GLEANINGS from the PUBLIC SCHOOLS

A HOLIDAY IN OLD ROME

Stories of Roman Combats Awaken School Girl's Imagination.

By Rachel Knickerbocker, Llewellyn, Fourth B.

It was a bright, sunny day. The day of the great holiday I was going to the Coliseum to see the chariot races, and to see the man fight the hungry lion. We started early but when we got there I saw crowds of people. Finally we found seats in the Coliseum. This Coliseum is a great stone building. It is beautiful to look at. Inside there are high rows of seats, one above another. I was looking around to see the crowds of people when I heard a great shout. Looking down into the arena I saw a man standing there all alone, and suddenly I saw a cage rise up from below with a lion that had not tasted food for three days in it. The cage door was thrown open and the lion sprang out and darted toward the man. I expected to see him kill the man with one stroke of his paw, but to my surprise, he licked the man's hands and feet. The governor asked the man why the lion had become so harmless and this is what he said:

"I am a slave. My name is Androcles. When I ran away from my master there was no place for me to go except to the desert. There I hid in a large cave. I was so tired and hungry I laid down to sleep. I had not slept long when I was awakened suddenly by a loud noise. Leaping to my feet I saw a lion in the mouth of the cave. He came toward me, holding up his paw, which was badly swollen. I grew bold and took hold of it and saw a large thorn in it. I pulled it out and he licked my hands and face. We soon became great friends. This is the very lion that stands here by my side."

After Androcles told his story all the people shouted to the governor to let the slave go free. The governor said he would, and we often see Androcles and his lion walking through the streets of Rome.

A Heroine of the Revolution.

Lawrence James, Thompson, Ninth B.

A short time before the battle of Monmouth, Molly Pitcher, a red haired, freckled faced young Irish woman was married to an artillery man in Washington's army.

On that eventful day in June, 1778, when the battle of Monmouth was fought, Molly Pitcher proved herself to be a heroine. The day was very hot, so hot that men fell dead in the ranks without a wound, smitten with sunstroke. Molly Pitcher was there carrying buckets of water from a neighboring spring to the half famished men. Back and forth she went, the sweat pouring down her freckled face and her bare arms blistering in the sun.

After a long time she saw her husband standing by his gun, parched, grimy and spent with heat, but it was a long time before she could reach him, because so many soldiers asked for a drink. Just as she drew near him a shot whizzed past and he fell dead before the much longed for water reached him.

She looked at the bleeding corpse for a moment, only a moment, for she heard the order to remove her husband's cannon from the field. She snatched the rammer from the grass and took her post behind the gun. The work was not strange to her, because she was well versed in the ways of war. She kept her place until Monckton surrendered and the battle was won for the Americans.

The next day poor Molly, sad faced, with swollen eyes, was presented to Washington and received a sergeant's commission for life. The French soldiers were so pleased with her courage that they filled a hat with gold pieces and presented it to her as a reward. They christened her "La Capitaine."

The American Flag.

By Jennie Gorter, Llewellyn, Eighth B.

In a small room on Arach street, Philadelphia, about 130 years ago, sat a woman busily sewing. It was rather a picturesque apartment and its smallness seemed to add to its coziness. One side of the room was completely taken up by a fireplace and near it stood an old fashioned spinning wheel, seen in almost every home at that time. This woman was Betsy Ross. She had promised General Washington that she would try to make a flag which he had designed.

The flag that she was making was composed of 13 stars formed in a circle on a blue field and 13 stripes, seven red and six white. Each stripe stood for one of the 13 colonies which belonged to the Union at the time of the Declaration of Independence, and each star stood for a state. Washington perhaps chose these colors because of the meaning implied in each one.

The blue was chosen because of the truth and faith of his soldiers when they suffered during that cruel winter at Valley Forge.

The white because of the purity and fidelity of his men when they refused to serve the British officers for good pay and proper pay.

The red because of the courage shown by the soldiers all through the war. They did the hardest duties cheerfully and many of them laid down their lives that their descendants might have liberty.

Putnam and the Wolf.

By Louis Mohr, Holman, Third B.

When they pulled Putnam out his clothes were torn and he was badly scratched by the rocks. This time he took his gun. He held the burning birch bark in one hand and his gun in the other. Then the wolf growled at him. Putnam fired at her head. Then he jerked the rope.

