

THE ORACLE



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OCTOBER, 1915

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THE ORACLE

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VOL. XXIV

OCTOBER, 1915

No. 1

EDITORIALS

The new school year has begun, bringing with it a big Freshman class. We are sure that they will enter heartily into the school life and help keep Bangor High up to the high level it has always maintained. A good start is half the battle and the better the foundation that is built the easier it will be later on.

Everyone should take part in the school life. There is always a chance for the get-there people in all departments of the school. Turn out for the teams. The more fellows there are out the better the team will be. Get interested in Bangor High and its activities.

And don't forget about the Oracle. Here is a chance to show that you can wield the pen as well as the sword. **The Oracle** Write stories, get locals, draw cuts and keep your ears open for the funny things that are happening all the time. If no one else will say anything humorous, say it yourself.

Poets are in demand. Get an inspiration and give us some verse. Perhaps you won't succeed the first time, but practice makes perfect. The better you write, the better the Oracle will be.

There will be special issues of the Oracle this year. The list will include Athletic, Interclass, Patriotic, and Commercial numbers, beside the regular Easter and Graduation numbers.

These special issues depend upon the support of the school for their success. The name of each issue indicates the kinds of stories and articles wanted. A prize will be given each month for the best story suitable for the issue of that month.

Next month will be the Athletic number. Two tickets to the Portland game, or the Portland reception will be given to the person writing the best story or essay for that issue.

Bangor High is now in the midst of her football season and should have the support of the whole school. The more **Football** students there are down to the games the more chance we have of winning. The cheers in the Athletic department can be easily learned in a few minutes and when you give them at the games you are helping the team win. The team fights harder when they know that the school is behind them, and the more lustily you cheer, the harder they will fight.

Don't wait for the Portland game. The team needs a good cheering section at every game and you will get in practice. We have got a good team this year, the kind of a team that wins, and with the whole school standing right behind it all the time, Bangor High ought to come out at the end of the season with a long string of victories.

Military preparedness is now the topic of the day. Leading men all over the country are either advocating it or **Preparedness** working against it. All degrees of military efficiency are suggested, some advocating a huge standing army and a great navy, while others would depend upon militia for the national defence. The opponents of these measures have arguments on their side, also, which, in their judgments prove that greater armaments would be a menace to the country.

There is one historical fact, however, that it might be well to remember. That is the overthrow of Athens by the Macedonians. Athens at one time was the foremost city-state of Greece and was well prepared. Gradually, however, she let her army and navy sink to a low scale of efficiency. Her statesmen seeing that a new power was rising in Macedonia, frantically urged Athens to prepare. She could not see her peril and it was not until Phillip of Macedonia had actually invaded Greece that she awoke from her sleep. She united with the Thebans and took the field, but her unprepared armies were crushed by the Macedonian phalanx and Athens became a subject state. This incident might well be considered by the United States, surrounded as she is by nations that are prepared for war to a high pitch of efficiency.

Report of 1914-15 Business Manager

On hand	\$ 27 23	For printing Oct. No.....	\$ 49 45
From subscriptions	175 50	For printing Nov. No.....	69 45
From ads. and sale, Oct. No.....	56 45	For printing Dec. No.....	82 01
From ads. and sale, Nov. No.....	55 15	For printing Jan. No.....	63 45
From ads. and sale, Dec. No.....	67 05	For printing Feb. No.....	64 16
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From ads. and sale, May No.....	58 60	For mail, postage, card index, etc.,	18 29
From ads. and sale, June No.....	93 70	For banquet	24 50
		For salary	25 00
Total received	\$750 80	Total paid out.....	\$748 25
		Total amount received	\$750 80
		Total amount paid out	748 25
		Balance	\$ 2 55

Respectfully submitted,

Caldwell Sweet, Jr.,

Business Manager, 1915.



The pen is the tongue of the mind

STORY CONTEST

Beginning with the October number of the Oracle the story contests are to be resumed. Any pupil in Bangor High School is eligible to enter. These contests will be conducted much as they were last year, the following being the considerations in awarding the prize:

1. Original stories will be preferred to so-called "true" stories.

2. Stories which have been carefully written will be considered more worthy than those which have needed much correcting.

3. The full name of the pupil, his class, and the title of his story should be on the outside of the composition. Initials, or a fictitious name will be printed if requested.

4. The pages should be numbered and the words counted.

The prize for October will be a ticket to the Portland football game. Hand in your story. It may win!

Christine Burnham.

JACQUELINE'S PATRIOTISM

Marion McKenney, '18.



do wish you would keep your things where they belong, Urania Markcraft! This is the third time today I have found your tennis racquet on my bed."

"If you hadn't chosen the handier and better side of the room in the first place, Jacque, my things wouldn't be on your side when I drop them."

"This is not the better side. It is very much too cold sometimes. And everyone always sits on my bed and—and then you

throw everything in my chairs and on my table —"

Jacqueline stopped suddenly, as she felt angry tears coming in spite of herself.

"Well, you've no business being so terribly fussy about it. It isn't very hard to pick up a tennis racquet and put it on the other side of the room, is it?" And seizing the aforesaid racquet, Urania bounced out of the room, with no idea of the forlorn little figure which she left behind, crumpled up on her bed, crying.

Poor Jacqueline de Varengeville! She had come to America with her father and mother, to spend the summer. Suddenly, in the very midst of their happiness, had come the terrible war. Andre de Varengeville had rejoined his regiment immediately, leaving Jacqueline and her mother in a strange land until everything should be safe at home in southern France. Jacqueline had been put into a boarding school, and by a strange coincidence had been assigned to room with a young German girl. Urania had been born in America to be sure, and her mother was an American; but all this made no difference to loyal Jacqueline. To her Urania was a hateful German; therefore, it had been very hard to get along even decently with her, Americanized though she was in all but her name.

Urania, on the other hand, had been perfectly ready to be friends, and had made the most cordial advances; but, finding Jacqueline so unresponsive, in fact so hostile, she had given up in disgust and had gone her own way, never dreaming how lonely Jacqueline really was, and how she hated the school Urania so enjoyed and loved.

