

WHAT THE PUPILS OF PORTLAND SCHOOLS CAN DO

Interesting Page That is Devoted Almost Entirely to Work in Composition and Drawing That is Done by the Boys and Girls in the Several Grades of the Highland School

The Circus Comes

By Eadie Maguire, Ninth A.

"My dear," said Mr. Hobson as he laid aside his evening paper, "I see the circus is coming to town, suppose we go?"

"Alright," said Mrs. Hobson from the other side of her great work basket. "When does it come?"

"Next Wednesday," briefly replied her husband who was already interested in another column of his paper.

The circus came! Well, that surely was an event. Mrs. Hobson fell to thinking. They lived in a small town where they had both been raised and knew everybody. She wondered if Mrs. Jones would go, and if so what she would wear. Of course, we people who live in the city don't generally wear elegant clothes to the circus, knowing how dirty they would be before we reached home; but in the country or in a small town it is different. So Mrs. Hobson wondered if Mrs. Jones would wear that new dress of hers. She sure would. "Well then," thought she, "I'll wear mine too."

Finally the day came, and when the horse had been hitched to the light wagon, and Mr. and Mrs. Hobson well protected from the dust, they started. Sure enough there was Mrs. Jones in her new plaid dress. "I'm glad I wore mine," thought Mrs. Hobson unbuttoning her long ulster for a final survey, when she remembered, with horror, that she had forgotten her belt. "Horror!" she said aloud. "Take you'll have to turn back. I've forgotten my belt and there is a large safety pin in the back of my skirtband."

"Don't you care," said her spouse who was eyeing Jones' new horse.

"But I do care, Jake Hobson, and you turn back this minute."

Mr. Hobson took out his watch and looking at it said, "Wear your duster in if you can't go without a belt we've only got four minutes and I'm not going to waste money by not using these tickets."

So Mrs. Hobson, much to her dismay, had to hide her new dress with her long dusty coat, while Mrs. Jones looked like a "fashion plate" in her new dress.



Around the Curve—By Hattie Lent, Ninth A.

The Mast's Story

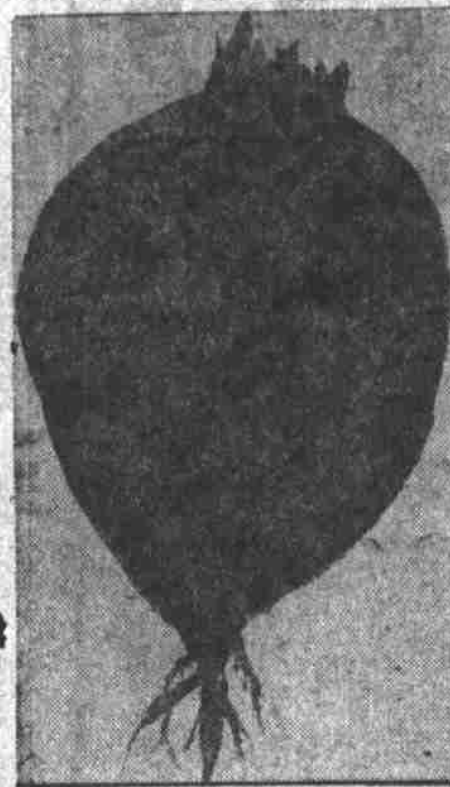
By Naldyne Baker, Fourth B.

I was once a tree. I lived in the forest. One day I saw some people coming toward me. They said, "Here is a good tree. It is just the right height." They chopped me down and chopped all my branches off. Then they dragged me down to the river and put me on a log and they rode me off to a sawmill. Then they made me into a mast and put me on a ship with some other masts.

When the ship was ready she sailed to England, and from there to Germany. I saw my mother, brothers, and sisters on another ship close by. They said, "Hello," to me, and I said, "Hello" to them.

When the ship was ready to go I felt very sorry to leave them. At last our ship reached America. I passed the place where my father was. He saw me and waved his branches at me and I waved my sails to him. He looked so sad standing there alone.

From America we went to the sunny land of Italy. My master being a very old man and liking Italy very much, decided to quit the sea. The present owners think they will sell the ship to a company, and I now being very old expect to be taken down and what becomes of me then remains to be seen.



