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Maine

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# THE ORACLE

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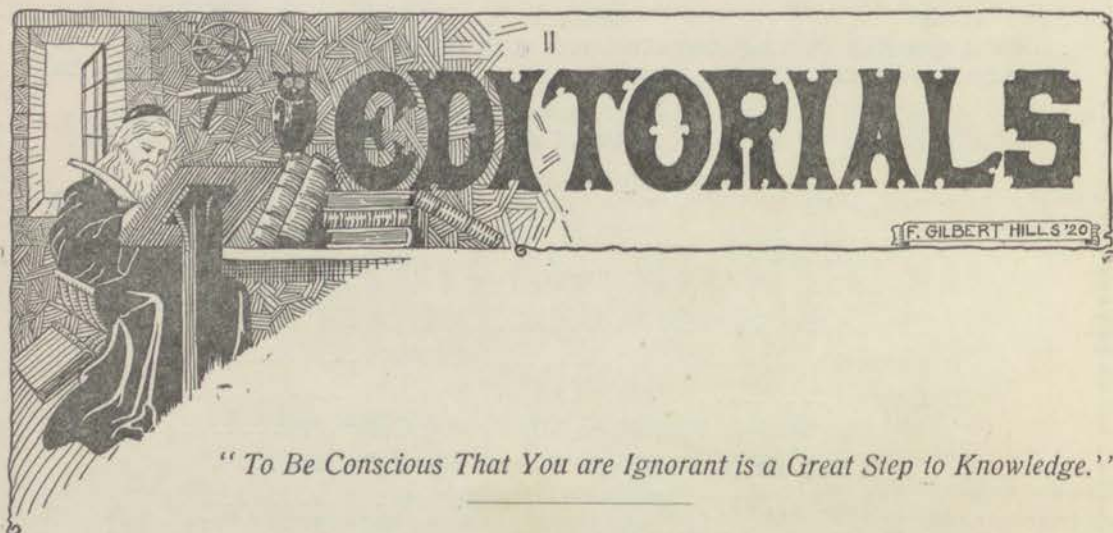
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*"To Be Conscious That You are Ignorant is a Great Step to Knowledge."*

Benjamin Franklin and Noah Webster were strongly in favor of spelling reform.

## Simplified Spelling

Later, Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography, labored for many years in England toward the same end.

In 1874, at the annual meeting of the American Philological Association at Hartford, the president called attention to the "monstrous spelling of the English language," and a year later Professor William D. Whitney of Yale University, was one of a committee appointed to consider the whole subject of spelling reform. This committee reported in its favor and laid down the principles which should be followed. Certain changes have been recommended by this committee from year to year since then.

As early as 1898 the American National

Education Association adopted the following twelve simplified spellings: Program, tho, altho, thoro, thorofare, thru, thruout, catalog, prolog, decalog, demagog, and pedagog. Some of the above have been readily endorsed by men and women of learning, while others have met with a cool reception. During his administration President Roosevelt recommended a list of three hundred words to be used by the Public Printer in all government publications, but some of these changes were of so radical a form as to meet with the hearty disapproval of the committee of Congress on printing and a few months later the order was withdrawn.

Through the liberal endowment of Mr. Andrew Carnegie the Simplified Spelling Board has been able to continue an active campaign in this work. Many of the



changes advocated are radical; and the work is designed to reform the spelling gradually and not to make sweeping changes.

Somewhat in connection with the above is the subject of a "universal language." It is hard for any one who has struggled through two years or more in Madame's classes or endeavored to fathom his way through four books of Caesar, to imagine any language other than English as being easy to grasp. However, that is what is aimed at by the promoter of the universal language, one that will be comparatively easy for a person of any nationality to acquire. In the several systems which have been presented, the purpose has been to facilitate business and correspondence, rather than to obtain a medium for literary expression.

In political use French has approached universality, while in commerce and diplomatic use, English has gained ground rapidly.

The first really extensive work in this line was done by a German priest in 1879.

His object was to choose elements which were common to several languages and reduce them to their simplest forms, a proceeding which often rendered them unrecognizable. For a time this new language flourished throughout several countries but soon became nearly obsolete.

Along this same line is based an artificial language invented by a Russian scholar, who probably wished to render his own name understandable if not pronounceable to others.

The beauty of this second language is that its pronunciation is invariably phonetic and that there are no exceptions to grammatical rules. The system

was practically unknown in the United States until 1905 but since then has been enthusiastically taken up by several societies.

Recently a thrilling demonstration was made before experts of the army and navy service. Before making an ascent to an altitude of five thousand feet, an airplane driven by Paul Collins, a civilian flyer, was thoroughly saturated with gasoline, having been previously treated with a fireproofing mixture. When at his highest altitude Collins set fire to the gasoline and sailed like a blazing comet to the field at Mineola in safety.

British experts say that this fireproofing liquid marks a new era in aviation, many of the recent deaths of mail aviators having been caused by fire in midair.

We wish to call attention to the fact that the Christmas issue of the "Oracle" will be the first "Special" number of the year. We are endeavoring to obtain as much worth while material for this number as can be squeezed into our allotment of space: lots of fine stories and jokes, several clever cartoons, and a fine cover by one of our best high school artists. We know and you know that from the minute you set eyes on that "Oracle" of your next door neighbor you won't be satisfied until you own one.

It has occurred to various individuals that the heading of the joke department is not exactly apropos, and, in order to start the New Year right, it would be a good idea to hold open house until the middle of December, when the selection of the new heading will be made from any suggestions or offerings received in that time. Material will be gratefully received by the Editor.

#### A Universal Language

#### Airplane News

#### The Christmas Oracle

#### Volapuk

#### Esperanto





*"The Pen is the Tongue of the Mind."*

## THE MODERN PIED PIPER

By Louise Cutler, '23.



AS Bridgeport is a manufacturing city, it is inhabited by a great many foreigners. The streets are crowded with children who have a long time to play, but have little to play with—as skates, bicycles, and wagons are too expensive for them to have.

One day a girl, dressed as a gypsy, went into one of these crowded districts. Her appearance excited much interest, and, soon she was surrounded by a crowd of boys and girls. She smiled and said, "Do you want to hear a story, children?" Seated on a doorstep, she told them stories of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," fairy tales, and other stories, more inter-

esting to the larger boys and girls.

In a little while she passed on into the next street, and so on, always telling thrilling stories to the children. This was the beginning of the Wandering Story-tellers, sent out by the Community Service Commission of Bridgeport. These girls go also to the hospitals and the homes for the aged. To the older people they tell stories such as O. Henry wrote.

These girls are the Modern Pied Pipers. They entice the children's interest to such an extent that they follow them wherever they go. They leave behind them happy children who look forward to another Children's Hour with the Community Service lady.

## THE FIRST DAY OF HIGH SCHOOL

By McL, '24.



IT wasn't a pleasant, sunshiny day, the kind one would choose to begin something new on, but the weather didn't matter much, everything else was so bright.

The building looked promising to me as we entered it that first morning. There was something in the atmosphere of advancement and a chance to learn, new environment with people and books all about. The bulky histories, the Latin and other things that were given us

to learn were new and full of good things.

Of course we were all afraid of running into a senior or a junior, getting into the wrong room or doing something awkward but it meant a lot to be in high school. It was like standing at the beginning of a long road and looking ahead to miles and miles of new unexplored country. We took the fun they made of us and laughed, too, but all the time there was a something serious in beginning this new school.



## JUNE 17, 1775

By Hazen Nutter, '22.



ALTHOUGH only fourteen years old, Paul Percy, having camouflaged his age, was allowed to join the rebel army of Boston, a little band of patriotic Americans, under Colonel Prescott.

After being in the army two weeks the order to go on the next night at ten o'clock up Bunker Hill and dig entrenchments, was issued. At the appointed time on the next night a small band of fearless Yankees made their way silently to the top of Bunker Hill, where stands a monument today. Working like beavers, they threw up breastworks and fortified the place in general and when morning came the summit of the hill had been turned into an earthen fort.

