stephens, Eighth B.

The Three Turkeys

By Ignatious Towey, Atkinson, 6 B.

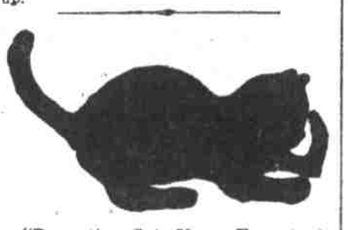
I have had many chickens, dogs, chipmunks and ducks for pets that I liked very much, but now I have a turkey hen and three half-grown turkeys for pets. These I like much better than the rest. The way I got by first turkey wasn't any fun. One day a man asked me if I wanted to buy some turkeys. I then asked my mother if I could have them. She bought eight turkeys. They were small, shivering with cold, and motherless little fellows. Then we made a box for them and put them in. The next morning I went to the box and found three dead and one dying.

Then my mother put some insect liquid on them. It burned their heads and it was a sorrowful sight to see them running around shaking their heads. Some more died the next night. At last some chickens were put in with them. The turkeys seemed to like the chickens. During the day one turkey died and only one was left.

That day my brother and I were playing with the one that was left and I pulled a piece of dead skin off her head. After it was off she ran around trying to pick up a fight.

At last she grew up to be a big turkey and one day she laid an egg. Then she laid another, and laid five more. We then set these five and one hen egg under her. Three turkeys and a small chicken came out.

They grew and grew and at last they became tame. Now they run up to me when I come home from school and want a piece of bread. Every morning they come to the door for a piece of bread. After they have their bread they follow me all over. They still grow and if you try to raise turkeys don't give up.



"Does the Cat Have Faucets in Her Feet to Wash Her Face?"—The question of Marcenia Hankins, Atkinson, Seventh B.

My Squirrel.

By Harold Clark, Atkinson, Sixth B.

One vacation, when we were camping up in Washington, I made a trap to catch squirrels. I set it on a log about a foot from a hole and baited it with a piece of apple and went away. The next day I went to the trap, but there was nothing in the trap. The next morning I got up early and went up early to my trap. When I got about a yard from the trap I heard something chewing at the wood of the trap. Then I knew I had a squirrel in my trap.

I ran back to camp as fast as I could and made a box, with some screen over the front, but left a corner loose to put water and food in the box for the squirrel to eat, but you will see that the door was not satisfactory.

When I started to put him in the cage there was about an inch left between the cage and the top. The squirrel saw the open space and knew it would be his only chance and in a second was on the ground, but our black dog Bob soon saw him and was after him in a second, and the chase began. The squirrel ran under a bench with a bucket on it. Bob, after him, upset the bench and bucket with an awful crash, chased him under the bed, around the middle of the tent a couple of times, then out under the tent. Bob was bigger and therefore rooted up the side of the tent and chased it out into the brush, but never got the squirrel.

Too Near the Lake.

By Geeorge Tornev, Atkinson Seven B.

It was at a literary reading, and Miss Kelly, who was keeping company with a young gentleman by the name of Ed Lake, was editress and was expected to do the reading.

On this particular night Miss Kelly was suffering from a severe cold, and consequently could not read very distinctly, so a Mr. Harding kindly consented to take her place. Imagine Miss Kelly's mortification when, after all the items had been read in order, the following was recited in a loud voice:

"Miss Kelly is suffering from a very bad cold, caused, we suppose, from sitting so long near the Lake."

Halloween

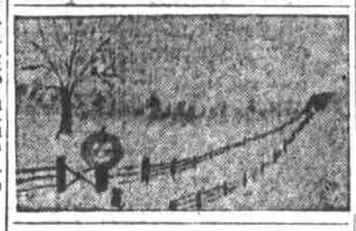
By Portia Baker, Stephens, Seventh B. Illustrated by Edith Mensing, Helen Applegate, Edna Holcomb and Estella McCarl.

ALLOWEEN originated in Scotland, and is mostly celebrated by the Scotch people. It is the evening preceding All Saint's day, "hallow" meaning saint and "een" meaning evening.

