

Oct 1916



PLAY THE GAME

of life and play it hard. It is the best known and most popular game in the whole world, as every nation is in the league. The training for this great contest, is however, very rigid.

HIGH SCHOOL FELLOWS

have to be equally well developed mentally, physically, religiously and socially to successfully compete for a running score.

THE BANGOR Y. M. C. A.

can help coach you for this virile test. Drop in and talk the matter over. You need our signals. We need your team work.

If You Would Be Correctly Dressed

Get the new style ideas at Clark's. We're showing the latest models now in Suits and Coats

"ATTERBURY" CLOTHES "FITFORM" CLOTHES

In furnishings too, you'll find us right up-to-the-minute. We sell
MANHATTAN AND ARROW SHIRTS, MALLORY "CRAVENETT"
HATS. Come in any time and look us over.

JOHN T. CLARK & CO.

Cor. State and Exchange Sts.

Come in and see us

We have what you want

C. F. WINCHESTER

THE CORNER GROCERY

183 Park Street

Telephone 1160

Bangor, Maine

EAST SIDE NEWS DEPOT

W. L. Eldridge

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Stationery, Magazines, Daily
and Sunday Papers, Postal Cards

56 STATE ST.

BANGOR, ME.

STICKNEY & BABCOCK

COAL CO.

19 State St.

Bangor

C. W. BRYANT

Diamond Dealer

Bangor,

Maine

WARES OF

GOLD, SILVER AND CUT GLASS

WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS

CARD AND SOCIETY ENGRAVING

How about a

Fountain Pen

We have them from
\$1.00 up and every-
one guaranteed.

Let us show you our
Conklin Self-filling Pen

Fowler Drug Co.

Bangor, Maine

The PERRY STUDIO

Maker of
Fine Photographs

193 Exchange St. Bangor, Me.
PHONE CONNECTION

BENSON'S

BANGOR'S MOST IMPROVED STORE

Women and Young Women
will find here the desir-
able kind of Ready to Wear
Apparel.

Style, assortment, and
moderate prices feature the
showing always.

Large stocks of piece
goods are always here.

"THE BEST WOMEN'S STORE"

Telephone Connection

WILBUR S. COCHRANE

TEACHER OF PIANO

Studio, 57 Fifth Street

Always More For Less

Seeing Is Believing—let us show you why you should
Patronize Your Advertisers

BENOIT MUTTY CO.

Clothiers and Gents' Furnishers

191 EXCHANGE STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

Patronize Our Advertisers

BATES STREET SHIRTS

GUYER HATS

James A. Robinson & CO.

Clothing, Boots, Shoes
and Furnishing Goods

34-36 Hammond Street

STETSON SHOES

GOLD SEAL RUBBERS

FURBUSH PRINTING COMPANY

SOLICIT HIGH SCHOOL PATRONAGE
EXCELLENT WORK, PRICES RIGHT

108 EXCHANGE STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

GIVE US A CALL

SANBORN'S BARBER SHOP

R. H. SANBORN, Prop.

7 Hammond Street, Bangor, Maine
Opp. Merrill Trust Building
Telephone 1241-Y

Electric Massage and Shampoo
No long waits, 6 chairs

MELLO CREAM

Alcohol 20 Per Cent.

The most exquisite prepara-
tion known for Skin and
Complexion.

PREPARED ONLY BY

Essex Pharmacy Co.
Chas. L. Dakin

COR. ESSEX AND STATE STS. TEL. 1105

PHOTOS

ENLARGEMENTS

HOPKINS STUDIO

14 STATE STREET

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING FOR AMATEURS

Compliments

B. E. BROWN, JEWELER

Watches, Diamonds, Fine Gold
Silver, Brass, Leather and Glass

71 MAIN STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

When in need of a haircut or shave visit

Mason's Barber Shop

DANIEL H. MASON, 20 Hammond St.

L. B. CURRIER CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS

50 Main Street Bangor, Maine

DAN T. SULLIVAN

Sells

OFFICE SUPPLIES

at 23 Central Street

Compliments of

Frey's Leading Sanitary **Cafe**

30-32 Central Street

Ladies' Dining Room Up-Stairs

OPEN ALL NIGHT

Electric Willard Storage Battery Lighting
Work Service Station Fixtures

THE DOLE COMPANY

Electrical Engineers and Contractors

Wm. McC. Sawyer, Treasurer

61 Main Street Tel. 74

DON'T FORGET FICKETT'S
SATURDAY CASH SALES

You will save money by coming to this
market—cold weather—you can buy
a week's provision

OSCAR A. FICKETT CO.
12 BROAD STREET

P. T. DUGAN & CO.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

**Trunks, Bags, Horse Supplies
and Shoe Findings**

Order Work and Repairing a Specialty
34 CENTRAL STREET

CHADBOURNE'S BARBER SHOP

79 CENTRAL STREET

ALL STAR CREW

(4 Chairs)

BANGOR

"Brimful Of Ginger"

That's what the young fellows
are saying after seeing the won-
derful array of Suits and Over-
coats we are showing this season.

\$18—\$20 and up.

FINNEGAN & MONAGHAN

"THE GOOD CLOTHES SHOP"

17 HAMMOND STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

C. WINFIELD RICHMOND

PIANIST AND TEACHER

Pupil of Isidor Philipp of Paris Conservatory;
Member of Music Teachers' National Association

Fifteenth Season September 9

STUDIO, PEARL BUILDING STATE AND HARLOW STREETS
Telephone 93-R

JOHN A. MCKAY COMPANY

UP TO DATE HABERDASHERS

Fowne's, Dent's and H. & P. Gloves, Manhattan,
Metric & Hathaway Shirts, Carter's Union Suits,
Onyx and Notaseme Hose, Altman Neckwear.

38 MAIN STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

Patronize Our Advertisers

The Oracle Staff

Harry Helson, '17.....	Editor-in-Chief
Paul H. Eames, '17.....	Business Manager
Stanley Johnson, '17.....	Associate Editor
LITERARY	PERSONAL
Katherine B. Stewart, '17	Margaret T. Hills, '17
ALUMNI	EXCHANGE
Pauline E. Miller, '17	Harold Murray, '17
DEBATING	GIRLS' DEBATING
Reginald Noyes, '17	Florence Salley, '17
LOCAL	
Ralph Farrar, '17	
ATHLETIC	
James K. Pennell, '17	
ART	
Harold E. Vayo, '18	
Harold Green, '18	} ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS
Donald Eames, '19	

CONTENTS

The Oracle Staff	1
Editorials	2
Literary	4
The First Boys' Training Camp at Plum Island, N. Y.....	4
Peter Pan, Offender	5
Wanted a Pamphlet!.....	8
The Bluebird	10
Locals.....	12
Athletics.....	14
Alumni	16
Exchanges	17
Debating	18
Personals	19

THE ORACLE

Published Monthly by the students of the Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine

SUBSCRIPTIONS—50 cents per annum in advance.

Regular number 5 cents

Special Christmas, Easter and Graduation numbers 10 cents

Address all business communications to Paul H. Eames, 756 Hammond Street

Entered as Second Class Matter, June 14, 1914, at the Post Office at Bangor, Maine, under the Act of March, 1879

VOL. XXV

OCTOBER, 1916

NO. 1

EDITORIALS

"Practising Is Better Than Preaching"

TO THE CLASS OF 1920.

Bangor High School bids you welcome: She desires that you become interested, and instrumental in keeping her in the high position she now occupies. It is yours to participate in all school activities and to feel the responsibilities which belong to you as members of Bangor High School.

That the various branches of our school life shall become successful is dependent upon you. The school spirit in Bangor High makes us all one; all one in the aims and pursuits of those things which go to make the school what it ought to be. May you in word and deed uphold the name of Bangor High School!

AN EDITORIAL UPON EDITORIALS.

It may be asked with some pertinence what are editorials for in a paper? Limiting the question to the Oracle in particular, or to any other High School paper, the answer is obviously—to be read. But there is another and deeper reason which is often overlooked when speaking of editorials.

It is this: the editorials furnish an opportunity for the editors to say what they think, to tell the truth as they see it, or to dissent from any opinion, or practice, which others may favor.

So in reading the editorials in the Oracle remember that what is said comes straight from the heart of the writer, that the sentiments expressed will be not only those of one person, but of many, and that some real message may be found in each issue.

Then Do Not Leave Your Paper

until you have read the editorials and reflected upon them. The Oracle will be glad to receive contributions for the editorial department in order that what may be bettered may receive attention through the medium of the High School paper.

THE STUDENTS AND FOOTBALL.

