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ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

CONTENTS

The Oracle Staff

Editorials

Literary

- Taking Care of a Furnace—By '15
- Occupations for High School Graduates—III Politics
- The Bugville Ball—By Louis Hutchins, '15
- Mr. Simpson's Simplified Christmas—By Lillian M. Lane, '15
- How to Train for Croquet—By Prof. Rasty Savor, '15
- How to Get Your Lessons—By Rose M. Davis, '15
- Christmas Troubles—By J. E. N., '15

The Oracle as Seen by the Editors

Locals

Exchanges

Alumni Notes

Debating

- Debating As It Isn't—By Hammond Eggs

Athletics

Personals

- The Pictorial Review

- Muff and Jett

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EDITORIALS

The night is dark and dreary, and I am weak and weary, and there's an editorial awaiting to be writ. My fact is but a rumor. It must contain some humor. Oh, I am sure that I can never learn to be a wit! Upon what shall I write? Who'll help me in my plight? And so I sit and think and rave and write and scratch and daub. And after all this trouble? The piece bursts like a bubble. You see the editorials are not an easy job.

What is humor anyway? The dictionary says humor means wit and comes from the Latin word umor meaning wet.

Humor Humorous, it says, means damp and comes from the same Latin word. Do not confuse humorous with our word humerous just because it is connected with the elbow or funnybones. Do not try to explain the difference in meaning of the Latin umor, wet, and our meaning, wet, by means of a vowel change. Is the modern meaning of humor really due to the dampness and perspiration caused by laughter?

Humor may be classified in three divisions: extemporary humor, historical humor, and satirical humor. Any kind of humor is hard to write especially the last mentioned. Satirical humor is also very hard to read and to absorb the double meaning.

Extemporary humor is occasional humor. A kind that is not lasting, but very amusing at the time; a kind that if deprived of its settings loses a great deal of its wit. Perhaps the best example of this kind is the typical class-room joke. Many such jokes are handed in to the Oracle, but do not appear in the personal columns because they seem to be absolutely without a point, amusing as they may appear to the contributor.

Historical humor is ancestral humor. A kind that is used over and over again and supposedly original each time; a kind that is called up to be applied to one deed or another and applauded as vigorously as if it were new. Perhaps the best example of this kind is the remark often made by a person about to have his picture taken—"I am afraid I shall break the lens."

Satirical humor is sensible humor. It is a kind that contains some thought, re-

quires some thought to write, and some knowledge to understand. Another name for it is irony.

The first kind of humor is fleeting, the second tiresome, the third stinging.

At last we are able to place in your hands the long talked of Humorous Issue. We wish to thank all the

The Prize Story students who have helped in the preparation of this number by contributing stories, personals, or cuts, or who have assisted in any other way. Of all the contributions received, Miss Lillian Mae Lane's was considered the best, and therefore the Oracle will present her with complimentary tickets to the first two basketball games. And remember, the writer of the best story for next month's issue (on any subject, since it is to be a general number) will receive a like reward—tickets to the two next following basketball games.

What to read is a serious question to high school students. It is obvious that if a student takes his full share

On Reading in high school life, i. e., maintains a good standing in his classes, takes an active part in at least one of the special activities, enjoys the social advantages that high school offers, then he cannot read everything that takes his fancy. Especially is this the case if the student has outside interests, such as music. Some books must be omitted; a selection of desirable reading must be made. So much each student has probably already discovered for himself.

The problem, one which really troubles most of us, is in the selection of reading. It doesn't help any to say that we should read good books. There is a world of good books which interest us. Selection is still imperative. An interesting way to put the question is, is it of more advantage to read

the works of standard and classic authors, or to try to keep up with the important modern writers? As with all real questions, there is something to be said on both sides. It would be foolish to say in answer either to read the classics, or the moderns, exclusively. Nevertheless, one or the other must be given first place. Let us consider the varying merits of each side.

In favor of the classic authors, greater certainty may be argued; greater certainty of content, greater certainty of satisfaction; greater certainty of worth. We have the experience and opinions of countless readers to guide us in our reading. Surely this is worth something. Looking from another angle, we may start with the premise that all our reading has some effect on the development of our own command of English. We think, although we do not dare hope for anything like universal agreement, that greater clarity of form and expression may be found in the older works than in the newer, and this is surely a desirable quality for the younger writer, speaker, or thinker. It may be objected that if the spirit of the age demands greater freedom rather than definiteness, artistic shading rather than mathematical accuracy, then it is wrong to foster the less desired qualities. But it is certain that in all things precision must be gained before one may safely attempt impressionism. There are other arguments which might be cited, but these are the ones which present themselves prominently.

In favor of the modern authors, one argument overshadows all the rest. Vitality, although a word not often used in this sense, is the essential quality of all literature. Books, which do not get inside of us, stimulate us, and actually become part of our life and thought are books not worth while reading. A strong statement, we grant it; but, nevertheless, when one considers that there is no end of vital books, so many that no man could ever read any great part of

them, then he must admit its truth. How shall we know a vital book? One man may consider a book vital, while another gets nothing from it that remains with him. Enduring enjoyment is the test of vitality. That which we enjoy is already part of us to some extent. Whenever a book has enjoyment for an entering wedge that book is sure to become vital to the reader. That which we do not enjoy will never have vitality for us, for it has no means of entering into us, and of becoming a part of us.

Now, let us look at the great argument in favor of the modern authors. We have yet to meet a high school student who did not enjoy reading modern works more than classics. Whether that is so or not with older people, we cannot say. Why it is so with young people, we can say. We are at the age when life is unfolding for us. Whether we realize it or not, our greatest desire is to know more of the complex life about us. Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" will not tell us what the world about us thinks of the man who becomes a transgressor, in what he believes to be a just cause; John Galsworthy's "Justice" does. This applies to fiction, drama, scientific works, etc., but does it apply to poetry? Conceivably not. The vital things about poetry are not the things expressed in words; they are the things which the poetry make us think.

Modern poetry as a whole makes greater demand upon the imagination than the standard works, and there it is that it fits into high school life. High school people, although they seem ashamed to admit it, consist of about three parts of imagination and one part of activity. Although a point impossible to prove, we believe that modern poetry requires more of the imagination than the older, and so instinctively we feel more at home with Noyes than with Pope.

To sum up, we think that greater benefit may be gained from reading present-day

literature than from the older, although a knowledge of classic works is necessary to give us a standard by which to judge the moderns.

Football Season, 1914.

We present below the financial statement of the 1914 football season. This report speaks eloquently of the splendid support given to this sport by the student body. May we do as well with basketball!

Business and Operating Statement, Nov. 20, 1914:

Receipts.

Patrons' tickets	\$179 00
Students' tickets	200 25
Net gain on games:	
Waterville	8 65
M. C. I.	19 00
Portland	294 30
Orono	33 15
	<u>\$355 10</u>
Baseball 1914 receipts	3 60
	<u>\$737 95</u>

Disbursements.

Net loss on games:	
Orono trip	\$ 4 65
Deering game	67 30
Oak Grove game	49 33
Portland trip	97 78
M. C. I. trip	27 91
	<u>\$246 97</u>
Basketball Expenses	5 00
Operating expenses	368 86
Net gain	117 12
	<u>\$737 95</u>

Financial Statement.

Cash at beginning of season....	\$116 98
Net gain for season	117 12
	<u>\$234 10</u>
Bangor Savings Bank	200 00
Second National Bank.....	33 31
Cash in drawer	79
	<u>\$234 10</u>

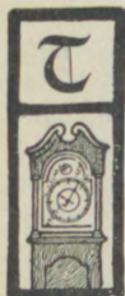
H. E. Congdon, Treas.

LITERARY



TAKING CARE OF A FURNACE

By '15



THE furnace is the heating apparatus for a house: sometimes it heats, sometimes it chills; but it is supposed to do the former.

If you want to know how to take care of a furnace, I'll tell you the way Sally and I did one day last fall.

Father and mother had left us to keep house. The man who was to run the furnace didn't appear. Bridget, with whom we were left, knew less about furnaces than we. She wouldn't go near that "heathen contraption," as she called it, so the work was left to Sally and me.

On the noon of the first day we were keeping house, we went down to look at the furnace. I told Sally it didn't look right. I don't know whether I had ever seen it when it had looked right, or not, but I thought I had. Sally said that when it looked red on top she had heard Dad say to put on coal and open all the dampers. Now I thought he said to close all the dampers. So we compromised and opened the door near the floor and put the coal shovel against it. Then we heaped on coal and

pulled out the damper in the funnel as far as it would come.

That afternoon when we came home from school Bridget came to the door, her face the color of a broiled lobster, and said the house was so hot she didn't know what to do.

"Hot! Well I should say it was," I exclaimed, as I entered and started to open the windows.

Just then there was an awful noise, a combination whistle of a sky-rocket and a steam calliope. "The furnace!" screamed Sally, as she rushed through the house.

Bridget and I followed until we came to the stairs, then Bridget gave an awful shriek and ran back into the kitchen and began jumping up and down.

The old furnace was blowing off at top speed and the noise was deafening.

Sally shouted, "Shovel on some ashes."

I shouted, "Close the dampers."

I tried to find the coal shovel all the while Sally was pushing it into the furnace. We got it out, but burned our hands in the process.

"One shovel full," called Sally, as she put

on the ashes, "two three, four, five, six. Guess that's enough." Finally the noise ceased and we closed the furnace and went upstairs.

Sally said, "Let's get out of this hot house." So we went over to Alice Homestead's and forgot all about the furnace.

When we came home about six, the house was smoky and cold, so we had to put the windows up and, of course, that made it still colder. Also there didn't seem to be any heat at the registers. We went down and looked into the furnace and the coal was

all white on top. We thought it must be going out, therefore we put on more coal and closed all the dampers for we thought that was what Dad did at night.

