

# EEK OF RENEWED SCHOOL WORK FOR MAIN BUSY FINGERS

## GOOD BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS THAT INSTRUCT AND ENTERTAIN.

By Jessie E. Millard, Children's Librarian, Public Library.

The question of reading for children is of such importance at present, and so many are making plans to buy for Christmas that an exhibit of especially attractive books suitable for children is being held in the children's department at the public library. These books will serve for the guidance of those who are not familiar with literature or who are in need of a suggestion to those in choosing books for Christmas gifts for the small child to the visitor who children will read, as well as what is worth while. In choosing books for children, several things must be considered—first and foremost of all, the taste of the child should guide one in the selection of books to be read. The edition should be the best and well illustrated, to train the child's eye to the beautiful in art; the print clear, the paper good, and the binding sturdy. If you give a child the best he will always want the best. The basis for the judgment of children's books is first the ethical, next the dramatic and after that atmosphere and style. The books in the exhibit range from the picture books for the small child to the historical novel for the older boy and girl.

From some of the books may be mentioned: Walter Crane's and R. Caldecott's picture books and the Crane books especially make the strongest appeal to the child's aesthetic nature and the stories are classic fairy tales and nursery rhymes. The action, coloring and imagination of the picture books are so good that they add variety to the child's collection. They are published by Lane, the cloth binding is \$1.25 and the paper \$0.75. The Caldecott picture books (Warne 75c cloth, 25c paper) are delightfully funny, and although the decorative style is not so good as the Crane's picture book, the drawings are full of character and humor. If you get these books for your little ones you will find yourself laughing over "John Gilpin's Ride" and "The Great Panjandrum Himself" quite as heartily as when you yourself were a child.

From the picture books we come to Mother Goose rhymes that have sung themselves into the hearts of children from one generation to another. The best edition is Andrew Lang's "Nursery Rhyme Book" (Houghton) and the "Big Book of Nursery Rhymes" edited by Walter Jerrold and illustrated by Charles Robinson (Dutton \$3.50). The rhymes are arranged in the old fashion, folk and fairy tales. Horace E. Scudder's children's book (Houghton \$1.50) is a veritable mine of fairy tales, legends and fables.

The children's own Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales translated by Mrs. H. B. Paul (Houghton \$1.50) and the ever welcome fairy tales by the Brothers Grimm, translated by Mrs. E. Lucas (Houghton \$1.50) are in the collection—in fact all the fairy tales, myths and legends which every child would like to know.

Then the old classic myths—Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales," illustrated by George F. Edwards (Houghton \$2.50) and his "Wonder Book" (Houghton \$2.50) illustrated by Walter Crane, gives much pleasure, though expensive.

There are some animal stories also in which the animals talk and reason. The "Animals of the World" edited by Joseph Jacobs (Macmillan \$1.50) which the small child may also have in "Baby's Own Animals" illustrated by Walter Crane (Warne \$1.50), through the delectable history of Reynard the Fox (Am. Bk. Co. \$1.50) and the "Jungle Books" (Century \$1.50) in which Mowgli will tell the boys and girls some wonderful things.

Howard Pyle's "Merry Adventures of Robin Hood" (Scribner \$3), should be in every child's collection, though the story is probably the best retelling of Robin Hood legends. Mrs. Tappan's "Robin Hood" (Little \$1.50) is excellent and not so expensive.

An added pleasure to outdoor life "mid nature's beauties" is the study through books of her glorious mysteries. Robert Chambers' "Orchard Land" illustrated by Reginald Birch (Harper \$1.50) is a very young child's book. Peter and Geraldine come very naturally into complete understanding of outdoor life. They talk with the roachhook and beech very well acquainted. Other friends they make are the dragon fly, the blue jay, the grasshopper and the hawk. When they go to the land we might go to the "Magic Forest" (E. S. White, pub. by Macmillan \$1.25) with Jimmy, who walked in a deep and once while on a sleeping car, he quietly walked off, and after awhile awake in the wild western land. The Oldway Indians adopt him, and although only 9 years old he soon learns the woodcraft and the ways of the Indians.

