

Easter  
Oracle.  
Number  
16



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Pupils of Mrs. Rosanna B. Odiorne

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38 MAIN STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

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# THE ORACLE

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## EDITORIALS

*There's luck in odd numbers, says Rory O'Moore*

This is the Odd Number of the Oracle. Some of the synonyms for odd are quaint, queer, comical, or droll.

**Odd, Isn't It?** We hope that this is a real odd number. The "Girl on the Cover" is odd, and so is the would be comedy. The children's page, we hope, will be very instructive and entertaining for Bangor High's babies. Many prominent Freshmen have demanded that they be given a fair show, and we have tried to comply with their requests. If you find anything else about the paper that is odd, don't tell any one. It's a secret and must be religiously kept. The prize this month goes to Miss Pauline Miller, whose story, "The Pardon of the King," was judged to be the best.

When the high school days are over and the next step in life must be taken, many students go to college. Some go with a definite purpose in view; others in an aimless sort of way, just because the rest of their crowd is going. There is also

a hazy notion in the back of their minds that by going through college, success is assured. Never was there a more deceptive fallacy.

A college education no more makes a man a success than culture makes a squash into a watermelon. To be a success in life you have got to have the brains, the energy, the knowledge, and the will to do things. If you are weak, nerveless and flabby by nature a college education will hinder rather than help. It will merely make you one of those unfortunate creatures, an educated fool; and through your weakness, habits may be formed in college that will injure you through life.

One of the arguments of anti-college critics is the great number of weak, worthless men that graduate from our universities. "Look," they say, "see our great men in history, see our great merchants, and leaders today. They are not college men for the most part. They are men of worth who were not ruined by college life."

This is all well and good so far as it goes; but there are also a great number of our leading men who are college graduates; and



it is a significant fact that as time advances the proportion of college educated men, who reach eminence in politics and in business, increases. For this is an age where knowledge counts and the winners are those who are the best prepared. Our great leaders, who were not college men, rose to success through sheer ability. They could not be kept down. But who knows how much higher they could have climbed, and how much more they would have enjoyed life if added to this natural ability there had been college training? Undoubtedly they would have achieved greater success and with less hardship for themselves and for others.

The whole subject settles down to one point: Man is as he is, and you cannot transform a fool into a wise man. So let the shirkers and loafers go to college if they will; it may do them little harm and possibly some good. But let the earnest, able boy go to college, for he will need every scrap of wisdom that he can get when he faces a world where knowledge is power. And do not lay at the feet of the institution the blame that belongs to the individual. College cannot make a man; but it can bring out his capacities to their fullest extent and make him a bigger and a better citizen.

How often is heard the expression: "Oh, the world is degenerating fast. Look at the crime, look at the weak eyes, poor teeth, and nervous wrecks that there are today. We don't have any noble statesmen, great soldiers, and men of ironclad honesty such as there were in the good old days." In other words, "We ain't the man that we uster be." These statements sound plausible, but how much real truth is there in them?

### Are We Degenerating?

Take the subject of crime increase. There is no more crime in proportion to population than there was in those misty days of old, when everyone was so perfect. It makes a great difference in the social condition of a country whether her population is numbered in hundred thousands or in millions. If the croakers of our national degeneracy would stop talking and think just a little bit more, their busy tongues would be hushed forever.

That there has been a serious increase in physical defects cannot be denied. But it is not due to degeneracy of race; it is caused by a change of conditions. Many of our forefathers, if they could be restored to earth again, would be peering through spectacles and listening to the whine of the dentist's burr with shivering souls. A new condition of affairs has sprung up with the advance of human knowledge and we have not yet accustomed ourselves to live intelligently in the new surroundings. To work, Yes; but to live, No. We plunge into the turmoil with never a thought as to our methods of living and the result is inevitable. Only the unusually strong come out of the fray with their health intact. The vast majority suffer from broken down constitutions for the rest of their lives.

But we need not give up and declare that all is lost, for the awakening is at hand and every day people are coming to a realization that health is the great asset in life and that many pleasures of the body and mind must be given up to gain the desired object. It means, "Deny self for self's sake."

Many great factories forbid employes to use alcohol or tobacco. The "Brewers' Journal" complains that this is taking away the rights and privileges of a free man. Do you think so?

It is well that the awakening has come for the condition of school children at present is

not very encouraging. Out of the 20,000,000 scholars in the United States today, over five million have defective eyesight, over one million have defective hearing, six million suffer from diseased teeth, and fifteen million, in different ways, are physically unfit. Three-fourths of the school children in our country are not healthy. Is it not time for the people to wake up and do something to remedy it.

"You are admitting just what you have denied," says the croaker.

"Is that true?"

Was there not, in proportion to the population, as great an amount of sickness in ye olden days. Did not great plagues, fevers, and epidemics ravage the land? And was this not the fault of these men from whom we have degenerated. Careful hygiene and quarantine would have saved all this. And was there not an enormous amount of medicine taken in the golden past? Not when the person was sick, but all the time to keep him well? Those palmy days can boast little of their health records, for with proper care there would have been little disease. The food was simple and hard work in the open air should have made sickness a crime.

Ah, but where are your statesmen, authors, soldiers, and patriots?

They are here as they always have been. Great statesmen, like other geniuses, are not seen until occasion calls. But throughout our history right up to the present time they have been on hand when the call came. Our writers today have not degenerated. It is the great number that prevents any one from seeming great. As for patriots we have them by thousands. They are the men who are quietly working for the nation's good in industry, in business, in government and in diplomacy. We see the frothy-mouthed orators and say, "Where are our patriots?" Still waters run deep.

Human nature runs about the same from the barbarian to the civilized man. In looking back over our lives we remember the pleasant things and calmly forget the knocks and cold thumps that we got. So it is with history: We look back and read about the virtues and nobility of our ancestors. This is right, for it holds up to us an ideal. But before comparing today and yesterday, it is sometimes wise to remember the unpleasant things in the past and then make our decision with a full knowledge of what we are considering.

What is the use of getting good marks? Of what practical value is it other than to brag about, or to give others a chance to brag about you.

#### Up or Down

There are just two reasons why it pays to get high ranks. First, you are helping your school. A great many pupils do not realize that when they get an A they are boosting Bangor High School, and when they get a D they are dragging her down. The good students do more, for Bangor High than her athletes do. Every school naturally aspires to take a high place in all phases of school life. If she has a good athletic department it means advertising for the school, and tends to make her a leader. But if behind that splendid athletic ability there is no high standard of scholarship, the school will never be held in high regard by thinking people. Athletics are spectacular and make a flashy appeal. The student's work is quiet and unpretentious like most other things that really count and so he is often forgotten by the cheering crowd. Let it not be forgotten, however, that he is the real backbone of the school, and that without him no high standing can be attained.

In the second place the student who gets high marks is helping himself. The A's and



B's in themselves have no value. It is the work that is required to get them that counts. There are many kinds of bluffers and some of them are exceedingly smooth. Their words are sugar-coated and their faces wear a look of angelic innocence. But there never has been, nor will there ever be a bluffer that can get good ranks consistently throughout his high school course. He may be able to fool the teachers for some time, but there is an end to all things.

When an employer wants to hire a boy he very often goes to his high school record to

see what kind of a student he was. And those tell-tale marks on the books sometimes influence the whole after life of the student.

The most pitiful of all human relics is the youth who "could get just as good ranks as John if he was a mind to. He wouldn't be a cram, not he." Later on that little illusion will soothe him as the others climb to success. "Oh," he will say with that same sweet smile, "I could be up there if I was a mind to try. You just wait, some time those fellows will know how smart I really am."

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The Oracle for next month will be the Commercial Number

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## THE SHARPSHOOTER

I think I nearly had you then, old chap!  
That breeze is blowing up, though, quite  
a lot—  
I'll give the wind-gauge sight a tap  
An' hold her down a trifle, my next shot.

You're surely not an easy one to scare—  
Oh, quite at home the way you stroll  
around,  
As comrade Jacques would say, "Si debonnaire,"  
And yet, you know, you're booked for  
underground!

I judge that, when you lived beyond the  
Rhine,  
You were a decent man, about like me,  
And had a cheerful little home, like mine,  
Until the Kaiser toyed with destiny.

No doubt you have a missis waiting there—  
It's very like you to have some kiddies,  
too.  
All pink and white, with sunny flaxen hair  
And big blue eyes, a-watching out for  
you.

'Tis queer, perhaps, that I should feel this  
way  
To you, a foe, I really ought to hate,  
But then, I never saw you 'til today,  
And, given luck, tomorrow'll be too late.

I'll hold my breath to aid a steady hand,  
I'll press the trigger lightly, softly—so!  
What! missed again! Still firm and straight  
you stand,  
Ah, now you wheel and stagger—there  
you go!

—Selected.



*"Every good writer has much idiom."*

## THE PARDON OF THE KING



"WHAT was the name of that town you said I was booked for?" asked Mademoiselle Fayer, indignantly.

"St. Claire," curtly replied the manager.

"Do you mean that I must stay in a place where there is still ice and snow, on Easter?" Mademoiselle's indignation had given place to something a little short of terror.

"You are expected to sing in St. Claire, New Brunswick, Easter Sunday. That is all. Good-morning, Mademoiselle."

With this the manager turned again to his desk and Vivian Fayer walked slowly out of the office.

Standing in the Scollay Square subway station apart from the noisy crowd, the girl saw herself in the little Canadian village being entertained by the one well-to-do family in the place. She was almost willing in anticipation of the home-like scene to leave the smoke and din of the city.

