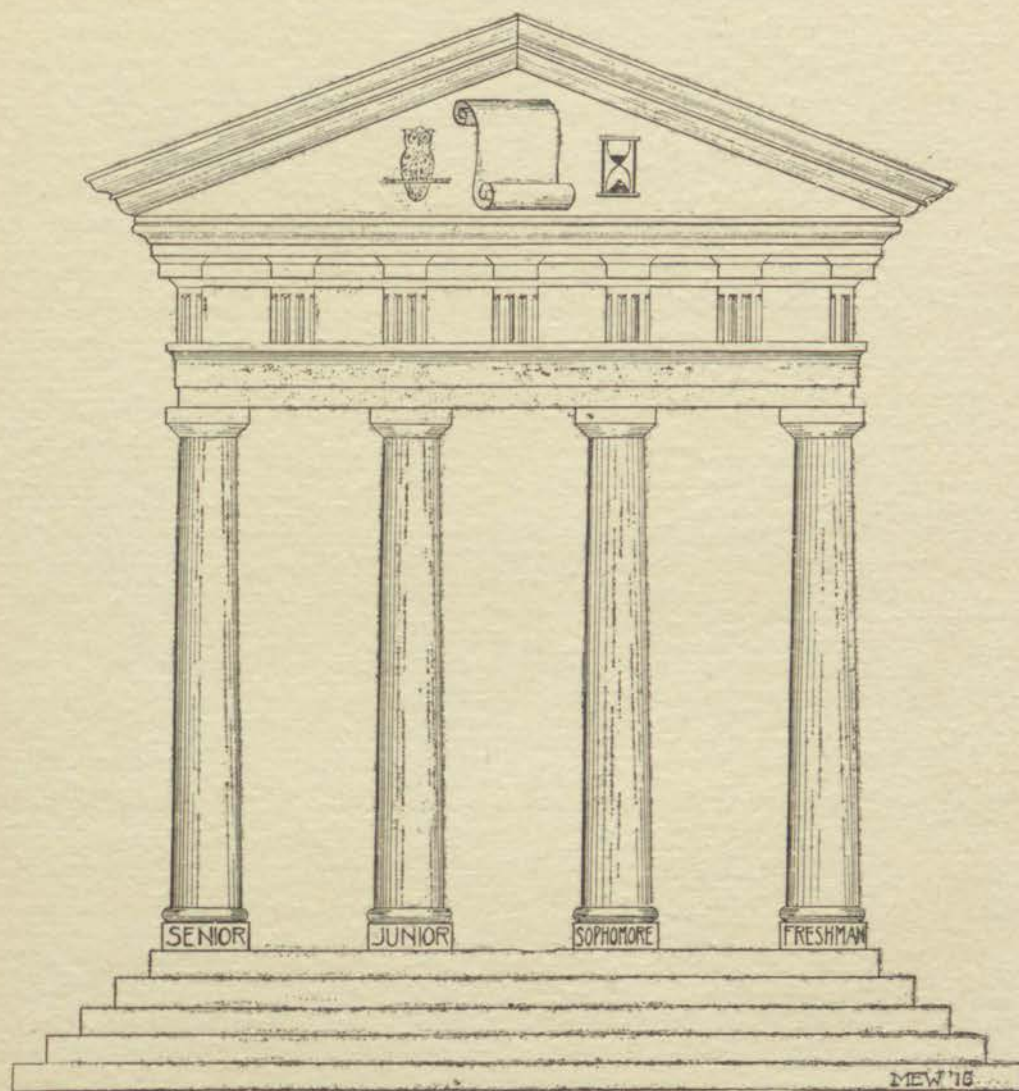


Dec 1915

# THE ORACLE



INTER-CLASS  
NUMBER

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# THE ORACLE

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS—50 cents per annum in advance

Regular number 5 cents

Special Christmas, Easter and Graduation numbers 10 cents

Address all business communications to Harry Butler, 112 Grove Street

Entered as Second Class Matter, June 14, 1911, at the Post Office at Bangor, Maine, under the Act of March 3, 1879

VOL. XXIV

DECEMBER, 1915

No. 3

## EDITORIALS

Probably every normal student during some period of his school life does a little cribbing, either to save what **The Race** seems unnecessary labor, or **For Wisdom** else to gain marks. Those who do not avail themselves of this short cut to wisdom are either too conscientious, or else they see how foolish the practice of cribbing is. Getting lessons by using a pony is like taking headache powders; the pain is relieved for the moment, but lasting harm is done.

The gentle art of cribbing has many forms; and upon the honesty of the student depends which method he will take. First and most famous is the use of a translation; or, in the terms of the trade, the trot or pony. Two methods are commonly used: the student uses the translation merely to get the arrangement of the sentences, and himself looks up all the words using the pony only to verify his work. By this method he gets an understanding of the Latin, but loses the value that is received when the work is dug out and reasoned without the aid of a self-starter.

The other method, a very dishonest one that does the student absolutely no good, consists in keeping the pages of the pony in the book and reading from them; the student, of course, taking the chance of being caught. Rather than do this anyone had better drop the subject and take some other study.

Another form of cribbing much practiced consists of writing in the meanings of troublesome words. Nearly every French or German book is ornamented with these cunning inscriptions, written above the word or in the margin. The writer will excuse this by quoting to you the proverb, Necessity knows no law; for all cribbers have their excuses.

A third method of evading study is by copying some better student's paper and looking on other people's papers in an exam. This is the most contemptible form of all and is about as perfect an example of stealing as can be found. The professional cribber is rare, as most students crib only to save work, and are sure that they are not really dishonest at heart. The following



verse was written by an English school boy about one of these creatures:

"In the crown of his cap were the  
Furies and Fates,  
And an elegant map of the Dorian  
States,  
And we found in his palms, which  
were hollow,  
What is common in palms—that  
is, dates."

As students grow older, they are apt to give up cribbing, partly because they see it in a different light; partly because the persistent cribber is apt not to pass. The youthful seeker of knowledge thinks that using a pony without getting caught is quite a feat, and laughs with glee to think how he has fooled the teacher. In reality he is fooling himself for, after all, we are in school to get an education and the only way to get it is by study; cribbing may make the voyage seem easier now, but later on it is going to make rougher sailing—perhaps shipwreck.

*A dead fish can float down stream but it takes a live one to swim against the current.*

The January Oracle will be Faculty number. Stories and essays, taking up some phase of school life are desired.

**Faculty** If all students will sign their  
**Number** names to their stories it will be a great help as often a story could be used if the author changed it a little; but when the author is unknown this, of course, is impossible. Put your pen name under your real name, if you desire not to be known, and the editors will print only the former. In order to have first-class stories in the Oracle, it is necessary for every one to take some interest and work. More stories to choose from means better stories for the paper; it becomes a survival of the fittest. Sometimes students say that they will write a story if it will surely go into

the Oracle. What kind of spirit is this? Do you think that a football team could be successful without the scrubs? Even if your story does not get in, you have helped raise the standard of the Oracle, and if you don't get discouraged and give up, in time your story will be a prize winner.

At Hale's Ford, Virginia, a man was born who rose, in spite of almost unsurmountable difficulties to be one of the great public men of this country and the leader of his race. This man was Booker T. Washington, and his rise seems all the more remarkable, when we consider the obstacles that lay in his path. Born in slavery, he was left an orphan at an early age. He had no chance to get an education by attending school, as hard work in the coal mines of Virginia was his lot from early childhood.

But Booker Washington was not disheartened by obstacles. After the hard day's work in the mines, he studied by himself and got the elementary principles of his education. Then came an opportunity to attend Hampton Institute by working as a janitor. The colored man graduated from the institute and received a position as principal of Tuskegee Institute, which at that time had a total of thirty students, and was housed in one old shanty which served as the only school building. Booker Washington devoted all his remarkable energies towards building up this school. How well he succeeded can be judged from the fact that in 1906, Tuskegee enrolled 1,504 students, had 83 buildings, owned 2,300 acres of land and had a mechanical department that sold annually over \$100,000 worth of its own handiwork.

The colored educator saw that the future of his race lay in their industrial development. He did not ask for social equality with the white man and discouraged the entrance of the negro into politics. He was a

conservative and much of his success was due no doubt to this element in his character.

Booker Washington's methods were quiet and effective; and he accomplished a great deal by his broad view of the negro question. He realized that the prejudice towards the black race was very strong and that no arbitrary condition of equality could be lasting; some broad, general principle was the only possible solution.

Tuskegee Institute was his way of meeting the difficulty. Here the negro receives thorough instruction in the various kinds of industry, and learns to make his way in the world by useful labor. Industrial development was Booker Washington's watchword, and the accumulation of property by industry and right living was what he demanded of his race. His contribution toward solving the problem will be a great help to future educators of his race.

*The less a man has in his skull the more he needs in his pocket.*

"The Great Stone Face," an Indian myth by Crosby Redman received the prize for the best Senior-Junior

**Prize Contest** story and "The Newsboy's Christmas," by Alice Gallagher was the winner of the Sophomore-Freshman contest. Both of the winners have received the award, which consisted of two basketball tickets. A great many more stories were received this month and we wish to thank those who contributed them. From now on we want more stories every month so that the Oracle stories will be representative of the best talent in the school. There are eight hundred pupils in Bangor High and if everyone would get some "pep" and do his or her share, we could have stories that would surpass those of any high school in New England, if not in the United States. Next month the prize will be two basketball tickets. Get busy.

*The owl's whole reputation for wisdom was built up by looking wise and keeping mum.*

The custom of tipping one's hat on meeting a friend is said to have sprung from a custom of the knights of olden **Hats off** times. For a long period practically every man wore armor or chain mail to protect himself from his foes, while the head was guarded by a helmet with a steel visor that could be lowered in time of danger.

When two knights met each other they lifted their visors if they were friendly and left the face unprotected. The age of armor passed, and with it the knights, but their custom of lifting the visor still continues, and is used as a sign of respect in nearly every civilized country on the globe.

#### FOOTBALL SEASON, 1915. Receipts.

##### Gains on games:

Waterville High .....	\$ 22 45
Orono High .....	49 40
M. C. I. ....	27 15
Portland High .....	490 04
Bar Harbor High .....	25 00

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\$614 04

Patrons' tickets .....	135 00
Students' tickets .....	198 00
Miscellaneous .....	31 52

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\$978 56

#### FOOTBALL SEASON, 1915. Payments.

##### Losses on games:

Foxcroft Academy .....	\$ 33 71
Portland High trip .....	128 85

---

\$162 56

Operating expenses .....\$366.34

---

\$528 90

Net gain on football..... 449 66

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\$978 56





*All authors to their own defects are blind.*

## THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

By Margaret Travers, '16.



T was the night before Christmas. The blinding snowstorm that had raged all day had subsided, leaving the gleaming silver moon in possession of the night. Field and highway was heaped with piles of new fallen snow, which looked like fluffy, fairy mountains.

The old rector of St. Stephen's church stood in the doorway bidding a cheery good-night to the young choir singers as they filed past him on their way home after a strenuous rehearsal. At last they were gone! He could hear their young voices ring out on the frosty air long after they had disappeared from sight. As he stood a moment, looking out upon the street that was now hushed and still, a shadow crossed his face. The cheery smile that had been on his lips faded as if by magic. Then with a stifled sigh he closed the door and slowly made his way to the choir loft. Seating himself at the organ he placed his hands on the dead keys as if to play; then with a

heart-breaking sob he leaned forward and gave way to his grief. Two years before the rector had been happy in the love of an adoring mother and a loving wife; now he was alone, striving to forget his sorrow by helping others. But tonight he could not help remembering.