The students of Bangor High School do not seem to realize their responsibility in regard to the athletics of the school. The athletics of this school, or of any school, can amount to nothing without the whole hearted support of the student-body. Every boy in this school should turn out for some team if it is possible for him to do so. Those not selected for the different teams should, with the rest of the student-body, support the teams by their presence at every game. For the support of the entire school it is necessary to make a winning team. Pupils of Bangor High, it is your duty and your

privilege to help your representatives, the members of the various teams, to win honor for your school.

No lasting enthusiasm for athletics has ever been aroused in this school. In the past it has been said that this lack of school-spirit was due to laziness. Will you allow this to be said of you? If you do allow it to be said you deserve to have your teams defeated.

Is Indifference Fair

to the team-men? After having given up their time to practice and hard training, haven't the players the right to ask your attendance at the games? Of course they have the right! Will you refuse to give them their due? You say not? Then show them that you mean what you say. If you really do mean to help them make the athletics of Bangor High something to be proud of; turn to and work. Put on your red and white. Go to the games. Cheer! Beat Portland this year! Bangor High School ought to head the list of Maine

preparatory schools in athletics. **YOU** can put it there if **YOU** will work.

THE ORACLE CONTESTS.

As Bangor High School has no permanent song,—one for all times and all places, the Oracle has decided, if possible, to see that the lack be supplied. Accordingly it institutes a competition for such a song and for the music to accompany it. To the author of the words, one season's subscription to the Oracle will be given. To the author of the music, the same prize is offered.

All students and alumni of Bangor High School are invited to participate in the contest. The words to the song must be submitted before November 10th. The music must be submitted by December 1st.

The author of the best story in the November issue will receive a season ticket to the Basketball games. All stories must be in the hands of the Literary editor by the 30th of October.

Report of 1915-16 Business Manager

RECEIPTS.

From yearly subscriptions.....	\$229.50
From 1914-'15 "Oracle" Board.....	2.55
From ads. and sale, Oct. issue.....	44.00
From ads. and sale, Nov. issue.....	55.14
From ads. and sale, Dec. issue.....	59.90
From ads. and sale, Jan. issue.....	51.81
From ads. and sale, Feb. issue.....	53.71
From ads. and sale, Mar. issue.....	58.96
From ads. and sale, April issue.....	57.75
From ads. and sale, May issue.....	59.56
From ads. and sale, June issue.....	114.30
From sale of paper and zinc.....	.91

Total received\$788.09

EXPENDITURES.

For postage, stationery, etc.....	\$ 14.02
For incidentals	23.06
For cuts and printing Oct. issue...	51.80
For cuts and printing Nov. issue...	61.91
For cuts and printing Dec. issue...	78.94
For cuts and printing Jan. issue...	73.00
For cuts and printing Feb. issue...	68.45
For cuts and printing Mar. issue...	85.47
For cuts and printing April issue...	73.79
For cuts and printing May issue...	64.50
For cuts and printing June issue...	136.00
For banquet and bus. mgr. salary....	49.70

Total paid out.....\$780.64

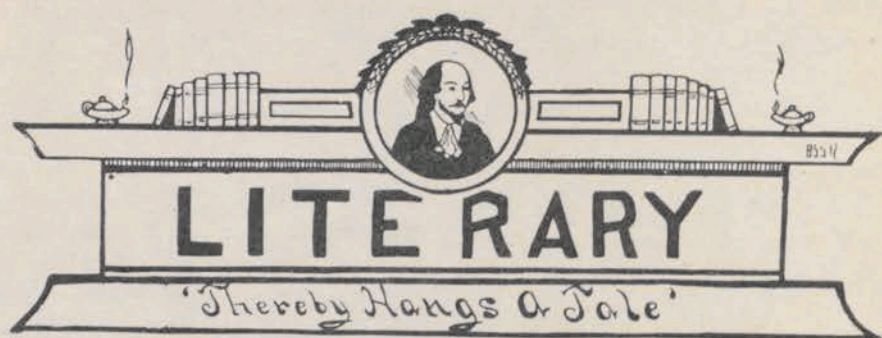
Balance 7.45

Respectfully submitted,

Harry Butler, Business Manager, 1915-'16.

I have examined the above accounts and find them correct.—Elmer T. Boyd.

\$788.09



THE FIRST BOYS' TRAINING CAMP AT PLUM ISLAND, N. Y.

By Theodore Chilcott, '19.

THE founders of our country tried to impress upon the American people that peace is best secured by Preparedness. A free people ought to be not only armed, but also disciplined; to which end a uniform and a well digested plan is requisite; with this in view the Military Instruction camps were established. These camps furnish in a practical way, although as yet to a limited extent, a means of carrying out the wise policy outlined by the President.

The Junior Plattsburg Camp, as conducted at Plum Island, was established for boys between the ages of fifteen and eighteen. There were forty-two of the states represented at this camp, besides two boys from Honolulu, making a total of about twelve hundred boys.

Plum Island is about four miles long and half a mile wide. It is well fortified by different batteries making up Fort Terry. Fort Terry is fortified not only with large and small rifles, but also with mortars and a large mining station, thus making the fort an important defensive position in time of war.

The first camp held there began July 6 and continued till August 10. The boys were not permitted to leave the Island until the day camp was broken up. Transportation

was made by government transports running from Greenport, Long Island, and New London, Connecticut, to Plum Island. These boats carried all of the passengers, mail, and provisions which came to the Island.

The whole number of boys made up the regiment, which was divided into the first and second battalions. The first battalion, which was called the eastern unit, was located on the eastern part of the Island, and the second, called the hill unit, was nearer the center. The two battalions were divided into companies of one hundred and fifty boys each. The first battalion consisted of five companies, while the second consisted of three. The companies were alphabetically arranged, and each one was divided into squads of eight men.

The tents of each company were placed in two rows, with a company street between them. At the head of this street were the officers' tents, including those of the first sergeant and quartermaster sergeant. Each squad occupied a tent which was conical in shape. A three-foot wall and a wooden floor made it very comfortable to live in.

The daily routine, which was timed or called by the camp bugler, started in at five forty-five in the morning, when first call was sounded. The fellows were given fifteen minutes to dress and be ready for calis-

thenics. As a rule most of the time was used up in deciding about getting up, and then that fifteen minutes seemed pretty short.

Then we formed and marched out to the parade ground where we had setting up exercises for half an hour, after which we would run for about half a mile and return to the camp. In fifteen minutes mess call sounded, and we formed and marched into the mess shack where we ate our meals. After mess we were given till eight o'clock to police the company street and our tents for an inspection by the officers of the company. Immediately after that we would form and start in drilling. There were two drill periods in the morning, with half an hour's recess between them. At ten o'clock, we formed again, and drilled until eleven-thirty, when recall was sounded and we marched back from the parade ground and were dismissed. At twelve o'clock mess call was sounded again and we formed and marched into the mess shack for dinner.

After dinner drill call sounded at one o'clock and we drilled from then till two-thirty, when we were dismissed. Then at three o'clock the fellows went swimming, or did any other thing that they wished to. Some went fishing, while others played base-

ball. At five o'clock mess call sounded for supper. After supper we formed again and marched down to the parade ground for retreat. All of the companies were present, and it surely was a pretty sight to see twelve hundred boys drilling in one regiment. Each company tried to outdrill the other. There was some very good drilling, indeed, even better than some of the militia companies.

The officers at the camp were taken from the regular army and from the Plattsburg camp held in 1915. Each company had one lieutenant who acted as captain and two Plattsburg men who acted as lieutenants. The first sergeant was a sergeant from the regular army, who took care of all the supplies which the government had furnished, and looked after the mail, which was given out twice a day.

The commanders of the battalions were captains from the regular army. The commander of the regiment was Lieutenant Colonel Hero, who had charge of the whole camp. He was ranked by only one man, Major General Wood. They both took great interest in the boys, and did all they could to make the camp a success.

And, judging by the way the boys felt, it was.

PETER PAN, OFFENDER



don't believe four-leaf clovers bring good luck," said Robert, sullenly.

"Robert Newman, you are just angry because you can't find one," replied his sister.

Disgusted by his fruitless search, Robert wandered off toward Silver Stream which ran through the grove belonging to Dr. Newman. The branches of a large oak stretched across the stream. Perched on one of these Robert gazed absently into the

clear water until he was startled by a merry laugh. Looking around he beheld an impish girl of eighteen or nineteen trying hard not to laugh.

"I just thought how funny it would be if you lost your balance and fell into the water." At the picture the girl again seemed much amused.

Robert, whose opinion of all girls was not flattering, thought this one the worst he had ever known; therefore, with all the dignity he could summon, he remarked:

"My name is Robert Newman. Can I do anything for you?"

"I don't care what your name is, Peter Pan; but if you don't come down you will find yourself in the stream, I fear," replied the girl.

