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CLASS OF 1915, B. H. S.

THE ORACLE

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VOL. XXIII

JUNE, 1915

No. 9

EDITORIALS

"Audete aliquid dignum"—Motto Class of 1915, B. H. S.

In this same space, in the first number of the Oracle four years ago, a joyous welcome was given to the Senior Class

Profecturi of this year. Then, we were
Salutamus Freshmen; now, we are
Seniors about to leave school.

What a change has come over us! Do you remember the first day you appeared at Palm Street and were directed to your proper room? Does not your memory often turn back to the days that were? Those days that were, indeed, the foundation not only of your high school career, but also of your college and business careers?

Now you have spun out the thread of your course in high school and are ready to continue in life. But, as you leave this school, there is a touch of sadness mingled with the joy and bustle of graduation. And what causes this sadness? It is the breaking of the bonds that have held this class of 1915 together. It is the cutting of your active connection with the school. But not, by any means, is it the severing of the firm and lasting friendships made during these four years. For the last time we meet at the rendezvous; our ways lead in different

directions, but may there be many cross-roads! And may the spirit of 1915 never lag or die out!

With the present issue Volume XXIII. of the Oracle is complete. If the present board has done anything to make the paper more satisfactory and more enjoyable to you than it has been in previous years, we shall feel more than repaid for our work; in fact, if in your opinion we have kept the paper up to the high standard set by former boards, we shall be well pleased. But results are not what we wish to speak of now. If we have done anything worthy, that in itself is sufficient, and we can see no use in parading our acts before you now. If you have not already formed an opinion as to the value of this year's Oracle, it is not probable that the present editorial would induce you to form one.

But the causes of successful work are not at once so apparent, and so we take this opportunity of pointing out some of them. Above all else comes school support. This the present Oracle board has had in an un-

precedented degree. The first sign of this was shown early last fall when the longest subscription list in the history of the paper was secured. In past years, it has always been a very difficult task to secure enough stories of at all suitable character to fill the Literary department, and so it was with the first two issues this year. For those, we had the delightful experience of worrying about where the next story was coming from, and of filling up the department with stories written by ourselves at the last moment. But after that, our task changed to one of selecting the best stories from a large number of excellent ones. We are proud of the fact that we have received as many as forty stories in a single month; and that once when there was but a week to gather the material for an entire issue, twelve good stories were easily secured. And the finest thing about this school enthusiasm is that it lasts and will be a heritage for future boards. We thank all of you for the support given us this year, support that has made successful at least two issues the skeptics claimed were impossible—the Humorous and Freshman Numbers.

Personally, also, the editor takes this opportunity of thanking the department editors for their loyal support of the general policy outlined at the beginning of the year, a two-fold policy: first, the arousing and maintaining of school interest; and secondly, just as last year saw an increase in the Exchange and Debating departments, to build up and broaden the Literary and Local columns. This building up of but one or two departments at a time seems on the whole to be a more satisfactory plan than to try to better the whole paper at once. As to whether these departments have improved in quality, we leave you to judge and hope for a favorable opinion. In the matter of quantity, our enormous surplus of stories testifies to the endeavors of those in charge, and the motto of the Local editors seems to have been, "All the news, all the time."

Next year, the Oracle will be in charge of the following board. (This list is, however, incomplete in some places; the remaining appointments will be made in the fall):

Editor-in-chief. Robert F. Morse, '16
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We do not need to wish the new board success; we know that they will make Volume XXIV. better than anything that has gone before. But we do wish to extend to them the right hand of fellowship, knowing that the Oracle work will contribute greatly towards making next year one of the pleasantest and most profitable in their lives.

Latin is taken by many pupils, and why? Latin is a dead language. Latin is no longer spoken or written.

Why We Study Latin Why, then, should Latin be studied?

Latin first of all is of prime importance to us as an aid in English. Many English words are derivations from the Latin, or at least have Latin prefixes. It can easily be seen how Latin helps with meanings of English words. If you chance to be reading and come upon a word of which you do not know the meaning, what do you do? Is a dictionary your first aid? No, not if you have studied Latin. Most probably the word is of Latin origin, as fifty per cent. of our words are; therefore, let your Latin help you get the meaning of that word. Perhaps many pupils do

not ever try this way of finding out meanings. If you have studied your Latin conscientiously, it is well worth your while to try this way. Surely, this aid with the meaning of English words is one answer to the question, "Why do we study Latin."

As Latin aids us with English; so it does with our modern romance languages that are today written and spoken. Latin belongs to an old branch of the Indo-European family of languages of which there are several modern representatives. These are the modern romance languages; the languages of Italy, Spain and France. As Latin is a dead parent of these languages, it can be seen that the words contained in these languages are principally from the Latin. Therefore, again Latin helps us with meanings of words.

Last of all we study Latin for what we get out of it as Latin. If you know Latin, you are able to read some of the greatest of the world's classics in the original. Although some of the niceties and some of the delicate shades of meaning are lost in translating, yet you get the general idea and atmosphere of the Latin language by reading the originals of the classics. It is indeed much more satisfactory to see the original of a painting than a copy which may not have caught the spirit at all, though perfect in detail.

Although Latin is a dead language today, it is used to some extent: in mottoes and in artistic work. Therefore, it is well to have a general knowledge of the language. In some schools, during the Latin period all conversation must be carried on in that language; in others, the school paper is written in Latin. Latin develops mental discipline and quickness which comes from transferring thought from one language to another.

In general, let it be said that no matter what profession you are going to take up, or what your lifework will be, a knowledge

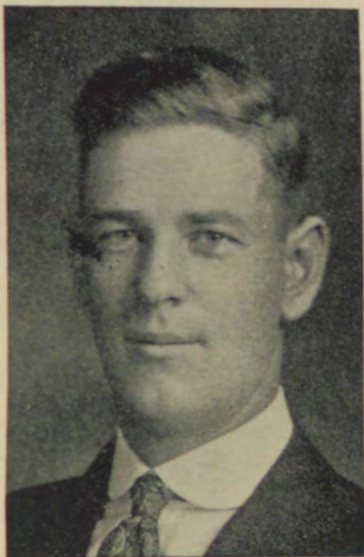
of Latin is helpful; that is, on the whole, why we study it in school.

There is a music student in Bangor who keeps a very valuable sort of note-book.

We mention it here **Another Note-book** because his idea is applicable to any kind of work requiring original thought. He is an enthusiastic harmony student and keeps this note-book in connection with that. Every time in his playing that he comes across a harmonic effect that strikes him as being particularly good, he jots it down in his note-book together with the name of the piece in which it was found, its composer, the instrument or combination of instruments used, the emotion expressed, and, if possible, the date at which the piece was written. This seems like a lot of work, but the value of such a work of reference to the young composer, when he wishes to find how the great masters have gained any special effect, is obvious. He keeps a classified list of the contents of his note-book, and whenever he finds that a combination has been used by writers of all schools and ages to gain a desired effect, he commits it to memory, making it part of his working equipment.

In view of the almost universal distrust high school students have for note-books, it might be a difficult task to persuade any of you to keep another one, but the value of this sort of note-book to a young writer would be inestimable. If students with literary ambitions should write down all the striking expressions, unusual ideas, etc., they come across in their reading, they would soon find that the very noticing of the means by which good writers gain their effects was broadening their own powers, to say nothing of the value the note-book itself would have as a reference work. We would certainly advise its adoption.

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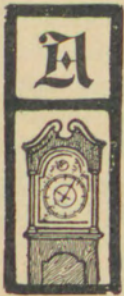
LITERARY



"Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite, Graii"

BOBBY'S BIRTHDAY

Honor Essay



A very little boy, with big, brown eyes, sat on the lower step of a long staircase. He had a wistful little smile on his face, for today he was six years old and Mother hadn't remembered about it. Of course he was almost a man now and men never cried, but when Cook's little girl, Betty, had asked him what his Mother had given him for his Birthday, he had had to bite his lips hard to keep back the tears, but he had succeeded in saying casually, "Oh, you know Mother gives me things all of the time." But somehow as Cook turned, and with brimming eyes called him a "Precious Lamb", he lost his enjoyment in his game with Betty and walked slowly out of the kitchen.

Sometimes he wished that he wasn't a man. He wondered if all men had queer lumps in their throats that they couldn't swallow. Then he remembered about Father, Father's Birthday was the twenty-sixth of January, too. Father had been so jolly, but he had gone away long, long ago and had never come back.

Then he remembered the terrible day, he guessed he would most always remember it, when a very small yellow letter had come. Mother had cried for ever so long, he knew for he had listened outside her door, and then for months and months she had worn black dresses and covered her lovely, shiny hair with a long, black veil when she went out. He had never understood, but he knew that his big, soldierly father would never come back.

His Mother was all different now; he guessed that she had forgotten that she had a little boy. Now she didn't have roses in her cheeks, and she only laughed with her lips, not with her eyes the way she used to. But Mother was very small and very, very, beautiful, everybody said so, even Cook. Because Mother was so beautiful and because everyone loved her, of course she couldn't find time to play with one little boy the way she used to when Father was there.

Then he heard a door close and Mother came slowly down the stairs wrapped in beautiful furs. She smiled a drawn little smile at him and murmured softly, "Good-bye, son."

That was what she used to call him and when he thought that maybe she remembered, he could feel the lump in his throat grow a little larger, but she walked out without even looking back at him.

* * * * *

It was nearly twelve o'clock, but Bobby couldn't sleep. He felt queer and a little afraid. Then he heard the front door open and close and Mother's little feet run quickly up the stairs. Something was wrong. He could feel it. He crept out of bed and softly along the hall to Mother's door. Her room was dark, but he could see her very

plainly as she stood by the long French window. Quietly he walked across the room and slipped his little hand in hers. She looked slowly from the cold winter moon into Bobby's wistful, brown eyes, and then dropped to her knees beside him whispering, "Oh, little son, it is his birthday today, too."

His mother had remembered. His little heart felt very big and full, but he smoothed her soft hair gently, whispering, "Mother, you've got me," until the soft, blue, little-girl eyes looked up smilingly and trustingly into the loving, brown eyes of her little son.

RICKY-DICKY

By Jessie E. Newcomb, '15.



IN the edge of the fountain Ricky-Dicky sat, elbows on wee knees, thinking intently. He was oblivious to the chirping of the birds and the frolic of his gold fish. A squirrel chattered vivaciously on a bough near by, but disappointed at his cold reception soon delivered a few scolding remarks and fled. For the first time in his small existence Ricky-Dicky was confronting—life. His usually sunny face was set in lines of determination; his wide questioning eyes expressed the tragedy of unexplainable things. He was going to be bad for a whole, solid day; maybe for ever and ever. That depended on how he liked it. It wasn't any use, no matter how hard he tried to be good he could not seem to suit those grown-up people. A very large sigh broke the stillness.

It was last night that it had happened. Mother had said that he could have strawberry "marmarade" for tea. And just because he had decided to have it a little earlier, they had punished him. To tell the truth he had made rather a mess of it. The

jar being heavy he had spilled a goodly portion on the floor, nevertheless, there had been enough left for a small hungry boy. After putting the jar carefully back on the shelf he had gotten down, that is, half way, all right, but, of course, he had to stumble and fall the rest. He had landed right in the middle of a pool of strawberry marmalade. But the worst of all was that when Mother had put him to bed, she had not kissed him good-night. Last night, here he squeezed two big tears out of his eyes, Muzzie had simply tucked him in and—walked out. It had been "dreaful". The moon had looked so big and scary framed in the dark window. He had gone to sleep and dreamed that a horrible looking Brownie was sitting on the corner of his bed, counting on his fingers. "This little boy disobeyed his Mother. This little boy took strawberry marmalade. This little boy stained his new, white suit." Yes! he would be really bad and then perhaps they would appreciate him when he was good.

Mother had gone to town and the Worstest-Aunt-Ever was busy. He caught sight of some newly turned earth. O yes, it was

there that Aunt had planted those funny-looking things! Bulbs she called 'em. Humph! Must be dreadful precious! Aunt seemed to think they were wonderful. Pretty soon two busy little hands had unearthed five long dark bulbs. It was only the work of a minute to plunge them into the fountain. Round and round they whirled, prodded by an energetic stick. For a few moments the small boy seemed to be having a beautiful time, but suddenly the whacks and prods became less vigorous; a queer expression crept over his face. "Dear me! taint no fun anyhow, to play wif 'ese old sings." This last was accompanied by a vindictive whack which landed on one of the poor bulbs. Although Ricky-Dicky did not know it, he was having a severe attack of conscience.

His first attempt, having in a measure failed, he started towards the house. He entered the kitchen just in time to see Tommy-Cat slinking, with a guilty air, out of the opposite door; a dish of pudding lay over-turned on the table. Ricky-Dicky looked at it and then laughed, a small queer laugh. "I dess Tommy-Cat is being bad, too." The dining-room, living-room and hall all proved desolate. Ricky started to climb the stairs. Now it is quite a task for a small boy to climb a pair of high, old-fashioned stairs, and he was so interested in the process that he did not notice that it was open. Wonder, unbelief, curiosity chased themselves over his face. Raising himself on his tiptoes and with arms outstretched to maintain his balance, he made his way down the corridor. It was the door to Auntie's room, that was always rigidly closed. Therefore this door contained for Ricky-Dicky all the mysteries and wonders possible. Three long steps—a pause—three short steps—he had crossed the threshold and was standing spell-bound at his own daring in the middle of the room. But this state lasted for a second only;

curiosity finally triumphed. Nothing escaped his sharp, little eyes. The dressing-table detained him rather a long time and the mirror gave back various glimpses of an excited little figure with a pair of blue eyes burning with curiosity. He admired pictures, books, and his own plump image in the glass. It was only when he picked up a funny, green bottle, taking a good deep smell of it that he came back to earth again—with a decided jolt. This time it was not conscience that troubled him, but smelling-salts. In the midst of this new trouble the door-bell rang; there was a step in the hall and he heard Muzzie's voice.

"Where is my small son?" The steps came up the stairs and down the corridor.

