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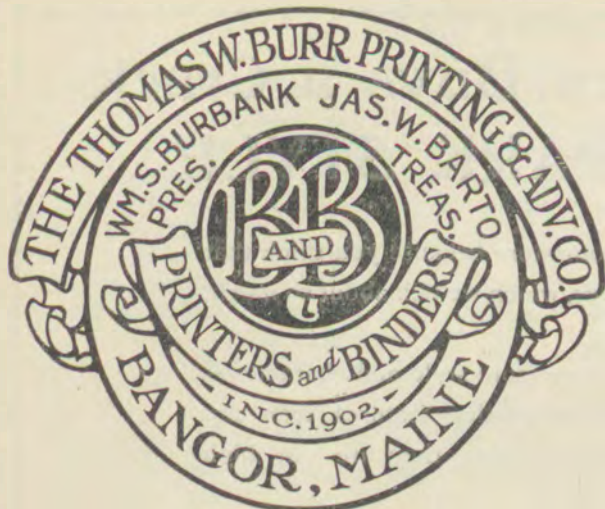
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EDITORIALS

"Excelsior"

As much enthusiasm seems to have been shown by the Sophomores as by the Freshmen. A great number of **Announcement** stories was received, nearly all of them excellent. We congratulate the Class of '17 on the many brilliant writers in its ranks. Of all the stories, "The Lost Run," by James C. McCann was judged to be the best, so Mr. McCann will receive a season ticket to the baseball games in recognition of his efforts.

On account of the Sophomore work not being personally directed by the Oracle Board, pupils did whatever sort of work they wished. As a result, the special departments suffered some lack of support. This became especially noticeable in the Personal department. We are sorry that we cannot therefore present many Sophomore features there, but wish to state that it is in no way the fault of the Sophomore class. It is due purely to lack of foresight on the part of the editor, and he should receive whatever blame attaches to it. But let us be warned of this next month for our Junior number. Let each Junior consider himself a committee of one to gather local and alumni items and personals and to deposit these in the Oracle box. And remember that the writer of the best story will be rewarded as in past months.

The problem of what to do with the music student in high school has been a trying one for some years to both school **Credits for** and music teachers. **Outside Music Study**

One of our own teachers told the writer not long ago that he really did not know how to rank the pupils who are devoting two or three hours a day, in some cases even more, to the serious study of music. It is obviously unjust to expect as much of them in their other studies as of those who take only the high school work. From the pupil's standpoint the problem is even more discouraging. How to manage the crowded high school curriculum and study music at the same time is a question for the most part unsatisfactorily answered. Many students give up their high school course in order to work effectively at their music; others stop studying music just when they are beginning to understand what music really is. Others attempt to do both and fail to do creditable work in school or in music, or both; some, unwilling to do less than their best work, have lost their health. The writer has personally known all of these things to happen in the cases of different students. There are a few, of course, who accomplish the double task successfully.

But there seems to be no really good reason why we should not eliminate the problem rather than seek to answer it. Many high schools in all parts of the country have already done so by giving credit towards graduation for outside music study under competent teachers. Since 1906, the College Entrance Examination Board has included in its list of accepted subjects: Musical Appreciation, Harmony, Counterpoint, Pianoforte, Voice and Violin. Several individual colleges also accept Organ. Thus music may be substituted for some other elective study, materially reducing the amount of work the high school music student must do. The Oracle believes that Bangor High School should be as progressive in this matter as she is in all else. Mr. Larrabee has recommended the adoption of the credit plan in his annual reports and it is reasonable to suppose that if public sentiment demanded the change strongly enough, the school authorities would agree. No one can do so much to arouse that public sentiment as you students who are directly concerned. All of you who are facing the school and music problem should interest your parents in the credit plan, which surprisingly few people know about. We believe that if they did know about it they would urge its adoption, since no serious objection to it has ever been made. Wherever tried, it has been an unqualified success. In Bangor, as elsewhere, high school credit for outside music study would benefit the school, the students and the community.

How many public high schools can boast of a private library of their own? How many even of a public library working in co-operation with the pupils? Surely we ought to feel proud and make the most of our advantages.

There is a great deal of information to be obtained in our own little library on the second floor. So much, indeed, that none of us would be at all injured by spending much spare time there. On the shelves are ready reference books, story books, text books, dictionaries and encyclopedias. Many schools have a magazine table. On the shelves of our library several magazines can be found to say nothing of our own numerous exchanges.

An attendant is always in charge of the library before and after school as well as during recess. There are also certain hours during the school day when the library is open. With all these opportunities there is no reason for not using the library, as many pupils do use it.

Almost anything that cannot be found in the school library can be found in the public library near at hand. Often when special reading is required of high school students a list is posted in the public library with the names and numbers of the books. Surely nothing can be more considerate than this kindness on the part of the library. In return for such favors the least we can do is to make use of the opportunities given us.

LITERARY



"Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite, Graii"

THE LOST RUN

By James C. McCann, '17.



THE baseball season only a few weeks distant, a large number of St. Andrews' boys had gathered in the gym. to register, and to meet the new coach, who was to speak to them. At a few minutes before nine, a tall, heavily built man with a pleasing mien that appealed at once to the boys, who with one accord returned the smile that appeared on his face, entered the room where they had gathered. He turned to them, speaking very briefly.

"I suppose you know, boys' that I am your new coach. I hope we shall prove agreeable to each other and that we may work together with one common purpose, that is to turn out the championship team of the league of high schools which we have entered. All I wish to do now is to state but a few simple rules by which we must all abide. First, from the beginning of the season, each one must appear regularly four times a week for practice. Next, you must remain in strict training until the season is finished. Last, and what I consider to be the most important, you must be ready to obey orders. Obedience is the

only means by which co-operation can be obtained between the players. When the captain or manager orders anything, do it. When you receive a signal from the bench, obey at once. This will be all for today, except that I wish to thank you for the large number which has turned out. I'll see you at the grounds tomorrow at two."

With these words he turned and left the hall. Immediately the boys broke up into separate groups, passing from the gym, at the same time.

The largest of these groups stopped just outside of the door. There seemed to be one boy, Joe Peters, in whom all of them were interested. He was a senior, the captain and pitcher of the nine, famous for his numerous home runs. He was a handsome fellow of medium height, with light curly hair, and a fine healthy complexion. He had a strong face which bespoke character and determination. All through school he had been an A scholar, although he had turned out for and, in fact, made his letter on every athletic team. He was the most popular boy, and best all round athlete in the school. He asked the boys to work with the coach and with him, adding that if they would follow the rules of the coach,

with the material at hand they would certainly win the championship of the league.

There is no need of following the team through the various games of the season, as they won them all up to June fifth on which day they were to play Thomaston High, with a similar record, for the championship.

On the morning of the eventful day, as Joe was wandering aimlessly down Main Street, his eye was suddenly caught by the glitter of a bright object in the window of the jeweler's shop which he had just then passed. He returned to the window, and there saw a beautiful gold watch which aroused his admiration. He had never owned a watch himself.

He stood there a number of minutes admiring it when suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder and, turning, looked into the smiling countenance of his father.

"What interests you so much my son," he asked.

"Nothing, except that,—well I was just admiring that watch there," Joe confessed.

"It is a beauty, isn't it," admitted his father, who regretted that he was unable to buy a watch for his son.

"Are you going down the street, Joe? I've got to go to the office."

"Yes, I'll walk down that way."

He left his father at the office, and as it was nearing the dinner hour, he decided to start for home, taking a long walk through the suburbs of the town, arriving there just as the family were seating themselves for dinner.

"All ready for the game, son?" asked his father.

"Yes, and it's surely going to be a hard tussle," Joe replied.

"How many home runs today, Joe?" asked his sister, jokingly.

"Only one," he replied, "and that only if we are caught in a tight place at the end of the game. I am going to make sure of a hit the other times."

Silence then ensued, until suddenly broken by Mr. Peters.

"Joe," said he, "if you make that necessary run today, I will give you that watch you were admiring so greatly this morning at your graduation, this year.

It was a proud moment for Joe as he led his team onto the field, where on each side the bleachers and grandstand were filled to overflowing with excited and cheering students, all eager for the commencement of the final contest. Joe winning the toss chose first outs, and play started.

For five innings the game was simply a pitcher's battle, the score being held 0 to 0. At the first of the sixth Thomaston broke the tension by bringing in a run. St. Andrews then coming to the bat duplicated the work of Thomaston, tying the score 1 and 1.

For two more innings the score remained as it was. Such excitement as reigned was never before witnessed at St. Andrews. The students in the bleachers yelled and jumped as if victory depended upon their shouts.

At the end of the eighth inning Thomaston trotted in from the field, and the first man took his place in the box for the ninth. The first ball Joe pitched the batter hit far out into right field and by the time it had again reached Joe's hands, the man had landed safely on third base.

The next man up was easily fanned out,—but the third up was Thomaston's heaviest and surest hitter. Joe realized that he must prevent him from meeting the ball squarely, although he knew he was unable to prevent him from hitting. Accordingly he put every bit of speed he possessed into the first two balls, which were called strikes.

He knew that upon this next ball depended whether or not Thomaston would score, and maybe also the outcome of the game. He saw the catcher signal for a jump ball, wound up, straightened, and with a snap the ball left his hand and,—but

as in many a difficult position ill luck happens, so it did now. The batter had made a hit. Quick as a flash the man on third sprinted for home and crossed the plate just as the ball reached Joe, who with great presence of mind, realizing in an instant that it was impossible to stop the score, whirled about and threw to first, just in time to catch the man before he crossed the base. The next man up Joe easily retired leaving the score 2 to 1 in favor of Thomaston.

