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COMMERCIAL

NUMBER



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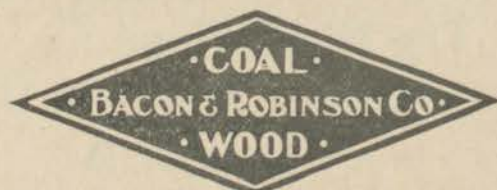
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THE ORACLE

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APRIL, 1917

No. 7

EDITORIALS

"Advice is not a popular thing to give"

A HIGH SCHOOL COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Why one should spend four years in high school getting a commercial course when practically the same business training may be had in other schools is a question often asked. To some our answer to the question may not be satisfactory, but if you should ask a commercial student what he thinks he would probably agree with the following answer.

The advantages of the high school business course are increased by training which is given in other subjects which must have a bearing on the person's work after he has graduated from school and is putting his training into actual practice. The other subjects such as English, French, algebra, etc., which commercial students must usually include in their other courses have a practical value which is not often realized until after work is begun. A wide range of subjects such as the high school business course gives enables the graduate from the high school business course to do better work and advance further than if his knowledge was limited merely to his business courses. The value of a broad, general education in every walk of life needs no explanation here. Again, the benefit of four years in high school in contact with other students is realized by all.

Thus if we survey the whole proposition from every standpoint considering that eighteen years of age or thereabouts is about the right time to begin work, we must conclude that the four years spent in the commercial course in high school is the best way to prepare both for business and for intelligent citizenship.

HAS SCIENCE INCREASED HAPPINESS?

New inventions and the latest scientific discoveries are constantly being utilized to lessen man's labor and to increase his comfort. Naturally, we must ask if these things aside from increasing wealth do contribute to the welfare and prosperity of the masses. Let us first consider the more obvious side.

Sooner or later most discoveries and improvements are turned to man's use; thus there is more comfort in our everyday life. On the whole we may assume that with the aid of all the most modern inventions life today is easier for the majority than ever before. Yet happiness is only relative and a man is after all about as rich as he feels. How much happier, then, is the mass of mankind today?

In spite of all inventions, people must work as hard today, both physically and mentally, as they did two hundred years

ago. And since happiness is only relative, people today are no happier with all the conveniences of modern life than they were two hundred years ago without them. Indeed, some people believe that far from improving the lot of the many, the betterments of modern life have mainly contributed to the greed and luxury of the few.

When a machine which saves the work of five men is made to lessen the drudgery of each man and the increased production of the world goes toward the general good, then only can the lot of humanity be improved.

SCHOOL SPIRIT IN ATHLETICS.

The basketball season has been brought to a successful close. Our team has been supported by the students in a very praiseworthy manner throughout the whole winter. Now the baseball season is here. We hope and expect that the same hearty and loyal support received by the basketball players will be given to our baseball team.

To be sure, it may seem a little difficult to give that support in the springtime when there are so many other activities to distract our attention. But it can be done by a little unselfishness. We all ought to be willing to make a little sacrifice, if need be, in order to support our team. A good baseball game is well worth all the trouble you may take in order to attend it. Any little sacrifice you may make is much more than counterbalanced by the pleasure experienced in watching the game played.

But besides the enjoyment derived from the game itself, you can know that your presence at the field is encouraging the players on your team. Your attending the game shows the players that you believe in them, and that makes them more confident. So go down to Maplewood this season and cheer the fellows on as they play; you will see that they play the better for it.

Perhaps your cheering is what will be needed at some game to turn the score in Bangor's favor.

SCHOOL SPIRIT ELSEWHERE.

School spirit, however, should not be confined merely to athletics; it should be shown in every department of the school-work. Especially ought this feeling to be manifest in the class-room. Since the primary object in attending school is to receive mental training, surely a student ought to do the best he can in his studies. True school spirit can be shown in this way even more admirably than at an athletic contest.

School spirit is a paying proposition. It benefits each individual student as well as the school as a whole. It teaches a pupil to be optimistic. It urges him on to help others. For what is school spirit, anyway, but a spirit of helpfulness? Such a spirit more generally felt throughout our school would undoubtedly raise its already high standard to a still higher level. Surely such an end is worth working for. Let us all strive to make Bangor High School the best of all high schools in every respect, in athletics, in debating, in scholarship, and above all in the character of the boys and girls who make it up.

In the last particular, especially, each one of us has the power to raise or lower the reputation of Bangor High. Therefore, wherever he goes, each student should remember that, as a representative of our school, he is in a responsible position, which he must strive to fill in a praiseworthy manner. For the place that the school occupies in public estimation depends upon the conduct of the students taken individually. When we are inclined to be careless in our conduct we should remember that we are being watched and criticised. Let us be sure to do nothing to lower the good name of Bangor High School!



"A goose quill is more dangerous than a lion's paw"

THE STORY OF NELS JENSEN

By Eleanor Christensen, '18.

IN the small town of Agerskov, not many miles from the Danish Border, lived a small boy by the name of Nels Jensen. In a humble little cottage with its thatched roof and low eaves, he had lived with his mother for nearly sixteen years. On the wall of this cottage were the pictures of noblemen dressed in the armor of Denmark, and often Nels found himself gazing for hours at those pictures, one especially. He loved to have his mother tell him of that man whose face he loved, for it was his own father.

Several years before in the struggle between Denmark and Germany, his father, loyal to his sovereign, had put on his armor, mounted his beautiful horse, and leaving his beloved wife and child, answered the call to arms and fought for his country. During that struggle the Danish army strove bravely to regain the ground which the hard-hearted Germans had taken from them. In the last fierce battle for freedom Christian Jensen fell from his horse, dead. Denmark lost, and the southern part of the country came under the German rule.

When Nels thought of his father and how bravely he had fought for his country, he felt ashamed. For two years his friends

had been away from home, compelled to fight for the same Germans who had robbed them of their native land. Was it fair? Should he be driven to fight for Germany? Only the preceding day, dispatches had been sent throughout the whole country calling every able boy and man to Germany. His heart filled with anger as he thought of such injustice, and standing before the picture of his father, he promised God that he would not fight on the side of the Germans, but as far as he could he would avenge his native land.

Nels knew that he must leave his home soon or he would be forced to the front. How could he leave his mother alone? Yet he was brave. One evening he told the plan to his old mother. As she looked into his eyes she was proud of her boy who had the courage to take such a stand, but she had fear for him. However, Nels was determined, and in two days he had reached Ribe by a secret path and was on Danish ground.