"Where is my—Richard!!!" Mother's face was white when she rang for Nurse.

"Mary, you may put Master Richard to bed, now."

Still Ricky-Dicky remained silent.

In the dim, shadowy nursery the cuckoo came out of his wee house and tinkled his call eight times. A small white figure was sitting up in the bed; two small hands clung tensely to the flowered quilt. A smothered sob broke the stillness.

"Muzzie, Oh-h Muzzie." He must have his Muzzie.

Muzzie herself was filled with a similar longing, but a certain small boy must be punished. It was hard. Suddenly Muzzie sat very still. There was a sound in the corridor similar to that of small feet hurrying. Presently Ricky-Dicky stood in the doorway.

"Muzzie, I will asked Auntie Bess to forgive me. I-I dugged up her plants. I—am sorry, Muzzie." He groped blindly for the arms outstretched to receive him. "Will you kiss Ricky good-night?" In the fire-light close to Muzzie's heart, Ricky-Dicky sobbed out his troubles and was forgiven.



J. FREDERICK JORDAN
Class Historian



HAZEL E. PICKARD
Class Historian

GRADUATION SPEAKERS

CLASS 1915



IRVING R. DONOVAN
Farewell Address



FRANK A. MURPHY
1st Honor Essay



LUCY CHAISON
2d Honor Essay

BEYOND THE ALPS LIES ITALY

By Jeannette Croxford, '15.



HERE is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we may." We are not placed upon this earth in any haphazard circumstances manner. The of our birth, the delicate mechanism of our bodies, the intricacies of the brain, and the little "spark of celestial fire called conscience"—all are the result of a plan, all have behind them an instigator, an all powerful creator.

From the moment the helpless, innocent child first breathes the air of our earthly planet, he begins to climb. The fight against the opposing influences that surround is the first hill. Physically he must struggle against germs in the air, uncleanness in food and contamination in milk. If he is carefully watched and directed, however, the ascent grows easier. But there are jagged peaks in the form of contagious diseases and accidents, on which he may be bruised and lacerated. Having successfully passed these, he reaches manhood with splendid physique, the glow of strength and manly courage, and we say, "Behold the perfection of physical training." *Hic Italia est.*

There is another side to this life of ours. The body is a most important element. It encloses precious possessions. But in addition to the joy of living is the joy of learning.

The mental powers must be developed. If the guidance of an intelligent mother or a wise tutor is heeded, then progress is made along the right lines. Step by step is incul-

cated the love of good reading and the power to reason correctly. What delight there comes from the solving of some difficult mathematical problem; what pleasure from learning of other lands and other peoples, what enjoyment from the study of great men! The memory is cultivated, and the mind becomes broader from such pursuits. When the ascent nears its close we find a sound mind in a sound body, and once more we say, "Surely here is Italy."



JEANNETTE CROXFORD
1st Honor Essay

And yet there still lacks a side to our triangle. What about that little spark called conscience? What becomes of our moral side of life? It came with the birth of the infant. It lived, it grew, with congenial surroundings and with a body unhampered or crippled by disease of any sort. Aided by a brain not dimmed by evil practices, it grew apace, it recognized that it was a part of God himself, and it radiated those fruits of the Spirit—patience, long suffering, meekness, honesty. But these fruits did not come easily. No, indeed! There must be even a more difficult up-hill climb than in the struggle for physical and mental supremacy. To learn to be patient where obstacles around our path excite to irrita-

and enemies alike are heaping upon us injustice and untruths, to be honest when temptation to cheat and deceive lie about on every side, to forgive when the heart burns with anger against the unkind and stinging word—all these are no easy tasks. How perfectly simple and easy it is to yield to temptation, to choose the more comfortable way even though that way be an unfair one! But each hill climbed gives a broader view; and the obstacles which once seemed insurmountable, when viewed from the loftier plane, have lost their forbidding appearance. Here, upon the heights stretching before us we may find the three results of our struggle—a healthy body which makes for joy of living, a healthy mind which makes for joy of learning, and a healthy heart which makes for joy of loving.

Can more be asked? Yes. Time goes relentlessly on. None can stand still. The

body, which stood for strength and comeliness, fades with age and loses its power. The brain, which achieved such wonderful results in its prime, is becoming dimmed and forgetful. But the conscience, the undying seat of the good and the true, grows stronger and brighter as it nears the source from which it sprang. The spirit grows stronger with age. Helped over the hard places, at first, by the sound body and the sound mind, it finally outstrips them both, and soars upward.

It is thus with all our lives. Each scaling of the heights brings us nearer the goal, and lays a foundation for another step. There are the heights of health, wealth, honor, power, and knowledge. But let us not be content until we have reached the planes of love, service, and faith; until upon the very highest pinnacle we shall hear, "Well done, good and faithful servant."—True Italia at last!

THE SACRED WELL

By Lester Hillman, '15.



"MOST revered Batab," began the prostrate slave in tones so even they almost became a chant, "most revered Batab, I have discovered the informer, who so lately came here. He is Iztil, Iztil the strange."

"Have you seen him?" demanded the powerful ruler of the Mayas.

"Only at a distance, sire. No man has fairly seen the mysterious Iztil, who comes and goes in the forest by night and comes not to the market place by day. But within the hour he will worship at the Temple of the Tigers. I have lured him there and he is yours, O great Batab."

"Ah, I will send warriors to take him as he arrives there. Then shall he drink from the Sacred Well." A cruel gleam showed in the Batab's eyes.

"Nay, sire, but Iztil is crafty. He will watch for the warriors. Only let me go alone to the temple at the appointed hour. I will detain Iztil some time. Then have warriors at the gate and take him as he leaves."

"You have spoken well, Chitl, and it shall be done as you have said. Marek," he continued, turning to the slave girl, the only woman in the great hall. "Go, send the warrior, Tayasal, to me. His shall be this task. After that, you need not return to-night."

During all this conversation, Marek had stood behind the king, a look of horror upon her face. But now, as the latter settled back among the rich furs that draped the throne, she fled from the room with the swift grace gained by her out of door life in the forests of Yucatan. She had known Iztil. Was it not Iztil, Iztil dreaded of

man, who had saved her life a bare week previous? Summoned by the priest from the home of her mother to serve the Batab, she was hastening through the lonely forest toward the palace in the early morning, when the earth at the edge of a small precipice gave way beneath her foot and she lay caught in the cliff a dozen feet below, unhurt, but helpless. Then was it not Iztil who had answered her call for help, Iztil who lifted her to safety again when her own efforts had been in vain? Iztil could not be the despicable informer. Iztil was good and wished ill to no man, not even the hated Batab. But well she remembered his parting warning of a week previous: "I am Iztil, the outcast. Tell no one that you know me, for the name of Iztil sounds unpleasant in the ears of man."

Having delivered the message to Tayasal, she hastened to her room and slipped off the loose, flowing robe, richly decorated with the royal insignia—a feathered serpent—which had been given her when she entered the service of the Batab. In its place she donned the rude garment she had worn upon her arrival. She then hurried out into the night. Even in the brief time she had spent at the castle she had found out where the hut of Iztil was. Toward this she now sped. Iztil was just stepping through the doorway as she arrived.

"Oh, Iztil, Iztil; it is I, Marek. Iztil, were you the one who gave information to the rival Batab across the mountains?"

"It was not I. I am an outcast from their nation, hiding among your people. But leave me now, I must hasten to the Temple of the Tigers.

"Oh, Iztil, do not go. The warriors are going there to take you as a spy. Here put on this robe and make your escape." She gave to him the royal robe which she had brought with her. "The figure of the Kukul-can upon it will carry you anywhere within the nation unmolested."

Iztil took the proffered garment and slipped within the hut. Soon he reappeared disguised in the gaudily colored robe. "Be sure they do not see you leave," he cautioned, "if they do, your life will be the forfeit. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, I will take care."

As soon as the figure of the man was swallowed up in the darkness, the girl drew a long knife from beneath a fold in her dress and with one vigorous stroke, cut off her long hair close to her head. Then she stepped inside the hut.

The Batab stood before the altar at the Sacred Well. This well was a deep pit filled with green, slimy water. The people of Maya had never been able to find a bottom to the opening and looked upon it as something supernatural. The most humiliating death they could inflict was to throw an unhappy wretch into the Sacred Well. Now grouped about the edge was a circle of priests, nobles, and warriors. The Batab himself was going through the sacrificial ceremony at the altar of Nonoual. "Lai u tzolan katun lukci ti cab ti yotoch Nonoual," rang out his sonorous voice. The people, gathered at a respectful distance, fell to the ground at these words and droned in unison. "Lai Nonoual."

The Batab stepped down from the altar, and the warriors, marching around the well to the dull thud of the sacred drum, broke into their great war song, "Come on, come on, ye warriors."

"Conex, Conex, Paleche"—

This ceremony completed, the prisoner was brought forward to a platform, jutting out over the well. "Chitl, do you know the prisoner?" thundered the Batab.

"I do, sire, he is Iztil."

"Does anyone else recognize the prisoner as Iztil?"

"I do!"

"And I."

"And I," a dozen voices took up the shout.

"How do you recognize the prisoner?"

"By his clothes. They are the same gray ones that he wore the day I met him in the forest, and the ones Canek saw him in; the only ones he has worn since he came."

The Batab turned to the prisoner, to whose body the warriors had now tied a long cord. "Are you Iztil, the informer?" No answer. The Batab frowned. "And do you know the death you are about to suffer?" Still no answer. Lifting his hands high above his head, and raising his eyes to the skies, he shouted, "By the gods Eken, Tolcanes, and Tupiles I do command the sacrifice to be completed."

The warrior Tayasal stooped and tied

the free end of the cord which bound the prisoner to the end of the platform. The mute, unresisting body was swung out over the sickly waters.

"Iztil, you have a moment for the contemplation of your sins. Then shall Tayasal cut the rope and let you taste of the waters of the Sacred Well."

A hush fell upon the crowd. Tayasal bent with the gleaming knife. A second later, the cry of an aged woman in the throng of spectators rent the air. "It is not Iztil. It is my daughter, Marek!"

"Mother, I—"

But the cord had been cut and the body of the Batab's servant sunk beneath the surface of the jade-colored waters of the Sacred Well.

DIRECT PRIMARIES vs. REPRESENTATION

By Irving R. Donovan, '15.



JUST two short years ago, practically every voter in the State of Maine who really had the best interests and the welfare of the State at heart, was rejoicing in the passage of a Direct Primary Law by our State Legislature. It was generally admitted by the most astute political observers that "Boss Rule" and "Ring Politics" had received a staggering blow.

Today after two brief years under its benign influence, a bill is introduced into the legislature for the repeal of the Davies Direct Primary Law. And if we but analyze the repeal faction it is plainly evident that it is the rural sections of Maine that are dissatisfied with our newly adopted method of direct nomination. It is plainly evident that in some way the law has worked to their material disadvantage.

It is admitted that the purpose of the Direct Primary Law was to eliminate "Ring Control" as the most important factor in the

selection of party candidates for important public offices.

If we are liberal-minded and just a bit short-sighted we might possibly grant, that in the case of our cities and larger towns the law has at least had a tendency to work in that direction. On the other hand, if we but make a proper allowance for human nature, we will readily grant that the Direct Primary Law has accomplished nothing in our small towns, villages, and sparsely settled rural sections, for the simple reason that in these sections, "Boss Rule," the evil at which the bolt was directed, does not exist.

Under the old convention system, each town and hamlet sent its foremost citizen to a convention with full trust in his judgment and integrity. It must be so, because to distrust their delegate would be to cast reflection upon the electorate of the town of K—. This delegate might be, and usually was an influential leader, but he was not, nor could he be a "Boss," for his constituents were farmers, and agriculture in

Maine is not carried on under a "Boss" system.

At the convention the rural vote was sure to be united. It was a factor with which the "Boss" must reckon, and the "Boss" was always wise enough to give it full recognition, so that when the county slate was made up the rural sections were sure to be well represented.

"Swapping" and "Dealing" may have taken place to some extent, but the fact remains that eventually the slate was representative of every section of the county.

Such was the old convention system.

But under the Davies Direct Primary Law, how different! The leading man of the town of K— has neither the prestige, nor the wealth to secure a primary nomination. There is no opportunity for united action on the part of the rural sections. Several of the small towns, each with its favorite son, make the vote for any one insignificant; while the city with its massed population and opportunities for united action gobbles every office in sight.

The result is: that the officers nominated do not represent the whole county; that the officers elected do not represent the whole county; and therefore, the county government for the ensuing term is not representative.

The only effect of the Davies Direct Primary Law upon the rural districts of Maine has been to take away their representation and leave discontent and dissatisfaction in its stead.

If then, this be the issue; representative government versus direct primaries, direct primaries as represented by the Davies Law must go.

If you should doubt either the issue or the outcome for a single instant, consider this farmer of Maine whose representation is threatened. What manner of citizen is he?

Work by his side in the field throughout the long hard day and when evening comes observe him as he sits before the hearth, his papers and periodicals at his elbow. Listen to him as he tells you that we in the city are depriving him of a just share in the government of his state and county; that "Boss Rule" has its center in your city politics and does not exist in his town of K—; and that the law which in theory eliminates the city "Boss" and in practice destroys equal representation is a one-sided contract which must not continue to exist. Consider it as a question of policy, and you will highly resolve that the Davies Direct Primary Law, as a piece of class legislation, must be repealed.

THE MORE REMOTE CAUSES OF THE EUROPEAN WAR

By Robert P. Ewer, '15.



THE more remote causes of this terrific combat are surprisingly few. Scarcely one of them is more than a quarter of a century old and the majority have arisen only in recent years. Two tremendous movements stand out as the great primal reasons for war; namely, the growth of the Pan-Slavic and of the Pan-Germanic ideals. Next in order of importance comes the wonderful growth of Germany's world trade,

and the corresponding development of her merchant marine and navy. The chief minor causes are the Bosnia-Herzegovina question, the rivalry for Alsace-Lorraine, and the recent Moroccan crises.

