WEEK BEFORE THANKSGIVING SHOWS GOOD RESULTS IN SCHOOLS

SEWING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Domestic Science Practical Means for Developing Child's Taste.

By Mrs. A. A. Sanborn, supervisor of Sewing in the Portland Public Schools.

Experience has taught us that any new thought coming to the masses, always meets with opposition from some. So with manual training in the schools we have had the opposing sentiment to combat. With our educators there has been a diversity of opinions as to the best method of presenting a practical education to the child, and only by much study and experience has it been possible to bring the work to its present state.

Educators were the first to discover that the time had come when it seemed necessary to teach through our public schools some of the arts and crafts to fit the pupil for a practical and useful life other than the professional.

To become thoroughly conversant with a subject one must study the method and practice of expressing thought by demonstration. All educators agree that the beginning and successive steps of education must harmonize with the corresponding steps of the child's development. This gives sewing, cutting and fashioning garments one of the first places in the succession of studies to be taken up.

The child has scarcely a point of contact with the world that he so readily perceives as that made by his own garments.

A refined taste in one's dress and belongings has usually been regarded as an acquirement of adult life. But if the child is trained along wholesome natural lines his taste will develop individuality very early.

Under a system which is carefully planned and properly carried out, learning to sew will become a pleasant as well as an instructive part of a child's education. The system should be adopted to the different grades, it should be simple and practical.

The knowledge of making tapestries, embroideries and other beautiful needle-work has been known for centuries, but the problems of putting the art of plain sewing on a scientific basis, and making it a part of the education of woman, is but just being solved.

Since in any work a thorough understanding of its principles, makes it easy, so in sewing, the first steps in the inculcating of those principles which are the foundation of needle-work should be thoroughly taught.

To meet the demand for a practical method and supply the want that has been but inadequately met, teachers along this line have adopted practical method of instruction, as it teaches the proper method of making the different stitches, seams and hems, used in the construction of garments.

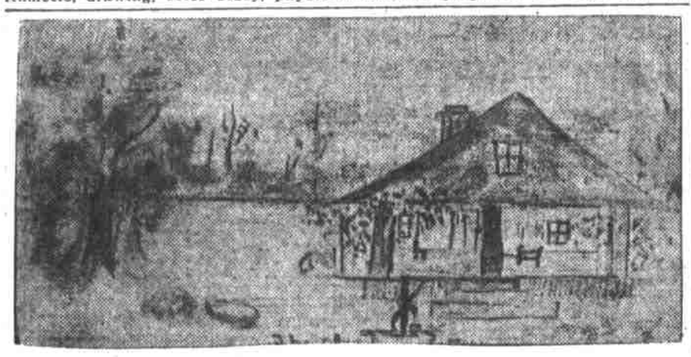
The progress must necessarily be slow, as they are not only learning the stitches and seams but are becoming familiar with the use of needle and thimble.

Having accomplished this the pupil has a correct standard established, and is able to distinguish between the excellent and the worthless, and to judge of the quality of her own work.

The aim of the system is educational. It is planned to train the eye to see correctly, the hand to execute with care and precision.

This being taught in the grades fits the pupil for the more advanced work of the high school, where they are taught cutting and fitting, use of the sewing machine, and all things pertaining to a knowledge of garment-making.

In our work of teaching sewing we touch upon animal life through the sheep, silk worm and other creatures, which in one way or another produce textile threads or the sewing implements. In much the same manner it touches upon plant life. Then, too, arithmetic, drawing, color study, physical



"The Old Brown Cottage"—Drawn by a Modest Pupil With No Signature

training, geography and history may be correlated with the sewing. All manual training makes a pupil more active and observing. It rests certain faculties and interests the pupil in the useful and practical side of life. It also conforms to all the requirements of a culture subject. To be well versed in all kinds of needle work is considered an accomplishment.

In sewing we have a subject whose mastery is of practical value to every girl; a subject that gives her a distinct taste and love for being useful and makes her become a person of worth.

The intellectual activity, which has been aroused and stimulated by this new departure in education, if wisely directed into practical channels, can hardly fail of accomplishing desirable results.

Object-teaching so far as it tends to awaken the intellectual faculties of the child, and to encourage improved habits of study and observation is to be commended and fostered. The practical bearing of this study upon the industries of the country, is shown in the tendency to begin the technical training of the future workman, or workwoman, at a far earlier age than had been before thought practical.