According to the history of the American Revolution, General Gage, the British commander, intended to take Bunker Hill before the Yanks could capture it. But owing to the tardiness characteristic of Englishmen, coupled with the promptness of Colonel Prescott, General Gage, much to his surprise, found on the morning of the 17th of June that the rebels had already seized and fortified the hill. He knew that the British must take Bunker Hill or the Americans could easily drive them out of Boston, which town General Gage had recently taken; so he sent General Howe, his second in command, with three thousand British "regulars" to make the attack.

Prescott, in the meantime, had anticipated such an attack by General Gage and, although he had only half as many troops, had laid plans to prevent the "redcoats" from capturing the hill. He cautioned his men with the following order when the first column of Englishmen moved up the hill, "Don't fire 'til you see the whites of their eyes." His valiant little army obeyed and when the whites of the Britishers' eyes

came in sight a bullet from each and every musket connected with the body of an Englishman. The British were driven back by the determined Americans, not once but twice, and it was on the second attempt that the deed of heroism of which I am about to tell you took place.

The redcoats had all but reached the three-quarter way mark when Colonel Prescott, who had climbed over the top after one of the wounded, slipped in some loose earth and fell downward into the path of the oncoming enemy. To say the least the situation was critical, but Paul Percy, risking his own life in an attempt to save another, dashed over the top of the American breastworks, and slipping and sliding in his haste, reached his commander. Although but two or three minutes were spent in doing this the British had covered half the distance to Prescott. Had they realized who had fallen towards them this story would have had an entirely different ending.

Paul, finding his colonel unconscious and half-buried in the loose earth, hastily dragged him from under the dirt and throwing him across his shoulders, started on his climb to the top. Stumbling, slipping, falling and all but dropping his human burden, he made his way toward his own lines. Within a few yards of his goal he tripped over a rock and fell headlong into the soft earth but fortunately eager hands reached out and dragged him and his senseless burden to safety just in time to escape the first volley from the onrushing British. Colonel Prescott was saved!

You all know the rest of that memorable fight for the possession of Bunker Hill: how the British on the third attack captured it only because the ammunition of the patriots had given out; how the Americans, fighting to the last ditch with clubs



and the butts of their rifles, slowly retreated from the hill only after inflicting very severe loss on the ranks of General Howe.

After the Battle of Bunker Hill was over Paul Percy was presented by Colonel Prescott with the sword which he used during this engagement. This was surely a suit-

able reward for so great an act of bravery and daring. To this very day when any mention is made concerning the numerous glorious acts of the American Revolution, the saving of Colonel Prescott by Paul Percy, stands out to Bostonians as the premier accomplishment of valor.

## SUNSET

By Max Moore, '23.



**T**HE sunset in the mountains is one of the prettiest sights in the world, if not the prettiest. Just as the red ball of fire sinks behind the mountain tops, the skies above reflect the same color while opposite, the heavens are a pale blue.

Then as you look at the sky, you feel queer (and this is a fact), once, I saw one of the oldest and most hard headed crabs in the world squeak in a hushed voice and wipe his eyes.

And if when you see the sun set, you don't think of something besides going to the movies, why you're out o' luck.

## THE MAPLE TREE AND THE ANGEL OF THE LEAVES

By Frances E. Bailey, '21.



**O**N a moonlight evening in November, a little maple tree was whispering a sorrowful story.

"Alas! Alas!" said the maple tree, "my beautiful robe is gone! It has been torn from me! Its faded pieces whirl upon the wind; they rustle beneath the squirrel's feet as he searches for his nuts; they float upon the passing stream and the quivering lake. Woe is unto me! for my fair green robe is gone. It was the gift of the beloved angel of the leaves! I have lost it. My beauty has vanished; my glory has disappeared.

"Who will weave me such another? Piece by piece it has been stripped from me. Scarcely did I sigh for the loss of one when another wandered off on the air. The sound of merry songs cheers me no more. The birds that rested in my bosom were dismayed at my desolation. They have flown away with their songs.

"I was very proud as the sun brightened

my robe with his smiles. My shadow was wide upon the earth. My arms spread far on the gentle air; my head was lifted high. But now all is changed. Sadness is upon me; my head is shorn, my arms are stripped; I cannot now throw a shadow on the ground. Gladness is gone out of my heart; the very blood has retired from my heart—it has sunk into the earth. I am cold and I am afraid. My naked limbs shiver in the chilly air. The keen blast comes pitiless among them. I know winter is coming and I am destitute. How shall I account to the angel of the leaves for the loss of his beautiful gift?"

In a shadow close by, the angel of the leaves had been concealed from the moonlight. He had been listening to the sorrowful tale of the little maple tree. Now he stepped forth to console her. "My beloved tree," he said, "I am with you still, though every leaf has forsaken you. Your sorrow is but for a season; trust in me and keep my promise in your heart. Be patient



through the coming winter; then I will return and clothe you anew. Your blood has retired only for safety, so that the frost will not chill and destroy it." Then the angel was gone. The cold winter drew near with winds and storms that howled around the tree. But as the little maple thought of the words of the angel of the leaves she held her branches firm with enduring patience.

At last the scowling face of winter began to lose its fierceness and spring came again

to reign. And then the little tree was rewarded for her trust. The angel, true to his promise, returned to bestow on her another robe, which was bright and glossy and green. The little maple stood again in loveliness, dressed in more than her former beauty. She was very fair, as she smiled in her joy. The birds flew back to her bosom and sang on every branch carols to the angel of the leaves for his great kindness. The faith of the little maple was rewarded.

## CHAOS

By Anne Onomous, '21.



I am a high school graduate. I know that because my diploma said so; further knowledge has departed from me. The cause,—but wait and I will tell it to you.

I was born with a sympathetic nature. No,—that is not a disease—merely an affliction. The mangy cats and stray mongrels which found harbor in the parental cellar, furnished proof of this. My affliction—I shall hereafter speak of it as such—did not diminish with years, rather it increased, for by the time I could cast a vote and not miss it—I could have pitied even a man. I had just reached this stage in my career when the inevitable happened.

It—the inevitable—came, wearing the same old clothes, in the form of our femme-de-chambre, who announced in funereal tones, that I was wanted immediately in the library. Thither I hastened, where I was met by the housekeeper—my mother had died years before—who was sobbing softly in a two-by-four piece of linen.

"Your dear papa—don't take it too much to heart—what he says," she sobbed, literally falling on my neck (and she weighs two hundred and fifty pounds). "Jes' hold up your head and don't make a scene, dearie," she continued, and with a muffled sob, pushed me gently into the lion's den,

shutting the door none too tightly behind her.

Daniel and I are fast friends, our common interest being the bearding of the lion. But to make a long story short, the sorely tried Dad had found the latest victim of my affliction in his egg-glass while breakfasting—a baby salamander. All might have gone well and I might still have been an inmate of the palatial domain of Jiggs, had it not been for that hopelessly unintelligent animal, the fly. Yes, it lit on Dad's bald spot just at the climax of his prepared speech, and of course I laughed. That decided it—that, and precisely that, is the reason I applied for an advertised position as secretary in a physician's office and received the appointment.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Is the doctor in?"

This for the fiftieth time in six hours. I replied that he was not. During my short sojourn in Dr. Pilldoser's office, I had learned that a doctor may be out and be in—in other words, not be out. The clearness of this explanation is supposed to dazzle many an inquirer of similiar calibres as the above mentioned.

"Good morning, ma'am." The blue-coated postman handed me an armful of

mail, the sight of which sent my heart way down below freezing, for every letter must be answered, filed, and copies made of all.

"But I must see him! It is very important!"

"Another one," I commented inwardly.

"Do be seated madam until—"

Down she sat with a jerk, and proceeded to tell her tale to the deaf old lady at her elbow.

Next the loud peal of the door-bell brought me to my feet with a jump. There stood a fat, doubled-chinned party, indignation written all over his face.

"I tell you it is robbery," he sputtered, waving a bill for his glasses, which I had sent him that morning. "I will not pay—"

At that moment the door burst open and in rushed a family group, spreading a trail of garlic, onions, and filth broadcast.

"Carissima sopristi patruchico Kate," shrilled one, evidently the mother. "He loose hees eye"—indicating the little boy—"he bust eet on a rock—eet is hurted. Amelita Galli-curci—but eet is hurted—yis!" By dint of much questioning and sign language, I gleaned that the little son of Napoli had broken his glass eye.