Hush! What was that noise! It sounded like a child sobbing. The rector sat upright and listened, but all was silent. "How foolish! I mustn't let my emotions get the best of me." And with a wan little smile on his pale lips he played. How the notes of the organ reverberated through the silent church with: "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Whew, but it's cold! Wish I'd been a rich kid so I wouldn't have to sell papers. Most people is too happy 'bout Xmas to pity a poor kid like me. Well, such is life!" So murmured Tony, as he vainly tried to stuff his two cold little hands in his ragged jacket. All the evening he had been running up and down the streets with a bundle of papers under his arm. But, as he said,

it seemed as if everybody were too happy about Xmas to think of a poor little newsboy.

Tony continued walking along until he came to St. Stephen's church. The wind whistled around the corners with a biting sting. Poor Tony's lips chattered as he stood in the doorway to get out of the cold. He began to grow sleepy, when—hush! What is that? The soft, mellow notes of the organ reached his ears. "Music! ain't that great though?" murmured the boy to himself. "Guess I'll sneak in; nobody'll see me 'n I kin git warm." With a little sigh of relief Tony cuddled up in one of the warm pews, his little hands and feet aching with the cold. At last, exhausted, he fell asleep.

Suddenly he awoke with a start. His cheeks were wet with tears. He had been dreaming—dreaming of a mother he had lost not long ago. Tony's heart gave a frightened leap. Suppose someone had heard him! He would be sent out in the street again; and he was so comfortable in here. But no! no one had heard him, for the wonderful music again came to his ears. "I wonder, if I should peek up there, would anybody see me," thought Tony.

With a stealthy step he mounted the stairs which led to the choir loft. He stood transfixed at the sight which met his eyes.

The rector, seated at the organ, played on, his long, slender fingers resting gently upon the keys. As he finished he was startled by a sigh, and looking around saw a tiny newsboy standing as if made of marble, with tears slowly running down his dirty little face. When Tony saw that he had been discovered, he burst into tears and started to retrace his steps down the stairs, but was stopped by the rector's trembling hand.

"What seems to be the matter, sonny?" said the rector in his kindly voice. "I j-just wanted to git warm and I heard the music, and ——" The rector drew the boy down upon his lap and after a few minutes of questioning heard the whole story of a lonely life.

After the boy had ceased talking, the rector sat wrapped in deep thought. Would he dare? What would his parishioners say? These questions quickly came and as quickly vanished. With a new light in his eyes, he gathered the weary little form closer against him. "Tony, how should you like to be my little boy? How —," but he got no further. Two little arms had encircled his neck and a dirty little face was pressed close to his. "I guess poor Tony is goin' to have a Xmas as well as the rich kids," sobbed the newsboy. The old rector, his heart full of unshed tears, murmured, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

## THE GREAT STONE FACE

By Crosby E. Redman, '16.



AS I was traveling through a range of mountains some years ago, I saw a Great Stone Face clear-cut on the side of a high peak. Before leaving the region, I learned the following story which the Indians used to tell around their campfires:

"Pamaunkee became the chief of the Chesuncooks when he had been

tanned by the suns of only nineteen summers. Although he was young, no one in his tribe was a more skillful rider, hunter, and trapper; no one was more learned in the legendary lore of the Chesuncooks.

On the night when he was made chieftain, Pamaunkee lay awake in his tepee, long after the fires had died down and his people were slumbering. At last, unable to sleep, he arose and passed out of



the wigwam into the starlit night. Softly he stole through the village of his resting people, and leaving them behind he ascended the great mountain. Here Pamaunkee sat down and gazed off into the moonlit clouds. At last his eyes closed and he slept.

And as he slumbered, the Great Spirit came down out of the clouds and stood before him. "Pamaunkee," the Great Spirit said, "you must rule wisely and well. Do not be harsh to your people. Treat them kindly, minister to their needs, show them how to live aright; and I shall reward thee." With this the clouds received the Great Spirit again and Pamaunkee was left alone.

For many summers and winters, Pamaunkee dwelt with his people in the shadow of the mountains, keeping the words of the Great Spirit ever before him. While he was chieftain, there was no river in the east that did not know the dip of a Chesuncook paddle, no forest that did not yield food and

shelter. No other tribe had such feasts, such horses, such warriors and hunters. No other tribe was so peaceful and yet so feared, so gentle and yet so fierce in time of war.

Long years Pamaunkee had ruled, but now the fever threatened him. His people became sad, for the medicine man could do nothing. With one accord they turned toward the Great Spirit pleading for the life of their chief.

But the Great Spirit decreed that Pamaunkee should live no more. And just at sunset in a blaze of color his soul passed to the Happy Hunting ground. The Chesuncooks were cast down with grief. Then the Great Spirit, to lessen their pain, caused the side of the great mountain to change into the likeness of Pamaunkee's features, which should remain forever to cheer and guide his people.

## WOMAN'S WORK IN NEW YORK CITY

Editor's Note—(Miss Mary Alden Hopkins, a well known literary woman and contributor to many periodicals, graduated from Bangor High School in 1893. Miss Hopkins wrote for the Oracle in her Senior year, "A Plea for Shylock," which was one of the best papers the Oracle has ever published. She was recently invited to be a member of Henry Ford's peace expedition to Europe.)

To the Girls in the Bangor High School:



THE boys may read this letter if they like, but it will not interest them for it is all about girls' and women's affairs. It is about the great adventure of work, the forcing of barriers in the business world, and the achieving of little brown pay envelopes on Saturday nights.

A series of lectures is being given this

winter in New York University reviewing women's opportunities. Beside general lectures on the effect which the development of industry has had upon woman's position, trades unionism, community responsibility, etc., lectures are offered on specific vocations. Among the vocations mentioned are: life insurance; soliciting; salesmanship; designing, manufacturing and marketing clothes; designing; illustrating; decorative art; photography; architecture; interior decorating; reporting; editorial work; play writing; advertising; management of tea rooms; agriculture and allied industries; charity case work; social research; health work; institutional management; district nursing; teaching; municipal, state and national civil service; court work; executive work in the theatre and movies; play producing; accounting; finance; library work, laboratory research; medicine; law; and engineering.

The speaker on each one of these topics is a woman who has made good in that particular work. Sometimes we feel discouraged at the thought of how few women have attained spectacular success even in those lines where hundreds of women have labored. But after all, hundreds aren't so very many. It is from thousands of ordinary scientists that one discoverer comes forward; out of thousands of mediocre lawyers that the one statesman arises; among thousands of average doctors that the great physician is found. And every woman who succeeds simply to the extent of holding down her job, makes it easier for the next woman to go farther.

The two most important points to be won now are equal pay for equal work and the desistance of discrimination against married women. At first people thought that a woman should not be paid as much as a man for the same work because her father or her brother or her uncle could help support her, but now the fathers and brothers and uncles have an uneasy feeling that this arrangement is not wholly to their advantage and people in general are coming to see that as long as women work for less than men, they push men out of positions and drag men's wages down.

The discrimination against married women has been fought by the New York City public school teachers. Formerly a woman teacher was dismissed when she married. The law courts held that this was not a legal ground for dismissal. After that she was not discharged unless she had a child. For this she was summarily discharged and could not return. But now she is allowed to return after a lapse of two years. However in many other schools, in offices and mercantile establishments, women are still turned off when they marry. This is not right, for work and love are the fundamentals of life and women should have both. Then comes the intricate problem—not insoluble—of adjusting the claims of

profession and family.

When women first began to edge their way into the business world and to demand one right after another, it seemed as if the woman movement were going to be a struggle between women on the one side and men on the other. It was not developed in that way. Today it is a struggle with men and women who want a changed order on the one side, and on the other side men and women who want the old order unchanged.

In the suffrage parade in November, one section was made up wholly of men. When my section had disbanded I stood near the upper end of the line of march watching the others. Beside me was a girl in a white suit wearing the broad yellow votes-for-women sash and waving a yellow pennant. She was so happy that almost everything that was in her mind came tumbling out of her lips. I learned, in the three hours that we stood there, watching the marchers pass, that all her men folks were in the parade—all the men in her family and all the men in her office. I learned, too, a great deal about football games and dances and chinchin collars and what she thought of men not marching. She seemed to live in a very pleasant world.

Finally the men's section swung up the avenue, stretched from curb to curb, arms entwined and hands on shoulders, rank after rank, hundreds and hundreds, all singing as they came. "My men are there," gasped the girl, beside me, "my men!" It was dark by now, but under the flashing street lights I recognized some faces—a famous publisher, a widely-advertised baritone, a lawyer, a playwright, a doctor, a banker known around the world. The girl beside me went quite mad with happiness. She stepped on my toes and jabbed the pennant into a policeman's eyes. "Hurray," she cried in her high, sweet voice, "Hurray for real men—marching for me!"

Mary Alden Hopkins.

New York City, November 17, 1915.



## THE NEWSBOY'S CHRISTMAS

By Alice Gallagher, '18.



IN'T you coming home tonight? Gonner sell papers all night? Come on home with us."

"Oh, you fellows go along. I want to sell a few more. So long! I'll see you tomorrow," and, with a cheery whistle the young newsboy started on his way, while his friends sought their homes.

"I've got a dollar fifty, if I could only get fifty more, I could buy them all something," thought the boy. "Poor Frances and Helen ought to have some candy or something on Christmas day."

"Say, sonny got any papers? Oh, any one will do. Here, can you change this? A crisp new dollar bill was held before the boy's eyes.

"No, sir, but I'll get it changed in that store, if you'll wait," answered the lad.

"Well, never mind, I'm in a hurry. Take it as a Christmas gift. Now, now," as the boy started to thank him, "never mind! It's all right. Good-bye!" and he was lost to sight in the crowd of Christmas shoppers.

Two dollars and a half! Why, they'd have a feast! He entered a grocery store, and soon emerged, laden with hundles. Next he visited a toy shop. Here he purchased two tiny dolls for his sisters. The remaining fifty cents was his mother's present.

The long lane which led to his home was quickly traversed. The deep, white snow lay like a covering on the cold earth. The pleasant moon on Christmas Eve shone down upon the world, and the air was biting cold, but the boy hurried on. He paused before a small house which bore evidences of time and weather. Pulling open the door he entered a spotlessly clean room, in which, however, poverty was evi-

dent at the first glance. Near the stove stood a woman. One look convinced you that her past had been more favorable than was her present. The once golden hair was streaked with gray. The large blue eyes had been dimmed by tears, and sorrow had paled her cheeks. Near her sat two little girls, probably four and six years of age. A smile lighted the face of the mother as her boy entered.

"Bob, dear, you are late. I was beginning to worry. What kept you so long?"

"Oh, I just worked a little longer than usual. But see what I have brought you!"

Cries of joy went up from the children as the mother unwrapped the bundles. The extra fifty cents was put in the shabby family purse, and soon quiet reigned in the household.

With the first rays of the rising sun on that glorious day called Christmas the children awoke from their pleasant dreams to see if Santa Claus had visited them the night before. The joy written on their faces was reflected in the heart of the boy as he watched them hugging their dollies, and talking to them with their childish prattle. The cold and hardships he was forced to endure in his fight for a living was forgotten in his joy at being able to please little Frances and Helen.