His friends pulled him out. He waited for the smoke to clear from his gun. Then he went in again. He tapped her on the nose with the birch bark. Then Putnam took hold of her and jerked the rope. This time the men saw him bring out a dead wolf. Now the sheep would have some peace.

Reading For Children

These books can be found in the children's department of the public library:

BIRDS—BIRD HOUSES.

Beard—How to Make a Back-Yard Aviary (In his Jack of All Trades, p. 63-71).

Doubleday—Houses to Let. (In her How to Attract the Birds, p. 15-18.)

Goodhue—House Hunting in Orchard Town. (In Birds and All Nature, v. 10, p. 8.)

L.—How to Make a Bird House. (In St. Nicholas, v. 4, p. 420-21.)

O'B.—My Bird House. (In St. Nicholas, v. 6, p. 428.)

NESTS.

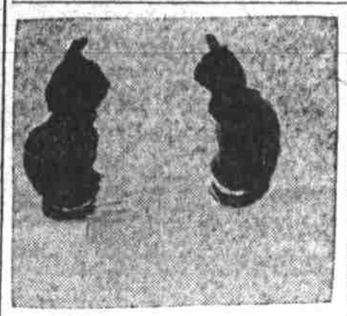
Beard—Nests. (In his American Boy's Handbook, p. 169-170.)

Brooks—How Birds Improve in Nest Building. (In St. Nicholas, v. 4, p. 686-89.)

Curious Items About Birds and Their Nests. (In St. Nicholas, v. 10, p. 527-34.)

Gould—How the Birds Cradle their Babies. (In his Mother Nature's Children, p. 1-8.)

Holder—How Some Birds Are Cared For. (In his Stories of Animal Life, p. 21-33.)



"Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight."
By Lyle Burtis, Llewellyn, Fourth B.

Morwood—In the Building Line. (In his Stories of Animal Life, p. 84-95.)

Parker & Helm—Bird's Nests. (In their Uncle Robert's Geography, v. 2, p. 119-33.)

Parker & Helm—Builders. (In their Uncle Robert's Geography, v. 2, p. 11-24.)

Percy—Bird's Nest. (In Arnold & Gilbert's Stepping Stones to Literature, v. 3, p. 103-5.)

Some Curious Nests. (In St Nicholas, v. 8, p. 55-59.)

Wright—Birds at Home. (In her Seaside and Wayside, v. 3, p. 200-6.)

Wright—Nest Building. (In her Seaside and Wayside, v. 3, p. 193-99.)

MIGRATION.

Compton—Spring Migration. (In Birds and All Nature, v. 11, p. 138-140, 186-188.)

Miller—Migration. (In her My Saturday Bird Class, p. 99-107.)

Pouchet—Migrations of Birds. (In Vincent's Animal World, p. 69-76.)

Strong—Yearly Travelers. (In her All the Year Round.)

BOOKS ABOUT BIRDS.

Bailey—Birds Through an Opera Glass.

Bailey—Handbook of Birds of the Western United States.

Bashford—Glance at the Birds. (In his Nature Stories of the Northwest, p. 119-132.)

Baskett—Story of the Birds.

Beard—Birds. (In his Curious Homes and Their Tenants, p. 50-56, 117-43, 181-5, 210-14, 236-252.)

Beard—Blue Bird. (In Birds and All Nature, v. 1, p. 78.)

Brooks—How Birds Fly. (In St. Nicholas, v. 5, p. 734-739.)

Brown—Blue Bird. (In her Alice and Tom, p. 55-57.)

Burroughs—Birds and Bees.

Chapman—Bird Studies with a Camera.

Doubleday—Bird Neighbors.

Doubleday—How to Attract the Birds.

Dugmore—Bird Homes.

Eckstorm—Bird Book.

Gibson—April Birds. (In his Sharp Eyes, p. 38-42.)

Gould—How Birds Learn to Fly. (In his Mother Nature's Children, p. 137-144.)

Grant—Our Common Birds.

Grinnell—Our Feathered Friends.

Howe—On the Birds' Highway.

Kearton—Our Bird Friends.

Keyser—News from the Birds.

Lord—First Book Upon the Birds of Oregon and Washington.

Miller—Bird Lover in the West.

Miller—Bird Ways.

