

Nov 1916

# ORACLE

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NOVEMBER - - 1916

Larrabee 1916

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# THE ORACLE

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## EDITORIALS

*"Call a spade a spade"—Plutarch*

### THE THANKSGIVING OF 1916.

Thanksgiving Day is now drawing near. As we think of the true meaning of this day we smile at the contrast it makes with the notion of the Thanksgiving Season that we held in our childhood. When we were children we used to look ahead with joy to the Thanksgiving feast and the two days of vacation given us to recover from its effects. Then Thanksgiving Day meant to us merely a day of feasting and of freedom from school. But now it means to us a day on which we can give thanks for the blessings we have received, the difficulties we have overcome, and the misfortunes we have escaped. With this meaning of the day in mind, surely we have many things for which to be thankful.

This year, in particular, we have much to be thankful for. Never since the founding of the United States have we, as a whole nation, been so prosperous as we are at the present time. The workingmen are having no trouble in finding employment. In fact, the demand for men is far greater than the supply.

For a time it was feared that war would break out between our country and Mexico. That danger, however, has fortunately been almost entirely averted. Thus we have escaped a war which would have brought

disaster both to the United States and to Mexico. In spite of the clamor of the jingoists, there has been no war. Mexico still retains her independence, and our country has escaped the dishonor which making war on that small and poor country would have brought upon us. We should indeed be thankful when we think that this is true.

Let us turn our attention for a moment to those European nations which are engaged in the stupendous struggle which has laid waste all central Europe. We cannot realize the dreadful conditions that exist there. The loss of life and the destruction of property is so colossal that our minds are bewildered by it. Let us think of the men freezing in the trenches and of the women and children starving at home. Now let us turn our minds to our own country which, alone of all the great powers of the world, has remained prosperous and happy, free from the curse of war. Our nation, it is true, was for a time poised on the brink of this inferno, but it did not rashly take the plunge. We should thank Providence that Peace still reigns in our land.

### CONCERNING STUDIES.

A person who is choosing the course of study he intends to follow in High school should use careful thought in his choice. He should take into consideration his own talents and the career he intends to follow



after his school work is over. If every pupil did this the number of those who change their courses would be greatly reduced. But very many students pay very little attention to these things. It is too common a thing for a pupil to enter High School in a certain course because most of his friends are taking that course, also.

#### **After a Course Has Been Chosen**

and followed for a year or more by a pupil, it is very common for the pupil to drop some subject which he finds rather difficult, for one in another course that he hopes to find less exacting. In doing this the pupil seems to forget that the purpose of his school work is to enable him to overcome the obstacles in life, and that it is by overcoming the difficulties encountered in one's text-books that one's brain grows strong and clear. He is woefully mistaken who thinks that by studying hard in his school-days he will wear out his brain and unfit it for clear thinking in after life.

In very rare cases, it may be worth while for a student to change his course at the end of his first year in school. After that a change of courses seems inexpedient. By taking two years each in two different courses a pupil usually gets little but a jumble of studies which is of less value to him than a consecutive line of work would have been. As a rule, after a course has been chosen its requirements should be fulfilled to the end. If the students then desires some other subject, let him take it as an extra study.

This is the age of the specialist. A man must hold to some one branch of his profession to succeed. How can a person begin his training as a specialist better than by confining himself to one course during his High school days? By following one course for the entire four years, a student trains his brain to that persistency which is indispensable to a specialist.

#### **CIVIC BETTERMENT CONTEST.**

The Bangor Teachers' club wishes to offer through the Oracle a prize of two dollars for the best essay on Civic Betterment. This contest is open to all pupils of Bangor High School. The essay must be not less than twelve hundred, nor more than eighteen hundred words in length. Essays should be submitted before February 15.

As civic betterment is one of the leading topics of the day and since it is especially interesting and applicable to us, who are the future citizens of Bangor, there should be a large number in this contest.

#### **Perhaps This Problem**

of civic betterment rests upon the pupils in the schools more than upon any other people in the city. So much can be done by the young people towards improving their city that were each one to try and see in what way he could do his part, our city would soon present a better appearance to strangers, not only in clean streets and tidy buildings, but also in better citizens.

The problem of beautifying a city and keeping it clean is a great one. By being careful of waste paper on the streets, by using such care in and around the school buildings as is shown in one's homes, and by remembering the hundreds of other little things which make for cleanliness, we can help the authorities in their work.

What else, besides helping to make this city more beautiful, can young people do to improve it? They can so act as to make better citizens of themselves and set a good example to others; they can avoid loafing on the streets; they can patronize only those places which tend to some self-improvement. They can do and refrain from doing other things which we leave you to think out for yourselves.

Civic Betterment is a factor entering into our everyday habits and actions and toward which each one of us has a duty.



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# LITERARY

Editor's Note: The story in the October "Oracle" entitled "Peter Pan, Offender," was written by Miss Pauline E. Miller. Through some error, her name was omitted in the final copy.

## IN THE FACE OF DEFEAT

By Edward Kenney

### Prize Story.



HE thunder of the skyrocket yell surged across the field, straight to the heart of Captain Wardwell, of the Mardale Academy football team. The crowd wanted Ellersby, the ineligible. They believed that Ellersby could pull the heart-breaking game out of the fire. Well, he, Wardwell, believed that, too; he **knew** it.

He walked slowly behind the line, his mind working with lightning-like rapidity, his thoughts turning back to the disclosure that Burrill, of the Kempton semi-professional baseball team, had made to him that morning. Burrill had told him of Ellersby's playing summer baseball with the Kempton pros, under contract, and therefore he was ineligible to compete as a

player on the Mardale football team. Burrill had left this matter up to Wardwell, however, and had virtually promised not to mention the news to anyone. Nobody, other than themselves and Ellersby knew of it; and Ellersby would be the last person on earth to reveal it.

So Wardwell realized now that he had his own conscience to face, and nothing else. The team arrayed against him meant certain defeat. With victory thus miraculously in his grasp if Ellersby could only play, it meant: a brilliant wind-up to a brilliant school career; the means of advent into the good graces of James Brenton, president of the Northern Manufacturing Corporation, who was holding open a position in South America to the class leader of the Mardale Academy; a pedestal for himself as the un-



selfish hero who put his rival in at the eleventh hour to win the game and the lion's share of the glory. Through the corner of one eye he could see the coach and Wayne Ellersby trotting across the field to the scrimmage lines.

Wardwell never knew just how he made his decision; but suddenly he found himself wondering that he had even debated the question. He motioned Ellersby back, and nodded to the referee that he was ready. Ellersby returned to the side lines, and the crimson stands groaned in dismay; then made a game effort to rally the team on with cheers, although all knew that by keeping Ellersby from the game, Wardwell sacrificed Mardale's last, desperate chance.

Wardwell spoke briefly to his quarter, and then to his men.

The Tendrel team, muscles taut and eyes staring at the crouching figure of the opposing quarterback, bent pantherlike, for the snap-back of the ball. A dead silence fell over the multitude. The Mardale players crouched lower to the ground, determined to hold the line intact, at any cost. Wilson, the all-scholastic half, of the opposition, played to the right of his line, between Frazer, right end, and the Mardale tackle, ready to hurl himself through the breach and intercept Wardwell's drop-kick.

The voice of the quarter sounded, as the ball, snapped straight as a die, flew into the waiting hands of Captain Wardwell. The lines clashed together and rose, with the crimson defense holding magnificently.

