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CONTENTS

The Oracle Staff.....	I
Editorials	2
Literary	4
Saving the East-Bound Limited—By V. S. W., '21.	4
Military Training—By Vincent Smart, '19.....	5
My Grandfather's Story—By Hazen E. Nutter, '22.	6
His Red Cross Nurse—By Winifred Day.....	8
Locals	10
Alumni	11
Athletics	13
Debating.	15
Exchanges.....	17
Personals.....	19

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EDITORIALS

"Be Wisely Worldly, but not Worldly Wise"

As before the war the United States, because of a prevailing sense of security, neglected national prepared-
Safety First ness, so now in order to lessen our financial burdens, an attempt will be made to neglect a reasonable policy for protection. The League of Nations, and eventually the elimination of huge military expenditures, will come the more certainly if we prepare ourselves to support our principles with the bulwark of efficient power. Universal military training can now be easily established, through a very moderate use of the training and experience of those young men, in every corner of the country, who will have returned from a period of intensive drill and instruction.

With the world in such a state of unrest and with so many new and small countries gaining their independence, we
Our are not surprised to hear that
Philippine the Filipinos are also anxious
Possessions to be free. This does not mean that the Filipinos are not devoted to the United States, for they have supported this country in the recent war, both financially and morally. It would be

best, however, for the Filipino people not to be too eager to separate themselves from this country, which has done so much to aid them in creating a national life, and in preparing for the exercise of self-government. There is no serious question of our own welfare that is involved in the future of the Philippine Islands; it is first of all a question of the welfare of the inhabitants themselves. There must, therefore be a good government which will guarantee protection to the many foreigners and which will maintain order. Beyond that, however, it is now the current opinion of the country that the Philippine Islands are not to be retained by the United States as part of an outlying empire, and that our purpose there has been one of friendly help, which because of its success is temporary rather than permanent.

There may come a time when the League of Nations is so well established that it would be fitted to take over the protection of a young republic such as the Philippine Islands are rapidly becoming. But until the League is sufficiently established to assume such responsibilities, it would be unsafe for the Filipinos, and unwise from other standpoints, to have the special pro-

tection of the United States withdrawn from the islands and the adjacent waters.

In 1878 when the Congress of Berlin met for the purpose of settling the problems that had developed from

President Wilson the Russo-Turkish war,
at Versailles Benjamin Disraeli, then Premier of Great Britain,

startled the English public by announcing that he intended to go as the head of the British representation. Never before in history had the British Prime Minister left his native soil, when Parliament was sitting, on a diplomatic mission of this kind. However, the crisis in the affairs of Europe fully justified the course taken by Disraeli. For years Great Britain had been an almost unknown factor in continental diplomacy and it had been the greatest triumph of Disraeli's administration to raise her from this position of inconsequence to practical leadership. The real purpose of the Congress was to prevent war between Great Britain and Russia. Disraeli, therefore, having obtained the solution of the European situation that England demanded, returned to London, bringing as he said, "peace with honor," and received a popular reception such as had never before been the triumphant lot of a British statesman.

There is an immediate connection between the Congress of Berlin and the present Peace Conference at Versailles, for the second is but an indirect outcome of the first. If England in 1878 had not interfered for the purpose of maintaining the Turkish Empire and preventing Russia from gaining

control of Constantinople, the war just ended might never have begun. Forty years ago Disraeli violated an unwritten law of his office by going personally to Berlin in order to keep the Turk in Europe and thus laid the basis for the ex-Kaiser's dream of a German Empire extending from Hamburg to Bagdad. President Wilson now also disregards unwritten law to attend a conference which must rectify the mistakes of forty years ago. The President believes that the Versailles Conference marks the great turning point in human history and means the final triumph of those democratic principles on which American institutions rest. If this conference succeeds millions of human beings, who have never had anything to say about their own government, will now become free men. It will bring together once more divided Poland. It will stamp out forever the uninterrupted massacre of subject Christian races by the Ottoman Empire. It may mean the realization of a League of Nations. For the solution of these and other problems President Wilson feels that his presence at Versailles is necessary. There have been some Americans who have been inclined to doubt the necessity of our President going to France. Whatever way we think, however, we cannot but feel proud of our executive who has received ovation after ovation in every foreign country that he has visited. President Wilson although perhaps having rather idealistic views on a League of Nations has gone to Versailles for a great and unselfish purpose and that is to save the world for democracy.



"He Must Write as Homer Wrote, not What He Wrote"

SAVING THE EAST-BOUND LIMITED

By V. S. W., '21.



EE WHIZ!" The exclamation came from Jack Filares, young telegraph operator, at Rustler's Ridge, Colorado. The cause of his exclamation was a message from Hot Springs that there was a washout five miles down the railroad and that he was to stop the train and warn them of it. Just then the station door opened and in rushed Ralph Jameson, Jack's chum. "Well, old chap, how is the old ticker working? Why! she's dead," said Ralph as he went over and pressed the key. Jack tried the key and could get no response from the station below Rustler's Ridge.

"That means I will have to go to the washout and stop the Limited before she gets there," said Jack.

Leaving Ralph to take care of the station, Jack took a lantern and went to the storehouse. He pulled a big hand-car out onto the rails and then looked at his watch.

"I have got fifty-three minutes to make that five miles to the washout before the Limited," muttered he, as the hand-car gained speed. "It's a good thing it is down grade," he thought as he flashed by telegraph poles.

On and on rumbled the hand-car. Jack, his face set and hands clinching the handles of the car, was straining his eyes for the washout. Suddenly, as he looked ahead, the headlight of the Limited flashed around the bend a mile distant. Jack's hands were blistered, but twenty yards away from him was the washout.

Stopping the hand-car and quickly lighting a red lantern, he ran to the further end of the washout and swung the lantern back and forth. Would the engineer see his signal?

The train was near enough for Jack to hear the escaping steam. Then, with a groaning and grinding of brakes, it came to a stop fifty feet from the place that meant a wreck and death to many.

The passengers came out of the train and kept asking why the train had stopped. The engineer went up to Jack and said, "Young man, you have saved over four hundred lives by your brave act."

Two days later, Jack received a letter which ran:

Jack Filares,
Operator Rustler's Ridge,
Colorado:

Dear Sir:

You have saved the company a big expense and many lives by your brave act, and, in appreciation of your heroism, we en-

close a check for one thousand dollars.

Yours truly,

William Ambrose,
President.

MILITARY TRAINING

By Vincent Smart, '19.



BOYS, as a rule, are not interested in the health proposition, so I shall not speak of how the health of boys of western cities has been bettered by the introduction of military training. If I were trying to interest the parents of you boys I would tell of the reports of eminent physicians given to government officials stating that by this alone the health standard of this or that school has been raised thirty-five per cent., of another thirty-eight per cent., and so on. I could convince by a mere production of statistics that military training is of inestimable value to the health of boys of high school age.