The next morning the man came to take care of the furnace and we heard him grumbling all the time he was at work.

Sally and I wondered what the trouble was, for we certainly did everything that we had ever heard Dad say he did.

If you want to know how to take care of a furnace do just as we did and I'm sure you will become an expert furnace tender.

OCCUPATIONS FOR HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

III. Politics.

(Editor's Note: There has been so great a diversity of opinions among the authorities questioned this month that we advisedly omit the names of the gentlemen who have so kindly helped us. We wish to assure them that we do this, not from any lack of appreciation, but to avoid the embarrassment that would follow upon putting a man's name at the head of an article containing sentiments he did not agree with.)



WO things only seem to be agreed upon by all people conversant with political work. The first of these is that there is an obligation upon **every** man to participate in politics so far as his time and financial situation permit; the second that to enter politics with the intention of giving one's whole time to it is highly inadvisable. There is so much disagreement about everything else that to set down the opinions here would be to waste the reader's time, for to read two diametrically opposed views from equally good authorities helps not at all to solve a problem.

Let us rather consider a little more fully the two uncontradicted propositions—for do they not really cover the question thoroughly? Take the first one, that political activity should be regarded rather as an obligation than a business. We are living in a republic. The principles of that republic, the greatest principles upon which a nation was ever governed, are embodied in the Constitution of the United States. In a condensed form, Abraham Lincoln has stated that Constitution: "Government of the people, for the people and by the people." And by the people! Think a moment. Government by the people means more than that the people shall select the officeholders; it means that the people shall be the officeholders. Allegiance to the American Constitution means that in return for all the government does for one, for protection to one's self and family, guarantee of life, liberty and property rights, the greatest privileges ever granted by any government, each man shall serve the body politic in any way his opportunities permit.

The principal reason for the second conclusion—that to choose politics as a career

is highly unwise—is this, that it is very difficult to earn an honest living by politics only. Few elective political positions pay salary enough decently to support a man and his family. Instead of an adequate remuneration, heavy expense is involved. Unless this condition changes, a man must support himself by some other work, and do whatever political work he is able in the time his vocation leaves him. However, if anyone is extremely anxious to undertake political work, he has the opportunity of doing a great service to society by combining this with something else, preferably law.

In this case, it may be safely said that a successful career demands honesty, good reputation, earnestness, high ideals and ability to impress one's ideas upon others. If the political aspirant's character measures up to this standard, then he may best

fit himself by gaining a knowledge of affairs, the history of his state, and acquaintance with many people. Even after that, it is a long journey to political success, unless one has good financial backing. The opportunities seem somewhat greater in the more sparsely populated western states, where one has a better chance of getting into national politics. We have already spoken of remuneration, but there is another way of receiving pay for work. If we use the word reward we will have it. Surely the satisfaction of knowing that he has served his country well, that he has in part at least met his obligations to the government, and that he has made it possible for his fellow-citizens to have even greater advantages than before, is a glorious reward for the political worker.

THE BUGVILLE BALL

By Louis Hutchins, '15



MR. Moth shook her sleepy husband vigorously early one evening in May. Usually she likes to sleep late about as well as he did, but this evening she was evidently highly excited about something.

"Wake up, wake up, you lazy thing! I've got something important to tell you. When I came home this morning you had already gone to bed."

"Huh, do you think I'm going to sit up after daybreak waiting for you to get home? And what do you want to get up now for? It isn't seven o'clock yet. Where were you last night, anyway?" Mr. Moth was irritated.

"Well, I went up to the big house on top

of the hill. I really didn't intend to stay, but their lights were so bright last night, that I just couldn't help staying to see them. And, you know, there were lots and lots of People there, who were having what they called a coming-out for a Girl just graduated from a place they called a College. And, do you believe it, they started in doing a kind of dance they called a Tango. It's perfectly splendid. We must give a tango tea! I heard the Girl tell all about one. I've been trying for ever so long to get into Bugville's four hundred, but they have always snubbed me. Now, this is a new idea, and it's my last chance. We simply must have one."

"Stuff and nonsense! How can we give a ball, when neither one of us knows how to do the new steps?"

"Oh, both Dog-Flea and Sand-Flea are teaching them this year. You must do this for my sake, you must."

"You can do as you please, but I won't have anything to do with it. This society business is all foolishness anyway."

"Well, I'm going to have one, and I'm going to sit right down and write the invitations now."

Mrs. Moth wrote busily for half an hour, and then looked up suddenly.

"Oh, dear, it will spoil all my social chances if I invite Mr. Red Ant. He is awfully obstinate and absolutely refuses to wear evening dress anywhere. If he should come in that dreadful everyday suit of his!"

"Suit yourself, I told you I wouldn't have anything to do with it."

On Monday, excitement reigned supreme in Bugville. One instance will suffice to show the state of feeling in the entire community. Mr. Winged Ant and his wife were entertaining their irascible cousin, Red Ant.

"Oh, dear," said the latter, with a groan, "my rheumatism is getting so bad I can scarcely walk!"

"Have you tried any of Chemist Skunk's new compound for rheumatism?" solicitously asked Mrs. Winged Ant. "It's a sort of liniment. Mrs. Bee, who fell from the top of a poppy stem last week, said it limbered her up a lot."

"No, and I don't want any of the nasty smelling stuff, either. I wouldn't use it if you'd pay me for it," snapped Red Ant.

Just then, Postman Inchworm entered.

"I've got invitations for you and Mrs. Winged Ant to go to a big ball the Moths are going to give. Everybody's getting them in this morning's mail," he said to Mr. Winged Ant.

"Oh, isn't this splendid!" cried Mrs. Winged Ant. "Gracious goodness; they say it's going to be a tango tea, and we don't know how to tango! We shall have to go to Professor Sand-Flea and learn it."

"Did you say everyone was getting an invitation this morning?" piped up Red Ant.

"Yes, every single person on my route had one, and it's just the same with all the rest of the fellows."

"Well, well, I guess I'll walk along home with you and look at mine," replied Red Ant, rising to leave.

"Why, I go down-street, and you live up-street," said Postman Inchworm in surprise.

"Yes, I know, but I guess I'll go down to Chemist Skunk's and get some of his new liniment to rub on my rheumatically joints if I'm going to dance."

Half an hour later, just as Postman Snail was about to turn into Red Ant's yard, the latter came hurrying up the street with a bottle under each arm, bearing the label:

"Skunk's Ossivorous Oil! Guaranteed to make the most lapideous joints sequacious."

"Hold on, Snail," he cried, "I'm right here, don't bother to go up to the door. Let me have that letter."

"Your awfully anxious. It's only a bill from the tailor for that red suit you got nine months ago."

"Wh-what's that? Haven't I got an invitation to the Moth's tango tea?"

"Nope, guess they left you out. Everybody else got one."

"Well, I like that. Common ordinary folks like the Moths have no right to be so stuck up. I shouldn't have gone, anyhow."

Years before, the two Flea brothers had been very quiet, retiring young men, who always glided around quietly, almost stealthily, never joining in the frolics of the young people of Bugville. But one summer, they went down to New York. Dog-Flea lived at the Chalif School and Sand-Flea at Castle House. This was in the now remote age of the turkey trot. At their respective abodes, both brothers learned how to do this together with the grizzly bear, bunny hug and other dances of that day. But, alas, although both became greatly interested in modern terpsichorean art and learned to hop, skip and jump in a decidedly agile fashion, since each had learned from a different teacher, neither knew the steps which the other knew. As neither brother would accept the steps the other used, the affair ended in a violent quarrel and the two separated in anger. Both set up rival dancing schools in Bugville; one in Kennell Hall; the other in Shore Pavilion. At first, the Bugvillites had been greatly shocked at the rupture of fraternal relations and even more at the undignified gait the brothers had adopted, hopping continually as they went down the street. But gradually all became used to the new order of things and sent their children to one or the other brother to learn to dance. Naturally, since the Fleas had just returned from another trip to New York, everybody rushed to them to prepare for the great tango tea.

On the evening of May 26th all the residents of Bugville (excepting Red Ant) dressed in their very finest. Mr. Black Ant, who was a bachelor, dressed in a shiny new full dress suit, came with his little young cousin, White Ant. The whole Butterfly family came, wearing the most gorgeously beautiful gowns. We might spend pages in describing the wonderful costumes seen

at the ball, but that is inessential. Mr. Cricket, with his violin, led the orchestra.

The first dance, a hesitation waltz, went very nicely as each one danced with his own partner, but all was confusion thereafter. Mr. Centipede had the second dance, an Argentine tango, with Miss Beetle, who had learned from Mr. Sand-Flea at Shore Pavilion. They stepped out onto the floor with a bold flourish, but Miss Beetle started to dance in one direction and Mr. Centipede in the opposite.

"Why, Mr. Centipede, are you doing the tango? We are not dancing very well together."

"Why, certainly! I got this in a private lesson from Mr. Dog-Flea. I take one step forward with the fifty feet on my left side, and then with my fifty right feet; then I turn in and face you with my twenty-six forward feet. I repeat all of that, and then step to the side with all my left feet, point with my right, and slide each right foot in front of the opposite left foot twice. I repeat this and then do a twinkle; that is I rapidly cross and recross all my pairs of feet."

The thought of Mr. Centipede doing a twinkle with all his hundred feet at once, quite unnerved Miss Beetle.

"Let us sit out this dance, if you don't mind," she said weakly. "I'm very tired."

"Certainly," said Mr. Centipede, "we will step over to the punch bowl."

By the fourth dance, only about six couples were left on the floor, and Deacon Wasp was greatly shocked at the great and growing popularity of the punch bowl.

Let us leave this festive, though uncomfortable scene, and step out on the porch for a moment.