"Madam," said I, "it is but the work of a minute to replace it.

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling—," Satan's instru-

ment busy again. I rushed to the telephone followed by a wiry little fellow who wanted to know if—

"Dr. Pilldoser's office."

"Hello! Were you calling 1920? No, wrong number!"

My trip to the telephone though but a minute in duration had been time enough for the door-bell to ring several times.

"Howdo—yedo!" breezed the dapper young man. "May I see the doctor? He is busy you say? Oh, well, tell him if he can't see me I'll go somewhere else!"

"By all means go," said I under my breath. "I wish there were more like you."

Such policy is bad, very bad, though while discussing the latest nuisance I saw another coming up the walk. At least I thought she was another, of course.

"Good morning! Miss Jiggs," trilled the charming voice, "I suppose Dr. Pilldoser is very busy, is he not? Yes, well, will you give me an appointment any time at his convenience. Mrs. Sara Brown. Thank you. Good morning."

It was too much. I collapsed.

\* \* \* \* \*

They tell me it is nervous prostration. Far be it from me to question it, I merely know that whatever it is I have it. May Heaven find me a way out soon!

## MR. CUMINS BACK SLIP

By Doris Chandler, '23.



I was christened Cumins Back Slip, but people call me "Cum" for short. And I am known at school as "Cum Back Slip."

I feel sure that I must have been born under an unlucky star, as I am forever causing sorrow and disappointment and seem to take the joy all out of life wherever I go. It seems my luck to go home with the pupils when they have some fun or enjoyment planned for

the afternoon. But I don't get much fun and enjoyment, I get black, ugly looks instead.

I sometimes wish that I had never come into existence, and I am sure the pupils wish it.

But though I am not loved by the pupils I seem to be quite a favorite with the teachers which is worth something, I suppose. They are forever sending down to the office after me.



Sometimes a poor little Freshman who is down on his luck, and not "wise to the game" shoves me into his pocket, oftentimes crackling and nearly breaking my poor little frail body.

But I thank my stars if I am not put out of existence and torn into shreds as is too often the case.

I am never welcome at any one's house. For when Dad sees me he picks me up and scowls and then asks what I am there for, and when told he gets mad and crushes me, nearly squeezing the breath out of me. Then he looks across the table to mother

and she looks so sad. Just imagine how this makes me feel. I feel just like a thunder cloud going over the sun and wonder what I am good for anyway.

After dinner Dad takes his fountain pen and gives me a stab with it and scratches his name on me, and then I am put back into that close pocket, where it is so hot, I am almost smothered, and then I am marched back to school and passed out to the teacher and she smooths me out caressingly with her hand and just as I begin to feel a little happy I am crushed—and thrown into the waste basket.

## SIGHT SEEING

By Marion Simpson, '23.



FOR want of better means of entertainment this evening, I sat on our veranda and decided to indulge in one of my frequent sight-seeing tours, which I shall review with you.

It is just seven o'clock and already the neighbors have congregated on their front steps or in their gardens. Directly across the street, in the door-yard, stands Mrs. B—telling Horace just how to train that rambler, and Horace, patient AND obedient, attempts for the fifth time to comply with his wife's directions.

Down the street comes Mrs. W—wearing the same shawl that she has always worn and which she has told me so many times, "had belonged to her great aunt Sarah and had been in the family for years." As she passes the house she looks up, and says what she always says, "Ain't this been a grand day?" It is evident she is in a hurry because she offers no comments on the doings of the neighborhood, neither does she attempt to find out where my mother is or what we had for supper.

As usual, at exactly quarter of eight a young man comes hurrying up the street, adjusts his little bow-tie, brushes one sleeve of his coat, jerks his cuffs, and rushes up the steps of the house next door. Almost immediately he disappears in the shadows of the doorway to reappear with Mary L. leaning on his arm, the coat sleeve of which he had just brushed. So, together they stroll down the street just as they have done for nearly a year.

As I am watching the sights, I am well supplied with several kinds of music. Two houses above is Evelyn M—practicing her scales on the piano; these are most pleasing as there is a great variety. Across the street Mr. K— is tuning or regulating his automobile horn, and he certainly gets some wonderful notes, although they are rather loud. Whoever said, "Music hath charms," should exchange residences with me.

It has grown too dark to continue my sight-seeing, but I am sure you will agree with me that I live in a most interesting neighborhood.

## FALL

By Madeline K. Heath, '23.



ALL is the time that Mother Nature takes to prepare all the animal and plant life for the coming winter. Many changes take place. The frosts and heavy winds come as heralds of the approaching winter and warn all living things to prepare for it.

The tender little birds fly South to where it is warm and sunny, and only a few of those used to our northern climate, remain.

The deciduous trees are deprived of their leaves, that when the heavy snows come their branches may not be broken off by the great weight brought to bear on them. These leaves in turn, do their bit of good. When they fall they cover up some green and tender thing, to keep it warm through

the cold months.

There is a stir among the animals. The squirrels are scurrying hither and thither, gathering their supply of nuts and storing them in hollow logs and trees. Old Bruin is eating a great quantity of food preparatory to his winter's nap. The beavers are building their winter homes and the frogs have disappeared from the lily pads, to spend the following months in the mud beneath the pond. Even the rabbits are changing their brown coats for white ones, that they may be less conspicuous to their enemies.

When Mother Nature has finished her work and everything is ready for winter, a great hush prevails over the world and all sounds seem deadened, while all the earth awaits the first snow fall.

## A LETTER

By Dorothy Hallett, '23.

Bangor, Maine, October 26, 1920.



DEAR MA:

I ought to be studying but you see I'm not. We've got the worst lessons for tomorrow, somethin' about Shakespeare in Ancient History. How he found the Nile stone in the Posetta river and all that stuff. I guess I'll have to study quite hard. Gee! You ought to see the girls. In my study room, a senior girl sits right in front of me and the teacher can't see me, because she (the senior), has her hair all curled and crimped and it sticks out about a foot from her head. I'd like to know what she stuffs it with!

Yesterday the fifth period, I was supposed to go to 102 and I went to 202 by mistake. There were a lot of kids in there talking about Caesar. I guess he must be a new teacher, cause one of the kids asked

another one if he had Caesar. I don't know what he teaches. Maybe I'll get him. We've got an awful English lesson, six pages and no pictures on them, either. It is written by Ivanhoe and the name of it is Sir Walter Scott. It's kinda good and is awfully exciting. I get so excited sometimes that I stand right up and when my teacher asks me what I'm standing up for I don't know.

Gee, ma, in Latin we've got to learn, Laudo—Laudas—Laudat. It means love. Isn't that a funny way to say love? You tell Bill I bet I can drill as well as he can now. They taught us how to right about face today. I think perhaps I may be a corporal cause the captain made me do it all alone. You just put your right heel behind your left toe and turn around. Well, I guess I'd better study now.

So Long,

Jim.



## WAITING IN A DENTIST'S OFFICE

By C. M., '23.



—o—o—o—w—w—w!"

This long drawn wail, not exactly guaranteed to soothe one's aching jaw, came floating out from the dentist's inner sanctum.

"He doesn't feel anything. He's under gas," soothed the dentist's sleek assistant.

Outwardly I smiled and answered, "Yes, I know." Inwardly I thought him a second Ananias and longed to punch his smiling face, while my heart seemed to jump from my throat to my shoes and I experienced, in an advanced degree, that

sensation known as "cold feet."

A few minutes more and the late victim emerged from the room of torment, looking rather cheerful, considering what he had gone through. Then came the ogre himself and signed to me with, "You're next."

My courage went down to forty below zero and I looked despairingly around the ring of cold, hard faces which surrounded me. I saw not a glance of sympathy, not a look of regret. There was no hope for me now. I was to be sacrificed on the altar of science. At last I must enter the torture chamber!

## A MYSTERY OF MAINE

By Miriam S. Bunker, '23.



