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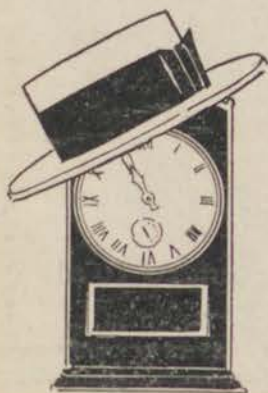
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EDITORIALS

"An ounce of performance is worth a pound of preachment."

There has been of late a great agitation among reformers as to the efficiency of our present school system, and such a distinguished educator as Charles **Are we Wrong?** Elliot, President Emeritus of Harvard, has denounced it as antiquated and behind the times. Most of the reforms are proposed with the idea in view that the modern curriculum is not practical enough. According to the reformers too much attention is paid to the study of ancient history and the languages, to the theoretical teaching of modern languages, and to the higher forms of mathematics. They believe that modern languages should be taught so that pupils will be able to speak the language after two or three years' training; and the teaching of the complexities of grammar should be subordinated to this. The few fundamentals of mathematics should be thoroughly mastered at the expense of the more advanced work. Such studies as the natural sciences, government, civics, and political economy should receive much attention; and drawing and shopwork of a practical character should be taken. The aim of these suggested reforms is that the student on leaving school shall be ready to

enter immediately into the busy world, without being handicapped by theoretical and pedantic teachings, and by lack of practical knowledge. Whether or not these reforms are needed is a matter that this generation must settle for itself. A country's system of education is a dangerous problem to tamper with, and there should be a great deal of serious thought before any radical change is made. But there is much to be said on the reformers' side, and it will hurt no one to form an opinion on this subject that is so near to all of us. Educational reform is no new thing; it is a continuous process that has been going on since education began.

"Success is voltage under control."

In the world war now going on it is hard to realize the awful losses that are suffered by the contending armies. In **War** just one of the great battles on the Franco-German front the losses in men totaled more than the entire population of Bangor, Portland, Augusta, Lewiston, and Waterville put together. Imagine, if you can every man, woman, and child of this city, lying dead in the streets and you get but a faint outline of the terrible losses

in this greatest of all wars. In the recent estimate of the losses at Verdun, the German total alone reaches 600,000. The population of Maine by the 1910 census was 742,000. With a picture of almost the entire population of this state lying dead, or wounded, see if you think that war is a thing to be played with! The famous words of General Sherman were none too strong.

"Be natural and be proper but not too proper."

In the words of a famous author, there are four kinds of men: those who do the right thing without being told; those who do it when told once; those who do it when told twice and those who do it when necessity kicks them into action. The first man gets the plums, all that is best and finest in the world. He is a creator, a builder, a general in the army of life, a possessor of that rare gift, initiative. The man who does the right thing when told once serves as a private in his army; he gets the second best rewards, although he probably does as much work as his general. The do-it-the-second time man gets the leftovers; he is the clock-watcher, the man who wonders why the boss does not raise his salary. He is the one that cries loudest against the successful men who have passed him in the race. As for the fourth man little can be said. A visit to the Down-and-Outers Club will show you him in the height of his glory.

"The Gobbles kill just as many as the Guzzles"

In past issues, the Oracle has, in various ways, endeavored to arouse school spirit in the interest of athletics. And **Value of Debating** rightly it should do this, for the teams need the strong support of every student in the institution. There is another department, how-

ever, which is equally, if not more in need of support than any other high school activity, and that is debating. From an educational point of view, this is one of the most important pursuits, for to outsiders the efficiency of a school is judged rather by the ability of its debating team, than by its athletic standing.

The training which debating affords is undeniably of great value. It gives the student a thorough knowledge of the great questions of the day, teaches him to express himself logically, and to construct a convincing argument. It teaches him to concentrate; to think, and think quickly. But above all, a debating training makes a student able to speak easily and fluently before almost any kind of an audience, either in delivering a prepared argument, or speaking extemporaneously. These benefits speak for themselves. The value of the practical training afforded by debating has long been proved, and this activity is one which is strongly recommended by the teachers and higher educationalists.

The object in putting these facts before you is nothing new; it is the old plea for support. For the last few years, the active debating in Bangor High has been carried on by a small group, rarely numbering over six persons. Think of that, six out of eight hundred. Now what the debating teams need is not merely your financial aid, but your own personal support. This year we lose many of our old debaters by graduation. Next year new men must fill the positions on the teams. Students, come up with a fighting spirit next fall, and give us a debating squad that will hold Bangor High to her proper position in this line, and make her a power to be feared by her debating rivals.

L. B. D.

"He is best educated who is most useful."



"Dear Authors, Suit Your Topics to Your Strength"



THE school year is drawing to a close and there is but one more Oracle, the Graduation Number. We want to have this next number up to the high standard that was set last year. Now to do this means the hearty co-operation of the students of B. H. S. We want the stories that are published next month to be the best that the school can give; and we want a lot of them to pick from. We want all the classes to rake, and scrape, and dig up, and invent

a lot of funny personals; and please put them in that brown box on the second floor. They won't do any good if allowed to languish and die in your Caesars or Algebras. There is a place for them, so put them there. Make a mad dash for the little brown box and help make the next Oracle super-excellent. Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors are especially invited to do a little work and give us a quality Graduation number. Every one else in the school except these will be excused.

VALUE AND AIMS OF THE COMMERCIAL COURSE

1. It is the most distinctly vocational course in the high school, and

2. The first rung in the ladder of which the business man must climb.

3. The cultural element is not lacking, as there is opportunity for cultural development through the English, History, and General Science courses offered in the Commercial Course.

4. Efficiency is practically the motto of the Commercial Course.

5. It brings into the High School boys and girls from Bangor and its suburbs who would not otherwise have even one year of high school training.

6. The disciplinary value of the course is shown in the study of the school records.

The aim of the Commercial Course is two-fold: to assist the pupil in acquiring a thorough grounding in the principles of the technical branches of the course: namely, Bookkeeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Commercial Geography, Commercial Law, Penmanship, Spelling, Stenography, and Typewriting; and to assist the pupil in acquiring a broad, general education. Sometimes remarks are made which would indicate that the speaker thinks there is a rivalry between the Commercial courses and the other courses. Nothing is further from the truth. Pupils who take the commercial course do not expect to pursue their education in a higher institution and our course is arranged especially for that class of pupils.

When I know that any young man or woman has an opportunity to go to college, I feel very glad for that student's good fortune, but our work is to deal with young people to whom the high school is the last institution of learning to be attended.

Starting at that point therefore, we try to help the pupil become an expert in the different studies of the course, and to add to

these as much as we can that will serve him best when he has left the school.

How much of this aim we have accomplished is a matter partly of record. It usually happens that a short time after school closes, there are few of the graduates unemployed; that is of those who desire positions.

CAPTAIN DICK CARSON'S CHARGE (Prize Story)

By Alice Gallagher, '18.



SHAW! What nonsense it is to believe that the war can in any way affect us, or that it will eventually involve us!" Disgust was evident in Ned Morton's tones, and his comrades silently turned their eyes upon Richard Carson, trusting him to make a fitting answer to this declaration.

Wasn't Dick as well versed in war news as anyone could be? Didn't he read every scrap of news pertaining to the great European struggle, and hadn't he written two thrilling war stories for the school paper? These boys were students at a military academy; so, naturally, war was a familiar and interesting subject.

