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CLASS OF 1916, B. H. S.

THE ORACLE

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JUNE, 1916

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EDITORIALS

"Deeds, not Dreams"—Class Motto of 1916, B. H. S.

What is efficiency? We hear the term on every side, especially in referring to Germany's military machine.

Efficiency What does it mean and why has it become a by-word?

Efficiency in its modern sense means doing anything thoroughly, quickly, cheaply and well. It means maximum results with a minimum of wastage in time and money. And it is becoming of necessity, a prime factor in the life of today, especially in the United States, where system in government is not developed to its highest degree. This war is a splendid example of what efficiency in military organization and government will do. Germany is organized to the top notch and her complex relations run with the smoothness of well oiled machinery. England gives a glaring example of the effects of inefficiency, although she is shaking her organization into shape after a delay of many years. The lesson that is being driven home to the English today by virtue of necessity, the United States can avoid by a little foresight. "By others' faults wise men correct their own."

"Success is ten per cent. opportunity and ninety per cent. intelligent hustle."

The modern cartoon is a mighty factor today, and fortunate is he who is gifted with the power of drawing these

The Cartoon caricatures. Successful cartoon drawing is indeed a fine art, for unless skillfully done a cartoon is a miserable thing without power. But let a master hand wield the pen and the result of his labor often expresses more, and in a more vivid way, than hundreds of words could do. The majority of cartoons have two parts: the drawing itself and the explanatory wording. Some figures, however, have become so well known that they make wording superfluous. The cartoon maker is pitiless. Physical defects are mercilessly held up to ridicule, and an incautious phrase may make a man appear absurd. Some cartoons are positively indecent, and make mock of the best traditions and ideals of civilization. This class, however, is small, as it finds scant encouragement in America.

Cartoons are a powerful agency of reform, for they point out with vivid power the re-

sults of vice and crime. Certain figures much used by cartoonists have become standardized as the representations of nations, and individuals. We are all familiar with Uncle Sam, of the chin whiskers, plug hat, and boot straps; with John Bull, the short, fat, pugnacious gentleman; the Kaiser has come to stand for Germany, and his fierce mustachios, and mighty boots are to be seen in every magazine; the German-American blossoms forth in tortoise shells, and spiked helmet; and lives there a man with soul so dead that he does not recognize a pair of glasses set above a shining set of vast molars. The elephant, the donkey, and the moose have become recognized labels of our three dominant parties. Capital is tagged, a huge man with double chin and heavy jowls, who is usually seen stepping upon the toes of a meek looking individual whom we know to be The Public. When we see a long-jawed person with a note in his hand we know at once that it is our President, and the figure of Congress with his slipshod appearance and worried expression is easily identified. All these and many more like them have become a part of our very existence, and it is a wise policy to watch the cartoons; for they are a powerful expression of public opinion and show in a condensed form the trend of current events.

"True life lies in laughter, love, and work."

Dancing is a disease that attacks frivolous young people with especial violence between the ages of 14 and 20.

The Merry Whirl The first symptoms of this of this strange malady assert themselves when the victim hops, backs, and turns whenever he hears the strains of some beguiling fox trot come floating down the wind. An old timer at the art of running about to music says that dancing may be divided into three parts: the music and

floor, the dancing, and the girl. It takes all three of these parts to give the perfect dance; but be it said that if we could have but one of the three components, we should take the third. Others, however, may differ with this opinion if they wish.

"No man should draw a pistol who dares not shoot."

If you would read a collection of short stories picturing life in many phases, and written with wonderful originality and "pep," you must read the **O. Henry** works of O. Henry. Mr. Porter, for that was his real name, saw life in all its moods and tenses, and what is more he can picture it with the most startling command of language that one could imagine. Some of his stories are so funny that it is positively dangerous to read them. Others are sad, others are thrilling, others are just odd. But throughout them all runs one marked characteristic,—the skillful use of slang, and the unexpected ending. Get this master's stories and read them,—they are well worth the trouble.

"System is crystallized common sense"

"Hey, Bill, come on up in swimmin'," yells a youth as you are walking sedately along the boulevard, minding your own business, and intent on some weighty problem, such as how you can get your trig. done without too much painful exertion.

"Go in swimming. Why, sure, the water must be warm by this time," and you convey this idea to your friend with a loud whoop, and a scurry across the street to where he awaits you, impatient to be off. As you go striking off towards the river, sundry other youths attach themselves until by the time the longed-for water is reached, there is a young army about you.

"Gee, don't that water look good. Last one in's a sucker," screams a small urchin, and everyone tears viciously at the garbs of civilization, little caring if a button or two flies off in the hasty transformation. Once ready for the fray, however, the eagerness to plunge into the H²O begins to die out. You dip one toe gingerly in the water. "Ouch, cold as ice. Guess I won't go in today." But there is a splash beside you, and one of the army, more courageous than the others, has taken the fateful plunge. In a minute everyone is in the water, which proves warmer than expected. The fun goes on for an hour, and then you begin to feel cold.

"Let's cut it out," says some one, and after getting a good "pomp," plus a quart or two of water, you scramble out and dress like lightning; for the wind is cold, and the sun seems to have lost its warmth.

"Go in termerrrr with yer, Skinny," you yell, and make a dash for home and a good hot supper. Some fun. Believe me, summer's the time!

"Be moderate in the use of all things, save fresh air and sunshine."

All things have their start, their course, and their ending. Each fall there comes to

Bangor High a motley throng of
The Exit Freshman, some timid, some
over bold, some foolish, some
wise. They linger throughout the first year among these historic halls, and then pass into the Sophomore mob. Another year and they are Juniors, old in experience, and happy that they know no more. Three years have slipped by and now they are Seniors, who know that they know not,—for the saying is true that the more you learn the more you discover your ignorance. Now

the time of parting has arrived; high school friends must separate, perhaps never to see each other again. Out of the class that goes forth some will make success,—let us hope that the percentage will be large. Others will be privates in the army of life. And others, according to the law of averages, will fall by the wayside, and be a hindrance and a useless burden on the society in which they live. But while there's life there's hope, and each one of us must decide which path we shall take—up or down. Let's break the law of averages or leave some one else to fulfill it, in the matter of failures.

The 1915-16 Oracle Board will now say its farewell, and disappear before the eyes of all; to be supplanted by another, which will make the Oracle, we hope, better than it has ever been in the past. For the mistakes that we have made, your pardon is asked. For anything good that has slipped into the paper by accident, we, the Oracle Board of 1915-16, will gratefully take the credit. "And with these words his lips became closed, and he was mute!"

1916-'17 Oracle Board.

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The assistants for the various departments will be chosen in the fall.

"Don't make promises—make good"

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS



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Vice-President



ARTHUR D. MULVANEY
Secretary and Treasurer



"Devise, wit; write, pen"

KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD

By Thomas Kane.



EREMIAH Stubbs slowly unwound his five foot one from a pile of straw, arose slowly, stretched himself, yawned and yelled out:

"Come on Gussey, wot's the matter wid yuh? Do yuh think you're a sleepin' beauty?"

There was no reward for his efforts so he kicked at the straw violently.

"Come on, I say, git up. The early tramp catches the breakfast and the dog catches the late tramp."

The straw moved slightly and a squeaky, sleepy voice answered:

"What de yer want? Can't yer letter feller snooze?"

"If I didn't love yuh, Gussey, I'd leave yuh, but I'll tell yuh this much, I ain't a goin' ter be sleepin with no Rip Van Wrinkles."

The straw parted and a large red head came forth followed shortly after by a neck. Next came a chest, two arms and finally a pair of spindles which, speaking mathematically, seemed to terminate at infinity. Finally, however, the object was complete.

A sight seldom seen was this: Two "Bo's" one about six foot four, the other

clinging closely to the five-foot mark standing side by side yawning to the full capacity of their "hash traps" in a desperate effort to shake off the effects of a night's repose.

They prepared their toilets, which operation consisted of brushing the straw from their clothes and combing their hair with a comb which was very badly in need of dental assistance.

"Well, come on Jerry," broke in Gussey, after the toilets had been satisfactorily finished, "let's go an see if we can corner a feed."

They opened the door of their haven of rest and stepped out into the morning.

"O, such a morning, Jerry," said Gussey, "hear the birds snicker and the crickets crack and—and what's that I hear? That horrible noise that instills fear into my soul. Listen, Jerry. What is it?"

"Some one sawin' wood, Gussey, do yer know wot ter do when yer hear that noise in the east, Gussey?"

"Sure ting, Jerry. Beat it west."

So they did go west, Gussey taking long strides and Jerry doing hundred yard dashes to keep up with him. On reaching a road that passed through a small stretch of wood, they saw in the distance a farmer coming to town with a load of produce to peddle.

"Jerry, dear," says Gussey, "you've always been a frien' to me, you've stuck to me through thick and thin. Stick to me now an' I'll show yer the best spread of victuals that you've seen for months."

"I'm with you Gussey, anything fer a breakfast."

"Well," says Gussey, "yer see this heck comin'? He'll have eggs an' apples, an' things, an' we've got to get 'em. Now when he comes along, you git out in the road an' say: 'Morning' stranger can yuh give a feller a lift?' He'll say, 'Wal, I reckon I can, jump in.' An' you jump in an' instead of sittin', you start hittin', an' wen you've knocked him cool then you an' me'll help ourselves. Understan'?"

"Yes, I understan' all right, but what if he gits wise and does all the hittin'?"

"He can't get wise, you jes hit him an' the res' is like taken a bone frum a dog."

"Gussey," says Jerry. "I got a hunch that this thing ain't goin' off nice."

"Jerry," says Gussey, "I love every tooth in your mouth; I love yuh like a cat loves new milk, an' I wouldn't see yuh harmed for the whole world, so yuh see, if I had a hunch that you wasn't comin' out nice, I'd do it."

By this time the wagon was nearly to them and they could here the farmer whistling the latest fox trot, "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree." Jerry straightened up, threw out his chest an' sallied into the road.

"Good mornin', stranger," greeted Jerry.

"How are yuh?" returned the farmer, "Goin' in?"

"Sure," says Jerry, "glad you come along."

"Think she'll rain?" queried the heck.

Jerry did not answer. He was on the team now and was plucking up courage

enough to do the deed. His right hand was behind him, closed tight as a drum, he drew in a deep breath and swung with a force that desperation only can command.

The blow landed hard, right behind the heck's left ear. The heck more surprised than hurt allowed himself time to take the situation in. Blow after blow landed behind the corn-fed's ear, but they didn't seem to have the slightest physical effect on him; they simply seemed to make him thoughtful. Jerry was so taken back by this that he didn't know what to do next. At length he decided to jump. He leaped, but the heck, having by now, thoroughly mastered the situation, caught him half way and pulled him back.

"Wal, you little insignificant, bad mannered, bald-headed critter," he complimented.

Jerry had a vision. Or was it a reality? No, it was a vision. He saw a sixteen-pound sledge hammer coming through the air, he heard it whizz, he felt it land on his nose.

Jerry had his breakfast at three o'clock that afternoon, served by a brass-buttoned waiter. And there was Gussey sitting in a corner, with a new suit on, a pretty suit, black and white, and pretty soon the brass-buttoned waiter brought in a suit for Jerry, just like Gussey's and he told them to be ready to go to work the next morning as they were going to learn how to make brooms.

"You're a corker," says Jerry to Gussey, "why didn't yuh come to my rescue?"

"I did come in," says Gussey, "an' I went out jes like you did. Say do yuh know who the heck was, Jerry?"

"Naw," answered Jerry.

"Wal," says Gussey, "he's an ex-sparring partner of Jim Jeffries, restin' up in the country."

A DAY IN OLD ROME

Sung by R. MacWilliams and L. Dennett—Edison Record.

CAST.

The Dreamer Frederick O'Leary

ACT I.

Scene I.

Setting: room 211, B. H. S.; time: fourth period. Curtain rises, showing Mr. Frederick O'Leary in the immediate foreground, surrounded by numerous other supers such as H. Whitmore, R. Washburn, J. Knowles, R. Sullivan, etc.—Miss Hutchings presiding.

Dreamer—(to himself and the public in general):

Forsooth, I know not why I am so sad;

This study hour doth weary me.

My faithful steed tires of its long service;

The Virgil lesson goes unfinished—

(Soft music—looks darkly around the room.)

Ah, sleep,—the innocent sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care—

Tuæ cum ita sint, Quirites— — —

(Begins to yawn widely, interested super behind him drops a cough drop into the chasm. Distant grugle emanates therefrom and The Dreamer drifts off into blissful slumber.)

Scene II.

Time: one-half a minute later.

Setting: a street in ancient Rome about 15 B. C. Curtain rises, showing H. McCann, J. Davis, and R. Johnson, clad in resplendent togas, pacing sadly. Two chimes sound in distance.