For the child musically inclined there is Clarence Foraythe's "Old Song for Young America" which is delightfully illustrated in color by E. Ostaritz (Doubleday \$2).

For the boy who loves history, introduce him to ancient history through "The Story of the World" edited by John S. White (Putnam \$1.75).

Among the poetry, which is so beautiful a side of literature, and of which children never seem to tire, is Agnes Repplier's "Book of Famous Verses" (Houghton \$1.50) which is in many of the great poems of the day; also of Katharine Schute's "The Land of Song," which is good for a while, and is in three volumes suited to different ages. In addition to the poems, each volume has a list of poems recommended for children. Then Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child Garden of Verses" illustrated by Jessie Wilcox Smith (Scribner \$2) and "The Book of Childhood" illustrated by Maxfield Parrish (Scribner \$2.50) are all excellent. Among the books of the best things by many poets is E. V. Lucas' "Book of Verse for Children" (Holt \$2).

Francis X. Green's "Legends of King Arthur and His Court" (Ginn 50c) is a simple retelling of a few of the most celebrated Arthurian legends for young people of the Round Table" (Scribner \$1.50) is also a good retelling of some of the King Arthur stories for children younger than those who read Sidney Lanier's "Boys' King Arthur" (Scribner \$2).

Richard Deane's "Robinson Crusoe" (Russell \$1.50) the greatest story of adventure ever written and "Travels" illustrated by E. V. Lucas are as fresh today as if written yesterday for each generation.

Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" illustrated by Tenniel (Macmillan \$1) and the delectable absurdity of Edward Lear's "Nonsense Books" (Little \$2), we must not overlook.

Then there are books for the boy who is interested in manual training, electricity, Indians, adventure, an exhibit of Thomas Nelson Fage's "Two Little Confederates" (Scribner \$1.50) about the little boys who lived on a plantation in Virginia during the civil war and Louis M. Alcott's "Little Women" (Little \$2) the greatest home story ever written and Gertrude Smith's "Arabella and Araminta" (Harper \$1.25), whose delightful illustrations fascinate the younger children are all there also.

Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island" (Scribner \$1.25), a classic in itself and John Ruskin's "King of the Golden River" (Heath 30 cents) the most beautiful sermon ever preached to children in the guise of a fairy tale—also other books by Charles Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, J. F. Cooper, Mary

## West Portland High School Notes

By Mildred Clemons.

The students are back in high school again refreshed after their Thanksgiving vacation and determined to do good work for the three weeks remaining between now and the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. Eugene S. Altman, one of the German teachers of the high school, is away for a couple of weeks attending the national convention of the League of Jewish Women, now being held in Cincinnati. During her absence her chair is being filled by Mrs. A. Menning, a talented German instructor.

On Monday the November issue of "The Cardinal" appeared and was, if possible, even better than the previous issues. The "Without Prejudice" department was especially strong but every department showed careful and thorough preparation.

On Thursday afternoon all the candidates for the coming season's basketball team assembled in one of the rooms of the high school. Twenty-five boys reported, a larger number than ever before in the history of basketball in the high school. If all stay in there will be enough for five teams and from such a "big" number of candidates "Old High" should have splendid first and second teams.

Because of the absence of some of the



"How a Beet Looks"—By Bessie Pelton, Arleta, Second A.

members on the program, the Philoexians were not able to have all of their program on Friday. The part they did have was as follows: "A Talk on the Conditions of the Inhabitants of the Philippines" by Katharine Tyler, a recitation entitled "It," by Hilda Brant; the good old college song, "Boola," by the audience. The To Logelons did not have its regular program on Friday.

The new commercial society, "The Modco," gave a very interesting and beneficial program on Friday. Miss Ethel Grabel delivered the piece entitled "The Village Preacher." Miss Lena Beckett presented a very good paper on "Treasury Department." Miss Bessie Wicks gave a reading titled "Goles and Shoe Leather," the program was concluded with the recitation, "System-ity," by Claude Hagay.

On Friday "The Adelpians" gave the first of a series of programs on "Colonial Life and Character," for the second half of the semester. The programs

are all arranged and each member is assigned to his or her part, hence better results can be obtained as each student knows just when he is to appear on a program. A printed copy of the program for the rest of the term was handed to each member on Friday.