On this particular day Jacqueline's patience had been tried to the utmost. All the morning recitations had gone wrong; she was late to lunch and had received a severe reprimand from the principal; she had just had a letter from her mother, which showed between the lines how tired she was of trying to live without father; and last, but not least, Urania's careless cluttering of her side of the room had filled Jacqueline's order-loving soul with anguish. It wasn't much, but it was enough to completely break down her self-control.

"Oh," she sobbed softly, "maman, ma petite maman—I cannot stay here much longer. I cannot stand her, with her rushing, careless ways, her selfishness. She is a German! Her people are fighting my people—they are burning our homes—perhaps they have burned our very home already. Why were we ever put together?"

Finally, exhausted, she fell into a restless slumber, and dreamed. She was standing on a high cliff, overlooking America. Someone was beside her saying, "See what a splendid country it is! The Russians,—do you see them working contentedly there in the field? The Italians,—how happy they are out yonder in the West amid the orange groves! Do you not see the English busy at those ports sending out their great trading vessels? And here the great German musicians and professors are teaching students from all this nation the wonders of music and literature. And best of all, dear girl, do you see our own beloved countrymen? They are all over this great land, making people happy. When the Russians, hot and tired, come home from the fields, who welcomes them and brings them cooling viands? When the Englishmen turn, wearied, from the hum and bustle of commerce, who refreshes their eyes and tired heads with beautiful colors and soft music? When the students and even the professors grow irritable from long confinement and routine, to whom do they look for diversion and variety? Ah, little girl, it is the Frenchman who is helping all, in this great America!"

Jacqueline looked up, thrilling with pride, to find her father's kind eyes filled with gladness, bent upon her. She started crying. "My father, you have come!" But it was all a dream. She looked out at the sky, glowing with beautiful sunset colors, and in it seemed to see her dream—her people, the most necessary of all, the most loving and gentle, the most helpful. Turning from the sight, she began her share in the great work by silently and quickly putting away Urania's scattered belongings.

Soon after, the door opened slowly. But Jacqueline heard, and running forward, held out both hands, saying softly, "I am so sorry, Urania. Forgive me, and let us begin again. It was all my fault, dear. And, oh Urania, do for my sake, forget the past!"

BOBBY

Marguerite Tibbetts, '16.

Dear Dad:

Maggie says that I've got to rite and tell you what I did yesterday. I had a dandy time—I mean I ran away. She said you wud have a awfull time when you new it, but I gess you wont when I tell you what I saw. You no that big woods out back of the camp. Well, yesterday I saw a great big squirrel out there. He was all brown and had a awfull big tale and I thru a penut at him. Then he ran jest like a—er litening and I ran after him as fast as I cud, but when I got a long way off he—I cudn't find him at all.

So I warked around and then all of a sudden I hurd a noize, and what do you think I saw? Well, it was sumthing that loked like a squirrel and it went rite under sun water when I saw him. I kept awfull still and bime by he came up and loked for me, I gess, and then he swam like everything and I cudn't find him again. Do you no what kind of a thing he was, dad? Did you ever see one before? I cudn't make Maggie understand a bit.

O yes, and when I was loking for him I saw a owl. I no it was a owl because he

had a pug noze and great big ize. He went rite inside a tree when I came, too. Dad, why doz everything run away when you luk at 'em?

But bimeby after I warked everywhere, I gess, it began to get dark, and I was kind of scared, jest a little bit, and I—er—**wasn't** going to cry, but I thot I was, and then I hurd some one holler my name. I didn't no everybody new it way off there, but what do you think? There was Maggie rite there in front of me.

Golly, she was awful mad and she took hold of my arm and puled me back to the tent—rite near where I was, so you see I didn't really run away, did I? She said I was gone **2 hole** ours.

My feet was wet a little, but I didn't no it till she told me. And she put a long peace of cloth all around my neck 'cause she said I'd have a sore throt today. But I haven't jest the same. **Onest** I haven't, and I had a **swell** time anyhow.

Love,
Bobby,

P. something

Bring me something when you come back.

HOW FUTILE FUTURE WAR WOULD BE

James McCann, '17.



THE S— Ambassador, having been recalled from the United States three weeks previous, war was declared by Congress, July 22, 1917. Americans, as a whole, were fully aware of the unpreparedness of the country, and stood aghast at the realization of what the outcome of the conflict would be, unless the most stringent measures were taken to advance our military standing to the utmost perfection.

They fully realized that the war must be defensive rather than an offensive combat; and furthermore that it must be a scientific war now that the days of mere bravery were passed. It was with this latter realization in mind, that an appeal was issued by Congress, asking all Americans possessing any inventive powers along scientific lines, to express their patriotism by applying themselves to research work, for the purpose of furthering our defense.

A council of war was called, and upon the

advice of this body, all available troops, regular and voluntary, were rushed to the Canadian and Mexican borders to ward off any possible inland invasion. But now came the seemingly unanswerable problem. How were we to guard our immense coastline against the fleets of our enemy, since before such attacks it would be utterly impossible to increase our battleships, aeroplanes, and submarines to the required number.

A final appeal, therefore, was made to scientists, warning them that the enemy was due in less than two weeks.

As Charles Rollins, a promising young electrical engineer, laid down the morning paper after reading this final appeal, he felt strangely responsible for the solution of the baffling problem. He started for his laboratory, and arriving there he set to work. For hours he pondered over charts and blue prints without receiving the slightest inspiration.

But suddenly he straightened at his desk! The slightest smile appeared upon his face, but suddenly disappeared as he realized how short a time there was to materialize his idea.

He set to work and for several days remained secluded in his office, except when at home for meals. Exactly a week from the day on which he had set to work, he took the train to Washington with a bundle of blue prints under his arm. Arriving at Washington he went immediately to the War Department, where he was granted a secret conference with high officials. From there all trace of him was lost for the time being.

It was finally reported that the enemy's fleet was heading towards Fort M—, the strongest fortification on the coast, and that it was due there in two days. The press of

the country expressed great wonder at the optimistic view of government officials concerning the outcome of the attack.