Robert was as angry as possible, but he swallowed his wrath and slid down to the ground and facing the girl spoke politely. "I am sorry, but I do not know your name. Are you the girl that is visiting Mrs. Nelson?"

"My name is Dolly and I am visiting Mrs. Nelson. She is my grandmother," responded the girl.

"Where do you live winters, Miss Dolly?" Robert felt it his duty to ask this question of every new comer in hopes some one came from his own home. He, too, was visiting grandparents.

"I live in Florida. And you?"

"Boston," Robert replied briefly.

For a while they talked of their likes and dislikes. Then they started to walk to the Golf Club House. Quite suddenly Robert turned to his companion with the question, "Miss Dolly do you believe in four-leaf clovers? I see one and I'm going to pick it and prove to my sister that they do not bring good luck."

"Of course there is nothing in it, but let's prove it."

So Robert picked the clover and put it in his pocket. As he did so a low rumble of thunder broke the stillness. He looked at the sky. All around the horizon were fearfully black clouds. Then he turned to the girl, and asked, "Are you afraid in a thunder storm?"

"Not very, but I think we better hurry and reach the Club House before the storm breaks."

Before they gained the golf links, the lightning was very sharp and the darkness was terrifying. Robert looked at his

watch—the hands were barely visible, but a flash of lightning made everything as light as day.

"It is half-past six," he shouted.

As he spoke, the heavens seemed to open and the rain came in torrents. In a second, both were drenched, but on they ran, until panting for breath, they burst into the living room of the Club House. The lights had all gone off with the first sharp flash. The only light was that of the big stone fireplace. Around the fire were several men and women listening while one elderly gentleman told some thrilling tale of adventure. Every one arose as the two dripping figures came in.

"Oh, Mrs. Leslie," exclaimed Dolly, "I am so glad to see someone I know!"

"Come over here, my dear," said Mrs. Leslie, "and get warm. Why Robert Newman, you are soaked, too!"

Robert made a funny little grimace which brought a nervous laugh from Dolly. Then he turned to one of the men and asked, "You haven't any kind of a light I could use to get back to Mrs. Nelson's for some dry clothes and a rubber coat for Dolly, have you?"

"All we have is a candle, but wait—I'll see how much good I am as an inventor."

Mr. Leslie disappeared for a few minutes, returning with a light, made by cutting a hole in a tin can and putting the candle in. A piece of twine served as a handle.

"What are you going to do with that, Peter Pan?" asked Dolly.

"Go to your grandmother's for your rain-coat."

Before she could prevent Robert had gone. Dorothy sat down in front of the hot fire for about five minutes, then she jumped up and ran to look out of the window.

"That little chap ought not to be out a night like this. My goodness if anything should happen I could never forgive myself

for allowing him to go." Dolly looked so worried, Mr. Leslie hastened to reassure her.

"Don't fret about that young fellow. He's the making of a man if he is only twelve. Wish he was my boy," he added, thoughtfully.

Outside the storm continued to grow worse, but Robert had only one thought—to reach Mrs. Nelson's and get back to the Club House. Twice he stumbled and almost put out his light, but on he ran until he reached the farmhouse. Between gasps, he told of Dolly's plight and his errand. The kindly woman quickly realized the situation and hastened to pack the necessary articles in Dolly's traveling bag. Before she allowed Robert to go out again, she gave him a glass of hot milk and two steaming hot muffins. Having eaten the lunch Robert took his crude lantern and hurried back to the Club House.

Just one hour had passed from the time the boy had left until he returned much to Dorothy's relief. Outside the storm still raged, but the cheerful fire on the living-room hearth made it seem a different world to Robert as he handed Dolly her bag.

"Thank you Peter Pan," she said, "you truly deserve a medal. Sit down and rest. You must be awfully tired."

"I must not stop. My little sister is afraid of thunder and lightning and Grandma does not know how to quiet her. Miss Dolly, you can wait until after the storm and Mrs. Leslie will let you stay with her, won't you Cousin Carolyn?"

"Certainly, Bobby Boy. Do not worry about Dorothy. I wouldn't go through the woods, although it is shorter than the road," cautioned Mrs. Leslie.

"Oh, it's not so bad out now. I'll be all right. Good-night, Miss Dolly."

"Good-night, Peter Pan. You're the bravest boy I ever saw."

Two hours later Robert was crossing Silver Stream, when his foot slipped and he fell on a sharp rock. With a cry of pain he dragged himself to the opposite bank. He did not even know of the cut on his forehead, but the pain in his right leg was too much. Things grew obscure. Even the storm impressed itself but dimly on the boy's mind.

For hours Robert lay in the hospital unconscious. Then he awoke and remembered vaguely of being carried and of some one who called him Peter. His name wasn't Peter. Who called him that? What made his leg hurt so when he tried to move? Why was he back in Boston? And who was the lady in gray talking with the nurse? He wished she would turn around. These were the thoughts that crossed the boy's mind at the first awakening.

"Won't you please turn around?" he asked weakly.

In an instant both nurse and visitor were at his side. The lady in gray smiled at him brightly.

"Oh, Peter Pan, don't you remember me? I am Miss Dolly. Don't you remember the awful storm and our going to the Golf Club and your insisting on going to Grandma's after dry clothes for me?"

"Yes—yes. I know now. When I came across Silver Stream I fell and hurt my leg." In his eagerness Robert tried to sit up, but the restraining hand of the nurse held him.

"Then," continued Dolly, "after the storm I was awfully worried so Mr. Leslie and I went to Mrs. Newman's to see if you were there and when we found you had not been home since afternoon, we searched for you and found you on the bank of Silver Stream. We carried you to your grandmother's and your father and mother brought you home to Boston. I came with you. Now, Peter Pan, you must try to rest."

Robert never knew the rejoicing when at last he left the hospital on a cold wintry day.

When a little later Mr. and Mrs. Newman, his sister, and Robert were sitting before the open fire, Mrs. Newman asked, "Have you forgotten this is Christmas Eve, Bobby?"

That moment a bell rang and a very beautiful girl, dressed in furs, came in. Handing Robert a small package she said hurriedly, "For Peter Pan, a remembrance."

Before Robert could realize it, Dorothy was gone. He opened the tiny package. It was a beautiful Swiss watch with a minia-

ture picture of the giver in the back and a four-leaf clover engraved on the inner case. A dainty note held this whimsical message, "We didn't believe in the four-leaf clovers once, but we'll never offend the fairies again, will we, Peter Pan? Don't forget to thank them tonight, when they come to dance around your Christmas tree, that they led us to you that night last summer after the storm. I, too, am going back home, Peter Pan, to see my little brothers, who, I hope, will be as brave as you have been."

"Dorothy."

WANTED A PAMPHLET!

By Marion Kenney, '18.



HE young man twitched his light pink cravat until the knot was again hidden by the close edges of his celluloid collar. Then he tugged at the collar itself. The weather was humid, and our friend, the "vender of sundry articles for household use," was feeling the heat. No better prospect than a little vine-covered cottage was in sight. The outlook was poor.

"This place may be good, for a nickel's worth of ribbon, but no more. The vending business isn't all it's cracked up to be."

He tried the gate and it stuck. All gates do in warm weather, some more than others. This was one of that variety. Our friend kicked, shoved, and hammered, as he disgustedly surveyed the paintless clapboards partially concealed by running vines.

"Now I've got a fine little receipt for paint which I'd sell to this customer for one thirty-nine," he thought.

Just then the gate yielded and hurled him forth upon his adventure. When the latch clicked, as the gate closed, he was already upon the cracked and gaping steps. The

whole house needed care rather than money, to retrieve it from its genteel ruin. A quick glance told him this, and the question rose in his mind, "If the occupants could buy, would they?"

"Spinning the bell-handle swiftly, he removed his hat, felt for the part in his hair, and assumed his very best vending smile.

A voice sounded nasally from within:—

"Nothing today."

The ribbon would have to remain among his merchandise, regardless of its fast color, and unequaled strength. Perhaps one little speech would prove effective. The words were taking definite form, when the oracle again spoke: "Have you a pamphlet? Do you carry them? I should like one please."

In truth, the young man did carry pamphlets, setting forth the advantage of wash-boilers with brass handles. Nothing is so potent as a pamphlet.

Encouraged, he stepped into the kitchen. The voice continued musingly from the next room:

"Yes, they are quite convincing, indeed quite."

He pushed open the door, and stepped in.

The room was darkened. The brown curtains, cracked in places, shut out the light. So vividly did the darkness contrast with the sunlight, that for a moment he could see nothing. Where was the person who wanted the pamphlet?

"Madam," he began, "no doubt you refer to this pamphlet on our unsurpassed wash-boiler, composed of the finest brass, steel and tin. I will leave one on your kitchen table. Good-day, madam."