Miller—Bird of the Morning. (In Lights to Literature, Bk. 5, p. 64-67.)

Miller—First Book of Birds.

Miller—Little Brothers of the Air.

Miller—Second Book of Birds.

Miller—True Bird Stories from My Note Books.

Miller—Upon the Tree Tops.

Pearson—Stories of Bird Life.

Thompson—Bird portraits.

Wright—Citizen Bird.

STORIES.

Davis—Watching the Robin. (In St. Nicholas, v. 24, p. 608-9.

Eddy—Our Friends the Birds. (In her Friends and Helpers, p. 151-213.)

Eytinge—Wise Mrs. Swallow. (In St. Nicholas, v. 3, p. 507.)

Fox—Farmer Brown and the Birds.

How Some Swallows Treated a Lie-Abed. (In St. Nicholas, v. 8, p. 731.)

James—Story of Scraggies.

Kelly—Phoebe's Family. (In her Short Stories of Our Shy Neighbors, p. 22-28.)

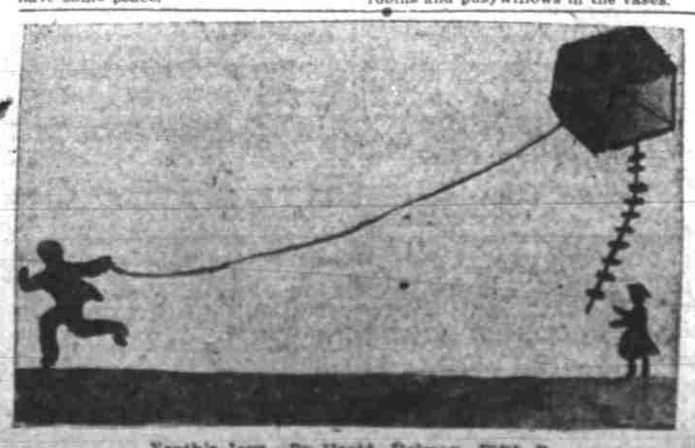
Miller—True Bird Stories from My Note Books.

Stockton—Large Houses for Small Tenants. (In his Tales Out of School, p. 54-60.)

Our School.

By Florence Herald, Llewellyn, Fourth A.

At our school we have a very pretty yard. It is two and a half blocks large. We hunt wake robins, violets, and johnny jumpups in the woods near our school. The girls swing on the branches of the hazel bushes. The boys play fox and hound. Our janitor planted a nice lawn, a pretty rose hedge around the yard, and a large pansy bed. He made a shelf in our room and we have 11 plants on it. We have pictures all around our room and boquets of wake robins and pusywillows in the vases.



Youth's Joys—By Harld, Holman, Fifth B.

THE LLEWELLYN, THOMPSON AND HOLMAN SCHOOLS

The Loss of the White Ship

By Walter Lucia, Thompson, Eighth B.

When William the Conqueror died in 1120 he left his kingdom to his son Henry; as Henry was the first king of that named he was called Henry the First.

Henry had a son named William whom he loved very dearly. When William was 18 years old his father made him Duke of Normandy. Just before leaving Normandy to come home to England a man came to Henry and asked if he did not want to sail back to England with him. Henry told the man he was very sorry but he had his ships all ordered, but William should sail in the white ship.

As the ship did not sail until midnight three casks of wine were brought and given the sailors. When the ship lifted anchor there was not a sober sailor on board. While the passengers were dancing and having a good time there came a crash. The ship had struck a rock and was sinking. The captain called the prince aside and told him to get into a row boat. The prince got in and was rowed off by the rowers. Just after starting the prince heard his half sister Marie call for him to help her. He told the rowers to row back but when the boat came along side of the ship such a crowd leaped in that the boat was sunk. Just as the little boat went down, the big one went too, all were drowned except a butcher, who saved himself by clinging to broken spars. On the third day after the white ship went down a little boy was sent to tell the king about the white ship. With tears in his eyes the child told the king. It is said the king never smiled again. When Henry died the throne was given to his nephew, Stephens.