At last the hostile fleet appeared on the horizon—a fleet of fifteen battleships, and five torpedo destroyers. In the fort absolute quiet prevailed. The guns were manned, and officers all stood ready to issue orders. But the gaze of everyone was directed upon a young man sitting in the large window of a temporary observation tower.

It was Charles Rollins! But what a change! His features were tensely drawn, his forehead was deeply wrinkled, and he looked ten years older than when last seen at home. He was staring at the distant fleet steadily, as if fearing that it might pass from his view a single instant. Before him was a peculiarly-shaped gun, connected with a battery and having a complex system of wires extending from its barrel.

Nervously he sighted and adjusted the weapon, and placing his finger on the trigger—fired.

All was silent in the fort. The soldiers were still watching Rollins, when suddenly a deep boom sounded over the waters. Another came, and another, and the soldiers turned in time to see the last ship of the fleet blown into atoms and the sea covered with wreckage and struggling men.

As the commander of the fort rushed into the tower, he found Rollins lying in a dead faint upon his weapon, a wireless electric gun, the spark of which could penetrate even the armor of the battleship, and thus explode the magazine. Upon the man's death-like face was yet a satisfied smile suggesting his realization of the fact that under the protection of his weapon the coast of the United States had become impregnable.

AUNT MARTHA'S VASE

Helena M. Sullivan, '16.



AUNT Martha was really Billy's aunt, but Betty, who was Billy's pretty young wife, always called her aunt, too. Betty and Billy were fond of Aunt Martha and they were both very sorry that she found it impossible to be present at their wedding. She wrote to Betty and said, in her own jolly way:

"I am sending you two young scamps what I consider a very handsome present. It is more than I had to start in with, and if you are careful to apply it in the right places, it should carry you over your worst pitfalls. When I visit you I shall expect you to show its results. Sincerely and lovingly,

"Aunt Martha."

Next morning a large, high box arrived. Upon investigation, its many wrappings disclosed a large and beautiful, but rather gaudy Futurist vase. Much to Betty's surprise it bore Aunt Martha's card. Betty was rather crestfallen, but she bore up bravely before her mother and sister.

When Billy called that night he was shown, in silence, Aunt Martha's present. Being a man Billy exploded, "Hang it all! I'm surprised at Aunt Martha! I always expected something rather handsome from her and, too, she seems to like you so well Betty. Why say, that thing will be a regular white elephant in our little house. But never mind, Betty."

Billy soon forgot all about the disappointing present in the rush of events that followed the wedding week. Betty, however, puzzled over the vase a great deal and over the letter more. Did Aunt Martha think that a vase, even a vase large enough to hold gallons of water, would tide a young couple over financial pitfalls? Surely she

would not expect her wedding gift to be sold! So it was more than she had to begin with! Well, Betty, with hot tears pressing against her eyelids, wished that Aunt Martha had it back again! And to have mother and sister supposing that the case must be in good taste if Aunt Martha sent it—was unbearable.

The worst trial came, however, when Betty tried to settle the ungainly article in her cosy, little rooms. She tried every room in the house and worried herself almost sick, until at last Billy "put his foot down" in real man fashion and packed the hateful thing off to the attic.

All went well for nearly a year when one evening Billy received a telegram from Aunt Martha saying that she had returned from Europe and would take dinner with them that night.

Of course it was necessary, in order not to hurt Aunt Martha's feelings, to display the vase in a prominent place. At last it was settled in the parlor. When Betty saw the havoc wrought in her color scheme she could hardly restrain her tears. As Billy gloomily remarked, "That thing would make any place prominent."

Finally Aunt Martha arrived and after chatting a few moments in her room, she and Betty came down to the parlor. Betty fancied that Aunt Martha's eyes rested first on the vase and then in quiet amazement on Betty's face. Betty avoided meeting the glance, however, by walking about the room and pointing out familiar and cherished objects.

When she came to the vase Betty laid her hand on it saying, "Aunt Martha, Billy and I want to thank you for remembering us with this beautiful vase. You were more than kind."

Aunt Martha surveyed Betty in amazement. At last she burst out, "My dear

child, you must be crazy! Do you mean to say that you took the money I gave you and bought one of those things from Roynton's? I bought one myself to help the poor fellow out, but I didn't know your taste ran in that direction."

"Why, Aunt Martha!" Betty gasped weakly, "this is the wedding gift that you sent Billy and me. You didn't give us any money."

"What!" thundered Aunt Martha, "do you stand there and tell me that I didn't send you a check for five thousand dollars the morning that I sailed?"

Just then Billy came in, but greetings were forgotten in their anxiety to settle the present question.

"I remember distinctly telling Miss Sands to send my niece and nephew their wedding present which she was to find on my dressing table," said Aunt Martha with flashing eyes. "I can't understand how this happened. I shall call Miss Sands at once."

So she called Miss Sands, her secretary, and explanations followed fast. Aunt Martha had left the check in a blank envelope on her dressing table. The maid picked up the envelope and put it in the desk. The express man came with the Futurist vase from Roynton's; and her maid, after removing the papers, set it on Aunt Martha's table for inspection. As Aunt Martha had neglected to state to her secretary what the gift was, Miss Sands sent the vase, associating it with the sort of thing people generally choose for wedding gifts.

Thus the tangle was straightened and the happy couple received their check.

Aunt Martha's vase stood for many years in the attic and was forever a standing joke in the family. If any apparently unexplainable incident occurred, or a misunderstanding came up Betty and Billy were likely to remark, "It's probably like Aunt Martha's Vase."

THE BOY KING

Pauline E. Miller, '17.



HELLO!" gayly shouted Richard Williamson; "did you ever see tamer swans than these?"

"No, but I have seen prettier ones, I'm afraid," answered the rather tall, slight boy young Richard had addressed. This boy, although gracious and polite, had none of the easy, pleasing mannerisms of the well brought-up American boy. He was formal and stiff, yet his faint smile belied his manner.

"My name is Dick Williamson, what's yours?"

"Nicholas Van Dak," answered the stranger, promptly.

"Well, Niko, where do you hang out?"

"Where do I—er—what?"

"Why, where do you hang out—live?"

"My home is in the Netherlands, but I am here in America with our ambassador to your country as his guest."

