

PROPHETIC INSTINCT OF PUPILS SUGGESTS SCENE LAST WEEK

HAWTHORNE, SUNNYSIDE AND GLENCOE SCHOOLS

East Side High School Notes

By Edward C. Garcia.
Although overwhelmingly out into by the Christmas holidays and completely paralyzed by the present condition of the weather, the last month at the East Side high school has been for the most part an unusual activity among the students. Organizations have been formed almost daily, athletics have been renewed in the form of basketball, and the material for the coming "Lens" has been daily finished and prepared by the able staff, and through all this, the bulky lessons have been continually prepared and recited to the general satisfaction and approval of the teacher.

Although the practical organization is the Camera club, which a progressive body of "kodakists" have lately set afloat on the great and expanding sea of East Side enterprise. This particular club has a list of 50 members, it was recently organized by 23 pupils and two kindly disposed teachers. The newly formed club has adopted an admirably well planned constitution, elected a full list of officers and furthermore, to insure the activity of each member, has arranged for nine separate committees, each consisting of five members. The officers elected are: President, George Fraser; vice president, Edith Brobst; secretary, Mary Davies; assistant secretary, Beatrice Doty; treasurer, Blaine Ackley; sergeant at arms, Edith Brobst. The club has a list of 50 members, it was recently organized by 23 pupils and two kindly disposed teachers. The newly formed club has adopted an admirably well planned constitution, elected a full list of officers and furthermore, to insure the activity of each member, has arranged for nine separate committees, each consisting of five members. The officers elected are: President, George Fraser; vice president, Edith Brobst; secretary, Mary Davies; assistant secretary, Beatrice Doty; treasurer, Blaine Ackley; sergeant at arms, Edith Brobst.

The girls' Glee club, consisting of 150 members, is a colossal body of sweet-toned students, who have recently organized. The club has been fortunate enough to secure the weekly instruction of Mrs. Walter Reed, under whose direction such perfection has been reached that the club is soon to appear in all its glory before the school, an event which is anticipated with delight by the student body.

The basketball team has been practicing throughout the month and an all-star team will undoubtedly be turned out. Games are scheduled for the coming week and are being looked forward to with interest by the student body.

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The coming "Lens" will necessarily be delayed as a result of the closing of school on Thursday and Friday. When the paper does appear, it will, without doubt, come forth with all its excellence and perfection. For, within the last few issues, "The Lens" with a remarkable leap has landed foremost among the school journals of the whole country.

There are many holidays in Sweden, but the one which is considered best and which the children enjoy the most is Christmas, or Jul as the Swedish children call it. But the same kind of peaceful spirit is shown here as there. All wish peace and happiness to each other as their hearts overflow with gratitude towards him who gave us the best Christmas present.

The birds have flown to the south. The leafy trees are bare. And old King Winter awakes his scepter. The harvests are gathered in. And stored in barns so warm. No more the weary reaper. Goes to his rest so late.

The snow is falling through the air. Covering all things with a mantle fair. The beautiful crystals make no sound. As gently they drop to the cold bare ground.

We love old Winter with his snow. And for the wintry breeze that blows. Tidings of Christmas and the glad new year. Filling every heart with cheer.

Original Poetry.
By Claud Roycroft, 9 years old, Williams Avenue, Third A.
RAMBLING.
As I ramble in the lane
And watch the clouds pass by,
I love the sunshine and the rain
I love the clear blue sky.

LOVE.
I love the flowers, I love the birds,
I love the babbling brook,
I love the green and leafy trees,
Above all I love my pool.

The Bunnies Removing the Decorations—By Dorothy Smith, Sunnyside, Ninth A.

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Reading For Children

The following books may be found in the children's department of the public library:

WAR STORIES.
Barnes, James—"For King or Country," a story of two brothers who took opposite sides in the war of the revolution.
Canavan, M. J.—"Ben Come," tale of the French and Indian war, and of the exploits of Rogers' Rangers.
Coffin, C. C.—"Winning His Way," how a plucky boy not only won his way through poverty and trials, but did brave deeds as a soldier in the union army.

Goss, W. L.—"Jack Alden," a boy's adventures in the Virginia campaigns, and how he escaped from Liberty prison.
King, Charles—"Trooper Ross and Signal Butte," two stories of frontier life and Indian warfare.