To bring the work up to its present standard in the public schools, many problems have presented themselves. A few we will briefly mention. First, the lack of knowledge on the part of the heads of our institutions of learning in regard to domestic arts. We would not expect them to be well versed on this subject; if they would have been possibly the work would have sooner reached a state of perfection.

There is also a lack in architectural knowledge, in building to meet the demand of the work. In most of the polytechnic schools we have visited we find the sewing room small and poorly lighted, with windows high, tables crowded together, sewing machines in poor light. For sewing we should have large, light, airy rooms, as the work cannot be well done in small, crowded or dark rooms. The surroundings should be of the best, and only by bringing this problem to the attention of those in charge can the problem be solved.

In the manual training department of these schools there were what seemed acres of floor space, machinery, light, every convenience for doing the work properly.

The only solution we can come to from facts gathered is that those in charge do not understand the demands of the work. There seems no adequate reason why we should not have space and equipment for sewing and cooking that is given to the manual training for boys.

A Picnic on the Tualatin River

By Marian Handler, Chapman, Grade Eight A, Age 13.

Our Sunday school class had planned for some time to have a picnic, but it was hard to decide where to go. But at last they agreed to go on the Oregon City carline to the Tualatin. So, at 10:30 one Friday morning we took the car. There were 25 of us, counting the chaperones and all, and the girls from the class all had horns with the class colors, which were lavender and white, streaming from them.

The people on the car, if they were subject to headaches, certainly had one, for such a noise as we did make.

We rode about six miles, as I should judge, and then got off and walked about three blocks across a bridge and took another car and rode about two miles. Then we got off and walked across a tressel and about four blocks in the woods and reached Camp Comfort. It had rained the day before and

"The Chief Actor in the Thanksgiving Drama"—By Frank Davis, Woodlawn, Ninth B.

it was damp in there, for no sunshine could get in. We went on up a little way and stayed at another camp without any name.

Before lunch we went down to the river and tried to catch some crawfish, but only one was caught. We walked from one stone to another until finally we heard the call for lunch. After lunch was over it was quite hot, being about 2 o'clock, so we were rather quiet. Our Sunday school teacher went with part of the girls down to the river and later, when we went down, we discovered that they had crossed and they were now on the other side on some logs. One of the girls had succeeded in getting all wet.

Our teacher sent me after the nets and bait, and after I had gotten them the rest of the girls and myself went across. There were four or five nets and we were trying our luck when suddenly we heard a scream, and turning around found that one of the girls had stepped on a stone that rolled and had fallen into the water.

Of course we knew there wasn't any danger of drowning, but it frightened us. Before we could each her she was up wet, but still happy. It was not much of a task to get dry, as it was quite hot in the sun.

As it was getting quite late and the car was coming for us at about 5:20, we went back to camp to get ready to start.

At 5:30 we were on the car and on our way home it was quite noisy, but not so much as going, for we were tired.

We arrived at town about 7 o'clock and found the only things missing were a couple of purses.

We had a splendid time and I am sure that those who went will remember it for years to come.

Thanksgiving

By Elizabeth Knight, Woodlawn, Eighth B.

The first Thanksgiving was celebrated by the Plymouth colony after the harvest of 1621. They sent men out to get game and birds and invited the Indians near by to come to the feast, which they did, bringing deer and other game with them. This first Thanksgiving lasted for about one week, but nowadays Thanksgiving only lasts for one day.

Thanksgiving has not been held every year since 1621, but has been called for different purposes. In 1862, 1863 and 1864, a proclamation was made for a public thanksgiving. Since that time the president each year appoints a day on which Thanksgiving is held. It is usually observed on the last Thursday in November.

To children Thanksgiving is known as the day for turkey. The school children are generally dismissed the evening of the Wednesday before and do not return to school until the following Monday morning. We term these days the Thanksgiving holidays.

A Funny Incident

By Gladys F., Woodlawn, Fifth B.

One day William Adams came over to our house and gave us a white kitten. The next day Alma and I took it

upstairs to my sister Elsie's room, where she was cleaning up. We took the cat and held it up to her bureau and the cat looked into the mirror. Her tail stood out and her hair on her back was just straight. She began to spit and when she saw that other cat was doing the same she got more frightened and threw nearly all of the things off of the bureau. This was lots of fun.