On this evening all the witches and goblins of the country are supposed to come abroad and hold private meetings. These witches fly through the air on broomsticks.

One Halloween some girls and I started out, each carrying a jack-o-lantern to have some fun.

As we walked along we began to talk about the witches and goblins which were supposed to be abroad that night. We began to feel rather "spooky." We did not like to own that we were frightened, but we really were. Every little shadow looked like a goblin or a witch.



"Let us go home," said one girl. We all agreed. So we turned around and walked back towards home.

On one gatepost which we passed was a very large 'ack-o-lantern. From this house issued the sound of children's voices and laughter. "Those people must be having a party, or duckling for apples, or doing something that is fun," said I. "Let us duck for apples when we get home," I added. "All right," said the rest of the girls.

At the next corner an ugly jack-o'-lantern was thrust into our faces. We all jumped and were very much frightened. We heard a crowd of boys laughing behind a woodpile.

We hurried home as fast as we could after that, and spent the rest of the evening in ducking for apples and cracking nuts. We found that more fun than going out with jack-o'-lanterns.

A Foreigner's Idea

By Siegfried Thomas, Brooklyn, Grade 5A.

New York is the largest city in North America. It is also the next largest city in the world. Many people come from other countries to live in the United States. English, German and Spanish are the three main languages spoken in North America.

There are many large and valuable mines in North America, and there are great farming and cattle raising regions also. The people manufacture many things and trade with other countries.

There is lots of land for the people in North America. There are rivers, lakes and mountains. There are many kinds of fish in the rivers and lakes, and there are many wild animals in the woods and mountains. The people enjoy to hunt and fish for them in North America.

Railroads cross North America, and there is much travel and trade on the rivers and lakes.

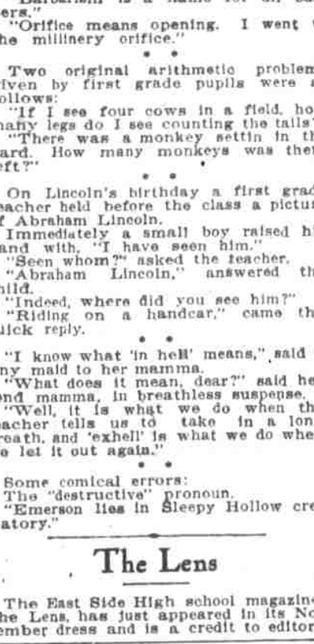
War Is Sometimes Right.

By Lillian Wright, Montavilla, Ninth A.

War, if possible, should always be averted. It sometimes, however, becomes almost a necessity. When trouble of any kind arises nowadays, either between nations, or parts of a nation, it is tried first of all to settle it without war. This cannot always be done, so war is the result. As people become more civilized they are more peaceful, and have less desire to fight. It seems even now, though, that it is man's first nature to want to fight when trouble arises. War is a terrible thing, as so many good men lose their lives. It is also a great expense to the countries, and then after all it does not always heal the wounded feeling. George Washington, the first president of the United States, wisely averted war when this nation was first formed. When the colonists fought against England to gain their rights and liberties, was an instance when war seemed to be right.

The Albina Homestead school, which was to have been represented this week, was unable to send in any material because of the difficulties of "moving house."

"When Ignorance Is Bliss"—By Lucile Allison.



"A Welcome Thanksgiving Figure"—By Dorothy Smith.

CITY EMPLOYE SEES FUTURE

Muse Inspires Elevator Conductor at City Hall in Re Teachers.

ALL THINGS COME TO THEM THAT WAIT

Busy Elevator on Payday Suggests Diplomatic Idea to One Who Knows Ups and Downs of the World.

The following verse, though rather "salmagundi" in meter, shows the profound impression made by the pedagogical masses even upon those with whom they come in contact most casually. The man who has steered the elevator of the city hall for 30 years in its upward and downward course has contributed the following impressions:

Our county treasurer is John L. you all know,
There to cash their checks the school marms all go.

Now they run in the hundreds
And that not very small,
Yet poor John has to cash them
For both short and tall.