Two days afterward Vivian Fayer stepped from the train at St. Claire. She was met by an old colored man, dressed in livery, who told her that her hostess was to be Lady Elizabeth Royal, and that her ladyship was expecting her. For a moment

Mademoiselle felt she had been landed in Fairyland. Then the fact that she was not accustomed to the life of the nobility brought a hot flush to her cheeks. She turned to her maid for help, but, when she saw the terror written on that young woman's face the humor of the situation was forced upon her. She laughed softly, but not so softly that her laughter did not provoke a frown from the man in livery. How could he know that she was laughing from embarrassment.

A few minutes later the sleigh stopped at the entrance to an old-fashioned mansion. Vivian Fayer and her maid alighted and were not more than half way up the steps, when the door was flung open and an aged butler took Mademoiselle's card to his mistress. Mademoiselle was shown into a large, dimly lighted room where a graceful woman rose to greet her.

"I am Elizabeth Cary, your hostess. I hope you will find my home pleasant, Miss Fayer," remarked the woman coldly.

"I am—I am sure that I shall, Lady Cary," stammered Vivian.

"Please don't 'Lady Cary' me. Either call me Lady Elizabeth, or do not talk to me."

This curt reply almost stunned the girl. She blushed not from shame, but from an-



ger, only the fire in her eyes showing her feeling, because not for a moment did she forget she was this woman's guest.

In the room to which she had been shown Vivian Fayer decided that she was going to hate her hostess. Living with lords and ladies was not what it seemed to be in books.

A few minutes before seven, Vivian went down to the drawing room. This time a very different sight met her eyes. Her hostess, dressed in a fashionable dinner gown, was sitting at the grand piano, while a boy of sixteen or seventeen stood near by playing a violin. The boy ceased, spoke a few words to the woman, who left the piano. Turning to the girl she said:

"This is my son, Royal, Mademoiselle Fayer."

The boy came forward and bowed a little awkwardly. He lacked the sharp manner of his mother, Lady Elizabeth; nor was there a resemblance between mother and son, save that each had dark blue eyes which seemed to hide a mysterious past.

Dinner passed without anything unusual happening. It was the night before Easter and Lady Elizabeth, Royal and Vivian were in the music room when a terrible moan pierced the soft, still air. At first it seemed to the girl that the sound must have come from out-of-doors, but one glance at Lady Elizabeth and her son told her that they knew the meaning of that cry.

Vivian was about to ask the cause of so much agitation, but before it was too late, she pressed her lips tightly together. Lady Elizabeth saw and secretly admired her guest's self-control. The door of the room burst open, the aged butler came to his mistress, falling to his knees before her.

"He must hear you sing. Go to him before it is too late."

The woman and boy sat motionless. The girl crossed the room toward the door, for

in spite of her curiosity she knew she was a stranger. As she turned the knob, Lady Elizabeth hastened to draw her back.

"Since you have heard some things that must make you wonder," she said quietly, "you must stay and help us."

"I do not ask you to tell me anything, but how can I help you?" asked Vivian.

"You must go with me to the sunken court and sing for him," she replied.

"For whom, may I ask?" questioned the girl, then added, "why can't you sing since it is you that he calls for?"

Lady Elizabeth hesitated, then answered, "When you have done as I ask, I will tell you all. We must reach him before he dies."

On one of the walls of the room hung a picture in a heavy, carved frame. Running her hand along this, Lady Elizabeth pressed an electric button and a panel of the wall moved backward, revealing a long flight of stairs. For a moment Vivian Fayer held back, then the spirit of adventure rose within her and she followed the other woman.

Down—down—down they went. Then from a bend in the stairs the candle, which Lady Elizabeth carried, showed nothing except a wall of stones. The woman stopped before one of these and knocking three times, a heavy door on the outer side opened. The room which they entered was luxuriously furnished. By the palettes and easel Vivian knew it was an artist's studio. From a small adjoining room came the delirious murmurings of a fever patient.

"Sing," commanded Lady Elizabeth, "it will quiet him."

The girl sat down at the piano and sang something soft and dreamy. As she sang the murmurings gradually ceased. Lady Elizabeth left the girl and went into the little room.

After an hour she returned. All her for-

mer anxiety and fear had disappeared.

"You have saved my son. Ten years ago he was accused of plotting against the king. All London thought him guilty, so I fled with my two sons to America. They followed us here. No one but the old butler, who is also my son's nurse now, Royal, you, and myself know of this sunken court. Richard has lived without seeing the sunshine for ten long years and has stood it until now. He cannot live much longer indoors, but even ten years is better than being instantly shot. He loved to hear me sing, but about a month ago I lost my voice. This misfortune I concealed from him. As a child singing was the only way in which I could quiet him. Therefore when he was taken ill I wrote your manager to send me a girl with a soprano voice. Now I am waiting for word from my brother in London, who has been ten years trying to clear Richard. That is all, I think, except you may ask anything you wish as a reward."

The next day, while the family was in the music room, the old butler entered.

"My lady, a horse comes down the road at a furious gallop. There surely must be important information."

The old man had hardly finished speaking when a horseman entered the driveway and dismounted at the porch.

A message for your son. Here are important documents from the king."

Lady Elizabeth took the paper which bore the seal of the king. Unfolding them, she read the glad news.

"I, George V, king of Great Britain, Ireland, Emperor of India, Defender of the Faith, freely pardon Richard, eldest son of Lady Elizabeth Cary, of all suspicion of plotting against my life."

Such were the good-tidings which the Easter day brought, that on every succeeding Easter, Vivian Fayer, prima donna, spends a few days at Carydale, England.

## TWENTY YEARS AGO

1896.

A Shakesperian Course.

First Year—Comedy of Errors.

Second Year—Much Ado About Nothing.

Third Year—As You Like It.

Fourth Year—All's Well That Ends Well.

In many of the schools of our large cities, manual training, cooking and sewing have been introduced with great success, and Miss Snow is extremely anxious that this should be done here in Bangor. Probably some one thing will be tried as an experiment in one of the schools.

Surely we all hope it will not be long before we shall be learning to make our clothes, and to cook our dinners, and to build our houses right in school.

From "Editorials."

A good tonic for those who are behind in their studies—Ketchup.—Ex.

There was no school on February 29, owing to the storm.

"Many men, many minds,"—that's what the Seniors think.

Curious combination of weather we've had the past month.

The '96 class rings will be furnished by Pfaff.

A male quartette has been started at the High School. The boys say that all they need now is a chance to show their talent.

"Pickles and crackers?"

"No, give us a dog."

By the way, why not start a lunch counter in the building?

Did you buy this Oracle, or is it your neighbor's?



It has been suggested that the X-ray might be used to advantage by some scholars to discover the contents of their text books.

From "Locals."

The company numbers about seventy men at present, about forty of whom have uniforms of the new color and style. These uniforms have been spoken of by prominent military men as being the handsomest thing out. They are made by Jas. A. Robinson & Son, and are of fine quality. The trousers are sky blue, while the blouses are of a much darker shade with black braid. The officers' chevrons are of gold lace.

From "Cadet Notes."

The Oracle box is at its old stand, waiting patiently for someone to drop an offering in the slot, and hear the editors sing.

From "Locals."

The first college paper printed in the United States was at Dartmouth College, with Daniel Webster as editor-in-chief.

Ex. in Student Life.

Dear Jane:—I'm sending you my coat by post. I have cut off the buttons to make it lighter. You will find them in the breast pocket.

Yours, Pat.

—Ex.

The young ladies cleared about sixty dollars at their recent Leap Year Dance.

One of the Seniors will give a suitable reward to any one who will return the voice which he lost, while singing (?) at the Junior Exhibition.

The Junior Exhibition given at City Hall, Friday evening, March 24, was a great success. Every part was well taken and reflected great credit upon the class of '97 and upon the teachers who had the matter in charge.

During the past month, Senior Class meetings have been the rule. A great deal of discussion has been going on, affording the class "orators" fine practice in debating.

From "Locals."

## THE LOST DRINK

By Shakespeare, the Younger.

Being a Tragedy in Two Acts.

Dramatis Personae.

A. Runt .....	A. Palmer	Bible Snatcher .....	R. MacWilliams
Knobodi Home .....	R. Morse	Cut Up .....	F. O'Leary
Yeomen and Monitor.			

The Time—Between the fifth and sixth periods.

The Place—Third floor of the Temple of Knowledge.

The Girl—(excuse)—The Characters—A. Runt, Knobodi Home, Bible Snatcher, Monitor.

## ACT THE FIRST.

A. Runt—Ye gods of Latium, I have a great thirst and there is no wherewithall to quench it. O bubbling fountain, whose shimmering fluid is wont to regale my sight (in imagination), where hast gone? What vandal has filched away these silvery guards of steel that keep the precious aqua from my lips? Where is thy handle? Alas, all is rust and decay. O, woe is me (weeps).

Knobodi Home—Runt, weep not so. All hope is not lost. Let us descend yon winding staircase and see what we may see. Mayhap the power is not great enough to send the crystalline shower to this great height.

A. Runt—Reck ye so? Would that I thought those words contained wisdom! But coming from thy lips I trust them not.

(Strikes an attitude).

Bible Snatcher—Runt, for once I fain would believe the words of Knob. They carry to my listeners a sense of logic, faint and feeble, it is true, but still logic. Let us descend, brethren, and regale our sight with what we may gaze upon. Now.

Watchful Monitor of 3rd Floor—Hola, stop that talk and move on. You've blocked the gang way long enough.

A. Runt (aside)—Cruel tyrant, I scorn thee. Let us descend, Snatcher, and leave Nobodi Home to incur the wrath of that fell fiend.

They descend, leaving Knobodi Home to the tender mercies of the Monitor. Knob sees the desertion and runs after.

Knobodi Home—Hey, guys, wait for me.

Monitor—Come back here, you wild Indian, and walk as you should.

Knobodi Home (aside)—I shall escape (flees, pursued by irate guardian).

Bible Snatcher—Aha, we have entrapped him. Haw, haw!