Now a shudder passed along his spine. He fancied a pair of cruel, masculine eyes sighting along the barrel of a revolver. It had been a ruse to rob him of his nineteen dollars and thirteen cents' worth of peerless merchandise. Slowly and cautiously his hand caught the door. A sound as if clawing on wire reached his ears. No doubt the vibration meant the release of a safety catch on the menacing gun. The voice broke in again, and startled him almost fatally.

"Really, Mrs. Torp, if we cut the tire of that candidate's auto, he would be late for his speech."

From the same direction in a throaty tone was heard a reply.

"How perfectly, dear. Let's appoint a committee."

Realization dawned slowly. The peculiar twang of all the words, the snapping wires, a low chuckle betrayed the speaker as a parrot. "Cut the candidate's tires!" All became clear—it was a suffragette parrot. Our friend sank down to the doorsill, laughing weakly. Relief and amusement reigned conjointly in his mind. It may have been that he laughed aloud, for a step was heard approaching from a nearby room.

The door was thrown open, revealing a group of women, determined and formidable.

"A man," sniffed one.

"Intoxicated, perhaps," sneered another.

In his confusion, the unfortunate creature heard a third, still stronger voice:

"No doubt a spy, sent by those vile poli-

ticians. He shall be arrested. This outrage is unconstitutional."

The rays of light had by this time excited the parrot, who was garrulously revealing the various secrets of the Beardstown Equal Suffrage Society. Again it demanded pamphlets and Woman's Rights literature and worst of all carried on the most enlightening dialogues.

Seven women ignored the detestable man. Like besiegers, they flocked about the cage, trying to hush the intelligent bird. But in vain. He made it known to our still frightened hero, that Marjorie Lyons had cut the buttons from an injured policeman's coat; that Susie Smith had thrown a gallon of kerosene into the flour barrel at James Brown's general store; that—

The young man saw his chance. He sprang to his feet most gracefully.

"May I sell you ladies something to silence this interesting creature?"

One detached herself from the throng and announced that she would pay any sum for anything to quiet the bird. She even forgot her dignity so far as to confide to the expeditious young specimen of the hated class, that the club was entertaining three guests who did not know of their valiant accomplishments.

And the young man even smiled sympathetically, as he drew a vial from a leather case, furtively soaked a handkerchief in it, and thrust the piece of linen between the bars.

The parrot immediately fell asleep.

"The properties of that handkerchief are really so remarkable that I must charge seven dollars for it," he said.

The gate stuck when he tried to open it again. Once more he hurt his toes on its stout frame, while he thought:

"One handkerchief, ten cents; one-half a bottle of Dr. Shark's Headache Drops, twenty-five cents; subtracted from seven dollars, six dollars and sixty-five cents."

THE BLUEBIRD

By Ruth S. Newcomb.



IX months!

Dorothy opened her eyes wide and stared about the dainty blue and white room, with the scarlet and orange foliage of the maples showing through the window against a background of clear, blue October sky.

What about six months?

Oh, yes, she remembered now, and with the recollection the brightness died out of her eyes, leaving only a dull expression of pain.

Six months! That was what the doctor had said before she went to sleep; that it would be at least as long before she could thinking of walking again. She lay there thinking how cheerful he had looked when he said it; as though he didn't feel at all what it meant to her. She hadn't seen the tears in the kind eyes of the old doctor as he turned away, wondering if it would be six months or—always.

Last week things had been so different! Dorothy had been so very happy, especially when the class had made her its president, and a member of the board which edited "The Bluebird."

They had decided upon "The Bluebird," for the name of the school periodical, because it signified happiness, and they intended that it should live up to its name.

"Awake dear?" came her mother's cheery voice from the doorway.

"Yes, Mother," And Dorothy tried to blink away the tell-tale tears. As though she could conceal her sorrows from Mother!

Mrs. Alliston held up a huge bunch of blue fringed gentians.

"Aren't they lovely, girlie? Edith Pea-body just left them and said tell you they

were the nearest they could come to the symbol of the bluebird."

Dorothy nodded and then asked with a sad little quiver in her voice, although she tried to ask it bravely: "What can I do for 'The Bluebird' now—now that I am helpless?"

Her mother patted her shoulder gently as she set the large bowl overflowing with blue gentians on the table beside the bed.

"Evidently," she replied, "the staff thinks you can do a great deal, for here is a package of papers for you to look over, and select the best. Don sent them home by Teddy this noon. You know Doctor Grayson says you may read and write as much as feel able, when you are sitting up, and of course you will sit up a great deal of the time even though you cannot walk.

"Do you really think they'll let me help just the same?" Dorothy asked anxiously, but with a glad little gleam of anticipation in her brown eyes.

"Why, of course."

"Oh, then it won't be so bad will it, mumsie, with you and Teddy, and their visits, and the work? Why I'll be so busy for 'The Bluebird' and everything, that the six months will be gone before I know it. Of course I'll miss being out of doors, but then, it isn't as though I couldn't see the river, and trees and such a lot of beautiful things right from my window."

Mrs. Alliston smiled, for she knew that Dorothy could make the long days both profitable and happy, now that she had overcome the first hard realization of being shut in for six months. It was hard, she knew, for Dorothy was so active, so fond of outdoor sports that the tramps, the games, parties, and all would be doubly missed. She stooped and kissed the girl caressingly,

smoothing the curly hair back from the little face.

"Now I'll leave you to open these," she said, laying the package of papers beside her, "while I find something to tempt your appetite."

"All right mumsie. And do you know, I'm really hungry. I'm sure I can eat all you bring to-night. Send Teddy up when he comes home from school."

The crisp autumn air of early October came in through the little window; the sun, now setting, shed a rich, warm glow over the room, seemingly reflecting the crimsons and yellows of the nearby trees.

"It is so beautiful out," Dorothy thought, "but the Bluebird would stand for happiness just as much in doors as out, so I must try to imitate."

She picked up the papers one by one, and read them thoughtfully. Serious ones, humorous ones, good, bad, and indifferent, bits of verse, jokes—all were there. She felt an inward throb of gratitude that they should trust so fully to her judgment, to decide upon the material for the first issue of "The Bluebird." She assorted them carefully, arranging them in neat piles for the final decision.

The twilight crept on, and she lay watching the shadows of the branches as they danced in the last gleams of the setting sun.

Just then her mother came, and setting the little tray with its dainty lunch upon the table, turned on the light. As it fell upon the cloth which covered the tray, Dorothy's eyes grew wide as she saw the small bright bluebird embroidered in each corner.

"Oh, Mother!"

"Florence brought it over; it's from the girls on the staff. Each girl did one corner." Mrs. Alliston explained.

"Aren't they dears, Mother? I thought they'd be too busy to think about me."

"If the bluebird, which you have chosen for your sign, was too busy to sing, he wouldn't stand for happiness," her mother reminded her.

"Don't you think, Mother, that Teddy would enjoy Maeterlinck's "Bluebird" now? I could read a little to him every night before he goes to bed."

"I'm sure he would, dear," Mrs. Alliston answered happily just as that small person, laughing and rosy, from his tramp, his arms filled with branches of gay leaves, appeared at his sister's door.

"I brought you some lovely leaves," he said simply, and stood on tiptoe to receive her thanks in a kiss.

So winter came and went, the days flying fast with happy work, Dorothy was still an invalid, but the pain grew less daily, and her courage never faltered. Her room became the rallying place for the young people during the winter evenings, and there the staff of "The Bluebird" held its monthly meetings.

Spring was coming, and outside Dorothy's window the buds on the maples began to burst into bloom; and one morning, a particularly bright, cheerful morning, a very brilliant something fluttered past the open window. It came again and again, and soon there appeared on a convenient branch, a little brown nest, and from its shelter burst forth the thrilling, inspiring, spring-song of a bluebird. On the same morning the doctor pronounced Dorothy's imprisonment at an end. So who shall say that the bluebird is not truly the personification of happiness?

Just as the gardener tends his crops,

With a tender, zealous care,
The bluebird watches the growth in the heart,

Of the joy that he planted there.



LOCALS



"Lest We Forget"

School began on Monday, Sept. 11. It seemed to most of us to be at least a week earlier than usual. We were all much relieved to hear that the strike, which for a time threatened to stop the car service, had been called off. Many would have a long walk, going to and from school, were it not for the electrics. If the electrics were running off time many students would be late which (for the benefit of the Freshmen) means three afternoons back. We are all glad the strikers were so accommodating to us.

There are a few more additions to our faculty this year which brings the total number of teachers up to 38.

Miss Helen E. Patch is a graduate of B. H. S. and Mt. Holyoke College. She comes to Bangor as a French teacher from E. M. C. S. in Bucksport where she taught successfully for two years.

