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Bangor High School
February, 1917

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EDITORIALS

"And a wise man came unto them and spoke"

WORLD PEACE

Twenty years ago World Peace was an Euthopian dream. At the beginning of the present war the wise ones said "I told you so." To-day some of the ablest men and women in the country are not only giving this movement their intellectual support, but they are actually preaching it and taking steps to secure it.

Such has been the charge of sentiment. And well that it has been so for it shows we are progressing both in our ideas and aspirations. The United States has been the foremost in the movement for World Peace and has best helped to maintain it by her actions.

Statesmen, reformers, educators, captains of industry, and leaders from all branches of life have taken part in these congresses for World Peace. As yet, nothing has been actually put into operation but a very definite plan has been formed. After the war the next definite step forward will be a World Constitution ratified by the states of the World for the enforcement and observance of justice and peace. Perhaps, then, World Peace is not so far away after all.

Little do we realize what the next few years will do to make this vague dream of dreams a reality.

THE GENTLE ART OF BLUFFING

Many students have the habit of "bluffing"; that is, they neglect to study their lessons and then in class they try to get through their recitations by good guessing. Although in this way they sometimes succeed in getting good rank, they are using a dishonest method. It makes no difference to the teacher whether a pupil really studies his lesson or relies merely on his quick wit. But it does make a difference to the pupil; for when he practices this method he is cheating himself. At school he has an opportunity to learn; if he does not use this opportunity he is not dealing squarely with himself. Nor, for that matter, is he dealing fairly with his fellow-students. For the majority of students attend school in order to learn something; when a pupil who knows nothing about a subject rises and "bluffs" for a greater or lesser period of time, he is unjustly taking that time from students who might be making good use of it. If those

who have this habit stop to think what its inevitable results are, perhaps they would give it up.

SOME QUEER FACTS

There is no up or down, east or west, inside or outside if the universe as a whole is considered. Such terms are only relative and have no significance except to serve as a makeshift that we may be understood.

Since anything can be divided any number of times even infinitely, one becomes as great as infinity. And infinity is only one because neither anything outside it nor less than it can be imagined.

Scientifically we learn that desk and boot and building are no longer made of wood, leather, and brick, respectively, but of vibrations or motion. How queer it seems to think of all things as only vibrations which present various appearances to our senses! The ether which is neither seen nor capable of being known in any way, is now thought to be the only true substance while matter is only a hole in the ether.

We sometimes forget that man is not the only living creature that abhors murder. Among all animals, murder of their own kind or specie is as rare as among us.

There is less difference between the brain of the anthropoid ape and the Australian Bushmen, than between the latter and a Newton. In fact, the mass of evidence seems to show that man is an aberration of monkey.

Among the ancient Greeks and Romans it was a breach of etiquette to speak of, or even use the left hand. It is from them we

get our custom of shaking hands with the right hand.

In some colleges, curves, are made from statistics so that it may be calculated with tolerable certainty just how many will receive A's, B's and so on for ranks. Even murders, marriages, and other things which seem to have no fixed relation are anticipated by the statistics of former years.

Stockraisers, herders, and drovers die in the greatest numbers in proportion to other occupations. The least number of deaths occurs among stenographers and typewriters, while bookkeepers show a much larger death rate.

How many odd things do you notice as you read or observe nature?

NOTICE! IDEAS WANTED

The Oracle will give a prize to any member of the school, not connected with the Oracle, for **any** idea that is suggested to and used by the editors. This offer is open to all until the close of the year.

Conditions Of This Offer

1. The idea should be original, if not, it should be of sufficient merit to warrant its being used.
2. The idea may apply to the whole paper, or to one of the departments, or to cuts, or to any part of any of the departments.
3. The name of the contributor must be known before any suggestions are considered.
4. Hand in your ideas on or before the first of the month,—the earlier the better.
5. See the editor yourself and talk it over with him.



"The pen is a tree, whose fruit is expressions"

TESTS

By J. L. S. '17



O give a definition of the word test, according to my sad experience with it, is not at all difficult. I can sum up the whole meaning in one word—Nightmare! And this does not mean an easy, pleasant dream; it means the hair-raising kind of dream which leaves dreadful memories in a restless mind.

After a test I go about the house in a gloomy, abstracted state of mind, regardless of what is going on around me. The family say, "For goodness' sake, child, what is the matter? You are so quiet something must be the trouble. Don't you feel well?" And then I divulge the cause. The same sad, sad story of a Test. How I left out half a question here, put down a wrong answer there, and then after all did not finish before the gong rang. They listen to this sad tale, sympathize with me, tell me that I am trying to do too much with school and outside activities combined. I listen, feeling myself to be a very much abused and over-worked pupil and go to bed almost happy, thinking how much I silently(?) endure. And those

are only comparatively few of the sensations that tests bring along in their wake.

You go to school some morning, feeling especially gay and light-hearted. You are enjoying yourself immensely with your neighbor across the aisle, when suddenly like a bomb, your learned teacher casually says, "Oh, by the way, before I forget it, we will have a short written lesson to-morrow—just a few lively questions on things that you all know." Alas, your day is spoiled. No more fun. You begin to quake and shiver. Things swim before your eyes.

Teachers invariably call a test just a "short written lesson;" dictionaries call it "any critical trial;" and all pupils unanimously call it a "nightmare." By the teachers' definition one is led to believe that a test is a very simple matter, just an every day sort of affair (oh, that it were!), in which every one could get 100 if he were only willing to try. The dictionary comes a trifle nearer when it calls it a critical trial. It certainly is very critical at times, especially when your previous one did not receive favorable comment from your teacher. But the real, true

way of defining it is voiced in the pupils own language.

A nightmare is a dreadful dream accompanied with pressure on the chest and a feeling of powerlessness of motion and speech." That is just the way a test affects the average pupil. His heart beats about five times its average count, he feels hot and cold alternately, and his brain is so confused that he does not know what he is writing. The hand writes things contrary to what the brain thinks. And on the whole he passes a miserable forty minutes.

Anyone would think this would be the limit of a pupils endurance, but it is not. Tests do not consist solely in answering questions put to you by your instructor in so wily a manner that you know you could

answer them if only he would give you a little hint to start on. Teachers are very hard hearted sometimes. After you answer the questions to the best of your ability, perhaps seven out of ten, you pass in your paper to your teacher. He takes it home, ponders over it a long time, tries to make out the latest ways of spelling that you have aquired, and incidently, takes off a few credits for these new methods. Within two or three days, possibly a week, during which time you grow thinner and paler, worrying over your rank, your paper comes back to you. You don't dare look at it in class, but take it home to ponder over in the secrecy of your chamber. And after that you are either much happier or much more miserable than you were before.