Monitor (returning)—That will do for you. Go to the office, the both of you. I've stood all the foolishness I'm going to.

A. Runt—Alas and alack! Let us descend before some other dire peril attacks us. (They descend with sorrow in their hearts).

## ACT THE SECOND.

A band of yeomen are assembled about the fountain of youth on the second floor. Cut Up is engaged in haranguing the mob.

Cut Up—See, behold, feast your weary eyes. The water, the precious fluid of life, bubbles, actually bubbles from yon fountain! O glad day! Jupiter Omnipotent, I thank thee.

(A Runt and Bible Snatcher approach).

A. Runt—What have we here? A motley throng. Whose voice is that entrancing the mob with its dulcet sweetness? Glory, it is my long lost brother, Cut Up. (Rushes through the crowd and falls weeping on his neck).

Cut Up—Look, brother, the water!

A. Runt (his eyes starting from his head)—What! Oh, me for it. (Makes wild dash for the fountain followed by Bible Snatcher, Cut Up and Band of Yeomen. A furious battle rages for the first drink).

Bible Snatcher—Lemme up, you dirty thieves, and I'll step on you. Get off my toes, Runt, or you'll rue the day.

A. Runt (with a wail)—Quit shoving behind. Lemme at that fountain. It's mine by rights.

(Gong rings violently. Mob begins to disperse and leaves A. Runt, Bible Snatcher and Cut Up in possession of the fountain).

Cut Up—Now, noble brethren, after long struggle we will drink. Let us drink. One, two, three, go.



(Three eager heads bend forward, six parched lips seek liquid refreshment, and then the fountain gives out, and gently sighing like an anemic cow, the water stops running).

Finis.

## MY DIARY

By Siol Snikgdoh, '17.

August 2, 1907.

I don't know how it ever came about! I guess it must have been fate. I have never traveled alone before and it was singular that Aunt should consent to my going alone now. But I had so set my mind on seeing Niagara before Uncle Jim came home that Aunt simply could not refuse to let me go. Now that I have started and have gotten over the creepy feeling I am as courageous as though Aunt were with me. I am going to write my diary so Aunt can read it when I get home. Aunt has never been to Niagara, either, even if she has been around the world.

I think Boston is the hottest city ever when it is hot, at least it seemed so today, but it is so lovely and cool here on the old Atlantic that I can not imagine it being hot in Boston now. I sat on the hurricane deck until late trying to wait until the "Old Colony" rounded Cape Cod. I didn't suppose that the Cape was so long, but the water was so smooth and the twilight was just deep enough to cast the whole shore line into shadow so that it seemed one unending stretch. Here was a small faint light, hardly discernible in the distance and there was the bright flash from a lighthouse, while at the left sounded the tinkle of a bell-buoy, mellowed and made chime-like by the distance. The hours crept slowly on, and at last we rounded the long arm of the Commonwealth; night fell and we were out of sight of land, in the broad and mighty Atlantic.

August 3.

This morning when I awoke we were already in New York Harbor, and when I ventured out on deck all the world was astir. Thousands of ships were towed hither and thither while vessels of all nations were lying at anchor all over the harbor; one little private motor boat had great fun trying to make a complete circle around us. When the gigantic bronze Statue of Liberty,—France's gift to our nation—came into view, an old man, whose chair was next to mine arose and bared his head saying in a confused, laughing way to his companion, "I always take off my hat to that statue. It makes me feel kind of proud to be an American. It makes me feel that every nation is an intimate friend to us; a kind of brother."

New York had no charms for me today so I took a subway directly to 42nd street and instead of staying over a day, as Aunt had planned, I came up the Hudson to Albany. I thought myself very fortunate that the Washington Irving was the steamer today. People say that the Hendrick Hudson, the sister ship, is equally fine, but I can not think it. A chance acquaintance remarked to me, that he had been in all kinds of yachts and steamers, in every part of the world, but never had he been in one so fine as the Washington Irving. It was really a floating palace. When it came near to the pier I thought with horror that I would hardly have room to stand so great seemed the crowd. But once on board I wondered where the people had all gone. There was

room and to spare for everybody. There are no staterooms on the boat and only a few private drawing rooms. The desks are large and spacious with plenty of comfortable lounging chairs, a writing-room, supplied with every luxury; a large salon, abounding in palms and big wicker chairs, and from somewhere high in the air, from a platform only half visible came the sweet sounds of an orchestra. The dining salon was one myriad of mirrors, palms and paintings, and the quick and skillful serving of dinner at table d'hôte was a pleasure indescribable. But the beauties of the stately steamer could not hold my attention long, for New York was behind me and the noble palisades greeted my eyes on the left bank. These high, perpendicular half barren, half wooded cliffs are the marvel of people of all ages; sometimes green, sometimes golden in the sunlight, they held my undistracted gaze and Yonkers was passed with hardly a look. The palisades were passed and I walked back to the stern where I might see both sides of the river. The Cosmopolitan Buildings first attracted my admiration with their porticoes and columns; next came Helen Gould's residence with its tower and spires; then in rapid succession William Rockefeller's and Mrs. Elliott F. Sheppard's residences. After these, for some time I looked upon mountains and valleys, clothed with villages, tunnels, railroad bridges, and government buildings.

Suddenly I realized that we were at West Point Military Academy. The gray walls looked very military indeed and I was impressed by the massiveness and the wonderfulness of it all. A company of cadets were drilling not far away and I watched them with interest until they were lost to view. Always were present the undulating mountains, like the rise and fall of waves on the ocean and on Mt. Beacon I saw the little white car of the inclined railroad making

its way laboriously to the top. Farther on I passed Vassar Hospital, St. Andrew College, Frederick Vanderbilt's estate, Levi P. Morton's residence, and William Astor's home. The lighthouses interested me greatly; they were built on little islands in the midst of the river and they had real houses connected with them such as you see on any street of a small town. I don't think I should like to stay there, but they looked very cozy and snug. Soon the Catskill's began to appear and opposite Germantown was the man of the mountains—Old Rip Van Winkle sleeping, stretched out by the side of the Hudson. After leaving the Catskills the land becomes level and marshy, and uninteresting. Everywhere the Knickerbocker Ice Houses predominated and now I am in sight of Albany. I am going to look around Albany a bit and then take the ten o'clock train for Buffalo.

August 4, 10 a. m.

The train was due in Buffalo early this morning and we are still on the way. I'm glad Aunt isn't here because she would be so nervous. We met a wreck, that is, a freight train jumped the rails and we were delayed. It happened about six o'clock,—they say; I, like the stupid creature that I am, slept through the whole thing,—so we went way back to Syracuse. Now they have the tracks cleared and we are on our way again, but we have not had any breakfast. I have some crackers in my bag. Aunt never travels without them and she would not let me. I am glad that she would not. There is a little old lady over there who looks hungry, I guess I will go over and see her. They say we can get breakfast in Buffalo.

Later.

I have seen them; I have seen Niagara Falls! Now I am on the boat going to Toronto. As soon as I arrived in Niagara I hired a carriage and drove around the city



and the Falls. I can not describe the Falls. Aunt will simply have to look at the picture in the Library at home. They are—(there is not a word big enough so I can not express it). Sometimes they were so clear and shining that they seemed like a crystal vision, sometimes the mist and spray was so thick that the Falls were entirely hidden. I am not going to write any more about them because I can not. But I will tell about the Belt Line, which runs around the Gorge on both the Canadian and the American side. These cars run every fifteen minutes and the round trip ticket allows for stop-overs at the interesting places. But beware of the stop-overs, for if one is enticed by the conductor's cry, "The Devil's Hole! Tourists must not miss seeing this place! No extra charge! Another car in fifteen minutes!" she will find that it will take her a good half hour to see the Devil's Hole and then, there is perhaps a curio shop, an enticing ice cream parlor, or something even better. After all this, one finds that the car has just gone. "There will be another one in fifteen minutes, Madam," repeats the smiling attendant. I escaped all this through the advice of a fellow passenger, but when I came to the Administration building on the Canadian side I could not resist alighting to see again the world-famed

cataract. I climbed the narrow, winding stairs to the tower, with the other tourists and looked with ever increasing awe upon "Niagara Falls." I wondered how the "Maid of the Mist," that small boat which was now and then hidden by the spray, dared, in that surging water, to go so near the Falls.

When I reached Brock's Park it was noon and I was hungry; the conductor informed me that there was a little cafe there in a grove, so I alighted a second time. I spent about an hour in the Park and had lunch on a little table under the trees. Then, after the customary fifteen minutes' wait, I again boarded the car. The car stopped by the whirlpool rapids and all I could think of to describe it was a great war, a gigantic war of the elements. The waters became literally heaped up, the mist rose in the air like the spray of the Falls, and the green and white and black of the water was really awful.

I got back to Niagara later in the afternoon than I expected and I had just time to buy a brooch, made of the rock taken from under the Falls, for Aunt, and get the train for Lewiston, where the boat leaves for Toronto. I have just decided that I will stay a few days at Aunt Josey's in Toronto before I start for home.

## ON THE "MARLIN"

By Swastika.



THE cattle boat Marlin was making her seventeenth run from Liverpool to New York with the worst crew that had ever taken her across. Men who ship on cattle boats do not resemble plaster saints in the least, but this crew was even worse than usual; a band of hard drinking loafers collected from the wharves and

cheap sailors' boarding houses. They were a motley array of all nationalities. But the biggest and the worst was Olaf, the Swede. Six feet four, of muscle and beef, combined with a head of surprising thickness makes a bad combination to deal with.

Captain Snark, the leader of the ruffians, was himself no sweet character, and he had a reputation for handling ugly crews in a seamanlike manner. The Swede, however,

was a nut that he did not know how to handle,—and when he had to meet the big square head something happened.