The E. P. H. S. Glee Club.

By Leora Kernan.

The study of music has been taken up by the girls of the East Portland high school. At present there are about 145 girls who are receiving vocal instruction from Mrs. Rose Coursen Reed. The following officers were elected at our first meeting, which was held October 27: President, Helen Ostrom; vice president, Claire Oakes; secretary, Leora Kernan; treasurer, Verna Clawson. Miss Schloath, one of our teachers, was appointed to oversee the affairs of the club.

WOODLAWN---DAVIS---CHAPMAN

The Envelope

By Margaret Hubbard, Chapman, Grade Fourth B.

Once upon a time I was a piece of white paper. A man folded me up firmly and called me an envelope. He made a great many more like me and put us in a pretty box. He put some white paper with us. We were put in a

"A Study in Composition"—By Stanley Spencer, Chapman, Fourth A.

shop window, and a man bought the box. He took us home and put us on a table.

One day he took me out of the box, because I was on top. He took a pen and ink and began to mark on me. Then he sealed me with a letter inside and put me in a dark box with a lot of other letters. We stayed there a long time, until a man came and put us in a bag. He shook us all up and we bumped our heads together. We stayed there some time, but oh we were on the train. A man took the bag and put it off the train and another man carried the bag to a little office and then he emptied us all out. We stayed in the office a while and a man put us in another bag. He carried us on, and on, and he went into the country. There were only a few houses in the country. There was a big red house, with a big porch, and there was a little girl and boy in the back yard. The man took me out of the bag and slipped me under the door and then he rang the bell. The little girl came and got me and took me to her mother. She opened me and read the piece of paper with the marking on it. Then she put me in a rack where there were many other letters, and one day when she sorted the rack out she put myself and a great many other letters in the fire.

A Boat Accident.

By Richard Montgomery, Chapman, Grade Five B.

One day, about three years ago, as the steamer Bailey Gatzert was just out of the Cascade locks they heard two or three short sharp whistles, which the captain knew belonged to the steamer Ione. Just as they turned a point they saw a terrible sight. The Ione had run on a sand reef, her captain making some mistake about the channel.

The Bailey Gatzert, though a powerful boat, was not strong enough to pull off the Ione. They were certainly in a dreadful fix. The Ione's passengers all were very glad to see help. Though small the Bailey Gatzert was able to take the frightened passengers off the Ione. Just then the Ione began to tilt more than ever to one side and it was said that she would have tipped over had help not come when it did.

Just then the Dalles City came around the bend and after a minute or two was hitched to the Bailey Gatzert and the latter was hitched to the Ione. Before long the Ione was again "on her feet," as the captain said.

The Origin of Portland

By Nyomi Woodcock, Woodlawn.

William Overton was the first man to put foot in what is now Portland, with regard to settlement. Overton and Lovejoy in November, 1843, stepped ashore from an Indian canoe, while they were on their way from Vancouver to Oregon City. Overton thought it would be a fine place for a city, so he got claim to it, but after this he sold his share to W. Pettygrove.

Mr. Pettygrove, being from Maine, wanted to name it Portland after the principal city, while Mr. Lovejoy, being from Boston, insisted on naming it Boston. To settle this they decided to throw a penny, Pettygrove winning. Seeing the look of disappointment on his partner's face he decided to try it again, but two out of three times Pettygrove won. So it was named after the New England city, Portland.

D. H. Lownsdale, who had a tannery on the site of the present Exposition building, bought the share of Pettygrove.

Thus began the great city of Portland which now, in proportion to its population, ranks second in wealth of the cities in the United States.

School Stories in the Public Library

Amicis, Edmondo de—Heart, a school boy's journal.

Barbour, R. H.—"For the Honor of the School."

Brown, H. D.—"Two College Girls."

Coolidge, Susan (pseud)—"What Katy Did at School."

Finn, J. F.—"Percy Wynn."

Hughes, Reysert—"Lakerim Athletic Club."

Hughes, Thomas — "Tom Brown's School Days."

Martineau, Harriet—"Crofton Boys."

Pier, A. S.—"Harding of St. Timothy's."

Rhoden, Ema von—"An Obstinate Maid."

Richards, L. E.—"Peggy."

