



The Oracle

Bangor High School

October, 1914

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THE ORACLE

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VOL. XXIII

OCTOBER, 1914

NO. 1

EDITORIALS

Welcome freshmen and new students!
In behalf of the school we extend to you,
the largest entering
Welcome class, and new stu-
To the Freshmen dents, a hearty wel-
and New Students come.

Enjoy the building
with all its advantages; enjoy your studies
at this school and make them profitable;
get all you can out of them. Participate in
the school life while here. You can pass
through without turning your head to left
or right, but, do you realize what it means
to you to do so? See! there are the foot-
ball, basketball, baseball, and track teams;
there is the debating society, the Oracle
board and the student council. Each one
of these is looking for the right person;
who knows but what you are the one? At
least try.

Make these four years in this school the
most enjoyable and most profitable of your
whole school life; so that, in after years,
you may turn back with pleasure and with
no regret for lost opportunities to your days
in Bangor High School.

It would seem that the present year's
volume of the Oracle should be the best
ever published. The school
The 1914-1915 is larger than ever, facilities
Oracle for work are better, present
indications are that we
shall have the hearty support of the student
body, and we have the firm foundation of
last year's record work to build upon.

Several new features are to be introduced
this year. One of these is a series of arti-
cles on "Occupations for High School
Graduates." The first of these, treating
"Agriculture" appears in the literary de-
partment of the present issue. It is planned
to make these brief articles intensely prac-
tical. The material contained in them will
not be obtained from books, but by inter-
views with recognized experts in the vari-
ous vocations; so the information appearing
in these essays cannot be found anywhere
else. Disadvantages as well as advantages
of the various occupations will be pointed
out. Among the employments to be treated
are: Architecture, Politics, Public Enter-

tainment, Law, Teaching, Ministry, Banking, and Medicine. If anyone would like to see other vocations than these treated, we should welcome their suggestions.

Each issue this year will center around some special phase of school life. The following is the list of subjects, so far as they have been decided:

November—Athletic Number.

December,—Humorous Number.

January—Not decided.

February—Patriotic Number.

March—Freshman Number.

April—Sophomore Number.

May—Junior Number.

June—Senior Number.

Just how successful these special issues will be depends greatly on the support of the student body. Especially is this the case with the last four numbers, the greater part of the material being expected from the indicated classes. It should be a matter of class pride with the students to see that their issue is worthy. We would advise the Freshmen especially, to begin to write for the Oracle now, as it requires a good deal of experience to write a story worthy of publication. The best efforts of the school will also be necessary to get out a humorous issue that is really humorous. So, all you witty people, get busy and show Life, Puck, Judge, et al, that they are not the only worshippers of Momus!

In order to stimulate further interest in these issues, the Oracle will offer a prize each month for the best story or article suitable for use in the special issue of that month. Next month, the writer of the best story or article with athletics as its center of interest, will receive a free ticket to either the Portland football game, or the Portland Reception, whichever he or she prefers. In awarding these prizes, the preference will be given to contributions by others than members of the editorial staff. An announcement will be made in each is-

sue of the prize to be awarded the following month.

Let us make Volume XXIII. of the Oracle the best ever!

In piloting visitors through the new building there is one point of interest **The Oracle** which I fear is sadly neglected.

Box That is the Oracle Box. Let me be your pilot, freshmen and fellow-students, and lead you to the second floor corridor, to the wall opposite the library entrance. There solitary and demure, hangs the Oracle Box.

It is not a waste-paper basket or even an ornament, but it is a point of interest, a receptacle for contributions to the Oracle. If you have anything, no matter in what line, that you think the Oracle would like to have drop it in. It may not be published; but try again, do not be discouraged. Some day you may contribute something of real worth.

The Oracle Board hopes this year to receive a great many more **Contributions to the Oracle** contributions than ever before. Many students have already signified a willingness and desire to write for the Oracle, and we believe that many more will do so later. Here are a few suggestions for those who have never contributed before. All material must be handed in by the first of the month in which it is to appear. Give your work to the editor in charge of the department in which it belongs or to the editor-in-chief. If you do not care to do this, put it in the Oracle Box. Please sign your name to stories submitted, as often unsigned articles which could be used if a few changes were made have to be refused because the writer could not be found to make the needed corrections. We will not print your name unless you are willing.

Business Manager's Statement

We present below the report of the business manager for the year 1913-14. We urge you to read this carefully, as it shows very clearly what a difficult task the business manager has in piloting the paper to a financial success at the close of the year. Give him your hearty support wherever possible!

Amount Received.

From subscriptions	\$148 50
From advertising and sale of October Number	54 85
From advertising and sale of November Number	50 50
From advertising and sale of December Number	59 50
From advertising and sale of January Number	40 25
From advertising and sale of February Number	45 40
From advertising and sale of March Number	47 35
From advertising and sale of April Number	56 70
From advertising and sale of May Number	54 90
From advertising and sale of June Number	75 35

Total amount received \$633 30

Amount Paid Out.

For printing October Number	\$ 50 75
For printing November Number	47 85
For printing December Number	60 00
For printing January Number	53 45
For printing February Number	49 95
For printing March Number	56 30
For printing April Number	63 85
For printing May Number	50 45
For printing June Number	112 20
Miscellaneous, stationery, postage, etc.....	14 50
Banquet	21 75
Manager's salary	25 00

Total amount paid out..... \$606 05
 Total amount received \$633 30
 Total amount paid out 606 05

Balance \$ 27 25

Respectfully submitted,

C. NEAL MERRILL,

Business Manager.

LITERARY



LIFE IN A GIRL'S CAMP

I. A Woman-suffrage Parade.

By Lora M. Blanding, '15

"For we've got divers a plenty,
And tennis experts, too,
Marvels at jewelry;
O, there's nothing we can't do.
So cheer for Wanu———."