Out here, Red Ant stands, looking with fiery eyes at the brilliant scene within. Under his arm, repose two familiar looking

bottles labeled "Skunk's Ossivorous Oil." Cautiously, he pushes up the window sash. Then he pours upon the floor of the veranda the contents of the two bottles and hurries away.

Inside, the guests begin to sniff the air and then to look uncomfortable. After a whispered conversation, Mr. and Mrs. Bee approached the Moths. Mr. Bee spoke:

"We are so sorry, Mrs. Moth, but Mrs. Bee is feeling ill, and I think we had best return home at once. Here are our programs and you can arrange to have Mrs.

Bee's partners dance with mine."

One after another, with various excuses, the guests stole away, till only Mrs. Moth's cousins, the Brown Tails, were left.

"This is a perfect shame," Mrs. Brown Tail scolded; "I can't imagine how it could have happened. But really, these odors are so strong around here now that you two poor dears must come over and spend the night with us."

And the Moths accepted the invitation.

MR. SIMPSON'S SIMPLIFIED CHRISTMAS

By Lillian M. Lane, '15



DIOTS!" said Mr. Simpson. Even if they are my own relatives!" he supplemented with a shake of his partially bald head. The souvenir postal-card that was calling forth his language had just arrived. "Look at this will you?" Mr. Simpson invited himself—since he was alone in the house—to contemplate the innocent appearing holiday card he held contemptuously extended before his scornful eyes. "Just look at this!"

He turned the card over in his fingers, exposing to view a frosted surface of pasteboard, which showed—as anyone of keen eyesight and some imagination could vaguely tell—a country-side banked in snow, through which trudged a small boy in red mittens, bound for a church that was buried deep in drifts.

"'Peace on earth, good will to men!'" Mr. Simpson read the inscription. Then he turned it over.

"'We want you with us on the day after tomorrow for a good old-fashioned family

reunion around the festive Christmas board!'" he read in three lines of handwriting on the other side of the card.

"They send you one of these foolish cards," went on Mr. Simpson to the listening walls of the room, "'Peace on earth, good-will to men' on one side, and on the other an invitation to take a six-hour trip out into the slushy country for a meal with a gang of people, the very thought of being related to whom drives me crazy."

"Here I am," he said, regretfully shaking his head over his hard lot in life; "here I am, planning that I'll be comfortable for at least one Christmas, anyway. Family away in Florida for the winter; me here all alone; to do just as I like—and now along comes this—this summons to spend a day being miserable!"

"And the worst of it is, everybody else at this confounded family reunion will be as disgusted, once we're all together, as I'll be. Nobody wants to go. And can you blame us? Is there anybody that wants to sit around a table loaded with a lot of indigestible stuff that's going to lay you up for a

couple of weeks afterward—to sit there and make merry with a lot of folks you don't care enough about to see more than one day in a year?

"You bet there isn't! And why do we do it? Why? Because nobody's got the nerve, the git-up-and-git, to be the first one to break away from the old-fashioned, fool habit!"

Suddenly Mr. Simpson sat up straight in his chair. "By jerry!" he exclaimed. "By jerry—what's to hinder me from being a martyr in the cause? What's to prevent me from putting an end to this practice—huh? Suppose I don't go to this Christmas reunion? Why, next year there won't be a single, solitary soul among my relations that will get together in an affair of this kind. I'll have pointed the way—I'll be the example they've been waiting to follow—and, by jerry! I'll bet the thing will spread, too! Sure it will! And think of the good I'm doing other people," he added. "How grateful the public will be to me!"

"Why, I shouldn't wonder if there would be a statue erected to me as the first man who stayed away from a family reunion on Christmas day. I can see it now, labeled 'The People's Santa Claus—he gave us what we wanted most for Christmas!'"

At ten o'clock Christmas day Mr. Simp-

son got out of bed and took a bath. He dressed slowly. "All alone to enjoy myself as I want to—with nobody to interfere!"

At one o'clock the waiter of a restaurant near by brought in a heavy tray; and it was just one-fifteen, as he stood rubbing his hands at the prospect of eating alone on Christmas for the first time in his life, when the door-bell rang.

"Dog gone it!" burst out Mr. Simpson. "What's that?"

For a moment he would not open the door. Then he changed his mind and went downstairs, two steps at a time. He threw open the portal—and staggered back into the hall.

And after him trooped a gaily shouting and laughing party of sixteen—Mr. Simpson's relatives!

"We came to eat our Christmas dinner here," cried one of his aunts.

"And we didn't want you to eat your Christmas dinner all by yourself," chimed another; "so we brought ours here to eat with you!"

Mr. Simpson looked over the crowd still streaming into his front hall. His lips shut tightly as he led the way to the dining-rooms. Then all he said, to his unexpected guests was, "Well, I guess they won't put up that statue of Santa Claus this year!"

HOW TO TRAIN FOR CROQUET

By Prof. Rasty Savor, '15



HE postman arrives at your door one fine morning, and hands you a very important looking missive, which greatly arouses your curiosity. You dash wildly back into the house, calling for the letter-opening machine. When this is brought, you open the envelope and draw forth an impressive document, finely en-

graved by the local printing office, and read:

"The Rustieville Roque Club requests the pleasure of watching you participate in its annual competition in the game of Roque for a prize of a handsome tea caddy, on Monday, the 17th, at 2.30 o'clock.

"Algernon De Numskull, Sec."

"Well, what's roque?" asks your helpmeet and spouse.

"Roque? What's roque? Why, don't you know? It's—it's—well, you play roque like —"

In the meantime your better half has looked it up in the dictionary and announces that roque is vulgarly known as croquet.

"Croquet!" you exclaim. "Well, that let's me out. I thought that roque was a man's game. No, sir. I don't enter that contest. I—"

Here your wife says, soothingly, "See, now, we do need a tea caddy, you know. And I remember, back in the days before we were married, how you used to love the game. Why, you used to come over to my house to play nearly every evening. Please, for my sake, won't you enter?"

"Hm, well, I'll think it over. Possibly I will."

That night you eat a hasty supper and then hunt for the croquet set. You know just exactly where it is, and you go to that spot but—it isn't there! After thoroughly searching the attic, cellar, and guest chamber, you accidentally fall over it on the back stairs.

At once you hurry to the front lawn, and gleefully prepare to set up the wickets. But alas! you have forgotten the dimensions of the field of play. You set up the stakes and do the rest by guesswork. And then you attempt to knock the ball through the grass, which you have forgotten to cut for the last three weeks. Beyond a doubt, the lawn-mower must be used before you can practice.

But finally you get down to practice, accompanied by your faithful spouse, who bears an old book entitled:

"Rules, Principles, and Instructions for Ye Ancient Game of Roque."

"Now, dear, listen to what the book says: 'Grasp the mallet lightly, but firmly in the

right hand, close to the end.' I wonder if that means close to the finger end of the hand, or close to the other end?"

You direct a glance of withering scorn at your helpmeet, who, however, survives and resumes:

"Tap the ball with just enough force to send it bounding gaily through the first two wickets, but be sure to have it stop not more than a mallet's length away. Then, go for a good position for the next wicket in one shot.' Now try that, dear."

On the third attempt you drive the ball through the two wickets and in four tries you reach a good position at the next. In this fashion, you circulate around the course five or six times. When, to your great delight, you discover that you are regaining the old-time form which made you the Village Champion in bygone days.

"Now, love, you must practice the art of driving your opponent's ball. The book says that is very important."

So you deposit another ball beside yours and assume a St. George and the Dragon position on your sphere. With a full sweep down comes your mallet, but not on the ball. Instead, the "cussed" thing lands squarely on your pet corn. Let us draw the asbestos curtain until the sparks die down.

As soon as the sulphurous smoke has blown away, you resume your practice—but you do not drive your opponent any more.

You practice every evening to the great edification of the grown-up "boys" in the neighborhood. In desperation at their comments, you pass around your best cigars, but still they say things.

The great day draws nearer. Your wife has read somewhere of how all the big college football teams take long walks on the

day before an important game, and so on Sunday you start out into the country. Everything goes well until you are about ten miles from home, with no house within nine miles, when you feel a pain in your heel.

"Mm— — must be a rock in my heel," you muse.

But it is not a rock; it is a nail. So down you sit, and in two or three minutes have completely spoiled the counter of a new pair of six dollar shoes; but the nail is still with you. Limping badly, you arrive home about nine o'clock at night. Your foot is very, very sore. Your wife meets you at the door, and with what you take for spite, murmurs.

"Well, dearie, did you have a pleasant walk?"

You do not answer her; but when your neighbors's cat jumps up on the outside of your windowsill and howls to come in, you put the offending shoe to an improper use, and the cat disappears amid the tinkle of broken glass.

The next afternoon you doll up in your white flannels, noting with regret that they have shrunk since you wore them last, back in 1898. Your wife has devised a sort of holder for the mallets by tying a long strap to the top and bottom of the umbrella case, and is much offended when you refuse to carry it.

Well, your foot is still rather sore from yesterday's walk, and so you limp along until you arrive on the village green, where Algernon De Numskull forms the center of an admiring conclave. He is pairing off the couples for the tourney. Algernon is one of the small-town imitation Englishmen, and as you gaze at his monocle, his tie, his "weskit," and his wonderful trousers, you murmur softly, "Nobody home, but the

front walk, and that's running out to the sidewalk."

Your wife says: "Sh! dearie. I think he's fine."

Let it be sufficient to say that you and Algie are the pair destined to play in the final round, which is two out of three games. During the ten minutes allowed for recuperation before the final struggle, your neighbors, who have attended in full force, stock you up with all sorts of advice—good, bad, and mostly indifferent.