Yet how can I interest you boys yourselves? Perhaps one of you is going through this school with the single fixed plan of making himself a great man; can I talk to this one and say that many schools of higher education openly admit that a boy must have a good, sound, healthy body to stand their rigorous course of study. Suppose you stay at home day after day and plug, plug, plug, do you imagine that your body will reward you for years of neglect, by suddenly rising to the occasion at a time of great need? No, you know better, yourself. Military does not wean you from your

books; it does not result in a string of D's or F's. Why? Because it asks for but one afternoon or one evening a week. Military training does not demand its toll of broken arms and legs or an athletic heart, as does football and basketball. So if you want to face the world with a body as fit and sound as your brain, it's military for you, number one.

Perhaps there is another one of you, a fellow from the outside; he has not many friends, everything brands him as an outsider. Again I say, "Join the cadets." You may study and recite side by side with these fellows for four years and never really know them. But,—ask the Cadets, they know,—you can not go down to drill, do skirmish work, scale walls and, in the summer, go out of doors and shoot on the range, and hike, and cook your own dinners side by side with these fellows, without forming a circle of friends that you will never forget, and that will never forget you. Join the cadets and cease to be an outsider.

And again, you are one of the boys who go through school with no special aim in view, yet you are a football fan, in short, you admire a trained man. See two men trotting through a field. They are both in a hurry to reach some destination or other. There is a fence at the other end of the field.

The first breaks into a dead run at fifty yards from the fence; at three yards he gives a prodigious leap; he clears the fence by two feet. "Huh"—"Huh," (panting), he continues his way, breathless. The second man is trotting at twenty-five yards, at five he is still trotting. He reaches the fence; placing his hand lightly on the top he vaults easily over, clearing the rail by a bare two inches. He continues his way, not one whit put out. The first would be winded at his third fence; the latter could clear fifty fences and maintain his easy swinging gate,

for he is a trained man.

The West is known for its fine military training, for the excellent productions of the system. Bangor is not thus known, and what is more, never will be, unless you resolve to make it so. Boys of Bangor High School whatever path you are following, no matter where you come from, no matter where you are going, come with the "gang," make Bangor beat the West, make your body sound, increase your circle of friends, become a trained man—Join the Cadets!

MY GRANDFATHER'S STORY

By Hazen E. Nutter, '22.



ONE day I sat on the arm of my grandfather's armchair and said to him, "Grand-daddy, please tell me a story." He told me to run away and sell my papers; but I persisted, and at last he gave in and promised to tell us all (for I had two brothers and three sisters) a story after supper. When, after supper came, to the great delight of the whole family—for mother and father had asked to be admitted to this "lecture," as we nicknamed the story—we all gathered around his chair before the fire and as he cleared his throat to begin we shut up like clams attacked by their enemies.

"When I was a boy about Ralph's age (he was nineteen) I used to bestride the lamp-posts for hours watching the Union soldiers march off to war. Oh, how I wished to go but my mother believed in the slogan, 'I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.' In those days the boys in our neigh-

borhood paired off, and my mate, as we used to call each other, was Andy Lewis. He was with me one day as we watched the boys in blue go by and he said in an undertone, 'Let's volunteer.' I was willing, but how about my mother's consent? Andy soon fixed that for he showed me an enlistment blank and pointing to the line which read, 'Boys nineteen and over are taken without consent of parents.' That was all I needed to make me go. Well, as you know, I enlisted in the First Maine Heavy Artillery which saw a lot of service.

"Andy and I were afraid to volunteer in our home town so we went to Portland and enrolled for active service. We were trained in Philadelphia and then we were sent to Antietam, where we saw some fighting, just enough to scare us thoroughly. From there we were sent to West Virginia where the mountaineers were raiding the towns. There I was promoted to the rank

of Corporal for gallant work under fire. Andy was then transferred to the West where Grant was hammering the Confederates.

"To make a long tale short, I passed through my first year of war without a scratch, but it seemed as though the Confederates had me slated for prisoner, for I almost got caught twice, once at Wheeling and then again at Beverly. The camp at Beverly was said to be haunted, for at two different times the men had seen eyes shining in at the window as they were going to bed. One of the men in my tent had seen them and the next night he had a nightmare and during it he shrieked, 'Ah! those eyes, those eyes.' The way he said it in a deep, hollow voice, made my blood run cold. He said that, first they were red, then white and then they faded away and came back as green. The next night some of the men planned to investigate those eyes. So, when the time came for the eyes' midnight visit the men crept out of doors and crouched ready for whatever might appear. Presently, they came out of the darkness like a flash of lightning. One of the men, a crack jumper, leaped at the figure before the window and found, much to his surprise, that it was a soldier from another company with lanterns covered with red, white or green paper. The men were in an uproar and were going to lynch the man, a common practice in those days, but the Colonel of the division interfered and gave the culprit thirty days in the guard-house, much to the delight of my men.

"A week after that my battalion was or-

dered to Newport News to take part in the Peninsular Campaign. We saw service the first day we were there and also the second day. On the fifth day the Confederates were entrenched in woods before which our lines ran. We were told to capture the woods at all costs and we rose up out of the trench with determination in our hearts to do so. Men began to fall on all sides until at last the man at my side, my tentmate, fell with a wound in his head. That scene made my heart leap into my throat. My lips went dry and my nerve was gone. What if they got me? Where would they hit me? I began whistling and singing but it was no use, I was firmly convinced that I was going to be killed. I ran forward, on and on. It seemed as though I had run ten miles but in reality it was just two hundred yards. We reached the edge of the woods; the rifle shots rang out from all sides. Down went the men; the groaning was terrible; it seemed as though the whole earth was red with the blood of my comrades, but still we ran on and on. I was sure that I would never see my home town and mother again. 'Oh! I'm hit, I'm hit, they've got me.' Such thoughts as those went through my head when I stumbled and a sharp branch struck my forehead.

"Suddenly out of the smoke loomed the breastworks of the South with the dead and mangled bodies hanging over it. Men were swearing, praying, laughing and crying all in one breath. But the one general cry was, 'Water, water, oh, my throat and lips, give me water.' I heard one fellow who was half crazy with a wound in his

neck, say, 'Give me water, give me water, and I will remember you all my days.' I grew suddenly sick. What was the matter? Something was wrong. I couldn't quite fathom what it was until finally I felt the air on my hip and looked down and what I saw made me sink to the ground in a faint, for my hip and leg were covered with blood. Oh! my throat. Oh! how dry it was! I needed water but I couldn't reach my canteen for when I tried I fainted and everything went black.

"When I awoke I heard the birds singing, the sun was shining, the air was clear—not filled with bullets and smoke. What was wrong? Was it all a dream? No! It was true, I knew it was true. Then my eyes began to wander. They alighted on a table, a chair and finally on myself lying in a spick and span cot. Of course I was in a hospital but what was the matter with me? Oh, yes! a wound in my hip. I remembered the

blood on my leg. Pretty soon the nurse came in and gave me water and talked to me. Then the doctor came and dressed my wound and told me to lie quiet and I would be out of the hospital sooner.