* * * * *

It was the beginning of a decisive battle. The French and German armies met only a few miles from Verdun and a terrible struggle was about to take place. The command had been given and the fighting had begun. The shots came thick and fast from

the German lines and many fell on both sides. The air was filled with smoke and one could hardly see a foot before him. Nels Jensen was now in the French line of battle and from his position in the ranks, he suddenly heard a great rushing past him. It could not be their lines retreating, for the firing was still going on from the front! Could it be the enemy stealing their way to the rear of his own ranks! Nels suddenly became filled with fear. If he should break his line he would be shot down by the commander. He listened, while he continued firing toward the Germans, and again, off and on, he heard the same sound. In a little while, the air had slightly lightened and over the dead bodies near him he discerned two of the enemy's men secretly making their way toward the rear of the French line. He was now firmly convinced, and shouting to the lieutenant who was a few feet away, told him what he had seen. The captain at once gave a signal for the 368th

infantry to fall back to their rear. Upon doing so the soldiers were surprised to find a whole corps of the German troops prepared to meet them.

At once fierce fighting began. The French fell into great disorder, defending themselves from both the front and the rear. The struggle had been going on since noon and neither side seemed to be gaining. The French were nearly exhausted and at sunset a defeat seemed certain; but suddenly the sound of a trumpet was heard and the struggling men were overjoyed when the 349th battalion came up to their rescue. The Germans fled in all directions. They had been defeated by the 349th before, and understood their position.

Nels watched the defeated Germans retreat. Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in his side. He fell, wounded by a German bullet. As he lay dying, his one sensation was that of joy that he was not to die fighting with the enemy of his country.

BRAVE LITTLE JOHNNY

By Florence U. Salley, '17.



IN the yard of one of the large American motion picture studios were crowded a vast throng of men, women, and children, all eagerly seeking a chance to act in the "movies." In their midst stood a small boy of ten summers, Johnny Flynn by name, who had been until that day a newsboy, but who, having heard of the enormous salaries received by picture stars, had decided to seek his fortune in film-land.

He had been waiting all the forenoon in the dusty heat of the morning sun, and as yet no one had paid him the slightest attention. His disappointment had reached the point where his manly heart could hard-

ly keep back the tears, when he saw two men elbowing their way directly toward him. His heart thumped wildly when a girl near-by whispered, "That's Mr. Drew, the director, and his assistant!" The two men stopped when they came to Johnny, and one of them exclaimed, "He's just the type we want! Say, boy, can you swim?"

Now the only experience Johnny had ever had with water was when he had splashed in the spray from the big hose which the firemen played in the streets on hot summer days to cool off the sweltering children of the slums. Nevertheless, he stoutly declared that he **could** swim. The director said, "All right, son, you're engaged to act in a scene we are just going to put on. Come along."

With mingled joy and fear, Johnny followed the men to an auto which was standing ready to take the actors, directors, and camera men out to the location where the "water stuff" was to be "shot." The location proved to be a large wharf on the waterfront of the city. From this dock the little boy was to fall and, while pretending to drown, be rescued by the hero of the play. When Johnny looked down from the edge of the wharf and saw the black and seemingly bottomless depths, he shivered and drew back. But at the director's order to "fall," our little hero jumped, with a courage which none but a boy brought up as he had been, a child of the streets, could have summoned. He struck the water hard, sank once, rose again to the surface, and

floundered wildly, striving to swim as he had once seen it done on the screen. But skill was lacking and strength failed so that he would surely have sunk again, had not the hero of the play, a trained swimmer, just then plunged in and saved him, in the manner required by the scenario.

His rescuer carried him up the wharf ladder and laid him down, and, turning to the director, he said, "This boy can't swim. Why, he's all worn out!" Then Johnny recovered himself sufficiently to gasp, "Kin I act?" "Well, I should say so," answered Drew, the director, "and what's more, you're the bravest little lad I've seen in many a day." On Johnny's face shone a broad smile of pride as he exclaimed, "Hully Gee, I'm a star!"

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS

By Ralph Thompson, '19.



UT you've got to have it by to-morrow noon, Jim."

The speaker was a tall man about twenty-eight years of age, with small brown eyes which were set in deep below his somewhat high forehead. He was pacing uneasily back and forth across the clean swept floor of James Hardy's work-shop, or rather experimental laboratory. He had an anxious look on his face.

Jim was silent.

"Do you think you can possibly finish it by nine o'clock?" asked Henry Fisher, who was James Hardy's best friend.

Jim did not answer. He may not have heard his friend, but in all probability he did. He could not stop to answer now, for if he finished his new storage battery in time, and it proved better than any other, he would win \$5,000 which was the prize offered by the United States Government for such a thing.

James had several rivals, especially the MacDonald brothers. They, too, were perfecting a new battery entirely different from that of our hero. Two days before the contestants had taken their models to Lockwood and had had them tested. All proved to be good, but the government must have something better; so they had set to work again.

Hardy was trying a different kind of electrode, together with a stronger solution of chemicals.

"Fisher, come here!" Jim said at last.

Fisher was there in an instant, peering down into six zinc cylinders half full of a milky looking fluid.

"I've got to have some more of that white powder and if I don't get it, it's all off!" spoke Jim.

"Can't Curtis go over to Lockwood and get it while you finish the rest?"

"Yes, I suppose so, but it must be exactly the right stuff. I'll write the formula

down on a slip of paper so Curtis can give it to the clerk."

In an instant Fisher was out of the shop. He did not lose any time in going to the house, for he wanted to see Hardy win that \$5,000. It was not so much the money, but it was the honor which he would receive for inventing the most powerful storage battery yet made. The government would place these batteries on their sixteen-inch guns to discharge the powder which would in turn transmit motion to the projectile.

At last Fisher reached the house. He pounded furiously on the door. At length it was opened by a man, Jim's father.

"Jim's got to have some kind of a chemical over at Lockwood," Fisher blurted out hurriedly, "and he says to let Curtis take his motorcycle and run over there and back as quickly as possible. Here's the note for him to give the clerk at the McGerrish plant."

Mr. Hardy did not make any unnecessary conversation, but expressed his idea that it was useless, as the thing would be a failure anyway. However, he went to the stairway and shouted, "Curtis! Curtis! Curtis!"

"Yes, father, what is it?" dreamily replied Jim's brother.

His father rather impatiently told him his mission and emphasized the necessity to hurry if he wanted to see his brother get the prize.

About twenty minutes later, Curtis was speeding along the state highway toward Lockwood.

* * * * *

The much needed chemical arrived at last. It was now nearly noon.

Jim mixed some of the white powder with some acid and placed an equal amount in each of the zinc cylinders. Then he placed over each a metal cap with three binding posts on top.

With somewhat trembling hands Jim connected the cells with the testing apparatus. As he touched the last wire to the knob under the round dial on which the movement of a small hand would tell him the result, two pairs of anxious eyes gazed steadily at the dial, but it did not move. Were the connections all right? Yes! then the battery was a failure! Jim had lost the prize.

