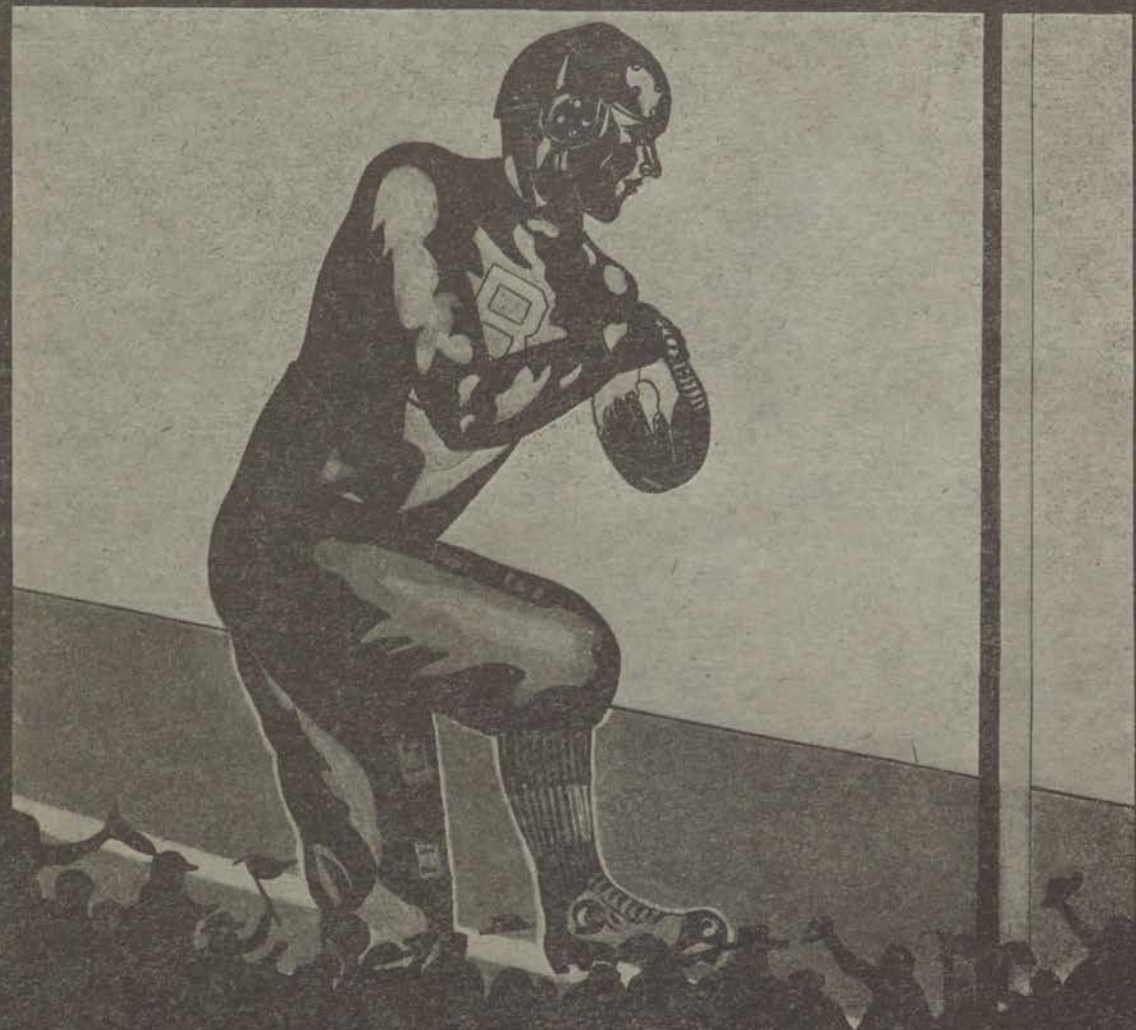


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ORACLE



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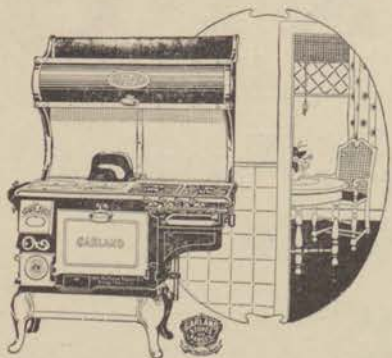
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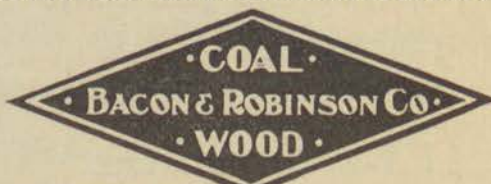
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NO. 2

EDITORIALS

"Knowledge Advances by Steps, not by Leaps."

Few of the pupils of Bangor High School fully appreciate their school paper, this paper, The Oracle. Really to appreciate it one should stop and think. The Oracle, as you are continually being told, is among the leading school papers in the country. Do the students of Bangor High have any idea of the subscription prices of the other leaders? A comparison will show anywhere from fifty per cent. to one hundred per cent. higher prices.

The Exchange departments of papers that exchange with the Oracle will give an idea as to the Oracle's standing among school papers in regard to its work.

The low subscription price of the Oracle is due to two things, the support of its publishers and the support of Bangor merchants.

The publishers have given the Oracle every possible benefit in every line, in purchasing of paper, in printing, and in binding. Sometimes this has resulted in inconveniencing the publishers, as it did last month. Owing to labor readjustments much work was left over. The Oracle was taken and run out as rapidly as possible, for which the Oracle Board is very grateful.

The merchants of Bangor have given the Oracle their support by advertising in it

very generously.

As for the Oracle's standing in other schools, the pupils of Bangor High are responsible. By loyally supporting the paper they have placed it at, or at least very near, the head of the list of school papers.

We hope the pupils duly appreciate the outside aid and help it to boost the Oracle!

The recent trans-continental flight of army aviators has started a great deal of speculation as to the possibility of a trans-continental air-

Aerial Travel ties of a trans-continental air-

Two routes naturally suggest themselves from New York to San Francisco. The first might go through the central part of the United States taking in Pittsburg, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Topeka, Kansas, Denver, Salt Lake City and Carson City, Nevada. A route taking in these points would give three or four hundred-mile legs to the journey.

Another route would be through Cleveland, Chicago, Minneapolis, Bismarck, North Dakota, Yellowstone National Park, Boise, Idaho, and Portland, Oregon. This route would give practically the same distances as the first between stopping places.

The time for such a trip would probably be about thirty-six hours for passenger

planes. The shortest time for actual flying in the trans-continental race was twenty-five hours, eleven minutes, eight and one-half seconds, and was made by Lieutenant M. B. Maynard, flying from New York to San Francisco.

At least eleven hours would be consumed in overhauling a passenger plane at the different stopping places; that is, if one plane were used. If a plane were on each leg of the journey the same amount of time would be lost in making transfers.

All this, of course, would depend on the weather conditions. It is possible to fly in bad weather, as was demonstrated on the Western front during the war and by the NC-4 on her trans-Atlantic journey, but if a high wind were blowing against the plane it might be impossible to start up.

Science has proved that at high altitudes are found winds blowing opposite to the winds at a lower altitude. This fact, then, would enable a plane to continue its journey regardless of "surface" winds, if it could rise through them.

Major Schroeder of the United States Army, holder of the world's altitude record, has advanced a theory that at a height of nearly six miles, the winds blow with great velocity from west to east. He advanced this theory after being blown from Dayton to Canton, Ohio, while his plane was headed west. This happened at the time he made the altitude record.

If this theory is ever proved to be true it will greatly lessen the flying time from San Francisco to New York, which at present is twenty-five hours, thirty-three minutes and fifty-seven seconds; the record made by Captain J. O. Donaldson in the trans-continental race.

So much for the trans-continental routes. Before these come, however, there will be shorter lines radiating from the larger cities of the United States.

Some of these lines are already estab-

lished on a passenger carrying basis, while others are simply mail carrying lines. The day is not far off when the principal cities of this country will be joined by fleets of airplanes running on a regular schedule.

Other countries are not idle in this line. Great Britain has proved the practicability of air transportation to France, by carrying her ministers to the Peace Conference by airplane. It is reported that a company has been formed to open a London to Suez line. This line, as planned, would include in its stops, Paris, Marseilles, Rome and Athens. Whether this route would be covered by planes or dirigibles has not been reported.

Germany has completed a dirigible which has carried forty passengers three hundred and seventy-five miles. Hot meals were served during the voyage, which took six hours. Germany plans to inaugurate a service between Berlin and New York City with airships of a similar type. Present plans are to have the first flight take place within a year.

The whole world is taking great strides in this matter of aerial transportation. The United States is now one of the leaders and it seems as though she ought to be able to be the leader.

Within the last three months the United States has seen four of the biggest strikes ever called on this continent

The Red Influence First was the strike of the Boston policemen, which, though not involving a great number of men, involved a great principle. The question of the right of a law enforcing body to place itself under other organizations than the recognized government, has apparently been settled, in the negative.

The printers' strike was started in New York City by a local union that had lost its standing with the American Federation of Labor because of unpaid dues. The members of this union made demands on their

employers, who refused to treat with members of a union not in good standing with the A. F. L. A general sympathetic strike of printing unions followed.

The employers immediately closed their shops and demanded that only members of unions in good standing be allowed to return to work.

This demand is the direct opposite of the employers of the striking steel workers. These employers demand that they be allowed to keep an "open shop"; that is, a shop where union and non-union workers have an equal chance. The printing offices, if the employers' demands are granted, would be "closed shops."

The demand of the steel operators for an "open shop" was one of the reasons why a strike was called.

Latest on the list of great strikes is the strike of the coal miners, called at midnight October 31. This strike is far the most important of our history. In spite of requests of the Federal government, and an injunction issued by the Federal courts preventing the officers of unions from leading the men, they went on strike.

At the bottom of this, and other strikes, there appears to be the work of a few radical leaders who are never satisfied. The fact that the men went out in face of all efforts of the government would indicate that somewhere there is a Bolshevik leader.

During the steel strike it was reported that at Gary, Indiana, some men had been arrested by Federal authorities for complicity in the bomb outrages of last May. It was also reported that bombs of a kind similar to those used in May, besides some literature indicating Russian connections, were found. When one recalls that Gary was the scene of much rioting, it seems reasonable to suppose that the two different attempts on law and order were not unconnected.

Now, to speak about a few things in the coal strike. Who but a radical of the most

pronounced type would think of carrying out such a preposterous idea? A strike affecting a whole nation must eventually fail. To walk out in the face of the government is to walk out in the face of the people; and if the people do not support a strike, how long can it last?

Another phase that the miners have overlooked is that they are not injuring their enemy (?)—Capital—for, as one of their conservative leaders told them, "You cannot injure the capitalists. Those who have money can provide against anything you may do. It is the poorer people and yourselves who will suffer."

It is up to the real, honest representatives of American labor to lead their followers away from the darkness and chaos of Bolshevism whither the Red agitators are leading them.

