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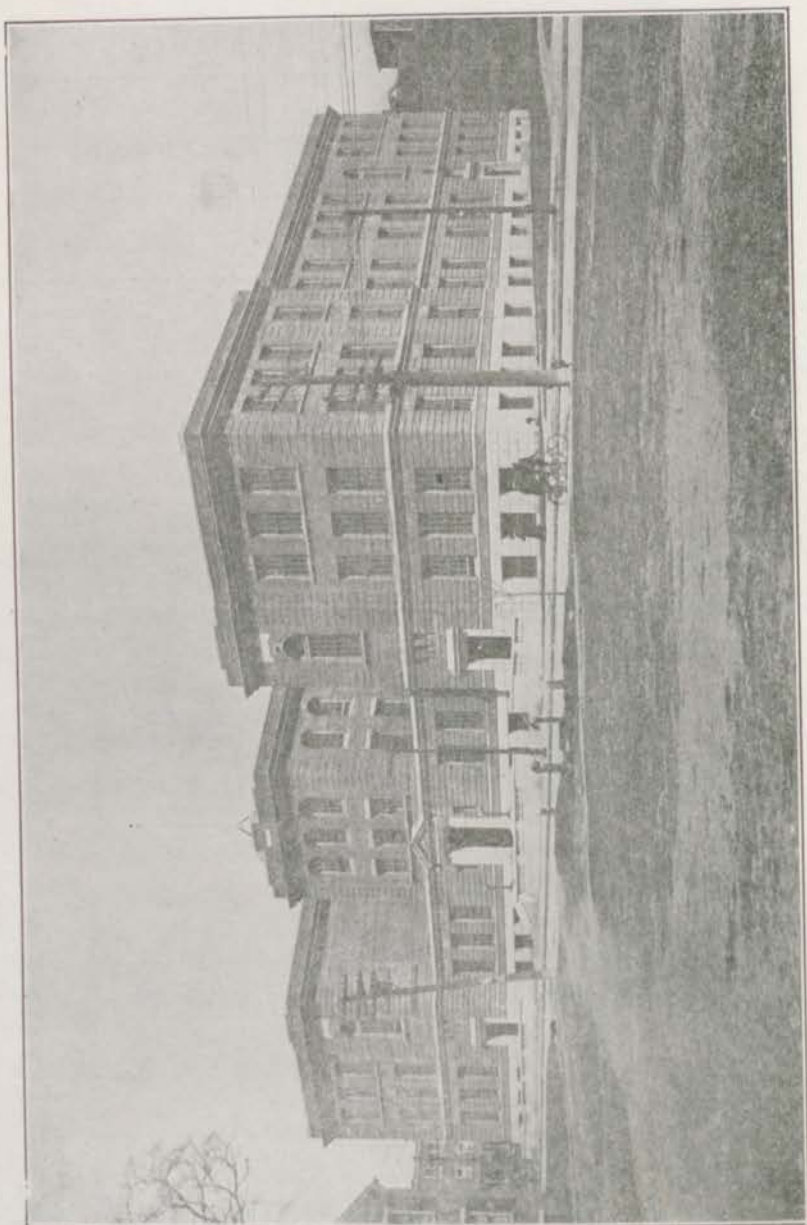
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ALMA MATER.

# THE ORACLE

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## The Oracle Board



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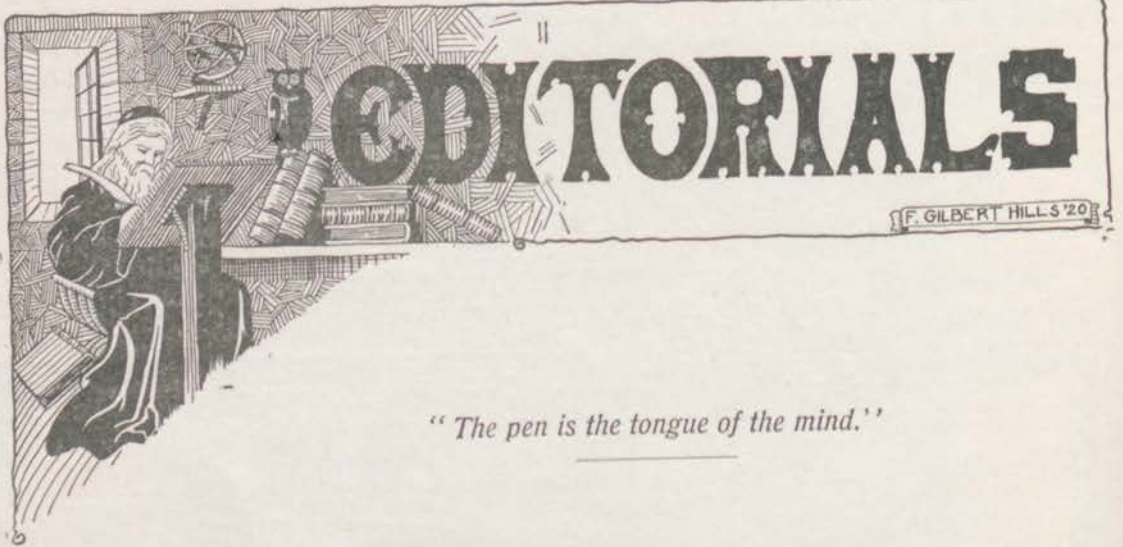
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*"The pen is the tongue of the mind."*

The life of William Livingstone, head of the biggest shipping organization of its kind in the world—the Lake Carriers' Association—is a fine example of pluck and perseverance.

He was sixteen years old when he read a book—"The Life of George Stephensen"—that impressed him as nothing else in his life had done. "Stephensen was never cast down by obstacles but seemed to take great pleasure in grappling with them, and he always rose from each encounter a stronger as well as a wiser man. He knew nothing of those sickly phantasies, in which some men, who suppose themselves to be 'geniuses,' are apt to indulge. When he failed in one attempt, he tried again and again, until eventually he succeeded."

This was a paragraph that impressed young Livingstone greatly, and was, without doubt, he said, the cause of his successful career.

Sixty-two years have come and gone since that, and today he is president of the Lake Carriers' Association—an office to which he has been elected unanimously for the last eighteen years, and for the last

twenty-three years he has been president of one of the strongest savings banks in the Middle West.

As a tribute to his financial ability the American Bankers' Association elected him president in 1912, when he was sixty-eight years old.

Moreover, for many years, he has been president of the Detroit Banking House Association.