It was just about two in the afternoon. The sea had been unusually smooth, but there was an oily look on the grey water that made the old hands shake their heads. Not a cloud was in sight, and the cattle boat rolled along in a leisurely fashion under a light breeze.

Captain Snark walked over to where the Swede was lounging against the mast, and said in a sharp voice, "Get busy there, you square head. I was just down to your section and the cattle haven't been fed. Wake up, and stir yourself or I'll—" He never finished speaking. Olaf rose slowly to his feet, a queer light in his eyes. He had been drinking steadily since morning and was in possession of only about half his senses, which were not of the best when the man was sober. He reeled slightly, and walked slowly up to where the captain stood gazing at him with a look of cold disgust on his face.

The air had suddenly become heavy and the steely waves swished sullenly along the boat's side. It was one of those lulls just before a storm when everything seems hushed and still. The sky was rapidly becoming overcast, and the wind began to rise a little. But the crew paid no attention to the signs. They were watching with breathless interest the scene before them.

"Aye bain my own boss," muttered the drunken Swede, and then he calmly pulled a long dirk and drove it into the captain's body. Snark gave a little sigh, and rolled gently to the deck, leaving Olaf swaying foolishly above him with the knife in his hand.

For a moment there was a breathless hush and then the little group of men at the bow drew back with nervous glances and left the big Swede rocking back and forth over the

body of the captain. "He's gone daft," muttered one of the men. And the crew huddled closer together like a band of sheen in a storm. The leader was gone and they did not know what to do.

"Shoot him, Red," snarled one of the men.

"My gun's ashore," was the nervous reply, and no one came forward to fire. The use of pistols is not encouraged on a cattle steamer. A knife thrust is just as effective and has the advantage of being silent.

No one knows how long the affair would have remained at a standstill had not the murderer himself forced the end.

He began to creep stealthily towards the little group, his knife clutched tightly and his blond head waving back and forth like a caged bear. A big man run amuck is an ugly specimen to deal with and the knot of sailors were at a loss what to do. Then at the crucial moment one man rose to the occasion. Nogi, a little wiry Jap whom the men had left severely alone, stepped quickly from the group and started towards the murderer. He had no desire to be knifed in a panic-stricken mob where there would be no chance to dodge.

The two men crept toward each other; one huge, maddened, and armed with a long dirk; the other small, cunning, and carrying in his hand a little dagger that looked like a plaything beside the weapon of the Swede. Closer and closer they crept and then suddenly the Jap darted straight at his huge enemy. Olaf struck out like a serpent. The Jap leaped inside and under the blow and the next moment the Swede was flung headlong to the deck with a dagger hole in his side. He rolled over, and rose again, swaying like a reed and holding his wounded side. The dirk lay on the deck under Nogi's feet. The monster was disarmed.

Again the Jap ran forward. His arm shot out and before the wounded sailor



could grapple he was in the death lock that is the last resort of the jui-jitsu fighters. For a second the two bodies strained against each other and then the Jap bent quickly and sent the wounded sailor flying over his shoulder.

The huge body struck the gunwale, slid over, slipped along the ship's side and disappeared with a splash in the hungry waters below. Then the storm came in a rush, and the crew of the Marlin went on duty again.

## ALMOST PIRATES

By James C. McCann.



FROM half past seven until eight o'clock on Monday evening, one might have seen five boys, ranging from thirteen to seventeen years of age, creeping cautiously up the old, rickety backstairs to the upper floor of John Hallock's barn. Here burlap and old blankets had been hung over the windows, which hid from the view of curious passers-by the group of young conspirators, all earnestly engaged in conversation, squatting Indian fashion on the floor, around a lantern which dimly glittered in the darkness.

"But what if we're caught?" complained Jack, the youngest of the group.

"You leave it to me, kid," came stoutly from seventeen year old John, who was apparently the leader of the gang. "I've pawned ma's pins and rings that I found on her dresser; and I've got enough revolvers fer all of us, and remember you're the one was goin' to bring the powder. And say," he added, sticking out his chest, "jest think how th' other fellers would admire us after we had a fight with the coppers. You ain't afraid are yer?"

"N-no," replied the youngster half-heartedly, his face belying his answer.

John then continued the explanation of his plans to his other comrades. "Fellers, yer know Mr. Archer's little catboat down at the slip, the one pa tried to get fer me?"

"Yep."

"Well, while old Archer was down there

this after, I went aboard and began to talk with him, kinder friendly like yer know; and he said he had her all stocked up fer a week's fishin' trip, and said he was goin' day after tomorrow. So\* tomorrow night we'll beat it with her at nine o'clock, board the Sante that's anchored out in the harbor, get the gold we heard the cap talking about, and jest think then we'll be reg-lar pirates."

His face flushed with excitement, and he finished his exposition with such earnestness, that his companions were fully convinced that the venture would be the simplest and most exciting thing they could undertake.

"Do you know where the gold is?" inquired young Ed. Finnigan, in a low whisper.

"Yep, heard the cap tell Pa it was in the table drawer; and he said that there's almost a thousand. Gee! We wouldn't have to raid another ship fer a year."

"But ain't we goin' to see Ma an' Pa again?" Jack broke out timidly.

"Sure, you can creep back some dark night in about a month, and while they're asleep, you can write a note that you'll be back for a visit, if they'll agree to keep the cops away from the house. Gee! but that would be some exciting."

"M-Maybe," murmured Jack, doubtfully, as he had never been away from home, and did not at all cherish the idea of such a long separation from his "Ma an' Pa."

"Well, then," drawled John, "it is understood by all the brothers of this most high

and dignified council of the Piratical Society of America, that each member will be at the slip at nine o'clock tomorrow night, with the necessary duds and whatever else he has hereto been assigned to prepare; and let it be understood that any traitor to this noble cause, when captured, will be strung from the yard-arm at noon. I now declare this meeting adjourned."

As stealthily as they had gathered, the small band dispersed, each boy burning with a feverish excitement, for they were soon to be full fledged pirates like Wild Dick, and Slippery Ike; that is all but one was thus excited, for young Jack was filled with the grievous doubt that the whole affair was wrong in some way or other, and his little mind was quite unable to comprehend how enjoyable life would be without his "Ma an' Pa." And when he thought of a whole year from home, he at once made up his mind as to the course he would follow.

At nine sharp all of the boys, except Jack, had gathered on the slip; but with such excitement and confusion, that it is to be wondered at that they did not attract the attention of the night watchman. For fifteen minutes they waited, but still no Jack appeared. Finally, John's patience, tried to its very limit, gave out completely.

"Aw, I'll bet the kid's got cold feet; anyhow he won't squeal 'cause he's afraid of bein' hung to the yard-arm. We can't wait any longer for him, so hoist the standard, me hearties," he commanded in a hoarse whisper.

And up went the skull and bones banner of the pirates into the murky darkness of the night, while on deck the young desperadoes stood with bared heads, reverently bent, while John clerically invoked the Lord's blessing upon their most worthy expedition.

"Off we are, me hearties," he exclaimed, triumphantly, as the small boat began to make headway under the propulsion of a

slight breeze. "Throw her a little to the starboard, Bob."

Bob Hatteras, to whom this order had been given, sullenly obeyed; he was a lad about John's size and from the outset had seriously objected to John's self-appointed leadership. All going well thus far, John stepped into the stern and announced that he was now ready to take the wheel.

"Gw'an, whatcha think yer got here anyhow? Who d'yer think's boss around this here joint," objected Bob, who was what might be termed the "hard guy" of the bunch.

"Well, I'm captain here, and I'll take the helm," retorted John, laying his hand on the wheel at the same time.

"Captain nawthin!" which statement Bob emphasized with a none too gentle push which sent John toppling over backwards; John called on the fellows for help, and followed by a few of his braver comrades, made a rush at the offender. A lively struggle immediately ensued in which Bob was overcome by sheer force of superior numbers.

"Chain him and cast him into the guard house," commanded the illustrious leader.

One of the boys thoughtfully furnished a red necktie, as a substitute for the missing chains, and with tied hands, Bob was cast into the guard house, or rather into the sole room of which the little sloop could boast. Peace followed with John still the proclaimed leader of the glorious expedition.

Under the skillful, though inexperienced guidance of John's hand, the boat, pursuing a most zig-zag course, was slowly approaching a two-masted schooner, the *Sante*, swinging at anchor.

As the little sloop drew up into the wind on the starboard side, John ordered them to draw their revolvers and load. Then he remembered that Jack was the one who was to bring the powder; so here they were attempting their first assault, upon which so



much depended, without a single round of ammunition!

"Never mind! There can't be many aboard and they won't know our guns ain't loaded. Aboard, Aboard," John commanded.

The youngsters scaled the side of the vessel as if they were veterans; advanced towards the cabin, headed by John; entered cautiously with drawn revolvers, all quivering with excitement.

Stealthily the noble leader advanced to the table in the center of the room, opened the drawer, put in his hand and grabbed a handful of—nails.

He had just uttered a cry of chagrin, when a terrible moaning and groaning arose from the farther end of the cabin.

"W-w-w-what's th-that?" stuttered all in chorus.

"M-m-my G-God, it's a-a-a g-ghost!" cried John turning to run, but finding the cabin door mysteriously closed and locked.

"Stop where you are," uttered a deep voice; and then a tall, white, ghostly figure arose from behind a large armchair and advanced towards the boys.

"Wh-wh-who are-y-you?" fearfully demanded John.

"I! Why I'm Old Cap Kid's Ghost! Listen here boys. They think nowadays I died a natural death; but no, I was hung from a yard-arm. My old pals were all disposed of in like manner. Now you're pretty good

boys, and I don't want to see you end your days that way. Don't want to yourselves, do you?"

"N-n-n-no," they all affirmed.