TARDINESS

By John S. McCann, '18



TARDINESS is a misfortune, a disease, a curse placed upon man by the demon Habit. It goes hand in hand with laziness, carelessness, and idleness. It is not an invention of the frivolous modern age, but a thing that has come down to us from almost the beginning of time. The Bible mentions it, history is full of it. The wise man has always avoided it while the fool has embraced it. Millions and millions suffer from its results daily. If not actually victims of the habit, victims of circumstances resulting from it. Found in the church as well as in the saloon, in the home as in the office, among the rich as among the poor, respecting neither position, wealth, nor age, it grasps all within its clutch releasing them only at the grave.

The price of tardiness is failure. Beginning in the home the child takes his time in performing his minor tasks. The fault grows when as a youth in school he has tardy marks placed against his name day after day. Here is the place where the disease will either form a firm foundation as a habit, which eventually will cause the failure of the one affected, or will be ended, thus ridding him of a great menace to success. If it is not ended in his school life it will go on increasing year after year till as a business man it will come to be a matter of form for him to be two or three minutes late for every engagement. Then he will realize the cost of tardiness—failure—.

We pick up the newspaper and glance it over. Here, an engineer was carelessly driving his engine a little late, causing a

wreck and the loss of many lives. There a doctor had taken his time going to a call, and when he got there he was too late. On the next page, we see where a lawyer had lost his case because one of his important witnesses had come to late. Again how a millionaire had lost his fortune because he had failed to get to the stock exchange in time for the opening. Similar cases are occurring every minute we breathe, and likewise will continue to the end of time.

As it has been shown that tardiness is a curse to the age, it might be asked why war is not waged on this curse. But what is to be done to check this great evil influence which is steadily increasing its hold on mankind? The answer lies in the school, the place where ideas are so easily absorbed by the alert brain of the youth. Strict rules and severe discipline should govern promptness.

Tardiness should be absolutely driven out of the school. If these measures were taken it would not only better the institution but also increase the value of its practical education, by forcefully driving out of the scholars that part of human nature which tends to make us a little late now and then. In doing this it impresses on the scholars' mind so strongly the value of promptness that it will follow them all their lives, for it is said by a certain poet,

"I took a piece of plastic clay
And idly fashioned it one day,
And as my fingers pressed it still
It moved and yielded to my will.

"I came again when the days were past
That bit of clay was hard at last,
The form I gave it still it bore.
But to change that form I could no more."

ON THE MOUNTAIN

By M. B. P., '19



"**W**HAT a lovely day for our trip," exclaimed Louise looking up at the cloudless sky which seemed to be reflected in her own blue eyes. It was a crisp September morning, just the day for mountain climbing.

"Here comes the flivver," exclaimed Ruth, another one of the party, as a little whirl of dust was seen down the road.

Soon the whole party of laughing girls and boys had climbed into the hired Ford and were on the way to the foot of the mountain which they intended to climb. In the back seat sat William True, who took up fully half its space, and his sister Louise,

while squashed in between the two was Ruth Jackson. On the baggage piled up in the middle sat Richard Cole. He was a tall, manly lad, quite a bit thinner than his worthy chum, Billy. They had given the honor of the front seat to their guide, Peter Peterson.

After a long ride, which was bumpy, to express it mildly, they arrived at the foot of the mountain and were soon starting on the trail. Peter was very entertaining, spinning yarn after yarn as they walked through the woods. He told them without a smile on his face, about a curious animal with a tail about a yard long, called a dingmall, which, owing to the fact that his feet on one side were shorter than those on the other, could only go around the mountain one way.

Comatabodies, another curious animal, with eyes as big as saucepans, also figured in his tales.

Soon, however, this form of amusement grew tiresome and the girls fell behind, preferring to talk with each other rather than to hear about such mythical creatures.

"Oh deaf, I wonder how near we are to the top," sighed Ruth, "It seems as though we should never get there."

"Are you tired?" asked Louise taking hold of her arm, "It isn't far now."

After a few moments Louise broke the silence by saying, "Do you like Richard?"

"Why yes," said Ruth unenthusiastically, "He's all right, nothing extra, why?"

"Nothing, I was just wondering."

"Nothing, your grandmother," said Ruth vehemently, "Have you suddenly grown attached to him, or what?"

"Of course not, you silly thing, I just think he's an awfully nice boy. But—but he won't have anything to do with me."

"Never mine, Louise dear," comforted Ruth.

After about half an hour more of climbing, they reached the top. Standing on the flat ledge, which extended over the summit, they could see far and wide. They seemed to be hemmed in by taller mountains. At their feet lay forests and fields, dotted here and there with little towns. Through it all wound a river.

"Isn't this glorious!" cried Louise when she first came out of the woods.

"Yes, yes," said Billy impatiently, "But let's have dinner, I'm starved."

"That's all you think about, you great big red-headed thing, you," laughed Louise as she started to take the bundles from the packs.

After the lunch had been eaten and the remains cleared away, at Richard's suggestion the boys went off to explore.

"Let's go over to that cliff," said Ruth, pointing in an opposite direction from the one which the boys had taken.

"All right, it looks interesting," was the reply.

As they started, Peter, who was lazily smoking a pipe, called after them to be careful.

The ledge was not so interesting as it had looked, and they started back. Suddenly—well, they didn't know whether Ruth had stepped on a rolling stone or stumbled, but she was lying in a little heap and Louise was trying to help her up.

"O my foot," moaned Ruth, "Don't, don't," she cried every time Louise tried to lift her up.

"But Ruthie, I must, you can't stay here. I've got to move you."

"I don't want to be moved, I'd rather die;" and poor Ruth groaned with pain.

Louise was at her wit's end to know what to do. She didn't want to leave her friend to the mercy of the wind, while she went for Peter.

"Now Ruthie dear, I've got to move you, so be as brave as you can." She tenderly pulled the injured foot out and took off the shoe, which seemed to bind it.

"Now, I'm going to carry you," she said, half talking to herself.