R. John (brightening) Make it three, and we're with you. (Third chime sounds) Ah!
(D. Pullen is suddenly heard singing off stage.)

H. McCann: Hark, Leroy, methinks I hear a calliope. Let us hie ourselves to the arena; today there is a combat to the death between A. Rowe and Crosby Redman.

J. Davis: (Appreciative grunt). Exit all three.

Enter three Vestal Virgins—two Woodward and K. Covelle.

P. Woodward: I prithee, sweet Katherine, make haste thy return to the temple. I fear that Whitmore has blown out the gas.

M. Woodward: Oh, and the hot dogs will be all cold. Back to the fires.

Exit Virgins.

Great clashing in the distance, draws nearer and nearer. Enter A. Palmer, armed to the teeth.

A. Palm. Fire! Fire! Where is the fire anyway? Ah, foiled again. 'Tis the twelfth time this day. (Strikes an aesthetic pose, and sings in a rich monotone voice.)

O would I were a fireman,

Upon a ladder high,

For there I might take refuge,
 When the girls go sailing by.
 (Follows this with a dainty toe dance.)

While this is going on, street scene continues in the rear. Crowds of B. H. S. students in Roman costume pass back and forth with great uproar.

Enter group of youths with red "B's" on their togas! Voice from the crowd: O Arthur, where's your laurel wreath?

(Heartrending snort from Lil Arthur.)

Enter Mr. Boyd in a great hurry.

Mr. B.: Quick, tell me where I can find Livy, I may never get this chance again; so I must make the most of it.

M. Tibbetts: I just saw him near the Forum; Mr. Willard Eaton was teaching him to play dominoes.

Exit M. B.

Meanwhile, what had hitherto appeared to be a beautiful statue of Hermes on the left, slowly descends, and proves to be Arthur A. Mulvaney. He rescues a wad of gum from the pedestal and smiles in a fatherly manner at the audience.

Mul: : Ladies and gentlemen, BECAUSE—

(He is suddenly interrupted by a muffled rumbling. The top of a coal hole on the right flies off and upshoots H. Helson, with a fiendish grin.)

Hels.: Have been trying to find the entrance to the lower world to interview Pluto on socialism. Think I must have struck the stage entrance. Me for Augustus.

The two, now joined by Hathorne and Littlefield, arrange themselves in a half circle: Littlefield, contralto; Mulvaney, baritone; Helson, first base; Hathorne, short-stop, sing the following touching ditty in which the Boys' Glee Club joins in the chorus.

By the banks of the swift rushing Tiber,
 Bangor High School assembles,
 While ancient Rome trembles,
 And the eyes of the Romans grow wider.
 But thanks to our teachers, the history seers,
 For by lectures and books,
 They've shown how Rome looks,
 So nothing is new to us here.

Chorus.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for our history seers!

For to us Rome's no newer
 Than Hampden or Brewer,
 Thanks to our history seers!

Applause by the singers.

Clear notes of a trumpet suddenly sound close at hand, and the procession of a Roman triumph crosses the stage in stately pomp. First, appears A. Frawley, playing "Yankee Doodle," on a brazen trumpet, then the magistrates, which on closer inspection, prove to be the members of the Senate and the House, together with the Oracle Board. The heavy tramp of the veteran legionaries is now heard, and the centurion, P. Mitchell, in glittering armour, appears, marching at the head of the tenth legion of

B. H. S. Cadets. A great shouting arises, and a brazen chariot rolls into view. At the sight of the occupant, the enthusiasm of the crowd knows no bounds, for it is no other than C. Freeman Olsen. He gravely points to a placard, "See our new 15 B. C. Model," on the front of the car, and then stretches his hand over the crowd. A death-like stillness prevails.

Olsen: Fellow students; I did not,—ahem,—expect to be asked to speak at this time; but while sitting—er—in my runabout, and looking—ahem—in your joyful faces, an idea came to me—

R. Pomeroy:—(interrupting) Fine!

E. McManus:—No, thirty days!

Olsen: Er—now that this splendid opportunity is offered—I wish to say a few words about our high school athletics—

Brazen gong suddenly sounds in the distance and cries of "The Wagon! The Wagon!" sound from all sides.

Curtain falls.

ACT I.

Scene III.

Room 211; time; two and one-half seconds after the last scene.

The Dreamer, hitherto asleep, wakes with a start.

Dreamer: The Wagon; The Wagon! Oh, it's only the gong! Now back to the grind again. Oh, if dreams would only come true.

Curtain falls, orchestra plays "Dreaming."

CIVILIAN SOLDIERY

By Robert F. Morse, '16.

First Honor Essay.



HERE is a period in every great nation's existence when the defenses weaken and the protection of the country is left to Faith, Hope, and Charity. The United States is facing the great problem of adequate national defense today. Will she awaken in time to her peril and prepare? Or will she allow her honor and ideals to be trampled upon and her flag laughed at by the rest of the world?

A great preparedness campaign has swept over the country, but all efforts at accomplishing anything seem to be blocked by the lack of an efficient system. When a new measure is proposed extremists spring up

over night, and with their wild clamor and flowery rhetoric try to cloud the minds of the people and force them into entering upon schemes magnificent in theory, but fatal in practice. The problem of national defense has called forth these semi-madmen in their full strength, and it is difficult to get at true values amid the moans of the pacifists and the shrieks of the militarists. Fortunately we are not obliged to try their theories; for the nations engaged in the world war have worked out our problem for us if we can but see it.

Germany has shown the awful effects of super-efficiency in the army,—the subordination of the civil life to the military. The failures of England and Russia have proved



RICHARD K. MCWILLIAMS
Class Historian



MARY T. DRISCOLL
Class Historian

GRADUATION SPEAKERS



MICHAEL J. RYAN
Farewell Address

CLASS OF 1916



KATHERINE H. CLARK
1st Honor Essay



PAUL W. FREESE
2nd Honor Essay

that men without training, and plans without system are valueless in the time of need. Yet they were far better prepared than the United States is today. The French system has proved its efficiency in war, but France alone knows the price that she paid for it,—the time taken from the life work of her young men and the demoralizing effects of the barrack life.

Switzerland alone has given to the United States the system that not only is a protection in war, but also an advantage in peace. And it is the only system that has a right to draw the breath of life in this broad land.

A huge standing army is fatal to the true advancement of a great people. Continental soldiery has been shown worthless in the present war; the training given is insufficient and costly. The United States has proved to its sorrow that militia are not only valueless in time of war, but that they are also a burden in peace.

There is but one path left and that is the right one. It gives protection in war and efficiency in peace. It is a civilian soldiery trained in the schools and under Federal control. The system in a nut-shell is as follows: From the age of twelve until he enters high school every boy who is physically fit to become a soldier is drilled in military gymnastics and hygiene. This builds him up and prepares him for the actual military training that is to follow. During the four years in high school the young cadet is given thorough knowledge of military tactics, including rifle practice, and he learns three great lessons that need to be ingrained in the fibre of every American boy; obedience, neatness, and efficiency. During the summer of his nineteenth year every cadet has a three months' drill in camp under skilled army officers to complete and polish off his knowledge and to give him practice in the movements of large bodies of troops.

A two weeks' annual drill in camp until he is twenty-five completes his military education and at that age he passes into the reserve, keeping his uniform and rifle at home in order to be ready for instant mobilization.

The advantages of the system are manifold. It is adequate insurance against war. For with every man, a soldier, no nation, however foolhardy, would attempt to make war upon the United States. It gives military training without the military spirit. The evil effects of barrack life are done away with, and every man is both a civilian and a soldier. It fosters a democratic spirit, for men and youths of all classes are brought into close touch with one another and the officers come from the ranks. In time of war every man is prepared to defend his country and in peace he is all the better prepared by his training to do his civil duties efficiently and well.

The best and most important benefits derived from this system, however, come from the physical and mental improvement that follows in its wake. In this busy world of today too many people forget their bodies in the mad struggle for wealth, and break down just when they should be in the prime of life. It is a startling fact that over fifty per cent. of the men of military age in this country are unfit for service. The athletics of today do not give benefit to the majority, or even to the ones who need it most. The strong and vigorous receive the training while the vast majority get their exercise by cheering on the team. Military drill and gymnastics get at the root of the difficulty and every one has to develop his body whether he wants to or not. Better bodies mean clearer minds and so the efficiency of the American people would be greatly increased.

Military training creates personal habits of cleanliness and hygiene, poise, obedience,

team-work, keenness and efficiency. It makes for initiative and leadership. It would weld together the great foreign elements in the United States and make a unified nation of this country.

If the people want weak minds in broken down bodies let them hire a guard of mercenary soldiers to defend their homes. If they want a government of cowardly and wavering statesmen let them hire their de-

fenders. If they want strikes, anarchy, race battles and civil war let them slumber on in their dreams of Paradise. But if they want strong bodies, able leaders, vigorous policies, and a united people let them sacrifice a little to make their country a nation in which the soldier and the civilian are one, and where the honor and ideals are upheld by the people themselves, and not by an army of mercenaries.

THE LURE OF MAINE

By Walter J. Creamer, Jr.

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When the fair month of September
Half has slipped away at last,
It is then that I remember
Former pleasures that have passed;
And remembrance of those pleasures,
Like some rediscovered treasures,
Quickly makes my heart beat fast.

Backward all my thoughts are turning
To the youthful State of Maine;
I can see the camp-fire burning,
With its glowing coals again;
I can see its smoke unfurling,
And with many a mystic curling
Winding upward, oh so plain.

I can smell the perfumed morning
Fragrant, sweet with crystal dew,
When all nature seems a-yawning,
As if loath to rise anew;
I can see the red Apollo,
Beaming bright on hill and hollow,
Chasing all the mist from view.

I can see the noontime lazy,
When the birds have hushed their throats,
And the heavens dull and hazy,
Where a wisp of cloud now floats;
Heavy hangs the air, and leaden;
All one's senses seem to deaden;
Stilled are all the woodland notes.

Then long afternoon approaches,
Wakens all the birds from sleep;
And their burst of song encroaches
On the silent forest deep;
I can hear the squirrel's chatter
With its sharp staccato clatter,
As he finishes his leap.

Day wanes slowly, weary, tired,
Its lengthy course at last unrolled;
And the western sky is fired
With an orb of flaming gold;
Now the copper sun is banished,
But its glow not yet quite vanished
Crowns the purple mountains bold.

I can sense the night descending
On the woodland and the lakes,
With its dusky shadows blending
Tallest pines and smallest brakes;
This is when the loon so weary
Voices his halloo so dreary,
And the owl to his day wakes.

All unasked this vision rises,
Clings within my tired brain,
And with cunning art devises
An insistent, brief refrain:
"Come, oh come, forsake your duties,
And enjoy fair Nature's beauties;
Come to Maine, oh come to Maine!"

PEACE, THE VICTOR

By Laura Bickford, '16.
Honor Essay.



HERE was anxiety in the heart of Old Father Time, for this was the evening of December thirty-first, when the Little New Year was to make the great decision. The good Father wondered whether the child would stand for the false or the true. And not only was Father Time troubled but, likewise, the Old Year grew sorrowful when he thought of the ordeal before his little brother who was so small, so young, and so innocent.

"Ah," sighed he, "Why does he have to choose? How can such a child be able to judge? If I were only permitted to warn him, that he might profit by my error! But it cannot be. Perchance it is better so."

"Yes, my son," answered Time. "He alone must choose. Although he is young he is wise, and God helping, all will be right."

The anxiety of the two was not to be wondered at, for the little innocent New Year was to be ushered into the World, and before going he must undergo a great trial of judgment. He must decide between two guiding spirits, one of whom was to go with him into the World and direct him during his sojourn there. One was good and true; the other was wicked and treacherous. A twelve month before, the Old Year had taken the same test and failed, being blinded by the false exterior of one of the spirits. Since, he had repented bitterly, for at then entrance into the World, the evil companion had worked his false arts and corrupted the youth. Wickedness grew apace, until at last the Old Year, for old he had then become, wished he could undo what he had done. Repentant, he was now awaiting the

passing forth of the New Year. And would his brother stand the test any better? The Old Year doubted; Father Time hoped.

The Little New Year soon appeared before the good Father and older son who were absorbed in gloomy wonderment.

"It is nearly midnight, the time for me to go, Father," said he in his childish voice.

"Patience, son, not yet," answered Time to the cherub-faced child. He was about to say more when entered the two beings well known to Time and the elder son. While the Old Year paled with dread and the child drew back in awe, they advanced slowly. The Father remained calm. They were indeed awesome to look upon. As they halted and the child's eyes became used to their splendor he noted that one was taller, stronger, and more remarkable than the other. He seemed to shed about him a strange dazzling light, while his deep crimson garment drew the attention from his face which was dark and powerful. In one massive hand he carried a mighty spear, and in front he bore a burnished, flashing shield. How glorious! thought the child.

