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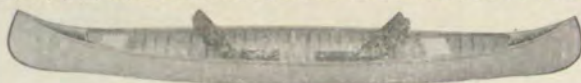
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VOL. XXIII

MARCH, 1915

No. 6

EDITORIALS

“Excelsior”

This month the Freshmen have an opportunity to show their ability in the literary line. A large number of these first year students have been preparing for the Freshman Number of the Oracle with much energy and zeal. Although many persons at present thought that a Freshman Number would be impossible, the enthusiasm with which this class entered into the work of preparing the necessary material for this issue, served largely to dispel these doubts.

Thus far this year the Freshmen have given fine support to the school and they will undoubtedly continue to do so. To the call for subscribers for the Oracle they responded in large numbers. They have strongly supported the various athletic departments not only by trying to make the teams, but also by giving good attendance at the games. Some of them have already succeeded in securing places on the teams. In the High School Orchestra they are also well represented.

The number of Freshmen this year exceeds that of any previous year and during the first two quarters this class has made a very good showing in scholarship, the majority having secured good marks in all their studies. The average for all the classes in study for the first quarter was the best in the history of the school and as the Freshmen number about one-half of all the students it shows that the members of the first year class are not lagging in their studies. The fine new High School building offers them many opportunities which they are not neglecting to take advantage of.

In nearly all cases one who does well in his first year's work will continue to do so throughout his entire High School career, and if the Class of '18 continues in the way in which they have started, and if they always try to better themselves, no one need worry over the question as to whether they will maintain and improve the record which Bangor High has attained in scholastic and athletic work. James E. Mitchell, '18.

The Oracle Board takes great pride in placing this, the Freshman Number, in your hands. Last fall, when work was

This Month's Issue started on this issue, the members of the Board were about the only people who had confidence enough in the Class of '18 to believe the undertaking possible. It is certainly flattering to one's vanity to have his convictions so decidedly confirmed as ours have been. There were enough stories worthy of publication submitted for this issue to fill the literary department of three ordinary numbers. On this account we have added four extra pages this month, making the paper considerably larger than was originally intended; but even so we can only print a small amount of the available material. This may unfortunately cause disappointment to many members of the Class of '18 who have worked hard and well on their stories, but it should not cause discouragement; the stories remain unprinted, not for lack of merit, but for lack of space. All these good stories will be saved and, although we expect each class to furnish enough stories to fill its issue and so prevent their publication this year, still they will be a welcome bequest for next year's Board to use in the early fall issues when material is hard to get.

But our satisfaction is rooted in something deeper than a mere abundance of material. Heretofore, a story by a Freshman was an Oracle novelty, and for a first year student to be actively interested in the Oracle was almost unknown. But thanks to this Freshman Issue, the merely passive attention of at least a hundred Freshmen has been turned into active working interest. Considering what it has been possible to do in the past when students made no attempt at Oracle work before

their upper class years, the opportunities of achievement for future Oracle Boards would seem unlimited.

Much of the success of this month's issue is due to the unselfish aid given the Freshmen writers by certain members of the Oracle Board who directed the preparation of the stories and carefully pointed out ways to make them better. Therefore, in announcing "Theseus and the Minotaur" to be the prize winning story, we give honor both to Miss Greta Wood, its author, for a truly remarkable piece of writing and to Miss Lois R. Hodgkins, whose skillful direction and criticism contributed much to its perfection. Miss Wood will receive two tickets for the M. C. I. debate in recognition of her efforts.

A question present in many minds is this: if the Freshmen can produce an issue like this one, what will the Sophomores get out? We can partially answer this question now. Several splendid stories are already in the hands of the editors, including a travel account of more than ordinary interest, and many more are now being written. A page of poetry has been planned, although we cannot announce this as certain. Poets are hard people to depend upon! The second in the series of special articles appearing in the athletic department will be on "Track Work" by Mr. Roland C. Gray, '17, captain of the B. H. S. track team, and high point winner of the recent Bowdoin meet. Special personal features, including some cartoons, will be found.

This number will not only be the Sophomore Number, but also the big Easter Number and will be much larger than usual.

LITERARY



"Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite, Graii" "THESEUS AND THE MINOTAUR"

As the Freshman Sees It.

By Greta Wood, '18.



T was a rainy day in early September, and everything seemed dark and dreary. Even the people on the streets were weeping, because that was the day when the seven youths and seven maidens were to battle with Flunk, who lived in a gloomy labyrinth.

From a large brick building came the victims, one by one, but when the door had closed behind them, it was found that there were only six youths instead of seven. While the people were wondering what could be done, a youth came up, and after inquiring about the trouble, he offered himself as a substitute.

The crowd was filled with amazement, because he was the pride of the city, and earned such good rank, that he would never have had to battle with Flunk involuntarily.

"I have offered myself," he said, "so that I may destroy Flunk, and save the six

youths and seven maidens with whom I am going."

Everyone hoped that he would be successful, but all were sorry to have him leave them.

A barge was there waiting for the party, and they climbed into it and started off. It was a mournful sight, for the barge was draped with heavy curtains of black, and the faces within were sad.

The seventh youth, whose name was A, wore a cheerful look in spite of the terrible doom before him, and was trying to help the others with their problems and seemed to be getting along well when suddenly a terrible bellowing was heard in the distance and the party crowded into the corners of the barge with their hands over their ears, even forgetting their lessons in their fear. But A seemed not at all afraid, even going out of the barge to see what the matter was. What he saw was a huge tan-colored brick building, looking very gloomy and unfriendly in the storm. He knew it must be the castle of the monster Flunk.

He told the others what he had seen, and they all packed up their belongings to be ready when they came to the castle or labyrinth.

"Let me see what weapons you have to use against the monster," said A.

One of the maidens came forward with a collection of articles which she had gathered from the party. One of the things which she showed him was a package of elastic bands which she said might help to keep Flunk away, and which were great fun to snap at people.

"Those may distract his attention for a while," A said, "but they will make him crosser when he does attack you."

Next a box of gum was produced, and it was explained that it helped greatly in getting one's lesson.

"I will make a little present of this to Flunk, because gum is his chief food," said A.

The last thing that was shown to A was a little tan book with, "Answers to the Problems," printed on the cover.

"That is no good at all to one who does not understand the principles of mathematics, because it will never help him to work his way through that labyrinth of problems until he has one of these little straight sticks which is called a rule. You certainly have no chance to destroy Flunk if these are all the weapons you have against him," said A.

They had come to a bridge by this time, and as they passed over it, A took all the articles which the party had shown him, and threw them into the stream below.

Quite a procession it was that left the barge at the labyrinth. A went first, followed by twelve F's and one E. Each had a large card on himself bearing his rank in life. The poor little E could not understand why he was going to be fed to Flunk, because he said that he thought that E always meant excellent!

As the procession entered the door to the labyrinth, a horrible roar was heard, and at the same time, the heavy door of the labyrinth banged behind them, and they were left in utter darkness.

In a few minutes, however, a faint light showed near where A was standing and crowding over to him, they saw that the light radiated from a bundle of sticks with a rule written on each. A gave one of these to each, and then they turned to examine the cave.

The walls were covered with algebraic equations and sums, which other victims had tried to work out. In several places they found the skeletons of weary travelers. Even the very bones of the skeletons' heads were engraved with the x's, y's and z's which they had been meditating on all their lives. Scattered leaves of "Answers to the Problems," lay all around and everything seemed in confusion.

All these things the party observed while they were marching steadily into the heart of the labyrinth. A was unwinding a little ball of the twine called "Proof," so that when they had conquered Flunk, they might be able to find their way back again.

The party then turned a sharp corner, and not far away was the monster.

Flunk appeared to be a huge beast, made of an impervious skin of paper with fractions, equations and multiplications, all done exactly the wrong way. His eyes shot flames of fire which turned into x's, y's and z's, all upside down and as the party gazed at him, their eyes became so dazzled with the figures and letters that they felt as if they could do nothing but run. A nevertheless stood as undaunted as ever and when the beast rushed at him he drew from its sheath, a long, sharp sword called "Knowledge."

The battle then began, and all that the rest could see was a whirl of paper, dust

and figures. Soon, however, the hero A rose triumphant, with his face beaming. As the party gazed on Flunk, the fallen monster, they saw that he was nothing but a flat piece of paper which was slowly smouldering away in the fire of his own eyes.

Each of the party then gave Flunk a final stab with their rules, and as they did so, the last of the monster burned away, leaving only a heap of ashes.

The party then turned to go back through the labyrinth, and following A's thread of Proof, they were able to retrace their steps until they came to the great stone door which was their last barrier.

This door A said the rest must open, because he had already done a great deal for them. An algebraic example was set down on the door, with "Whoever can work out this problem, can open the door;" written below it.