Mr. C. H. Grant is a graduate of Hampden Academy and the U. of M. He has taught in Patten Academy, Sabattus High School, and Corinna Union Academy. Mr. Grant is teaching English.

Miss Mary Mahaney is a B. H. S. graduate. She has had Normal School and Business College Training and a wide experience in the practical side of bookkeeping. Miss Mahaney has taught for several years in the grades in the Bangor schools. She teaches Arithmetic and Penmanship, taking the place of Miss Phelps.

Mrs. Hunt has charge of Room 211 during the illness of Miss Hutchings.

Miss Ethel Harrigan is now head of the Domestic Science Department succeeding Miss Harvey.

On Wednesday, Sept. 13, just before the close of school, Miss Scribner called the Juniors to the Assembly Hall to tell them about their speeches for the Junior exhibition. The students are to make their own selections, which must be prose and about three minutes in length. The semi-finals, from which the Exhibition speakers are chosen by judges, should be held after the Christmas holidays, but on account of the large size of the class, they will probably come a little later this year. Such a large class makes it necessary that each one be ready any time Miss Scribner calls in order that there may be no delay. So Juniors pick out your speeches, memorize them, and be prepared.

There are fine prospects ahead of our school "Militia" which held its first drill on Sept. 13. Although a little rusty, the company went through the drills very creditably. There are to be at least two companies in the school this fall which members of Co. A are to drill. There will probably soon be a test to determine the commissioned officers for the regiment. The guns, which have been delayed on account of the Mexican situation, are expected here before the Christmas holidays. Mr. Mitchell hopes that the

companies will be allowed to take part in the military tactics which are held every year at the U. of M.—but the guns must come first. Even the march last Memorial Day has given the company a fine reputation which it must work hard to live up to.

The Freshmen had their first view of the big Assembly Hall when all classes came together in chapel, Tuesday, Sept. 19. After the opening exercises our principal, Mr. Eaton, made a few remarks. He said that at that time there were 900 pupils in the school and the number was growing every day. Mr. Eaton then introduced the speakers in behalf of the Oracle. Mr. Helson, the Editor-in-Chief of the Oracle, asked for contributions for all the departments of the Oracle. He was followed by Mr. Eames, the Business Manager, who urged financial support. Pledges were then passed around and a large percentage of the school signed.

A football rally was held Wednesday noon, Sept. 20. Kenneth Boardman, the football manager, acted as chairman. The speakers in order were: Tommy McCann, our coach; Margaret Hills, James McCann, Grace Brennan, and Harold Hubbard. Those who have been chosen as cheer leaders for the season are: James McCann, Harold Hubbard, Frank Gillen, and Donald Hathorn. The leaders have some new cheers and songs which should prove very effective in helping the team along. A fair number of pledges were signed for season tickets.

Friday, Sept. 22, the Seniors held their annual meeting for the election of class officers. Russell Washburn, Thomas Kane, and James McCann were nominated for president; Misses Allen, Covelle, and Clark for vice president; Percy Howard and Paul Eames, for secretary and treasurer. The nominating was brisk and the whole affair took scarcely ten minutes. James McCann

was elected president, Lena Clark, vice president, and Paul Eames, secretary and treasurer.

The High School orchestra, larger and better than ever, has started work again. The total enrollment this year is 39 which is seven more than last year. The members are: First violins: Stanley Cayting, Harry Helson, James Mitchell, Ceylon Archer, Grace Carver, Galen Kenney, Russell Whittemore, Eleanor Christenson, Harold Clark, Edward Kenney, and Lulu Graham. Second violins: Azel Devoe, Dewey Christmas, Nathalie Pierce, Franz Dolliver, Thomas Jordan, Edna Bille, Hazel Coffee, Hayward Maxfield, Philip Chalmers, Arthur Lipsky, Abraham Vinér, Reginald Jarvis, Reed Grant, Everett Smith, Ivy Mann, and Thelma Martin. 'Cellos: Vivian Johnson, Dorothy Allen, Mildred Oliver, Frances Crowe, and Arthur Stanhope. Flute: Parry Boyd. Carinet: Frederick Baumann. Cornet: Lawrence Connor. Trombone: Charles Hicks and Bernard Russell. Drums: Francis Shaw. Piano: Dorothy Doe.

Harold Green has been selected to fill the vacancy caused by the absence of Robert Dole, who has gone to Andover.

Superintendent and Mrs. Wormwood have presented the school with a beautiful illustrated bible in memory of their daughter, Ruth A. Wormwood, of the class of 1917. The gift was much appreciated by the school.

In Memoriam

SUMNER GREELEY

Treasurer Class 1919



"Sport for the sake of Sport"

Bangor H. S. vs. Brewer H. S.

In the opening game of the football season Saturday, September 23rd, Bangor High won a clean cut victory from the Brewer eleven by a score of 44-0. The victory was won by the greater weight and better teamwork of the Bangor men. The backs being assisted in their work by the linemen, who opened up big gaps in the Brewer line, made possible the many gains.

Hickson did some fine kicking, while Peters, Garland, and Heal made many long gains both through center and around the ends.

In the first period Bangor kicked to Brewer; Brewer was unable to make any headway, however, and punted, Peters carrying the ball to Brewer's 30-yard line. A minute later Heal went through center and made the first touchdown of the season, Hickson kicking the goal. Peters kicked off to Brewer and Heal made a fine tackle on Brewer's 20-yard line. Brewer then tried a forward pass which was intercepted by Hickson, who carried the ball five yards. Heal then made his second touchdown around left end, and Hickson again kicked the goal. Heal was temporarily out of the game, being injured when making a tackle. Brewer kicked off to Bangor and at the end of the first quarter the ball was on Brewer's 8-yard line.

Bangor started with a rush in the second period, Heal coming back into the game and going through center for his third touchdown. Hickson failed to kick the goal. Brewer kicked off to Heal, who rushed the

ball to Brewer's 40-yard line. Peters and Garland both made good gains, but Bangor was penalized 15 yards. Peters worked a successful forward pass to Gordon which netted 20 yards. Capt. Hickson carried the oval to Brewer's 10-yard line and Joe Garland went over the line for the fourth touchdown, Hickson negotiating the goal. Brewer again kicked off to Bangor, Carter of Brewer spoiled a forward pass, and Bangor was later penalized 5 yards after Garland had made a good gain. Peters punted just as the half ended.

In the third period Brewer received the ball, but could not make any headway and Bangor took the ball. Bud Russell was sent in for Joe Garland who had been injured. Russell went through center and Heal made a thirty yard run around left end. Hickson did not divide the honors this time, making the touchdown and kicking the goal. Kelleher, Phillips, and Royal were sent in as subs for Bangor. Heal made a run around end for a touchdown. Hickson kicked the goal, and in fact was getting quite used to it.

In the fourth period the Bangor team was made up mostly of the second team, all the subs being given a try. Hickson dropped-kicked from the 25-yard line, which ended the game, the total score being 44-0.

The line-up was as follows:

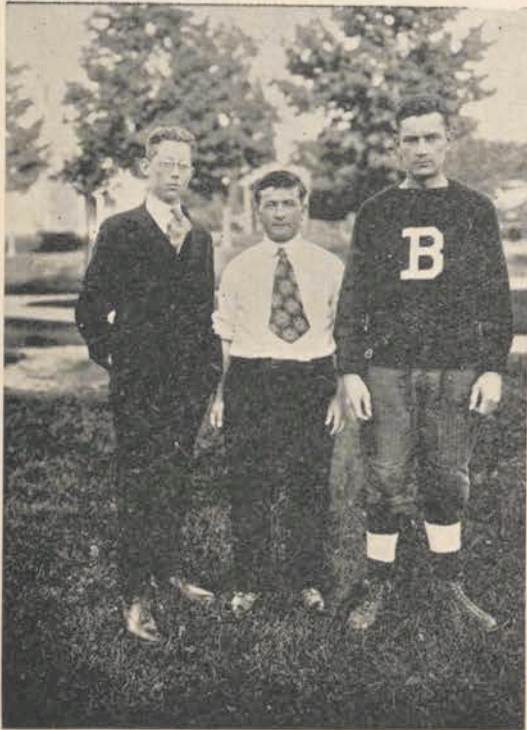
Bangor—Thompson, l.e.; Quinn, l.t.; Eames, l.g.; Johnson, c.; Malone, r.g.; Howard, r.t.; Gordon, r.e.; Peters, q.b.; Garland, r.h.b.; Heal, l.h.b.; Hickson, f.b.

Brewer—Clapp, r.e.; Stymest, r.t.; Davis, r.g.; Smith, c.; Harlow, l.g.; Carroll, l.t.;

Power, l.e.; Carter, q.b.; Lacrosse, r.h.b.; Littlefield, l.h.b.; Libhart, f.b.