HE camp song was unceremoniously interrupted by a shriek as a well-directed tennis ball, aimed through the partially closed tent flaps, hit the singer squarely upon that tender projection—the nose.

"Oh! I say, Plups, do stop that infernal singing for one moment and listen to the news. Miss Parker says to get all the girls together and go up to the bungalow for she's got the dinkiest—O! I mean the bestest—kind of a scheme for a party tonight."

"A party?"

"Tonight?"

"What kind?"

The nineteen girls who composed Camp Wanubaki, came flying from all directions at the mere mention of a party. An on-looker would get the impression that a party was an unusual event at Wanubaki, instead of a regular once a week proceed-

ing. But what does a group of girls, ranging in age from thirteen to eighteen, enjoy more than a really, truly, exciting party, especially when it is given at camp and is for the most part an unpremeditated affair? This year, thus far, there had been a kimono party, a masquerade, a sailors' ball, a moving picture show and now—what?

"Hurrah! Rah! for Wanubaki!"

"Whom we're glad to be."

"On———"

"Plups" dodged a fir-balsam pillow and bolted out of the tent and up the path to the bungalow, closely followed by a shrieking group of girls.

Through the lodge windows they could see Miss Parker, the camp directress, and the four other councillors busily cutting out yellow crepe-paper stars. What could it all mean?

"We are coming! We are coming!

Wanubaki camp.

With friendship band together

We every storm will weather.

We come along———"

"Well, come along then, Plups, and hurry up about it. We have an entirely new and original idea for a camp party. It is to be

a surprise to "camp mother" and Mr. Parker, and just as soon as I get one more star cut out I will tell you all about it," declared Miss Parker, busily hacking away at the crepe-paper.

The girls crowded around the living-room table and proceeded to wonder. Very early in the history of Wanubaki, Miss Parker's mother had been dubbed "camp mother" because of her great interest in the girls' happiness and welfare and the camp mother she had remained **ever** since. Mr. Parker was Miss Parker's brother and although a very quiet and unobtrusive man and one who rarely ever saw anything that he considered bright enough to laugh at, yet he was a general favorite in the camp. And now the girls were going to surprise them!

Bunny, the girl who had been the sender of the well-aimed tennis ball, finally voiced the question that was dominant in the minds of all the camp.

"Is it a pleasant surprise or otherwise, Miss Parker?"

"Why, it's—" began Miss Parker and then glanced up laughingly at the other councillors.

"I should call it slightly—er—otherwise, myself," declared Miss Ogden—the art councillor—as she began to take "Old Glory" down from its accustomed resting place on the mantelpiece.

Miss Parker finished the star and turned her chair around facing the girls.

"Girls, I want to talk very seriously to you about a very important movement. Of course, you realize that the all-important question of the day is woman-suffrage. Every person who pretends to have advanced ideas should be a firm believer in this movement. We have among our number, I regret to say, two individuals so biased in their opinions that they absolutely refuse to believe in woman-suffrage; namely, our worthy camp mother and her son.

O yes! Also a third; our loyal mascot, Billy."

At this juncture, Billy—or "Metal-toes," as he was more commonly known, emitted a sound mid-way between a grunt and a bark (whether in appreciation or disgust the girls could not tell) and bounded into the midst of the assembly.

"We should not be doing our duty by our country," continued Miss Parker, "if we allowed these people to continue unconvinced. Therefore, the government has decided to take immediate action and organize a parade to march in front of the Pine Island Lodge at prompt five forty-five and enter the supper room at six in the parade attire."

"In parade attire?"

"What do you mean? Another masquerade?"

"What kind of 'attire'?"

The excited girls deposited themselves about the room; some on the table, others on the floor and a few of the more decorous ones on the benches and prepared to listen.

"Well, in the first place, we must paste yellow stars over eleven of the white stars of Old Glory, to denote the eleven suffrage states. The one who leads the procession must carry the flag. Then, of course, we must have transparencies and banners and I think there are some old horns up attic and we will line up in front of the tents."

"We can use the charcoal we had for sketching last year and write mottoes on the banners, can't we?" Miss Ogden suggested.

"Yes, and can't we print mottoes on the backs and fronts of our middies so that we can be sandwich men?" begged Bunny.

"Anything you please, girls, but let's get to work or we won't be ready in time."

"We love our Wanubaki camp
We love it's life so——"

With a whoop the girls raced down to their tents and then followed two hours of exciting work. In the midst of the preparations Miss Parker's whistle blew, so the excited girls were forced to put down their work and find out what she wanted.

"Bring your work down to my tent" she commanded, "for we councillors have composed a suffrage song and you can learn it as you work."

"A song! I'm with you,!" and with a bound Plups, work and all, landed in the middle of Miss Parker's bed.

"It goes to the tune of the Marseillaise, continued Miss Parker, "and these are the words:"

"We march, we march to victory,
With our suffrage flag before us.
Our voices rise, in joyous cries
And swell in mighty chorus.
Votes for us! is our cry.
Democracy, for thee we die!
Lead on. Lead on, camp mother brave.
We follow to the grave.

"When you mount the platform to impart
Courage to each eager heart,
Your faithful Bill is loyal still
Tho your son does feel the smart.
Speak on in spite of all,
O, heed your country's call.
Fling off the chains. Be free at last.
Leave slavery to the past."

At half-past five exactly a curious procession formed in front of the tents. Leading the procession was Bunny proudly bearing aloft the flag, while close upon her heels was a "sandwich man" whose front proclaimed, "We Want to Vote" while her back was ornated with the first few bars of "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl Who Married Dear Old Dad," but with the words "I Want a Vote Just Like the Vote the Other Fellows Have." Transparencies followed upon which were such mottoes as

"Wake Up, Antis" and "Be Radical, America," while the two littlest girls terminated the procession holding between them a banner with "Buds of Promise." Even Billy was captured and a conglomerate bow of green for give, white for women, and violet for votes, tied firmly beneath his chin.