The program given Friday was on "The Virginia," which was the first number was "Old Jamestown as Pictured in 'To Have and to Hold.'" Miss Jessie Young gave this number. Miss Pawley discussed John Smith—"The Last of the Romantic Cavaliers." Elizabeth Busch vividly described "Life on a Virginia Plantation in the Early Days." Miss Althea Hambrée and Gustave Everson gave a discussion on the question, "Was Bacon a Rebel?" The program was concluded with a poem on "Early Virginia Life," by Miss Margaret McPhee.

The Adelpians were glad to take as one of their members the poetess, Miss Ruth Steiner.

Miss Sadie Williams and Eva Roche were made Philoexians.

"A Tidy Homestead"—By Everett Fleck, Creston, Second B.

as though he were hunting for something to do, I went over to him and asked what he was looking for. He said he was looking for two little birds which two boys had shot in the yard. I found two little birds and I wrapped them up. They were not quite dead yet. But they died in a few minutes. Then I put them down on the grass again.

## Chapman School Musical Recital

At Ellers recital hall the Chapman school held its recital Tuesday afternoon with the following program:

Chorus—"The Lullaby"  
Chorus—"The Goldenrod"  
Piano solo—"Parentalia," Bernice Moyer  
Piano solo—"The Great Trio"  
Piano solo—"Jacky Frost"  
Piano solo—"First Grade Pupils"  
Piano solo—"Ernest Morgan"  
"Underneath the Old Umbrella"  
Note Reading  
Second and Third Grade Pupils  
"Bird of the Azure Wing," two-part song  
Piano solo—"Blue Violets"  
Piano solo—"Gilbert Morgan"  
Chorus—"The Dreamer," Wayne Loder  
Chorus—"The Dreamer," Fifth Grade Pupils  
M. Dodge, Edward Eggleston, Charles Kingsley, Ezekiel Sutherland, Helen Hunt, Jackson, Edward, Brooks, and many, many other good authors.

Through the deep forests of books which are published for children, may this list serve in some sort as a safe trail.

## ARLETA, LENTS, CRESTON SCHOOLS

### Observations on a Portland Street Car

By Dorothy K. Collins, Arleta, Eighth A.

If a person is at all observing there is much to be seen, both interesting and amusing on a Portland streetcar.

Portland has among its population almost every race of people, and it is interesting to study the different nationalities, as one sees them on the car; the Indian with his squaw, the Chinaman usually with a bundle of clothing to be washed, the negro, the Turk, the dago—we find them all on a Portland car.

Something that always amuses me greatly when I ride on the side-seated cars, is the two long rows of feet on either side of the car; big feet, little feet, flat feet, feet well shod, and feet



"A Study in Trees"—By Myrtle Kelly, Creston School.

almost shoeless. When you get tired with the long ride in from the city, just take a look at the feet and see if you aren't interested.

Did you ever think how it looked to chew gum on a streetcar? I saw a middle aged woman get on the car at Laurelwood one day and she kept her jaws moving about as fast as the car did, all the way into Portland. It certainly did not make her appear very ladylike.

If you want to have a pleasant ride board a Mount Scott car about 7 o'clock in the morning or 6 in the evening. To one who is inclined to look on the sunny side, it is really very funny to hear the "roasts" the railway company get; to hear the conductor call out "Move up in front" or "Sleep forward in the aisle," when the car is so crowded there isn't room to move anywhere.

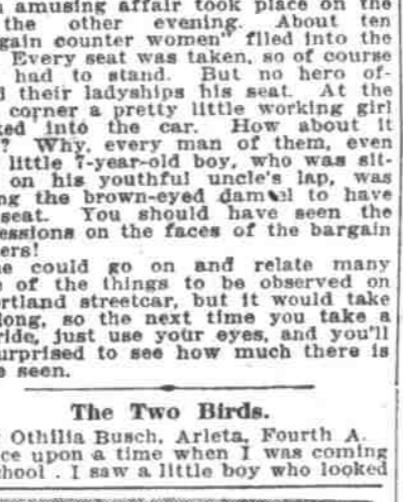
An amusing affair took place on the car the other evening. About ten "bargain counter women" filed into the car. Every seat was taken, so of course they had to stand. But no hero offered their ladyships his seat. At the next corner a pretty little working girl walked into the car. How about it then? Why, every man of them, even to a little 7-year-old boy who was sitting on his youthful uncle's lap, was asking the brown-eyed damsel to have his seat. You should have seen the expressions on the faces of the bargain hunters!