St. Andrews now came to the bat filled with the grim determination to win. The opposing pitcher seemed a bit rattled by the strain, for the first man up was allowed to pass to first on balls. The next man up made a hit, reaching first; the man on second reached third through an error.

It was Joe's next turn up, and he knew that now the time had come to make his home run—and to win the watch. As he walked up to the plate, he saw the coach signal to let the ball pass. No sooner was it thrown than the player on first darted to second. Joe felt sure that now the coach would signal for him to hit.

When he looked up what was his dismay to see the coach signaling for him to bunt. Instantly he made up his mind that rather than sacrifice the watch, he would disobey the order.

Then he remembered the talk of the coach the first day at the gym. and how all through the season the boys and he had obeyed every order without a murmur. He then thought how the future teams would be affected—how lightly they would regard the coach's orders, under which condition a winning team could never again be turned out—if in his last year, yes even in his last time up at the bat, with the honor for which the school had striven so hard in his hands, if the captain should disobey orders.

All this passed through Joe's mind in an instant and he looked up just in time to see the pitcher throw the ball. It whizzed

through the air, up to the plate—Joe stepped back as if to swing,—but he bunted. Swift as a deer he sped down the chalk line, crossing the bag two seconds before the ball.

He was wondering why the coach had signaled thus, when on looking up he saw Jack Rowe, the safest hitter on the team, stepping up to the plate. Everyone held his breath realizing that upon this man, or upon the pitcher depended the championship of the league. The pitcher received his signal from the catcher, threw the ball, and—smack; it went sailing high through the air far out into left field.

One by one the three men crossed the home plate, and a second later Rowe, panting for breath, stumbled across it, just before the catcher received the ball. It was his last hit for the school and a home run. St. Andrews had won the game 5 to 2, and with it the championship pennant.

Graduation day was now near at hand, and in the annual class meeting, Joe as the most popular boy, was chosen to lead the class in the graduation exercises.

As he was leading the procession, the thoughts of his numerous successes flashed one by one through his mind. Then suddenly he thought of the watch which he had sacrificed. Many times during the exercises this loss flashed through his mind; somehow he could not entirely forget about it. The exercises finally completed, the medals were awarded to the scholars who had won them in the various branches of the school work. When all the usual prizes had been presented, the principal of the school arose and addressed the pupils and audience.

"Never before has there graduated from this school a class whose standing in every branch of work, from studies to athletics, has been so high. As a result, that such work might be encouraged in the future, the

school board at its last meeting voted that in the future, and inclusive of tonight, a prize somewhat different from the usual medal, will be awarded to the student who, in the four years' work, has done the most for the school, taking into consideration every phase from scholarship to athletics. It is, therefore, that I have the pleasure and honor of presenting what I consider the

highest of all awards, to Mr. Joseph L. Peters."

In a dazed manner Joe stepped forward, received the box containing the prize amidst a thunderous peal of applause, thanked the principal and retired to his seat. He then opened the box and there lay the prize, staring him in the face—the watch.

IN TURKEY

By Marsena H. Allen, '17.



YOU all have doubtless read of and many of you have had the experience of camping out in the Maine woods; but who of you ever tried camping out in Turkey? The place I have in mind was called Cherry River and it was about seven miles to the nearest railroad from Constantinople. From the city called Ismid we traveled in springless wagons for a part of the way and the rest by horseback over rough roads.

First we took a drive to Haidah Pasha and from there took the seven o'clock train getting into Ismid about noon. Here we took our dinner and rested several hours. From here we traveled in the primitive fashion which I have just described and arrived at our camp, a distance of about seven miles, in the late afternoon.

"What kind of a place was this?" you will ask. It was a pretty place among the hills on a small river surrounded by cherry and walnut trees, the latter predominating, the only cherry trees being on our land. I must not neglect to say that this is a great tobacco region. The men who run these plantations live in a village called Ovajiuk about a mile away, and in summer they build rough shacks of the boughs of trees, weaving them in and out between poles in much the same way that a basket is woven.

These make protective shacks in which they camp to take care of their tobacco during the drying season.

I had better stop here and tell you about the process of drying tobacco. Tobacco, as you know, is a plant with a pink flower growing so high that a man can easily be hidden among the stalks just as he could in one of our Maine cornfields. The leaf is about nine or perhaps twelve inches long and a third as wide. The leaves are somewhat sticky when green and leave a black stain on the hands which is not easy to remove. As children we used to think it great fun to help in stringing tobacco. The way they string it is this. They have needles about a foot long and about as wide as the blade of a small jackknife, sharp on both edges and pointed at the end. These needles are attached to string just as a sewing needle is to thread. When a string is full of tobacco leaves, it is tied to a frame on which it stays until the leaves are thoroughly dry, a process which takes a month or more. The men have the shacks I have told about to store the tobacco in, in case it should rain during the process of drying and also after it is dried until it is hauled away to be cut. Thus far I have told you of only one of the interesting events of camp life.

Now I must say a little about our party. We had about six tents, with a kitchen, and a dining room. The kitchen was built like

the tobacco shacks I have already described to you, while the dining room was just a nice place under the trees covered with an awning. All the domestic work was done by servants. For servants we had a zaptick, which is a watchman. Then there was a man cook and a man who looked after the horse and went to the city often to buy foodstuffs and who did other odd jobs. Then we had a maid to look after the baby.

A treat we greatly enjoyed was going to the Georgian farm where we got our milk. The women of the farm who live entirely apart from the men have most of the care of the cows. Their houses are spotlessly clean. The Georgian women are very hospitable and are famous for their beauty. It is a custom in the Orient to give a caller something to eat, usually some sweets or Turkish coffee; but on our visit to the farm they offered us *tarn* which is something like buttermilk.

Another peculiar and interesting thing is the way the natives fish for trout. They wade into the river and then throw out a net which spreads as it strikes the water and then draws up like a bag as it sinks. A long rope is attached to one corner of the net which the fisherman holds all the time.

Mountain climbing, of which my father was a great advocate, was the last of our myself, and a number of friends, with a guide, set out very early in the morning. We had not gone very far before our guide protested and said, "You must take the road through the plain;" but we said we would not miss the coolness and fine scenery of the valley, so my father took the lead.

We now traveled up hill and down dale in the open, then among bushes and trees for about three hours. Along here an adventure happened to one of the junior members of the party. Robert Chambers

was riding, deeply absorbed in thought, when he suddenly was called back to earth by being very unceremoniously deposited on the ground with the saddle on top of him. One foot hung upon a neighboring tree by means of the stirrup, while the horse walked off. Robert screamed and was rescued by the rest of us.

At dinner time we made a halt for an hour. We then resumed our march and soon came to an open glen from which rose two peaks, either of which might be Kel Tepe, which means *bald head*, and is about 1,650 feet above sea level. To settle the question my father went scouting for an hour and a half. After climbing a tall tree he came to the conclusion that either peak might be the true Kel Tepe, so we climbed the nearest one. In about twenty minutes we reached the top of Kel T—! but now our cries of victory died as quickly as they had come, and there was to our great surprise as well as disappointment the real Kel Tepe separated from us by a broad valley.

With a mad rush and tumble we quickly descended the mountain side and scrambled to the top of the second peak. It took us about the same time to climb this peak as the other, maybe a few minutes longer. But when we reached the top what a view!

The Italians say "See Naples and die," but the man that said that never reached the top of Kel Tepe.

Our view extended from Ada Bazar on the right to Tulaz on the left with a strip of fertile plain between Lake Sabandja and the Nicomedian Gulf. We had just time to take in the beautiful view when a big cloud completely enclosed us. Occasionally it lifted for a few moments only to sink again.

The descent from the mountain was something not easily forgotten, for we could not tell where we were going. Finally reaching a bridle path the descent was

comparatively easy except that it was now pitch dark. Finally we reached a Turkish village where we borrowed a lantern and engaged a new guide, sending the old one ahead to tell the folks at camp we would

be late and not arrive until late in the evening. He failed to do the errand, but we, nevertheless, true to our word, arrived there a little after nine, tired and hungry in every sense of the word.

THE EMPEROR'S REWARD

By Lois R. Hodgkins, '17.



PETROV came from the office of Monsieur Lermontoff and Company and walked up the Neva Prospect. He really did not care much which direction he took and for once was oblivious to the fact that he carried his treasured violin under his arm. But what was the reason for this seeming forgetfulness? Did he not remember that his mother was anxiously awaiting his return? Had he not, only an hour since, come from the house of the music master? Yes, but his visit to the master had been far from a pleasant one. That afternoon he had taken his last lesson, for M. Lermontoff had foreclosed the mortgage on their home and his mother could no longer afford to pay for his instruction, so this was the reason for his aimless walk.

He was opposite the "Cathedral of the Virgin" now and the big clock was proclaiming the hour of night. The melancholy sound brought him to the realization that he was cold and hungry. It was raining, too, and in spite of the fact that it was mid-summer he turned up his coat collar.

With a sigh he turned and directed his footsteps toward his own home. As he walked down the broad avenue he thought of the time when the lighted windows had been to him as friends, seeming to repeat the master's words of praise and giving him whispered promises of the cheerful fire, the happy smile of his mother, and his grandfather's loud-voiced greeting as he came up the walk. Now the windows seemed instead cold foes, and involuntarily he pulled

his hat farther down over his eyes and looked down at the wet pavement. The grandfather was gone, the fire was smoldering on the hearth, but mother would still greet him; and with this thought he hastened his steps. He paused a moment before the door, stood erect, and made a brave effort to cast off the sadness which enveloped him.