The printers' strike brought about at least one undreamed of result. The Literary Digest, a weekly "current events" magazine, has continued to appear regardless of the lack of typesetters. The magazine adopted a process hitherto untried.

Each page was written on a typewriter in the form it was to appear in the magazine. Photographs of the pages were made and from these electrotype plates were made. The second part of this process is used in book-printing.

Experiments are being made as to the advisability of continuing this method. If suitable improvements can be made this would eliminate a great deal of costly labor.

One of the improvements needed is a typewriter capable of making both sides of the column as even as they are in a paper set up by hand.

A late report has it that a special typewriter which will do that thing has been used on another magazine.

Necessity is the mother of Invention!



" 'Tis in Books the Chief of All Perfections to be Plain and Brief."

FALSE GODS

Mildred M. French, '20



BOB PRESCOTT strode wrathfully home in the darkness. If that wasn't just like a girl! Just wait, he'd show Ruth Barton! Thought she could put it over on him, did she?—just because she'd put her hair up!

"Gee, she hain't half as pretty as Janice," thought he.

Thus is seventeen. Robert Prescott was no exception to the rule.

Janice Hale was pretty though not at first glance. She had unusually fine features and pretty though not curly hair. She was studious and, strange to say, good fun, also. Ruth was different. Of medium height, with curly hair and blue eyes, no other girl was quite so much in demand as this happy-go-lucky young blonde who thought as much of a D as Janice of an A. Though pretty and popular, she was not however, strictly speaking, true blue. She had gone to more parties, upon more hikes, to more corn roasts with Bob than with any other boy; but tonight— What was it she had said with that gurgly little laugh?

"Oh, Bobby Prescott? He's just a dear but he's only a kid in short trousers," and Bob, coming home from the lecture had heard it.

Guessed he'd show her!

Bang! went the front door. A few min-

utes later, Bob, standing in the doorway of the pleasant Prescott living-room spoke:

"Dad!"

"Yes?"

"There's a peach of a suit in Nutter's windows."

"Yes? What about it?"

"I think I need a new one."

"What's the trouble with that?"

"Er-r-r I've worn it three years."

"It looks well now."

"But look at those sleeves! And short pants!" Seventeen's scorn is terrible.

"Well, I don't see but what it's all right."

"But the suit is only thirty."

"We'll look at it next week."

"I'm usher at church Sunday and—"

"Well, well, we'll see about it."

Saturday evening the "peach of a suit" hung in Bob's closet.

"I don't believe you'd better wear it tomorrow," said Mr. Prescott, as he and his son went downstairs.

"Why not?" Had a thunderbolt struck him Bob could not have felt more surprise. Buy a suit for Sunday and then not wear it.

"I rather think I'd wear it round home once or twice first."

"But what's—?"

"Suit yourself, son, suit yourself."

Sunday dawned clear and bright. Hastily eating his breakfast, Bob, whistling

"They go wild, simply wild over me," hurried upstairs to dress. Laid out on the bed was the new suit, the only thing necessary as far as Bob was concerned until—

"For heaven's sakes—Ma! Ma!"

"Yes."

"Where is my shirt?"

"Your what?"

"My shirt, s-h-i-r-t!"

"Which one?"

"The one I bought yesterday."

"I haven't seen any."

"Seen any? I didn't say ANY I said the one I bought yesterday! Never mind! I've got it!" Mrs. Prescott continued picking up the dishes.

"Ma!"

"Yes, dear."

"What have you done with my stockings?"

"Your stockings?"

"Yes, my green stockings!"

"Why I haven't seen them. When did you wear them last?"

"Wednesday night."

"Did you look in the closet?"

"Yes!"

"Are you sure they aren't there?"

"Yes!"

"You are sure of it?"

"Well, I shouldn't be hollering to you if I weren't."

"Look in father's room."

"I have and they aren't there."

"Oh, Bob," said Mrs. Prescott, as she went upstairs, "I do hope the time will come when you'll know where your things are. A great boy your age."

"O, help me find them and say nothing!"

"You didn't put them back in the drawer?"

"No!"

"They aren't on the floor in the closet?"

"No!"

"Have you looked in the bed?"

"For goodness sakes! That was four

nights ago. It isn't likely they are there now." Bob a picture of misery, leaned on the window sill.

"Well, I'm sure I don't know where they are. You'll have to take care of your things. I must get ready for church."

"But you—for—"

"Robert Prescott, you just come here. Look in that closet! No! on the floor, right down there! I don't believe you ever hung them up!"

"Well, I'm gum swizzled, so they are!"

"Is there anything else you can't find?"

"No-er-thanks."

Mrs. Prescott proceeded to dress for church.

"Mum!" cautiously, from the next room, "You don't know where my shoes are, do you?"

"No."

They weren't in the closet this time, Bob was sure of that.

"Gosh, all hang it! it's funny I can't find a thing where I leave it! Why can't mother let my things alone?"

"Well, I can't find them!"

"Did you black them?"

"Oh, I know." Downstairs flew Bob, down into the cellar where side by side, were the shoes blackened the night before.

At nine fifteen dressed in his Sunday best, Bob emerged from his room and hurried downstairs.

"Bobby!"

"Aw—"

"Bobby Prescott! You weren't going to church without showing your mother your suit!"

"Well, aw—don't!" Bob backed hastily to the wall. Couldn't she see that anyone could look right in. "I've got to be at church at quarter of. Good-by!"

Godlike was Bobby as, head in the air, not unconscious of the new suit and a-hem! hat, he hastened his steps toward church.

Church, Oh the agony of it, the signifi-

cant glances between the girls, the shame of it!

"Spit cat!"

"No, no, nearer front, please!" gasped a little old lady, frightened at the abrupt stop of her young cavalier.

"Yes, M'am."

The sermon had begun when Bobby was conscious that someone was behind him.

"No, thank you, Bobby. I like your suit awfully well." Janice Hale gave that young man a smile that sent him in the fourth realm of heaven and quietly passed down the aisle.

"Some different from Ruth," thought Bobby. Ruth, knowing that Bobby was to

be usher on the left had gone down the right aisle.

"Say," whispered Bob to Merle Bolton, "isn't Janice a peach, though?" The young man addressed gave him a withering glance as he said:

"Really waked up to the fact? Thought you were dead gone on Ruth."

"Oh, no, never!"

"Well, son, how's the suit?" asked Mr. Prescott as Bobby came in from Sunday school.

"You might have told a fellow to wear it round home first, I think. By gum, you may think it's funny but I don't see anything to laugh at!"

Such is seventeen!

THE D.D.'s STORY

By G. William Rowe



If he had only been an M. D. or an LL. D. or even a D. V. S. instead of a seemingly very pious and unworldly D. D., his ardent enthusiasm might have appeared in an entirely different light. But the Fates had decreed that Doctor of Divinity he must be and D. D. he was. Don't conceive from this preamble that we were in any way disappointed with the new minister—every boy in town who was fortunate enough to get really acquainted with him promptly and colloquially classified him as "Some guy!"

But this appellation was not given Mr. Snowdon until after the events with which my story has to deal had taken place.

Mr. Snowdon, or rather Doctor Snowdon, had come to our little town of Carterville early in the summer. Thus we boys had seen very little of him up to the time school started in September. And with the opening of school we had little time to think of anything besides football. Practice started on the first afternoon of the sec-

ond week of school and we were too busy then with tackling, punting, and passing to notice who was among the crowd watching us from the side lines. We had no coach but worried along quite creditably with our own signals, and had, according to our ideas, worked out a very formidable offensive in former years. Toward the end of our first afternoon's practice we made up an eleven and ran through some of the plays we had used the fall before. One of the most successful of these had been a fake punt in which the quarter took the ball through tackle. This play had been worked frequently for substantial gains and we turned to it as to an old friend. "Chub" Watson, quarterback and captain of the team, had just rattled off the old signal, "Nine, eleven, forty-six," and grabbed the ball, when we were startled by an authoritative shout.

"Hey, you! Get down, DOWN and bore that line! Look alive!"

Now Chub thought he knew what he was doing and about how to do it so he rather

resented this uncalled for advice. Turning toward the direction whence the voice had come he saw—not a town “wiseacre” as he had expected but a very excited gentleman, clad in the conventional black of the clergy. This particular specimen was about six feet three inches of the huskiest ministerial variety that ever attempted sky piloting for a regular job. He wasn’t more than thirty and really worth looking at. His somber raiment set off his fine figure and alert, kindly face to perfection. The eyes of the whole team were on him by now but that didn’t seem to disconcert him in the least. Without a bit of hesitation, “D. D.” began telling us how the game should be played. Of all the fans, before or since, I never saw one that knew the game as he did. Needless to say, we were not unnecessarily reticent in unanimously electing him coach. And that is how Carterville High got its first and only “Coach, D. D.” and I got my little story with which I shall at once proceed.

“D. D.,” as we all called him, soon became good friends with every member of the team, for he was a man of the kind you read about—one whom you simply couldn’t help liking. I often called on him at his study to talk over football matters. Of course, the town folks were pleased at this result of our new coaching acquisition, although they hardly knew what to think of a minister acting in such a capacity as football coach. On the whole, with the possible exception of certain mossbacked parishioners, who wouldn’t approve of anything anyway, the town was quite well satisfied with our luck.

But it was about “D. D.’s” study that I was going to tell you. I must confess that I had never been in any other minister’s study and yet, from the moment I entered this one I somehow seemed to sense that “D. D.’s” wasn’t exactly according to specifications. To be sure there were books everywhere, books in the high bookcases

along the wall, books on the table, and a regular barricade of books on the top of the rolltop desk. But books did not furnish the entire equipment or decoration of this extraordinary room.

Ranged about the wall were trophies such as you might expect in the glass case near the door of a college gymnasium. In one corner hung a battered football, flanked on one side by a tattered canvas jacket, such as the old timers used to wear to go with their sprightly young moustaches, and on the other a dilapidated pair of cleated shoes seemed fairly bursting to tell their story. Opposite these, on the corner bookcase, stood a huge silver loving cup, inscribed to the champion drop kicker of many seasons ago. Tacked to the wall were various time worn banners whose faded colors had once inspired that almost superhuman burst of energy that wins. But strangest of all these trophies was a goodly tuft of coarse white hair that might have been anything from a sample of Rip Van Winkle’s well known beard to the flag on the easternmost projection of a buck deer going west. This had been the cause of considerable conjecture among the fellows, from time to time, but I happened to be the lucky one to hear all about it.

One afternoon toward the latter part of our very successful season I had dropped in on “D. D.” to ask him a few questions about a new play he had been showing us. Finding him in a reminiscent mood, I decided that if I was ever going to find out about those trophies I must take time by the forelock, gird up my loins for action and proceed at once. After asking a few tentative questions to sort of get the coach’s mind on the subject of past deeds, I “kind of wondered where he had ever collected all his specimens of football prowess.” Suffice it to say that I never had any idea of the tales there could be in a few souvenirs. For an hour or more he regaled me with stories of the good old days

when he had played the game. He certainly could spin a yarn. Those dilapidated shoes and that tattered moleskin jacket had stories seemingly as long as President Wilson's "History of the World War." They had figured in the great football battles of a decade past with all the trimmings. The battered football was the one he had booted for a field goal and an intercollegiate championship when his team was struggling in the last minute of play to break a scoreless tie,—with the ball on the sixty yard line. After he had recounted the stories of these trophies and was listening to my wondering "Oh's" and "Ah's" he caught sight of that little tuft of hair hanging between the banners of Army's grey goat and Eli's bulldog.