But Wardwell had scarcely a second to spare. He let the ball drop to the ground as Wilson broke through and dived toward him like a human catapult. His right leg came back, and his toe thudded against the pigskin. Straight toward the crossbars ahead, it sailed; straight as an arrow. It was over! Mardale had won! No! A groan arose from the crimson stands as the ball crashed against the left goal post.

For a second it seemed to hang there; and then—dropped back.

Wardwell had failed to kick the needed goal; he had failed to win for Mardale. He had missed by a scant inch, but he had missed.

Two minutes later the game ended, and Tendrel had won, 7-6.

\* \* \* \* \*

Outside the visitors' hotel that evening, the street was a blaze of light, and as Wardwell gazed out, he could see a wild line of Tendrel students swinging into the thoroughfare, and twisting back and forth, singing, howling, and capering in their famous serpent dance. Here and there they twisted, raucously howling their school yells; youthful, exultant, supremely happy.

The Mardale boys were quiet and sullen. Immediately after the game Captain Wardwell had explained. Some of the students understood; others refused point blank to listen; while still others were not capable of even reasoning.

It was all right to keep professionals off the team; but when it meant the sacrifice of the greatest athletic chance the team had had in years, it seemed quixotic, a splitting of hairs. The students were bitter against Wardwell. Months later, perhaps, they might forgive; but just now the defeat rankled most, and very few of them were in a mood for forgiveness or understanding.

Wardwell was alone and miserable. Now that it was over, he felt that were he to face the situation again he would have done as he had done that day. But the part that cut him most was his own inability to win the game. If his last resort had been successful, the students would have forgiven him; for a victor is forgiven anything.

Wardwell turned sharply. Yes, there it was again: a knock on the door; and this time somewhat peremptory. He growled a curt "Come in."



The door opened; he heard a figure groping for the electric button in the gloom. Then the button was snapped on and the room became flooded with light. Wardwell found himself looking at James Brenton, of the Northern Manufacturing Corporation.

His figure stiffened aggressively as he asked him sharply what he wanted.

"I have come to talk with you a minute."

"I prefer to be alone."

James Brenton smiled. "Listen to me, young man: It hurt me to see Mardale lose that game today, but"—the stout, little man chuckled—"it was the most glorious victory Mardale ever won. I've come in here, Captain Wardwell, to offer you that South American position with my company, and

to say that, if you will accept it, I shall feel that the company is the richer for it."

And at that moment a crowd of Tendrel students, headed by Captain Wilson, paused under the hotel window. Up to Wardwell's ears surged the Tendrel yell, and at the end, the name Wardwell. From across the street came an answering yell from a (game) handful of Mardale students; and their cheer, too, ended with their captain's name.

"In a year," Brenton was speaking, "they'll be pointing to today's game as the brightest spot in Mardale's athletic history."

And Wardwell wondered.

## HOW TO WRITE A STORY

By J. H. B. Gregory.



FIRST, the title of the story should be interesting, elusive, and appropriate,—so we will name our story,

"Should He Have Come Back!" or "The Mystery of the Lack of Funds."

Next, the opening of the story should be catchy and should usually introduce some character. The characters should be real, live people. Something like this:

"James Carron was a great, big, brutal man. He was the father of Tom, our hero. (Note: Always make the hero as pleasing as possible to the reader). Tom was a young man twenty-three years of age who had just completed his course at Harvard and won his degree of M. A. (Mule Auctioneer)."

"Now a little action would not be out of place.

"'Tom,' said father, 'what do you intend to do.'

"'Father, I shall marry Ethel and settle down.'

"'What!'

(Here a little description fills in nicely).

"The bronzed physiognomy of the old man turns pale with wrath. He grasps the chair and muttering a curse consigns his son to the infernal powers.

"'Ah, disobey me and then see what you'll do,' the old man thunders.

"'Very well, father,' Tom says and, sobbing, leaves the room.

(As this is the climax of the story, the young story writer would do well to study the above. Note how the conversation leads up to the crisis where the son, uninitiated in the wiles and ways of this cruel world, never away from his home except during his seven years of quiet life at Harvard,—is driven out by the harshness of his cruel parent! Those who are especially interested in character would do well to take these two characters and inspect them



from beginning to end. Those who enjoy, etc., etc.)

"Finally Tom Carron marries Ethel and goes to work for ten dollars a week as a clerk at the ribbon counter in one of the largest stores in the city.

(This may be further worked up in more romantic style. For instance the hero may go to the European War zone, or he may start at four dollars a week and in three years become president of the Amalgamated Rubber Plaster Co. It is always safe to have the hero begin at the bottom of the ladder and then work up. But this fact should always be remembered: Never, never, kill the hero at the climax. The reader may get discouraged. Vidi? After the climax allow four years to pass. That is about the ordinary time for the "story hero" to succeed or fail—He never fails—Now to follow the adventures of our Tom).

"'Twas a sultry day. The sky was o'erclouded with heavy masses of vapor. Here and there a solitary bird winged its way through the illimitable blue.

"See! There are two figures approaching in an old 1910 bus." (This is a modern story. Anything but an auto would be strictly out of place at this juncture of our tale).

"Arriving at the door they alighted. 'Does Mr. Carron live here?' falters Tom (whom we recognize by that scar on his nose caused by the sole of J. J., star Yale quarterback, in 1908).

"'No, sir, why bless me sir, it's you sir, Master Tom!' our English thoroughbred butler replies." (Only English butlers are in vogue in the best families).

"'Where is he?' Ethel, now Mrs. Carron, asks.

"'He died a year ago, four years after you left, sir, and the property is yours, sir. We could not locate you, sir, Make yourself at home, sir.'

(Properly our story should end here. To suit some reader's taste, it is advisable to continue. This is left to the author's discretion).

"And so they lived happily ever after."

Finis.

\* \* \* \* \*

By following the above suggestions anyone can write a story. We reserve the rights of the above model and all those using it please do not forget to remit twenty-five per cent. of the royalties as infringers on our rights will be liable to prosecution.

E. Z. Mark, Publishers.

## TOLD BY "TOWSER"

By Dorothy Freese, '20



AM a street dog and proud of the fact. Every time I see one of those dogs who sit on silk cushions and look wise, I feel like giving him a good nip to wake him up, for he doesn't even know how to steal a bone, and that is one of the first things a well brought up dog should learn.

But I had better be getting down to my story, for if I think much longer about those

foolish creatures, I shall work myself into such a rage that I will not be able to tell the tale at all. That would be too bad, for I really like to talk about my experiences.

It was yesterday morning that I found the nice place to play in. I will not go into particulars about my find, but will just say that it was very large and very delightful, especially the square places which were greener than the rest of the ground and which were the finest rolling beds I have ever seen. But there was something queer



about those squares, for in the middle of each was a funny hole with a stick in it, and a piece of red cloth was fastened on the end of each stick.

Despite these inconveniences, I rolled all the morning, and after a hearty luncheon of meat scraps which a kind woman threw to me, I returned to spend the afternoon there. I had just settled myself for a good nap when something flew through the air and landed a few feet away, nearly scaring me out of my skin. However, it was nothing but a round white ball with a fine rubbery smell. I at once started playing with it and rolled it and pushed it along until finally, when I wasn't looking, it fell right into the hole where the stick was, and nothing I could do would get it out.

Just then I happened to glance around, and there coming toward me were two men creatures carrying long sticks with knobs

on the end. As I thought they were coming to punish me for using their rolling bed, I scampered into some bushes nearby and peered out at them.