"So," the ghost continued in a deep imperious voice, "down on your knees every mother's son of you, and swear never to do such a thing as this again, and swear to go home and confess the whole affair to your parents."

The boys, their knees shaking, teeth chattering, too fearful to realize what they were doing, knelt, as if in the act of offering up a most fervent prayer.

As their knees touched the floor a match snapped; the large lamp on the table flared; the ghost threw off his white mantle; and there stood Mr. Hallock, the would-be ghost, surrounded by four officers.

"Come boys, we better get home now, it's nearly ten o'clock, and after bedtime," Mr. Hallock attempted to say sternly, although there was a slight suspicion of a smile playing around the corners of his mouth.

There were five rather crestfallen and embarrassed boys at school the next day, all endeavoring to evade their questioning comrades. One small boy wisely kept a safe distance from each of the four pirates, and although the four cast some rather suspicious glances his way during school hours, it is needless to say that he never swung from the yard-arm.

## A VOICE FROM OLD JAPAN

By Ruth D. Newcomb.

As I sat before the fire, staring deep into the flame,  
I heard a distant, faint, low voice calling me by name.  
I raised my startled eyes above, to mantel and to wall,  
To find from whence had come to me, that queer, mysterious call.  
But e'er my gaze had wandered far, it fell upon a sight,  
Which sent strange feelings o'er me, part pleasure and part fright;  
For where there once had been a vase of dainty blue and tan,  
There now stood looking at me, a small maid from Japan.  
I curtsied very slowly, afraid she'd disappear,

But she made no sign of leaving, or of showing any fear.  
 Instead she peered out coyly, from behind her flowery fan,  
 And whispered that she came to tell me tales of fair Japan.  
 So she told me of her country, when it's white with cherry-blossoms,  
 Of the festival of blossoms, and the legends of its moons;  
 She drew for me a picture of the gay chrysanthemums,  
 As they look when bright with color—and before the blossom comes.  
 About the quaint old tea house she spoke a long, long time;  
 Tales of fairy love related, which the children chant in rhyme;  
 The tale which followed then, I deemed it queer the maid should know,  
 For I believed she was a Spirit of the Long Ago.  
 But she seemed to tell quite clearly of the Coronation time  
 Which is going on at present at Kyoto's sacred Shrine;  
 When the Emperor Yoshihito ascends the Imperial Throne,  
 To guard the Sacred Treasures which are his, and his alone.  
 The Sacred Treasures of the Realm; Sword, Mirror, Necklace, three  
 Were sent to earth from heaven by the Great Omikami.  
 The Mirror stands for Knowledge, the Sword for Courage fine,  
 The Jewels are for Mercy—the treasures of the line.

But her stories of the flowers were delightful, and she told,  
 Too, about the silvery rivers, and the birds whose wings like gold,  
 Sparkle in the brilliant sunlight; and their flutelike songs so rare,  
 Keep the music always trilling in the fragrance-laden air.

Told of how the little mothers hold their children on their backs,  
 Of how the rice is gathered, and stored away in sacks.  
 Next about the tiny sandals that they wear upon their feet,  
 And the curious little chop-sticks with which they always eat.  
 Of the mats of grass she told me, how they weave them in the loom,  
 For they have no chairs as we do, only mats about the room.  
 And they sit and sleep upon them, very queer it seemed to me,  
 To rest upon a mat at night, or while you drink your tea.  
 Then she sang me quaint old verses of the land from which she came,  
 Told me too of neighboring counties, and great cities of wide fame.  
 Since she left her fairy bower, many years had drifted by,  
 And her almond eyes grew misty, and the memories brought a sigh,  
 But she soon grew gay and happy as she went on with her tale,  
 Till I thought there came between us a misty sort of veil;  
 For her figure seemed much fainter than when first I saw her there.  
 And again the room seemed darker, and the shelf looked strangely bare,  
 I roused myself; the small blue vase stood in its former place,  
 While the painted Japanese girl wore a smiling peaceful face.  
 You may say that I'd been dreaming, but I know full well myself,  
 That there **was** a tiny maiden talking to me from the shelf.  
 Nor e'er shall I forget the tales she told of home and clan,  
 Nor the dainty little maid herself direct from old Japan.



# LOCALS

*"Truth needs no flowers of speech."*

Miss Stasia Scribner and Miss Ethel Harrigan were in Boston for part of the vacation.

Miss Ethel Nichols spent part of the vacation in Searsport with her parents, and the rest in Boston.

Miss Rachel Hall went to Augusta the second week of the vacation.

Miss Irene Cousins went to Portland for part of the vacation.

Miss Anna MacSkimmon visited relatives in Brookline during the holidays.

Miss Alice Harvey was in Boston during the vacation.

The Annual Junior Exhibition was held Friday evening, March 24, in City Hall. The winners of the Charles French medals were James McCann and Miss Callie M. Davis, while those receiving honorable mention were Stanley Cayting and Miss Pauline Woodward. The judges were Raymond Fellows, Oliver L. Hall and Mrs. Mary J. Hexter. The decision which was announced by Mr. Fellows, was well received by the audience. The program was:

The Crusader.....T. H. Rollinson  
High School Orchestra.

The Perfect Tribute.....Mary S. Andrews  
James C. McCann.

The Going of the White Swan.....  
.....Gilbert Parker  
Callie M. Davis.

The Soul of the Violin..Margaret M. Merrill  
A. Stanley Cayting.

A Night in May.....Alfred J. Silver  
Chorus.

Dancing School and Dickie....Anonymous  
Nellie M. Jones.

The Lost Word.....Henry Van Dyke  
Franklin Gould.

The Bohemian Girl.....Balfe  
High School Orchestra.

Court Scene (from The Merchant of  
Venice) .....William Shakespeare  
Ruth W. Hunt.

The Attorney for the Defense.....  
.....Richard H. Davis  
Thomas Kane.

The One Legged Goose.....  
.....F. Hopkinson Smith  
Grace G. Brennan.

Oh Italia, Italia, Beloved (from Lucre-  
zia Borgia).....Donizetti  
Chorus.

A Vision of War.....Robert Ingersoll  
Harry Helson.

The Window Blind.....Henry H. Jones  
Pauline Woodward.

The Four Ages of Man.....Lachner  
High School Orchestra.

Great credit is due to Miss Stasia J. Scribner, who coached the speakers. Many were

heard to say that the Exhibition was the best for several years.

The High School Orchestra deserves special mention for the fine way in which they rendered the musical selections on the program which added much to the pleasure of the evening. The vocal selections given by the whole class were done very well.

The two French playlets, "Les Facheux" and "La Lettre Chargee" were given Thursday evening, March 16, under the direction of Madame Beaupre, with great success. The acting was extremely good and many of the audience who were unable to understand French found no difficulty in following the action of the plays. Madame Beaupre deserves much praise for the fine way in which these were given. The casts were:

**Les Facheux:**

Jeanne, la victime, collegienne... Anna Grey  
Louise Letourdie, amie de Jeanne.....

.....Dorothy Allen  
Angele Biensage, amie de Jeanne.....

.....Margaret Estes  
Alberta Sapientissima bas-bleu.....

.....Nellie Jones  
Mme. Vve Philotoquee, journaliste....

.....Anna Harden  
Anastasia Bonnefille, femme de chambre

.....Nathalie Turner

**La Lettre Chargee:**

Hortense, jeune veuve.....Nathalie Glass  
Francine, femme de chambre.....

.....Geneva Croxford  
Fougasson, Americain.....Herbert Torsleff

Hector De Courvalin, substitut.....  
.....Crosby Redman

Between the plays some French songs were beautifully sung by Miss Dorothy Eames, accompanied by Miss Marguerite Tibbetts on the violin and with Miss Madeline Abbott at the piano.

A very interesting lecture on music was given Thursday, March 23, before the whole

school by John C. Freund, editor of Musical America. Mr. Freund told of the part played by music in the schools and importance of the United States as a musical center. Mr. Freund is well known in musical circles and devotes all his time to the study of music in America. The lecture was very instructive and greatly enjoyed by all the students.

Miss Pauline Woodward spent the first week of the vacation in Boston.

Kenneth Boardman spent the vacation in Augusta with his parents.

Stanley Cayting visited friends in Millinocket the first week of vacation.

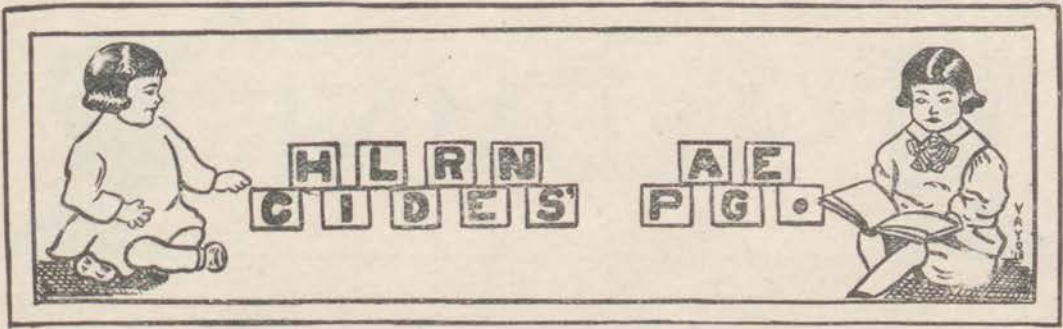
Galen Kenney and Harold Murray spent a week with friends in Hudson.

Thursday evening, March 23, the school celebrated the winning of the State Basketball championship by attending the Bijou in a body. Mr. Bogrett gave the decorating committee a free hand and the theatre was decorated prettily with banners and red and white bunting. The expenses for decorating were defrayed by a collection. The team occupied a box as did the speakers and Athletic Council. Mr. E. P. Murray spoke for the alumni and C. Freeman Olsen for the students. "Ed" Whalen led the cheering.