Suddenly the door opened and his mother looked out. "Ah, Petrov!" she said, "I thought I heard you coming up the walk. How well I know your step! It is so strong, so steady! But why do you linger in the rain? I have a kettle of hot tea ready for you and you must tell me what M. Lermontoff demands.

"Poor mother," he thought, as he crossed the threshold, but aloud he said, "Courage! 'Tis true M. Lermontoff demands our home, but tomorrow I will go out to find another, such as it may be, and the master has given me the address of a man who wishes a boy to attract attention to his theater by playing near the entrance. The pay is not much, but it will buy us bread."

The mother stood with tears in her eyes. "My boy," she murmured, "no home but this can be home. It was here that —."

"Mother," Petrov interrupted her, "have you ever been in the garret?"

"No," she answered.

"Give me the candle and let me go up and see what is there," he continued.

"No, no," she exclaimed in alarm, "that was the grandfather's place, you must not go there!"

"I know, as a child, he often told me never to go into the garret, but he is gone now and if we are compelled to leave this house we must see what is there. We would leave nothing of his behind us, would we?"

"No," she answered feebly, as only half convinced she lighted the candle and followed him to the foot of the ladder leading to the garret.

Slowly he ascended and upon gaining the top, held the candle high above his head that he might look about him. Dimly he discerned various household articles such as are seen in every old garret. Two old hair trunks with brass knobs and a fragment of an old spinning-wheel lay near him; but in these he had no interest and, disappointed, he turned to the ladder. Why had his grandfather spent hours at a time in the gloom of the dusty old garret? His eyes were accustomed to the darkness now and as he turned to look around once more he saw something bright on the wall. What was it? He held the candle closer and saw a brass knob like those on the old hair trunks. At his touch something gave way, a panel slid by revealing a small cabinet room. Amazed he entered. In one corner was a stove; in another a couch; a table stood near the center of the room and on this table was a box; around the room, in every nook and cranny were trophies of the chase, firearms, and fishing tackle; in fact, everything dear to a man's heart. Petrov walked to the table and examined the box. It was made of polished wood and on it was crudely carved,—

"To be opened in case of trouble."

With a smothered cry he picked up the box and running to the ladder, swiftly descended.

"Petrov, what is it?" demanded his mother, anxiously.

"Look," he cried and placed in her hands the box.

"What is it?" she asked again.

"Open it and let us see," he answered.

She placed it on a nearby table and together they opened it. In it were many papers and near the bottom was a small, hard object carefully wrapped in red cloth. Taking off the covering they found a silver casket. Eagerly they opened it and saw there a small bit of paper. The mother took it up and read as follows:

Peter Varenka, or descendants, being true and loyal Russian subjects, if in difficulty, financial or otherwise, seek his majesty, the Czar, and aid will be granted. Thus the Emperor rewards Peter Varenka for his bravery and loyalty to his country and sovereign.

Signed _____

This statement bore the Emperor's signature and the royal seal.

For a time neither spoke, then the mother murmured softly, "Petrov, you can now continue your work with the master."

"Yes," Petrov answered, "and you, mother, can keep the old home."

For long hours they sat forecasting the future; clearly they saw success beckoning them onward; again a Varenka might be the emperor's musician, the emperor's favorite.

Slowly the dark of night gave place to the gray of early morning and tightly clasping the precious paper, they went out together into the garden. The rain had ceased and in the east a faint rose tint on the horizon announced the coming of the day. Silently the sun rose changing the faint tints into brighter and brighter hues until the whole heavens was one mass of color. Warm sunbeams came to wake the flowers and to kiss the rain drops turning them into sparkling jewels. In the distance the cathedral clock proclaimed the break of day, "Peace on earth. Good will toward men."

THE LITTLE PATRIOT

(A True Story).

By Margaret T. Hills, '17.



MISSRESS Betty White and her pet lamb were enjoying themselves in the pasture one fine day. Little Betty was telling Clover of the awful things the Red Coats were doing.

"Just think, Clover! last evening I heard father telling how those horrid soldiers are taking all the food around Boston for themselves so that the little boys and girls in Boston are hungry. O, Clover, wouldn't it be awful if we were hungry! If I hadn't any cookies, and you any nice grass and fresh water or salt! Suppose those naughty old Red Coats came and took all our cows and chickens and corn and—why Clover, they might even take you! No, I won't let them. They can't have you, Clover. No darling, you and I are going to play together every day, forever-and-ever-amen. We won't let those naughty old soldiers eat you."

When Betty and Clover went home they saw people leading cows and hogs and driving carts of grain and produce into the town in larger numbers than Betty had ever seen even on market day.

"Why, Clover, do you suppose the British have come down into Connecticut Valley to take our things?"

But as the lamb offered no answer she hurried along until she saw her father talking with a stranger in the midst of a crowd of animals and loaded carts.

"Father," she said, "why is everybody

bringing cows and pigs and chickens and green stuff into Windham? Is it a fair?"

"No, Betty, this man here is asking the good people to give him cattle and food to take to the poor hungry people of Boston and the coast."

"Oh!" exclaimed the little girl; then, after a pause, she put her hand on the lamb's head and said, "Here, good man, take Clover for some hungry little girls and boys in Boston. Clover wants to go, don't you, Clover?"

"No, dear. The man has all he needs. Run along home! the good wife wants you," said Mr. White with a smile.

Obedient as always, Betty and the lamb went home. But her resolution was not shaken.

Next morning in the rosy light of sunrise the man set out for Boston with a long train of supplies for the hungry coast towns. He heard a childish voice hailing him, and looking around he saw Little Mistress Betty and her lamb.

"He must go," she said. "He is all I have, but I want to help the people to get rid of those wicked soldiers. Please try to carry him some of the way; he is so tiny, take him!"

The man saw that she really wanted to give the tiny white lamb which she loved so well. He took it in his arms and the patriotic little maid, after giving her pet a last hug, ran away with shining wet cheeks.

OCCUPATIONS FOR HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

VI. Teaching.

(The Oracle Board wishes to thank Mr. Herbert Poole, Mr. Elmar T. Boyd, Miss Mary C. Robinson, Mr. C. Winfield Richmond and all others who aided in the preparation of the following article.)



GETTING the interviews for this month's occupation article was one of the pleasantest tasks of the year. All the teachers were so enthusiastic, interested, and willing to help—perhaps because enthusiasm is such an important quality of a successful teacher. A surprising unanimity of opinion was found with regard to the more important points; most of the differences came in the minor details.

Every teacher interviewed gave good health as a fundamental requisite of success in this line. It is not generally understood what an immense drain teaching makes upon a person's strength. Most people are inclined to think that sitting at a desk five or six hours a day correcting papers, hearing and criticising recitations, and making lesson assignments is an extremely easy task physically. Perhaps it would be, if that were all there were to teaching. But teaching requires so much more. That very enthusiasm which we spoke of earlier, so necessary to success is intensely exhausting. To stimulate the interest of an average class of pupils demands the outlay of an enormous amount of energy. The teacher is always giving, giving, giving of himself to his pupils. If the teacher is going to get very far he cannot live in his class-room.

First of all, he must interest himself in the things the boys and girls under him are interested in, that he may be ready to direct their study more sympathetically. In this connection, knowledge of and interest in athletics is useful. This sympathy with the

pupil should be broadened to include the ability to view his own work from the standpoint of the learner, to recognize the difficulties any study presents to a beginner, to make allowances for the prejudices a pupil has for and against certain phases of his work. Even this does not complete the round of a teacher's activities. He must be interested in some things entirely outside of the class-room. Otherwise he will become narrow-minded, and wherever you find a narrow-minded teacher you find an unsuccessful teacher.

A teacher's education must, of course, be the best possible. College graduation is being demanded of applicants more than ever. The college work should include the special courses in education now so generally offered. However, a teacher's education is not completed with graduation. He must study continually and keep abreast with the foremost thought in his branch.

Last, but certainly not least of the requirements is high moral character. A teacher's character has tremendous influence for good or bad among his pupils. A Sunday school teacher once said, "No, I do not teach my boys theology. I tell them how to keep physically clean, and show them all they need to know of morality by living right myself." As one of the teachers interviewed for this article put it, "A stunted mind is a misfortune, but a stunted soul is a tragedy."

Another characteristic and significant note in the preparation of this article was that every teacher, when questioned by the interviewer about the opportunities in the profession, understood that opportunities of service and work were meant. Certainly there are plenty of these. Any teacher worthy of the name not only instructs his pupils but to a great extent moulds their

characters. He is working with human lives during the formative period. The opportunities (and consequent responsibilities) here are obviously enormous. Surely teaching is not the profession for a trifler.

There is some difference of opinion as to the most advantageous branches to teach and the best locality in which to settle. Some believe college teaching to be the ideal; others superintendency. The superintendency, of course, makes an additional requirement, administrative ability—something no one ever knows whether he has or not till he tries executive work. In actual teaching, the commercial branches, science (especially for men), and physical education are all fields in which there is an increasing demand for good teachers. Kindergarten work offers an attractive field for young women, but demands a special type of preparation. Music teaching, somewhat different from other branches on account of the individual nature of the instruction is treated briefly below.

As to location, some maintain that Massachusetts, especially places not far from Boston, are best because of the cultural advantages and educational system; others say that home is the best place to teach.