Bob's heart glowed as he sat down to dinner. The table was spread with the things his money had bought. What wonder his look of pleasure gave way to one of pride as he glanced around the table. The meal completed, the three children gathered around their mother while she told them the story of another Christmas, when, in a stable, a humbler home than their own, the Creator of all men had been born. The baby eyes opened in astonishment as she related that story, centuries old.

But all days must wear to a close, and this, the happiest and proudest day in Bob's life, was fast closing. The shadows of evening were falling. Little flakes of snow fluttered to the ground, and a wind rose,

and roared around the house. Inside, the lamp's rays illuminate the happy faces about the table and made even the shabby walls take on a look of happiness and contentment.

## HELPING SANTA

By Ruth L. Harris, '16.



**D**ID I ever see Santa Claus? Well, I should think so. I made up my mind last Christmas that if he came near our house I'd be there to see. Mother sent me upstairs to bed, but I just hung up my stocking and lay down in front of the fireplace and waited. I heard father and Alice (she's my big sister), and mother laughing as they trimmed the tree, but I didn't care. I would rather see Santa than a dozen Christmas trees. By and by all was still downstairs. The clock struck twelve and I listened every minute for Santa. It seemed as if he would never come. I began to be so sleepy! I guess I should have gone sound asleep if I hadn't heard a loud whirring and a thump on the roof. Then if old Santa, himself, didn't slide right down into that fireplace so quick that I just said, "Gee whiz!" (Alice doesn't let me use slang, but I guess she would have, then).

"Well, Dick, if this isn't my usual luck!" he cried. "Mrs. Santa kept me waiting so long for that last doll that I'm late and need a boy to help me. Here, jump into this coat and cap. Don't drop those mittens; you'll need them. You're just the chap I need. Now follow me." And before I could ask if he had forgotten his sleigh bells we were on the roof seating ourselves in a big aeroplane.

Santa Claus had already visited most of the children in our town except Tom. I told him how Tom had broken his leg stop-

ping that runaway and how he was wishing for a pair of crutches. The old fellow just reached back and handed me a brand new pair that looked to be just Tom's size. When we landed on Tom's roof I slipped down the chimney so quickly that I didn't think of how I was going to get back. I stepped into the chimney and was going to climb, but I just dropped up and landed on the roof beside Santa. I must have looked surprised, for he exclaimed: "Pooh, it's just as easy to drop up as to drop down, if you only think so!" It began to be real fun, then.

At one of the farm houses where we stopped, I took some skates down for the boy who lived there. On a table right by the chimney was a dish of cornballs that looked so good that I stepped nearer. Then I saw a card with Santa's name on it; so I knew they were for him. I grabbed a few and darted up the chimney just as the door opened. A lucky escape for me! Santa was so delighted that he showed me how to run the machine while he ate his cornballs.

In the cities we left all kinds of presents: autos that would grow to full size after they were taken from a stocking, tin soldiers that fought real battles and fired real guns and lots of other wonderful things. Santa sent me down into a tenement house once, where the stockings had such big holes that all the candy dropped through onto the floor. I didn't stop to make any more noise because I heard a voice in the next room saying, "And Santa's goin' to come." Another



house I went to was a big, beautiful one. Santa said I'd better take one of those growing autos because the boy that lived there was hard to suit. After I got the auto into the stocking, I couldn't remember whether I had put any candy in first; so I had to pull it out to see. And what do you think! Just as soon as that auto was out of the stocking it began to grow. I was scared and started for the chimney, but I glanced back just as one end appeared in the fireplace. It was a foot high then. I told Santa Claus. And how he laughed. "Guess it will be big enough by the time he wakes up," he remarked, and laughed some more.

Next thing he did was to guide the machine toward the coast, remarking that we'd better run over to Europe for an hour or so. Before I could gasp that mother would miss me, we were flying over the ocean and England was in sight. There we found boys that weren't going to have any Christmas at all, because their fathers were in the war. Think of it! We left lots of candy and toys there. It was even worse in Belgium. Hardly anyone there had presents. Some couldn't even get enough to eat. But dear old Santa had something for everyone. He had got a big supply of food and clothes from a ship that the Americans had sent over for him. When we crossed into Germany, we found that we weren't needed quite so much, but we left a few presents for

some poor people, and then hurried to France. They turned some searchlights on us when we crossed the frontier, but when the soldiers saw Santa and his load they laughed and turned off the lights. We left a pair of heavy gloves, warranted to do a man's work, for a poor woman who had to help run the cars because the men were in the army. The boys were too busy for toys; so we gave them nice, warm coats and caps. My, wasn't I glad I was an American!

As we started for home, Santa turned on full speed, and first thing I knew he landed me on my own roof. "Many thanks," he cried. "Do stay awake until you get down the chimney." For my eyes were closing and I was almost too sleepy to say, "Hope to see you again," as I slid down to my own cozy room.

When I woke up in the morning, there I was on the floor just as I had been on Christmas eve. I ran downstairs and told the family about my experiences, but they weren't a bit excited. Alice said, "No wonder that you dreamed, Dick, lying on the floor all night." Mother just smiled, while father asked why I didn't bring one of those growing autos down with me. I hadn't thought of it, but I will next time if I ever have the chance again. Then they'll believe what I say.

## A WIRELESS STATION FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL

By Everett Roberts, '16.



FOR a number of years the "wireless fever" has been prevalent among the boys of this country who are interested in technical subjects. The "fever" is absorbing and unlike typhoid, very useful. It gives the boy who has caught it a chance to show any inventive genius he has in him, because generally speaking a boy in school

does not have a great deal of money to put into a wireless outfit.

A complete outfit installed at the High School would be of great benefit to amateurs, because the station would have hot wire meters, wave meters, and other expensive instruments that the amateur needs to use only occasionally. With these instruments at the High School the amateur could easily determine the length of his transmit-

ting wave and thus avoid interference with naval and commercial stations.

In case of war with a foreign nation, it would be difficult to imagine the condition of the country if the enemy should get possession of the large cities, thus controlling the telephone and telegraph lines as well as all large, wireless stations. The country would be without means of communication. But here is where the amateur wireless might come into play. It would be impossible to quiet all the thousands of amateur stations in the country. They could relay messages from one station to the next and so on to any desired point.

This is not mere theory, but an established fact. There is an organization in the country that has formed a chain of amateur wireless stations that reaches across the continent. If you happen to go into the station of some member of this organization you

can have a message sent to San Francisco free of charge. It is relayed by the amateur stations which are not allowed to send commercial messages, and this shows what could be done with military messages in case of necessity.

Also a wireless outfit would be a drawing card for the school. It would show that the school was "up to the minute" in all things. The expense of such an outfit could be made very reasonable. Much of the apparatus could be made at the school and would be as good, if not better than some manufactured goods that are offered to the public.

Since such a wireless station could be secured at a reasonable sum and would be of so great a benefit to the school, let us get together and see if we can't have one installed at Bangor High School.

## VICTIMS

Otto Knobetre.



THE hour of twelve was just sounding as Fang Ames cut out a pane of glass from the hall window of Number 204 Ashley Place. He glanced about him, saw that the coast was clear and slid noiselessly into the room. The pale rays of the moon lighted up the interior with a ghostly haze, but Fang was not looking for the beauties of nature. He was on business and a smile of satisfaction appeared on his face when he saw the silver gleaming on the sideboard. There was a rich haul in sight and therefore prospects of a life of leisure for some time to come.

With these pleasant thoughts in his mind the burglar tiptoed noiselessly into the adjoining room, closing the door behind him. As he did so there was a sharp click and Fang cursed himself for his carelessness.

The door had fastened with a spring lock. For a moment he stood irresolute. The room was pitchy black and the only sound was the slow measured tick of a clock upon the wall. A feeling of dread came over the burglar as he switched on his flashlight. The narrow beam of light fell on a dark mahogany table, covered with papers; and then straight into the wide-open eyes of a man sitting by the table. Fang snapped off the light and whipped out his gun, listening intently for any movement of the man in the chair. Not a sound could be heard and finally, unable to stand the strain any longer, Fang leaped forward and grasped the apparition by the throat. The figure collapsed like an empty rack and lay limp in the chair. The burglar gave a sigh of relief, mingled with horror and wiped the perspiration from his forehead with a trembling hand. The man was dead.



Recovering from his first fright, Fang examined the body and to his amazement found no mark upon it. There was, however a sickish smell in the room and he sniffed suspiciously. The heavy, sickening odor began to choke him and Fang started towards the window, all thought of loot gone from his mind. As he did so a sudden feeling of faintness came over him and a needle-like pain shot through his head. His strength gave way and he crumpled to the floor. Strange images floated before his eyes; terrible monsters gnashing their teeth, and black shapes that seemed to be trying to strangle him. The half crazed man tore open his shirt, sobbing for breath. He tried to scream, but all the sound that came from his throat was a gurgle. With one final ef-

fort he half rose and tottered toward the beckoning window. But it was too late. The shapeless beasts caught him and with a final convulsion the dying burglar fell forward and lay still, while the figure in the chair looked on with glassy eyes.

\* \* \* \* \*

The butler was perplexed. He had rapped and called at his master's door, and there had been no response. Finally he began to fear that something serious had happened, and after vainly trying the door he summoned the police. The door was broken in up on the floor, his face distorted with a look of horrible fear; and in a chair with a broken test tube at his feet, lay the body of what was once John Temple, experimenter in poisons.

## THE BRICK FIREPLACE

By Gertrude Sullivan, '17.



ES," exclaimed old Uncle John Brewer, proudly, "I do get a lot of comfort out of that old fireplace. Lots of folks think it's homely—all those different kinds of bricks. Now there's Marian; she said to me just the other day, 'Uncle John, why don't you paint those bricks all the same color?'

But I just can't do it! After I've spent so much time and trouble getting them, I couldn't cover them up with paint.

"Now you see that queer brownish one? Well, that came all the way from Egypt; and that curious rough one from South America. There's one from Holland and there's one from Spain. I took that one from a ruined castle on the banks of the Rhine. Every one is from a different place. Why I couldn't paint them any more than Marian could paint that heirloom of a crazy quilt that her great grandmother left her." And the old man gazed lovingly at the uneven rows of bricks, in the old fireplace,

which after all did not look so very ridiculous, although it certainly did resemble a patch-work quilt.

"I don't blame you a bit," remarked Philip, "I wouldn't mind what any one said. Saying this, Philip arose and went out of the room.

Left alone, except for his dog, Uncle John pulled his chair nearer the fire and settled comfortably in its soft cushions. How cosy it was! As the fire began to die out, its fiery coals glowed brightly. Victor, the great Dane, lay stretched out on the soft rug with his head between his paws. The children's stockings hung from the mantelpiece, for it was Christmas eve.

Suddenly, there sounded a queer, squeaky noise. Victor raised his head sleepily and Uncle John opened his eyes.

"Thank you," said a shrill voice.

"What!" gasped Uncle John.