You win the toss and decide to play last, and the game begins. You suffer a slight reversal of form in this contest, and Algie noses out a winner. But in the second contest you regain your old time "pep" and defeat Algie by three wickets.

The third struggle is a fight from start to finish, but Algie reaches the last two wickets just as you wheel into position at the keystone arch. It is your turn. You decide on a desperate attack, come through the wicket, and with one turn left, your ball is about ten feet distant from Algie's. Amid a deathly silence you grasp your mallet in both hands, close your eyes, and take a crack at the ball. It meets Algie's fair and square, and drives it about six feet. But that is not enough. You carefully follow the instructions on "sending" and drive poor Algie to the other corner of the arena. Then, with your one turn which is left, you get into position, and in three more turns you breeze up to the post—a winner. Then you remember about your sore foot. But what of that? Your triumphant neighbors carry you home on their shoulders. As you are borne past the discomfited Algie, you shout, "I'll play you at ping-pong or tiddle-de-winks next, Algernon!"

"My word!" says Algie.

HOW TO GET YOUR LESSONS

By Rose M. Davis, '15



NE who has been making unsuccessful attempts to accomplish anything for an indefinite number of years, even though he may not succeed in his undertaking will have a general idea of how the thing should be done; a theory, so to speak. It is from this point of view that I have undertaken to explain how one may get his lessons.

At Bangor High School, for a specific example, the explanation of this process needs to begin at 12.45 P. M., the hour at which the session closes each day. Of course, the pupil is hampered in the first place by having to spend some minutes in reaching his home, and the greater the distance, the more serious his handicap. Then what is probably one of the worst hindrances, applying equally to all pupils, is that they are obliged to occupy a certain amount of their time (greater or less, according to various circumstances) in eating their dinner. There is some advantage in this being a lone meal and it should be made as brief as possible.

After this, do not wait an instant before seizing upon your books. Do not think of stopping even to remove your own dishes from the table much less of undertaking any other household tasks.

Now bury yourself alive in your books. Forget your own identity. It is important that the pupil should have absolutely no outside interests and no attachment to any human being, either relative or friend. Let your world be bounded by your books.

You can now study uninterruptedly until the next serious handicap occurs in the early part of evening—the fact that you must stop to eat your supper. Do not on

any account exchange any pleasant conversation with the rest of the family at the supper table. This is very apt to distract your mind and make the return to your books difficult. Be as glum as possible and make the meal as brief as possible. Return to your books immediately and—study until your lessons are done. Strictly avoid all distraction. If your brother attempts to enliven the evening by telling stories or making humorous remarks, or your sister has a little interesting gossip about some of your acquaintances, quench the interruptions immediately. Call assistance, if necessary.

As I have said before, this evening session is to last until your lessons for the next day are thoroughly learned. If you succeed in accomplishing this before it is time for school to begin the next morning, you will probably want to spend your extra time in bed. But do not allow yourself to go sound asleep. This would be a serious distraction from which it would take you some time to recover. Keep your lessons firmly imprinted on your mind and only doze by fits and starts. Toss about restlessly and wake yourself occasionally by reciting in your dreams snatches of uncanny mathematical formulae, or, if you happen to take Senior College English, the outline of Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America will serve the purpose very well.

Of course, you should be up in time to give your day's lessons a general brushing up. You will be hampered again by the time devoted to eating breakfast and to reaching the schoolhouse before beginning your day's work.

It is especially important that this program be carried out regularly and that no

circumstances whatever be allowed to change its course. If you return from school to find some member of the family ill or your mother very much in need of some household assistance harden your heart against them and—stick to your books. If anybody ever has the audacity to invite you out for an evening, cut them out of your list of acquaintances.

A branch of this work which needs special attention is the preparation of the lessons for Monday. When these terrible tasks are being announced do not try to assuage your misery by thinking that you will put them off until Saturday or Sunday. You should realize that these are given out with the intention of occupying all of the two days and a half and most of the three nights intervening between Friday noon and Monday morning. It will probably be necessary to study a little harder and a little longer Friday, for, unless you have unusual self-control, you will be apt to lose some time in bed Saturday morning.

Do not think of letting any other tasks

interfere with your scholastic pursuits on Saturday. Do not even consider the extra work which devolves on your mother *that* day. Never mind if your clothes do hang in tattered remnants for want of mending.

If you are unusually bright you might take the time to attend church on Sunday morning and make it up by extra night work. This is not advisable, however, for the average scholar, but it is rather a good plan to pretend to yourself that you are going until you are up and dressed. This will help you to take up your books more promptly Sunday morning.

The quietness of the Sabbath day will enable you to apply yourself very closely to your lessons during the entire day and you will possibly get them finished some time during the night.

As I mentioned at the beginning, this is not a system which I practice nor do I advocate it for my friends; I merely state it as the only solution which I have been able to discover of that knotty problem, how to get your lessons.

CHRISTMAS TROUBLES

By J. E. N., '15



T was a very small white figure that Mother found huddled up on the bottom stair, on the evening of Christmas day.

"Why! little son!" Mother exclaimed.

"Oh, Mu—Muvver! I am sorry that I stoled that jelly cake off the table! And, Oh! Muvver! I've got such, such a pain in my stum-mick!" This last was accompanied by a long suppressed sob, as a pretty, tear-stained face appeared.

There was just a tiny gleam of laughter

in Mother's eyes as she carried the sobbing bundle up the broad stairs to the nursery. But her voice was low and sweet as she soothed and quieted the little boy in front of the grate.

"And why did my little son take the jelly-roll when Mother told him not to touch anything in the dining room?"

"I know, Muvver; but—but it was so big and fat and pinky that it was just like it danced right up in front of me and said, 'Eat me if you dare, you horrid little boy.' And—and—Muvver, I eated him."

Five Minutes Later.

"Muvver, you love me, don't you, Muvver, dear? Cause—cause when Nursie first put me to sleep, a great, big, fat jelly roll, just like what I had eated, comed and sat on my bed and said that Muvvers didn't love little boys that stoled things, things like jelly cakes. And Muvver, I—I guess he meant little boys like me—Muvver, Billy is sor-

ry he ——." Just then a pair of blue eyes softly closed.

As Mother looked down on the tiny figure, her arms closed tighter about it. Her eyes were soft and tender as she bent down and kissed the flushed face of her wee man; for she had memories of a certain Christmas when she, too, had been in disgrace.

THE ORACLE AS SEEN BY THE EDITORS

"Ridentes, vera dicimus."

By the Editor-in-Chief:

Being editor of a school paper is one of the best ways of gaining the fortitude necessary to march up to the cannon's mouth (figuratively speaking, of course). One's first trial comes in taking a rejected manuscript back to its indignant owner. Luckily, former editors have furnished us with a polite phrase, irrefutable in its logic, which serves for this case. A little harder than this is to hear monthly the disgusted comments upon the paper which you proudly hand over to the subscribers. If you try in the next number to follow their kindly offered advice, some one else wants to know why you changed the only decent thing in the issue. By far the best developer of *virtus*, however, is interviewing prominent men for the articles on the professions. If anyone would like to try this, we would advise that he plan to be on hand five minutes before the time set for the appointment (if he gets one), the extra time to be used in standing trembling on the front steps, screwing his courage to the sticking-point. You are ushered into the presence of the august gentleman; you try to ask questions about a subject of which you know nothing to ask about, you receive some such answer as this "Clinical laryngoscopy and rhinoscopy must be learned from pathological

specimens as well as from didactic lectures;" you return home and with the aid of Webster you discover that he really told you that the study of nose and throat diseases requires laboratory practice as well as listening to lectures. But sometimes the tables are turned; recently a governor-elect told us that our questions were entirely beyond him! The next man interviewed told us the same questions opened up a wide field of thought; and the next that they were not questions at all, that they meant nothing!

Evidently, then there is some difference of opinion with regard to what our ideas mean, even with the most eminent men. Knowing this, we ask you now that if there is anything in this issue which you do not understand kindly to attribute it to a well meant effort to be funny.

By the Literary Editor:

Literary Editor of the Oracle! Ever since you were a child—many, many years ago—that has been the height of your ambition. Of course that worthy paper would accept only the best fitted and the most educated, so you toil and labor (your Freshman year excluded) and climb the ladder step by step. Finally with the help of your lawyer friend you succeed in writ-

ing your masterpiece (up-to-date) under the thrilling name of "The Last Will." Having passed that in to the Oracle you feel your duties to the world are over, so you take your much-needed relaxation—to the disgust of all your teachers and the injury of your report card. At the end of a week your manuscript is handed back to you with some neat little writing across one corner which reads, "This is very well done, but love stories are not allowed in the Oracle and this has some love in it." Horrors!!!

However, when you reach the serviceable position of Junior you are at last made Assistant Literary Editor. Then your trials begin. For instance, perhaps you come upon a young man who considers himself the most remarkable author of the present generation and who, when he is told that his composition is not literary enough for the Oracle, declares that if it is not accepted by your paper, it shall be sent to one where it will be appreciated—a much more important paper. Imagine that such a thing could exist!!

But your trials have only begun. When at last you attain the rank of Senior and the position of Literary Editor you learn what trials really are. I haven't the time nor the space to tell of one-tenth of them all. But no matter how great the provocation you have to suffer in silence—except when you can find someone to whom you can pour out your tale of woe. To cap the climax, if you go to dancing school your friends are sure to take particular pains to tell you that the Oracle is "bum," "rotten," "no good," and the like. However, if they are asked to be on the Oracle Board, the following year, you may rest assured that they will not refuse.