Everything was ready for action when Miss Parker came hurrying toward them, a look of inexpressible dismay upon her face.

"Girls," she gasped. "I'm afraid—we can't—have it! Mother sent Jack to the refrigerator for the milk for supper—and he stubbed his toe and broke the pitcher. Mother is simply furious for there is no milk left for supper and I'm afraid this wouldn't improve her mood."

For a moment consternation reigned supreme. Then Plups, who during this recital had slipped away, came running back wildly waving a piece of paper and called out:

"All's safe. Mrs. Parker is laughing over the milk episode and she thinks it's a huge joke. And besides I've just thought of a song for us to sing when we get tired of the other. It goes to the tune of 'I Want to be in Dixie' and these are the words:"

"We want to vote! We want to vote!
We want to vote just like the men-folk!
Where there's equal pay for equal work
For where there's work we never shirk.
We want to vote! We want to vote!
We want to vote just like the men-folk!
You can tell the world we're goin' to
V—O—T—E! We know how to spell it
And we're goin'! You bet we're goin',
Goin' to vote just like the men."

For five minutes the girls softly practised their new songs and then forming in line once more they started for the bungalow. Mrs. and Mr. Parker were sitting on the piazza reading the paper when the procession filed before them. It was such an

amusing spectacle that Mrs. Parker was forced to laugh and the girls felt that they had already half accomplished their mission.

Mr. Parker, however, feigned great disgust, but he maintained a rigid silence until he perceived Billy and his bow drawing up in the rear of the procession.

"It may be all very well to attempt to convert strong-minded people to your cause, but to force woman-suffrage upon a poor innocent dumb animal is too much." And he continued to read the evening paper. However, seeing that he was losing half of the

fun, he at last succumbed and the whole procession went into the dining room.

Then followed a joyous, milkless supper and at the conclusion toasts and suffrage speeches were made and the evening was spent in originating different suffrage games.

When Miss Parker blew the "bed-time whistle" at quarter past nine the girls felt that half of their cause was won for, although Mr. Parker still remained skeptical, Mrs. Parker was firmly converted to the good cause. As for Billy—well, Billy has yet to express his opinion.

OCCUPATIONS FOR HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

I. Agriculture.

(Editor's Note: The editor wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness and thanks to the following gentlemen who have so kindly given the information contained in this article: Mr. C. H. Lane, chief specialist in agricultural education, Office of Experiment Stations, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Mr. Eugene Merritt, who has charge of agricultural education in the United States; and to Mr. P. W. Monohon, secretary of the College of Agriculture, University of Maine.)



SINCE agriculture is a basic industry, it is certain that a live man can always find a field of work here. The farmer produces food and the raw material for clothing, two things that people cannot do without. Moreover, according to the latest census, the number of farms or farmers, has not increased at all in proportion to the growth in population of the whole country. The fact that the value of farm lands has doubled and market prices of farm products increased so enormously in the last ten years shows the growing valuation placed

upon this industry. The opportunities will never be less than today; in fact, they promise to be much greater.

The requirements for success in this line are scientific training and practical experience. The scientific training consists of a preparatory school course and a course in an agricultural college. The practical experience may be gained by doing farm work during the summer vacations at college. It would not be right to state that these two matters are absolute essentials for success, but simply that the chances of success are far smaller without them. The cost of the scientific training in college will be about \$1,400, although it may be gained for less and in some cases, may cost more. The ambitious student, who has not this amount, need not feel discouraged, for if he has \$300 to start the first year with, he may feel sure of finding a way to continue his course.

Aside from the management of a farm, there are many other opportunities in this field such as teaching, both in secondary schools and in colleges. Then there is work in experiment stations which requires closer specialization, as there one is connected with a single division of work only.

There are many state positions, under the Commissioner of Agriculture, such as State Dairy Instructor and State Horticulturist. State extension work under the direction of the College of Agriculture is an interesting field, consisting in Maine of county agents in charge of farm demonstration work. The state leaders of boys' and girls' agricultural clubs do a similar work among the young people. The federal bureaus, such as those of Plant Industry and Animal Industry, give employment to many specialists. Agricultural engineering is a new study, just being taken up in the most progressive colleges. It concerns itself with ditching, irrigation, etc. Many dealers and manufacturers of agricultural implements and produce, such as the International Harvester Co., employ trained agricultural graduates in their establishments.

Practical farming itself is now looked upon as a business which demands a specialist, an agricultural economist. The good farmer of yesterday asked whether he could make two blades of grass grow where one grew before; the good farmer of today asks whether it is best to grow grass at all, or to give his land to something else. That is the keynote of the whole situation in farming today; not growing a bigger crop,

but growing the crop best suited to the land. There is a good opportunity for young men to start in the poultry or small fruit business as these require comparatively little capital. A man who desires to start a live stock farm must have a good deal of capital.

Very few men receive a large salary for agricultural work, although they start at a very good figure. In 1912, 122 graduates of agricultural colleges, averaged a salary of \$1,026. This is, of course, splendid pay for the first year out of college. Probably, too, there are more men who earn a fair salary at agricultural work than in most other lines. Very few positions pay more than \$4,000. Whether the rural social, religious, and educational conditions incident to living on a farm are a drawback, or not, depends upon the individual. To one they may be rare opportunities to develop himself and make the world better; to another they may bring discontent and discouragement.

Finally, to those of you who doubt your ability to do farm work, I would say that at least one agricultural expert maintains that scientifically trained city fellows make the best farmers.

AN OLD FRENCH FORT

Lois Hodgkins, '17



As we leave the eating house at Annapolis, Nova Scotia, and walk through the fields towards the old fort, our thoughts fly backward three hundred years, and as we close our eyes we can easily see the immigrants land and hear their shouts of joy at locating such a spot, for we know that they searched for days before finding a place where they might with safety build their homes. We open our eyes and look upon the results of their

labors. The fort was (or perhaps I may say is, for it is still in a state of partial preservation) laid out in three stars, one inside the other and the innermost star making the fort proper while the other two are the outer defences. A few old cannon are distributed at intervals along the walls of earth and a small pile of balls may be seen by the side of each.