Each one began to work at the problem, so that in a little while everyone had it correctly done. At last all had passed through the door and were on their homeward way. This time, however, the party was rejoicing instead of mourning, and at last the little E really did understand what his letter stood for, because it stood for "Excellent!"

GOLD

By Lester M. Black, '18.



IN a rough cabin of hewn logs, which was the plainest of the forty or more buildings which composed the little Alaskan mining town, sat a young man. His face wore a discouraged look which, together with his rough clothes, and the bare, cheerless appearance of the cabin, bore testimony that Joe Sanborn was down on his luck.

I do not say that it was anything unusual for Joe to be down on his luck, for he was probably the most unlucky man in Alaska. He was known through all the region as "Noluck Joe." Time and again he had taken up a claim beside a bonanza, but he had always drawn a blank. His latest claim had yielded scarcely enough gold to pay the registration fee, so that there was little wonder that he was discouraged.

Joe had nearly concluded that he would go to the states and seek some different employment, when he happened to glance out of the cabin's single window near which he was seated. A confused scene met his gaze. Many men were running in and out of their cabins. Some were packing dogsledges; others were harnessing their dogs

and they all seemed in a great hurry to start somewhere.

He knew what that scene meant. It was that a new gold deposit had been found and each man was anxious to reach the place first so as to have his choice of the ground. As he watched, his clean cut face brightened, his dark eyes glistened; the red blood rushed through his veins; and the wild gold fever seized him again.

Joe hurried out of his cabin to the nearest team and inquired of a grizzled miner, where the new strike had been made. The old fellow told him that a rich deposit had been discovered at Swan's Creek, about seventy miles away. Then noticing Joe's excited look, he asked him if he was going to try for it. Joe answered that he was and the man began to chaff him about his luck, but Joe turned on his heel and entered his cabin.

Joe Sanborn did not possess a dog-team, but he had made up his mind to stake a claim at Swan's Creek, even though he would have to travel on snowshoes. He hastily wrapped some provisions in a blanket, strapped the package on his back and fastened on his snowshoes. As he entered the street he saw that a number of the dog-

teams were ready to start, and he knew that he would have a hot race with them to the new gold fields.

The odds against him were not quite as great as would appear at first sight. A recent snowstorm had left the country covered with a layer of soft snow which made the travel of dog-teams much slower. The trail which he had decided to follow was somewhat shorter than the usual trail along the river bank, but it was much steeper and the recent snowstorm had made this route impossible for the dogs with their heavy sledges. On the whole, however, his chance of winning was rather slim.

Night was falling as with long strides he headed northward. All night he kept up his swift steady pace. The great northern lights brightened in the sky and the snow glistened under its bright glare. The silence was unbroken except by the soft swish of his snowshoes and the occasional howl of a wolf.

Morning found him facing northward with only thirty miles between him and his goal. He could not spare time to stop and satisfy his hunger, so he ate his food as he walked. A handful of snow served to quench his thirst. As he passed over a high ridge he caught a glimpse of the dog-teams far below him and about a mile be-

hind. A determined look came over his face and he quickened his pace.

Noon found him only ten miles from the finish. He still kept up his steady gait, but with noticeable effort. His face was haggard, but his jaw was set hard in determination and he forced himself along by the very strength of his will.

Just as the sun was setting he staggered down to the edge of the stream where the discovery had been made. He saw the single claim which had been marked off by its finder and he knew that he had won the race. Stooping by the bank of the stream he picked up some shining pebbles. "Gold! At last," he cried in his emotion at finding that precious substance in his own hands, instead of in the hands of others. As if in a dream he staked off a claim joining the other. Then as he heard the shouts of the men with the dog-teams racing up the valley, the earth reeled about him and he fell unconscious upon the snow.

A few moments later several of the teams arrived, and with the generous feeling of the North they covered the man who had beaten them with their blankets. Joe Sanborn's luck had changed. He was never again called "Noluck Joe" because his claim proved to be the richest in Alaska; so his nickname was changed to "Lucky Joe."

A CRUISE

By Robert A. Dole, '18.



It was July at Islesboro and the days were long and sunny. The five of us had energy and to spare and so it happened that we thought of the cruise. "What is more fun than a sail down the reach?" said one.

Hugh Carter had a good sized, thirty-five foot, black sloop, with a comfortable cabin, supplied with a stove and all the necessary things for a voyage.

She would go very well providing there was wind enough to send her. We planned to start the next morning, which was Wednesday, and that afternoon was given to preparation. We got enough food for five days, blankets and the many other necessities together.

It was nine-thirty the next morning when we pulled up anchor and under a full sail, with engine puffing, sailed gaily out of Hughes Point Harbor. Hugh was captain.

Bud, the husky, was engineer, Ed and John were deckhands and I was cook.

There was not much wind, but we had decided to catch all there was. It was not until we were about a mile and a half out that the engine broke down and we drifted until we got it repaired. In putting the thing together, Bud forgot to bolt the ignitor on and consequently when he cranked the engine it blew off hitting him on the upper arm, inflicting an ugly cut. I had some peroxide (the fellows made fun of me for taking so much "junk" as they termed it, but like the mother in the Swiss Family Robinson, I had just the thing needed), and we soon had his arm all bandaged.

Soon after this I got my first dinner and I think that the fact that we hadn't eaten anything since the night before was the only thing that made the fellows eat it. I complained that the stove was to blame and whatever they thought, they certainly ate.

About two o'clock we put into Buck's Harbor while the boys bought unnecessary and indigestible things. In coming out, about half an hour later, the sloop refused to tack. There was a strong head-on breeze and we were sailing straight for the rocks, about one hundred feet away, so we were obliged to use the engine. If it hadn't been for that balky engine that we had managed to mend in the morning, we would have banged our boat to pieces on the rocks.

Safely out of the harbor, we continued down the Reach and that night put into Sedgwick just as the sun was setting. After supper, as Ed and I were stretching the canvas over the boom, under which we were to sleep, Ed lost his balance and fell overboard. We pulled him out by his big red sweater and put him to bed dyed with the gore of his crimson clothing. Later Hugh, Bud and Ed wanted to go ashore to see the town, but how Ed was to go was a

question. An idea struck me, with the result that Ed took my clothes and I went to bed. While the others "pulled for the shore" in pitch darkness, John and I read magazines. They came back about ten o'clock with the encouraging news that the boat was anchored near the big sand bar and that the tide went completely out of the harbor when ebbing. Soon we should be high and dry! It was pitch dark and we had only seen the place for about ten minutes by daylight. Sedgwick's one lamp gleamed weirdly in the blackness. We got out an old cod line and began to sound—the bottom was only six inches from our keel! Up came the anchor, two of us jumped into the tender and with the aid of a chart and a lantern searched for the channel. For two long hours, in the black silence, broken only by our groans and the rush of the swiftly running water of the ebbing tide, we lurched about until we found the channel. It was not until after twelve that we were settled again, but even then we felt so far from safe that we kept a watch for the rest of the night.

Next day it was too foggy and rough to go out so we decided to go ashore. We rowed away up into the harbor and landed at the dock farthest in. After spending the morning seeing the town by daylight we started home for dinner, but found our tender high and dry with no water nearer than two hundred yards or more. We made the best of it, hanging around the postoffice and filling our empty stomachs with ice-cream until six when the tide rose again.

We were famished that night and as a result of our greed we found the next morning that our provisions were low and we would have to go home. We started about two-thirty that afternoon for Buck's Harbor. At about five we dropped anchor there, had supper early and went ashore. Learning that there was to be a dance at a private yacht club that night, we tried to get into

it. but—. Hugh presented a pleasing appearance in a pair of white flannels which were dirty when we started, a flannel shirt and a red bandanna around his head and what was more this apparel had been slept in for three nights. The rest of us were not so bad, but maybe you can understand the doorkeeper's prejudice. After wandering around awhile we went on board and contented ourselves with listening to the music from the clubhouse, which was on the shore about a hundred feet from us.

Next day we went home and say, it was rough! We had seven miles to go, with the waves head-on, and every third wave washed the deck. We had to haul down our sail and just as the jib was coming down we lost the rope through the pulley.

Fortunately a landing was near and we managed in the rough sea to put in and repair the mischief.

When leaving the landing our tender became caught in the wharf, the rope having snapped and it was drifting onto the rocks. We could not go after it in the sloop and so John, our expert swimmer, speedily got into his bathing suit and jumping overboard, swam after it. He reached the tender just as it was going onto the rocks, saving us the loss of a good boat.

We reached home after one of the roughest voyages imaginable and saluted Islesboro with three whistles. That night we went to a dance in the town hall and there in glowing and exaggerated language told the girls of our cruise.