"I was there two weeks and a day; then I was given my honorable discharge and I immediately boarded the train for my hometown and mother. My, but I was glad, for I had been away almost two years and home seemed mighty good to me. Now, children, I think that I have told you about enough for one night; perhaps I will tell you more some other time, but no more at present."

A chorus of "ahs" and "ohs" and "thank you very muches" arose from the throats of half a dozen boys and girls. "My, but that was the most interesting story I have ever heard. It was even better than the movies," said Jack, and we all agreed with him as we scampered off to bed.

HIS RED CROSS NURSE

By Winifred Day.



AS the long rays of the autumn sun fell across the quiet village of Fair Haven, they paused for a moment on the face of an old man, who was seated on the steps of his fast crumbling home. For a moment the old gentleman's face was lighted by a smile as he faced the sunshine. 'Twas only a moment that the smile lasted. His gaze quickly returned to the floor and he fell to musing and speaking aloud as if entertaining an audience.

"Yes, my Marie has gone. Only a slip of a girl she was when the great war broke out

in 1914. Faithful had she been to her old dad since her dear mother had passed beyond and many were the comforts she brought him.

"Marie read the newspapers earnestly each day and as they told of the increased fighting 'over there' and issued calls for men to take the places of those who had fallen, my little girl became strange to me. Her work was performed mechanically with none of her old light-heartedness. Ah, little did I realize the battle raging in her mind!

"It was not until late September, 1917, after many of our own brave lads had re-

sponded to the call, that the news was broken to me. I was seated where I am at present. Marie, having finished her household duties, appeared in the doorway just as the paper was tossed at my feet by the newsboy. In a second she was scanning the headlines. Then clasping her hands she shouted, 'At last I can go, my dearest wish will be fulfilled.'

"A quick glance at the black headlines told me all. 'GREAT BATTLES RAGING ON THE WESTERN FRONT. HEAVY LOSSES.' Just below was this appeal, 'Send nurses, for God's sake, send nurses.'

"It was all as plain as a book to me now. So my Marie wanted to leave her old father, whose only comfort she was, to cross the sea and sacrifice her life for some boys. The very thought made me sick at heart; my eyes filled with tears, and I retired to my room to pass a sleepless night—one of many.

"Vain were my pleadings with Marie. She had made her decision and was determined to go. In due course of time she sailed from an eastern port. Letters came regularly, each with words of cheer, but these only added to my grief.

"As I sat thinking over the letter that announced her arrival in France, I pictured again my lad, who had gone from me when only eighteen. He had been studious in school work and seemed deeply interested in his studies, but there came to him as comes to so many others the lust for wandering. Against my wishes he entered the Naval Training School. We heard from

him but a few times. The last letter, which stated that he would soon be transferred, gave no clue by which we could determine his whereabouts.

"Ten years have elapsed since then and no news comes. Will Marie be like this? Shall I never see her again?

"Marie's next letter home told of her duties as Red Cross nurse. How she cared for the wounded, ministered to those ill with diseases, cheered the sad ones and took messages of love from the dying for those at home. How she alone, through the long nights watched over several hundred of these sons of France and America during their sleepless nights.

"In a few days followed a letter which opened like this: 'Father in my watch last night, I passed a cot upon which lay a man I had not seen before. One glance at his face struck me dumb. His very eyes told me what his lips could not, for his jaws had been torn by a shrapnel shell. With one mad rush to his bedside, I exclaimed, "My brother, O, my brother, at last I have found you.'"

"Then followed a long letter telling of his ten years of life away from the old folks at home. The only significant fact to my story being that he had finally done his "bit" for "Uncle Sam" and was as a result where Marie had found him."

Here the old man ceased his muttering. His head dropped on his chest. He had fallen asleep to dream of his little family across the sea. Jack—a soldier of Uncle Sam, and Marie—an Angel of Mercy.



LOCALS

May 1918

"Deeds Survive the Doers"

A very interesting and instructive lecture was given in the Assembly Hall recently. The speaker was Miss Zella Wygent from the International Harvester Company of Chicago, and who was one of the three speakers secured by the Bangor Chamber of Commerce for the Agricultural Convention. Miss Wygent's subject was Flies, the dangers from them, and how to get rid of them. She showed illustrations from a chart, which made it more interesting. Some think that a week in the spring should be given to "swatting flies" just as there is a clean-up week.

The final date of payment for the pledges of the Victory Boys and Girls was March 1st. Neatly engraved certificates were given to all those in the High School who earned Victory money.

Mr. Forrest Kimball has resigned his position as head of the Commercial Department.

A new way has been found for collecting the absence slips from each room at the beginning of the periods. Instead of a pupil being sent to the office from each room with the slip, one pupil from each floor gathers them from every room on his floor.

This system is proving much more satisfactory than the former, and saves more time.

A short time ago the girls of the Senior class met in the Assembly Hall to plan for their Graduation and Banquet dresses. Miss Mary Robinson told them of the custom of previous years. Finally they voted to wear at the Graduation, either their Junior Exhibition dresses, or if new ones were had, they were to be inexpensive. The price for them is not limited this year on account of the high cost of material. For the Banquet, old afternoon dresses are to be worn.

A great deal of enthusiasm was centered in two Debates given by two Senior English Classes recently. The first debated on National Education with Mabel Peabody and Wilson Hathorn for leaders, while the second debate on the City Manager form of Government, with Agnes Olsen and Vincent Smart for leaders. The parts were well taken on both sides and showed much work in preparation. Miss Elizabeth Clark, a former English teacher in Bangor High School, kindly judged them. In the former debate, the decision was finally given to the negative, and in the latter, to the affirmative.



"By Uniting We Stand, By Dividing We Fall"

Corp. Fred W. Benner, '10, has resumed his duties with the Merrill Trust Co., where he was employed before entering the service. Capt. Benner arrived from overseas last fall and has since been instructing in a cantonment in Texas.

The following item appeared in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, shortly after the arrival of the U. S. G. Haverford from France bearing the 65th Coast Artillery, about Lieut. Edwin D. O'Leary, '13, who was cited for bravery:

"Lieut. Edwin D. O'Leary of Bangor, Maine, was the real hero aboard the Haverford, and a mighty modest one he proved to be. Lieut. O'Leary was cited in orders of the 160th French Regiment for work at Verdun. When urged to tell his exploit, Lieut. O'Leary replied:

"'There wasn't anything to it, and there is nothing to tell about. There was a night attack and a lot of the fellows were killed. They couldn't very well pin decorations on the dead, and so they selected me. Citations are common over there.'"

Paul H. Eames, '17, recently graduated from the Ensign Training School at Harvard.

Captain Irvin E. Doane, '11, has been transferred from the 26th Division to the 59th Infantry, and has joined his new command with the Army of Occupation. Capt. Doane previous to being transferred, was at Le Mans with the 26th waiting embarkation orders.