"I said thank you," responded the queer voice. "Don't look so frightened. Can't you see that I'm the Holland brick. But

I'm speaking for all the bricks. We're really very much obliged to you. You see we had become most discouraged because no one seems to like to have us together; still we never quarrel and so I don't see why they object. Anyway, we are glad that some one likes us. But I must stop talking. All the other bricks want their turns. You really have some very noted ones here, although you didn't know it. As it is Christmas eve we will tell you Christmas tales. I, myself, have never had an unusual Christmas. Kris Kringle never failed to go down my chimney and put his toys into the little wooden shoes of Hans and Wilhelmina, ever since they came to live in the little house by the dike."

Just then a queer little bell sounded and a second shrill voice was heard.

"Now it's my turn. You have taken too much time, Miss Holland. When St. Nicholas comes we must all stop, and it's twenty minutes of twelve now. Uncle John, do you see that funny hole in my side? I must ask you not to stop it up as Marian wants you to do. That is my greatest pride. Several years ago all the Christmas brownies in the city of Geneva assembled there to choose the brownie king. He always lived there until I was taken away from Switzerland."

The little bell rang again. This time a deep voice answered, "It was just six hundred years ago tonight that I had my first

Christmas in a great castle on the Rhine. Then you got me. The merry sleigh bells rang out as the guests arrived to greet the new king and queen. And a few years later on Christmas day Santa left a little boy. It was also on Christmas that the prince brought home the beautiful princess Eleanor, and then went away and never came back. The old king died of grief and every Christmas night his ghost comes back. Then years did their damage and the castle fell. It was on Christmas night that you picked me up and put me in your bag."

The bell tinkled again. "Oh! it's so cold here," a sweet fairy-like voice remarked. "I think you have a most uncomfortable climate here, especially at Christmas' time. Why, I never was cold in Egypt. I seem to be so different from the rest of your bricks. You all came from fireplaces while I came from the altar of Jacobs which was nearly in ruins when I saw my first Christmas night. It was a beautiful night. I remember seeing a great big star and camels and wise men. I heard some angels singing, too, but it was so long ago that I can't remember clearly."

Suddenly loud sleigh bells were heard: "Santa Claus," the bricks all whispered. And with a "Merry Christmas, Uncle John," they were still. Uncle John quickly thanked them and hastened out just as Santa landed in the room with his pack.

## UNCLE JEFF AND THE B'AR

By Frances M. Crowe, '18.



T was an interested party of boys and girls that sat about the fireplace listening to the guide's stories of his boyhood adventures. Just two days before, these young people had come to northern Maine to spend the Christmas holidays. Mr. and Mrs. Stengell, owners of the camp, had taken the sleigh and driven to

visit some old friends; leaving the girls and boys in care of the housekeeper, Mrs. Brown, and her husband, commonly known as Uncle Jeff, with whom they had become great friends.

On this night, Uncle Jeff had pointed to a bear skin hanging over the door and was telling of his adventure with the owner of that skin.

"Wall," he began, "b'ars warn't uncom-



mon critters when I was young, an' sometimes came right up to the house. This day I hed ben out fishin' an' was jest comin' home when all of a sudden this ole she b'ar popped round the corner of a rock. She riz right up on her hind laigs an' the way she opened her arms and grinned showed me that she was mighty glad ter see me.

"Wal, I got some narvus an' as I wan't much used to b'ar sassiety I was kind o' shy. Ye see, I hed no gun, no hatchet, no nothin' fit ter meet a nice genteel she b'ar with. I even hed my ole duds on. Think ye I'd meet a lady like that? No, siree! Wal, fore leavin' I pitched my fish at her an' the way she tore 'em up told me I'd better hustle. I started off, hittin' only the high spots an' thought I could beat thet b'ar, but no siree! She jest give a roar and started after me so fast that I knew she'd hev me soon if I kep' on runnin'. I made fer a small tree because a b'ar must hev a big tree ter git its paws around. I'd jest got started up the

tree when thet ole b'ar came along an' gave a jump an' tried ter drag me down. She missed me by 'bout half an inch. I swanny I was scart.

"Thar was thet ole b'ar a roarin' at me fer all she was worth an' me a hollerin' fer some one with a gun. I reckon if it hedn't ben fer that racket I'd hev been thar yet. My brother, he lives 'bout a mile frum here, hed ben out huntin' an' when he heerd all the noise he came ter ketch the b'ar. She was so interested in me thet she didn't see him till he was most in front of her. She riz right up in the air, but come down in a hurry. I was lame fer the next week. Stretchin' an' strainin' ter git away frum thet b'ar was what done it."

And Uncle Jeff puffed away at his pipe and thought of the days of his youth, while his eager listeners went to bed to dream of all kinds of adventures with ferocious bears.

## ALICE FINDS HERSELF

By "1919."



ALICE Warner's people were wealthy. Alice appeared to have everything a girl could desire; still she was very unhappy. She did not like to sit around with nothing to do all day, but she could not find anything to occupy her time. Why her father had ever come to Prentiss to live was the one question she could not answer.

Two or three weeks before Christmas Alice was aimlessly walking up the main street of the small village when a little boy appeared beside her asking for ten cents. Thinking the child wanted it for candy she took him into a nearby store and bought what she thought would satisfy the sweet tooth of a small boy. Although the boy seemed to enjoy the candy, he still wanted

the ten cents. He would not, however, tell Alice why he wanted it. Perhaps more out of curiosity than anything else she gave him the money and watched to see what he would do with it.

She was quite surprised when she saw him enter the bakery and buy two five-cent loaves of bread, and upon coming out disappear down an alley. Not liking the looks of the dirty passage she started on, but she had not gone far when something compelled her to go back. Just as she got to the corner the child darted in through an ill-kept yard into a still more ill-kept and tumble-down house.

Alice hurried after him and looking in through a hole in the door saw more misery than she thought existed. On a broken bed, under a thin blanket, were huddled a woman

and three small children younger than the boy. When he entered the room the children looked up to see if he had brought anything to eat. By the way they all scrambled for the bread and by the way it disappeared Alice knew that they must be almost starved. She could not help wishing that she had given the boy more than ten cents, when she had so much which she did not need.

"What a dreadful place!" thought Alice, glancing at the house again; "I wonder who owns it?" As she knew nothing else to do she hastened home. After supper she inquired of her father and learned that the owner of the house was a wealthy middle-aged man who did not care in what condition his tenements were as long as they were rented.

That evening Alice went to see the owner of the hovel. As the property was of slight value to him she had very little difficulty in making reasonable terms for buying the little shack. Having brought her check book with her in hopes of a bargain she paid him then and there and departed.

The first thing in the morning she looked

up a carpenter, a painter, and a plumber and set them to work cleaning up, repairing, and making a really comfortable little home of the shanty. She found three other rooms on the ground floor besides the bedroom. These she converted into a kitchen, a dining room and a living room.

The next thing was to make plans for taking care of the people. As she had to interest somebody in her scheme, she started with her father and then went to friends. Finally she got enough money to take care of the mother and children through the winter.

This was not all. The day before Christmas Alice sent them a Christmas tree laden with presents for all; and also a real Christmas dinner, something which none of them had ever had before. There was more happiness in the little house than it had known for a long time.

From that time on Alice no longer thought the village dull and tiresome. She soon learned to like the village people and to do a great deal of good among them. She had learned that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

## AN AFTERNOON IN VALCARTIER

Natalie Pierce, '19.



WHILE in Quebec last summer I visited Valcartier, the training camp of the Canadian soldiers. It is about twenty miles from Quebec on the Canadian Northern railroad. Leaving the city at noon, we reached Valcartier in about an hour. It is rather a difficult thing to get a pass to the camp; but fortunately we had a friend who "stood" in with the officials, and so got our pass with little delay.

Valcartier is a plain, approximately forty

miles square, in which for miles around are hundreds of white tents. On the northern side the Jacques Cartier river winds lazily along. This is one of the many beautiful smaller rivers of Canada. In it the men take swimming practice and drill. A pontoon bridge is built across it in the making of which not a nail was used.

Soldiers are about everywhere. Their uniform of brown khaki is like that of the American soldier. Every soldier seen on the street carries a very small cane, which seems to serve as a balance for his dress. Men from all over Canada come here to



train; many cities forming their men in companies and sending them to the camp. The sixtieth battalion, for instance, is composed wholly of men from Montreal. There were about three thousand in the camp at this time, but some months previous there had been thirty thousand or more.

There were a great many curious contrivances about. One of these looked like a long wooden trough and proved to be the place where the soldiers washed their clothes. Not many women visit the camp. In fact the men always have to have a joke at woman's expense. I heard a man telling his neighbor in no very undecided tones that he washed "just like a woman."

We neared the place where the artillery practice was going on. Selected for a target, on one of the Laurentian Hills six miles distant, was a small white house. Evidently the marksmanship was not exceedingly good as our friend informed us that the house had been hit only twice. The shell that is used in this practice is all dug up and used again for the same purpose.

The corral, where the horses are kept, is also very interesting. Here are all kinds of horses, ranging from the splendid mounts of the officers to the untamed, unbroken, western horses. Sometimes the animals stampede, and plunging into the river swim to the other side and promptly get lost. To recover them is a difficult task.

In our wanderings I discovered a "movie" theater. My curiosity at once aroused, I began to question my friend, who explained that it was only for the soldiers. Therefore my plan to visit it was nipped in the bud.

The place where the soldiers who have shown insubordination are kept is an enclosure about thirty yards square. This place, far from being gloomy, seemed to be a very

pleasant spot. The inmates make life miserable for the guard who paces his weary way outside; in fact the poor fellow looked as though he wished that he were inside.

Whenever a new member comes to join their forces, the prisoners proceed to court-martial him. This is a burlesque on what has gone on before. They appoint a judge, jury, and all other officers of the court and try the new man. If he is found guilty he is sentenced to the execution of some absurd task; such as chopping wood for the next one hundred years.

Later in the afternoon we watched the men return from the ranges, where they have their manoeuvres. They were about three thousand strong. They seemed glad to be back, for the afternoon was very hot. We saw and heard the band playing, and after that, the fife and drum corps. It took about fifteen minutes for the parade to pass us.

Something that was very amusing to me was a cub bear. He was greatly pleased to see us and greeted us with a noise that sounded like a Ford motor. He was the mascot of one of the regiments.

During this time we had almost reached our starting place. Observing a long, low, rather disreputable looking building I asked what it was, and was informed that it was the detention camp. The foreign suspects are kept here until they prove their innocence.

Arriving at the station we met even more soldiers of every type. On our way back to the city our train was full of officers and privates off duty. Some of them I saw on the Dufferin Terrace in the evening, promenading with their young ladies. Life, evidently, is not all work for them.

## A TRIP

Dear Evelyn,—

Bein' sech a fine evenin' I gess I'll write yer,"—O, I've so much to tell you that I really don't know where to begin, but—like you?—I'll begin at the end,—that is, with our trip home from your house. Well, we certainly had a funny time. It may seem silly to you, but was not really so at the time. Strange to say, I was right there as usual.

First thing; I bounced on top of that pie that your mother put in, and although squash pie was not unacceptable for lunch, we would much rather have had it all on the plane of the pie plate. It certainly was **squashy**.—And when we came to get the ginger ale bottles open, we couldn't find the opener. So, in opening them with a boot-buttoner, we all got a share **externally** and left a white trail behind, worthy of the Boston boat. You should have been there.