Richard gave a slow, soft whistle of amazement. He stood up and walked toward the other boy with hand outstretched. As they stood near the pond in the very heart of the Public Gardens they must have made a rare contrast: the American boy, with his dark, curly hair and olive skin—the Dutch boy, with his straight blonde hair and fair skin.

Presently the young stranger suggested the necessity of returning to his host's hotel.

"Oh, come on home to lunch with me, old feller. I've got the nicest mother and—well, Dad's a brick. You can telephone to your friend. I live only a little way from here."

Nicholas hesitated and then replied:

"Thanks very much. You are kind. But your mother, she might not like to have you bring home a stranger to lunch."

"Forget that! My mother expects me to bring some one home and I guess you're not a bad lot. Come on! we've got just time enough to get to the subway station."

The attraction was too strong; so the young foreigner was soon seated in a sub-car and being whisked off toward his hospitable friend's home. It was but a few minutes before the two boys were hurrying up a flight of stairs to the Williamson's cozy apartments. There, at the landing stood the prettiest, daintiest, most girlish-looking woman Nicholas had ever seen. After greeting her, Dick turned to his companion, and introduced him. Accustomed always to show the greatest deference to ladies, the courtly European boy kissed Mrs. Williamson's hand. Pleased, yet a bit embarrassed and startled, she flushed and somehow failed to see standing in the open doorway a tall, dark-complexioned man with large dancing eyes. At the sound of laughter three pair of eyes turned in the direction of Mr. Williamson.

Time slipped by unnoticed until, like a crash of thunder on the rarest of days, the telephone bell rang and shattered the visitor's happiness. It was the Ambassador saying that he had a cablegram for Nicholas and would come for him in a few seconds.

Arriving at the home of the Williamsons the Ambassador found his charge in no hurry to see what the message contained; so after polite greetings to the strangers, he addressed the boy:

"Count Niko, that envelope contains important news. Open it."

For a few hours the boy had had the pleasure of being just Nicholas Van Dak and those hours had been the jolliest of his life. With such kindly, hospitable people, the young nobleman had unbent and joined in the fun as any normal boy would do, but now his dream was ended.

With none too eager fingers, the youthful count opened the cablegram. Swiftly his eyes fell upon the message, written in his own tongue, that his aunt, the Queen of the Netherlands was dead and that he, himself, must hasten home to take her place as ruler. Silently he passed the message to the Ambassador, who knelt and kissed his hand, saying something in a foreign language.

At last turning to his American friends the boy thanked them with a heartiness that only a lonely orphan, who has known neither father, mother, brothers, sisters, nor friends can feel.

Leaving the Huntington Avenue apartments, the boy-king and his Ambassador were soon on board an ocean liner bound for their native land.

Ten days afterwards Mr. Williamson brought home an evening paper that held a full account of the coronation of the young king of Netherlands, of his visit to America, and incidently of his lunching with the friend he had met in the Public Gardens. This, Dick's father read aloud and when he had finished his young son exclaimed:

"Whew! didn't know I was talking to the King of the Netherlands when I said, 'hello' to that chap in the Gardens the other day. Guess if I'd known I'd said, 'how do you do,' or something more polite, but I liked his looks and thought he was a feller from somewhere around. Then when he said where he lived I thought he was like the boys I played with in France and England when we lived there."

"Don't say 'feller,' Dicky-boy, please," kindly requested Mrs. Williamson.

"All right, mum, but I keep forgetting. Say, Dad, guess I do want to go with you, after all, when you go to the Netherlands to install the railroad you spoke of. I'd like to see that chap again."

"We'll see, Sonny. I guess we'll —." The sentence was not finished. Richard Williamson awoke with a start to find himself sitting on one of the cool benches beside the artificial lake in the Garden.

"Pshaw, guess I don't mind going abroad with Dad so very much, only I wish that Nicholas Van Dak was a real feller—fellow I mean. "These were the thoughts running

through Dick's mind as he hurried along to catch the car that would get him home in time for luncheon.

OUR BURGLAR?

Elenore Christensen, '17.



ONE night, this summer, my chum Ethel and I had a rather startling experience. My parents were out for the evening; so Ethel was to spend the night with me. Since we were both tired, we went to our room rather early and were hardly in bed when—ting-a-ling-a-ling! went the doorbell. What should we do!

I said, "Hurry and slip on your kimono, and we will go to the window over the front door."

This we did. Upon our asking who was there, a gruff voice said, "Does Mr. Cummings live here?"

"Yes."

"Is he at home?" demanded that terrible voice, which made Ethel and me shake violently.

"No."

"Is Mrs. Cummings in?" he continued.

"No—o."

"Can I come in a minute?"

By this time Ethel and I were pretty well excited. "Ethel," said I, "is that front door locked?"

"Oh, I don't remember. What shall we do?" exclaimed Ethel, who was about ready to cry.

"Oh, don't be frightened, he can't get in." I tried to comfort her, and incidentally myself, too, but before I knew what had happened the front door opened and heavy steps sounded on the stairs.

We were both at our wits' end. Neither of us had ever had an experience like this, and we did not know what to do. At first I thought of my father's gun, but I didn't

dare to go to get that, and then, too, I should probably not dare to use it if I had it. So, for a fraction of a second, we stood there shaking and trembling. Suddenly a thought came to me. We could crawl out on the piazza roof! I quickly pulled up the screen of the window and Ethel crawled out, I after her.

"Now be quiet and perhaps he won't find us," said I.

"But he will; I know he will!" cried the bewildered Ethel.

"Well, if he does we'll jump off," said I, trying to quiet her.

By this time the burglar was in our room. I did not dare to look in, but when he came to the window I noticed he had on an old slouch hat, a long overcoat, and—why—a skirt.

"Ethel Nye, if it isn't our old friend Mrs. Drake!" exclaimed I.

I really think Ethel was about to jump when I spoke, but she was as relieved as I when Mrs. Drake called out, her voice sounding natural now.

We both crawled to the window, and she, seeing us there, burst out laughing. We, however, were so frightened that we sat down and cried. Then, of course, she tried to excuse herself for giving us such a fright, but we could not entirely forgive her, at the time. She told us that she was sure my mother was in or she should never have played such a trick.

