

WHAT PUPILS OF PORTLAND SCHOOLS CAN DO

Conversation

By Mary Degendorfer, Seventh B.

Mary: "It is such a nice story, while we were down at the coast, Helen Clay and I went down to the beach to spend a quiet afternoon of reading. When I had opened the book she wanted to read it. But when she saw the title she was disgusted."

Helen: "Why are you so stuck on that 'Coral Island'?"

Mary: "It is such a nice story, all about the Pacific islands and their useful products."

Helen: "Oh, pshaw! You are always reading useful things. It makes me sick."

Mary: "Oh—h, but I don't, for I like poems and other things just as well."

Helen: "But just think of those horrid natives and how they treat their own people. It's a shame."

Mary: "Well, if you do not like that part we will leave it out."

Helen: "For my part you can leave it all out."

Mary: "Then let us get ready to go in bathing."

OREGON AND WHAT IS PRODUCED BY IT

By Gordon Gleibach, Seventh A.

Oregon is the middle state of the Pacific section, and is half way between the equator and the North Pole. The Cascade mountains in the eastern part, produce lumber, and are about one mile high.

The coast range in the west produces a little lumber, and is about one half mile high.

The Columbia and Willamette valleys, between, yield hops, wheat, oats, fruits, vegetables and dairy products. The industries are agriculture, lumbering, mining, fishing, stock raising, manufacturing and commerce.

Many ships come to Astoria and Portland to get flour, wheat and lumber, and take them to different parts of the world, especially to China, Japan and Europe.

Oregon has very few large cities. Portland, the largest, is the world's greatest lumber shipping port. Oregon City, at the falls of the Willamette, supplies power and light for Portland. Salem, the capital of Oregon, has the state penitentiary, insane asylum, reform school and schools for the blind and deaf. Astoria, the oldest city in the state, has an excellent harbor near the mouth of the Columbia river.

YOUNG PEOPLE AT IRVINGTON SCHOOL SHOW THEIR ABILITY IN PICTURE AND STORY

Original Ideas

Teacher: "What does 'monk' mean?"

Pupil: "It is just like a monkey, only larger."

A small boy in the first A inquired if he would have to notify the principal when he went to another world.

What are cows' horns made of?

"They are just like the stuff our finger nails are made out of," was the reply.

"May I have another senseless (silly) form, because I lost mine?" asked a small boy.

The class had been drawing pictures of houses when M. J., seeing one more elaborate than the others, remarked: "That looks like a roadhouse."

A little fellow, talking about the North Pole, said: "My papa started out last night to look for the North Pole, and he came back this morning all tired out and said he couldn't find it."

Mouse Talk

By Madeline L. Grady, Seventh A.

There once lived two mice. One made his home in the country and the other in the city. The city mouse thought it about time for him to go and visit his cousin, the country mouse. When he arrived there it was about noon and the country mouse brought from his cupboard beans and bacon. The city mouse did not like this, and turning up his nose, said: "Come with me to the city and within a week you will not be able to see how you stood this."

So off they started. When they arrived at the home of the city mouse, he said: "We shall have to be refreshed before we go to bed," for it was then midnight. They then hurried into the dining room and were soon busily engaged in eating the remains of a great feast. All at once the country mouse was startled by a very loud noise in the house. "What was that?" he remarked very nervously. "Oh," said the city mouse, "it is only the dogs of the house."

Presently the door opened and in came two immense mastiffs. The mice had to leave in the middle of their meal and scamper away. Good bye," said the country mouse to his cousin. "What are you going so soon?" "Yes," he replied. "Better beans and bacon in peace, than cakes and ale in fear."



When Mouse Visits Mouse—By James Blanchet, Sixth B.

CLEMENTINE'S REWARD

By Jeanette West, Eighth B.

Up in the hills of Ireland, where the heather and the shamrock grows thick, there lived a pretty Irish girl with black hair, and eyes as blue as the violets. She and her mother and father, lived on a farm, and every morning at 6 o'clock she went down to the town with fresh butter and eggs which she would sell to the stores and hotels.

One morning as she was winding her way down the path, on her way to town, she saw a little white rabbit lying in the path. The rabbit seemed to be hurt. Clementine, for that was the little girl's name, picked the little white rabbit up in her arms, and started on with it. It remained motionless in her arms until she reached home.

When she arrived home her mother ran out to meet her, crying, "Oh, Clementine, Clementine! hurry and see who has hurt that poor little rabbit. Bring it here," and Clementine, trembling with excitement, laid down the rabbit and hurried into the house. And who do you suppose was there—her brother, whom they had given up all hopes of ever seeing again.