By the Local Editor:

"The Troubles of a Local Editor." For once, an easy subject. The troubles of the

"genius" that pushes the pen in this department are many and as space is limited, I will only throw the spotlight on a few. I am told to scratch around and dig up as many jottings on the doings of this community as possible. So after pushing the pencil for an entire evening, I pass in my little stint, and lay back and wait to see the result. About a day before printing, trouble in the shape of the Big Chief shows on the horizon. "You passed in a page and a quarter, we need three-quarters of a page more by the next period." He is lucky if he gets it!

Another cause of lament is spelling. Why doesn't the Oracle adopt simplified spelling? I have got so now that I have five dictionaries on my desk.

And the Great Reward of all this work is to get "blown up" and then "called down."

By the Alumni Editor:

A Fable.

There was once a fellow in high school who was chosen Alumni editor of the high school paper. He was very proud of the honor shown him and for a few weeks he went around among his fellow students with a most self-satisfied air. Very soon it was time to get his material ready for the first issue of the paper. This was comparatively easy as college activities kept him supplied with news. The Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers were also easy, but when it came time to pass in his notes for the New Year's number he had no notes to pass in. He managed somehow to get together a few, however, but began to worry about the next number. The Alumni column in that number was very short. Things went from bad to worse. He worried and worried, lost his sleep and his appetite. One day one of his teachers inquired for him and one of the scholars said:

"Why, didn't you know about him? He worked so hard getting material for the 'Oracle' that he wore himself away to nothing; a sharp gust of wind came around the corner and blew him away."

By the Exchange Editor:

There is one fellow on the Oracle staff who has the best job of them all! Now, everyone on the staff has a good job—easy, interesting, profitable,—but this fellow has absolutely the very best. He is the only one who has a real chance ever to get away from the B. H. S. and see other folks. Every day of the school year he can go abroad, visit other cities, states and even countries and become familiar with all school activities, from the green and timid caperings of Freshies in the wiles of northern Maine to the dignified palaver of Seniors in southern California. His job is a very interesting one—fascinating—so fascinating that he often forgets to study his lessons.

Every mail brings him a mass of magazines. Eagerly he tears off the wrappers, draws forth the bunches of school life, stories, and wit, settles back in his easy chair, and then sails away over the land in the airship Imagination! And such a variety he sees! No two places alike; no two events the same; and on the stage of Story Land he sees no two dramas alike. Of course he *sees* the same comedies acted over and over, but a critic expects that and so laughs at them all.

Perhaps by the time he has viewed a hundred or so of these kaleidoscopic magazines, from cover to cover, and dissected, analyzed and classified the parts of each, he begins to think his job monotonous. But he can enliven things up,—for when it comes to saying things—that is where he gets in his licks! He can say anything he chooses about other schools, other editors, and other writers, and never get into trouble.

Yes, sir, the Exchange Editor has the cream of the Oracle proposition—even though it is a slow job skimming it off.

By the Athletic Editor.

Only too often the task of the Athletic Editor is to write three or more pages for the Oracle from about one page of material, sometimes with about ten minutes to do it in, before the next issue goes to press. There may be something humorous in that, but I haven't the right temperament to appreciate it.

There is one thing I would like to suggest to future business managers. When a B. H. S. team plays a game away from home, the Athletic Editor should be sent with them at the expense of the Oracle. I suggested that to our present business manager, but he failed to enthuse. Just think of the benefit to be derived from my plan. The Athletic Editor would get a more intimate view of the games, he could thus write better "dope" about them, and think of the good time he could have! He could walk up and down the sidelines, get acquainted with all the pretty girls, and after the game, —! Yes, I wish that our manager would see fit to send the present incumbent with the team.

By the Personal Editor:

Personals! I dream of them, they are with me when I read or study; I think of nothing else. I'm afraid this is more thought than is bestowed upon them by the Oracle readers, however. Every time I meet one of my school friends, he or she immediately becomes, in my thoughts, the subject for a "personal." I am like the ogre of the story-book who looked upon every mortal as a possible tid-bit for his table. I am becoming a veritable "personal" cannibal. And woe betide the luckless mortal who, in my presence, is guilty of a lapsus linguae—for down in my note-book go his words, to be immortalized, later, in

the pages of the Oracle. Truly the labor is great, but greater the reward, for if my efforts but cause one reader to crack a smile, I have that warm, comfortable feeling as of duty well done. The Personal Editor has spoken.

By the Art Editor:

I have been on trial now for two months and expect to be for seven more unless my case is thrown out of court. Believe me—some strenuous trial! I was arrested on Sept. 22 and committed to court because of assault and battery on Sir Oracle. I am nobly supported by Att’y Penn, of the firm, Pappaar, Penn and Inkk. The plaintiff, the Right Honorable Oracle is strongly upheld by Lawyer Sumwork. The court sits monthly with Judge Patterson presiding, and a jury composed of the other members of staff, who wish to render a word or two in my favor or against me. Also there is a long line of witnesses consisting of 780 members of the student body and faculty. Judge Patterson states the conditions on which I may be allowed out on bail for one month. I then try to follow out his advice as nearly as possible, waiting for the sentiment of the witnesses. The jury adjourns until the next meeting, when it gives a verdict. Although, to date, the jury has not made an “outright” decision, they certainly must have a few opinions in their minds. Time only will tell whether I shall be discharged from court, or electrocuted.

By the Business Manager:

There is nothing humorous about the Business Manager’s job. If anyone thinks there is, let him try to convince a dealer in caskets, false-teeth, boilers, or dog-bread, that he will get more trade if he advertises in the “Oracle.” Or, perhaps, anyone thinks there is something funny about going to a clothing store for an ad. where you are set upon by the proprietor, who has just received a new line of coats and is particularly anxious to show them. At the same time a number of “rube” customers, who are too bashful to try on the coats, are in the store, so the proprietor seizes upon you as an easy mark, and you spend your first hour as a living model. After which he thanks you very kindly and decides to take an ad. next year.

Or, how would you like to go to a doctor’s, in search of patronage, not advice, and find his office on the fourth floor with no elevator? You arrive there out of breath from the climb, and the doctor tells you that you should have your tonsils removed. Before you can say anything, he has you strapped in a chair with your mouth open so wide that it loses its proper shape for a week. He fails to locate any tonsils and asks the reason. You tell him that if he had listened at first he would have learned that they had been removed some years ago. Then he gets sore because he didn’t have the pleasure of doing it and refuses you an ad. Oh, yes, this is a humorous job,—nix.



LOCALS



We wish to correct two mistakes in the November Oracle. "A Ghost Story" was written by Miss Margaret Hills, '17, not by Miss Mills. The account of the baseball game was written by Edward Harden, '15, not Edward Harding.

As the result of an unfortunate disagreement, the Junior class has not adopted a single design of pin, as is customary. The majority of the class, about sixty, have chosen a handsome ring, while the rest of the class have ordered an attractive pin of unusual design. The ring chosen is a heavy signet ring, with a red stone, on which is worked in gold the initials "B. H. S." and the year "1916" in an attractive design. The pin is of gold, oblong in shape, having the initials with "19" above and "16" below them. The committee submitted to the class three pins and a ring. The committee were, Marjorie White, Beatrice Palmer, Elizabeth Barker, Harding McCann, Arthur Jones, James Chilcott and Alfred Frawley. It is much regretted by members of the class that a single pin or ring was not selected by all.

The annual reception, given by the Sophomore class to the football squad, was held Wednesday evening, November 25, in the Assembly Hall. In the receiving line were Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee, Miss Anastasia Scribner and Miss Arra Sutton of the faculty; James McCann, president of the Sophomore class, and Edward Curran, captain of the football team.

The class committee, in charge of the reception, was composed of the class officers, James McCann, Lena Clark, Paul Eames, Frances Bragg and Paul Larrabee. Much praise is due to this committee for the success of the occasion.

Paul Eames was floor manager and the aids were Paul Larrabee, Maurice King, Stanley Cayting, Kenneth Boardman, Russell Washburne and Willard Glass. Punch was served during the evening, and ice cream and cake were served in the lunch room at intermission. The cake for the occasion was furnished by the girls of the class. Dancing began at eight o'clock and continued until twelve. Enjoyable music was furnished by four pieces of O'Hara's orchestra.

The financial report follows:

Sophomore Reception Expenses.

Pencils	\$ 1 65
Programs	4 50
Orchestra	13 00
Punch	1 50
Ice	10
Carriages	2 00
Ice Cream	5 20
Police	4 00
Total	\$31 95
Total receipts, door, ice cream, punch, etc.....	\$54 15
Total expenses	31 95
Balance	\$22 20

Paul Eames, Treas.

The Junior elocution work is progressing with much success. Most of the class have already spoken, at least once. Some have spoken there times, twice before Miss Scribner alone, and once before a portion of the class and Mr. Larrabee.

After the chapel exercises on Tuesday, Dec. 1, an election was held to fill the offices of manager and assistant manager of baseball, and manager and assistant of track. The candidates nominated for these positions by the athletic council were: For baseball manager, Frederick Jordan and Richard Webster; for assistant manager, Arthur Mulvaney and Roy Johnson; for track manager, Harry Alward and Edgar Seavey; for track assistant, Oliver Hall and Richard MacWilliams. The candidates elected were Jordan, Mulvaney, Alward and Hall. After the election Manager Ewer of the basketball team spoke on the basketball situation and predicted a winning team. C. J. O'Leary, alumni member of the athletic council, told of the connection between the alumni and the school athletics. He spoke of how the alumni members of the council worked for athletics and how they wished the student body to help them.

We take pleasure in announcing that Miss Doris E. Brewer, '15, and Miss Lois R. Hodgkins, '17, have been appointed to the Oracle Board. Miss Brewer will be the Girls' Debating Editor and Miss Hodgkins will be a Local Editor.