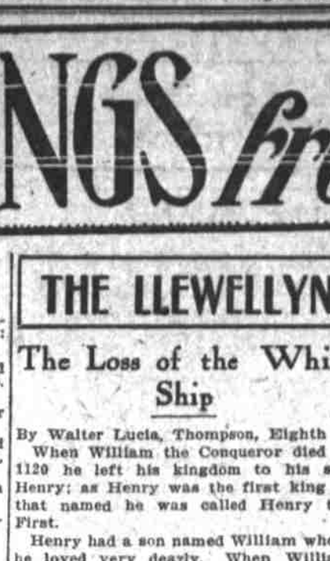


Diagram of School Grounds—By Nina Cosper, Llewellyn, Seventh B.

Grandpa in War.

By Stanley Wentz, Thompson, Third B.

My grandpa was in the civil war. One time two rebels came into fort. His tent was near the door. They shook it and said, "Hey, Yankee, bring us a light." He was at the other side of the fort. He raised his gun and the rebel raised his gun. They both shot at once. He killed the southerner.

They once were in battle, and the rebels had a cannon pointed toward his company. When a rebel came to fire the cannon his company would shoot them down. They kept that up for a long time. At last they had to give up. One kind of a gun is called a "grapeshot." It is a tin can with a top soldered loose. The bottom is a cylinder. The can is filled with rough gun balls and pieces of iron. When one is shot sometimes it takes nearly half a company of soldiers. He was a rear guard. They have just about as much fighting as the front ones. One time he was walking in a road. He had his knapsack on and his gun over his shoulder. All at once he heard three shots of a gun. The men of his company told him to get out of the road. The rebels were following them.

One time they were in battle, and a lieutenant was standing up. Grandpa told him a man was drawing a bead on him. The lieutenant laughed at him. Twice the gun popped, the third time it killed him.

Once a rebel captain came within 13 feet of the picket line. He said, "Surrender, or you are dead men." Of course they surrendered. Grandpa was one of them.

De Soto.

Lenora Robinson, Thompson, Sixth A.

De Soto was a Spaniard, who was very fond of gold. He was always traveling and would go to other countries in search of gold. When he returned from South America he heard of gold in the new world. He started with 600 men to the new world. They landed in Florida, and they had hardly stepped off their ships before they saw some Indians. They asked the Indians where they would find the gold. The Indians pointed to the west.

De Soto and his men traveled toward the west but as they had to travel on foot it took a long time. One by one the men fell ill and died, until there were only a few left, but on they went. Once they came to an Indian village and took about 100 prisoners. They put iron collars on their necks and made them do all the hard work. At last they came to a river the Indians called the "Big Stream," but was afterward called the Mississippi river. They built barges to cross it and as they soon as they got across De Soto died. They were afraid the Indians would take the body so they sunk it in the Mississippi river.

A Geometrical Study—By Lois Richmond, Llewellyn, Eighth A.

The Camel.

By Lawrence Snyder, Llewellyn, Third A

I am a camel. I live in far Arabia. I like that country. I have a nice dress. My dress is made of fine hair. Have you such a nice dress? My owner is an Arab. My feet are very flat. My home is near a spring of cool water. I have plenty of grass to eat. My owner is kind to me. He has a place for me to stay during the cold weather. My master has a wife and four children. My eyes are big and brown. My eyelids are big, too. Children like to ride on my back, one at a time.

One time old Arab got in a sandstorm. The horse died. I was with the Arab and the horse. I stuck my head in the sand. I thought it was a terrible sandstorm. Don't you think so?

Many years ago I had a little baby camel. But it died. It made me feel so sad to have my baby die. How sorrowful that day was. Don't you think you would feel sorry if your baby would die?

Now my master is coming. We are going on the desert. My master feeds me well before we start and gives me plenty to drink. Then he puts the water and food upon my back and we are ready to start. After a little the sun goes down. This makes me happy because the air is cooler. Our journey will last five days and five nights. It is cooler to travel by night. At last our journey is ended. We are glad because we see the trees. Now we know we shall have some nice fresh grass. We are very hungry. Here we put up our tents and I must say goodbye.

The Opening of Spring.

By Zana Darlington, Llewellyn, Sixth B.

Spring usually begins about the first of March. The old saying of, "April showers bring May's flowers," does not fit Oregon very well; for during the month of April we generally have fine weather.

One of the first signs of spring is the budding of the wild flowers. The "Spring Beauties," small blue flowers, sometimes called "Blue Bells," are among the first.

After not seeing anything but clouds and rain for perhaps months, it is truly delightful to have the sun come out and to see the flowers budding.

