

Jan 1917



# THE ORACLE

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

Staff Number

January 1917

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38 MAIN STREET

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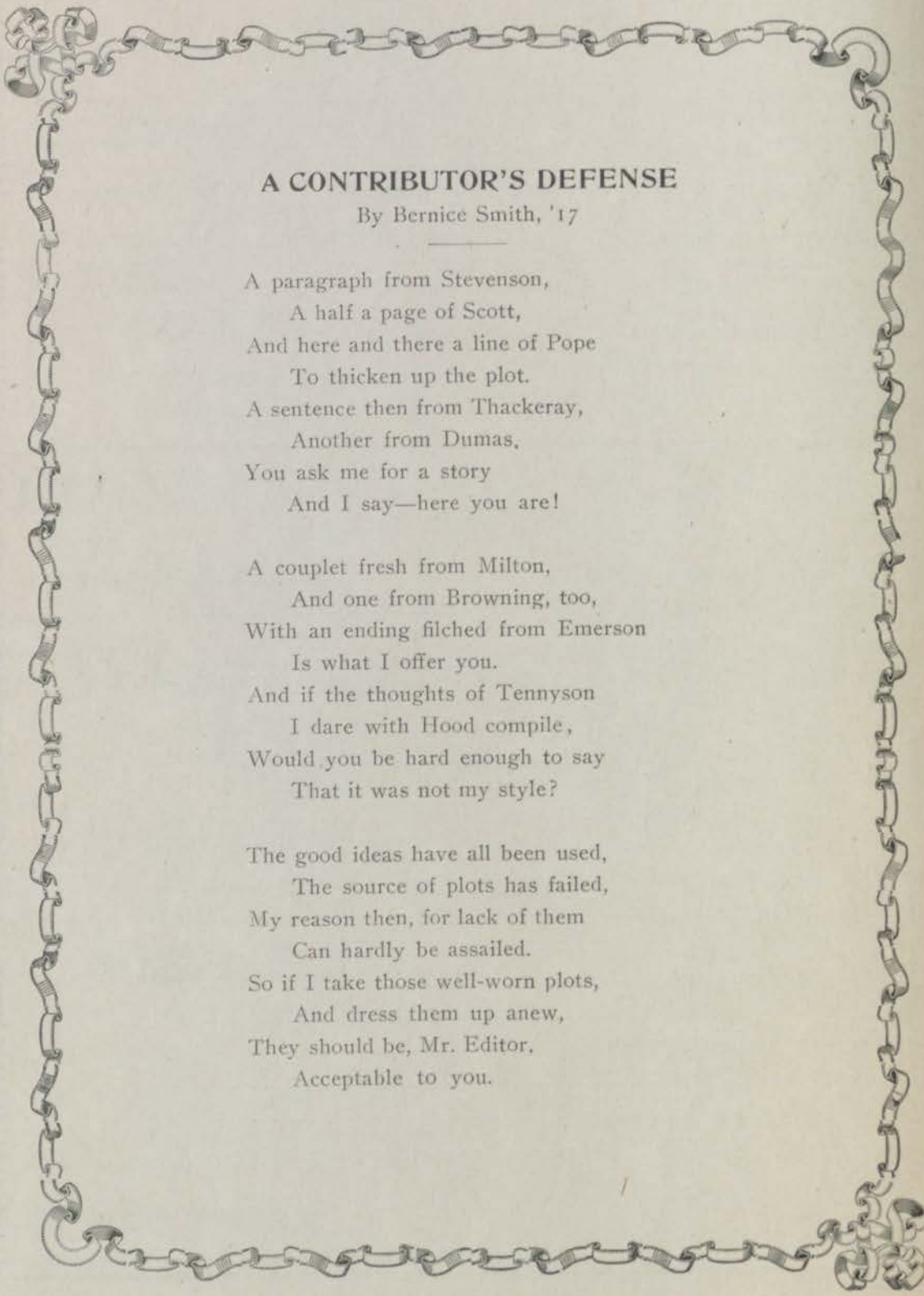
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## A CONTRIBUTOR'S DEFENSE

By Bernice Smith, '17

A paragraph from Stevenson,  
A half a page of Scott,  
And here and there a line of Pope  
To thicken up the plot.  
A sentence then from Thackeray,  
Another from Dumas,  
You ask me for a story  
And I say—here you are!

A couplet fresh from Milton,  
And one from Browning, too,  
With an ending filched from Emerson  
Is what I offer you.  
And if the thoughts of Tennyson  
I dare with Hood compile,  
Would you be hard enough to say  
That it was not my style?

The good ideas have all been used,  
The source of plots has failed,  
My reason then, for lack of them  
Can hardly be assailed.  
So if I take those well-worn plots,  
And dress them up anew,  
They should be, Mr. Editor,  
Acceptable to you.



# THE ORACLE

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## LITERARY

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

### THE TEST

By Lester Black, '18.



NE bright afternoon in the fall of 1914 a court-martial was in progress in a large room of the military academy at West Point. The jury, which consisted of the officers of the academy, had reached its decision. The tall commandant rose from his chair and looked compassionately at the white, discouraged face of the prisoner. This was an unpleasant task for him because the prisoner was his favorite pupil. In a quiet voice he told the cadet the verdict of the jury—Guilty of cowardice. And since there was but one penalty for such an offense, he was dismissed from the academy.

Harold Brandon, the most brilliant and popular cadet at the academy, thus found himself expelled for cowardice. So this was the end of his dreams of military success. He now awoke to the stern reality of the situation. A coward—expelled—the thought was unbearable. He felt faint suddenly, and reeling like a drunken man, he staggered from the room.

The sun was just sinking behind the horizon when he finished packing his trunk. The dull boom of the sunset gun echoed across the parade ground and Harold Brandon watched for the last time the Stars and Stripes flutter down from the mast while the cadets stood at attention. As he watched the familiar scene he resolved that although he had lost his chance to be one of them he would prove that he was not a coward. The next eastbound train carried him away from West Point and a few days later the Eleventh Canadian Regiment received a promising recruit.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Somewhere in France," the Eleventh Canadian regiment was stationed along the top of a low slope. It was now a far different looking body of men from the one which had left Halifax a year before. Less than half of its original number remained. Their uniforms were worn and faded and their faces tanned from exposure. They were now soldiers who had stood the test of actual warfare. Harold Brandon, now a captain, was standing with some other of-

ficers who were watching the German trenches below them. They had reason to believe that to-day the Germans would make their final attack.

The enemy had gradually forced back the English line on both sides until the position on the hill was about entirely isolated from the rest of the line. Desperately the Eleventh Canadians had held the hill, although greatly outnumbered.

Suddenly a burst of firing came from the German trench, followed by the fierce charge of hundreds of troops. The Canadians returned the fire, their machine guns doing frightful execution in the enemy's ranks. The whole front line was swept away, but they rushed on in overwhelming

numbers until they reached the edge of the trench. Now the Eleventh Regiment made its last stand, and met the bayonets of the Germans with their own. But the Canadians were at a disadvantage, for the Germans could strike down from the edge of the trench with little danger to themselves. Harold Brandon saw a big German trooper standing over him with bayonet poised. He raised his automatic, but even as he did so he saw another German on the point of dispatching a comrade. Brandon swerved his pistol and shot, not the German above himself, but the one over his comrade, while he received the fatal blow. He had given his life for another! He had stood the greatest test of courage.

## MACBETH

Translated into Modern English by Parry Boyd, '18, and Donald Valentine, '18, with Acknowledgments to George Ade.

By Bill Shakespeare.



