

CLEANLINES from the PUBLIC SCHOOLS

STORY OF LIFE OF LINCOLN

Privations of Childhood and Sturdiness of Manhood Teach Lesson.

By Alma Broadhurst, Peninsula, Fourth B.

Among the early settlers in Kentucky was a man named Abraham Lincoln. He was born in a log cabin in Hardin county, Ky., February 12, 1809. He lived in a stockade, like the other settlers, because the Indians were still to be feared.

Their home was a rude log cabin containing only one room and no windows. At one side of the cabin was a large chimney made of sticks and clay. They did not have much furniture. The table was made of boards and the bedstead was made of poles, which were supported by the house on one side and on the other by stakes driven into the ground floor. The dishes were made of wood and the spoons, knives and forks were of iron.

When he was seven years old his father moved to Indiana. Whenever he had a chance he would go to an "A. B. C. school." He was so eager to learn that he would study long hours at night to study. Every book that he could lay his hands on he would read, for books were scarce in those days.

His mother died when he was 9 years old, and her loss was a very great one to the little boy. He was taken to a mill to swing the ax, to carry the grain to the mill, to handle the plow and to do all kinds of work about the farm.

When he was about 19 years old he went to New Orleans on a flat boat. This long voyage took months to accomplish. He was on the boat a month and his passage for his work on the flat boat.

When the trouble with some Indians, known as the "Black Hawk war," arose, Lincoln joined the volunteers and was made captain of his company. In 1834 Lincoln was elected a member of the state legislature.

In 1858 he was a candidate for the position of United States senator. In 1860 Lincoln was invited to deliver a speech in the largest hall in the city of New York. In which the subject was "Slavery in the United States."

When the convention of the Republican party met soon after, to choose a candidate for president, Abraham Lincoln was nominated, and so he became president of the United States.

In April, 1865, he was shot by an assassin. His loss was mourned over the whole world.

A Trip to Vancouver, B. C.
By Madeline Stone, Albina Homestead, Sixth A.

A year ago, during the month of August, I took a trip to Vancouver, B. C., and never had such a delightful trip in my life. I kept a diary at every where I went, and everything that I saw. My friends visited with me very nice indeed. They took me everywhere.

The first evening we went down to English bay and had a bath and listened to the concert. The next day we got a permit and went aboard the Empress. They have very nice floating palace. We had a guide and were taken all through it.

They have the most beautiful park, which is called Stanley Park. There isn't one artificial thing in it. It is simply a beautiful park, with a road around it is 10 miles and as smooth as marble. We went around it in a six hours' rally. The man who held the reins walked the horses all around this beautiful driveway, so that we would not miss one object of interest. Then we came back to the hotel, and were driven in a carriage to the Glenwood, where I stopped.

Reading For Children

These books may be found in the children's department of the Portland library:

- Balch—Bridges of the Gods; a romance of Indian Oregon.
- Baldwin—Conquest of the Old Northwest, and Its Settlement by Americans.
- Banks—Live Boys in Oregon; or an Oregon Boyhood.
- Base—Stories of Pioneer Life for Young Readers.
- Brooks—First Across the Continent; the story of the exploring expedition of Lewis and Clark in 1803-4.
- Butterworth—Log Schoolhouse on the Columbia; a tale of the pioneers of the great northwest.
- Butterworth—Whitman's Ride for Oregon (See his Log Schoolhouse on the Columbia).
- Chandler—Bird Woman of the Lewis and Clark Expedition.
- Craighead—Story of Marcus Whitman, Doubleday—Cattle Ranch to College; the true tale of a boy's adventures in the west.
- Drake—Making of the Great West. Dye—Stories of Oregon.
- Guorber—Whitman's Ride. (See her Story of the Oregon Republic.)
- Hart & Chapman—Out West. (See their How Our Grandfathers Lived.)
- Hoot—Tales of discovery on the Pacific Slope.
- Hugh—Story of the Cowboy.
- Irving—Astoria; or Anecdotes of an

Afloat—By Henry Kaiser, Albina Homestead, Fourth B.

One day when I came home from school my little brother had let his dog Bobby into my neat little bedroom. As I opened the door and stepped in I saw Bobby on my snow white bed fast asleep. His feet were very dirty and he had my pretty little bed all dirty. I scolded him very severely this time. He seemed to pay no attention to me whatever, but he jumped down and started to yawn and stretch himself. I scolded him some more, but of no avail. He paid no attention to me, any more than a stick of wood would have done.