One could go on and relate many more of the things to be observed on Portland streetcars, but it would take too long, so the next time you take a car ride, just use your eyes, and you'll be surprised to see how much there is to be seen.

### The Two Birds

By Othilia Busch, Arleta, Fourth A.

Once upon a time when I was coming to school, I saw a little boy who looked



"A Coast Scene"—By Ruth Doerges, Arleta, Sixth A.

torian where we saw hundreds of fishermen with their odd and picturesque craft engaged in catching "king salmon." We left the boat at Meigler, a station across from Astoria, and a ride on the train brought us to our destination, where a host of friends and my sister were waiting at the depot. O, I had some hard times while I was there but it is all over now.

We stayed there a week and the next day I took sick for going into the ocean one day, and soon after that we went home.

"A Tidy Homestead"—By Everett Fleck, Creston, Second B.

we left Portland we had a fire drill on the boat, which proved to be very interesting and amusing to us all. A good many passengers got a good duck-out for not getting out of the way in time. After the fire drill we went down to the engine room and also to the cook's galley.

One of the cooks gave us some fruit which we enjoyed very much after going back to our state room. After viewing and enjoying the "grand Columbia river," we at last reached Astoria.



Free Hand Map of History.

### A Baseball Game

By Irving Oehler, Creston, Seventh A.

That afternoon there was to be a ball game. Jack and Jim were on the same side. Jim was pitcher and Jack was catcher.

The side Jack and Jim were on won and Jack said:

"I hadn't caught that ball we would have lost."

"I put two men out and we won," said Jim.

"You mean I won the game," said Jack.

"Oh, no, I won, didn't you see me catch that fly?" said Jim.

"Yes, but I caught a foul," said Jack. "so you see that made the other side lose."

"Here's a stick," said Jack, "which side do you choose?"

The dark side.

Jack tossed the stick into the air. When it came down the dark side was up. "I won," said Jim.

Jack looked at Jim and walked home feeling very angry.

### The Attractions of Portland

By Lynn Woodcock, Arleta, Seventh B.

Portland, which is the largest city in the northwest, has many attractions. It is a seaport and receives tropical fruits, tea, silk, rice and many other things from different parts of the world. In return it sends back lumber, wheat, fruit, flour and vegetables.

There are many fine homes on Portland Heights.

The City Park is also on Portland Heights. Many different kinds of animals, trees and birds are kept there.

The observation car leaves Second and Washington streets at 10 and 2 o'clock daily for a 60-mile trip through the principal streets and suburbs, to the union depot, the City Park and Portland Heights and along the water front.

At the city hall there are many things of interest. There are many different kinds of stuffed birds and animals, large and small, eggs of different birds, shells, and Indian relics. In the Oregon historical rooms are guns, kettles, saws, chairs, wagons, beds and many other things which were brought across the continent in the early days.

A person can spend hours looking at the things of interest, and still not have seen all there is to see.

### The Amazon River

By Gladys Dix, Lents, Five A.

The Amazon river rises in the Andes mountains only a few miles from the Pacific coast and flows eastward across South America to the Atlantic ocean, through the middle of the rainy region. With its many large tributaries it forms the largest river system in the world. At its mouth it is so wide that one cannot see across it from one bank to the other, and even a rail way across the continent is several miles wide.

It is so deep that large steamers sail up the river as far as the Andes. In the wet season the river is from one to 200 miles wide. From the Andes to the mouth of the river the water is so shallow that if the trees were cut down it would look like a plain it is so level. The Amazon is in the hot zone and if you find some mold on them and if you left your shoes over night you would find some mold on them and if you left your shoes over night you would find some mold on them.