Well next, we came to a small and deserted village—so I thought until we stopped. Then, about a dozen **kids**—dirty at that—came running up, with their mouths wide open—eyes also—as if we were Barnum and Bailey's curios. (I don't doubt but what we looked it at that minute). And when I got out of the car—

Goodness!—they stared until I felt like thirty cents. **But**, (now comes the exciting part!). Just as I was about to say something, every one of those children turned around and ran! Well, of course, I didn't know what they were going for, but I looked up just in time to see a big black cow come tearing down the road! You know how I love cows? Well, I ran up to her, threw my arms about her neck, and wept for joy,—**NOT**.

Quite the opposite, my dear. I saw nothing but a high log fence some distance away and didn't I run to it. Should I say to it? I didn't stay there long, for—would you believe it?—that cow was coming after me!

Of course you know how quickly I always jump fences? This was one of those **far between** times, for I **lit**—pardon me—**landed** on the **soft** ? ground beyond that fence in the twinkling of **many stars**. But the cow, sweet creature, was soon led away by an inhabitant of the town.

One thing is certain,—I shall never again leave the auto, in a village, without a body-guard, no matter how many attractions there may be.

June.

## TRACK

Paul Freese.

Next to football, track is the most popular of college sports. One reason for this is that it gives a chance for the individual to shine; each man has a contest of his own and tries his strength and skill against his opponent's. This is the opposite of football and baseball where the team plays as a whole and no one man wins. In track there is a chance for everybody to make good. Size does not count for some of the best runners are small men. If one should train for one or more event in high school, he will probably become proficient by the time he reaches college.

This year the Bangor High Track team

will make two trips to Brunswick for the Maine Inter-Scholastic meet and there will also be a meet at the University of Maine. This will give the members of the track team two good trips and a chance to make their B's. That is certainly worth trying for and everyone who does not try for the baseball team this year should come out for track. Bangor ought to win the championship this year, for Hebron has a much weaker team than usual. It is up to all of us fellows to grasp this opportunity for the championship when it comes and to bring home the bacon (in the words of Shakespeare.)





# LOCALS



*Point thy tongue on the anvil of truth*

How did you like your report?  
How did father like it?

We are told that the Freshmen have singing the first period. We have heard strange noises, but have attributed them to Mr. Kent's buzz-saw.

When our quarterback predicted that the score of the Bangor-Portland game would be 14-3, he little imagined that we would be on the small end of the score.

The students note with pleasure the steps down the bank in the rear of the building. This way will make an agreeable short cut for many.

## What We Are Doing.

Latin IV. is plugging away at the Fall of Troy. Many are falling by the wayside.

German III. is finding how Undine won her soul.

French III. is shooting "la chute."

The Domestic Science class is preparing for the holidays by roasting chickens.

Miss Marion Dodd, '17, has left Bangor High to enter Waynflete School in Portland.

Donald Strout, '18, pastor's assistant at the Columbia street church, has left school.

The Cicero class is learning the polite way to call an enemy names.

Miss Eva Perry, '17, has left school on account of illness.

Mrs. Harriet Mason, who has taught shorthand in the school for many years, has retired. Her place is taken temporarily by Miss Ethelind Phelps.

Arthur Mulvaney has accepted a position as athletic correspondent for Bangor High to the Portland Press.

Elisha S. Blake, who has been the High School janitor for forty-one years, retired recently. Mr. Blake was appointed in 1874 and has served continuously. Since Mr. Blake has been janitor, two school buildings have burned, the first one in February, 1882, and the second in April, 1911, in the great fire. According to Mr. Blake there have been considerable changes in the school since he was appointed. Mr. Blake will be greatly missed by both the teachers and students. Mr. Bunton, who has been on night duty, will succeed him as day man, and Mr. Banford will be on duty at night.

Miss Fannie A. Robinson, teacher of Mathematics, had leave of absence December 3, to visit schools in Boston and attend the meeting of the New England Association of Teachers of Mathematics, December 4. Her place was taken by Mr. Joseph W. Beach.

The annual Sophomore Reception to the football team was an unusually successful affair. On the receiving line were Principal and Mrs. Eaton, Miss Stasia Scribner, and Miss Alice Wormwood of the faculty, President Quinn of the Sophomore class, and Captain Davis of the team. The aids were Stanley Pullen, Whitwell Pierce, Everett Mansur, Robert Dole, Raymond Adams, Edward Perkins and Walter Frawley. The music was furnished by the B. E. N. Trio in a highly satisfactory manner. The evening was greatly enjoyed by all.

For several days preceding the Portland game, rallies were held in the Assembly Hall at recess and the new song and the cheers practiced. On the Friday before the game a grand rally was held during the sixth period. There were speeches by all the prominent members of the team and also by C. J. O'Leary, of the Athletic Council, and E. P. Murray, Esq., a former captain of the B. H. S. football team.

Thursday, Nov. 11, the managers and assistants of the baseball and track teams were chosen. In the election of manager of the baseball team, Malcolm Webster was chosen over Merton Foster, while Harry Littlefield was elected assistant manager over Donald Hathorn. In the election for manager of the track team Raymond Torrey was successful, defeating Addison Palmer in a close vote, while Frank Gillin was chosen assistant manager of track over Harold Hubbard.

The usual jollification that follows the Portland-Bangor football game was somewhat dampened this year by the death of the mayor. The reception was cancelled, but the banquet was held, though quieter than

usual. The arrangements for the banquet were in charge of Miss Anna Gallagher. She was assisted by the Misses Frances Bragg, Katherine Covelle, Beatrice Griffin, Marguerite Allen, Lucy Evans, Catherine Lintott, Margaret Woodward, Pauline Woodward, Dorothy Eames, Harriett Sullivan, Laura Jones, Doreen Kelley, Mary McCann, Ellen Garman, and Nathalie Turner.

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The students of the High School will be sorry to learn of the death of Miss Harriet Gertrude Drolet which occurred Saturday, Nov. 20, after an illness of several months. Miss Drolet was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Drolet. She was born in Houlton, but moved to this city two years ago when she entered the school. Last March she was forced to leave school on account of illness and since that time has been almost continually confined to her home. Though she was in the school but a short time, she made many friends and will be greatly missed by her classmates.

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A group of Senior girls have organized a study club and, as their interests are very broad, have called the organization the "World-wide Study Club." The officers are: President, Ida Ramsdell; Vice President, Marian Babcock; Secretary, Alice Whitmore; Treasurer, Freda Wilks. At present the club is making a study of Germany.

In the shop-room the teachers have arranged an inclined platform with seats, in front of which are a lathe and a desk, at which the instructor demonstrates the work. This convenient arrangement is the only one in the state.

The manual training department has made some working models for use in solid Geometry.





*Do not forget old friends, for old friends are true friends the world over.*

The marriage of Allan Blaisdell, a former B. H. S. man, and Lillian Rex of Williamsburg, Pa., occurred June 17, 1915. Mr. Blaisdell is instructor of mechanical engineering at Carnegie Institute of Technology.

Francis Garland has been chosen principal of Topsham High School. Mr. Garland was a former editor of the Oracle.

Harvey Sleeper, '11, is working in Bath, Me. Mr. Sleeper took an electrical course at U. of M. and is now working in that line.

Madeline Gould, '14, received first honors at the University of Maine.

Robert Ewer, '15, was at home from Bowdoin over Thanksgiving.

Prof. Leo Hickson, '07, is doing research work in the Science of Education at Columbia University.

Lora Blanding, '15, went from Wheaton to New York to spend the Thanksgiving recess.

Frances McCann, who is at Manhattanville, spent Thanksgiving at Wheaton with Frances Townsend.

On Thanksgiving night at the home of the bride on Cottage street, the wedding of Fred W. Benner and Mary Gilman was solemnized. They will live with Mrs. Benner's father on Cottage Street.

Miss Ida Brown, once a member of the High School Orchestra, is now quite a successful music teacher, as well as organist at Ellsworth.

Francis Murphy, '15, who is attending Holy Cross College, was at home during the Thanksgiving recess.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Day are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son. Mr. Day was a former High School man.

Madeline MacGregor, '15, spent Thanksgiving in Portland where she was joined by her father and mother. Miss MacGregor is attending Wheaton Seminary.

Arno Savage, Bateman Edwards, and Alden Safford, '15, who are attending Bowdoin College, spent the Thanksgiving recess in Bangor.

Elizabeth Thaxter, '15, has had a serious illness, but is now rapidly recovering. She was attending Wheaton College when taken ill.



*Bitter words indicate a weak cause.—Victor Hugo*

### The Senate.

Five new members were admitted to the Senate making the total numbership at present twenty-one. They were: Robert Morse, Paul Freese, James McCann, Roland Gray, Dwight Ingraham and James Kelliher.

At the first meeting a discussion was held concerning a play to be given. A committee was appointed consisting of the President, Mr. Olsen, Mr. Hall and Mr. Dennett. As yet nothing definite has been reported by the committee.

A system of fines has been voted by the Senate which is as follows: Any member who is absent for three consecutive meetings shall pay a fine of ten cents for each meeting after the third. This motion was passed after considerable debate as to what should be the penalty for absence from meetings. This was decided to be the fairest and most practical means of compelling attendance.

On November 15, the Executive Committee chose as the subject for debate, "that women should be granted the franchise on equal terms with men." The speakers were Helson for the affirmative and Mr. Olsen for the negative.

Both speakers developed the question from entirely new standpoints, Mr. Helson advocating a progressive theory, while Mr. Olsen dealt largely with the home side of the question.

After the main speeches, the discussion was thrown open to the Senate and visiting members from the House. The discussion was spirited and showed that great interest was taken in the question, although it has been debated several times before.

A joint meeting was held by the Senate and House on November 29. The debate was carried on by Mr. Dennett and Mr. Gray on the affirmative, and Mr. Morse and Mr. Freese on the negative.

The affirmative proved that since prisoners could be reformed and made better they should not be executed. Mr. Dennett's statistics were very convincing and exhaustive. Mr. Morse on the negative proved that crime is a disease, caused by some ineradicable taint and therefore all criminals should be executed. Mr. Freese took the negative rebuttal very ably.

The discussion following the main speeches showed that there was much to be said on both sides as all who spoke expressed themselves forcibly.

Speaker Mitchell thanked the Senate in behalf of the House for the invitation to attend the joint meeting. Members of the House took an active part in the discussion on capital punishment. Their ideas and delivery were fine.

These debates held in the Senate are very interesting and instructive. Before long all will have participated in some discussion or other. This gives just the kind of practice



which is needed by amateur debaters in both bodies.

It is planned to hold joint sessions of the Senate and House often. It was indeed encouraging to the speakers at the last joint meeting to see twenty-five or more interested listeners.

#### The House.

The following officers of the House were elected at their second meeting. They are: James Mitchell, speaker; Simmonds Tyler, speaker pro tem; John McCann, clerk; Osgood Nickerson, manager. The constitution similar to that of the Senate was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Perkins, Franz Dolliver, Robert Dole, Roger Small and John Quinn were unanimously elected members of the House.

The attendance in the House has been very good and a large number attended the joint meeting on November 29.

The members of the House have expressed their intention of participating in the trials for the team that is to debate in the Bates League and also the second team which will do some public debating.

#### Bates League.

We are again invited to enter the Bates Triangular Debating League which is to be conducted on the same plan as last year.

Last year we were defeated by both Maine Central Institution at home, and Gardiner, at Gardiner. This year we hope to achieve better results.