Smith, M. P. (W)—"Jolly Good Times at School."

Timlow, E. W.—"Nest of Girls."

Tomlinson, E. T.—"Ward Hill at Weston."

Vaile, C. M. (W)—"Orcutt Girls."

Ward, E. S. (P)—"Gipsy's Year at the Golden Crescent."

Historic Grounds.

By Mildred Taylor, Woodlawn, Eighth B.

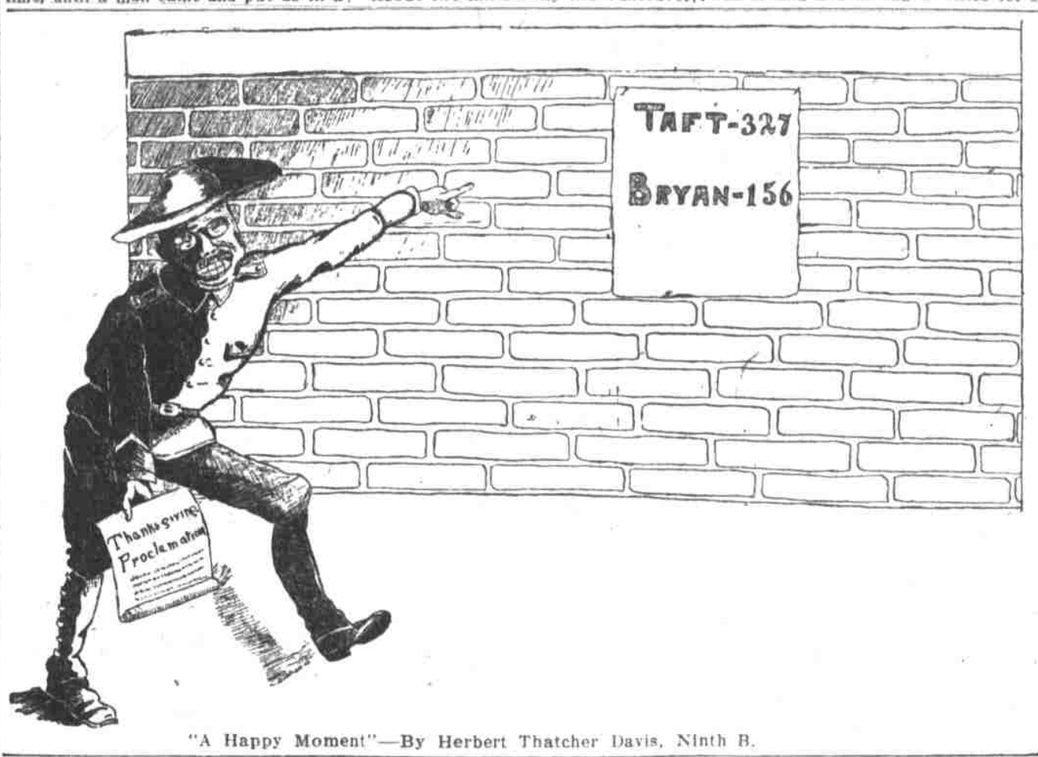
Not far from our school are the scenes of many events. There was once a great nation here in olden times, it consisted of many tribes of Indians, with the Willamette Indians as the leader. The capital was at what is now called Sauvie's island. There are to be found to this day arrowheads, holes where wigwams were, and graves and trails where they cross to the other side.

Lewis and Clark passed down the Columbia river in 1805 and on returning noticed the entrance of the Willamette.

About two miles away lies Vancouver, a spot Lieutenant Broughton named in honor of Captain Vancouver.

Dr. McLoughlin moved to Vancouver in 1824 and made it the consolidated headquarters of the Hudson Bay company, which ruled from Alaska to California and from the Rocky mountains to the sea. They wanted no settlers in the country, for the rivers, mountains and prairies were covered with game claimed by their agents and trappers. The red and white men were good friends while they brought rich furs to Vancouver from all directions.

The geat white chief, as Dr. McLoughlin was called, was visited by many famous men, whom he always welcomed. Many immigrants, cold and hungry, on their way to the Willamette valley, found protection and a friend in this man.



"A Happy Moment"—By Herbert Thatcher Davis, Ninth B.

"The Last Cry of Triumph"—By Axel Berg, Chapman, Third A.

