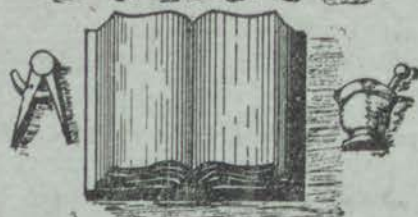


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FACULTY NUMBER



PRINCIPAL EATON

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EDITORIALS

The Oracle respectfully dedicates this issue to the Faculty of Bangor High, and to our new principal, Mr. Eaton.

Faculty Number It was thought that it would be interesting to have a picture of the Faculty and brief sketches of the lives of the members; the modesty of the teachers made it necessary to have the biographies short, and not at all detailed. A few teachers preferred not to be spoken of at all, and so if you do not find a biography of all of the Faculty, please do not think that it is due to carelessness on the part of the Oracle Board.

Bangor High is fortunate in having an experienced and able corps of teachers numbering over thirty and a fine energetic principal at their head. But even with thirty-four instructors many of the classes are crowded, some containing over forty students. For B. H. S. has over seven hundred pupils and is growing all the time.

Resolved, That military preparedness is for the best interests of the United States.

This is the question that is to be the subject for a prize debate to be published in the Oracle. The contest is open to anyone in the school, the Senate and members of the two upper classes taking the negative, while the members of the Freshman and Sophomore classes and the

House will support the affirmative. Any student in Bangor High is eligible and a medal will be given to the best affirmative and best negative argument. Here is a chance for all who are interested in debating to take a hand whether they belong to one of the societies or not. No oratorical ability is required; just dig, get the facts and write them up into the best argument that you know how to make. The rules governing the contest are as follows:

1. All affirmative arguments must be in by February 1st.
2. All negative arguments must be in by February 15th.
3. The article must not be over 1,200 words in length; this includes rebuttal.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.

The judges of the debate and of the individual winners will be Mr. Gray, Miss Irene Cousins, and Miss Mary Robinson. The manner in which a contest of this kind is supported determines to a great extent how strong school spirit is. If only a few take part, the result will not be a credit to B. H. S. Everyone who is interested in this sort of work must take hold and give us a lot of good work to pick from. Then the prize-winners will really earn their prizes and when students from other schools read the Oracle, they will see that Bangor High School spirit is right there all the time.

The editor wishes to extend his heartfelt thanks to the witty people who drop cookies, et cetera, in the
Editor's Note Oracle Box. A free lunch is not to be sniffed at, and moreover it thrills him to see that some people in B. H. S. have true school spirit and are trying their best to help out the Oracle.

If you wish to go fast use the spur of the moment.

We are living in a nervous age, an age in which speed is sought after even in our daily speech. The lengthy, cumbersome sentences of yesterday have long since departed, and in their stead are brevity and compactness. Slang is the shortest cut of all and is used in every walk of life. In school, in athletics, in business, and in art slang is an ever present factor, and up to a certain point this is well enough. But the danger comes when slang is made the regular form of one's daily speech. What may be fitting in speaking of a game, or trade becomes a menace when it is used as a substitute for good English; and many persons never gain a good command of the English language because of an excessive use of slang. The chief protection against this evil, for thinking people, lies in the slang expressions themselves. They are vivid and striking and so catch the ear at first, but the charm is soon lost and they are forgotten because people get tired of automatic expressions that sound metallic like the notes of a player piano.

Slang has its uses, however, and many good English words such as gloaming, cab, banter, etc., were once slang terms. The

number of such words that became approved is small, however, barely amounting to one in a thousand. Many of the expressions in common use can be traced to their origin. The slang taken from foreign languages is small in comparison with the whole body of the languages: boss, from the Dutch; bum, from German; and dago, from the Spanish, being a few examples. The origin of a large number of slang terms seems to be untraceable, and these form a mystery that can never be solved. Many such words are lost from time to time, their places being filled by new ones. So the endless chain goes on, each year seeing an influx of new slang expressions, while the old ones die and are forgotten. Slang is strong, while it lasts, but its powers of endurance are not of the best.

Success demonstrates that its a long head that has no turning.

Miss Dorice Catell, '18, won the Oracle prize contest this month with her story, "From the Hilltop," and she has received the two basketball tickets that were the prize. The next issue of the Oracle will be a Patriotic number. Try a story of patriotism. The prize for next month will be two basketball tickets.

The Oracle needs, and needs badly, some new cuts for the heads of the various departments. Let every artist in B. H. S. try his hand at this sort of work. In drawing cuts remember that the drawing must be twice the size that it will be when printed, for in making the cut, it is reduced one-half.

You have to open a good many oysters to find a pearl.



B. H. S. FACULTY

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BIOGRAPHIES OF THE B. H. S. FACULTY

Principal Hal R. Eaton was born in Auburn, Maine. He was graduated from Edward Little High School and later from Bates College. He attended the Harvard school for graduates in 1897-98. He has taught in Auburn, South Paris, and Belfast, Maine; and in Stoughton, Massachusetts, in Davidson, Connecticut, and in Attleboro, Massachusetts. He came from Attleboro to Bangor High School in the fall of 1915.

Sub-master Lee T. Gray was born in Waite, Maine. He graduated from Washington Academy, East Machias, Maine, and from Bowdoin college where he received the A. B. degree. He was principal in the high school at Palmer, Massachusetts, from 1906 to 1914, when he came to Bangor High School.

Mary B. Hutchings was born in Brewer. She was graduated from Bangor High School from which she went to Abbott Academy, Andover, Massachusetts. In the year following her graduation she began teaching in Bangor High School as a substitute to fill the vacancy left by Miss Eliza-

beth Clark. She is now at the head of the English Department of the school.

Mary C. Robinson was educated in the public schools of Bangor until her second year in the High School when she went to Ripon, Wisconsin, and was for one term in the preparatory department of Ripon College. She returned to Bangor for two years, but entered the high school in Brunswick, Maine, during her senior year and was graduated from that school. After graduation, she taught in Hillside (Suburban) school, Bangor, and in the grades. She was graduated from Smith College in 1890, and was a governess in Hamilton, Bermuda, in 1890-92, and also 1897-98. She studied Chemistry and Physics at the Bowdoin College Summer School in 1896, and spent the summer of 1901 in Europe. All the rest of the time, beginning with 1892, she has taught in the Bangor High School. She has had a few articles published in various periodicals, the School Review, the New England Magazine, and the Atlantic Monthly. She is now at the head of the Latin Department of the school.

Mary L. Webster was fitted for college in the Bangor High School. After her graduation from Wellesley she taught in the Cortland Normal School of New York State,



MARY L. WEBSTER

coming from there to Bangor High. Since she began teaching in this school, she has spent one summer in Italy and Switzerland, one in Greece and Sicily, and one in France and the British Isles. She is now instructor in Botany and Geometry.

Elmar T. Boyd was born in Bangor and educated in the Bangor public schools, graduating from Bangor High in the class of '91. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1895, being a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. At the beginning of the school year of '95 he became an instructor in Bangor High School. After one year's work here, he became principal of the Brewer High School where he remained three years. Then he took a post-graduate course at Harvard where he received the degree of A. M. In 1901 he came to Bangor High as instructor in History and is now at the head of the History Department of the school.