The other was fair and young with pale, calm features. A faint halo seemed to rest about her head. From crown to toe she was clad in purest white. In her hands rested a green laurel leaf, while a wreath of leaves crowned her fair hair.

The child turned from her to the Father. "Little One," said Time solemnly. "You must take with you as guide one of these strange spirits. One only can you take and once chosen that one must go. One is good; one is evil. Decide well, for much depends upon you."

For a moment the child could not understand. He looked to see if it were a jest;

but on the sad old face of Father Time he saw no smile. One glance at the bitter remorseful Old Year, grown aged in sin, sufficed. It was no jest. He must choose. Then he glanced at the taller spirit who was speaking:

"Little New Year make me your guide. We will enter earth triumphant to the strains of Martial Music. My powerful mandates are everywhere obeyed. Mortals bow at my feet. Take me, for I am the great spirit of Conflict."

Silence reigned until the pleading voice of the other began.

"Ah, Child, listen, take me through the World as your guiding and protecting angel. Do not take Conflict. He is truly powerful, but relentless and cruel. Only sorrow and death attend him. His robes are stained with innocent blood! Turn to me; We will walk in the right path. We shall be blessed and loved. I am both merciful and just. Let me go and sorrow will never be yours, for my name is Peace.

A hush fell. In amazement the Child looked at Conflict to observe him more

closely and behold! the glory had departed. The dazzling light had vanished from his figure. Now the Little New Year could see his face more plainly, and found lines of coldness, menace, and fierceness. All too true were the words of Peace! The child gazed at the spirit accusingly, then fell before Peace, crying,

"Ah, go with me and stay on earth forever. I am weak; you are strong."

And as the spirit of Peace laid her hands in blessing on the child's head, Conflict defeated, disappeared.

Father Time was radiant with joy, and even the Old Year felt some of his remorse vanish as he saw that gentle Peace had won. Said the good Father:

"Child, I have no fears for you, for Peace is with you. You shall atone for your brother's sins. All will be right."

He opened his record-book and turned from the blotted account of the Old Year to a clean white page, and wrote thereupon: "Little 1917 goes forth." Then, as it was the hour of twelve, he bade them both God-speed.

AMERICA FOR THE AMERICANS



THE attitude of our people as a whole to other races inhabiting this hemisphere is not especially friendly or cordial. For instance, we regard Canada with toleration. But if Canada belonged to the United States we would wax enthusiastic over its vast area and wonderful resources. As it is not a part of our domain it pleases us to think of it as an annex to the North Pole, a region of ice and snow, to which a few benighted human beings cling tenaciously.

Mexico to most of us is a burning desert, inhabited by snakes, Indians, and blood-thirsty half breeds, which is largely true ex-

cept as to its productive soil and good climate. As far as the countries south of Mexico are concerned, the man in the street knows little and cares less; Central and South America he thinks are something like Mexico only a good deal worse. If we were more interested in our neighbors to the north and south of us, it would be much to our advantage, especially just at the present juncture.

We are very fond of bragging about the vastness of our country, but how many are aware of the fact that the whole of the United States could be comfortably stowed away in Brazil with two hundred thousand square miles to spare.

We are very proud of the progress we have made, but Argentina, that wonderful state to the south of us, has progressed more in ten years than Illinois or Iowa in fifty years. At the present rate of increase Buenos Ayres, the capital city of Argentina, will by 1930 surpass Chicago in population and become the second most important and populous city on this hemisphere.

Speaking of the mighty Amazon which makes our Mississippi look like a canal, Bishop Stuntz says: "It is as if you could run an ocean liner from New York to Fort Dodge, Iowa, tie up to a tree on the banks of the stream and drive your cattle on board."

We are prone to boast of our wealth and natural resources, but in undeveloped natural resources South America leads all the rest of the world.

Bolivia does not appear to take up much space on the map, yet you could place sixty Belguims within its borders, though it has but one-third of Belgium's population.

How many are aware that Peru is as large as Spain, France, Germany and Italy put together. We are very proud of Niagara Falls. We deem it our greatest natural wonder, outranking, in our minds, anything of its kind in the world. Travel, however, to Brazil and between that country and Argentina you will find the falls of Iguaazu which are both higher and wider than Niagara, and make that Mecca of tourists very small potatoes indeed. In Brazil there is more unexplored country than is to be found in all the rest of the world put together. Yet Brazil produces eighty per cent. of the world's coffee supply, sufficient to give us 119,000,000,000 cups of coffee a day, and is also the largest producer of rubber.

Seventy million people to the south of us speak the Spanish tongue and as our rela-

tions with South America will grow closer and closer with every passing year, it is time we woke up to the fact that it is far more important for us to teach Spanish in our schools than German or French.

And now for a marvelous piece of information: From Alaska far away to the north of this continent, to distant Patagonia, that faces the South Pole, is a distance of between twelve and thirteen thousand miles. Soon you will be able to travel from one end of this mighty hemisphere to the other in a sleeping car, for more than seven thousand miles of this projected railroad have already been laid and are in operation, and the work of construction is steadily progressing.

South America has boundless forests of valuable woods, immense mineral deposits including ores of all the precious metals, all varieties of climate, a fertile soil, in most regions well watered and capable of producing in one part or another every kind of vegetation that flourishes anywhere in the world. It is a new country sparsely settled, but growing rapidly in population. Fortunes have been made there by enterprising foreigners, mostly from Europe, but its resources have, as yet, been scarcely touched. Large amounts of European capital have been profitably invested there. But Europe will need all its capital to repair the ravages of war and will have none to spare for South American enterprises. The future development of South America will be by Americans and American capital which is already going there in large amounts, and bright, active American boys who go there in pursuit of the dollars will find it the new land of opportunity for them as our Western States were for their fathers half a century ago when there was plenty of good farm and forest land for homesteaders and mineral lands for those seeking to locate



MARGUERITE C. ALLEN
Junior Exhibition



RICHARD K. McWILLIAMS
Junior Exhibition

MEDAL
WINNERS
CLASS OF
1916



OLIVER G. HALL
Graduation Essay



CHRISTINE L. BURNHAM
Graduation Essay

mining claims, and a chance to prosper with the growth and development of a new country.

American capitalists investing their money in South American enterprises, will want to employ trusty, and efficient young men from the United States to go to South America and fill responsible positions with good pay.

I trust these facts will open the eyes of each one so as to take more interest in the mighty continent to the south of us, a continent on which Europe has long cast envious eyes, and the independence of whose people we are pledged to and must maintain.

POPPIN' CORN

By Mary Devoe, '16.
Honor Essay.



EAH, you flock o' young uns, come 'long 'till yo' ole mammy shows yo' all jes how to pop this 'ere cawn. You jes' sit yo' selves 'round this sparklin' fire place and help yo' mammy get this cawn off these cobs. Now Jim, let yo' little sister have first place! Ain't I allus tryin' to teach you that leddies comes first?

"Now yo' each one has one o' these 'ere cobs for to get off de kernels. Heah Tad, don' you hold that cob that way! Can't you see them prickles is agoin' to hurt yo' an' rub them kernels off by the smooth lil fingers? Jes hol' that cob the long way sides. Now, ain't dat easy? I guess yo' ole mammy knows how all right.

"Stop there! Look how much you got in dat popper, Miss Bessie. Take 'em out I tell you, take 'em out. Now you watch. See that now. You only jes puts in enough to cover the bottom o' the popper. Heah Tad, you go on an' hold it up to that nice hot blaze, an' don' yo' let 'em burn, I tell yo'. Heah! Move it back an' forth all the time.

"Listen—did you here dat? Sounds jest like them big battles that was bein' fought 'round Richmon' when I was in de South.

'Twas 'bout four miles off from Richmon' an' we could hear them guns goin' day an'

night. That was when I was with Massa Perkins down on the plantation. 'Twas when your Yankee dad came down there to fight against them southerners. Arter them awful battles I was freed and your dad says as he'd be bringin' me to you, chilluns, an' aint we happy heah! Sometimes yo' mammy gets lonesome, though, fo' de big white cotton fields. Them kernels poppin' sounds, fo' all de world, jes like them big battles down there. An' oh jes you look at 'em now, dancin' 'round jes like they was millionaire's daughters, dressed up in white silk an' satins. They must be havin' a comin' out!

"There, Tad! You jes gimme that. Yo' popper's open an' the nice ladies is all goin' into the coals an' getting burned. Don't you cry, ma honey, 'cause we'll jes make believe as them burned ladies aint burned at all, jes they're dressed in handsome black satin. Miss Nance, you run 'long an' git yo' mammy a dish to put these 'ere ladies in. Get it good an' big an' bring 'long some salt an' butter. That's the nice little lady, jes you melt the butter now. Put them ladies in the dish, Tad. Now you jes watch yo' mammy turn in the butter an' sprinkle on the salt.

"My aint it good, chilluns, aint it good! Nance, stop yo' wipin' that greasy butter all over yo' new calico! No, yo, can't have no

more tonight. Your always wantin' more than ever'd be good for you, anyhow. Tomorrow night yo' kin hab some more ef you ask yo' dad ef we can hab some mo' cawn on de cob. Then yo' mammy'll show you

all how to make some lasses cawn like she used to make fo' Massa Perkins' chilluns down in Richmond. Come 'long now you young uns 'till ah tucks yo' all close in yo' lil white beds. Come, 'long!"

THE SHIPS THAT PASSED IN THE NIGHT

Margaret T. Hills, '17.



HERE was great excitement in Bangor one fine May night: an aeroplane had passed over the city. Half a dozen people had seen the lights and heard the buzz and hum of the machine. This was the second time one had been seen in the last month. What could it mean? There were no aeroplanes in the whole state of Maine that anyone knew of. To be sure, people might have imagined seeing them, but it would not happen that the same fancy would come twice to different people in different parts of the city. And to make it more thrilling one witness produced an empty tin can with a label in German which when translated seemed to be something about sauerkraut. The man said the can had fallen at his feet while he was watching the air-craft. A German spy airship, every one said. People wagged their heads and said, yes, we would soon be fighting, no doubt about it. Why, they were even sending spies in aeroplanes to watch the border and the coast; certainly, it must mean war.

* * * * *

At the same time in Aurora there was as great excitement. An airship had also been seen to pass over that town. Half the people had stared at the swiftly moving lights and had listened to the rapid hum of the engine. A week or so before a woodsman had sworn that he had seen such a sight but no one had believed him. Now, however, they surely were not dreaming; it really was an aero-

plane; several people had gazed open-mouthed at marvelous monoplanes at the fairs in Bangor and had watched in flight those that flew, which by the way, were not many. So they knew that that buzz as of a huge bumble bee could only come from an aeroplane. As the machine was just over the crowd something was seen to come falling downward. The crowd parted for it might be a bomb! No, it was an empty tea can! What could that mean? If it had been a beer bottle they would have thought the airship to be a German, but this smelled strongly of fresh tea and had the address of a London firm. That surely must be an English craft. Great was the amazement of the people. The gossips had something really exciting to talk of, such as they had not had for months.

* * * * *

At sunset that same beautiful May day a lonely tramp made a fire and cooked his supper near the summit of Chick Hill, about half way between Bangor and Aurora. Having enjoyed his repast and night having fallen he stretched out after his weary day and fell asleep. About midnight he was awakened by a terrible buzz and hum. He opened his eyes and saw through the trees five or six huge lights and two enormous bird-like forms. By a rope hanging from each of these were descending two men. The tramp sat up. Was he dreaming? He pinched himself hard and found himself very much awake. He crept nearer. One was tall, of a commanding appearance with a

ferocious mustache, the other was short and a trifle more humble in appearance. They greeted one another.

"Good evening, William, you made good time tonight, I see. Personally, I don't like this speed of 1,000 miles per hour. Rather annoying, don't you know. I trust we can finish up our little matter this evening."

"Gott in Himmel! George, I like somewhat that speed, but I do not like to leave my army even one evening for. Ve did vell in choosing der Hen Hill, or whatever it is; no one vill effer suspicion anything is going on. But as you say, we must an end put to our business tonight. Donner und Blitzen, it would be awkward if Woodrow should discover us."

"Well, to business, William, how soon can you manage to stop this war, we are both getting deucedly short of men, by Jove?"

"Ach ja! I can hardly get a sausage now in old Germany."

And they moved on, talking. The tramp was too astonished to think of following and hearing the rest of their conversation. He

could only stand and stare until he saw them coming back and hauled up into their separate aeroplanes. He heard them say good-night and remark that they would soon meet publicly on friendly terms. The motors started and off the huge things went into the darkness towards the east.

In the morning the tramp awoke and thought he had had a bad dream, but as he started on he found first an empty tea can and then an empty sauerkraut tin. Here were proofs of what he had heard and seen. When he told the people in the next town about the Kaiser and the King of England coming to Chick Hill in miraculously fast aeroplanes to confer on the ending of the war they would not believe him at first, but when the tea and sauerkraut tins found in Aurora and Bangor were found to be exactly like those found by the tramp, his tale was believed true.