ANY people think that romance is dead in America and there are no more mysteries left unsolved in the twentieth century, yet right here in the state of Maine, not fifty miles from Bangor, is one of the most interesting mysteries of the ages still unsolved. In the middle of the woods two or three miles from civilization, lies an unfinished castle. Over a quarter of a century ago a man and his wife, with their two daughters, built this castle, but it was never finished. This is the mystery, for why should anyone come from New York and start to build a place like this and never finish it.

Situated a half mile in, from the country highway the inhabitants are removed entirely from the outside world and appear to live in a world of their own. The driveway leading towards the house is very well kept but is bordered on either side by dense woods. Finally you come to an opening in the woods and acres of well kept farming lands lie before you, in the middle of which is a group of buildings: a fine



stable, a story and a half house with a basement—where the family live—and lastly the unfinished castle.

If the exterior is surprising the inside of the castle is more so. Winding stairs lead upward until you reach the high tower at the top. Here a large Victrola holds the central place and the very latest records are near by. The daughters of the house study French, German, and Italian by help of the Victrola. The whole place, however, is unfinished and this is where the mystery centers. The rooms are filled with beautiful furniture. Clocks of every description are found in one of these unfinished rooms. And most beautiful of all, tables, chairs and many other articles of furniture inlaid in gold, pearl, and silver, abound. Everything is crated and seems never to have been unpacked. It is so strange to think we do not know why.

The owners are evidently people who have a fine education and they seem to have plenty of money. Those who have met them say they never have met any more pleasant or refined people in their experi-

ence. The stories told about them seem to be the results of an overworked imagination on someone's part. One very common story was they feed the hens and milk the cows at midnight. During the war they received German letters, demanding money and containing all sorts of threats. These were never heeded and nothing hap-

pened so we cannot guess much from it. Some think they were wrecked financially, others that they are insane but neither theory seems to fit. It is still a mystery and what will be the conclusion? Will the grave give up the secret, we wonder, and what will it be?



### AUTUMN WITCHERY.

On high, across a vault of dusky blue,  
The moon, an orb of palely gleaming gold,  
Above the world wheels slow in splendor  
cold  
O'er cloudy roads of deepest sable hue.

The gathered sheaves of glinting, golden  
grain  
Stand silent in the flood of pale cold light,  
And all the myriad voices of the night  
Are hushed, yet hear that mystic minor  
strain!

And see, where dark the solemn pine trees  
stand  
Against the dying crimson in the west,  
Swift as the wind on some nocturnal quest,  
On flying broomsticks sails the wild witch  
band.

A., '21.







# LOCALS

*"Truth Stretches But Does Not Break."*

The first class election was held by the Seniors. Those nominated were: Pres., Gerard Collins, Ralph Jordan, Arnott Soderberg; vice pres., Estelle Baumann, Rosemary Allen, Bessie Cooper; treasurer, Crosby Hodgman, James Griffin. For Secretary Ruth Black was unanimously elected. The following others were elected: Gerard Collins, pres.; Estelle Baumann, vice pres.; Crosby Hodgman, treasurer.

A few days after the Senior election, the Juniors held theirs. The nominees were: Edwin Short, Robert Collins, pres.; Dorothy Sawyer, Helen Griffin, Ethel Greeley, vice president; Dorothy Black, Isabelle O'Connor, John Kelleher, secretary; Robert McLeod, Ralph Largay, treas. The following were elected: Edwin Short, pres.; Dorothy Sawyer, vice pres.; Dorothy Black, sec.; Robert McLeod, treas.

Miss Mary Cousins of the History department, will not be able, on account of illness, to assume her work before the winter term. For the first month of school Mrs. Harrison Hunt substituted in the department but now Miss Irene Cousins is teaching the modern history classes. Mr. McIlroy, who taught mathematics the first of the year, has taken Miss Irene Cousins' classes.

Mr. Trowell, a graduate of B. H. S., 1910, and Holy Cross College, 1914, is teaching mathematics here now.

The girls' basketball practice started early in October. A large number of young ladies turned out for the sport, and the interest and enthusiasm shown was quite remarkable. Mr. Trowell is to coach the team, and under his direction a winning combination should be developed. It is expected that when the basketball season arrives the girls will have a team capable of trimming anything in the immediate vicinity.

On Friday, Oct. 15, Miss Hinckley of the Good Will school, made a brief but spirited appeal to the student body of Bangor High school. She informed them of the coming of Raymond Havens, one of the leading pianists of the country, and urged all to attend. The entire receipts of the recital will be used for the benefit of the musically inclined boys and girls at Good Will. The talent there is plentiful and with the necessary funds a fine band or orchestra could be organized. Our entire school hopes for the success of the undertaking.

On Oct. 16, Bangor High School met Portland, her hereditary rival of the gridiron. A huge parade was formed at the High School and shortly before 2 o'clock, a gay procession of students made their way to Bass Park. The famous High School Band furnished music for the occasion and it was a merry throng that supported our champions of the day.

The game was slightly delayed but after

some trouble the Red and Blue teams locked in deadly combat. The Blue team emerged the victor and Bangor High was forced to accept a defeat of 6 to 0. Thus the tide turns.

The reception for the Portland team was held in the City Hall, Saturday evening, after the game, and under the direction of Miss Harrigan a splendid repast was served in the High School.

Shortly after school began a new system was introduced, which was of great benefit to the Freshman class. Each teacher was assigned seven pupils of the tenth grade and instructed to inquire into their home life, ambitions, plans for future, hours of study, etc. Thus each student may be given help and advice throughout his school career. As far as we know, Bangor High is the only school in the state to adopt this system.







*"The Only Way to Have a Friend is to Be One."*

The marriage of Miss Madeline Chaplin of this city, to William G. Mullins of Arlington Heights, took place Oct. 17. The bride is a well known Bangor girl, and a graduate of B. H. S. in the class of 1918.

The name of Ralph Jordan, a Sophomore at Yale, recently appeared in the line-up of the Yale football team. Mr. Jordan, who attended B. H. S. and also Hebron Academy, where he starred in track and football, is adding to his reputation as an athlete in college, having been captain of the Freshman team at Yale and now a member of the varsity team.

The many friends of Miss Eva Beatty, ex. '21, formerly of this city, will be grieved to know of her death, which recently occurred in Waterville. Although Miss Beatty attended Bangor High School only one year she was loved by all her friends and fellow students and her departure for Waterville, at the end of her freshman year, was a matter of deep regret to her many friends in Bangor.

Edward Babcock has gone to Johnstown, Pa., where he will become associated with the George E. Warren Coal & Navigation Co., of New York.

Reginald Cratty, ex. '20, left recently for Boston, where he has entered the Huntington School.

The many friends of Lawrence Whitcomb, a Bangor boy, who has been climbing high as a musician since he left this city a number of years ago, will be interested to learn that he is now doing theatre and concert work in New York, where he is regarded as the leading oboe player in that city, being the first American boy who has been recognized on such a rare instrument, which is used only in the larger orchestras. Mr. Whitcomb is also an accomplished pianist and a master of harmony and possesses other qualities which make him a thorough musician.

Miss Phyllis Chapman, ex. '21, who is now attending Kent's Hill Seminary, and several of her fellow students were recently the week-end guests, in this city, of Miss Chapman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Chapman, of Third street.

Lester Black, a graduate of B. H. S., in the class of 1918, has entered Massachusetts Institute of Technology, supplementing a year at Bowdoin.

One of the prettiest of fall weddings was recently solemnized in Bangor, when Miss Frances O. Townsend was united in mar-

riage to John W. Campbell of Charleston, West Virginia. Mrs. Campbell is a graduate of B. H. S. in the class of 1914, and of Wheaton College in 1918. During the past year she was one of the most popular instructors at B. H. S.

A very beautiful and valuable picture has recently been given to Bangor High school by Mrs. Walter S. Hellier. It is a Piranesi etching of the Arch of Constantine at Rome and was bought by Mrs. Hellier in Europe before the war.

Raymond T. Pierce, who is connected with the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co. of East Pittsburg, Pa., has been selected as one of the seven engineers from the company to go on the initial trip of the U. S. S. Tennessee, which began recently. The men selected to be aboard are experienced electrical engineers, who will make observations and suggestions for improvement during the trip. Mr. Pierce attended B. H. S., being a member of the class of 1911, and graduated from the U. of M. in 1915.