We now turn our eyes to the interior of the fort and see there a long, two-story building which was the officers' headquarters. The guide tells us that we may enter this old house built by the French in 1630

and we are led through the thirty rooms which compose it. The large old fireplace the bricks of which were all brought from France, is the chief, in fact the only feature in each room. The rooms in the basement composed the kitchens and places where they kept the women and children in times of danger. The walls were three feet thick and as long as the people within kept away from the windows it was considered the safest place in the fort. The first and second floors were given over to the officers and soldiers and as we look with awe upon the different parts of the house we wonder how many tales of secret conferences, treaties and defiance they might tell us if they could but talk.

We now direct ourselves toward the magazine which is built close to the ramparts in a hollow and is reached by descending five or six steps. One would naturally expect this to be damp and cold, but much to our surprise it is perfectly ventilated, and it does not differ from the warm outside air. In fact so well ventilated is it that the arched roof made of white granite is as perfect today as it was at the time of the old settlers,—not a crack is to be seen! The guide now takes us to the prison which is really a cave dug in the ramparts and lined

with bricks. In contrast to the magazine, this is damp and unventilated. The guide shuts the door and leaves us in utter darkness. We revolt against the idea of shutting men in this dark, cold, damp place for days, yes,—even weeks, or months, but soon the guide re-opens the door and leads us to the old well. The well, dug by men with rude implements, is two hundred feet deep and the water is so cold it is most invigorating; as the natives of the place say, it gives ten years of life. As we are led up the now grassy embankments and look into the now dry moat, the guide tells us that once a high picket fence ran around the fort in the middle of the moat and also, that a row of logs was held around the top of the embankment by pins, so that, if a man succeeded in swimming to the fence, scaling it, and then swimming to the ramparts,—the defenders would merely draw out the pins and let the log roll down into the moat, taking the man with it.

The fort witnessed thirteen engagements and it changed hands three times, but in spite of this and in spite of the three hundred years since it was built, an engineer, who recently surveyed it, declares that it is now almost perfect.

EXCHANGED

By Rose M. Davis, '15



AMONG the pupils who thronged the corridor of the enormous high school building at C——, Raymond Reed sauntered easily toward his home-room. The whispered message, "Report-cards today," that was passing from lip to lip, did not serve to hasten his steps for he knew what to expect. He was a handsome, broad-shouldered, well-dressed youth, with

a graceful carelessness of manner, a perfect type of the leisurely, irresponsible, agreeable young man of ample means. As he entered his room, however, a slight shade of regret crossed his face, not at all poignant and only passing, for a few words that his father had said to him some weeks before entered his mind. "I cannot think son, that you are not capable of doing better in your studies. I want you to put your best efforts into this term's work. And—wait—I have more to say. On condition

that you bring home a creditable report-card at the end of the term, I will take you on that trip to New York with me. Remember, only on that condition."

Ray, always docile and obliging, had resolved in a careless way to try for this tempting reward, but even this incentive was not sufficient to change his lifelong habits. He remembered this conversation now for the first time in weeks. His regret, however, was only passing and his face had cleared before he reached his seat; for, at any rate, he could count on divers other pleasures to take the place of his forfeited journey. When his report-card, in its neat white envelope, was passed to him, he slipped it into his pocket without looking at it.

Two floors below, a similar scene was being enacted. Among the pupils who entered Miss Whitney's room was a small, inconspicuous, yet not unattractive boy who took his seat quietly and sat waiting with an expectant expression on his face. On receiving his card he drew it quickly from its envelope and then gazed on it, crest-fallen. What caused his disappointment? There was the report in black and white—an uncompromising array of C's and D's. He held the card at another angle, but it read the same. Half-dazed, the boy heard the gong for dismissal. Slipping the card into its place, he gathered up his books and followed the others. As he passed the desk, Miss Whitney gave him her most encouraging smile. He tried to respond, but the teacher could not fail to notice the blank expression of his face.

Knowing Raymond Reed (for by a coincidence he possessed the same name as his schoolmate of the upper floor, although they were not related and were not even acquainted) as well as she did, she felt an especial sympathy for him. Looking back to her own school days, she remembered

Raymond's father, Richard Reed, as one of the most brilliant young men in the school and one for whom all his friends expected a remarkable future. But he had not fulfilled these expectations. Indeed, all the members of his family had been theoretical, impractical scholars. Richard now held a small position in a printing office and his brother (also formerly a promising youth) was employed as a book-agent. Raymond had inherited his father's scholastic tendencies, but he was a modest, sensible boy, and Miss Whitney entertained great hopes for him.

Though possessed of an optimistic, cheery disposition, Raymond was inclined to be diffident and lacked self-confidence. For this reason he was never popular with his mates. Raymond's mother was as much of a contrast to his father as can be imagined. Sprung of thrifty stock she continually strained all her energies to make both ends meet and the harassing struggle had begun to sour her temper. She had no admiration for her son's scholastic ability and regretted continually that his talents did not run more in the direction of earning an occasional dollar. Not that Raymond was at all indolent, or incapable, but his diffidence prevented him from becoming a money-maker. Although Raymond found his talents unappreciated, he applied himself to his books with the attachment of a born scholar.

Very much puzzled and disturbed, Raymond was now on his homeward way. On arriving at his humble residence, he found the family in a fluster. His maternal uncle had come on an unexpected visit and was ensconced like a family oracle in the plain sitting-room. Henry Cobb was a prosperous business man, who, by the usual means and methods, shrewdness, diligence, etc., had succeeded in amassing a considerable sum of money. He regarded his brother-in-law with

a pitying contempt—which, indeed, the latter deserved—and had heard of Raymond's intellectual heritage.