She carried Ruth for a few paces and then set her down. The girl was a heavy burden, and it seemed to Louise as though she could never get within calling distance of Peter. Rocks and roots threatened to trip her as she slowly progressed, alternately carrying her load and resting. Ruth could do nothing but moan and wish she were dead.

It seemed as if she had travelled miles before she at last attracted the attention of Peter. When he saw that the girls were in trouble he came quickly and carried Ruth to a sheltered place. He found that the ankle was sprained badly and bound it up as best he could.

As she leaned against a rock, Louise thought her back would break.

Meanwhile the boys came up and learned the story. The smile of admiration in Richard's eyes could not be mistaken, as he looked at Louise.

It was impossible for Ruth to go home that day and Peter did not know what to do, until Richard said that he had noticed a small hut not far from the top of the mountain.

"Of course, exclaimed Peterson, "It's the fire warden's hut. Just the thing. He hastened off, and returned in a few minutes in company with the warden. That night Ruth slept in a bunk in a small hut way up on the side of the mountain, while her companions took turns in the other bunk.

The next day she was carried slowly down the mountain on an improvised stretcher and reached home by night. She was laid up for several long weeks, which Louise and her other friends made as happy as possible.

It took Louise, herself, several days to recover, but at the end of a week she was herself again. One morning not long after this, Richard asked her to play with him what proved to be the first of many sets of tennis.

PERCIVAL AND HIS ANCESTORS

By J. H. B. Gregory



SET back at some distance from the highway stood a stately manor which had been in the Conley's possession for generations. The grounds were large and well kept; the manor itself, though of somewhat ancient style, was still in good repair and showed all signs of gentility. Were you to enter the dwelling you would find its interior furnishings and decorations in keeping with its exterior air of aristocracy.

In fact the Conley's were an ancient family and proud of their lineage. In a small building, like a Greek temple, behind the conservatory were kept the remains of those important Conleys who had maintained this honorable line and had even surpassed their forbears in adding to the glory of the family.

Here Percival Conley, the young scion of our family was wont to spend an hour or two each day and muse on the glories of the departed. I said the remains of the Conley's but not merely the bodily remains, also the armour, and the spears, and the flintlocks, —all those things which noblemen found necessary in years past were therein stored. Indeed Percival had enough to muse upon.

He would pick up an urn containing the ashes of one of his many ancestors and walk with it toward one of the pictures and muse, "Here you once posed for this picture. This spear you hurled for William Rufus"—etc, etc. And picking up another relic of a warlike past happy thoughts coursed through his brain as he dreamed of the time when he might emulate, or even surpass for that matter—the glorious deeds of his ancestors.

Perhaps the reader has already guessed that spending an hour or two every day with the bones and the weapons of men of the past would hardly be conducive to the most healthful state of mind. The fact is, this occupation resulted in making Percival snobbish. (The association with such mighty personages could hardly do otherwise.) Conversing with the dead is no normal experience for the living and hardly one to be followed with impunity.

So one day, after Percival had grown more and more eccentric, we find him in the closed temple dreaming and soliloquizing all by himself. Perhaps his brain is wearied and he falls asleep,—we do not know,—but let us see what happened. Maybe those ancestors had Percival's welfare at heart and decided he ought not to visit the many more. Anyhow this day along came Ahazeura Cownley (that's how they spelled it in those days) out of his urn. And then followed

Matilda and Martha and James and grandpa Conley each out of their respective urns.

But what was the matter with them? Had Percival been monkeying with those urns? Here grandpa was minus a leg and Matilda had three! James, the personification of dignity ran about trying to find his nose. And Ahazeura's whiskers were nowhere to be found. What a mess.

The ghosts gazed at their pictures which showed them as they should be and railed at Percival. But he could say nothing. His curiosity had prompted him to mix a little of the dust in each urn with the ashes in another. What difference did it make to them?

The ancestral spooks held a council. "Percival must leave the dead alone and not come into the Greek temple any more" was the verdict. Slowly they took their respective places beside their urns and vanished within. The lids closed with a bang and Percival left the room never to enter it again.

GRAND MANAN

By Reginald Noyes, '17.



THE Bay of Fundy, with its remarkable tides, is known by mariners who have had occasion to explore its waters, as a body of water capable of being lashed to terrible fury by the winds that sweep up its funnel-shaped entrance from the Atlantic. Terrible gales and blizzards have trooped up and down its length chafing and buffeting the shores of an island, twenty-one miles long and eight miles wide, that stands in the entrance.

Saying good-bye to Eastport, where we took the **Grand Manan** for the island of that

name twenty miles away, we stopped at Campobello,—an island in a foreign country,—sailed by Lubec, Maine, and passed the easternmost point of the United States, Quoddy Head, before heading for our destination just across Grand Manan Channel. A great bank of fog concealed the island, but gradually we penetrated the veil of mist and the gray headlands appeared seemingly endless, losing themselves in the vapory clouds which hid the more southern part from our view. I wonder if I understood, in any degree, how the explorer feels when an unknown country spreads itself before him; for such is the impression produced by the first view of this island, that

one obtains no inkling that from two to three thousand British subjects are there engaging in profitable pursuits. One sees no sign of life, no trace of habitation; and is conscious of that silent isolation and solitary grandeur which are not commonly associated with the haunts of men.

The island, on its western side, presents a bold front in its twenty-one mile stretch of cliffs; whence it slopes towards the Nova Scotian peninsula with broad fields, little harbors, and sand beaches a mile long.

Over half a century ago one of these cliffs witnessed a terrible tragedy. The one-thousand-ton square-rigger, **Lord Ashburton**, was dashed to pieces against a rock now bearing the ship's name, and of her crew of twenty-nine only one man survives to tell the tale. James Lawson was born on the island of Bornholm, Denmark, in the Baltic Sea between Germany and Sweden. Twenty-seven years ago he visited his old home, but ever since his terrible struggle for life at the cliff he has lived at Grand



To one who is accustomed to the Maine coast, the charm of Grand Manan lies in her cliffs,—tremendous precipices from three hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifteen feet high, slashed and jagged, as if torn by showers of Jovian bolts. These are wonderfully impressive with their stern grandeur. Sailing past this bulwark of cliffs one witnesses primeval nature at her best, and but for a pygmy man now and then seen walking along the fort of a frowning headland, we might think ourselves, for the moment, outside the pale of civilization. A most beautiful scene is presented by cascades falling from these great heights to the sea.