Fannie H. Robinson was born in Bangor and educated in the schools of this city. She graduated from Smith College and has taught mathematics in Bangor High School since her graduation. She is now at the head of the Mathematics Department of the school.

Mabel A. Humphrey was born at North Bradford, Maine. She is a graduate of Higgins Classical Institute, Charleston, of Bridgewater Normal School, Bridgewater, Connecticut, and of Colby College. She taught in the Higgins Classical Institute from 1898 to 1907. She became a teacher in Bangor High School in 1908. She spent the summer of 1911 in Europe. She has an official life certificate for teaching in Maine.

Harold A. M. Trickey was born in Dexter, Maine. He is a graduate of Higgins Classical Institute and of Bates College. Following graduation from college, he taught for one year in the Palmer Institute, Lakemont, New York, and then was in business in Charleston until 1908. In that year he came to Bangor High School as instructor in Chemistry. Since then he has taken a two years' post-graduate course at the University of Maine.

Nellie M. Worth was born in Bradford, Maine. She was graduated from the East Corinth Academy and from Colby College. She has taught in Erskine Academy, in Leicester Academy, and in Brewer High School. She came to Bangor High School, as an instructor in English, in 1908, in which position she still remains. She has spent one summer in California and one in Europe.

Sue L. Hincks was educated in the Eastern Maine Conference Seminary, Bucksport, and at Bates College. After graduation from

college she taught in different places in Maine, and in Whitehall, N. Y. She came to Bangor High School in 1910.

Anna McSkimmon graduated from the Bangor High School and from the Bangor Training School. She took special work at the University of Maine and has studied German in Germany. She teaches German in the Bangor High School.

Ethel C. Pfaff was born in Bangor and educated in the Bangor public schools. She was graduated from Bryn Mawr where she received the degree of A. B. She came to Bangor in 1911 following a year of teaching at the Hampden Academy. She is now instructor in Algebra, Latin, and French.

Herbert E. Congdon began teaching in a grade school at the age of eighteen. He spent one year at the Dalhousie University and was graduated from a Business College in Brockton, Massachusetts. He has taught three years at the Business College in Brockton; seven years at Everett Little High School, Auburn, Maine; two years at the Warwick High School, Warwick, Rhode Island; one year at the Meriden High School, Meriden, Connecticut; one year at the Rutland High School, Rutland, Vermont; and three years in Bangor High School. He is now at the head of the Commercial department.

Alice E. Wormwood was born in East Machias, and educated, in the grades, at Brunswick, Machias, and Old Town. She graduated from the Old Town High School in 1909, and from Wellesley in 1913. At the beginning of the school year of 1913 she began teaching in Bangor High. During the summer of 1914 she took graduate work in Latin and English at the University of Maine. She is now teaching Latin and Greek.

Gladys E. Kavanah was born in Bangor and graduated from the Bangor High School. She graduated from the University of Maine in 1911, receiving both the B. S. and W. S. degrees. She was a member of the Phi Mu Sorority. She has taught in the Jay High School, and in the South Portland High School, coming to Bangor High in 1913. She teaches Mathematics.

Stasia J. Scribner was born in Bangor and educated in St. Mary's Parochial School, Bangor, in St. Joseph's Academy, Deering, Maine, in Miss Newman's private school, Bangor, and in Bangor High school from which she graduated in 1911. In her junior year she won the medal in the Junior prize-speaking contest. In 1914 she was graduated from the Emerson College of Oratory in Boston, and in the fall of the same year she began teaching in her present position. She is instructor in English and Elocution.

Miss Emily F. Lee was born in Bangor and educated in the public schools, after which she taught in the grade schools of this city. Then she was graduated from the Sargent Normal School of Gymnastics, in Cambridge, Mass. She came to Bangor High School in 1913, and teaches gymnastics and calisthenics.

Benjamin C. Kent was born in Brewer. He was graduated from the Old Town High School in 1908, and from the University of Maine in 1912. He is now the director in Manual Training in the Bangor High School.

Alice Harvey was graduated from Bangor High in 1908 and from the University of Maine, where she received the B. S. degree, in 1913. She taught one year in Skowhegan, Maine, and one in Madison, Maine. In 1914 she came to Bangor High School, where she is now at the head of the Domestic Science Department.

Bernice B. Dunning was born in Bangor and educated in the Bangor public schools and at Wellesley. Following her graduation from Wellesley she taught in 1912 and '13 in the Vinal Haven High School, and in '13 and '14 in the Searsport High School. She came to Bangor High as a permanent instructor in mathematics in 1915.



WILLARD EATON

Imogene Wormwood was born in East Machias, and educated in the grade schools of Brunswick, Machias, and Old Town. She was graduated from the Old Town High School. She spent two years at Wellesley and two at Maine receiving the

degree of A. B., from the latter institution. She taught English in the Old Town High School until she came to Bangor High in 1915. She teaches Commercial English here.

William L. Wark was born in Windham, Maine. He was graduated from the Westbrook High School, and from the University of Maine. He began teaching in Bangor High School in 1915. He is an instructor in Manual Training.

George N. Varney, instructor in physics and shopwork, was born in Rochester, N. H. He attended the grade and High School there and graduated from U. of M. in 1911. For a year he was a draftsman in New York City. Then he taught at Wilton Academy for the year 1912-13. In 1913-14, he took graduate work at Dartmouth. From there he came to Bangor High.

Miss Irene Cousins was born in Westbrook. Her early education was received in the schools of Westbrook, Portland, Gray and Biddeford. Her High School course was completed in Thomaston High. She graduated from Wheaton Seminary and from the University of Maine. In the summer of 1907 she attended Harvard Summer School for work in history. She has taught in Thomaston, and Old Town.

Helen V. Bransfield is a native of Connecticut, and was educated in the public schools of that state. She was graduated from Wesleyan University, with the degree of Ph. B., taught in the High School of Portland, until she came to Bangor High School in 1913. She teaches Commercial English.

LITERARY

FROM THE HILLTOP

Dorice M. Catell, '18.



THE holidays were over and quiet once more reigned at Hill Top Farm, where for two long weeks all had been a joyous bustle and activity. The last uncle, aunt and cousin had departed and as Jack Roberts hauled his big red bob-sled up over the long hill that led to the farm where he lived with his grandparents, he felt very lonely, indeed. Of course his grandfather and grandmother were the dearest old people in the world, but it was natural that he should crave young company these long winter evenings.

Jack's mother and father were spending the winter in the city and had made him a Christmas present of one of the latest models in bob-sleds, which was the pride of his heart. His grandparents watched him with pleasure as he admired its fine lines and shining runners. It was such a racer that grandma looked upon it with apprehension, but grandpa laughed and said, "Don't worry, dear, and spoil his pleasure, its much safer than that old single horse-sled of mine he has been using."