"What Papa Raised in Oregon"—By Marion Carson, Second A.

Faithful Servants

By Lillie Erickson.

Nellie and Bess are horses. They are together very much. They go to their work together, go to the trough together, and go into the field together.

One day they had a conversation and Nellie said: "I have had a very pleasant life. My master does not make me work very hard, because he has other horses to work for him. I draw him in his carriage to church every Sunday. I have talked quite a while now, so it is your turn."

So Bess started to tell of her life. "I have not had as pleasant a life as you, my friend; but I wish I had. Well, first of all, my master is a drunkard. He makes me do all the work, for I am the only horse he has. I have to haul the wagon every day. He does not go to church, for he thinks it is all nonsense, and that you spend your money in putting in collection. I think he spends it worse now for drink than if he put it in for collections. I guess I will say any more, for here comes our master, but mine is drunk, as usual."

Nellie ran to meet her master, but Bess slunk away. Then her master got a stick and beat her so the horses had to part and never saw each other for a long time afterward.



The Country Church—By Nellie Simmons, Eighth A.

Winter Shipwreck

By Florence Jensen, Seventh B.

One day last winter the Columbia was sailing very slowly because it was foggy and the captain could not see where to steer the vessel. This dense fog lasted for about three hours. All at once the boat gave a jar and before any one knew what had happened the boat was sinking.

There was a danger sign, but of course, when it was foggy it was impossible to see the sign. There had been several wrecks in this very spot and not one was due to the carelessness of the captain, but to the treachery of the rocks.

The men rushed for the life boats and succeeded in reaching them. It was very lucky that this boat carried no passengers for there would have been no hope for some. They started bravely although the angry waves dashed the frail lifeboat towards the shore which was not more than two miles away. They had not rowed very far when one of the men saw a white speck coming down the ocean. They soon knew what it was and were very glad.

They turned back to the sinking vessel and waited. It was fully two hours before the vessel came to their rescue. The sinking vessel was nearly out of sight, but the men were saved.

A Violet.

By Barnita Moody, Sixth A.

I am a violet. I used to live in the woods. One day a little girl came and dug me up. She took me and planted me in her back yard. She gave me water to drink every day.

One day the little girl came and dug me up again. She put a wet cloth around me, and took me away with her. We got on a big train and went on a long journey. We were on the train seven days. The little girl never gave me any water to drink while we were on the train. I think she must have forgotten me. When we got off the train I was almost dead. The little girl gave me water and planted me in the back yard. She tried her best to make me live, but I died.

Little Snowflakes.

By Gladys Reed, Third A.

Little snowflakes, white and fair, floating through the air, by and by you'll get there, little snowflakes so white and fair.



In the Hills—By Esther Iverson, Ninth A.

Perils of Inchcape Rock

By Genevieve Haven, Sixth B.

In the North sea 12 miles from any land was a dangerous rock, called Inchcape rock. It was so near the top of the water that the vessels would strike it in sailing over it and then sink.

The good Abbot of Aberbrothock heard of this rock and thought of a way to warn the sailors so they would not sail into it. One clear day when the sea was smooth he took a large bell and placed it on a buoy and fastened them both to the rock. Then the motion of the waves set the bell ringing and this warned the sailors that they were near the rock.

Soon after this, Ralph the Rover was on the deck of his ship, looking out upon the glassy sea, and in the distance he saw Inchcape rock.

"Boys," said he, "lower the boat and row me out to Inchcape rock. We will play a trick on the old Abbot."

When they reached the rock, Ralph took a sharp hatchet and broke the chain which held the bell. It sank to the bottom of the sea with a gurgling sound.

"Now," said Ralph, "no more sailors will bless the old Abbot of Aberbrothock."

That evening the wind came up and the ship was drifted about in the sea. A dense fog arose and the wind changed and soon the ship was drifting toward the dreaded rock.

"Ah," said Ralph, "if I had only left the good Abbot's bell on the rock we could tell where we are." Just then the ship crashed against the rock and gave a terrible lurch forward.