Richard MacWilliams, Freeman Olsen, Oliver Hall, Addison Palmer, Osgood Nickerson, Orestes Cleveland, '15, and Edwin Costello spent a week camping at Pushaw.

The uniforms for those taking military drill have come and look quite "spiffy." They are of the brownish tint, nearly the same as those of the regular army. The outfit consists of a coat, trousers, gaiters, and a cap. On the cap and on the collar of the coat are the initials "B. H. S."





Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
When he stubbed his toe against the bed:  
ZZZZZ???) ) ) ) ) ) — — — !!!! ?-?-!-!-

#### Self-Preservation.

Freshman (bringing in some jokes)—  
"I've got some peaches here."

Editor (after perusing them)—"I guess  
we'll can them."

Mother—"Why, Johnnie, where did you  
hear that naughty word?"

Johnnie—"Well! Kipling used it and  
he—"

Mother—"Don't you ever play with him  
again."

Miss Pfaff: "There is no such thing as  
luck, its the one who—"

Freshie (interrupts): "There ain't eh?"

Did you ever see anybody upset an ink-  
stand when it was empty?"

How near were you to the right answer to  
the fifth question?

Two seats away.

I stood upon a mountain—I looked down on  
a plain,

I saw a lot of green stuff—it looked like  
waving grain.

I took another look and thought it to be  
grass—

But goodness! to my horror—it was the  
Freshman Class.

A small boy writing to the Ford Auto Co.:

Dear Sir: Enclosed are two tin cans,  
with which please make me one of your re-  
nowned autos. Yours respectfully,

JOHNNIE WILLIAMS.

The reply to the above:

Johnnie Williams: One can is sufficient.

Yours truly,

FORD AUTO CO.

The following is an extract from a fresh-  
man's composition:

The villun curled his mustarch and seez-  
ing the maiden shrieks ha ha be mine or  
deaths blud is on my head this dagger stabs  
thee to thy utermost sole ha ha ha vengunze  
vengunze. But the good hero kurses and  
says O hevins hevins stur one step and thy  
ded body lies at my door. lay won parm on  
the damsels korpse and it was better if you  
was drowned with a millstone. Avarnt,  
avarnt from this sweet korpse presunz.

Suitor: "Believe me, dearest, I love you  
alone."

Small Brother (from back of curtain):  
"Don't you believe him, Fay, he'll never love  
you alone till he gives me a dime for  
candy."

It was midnight.

"Wow-wow-wow-wow," wailed the baby.

"Four bawls and I walk," responded the  
ball-player Dady.



*" 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours."*

Mr. and Mrs. Paul C. Savage are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Eugenia Louise. Mrs. Savage graduated from B. H. S. in 1909.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Carl Ringwall, of San Francisco, are proud parents of a son, Carl Rudolph. Mr. Ringwall was in the class of 1909. After graduation from the Boston Conservatory of Music, he was a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mrs. Ringwall was formerly Miss Lucy Adams and was in the class of 1911.

The engagement is announced of John Walter Hunt, 1909, to Bernice Chase Farrington of Holden. Mr. Hunt is a graduate of the College of Agriculture, U. of M., and is with his father, carrying on the home-stand farm in Holden.

Ethel L. Leslie, 1908, a graduate of the Children's Hospital, Boston, has taken the position of Superintendent of the Children's Hospital in Birmingham, Alabama.

Friends in this city are interested in the announcement of the marriage of Jahaziah Shaw Webb of Worcester, Mass., and Miss Grace Agnes Parker of Vergennes, Vt., which took place Tuesday, March 7. The bride is the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Charles Edmund Parker of Vergennes and the groom is a native of Bangor, being the only son of the late J. S. Webb, Sr., of this

city and of Mrs. J. S. Webb of Worcester, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Webb will be at home after April 1, at Davenport, Iowa.

Gladys Niles, 1908, is recording secretary of the Bangor Equal Suffrage League.

Myrtle Smart, 1908, who is a research worker at the New Jersey State Hospital at Graystone Park, recently gave an address before the Biological Society of Mount Holyoke College.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving G. Stetson are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Frederic Hastings. Mrs. Stetson was formerly Miss Eleanor Strickland and is an ex-member of the class of 1908.

L. J. Freese, B. H. S., 1912, has been elected treasurer of the Maine Intercollegiate Tennis Association, representing U. of M.

G. Arthur MacWilliams, B. H. S., 1911, was on the committee of arrangements for the Boston concert of the Bowdoin Musical clubs at the Hotel Somerset.

#### **Pianoforte Recital.**

A pianoforte recital was given recently by Miss Teresa Tuck for the pleasure of the pupils of Mrs. F. L. Tuck, their parents and her class of teachers in Music Appreciation.



1915  
For 1914 Class Reunion.

The committee appointed at the last annual reunion of the Bangor High school class of 1914, composed of John M. O'Connell, class president; Miss Martha Mansur, vice president; Stewart Peckham, secretary and treasurer; Miss Dorothy Smith, Miss Frances Townsend, Miss Lucy Cullinan, Norman Mullen and Walter Creamer, held a meeting in a study room of the public library, Tuesday morning for the purpose of making arrangements for the next reunion, booked to be held the latter part of June. It is expected this reunion will be of a somewhat different nature than former gatherings and the plans of the committee are awaited with interest.

Arno W. Savage of Bangor, a student at Bowdoin College, is one of the candidates for the Bowdoin baseball team now at practice under Coach Ben Houser, having returned from the spring vacation.

Lydia Adams was at home from Simmons college for the spring recess. She is accompanied by two of her classmates, Miss Belle Watson of Toledo, Ohio, and Miss Helen Ayer of Portland.

Margaret Woodman, B. H. S., 1915, was at home from Wellesley College for the spring recess.

Mildred Monson, B. H. S., 1912, spent the spring recess with her parents in Bar Harbor. She is a senior at U. of M. and plans to take a special course at Wellesley next year.

The following graduates were at home for vacation: Arno Savage, Harvey Miller, Edward Hawes, Frances Townsend, Gwen-

doline Safford, Margaret Woodman, Dorothy Smith, Pauline Mansur, Gertrude Perry, Sylvia Parker, Elizabeth Thaxter, Charlotte Clark, Alden Safford, Dorothy Harvey.

Verne Beverly is still at the hospital from an injury to his foot.

A committee from the class of 1914 held a meeting at the Public Library, March 28, to discuss plans for a reunion some time this summer.

Miss Mabel Hanson, one of Bangor's girls at the Boston Conservatory of Music, made an excellent showing at some recitals in Recital Hall, recently. Miss Hanson sang in costume a group of Thurlow's North American Indian songs, and also gave two songs of Northern France, Lorraine, and The Angelus.

Miss Sylvia Parker, a student at Mt. Holyoke, spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Parker, French street. Miss Parker, who was an honor student of B. H. S., '12, has done excellent work in college. Beginning with honors in her Sophomore year, she is now a member of the honorary society, Phi Beta Kappa, and president of the college biological club, besides taking part in various non-academic activities, such as the orchestra, track athletics, etc. After her graduation next June, Miss Parker plans to study at the Woods Hole marine laboratory during the summer. In the fall she will return to college as an assistant in the biological department.

Paul Larrabee was a member of the winning team of Deering High School in the Bates' League Debating team. Mr. Larrabee was a member of B. H. S. until a year ago when his people moved to Portland.



*"He that cannot obey cannot command."*

On March 3, at Old Town, Bangor ran against her first snag in the shape of the fast Old Town five. The final score was 27 to 21 in favor of Old Town, but the game ended in a dispute over the time left to play after time had been taken out for an injury. At the end of the first half Bangor lead by one point, the score being 15 to 14, but Old Town played better in the last half and came back strong. The game was fast and snappy all the way through and although Old Town was outweighed they made up for this lack in their speed and shooting. Bangor took a large delegation up with them and they and the Old Town rooters made just a little noise in the small hall up there. Although a tie exists between Bangor and Old Town, no one who has seen the two teams play can believe that the fast five from Old Town could beat Bangor on a neutral floor. The summary:

<b>O. T. H. S. (27)</b>	<b>B. H. S. (21)</b>
Mishou, l.f., 6.....r.b., Heal	
W. Perro, r.f., 5.....l.b., Jones, 4 (1)	
Cary, c. l.....c., Mulvaney, 2	
C. Perro, l.b. 1, (1).....r.f., Freeman, 3	
Moors, r.b.....l.f., Adams, 1	
Referee, Rice, U. of M. Umpire, Daley,	
U. of M. Time, 20-minute periods.	

Bangor returned to her winning form Friday night, March 10, and defeated Deering High by the score of 21 to 13. During the first half of the game the passing and shooting of the school team was way off and

that of the visitors was not much better as both teams together only secured 9 points, five of which went to the visitors. Jones and Adams were the only men to score for Bangor during the entire half and they got only one basket apiece. It was the one game of the season in which the visiting team was able to get more points than Bangor in the first half. In the second half the playing of Bangor was much better and as a result the score chalked up on the local side of the column was much larger than that of the first half. Deering had the best of fouls that were called, getting three points by them while Bangor only got one. The visiting team put up a good defensive, but the game by the locals, in the last half, was more than they could stand. The summary:

<b>B. H. S. (21)</b>	<b>D. H. S. (13)</b>
Adams, l.f., 8.....r.b., Stockman (3)	
Freeman, r.f.....l.b., Ricker, 1	
Mulvaney, c.....c., Barry, 1	
Heal, r.b.....l.f., Foden, 3	
Jones, l.b., 2 (1).....r.f., Stockford	
Referee, Daley. Timer, McGuire. Scorer,	
McCann. Time, two 20-minute periods.	