"Is it nonsense to believe such a thing?" burst from Dick's lips. "Nonsense? Just wait and see. Before the great war is over we shall be dragged into it! But why fear that? Are we not, every one of us, ready and willing to fight for our country? We would show them that America's sons are as loyal today to uphold her honor as they were in '76! We are not afraid of our enemies! Determination is nine-tenths of the battle, and we would be determined!"

A murmur of approval went through the crowd of boys, but at this moment the bell sounded through the school, and the cadets retired to their rooms.

* * * * *

Captain Dick Carson's regiment was ready for the attack. Far up the steep hill was the city to be captured, and behind strong entrenchments the enemy awaited the attack.

"Impossible, almost impossible," murmured Captain Carson. "However, orders are to be obeyed. Attention, men! Charge!"

At the word the soldiers started that awful ascent. Up the hill they rushed, only to be driven back by the rain of fire which burst from the enemies' guns. But every soldier's body held a hero's heart, and one repulse did not cause them to flee in disgrace and fear. Between the lines of his army the brave captain rode, cheering the soldiers as they formed for a second attack. Again the order to "charge" was borne on the winds to the farthest man; again the soldiers dashed bravely up the steep hill. Right up to the entrenchments they went like a great wave; but the foe had the advantage, and again they drove back the weakening army. Over half the men lay wounded on the field, and defeat seemed almost inevitable; but, until the last man had fallen, Richard Carson would not give up!

Suddenly, far out in the west a cloud of dust became visible. Nearer and nearer it drew until it reached the scene of combat. A long, loud shout of joy ran through the lines of weary soldiers.

"Reinforcements, saved!"

With fresh vigor and new hopes the men formed for another charge. Up they went, slowly at first, but gradually faster. The enemy welcomed them with a rain of lead, but this time Captain Carson was there for victory. His men reached the summit; overcame the enemy; and won the battle,—but at what a cost! The whole hill was strewn with the dead and dying. Some of the bravest men in the country had fallen. At the very top of the hill lay the body of the brave captain who had urged his army on to victory. He had made a bold dash to plant his flag, which had fallen from the wounded flag-bearer's hands, on the fortifications of the enemy, but in the attempt had fallen before his foe, shot by a retreating soldier. His unconscious groans attracted the attention of his comrades. They gathered around him, with bared heads, to bid a

last farewell to their beloved captain.

"Tell them—I died—in battle!" murmured Captain Carson. "Tell—them—not to — —!" but the weak voice failed, and the arm dropped motionless to his side. Captain Carson had fought his last battle!

* * * * *

"What's the matter, old fellow? Gee! he's delirious! Dick, old pal, don't you know me?" The well-known voice of Phil Ludlow, Dick's roommate, penetrated the mist of the boy's brain. Slowly his eyes opened. Around him were gathered his friends, watching him with anxious faces. Where was he, anyway? Wasn't he dead? Where were his blue uniform and cap? Then Dick began to realize. He was in his own bed at the academy. The friends who had gathered around the dying captain were his college chums, his bravery, and his battle were,—all a dream.

THE COMMERCIAL PAST OF BANGOR

Told by Three Old Men at a Country Store.

By Helen Tribou, '17.



HAT a dismal place to spend the night! It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when we arrived, and not a person could be seen save the old station agent. After we had had our supper at the Inn, my friend and I went for a walk. In this little town of Hanover near Sioux City, we were perfect strangers to everybody we met. I saw a little store up the road and suggested that we go and buy something to eat. It was a postoffice, grocery store, millinery shop, meat market and hardware store as well as the general center for all, old and young, of the village.

Nothing is as noticeable in a western town as an easterner. He is admired, questioned, and viewed from all sides. After we had made our purchases, the storekeeper

asked us where we were from. I promptly replied that we were from Bangor, Maine. He then asked questions about our native city which, I am ashamed to admit, we could not answer. One young man said that he would give much to know something about the port of Bangor, as he called it. As our conversation continued, I noticed two old men sitting by the chimney deep in thought. Just as we were about to leave, one, a tall, rugged man, with broad chest and shoulders, spoke.

"When I was a small boy living in Boston, my father told me the story of the settlement of Bangor, his native city; of Jacob Buswell's success in making a start toward the settlement of what was then called Sunbury, but which was later changed to Bangor. As a squatter, Jacob Buswell's home cost him nothing; the fine forest and timber-

lands promised him warmth and shelter and later wealth. Many others followed Buswell until a settlement of some size was started. My father often said that in the early days the citizens were ready to undertake great enterprises; consequently her natural and industrial resources developed in a large degree. Among Bangor's industries, the lumber trade stood first. It stood first, boys, for many years, until I was old enough to seek my fortune. Many of you will be surprised to learn that I found it, or rather earned it, in the Maine woods near Bangor. A great lumber harvest used to float down her streams to market every year and I, as a lumberjack, looked forward to the time when the logs were sent to the trade center, Bangor, with the rich stores of the forest. I rose from my position as lumberjack until in the season of 1899 I became a landowner. This season was the most prosperous of all for Maine, but we dug into the very heart of those fine old forests with no thought of the morrow, until today the lumber trade is steadily decreasing because of the carelessness of yesterday."

I had lived in Bangor since I was a small child and had known nothing of its settlement and growth. As I was thinking over the interesting things which I had just heard, a short and rather stout man with a jolly face and good natured air now spoke up:

"Perhaps, friends, as a sea captain, I could add to the story of Bangor, that fine old port of entry. About thirty years ago I owned a vessel called the *Helena*. From Hampden to Bangor could be seen barques, brigs, and barkentines of all sizes, waiting their turn along the wharves. In a week or so after our arrival, we would return with our yessels loaded with lumber, ice and various products of the region. Shipbuilding flourished in the city of Bangor as well as trade and commerce. Each season freez-

ing of the Penobscot River brought shipbuilding and trade to a standstill. Ice cutting then became the chief occupation on the river. All along the river banks were houses for the storing of the ice. The river would be black sometimes with people cutting ice. The most prosperous season for ice cutting was in 1887 when all the people of Bangor were interested in the industry. Few men are now alive who shared in the wonderful success and prosperity of Bangor as a port and trade center."

Here the story was brought to a close by the entrance of an old gentleman of polite manner and dignified appearance.

"Good evening, Mr. Rand. We were telling what we knew about the city of Bangor," said the retired lumberman.

"Good evening, neighbors. I might have something to offer in that direction myself."

We assured him that we were eager to hear what he had to say of our native city.

"When I was about eighteen years of age, my father took me with him hunting in the Maine Woods. We spent several days in Bangor getting our provisions and supplies. The night we arrived was the opening night of Bangor's new and beautifully furnished opera house. My father attended a lecture to be given in the old Norombega, one of the largest halls in the city of that time. That hall has echoed with the voices of Wendell Philips, Edward Everett, Theodore Parker, Ralph Waldo Emerson and many other noted men who spoke against slavery or on literary topics of great importance. In this city we saw the county buildings and many large business blocks, but, of course nothing compared with those of today. Everywhere were evidences of trade and industries. A thing which was of special interest to me in the city was the fine waterworks with its equipment and machinery. On the whole my father and I

were very much pleased with this Maine city. The people were of the old fashioned, industrial, honest stock, cordial in their ways."