Sergt. "Phil" Koritzky, '16, is now with the 168th Infantry of the famous Rainbow Division. Sergt. Koritzky went out from Bangor with Co. G of the equally famous 26th Division.

Miss Doris M. Townsend, '16, is acting as chairman of the conference on vocational opportunities for women held at Wheaton College.

Oliver G. Hall, '16, has received his honorable discharge from the Naval Reserves. Mr. Hall enlisted in Portland last spring and was stationed at Newport in the Coast Patrol, later entering the Radio School there. In December he was sent to

the Harvard Radio School in Cambridge where he was until the time of his discharge.

Miss Rachel F. Manchester, '16, has just completed a course in dietetics at the Memorial Hospital, Worcester.

Pvt. Edward L. Ferry, '14, who recently arrived from overseas with the 51st Heavy Artillery, has received his honorable discharge from the service and returned to his home.

Miss Helen Conway, '15, has recently gone to Washington to accept a government position in the War Risk Insurance Department. Miss Conway was formerly employed as a stenographer by Wilson & Co.

Langdon J. Freese, '13, recently received his honorable discharge from the navy and has returned to this city.

First-class Pvt. Harold Doe, '12, has returned to Bangor, after receiving his honorable discharge from the service. Pvt. Doe was stationed at Camp Upton, New York, with the Headquarters Company of the 42nd Infantry.

Pvt. Albert R. Messer, ex-'18, has arrived in Halifax from overseas. Pvt. Messer is spending a furlough in Ontario while waiting to be discharged. He has been serving with the Canadian Army.

Lieut. Cornelius Sullivan, '17, has resumed his studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, having received his

honorable discharge from the army. Lieut. Sullivan was an instructor in the training school at Camp Grant, Rockwood, Ill.

Corp. Arthur L. Jones, '16, has arrived in Halifax from overseas where he served in a Canadian Machine Gun battalion.

The name of Wesley A. Smith, ex-'18, appeared on a recent casualty list. Pvt. Smith was wounded October 7th, and when heard from was in a base hospital. He enlisted with Company G, but was transferred to the Mounted Guards just previous to being wounded. His parents believe by this time he is back with his company.

Harvey D. Miller, '12, has accepted a position on the faculty of Kent's Hill Academy. Mr. Miller was recently discharged from the service at Camp Upton where he was an interpreter in the intelligence department.

Herbert A. Brown, ex-'13, has resumed his duties with the General Electrical Company in Lynn, having received his honorable discharge from the service in the Naval Aviation at Norfolk. Mr. Brown held the rank of first class aeronautic machinist.

Corp. Frederick C. O'Leary, '16, of the 6th Company, Coast Artillery, stationed at Fort Leavitt, Casco Bay, recently visited his home here.

Ensign Percy Howard, '17, who recently graduated with high honors from the Naval Training School for Ensigns at Harvard, is in Bangor awaiting orders.



"For Alma Mater"

BASEKETBALL

B. H. S. VS. U. OF M. 2nd.

Friday, February 7, the University of Maine second team came down here expecting an easy victory. Bangor put up a good fight and made the college team work for its honors. The college men were larger and their passing was slightly superior to ours.

The Summary:

B. H. S., 16

U. of M. 2nd, 27

Toole (Capt.), 2; Bacon, r. b.....
l. f., Derocher, 3; Watherly
 Goldstein, l. b.....r. f., Needham, 3
 Oak, 4; Toole, c.....
c., Woodman, (Capt.), 4, (1)
 Fairbrother; Greeley, l. f.....
r. b., Feeny; Pinkham
 Short, 2, r. f.....l. b., Reardon, 3
 Referee, George Smith of Bangor. Time,
 two twenty-minute periods.

BANGOR VS. NEWPORT.

Friday, February 14, the team went to Newport. The players were: Bacon, Fairbrother, Goldstein, Greeley, Orters, Short and Toole. Mr. Mitchell and Mgr. Matthews accompanied the players. They left on the 3.45 train and returned Saturday.

The summary:

B. H. S., 38

N. H. S., 16

Toole (Capt.), 7; Bacon, r. b.....
l. f., Weithasse, 1

Goldstein, l. b.....r. f., Smith (Capt.), 1
 Fairbrother, 1; Toole, c....c., White, 3 (3)
 Greeley, 3; Orters, l. f.....
r. b., Newton; Towne, 1
 Short, 8, r. f.....l. b., Sherburne
 Referee, Blaisdell of Newport. Time,
 two twenty-minute periods.

B. H. S. VS. M. C. I.

Maine Central Institute sent over a heavy team to play Bangor, February 15. The game was one of the snappiest of the year and was the best attended; moreover, the play was more scientific than ever before.

The summary:

B. H. S., 34

M. C. I., 10

Toole (Capt.), 6, r. b...l. f., Gonyer, Fowler
 Goldstein, l. b.....r. f., Moulton, 4
 Oak, c.....c., Clyde Emery, 1
 Greeley, 3, l. f.....r. b., Dwelley, Gonyer
 Short, 8, r. f.....l. b., Clarence Emery
 Referee, Earl Heal, B. A. A. Time, two
 twenty-minute periods.

BANGOR VS. ORONO.

February 21, Orono sent a miniature football team to play basketball with Bangor. No one can deny that there was plenty of excitement at the game but no one can say that the game was scientific basketball. Bangor was slightly handicapped by

the illness of the regular center, but Capt. Toole filled the place well.

The summary:

B. H. S., 26

O. H. S., 18

Bacon, r. b.....l. f., Virgie
Goldstein, l. b.....r. f., Finley, Beaulier, 4
Toole (Capt.), 4, c.....c., Berdeen, 2
Greeley, 4; Fairbrother, l. f.....

.....r. b., Beaulier (Capt.), 2;

Powell

Short, 5, r. f.....l. b., Page, 1

Referee, Earl Heal, B. A. A. Time, two
twenty-minute periods.

B. H. S. VS. M. C. I.

Bangor's return game with M. C. I. came Washington's Birthday. Mr. Mitchell and Mgr. Matthews accompanied the players who were: Bacon, Goldstein, Greeley, Short and Toole. The players left on the 3.45 train and returned Sunday morning.

The game was not like the home game. In fact riot seemed imminent several times and the peacemakers were kept on the jump.

The summary:

B. H. S., 10

M. C. I., 27

Bacon, l, r. b.....l. f., Gonyer, 3
Goldstein, l. b.....r. f., Moulton, 7, (1)
Toole, 4, c.....c., Clyde Emery, 2
Greeley, l. f.....r. b., Dwelley
Short, 5, r. f.....l. b., Clarence Emery, 1

Referee, Smiley of Pittsfield. Time, two
twenty-minute periods.

Track practice has been suspended until the team can get out-of-doors.

* * * *

Wall scaling has been introduced in the cadet battalion. All, including the instructors, are green at the game, but satisfactory progress is being made.