NCE upon a Time, in the Days before the Beef Trust, there Existed in a Remote Part of our Planet an Artificial Product by the name of Macbeth. He Prided himself upon his Ability to stay in High. He was a Gabby Young Man and could Articulate at all times, whether he had Anything to Say or Not. Although his Grammar was Sad, it made no Odds. Macbeth was a general in his king's Villa Band. His king was a Meek King named Duncan, and if you had thrown a Pebble into his Whiskers probably you would have Scared up a Field Mouse and a Couple of Meadow Larks. General Macbeth had a Better-Half. She was Plain, Much. Her features did not seem to know the Value of Team Work. Her Clothes fitted her Intermittently, as it Were. But she had the Gray Matter Cerebrum Cerebellum, and Medulla Oblongata. Macbeth was made Mayor

of Glamis and Mayor of Cawdor for Distinguished Conduct in Battle. Graft paid so well that he sold his Flivver and bought a Packard. Then his Wife Hatched a Scheme and persuaded her Spouse to assist Duncan to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Macbeth finally Agreed. He found the Docile King lying upon his Downy Couch, Surrounded by his Whiskers.

After he had done the Deed, Macbeth went peacefully to bed and Dreamed about Corned Beef and Mary Pickford. The next day Duncan's sons Jumped a Freight and Beat it to England. This threw Suspicion upon them and Macbeth installed himself as Assistant Kaiser of Scotland. The Kaiser Herself was Mrs. Macbeth. But Macbeth was having Troubles of his Own. He soon became Wise to the Fact that he was not making a Hit with some of his Subjects. He suspected that they were Rapping him on the Quiet. Ice began to Form on the Hottest Days. He decided



that this Ice ought to be Melted. The next evening a Feed was served and Macbeth began to See Things to such an Extent that the Mrs. dismissed the Guests. After their Exit fifty-seven Varieties of Pickles were Counted by the Footman. The servants Immediately fell upon the Remains of Preserved Watermelon, Limburger Cheese, Buns, Soused Mackerel, Artillery Punch, Ammonia Cocktails, Seedless Grapenuts, Shredded Wild Oats, Hand Picked Eggs (all flavors), Evaporated Welsh Rabbit, Predigested Seedless Prunes, Hardtack, Lemonade, Gingerbread, Strawberry Shortcake, Cookies, Holeless Doughnuts, Onions, Macaroni, Spaghetti, Penobscot River Salmon, Juicy Fruit Gum, and Coffee.

The "Sunrise Gazette" reported the Next Day that Lord Banquo had been found Brutally Murdered. Among the Mourners was Macbeth. After the Funeral he decided to go Slow. But his Emergency Brake refused to Work and he Slipped Deeper into the Mire of Crime. A young Nobleman named Macduff was taken Suddenly with a Desire to save his Country and took the Zeppelin Express to England. Macbeth, fearing that his Wife and Children would Miss him, gave them a Free Pass to the Happy Hunting Grounds. This Infuriated Macduff so that he Persuaded General Siward to join him in a Punitive

Expedition. Mrs. Macbeth, meanwhile, was suffering the Pangs of Remorse and took an Overdose of Rough on Rats. At the Same Time Macbeth was informed of the Arrival of the Foe, and, Jumping on his Trusty Steed, hastened Immediately if not Sooner to the Battlefield. When he arrived at the Scene of Battle, the Atmosphere was Thick with the Pungent Odor of Smokeless Powder. From the Enemy came the Deafening Reports of the Machine Guns which were equipped with Maxim Silencers, and the Whispering Whine of the Six-Inch Shells as they Tore their Merciless Way through the Orange Trees. Macbeth Poked his Sword Impartially into the Calves of his Tenth Cavalry, nearly Amputating their legs at the Wrist. His men set up a Howl at this Babarism and deserted to the Opposing Army. Macbeth, seeing that the Battle was Lost, Beat it to his Castle and got under the Bed. By Chance, he happened to get under the Same Bed as Macduff. The two Celebrities Flew at each other's Throats and Macduff, by a Clever Jiu-Jitsu trick, laid the Kaiser up Face Down and Sawed off his Head with his Fountain Pen. Macbeth was buried with the Kings, which had always been his Greatest Ambition.

Moral: Industry and Perseverance bring a Sure Reward.

## CONCENTRATION

(A Monologue).



HERE! Now that those dinner dishes are out of the way I can study. Mother said that I couldn't go to the dance this evening unless I did all my studying this afternoon. Mercy! What a pile of books! I hardly know where to begin. Guess I'll start at the top and work down through. . . . H'm! Where's the

place? Oh, I know—top of page 91. Well, here goes."

(Silence for five minutes).

"Oh, hum! This is a wild, fantastic tale, I declare. What will that Passepartout do next?

(Glancing out of the window).

"Well, of all things. Where is Sally going all dressed up?" (Rushes to the door). "Oh, Sally, where are you going? . . .

To the Bijou? I envy you! I'm studying, because mother said— What? Yes, oh yes. Aren't you? . . . Too bad! Poor boy! He must be awfully cross at having his fun spoiled. I'm sorry, because I promised him a dance. I hope he didn't sprain it very badly. . . . Just a minute, I'll see. . . . It's two o'clock. You'll be late if you don't hurry. Good-bye. I wish you joy."

(Returns to Studying).

"I don't believe I'll bother with that French any longer. Let's see what this geometry is like. A sphere is a solid— Oh, dear! There goes the telephone.

"Hello. . . . Yes, this is Betty. . . . Why Caroline, I didn't recognize your voice. . . . What am I going to wear? My new evening dress. . . . No, mine isn't made like that. Mine is green silk. It has quite a lot of silver lace on it, and I bought some stunning silver slippers last night. Whom are you going with? . . . That's nice. He is a dandy dancer. . . . Yes, of course. . . . Well, I must study now. See you tonight. 'Bye."

(Puts geometry aside).

"I can study that in school fifth period. I must look over this chemistry. I simply can't understand it, but there's no harm in trying."

(Short silence broken by voice from upstairs).

"What is it, mother? . . . Your scissors? I really don't remember where I put them—either in your work basket, or on the sewing machine. No, I think the twins had them cutting out paper dolls. . . . They haven't seen them? How queer! . . . Why—here they are. They slipped down back of the radiator. I'll take them up to you."

(Picks up book once more).

"What's the use? This chemistry is Greek to me. Now here is something I can understand—English. I ought to make quick work of this. Two more chapters and my outside reading will be done."

(Reads faithfully to the end of the book).

"What a relief! That's over; so now I can try over those new Victrola records father brought home this noon.

"Did you speak to me, mother? . . . Yes, I have finished it. Didn't I do it quickly? . . . You're afraid I wasn't thorough? Oh, but I was, mother, really. The whole secret is in putting your mind on it. Miss White told us that what most young people needed to learn was concentration. She said that the greater part of us spend more time on our studying than is necessary, that we think about too many other things at the same time. That doesn't apply to me, though, because I know how to concentrate!"

A suitable prize will be given to the best translation of the following German story into English. All translations must be submitted before February 1.

## EINE KRIEGSGESCHICHTE

Harold J. Murray, '17.

Heinrich Hoelzer war ein Knabe von nur funfzehn Jahren. Er war doch ein Kriegsgefangener und war zum Tode verurteilt worden. Die Armee, welcher er gehoerte, war von der franzoesischen Armee gefangen genommen worden. Heinrich wurde ins

Gefaengnis in Paris mit zwanzig Kameraeden gefuehrt. Hier wurden sie zum Tode verurteilt.

Vor dem Krieg lebte Heinrich sehr gluecklich mit dem Vater und der Mutter auf dem Lande. Es war aber nicht lange



her, seitdem der Vater von den Franzosen getoetet wurde. Die Mutter lag jetzt auf ihrem Sterbebett. Heinrich schluchzte, als er an seine Mutter dachte. Dass die Mutter leiden und allein in der Welt bleiben musste, fand er schauderhaft. Er dachte traurig, "Ach! weun man mich nur eine Stunde lang freien wuerde."

