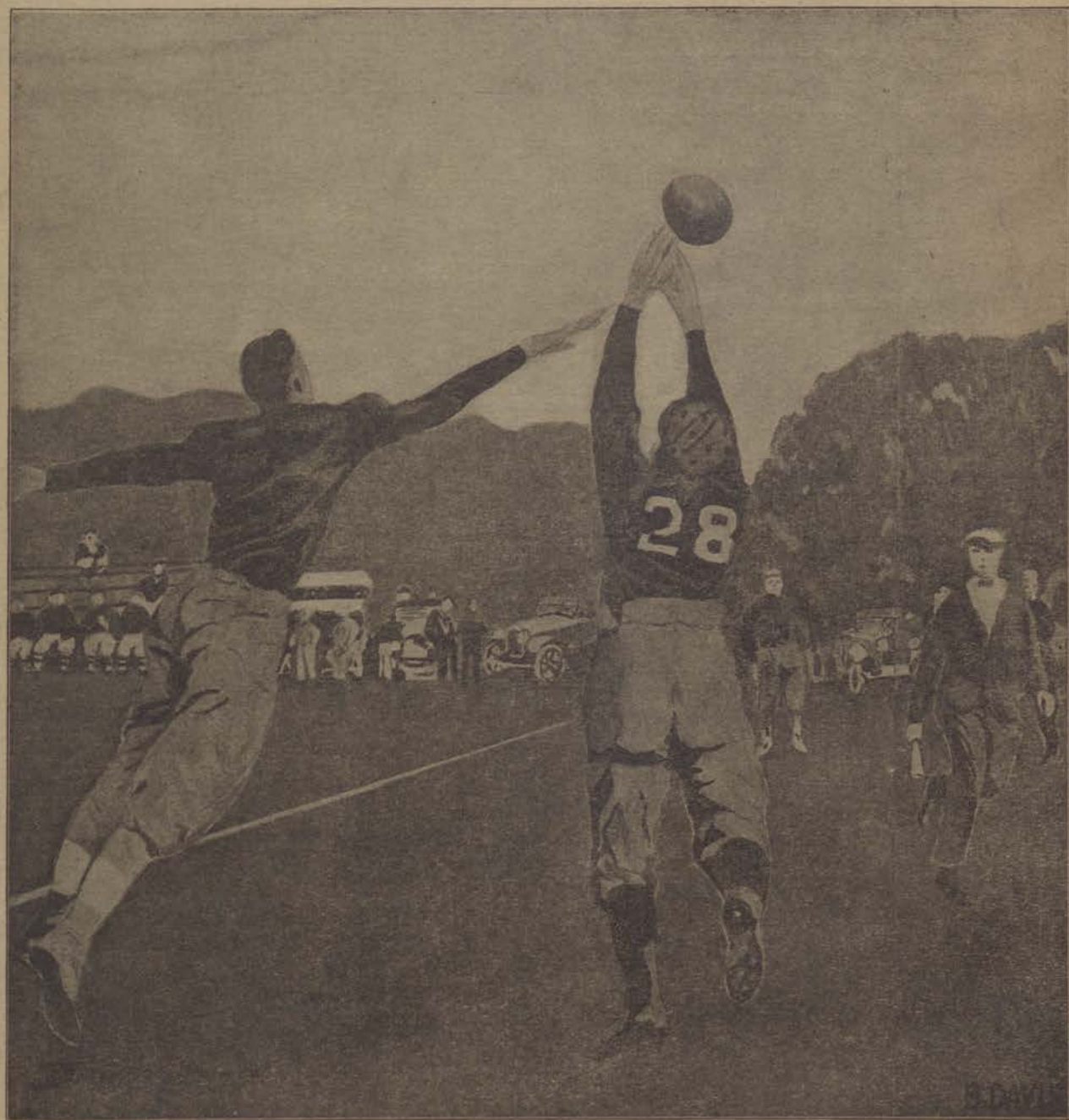


# THE ORACLE



BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

**MECHANICAL DRAWING**

and

**ARTISTS' SUPPLIES**

**Fine Stationery**

**AnSCO Cameras and Supplies**

**Sheaffer's Fountain Pens**

**Greeting Cards**

**Pictures and Framing**

**EDWIN O. HALL**

**88 Central St. Bangor, Me.**

**Tel. 2320-M**

**Francis G. Shaw**

**Bell and  
Xylophone  
Soloist**

**35 Norway Road, Bangor**

**SOLOIST WITH**

**Bangor Band**

**Bangor Symphony Orchestra**

**Bangor High School Band**

**COME IN AND LOOK THEM OVER!**

**The new Fall Suits and Coats are here**

**Late Models and Colorings**

**Everything That's New In Furnishings**

**"MANHATTAN" Shirts "ARROW" Shirts MALLORY "CRAVENETTE" Hats**

**JOHN T. CLARK CO.**

**Exchange Bldg.**

**=**

**Bangor, Maine**

**FRANK W. McCORMICK**

**SUCCESSOR TO McCORMICK & MARTIN**

**CUSTOM TAILOR**

**FULL LINE OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WOOLENS**

**A SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR REPAIRING, CLEANSING, PRESSING**

**TELEPHONE 1792-M**

**15 STATE ST., BANGOR, ME.**

**Patronize the Advertisers**



# THE BEAL BUSINESS COLLEGE

Bangor, Maine

A Distinctive School For Discriminating Persons

Send For Booklets

Telephone 767-W

Night School Mondays and Thursdays

## *The Shaw Business College*

Our CIVIL SERVICE COURSE should interest you at this time. Other SHAW courses are BOOKKEEPING, SHORTHAND, STENOTYPY, BURROUGH'S BOOKKEEPING MACHINE, Secretarial, Teacher.

Free Catalogue, Telephone 830, 49 Hammond Street, Opposite City Hall

TELEPHONE 373-M

L. H. THOMPSON  
Printer

BREWER, - - - - - MAINE

BOYS' FALL SUITS  
BOYS' FALL OVERCOATS  
BOYS' FALL FURNISHINGS  
BOYS' SWEATERS  
BOYS' MACKINAWS

NOW  
READY

**BENOIT-MUTTY CO.**

191 Exchange Street, - - - Bangor, Maine

Patronize the Advertisers

**BIJOU THEATRE**

**BANGOR**

**WEEK** STARTING  
**MONDAY DEC.**

**9**

**NEW SHOW MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY**

**DRAKE & WALKER'S**

***Bom-Bay***  
***Girls***

**BIG COLORED MUSICAL REVUE**

Prices afternoon, 10c and 20c—Evenings 10c, 25c and 35c

Patronize Our Advertisers



# Our Stock of Hats and Caps

Is the Largest and Finest in the State

Lyford-Woodward Co.,    ❁    ❁    Leading Hatters

Telephone 1503-R

## WILBUR S. COCHRANE

*TEACHER OF PIANO*

SIGHT READING, EAR TRAINING AND KEYBOARD HARMONY

Studio, 68 Fifth Street

## S. LEAVITT

Fruit, Confectionery, Sodas  
and Ice Cream

196-198 Harlow St. opposite High School  
Telephone 8654

All Work  
Guaranteed

Formerly  
Edwards' Studio

A. J. FARRINGTON  
PHOTOGRAPHER

Try Us For Your Class Photos  
3 STATE ST.    BREWER, ME.

# BOYS — DON'T SMOKE

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

## B. C. M.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

# Photographs For Christmas

## THE VERY THING

The Inexpensive Solution of the Xmas Gift Problems

See Our Special In  
ART SEPIA FINISH, \$4.50 Per Doz.

### PERRY STUDIO

193 EXCHANGE ST.      BANGOR, ME.

PHONE CONNECTION

## C. WINFIELD RICHMOND

### PIANIST AND TEACHER

Pupil of Philipp, Paris; Joseffy, New York

*Seventeenth Season*

STUDIO IN THE PEARL BUILDING  
ENTIRE TOP FLOOR

## GUS. A. YOUNGS

Soda Fountain, Cigars  
and Smokers' Supplies

100 Harlow Street

Bangor, Maine

Patronize Our Advertisers



# The Oracle Staff

J. Wilson Harthorn, '19 .....	Editor-in-Chief
Philip C. Chalmers, '20 .....	Business Manager
S. George Gallison, '19 .....	Associate Editor
LITERARY	
Mabel B. Peabody, '19	Ruth C. McCabe, '20
LOCAL	
Nina B. Stanchfield '19	Winifred M. Day, '20
ALUMNI	
Arabelle G. Hamilton, '19	PERSONAL
ATHLETIC	
Carl W. Meinecke, '20	Wilfred Gillen, '19
Frederic Jacques, '20	Dorothy Freese, '20
Allan W. Crowell, '21	EXCHANGE
ART CONTRIBUTORS	
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS	
	Walter R. Whitney, '19
	H. Raymond Bolton, '18
	Robert F. Cochran, '21
	Beatrice Davis, '19

## CONTENTS

The Oracle Staff.....	1
Editorials .....	2
Literary .....	5
Laddie—By Charlotte Blanchard, '19.....	5
Fifty-Fifty—By Ruth McCabe, '20 .....	7
All in the Day's Work—By Censor Oraculi .....	10
The Wanderer—By H. Vincent Smart, '19.....	11
P. P. C. L. I.—By Arabelle Hamilton, '19.....	14
Locals .....	16
Alumni .....	18
Athletics .....	20
Exchanges.....	26
Personals.....	27

# THE ORACLE

Published Monthly by the students of the Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine

SUBSCRIPTIONS—75 cents per annum in advance

Regular number 10 cents, Christmas and Spring numbers 15 cents, June number 25 cents

Address all business communications to PHILIP C. CHALMERS, 396 Center Street

Entered as Second Class Matter, June 14, 1914, at the Post Office at Bangor, Maine, under the Act of March, 1879.