Manan where he watches, one might say, over the grave of his old comrades.

Natural phenomena on Grand Manan are not lacking. The Southern Cross is a rock formation most appropriately named; I heard some one say, when we were sailing by, that it made one feel like kneeling before it. The Bishop is a piece of rock strikingly resembling the features of a mitred bishop, and his altar. The Hole in the Rock is a cavity, or rather hole, twenty feet high and fifteen wide, beaten from the thickness of a projecting cape by the tremendous force of billows which roll against the island. The Seven Days' Work is a cliff whose seven distinct layers of mineral

matter were caused by intermittent volcanic action. The King stands, "a speckled hermit," on the back side of the island; and last, but not least, The Two Old Maids are doubtless hugging each other at this very moment in fear lest the barking Cerberus at their feet drag them away to The Devil's Oven not very far distant.

Although Grand Manan has never received such poetical favor at Grand Pre, at the other end of the bay, the island has her theme in the wreck of the **Lord Ashburton**. That this place has impressed the minds of men is seen in Herbert Spenser's lines to Champlain:

Three hundred years ago he sailed
Thine coasts along, and saw with wondering eyes
In the dim moonlight far away,
The cliffs of Grand Manan arise.
May be he bowed before the Southern Cross;
May be he knelt anear the Bishop's feet;
May be he walked in meditative mood,
Down through these valleys sweet.
Gone with the centuries, as all men must go;
Gone with the flowers, the grass, the ripened grain;
But these great works of Nature shall exist,
Unchanged, till Time is slain.

S. O. S.

The Literary Editor

Walks sadly through the hall.
She looks around for somebody
To answer to her call.

Her duty is to beg and plead,
To threaten, scold, obtain
Material for the Oracle—
Her quest is oft in vain.

"I cannot write," one girl declares.
"It isn't in my line,
But ask Marie for verse or prose,
Her poems are just fine."

Marie consents to do her best,
But just forgets, you know.
The time comes round to pass it in—
There's nothing there to show.

'Tis just the same with James and John,
They simply haven't time
To put their thoughts in black and white,
In story, or in rhyme.

But still the Editor strives on
To fill up all her space.
Her footsteps lag, her heart is sad,
Gloom settles on her face.

She dreads to meet the Editor-
In-Chief and hear him say,
"Good gracious! You must hurry up,
You've just got one more day!"

If you would like to give her help
And make her smile once more,
Hand her an essay, or a poem,
Or bit of fairy lore.

She cannot do her work alone,
This fact I must impress
Upon your minds. She needs your aid,
So help her. S. O. S.

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

The use of a library is a privilege. Although our library is not in the larger sense of the word an extensive one, yet it is fairly well equipped, containing over 1,200 volumes. These are carefully chosen to adapt themselves to the immediate needs of the students. There are a number of splendid reference works, a fine history department, while literature, Latin, French, science, travel, mythology, mineralogy, government, etc., are represented in a greater or less degree. The use of the library aids a great many in the completion of the outside reading courses required in various departments. In this it has the co-operation of the Public Library. The catalogue is a great assistance to those who desire information on a special subject; to those who do not understand the use of the catalogue it will be gladly explained.

There seems to be a mistaken idea among some of the users of the library, that it is a

place to which they may go to free themselves from the discipline of a study-room. This is not so. The rights of students, whose purpose in the use of the library is earnest, sincere work, demand that the room be as quiet as the best ordered study-room, and of those who do not intend to make it so, the library has no need.

In the library are trophies won by Bangor's victorious teams in various activities, also six statues, two, the gifts of the Athene club, and one of the Home Culture club. The best of current magazines, bulletins from several colleges and other things of interest have their places there. (Perhaps the pencil-sharpener should be included, since it forms a great attraction).

Since the opening of the library this year, about 1350 permits have been issued. All in all there is much for the **student** in our library, and its intelligent use is invited and encouraged.

FINIS.





LOCALS

"Action deserves notice"

On Thursday, Jan. 4, before school, the names for manager and assistant manager of football, '17, were voted upon in the various home rooms. John McCann and James Mutty were nominated for manager; James Buckley and Wilfred Gillin for assistant manager. John McCann was elected manager, and Wilfred Gillin was elected assistant manager.

Mr. Boyd's history classes started work with the "Literary Digest" on Friday, Jan. 5.

Mr. Kent gave a talk on the use of the slide rule to the mathematics teachers some time ago.

At chapel, Friday, Jan. 12, Principal Eaton gave out the letters gained in 1916 athletics. Those receiving letters were: for Baseball, Everett Russell, Eddie Peters, Earl Heal, Walter Gordon, Hal Savage; for Track, Dexter Pullen, Edwin Costello, Albert Driscoll, and Walter Frawley; for Football, Albert Hickson, Kenneth Boardman, Paul Eames, Roy Johnson, Thomas Kane, James Malone, Percy Howard, Everett Russell, James Kelliher, John Quinn, Joseph Garland, Walter Gordon, John Kennedy, Eddie Peters, Earl Heal, Thayer Royal.

Mr. Mitchell has ordered three snare drums and six fifes, through Andrews' Music Co. A fife and drum corps for the B. H. S. Cadets will be formed.

Madame Beaupre was out of school Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 15 and 16, on account of a severe cold.

The 1916-17 B. H. S. catalogues were given out Tuesday, Jan. 16.

Miss Annie M. Pease, who has been suffering from neuritis since the close of the fall term, is still in Grace Hospital at this writing. We all wish her a complete and speedy recovery.

Miss Ellen Fitz Pendleton, president of Wellesley College, gave a lecture before the pupils and a large number of parents in Assembly Hall, on Thursday, Jan. 18. Probably the most important idea in the speech, which was very much enjoyed by all, is included in the following extract: "Accomplish the task of to-day and reap the reward in increased power for to-morrow's labor." The orchestra played "Kaiser Frederic" by Carl Friedemann, and "Selection from Faust," by Ch. Gounod. Some of the officers of the Cadets, in uniform, acted as ushers.

The Maine State Library has for the first time made a loan of books to the B. H. S. Library. This loan, fifteen volumes of historical works, was made in accordance with the "Traveling Libraries" system, and was secured through Reverend Mr. Dunning of the Methodist church of Bangor, who is state librarian.

Miss Nellie M. Worth was out of school on Tuesday, Jan. 23, and the remainder of the week, because of the sickness of her mother. Her place was filled by Mr. David Beach.