You don't believe it, do you? Well, stranger things have happened, are happening, and will happen, so do as you please, I don't care.

ROMANCE

By A Realist.



curly, flaxen head rises from the pillow and a pair of sleepy blue eyes blink in the darkness. What is that? Ah, there it is again, a great flood of heavenly music rising like a great white cloud to the listening ears of the boy.

It is a violin solo, with the sweet strains of a muffled orchestra blending in and making a perfect whole. A master hand holds the bow, and from the unseen instrument comes a burst of wonderful harmony.

Now the song is soft and low, with a plaintive note running through it. It seems

as if the instrument has a soul and is pouring out its very life into the song. Rich, solemn notes form the background across which a tinkling melody begins to play and sparkle like a summer rivulet.

Now the music gains power; faster, faster, ever faster rise the lovely strains and mighty chords crash out from the vibrating instrument. All the din and horror of war is there; the awful, irresistible sweep of galloping horses, the crash of artillery, the rattle of musketry, the shrieks of the wounded, the fierce shouts of the eager warriors as they rush into the midst of the fray.

It has ceased to be music; it is life. The violin has a soul; the bow is alive; the mas-

ter is creating action itself. On, on, on, swells the music, until it seems as if the very walls will crumble and fall, so powerful are the strains. Chord crashes on chord, and the mighty volume sweeps up like a stream of molten gold.

And then suddenly the wonderful burst of sound stops. Again the sweet melody steals into the air, and trembling whispers take the place of the wonderful chords. There is a second of this; and then the exquisite harmony grows softer and softer, and finally dies away forever.

There is a moment's silence: a silence like death itself. The house seems strangely quiet, and the only sound that steals through the air is a faint whirr from the hall below.

Then a flaxen head bobs up in the darkness, there is a sound of pattering feet as the little pajamaed figure runs to the stairs, and then a shrill childish treble rings out "Quick, Susie, shut off that old phonograph before the spring busts."

THE CLASS ODE

By Ruth Newcomb.

This June brings the hour of our triumph—
 The star of our lives at its height—
 The end of our four years together,
 For the links must be severed tonight,
 Sweet memories will always be cherished
 Of the years we have spent side by side,
 Yet dearer the ties of our friendship
 As the last moments here swiftly glide.

We would fain spend our lives 'mid the
 splendor
 That June scatters wide o'er the earth.
 But life has her work for us ever;
 Each deed will be proof of our worth.
 May our vision of service grow brighter,
 Fulfilled be each hope that is born!
 For deeds and not dreams lead to victory,
 Achieved with the glory of morn.

Tonight every heart is o'erflowing
 With joy intermingled with tears,
 May the pleasure that crowns our achievement
 Still gleam through the shadow of
 years!

The moment has come for our parting,
 Our paths turn to left and to right;
 So to teachers and classmates we're leaving,
 We tender our farewell tonight.

RUTH G. WORMWOOD

By Margaret Estes, '17.



THE pupils of the Bangor High School, and especially those of the Junior class, have been greatly saddened by the death on May 4 of Ruth Wormwood, the daughter of D. Lyman Wormwood, who is superintendent of schools in Bangor.

She was born in Machias, January 3, 1900, and lived there until she was four years old, at which time she moved to Old Town where she attended the public schools and made many friends.

In 1912 she came to this city and in the fall of that year entered the eighth grade at the Abraham Lincoln school. A proof of her scholarship is that during that year she was promoted to the ninth grade and thus entered high school with the class of 1917.

During her High School life she made a very large number of friends and was also known for her excellent work.

She was a member of All Souls' church and an active worker of the Young People's Society of that church.

Her pleasing personality seemed to attract friends to her wherever she went. In

fact, I well remember making friends with her the very first day she came into the ninth grade room. She was always extremely faithful and loyal to her friends and had a sunny disposition which caused her to be beloved by all who knew her. Her death seems like that of a rose which is just about to bloom.

One thing that is strange about it all is that Ruth, the one who could never bear to say good-bye to anyone, should be the first to leave us. And when she realized that she must leave us, I wonder if perhaps this thought might not have come to her:

"A few who have watched me sail away
Will miss my craft from the busy bay,
Some friendly barks that were anchored
near,
Some loving souls that my heart held dear,
In silent sorrow will drop a tear—
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail
In moorings sheltered from storm or gale,
And greeted the friends who have sailed
before,
O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unseen
Shore."

A DANGEROUS ENCOUNTER

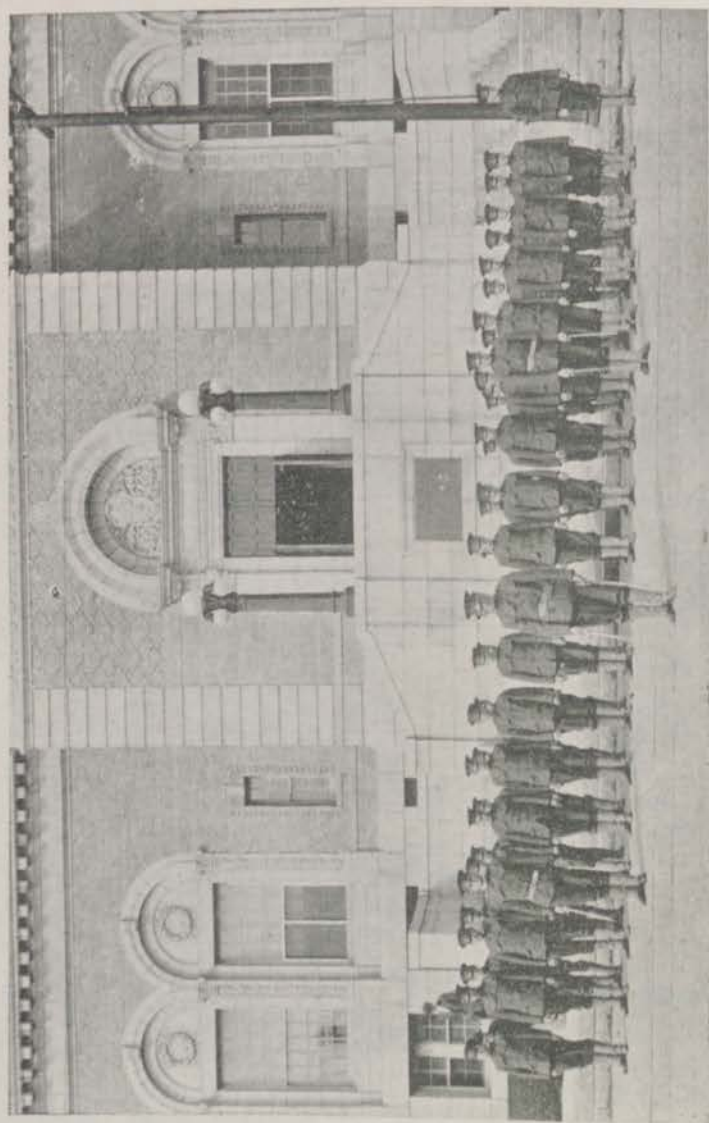
By Lester Black, '18.



IN the outskirts of the city of Spottsville stands a small house rather isolated from the others in the vicinity. The inhabitants of that section would tell you that the house is a place to be avoided. If you continued your inquiries you would find that this building was the laboratory of Fred Harris, a young chemist, who had been experimenting for many months on a high ex-

plosive formula. This new explosive, called millonite, had proved the most powerful known to mankind. This knowledge together with the fact that small explosions were frequent in the building led people to give the laboratory a wide berth.

Late one mid-summer evening a light shone in this house. Inside, the dim flame of a gas jet lighted up the interior of the laboratory. Along the walls were rows of shelves filled with bottles of every size and



B. H. S. CADET BATTALION

description. A long table, which stood on one side of the room, was covered with test tubes, mixing dishes, and a hundred and one other articles which form an indispensable part of every chemist's equipment. At one end of this table, near the gas jet, stood Harris, the inventor, industriously mixing some chemicals in a small dish. Beside him was a large piece of paper which he consulted frequently; it was covered with various signs and characters. To a casual observer the writing might well have been Greek. It was, in fact, the precious formula of the new explosive, "Millonite."

The town clock in the distance was tolling twelve when Harris was aroused by a knock at the door. He hastily picked up the paper and pushed it in his pocket, opened the door. A tall, erect, immaculately dressed man entered. His pointed mustache and his slight accent were distinctly foreign. Although the new comer's face seemed familiar, Harris at first failed to recognize him. The man introduced himself as the representative of a large ammunition firm. He said that his firm would pay Harris any reasonable price for the use of his formula. Somehow the man's story did not seem to ring true and it suddenly occurred to the inventor that this was the man he had seen with the German ambassador, at Washington a few days before. Then the truth dawned upon him: this man represented the German government, which was trying to get possession of his explosive.

Why should he not sell Germany his formula? He had offered it to the United States government several months before; yet Congress had failed to accept it. Then a feeling of horror came over him when he thought of the use to which Germany would put his explosive. He knew that it would be against the United States. In his mind he saw the American navy and his fellow countrymen

hurled back by the terrible explosive, and the very thought of it made him shudder.

Harris made his decision without hesitation. Turning to his visitor, he said, quietly: "I am sorry, but I cannot accept your offer." The other hardly noticed his words, but drew out several thick packages of banknotes from a small case which he carried. Harris could see that they were of large denomination, as the former began to count in a smooth, oily voice. One, two, three, four, five thousand he counted and looked up. Harris shook his head.

Ten, fifteen, twenty thousand he counted and looked up again. Harris wearily shook his head.

Thirty, forty, fifty the tempter counted, laying the last package on the table. Then he looked up expectantly. Harris' anger which had been gradually rising now got the best of him. "You can tell the Kaiser that I am not in the market. Now there's the door and you go out of it," he shouted.

The German's expression instantly changed. His oily smile curled into a snarl as he reached into his pocket. In a second, Harris was looking into the muzzle of a black automatic. "I will give you one minute to hand me that formula," the German snapped curtly.

Then Harris realized that he was dealing with a dangerous man. He needed no second glance at that determined face to tell him that the German would shoot if he did not obey. Harris looked around helplessly. There was no hope of outside aid. Suddenly a plan occurred to him. It was the most dangerous experiment which he had ever tried. He reached in his pocket and deliberately drew out the formula. Instead of passing it to the other, he thrust it over the gas flame. Then the German did what Harris had hoped. For an instant the revolver swerved as he made a grasp at the paper. During that instant, Harris with a quick

leap struck with all his strength. His fist landed with a sickening thud on the German's thick neck. As he struck, Harris remembered the words of the old trainer at college, "Never use that blow unless to knock your man out." The German staggered and fell, the automatic dropping harmlessly to the floor. When he awoke he was in the county jail with a physician bending over him!

A few weeks later Fred Harris was walking along the banks of the Potomac. In his

side pocket rested a check for one hundred thousand dollars from the government for his formula, together with a personal note of congratulation from the President of the United States. The sun was sinking behind the dome of the Capitol building as a boom sounded from the fort on the other side of the river. "Old Glory" fluttered down from its high staff as the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" came sweetly over the water. The country was safe, and Fred Harris was rewarded.

MOTHER

By Margaret Travers, '16.

Honor Essay.



HE family had dined and returned to the library where a bright fire was cracking and snapping in the big homelike fireplace. Father escorted Grandmother to her easy-chair while little Ted ran to get the hassock for her tiny feet, for Grandmother was a very tiny personage. Soon they were all comfortably settled and sat watching the elf-like flames as they leaped and danced in their upward flight. Outside, the wind whistled mournfully around the corners of the house and made the cheery fire within more acceptable than ever.

"No, Ted, let's not have the lights, yet," murmured Grandmother softly, as the youngest started to press the electric button.

"Come here, Frederick," added Mother gently. "Come and sit in Mother's lap and listen to Brother."

"That was certainly some victory the Germans had yesterday," Brother was saying. "And with a loss of only three hundred, too. Some excitement for a few minutes, I bet."

As if trying to grasp the full meaning of these few excited sentences, the family was

silent. Suddenly, there was a little sigh and Grandmother said in her silvery voice,

"But what of those few hundred mothers, I wonder?"

Father and Mother remained silent for they knew well what she meant. Each knew that Grandmother was thinking of the time when she had placed a rifle in the hands of her eldest son, a bonny, blue-eyed lad and had said, "I give you to your country, my son, and may it give you safely back to me."

"What do you mean, Grandmother?" cried the children in chorus. For a moment Grandmother sat silent and then began in a low voice:

"War, war! The horror of it! After the battle the victors return, flushed with glory and honor, but what of those that never return? Can't you see them coming down the street, flags waving, horns blowing, cannon booming, and crowds going mad in their joy over the victory won at such a cost?"