"A Peaceful Scene"—By Marie Wodtly, Chapman, Sixth B.

Alex Yeaton and His Son

By Albert Spildsboel, Chapman, Grade Four B.

Alex Yeaton was a fisherman. He fished for cod.

One bright morning he thought he would go fishing. He and his son went in the boat and they went out to sea and fished.

Alex Yeaton was fishing and he was catching a good many fish. The sky became gray and the wind blew hard. The little boy laughed at the white caps.

A storm came up and Alex Yeaton prayed to God to help his son because he was so small he could not swim. His father was strong and so sure he would be saved that he did not pray for himself.

Alex Yeaton was so sure, but he was drowned.

In the morning the life savers on the shore saw a speck far out in the water. "A wreck! A wreck!" they cried, and went out in their boat and found the little boy tied to an oar.

The boy was not hurt and he was taken home to his mother.

"On the Water"—Drawn by Albert Spildsboel, Chapman, Fourth B, to Illustrate "Alex Yeaton and His Son."

A Walk to School

By Ruth Young, Chapman, Fifth A.

I walk five blocks to school. Some of the blocks are short and some are long. Sometimes I go through a lot and then I get to school sooner than I would if I had gone around the block.

I saw many pretty flowers on my way to school and nice green lawns that have had good care. In some of the lots there are little holes in the ground where the boys play marbles. I most always see lots of boys out in the lot near the school, and they are playing football and blackman.

I heard one time that the pound man was around and he had a whole lot of dogs. Some looked just like our dog.

I feel that I am going to have a good time before school begins. When I heard that the pound man was around and he had a dog that looked like ours, I thought he might possibly have our dog. So I went home, but my dog was home. Then I ran to school again.

View From School Room Window.

By Theodora Stoppenbach, Woodlawn, Sixth B.

Our school is located in an interesting and picturesque suburb of Portland. It stands in the midst of the beautiful autumn trees which are all ablaze in their autumn colors of red, green and gold. This is certainly a beautiful spot.

There is the Columbia river which we can see, with beautiful old oak and balm trees on this side, and the city of Vancouver, Wash., on the opposite side.

Farther in the distance are the snow capped peaks of Mount St. Helens and Mount Adams, with snow covered hills rising around them. I wish that children from many of the other schools had such a grand view from their windows. I am sure that they would enjoy it.

A Witty Retort.

By Marcia Parker, Davis School, NinthB

It happened last summer when we were at the coast. One of my friends and I were walking up the beach. Nearby was a fleshy woman looking for agates, when along came two impudent young fellows.

One looked out over the ocean and said loudly enough to be heard, "My but the whales are in close this morning!"

The other answered in the same tone, "Yes, but I didn't know that they ever came up on shore."

Of course the woman heard; and, being able to carry out a joke, she said rather sarcastically, "You needn't worry, young men. Those on shore won't eat anything green!"

A True Story.

By Eunice Randall Stephens, Fourth B.

Once upon a time a little girl was in school. She was looking out of the window into the park, when she saw a man coming full speed on a wheel. He wasn't watching his business, but he was watching some boys playing football at the other side of the park; but all of a sudden he ran into a tree. He went head over heels over the handlebars, and the little girl laughed right out in school. It happened to be in geography class, and the teacher made her go in front of the class and tell what she was laughing about. She also had to stay in half an hour.

Moral: Never stop your lessons to look out of the window when you are in class.

"A Neat Study"—By Lena Lowe, Chapman, Sixth B.

Coulter's Creek

By Fay Cox, Chapman, Grade Five A.

Coulter's creek starts near Buck's point. Buck's point is a steep point in Colorado. It is called Buck's point because one of the largest bucks was killed there that was ever seen in that country.

It flows through a large tunnel and over a very rugged mountain, for about two miles. It then flows through the farmers' fields and is used for irrigating farms. It also flows through the school yard.

It ends in Cattle creek. Together they flow into the Roaring Fork river, about three miles south of Glenwood Springs. The Roaring Fork flows into the Green river. There has been many people drowned in the great swirl where the two rivers come together.

The creek is very noisy part of the way. There is a large fall in it, which is called the Stairway, because it looks just like a stairway. There are five steps in it.

Coulter creek is noted for the fine trout caught in it. People catch the little trout in nets and put them in ponds or streams near their homes.