Jack retired one night with a sincere hope that after a week of thawing weather with a mixture of rain and snow tomorrow would bring a cold snap and good coasting. He was awakened after hours of sound sleep by a reflection of fire on his wall. He sprung from his bed in great fear that the farmhouse was on fire, but a glance from the window told him that the railroad bridge was burning. Quicker than it takes to tell he had his clothes on and was rushing down the back-stairs with his shoes in his hand;

he decided not to alarm his grandparents, but dragging his new bob-sled from the shed, was soon darting down the steep hill. As he went he remembered it was only fifteen minutes before the night train was due. Jack felt sure it had been flagged by some of the neighbors, but as he reached the bottom of the hill crying Fire! Fire! he found that he was the only one there.

While he stood near the bridge and was looking at the burning timbers, there was a crash and the bridge fell into the water. Jack grasped a small burning tree, broke the top and ran up the track with it blazing in his hand. The train must come around the bend by Hill Top mountain and if it was going at full speed he knew it meant death and destruction to the passengers. He laid the burning treetop on the track, added small twigs and fanned it to a blaze with his cap.

Suddenly there was a loud whistle and clanging of the bell as the headlight of the great engine came around the curve. Jack's heart beat wildly; once more he grasped the burning treetop and waved it in the air.

Thank God, it was seen. He heard the air-brakes as they worked and the sound of escaping steam, and he knew the train was saved. It stopped about a hundred feet from his signal and the engineer and firemen leaped down from the cab.

Among the passengers were the Moreno Opera Troupe and as they looked at the young hero their joy was great. The great Moreno, himself, clapped the boy on the shoulder and said, "This young man deserves something besides a medal," and taking Jack's red cap he passed it around. All gave liberally because they were so hap-

py to be standing under the bright starlight instead of being buried in the cold river just ahead.

Moreno broke joyously into a song, and as the famous air of Rigoletto rang out, the silver dropped generously into the depths of the little red cap. Then the rescued people gave three cheers for Jack Roberts and his bob-sled which had saved them from death.

After Jack returned to the farm he told his grandparents all about his adventure, and as they counted out the money they found it amounted to two hundred and forty dollars. Jack's eyes sparkled with joy, "Well, what do you know about that, grandma; and it was the bob-sled that helped earn it."

A DISCONCERTING INTERVIEW

Ruth Newcomb, '16.



OLLY'S brows puckered as she sat before her little desk, biting her pencil and trying to think. She must write an essay and no thought would come to her troubled brain. However, she knew that before she could seek her pillow that night, an essay must be prepared.

She bit her pencil still more vigorously. No hope! Leaning her perplexed head on her hand she thought—deep, serious thoughts, but still the pencil refused to move.

Trouble in English! Surely she was having trouble enough, but it didn't seem to be the sort of difficulty she could put into words. Suddenly she started in surprise. From out the covers of an English Composition book on her desk there wound a procession,—the queerest—quite the queerest—stream of figures which ever made up a parade. It came nearer. As each individual passed before her, it uttered a weird sort of message in deep, solemn tones.

Polly began to be frightened,—they seemed very much like ghosts, these figures, and she commenced to think that she knew how a murderer feels, when he sees as visions of a disordered brain, the ghastly forms of his victims.

She thought of the story of Macbeth, and how she had almost ridiculed his fear when he heard the sepulchral "Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!"

Would these ghosts haunt her always? Would they keep her forever miserable and never let her rest in peace again? And still the line proceeded to file past her, as she sat in terrified silence hearing their reproaches.

"Why do you always leave me dangling in a sentence where I have no right?" chided Gerund as she swung by.

"Why am I forever separated from my closest companions?" questioned Participle in a grieved tone, "when I am present you seem to have no feeling for other's comfort."

"Why don't you use me?" the voice of Colon piped out. "My friend Semi and I are becoming old and stiff for lack of use."

Next came a worn, tired-out looking creature whom Polly recognized as Comma. Raising her hollow eyes to Polly she begged pitifully for a vacation. Only a short one. She did not ask for a leave of absence, but only for a rest, and afterward—an assistant.

Polly shut her eyes, but she could still see the merciless figures passing. The procession seemed endless: verbs asking to be considered a little and not to have to work

overtime; adjectives and adverbs beseeching her to discriminate a little more carefully between them; and and but demanding that she learn a few more connectives, and Prepositions, jumping about like a whole band of imps and taunting her with always

making them relation to someone they knew nothing about.

And so it went until Polly could stand it no longer, and resolving to sue for mercy she threw herself humbly upon her knees before them, and—awoke abruptly.

FOR ST. MARY'S

H. E. Whalen, '16.



YOU are unworthy to represent St. Mary's." Yes, these had been the words of Coach Rush. To the boy now sitting at the window gazing blankly out on the deserted campus they sounded a knell to his athletic hopes and ambitions. It was not true that he was unworthy to represent dear old St. Mary's, and because it was false, it hurt.

The explanation of the coach's bitter words was this: two days before the summer examinations were due, a duplicate copy of the examinations disappeared. After a long and futile search, the papers were found by "Pep" Morrison, the second string pitcher, in the locker of his rival, "Lefty" Devlin, the first string pitcher. As "Lefty" could give no explanation of the papers thus found in his locker he was accused of having taken the papers as "cribs." After a stormy session in the gym, Coach Rush, despite Devlin's denial of his guilt, dismissed him from the squad with the bitter words that now rankled in the heart of the boy.

Many a boy would have left school because of such an indignity, but "Lefty" was of different stuff. He took up his lessons with increased vigor and soon surprised even the strictest teacher by his good work. Marty Murphy, Lefty's roommate, the catcher on the "team," compelled Devlin to twirl to him for practice each evening, despite his protests.

At last, after a very successful season, the annual game with St. Mark's, St. Mary's

great rival, drew near. Because of the extremely successful season, the interest at St. Mary's was at fever heat. To win from St. Mark's was what coach and team chiefly strove for each year. The game was on Graduation Day, that all friends and graduates might see the annual struggle.

Fully twelve thousand people saw St. Mark's gain a lead of one run in the third inning. Moran, the speedy shortstop, beat out a bunt and was sacrificed to second by Hardy. He scored on a single to center.

In the fourth St. Mary's evened up the score, when Murphy tripled, scoring Bradley.

In the fifth inning Morrison, who was pitching for St. Mary's, was passed. Attempting to steal second, he slid and both he and Packard, the second baseman, were hidden by a cloud of dust. When the dust cleared away, Morrison lay stretched on the ground. He soon recovered and attempted to rise, but fell back with a moan. He had sprained his ankle in sliding. Supported by two players, he made his way to the bench. St. Mary's now had no pitcher.

Morrison, sitting on the bench, asked to see Devlin. Devlin came from the stand in which he was watching the game and, seeing the condition of Morrison, uttered his words of sympathy.

"Coach," began Morrison, "I took those papers and put them in 'Lefty's locker that he might be removed from the team."

"Why you! 'Lefty' get out there and pitch."

"Lefty" pitched the remaining innings, with his old-time cunning and St. Mark's

did not score again. In the ninth, Murphy doubled, scoring O'Brien and won for St. Mary's.

"Lefty" was the hero of the hour and as

the strains of the "Yellow and White" died away at the banquet that night, he rose and said, "For St. Mary's, boys, for we're all good St. Mary's men."