When they reached the rolling bed they looked all around and walked this way and that way. Then one of the men creatures went up to the stick and pulled it, and out it came, leaving the ball in the hole. Well, that man-creature just yelled and laughed and slapped his knee until I was disgusted at his actions.

But the other man was cross and said a lot of things I couldn't understand, and hopped up and down and waved his arms. By this time I was thoroughly tired, so I left them and hunted up a good bone which I gnawed with relish.

At night I went to sleep under a settee in the park and dreamed of a little white ball with wings which I never could catch.

---

### "JIMMY'S JACK-KNIFE"

---

By Lola Mae Yelland '18

---



"AY Ma, I've got money enough to buy that jackknife now I think," little Jimmy remarked as he counted the few precious coins that he kept in a little wooden box.

"That's good, when your father goes across the water into the big city he will buy you a beautiful jackknife," answered his mother.

It was time for the annual missionary box to arrive on the small island which is just off the coast of Maine. Jimmy always looked forward to the arrival of these boxes with a great deal of eagerness. Many and many a time had he looked, but in vain, for the desired jackknife. "I guess I will just have to work and save up my pennies and buy one myself." But he must be careful

that Dad doesn't hear of his plan for some night when he had been drinking heavily, he might take the money. So day after day Jimmy helped his father with the fishing nets and the packing of the fish until he had earned enough pennies for the jackknife.

Ships rarely visited the island, so when the vessel carrying the missionary box arrived there was great excitement. The day at last arrived when the ship was due. The few inhabitants awaited its arrival with much expectancy and joy,—but this time no ship came. Two weeks had passed since this day and now Jimmy had some money. What did he care if the old ship never came? He could have his knife all the same for that very morning Daddy had to visit the big city and would buy him a beau-



tiful jackknife. Daddy had already gone when Jimmy knelt to say his evening prayer, "Oh, please GOD do not let Dad drink any more and please help him not to forget my beautiful jackknife."

Jimmy was only ten years of age, but ever since he had been strong enough to clutch his father's big knife in his little hands, he decided that some day he would have one.

Hark! What was that stumbling noise that sounded just outside the door? Jimmy ran to the door and was about to rush to his father, when backing away, he noticed the old look on his father's face which had been there so many times before. Mrs. Wynnegate, noticing Jimmy's hesitation, went to the door and taking in the situation at a glance she cried, "Oh, Charles, how could you, how could you! Tomorrow is Easter and you know how we have planned so long for that day and the nice time, and then, there is poor little Jimmy's knife."

"I know, I know, Diana, but it can't be helped now," Mr. Wynnegate mumbled as he entered the neatly kept kitchen and sank into a chair. "Never mind, Sonny, I'll make it all right some day," he said, addressing Jimmy.

But Jimmy had slunk out of sight and was running to a little hut which he had built and there he gave way to his great grief. When he came out of the hut, all was darkness. A great nor-easter was coming, that he felt sure of. He had hardly reached the house when he noticed that the great angry waves were dashing furiously against the shore.

Mr. Blaine, who lived in the next house, was away somewhere. Jimmy didn't know just where, and a window on the second floor of his house was open, allowing the wind and rain to do great damage, if it were not immediately shut. Jimmy at once got his lantern, his rubber coat, and cap and was hurrying across the rocky shore when a

great blast of wind and rain swept upon him, extinguishing the light and almost knocking him down. He went back to his home and relighted the lantern and then proceeded slowly and with great difficulty to the house across the way. At last he succeeded in reaching it and stumbled up the dark stairway to the second floor. It was so stormy outside, Jimmy decided to remain in the house until the storm subsided a little and being tired and exhausted he soon fell asleep. He did not awake until the sun was streaming in through the window where the night before the rain had beaten in. Gathering his hat, coat, and lantern up hurriedly, he left the house and made his way along the shore, thinking, "There must ha' been some wrecks las' night and there'll be a lot of spoils. I wonder what the missionary man'll say and do. He'll ha' some job to keep the men frum fighting o'er the spoils." Jimmy looked out over the waters which were glistening in the sunshine. About a half mile from shore he could see a big box bobbing up and down on the waves. As the waves swished upon the shore bringing the box nearer and nearer, Jimmy dropped his lantern and ran down to the water's edge. Soon the box was washed right up to his feet and after much difficulty he was able to read the writing on the box,—"Mr. James Carson (who was Jim's missionary man)—Knox Island."

He saw the missionary coming slowly and sadly toward him. As the good man reached Jimmy, he placed his hand upon Jimmy's curly head and said, "My little son, do you know that last night in the great storm the ship that carried our missionary box was wrecked? Most of the people were saved. They say that there were a number of books and clothing for the poor people of the island in a great box which was—



"Why, what is this?" he continued as he glanced down at the box.

"Please, Mr. Missionary man, I think it's for you."

Mr. Carson carefully examined it with great curiosity, then called to the fishermen down on the shore who were cleaning their nets, to come and carry the box up to Jimmy's house. This was done and everyone gathered around to see the opening of the box.

Within they found clothing, books, pictures, a few household articles and numerous other things. Away down in one cor-

ner of the box was a smaller box. This was opened with much wonder, for a box so small created not a little excitement. It contained a small package of neckties, handkerchiefs, a little book of Easter Carols and as Jimmy looked on with eager eyes he saw,—could it be possible! Yes, it surely was—a handsome jackknife.

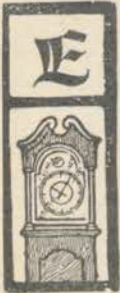
That evening as the sun was slowly sinking, Jimmy could be heard singing the Easter song, "Up from the Grave CHRIST arose," etc., as he cut away on a whistle he was making with his new jackknife.

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## FANCIES FOND

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By R. W. Noyes, '17



VER since there were released from Pandora's box those mischievous creatures that have caused the troubles of humanity, mankind has been buoyed up and carried along by a little creature that has tended to counteract, to a certain degree, the influence of his followers. That little creature we know is Hope. From Hope have come fancies or imaginations which have kept races from the rut of decadence. History and literature abound with instances showing fancy's impelling power towards glorious, or shameful, or even ridiculous deeds. Those services which Joan of Arc rendered her country, or the great discovery of Columbus, were not born of worthless fancies. The exploits of Don Quixote and the unfortunate fate of Ichabod Crane were the result of over-credulous faith in their favorite topics of reading.

Such thoughts as these ran through my mind while I sat on the rustic piazza of my father's cottage. Next year would be my last in college. I am a slow thinker and had not chosen my future life-work even

then. I began to wonder what I could do. I did not wish to be a lawyer for that seemed to be too severely practical. The ministry seemed too much the other way. Medicine was not to be thought of. I thought of teaching. But what should I teach? Should I take a village high school? No, for I felt myself no more capable of teaching mathematics than would Macaulay, who detested it. Why not specialize in Latin? I lacked enthusiasm for it. Did I like English? I certainly did. Why not teach it? Competition was too broad in that branch of learning. French? I would like to be surer of my accent.

Arriving at the conclusion that I could at least dig clams, or go fishing, I took up a newspaper. I read its news about reconstruction in Europe and glanced over the editorials, when, as I was about to lay the paper aside, an item attracted further attention. I found the article interesting and I continued reading. I learned that the arrival of English forces in France, during the Great War, had infused among the French people a new enthusiasm for the English language. Again I thought of my future.



Why not go to France and teach English? From earliest boyhood I have desired to see the world, to go abroad, to travel. The sudden fancy struck me forcibly. Here was a chance to begin teaching, to increase my knowledge of the French language, to travel abroad.