IN PURSUIT OF ENGLISH

Mexican Student Finds a Use for a Sixth Avenue Puller In.

There is one young Mexican in town who is serious, muy, muy serious, in his English study. He simply is voracious for English, and if he could find some way to dream English he would consider the sleeping hours better spent.

He is persistent all day. Anything that can speak English is his game. While he is ignorant of the purpose of that American institution the puller in, he was clever enough to see his chance when one of the genus took him by the arm in front of a Sixth avenue clothing shop and begged him to come in.

That man wouldn't try to escape from his practice, he perceived. So for five days he wandered by and was each time eagerly pulled in. On the fifth day of practice he promised to buy 69 overcoats, 10 neckties and 4 suits of clothes "for his friends" the next day, and now that puller in recognizes the sting of the bee and doesn't rush out and find himself giving English lessons to an eager young man.

It was from this professor of Sixth avenue commercial English that the young man acquired all the accent that goes with "a push in the eye."

He and a friend wandered into a church at a Sunday night service. Both are highly polite and when everybody was urged to take a hymn book and stand up and unite in that part of the service the two students of English joined in the hymn.

They thought they found the page or whatever the number was, but neither could read fast enough to sing things strange to them. Neither has cultivated English poetry, but both like music. Both were strong on practice and both did practice so that the two nice old ladies just before them turned around with wonder in their eyes more than once.

Both had but 10 cents with them. It was the day before remittance day. They had carefully read out the sign "Free" before entering the church. But before the hymn was sung the minister had told about a cinematograph exhibition in the church the next week and said something about 10 cents.

So when the contribution basket appeared in their vicinity and was thrust toward them both thought they wouldn't be let out unless they paid that cinematograph 10 cents and gave up their last 10 cents and went out into the street dead broke. Now the Mexican is wary of how he rushes into unknown places for practice.

THE BABY BOXFISHES

Quaint and Pretty Little Creatures Caught in Local Waters.

Not all the fancy fishes come from tropic waters, for proof of which see at the aquarium the tank of little box fishes, 30 or more of them together, taken off Sandy Hook.

These little fishes might fairly be described as cute. They are not much more than two inches in length and they are about half as broad and almost square at the ends of the box fish's familiar shape, which appears to be somewhat accented in its early youth.

Out of one end of this little oblong box sticks the fish's little head and out of the other end its tiny tail, while scattered around on its body are its little fins, which it flutters with great rapidity as it swims, though fast as it may work them the box fish can't swim very fast; its shape is against it in that.

But aside from its other oddities the box fish has a striking feature in its color; with its back of yellowish brown, its underbody is of a bright yellow, and so it is an attraction as well as a quaint little creature. Particularly do the baby box fishes tickle the children.

OREGON THE WONDERFUL

School Boy Surpasses Professional Boosters in Praise of Home.

Oregon.

By Harold Poley, Woodlawn.

Oregon, recently called the Beaver state, is one of the Pacific states lying between Washington and California, with Idaho upon the east. The surface of Oregon is considerably broken. There are two great mountain chains, the Coast range, running parallel with the coast, and the Cascade range, which is surrounded by snow-capped peaks, one of which is a famous peak by the name of Mount Hood. Between these ranges there are very fertile valleys, one of which is the famous Willamette valley. The principal rivers are the Willamette and Columbia.

The climate of Oregon is unexcelled, being due to the warm winds, known as the Japan current, which blow inland during our winter months. Oregon has considerable rain, although being heavier on the coast. The summers are pleasant. The snowfall is greater in the eastern and southern Oregon than it is in the northern part.

The mineral resources of eastern and southern Oregon are extensive, producing gold, copper, nickel and coal. In the year 1900 the yield of gold in Oregon amounted to $3,770,000. Oregon produces more hops, clips more wool, has more standing timber than any other state in the Union. Oregon is the most desirable state in the Union for homeseekers and investors. The fisheries of Oregon are a great resource to our wealth. There are large fisheries in the Columbia river which catch salmon, chief among them being the chinook salmon. The chief manufactures are flour mills, lumber mills, paper mills, woolen mills, machine shops and foundries.

Oregon has good transportation lines, which are the Southern Pacific, Oregon Railroad & Navigation company, the Northern Pacific and the Oregon Electric Railway company. Steamboats also ply regularly upon the Willamette, Columbia and Snake rivers.