His whole life from beginning to end was full of hard battles with every kind of foe; but he won out in every one of them. No other man has been responsible for so many aids to navigation on the Great Lakes. Almost single-handed, he battled for seven years to conquer the "Hell Gate" of the lakes—the shallow, treacherous Lime Kiln Crossing in the Detroit river. Eventually he won; and Congress decreed that it should forever bear the name of the man whose fight had made it possible. Does not all this inspire us to be persevering and brave, always thinking of our duty to others first and always good natured and smiling? Mr. Livingstone, when questioned whether or not he ever had inspirations, replied:



"This quality they call 'inspiration' is one of the most worthless commodities I know of. It's not inspiration but **preparation** that counts. You hear about men rising to an emergency—and they often do. But the man who rises to an emergency is the man who has fitted himself to do so by years of labor and study and work. Genius is supposed to be some peculiar capacity for spontaneous accomplishment. If so, it's one of the rarest things in the world. I've been studying business and human beings for more than sixty years, and I've never yet seen anything permanently worth while that was accomplished on the spur of the moment. Natural ability, even when accompanied by the spirit to win, is never sufficient. **Preparation** is always needed."

We hear a good deal lately about sportsmanship and its extreme importance in all kinds of athletics. Practically **Sports-** all of the boys understand the meaning of this term and probably most of the girls have at least a vague idea of its meaning. The dictionary defines a sportsman as follows: "One who in sports is fair and generous; one who has recourse to nothing illegitimate; a good loser, and a graceful winner."

It is true that some athletic teams have larger and more powerful men, better coaching, and better opportunities of making a champion team. But stop and think! Any team and any human being in the world has an equal chance with any other in the field of sportsmanship. What would your opinion be of a school which repeatedly challenged the decisions of the officials? Do they for a minute think they can see the game more correctly from the bleachers or gallery (as the case may be), than the officials themselves, who are but a few feet away from the play? This is where the spectators can show their brand of sportsmanship. The days are over when the defeated side used to show their chagrin by

hurling stones at the victors. Today the losers acknowledge that the winners had the better team and compliment themselves on the kind of sportsmanship they showed while in the face of defeat.

Sportsmanship is by no means confined to the athletic battlefield. One finds a certain type of it everywhere he turns. All sorts of "cribbing" in school show a low down violation of lesson sportsmanship. It is better to have tried and failed than to "crib" and thus lower everyone's opinion of you, and give you absolutely no benefit. Another keen type is used at home in your living room when the family is gathered around the parchesi board. Right there is where you will quickly find the sort of a person you are playing against. One who cheers when he is winning, and "gets sore" when he is losing, is certainly a poor sportsman.

A prominent football coach recently summed up sportsmanship in the following way:

"When two football teams meet on the field they are being doubly tested. First, they are matching athletic power against other athletic power; second, they are matching their brand of sportsmanship against that of the other team. The sportsmanship of each is determined by the respect which each has for the rights of the other, the rulings of officials and the rules of the game. The word, sportsmanship, has no exact synonym. The nearest one that can be found is the word, "respect."

When you go to the next basketball game, look for two elements in the contest, athletic power and sportsmanship. To be a good sportsman does not mean to cheer and wave your hat when the other team scores a basket, but to enthusiastically applaud when they execute a clever and novel play, or shoot a spectacular basket. When our team loses, which we trust will be seldom, cheer them for doing their best. **Don't be a "crab."**

# LITERARI



*"Literature is an Avenue to Glory."*

## THE BUGLE GIRL

By Anna C. Ebbeson, '24

### Part III

MISS WAKELY entered, last of all the camp infirmary. There Juanita lay, pale and feverishly gasping for breath. She knew no one. Miss Wakely gave her water.

"Do you want anything?" she asked.

Juanita turned restlessly and muttered feebly, "Leave me alone, I'm tired."

No one laughed or sang that day. Nor did they for the following week.

Nita slept very lightly. The slightest noise aroused her. Some one, usually the nurse, sat by her bed continually. Throughout the first night, she tossed restlessly, sleeping for five minute periods at the longest. Being unconscious, she talked of everything. Not one clue could be discovered from her rambling talk, for her words were mumbled for the most part.

Two and three days passed with no change. It was announced that her illness was caused from worrying. The only conclusion drawn by Miss Wakely was her trouble with the girls.

For a week nothing was thought of in camp but Juanita, who was hovering so near Death's door that at times it appeared she had slipped quite across the threshold.

Those days were dull ones for the girls. To find amusement was unthought of.

They would take walks, but not long ones, however, because they would always wish to come back and inquire about Juanita, usually in hopes that there might be an errand to take up their time. Miss Wakely needed many things from the village drug store for Juanita.

After ten days had passed, the news was spread that Juanita was on the road to recovery. This news was hailed with delight by everyone who heard it. She was now left alone for intervals, sometimes as long as two hours. Her sleep came more regularly.

During the third week, she was up and around, for an hour at a time. Life was brought back to the camp.

Juanita gained rapidly. The dark circles left her eyes and the roses began to gather in her cheeks. Once more she was back with the girls. She could not join them in their heavy games, as her strength had not fully returned.

The boys seized this opportunity to challenge the girls for a swimming race.

"It won't be a fair one," argued Beatrice. "Juanita won't be allowed to enter, and Paul is the best one you have. He can beat us all without half trying."

"Well, is that so?" questioned Paul, who was listening with great interest.

"Yes, it is," quickly responded Marcia,



"and you know it, too! If you'll drop Paul this time, we'll race. There! That's final!"

At her emphasis, the boys laughed. "All right, Marcia, it's a go, then," called Bob as soon as he could speak, for upon Marcia's face was a stern look. "We'll drop Paul, if it won't hurt him, and the race will be held day after tomorrow, and that's Thursday. Does that satisfy you, little one?" he added.

To be called "little one" had always angered Marcia. Although she was small, she did not wish to be called so. With a stately, "We'll race then, at nine o'clock sharp," she turned and walked away from the group. If she stayed, she felt sure that they would tease her. Juanita, seeing Marcia depart, hurriedly joined her. Together the two walked towards the landing where they got into a canoe and pushed off into the lake.