### The Sleeping Beauty. (Reproduction)

By Raymond Cayo, Creston, Six B.

One day a king and queen had a beautiful daughter, both to them. So they decided to have a feast. They invited the seven good fairies to come.

They all came and, besides them, there came a wicked old fairy. After the feast they gave gifts to the princess. Some gave grace, others gave beauty, others gave good wealth.

At last the old fairy came and said, "I hope she will pierce her finger with a spindle when she gets older." So the king ordered every spinning wheel out of the country.

When the princess grew up, she went up into the tower where someone was spinning. She seized the spindle, pierced her finger and at once fell into a deep sleep.

About 100 years later, a prince was hunting in the thornwood which had grown up around the castle. When he saw the tower, he went in and found everybody asleep.

Then he went up into the tower where he found the princess asleep. He touched her hand and everyone awoke. They were married the next day. The old castle and everything disappeared. The prince and the princess lived happily ever afterward.

### The Snail (From Observation)

By Alice Swartz, Arleta, Third A.

The snail's house is found under logs. They like damp mossy places. Her house is five stories high and is made of white shell. The door is at the large part of the shell and she makes it herself. Baby snail's house is one and a half stories high. The house is red brown in color.

She comes out of her house very slowly. She puts her feelers out first, then she puts out her horns. Her eyes are on her horns. She looks to see if anything can hurt her.

First they are the under part of her body. Her body is red brown, too. She puts out a gus from her body to help her walk. Her eggs are laid in a hole. These baby snails have shells when they are older.

### The Umbrella

By Margaret Rones, Creston, Seventh A.

One day two boys were digging in the garden and were going to plant some seeds. They were not brothers but very close friends. One was a light haired boy with dark eyes and his name was Dick Somers, while the other had dark hair and cold gray eyes. His name was Otto Ferris and he was not a very good boy. They were trying to think of some way to earn some money to buy a gun.

"I am getting too tired to dig any more," said Otto.

"Well, I'd like to know what that thing is," said Dick.

"Oh, it's nothing but a piece of cloth," said Otto, who started to walk away. "I'm not serious. It's a purse and it's got something in it because it rattles."

"Let's buy a gun," said Otto.

"No, no, it's awfully old anyway. I guess it don't belong to any one but we'll ask father."

They went to Mr. Somers and asked if it would be right to keep the money. Mr. Somers said it would be for the owner must have been dead years ago. The boys went away with happy hearts.

### Aweto

By Henrietta Hastings, Arleta.

Among the many curiosities of the animal and vegetable kingdom, is the Aweto or vegetable caterpillar of New Zealand. This caterpillar grows to about three inches in length, when it buries itself in the ground.

After remaining in the ground for some time, a tiny plant like sprout begins to appear above the surface of the ground. This sprout grows from the head of the Aweto to the height of six to eight inches.

The nature of the caterpillar is thus changed from the animal to the vegetable. If the plant be cut open, every tiny vein and organ of the animal life is shown.

These Awetos are found quite plentifully throughout New Zealand under the Rata trees. They are much sought by the natives, who sell them to tourists as curiosities.

### Where Molly Found Thanksgiving

By Ruth Love, Lents, Fourth B.

When Molly was a little girl her papa and mamma died. Molly went to the Orphans' home, and she was a little orphan girl. Molly didn't know what Thanksgiving was. They didn't have Thanksgiving in the orphan home.

One day after the nurse had scolded Molly, she sat out under a tree and listened to the birds sing when some children went by talking about Thanksgiving.

"What is Thanksgiving?" exclaimed Molly. "The children would not pay any attention to Molly."

Molly got up and said she would find Thanksgiving in the distance where there was a house. She came to the house and went in.

When the people were all in the front room playing blind man's buff, Grandpa was blinded. The one he caught first had to go home with him and stay a year with him. They have a great many dimes, these do not work usually. The dimes he kills these dimes off in the sun.

In one hive I noticed that the drones were working. This is very seldom done.

### The Snow

The snow is falling thick and fast upon the window sill; We hear it on the ground, To ride down creaking hill.