When they were in the midst of making merry, little Clementine happened to think of the rabbit, and she ran outside to the place where she had left it, expecting to find it there, but the rabbit was gone. She then felt very sorry for what she had done, and she sat down and started to cry.

"What are you crying about, Clementine?" asked a very sweet little voice. "Oh," said Clementine, and looking up with a start she beheld a beautiful little fairy. "I am crying because I left a poor little white rabbit out here, while I went into the house, and now it has disappeared."

"Well, if that is all you are crying for, perhaps you will stop when I tell you I am that same rabbit you picked up on the path in the hills, and my dear little girl, I am very grateful to you because you saved me from a terrible death. Just before you came a wicked fairy changed me into a rabbit and dropped me down the side of the mountain, where I lay until you found me. I wish to bestow a gift of good luck and prosperity on you." With this the fairy disappeared, leaving behind her a good luck charm—a little white rabbit which lay on the floor as Clementine wore, no ill luck could befall her.

Country School

By Geraldine Pilkington, Fifth B.

My great-grandmother went to an odd old fashioned school. It was no larger than one room of a school now. The children didn't write with pencils for they didn't have any then. She had to write with charcoal. She couldn't buy it because there weren't any stores around there. My great-grandmother got it out of the fireplace after the wood had charred. Then she cut it into long sticks and sharpened it. They wrote on pieces of board most all the time. It was a great treat to get to write on paper.

She had a schoolmaster. He was very cross. He would make the girls sit with the boys when they whispered to them. When the boys were bad he would whip them. The schoolmaster had long curly hair that came about to his shoulders. He always carried a whip with him. He often let them have spelling matches and the ones who spelled words correctly went in a class above. The schoolmaster's name was Mr. Wantler.

My great-grandmother only got whipped once and that was because she was late. He always whipped for that because he said, "If you start in class you will get here in time." She told him just what she thought of him. He never did it again. After awhile he came to see her. Then he apologized for having whipped her.

ORIGINAL STORY OF PRETTY FAIRY

By Enola Bracons, Eighth B.

Once upon a time there lived a little fairy, who was known as "Lily." She lived up in the clouds, but came down on her pet dove almost every day to visit her little friends.

One day she landed in a tree, which frightened the dove and it flew away. So there was poor little Lily, left up in this large elm tree all alone. She could not get out because her wings were caught fast to a branch, so all she could do was to call for help.

After awhile she got help from two small children, "Toddy and Nell."

The little fairy was so pleased that her and when they entered her charming house, which was made of candy and the windows of sugar, they were not greatly surprised that they could not speak.

After the fairy had finished showing them all her pets and toys and had read them some pretty fairy stories, she touched her wand; suddenly there appeared a table spread with the most tempting dainties they had ever seen.

After they had finished this delicious supper and had seen all of these wonderful things, they began to long to go home. So Lily, being a kind hearted fairy, gave them each a dove to ride, and took them home, promising to let them visit her again soon.

PATRICK AND HIS GHOSTS

By Stuart Zimmerman, Eighth B.

A long time ago in Ireland there lived a man named Patrick Maguire. He and his wife lived in a little valley among the mountains. He raised chickens and geese and once a month Patrick would go to town to get supplies.

One day he and his wife had a quarrel and Patrick went out of the house, vowing that he would never come back. He saddled the horse and rode off. It was dark when he started, but he wasn't afraid and kept on.

On coming to the place where the roads branched, he thought that he would take the other road, because it was nearer the city.

As he went along the road it began to rain very hard and a little farther up the road he saw an old cabin. He stopped his horse when he came to it, got off and went into the cabin. He found it deserted, but there was a bed in the corner of a big fireplace stocked with wood in the center.

Patrick lay down in the bed and went to sleep, but in the middle of the night, feeling something cold he looked over and saw a skeleton next to him. Patrick jumped up out of the bed and issued a ghost. Patrick then went over to the corner, another ghost! Patrick ran to the window and there was still another; at this he ran out of the house and hunted for his horse, but when he came to the spot where he had left it there was nothing but a skeleton.

Patrick ran from the place as fast as he could and never stopped till he got to his home. When there he begged his wife's pardon and never quarreled with her again.



Two Friendly Mice.

ROW OVER NORTH POLE DISCOVERY

By Beatrice Porteous, Seventh B.

A month or so ago the world was thrown into a state of excitement by the news that Dr. Cook, an Arctic explorer, had discovered the North Pole. Upon reaching Denmark, Cook was greeted with great enthusiasm, given every attention and was the personal guest of the king.