Score: Bangor High, 44; Brewer High, 0.

Touchdowns: Heal, 4; Hickson, Garland. Goals from touchdowns, Hickson, 5. Goal from field, Hickson. Umpire, Hatch. Referees, Smith, and Beverley, U. of M. Timer, Mulvaney, U. of M. Head Linesman, Kent. Time, 8 and 10-minute periods.



Mgr. Boardman Coach McCann Capt. Hickson

B. H. S. vs. M. C. I.

On Saturday, Sept. 30, Bangor High won her second scheduled game defeating M. C. I. at Pittsfield, 7 to 0.

In the first period M. C. I. was dangerously near Bangor's goal, Emery carrying the ball to our 8-yard line. This certainly looked like a touchdown, but Emery made two fumbles in succession which took M. C. I. back 15 yards. The period ended with the ball on Bangor's 22-yard line.

The second period was mostly a punting

contest. Bangor was penalized and Emery afterward went through to our 10-yard line. Our team then braced up and M. C. I. lost the ball. Peters punted. Emery could not do all the work for M. C. I. and they were forced to punt, Peters punting back. Heal then intercepted a forward pass and carried the ball to M. C. I.'s 42-yard line as the half ended.

Bangor High played much better in the last half of the game, going back determined to get a touchdown. M. C. I. received the ball, but was forced to punt. Our team then started a drive down the field which ended in a touchdown by Peters. Hickson kicked the goal.

The fourth period was mostly a punting contest, the ball going back and forth, in the middle of the field. Parkes was sent in for Houston, and Bud. Russell went in for Joe Garland, who was injured.

The lineup:

Bangor High: Gordon, r.e.; Howard, r.t.; Malone, r.g.; Johnson, c.; Eames, l.g.; Quinn, l.t.; Kennedy, l. e.; Peters, q.b.; Garland, r.h.b.; Heal, l.h.b.; Hickson (capt.), f.b.

M. C. I.: Tierney, r.e.; Tarbell, r.t.; Towle, r.g.; Wardwell, c.; Boyce, l.g.; Dwelley, l.t.; McGown, l.e.; Lampher, q.b.; Young (capt.), r.h.b.; Houston, l.h.b.; Emery, f.b.

Referee, Dacey of Colby. Umpire, Brown-ing. Head linesman, Kent. Timers, Mitchell for Bangor, Craig for M. C. I. Time, 8 and 10 minute periods.

Statement of Baseball Season, June, 1916.

Losses.

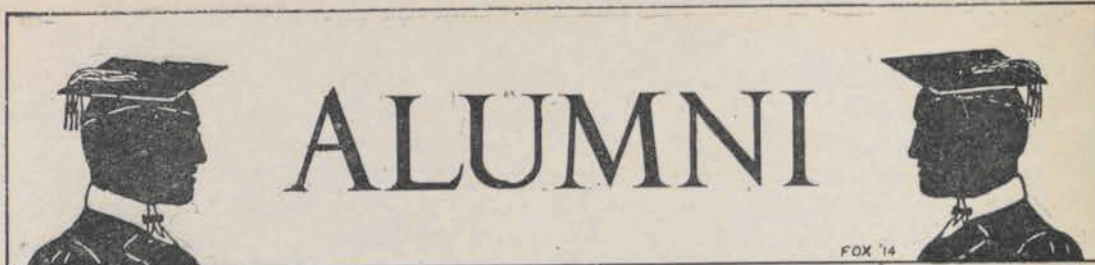
Total loss on games.....	\$300.35
Operating expenses	154.08

Total	\$454.43
-------------	----------

Gains.

Total receipts for season	210.64
---------------------------------	--------

Net loss	\$243.89
----------------	----------



"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

CANTUS ALUMNI

By Kenneth Kennedy, '14.

School of my heart, what subtle pow'r
Of thine can draw my mind this hour
To thee, and clothe in gold for me
A sweet and mystic memory?

I see again your spacious halls,
A throng of youth within your walls;
I hear the morning chapel song,
And then the gay and laughing throng
I see disperse to every floor
To study hard at books that bore
The youthful heart.

—Again behind

My study desk I sit and grind;
The clock unique with stifled cough
Gravely snaps the minutes off;
And now and then a rustling sound
Causes the teacher to look round
To see if any student may
Have strayed from work to idle play.

The scene is changed; debate I hear;
Refuting statements meet my ear;
Old Triumphs of the school I find
Swiftly creep into my mind,
Until a reminiscent pain
Shoots across my brow.

—Again

I see the twisting football soar,
Again I hear the thundering roar
Of victory. The diamond trim
Again I see; the batter grim,
Poised for the swing, awaits the ball;
"Strike two!" I hear the umpire call;
And then the swing, the hit, and run;
The runner scores, the game is won.

How long ago that last night seems,
When came fulfillment of my dreams,
That graduation night. How
Distant it seems, how far off now,
Again into my ears there floats
The sound of sweet Aida's notes;
Again I live that happy night.
(Ambition then had reached its height)
O happy night, yet tinged with sorrow;
For I had glimpsed afar the morrow
When dear old friends would wide be hurled
Into a stern, exacting world.

School of my heart, thy children true
Thy memory with laurel strew
Our ways have led beyond your walls,
Yet something there behind us calls:
"Alumni, do not e'er forget
I am your *alma mater* yet."

School of my heart, thou ne'er shall fade;
Indelible thy form is made;
And ever clothed in gold shall be
A sweet and mystic memory.

Miss Mary Driscoll, a graduate from B. H. S., in the class of 1916, has taken a position as stenographer with Hal R. Eaton, principal of the High School.

Paul Freese, B. H. S., '16, James Chilcott, '16, Harold Banton, '16, and Robert Morse, '16, have entered Dartmouth.

Frank W. Lorimer, a graduate of Bangor High in the class of 1912 and of Yale, 1916, has entered Newton Theological Seminary.

The class of 1901, Bangor High School, held its 15th annual reunion at the Clark bungalow in Hampden, recently. The classes of 1900 and 1902 united with them

and a very enjoyable evening was spent. During the evening, some very interesting suggestions were made by Rev. Charles H. McCurdy of Boston, class of 1901, relative to the formation of a High School Alumni Association, but no formal action was taken.

Miss Marguerite Allen, B. H. S., '16, and Miss Fay Harvey, '15, have entered the New England Conservatory of Music.

Lawrence Crosby of New York, a former graduate of Bangor High and Bowdoin College, won much praise from George R. Parkin of the Rhodes Scholarship Trust in New York, regarding his work at Oxford from which he was recently graduated. In a letter to the state superintendent of schools, Mr. Parkin writes: "Mr. Crosby's course at Oxford reflected much credit on the institutions from which he came, and on your state. I trust that you will try to maintain this high standard in any scholars who may be sent to us hereafter."

Miss Sylvia Parker, a graduate of Bangor High in the class of 1912, received senior honors at Mount Holyoke College.

The following graduates of B. H. S. have entered the University of Maine this year: Alfred Frawley, Harry Butler, John Davis, Jacob Davis, Ellen Garman, George Ginsberg, Dwight Ingraham, Edward McManus, Harding McCann, John Manchester, Rachel Manchester, Herbert Murphy, Frederick O'Leary, Addison Palmer, Beatrice Palmer, Everett Roberts, Herbert Torsleff, Edward Whalen, Ellen Bartlett, Ruth Colman, Earl Rowe, Edward Frye, Michael Conway, William Anderson, Everett Millett, Christine Burfitt, William Dow, Beatrice Griffin, Marie Maxfield, Geneva Croxford, Edward Shaughnessy, and Bryant Jones, '15.

Miss Jennie Knowles, class of 1916, is training in the Memorial Hospital of Worcester, Mass.

Miss Carrie H. Rowe, a graduate of Bangor High, has entered the Eastern State Normal School at Castine this fall.

Louis Dennett, Oliver Hall, Richard McWilliams, and Stanley B. Adams have entered Bowdoin College.

EXCHANGES

"A fair exchange is no robbery"

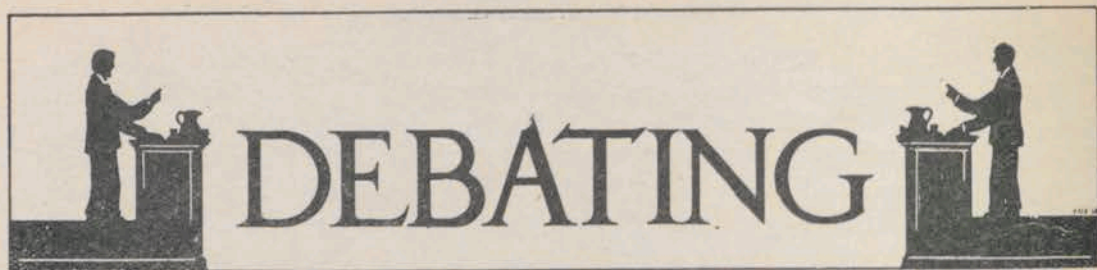
The Oracle will make no exchange comments this month since only a few of this season's exchanges have yet arrived, and these will be printed in the next issue.