Pan-Slavism is best defined as the intellectual and political union of all the Slavic elements under the leadership of Russia. To the Russians, this means a great Slavic empire, comprising ancient Poland, the Balkans, and a large part of Austria-Hungary. Russia will be supreme. Her mys-

ticism, her culture, her civilization, will dominate the world. And dominate the world she would, for a Russia of that size would be irresistible. In the Balkans Pan-Slavism has a different meaning. The Bulgarians are not Slavs, but Orientals; the Rumanians are proud of their Roman descent. Servia and Montenegro are Slav, and practically one nation. To them, Pan-Slavism means a Slav empire in south-eastern Europe, with Servia as the head. They vehemently resent outside interference; they must develop this nation independently, no matter at what country's expense. To Germans, Pan-Slavism spells destruction, the end of "Kultur". Germany's position in the heart of Europe means danger; a triumphant Pan-Slavism added to this means extermination.

Pan-Germanism had its beginning in the direful times following the battle of Jena, in 1806. Germany, and especially Prussia, were prostrate. Then Johann Herder, first of the great German leaders of thought, formulated the doctrine of Pan-Germanism—a united Germany, strong, pacific, growing into a real world power. Others after him developed the idea, and 1870 saw its fulfillment. After this, Pan-Germanism died down, until before the present war, only a few isolated extremists raised the old cry, and these radicals had no influence or following. But to the Triple Entente, and especially to France, Pan-Germanism remained an ever present danger, a fearsome bogey by day or night.

About 1890, Germany began to awake to the fact that she was becoming a world power, a real force in the world's trade. With characteristic energy she set about building a merchant marine, and having such good results that in 1913, with a total tonnage of 3,000,000 tons, she was England's greatest sea-rival. Her yearly exports and imports amounted to \$5,500,000, comparing favorably with England's

\$6,900,000. In 1898, Emperor William became converted to the idea that a German navy must be created to foster and protect German colonies and commerce. In that year, Germany began to make sacrifices for her navy, which in 1914 consisted of twenty-one first-class and thirty-eight second-class battleships, navy auxiliaries, and a force of 200,000 men. As a direct result of this challenge to England came increased friction and the British policy of a two-power standard.

Ever since Servia became an independent nation, she has longed for the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. In 1898, the government of the provinces was put into the hands of Austria, with Turkey as the nominal head. In 1908, Austria, taking advantage of the Turkish revolution and Balkan turmoil, formally annexed these territories. This act, although a mere formality, officially destroyed Servia's hopes, and thus paved the way for more racial misunderstandings and hatreds.

For centuries, Latins and Germans have struggled for the possession of the rich lands of Alsace-Lorraine. From the time of Charlemagne until 1648, it was German territory. Then it passed under French control, and continued so until 1870, when the Germans recovered it. France, feeling that it is rightfully hers, has never ceased anti-German agitation on its account, and has done much to keep stirred up the old German hatred.

Moroccan troubles are of recent growth. In 1904 France, desiring to get possession of Morocco, secured freedom from English and Spanish interference by the Conference of London. Germany, fearful for her interests, refused to agree to this, and the Algier Conference (1905) was the result. This provided for a kind of international protectorate over Morocco, especially favoring France and Germany. Things went well until 1908, when friction arose which

led to the Agadir incident. In 1910, disputes came over the building of railways. Diplomacy on each side blundered badly, and the final agreement was not satisfactory to either party.

On whom, then, shall we blame this war? Frankly, I do not know. On Serbia, because of her dreams of empire and her anti-Austrian propaganda? On Austria, because of her desire to punish Serbia for these things? On Russia, because of her

aid to a Slav neighbor? On Germany or France, because of their desire to aid their respective allies? On England, because of her mercenary motives? And, then, again, is any one of these things the real cause? Is the war not a result of great racial and economic movements; one of those unexpected struggles for the balance of power which are so common in the world's history?

FROM DEBUSSY'S PRELUDES

By Bateman Edwards, '15.



THE book is a demure affair with mouse-colored paper covers aptly harmonizing with the general spirit of the work. On turning its pages one finds printed there some of the ripest expression of the poetic soul whose spirit to-day completely dominates the French school. But how different is this music from that of the composer's earlier years! In these preludes one looks in vain for augmented chords and sevenths and **ninths**—the sonorities so **freely** used in his preceding works. In its stead one finds the chromatic discords of Strauss and Schonberg, without the rudeness of the one or the crudeness of the other. And pervading it all the tone of poetical mysticism with which Debussy has been endowed above all other musicians of his time and perhaps of all time.

Prelude I . . . Brouillards. (. . . Fog.) Over all things the fog has settled down like Nature's shroud. On every hand nothing but an opaque wall of damp gray can be seen. In the near distance one can hear the muffled roar of the sea as it washes up the beach. Save for that an utter deathlike silence reigns. **Occasionally** there is even a lull in the motion of the waves, and at such times one is overwhelmed by a sense of

Nature's infiniteness and man's weakness. But soft! A light breath moves the long reeds. A wind is arising, which will soon dispel the fog. . . . In a short time the last mist-wraith is dissipated and the familiar objects of everyday life loom up prosaically.

Prelude IV. . . "Les Fees sont d'exquises danseuses." (. . . "The Fairies are Exquisite Dancers.") It is midnight in the forest. In a little clearing, carpeted with moss, the fairies are dancing. The light from the moon filters down through the interlacing branches of the tall oaks. A warm breeze rustles the leaves. Round and round dance the elves in the fairy ring.—On her gorgeous throne the elfin queen is seated. She takes no part in the revel to-night. She is weary of the constant frivolity of her subjects. With lackluster eyes she views the airy maze, when suddenly the dance changes, the fairies advance and invite her with graceful gestures to join them in their sport. At first reluctant, she is finally seized by the glad spirit of the dance, and mingles with her sprightly band. Round and round dance the fairies in the fairy ring. But now the stars begin to pale, and when the first rays of dawn appear, they are vanished, leaving behind only a faint, sweet echo of the fairy music.



LUCIE M. KNOWLES
Junior Exhibition



IRVING R. DONOVAN
Junior Exhibition

**MEDAL
WINNERS
CLASS OF
1915**



ROBERT A. PATTERSON
Graduation Essay



LORA E. BLANDING
Graduation Essay

Prelude XII. . . Feux d'Artifice. (. . . Fireworks.) It is a midsummer night and a gay crowd is gathered together to celebrate the taking of the Bastille. From the many bridges over the Seine fireworks are being set off. Hissing rockets are sending forth their first bombs; and an especially fine one, rising higher and higher, finally bursts forth in myriad colors. After these have disappeared, we see a giant pin-wheel, which, gaining greater and greater momentum, gyrates and whirls and whirrs in a most astounding manner. And now all sorts of rockets and explosives are lighted. Here is a rocket that explodes with a light almost unbearably bright, illuminating with a ghastly pallor the faces of the spectators.

Another dissolves into a cluster of colored stars, which, clinging together, drop slowly earthward. And here is the crown of the collection, which, after pursuing a zigzag course against the black velvet of the sky, explodes with two terrific bangs. Following these we see Roman candles and fountains literally belching forth streams of golden fire. And now comes the climax. A hissing fiery monster with a comet's tail wings its way upward to the skies. Up and up it rushes, until, with a roar, it bursts, and Phaeton-like falls to the earth burning with dazzling sparks.—From the distance come the faint strains of the Marseillaise.—Drums beat.—The celebration is ended.

AT THE SOUND OF THE TRUMPET

By Edward Harden, '15.



It was autumn, and in the heart of the Northland Wild, the cool, crisp air of a perfect evening set every creature of nature athrob with the joy of living. The hunter's moon hung low in a smoky mist, far down the lake a loon uttered its lonesome cry, an owl flew off into the darkness and a deer splashed on the shore.

A canoe, dimly silhouetted against the wooded background, glided out from the point, passed swiftly and silently across the moonlit space and disappeared in the dusky shadows of the opposite shore. That was all; but the loon had seen, and the deer, with a startled jump, had faded in the dense forest behind him, and silence, goddess of the North, ruled supreme in the Wilderness.

Over in the canoe, hidden by the dense shadows of the overhanging trees, an Indian guide, grizzled relic of a vanishing race, was slowly raising a birch bark trumpet to his lips. Suddenly the silence was

broken by a weird rumbling bellow, which echoing and reechoing across the stillness of the lake, finally died away in the immeasurable vastness of the forest. Then silence. Again the mournful wail, and again silence.

An hour passed. Again the plaintive call reverberated among the sheltering hills, and instantly from deep in the woods an answering roar, loud and prolonged, rolled majestically toward the lake. Scarce had its echo died away when from far up the mountain side, the sharp challenging snort of a master bull moose, broke out on the startled air.

A tremor of excitement ran through the canoe; the old Indian instinctively crouched lower on his knees, and his white companion, calm veteran of the woods, examined his rifle and held himself ready to shoot and to shoot to kill.

Down the mountain side rushed the two moose, crashing and tearing through the underbrush. The uproar was terrific, and the men with an involuntary impulse edged away from the shore into deeper water.

Hardly had they settled themselves when a young bull, with a deafening crash burst out on the shore; the rifle in the canoe shot into position, hesitated—faltered, and in the moment of silence that followed, the second moose plunged into the lake, and the younger bull, with a challenging roar, leaped to meet him.

The guide was signalling to his companion to shoot, but the sportsman hesitated, some unseen power stayed his deadly hand, and the rifle sank to his knees.

For here was the scene of a lifetime. Here in the vast darkness of sleeping lake and forest was nature herself, untainted; yea, more, here was life, life in all its force and meaning, with two of nature's magnificent creatures, forced on by the fierce natural jealousy of the Wild, fighting to the death. Yes, here was life without its

shams; life in all its reality; and the sportsman, overcome with a strange feeling of utter weakness, gazed awestruck at the scene, growing wiser the while.

Suddenly, ere the two men could collect themselves, the two moose crashed back from the shore and went roaring off into the woods, and the fight disappeared over the ridge and into the distant valley beyond; and silence, like the ghost of a shadow, stole back to the lake.

Crouched in the canoe among the lily pads the two men looked at each other; then slowly and without a word the canoe turned homeward. The charm of the northern night was bewitching; the hunter's moon hung low in a smoky mist, far down the lake a loon uttered its lonesome cry, an owl flew off in the darkness, and a deer splashed on the shore.

OCCUPATIONS FOR HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

VIII. The Ministry.

(The editorial board takes this opportunity of thanking its friends who aided in the preparation of this article. We are especially grateful to Rev. A. W. Lewis, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Hampden, and to Mr. Jefferson C. Smith, Maine State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.)



THE original intention in this article had been to cover a wide range of social and religious service under the general heading above, but owing to the pressure of time and space, it was finally decided to treat of only two as characteristic of all, the ministry proper and Y. M. C. A. work. Of course, the first requirements for both of these are a fine sensibility to religious and spiritual matters and a strong desire to help men. Beyond these essentials of personal character, the demands of the two professions differ more or less widely.

The educational requirement is, perhaps, more exacting for the ministry, including as it does both college and seminary graduation, for the minister is expected to be at least equal in intellectual ability to the ablest men in his community. This, of course, does not mean that Y. M. C. A. work does not make any great educational demand. On the contrary, it is very difficult for anyone not a graduate of a Y. M. C. A. Training College to obtain a good secretaryship. The difference lies in the fact that Y. M. C. A. training admits of fairly close specialization while the ministry almost demands that a man be a specialist in all lines. If a fellow desires to be a Y. M. C. A. physical director, he must, in addition, possess a healthy, vigorous body.

Social ability is an important factor in both branches. Both secretary and pastor must be equally at ease with the most cultured people and with the roughest, and be

able tactfully to help both. Business and executive ability is demanded of both. As directors of active organizations, they must manage men and money and know how, wisely and fittingly, to advertize their work.

There is a decided difference of opinion in regard to the openings in the ministry and so we must content ourselves with stating what all concede. If a man will enter this field, then he can find a place for himself. The range of opinion may be found by trying varying amounts of emphasis on the "can"! The Y. M. C. A. secretaryship does not call for a great many men, but even so, the executive boards experience considerable difficulty in securing just the right sort of men to fill what positions there are. The call here is not for many men, but for a few with natural aptitude and special training for the work. The physical directorship is a field in which, at present, the demand exceeds the supply.

It was with considerable diffidence that we asked about the remuneration in these lines of work, for no man ever enters these fields merely for pay. But one witty pastor cleared all this trouble up for us by stating that the rewards of the ministry were not to be counted in dollars nor even in cents! More seriously, all the fields offer satisfactory salaries, although there is a wide range in all but those of physical directors. With these the outside limits are \$1,000 and \$4,000 with an overwhelming majority between \$1,200 and \$1,800.

A Summary of the Occupation Articles.

With this article, the series on occupations is brought to an end and it may now be worth while to review the set and discover some of the things common to all. In this way, we may discover what the world expects of its workers. In the first place the misleading wording of the general heading should be noted. These have not been occupations for high school graduates in the sense that one may enter them directly after completing a high school course. They are rather professions toward which high school graduates might profitably strive. In all cases, breadth of training is one of the largest factors in success, and wide knowledge, of men as well as books, is required.

Then, again, the people whom we have interviewed have repeatedly emphasized the fact that a man must be interested, yes, absorbed in his work if he is to be successful. Enjoyment is the ladder by which we climb. The fellow who feels that he must by some inward necessity do a certain thing is sure to do that thing well.

And, finally, all work is service. If you work solely for yourself, you will never see beyond yourself to the higher summit, the Success summit. Life is as much, possibly more, giving as taking, and one who has not learned that the simplest tasks involve service to others, has not yet started to climb. The man built for success, is the man who sees, not himself, but others in his work.

PLEASURES

By Lester Hillman, '15.

Motion timed in perfect art,
Happy music in the air,
Jest on lip and joy in heart,—
This the pleasure of the dance.

Bird songs sounding everywhere,
Trees and water far in front,
Flowers sweet with fragrance rare—
This the pleasure out-of-doors.