His sudden exclamation brought me to my feet.

"Dave," he fairly shouted, "Never mind that junk but look here at the sole remaining semblance of the winner of the famous Western Interscholastic 'way back in '01. It has the richest story yet, a story so good that you probably won't believe it. But if you want to hear a real football story, that hair furnishes the very best subject I ever heard anything about."

"Why, 'D. D.,'" I said, trying to make my interest appear normal, "you know that I've wondered a hundred times what that tuft stood for and now that you want to unravel the mystery far be it from me to stand in your way."

"D. D." laughed at this and started his narration:

"Perhaps you have never heard, Dave, of the Bismarck High School team that won the Western pennant for North Dakota in the year that Griffith's boys won the American League Championship for Chi. The story of that team is a long and interesting one but I must leave some of it untold so that I can give you the story of our biggest—and luckiest game.

"We surely had a powerful team that

year, and we played real ball all through the season. Toward the first of November we found ourselves state champions. Then, much to our surprise, we received a challenge from the Detroit Central High challengng us to a game for the Western Championship which they had taken the previous year. We accepted, rather doubtfully, and agreed that Milwaukee should be selected as the neutral field. This entailed a long, hard trip but our expense money was guaranteed and we had a wonderful opportunity to show what kind of stuff we had. We found out, but it wasn't the stuff that we relied on that showed up for a victory.

"It was quite customary in those days for each team to have a mascot, so, to keep up with the times, we had procured a big grizzly grey billy goat. He had been with us to every game and surely had been anything but a jinx. The Western Championship wouldn't be a game at all without 'Bis', we thought, so we arranged to have him comfortably transported to Milwaukee.

"Our trip went along in the usual way that football trips go, except, perhaps, that the excitement was more intense than usual. Every once in a while one of the fellows would go forward to the baggage car where 'Bis' had a corner sectioned off for a stall. 'Bis' seemed in high spirits but we feared for his welfare after he had chewed up the ribbons and banner we had tied around his neck. Once an unwary brakeman stood too long in front of 'Bis'' corner and had to be picked up from the opposite corner of the car. Our mascot gave us plenty to talk about and saved us from worrying over the forthcoming game, so we reached our destination in the pink of condition.

"There was some difficulty in finding accommodations for 'Bis' at the hotel but we finally arranged quarters for him in the basement. He behaved quite docilely, probably reflecting on his past sins or plan-

ning some new offense. I have reason to believe that it was the latter.

"Well, the great day came, as all days will, and we found ourselves at the field surrounded by a huge, restless, shouting crowd. The big game had attracted people from almost every state in the West—a record attendance, in fact.

"The day was perfect for football; hardly a suggestion of a breeze stirred the lazily shimmering folds of the championship banner which hung from the tall flag pole at the farther end of the field. Great grey clouds overhung the sky, shutting out the direct rays of the sun. The tingling, sparkling coolness of mid-November sent the blood rushing through our veins as we stood waiting for the captains to toss for position.

"Detroit won the toss taking the northern goal and the ball. We kicked off to their fifteen yard line and their man took the ball for five yards more before 'Croak' Crogan got him. The great game was at last a reality.

"The first period was played by both teams in as near perfect form as a high school team can play. Both teams were heavy and skillful, both had had the advantage of good coaching—they were indeed well matched. Thus, the first period was mostly a matter of probing the opponent's line to find the weak spot in his defense and to hammer that spot for all it was worth. The ball went back and forth across the field by forward passes and rushes, never getting within less than twenty yards of either goal. Once Detroit attempted a field goal but was cleverly blocked, losing several yards. Once also 'Whitey' Black, our flaxen haired right half, circled the end for a fifteen yard gain but after that the ends were as carefully guarded as the front yard of a bull dog's kennel.

"The second period began. It was our ball on the thirty yard line. By a series of strategic rushes we managed to reach the

Detroit ten yard where their line stuck and refused to allow us another yard. We failed to make our distance and lost the ball. Detroit punted out and the play was carried back to mid field. The game settled down to a long grind of watchful waiting, a grim battle of brawn against brawn and brain against brain. It was no longer a question of which team could play the better game—the question was which team would weaken first.

"At the end of the half the score stood 0 to 0 and we were mighty glad to withdraw for a fifteen minute rest. 'Bis,' tied to a stake by a short rope, seemed still confident that we would win, showing his appreciation of our excellent playing by sundry friendly shakes of the head and playful bunts at imaginary adversaries. As the timekeeper's whistle blew we earnestly begged 'Bis' to help us make it a win—a proposition which he gravely answered by chewing up half the sleeve of a perfectly good sweater which one of the boys had left within reach.

"We started the last half with a grim determination to win. In looking over the matter in later years I have come to the conclusion that the Detroit boys must have made a like and no less grim decision for we were unable to gain. There followed another period of see-sawing with some hard fought gains and no spectacular plays. It was just a matter of bucking the line to dent it if possible but to break it we could not. So we passed on without gains to the last period.

"That last period will go down in the history of athletics as one of the most interesting ever played. Desperately we inched back and forth over that fiercely contested field, straining every nerve and sinew to the utmost that we might break the tie and take the pennant. Things had begun to look rather hopeless when at last we found the Detroit left tackle wavering and shot 'Whitey' through for a twenty yard run.

We followed this by several sharp drives at the line which carried us down to the Detroit twenty-five yard line. Here we were held for two downs by the line which had again become a stone wall in strength. The situation was critical. A minute and a half and the game would be history. It was our last chance. Sharply, decisively, came the signal for the goal from field, ball to "Chub" Oaks, one of the best kickers I ever saw on a prep school eleven. "Chub" was our quarter.

Straight as a die the ball came back from center, perfectly placed. "Chub" drew back a step and started to kick. The defending line wavered,—it nearly broke. Then, as I dashed forward to protect "Chub" from the oncoming enemy quarter I saw the "D" man start in astonishment as he paused to stare with wide open eyes over my shoulder for the briefest instant. But that instant was too long. I heard the welcome sound of shoe against pigskin and looking up, saw the ball rising in a great arc to drop over the bar and squarely between the posts. A wild furor of cheering broke forth from the stands, a grey shape

flashed past me and buried itself in the tangled mass of humanity that was our lines. "Time up" the referee's whistle shrilled and the game was over.

"A frenzied "Ba-a-a-a!" sounded just in front of me as the crowd surged on the field. As I looked a grey ghost emerged from the still somewhat entangled bunch of players. The ghost was none other than our beloved 'Bis.'

"It was he, who, in his ceaseless search for viands wherewith to tickle his insatiable appetite, had hit upon his halter rope—a morsel which had quickly disappeared down his hungry throat. It was he who, finding himself free and at liberty to do the service which his friends had asked of him: (to wit, to win the game), had dashed headlong across the field toward the melee and startled the "D" quarter into forgetting his job. 'Bis' was the hero, to him belonged the spoils but we didn't give him our new pennant for supper. Instead, I afterwards despoiled him of that tuft of hair, snipped from the end of his long, grey whiskers."

And all I could say to "D. D.'s" story was "Gee!"

The Pigskin Planet

The football seems a planet dark,
As through the air it's swirling;
The athletes are its satellites
Forever round it whirling.

Mounting heavenward through the blue,
Derision at man calling,
It reaches zenith, pauses, turns,
In graceful spiral falling.

When earth it nears the strife begins,
As proved by history's pages,
Strife will follow this "dark star"
Down through all the ages.

—James McAloon, '20.

THE SCARE

Edward M. Curran, '22



SCARED? Well, Fred was for a few minutes. His father always told him when he was scared to laugh the scare off. You know how it is yourself when you have been out in the dark, and a sudden queer sound makes your hair stand up. If you rush straight to where the noise is you will very likely find it a creaking limb or something else foolish, and you laugh right out, and that is the end of it. If you let the scare scare you, and don't go to see what it is, then it may stay with you a long time.

Well, that morning John and Fred Brown got up early while the stars were out, thinking to go down to the mouth of the river after some crabs. Just as they got to the corner of the schoolhouse, there came the queerest sounds, like falling, growling, and gnashing of teeth. John and Fred felt like yelling and running as fast as their legs would go. Something awful was going on in there. Just as they were go-

ing to run, Fred punched John. That was to remind him of what Fred's father had said about being scared. So they just gritted their teeth and started to climb in at the window of the schoolhouse.

About this time in the morning Phil Gallagher was going home. As he saw the boys crawling in the window he started to yell, "Thieves! Thieves!" The result was that many people rushed to the schoolhouse.

The boys kept right on going through the window, and made a dive for the noise in the darkness. Then—pshaw! The noise stood right up and put out a paw, and started to shake hands with John. John knew at once that it was Bill Jones' pet bear. Somebody had left the window open and the bear had crawled in.

By this time, the people were crowding around the window with a policeman; and John, Fred, and the bear were hauled out and explanations were made. Then everybody laughed. This shows that Fred's father was right.

THE MYSTERY

Gertrude Anderson, '20



THE Inn, as it is called, being the only one on the island, is a lofty structure, its broad windows facing the wide expanse of Atlantic water.

What a busy place it was, with an average of one hundred and fifty guests, for whose service were employed fourteen waitresses. These were all school girls; seven from a Maine College, three from the Massachusetts State Normal School and the remaining four from various Maine High schools.

The landress, a very ignorant woman, had a little girl of seven years, called

Emma, who spent the whole day at the little East shore beach, excepting for time to eat. In this way she met a little girl called Laura. They played in the sand, built pyramids, dug tunnels, played about the laundry, romped over the barnacled rocks near where the sea gulls "Keamed," and played in the halls of the help's quarters.

One day Ruth, one of the waitresses, came to the laundry where a large number of the girls had gathered, looking very pale and worried. This was an entirely unprecedented happening, as Ruth was a little vivacious being, not at all disposed to un-

happiness, so little and girlish for twenty. She loved to sing, play and dance and could recite Pollyanna to perfection. All the girls hovered about her to console and learn the cause of her looking so sad.

"Do you not feel well, Ruthie?"

"Yes, I feel well, but girls, do you know, I CANNOT find my sorority pin anywhere. I had it Sunday—wore it to chapel and I'm SURE I put it into my jewelry box. I thought yesterday I'd find it on one of my dresses but I've looked them all over without finding it, and I'm getting dreadfully worried about it."

"Have you looked down behind your dresser or swept your room?"

"No, but I always put it right in my jewelry box and it's not there. I really don't think it would do any good to sweep."

A few days later Ruthie's roommate found that some of her pins and a ring were missing; the pastry cook had lost some money and another sorority pin had disappeared. The girls were rehearsing their losses, one day in Emma's presence when the child said:

"Uh, I saw Laura with a little pin, er-r, with little round shiny things 'round it, er-r-h and er-r, a long pin with a stone in it and er-er a ring."