She tried to get us back to bed, but we didn't intend to stay in that house alone! So we dressed hurriedly and went home with that lady burglar.



Arm thyself for the truth

On Tuesday morning, Sept. 21, Principal Eaton met the whole school for the first time when they assembled for chapel. He took the opportunity to make a few remarks about the management of the school and his aims. While the suppression of whispering in chapel is a new idea, it is certainly for the good of the school and the students should aid in its enforcement. Mr. Eaton also called the attention of the school to the matter of tardiness in a forceful way. Last year there were two thousand cases of tardiness which is certainly too large a record for a school of the size of Bangor High. Mr. Eaton has given the matter of attendance to Mr. Gray with instructions to stop the tardiness in which we hope he will succeed. At this meeting the matter of the support of the Oracle was brought up and Associate Editor Dennett made a few interesting remarks about the paper and its support. Freeman Olsen, the Personal Editor, also asked the support of the students for his department.

After chapel, Wednesday, Sept. 22, a football rally was held. Wilfrid Hennessy, an old-time manager of the Bangor High School football team, made an enthusiastic speech, recalling the old days, and asking for a revival of them. He was seconded by Mr. Arthur Ashworth, another ardent supporter of Bangor High football. Mr. Eaton pledged his support to the team and Manager Freese, Captain Davis and Arthur Jones spoke on the prospects for the coming year. After the speeches, pledges for season tickets were passed and a large number

were signed. The rally closed with a rehearsal of the old Bangor High yells, led by Manager Freese. The results of the meeting were shown in the large attendance at the Waterville game.

The Senior class held its first class meeting of the year, Friday noon, Sept. 24, for the purpose of electing officers. As the officers elected for the senior year continue to hold office after graduation there was considerable interest taken. The candidates nominated were: for president, James Chilcott, J. Harding McCann, C. Freeman Olsen, and William Smith; for vice president, Misses Marie Driscoll, Marjorie White and Marguerite Allen; for secretary and treasurer, Arthur Mulvaney, William Graham, Oliver Hall and Paul Freese. Those elected were: James Chilcott, president; Miss Marie Driscoll, vice president, and Arthur Mulvaney, secretary and treasurer.

Tuesday noon, Sept. 28, the Junior class held its annual election. James McCann was re-elected president over Stanley Adams; Miss Lena Clark, vice president, over Miss Gladys Allen, and Paul Eames, secretary and treasurer. Other candidates for this position were Russell Washburn, Dexter Pullen, and Donald Johnston.

The High School Orchestra has begun rehearsals under the direction of Miss Littlefield. There is a large variety of instruments. Beside a full complement of violins, the list includes piano, three 'cellos, trombone, cornet, clarinet, and drums.

The Girls' Debating Society of Bangor High School wishes to announce that any girl with passing rank is eligible to membership and the society will be glad to receive new members, who may present their names through any member of the society. All names so presented are voted upon by the society before they are enrolled as members.

The Physiography Department has met with a serious loss due to the grading of the grounds of the High School. The terrace, at the rear of the lot is being graded and grassed over. As laboratory material the bank has been the most valuable asset of the department; for through the exposed layers of marine clay, boulder clay, and river sediments, the bank has furnished information on the recent geological history of this part of our state. It has also furnished a convenient place for the study of the origin and development of river systems with gullies, falls, flood plains, and deltas perfectly developing in miniature. Thus does "progress" bring its own drawbacks.

The Local Editor wishes to call the attention of the students to the fact that the Oracle box is not only for contributions to the Literary and Personal Editors, and the waste basket, but also for contributions to the Local. The students can write locals as well as the editor. The dictionary says that the editor is "one who prepares for publication," not necessarily the one who does the writing. Please help the Local Editor.

The High School Orchestra has commenced the season with a membership of thirty-two. This is considerably larger than before. The orchestra, only a few years ago, comprised only a few violins and the piano. Now there are nearly all the different instruments found in a large orchestra. The members are: first violins, Stanley Cayting, James McCann, James Chilcott, Roland Gray, Marguerite Tibbetts, James Mitchell, Hazel Robinson, John Manchester, Russell Whitmore, Galen Kenney; second violins, Grace Carver, Ethel Rideout, Eleanor Christensen, Lulu Graham, Marion Rogers, Francis Kanaley, Harold Clark, Ceylon Archer, Edward Kenney, Edwin Bille, Franz Dolliver, Howard Burr, Harry Appel; 'cello, Vivian Johnson, Dorothy Allen, Mildred Oliver; clarinet, Harry Littlefield first, Frederic Baumann, second; cornet, Alfred Frawley; trombone, Maurice King; drums, Francis Shaw; piano, Madeline Abbott. The orchestra has been practicing regularly every Tuesday afternoon in preparation for the teachers' convention, when it will render several numbers.

The Sophomore class held a class meeting Tuesday noon for the election of officers. John Quinn was elected president over Robert Dole; Joseph Garland, vice president over the Misses Mary Clough and Rachel Conners, and John McCann, secretary and treasurer, over Whitwell Pierce. It is rather unusual for a boy to run for the office of vice president as this is usually the only office held by the girls.



Madeline MacGregor, '15, Dorothy Harvey, '15, Pauline Mansur, '15, and Lora Blanding, '15, have entered Wheaton this year.

Harry Alward, '15, Orestes Cleveland, '15, Irving Donovan, '15, Verne Beverly, '14, Norman Torrey, '15, Ella Wheeler, '15, Madeline Gould, '14, Ruth Chalmers, '14, and Flora Howard, '14, are entered at Maine this year.

Clyde Burton, '15, has accepted a position in Portland with the Portland Railroad Y. M. C. A.

Alfreda Byer, '15, is registered at Gorham Normal School.

Clarence Corning, '15, and Robert Patterson, '15, are entered at Harvard this fall.

Bateman Edwards, '15, Robert Ewer, '15, Arno Savage, '15, and Alden Safford, '15, are at Bowdoin.

Lucie Knowles, '15, Bessie Mills, '15, Faye Harvey, '15, Elaine Daley, '15, Doris Carr, '15, are some of the familiar faces seen in the halls this year.