Jim was almost sick at the thought, but he braced up and tried and tried to make a current flow through it, but all in vain.

"Do you suppose Curtis got the right kind of chemical?" at last asked Fisher.

"By Jove! I never thought of that," exclaimed Jim. "I'll ask him about it."

Curtis was soon summoned to the shop. "Are you sure you got the right stuff?" questioned Jim.

"Well," slowly replied Curtis, "I thought so. The man weighed up seven pounds from a can in one corner and when I took it out to put it in the carrier, I dropped it. Of course it broke open, so I went back and got some more myself, and I might have gotten the wrong kind."

"Ah! that explains it all!" exclaimed Jim, rather impatiently. "I'll take a ride over and get it myself."

* * * * *

Jim returned at ten minutes of ten. It took him some time to wash away the other worthless stuff from the cells, but he mixed the powder and put the connections in place. The instant he touched the brass knob the hand flew away over to the right. It stopped on the figure ninety.

Jim was quite satisfied. He spent the rest of the afternoon in making tests and trying to make a stronger current. It wasn't quite as good as he anticipated at first, and he began to get a little nervous as night approached.

The next morning James and Fisher were speeding toward Harrington where

the government tests were to be held. The contest closed at nine, which barred out any tardy inventor.

Hardy left his battery and returned home. He did not expect to win now, after what he had seen at Harrington. Seventeen batteries were there awaiting the governmental test. Would his be the best of all? Would he win the \$5,000? Would he become known all over the world as one who had invented something really wonderful? No! of course not. He would never have such luck!

He waited impatiently. Night came; he did not sleep very much, for such questions

were continually running through his mind. The next day he busied himself with his motorcycle, taking the engine apart and cleaning it.

About three o'clock that afternoon Fisher drove up to the door with a small young man who quickly informed him that he had won the \$5,000 and also that he was appointed assistant electrical engineer for the United States Government plant in New York, with a salary of \$8,000 per year.

And so James Hardy didn't have such hard luck after all!

BUNKED IN BANGOR

(Actual-place Story of The Bangor Metropolis).

By Cubbo, of the Daily Bug.



RICHARD Winters, from his place in the dark shadows of the shrubbery that surrounded the suburban mansion, again gave the signal.

Then he removed the whistle from his parted lips and peered anxiously up at that single lighted window. She had not failed him! Against the yellow square for a moment he saw her figure silhouetted. She had her hat on, all ready and waiting.

With a tingling sense of elation running through his veins, he obeyed the prearranged wave of the hand she threw him by turning to cross the lawn toward the front of the house. The door had been forbidden him, but his hour of triumph was at hand. He had sworn to have her, come what would, and in another thirty minutes she would be his.

The door silently opened. She stepped out giving him her bag. Together they set off, without a word, down the graveled driveway.

A window flew up behind them. With an exclamation of dismay, Winters caught her hand and broke into a run. But the enraged bellow that followed them, alas, proved that they had been seen.

Into the runabout that stood vibrating at the curb the young man bundled her. Then he jumped in himself, and they were off. Their destination lay only on the other side of the city. But now the hum of old man Stillwell's big sixty horse power touring car could be heard coming in pursuit.

Winters bent over the wheel. His hat blew off. His hair streamed wild. Down Elm Street, up Lincoln, and along the broad, straight stretch of Warren Avenue he guided his little machine, bouncing over the road in a mad effort to get away with his prize. No use! As well have tried to outdistance the flight of a rifle bullet itself.

With a warning snarl of the siren, the gray-bodied touring car shot past. There was a shriek of skidding tires, and through a subsiding cloud of dust the seven-seater

was revealed drawn up directly across the middle of the road. The way was blocked.

A fuming figure in a bathrobe, and with a pair of goggles on under the cap that sat askew upon his bristling white hair, bore down upon them out of the darkness.

"Ungrateful girl!" he upbraided the runabout's fair occupant. "Yes, that's what you are, an ungrateful, wicked girl—to leave the home where you have been sheltered with love and kindness all these years!"

The elderly man turned on her companion and shook his fist beneath the youth's nose.

"And as for you, young man," he raged, "if there's a law in this land, I'm going to make you answer to it for this night's work! I warned you only last week, after I'd found you two talking together on the sidewalk in front of Peterson's market. You were told to keep off! But no—still you have persisted. You would have robbed us of our only joy, the comfort of our old age—"

He broke off, shaking with rage.

Winters sprang into the breach in the other's angry tirade.

"Oh, sir, you admit she has made you happy for years," he pointed out appealingly. "Now, why not let me have her, to know the same happiness? Trust me to be good to her—"

"Are you prepared to say," put in the irate Mr. Stillwell, "that the home you can give her will be as good as the one you are taking her from?"

Winters head dropped, abashed, and with it his tone.

"I am only a young man starting out," he admitted, in a low voice, "but," his tone lifting with his head, "I mean to work hard. In time, perhaps I shall be able to surround her with all the comforts to which she has been accustomed."

"Luxuries, boy!" the other corrected sharply. "Luxuries!"

He glowered at him for a moment of meaning silence. Then he went on: "No doubt, only a child in her ignorance of the world, she has not stopped to inquire what your prospects are. She has not given that a serious thought. But she is going to see the folly of this step now. Agnes—I want you to listen to me," and he turned appealingly to the girl.

"This man is a pauper compared to me," continued the white-haired figure standing there in the road between the two automobiles. "Think of what you are leaving—the comfortable home back there, where you have lived so long; your own dainty room, from which you have just flown at this young man's bidding; and what about the rest, my dear?" He was rubbing his hands now. "The candy, the matinee tickets—little things in themselves, yet you have been used to them. This man can't give them to you. I defy him to say he can. He couldn't afford to! Will you take what he has to offer and give up all this? Can you, in your sober senses, willingly make such a sacrifice?"

Rising at Winter's side, the girl turned and picked up her bag. Disregarding both the young man's exclamation of protest and the restraining hand he quickly put out toward her, she stepped down from the runabout. Then, for the first time, she spoke:

"Ay skol go back. Ay tank Ay bane fool to leave sooch gud place for on'y three dol' a week more."

Old Stillwell's laugh rasped out in triumph. He helped her into the other auto, then climbed aboard himself. There was a grinding racket of released brakes, with a whirr of wheels; then the gray-bodied touring car backed away over the road it had come, along the main thoroughfare of the city.

And Dick Winters turned to go home to his wife—to tell her that their servant-girl problem was still unsolved.

A PERILOUS RIDE

By Louise Leonard, '17.