The United States government has built locks for the Columbia and Willamette rivers at the cost of about $2,000,000.

The leading educational institutions of Oregon are the State university, located at a beautiful city known as Eugene, the State Agricultural college at Corvallis, and four state normal schools, located at Ashland, Monmouth, Drain and Weston, and also the common schools. Oregon has also a penitentiary, reform school and a school for the blind, all located at our capital, Salem, at the headwater of the said Willamette river.

The principal cities of our state are: Portland, Salem, Astoria and Baker City. Portland, the largest city, having a population of 90,426 in the year 1900, and at the present time probably 225,000. Astoria is the oldest city in the state, being at the mouth of the Columbia river, and was founded by John Jacob Astor.

KNEW THE BRONTES

A Visit to the Parsonage—Shyness of Sisters—Father's Temper.

From Great Thoughts.

It will probably surprise a good many people to learn that one of the curates whom Charlotte Bronte immortalized in "Shirley" is still alive and well. The Rev. James Chesterton Bradley, now living at Richmond at the age of 90, was the original of the "Rev. David Sweeting" in the novel referred to.

"The parish where I went to my first curacy, Oakworth, bordered on the Bronte parish of Haworth," he says, "so I frequently saw all the sisters and their father and brother and had many talks with them."

Mr. Bradley used often to go to Haworth parsonage "for the change and company," and there he met the other curates which Charlotte Bronte has so well described. Concerning the sisters he says:

"All the three sisters were very shy, but perhaps Emily and Anne were worse than Charlotte in that respect. The latter, as I remember her, was a lively talker when once drawn out, a girl of about the ordinary stature or perhaps below it, with features neither very dark nor fair, but with striking, expressive eyes and mouth. She had a particular way of suddenly lifting her eyes and looking straight at you with a quick, searching glance while you spoke to her."

Charlotte Bronte always struck Mr. Bradley as "a young lady with deep prejudices and of strong will."

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Mr. Bradley describes the Rev. Patrick Bronte as "not at all a bad sort in most things. But for temper! I really think he had the vilest temper I've ever seen in a man." He repeats the pistol story, which we believe the latest biographer of Charlotte ridicules, and adds: "I have known him so wild with anger at the merest thing that ran counter to his wish that he would take up the rug from before the fire and throw it on the flames!"

The son he describes as "dreadful"—"a good hearted fellow when sober and right, but too often drinking and wrong to be of any use to those girls in that lonely parsonage."

Place for Everything.

From the Dundee Advertiser.

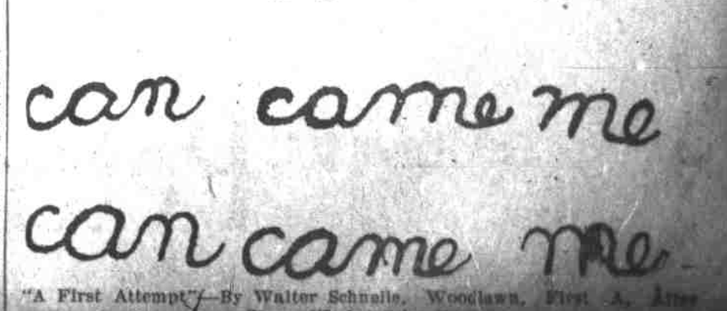
One of the mottoes which though good are rarely applied is "A place for everything and everything in its place." A London cab driver seemed to think that affairs were ordered after this pattern. As he swung down the Strand an American sitting beside him asked him to point out the spots of interest.

"Right you are, sir," agreed the driver, touching his hat. "There's Luggit 'Ill, where they 'ang 'em."

A little later: "There's Parliament 'ouse, where they make the laws wot does it, across the way. An' there's Westminster Habby, where they buried the good 'uns wot didn't get 'anged!"

The steam siren, under 72 pounds pressure, has been heard for 40 miles in tests in the navy. The next powerful noise-maker is the steam whistle, audible 20 miles, while the ordinary whistling buoy has made itself heard 15 miles.

Miss Mary E. Cheek of Toboso, Ohio, is the only regularly appointed woman rural mail carrier in the state. She has served in this capacity for six years.



"A First Attempt"—By Walter Schnelle, Woodlawn, First A, After Seven Weeks' Schooling.