"FAITH WINS"

By Doris Carr, '18.



FAITH McCoy awoke one morning to find the sun shining in her face, which was a very unusual thing, as her room was on the west side of the building at boarding school. Where was she?

Suddenly she remembered, as the events of the past week flashed through her mind. First, she thought of how, a week before, she had received a letter from her mother, saying that she could not send Faith the money to go home at the Easter vacation. How disappointed she had been! She had told no one, not even her room-mate, Helen Crawford. That afternoon Helen had come dancing in to tell Faith that her two friends, Gwendolyn Forsythe and Adelaide Smythe, had accepted her invitation to spend the Easter vacation with her. Then she remembered how dear, kind Helen, noticing her downcast face, had invited her, too.

That was how, a week later, Faith happened to wake up in this beautiful room.

The other two girls, Gwendolyn Forsythe and Adelaide Smythe, had not really approved of Helen's inviting Faith. In their estimation, Faith was just a country girl, "poor as a church mouse," with no especial tastes or talents in any direction; but of course Helen must not be offended by telling her this.

When they met downstairs an hour later, Faith felt rather shy, but Helen soon made her feel at ease.

Helen had planned a shopping trip for the morning, and a sightseeing trip in the auto for the afternoon. She consulted the girls about the shopping trip, but Gwendolyn and Adelaide announced that their allowances were nearly gone and they would have to wait till the first of the week for some more money. So they all decided to stay in the house.

They played and sang some of their school songs and then went into the library.

Gwendolyn picked up a magazine and scanned the advertisements. Suddenly she turned around and said:

"Girls, listen! 'To the person writing the best story of two thousand words on the following subjects, we will give a first prize of twenty-five dollars; a second prize of fifteen dollars, and a third of five dollars. Stories must be in before April fifteenth, 19—.' What a fine chance to earn some money! Let's all try."

Accordingly, the girls all set to work. Gwendolyn and Adelaide had too great faith in their own ability. Helen, of course, wished her guests to do better than she. Faith sat quietly thinking out a plot. How she needed that money! The thought of the prize spurred her on.

The other girls finished their stories, but Faith still worked on hers. At lunch time she left it, determined to finish it at her first opportunity.

After lunch, when the girls were getting ready to start off on the automobile trip, Faith pleaded a headache and asked to be left out of the party.

A half hour later found Faith settled down in the library, working on her story. She wrote carefully and skillfully, and by sunset her story was ready, under a fictitious name, to be posted. She signed a fictitious name because, if it were not printed, no one need ever know that she had tried.

A short time afterwards, the girls arrived, exclaiming over their ride. Faith was not sorry she had stayed at home, however, when she thought of the story and of how happy she would be if she should win a prize.

The next few days were a dizzy round of pleasure and the stories were nearly forgotten.

The twentieth of April arrived, and with it, in the morning's mail, came Gwendolyn's and Helen's stories unaccepted. With

them came also a polite letter from the judges of the contest. Adelaide laughingly suggested that her story might have perhaps won the prize. She was wrong, however, for the next mail brought her story back—unaccepted.

No one thought to ask Faith about her story and she told them nothing.

Gwendolyn and Adelaide had received allowances from their fathers the day before, so Helen planned to take them shopping. Faith, realizing that in all probability her story would arrive that afternoon, remained home.

About four o'clock a maid appeared in the doorway and announced that a letter had arrived for a "Miss Hazelton." This then was Faith's story. She had some difficulty in convincing the maid that the letter really belonged to her.

How she dreaded to read it! But then, if she hadn't won a prize, no one need ever know anything about it. After a few minutes she summoned up courage enough to open it.

A little slip of paper fell out but she paid no attention to that. She read the letter through twice before she could realize that she, of all people, had won the first prize! Then she remembered the slip of paper. Picking it up she found it to be a check for twenty-five dollars! Now she need not worry about money to spend; but still, was it right, after the other girls had tried and failed, for her to win? It seemed to her as though she were taking the prize away from them, most of all from Helen. She could not think of hurting Helen, dear, quiet, reserved Helen, who had done so much for her. After thinking a while she decided she would not tell the girls until Saturday, which was three days off. If they seemed really to care because they had not won, she would still keep her secret. If on the other hand, she should tell them and should gain even one speck of the popularity she

had always longed for,—what more could she want?

She was aroused by the sound of laughing voices and she carefully put the check and letter away, making a still firmer resolve to remain silent till Saturday at least.

The girls rushed in, their cheeks glowing from the drive home. Faith, too, was radiant, though for another cause. Gwendolyn and Adelaide, as usual, took very little notice of her, but Helen more observant, wondered what could make Faith so happy. The thought of the stories never entered her mind.

Gwendolyn and Adelaide, who had never tried to make friends with shy, retiring Faith, now "made up for lost time." They were as pleasant and talkative to her as they were to Helen. Faith did not take much notice of this, for she could think of nothing, but her story and the prize.

The next Saturday evening they went to a reception. Gwendolyn, Adelaide and Helen were waiting for Faith to come down stairs. Gwendolyn turned to Helen and said,

"Helen, have you noticed the change in Faith lately? She has always been so dull and uninteresting, but the last few days she seems to be an entirely different girl."

Helen started to reply when she heard Faith coming down the stairs, to join them. Nothing further was said about it until they returned.

Helen was in her room when she heard a light tap on the door and she opened it to admit Gwendolyn and Adelaide.

"I hope I'm not bothering you, Helen, but I just came to ask you again about Faith, I never cared for her before, but now she seems so happy that one feels drawn toward her."

Helen answered, "Why, of course I always liked Faith, but she does seem more talkative and —"

Here Helen was interrupted by another tap at the door, Faith this time. As she approached the group Faith felt some of her old time shyness returning, but she shook it off with an effort.

"I just came to show you this—and this," she said.

The girls crowded around Helen as she read the letter, while Faith stood by anxiously watching their faces to see what they thought about it.

Gwendolyn was the first to break the silence.

"Why, Faith McCoy, you lucky girl! We never suspected that you could write like that."

Then followed congratulations from Adelaide and Helen. Needless to say Faith was very, very happy during the remainder of her visit.

A week later a crowd of girls could be seen gathered around the bulletin board at boarding school.

"Faith is it possible that you won that prize?" exclaimed one.

"Helen wrote me of your good luck, Faith," said another.

Still another exclaimed, "Adelaide has just been telling me about the story you wrote." Several others came to congratulate Faith, and nearly all of them had been told by Gwendolyn or Adelaide, who had now admitted Faith to their innermost circle of friends.

This was only a beginning and her popularity has increased until it seems as though no fudge party, chafing-dish party, picnic or anything of the sort is complete without Faith. Still through it all she has remained her own sweet self.

A NARROW ESCAPE

Lola M. Yelland, '18.



HERE are you going, Sis?" asked Dick, as he saw his sister, Nancy, walking rapidly along the beach with a copy of "Ivanhoe" tucked under her arm.

"Oh, down to the big rock to read a while," Nancy replied.

"It looks as though there might be a storm before long," observed Dick. "I wouldn't advise you to go up on that rock, for it is almost time for the tide to come in, and you might get caught like a rat in a trap, if you should become too interested in that book."

"Oh, don't worry your poor head about me! Go into the cottage and lock all the windows and doors to keep the storm out. You know you are an awful coward in a storm, Dickie," remarked Nancy.

"Very well," replied Dick, as he sauntered off towards the porch.

This conversation between Nancy Sheldon and her brother Dick took place one afternoon in the early part of August. They were spending a few weeks' vacation with their parents at the seashore.

Almost immediately after arriving in Port Harbor, they had discovered a large rock down the beach a short distance from their cottage. It became a favorite spot to Nancy, who liked to go there and read or sew.

When the Sheldons built their bungalow about three years before this time, the people of the neighboring cottages had wondered what the name for this pretty little green and white cottage should be. Mrs. Sheldon gave Nancy, what she thought to be a very high honor, the privilege of naming it.

Nancy thought and thought, but did not decide upon a suitable name until the completion of the little building. It always ap-

pealed to her as being the sunniest and coolest cottage along the whole beach; so she called it "Sunny-Side," and had the name painted in large gilt letters upon a green background. She then had it placed right over the little porch in front of the cottage. She had large green bowls of all kinds of wild flowers on the veranda and in the windows which gave the cottage a very cosy appearance.

* * * * *

Nancy had been reading "Ivanhoe" for some time when she noticed that the sun did not seem as bright as usual. She also noticed a little patch of dark blue way over in the west, but she thought, "The storm will not come for some time yet and I guess I will take a few moments' rest." So laying her book aside she lay back against the rock and was soon in a deep sleep.