The June papers with their class songs, poems, and farewell addresses were very worthy of high praise, but owing to the late issue of last June couldn't be mentioned. They were all good, especially "The Lens" (Portland, Oregon), which deserves high credit.

The exchange editor hopes to hear from all the old friends and will be very glad to

exchange with any new ones. Owing to the fact that the number of exchanges on our list is very large we will send the Oracle only to those who exchange with us. So all schools please take notice! If you desire to have us on your exchange column, you must send us one of your papers.

One fault that the exchange editor finds is that the outside schools do not criticise our paper enough. We are always glad to receive any suggestions and invite the criticisms of all.



"Come, let us reason together"

First Period Debate.

The first period division of college English held a debate in Room 207 upon the question: Resolved, That the National Guard should be recalled at once from the Mexican border.

James Malone, leader of the affirmative side, opened the debate. Raymond Thorne was the first speaker for the negative. The speakers on the affirmative were: Misses Ford, Holmes, Morton, and Sullivan and Messrs. Malone, Littlefield, Sullivan, Pullen, Young, Noble, Johnston, and Rosen.

The speakers for the negative were: Messrs. Thorne, Rosen, Blethen, Curran, Russell, Worden, Howard, Kearin, Buzzell, Ginsberg, and Kane, leader. Mr. Kane closed for the negative in both main argument and rebuttal.

Mr. Joseph C. White acted as judge and awarded the decision to the negative, but commended Mr. Malone's speech as having the strongest arguments. At the close of the debate, Mr. Lee T. Gray, who was present, commented favorably on the way the arguments were presented.

A strong point made by the affirmative was that the troops may be greatly needed in case of a riot or a fire, like the great Bangor fire. The strongest point of the negative was the duty of the United States to protect the lives and property of its citizens in Mexico.

Second Period Debate.

The second hour class of Senior College English debated on the question, Resolved, That a trip to Washington would be better

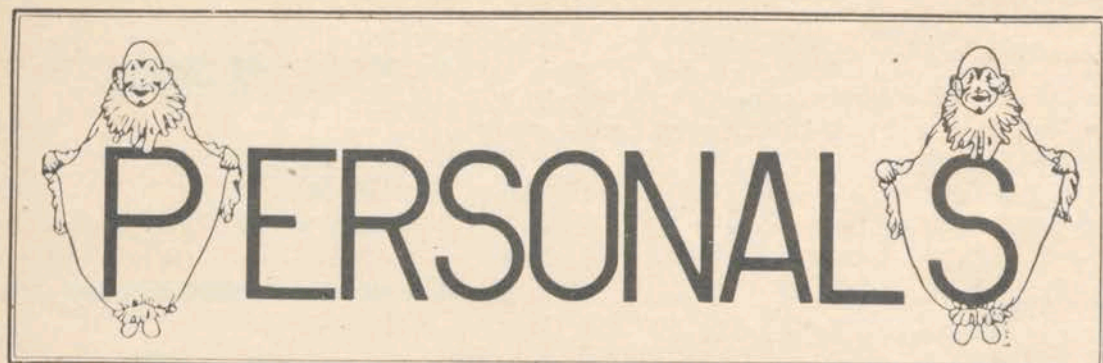
for the class of 1917, B. H. S., than the usual graduation exercises. Mr. Joseph C. White again acted as judge. The speakers for the affirmative were Miss Burnham, leader; Misses Cox, Clark, and Stewart, and Messrs. Smith, Preble, and Travers. Those on the negative side were Mr. Farrar, leader; Messrs. Cayting, Pennell, O'Connell, and Carter, and Misses Murphy and Reed. The arguments on both sides were strong and well given. Mr. White awarded the decision to the affirmative, and specially commended Miss Burnham's and Mr. Pennell's speeches.

A strong point made by the affirmative was the educational value of such a trip. The negative, on the other hand, stated the great expense of such a trip and the disappointment of missing the customary graduating exercises.

Girls' Society.

The first meeting of the Girls' Debating Society for the year 1916-1917 was held on Thursday, Sept. 21, in room 209. The result of the election of officers for the first term was as follows: Bernice Smith, president; Gladys Allen, vice president; Lola Yelland, secretary; Agnes Olsen, treasurer; Miss Cousins, faculty advisor.

After the election, plans for the coming year were discussed. Nearly every one present joined in the discussion and offered some good suggestions. A committee of three was appointed to make out a program which will include the subjects for debate and the names of the speakers for each of the coming meetings.



PERSONALS

Facts for Freshmen.

Always remember the trivial things, it is considered thoughtless of a Freshman to forget that school commences at eight A. M. and the somewhat hard-hearted authorities may forcibly correct such negligence.

Miniature closets called lockers are provided on the receipt of twenty-five cents for lunches, wraps, and other impedimenta, but it is well to remember that dogs are left in them at your own risk.

Upon arriving in your home room mornings, it is considered well-bred to greet your classmates in a well modulated voice and then fall earnestly to studying next week's Latin lesson.

You will see in the halls double doors without the glass panels. These are not elevators, but closets for the janitor's use.

All conveniences in the rooms will be fully explained by teachers if politely questioned.

Any Senior will direct you to the desks where lunch tickets are sold at recess and also to the lunch room itself. The school takes pleasure in presenting to you an opportunity to purchase there an abundant repast for three cents.

Great care should be taken in drinking at the fountains. Before doing so see that no one is near you for the steel is hard and the human nose sensitive.

The Oracle box opposite the Library on the second floor offers an opportunity for fame and popularity. It is made for literary

contributions rather than waste paper and the freshman who occasionally inserts an humble offering will be warmly appreciated by the editor.

One thing that is strictly forbidden is the introduction of pets and domestic animals into the building. Do not allow your canine friend to accompany you to school!

Never indulge your childish inclination by bringing toys to school. Teddy-bears blocks, or steam engines will be confiscated, and the owner locked up in Principal Eaton's book closet.

Do not run in the corridors.

Do not speak German to Madame.

Do not skip school but remember the Faculty.

Do not play with explosives in the chemistry Lab.

Study assiduously that you may not descend from the ranks of the mighty.

Be humble that you may not incur the wrath of your elders and undergo a long career of unending torment.

Bernice Smith, '17.

In speaking of the lamp of knowledge on the Senior class pins the other day, Rachel Pomeroy said, "Why, I thought it was a chafing dish!"

Editor: "Can't you think of something funny for the "Oracle"?"

Eddie Perkins: "Look at me!"

HA! HA!

In Chemistry: *A person studying hard has just as good an appetite as anyone playing football or some other strenuous exercise.

But does that explain why Fat McCabe and Fritz Eaton are built as they are?



Is it coming to this?

Rumors.

The Freshmen are going to have a Christmas tree. Contributions will be joyfully received.

K. Boardman has been obliged to touch up his beautiful cheeks because of the worry of managing the football team.

We are going to beat Portland!

Bibs will be furnished in the lunch room to use when eating hot-dogs.

Madame is going to have a 3d year

French class out on the bank back of the school. Senior brains need room to expand.

Dexter Pullen is Lord High Coal Shoveler in the U. S. N.

M. Woodward has not been late so far this year.

Hap Hathorne has gained an ounce this summer.

Never mind about "Patronize Our Advertisers." "Patronize the Oracle Box with jokes for this department. It needs them!"

Ambitions of B. H. S. Students.

To grow tall, Harry Littlefield.

To do the hundred in 10 flat, Fat Johnson.

To make another speech, James McCann.

To be a captain in "Peter's Army," Osgood Nickerson.

To play the piano in the Five and Ten Cent store, D. Q.

To talk French in his sleep, Charles Rich.

To be a Senior, A Freshman.

To sit still Five Minutes, K. C-v-II-.

To be President, H. H. Hubbard.

S. T., '18.

Teacher (discussing tragedies): "What happening worse than death can befall the hero in a tragedy?"

Answer: "His getting married."

Rich (To Madame Beaupre): "What stuff do we have in French today?"

ATTENTION! TEACHERS AND PARENTS

Extract from an address delivered before the Scientific Section of the Optometric Congress, Providence, R. I., July 15-22, 1916, in connection with the demonstration "Optometric Work in the Schools."