We expressed to our three old friends our appreciation for their interesting stories and thanked them for speaking so highly of our

home. Few cities have a more honorable past than Bangor, and with its fine harbour, its admirable situation and its intelligent people the promise of a grand future is before it, for "The best prophet of the Future is the Past."

WHY UNITED STATES HISTORY SHOULD BE REQUIRED

By George Toole, '16.

Honor Essay.



HY should not United States History be required one year in all the different courses in the Bangor High School? United States History is important. Then why not teach it to all the pupils in the High School? You say they are taught it in the grammar grades, but, do they understand it? No! Nine out of every ten do not. They are too young. In the grammar grades, United States History is not appreciated as it would be if it was understood by the scholars; therefore, why not teach it to them when they can understand it?

Pupils in the grammar school remember who George Washington and Abraham Lincoln were because they get the anniversary of their birthdays off. How many scholars who enter the High School could get up and give an interesting story of the Missouri Compromise; the Mexican War; why it was fought, and in whose administration it was fought; or when the Omnibus Bill was passed? I repeat, "How many?" The answer would come back "Very few."

Many pupils take Ancient and English History, but they forget about United States History. Ask them why they take those studies, and they tell you those studies are important. Why is not United States History just as important? United

States History is more important and any American man or woman who does not think so are not fit to call themselves Americans. They ought to hang their heads in shame.

Graduates of the High School go out into the business world, or to college, without knowing anything about the history of the country they call their own, and of which they feel so proud. They are asked questions about different things concerning United States History which they are supposed to know, but they cannot answer them. Why, because they did not study it in the High School! It was not important!

You will ask, why is it important? It is important in these ways: It deals with humanity; it shows the mistakes that were made by men who tried to serve their country faithfully. It makes the student ask these questions: Are the men of today as patriotic and self-sacrificing as their ancestors?

Are the men of today putting as much of their time as possible to further the interests of their country, or is it done for the profit that they will get out of it? Pupils think of the past and wonder what they would have done under similar circumstances. History makes them think of the things to be proud of in their country. It shows them and points out the great men who worked unceasingly and heroically to

make the United States the great nation it is today. The study of United States History makes students compare the present with the past. They think to themselves, are we as a nation as great as we ought to be? If pupils do not study United States History, none of these questions will occur to them.

Then, again, it teaches the pupils how to become good citizens by citing the evils of the different times and the methods used to correct them. It shows them how to think for themselves and to be governed accordingly when they go to the polls to mark their ballots. History instructs them of the duties of a citizen to his country, and shows him the duties of an administrator to the

people. It settles questions that need the past history of the United States to answer.

All this questioning and reasoning between right and wrong, comparing the present with the past, reading about the many and various crises through which our country has gone, tends to make good citizens of our students, citizens who will take an active part in the affairs of their government, and who will see that the government is run in the best and most efficient way possible.

Western schools require United States History four years—then why not have it at least one year for the students of the Bangor High School.

THE HERO

By A Realist.



It was a crucial moment: It is necessary to begin in this way in order to attract the reader's attention, so I wish to reiterate, it was a crucial moment. St. John's was facing its hereditary rival, St. Mary's on the diamond. On the result of the game rested the championship of the state, and there was a breathless hush, or perhaps it was a dead silence as St. John's came to bat for the last time with the score 5 to 2 against her. There was little hope among the Red and Blue stands for the lead seemed too great to cut down.

The St. John's men fought gamely against the terrible odds, and as it is absolutely necessary to have the bases full in order to have this tale pan out right, the Red and Blue succeeded in putting a man on each base. The St. John's rooters began to take courage, but their hopes were

squelched when the next two men struck out. Jack Devoe, the curly headed captain, was the next man up, and on his mighty bludgeon depended the game, for the weak end of the batting list followed him.

There was a heavy silence as the stocky captain strode up to the plate with old Ironsides, his favorite bat clutched in his hand. Our hero gripped his club and faced the pitcher. The latter, a long, lanky youth known as Chain-lightning, wound himself in a knot (not literally, but figuratively) and whizz came the glistening spheroid. Jack swung viciously, but missed.

"One strike," bawled the umpire, and Jack spit on his hands with a frown, plus saliva.

Again the pitcher wound up, and again heaved the missile of death at our hero.

"Ball," shrieked the umpire, and Jack allowed a ghastly smile to linger for an instant on his sunburned cheek, made smooth by Mennen's Cold Cream.

Once more the pellet came soaring, and again the masked figure howled "Ball." Then came another strike, followed by a ball, and there you have it, as slick as a whistle: Last of the ninth, two men out, bases full, score, 5-2, two strikes and three balls on our hero. What more could mortal ask?

The pitcher placed his huge paw carefully about the fatal horsehide, and then slowly and deliberately heaved it far to the right of our eager hero. Jack, however, was not going to be deprived of fame by any such trick as that. With a panther-like bound he leaped out and swung with all his sinewy strength.

There was a sharp crack, and the globule of leather went sailing towards the distant

horizon. We must now hurry to the end, for it is six o'clock and Mr. Devoe is very particular that Jack is home on time for supper.

The bases emptied, tying the score, and Jack came in with the winning run. He was borne aloft on the shoulders of his yelling comrades, and carried to the gym, where he took a shower, and cleaned his finger nails. Then with a five-cent piece borrowed from an ignorant Freshman, he paid his carfare home, and got there just in time to tuck away about ten pounds of yellow-eyed beans with tomato catsup, which brought upon him a severe attack of indigestion in the late hours of the night.

ADVANTAGES OF SHORTHAND

By Beryl Parker and Ida Ramsdell, '16.



LET us consider for a few moments some of the advantages of Stenography. Many more may be mentioned than this article will include, but we shall endeavor to pick out a few of the important ones. First, shorthand saves time. To be able to write four or five words in the time usually given to one word is an accomplishment well worth possessing. This is illustrated many times not only in business life, but also in private life, in school, or at lectures, the person who can take his notes quickly will have the advantage.

Second, as a vocation, shorthand offers many opportunities to the energetic young man or woman. A working knowledge of shorthand not only secures a good position, but it paves the way for advancement to a better one. Many business men today owe their success to a knowledge of phonog-

raphy. The value of stenography in the University courses is just as great from an educational point of view. University men are coming to rely more and more upon the co-operation and assistance of persons trained in the art of stenography. In such great institutions as New York University, Columbia, The University of California, The University of South Dakota, North Dakota, and many others, the shorthand training forms an important part in the university curriculum.

Some of the advantages of shorthand have been considered in the above paragraphs, but is there not one more that is of fundamental importance? I think there is. In my opinion this is the great mental training that is afforded to the writer of shorthand. In the first place every rule and principle of the art must be so mastered that they may be applied, not after deep thought for about five or ten minutes, but in a flash.

When writing shorthand the wits cannot go off "wool gathering" down yonder lane—no, indeed, every nerve must be alert and under perfect control by the will. Then again the mind must be trained to hold the exact words of whole sentences. It is always necessary that the writer be at least three words behind the dictator, but it often happens, when writing at a rapid rate, that the writer will be a whole sentence behind. Under these circumstances you must rely entirely upon your memory and if the mind has been properly trained you will find no difficulty at such times. Concentration of thought is one of the greatest assets to one

who desires, some day to be a first-class stenographer. If one needs a good mental gymnastic I could suggest no better exercise than that afforded in writing a few letters in shorthand dictated by a good brisk dictator.