Cards have been received in Bangor, announcing the marriage in Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 8, of Miss Marian E. Mower of that city, to Elliot S. Boardman of Cleveland, Ohio, formerly of Bangor. Mr. Boardman lived in Bangor for about 15 years, attending B. H. S. in the class of 1912, and Bowdoin College as a member of the class of 1916. During the war he was a lieutenant in the Engineers, being commissioned in the Forestry Service of that department and serving overseas. Since leaving Bangor Mr. Boardman has been associated in the

lumber business in Augusta and in Springfield, Mass., going to Cleveland quite recently.

Of great interest to Bangor people is the marriage of Miss Doris M. Catell of Bangor, to Maurice K. Slipp of Belfast, which took place Oct. 16, in New York City. Mrs. Slipp is a graduate of B. H. S. in the class of 1918.

Dewey Christmas has been accepted as a member of the orchestra at Boston University at which he is a student in the College of Liberal Arts department. The B. U. orchestra is one of the largest musical organizations in the university and its members are selected from various departments of the institution.

Miss Doris Townsend, who was in Bangor recently, has returned to Norwood, Mass., where she has accepted a position with the Plimpton Press.

Mrs. Irene Thayer Libbey, a former student of B. H. S., and her daughter, were recent guests in Bangor on their way to St. Petersburg, Florida, where they now make their home.

Kenneth Smith recently returned to Philadelphia to resume his studies at the Wharton School of Finance.

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### In Memoriam

Miss Eva Beatty, ex. '21.

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*"Eloquence is Vehement Simplicity."*

### THE SENATE.

On Monday, October 4, the Senate held its first meeting of the school year. There were sixteen members present. It was decided to hold the meetings every second Monday. The following were the officers elected:

President, Crosby G. Hodgman.

Vice President, Edward M. Curran.

Secretary and Treasurer, Leslie J. Bowler.

Manager, John M. Johnston.

The second meeting was held Monday, October 18. A round table discussion on the issues of the November election was held. Hodgman and Schiro assisted Mr. Miller as critics, and decided that Bowler and Paul presented the best arguments.

### THE HOUSE.

The first meeting of the House was held Oct. 11. At this time the constitution was read and the work for the coming year was outlined. There were thirty-five members present.

The following officers were elected:

Speaker, Walter Whittier.

Speaker Pro Tem, Thomas Largay.

Clerk and Treasurer, Herbert E. Ring.  
Manager, William A. Largay.

For the next meeting each member was assigned a State to represent. At that time the members will report on the chief industries, productions, education, and wealth of the State they represent.

On the afternoon of October 6th the Girls' Debating Society held their first meeting of the year. Three new members were admitted to the society: Blanche Bowden, Alma Libby and Ada Hodgins. It was decided that the next meeting should be a round table discussion of the question: Resolved, That a license should be required for all cats as well as dogs. Kathleen Hand was chosen leader of the affirmative and Grace Bowden of the negative. It was also decided that the meetings this year should be held every other Wednesday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, and that Bessie Cooper and Thelma Goodale should discuss with Miss Robinson, faculty adviser, a question for the next debate. Kathleen Hand and Bessie Cooper were chosen to speak to the girls of the school at a rally which was held October 19.



*"He That Cannot Obey Cannot Command."*

### FOOTBALL.

The prospects for a good football team this fall were unusually poor. Through graduation the team lost practically all of its letter men and when the team started off this fall it was composed of two letter men, the remainder being new material. This new material was for the most part light in weight, and naturally lacking in experience; consequently a rather poor showing was made in the first games. As the season progressed, however, this team, gradually learning the game and how to play together, developed into a surprisingly strong aggregation.

#### Bangor 0, Kent's Hill 24.

On October 2nd, Bangor High played its first football game of the 1920 schedule. The Kent's Hill team was made up of rugged players, who were nearly all graduates of other high schools and veterans at the game. Kent's Hill always has a strong team and the majority of its games are played with the strong prep schools in the western part of the state. Bangor High is the only high school on the Kent's Hill schedule.

Bangor was outweighed about 35 pounds to a man, and as one end of the field was rather wet this gave Kent's Hill a decided advantage. Bangor held their heavier opponents well in the first period but later in the game weight and experience began to

tell and before the game ended Kent's Hill had scored four touchdowns. They failed to kick the goal each time. The final score was Bangor High 0, Kent's Hill 24.

#### Bangor 0, Swampscott 14.

The football team from Swampscott, Mass., High School got vengeance on the Bangor High on October 9th, for the defeat their basketball team suffered at our hands last winter. They defeated Bangor's green team 14 to 0, but not until they had discovered that Bangor had plenty of spirit if not experience. At the end of the first half, Bangor having played circles around the visitors, it looked as though it was going to be Bangor's game; but in the last half, by a series of trick plays and shifts, Swampscott succeeded in crossing Bangor's line twice and kicking the goal each time.

The Swampscott team was made up of fine players and good sportsmen who accepted their victory in the proper spirit, and made a good impression. It is to be hoped that games will be arranged with teams representing this school in the future.

#### Bangor 0, Old Town 0.

The Bangor High team went to Old Town on Columbus Day and held Old Town High's team to a scoreless tie. The Bangor team showed marked improvement in this game. The Old Town team was



made up of many letter men and presented practically the same lineup as that which Bangor faced twice last year. At one time, Old Town had the ball on Bangor's eight yard line on first down but the Bangor line held and Old Town lost the ball on downs. In the last few minutes of play Bangor secured the ball and was slowly but surely pushing the Old Town defense back; but this attack came too late for the final whistle blew as Bangor crossed Old Town's fifteen yard line.

### Bangor 0, Portland 6.

In one of the closest and most exciting games ever played between the two teams, Portland succeeded in winning the first of the two games played annually with Bangor High. The game was played on October 16th. The field was in fine condition.

Bangor played a fast, clean game. It was the best demonstration the Bangor team has made this fall. Bangor played straight football for the most part, trying but few forward passes and trick plays. In the first half, Bangor clearly outplayed Portland in every department except kicking, and succeeded in making four first downs to their opponents' two.

Portland's attack was made up largely of end-runs and plunges through the center. Several forward passes were attempted in the last half but none of them were successful. Portland's kicking was superior to Bangor's, and considerable ground was gained in this manner.

Bangor kicked to Portland but the team was offside on the kickoff side, and after a five yard penalty had been imposed, Bangor kicked over. An exchange of punts followed the kick-off. Bangor fumbled and it was Portland's ball on Bangor's 25 yard line. Portland failed, however, and Bangor got the ball on downs. Cohen and Short advanced the ball nine yards and

then another exchange of punts took place. Cohen, Short and Griffin made first down for Bangor, and after Bangor had been penalized for offside Bangor punted. Portland hit the line but failed and was forced to punt. The period ended with the ball in Bangor's possession on their own 35 yard line.

Bangor, at the beginning of the second period, made three first downs, and carried the ball to Portland's 30 yard line. Here Bangor attempted a forward pass but it was incomplete, and an attempted drop-kick also failed. Portland punted to their 40 yard line. Bangor lost the ball on downs. Forward passes failing, Portland punted to Bangor's 35 yard line. Bangor returned the punt, and then Portland made two first downs, carrying the ball to the middle of the field. The period ended with the score 0 to 0.

Bangor kicked off to Portland, and Portland made two first downs but were then forced to punt. Bangor returned the punt. Portland failed and it was Bangor's ball on their own six yard line. Bangor punted to the 30 yard line. O'Connell and Flaherty made first down, and then O'Connell made nine yards in three tries and then went over for the touchdown. The attempt at goal failed. Bangor kicked off. Portland lost six yards and then punted. Bangor failed to gain and the third period ended with the ball in Bangor's possession on Portland's 40 yard line.

Bangor punted, and then by a series of line bucking plays and end runs Portland made three first downs. Portland fumbled and Tozier recovered for Bangor. Bangor failed to gain and punted to the 35 yard line. Portland made first down and then fumbled, Colburn recovering for Bangor. Bangor punted. Portland made first down, and on an end run, O'Connell made 15 yards, the longest run of the game. The period ended with the ball on Bangor's 28 yard line.