"The strain of civilization rests most heavily upon the eyes, and we find that the percentage of children with sub-normal vision increases in the upper grades, proving that the close application of the student tend to increase visual defects."

HARRY J. COVELLE, Optometrist

Appointments preferred New Stetson Bldg., 31 Central St., Bangor Telephone 1785-W

POPULAR MUSIC

can be learned in
20 lessons by Winn
Method.

Orchestra Practice for all Students

Winter classes are open
to Students for Enrollment now

BOSTON SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Room 10, 25 Broad St., Bangor, Me.
Phone 1107



Serious Eye Troubles

in children may not interest a parent when that trouble is commencing, but it gets to be of great importance when the sight is impaired. A pair of properly fitted glasses in time might have saved the child's eyes. Let us make an examination and advise you about your children's eyes.

Arthur Allen Optical Co.

28 MAIN ST., BANGOR

HELLO FOLKS!

WELCOME BACK TO SCHOOL
ALSO
REMEMBER A WELCOME AWAITS YOU
AT THIS STORE

LET US SHOW YOU
Besse-System Clothing

FOR AUTUMN
\$10.00 to \$25.00

BESSE-ASHWORTH CO.

SEE OUR NEW FALL SHOES

WE HAVE A NEW MAN'S LINE, \$4.50 and \$5.00

"HURLEY" SHOES FOR MEN, \$6.00

"QUEEN QUALITY" SHOES FOR LADIES

Kimball & Nickerson

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLD BOOT

60 Main Street

Bangor, Maine

WHETHER YOU EAT TO LIVE
OR LIVE TO EAT

you'll thoroughly enjoy the meals you get at our restaurant. Come in any time—morning, noon, night or between-times—and we'll serve you and your party a royal good lunch or meal, featuring all the delicacies of the season. Prices right.

GOODE & DRISCOLL,

101 Exchange Street

C. H. BABB & CO.

PLUMBERS

AND

STEAM FITTERS

106 EXCHANGE ST.

BANGOR,

MAINE

BE PHOTOGRAPHED

this year on your birthday

EMMA J. TANEY

PHOTOGRAPHER

28 Main St.

Bangor, Me.



IT IS ESSENTIAL

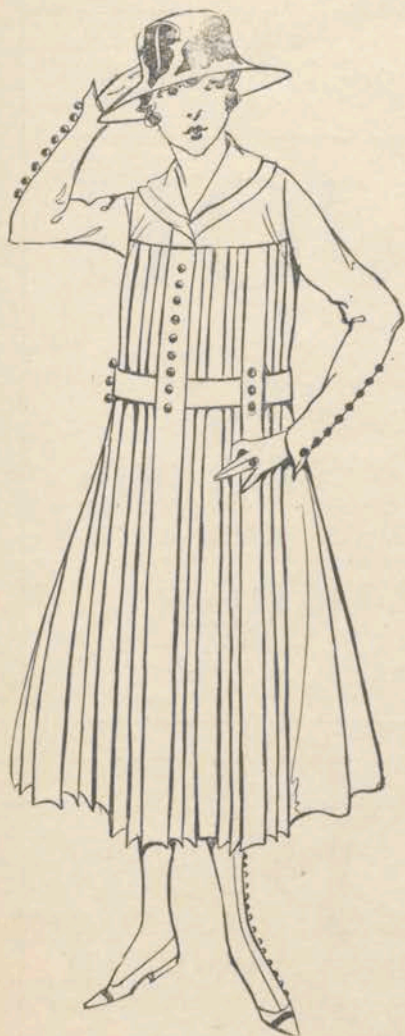
that your lenses should fit
your eyes correctly and that
they be mounted in first
quality mountings.

I furnish this service at
just a fair price.

I. M. HUTCHINGS

Optometrist

14 CENTRAL STREET



BETTY WALES IS IN TOWN

Betty Wales has arrived! Her coming means the loveliest dresses, the smartest dresses ever!

Betty Wales, as you may know, is making a wonderful success in the dress business. No wonder, though, when one remembers her genius for clothes in college days, before she had been abroad even once.

Her designs are stunning, smart and simple, yet the despair of anyone trying to copy them. Her new school dresses have been adopted by some of the most select schools and convents in the country—no small honor.

Oh, yes, there are Betty Wales Shopping Dresses, Betty Wales Business Dresses, Betty Wales Afternoon Dresses and the dearest of Betty Wales Social Frocks, too. And many styles in each.

We are proud to announce that we have secured the exclusive Betty Wales agency. We extend you a most cordial invitation to call at our store and look over the entire assortment.

Betty Wales stands for *quality* and *style-superiority*. Every Dress and Frock has her label in it.

THE FASHION, Wood & Ewer Co.
Bangor, Maine

Bangor's Best and Most Popular Theatres

THE BIJOU

THE JOY OF THE TOWN

Matinee Daily at 2.15—Evening, Continuous from 7 to 10.30

Prices, afternoon, 10c and 20c—Evenings, 10c, 20c, 25c

SUPREME VAUDEVILLE FEATURES

AND THE WORLD'S BEST PHOTO MOTION PRODUCTIONS

TRIANGLE PICTURES

COMPLETE CHANGE OF PROGRAM EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY

THE "STRAND" OF MAINE

PARK P **PEERLESS
PICTURES
PERFECTLY
ROJECTED**

A Clean, Comfortable, Airy and Wholesome
Amusement Resort For The Whole Family

Devoted exclusively to SELECT
PROGRAMS of the World's Best

PHOTO MOTION PRODUCTIONS

Continuous Shows from 12 to 10.30 P. M.

All Seats 10c. Children, Afternoons only 5c.

Refined Entertainment for Those Who Discriminate

C. D. CROSBY, PRESIDENT

E. R. ADAMS, VICE PRESIDENT

J. H. RICE, TREASURER

FREDERICK W. HILL, CHAIRMAN, BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Eastern Trust and Banking Company

Bangor, Maine

Organized April 9, 1887

Paid Up Capital	\$ 175,000
Additional Liability of stockholders.....	175,000
Surplus and profits.....	575,000
Deposits.....	5,000,000

Maintains a Savings Department paying interest on deposits therein. Loans money on Real Estate Mortgages at favorable rates. Receives deposits subject to check and transacts a general Banking and trust company business.

Engraved and Printed Calling Cards and Announcements

Waterman's Safety and Self-filling Fountain Pens

Moore's Non-Leakable Fountain Pens

Adolf Pfaff

25 Hammond Street

JONES' CELEBRATED FINNAN HADDIE

In New Style Glass Jars Easy to Open!

18 cents and 35 cents

Highest Quality Necessitates Highest Price

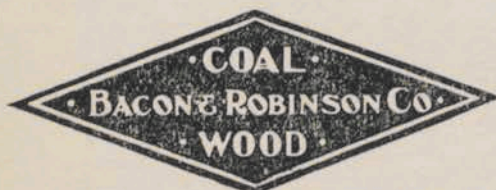
Highest Award at Pan.-Pac. Exp.

Sold by all best Grocers and Markets

PACKED BY

Alfred Jones' Sons

Bangor, Maine



13 State Street

[Next to Bangor Savings Bank]

The Modern Soda Fountain

is at

Buckley's

TRY OUR
ICE CREAM

Buckley Drug Co.

27 Hammond Street

Bangor,

=

Maine

Patronize Our Advertisers

We are prepared to show you High School Boys the newest and smartest styles you ever saw in Fall and Winter Suits and Overcoats. "Fashion Clothes," "Elk Jr.," "M. S. Co.," "Student," and several other makes that we show exclusively are the real class of clothes to retail from \$10.00 to \$25.00. All seasonable styles in Hats, Shoes, Neckwear, Shirts and Hosiery—We'll be glad to show you.

J. WATERMAN CO.

161-169 EXCHANGE STREET
BANGOR, MAINE

MAINE'S LARGEST OUTFITTERS FOR MEN AND BOYS

ALL THE LATEST STYLES IN FOOTWEAR

both for Evening and Street Wear

CORSETS, HOSIERY AND NECKWEAR

for Ladies, Misses and Children

MRS. B. J. DOLLIVER

44 MAIN STREET

NOW FOR

FOOT BALL

WE HAVE THE GOODS—CALL AND SEE THEM
DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS

THE S. L. CROSBY COMPANY

146 and 150 EXCHANGE STREET

Full Line of
Fine Shoes
for Ladies and
Gentlemen

JOHN CONNERS SHOE CO.

40 MAIN STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

C. H. SULLIVAN

T. N. CURRAN

D. P. CURRAN

PHOTOGRAPHY
in all its
branches

Supplies
for the
Amateur

CHALMERS'
Studio

23 Hammond St.

Amateur
Developing
and Printing

All kinds of
PICTURE
FRAMING

Patronize the Advertisers