A RACE FOR LIFE



STOLIDUS, my lady cousin is coming up the road in the little red runabout she calls Robin, and I am presently to guide her up that lofty mountain yonder. Do you think I am likely to have a very jolly time of it?" Jack Cragon asked one afternoon late in August.

"Yes, indeed," answered the poor, demented creature called Stolidus. "Yes, indeed," it may be well to add, was the extent of Stolidus' vocabulary.

"Mater has put up a jolly little lunch for us. Do you think that open spot this side the big pine would be a good place to eat it?" Jack mused.

"Yes, indeed," was the cheery answer.

"Do you suppose —? Hello, Carroll," he called out, as the little car swung up the driveway and stopped deftly in front of the two boys.

"Why, hello, Jack. Are you ready to climb the mountain? I can't wait to be off," Carroll said quickly. "I know I am late, but Robin and I had a blow-out down by Mill's Place and we had a terrible time getting on the new tire."

So it happened that a few minutes later Jack and Carroll set out, armed with strong walking sticks, and began bravely to ascend the height before them. It wasn't a long climb and in a reasonable length of time they had reached the open place this side of the big pine. Looking back, our two adventurers beheld the whole valley: the low, rambling farm-house and the big barns; beyond the lazy Cumberland flowing quietly through the meadows, for this was the Blue-

grass country. Everywhere were laurel blossoms and rhododendron hills and song-birds; and on the slope beneath could be heard the gentle tinkle of a cowbell.

"How beautiful!" Carroll exclaimed. "See the colors, Jack. Let's sit down and just look at the scene. Is that man Uncle Ezra, I wonder? Is it very much farther to the top?"

"No. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll investigate the lunch box here, and later, when the sun is a little lower, climb to the top and see the sunset."

"Fine," was the girl's rejoinder. But the companions were not destined to see the sunset that day, for no sooner had the lunch been laid out on a convenient rock than they heard a crackling of the underbrush and a man came running out of the woods on the farther side of the opening. It is not pleasant to meet a man in such a lonely spot and such a man, especially. He was dressed in deerskin, apparently, much the same as the men of early times; but his clothes were so torn and bespattered with mud that one could not be sure of the material. He seemed not to have seen the two mountain-climbers who fled to the nearest thicket, and hiding behind it,—waited.

Suddenly a savage war-whoop awoke the echoes and from all sides came,—Indians. Imagine meeting a whole tribe of Indians in the twentieth century, only a mile and a half from the railroad station. The man evidently was not as much frightened as Jack and Carroll; for he ran rapidly away, while they could only sink in terror to their knees on the soft sward of the mountain side. Little by little as Jack realized the age in

which he lived, he realized that these Indians could not be very savage or he would have heard of them, but rising to his elbows his hopes gave way to fears again. The savages had captured the man and some of them were binding him to a tree while others danced about as if joyous over their prize. At this point the strength of our friends returned and they ran as they had never run before. The Indians had seen them and with a wild whoop, three or four of them started in pursuit. The fugitives kept ahead of their pursuers, however, and soon reached the farm-house and, bursting breathlessly into the living-room, they gasped the one word "Indians!"

Uncle Ezra chuckled, "Don't get afeard," he said, "I reckon them Injuns was foolin' ye. I meant to have a told ye before ye left, but I clean forgot it. Them Injuns was movin' pictures, leastwise they will be some day."

So that was it,—moving pictures. It was all explained.

* * * * *

"Stolidus," Jack said to his companion as he watched a red spot disappearing in the distance, "my lady cousin is going down the road, in a little red runabout she calls Robin. This afternoon I guided her up that lofty mountain yonder. Do you think she had a very jolly time of it?"

"Yes, indeed," was Stolidus' answer.

WIRELESS AND THE HALF-BREEDS

By Kenneth S. Boardman, '17.



JACK Taylor was a wireless "crank," and although only a Junior in High School, he was already a licensed operator. Jack wanted a place in the State Fire Service and when Mr. Shannon, a friend of his father, was appointed Forest Commissioner, Jack's ambition was fulfilled. He took his wireless apparatus with him to get practice and help to pass the evenings. He and his chum Bob, who was also interested in wireless, talked with each other almost every night.

Jack's station was on Bald Mountain, which was near the Canadian border. He "toted" his own supplies, weekly over a wood trail from L——, where the headquarters of the Chief Fire Warden of the county were. Each day the mountain lookouts were supposed to report to the Warden at L——. The stations were connected by a woods' telephone which was made by a single bare wire strung from tree branches and as this was easily broken or short-circuited the lookouts were kept on the watch to repair it. Aside from watching the

region for signs of fire, Jack was told to be on the lookout for a band of half-breeds who were smuggling Chinese across the boundary in violation of the immigration laws. This gang had been so successful that the State Fire Service had been asked by the Treasury Department to watch for the smugglers. Throughout June the weather was favorable for the fire-fighters, but July was a month of hot sun and few rains. There were several electrical storms, but they brought little rain. Many small fires were started by the lightning and the fire-fighters were kept constantly on the jump.

One day while Jack was searching the country for signs of smoke he thought he saw a deer, but as the supposed deer came into a small clearing he discovered that it was a group of men who were acting very suspiciously. The warning about the smugglers came into his mind and he was at once on the alert. One man seemed to go ahead of the others and to reconnoiter before he signaled the rest to follow. Jack noticed the leader apparently watching the lookout station through field glasses, and he dodged behind the camp. The man, evidently re-

assured, again started his game of hide and seek. Jack at once telephoned L——, and a U. S. marshal started to capture the party. This officer ambushed the smugglers and found the group to consist of two half-breeds, who were known throughout the state as dangerous characters, and six bundled up and disguised Chinese. The 'breeds were convicted and sentenced to state's prison. They left, swearing revenge on Jack, who in the rush of work nearly forgot them. About two weeks later the ruffians murdered a guard and escaped. A reward was offered for information leading to their arrest, but as nothing was heard of them, it was generally supposed that they had gone west.

The dry spell continued into August and fires were frequent, although they were checked before doing much damages. On the 17th, Jack noticed smoke on the Mud Pond trail, the same trail on which he had seen the smugglers. Just then the 'phone rang Jack's number. He answered and a voice, in broken English said, "I'm in the old lumber camp and have cut the wire to L——, so don't try to squeal. If you're wise you'll mind your own business. We're watching you, so don't try any funny business. Better stay where you are if you don't want to get hurt. I'll 'tend to you later."

Jack recognized the voice as that of the leading smuggler. He looked toward the Mud Pond trail and saw a mass of smoke rising where the campfire had been. The man had called Jack up from an abandoned lumber camp in which an old telephone instrument had been left. Jack hopelessly tried to call L——, but without result. He knew that the criminal was armed and desperate, and that unless he could get in communication with L—— he would be in a dangerous position. He had thought of

the wireless when he found the telephone useless, but remembered that Bob was away. As his wave length made it difficult to call the commercial stations he had little faith in help from L——.