A teacher's pay, while not large, is sufficient for the needs of the ordinary person. A far greater remuneration is received in satisfaction; satisfaction at work well done, the satisfaction of helping others, the satisfaction of congenial surroundings, the satisfaction of working with young people. In view of such things as these, the salary consideration shrinks into insignificance.

Music Teaching.

Nearly all the general statements above apply to the music teacher, but there are some special requirements. At the start, it is necessary to say that music teaching (or any other, for that matter) is not a pin-money occupation, nor a temporary means of livelihood. Too many people have

started out with this superficial view of music teaching—to their own and their patrons' grief. Beyond the general requirements given above, this field demands a natural tendency, eight to ten years good practice and study (this means an early start), and business ability. The need of business ability is more apparent with a music teacher since he deals directly with his patrons. The financial question is serious in starting in this field. One must have money sufficient for a good piano, a library of music and reference books, and to establish one's self in a good location.

There are other peculiar disadvantages after starting. It takes many years to collect a paying class; ten years is given as an estimate. The music teacher has no regular pay days or positive amount weekly. Petty jealousy is too common among music teachers, hindering any united effort among the profession. The teacher not yet established must struggle against incompetent competition; incompetent, but serious on account of the low rate of tuition, sometimes as ridiculously small as twenty-five cents. There is a lack of any standard of judgment by which the general public may tell a good music teacher from a poor one. Serious pupils are rare.

In spite of all this, however, to the young person who has high ideals and musical ability, music teaching offers a splendid opportunity. None of the difficulties are insurmountable, and conditions are rapidly improving. Agitation is now widespread to eliminate the untrained teacher by registration, examination and possible licensing. The increasing introduction of school credit for music study is making the attitude of pupils toward such study more serious. Given the will, a way to success will be found.

To sum up, all teaching offers a glorious opportunity of service; it insures a living wage, and is a highly honorable occupation.

THE JAM

By Kenneth S. Boardman, '17.



A serious log jam had formed on the lower pitch of Grand Falls. As the up-river logs would have to be held where possible until this jam was broken, and as the water was falling rapidly, it was very important that the jam should be broken if the logs were to reach the G—— boom before the driving pitch was lost.

As luck would have it the jam had formed on the worst possible place in the whole river. Although the river was only about twenty feet wide at this point, the water, rushing with violent speed, dropped about fifteen feet over the falls. A large spruce log had gone end first over the falls and had "jilpoked" in a crack in the ledge under water and stuck. Another long log had gone over crosswise and had also become lodged. Other logs piled on these and before the river-driver, who was stationed here as a lookout, could light a stick of dynamite to dislodge the key log, a jam had formed.

The river-driver immediately telephoned up-river to hold the logs where possible and to send all available men to break the jam. Before the men arrived the jam had piled up, until from the very head of the falls the logs extended back several hundred feet up-river. The weight of the logs made the mass tighter so that it formed an effectual barrier to the greater part of the current, although a fairly strong current found a way underneath. When the jam should finally break, the pent-up force of the current would carry the logs over the falls in one terrific, thundering rush.

The one absolutely necessary thing to do was to break or dislodge the key log. There was only one way of approaching the jam, and that was from a small promontory beside

the falls, and as the sides of the valley were very steep, and the waters naturally very swift, it can easily be seen that it was no easy job, but one requiring nerve and skill; at best escape to safety was doubtful.

The drivers finally came and one, Dave Scott, volunteered to try and break the jam with dynamite. Every once in a while the key log could be seen through the spray, and to break it Dave cut a long willow sapling and after tying about eight inches of fuse to four sticks of dynamite, he tied the explosive to the end of the sapling. After noticing the position of the logs he took his cant-dog and rolled a couple of logs a little to make room for the explosive. Then leaving the peavey on the shore he took the dynamite and walked slowly out onto the jam. Once the logs seemed to start and Dave jumped for the shore, but they settled again and Dave went back.

To be certain of success the dynamite must be placed in an opening between the key log and the ledge. Scott lit the fuse and tried to ram the explosive into the opening, but the escaping water was too swift and it would not stay. There stood Dave, on the logs with four sticks of dynamite and no place to put it! He tried vainly to place the explosive where it would be effective, while the men from a safe distance shouted to him to drop it and come ashore. Finally after what seemed ages to the watching men, Dave hastily threw the dynamite into the midst of the logs and ran for shore. Stepping on a fir log his foot slipped on the bark, but he recovered himself and came on. Just as he jumped to the shore and started to climb the bank,—Boom! And a mass of water and log fragments shot high into the air. Dave threw himself behind a boulder and waited for the pieces of logs to come down.

Suddenly the men shouted as the jam started. The great mass of logs moved slowly at first and then quickly gathered speed until with irresistible force they went

over the falls with a terrific roar. The dynamite had so weakened the key log that the weight of the jam had snapped it off short. Dave had broken the jam.

THE FLOWER BOY AT ADAMS SQUARE

By Pauline E. Miller, '17.



NEAR the entrance of the new subway station in Adams Square stood a little fellow about eight or nine years old. On his arm he carried a huge basket of freshly cut roses. He attracted my attention from the first day, when I saw him lay down his basket of flowers and help a little lame boy, who had fallen, to get upon his feet again, gathering up the scattered newspapers for him. Then began my acquaintance with Tad, the flower boy.

As I approached I noticed the little chap was unusually handsome. The shabby clothes, the much worn boots and mended stockings, all were suggestive of a little room high up in some tenement house in the slums. Yet somehow I was not greatly surprised when I found the boy used none of the street urchins' slang in addressing me, but spoke politely in good English. While he was picking out my dozen roses we conversed quite freely. Before leaving the square I promised Tad to return the next day between ten and eleven o'clock. During that week I went every day to see him. It was not long before the boy commenced to look for me and once or twice he came up Washington Street to meet me.

One day it was five o'clock in the afternoon before I was at liberty to go to Tad, yet I found him at his post with only one bouquet of roses left. I saw some one try to buy them, but Tad drew back and as he did so he collided with me. When he knew

who it was he thrust the roses into my hand, saying:

"I saved them for you because I knew you would come. It was hard waiting because today I can see my mother. I guess I didn't tell you she was at the hospital, did I?"

I shook my head and Tad explained how for a year now he and his mother had lived alone and how just as they were planning to move down from the fifth to the second floor his mother had been taken dangerously ill and had been obliged to go to the hospital. I felt very sorry for the boy's mother and asked Tad to allow me to go with him to see her. For the fraction of a second he hesitated, then consented.

After a short walk we came to the hospital and were ushered into a small, tidy room, where Tad's young mother lay exhausted after a hard illness. As we came in I could not see the face for it was turned in the opposite direction from the door. But when the nurse spoke to her she turned and stretched out her arms to her boy. Then I saw her face. No wonder Tad was handsome for certainly this woman, although pale and worn from suffering, possessed rare beauty. As I stood looking down at her the strange feeling that I had seen that face before came over me. Suddenly I realized that it was the same face that I had so often seen in one of my mother's lockets.

When I told mother of my experience, she requested me to take her to the hospital. As we walked toward St. Luke's, she told

me the story of Tad's mother, once her dearest friend. It seemed she was very young when she met a certain striking Italian nobleman and had become infatuated with him. Her father, a wealthy Boston banker, had disinherited her upon her marriage to the Italian. A few unhappy years were spent in Italy. Then the girl had come back to America with her little son. That was the last mother had heard from her.

In a few minutes I was back in the little room where I had been so recently. This time when the pale face caught sight of my mother it flushed with excitement and pleasure. I left the two friends together and

although I shall never know exactly what took place, I do know that when Tad's pretty young mother recovered she and her little son did not go back to live in the old tenement house, but went to her father's old home on Beacon Street. She had been forgiven long ago, and her father had been searching the globe to find her and now he rejoiced that he and his only daughter were thus happily reunited.

For two happy years Tad was my companion and many pleasant hours were spent both at the house on Beacon Street and our apartments. Then the day came when we were called away to live in another land.

Billy Says:—

By '17.

"Spring is when the snow's all gone
When you want to shout and run,
When you know there's so much fun
Out of doors.

"In the schoolroom there's no breeze
To fly big kites like those one sees
Soaring in the neighboring trees,"
He deplores.

"It's the same in Bangor High
When the temperature gets high,
When the whole class heaves a sigh,
Of despair.

"Oh the sunshine calls one out
Where all the busy world about
Lifts its happy, care-free shout
On the air."

She's only a Sophomore

By '17.

She studies her English and Caesar,
And classical books by the score,
But she reads the new novels, old poetry,
And often likes good nature-lore.
She goes to the Bijou for "movies,"
She'd rather embroider than sew,
She dotes on dancing 'till morning—
She's only a soph'more, you know.

She spends long hours on Geometry,
And plays basketball with her might,
Loves to go to the Symphony concerts,
And read 'till the small hours of night.
She delights in going to parties,
Adores a good vaudeville show,
Lives on ice-cream, candy and sodas,
She's only a soph'more you know.

IN THE WOODS OF NORTHERN MAINE

By Walter J. Creamer, Jr., '14.

The Oracle takes pleasure in presenting to its readers this poem by last year's editor-in-chief. It was originally published in "In the Maine Woods" for 1915 and is reprinted here by permission of the Bangor & Aroostook R. R. Co.

When toil and cares of business tire my body and my mind,
When I long for recreation far from work of any kind,
Then I seek my distant playground, up where Nature's beauties reign
Over beasts and birds and fishes,—in the woods of Northern Maine.