VOL. XXVII

NOVEMBER, 1918

NO. 2

## EDITORIALS

*"A Thought is Mental Dynamite"*

We have become accustomed to measure everything in proportion to its value in carrying on war. From this **Football** standpoint, football seems to deserve an even more prominent place than we have usually accorded it. In the element of roughing it football has given many of our men lessons that must have proved priceless in the hand to hand conflicts on the other side. The changing scenes of the gridiron duplicate those of the battlefield to a wonderful degree. In both, a short interval of time often separates success from defeat—a supply train moves over an exposed route in a brief hour or a pigskin rolls aimlessly about for a few seconds. In each, the right thing at the right time settles the question.

We grant that the German is a great drill master, but he lacks vivacity of spirit. Here is the great point of football. To see what is needed and do it in the same breath is a matter of being "on your toes" all the time. It is a habit learned as thoroughly on the gridiron as on the battlefield. Intelligence is as necessary in the ranks as wisdom in the high command. Football will bring out that intelligence not in an after-thought but in the impulse of the moment.

When we add these high purposes to the

always urgent determination to put Bangor in the lead we need not wonder at the fine prospects of B. H. S. football in 1918.

One of the semi-secrets that the war has brought to light is the vast influence of the press in the affairs of the world.

**The Power Of The Press** We have seen Germany bound hand and foot by a carefully censored press. Books, pamphlets, periodicals and newspapers required only time to convince the Germans that black was white; that might was right. This is the chief reason why our enemies have not until now seen things as they are. On all continents the junkers spread a clever bit of camouflage about the deeds and services of German scientists, economists and administrators. These assertions blinded thousands to the real issues of the war in its early stages.

As an actual instrument of warfare the press has won the only victories Germany can boast of. The fall of Russia certainly darkened the allied outlook for a time. That collapse was due largely to the distribution of confused logic in the form of pamphlets printed in Germany. The most important military victory of the Huns followed the



liberal spreading of propaganda in the ranks of the Italian army.

To look at the brighter side; the people of our land have been aroused to their duty in subscribing to the several loans and drives by the articles, advertisements, cartoons and posters of our patriotic press. Especially has this been so in the Fourth Liberty Loan, the greatest loan in history, when all other modes of creating enthusiasm were unavailable. The press is a mighty force for good or for evil.

An armistice, from a strictly military point of view, might be stated as a cessation of hostilities for a definite length of time. An armistice is often declared in order to remove the wounded from the field, to bury the dead, and for other reasons. In many instances fighting has been renewed after such an armistice as that of Nov. 11. This truce of Nov. 11, however, points to only one conclusion—the complete breakdown of the once mighty Empire of Germany. It is interesting to note the speed and the reasons of this downfall. Last June saw Germany the victor in the West. Her armies were not far from Paris and their chances of taking that city were good, until the Americans appeared on the scene. First Rumania, then Turkey, and then Austria-Hungary surrendered, thus cutting off, as you might say, the right hand of Germany. The Allies were continually pushing the Germans back, while the retreat of the Teutons developed more and more into a rout. A few more weeks would have seen this once unconquerable army either annihilated or

captured. The success of the revolution in Germany became every day more apparent. The call for an armistice, a strangely uncamouflaged German confession of defeat, was the result. This armistice of Nov. 11 has opened the way for world peace,—a peace which will be untainted by the demands of Hohenzollerns, Hapsburgs and Mohammeds. It will be purely an Allied peace, lasting, and with justice as its foundation.

Since the revolution by which the Czar and his government were overthrown,

Russia has been for the most part **Russia** under the rule of a regime which has brought death to thousands and destruction of property amounting to millions of dollars. Up to the time of the revolt, Russia had a real government with real laws, which, it is true, were harsh and unjust to the people, yet they made and held together a great nation. Today Russia has no government; she has the Bolsheviki. Its supporters are the ignorant and the lawless; its doctrines may be likened to none. Men much like the I. W. W. control the industries. It is not uncommon to find the former janitor of a bank now one of the directors; a former conductor now to be president of a railroad, and so on. All courts of law and the police have been abolished. The fire department, and in fact all civic departments have disappeared. Another common characteristic of Bolshevism is bribery. No business of any kind is allowed to operate without first paying a large sum of money to the authorities in charge.

Thus is it to be wondered that a people governed by such doctrines should suffer? Is it to be wondered that Germany rejoiced at her so-called military victory in the East? Bolshevism is slowly destroying a great nation. We must help to stamp out Bolshevism before it is too late, and now that peace is in sight our task of bringing about the freedom of this misguided people is made much easier. The United States must stand by Russia as Russia stood by the Allies in 1914. All great strategists admit that if Germany had been able to throw her whole fighting machine against the western front in 1914, she would have won in a short time. Instead of this the German army was divided and the force which she faced on the east was far superior in numbers to the one on the west, while in bravery and in fighting ability was second to none.

The Russians fought as only brave men could fight, but the odds against them were too great. The Allies seemed to appreciate Russia only as an ally. They did not understand, as it was their duty to understand, the condition of the Russian armies. Germany on the other hand took advantage of the simple-minded Russian peasants and proceeded to ruin them. The revolution that followed lost to the Allies one of their strongest supports and made conditions in the West for a time seem hopeless. That was not all. Even after the revolution months passed before any action was taken toward aiding Russia. Here again Germany was ahead of the Allies, for she realized and had realized for years the economic possibilities of Russia. Thus the Germans

brought about a reign of terror in the whole country and by so doing hoped to get control of this great nation, for she knew that with victory in the East, a defeat in the West would count for nothing. We have made mistakes and it is our duty to correct them in so far as it is within our power to do so.

With a good government in control of Russia and with the most important international affairs settled, Russia will mean more to the United States than any other nation in the world. Why? Because of her resources. We need her trade, not for our own benefit alone, but also to aid Russia to attain the position which is due her among the nations of the world. The resources of Russia and Russian Siberia are without limit. Minerals are to be found in great quantities. The timberlands are practically untouched. The soil is adapted to agriculture, especially to the raising of grain. The fisheries are boundless. Russia has the resources to enrich our own country while we have the capital, machinery, engineers and teachers to develop these resources and at the same time make the Russian government one to be respected by all nations. No effort should be spared, for in Japan we shall find a rival, who, by her location, is far better fitted to command Russian trade than we are. The competition will be great, but by utilizing America's wonderful business methods, together with the generosity and good will of the people, the United States is sure to maintain that superiority which characterizes her position among the world powers of today.





*"Reading is a Pleasure and Thinking is Hard Work,  
But the One is Useless Without the Other"*

### LADDIE

By Charlotte Blanchard, '19.



LADDIE was a keen, alert intelligent dog and from the very tip of his pointed nose to the end of his bushy tail he looked exactly what he was—a thoroughbred Scotch collie. As he crouched on his hind legs, ears erect, gazing intently at Aunt Emeline's cat, as that pampered animal leisurely picked her way across the lawn, he looked very saucy indeed. You see Laddie hated all cats on general principles, for when he was a mere puppy this sly, sneaking creature actually had the audacity to strike out and inflict a severe wound on his nose, which he was poking under the stove where she was lying, in a friendly attempt to become better acquainted. From that day to this he had held himself entirely aloof from all animals of this species and especially did he regard with the utmost contempt Aunt Emeline's pet. The cat herself, however, had no intentions of letting matters rest thus; she began to look wise and crafty and to look at Laddie as if to say, "Your days in this family are numbered, my friend. I'll surely fix you if I have to wait a hundred years."

Thus, while the relations between Laddie and the cat were strained, Virginia, Laddie's little mistress, was also having her troubles with Aunt Emeline. Miss Emeline was a maiden lady of about forty-five, or an "unclaimed treasure" as her brother called her. She was possessed of an exceptionally strong will and also of what it pleased her to call a sense of duty. After the death of her brother's wife she had come to do her duty by the child. In the course of this performance her pet cat followed her about and purred his appreciation of her every word and deed.