Tranquil thought and peace of mind,
Fancy free to take her course,
Knowledge deep of every kind—
This the pleasure of the book.

There is one that's e'en more dear,
Thrill that comes at touch of hand,
Soul to soul bound through the year—
This the pleasure of a friend.



JUNIOR-SENIOR PLAY, "ENDYMION"



FRENCH PLAY, "LA DUCHESSE COUTURIERE"

HOW JOHNNY WASHED THE DISHES

By "1915."



"H, let me do the dishes this noon. Will you, sis?" said my brother, bursting into the kitchen one noon, with a rug under one arm which mother had told him to sweep. "You know I'm going on a camping-trip next week, and I must learn to wash dishes for I can't tote all the dirty dishes home for you to wash. Besides you've taught me to cook and make beds, so now I must learn to do the dishes. Now you just run out on the back piazza and sweep this rug for ma, and when you get back, why—presto! the dishes will be all done and put away. Run along now."

"You say you can cook? Ha; Ha! Ha! I've only taught you to make candy and you burnt that so we had to give it to the dog. I'd like to see you live on burnt candy for a week. But you can make a pretty good bed even if you don't tuck the blankets in at the foot. Well! All right. I'll sweep the rug and you do the dishes. You'd better hurry up and begin for I'll be back in five minutes," I said as I picked up the rug and ran out the door. I had gone about ten steps when I heard an awful scream. I dropped the rug and ran back into the kitchen. In the middle of the floor stood my brother, in his shirt sleeves, his hair standing on end, sucking his thumb as if it had been a stick of peppermint candy.

"Well, Johnny," I said, taking the thumb from his mouth and examining it, "what's the trouble?"

"Darn that water! Why didn't you tell me it was hot? I burnt my finger nearly off. Probably I'll have to have it amputated now."

"Well, I supposed you knew you couldn't wash dishes in cold water," I replied, going over to the sink and carefully sticking my little finger in the water. "Why! that water's hardly warm! Come back here now quick and do these dishes before the water freezes. Here's a dish mop if you're afraid of wetting your hands. Don't frighten me so again," I said, and again started out the door.

For the next three minutes I was busy sweeping the rug, and at the same time watching two little boys play marbles in the next yard. I had forgotten all about my brother and the dishes.

"Sis, sis, come quick!" I heard my brother shouting at the top of his lungs. I thought he had probably turned on the cold water faucet, and expecting it to be hot, had frozen his hand, so I took my time about going to his assistance. I finished sweeping the rug and picked it up and went into the kitchen and beheld Johnny picking up broken glass from the floor.

"For goodness' sake! what's the matter with these tumblers?" he cried. "I've broken six already, and I dropped ma's best glass pitcher on the floor and broke off the handle. What'll she say?"

I again went over to the sink. No wonder he had broken the tumblers! He had turned boiling water into them to rinse them, then, finding them too hot to handle had turned on cold water.

"Well, I guess you'd better finish the dishes, Sis. I'll get some glue and mend the pitcher, and if you'll promise to keep mum, I'll take you to the Bijou tonight."

The next week he started off on his camping trip with tin dishes and paper cups.

THE CLASS ODE

By Rose M. Davis, '15.

Once more the world is glad; for heav'nly June,
 All fraught with fragrance, sunshine, song, and dew,
 Smiles in the flow'ring vales, the cloudless sky,
 The worn-out earth restored to youth anew.

For Nature, ages old, is fresh and fair,
 As if this day had dawned her hour of birth;
 Her great heart throbs exultant far and wide,
 Her joy and beauty recreate this earth.

And we, who leave behind our childhood days
 And find the parting ways of life so near,
 Find highest hopes and aspirations stirred
 In this fair time of sunshine and good cheer.

Oh, classmates, friends, our playtime now is o'er;
 We cannot pass our lives 'mid June's fresh flow'rs,
 But may our youthful hopes and high desires
 Still stay with us in sombre, joyless hours.

May each dare something worthy, without fear
 Of toil or pain, of unrewarded strife,
 Of all this world's derision and rude scorn—
 May each live bravely to the end of life!

The hour is come; we take our last farewell;
 Our varied paths will henceforth lie apart,
 But may the ties of friendship true remain
 And evermore be treasured in each heart.

ONCE UPON A TIME

By Elizabeth Sawyer, '15.



NCE upon a time there were two beautiful Roses which grew side by side upon a bush in a forest. One was proud and haughty. Its velvety heart was tinted with a pink as misty as the rose of the dawn, and was exceedingly lovely to look upon. The other's snowy petals diffused a perfume the like of which has never been known and

which was the secret envy of the Proud Rose.

They grew at the foot of an oh-so-high tree, whose branches protected them from the glare of the sun and offered a home to countless birds. Among the trees, nestled 'way, 'way up in the waving tops of green, was The Castle. Its gleaming white walls and red roofs reflected all the splendor and brilliance of the sun; while the fluffy, float-

ing bits of clouds seemed to stop still in awe over so gorgeous a sight. Up there the birds sang exquisitely, seeming to utterly abandon themselves to the ecstasies of song.

Down in the cool, green depths where the Roses grew flowed a stream whose waters caught the glinting rays of sunlight and transformed them into jewels with which to deck its rippling surface.

Every evening the Moon-mist Queen floated down to the two Roses, and, after placing a drop of dew in the heart of each, she always bent over to kiss the Stream,—or was it her image, who can say?

One day the Princess came. She was alone, and walked straight up to the two Roses. The Proud Rose tossed its beautiful head triumphantly at the White Rose as the Princess twined it in her hair, and, resting exultantly against the golden strands, disappeared among the trees.

The White Rose was very sad and lonely.

It drooped over the Stream and would not be comforted.

Soon a woman passed that way. She was poorly clad and was crying. She saw the White Rose and picked it, holding it tightly against her breast and ran away fast, as if fearing pursuit. The woman entered a hut and placed the Rose into the hands of a child lying on a bed of leaves. The Soul of the Child looked at the Rose and they became fast friends.

That night the Moon-mist Queen, contrary to her custom, entered the hut. When she left it she carried in her arms the Rose and the Soul of the Child, and the three drifted happily toward the Haven of Souls.

While 'way up in The Castle the Princess sat gazing out over the treetops, idly tearing the velvet petals of the Proud Rose, which fell as tears to the ground at her feet.

THE STORM

By Bessie H. Mills, '15.

A wild night!

A night with black seas yawning, and the hissing of the waters filling every moment when there was a lull in the thunder. No rain fell; the air was hot and oppressive, dense clouds hung over the waves where they rose, a mighty wall of water, mountain-high; gloomy darkness brooded over land and sea. When the lightning blazed, the heavens were filled with flame that lighted up the white stretch of beach, the gray rocks that gleamed like steel in its light, the vast forests extending in the distance and the boiling, seething waves where the sea lashed the rocks in the dark night and where it would lap gently in the morning light when its mad work was done.

It was a wild night; the wind rose in sudden blasts, swift and fierce, swooping down from the wooded heights over the darkness

of the sea and driving against each other the great hurrying masses of the clouds. The deafening roar of waters echoed the thunder of the skies, and in the lightning glare a solitary ship was seen, black and spectral, with sails torn away, and masts broken, flung from side to side, lifted on the crest of giant waves, sometimes disappearing in the chasm of the closing waters, reeling, rocking, driven before the wind, alone in the black waters of the Atlantic. The distress signal was quiet now, or drowned in the tumult of the storm; but ever and anon from the tempest tossed vessel arose the shrill, piercing cry of terrified women.

The beach lying beneath the wooded cliff was almost deserted. There was no fishing village for several miles along the coast, and there were no coast guards. A few men had gathered on the shore, woodsmen and laborers, looking helplessly on, willing to help those in peril, but unable to be of

any assistance. They gazed sadly at the doomed vessel which they had no chance to rescue unless the storm lulled. In the uproar of the night, in the fury of the storm, in the violence of the winds that piled the sea high in mountains of foam and flung it over the quivering vessel as though it were some living thing they strove to crush, help from the hand of man was hopeless; not even a lifeboat could have lived through such a sea. The little band of men on the shore watched in silence, their heads bared to the wind, their eyes meeting the lightning's glare unflinchingly; behind them

the pine crowned slope of the cliff.

The lightning whirled down from the sky, the heavens were riven by the sheet of flame, the vessel stood out distinct against the glare, so near, that from the shore the crowd swarming on the deck and clinging to the ropes were seen in the light. Then one huge wave dashed over her and hurled her over on the side; there was a crash, a crushing, splitting noise, that could be heard on land; darkness fell over the waters; the last despairing cries of the unfortunates were borne to the watchers on shore—the ship had struck.



1915 EXHIBITION—THE MINUET



LOCALS



FOX 14

"Facts are Stubborn Things"

Several teachers in the High School were chosen as officers at the annual meeting of the Teachers' Club held on May 12, in the lecture room. Miss Anna McSkimmon was elected vice president, Miss Mabel A. Humphrey, treasurer, and among others, Miss Amy E. Ware, to the executive board. On the committees named to act during the ensuing year are the following: Health, Miss Anna McSkimmon and Miss Irene Cousins; Civic, Miss Alice Wormwood; Education, Miss Amy E. Ware; Social, Miss Stacia J. Scribner; Press, Mrs. Harriet N. Mason.

The Freshman students in Domestic Science served luncheon to Alderman and Mrs. Blunt, Alderman and Mrs. F. C. Ridley and President Farnham of the common council, with Mrs. Farnham, May 13. Miss Marion Kenney served. The menu included tomato bisque, crackers, boiled halibut and egg sauce, mashed potatoes, spinach greens, raised rolls, strawberry shortcake, coffee, olives, and nuts.

Mayor and Mrs. Frank Robinson, Alderman and Mrs. Charles Hubbard and Alderman and Mrs. William J. Largay were given a luncheon, Thursday noon, May 21, by the Freshman Class. Miss Dorothea Allen was the waitress. The menu was as follows: veal cutlets, mashed potatoes, spinach greens, baking powder biscuits, lettuce and cucumber salad, sandwiches, orange sherbet, cakes, nuts, coffee and olives.

The pupils of the Domestic Science and Manual Training Departments gave an exhibition, Friday afternoon, May 28. The work was fully explained by Mr. Kent in the Manual Training rooms and by Mrs. Mixter in the Domestic Science Department. The exhibition was held for the purpose of showing just what work is being done along these lines and what benefits are derived from it. The work done by both departments during the year was on display. Many took advantage of this opportunity to see the work and they were not disappointed in their expectations.

Dr. Robert J. Aley, president of the University of Maine, addressed the school, May 21, in General Chapel in honor of Peace Day. Dr. Aley talked of the present war, saying that "no nation claims the war and no nation wants the blame for the war." His discourse was given in a very pleasing and interesting manner and was greatly enjoyed by all the students.

Mr. Charles P. Conners addressed the Civil Government Class, a second time, on Tuesday, May 11. His address was a continuation of his previous lecture.

The Sophomore Domestic Science Class again served lunch to the teachers on Wednesday, May 19. The menu was as follows: tomato bisque, crackers, boiled halibut, mashed potatoes, spinach greens, baking powder biscuit, tapioca cream and coffee.



B. H. S. ORCHESTRA, 1914-1915



B. H. S. ORACLE STAFF, 1914-15

The Boys' and Girls' Debating Societies held a banquet at the Colonial, June 1. Miss Rose Davis acted as toastmistress and Mr. Irving R. Donovan as toastmaster. The speakers were:

Lora Blanding—Getting Up a Model Meeting.

Carrie Rowe—The Impromptu Debater.

Nellie Jones—The Aspirations of a Debater.

Doris Townsend—How the Debating Society Has Helped Us.

Lucie Knowles—The Debating Four Hundred.

Louis B. Dennett—Debating in 1914-1915.

Harry Helson—The Future of the Debating Societies.

Orestes Cleveland—Athletics and the Debater.

Robert A. Patterson—More Remote Causes and Effects of Debating.

Richard K. MacWilliams—The Colby Debates.

All the speakers acquitted themselves in a very pleasing manner, and the toasts were enjoyed by the entire assemblage.

Principal and Mrs. Larrabee, Miss Scribner, Miss Mary Robinson, Mr. Boyd and Mr. Gray were the guests of the evening.

The menu was as follows:

Consomme Clear		
Radishes	Olives	Cucumbers
Baked Halibut—Tomato Sauce		
Julienne Potatoes		
Roast Stuffed Chicken with Cranberry Sauce		
Green Peas	Mashed Potatoes	
Hot Colonial Rolls		
Tomato Mayonnaise		
Toasted Saltines		
Strawberry Ice Cream	Assorted Cake	
Edam Cheese	Bents Water Crackers	
Coffee		

The night school is an institution with which very few High School students are

familiar. This school, for the benefit of those who have not had the advantage of early education, is held three nights during the week, in the High School building, and has a school year of thirty weeks. About 160 persons are enrolled. Mr. Gray is the principal, and among others, Mr. Kent, Mr. Varney and Miss Harrigan act as instructors. The school is divided into three parts and the studies are those of the grammar grades with special stress laid on reading, English, writing, arithmetic, and spelling. Mechanical drawing, shopwork, sewing and cooking are also taught.

Miss Mary Snow, a former superintendent of Bangor schools, addressed a large audience in the Assembly Hall, Saturday afternoon, May 22. Miss Snow talked on "Education of Today," urging vocational training for girls as well as for boys. The lecture was followed by an informal reception and a banquet in the Bangor House. Members of the Training School Alumnae Association and teachers who served under Miss Snow were present. It was a very delightful occasion and all who had the good fortune to know Miss Snow enjoyed the renewal of former acquaintance.

The Junior Reception to the Senior Class was held in the Assembly Hall on the evening of June 4. In the receiving line were Principal and Mrs. Larrabee, Miss Fannie H. Robinson and Miss Anastacia Scribner of the faculty, Arno C. Savage president of the Senior Class and James C. Chilcott, the Junior Class President. Arthur D. Mulvaney '15, was floor manager and his aids were Messrs. Webster, Olsen, Hall, Morse, Ryan, Murphy, McCann, Freese and Butler. The committee of arrangements were Misses Travers, Allen and White and Messrs. Olsen, Frawley, Webster, Mulvaney and Murphy.