Katherine Makanna, '15, has gone to New York to enter Pratt.

Gertrude Perry, '15, is entered at Smith College.

Elizabeth Sawyer, '15, has gone to New York to enter the New York Art School.

Elizabeth Thaxter, '15, has gone to Providence to enter Miss Wheeler's School for Girls.

Margaret Woodman, '15, is at Wellesley this year.

Fred Benner, '10, has accepted a position with the Merrill Trust Bank.

Carl Holden has returned to Annapolis for his third year.

We were all pleased to see that Arno Savage, '15, was chosen class president at Bowdoin.

Dorothy Holden, '13, has taken a position as a teacher in Eastern Maine State Normal School.

Cecelia Christenson, '14, has entered Bates this year.

Beatrice Grant, '10, is teaching in Brewer High.

Arthur MacWilliams, '11, has gone to Harvard this year.

Olive Torrey, '11, has accepted a position with Smith & West, on Columbia street.

1915

M. Frances Flannigan is stenographer for Lawyer Epstein in the Eastern Trust Building.

Elizabeth K. McDonough has accepted a position as clerk with the B. & A. in the Graham Building, in the car superintendent's office.

Margaret M. O'Brien is in the employ of the Eastern Manufacturing Co., as stenographer.

Frank A. Murphy is at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

Daniel L. McClay is a stenographer in the office of the B. & A. at Northern Maine Junction.

Mary A. Harrington is stenographer with the S. L. Crosby Co.

Stanley J. Loftus is a stenographer in the employ of the J. E. Parkhurst Trunk Factory.

J. Glynn Furey and Desmond Daley have entered the University of Maine.

Gladys R. Colby is stenographer at the Merrill Trust Bank.

Mary L. Jordan has accepted a position with the firm of Hogan & Callan.

Margaret P. Gallagher is in the employ of Fellows & Fellows, Attorneys-at-law.



The attack is the best defense

On the first day of school came the call for football candidates; and the squad of about 30 fellows who responded is now being coached by Tommy McCann, who is confident of turning out a fine team. Besides nearly all of the last year's line he has a number of last year's candidates and at least a dozen new men, from whom to fill his line and pick his backfield.

The game with Waterville High Saturday, Sept. 25, was not an elimination contest after all, as the Bangor team finished with the same men that started. Last year Bangor ran up 32 points on Waterville and so the final score of Saturday's game, Bangor 7, Waterville 0, came as a surprise. The Waterville team was a scrappy bunch and put up a good game, while Bangor had hard luck, losing the ball twice on Waterville's 2-yard line by fumbles. "Jimmie" Johnson was the star of the game. He did great work ploughing through the opposing line for long gains, time and again. Jones and Ginsberg also showed up in great shape.

In the last period Bangor got the ball on her own 25-yard line and in ten plays carried it over for a touchdown. Hickson kicked the goal.

The summary:

Bangor.		Waterville.
Mulvaney.....	l. e.....	Jones
Davis, (Capt.).....	l. t.....	Wilson
R. Johnson.....	l. g.....	Merrill
Wilson.....	c.	Ayre
Howard.....	f. g.....	Frost
		Lessor
Hickson.....	r. t.....	Harrison
Koritzky.....	r. e.....	Carr (Capt).
		Barry
Ginsberg.....	q. b.....	Donovan

Jones.....l. h. b.....Barry
Carr

Curran.....r. h. b.....Cratty
D. Johnson.....f. b.....Williams

Touchdown, Johnson. Goal from touchdown, Hickson. Referee, Hutton. Umpire, Barry. Time, three eight and one 10-minute periods.

Some of us didn't seem to know the cheers when Manager Freese called for them the other morning at the mass meeting. Here are a few. Learn them. We will give you more later:

Bevo Bivo, and a Bevo Bivo, Bum, Bum,
Bum get a rat-trap bigger than a cat-trap,
Bum get a rat-trap bigger than a cat-trap,
Bum, Bum, Bum.

Cannibals, Cannibals, Cannibals, sis boom bar,

Bangor High School, Rah! Rah! Rah!

Hippity, Hippity huss,

We're not allowed to cuss;

But, nevertheless, we must confess,

There's nothing the matter with B. H. S.

Whoopity-bang, Whoopity-bang,
O where, O where is the Portland gang.
Bangity-whoop, Bangity-whoop,
The Portland gang is in the Soup,
S-O-U-P, Soup.

Boom chic-a-boom, Boom chic-a-boom,
Boom chic-a-rick-a-chica, Boom, Boom,
Boom,

Ha! Ha! Ha! Sis boom bar,
Bangor High School, Rah! Rah! Rah!

Nigger, Nigger hoe pertater,
Half past alligator.
Ram, Ram, Bull-a-Nigger,
De Wa Da,
Bangor High School, Rah! Rah! Rah!

Team, Team, Bully for Team,
Bangor, Bangor, Rah!

B. H. S. vs. O. H. S.

In the mud, Saturday, Oct. 2, Bangor and Orono played, as last year, a scoreless tie. It was a hard-fought game and the players engaged in one or two side fights. In the third period, it looked as if there were going to be a general mix-up, but the police came in and the game was resumed. Bangor out-rushed Orono by a slight margin and on the average La Point out-punted Peters. The playing of the two Bangor ends, Curran and Koritzky, was fine, play after play by the opponents being broken up and the runner nailed for a loss. Peters, Boardway, Jones, Ginsberg, and Davis also showed up well. For Orono the playing of Eddy and Chaisson stood out above the rest. The summary:

Bangor.	Orono.
Curran.....r. e.....	McKenzie
Hickson.....r. t.....	Capt. Doore
Howard.....r. g.....	La Point
Mulvaney.....c.	Parks
Capt. Davis.....l. g.....	Perry
Johnson.....l. t.....	Tenney
Koritzky.....l. e....	G. Chamberland
Ginsberg.....q. b....	T. Chamberland
Jones.....l. h. b.....	Eddy
Peters.....r. h. b.....	Cowan
Angley.....f. b.....	Chaisson

Referee, Fitzgerald. Umpire, Goggins.
Substitutes: Bangor, Boardway at l. e.;
Eames, at l. t.; Johnson at f. b.; Webster at
l. e. Orono: Tracey at l. g.