The Freshman election was held in the Assembly Hall, Thursday, Jan. 25, at 12.30 o'clock. Frederic Jacques acted as chairman. Philip Oak, Bently Hutchins, and Henry Hersey were nominated for president; Misses Cleora Dickey, Eleanor Bragg, Marjorie Driscoll and Mr. Reginald Cratty, for vice-president; Misses Virginia Odiorne, Dorothy Congdon, Dorothy Mossler, and Mary Copeland for secretary; Frederic Jacques, James McAloon, Fred Rogan, William Dyer, and Lawrence Connor, for treasurer. Philip Oak was elected president; Miss Cleora Dickey, vice-president; Miss Virginia Odiorne, Secretary; and Frederic Jacques, treasurer.

Friday, Jan. 26, marked the end of half the school year in Bangor High. Some now change studies, others continue as before, but all will be hard at work striving to surpass last year's records in every line; and if, in this half year, though defeated in everything else, we succeed in raising ever so little the standards of B. H. S., we shall have gained a great and lasting victory.

Mr. Hall Dearborn gave a lecture on "Orcharding," in the Lecture room, before some of the Commercial students on Friday, Jan. 26. The talk, which was finely illustrated with lantern slides, covered the care of the trees, packing of fruit, distribution, etc. It showed clearly that the soil of this vicinity is as good as any other for apple raising. Mr. Dearborn's lecture, which is one of a series arranged by the Bangor Chamber of Commerce for the Commercial divisions, was given in place of the one by Prof. Briscoe announced in the preceding issue of the Oracle.

H. Dennis O'Neil '12, U. of M. '16, the composer of our school song, has joined our faculty as an English teacher. He began work Monday, Jan. 29, taking Miss Pease's place in which Miss Bertha Files has been substituting for a short time. Mr. O'Neil is well known about Bangor as a very fine cornetist. He has already organized a band of 25 pieces in Bangor High, which we need for games and other affairs. A hearty welcome to you Mr. O'Neil.

The B. H. S. Cadets have been drilling in the Co. G Armory on Court Street the last few Thursday nights. Many thanks are due to the Maccabees of Bangor who have very kindly allowed them to use their guns at these drills, thus giving the members of the company fine practice in the Manual of Arms.

The speakers for the Semi-Finals in preparation for the Junior Exhibition were announced in chapel Friday, Feb. 2. Those selected were as follows: Misses Rachel Connor, Mildred DeWitt, Alice Gallagher, Antoinette Gould, Doreen Gregory, Marion Kenney, Esther Lord, Grace Nichols, Regina Wardwell, Lola Yelland, and Parry Boyd, Joseph Garland, James Mitchell, John McCann, Thomas McGuff, Frank McGuire, John Quinn, Evans Sealand, Herbert Webb, Charles Whalen.

The Juniors are having singing every Wednesday and will continue to do so until the Junior Exhibition. The orchestra plays in chapel nearly every Wednesday, also.

IN MEMORIAM

Mary H. Gregory

Class of 1919



"From those who have gone before"

Emery Eddy, B. H. S., '12, Phi Kappa Phi, graduate of U. of M., '16, is doing post graduate work in Botany and Biology at Harvard University.

Recently occurred the tragic death of Mrs. Hadley S. Pyle, B. H. S., '12, at her home on January 12th. Her death was caused by an overturned lamp. Mrs. Pyle was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren H. Reed of this city. During her high school course, Mrs. Pyle was a faithful student and her pleasing disposition won for her many friends who will mourn her loss.

Madeline Brewer, B. H. S., is training at the Infants' Hospital in Boston.

H. D. O'Neil, B. H. S., '12, a graduate of the University of Maine, has been appointed a substitute teacher in the English department at the High School. Mr. O'Neil is taking the place of Miss Annie M. Pease who is absent on account of severe illness.

Harvey D. Miller, B. H. S., '12, a Senior in Bowdoin college, has been chosen to deliver the Parting Address at the Commencement exercises to be held in June.

Mabel Hanson, B. H. S., '04, an advanced student in the New England Conservatory of Music, has recently given a recital in Recital Hall of the Conservatory. Miss Hanson has been engaged as a member of a

ladies' quartet to appear in the larger cities of the east, but at present she is singing between the acts at the Copley Theatre, Boston.

Recently was announced the engagement of Ella A. Wheeler, B. H. S., '15, to Frank L. Harmon, of Lowell, Mass. Mr. Harmon is a member of the Senior class at the University of Maine.

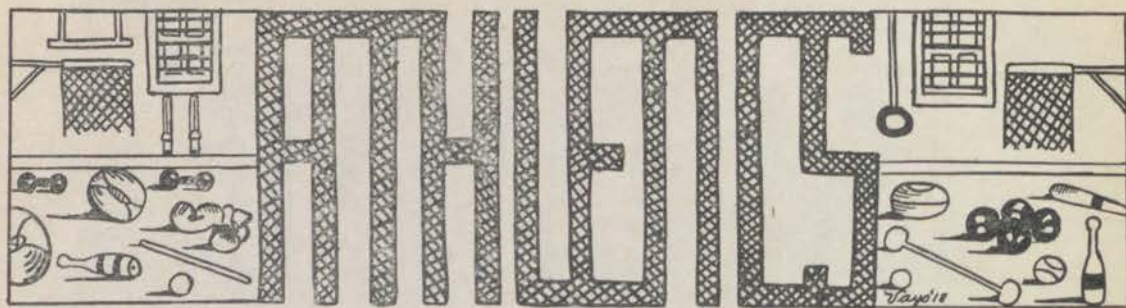
Prentiss Preble, '16, and Harold Doe, '12, are employed in the accounting offices of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad.

Midshipman Carl F. Holden, B. H. S., '13, spent Christmas Day with his parents in this city. Mr. Holden has been selected as a member of the committee of arrangements for the Class German, the leading social event of Commencement week at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Ellery F. Tuck, ex-'13, a former student at B. H. S., has been appointed concert master of the Bangor Symphony Orchestra.

Robert Dole, ex-'17, has made the relay team at Andover.

Carl Maxfield, B. H. S., '12, Princeton, '16, is studying at the Harvard Dental School.