As a last chance he started sending S.O.S.—S.O.S. Bald Mt. Fire Station. He listened, but received no answer. S.O.S. is the emergency call and summons anyone who hears it, but this time it seemed useless. He tried it once again and then, adjusting the receivers, listened. Suddenly he heard a slight buzz which turned into .-. -.. ---. (LB7) which was his call letter or rather signal, and this was followed by --- .--- (OY5) which was Bob's call. Jack then sent "Smugglers on Mud Pond trail or near there. Big fire started by them. Telephone wire cut. Get L—— and send men to fight fire, also sheriff. Hurry. Jack."

Bob telephoned to L—— and men started for the fire immediately and soon had it under control. The sheriff, after a long chase cornered the two criminals in an old driving camp, where they were captured after a hot fight.

Jack received the reward, which he insisted on sharing with Bob, because he said that if Bob hadn't been around he would have probably been a candidate for the hospital in a sort time.

Jack was ordered to the capital, and when he reached the city he met Mr. Shannon who told him that due to his demonstration of the possibilities of wireless, he was going to try and install wireless in addition to the telephone in the more important stations. He offered Jack and Bob positions as Headquarters operators. The boys took the places without hesitation and when they had to leave for school Mr. Shannon promised to give them their old places next year. Both felt that it had been a well-spent vacation.



LOCALS



"Truth stretches but does not break"

Lillian Emple, '19, has left school.

Earl Boothby, '19, has been forced to leave school on account of eye trouble.

Ralph Turner entered the Freshman class at the beginning of the term.

Thirty lockers have been placed in Room 119 previously used by the janitor. These will be used by the girls in Room 110. The commercial girls, who have been without lockers will now be supplied.

Miss Scribner has set Wednesday, Jan. 19, as the date for the Junior Exhibition preliminaries.

Russell Hadlock has entered the Commercial division of the Sophomore class. He comes to Bangor High from Kent's Hill.

The requirements for Senior essays have been put on the board in Room 211. The essays are due March 1, and the subjects must be chosen by Jan. 17. The length must be between 500 and 800 words.

It is rumored that both French and German plays will be given during the year. As yet nothing definite is planned.

About thirty Sophomores met in the gymnasium Wednesday, Jan. 5, to discuss military training. It is planned to get the work going in full swing very soon. All students taking the military work will be

required to furnish uniforms with the exception, perhaps, of the Seniors. The school will furnish the rest of the equipment. The uniform will be selected with the idea that it can be worn to school.

John McCann, treasurer of the Sophomore class, makes the following report on the Sophomore Reception:

Receipts	\$51.01
Expenses	35.16

Profit	\$15.85
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This is doing very well and gives the class a nice little nest egg.

Thursday, Dec. 16, the Freshman class met to elect officers. There was an unusually large number of candidates and considerable rivalry. The candidates were: for president, Albert Driscoll, Robert McCann, John Short, Douglas Thompson and Frank Washburn; for vice president, Agnes Olsen and Elizabeth Johnston; for secretary, Beulah Atherton, Doris Eldridge and Violet Mills; for treasurer, Donald Eames, Sumner Greeley, William Hall and Earl Robinson. Those elected were: president, Douglas Thompson; vice president, Agnes Olsen; secretary, Violet Mills; treasurer, Sumner Greeley.

On the last day of the fall term, the students chosen to speak in the Junior Exhibition preliminaries were announced. As usual ten boys and ten girls were chosen. The students are: Misses Gladys Allen,

Grace Brennan, Carrie Davis, Margaret Hills, Ruth Hunt, Nellie Jones, Gladys Maxfield, Ruth Smiley, Pauline Woodward and Messrs. Stanley Cayting, Raymond Curran, Franklin Gould, Earl Grant, Harry Helson, Thomas Kane, Martin McGuff, Cornelius Sullivan and Raymond Thorne.

The Oracle would like to draw the attention of students to the fact that copied articles which are dropped into the Oracle box should be accompanied by the name of the author, or, at least, by the name of the book or paper from which the selection is taken. The Oracle, like other papers, can sometimes use such selections; but, like every honorable paper, it earnestly desires not to pass them off as original. Last fall a copy of humorous verses that have been in print more than fifty years was found in the Oracle box, signed with initials as if written by a student. Don't try to make the Oracle a party to dishonesty.

All those interested in the Oracle Medal Debate will find a table at the Public Library devoted to material on Preparedness.

On the evening of Dec. 17 a meeting of the Commercial division of the class of 1915 was held in the gymnasium, all but five members of the class being present. Miss Hall, Miss Phelps and Mr. and Mrs. Congdon were present. Games were played and a pleasant social evening was enjoyed. Ice-cream was served in the lunch-room, and cake and candy were provided by the girls of the class. A committee was appointed, consisting of Miss Hall, Daniel McClay and Miss Gladys Colby to make arrangements for a permanent organization and for a meeting twice a year in the future.

Plans are under way for a large school fair to be given about the middle of February, for the benefit of athletics. At present it is planned to have the fair two evenings. (On the first a minstrel show and a farce, "Thirty Minutes for Refreshments," will be given, and on the second, a basketball game and dance.) There will be booths for selling various articles and a slight admission will be charged. The fair, which is to be given on a larger scale than in the previous years, is expected to be a great success. The farce will be presented with the cast:

John Downley, a bachelor....John McCann
Clarence Fitts, his colored servant.....

.....James Chilcott

John Foxton, a young married gentleman,

.....Oliver Hall

Major Pepper, U. S. A....Arthur Robinson

Mrs. FoxtonKenneth Boardman

Miss Arabella Pepper, a maiden lady....

.....Richard MacWilliams

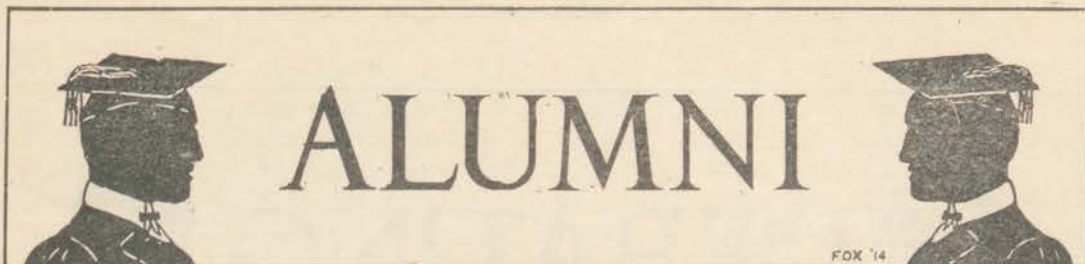
Polly, waitress at Highland Station.....

.....Freeman Olsen

At this fair arrangements will be made to organize a permanent alumni organization.

Three days following the day of its issue the Oracle will regularly be found for sale or distribution in the principal's office at recess and after school, **but not before school.**

On Friday, Dec. 17, the last day of the term, the High School Orchestra played at chapel. A selection was rendered as the students were being seated and the orchestra also accompanied the singing. This was a decided novelty and all the school was greatly pleased. The only fault found was that the program was so short.