There is only one way in which this can be done. Every member of the Senate and House who has not any other imperative thing to claim his time should work and participate in the trial debates which are to be held in order to select a first and second team.

Oftentimes one is backward in going out for the trials for fear that one lacks experi-

ence or ability. Just a hint to those who feel this way and to all others interested in debating.

In order to debate successfully and according to the standard required by public debates, anyone who is desirous of taking part, in a debate must work, work, work!

All the material which can be read on the subject, both for and against, should be eagerly sought for and assimilated. The most important facts should be jotted down and kept for future use.

Then, whether one is experienced or not, one will stand as good a chance as another. Knowledge of the question is the greatest essential. This will make up for many defects.

#### University of Maine Discussion League.

Last year our representative won the scholarship in this league. We are invited to send one representative from our school this year.

He must win in two elimination discussions in order to be eligible for the finals. A medal or some mark of honor will probably be given to those who make the finals.

This will be open to the school at large. Anyone who cares to do so may compete in the trials which will be held shortly after the Christmas vacation.

It is hoped that a large number will be interested in order that Bangor High School may be well represented.

#### Girls' Debating Society.

The regular weekly meeting of the society held Nov. 11, in Room 207, was called to order at four o'clock with only a few members present, including Miss Cousins, our new general adviser and honorary member.

At the meeting held on Thursday, Nov. 18, fourteen members were present. One new member was voted into the society.

The president announced an impromptu debate on the subject, Resolved: That two sessions of school are preferable to one. Sides were chosen as follows:

Affirmative: Gladys Allen, Maisie Whitehouse, and Doris Townsend.

Negative: Grace Brennan, Katherine Bryant, and Marian Kenney.

The affirmative argued that if there were two sessions of school, school periods would be longer and thus the pupils could cover more ground in their studies, have more time for examinations, and learn their lessons in school instead of, as in most cases,

at home in the evening, eye-strain and an increase in the electric-light bill thus being prevented. The negative argued that with two sessions of school teachers would not be given the necessary amount of time for preparing examinations, correcting written work, etc., and would be deprived of the privilege of calling back pupils in the afternoon, and that pupils would have no time for outside interests, such as the study of music. The judges, Greta Wood, Violet Mills, and Lila Hersey, unanimously awarded the decision to the affirmative.

## ATHLETICS

*Whether the grindstone of life wears a man down, or polishes him up depends entirely on the stuff he is made of.*

### Bangor vs. Portland.

On Saturday, Nov. 13, Portland again won from Bangor by the score of 14 to 3, thus making three successive years in which Bangor has lost to Portland. The game was interesting to watch, but would have been more so if Bangor had been in better form, in other words, if Bangor had had the benefit of more games since our last meeting with Portland.

The form shown by Portland here was superior to that shown in our previous encounter, while Bangor's was far below the standard which it set at Portland.

There were three bright spots for Bangor during the game, being a 30-yard forward pass, Jones to Koritsky, a 28-yard run by Jones around left end and Spider's drop-kick from the 31-yard line. After this kick, Bangor again took courage and carried the ball to Portland's 20-yard line where they lost it on an intercepted forward pass. But after this Portland had the rest of the game, although Bangor once held Portland on their own 1-yard line and after one rush, when

the tangle of men was straightened out a Bangor man was found hugging the ball. Once during the game Bangor was penalized half the distance to their goal line and Quinn replaced Hickson. Lappin tried three drop-kicks, but he did not live up to his reputation.

### The Game.

Lappin won toss and kicked off. The first thing Jones threw a forward to Koritsky who fumbled. On the fourth down Lappin tried a full goal, but missed. Portland got the ball on Bangor's 45-yard line and in seven plays scored a touchdown. Lappin kicked the goal. Score: Portland 7, Bangor 0. Peters kicked off and the ball see-sawed back and forth and Peters punted offside. Magee, trying to get ball, stepped off field and was put out of the game. After a few rushes Lappin again tried a drop, this time from the 49-yard line, but it fell short. A little later one of Johnson's punts was blocked and Capt. Davis recovered ball on Portland's 22-yard line. Here Spider kicked



his field goal from the 31-yard line. After the kick-off Jones made 28 yards around left end. Then a forward pass, Jones to Koritsky netted 30 yards, while he ran ten more before being tackled. Another attempted pass went into the hands of Lappin on his own 5-yard line, and he ran 18 yards through an open field. After Bangor was penalized half the distance to their goal line, Lappin tried his third drop, but it fell short from the 38-yard line.

Second half—Peters kicked off and a punting duel took place. Johnson punted 156 yards in three tries to Peter's 100 yards in the same number and this combined with 19 yards made by the Portland backfield carried the ball to Bangor's 1-yard line. Here Lappin fumbled and Jones recovered. At the end of the quarter, Bangor had the ball on its own 3-yard line. Peters punted 55 yards. In eight plays, Portland scored and Lappin kicked the goal. The last part of the fourth period was mostly punting and forward passing and the game ended with the ball in Bangor's possession on her own 40-yard line. Final score, Portland 14, Bangor 3.

The summary:

Portland.	Bangor.
Herwood, l.e.....r.e., Curran	
Ambrose, l.t.....r.t., Hickson	
Plaisted, l.g.....r.g., Howard	
Magee	
Paine	
Couri, c.....c., Mulvaney	
Wood, r.g.....l.g., Johnson, Malone, Angley	
Hamilton, r.t.....l.t., Davis	
Murphy, r.e.....l.e., Koritsky	
Lappin, q.b.....q.b., Jones	
McPhee	
Honan, l.h.b.....r.h.b., Heal	
Feeny, r.h.b.....l.h.b., Peters	
Johnson, f.b.....f.b., Johnston	
Referee, Fraser, Colby. Umpire, Mc-	
Creadie, Portland. Field judge, Bob Hut-	

ton, U. of M. Head linesman, Lieutenant Edwards, Fort McKinley. Time, 15-minute periods. Attendance, 3,000.

### Track.

Now is the time to turn out and get ready for the indoor meets of the winter and the outdoor ones of next spring. Bangor had a fine track team last year and was second only to Hebron in number of points secured. This year the chances are good for another good team. You freshmen, get out and try to make the team. You have as good a chance as anybody. The upper classmen can't do it all. Practice is held in the gym. and if you go out you will soon learn what you are best suited for. Torrey is the manager.

### Basketball.

Another branch of sports which holds attention in the winter is basketball. Last year Bangor had a fine team and the chances are fine for another championship team. But this can't be done if you sit back and don't go out because you are afraid you won't make the team. The first team has to have someone to play against for practice. The coach wants four full teams, so turn out, and do your share in one way or another towards helping Bangor get the basketball championship of Maine.

### Basketball Schedule for 1916.

- Dec. 10—Alumni.
- Dec. 17—U. of M. Law School.
- Jan. 7—Oak Grove Seminary.
- Jan. 12—Dexter High School at Bangor.
- Jan. 14—Open.
- Jan. 21—Orono High at Orono.
- Jan. 26—Dexter High at Dexter.
- Jan. 28—Orono High at Bangor.
- Feb. 4—Old Town High at Bangor.
- Feb. 11—Westbrook Seminary at Bangor.

Feb. 18—Morse High at Bangor

Feb. 25—Westbrook High at Bangor.

Mar. 3—Old Town High at Old Town.

Mar. 10—Deering High at Bangor.

Mar. 18—Portland High at Bangor.

Mgr. Frawley would like to arrange games with teams in this part of the state for open dates.

Bangor's basketball chances this year are bright. There are five letter men, Freeman, Jones, Mulvaney, Adams and Chilcott, and we know what they can do. Then there are

several more good men out, whose chances are good; they are Heal, Ginsberg, Hickson, Bachelder, Hayes, Davis, Quinn, Rosen, Washburn, and Torsleff. Hillie Johnson, at one time All American center at Pratt Institute, is coaching the team, and he certainly knows his business. Manager Frawley has arranged a fine schedule and the only thing needed is the attendance of the school at games, and a lot of good cheering. Back up the team and make this a big basketball year for Bangor High School.

## SPASMS

Teacher—"What made the tower of Pisa lean?"

Pupil—"It was built in time of famine."

Freshie—"I just put my hand on a hot iron. What shall I do about it?"

Senior—"Read Carlyle's Essay on Burns."

"Waiter, this coffee is nothing but mud."

"Yes, sir; certainly, sir. It was ground this morning."

He—Cynthia, rather than remain single would you marry the biggest fool on earth?

She—Oh, George! This is so sudden!

Mary: "Can you keep a secret?"

Ruth: "Yes, but unfortunately I always tell it to some one who can't."

Proud Lady: Did you see my sunburst last night!

Mrs. Rapem: No, but I thought he would if he ate any more.

Her teeth, they glistened like the stars,  
So neatly kept, so pearly white,  
And further the resemblance went,  
Like stars, they all came out at night.

Mary had a little lamb,

That filled her mind with grief,

She knew she'd get a better price,

Had it been made of beef.

"Say, there, Freshman, how do you make a maltese cross?"

"Why, step on its tail!"

"Diner: "Waiter, there's sand in this bread."

Waiter: "That's to keep the butter from slipping."

Mike: "I am trying to commit suicide."

Pat: "Why don't you put the rope around your neck?"

Mike: "Shure, I had it there, but the blamed thing choked me."

"Pat, are you asleep?"

"And why are you asking me that?"

"Why, if yer awake, I'm afther borrowin' a dollar of ye."

"Be done botherin' me so. I'm fast asleep—sure I am."

When the donkey saw the zebra

He began to switch his tail.

"Well, I never!" was his comment,

"Here's a mule that's been in jail."





*The strength of criticism lies only in the weakness of the thing criticised.*

The Oracle has received the following exchanges and we wish to thank the schools for their kind remembrance of us:

June Issues: Aurora, Nome, Alaska; M. H. S. Oracle, Manchester, N. H.; North Star, Houlton, Maine; Islesboro Argonaut, Islesboro, Me.

September: The Tattler, Wilwaukee, Wis.; Echo, Kenton, Ohio; Su-Hi, Soo, Mich.; Crimson Rambler, Tonkawa, Okla.; Bugle, Monroe, Mich.; Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.; Valkyrie, Somerville, N. J.

October: School Life, Metuchen, N. J.; Tripod, Boston, Mass.; Enterprise, Keene, N. H.; Lens, Portland, Ore.; M. H. S. Oracle; Su-Hi; Princeton Pictorial Review; Wanona, Portage, Wis.; Argus, Waterbury, Conn.; Orange and Black, Falls City, Neb.; Rail Splitter, Lincoln, Ill.; Mirror, Sharon, Pa.; Emblem, Van Buren, Ind.; Lion, La Grange, Ill.; Aegis, Beverly, Mass.; Forum, St. Joseph, Mo.; Beacon, Asbury Park, N. J.; Tabula, Torrington, Conn.; Optimist, Bloomington, Ind.; Racquet, Portland, Me.; Jabberwock, Boston, Mass.; Tech Monthly, Scranton, Pa.; Student, Providence, R. I.; Optimist, Atchison, Kan.; Register, Burlington, Vt.; Red and Black, Claremont, N. H.; Academy Journal, Norwich, Conn.; Lawrence High School Bulletin; Student, Detroit, Mich.; Oracle, Abington, Pa.; Penn Charter Magazine, Philadelphia, Pa.; Trade Winds, Worcester, Mass.; Clarion, Portsmouth, N. H.; Observer, Ansonia, Conn.; Rutherfordian, Rutherford, N.