Thus we have spoken of a few of the many advantages of this very popular art, as has been said at the beginning, space permits of our mentioning but a few; but from the few that have been mentioned anyone who has as yet never considered that shorthand amounts to much, beyond the office or lecture room, will begin to realize some of the other very important advantages.

THE MOUNTAIN THAT WASN'T

By L. B. C., '16.



"BOYS is curious things, now, ain't they?" said Mary Ann to Susan Jane as they were clearing away the dinner table. "Now, here's Ned. This morning he says, says he, 'Mary Ann, you see that big mountain out there, don't you? Well, I gotta climb it to-day, an' I don't see how I c'n do it. Will yer pack me up a little lunch 'cause I don't know's I c'n get back till night.' So I packs him up a bit to eat and starts him off, but where's the mountain he's got to climb is mor'n I know. Anyway he started, an' now he's been gone nigh onto five hours and ain't come back yet. Queer boy, he is, queer boy."

Susan Jane nodded. Susan Jane always agreed with everything and everybody.

* * * * *

The boy trudged on and on through the lonely path and still the mountain was far off in the distance. How formidable it looked, this mountain, huge in size, almost perpendicular in height, and as void of

growth as a bald head. Indeed it resembled a bald head very much, for it was round-topped, smooth, and shiny. The boy stopped for a moment to measure the distance to the huge obstacle. It seemed near enough, but still no nearer than it had been two hours ago, or even when he had started early that morning.

Gradually the sun rose to its height overhead. The boy grew so hot and tired that he almost fell, but when he thought of how he must pass that mountain before dark he stumbled on. Once the mountain disappeared before his eyes, but when he looked more closely, it was still there in all its ugliness. Once the mountain appeared directly in front of him, but it was only a vision. At last he sat down from sheer exhaustion, and took the opportunity to eat his lunch. His head ached, his feet ached, his whole body ached. Presently he fell asleep.

When he awoke, the sun was setting. He rubbed his eyes, and for a moment wondered where he was. Oh yes, he remembered now. Mercy! it was getting dark

and he must reach that thing before evening. He glanced towards the obstacle. Lo and behold! it had fled. It was nowhere to be seen.

The boy arose with a joyous heart, and started home. Now he could go to that basketball game tonight and enjoy himself. Now he could go to school in the morning and meet his teacher with a cheery smile,

for the impossible had been overcome and was not nearly as hard as it had appeared.

* * * * *

"Queer," said Mary Ann, at supper-time. "That boy Ned started out this morning with a face as long as a cucumber, an' now his smile would light the whole room. I wonder if he climbed that mountain.

Susan Jane merely nodded.

A RAINY DAY IN THE GARRET

By Marian H. Babcock, '16.



THE rain falls softly, steadily, unceasingly. It is the kind of rain that comes in the latter part of October; one of those fine, drizzly rains that wet you to your skin in five minutes. A capital day for a visit to the garret, you think, as you sit before the fire in the living room of the old farmhouse, listening to the drip, drip, drip from the eaves that alternates with an occasional crackle from the fire in the old-fashioned stove. Then you mount the stairs to the garret.

At first, perhaps, you can discern nothing but a large, dark, musty-smelling room, where gray figures loom suddenly into view. A small window, covered with a rich veil of dusty cobwebs, sends a thin wavering light across the dusty floor.

It is an old garret, with big, brown rafters, the boards between stained with the rainstorms of fifty years. You can now hear the rain distinctly on the roof and you fear that the drops will come dashing through the shingles.

Perhaps you look in one corner, where a quaint piece of furniture with a broken leg, reclines in its old age against a still older

stove, red with rust. Now you chance to see an antique saddle, with short stirrups, hanging on a rusty nail, and you imagine it to be the self-same one that bore "Ichabod Crane" on that fateful night of Van Tassel's party. Near the chimney there is a tall barrel of books and pamphlets, which you rummage through on the lookout for startling pictures; and there on a ledge of the chimney are chestnuts drying. You slide a few into your pocket, munching them quietly while you stand staring at the quaint old white hats and coats, hanging in obscure corners like ghosts of the past. There is also a brown spinning wheel, the wheel broken; and an antique clothespress, which, when you open the squeaking doors, sends forth a delicate odor of rose petals, and in which are grotesque costumes of your forefathers.

Ears of corn and strings of apples adorn the huge rafters, left there years ago to dry, but now covered with that mystic gray cloak of dust which envelops everything. Near a tall bureau hangs a faded picture of an old soldier, with a musket in his hand. He seems to be keeping guard over these relics of the past. On the bureau is Boy Blue's "toy dog," covered with rust, but staunch and sturdy.

At last, after peeping cautiously behind the huge trunks, you drop on a pile of square, soft mattresses with an old dog-eared copy of "Robinson Crusoe"; and by the soft dim light, amid the weird phantoms of the past in your quiet garret corner, you grow heart and soul into the story of parrots, cannibals, and desert islands.

At length you perceive the sudden darkness and with a startling exclamation of "Where in the world has the afternoon gone?" you depart from that sacred stillness with its phantoms of time and descend the stairs, leaving them to the care of spiders and dust and cobwebs, or perhaps to their own reflections.

AMERICAN CORN

By John Quinn, '17.



AMERICA has contributed many things to the world, among others being tobacco, baseball, rag-time and millionaires. Some of these are doubtful blessings, but there is no doubt as to another of her contributions—Corn. The older nations have something they call corn, but compared to this young giant of ours it is a pygmy and a has-been. Corn is capturing the world. Even if our flag does not float on every sea, as bewailed by the friends of the merchant marine, our corn tassels wave in every land. The feasts of the gods on Mount Olympus may have been some eats,—to put it in classic phrase,—but they lacked Johnny cake.

There are at least thirty-seven different varieties of food that can be made from corn, and they are all good. Corn is good for man and beast. It is the corn-fed steer that made the beef prosperous, while the corn-fed horse hauls the loads of the world—at least all of them not hauled by

the locomotive and auto truck. Yet greatest of all is the corn-fed pig.

Every part of the corn crop may now be utilized, even to the pulpy inside of the stalks. The blades and tassels are good fodder, and the cobs make most solacing Missouri meerschaums. Even to think of "Injun" meal" flapjacks with molasses would make any one a happier man, while the "corn pone," like they make down on the old plantation, is guaranteed to cure the worst form of grouch. Think as long as you like, there is not a mean thing you can say about corn. It stumps even the professional pessimist.

Many poems have been written about corn, but if one should be written as good as the subject, the author would take his place among the immortals. A man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before may be a benefactor, but a man who makes two ears of corn grow where only one grew before is a philanthropist.



LOCALS



"Have patience and listen to facts you already know"

At Chapel, Monday morning, April 10, Prin. Eaton announced the awards for the Senior Essays. The winners were Oliver G. Hall, *The American Merchant Marine*, and Miss Christine L. Burnham, *School Spirit and the School Paper*. Those receiving honorable mention were: boys, Robert F. Morse, *Civilian Soldiery*; Paul W. Freese, *The Philippine Policy*; William H. Anderson, *America's Unpreparedness*; George E. Toole, *Why United States History Should Be Required*; girls, Katherine H. Clark, *The American Red Cross*; Margaret W. Travers, *Mother*; Mary E. Devoe, *Poppin' Corn*; Laura E. Bickford, *Peace, the Victor*. The first two awards in each case will speak at graduation. The judges of the Senior essays were John A. Harlow, of B. H. S., and Bowdoin; Miss Ida J. Brown, and Miss Caroline A. Wing. Mr. Harlow was Editor of the Oracle in his Senior year. Miss Brown is a graduate of Wellesley and for several years taught in Bangor High School, afterwards in a college in the south. Miss Wing is a graduate of Smith College. In Bangor High school she won the first medal for scholarship.