Page, T. J.—"Two Little Confederates," the little confederates are two boys who are left at home on a plantation during the war, and who have all sorts of adventures with confederate and union soldiers.
Stoddard, W. O.—"Battle of New York," adventures of two boys during the draft riots of New York and at the battle of Gettysburg.

Stoddard, W. O.—"Red Patriot," an Indian boy and a horse are the heroes, and together they do good service for their country.
Tomlinson, E. T.—"Search for Andrew Field," boys' adventures on Lake Ontario during the war of 1812.

Tomlinson, E. T.—"Boy Soldiers of the Press," Tom Gurnet's experience with the "press gang."
Tomlinson, E. T.—"Boys With Old Hickory," last volumes of the battle of 1812 series. It tells of the battle of New Orleans.

Tomlinson, E. T.—"Three Colonial Boys," how three colonial boys went to Cambridge with powder for the Continental army, with other events of the days of '76.
Tomlinson, E. T.—"Three Young Continentals," the young continentals settle in the battle of Long Island under General Stirling.

Tomlinson, E. T.—"Washington's Young Aides," among the events are the retreat and advance of the patriot forces, the raids of the pine robbers and the temple of the gods.
Tomlinson, E. T.—"Two Young Patriots," relates to Burgoyne's invasion.

THE AMERICAN ARMY.
Austin, O. P.—"Uncle Sam's Soldiers," a story of the war with Spain, for boys who want to learn about West Point, army organization, coast defense, military life, the club life, and modern military methods in general.
Coffin, C. C.—"My Days and Nights on the Battle Field," tells of the experiences at the battle of Bull Run, the naval fight at Memphis, the battle of Vicksburg, and the capture of Fort Fisher and Johnston.

Custer, Mrs. E. B.—"Boots and Saddles," a story of the war with Spain, for boys who want to learn about West Point, army organization, coast defense, military life, the club life, and modern military methods in general.
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Mrs. Brown's New Year's Bargain

By Beatrice Palmer, Sunnyside.
Mrs. Brown sat at the uncluttered breakfast table and luxuriated in a quiet perusal of the morning paper, with the help of another cup of coffee. As her eyes ran over the columns of sales her glance rested upon an ad which read about like this:

NEW YEAR'S BARGAINS.
Great Shirtsale, fine embroidered shirts, reduced; half price, \$2.00. Today only.
As she saw this Mrs. Brown thought, "This is just the time to get bargains. I may get just what I want. The children are all at school and I can get back by 12 o'clock."
She hurriedly piled up the dishes and putting on her hat and coat ran downstairs just in time to see the car pull out and leave her.

By the time the next one came she just ran through the gates as the ferry started. At last she arrived at the store and found a pushing, pulling crowd of women trying to get to the counters. When she at last succeeded in getting to a waist she thought would go well with her gray skirt the crowd had somewhat diminished and she got out safely.

When Mrs. Brown reached the Ferry building, after a long morning of strenuous bargaining, she found she had missed the ferry and there was a long hour to wait. As she sat waiting she thought, with a somewhat guilty conscience, of the children coming from school to an empty house and no lunch or mother.

When she got home she was nearly tired to death and just as she was sitting down to rest, her neighbor from across the street came in. Mrs. Brown immediately called out:

"Oh, Mrs. Jones, I have been to the city today and got the greatest bargain for my trip to England."
She then showed Mrs. Jones the shirtwaist and after looking at it for a minute, Mrs. Jones said:

"Mrs. Jones, I was over in the city last week and got a shirtwaist just like this for \$1.98."

My Trip to England.
By Eva Hodges, Glencoe, Sixth B.
When my story opened I was a little girl of two and I was going to England. We left on the first day of September. The steamer was called the Leona.

We stopped at Key West to get a large load of enormous turtles. The deck was covered with them. They put them on their backs as they couldn't crawl away. They were taking them to New York.

We stayed there about a half a day. Papa hired a launch and drove us all around Key West. We saw the largest banyan tree in the world. In this place I saw many boys dive into the water after money.

After they finished loading we went back on board and started for New York. We got there in three or four days.