About fifty couples enjoyed dancing. Excellent music was furnished by six pieces of O'Hara's Orchestra. Punch was

served during the evening and ice cream and cake were served in the lunch room at intermission.

Rev. F. K. Gamble led the exercises at General Chapel, May 24.

W. H. Tibbetts, principal, and H. P. Cobb, sub-master of the Frankfort High School, and Frederick M. Nickerson were among the recent visitors at Bangor High School.

The public schools of the city were closed Monday, May 31, in observance of Memorial day.

On Friday evening, May 28, the Junior and Senior classes presented the Greek Play "Endymion," under the direction of Miss Scribner. There was a large audience and the coffers of the classes were swelled considerably. The cast was:

(Mortals)

Endymion, a prince.....Elizabeth Thaxter
Phrynia, with whom Endymion is in love,
.....Lora Blanding
Eumenides, the bond-friend of Endymion,
.....Hazel Pickard
Kallisthene, Eumenides' betrothed.....
.....Marguerite Allen
King Aeolus, Queen Hermia, Endymion's
parents
.....Madeline Gould, Mary McCann
Erithoe, Doris, Calyce, Thalia, Greek
maidens
Ruth Worwood, Pauline Woodard,
Priscilla Webster, Katherine Covelle.
Phaon, Admetis, Timon, Alcides,
Diomed, Greek youths.....
Marion Babcock, Jessie Newcomb,
Dorothy Eames, May Yerxa, Evan-
geline Perkins.

Two Priests of the Temple of Zeus.....

.....Lucie Knowles, Ruth Dow
A PageGrace Matthews

(Immortals).

Artemis, goddess of the chase and of the
moon, and special guardian of
maidensMargaret Woodman
Rose Bud, Morning Glory, companions of
Artemis
...Elizabeth Sawyer, Florice Farnham
Morpheus, god of sleep.....Mary Driscoll
Hermes, a tricky messenger of the gods,
.....Bessie Mills
Pan, ruler over the creatures of the forest,
.....Mildred Brackett
Dryads
Margaret Evans, Pauline Mansur, Mar-
guerite Tibbetts, Grace Brennan, Doro-
thy Harvey, Faye Harvey.

The play was more than a credit to the school, it was a triumph. While it has always been acknowledged that Bangor High has plenty of histrionic ability, "Endymion" together with the French play, have developed unlooked for talent. The actors cannot be too highly praised for the skill which they showed in this play. Miss Scribner, also, is to be greatly praised for the time and effort that she has put into making this play a success.

In chapel Tuesday, May 11, Albert Doran and Frank Murphy, the two speakers who represented Bangor High School in the Colby Interscholastic Speaking Contest, gave their addresses in a very satisfactory manner. Mr. Doran declaimed "The New South," by Grady, and Mr. Murphy, "The Amnesty of Jefferson Davis," by Blaine. This plan of speaking before the student body is a very good one, and it serves a double purpose; it gives the students a chance to hear their representatives and the speakers good practice in working before a large audience.

Bangor High School has achieved a high standing in public speaking this year, winning two first prizes in events open to the state. Miss Grace Matthews, one of the Junior Exhibition speakers, going to the

University of Maine Interscholastic Speaking Contest, won first place with her selection, "Sir Peter and Lady Teazle," which she spoke at the Exhibition. In this contest Miss Matthews spoke against some of the best preparatory and high school speakers in the state. The prize was twenty dollars.

Irving R. Donovan, another of Bangor High School's star speakers, gained high honors by winning in the University of Maine Discussion League, which gives him the title of the best individual high school debater in the state. Mr. Donovan first won the county debate at Dexter, then the district contest held in Bangor, and finally the state speaking at the U. of M. The prize is a four years' scholarship at the University.

The members of the Oracle Board enjoyed a banquet at the Colonial, June 8. Mr. Robert Patterson, the editor-in-chief, was toastmaster, and toasts were given by all members of the staff. Mr. Larrabee and Miss Mary Robinson were the guests. The menu was much the same as those of previous years.

The editors wish to thank Miss Elizabeth Sawyer for the excellent cover design for this month's number of the Oracle.

Many thanks are due the High School orchestra for the service rendered to the school during the entire year. The organization is under the competent leadership of Miss Elizabeth G. Littlefield and under her direction the musicians have developed a surprising degree of ability. The Orchestra played at the Junior Exhibition, the Teachers' County Convention, on Parents' Night, and also at the Athletic Exhibition and the Senior Play, besides at numerous lectures throughout the year.

The French play, "La Duchesse Couturiere," was successfully presented by the third year French class, Friday evening, May 14, and was greatly enjoyed by an appreciative audience. Before the play, Miss Faye Harvey sang several delightful French songs, accompanied on the piano by Miss Dorothy Harvey. The cast was as follows:

La Comtesse Douairiere de Lesneven,
Madeline Gould
 Christine, petite fille de la Comtesse,
Dorothy Harvey
 La Baronne De Kerbriand, amie de pension d'Helene.....Elizabeth Sawyer
 La Marquise De Menneville.....
Margaret Woodman
 Madame De Berny, femme d'un riche
 banquierLora Blanding
 Corinne, premiere demoiselle de magasin,
Rose Davis
 Esther, deuxieme demoiselle de magasin,
Cordelia Carlisle
 Helen, Duchesse Couturiere, orpheline
 niece de la Comtesse de Lesneven,
Elizabeth Thaxter
 Dressmakers
 Ella Wheeler, Gertrude Perry, Elna
 Pearson and Pauline Mansur.

We are very glad to learn of the speedy recovery of Miss Jeannette Croxford, who recently has been confined to her home by illness.

The Senior Class picture was taken by Mr. F. C. Chalmers, during the fifteen minutes before the first period, on June 2.

The graduation exercises of the Class of Nineteen Fifteen will be held in City Hall, June 19. The speakers are: Lora E. Blanding, Hazel Pickard, Irving R. Donovan, J. Frederick Jordan, and Robert A. Patterson. The class ode was written by Miss Rose M. Davis.



"Flood of words and drop of reason"

Colby Debates.

On Friday, May 21, eight academies and high schools of Maine, including Bangor High, contested in the Goodwin Inter-scholastic Debating League at Colby College. Two groups of schools were represented in the contest, Group A representing the high schools, and Group B the academies, the affirmative of the question being upheld by Group A, and the negative by Group B. The subject for debate was "Resolved, That military drill should be made compulsory in all public high schools throughout the United States." On Friday afternoon, the affirmative teams of Group A, consisting of Bar Harbor High, Madison High and Bangor High, delivered their main arguments before judges. Likewise the negative teams of Group B, consisting of Coburn Classical Institute, Erskine Academy, Foxcroft Academy, Hebron Academy, and Maine Central Institute, delivered their main speeches in another hall before different judges. From these two groups the teams showing the greatest ability in debate were selected for the finals, and accordingly Maine Central Institute was selected to debate with Bangor High in the evening. The prize of seventy-five dollars, given in memory of the Hon. Forrest Goodwin, was awarded to the winning team in this final debate and twenty-five dollars to the losing team.

Bangor high was represented by Louis B. Dennett, Richard K. McWilliams and Irving R. Donovan, while the M. C. I. team was composed of Raymond Blaisdell, Lynwood Badger, and Homer Ray, with Cecil

McNally as alternate. No alternate was used by Bangor.

This debate was a hot one, both teams showing remarkable ability in argument and delivery. In supporting the affirmative, Bangor's first speaker, Louis Dennett, proved that military drill is physically beneficial; first, because military drill by its very nature tends to strengthen the body; and second because it furnishes a definite form of exercise to students who otherwise could not obtain it.

Richard MacWilliams, in proving that military drill should be made compulsory in public high schools, showed that the mental and moral training received in the course of military instruction forms an invaluable part of an education. Mr. MacWilliams surpassed even the reputation gained in his past debates, and did much for the success of the team.

In closing for the affirmative, Irving Donovan showed that military drill prepares the United States for war, and, reviewing the lessons of history gleaned from the wars of the past, he proved that such preparation is justified. With his usual eloquence, Mr. Donovan handled his subject in a masterly manner, and at once won the favor of the college audience.

In the rebuttal, Bangor immediately took the lead, M. C. I. depending for her main support upon a list of nine questions which she demanded that Bangor should answer. Accordingly, in the last rebuttal period, Mr. Donovan took the list and answered the nine questions so effectively and convincingly that no doubt could be entertained as to the result of his effort.



THE BOYS' DEBATING SOCIETY



THE GIRLS' DEBATING SOCIETY

By a two to one decision of the judges, the second prize of twenty-five dollars was awarded to the Bangor speakers for general excellence in debating.

The Banquet.

On Monday evening, June 7, the annual banquet of the two debating societies, for the year 1914-15, was held in the Colonial Apartments and it was universally agreed that the meeting was one of the most pleasant events of the year.

Irving R. Donovan was toastmaster for the Boys' Society, and Miss Rose Davis acted as toastmistress for the Girls' Society. Interesting toasts were given by Lucie Knowles, Lora Blanding, Doris Townsend, Nellie Jones, Carrie Rowe, Robert Patterson, Orestes Cleveland, Louis Dennett, Richard MacWilliams and Harry Helson. Short talks were also given by Mr. Larrabee and other members of the faculty, including Miss Scribner and Mr. Gray.

The Year's Work.

The school year of 1914-15 has brought a great deal in the line of debating in which Bangor High has taken an active part. It is interesting to look back upon the past year and see the faithful work that has been put into these contests by students of Bangor High School.

The first debate of the year was with Coney High School, at which the home team, composed of Patterson, Helson, Dennett and MacWilliams won a decisive victory for Bangor High. The next two debates, with M. C. I. and Gardiner High, respectively, although they were both defeats for Bangor, showed that the team of girls, composed of Lucie Knowles, Rose Davis, Jeannette Croxford and Bessie Mills,

could debate with as much effect as the boys' team which was made up of Donovan, Helson, MacWilliams and Butler. This ability of the girls was still further proved when the same team of boys later suffered an inglorious defeat at the hands of the girls on the question of Woman Suffrage. In addition to the Colby prize debates just mentioned, the Oracle takes pleasure in referring to the recent victory of Irving Donovan, who, in a series of three contests, was judged to be the best individual debater in the U. of M. Discussion League, and accordingly, was awarded a four-year's scholarship at the University of Maine, amounting to \$280.

This review of the debating activities of the past year shows that Bangor High still upholds her reputation for efficient work in this line, and that she is a power to be reckoned with in the debating circles of Maine.

The Girls' Society.

At a meeting of the Girls' Debating Society held May 13, three new members were voted in. The membership has increased steadily during the year until now there are twenty-one members.

The meeting held on May 20 was one of the largest of the year, there being fifteen members present. Officers were elected for the remainder of the year as follows:

President, Rose M. Davis.

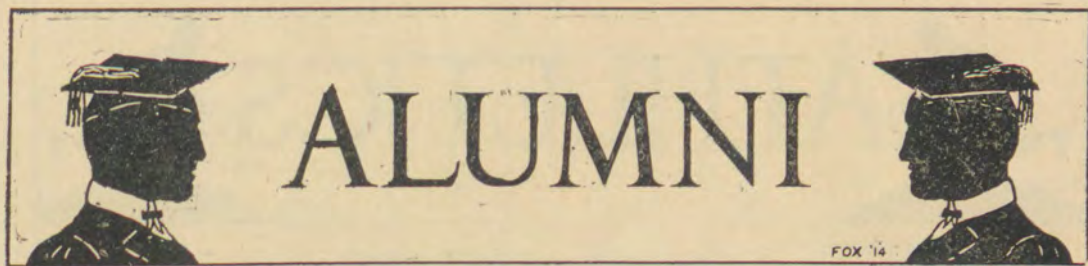
Vice-President, Lillian H. Magee.

Secretary, Erma F. Furrow.

Treasurer, Lucie M. Knowles.

Censor, Hazel L. Merrifield.

June 7 was agreed upon by the committee as the day for the annual banquet to be given at the Colonial. It was voted that the members of the society should go to the Chalmers' Studio at recess, May 25, to have their pictures taken.



"Beatæ Memoriae"

Marion White, '09, a former Personal Editor of the "Oracle," has accepted a position with the B. R. & E. Co.

The marriage of Lunetta McPhitres, '06, to Mr. Harry Burden, professor at Tufts' College, is to take place in June.

Dorothy M. Holden, '13, who graduates from the Eastern State Normal School at Castine, this June, has been appointed teacher in one of the model rooms of the Normal School.

Frederick F. French, '13, was at home for the week-end after the state track meet at Colby.

Ellery Tuck, '13, has been engaged by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and will go with it to the Exposition at San Francisco. Rudolph Ringwall, '09, is also a member of the Orchestra.

The death of Mrs. Rosella Rice occurred in this city after an illness of two months. Mrs. Rice was graduated from the Bangor High School in 1894.

The engagement of Ethel A. Maddox, '14, to Harry Dinsmore of Hampden, has been announced.

After completing the year at the University of Maine, Roland Estes, '14, will reside with his parents in California.

Ira Barker, '11, who for the past few years has been working in the northern part of Maine, has returned to Bangor where he will be employed by the Great Northern Paper Company.

Frank C. Carlisle, '04, of Chicago, Illinois, has been seriously ill.

Ruth Jameson, '13, is working in the office of Parkhurst's Trunk Factory.

Edward Ferry, '14, has accepted a position as traveling representative for the Post Toasties Company with headquarters at Battle Creek, Michigan.

Helen Angley, '13, is employed as a stenographer in the office of the Eastern Manufacturing Company.

The engagement of Frances M. Mulvany, '09, to Mr. Albert E. Thompson, of this city, was recently announced.

Howard Sawyer has been elected Grand Chancellor of the Maine Knights of Pythias without opposition.