The long-heralded operetta, "The Wild Rose," by W. Rhys-Herbert, was presented in the Assembly Hall, Friday evening, April 28, by the Girls' Glee club. There was a large attendance and the performance was a complete success. The proceeds will be used to buy additional instruments for the High School Orchestra, especially a much-

needed flute. Much credit is due to Miss Littlefield and Miss Imogene Wormwood for the success of the performance. The music was furnished by a few members of the High School Orchestra.

The cast was:

Rose McCloud.....Marguerite Allen
Mary Forsythe, her secretary.....
.....Margaret Hills
Mrs. Fussy, her housekeeper...Helen Reed
Lady Grey, a playwright...Doris Townsend
Miss Writemup, Miss Putemdown, re-
porters...Nellie Jones, Katherine Stewart
Dora, Flora, Molly, Polly, debutantes,
Anna Gallagher, Lillian Rosen, Rachel
Pomeroy, Nathalie Glass
Miss Talkalot, a suffragette.....
.....Luda McKenney
Mrs. Doingood, a charity worker.....
.....Hazel Robinson
Mme. Sewseams, a dressmaker.....
.....Mary Burke
Mme. Feathertop, a milliner...Lila Hersey
Mme. Smellsweet, a perfumer.....
.....Ruth Sullivan
Bobbie, the Buttons.....Katherine Clark

In the chorus were: Nathalie Turner, Lola Yelland, Nellie Smiley, Christine Harris, Winnifred McKay, Doris Higgins, Marian Pierce, Ethel McAuliffe, Gladys Nason, Marian Kenney, Jennie Knowles, Rachel Connor, Marguerite Tibbetts, Madeline Morton, Madeline Maxfield, Alfreda Walsh, Alice Whitmore and Evelyn McInnis.

All the candidates for the positions of non-commissioned officers in the cadet corps were given an oral examination by Major Southard and Capt. Ashworth, of the Second Regiment, N. G. S. M., April 10. The appointments were based on the results of this examination. They are: 1st sergeant, Gould, F.; quartermaster sergeant, Smith, K.; 1st duty sergeant, Boardman, K.; 2d, McCabe, L.; 3rd, Eames, P.; 4th, Noyes, R. The corporals are, in order of rank, Valentine, D.; Pullen, S.; Smart, V.; Webb, H.; Frawley, W.; Farrar, R. The next in order, who will move up when commissioned officers are appointed, are: Pennell, J.; Smith, H.; Dole, R.

Mr. Flagg of the Public Library, gave the second of his interesting talks, Tuesday morning, May 2. In the first talk he dwelt chiefly on the books themselves. In this address he spoke on the use and maintenance of the library. These talks, which have been given to the Sophomore class, have proved very interesting and instructive.

There were no sessions of school, Wednesday, April 19, and Friday, April 21; Wednesday being Patriots' Day and a recess being given for Good Friday. There was no school Friday, April 28, on account of the convention of the Penobscot County Teachers' Association. These vacations were welcome and were made the most of for they are the last we shall get until school closes for the summer, June 16.

Four new pictures have been added to the Holy Grail series that hangs in our lower hall. These are: The Castle of the Grail, The Castle of the Maidens, Solomon's Ship and the Golden Tree. Two of the pictures were given by the Class of 1899 and two by the Class of 1892. Splendid gifts they are,

and we are most grateful to the members of those classes for their generosity to the school. The series are now hung in the order in which they occur in the Boston Public Library and we lack but five of the entire set. In some future number of the Oracle we hope to give a brief account of these famous pictures and tell something of the significance of each.

On the third floor six classes a day pounding the typewriter at the same old stand.

At a recent meeting the girls of the Senior class voted to do two sensible things: to wear old dresses at the class banquet and to have simple graduation dresses, the material of which shall not cost over three dollars.

Tickets for the baseball season were issued Tuesday, April 18, by Mr. Congdon with the help of the Commercial Seniors.

Sub-master Lee T. Gray conducted the services at chapel Monday, April 24, in the absence of Principal Eaton.

The Seniors met in the Assembly Hall on Thursday morning, April 20, to elect class speakers. Those chosen were: Michael Ryan, Parting Address; Richard McWilliams and Mary Driscoll, Historians. The class prophets will be Grace Mathews, Marian Babcock and Helena Sullivan.

Mr. Smith of the Commercial Seniors has a new tie. Where do you get them, Bill?

The Commercial Seniors are having fine business practice in bookkeeping. They are taking, Three Weeks' Business Practice.

At a meeting recently, the Commercial students of 1916 voted to purchase a picture for the home room.



"The only way to have a friend is to be one"

Miss V. E. Kenney, B. H. S., '14, graduated from Bryant & Stratton College, Boston, on the excellent list, April 3, receiving two diplomas, one for a commercial teachers' full course and the other, private secretary's course. Miss Kenney attained the highest mark for this year, '98, and was told no higher had been attained for the past ten years.

Mr. Alden Hayes, B. H. S., 1909, is teaching manual training to the boys from the grades.

Verne Beverly, B. H. S., 1915, is able to be about on crutches, but he is not able to return to college yet.

Raymond Pierce, B. H. S., 1913, and Irving West, B. H. S., 1915, are at home because of a strike which is on at Pittsburgh.

Frederick Pember, B. H. S., 1910, is at home after an absence of four years, during which he has been at Gray, Maine.

Harvey Sleeper, B. H. S., 1913, spent the week-end with his parents on Palm street.

Robert Patterson, B. H. S., 1915, and now a Freshman at Harvard, was at home for a few days last month.

Jack Magee, B. H. S., 1914, was the speaker at the Maine Musical club concert in City Hall, April 29, and he gave some fine selections.

The Officers' Training Corps, organized by Bangor men this winter in the interests

of Preparedness, has numbered among its members many graduates and former students at B. H. S. Among them are Sydney M. Jones, Harrison L. Robinson, and Joseph C. White, all of 1907; Paul Savage, N. Ashmead White, Henry A. Wood, and James M. Gillin, all of 1908; George Gillin, ex-1911; Caldwell Sweet, 1915.

Everett Glass, B. H. S., 1909, was at home for a week in April. He has returned to Boston again to continue his studies.

Lydia Moore, B. H. S., 1914, was assigned a class part for the graduation exercises of the Eastern State Normal School.

Francis A. Murphy, B. H. S., 1915, a student at Holy Cross, was at home for a few days recently.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Effie C. Morrill, B. H. S., 1914, to James E. Regis, Old Town agent of the Metropolitan Insurance Company.

Alice Gertrude Hutchinson, B. H. S., 1912, was married to Eugene T. Gray of Castine, on April 11th. Since graduation from High School and from Castine Normal School, Mrs. Gray has taught successfully in the schools of Belfast and Ashland. Both she and Mr. Gray have many friends who extend congratulations.

Rev. Haraden S. Pearl, a student at B. H. S., in 1898, has resigned his pastorate in Belfast and has returned to Bangor where he will become associated with his father in the firm of Pearl & Dennett.