Lakes whose crystal bosoms sparkle like the jewels of a queen,
Streams that ripple with gay laughter when the trout glide on unseen,
Virgin forests dark and sombre, home of moose and nimble deer,
Home of drumming, whirring partridge, home of lynx and home of bear,
Mountains with their solemn grandeur, monuments unchanged by man,
Remnants of an age primordial when this ancient world began,—
As a magnet draws a needle, by such attractions am I drawn
To that youthful land of vigor, where the rising sun at dawn
Beams upon a nation's playground, up where Nature's beauties reign
Over beasts and birds and fishes,—in the woods of Northern Maine.

Often o'er the mirror surface of a placid lake I glide,
And my trim canoe so dainty scatters ripples far and wide
As it cuts the still, cool waters where the handsome salmon hide.

Often I seek a little pool in the course of stream or brook
Where the speckled trout I capture with my rod and line and hook;
Whence I bear them to my camp-fire, there among the coals to cook.

Then I plunge into the forest when Autumn flecks the trees with gold,
And with rifle hunt the lordly moose where Indians did of old,
Luring to death with birchen horn a massive, antlered monarch bold.

Now at length, with timid deer I swell my list of trophies won;
And with trusty dog and shot-gun hunt the grouse at set of sun;
Or, perchance I bag a bruin as a climax to my fun.

O ye gods of Nature's pastimes—sports and frolics such as these—
Let me worship at your altars, worship on my bended knees.
O the charm of blended color, mountain, forest, stream, and lake,
With a power, subtle, mighty, makes my mind its work forsake;
Makes me seek my distant playground, up where Nature's beauties reign
Over beasts and birds and fishes,—in the woods of Northern Maine.



LOCALS



"Facts are Stubborn Things"

Preparations are being made for the annual Senior play, which will be given May 22, in the Assembly Hall. The play is an old Greek comedy entitled "Endymion," and the cast, which is entirely made up of girls, is working with an enthusiasm that is sure to make it a success.

On Friday evening, March 26, the annual Junior Exhibition was held in City Hall. After a well-rendered number by the High School Orchestra, Edward W. Whalen opened the program with his selection, "The New South," by Henry W. Grady. He gave his piece forcefully and well though handicapped to some extent by being the first speaker.

The next speaker, Miss Ruth B. Sullivan, spoke "Parliamentary Law," by Myrtle Reed. This belies its title and is very humorous telling of the attempt to introduce Parliamentary Law into a village sewing circle.

Richard MacWilliams, the third speaker, won the boys' medal by his rendering of the stirring selection from "Michael Strogoff," by Jules Verne.

Miss Mildred Brackett won much applause by her fine interpretation of the pathetic "Laddie."

Malcolm Webster aroused the curiosity of the audience by his selection, "An Imperial Secret," by Alexander Dumas. This piece ends in an unexpected way that makes one wish to know more. The piece is very dramatic, a quality that Mr. Webster brought out well.

After Mr. Webster's piece the High School Orchestra played again.

Miss Grace E. Matthews opened the second part of the program with a humorous dialogue, "Sir Peter and Lady Teazle," by Richard B. Sheridan. Miss Matthews showed the difference between voices especially well.

C. Freeman Olsen aroused the patriotic feelings of the audience with the "Call to Arms," by Patrick Henry.

Miss Marguerite C. Allen won the girls' medal by her exceptionally good rendering of the Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet."

The Junior Class then sang the "Barcarolle," by Offenbach under the direction of Miss Littlefield.

Michael J. Ryan gave a rather pathetic selection, "Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata."

Miss Marguerite J. Tibbetts made the audience laugh by her dialect piece, "Sockery Setting a Hen."

The Orchestra concluded the program with several selections while the audience awaited the decision of the judges.

The judges were Miss Grace Coombs, Mrs. Hexter, and Professor Martin of the Seminary. Mr. MacWilliams and Miss Allen will receive their medals at graduation.

Many of the High School girls were present at the Maine Girls' Conference held in Portland, April 9, 10, 11, and they report that it was a great success. The High School delegates were: Ruth Sullivan, '16;

Ida Ramsdell, '16; Lucie Knowles, '15; Mary Devoe, '16; Jeannette Croxford, '15; Ethel Parker, '15; Helen Burton, '18; June Folsom, '15; Madelene Abbott, '16; Ruth Coleman, '16; Dorothy Eames, '16; and Christine Burnham, '16.

Irving Donovan and Robert Cohen went to Dexter to represent Bangor High School in the Maine Discussion League. Mr. Donovan and Lloyd Hatch of Dexter were chosen to speak in a district contest which will probably be held at the High School on Friday evening, April 30. Mr. Cohen is to be the alternate.

James Freeland and Caldwell Sweet spent the vacation in visiting Washington, New York and Boston.

Harry Butler took a trip to Boston during the recent vacation.

Richard MacWilliams, Louis Dennett, Addison Palmer, Orestes Cleveland and Oliver Hall spent the first week of vacation in an enjoyable manner at Pushaw Lake.

We are glad to notice that C. Freeman Olsen is sufficiently recovered from a slight operation, which was performed in vacation, to attend school on the first day of the term.

An entertaining program, which included addresses by Hon. Payson Smith, State Superintendent of Schools, and Miss Mary C. Richardson, librarian at the Castine Normal School, was presented by the Nineteenth Century club, Friday afternoon, April 9, in the Assembly Hall. Mr. Smith talked on "The Business of the Child," while Miss Richardson took as her subject, "The Child and the Book." Both addresses were received with enthusiasm. Among other numbers Miss Marguerite Tibbetts, '16, gave several readings which were greatly enjoyed.

We are very glad to welcome back Miss Hincks after her illness, which kept her from school during the last week of the winter term.

Miss Elizabeth Head, '18, has recently returned from Jamaica, West Indies, and the Panama Canal, where she has been traveling with her parents for some time.

Among the Bangor delegates at the Maine Boys' Conference, held in Portland this year, were Maurice King, '17; Frank Estes, '16; Raymond Torrey, '17; Everett Roberts, '16; Walter Downes, '18; John Rowe, '18; Earl Young, '17; Harold Banton, '16; Edgar Seavey, '15; Osgood Nickerson, '18; Paul Larrabee, '17; Simmons Tyler, '18; Leon Thomas, '17; Marsena Allen, '17; Fred Eaton, '17; and Crosby Redman, '16. The speakers included Dr. Fisher, E. M. Robinson, and International Secretary Whittemore. The boys report that the conference was one of the finest ever held.

More men are wanted for baseball.

Mr. George W. Stephens lectured to an appreciative audience, Tuesday evening, April 13, in the Assembly Hall. He talked on "Men and Measures in Current National Politics," and was greatly enjoyed by all who were present. The High School Orchestra furnished music.

Some of the students of the third year French class are now working on a play, entitled "La Duchesse Conturiere," which will probably be presented the third week of the term. It will be the first play ever given in French by the High School and it is sure to be entertaining, especially to those who are studying the language. If the play proves a success other third year classes will doubtless make the same attempt. The play is under the management and direction of Madame Beaupre, the French teacher.

F. Hopkinson Smith gave a delightful lecture on the evening of March 19, in the City Hall. The talk was based on the negro and plantation life, both before and after the war. Mr. Smith was a true southern gentleman and having been brought up on a slaveholder's plantation, he had the ability to reproduce the speech and manner of the negro in a very pleasing way. The Bangor Teachers' Club was responsible for the lecture and they are to be congratulated upon securing such an interesting speaker. All who heard Mr. Smith at this time were greatly surprised at the news of his death,

which occurred only a few days after his visit here, when he appeared to be in perfect health.

Definite plans are being made for a gymnasium exhibition which will be given by the students toward the close of the term. It will include dumbbell drills, wand drills and Indian club drills by both boys and girls, and also esthetic dancing. The girls are preparing many pretty and difficult dances and the exhibition is sure to be an even greater success than last year's.

DEBATING

"Flood of words and drop of reason"

Girls vs. Boys.

On the week of March 14, a trial debate was held in Room 211 before an invited audience between the two teams who were scheduled to represent B. H. S. a few days later in the Bates' Triangular Debating League. The question was the same one which they later used in contesting with Gardiner and M. C. I., i. e., Resolved, That the women of Maine should be granted the suffrage on equal terms with men.

The affirmative team was from the Girls' Debating Society: Misses Lucie Knowles, Rose Davis and Jeannette Croxford, with Miss Bessie Mills for alternate. Harry Helson, Richard MacWilliams, and Irving Donovan composed the negative team with Harry Butler as alternate. The time was ten minutes for the main speeches, and five minutes for rebuttal. Louis Dennett, president of the Debating Society, presided. No decision was given.

Miss Knowles opened the debate for the affirmative by maintaining, first, that women are qualified to vote, and second, that the participation of women in voting would improve politics.

The first speaker of the negative, Mr. Helson, showed that it is unnecessary to give women the ballot, as the majority of women do not wish to vote.

Miss Davis, arguing from a theoretical point of view, pointed out for the affirmative that the granting of suffrage to women is right and in keeping with the principles of evolution and democracy.

Mr. MacWilliams, the second speaker of the negative, maintained that the present results of woman suffrage do not warrant its further extension.

Miss Croxford, in closing for the affirmative, clashed with Mr. MacWilliams in holding that woman suffrage had proven successful where tried.

The debate was closed by Mr. Donovan, who, basing his argument on the laws of Maine, proved that the granting of the suffrage to women is inexpedient to the state and individual.

The debate was a lively one and many strong arguments were brought to bear upon the question by both teams.