It might be well here to tell a little about the niece, Virginia. She was generally referred to as "an unusual child," or "such a surprising little dear." But there was nothing at all peculiar about her appearance. She impressed one as being a rather ordinary looking child, a bit small for her age, with large, expressive grey eyes. She had always loved books, especially fairy tales, and every night before she went to sleep her mother used to read them to her. Then sometimes Virginia would tell mother original little stories of her own and in this

way she developed a vivid imagination. It grieved her beyond words to see in place of the kind, indulgent face of her mother, the stern, set features of Aunt Emeline and especially she missed her bedtime story. Upon her request that Aunt Emeline read to her, that conscientious person had procured a book of Bible stories, not the kind written for children, but a dry, uninteresting kind very hard to understand. But even these were brought to a sudden end for one night Virginia offered to tell Aunt Emeline a story. She began with the Creation, but finally put in the wooden horse of Troy and the magic carpet. This appeared so shocking and sacrilegious to her aunt that the stories were dropped entirely.

Nothing seemed to please Aunt Emeline. It annoyed her seriously to have children about, so Virginia had few friends but formed the habit of talking and playing with Laddie. He was a very satisfactory substitute, too, for he seemed possessed of almost human intelligence and would romp and play in a lively manner with his mistress or when she was being punished he would sit and look at her with the most sorrowful eyes imaginable, while she told him her troubles. In fact, for Virginia, life would have been positively unbearable without Laddie.

Most dogs are excellent judges of human nature; they seem to know at once who are their friends and who are not. In fact if a dog takes a dislike to a person there is usually something wrong with that person.

Aunt Emeline had a friend who used to call occasionally with her son and from the

first Laddie regarded these people with the utmost distrust, especially the boy. Even the meekest dog will sometimes object to having his ears punched or his tail pulled and this seemed to be a favorite form of amusement with that boy. Finally Laddie would growl whenever the lad approached and this so alarmed the boy's mother that she always telephoned Aunt Emeline before she called and asked if she would kindly chain up that beast. Laddie keenly resented being tied but the boy seemed to gloat over the dog's punishment. He used to walk around where Laddie was confined and stand just out of his reach, growling at him and teasing him beyond all endurance. Indeed it seemed that the happiest moments of this child's life were when he was causing the most trouble.

One day, however, he originated a plan which promised to furnish him great amusement. Somehow or other he managed to capture the cat and with this prize securely under his arm he softly sneaked up behind Laddie. Then with a loud yell he threw the cat straight at him. Unfortunately for all concerned pussy landed on that surprised animal's head and dug her claws deeply into his flesh. What followed is absolutely indescribable, but needless to say it was a battle that went down in the history of the family as a crisis. Cat, dog and boy, all seemed to be in one grand mix-up, each doing his bit to make a noise. The mother fainted and Aunt Emeline almost followed her example, but when the disturbance was over all were alive. The cat escaped unharmed but blood was streaming from the boy's arm. However, poor, inno-



cent Laddie got the worst of it. He was rushing madly about and howling in the most pitiful manner imaginable. Finally the doctor came and quieted him but after a brief examination announced that Laddie's eyes were ruined and that he would never see again. The cat's claws had done the mischief.

To do Aunt Emeline justice I must say that she felt badly about Laddie and when the doctor carried him off she actually shed a few tears which was entirely contrary to her custom. Of course Laddie couldn't live and suffer so the worst had to happen.

You are probably wondering where Virginia was while all this was happening. About a week before she had contracted pneumonia and was lying ill in bed, but her case was not regarded dangerous. However, when she heard about Laddie she promptly fainted away and underwent a serious relapse. In spite of Aunt Emeline's repeated statements that Laddie was better off she could not become reconciled. At times she became delirious and would call and call for Laddie and then would weep as if her heart would break when he failed to come. The doctors began to shake their heads and look anxious and Aunt Emeline became a different person. Her face

seemed to lose almost all of the stern look and became more sad and gentle. She would sit for hours by the child's bedside trying in every way she knew to comfort her, and suffered agonies when her efforts failed. She seemed to realize that she had not understood the child and was thoroughly sorry; she prayed only that Virginia might recover. Her most intimate friends hardly knew Miss Emeline for the same person. In fact hardly a bit of her former self remained. Thus a new Aunt Emeline was created.

\* \* \* \* \*

Far across the sea in a country called India two persons had climbed upon their housetops to watch the stars and escape the terrible heat of the day. They were the ancient wise man Mohamed-Ahan and his little grandson Ali-Din. As they sat conversing in low tones and gazing at the sky suddenly little Ali-Din exclaimed, "Oh, grandfather, see that little star there, it just moved. I saw it. And see all that yellow light around it. Pray tell me, what does that signify?" The old man silently regarded the heavens for a moment, and then solemnly replied, "That, my little Ali-Din, is the soul of a child ascending to Heaven."

## FIFTY-FIFTY

By Ruth McCabe, '20.



O H dear! Why must the world seem chaos? The sun was shining brightly and Mavis wanted to be happy, for happiness was her natural element. But how could a girl smile when, at every

corridor corner, reproving eyes bored into her very heart?

Though she was of German origin and had an uncle who was a captain under von Hindenburg, yet hadn't she a brother and several cousins "over there" under the



Stars and Stripes? And if she had been endowed with the gift of music and, also, was a natural born debater, was that her fault?

Oh, if father and mother had not moved from West Chester. There everyone excused your having a German name; there the boys and girls were proud of their school pianist. How vividly she remembered the day she won the debate against Hampshire High. She had seen, through smarting eyes, a thousand beloved chums rise to their feet and, in one voice, call, "Mavis Grelstien, oh, Mavis Grelstien!" A debater, cheered by name; and now, she, loved by West Chester, envied by Hampshire, was a Junior in the latter school.

One morning, the first of the new year, it had been announced in chapel, that those who wished to try out for school pianist were to come back that afternoon. Needless to say the honor was won by Mavis. Now the co-ed teams of the school were preparing to debate against West Chester in December.

Only today the girls president had asked Mavis her intentions and Mavis, with a cool little smile, had answered that she was not yet fully decided.

She remained in her home room at recess because she knew that her classmates hated her. They thought her disloyal to her new school, but how could she debate against West Chester? If she entered the debate she would win, for Mavis went into things to win. Then her old chums would ignore her and if she failed it would appear traitorous to Hampshire.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Mavis, Nate wants to see you," called her mother. Hastily bathing her eyes in diluted toilet water she summoned a smile and descended.

"Why, Mavis, old girl, what's up? You of all people with red eyes, and—"

"May I take your hat? Nate Grelstien, don't you know it's impolite to be so nosey?"

Bowing deeply he replied, "A thousand pardons, liebling cousine, but I—er thot you looked a bit nosey yourself," while he dodged his own hat that had been rather furiously thrown at him.

"Oh, I say, Mav, forget it. Come on out for a spin, I want to talk to you."

Once out in the scented autumn air her spirits somewhat revived. Neither spoke until Nate stopped the car on top of a high hill. The spot commanded a fine view of Hampshire at their feet and away in the distance the red sun was setting behind the tall spires of West Chester.

"Mavis, I'm in a deuce of a pickle and I know you are too. I'm not absolutely oblivious to the dagger looks of H. H. girls and the all-around indifference of the school toward you. Now, here's the cap of the climax. I've lived here since I was a kid and I'm a part of the place here and I love it as a fellow loves his home and, Mavis, mother says we're to move this week to West Chester."

Mavis turned abruptly and laid a hand upon her cousin's arm. "Nate, what do you say, not—not—"

"Exactly! And this is the football season



and I'm the quarterback and in just two weeks we play West Chester over there." Then, blushing, "I guess I haven't got to tell you of my football name in C. H. S. They've met me before."

Things surely looked bad, but soon, in a bubbling voice Mavis asked, "Nate, it wouldn't take you long to learn W. C. H.'s signals, and their methods are similar to ours. Oh, I know you're wondering if I've gone mad, but listen, you'll be hated there as I am here, but Nate, I have it. Let's go fifty-fifty! I'll win the debate for Hampshire if you'll give W. C. H. your best."

Nate stared at her a moment, then, "Done," and, as they grasped hands, "Gee, Mavis, you're a peach!"

Everywhere were bright blue streamers and flags intermingled with the scattered red. The band was playing and the boys and girls were marching. Mavis, sitting in the grand stand beside Rita Snowdon, the H. H.'s girl debating president, caught many smiles as her old school friends filed into their seats. They understood, and yet many of them seemed a little doubtful. The question was, How would Nathan Grelstien show up against his old team?

As they tried through their signals Mavis recognized Nate's athletic figure. He was fullback. She saw that he was in perfect trim but that his face was pale. She knew the teams were perfectly matched, for a new fellow had come in and filled the gap Nate had left in H. H.

The battle was on. Now it was West Chester's ball, now Hampshire's. Gradually they pressed toward the opponents' goal and back again and Hampshire was within

a dangerous few yards of getting a touchdown when the first half ended.