Then I made him go out and I changed the clothes on my bed. As I went out of my room I left the door open about an inch, but I did not know it. I let Bobby in the house, expecting my bedroom door to be closed. He paid no attention to me, any more than a stick of wood would have done. Then I made him go out and I changed the clothes on my bed.

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PENINSULAR, ALBINA, ATKINSON AND PORTSMOUTH

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- Enterprise Beyond the Rocky Mountains.
- Jackson—Chance Days in Oregon. (See her Glimpses of Three Coasts.)
- Johnson—Short History of Oregon.
- Kingsley—Four American Explorers: Captain Meriwether Lewis, Captain William Clark, General John C. Fremont, Elisha K. Kane.
- Kingsley—Story of Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark.
- Kinsie—Wau-bun; the Early Days in the Northwest.
- Light—Lewis and Clark.
- Little Journeys to the Great Northwest.
- McCurry—Lewis & Clark. (See his Pioneer Stories of the Mississippi Valley.)
- Mowry—American Pioneers.
- Mowry—Marcus Whitman. (See First Steps in the History of Our Country.)
- Monroe—Rick Dale; a story of the Northwest Coast. Our country west.
- Parkman—Oregon Trail.
- Parton—Meriwether Lewis.
- Rees and Beebe—Four American Pioneers.
- Roosevelt—Explorers in the Far West.
- Smith—Lewis and Clark.
- Sprague—Boy Pathfinder, a story of the Oregon trail.
- Stoddard—On the Old Frontier; or, the last raid of the Iroquois.
- Stories of American Pioneers.
- Suffling—Pur Traders of the West; or, Adventures Among the Redskins.
- Tappan—Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, who showed the way to the Pacific.
- Thwaites—Brief history of Rocky mountain exploration, with especial reference to the expedition of Lewis and Clark.
- Wagner—Discovery of the Rocky Mountains.
- Whitson—Courier of Empire; a story of Marcus Whitman's ride to save Oregon.
- Wright—Expedition of Lewis and Clark to the Pacific Ocean.
- Wright—Settlement of the Northwest Boundary.

A Ghost Story

By Keren Davis, Portsmouth, Eighth B.

Not far from the little town of M., there once stood an old wooden bridge which crossed a rough, stony ravine. There was a very old story which said

that the ravine was haunted, and although nearly every one pretended to disbelieve it, it was a noticeable fact that nobody had ever been known to cross the bridge after dark.

One memorable night a young girl was obliged to cross the bridge alone after dark. Her old grandmother had injured herself severely, and the girl was the only one who could be sent for help. Her grandmother had told her some frightful stories about the old bridge, all of which she sincerely believed; so it was with fear and trembling that she started to cross the rickety old structure.

However, thoughts of her old grandmother spurred her on, and she pushed bravely forward. The night was very dark, she pushed bravely forward, and as she groped her way along she trembled at the thought of the awful apparitions of which she had heard; but controlled her fears as best she could and went on.

She was nearly half way across the bridge, and was peering anxiously ahead in the darkness, when, without a moment's warning, slowly and silently from the trees on either side, a white figure with fiery glowing eyes arose. Seemingly from the ravine, then it clapped its heavy hands three times, and with an ominous sound of rattling bones, vanished.

The little brown girl help their mothers keep their huts very neat and clean. They stuff pillows with soft white down that grows on trees. They weave dried grasses into the mats that are used for beds. The huts are made of bamboo.

They have rice, coconuts, bananas, and all kinds of fruits. Coffee trees grow there too. After the blossoms come on the trees they change into clusters of red or purple berries that look like cherries.

Java is near the equator, and by 10 o'clock the sun is so hot that work is stopped in the fields. When the people are thirsty they break open coconuts and drink the cool milk that is inside.

The brown people are called Malays. In some places the Malays built cities, but the white man rules over most of the brown race. Many of the Malays are savages like the people in the black tribes of Africa.

Incident in Abraham Lincoln's Life.
By Eunice Tickner, Atkinson, Fourth A.

Once Abraham Lincoln was working in a grocery store. One day a woman came in and bought a pound of coffee. After she had gone Abraham noticed that he had only given her a half a pound. He closed his store and walked three miles in the snow and rain to give her the other half.