Admiral Peary, another Arctic explorer, had been searching for the Pole a good many years, and during Cook's stay in Denmark, he sent news that he, too, had found it.

Cook had at one time been a member of Peary's party, and it made the latter very angry, after he had been searching for it for so many years, to have another, who had searched for it only a short time, take the honor from him.

One declares that the other did not discover it, and they are having a great time, but let us hope that they were both fortunate enough in discovering that long searched for spot.

An Autumn Walk.

By John McCourt, Fifth B.

One day I was sitting in the parlor. The sun was shining very bright. It was an autumn day, so I thought I would take a walk through the woods. I took my fishing pole and a luncheon and put it in a basket. Being very warm I took my hat and coat off a little while.

My grasshoppers were all smashed and so I had to get some more. After getting more I took my fishing pole out and put it in a stream. Being very hungry I took my lunch basket to eat my luncheon. After lunch I caught several fish, then started back home. On my way I picked some wild grapes and autumn leaves. I reached home feeling tired, but after I rested a little while I felt much better. I enjoyed the walk very much.

TOPIC SENTENCE APPLIED

"The good green grass of love and truthfulness and common sense is more universal and crowds the idle weeds to the wall."—From "A Bunch of Herbs."

By Bernice Ingalls, Ninth A.

This sentence has a great deal of meaning. Love and truthfulness are the things which the whole world is based upon. Some people laugh at truthfulness and think it silly and foolish to be honest, but these are only men who are weak in mind, deed and word instead of being strong and pure in these. Love and truthfulness are referred to as green grass because they are strong, because they sprout up everywhere, crowding and pushing back that which is referred to here as being weeds of idleness.

By Violet Johnson, Ninth A.

George Washington was a very able military commander. His army was always in a very good condition and he outshone all such generals as Lee. Lee wanted Washington's position and was untruthful and of a very detestable character. These two generals are like the good green grass and the weeds. Washington represents the good green grass of love and truth, while Lee represents the idle weeds.

By George Lind, Ninth A.

The making of the constitution brings to my mind Thomas Jefferson, who fought a hard battle in making laws for our new government, having all of the unworthy laws set aside, as the grass crowds the idle weeds to the wall. There are, however, weeds that the good green grass cannot drive against the wall, and there were laws, too, that go into effect too, that cannot be set aside. We find that Thomas Jefferson in helping to form our government, showed his love and truthfulness for his country.

What the Other Fellow Said.

By Mary Murdock, Seventh A.

When I was in the country last summer we had a show in one of the fields, a friend of mine and myself. I rode on horseback and threw my hat off on the ground and would pick it up again when I was riding fast. It was easy to do that because I had a black thread tied to the rim of the hat and the other end in my hand.

When we wrote out the programs we put at the bottom of them, "made up by Mary Murdock," but my little friend had made it up and I asked her if I might put my name on it. I got all the praise and the "other fellow" said, "You're a sneak, you're a sneak, and you know it."

Then What Are We?

From the New York Post.

The writer in the Berlin Tagliche Rundschau who has just transferred these United States from the Anglo-Saxon to the Teutonic firmament yields to a common disease among German students of things American. Pretty nearly every traveler from the Fatherland is under the duty of pointing out that we are not as English as we appear. The rest content themselves with pointing out that we are not as German as we ought to be.

Learning to Swim.

By Leo Hyams, Ninth A.

When I learned how to swim I was first taught the leg motion. I had on a pair of water wings and was in water about 30 inches deep. I held on to a pipe with both hands to keep myself steady, while Mr. Murray, the swimming professor, took hold of my feet and made me kick like a frog. After I was taught the leg motion I sat on the bottom of the tank in the same depth of water and I was taught the arm and hand motion. Then when I had learned this motion I was made to swim the width of the tank in water over my head, without my water wings. After I had succeeded in doing this I was sent up to the deep end of the tank to swim, and that is the way I was taught to swim.

STORIES OF THE STARS—Where to Find Them

"Twinkle, twinkle little star, How I wonder what you are! Up above the world so high, Like a diamond in the sky."

Then the traveler in the dark, Thanks you for your tiny spark, He could not tell which way to go, If you did not twinkle so.