*"In play there are two pleasures for your choosing—
The one is winning and the other losing"*

AN ATHLETIC FIELD FOR THIS CITY

Opposite the High School building and Public Library is the vacant lot once occupied by the old school building destroyed in the fire of 1910. This lot is now an eyesore to passersby, especially the High School students, its only use being to furnish the site of the boilerroom used to heat the school building.

What a good use this lot could be put to, as an athletic field! Experience has proved that Maplewood park is unpractical as an athletic field chiefly because of its distance from the High School and business section of the city. It is now necessary for the baseball and football teams to journey to this remote field certain afternoons during the seasons. As there are no dressing rooms and shower-baths there, change of uniforms must be made at the school building. Thus the teams do not get all the practice they should and are put to great inconvenience to get what little they do. The clay field at Maplewood has been condemned by the football coach and is also unpractical for baseball.

This new field would be of further use also. A cinder track could be built for the use of the track team, which would save much jogging over muddy roads and hardwood floors. During the summer months the field could be converted into a public playground of which the city does not boast one. It would also make an excellent drill

ground and rifle range for the High School cadets, as drilling on hardwood floors is quite different from that on bare ground



Captain Heal—Basketball

and lack of practice makes the company feel lost when it goes onto the street, unused to the roads.

This park would thus remove an eyesore and be of practical use to the city, fulfilling a great need. With the co-operation of the students and the citizens, especially the newspapers, the public would become interested and the field could doubtless be made possible through public subscription.

Basketball.

Friday night, January 12, before a good sized crowd in City hall, our basketball team was defeated by the fast M. C. I. team in a hotly contested game. The Pittsfield team, having the greater advantage in weight, was able to cover more ground on the smooth floor and thus outplayed Bangor in teamwork.



Manager McGuire—Basketball

M. C. I. (16)	B. H. S. (14)
Glidden, l.f., 2.....	r.b., Heal, 2
Lampher, r.f., 1.....	l.b., Smith
	l.b., Pierce
Parks c. 4 (2).....	c., Washburne
	c., Peters, 1
McGown, r.b.....	l.f., Rand 1
	l.f., Gillin, 1

Wardwell, l.b.....r.f., O'Connor, 2
Referee, Beverly, U. of M. Timer,
Mitchell. Time, 2-20-minute halves.

B. H. S., 32. E. M. C. S., 20.

Wednesday night, January 17, in the High School gymnasium, Bangor won from The Bucksport Seminary team, 32 to 20.

B. H. S. (32) E. M. C. S. (20)

Rand, l.f. 7.....r.b., Lowell
O'Connor, r.f., 5.....l.b., Decker (4)
Gillin, r.f., 1

Peters, c.....c., Webster
Heal, r.b., 3.....l.f., Whitmore
Smith, l.b.....r.f., McLean
Pierce, l.b.....r.f., Pelley 4 (4)

Referee, Beverly. Scorer and timer,
MacGuire. Time, 2-20-minute periods.

Friday, Jan. 26, at Pittsfield, B. H. S. met defeat for the second time at the hands of M. C. I.

M. C. I. (29) B. H. S. (16)

Glidden, r.f., 2.....l.b., Pierce
Cummings, r.f., 1.....l.b., Smith
Lampher, l.f., 4 (3).....r.b., Heal
Parks, c., 6.....c., Peters
Wardwell, r.b.....l.f., Rand
McGowan, l.b.....r.f., O'Connor

Referee, Hughes of Colby. Umpire, Dun-
nack. Scorer, MacGuire. Timer, Mitchell.

Statement of Football Season, 1916.

Losses.

Total loss on games	\$240.26
Total operating expenses.....	406.33
Miscellaneous	61.22

\$707.81

Gains.

Total receipts for season.....	799.27
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Net gain	\$91.46
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"He is a good orator who convinces himself"

The Girls' Society.

The first meeting of the Girls' Debating Society for the new year was held Jan. 11 in Room 207 at the usual time. The members present, of whom there were but few on account of the storm, debated very earnestly on a subject of world-wide interest at the present time; namely, that the allies should accept Germany's peace proposals. An open forum was held in which a great many opinions, sensible and otherwise, were presented. The question was argued so evenly on both sides that Miss Cousins, who acted as judge, found it impossible to make a decision. In fact, on account of the growing excitement and firm belief of the speakers in their respective sides, any decision might have been dangerous.

As the meeting supposed to be held during Convocation week had been postponed, a special meeting was called at recess, Jan. 31, in the library for the election of officers. However the twenty minutes allowed at that time proved insufficient for completing such an important task, so the election will take place later.

The Senate.

Jan. 22, the Senate met in Room 211 to elect officers for the ensuing half year.

Since this was purely a business meeting, there is no debate to record, so, in view of the coming debates with other societies, it may not be amiss to suggest

Two Points From the Great Debate.

It is well known that Daniel Webster's Reply to Hayne was nearly extemporane-

ous. He made little, or no preparation for a reply to a brilliant speech which some thought unanswerable. Therefore, when Mr. Webster got up to speak, he faced a number of confident and elated faces on the one side, while on the other the expressions on the faces of his friends betrayed anxiety and perhaps depression. It was for the northerner to **begin** right, to immediately sound a note of warning to his opponents and to encourage his constituents. This he did with absolute calmness and with an air of confidence in his subject. He asked for a reading of the resolution before the Senate. Thus the tenseness of the situation was broken, and Mr. Webster "Held his listeners in complete control." Mr. Webster **began right**.

In the first part of his speech Mr. Webster contended that Mr. Hayne had said "That there was something rankling **here**, (in his heart), which he wished to relieve."

Mr. Hayne denied it. Mr. Webster replied that his opponent had at least said that there was something **here** of which he wished to relieve himself. Webster dwelt on that one statement and succeeded in creating an impression that there must have been something weighing on Mr. Hayne's conscience. Then Mr. Webster said, "There is nothing **here**, sir, which gives me the slightest uneasiness." He was seeking no favors, he granted none; he was imbued with the confidence which inspired a great English orator when he said, "Truth is on our side." Daniel Webster took advantage of the situation.