Als er so dachte, trat der General ein. Heinrich ging zu ihm und sagte, "Bitte! Gewaehren Sie mir eine Stunde von Freiheit, nicht mehr; ich will gleich zurueckkommen. Sie werden erfahren, dass ich mein Wort halten soll."

"Ei! Mein Knabe! Sie bitten um einen Gefallen, den ich nicht moeglich gewaehren kann," sagte der General.

Dann, erzaehte Heinrich dem General von seiner Mutter. Als der General dies hoerte, fuehlte er grosses Mitleid fuer den Jungen. Zur Heinrich's grossen Ueberaschung sagte der General, dass er ihm Freiheit bis drei Uhr geben wuerde. Heinrich dankte ihm und warf die Arme um ihn in seiner wilden Freude und Dankbarkeit.

Er verstaendelte nicht einen Moment der Zeit die ihm gewaehrt worden war.

Zwanzig Minuten spaeter klopfte er an die Tuer des Zimmers der Mutter. Als er eintrat, hoerte er sie, indem sie rief "Heinrich! Mein Knabe! Ich habe sie so vermisst."

In einer kuerzen Zeit aber, schlief sie ein, Heinrich stand auf und kuesste sie "Arme Mutter!" dachte er und verliess das Zimmer. Er kehrte jetzt zu seiner Stelle wieder zurueck.

Am Gefaengnis angelangt, bemerkte der Knabe, dass der General ihn mit Bewunderung ansah. Dann sagte er dem Knaben, "Du bist ein mutiger Knabe, und du darfst frei gehen. Jetzt gehe und gehe schnell! Gehe nach Hause zu ihrer Mutter und liebe sie immer."

Heinrich lief wie ein Hase nach Hause. Die Mutter schlief noch immer. Er setzte sich wieder ans Bett. Wenn sie erwachte, drueckte sie ihn dicht an sich und kuesste sein Gesicht. Nie erzaehte Heinrich der Mutter, wie er dem Tode entging.

## MATILDA'S EXECUTION

By Harold E. Vavo, '18.



OW remember," quoth Ma Spudds for the forty 'leventh time during the past half hour, "when you get to the party, above all things show yer bringing up. Don't be skeared to talk, and show 'em thet you haint been a-takin' them lessins in electricution a whole haff year fer nothin'."

"Don't cha' worry ma," came the reply from her dutiful daughter. "Why only yesterday my destructor told me thet my announcement was perfect and as fer my grammar, she sed it was simply superfluous."

"I don't doubt it a bit," rejoined Ma, "I've noticed that m'self, and its suttinly wonderful the way you compress yerself, fer instincts, only last evenin' when the new minister called, and we wuz set down to eat, he suddinly turned 'round and ask't you how you made that beautiful mince pie. Well, bless my soul! I thought most likely you'd go to work and tell 'im how we had to borry the mince-meat frum Widder Jones, but no siree—sure you didn't do no sich thing. You told him how to make it jest as well as though you were a born manicurian, yerself."

Such was the conversation that passed between Mrs. Zebby Spudds, and her seventeen year old daughter who was hastily donning her Sunday best and making rapid preparations to attend the first grand party of her life.

Matilda, or just plain Tildy Spudds, was a tall, lanky, freckled-faced girl, red haired, giggling and very prone to talk.

The party, to which she was going, was to be a surprise party, for Miss Paulyne Bangs, the only daughter of the wealthy Squire Bangs, who owned the finest home in the village. It had been gotten up by several of Miss Bangs' most intimate friends and they had decided as a novelty to invite every young person of the village, whether rich or poor, to attend.

The program for the evening was to consist of a social time and a dinner after which each guest was to make a congratulatory speech to the hostess.

At length Tildy was ready to depart and slipping on a tight fitting coat over her bright plaid dress, trimmed with wide black lace, she hastily kissed her mother and started.

Soon she found herself before the largest house in the village, the home of Miss Paulyne. Nervously she mounted the great stone steps and rang the bell. The door was opened by Miss Paulyne's French maid. Now this maid, who had but recently arrived at the Bangs' mansion, was a person of much interest to the villagers; indeed she had produced such a sensation among them, that many of the young people had begun to regard the French language as a necessity of life.

"Boni joor," greeted Matilda, who had studied French with a graphophone.

"No thank you," returned the French maid, mistaking the gaudily dressed young lady before her for some sort of a foreign peddler, who was attempting to explain her

wares, "I don't believe we care for any to-day."

"What be you talkin' about!" exclaimed the startled Matilda, forgetting herself for the time being. "Nee compraney-vooz parz frances? I've been inverted to attend the fete of Miss Paulyne and if yer don't mind I'd like to enter, Seel vooz plate?"

So saying she pushed her way past the dumbfounded maid, entered the spacious hall, took off her outside wraps, and seeing no hall rack upon which to place them, she hastily threw them over a marble bust of Miss Bangs' grandfather, and made her entrance into the parlor.

She was greeted with a chorus of good evenings and for the first time she felt somewhat abashed by the sight of so many young ladies and gentlemen, and making a brief courtesy she rushed blindly to a chair beside a huge fireplace, where she sat as though petrified.

Soon, however, she collected her wits and began to gaze searchingly at the different guests, commenting to herself upon the dress of this one, and the features of that one until at last she reached a young gentleman sitting very near her.

This young man was of effeminate aspect, as stiff and straight as a stick, and wore a huge pair of tortoise shell glasses.

"Where'd you git yer specs?" Matilda ventured.

"Pon mah word, young lady, how you stawtled me," responded that individual addressed. "These glawses are the very latest thing, don't cha know? They are known in awl high sawsiety arz the tawtaws shell spectawkles."

"O-o-o-oh," responded Miss Spudds. "I see," and further conversation was cut off by the announcement of the hostess that they were to proceed to the dining room for dinner.



There was a grand flourish about the room and as fate would have it, Tildy and her spectacled friend were chosen to lead the procession.

Everything went smoothly until they were seated about the table and the time came to order from the menus, which were written in French. Then Miss Matilda Spudds was badly confused. For to tell the truth, outside of a few French phrases she knew nothing at all of the language.

But at length, the waiter arrived beside her and Tildy, not willing to confess her ignorance, made a grand attempt.

"Give me some corn-soom in tassles" she ordered, "some pomes dee tears, some fillit dee beef, and some sparrows-grass."

Many of the guests suppressed a smile, and her escort turned red, white and blue as he listened to the pronunciation of his partner, but none of this did Miss Matilda notice.

Finally the meal was over, and the guests were called upon to give their speeches, and after making a profound bow, she began:

"Ladies and gints and Miss Paulyne, I hain't never did a great deal of public tawkin', but nevertheless I think p'raps I kin give you a few points on the value of execution, seeing as how I've been takin' lessons in it fer the past six months, and ter

tell the truth Miss Bangs I'd revise you ter take it up yerself.

Execution is a great thing, it learns you how to speak before intelligent people and before ignorant people same's I'm a-doin'. Fer instincts, take Abraham Lincoln, the gret president of the United States. If he hadn't uv know'd more or less about execution, he couldn't uv made so many of his famous champagne speeches. Yes, indeed, it has did a lot fer me, and ter be honest I'm jest as well versified in up ter date events as I am in past historical ones. Ahem. Thank you."

This speech was greeted with a burst of applause and the now vain Tildy felt bigger than ever.

But all good things must have an end, and so did this joyous party. However, it was not until Miss Spudds was safe at home in her mother's arms, that she exclaimed joyfully, "Oh, Ma, you'd orter been there! I certainly made my dee-but tonight, and I suttently did show my bringing up."