"He was spurred on by rival valor"

The candidates for the baseball and track teams are working hard for the contests soon to be held and those already being held. Men enough for more than two teams of baseball are out and a good team is in prospect under the coaching of "Tommy McCann" and leadership of "Danny Adams." Mr. Leadbetter of Bowdoin has kindly given Bangor a week of coaching for track and it is hoped that we will benefit by it to win some points at the meet at Maine. Those of you who don't play baseball go down to the gym. and see what you are good for in the different track events. There is a lot of material in the school and we want that Maine meet.

The first game of baseball was played Saturday, April 22, at Maplewood with the U. of M., 2nd team and although Bangor used 15 men to the visitors 14, she lost by the score of 21 to 2 in what was a good game for the first four innings, though the last part was uninteresting. Bangor has good material from which a good team could be developed. Freeman was not hit so very hard and Hickson pitched fair ball, but was wild at times. The score:

Maine Second.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Kierman, 2b.....	2	4	0	2	2	0
Wentworth, r.f.....	6	4	3	0	0	0
Robins, l.f.....	6	1	2	1	0	0
Krigger, c.	2	1	1	13	0	0
Holden, c.....	2	2	1	6	0	0

Barrows, 1b.....	4	0	1	2	0	0
Carlson, 1b.....	1	2	1	0	0	0
Remick, c.f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Webber, c.f.....	3	2	1	1	1	0
Hutchins, s.s.....	3	1	1	0	0	0
McCarty, s.s.....	2	1	0	2	1	0
Melcher, s.s.....	5	3	3	0	0	1
Bonney, p.....	2	0	0	0	0	0
Watson, p.....	3	0	2	0	1	0

45 21 16 27 5 1

Maine 2nd..	1	0	2	0	3	4	0	4	6—21
B. H. S....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2

Bangor.

AB. R. BH. PO. A. E.

Frawley, c.f.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Anglely, c.....	3	0	0	3	1	0
Torsleff, c.....	1	0	0	5	2	1
A. Hickson, r. f....	2	1	0	3	1	0
Pullen, r. f.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Heal, s.s.....	3	1	1	3	0	0
Adams, 1b.....	4	0	1	7	0	2
Russell, 2b.....	1	0	0	1	1	1
Savage, 2b.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Gordon, 2b.....	2	0	1	1	2	0
Thompson, 3b....	4	0	0	3	0	1
Mulvaney, l.f.....	1	0	0	1	0	0
Hayes, l.f.....	2	0	0	0	0	1
Freeman, p.....	1	0	0	0	1	0
J. Hickson, p.....	1	0	0	0	1	0

30 2 3 27 9 6

Two-base hits, Robins, Barrows, Watson, Adams. Three-base hits, Wentworth, Heal Home-runs, Carlson. Stolen bases, Kier-



B. H. S. BASKET BALL TEAM 1915-16

man, 3. Holden, Webber 2, McCarty 2, Frawley, Hickson. Bases on balls by Bonney 3, by Watson, Freeman 2, Hickson 4. Struck out by Bonney 12, by Watson 6; Freeman 2, Hickson 3. Hit by pitched ball, Kierman 2. Umpire, Daley. Time, 2:10.

In the game at Maplewood, Thursday, which was postponed from Wednesday on account of wet grounds, Bangor won her first game of the season by outbatting the team from Orono high in a very loose-played game in which errors by both sides figured in the scoring. Bangor got a good start, getting nine runs in the first three innings and one or more in each succeeding inning. Both teams hit the ball hard, but Peters had better support than was given to

Dore. Bangor showed better batting than in the first game, but fielded poorly. The score:

Bangor.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Adams, 3b.....	6	2	2	4	2	1
Heal, s.s.....	6	1	3	3	2	1
Jones, 1b.....	6	2	3	3	1	1
Frawley, c.f.....	2	0	0	0	0	0
Torsleff, c.f.....	2	0	1	0	0	0
Angley, c.....	5	1	1	11	4	2
Hickson, r.f.....	5	1	1	0	0	0
Pullen, r.f.....	1	0	0	1	0	0
Peters, p.....	5	3	3	1	0	0
Mulvaney, l.f.....	3	2	2	0	0	0
Hayes, l.f.....	2	2	1	0	0	0
Russell, 2b.....	4	2	3	4	1	1
	47	16	20	27	10	6

Orono.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Kenney, l.f.....	3	2	2	0	0	3
Tenney, 1b.....	6	2	3	2	0	0
Sullivan, 2b.....	4	0	1	4	3	3
Page, c.f.....	3	0	1	0	0	2
Chamberlain, c....	5	0	1	13	1	1
Cowan, 3b.....	5	1	3	3	0	3
Dore, p.....	4	4	1	1	0	0
Boileau, s.s.....	4	3	2	1	1	0
Smith, r.f.....	5	0	1	0	0	0

39 12 15 24 4 12

B. H. S.....0 5 4 2 1 1 1 2 x—16

O. H. S.....0 0 2 2 0 4 1 0 3—12

Two-base hits, Heal, Hickson, Peters, Mulvaney, Russell, Kenney, Boileau. Three-base hits, Heal, Hayes, Tenney. Bases on balls by Peters 4, by Dore 2. Struck out by Peters 10, Dore 11. Hit by pitched ball, Kenney. Umpire, Peckham. Time, 2.20.

Saturday, April 29, M. C. I. found no particular trouble in winning from Bangor at Maplewood by the score of 8 to 3. A strong wind, which swept over the diamond, kept the ball in the air and many hits that were tagged for extra bases were kept to a single, blown foul, or held up long enough to allow a fielder to get under them. The visitors got a lead of 2 runs in the first inning on a pass, single, stolen base and wild throw and secured one in the second, third, seventh; and by loose fielding and heavy hitting three in the ninth. In the sixth Bangor had a chance to get some runs, but with the bases full and two out, they failed to score. In the ninth they started another rally, but only succeeded in scoring twice. The score:

M. C. I.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Young, c.....	4	1	1	9	4	0
Jordan, 1b.....	5	1	2	9	0	2
Lanpher, 2b.....	5	1	2	2	5	1

Wardwell, s.s.....	5	1	2	1	1	0
Fuller, r.f.....	4	0	1	2	0	0
Coburn, l.f.....	4	0	1	1	0	0
Grover, c.f.....	4	0	1	2	0	0
Riley, 3b.....	3	3	2	1	0	1
Dole, p.....	3	1	1	0	4	0
	37	8	13	27	14	4

B. H. S.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Adams, 3b.....	5	0	1	1	0	2
Heal, s. s.....	4	0	2	4	2	0
Jones, 1b.....	4	1	2	9	1	0
Peters, 2b.....	4	0	1	4	1	1
Frawley, c.f.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Angley, c.....	4	0	0	8	1	0
A. Hickson, r.f....	4	1	2	0	0	0
Mulvaney, l.f.....	4	1	0	0	0	0
Freeman, p.....	2	0	0	1	2	0
J. Hickson, p.....	1	0	0	0	1	0
	35	3	8	27	8	3

M. C. I.....2 1 1 0 0 0 1 0 3—8

B. H. S.....0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 2—3

Two-base hits, Lanpher, Grover, Heal, Jones, A. Hickson. Stolen base, Wardwell, Riley, Jones 2, Angley. Bases on balls by Dole 2, Freeman 3, J. Hickson. Struck out by Dole 7, Freeman 5, Hickson. Sacrifice hits, Heal. Double plays, Wardwell to Lanpher to Jordan. Umpire, Peckham. Time, 2.20.