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

On Friday afternoon, March 19, a team from the Girls' Debating Society, representing Bangor High, was defeated in a debate held with Maine Central Institute. The debate was one of the series of contests held in connection with the Bates' Debating League, and, as in all the debates, the subject was, Resolved, That the women of Maine should be granted the suffrage on equal terms with men. The Bangor team, supporting the affirmative, was composed of Misses Lucie Knowles, Rose Davis, and Jeannette Croxford with Miss Bessie Mills for alternate, while the negative team from Pittsfield was made up of J. Elmer Goodwin, W. Morrill Burse, Marvin L. Ames, and as alternate, Leslie L. Black. Ten minutes were allowed for the main arguments and five for rebuttal.

Louis Dennett presided, and the judges were Prof. G. W. Stevens of the U. of M., Prin. W. E. Sullivan of Brewer High School, and Prin. B. C. Markle of Hampden Academy. They awarded the decision to M. C. I., and gave to W. Morrill Burse of M. C. I., the honor of being the best individual speaker.

This debate was an exceptionally interesting one, the arguments of both teams showing the result of fine preparation. In rebuttal the contest was hot, and many of the speakers showed remarkable ability in handling the excellent material furnished them by the alternates.

We regret that in courtesy to M. C. I. we are unable to furnish the arguments used in this debate. As M. C. I. is to debate with several other schools on the same question, it would be decidedly unfair to Pittsfield to publish her arguments.

Bangor at Gardiner.

On the evening of Friday, the same day on which the Bangor girls lost to M. C. I.,

the boys' team suffered a similar defeat at Gardiner. The debate, another of the Bates' League contests, was held on the same question, Resolved, That the women of Maine should be granted the suffrage on equal terms with men. The Bangor team supported the negative, and was composed of Harry Helson, Richard MacWilliams, and Irving Donovan, with Harry Butler for alternate. Gardiner, upholding the affirmative, was represented by Miss Rena Speed, John Heselton, Lawrence Emerson and Abe Brisk, alternate.

The judges, Judge Beane of Hallowell, Rev. Charles G. Mosher of Augusta, and Supt. Abbott of Hallowell, awarded the decision to Gardiner, but were divided on the best speaker, one choosing Lawrence Emerson, one John Heselton and one Irving Donovan. As Emerson and Heselton tied for first place, Donovan received the honorable mention.

A hearty tribute to Bangor's speakers was justly paid by the Kennebec Journal: "Although Gardiner won, the vanquished Websters and Clays have reason to congratulate themselves that their arguments were able and forcibly stated and the margin of points by which they lost was narrow indeed."

Bates' League.

These two debates were held in the Bangor High, M. C. I., and Gardiner High triangle in the Bates' College Interscholastic Debating League. Simultaneous debates throughout the league were held on Friday, March 19, on the same question. Two teams, one taking the affirmative and the other the negative of the same question represented each school.

Thus M. C. I. won both in Bangor and in Pittsfield, defeating Gardiner High at home. Gardiner defeated Bangor at Gardiner.

There are two other triangles and M. C. I. will now have a chance to compete with the

winners in each for the championship trophy.

Colby Debating League.

A new debating league has been recently organized by Colby College which twenty preparatory schools, ten high schools and ten academies have been invited to enter.

The conditions are; on an appointed day each school sends a team to Colby prepared to debate on the subject, Resolved, That military drill should be compulsory in all preparatory schools. On the afternoon of that day the high schools and academies will separately go through their main speeches before different judges. The two best teams, one from the high schools and one from the academies will be selected to debate in the evening. In this final debate a prize of seventy-five dollars will be awarded to the winning team, and to the losing team, twenty-five dollars.

Preparations are now being made for the making up of a debating team to represent Bangor High at Colby. A good number of candidates are expected for the trials, and a first-class team is anticipated.

The Girls' Society.

At a recent meeting of the Girls' Debating Society, a debate was given on the subject: Resolved, That Bangor High School should have two sessions. As this subject is one which comes near to all of us, the discussion was a lively one. The rebuttal particularly was quick and sharp. The speakers were as follows:

Affirmative: Lillian H. Magee, Mary E. Chadwick, Jeannette Croxford.

Negative: Doris M. Townsend, Hazel L. Merrifield, Erma F. Furrow.

Gladys M. Allen acted as chairman and the judges were Lluclie M. Knowles and Lora E. Blanding. The decision was

awarded to the negative after much discussion.

At the meeting held on March 4, at 4 o'clock, two new members were voted in. The society now numbers seventeen members. A committee was appointed to prepare a list of subjects to be voted upon for a prepared debate.

The meetings for the weeks of March 8 and March 15 were omitted because the president and several valued members of the society were engaged in preparation for the debate with M. C. I.

The Girls' Debating Society was well represented at a joint meeting of the two societies called by Mr. Larrabee to lay before the members the matter of the Colby Debating League.

Members of the society attended the trial debate given by the teams of each society on the subject, Resolved, That the women of Maine should be granted equal suffrage rights with men.

At the meeting held March 25, the Colby Debating League was discussed. A debate was given on the subject, Resolved, That better results are obtained from exclusive girls' and boys' college than from co-educational colleges. Good points were brought out on both sides. The speakers were as follows:

Affirmative: Mary E. Chadwick, Gladys M. Allen, Lluclie M. Knowles, Rose M. Davis.

Negative: Lilla C. Hersey, Doris M. Townsend, Hazel L. Merrifield, Lora E. Blanding.

The judges were Jeannette Croxford and Doris Brewer.

The decision was given to the affirmative.



"Beatae Memoriae"

Jerome Ross, '14, is working in the office of the Bangor & Aroostook R. R.

Thomas J. Sheehan, '09, a former Bangor High School football and baseball player, is a candidate for captain of the Andover baseball team.

Members of the class of 1899 held a reunion at the Penobscot Exchange on the evening of December fourth, 1914. Over a score were present out of a class which numbered fifty-four at the time of graduation. It was the first reunion held by the class for thirteen years, and it was so successful that arrangements were made for another gathering next year. At the close of the banquet, a number of letters were read from members of the class unable to be present. They were scattered from Northern Maine to Southern California. Charles P. Conners, Esq., acted as toastmaster, and responses were made by all present. The committee in charge of the arrangements included Mrs. Harold C. Sawyer, Mrs. William H. Robinson, Miss Ella M. Taylor, Charles P. Conners and John Harlow.

Teresa Tuck, '13, was at home from the Faelten Pianoforte School of Boston for the holidays.

Walter Banton, '12, has returned to Dartmouth College after passing the holidays in Bangor.

Lydia Moore, '11, who has been teaching school at Sangerville, has gone to Castine where she will resume her studies at the State Normal School.

Eleanor Knowles, '12, and Marie Knowles, '13, of Bates College and Smith

College, respectively, spent the vacation with their parents in Bangor.

Miss Rebecca Chilcott, '10, instructor in Domestic Science at Mt. Ida Seminary, was at home for the Easter vacation.

Lynwood Sproul, '13, of Boston, is spending a few weeks in this city.

Gwendolyn Safford, '14, Frances Townsend, '14, and Eleanor Shaw, '14, have returned to Wheaton College after the Easter vacation.

Martha Mansur, '14, has resumed her studies at Wellesley College.

Doris Robinson, '09, and Dorothy Smith, '14, have returned to Smith College after the Easter recess.

Frederick French, '13, Edward Hawes, '12, and Harvey Miller, '12, have returned to Bowdoin College.

Horace Chapman, '12, has returned to Williams' College.

Harold Casey, '13, who is in the employ of the Great Northern Paper Co., upriver, returned home to spend the Easter holidays.

Paul White, '13, formerly violinist at the Bijou Theatre, is at home from the New England Conservatory of Music, where he is studying.

Charles E. Edmunds, '13, of the Bowdoin Medical School, passed the Easter vacation at his home in Bangor.

Sarah Malone, '13, Marion Buzzell, '13, Madeline Gallagher, '13, and Teresa Harrington, '13, returned home from Gorham Normal School to spend the Easter recess.



"Fortis cadere, cedere non protest"

Track Athletics

Few students in Bangor High School, I think, know to what extent track athletics are carried on in the United States and especially in New England. Pick up any popular Boston newspaper and you will find the columns of the sporting pages full of reports of track meets and pictures of distinguished athletes. This is ample proof that track athletics are a popular form of sport and that much enthusiasm is being shown in it. In Massachusetts track is already on a par with baseball and football and is destined to become so in Maine. It is justly popular because nearly all can participate in it. Track does not require great weight or strength. Any boy of high school age may make the team provided he has a strong heart, sound body and a determination to make good.

Bangor High has a good start in track. Last year she tied for third place at the Maine meet and took fifth place at Bowdoin. This year she sent nine men down to Brunswick and captured second place easily with nineteen points to her credit. Hebron undoubtedly has the strongest prep. school team in the state, but is a big school like B. H. S. going to get down on her knees to Hebron? Not much. We are going to put up a big fight next spring at the Bowdoin and Maine meets, and unless the student body fails to support the team in the right way, we should win, Hebron or no Hebron.

Don't think that because some member of the track-team can run, jump, hurdle,

pole-vault, or throw the shot better than you, that there is no chance for you. Second and third places count a lot in a big meet. Come out and work hard to form the best prep. school track team in the state.

Finally, what can the girls, and the boys who are not on the team, do for it? When you graduate from your school, what will you think of as you look over the years you spent there? Will you recall some game when you helped to bring your team to victory by cheering your best? Studies to be sure are the most important factors of school life, but you are losing a great deal if you do not take interest in the various athletic teams which are struggling to uphold the honor and reputation of Bangor High School.