"But what of the little old, gray mother whose son will never return? With flushed cheek and bated breath she scans every worn and sunken face closely for she is waiting for **her** boy. At last, the soldiers have passed and her boy is not among them.

Still her courage does not fail and with pale cheek she follows them to the armorv. And then, the dreaded truth is forced upon her—her son did not return, will never return. With breaking heart and faltering step she turns away, forgotten by all in her sorrow.

"Once apart from curious eyes she gives way to her grief. That one outburst is the first and last relief she will know, for she is a mother.

"True, the younger ones grieve for the brother who has gone to a soldier's death, but it is only for a short time. They soon forget their loss. But the little mother's grief is the quiet, undying kind—the kind that lasts forever. Her heart is broken. She has given unselfishly and with what result—what return?"

Grandmother paused an instant and then said softly,

"Now, children, do you know what I

mean when I say 'And what of the little gray mother at home?'"

The children, unnaturally quiet, soon stole silently off to bed. Grandmother still sat thinking.

"Come, Mother dear, you mustn't catch cold."

"In a moment, daughter. Please do not wait for me tonight. I will come soon."

Outside, the wind had calmed down to a low, moaning sound. The flames had given place to red coals. Before the dying fire sat the little gray mother, slow tears coursing down her sweet, patient face and, through the blur of them, she fancied she could see in the dying coals a laughing face, crowned by a blue, visored cap—the face of the son who did not return to his "little gray mother."



THE WAY THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL
SHOULD BE EMPLOYED

—AND— THE WAY IT GENERALLY IS.

LOCALS

"Our little world of daily work and fun"

The annual Junior-Senior play is scheduled for Tuesday, June 13. The play to be given this year is "The Little Princess" by Frances Hodgdon Burnett. This is quite elaborate and calls for a large cast. Every year since we have been in the new building, it has been the custom to present a play, the proceeds of which go toward defraying the expenses of graduation. "The Little Princess" will be presented in three acts with the following cast:

Sara Marguerite Allen
Miss Minchin Margaret Hills
Becky Jeanette Croxford
Amelia Gladys Stetson
School Children:

Lottie Mildred Brackett
Lavinia Ruth Hunt
Jessie Margaret Estes
Lilly Marian Larsen
Ermengarde Grace Matthews
Blanche Pauline Woodward
Emma Elizabeth Burke
Barrow, lawyer Alfred Frawley
Ram Dass Harry Helson
Guest Malcolm Webster
Mr. Carmichael Oliver Hall
Mrs. Carmichael Doris Townsend
Carmichael Children:

Janet Pauline Miller
Nora Grace Brennan
Mazie Katherine Covelle

Donald Frank Gillin
Mr. Carrisford Stanley Cayting
James Willis Hayes
William Charles Glass

On Friday evening, May 26, the girls' gymnasium classes gave an exhibition of folk dances and gymnasium drills in the Assembly Hall. There was a good attendance and a considerable sum of money was raised, which will be used in buying equipment for the cadets. The program was:

Indian Clubs—Misses Woodward, Chase, Leonard, Tibbetts, Babcock, McDaniel, Stetson, Smiley, Turner, Hardy, Ford, Coleman, Toole, Hamm, Allen, Rogers, Ramsdell.

Wands—Misses Clements, Patten, Koritsky, Welsh, Coffee, Jackson, Perry, Dennis, Goodspeed, Waltz, O'Brien, Stansfield, Dysart, Goodwin, Atherton, Rachlen, McInnis, Daggett, Black.

Dumb-bells—Misses Glidden, Matthews, Carr, Boynton, Johnson, Graham, Peavey, Burton, Leighton, Earl, Gregory, Taylor, Richards.

Japanese Dance—Misses Allen, Atwood, Coleman, Hathorne, Stewart, Lipsky, Lutz, Hardy, Bartlett.

Dutch Dance—Misses Mullen, Cough, Connors, Pierce, Wakeley, Gould, Martin, Wheeler, Derby, Angley, Furbush, Lancas-

ter, McGinty, Coombs, Crowe, Oliver, Wardwell, Woodward.

American Dance, Pop Goes the Weasel—Misses Bickford, Day, Boyington, Evereth, Duran, Remick, Boynton, Bille, McGregor, Lindsay, Shannon, Dysart.

Russian Dance, Bride's Farewell—Misses Rogers, Gladys, Allan, Salley, Leonard, Margaret Woodward, Pauline Woodward, Bowen, Palmer, Toole, Ford, Robinson, Smiley, Turner.

Morris Dance, English—Misses Colby, Gartley, Harrigan, O'Connell, Bragg, Davis, Varney, Goldberg, Hallett, Arnold, Holden, Staples, Burns, Ginsburg, Maher, Plaisteo, O'Leary, Goodspeed, Harden, Stansfield, Olive Gregory, Mary Gregory.

Wreath—Misses Guth, McInnis, Shaughnessy, Barrett, Kelley, Lancaster, Mills, Pierce, Blanchard, Olsen, Hersey, Woodward, Covelle, Derby, Doe, Hunt, Evans, Carver.

May Pole (Milk Maids)—Misses McDougall, Verplast, Webb, Curran, Richards, Welsh, Sullivan, Street, Miller, Cullinan, Mayo, Barnes, McKay, Tribou, Yelland, Christenson.

The camera has been quite busy around the school for the last few days. All the classes have had their pictures taken. The Senior class "smashed the camera" the first time and had to sit again. Both debating societies and the Oracle board have also sat for their pictures.

The editor wishes to correct a mistake. In the May issue it was stated that the pictures recently added to the Holy Grail series in the lower corridor were given by the classes of 1899 and 1892. Instead of the

class of 1892, the gift was from the class of 1902. The Oracle wishes to apologize to the class for the mistake.

Richard MacWilliams, Oliver Hall, Kenneth Boardman, Joe Garland and Paul Eames went to Brunswick, May 26, to the track meet.

Principal Hal R. Eaton, Miss Bransfield, Miss Hall, Miss McSkimmon, Miss Nichols, Miss Phelps, Mr. Boyd and Mr. Congdon were the guests of the W. W. L. Club at the Penobscot County Club House in Hampden, May 29th. A good time was enjoyed by all.

The prophets for the Senior Banquet that is to be held at the Bangor House, Wednesday, June 14, are:

Grace E. Matthews for the Classical Course.

Helena M. Sullivan for the Scientific Course.

Marion H. Babcock, for the Commercial Course.

Jupiter Pluvius asserted his power Memorial day! How it rained! Baseball games had to be abandoned; the procession in honor of the soldiers of the Civil War had to be given up, except for a short floundering through the mud at 7.15 p. m., from the Bangor House to City Hall. Besides this many private excursions, picnic parties, automobile rides, etc., had to be changed into fudge parties. Such weather is nothing new, however, for Lowell wrote, more than sixty years ago:

"Most of our May's so awfully like mayn t
"Twould rile a Quaker or an evridge saint."



B. H. S. ORACLE STAFF, 1915-16



B. H. S. ORCHESTRA, 1915-16

ALUMNI.

NEW '16

"He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare"

The following is a list of the editors who helped make the Oracle of today:

Theodore Cunningham, 1900, is now practicing law in Boston.

Robert Drummond, 1901, is a professor at the University of Maine.

David R. Porter, '02, is an international secretary of Y. M. C. A. in New York. He may be sent to Europe this summer.

Blanche P. Wheeler, '03, is married and living in California.

Max P. Cushing, '05, is at Reed College, Washington.

Harry M. Woods, '06, is living at Orono.

Joseph C. White, '07, has a law office in the Eastern Trust Building.

Eugene Bradford, '08, is a teacher of English at Syracuse University.

Everett Glass, '09, is finishing a playwright course at Harvard and doing some settlement work in Boston.

Fred Benner, '10, is working in the Merrill Trust Bank.

Joseph MacDonald, '11, is at Union Seminary in New York.

Frank Lorimer, '12, graduates from Yale this year.

William West, '13, is a sophomore at the University of Pennsylvania.

Walter Creamer '14, is at the University of Maine.

Robert Patterson, '15, is at Harvard.

Lora Blanding, literary editor of the Oracle last year, has been chosen assistant literary editor of the Wheaton Record "by unanimous vote of the student body, the faculty and the Record board."

The engagement is announced of Charles Boardman Hawes, B. H. S., 1907, and Miss Dorothea Cable, youngest daughter of the distinguished novelist, George W. Cable. Mr. Hawes is on the editorial staff of the Youth's Companion. The wedding is to take place in June, at the Cable home "Tarryawhile," Northampton, Massachusetts.

John M. Coyne, B. H. S., '14, for several months with the M. C. R. R. Co., and more recently with the Orono Pulp and Paper Co., recently passed the Stenographer-Typewriter Civil Service examination, and has received notice of his appointment in the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington. He left for Washington, May 22, 1916, to begin his new duties.

Arno Savage, who was our steady box man while at B. H. S., recently pitched for Bowdoin in the game with Tufts. "Hobo" held the hard hitting Tuftites to six hits. This was the first game Tufts lost this year; the score being 6-5 for Bowdoin.

Clye Ricker, B. H. S., 1912, has completed a course in nursing in Portland and New York; Pearl Day, 1912, has finished a nurse's training course in Boston; Susie Gillin, 1910, is a pupil nurse at the Carney Hospital in Boston.

RELICS OF THE PAST

Silently, one by one,
On the roll-books of the teachers,
Blossom the neat little zeros,
The forget-me-nots of the Seniors.

Freshie—"Gee these high school teachers are funny. I went to one to ask about my algebra-lesson, and he asked me three times where my hat was, when it was right on my head all the time."

One on Teacher.

Teacher—"Why Jimmy, Jimmy, have you forgot your pencil again? What would you think of a soldier going to war without a gun?"

Jimmy—"I'd think he was an officer."

"What's going on here?" asked the stranger of a small boy, as he saw a large wedding party coming out of the church.

"Nothin' but the tied goin' out."

Freshie—"Does it cost much to feed a giraffe?"

Soph—"No, a little goes a long way."

Salesman—"Is the buyer in?"

Clerk—"No, but the seller is downstairs."

There is a Reason.

Ye fun editor received etc., a joke told in rhyme the other day from an "Ingallite." It was entitled, "Why I Live." I wrote him as follows:

My Dear Friend—The reason why you live is because you sent that poem by mail instead of bringing it personally.

Editor.

Prof.—"Why does that terrible smell of rubber come from the study room?"

Junior—"Oh! that is just a Sophomore holding a Freshman's neck on the radiator."

"Did you hear about the man who went into a cafe over in Berlin and asked for French fried potatoes?"

"No."

Well, he got mashed, instead."

"I'm from Chicago," boasted the traveler.
"Dew tell," said the farmer. "Well, who's running the hotel up there now?"

Teacher—"Do you know where little boys go who don't put their Sunday school money in the plate?"

Bright Boy—"Yes'm. To the movies."

Oh Caesar! When you did depart,
Where climate never varies,
Why in your haste did you forget,
To take your commentaries?

A Sophomore.

He had waited thirty minutes for a slow waiter to bring his dinner.

"Now," he said to the waiter, "can you bring me some cheese and coffee?"

"Yes, sir, in one minute, sir."

"And," continued the diner, "while you are away, you might send me a postal card every now and then."

Stalled Motorist—"My boy, I hope that is gasoline you have in that jug."

Native Boy—"Gee! I hope it ain't—it'd taste like the dickens on pancakes!"

Taylor—"Say, I made a great hit at that concert last night. I sang only one song and the whole audience yelled 'Fine! Fine!'"

Watson—"It's good that's all you sang."

Taylor—"Why?"

Watson—"They probably would have yelled 'Imprisonment' the next time."



"It is better to wear out than to rust out"

The Past Year in Athletics.

The past year has been a good one for athletics in B. H. S. The football team lost the championship games to Portland,—over there by the flukiest of flukes, and here by lack of games that would have kept them in trim. The basketball team led by "Doc" Freeman cleaned up everything in the state, losing only one game, and ended the season by trimming Portland in the City Hall, 34 to 13. In the first of the three track meets in which Bangor has participated, they made a poor showing. At Maine they took second place, being beaten practically by one man, Emery of M. C. I. At Bowdoin, they were third, M. C. I. and a team from Concord, N. H., besting them by a small margin. The baseball team, led by "Danny" Adams, got off to a bad start by losing five of its first six games, but at this writing it has struck its gait and won the last four games played.

The material in Bangor High warrants the hope that next year may see three championships at least come to Bangor. If the student body would support the team as well in other lines as it does in football, the players would feel more encouraged even when a game is lost. Win or Lose, Boost for Bangor High.

Baseball.