As I pondered on the seemingly fanciful idea I fell asleep, and, naturally, I dreamed. It seemed that I wrote to the Minister of Public Instruction: "Believing it to lie within your province or that of your subordinates, I beg leave to ask: What inducements are offered to an American citizen to teach English in the schools of France? Do you not think the training acquired from B—— College, a college which has given to the world such men as L——, H——, P——, and P——, spells efficiency for its graduates?"

Respectfully yours, etc.

The reply was favorable. I finished my college course and prepared to leave for France. I sailed from America on the liner *Le General Joffre*. I was at sea,—at sea, in more than one sense of the word. The Atlantic was as calm as one could wish and I arrived at Bordeaux with no unpleasant recollections of my voyage. I do not recall from my dream any occurrences between Bordeaux and Paris. I remember that I

presented myself to an official of the Department of Instruction. He talked encouragingly to me, and instructed me in the rules common to French schools. A week later he conducted me to the place where, for weal or for woe, I should apply myself to the difficult task of cultivating a friendly attitude in my foreign scholars. Fortunately this was accomplished and the pupils, amused at my broken French and hesitating manner, willingly undertook to correct my mistakes, a thing which I asked them to do outside of school hours. Thus we were a help to each other. I found them agreeable and most of them studiously inclined and quick-witted. They plunged into the English grammar with great enthusiasm and one came to me, after about two weeks' study, and asked when he would be able to read Shakespeare's works in English. Parents of a few of the students took marked interest in their progress. One very polite gentleman invited me to his home and on my way there—

I awoke from my dream and found it quite dark. I entered the cottage, lighted a candle, and went to bed. For what seemed to me hours, I lay awake thinking of my dream, and I will still wonder if it was worth no more than an idle fancy, and sometimes ask myself,—why not?

## DARBY AND JOAN

By "K" '17



DARBY and Joan were not the twins' real names, but everybody in Springfield spoke of them in this way. Never was there a more devoted couple. Ever since they learned to walk they had gone about hand in hand, the one determined to do exactly as the other did.

When they were old enough to go to school they proved a source of great amuse-

ment to their teachers. The first time Darby was told to go to the board to write the alphabet, Joan trudged along by his side, serenely unconscious that there was anything queer in her actions. The teacher had a hard time explaining to them that when she called on Darby she meant Darby, not Joan, too. "But Joan and I always do things together," said Darby gravely, endeavoring to show teacher the true state of affairs. "We're twins, you know," he added, as if that settled the matter.



As the years went by they grew more independent, but they never lost their childish devotion for each other. If mother reproved Darby for some careless act, Joan was always on hand to champion his cause. On his part, Darby was ever ready to fight any boy, large or small, who dared tease his sister, and more than once got the worst of the bargain when his opponent was from an upper class.

One day when the twins were fourteen years old, they were out canoeing on the river which ran through Springfield. It was a hot, sultry day in July. Not a breath stirred the surface of the water. Great masses of white thunder-heads hung low upon the horizon like giant cotton balls. The red canoe drifted idly down-stream. Darby paddled lazily while he argued with Joan on a subject which had lately become of great interest to her.

"I tell you, Joan," he was saying, "this Camp Fire of yours can't compare with the Boy Scouts. Think of the things we do. We learn all about first aid, and what to do in emergencies, and how to make a camp, and to cook out-doors, and find our way around in the woods, and make a wireless apparatus, and—"

"That's all right," interrupted Joan, "But think of what we learn. We learn to sew, and cook, and keep house—things that are much more important for girls to know than how to make a wireless set. But we also know how to be useful in emergencies. Last week Dr. Davis showed us what to do for fainting, sprains, and cuts, how to make all sorts of bandages, and how to revive people who seem to be drowned." She commenced to laugh and added, "I was the victim for that demonstration, and I thought he would pump my arms off before he got through."

The twins seldom disagreed so violently on any question, but since Darby had joined

the Boy Scouts he had felt very manly, and scorned the "Camphor" Girls to which Joan belonged. He maintained that Joan could learn to cook and sew from her mother without having to belong to any organization.

The canoe had rounded a bend in the river, and the town was hidden from sight. Suddenly a low rumble of thunder made both children look up at the sky, which, to their astonishment, was rapidly turning a dull, ugly gray. The soft, fluffy piles of clouds had risen and spread like a canopy above them. The sun was no longer visible, and a fitful breeze was rustling the trees along the river banks.

The thunder became more ominous, and vivid flashes of lightning tore jagged paths across the sky. The calm surface of the water was broken by choppy waves, and black squalls swept from shore to shore like fields of grain bending before the wind. A sudden summer shower had arisen from apparently nothing.

"Quick, Darby!" cried Joan. "Turn around and paddle for the beach as fast as you can. The storm is going to break in a minute."

Darby turned the canoe, but just as it was lying across the river a squall struck it squarely on the side and over it went. Joan fell free of the canoe, and came up choking and spluttering, but safe. She caught hold of the slippery side of the canoe, and looked around for Darby. Where was he? His foot had caught on a thwart, and he was pinned under the overturned craft. He struggled violently to liberate himself, but his lungs filled rapidly, and by the time he managed to get free he was overcome by the water. When he appeared, unconscious, Joan grasped him in her strong arms and held him against the canoe. She looked around her, and thought swiftly. The canoe was not a very great distance from shore



and the waves were carrying it still nearer. If she could hold on for a few minutes longer she would soon be in shallow water. Not a boat was in sight, and Joan knew that she must keep herself under control and not make a false motion, or Darby's life might be lost.

When her feet touched the sand she released her hold on the canoe, and dragging her brother up the beach out of reach of the water, she laid him face down and sank by his side to catch her breath. The rain was coming down in torrents and the thunder muttered and grumbled overhead, but Joan was not aware of the storm. What had Dr. Davis said about reviving apparently drowned people?

Holding Darby's wrists, Joan pressed his arms against his sides, held them there for a moment; then, slowly drawing them out, she pulled them high above his head. Time and again she repeated the process, watching anxiously for any sign of life from her brother. He lay just as she had placed him on the ground. She must not give up her efforts, she thought, for hadn't Dr. Davis said that sometimes a person lay as if dead for two hours?

On she worked, the minutes seeming like hours, and her wet, heavy clothes making every motion tiresome. She moved mechanically, knowing only that she must not

stop for one instant. At last, when she had almost given up hope, Darby gave a faint gasp. At the same time she looked up and saw a motor-boat chugging up the river. The storm had ceased, and a party from Springfield, who had taken refuge farther down stream, was returning. Joan called for help, and the boat swung in toward shore.

It was over before the girl realized it. Strong arms lifted Darby aboard; someone helped her in, and she lay exhausted, too tired to tell her rescuers about the accident. Once, through her stupor, she faintly heard Darby call, "Joan," but she could not answer.

When she came to herself she was in her own bed at home, and mother was bending over her. Her first word was "Darby." "Don't worry, dear, Darby is safe, thanks to my brave little daughter." There were tears in mother's eyes, as she spoke, but she was smiling happily.

Later when Joan went in to see Darby, he held out his hand to her, saying, "Come here, Jo." Joan perched herself on his bed, and he continued, "I might have known that something would happen. I was disagreeable to you. Please forgive me for speaking as I did. I know now that Camp Fire Girls are just as fine as they can be, and the finest of them all is my twin Joan."



## FROM HERE AND THERE

## THE FRESHMAN'S "IF"

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling).