"I don't doubt it a bit," rejoined that fond parent, "not a bit, Tildy my darlin'."

And with that they retired for the night, Ma, to dream of her daughter as a society belle, and Tildy to dream of banquets, parties, and last, but not least, her wonderful power of "Execution."

## "THE SHIPWRECK"

By Angelina Jiggerfoot, '19.



LAST Summer we had a cottage at B——, a small town on the bay. We had almost everything necessary for our pleasure but a boat. And, of course, because we didn't have a boat, we wanted one terribly. We actually tried to build a raft and propel it with oars. This substitute was anything but satisfactory and was decided-

ly shaky on a choppy sea, although it wasn't too bad on calm days.

About the middle of July someone moved into the next cottage, and there was a boy and a boat in the family! Visions of extremely nice boatriides around the bay filled our minds, and we straightway set out to make the boy's acquaintance.

He proved to be quite companionable and at least tolerated the society of girls. With-

in a week his boat was in our hands most of the time, and all of us were learning to row.

Every time we saw him on the beach we would run down in a body and assail him with pleadings for a ride in his boat. "Oh, Alfred, you promised yesterday to take me out," pleaded Ethel.

Sue would cut in with, "Why, he didn't either, he promised Nora and me he would give us a rowing lesson."

Ethel was the best looking girl in our crowd and we had to be quite snappy to get our share of anything. But Alfred was susceptible and went off with Ethel in the boat, which by the way was flat bottomed and leaked.

Nora and I being the youngest and least important were not so popular with the boat owner, but we managed to "swipe" it sometimes and we learned to row after a fashion, a very odd fashion, indeed. The thing went all right until we tried to turn it around, and as neither of us could "back-water," before we could stop it the boat had turned around at least three times because of our vigorous strokes.

One day, about three days before Alfred's family were to depart, Nora and I found the boat on the shore with no one in it. "Three cheers," exclaimed the somewhat boisterous Nora. "Now for some back-water practice, and after that a good row."

Not as brave as Nora and rather afraid of Ethel's wrath if we didn't ask Al (she disapproved of taking it without asking him), I hesitated, but finally yielded to my companion's exhortations and stepped into the boat.

We pushed off beautifully, and had been taking turns rowing, backing water, etc., when Nora said, "I see an awfully odd looking thing out there, let's row out and get it."

Away from land now, and far from Ethel's anger, I prided myself on being a "dead game sport" and cheerfully replied, "Oui, oui, Mlle," in my best French.

That thing we saw was about five hundred yards away. It certainly was odd looking, and our maidenly curiosity was aroused. Forgetting our deficiencies in rowing, we set out full speed ahead for the object. It was just outside a fish weir and was bobbing about merrily and very mysteriously.

We got there, found the "thing" which was an old campstool, such as they used on steamers, standing upright in the water. Our curiosity being satisfied, we started back.

I was rowing and Nora was practicing her nautical terms on me. It was very pleasant to us both to be able to say "hard a port, there," when the occasion called for it, or "a little more to starboard." They had such a breezy sound and made us feel like regular old salts.

I had the oars, but it was Nora's turn to row, and she was getting disagreeable about it, while I was rather afraid of changing around so near the weir. Nora insisted, however, and we got changed all right, and Nora was going along at a good stroke. I was rather sulky and was looking backward, paying no attention to my companion, who didn't care a bit and was enjoying herself greatly.

I looked around just a moment too late. Nora was within a yard of the weir, a little to the right. It was high tide and the stakes were covered. Not thinking, I yelled "starboard," and Nora pulled to starboard, realizing as she did it that I had given her the wrong direction. We were stuck fast on a stake, and try as we could, there was absolutely no getting off without tipping over our craft and submerging ourselves.



For once I was the one who wasn't scared. I could swim; Nora couldn't. As soon as I proposed to swim to shore, she began to wail, pleading with me not to attempt such a dangerous action. I really had no intention of doing it, because I knew I couldn't swim that far alone. I teased her along, however, and even stuck my feet over the sides of the boat, but after a while I pretended to yield.

Nora already had visions of herself on the bottom of the bay. "Angie," she said to me, "if they find my body, have them bury it—oh, dear, where shall I be buried?" And she tried to think of a place to be honored by her burial, thus taking her mind off herself and stopping her wails for a while.

Not knowing any other way to attract attention, we began to yell, so loudly, that afterwards they said they heard us at Jones', five miles down the bay. We rigged up a signal of distress, Nora's black and white checked coat, which even a person who was half blind could see for a mile and a half. We continued calling at short intervals for almost an hour.

Suddenly Nora exclaimed, "They've gone motoring! Now I see why we got the boat so easily."

She was perfectly right. In a short time we saw Ethel and Alfred on the shore looking for the boat. We managed to attract

their attention and took another half hour in convincing them of our plight. Finally Alfred went off in the direction of Mr. Smith's cottage to procure a boat with which to rescue us. Meanwhile the tide was going down, leaving us in a precarious position, half in and half out of the water.

Al got the boat and started out towards us and we could see by his actions that he was vexed. He was so angry that he wouldn't speak to us, and kept muttering very unpleasant things under his breath.

He got us off, however, with one jerk, almost tipping us out in his haste. Nora said to him very sweetly, "Oh, Al, you nearly tipped us out." Alfred replied in so low a voice that we couldn't just make out what he said, but it sounded like, "I wish I had."

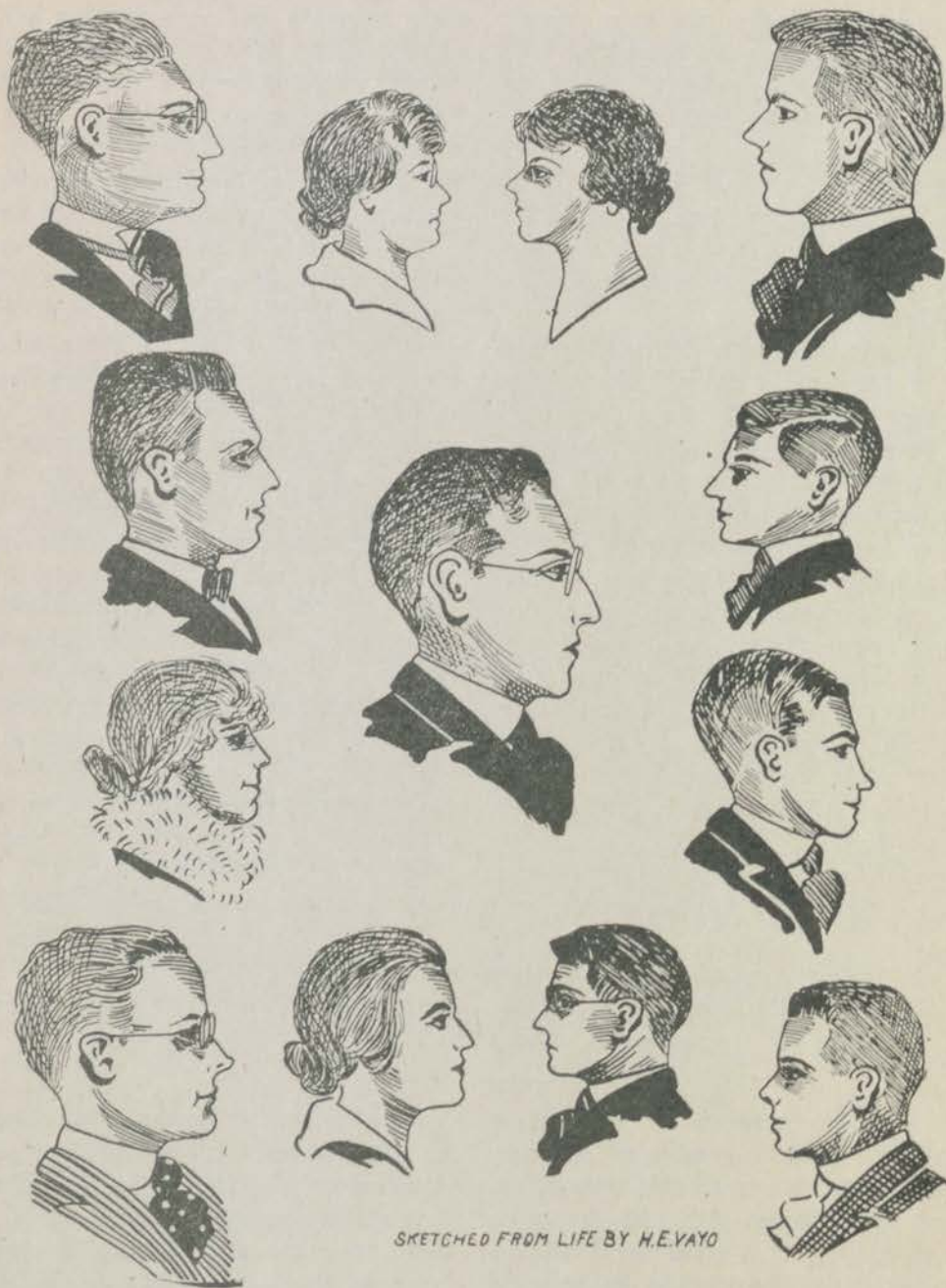
Ethel scolded us for a solid hour when we finally got to shore, and made us promise to apologize to Alfred. Very meekly we assented, but didn't carry out our promise at that time. We kept as far from him as we could. He found us though, on the beach, the morning before he went home, and we apologized very swiftly. He was nice about it too, and said we could have the boat a lot next year as we would be older.