It was decidedly exciting. Both sides began the second half with grim determination. The ball was soon West Chester's, and, as the numbers were called, the ball was passed to Nate. As he began to plough his way through, the other school tackles rushed at him; the left caught him and he came down with a sickening pain in his stomach.

Faintly the cry came to him, the old cry of West Chester, when one of their men fell. Gradually he remembered. Oh, he must fight, fight, fight! With the aid of two fellow players he got upon his feet and, after walking about a few moments, resumed the game.

Oh, if only that dull ache would go away, but he set his lips and went to it. The second half was passing and neither school had scored. Suddenly, Nate could not tell how, the ball was Hampshire's. The new man had it—he was nearing the goal, ten, fifteen feet nearer. Thank Heaven, he was tackled. He was trying a scrimmage. Oh! the ball was going wrong. Nate jumped, caught it, ran around that struggling mass and was looking up the field to the goal line.

The air rings with screeches of boys and girls, and honking of automobile horns. The time keeper holds his watch—only a few moments left and what is that shadow beside him? The old Hampshire tackle! Oh, lend speed to his feet. One hundred feet, yet, and there was a horrid ache in the pit of his stomach. It seems he must drop; a black cloud momentarily obscured his

vision; he fights it off and nearer, nearer, appears the twenty-foot poles with their cross bar. Yes, he must make it. Ten yards, five yards, a few feet and he drops beside and behind the goal post.

Why is this big crowd hooting about him? Why is Mavis holding his head and bathing his face? Oh, yes, the sense of

nausea brings remembrance, he had won the game by that touchdown. Looking into his coach's eyes, he smiles, and, as it seems, much the easier way, he closes his eyes again.

(To be continued.)

Part II. tells how Mavis makes good her pledge.

## ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

By Censor Oraculi.



HE jelly was done at last. It had "jelled" perfectly and the ten glasses were standing on the south window sill, all gleaming in the sun like so many jewels—big rubies with hearts of fire. It was quite an achievement for twelve-year-old Nell, who had never done any cooking before. Grandma laughed to be sure, at her beginning with currant jelly, the most ticklish thing in the cook-book. "It is like a carpenter," she said, "trying to build a house before he has learned how to plane a board properly."

"But don't you suppose a carpenter ever really did build a house, before he could plane a board perfectly?" said Nell.

"A good many people have done it," laughed jolly grandma, "but whether you could rightly call them carpenters or not is another question."

"Well, you don't have to call me a cook, then," said Nell, "but I feel as if I were just the same."

"Suppose you stop splitting hairs with grandma," interposed Nell's mother, "and melt the paraffine to put over the top of your jelly."

So Nell got out the big white lump of paraffine, which fitted perfectly into the saucepan, from which it had come out only a few days before when Marion had put together and melted down all the various covers that had come off the jelly and marmalade glasses that had been emptied last winter.

The paraffine slowly liquefied and Nell was holding a glass of her precious jelly in one hand and a long handled spoon in the other, about to dip up a spoonful of the hot oil when she recoiled in horror. "Mother," she cried, "there are two worms in the paraffine! Oh, do look quick!"

"Worms in the paraffine! Impossible!" said mother, with quite as much surprise, disgust and disbelief as you could possibly expect.

But there they were, two small thread-like worms, each more than an inch long, in the bottom of the same pan, looking exactly as if they were in their natural element.

A stamping was heard in the hall.

"John," called mother, grandma and Nell, all together, so rapidly that you couldn't tell which was saying which. "Come here quick and tell us what kind of worms these



are swimming about in the paraffine and how they came there."

Now John's specialty was biology. "Worms in hot paraffine!" he said in derision. "I guess they wouldn't stay there long if there were any. They would all cook up to nothing."

"I don't care," replied Nell. "They are worms, and one of them has a simply horrid little black eye."

"They do look like worms," said John, who had been hoeing potatoes, "but I'll tell you what they are. They are small pieces of witchgrass root. I've dug up forty million such this morning, and they are tough enough to hold their shape even in boiling oil."

"That's just what they are," said grandma. "I wonder I didn't notice it before."

"But who could have put witchgrass roots into the paraffine?" said Nell, only half convinced.

"I suppose you brought some in on your hands when you were picking the currants,"

replied John, carelessly.

Nell's indignation swelled to the bursting point—and beyond, at this. "Do you suppose witchgrass grows on currant bushes?" she said when she could speak at all. "Do you suppose I don't wash my hands before I cook? And, anyway, how could a root have got into the middle of the hard paraffine?"

Just then Marion appeared. "What's all the trouble about?" said she, diligently plying her knitting needles all the while. But when she heard she laid down the half-finished sweater and peered into the saucepan.

"Oh, I dropped two little candle ends left over from Christmas time, into the paraffine the other day, when I was melting together the odd pieces," she explained. "I thought it would be a shame not to conserve them, and what you see in there is the wicks."

Such a laugh as they had at themselves!

"Marion, you are certainly the champion Hooverizer," said John.

## THE WANDERER

H. Vincent Smart, '19.



LONG years ago, the valley of the Mackenzie, in the land of the Far North, was inhabited by a tribe of Indians known as the Kopagmut people. This tribe was in sore straits, for each year some, being loath to leave their summer campfires, were caught in the great tempest which came as a herald of winter. One night, as the Great Chief prayed to the Almighty Spirit that the Kopagmut people might be freed from this bane, a vision

came to him. And the vision spoke, saying, "Great Chieftain, tell thy people that they must depart southward before another moon, for he who beholds Makwa (northern lights), at his height, is doomed to die."

The land of the Far North was deserted, the tribes had all departed southward. Yet a wisp of bluish smoke slowly ascending from a lone cabin announced that there was one person at least who had not followed the southern trails. Within this hut, at first, nothing could be seen but the dim and



flickering light of an open fire which was burning at one end of the cabin. It was late in the afternoon and the sun had completed its low arc and the long twilight had begun. When one had accustomed his eyes to the thick, smoky atmosphere within the camp, he could have seen the tall, well-built figure of a Russian, busied about his evening meal. Beyond the fire a wolf hound lay, his teeth bared in a perpetual snarl.

These two strange beings were parallel in nature. The one hated and feared by men, the other, by brutes, they, thrown together by fate, were following a doubtful destiny, two exiles in the Land of the Far North. While hating the world they hated each other, but in such a way that they were attracted by their aversions.

The dwindling twilight grew fainter and fainter until at last, night fell, over a strange land and enveloped two strange beings within its fold. With the coming of night a weird, unearthly sound was heard. The air seemed filled with ten thousand sparks. In such a manner is that great electrical display in the heavens, the northern lights, heralded in the extreme north.

The Russian stepped outside the hut and stood leaning against the rough wall of his camp. The dog slunk away into the darkness. At first single jets of light played slowly back and forth across the northern sky. Soon others appeared and the fantastic dance quickened. It was as if a master musician were touching his favorite instrument. Such was the prelude, and, as dancers respond to the dance, as genius thrills to the infinite, so did the lights in-

crease and spread until the sky blazed with innumerable hues, a veritable inferno of flame and color. The great play was approaching its climax when, of a sudden, a single arm of living fire, glistening, gleaming, glittering, aspiring, towered to the very zenith. The fantasy of the dance having reached its height it sank slowly, fading, and leaving its watcher appalled by the magnitude of what he had seen.

A short distance away, on a mound silhouetted against the dying embers of this late conflagration in the heavens, the dog, vibrating to the call of the wild, howled and howled. From somewhere in the surrounding void came the answering call of a wolf, mellow with distance. The night settled into deep darkness, until, at last, dawn came, bringing a long period of semi-darkness.

Already the Russian had partaken of his early meal, and was preparing for a journey. Although these preparations were but a part of the day's work, yet it seemed that the temper of the dog was worse than usual. He lay sprawled out before the obstruction which served as a door, his ugly head resting upon outstretched paws, his small eyes following incessantly the movements of the hunter. If the latter chanced to pass nearer than usual to this companion of his, the brute would bare his wicked fangs and bristle as though before an enemy.

The preparations were completed; the Russian spread the embers of the fire, slung his pack, and made toward the door. The wolf hound, his beady eyes agleam, gathered himself for a spring. Suddenly he shot upward and, hurling himself upon the



man's broad chest, he forced him backward into the rear of the hut. The hunter, taken by surprise and borne down by this great weight, was slow to recover himself, but seeing that the dog had returned to his position before the door, he cautiously felt for a weapon. His groping hands encountered a heavy stick of fir, with which he stealthily approached the dog. As the hound prepared again for a spring, the man clutched his weapon more firmly. The gray form shot upward a second time, but it was met midway by a crushing blow. Overcome and subdued, the dog slunk beneath the bunk to nurse his bleeding jowl, in silence.