Ruth went down to Laura's cottage and told the mother of her loss, about which the mother talked with Laura later.

A few days passed and the girls spent evenings in the big room, discussing the matter.

They said: "We have only a week more here and we must get those children together and have it over with now. It will be the best thing for the children; for if one of them is inclined to take things that way, she should learn her lesson now."

So the next morning the laundry was the scene of an anxious girls conference once more.

Laundress: "The idea of accusing a little innocent child of such a thing."

Ruth: "We're not ACCUSING her of it but I want to find out if Emma didn't do it. You will feel all the better to see it cleared up."

Laundress: "'ll it's something 't no kid of mine was ever accused of before, is stealing; and I've had Emma lots of places 'n she tells people—I've heard her say, 'Mamma, don't allow me to steal.'"

Ruth: "Emma, dear, what did the pins look like?"

Laundress: "The idea of having such a time over a little ten cent pin—Lord, I could pay for the pins a dozen times."

Ruth: "Mrs. G.! a ten cent pin! I can't afford to lose a seven or eight dollar pin without making an attempt to find it."

Laundress: "I don't believe Emma knows anything about it, anyway!"

Ruth: "Emma, will you go down and ask Laura's mother to come up and bring Laura with her?"

* * *

Emma: "Er-r, she says, 'You tell your mother that Laura shall not come up there, and you can't see Laura any more, er-r, p'raps they're in her cellar—she had them down there.'"

Ruth: "Did you see Laura with the things down there, Emma?"

Emma: "Yes, and she told me, she frew them away up here, er-r, p'raps I can go out and find them."

Laundress: "Emma, if you're lying, I'll lick you. I'll give you the worst that you ever got, Emma, look me right in the eye."

Ruth: "Emma, I thought you didn't see Laura, when did she tell you that she threw them away, out back here?"

Emma: "'ll er-r p'raps I can find them."

Then all the girls feeling sure that the guilty party was in their midst, began to encourage her to hunt for the pins. IF ONLY they could get those pins before the

child lied any more!

Emma, returning: "Is this one of them?"

Ruth: "Oh, Emma, I'm so glad to get it back."

Laundress: "Where did you get it?"

Emma: "Out there."

Laundress: "Out where?"

Emma: "'OUT THERE!'"

Laundress: "Emma, if you'll go out and find the rest of them, I won't lick you."

Emma: "'ll p'raps I can. But, Mamma, don't keep at me!"

By afternoon all the pins were once more in possession of the respective owners. Of course, there was no question in the minds of the girls as to who put the pins where they were for Ruth said:

"Isn't Emma the little rascal!"

Bessie: "She's a RIDICULOUS little thing. I always thought she was a shy little thing, and she's so pert!"

Ruth: "Girls! you must not let this rouse you to dislike the child. Remember she is only a child who has not had the right training."

MAKING GOOD

By Soph, '22



UT why should I enlist, father?" protested Carle Ramsburg. "You know mother is dreadfully opposed to my joining the army?"

Dr. Frederick Ramsburg listened with disapproval to this unpatriotic speech of his nineteen year old son.

"Why should you enlist?" he repeated, ignoring the last statement. "Because it is your duty, my son. America needs all the men she can get to fight for her. The Germans are making a strong stand. See what it will mean to the whole world if they succeed in what they have undertaken."

"I know, father, but aren't there men enough without me? Mother says it is hard enough to have you over there in constant danger without giving another one from the family."

"No, Carle, there are not men enough. The Allies are doing their best but they cannot win without all the help that America can give them. Germany must be crushed and it remains for America to do it. Of course you cannot understand it all now, but you would if you had been where I have been and seen some of the

sights I have seen. It is terrible the way the Germans are destroying France and Belgium and murdering the innocent women and children."

Dr. Ramsburg had been in France and he knew just what the conditions were there. Shortly after the war broke out he had gone across with a number of other noted surgeons and had served faithfully in the Canadian base hospitals. While there he had, of course, seen many of the awful sights that meet the eyes of the surgeons near the front line trenches, but in his letters to his wife he had written only about the bright side of the situation, partly because a great many of the things he could have said would not have passed the censor and partly because his wife was not strong enough to hear about such things as were to him everyday occurrences. After a while his health gave way under the strain and he was allowed to return home in order to recover. When he had recovered sufficiently he at once made ready for his return to France.

By that time the United States had entered the war and on the evening before his return he had a long talk with Carle, telling him of the great need of men and ad-

vising him to enlist for Uncle Sam. His son did not respond as readily as he had expected. They argued the case for some time but Carle excused himself on the grounds that it would be too much of a shock for his mother for him to go, and finally Dr. Ramsburg gave up the attempt.

"I am sorry to find my son so lacking in patriotism," he said, at last. "Of course you know that I don't want to lose you any more than any other father wants to lose his son but I had a thousand times rather have my son killed in battle than have his name disgraced by the term, 'slacker.' Remember, it is up to America to win this war and she can never do it unless backed by every individual American. I wish you would think it over a little for I should hate to have my son called a slacker."

Dr. Ramsburg left the room and no more was said on the subject. The next day he left for New York from whence he would sail for France, and Carle returned to college.

Carle was, perhaps, the most popular boy in his class and in the rush of school affairs that followed his return he forgot all about his father's words. He was captain of the football team, class president, prominent in debating, and generally liked by all the fellows. However, there was one thing that he avoided and that was military drill. After the United States entered the war all the boys who wished to take it were given almost as thorough military training as they would have received in one of Uncle Sam's training camps. A great number of boys took this drill but Carle was busy with his other school affairs and he tried to persuade himself that it would do him no good as he did not intend to be a soldier.

To tell the truth, he did not want to enlist. He had been brought up in luxury and the hardships and privations of camp life did not appeal to him in the least. His

father's stories of life in the army had been thrilling but they were all marked by that spirit of sacrifice and love of country which were unknown to Carle. He was proud of his father, who was widely known in the medical circles of the country, but proud of him as a doctor, not as a soldier. In short, Carle was not interested in the army or anything pertaining to it. His father's talk had impressed him but little until the sinking of the May Malcolm, when he had reason to remember and reflect upon many of the doctor's words.

It was about a week after his father's departure when Carle, casually glancing over the headlines in the morning paper, read of the sinking of the May Malcolm. The paper nearly slipped from his grasp as he read the staring headlines, but he managed to hold it in his shaking hands till he finished the account which was so brief it finished reading the account, which was so brief it afforded him little satisfaction. It ran:

"The May Malcolm, a merchant vessel, now being used to transport U. S. troops, was torpedoed early this morning by a German submarine off the coast of England. On board were some surgeons, nurses, and a part of the — division. A few reached shore but the greater part perished. At present the exact number lost is not known."

The paper slid gently to the floor and Carle sat staring off into space, trying to comprehend what he had just read. The May Malcolm sunk! Many perished! Possibly his father among them! What right had those miserable Germans to torpedo a vessel his father was on? Oh, if he could only get at those Germans!

Here his thoughts were interrupted by the ringing of the bell for chapel. He hardly heard a thing that was said during the chapel period for his mind was far away. There was a noted speaker there

but Carle could not have told what the lecture was about. In fact, he did not know there was a lecture. He rose when the rest rose during the singing of something but he could not have told whether it was the "Star Spangled Banner" or the "Marseillaise." He was thinking about his father. Oh, if he only knew that his father had been saved! What effect would this news have on his mother?

He found out what effect it would have on his mother, when, later in the day, he received a telegram telling him to come home immediately as his mother was dangerously ill. The shock of the news had been too much for her weak nervous system.

By the time he reached home he had fully made up his mind to enlist but he did not enlist that day nor the next, for his mother's condition was such that the doctors said if he enlisted just then it might mean her death. So he waited until she was gaining before he approached her with the subject.

Those few days were days of torture for Carle. Everywhere he went he saw something to remind him of those last words of his father's, "I should hate to have my son called a slacker." These words ran through his mind day and night. If he went out of the house he was confronted by those big staring posters, "America Needs You—Enlist Now—Don't Be a Slacker!" How that poster bothered him! If he stayed in the house there was the picture of President Wilson that seemed to be looking accusingly at him all the time. He went to a lecture one evening but it was of a patriotic nature and every other sentence seemed to say, "I should hate to have my son called a slacker." This was too much for Carle and he left before the lecture was half over, went straight to the nearest recruiting office, and enlisted. He felt better after that was done. He did not feel quite so

much like a slacker as he had before and the posters no longer seemed to point directly at him. When, late that evening he went to his mother with the subject, instead of the fainting spell which he had expected, brave smiles came through her tears and she said, simply:

"Go, Carle, and God be with you! America needs you and I must not be the one to hold you back. Go, and may you be as true a soldier as your father was!"

The very next day after Carle left for the training camp Mrs. Ramsburg received a letter with a peculiar foreign postmark. Her hands trembled as she opened it but she gave a little cry of joy when she saw it was from her husband. It was dated the next day after the disaster. Mr. Ramsburg told of the sinking of the May Malcolm (at least as much as the censors would permit), and of how he finally reached shore, and cautioned them not to worry about him as he was all right and once more on his way to France. This letter greatly revived Mrs. Ramsburg and she soon brightened up and became her old self again. As for Carle, the deed was done by the time the letter reached him. He was already in the United States army.

Five months later found Carle Ramsburg somewhere in France on that part of the line held by the American troops. It was four o'clock in the morning, dark as a pocket, and there was a damp fog hanging over No Man's Land. All was quiet except the occasional booming of a big gun from the German side. The Americans were waiting for the signal to go over the top and capture some enemy machine guns that had been doing a great deal of damage. As Carle sat huddled up on the firing step waiting for the signal, he wondered what was coming next. This was to be his first experience in trench warfare and he wondered if he would come out alive. He thought of his frail little mother and

younger sisters at home and of his great strong father somewhere back of the line and wondered if he would ever see them again. He was not the only one who was quiet, for there seemed to be a hush over the whole line. Yes, the other boys were thinking of home, too.

Carle's thoughts wandered back to that evening just before his father's return to the front when he had said he did not want to be a soldier. Now, he could see again the expression of pain that had crossed his father's face and he could hear his voice ring as he said, "I should hate to have my son called a slacker."

"We'll get those machine guns," said Carle to himself. "Dad shall not have any cause to call me a slacker!"

And with this thought uppermost in his mind at the signal he went over the top.

In after years Carle could never tell exactly how it all happened. From the time he went over the top until the time when he found himself in the big base hospital

was all one blur. When he awoke in the hospital he was so confused he could hardly tell where he was. At first he thought he was in the trenches. No, he was going out into No Man's Land. There was the big machine gun and the three Germans defending it. There, two of them had fallen! Would they ever get that other one? Yes, the Americans were gaining—but Carle could remember no more.

Just then one of the Canadian surgeons came over to Carle's bedside. It was his father. Carle tried to sit up but the pain in his side compelled him to lie down again. He had smiled faintly as his father took his hand.