"Argument should be Polite as well as Logical"

How many students in Bangor High School do you suppose have ever attended, much less taken part in a meeting of one of the various Debating Societies of the school? It seems safe to say less than half. Can it be that they do not realize the value of debating, or that the object of the Debating Societies is the benefit of its members? Or is it that their attitude is something like this: "I don't care a bit for that kind of work. I'm scared to death at the thought of speaking in a debate, so I'm not going to join any society?" I think the latter is the feeling of many students, boys as well as girls, and it seems to me that by some plan, membership in one of the societies should be a requirement of a part of the English course.

Let us consider, in the first place, the advantages of debating, to the student himself. Debating means, first of all, reasoning ability. It means the ability to reason clearly, quickly and correctly. There is scarcely any high school study that does not require this ability, to a greater or less degree; therefore, the student either has acquired it already and is thus well started toward successful debating, or, having acquired it from debating, is now better prepared for his studies. Next, debating means, in time, complete loss of self-consciousness in speaking before an audience.

This is, in itself, a very great help not only in High School work but later on in life. The beginner, of course, will be "scared to death" at his initiation to public speaking, but if the debate is at all interesting, he will very soon be thinking only of the question and the best way to silence his opponent; and if he is able to rise and give one statement for his side, he suddenly realizes that isn't the most difficult thing in the world, and he ceases to wonder how the main speaker "can ever do it." Little by little, he forgets self entirely which is a great step forward.

Moreover, debating shows the advantage of stating your arguments effectively and in such a way that they cannot be misunderstood, and it imbues the student with a certain broadness of mind, in that he must reason out both sides of a question and realize the weak and strong points in each.

In all these ways, debating is advantageous to the student, and to the teacher as well, for whatever leads to quick reasoning, unconsciousness in speaking and clear expression, is of great benefit to a teacher and make class work much easier for him.

Of course, this idea of compulsory membership means one more call upon a student's time, but if this membership were a part of the English course, and would, in this way, mean that less time would have to

be put on the subject of argumentation in school, could not the work be regulated so that it would not be too burdensome? If observation work in a course of astronomy is counted as part of the course, and can be regulated, why could not a year's or even a half year's membership in a debating society, be made a part of the English course in the same way?

SENIOR ENGLISH DEBATES.

The Second Period Senior English class held their first debate in Room 207, February 18. The question at issue, Should Bangor Adopt the City Manager Form of Government, was upheld on the affirmative by Miss Agnes Olsen, Miss Helen Harrigan and Louis Epstein. The negative was taken by Miss Frances Arnold, Vincent Smart and Albert Black. Miss Olsen and Mr. Smart were the concluding speakers. Miss Clark, who acted as judge, gave the decision in favor of the Affirmative.

On Tuesday, February 18, the first period English class held a very interesting debate on Resolved: That National Aid to Education is Necessary and Desirable. The affirmative supported by J. Wilson Harthorn, Joseph Malone and George Gallison, argued that national aid is necessary because of the need of Americanization, the condition of the rural schools and the southern school conditions. The negative, Mabel Peabody, Alice Graham and Marjorie O'Connell debated that national aid is unconstitutional, unnecessary, and would tend to Germanize the country. After both sides had presented their points there was an open forum during which

many good arguments pro and con, were given by different pupils in the class. Miss Mary Robinson, the English teacher, acted as chairman and Miss Elizabeth L. Clark, a former teacher at B. H. S., acted as judge. Miss Clark announced that the weight of the arguments was about equal but because of superior presentation she awarded the decision to the negative. Mabel Peabody was awarded the decision as the best speaker.

On Monday afternoon, March 3rd, a second discussion was held by members from the two societies on the question: Resolved, that all municipalities of five thousand or more population should adopt the city manager plan of government. The Negative, upheld by Miss Marjorie O'Connell, William Rowe and Wilfred Gillin, argued (1), that such a form of government would be inadequate; (2), that it was not desired by the people; (3), that it was not sound in theory. The Affirmative, upheld by Miss Agnes Olsen, Paul Croxford and Robert McCann, argued (1), that as the present system was inadequate, some new movement must be made for the benefit of the people; (2), that there were only two forms of government from which to choose and that the city manager form was by far the superior; (3), that it was more efficient than the present form; (4), that it was progressive; and (5), that it was beneficial. The judges, Mr. Boyd, Miss Humphrey and Miss Josephine Clough, unanimously awarded the decision to the Affirmative, Miss Olsen being chosen as the best individual speaker.



"Criticism is not Construction; it is Observation"

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Your Athletic department is especially good and well written.—The Dial.

The Oracle:—This is one of our best exchanges. The Literary department has a large number of well written stories and the Personals are very good.—Imp.

The Oracle: You have a very neat-looking magazine. You need more snappy Locals and less Alumni to make your paper interesting. Your Literary Department slightly overbalanced the other Departments.—The Spectator.

The Oracle:—Your Exchange Department is very interesting. Your stories are lively and full of "pep." The cover is very well drawn.—The Gleam.

The Oracle:—Your Personals are full of "pep" and your cartoons show real skill.—Sea Breeze.

The Oracle:—Your cover is certainly worthy of comment. Your Editorials are full of "pep." Why not scatter your Jokes?—Old Hughes.

The Oracle:—The Oracle is one of our best Exchanges and we hope that you will come again. We think a picture of the Oracle Board would be an improvement.—The Optic.

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

The stories to be found in the Literary Department of the Clarion from Portsmouth are, without exception, unusually well written. Judging from an Editorial the paper has been rather handicapped in organizing and publishing its first number, but it certainly is a fine edition.

The Sophomore issue of the Spectator presents a novel but attractive appearance. Your page of snap-shots is very interesting. Might not your jokes Department be lengthened advantageously?

The Wyndonian:—Your "Smiles" are clever and lively. Your Alumni Notes and Exchanges are inconspicuous and severely brief.

The Megaphone:—We searched for a Table of Contents without result. Your

Editorial Staff is somewhat misleading. We found an Exchange Editor but no Exchanges and a cartoonist but no cartoons.

The Lake Breeze is all that the name implies. The various departments are certainly breezy and unusually well written. The fine headings and the appropriate cuts attract one's attention and the reading material holds it to the last word. The page of cartoons and accompanying limericks called "High School Valentines" are quite novel but amusing.

The Taj:—We like your cover. It is quite different and very well drawn. Upon opening your paper we find it neatly arranged and just as interesting inside as outside.

The Quill:—Your Exchange Editor has found an interesting manner of writing

* * * * *

Teacher (at object lesson)—"Now you know how a knife is made, children. Tell me which is the most important part of it?"

Jimmie—"Why—a—"

Teacher—"Tell me what part of his knife your father uses most?"

Jimmie—"Oh, the corkscrew."

He—When I was a boy the doctor said if I didn't quit smoking cigarettes I would become feeble-minded.

She—Well, why didn't you quit?

"Do you realize what you did?" demanded the wife.

"No," said the husband, "but I'll admit I was wrong. What was it?"

about an uninteresting topic—for such the Exchange Department proves to be in many papers.