### Hurrah for the Championship.

On Saturday, March 18, Bangor High came to the last and hardest game on her schedule, that game with Portland High which was played in City Hall and in which Bangor made the best showing of the sea-



son. When the final whistle blew, the score stood 34 to 13 in favor of the locals and the 800 or more basketball fans that were present knew that the five which had represented the crimson during the basketball season of 1915-16 was not only the best team that Bangor has ever sent on the floor, but also the best and fastest team in the state of Maine. The fans saw the best team work, passing and dribbling done by any visiting team this year. The work of the locals was excellent in all departments of the game and their shooting was the best that they have shown this year. In practice both teams showed up well and when they lined up Johnson, the Portland center, being taller than Swede, got the jump on him, but Bangor's great defensive game prevented this from being of much advantage to Portland. Each member of the visiting team secured a basket, but only three of the locals succeeded in caging the oval. Nine fouls were called on Bangor, three of which were turned into points by Williams.

Bangor was the first to score, Adams securing three baskets in succession and Freeman getting another before Williams shot the first basket for Portland after a try for a foul. At the end of the first half the score stood 14 to 6 in favor of Bangor. Adams was hurt during the first half, but returned to the game after a short time-out. Bangor secured five baskets in the second half before Portland woke up and Couri secured his single basket to the total. Johnson ended the scoring for Portland by dribbling the length of the floor and jumping so high in his eagerness to make sure of a basket that he landed on the stage. Adams got two more and Freeman ended the scoring for Bangor with another of his clever shots. During the game Jones got two pretty shots from the center of the floor. The summary:

## B. H. S. (34)

Adams, l.f. 8.....r.b., Williams, 1 (3)  
Freeman, r.f. 7.....l.b., Hamilton, 1  
Mulvaney, c.....c., Johnson, 1  
Heal, r.b.....l.f., Waite, 1  
Jones, l.b., 2.....r.f., Couri, 1

Referee, Stuart. Scorers, Couri and Frawley. Timers, O'Connell and O'Brien. Time, two 20-minute periods. Attendance, 800.

Bangor in the fourteen games which Manager Frawley had secured won thirteen and lost one, that one being to Old Town on her own floor. Bangor played three games out of town; namely, at Orono, Old Town and Bucksport. Four of the games were at the City Hall and the rest were played at the High school gymnasium. Starting with a win over the Alumni they went through the season with the record of more than doubling the score of their opponents in every game except that with Deering High. Bangor's championship record is as follows:

Dec. 10—Bangor, 42; Alumni, 21.

Dec. 17—Bangor, 34; U. of M., 3.

Jan. 7—Bangor, 108; Oak Grove Seminary, 7.

Jan. 14—Bangor, 58; Castine High, 9.

Jan. 19—Bangor, 34; E. M. C. S., 9.

Jan. 21—Bangor, 28; Orono High, 10.

Feb. 4—Bangor, 23; Old Town High, 8.

Feb. 9—Bangor, 52; E. M. C. S., 6.

Feb. 18—Bangor, 34; Morse High, 3.

Feb. 22—Bangor, 19; Orono High, 2.

Feb. 26—Bangor, 60; Westbrook High, 7.

Mar. 3—Old Town High, 27; Bangor, 21.

Mar. 10—Bangor, 21; Deering High, 13.

Mar. 18—Bangor, 34; Portland High, 13.

Now for baseball and track. Everybody turn out and make two more championship teams. Practice in the gym. NOW and out doors later. The managers want plenty of material. With Hebron out of the running, Bangor stands a good chance to win the meet at Maine. All out!



*"Keep cool; anger is not argument"*

### Preparing a Debate

After the brief has been finished, if it is all that a brief should be, it is a very easy matter to "cover it up" and have the finished argument.

As the brief is the skeleton of the argument, it is necessary and very important that the various points be connected. Not only should they be connected, but the debater should show **how** they are connected. Often an argument is worthless because the various points which depend upon one another are not properly brought out. The sequence should be correct, also.

Examples must be specific and unless they aid the hearers in understanding a point or help prove a point, they are superfluous. The analogy must be essentially parallel. Debaters must be careful that the other side does not use the same example for their own advantage. No examples should be used which are not perfect. If the other side knows the question, they will see the fallacy.

Anecdotes may be utilized for two purposes: first, to illustrate a point so that the hearers may grasp it and remember it; and second, to concentrate the result of a previous demonstration. But one should be very sparing in the use of anecdotes. The disadvantages are greater than the advantages. They tend to divert attention of the audience, so nothing is accomplished. They seem to be outside the sphere of argu-

mentation, for anecdotes prove nothing. Thus it would seem to be evading the point rather than meeting it squarely with facts to use an anecdote where some statistics or quotation would suffice.

But there is one advantage of the anecdote which sometimes helps. An anecdote, if it is to the point at hand, and can be brought home to the audience, makes the audience receptive and occasionally prejudices them. Yet it is neither safe nor good debating to depend upon this to win a debate.

### Gardiner at Bangor.

On March 17, Gardiner High sent a team to Bangor to argue the negative of the question: Resolved, That there should be compulsory military training in all the High schools and academies of the United States.

The team consisted of Miss Rena Speed and Messrs. Niman and Emerson, with Hayes as alternate. The Bangor team consisted of Messrs. Black, Banton and Helson, with Boynton as alternate.

The affirmative showed that compulsory military drill is desirable, owing to its mental, moral, and physical benefits; that it is expedient, as it could easily be made a part of the school curriculum, and because it has proved a success where tried; that it is a necessity because an experienced reserve, trained in the essentials of military practice, would save the lives of thousands of our best youths.



The negative maintained that compulsory military drill is militaristic in that it develops a desire for war in immature minds; that if it is good for one sex, why not for both sexes (?) and since war is degrading, the morals of the youths would be injuriously affected; also that no benefits, either mental, physical or moral could be gained by such a system of training.

The rebuttal was spirited and to the point as neither side misquoted the other or ran off on a tangent.

Mr. Emerson of Gardiner was declared by the judges to be the best speaker. The negative won the debate.

#### Bangor at M. C. I.

In the same day that Bangor and Gardiner debated, Maine Central Institute and Bangor debated in Powers Hall at M. C. I.

The negative team from Bangor was composed of Messrs. Mitchell, Grant and McWilliams with Kelleher as alternate.

The arguments of the M. C. I. team were very nearly like the arguments of the affirmative at Bangor. The speakers of the M. C. I. team were Messrs. Libby, Richardson and Burse.

The rebuttal was very hot (so we are told by McWilliams) and showed how well prepared the affirmative team was.

The decision was given to the affirmative and Mr. Burse was declared the best speaker by the judges.

#### Just a Word.

We are told that the M. C. I. student body, or a large part of it, was there to cheer, applaud and encourage the home team. We admire the keen interest shown at the Institute by its students. Of course applause and cheering do not win debates, but how much more gratifying would it have been had all the students who contributed their money and received their tickets (we here take the opportunity to express

our thanks for the money so generously given), had been at Assembly hall at three o'clock, March 17!

We are pleased to report that one of our prominent athletes was right there, and an inspiration to the speakers. His name is Johnson,—Fat, for short. Bring some more with you, Fat, next time!

#### The Girls' Society.

The meeting of the Girls' Debating Society on Thursday, March 2, was called to order at 4 o'clock with fifteen members present. Two new members, Margaret Mason and Lola Yelland, were voted into the society. Several very interesting talks were given on the following subjects: "Standing by the President," by Doreen Gregory; "The Serbians," by Marian Bragg, and "Mr. Root's Speech," by Ruth Newcomb. Miss Bernice Smith also gave a very entertaining description of Mrs. Laura E. Richards and an account of her reading before the Shakespeare Club. As a debate had been held at each of the recent meetings, these talks offered a welcome diversion.

At the following meeting of the society on Thursday, March 23, the same fifteen faithful members were present. Several of these consented to try in the preliminaries which take place the Wednesday after vacation, April 12, for the Colby debate, the subject of which will be: Resolved, That the United States should have government owned merchant marine. With a membership of thirty-two, the Girls' Debating Society ought certainly to be represented. Officers for the rest of the year were then elected as follows:

President: Florence U. Salley.

Vice President: Greta Wood.

Secretary: Violet Mills.

Treasurer: Marion Kenney.

Censor: Agnes Olsen.

Since the next assembly is to be a model meeting, the installation of officers was held at this time.



*"Praise, like gold and diamonds, owes its value to its scarcity."*

#### As We See Others.

Tech Monthly, Scranton, Pa.: One of the attractive features of your paper is its size. It is just right, in length, breadth and thickness. All of the attractiveness, however, does not come from outside appearances only. All your departments are especially well developed. We look forward to you each month.

Nautilus, Waterville, Me.: We have two copies of the Nautilus at hand, and we are glad to see that your last issue (December) shows a decided improvement over the one before (1914 Fall Edition). Both papers could have been improved by the use of attractive department headings.

Cue, Albany, N. Y.: Your idea of ranking the papers on your exchange list is very novel. You have an able exchange editor, but an improvement could be made in his department if he did not spend so much time for each criticism he makes. Your "Cueisms" are far above the average jokes, both in quality and quantity.

Mirror, Coldwater, Mich.: Yours is about the smallest school magazine that we receive in exchange, but it contains good solid material in spite of its size. Arouse a little more school spirit and, along with the aid of your large staff, try to send us a larger paper next month.

Vermont Pioneer, Randolph Center, Vt.: No other paper that we have seen shows so much school spirit. Everything, or practically everything printed, is for the education and welfare of the students. One thing that the Pioneer lacks, which is essential to an interesting magazine, is stories. See if you can't introduce something that is more entertaining in your future issues.