"Yes, we shall be older," said Nora, pessimistically, "but so will Ethel and Al and the rest of the crowd, so where do we come in?"

### An Automobile.

An automobile is a quadruped of queer habits and rather an unreliable disposition. It is useful as a beast of burden but eats enormous quantities of gasoline. Ordinarily it is entirely dependent on its master's guidance but has been known to experiment with its own freedom to the ultimate destruction of itself and driver. At times when overworked, or overheated, it may turn over or kick and break the owner's arm. In comparison to the horse, the auto-

mobile has greater power, often as great as 30 horse power but it is short lived; in fact, one died on exchange street the other day. Autos are licensed like dogs and in many cases are quite as faithful. They are used domestically and as military vehicles and a few have even been taught to swim. However, automobiles have many good points, being very patient workers and having good morals except a few who contract their master's habits and smoke and chew, chew, chew!

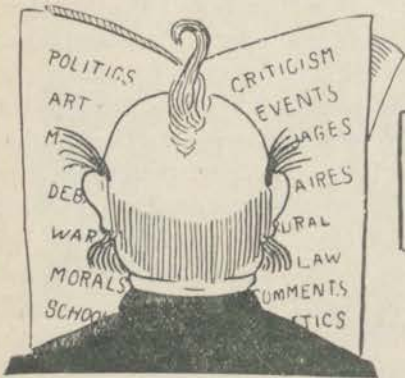


SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY H.E. VAYO

## THE ORACLE BOARD

Mr. Vayo is ready to have sittings with any who may desire their portrait drawn. Those members of the board who are not in this picture will surely appear in some issue before the end of the year.





# EDITORIALS

*"A wee small voice within me speaking"*

## NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

How often do we make a resolution, especially at New Year's, only to take this brand new resolution which has not even had a chance to show itself to the world and hurl it into oblivion with one relaxation of our will. Indeed the practice is so common as to need no comment. It is not of that kind of resolution that we would speak.

There is probably a deep psychological significance in the non-observance of resolutions. The reason that New Year's resolutions are broken so lightly is because they are so contrary to our whole make-up. Instead of making a resolution that will do away with some bad habit, why not make one that will help correct it? It is the very improbability of our ever keeping the resolution that leads us to break it. The little things count even when making resolutions.

So instead of resolving to be just perfect, let us make only two or three small resolutions, instead of by the wholesale, and stand by them.

## THE ORACLE BOARD.

"In selecting an editor-in-chief for the Oracle and also editors for the various departments of the Oracle, the following things have been taken into consideration,

which are given in the order of importance: Character; scholarship; health; judgment; ability to write; ability to get on with other people; school activities, including participation in athletics, or in the management of athletics; work outside of school, music, etc.; interest in the Oracle; conduct in school. The selection has been the result of no one person's unaided judgment. The teacher to whom the task has belonged for many years has indefatigably and most conscientiously asked advice, and asked other teachers to suggest candidates; thus the result has been the product of the combined judgment of several people. She has always believed that there were very many other students in school who could fill the places on the Oracle staff successfully; meanwhile she has been very well satisfied with those who have done the work during these twenty-four years."

After the editors have been selected and are made familiar with their various departments, the work of editing the paper begins. The number of pages and cuts for the coming paper are decided upon by the business manager and editor-in-chief. It then remains for the editor to assign the number of pages for each department and discuss with the staff plans for the next Oracle.

Each editor submits his work to some member of the faculty for correction. Then the editor-in-chief receives it to arrange it for printing. Apart from the work to be done in collecting material and getting it into shape for publication, there is a large amount of proof-reading to be done. There are at least three proofs of the Oracle before final publication. This work is done by the two editors.

In order successfully to publish a school paper it is necessary that there should be complete harmony among the members of the editing staff. This happy state has always existed upon the Oracle staffs. The student body and the board should also be "en rapport," just as this holds true of our other school activities. And so, if we realize that the Oracle Board is merely a representative body of pupils of the student body of Bangor High school and that all material must come from the student body through the Oracle Board, the best results can be obtained.

#### A Communication.

The recent election of managers, as described in the December "Oracle," has caused me to offer a plan, which, it seems to me, would bring about greater efficiency in the management of the athletics of the school. This is in no way, however, a criticism of the recent election.

I have long been of the opinion that the same system of electing managers should be introduced at Bangor High school as is now in satisfactory use in some preparatory schools and in most colleges. Portland High School has recently decided to adopt this plan. Briefly outlined, the plan is this:

Those members of the Sophomore class who desire a managership report at the beginning of the season in the branch of athletics in which they are most interested and do most of the manual work of the de-

partment under the direction of the manager, or the assistant manager. The candidates all keep a record of the time that they put in during the season and at the close of the year, the Athletic Council, on the recommendation of the manager, nominates two candidates from this group for assistant manager. Of these one is elected by the student body. This assistant manager and another nominated by the Athletic Council from the student body at large, are the candidates for the office of manager for the following year. It is usually the custom to elect the assistant manager to the managership, except in the case of inefficiency, when the other candidate would be elected.

The advantages of the system are many. It makes the candidates work for their position and the result of the election is based more on efficiency, and less on popularity,—as is now the case. It also takes more of the routine work from the hands of the assistant manager and gives him a greater opportunity to learn the duties of manager. The competition encourages the candidates to work their hardest with the result that the routine work of the department is done with greater efficiency. The plan is used in many colleges with great success and there seems to be no reason why it should not be used with equal success at Bangor High school.

O. G. H., '16.

#### ORACLE NOTES.

In order to allow those Seniors who wish to submit essays upon Civic Betterment, as graduation essays, the Oracle will postpone the publication of the best essay in this contest until the graduation essays have been passed in.

Copies of the school song are being made and will soon be ready to be bound in the singing books. There will also be copies for distribution among those students who wish them.





*"Something always happening"*

Madame Beaupre was out of school Monday, Dec. 4, visiting schools in Caribou, Presque Isle, and Houlton. Her classes were taken by the other French teachers in addition to their own.