On Thursday, Mr. Sun wore his brightest apparel and was doing his best to make it a perfect day. It was perfect, too—for campers—but those unfortunate people, who were obliged to remain in the cities, did not see one thing to be pleased about. In fact, no one could think of a pleasant thing to say, with the sweat running in brooklets from their faces, their clothes feeling as though they had just passed through the wringer, without being dried, their mouths dry, and all yearning for cold drinks. No one could be happy there,—but at the lake it was different, very different. A light breeze was rippling the surface of the water, and all were comfortable.

A few minutes before nine, everyone was on the shore, waiting for the race to commence. The first race was composed of four girls and an equal number of boys. At the shot of the pistol, sixteen arms went forward and eight bodies were seen to make their way through water. Three boys led, followed by Marcia—fourth. Slowly she passed one and then another. She had gained second place! To go forward for first was impossible. Holding her place as

second was hard enough. They neared the finishing line, then—the end. Ted held first for the boys; Marcia was second for the girls; while third and fourth places were also taken care of by the boys.

The second race, made up of the same number, those entering being unable to swim as well as the first, was started. The boys held the lead in this one, also. Suddenly, Beatrice, who was third, gave a shrill call and went down.

Alice, who was watching this race, sprang into the water, and with quick, even strokes, came to where Beatrice had disappeared. Everyone watched anxiously as she reappeared, holding the lost one. On the shore first aid was applied and Beatrice soon revived.

To make a heroine from a snob may, at times, bring forth good results. In this case, as in most others, it did not. Alice's snobbishness, which had been lost since Juanita's illness, a matter of two weeks, returned.

Juanita was once more an outcast. Everyone did as Alice bade them. The woods were Juanita's sole companions again.

Then came three days of steady rain and Juanita could no longer find refuge in the woods. These days were lonely ones for her. There was no news from home, because the roads were in too bad a condition for travel now. She never left her tent except to send forth the morning call and taps.

On the fourth day, Paul went to the village and returned with the mail for both camps. About noon, when he crossed the lake towards the girls' camp, Mr. Sun opened his doors in the heavens and was greeted by all.

The following days passed with the usual routine, and all went well until one day towards the end of August.

It was late Wednesday afternoon when huge clouds began to darken the heavens. At supper, the rumble of thunder was



heard in the distance. After the meal, Juanita departed and sought comfort in the grove. She remained there, scarcely an hour, however, when sharp flashes of lightning became frequent, accompanied by loud roars of thunder.

Woods are about the most dangerous places during an electric storm. Because of this, Juanita left hurriedly and went to her tent. It was more than an hour before first taps, so she turned towards the beach. All the other girls were amusing themselves in the Recreation hall, so the shore was hers, and she wandered listlessly back and forth.

As the minutes passed the storm came nearer and nearer, until Juanita was forced to return to her tent.

She lit a small lamp that stood upon the table and reclining on the bed, became rapt in the adventures of "Black Caesar's Clan," forgetting the storm outside her loneliness, and the time. She was aroused by the sound of a tremendous crash that seemed to shake the whole earth. Looking at her watch, she was surprised to find that it was past nine o'clock. She snatched the bugle and ran to her post.

Just as the last notes of the bugle died into an echo, another crash came, and with it the first rain. Juanita ran to her tent. The rain now came down in torrents and all the world was black except the bright flashes in the sky.

The half hour that passed was the longest one she had ever lived through. Her book no longer held her interest. At intervals shorter than two minutes each, she was upon her feet, looking from her door. For the first time she really wanted companions.

Finally, half past nine came. The rain had given up its race and was now coming more slowly; but no one had answered the previous call. She rose, donned her rain coat, picked up her bugle, turned out the

light, and made her way through the darkness. As she reached her station, she turned towards the Lodge. Just then the storm broke again, and she ran to the Lodge.

She paused at the door for breath. Then she turned the door knob; but, alas! the door was locked! From within came the sound of girls walking back and forth over the floor while others were calling out orders. She pounded her fists upon the door and after what seemed to her hours, but what was only a few minutes, the door opened.

One glance through the room told her that there had been trouble.

Alice lay on the lounge in the farthest corner from the door. She was as white as a ghost and trembling like a leaf.

What happened next no one could tell. Juanita's coat was thrown on the floor and for the first time all were heeding her orders.

As the storm's fierceness disappeared the girls played at the piano, first one, then another.

When the flashes had become very dim and the rumbles just murmurs, Marcia was playing. As the last refrain of Silvery Waves died away—all was silent. This was broken by Juanita's question:

"There's just one thing I want to know. Why do you all snub me so?"

Then an awkward silence fell upon all. After the hands of the clock had ticked three minutes—the longest known to all—Marcia faced the ivory keys. She softly played "the morning call," followed by "taps" and then—one by one the girls' voices chimed in singing—

"Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,  
Some day, they're going to find him dead,  
I'll amputate his reveille,  
And step upon it heavily,  
And spend the rest of my life in bed."

Then the bugle-girl understood.

[The End]

## GRADE A

Anonymous

I suppose the first thing that I must do is to introduce myself: I am a lord of high degree, Grade A, at your service.

My four younger brothers, B, C, D, and F perhaps you all know, as they seem to be very sociable chaps and make friends easily; while I, on the other hand, am rather exclusive. Therefore, I am not seen much in company. I delight in boys and girls and should so much like to be a close friend of each and every one, but for some strange reason or other I never get a chance to meet many of them. I suppose because my castle is a structure termed often a "school," they are afraid of me. I am extremely sorry for this fear, for if they only knew what a kind and good friend I should be to them, they would try at once to know and understand me.

I have been often called "an eccentric old crank" because of my ideas. I have always said that I did not care to meet any boy or girl who did not come up to my standard.

Now to those who would like to know me and to have me for a true friend always, I shall tell what I think a student-knight boy or girl, should be.

The first foe to conquer is Preparation. Really he is not as fierce an ogre as he is generally thought to be; in fact, Determination, together with Ability and Concentration, can conquer him with little trouble. The student does not seem to realize this; so instead of going on to meet the enemy, he retreats. To pacify Conscience he says, "Oh, well, I never could be victorious anyway!" This attitude is altogether a wrong one to take. When Report-Card, the King of the realm, reprimands the student and tells him that he has not been

conducting himself as a knight should, he realizes that he must do differently if he wishes to retain his self-respect. He knows just where his mistakes have been and he starts straightway to mend his errors.

The worst fight is over when Preparation is conquered. The student conquers by studying hard until every little detail is clear to him. While studying, he thinks of little schemes to help him remember what he is learning, for he knows that of course these details will never do him any good if he can't recall them.