The first thing we saw was the statue of liberty, which is very large. The harbor is very beautiful, as you sail in. We went to Central Park. We saw General Grant's tomb, where he is buried. We stayed in New York about a week, then started for England.

There was no fair to see, so many people were sick. It is very nice to be on the ocean, but we were glad when we saw land again.

England is very beautiful. They have very fine roads. The house we lived in was very large and so was the yard. There was a high English trellis around the place, a large underground cellar which was very dark. At the end of the cellar were some singing carols at your window. People usually give them something.

I came back when I was four, which was two years. Coming back the seas were very rough and a great many people were seasick.

There was a man on board who was always saying he had never been seasick. One morning he came down looking like he was feeling quite ill. His shoes were not buttoned, his hair not brushed, his cuffs not on. He did not care how he lived or died. He was a very old man. We were soon in New York. From there we went to Beaumont. He stayed there a few months and then went to Galveston where we were in the Galveston flood. I am now 13 and live in Mount Tabor.

A Trip to the Country

By Lucile Cooke, Glencoe, Seventh B.
Last summer during vacation my mother, brother and I decided we would take a trip to Boring, which is on the Cazadero line about 25 miles from Portland.

We started Friday morning on the 11 o'clock train, and arrived there at 1 o'clock. My cousin and aunt were at the station to meet us, and they were very glad to see us. We spent Friday and Saturday at Boring.

On Sunday morning it looked so nice we thought we would take a drive over to Damascus about six miles from Boring. We started from about 9 o'clock, and arrived at my uncle's at 12 o'clock, just in time for dinner. They were all glad to see us. We went to visit my cousin and I went after dinner my cousin and I went to the barn to hunt eggs.

A little above my head I saw a hole in the hay and I stuck my hand in to see what I could find. The first thing I knew an old hen had given me a good peck on the hand. That was the last egg we hunted. A little later we went to see the little pigs. They were about four weeks old and were as playful as little puppies.

The main roads were bare Line road, and then went into the house. About 4:30 we started for our drive back to Boring and from there we took the car home. We reached home about 5:30, very tired from our long ride on the wagon and on the car, but feeling well satisfied with the happy days spent in the country.

History of Mount Tabor Long Ago.
By Grace Kan, Glencoe school, Sixth B.
About 30 years ago Mount Tabor was nothing but forests and woods. There were a few houses there at that time. The first car ran over Mount Tabor, so the people had to go to some spring or well for it.

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THE NEW YEAR IN PERSON

Schoolboy Creates Personal Picture of the Succeeding Years.

Marion Martin, Sunnyside, Ninth A.
At half past eleven on the night of December 31, as the old year, whose name was 1908, was preparing to leave for the north pole, where all the years are made, I heard a faint tap at his door. Jumping up, he opened it, and there standing on the step was a small year.

He was dressed in white, with an hour glass and a scythe in one hand and in the other he had a wonderful grip. This grip was full of ice, snow and sleet from long time past, and although he could let out all the snow and ice he wanted, it never got empty. The old year, whose eyes were very weak, could not see him good, and he said in a gruff tone, "Who's there, and what's wanted?"

"The new year, sir, can you tell me where the old year lives," said the young year, 1909, timidly.
"He lives over there, where all the years are made, I heard a faint tap at his door. Jumping up, he opened it, and there standing on the step was a small year."

"Yes, sir," said 1909.
"Come right in. Glad to see you," said 1908. "You see, my eyes are weak and I couldn't see who was there. What's the news from home?"

"It's the news from home," said 1909. "I have had an awful hard time to find you. But 1901 died of a broken heart because he wanted to come to earth with me to visit, but Mother Makeovers said he couldn't come to visit in 1901."

"Well," said 1908, "that's too bad, 1901 was a good friend of mine."
"It's ten minutes till twelve, and I wish you'd give me a little advice before you go," said 1909.
"So I will," said 1908, "about the best I can tell you is to keep on the good side of the people, and don't freeze too many water pipes or the people will be down on the weather, and he went on knocking his knuckles."

"If I don't I'll let you go. But he never finished. You see, 1901 died of a broken heart because he wanted to come to earth with me to visit, but Mother Makeovers said he couldn't come to visit in 1901."

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