Story of Myself

By Kate Spady, Albina Homestead, Fourth A.

One day I was a doll and lived in New York. I had black, curly hair, blue eyes, and a pretty face. I wore a red silk dress. They sent me from New York because they could not sell me. I was put in a box and sent to Meier & Frank's store in Portland, Or. They put me near the door. Very many people went past me and remarked of my beauty and asked how much I cost.

One day a lady bought me. This lady had a little girl. One Sunday this little girl had some company. She got me to play with. Her little visitor cracked my head. She cried very much about me. Then her mother bought her a new doll and gave me to the babies at the Baby Home. There little babies tore my body in a number of places. One baby dropped me out of the window and I fell to the street. I had an awful bump. The boys that went past played football with me. They didn't care about my feelings. They kicked me into the mud and made me all dirty. I got caught in the wheel



The Ghost on the Bridge—By Keren Davis.

of a wagon and was carried along. By the time it stopped, I was nearly buried in mud. Only one of my arms could be seen.

A little girl came by. She saw my arm and pulled it out of my body. She didn't know I was all there. She carried my arm home and played with it. One day she dropped it on the cement sidewalk and broke it. So I am still in the mud with only one arm. My other arm is in pieces in some street. I cannot find it because I cannot walk.

The Malays or Brown People.

By Margaret Dehlin, Albina Homestead, Fourth A.

These people live on the island of Java, southeast of Asia. Java is a land of fruit and flowers. It is so beautiful that people often call it the Pearl of the East.

The little brown girl help their mothers keep their huts very neat and clean. They stuff pillows with soft white down that grows on trees. They weave dried grasses into the mats that are used for beds. The huts are made of bamboo.

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Abraham Lincoln.

By Christine Meyer, Peninsula, Eighth A.

Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin among the hills of Kentucky about 160 years ago. The cabin in which he lived had no floor, and only one or two small windows. At one end was a large fireplace, which not only served to heat the room, but to light it at night.

Lincoln's mother taught him to read and write. One time he went to school for a few weeks and learned to spell. His father moved to Indiana when he was about eight years of age and his mother died soon after.

How Little George Became a Knight.

By Madeline Gintz.

Far over the sea in a distant country there lived a little boy named George. His home was at the foot of a hill, and at the top of this hill was a beautiful palace where the king lived. Little George liked to see Sir Rollins and the king gallop down the hill and away out of sight. He often thought how brave they were to ride away on their big white horses to war with their shining steel coats glittering in the sun. He wished that he might be a knight when he grew up.

One day he was watching them galloping down the hill when he saw his little black kitten out in the road. He knew that the kitten would be crushed under the horses' feet, so he ran into the road and picked up the little kitten, which was asleep. Then Sir Rollins stopped and said, "You are brave enough to become a knight some day." They went into the house without saying anything to anybody. But he kept on saying over and over "I am going to become a knight some day." He could not sleep that night, for he kept thinking over and over again the same thing.

One day when George had grown up to quite a big boy and was at the age of 16 Sir Rollins came to the little cottage and told George's father that another knight was needed in a long war they had just begun. He asked him if George might go. His father said "yes," and at this George's heart overflowed with joy. The father took George's few clothes and put them in a bundle and then George and him started out with Sir Rollins to the palace.

They went to the king and Sir Rollins told him that George wanted to become a knight. The king said that he would give him a sword and a horse. He said good bye to his father, and his father went home. Sir Rollins led a low window and a strawed with sheep skin over it. Then he went away. That night the straw bed seemed very hard and George thought of his soft bed at home. But he knew that he was going to become a knight, and he knew that Sir Rollins would give him a sword and a horse.

After a week she went to the tree again. There were two eggs in the nest. Then she said, "Eggs may be good, but birds are better." So she went down from the tree. After a few days she went to the tree again. There were three eggs in the nest. She said to herself, "Eggs may be good, but birds are better." She caught rats while waiting for the birds to hatch.

After a few days she went to the tree. There were five birds in the nest. She went down from the tree and watched the father bird carrying food for his babies. Then puss said, "The birds will be fat now. I will go and eat the birds." When puss got to the top, what do you think? The birds were gone! Then puss said, "I will not be patient again."

Lincoln and the Birds.

By Sarah Brant, aged 9, Shattuck.