Violets grow in out of the way places, and it takes some time to find a nice bunch. But when you do you are amply repaid for the trouble you have taken. They are so fresh and pretty.

One reason why spring is so welcome among the children is because they may now go out and play under the trees.

At noon intermissions the school children go out into the woods and gather flowers. The leaves are beginning to bud and soon the trees will be covered with beautiful soft, green foliage.

Long walks may now be taken as the days gradually lengthen. All nature helps to make spring the most pleasant season of the whole year.

A True Story.

Laura Hyldelund, Thompson, Fourth A.

When I was two years old I put on one of my mother's long skirts. Then I followed the German bands. I followed them down through Montgomery gulch. My mother and my sister could not find me. They sent for the policeman and my father. They told the policeman how I looked. He found many other little girls but it wasn't me. When a lady found me she gave me as much bread and milk as I wanted. Then she brought her little girl down from upstairs and we played together. She played with her doll and I played with her little lamb until the policeman found me. My mother, my father and my sister were very glad. I see the policeman that found me very often. Do you want to know his name? His name was Policeman Adams.

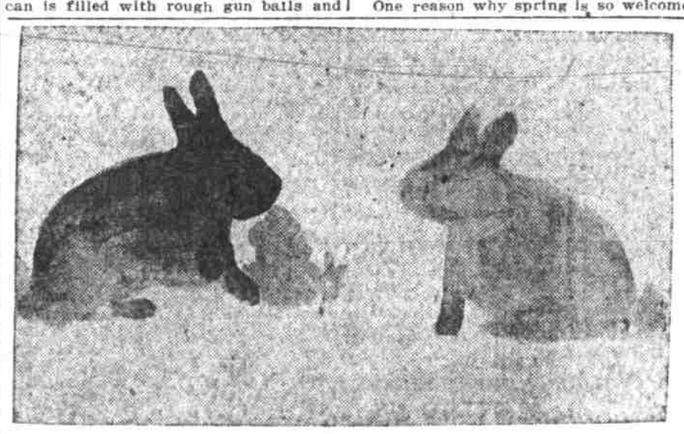
The Llewellyn School Yard.

By Miss Cosper, Llewellyn, Seventh B.

Our school yard is about 200 feet wide and 450 feet long. The school house is on the southern end of the yard facing the north. The playground, in front of the school, is covered with stumps and bushes at present, but is being cleared.

There are walks on the southeast and north sides and between them and the school house are rose bushes. In front is a lawn surrounded by walks and on this lawn an oval shaped pansy bed. The pansies are all six inches apart.

Our school yard is very different from what it was a year ago.

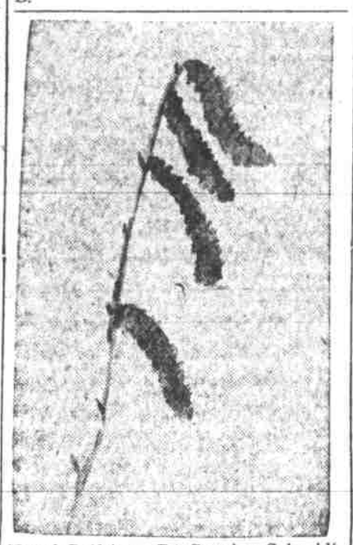


The Bunnies—By Lawrence Krattiger, Holman, Fifth A.

The First Stanza of "The Cloud"

The cloud brings water, which it gets from the rivers, oceans, lakes and other bodies of water, to the flowers and grass. It also shades the leaves from the hot sun. It awakens the birds in the morning by the moisture it drops on them. The hail comes from the clouds too. It comes down to the earth with great force and sometimes knocks the tall grass and wheat and such things flat to the ground. Afterwards the cloud dissolve it into rain, and passes away with the thunder.—Ethel Engles, Sixth B.

In summer when it is dry and dusty and the leaves are covered with dust and dirt, all of a sudden, a breeze springs up, a cloud comes up from the west, and we have a refreshing shower. It lasts only a short time, but in this time it has done an enormous lot of good and if you go out in the woods the air would be fresh and cool. The flowers are looking so pretty and the leaves are green and have no more dust or dirt on them. The cloud also awakens the birds in the morning. They had been rocked to sleep in the night by the breeze which was blowing then. The dew which falls every morning is like an alarm clock, for when the birds feel the dew pattering on their feathers, they know that it is time to get up, and they begin to sing and hop around in the trees. Sometimes the rain from the cloud is frozen into hail and at other times we have a very hard rain accompanied by the thunder and lightning.—Raymond Jeffcott, Holman, Sixth B.