Now when drill hour comes, he has no qualms before entering the room; on the other hand, he enters bravely and confidently, knowing that he has done the very best that is in him to do and that he has at last conquered Preparation. Because he is interested after studying he pays strict attention to what his instructor tells him, brushing up what he has already gained and learning much more. He finds another little scheme now by which to remember these new things. In this way, he gains and retains that much needed Knowledge to help him in future battles.

Now that he is learning more every day, his speech is broadening, although he is hardly conscious of the fact. Now that he is not confined to the small, petty phrases that he once used, he can talk much more fluently and can express his thoughts in a very pleasing manner.

After learning so much he does not stop. Instead he pushes on and on, for he knows that there is always something new to grasp and keep for himself. In this way our student knight has conquered Preparation, Recitation and Poor Speech; he also has made a close friend of Progress.



## THE MYSTERY OF MEMORY

By Paul Martin, '25

TOWARD the end of the seventeenth century the fur traders and explorers along the St. Lawrence were menaced by the Indians. It was on this account that Captain Marquette with his wife, his little daughter, Marie, and two younger sons, came to establish a fort between the sites where now stand the cities of Montreal and Quebec.

Good fortune did not continually come the captain's way, for one day his two sons who had gone out to play in the nearby woods were surprised and captured by the Indians. For days,—in fact weeks, the captain went on long searches for his lost sons, but he found never a sign nor trace of them. Grief-stricken, his young wife weakened and then gave way to death. Thus bereaved, the brave captain, with his little Marie, was left to carry on the work of the fort alone.

The Indians after they had brought the two boys into their camp left for new grounds, and so all hope of escape for the boys was lost. The Indians were very kind to the lads. The chief grew so fond of them that he had them live with him in his tepee. Slowly their language fell away from them and they became familiar with the signs and tongue of the Indian. They adapted themselves to the Indian mode of living. They learned to hunt and fish like real Indian boys and grew up to be strong, healthy young men. Thoughts of home faded from their minds. Living among Indians and in Indian localities, they soon assimilated the Indian spirit and became loyal members of the tribe.

On an early fall afternoon, twenty years later, Marie, now grown to womanhood, was alone picking berries just outside the stockade. Her father and about sixty other men had gone to survey the country farther

up the St. Lawrence. "Father and his men ought to be down at the landing," she said to herself as she rose, picking up her basket of fruit. Just then in the bushes, some distance from where she stood, she saw what appeared like the feathers of two Indians. A moment later they moved and Marie, now convinced of what she saw and judging that the Indians lurking in the ambush were about to make an attack, crept back into the stockade and closed and locked the heavy door. She soon warned the inhabitants and within a short time the women and children were in the round house, and the stockade was in as complete readiness for an attack as the absence of the captain and his men would permit.

The Indians during the summer, had caused little disturbance. Probably they had learned that a number of the men were away from the fort and chose this as a favorable time to assault it.

By the changes of fortune the lost tribe had returned to their old camping ground and there had united with two other tribes. It was warriors from the united tribes who were now threatening the stockade, and, as chance would have it, among them were these lost sons, now grown men and leaders in their tribe. To them the places seemed to take on a strange, familiar aspect the nearer they approached the stockade. Memories came back, now vague and indistinct, now distinctly as when one suddenly illuminates a dark space with a flashlight. They seemed to be in a dreamland which every moment became more real. Places of old rendezvous that had faded from their minds stood vividly before them. So strangely impressed were they that they confided their thoughts to each other. One place in particular made them certain that this was their childhood home. Gazing upon a mighty oak, they saw carved distinctly,



a cross. That cross had a story. Soon after the Marquettes had arrived and established the fort, an old missionary priest, following up the adventurous members of his flock, had come and dwelt for some days with them. He was a godly man, and one day, soon after his arrival, he called together under that oak the chiefs of the neighboring tribes and attempted vainly to make a lasting peace between them and the white men. In his discourse he told them about the cross of Christ and its meaning, and to make it more vivid he cut the large cross in the tree upon which their eyes were now fixed. The picturesqueness of that scene made its deep impression. The captain, with his soldiers; the Indian chiefs, with their paint and feathers and odd dress, supported by their men of honor; and the saintly old priest, with his flowing robes and solemn mien,—all this now vividly returned. The young men decided that if the stockade proved indeed to be their old home, and if their father was still in command, they would get inside its walls and surrender themselves.

In the meanwhile within the fort itself things began to take on the air of awaiting the attack. Lookouts reported that the Indians had almost surrounded the fortification. Spirits were very low for they knew that the Indians were waiting for dusk to fall and then would make the advance. The arrival of the men was their only hope. The sun had set far in the west, a haze rose on the river so that it was impossible to see whether or not the men were in sight. For a moment there was almost absolute quiet. A crow flew wildly over the stockade, cawing its weird tones of horror to the terrified people. Then, with a wild yell, the Indians, led by the two young chieftains, broke loose from their inclosure and fell upon the almost helpless ramparts.

The Indian warwhoops were heard, however, by the captain and his men as they were effecting their landing. The Indians

were making desperate attempts to get into the stockade. Just as they had finished pulling down the big door and the young chieftains, followed by their warriors, rushed in, a volley of bullets rang through the air, scattering the attacking forces and leaving the two chieftains within the barricade. For a moment the Indians resisted, but another volley sent them, yelling, to the woods. The captain and his men entered and the young chieftains threw down their weapons as tokens of surrender. The captain ordered them to be tied to two posts at the end of the stockade where they would be under the guard of the night watch.

That night within the round house, the captain held a council to determine what should be done with the prisoners. After several opinions had been expressed, the captain declared that they should be shot as an example for others to keep away. It was decided that they should be executed before sunrise the next morning.

That night the old captain carried with him strange impressions. He could not convince himself that these two young warriors were real Indians. Their countenances bore a haunting expression that seemed not Indian. But the stern commander would not change his decision.

At dawn next morning, arrangements were made for the execution. The captain arose from a sleepless night. Somehow memories of that first, sad year at the fort had kept streaming through his mind, making sleep impossible. They were still haunting him as he gave the command that the prisoners be led forth for execution. He took his stand where he could gain a full view of the young men's faces as they were led toward him. As they passed the captain, a shudder ran through him like a shock, his eyes filled with tears, he seemed to see the blurred form of one he never could forget. Yet he remained resolute.