Wednesday, May 3. Bangor went down to Bucksport and played a game of ball with E. M. C. S. and were beaten by the score of 7 to 3. E. M. C. S. got the jump scoring two runs in the first inning and by good hitting and errors, which proved costly by Bangor, secured a four-run lead. These added to three more in the seventh put the game on ice as Bangor didn't have their batting eyes with them and couldn't connect when the hits were needed. The score.

E. M. C. S.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Decker, 3b.....	3	2	2	0	0	1
Storer, 2b.....	2	1	1	2	0	1
Sidelinger, r.f.....	3	2	1	0	0	0
Patten, c.....	3	1	2	13	3	2
Lancaster, 1b.....	4	0	3	11	1	0
Webb, c.f.....	4	0	0	0	1	0
Hall, s.s.....	4	0	1	1	3	1
Starkie, l.f.....	4	1	0	0	0	0
De Rocher, p.....	3	0	0	0	5	1
Totals	31	7	10	27	13	6

Bangor High.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Adams, 3b.....	4	0	0	3	4	2
Heal, s.s.....	4	1	1	0	2	2
Jones, 1b.....	4	1	0	7	0	0
Peters, p.....	3	0	0	1	4	1
Hayes, c.f.....	4	0	1	0	1	1
Torsleff, c.....	4	0	2	9	5	1
Mulvaney, l.f.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Pullen, r.f.....	3	0	1	0	0	0
Gordon, 2b.....	3	1	1	4	0	1
Totals	33	3	6	24	16	8
E. M. C. S....	2	0	2	0	0	0
B. H. S.....	0	0	0	0	3	0

Summary:

Two base hits, Gordon, Torsleff, Lancaster, Heal. Stolen bases, Storer, Sidelinger, Patten 3, Lancaster, Jones, Hayes and Gordon. Bases on balls by De Rocher 15, by Peters 11. Umpire Atwood. Time, 1.48.

Basket Ball Report.

Net gains on games:

Alumni	\$ 11.08
Law School.....	8.71
Old Town	80.82
Y. M. C. A.....	6.56
Bath	35.20
Westbrook	34.70
Deering	20.80
Portland	222.13

 \$420.00

Net loss on games:

Oak Grove	\$ 17.44
Castine	14.05
E. M. C. S. trip.....	3.75
E. M. C. S. game.....	12.90
Old Town trip.....	4.00

 \$52.14

Gain on Games.....	\$420.00
Miscellaneous	4.63

 \$424.63

Loss on games....	\$ 52.14
Loss, miscellaneous,	260.65

 \$312.79

 312.79

Net gain season...	\$111.84
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"A scorn for flattery and a zeal for truth"

The Nor'easter, Kansas City, Mo.: Your stories are very good, but might be a little longer. Your paper would be improved if your editorials came first. Personals are fine and, unlike most papers, you have plenty of them. Come again.

The Oriole, Baltimore, Md.: A most interesting and well arranged paper, with an unusual number of cuts. Your cover design shows real artistic ability. We are always glad to see you on our exchange list.

The Record, Osborne, Kan.: A good little paper that could be greatly enlarged. A few more short stories, an athletic column and a more attractive cover design would add much to the appearance of your paper.

The Tiger, Elkins, W. Va.: Your literary department is well developed, showing good co-operation and school spirit, which is lacking in so many school papers. All your stories are fine. Why not put your editorial staff first?

The Aegis, Beverly, Mass.: A paper full of interest to everybody, but why not add a few cuts or cartoons? Your personals are especially good.

The Student, Oklahoma City, Okla.: A neatly arranged and interesting paper, which might be improved by the addition of a few cartoons picturing school life.

The Dragon, Newport, R. I.: A well arranged paper which we welcome to our school. Your stories are well written and very interesting. A few personals would improve your paper.

The Peals, Orange, Mass.: A fine school paper. Why not put all your personals under one heading? It would improve the arrangement of your paper.

The Observer, Ansonia, Conn.: We are always glad to see you on our exchange list. Your literary department is one of the best. Why not add a few cuts to your paper?

Farmington Normal, Farmington, Me.: The only thing that can be criticised about you is that you do not appear often enough. They say that absence makes the heart grow fonder, but if you could send us a magazine—well, say once a month, you could assure yourself of a hearty welcome.

Messenger, Durham, N. C.: "The Rime of the Ancient Senior," is very amusing. Our only criticism of your paper is that it does not contain enough editorials.

Hamptonia, New Hampton, N. H.: From what your athletic editor said about the support of the school at games, we should judge that what you need to do is to arouse some school spirit, especially among the boys. You do well to get up such a paper without school spirit.

Eltrurian, Haverhill, Mass.: You have the best literary department that we have seen for some time. In reply to your re-

quest for a criticism, we will say that your department headings should come at the top of the pages. That is the only trouble we could find with you.

As Others See Us.

The cover design of "The Oracle" is striking. Bangor, Me., should be proud of her High School Paper. You have a neat advertising section.—"The World," Topeka, Kan.

The Oracle: An all-round paper from an all-round school.—"The Record," Worcester, Mass.

DEBATING

"Eloquence is vehement simplicity"

Goodwin Prize Debate.

Trials were held on April 12, and the following team was picked to represent Bangor High School in the Goodwin Prize Debate at Colby College: Richard K. McWilliams, Harry Helson, and Louis B. Dennett.

In the preliminary debates at Waterville, the following teams competed: for the High Schools, Waterville, Skowhegan, Madison, and Bangor; for the academies, Maine Central Institute, Hebron, and Coburn Classical Institute.

Hebron and Bangor were chosen for the finals. The Hebron team consisted of Donald H. Curtis, Moses B. Pike, and Joseph V. Tracy.

The affirmative argued that the United States should have a government-owned merchant marine for three reasons:

First, because there is great need of such a marine.

Secondly, because there is an unparalleled opportunity at this time for the United States to engage in this industry.

Thirdly, because government ownership is the best way to establish a merchant marine.

The debate clashed well and the rebuttal on the main issue,—whether there should be government or private ownership. Hebron Academy was awarded first prize and Bangor High school second prize.

Negative Brief.

Resolved, That there should be a government-owned merchant marine.

I. It is inexpedient because:

1. The need is greatly overestimated.
 - a. Plenty of ships.
 - b. The war has created unnatural conditions.
2. Private capital can and will operate a suitable merchant marine.
 - a. Ships are already being built.
 - b. Legislation will encourage private ownership.

II. It is inexpedient because:

1. It would result in financial loss.
 - a. The cost would be enormous.
 - b. Government ownership has resulted in loss.

The Girls' Society.

2. It would involve us in international complications.
 - a. Ships would be liable to seizure.
 - b. Foreign countries would resent it.
 3. It is wrong in principle.
 - a. It would stifle private initiative.
 - b. The sphere of the government lies outside commercialism.
 - c. It tends toward too great centralization of government.
- III. Ship subsidy is a better plan because:
1. It would equalize conditions here and abroad, because:
 - a. The cost of American operation is greater.
 - b. The cost of American built ships is greater.
 - c. 80% of the world's ships are subsidized while the U. S. ships are not.
 2. The government is under obligation with its protective policy to subsidize ships.
 - a. Protection has built up American industries.
 - b. The shipping industry is the only industry not protected by the government.