Time—Two eight and two ten-minute
periods.

The financial statement of last year's
baseball team is fine:

Total receipts for baseball from	
games, pledges etc.....	\$449 42
Total expenditures	280 40
Net gain for baseball.....	\$160 02

SHAVINGS

The criminal was close pursued,
Until, almost at bay,
He stepped upon a slot machine,
And so he got a weigh.
The set the bloodhounds after him
Upon his capture bent;
It wasn't any use, you see
They couldn't get his cent.—Ex.

1916: "How can I keep my feet from
going to sleep?"

1915: "Don't let them turn in."

We always laugh at teacher's jokes,
No matter what they be.
Not because they're funny jokes
But 'cause it's policy.

"I'll make you dance," cried an irate
mother, pursuing her son with a slipper in
hand.

"Then," remarked the boy, "we shall have
a bawl."

Freshman Yell.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Ma! Ma! Ma!
Pa! Pa! Pa!
Help!

"So your daughter is down and out?"

"Yes, she took the Count."

I'm from Pittsburg.
Holy Smoke!



Much might be said on both sides. "The Spectator"—Addison

A meeting of the Bangor High School Literary and Debating Society was held and the following officers were chosen for the coming year:

President—Freeman Olsen.

Vice President—Louis B. Dennett.

Secretary and Treasurer—Richard H. MacWilliams.

Censor—Maurice King.

The society was very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Gray as honorary president. He was unanimously elected and has full powers over the society.

A committee consisting of Mr. Gray, Mr. Olsen, and Mr. Hall was elected to revise the constitution. Oliver Hall was elected manager for the coming year. Many new members were admitted and everyone is showing great interest in the society, which, with new plans and under new leadership, promises to become one of the most important branches of school life.

Senior Debates.

Second Hour Debate.

Some very interesting debates have been held by the three Senior divisions in connection with the work in College English.

The question debated in the division of the second hour was, Resolved, That all High School studies should be elective. The division was divided into two equal sides and leaders were chosen. Harding McCann was the leader of the affirmative and John Davis, of the negative. Mr. Joseph C. White acted as judge.

Mr. McCann opened for the affirmative and was followed by Mr. Davis for the negative. The other speakers were: for the affirmative, Messrs. O'Leary, Robinson, Frawley, Murphy, Anderson, Frye, and Miss Townsend; for the negative, Messrs. O'Hara, Stanley, Graham, McManus, Hayes, Foster, and Miss Newcomb. Mr. MacWilliams closed for the affirmative and Mr. Hall for the negative. The decision was awarded to the negative.

Third Hour Debate.

During the third period on the same day, another very interesting debate was held in Miss Mary Robinson's College English class in connection with the regular English course. The subject was, Resolved: That national preparedness for war is justified. The affirmative side of the question was supported by Louis Dennett, the leader of the side, and the speakers, Misses Allen, Sullivan, Coleman and Knowles and Messrs. Butler, Shaughnessy, Freese, Nickerson, Peterson, and Roberts. Freeman Olsen headed the negative team, which was composed of Misses Clark, Rideout and Turner, and the Messrs. Morse, Whalen, Palmer, Whitmore, Ginsberg and Redman. The judge, Mr. White, awarded the decision to the negative as was the case in the previous debate.

The Fourth Period Debate.

The fourth period debate was on the question, Resolved, That all High School studies should be elective. The affirmative speakers were, Mr. Torsleff, leader; Messrs.

Banton, Webster, Chilcott, Ingraham, Preble, Manchester, Mulvaney, and Misses Wilbur and Libby. The negative speakers were Miss Croxford, leader; Misses Garman, Sullivan, Tibbetts, Maxfield, Harden, and Messrs. Jones, Koritsky, McCann, and Dow. Messrs. Banton and Jones had the rebuttal

for their respective sides. Nearly every argument seemed to "tip the balance," just to one side and then to the other, until Mr. Banton gave his rebuttal, when the balance tipped too far in his favor and the judge gave the affirmative side the decision.

EXCHANGES

A Fair Exchange is no Robbery

With the commencement of the fall term, school papers begin to come from far and near. It is with pleasure that the new exchange editor takes up his pen, and sets about the task that is placed before him.

We are glad to have already received papers from schools in Maine, Colorado, Washington, Vermont, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Iowa.

The "K. H. S. Record" has some editorials that show that the little school in Kingfield, Maine, means business.

The "Industrial School Magazine" is a fine little paper. Your athletics are very good, but why not have an alumni page and also a page for school jokes? Where are your advertisements?

The "Lewis and Clark Journal" is a magazine well worth receiving. Your jokes are excellent. Hope to hear from you again.

The "Phoenix" is good, but a few things are lacking. For instance, why not devote some pages to athletics, exchanges, alumni, etc?

The "Chronicle" is an especially well written paper. You certainly must have put a lot of time into obtaining so many alumni notes.

The "Delphian" is good, but wouldn't your paper make a better appearance if your pictures were printed on the pages instead of simply placed between them? The article "International Confederation"

deserves much credit. A few jokes would add more life to your paper.

A school that can write up such a paper as the "F. M. H. S. Times Annual" is certainly all right. Your exchange department is especially commendable.


The "Artisan" has a few advertisements scattered through its pages. Instead of this why not devote some pages to advertisements only?

The "Vail-Deane Budget" has some good editorials, but the story "How Michael Won Anne" approaches too near a love story for a school paper. Your exchanges seem to be very limited, and your jokes fail to present themselves.

The "Megaphone" certainly has an alumni editor that is not very lazy. Your jokes are mixed in with your Locals. Why not devote a page for each? Your Athletics are good.

The "Penn Charter Magazine" spends too much time on Athletics and not enough on Editorials. Your Exchanges and Alumni Notes are good, however; but why not have some jokes?