BEFORE the American Revolution, at a time when our state of Maine was still a vast wilderness, inhabited mainly by wandering tribes of Indians, but dotted by a few small villages and lonely settlers' cabins, a young English doctor built his little home several miles from the settlement which is now called Hampden. His pretty wife, a lady of French birth who had scorned the refusal of her parents to give their daughter's hand to a poor man of more humble rank than their own, had at length defied their authority, married secretly, and sailed to America with her husband. Both were unaccustomed to the hardships which made up the life of the American colonist.

The husband practiced his profession, and welcomed the opportunity of serving as physician in a new land where doctors were few and badly needed. When he went to visit his patients at Hampden his wife always accompanied him, in order to see the people of the village and break the monotony of the uneventful days. On these trips they were obliged to reach home before dark, for the road to their dwelling lay wholly between thick woods where dangerous, wild beasts lurked.

One night late in the autumn the doctor was delayed in making his calls, and it was half an hour later than usual when he and his wife left the settlement and entered the long, dark way through the forest. To add to the peril of the situation a storm was rising. Before the two travelers had gone a quarter way home the twilight fell. The man, unwilling to alarm his wife by betraying his fears, talked cheerfully of his calls among the village people, but urged his horse to a faster pace whenever it was

possible. However, the roads were rough and progress was slow. A rising wind howled through the tree tops, and shook the branches of the old pines.

Suddenly the doctor heard, far away, the sound which he had been dreading, the dismal howl of a wolf. There was no need now of appearing gay and concealing the danger from his wife; both realized the full horror of their situation. The wife grew pale and clung to her husband as he put the whip to his horse in a vain attempt to escape the peril which was approaching. Again, and nearer, came the cry of the wolf. Soon the call was taken up by others of the pack who drew closer with every leap of the now frightened horse. At last, one by one, the dark forms emerged from the underbrush a short distance behind the team.

There was need of quick, decisive action. In a twinkling the woman had unfastened her bright scarlet cape, one of her cherished reminders of the old home across the sea. She pulled the garment from her shoulders and, holding it over the back of the sleigh, let the gay cloth float out toward the wolves. The scheme worked well. With baffled howls and slower steps the animals, frightened by the floating scarlet mantle, skulked back into the growing darkness. For a time, at least, the peril was averted.

All too soon, however, the twilight was over and the woods were wrapped in pitchy darkness. Now the hungry animals could no longer see the red cape, and they fearlessly approached the sleigh, their bright eyes gleaming through the black night. There was still a considerable distance to cover before the doctor could reach his home; it was evident that another stratagem must be thought of. Very swiftly the man's hand went through the bundles in the sleigh, and in an instant had drawn forth

one of his wife's purchases—a web of linen cloth.

There were no matches in those days, but the doctor used his pipe as a substitute, and soon one end of the web was ablaze. The device was just in time, for the wolves were almost upon them when the woman thrust the burning cloth toward the animals. More startled than they had been at sight of the cape, the cowardly creatures stopped immediately and once more disappeared into the deep shadows. Now the couple were nearing their home. The horse, urged on by his master, sprang forward at his quickest gallop, while the wife unrolled the blazing web and kept the wolves away from the

sleigh. In a short time the two people came out of the dark forest into the little clearing which surrounded their cabin, while the howls of their pursuers grew fainter and fainter, and finally were lost in the depths of the woods.

The doctor and his wife, still pale at the thought of the dreadful death which they had escaped, jumped from the sleigh and extinguished the fire which had saved their lives. There was not enough cloth left to make even an apron. The woman did not regret the loss of the material, however, but was most thankful that she had not postponed her purchase until her next trip to the village.

THE ENCHANTED TYPEWRITER

By Pauline E. Miller, '17.



THE fire was burning cheerily in the broad stone fireplace, while without a terrible storm raged. A half dozen men sat about in the close intimacy of a club. They were all bachelors and each had sought the companionship of the others on this wild March night. In spite of the warmth, the man sitting nearest the fire shivered. He was a tall man about thirty-eight or forty. His sandy Van Dyke beard was immaculately trimmed, concealing a rather ugly scar. He was the kind of man whom one would trust without question. One of the other men had seen the quiver pass over his great frame and asked,

"Unpleasant memory, Red?"

"Not so unpleasant as uncanny," quietly returned David Bruce.

"This is a night for supernatural happenings. Suppose you relate one of your weird adventures—the one that caused the shiver."

All further talk between the men ceased. There was not a man in that little gather-

ing but delighted in hearing the incidents of David Bruce's varied career.

Hesitatingly, Bruce remarked, "I have never told it before for I knew nobody would believe I was straight."

"We wouldn't have you put in a sanitarium anyway, Red, so go ahead," promised one man.

"It was ten years ago on just such a night as this," he began, "that three masked strangers came to my villa and demanded shelter. One of them was a young woman. From what I could gather the other two were her brothers, but I never was quite certain. I made them as welcome as I could under the circumstances. The girl was beautiful and seemed rather reluctant in accepting my hospitality. Well, my guests were getting fairly warm and were beginning to be a little more cheerful when a sharp report rang through the darkness, for the strangers would have no lights. A bullet whizzed by my head. One of the men fell. As the other attempted to draw his pistol, another shot was fired and without a gasp he, too, fell. Rigid with terror I

seized the girl and thrust her into a big cedar chest whose bottom lifted up and opened into a passageway which had been used by the former owner of the villa to escape to the old tower house about a quarter of a mile away, where he could write without interruption. It had been my first intention to remain and meet the intruders, but it seemed heartless to allow the girl to go away alone through that dark, cold passage, so I followed. For a few minutes I waited near the trap door to see if we had been discovered. When it became evident that this was not the case, I hastened to overtake the girl. Several yards away I could hear the uncontrollable chattering of her teeth, but as I fell into step with her she made no outcry. Silently we entered the tower and knowing it to be safe to strike a match, I did so. The mask had slipped from her eyes. I must have stared stupidly, for in a hurried, excited tone she said, 'Yes, I am the Russian spy the courts of Italy suspect.' Only that morning I had read of a daring attempt on the part of this woman and her confederates to find out certain national secrets. Here, truly, was adventure. Should I help a dangerous person to escape, or should I deliver her into the hands of the Italian police? I think she knew I was not an Italian for she spoke to me again in English. I don't remember what she said, exactly, but it was a plea for help. Well, I did what every other American man would do—I assured her of my aid.

I threw a long stormcoat over her riding habit and, pulling my hat well down over my head, we left the tower house and made for the shore on foot. Once on the bank of the river the girl turned to me and thrust something heavy into my hands. It was a box about the size of a five-pound candy box and was carefully wrapped in oil skin. I recall her very words: 'This will tell you many secrets. Don't let these men know

you have it. I give it to you because you are not a coward.' She placed her fingers upon her lips as a signal for silence.