It seemed only a few moments when she awoke to find big drops of rain falling on her face and she saw with alarm that the water was washing against her feet.

She arose hastily and looked about for some means of escape, for the water had risen considerably since she first lay down to rest. She looked over the edge of the rock and where a few hours before, the sand had been shining bright in the sun, there was now about three feet of water. The rock was quite high and away up almost at the top was a small flat landing. She scrambled to this point, forgetting her book in her haste.

She called and called for help, but no one answered, for her voice was but a mere whisper compared to the surging of the angry waves. Oh, how black the water looked! Would no one come to her rescue? She stood on the narrow shelf clinging to a sharp edge which was a little above her head.

Nancy had been clinging to the rocks for a long time now, and the water was already up to her waist. It seemed as though the next wave would sweep her on to eternity. Now was the time when Nancy thought of all the horrid things she had said to her dear brother. Oh, to see his face again! She prayed that she might be forgiven.

She was nearly exhausted and was about to withdraw her bleeding hands when she observed a small object riding upon the waves. What could it be! She clung desperately to the rock encouraged by this.

As the object drew nearer she heard a familiar voice commanding her to jump. She loosed her hands from the rock and the next wave carried her straight to a little boat which was tossing upon the angry waters.

When she came to herself she looked into the white face of her brother Dick.

"What, you?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, it is I, dear old Nancy, now be quiet until we reach home and then you shall tell everything to mother."

Oh, how beautiful the little bungalow looked, even in the dark gloom, compared to those black, angry waves!

Later in the evening when the storm had nearly subsided and she had told her story, and had been tucked cozily away in a big armchair, she asked for her brother Dick.

When Dick had seated himself comfortably near the fireside beside her, she exclaimed:

"Forgive me, my dear brother Dickie, for calling you a coward! I shall never, never, call you one again! You have saved a life today, although I fear that life is not a very good one!"

"I forgive," replied Dick, and Nancy closed her tired eyes and fell into a long refreshing sleep.

THE LOSING VICTOR

By John S. McCann, '18.

(The Oracle does not wholly recommend Jack's decision. The question is, Was he justified in risking his life, or certainly his health, to win the championship for his school? What do the readers of the Oracle think?)



OLD and crisp was the air as the sun rising over the hills scattered its beams on the city of Chester, a medium-sized city in one of our western states, on the morning of Saturday, April 16, 19—. It was an ideal day for the track meet which was to take place in that city between the Chester and Rockville High Schools for the championship of the state.

Chester High had always been famous for its track team, and this year it had

turned out one of the best teams in the country, but it did not expect an easy time with Rockville, as that school had on its team the champion two-miler of the state, as well as a relay team which had earned the name of "Invincible," and which was sure of taking at least five points in the meet.

About eight o'clock on the morning of the above named day, the boys of Chester High gathered in groups and discussed the chances of their school in the races of the afternoon. Later the different groups joined forces and marching around the city celebrated beforehand the victory of which they felt so sure. Cheer after cheer went up for the different members of the team. One fellow in particular seemed to be cheered twice as often as any of the others. This honored personage was Jack Stetson,

captain and chief point winner of the Chester High team.

Standing at his window Jack saw his fellow students pass in front of his home sending cheer after cheer up to him. As he stood there he thought of how important it was that the meet should be won that afternoon. He realized how the greatest responsibility of winning the meet rested on his shoulders. He knew that he must beat the champion runner of the state in order for his school to get sufficient points to win the meet. Along with his loyalty to his school, Jack had a great ambition to represent his country some day in the Olympic Games, and he knew that beating the state champion that afternoon would be the first stepping stone towards his great ambition.

Having an appointment with the coach at nine o'clock, Jack put on his hat and walked toward the gym. He had gone about half way when he came upon the Rockville team out sight-seeing with their coach. He went up to them and greeted them politely as captain of the team that they were opposing. One particular person attracted his attention. He was a tall, quite heavily built fellow, and had a cigarette between his lips. After Jack had left, this member of the party turned to the coach, and said, "See, coach, it's no need of me stopping cigarettes yet awhile. That little thing that the wind just blew by is all I've got to beat this after." As the wind was blowing towards Jack he overheard the remark, although perhaps it was not meant for his ears.

When Jack arrived at the gym, the coach was in deep meditation. He did not see Jack at first, but when he did look up, he said, "'Morning, Jack, we're going to have a race for our money this after.'" Jack nodded his head and asked, "Well, coach, what do you think our exact chances for this afternoon are?"

The coach relapsed into meditation a

moment and then answered, "Jack, my boy, it's going to be one of the hottest meets ever held. One team will take the lead and then the other will hold sway, and so on throughout the meet till it comes to the two mile run. I'm almost sure Charlie Bean can take third place, and the rest is up to you Jack, you've got to take first place from the champion of the state. In fact, Jack, the whole meet rests on your shoulders."

Jack had thought this all out many times before, but had not realized the great significance of his winning the race till that moment. He saw now there was no way out of it, but for him to win the race from the champion of the state. He knew he would beat him if it was in him to do it, but he wondered if it was in him. The coach, who had been carefully looking him over, brought Jack back from his thoughts by saying, "Jack, you've got to win that race this after, for the school's sake, for my sake, and for your own sake, Jack, my boy. You can do it and something tells me you're going to."

Jack left the gym soon after that, and going home called up each member of the team and spoke encouraging words to them. Of the twelve fellows Jack called up, every one of them said to himself, "Can Jack do it?" They were not the only ones who held this thought for nearly every inhabitant of Chester had said during the morning, "Can Jack do it?" And Jack himself sat in his room meditating, every little while saying to the walls "Can I do it?"

At last the afternoon came. The members of the track team had met in the gym. an hour before the opening of the meet as they had to be examined by the physician. After all but Jack had been examined, the coach told him it was his turn. The coach did not see the peculiar look on Jack's face when he told him it was his turn. Jack knew his heart was not right and wonder-

ing whether the physician would discover it or not, he entered the examiner's room, where, after a careful examination, the doctor said to him, "Stetson, I know it would be useless for me to tell you not to go in this meet and I know the coach wouldn't keep you out if I told him, but, my son, your heart is terribly weak and if you exert yourself too much in this race, it will be the last race you will ever run."

Jack could not speak he was so overcome with emotion. He had known for quite a while that this was coming, but he had not thoroughly prepared himself for the shock. The doctor saw the effect of his statement on Jack and hastily tried to bring back his courage. "Stetson, you're going into this meet," he said, "I know I can't stop you. so cheer up, my son, so that you can do your best for your school. Courage goes a long way, all I want you to remember is, don't overexert yourself." These words brought Jack's courage back and he left the room with a peculiar smile on his face. The smile was one of determination.

The meet began with the fifteen yard dash. Chester High took six points in this event and Rockville, three. In the next event, the high jump, the honors were shifted, Rockville taking six and Chester, three. The meet went on in this manner, through the broad jump, potato race, two twenty, four-forty and eight-eighty yard dashes, and the other races till the relay race began. At the beginning of this race, the meet stood twenty-three to twenty in favor of Chester. The Chester rooters were wild with enthusiasm, but after the relay which Rockville easily won, making the score twenty-three to twenty-five in favor of Rockville, their enthusiasm died out and every one was saying, "Can Jack do it?"

In the gym. Jack and the coach sat talking to each other. The first call had just been made for the two mile run which was the last race of the day and was to decide

the victor of the day's meet. The coach was pressing on to Jack the great responsibility he held. As the last call was made and Jack got up to go to the starting point, the coach whispered in his ear, "Jack, my boy, it's up to you and you can do it." Jack ran to the starting point and there took his position on the end amidst the cheers of the rooters. Next to him was the champion of the state, who had a smile on his face which would make anyone think he had already won the race. To his right was Charlie Bean, who was relied upon to take third place in the race. On the opposite end was a Rockville runner of whom not much was known.

The starter held his pistol in his hand. The four entries were down on their hands with their ears alert for the signal to start. The pistol went off; down the course rushed the contestants as if they had come from the mouth of the pistol. Jack and the champion took the lead immediately, leaving Charlie Bean and the second Rockville runner to fight it out for third place.

Jack could not keep up with the pace that the champion set, but at the end of the first half mile was close on his heels. At the three-quarter mark they were in the same position, and at the end of the first mile Jack had gained a couple of inches and was now nearly beside the champion. At the end of the first quarter, Jack was still drawing up and at the end of the half of the second mile he was side by side with the Rockville runner. At the last quarter they were in the same position.