*"It is Much Easier to be Critical than to be Correct."*

### AS WE SEE OTHERS.

Lake Breeze—"We especially admire "Like Unto a Tree," and "The Year for Sale." Your magazine is well edited and the many cuts make it very attractive. But where is the Exchange department?

We have heard a little song entitled:  
"I can sing in any flat if I have the key."  
How natural!—"Spectator."

"Pep"—Yours is a very interesting magazine. The Editorials and the Literary Departments deserve special mention. Judging by your Athletics, there must be a lot doing at Mexico High.

Father—"I never smoked when I was your age. Will you be able to tell that to your son?"

Willie—"Not and keep my face as straight as you do, Pop."—"Tiger Cub."

"Lawrence Lyre"—We are glad to welcome you into our list of Exchanges. Your Literary department is very complete. Call again.

Little Girl—"Johnnie, why do you wear such looking boots to school, and your father a shoemaker?"

Little Boy—"You needn't say anything about my boots. Your father is a dentist

and your little baby sister has only one tooth."—"Tiger Cub."

"Sparks"—A "Glimpse Into the Future" is laughable. The cuts are fine as is the magazine as a whole, but we miss the Exchange department.

Senior—Long lessons, no brain, brain fever, he's dead.

Soph—Conceited, swell head, burst cranium, he's dead.

Junior—Love smitten, hope fled, heart broken, he's dead.

Freshie—Milk famine, not fed, starvation, he's dead.

—"Tiger Cub."

"Arcturus"—The Editorials and the "Family Album" seem to be the most noteworthy parts of this magazine. There is also a very plentiful supply of good stories.

Willie started chemistry,  
He studies it no more,  
For what he took for H<sub>2</sub> O,  
Was H<sub>2</sub> S O<sub>4</sub>.

—Exchange.

The "Scout," from Muskogee, Oklahoma, had a fine exhibit in which each department of the school took part. This exhibit was part of a large fair held in that section, and aroused much interest.



"Spectator"—Your paper is, as usual, small, but interesting and complete. You are always welcome.

Heard after an examination:

First Student—"How near were you to the answer in the fifth question?"

Second Student—"Two seats away."  
—Exchange.

"Oracle"—We are glad to add the "Oracle," from Arkadelphia, Arkansas, to our Exchange list. "The Faith of College Men" contains a noble sentiment.

Senior (in hall)—"Get off my feet."

Freshie—"Excuse me, but it will take quite a while, it's such a long walk."—"Red and White."

Mary had a little lamb,  
But now it is dead,  
It went to school today with her  
Between two slabs of bread.  
—Exchange.

According to the "Tiger Cub," Hastings High has a Y. W. C. A. which is very active.

Girl—"Do you believe in free love?"

Boy (checking up expense account)—  
"It doesn't exist."—Exchange.

Ted—"Did that laboratory experiment help you any?"

Ed—"Did it? Why, man! I can name every doctor in town and tell you which ones are the best."—Exchange.

We see by the "Castle News" that the Seniors entertained in honor of the Freshmen. It must have been an enjoyable party.

Some very good advice to Freshmen is found in the "Polytechnic." This is only one of several interesting articles.

Never take aeroplane poison. One drop and you're dead.

You have to pay some people to be good, but freshmen are good for nothing.  
—Exchange.

"Ravelings"—Your editorials are excellent, "Eavesdrops" is interesting, and Professor Smith's poem is very appropriate.

Teacher—"What is personification?"

Pupil—"A conversation between two animals that can't talk."—Exchange.

The "Red and White" from Iowa City, Iowa, was read with unusual interest. We notice that you have a Rifle Club, which must arouse a lot of interest and competition.

From a prominent paper:

"Wanted, a man and wife to work on a farm. They must be able to speak German and French and understand horses and cows."—"Ravelings."

"Industrial School Magazine"—This magazine contains many interesting parts which give evidence of much talent.

**Freshmen,**

All that glitters is not gold.

All that is green is not grass.

—Exchange.

**AS OTHERS SEE US.**

"Oracle"—The motto at the head of each department is a clever idea. The jokes are snappy, the stories good, and the cuts fine.—"Arcturus," Caribou, Me.



*"Wit is an Unexpected Explosion of Thot."*

#### APPROPRIATE GOOD WISHES.

For the Spiritualist—"Never say die."

For the prize fighter—"Many scrappy returns of the day."

For the aviator—"The top of the morning to you!"

For the fisherman—"May your lines lie in pleasant places."

For the umbrella mender—"A shower of blessings!"

Emeralds green, freshmen too,  
Dear little children, how we love you!

A dumb man once picked up a wheel and spoke.

A blind man once picked up a hammer and saw.

And a deaf man saw a flock and herd.

#### Poor Things!

T—wn—nd, '21 (in expression): "When public bodies are to be dressed on momentous occasions."

#### Out of the Mouths of Babes!

Freshman (to Miss H—ks): "You're—you're my adviser, aren't you, now?"

Miss H—ks: "Why, yes, I believe I am."

Freshman: "We—well, will you please tell me how many square feet in Europe and America?"

#### A SHORT STORY.

It was Avery Black Knight, tho' there had been Fairweather the Day before. Said she,

"My Hart is Aiken for something new."

"Well, let's Rideout to the 'Billington' in my Carr," he suggested. His Willis-Knight soon took them to the land of the Hicks. One of the Hicksons turned to Starrett them as they entered the dining room.

"Everett any Kamendovitch, Honey?" he asked, as they sipped their coffee.

"No, Ido Knott like cavier," she replied.

When they could eat no Moore they started home through the Fogg, which was so thick that they bumped into a Mann who did Utterback never a word.

The next morning, he received ten Demerritts at school for his Knightly Tripp.

Madame B—(in French): "No, I never attend football games. We don't have any such sport in France."

H—g—r, '21: "What do you play over there—tiddle-de-winks and marbles?"

Professor—"Sir, you must have ambition! Why—er, why ambition, ambition is everything."

Student—"My dear sir, please stop right there. Ambition is what turned Germany into a village."—Ex.



## Now for Your Fall and Winter Suit and Overcoat

We are showing just the kind of clothes that the good-style well-dressed young man desires. Among the new goods just unpacked there are beautiful models and our moderate prices are much lower than the general trend for good quality clothes. Come in and let us show you.

New Hats—New Furnishings—New Shoes

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Maine's Largest Outfitters for Men and Boys

**W**HEN the frost is on the pumpkin  
the Social Season will begin—  
Have you appropriate footwear?

MRS. B. J. DOLLIVER, 44 MAIN ST.

## A Billiard Hall That is Run Properly

For clean, wholesome recreation, more and more of Bangor's business and professional men are turning to billiards. As one man puts it: "Billiards satisfies the big need for wholesome exercise and recreation as few other pastimes can. It is a game of zest and excitement, calling for skill, and holds the interest throughout. Some folks tell about the evil of billiards. There is no evil in billiards as a game any more than in checkers or dominoes or parchesi; the evil in any billiard room comes not from the game, but from the nature of the proprietor and his customers, and the way the place is conducted."

It is just this sort of logic that has made and kept Goodwin's Billiard Hall at 7 Hammond street one of the highest standard billiard Halls in New England. Frank D. Goodwin, the proprietor is careful to maintain an establishment that shall be clean and attractive from every good standpoint. Gambling is taboo here, as well as any other feature that would tend to make the hall objectionable to any one, man, woman or child. No minors are allowed to play without the consent of their parents, and even though they have this consent, minors cannot play here during school hours.—adv.

## GOODWIN'S BILLIARD HALL

Frank D. Goodwin, Prop.

7 Hammond Street

## FREY'S---Central Street's Leading Cafe

If you want a Nice Dinner or a Quick Lunch try us

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LADIES' DINING ROOM UPSTAIRS

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BANGOR, MAINE

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## ELOCUTION(?)

S wift as a bird on the wing,  
H ustling right through with the thing,  
O n with the "pep," "snap," and all  
R ight up again, after the fall,  
T ouchy's sure there with the ball.

S crubs they are surely in name,  
U nfortunately not used to fame,  
B ut say what you will, there's fame for  
them still,  
S ome day soon they'll be playing the  
game.