"What others are doing"

The Oracle acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following papers: The Cliveden, Germantown, Pa.; The Ingot, Hancock Mich.; Effingham High School Life, Effingham, Ill.; The Student, Providence, R. I.; The Phoenix, Montpelier, Vt.; The Optimist, Atchison, Kansas; The Red and White, Lake View, Chicago; The Bugle, Monroe, Mich.; The Periscope, Perham, Minn.; X-Ray, Anderson, Ind.; The Tomahawk, Pontiac, Mich.; The Lion, La Grange, Ill.; The Artisan, Bridgeport, Conn.; The Tripod, Roxbury, Mass.; The High School Register, Burlington, Vt.; The High School Aegis, Beverly, Mass.; The Blue Owl, Attleboro, Mass.; The Delphian, Providence, R. I.; The Reflector, Gloucester, Mass.; Trade Winds, Worcester, Mass.; The Tryout, Haverhill, Mass.; The Hebron Semester, Hebron, Me.; The Lens, Washington, Oregon; Hallowe'en Imp, Boston, Mass.; The Bates Student, Lewis-

ton, Me.; The Argus, Gardner, Mass.; The Opinion, Peoria, Ill.; The Quill, Henderson, Ky.; Nautilus, Waterville, Me.; The Boys' Lantern, Nashville, Tenn.; The Everett High Clarion, Everett, Mass.; The Howard Times, Howard, R. I.; Yale University Bulletin, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.; The Polytechnic, Troy, N. Y.; Red and White, Iowa City, Iowa; Spellman Messenger, Atlanta, Georgia; The Hobart Herald, Geneva, N. Y.; The Houghton Star, Houghton, New York; The Tu-Endie-Wei, Point Pleasant, W. Va.; The Maine Campus, Orono, Me.; Kavanaugh Pioneer; Lawrenceburg, Ky.; The K. H. R. News, Greendale, Ky.; The Spectator, Highland Park, Mich.; The Dragon, Newport, R. I.; The Racquet, Portland, Me.; The Blue Bird, New York City; The Lake Breeze, Sheboygan, Mich.; The Polygraph, Riverside, Cal.; The Forum, Saint Joseph, Missouri.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

One of the most interesting and most welcome exchanges received this month was the magazine from Tsing Hua College, Peking, China. This paper is called "The Tsing Hua Journal." It has many fine features, being published alternately in English and Chinese from November to June. It is devoted to the consideration of intellectual and scientific questions which are of interest to the cause of modern education in

China. The paper is wholly devoted to literary work and contains many interesting stories such as: "The American Immigration Problem," "The Old and New Spirit in Education," and several others. There are eighty-five pages of very good reading, besides the advertisements written in Chinese which are very interesting to us, of course???? We hope to hear again from our distant friends.

The Delphian, Providence, R. I.—Do you think a literary department with only three short stories is large enough? Your paper lacks cuts and a joke column. One good point is your Exchange list which is quite large, but why is it you do not criticise other school papers?

The Lake Breeze, Sheboygan, Wis.—

Your cover designs we always find very neat and attractive. The German story, "Marthe Miller," and the poem, "Die Hasenjagd," were very good. The heading on each page adds very much to the appearance of the paper. We are glad to have you as an exchange caller and invite you to call often.

AS OTHERS SEE US

Oracle, Bangor, Maine. Your personals are very good. We appreciate How to Write a Story.—The Aegis, Beverly, Mass.

The Oracle—Bangor, Me. We do not care very much for the idea of putting the contents on the cover "The Freshman's If" is clever.—The Blue Bird, New York City.

The Oracle—Bangor, Maine. Your paper is very interesting, but special praise should be given to the quality and abundance of your literary department and to the neatness and good arrangement of the material.—Old Hughes, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Cue, Albany, N. Y., ranks our paper as B. All work now and change that B to A.

Oracle. A very pleasing and interesting paper. It shows great labor and skill. One good feature is your cuts.—The Comet, Orono, Me.

The "Oracle," Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine. A paper of high literary merit. Your articles on war and economic conditions deserve special mention.—The Red and White, Chicago, Ill.

The "Oracle," Bangor High School, Bangor, Me. All of your departments are very well written, with the exception of your joke column, which could stand the addition of quite a few jokes.—The Megunticook, Camden, Me.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me.—Your article, "How to Write a Story," is exceptionally good. Do you think it a good plan to run your index as a part of the cover design?—The Tomahawk, Pontiac, Michigan.

Bangor High Oracle.

The staff number of the Bangor High School Oracle, for January, was issued this week, and is a credit to the B. H. S. students who furnished the copy and directed the make-up of this bright school publication. Little stories of interest to the local students are features of this number. Harold J. Murray, the exchange editor, has a German story, Eine Kriegsgeschichte, and a suitable prize will be given to the student who makes the best translation of the story, into English. The Oracle board is sketched by H. V. Vayo, a youthful artist who may be heard from in the art room of a big newspaper office later on, or who even may have a more notable career. If a suggestion could be made to improve the Oracle, it would be to place the names of contributors in the list of contents, with the name of the sub-editor after the departments, such as literary, editorials, athletics, debating, etc. It is apparent that the business department of the Oracle is energetic and active as Bangor merchants are well represented in the advertising columns.—The Bangor Daily Commercial, Bangor, Me.

PERSONALS



A Freshman Collection.

As I was walking down the hall,
I met the Freshmen, one and all.
A bright face in the throng I 'spied
"Ah, William Gallagher," I cried—
"How many girls are begging grace
Under the spell of your handsome face?"
"And Granville Bond, how do you do?
I'm hoping still great things for you."
Still from far and near they come
Like wandering lambs without a home.
"Phil Chalmers you should ever go
Tripping the light fantastic toe."
Marian Webb's brilliance on algebra
May cause some boy to loose his head,
Tom Caulfield's an example (?) to his class,
Look upon him if you fail to pass.
Haste makes waste, stop and be square,
Watch J. Clough see how she gets there.
Bentley Hutchings greatly in demand
Because he's the sort that's always on hand.
Philip Oak, the last of my selection,
Is just the one to sum up the collection.
He's even as green as all Freshmen are,
But before he gets through, he may be a star.

Know ye, freshmen inspire all witicism,
If it be dry then, withhold your criticism.

If you can't claim any sense of humor,
Our jokes should not be greeted with a discontented murmur.
When we see a Freshman who does something funny,
We'll pay him for the joke with Congdon's paper money.

Miss W— (in Botany): From what plant are the turnip seeds obtained?

Miss Carter (dreaming): Why—er—from the potato plant.

Good Guessing.

Miss P—: Mr. C-f-e-d, give the principal parts of that verb.

C-f-e-d: Gessio, gessie—er no,—guesso—,

Miss P—: Guess again, Mr. C-f-e-d.