"We are sinking," called out Ralph hoarsely. "Oh, wretch that I was to sink the good Abbot's bell."

Why the Leaves Danced.

By Victor Swannan, Second A.

The little leaf stopped sighing, but began singing. It danced merrily as if nothing could pull it off. When autumn came all the leaves around became so beautiful. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said: "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on their beautiful colors because of joy."

Love Song in a Minor Key.
From the Cleveland Leader.

"Can you support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"I could, but I'd hate to. You see I really love her."

Again Mary's Lamb.
From the Kansas City Times.

Mary had a little lamb,
Formerly at lunch,
Now it's 'tato salad,
She's with the boycott bunch.

Saint Valentine's Day Stories

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

ORIGIN AND CUSTOMS.

Beard—St. Valentine's Day. In American Girl's Handy Book. p. 464-8.

Saint Valentine's Day. In Holbrook's Round the Year in Myth and Song. p. 127.

Saint Valentine's Day—In Our Holidays. p. 103-110.

GAMES.

Beard—Original Valentines. In What a Girl Can Make and Do. p. 9-108.

Beard—Valentine's Entertainment. In Things Worth Doing. p. 103-112.

Motz—Valentine Poetry. In Home Games and Parties. p. 25.

Whitem—February: A St. Valentine's Party. In Book of Children's Parties. p. 21-26.

White—St. Valentine's Day. In Her Book of Games. p. 162-5.

STORIES.

Bailey & Lewis—Big Brother's Valentine. p. 25-31.

Stuart's Valentine. p. 255-7. In For the Children's Hour.

Brooks—Mr. Poppy's Valentine. In Storied Holidays. p. 55-70.

Foulson—Philip's Valentines. In the Child's World. p. 191-6.

Valentine—In Half a Hundred Stories. p. 17-21.

A Happy Christmas

There were six of them—Bessie, Annie, Thomas, Ruth, Jim and their mother.

It was the day before Christmas. They could not have any happy Christmas like most other children. But they were going to make the best of things, as their mother had told them all to do. They had made small toys for each other.

The day passed and night came on. They went to bed after their work was done up.

When morning came they did their work up. Then they had a small Christmas tree, which the boys had cut. The girls had taken some paper and fixed it.

They had some presents after. They were in the middle of all this fun when a knock was heard at the door. Mabel was standing by the door of a pleasant little store. In the bundle she carried she had presents for everybody—mother, father, brother, sister. She thought Santa ought to have a present.

So she went back to the store and picked out a nice red book. "It looked like I was going to be bought for Santa," it seemed to say.

So she placed it by the fireplace and put a note on it telling how she happened to buy it.

Next morning it was still there. Why didn't he take it? But it was open! She read. "Don't forget the poorhouse around the corner."

So this was who was at the poor woman's door. There were presents for all. There were clothes. Then there was a chicken dinner. The poor woman said, "Oh, I know there were never happier children than mine."

But Mabel knew there was one.

GIRLS' CHORUS AT HIGHLAND SCHOOL



First row (back), from left to right—Esther Iverson, Leona Victors, Marie Beech, Gladys Stewart, Laura Croxford, Sylvia Smith, Julia Platt, Doris Elkington.

Second row—Sophie Smith, Dorothy Hart, Dorothy Flegel, Miss Suza Jones, Virginia Carlander, Edith Swank, Hulda Reynolds.

Third row—Robin Colwell, Ruth Schmuckli, Wilma Dietrich, Ethel Jensen, Esther Anderson, Lucille Hughes, Esther Domes, Georgia Slavins, Fay Hubbard.

Fourth row—Leona Pilkaer, Florence Hill, Edith Swannan, Marjorie Madden, Nellie Springer.

About three years ago this singing chorus, which is composed of the girls from the eighth and ninth grades, was organized in Highland school. Its members are instructed by Miss Suza Jones and through her aid this chorus was established.

There are at present 30 girls belonging to the club, part of whom are new members, having been admitted this term. As each graduating class takes away a number of the girls, new ones are admitted to take their places. As each member is admitted to the chorus her voice is tried and she is placed where she can do the best work.