On May twenty-second comes the first of the outdoor track meets of the season. The meet will take place on Alumni Field, Orono, and if the members of the team see a large body of loyal supporters wearing the school colors, and can hear them yell for all they are worth, I am sure that it will make all the difference in the world with the outcome of the meet. If Hebron wins, it will be because they have a team equaled by none in the state, and Bangor High will be a close second.

The Bowdoin outdoor meet comes on the twenty-ninth of May. This may be the last meet of the season for us. At any rate, we want to do our best. The student body cannot be there to help us out, but if they will give the team a good send-off it will help out a great deal.

Manager Alward has received an invitation from Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass., to have his team represented in a track meet to be held there on June the fifth. For this trip we would need a lot more money and an exhibition is being

Miss Lee had coached both the Freshman and Sophomore teams, we challenged the Freshmen. A fast game in our favor was played with Mr. Larrabee and a few Freshmen for spectators. Parents' night the two teams met again, but both failed to do their



THE SOPHOMORE GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

planned. The students can help make this trip possible by attending the exhibition.

Roland C. Gray, '17.

The Sophomore Girls' Basketball Team.

In the first part of December our Girls' Sophomore Basketball team was organized with Lena Clark and Ruth Smiley as forwards; Frances Bragg and Lillian Rosen, guards; and Gladys Allen, center. After

best. Though this year has been a good one in many ways, we are expecting to make next year a better one.

Gladys M. Allen, '17, Captain.

Baseball Prospects.

The schedule, as arranged by Manager Jordan, is as follows:

April 28—U. of M. 2nd at Bangor.

May 1—M. C. I. at Pittsfield.

May 5—E. M. C. S. at Bangor.
 May 8—Waterville High at Waterville.
 May 12—Foxcroft at Bangor.
 May 15—Pending.
 May 19—E. M. C. S. at Bucksport.
 May 22—Waterville High at Bangor.
 May 26—Foxcroft Academy at Foxcroft.
 May 29—Pending.
 May 31—Coburn at Bangor.
 June 2—M. C. I. at Bangor.
 June 5—Cony High at Bangor.
 June 9—Pending with H. C. I.
 June 12—Open.

Outdoor practice started on Monday, April 12, at Maplewood Park. Enough men for three teams turned out, and there is some very good material. "Tommy" McCann, who developed the fine team of last year, has been engaged again as coach, and with seven of last year's letter men as a nucleus, will no doubt again develop a formidable aggregation. Captain Savage, one of the best pitchers in the state last year, will do most of the hurling, with Frawley, who won all of his games last season, as his understudy. The catching department suffered a severe loss in the graduation of Peckham, but there are five candidates for the position.

Dan McClay will again hold down first, with Daley as his side partner at second. Daley, always a strong hitter, is now in better form than ever. "Stubby" Furey, who held down the right field last season, is now besporting himself at third base. At the time of writing, the shortstop has not been picked.

Jones and McNeil are left in the outfield, and either Frawley or Savage will probably make the other member of a very strong trio, on both offensive and defensive.

There are two new teams on the schedule this year. Cony High of Augusta and Waterville High. Manager Jordan is also trying to manage to play Portland High at Portland, on the field day of the U. C. T. Convention.

Track Notes.

A start has been made toward a real athletic field for the school. The city engineer has marked off some of the old high school lot and put in a 120-yard straight away, a jumping pit, and a small oval track. However much of a help this must be, let us hope that the end is not yet.

Manager Alward has arranged several dual meets for next month, and asks for the support of the student body. Shall we support the track team properly, or not? If not, why not? In order to avoid answering this troublesome question, let's support the team.

End of the Basketball Season.

The basketball season ended with a victory over Edward Little, in a game involving the State Championship. Westbrook High, Edward Little, and Bangor are the three leading claimants, Edward Little splitting even with both schools, and Westbrook refusing to play B. H. S.. Edward Little also refused to play off the tie, thus leaving Bangor at the head—State Champions!

There are seven letter men this season—Captain Savage, Freeman, Adams, Jones, Mulvaney, Torrey, and Chilcott. Manager Ewer was given a manager's B. Alfred Frawley, as assistant manager, has worked hard for the good of the team.

B. H. S. has scored a total of 448 points to 229 points for their opponents.

Orono Defeated.

Bangor very nearly shut out Orono High in a fast game (on Bangor's part) at Bangor on February 24, Orono happening to get two field goals in the last few minutes of play. Adams, Freeman and Savage were the chief point getters for Bangor, while Peters and Cowan each scored a tally for Orono.

The summary :

B. H. S., 47.

Orono H. S., 4.

Adams, l.f., 8.....r.b., Noyes
Freeman, r.f., 6.....l.b., White
Savage, c., 8.....c., Peters, 1
Mulvaney, l.b., 1.....r.f., Eddy
Chilcott, l.b.

Jones, r.b., (1).....l.f., Chamberlain
Torrey, r.b.....l.f., Cowan, 1

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

Bangor, 27; Old Town, 20.

Before the biggest crowd which ever saw a game in Old Town, Bangor High trimmed Old Town High for the second time. About 150 went up from Bangor, most of them in a special car run by Manager Ewer and Henry Ryder. As it turned out, it was this support that won the game for us. After the game, the "Royal Rooters" organized a red fire parade, dragged a hayrack to the town square, made speeches, and all in all, thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The team was seriously crippled by the loss of Savage, who was taken sick the night before. At the end of the first half the score was 14 to 11 in favor of Old Town. Then Bangor cut loose. "Swede" Mulvaney got a long shot and proceeded to jump one in from the foul line. Then Old Town scored, until with five minutes to play the score stood 20-20. But B. H. S. had much strength left, and scored seven more points.

The summary :

B. H. S., 27.

O. T. H. S., 20.

Adams, l. f., 6.....r.b., Boardway

Freeman, r.f., 3.....l.b., Perro
Jones, c., 2 (1).....c., Corey, 7
Mulvaney, l.b., 2.....r.f., Paraday, 2
Torrey, r.b.....r.f., Phelps
Chilcott, r.b.....l.f., Soucy, 1
Referee, Daley. Umpire, Gould. Time,
two twenty-minute periods.

The Edward Little Game.

On March 5, Bangor won the State Championship by defeating Edward Little. The attendance was the largest of the season, 350 persons being packed into the gym. Edward Little led all the first half, the score being 12-9 at the end of the period. Bangor took the lead at the beginning of the second half and maintained this supremacy throughout the game. Freeman played a wonderful game, and Hasty excelled for the visitors. The game was very fast, and much time was taken out, the pace being too swift for the players. A dance followed the game.

The summary :

B. H. S., 27.

E. L. H. S., 17.

Adams, l.f., 3.....r.b., Stetson
r.b., Golden
Freeman, r.f., 7.....l.b., Hasty, 3 (1)
Thompson, c.....c., Engley, 2
Jones, c., 1 (3)
Mulvaney, l.b.....r.f., Burke, 1
Jones, r.b.....l.f., Moulton, 2
Torrey, r.b., 1.....l.f., Tribou
Referee, Daley. Time, 20-minute periods.

Between periods the second team won from the Third Street Stars by a score of 17-16.



EXCHANGES

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

—Burns

During the Easter vacation and since the March number of the Oracle came out, the number of exchanges received far exceeds that of any previous month of this year. Last month we received 77 magazines and 15 pamphlets; while this month 100 magazines came in and 14 pamphlets.

Many of our exchanges criticise the practice of listing all the exchanges received each month, so we intend to give them a rest this time and try something different.

The ten following papers are new ones to us, this being the first time we have received one of them. They are very welcome and we will look them over carefully.

The Blue Bird, Julia Richman H. S., New York; Bowen Prep., Bowen Public H. S., Chicago, Ill.; Emblem, Van Buren, Indiana; Mirror (Pamphlet) Pratt, Kansas; Optimist, Atchison, Kansas; Pine Cone, Cornish, Maine; Record, Littleton, N. H.; Ringe Register, Ringe Technical School, Cambridge, Mass.; Student, Central H. S., Detroit, Mich.; Tabula, Torrington, Conn.

The "Blue Bird" is a very well arranged paper, but it lacks one thing. Why not have a definite department given to the exchanges you receive? Surely your criticisms would be valued by many other schools.

The Slim Hollow Gazette department of the "Bowen Prep." reminds us somewhat of the Bingville Bugle. If all papers had a section like your current events they would be more valuable to their schools and

friends. Of course you will soon have an exchange department, will you not?

High School Emblem.—Among the praiseworthy articles of your February number are the short sketches on Algebra, English, History and Agriculture. Build up your exchange department and keep the Alumni column fresh and you are sure to prosper.

The "Mirror" is a good live paper.

The "Optimist" needs an exchange department. You seem to have snap enough in all the other subjects, why not take up exchange criticism?

"Record," L. H. S.—Some good material for a small paper!

An interesting article in the "Ringe Register" states a belief about rifle practice with which we do not agree: that if the National government is willing to furnish rifles, part of the ammunition and a supervisor for each club, it seems that more young men ought to look into the matter, especially when our attention is so focused on the good and bad shooting and its results as shown in Europe. We think that shooting of any kind, good or bad, should be discouraged.

"Student," D. C. H. S.—Yours is a paper well filled with stories, news and fun and is so well arranged that the exchanges seem to have been left out by mistake! Is it your habit to "forget" them?