Hazel Catkins—By Carolyn Schmidt, Llewellyn, Fourth A.

The Silkworm.

By Evelyn Russ, Thompson, Fifth B.

A silkworm comes from an egg or a larva, which is laid by a moth. One moth will lay between 200 and 300 eggs. When the silkworm first comes out of the egg it is a very small caterpillar. It takes about 36 days for the caterpillar to be full grown. It is now a sickish green color, and naked. To make the best silk the silkworm should feed on mulberry leaves.

After 36 days the silkworm begins to wind its cocoon. When the cocoon is finished it is about an inch long and half an inch wide. The shape of the cocoon is oblong. To make the cocoon there are two glands in the lower lip of the mouth of the silkworm. When it is ready to make the cocoon it begins to wiggle its head to and fro, and the sticky stuff comes out and hardens into a delicate fiber. In order to soften the glue and kill the caterpillar which is inside the cocoon they are placed in hot water. Then the fiber is cleaned, twisted, doubled and wound on a reel ready for the weaver.

The silk producing countries in Europe are France, Italy and Spain. In Asia they are China, Japan and India. Paterson, N. J., has more than 100 silk mills or factories.

Portland's Harbor.

By Bessie Lang, Thompson, Sixth B.

Portland is situated on the Willamette river and is about 12 miles from the mouth of the river. It is one of the best harbors on the Pacific coast. Portland is known as the "Rose City."

The United States government has built a jetty at the mouth of the Columbia river so ships can come to Portland which draw 25 feet of water. Portland is the greatest lumber port in the world. It ships to other countries wheat and flour, fruit, hops, mohair, wool, fish, potatoes, dairy products and canned goods.

Portland has good docks on either side of the river. Four bridges cross the Willamette river at Portland, two of which are not used. They are going to rebuild the Madison bridge which will cost about $425,000. The bridges have draws so that large ships can go through. The Willamette river has fresh water and the large ships that come from the salt waters of the ocean have barnacles. When they come into the fresh water the barnacles come off. Barnacles are somewhat like shell fish, which keep the vessel from going fast.

The Parrot.

By Grace Christianson, Thompson, Fourth B.

One day as Mrs. Hoch was telephoning in the dining-room a boy came and knocked at the door. The boy was ragged and asked if he could use her telephone, he said he wanted to talk to his mother.

As Mrs. Hoch went out in the kitchen, the boy was just going to pick up the purse. The parrot who was under the table, said: "Hello, where did you come from?" When the boy heard this he dropped the purse. The boy then picked up Charlie's ball, and the parrot again said: "Stop! thief! stop!"

When Mrs. Hoch heard this she went to see what was the matter. She saw that he was a thief and told him to hurry and get out of the house. She saw what the parrot had done. He had saved her purse and Charlie's ball and maybe several other things.

My Favorite Animal.

By Mabel Isaacson, Thompson, Fifth A.

I had a little puppy named Sport. Sport was a very young puppy, only 2 months old. He was 10 inches long and 5 inches high. His color was black. Sport was as fat as a butter roll. He liked to play all the time. One night I was sitting by the fireplace on a rug. I was playing with Sport. I had a little Teddy bear which Sport liked to play with very much. I threw it to the other side of the room. Sport ran and got it for me. He carried it in his mouth. Oh! We had fun! He had been playing so long that he was getting tired. So I put him in a box. I called it his bed. Sport liked his bed very well. Sport soon fell asleep in his bed, so I could not play with him any more that night. After Sport had been in his box sleeping for a while I sat down and read a story.

The American Indian

By Florence Wolfe, Llewellyn, Eighth A.