Walter M. Chase is engaged in editorial work upon western papers published in the interests of the drug business.



"Fortis cadere, cedere non potest"

The Past Year in Athletics.

The past year has been a very successful one in B. H. S. Our football team lost the state championship to Portland High only after the hardest of hard luck games by a score of 6-0 at Portland. The basketball team, under the able leadership of Arno Savage won the state championship from Edward Little High in one of the fastest games seen in Bangor for years. The track team has three times beaten all other high schools and finished second to Hebron. One Bangor man, George Thompson, recently broke the State Interscholastic record in the discus throw, with a hurl of 118.12 feet. Thompson also beat Jordan of Hebron as individual point winner, getting 15 points to the 14 of Jordan. The baseball team, also under the leadership of Savage, while not quite as strong as last year, has finally gained its stride and is now going in fine form.

May next year see at least three championship teams in Bangor High School. There's material enough. What we need is more of the old fighting spirit that makes you support the team, win or lose. If you do this to the best of your ability, there will be no such thing as a lost game or meet. Everybody get in and boost for B. H. S.!

B. H. S. at Waterville.

Waterville High defeated Bangor at Waterville on Saturday, May 8. Labrack, the Elm City pitcher, was in fine form, allowing only four hits and having eight strikeouts chalked up to his credit.

Each side scored in the third. For Bangor, Daley was safe on an error by Labrack,

and scored when McClay drove the ball to deep right for two bases. Labrack then tightened up and retired the side. For Waterville, Arnold was safe at first when Jones dropped his fly. He stole second, went to third on Furey's muff of Labrack's drive and scored on a passed ball.

In the sixth, the ball game departed.

Five hits, several steals, and a dropped ball by Pullen netted five runs. Carter, the first man up, flied out to Furey. Conlogue singled to right, stole second and went to third on a hit by O'Donnell, who also stole second. Berry walked. LaFleur came through with a hit, scoring Conlogue and O'Donnell, and stopping on second. He scored on Alley's double to right. LaFleur was also safe at the plate when Pullen dropped the throw in. Alley scored on a hit by Proctor. This ended the scoring, the next two men being easy outs.

In the afternoon, the members of the team attended the Bowdoin-Colby game and the Maine College meet.

The summary:

Waterville High School.

	AB.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Carter, 2b	3	0	0	2	4	0
Conlogue, 1f.....	4	1	1	3	0	0
O'Donnell, ss.....	4	1	1	0	2	0
Berry, 1b.....	3	1	0	13	0	0
LaFleur, 3b.....	4	1	3	0	1	0
Alley, c.f.....	4	1	1	1	0	0
Proctor, c.....	3	0	1	7	1	0
Arnold, r.f.....	4	1	0	0	0	0
Labrack, p.....	3	0	0	1	6	1
Total	32	6	7	27	14	1

Bangor High School.

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

Daley, ss.....	4	1	0	1	0	0
McClay, 1b.....	3	0	1	7	1	0
Jones, l.f.....	4	0	2	0	0	1
Savage, p.....	2	0	0	1	4	0
Furey, 2b.....	3	0	1	3	2	1
McNeil, r.f.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Frawley, c.f.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Adams, 3b.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Pullen, c.....	3	0	0	11	0	2

Total	30	1	4	24	7	4
Waterville...	0	0	1	0	0	5
Bangor	0	0	1	0	0	0

Earned runs, Waterville 3, Bangor 1. Two base hits, McClay, James and Alley. Sacrifice hits, McNeil. Bases on balls, off Savage 3, off Labrack 2. Struck out, by Savage 12, by Labrack 8. Stolen bases, Waterville 1, Bangor 5. Double play, McClay to Furey. Passed balls, Pullen 2. Umpire, Marchetti. Time, 2 hours.

B. H. S., 29; Foxcroft Academy, 4.

On Wednesday afternoon, May 12, Bangor High trimmed Foxcroft academy in a most decisive fashion at Maplewood Park. Bangor got 25 hits, 18 stolen bases, and 29 runs. All the Crimson team showed up well on both offense and defense, with Adams, Jones and Savage as the leaders in stick work. After the ninth inning, the game became comedy, with the locals running wild on the bases, and, nine times out of ten, beating the ball around the circuit.

The summary:

Bangor High School.

AB. R. H. PO. A. E.

Daley, ss.....	6	4	2	3	3	0
McClay, 1b.....	6	5	3	3	0	2
Jones, l.f.....	6	3	4	2	1	0
Savage, p.....	4	3	4	0	0	0
Furey, 2b.....	5	2	3	3	2	1

McNeil, r.f.....	6	2	1	1	2	0
Frawley, c.f.....	5	5	3	2	0	0
Adams, 3b.....	6	4	4	2	1	0
Pullen, c.....	4	1	1	9	2	1
Mulvaney, c.....	1	0	0	2	0	0

Total	49	29	25	27	11	3
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Foxcroft Academy.

AB. R. H. PO. A. E.

Palmer, 1b.....	4	1	0	5	0	3
Cross, 2b.....	3	1	1	4	3	0
Fisher, ss. & p....	4	0	0	0	2	2
Dunphey, 3b.....	4	0	3	5	1	2
Martin, c.....	4	0	0	8	8	2
Parker, r.f.....	4	0	2	1	0	0
Smart, l.f.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Johnston, r.f.....	3	1	1	0	1	0
Fowles, p. & ss....	3	1	1	1	0	4

Total	33	4	8	24	15	13
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Two base hits, Jones, Savage, Adams 3; 3 base hits, Adams, Frawley; home runs, Daley, Jones. Hits off Fowles, 5 in 1 1-3; off Fisher, 20 in 7-2-3. Stolen bases, Daley 3, McClay 4, Jones, Savage, Furey 3, McNeil, Frawley 2, Adams, Pullen 2, Dunphey, Martin. Double plays, Daley to Furey to McClay. Base on balls, off Savage 1, off Fowles 4, off Fisher 1. Struck out by Savage 8, by Fowles 1, by Fisher 3. Passed balls, Pullen 3, Martin 2. Wild pitches, Savage 1, Fisher 1. Hit by pitcher, Cross, McClay, Savage 2. Umpire, Little. Time, 2.15.

E. M. C. S. Defeated.

On Wednesday the team journeyed to Bucksport, and easily defeated the E. M. C. S. team by a score of 18 to 4. Bangor got three runs in the opening session, two in the next spasm, seven in the fifth, and six in the ninth. The local team got only four hits off Savage, while Bangor got 22 hits for a total of 26 bases from Starkey.

McClay led in the hitting, getting four out of six. Frawley had had three out of four, and Pullen three out of five.



B. H. S. BASEBALL TEAM, 1915



B. H. S. TRACK TEAM, 1915

The summary:

B. H. S.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Daley, ss.....	7	1	2	2	3	4
McClay, 1b.....	6	4	4	11	0	0
Jones, l.f.....	7	3	2	2	0	1
Savage, p.....	3	0	1	0	4	0
Furey, 2b.....	3	3	2	2	3	0
McNeil, r.f.....	6	1	4	2	0	0
Frawley, c.f.....	4	2	3	3	0	0
Adams, 3b.....	6	2	1	0	0	1
Pullen, c.....	5	2	3	5	1	0
Total	48	18	22	27	11	6

E. M. C. S.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Decker, 3b.....	4	0	0	2	1	1
Bragdon, ss.....	2	0	0	0	2	2
Bradford, ss.....	2	0	0	0	2	1
Hussey, 2b.....	4	2	0	3	3	1
Lancaster, 1b.....	4	0	0	10	0	0
Smart, l.f.....	4	1	1	1	0	0
Patten, c.....	4	0	1	7	1	0
Starkie, p.....	4	0	0	0	0	2
Cunningham, l.f....	3	1	1	2	0	0
Webb, c.f.....	3	0	1	2	0	0
Total	34	4	4	27	9	7
B. H. S.....	3	2	0	0	7	0
E. M. C. S.....	0	0	1	3	0	0

Two base hits, McClay, Savage. Three base hits, Jones, Smart. Stolen bases, McClay 2, Jones, Savage, Furey 3. Bases on balls, by Starkie 5. Struck out by Savage 4, Starkie 5. Sacrifice hits, Savage 2, Lancaster 2. Double plays, Daley, Furey to McClay; Decker, Hussey to Lancaster. Wild pitches, Starkie. Passed balls, Patten 3, Pullen 1. Umpire, Rev. Henry H. Webb. Time, 2 hours.

Revenge for the Waterville Defeat.

On Saturday morning, May 22, the Waterville High team came to Bangor, having yet to lose a game. On Saturday evening, May 22, they returned to Waterville, sound-

ly trounced by a score of 20-5. The game showed some decidedly loose fielding by both teams. Labrack was not in the form of the previous game at Waterville, as he was found for 18 hits, twelve of these for extra bases. Waterville got to Savage for eight hits, all but one of them singles.

The first scores came in the third, Pullen getting one by pitcher's error, Daley sacrificing him to second, McClay doubled to right, Pullen being held at third, and Jones tripled to left, scoring Pullen and McClay. Jones scored on Savage's sacrifice fly to left. Furey tripled to left, McNeil hit to short-stop, who fumbled. Furey scored. Frawley flied out to LaFleur.

Waterville tallied in the fourth on Conlogue's single, a steal, and a double by O'Donnell. Pullen and Daley scored for Bangor in this inning on Jones' double. Arnold made a pretty catch of Savage's fly. McNeil and Adams scored in the fifth.

The visitors rallied and gained three tallies in the sixth. Labrack and Conlogue scored on two passed balls by Pullen. O'Donnell scored on LaFleur's double to left. Bangor also annexed three scores in the sixth, Jones, Savage and Furey coming across the plate. Daley scored in the seventh.

The visitors tallied for the fifth and last time in the eighth. Conlogue singled, went to second on a hit by O'Donnell, stole third, and scored on a passed ball by Pullen.

In the last of the eighth Bangor had a regular batting-bee. Jones doubled to left. Savage hit through the box, and Jones was caught between second and third and run to earth. Furey was safe. McNeil doubled to left, scoring Savage and Furey. Frawley fanned. Adams doubled to left and stole third. Pullen walked and went to second on Daley's single, scoring Adams. McClay cleared the sacks with a home run. Jones hit to left for three and scored on a bad throw in. Savage flied out to center. Wa-

terville failed to score in the first of the ninth.

The summary:

Bangor High School.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Daley, ss.....	5	3	3	1	4	2
McClay, 1b.....	6	3	3	9	0	0
Jones, l.f.....	6	2	4	1	0	0
Savage, p.....	6	2	3	0	2	0
Furey, 2b.....	5	3	2	2	3	2
McNeil, r.f.....	5	2	2	0	0	0
Frawley, c.f.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Adams, 3b.....	5	2	2	2	3	1
Pullen, c.....	4	3	0	12	4	2
Totals	47	20	19	27	16	7

Waterville.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Carter, 2b.....	5	0	1	0	1	0
Conlogue, l.f.....	5	3	2	1	0	2
O'Donnell, ss.....	4	1	3	1	3	2
Berry, r.f.....	4	0	0	7	0	0
LaFleur, 3b.....	4	0	1	4	0	1
Alley, c.f.....	4	0	0	2	0	0
Proctor, c.....	4	0	0	7	2	1
Arnold, r.f.....	4	0	0	2	0	0
Labrack, p.....	4	1	1	0	2	1
Totals	38	50	8	24	8	7

Bangor ... 0 0 4 2 2 3 1 8 x—20
 Waterville... 0 0 0 1 0 3 0 1 0—5

Two base hits, McClay, Jones 2, Savage, McNeil, Adams, O'Donnell. Three base hits, Jones, Furey 2, Adams. Home run, McClay. Stolen bases, Daley 3, Jones, Frawley, Adams, Conlogue, Arnold. Bases on balls by Labrack, 2. Struck out by Savage 13, by Labrack 6. Sacrifice hits, Daley, Savage. Double plays, Daley and McClay. Passed balls, Pullen 2. Umpire, Jameson. Time, 1 hour, 50 min.

Foxcroft at Foxcroft.

Thursday, May 27, the team traveled to Foxcroft and won again, this time by a

score of 12-7. The day was very cold and windy, badly handicapping both teams. Adams again did the heaviest stick work for Bangor, and Fisher held the honors for the locals. The fielding feature of the game was a fast double play in the third inning, Pullen to Adams, to McClay.

The summary:

Bangor High School.

	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Daley, ss.....	4	1	0	0	2	1
McClay, 1b.....	4	0	1	8	0	0
Jones, l.f.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Savage, p.....	3	1	1	1	2	0
Furey, 2b.....	3	2	0	0	2	1
McNeil, r.f.....	4	3	1	2	1	0
Frawley, c.f.....	3	3	1	0	0	0
Adams, 2b.....	3	2	2	3	2	1
Pullen, c.....	4	0	0	7	2	1
Totals	32	12	6	21	11	4

Foxcroft Academy.

	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Fowles, p.....	4	1	0	1	1	0
Cross, 2b.....	3	0	0	1	0	1
Fisher, ss.....	4	3	2	1	1	0
Dunphey, 1b.....	4	1	2	4	0	3
Smart, r.f.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
E. Johnson, 3b....	4	0	1	1	3	0
Howard, l.f.....	3	1	0	1	0	0
Earl Johnson, c.f...	3	0	1	0	0	1
Martin, c.....	3	1	0	12	0	2
Totals	32	7	7	21	5	7

The game lasted 7 innings by agreement in order to let Bangor catch a train.

Two base hits, Fisher, Dunphey. Sacrifice hit, Adams. Double play, Pullen to Adams, to McClay. Bases on balls, off Savage 1, off Fowles 3. Struck out, by Savage 7, by Fowles, 11. Passed ball, Martin. Stolen bases, Daley, Savage 2, Furey 2, McNeil 2, Frawley 2, Adams, Pullen, Dunphey. Umpire, Thompson. Time, 1.50.

Memorial Day Game.