Miss B-o-n (reciting): The three kinds of nouns are collective, abstract, and concrete—.

Mr. G—: No, I wouldn't say concrete.

Mr. P-r-y: Call it cement.

Where various well known pupils may be found at about 9 most any night.

Miss Leonard, '17—Studying.

R. Knott, '17—At the Park with any of a dozen girls.

D. Pullen, '17—Wandering around loose.

J. McCann, '17—Playing the fiddle.

Leon Thomas, '17—Studying (?).

McCabe, '17—Out in the Pantry.

M. Woodward, '17—Receiving callers.

K. Boardman, '17—Explaining something.

H. Vayo, '18—Regretting those staff pictures.

P. Eames, '17—Figuring how he can put one-fourth page of ads. on one-half page.

K. Covell, '17—In bed, where all sixteen years old children ought to be.

S. Cayting, '17, and O. Nickerson, '18—"Somewhere on Broadway."

Sympathizers (to one who had handed in a rejected story): "So they returned your manuscript? It's too bad."

Writer: "Yes, that's what the editor said about it."

"Did you ever hear a mosquito weep?"

"No, but I've seen a moth ball."

Patient: "Doctor, I owe you my life."

Doctor: "Yes, and that isn't all."



Officer: "Halt! Who goes there?"

Intruder: "Friend—with a bottle."

Officer: "Pass friend. Halt bottle."

First Fair Senior—What will your graduation thesis be?

Second Fair Senior—Perfectly lovely. It's to be blue satin trimmed in gold lace.

Drama in Two Acts.

I. Boy—Gun—Joy—Fun.

II. Gun—Bust—Boy—Dust.

Surely They Must Have Forgotten Reno.

We read the following post-office romance in the Columbia (S. C.) State:

Friendship, N. Y.

Love, Va.

Kissimee, Fla.

Ring, Ark.

Parson, Ky.

What are the children of the Czar called? Czardines!

Now really!

Miss H—: What do we know about the antecedent **nothing**?

Pupil: Not very much, do we?

A Modern Definition.

Mr. B— (in History): Mr. K-r-n, do you know what a guillotine is?

Mr. K-r-n, '17: Yes, sir, a machine for cutting beans.

Question: Why do they always call this the sweet land of liberty? I can understand the liberty part, but why sweet?

Answer: Well, we have our **forest preserves** and our subway **jams**.

Was It Portland?

In Portland, a teacher asked a pupil what wood was the hardest.

"Well," he said, "last year Maplewood was the hardest we struck."

Mr. B— (in English): How does Launcelot's father catch on (to his identity)?

Mr. R-b-i-s, '19: By his whiskers.

In Latin.

Nos linum incidimus.

We fell on the thread.

Great Poem.*

By the Bums.

I got me up at six o'clock

To get myself a drink.

I slipped me on a banana peel

And struck me on the sink.

The stars were blinking blankly,

The cows were mooing cowly,

Paul Eames was paring bunions,

Harold Green was writing poetry.

The moon was sinking slyly

O'er fountain pen and ink.

I sipped a drink of nectar

From the cabbage in the still.

*We trust our readers won't kill us!

Can you imagine?

Dek Pullen studying for the ministry.

Don Hathorne short and stubby.

Ken Boardman with a beard.

Bud Russell with a B. H. S. diploma.

E. Mansur singing a tenor solo.

Ted Chilcott a mental wreck from over-study.

The Freshmen big.

Harry Littlefield in Short trousers.

The Latin divisions without cavalry.

Mr. Noyes, '17, kidding a girl.

"Handsome" Gillin without his "pomp."

Heard in German Class.

Dass machte ihm die Freunde, mit messer und Galul einmal wieder, essen salte.

It gave him great joy that he could eat Knives and Forks again.

The Poor Man!

Mr. T— (in Chemistry): What is yeast, Miss H—.

Miss H—: An animal which makes sugar solutions ferment.

My Favorite Song.

If you only had my disposition.—K. Covell.

A Lemon in the Garden of Love.—D. Pullen.

Babes in the Woods.—M. and P. Woodward.

I Love the Boys.—R. H., '17.

I'm the Guy.—R. Adams.

The Little Old Ford it Rattled Right Along.—W. Worden.

Somebody Else is Gettin' It.—O. Nickerson.

Poor Little Butterfly.—R. B., '17.

Fiddle Up, Fiddle Up Upon Your Violin.—S. Cayting.

Teacher: What is the plural of he?

Mr. Witherby: She.

A Playlet From Life.

Characters—John Eames and Joe Garland, two Scientists.

Scene—A Bridge.

Time—Midnight.

(Enter Eames with his eyes pulled down over his hat, and his neck pinned up around his collar, loudly muttering to himself): Curses, curses! I will beat them at their own game. (Stealthily he approaches the side of the bridge). Ha! Ha! I will prove to the world that my theory is right, and make Garland the laughing stock of the earth.—(He looks all around, then putting his pocket in his hand, he draws forth what appears like a little white box. He raises his arm to throw the thing).

(Enter Garland, a funny looking man, with two hands, two feet and a mouth under his nose. He has a desperate look on his face). "Oh! I will foil him yet." (Running forth he seizes Eames' arm, but he is too late; the white thing whistles

through the air, in loud silence they both watch the white object fall to the waters. Then Eames joyously cries out): "I win, I win, Garland is defeated. My Theory is proved; it floats, it floats, Ivory Soap floats!"

Grand finale, by entire company; Garland does a little ballet dance while Eames sings "Papa get the hammer, there's a fly on baby's head."

Curtain.

Sober and serious, quite as lambs

Were the Seniors, last day of last quarter, They wondered what they'd pull in that history exam.

They thought A, or at least that they'd oughter.

Mr. Gr—: When was Stevenson supposed to have written Treasure Island?

Miss B— (hesitating): He must have written it before he died.

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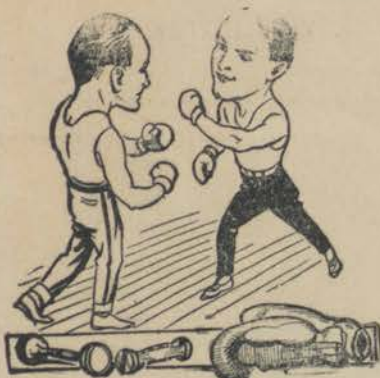
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