That evening, Raymond, his father, mother, sisters, and Uncle Henry were grouped about the sitting-room conversing. After a while, the latter asked Raymond with the half-tolerant, half-amused disapproval of a person who has managed his own affairs well, what he was doing at school. The matter that had been foremost in Raymond's mind all day came at once to his lips. "I had my report-card today," he said, slowly. The card, as yet unseen by the rest of the family, was brought forward and explained to Uncle Henry. D, Raymond explained, patiently, stood for deficient, and C for fair.

"Well, bless my soul," uttered the astonished old gentleman, "you have a drop of the Cobb blood in you. Why, you make me think of myself at your age. No, sir, I'll never forget the year I took up Latin." Thus Mr. Cobb began to grow reminiscent, describing his complete failure to absorb the smallest particle of knowledge of the Latin language. Growing more and more genial, he inquired, "Raymond, boy, what would you say to taking a trip up to New York with me? Strikes you all right, does it? Well—"

Mrs. Reed had risen to her feet and Mr. Reed, who had not been able to get in a word since the conversation had been started, now spoke feebly, "I don't understand this."

Raymond made no reply for he felt that it would be superfluous for him to mention that he did not understand it, either.

Let us now return to our first acquaintance, Raymond Reed, the son of wealth and comfort. He was leaning against the mantel in the spacious and splendidly-equipped living-room of his father's home. As I have said before his regret over his forfeited trip was not poignant, but as the pensive

twilight hour was stealing into the room, he had sunk into a moody reverie.

There was a step on the threshold and his father entered. As he turned on the light, Raymond saw that his face was beaming. He advanced with outstretched hand, "Congratulations, son. I was certain that you had it in you. You have done splendidly, I said creditable rank, but I did not think of you taking A in everything. A in Latin! After your work last year! I call it wonderful. You only needed a spur."

If Mr. Reed had not been so overcome by his delight he would have noticed how ludicrously Raymond's jaw dropped and how he stared.

"I found your card on the table and opened it," he said, "Come out, and we'll talk over that New York trip."

Ray followed his father mechanically into the next room. He examined the card and had to believe the evidence of his eyes. There were the four A's and in the corner his name, "Report of Raymond Reed." It was astounding! Raymond could not comprehend it. But a returning wave of the self-confidence so characteristic of one of his type made him straighten up suddenly, deciding that the principal knew how to manage his own business.

The two boys who enjoyed the next few weeks in the great metropolis of New York were none the less happy because they both were rather puzzled.

A few days after the opening of the next term, Miss Whitney had an announcement to make to the class: "A rather awkward mistake was made last term in the distribution of the report-cards which has been straightened out satisfactorily since. The cards of two pupils, in different divisions, but having the same name, became confused. So I wish to say that whenever any of you fail to understand the marks on your cards, do not hesitate to ask for an explanation."



LOCALS



Bangor High School opened Monday, Sept. 14, with the largest entering class in its history. The Seniors and Juniors met at the school at eight o'clock, the Eleventh grade at nine, and the Tenth grade at ten. As the registration is not completed, it is impossible to tell the exact number of pupils. The total enrollment will be about 730, which breaks the record.

There are many new teachers and many changes in the teaching staff of the High School.

The position of sub-master, filled by Mr. Lee T. Gray, is a new one in Bangor High School. Mr. Gray comes from the Palmer High School in Palmer, Mass., where he was principal. His home is in Lubec, Maine.

Mr. Benjamin C. Kent takes the place of Mr. Charles S. Oswald, who resigned at the end of last year, as director of manual training. He is a Bangor man and a graduate of the University of Maine. He has been in the manual training department of the Portland High School.

Mr. George N. Varney, from Wilton Academy, will assist in physics and manual training.

Miss Rachael Hall, of Richmond, Maine, who has been teaching in the Bath High School, succeeds Miss Maude C. White, as teacher of typewriting.

Miss Alice J. Harvey will take the place of Miss Rebecca Chilcott in the domestic science department. She has been teaching in the district of Skowhegan and Madison.

Miss Ethel Harrigan, of this city, is another assistant in the domestic science de-

partment, which is under the direction of Miss Sutton. Miss Harrigan is a graduate of the University of Maine.

Miss Anastasia J. Scribner, B. H. S. '11, Emerson School of Oratory, '14, is teaching elocution and English, succeeding Miss Florence I. Jaynes.

The first general chapel of the term was held Tuesday morning, Sept. 22, in the Assembly Hall. After the opening exercises, Mr. Larrabee addressed the school and told what was expected for the coming year. Mr. Larrabee also called attention to the fact, that with an enrollment of about 730, this is next to the largest High school in the northern New England states. Coach Rogers and Mgr. Donovan, of the football squad, next addressed the school for the purpose of raising enthusiasm—and money. Mr. Rogers called attention to the fact that while the regular team gets most of the praise for a successful season, it is the substitutes who deserve it. He said, also, that the cheering and support given counts greatly in the results. Mgr. Donovan urged the support of the school and impressed the need of financial aid. Mr. Congdon read the account of expenditures for athletics last year. Pledges for season tickets were distributed and 317 were signed making considerably more than \$200 available from the school.

A debate was held Thursday morning, Sept. 24, in the three college divisions of the Senior class. The subject discussed was:

"Resolved, That pupils in the public schools should be promoted semi-annually."

General chapel is to be held regularly every Tuesday morning this year. Students can no longer say that they did not know they were to lose the first study period. The Seniors and Juniors will have chapel on Wednesday morning; the Eleventh grade on Thursday; and the Tenth grade on Friday.

A meeting of the Senior Class was held Wednesday noon, Sept. 30, at which Arno Savage was unanimously elected president. Miss Elizabeth Thaxter was elected vice president, and Miss Ethel O'Connell, secretary and treasurer.