Bernice Smith, '17.

If you can keep your head when all about  
you

Will try to make you think that it is lost;

If you can trust yourself when Seniors  
doubt you,

And do your best no matter what the  
cost;

If you can wait and never ask the reason  
Or grin when you're misunderstood;

If you consider cribbing is but treason  
And never think that you are wise or  
good.

If you can study evening after evening  
And next day take a quiz and not be  
cross;

And flunk, and start again at the beginning  
And never breathe a word about your  
loss;

If you have grit and nerve enough for foot-  
ball,

To serve your turn long after they seem  
gone,

To play the game when there is nothing in  
you

Except the loyalty that drives you on.

Lives of athletes all remind us

We can punch and shove and hug

And, departing, leave behind us

Footprints on another's mug.

O it is easy enough to be pleasant

When nothing at all runs amiss;

But the man worth while

Is the man who can smile

When he reads a bum verse like this.

If you can dream and keep it from the  
teacher;

If you can play and not make fun your  
aim;

If you can take an "A plus" or just plain  
zero,

And treat the two with calmness just the  
same;

If you can bear to hear your recitation  
Twisted by Editors to make a joke;

If you can bear a Soph'more's condescension  
And never wish his haughty neck was  
broke.

If you can take a test and keep your virtue,  
With no more help than honesty and  
work;

If neither flattery nor hatefulness dismays  
you;

If you can dig and never, never shirk;

If you can listen with no thought of bore-  
dom,

To all the deepest things that teachers  
say—

We bow to you, oh meek and lowly Fresh-  
men,

And what is more—you'll graduate some  
day.

Pupil, giving the synopsis of "iubeo:"  
"iubere, iub-iubisse

Teacher: "No, iusisse."

Pupil, trying to give the supine, "Iubub."

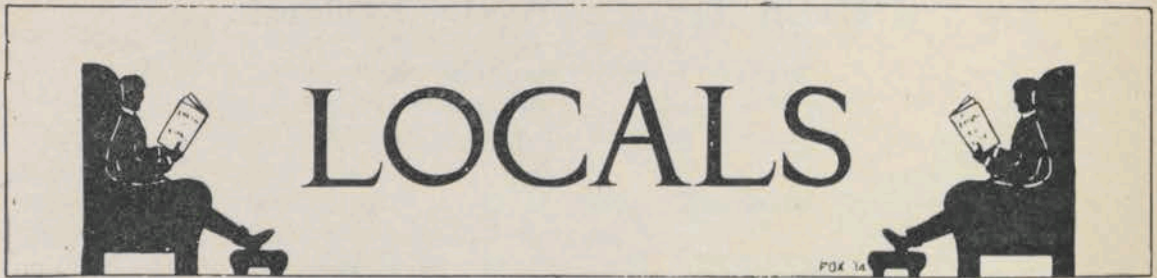
Teacher: "Returning the compliment?"

Pupil: "Iubet."

Teacher, pointing to map: What is this,  
Willy?

Willie: A dirty finger.





*"The truth lies before us"*

Singing started Wednesday, Sept. 27, under the direction of Miss Littlefield. Instead of having different periods on several days as was the plan last year, the singing lessons come on different periods of the same day,—that is on every other Wednesday. This plan is much easier for the pupils and teachers to remember besides making Miss Littlefield's work more systematic. All had a surprise when the new books were passed out.

On Wednesday, Sept. 27, the Juniors held their first class meeting for the election of class officers and a member of the Athletic Council. John Quinn and Joe Garland were nominated for president; Misses Connor and Pierce for vice president; Harold Webber, John McCann and John Kennedy for treasurer; Misses Derby, Wheeler, and Harold Green for secretary; Walter Gordon, John McCann, and Walter Frawley for the Athletic Council. Those elected were: John Quinn, president; Miss Rachel Connor, vice president; Harold Webb, treasurer; Miss Derby, secretary; Walter Gordon, member of the Athletic Council.

The Sophomores held their class meeting on Monday, Oct. 2. Those nominated for president, were: Messrs. Buckley, Matthews, Washburn, Gallagher, and Eames; for vice president, Agnes Olsen; for secretary, Misses Harrigan, Mills, Chalmers, and McLean; for treasurer, Messrs. Gillin, Mc-

Cann, Smart, and Heal. Those elected were: Donald Eames, president; Agnes Olsen, vice president, by a unanimous vote; Jean McLean, secretary; Earl Heal, treasurer.

In the Lunch Room on Oct. 3, a special lunch was served at recess, consisting of chicken salad and rolls, and costing only six cents. This was a welcome change from the usual repast.

At recess on Wednesday, Oct. 4, and also on Friday, Oct. 6, a meeting was held in the Assembly Hall to rehearse the B. H. S. songs and cheers. Harold Hubbard, James McCann, and Frank Gillin led the singing and cheering from the stage. Harold Green played the piano.

Chapel is now being held regularly on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

Thursday, Oct. 5, the entire school was dismissed at the end of the second period in order that the pupils and teachers might attend the rehearsal of the Maine Music Festival.

Mr. Boyd was out of school on Monday, Oct. 9, because of an injury. Mrs. Hunt took charge of his classes.

The sophomores have received their class banner. The body is of old rose while the letters B. H. S., 1919, and the fringe are in



silver. The banner was designed by Raymond Bolton, '19, and was made in New York. It is now in possession of Donald Eames, the class president. Never has there been a prettier banner than this one.

On Friday, Oct. 20, a mass meeting was held the sixth period to stimulate enthusiasm for the football game with Portland which came the next day. Harold Hubbard acted as chairman and introduced the speakers who were Mr. Eaton; Eddie Whalen, last year's cheer leader; and Mr. Congdon. Eddie Peters was called upon and spoke briefly. All the speakers had something interesting to say. After some cheering a collection was taken up to supply the deficit caused by the hiring of a band for the game. A little extra money was received which was used to purchase banners to decorate Mr. Eaton's car and to buy a large megaphone for the cheer leaders. Someone, who was visiting school that day, dropped a five dollar bill into the hat for which the school was very thankful.

Friday evening, Oct. 20, was Bangor-Portland night at The Bijou Theatre. Nearly all the Portland supporters who came to the game and about a dozen Bangor boys were there. Each side upheld the honor of their school with songs and cheers. The audience generously applauded each side and all seemed to enjoy the enthusiasm displayed.

The members of the defeated Portland team were given a banquet in the lunch room Saturday evening, Oct. 21, at which Mayor Woodman, the members of the two teams, the coaches, representatives from the school board, the athletic council, the faculty, and the officials of the game were present.

After the banquet Mr. Eaton acted as

chairman and introduced the first speakers, Mr. Clark and Mr. Richards, the officials of the game, as they had to leave early, then in order: Mayor Woodman, Dr. McCann, Coach Ostergren of Portland, Coach McCann, of Bangor, Captain Herwood of Portland, Captain Hickson of Bangor, and Mr. C. J. O'Leary of the Athletic Council.

The banquet was served by Bangor girls, the menu being arranged by Miss Harrigan and Miss Pauline Woodward. The room and tables were tastily decorated in red, white, and blue. The menu cards having a football with the colors of both teams on the outside were very appropriate. All this work was done by the waitresses and some of the boys. Between 80 and 90 were served. The waitresses were Misses Pauline Woodward, head waitress, Ruth Hunt, Anna Gallagher, Katherine Covelle, Geneva Kenney, Frances Bragg, Grace Brennan, Margaret Estes, Rachel Bowen, Helen Davis, Helena Derby, Lena Clark, Pauline Miller, Helen Reed, Lucy Evans, Dorene Kelley, Katherine Lintott, Margaret Hills, Margaret Woodward, Marion Pierce, Mollie Wheeler, Helen Harrigan, Agnes Olsen, and Rachel Connor. Each received a ticket to the reception for their services.