The heavy bar banged into place on the inside of the door, as the man passed out into the early morning. He hesitated—there was no doubt of it, the sky was darkening. Perhaps the brute had understood the situation better after all; yet, the man had passed through a world of dangers and still he was unscathed. Why heed the warning—the warning of a dog. And so the Russian disappeared slowly up the trail toward Litosh (Beaver) Lake.

The little lake was an excellent place to trap the beaver. Three times during the last moon, had the Russian been rewarded with a full haul. Upon arriving there, after he had completed the rounds of the upper end, he set out toward the beaver dam at the foot of the lake. Since at this place running water kept the holes above the traps open, he had left his axe with his pack at the head of the lake. He reached the first trap, knelt and plunged his arm, full

length, into the icy water, feeling for the sleek body of the beaver.

But hold—the trapper's face is struck with horror! The empty steel trap has closed over his hand. His axe is at the further end of the lake. He is alone in the land of the Far North, alone in a land of exile, alone, for his call has come.

The sky already overcast has become threatening. A half hour and the sun can no longer be seen, an hour and it is as dark as night. The great tempest is approaching. The trees, although no breath of air can be felt, are swaying back and forth. All nature seems holding her breath, awaiting a crisis.

Back at the cabin, the door swings slowly outward; a dog slips out and is lost to sight in the darkness. Were we to flash a light on the door we should see that it was covered with blood, where the hound, in trying to move the heavy bar, had sprung at it again and again. But instinct had been true, the door swung back, and the dog disappeared into the obscurity. Having ascertained the direction of the trail, he loped to the northward, with that steady, swinging trot from which the miles drop away. He turned aside but occasionally to cross the scent, making sure that the Russian had not retraced his steps.

The Mistral of the Far North had come. Darkness reigned at high noon. The wind shrieked wildly. Old monarchs of the forest came crashing to earth, forcing a "drive" of smaller trees, before their weight. yet a dog flitted like a shadow beneath the trees, heading northward, ever northward

beneath the storm. Once the shadow paused, a second phantom form appeared. The two closed, but the sound of the combat was drowned by the roar of the tempest, and the two noiseless shadows crouched, sprang, wheeled and sprang again. The short by-play ended; the flitting form was again heading toward the north.

\* \* \* \*

The storm has ceased; the sun has begun

its long twilight. At Litosh Lake two silent forms lie huddled on the ice, a blanket of soft snow enveloping them. Again nature is silent. Two strange beings, two exiles from their native land, have passed to the Great Beyond. The light is fading, and the soft twilight dwindles until at last, there falls another night. The Kopagmut prophecy has been fulfilled.

### P. P. C. L. I.

Arabelle Hamilton, '19.



IX months after the declaration of war found the forerunner of the great Canadian Army on Flemish soil. This was the now world-famous Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. It was named in honor of Princess Patricia, daughter of the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada. Shortly after its arrival overseas this regiment was merged into the 27th Division, which was made up almost entirely of battalions recalled from India.

The first engagement of great importance that this regiment engaged in was the battle of Neuve Chapelle. During this battle "Princess Pat's" together with four other battalions, drove the enemy out of St. Eloi and held the town successfully. For this remarkable and valiant piece of work all five regiments received special commendation. "Princess Pat's" were the first overseas troops to be used in action and their deeds were a pride to the whole empire—a pride destined to be infinitely

heightened by the glorious work of the entire Canadian army in the battles that followed. Five days after the battle of Neuve Chapelle this regiment suffered a great loss when their commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Francis Farquhar, was killed while on inspection.

The second battle of Ypres began April 22nd. On that day the Germans, for the first time used the most horrible weapon that modern warfare has yet produced—that of poison gas. The gas strangled the men, causing them to turn blue with their eyes bursting from their heads. Those who inhaled less of the gas were affected with a deathly nausea. French and Zouaves writhing in agony and wild with terror fled backward. No dishonor can ever be attached to those who fled; it was more than flesh and blood could endure. Of course at this time the men had nothing to protect themselves from the gas. The Canadians suffered less from the gas than the French. The 3rd Canadian Brigade to its eternal honor did not break, although confused and



overwhelmed by the gas and by the superior numbers of the enemy. These terrific and desperate battles around Ypres lasted up to May 13th.

On May 8th, 1915, just one day after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the Princess Patricia's Light Infantry paid the supreme price. May the 7th, was a quiet day, unusually quiet, but on the morning of the 8th, an intense bombardment commenced and was followed up by an overwhelming infantry attack. The 3rd King's Royal Rifles were stationed to the right of "Princess Pat's" and the 3rd Monmouthshires to the left. Both were ordered to fall back and they did so in an orderly fashion. One of the few remaining officers of the "Princess Pat's" when informed of this said, "The last orders I received were to hang on and we will." The P. P. C. L. I. now made a stand that was even more heroic than that of their ancestors in "The Charge of the Light Brigade." This regiment without ammunition or reinforcements, stunned by the intense heavy artillery fire, and practically surrounded by the enemy, stood its ground. Bombs from an airplane and the artillery completely obliterated their trenches and the machine guns mowed them down by hundreds. Then the enemy rushed over them killing the wounded and capturing or killing the pitiful few that were alive. Every man was now "on his own," an order which signified that all hope was gone of saving them as a regiment. Scarcely more than a dozen men fought their way back to the Canadian lines.

A group of the captured Canadians were being interviewed by a high German officer. When he learned that the soldiers were of the P. P. C. L. I., he said, "Princess Patricia is my niece. Awfully nice girl. I hope it won't be long before I see her again." To this a captured corporal replied, "Well, I hope it won't be long before I see her, too." This officer showed something like kindness to these captured men, the first and last they were to receive while in German hands; for the treatment that these captured men afterward received from the Germans was horrible. The Germans hate the Canadians worse than any other people. Germans claimed that Canada had no business in the war and they planned to see that she got her punishment for being in it. Of the "Princess Pat's" men that were captured a few escaped and after terrible hardships reached Holland; the rest died of slow starvation and cruelty.

Princess Patricia's was again reinforced to full strength, but during the third battle of Ypres suffered severe losses. In this battle in one company alone of two hundred and fifty men to report present one morning, but five got back to their own lines after action. The Canadians in this one battle alone suffered seventeen thousand casualties.

Of the original regiment of fifteen hundred men but eighteen are known to be alive and few are left of the nine thousand reinforcements that it has had. The career of this regiment is honorable indeed.



# LOCALS

*"Of Little Threads Our Life is Spun,  
And He Spins Ill Who Misses One"*

The critical part of the "Influe" being over, school recommenced November 4, 1918. It was found that only a small percentage of the number of students had fallen victim to this disease, for which we are all very thankful. Every precaution will be taken to prevent its breaking out again, and we are already beginning to make up lost work, by taking longer lessons.

The pleasant smell diffused through the corridors recently, proclaimed that the Domestic Science girls were making grape jelly. The lunch room has made a grand change. Instead of staid saucers for ice-cream and silver (not much) spoons, we are now able to buy ice cream cones on Wednesdays and Fridays. They're much handier; besides you don't have to carry back the dishes; those you get free of charge.

Senior election of officers was held at a class meeting in the Assembly Hall. William Hall and Vincent Smart were nominated for president. William Hall won the election. The following is a list of the other officers, who were unanimously elected:

Agnes Olsen, Vice President.

Jean McLean, Secretary.

Ralph Thompson, Treasurer.

The medical room has been fitted with seats equipped with arms for writing, owing to the necessity of having another recitation room. Sick people, if there are any, will now have to be remedied in the Teachers' Room.

Work has begun in earnest. Typewriters are banging gaily on the third floor, and paper currency of large denominations (despite war times), is circulating in the banking departments.

We were greeted recently in chapel, for the first time this year by our orchestra, which, as usual, deserves the highest praise. This was followed by a speech from Manager Buckley about Football. Pledges were signed for season tickets, although the season has been shortened this year.

Mr. Folley, Chairman of the War Work Campaign of Bangor, spoke to us Friday the eighth, in Chapel. He gave a brief account of the campaign, telling of the plans for the Victory Boys and Victory Girls.



He then introduced Mr. Arthur E. Potter of Boston, who to say the least, is one of the best speakers we have had. Mr. Potter told us that this War Work Campaign does not exclude boys and girls, but counts them right in with the Big Folks, so that we can show what we're made of, and go squarely over the top. Just think of it—the allotment of all the schools in Bangor is only 310. We alone can get that easily. At the close of school Friday, there were 100 per cent. of boys in Room 211 who had pledged themselves to earn five dollars.

We are proud to say that Bangor High School did its part in helping to celebrate the end of the war, which was without doubt the greatest day in all history. Our joy knew no bounds, especially when we found we were to have a holiday. Everything was used to make a racket, from a tin horn to a Cleveland tractor. In the afternoon, the most enthusiastic parade ever held in Bangor marched through the streets. Our Band, Debutantes and High School "Civilians" took a prominent part in the celebrating. A feature of the evening, following the burning of the effigy of Kaiser Bill, was an American Flag waved by an Italian veteran, with a background of fireworks. The effect was wonderful.