On April 27, the Girls' Debating Society held a model meeting at three o'clock in the lecture room. This meeting, which was open to all the girls and teachers of the school, was very well attended. The president opened the meeting with a brief speech of welcome. All regular business, including the secretary's report and the roll-call was omitted.

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

"Standing by the President"—Doreen Gregory.

"Helen Keller"—Lola Yelland.

"'Carmen Sylva,' the Dowager Queen of Rumania"—Marion Kenney.

A debate was then given on the much-argued subject: Resolved, That military preparedness is for the best interests of the United States. Misses Gladys Allen, Agnes Olsen, and Ruth Newcomb supported the affirmative, while Misses Bernice Smith, Nellie Jones, and Greta Wood upheld the negative. The judges were Miss Mary Robinson, chairman, Miss Ware, and Miss Pease.

The debate was very interesting, the speakers bringing out some excellent points. The decision was awarded to the affirmative.



"Wit is an unexpected explosion of thought"

The bird sat moping on the bush
And took it very ill,
That he, forsooth, was killed to dress
The girl that's dressed to kill.

Smithy (taking his watch from under his pillow): "A quarter to eight and no one has called me yet. I shall certainly be late to class if they don't come soon."

Testimonial.

Ginn & Co.,

Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen: I have used your text books Freshman year and since then I have used no others.

Very truly yours,

Bill Smith, '16.

Great and good is he,
Even as you and I.
Only for her, you see, would
Run ten miles or die.
Giddy and gay and bright,
Elocution is his delight.

Truth he adores,
Other things he neglects.
Only those concerning Her,
Lovingly he ne'er forgets,
Ever on her beauty he bets.

"Why do the Sophs love teacher so?"

The eager Freshman cried.

"Because she'll give you higher ranks,"

The Junior did reply.

Miss B— (in English): "What is 'Good-by' an abbreviation for?"

Lynch, '16: "So long."

English teacher: "Yes, you should say, 'He or she is a good man.'"

Lynch: "Hey, Bill, what do you fill a barrel with to make it lighter than when it's empty?"

Smith: "You got me."

Lynch: "Holes, bore it full of holes."

Two Freshmen were at the postoffice the other day:

"What an unpleasant odor," one remarked.

"I guess," answered the other, "it's from the dead letters."

"What is that noise in the library?"

"Must be history repeating itself."

Right on dot, spick and span,

You've seen him as well as I.

And he goes flirting from room to room,

Now girls, don't you think he's shy?

"A Wild Rose."

All the parts so finely done,
 Won much praise from everyone.
 Interest in every line
 Littlefield, directress fine,
 Daintiness personified,
 Roses sweet on every side.
 Orchestra music quite complete,
 Scenery pink and white and neat,
 Earnest work as each one knows,
 Made success of "The Wild Rose."

Commercial Junior Alphabet

A is for All of us, Juniors are we,
 B is for Bartlett, as deep as the sea.
 C is for Craig, business, his choice,
 D is for Davis, with her musical voice.
 E is for Energy in which we abound.
 F is for Frost, not so cold as she sounds.
 G is for Goldberg, who ne'er asks a question.
 H is for Honey, so good in her lessons.
 I is for Ignorant—don't look at me,
 J is for Juniors—Seniors to be.
 K is for Kalendar, not long before June,
 L is for Leonard, always in bloom.
 M is for "Micky", seldom seen riled,
 N is for Nickerson, a most learned child.
 O is for order, which we always keep,
 P for the Punishment, we sometimes seek.
 Q for the Questions which puzzle us so,
 R is for Rounds, will she ever grow?
 S is for Stetson, a jolly good sport,
 T is for Tribou, of a studious sort.
 U stands for Use, of books we have none,
 V for the Victories, yet to be won.
 W is for Wilson, we hope he is true,
 X for 'Xceed, which we all try to do.
 Y is for Youth, so tall and so lank,
 Z is for Zero—my pet rank!

W. L. M., '17.

Teacher (catching a culprit looking out of the window)—"Willie Wimble, you stop that!"

Willie (watching a tornado approaching)—"I'll try, if it comes this way."

From Here and There and Everywhere

Father (severely)—"My son, what does this 60 on your report card mean?"

Freshie—"That's the temperature of the room, I guess."

"Here's where I get away with some rough stuff," said the Freshie as he swiped a roll of sandpaper in the manual training room.

Heard in lower hall: "I can't see how you can devote so much of your time to music."

"Oh, my hair curls naturally."

The Freshman's Grammar.

A cautious look around he stole,
 His bag of chink he chunk,
 And many a wicked smile he smole,
 And many a wink he wunk.

Doctor—"What did your father die of?"

Negro—"Ah don't know, but it wasn't nothin' serious."

He Spoke to Him.

Willie, accompanied by Father and Mother, was crossing the ocean. Father and Mother were both very seasick, but Willie was immune. Throughout the trip he had been annoying the passengers. Finally his mother, turning to the father, said, in a very weak voice, gasping between each word: "Father—I wish—you'd—speak—to—Willie."

Father, turning a sea-green face toward that rampant youngster, spoke in a languid voice: "How-de-do, Willie?"

Professor (returning home at night, hears noise)—"Is some one there?"

Burglar (under the bed)—"No."

Professor—"That's strange. I was positive some one was under my bed."

Win—"What lessons do we learn from the attack on the Dardanelles?"

Vim—"That a strait beats three kings."

Johnnie—"My father's a banker."

Georgie—"Honest?"

Johnnie—"No, just like all the other bankers."

Manager—"What's the leading lady in such a tantrum about?"

Press Agent—"She only got nine bouquets over the footlight tonight."

"Great Scott! Isn't that enough?"

"No. She paid for ten."

The Cemetery's Intentions.

Jones: Where have you been, Brown?

Brown: To the cemetery.

Jones: Any one dead?

Brown: Every one of them.

"Why did the salt shaker?"

"Because he saw the lemon squeezer, the potato masher, and the spoon holder."

"Hey, hey, you young rascal! Where are you going with that sign?" said the merchant coming out at a boy who was taking down a sign "Boy Wanted."

"You won't need it any more," said the boy. "I'm going to take the job." And he got it.

"How do you feel today, George?"

"I feel like an automobile."

"How's that?"

"Tired."

The pompous judge glared sternly over his spectacles at the tattered prisoner who had been dragged before the bar of justice for vagrancy.

"Have you ever earned a dollar in your life?" he asked in fine scorn.

"Yes, your honor," was the response. "I voted for you last election."

Asked for Information.

The minister visited the Sunday school class one Sunday afternoon, just after Christmas, and unrolled a beautifully colored chart depicting the Flight into Egypt. "And," said he, using the pointer, "the angel said unto Joseph, 'take ye the mother and child and flee into Egypt.' Isn't that beautiful, children?" asked the minister. Here you see Joseph, the angel, the Mother, and the Child. In the background is Egypt."

Before he could go further, a small voice was heard inquiring, "Where's the flea?"

Geographically Speaking.

"Are you Hungary?"

"Yes, Siam."

"Well, come along; I'll Fiji."

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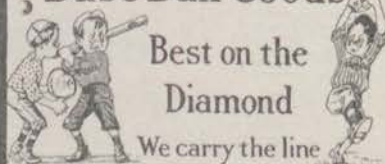
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