The prisoners were caused to stand against the wall. The firing squad of eight

loaded their muskets and stood ready to fire. As the captain was about to give the command, "Feu!" the older of the two young prisoners cried out in broken French, "Mon Pere!" Something in that voice en-

tered his soul. He ordered the guns lowered. Hastening to the young men, he gazed into their eyes. As he stood gazing into their countenances he saw lineaments that made all further doubt impossible.

## MAKING BEAUTY

By Gretchen Hayes, '25.

**B**EAUTY is the touch of God. Therefore, a beautiful thing is pleasing to the heart of man.

Beauty in its purest form is found only in nature because God has finished the making of nature and therefore, there is naught but beauty there.

There is beauty in man, and his works, too, because men are God's children and made in His image.

Michelangelo's great masterpiece in the Sistine chapel is full of spirit and life which could not be unless God were in it, and it is the same with other art—the form must express spirit—else it is not beauty.

There is beautiful music, but it is beautiful only in so far as it is full of the spirit of God; only in so far as it lifts man's thought and feeling nearer to Him.

The same is true of literature. The great masterpieces are the writings that have the freshness and invigorating strength of the morning wind, the high vision of the open sky, or some other expression of the spirit

of God.

The beauty of literature is in high purpose, words chosen to convey beautiful and varied thoughts, and in the harmony of perfect form, just as the beauty of a sunrise is in its great purpose, that of making a man look up; its varied beauty of color and form; and in the harmony of the whole.

Long, hard work is necessary to make any kind of beauty. There must be many imperfect forms which inadequately express the spirit before the perfect and therefore beautiful, expression.

There are many who have not the power to make beauty as expressed in art, but there is one kind of beauty which everyone can develop. It is the highest form of beauty possible to man because it must have God in it more than anything else man does and is what God wishes every man to labor for, above all else. Without beauty of character no other man-made beauty is possible and the only way to procure it is to put God into the individual human life.

## THE ROCK

Ruth Hunt.

Out in the ocean, bare and bleak,  
A great rock stood alone,  
The waves dashed wildly at its feet,  
And the roar of the surf, and the foam  
Spread for yards around.

The rock was black, and the sea was gray,  
And a beautiful ship was she,  
All in white, for that very same day  
She had sailed from the Zuyder Zee.

The rock was black, and the ship was  
white,  
But nevertheless they met,  
The helmsman luffed with all his might,  
But she struck with her sails full set.

Out in the ocean, bare and bleak,  
A great rock stands alone,  
The waves dash wildly at its feet  
And the roar of the surf, and the foam  
Spreads for yards around.



## HIS FALSE FRIEND

By Prescott F. Dennett, '25

**D**OUBTLESS you have all read of the devotion of dogs to their masters, but the story I am to tell in some ways contradicts this devotion and may seem strange to many. However, if they had known the animal it would seem very real to them.

Henry Soule, hunter and trapper, stood bending over his sleeping partner—Jack Shay. He had a plan, the thought of which caused a bright light to shine from his eyes. The two trappers, Soule and Shay, had had a pretty good season. There was about eight hundred dollars' worth of furs in Soule's pack and nine hundred in his partner's. Soule was about to do a thing which all true woodsmen loathe, namely to desert and rob the helpless Shay. This in itself, was bad enough but Jack Shay was suffering from a bad leg and it was a good eight or nine miles to the nearest hamlet.

There had been no dispute or any falling out which might at all justify Soule's desertion of his partner. He had simply acted on the impulse of the moment and now as he raised the pack of his sleeping and injured partner, the light in his eyes grew brighter. He was pondering on the possibility that by hard snowshoeing he would be able to reach Port Henry before morning, sell the furs, and quit the region before any one awoke to the realization of foul play. Perhaps this little scheme of the deserter's might have come about if his most trusted friend had not been along.

Soule, deciding he was ready for his long tramp, whistled for his dog, Jip. There was no response and again he whistled with the same result. At this, Soule gazed about sharply and discerned his dog crouching in the lean-to near the sleeping Shay. The dog's eyes rested first on Soule's own pack and then on Shay's, both of which were now on Soule's shoulders. Then the dog's eyes

would return from Shay's pack to Shay himself with meaning as plain as words. The trapper, stunned beyond measure, advanced upon Jip. His dog's attitude had completely surprised him for never before had he known Jip to fail to respond to his call. He patted Jip, thinking he had suddenly gone mad, but the dog only growled. Soule then tried violent methods, placing his hand on the dog's collar in an attempt to pull him along. However, the dog showed his teeth and barked menacingly, crouching closer to the sleeper.

At this Soule, fearing his partner would awake, desisted from trying to make Jip accompany him and, attaching his snowshoes, tramped away into his first real crime without the fellowship of his only remaining friend—his dog.

It took Soule considerable time to explain the dog's conduct to himself. Time and again, Jip had fought well and hard for his master's life, and now—could it be possible that he had actually refused to accompany him? When Soule remembered how the dog's eyes had regarded the two packs it awakened in his mind a forgotten recollection of what an old, old man had once tried to tell him about right and wrong. Was it possible that the dog realized the underhanded trick? The thought of it made the trapper's heart melt. He loved his dog as only a man who has to fight dangers can love a good friend. Before he had not thought of Jip as having any sense of right or wrong but now, as he ploughed through the weary miles, he came, more and more, into the realization of his crime.

Meanwhile, Jip watched his master out of sight and then ran away in the opposite direction toward Durmack, the home of the injured Shay. It was to this hamlet that the two trappers were bound before Soule had deserted his partner. Durmack was a



number of miles distant, but Jip knew the way well as he had often been there with his master. At his arrival he had the whole small town out to hear his story. Those people, living close to nature, were accustomed to having such things occur, and they knew, as truly as if the dog had spoken, that some crisis had arisen.

Armed with provisions, the father and brothers of Shay started forth, following the frantic Jip. The father of Shay was a man whose head revealed the fact that many winters' snows had fallen upon it; but he nevertheless, equalled the snowshoeing of his two sons. Several hours later, arriving at the lean-to, they found young Shay, half frozen and the fire almost out. Soon the Shays took in the situation and realized the foul play.

Leaving one of his sons to care for Shay, old man Shay, accompanied by his other son and Jip, set out to get the robber and deserter, if he had to search all Canada to find him! The remembrance of Shay's pack and the value of it kept the party going all through the night.

As morning's first light shone forth, the Shays were startled by the fierce barking

of Jip and, on looking toward a hill, they saw the object of their search. Then and not until then, did they realize what a wise dog Jip had been.