Lieutenant Norris, U. S. A., is now drill master of the B. H. S. Cadets.

Revised roster of the company officers:

**Co. A.**

Captain, Ralph R. Thompson.

First Lieutenant, Carl W. Meinecke.  
Second Lieutenant, John L. Caulfield.

**Co. B.**

Captain, Franz R. Dolliver.  
First Lieutenant, Phillip T. Oak.  
Second Lieutenant, Granville M. Bond.

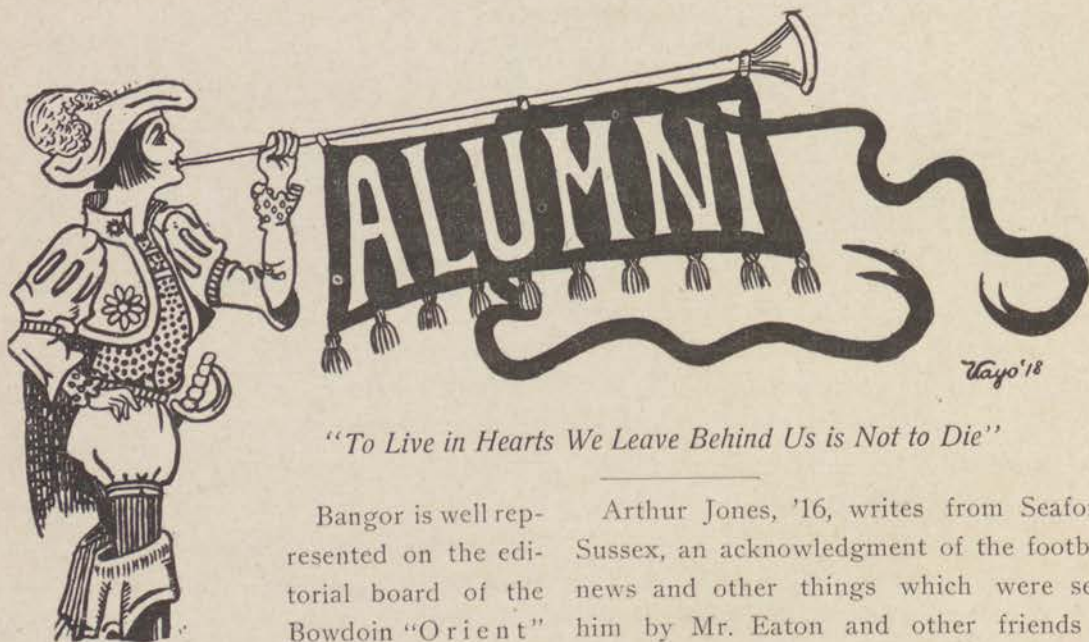
**Co. C.**

Captain, Frank Pierce.  
First Lieutenant, Phillip C. Chalmers.  
Second Lieutenant, H. Eugene MacDonald.

The following candidates were nominated for officers of the Junior class at a recent class meeting: Blair White, Phillip Oak, Henry Hersey, president; Theresa Thompson, vice-president; Ruth Henderson, Josephine Clough, secretary; Henry Bacon, Granville Bond, Miles Finnegan, John McAloon, treasurer. The result of the election was: Henry Hersey, president; Theresa Thompson, vice-president; Ruth Henderson, secretary; John McAloon, treasurer.

**GREAT EXCITEMENT—A LOCK-IN.**

The lock on the door of Room 208, one day, worked only too well. Someone slammed the door and a first year French class with their teacher were penned in for five awful minutes. What if the fire alarm had sounded just then? But it didn't, and relief was near at hand. It came in form of a key brought up in haste by an outsider, P. O. '20, from the principal's office. The key was deftly applied to the door and the prisoners released.



*"To Live in Hearts We Leave Behind Us is Not to Die"*

Bangor is well represented on the editorial board of the Bowdoin "Orient" Crosby E. Redman, '16, is editor-in-chief, and Kenneth S. Boardman, '17, is business manager.

Miss Helen E. Patch, '09, has had the honor of being awarded one of the two fellowships offered by the French government to American college women. This gives an opportunity for studying in a training school for teachers at a secondary school near Paris. It is one of the highest ranking schools for women in France. Miss Patch is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke, and at present holds the French fellowship at Bryn Mawr. She taught French for a short time in Bangor High.

Ralph B. Knott, '17, and Harry Helson, '17, have both been inducted into the Naval section of the Students' Army Training Corps at Bowdoin.

Basil G. Woods, B. H. S. '12, U. of M. '16, has been promoted to the rank of first lieutenant.

Arthur Jones, '16, writes from Seaford, Sussex, an acknowledgment of the football news and other things which were sent him by Mr. Eaton and other friends in B. H. S. He gives an account of his day: On duty from 6 a. m. practically all the time until 4.30, with considerable evening work in the line of shining up equipment which consists of 92 pieces of brass.

Galen Kenney, '18, has entered the Students' Army Training Corps at Boston University.

James McCann, 17, has been accepted for Officers' Training School at Camp Zachary Taylor, Louisville, Kentucky. He was in the class of '21 at Georgetown University, leaving there to enlist.

The death of Robert Hurd, '14, occurred Oct. 9th at the Hingham Munition Depot, Hingham, Mass. Chemist Hurd was a brilliant student at U. of M. before enlisting in the U. S. Reserve Force. The remains were accompanied to Orono by a guard of honor, composed of fifteen armed men. He was buried at Mt. Hope with full military honors.



Marion Kenney, '18, has entered Emerson School of Oratory.

Sergt. Albert S. Toole, '14, was killed in action Sept. 7th. Sergt. Toole trained at Devens and later at Camp Gordon, Georgia. He went oversea with a southern regiment in May. The news of his death was a great shock to his family as they had received a cheerful letter from him but two days before.

Paul Eames, '17, and Percy Howard, '17, were successful in passing the examinations for the Harvard Training School for ensigns at Cambridge.

Raymond Curran, '17, recently left the S. A. T. C. at the University of Maine for the Officers' Training School at Camp Lee, Virginia. Mr. Curran was very prominent in athletics while in High School. His brother, Edward Curran, '14, was selected from Camp Devens to go to the same training camp.

Arthur Robinson, '16, who is stationed on the U. S. S. C. 265, has recently been home on a furlough.

A very pretty soldier greeting entitled, "Soldier Lad," written by Ruth Delano Newcomb, '16, has recently been displayed in the window of the E. C. Nichols Co.

George W. Burns, '11, has been promoted to the rank of lieutenant, upon the recommendation of Colonel Atkinson, during the battle of the Marne. Lieutenant Burns attended Georgetown University for a year

and then entered the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated in the class of '16.

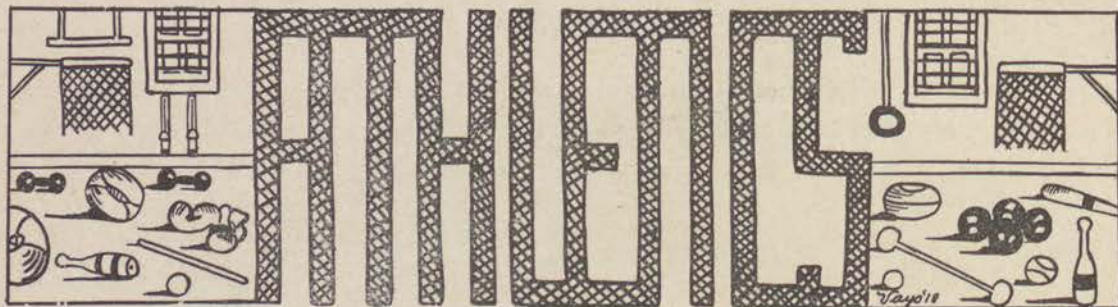
Hugh C. Smith, '17, has left for Camp Lee, Virginia. Mr. Smith entered the University of Maine last year and was made a member of the Lambda Chi Alpha.

A very brilliant military wedding took place at St. Luke's Cathedral, Portland, when Lieut. Everett T. Nealey, Jr., ex-'13, was united in marriage with Miss Dorothy Tobey of Kennebunkport. Lieut. Nealey has seen much service in the French Army as an ambulance driver.

Ensign John H. Magee, '14, has recently spent a short furlough in this city. Ensign Magee is stationed on the U. S. S. Kentucky. He has been recommended by the government for promotion to a lieutenancy.

The death of Helen Veazie Gerrity occurred October 11th of pneumonia, after a brief illness. Miss Gerrity graduated from Bangor High School in 1900 and from Mt. Holyoke in 1905. Returning to Bangor she took a master's degree at the University of Maine and later took a course in library work at Simmons College. For a short time she was connected with the Bangor Public Library. Miss Gerrity was one of the judges of the Senior graduating essays in 1917.