At chapel Wednesday, Nov. 29, those who wished signed pledges for basketball tickets. A few more than 300 tickets have been pledged or purchased thus far. Practice started Monday, Dec. 4, under the direction of Mr. Mitchell and Captain Heal.

Mr. Flagg, of the Bangor Public Library, gave two lectures to the Sophomore class some time ago. The first, on Nov. 28, had for its subject, "Books" and the second, on Dec. 5, "Libraries." Notes were taken during the lectures by the pupils and a written report of about 300 words was required by the English teachers.

The orchestra played at chapel on Wednesday, Dec. 6. The program was as follows:

The Guardmount.....Richard Eilenberg  
Hungarian Dance.....John Brahms

Remember: "Keep to the Right" applies in corridors as well as on streets.

The High School Orchestra played at the Hammond Street Church Fair, Friday evening, Dec. 8, under the leadership of Mr. Sprague, director of the Bangor Band. The

Following is the report of the Sophomore Reception which was held in Assembly Hall, Wednesday evening, Nov. 29:

Expenses:

Music .....	\$15.00
Printing .....	7.50
Officer and janitors.....	6.00
Carriages .....	4.00
Punch .....	3.00
Floor wax .....	.50

Total .....\$36.00

Receipts:

Door .....	\$35.50
Punch .....	7.00

Total receipts .....\$42.50

Total expenses ..... 36.00

Profit ..... \$6.50

Respectfully submitted,

Earl Heal,

Treasurer Class of 1919.

production of "King Rene's Daughter," which was given at that time, was directed by Miss Scribner of the B. H. S. Faculty. Miss Littlefield, our music teacher, and Stanley Cayting, '17, took the leading parts in the play.

Miss McConkey gave a lecture to the Bangor Teachers' Club in Assembly Hall of the High School Tuesday evening, Dec. 12. Two students in the commercial

division of B. H. S., Misses Annie Lutz and Marian Honey, took the entire lecture in short hand. Such a thing has never been done before by Bangor High students.

At the present time there is but one of last year's Commercial class who desires a position and who has not been placed. Besides this one-half the present class are now working in offices every afternoon. These facts and that in the preceding paragraph clearly show the ability of pupils in the B. H. S. Commercial divisions.

On December 13, a notice was placed on the boards in the Senior rooms, notifying them that the graduation themes are due March 1, and are to be between 500 and 800 words in length. The subject chosen must be reported before Feb. 1, and the essays must be typewritten before passed in. Arrangements can be made with Commercial students who will probably typewrite the essays for 5 cents a page. Miss Hutchings kindly explained about the themes in the various rooms, saying, among other things, that the best subject for anyone to take is that in which he is most interested.

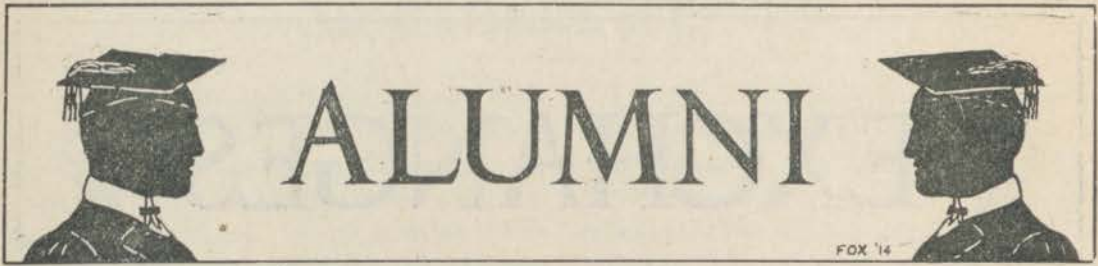
Our school was visited by several members of the city government and school board on Wednesday, Dec. 13. They were invited by Mr. Wormwood, Superintendent of Schools. Among those present were: Mayor John F. Woodman, Aldermen William J. Largay, Frank O. Youngs, and Frank A. Porter, Councilman Nathaniel Lambert, and George W. Wescott, of the school board. They first attended chapel at which the orchestra played "The Scarlet Crow," by C. W. Bennett, and "The Bohemian Girl." After chapel they were taken through the building by Supt. Wormwood. The Bangor Commercial of the same evening commented about this, especially praising the orchestra for its very fine work.

Prof. Brisco, of the U. of M., is to address the members of the Commercial division at 12 o'clock in the Lecture room, on Jan. 26, which is the last Friday in this month. His subject is to be "Commercial Geography." Probably others will be invited. Mr. F. E. Bragg of Bangor will speak on Feb. 23, at the same hour and place.

Did you notice the motto for this month? It's true, but often that something is omitted from this department simply because nobody who was present jotted down that happening and passed it to the Local editor (in Room 309), or dropped it in the Oracle box. Freshmen, what are you doing now? Why not write a few locals telling if your teacher is absent, if you change rooms, or if anything out of the ordinary happens. "The excellence of the paper depends upon the amount of material from which the editors have to pick." Don't let the idea that somebody else might pass in the same thing hinder you, those notes from "somebody else" never come. Locals give the class and school histories. Please help to make this department the best in our paper.

Last year the B. H. S. Cadets were given an examination by Mr. Southard and Capt. Ashworth, of the Second Regiment, N. G. S. M., to determine the acting officers for that year, these, however, ranking only as non-commissioned officers. This year it was decided to elect the officers, the candidates to be taken from those who qualified last year. On Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 3, therefore, the Cadets held a meeting in Assembly Hall for this purpose. The results of the election were as follows: captain, Ralph Farrar; first lieutenant, Paul Eames; second lieutenant, Leroy McCabe; first sergeant, Kenneth Boardman; quartermaster sergeant, Kenneth Smith.





*"As a comet in the sky glitters and vanishes"*

Among the graduates of B. H. S. home from college for the Christmas holidays were: Dorothy Smith, Gertrude Perry, Elizabeth Burke, Jeannette Croxford, students at Smith College; Rose Davis—Mt. Holyoke; Margaret Woodman—Wellesley; Frances Townsend, Doris Townsend, Pauline Mansur—Wheaton; James Chilcott, Robert Morse, Paul Freese—Dartmouth; Clarence Corning, Robert Patterson, Edward Harden—Harvard; Oliver G. Hall, Edward Herlihy, Stanley B. Adams, Richard McWilliams, Harvey Miller, Arno Savage, Frederick F. French—Bowdoin.

Melvin T. Copeland, Ph. D., B. H. S., '06, now assistant professor in the Harvard graduate business school, has been appointed by Governor McCall as a member of a committee to investigate the high cost of living. Mr. Copeland was chosen because of his recognized position as an expert on matters relating to markets.

Paul Norwood, a Bangor High school graduate, who is now located in the west, has been in the city for a brief visit with his parents.

Edward C. Hawes, B. H. S., '12, and a graduate of Bowdoin College is in the employ of the Worcester Tressed Steel Company in Worcester, Mass.

Miss Jessie Newcomb, B. H. S., '15, is attending the Gorham Normal School.

Ralph Jordan, a former B. H. S. athlete, is a student at Exeter Academy.

Alden Head, B. H. S., '12, is attending the Harvard School of Business Administration.

Recently was announced the engagement of Miss Elizabeth Gale Littlefield to George F. Eaton, B. H. S., '10.

Edward Garland, B. H. S., '12, is employed in the Lewis Manufacturing Company, Walpole, Mass. This concern is one of the largest manufacturers of hospital supplies in the country.

Miss Dorrice Brann, B. H. S., '12, has been appointed stenographer in the executive department at Augusta for the new administration. During the last state campaign she was stenographer and clerk to a member of the Republican state committee from Somerset county. The position of executive stenographer is one of the five largest salaried positions held by women at the state house.