J.; Central Digest, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Hebron Semester, Hebron, Me.; Quill, Henderson, Ky.; Lewis and Clark Journal, Spokane, Wash.; Allerlei, Stonington, Conn.; Breccia, Portland, Me.; Chronicle, Hartford, Conn.; Coburn Clarion, Waterville, Me.

November: Buzzer, Avalon, Pa.; World, Topeka, Kan.; Orient, Bay City, Mich.; Student, Detroit, Mich.; Oracle, Abington, Pa.; Delphian, Providence, R. I.; Ingot, Hancock, Mich.; Early Trainer, Lawrence, Mass.; Artisan, Bridgeport, Conn.; Aegis, Beverly, Mass.; Spectrum, Chester, Pa.; Mirror, Sharon, Pa.; Clarion, Arlington, Mass.; Quill, Henderson, Ky.; Allerlei, Stonington, Conn.; Cue, Albany, N. Y.; Opinion, Peoria, Ill.; School Life, Metuchen, N. J.; Houghton Star, Houghton, N. Y.; Orange and Black, Falls City, Neb.; Record, Worcester, Mass.; Lotus, Dover, Del.; Vail-Deane Budget, Elizabeth, N. J.

Pamphlets: Colby Echo, Waterville, Me.; Bates Student, Lewiston, Me.; Howard Times, Howard, R. I.; Spelman Messenger, Atlanta, Ga.; Kingfisher, Kingfisher, Okla.; Pasco School News, Dade City, Fla.; Everett High Clarion, Everett, Mass.; Future Citizen, Milledgeville, Ga.; Hobart Herald, Geneva, N. Y.; Tattler, Kincaid, Kan.; Mirror Pratt, Kan.; Tryout, Haverhill, Mass.; Sphinx, Centralia, Ill.; Maine Campus, Bangor, Me.; Oracle, Kingman, Kan.; Right Angle, Rochester, N. Y.; Maroon and Gray, Dallas, Texas.

### About Our Friends.

M. H. S. Oracle, Manchester, N. H.: You have a fine paper full of interest and amusement. But one way to make it more attractive would be to have the heads of the departments printed at the top of the pages on which they come.

Central Digest, Chattanooga, Tenn: A well written paper, but without any alumni notes, nor advertisements. What is the matter with your business managers? Get them to work and obtain a few ads.

Clarion, Arlington, Mass.: A neat and well balanced paper. We hope you will visit us often.

The Student, Detroit, Mich.: One of our best exchanges. Your cuts and cartoons are excellent.

The Orient from Bay City, Mich., is another of the best papers we receive. Your cover design is unusually attractive, as well as very appropriate.

Tattler, Milwaukee, Wis.: Nothing but praise can be said of what you have done in your paper; but if you want more praise, write up some alumni notes.

### In the Eyes of Others.

The Oracle: You have a finely balanced paper and all four departments are well developed.—The Breccia, Portland, Me.

Oracle, Bangor, Me.: The most complete, neatest and best balanced paper we have seen. We look forward to each number.—The Chronicle, Hartford, Conn.

The Oracle of Bangor, Me., is a lively school paper. The cut on the first page is

attractive. The exchange column has a wide scope and its criticisms are just.—The Allerlei, Stonington, Conn.

The Oracle, Bangor, Maine: Is there only one artist in your school, and he afraid of overwork; or is it the editor's fault that there is not more art work? We notice, however, that you have many good half-tones

We do not wonder that you have such excellent stories in your magazine when you have such a large number to pick from. As a whole, your paper is one of the best-balanced and most interesting we receive in exchange, and only lacks art work and cartoons.—Lewis and Clark Journal, Spokane, Wash.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me.: We are glad to receive the Oracle on our exchange this year. The names of the old exchanges are always welcome.—The Tattler, Kincaid, Kansas.

The Bangor High School Oracle as usual ranks among the best of this month's exchanges. One of the best stories that it contains is on a subject which has been much discussed of late—military preparedness for the United States. "How Futile War Would Be," is the title, and it tells of a newly invented "wireless electric gun." The power of this gun seems too exaggerated to be plausible. The story, however, displays some ingenuity, and is well worth reading.—The Tripod, Boston, Mass.


The Oracle (B. H. S.): It is a very good idea to have a motto for everything you undertake.—Vail-Deane Budget, Elizabeth, N. J.

## JOAX

Mrs. Microbe: "Willie, do be careful and don't fall in the alimentary canal."

The only person who wasn't spoiled by being lionized—Daniel.





# PERSONALS

*Do not take life too seriously, you will never get out of it alive*

Miss P—: "What word in English can you make from the Latin word pater, meaning father?"

Miss Ad-s' '19: "Pa."

Miss W—: "What physical properties did Silas Marner acquire?"

R-ch, '18: "He grew a moustache."

Mr. B— (in civics): "I want every member in this class to take part in a session of court sometime during the term."

Miss W-h-e: "What must we do to get into court?"

To prove that a freshman is an affliction—  
Proof:

A Freshman is new.

New means not old.

Not old means not stale.

Not stale means fresh.

Fresh means smart.

A smart is a pain.

A pain is an affliction.

Therefore a freshman is an affliction.

—Ex.

Miss R— (in English): "Could Washington have filled Lincoln's place as Lincoln did?"

P-mer: "No, because he was dead then."

Charming is his way and manner,  
High he holds his Senior banner.

In his work he is a master,

Learning, there is no one faster.

Courteous always to lower classmates,

Often with the girls he makes his dates (?)

Though he's been seen with many a dame,

Th-tc-r is his sweetheart's name.

D, '16.

Harry Littlefield, so they say,

Will be a great big man some day,

But that day, I'm sorry to say,

Is very, very far away.

Fr-s, '16: "I was run over once by an automobile, but I wasn't hurt."

T-ler: "And you didn't get hurt?"

F—: "No because I was in a subway."

I used to think I knew a lot,

But now I must confess,

The more I know, I know I know,

I know I know the less.

Teacher: "Where is ivory found?"

Pupil (eagerly): "In soap."

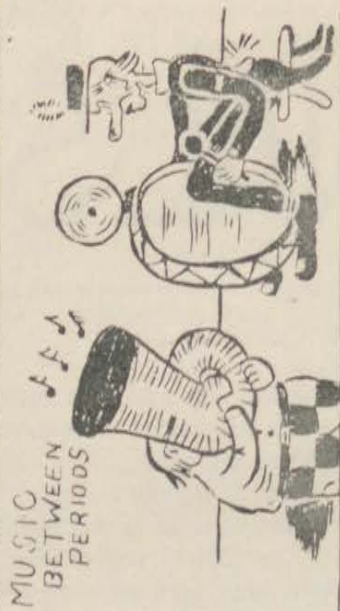
Mr. T— (in chemistry): "One mistake in this experiment might send us all out through the skylight. Come a little closer so you all can follow me."

# WHY NOT?

BY V.E.HIS



SUITS LIKE  
THIS FOR THE  
NEXT PORTLAND  
GAME



MUSIC  
BETWEEN  
PERIODS



FOR  
FRESH-  
MAN  
CLASS-  
PINS.



INSTALL SOME  
MAXIM SILENCERS  
FOR THOSE WHO  
PERSIST IN  
WHISTLING  
BETWEEN  
PERIODS



RUN A LINE  
OF JITNEYS  
FOR OUT-OF-  
TOWN  
STUDENTS.



SOMETHING  
REALLY  
FUNNY  
IN THE  
ORACLE



Tho-son, '19: "Why did you speak of a silvery moon in your theme?"

W-bb, '18: "When you have learned as much as I have you will find that it has quarters and halves."

#### Rumors Around the School.

Crosby Redman has organized a club which is engaged in sewing shirts for soldiers.

As knitting is all the rage, all we girls, including Alfred Boynton, are knitting socks.

Detective Smith is to be put on the trail of the person who is passing the phony money on the persons selling lunch tickets.

Miss Tibbetts, '16, is certainly proving herself a most worthy diplomat.

Louis Dennett and Marjorie White are ready at any time to give vocal lessons.

That Stanley Pullen fell into a peaceful slumber during recitation. Stanley, we envy you.

That there is an "Oracle Box" on the second floor opposite the library.

J. Davis and A. Rowe have secured positions in a prominent millinery store during the Xmas vacation.

Willis Hayes has a misplaced eyebrow under his nose.

#### Conversation in a Meat Market.

Butcher: "Come, Alonzo, be lively now. Break the bones in Mr. Rowe's chops, and put Mr. Green's ribs in the basket for him."

Alonzo (briskly): "All right, sir, just as soon as I saw off Mr. Jones' leg."—Ex.

Mr. T— (in chemistry): "What is meant by the 'absolute zero'?"

D-vis, '16: "A flunk."

Miss G-ff-n, '16: "Mr. Mulvaney, you talk so well—in Chapel—you really ought to write."

Mul-y, '16: "Give me your address and I will."

Miss P—: "I don't want to hear any more insinuating smiles!"

An acrobat I chanced to meet,

To me these trite words said,

"You must be light upon your feet,

Or light upon your head."

#### Found on a "Domestic Science" Test Paper.

The following nuts are used as food: walnuts, cocoanuts, hickorynuts, and doughnuts.

#### A Tale.

One morning I went for a walk over the Hills and as I walked along a Martin flew by me, and on looking to my Wright I saw a Little field in which several Catell were feeding near a rock. Under a tree sat a Piper trying to find a Page which he had lost from his book, and which he found after a long Hunt. As he had to put a Doron the dance hall that night I left him and as I stepped out into the road again a Ford went by in which was a Head made of Wood painted Green and White. After it had passed me I met a Miller with a bag of Doe over his back. After asking him to dine with me he thanked me and said that he had already Eaton. I walked on 'till I came to a river where I saw two men in a boat trying to Rowe in different directions. After telling them what foolish fellows they were I left them and started on.

Soon I came to a Mason and a Taylor who were talking about Lovejoy who had no horse to carry his wife; so he had to Wheeler. I told them that he had better Walker but I left them building a Tower.

I next met a Crossman who wouldn't speak to me so I passed him without speaking. Around the next turn in the road I met a Palmer enjoying a picnic which consisted of Bacon, Hamm with Campbell soup, and as Snyder opened a bottle of catsup, I looked at my watch and had to hurry away for my Carr.

The principal parts of the verb flunco:  
flunco, flumçere, faculty, fire 'em."

—Ex.

Me-nn, '19: "How am I standing so far  
this quarter?"

Miss H-nks: "On your feet, aren't you?"

"Down in front," shouted the delighted  
senior at the first signs of a moustache.

—Ex.

Mutt: "Have you lived here all your  
life?"

Jeff: "Not yet."

—Ex.

"Teacher, I do not know my lesson this  
morning, I have just skimmed over it."

Teacher: "Well, then give us the cream  
if you have skimmed over it."

Out of the frying pan into the fire—From  
plane geometry into solid.

Latest occupation of the sewing class—  
knitting hose for the fire department.

—Ex.

Miss P-k-r, '16 (giving example of com-  
pound complex sentence): "The boy who  
wrote the story is here but he just went  
out."