### HINTS FOR FRESHMEN.

1. Do not hide your luncheons because it makes too much trouble for the upper classmen to hunt in your desk for them.
2. Do not play in the sand in Room 313. That is for other purposes.
3. Do not use your handkerchiefs now

because you will need them when you are taking examinations.

4. Do not say what you think when you pull those F's in your examinations.

Stump Orator: "I want reform; I want government reform; I want labor reform; I want—"

Voice from the audience: "Chloroform."—Ex.

Mrs.: "I was outspoken on my views at the club today."

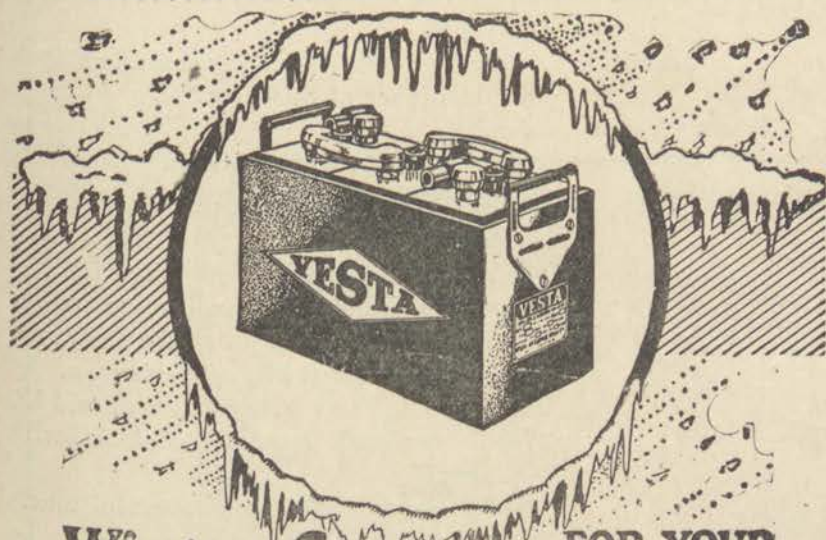
Mr.: "Don't believe it. Who outspoke you?"

Teacher: "Whose paper is this?"

Freshman: "Mine, sir. See the name at the top?"

Teacher: "That's what aroused my curiosity."





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Winter Storage FOR YOUR BATTERY

The Battery Service Station Nearest The High School  
Three cars for free Service. Call and Deliver anywhere. Tel. 2516

ELECTRICITY

means

Better Lighting

Reliable Cooking

& in any

Event---ideal

Comfort

78 HARLOW ST.  
BANGOR, ME.

Patronize Our Advertisers

"'Home, Sweet Home' is a beautiful song."

"Useful, too. If John Howard Payne hadn't written it nobody would ever have dreamt how to wind up a dance."—Ex.

Waiter—"Your order, sir!"

Cust—"A square meal, please."

Waiter—"A couple of bouillon cubes, sir?"

Wanted: A Compass! Address, R.  
T—y—r.

Little drops of water,

Little chunks of soap,

Never get together—in Russia.

1st Stude: "Cold embers. Did you ever hear of cold embers?"

2nd Stude: "Sure—November and December."

"Ouch, there goes another life," said the cat, as she crawled out from under the steam roller.

He (at piano): "They say you love good music."

She: "Oh, that doesn't matter. Go on."

Sophomore: "Please tell me what 'je ne sais pas' means?"

Madame: "I don't know."

Sophomore: "And she's supposed to know French."

Mrs. J.: "Please keep your dog out of my house. It's full of fleas!"

Mrs. S.: "Oh, it is! Now, I'll surely keep Fido out of it."

Teacher: "How many revolutions took place in France at this time?"

Soph: "Four."

Teacher: "Enumerate them."

Soph: "One, two, three, four."

The shades of night had long since fell  
Around our school that we love so well.  
On the High School steps, so the story ran,  
Sat a Freshman girl and a Senior man.  
In a voice that was husky and low, said he,  
"Won't you walk around the block with me?"

The Freshman maid—in a mournful tone,  
"But I can't go without a chaperone."  
The Senior raised his noble head,  
"I'm sure you won't need one with me," he said.

"Then," quoth the maiden, so sweet and low,

"Then," quoth she, "I don't want to go."

Wanted—To know if R. H—tch—ock,  
'23, has found that skirmish line yet.

### TRAGEDY.

A high-bred young puppy from Skye  
Searched long and in vain for his eye,  
For his mistress with care  
Had combed his long hair  
O'er the place where these orbs ought to lie.

### Students' Autos Block Traffic.

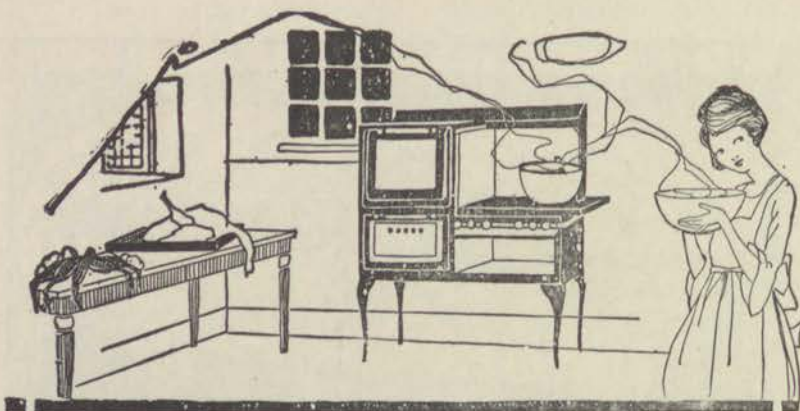
Olathe, Ks., Oct. 7.—Motor cars belonging to students of the local high school have caused such a congestion of traffic that Mayor T. W. Duffy today issued an order that they be parked in the rear of the school instead of in front of the building.





**“Sunbeam Bread,  
'Nuff Said.”**

**SUNBEAM BAKERY  
42 Central Street**



# You Just Know It's Good

THERE is something about the very cleanliness and simplicity of the new model porcelain finished Cabinet Gas Ranges that intuitively tells you that things cooked upon it simply must be good.

## Gas Cooking is Thrift Cooking

Thrift, because of the saving in time—in labor—in fuel—and in foods over all other methods. Just half the time and half the effort and the trick is done.

*We are showing a wonderful assortment of brand new Ranges. Now is the time to purchase.*

TERM PAYMENTS

Telephone 555

**BANGOR GAS LIGHT CO.**  
18 CENTRAL ST.



# BIJOU

Matinee, 2.15

Evenings at 7.45

High Class Vaudeville  
and Photoplays



POPULAR PRICES

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## PARK THEATRE

*Continuous from 1 until 10.30 p. m.*

The Greatest Stars in the  
World's Best Photoplay Productions

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# NORTHEASTERN COLLEGE

## Co-operative School of Engineering



Grinding Castings—Machine Shop, Boston Elevated Railway Co.

### COURSES OFFERED

The Co-operative School of Engineering of Northeastern College offers four-year college courses of study, in co-operation with engineering firms, in four branches of Engineering leading to the following degrees:

1. Bachelor of Civil Engineering
2. Bachelor of Mechanical Engineering
3. Bachelor of Electrical Engineering
4. Bachelor of Chemical Engineering

### REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION

Graduates of Bangor High School who have included Algebra to Quadratics and Plane Geometry in their courses of study are admitted without examinations.

### EARNINGS

The earnings of the students for their services with co-operating firms vary from \$200 to \$600 per year.

### APPLICATION

An application blank will be found inside the back cover of the catalog. Copies will also be mailed upon request. These should be forwarded to the school at an early date.

For a catalog or any further information in regard to the school, address

**Carl S. Ell, Dean**  
**Northeastern College**  
**316 Huntington Ave.**  
**Boston 17, Mass.**



# THE FASHION

## SMART STYLES FOR GIRLS

*School Dresses - Party Dresses - Evening Dresses*

New Models in Betty Wales Dresses and Peggy Paige Dresses

### WOOD & EWER CO.

## KENDALL-WINCH COMPANY



HOW about your Guns  
Mr. HUNTER? We  
carry a Full Line of the  
Best Guns, Ammunition,  
Snow Shoes, Skiis and  
Skates. Let us serve you.