"Did we?" began Carle, weakly.

"Yes, you did, my boy," replied Dr. Ramsburg, huskily, "and I am proud of you. I knew my son was no slacker!"

Carle closed his eyes and with a sigh of content dropped off to sleep. He had made good.



A WORD ABOUT THE R. O. T. C.

There are three parties to the agreement which permits the establishment of an R. O. T. C. Unit. The student body agrees to furnish at least one hundred members; the institution agrees to comply with certain provisions of the law, and in turn the U. S. Government agrees to furnish Army personnel and equipment. The primary purpose of the R. O. T. C. and the purpose which prompted its creation by Congress is to train young men in the art of war, to educate them to a full appreciation of their duties as citizens, to fit them physically for those duties in order that they may be ready and fit to serve the National Government in any emergency. They may never be called, but what they may have

gained from the R. O. T. C. will serve them well in any civilian pursuit.

The agreement under which a unit is established contemplates that an institution will comply with the spirit as well as the letter of the law. The purpose of the R. O. T. C. must be served and constantly observed. The War Department will be quick to remedy the deficiencies for which its representatives may be responsible, and just as quick to take cognizance of the deficiencies which may originate with the institution. The R. O. T. C. may add to the attractiveness of a school advertisement and it is well that it should, provided the R. O. T. C. itself is made just as attractive as the advertisement.



LOCALS

"In the Great Inconstancy and Crowd of Events Nothing is Certain Except the Past."

The Senior class elections were held soon after the beginning of school. The nominations were as follows: For president, Henry Hersey, Granville Bond, Francis O'Connor and Miles Finnegan; for vice-president, Theresa Thompson, Ruth McCabe, Alice Coney; for secretary, Ruth Henderson, Pauline Turner; for treasurer, Thomas Jordan, Frederick Jacques, Bentley Hutchings. Those elected were: Henry Hersey, president; Theresa Thompson, vice-president; Ruth Henderson, secretary; Thomas Jordan, treasurer. A Senior member of the Athletic Council was voted for at the same time. Those nominated were: Blair White; Miles Finnegan, Francis O'Connor. Miles Finnegan was elected.

At the Junior election held not long ago, those elected were: John Frawley, president; Estelle Baumann, vice president; Ruth Black, secretary, and Roger Nickerson, treasurer. Those who were nominated, are: For president, John Frawley, Gerard Collins; for vice-president, Estelle Baumann, Charlotte Crosby; for secretary, Ruth Black, Ruth Clough; for treasurer, Roger Nickerson, Frank Condon, Robert Cochran, Edward Curran.

At the Sophomore election, the following officers were elected: President, Robert Collins; Dorothy Sawyer, vice-president; Isabel O'Connor, secretary; Ralph Largay, treasurer. Those nominated were: Robert Collins and Harold Harrington, for

president; Dorothy Sawyer, Kathleen Caulfield, Elizabeth Clough and Evelyn Coney for vice-president; Isabel O'Connor, Dorothy Black and Florence Harriman for secretary; Ralph Largay, Paul Davis and Robert Hutchings for treasurer.

It might be of interest to the school to know that the bound Oracles of former years may be found in the library behind the revolving bookcase. These may be read in the library but must not be taken away.

Exchanges, which the Oracle has finished using, are kept on the upper shelf in the library, at the right of the door. Students may read them before and after school and at recess, but not in study periods. Exchanges may be taken from the library, but should be returned.

The silver and scarlet banner of the class of 1918 is ready to be placed on the second floor and is a handsome addition to the banners of the school. It is well set back in its frame and shows to great advantage.

Many compliments are being bestowed upon the Bangor High School Band on account of the musical ability shown by its members. It is a comparatively new association, being formed in 1917, under the leadership of Harry D. O'Neil. At that time there were only twenty members, but now the roll includes forty-five enthusiastic young musicians. Much of the credit

for the rapid growth and advancement of the organization is given to Mr. O'Neil, Bangor's noted teacher and composer. Under his well directed instruction, Bangor High School Band has become one of the best juvenile bands in New England, if not in the country. In its travels the band has met with commendation everywhere, and all wish it the greatest success.

This year the music is to be held every Wednesday, under the direction of Mr. Sprague. There need be no confusion about the period taken by each class, as music comes in this order: Sixth period, fifth period, fourth period, and so on.

Miss Emily F. Lee is an instructor at the Misses Ely School at Greenwich, Connecticut.

Francis Shaw, xylophone soloist, has returned to Bangor High after spending a year at Jacksonville, Florida, where he played in Lucius Hosmer's Band.

Through Alderman Youngs' efforts, \$275 was raised among the business men of Bangor, for the purpose of sending the High School Band to Portland, at the time of the Portland-Bangor football game. Consequently, our band was sent and it helped a great deal to cheer up our boys and help them win a victory. The help of Alderman Youngs is appreciated throughout the school.

Friday morning, before we won that great game at Portland, a rally was called at Assembly Hall the first period. Manager Nichols and Mr. Jordan led the rally and the cheering was such that it left no doubt as to our support of the team.

Mayor Woodman attended the rally and spoke briefly to the student body about their attitude in school and out. He mentioned "team work" and said it could be as well applied in other school activities as in the games.

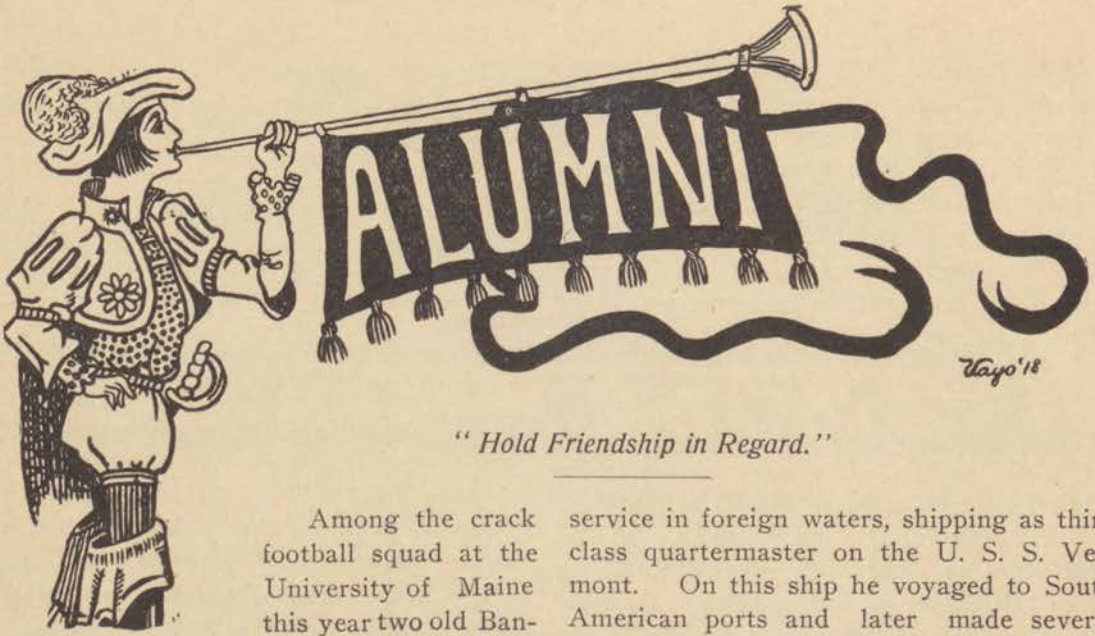
Sunday night, when the players and rooters arrived at Union Station from Portland, they were met by a crowd of joyful students, who with the help of the never-tiring band conducted them to West Market Square. A short but snappy rally was held there and Monday night there was cheering at the Bijou theatre.

On account of the Maine Teachers' convention, which was held at Portland, there was no school October 30 and 31. Classes were also dismissed at the end of the fifth period Wednesday in order that those teachers who wished, might leave for Portland, Wednesday noon.

The Junior R. O. T. C. poster, which has excited such favorable comment, was drawn by James McAloon, who is a talented worker in Miss Pfaff's art classes.

A great many posters are being completed in preparation for the Portland-Bangor game here. A large one of these in room 211, represented the combined efforts of a number of students who are taking the Free Hand Drawing Course.

In honor of the new teachers and as a farewell to those who completed their work last June, the faculty of Bangor High school gave a tea and reception at the home of Madame Beaupre, one afternoon not long ago. Miss Anna McSkimmon was chairman of the committee on arrangements and was assisted by Miss Mabel Humphrey, Miss Stasia Scribner, Miss Bernice Dunning, Miss Ethel Harrigan and Miss Madeline Robinson. Miss Nichols and Miss Parker aided in receiving and serving. Miss Nellie Worth and Miss Gladys Reed and Miss Margaret Holyoke, who are brides of the fall season, were presented with gold pieces. Miss Mary C. Robinson made the presentation speech. There were delicious refreshments and the whole affair was a most delightful one.



"Hold Friendship in Regard."

Among the crack football squad at the University of Maine this year two old Bangor stars are noticeable. These are John Quinn and George Smith. Mr. Quinn, a member of the sophomore class at Maine, has played the full season at right tackle. He was a strong player on the B. H. S. team as well as being president of the class of 1918. Mr. Smith has distinguished himself as a fullback in his first year at the University. "Fat," as he was known in B. H. S., was a popular member of the class of 1919, being a Junior Exhibition and Lyford speaker besides attaining prominence in Military and Athletics.

Bangor High graduates are proving themselves winners in their studies as well as in football. H. Vincent Smart, the Major of the B. H. S. Battalion last year and the leader of his class in scholarship, has won new laurels at Harvard University. In the first half of the fall semester Mr. Smart has succeeded in earning a scholarship, an accomplishment worthy of high praise.

Clarence Barker, a member of the class of 1918, who left his studies to answer the call to the colors in the Navy, has returned to Bangor. During the war he saw much

service in foreign waters, shipping as third class quartermaster on the U. S. S. Vermont. On this ship he voyaged to South American ports and later made several trips to France. After the armistice was signed he sailed to California, cruising along the coast of that state until this fall, when he returned to Boston, receiving his honorable discharge in the early part of October. Mr. Barker is at present employed at the establishment of N. H. Bragg & Sons.

Correction—In the Alumni columns of the October Oracle it was stated that Mr. and Mrs. David N. Beach, Jr., were receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Martha. Little Miss Beach is named Judith, not Martha, as was stated.

Several omissions were made last month in the list of those members of the class of 1919, who are continuing their studies in higher institutions of learning. These are as follows:

Miss Hazel Day is studying at Aurora College, in Aurora, Illinois.

Miss Edith Morse, school librarian in the school year of '18-'19 and a first lieutenant in Girls' Battalion last year, is a student at Boston University.

Miss Beatrice McMann is one of the class of 1923 at the University of Maine.

Percy Beatty, formerly a member of B. H. S., in the class of 1920, is now in the Senior class at Waterville High. Mr. Beatty has been very successful in athletics at Waterville, being captain of the football team this year. He is also vice president of his class.