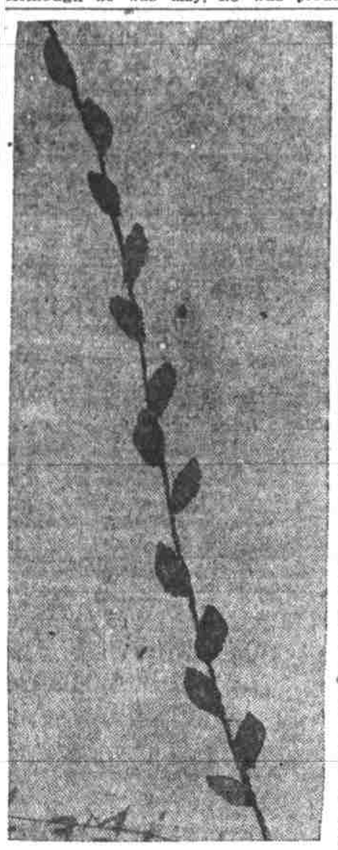
When Columbus discovered America he found it inhabited by a queer race of people whom he called Indians, because he thought he was in India.

There were three classes of Indians, the savage Indians, the barbarous Indians and the half civilized Indians.

In some ways the different classes of American Indians were alike. All had black hair, black eyes, copper-colored skin, high cheek bones and no beard. The half civilized Indians were the only class who cared to have homes and to cultivate the soil. This class inhabited the mountain region extending from New Mexico in the United States to Chile in South America.

Although the American Indian was very kind to friends and strangers, his nature was revengeful and treacherous. He was brave as to physical pain, and would bear torture without complaint; but in war he was a coward. He also delighted in torturing women and children.

In domestic life he was lazy, and would do nothing but hunt and fish, while his wife did all the other work. Although he was lazy, he was proud and haughty and would not undergo slavery.



Pussy Willow—By Lynn Royal, Holman, Third A.

The Indian did not take to civilization for two reasons; he did not care to work, nor wish to own lands or property. The American Indian has been very unjustly treated by white man. He has been driven to territories where he is being educated.

A Good Scare.

By Sarah Moran, Thompson, Ninth B.

The day promised to be what we wished it, so we packed our baskets for the picnic. We intended after eating our lunch to pick huckleberries.

When we reached the place where the forest grows dense, we separated to find a good place to eat our lunch. Two girls and myself set out in the opposite direction to what the others seemed to by taking. Three years previous a bear had been shot on the very trial we were on, and it became the subject of our conversation.

As we were talking one of the girls said she heard a noise, as if some one were rustling the leaves. The other girl said maybe it was a bear. As the noise grew louder we heard something sniffing. This made us feel surer than ever that it was a bear. I proposed to sneak away before he should see us, but our legs wouldn't move, we were so scared.

We were expecting our end every minute, when I heard some one exclaim, "Well, I never," and looking around I saw the rest of the girls. Of course the bear was only our dog, "Black Prince," who was digging out a rabbit hole.

My Favorite Animal.

By Oscar Schulz, Thompson, Fifth A.

My favorite animal was my horse. I liked him because he liked me and was very useful to me. I petted him very much and gave him enough food and a nice bed to lie on. I rode him to school and rode him back from school.

Afterward my father sold him to some man and I felt very sorry for him. But the man said he would give him enough oats, hay and water and a nice bed to sleep on. Whenever he wanted food or water he would neigh for it and his master would give it to him. After two years we went to town and lived there. And when I went to see him he had a new set of harness and a new buggy and wagon. His name was Jim.

ULYSSES AND BAG OF WINDS

Study of Mythological Hero and His Adventures Interests School Girl.

By Margaret Peattie, Llewellyn, Seventh A.

(Written from memory for a child to read.)

Ulysses was an old Greek hero. One day a messenger came to get him to go to war, but Ulysses was happy at his home so he did not wish to go. He feigned madness but the messenger was not duped so easily as that. One day while Ulysses was plowing with a mule and horse and sowing salt for seed his baby boy was placed in the furrow a little ahead of the plow. Ulysses turned the plow aside to avoid hurting the boy. Then the messenger knew Ulysses was not insane, and he was forced to go to war.

It was a long war in which Ulysses fought bravely. When the war was over Ulysses went home. His ship was tossed about on the sea for 10 years. Landing on a strange shore, he met the king of the winds. Ulysses went to him and told him all that had happened. The king took all of the winds but one and tied them up in a great leather bag. He told Ulysses not to open it or let anyone else open it.

A strong east wind blew and the ship sailed toward the home of Ulysses. He had remembered what the king had told him so he sat up for 10 days and 10 nights. At last he grew so tired he fell asleep and as he was asleep the sailors began to wonder what was in the bag.