And oh! what jolly times we have, When snow is on the ground, As up the hills we pull our sleds, And then come whizzing down.

But then just think how sad we feel, Out shines the winter sun, And melts away the glorious snow, That gave us so much fun.

—By Carl Carlson, Arleta, Fifth.

### Harry's Fishing Trip

By Esther Bartholomew, Lents, Seventh B.

Harry was a small boy of 10 years, who had lived in the city all his life. He had never known the joys of the fishing trip.

Sometimes his more fortunate cousins, who lived in the country, would visit and "take him thrilling stories of their hunting and fishing trips. These stories would make Harry's eyes grow as large and round as saucers, and the first thing he did was to dance with joy.

They started for the farm the next day and arrived there safe and sound. This delighted Harry very much and he was a source of delight to Harry and he would often come in with a very large and simple thing. At least that was what his cousins thought.

Two days after they arrived at the farm they went fishing and Harry was so nervous that he dropped his bait several times before they got to the little creek where they generally fished. It was a very beautiful spot, the trees leaned over and shaded the stream as if to guard it from any harm, and the grass underneath, on the bank, was soft and green.

Harry made such a noise all the time they were waiting for the fish to bite that the boys warned him that they would go home and not fish at all, if he didn't be quiet. Then when the boys had just getting settled down he glanced into the clear depths of the stream and saw a fish. Dropping his pole with a shriek of delight he plunged into the water after it.

Now this was a very silly thing to do, but Harry was so excited that all he thought of was getting hold of the fish.

Both boys jumped in after him, and after a good deal of splashing they got him out.

"Why-Why didn't you let me catch him?" said Harry, who was the unthankful boy who spluttered out.

The boys sniffed and all three walked home in silence.

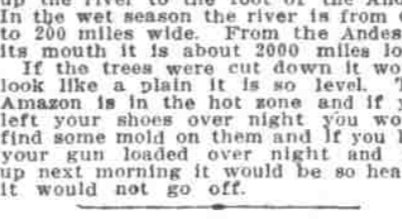
Moral: Think before you leap.

### The Adventures of an Umbrella

By Ethel Blatchley, Arleta, Eighth A.

My mistress loaned me one day to a thoughtless girl, who was glad of the favor at the time, but forgot to return it.

After a few days' absence, they came to wonder why I didn't return it. One day I was loaned again, and they took me out in a hard rain storm, and broke two of my ribs, and tore my



The Umbrella.

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The Umbrella's Mission.

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly; 'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy." Drawn by Gayte Bartel, Second B.

### Just a View

By Opal Hall, Creston, Sixth A.

There are seven houses all in a row, and many people in each house. In this house there are two stories, one for themselves and one for their work. Their work is to make a sweet liquid called honey.

Every house has a ruler called a queen. She works very hard all the time. She sees to the young ones and when they are born there are so many young ones that the old ones have to find a new home.

First they send out scouts to find the home, and while they are gone the other bees, called a swarm, come out a queen always comes out with the swarm. Then they don't capture them before the scouts get back they will go to their new home in the woods in a hollow tree, or in a hole in a log, or in a hole they think will do for a home.

When the sun shines they come out for food. By the first of spring they begin to make honey for themselves for the next coming winter. Then by summer they begin to make honey for the winter. They have a great many dimes, these do not work usually. The dimes he kills these dimes off in the sun.

In one hive I noticed that the drones were working. This is very seldom done.

### The Busy People

By Aldyth Chase, Creston.

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By Gladys Dix, Lents, Five A.

The Amazon river rises in the Andes mountains only a few miles from the Pacific coast and flows eastward across South America to the Atlantic ocean, through the middle of the rainy region. With its many large tributaries it forms the largest river system in the world. At its mouth it is so wide that one cannot see across it from one bank to the other, and even a rail way across the continent is several miles wide.

It is so deep that large steamers sail up the river as far as the Andes. In the wet season the river is from one to 200 miles wide. From the Andes to the mouth of the river the water is so shallow that if the trees were cut down it would look like a plain it is so level. The Amazon is in the hot zone and if you find some mold on them and if you left your shoes over night you would find some mold on them and if you left your shoes over night you would find some mold on them.