25 Central Street

## East Side Pharmacy

32 State St.

CHAS. H. DAVIS, Prop.



Prescriptions  
Fine Chocolates  
Soda  
Ice Cream

## Hart Schaffner and Marx Suits and Overcoats

\$40, \$50 and \$60

Formerly \$45, \$50, \$55 to \$75

### Miller and Webster Clothing Co.

The Home of Hart Schaffner and Marx Clothes

—At the Robinson Corner—

Patronize the Advertisers

When in need of a Haircut or Shave visit

## MASON'S BARBER SHOP

Daniel H. Mason

20 Hammond Street

### GUS A. YOUNGS

Soda Fountain, Cigars  
and Smokers' Supplies

104 HARLOW ST., BANGOR, ME.

Compliments of

### Buckley Drug Co.

Bangor, Maine

### HOT CHOCOLATE

## Fashion Park and Morse Made Clothing

Custom Service without the annoyance of a Try-on

**Beuoit-Mutty Co., 191 Exchange St., Bangor, Me.**

### Furbush Printing Co.

Solicit High School Patronage  
Excellent Work, Prices Right

108 Exchange St., Bangor



13 State St. (Next to Bangor Savings Bank)

For Long and Short Lumber, Roofing,  
Asphalt Shingles, Wall Board, etc.

—COME TO US—

## C. WOODMAN CO.

136 Exchange Street

Bangor, Maine



Pictures, Picture Framing, Stationery,  
Fountain Pens, Greeting Cards  
and Art Novelties



THE W. H. GORHAM CO.

54 State Street, Bangor, Maine

Whether You Eat to Live  
or Live to Eat

GOODE & DRISCOLL,

you'll thoroughly enjoy the meals you get at our restaurant. Come in any time--morning, noon, night or between times--and we'll serve you and your party a royal good lunch or meal, featuring all the delicacies of the season. Prices right.

101 EXCHANGE STREET

**BOYS DON'T SMOKE**

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

**B. C. M.**

THEY ARE MILD BUT VERY TASTY AND AROMATIC

BOOK AND JOB  
**Printing and Binding**

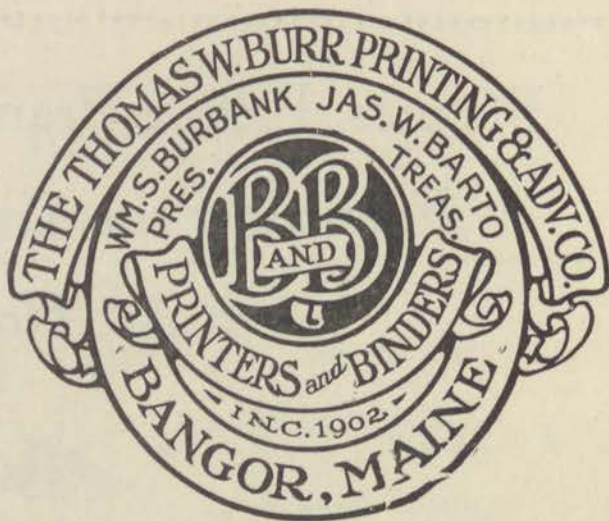
ALL KINDS

Printed or Engraved Wedding Cards  
and Society Printing

We are especially well equipped with the newest and most select faces in type to do this kind of work. We produce a printed wedding invitation or announcement that cannot be surpassed in fact it compares very favorably with the best of engraving and at a great saving in price. If interested let us show you samples.

Mail Orders Solicited Send for Samples  
The Thomas W. Burr Printing Co.  
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Proper Goods, at the Proper Time at  
the Proper Price.



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Formerly Chadbourne's Barber Shop

Electric Clippers

Electrical or Hand Massage

**79 CENTRAL STREET**

(4 Chairs)

All Star Crew

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Telephone  
Connection

Mandarin and  
American Style

**Oriental Restaurant**

Shopper's Novelty Luncheon

*The Home of Prompt, Efficient and Courteous Service*

*Catering to Banquets, Automobile and Private Parties a Specialty*

209 Exchange St.

Bangor, Maine



COMPLIMENTS OF

# W. C. Bryant, Jeweler

GIVE US A CALL

## SANBORN'S BARBER SHOP

R. H. SANBORN, Prop.

7 Hammond Street, Bangor, Maine

Opp. Merrill Trust Building  
Telephone 2553-W

*Electric Clipper*      *We Sharpen Safety*  
*Electric Massage and Shampoo*      *Razors*  
*No Long Waits—6 Chairs*

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Pianos, Victrolas and Records  
Sheet Music and Musical  
Merchandise

One Price and the Right Price to All

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Photography in all its Branches  
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### CHALMERS'

Studio 23 Hammond St.

All kinds of Picture Framing  
Supplies for the Amateur

Manhattan Shirts

Lamson & Hubbard Hats

We have an exceptionally fine line of

### Ready-to-Wear Suits

at very attractive prices

Our Made-to-Measure Clothes

start at \$32.50

and there are some wonderful fabrics at that price

McCann's Quality Shop, 12 State St.

E. & W. Collars

Rain Coats

## WILBUR S. COCHRANE

TEACHER OF PIANO

Telephone 1503-R

Studio, 91 Fourth Street

Patronize Our Advertisers

# H. M. PULLEN, Teacher of VIOLIN

Pupils Prepared for Professional Work

SOCIETY HALL EXCHANGE ST.

## THE BEAL BUSINESS COLLEGE

50 Columbia Street

All Commercial Branches taught in  
a thorough manner

## STICKNEY & BABCOCK COAL CO.

19 State Street, Bangor

Compliments of

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The Florist

84 Central St. 181 Exchange St. 511 Main St.  
BANGOR, MAINE

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Fruit, Confectionery, Sodas  
and Ice Cream

196-198 Harlow St., Opp. High School  
Telephone 8654

## C. E. PENDLETON

"Everything Electrical"

56 State Street  
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*Portraits by Photography*  
*Emma J. Taney, Photographer*  
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Electric Work Lighting Fixtures  
Willard Storage Battery Service Station

## THE DOLE COMPANY

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Wm. McC. Sawyer, Treasurer

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Magazines, Daily and Sunday Papers  
Postal Cards

56 STATE STREET, BANGOR, ME.

## EDWARD I. MORRIS

27 Central St.

Fur Work Tailoring Plaiting  
Hemstitching Buttons

## LUFKIN

U. M. CHOCOLATES Sold only at  
58 Columbia St.

Home of the famous Pine Tree Taffy



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C. D. CROSBY, PRESIDENT

JAMES W. CASSIDY, VICE PRESIDENT

HARRY A. LITTLEFIELD, TREASURER

## Eastern Trust and Banking Company

BANGOR, MAINE

Organized April 9, 1887

Paid Up Capital.....\$ 175,000

Additional Liability of Stockholders ..... 175,000

Surplus and Profits ..... 700,000

Deposits..... 8,000,000

Maintains a Savings Department paying interest on deposits therein. Loans money on Real Estate Mortgages at favorable rates. Receives deposits subject to check and transacts a general Banking and trust company business.

Loose Leaf Note Books  
Plenty of Lead Pencils  
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Everything for the Office

—at—

Dan T. Sullivan's, 23 Central St.

"MAINE'S BEST PAPER"

The BANGOR COMMERCIAL

50 cents per month  
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All Work  
Guaranteed

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Formerly  
Edwards' Studio

All the latest in

HAIR GOODS

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Theatrical Wigs  
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for all classes of  
Entertainments

LOVERING'S  
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Manufacturing Jewelers

All kinds of Jewelry Repairing

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Stones of all kinds

Sizes of Rings Changed

Old Gold and Silver Bought

31 Central Street, Bangor, Me.

Patronize Our Advertisers



## MALLORY HATS

We carry Mallory Hats because we know there isn't a better hat made—quality, style and price considered.

And our judgment is backed up by that of a million American men—who buy Mallory Hats every year. Isn't that the sort of hat for *you* these days?

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**JOHN T. CLARK CO.**  
**Fine Clothes Shop**