Down the last quarter they sped, neither gaining an inch. The champion threw a sarcastic smile at Jack, which plainly said, "You can't do it," but Jack's face carried the smile that it had on when he left the medical examiner's office, that smile of determination. Down the home stretch they sped, still side by side. Nearer, nearer every second they came to the goal. Thou-

sands of thoughts sped through Jack's mind. He remembered the doctor's warning and the coach's plea. ● On they came still holding the same positions. At the two hundred yard line, Jack's heart was pounding at a tremendous rate. It sounded to him like the beating of a bass drum. At the hundred yard line neither had gained. They passed the fifty yard, twenty-five yard, twenty yard and fifteen yard line, and even at the ten yard line they were side by side. Jack knew his heart would not stand another mite of exertion, but he realized it was the last thing he could do for his school. He closed his eyes, put the last ounce of energy into his muscles, and he fell across the line about two inches ahead of the champion—but we must no longer call him champion for Jack was now possessor of that title. When Jack went across the line, as has been said, he fell unconscious. When they turned him over they saw that same old smile on his face, that smile of determination. As they were carrying Jack to the gym. Charlie Bean came in, taking third place. Chester High had won the meet and Jack had done it by defeating the champion of the state.

The scene of the story must now be changed to a little private room in a hospital. The room reminded one of some beautiful garden. Flowers galore, on the table, on chairs, and even on the floor. Everywhere were flowers and amidst them Jack lay on a bed. Seated on the right was the coach with a smile of supreme happiness on his face. On the left side sat the doctor who had examined Jack before the race. He was the first to break the long silence.

"Well, my son," he said, "I'm afraid you will never run another race."

Jack's face clouded over for a moment as he thought of the coveted Olympic races. Then it broke out in a more radiant smile than ever.

"Doctor," he said, "you couldn't know how fast I thought when I was coming down the home stretch. I thought of your warning, of the school's honor, of the boys who were just yearning to celebrate our victory. Beside these my personal ambitions were washed away. I wanted to win for the school, that I've spent the four happiest years of my life in, the school I love. And say, coach, I'm sort of what you'd call a losing victor, am I not?"

OPEN SEASON ?

By Gladys A. Reid, '18.



"H, I say, boys, but that's great, we'll have the time of our lives!" exclaimed Rob Stafford.

The two boys were not slow in assenting. These friends were just plain, country lads born and brought up on the banks of the Miramichi River in New Brunswick and there was not much that they did not know about the out-of-door world, from fishing for trout in the little brook to hauling logs in the winter.

It was a warm day in early fall, when the leaves were changing their summer colors

to the more brilliant ones of fall, setting the hillsides ablaze with bright hues, that the three boys, Ned Frazer, his brother Tom and Rob started off in the direction of the Big Hole.

A very short time only was needed to cross the Big Hole—as it is narrow though fathoms deep—and after reaching the other side they drew their canoe up on the bank, tying the rope securely in dozens of knots, each trying his skill. After wading through a swamp they came upon an open field, which had evidently been cleared for raising wheat, and was hemmed in by woods on all sides.

"Hold! An inspiration!" shouted Tom.

Ned grinned and winked to Rob, saying, "Guess I'd better, 't's not common for him to have 'em," dryly.

Tom came back to his two companions, for they had not kept up with him, saying in a subdued voice as if he were in for some fun,—“Look 'er here, the game warden's back home having his arm fixed where he had it caught in that trap. What d' yer say?” This was all that was needed, the boys were on the alert for sport and here was their opportunity! Each had brought his rifle, not knowing what it was to go into the woods without it, the game was good—why should they not take home a few partridges if they liked? They improvised whistles and many different signals in case of an emergency, and with much laughter disappeared in opposite directions.

We will follow Rob, who seemed to be the most excited, on this expedition. He knew the woods but not much about the animals which inhabited them. Now and then he would aim at a fat partridge, but what was the use? His shot would always go wild, even though the nearest one was only three feet from the bird! He was getting desperate; the boys would come back with their game, and he would lose his reputation of not being like all other city fellows, good for nothing but to go to tango teas!

Suddenly he heard a crackling of bushes as if made by some heavy animal. He was on the alert now, and at last came his reward. Out of a parting in the woods came

the famous big moose! Rob edged a little nearer. Ah! he was brave, but—to his astonishment the moose started straight for him. After this unexpected move on the part of the moose, Rob turned and fled for the clearing. Stumbling through the low bushes he soon grew exhausted. Our hero could even feel the hot breath of the moose on his neck! Did he give up? No! Spying a tangle of underbrush, he dragged his weary limbs to the midst of it. After him dashed the moose. But lo, his foe caught his great antlers fast in a low tree. Rob breathed a thankful prayer. He was safe! Steadying his rifle he fired. Once, twice, three times, and the moose crouched lower and lower. With one last groan the animal fell to the ground, dead: a beautiful specimen of a moose!

When the boys met in the clearing, Rob told them of his exciting experience. At length they started for the bank of the river, the two brothers still wondering about Rob's daring. They reached the shore only to find the game warden coming straight towards them. Rob, the talkative, could not refrain from murmuring,—“Jove! But I wish he'd got caught in ten traps!”

“Hello boys, taking advantage of the open season?” called the game-warden cheerily. **Open Season!** With an astonished cry, the boys looked their amazement. Was it possible that their bank account was to remain untouched? Yes; for they had become confused in some way about the dates.



LOCALS



"Facts are Stubborn Things"

Our exchanges often criticise us because we do not print more poetry. Many of their papers abound in original verse and surely there is as much talent along that line in the Bangor High School as in any other. Why not then try your skill at verse making? A few poems would be much appreciated in the remaining numbers of the Oracle.

The annual students' conference was held at Bates College, Lewiston, February 19-22. Bangor High sent only two delegates. Mr. Trickey, who was to have been the leader, was unable to go on account of illness. This conference was chiefly for college and preparatory school students. All of the speeches were based upon the students' obligation to the church, the school and to society. The principal speakers were: Rev. Mr. Leavitt, of Portland, Charles K. Ober, of New York, and Senator Hersey. Bangor's delegates were John H. Manchester, '16, and Harold E. Banton, '16.

The Junior class wishes to thank the Bangor Public Library for the books, written by modern authors, which have been so kindly placed on one of the tables in the reading room. Mr. Flagg, in his address to the Sophomores, said that he believed the school and library should co-operate and form the center of all educational progress.

Sophomore reading and speaking classes, under Miss Scribner, the elocution teacher, have been organized. They are held every Monday afternoon from three to four-thirty

o'clock, each class having forty-five minute periods. The object of these classes is to prepare, in some small degree, for the Junior speaking, those pupils who are interested in this work. Miss Scribner announced that if this undertaking proves successful a play might be given at the end of the school year.

The state teachers' examination was held in Room 302, Saturday morning, February 27. A number of teachers were present.

The Nineteenth Century club met for a debate in Room 110, of the High School building, Saturday afternoon, February 27.

Mr. Mitchell read a report of the track meet at Brunswick, Maine, in general chapel, March 2. Mr. Mitchell also announced the necessity for more men turning out for track if we wish to win the meet at the University of Maine. After the reading of the report, the entire school, led by Irving R. Donovan, rose and gave the cheers for Bangor.

The members of the Teachers' Club gathered in the Assembly Hall of the High School on the evening of March 2. Many came dressed in fancy costumes, representing the different departments of the New Idea Teachers' Convention and a very pleasant evening was enjoyed.

March 4, a freshman class in Domestic Science, under the supervision of Mrs. Mixer and Miss Harrigan, the Domestic Science teachers, inspected Armour's Packing

House on Union Street. Mr. Turner kindly conducted them through the building, pointing out and explaining the different departments and permitting them to examine the various cuts of meats. Upon leaving, each pupil was presented with a package. This was undoubtedly the most interesting trip the Domestic Science girls have made and all were much pleased with their visit.

Miss Arra Louise Sutton, for the past two years the head of the Domestic Science department of the Bangor High School, was united in marriage, Saturday, February 13, with Frederick Bailey Mixer, the wedding, which was attended by relatives and a few intimate friends, taking place at the Universalist parsonage. Rev. Ashley A. Smith was the officiating clergyman. Mrs. Mixer is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Sutton, of Orono. Following her graduation from the Orono High School she attended the Boston School of Domestic Science and Simmons College. She has been very successful in her work at the Bangor High School and is extremely popular with teachers and students alike. She will retain her present position until the end of the school year in June.

Mr. Mixer is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Mixer of Boston and a graduate of Amherst and New Hampshire State Colleges. He is now engaged as United States inspector of lumber at the Stearns Lumber Co., Exchange Street.

Recently Mr. Benjamin Van Oot, Director of Practical Arts in the State Department of Industrial Training, inspected the work and equipment of the Manual Training department and was highly pleased. Afterward in a letter written to Mr. Kent, the instructor, he said in part, "You are to be congratulated on the excellency of your equipment and the manner in which it is kept in good working order. You have op-

portunities in Bangor that can be found in few places in Maine and I think that you are on the right track to make the most of them. I like especially the way in which you are getting away from the cut and dried courses of study."