The engagement of Magdalena Murray and Philip Jones, Ex-'14, has recently been announced. Mr. Jones was recently discharged from the Army, having served as a sergeant in the 103rd infantry of the 26th division. Later he studied in England, being one of the American Expeditionary Force students to take advantage of the university courses.

The engagement of Cordelia F. Carlisle, '15, and Lieut. Carl F. Holden, '13, has recently been announced.

A recent wedding of much interest to High School students was that of Miss Gladys Reed, '13, and Mr. Neal Merrill, '14. Both are graduates of B. H. S. and of the U. of M. Mrs. Merrill was for one year, a member of the Bangor High School faculty. Mr. Merrill is now a chemist for the Atlas Powder Co. of Webb City, Missouri.

Mary Hexter, ex '21, has entered Marymount at Tarrytown, N. Y.

Susan Sawyer, ex '20, has entered Walnut Hill, Somerville, Mass.

Charlotte Sanger, ex '21, and Geneva Burr, ex '22, are studying at Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

Bowdoin Nealley, ex '21, and Paul Springer, ex '20, have entered Phillips Exeter Academy at Exeter, New Hampshire.

Helen M. Davis, a graduate of B. H. S. in the class of 1918, and for one year a post graduate student, has entered Simmons College, Boston, Mass.

George Earle Mincher, '13, and Elizabeth Hayes Chapman, '13, were married Saturday, Oct. 25. After graduating from High School Mr. Mincher studied for two years at the University of Maine, being a member of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity. He enlisted in the aviation service at the outbreak of the war and was sent to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for training. He is now employed in the general office of the Maine Central railroad in Portland. The bride, after graduating from High School, has been one of the most valued librarians at the Public library. Her especial work was the direction of the children's department, where she was very successful.

Regina Wardwell, '18, after studying one year at Smith College, has entered Simmons College and is taking a four years' course in secretaryship.

Elizabeth Sawyer, '15, is secretary for Dr. Frizell of New York City.



"Victory Belongs to the Most Persevering."

FOOTBALL

Bangor High vs. Kent's Hill

On October the fourth, Bangor met Kent's Hill at Bangor in a hard fought game. Bangor started off with a rush and the way they plowed the heavier Kent's Hill line was remarkable; this, however, did not last a great while for Bangor seemed to be pounded down by the heavy Kent's Hill team which carried the ball toward Bangor's goal.

Bangor's score came early in the game, when "Jake" Toole got across for a touchdown. Kent's Hill's touchdown can be credited to one man, Doull, who played a star game. Doull intercepted a pass and ran nearly the length of the field.

"Jake" Toole and "Ted" McNeil both played good games and "Mike" Trainor can't help being a star. For Kent's Hill Watson, the quarterback, played a great game and Doull, the left end, showed up in wonderful style.

The summary:

Bangor (7)	Kent's Hill (7)
Harrington, Rogan...l. e.....	Doull
Thompsonl. t.....	Rand
Bondl. g.....	Phipps
Goldsteinc.....	Luce
Bullock, Maling...r. g.....	Brown
Sullivan, Cratty...r. t.....	Catland
Finneganr. e.....	Payne

Trainorq. b..... Watson
Toolel. h. b..... Houlton
McNeil, Macdonald

r. h. b.....McMann
McFadden, Carr...f. b..... Sweeney

Touchdown for Bangor, Toole, for Kent's Hill, Doull. Goal from touchdown, Trainor (1), Doull (1). Referee: Pratt of Bowdoin. Umpire, Guthrie of Maine. Headlinesman: Daley of Maine. Timers, Gillin and Weir of Maine.

Bangor High vs. Maine Central Institute

October the eleventh Bangor went to Pittsfield and trimmed up M. C. I. in good style. The field was not in the best condition but nevertheless Bangor came through.

Trainor starred again in this game. He showed that he is all sand, for his right hand was practically useless. "Jake" Toole as usual showed up well as a ground gainer. McNeil and Cohen played especially well in this game and Macdonald was a bit sensational, getting off for a 65 yard run. Harrington surely held down his end to perfection and Brickly Rogan ran circles around his opponent, being in on everything and recovering a fumble in a way that made everybody take notice. Sullivan was a stonewall on defense. Few ever saw a better game than he played. Maling certainly let M. C. I. know that he

was there, and Bacon, Cratty, Bullock, Goldstein all "played the game," also.

The summary:

Bangor (22) **M. C. I. (0)**
 Harrington, Swett l. e..... Gonya
 Thompson, Bacon l. t.....Oroake, Jacobs
 Wentworth
 Maling, Cratty, Hersey
 l. g.....Reagan, Moran,
 Jacobs
 Goldstein, Russell..c..... Withee
 Bullock, Johnson, Downing
 r. g..... Johnson,
 Lishness, Newhouse
 Sullivan, Vickery..r. t.....Fabbri
 Rogan, Morse....r. e.....Osgood
 Trainor, Doherty q. b. Emery
 Toole.....l. h. b.....McLellan
 Gallagher, McNeil, Macdonald
 r. h. b.....White
 Cohen, McFadden f. b...Goodwin, Genette,
 Ames

Touchdowns: Toole, Trainor, Macdonald. Goals, Trainor (1). Field goal, Trainor (1). Referee, Lanpher of Colby. Umpire, Daley of Maine. Linesmen, Haggerty and Hutchins. Timers, Dolliver and Smiley. Head linesman, Reilly. Periods, four 12 minute.

Bangor High vs. Old Town High

Old Town gave Bangor something to think about October the thirteenth, when she came to Bangor. During all the first half, Bangor was outplayed by the upriyer lads, but in the second half Bangor woke up and "came across." When the Bangor boys got started they were hard to stop.

"Jake" Toole played another of his star games. Trainor "was there," too. Rogan was a marvel out on his end of the line while Ted McNeil ripped big holes in Old Town's line. Thompson showed up wonderfully as he always does; Harry cannot be beaten. Cohen certainly plowed the line, and "Gander" McFadden made the line

of the opponents look like a piece of paper.

Lait was the star for Old Town. He certainly did rip through Bangor's line. He is a wonder on the offense and just as good on defense.

The summary:

B. H. S. (20) **O. T. H. S. (0)**
 Roganl. e.....Manson
 Thompsonl. t.....McKenzie
 Maling, Bond....l. g.....Moran
 Goldstein, Russell..c..... Avery
 Bullock, Johnson..r. g.....Babkirk
 Cratty, Hersey, Sullivan
 r. t..... Goldberg
 Morser. e.....McKennie
 Trainor, Doherty..q. b.....Fales
 Toole, Bacon....l. h. b.....Frasier
 Gallagher, McNeil, Macdonald
 r. h. b.....Lacher
 Cohen, McFadden..f. b.....Lait

Touchdowns, Toole, Trainor, McFadden. Goals from touchdowns, Trainor 2. Referee, Daley of Maine. Umpire, Guthrie of Maine. Head linesman, Mulvaney of Boston Latin. Linesmen, Wiseman and Cochran. Timers, Gillin and Rackliff. Time, 12 and 15 minute periods.

Bangor High vs. Portland High

On Friday, October 17, the football team left Bangor on the 1.45 p. m. train for Portland. The next day they beat Portland for the first time in seven years.

The game:

First period. Portland won the toss and chose to receive running with the wind. Ward received on his own 40 yard line, and ran back 15 yards. Portland at once began the skyrockets, Ward to Boothby, but the pass was incomplete. Ward carried the ball for six yards, then Mahoney kicked.

Now Bangor took the ball to show her power. Cohen hit the center for four yards. Macdonald made another. Bangor penalized five yards for offside. Toole made five; Cohen could not gain at center.

Thompson then kicked.

Mahoney and Flaherty tried a lateral pass and Flaherty got 18 yards. Ward made five more. Ward again slammed center for two. O'Connell followed and made first down. O'Connell tried the end for one. In two tries Ward could make only two yards at the center. Mahoney kicked.

Cohen ripped through Portland's line for three yards. Toole made another yard. Trainor fumbled but recovered. Thompson kicked.

O'Connell received, but was nailed in his tracks; next play he reeled off seven around the end; Mahoney made first down. Flaherty and Ward on line plays made only two yards. O'Hara replaced Small in Portland lineup. Flaherty thrown for two yard loss. Portland tried to pass without success.

Bangor's ball. Macdonald ripped through Portland's line for seven yards; Cohen made first down. Toole made two and Trainor added four. Thompson punted.

Portland's ball. Ward tried center for one, Mahoney added three. Portland tried another pass but could not work it. Portland penalized five yards, and the whistle blew. Period ended, Portland 0, Bangor 0.

Second period:

Portland's ball on Bangor's 40 yard line. Mahoney punted. On the first play Cohen tore through the line for five yards; Toole followed him for four. Trainor couldn't gain around the end; Cohen made the distance. Cohen, Toole and Macdonald again made the distance.

Trainor plowed through center for three; Macdonald pulled off six around the end; Cohen made first down. Toole thrown for loss. Cohen and Trainor made four; Macdonald made another four; Toole made the distance. Macdonald hit the line for two; Toole followed with four.

Now Bangor had the ball on Portland's

20 yard line. Trainor dropped back and kicked a goal from the 25 yard line. Bangor kicked to Portland.

O'Connell received and carried back 15 yards. Portland tried a pass but the ball went to Bangor on Portland's 48 yard line. Two rushes gave Bangor four yards. Cohen made two, then Toole gave the distance. Trainor in two plays reeled off five yards. Bangor was penalized ten yards for holding. Cohen and Macdonald added six, then McFadden relieved Cohen. Next play Bangor was penalized for starting before ball was snapped.

Period ended, B. H. S. 3, P. H. S. 0.

Third period:

Portland kicked to Bangor. The Crimson carried back ten yards. Cohen couldn't gain at center. Macdonald made six yards and almost got clear. Cohen piled up three more; Macdonald made first down. Cohen in two plays made two, then Toole pounded out ten. Cohen slammed through for five more; Macdonald added four; Toole made distance. Next three plays Portland held Bangor, then Trainor shot another between the goal posts.

Bangor kicked to Ward, who carried back 16 yards. A pass was nipped in the bud in back of the Portland line. Mahoney and Ward tried center for seven, O'Connell made two. Mahoney punted.

Bangor's ball. Toole and Cohen made two through center; Macdonald pushed through for six more; then Cohen made first down. Bangor was penalized five yards for offside. Toole, Macdonald, and Trainor followed, with two yards each. Thompson punted.

Ward received but was nailed in his tracks.

Hersey relieved Harrington.

Ward made four through center; O'Connell added six. O'Connell, in two rushes, made six then whistle blew. Period ended, Bangor 6, Portland 0.

Fourth period:

Portland's ball on her own 29 yard line, third down, four to go. Ward in, two rushes made distance. Ward and O'Connell in succession made distance. Mahoney made three; Ward, one; O'Connell, five; Ward, first down. (Portland, getting near Bangor's goal, Rooters yelled themselves hoarse). Two rushes by O'Connell, gave eight more yards. Ward made first down. O'Connell made two. Bangor was penalized five yards for offside—easy for Portland. Ward added another yard. O'Connell in two plays, made seven; Ward made first down.