Now, John started the habit
Just to be gay,
And the crowd keeps a growing
On each pay day.

"I am sorry I started this thing," John said,
"For the girls used to all go down to Ed.
He is down on the next floor,
Just as handy as I,
Yet not one in ten will my office pass by.

"When it comes to election,
I feel like a goat
With four hundred school marms,
And nary a vote.

"I try to look pleasant
As the girls fall in line
While Ed W. is laughing
Down stairs all the time.

"Some day things may change
And women may vote,
Then I'll be the hero,
And Ed'll be the goat."

—J. S. B.

Oh, Pshaw!

By Myrtle Hogeboom, Atkinson, Seventh B.

Once there was a man who had a calf which he wanted to sell, as he was very much in need of money. So early one morning he arose, put on his best suit of clothes and went to a farmer who lived near by.

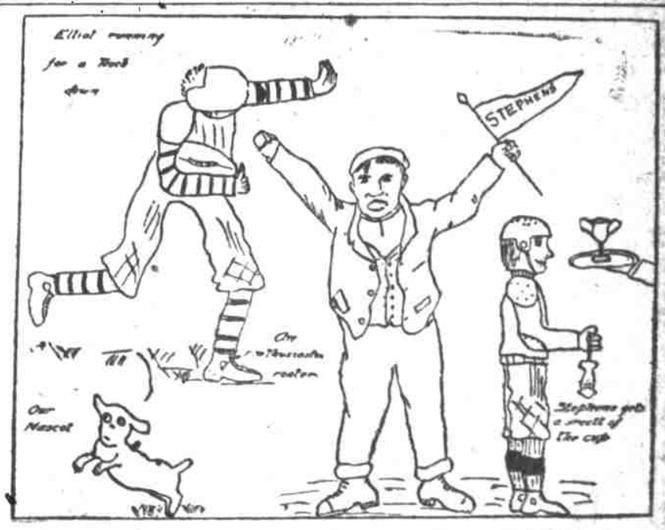
The farmer and his wife were eating breakfast, so he sat down to eat with them. After breakfast he told the farmer what he wanted. The man's wife then advised him to purchase the calf by all means. Accordingly he paid down half the money, and said he would call for the calf in a week. Then the man went happily home, jingling the money in his pocket. The next day he sold the same calf to another farmer, thus making a little more money.

When the first purchaser came to get the calf, the man was gone—also the calf. The next day the second farmer came and the calf was still gone. The two angry men consulted together, and finally decided to take the matter into court.

As the dishonest farmer was going through the streets of the village looking very downcast, a lawyer who was looking out of his window called to him. This legal gentleman asked him what was the matter, but John the calf owner would not tell him, for he thought there was no help for him anywhere.

Finally he told his story, and the lawyer said he knew of an easy way for him to go free. This was to reply "Oh! Pshaw!" to everything the judge asked. When John was in court the judge asked him if he sold the same calf to both of these men and then did not give it to either one. He answered, "Oh! Pshaw!"

The judge at last got tired of being answered in that way. Thinking John was crazy, the judge let him go free. As he went past the lawyer's office, the lawyer shouted to John that he was to bring the money for his help. But John answered, "Oh! Pshaw!" and went on home whistling a merry tune.



"Stephens" Football Spirit"—By Robert Sprague, Eighth A.

A Summer's Vacation

By Ethel Can Scyoc, Peninsula, 8 B.

One bright Sunday morning in June I took the train for a small station that was about 20 miles from my cousin's place. When I reached the station I found my cousin waiting for me with team and buggy. After a long ride we arrived at their home, just in time to escape from being in a hard hail storm.

They had a great many chickens and a good cow, so we had plenty of eggs and fine milk to use, and also vegetables from their garden.

After we finished our morning's work sometimes we would take a stroll upon the beautiful mountain side, among the scattering pines, and gather the wild berries. While upon the mountain side we could see the Columbia river at a distance of about four miles, winding its way through the green valley.

After a pleasant visit of a few weeks I returned home and prepared to start to school again.