Every Monday and Wednesday afternoon, besides the regular morning period each week, is given over to the girls for gymnasium work. Miss Emily F. Lee, the instructress, drills them in aesthetic dancing combined with dumb-bell and Indian-club drills and some heavy work such as the

parallel bars, the rings, and "really" races. The aesthetic dancing is very popular in the present age and the Dutch Dance which is now being taught is greatly enjoyed by the girls. They have heavy work and basketball on Monday and Wednesday afternoons and are becoming quite skilled in this game. It is hoped that games with other teams can be arranged later in the year. Each girl is working hard to make the exhibition which will be given toward the close of the school year and friendly rivalry adds zest to the work.

Mary Antin, the well-known social worker, gave an interesting lecture in City Hall, November 3, under the auspices of the Bangor Kindergarten teachers. Mary Antin spoke on "The Responsibility of American Citizenship," showing by many illustrations that the immigrants today are as much American as those who came at the time of the Pilgrim Fathers. She said she became an American when she first set foot on this soil; and later, in school, when she learned the national songs, she began to feel what it really was to be an American. The High School Orchestra furnished music before the lecture and at its close played while the audience sang America.

Graduates of the Abraham Lincoln Grammar School will be interested to learn of the progressive stand the pupils there are taking in the matter of class pins. A permanent design has been chosen, consisting of the name "Abraham Lincoln Grammar School" at the top, while in the center is a bee-hive, above which is the word "Industry," with a space near the bottom for the class number to be engraved. This, as is right in grammar school, emphasizes the fact of graduation from the school rather than the year of graduation.

Mrs. Hannibal Hamlin has again lent us her two interesting pictures: one of Abraham Lincoln, which was sent by him to her husband just after the convention in 1860, at Chicago, where they were nominated for President and Vice President; the other a photograph of Lincoln's first inauguration, March 4, 1861. We are very grateful to Mrs. Hamlin for the loan of these pictures for they help to bring the past nearer to us.

We wish to extend a vote of thanks from Miss Mary Robinson's class to the Public Library for the list of books on Abraham Lincoln which has been so kindly posted there. The list is greatly appreciated and is very helpful to the seniors who are now studying Lincoln and his speeches.

Mr. Larrabee announced in general chapel, November 24, that the work of the past quarter was the most successful since he has been connected with the school. Fewer pupils failed to pass and the ranks as a whole were better than those of previous years. This only goes to prove that the students are appreciative of their fine building and are making the most of the opportunities offered them.

Miss Mary Robinson, Miss Pease, Miss Hutchings and Miss Webster entertained the other members of the faculty and their

wives in the High School library on the evening of November 30. Games were enjoyed throughout the evening and light refreshments were served. It was pronounced a very pleasant occasion by all present.

Of late there have appeared many new delicacies in the lunch room offering a welcome relief from the usual diet of milk, chocolate, sandwiches, and cookies. Beginning with macaroni and cheese, there have been served scalloped tomatoes, some brown Betty pudding, like that which grandmother makes, some delicious cream soups and other tasty dishes. We hope that Miss Sutton will dig into the depths of her cookbook and bring to light some more mysteries.

Trials for the High School Glee Club are to be held during the remainder of this term and in all probability the club will be ready for real work with the beginning of the winter term. The primary object of the organization is to give those students who are really interested in music an opportunity to meet once each week after school hours and enjoy chorus work. Later it is expected that a systematic course in music appreciation may be added to the chorus work. The Glee Club will furnish music for various school entertainments during the year.

EXCHANGES

Our list of exchanges is growing rapidly. This month we have received more than double the number received last month. If all the schools to whom we have sent copies of our paper respond, next month our list will more than double its present length. The following are the names of the papers received:

October Numbers: Breccia, Crimson Rambler, Coburn Clarion, Distaff, Echo, Enterprise, Hebron Semester, Herald, Ingot, Mirror, Pennant, Penn Charter Magazine, Purple and Gray, Racquet, Rutherfordian, Student, Tiger, Times.

November Numbers: Advance, Academy Spectator, Aegis, Archon, A. P. H. S.

Beacon, Central Digest, Chronicle, Clarion, Coburn Clarion, Congress, Delphian, Dial, Dynamo, Early Trainer, Echo, E. L. H. S. Oracle, Habit, Item, Lake Breeze, Monroe H. S. Bugle, Mirror, Optimist, Orange and Black, Oracle (Plainfield, N. J.), Oracle (Abington, Pa.), Phoenix, Quill, Rail Splitter, Record, Red and Blue, Red and White, Reflector, Search Light, Spectator (M. H. S., Louisville, Ky.), Taft Oracle, Tattler (Shreveport, La.), Trade Winds, Trident, Tripod.

College and High School Pamphlets for November: Sphinx, Presque Isle High School Flyer, Hobart Herald, Bates Student, Bowdoin Orient, Princeton Pictorial Review, Young Apprentice.

Annuals: S. H. S. Harbor Beacon, F. M. H. S. High School Times.

The "Rutherfordian" lacks a table of contents and sadly jumbles the advertisements and literary departments together.

One glance at the outside of the "Rail Splitter" and the quality of the paper in hand is assured. It is like looking a true friend in the face; each time it is pleasanter than the time before.

The "Red and White" is a lively paper.

Too bad for the "Aegis" to mix their ads with the real substance of the paper. Remember that a high school paper is not a "Saturday Evening Post," but should stand alone with merits of its own.

The "Reflector," Jackson, Mich., is a good paper with spirited contents.

We are glad to receive the "Trident" of Brewer, and hope the students will show some real spirit and keep it going hereafter.

The "Delphian" certainly did right in publishing the class play "Everystudent." Such talent is worth preserving and showing.

We are glad to receive the "Flyer" from Presque Isle and hope this school of the

north will send its budget of news and fun often.

The "Beacon," of Asbury Park, could be enlarged with profit. As far as it goes the material is very good.

The Great Expectations number of the "Spectator" is certainly a success.

The "Phoenix" of Montpelier, Vt., is certainly a brave paper. If every school paper throughout this land would but publish articles similar to "The Need of Radical Leaders," who can measure the results?

The M. H. S. "Bugle" sounds a full, clear note!

Surely, the "Lake Breeze" carries many a thought-stimulating idea to its friends along the way!

A school that sends out a paper equal to the "Chronicle" commands a good deal of literary talent. Not only in the stories, but in all the departments this quality shows clearly.

The humorous department of the "Advance" has greatly improved.

In the Eyes of Others!

It is a treat to read the Graduation number of the "Oracle." Your exchange editor is a hustler, judging by the large number of exchange criticisms.—The "Pennant," Meriden, Conn.

The "Business Manager's Statement," in your October number is a fine idea.—"Sphinx," C. T. H. S., Illinois.

Your department on "Vocations" is interesting and entertaining.—The "Reflector," Jackson, Michigan.

The department "Occupations for High School Graduates" is one that might well be added to any paper. Your headings are good and the whole paper is very well arranged.

Congratulations on your excellent cover. The camp activities are written in a pleasant, as well as humorous manner.—"The Oracle," Plainfield, N. J.



At a recent meeting of the "B" men of the Bowdoin football team, Guy Leadbetter, '12, Bowdoin, '16, was elected captain of next year's team.

Edward P. Garland, '12, Bowdoin, '16, was one of the two men recently nominated for football manager for next year.

Joseph C. MacDonald, '11, Bowdoin, '15, who was manager of the Bowdoin football team this fall, received his "B."

Katherine Maguire, '14, has a position as private stenographer for Edward H. Spangler, manager of the Colonial.

Helen Murphy, '14, is employed by Donald F. Snow, attorney-at-law. Mr. Snow is a member of the Athletic Council and a graduate of the Bangor High School.

Lucy Cullinan, '14, has a position in the office of Mr. Murphy, attorney-at-law.

The marriage of James Edward Mulvaney, '09, and Leila Adell Pomroy of Hampden, occurred on November 24, at St. Mary's Catholic church of this city.

The wedding of Frances Richardson, '12, and John Bronstein, a business man of Portland, was solemnized in City Hall on November 24.

Eleanor Knowles, '12, who is now attending Bates' College, spent the Thanksgiving vacation with her parents in this city.

Two Bangor High School graduates are teaching in the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburg, Pa. Howard Griffin, '00, Bowdoin, '04, is instructor in the Chemical Engineering Department; Allan H. Blaisdell, '07, U. of M., '11, is in the Mechanical Engineering Department.

Among the Bowdoin students home for the Thanksgiving recess were Arthur MacWilliams, '11, Frederick French, '13, and Harvey Miller, '12.

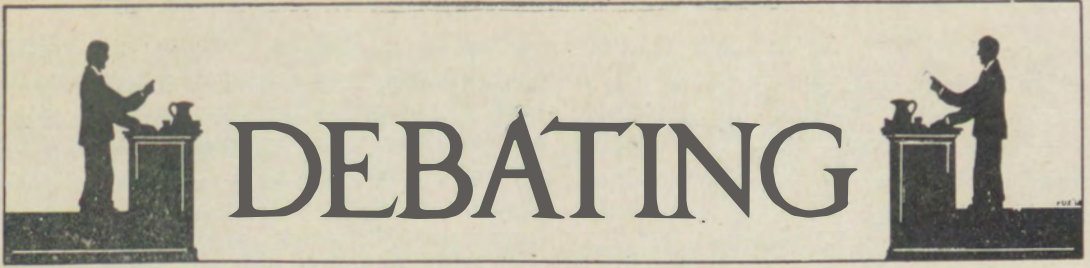
The engagement of Miss Lucy Adams and Mr. Rudolf Ringwall was recently announced. Miss Adams was graduated from the Bangor High School in the class of 1911, and Mr. Ringwall in the class of 1909.

Marjorie Runnels, '14, has a position with the Farrar Furniture Company.