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

Saturday, May 6, Bangor went down to Waterville and was defeated by Coburn

with the score of 9 to 1. Bangor's only run came in the ninth when Cedarstrand hit Hayes and Mulvany scored him by tripling to right. Bangor lost other chances to score by bad base running. At least seven of Coburn's runs were dished up and handed to them on a platter. Savage worked well allowing only 8 hits, while Bangor got 7.

Coburn: Welsh, 2b.; Cedarstrand, p.; McElwee, 3b.; Kewar, 1b.; Paganucci, s.s.; Fraser, c.f.; Coombs, l.f.; Titcomb, r.f.; Cote, r.f.; Foster, c.

Bangor: Adams, 1b.; Heal, s.s.; Peters, 2b.; Torsleff, c.; Hayes, r.f.; Freeman, 3b.; Mulvany, l.f.; Gordon, c.f.; Savage, p.

C. C. I.....	0	1	3	0	0	1	4	0	x—9
B. H. S.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1

In a slow game of baseball Brewer defeated Bangor by a score of 12 to 6 on Rolins' field, Brewer, Wednesday, May 10. The game was good for the first five innings, but in the sixth Bangor went for a balloon ride and before the necessary ballast of three put outs was added to those needed to bring it down, Brewer had scored six times. The game might be told in sixes, for Bangor got six hits, six runs, made six errors and was defeated by six runs in the sixth inning. Bangor used two twirlers.

Brewer: Carter, s.s.; King, c.; McKinnon, l.f.; Verow, 3b.; Wheeler, r.f.; LaCross, 2b.; Smith, 1b.; Williams, c.f.; Collins, p.

Bangor: Adams, 1b.; Heal, s.s.; Peters, 2b.; Torsleff, c.; Mulvany, 1.f.; Hickson, r.f.; Russell, 3b.; Frawley, c.f.; Freeman, p.; Savage, p.

Brewer1 0 0 1 2 6 0 2 x—12
Bangor0 2 0 1 1 0 0 2 0—6

M. C. I. defeated Bangor for the second time this year, at Pittsfield, May 13. Bangor's nine errors figured in all of M. C. I.'s runs. Hayes played well for Bangor, getting three hits out of four trips to the plate, one of which was a double.

M. C. I.: Boyce, r.f.; Towle, r.f.; Young, c.; Lanpher, 2b.; Wardwell, s.s.; Fuller, p.; Grover, c.f.; Riley, 3b.; McGown, 1b.; Dale, 1.f.; Coburn, 1.f.

B. H. S.: Gordon, 2b.; Adams, 1b.; Heal, s.s.; Torsleff, c.; Frawley, c.f.; Hayes, r.f.; Mulvany, 1.f.; Russell, 3b.; Peters, p.

M. C. I.2 1 3 0 1 0 4 0 x—11
B. H. S.0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Bangor chased the jinx and swung into her stride by winning from Orono at Orono, May 15, by the score of 7 to 4. Bangor broke the ice in the first inning when Torsleff singled and Adams brought both in with his home run to deep left. Bangor hit both Orono pitchers opportunely while Bangor's twirlers worked well except in the fifth inning when Orono scored three runs.

Bangor: Hayes, r.f.; Torsleff, c.; Adams, 1b.; Heal, s.s. and p.; Gordon, s.s.; Peters, 2b.; Frawley, c.f.; Mulvany, 1.f.; Russell, 3b.; Freeman, p.; Savage, p.

Orono: Kenney, 2b.; Tenney, 1b.; Cowan, 3b.; Bollien, s.s.; Page, 1.f.; Dore, c.f.; Haswell, r.f.; Chamberlain, c.; LaPoint, p.; Smith, p.

B. H. S.2 0 2 0 1 1 0 1 0—7
O. H. S.0 1 0 0 3 0 0 0 0—4

Bangor High won a hard fought and interesting game at Maplewood, Saturday, May 20, from Lewiston, by the score of 4 to

3. Bangor got two runs in the second and one each in the eighth and ninth. With Heal pitching fine ball and a three-run lead, Bangor looked to have an easy victory when Lewiston came to bat in the first of the ninth, but four hits coupled with two errors tied the score. Then Bangor in the last of the ninth got Frawley to second on a hit, error and sacrifice. After Russell struck out, he stole third. The catcher's throw went about ten feet in back of the base and Frawley raced for home. He made a pretty slide and the catcher dropped the ball in his hurry to tag him. Lewiston's second baseman and outfielders cut off runs by fine catches. Peters played fine ball accepting 11 clean chances out of 13.

Bangor: Hayes, 1.f.; Torsleff, c.; Adams, 1b.; Heal, p.; Peters, 2b.; Frawley, c.f.; Mulvany, r.f.; Russell, 3b.; Gordon, s.s.

Lewiston: Renny, 1.f.; Mathews, 2b.; Belinian, 3b.; McSherry, 1b.; L. Gendral, p.; Carson, r.f.; Murphy, c.; Gould, c.f.; Tapley, s.s.

B. H. S.0 2 0 0 0 0 0 1 1—4
L. H. S.0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3—3

Maine Interscholastic.

At the Interscholastic track meet held at Orono, May 20, the Garnet and Black of M. C. I., took the place usually held by Hebron. The M. C. I. team won easily with 51½ points, Bangor High taking second place with 26½. Emery, of M. C. I., was the high point man of the meet, taking 23 points by gigantic heaves of the hammer, shot, and discus, and by wonderful sprinting in the 100-yard dash and low hurdles. Gray, of B. H. S., came next, winning first in the high jump and high hurdles, second in the low hurdles, and third in the broad jump and 100-yard dash. Costello came through with a second in the high hurdles and a third in the low. Robert Dole finished third in the half mile. He has a good stride, and

with proper training should make a first-class runner. Driscoll, a freshman, took third in the two mile, and Walter Frawley, another infant, tied for third place in the high jump. Paul Freese captured second in this event, with very pretty form. Pullen tied for second in the pole vault, Richardson of M. C. I. winning this event with a vault of 10 feet 3 inches. With a good man in the weight events, B. H. S. could have made it more interesting for M. C. I., as the aggregation from Pittsfield scored heavily in these events.

Monday, May 22, Bangor won the postponed game of baseball from Higgins at Maplewood by the score of 5 to 1. Torsleff made his first appearance in the box and worked well while Hayes caught behind the bat. Frawley was fast on the paths and started the run-getting in the second and finished it in the eighth. Heal, Peters and Russell all played good ball in the infield.

Bangor: Hayes, c.; Torsleff, p.; Adams, 1b.; Heal, s.s.; Peters, 2b.; Jones, r.f.; Frawley, c.f.; Mulvany, l.f.; Russell, 3b.

Higgins: Joy, 3b. and p.; Treworgy, l.f.; Duffy, 1b.; Baker, s.s.; La Roe, c.; Bemis, c.f.; Higgins, 2b.; Anderson, r.f.; Nickerson, p.; Grindell, 3b.

B. H. S. 0 2 2 0 0 0 0 1 x—5
H. C. I. 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1

At Maplewood, Wednesday, May 24, Bangor had revenge on Brewer and the suburbanites went back defeated by the score of 12 to 5. Bangor got an early lead and was never in danger, although Brewer got three runs in the last two frames. Torsleff pitched his second game, allowing seven hits and getting 14 strike-outs to 12 hits and strike-outs for Collins. Peters was leading batter getting three in four times up. Jones got two hits, one of which was a home run. Carter made a pretty one-hand catch.

Bangor: Hayes, c.; Torsleff, p.; Adams,

1b.; Heal, s.s.; Peters, 2b.; Jones, r.f.; Frawley, c.f.; Mulvany, l.f.; Russell, 3b.

Brewer: Carter, s.s.; King, c.; McKinnon, l.f.; Verow, 3b.; Wheeler, r.f.; La-Cross, 2b.; Smith, 1b.; Williams, c.f.; Collins, p.

Ba. H. S. ... 1 1 0 2 3 0 4 1 x—12
Br. H. S. ... 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 2—5

The Bowdoin Interscholastic Meet.

Maine Central Institute's wonderful aggregation of track and field athletes did all that was expected of them over at Bowdoin in the interscholastic meet. The Pittsfielders scored 35 points. Concord, New Hampshire won second place with 28 points, while Bangor High had to be satisfied with third. Although the main contest for points was close and exciting, most of the interest centered around the individual efforts of Emery of the M. C. I. team. This young man, a combination of Hercules and Mercury, won twenty points alone. One of his little feats was to heave the shot over 43 feet. He then went over to the track and won the century in 101.5 seconds, equalling the record.

Another big scorer was Gray, the Bangor captain, who ended his athletic career for Bangor High in a blaze of glory. This little 5 ft. 3 inch giant sailed over 5 ft. 6 inches in the high jump and ran the high hurdles in 17.3-5 seconds. He also got second in the low sticks and third in the broad jump. Costello showed up well in the high hurdles taking second place. Dole, although only getting third place in the half, showed great improvement and ran a fine race. He has a promising future before him. Driscoll did his best, but was bothered by a bad leg. Freese tied for third place in the high jump. The jumping in this event was much better than at the U. of M. meet. Walter Frawley did fine work, and although failing to place, he jumped higher than he ever had before,

and bids fair to gain many points for Bangor High before he leaves the school.

Paul Freese.

Tennis.

On May 22, the B. H. S. Tennis team defeated Orono High at the Canoe Club in straight sets. In the doubles Gray and Morse of B. H. S., defeated Whiteside and Davis of Orono, 6-0; 6-1. In singles Morse defeated Farnsworth, 6-1; 6-1; and Whiteside defeated Gray in a 1 set match by the score of 9-7.

On Memorial Day, B. H. S. played Old Town High at the U. of M. courts. In the doubles Buzzell and Hatch of Old Town defeated Freese and Morse of Bangor in two very ragged sets, the scores being 8-6; 6-3. Buzzell was defeated by Morse in the first singles match, the score being 6-0; 6-1. In the deciding set Freese and Hatch were compelled to stop play on account of rain, Freese having won a 10-8 set when play was called.

On the afternoon of May 31st, the Bangor High Tennis Team journeyed to Orono and collected the scalps of Orono High for the second time this season. In the doubles

Freese and Morse had little trouble in putting away Whiteside and Davie, the Orono duo. In the first singles match Whiteside of Orono was defeated by Morse, the scores being 6-0, 6-0. The only fly in B. H. S.'s ointment was the defeat of Gray in the singles by Farnsworth of Orono. The score was 6-4, 6-2, in the Orono man's favor.

The tennis team went to Pittsfield, Friday, June 2, and beat M. C. I., on her own grounds. In the first singles match between Freese of Bangor and Bradford of M. C. I., Freese lost the first set, and it looked as though he would lose the match. In the second frame, however, he came back in fine shape, and having found his strokes, captured the third set also, winning the match by the scores of 3-6, 6-3, 6-3. Morse of Bangor took the second match from Emery of M. C. I., by the score of 6-0, 6-1. In the doubles, M. C. I. made her best bid, the first set being very evenly contested. Bangor finally captured it, 6-4, and then ended the tournament by taking the next set, 6-3. There were quite a few spectators, as the tourney was played on the school court.

Following is the 1916 Football Schedule of Bangor High School:

Saturday,	September 30,	Maine Central Institute	at Pittsfield.
Wednesday,	October 4,	Orono High School	at Orono.
Saturday,	October 7,	Lewiston High School	at Bangor.
Thursday,	October 12, (Columbus Day)	Coburn Classical Institute	at Bangor.
Saturday,	October 14,	Waterville High School	at Bangor.
Saturday,	October 21,	Portland High School	at Bangor.
Saturday,	October 28,	Maine Central Institute	at Bangor.
Saturday,	November 4,	Pending.	
Saturday,	November 11,	Orono High School	at Bangor.
Saturday,	November 18,	Portland High School	at Portland.



"The bitter clamor of two eager tongues"

The Year's Debating.

This year the debating was more specialized by dividing the upper and lower classmen and allowing the Freshmen to participate in the regular work. The Senate and House plan has proved successful for the first year of its adoption. In the coming year the effects will be more noticeable when many members of the House will become members of the Senate.

Meetings in both houses have been held quite regularly and some form of speaking has been done at each meeting. The practice given to all, both in prepared and in extemporaneous speaking has proved of great value.

Bangor High School was no more successful in the Bates' League this year than last. This year only two former speakers took part in this contest while the others were new men.

In the Goodwin Prize debates Bangor High School defeated three High Schools, Waterville, Skowhegan, and Madison, in the preliminaries and was in turn defeated by Hebron Academy in the finals. Last year Bangor won second place also.

In reviewing what we have done this year, this is evident: there must be more interest shown by the student body in debating. This, to a certain degree, has been lacking. There has not been enough interest or competition among the members of

the Senate; the same is true of the House.

The student body supported the debates by giving funds, but it should also take a more active part by furnishing more members to the debating societies.