I had not seen the officers creeping upon us, but the girl had, and she realized that she had lost. Calmly she faced the six officers of the king's guard and, upon being sharply questioned, denied that I had helped her. I tell you, fellows, that girl had the courage of a Joan of Arc. That did not matter to those curs of officers. The one in command gave the order and before I could draw my own pistol the shot had reached its mark. They had killed the woman in cold blood. The scene will never fade from my memory. Only the curious little box remained to assure me that the whole affair was true. That very night I left Italy, not even returning to my villa. I hated and scorned the country.

Once away from Italy, I opened the box which, strangely enough, was a miniature typewriter. I thought it worthless until one night I tried, for amusement to use it. My fingers did not guide the keys, but rapidly the little machine spelled out this message: 'To-night Germany is planning to enter Paris.' Horror-stricken I waited for another message. None came, and I was beginning to believe that the little typewriter was only a toy. To-night, before I came here, this is what the machine ticked off. He drew a slip of paper from his pocket and handed it to one of the men. This is the confused message:

"Rebellion . . . Russia . . . Czar dethroned . . . prisoner in Italy . . . Germany about to spring on . . . three Americans held in Leipzig . . . unknown . . . America."

"Jove, what do you make of that, Red?" exclaimed some one.

The question went unanswered until the morning papers revealed the whole story, part of which the queer little typewriter had told.



LOCALS

"Still events run on and on"

The rifles for the use of the cadets arrived Monday, March 5, and were used for the first time at the drill on Wednesday, March 7.

Tuesday afternoon, March 6, Major Southard of the Second Regiment, N. G. S. M., gave a test to determine the new squad leaders or corporals for our company. Seventeen men took the examination, consisting of five written and five or more oral questions. The following five men were selected: George Travers, Willis Hammond, Everett Smith, Theodore Chilcott, and Frank Noble.

The Bangor Officers' Training Corps, under the direction of Lieutenant Hickam, U. S. A., from the U. of M., are using the school gymnasium and rifles for their weekly drills. Several officers of the cadets have been drilling with them. The Corps has very kindly furnished slings for the guns.

Bangor High was very much in evidence at the inauguration of Mayor Woodman of Bangor which took place in City Hall, Monday morning, March 19. The whole school was dismissed at 9.45 to go to City Hall. The B. H. S. orchestra of forty-four pieces furnished the music and the B. H. S. cadets, under arms, and about seventy in number, acted as escort to the mayor and members of the city government. The "Commercial" especially commended the orchestra for their fine work. The cadets, also, did

remarkably well considering that they had drilled but twice previously under arms and had been unable to get out of the gymnasium all winter. The program of the music was as follows:

March, Kaiser Frederic... (Carl Freidman)
Selection, Waltz from Romeo and Juliet
..... (Gounod)
America
March

A senior class meeting was held in the Assembly Hall at noon on Wednesday, March 14. Plans for the graduation pictures were put before the class by President McCann and everyone was asked to be considering graduation speakers and class mottoes. Following this Harry Helson, Editor-in-chief of the Oracle, presented a plan to the class which was very favorably received.

On Thursday afternoon, March 15, a committee of Seniors met in the school building to decide upon the style of picture and folder for the class. The committee consisted of James McCann, Lena Clark, Paul Eames, Kenneth Boardman, Ralph Farrar, Willis Hammond, Katherine Stewart, Frances Bragg, and Sarah Bartlett. Each Senior must have his or her picture taken before May tenth.

The Junior class pins and rings arrived Monday morning, March 19. John Quinn, president of the class, and Herbert Webb, treasurer, started the work of distributing

them Tuesday noon, March 20. The pins are of oval design with the word Bangor, in the Japanese letter style running down the center. The letters H and S help form the oval on either side and enclose the numerals 1 and 8, standing for the class of 1918. This attractive pin was certainly a fine selection.

Active work is now going on for the Teachers' Pageant, French Play, German Play, Junior Reception, Military Ball for Cadets, Senior Play, and Graduation. These should keep at least a few people busy for the rest of the year.

A meeting of the Athletic Council was held Monday afternoon, March 19, to look over the baseball schedule for 1917. It was also voted to join the Penobscot County League to consist of Bangor, Brewer, E. M. C. S., Orono, and Higgins for the baseball season.

The Senior girls had a class meeting on Tuesday, March 20, and again Wednesday, March 21, to discuss the graduation dresses. Miss Mary C. Robinson spoke at the first meeting, and at the second it was voted to pay not over five dollars for the dresses.

The sixth period, Friday, March 23, Mr. C. F. Bragg, president of the Orono Pulp & Paper Co., lectured before the Commercial division on Paper-making.

Miss Hutchings was out of school the last week before vacation on account of her mother's illness. Her place was filled by Miss Anna P. Britton. Miss Britton is a graduate of B. H. S. and of Leland Powers' School of the Spoken Word, in Boston.

Harry Helson spent the last week of the term and most of the vacation visiting in Boston.

The annual Junior Exhibition was given in City Hall, Friday evening, March 23, be-

fore a large and appreciative audience. The High School orchestra as usual furnished the music. The program was as follows:

- The Scarlet Crow.....C. W. Bennet
High School Orchestra.
- The MansionVan Dyke
James E. Mitchell.
- From a Far Country.....Anonymous
Mildred J. DeWitt.
- The Spell of the YukonService
Joseph D. Garland.
- Pilgrims' ChorusWagner
Chorus.
- Scene (from the Taming of the Shrew)
.....Shakespeare
Lola M. Yelland.
- The Union Soldier.....Thurston
Frank D. McGuire.
- MelodieFriml
High School Orchestra.
- JaneTarkington
Rachel G. Connor.
- Let Us Have Peace.....Schurz
John S. McCann.
- Oh, My Love's Like a Red, Red Rose
.....G. M. Garrett
Chorus.
- By CourierKipling
Antoinette W. Gould.
- AmericanismLodge
Charles F. Whalen.
- One, Two, ThreeBunner
She Likes Him Rale Weel.....Waulless
L'EnvoiKipling
Marion Kenney.
- Waltz (from Romeo and Juliet)....Gounod
High School Orchestra.

The judges were S. R. Oldham, principal of Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield; Miss Jean Welsh, Old Town; and Rev. Richard Harris, Bangor. They gave this decision: winner of boys' medal, John S. McCann; winner of girls' medal, Lola M. Yelland; honorable mention, Frank D. McGuire and Rachel G. Connor.