At the sight of the party Soule deliberately turned about and snowshoed toward them. Soon, he came up with the Shays, who were astonished beyond measure at his action.

"All right, friends," he said, "I robbed him, but let's settle the matter here. Don't take me to them courts. I have learned my crime, but I'm going first to settle a score with the only friend I've got left and he's a false one."

With that he raised his rifle to his shoulder, and, aiming at Jip, fired. However, old man Shay, perceiving his intention, had, as quick as a panther, knocked Soule's rifle from his hands. Whereupon, Henry Soule, making his last effort to kill the traitor, picked up his gun and endeavored to smash Jip with the stock. A black bundle of fur hurled itself into the air and found Soule's throat. The outcry that followed reverberated through the northern woods. Henry Soule's case had been settled in open court by his best friend.

## TYPES OF MUSIC

Elizabeth McGarrigle, '24.

THESE are many kinds of music; each representing a different phase of life. For example, lyric music, representing the human feelings, with its beautiful melody, and singing quality running through the whole composition. Then there are the operas: Aida, with its grand chords and dramatic tones, and Carmen, with its light airs. Then the funeral music, slow, solemn, and sombre. Many people do not care for this latter kind of music, yet, it is true, that many of the greatest pieces of music ever written, are in this line.

There is a great deal in music, which is very human. A real composer makes his

composition picture his feelings and emotions very vividly, and a real lover of music gets those feelings and emotions just as truly out of music as out of a book or a play.

Jazz is very popular at present, and will probably always be lurking somewhere around the corner, but back of it all are the grand old marches, and the beautiful, dreamy waltzes, waiting patiently until the jazz as it is being played now, and will turn to real music for their recreation and amusement. Not music which is just a jumble of notes, but music which can make one do great things, and dream great dreams, and which in the end satisfies and pleases in a way such as jazz can never do.



# LOCALS

*"Murder will out."*

In the spring of the year 1922, when the class of '24 were Sophomores, Mr. Harvey D. Miller, a member of our faculty, organized what is known as the Literary Club. The members were chosen from Mr. Miller's English A Division, and included those who planned to enter any of the larger colleges. The object of the Literary, or English Club, was to give the members an opportunity to widen their range of outside reading by studying together certain literary classics which are not taken up in school. This plan was very successful, and the club has flourished for three years, all the members receiving much enjoyment as well as profit from the work. Up to this year new members have always been elected from the class of '24, but recently two members from the class of '25 have been welcomed into the club. The number of members, for convenience sake, has been limited to twelve, six boys and six girls. The club meets every two weeks at the home of each member in turn. The meeting is called to order by the President, the Secretary's report is read and any business discussed. Then follows the reading, which occupies the greater part of the evening. The book or story is read aloud, each member reading in turn; each chapter is discussed and important points brought out. Following the reading, light refreshments are served, and the club enjoys a social hour. Among the works of literature, which the club has read are: Tale of Two Cities, Hamlet, and short stories, while the club

is now reading Lorna Doone. This club is a source of profit and of pleasure to its members, all of whom appreciate the tireless enthusiasm of Mr. Miller, who has devoted much time and thought to the development of the club.

On Friday, the 14th, the orchestra played all one period, the second period being omitted. The orchestra played exceptionally well, as usual, and several beautiful selections were rendered to the delight of the whole school. The band played for the Freshman chapel. Great credit is due to Mr. Sprague and Mr. Robinson for their work with the orchestra and band.

The football letters were also given out Friday morning in chapel, a considerable number of players having won their letters this year. At the election for captain of the football team, Robert Sullivan was chosen captain for next year, and Manual Epstein, manager.

School closed Friday noon for the Christmas vacation. Of course everyone hated to leave school for two whole weeks, but in the main they managed to conceal their regrets fairly well. The Freshmen were the only ones who really broke down, and of course they were partly consoled by thoughts of Santa Claus. If one could only shout "Vacation," instead of "fire drill," when one wanted the building evacuated, the record would probably be smashed at



the first try. The Lunch Room, where the Oracle was given out, looked like the ticket office at City Hall on the day of the Portland-Bangor basketball game, and there was just about as much room to get around in. To add to the confusion, the doors of the Girls' Locker room remained locked for some five minutes longer than they were supposed to, and that particular corridor looked more like the storming of the Bastille than anything else,—girls even deserted the mirror line to join in the onslaught on the doors. They were finally unlocked and the confusion wasn't much more than doubled. However, everything was straightened out at last. No more studying for two weeks! Pleasant thought, but somewhat tempered by the fact that most of our teachers dealt us out much harder lessons for the first day of the winter term, that being our Christmas present.

On Wednesday, November 28, the insignia for the Girls' Hockey teams were given out. Those who had played on the school team won their school letter, and those who had played on the class team received their class numerals.

In addition to this, arm bands were given out to eight girls who possessed a certain combination of scholarship, leadership and athletic ability. These bands are of red velour with a white stripe. There are two more types of insignia which may be obtained by B. H. S. girls. These are: a red band with two white stripes, to be given to an exceptional leader who possesses also the requirements for the first band, and the other a blue arm band to be given only in a few cases, to a student who possesses exceptional qualities of leadership. Before school closed for the Christmas vacation, one more arm band with a single stripe, was given out, and two arm bands of the second class (red with two white stripes), were given to Margaret Spurr and Avis

Haley, the only two so far to receive this honor.

The Senior election took place December 5, when the following officers were elected: William Snow, President; Margaret Chalmers, Vice President; William McCarthy, Treasurer, and Margaret Daley, Secretary. Stephen Caspar was elected a member of the Athletic Council.

The Junior ring committee, after much deliberation, have decided upon a ring, and the class—having gone through the usual routine of finger measuring—are now anxiously waiting for the rings to arrive. The Seniors, while sympathizing with the impatience of the Juniors, assure them by way of encouragement that the rings most certainly won't arrive before Easter!

The girls, too, are going in for basketball this year with a vim. In fact, so many turned out that they have been divided into groups which practice at different times. Mr. Search, Miss Goodwin and Miss Connor are coaching and in addition to interclass teams, it is hoped and expected that B. H. S. will have a girls' basketball team to represent the school.