The Oracle, Des Moines:—Your cover in folder form is distinctly novel but very agreeable.

The Oriole:—We are always more than pleased to see your paper as it contains many things peculiar to the Oriole. Your school has a Student Board which apparently is achieving great results. The article on Abolishing Cribbing is well worth reading. You mention merely the boys cribbing—is this undesirable trait found only among the boys of your school or does it contain as all other schools, cribbers of both sexes? We heartily approve of your attack upon this contemptible subject and are glad to see the firm stand you take.

Politician: "Congratulate me, dear, I've won the nomination."

Friend wife (in surprise): "Honestly?"

Politician: "Ah! now why in thunder do you bring up that question?"

First Pupil—Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor?

Second Pupil—Of course. Did you think it went through?

Conjurer—"Now, to help me with this trick, I want the services of a boy, just any boy in the audience. Yes, you will do, my little man. Come along. Now you have never seen me before, have you?"

Boy (innocently)—"No, father."



"Wit is an Unexpected Explosion of Thought"

The world is old, yet likes to laugh,
New jokes are hard to find,
A whole new editorial staff
Can't reach every mind.

If you see some ancient joke,
Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a poke,
Just laugh—don't be too wise.

Teacher: "Tell me about the Medes and Persians?"

Student: "I don't keep track of those minor leagues."

Mr. O'N-I: "What does the author say on that subject?"

McG—, '22: "I don't know, I never asked him."

Teacher: "Writing was done on tablets of stone in Cicero's day."

Student: "Then it must have taken a crowbar to break the news."

Sophomore: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Freshman: "No, who teaches it?"

Miss N—, second period: "Mr. H. what is the trouble up there?"

Miss B. N.: "Please, teacher, he is pulling my hair."

Miss N—: "Norris, I'm ashamed of you. I thought you left your baby habits in grammar school."

Butler (giving exercises in Room 307): "Coombs are you breathing?"

Very meek answer: "I don't know, but I think so."

First Student: "I got zero on my history test."

Second Student: "Oh! that's nothing."

First Student: "What's nothing?"

Second Student: "Zero."

Heard in Algebra.

Teacher: "Turn to the next page."

The pupil couldn't find the next page.

Teacher: "Where are you?"

Pupil: "In my seat."

Miss P— (in English): "Give the meaning of beaux?"

Mr. C—, '22: "Something the girls wear in their hair."

Mr. H—, '22: "It's a woman's man."

Student: "Caesar flee away."

Teacher: "No, you should say, He flees away. Now give me the perfect tense."

Student: "He has flees."

—Found—

Three wads of waste paper, an apple core, two pieces of chalk, one chocolate, and a burnt match in the Oracle box on the second floor. Owner may have same by paying for this ad. Inquire at Office.

Madame B. to Miss C—, '21, who couldn't find the place: "Miss C—, what were you doing?"

Miss C—: "Having a 'short' dream."

(We'll say "short-y-ing" is fun anyway, Ruth.)

A certain Soph. girl is disappointed to think "Manager Bobby" wouldn't fix a game with Bucksport. Edna isn't the only one who is dissatisfied with Bobby's managership.

(Heard from a Soph. girl on Monday morning.) "I haven't a single lesson this morning."

Second girl: "What's the matter, did you have company last night?"

First girl: "No, he didn't come and I had to get my own lessons and couldn't."

E. T. & J. B., '21, have found a new pastime. They can "cancel" your name with any one else's you wish and make it

come out any way you like! Any one desiring this formula, please refer to either of the above stated.

Latest Report."

"All quiet at Higgins."

In Miss W.'s "Sleepy Hollow" Class.

Miss W. to C-II-ns, '21: "What would you think if some one took your girl the way Ichabod Crane did Brom Bones?"

C-II-ns: "I'd be darn glad if some one would!" (Oh, Ruth!)

We wonder what M. H., '21, is doing up in the drawing room lately—having her portrait painted for Kewpie's birthday?

It is rumored:

1. That "Jake" Toole was seen buying a hair net at Woolworth's.
2. That the telephone company is getting rich on "Bob" Matthews.
3. That Betty Palmer has discovered a new mathematical rule: $1 \times 1 \times 1 = 3$.
4. That Henry Bacon is thinking of studying for the ministry.
5. That H. Hersey is wearing out his soles on State street.
6. That "Toody" Olsen would like the windows at City Hall a little cleaner.
7. That Silsby Mayo likes to hang around the Library.
8. That Mary likes her Junior "Ring."
9. That Edna had a fine time at the Orono basketball game in City Hall. Don't let 'em kid you, Edna.
10. That P. J. Searles enjoys long walks in snow-storms on Sunday afternoons.

Miss P—, '20, (translating Latin): "You are almost able to see them without eyes."

Something you never see:

1. P. J. S., '19, talking with E. T., '21.
2. H. R., '22, eating candy.
3. R. O., '19, tardy.
4. G. B., '20, blushing.
5. J. G. C., '20, serious.
6. B. T., '20, restless.
7. V. S., '19, studying.
8. M. F., '20, making a disturbance.
9. E. O'C., '20, dancing.
10. P. C., '20, smiling.

Miss F— (explaining the life of Spanish girls): "In Spain girls don't work unless they have to."

Voice: "They don't here."

Pupil (translating French): "—an animated wharf."

Teacher: "What part of speech is 'kissing'?"

Pupil: "A conjunction."

B. Davis (in drill): "After you have learned the manual of arms you can parry right and parry left."

Voice: "Yes, and Parry Boyd."

Pupil (reading French): "Lambs are little muttuns."

Pupil (in Spanish): "Shall I read the French?"

Question found in the "Oracle" box:
"Why is C. H., '21, called Wallace Reid?"

Freshman: Emerald.

Sophomore: Blarney.

Junior: Grindstone.

Senior: Tombstone.

Miss R— (in English class): "I can't stand this disturbance any longer."

Voice from rear: "Try sitting down."

H. H., '19, is responsible for this wise saying: "Fellows may come and fellows may go but the college boys hang on forever."



Latin Epithet.

All dead who wrote it,
All dead who spoke it,
All die who learn it,
Blessed death! They surely earn it.

Little Freshmen—listen well
 To the tale I'm going to tell,
 You've been picked on from the first,
 Why not brace up—take a burst
 Of speed and show each upper class
 That you won't stand for all their "sass?"

Miss R— (in English): "Correct the sentence 'I see them books.'"

Pupil: "I seen them books."

Cadet (giving exercises): "Twist your right trunk to the side."

Pupil (translating French): "He was killed and he died."

Miss H—: "Why don't you take your regular seat, Miss C—?"

Miss C—, '20: "It's broken."

Cr-xf-rd, '20: "She wants to sit beside me."

W. McC—, '21 (translating French): "She sold her cakes under a gate."

R—, '20 (in Spanish): "The ears of the street."

Characteristic of Freshmen?

Teacher (in English): "Put your sentences on the board."