"A little absence does much good"

Word has been received by Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Holden of this city from their son, Carl F. Holden, '13, now a senior at the Annapolis Naval Academy, stating that the members of the class graduating this year will, in accordance with orders of President Wilson, be graduated on March 29th, instead of June.

Orestes Cleveland, '15, has joined the United States Army, and is stationed at New Rochelle, New York.

Freeman C. Olsen, '16, has recently been in the city visiting his parents. Mr. Olsen has been employed by the Prudential Life Insurance Company of New York.

Frank S. Chase, '02, has accepted a position as salesman for a large wholesale dry goods concern in Denver, Colorado. Mr. Chase has for several years been employed as an agent for the Overland automobile, travelling through the middle west.

George W. Sullivan, '14, U. of M., '18, has a responsible position in the Engineering Department of the Eastern Manufacturing Co.

The very interesting essay entitled "An Early Bookmaker," which was published in the March issue of the Oracle, was written by Miss Annie E. Wayland, '07, now employed in the Bangor Public Library.

Francis Murphy, '15, is a student at Holy Cross College.

C. Neal Merrill, '14, University of Maine, '18, has been elected to Alpha Chi Sigma, the national honorary chemical society.

Beatrice Hanna, '16, is employed in teaching in the public school at Sutton.

Hazel Pickard, '15, has accepted a position with the S. L. Crosby Company.

Guy Farnham, ex-'15, was a recent visitor in Bangor. Mr. Farnham is employed in New Hampshire.

Josephine A. Lintott, '15, who is training at the Lewiston General Hospital, is visiting her parents in Bangor. Miss Lintott has visited the High School since she has been here.

Among the graduates of B. H. S. to take the course of military training established at Bowdoin College are: Louis Dennett, '16; Crosby Redman, '16; Richard MacWilliams, '16; and Oliver Hall, '16.

Lydia Adams, '14, is spending her Easter vacation with her parents.

Roselle E. Cronin, '16, has recently accepted a position as stenographer with the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad.



"An ounce of wisdom is worth a pound of wit"

Girls' Debating Society.

The meeting of the Girls' Debating Society for March 8 was held at four o'clock with an attendance of sixteen members as well as several visitors. A rising vote of thanks was extended to Miss Marjorie O'Connell and Miss Caroline Adams for the charming debating placards which they so kindly made for the society. The president then announced a debate on the following subject: Resolved, that all written examinations should be abolished. After the assembly had been divided evenly with eight on each side, ten minutes were given for consideration of the pros and cons of the question.

As the debate was still going on when six o'clock came, it was considered necessary to adjourn the meeting and thus leave the question unsettled.

Bangor at Gardiner.

At Gardiner, the negative team of our school succeeded in winning over Gardiner High for the first time in three years. The debate was well attended and much enthusiasm was shown by the audience for both teams.

The affirmative maintained that because there are certain objections to the present system of private ownership, and because government ownership would result in various benefits to the public which private ownership could never bring about, there should be Federal ownership of the railways in the United States.

Here the issue of the debate hung and

clashed well. Is not the present system as good as can be had in any way, and would not the same evils exist under government ownership as at present? The negative answered these questions in the affirmative and proved them in the main argument.

The rebuttal was to the point and brought out much additional proof in support of both sides. The judges brought in a unanimous decision for the Bangor team.

B. H. S. vs. M. C. I.

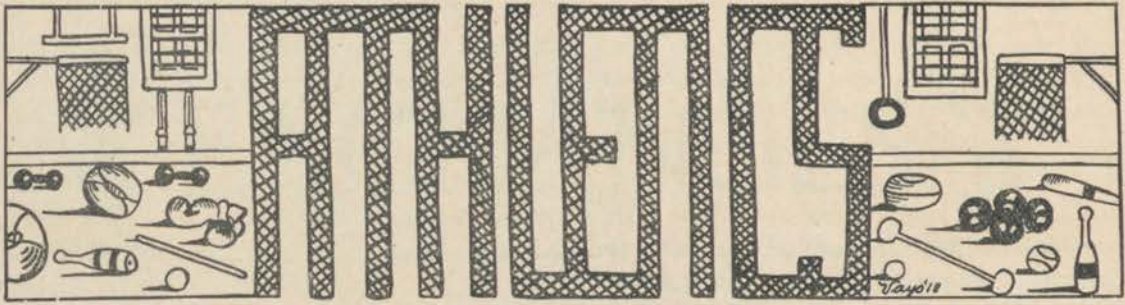
On the afternoon of March 16, Bangor's affirmative team met the negative team of M. C. I. in assembly hall, where the question, Resolved, that the Federal government should own and operate all railroads with the United States, was discussed.

The affirmative showed that: accidents would be lessened under government control; unjust rates of transportation would be eliminated; the country would not be at the mercy of the labor unions; government ownership has been successful thus far; Federal ownership is economically desirable.

The negative team declared that: the system in question had not succeeded in foreign countries; it is too complex for government control; it would not benefit the general public; the political influence would be bad.

The rebuttal was able and spirited on both sides.

The decision was awarded to the negative, and Mr. Whitehouse was adjudged the best speaker.



"When two play, one must lose"

Bangor High Defeats Portland High.

Saturday, March 10, Portland High's fast team came to Bangor with a clean slate and a determination to defeat our strong team. Unexpected things will happen, however, and Bangor High, developing rapidly under Hillie Johnson's excellent coaching, put a fine blot on that slate. It was one of the most exciting school games ever played in City Hall; both teams had good records, Portland having won every game played, while Bangor had won five of eight games played.

The first half was uninterrupted, and proved to be the most exciting part of the game, for the fine playing of both teams kept their supporters at the highest pitch of excitement. Bangor started off with a rush and Rand, playing his best game, shot three baskets in the first few minutes of play. Portland recovered, and soon caught up with this lead by playing a covering game and making some long shots. It was a nip and tuck contest, and at the end of the half the score stood 8 to 8.

In the second half Rand was injured and O'Connor took his place, leaving his own position at right forward to Gillin. Gillin, the lightest man in the game, made up for his lack of weight by his agility and he always came out of clashes on top. He shot with the form of a professional and added four points to the score. The second period, owing to many delays, was not quite as exciting as the first, although Bangor

showed superiority over Portland in team-work and covering.

Captain Heal played his usual strong game, while Peters outjumped Conley on every toss up, and kept him well covered throughout the game. O'Connor played a good game, but did not seem to have his eye with him when shooting fouls. Smith prevented Portland from making any close shots, practically all being made from the middle of the floor. Flavin and Williams were Portland's stars. Flavin shot some excellent baskets, while Williams shot the fouls, not missing one. On the whole Bangor showed the best team-work; but Portland, at different times during the game, took spurts which usually resulted in points.