"Maybe it is gold," said one.

"I think it is diamonds," said another.

"Let us open it; Ulysses won't know," said one of the sailors.

They opened the bag and the winds sprang out with a rush and a roar. They drove the ship back to the island and Ulysses told the king what the sailors had done. The king would not put the winds back into the bag so the sailors had to row the ship through the storm.

Little Mrs. Fipsey.

By Vida Carr, Thompson, Fourth A.

A farmer's wife set a turkey hen on some eggs. When the turkey was gone for her dinner a hen looked in. She decided she would lay an egg. The turkey set on the egg several weeks. The egg the hen laid hatched out. When it was hatched out it was a little black chicken with a little white place on its head. The farmer's wife did not want it. She was afraid the turkey would leave her nest. She put it in a little paper bag, which she gave to a trackwalker. He didn't want it. So he gave it to my brother. We gave it to an old woman that takes all the little chickens she can find. We named her little Mrs. Fipsey. She grew to a nice big Plymouth Rock hen. The funniest thing about her was she had five toes on each foot. One day she took a visit about the city. I suppose she landed in some chicken pen for that was the last we saw of Mrs. Fipsey.

Portland's Water Supply.

Harry Thornbriee Thompson, Seventh A.

Portland's water supply comes from a large lake called Bull Run lake. It is situated in the heart of the Cascade mountains about 3200 feet above sea level and 32 miles east of Portland. It is fed by large, springs and forms a large river called Bull Run river.

The pipes are laid from Bull Run river. These pipes are 42 inches in diameter and have strainers to prevent anything from coming through. There is going to be another pipe laid soon.

Portland has the purest water of any city in the United States. In summer the people do not have to put ice in the water because it is already cool and refreshing when it comes from the faucet.

The water supply has cost Portland over $1,000,000, but although the water rents are low the water has already paid the cost.

Rice.

By Clarence Broddle, Thompson, Seventh B.

Japan is a great rice growing region. It has a hilly surface so that only one tenth of the land is productive. Rice is a very important crop. Rice is grown mostly in the lowlands.

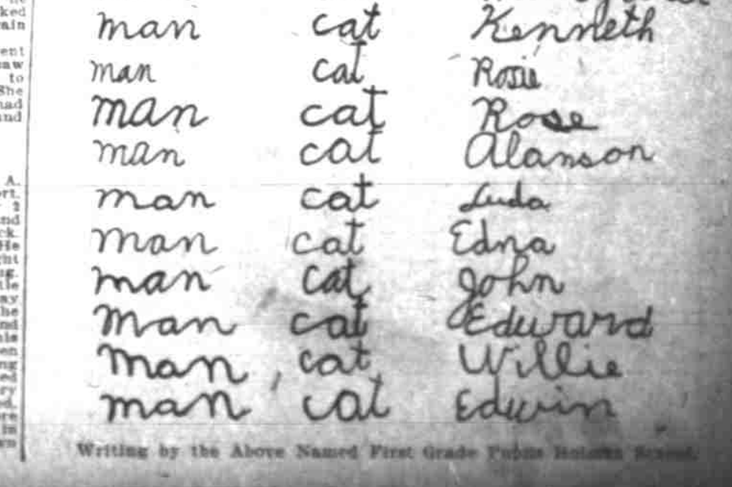
Rice is planted in land well soaked in water. The native people go out in this mud barefooted and sow the seeds. The land is kept flooded all the time and in four or five days the seed has begun to sprout. In four or six weeks it is ready to transplant, the land being flooded all the while. All through the summer the land is flooded and about September it is ready for harvest.

The men go around and cut the rice with sickles. Then it is tied up in sheaves and strung on poles so that it does not touch the ground. It is then run through a machine with teeth like a saw. Then it is sorted by the girls and put in packages.

His "Reward of Merit" Card.

From the Indianapolis Star.

The Honorable James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, has fairly good reason to be proud over being chosen as adviser to three presidents. He has served in the cabinet for 12 years and has filled his place so well and has so admirably conducted the agricultural interests of the country that his fitness for the office is admitted by common consent. Had Mr. Taft appointed another man in his place the proceeding would have been held to be a disregard of the merit system.



Writing by the Above Named First Grade Pupils Holman School.