Pupil (after a half hour's rest): "What sentences?"

Miss R— (in English): "How many voices are there?"

Mr. P—: "Twenty—in his room."

Miss C—(in History): "Each girl had her own flock of cows."

We hope that E. B.'s little brother has, by this time, been properly instructed in the art of announcing callers. Constant practice makes perfect.

Mickey Finnegan, '20, the famous football captain, is certainly the idol of the Freshmen girls, according to the following lines which were found on the blackboard in Room 305—"Mickey, Mickey, you're the boy for me." Watch your step, Mickey!

Teacher: "Why was that period in history called the dark ages?"

Freshman: "Because there were so many knights then."

Sophomore: "I have just learned to say 'thank you' and 'if you please' in French."

Freshman: "Good, that's more than you ever learned to say in English."

Score one for the Freshmen!

Recently seen on the blackboard in Room 305—"Bon Ami is not something good to eat, but is to wash dirty hands and faces with."

Teacher: "Compare 'cold.'"

Pupil: "Cold—cough—coffin."

It is with great pleasure that we announce that R. McC—, '19, has done the inevitable. Although it has taken a long time to get up the necessary nerve and courage, it, nevertheless, took the prize of \$.10 for accomplishing the act. It was a pretty good beginning but his style was not just right. Keep it up Mac—practice makes perfect

A Geometry Problem.

Given: A Freshman.

To Prove: That he is green.

Proof:

Wait for the summer to come. Then stand him at the foot of the public library bank. Walk across the street and try to see him.

You can't!

He is green.

—Q. E. D.

The Evolution of a Graduate.

Freshman year: Illiteration.

Sophomore year: Subjugation.

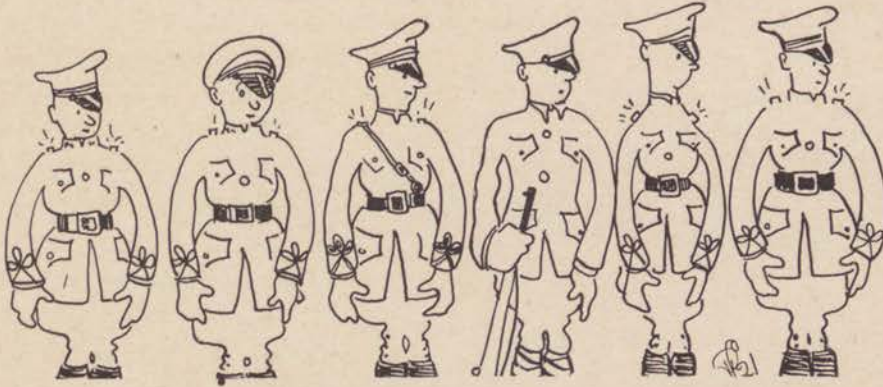
Junior year: Meditation.

Senior year: Application.

If he passes: Exultation.

And last of all comes: Graduation.

Miss C— (slightly mixed): "The people are not allowed to shoot the peasant." (pheasants).



OFFICERS AND MEN OF A B. H. S. CADET COMPANY

J. G., '21 (giving the names of some public buildings which he could describe accurately): "The High School building, the Graham building, the jail—"

Miss W—: "I mean the exterior of the buildings, Mr. G."

"Husky" Bowles, '21, has been invited to give a lecture and demonstration to the cadets on the subject: "The Art of War in the Middle Ages."

W. R., '20, (translating Greek):—"having seized one's self."

Beat
rice
New
comb

Macdonald, '20 (giving setting-up drill): "Now in this head exercise, turn your heads way around."

The Freshmen don't seem very smart in Science lately. They even spent a whole period pronouncing manganese, dioxide, and potassium chlorate.



The Three Daughters L. T.

Hymn and Her.

M. B., '21: "You'd better come to the choir rehearsal tonight."

P. G., '22: "I can't."

M. B., '21: "You'd better, we're going to try a new hymn."

P. G., '22: "So am I going to try a new (him). That's why I can't come."

Miss R—: "May I speak to Miss C—?"

Miss H—: "You've already talked long enough this morning to last a week."

1. Cancel l from the name of a military Senior and have the opposite of front.

2. Cancel al from a tall Senior and have a boy's name.

3. Cancel er from a Junior Exhibition speaker and have a county of Maine.

4. Cancel l from a clever Sophomore and have a convenient method for attracting your friends' attention.

5. Cancel er from a pianist and have a tree.

6. Cancel er from a violinist and have a body of water.

7. Cancel a from another Junior Exhibition speaker and have correct.

8. Cancel b from one of our artists and have a letter.

—Ri Juno.

Definition of a Locust.

By J. B., '19.

A locust is a kind of animal, something like an alligator.

Characteristic Proverbs.

Miss E. P. "Art and knowledge win bread and honor."

Mr. P. M. "Delightful task to rear the tender thought, to teach the young idea how to shoot."

Mr. G. V. "Science is organized knowledge."

Miss B. F. "He is never alone who is in the company of noble thoughts."

Miss M. H. "A little body often harbors a great soul."

Miss A. McS. "Knowledge is power."

Miss A. W. "A noble language shows a noble mind."

Mr. F. K. "The writing shows the man."

—R. C., '21.

Teacher: "Name the classes of nouns."

Pupil: "Declarative, Compound and Complex."

Miss P— (in English): "What is a damsel?"

Miss R—, '22: "A young man."

F. J., '20, is now regularly using "Ford" for "small car" in Physics.

Smart-ness is to do and say,
The smart-est things in the smart-est way.

'Twas the night of the game with Orono,
As, breezing through the door
Walked a student of soldierly bearing,
Black hair, he could boast a store.

In his hand he clasped a "Virgil"
Whose contents he planned to peruse,
And wending his way to the gallery,
He greatly his chums did amuse;

For seating himself in a corner,
With a look of professorly scorn,
He succumbed to the charms of fair Dido,
And the land wherein she was born;

And during all of that evening,
Tho' fast did the game swiftly grow,
He was lured by the beautiful Dido,
Far more than the scene just below!

How many a scholar before him
Has spent his free moments this way!
Oh, what's in a name, my readers,
Oh, what's in a name, I say?

Best Joke In B. H. S.

Husky Bowles.

As We Go Marching to Buckley's.
(Tune. As We Go Marching Thru' Georgia)

Hurrah, hurrah, from lessons we are free,
Hurrah, hurrah, Oh, why should we worry,
For we press the bricks down pat,
To have a smoke and chat
As we go marching to Buckley's.

Miss W—: "What is a foot?"

Bright Boy: "Extremity of one's limbs."

Miss W—: "What is an important part of a foot?"

Brighter Boy: "Toes."

Wanted.

A new gun—mine is wearing out. L. B., '21.

The latest publication by O. Henery. C. C., '21.

A girl? ? G. C., '21.

A manager for next year. L. S., '21.

A short man. R. C., '21.

Some life? B. H., '20.

Another Soph. R. H., '19.

Ranks.