A Junior Class meeting was held Thursday noon, Oct. 1, for the election of class officers. The first vote taken for president was: James Chilcott and Harding McCann, 21 each; Oliver Hall, 18; and Arthur Jones, 10. On account of the tie, the last two names were dropped and another vote was taken, the result being: Chilcott, 29, and McCann, 22. For vice president, Miss Marjorie White received 35 votes, Miss Beatrice Griffin, 21, and Doris Townsend, 8. For secretary, John Frawley had 28 votes, and was elected. Freeman Olsen had 24, and Louis Dennett, 8.

The lunch room opened for the term, Monday, Sept. 21. Plenty of sandwiches, cookies, milk, and chocolate were on sale.

The High School Orchestra, under the direction of Miss Littlefield, has started what promises to be a very successful year. The membership is the largest in the history of the school and includes many very talented players. The present personnel of the orchestra is:

Violinists: Maurice King, Stanley Cayting, James Chilcott, James McCann, Mar-

guerite Tibbetts, Frances Flannigan, Melville Craig, Harry Helson, Dorothy Harvey, Jessie Newcomb, Roland Gray, Ethel Rideout, Galen Kenney, Grace Carver, Francis Kanaley, Eleanor Christensen, John Manchester, James Pennell, Russell Whittemore.

Cellists: Vivian Johnson, Dorothy Allen, Arthur Stanhope.

Clarinetists: Harry Littlefield, Hazel Robinson.

Cornetists: George Thompson, Alfred Frawley.

Pianist: Louise Cousins.

There is a larger registration this year than ever before. There are 118 Seniors, 134 Juniors, 182 in the 11th grade and 300 in the 10th grade, 8 post graduates and 6 special students, making a total of 748, 80 of whom are from out of town.

The 11th grade election was held Friday Oct. 2 and resulted in James McCann being elected president; Lena Clark, vice president; Paul Eames, secretary and treasurer; and Frances Bragg and Paul Larrabee the executive committee.

Seven pictures have been presented to the school by the class of 1888 in memory of Miss Jennie A. Philbrook, a former teacher in the High School, and have been placed in Room 211. They consist of a photograph of Miss Philbrook, two pictures from the Acropolis at Athens, the Caryatice Porch of Erechtheum, and the Temple of the Wingless Victory; a copy of a painting of the Castle of St. Angelo and the Tiber at Rome by Oswald Achenback, a German artist; and three pictures by Lawrence Alma-Tadema, an English artist, Spring or A Roman Holiday, Salve Imperator, and An Audience at the Palace of Agrippa.



With the coming of September many of the Alumni of Bangor High School entered college. A large number of them will attend the University of Maine. Among those to enter from the class of 1914 are Misses Ruth Chalmers, Helen Curran, Pauline Derby, Marie Frawley, Callie Larrabee, Helen Stuart and Messrs. Wallace Boothby, Earl Brown, Walter Creamer, Robert Dunning, Roland Estes, Francis Head, Edward Herlihy, Robert Hurd, John H. Magee; C. Neal Merrill, J. Norman Mullen, John O'Connell, Edgar Pearson. Those from other classes, that are entering, are Lewis Hexter '12, Catherine Coney '12, Frances Dugan '13, Mona McWilliams '13, Gladys Reed '13, Violet Leighton '08.

Those going to other colleges are:

Misses Frances Townsend, Elinor Shaw and Gwendolyn Safford '14 Wheaton College; Martha Mansur, '14, Wellesly; William West '13, University of Pennsylvania; Clarence Fox '14, Pratt Institute; Edgar Bowler '14, Carnegie Institute of Technology; Charlotte Clark '14, and Sylvia Parker '12, Mt. Holyoke College; Horace Chapman '12, Williams College; Harry Toole '12, Harvard University; Leon G. Banton '13, Dartmouth College; Frances McCann '14, and Margaret Burns '14, Convent of the Sacred Heart; Frederick French '13, Bowdoin; Dorothy Smith '14, Smith's College; Thomas Bragg '10, University of Pennsylvania; Walter B. Willey, Jr. '12, Tuft's Medical College.

Ethel A. Maddox '14 has a position in the offices of the Republican Headquarters.

Emily K. Kent '14 is employed as a stenographer and bookkeeper by the J. F. Gerrity Co.

Elsie E. Frost '13 is teaching school in West Schoeis, Maine.

Charlotte Fenno '13 is employed in the office of the New England Tel. & Tel. Co., on Central street.

John Coyne '14 has a position as bookkeeper for the president of the Maine Central Railroad Company.

Myles M. Atherton '14 is teaching music at his home on French street.

Arthur Littlefield '14 is employed in the insurance office of E. H. Carter.

F. Everett Glass '09, a former editor-in-chief of the Oracle, has returned to Bangor after a trip through Italy. Mr. Glass was obliged to give up an intended trip through France, Germany, Holland and England, because of the war in Europe which began soon after his arrival. Mr. Glass graduated from Dartmouth last June, receiving honors in English.

Hazel Robinson '11, a graduate of the Russell Private Hospital in Brewer, is now engaged in professional nursing.

Miss Barbara Pfaff '04 was traveling in England and France this summer en route, when war between France and Germany broke out. She left on what was then supposed to be the last train out of Paris, for after this special train had safely passed over the tracks, the soldiers had orders to blow up all the bridges to hinder the German advance. At length several hours after the scheduled leaving time of the steamer, Havre, the sailing port, was safely reached. Fortunately the date of sailing had been put off until the next morning when bright and early the French liner "La Touraine," flying the French flag, set sail for America.



The Society.

At a meeting of the Literary and Debating Society late last year, the following officers were elected for the first term this year:

Robert A. Patterson, president.
Irving R. Donovan, vice president.
Louis B. Dennett, treasurer.
C. Freeman Olsen, secretary.
Harry Butler, censor.

Senior Debates.