Have you ever noticed how many, many stars are shining in the sky? Some are very bright and twinkle right gaily, while others shine softly and steadily as if they were trying to help the traveler on his way. Did you ever see the Great Bear and the Little Bear in the sky? There is a very interesting tale how these two bears came to be up among the stars—and this is the way it happened:

A long, long time ago there were many gods and goddesses ruling over the earth. The king of them all was Jupiter and the queen was Juno. Now, although Juno was very beautiful and very powerful, she was inclined to be jealous of anyone who was at all good and beautiful. At this time there lived in a forest a very beautiful princess, called Callisto, of whom Jupiter was very fond. When Juno saw her out hunting she was in such a rage that she caused her to be turned into a huge bear. Her fingers became sharp claws and her hands and feet were turned into great paws. Whenever she tried to say anything she only made a dreadful growl, and although she was now a wild beast herself she feared and ran away from the other wild animals.

After wandering around in the forest

a few days Callisto met her own son, Arcas, out hunting and rushed forward to embrace him. Of course the son knew not what had happened and when he saw his mother he was very angry. He drew his hunting knife to defend himself, and was about to slay his own mother.

Then Jupiter, the king of gods, took pity on them and had Arcas changed into a small bear and ordered them both to be taken up and chained in the sky. Poor Juno did not like this either, for there they were shining away very brightly and she begged old Oceanus not to let them bathe in his waters. So there they are always prowling around the pole star, never sinking beneath the ocean as do the other stars.

There are millions of stars in the sky, each one having a story of its own—the Great Dipper, the Little Dipper, Perseus' shield, the Wain, Horse and others. Do you not want to read about all these so that when

"Day hath put on his jacket and around his burning bosom buttoned it with stars," you will be able to find them in the sky?

Books About the Stars.

Here is a list of some of the books about these stars which you may find in the children's department of the public library:

Ball—Starland.

Buckley—An Hour With the Sun; In her Through Magic Glasses, p. 117-44.

Moore—In her Through Magic Glasses, p. 1-26.

Chapman—Young Folks' Astronomy.

Frye—Stars; in his Brooks and Brook Basin, p. 71-81.

Gibberne—Among the Stars. Starry Skies, Sun, Moon and Stars.

Gray—Astronomy; in her Nature's Miracles, v. 1, p. 123-125. Sun; in her Nature's Miracles, v. 2, p. 154-156.

Holden—Astronomy; in his Real Things in Nature, p. 1-42. Astronomy; in his Science, p. 8-70. Earth and Sky; Family of the Sun. Meteors; in his Science, p. 44-46. Stories of the Great Astronomers.

Hooker—Gravitation; in his Child's Book of Nature, pt. 3, p. 189-195.

Knox—Meteors; in his Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Ceylon and India, p. 123-125.

Leigh—Astronomy; in her Witness of Creation, p. 129-46.

Moore & Nichols—Overhead; What Harry and Nelly Discovered in the Heavens.

Pepper—Science of Astronomy; in his Boy's Play Book of Science, p. 10-22.

Porter—Moon; in his Stars in Song and Legend, p. 12-21.

Proctor—Flowers of the Sky. Giant Sun and His Family.

Service—Astronomy With an Opera Glass.

Stickney—What is Gravitation; in his Earth and Sky, p. 27-29.

Stockton—Moon; in his Tales out of School, p. 232-235.

Troscian—Stars; in his Harold's Ramble, p. 57-60.

Wright—Astronomy; in her Sun and Moon, p. 28-75.

Young—Astronomical Photography; in Lane's Triumphs of Science, p. 124-44.



Buster Brown and Bill—By Chester Dryden, Fifth A.

Lighthouse and Harbor—By Dorothy Bliss, Seventh A.

She Mollycoddles.

From the New York World.

So general has been the idea that the college girl was emulating her brother in cultivating muscle at the possible expense of mind that many have even looked for a warning from a woman's college or club president against the danger of feminine excess in sports. To have instead an intimation that the college girl is a mollycoddle is something of a shock. Some women's college basketball teams should seize the opportunity to demonstrate by a list of injured in a contest requiring a surgeon's services the injustice of the suggestion.

Referred to Lost Article Department

From the Youth's Companion.

Bridget, who had administered the culinary affairs of the Morse household for many years, was sometimes torn between her devotion to her mistress and loyalty to the small son of the house.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Morse, in a tone of wonder after an inspection of the store room, "where have those splendid red apples gone that the man brought yesterday—those four big ones?"

"Well, now, ma'am," said poor Bridget, "I couldn't rightly say, but I'm thinkin' if you was to find where my loaf of hot gingerbread is, likely them four red apples would be fitten right on top of it, an' I'm only hopin' his little stummock can stand the strain."

Landscape—By Helen Clark, Sixth A.