The summary:

Bangor (18)	(15) Portland
Rand, l.f., 3.....r.b., Needleman	
O'Connor, l.f., 1	
O'Connor, r.f.....l.b., Williams, 1 (3)	
Gillin, r.f., 2	
Peters, c., 1.....c., Conley	
Heal, r.b., 2.....l.f., James 2	
Smith, l.b.....r.f., Flavin, 3	
Referee, Hillie Johnson. Umpire, Reardon, U. of M. Timers, Mulvany and Blethen. Time, 2 20-minute periods.	

Bangor High, 25; Morse High, 16.

At City Hall on March 16 was a fast game of basketball in which Bangor High excelled in team-work and guarding, and Morse High of Bath was the loser, with a

score of 25 to 16. The game was hard fought and interesting throughout, for Morse High kept Bangor's lead down to four or five baskets except in the last few minutes of play.

In the first half Peters and Heal alternated in scoring for Bangor and sent the score up to 16, while Cross and Holbrook of Morse High secured eight points.

At the beginning of the second half, Heal, not satisfied with the closeness of the score, kindly helped out the visitors by shooting the ball into the basket Bangor was defending; he evened this up, however, by shooting two baskets for Bangor later. Cross and Holbrook got three baskets, Rand, one, and O'Connor finished up with a basket and a foul.

Heal and Peters were Bangor's strong players in this game, while Cross and Holbrook of Morse High make one of the best set of forwards our team has played this season. Cross made some difficult shots and was applauded for his fine judgment of distance and direction. Gillin, of Bangor, substituting in the last part of the game, came in like a whirlwind and prevented many baskets from being shot during Morse High's final spurt. The summary:

B. H. S. (25)

Morse High (16)

Rand, r.f., 1.....l.b., Jewett
Gillin, r.f.

O'Connor, l.f., 1 (1).....r.b., Talbot
Peters, c. 4.....c., Perkins
Heal, r.b., 6.....l.f., Holbrook
Smith, l.b.....r.f., Cross
Pierce, l.b.....r.f., McMann

Heal shot ball by mistake into basket defended by Bangor, counting for visitors.

Referee, Hillie Johnson; time, 2 20-minute periods.

Portland High 40; Bangor High 15

Saturday night, March 27, Bangor High, handicapped by the loss of Capt. Heal, was

defeated in a one sided contest, at the Portland Athletic Club gymnasium.

The summary:

P. H. S. (40)

B. H. S. (15)

Rubinoff, l.f.r.b., Gillin
James, l.f., 4.....r.b., Rand
Flavin, r.f. 4.....l.b., Smith
l.b., Pierce

Conley, c., 1.....c., Peters, 2 (1)
Needleman, r.b.....l.f., O'Connor, 2 (2)
Williams, l.b., 8 (6)r.f., Rand, 1
r.f., Gillin, 1

Referee, O'Connell. Time, 2 20-minute periods.

Baseball Schedule for 1917.

April.

*Saturday, April 21, U. of M. 2nd at Bangor.

*Wednesday, April 25, Orono at Bangor.

*Saturday, April 28, Brewer at Bangor.

May

*Wednesday, May 2, H. C. I. at Charleston.

Saturday, May 5, M. C. I. at Pittsfield.

*Wednesday, May 9, Orono at Orono.

Saturday, May 12, Waterville at Bangor..

*Wednesday, May 16, H. C. I. at Bangor.

*Saturday, May 19, E. M. C. S. at Bucksport.

Monday, May 21, M. C. I. at Bangor.

Wednesday, May 23, U. of M. 2nd at Orono.

Saturday, May 26, Coburn at Waterville.

*Wednesday, May 30, E. M. C. S. at Bangor.

June.

Saturday, June 2, Coburn at Bangor.

*Wednesday, June 6, Brewer at Brewer.

Saturday, June 9, Waterville at Waterville.

Respectfully submitted,

Baseball Manager, 1917.

*Penobscot League Games.



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

---Burns

As Others See Us.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me.—We are in receipt of your February number, we enjoyed reading it very much. Come again.—"Howard Times," Howard, R. I.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me.—Your editorials are the best we have seen.—"The Gatherer," Deer Isle, Me.

"Oracle," why put your table of contents on the front cover? From the number of advertisements you have, your business manager must be pretty busy. Your Literary department is very good.—"The Piquonian, Piqua, Ohio.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me.—Your departments are equally developed and your cover design is very original.—"The Blue Owl," Attleboro, Mass.

The Oracle—Your paper shows that the staff has worked hard, and in our opinion, succeeded in publishing a first-class paper.—"School Life, Metuchen, New Jersey.

The Oracle—Yours is one of the most complete exchanges we have.—"The Tripod," Saco, Me.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me., is certainly a model paper. The literary department is especially good, "Matilda's Execution," deserving complimentary mention. The cover is very attractive. The cartoons of the staff are a good idea.—"The Scout," Muskogee, Oklahoma.

As We See Others.

"The Cherry and White," Williamsport, Pa. One of the best! Every one of your departments is well developed. The work of your artists deserves special mention for we have seen no better drawings in any other school paper.

"The Castonia," Easton, Me. You have an exceedingly fine paper. Your cuts are excellent and your paper as a whole is well arranged. Your exchange editor's ideas in the functions of the exchange, offers paths for future development.

"The Tiger," Elkins, West Virginia—We have no fault to find with your 'St. Patrick's Day Number. It was very odd and the only number of its kind that we received. The jokes were certainly funny and constituted a part by themselves. We would suggest, however, instead of wasting that half page in the Exchange department that you use it and write more and longer criticisms of other papers.

"The Walking Leaf," Montour, N. Y.—We believe that this is the only issue of yours that we have received this year. We are very glad to hear from you and will try to give you a little praise and some advice. As for your cover it is plain, simple, and very suitable. Your literary department is fairly good, but the stories are a little bit too short. Cut out the jokes in the literary department and fill it up with good interesting reading. You can do it.



PERSONALS



"Good jests bite like lambs not like dogs"

Books NOT to be found in the Library.