There are ranks that make us happy,
There are ranks that make us blue,
There are ranks that steal away our leisure,
As the sunshine steals away the dew.
There are ranks that have a tender meaning,
That the eyes of sharks alone may see,
But the ranks that fill my heart with sorrow,
Are the ranks that—gives to me.

Miss H—, to boy exercising jaws: "Did your physician prescribe special hours for your nourishment, D—?"

D—bon, '21: "Huh? Aeyah."

By some error we forgot to mention in the last edition of the "Oracle," that quite a few of the boys of the Freshman class received razors for a Christmas present. We wonder what for?

French, French, French.

[To be sung to tune of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."]

I.

In my room alone I sit, thinking Madame B.
of you,
And the Junior French class of old Bangor
High;
And I feel that I shall flunk spite of all that
I can do,
And I think and think and think of verbs
and sigh.

Chorus.

Verbs, verbs, verbs! They range in order;
Alphabetically they come,
While I'm studying the C's I soon find I
know no B's,
And I know that I have got to study some.

II.

Then there is translation, too, all about
Monsieur Gertal
And Andre and Julien and all the rest;
And I fear that very soon when we're not
expecting it,
We shall learn that we are going to have a
test.

Chorus.

Tests, tests, tests; O how I dread them!
For I fear I shall not pass,

When the next test comes along, I shall
flunk right then and there,
And then I'll be at the bottom of the class.

III.

But the French is, after all, the best thing in
Bangor High,
And I grow to like it better every day.
And, if I work hard enough and I have good
luck perhaps
In the far off future I shall get an A.

Chorus.

French, French, French, O how I love it,
Verbs, translation and the rest.
Though it is tres difficile it is so interressant
That to learn it I shall do my level best.
—Mademoiselle X. '21.

There are some romantic young poets
among us, here in B. H. S., as is shown by
the following verse found in the "Oracle"
box:—

They were wandering through the meadow,
In the cool evening breeze,
Watching the sun slowly set,
'Neath the maple trees.
But as they approached the pasture fence,
He gallantly lowered the bars,
And together they walked through
Admiring the evening stars.
But when it came time to part—
He did not turn and bow,
For he was only a farmer lad,
And she—a Jersey cow.

—Cupid, '22.

To the Latin Teachers.

Donchu letum passthis qua ta,
 Donchu letum passthis year,
 Makem stud e morth an tha orta
 Keepem eva full offear.
 Makem situp nightsan worri
 Anbe sure tu makem plunk
 Donchu givem time, makem hurri
 Tellem that their workis punk.
 Makem wish tha neva tookit
 Givit tu em gudant strong
 Tellem tu pay more at tention
 Gopher evri word thats wrong
 Whe tha cum tu gopher backwork
 Givem sum sentences tu write,
 When tha tellu tha candu them
 Keepem writen them all night.
 When they start tu studi Caesar
 Givem his Gallic wars
 When tha asku to explain it
 Whi sa "Jus'be cause."
 Donchu tellem how to read it
 Norif their gramma's right,
 Keepem fightem Caesar's battles
 From mornin until latat night.
 If tha asku what sit goodfor
 So tu keepem backa year,
 Donchu givem ane comfort,
 Keepem alwa's full offear.
 Makem swim the River Rhine
 Makem wish they never tookit
 Makem wish they were at home.

—C. H., '21.

Hints For Junior Exhibition Speakers.

1. Don't put too much expression in your speaking. You might frighten the audience.

2. Be sure that your knees are shaking and that your hands are fidgetting. Motion on the stage is always a good thing.

3. Interject a good many e-r's. It relieves the monotony.

4. Be sure you pause for a long time as if you had forgotten your piece. This is certain to rouse the sympathy of the judges.

If you all follow these rules you will be sure to get the medal.

**They Don't Look Bad—Do They?**

Miss H—: "I only hope that some of you become prison wardens just to see what I have to put up with."

G-ldm-n, '21: "That's not a bad job; do they have to speak Latin?"

Miss H—: "Well, if they did, you'd never be eligible."

Any one desiring the position of porter at National Park Seminary, Maryland, apply at once to Don Eames. Mr. Eames states that applications from Phil Oak and Roger Nickerson have already been filed and others will be accepted in the order received.

Feet thrown out equal and forming an angle of around 45.

Knees straightened and slightly stiffened.

Hips on the level and a little hauled in; chest pulled up; with your shoulders squared and resting equally on your hips.

Hands and arms hanging as they ought to near the seam of your pants.



"The Position of a Soldier,"
As given by a would-be Non-Com.

Your heels on a line and as near one another as the conformation of yourself will let you.

Head erect and you look straight ahead; with your chin pulled in so your head and neck are horizontal.

The weight of your body ought to hang equally on the heels and balls of your feet.

(He'd be some soldier, we'll say ! !)

On The Telephone—

Pittsfield: "Hello, Bangor, give me 2619-M. Is that you L—?"

Bangor: "Yes, R—."

Pittsfield: "Well, we got beaten."

Bangor: "That's too bad."

Pittsfield: "It was a great game though."

Bangor: "I'll bet it was."

Bangor: "Well, I hope you will remember what you said."

Pittsfield: "You know what happened, Friday night!"

Bangor: "I thought that was all settled."

Miss W— wishes B. H. S. students might be a little more modern; they are still playing the same tricks which they played when she went to school.



Barney Promises Some Great Trips For The Football Team Next Fall

Pittsfield: "It was kind of rough."

Bangor: "Did anyone get hurt?"

Pittsfield: "No. There are some nice girls here."

A Day at B. H. S.

8.00. Everyone starts to run. H. O'L—y, '20, does the last 50 yards in record time.

8.15. The pet collie gives a solo in Assembly Hall.

9.00. "Kid" Orters ambles in, in time for Physics.

9.40. The various letter men distribute their daily mail. [notes.]

11.05. The scenes of the French Revolution are re-enacted in the lunch room.

11.15. Bond and Bacon have their daily chat in front of the girls' cloak-room.

12.00. Goldstein gives his opinion of French to the class.

12.40. The nurse-maids call for the Freshmen.

12.45. The mob breaks loose. R. Matthews disappears in the direction of Elm street.

Some Statue!

When Bartholdi decided to present a statue to the United States, he came over from France to study the typical pose of the average American woman. He found that her characteristic pose was to stand in the doorway with a lamp in one hand and a rolling-pin in the other—waiting for her husband to come home.

A New Geometry Problem.

Given: A rock and a pond.
 To prove: What it becomes.
 Proof: Throw rock into pond,
 Splash!!!
 Rock becomes wet.
 Problem is solved
 Proved by Heck!



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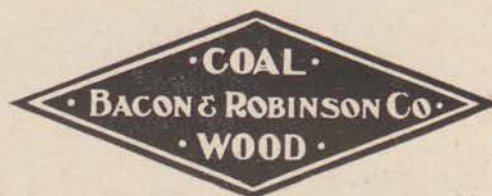
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