As debating becomes more firmly organized in the various societies, and more interest is shown by all, there is no doubt that Bangor High School with its large student body, its splendid faculty, and its facilities for such work, can rank as the best High School in the State of Maine in Debating.

The Banquet.

On Wednesday evening, May 31, the Senate, House and Girls' Debating Society held their annual banquet at the Bangor House. The speakers were very interesting and showed what had been done by the societies at their regular meetings.

Oliver G. Hall was toastmaster. Following is the program:

History of Debating in Bangor High

School Richard McWilliams

Debating in the House.....Harold Green

Debating in the Girls' Society.....

..... Florence Salley

The Value of Debating.....Vincent Smart

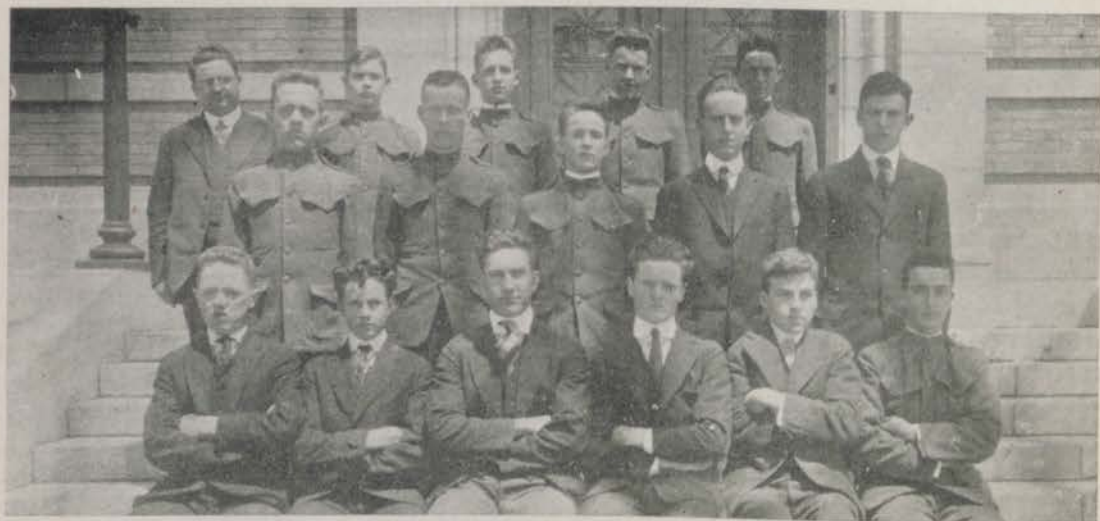
Debating in the Senate.....Harry Helson

How to Brief a Debate.....Gladys Allen

Remarks were made by Mr. Eaton, Miss Cousins, and Mr. Gray, besides members of the House and Senate.



THE SENATE



THE HOUSE



GIRLS' DEBATING SOCIETY



"It is much easier to be critical than to be correct"

As this is the last issue of the Oracle for this year, we take this opportunity of thanking all the schools who have so generously contributed their magazines to our list during the past months. We are sorry that we could not supply all our friends with our magazine every month, but as our exchange list contains about three hundred papers, it will be seen that it was quite impossible to do so.

We trust that all our criticisms have been received in the same good will in which they were sent, and that some have profited, or will profit by them.

In this magazine, we are going to give less space to each paper criticised, so as to get in more of the papers that have as yet not heard from us.

The Log, Island Falls, Me.: Your various departments seem to be very limited, but you have a neat list of advertisements.

The Tatler, Huntington, W. Va.: Your literary department shows that you have quite a taste for poetry. The whole paper is fine.

E. L. H. S. Oracle, Auburn, Me.: The athletic editor of your paper deserves praise for his department.

The Panorama, Binghamton, N. Y.: There is no pep to your paper. You have no athletic department, and no real live jokes.

The Oracle, Cleveland, Tenn.: In your February number, what has "Wanted:

More pompadours,—Senior Boys" got to do with Exchanges?

The Racquet, Portland, Me.: Your suggestion about numbering the pages in the table of contents is a good one. Come again,—what we want is good live suggestions for the improvement of the Oracle.

The Dalhi Journal, Dallas, Texas: Are those ads. that are mixed in with the jokes supposed to be humorous? You have a fine exchange column.

Briar Cliff Spectator, Ossining, N. Y.: Your paper does not contain enough stories.

High School Life, Effingham, Ill.: Yours is an excellent paper. The literary department is as good as any other that we have seen, and your jokes are really humorous.

The Banner, Livermore Falls, Me.: A few cuts would improve your paper.

The Sea Breeze, Thomaston, Me.: We have no fault to find with the Breeze, except that it does not blow this way often enough.

The Habit, Salina, Kan.: Have you the "habit" of always printing such a short exchange column? Your athletic editor said something about the basketball team leaving the horseshoe behind. Evidently you believe in your lucky star. Be careful.

The Valkyrie, Somerville, N. J.: Advertisements are lacking, to a great extent, in your magazine; but you are all right otherwise. The literary section contains some very interesting stories.

The Quill, New Brighton, N. Y.: The few jokes that you have in your paper are very good, but there are too many taken from exchanges. The magazine as a whole, presents a very neat appearance.

The Oracle, Des Moines, Iowa: One of our best exchanges. Every department is well developed.

The Searchlight, Westerville, Ohio: Why not have a page or two of jokes in addition to the humorous items under class notes?

The Tatler, Rockport, Me.: Cartoons and a table of contents are lacking in your magazine.

The Red and Black, Claremont, N. H.: The exchange department could be improved by the addition of a few more criticisms and the detraction of jokes.

Old Hughes, Cincinnati, Ohio: Your paper is characteristic of all those that come from the west. Like the others, you have well handled departments, interesting cuts, and live jokes.

The Optimist, Atchison, Kansas: Well, your January issue looks as if your staff were taking a vacation. Only two pages of literary, no exchanges and no alumni, and the athletics printed on pink paper. Do you think these features constitute a good school paper?

As Others See Us.

The Oracle, Bangor High School, Bangor, Me.: Your table of contents would be improved if the pages were given. There seems to be a deplorable lack of proof-reading throughout your magazine. By the way, how long have oval basketballs been in style?—The Racquet, Portland, Me.

"The Oracle," Bangor High School: As usual you have good material in your paper. We are interested to hear about your faculty.—The Leavitt Angelus, Turner Centre, Me.

"The Oracle," Bangor, Me., is a good magazine all around, and very complete in all of its departments. We are glad to have you among our exchanges.—The Tiger, Little Rock, Ark.

The Oracle, Bangor, Maine: Cover design, 90%; Literary department, 90%; Jokes and Cuts, 90%; Exchanges, 90%; Average, 90%.—The Orient, Bay City, Mich.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me.: (B)—The Cue, Albany, N. Y.

The Oracle, Bangor, Maine: Your Odd Number was very interesting. There is surely real talent in Bangor High School.—The Eltrurian, Haverhill, Mass.

"Oracle," Bangor, Maine: Your magazine is a very interesting high school publication. All your departments are well arranged and well edited.—The Sisseton, Fairmont, Minn.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me.: We are glad to see your fine Exchange department. In most papers the Exchange is the smallest and most uninteresting of all departments; but not so in yours.—The Spectator, Waterloo, Iowa.

The Oracle: Your paper is well written and you are not lacking in good stories. Your cover design is very neat and attractive. We would greatly appreciate a few more personals. Your cuts are also good.—March issue of "Trade Winds," Worcester, Mass.

The Oracle, Bangor: Has a fine cover design, as usual. A magazine which is never lacking in advertisements. Your editorials are very interesting to read. Your literary department is also good. You have quite a large exchange department. A few more personals would help your paper.—April issue of "Trade Winds."

"Oracle": Your paper is one of our best exchanges and we enjoy it very much. Come again soon.—The Debater, Wakefield, Mass.

PERSONALS

*"Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt
And every grin, so merry, draws one out"*

Der Knopf.

D is for Doris who as Bertha made a hit.
E is for Excellence, At every bit.
R stands for Rudolf, whose memory was
bad,
K. for the Knowledge of the role each one
had.
N stands for Notice—each got equal share,
O for the Opinion—"Splendid—showing
care!"
P Pronunciation, it couldn't be exceeded,
F for the Fame which came, because "Der
Knopf" succeeded.

Untamed Orator (shaking his brawny
arm): "And who is this king of men?"

Mulvaney (half asleep): "I'll bite, who
is he?"

Mr. McW— (in Virgil Exam.): "A
horse; a horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

In years to come when we are burdened
with the cares of life, at least one sweet
memory will always linger. The tender,
soul stirring pathos of MacWilliams and
Morse singing in chapel in a strain never to
be forgotten.

Webster: "Why did I see you leaning
against the Savings Bank all the after-
noon?"

Johnson: "There's good money in it."

Miss C—: "Mr. Pullen, where is your
uniform?"

Mr. Pullen: "My mother didn't raise me
to be a soldier."

Miss P— (in Latin): "Your sentence
is correct, Miss E—, and yours is also Mr.
R—."

(Decision): "Well, I guess it's a tie be-
tween you."

Miss Pease: "Last summer I spent a few
years in Machias."



THE FUNERAL PYRE

This remarkable statement was found in
a theme written about the decorations in the
lower corridor:

"People always stop and admire the pic-
tures and freeze."

THE SENIOR BLUE BOOK "Know Thyself"

Name	Nick Name	Description	How acquired fame	Pastime
Abbott, Madeline	Mad	Bitter sweet	Class pianist	Tickling the ivories
Allen, Marguerite	Peggy	Long and fair	The "Wild Rose"	Too many for the space
Altman, Sarah	Sluke	Frail and slender	Artistic	Studying
Anderson, Anna	Andy	Considerable altitude	Being boisterous	Reading movie magazine
Atwood, Esther	At	Like a half-blown rose	By silence	Teaching Trig. to Frey
Babcock, Marion	Babbling Bess	Suits everything	Working for "Eddie"	Waiting? ?
Banton, Harold	Algy	Book-worm	Debating in 300	Hypnotizing
Bartlett, Allen	Eli	Shadowlike	Comes from Monroe	Tickling the typewriter.
Barton, Rena	Buttons	Vague	Taking snapshots in Hampden	Writing letters
Bickford, Laura	Law	Ordinary	Debating	Patten, Maine
Boydton, Alfred	Al	Weary chap	Junior Exhibition	Riding to Charleston
Brackett, Mildred	Da! Da!	Light and chubby	By her gait	We'd hate to tell you
Burritt, Christine	Fitts	Rusty	Classy getups	Roaming
Burke, Elizabeth	Lizzy	Pugnacious	Writing essays	Plugging
Burnham, Christine	Kick	Burlesque	Getting adds	Working
Butler, Harry	Butt	Very serious	Hair-dressing	Ask "Mike"
Cahill, Catherine	Kath	Petite	Brilliant recitations	Distributing Literary Digest
Carr, Isabel	Dutchy	As her nickname implies	Lady killer	"Roamin in the Gloomin"
Chilcott, James	Jim	Beauty show	"Bobby the Buttons"	"K"utting up
Clark, Katherine	"K"	The short of it	Making Hydrogen-Sulfide	In a "Pullman"
Coleman, Ruth	Hydrogen (Coley)	Impossible	Helping Pete write his Algebra	Chemistry Lab.
Conway, Michael	Mike	Freckly	Keeping order in the library	Picking on McWilliams
Croxford, Geneva	Sweet Genevieve	Brewerish	Writing verses	Preaching
Currier, Charles	Deacon (Mel)	Tall and Lanky	Took every course	Skipping around
Davis, Jacob	Jake	Aged philosopher	Football	Making a noise
Davis, John	Long-John	Shrimp	Spouting	Pitching hay
Dennett, Louis	Kine	See Nickname	In English Lit.	Writing essays
Devoe, Mary	Peg	Short and Sweet	Running thru corridors	Telling about his Freshman Year
Dow, William	Big Bill—	Extra dry	Writing about histories	Selling "Digests" (how?)
Driscoll, Mary	Dric	Short and fat	Singing	Study periods
Eames, Dorothy	Dot	For you to decide	Never missed a lesson	Plugging, we guess
Emerson, Marlon	Molly	Tall and sylph-like	Picture in "Independent"	Going to church
Flanagan, Anna	Annie	Simply fine	Scholarship	Hanging around
Foster, Merton	Mert	Just about	Football manager? ?	Studying
Frawley, Alfred	Allie	Hard guy	Bill Anderson's pal	Drinking sodas
Freese, Paul	Pup	Just sort of? ?	Ask anyone	Trigging
Frye, Edward	Ed	Awfully noisy	Good lessons	Dancing
Garman, Ellen	Ell	Kind of hazy	Athletic prowess	Eating dates
Ginsberg, Edyth	Edy	Puny	Class organism (?)	Galavanting
Ginsberg, George	Ginny	Giant	French play	Studying
Glass, Natalie	Glassy	Transparent	Being so shy	Keeping tabs on—
Gray, Anna	Anne	Right there	"Kidding"	Hasn't any
Griffin, Beatrice	Bee	Think for yourself	By her athletics	Sailing around
Hall, Oliver	Caesar	Beau Brummel	The giggles	Extended voyages on Bon Ton II.
Hanna, Beatrice	Bee	Demiure	Being scholarly	Studying
Harding, Anna	Sophia	Husky	Winning prizes in cooking	Getting his picture took
Harris, Ruth	Just Ruth	Scholarly looking	Athletics	Pinching people
Hathorn, Gladys	You Nevan can tell	Sweetness herself	Selling lunch tickets	Just fooling
Hayes, Willis	Wild Bill	Hercules	Her work in Gym	Playing checkers
Hillman, Arline	Leon	Short and oark	Aways alone	Public speaking
Hillson, Shirley	Sadie	Love-sick	Chewing Wrigleys	Standing still
Hough, Georgia	Huffy	Sulky	Athletics	Thinking it over
Ingraham, Dwight	Morgan (but it isn't J. P.)	Light and fantastic	Posing for Buttons	Keeping books
Johnson, Roy	Fat	Brute-man	Disciplinary course	Ask C—Y R—N
Jones, Arthur	Spide	Sweetness personified	Dropping that forward pass	Butting in
Kanaley, Mary	May	Fair and buxsome	Give her time	Eating candy
Knowles, Jenny	"Joe"	Everybody knows	Her Eng. lessons	Reciting
Koritzky, Philip	Zeeky	Survay	Dancing Jap	Always lost
Leavitt, Ella	Leavie	Pentahedral	His corduality	Hunting for?
Levine, Mamie	Mame	Superb	Obedient teachers	Talking with them all
Libby, Louise	Lip	Blacksmithy		Playing ball
Lipsky, Bessie	Lip	Yellow head		
Littlefield, Everett	Reddie	Seagaw		
Lynch, Frances				