"Along the pebbled shore of memory"

The following graduates of B. H. S. spent the holidays at their homes here:

Madeline MacGregor, Wheaton College.
Lora Blanding, Wheaton College.
Dorothy Harvey, Wheaton College.
Pauline Mansur, Wheaton College.
Bateman Edwards, Bowdoin.
Robert Ewer, Bowdoin.
Margaret Woodman, Wellesley College.
Frances Townsend, Wheaton College.
Dorrice Robinson.
Philip Clement.
Roger Merriman, Pratt Institute.
Gertrude Perry, Smith College.
Dorothy Smith, Smith College.
Sylvia Parker, Mt. Holyoke College
Irving West, U. of M.
Lucie Knowles.
Margaret Burns, Trinity College.
Frances McCann.
Robert Patterson, Harvard.
Valentine Kenney, Bryant & Stratton.
Dudley Griffin.
Arno Savage, Bowdoin.
Francis Murphy, Holy Cross.

An engagement of much interest announced during the holidays was that of Marguerite Mills and David Beach. Miss Mills is at present on the Bangor Public Library Staff; while Mr. Beach is studying for the ministry.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Getchell spent the holidays with Mrs. Getchell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Jones. Mrs. Getchell was Miss Helen Jones before her marriage.

Louise Cousins has accepted a position at Castine Normal School.

Alice Jennison, '14, has been spending the holidays in Boston, the guest of Miss Lucy Webber.

A dinner party was given at Everett Nealley's during the holidays to announce the engagement of Philip Coffin to Rachael Robinson of Presque Isle.

On Monday night, Jan. 10, the marriage of Inez O'Leary and Albert Kelliher was solemnized.

Lydia Adams has returned to Simmons, having been called home by the illness and death of her father.

Harold Milan was at home for the holidays from the U. S. Military Academy.

Otto Nelson, who has been for ten years with the Commercial, has left to take a position in the bond department of the Merrill Trust Co. He has been on the Commercial ever since leaving High School.



"The bitter clamor of two eager tongues."

The Senate.

On January 7, the meeting was called to order by Mr. Olsen for the purpose of holding a debate.

The subject for debate was: Resolved, That there should be municipal ownership of street railways in Bangor. The speakers on the affirmative were Mr. King and Mr. Whittemore; on the negative were Mr. Eames and Mr. Boardman.

The affirmative upheld that municipal ownership is practicable as the city government already controls the railway by certain laws, since it would be only one step further to assume full control. Again it was argued that the present system of private ownership has resulted in serious abuses which could be remedied only by municipal control. Thirdly, municipal ownership has been successful when tried.

The negative team applying its argument strictly to Bangor showed conclusively that in its present financial condition it would be unwise to assume this new financial responsibility. That the service, as managed now, could not be bettered by such a change was another of the strong points of the negative.

After the debate the question was thrown open to the Senate for discussion. All took an active part in the discussion and many new phases of the question were developed.

The House.

On January 3 the House held a debate on the question: Resolved, That the City of Bangor should own an electric light system.

One speaker presented the arguments for each side of the question. Mr. Perkins supported the affirmative, Mr. Smart, the negative.

Mr. Perkins occupied his proof mainly in showing that the city would profit financially by undertaking such a step.

Mr. Smart maintained that if other attempts of the city had failed or were not as well managed as private stations, it would be useless to attempt such experiments again.

Preparing for a Debate.

As many new members of both the Senate and the House intend to enter the trials and have been in difficulty as to how they should prepare for them, we quote the following from William Truant Foster's "Essentials of Exposition and Argument," which may be of benefit to some.

"The tendency of students is to make reading a substitute for thinking. If they cannot find ready-made arguments, they complain that there is no available material. They expect to prepare for a debate as they do for a declamation. But debaters should consult printed matter mainly for facts to

think about. Their reading should enlighten them as to the origin and meaning of the question, furnish the historical basis for the discussion, warn them against untenable positions, reveal the strong and weak points of the other side, and suggest evidence for them to interpret and employ.

The debater who substitutes a little reading for a lot of thinking, or relies on fluency, and the inspiration of the occasion, is like Gratiano: he "speaks an infinite deal of nothing. . . . His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in a bushel of chaff. You shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search." The master in the art of debate is not known by his assurance and fluency, not primarily by his cleverness, not even by his learning, but rather by his breadth of view, scientific method, thoroughness of preparation, precision of statement, and hatred of superficiality,—in short, by his "habit of mind."

Girls' Society.

The regular weekly meeting of the Girls' Debating Society, on Thursday, Dec. 2, was called to order at 4 o'clock in Room 209 with fifteen members present. One new member was voted into the society. New officers were elected as follows: Lilla

Hersey, president; Rachel Connor, vice president; Florence U. Salley, secretary; Bernice Smith, treasurer; Gladys Allen, censor. A debate was then held on the subject: Resolved, That history is more beneficial to students than Latin. The judges, Marion Bragg, Agnes Olsen, and Rachel Connor, decided in favor of the affirmative.

At the next meeting on Dec. 9, the officers were installed and subjects for papers to be read on the following Thursday were given out. The president then announced a debate on the subject: Resolved, That athletics are not necessary in a school. Sides were chosen as follows:

Affirmative: Marion Bragg, Marion Kenney, Bernice Smith.

Negative: Ruth Hunt, Nellie Jones, Katherine Bryant.

The judges were Doreen Gregory, Maysie Whitehouse, and Gladys Allen. The decision was awarded to the negative.

At the last meeting of the year 1915, Dec. 16, several very interesting papers were read on the following subjects: "The President's Message," by Bernice Smith; San Morino, the Smallest of the Allies," by Maysie Whitehouse, an extract from "What I Found Out in the House of a German Prince," by Gladys Allen, and "The Attitude of the Greeks Toward the War," by Nellie Jones.

"Chips from other woodpiles"

"Why Steven," scolded the wrathful mother, "why didn't you get the bacon I sent you for?"

"It was so greasy that it slipped my mind," replied Steven nonchalantly.

"Goodness, little boy!" exclaimed the kindly old gentleman to the weeping youth. "What on earth is the matter?"

"I had a terrible accident," bawled the boy.

"Gracious! What was it?"

.. "I met pop when I was a-playin' hookey."

A gentleman who was once stopped by an old man begging replied: "Don't you know, my man, that Fortune knocks once at every man's door?"

"Yes," said the old man, "he knocked at my door once, but I was out, and ever since then he has sent his daughter."

"His daughter!" replied the gentleman. "What do you mean?"

"Why, Miss Fortune."

Barber: "Want a hair cut?"

"Swede": "No, I want them all cut."



"Fair play and may the best man win."