The "Buzzer," Avalon, Pa., has a fine record of the Avalon High School Alumni. Such a register would repay any high school paper to put forth.

The "English High School Record," from Boston is one of those rare papers that makes the exchange editor happy. Here he finds stories of real life, jokes with real snap and personals with real personality. We sincerely regret that you have not been with us all the year and truly hope to receive your paper regularly hereafter. In your March issue the records of your school events are somewhat lost among your stories. Why not keep like subjects together?

The "Folia Crescentia," Germantown, Pa., is a paper of which any school might be proud. The articles in Latin are splendid and only a Latin student can appreciate their real value. The page on "Popular Games and Amusements of Roman Children" is both interesting and instructive. Unlike Caesar's jokes the ones in the "Folia Crescentia" are very funny. Other schools should introduce a Latin paper. Come again.

The "Claflin Enterprise" of Newtonville, Mass., is making a brave start. But a few stories won't make you a successful paper. You must look about and find material for other departments. Keep on, head up!

The "Messenger," Durham, N. C., has more literary material than the amount of other departments justify.

The "Optimist," Bloomington, Indiana, has lots of fine material, but it might be arranged in more attractive form.

The February issue of the "Phoenix" from Montpelier, Vt., is a nice little paper and treats of a great variety of subjects.

As Seen By a Sophomore.

"The Tiger," Little Rock, Ark., is a well written paper, but where is the editorial board? Why not give it a page instead of putting it at the head of the Departments?

"The Pioneer's" motto might be Quality not Quantity. But why not broaden out a

little? "The Invisible Eye" is a very interesting story.

"The Owl," Fresno, Cal., is a friend from the Pacific. A very good paper, especially the Personals. Why not acknowledge your exchanges?

"The Tripod," Roxbury Latin School, certainly shows a hustling spirit. Best wishes for the new schoolhouse. Why not have some stories?" "The History of the Banana" is an interesting article.

"The Spectator," is a good, all-round paper. The Personals are fine and the Exchange Honor Roll is a good idea.

"The Optimist" is a good paper, but where is the table of contents? The cuts are good, but the Literary Department is rather small.

"The Advocate" is good, but you have not many ads. Where are your business managers? Why not have more personals?

"The Tattler" is a well balanced paper. Keep it up and come again.

"The Index" is a fine little paper. The story, "His Duty," is very good.

"The Taft Oracle" has some fine stories, but why not have an Alumni Page? Also why not criticise other papers in your exchange columns?

"School Life," Metuchen, N. Y., is good, but don't you have any athletics? The cover is very appropriate.

Kenneth S. Boardman, '17.

In the Eyes of Others.

Your idea in running the articles on "Occupations for High School Graduates" is good and should be of benefit to those now in your school. The story of a girls' camp is full of life and interest.—Red and White, Chicago.

We noticed in your December number that you criticised our paper for having the advertisements mixed with the literary matter. This is done in the best magazines and is allowed by all good critics. Of course, it

would improve the appearance of the paper to have the advertisements in the back, but we do not ask our advertisers to pay for advertisements that are placed where they would probably never be read.—The "Aegis," Beverly, Mass.

We believe that we can easily give this paper credit for being the best exchange this month. Those who want to see a well-balanced paper with every department thoroughly worked out should read this number of the Oracle.—"Crimson Rambler," Tonkawa, Okla.

We think your literary department this month is the best yet. Your article on the "Effects of the War Upon the Wholesale Trade of Bangor," is especially interesting. We thank you for your mention of us in your exchange department. If we had as many exchanges as we have other material, we would be all right.—"Presque Isle Flyer."

We regard "The Oracle," Bangor, Me., as one of our favorites. It is a paper that makes one "sit up and take notice." The story, "The Lost Will," is very cleverly written and quite interesting, but very similar to the little scene which takes place in Myrtle Reed's book, entitled—"At the Sign of the Jack O'Lantern."—"Pignonian," Piqua, Ohio.

Oracle—Your stories are wonderfully good. We especially enjoyed "The Lost Will." But can't you have a few more cuts? Your personals are quite clever.—"Review," Chicago, Ill.

Oracle—You have an extensive exchange. Come again.—"Buzzey."

"The Oracle" (Jan.)—"Contents" on the cover is very "catchy." Your "Exchanges" are especially well handled.—"Owl," Fresno, Cal.

Your cuts are very good. "Anchor."—N. Anson, Me.

You have a fine Exchange department. Your jokes are clever and your Literary de-

partment is very interesting.—"Ariel," Bucksport.

The Oracle is one of our best exchanges. It is a well edited paper in all departments.—"Crescent," Buxton, Me.

You are not near so good as you were last month. You have plenty of stories, but they are not very strong. However, your debating notes are exceptionally good.—"Messenger," Durham, N. C.

Hailing from Bangor, Maine, is the Oracle, a true representative of "The Pine Tree State." The departmental divisions are complete in form and contents. The editorials are excellent. Especial mention must be given the stories, of which there is both quality and amplitude.—"Tech Monthly," Scranton, Pa.

We were delighted to receive our first copy of the Oracle, from Bangor, Me. This is one of the best publications received by us and we are eagerly awaiting the arrival of the next number.—"Thistle," Urbana, Ill.

The Debating section, such as is contained in "The Oracle" of Bangor High School, is not found in many papers. It is very interesting.—"The Arcturus," Caribou, Me.

The Oracle, B. H. S.: The different departments are well written and the headings most attractive.—"The Early Trainer," Lawrence, Mass.

Another paper, the Bangor H. S. Oracle has an appropriate quotation at the beginning of each department. Somehow that gives a certain dignity to the departments, especially since the quotations are always well chosen.—"The Racquet," Portland, Me.

The Oracle: An interesting paper throughout. Your debating column is something which should be in every paper.—"The Bouncer," Madison, Me.



PERSONALS

.. Why We Did It.

There were some Freshmen in our school
 And they were wondrous wise.
 They published a copy of the Oracle
 And stuck it before our eyes.
 And when we saw what they had done,
 With all our might and main,
 We worked and this is what we have
 To show that we were game.

H. R., '17.

Some Well-tried Recipes.

For Flunks.

Take half a dozen "good excuses," mix well in two quarts of bluff. Flavor with a few school dances and moonlight serenades. Stir well before baking and serve hot at the end of each term.

For "A" Papers.

Take two dozen irregular French verbs, fifty pages of well-studied English. When these are thoroughly mixed, add ten theorems and a book of Caesar (having separated the text from the "cribs.") These should be allowed to simmer in your tired head over night. Add two pints of worry. Bake in a slow oven and serve cold with a cool head, garnish with paper and pencils.

H. M. A., '17.

How dear to my heart
 Is the cash of Subscription,
 When the generous Subscriber
 Presents it to view.

Of the one who'll not pay
 I refrain from description,
 For perhaps, gentle reader,
 That one may be you.

H. M. A., '17.

In French translation: Kennedy fut
 chargé d'arreter l'elephant dans sa course.
 C-yt-ng, '17: Kennedy was charged to
 arrest the elephant for his crime.

C-h-n, '15: Mercury was a messenger
 boy.

Captain Gray of the High School Track,
 At high jumping has a knack,
 Cleared the bar at five foot seven,
 Soon he'll do it at eleven.

Twinkle, Twinkle Dexter Pullen
 Here's a real sensational man,
 Be it basketball or track,
 Dexter plays for all he can.

Mme. in French: Monsieur is not here
 today. Is he sick?

Sn-y-d-r (waking up out of a trance):
 No, madame. He is absent.

M-k-na, '17: Reliquis deinceps diebus.
 The following days came after the others.

It's a little word that ends in "K,"
 And it has a most distressing way,
 Of being where you wish it wouldn't be,
 Begins with "F"—now don't you see?
 '17.

Sing a song of Adams,
 The fast left forward man,
 Of baskets he threw many!
 A clever chap, young Dan.

Miss W— (suggesting subjects in English): How would "Mining" do for a subject?

Cayting, '17: Oh! that's too deep!

Pullen, '17, (in English): Oh, Miss W—, when are we going to read the adenoids? (Aeneids.)

Larrabee, '17, (in German): I have this declension all mixed up.

Miss MacS—: No wonder, it's a mixed declension.

Mr. L-ttl-f-ld, '17 (in French): *Avez vous vu mes beaux chevaux?*

Have you seen my beautiful hair?

Thompson, '17, (in French): While our friends were eating, the others ate themselves.

Mr. Mitchell: The one defect still remaining in our gymnasium has been removed.

Teacher: Mr. H-ls-n, how do you translate, "I am hungry."

H-ls-n, '17: *Je suis faim* (pronounces it *femme*).

Sophomore, reading his English paper: Indians are in the habit of hiding behind fences.

Miss W., in Silas Marner: Some obnoxious power had taken the money.
 M-l-l-n, '17: Is that good to eat?

Miss W—: What is hydraulic mining?

Gl-s, '17: You take a stream of water and throw it at a hill.

McCann, '17: For a sure stick, use pep-sin gum.

Molly: What did James say when his mother opened a can of soup?

Polly: See McCann.

Four Ways of Addressing the Teachers:

Freshman: Huh!

Sophomore: What?

Junior: I didn't hear the question.

Senior: I did not comprehend the nature of the inquiry.

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S stands for sniff,

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 So its rah! rah! rah!

'17.

Miss P—: What is the matter with your eye?

Gr-n, '18: I got something in it.

Miss P—: What is it?

Gr-n, '18: I don't know, I can't see it.

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