On Friday, February 26, the track team and its supporters went over to Brunswick to the annual Bowdoin Indoor Athletic Meet. Beside the team there went from Bangor High School, Robert Ewer, Oliver Hall and Louis Dennett, who were entertained at the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity, and Kenneth Boardman, who was the guest of his brother at the Psi Upsilon House. On Friday evening the students gave a first-class vaudeville show which was thoroughly enjoyed. There were a number of different acts all showing great ability and originality. On Saturday evening a rally was held at which President Hyde spoke, also Professor Files, Guy Leadbetter, of this city, and several others. The trip was enjoyed by all.

Before this issue of the Oracle is published, an interesting event in the social life of the school will have taken place. According to present plans the school building will be open to the parents, friends and relatives of the students on Friday evening, March 12. Beginning at 7.30 o'clock a short entertainment will be given which will consist of readings by Albert Doran, and Miss Jeannette Croxford, both first-class entertainers. The High School Orchestra will render two selections, probably Hungarian Dance No. 2 and Dance Caprice. On this occasion, also, the new High School Glee Club will make its debut. This will be the first time the Glee Club has been heard and its appearance is eagerly awaited.

The Glee Club will sing the selections, Waterlilies, and Over the Moonlit Sea, both well-known to High School students.

Stanley Cayting will also add to the pleasure of the evening with a violin solo. Mr. Cayting's ability on the violin is well-known and appreciated by Bangor audiences. It is a program that, though short, should draw a fine audience.

After the entertainment the building will be open for inspection. Some of the students will be in the laboratories, manual training shops and the other special departments to demonstrate the apparatus and methods of teaching. Mr. Larrabee has asked a number of the boys to act as ushers.

A Communication.

We, the undersigned, in behalf of the class of 1918, Bangor High School, wish to

thank the Oracle Board for the opportunity given to us in allotting an entire issue of the "Oracle" to our class. We wish also to express our appreciation of their confidence in our ability to successfully produce the material for such an issue. We feel especially grateful to Miss Blanding, Miss Hodgkins, Mr. Dennett, and Mr. MacWilliams without whose assistance in the preparation of the material, this issue would have been impossible. We would also thank the faculty for their wholesome advice, especially Miss Mary Robinson and Miss Pease, who have given their time so freely to aid us.

(Signed)

John Quinn, President,
Rachel Connor, Vice President,
James E. Mitchell, Sec. and Treas.

ATHLETICS

"Fortis cadere, cedere non potest"

The Freshman in Athletics.

Every boy, who is not physically unable, should take part in some athletic sports, and any boy who begins early in his school course to practice for one of the various athletic teams has a good chance to make his letter in the sport for which he has practiced.

Many of the boys in High School think it very strange that they should be asked, "Are you going to try out for the baseball team this spring?" They will answer in surprise, "Why, no, of course not; don't you know I can't play baseball?" or "Wouldn't I look pretty trying out for the track team? I can't do anything in athletics." Is that the way you feel about trying to make one or the other of the four teams? If you will begin to try for the team in your Freshman year, you will stand a good chance of making that team in your Junior or Senior year.

In our High School there are over three hundred Freshmen and about half of these are boys; now if all these boys trained for some team, what a fine chance the High School would have to win in every branch of athletics. We would have a football team that could trim Portland with ease; a baseball team and a track team that would grasp the championship of the High Schools of the state; and we would have a basketball team that could trim any preparatory or High School team in the state, and would be looking for victories outside the state.

It may be you will say that this is all talk, but all of you Freshmen try out now for track and baseball and next year for football and basketball, and see if it is not so. It is up to the Freshmen to develop a set of athletes who by their Junior and Senior years will supply another championship team. The Freshmen can do this by hard

and faithful practice; you can do it, even if you don't know much about athletics. Come out for practice!

And let all of us, Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, if we are unable to play on the teams turn out and cheer the teams; it will give them courage.

John T. Quinn, '18.

Bowdoin Indoor Meet.

The third annual indoor interscholastic track meet was held in the Hyde Athletic Building at Brunswick on Saturday, February 27. A record breaking crowd was in attendance, filling the bleachers which lined the sides of the building.

Despite the fact that Hebron romped away with the meet, as usual, incidentally breaking four records, the feature of the afternoon was the Bangor High School aggregation, which captured second place with 19 points, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ more points than the total scored by all the other schools, with the exception of Hebron.

Ralph Jordan, the Hebron captain, was the largest point winner of the meet, his score totaling 13 points. He won the 40-yard dash, equaling the record of 44-5 seconds; took first in the 220-yard dash, breaking the former record of 261-5 seconds by 2-5 seconds; gathered second in the shot-put; and running on the Hebron relay team, helped set up a new record of 1 minute, 45 1-5 seconds over the old one of 1 min., 46 sec. Jordan was formerly a Bangor High man.

LeClair of Hebron broke the 880-yard record, and did the half in 2 minutes, 15 2-5 seconds, and Palmer of Hebron set up a new mark of one minute in the 440-yard dash.

The relay race between B. H. S. and Portland High was the only real reverse the Crimson suffered. Portland got the pole and the jump, and won by about half a lap. The time was 1:46 3-5 seconds.

The individual star of the meet was Captain Gray of the Bangor team. He certainly came through in grand style, winning

two firsts, one against Pooler and Marsh of Hebron in the 45-yard high hurdles; the other against Rowe of Portland, Shoemaker of Hebron, and Legendre of Lewiston in the high jump. Gray did 5 ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in this last event, and then tried for the record of 5 ft. 8 7-8 inches held by M. Cobb of Camden. He barely failed to clear the bar.

Costello and Cleveland each qualified in their events, but lost in the finals. Thompson and Pullen tried for first place in the pole vault, and Thompson took third in the shot-put.

The summary:

	Hebron	Bangor	Cony High	Lewiston	Portland
40-yard dash	9	0	0	0	0
45-yard high hurdle..	4	5	0	0	0
220-yard dash	9	0	0	0	0
440-yard dash	9	0	0	0	0
880-yard run	9	0	0	0	0
Running broad jump	5	0	1	3	0
Running high jump. $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	5	0	$\frac{1}{2}$	3
Shot-put	3	1	5	0	0
Pole vault	0	8	0	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
	48 $\frac{1}{2}$	19	6	4	3 $\frac{1}{2}$

Bangor, 33; Old Town, 3.

In a fast and rough game at Bangor on Jan. 22, B. H. S. mopped up the gym. with the basketball team from Old Town High School. After the debris was cleared away, the score was 33 to 3, Old Town scoring three goals from fouls. Adams and Savage shone particularly, with Mulvaney also gleaming brightly.

The summary:

Bangor: Adams, l.f., 6; Freeman, r.f., 3; Ray, r.f.; Savage, c., 5; Mulvaney, l.b., 4; Jones, r.b., (1); Torrey, r.b.

Old Town: Boardway, r.b.; Perro, l.b.; Phelps, l. b.; Carey, c.; Parody, r. f., (3); Mishou, l. f.

Referee, Daley. Umpire, Gould. Time, 20 and 15 minutes.

Bangor at Foxcroft.

Bangor lost a slow and loosely played game at Foxcroft on Jan. 29, by a score of 26-10. The hall was poorly lighted, and the floor was very, very slippery, which started the visitors on the downward path. Cross and Smart started for the home team and Savage for the losers.

The summary:

Bangor: Adams, l.f., 1; Freese, r.f., 2; Savage, c., 3; Mulvaney, l.b.; Jones, r.b.

Foxcroft: Cross, r.f., 3 (6); Smart, l.f., 5; Dore, c., 1; Bradley, r.b., 1; Johnston, l.b.

Referee, Blethen. Time, 20 and 15 minutes.

B. H. S., 28; Kenelm Club, 35.

Bangor lost her first home game of the season to the Kenelm Club on Feb. 13, by a score of 35-28. This was the best game of the season, and had the large crowd up and shouting all the time. At the end of the first half the score was 18-13 for the High School, but with three minutes to play and the score 26-21, the Kenelm Club, or rather Mose Williams, jumped into the lead with a whirlwind finish.

The summary:

Bangor: Adams, l.f., 5; Ray, l.f., 1; Freeman, r.f., 7; Savage, c., 1; Mulvaney, l.b.; Jones, r.b., 1.

Kenelm Club: Williams, r.b., 8 (1); McCart, l.b., 1; McKenney, c., 2; Boynton, r.f., 2; Harbach, l.f., 3.