Portland 20 yards from Bangor's line.

Ward 4, O'Connell 3, but fumbled—and Bangor recovered.

Bangor's ball, Toole, 4; Cohen, 1; Toole, 2. Thompson punted 20 yards.

Ball in Portland's possession, still within distance of goal, two minutes to play. O'Connell made one, next play Flaherty fumbled and Bangor recovered. Cohen made 1; Macdonald, 4; Toole, 1. Whistle blew and the game was ended. Bangor 6, Portland 0.

What followed reflects no credit on Portland spirit.

The summary:

Bangor (6) **Portland (0)**
 Finneganr. e.....Boothbay
 Sullivanr. t.....Greeley
 Bullockr. g.....Duraney
 Goldsteinc.....Reicke
 Bondl. g.....Kimball
 Thompson...l. f..F. Flaherty, Gribbin, Carr
 Harrington, Hersey

l. e....Small, Doherty,
 Trainorq. b.....T. Flaherty
 Macdonald.....r. h. b.....Mahoney
 Toole.....l. h. b.....O'Connell
 Cohen, McFadden..f. b.....Ward
 Field goals, Trainor 2, Bangor. Referee,
 Col. Farnsworth, West Point. Umpire,

George Tilton, Princeton. Headlinesman, Pat French, U. of M.; linesmen, Noyes, Bangor; Perkins, Portland. Time, four 15 minute periods.

Bangor vs. Old Town

October 25, Bangor went to Old Town to play the return game. Now Jerry Reardon, the Old Town coach, promised to give Bangor a beating when she came to Old Town. Something must have happened, because Jerry's prophecy didn't come true.

The field was rather slippery and hard to play on. Bangor had quite a few rooters. (Glad to see you. Come again).

"Mickey" Finnegan and "Mike" Trainor were the stars for Bangor. The whole team showed up to good advantage in spite of the slippery field.

The summary:

Bangor	Old Town
Finneganr. e.....	McKennie
Sullivan, Bacon, Cratty	
r. t....	Beaulieu
Maling, Bullock, r. g.....	Goldberg
Goldstein, Johnson...c.....	Babkirk
Bond, Downing...l. g.....	Morin
Thompsonl. t.....	McKenzie
Harrington, Hersey	
l. e.....	Manell
Trainor, Gallagher	
q. b.....	Fayle
Macdonald, McNeil	
r. h. b.....	Larcher
Toole, Bacon.....l. h. b.	
	Frasier, H. Lait
Cohen, McFadden	
f. b.....	I. Lait, H. Lait, Attean

Touchdowns, Finnegan, McNeil, Trainor.
 Goals from touchdowns, Trainor. Referee,
 Daley, U. of M.; Lait, Old Town High.
 Headlinesman, Linesmen, Kane and
 McLeod. Timers, C. Perro and Gillin.
 Time, four 12 minute periods.



"Those Who do not Read Criticism Rarely Merit to be Criticised."

One sunny afternoon two elderly gentlemen walked slowly down a street of the city of Bangor. They were tourists visiting the city. Strolling leisurely along, they noticed a large gray brick building from which was coming a steady stream of young men and women.

"This must be the high school," said one, "let's go in."

They entered, and, after wandering about through the halls, looking through the open doors and remarking about the beauty of the structure, came to the library and went in, curious to see what kind of books there were.

"What do you suppose all these papers are?" said the one who had previously spoken. "Why, they are the exchanges from all over the country, and even from Ireland, Hawaii and China."

"Well, some of them look interesting, let's read them," returned his companion.

"This 'Outlook' is a fine paper; the poems, especially 'The Greatest Sacrifice,' are unusually good; you should read it."

"Here's a very clever story, 'Cupid's Assistant,' in this paper (it's the 'Maroon and White'), and some fine jokes. Listen to this: 'Teacher: "Ignorant people ask more questions than wise ones can answer." Pupil: "No wonder so many of us flunk in our exams."'

"The 'Quill' seems to be a fine paper, but

I don't see much in it about Athletics. There certainly are some dandy stories, though."

"Here are some fine weeklies; 'The Scout,' 'The Breeze,' 'The Tiger Cub,' and 'The Spectator.' I see from this latter that they've started moving pictures in the Highland Park High School. I wonder if it will affect the interest in the school work."

"I like this quiet, unobtrusive looking paper, 'The Wyndonian'; like that sort of people, it is a prize winner. They are starting a very interesting continued story, 'The Death Trail,' in this number."

"The 'Tripod' is good, but why don't they have a few more jokes. It would put more life into the paper."

"What a unique but pleasing cover design! This essay on 'Happiness' is wonderful, it is much above the ordinary short essay found in school papers. Do you suppose a pupil wrote it, it seems to be the work of a much older person."

"This proves the fact quite thoroughly; a geometry shark out west has solved the problem of the age. Given two parts, right and left. To prove right is left. Proof. Remove the left figure, then right is left. The 'Spectator' from Waterloo is certainly one of the best"

"The 'Herald' from Holyoke has a fine Athletic department and the best of stories,

but it doesn't seem to consider a Table of Contents necessary nor does it devote much space to Jokes."

"The Breeze" from Center City has this "Test:"

A PUNCTUATION TEST

Without punctuation the following paragraph reads somewhat nonsensically, but, if you put in the proper punctuation you can turn the sentence into sense:

"Daily the sun sets in a bucket down in the valley primroses can be seen growing inside the piano are strings of dough bread is made and baked on top of the mountain it is cool in the spring time waits for no woman neither man will wait long enough to quench the thirst of the thirsty even on a wet day our steward can give a good and substantial remedy for the gout in toes is a terribly sore thing when trodden on even a worm will turn on a carrots carrot seeds will grow on turnips are leaves of iron tools are made for Moses was the daughter of Pharaoh's son and likewise the son of Pharaoh's daughter."

"The 'Red and White' is one of the best, it has better cuts than any other I have seen and is a very complete paper from its fine cover to its funny 'Pigeonville Politics.'"

"The 'Roman' is another paper that doesn't appreciate the need of a Table of Contents. Outside of that, however, it is one of the best and most complete of these

Exchanges; the joke department is unusually good. What do you think of this:

"Jack: 'Why did that school teacher break her engagement with that fellow?'"

"Tom: 'He failed to show up one night and she expected him to bring a written excuse signed by his mother.'"

"This paper has a very complete Alumni department and some excellent accounts of their football game. The 'Su-Hi' is a very interesting paper."

"The 'Eltrurian' from Haverhill is another fine paper, 'Knick-Knacks' is 'just too clever for anything.' The cuts at the head of each department are particularly good."

"Well, I guess it's about time to go, we'll have barely enough time to reach the station now."

"Yes, I suppose so but these Exchanges are so interesting I'd like to read more of them."

Speaking thus, our two friends left the building and hurried to the train.

None of the exchanges received this month contained comments on the "Oracle." This would lead one to believe that it is above criticism, for it is said that "no news is good news." However, there must certainly be some parts of the paper that may be improved so we would like very much to have our exchanges tell us "our good points, our faults, and our shortcomings."

THE SENATE

The first meeting of the Senate was held Monday afternoon, November 3rd, at 4 o'clock. Mr. Miller of the faculty, has very kindly consented to take charge of the debating for the year. A very enthusiastic meet took place. At the business meeting the following were elected:

William Rowe, President.

Paul Croxford, Vice President.


John Vickery, Manager.

Philip Oak, Secretary and Treasurer.

At the close of the business meeting a

Round Table discussion was held on "Present Day Labor Troubles." Each member showed that he had a good knowledge of the question and a very spicy discussion followed.

The society is limited to Juniors and Seniors. All who belong to either of these classes are urged to join. Although the membership is limited to thirty members there is still a chance for a few more. All who are interested will please speak to the president or Mr. Miller.



DEBATING



Girls' Debating Society

The Girls' Debating Society held a business meeting in room 207, Tuesday, October 14. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Josephine Clough.

Vice President—Elizabeth Chandler.

Secretary-Treasurer—Mildred French.

Two questions were chosen to be submitted for the Bates League Debate.

Pauline Aiken was voted in as a member of the society.

A meeting of the Girls' Debating Society was held in room 207, Tuesday, October 28.

The following were voted in as members of the society:

Louise Ayer, Rose Berson, Grace Bowden, Miriam Bunker, Dora Cohen, Faye Everett, Helen Fowle, Thelma Goodale, Zula E. Shorey.

It was decided that hereafter the meetings be held on Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock.

The program consisted of a Round Table discussion upon the subject of the need of a new high school in Bangor, the subject being divided into six topics: The need of a new high school, for what course it should be, whether coeducational or a girls' or boys' school, subordinate or independent of the present school, the location of the building and whether or not there should, if there were both a boys' and a girls' high school in Bangor, be rivalry between them.

Miss Chandler spoke of the need of a new

high school which is very evident. Miss Freese spoke of three locations for such a building; the site of the old Colonial, Hayford's field, and the corner of Spring and Harlow streets. Miss Clough favored a Commercial High school as the studies of that course are entirely different from those of the other courses which include essentially the same studies. She also spoke on the question of whether the school should be coeducational or not, saying that in some courses, as in the Domestic Science course being only for girls, there should be a school for girls taking such a course. On the other hand, however, the standards of a coeducational school are usually higher, there being greater interest and zeal on the part of both boys and girls. The subject of the new school being subordinate to or independent of the present one, was discussed by Miss French, who said that the question depended entirely on the school itself, of what kind of a school it was, whether coeducational or not and its location. Miss Largay, the last speaker of the afternoon, discussed whether there would be, if there were both a girls' school and a boys' school in Bangor, rivalry between the two schools, saying that rivalry between the two tends to create greater interest in school work; that there would be rivalry in each trying to put out the better school paper, and in having the better debating societies. There is, however, danger of the rivalry becoming antagonism.



"There is Nothing so Binding as Friendship of Companions-in-Arms."

Col. Guy G. Palmer inspected the Bangor High R. O. T. C. on Nov. 3. Colonel Palmer is the District Inspector for the New England District of the R. O. T. C., with headquarters at Boston. He was in command of the Summer camp at Devens last summer, and is remembered with a great deal of affection by the men who attended that camp. The Colonel was very favorably impressed with the Bangor unit. He says that Bangor has the necessary spirit and looks for a rapid improvement in the unit.

On the same morning that Col. Palmer was here commissions were given the officers of the battalion. Mr. Eaton made the presentation, and spoke of the fact that the officers were really, in a way, commissioned in the United States Army, and that hence the presentation was a far more important ceremony than ever before. Twenty-two men were commissioned in all—a pretty good indication of how the interest in military matters has increased in Bangor High School.

A new system of competitive rating for the companies has been instituted. The idea was copied from the method used at the R. O. T. C. camp at Devens last summer, and consists of a board in which there are five slits (one for each company), to represent thermometers, and a sliding de-

vice to represent the mercury. The thermometers read up to 100 per cent., the highest rank, of course, which any company can attain. This board is changed daily. There is another similar board on which the general average for the entire year is kept.