After the banquet a reception and dance was held in Society Hall. The music by Pullen's orchestra and a fine crowd made the evening a very enjoyable one. The dancing was from 8.30 to 12 o'clock.

The B. H. S. Cadets, about forty strong, on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 25, took part in the grand parade in honor of the troops just home from the border. Mr. Mitchell acted as captain, Kenneth Smith as first lieutenant, and Kenneth Boardman as second lieutenant. The company has been drilling nights lately to be ready for this affair, and all who saw them know what a fine showing they made.





*"An occasional defeat is a stepping stone to victory"*

### B. H. S. vs. Lewiston High.

Bangor High won its third game Saturday, October 7, defeating Lewiston High, 6 to 0. A good sized crowd was present, for the weather was perfect from the spectator's standpoint, though it was a little too warm for the players. The new field was used for the first time, and the supporters of both teams were enabled to see the entire game from the grandstand. The opposite side of the field was given over to the automobiles.

Heal played a good game for Bangor, making several end runs and a line plunge, netting over ten yards each time; Gordon, who got the only touchdown, played a great game at right end. Matthews was the stat for the visiting team, again and again going through the line for long gains.

McSherry kicked off for Lewiston, and Hickson recovered and ran back 15 yards. Heal then made his first end run, for 10 yards around right end. The backs made small gains through center and Lewiston was penalized twice for holding, which took Bangor to Lewiston's 25-yard line. Heal again made a successful end run to Lewiston's 10-yard line. The backs failed to make any gain after getting within 5 yards of Lewiston's goal and lost the ball on downs. Matthews made 5 yards and the period ended. Lewiston, in the second period carried the ball to Bangor's 17-yard line. This was mostly due to the work of

McSherry and Matthews, the latter making 40 yards in three line plunges. Lewiston, however, lost her chance to score and was still outside Bangor's 15-yard line as the whistle blew for the half.

Bangor got its touchdown in the third period. McSherry kicked off and Gordon recovered, carrying the ball 10 yards. Heal fumbled on the next play and Gordon recovered on Bangor's 33-yard line. Peters then worked a successful forward pass to Gordon, who, with Kennedy at his side, started down the field. All attempts to tackle him were stopped and he made the touchdown. No goal was kicked. Hickson kicked off to Lewiston's 30-yard line. Lewiston failed to gain, and on the next play lost 8 yards on a tackle by Russell. Breen punted to Bangor's 28-yard line. Peters made 4 yards, and Heal 2, around end. A forward pass to Gordon failed and Peters punted to Lewiston's 30-yard line. After making three small gains Legendre punted to Peters, who ran to Lewiston's 58-yard line. Heal made 20 yards through center.

Peters started the last period with ten yards through tackle. After a gain, and a loss of five yards, Peters fell back for a drop kick on Lewiston's 40-yard line. The ball failed to leave the ground and Lewiston recovered. Lewiston fumbled, but recovered on its 20-yard line and then worked a forward pass for 10 yards. McSherry made 5 more and Legendre punted, Peters recovering on Lewiston's 40-yard line.



Gordon recovered a fumble and Heal made 10 yards around right end. Peters added 2 more and Hickson tried a forward which failed. Peters made 13 yards and Heal carried the ball to Lewiston's 20 yard line as the period ended.

The lineup: Bangor, Gordon, r.e.; Howard, r.t.; Malone, r.g.; Johnson, c.; Eames, l.g.; Quinn, l.t.; Kennedy, l.e.; Peters, q.b.; Russell, r.h.b.; Heal, l.h.b.; Captain Hickson, f.b.

Lewiston: Murphy, l.e.; Scott, l.t.; E. Howard, l.g.; Miller, c.; Loftus, r.g.; Legendre, r.t.; Rounds, r.e.; McSherry, q.b.; Matthews, l.h.b.; Labelle, r.h.b.; Captain Breen, f.b.

B. H. S., 6; Lewiston High, 0. Touchdown, Gordon. Substitutions, N. Miller for Labelle, Shields for Scott. Referee, Kent. Umpire, Peterson. Head linesman, Beverly. Time, two 10, and two 12-minute periods.

#### **Bangor High, 67; Coburn C. I., 0.**

On Thursday, October 12, B. H. S. played all around the much lighter Coburn eleven. The interesting parts of the game were furnished by Heal who made end runs totaling 209 yards for the game. This included a 77-yard run, in the second period, for a touchdown. Peters and Garland were also at their best, the latter making a 32-yard run for a touchdown in the second period. Paul Eames played a good game at left guard. The details of this game would cover much paper.

The line-up: Bangor, Gordon, r.e.; Howard, r.t.; Malone, r.g.; Johnson, c.; Eames, l.g.; Quinn, l.t.; Kane, l.e.; Peters, q.b.; Heal, l.h.b.; Garland, r.h.b.; Hickson, f.b.

Coburn: Warren, l.e.; Freud, l.t.; Stone, l.g.; Cote, c.; Wolstenholmer, r. g.; Kolseth, r. t.; Pollock, r.e.; Fraser, q.b.; Lord, l.h.b.; Balenges, r.h.b.; Marquis, f.b.

Score: B. H. S., 67; Coburn, 0. Touch-

downs, Heal, 6; Peters, 3; Garland, 1. Goals from touchdowns, Peters, 6, Hickson, 1. Substitutions, Russell for Kane, Kennedy for Russell, Kane for Kennedy, Kelleher for Gordon, Royal for Quinn. Referee, Daley. Umpire, Driscoll. Head linesman, Kent. Time, 4 12-minute periods.

#### **B. H. S. vs. Waterville High.**

By way of further preparedness, for Portland, Bangor High defeated Waterville, Saturday, Oct. 14, 28 to 0. Waterville was only once in Bangor's territory, in the early part of the game.

Cratty kicked off, Russell getting the ball on Bangor's 28-yard line. After a loss of 3 yards Peters punted. Heal later stopped a forward pass and ran out to the 25-yard line. Russell recovered a fumble and Peters made a 28-yard run to Waterville's 40-yard line. Waterville recovered a fumble and O'Brien punted out from the 15-yard line, Peters recovering on the 40-yard line. Heal carried the ball 10 yards.

In the second period the backs made 15 yards and Peters fumbled trying a field goal. Waterville advanced to their 40-yard line and punted. Bangor was penalized for holding. Peters, on the next play, threw a forward to Gordon who ran to Waterville's 10-yard line. Heal got the touchdown and Peters kicked the goal. Cratty kicked off to Bangor's 45-yard line. Again the ball went to Gordon on a pass and again he took it to the 10-yard line. The half ended with the ball on the 1-yard line.

Peters received the kick-off and ran to Waterville's 35-yard line. Garland and Heal gained 10-yards and both sides were penalized for holding. Bangor lost the ball on downs, on the 12-yard line, and O'Brien punted out 10 yards. Peters on the fourth play went around end for the touchdown, kicking the goal. Peters kicked off to Waterville's 20-yard line. Waterville



punted and Peters recovered. A minute later he went through for the third touchdown, and kicked the goal. Waterville received the kick-off on its 30-yard line.