The Oracle Board wishes to express its appreciation and to thank Mr. Philip H. Larrabee, '09, for the two exceptionally well designed covers which he submitted for its publication. One is for the Humorous Number; the other, for the New Year's Number.

David H. Cronin, '14, has accepted a position as secretary for the superintendent of the Eastern M'fg. Co.

Raymond T. Pierce, '11, has been elected to Phi Kappa Phi, the honorary society at the U. of M.



Debating As It Isn't.
By Hammond Eggs.

There are many well meaning, but sadly misinformed individuals in this school who have a vague idea that the meetings and discussions of the Bangor High School Literary and Debating Society are about as lively and interesting as a city directory. To correct this universal opinion, a few brief remarks on the subject will not be out of place.

You will undoubtedly be pleased to know that the society is progressing rapidly. It has running gas at every meeting, hot and cold presidents, a self-winding secretary, censors with folding arms, and all such modern conveniences.

Let us look in on one of the meetings (one minute is here allowed the reader to adjust his opera glasses). According to ancient custom the president is late and ten or twelve young hopefuls are whiling away their time, most of them *engaged* in vigorous discussions. The general conversation *sounds* something as follows: "I tell you veal hash is thirty per cent. benzoate of soda"—"Then another red-skin bit the dust"—"No, you first, my dear Gastank"—"Who 'trowed dat brick?"—Just then the president enters, takes his seat, and begins pounding vigorously with his trusty gavel, which, the worthy secretary declares, he himself made out of his own head and had wood enough left for another. "Cease!" thunders the Most Honorable President and upon the seething throng there falls a silence so intense that you could hear an anvil drop. The secretary then reads the

minutes of the last meeting, and the treasurer reports on the amount of coin of the realm left in the exchequer. (A very simple matter, I assure you).

The president now announces that the subject for debate today will be: Resolved, That buttons should be adopted as a staple article of diet, rather than clothespins.

The crank is then turned, a nickel is dropped into the piano, the speakers are wound up and the music begins. The first speaker of the affirmative slowly arises, gazing in a startled manner at his hands and wondering if they are really hams as they look to be. Suddenly, however, with appealing eloquence, he bursts into a glowing description of the exceeding nutriment of buttons, shoe-buttons in particular. He shows persuasively, how shoe-buttons, properly prepared, as a substitute for baked beans, are incomparable; and if the thread be removed, how delicious are the holes *through* the center. At the critical moment of the speech, however, the hand of Fate, in the shape of the President's right fore-paw, descends on a miniature fire-gong located on the northeastern corner of the latter's desk. It responds with a will, at which gentle hint the speaker subsides.—Applause.

The first barker for the negative then leaps up, and in a fiery, patriotic address, at which the heart of every listener trembles, tells how in our great Civil War, the entire Confederate Army depended for its chief sustenance on concentrated clothespins, and how in the War of 1812 the sailors used them *exclusively* for soup-stock.

The remainder of the sections of both

sides, one by one, then describe their respective foods in such glowing style, that it makes everybody's mouth water, and necessitates a short adjournment for refreshments. Now comes the rebuttal in which each side tells the other what it thinks of their arguments. Hot words and arguments are exchanged, but the censor compels the two sections to arbitrate and the judges retire. After the twenty minutes required for their conference, they announce that they consider it better to pine away peacefully, munching spruce clothespins, than to pass away under the intoxicating effects of a bowl of shoe-button stew.

Since there must be an end to everything, however, the signal is at last given, and the meeting adjourns.

The Boys' Society.

At a meeting on Nov. 30, Mr. Larrabee read two letters, from Cony High School (Augusta), and Bar Harbor High, respectively, both asking for agreements in regard to debates to be held this coming season between Bangor High and themselves.

The proposal of Cony High was accepted and a team from our own school will undoubtedly debate with them this year at Augusta. A debate was held last year between Cony High and Bangor, in this school building, Cony High having the winning team. Great enthusiasm is being shown in regard to this second debate and competitive examinations will soon be held to select the four members of the team. Bar Harbor's challenge was laid aside for further consideration.

Bates' Debating League.

A communication has been lately received by Mr. Larrabee from Bates College, Lewiston, inviting Bangor High to join their debating league.

The league is a "triple, triangular league,"

in which there are three "triangles," of three schools each. Each school is represented by two teams; one affirmative and one negative. On the same night the negative team of one school debates the affirmative of another, away from home, and the affirmative team of the first school debates the negative of the other, at home. One winning school is selected from each "triangle," and among these the championship is decided. The same question is used in all debates.

The question chosen by Bates for this year is a very popular one: Resolved, That equal suffrage rights should be extended to the women of Maine. The members of the two Bates League teams will be chosen shortly after the Christmas vacation.

U of M. Discussion League.

At a meeting, on Nov. 2, Mr. Larrabee discussed plans for the year and particularly explained to the Society the proposed University of Maine Discussion League.

Each school sends one delegate prepared to discuss the given topic, to a county discussion. This discussion differs from a debate in that every speaker is for himself alone, and may talk on either side. As in a debate, however, the main arguments, lasting about ten minutes, will be first given, after which, the rebuttal will come in regular order.

From each of these county discussions, two of the best speakers will be selected to attend another discussion, held at an appointed place in the congressional district. The two best speakers from each congressional district will have a final discussion of the original question at the University of Maine, which will decide the winner. In order to stimulate interest, the U. of M. will undoubtedly offer a prize, such as a cup or a scholarship, to be awarded to the winning speaker.

At a later meeting of the society, the members discussed the advisability of ac-

cepting the invitation of the U. of M. to join this league. The majority of the members were of the opinion that it was for the best interests of the Boys' Society respectfully to decline this offer, since it would take a valuable speaker from one of the regular debating teams. It is believed that the debating schedule this year will demand the efforts of every member, so that none can be spared for individual contests. However, since the U. of M. does not require that a boy shall be sent, it was voted to refer the invitation to the girls' society, which, it is believed, will enter a contestant.

'The Girls' Society.

A meeting of the Girls' Debating Society was called at 3 o'clock Thursday, Nov. 19, in room 209. As the president was unable to attend, the vice president presided. Several members were voted in. It was also voted to hold the regular meetings of the society on Thursday at 4 o'clock.

Miss Hazel L. Merrifield gave a very interesting article on "The Value of Aeroplanes in Modern Warfare." She showed clearly that the aeroplane is invaluable for scouting purposes. It was decided to have an impromptu debate on the subject: Resolved, That the army and navy should be gradually decreased in the interest of world peace. Lots were drawn for sides as follows:

Affirmative: Lucie M. Knowles, Carrie H. Rowe.

Negative: Doris E. Brewer, Hazel L. Merrifield.

The subject was argued hotly by both sides and even after the decision had been given to the affirmative, the debaters could not be silenced. During this debate, Miss Mary Chadwick acted as both chairman and judge.

The Trials of a Girl Debater.

You might just as well tell your friends

that you are leaving tomorrow for England to join the militants as to say that you are going to join the debating society, for the effect of either announcement is the same. They stare at you in a startled way, for a moment, and then turn away to hide from you the tender pity and grief in their eyes, thinking that there must be something wrong with a girl who would deliberately join a society of blue-stockings, without being compelled to do so. As soon as you become known as a debater you are placed on a dusty shelf in a hundred brains with several other back numbers reserved for use in desperate cases. This ostracism is the first test to which a debater is put, but if she is at all independent she will survive.

The next test is the trial debate at which "many are called, but few are chosen." This second test is guaranteed to turn the hair several shades lighter and all who have cherished a secret ambition to be blonder should apply at once to the president of the society. This trial debate soon involves you in such deep subjects as the sixty-nine varieties of mosquitoes inhabiting the Panama canal zone, Should we not give some other nation an opportunity of taking the Philippines away from us, and Wouldn't Uncle Sam be making things more peaceful in the world if he should send all his soldiers and sailors marching home with a set of garden tools on their shoulders, instead of guns. One aspiring debater penetrated into the dark mysteries of medicine back in the time of Hippocrates. The girls' society even probed the liquor question and many will be shocked to learn that the decision was given to the side opposed to prohibition. These are only two of the many trials of a debater, but when a girl has withstood the nerve-racking strain of these severe tests she has proved to the dignitaries of the society that she is independent of public opinion, is an intelligent being and is certainly entitled to a brief rest.



Bangor vs. Portland.

On Nov. 7, Portland defeated Bangor by a score of 6 to 0, in a game, at Portland, for the state championship. Portland won, not by having the better team, but by the magnificent drop kicking of Jack Lappin. Bangor outrushed Portland, Thompson held his own in the punting end, Daley alone carried the ball only four yards less than the ground gained by the entire Portland offense, but—Mr. Lappin came through. His first attempt, in the first period, from the 28-yard line, was a failure. His second, also in the first period, from the 19-yard line, was a success. In the fourth period he kicked a pretty goal from the 35-yard line.

In the second period, Bangor started from her 26-yard line, and in fifteen rushes brought the ball to Portland's 19-yard line. The referee here failed to see that Bangor had made first down, although such was the opinion of the other officials.

In the third period, Bangor brought the ball down to the Blue's 30-yard line, and Furey, standing on the 38-yard line, made an attempt at a field goal. The ball missed by barely enough for one to see that it did miss.

The feature of the fourth period was Lappin's goal. Bangor brought the ball from her 25-yard line to Portland's 36-yard line in three rushes. Here the Crimson lost the ball on an intercepted forward pass. Portland punted at once and as a last resort, Jones tried an onside kick, but it failed, and the game ended with the ball on Bangor's 44-yard line.

The summary: Bangor—R. Curran, r.e.,

Hickson, r.t., Furey, r.g., J. Davis, r.g., Moore, c., Mulvaney, l.g., T. Davis, l.t., Estes, l.t., Estes, l.e., Koritzky, l.e., Daley, q.b., Jones, r.h.b., E. Curran, l.h.b., Furey, l.h.b., Kelley, l.h.b.; Thompson, f.b.