Forest Ames, B. H. S., '09, is employed in the research department of the Dr. Trudeau School at Saranac, N. Y.

Miss Alma Eveleth, B. H. S., '14, is employed at the Pathe Exchange, Inc., as stenographer and bookkeeper. Miss Eveleth is a graduate of the Shaw Business College.



*Be not too severe in your criticism of others*

"The White and Gold"—Your paper is very neat and attractive. You certainly have a splendid Exchange Department which goes to show that the editors put a great deal of time into their work. We think the arrangement of your paper could be greatly improved upon, however. Don't you think it would be better if your Literary Department came before the other departments, say in the first part of the book?

"Industrial School Magazine"—Your stories are very interesting, but since they are not original the school really doesn't deserve any praise for the Literary Department. We notice what you say about story writing, but surely there is some one in the school who has a little merit. Your paper is very neatly printed and arranged.

"The Boys' Lantern"—Again we welcome your paper. Where is your table of contents? Your paper appears rather awkward to us on account of the size. It is much too large, why don't you arrange it so that it will be smaller and thicker? The story, "What Woodrow Wilson Did for American Football," was surely worth reading. Call on us again.

"Purple and Gold"—Your Literary Department is very interesting. The prize story entitled "His New Year Promise" is very good. It tells how a dream saved Earl

Raybold from possible ruin. Earl was a very wealthy young fellow who attended college. He acted badly when away from home and knew that if he was caught he would be reproached by his parents. He associated with bad company and spent much of his time gambling. After a dream which greatly disturbed him and in which he shot his father on account of losing in a game of cards, and was sent to jail, he awoke to find his mother beside him. She told him that there had been many phone calls. He knew what they meant and what was wanted but the dream made him feel like a different person. He later joined his father and, as they came from the library, they were happy men. A New Year Promise had been made.

"The Bates Student" is one of our most welcome exchanges. The stories are very realistic and hold the reader's attention throughout.

We find the "Hobart Herald" very interesting and entertaining.

"The Register," Burlington, Vt.—A fine paper. Your cuts for the headings of the different departments are very clever. Come again.

Your literary department is fine, "Su-Hi." We are glad to have you on our exchange list.



## AS OTHERS SEE US

\* The Oracle (Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine), contains about the best collection of stories of any exchange we have received. The Editorial has the life and snap which is necessary to its subject. The authors of "Peter Pan, Offender," and "Wanted a Pamphlet," have both taken good plots and have handled them unusually well. The author of "The Bluebird" appeals to the sympathy of reader in unusual but very effective way. "The First Boys' Training Camp at Plum Island, N. Y.," is very interesting and instructive. Your Athletic Column is very well written. Why not change your Personal page to a good Joke page? Personals are never really funny. Your cuts are all extremely good.—The Cue, Albany, N. Y.

The Oracle, also, holds a high place in our regards.—The Hamptonia, New Hampton, N. H.

Oracle—Your cover design is very attractive.—The Islander, Bar Harbor, Me.

"Oracle," Bangor H. S.—Please do not call us the Tryout; Eltrurian is our name. "How to Write a Story" is very clever.—The Eltrurian, Haverhill, Mass.

"Oracle," Bangor, Maine: An improvement in cuts would be a good idea. We are glad to see you are interested in public speaking.—The Times, Fort Madison, Iowa.

"Do you love me?" said the paper bag to the sugar.

"I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar.

"You sweet thing," said the paper bag.

—Ex.

The Oracle—This is the first paper we have noted containing a report of the business manager. We like it! It puts the paper on a more business-like basis.—Salamagundi, Presque Isle, Me.

Oracle, Bangor, Maine: We can pass no adverse criticism on your paper. It is, indeed, a fine, interesting school paper.—The Breccia, Portland, Me.

The Oracle's "Facts for Freshmen" column is interesting, but jokes are few.—The Laurel, Farmington, Me.

"Oracle," Bangor, Me.—Your departments are very well organized. The cuts are especially good. —The Tripod, Saco, Me.

Again we have with us "The Oracle," Bangor, Maine, a most desirable periodical in every respect. Your lack of cuts, however, is astonishing. Haven't you any artists in school?—The Tiger, Little Rock, Ark.

The Oracle is a very well edited paper. Your cuts for the different departments are certainly fine.—Olympian, Biddeford, Me.

"The Oracle"—Your literary columns are among the best in our exchanges. The paper is very well arranged and the cuts are excellent.—E. L. H. S. Oracle, Auburn, Me.

Doctor—"I had a deaf uncle who was arrested, and the judge gave him his hearing the next morning."

Friend—That's nothing. A blind aunt of mine walked into a lumber yard and saw dust.



*"If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport wou'd be as ted'ous as to work"—Shakespeare*

Many girls go to a basketball game and sit with their young friend on the side lines, or in the gallery and shout as loud as they are able. But if one were to ask them what they were cheering for what would they answer? Probably that they were cheering because the rest were, or more likely because they thought that graceful young athlete who had just made a sensational play, was so good looking!!

The paramount object in a game of basketball is to shoot the ball into the enemy's basket and keep the enemy from shooting the ball into the basket you are protecting. There are five players on each side; two guards who protect the basket, two forwards whose duty it is to do the scoring and keep the ball in the enemy's territory, and last, but not least, the center whose posi-

tion is in the middle of the floor. At the beginning of the game and after every point is made, the opposing centers face each other and the referee tosses the ball between them when it is seized or hit by one of them. From that moment the ball is in play.

The game is played in two periods, each from ten to twenty minutes in length. Every basket shot counts two and every foul one. It is a game which requires great dexterity in acting.

This sport has become one of the most popular indoor games of America, and has spread to England and elsewhere. It has also become, with some rules, a very popular sport for girls, although in this game the fair player soon loses her dignity and the greater part of her hairpins.

Bangor High opened the basketball season Friday night, Jan. 5, by outclassing the more seasoned Belfast five and winning 50 to 12. The first half was played with good team-work and a score of 28 to 7 was run up. In the second half more substitutes were used and when the final whistle blew 22 more points had been added to the score.

The summary:

<b>Bangor (50)</b>	<b>Belfast (12)</b>
O'Connor, l.f. 2.....	r.b., Shute
Toole, l.f., 3	
Carlin, l.f.	

Rand, r.f., 8.....	l. b., Durham
Kelleher, rf.	
Pullen, r.f. 1	
Washburne, c. 5.....	c., Salter
Oak, c.	
Quinn, c.	
Heal, r.b. 5.....	k.f., Vaughn 1 (2)
Smith, l.b.....	r.f., Pendleton, 4
Pierce, l.b.	
Rosen, l.b., 1	

Referee, Mulvany. Umpire, Faulkner.  
Scorers, McGuire and Robinson. Timer,  
Pennell. Time, two 20-minute periods.





*"Hark! An orator speaks!"*

#### **The Girls' Society.**

The meeting of the Girls' Debating Society for Dec. 14 was called to order in Room 211 at four-thirty. The subject for the afternoon was: Resolved, That capital punishment should be abolished. The briefs for the Debate were given by Misses Allen and Salley. The latter, for the affirmative, maintained that capital punishment may deprive the sinner of his full time for repentance; that homicide is usually evidence of mental disease, and that there is great risk of injustice in executing a person convicted of murder. Miss Allen argued for the negative that capital punishment is a benefit to society because of the character of the criminals, that criminal organizations favor death penalty, and that criminals themselves have expressed a desire for capital punishment. An open forum was then held in which all members present expressed their opinions on the subject.

A committee was appointed to select a first team for later debates. The following were chosen: Misses Olsen, Kenney, Gregory, Allen, Salley, and Smith.