The summary:

With a team which has several times defeated Colby College Varsity, the State College Champions, Coburn Classical Institute defeated B. H. S. by a score of 9 to 1, at Bangor, May 31. The visitors were very strong at bat and as the locals could do very little with the offerings of McPhee and Fagan, the Coburn clubmen, the game was not in doubt after the fifth inning.

McPhee started by fanning the first five men to face him, and in the five innings which he worked only two men reached first. Jones got on in the fourth by a scratch hit along the first base line, and Frawley reached first on a bad home play in the fifth.

Bangor scored its only run in the sixth, as follows: Pullen hit to O'Brien and took second when the latter threw wild to first. Daley got an infield hit and on Albert's wild throw to Kewer, Pullen scored. On an attempt to catch Daley at second, Ashworth sent the ball to center field. Daley was out trying to reach third, Lord to McElwee, McClay and Jones flied out. One run. In the ninth, with two men on bases, McNeil fanned and ended the trouble.

Coburn started the scoring in the fourth, Fagan and Kewer crossing the pan. In the fifth the visitors got four more runs, on two passes, two hits, and a dropped third strike. In the sixth Albert hit to deep right for a trip around the sacks. Ashworth scored later on a hit, a steal, and a sacrifice. Coburn tallied once more in the seventh, when Kolseth, after a walk, took third on Adams' error on O'Brien's grounder, and scored on a sacrifice by Pagnucci.

Daley and Jones made several fine running catches.

Coburn looks good enough to stop anything in the state this year, judging by what was shown on Monday.

C. C. I.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Albert, ss.....	5	1	1	0	1	1
McElwee, 3b.....	4	1	1	1	0	0
Ashworth, c.....	5	1	1	17	0	0
Fagan, l.f. & p....	5	2	2	0	0	0
Kewer, 1b.....	4	1	0	5	0	0
Kolseth, r.f.....	2	2	2	1	0	1
O'Brien, 2b.....	5	1	2	2	1	1
Lord, c.f.....	5	0	1	1	1	0
McPhee, p.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Pagnucci, l.f.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	39	9	10	27	3	3

Bangor High School.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Daley, ss.....	4	0	1	7	0	0
McClay, 1b.....	4	0	0	6	0	1
Jones, l.f.....	4	0	1	2	1	1
Savage, p.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Furey, 2b.....	4	0	0	3	1	0
McNeil, r.f.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Frawley, c.f.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Adams, 3b.....	3	0	1	1	0	0
Pullen, c.....	3	1	0	6	2	1
Totals	33	1	3	26	4	3

X—McPhee struck out with three men on bases.

C. C. I.....	0	0	0	2	4	2	1	0	0—9
B. H. S.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1

Two base hit, Fagan. Home run, Albert. Stolen bases, McElwee, Ashworth, Fagan, Kolseth, O'Brien, Jones. Bases on balls, by Savage 4. Struck out, by McPhee 9, Fagan 6, Savage 7. Hit by pitched ball, McElwee. Passed balls Pullen 2. Umpire, Little.



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

—Burns

'Tis with reluctant heart and hand that the exchange editor takes up his pen to write a few words for this, the Senior number of the "Oracle." For a whole school year it has been his privilege to receive and examine all the school papers coming to the B. H. S. from far and near. This has been an enjoyable task and many of the papers are now as familiar as the faces of classmates. The true worth of a friend is never felt as keenly as when the moment comes to bid farewell; especially if the parting is to be forever. At such a moment, also, it is easiest to forgive wrongs and to ask to be forgiven. Many of the exchanges now seem like friends, and "good-by" is said with reluctance; but heartily do thanks and forgiveness go forth for all that has been written about the Oracle, and humbly is forgiveness asked of all who have come within reach of our words of criticism.

It seems no more than right that at this time a complete list of all papers received during the year should be printed. To save confusion all papers are grouped under their respective states. If any paper is not mentioned it is proof that not a single copy of it has been received. This list has been made independent of past lists, so there are five states lacking to complete it: Delaware, Maryland, Alabama, Mississippi and New Mexico. Various foreign countries have been sent copies of the Oracle, but only England has responded. The complete list to date numbers two hundred and two. Two hundred and fifty copies of this issue will be sent out, many of them going to schools

now on our sending list, but not on our receiving list.

Maine—Anchor, Argonaut, Arcturus, Ariel, Academy Bell, Academy Echo, Bates Student, Bouncer, Bowdoin Orient, Breccia, Breeze, Colby Echo, Crescent, Comet, Coburn Clarion, H. C. I. Scroll, Hebron Semester, Harbor Beacon, L. H. S. Leaves, Lincolnian, Leavitt Angelus, L. H. S. Folio, M. C. I., Maine Campus, Megunticook, Nautilus, North Star, Olympian, Oracle, Oak Leaves, Pennant, P. I. H. S. Flyer, Pharelia, Pine Cone, Racquet, Salmagundi, Sea Breeze, Signet, Senior, Spectator, Trident, Washingtonia, Chronicle, Rostrum.

New Hampshire—Red and Black, Record, Hamptonia, Enterprise.

Vermont—Register, Phoenix, Dial, Vermont Pioneer.

Massachusetts—Advance, Aegis, Argus, Archon, Claflin Enterprise, Clarion, Distaff, Dean Megaphone, Debater, Dynamo, Early Trainer, E. H. S. Record, Everett High Clarion, Golden Rod, Herald, Imp, Index, Item, Jabberwock, Palmer, Peals, Reflector, Record, Review, Sassamon, Spectator, Trade Winds, Tripod, Tryout, Voice.

Rhode Island—Delphian, Howard Times, Student.

Connecticut—Allerlei, Artisan, Chronicle, Observer, Pennant, Tabula, Taft Oracle, Wykeham Chronicle, Wyndonian, Young Apprentice.

New York—About St. Agnes, Berkeley Folio, Blue Bird, Briar Cliff, Spectator, Congress, Cue, Echo, Hobart Herald,

Ringe Register, Right Angle, Red and Blue.

New Jersey—Advocate, Beacon, Oracle, Princeton Review, School Life, Vail-Dean Budget, Rutherfordian.

Pennsylvania—Academy Spectator, Buzzer, Folio Crescentia, High School Review, Mirror, Oracle, Penn Charter Magazine, Spectator, Sayrenade, Tech Monthly, Tattler.

Virginia—Student.

W. Virginia—Burnhigh, Tatler, Tiger.

North Carolina—Messenger, Gastonia.

Georgia—Spellman, Messenger, Future Citizen, Roman.

Florida—Pasco School News.

Tennessee—Central Digest.

Kentucky—Quill, Spectator, Purple and Gold.

Ohio—Echo, Old Hughes, Piquonian, Search-Light, Scarlet and Grey.

Indiana—Emblem, Optimist.

Illinois—Bowen Prep, Lion, Midway, Nautilus, Owl, Rail Splitter, Red and White, Review, Science and Craft, Sphinx, Thornburn Thistle, Voice.

Michigan—Bugle, Delphian, Ingot, Mirror, Orient, Reflector, Student, Su-Hi.

Wisconsin—Lake Breeze, Tattler, Wauwatonsia, Pioneer.

Louisiana—Pioneer, Tattler.

Arkansas—Oracle, Reddie, Tiger.

Missouri—Forum, McMillan, Missouri High School.

Iowa—High School Times, Philo Phonograph, Spectator.

Minnesota—Purple and Gray Magazine.

North and South Dakota—Cynosure, Anemone.

Nebraska—High School News, Orange and Black, Tooter.

Kansas—Habit, Mirror, Optimist, Tattler.

Oklahoma—Crimson Rambler, Royal Blue.

Texas—El Burro, Student Body, Wolf.

Colorado—Industrial School Magazine.

Wyoming—Dinosaur.

Utah—Classicum.

Arizona—Native American.

Washington—Lewis and Clark Journal.

California—Throop Tech, Owl.

England—Our School Times.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

The "Review" of Medford, Mass., suggests that, instead of school papers criticising each other continually, the various editors get together occasionally for discussion of policies. The "Review" has in mind only the school papers of Greater Boston, but with united effort and a good pusher there is nothing impossible or impracticable in a state association, or even a New England association for such a purpose.

The Exchange Column in the Roxbury School "Tripod" is well written and shows care and thought. We agree that an effort by Freshmen is a fine thing.

The "Purple and Gold" has some good bits of verse.

The long expected paper from Albany,

N. Y., has come. "About St. Agnes" contains some of the best stories, essays and criticisms that we have found. We much regret that you could not have been with us all the year.

The little "Mirror" from Michigan also allowed their freshmen to run a paper through the mill for April! Good work! We'll show 'em!

We are glad to receive the "Midway" from the University High School, Chicago. It is a pleasure to receive a paper distinctly different in shape and size from the ordinary run of papers. Your little 6½x6 contains some good material.

Dean Megaphone.—Truly, the letters in your alumni number are like a mine of fond

remembrances. What a joy it must be to the class of 1890 to be able to read the little sketches of the lives of those who were with them in their school days!

The "Blue Bird" from New York is a fine paper.

One of the cleverest of exchange departments is that found in the April "Classicum." It surely has a different ring from most of the attempts to make a story out of the exchanges!

The Constitution and By-laws of the Everett High School Lyceum are very interesting. Such laws, if enforced, will make a strong, live organization.

Few indeed are the school papers that have as many pictures within their covers as does the "Roman" from Rome, Ga. Though published but three times a year, it pays for the long wait between, every time it comes.

IN THE EYES OF OTHERS

"The Oracle," Bangor High School, Bangor, Me. Freshmen, you have done well in your magazine! We congratulate you on the splendid showing that you have made, and think you are highly deserving of the confidence that your board of editors had in you. The prize winning story "Theseus and the Minotaur" is very bright and interesting.—P. I. H. S. Flyer.

"The Oracle," Bangor, Me., is a paper which we always look forward to seeing. The paper in general shows fine work on the part of those at Bangor High School.—Hamptonia, N. H.

The Oracle—Bangor, Maine. Your paper continues to be delightful, and interesting. Come again!—The "Imp," Boston.

The Freshman Number of the Bangor, Maine, Oracle is, if possible, better than its predecessors. The Industrial School Magazine extends its thanks for the kind reference to "the excellent language used throughout" this Magazine and other kind words and assures our worthy high school friends of the Oracle staff that they shall receive this exchange with regularity.

The "Chronicle," Hartford, Conn., gave us one of the best write-ups we have ever received. Among other thoughts it says: "The 'Oracle' may be taken as a representative school paper."

The Oracle, Bangor, Maine. Your magazine is especially fine. It deals with topics that are current and historical. We especially enjoyed "Some Old Letters." It shows us your state in a better light. It is a credit to your school.—The "Wolf," Texas.

The Oracle, Bangor, Maine—You are altogether unjustified in your personal attack upon the exchange editor, and she resents it thoroughly. You had better read our exchanges again because our criticisms are not given in any spirit but the friendliest. You are entirely too personal in your remarks which you had best keep to yourself. We feel that we can demand an explanation and an apology.—"Tiger," W. Va.

"The Oracle," Welcome! Your paper is very interesting. The literary department is excellent.—The "Tabula."

Oracle, Bangor, Maine: Your Freshman number is certainly a credit to the Freshman class, and shows that Bangor freshmen have good school spirit.—Trade Winds.

"Oracle," Bangor, Maine.—You surely give your exchanges some brick bats, but we often need some one to tell us of our faults, don't we? Your humorous number was great and the story, "How to Train Croquet," deserves special comment.—High School Times," Iowa.



PERSONALS

"Rideamus"

Teacher (in English Class): Mr. Fr-wl-y, what did Ichabod Crane borrow to go to the party at the Van Tassels'?

Fr-wl-y: A dress suit!

Junior: Oh, it feels as though there were a nail in my shoe.

Senior: I suspect there are five nails.

During rehearsals of "Endymion":

Miss J. N-wc-mb, '15, to director: I don't think Miss P-ck-rd makes love like any of the boys I know.

Miss W-rmw-d, '17, in Latin: Per exploratoriſ pontem fieri comperissent.

He learned a bridge had been built through the scouts.

His trouser-legs, as here you see,
Are never built amiss,

But when he draws the garment on
They always look like this ().

I. D., '15.

Senior Superlative Club.

Quietest—H. E. M., '15.

Most industrious—J. D., '15.

Tiniest—I. R. D., '15.

Most pious—C. E. B., '15.

Biggest cut-up—F. J., '15.

Most heroic—E. E. H., '15.

Most ferocious—B. E., '15.

Most contented—C. C., '15.

Prettiest—?"Safety First."

B. E., '15 (in Latin): The unconscious man stood up on a rock and whistled.

Senior (in History): Pluto wrote the "Immortality of the Soul."—We wonder.

A—Awful.

B—Bad.

C—Careful.

D—Divine.

F—Fine.

Miss W—: Tell me all you can about Sir Roger De Coverley.

King, '17: He never changed his clothes.

Mr. V—: If you start an automobile suddenly at too high a speed, what are you likely to break?

O'L-ry, '16: Your nut.

Mr. B—: How many are there in the class?

Voice: 15.

Enter the eternal Donovan.

Voice: 18½.

Miss C. (in History Class): What are the three fundamentals of Christianity?

Miss By-r, '15: 1. The fatherhood of God. 2. The brotherhood of man. 3. Immortality.

V-l-nt-ne, '18: Omnes inurias vitaret.
Avoid all young men.

Miss H—: What was a testudo?
A. S. C., '17: A tent on wheels.
What does he mean, wild west show?

Mr. K—: Got any thumb tacks?
Freshman: No, how would finger-nails
do?

On board in 204—Queen Victrola (Victoria) was ruler of England.

B. H. S. Locals.

Freddie Jordan entertained the Thimble Club last Friday. All the members are busy making socks for the baseball team, and enjoyed a delicious meeting.

Georgie Thompson has edited his latest book, entitled "The Busy Bee," or "My Life Work."

Herbie Torsleff has got a Ford. Look out, girls.

Hank Burton is writing a series of essays for the Ladies' Home Journal on, "My Own Experience in the Quest of Beauty."