The Oracle also acknowledges the receipt of the following: The Sphinx, Centralia, Ill.; Pasco School News, Dade City, Fla.; The Hobart Herald, Geneva, N. Y.; The Future Citizen, Milledgeville, Ga.; The Tryout, Haverhill, Mass.; The Tattler, Kincaid, Kansas; The Everett High Clarion, Everett, Mass.; The Mirror, Pratt, Kansas.



PERSONALS



Brevity is the soul of Wit

Den-tt, '16—"Say, did you know that Oliver Hall is an adopted brother to Assembly Hall."

Toes he has twenty in all,
Yet not short or tall,
Laughing, never crying,
Ever talking,
Rather rude and shocking.

Hair he has on his head,
Always sleeps on a bed,
Light and airy like a feather,
Laughing and rather clever.

In Chemistry:

Mr. T—"Don't we live for anything except to breathe and eat?"

Gra-h-m, '16—"Yes, to sleep."

English Teacher—"They killed the hero. What case is 'hero' in?"

Mr. K-m-ll, '16—"In a bad case."

Mr. V— (in physics)—"What is a vacuum?"

A budding physicist—"Nothing at all."

Freshman to a fatherly Senior:

"How many men have you on your team?"

M-l, '16—"Ten men and a quarter."

Great Discovery!

Mr. Dennett has discovered a new musical instrument. It is called the shoe horn and is applied near the tongue.

The High School brain is not a spring
From which knowledge will freely bubble,
It's just a tank and to fill it up
Takes lots of time and trouble.

Miss H-ks, to a crowd of Freshmen—

"Are you 'A.'s?"

Chorus—"No."

"Are you 'B.'s?"

Chorus—"No."

"What are you then?"

Chorus—"Just Freshman."

Mr. M—"Why couldn't you take part in military drill?"

P-ll-n, '17—"Because, I have water under my knee cap."

Mr. M—"Wear pumps."

Miss H-ks (In Latin)—"Is this word wrong? (Terries)"

J. E., '19—"Yes."

Miss H-ws—"Why is it wrong?"

J. E.—"It has only one I (eye)."

Miss P— (In English)—"Describe the 'Lists at Ashby.'"

A. O., '19—"They were oblong squares, with the corners rounded."

Pleasing.

Always.

Little.

Man.

Ever

Right.

Miss McS.—“Mr. Whitmore you should speak louder.”

(Heard from an undertone)—“Yes, but a soft answer turneth away wrath.”

Mrs. M-s-n to Miss Babcock, who is striving in vain to see who is going by in the hall.—“Miss Babcock, it is a real live man and his name is Mitchell.”

Senior Commercials first week of school.
“Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, ‘We move again.’”

Miss C—, to Carlin, '17—“To what race do you belong?”

Carlin, '17—“Temetic?”

Mr. V-y—Ha, ha! There is not an absent Sophomore here.

Classmate: “Bill, what's the difference between you and a mule?”

Bill: “I don't know.”

Classmate: “Neither do I.”

Wanted.

Man to handle dynamite in a match factory. Excellent chance to rise.

R. J., '16—“How about that Bath trip?”

Mul—, '16—“We've got a wash there.”

Mr. B.—“Why don't you know more about Asia Minor, than you do?”

Mr. R-s-ll—“Because it has always been a minor matter with me.”

Flo was fond of Ebenezer,

Ebb for short she called her beau,

Talk of tides of love, Great Caesar,

You should see them, Ebb and Flo.

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We are especially well equipped with the newest and most select faces in type to do this class of work. We produce a *printed* wedding invitation or announcement that cannot be surpassed; in fact it compares very favorably with the best of *engraving* and at a great saving in price. If interested let us show you samples.

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Very Modest Prices. Come in and be shown. You'll
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Exchange Building
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We make a Specialty of Class Rings and Pins. We can and do make a better piece of work for the money than you can get from out of the State catalogue houses. Why not leave your money in Maine. Why not patronize your home jeweler. If anything is not right I am right here where you can get at me. I want an opportunity to figure on class jewelry with Every School in this section.

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SANBORN'S BARBER SHOP

R. H. SANBORN, Prop.

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

*Electric Massage and Shampoo
No long waits, 6 chairs*

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For the

"Nyal" Fountain Pen

the Best on the market, especially
adapted to the use of Students.
The prices are reasonable and
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SMART STYLES at COMMON SENSE Prices

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RENDEZVOUS OF THE ELITE

Matinee Daily at 2.15—Evening, Continuous from 7 to 10.45

Prices afternoon, 10c and 20c—Evenings 10c 20c, 25c, and 35c

5--ACTS OF REFINED VAUDEVILLE--5

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PHOTO-PLAY MASTERPIECES

COMPLETE CHANGE OF PROGRAM EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY

THE "STRAND" OF MAINE

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

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Continuous Shows from 12 to 10.30 P. M.
All Seats 10c. Children, Afternoons Only 5c.

Refined Entertainment for Those Who Discriminate

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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.

FALL OPENING--SUITS, COATS, GOWNS

The Woman's Shop

6 State Street

Q — NOT — Q CANDIES

The Q not Q has at all times fresh Page & Shaw's Candies on sale.

Page & Shaw's Candies are the best candies made in America. For gift purposes, Page & Shaw's candies stand in a distinct class.

½, 1, 2, 3 and 5 Pound Boxes,
\$1.00 Pound.

Q NOT Q

15 BROAD STREET

BANGOR

THE BEST EVER Jones' Celebrated Finnan Haddie in Glass Jars

The only haddie on the market that has been analyzed by the State Assayer and pronounced absolutely pure. Ideal for quick lunch at home, on picnics, motoring, anywhere—any time.

If your grocer or market man does not keep it, telephone us and we will tell you where you can get it easily.

Alfred Jones' Sons PACKERS

140-142 Broad Street, Tel. 438-439
Bangor, Maine

J. F. WOODMAN & CO.

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BANGOR ICE CO.

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To cast your critical eyes on these New Fall Suits and Overcoats in the
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D. & M. Foot Ball and Basket Ball Goods

Mackinaws and Sweaters

DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS

THE S. L. CROSBY CO.

126 EXCHANGE STREET

Full Line of
Fine Shoes
for Ladies and
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JOHN CONNERS SHOE CO.

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