The chorus sings two and three part songs, but care is taken that the soprano does not go too high nor the alto too low to strain any voice.

On January 25, the chorus gave its first recital in the assembly hall. There were choruses by the club and solos by former members of the chorus. The program was as follows:

- (a) Estudantina Lacombe
- (b) Voice of the Western Wind Barney
- Open Thou Thy Blue Eyes, Massenet Olga Goldberg
- Rockaby Neldinger
- The Glow Worm Lincke
- Solo by Ida Davis.
- The Happy Miller Vesale
- Solo—Roses of June Lane
- Margherita D'Auria Neldinger
- Rockin' in de Wind Neldinger
- (a) Swanee River Neldinger
- (b) Dixie Neldinger

An Original Story

By Edwin Romig, Eighth A.

Once there was an old wizard that got mad at the world and resolved to make a man without a heart or brain. If he made a man without a heart he would be cruel to beast and to man because he would not have any feeling for them. And if he made a man without a brain he would do dreadful stunts because he would not have a brain to know right from wrong.

The Wizard made the body of the man from his own design, but when it came to life he made it out of a coconut. It was a puzzle to the wizard to know how to run this man, but he thought awhile and decided to run him by a self-starting gasoline engine.

"Ah!" said the Wizard, "there is a man for you!" as he blew in his face and started him on his journey of life.

The first thing the self-starting man saw was an automobile garage with a sign on it, "Take Gasoline Here." He walked in and picked up a five-gallon can of gasoline and drank it.

The self-starting man felt funny. So, as you know, he was a self-starting man, he started to run, and ran a hundred miles in six hours before he stopped.

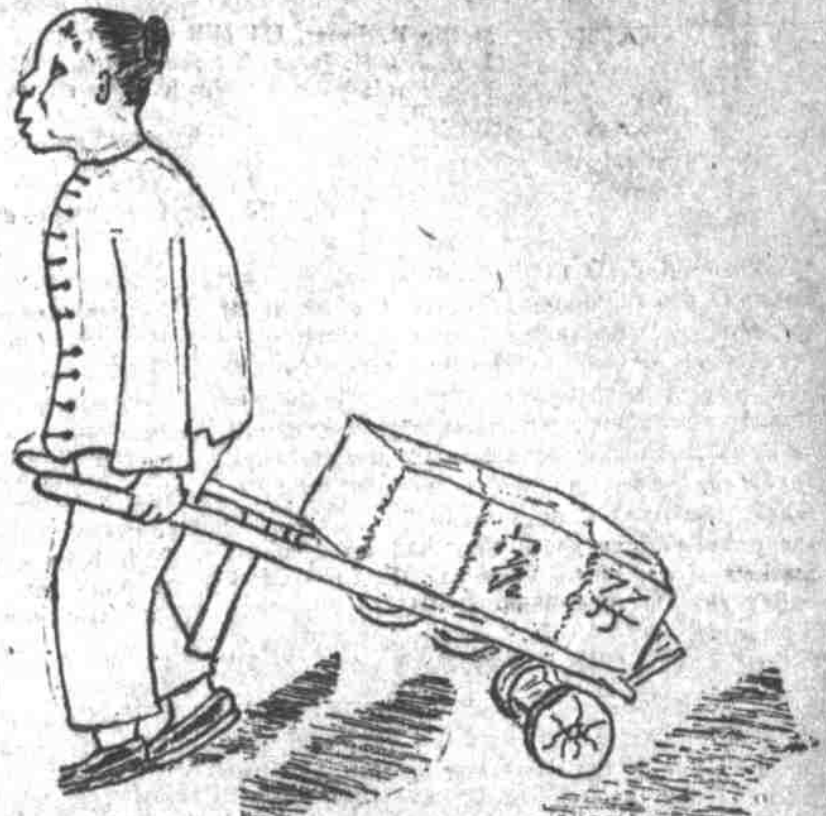
He entered a large city and walked about the streets, started to cross one of them and ran into a streetcar. When he came to he was in a hospital and to the nurse's amazement all he wanted was a glass of gasoline.

A Snowflake's Story.

By Leafa Cain, Third A.