Art. Stevens has bought a telescope. More aeroplanes above Orono?

Hobo Savage, Ed. Kelly and others are trying out in the sandwich-eating contest. Here's a sure chance for Hobo to make a victory.

Latest! Just out: "Billy Sunday, the man and his methods." By Jingo Donovan.

Teacher: My clock is never like the hall watch.

Gr-nt, '15 (in History): Quintus Fabius Maximus was all one man.

Wh-e-e-e-w!

See the pile of "Dustbane"
Lying on the floor,

'Twas a little freshman,
He'll take exams no more!

We stand for:—
Best "Oracle" yet.
An undefeated baseball team.
Never-give-up spirit.
Give and take.
Organized athletics.
Rallies at chapel.

Hard work (?)
Industrious Freshmen.
Girls' basketball team.
Hearty yelling on the field.

Senior plays and sophomore dances.
Chapel talks by students.
Hard working Juniors.
Old "Bangor fight."
On time copy for the "Oracle."
Lofty Seniors.

Have you seen Corning and Savage in their new act entitled "A pair of sixes?"

We note that Irving Donovan has kept a pair of skates in his locker since last Christmas.

No doubt his motto is "safety first" in case of fire.

Corning, telling a story in English—"I was strolling through a country lane one day, when I noticed an oriole's nest in the top of a tall elm tree. Stooping over I—".

What for, Clarence, to look into the nest?

Freshmen take warning from battle-scarred Seniors. If you get hard up you may pawn your valuables, but for Heaven's sake, don't "Hoch der Kaiser" in Room 113.

"Say, Pa, was there more than one Peter, the Great?"

"No, my son, that is a case where history failed to re-Pete itself."

SENIOR CHARACTERISTICS

Name.	Called by	Age	Disposition	Ambition
Alward, Harry	Flop	She knows, I don't	Good natured	To be a great man
Ambrose, Lucy	Lucy	19	Serious	To tap the typewriter
Barnes, Charlotte	Barnesie	106	Changeable	To excel Paderewski
Beverly, Gladys	Husky	Hasn't scratched yet	Stubborn	Hasn't any
Black, Howard	Blackie	Unknown quantity	S-l-o-w	To go to Europe
Blanding, Lora	Dutchie	Stump-age	Affectionate	To be an old maid with two chickens and a farmhouse.
Boothby, Ada	A or B	Short-age	Happy	To be an "hello" girl
Brady, Charles	King	Methuselah's	Grouchy	Ask him
Brewer, Doris	Dot	Saw the Ark built	Indescribable	To be a lawyer
Burton, Clyde	Uncle Sam	I'd hate to say	Religious	To be a minister
Burton, Irene	Rena	$\sqrt{324}$	Mild	To get her daily letter
Byer, Alfrieda	Frieda	Older than she looks	Indifferent	School marm
Carlisle, Cordelia	Delia	Spring-time of youth	Angelic	Innumerable
Carr, Doris	Dot	Broke-age	Funny	To skip school
Chadwick, Mary	Tweet	A thing yet to be found out	Exact	To do "trig"
Chaison, Lucy	Lucy	We haven't any idea	Ask Miss Conway	To study French
Chase, Allene	Allene	That's her affair	Quiet	To gain knowledge
Cleveland, Orestes	Black Beauty	Old and rheumatically	Just get him mad and see	To get a girl
Cohen, Robert	Bob	How de we know?	Couldn't move him with a derrick	To break the speed, limit
Colburn, Ralph	R-a-l-p-h	Come again!	Bucolic	Civil Service Man
Colby, Gladys	Gadsy	Sweet Sixteen	Affectionate?	Ask "Josephus"
Conway, Helen	Con	Ask her	Nervy	Never to be late
Corning, Clarence	Corns	Almost grown up	Sweet	To be editor of Puck
Crowley, Frances	Frannie	What do you care, she doesn't	Bright	Never to get a "Dun- ning" letter
Croxford, Jeannette	Jean	18 summers, 16 winters	Couldn't be improved	To entertain
Daley, Elaine	Fatty	Tonn-age	Frivolous	To have "Burns" on her hands
Davis, Rose	Rosa	Age of knowledge	Diplomatic	To go to Mt. Holyoke
Davis, Tom	Just Tom	Suits his actions	Peaceful	To be a friend of Madame's
Donovan, Irving	Molly	Well, not quite bald	Energetic	President of U. S.
Dow, Ruth	Ruth	She hasn't told us	Retiring	If any, unknown
Eddy, Lawrence	Lollie	We have lost track	Modest	Esses comes Veneris

Edwards, Bateman	Lizzie	He's still a child	Clinging vine	To cultivate his so- prano voice
Emery, Grace	Grace	Home-age	Bold?	Has none
Epstein, Anna	Epie	I shall never tell	Stern and unrelenting	To be sylph-like
Evans, Margaret	Maggie	Sweet young thing	Flirtatious	To look for an honest man
Eveleth, Evelyn	Evelyn	400 in knowledge	Studious	To write books
Ewer, Robert	Dynamite	10 at most	Stuck-up	To make the team
Farmer, Susie	Sue	Age of discretion	Serene	To teach Greek
Farnham, Florice	Punk	Winner in the baby show	Sunny	To become a farmer's wife
Finnegan, Frances	Finny	She knows, I don't	Erratic	To find a "Burr" not attached to a nut
Flannigan, M. Frances	One of the Quakers	"Judge not that ye be not judged."	Quiet	Never to be separated from her twin
Folsom, June	Rusty	Never the same	Funny	Ambitionless
Furey, Glynn	Stubby	Q not Q	Bashful	To improve transport- ation
Gallagher, Josephine	Jo	Sweet sixteen	Jolly	To make a visit in Bucksport
Gallagher, Margaret	Meg	Between 4 and 30	So shy!	To be an expert ac- countant
Ginsberg, Rebecca	Becky	Guess again!	All right	She doesn't know, her- self
Grant, Harold	Grantie	?	Patient	To be a wireless oper- ator
Gregory, Helen	Helen	Old enough to have a man	Kittenish	X equals?
Hallett, Stella	Monkey	Crib-age	Easy going	To get married
Harden, Edward	Ed	Ask any girl	Fickle	Never to be seen twice with same girl
Harrington, Mary	Tiptop Tipperary Mary	Old enough to contract for life	Composed	It may be lofty—or it may be Loftus
Harvey, Dorothy	Dot	Dot-age	Sunny	To excel in bugology, especially in "spiders"
Harvey, Faye	Faye	Just 19	Changeable	To be an opera singer
Hussey, Gladys	She refuses to be nicknamed	Just right	Splendid	To have a beautiful flower garden
Jarvis, Wm.	Bill	Almost a man	Jovial	To compete with Nick Carter
Jordan, Fred	Hercules	According to his feelings	First-class	To make ice cream without ice.
Jordan, Mary	May	Goes by weight	Willing	To grow thin

Knowles, Lucie	Happy	Ask Bryant	Heavenly	To be a lady senator
Lancaster, Agnes	Agnes	18 plus	Good natured	To catch her car
Lane, Lillian	Lettie	A secret	Loving	To hook someone
Levine, Ida	Shrimp	106 per minute	O. K.	More speed
Lintott, Josephine	Jo	"Mann"-age	Gushing	To be captivating
Loftus, Stanley	Stan	Mary will tell you	Steady	To settle down
Lynch, Mary	Lynchie	Add-age	Meek	To get by
MacDonald, Maxwell	Max	Just in his prime	Agreeable	Not for publication
MacGregor, Madeline	Spud	Just a cute little thing	Moderate	To know a "King"
Mackay, Donald	Mac	Look in family bible	Fine	To blow up the laboratory
Magee, Lillian	Hum	She might be younger	Agreeable	To be a school marm
McCann, Mary	Betty	Tempus fugit	Congenial	To have a vacation
McClay, Daniel	Mac	Looks are deceitful	Obliging	To be a politician
McDonough, E. K.	Mac	Dam-age	Studious	To own the village "Smith"-y
McNeil, Raymond	Skinny	Old enough to vote	It varies	To make the big league
Makanna, Katherine	Kat	Suffr-age	All right	To get rich on "63"
Mansur, Pauline	Polly	Too old for Mellin's Food	Delightful	To keep an ice cream parlor
Merrifield, J. E.	Ed.	Still in long clothes	Forbearing	To be a scientific farmer
Merrifield, Hazel	Molly	How do we know?	Coquettish	To teach school
Milan, Marjorie	Marjorie	18	Placid	To teach German
Mills, Bessie	Bess	Couldn't be improved	Cheerful	To keep order in the library
Moore, Cassie	Girlie	She's growing up	Out of the ordinary	Always to have a Studebaker
Moriarty, Frances	Morih	Coin-age	Peppery	To keep that Cornell pin
Murphy, Frank	Inky	It's a question	Fine	To be a lawyer
Nelligan, Helena	Lena	Oh, how could you?	Gentle	To be a suffragette
O'Brien, Margaret	Mag	Ask someone else	Undemonstrative	To have a box at the Bijou
O'Connell, Ethel	Thel	No birthdays now	Too personal a question	To mortgage "Connors"
O'Leary, Margaret	Margaret	Darsn't tell	Ferocious	To go west
Parker, Ethel	Ethel	Her folks can tell you	Pleasant	To be a nurse
Patterson, Robert	Pat	Almost a man	Agreeable	To go with a light opera company
Pearson, Elna	Elna	She said she was 18	Moderate	To be a great violinist
Perkins, Evangeline	Eva	No one knows	Good natured	Too many to print

Perkins, Frederick	Freddie	Only one figure in it	Extremely pleasant	To please Miss Mary Robinson
Perry, Gertrude	McGinty	$20 \div 10 \times 4 + 9 = ?$	Cheerful	To find out what she wants to do
Perry, Ruth	Rufus	Golden age	Excellent	I won't tell on her
Pickard, Hazel	Pick	Quite a young lady	Critical	To tame a broncho
Price, Madeline	Maddie	6—in experience	Kittenish	To learn to cook
Ramsdell, Arthur	Jo Knowles, 2nd	Shot-age	Placid	To track big game
Redman, Kenneth	Red	Beyond all comprehension	Saucy	To be a senator
Robinson, Frances	Fran	That's a question	Coy	Never to stand unsupported
Rowe, Carrie	Carrie	Octogenarian	Placid	Too high for us to discover
Safford, George A.	Venus	Saus-age	Sputters, once in a while	To go to Bowdoin
Savage, Arno	Hobo	?	Bashful	To be a lady's man
Sawyer, Elizabeth	Lib	Age of naps	Lazy	To set the styles
Seavey, Edgar	Sappy	Impossible to guess	Ladylike	To collect "Wings"
Southard, Ruth	Suth	Ask the city clerk	Contented	Time will tell
Sprague, Gertrude	Gertrude	As old as Anne	Good natured	To vote
Sweet, Caldwell	Caldy	Old enough to drive his own auto	Sweet	To mix up things
Stevens, Arthur	Steve	In his second childhood	Moderate	Something great
Taylor, Lillian	Baby	$3\frac{1}{2}$	Inquisitive	To care for the dying
Thaxter, Elizabeth	Betty	Sometimes 3, sometimes 23	Dignified	To be a great actress
Thompson, George	Kilty	Old enough to know better	Good natured	To grow big like the rest of the boys
Thurston, Addie	Thursty	No chicken	Sweet to teachers	To acquire and keep knowledge
Torrey, Norman	Just Norman	He's seven	Agreeable	To be a bachelor with \$1,000,000
Vasseur, Alice	Al	Six to sixty	Good	To acquire Madame's accent
Wallace, Ethel	Ethel	Will vote for next governor	Frazer knows—to his sorrow	To graduate with extra points
Webster, Richard	Dick	Increases every year	Sleepy	He hasn't told us
Wheeler, Ella	Eli	18	Varying	Has lots of them
Wing, Mildred	Millie	N. B. B. H. O.	Peculiar	To be a modiste
Withee, Velsora	With	Count her teeth	Commanding	To spread knowledge among the heathen
Woodman, Margaret	Peg	Old enough to flirt	Remarkable	Has lots of them
Yerxa, May	Bunny	Most nineteen	Genial	To do her hair French twist

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And I would that my tongue could utter
The things that I ought to know.

—Ex.

She: And would you really put yourself
out to please me?

He: Yes, indeed I would.

She: Then do it please, I'm awfully
sleepy.

Ex.

Once a friend of mine and I agreed that it
would be helpful for each of us to tell the
other his faults."

"How did it come out?"

"We haven't spoken for five years."

Ex.

Teacher: "Johnny, this is the worst com-
position in the class. I am going to write
to your father and tell him."

Johnny: "I don't care if you do. He
wrote it for me."

Ex.

The Freshie sat on the burning deck,

As far as we can learn,

He sat in perfect safety,

For he was too green to burn.

Ex.

"Mrs. Finnegan, how do ye tell thim
twins apart?"

"Shure, it's aisy. I sticks me finger in
Denny's mouth and if he bites I know it's
Moike."

Ex.

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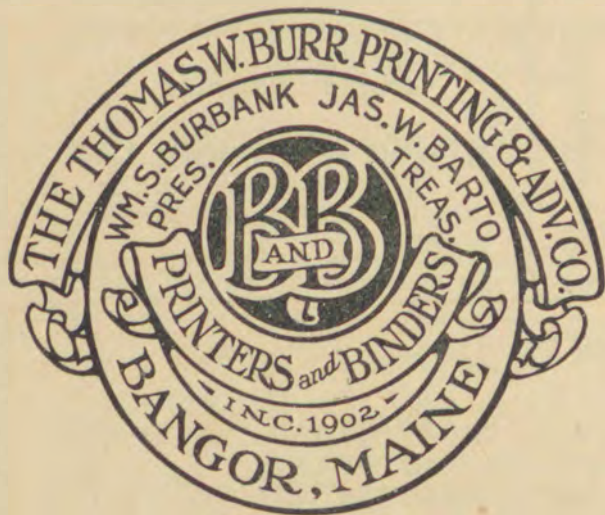
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