## The Sleeping Beauty. (Reproduction)

By Raymond Cayo, Creston, Six B.

One day a king and queen had a beautiful daughter, both to them. So they decided to have a feast. They invited the seven good fairies to come.

They all came and, besides them, there came a wicked old fairy. After the feast they gave gifts to the princess. Some gave grace, others gave beauty, others gave good wealth.

At last the old fairy came and said, "I hope she will pierce her finger with a spindle when she gets older." So the king ordered every spinning wheel out of the country.

When the princess grew up, she went up into the tower where someone was spinning. She seized the spindle, pierced her finger and at once fell into a deep sleep.

About 100 years later, a prince was hunting in the thornwood which had grown up around the castle. When he saw the tower, he went in and found everybody asleep.

Then he went up into the tower where he found the princess asleep. He touched her hand and everyone awoke. They were married the next day. The old castle and everything disappeared. The prince and the princess lived happily ever afterward.

## The Snail (From Observation)

By Alice Swartz, Arleta, Third A.

The snail's house is found under logs. They like damp mossy places. Her house is five stories high and is made of white shell. The door is at the large part of the shell and she makes it herself. Baby snail's house is one and a half stories high. The house is red brown in color.

She comes out of her house very slowly. She puts her feelers out first, then she puts out her horns. Her eyes are on her horns. She looks to see if anything can hurt her.

First they are the under part of her body. Her body is red brown, too. She puts out a gus from her body to help her walk. Her eggs are laid in a hole. These baby snails have shells when they are older.

## The Umbrella

By Margaret Rones, Creston, Seventh A.

One day two boys were digging in the garden and were going to plant some seeds. They were not brothers but very close friends. One was a light haired boy with dark eyes and his name was Dick Somers, while the other had dark hair and cold gray eyes. His name was Otto Ferris and he was not a very good boy. They were trying to think of some way to earn some money to buy a gun.

"I am getting too tired to dig any more," said Otto.

"Well, I'd like to know what that thing is," said Dick.

"Oh, it's nothing but a piece of cloth," said Otto, who started to walk away. "I'm not serious. It's a purse and it's got something in it because it rattles."

"Let's buy a gun," said Otto.

"No, no, it's awfully old anyway. I guess it don't belong to any one but we'll ask father."

They went to Mr. Somers and asked if it would be right to keep the money. Mr. Somers said it would be for the owner must have been dead years ago. The boys went away with happy hearts.

## Aweto

By Henrietta Hastings, Arleta.

Among the many curiosities of the animal and vegetable kingdom, is the Aweto or vegetable caterpillar of New Zealand. This caterpillar grows to about three inches in length, when it buries itself in the ground.

After remaining in the ground for some time, a tiny plant like sprout begins to appear above the surface of the ground. This sprout grows from the head of the Aweto to the height of six to eight inches.

The nature of the caterpillar is thus changed from the animal to the vegetable. If the plant be cut open, every tiny vein and organ of the animal life is shown.

These Awetos are found quite plentifully throughout New Zealand under the Rata trees. They are much sought by the natives, who sell them to tourists as curiosities.

## Where Molly Found Thanksgiving

By Ruth Love, Lents, Fourth B.

When Molly was a little girl her papa and mamma died. Molly went to the Orphans' home, and she was a little orphan girl. Molly didn't know what Thanksgiving was. They didn't have Thanksgiving in the orphan home.

One day after the nurse had scolded Molly, she sat out under a tree and listened to the birds sing when some children went by talking about Thanksgiving.

"What is Thanksgiving?" exclaimed Molly. "The children would not pay any attention to Molly."

Molly got up and said she would find Thanksgiving in the distance where there was a house. She came to the house and went in.

When the people were all in the front room playing blind man's buff, Grandpa was blinded. The one he caught first had to go home with him and stay a year with him. They have a great many dimes, these do not work usually. The dimes he kills these dimes off in the sun.

In one hive I noticed that the drones were working. This is very seldom done.

## The Snow

The snow is falling thick and fast upon the window