I am a snowflake. I live in the clouds. I like my home very much. Have you ever seen me? I have many brothers and sisters. I make you happy. You slide on me with your sleds. One day I fell down on the ground. When the children came out of school I made them cold so they ran home to get warm. Then they came out to play with me, my brothers and sisters. One day a little girl found me lying on the ground. She picked me up and put me with a lot of other snowflakes and made a snowball out of us all.

When the sun took me back to my home I was glad to be there.



She had a comb and a fan And he had two chests of tea.
By Luther A. Newgent, Ninth A.

Two Fishermen and Their Fish

By Stuart Pratt, Ninth A.

"I'm going fishing," said Smith to his wife one Sunday morning. "I believe I will, too," said Brown, his brother-in-law from behind the folds of the morning paper. In due time they both were started, reaching the river, seated themselves on an old dock to wait for the fish to bite.

The luck was poor and the sun was hot, and at length Brown declared that he wasn't "going to cook any longer in that hot sun, but that he would find a shadier place to fish. Smith said he would stay where he was, but as soon as Brown was out of sight he started home, trying to make up some good excuse to tell his wife. He had gone but a little way when he met a small boy carrying a big string of fish. "How much will you take for your fish?" asked he. "Dollar," replied the boy. The transaction was soon made and Smith went home whistling.

Much to his surprise, Brown was there before him, with as good a string as he had bought. Smith thought something was up so asked Brown what he paid for the fish. Brown was reading the paper again, so replied without thinking of what he was doing. "Seventy-five cent." There he checked himself but it was too late. At this news Smith was angry and said, before he thought, "That little graffer, he charged me a dollar. So of no use to pretend any longer and both men had a hearty laugh over the matter."

Highland's Football Trophy

By Robin Colwell.

The season of the grammar school football league ended with a scoreless game between Highland and Montavilla, each contesting for the heavyweight championship. The championship was to be decided by a series of three games. In the first game Highland won a brilliant victory over Montavilla with a score of 3 to 0, but in the second game neither team could claim anything. Montavilla then refused to play any more games, partly because the husky Highlanders had put three of its best players out of commission, and partly because it claimed the championship by default.

A few weeks before the last game was played Mr. Khron imposed a 15 days limit in which to allow any other team

in the heavyweight division to qualify and contend for the cup, and in case no team entered Montavilla was to have the cup by default. Highland furnished a team and played two games, one of which was scoreless and the other of which Highland won.

Montavilla called the game off that was to have been played the following Thursday, and then claimed the championship cup, on the grounds that it should have had it by default in the first place. Mr. Khron decided in favor of Highland, however, in view of the fact that it had won one game over Montavilla. The next Friday a beautiful silver cup was presented to the team. This cup stands nearly a foot high, and has the name of the team engraved on it.

Little Louise

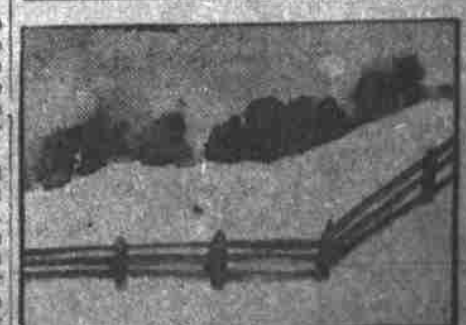
By Ruth Charleston.

There was once a little girl that lived with her father in a little hut on a mountain. They were very poor, and were badly treated by the people of the richer class. Louise was very proud, and she did not like for any of the other little girls to look any better than she did. She always looked neat in her calico dress.

At last she father went out to chop some wood. But alas! he never came back. Some people think he was eaten up by the wild beasts. But whether he was or not he did not return. Louise was sorry because she loved her father dearly.

At last she stopped crying. She heard a knock at the door. She opened it quickly. There stood an old woman. She asked Louise for shelter over the night. Louise pondered a moment, then she said she would be glad to give her shelter. This woman was known throughout the country to be very wicked. She was known by the name of Cross Lock.

That night a kind lady was passing by and saw that Louise was under the



A Bit of Country—By Harold Morris, Sixth B.