Cannibals of Today.....By The Freshmen
 Les MiserablesBy The Faculty
 The Master Mind.....By H. Helson
 The Moon Face.....By F. Eaton
 The Printer's Devil.....By P. Eames
 The JesterBy D. Pullen
 The Supermen.....By The Seniors
 The Heart of RachelBy R. Adams
 The Butterfly Man.....By E. Lovejoy
 The Little ManBy H. Littlefield
 He Comes Up Smiling...By John McCann
 Empty PocketsBy T. Abbott
 Vive la FranceBy Madame
 My Lady LaughterBy L. Dodd
 The Man-hater.....By L. Leonard
 The First ViolinBy S. Cayting
 A Friend of Caesar..... By Miss H—ks
 The Tutor's Story.....By H. H. Hubbard
 Filling His Own Shoes...By K. Boardman
 The Towers of Ilium..By The Virgil Class
 The House of Luck.....By B. H. S (?)
 The Wonderful Year..1917—to the Seniors
 The Little Demon.....By J. Eames
 The Strong Arm.....By B. Burrill
 The Memoirs of a Baby.....
By The Sophomores
 The Forty-five Guardsmen..By The Cadets
 A Pair of Blue Eyes.....By M. Peirce
 KatrineBy K. Covell
 Between Two Fires.....By P. Miller
 FrecklesBy G. Hallett
 Bobbie, General Manager..By R. McCann
 Twenty Minutes Late.....By H. Reed

Miss H—: Now get out your Grammars and study those forms.

P-c-tt, '19: I hain't got no Grammar.

Miss H—: Very true, P-c-tt.

Notice

As a result of over indulgence at the Hot-dog social of the Tau Alpha, the following dog-licences have been issued:

Bussy Webb—No. 121661.

Kenneth Boardman—No. 66661.

Fred Eaton—No. 21665.

Special dog collars via fast freight, f.o.b., have been ordered.

Respectfully submitted,

Douglass, Dog Manager.

And

Muzzles have been ordered for—

Paul Eames,

Joe Garland,

Hal Hubbard,

Ed Perkins.

If these dogs are not muzzled they will be shot at sunset (or half-shot, at least).

Douglass, Bow-wow Sleuth.

We have been trying to find the reason for so much illness among the teachers this Spring. Mmè. Beaupre solved the mystery one day last week when she said: "Hubbard, it makes me homesick to hear you recite!"

Discovered a New Venus!

Ken Boardman, the perfect thirty-six.

Has anybody noticed that E. Smith, '17, is getting Le(a)n(er)a? What a pity!

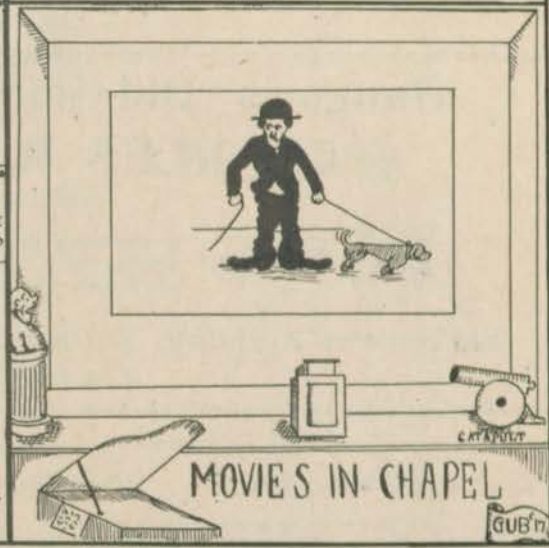
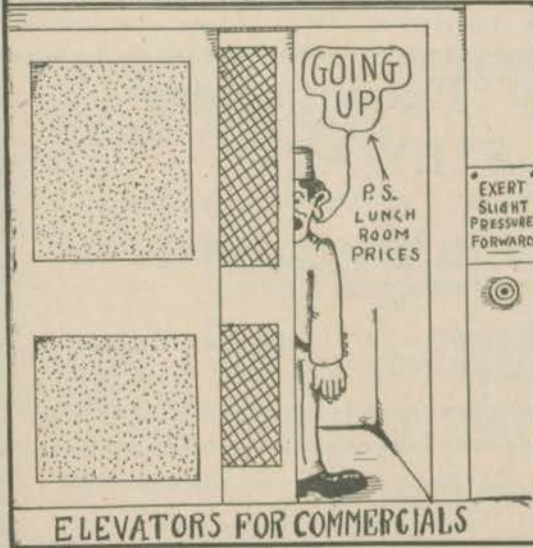
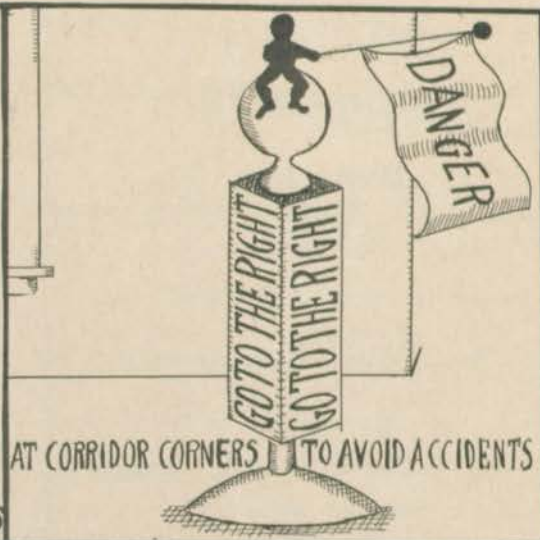
Also, isn't it funny that Hercules Hathorne likes to go Hunting so often?

Small (to teacher): "What's Asia Minor?"

Nickerson: "O, what a man! Say, haven't you ever studied music?"



RED CROSS CORPS FOR OUR CADETS



Miss H— to Small, '18: "Small, the noise you make is all out of proportion to your name."

Miss R— (in the sentence "Experience is a cheat, and fact a liar."): What is illustrated?

Miss M—: A general truth.

Miss Crowley (naming the achievements of Caesar): He er-planned to er-build a canal between Gaul and—er— Britain.

After seeing the B. H. S. cadets drill at the Food Fair, we wonder how Germany has the nerve to fool with the United States.

In English: Can anyone tell me who is financing the new school in New York.

Miss Flynn: "Longfellow." (Rockefeller).

Teacher: Why do you insist upon taking typewriting?

Ambitious pupil: I'm going to get rich writing Senior Essays.

Modern Law.

Hubbard (in English): You cannot prosecute a whole person.

Note for dull pupils—B sharp.

Miss R—: What is the square root of 16?

Barker: I can't multiply as fast as that.

The pupils who have some account in B. H. S. are the pupils up in 309.

Go up and see for yourself!

Teacher (in English): What did Caesar say to Brutus when he saw him among the conspirators?

Pupil: Tut, tut, Brute.

An heraldic motto for pupils who argue with Miss C— against a democratic form of government—Veni, audi, victus sum.

Teacher, when telephone rang: "Mr. Battles, please answer it."

"Is this Miss Bransfield?" inquired the voice.

Battles: "No, ma'am, this is Miss Wormwood."

Nickerson to Miss H— (after she had told him to take his seat of which the cover was broken off): "I can't, it hasn't any roof."

Miss H: "That's just what I think is the matter with you, half the time."

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