The Girls' Debating Society held a meeting on Dec. 10, which was a debate in charge of Miss Townshend. The subject for debate was: Resolved, That Maine Winters Are a Blessing. Miss Copeland and Miss Sawyer spoke on the affirmative and Miss Johnson and Miss McGary on the negative. Open rebuttal followed, then regular rebuttal. The decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative both on the merits of the question and the merits of the debate. The girls will debate the Bates League Question during the winter term. Also a committee was appointed to confer with Mr. Proctor concerning insignia for debaters.





*"Literature is the thought of thinking souls."*

### **LIBRARY INSTRUCTION.**

It has been the custom for several years for the Public Library to give special instructions in the use of libraries. This has proved to be so very successful that we have decided greatly to increase library instruction. Students in all modern high schools are instructed concerning the use of books and libraries; we wished you students of B. H. S. to have this advantage.

The present plan of library instruction is one of cooperation—the Bangor Public Library, the English Department, and the High School Library working together. The instruction, for the present at least, is to be given to the Tenth and Eleventh Grade students. The librarian of the High School Library gives four lessons to the Tenth Grade. Part of each lesson is individual written work and the rank in this work will be included in the English rank. For the present at least, this instruction will be given in the English period. These four lessons are the following:

- I Printed parts of a book.
- II Encyclopaedias.
- III Library classification and card catalogue.
- IV Periodical Literature.

Besides these four lessons, the Tenth Grade English teachers will take up with their classes the study of the dictionary.

We wish you to become familiar, first with a small library and then with a very

much larger one. So, as formerly, the Bangor Public Library gives library instructions to the Eleventh Grade. This consists of a talk by the librarian of the Public Library. He gives a brief history of libraries in general and of our own Public Library in particular. The students of the Eleventh Grade then visit the Public Library in small groups where they are shown through the building, where they have the privileges explained, also classification and the card catalogue. They are then given practical work so that they may know how to make best use of these advantages.

Let's all work together and see how much we can get out of this library instruction!

### **A New Attraction.**

A man who had been engaged to write a circus poster, suddenly found himself at a loss for a fresh adjective.

"See here," he said to his employer, "I don't know what to say about this panther. Have you a thesaurus?"

The manager of the circus looked at him with suspicion.

"No, sir, I have not," he said, "and don't think I shall do anything about getting one this year. I never heard of a circus having one, either, and I've known some good shows. Where are they raised, anyway, I'd like to know?"

—Public Ledger.



*"Should old acquaintance be forgot?"*

Walter Francis Ulmer, '21, has received the highest rank in the West Point examinations, which were conducted in the office of Adj't Gen'l James W. Hanson.

Sergeant Ulmer, who is a member of the Machine Gun Company, of the 103rd Infantry, enlisted in the National Guard organization in May, 1921.

As a result of obtaining the highest rating in the examination, he is eligible for nomination by Governor Baxter to enter the United States Military Academy. Under the present regulations, the governor may, each year, nominate one man from the National Guard, all candidates for nomination being required to have had at least, one year's service before the time of the examination.

Orman Julian Humphrey, '21, has been appointed by President Coolidge, second lieutenant of Infantry, O. R. C., the commission dating from Nov. 23, 1923.

Mr. Humphrey, who is a Junior at the University of Maine, graduated from R. O. T. C. last June, having spent six years in military study, including two years at Camp Devens in the officers' training camps.

Dorothea Dyer, '23, has enrolled at Pratt Institute for a course in Home Economics.

Walter MacCready, '21, has gone to Mobile, Alabama, where he is training to be a manager in a large department store.

Dorothy Freese, '20, who is a Senior at Mt. Holyoke, has been very successful in her college life. Starting in her first year, she became reporter of the Mt. Holyoke News. The next year she was made business manager and this year she is editor of the paper. Miss Freese has also become a member of the Black Stick Society, which is an honorary society of the college.

The following is the list of boys and girls who have joined different societies at the University of Maine:

Daniel Webster, Beta; Burdette O'Connor, Sigma Chi; Arthur Atwood, Kappa Sigma; James Gallagher, Alpha Tau Omega; Herbert Ring, Alpha Tau Omega; Kenneth Field, Phi Kappa Sigma, and Hilton Humphrey, Phi Eta Kappa. All graduated last June.

Among the girls who joined sororities are the following:

Anna Torrens '23, Alpha Omicron Pi; Elizabeth Collins '23, Delta Delta, Delta; Edith O'Connor '23, Chi Omega; Blendina Couillard '23, and Elizabeth Pendleton '21, Phi Beta Phi.

Henry Fairbanks, '23, has joined the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity at Cornell.

Walter Whittier '23, has joined the Delta Kappa Epsilon and Alden H. Sawyer '23, has joined the Alpha Delta Phi fraternities at Bowdoin College.

Leonora Hall '23, has pledged herself to the Chi Omega fraternity at Colby College.





### Rifle Team.

The first match of the year for the rifle club was with the U. of M. Freshman team. Our team won by a margin of six points. The scores of the competitors are as follows:

Bangor High.	U. of M.
Somers .....99	E. Winch.....99
Mayo .....98	Kelso .....98
Chandler .....98	Stickney .....95
Spurling .....97	Kehoe .....95
N. Winch.....95	Chapman .....94
—	—
487	481

Manager Neal is now arranging for a match with Cambridge Latin High School of Massachusetts.

Sergeant Cummings has just received a long letter from Francis Jarvis, one of the former R. O. T. C. men who are in the regular army. His letter comes from Honolulu, Hawaii. He seems very much interested to know about our present unit and our enrollment. He is an instructor at the post Educational School and expert rifleman besides and therefore is receiving much higher

pay than the average. Part of the duty of his regiment seems to be road building and he says that the men greatly prefer that to staying at the barracks. They go in swimming once a day and attend all the festivities of the natives. He closes by saying that he has been in the service a year and three months and has every intention of staying a while longer.

The Commissioned officers of the R. O. T. C. have formed an officers' club. The purpose of this club is to promote interest in all military matters, to discuss additional and advanced work that is of interest and to help support the rifle team and the R. O. T. C. fund.

A meeting was held in the early part of December in which it was decided that a dance might be held in the school assembly hall in order to raise a certain sum of money. The rifle team would be greatly benefited by the purchase of a few high-grade target rifles for use in shooting in the competitions. The plan thus far calls for a lively and entertaining evening with confetti, streamers, etc., and the sum realized would, if the dance was a success, be sufficient to get the rifles.