Portland—Vanier, l.e., Ambrose, l.t., Hamilton, l.g., Couri, c., Macquarrie, r.g., McGee, r.g., Plaisted, r.t., Corey, r.t., Macgowan, r.e., Lappin, q.b., Honan, l.h.b.; Feeney, r.h.b.

Score: Portland, 6. Goals from field, Lappin, 2.

Bangor vs. M. C. I.


On Saturday, Nov. 14, Bangor played their last game of the football season at Pittsfield, with Maine Central Institute as opponents. It was a hard fought battle.

The summary: Bangor—Kelley, l.e., Estes, l.t., Mulvaney, l.g.; Moore, c.; Furey, r.g.; Eames, r.g., Hickson, r.t., R. Curran, r.e.; Daley, q.b., E. Curran, l.h.b., Furey, l.h.b., Jones, r.h.b., Thompson, f.b.


Score: B H. S., 7. Touchdown, Daley. Goal from touchdown, Daley.

Basketball Begins.

Basketball practice started on Tuesday, Nov. 17. A squad of a little over two teams turned out. Among the candidates are Capt. Savage, Jones, Adams, Freeman, Torrey, Estes, Mulvaney, Hayes, Cleveland, Caswell, Webster, West, and Redman. The prospects for a winning team seem very good indeed, if the team is given the right sort of support. Games are being arranged with the best teams in this part of the state and also of the western section. The first game comes on Dec. 11, when the Alumni are the opponents.



PERSONALS



Miss H-v-y, '15, in French: Une montre de cuivre accrochee au mur.

A brass watch, hooked to the sea.

In Latin, Miss W.: Mr. E-t-n, please decline "vir" meaning man.

Mr. E-t-n, '17: Is that masculine or feminine?

Mme. B. (finding pencil mark on desk cover): Monsieur, I hope that you are not marking on the door of your table!

Miss H. (dictating note-book work): Please slip on a piece of paper.

Mr. V.: If you stand on your head and grasp this wire in your right hand, you can easily see which way the current is running through it.

Mrs. M. (to wondering student during the shorthand period): Mr. C., will you please tell me what kind of a stroke you would use for the "simp" in sympathy?

G-n-b-rg, '16 (in French): I know nothing. (Everybody laughs).

G-n-b-rg to teacher: Well, isn't that right?

Teacher in Latin: Give me the dative singular of "donum."

Pupil: Do' no, sir.

Teacher: Correct. Sit down.

In English: Silas' guineas were able to talk back to him.—Strange.

In English: Silas had a great many "guineas."

K-ng, '17: Money or men?

Miss L. (in singing): Were you working then, Mr. I-gr-h-m?

I-gr-h-m, '16: No, I was singing.

D-nn-tt, '16 (noticing a pile of green dust-bane in corridor): "There are the remains of some freshman who has taken an algebra test.

Cl-v-l-nd, '15 (translating): The soldiers who had perished, died.

Mr. Eaton to F. Eaton, '17: I am sorry your name is Eaton and I want the class to know that you are no relation to me.

Mr. Cl-v-l-nd, '15 (in French): Un jour elle avait ete ramenee pour tout a fait au pays.

One day she had been taken together to the country.

Some kind hearted people sent a barrel of apples to aid in the relief of Belgium, but the Germans captured them as they were **Northern Spies.**

Miss MacS: The boy came and got his grandfather's goat.



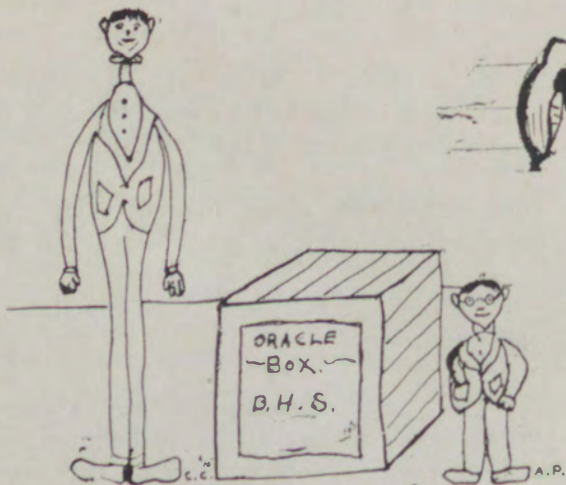
THE DEBATER



THE ART EDITOR PUT HIS WHOLE SOUL INTO HIS WORK



TRACK WORK HAS BEGUN!



MUTT AND JEFF IN BANGOR HIGH.

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW

There was a young lady named Thaxter,
Who could answer all French questions
axter.

She could talk "polly voo,"
And talk English, too,
And no problem in Chemistry taxter.

Fresh-complexioned, fair of hair,
Always bright and debonair,
You can guess the girl I mean,
Every day at school she's seen.

Who's the Adonis of the Senior Class?
Especially to a particular lass?
Smiling or grave, as the case may be,
Talking or silent, a dandy is he.

There is a young lady named Gladys
Who strange to relate never sadys,
Good natured and sweet,
One we all like to meet,
And seldom or never she madys.

Miss R.: Mr. C-v-n-d, recite the quotation.

Mr. C., '15: I am loath to begin.

In History Class, Miss C. at the board
making an outline: Now what shall we
do next?

Mr. Gl-ss, '17: Make a date!

Mrs. M. to Miss M-ll-r: Put your paper
on the outside of the sheet.

Mr. D-n-v-n, '15 (in English): Many a
morning on the moorlands, did we hear the
corpses sing.

Miss W. (in science, as she doubles up her
arm to show energy): Now there is energy
in my arm, though not much. Now who
can tell me what produces that energy?

Voice from back of room: Your brain!

The Oracle Contributor's Catechism. (With Apologies to Life).

Question: What is a story?

Answer: Some written pages with the
author's name on the outside.

Q. How may an Oracle contributor be
recognized?

A. By his unreadable essays and the
stories he intends to write.

Q. What class of Oracle contributors
predominates?

A. Those whose essays are not accepted.

Q. What is the favorite thought of an
Oracle contributor?

A. "I could write the sort of stuff Editor
X. does, but I don't wish to."

Q. To ensure recognition what must the
Oracle contributor possess?

A. A family.

Q. Are any Oracle contributions not ac-
cepted?

A. O, yes; the best stories by Oracle
contributors are not accepted. Ask them!

In English class, where Rip Van Winkle
is being studied.

Teacher: What is a well-oiled disposi-
tion?

Student: One that doesn't squeak.

Things Sophomores Can Tell You.

How to read Latin—Miss L-n-r-d, '17.

How to use dimples—Miss H-d-gk-n-s, '17.

How to cultivate curly hair—H-l-s-n, '17.

How to play the piano—Miss H-r-s-h-y, '17.

How to catch 'em—Miss C-l-r-k, '17.

How to play basketball—Miss All-n, '17.

How to get to school on time—Sn-d-r, '17.

How to become a good shot—Practice on
the waste-paper basket.

How to be happy—Miss D-dd, '17.

How to improve your complexion—C-yt-ng,
'17.

How to become bright—Buy a red wig.

Muff and Jett.

The Oracle is glad to be able to present to its readers for the first time in any publication a part of the rapid-fire dialogue used by the famous vaudeville comedians, Muff and Jett. It is hoped that these artists may be induced to appear at the Bijou in the near future, when the management will, no doubt, issue complimentary tickets to all members of the Freshman class.

Muff—Hear about the chemical experiment at the High School?

Jett—No, what was it?

M—Glass saw a Carr and it made him turn to rubber.

J—Oh, Shute, can you tell me why they have so many Barnes in Bangor.

M—That's easy. It's for the Farmer!

J—Wright you are. Now, in these dry times you know we have to Drinkwater.

M—Yes, but that's all right if you don't Drolet.

J—Yes, but Honey, did you ever see a Savage with a Derby on his head?

M—No, Darling, but I've seen a Redman with a Kane.

J—Noble being—Can you tell me the best use for a Hamm?

M—Frey it. Why did Ethel Rideout?

J—Because she had a Ford.

M—Yes, but there was Snow on the ground.

J—I know it, and Frost in the air.

M—Good thing she didn't Freese. Did you know I am a fine Bowler?

J—Ewer?

M—Yes. I Chase the balls.

J—That's better than Holden 'em. Where were you this morning?

M—Oh, down the Lane. Say, have you seen my new Dymond?

J—No, was it Costley?

M—Well, cost a good Price, but I don't Bragg about it. Say, can you Reed?

J—A little, why?

M—Well, Reed this Page in the Daley paper.

J—I'll have to Hunt for my glasses first. But why the Furrow on your brow?

M—I'm afraid they will Lynch us if we don't stop this.

J—Oh, no, the worst we will get is a Whalen.

M—Yes, or a Corning. Where did you get your new suit?

J—From my Taylor, of course.

M—I didn't know you were a Byer. But say who do you consider the best teacher in the High School?

J—Ware.

M—I said in the High School.

J—Yes and I said Ware.

M—I know you said where and I told you in the High School.

J—Look here. You asked me who was the best teacher in the High School and I said Ware.

M—Now don't get into a Furey, I told you once—in the High School.

J—Well, Ware.

M—See here, you're a Thorne in my side. Now once more, who is the best teacher in the High School?

J—My Cousins.

M—Your Cousins what?

J—My Cousins Trickey.

M—I don't doubt your Cousins Trickey. Can you tell me why the manual training teacher is so successful?

J—Because he keeps his Toolles sharp.

M—Say, this was rather Sweet when we started, but it's all turned to Wormwood—Let's quit.

Together—Good night.

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