On Friday, Dec. 10, Bangor High started her basketball season with a victory over the alumni, all of whom were former players of the school. The high school team this year is one of the best that has ever represented the school and before the season is over should prove one of the best in the state. The score of the game Friday night was 42 to 20. Six players were tried out on the school team, while the alumni finished the game with the same team that started. On the alumni team were four players from the B. A. A., but the younger players were in better trim than their older opponents. For the high school, Adams and Mulvaney with six baskets each, A. Jones with five, and Freeman with four showed especially good form for the first game of the season. Williams, Bowen, and H. Jones each got three baskets for the alumni. The kind of game played by the High School indicates that all the later games will be hard fought. The summary:

B. H. S (42)

Alumni (20)

Adams, l.f., 6.....r.b., McKenney
Freeman, r.f., 4.....3, l.b., Williams
Mulvaney, c., 6.....1, c., Boynton
A. Jones, l.b., 5.....3, r.f., Bowen
Chilcott, r.b.....3, r.f., H. Jones
Heal, r.b.

Referee, Daley. Timer, McGuire. Scorer, Frawley. Time, two 20-minute periods.

Once more the High School was a winner in the High School gymnasium on Saturday night, Dec. 18. This time the U. of M. Law were their opponents and they were defeated by the score of 34 to 3. After the first few minutes of the first half, the result could be foretold for the High School went

off to an early lead and at no time were they in danger of losing the game or even of being headed. In the last part of the first half Reed shot a basket for the Law School and a minute later they scored on a foul. These points proved to be the only ones scored by them during the game although in the last half they had numerous shots for the basket. The High School team played together well and their handling of the ball was clean and fast throughout the whole game. The passing was fine and Mulvaney at center time and again started a combination which would either result in a basket, or at least in a try for one. The work of the backs was fine, too, and the smallness of the score was due as much to their close guarding as to the exceptionally bad shooting of the Law School. For the High School, Adams was the star of the game, getting nine baskets and being in every play and combination. Freeman was everywhere, but only got two baskets. Ginsberg and Hayes got a chance in the last half and showed up well. The team, as a whole, was in much better form than in the first game and their fine work shows the kind of a coach that Bangor has this year.

The summary:

B. H. S. (34)

U. of M. Law (3)

Adams, l.f., 9.....r.b., Daley
Freeman, r.f., 2.....(1) l.b., Mitchell
Ginsberg, r.f., 2
Mulvaney, c., 4.....c., Smith
Hayes, c.
Chilcott, r.b.....l.f., Drew
Mulvaney, r.b.
Freeman, r.b.
Heal, l.b.....(1) r.f., Reed

Referee, Johnson. Scorer, Frawley. Timers, McGuire and Kelley. Time, 20 and 15-minute periods.

In any high school the four principal activities in the line of athletics are basketball, track, baseball and football. Baseball is the national game, but football everywhere draws the largest crowds. Track is being more and more attended and once every four years an Olympic meet is held in one of the foreign countries. The best representatives of the different sports gather at this meet and it is a battle royal between the nations of the world.

Baseball, basketball and track in high schools do not call out the attendance that a football game will bring, so the money that is cleared during the football season has to be used to help pay the expenses of the other sports. Track does not attract attention unless it is between more than two schools. A good basketball game will attract a fair crowd and a baseball game, especially those in the World's Series, draws enormous crowds, but a football game between Yale and Harvard draws a crowd nearly double that which attended any game in the last World's Series.

Anyone who has attended a basketball game so far this season knows that the attendance has been very discouraging to the team as well as to the people managing the financial end of the project. The two games played so far have been with local teams and so the expenses were not heavy, but later games, with teams from out-of-town, are going to cost a nice little sum of money and if the pupils do not support the team with their attendance and money, as well as with their best wishes, we will have

to draw on the money which was cleared from football and other sports.

With the team Bangor has this year you will be certain to get your money's worth for they sure can play. The few loyal ones can't do it all, so come down to the next game, and to every game and see Bangor win.

Roland Gray has been re-elected captain of the Bangor High School Track Team.

Track.

The Bowdoin indoor track meet is but a month away. Bangor High School wants to gain a higher place, or at least attain second place, the same as they won last year. Years ago, Bangor High School had one of the best track teams in the state and there is no reason why we cannot have the best this year.

The lower classmen are the ones who are needed by the team, coach, and school. They are the ones that should report for practice and work not only for their own interest, but for the school. They will be the ones on whom the school will have to rely in a few years, and why should they not be prepared when the time comes?

Among the men of last year's team who are reporting for practice are Capt. Gray, Dexter Pullen, Edward Costello, and James McCann.

The new men are John Davis, captain of 1915 football team, Eddie Peters, star on 1915 football team, Albert Driscoll, Scout Wilson, John McCann, Eddie Angley, Earle Heal and Walter Frawley.

Raymond Torrey,
Track Manager.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner
Eating Domestic Science pie,
He stuck in his thumb, and pulled out a
hairpin and a button and a shoestring
and a wad of spearmint and said:
"Oh, what careless things those girls are!"
—Ex.

"Say," said the man as he entered the clothing-store. "I bought this suit here less than two weeks ago, and it is rusty-looking already."
"Well," replied the clothing-dealer, "I guaranteed it to wear like iron, didn't I?"
—Ex.



"Imitation is the sincerest flattery"

Our list of exchanges is constantly growing. Besides the papers that we had on the list last year, nearly fifty new ones have been added; and that is saying quite a lot, for we had a large list a year ago.

As We See Others.

Princeton Pictorial Review, Princeton, N. J.—We are always ready to welcome such an interesting paper.

The Emblem, Van Buren, Ind.—A very interesting, but incomplete paper. Practically everything in your October number is literary.

Enterprise, Keene, N. H.—Your stories are extremely interesting, and of excellent variety.

The Tripod, Boston, Mass.—We would like to know what is the object of the "Observer" column. It looks like school news written in the form of an editorial. Your paper, on the whole, is fine.

Orange and Black, Falls City, Neb.—Your literary department is much too short, compared with the length of the other departments. A few cuts would add much to the appearance of your paper.

Wanona, Portage, Wis.—The headings of the departments in your paper are very clever. Your cover design, too, is very appropriate.

The Lens, Portland, Ore.—Our only criticism of you is that you have no alumni department; but aside from this, your paper is exceptionally good.

The Mirror, Sharon, Pa.—Your literary department shows that you have at least one promising writer in your school.

Su-Hi, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.—You have a neat and well balanced little paper, which lacks only a table of contents.

Aurora, Nome, Alaska.—Without one exception, yours is the most interesting paper we have received, and we are glad to have you on our exchange list. All the departments are well written. It is especially interesting for us, down here, to read about your athletics, because they are so different from ours.

The Argus, Waterbury, Conn. We congratulate you on the originality of your paper. To make it more complete, however, we would suggest that you lengthen your exchange department and print a page or two of jokes.

The Rail Splitter, Lincoln, Ill.—Your paper is very interesting; but shouldn't the articles "Senior-Junior Reception," "Orchestra," and "Chemistry Notes" come under "School Notes" instead of under "Literary"?

The Forum, St. Joseph, Mo.—Your Athletic department is incomplete. Why not write the line-up of each game and also give the details of each one? Your paper would present a better appearance if you did not use advertisements to fill up the pages. Put your ads. either in the front or in the back of the paper.

As Others See Us.