# PERSONALS



*"Thou art the man."*

## We Wish to Inform B. H. S. That:

1. M. C., '24, is thinking of moving to Portland. Why, Margie?
2. M. McM., '24, has exceeded all forms of etiquette by apologizing to the desk she bumps into.
3. R. B., '24's new name is "Rompers."
4. D. B., '24, says he is studying aesthetic dancing!
5. It would be gratifying if P. H., '24, would return captured jewelry.
6. E. McG., '24, was recently married to Barney Google at the Canoe Club.
7. That P. B., '24, likes Brewer. Why, Paul?

## Notice.

Rose Stone, '25, announces that she wishes to change her name to Violet Rock.

Mrs. Cohen: "My goodness, Izzy, where's the baby?"

Mr. Cohen (in swimming and standing up to his neck): "He's perfectly all right. I've got him by the hand."—Ex.

She: "Don't kiss me. Don't you know it's most unhygienic?"

He: "Let's start an epidemic!"—Ex.

## Impossible.

Don't try to tell us that as the Sophomores straggled home on the last day of the term, before their Christmas vacation, that they recited, "The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year."

## Well-Seasoned.

"So you're a salesman, are you? What do you sell?"

"Salt."

"I'm a salt seller, too."

"Shake!"

## We Hope We'll Be There.

After Philip Smith's clever translation, we are inclined to believe his statement that he will appear in the next Latin class well-bearded, sleek with Stacomb, clothed in a flowing toga, shod in glistening sandals.

## Question and Answer Column.

Q. What is the dangerous age?

A. This is.

Q. Why does a dog wag his tail?

A. To fan himself.

Q. When does a wise dog bite the post-man?

A. When he is bringing bills.

Q. What will become of the young people?

A. They will grow old and worry about the young people, too.

Q. Who thinks himself the cleverest student in B. H. S.?

A. We all do.

## Accommodating.

Mother—"Edward! Edward! What are you doing to Willie?"

Edward—"We're playing house-cleaning and Willie said he'd be the carpet if I'd do the work."



## THE ORACLE

He: "May I hold your Palm Olive?"

She: "Not on your Life Buoy."—Ex.

He: "Mabel, you grow more beautiful every day."

She (pleased): "Oh, Jack, you do exaggerate!"

He "Well, then, every other day."—Ex.

At a Christmas dinner in Washington a well known professor was called upon to speak. In introducing him, the host said to his guests:

"You have given your attention so far to a turkey stuffed with sage. You are now about to give your attention to a sage stuffed with turkey."—Ex.

John: "There are an awful lot of girls who don't want to get married."

Jule: "How do you know?"

John (triumphantly): "I have asked them!"—Ex.

Officer: "Here, you man, it's against the law to spit on the floor!"

Gus: "Then, why did you put up sign?"

Officer: "What sign?"

Gus: "Fine for spitting."—Ex.

### At the Game.

Fair One: "What's that man doing?"

Opposite: "He's warming up."

Fair One: "Why how silly, it's not cold here."—Ex.

### Kind Invitation.

Teacher (at close of first period): "Some time ago my doctor told me to exercise with dumb-bells early every morning. Will the class please join me before breakfast tomorrow?"

### Complete Equipment.

"Wanted—An Experienced Aviator to train me to handle plane. State terms plainly in first letter. I furnish plane, field, and fool."

### Charming Exhibition Held in Assembly Hall.

The Freshmen girls recently held an exhibition of the dolls which they received Christmas. Many dolls were shown, to the pride of the little owners. The first of several prizes was awarded to little Charlotte Adams, who proudly demonstrated a doll which would walk and cry. The second prize was captured by a dainty china doll, the property of Gertrude Ebbeson; while tiny Jeanne Blaisdell dragged in a mammoth rag doll, which received third prize. Miss Mary Young exhibited a huge French doll, with an extensive wardrobe, made entirely by the small owner. A Hawaiian doll in a grass costume, was shown, as were many other beautiful specimens. Every little girl in the class of '27 exhibited at least one. It was agreed by the little ladies of the class that the doll exhibition should become an annual social event, and that at the next affair, the dolls should be served with ice cream and cake.

The Freshman who said that he wouldn't have believed anyone, even Papyrus, could have beaten Dempsey, now thinks that:

1. Santa Claus is a mean old scoundrel.
2. Since Caesar is dead he can't make anyone miserable.
3. The K. K. K. robes are descendants of the Roman togas.
4. John Barleycorn was a famous senator.
5. A—a F—g, '25, never "cuts up."
6. The study rooms are quieter on Tuesday and Thursday than on the other three days.
7. G. Hayes, '25, always studies.
8. M. Spurr can't play basketball.
9. M. Schriver is the largest person in B. H. S.
10. Basketball is all play.
11. Jewelry and gym suits agree.
12. Miss Goodwin doesn't make 'em work.

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2. Mechanical Engineering
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4. Chemical Engineering

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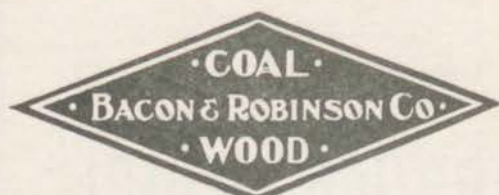
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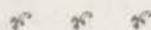
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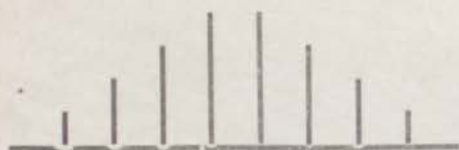
Painting  
and  
Decorating



Wall Papers

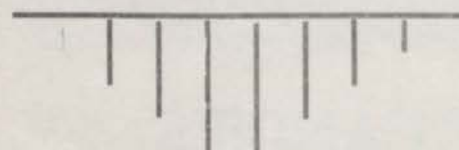


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*"The pictures that are different."*

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Safely, neatly, quickly, cheaply, and Satisfactorily.

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**Pianos, Victrolas and Records  
Sheet Music and Musical  
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**One Price and the Right Price to All**

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**Leads the World in Motor Car Value**

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7 Pass. Big Six—\$1530 del.

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*We Sharpen Safety*

*Electric Massage and Shampoo*

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**Light Lunches and Afternoon Tea**

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**Both Men and Women Served**

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12½-inch

Rex Asphalt Strip Shingles  
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We have them in colors—

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The thrift habit brings prosperity. It makes youth happy, middle age prosperous and old age comfortable.

This is no better way to the habit of thrift than that of the

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AND GET THE BEST

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Fruit of All Kinds

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Everything in Footwear  
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