Robert L. Hamilton, '10, has been promoted to the rank of corporal. At present Corp. Hamilton is doing guard duty at Camp Mills, Long Island.



*"It is not the Outcome of a Battle—But How Did YOU Fight?"*

### B. H. S. VS. U. OF M. SECOND.

On Saturday, October 26, B. H. S. played the first game of the season against a heavier opponent on a wet field.

Bangor kicked off. Maine gained only a short distance before she fumbled. Bangor recovered the ball and made but five yards before Maine got the ball through a fumble. Maine went to Bangor's four-yard line by a series of plunges. Bangor gained the ball through a fumble, and was forced behind her goal line. Smith punted but the wet ball went nearly straight into the air and, when it fell, bounded across the goal line. Small, of Maine, fell on it for a touchdown. The try at goal failed.

#### Second Period.

Maine had the ball the entire period and, by a series of plunges went nearly to the goal. There, however, a fumble lost her thirty yards and before she could make it up the period ended.

#### Third Period.

Bangor kicked off. Maine carried the ball thirty yards by short plunges. Bangor recovered a fumble but in turn fumbled on the third down. Bangor held Maine for downs, afterwards carrying the ball twenty-five yards in twelve downs. Maine took the ball and the quarter ended.

#### Final Period.

Maine lost the ball on downs and Bangor

carried it back fifteen yards, only to lose it through a fumble. Maine took the ball to Bangor's thirty-yard line and tried a drop-kick which failed.

The teams were lining up when time was called and the game ended.

The summary:

B. H. S. (0)	U. of M. Second (6)
Sheehan, Gillin.....l. e.....	Murray
Bacon, Bond.....l. t.....	Boynton
O'Connor	
Johnson, Goldstein...l. g.....	Phipps
Dolliver	
Russell .....c.....	La Crosse
Bullock, Eye.....r. g.....	Whitcomb
McCann .....r. t.....	Page
Finnegan, Geagan...r. e.....	Small
Cohen, Meade.....l. h.....	Webber
McNeil .....r. h.....	Whittemore
Smith .....f. b.....	Hodgdon
Short, Gallagher...q. b.....	McLean

Officials: Kent and Stevenson, U. of M.  
Time: Eight-minute periods. Touchdown, Small.

### B. H. S. VS. P. H. S.

Saturday, November 2, Bangor was defeated by her old rival, Portland.

#### First Period.

Portland kicked off. Bangor carried the ball twenty yards before being forced to punt. Portland returned the punt and Ban-



gor got to Portland's twenty-five yard line by a series of line plunges. There, however, she lost the ball and Portland started a march up the field. H. Ward ended the march by making a touchdown. Neavling failed to kick the goal. Time was called before the teams had lined up.

#### Second Period.

Neavling kicked to Bangor's twenty-five yard line. Bangor lost the ball through a fumble. Portland sent E. Ward thirty-two yards for a touchdown. Neavling kicked the goal. After the kickoff the play was near midfield until one of Smith's punts was blocked and the ball rolled to Bangor's two-yard line. E. Ward recovered and H. Ward made the touchdown. Neavling kicked the goal. Portland kicked off. Bangor failed to gain and punted. Portland made 15 yards, failed to gain by passing, and punted. Here the half ended.

#### Second Half.

Smith kicked off for Bangor. Portland made a touchdown in four downs, Mahoney making nine yards, Dolan six, Mahoney twenty-five and E. Ward thirty-one for a touchdown. Neavling kicked the goal.

Smith kicked again. Portland came to Bangor's twenty-yard line by a series of rushes. Bangor got the ball on downs and Smith punted. Portland came back to Bangor's ten-yard line before the period ended.

#### Final Period.

Portland sent H. Ward through the center for a touchdown. Here came the only accident of the game, Sheehan's shoulder being wrenched. Neavling kicked

the goal.

Neavling kicked off. On the first play Smith tried a pass but H. Ward intercepted it. Portland went from midfield to a touchdown in eleven downs. Neavling kicked the goal.

Portland kicked off. After an incomplete pass Portland got the ball and made three first downs before the game ended.

The summary:

#### B. H. S. (0)

Gillin, Rogan.....l. e.....  
Bond, Bacon.....l. t.....  
Sheehan, (Capt.)....l. g.....  
Johnson  
Goldstein, Russell....c.....  
Bullock .....r. g.....  
McCann .....r. t.....  
Rogan, Finnegan....r. e.....  
Geagan

#### P. H. S. (41)

Doull, Leavitt  
E. Ward  
Flaherty, Gribben  
Jean Neavling  
Reiche  
Schonland  
Napolitano  
John Neavling  
Payne, O'Hara

Small  
Dolan (Capt.)  
Mahoney  
H. Ward

Officials: Referee, Donahue of Portland; umpire, Hooper of Auburn; head linesman, Kent, U. of M. Time, 12 minute periods. Touchdowns, H. Ward, 4; E. Ward, 2; goals from touchdown, John Neavling, 5.

#### B. H. S. VS. W. H. S.

Wednesday, November 6, Waterville High school was defeated by a score of 32 to 0. The whole Bangor team showed a marked improvement over their work at the Portland game.

The summary:



B. H. FOOTBALL SQUAD—1918



**B. H. S. (32)**

Gillin .....l. e.....Terry

"Shorty" Smith

Sheehan, (Capt.).....l. t.....Guite

Bond, Bacon.....l. g.....Begin

Johnson

Goldstein, Russell....c....Vigue, Reynolds

Bullock, Malone.....r. g.....E. Steadman

McCann .....r. t....Jacques (Capt.)

Finnegan, Geagan...r. e.....Simpson

Gallagher, Short....q. b.....Baxter

Cohen .....l. h.....Thompson

McNeil .....r. h.....Beatty

"Fat" Smith.....f. b.....Marquis

Williams

Officials: Kent, U. of M., referee;

Pierce, U. of M. N. T. S.; Sullivan, Bangor.

Time, 10-minute periods. Touchdowns,

Finnegan, "Fat" Smith, Gillin, Gallagher,

McNeal. Goals from touchdown, "Fat"

Smith, 2.

**W. H. S. (0)**

Short, Gallagher....q. b.....Wood

Cohen .....l. h.....Barenby

R. (Shorty) Smith

McNeil, Corey.....r. h.....Miller

G. (Fat) Smith.....f. b....A. H. Wiseman

Officials: Kent, U. of M., referee; Sulli-

van, Bangor, head linesman; Tackerbury,

U. of M., umpire. Time, 10-minute periods.

Touchdowns, G. Smith, 4. Goals from

touchdowns, G. Smith, 1.

**BANGOR VS. PORTLAND.**

Bangor played her second game of the season against Portland, at Maplewood Park, Saturday, November 16. It was by far the best game of the year. There was no individual starring on either side.

The game follows, play by play:

**First Period.**

Smith kicked off to H. Ward on Portland's thirteen-yard line. Ward came back eleven yards. Dolan made sixteen yards, Nash failed to gain, J. Neavling made two yards. H. Ward made seven and, on the next play, twelve. Portland fumbled, but H. Ward recovered for a loss of three yards. E. Ward made two yards, Thompson stopped H. Ward for three. Portland failed to gain and Bangor took the ball. Smith lost a yard then gained two. Portland was offside and penalized five yards. Bangor's first down. Gallagher lost three yards. Smith and McNeil each gained four. McNeil gained six yards for first down. Gallagher gained two, Smith four. Bangor was penalized five yards for offside. Bangor tried a pass, Smith to Finnegan, but it was incomplete.

Portland's ball. Nash gained eleven

**B. H. S. VS. L. H. S.**

Saturday, November 9, Bangor won her second game from Lewiston. Our team had improved since the Waterville game three days before, while Lewiston's teamwork was poor.

**B. H. S. (25)**

Gillin, Rogan, Gillin.l. e.....A. J. Wiseman

Sheehan, (Capt.).....l. t.....Hardy

Bond, Sullivan.....l. g.....Donovan

Bond, Thompson,

Bond

Goldstein, Russell....c.....O'Neil

Bullock .....r. g.....Kerrigan

Keenier

McCann .....r. t....Shields (Capt.)

Finnegan, Geagan...r. e.....Goddard

**L. H. S. (0)**

yards, H. Ward six. Finnegan stopped Dolan for two yards. Nash made three and Dolan three. Nash fumbled and lost six yards before he recovered. H. Ward was stopped for no gain. Ward tried a pass to Dolan but it failed. Bangor's ball. Smith gained a yard and then five. Gallagher fumbled and H. Ward recovered for Portland. H. Ward gained five yards. Here Cohen went in for Gallagher. H. Ward made eight yards, Small, two. Somebody fumbled on Bangor's eighteen-yard line. Smith scooped up the ball and went the eighty-two yards for a touchdown. Geagan was substituted for Finnegan. Smith failed to kick the goal.

Smith kicked off to H. Ward who came back twenty-one yards. H. Ward passed twenty-three yards to Dolan who was stopped in his tracks. An incomplete pass ended the quarter.