The Second Company, to which the boys from Bangor belonged at Camp Devens, was the winner of a handsome silver cup, the prize awarded to the company having the baseball championship of the camp. As this company was made up of boys from New Bedford, Mass., Stamford, Conn., as well as those from Bangor, there was some uncertainty as to who should have the cup. It was finally decided that it should be the property of the captain of the team, who happened to be from Stamford, but that he should send it around to all the schools represented in the company. It has been here this fall, and has been on exhibition in Capt. McCord's office.

The military work this year has been retarded somewhat by the slow arrival of supplies. There has been some difficulty in securing enough small sizes, such as are required in a high school; and in making up the shipments supplies had to be gotten together from more than one army post. This has caused delays, so that the whole battalion is not fully equipped as yet.



"Wit and Judgement Often are at Strife."

Time, The Trickster

I feel like the oldest man in the world.

Blurred and misty the years present themselves in a dim line that stretches from eternity to oblivion. I have lived so long that I can smile at what once was tragedy and weep at the recollection of scattered laughter.

I am one with the Limbo of withered roses, and songs that are sung no more. I am a still chip on the placid backwater of life, a chilled ember flickering in the gray ashes of the past. I am a book with torn cover and yellowed leaves; I am a desiccated atom in the crawling ferment of life.

The Leaning Tower of Pisa is a new skyscraper and Methuselah's cat a new-born feline by comparison.

I feel like the oldest man in the world.

I have just been listening to one of our new Freshmen reminiscing of the days "when he was a kid."

J. M. '20 (may be)

Miss T-'20 (in Latin): "Aeneas saw Hector holding hands with Priam."

Miss W-'20 (in Latin): "The people would be 'conquerous' in war."

Miss D-'20 (translating "n'entendit point"): "Didn't get the point."

Mr. H-'20 (translating "Otez votre pied"): "Take your foot off."

Miss T-'20 (In Latin): "Aeneas fastened his eyes on the city."

Mr. M-'20 (in French): "The shining man—" (L'homme lumineux).

Mme. B—, (to Carl Trainor): "You are such a wonderful football man, Mr. Trainor, I should think your French would be better." Watch your laurels, Mike!

S says he's glad to get back!

H e sure is going to stay—

A nd let us hear the xylophone,

W henever the band will play.

Glad to see you, Francis!

Christmas, '20—"I could teach you more Latin than you could learn."

Meade, '20—"Yeh, hog Latin."

Why does E. Starrett, '20, carefully explain to everyone, who mentions the Bangor vs. Lewiston game, that Lewiston only had two days' practise?

Miss R—"Did you slam your desk cover down?"

Mr. C-'21: "I don't know. I wasn't listening."

Miss R—'22 (in English): "The typewriters, after having eaten their luncheon, began clicking merrily again."

Ask A. Coney, '20, when she is going to let us have a little snowy weather.

Miss L—'20 (in French): "When he was fifteen days old, there was not a knight capable of competing with him."

Miss F—'20: "How far do we have in this?"

Miss H—'20: "Just what she gave out."

Freshmen, freshmen, green and gawky,
Sophomores, sophomores, stiff and stinky,
Juniors, juniors, pure and sweet,
But the SENIORS can't be beat!

E. S. '20.

Mme. B—"Why is the city's name 'Bordeaux?'"

Oak—'20: "Because it is famous for wines."

R. S.—'20: "Please tell me what 'littotes' is."

Miss R—(who doesn't understand the word): "Show it to me."

R. S.—"I haven't any."

Miss W—(in Latin): "Put into direct discourse. What was Caesar's English?"

Miss F—(in Anc. History): "What does 2000 B. C. mean?"

Trainor—'23: "Two thousand years before Columbus."

Mme. B—(in French conversation): "Whom did you play in football last Saturday?"

C. Trainor—'20: "The children of Lewiston."

Miss H—'20 (translating—"ad templum non aequae Palladio ibant"): "They were not going to the temple of Pallas for water."

Miss H—'20 (in Latin): "He was clinging, lifeless, to the chariot."

Mr. D—'22 (in English): "Where it says 'He was suitor to Portia,' does that mean he made all her clothes?"

Miss W—'20 (translating French): "A young lady who paints pictures of oil."

Board work in French: "It etait le nez camus." (He was a pug nose).

Heard from two Seniors—

1st Senior: "I'd like to go to the Chinese restaurant but I haven't enough chink."

2nd Senior: "There's plenty of Chink down there."

C. W.—'20 (translating Latin): "In which there is—"

Miss W.: "Use 'There are'—"

C. W.: "In which there are a stream of water."

Mme. B—"Monsieur Chalmers, Ouetes-vous?"

Chalmers, '20: "Je ne sais pas."

Mr. B—(in History): "Who was another man at Saratoga besides Gates? Daniel—?"

Mr. R—'20: "Daniel Boone."

Crowley—'20 (in French): "They were going to have two kinds of soup, bisque, and—"

Mme. B.: "What is bisque?"

Crowley: "Why—er—fish chowder."

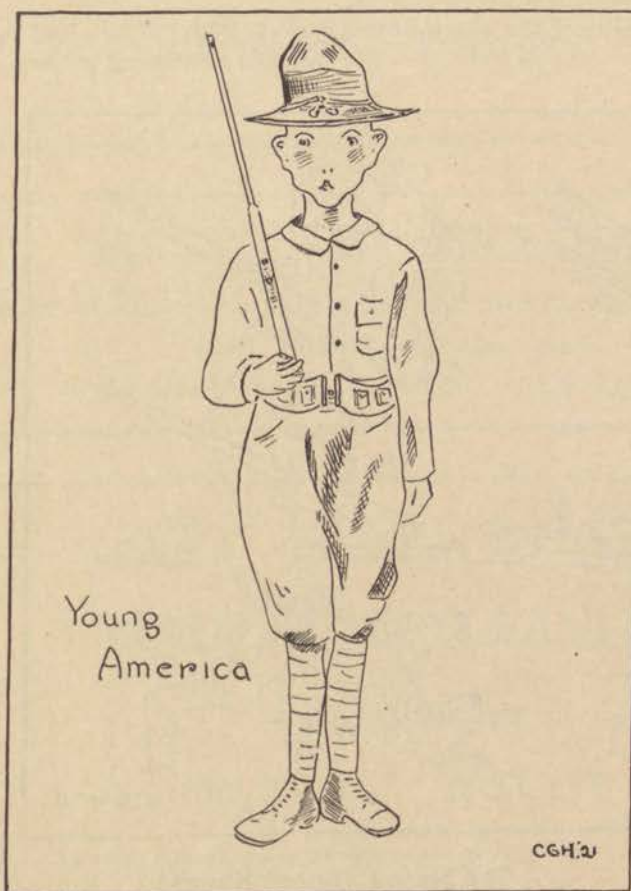
Sophomore—Two more weeks and this quarter will be up.

Freshman—Well, how many quarters in a school year?

Senior—"Have you heard the story about the deep hole?"

Junior—"No, what is it?"

Senior—"Well! Well!"



The Q. M. Supplies are Great Fits

Miss F—'20 (in English): "The American colonists disguised themselves as Englishmen and threw the tea overboard."

Freshman English example: "The dog ran into the kernel."

It has been suggested that there would be a record sale of "Oracles" if the picture of a certain member of the football team should be printed. We wonder who is meant.

Ask Johnson, '20, what the geometric word "locus" means.

We hear that there is something very interesting about S. Wheelden's watch.

It is rumored that Nathan Cohen is fond of pie.

Trainor and Thompson offer a course in Geometry to those who need outside tutoring.

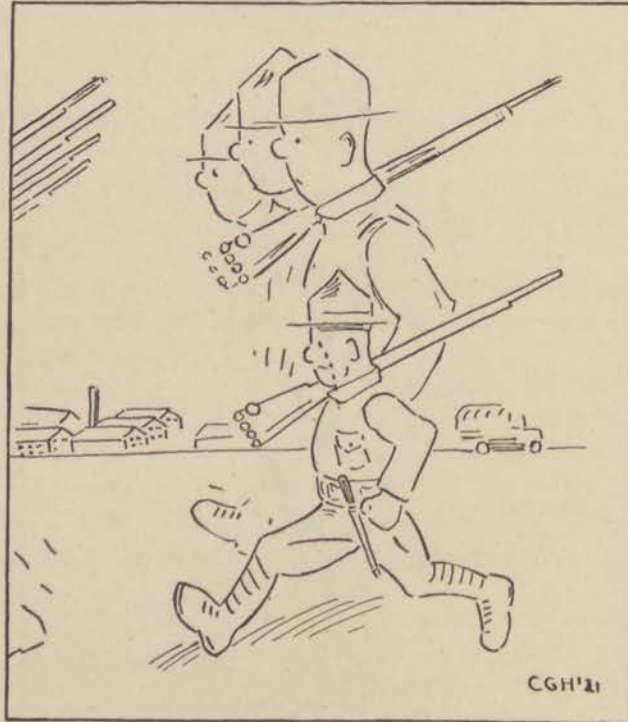
Heard in English.

Miss C—"Whatever led you to think that Shylock wanted the pound of flesh taken from Antonio's stomach?"

Miss C—"Why, it said that Shylock was to have a pound of flesh off the place nearest his heart."

What if it were the custom in B. H. S. for the mayor to decorate each football champion with a "croix de guerre" and salute him with a kiss on each cheek!

We understand that Carl Ring is very fond of continued stories.

**The Second Platoon Knows!**

Teacher—What is essential for offsetting the high cost of living?

Bright pupil—A baby, as he has only to put his toes in his mouth in order to make both ends meet.

If you have a sense of humor,
And a joke you can see through,
Do not falter, let us have it,
We should like to hear from you.

—Ye Pslams Editors.

The Athletic Editor says: "Fat" Maling showed up in first class shape."

?????

Miss Robinson (in French): "Qui etait le grandpere du Henri VI?" Monsieur Bowles."

Mr. Bowles, rising excitedly: "Je le suis."

Miss Atkins (translating): "Cataline, depart from this city altogether."

Miss Hincks: "Well, that is the usual way, isn't it?"

Miss Frawley (in Spanish): "'I am good.' Miss Allen, is that a permanent or temporary condition?"

Miss Allen—"Oh—er—temporary."

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G. G. ESTABROOK'S SONS
24 Central St. Bangor, Maine

MRS. K. M. ARCHIBALD
Teacher of Mandolin, Guitar, Ukelele and Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Pupil of Walter Francis Vreeland, Boston
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CENTRAL STREET BAKERY
Murray & Crawford Props.
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NONE BETTER

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TEACHER OF PIANO

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Telephone 1503-R

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Until you are old enough and fully
developed, then GET BACK OF A

B. C. M.

THEY ARE MILD BUT VERY TASTY AND AROMATIC

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BEST SHINE IN THE CITY

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YD PARLOR

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Telephone 8654**

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"Everything Electrical"

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**50 cents per month
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Whether you continue your education in College or step at once from High School into the active duties of life you will find a growing Savings account of great assistance.

Start one now at this Bank.

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Additional Liability of Stockholders	175,000
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