Lincoln was out walking with his friends one windy, spring day. Presently he saw two tiny birdlings lying helpless on the ground. He picked up the poor little things, and gently warmed them in his hands. Then began the search for nest to tree to find the nest from which the little birds had fallen. It was in an old apple tree, and the mother and father birds were twittering anxiously. Lincoln put the birds in his hands and they chirped and laughed at him for stopping in his talk to take care of some birds.

The Crow and the Pitcher.

By Manila Lewis, Peninsula, Third A.

One day a crow was very thirsty. He didn't know how to get a drink. He saw a pitcher. There was some water

in it, but he couldn't reach it. He dropped some pebbles in the pitcher. The water made a noise when he dropped enough to drink and some over. Wasn't he a wise old crow?

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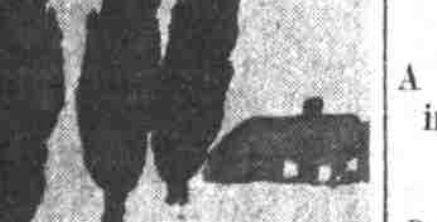
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SNOW SCENE

By Dorothy A.



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There were no buildings there except a son barn, which my father had put up the spring before, so the men shoveled away the snow and put up a tent. We put kitchen range in it and were quite comfortable there for seven days till the men got up a house.

That was considered quite nice, as the snow was not deep all winter. There was beautiful mirages, and we could see for many miles. I used to ride my feet on my pony to Spring Lake for our mail.

The following summer we broke up about 40 acres of our farm and put up a good house and barn in it and were quite comfortable there for seven days till the men got up a house.

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There was a railroad which came within five miles of our homestead, and there was a village called within six miles of our place. That village grew up in less than two years. It had about 500 inhabitants.

Such was my life in the northwest.

The Black Cat.

By Edna Butenschoen, Peninsula, Third A.

We can breathe the air. If we didn't have air we couldn't live. The air is good for us. If we go out of the house we wish by master would bring us some warm. The air is warmer at noon than in the morning. The air goes around enough to give us whatever we need. We know there is air, because we breathe it and feel it. The air in motion is called wind. The air holds the heat. The sun is higher up in the sky at noon than it is in the morning. In the summer the air is warm. We know that the air is blue, because the sky is blue, and the sky is only air.

A Tree.

By Edward Banman, Albina Homestead, Third A.

I am a tree. I will die if I don't get some water. I am nearly dead now. I wish by master would bring me some water. Here he comes now after some cherries. Maybe he will see how dry I look. Maybe he will bring me some water. If he don't I will die. He is coming with some water for me. Oh, I am glad. If he had waited half an hour longer I would have perished. Then he went into the house. I could hear them working in the house.

A Poppy.

By Cora Webber, Albina Homestead, Third A.

I am a poppy. I like water to drink. I do not like hot water, but I do not know what hot water tastes like. Now some little girl picked me. If she will put me in some nice cool water then I can be very happy.

The Corn.

By Willie Converse, Atkinson, Fourth A.

At the harvest of the corn, the kitchen oven will be warm. And the table will be laid. With the corn bread like the Pilgrims made.

HOMESTEADING IN CANADA

A Small Boy's Experience in Pioneering in the Canadian Northwest.

By Lexy Graham, Albina Homestead, Sixth A.

I left my former home in Minnesota, where I was born, for the Canadian northwest, and landed in a small town called Dayland, on the Wetaskiwin branch of the Canadian Pacific railroad, in the Edmonton land district, where my father had taken up a homestead.

We started from Dayland on the 24th of November, 1905, with two loads of household goods, and driving our stock. We got nine miles the first day and stayed all night at a stopping place, and next morning we started out again with the homestead horses and dogs, and at low zero, and landed on the homestead at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

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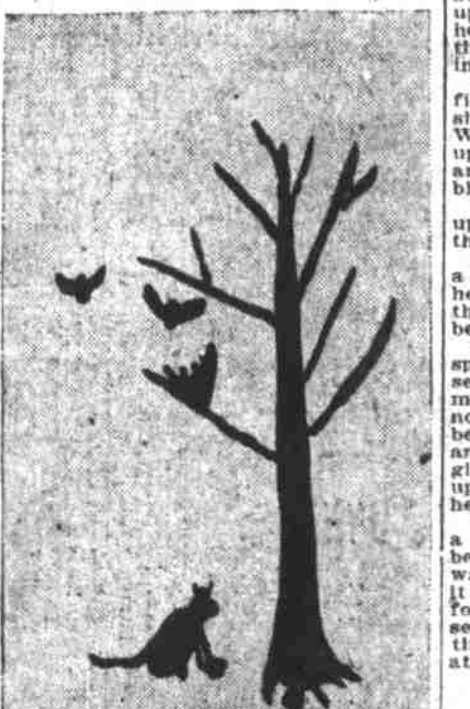
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A Tree in Winter—By Lizzie Green, Albina Homestead, Fifth A.