The Athletic Number of the Oracle (Bangor High School) is good in all respects. Beginning at the cover, we must comment upon the color and design, which furnish a simple and attractive combination. The first impression one receives is that it must be a football number, for the drawing is spirited and full of action that makes one hold the breath for a few seconds, just as if one were really upon the field and watching the play. Inside there is a page for each school activity. Debating is apparent-

ly an important interest. The Athletic department is neither cut too short nor extended too far. On the whole, the paper is well arranged.—The Delphian, Providence, R. I.

Oracle—You have a fine paper. The cuts are especially good.—Trident, Brewer, Me.

The Oracle, Bangor, Maine—We have no fault to find with this Oracle.—Tech Monthly, Scranton, Pa.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me.—Your paper is one of the best of our exchanges. It is well edited and all the departments are well developed. Your exchanges are especially interesting.—The Peals, Orange, Mass.

"The Oracle," Bangor, Maine—The story, "The Slash in the Bokhara Rug," has a rather unusual plot and is cleverly written. The various departments are well edited and show school spirit. Our only criticism is that you have no table of contents.—The Mirror, Sharon, Pa.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me.—We are always glad to get The Oracle. Please come again.—The Pioneer, New Orleans, La.

"Wit and wisdom from other lands"

Teacher: "If you are a good boy, Harold, you will go to Heaven and have a gold crown on your head."

Harold: "Not for mine; I had one of them things put on a tooth"

The Prisoner: There goes my hat. Shall I run after it?

Policeman—Phwat! Run away and niver come back? ? Niver! You stand here and I'll run after your hat.

Jones: "His father died from hard drink."

Bones: "He did?"


Jones: "Yes, a cake of ice fell on him."

Flattery is like Cologne Water—Sweet, but not to be swallowed.


An old German was delivering a self-imposed address on military science. "My son, Otto," said he, "goes off to war, and wears a high hat. Along comes a bullet, right through the middle of it. Had he been wearing a cap, mein Gott! Otto would have been killed.

Diogenes was looking for an honest man. "What luck," asked a wayfarer.

"Pretty fair. I've still got my lantern."



PERSONALS



"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."

Mr. T— (in chemistry): "We shall begin with Monochlormethane (a colorless gas having an ethereal odor), and finish by taking sulphuric acid." HELP!!

To prove a rank of 50 is better than one of 100.

Proof:

Nothing is greater than 100.

50 is greater than nothing.

∴ 50 is greater than 100.

—Ex.

Hall: "What do we usually associate with Ol-en?"

Pal-er: "Grape juice."
(There's a reason).

Miss W-dw-rd (reciting the gods): "Who was Cupid?"

Miss C—: "Why, Cupid, was the daughter of Venus."

Mr. E—: "What is the definition of work?"

P-ll-n: "That's what my name stands for." (pullin').

Miss McS— (assigning German selections): Mr. Dennett (short pause) the Kaiser's representative who lives in Ross-berg.

Freese: "Congratulations upon your appointment."

Butler (In Geometry): "Is it all right to leave the pie (II) the way it is?"

A voice: "No! MacCabe might be in most any moment."

"A Fair Exchange is No Robbery."

"Do I bore you?" asked the mosquito politely, as he sunk a half inch shaft into the man's leg.

"Not at all," replied the man, squashing him with a book. "How do I strike you?"

Life in the Manual Training Department.

"Life is a continual bore," said the auger.

"It's a hard grind for me," said the emery-wheel.

"You don't have to go through as much as I do," said the saw.

"It's all hard knocks for me," said the bench.

"Let's strike," said the hammer.

"Cut it out," said the chisel, "here comes the instructor."

Gid: "Doctor, will you give me something for my head?"

Doctor: "My dear boy, I wouldn't take it as a gift."

I love to hear good stories,

And to hear about the war;

But the funniest thing I ever heard,

Is the blat of McWilliams' haw-haw.

BY V.E.H '18

WHY NOT?



COSTUMES
FOR THE
JUNIOR
SPEAKING
CONTEST



TEACH
THE
FRESH-
MEN
TO BE
COURTE-
OUS



ENGAGE A DETECTIVE
TO RESTORE 'LOST BOOKS'

(TO THE D.S. GIRLS)
WHY NOT SHOW SOME MERCY
TOWARD YOUR LUNCH-
ROOM PATRONS?



"What is the plural of man," asked the second grade teacher. "Men," came the answer. "Correct," she said. "Now, what is the plural of child?" Then came the unexpected answer, "Twins."

Say—"Did you notice in the paper the other day where a lady swallowed a needle and six months later it grew out of her elbow?"

Yes—"That's nothing!" The other day I swallowed a tack and now there is a nail growing out of the end of my toe."

At the Grocers:

"Half a pound of tea, please."

"Green or black?"

"It makes no difference. It's for a blind man."

First Tramp: "I went to sleep in a wooden house last night, and woke up in a stone one."

Second Tramp: "How was that?"

First Tramp: "Why, the wind blew so hard it made the house rock."

"Mamma," asked Willie, thoughtfully, "do people ever die of hay fever?"

"Why, no, I guess not."

"Well, I don't see, then, where all the grass widows come from."

A man with the cognomen Jim,
Looked for a leak with a glim;
Alack and alas!
The leak it was gas—
We'll now sing the 54th hymn.

Mr. Congdon (in bookkeeping class):
"Term 60 days."

Wilson: "Where have I heard that sentence before?"

Our Daily Program.

- 8.00. School begins.
- 8.15. Everybody rings.
- 8.20. Snyder comes to school.
- 8.30. Dennett flunks German.
- 8.40. Rich starts drawing a circle.
- 9.00. Rich finishes drawing a circle.
- 9.30. J. Davis speaks.
- 10.00. D. Pullen laughs.
- 10.15. J. Chilcott teaches French.
- 10.30. A. Palmer starts studying.
- 10.35. A. Palmer is finished studying.
- 11.15. Everybody eats.
- 11.40. Laboratory has a blow out.
- 12.00. "Swede" doesn't get enough to eat.
- 12.42. "O joy, O bliss!
- Senior: "How do you like mushrooms?"
- Freshman: "Never slept in any."

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Miss Hutchings: "What time was Duncan murdered?"

Miss Travers, '16: "About bedtime (12 o'clock is rather late)."

Helson: "As smooth (?) as Boardman's unrazored lips."

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these,
"Portland's won again."

Harry: "Which is proper, I am crazy, or I be crazy?"

Herb: "Why, I am crazy, of course."

Harry: "I thought so."

A certain class of boys I guess
Are very much like drums,
From heads that hold much emptiness
The greatest uproar comes.

At Last! Miss Hincks' favorite expression in poetry.

Dennett: "It is an 'economic monstrosity' to ask three cents for this ham sandwich."

W. M. H., '16, has invented what he calls "Aviation Poison." One drop kills.

An Algebra Problem.

If thirteen tons, dropped plunk on top,
Will break a three-inch plank,
How much must an official drop
To break a savings bank?

"My man, how did you become such an expert swimmer?"

"Why lady," responded our hero modestly, "I used to be a traffic cop in Venice."

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Is the first step towards safety.
It will reveal to you whether
your eyes are safe or not. Every-
one should be Optically tested,
don't hesitate, but come now, the
advice given will be for your per-
sonal good and well-being.

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