#### **The Senate.**


The last regular meeting of the Senate for the fall term was held, as usual, in Room 211. Three new members were accepted, Messrs. McCann, Pennell, and Snyder. The Senate voted to take part in the triangular debates held by the Bates League, and was informed at a special session of the subject to be debated upon.

The matter for discussion was: Resolved, That Huge Armaments Insure Peace. Mr. Downing took the affirmative and Mr. Quinn, the negative.

Mr. Downing asserted that "History shows that lack of huge armements bring on war," and cited for examples of the result of unpreparedness on the part of one of the contending parties, our own Civil war, the late war between Turkey and Tripoli, and the European War. Civilization, he said, has not yet reached a stage of perfection warranting disarmament.

In reply to his opponent's arguments, Mr. Quinn gave his reasons why huge armaments do not insure peace. Commercially, peace cannot be thus insured, he said, since a nation's desire to be a little stronger than another is unextinguishable, at least in Europe. He pointed to the fact that the United States, although one of the strongest countries in the world, maintains little armament and that America finds security in the Monroe Doctrine. Then there are other ways of insuring peace, rather than by huge armaments, among them being an International School of Peace, and a High Court of Arbitration.

After the rebuttals, the question was thrown open to the Senate, every member expressing himself relative to armaments and peace. Mr. Gray, the Faculty Adviser, spoke very interestingly upon International Peace and a Future World Empire.



# PERSONALS

*"You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;  
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home"—Pope.*

## January Oracle.

Happy New Year! Have you made your New Year's Resolution to buy the Oracle every month yet? Well, do it now. We hear that there are other resolutions being made around school. They say—I resolve:

That I will limit myself to six meals a day.—Fritz Eaton, '17.

That I will never even look at the young ladies.—Dexter Pullen, '17.

That I will never study over four hours a day.—Max Snyder, '17.

That I will take my "How to Get Fat Exercises" every morning.—K. Covelle, '17.

That I will never get another shave until the price is reduced from 15 to 10 cents.—Stubby Adams, '18.

That I will never let the Art Editor draw another picture of me.—Don Eames, '19.

That I will stop breaking the girls' hearts.—"Handsome" Gillen, '17.

That we will endeavor to become intelligent. Freshman.

That we will stop our "kiddish" actions.—Sophomores.

That we will save our pennies for our class rings.—Juniors.

That we will make the most of our remaining six months in B. H. S.—Seniors.

When your making your New Year resolutions,

Please don't forget to say,  
"I'll drop something into the Oracle Box  
Each and every day."

Foolish Question No. 2736457089.

Soph. in Geometry: Why don't they have square circles?

Webb, '18 (translating Cicero): Yesterday, fellow citizens, when I was killed in my home—

So sorry, Bussy, you have our sincerest regret.

We hear that the Sophomores are studying circles in Geometry. Let us help you.

A circle is a straight line with a round spot in the center and all the rest outside. The center is one who uses perfumery.

Or—A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle of it.

## Slightly Mixed.

Miss H— (reading Freshman Latin): During the summer they wintered in Gaul.

Miss W—: When was Queen Elizabeth king?

Miss H—: What is a typewriter?

Miss E—: It is a person.



Teacher: Hurry up, we haven't much time, the clock is going.

Voice: Where is it going?

### The Joke

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,

Over many a flat and senseless joke, and then some more,—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping—rapping at my cranium door.

"'Tis some joke," I cried, "tapping at my cranium door:

If 'tis thus, what matters more?"

Murray, '17 (translates "iam bis medium amplexi"): And now he embraced the serpents around the waist.

In English:

She had a round face dotted here and there with freckles and brown eyes.

Some girl, that!

### Witty, Witty.

It has been suggested that the Junior-Senior play be taken from one of the musical comedies now on in the big cities. Such as:

"Daddy Long Legs," with Hercules Han Hathorne taking the leading role. Or:

"Very Good, Eddie," with Lord Edward Cecil Perkins in the title role.

Madame: What do you call those things in English?

Knott: Suspenders.

Madame: Well I don't know anything about harnesses.

Spring a joke  
Before you croak.  
Jot it down  
Bring it aroun'.  
Thanks.

Answer to: When is a fly?

Because an elephant can't sit on his trunk.  
Quick, Nero, the Axe!

Q. How were the spoils divided?

A. The Black Knight killed some, then Wamba blew his horn and the rest ran away.

O Me; O My!

Rich (translating French): He returned later and found Julien on the face of the old woman.

Watch out you tardy ones!

He who is late one day

Will have three afternoons to pay.

Heard in Physics Lob: Use your block of wood. What does that mean? We wonder.

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?

Or a key to a lock of his hair?

Can his eyes be called an academy because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head what gems are found?

Who travels the bridge of his nose?

Can he use when shingling the roof of his mouth the nails in the ends of his toes?

Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail, if so what did it do?

How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?

I'll be blessed if I know? Do you?

Miss R—: Which do you have first—Pole, Circle, or the Axis?

M. W—: Dole.

Editor's note: It is easy to see where Margaret's mind was.

Several Seniors will have nervous prostration about March 1st when the graduation themes are due.

## Illustrated Quotations.

Haste makes waste.—Fritz Eaton, '17.

The long and the short of it.—"Cyc"  
Archer and "Stubby" Adams, '18.

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit.—Harry Hel-  
son, '17.

It will discourse most eloquent music.—  
G. Kenney, '17.

All the world loves a lover.—D. Hathorn,  
'17.

Quality, not quantity.—M. Woodward,  
'17.

Obeys that impulse.—Buy the Oracle.

While there's life, there's hope.—Nov. 18.

Smile and the world smiles with you.—  
John McCann, '18.

Where is my wandering thought today?—  
In any study period.

By special arrangement with the fore-  
most astrologers of the time, the Oracle has  
obtained the following prophecies concern-  
ing events to happen during the first half of  
1917.

Great anxiety will be felt among certain  
members of the Junior class at the semi-  
finals and the finals of the Junior exhibition.

On February 22 there will be no school.

In June, the Seniors will graduate.

On March 17, several green neckties will  
be worn.

A boy and a girl will win medals at the  
Junior Exhibition.

B. H. S. will win some basketball games.

All Gaul is divided into 3 parts of which  
Dexter Pullen inhabits one, Stubby Adams,  
one, and John Eames, the other.

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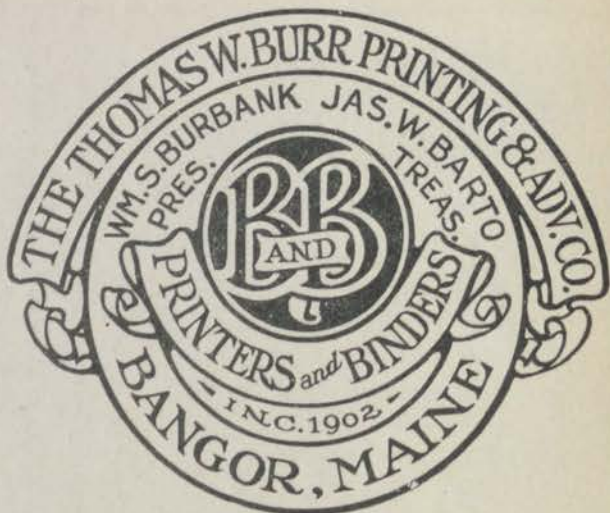
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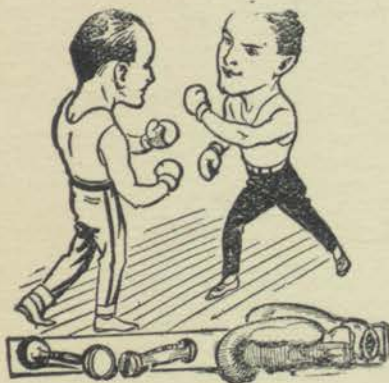
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