McCann, J. Hardy	J. Hardy	Spring poet	Brutality	Taking care of Mulvany
McManus, Edward	Ed.	Just Ed.	Teacher's pet	Bucking the Lat
McDonald, Bernice	Mac	Proud beauty	Blushing	Always with two others
McWilliams, Richard K.	bible snatcher	Twin to a stick	With his laugh	Singing
Mahoney, Geneva S.	Gen	Swatish	Everybody nos	Unknown
Manchester, John	Gasoline Gus	Like a flash of lightning	The only teior in the whole class	Honk! Honk!
Manchester, Rachel	Kid	Short and sweet	Outlining historical periods	Ask John
Marchi, Emma	Emmy	Short and plump	Swinging dumb-bells	Trips to Orono
Mathews, Grace	Puggish	Electrocution	Electrocution	With different ones
Maxfield, Marie	Mary	Quiet and flashy	Not famous	She won't tell
Millett, Everett	Witny	Cute	Talking to the girls	Flirting
Morse, Robert	Ignatz	Defies words	Didn't	Sleeping
Mulvany, Arthur	Swede	Gorilla	By his good right arm	Bluffing
Murphy, Herbert	Herb	Deadly	Tearing around	Chemistry expert
Newcomb, Ruth	Rufus	Moderate	Poetress	Writing odes
O'Brien, Georgia	George	Slabblish	Shorthand expert	Walking
O'Hara, Edward	Ghosty	Edifying	By his inocense	Motoring
O'Leary, Frederick	Freddy	Very serious	By his jokes	Cracking stale puns
O'Leary, Thomas	Tommy	Impulsive	By his beauty	Planning better government
Olsen, C. Freeman	Peemey	Angelic cherub	Oratory	Giving advice
Palmer, Addison	Bouty	Innocence personified	Gratifying	Firefiend
Palmer, Beatrice	Bee	First class	Lending Latin comp.	Helping "Herbie"
Parker, Beryl	Hasn't any	Stodious	Checking reports for Mr. B—	Consult Torrey
Peckham, Mildred	Peck	Easy going	Burning midnight oil	Whispering home with Helen
Peterson, Francis E.	Pete	Feminine	By his smile	Walking around
Philbrick, Edythe L.	Erick	Modern	By her wit	Moush—around
Plummer, Mary	Plum	Very thin and pale	Cooking with Rena	Eating everything
Preble, Prentiss	Hank	We've lost the formula	Phyzzist	Mixing drinks (softs)
Ramsdell, Ida	Id	Resembling a Methites	Pres. sewing circle	Gassing
		(Mephitica)		
Redman Crosby	Crossy	Husky	Speaking "parlez-vous?"	Loading
Richardson, Annie	An	Skinny	Playing piano in gym.	Working
Rideout, Ethel	Ethy	Petite	Minding her own affairs	Being noisy
Roberts, Edward	Indian	Cavich and Brudal	Wireless	At the Bijou
Robinson, Arthur	Art	O. K.	Spelling	Fixing the drinking fountain
Robinson, Katherine	Katty	Agreeable but dilatory	Math. shark	Doesn't worry her; why should we bother?
				Waiting for the car
Rogers, Nathalie	Nat	Calm	Comes from Old Town	Y. M. (W.) C. A.
Rowe, A. Earl	Rosy	Fairylake	Playing checkers	Dancing contras
Russel, Ruth C.	Russ	Lizzardlike	Going to Hampden	Where there is a lady performing
Ryan, Michael	Mike	Dollish	Speaking	Blowing his horn
Shaughnessy, Edward W.	Ed	Roman orator	Always weeping	Walking with Bill (Smith) not any relation
Smith, Helen	Pete	Small	Making Pete behave	In Peter's army
Smith, William	Lil'-Bill	1904 model	H' officer	Getting Gussie's goat
Stanley, Homer	Illad	Coquettish	Snare drummer, Room 211	After-noon sessions
			(3d period)	Typewriting
Sullivan, Harriet	Hatty	Breezy	By her Freshman year	All over the place
Sullivan, Helena	She knows we don't	Dignified	Writing notes to Fat.	"Stringing" her violin
Sullivan, Ruth	Rufus	Massive in structure	German play	(But is that all?)
Tebbets, Marguerite	Hubby	Compulent	"Setting Sockery's Hen"	Walking with Shirley H—
				and "bugging for good marks
Toole, George	Toole	Placid	Honor essay	Catching. (What?)
Torsleff, George	Herby	Young panther	By his civility?	Bowling alley
Townsend, Doris	D. Elizabeth	Cherubic	"Lady gray"	No one knows
Travers, Margaret	Wakeup	Little but, oh my!	Throwing ink	She won't tell us
Turner, Natalie	Billy	Puerile	Smiling	Riding his "chug-chug"—
Webster, Malcolm	Noah	Huculean	Drawing (his breath)	Griming
Whaten, Edward	Ed	Low down	Cheer leader	Too many
White, Marjorie	Michle	Clipper	"Preparedness," in everything	Going to the movies
Whitmore, Alice	Fair Alice	Robust	Bright remarks	Throwing spit-balls
Whitmore, Harold	Hal the Just	Sare devil	Acting naughty	Plugging
Wilber, Rose	Rosie	Sea sickish	Visitor from Orono	Teeheeling
Wilks, Freda	Fretta	Dwarflike	By her charming voice	Motoring
Williams, Ida	Bill	Goatlike	Her giggle	Whizzing everywhere
Anderson, William	Bill the silent	Ask him	Writing essays	Playing dominoes
Gallagher, Anna	Shrimp	Large and towering	Her perfect lessons	
McCann, Mary	Mac	Short and stern	Acting crazy	
Torrv, Raymond	Ray	Queenish and fair	Track manager! ! !	

Teacher: "What is your name?"

"Helen French."

Voice from upper air: "What is it in English?"



HOW THE WORLD LOOKS TO A SENIOR

Eigensinn.

E is for "Eigensinn" so skillfully played,
I for the Industry, each move displayed,
G for the German, all above correction,
E for the Earnest work done in each direc-
tion.

N for the Noteworthy comment at each
pause,

S. for the great Success, that it surely was.

I for the Instructress, to whom high praise
is due,

N for the Necessary work to put it through.

N too, for Novelty, 'twas never tried before,
But we hope there will be others—
others by the score.

Miss R— (in Virgil): "Mr. D—, I want
you to cease communication with Miss —,
with either eyes, or lips." We really didn't
think you had it that bad, Lou!

Freshman in corridor: "I have just
thought of a great joke for the Oracle. Can
you tell me where I can strike Mr. Olsen?"

Senior: "Youngster, I shouldn't advise
you to strike Mr. Olsen today. He's got a
grouch."

Arthur Mulvaney

"This suspense is killing me," quoth Alkali
Ike,

As they hung him to a tree.

Old Lady: "I have some salivas in my
garden and I want something to go with it."

Clerk: "I would suggest spitunias."

Miss C—: "Turn your papers over, and
write on the other side."

Miss H-l-d-n, '19: "My paper hasn't got
any other side."

They met in the darkened hall:

He said: "I bring you roses."

Note the answer irrelevant:

"My, how cold your nose is!"

This humor about the scarcity of dye-
stuffs is a fake. If you don't believe it, look
at McCabe's new hosiery.

According to official announcement, the
Senior Virgil Class is rapidly entering upon
its second childhood.

"Ah, here is a chance to brush up an old
acquaintance," said a Soph, as he saw an
eraser mark on the back of a Junior.



SUMMER IS HERE

He.—"Your hair is red."

She.—"Tis false!"

He.—"Gee, I didn't know that."

Rensselaer

ESTABLISHED 1824
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and Science**

Institute

Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.), Chemical Engineering (Ch. E.), and General Science (G. S.). Also Special Courses. Unsurpassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories.

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A Department of Harvard University
Graduates of secondary schools admitted without examination provided they have taken required subjects.

Modern buildings and equipment. Large clinics give each student unusual opportunities for practical work. Degree of D. M. D. Catalogue.

EUGENE H. SMITH, D. M. D., Dean
Boston, Mass.

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AND

OXFORDS

All Leathers

At YATES'

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POPULAR MUSIC

can be learned in
20 lessons by Winn
Method.

Orchestra Practice for all Students

Summer classes are open
to Students for Enrollment now

BOSTON SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Room 10, 25 Broad St., Bangor, Me.

Phone 1107



There are thousands of persons to-day wearing glasses who owe everything they possess to the assistance glasses afforded them, and thousands upon thousands who are able to make their own way with the help of their glasses, who would otherwise be a burden, and they themselves condemned to a deplorable condition of partial or total blindness.

Again, there's hardly anyone who has made an important discovery or great achievement who has not found the service of a pair of glasses absolutely essential to the accomplishment of this success. May we not have the pleasure of a visit from you.

Arthur Allen Optical Co.

28 MAIN ST., BANGOR

In the drinking well
That the plumber built her,
Aunt Eliza fell,
We must buy a filter.
—Undertaker's Gazette.



L-v-j-y, '17 (comparing the adjective "ill"): Positive—ill, comparative—worse, superlative,—er-er dead.

M-r-e: "Hurry up with this meeting, I've got sixty lines of Virgil to do!"

McW—: "Oh, you can ride over that in a few minutes, old boy. Don't worry."

"Now, Miss B— has 'The King' in the first clause. What have you, Mr. Palmer?"

Palmer (waking suddenly): "Three aces!"

No Quarantine Necessary.

"I am delighted to meet you," said the father of the college student, shaking hands warmly with the professor. "My son took algebra from you last year, you know."

"Pardon me," said the professor; "he was exposed to it, but he did not take it."—Ex.

Wanted to Start Something.

Creditor: "Can't you pay something on account of that bill you owe me?"

Debtor (grouchily): "How much do you want?"

Creditor: "Well, enough to fee a lawyer to bring suit for the balance."—Ex.

Teacher: "Bring me your gum instantly."

Little Boy: Wait a minute, I'll get you a fresh stick.

"I am not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette, "but I can add to a boy's nervous troubles, subtract from his physical energy, multiply his aches and pains, divide his mental powers, take interest from his work and discount his chances of success."—Ex.

Mr. B—(in History): "There were two warring races in early Britain, the Picts and who else?"

Whalen: "Picks and shovels."

Bangor's "Old Glory" Headquarters CHARLES M. STEWART

Dealer in

FLAGS

Everything in the Flag Line. Flags, Banners, Staffs, Poles, etc. All sizes and qualities at Lowest Prices. Special Designs Made to Order.

Odd Fellows Building, 37 Park Street,

Bangor, Maine

P. O. BOX NO. 724

YOU can experiment and find good tires just as you can experiment and find good candy. But tire experimenting is more expensive—and it has already been done for you by many who have now settled on Kelley-Springfield Tires.



BANGOR MOTOR COMPANY

**Patronize our Advertisers
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