On Thursday, Sept. 24, three debates were held in Room 207. The question: Resolved, That students in the public schools should be promoted semi-annually, was vigorously debated by the three Senior English classes of the College division in the second, third and fourth periods.

Second Hour.

In the second hour debate, the leader of the affirmative was Elizabeth K. Thaxter, while Glynn Furey headed the negative side of the question. Miss Thaxter grouped her arguments under three main points: (1) The advantage to the pupil; (2) the advantage to the teacher; (3) the system has proven successful where tried. Mr. Furey's arguments consisted of four main divisions: (1) Present conditions do not warrant the change; (2) the pupil could not cover as much ground; (3) the system requires more work of the teacher; (4) it is of greater expense.

Miss Thaxter was ably supported by the Misses Woodman, Evans, Hussey, Carr, Wheeler, Rowe and Price, and Mr. Torrey, by whom many arguments were brought to bear upon the question. Among these the speeches of the Misses Wheeler, Woodman and Hussey were particularly strong. Besides Mr. Furey, the upholders of the negative were the Misses Perry, Milan, F. Harvey and Crowley, and Messrs. Kelly, Doran, Perkins and Alward. Mr. Kelly's argument was especially good.

Miss Elizabeth L. Clark, a former B. H. S. teacher, judged the debates, and in this case awarded the decision to the affirmative, by reason of superior manner of presentation. The work of Messrs. Furey and Doran, and Misses Thaxter and Crowley was especially commended.

Third Hour.

In this debate, Robert Ewer, the leader of the affirmative, and Francis Murphy, who led the negative, in general brought out the same points as were argued in the preceding debate. Mr. Ewer was assisted by the Misses Gregory and Dow, and Messrs. Burton, Cohen, Redman, Ryder and Eddy. Miss Pearson and the Messrs. Safford, Brown, Geagan and Edwards completed the negative. The arguments of Miss Pearson, and Messrs. Burton, Eddy, Safford and Ewer were very good.

Miss Clark specially commended the leader of the negative, Mr. Murphy, for his aggressive upholding of his side, characterizing him as a good fighter. She thought

the presentation by the two sides very even; but that the strongest arguments were with the affirmative, to whom she accordingly gave the decision.

Fourth Hour.

This debate was exceptionally good. Jeannette Croxford, directing the affirmative, skilfully grouped her points under two main divisions: (1) The advantage to the pupils; (2) the **advantage** to the teachers. Frederick Jordan, as leader of the negative, claimed that: (1) The system was not an advantage to the pupil; and (2) it was not practical.

In addition to Miss Croxford, the affirmative consisted of Misses D. Harvey, Farnham, Davis and Boothby, and Messrs. Harden, Cleveland, Grant and Sweet. The negative, under Mr. Jordan, was made up of the Misses McCann, Beverly, Makanna, and Perkins, and Messrs. Savage and West.

Miss Clark decided this debate, as in the case of the others, for the affirmative. The points considered were manner of presentation and strength in rebuttal. Although Miss Clark did not have time to mention any individual speakers, general opinion seemed to favor the speeches of Misses Croxford, Farnham and Davis, and Messrs.

Savage and Cleveland as most worthy of commendation.

All three debates were very interesting discussions of a difficult question and the rebuttal was at all times spirited and forceful. A great number of the arguments were exceptionally good and many vigorous discussions were entered into with spirit.

The Girls' Debating Society.

The first meeting of the Girls' Debating Society was held Sept. 25, in Room 209, at which officers for the year were elected as follows: Lora E. Blanding, president; Doris E. Brewer, vice president; Lucie M. Knowles, secretary; Rose M. Davis, treasurer.

The subject chosen for the first trial debate was: "Resolved, That positions should be given to the most capable applicants, regardless of sex." Last year the girls' team debated against the boys with great success, and they hope to have a winning team this year.

Although the boys' society has lost many valuable members by graduation, other members will undoubtedly come forward and fill their places. The spirit of the society is as high as ever and the usual vigorous meetings will soon be resumed.

Pat Kept the Job.

One of the bosses at Baldwin's Locomotive works had to lay off an argumentative Irishman named Pat, so he saved discussion by putting the discharge in writing. The next day Pat was missing, but a week later the boss was passing through the shops and he saw him again at the lathe. Going up to the Irishman he demanded fiercely. "Didn't you get my letter?" "Yes, sur, Oi did," said Pat. "Did you read it?" "Sure, sur, Oi read it inside and

Oi read it outside," said Pat, "and on the inside yez said Oi was fired, and on the outside yez said, 'Return to Baldwin's Locomotive Works in five days'."—Lippincott's.

First Girl—Anna told me that you told the secret that I told you not to tell her.

Second Girl—She's a mean thing! I told her not to tell you.

First Girl—Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you if she told me, so don't tell her I did.



On Monday, Sept. 15, a meeting of the fellows turning out for football, was held in Room 105, and about thirty-eight were present. Real work started on Tuesday, when Coach Rogers put the men through a lot of drills. This was continued throughout the week, and signal practice and scrimmaging were not started till the next week.

Waterville High vs Bangor High.

On Saturday, Sept. 26, the Waterville High football team lined up against Bangor High at Maplewood. Bangor won by a score of 32 to 0, all the points being scored in the last half.

The summary:

Bangor High.	Waterville High.
Estes, l. e.....r. e., Alley (Capt.)	Cayonette
T. Davis, l. t.....r. t., E. Williams	
Mulvany, l. g.....r. g., Ayer	
Moore, c.....c., Carr	
J. Davis, r. g.....l. g., Merrill	Fletcher
Thompson, r. t.....l. t., Wilson	Hickson
R. Curran, r. e.....l. e., Procter	Koritzky
Daley, q. b.....q. b., Donovan	Lebrock
E. Curran (Capt.), l. h. b....r. h. b., Huston	Alley
Kelley, r. h. b.....l. h. b., Goodnow	
Hickson, f. b.....f. b., L. Williams	
Thompson	

Score: B. H. S., 32. Touchdowns, Daley 2, Thompson, Kelley, Estes. Goals from touchdowns, Daley 2. Referee, Barry. Umpire, Libbey. Time, 8-minute quarters.