Referee, Daley. Umpire, Cook. Time, 20 minute periods. The preliminary game was between a Freshman team and the Y. M. C. A. Intermediates. The final score was about 16-6 in favor of the Freshies.

Revenge is Sweet.

56 to 16! Thus we take vengeance for the Foxcroft accident. The team of Crimson athletes ran over, around, beneath, and

between the upriver ball-tossers, and then let the visitors shoot a few baskets just for politeness' sake. Adams and Savage again shone. The presence of Cole, a professional, on the Foxcroft team, did no good, as "Swede" Mulvaney held him down to three baskets and got the same number himself.

The summary:

Bangor: Adams, l.f., 10; Freeman, r.f., 3; Savage, c., 9; Mulvaney, l.b., 3; Jones, r.b., 3; Torrey, r.b.

Foxcroft: Bradley, r.b.; Cross, l.b., 1; Dore, c., 1; Cole, r.f., 3; Smart, l.f., 3.

At the last moment, the faculty cancelled their game with the Sophomores, so the second team tackled the Y. M. C. A. bunch, and was defeated, 26-10. Full statistics are not available for this contest, but it is well known that every second team man starred, and if they could have gotten 17 more points—they might have won.

B. H. S., 45; Ellsworth High, 7.

On February 19, the team paid a visit to Ellsworth and during the course of the evening, engaged in a little farce entitled, "Who Said Basketball?" The leading roles were played by seven Bangor men, with five Ellsworthians as supernumeraries. The farce was in two acts, and a very pretty little exhibition of basket shooting was given by the visiting team. The whole Bangor team starred. R. Haynes and C. Haynes put up the best games for Ellsworth.

The summary:

Bangor: Adams, l.f., 6; Freeman, r.f., 1; Savage, c., 8; Mulvaney, l.b., 2; Chilcott, l.b.; Jones, r.b., 5 (1); Torrey, r.b.

Ellsworth: Whitney, r.b., 1; C. Haynes, l.b.; Clement, c.; Fortier, r.f., 1; R. Haynes, l.f., 1 (1).

Referee, Daley. Umpire, Richardson. Time, 20 and 15 minutes.



"Beatæ Memoriae"

We wish to make the same suggestion to the Sophomores that we did to the Freshmen. Boost your number of the Oracle by writing down what some graduate whom you know is doing and dropping it in the Oracle Box. This sort of co-operation will make a live alumni department.

Alfred W. Stone, '06, who has been visiting relatives in Bangor, has returned to Cambridge, Mass., where he will resume his studies in Harvard College and Andover Seminary. He will also take up his church work in the Elliott church of Newton, Mass.

Ellery Tuck, '13, is studying violin with Mr. Habenicht, who has the first desk of the second violins of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Frederick F. French, '13, one of the Exeter men at Bowdoin, was among the winners of the Abraxas Society scholarship cup which is offered each year to the preparatory school whose representatives maintain the highest scholarship during the first half-year.

Gwendolyn Safford, '14, has returned to Wheaton College after spending a week at home during the mid-year examinations.

John H. Magee, '14, has won the high honor of a place on the U. of M. debating team, which is to meet Colby in the near future. Mr. Magee was for two years a member of the B. H. S. debating team which won the U. of M. cup.

Horace Chapman, '12, was at home for a few days because of the death of his grandfather, Captain Horace Chapman.

Teresa Tuck, '13, is a Junior student at the Faelten Pianoforte school.

Harold Hardy, '12, who has been employed by the United Printing Machine Company at Woonsocket, Rhode Island, has accepted a position as draftsman for the Great Northern Paper Company of Bangor.

Frederick French, '13, Harvey Miller, '12, and Edward Hawes, '12, were at home for a few days during the mid-year examinations at Bowdoin.

Dr. Allan Woodcock, '08, graduate of the Maine Medical School, has been appointed as one of the internes at the Eastern Maine General hospital for the year beginning in June.

Carl F. Holden, '13, now a midshipman at the U. S. Naval Academy, at Annapolis, Md., will sail on the regular summer cruise for the midshipmen which includes a stop at Cuba, a passage through the Panama Canal, stops at San Diego and Los Angeles, Calif., and a fortnight's stay at the Panama Exposition at San Francisco. The cruise begins immediately after Commencement week at the Academy, June 6, and continues through June, July and August. Should the canal not be passable for battleships at that time, a cruise along the Atlantic coast will be substituted with stops at New York, Boston and Newport, R. I.

Rudolph Ringwall, '09, a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will make the trip to the San Francisco Exposition with that organization. The orchestra will give a series of concerts there.



"Flood of words and drop of reason"

The Cony High Debate.

On Friday evening, Feb. 12, a debate was held in the Assembly Hall before a fair sized audience, on the question, Resolved, That capital punishment should be abolished throughout the United States. Cony High School, of Augusta, upheld the negative side of the question and the home team supported the affirmative.

Harry Butler, vice president of the Society, presided and the judges, Rev. J. M. Harrington, Dr. W. C. Mason, and Charles A. Flagg unanimously awarded the decision to the affirmative. Nine minutes were allowed for the main arguments and four minutes for rebuttal.

Louis Dennett opened the debate for the affirmative by proving that capital punishment is unnecessary for two reasons: first, because of its gradual abolition; and second, because it does not deter criminals from committing crimes. He showed that the fear of death has little effect upon criminals, and that with capital punishment the extreme penalty is rarely enforced.

Edwin Lee, in opening for the negative, based his argument on the negro problem in the south. He maintained that capital punishment is absolutely necessary to prevent crime and to uphold the administration of government. Speaking of the bad effect of public lynchings, he showed that capital punishment is the one remedy for this evil.

Harry Helson, Bangor's second speaker, proved: first, that capital punishment is

not for the interests of the criminal, as it leaves him no chance for reformation; nor, second, is it for the interests of the state, for, when imposed, it is frequently not carried out; and, third, it lowers the moral standard of the community by injuring the feeling for the sacredness of human life.

Earl Withee, the next speaker for Cony, showed that the death penalty is advocated by the Bible for the punishment of criminals. He also made mention of the innumerable pardons yearly granted to murderers sentenced to life imprisonment.

Robert Patterson, closing for the affirmative, proved that capital punishment is opposed to justice, both in the legal sense and the moral sense. He claimed that the state has not the right to take human life, and moreover, that the frequent execution of innocent men proves that capital punishment is opposed to moral justice.

Joseph Goldberg closed the debate for the negative by maintaining that it is right for the state to legally kill a man, supporting the assertion with Bible quotations. He declared that murder is usually premeditated, and for this death is none too severe a punishment.

The debate was an interesting discussion of a familiar question, and the rebuttal was at all times spirited and forceful. To the alternates, Richard K. MacWilliams, of Bangor, and J. T. Ingraham, of Augusta, much commendation is due for their able work and for the valuable material which they were able to put in the hands of the speakers for rebuttal.

Bates League Debates.

On the evening of March 19, the first two debates of the Bates League Series will be held on the question: Resolved, That the women of Maine should be given the suffrage on equal terms with men. A team representing M. C. I. will debate in the Assembly Hall with a team composed of members of the Girls' Debating Society, the girls supporting the affirmative side of the Woman Suffrage question, and M. C. I., the negative. On the same evening, March 19, a home team of boys will debate with Gardiner High School at Gardiner, Gardiner upholding the affirmative of the question, and Bangor, the negative.

The Girls' Society.

The Girls' Debating Society entertained Mr. Larrabee, Miss Robinson, and the members of the Literary and Debating Society

at a model meeting on Feb. 19. The president, Miss Knowles, opened the meeting promptly at 4 o'clock with a brief speech of welcome. It was voted to omit all regular business with the exception of the secretary's report which was read and accepted.

The program for the afternoon was then presented in the following order:

"The Advantages and Disadvantages of Submarines."—Doris M. Townsend.

"Our National Defense."—Hazel L. Merrifield.

"Conditions in Turkey During the War."—Gladys M. Allen. This article on Turkey was especially interesting as Miss Allen was for some time a resident of Turkey.

A debate was given on the subject: Resolved, That there should be government ownership of railroads in the United States.

EXCHANGES

*"Oh, wad some power the giftie gi'e us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"*

—Burns

The following list of papers have been received since the last Oracle went to the press:

December—Buzzer, Nautilus, Palmer, Industrial School Magazine, Wykeham Chronicle.