## The Basket Ball Season is here

### Are you attending the Games?

## Bangor's "Old Glory" Headquarters CHARLES M. STEWART

Dealer in

# FLAGS

Everything in the Flag Line, Flags, Banners,  
Staffs, Poles, etc. All sizes and qualities at Low-  
est Prices. Special Designs Made to Order.

Odd Fellows Building, 37 Park Street,

Bangor, Maine

P. O. BOX NO. 463

## APOLOGY

The proposition set forth in the advertisement of the supposed Magazine Circulating Company in the October and November issues of the Oracle has been found to be fraudulent. The Oracle is very sorry that such a thing should have entered its pages and expresses its regrets.

Harry Butler, Business Manager



## Christmas is coming

You will want to make some Christmas presents. We have Base Ball Goods, Bicycles and Accessories, Horns, Gloves, Etc., which will make good Christmas presents. If anything in our line interests you, call and see us.

**KENDALL-WINCH  
CO.** 144 Exchange Street

## The Only Safe Way



when in doubt about your eyes or your glasses is to have your Eyes Examined and your Glasses designed, made, fitted, adjusted and repaired by an OPTOMETRIST, whose ability and integrity is unquestioned. Yours for perfect fitting Glasses.

**Arthur Allen Optical Co.**  
28 MAIN ST., BANGOR

## XMAS

Moccasins

Slippers

Felt

Leather

**A. O. YATES SHOE  
CO.** 21 Hammond St.

## C. H. BABB & CO.

**Plumbers  
and  
Steam  
Fitters**

106 Exchange St. Bangor

## PALMER

### "The Best Yet" In Shoe Repairing

is what we offer YOU—"best yet," because we are better prepared than ever to do this work right, and quickly, thanks to strictly up-to-date machinery and methods, and ample room. The "fussiest" you are to have your footwear look, feel and wear right, the more you will appreciate our repair service. Easy prices.

## PALMER SHOE MFG. & REPAIRING CO.

Largest parcel post  
business of any similar  
shop in eastern Maine

35 CENTRAL STREET

## PALMER

GIVE US A CALL

### SANBORN'S BARBER SHOP

R. H. SANBORN, Prop.

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

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

### E. I. MORRIS & BROS.

Suits made to Order, \$25.00  
Skirts, \$5.00

Suits altered and remodelled.  
Fur work, Dry Goods, etc.

27 Central St. Bangor, Me.

### The Hincks Coal Co.

COAL  
AND  
WOOD

104 BROAD STREET

## GIVE FURNITURE THIS CHRISTMAS!

Father would appreciate a new Morris Chair; mother would like a new Art Square for the sitting room. Why not a Writing Desk for sister; a Shaving Stand for brother; a little Rocker for the baby member of the family? Our stock includes a wide variety of newest gift things in Furniture and Home Furnishings. All prices moderate. Look NOW!

## HODGKINS & FISKE CO.

Complete House Furnishers

Bangor and Old Town

Patronize the Advertisers



## "WHITMAN'S" FOR XMAS!

Here's the happy solution of your "what to give" problem! We have an exceptionally fine assortment of Whitman's newest and best chocolate and confection successes; are specializing on the 1-lb. Poinsetta Box, \$1.25; 1-lb. Hand-Painted Flower Box, \$1.25; 1-lb. New Art Box, \$1.25; 17-oz. Sampler Box, \$1.00; 1-lb. Super Extra Box, 80c; 1-lb. Chocolate Covered Nut Box, \$1.00; 1-lb. Fussy Package, \$1.00; 1-lb. Pink of Perfection Box, \$1.00. There is always a shortage of best candies just before Christmas; better leave your order early to make sure you get just the Whitman package desired. Orders for large packages can be filled, if left with us NOW. What's YOUR order?

**Caldwell Sweet Co.**  
26 Main Street



**C. F. WINCHESTER**  
THE CORNER GROCERY

You will find at this  
Store all kinds of  
Good things to eat

183 Park Street

Tel. 1160

Bangor, Maine

## FURBUSH PRINTING COMPANY

SOLICIT HIGH SCHOOL PATRONAGE  
EXCELLENT WORK, PRICES RIGHT

108 EXCHANGE STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

Gymnasium Shoes

Ballet Slippers

Dress Shoes

For Girls

For Men

Smart

Fall

Shoes

**KIMBALL & NICKERSON**

60 MAIN STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLD BOOT

Patronize Our Advertisers



## AT YOUR SERVICE

**At the Soda Fountain** Light Lunches, and Hot Drinks, Ice Cream and the popular Drinks.

**At the Candy Counter** Finest Chocolates and specialties in high grade Candies.

**At the Cigar Counter** Choice assortment of Cigars, Tobacco, Cigarettes and Pipes.

**At the Drug Counter** all of your drug store needs.

**At the Toilet and Sundry Counter** All kinds of Toilet Water and Talcum Powder, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Clothes Brushes, Hand Brushes, Rubber Goods, Stationery and anything you will ask for in a first class drug store.

**CENTRAL PHARMACY CO.**

## Varsity Six Hundred

The newest overcoat for young men made by Hart Schaffner & Marx. The style hit of the season with young men who want all the right fashions without the extreme, \$18 to \$25.

**MILLER & WEBSTER CLOTHING CO.**

14-18 Broad Street, Bangor, Maine

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BATES STREET SHIRTS

GUYER HATS

## James A. Robinson & Co.

Clothing, Boots, Shoes  
and Furnishing Goods

34-36 Hammond Street

STETSON SHOES

SOROSIS SHOES

The Fashion **WOOD & EWER CO** Bangor, Me.

## Practical Christmas Gift Suggestions

COATS, SUITS, SILK PETTICOATS, DRESSES, FURS

Neckwear  
Silk Hosiery  
Aprons  
Sweaters  
Kimonos  
Gloves

Hand Bags  
Skating Sets  
Bath Robes  
Blankets  
Handkerchiefs

Crepe de chine  
Underwear  
Silk and Lingerie  
Waists  
Umbrellas  
Infants' Wear

### THE LATEST NEW FICTION

The books people are reading and talking about just published in the 50c edition  
A full line of Books for Boys and Girls

Patronize the Advertisers

## STATIONERY STAMPED FREE

Every box of stationery costing fifty cents or more, purchased at our store, will be die stamped with your initial or monogram free of charge. Give us your order early.

**W. H. GORHAM & CO.**

**54 State Street**

## W. C. BRYANT

Diamond Dealer

Bangor,

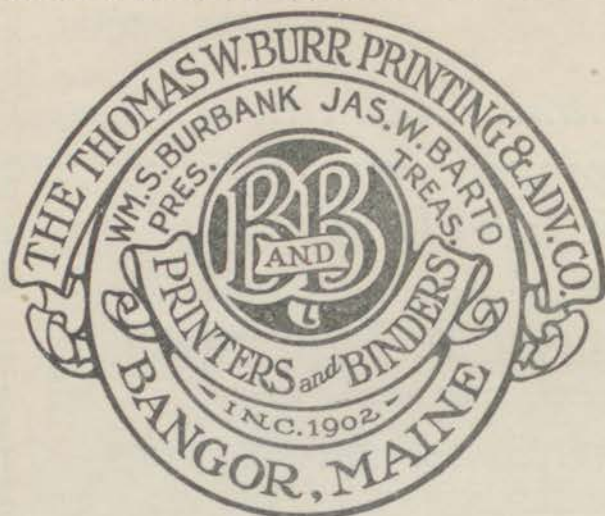
Maine

WARES OF

GOLD, SILVER AND CUT GLASS

WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS

CARD AND SOCIETY ENGRAVING



BOOK AND JOB

## Printing and Binding

ALL KINDS

Printed or Engraved Wedding Cards  
and Society Printing

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

Mail Orders Solicited Send for Samples  
The Thomas W. Burr Printing Co.

27 Columbia St., Bangor, Me.

Proper Goods, at the Proper Time, at a  
Proper Price

## JOHN T. CLARK & CO.

"Atterbury System" Clothes, "Fitform" Clothes

You should see our new Coats and Suits. We sell "Manhattan" and "Arrow" Shirts, Mallory "Cravenette" Hats

Exchange Building

Corner State and Exchange Streets

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# BASTIAN BROS. CO.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

Class Emblems, Rings, Fobs  
Athletic Medals. Wedding  
and Commencement Invitations  
and Announcements.  
Dance Orders, Programs,  
Menus, Visiting Cards, Etc.

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SAMPLES AND ESTIMATES  
FURNISHED UPON REQUEST

921 BASTIAN BLDG., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Bangor's Best and Most Popular Theatres

# THE BIJOU

RENDEZVOUS OF THE ELITE

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

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

## 5--ACTS OF REFINED VAUDEVILLE--5

and the World's Best

## PHOTO-PLAY MASTERPIECES

COMPLETE CHANGE OF PROGRAM EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY

THE "STRAND" OF MAINE

# PARK P

PEERLESS  
PICTURES  
PERFECTLY  
REJECTED

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

Devoted exclusively to SELECT  
PROGRAMS of the World's Best

## PHOTO MOTION PRODUCTIONS

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

*Refined Entertainment for Those Who Discriminate*

Patronize Our Advertisers



U. D. CROSBY, PRESIDENT

E. R. ADAMS, VICE PRESIDENT

J. H. RICE, TREASURER

FREDERICK W. HILL, CHAIRMAN, BOARD OF DIRECTORS

## Eastern Trust and Banking Company

Bangor, Maine

Organized April 9, 1887

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

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

Telephone 1885-M

**DR. C. H. STANHOPE**  
DENTIST

Exchange Building  
Cor. State and Exchange Sts. Bangor, Me.

"MAINE'S BEST PAPER"

THE  
**BANGOR COMMERCIAL**

50 Cents Per Month  
Delivered By Carrier

# Q — NOT — Q

## Page & Shaw's

The Q not Q has at all times fresh Page & Shaw's—the best candy made in America.

For Christmas Gift Purposes, Page & Shaw's stands in a class by itself.

1/2, 1, 2, 3 and 5 Pound Boxes,  
**\$1.00** Pound. Post Paid

## Q NOT Q

15 BROAD STREET

BANGOR

## USE THE BEST!!!

CALL FOR JONES'  
CELEBRATED  
FINNAN HADDIE  
IN SANITARY  
GLASS JARS!!

DELICIOUS - NOURISHING - BRAINFOOD  
15c and 25c at all Grocers and Markets

Packed By

**Alfred Jones' Sons**  
Bangor, Maine



13 State St.

[Next to Bangor Savings Bank]

Patronize the Advertisers



## The Christmas Store For Men and Boys

In addition to the new arrivals in Stylish Suits and Overcoats, here are handsome House Coats, Bath Robes, Xmas Neckwear, Shirts, Gloves, Shoes, Slippers Etc., All moderately priced.

**J. WATERMAN CO.**

161-169 EXCHANGE STREET  
BANGOR, MAINE

## D. & M. Foot Ball and Basket Ball Goods

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**Mackinaws and Sweaters**

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DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS

**THE S. L. CROSBY CO.**

126 EXCHANGE STREET

Full Line of  
**Fine Shoes**  
for Ladies and  
Gentlemen

**JOHN CONNERS SHOE CO.**

40 MAIN STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

C. H. SULLIVAN

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in all its  
branches

Supplies  
for the  
Amateur

**CHALMERS'**  
**Studio**

23 Hammond St.

Amateur  
Developing  
and Printing

All kinds of  
PICTURE  
FRAMING