Bangor High vs. M. C. I.

Bangor High won her second game of the season by a score of 21 to 0, from Maine Central Institute at Maplewood, Oct. 3. Bangor showed excellent team work

The summary:

Bangor.	M. C. I.
Estes, l. e.....r. e., Kendall	
T. Davis, l. t.....r. t., Hackett	
Mulvany, l. g.....r. g., McNally	
Moore, c.....c., Newcomb	
T. Davis, r. g.....l. g., Small	Farrow
Thompson, r. t.....l. t., Fuller	Hickson
R. Curran, r. e....l. e., G. Whittier (Capt.)	Koritzky, r. e.
Daley, q. b.....q. b., Thomas	
E. Curran (Capt.), l. h. b....r. h. b., Maxwell	Smith
Kelley, r. h. b.....l. h. b., Harvey	
Furey, f. b.....f. b., Emery	
Thompson	

Score: B. H. S., 21. Touchdowns, Daley, Thompson, Smith. Goals from touchdowns, Daley 3. Referee, Barry. Umpire, Beck. Time, 12-minute quarters.



EXCHANGES

The following list includes most of the papers received since the last number of the Oracle was printed. May all of our friends, not found in this list, feel it their pleasure and privilege to be included in our list next month.

May issues: Reflector, Academy Journal, News, Habit.

June issues: Islander, K. H. S. Record, Par-Sem, Hebron Semester, Kent's Hill Breeze, Jabberwock, Hamptonia, Bouncer, Vail-Dean Budget, Palmer, Chronicle (South Paris, Me.), **Arcturus**, Purple and Gray Magazine, Early Trainer, Racquet, Red and Black, Old Hughes, **Argus**, Cue, Olympian, Student (Providence, R. I.), Delphian, Beacon, Leavitt Angelus, Tattler, Dynamo, Dean Megaphone, Chronicle (Hartford, Conn.), **Aegis**, Record (Worcester, Mass.), Oracle (Plainfield, N. J.), Advance, Student (Detroit, Mich.), Spectator.

September issues: Sphinx (pamphlet), Artisan, Tcoter, H. S. News (pamphlet), Early Trainer.

The Islander, Bar Harbor, Me., and the K. H. S. Record of Kingfield, Me., are strangers to our list. We are always glad to add such promising papers to our number of acquaintances. Put forth a little more energy, friend Islander, and try to be a monthly instead of a semi-annual paper. You have talent and material for greater things.

The exchange editor of the Spectator, Louisville, Ky., wonders, in his June issue why his exchange list dropped to thirty-five! It is rather strange, for the paper

has many things about it to make it very attractive. Perhaps, though, the next editor will understand that most people like honest criticism, but very few are fond of sarcasm. If, instead of telling the world that its efforts are not worth praising, he will turn his energy toward publishing a list of his exchanges, he will soon find his list as large as he wants to take care of. You are very interesting, Spectator, and we hope to have you with us all the year!

The Oracle as Seen by Others.


The Oracle, Bangor High: We wish to congratulate you on the success of your paper during the entire school year.—The Hebron Semester.

The Oracle, Bangor High: Always the same most excellent paper. Your cover designs are surely worthy of notice—Kent's Hill Breeze.

The Oracle: Your column entitled, "The Oracle as Seen by Others" is quite a novelty. Your jokes are both plentiful and amusing.—The Jabberwock.

The Oracle had some very strong stories and on the whole was good.—"The Hamptonia, N. Hampton, N. H.

The Oracle: Certainly your exchange list is remarkable. You are original in all respects. We think perhaps you are a little too **severe** in your criticisms of school papers in general. There are papers even better than yours that are doing the very things you criticise adversely, and are succeeding.—"The Palmer," Palmer, Mass.



PERSONALS

Mr. Manchester '15 (in French)—Leur casquette sous le bras.

"Their casket under their arm."

Teacher to Donovan '15—"You would make a success of that speech if you could only make the audience forget you."

Miss Robinson: "Taft, Wilson and Bryan are all great statesmen who are now living. Can anyone name a dead one for me?"

Donovan '15—"Teddy Roosevelt."

Miss Hussey '15 (in Latin)—Scopuloque infixit acuto.

"He fastened him on a sharp rock."

Morse '16 (trying to solve an impossible problem in adv. alg.)—"Well there must be something wrong with this problem."

Mr. Congdon (to student in bookkeeping class)—"How many sides has a ledger?"

Student—"Two. Outside and inside."

S-l-v-n '16—"Where does the beginning of the lesson begin?"

Miss MacS—"At the beginning of the beginning."

Mr. Trickey—"We will have laboratory two weeks running and then skip two."

Furey '15: "What do you think this is, a track team?"

Miss Abbott '16 (in history)—"They woke up in the morning and found that they were dead."

Teacher—"Has any one a fountain-pen?"

Rich '18—"I've one, but there's no lead in it."

"Are you a paid subscriber?"

The manager said to me.

When I said, "No,"

He just said, "Oh,"

If you aren't, you ought to be."

There was a lad in our school

And he was wondrous wise—

Whene'er he saw a pretty girl

He looked with all his eyes.

J. C. '16.

Mr. Boyd has invented a new alarm clock. In explaining it to the second-hour history class, he said, "Take a pencil in your hand when you study. If you should happen to fall asleep it will drop on the floor and wake you up." Students are asked to suggest names for this wonderful device.

Teacher (calling the roll)—"Miss Carr."

Whereupon Mr. Clark '18 answers "Present."

Mr. Varney (in Physics)—"How can you determine the speed by which molecules mix with the gases?"

McCann '16—"Get a speedometer."

GEORGE B. FREELAND

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