Allerlei, Stonington, Conn.: Your paper is none too large, but the departments are all there. Your "Folly" is not especially good. Many things are laughable in school hours that are not, outside of school. We hope that your joke editor will keep this in mind when he prepares his department for the next issue of the Allerlei.

Periscope, Perham, Minn.: Another small paper. Your literary and exchange departments could be lengthened to advantage. Why not introduce a page of jokes and one of athletics?

World, Topeka, Kan.: An excellent paper, but one not above criticism. Improvement could be made by devoting the whole exchange page to criticisms, and not slipping in exchange jokes here and there. In your athletic department, why not write the line-up of each game?

Early Trainer, Lawrence, Mass.: Very neatly arranged. In our opinion, some peo-



ple who are not extra bright would have to read your athletics before they could make out the heading of that department.

Ypsi-Sem, Ypsilanti, Mich.: Your school news and class notes are the best yet. We are glad to see that you do not print every foolish remark uttered in school with them, as some do. Why not have one editor each for jokes and exchanges, and give the exchange editor something to do? "Examination Extracts" is very good.

Reflector, Jackson, Mich.: Your cover designs are attractive, as is the rest of the magazine. Your literary department is well developed, but in your exchange department, if you offered more criticisms, you would make a bigger hit with your outside friends.

Hebron Semester, Hebron, Me.: What is the advantage in having your table of contents in the middle of the paper? The place for it is somewhere in the front pages. Your literary department is fine. We notice that for some words you use the simplified form of spelling, while for some others, you use the ordinary form. Wouldn't it be a good idea to adopt one or the other style, and use that one altogether? Your magazine lacks art work and cartoons, but otherwise it is excellent.

#### As Others See Us.

"The Oracle"—The quotations at the head of your different departments are interesting. Your stories are short, but good.—"The Piquonian," Piqua, Ohio.

"The Oracle," Bangor, Maine: Your Joke Department is an unusually good one.—"The Tiger," Elkins, W. Va.

"The Oracle": You have a very interesting paper, but why not have more cuts?—"The Argus," Waterbury, Conn.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me.: If you would box your contents the page would present a more pleasing effect. You give very little space to athletics, too much to mediocre literary stuff, and not enough to Exchanges. Neither was your December cover very compelling.—"The Midway," Chicago, Ill.

To the Oracle: Your paper meets with our approval in every respect.—"Hebron Semester," Hebron, Maine:

One cannot but admire the Oracle, lively, and right to the point, leaving a "good taste in the mouth."—"Hamptonia," New Hampton, N. H.

The Oracle has traveled all the way from Bangor, Me., to see us. Judging from the magazine the Bangor High School must be an enterprising one. The January Oracle contains a picture of the faculty of the school.—"The Messenger," Durham, N. C.

The Oracle, Bangor, Maine: This is one of the best papers we have received. We should like a criticism.—"The Eltrurian," Haverhill, Mass.

"The Oracle," Bangor, Maine: The patriotic number of "The Oracle" was one of the best exchanges that we have received this month. Though the stories of the literary department are somewhat short, they are snappy and right to the point.—"The Student," Rochester, N. Y.

The Oracle: You do well to publish such a paper every month. You have an excellent exchange column.—"Farmington Normal," Farmington, Me.

"The Oracle": Your cuts are simple, yet attractive.—"Clarion," Arlington, Mass.

The Oracle (Bangor High) is a school paper above the average. The editorials and stories are excellent.—"The Nautilus," Waterville, Me.



*"In came Mrs. Tezziwig, one vast substantial smile."*

Miss P— (in English): "Now, Miss Chalmers, read the sentence just as it should be. 'I saw a black and white cow,' with no punctuation except a period at the end."

Here lies the body of poor John Burns,  
For whom this epitaph is written,  
And so they say the doctor learns,  
By a lunch-room dog he was bitten.

In Ancient History:

Miss Harden, '19: "When he died, he went into exile."

Miss P—: "How old are you Mr. Whalen?"

Mr. W—: "just turned sixteen."

Miss P—: "I think you must have missed a couple of turns."

Miss —: "Mr. Pierce, punctuate this sentence,—'Mary, went out into the pantry after the last piece of pie.'"

Pierce: "I would make a dash (—) after Mary."

He is gay  
In his gray,  
And though we've seldom met;  
From his way  
I should say,  
He's a B. H. S. Cadet.

WATCH THIS SPACE!

We haven't time.

Bangor High School has a name,  
Athletes strong have won her fame,  
Scores which added, total high,  
Kindle courage, brighten eye;  
Earnest work on every trip,  
Team which won the championship.  
Baskets, Freeman always makes,  
Adams, forward, glory takes.  
Luck, may mated be with skill,  
Loyalty, completes the bill.

Horrible Threat! Mr. E. in Study Room:  
"Come Pullen, if you don't get down to work I'll have to do what Mr. Mitchell said he did the other day—(suspense)—take my tablet out and jot some names right down!"

### Some Curious Epitaphs.

1. Here lies the body of John Mound  
Lost at sea and never found.
2. Our little Florence must be larger by  
this time.
3. Here lies Sir John Guise.  
No one laughs, no one cries,  
Where he's gone and how he fares,  
No one knows, and no one cares.  
The deceased left two infant daughters—  
both girls.

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As thru the corridor there passed,  
A youth whose joyous happy laugh,  
Provokes the faculty to wrath.

McWilliams.



Very smart at cartoon-making,  
All his work shows much painstaking.  
You all know the chap we mean,  
Or, at least suspicion glean.

### Junior Exhibition.

The Junior Class has had its fling,  
At City Hall.  
Mem'ries it will always bring,  
Each and all.  
Flowers, dresses, songs to sing,  
Never will the thoughts take wing,  
It was such a joyous thing,  
At City Hall.

Competition had its place,  
Thru it all.  
Some must bear defeat with grace,  
At the call.  
Pleasant rivalry at base,  
Each one loyal in the chase,  
Only two could win the race,  
At City Hall.

### Caught That Time.

A College professor who was always ready for a joke was asked by a student one day if he would like a good recipe for catching rabbits. "Why, yes," replied the professor. "What is it?"

"Well," said the student, "you crouch down behind a thick stone wall and make a noise like a turnip."

"That may be," said the professor with a twinkle in his eye, "but a better way than that would be for you to go and sit quietly in a bed of cabbage heads and look natural."

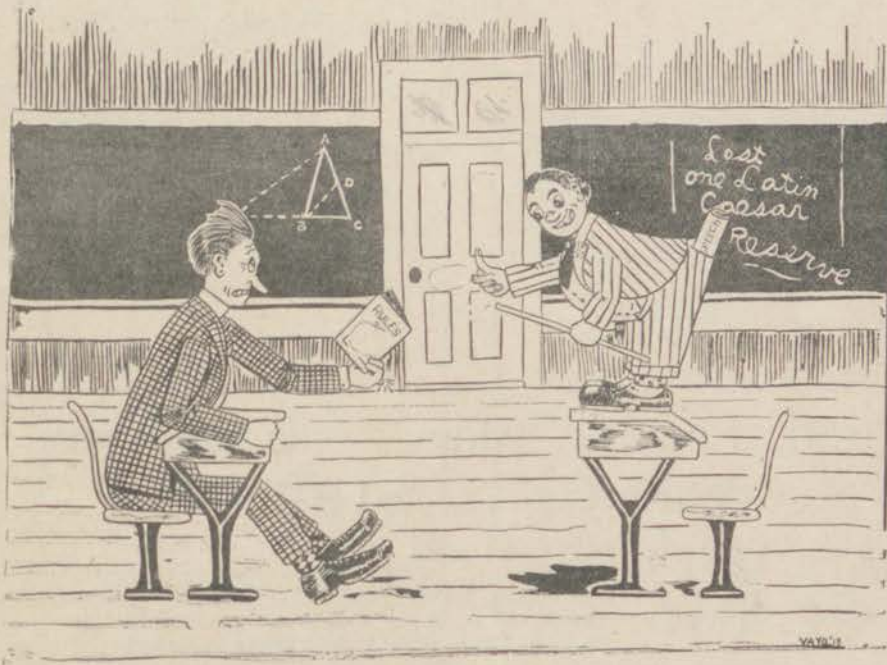
A young suburban doctor, whose practice was not very great, sat in his study reading away a lazy afternoon in early summer. His man servant appeared at the door.

"Doctor, them boys is stealin' your green peaches again. Shall I chase them away?"

The doctor looked thoughtful a moment, then levelled his eyes at the servant.

"No," he said.

—Ex.



The Debater



Parson—"I was glad to see you at prayer meeting last night, brother."

Village Souse—"Was that where I was? Well, I be jiggered!"—Dallas News.

#### Junior Exhibition Alphabet.

A is for All of them, who gave us such a treat,

B stands for Brennan so debonair and sweet.

C is for Cayting who second honor won,

D is for Dickie who thought dancing school no fun.

E for the Eagerness with which each one was heard;

F is for Franklin Gould whose piece was "The Lost Word."

G for the "Going of the Swan"—Miss Davis gave,

H for Hunt and Helson, and their selections grave,

I for the Interest held throughout it all.

J for the Juniors now—but Seniors in the fall.

K stands for Thomas Kane—so natural was he,

L for the Lucky ones—only two could be.

M may mean Medal, or it may mean McCann,

N for the New Note that through it all ran;

O for the "One Legged Goose"—so finely done,

P for the Pride that Bangor feels for each one.

Q for the Questions in Miss Jones' piece—"Why?"

R for recollections as the years pass by.

S is for Scribner to whose training all was due,

T for the Triumph that was hers when 'twas through.

U for the Universal comment—"Fine!"

V for the Victory in the orchestral line,

W for Woodward, whose talent's just the kind.

X for the Excitement about the Window Blind.

Y for the Youthful dreams and mem'ries dear,

Z for the Zenith of the Junior year.

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