January—Bugle, Central Digest, El Burro, Forum, Index, McMillan, Mirror, Missouri High School, Nautilus, Oak Leaves, Oracle, Our School Times,

February—Anemone, Archon, Artisan, Breccia, Chronicle, Claflin Enterprise, Clarion, Classicum, Cue, Delphian, Dial, Dinosaur, Dynamo, Early Trainer, Echo, Oracle, Folia Crescentia, Habit, Hebron Semester, High School Review, Imp, Lion, McMillan, Megaphone, Messenger, Mirror, Old Hughes, Olympian, Optimist, Oracle, Plainfield; Oracle, Abington; Orange and

Black, Owl, Penn Charter Magazine, Phoenix, Piquonian, Princeton Pictorial Review, Quill, Racquet, Rail Splitter, Record, Red and Black, Reflector, Jackson; Reflector, Gloucester; Review, Roman, Rosstrum, Royal Blue, Sassamon, Scarlet and Grey, Su-Hi, Taft Oracle, Tattler, Tech Monthly, Tiger, Trade Winds, Tripod, Voice, Wolf,

Weekly and Semi-monthly Pamphlets—Bates Student, Bowdoin Orient, Colby Echo, Maine Campus, Hobart Herald, Right Angle, Logan Spokesman, Student Body, Pasco School News, P. I. H. S. Flyer, The Reddie, Spellman Messenger, Sphinx, Tattler, Yale University Bulletin.

About Our Friends.

The Industrial School Magazine from Golden, Colorado, printed the following re-

mark among its pithy paragraphs and is a fair example of the excellent language used throughout the paper. "The Oracle, published by the Bangor High School in far off Maine, visited us recently and it is hoped it will come regularly. It is nicely gotten up, is well edited and is a decided credit to its school."

It would perhaps be well to add that if we were as sure of receiving all our exchanges regularly as we are of sending to our exchanges regularly, we would feel much safer than we do.

At last we have received a paper from good old England. Foyle College, Londonderry, sends us their paper, "Our School Times." Two sketches of war life, "Mobilization," and "Christmas Tree in the Trenches," give the reader vivid ideas of army life in the great strife now on, and a long list of Foyle College men who have responded to their country's call gives us an idea to what rights English patriotism will attain. What a lot such a list means to any school or college! Come again, friend from over the sea!

Come, come, friend "El Burro," wake up. Don't any of the boys and girls of your school like to write stories?

From Ogden, Utah, comes a well filled paper that is not afraid to publish the list of exchanges regardless of its size. "The Classicum" is a paper that any school might wish to add to its exchange list.

As Our Friends See Us.

In part the "Echo," from Gouverneur, N. Y., says of the Oracle, B. H. S., "You are in the front ranks of our exchanges as to interesting material."

The "Hebron Semester" says of us: "Your Athletic Number is a credit to your school. Edward Harden's story has considerable merit."

The Literary department in the Oracle from Bangor, Me., is especially good this

month (January).—"Orange and Black," Falls City, Neb.

Your cover this month is exceedingly well designed. The article on "Public Entertainment," which deals with acting as a profession equals in interest your other articles on the professions. Your stories, however, are of mediocre quality. All of your departments are well filled. "Personals" are very funny.—The "Racquet," Portland, Me.

Your article on "How to Get Your Lessons" should be read by every pupil.—"Red and Black," Claremont, N. H.

As Seen by a Freshman.

The Girls' Number of the "Habit" is a very attractive issue and the cover is exceedingly appropriate. The length of the Exchange Department demands notice, but why not give your opinion of other papers?

The "Delphian," Kalamazoo, Michigan. You have a good all-round paper. Your Exchange Department is excellent and we admire your poetic ability. Where is your table of contents?

The "Advocate," New Brunswick, N. J. Your stories are extremely interesting, but why not print more of them? You have a fine Athletic Department and your jokes are numerous and witty.

The "Aegis," Beverly, Mass., is a paper of which any school might be proud. Your stories are very clever and we like your Science Department. Wouldn't a few cuts add to your paper?

The "Forum," St. Joseph, Mo. Don't you think a Table of Contents would add to your paper? Your stories are fine, especially "High Stakes." Come again.

The "Peals," Orange, Mass. Your Literary Section is particularly good for your stories are all interesting and well written. What a lot of advertisements you have! We had a hard time finding your table of contents.
Ruth Kimball, '18.



PERSONALS

"Rideamus"

A Strange Freshman Tale.

The other day I was walking down a shady Green Lane; a long Rowe of trees were on both sides. I sat down under a tree and began to Reid. Just then a Christenson came out from behind some Barnes, with a little White dog, like a ball of Cotton. He was some Barker, too. A big Black Crowe flew over the trees and caught its Head in a spider's Webb, he began to shiver Oliver, but after some hard Pullen he got free again and flew away.

After resting a while I got up to take a Carr, but met the Small daughter of the Miller. She looked as if she would Yelland I put her in a cart and began to Wheeler. After leaving her playing with her father's Derby, I took the Carr to the Hall, where there was a Valentine social. At the Dore I paid my Cohen and entered. First I met the janitor Madden angry because he couldn't make the Colburn. Over in one Connor a Mansur was trying to Reid, but couldn't as the Piper was Coffin and there was an awful Russell in the Hall. Another man was trying to make a Valentine for his Darling by covering a Gray Campbell with Doc. Oh, he was an awful Messer. Another man was going the Rounds with a Pitcher of water.

The luncheon was served in the Tower by a Black waiter. There was Green corn

on the Cobb, Pease, Honey, Bacon, Hamm, and Currans. Adam's brother was the Carver. It was Dole ful.

There were all sorts of games. One person tried to Pierce the Hart and Drew a Weinstein full of Nichols. Over in one side I noticed Johnson Noddin in his chair. I threw a Kimball at him and made him jump Frawley was Worth. After that we went down and watched a man put a Doron. After bestowing a Garland on him, my friend said he would give me a ride home, so he picked up the Raynes and we drove across Bridges and over the Lee, scaring all the Catell. In the Underwood we nearly fell over a Craig, but at last we arrived home safely.

E. C., '18.

Advice to Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors and Faculty, by Humble Freshmen.

We poor little Freshmen have been given so much advice this year that we do not need it all and so we are going to give some of it back.

I. Seniors take Notice, study hard so that you may become Freshmen again next year, so that you will know what it is.

II. Juniors look up, we have not much to tell you; only do not think yourselves big. Remember that you still have another year to spend in this dear old school.

III. Sophomores wake up. You are the most stuck up class in the school, we think,

but remember this, proud old Sophomores, do not crow, you were Freshmen a year ago.

IV. Faculty we have not much for you, for we know that you know more than any of us think we do. Only please do not send us from the rooms in droves, like sheep or cows. Please forgive our foolish actions, for remember that we are only Freshmen.

Echoes from the Classroom.

The Ides of March was a meeting held by the people on February 15 of each month.

When Caesar saw Brutus among his assassins, he was so astonished and hurt that he fell down and died without any effort.

Three plays written by Shakespeare are "Simbulend," "Love Letters Lost," and "Sherlock Holmes."

Portia, Brutus' wife, died of colds in her mouth.

Shakespeare wrote sonnets, which were little short poems, for the daily papers.

Solon died at the advanced age of 410 years.

The visual organs are the limns used for sight.

His eyes were not very large, but were small blue ones, fitted into his head nice and solid.

What was the rank of Sir Walter Scott as an author and poet?

Answer: His Shakespearean poetry, and the morals of his books of fiction rank him among the best writers of his time.

The Saxons had hardly any manners at all, while the Normans were full of manners.

Nero had Peter and Paul daubed with pitch, and they were burned on Plymouth Common.

Miss W— (in Science class): Mr. K-n-y, what are some of the forms of energy used now that were not used sixty years ago?

Mr. K-n-y (enthusiastic dancer): The one-step and hesitation.

Heard in English: The cow extended half a mile up the road.

In Julius Caesar: The Ides of March were the fifteenth of March, May, July and October.

Heard in English: The table laying on the book is an English grammar.

A Bright Question: What date is the Fourth of July?

Miss P— (in English class): What is the first reason why Brutus should tell Portia his secret?

Mr. K-n-y, '18: Because she was his husband.

It's a Long, Long, Way to Senior Honors.
(Apoplexy to "Tipperary.")

Up to Bangor High School came some Freshmen one day,

As the floors are of cement sure, every one was gay;

Singing songs of their dear track team, (It wasn't treated fair),

"Till the Freshmen got excited and they shouted to them there

"It's a long way to Senior honors,

It's a long way to roam;

It's a long way to Senior honors,

And it makes our mouths run foam;

Good-by dear flunked Freshmen,

Farewell teachers fair,

It's a long, long way to Senior honors,

But our hearts are right there."

Edward Perkins, '18.

The winners in the January enigma contest were as follows:

First: Robert Dole.

Second: Katherine Stewart,

Stanley Pullen.

Ruth Newcomb.

The answers to the enigmas were:

James Chilcott, Margaret Woodman, Priscilla Webster.

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