In the last period Waterville lost the ball on a forward pass. Russell, Peters, and Heal then rushed the ball to Waterville's 5-yard line and Heal was sent over for the touchdown. Peters kicked the goal.

Bangor: Gordon, r.e.; Howard, r.t.; Malone, r.g.; Johnson, c.; Eames, l.g.; Quinn, l.t.; Kane, l.e.; Peters, q.b.; Heal, l.h.b.; Garland, r.h.b.; Russell, f.b.

Waterville: Walman, l.e.; Smith, l.t.; French, l.g.; Ayer, c.; Frost, r.g.; Bushey, r.t.; S. Walman, r.e.; Donovan, q.b.; Williams, r.h.b.; O'Brien, l.h.b.; Cratty, f.b.

Bangor High, 28; Waterville, 0. Touchdowns, Peters, 2; Heal, 2. Goals from touchdowns, Peters, 4. Referee, Beverly. Head linesman, Kent.

### **Bangor High, 13; Portland H. S., 0.**

On Saturday, Oct. 21, Bangor High marred Portland's record of straight victories for the annual contests, when Eddie Peters crossed the latter's goal for the first touchdown Bangor has made against its rival in three years. The backfield played an excellent game, assisted by good line work, but were prevented from making many good end runs by the muddy field.

Weeman kicked off for Portland and Bangor carried the ball to Portland's 10-yard line, where they were penalized 15 yards, and Portland recovered the ball. Bangor again lost the ball on Portland's 30-yard line on a fumble. Weeman punted and Bangor again worked to Portland's 10-yard line, but again the Blue's line strengthened and Portland recovered the ball. The end of the period found it on their 46-yard line in Bangor's possession through a punt.

The Red again worked the ball to Portland's 10-yard line only to lose it on downs.

Bangor recovered a punt but lost the ball on a fumble. Garland recovered a punt on Bangor's 40-yard line. Heal then made a long end run for 40 yards, to Portland's 20-yard line and Eddie Peters, on a fake pass went around right end for the touchdown. Peters failed to kick the goal. Score 6-0. End of half.

Bangor received the ball on the 40-yard line. Peters later punted to Portland's 39-yard line and Weeman returned the punt. Bangor again reached Portland's 10-yard line, only to lose the ball. It was Portland's ball on their own 30-yard line at the end of the period.

Portland lost the ball, failing to make a yard for first down. Portland recovered Peter's drop kick, but Hickson later stopped a forward pass and carried the ball to Portland's 8-yard line. Hickson went through left tackle for the touchdown and Peters kicked the goal. Score 13-0. Peters kicked off and Portland strengthened, going down the field on a succession of open plays. Garland saved the day by getting a forward on Bangor's 10-yard line, a minute before the whistle blew.

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

Portland: Miles, re.; Payne, r.t.; Feurey, r.g.; Meyers, c.; Sherman, l.g.; Woods, l.t.; Herwood, l.e.; Dolan, q.b.; James, r.h.b.; Weeman, l.h.b.; McCarthy, f.b.

Score: Bangor High, 13; Portland High, 0.

Touchdowns, Peters, Hickson. Goal from touchdown, Peters. Substitutions, Kane for Kennedy, Russell for Kane, Kennedy for Russell, Walsh for Dolan, Merrill for Myers, Dolan for Walsh, Flaherty for Feurey.





*"Gone but not forgotten"*

Dorrice C. Robinson, B. H. S., 1909, Smith College, 1915, a graduate of Mrs. Prince's

School of Salesmanship in connection with Simmons College, has taken a position as instructor in salesmanship in the High School of Logansport, Indiana.

Carl F. Holden, a graduate of Bangor High School in class of 1913, has received promotion from midshipman to one of the sixteen company commanders at Annapolis. These officers are chosen annually from the midshipmen having the highest class standing and general efficiency.

Crosby Redman, B. H. S., '16, has been elected secretary and treasurer of the class of 1920 at Bowdoin. Mr. Redman has also made the finals for Ivy Day Play given each year at Bowdoin.

The class of 1909 of Bangor High School held its annual reunion at the Bangor House Thursday, September 21.

Forrest B. Ames, a graduate of Bangor High and a junior at Harvard Medical College, has recently accepted the position of house physician at the Massachusetts Home and Longwood Hospital at Brookline, Mass.

Miss Doris Townsend, B. H. S., '16, has entered Wheaton College.

Miss Elizabeth Head and Miss Greta Wood have entered Miss Capen's School for Girls at Northampton, Mass.

Miss Lois Hodgkins and Miss Laura Jones have entered Dana Hall.

Miss Sylvia Parker, a graduate of Bangor High in the class of 1912, and Mt. Holyoke, 1916, has received a position as instructor of biology at Mt. Holyoke College. During the summer Miss Parker studied at Wood's Hole Summer School of Biology.

Simon O'Leary, Jr., a graduate of Bangor High School in class of 1913, has taken a position with the Aroostook Valley railroad at Caribou. Mr. O'Leary has been employed on the Commercial reportorial staff.

Recently occurred the marriage of two well-known Bangor High graduates, Miss Gwendoline Barnes and Alton L. Robinson. The bride is a member of the B-E-N Trio. Mr. Robinson is a member of the clerical staff of the First National Bank of this city and is also first clarinetist in the Bangor Symphony Orchestra.

Miss Elizabeth Burke, B. H. S., '16, has entered Smith College.





# DEBATING



## THE SENATE

On October 9, the Senate convened for the first time this year in Room 211. The

ing body, called the Senate? It is food for much thought.

*Tracy's*

new president, Mr. Helson, took the chair and called the meeting to order shortly after the appointed time. In his "Inaugural address," if such it may be called, he struck the keynote of a policy which doubtless concerns the very existence of a society devoted to debating and other literary work. He endeavored to impress upon the members the seriousness of their purpose and the satisfaction to be found in debating for its own sake. It is evident that he wishes a strict construction of the constitution since he emphasized the executive powers and urged the senators to be ready to debate when called upon by authority.

The Constitution, by the way, which is the foundation upon which the society rests and the document by which its members are bound, should be carefully read that it may be fully understood by senators and prospective senators. It clearly defines the purpose of the organization, the powers of the executive, the by-laws, etc. It is not unimpeachable, and who knows but that, resulting from a thorough understanding of it, and different interpretations of its clauses, Hamiltons, Jeffersons, and Websters may come forth even in our unassum-

There are vacancies to be filled and already names have been submitted for consideration. The membership is limited to thirty and it is hoped that the maximum will be attained.

Besides the president, already mentioned, the present officers of the Senate are: Fred retary and treasurer; Paul Eames, general Eaton, vice president; James Kelliher, sec-manager.

## GIRLS' DEBATING SOCIETY.

The regular weekly meeting of the Girls' Debating Society was held October 11 in Room 209. The call for new members was well answered. Every seat in the room was occupied, so that there were about fifty young ladies present, most of whom are not yet members. After the reading of the roll-call and the secretary's report, the installation of officers was held. Miss Smith, the new president, then made several suggestions which were voted on and accepted.

Miss Mary Robinson very kindly consented to give a talk on Debating, to which those present listened with great interest. The older members, as well as the new ones, learned much of which they had previously been ignorant.