A Patient Cat—By Marie Kelso, Peninsula, Third B.

The Ermine.
By Anne Watkins, Shattuck, Sixth B.

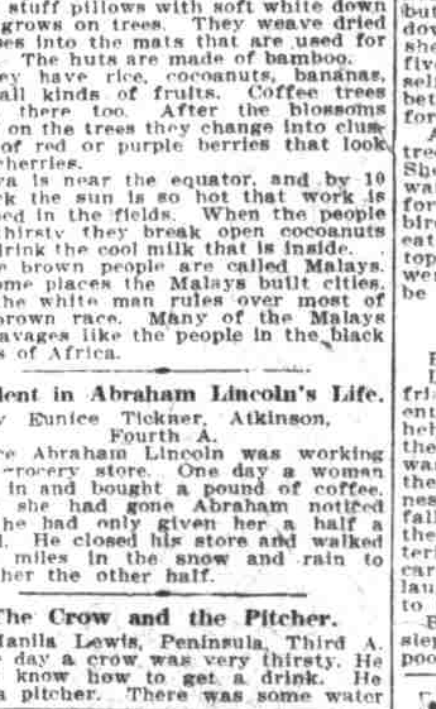
The Ermine is a small animal very much like a weasel. In summer its coat is brown, in winter it is white and the tip of its tail is black. It has a slender, graceful body and moves about like a serpent. It has a fierce face and small glittering eyes. Its legs are short, but it runs very fast and is very surefooted. It can swim and climb well.



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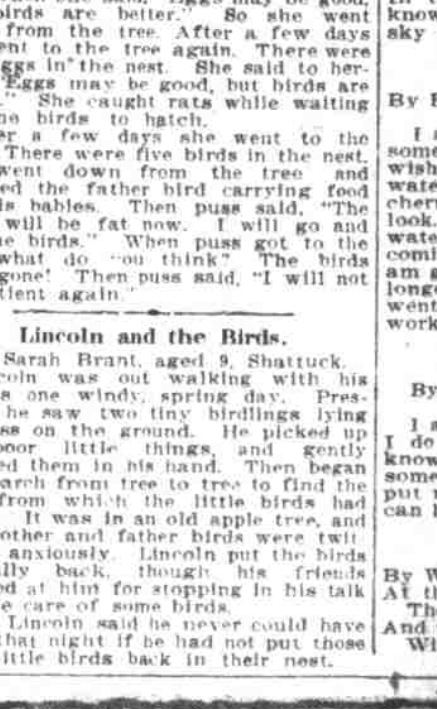
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The Crow and the Pitcher—By Manila Lewis.

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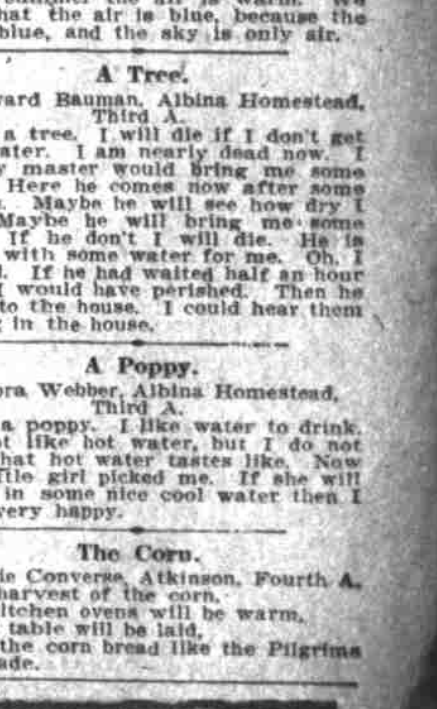
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Bunny's Happy Moment—By Edna Richmond, Albina Homestead, Sixth A.

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