# EXCHANGES

The Oracle gratefully acknowledges the following exchanges: The Dean Megaphone, Franklin, Mass.; The Register, Burlington, Vt.; Old Hughes, Cincinnati, Ohio; Ypsi-Sem, Ypsilanti, Michigan; The Ingot, Hancock, Mich.; The Quill, Henderson, Kentucky; Su Hi, Saulte Ste. Marie, Mich.; The Artisan, Bridgeport, Conn.; Yale University Bulletin, New Haven, Conn.; Hobart Herald, Geneva, N. Y.; Red and White, Iowa City, Iowa; K. H. R. News, Greendale, Kentucky; The Howard Times, Howard, R. I.; The Spectator, Highland Park, Mich.; The Sphinx, Centralia, Ill.; The Cynosure, Fargo, North Dakota; The Bates Student, Lewiston, Me.; P. I. H. S. Flyer, Presque Isle, Me.; Bowdoin Orient, Brunswick, Me.; The Palmer, Palmer, Mass.; The Future Citizen, Milledgeville, Ga.; The Tattler, Kincaid, Kansas, The Boy's Lantern, Nashville, Tenn.; Lawrence High School Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.; Industrial School Magazine, Golden, Col.; The Argonaut, Islesboro, Me.; The Owl, Madleigh High School, New York; E. L. H. S. Oracle, Auburn, Me.

"The Palmer," Palmer, Mass.—A well edited paper. Your literary department is interesting and well written. Why do you have so many pages that are left nearly blank? Fill them up. The directory in your paper is a good idea. We are glad to have you on our exchange list.

"Industrial School Magazine," Golden, Colo.—Your paper as a whole is very good. The arrangement might be improved.

"The Ingot," Hancock, Mich.—A small, but interesting paper. Why not increase your literary department? Where is your exchange department?

Glad to hear from the "P. I. H. S. Flyer."

"The Quill," Henderson, Ky.—Your paper is very good for the first issue. Your cover design is very attractive. Your literary department could very well be made larger.

"Lawrence High School Bulletin," Lawrence, Mass.—Your June issue was very interesting. Hope to hear from you this year.

"The Bates Student," pamphlets are always welcome.

"Old Hughes," Cincinnati, Ohio.—Your paper is one of the best we have received this month. Your artists draw some very good cuts for the departments.

"The Red and White" is a lively paper.

"The Boy's Lantern," Nashville, Tenn.—Your stories are fine. Why not have an exchange department? The paper would be greatly improved if you had some cuts for the different departments. Without jokes a paper is rather dry, why not have some?

"Ypsi-Sem," Ypsilanti, Mich.—Why not devote more time to your cover design and less to your department cuts? Where is your exchange department?





*"He sees a mountain where there is only a speck"*

### Sophomore Habits.

By A Freshman.

Pony riding—(see J. Caesar, Book I.)

Copying dad's handwriting—(day after absence.)

Writing about Freshmen.

Measuring corners especially on State and Hammond streets (for geom, we suppose).

"Whatever you do, don't do it."—(this applies to Seniors as well).

. Trying hard to be Juniors.

Fiction's bad,

Novels worse;

Read this paper,

Safety first!

—Ex.

### In Freshman Latin.

Mr. G—: "What English word is derived from the Latin word appello (to call)?"

J—: "Apple!"

Mr. V— (speaking of rule applying to water): "Is there any difference between large and small bodies of water?"

Mr. C-s-e-l: No, sir; there is no difference, only in size.

Miss M— (translating): "Because he knew he could make a good coat out of the lama's skin."

Miss M— (when corrected): "That coat should read 'covering.' Didn't he use it for a covering?"

Heard in answer: "What'd Robinson need a covering for, anyway?"

### Senior Math.

Variables and limits.

The variable—M-x S-y-e.

The limit—D-x-er P-ll-n.

J. M-l-ne (reciting Burke): "Judges should have a fixed salary and a stable temperature of office."

Mr. C— (substituting in English): "What are some of the subjects in English that you have had for exposition?"

J-r-d-n, '18: "Age of Queen Ann."

Mr. C—: "Rather a delicate subject, I should say."

### In Macbeth.

Miss M. R—: "Mr. J., you may introduce the ghost."

"This way out; this is no place for a nervous man!"



**Why I Go to B. H. S.**

To chew gum—C. Rich, '18.  
 No place like home—F. Eaton, '17.  
 To graduate—Freshmen.  
 To study Cicero—F. McGuire, '18.  
 To grow slim—Fat Johnson.  
 To look pretty—R. Pomeroy, '17.  
 To learn something—F. Perry.  
 To debate—J. Mitchell.

Miss R. to Miss Kenney, '17: "You ought to be able to give the parts of queror—pause—I'm sure you could give them if some one else were reciting."

"Ouch!!!"

**Syntax of a Kiss.**

"A kiss is a noun, not proper, but common, it's both singular and plural and agrees with you and me."

Student (translating): "Three times I tried to put my arms about her neck,"—and that's as far as I got—

Miss S—: "I think that's far enough!"

**A Tragedy in Four Acts.**

Act. I.

A Flight of Stairs.

Act II.

A Slippery Floor.

Act III.

A Fat Man.

Curtain.

**In French.**

Teacher: "Ou est son mari?"

Pupil: "Son mari est more (mort)."

(Her husband is a codfish.)

Kennedy, '18: "The Trojan horse was full of Greece when taken into the city."

Miss Nickerson (in Botany): "In what division does the cucumber belong?"

A Voice: "To the freshman division."

**New Mathematical Rule.**

We always understood that it took three feet to make a yard, but we observe that only two are needed with some of the aspiring cadets around here.—H. W. G., '18.

You can always tell the Seniors

By the way they strut around;

You can always tell the Juniors

By their aggravated frown;

You can sometimes tell the Sophies

By their curious ties and such,

But it's hardest to tell the Freshmen—

For you cannot tell them much.

A Freshman.

**Heard in the History Room.**

Teacher: "In our country the prisoners are well provided for."

Pupil: "Do they have all modern conveniences?"

Teacher: "Well, I don't know about that, it is quite a few years since I was in one."

A Leather Medal is awarded to the person who can say this in 59 seconds without stuttering:

**Schoolboy Sam.**

Sam Small skipped school! Six successive sessions saw Sam skipping! Sam's sarcastic, Socratic, shrewd schoolteacher, Sara Simms, scolded severely saying, "Sam's skipping school! Scatter-brained simpleton! Sneaking scoundrel!" Sam succeeded splendidly skipping school, scarcely suspecting Sara Simms' skeptical suspicions. Sam soon sought Sara shyly singing serenades. "Sentimental schoolboy!" scolded Sara, "stop singing, shocking, skipping shall surcease!" Stupid, simple, sensitive Sam stood stock still somewhat scared. Soon Sam stopped skipping, sought school, studied stupendously.

B. S., '17.



**Can You Do This?**

X=Girl

Y=Boy

Z=Chaperone

 $X+Y+Z=M$  (misery) $X+Y-Z=B$ Therefore  $B=(?)$ **Latest.**

The 2nd period History class is being instructed in the ancient methods of playing football.

It is rumored in the Sophomore study-rooms that the encyclopedias are being brought into sudden use by smart Sophs as picture books. This shows that Sophs are not so far removed from Freshman after all.

Miss McS—, (translating German): "The waves rocked the ship back and forth and it

lay first on one side and then on the other.' (Looking at the class) Can you all do that?"

**In Latin.**

Necesse est supplicationem dignum scelere esse.

(It is necessary that the prayer be worthy of the crime).

Miss W— (in English class): "Why do you think Ichabod Crane was partly foolish?"

Mr. A—, '19: "Because he fell in love with a girl."

Mr. C— (in bookkeeping): "When do you not place your figures on the blue lines?"

H-dl-k: "When the lines are red."

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