### Second Period.

Portland's ball on Bangor's forty-yard line. Dolan gained two yards, H. Ward, six. H. Ward fumbled and Bangor recovered. McNeil gained four yards. Smith lost three and Cohen one. Smith punted thirty-eight yards. Nash made one, H. Ward four. Incomplete pass, Ward to Dolan, and J. Neavling punted to Short who came back two yards. Smith gained eight yards, then one. McNeil made three, five, and three. Gene Neavling went in for Flaherty. Smith gained two yards, and McNeil three. Portland offside and penalized five yards. McNeil made six yards, two, one and one again. Smith gained a yard and McNeil did the same. Short made

two. McNeil drop-kicked but failed to make the goal.

Portland's ball on her own twenty-yard line. Dolan went around the right end for twenty-two yards. Nash gained eight yards. On the next play Short tackled Dolan for a loss of a yard. H. Ward made five yards on a fake pass. Portland fumbled and Geagan recovered.

Bangor on her own forty-five yard line. McNeil passed to Geagan fifteen yards. McNeil failed to gain, made five yards, six yards, one yard, failed to gain. Cohen made one and Smith one. The next play was an incomplete pass, Smith to Short. Smith was injured and McFadden took his place.

Portland's ball. J. Neavling fumbled, H. Ward recovered. Dolan made four yards, then two. Thompson downed H. Ward for a loss of five yards, and the half ended.

### Third Period.

Portland kicked off forty-eight yards to Gallagher who gained eight yards. McNeil made five yards, McFadden one, and McNeil two. McNeil punted forty-five yards, Finnegan got the Portland man in his tracks. Nash gained four yards, H. Ward two, Dolan four. First down. H. Ward made four yards, Nash two, then one. H. Ward made two yards. Bangor's ball. McNeil and Gallagher both failed to gain. Gallagher gained five yards and McNeil punted forty-five.

Portland's ball on her twenty-yard line. Dolan gained five yards, Nash two and H. Ward three. Small gained three yards, H.



Ward eight, Nash two. Bond stopped Dolan for three yards. H. Ward made sixteen, Small six and Nash three. Bangor was penalized fifteen yards for the coach being illegally on the field. Nash made five yards, Dolan two, H. Ward two, then one. Goldstein stopped H. Ward for no gain. On the next play H. Ward made a touchdown. J. Neavling kicked the goal.

J. Neavling kicked off forty yards to Finnegan who came back twenty. McNeil gained one yard. On the next play he fumbled and Flaherty recovered. Bangor was penalized twenty yards, half the distance to her goal line, for an alleged illegal substitution, Smith for McFadden. Short went in instead. Ward made five yards, Nash two and Dolan two. Bangor was penalized half the distance to the goal, five yards, for slugging. Cohen substituted for McNeil. H. Ward made two yards.

#### Final Period.

Portland on Bangor's four-yard line. Dolan gained one yard, then one more. Bangor held for no gain and got the ball on downs. McFadden punted thirty-five yards. Dolan lost one, then failed to gain. An incomplete pass, and J. Neavling punted thirty yards. McFadden punted forty yards.

Portland's ball on her own forty-yard line. Nash started for a touchdown but went off the field on Bangor's twenty-two-yard line. Dolan gained six yards, H. Ward none, then two. Dolan made five and Nash four.

Substitutions. Geagan for Finnegan. Finnegan for Gallagher.

Dolan made two yards, H. Ward one.

Dolan went over for a touchdown. J. Neavling kicked the goal.

J. Neavling kicked off forty yards to Short who came back twenty. Doherty went in for Payne. Short passed five yards to Finnegan, who went fifty-five for a touchdown. Sullivan for Bond. Geagan for McFadden, Short for Finnegan. Short failed to kick the goal.

McFadden kicked off forty yards to Nash who made eighteen. Dolan lost six, Nash and Dolan failed to gain. J. Neavling punted forty yards to Short, who came back eight. Cohen made fifteen yards and the game ended.

The summary:

#### B. H. S. (12)

Gillin.....l. e.....Doull  
Thompson.....l. t.....J. Neavling  
Bond, Sullivan.....l. g.....Flaherty  
G. Neavling  
Goldstein .....c.....Reiche  
Bullock.....r. g.....Schonland  
McCann.....r. t.....E. Ward  
Finnegan, Geagan...r. e....Payne, Doherty  
Short, Gallagher....q. b.....Small  
Finnegan, (Capt.)

Short

Gallagher, Cohen....l. h....Dolan (Capt.)  
McFadden, Geagan  
McNeil, Cohen.....r. h.....Nash  
R. Smith.....f. b.....H. Ward  
McFadden, Short  
McFadden

Officials: Kent, U. of M., referee.  
Files, Bowdoin, umpire. Barron, U. of M., head linesman. Touchdowns, Smith, Finnegan, H. Ward, Dolan. Goals from touchdown, J. Neavling, 2.



*"No Man Ever Did a Great Work Alone"*

Owing to necessity the Exchange column of the Oracle is lacking an important part this issue. Although we received a large number of Exchanges during the month, none of them criticised the Oracle. This is disappointing as well as perplexing. Surely our paper must possess a few points that would bear criticism and it is our most urgent wish that other school papers would offer a few suggestions.

### EXCHANGES.

The Clivenden contains some of the best stories that are to be found among the Oracle's Exchanges. "The Knotted Finger" is especially fine and holds the reader's closest attention. "Incidents of Inbad, Inventor" is another unusual story. It shows real wit and is told in a very lively manner. In fact, it would require a full page to speak with justice on all the Clivenden's merits.

The Signet—Your Literary department is unusually long—and good, too! Why not "Hooverize" and use every available space for some purpose? Two-thirds of your Exchange page is a blank.

The Record—A good paper, well written, with amply developed departments, spicy personals and interesting cuts. Come again!

St. John Concordia—A splendid paper that is entertaining from cover to cover. It has omitted all jokes of every kind, but nevertheless is very attractive.

The Early Trainer—The poem "Somebody's Taking Your Measure" is right there with the right idea. It contains a mighty fine thought well expressed. "The Playful Hun" is very good, also.

The Dial—Your magazine is very good, indeed, but why not try a new cover design and a few clever cuts? They are great "boosters" to any paper. Why not knock a few more times in your "Knocks" column? Humor, you know, is part of that variety which is the spice o' life!

The Advance, Salem—We admire your honor roll. Many school papers are enlivened by drawings,—are there no cartoonists in your school? Your paper fairly bristles with the patriotic spirit.





*"Welcome Mischeif if Thou Comest Alone"*

(With apologies to Lieut. Streeter.)

Dere Mable.

You have wrote me that you was now studding in Bangor Hi School. I am glad, Mable, becaus you nede it. No ofence is ment, I just tell the trooth rite out. Frank—that's me all over. I notised that you didn't spell very good—your wurdz not lookin anything like mine. I always was a good speller, tho' eh, Mable?

When I went to scool my papers was  
always markt F. That menes fine Mable.  
I hope you get good rank like I ust to.

You say you are studdying French. Parly-voov-fransay? I gess you haven't studdyd enuf to rede that, Mable.

You ast me did I ever heer of Julyus Seezer. He don't belong to my company.

Tell your mother I wish she wood send me a magifying glass to help tranzlate your lettirs. Maybe I won't need one if you studdy hard at school.

Well, Mable, I must close.

Yours,

Bill.

My first is the space of twenty-four hours,  
My second, the side toward which the wind  
passes.

My whole is an adjective meaning diurnal.  
Or—a girl who is known to the four B. H. S.  
classes.

Mr. B—(in History): "Rome should have cut off their heads and sent the rest of them home."

Pupil: "I don't see how the Freshmen can keep their hats on their heads."

Second Pupil: "Oh, it's vacuum pressure." Ex.—

About High School, we're told, there are two sad things. One of them is graduating; the other is not graduating.

Miss P—'20 (translating French): "A formidable barking arose from a kernel situated not far from the door."

1922: "I have elected History I. What else would you advise me to take?"

1919: "I would advise arsenic. It is the quickest thing I know." Ex—

Teacher: "If a grocer sold ten pounds of butter at 75c a pound, how much should he get?"

Pupil: "Two years."

Teacher (reading from *The Vision of Sir Launfal*): "Oh! What is so rare as a day in June?"

Boy in the front seat: "A red-headed Chinaman."

There are no jokes in football, it is the real thing.

Teacher in Chemistry, after Smith '19, had broken a chair: "George, can't you find one that will hold you?"

Mr. Goldstein '20, after explanation by Mr. Varney: "Just as clear as mud. Thank you."

In Psychology—Miss B—, is your memory logical or—

Class in unison: Absent.

She: Our Chinese laundry man speaks German.

He: He must be a Dresden Chinaman.

Teacher: "Why does that horrible smell of rubber come from the study room?"

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

#### Wanted.

Berneice Daley's dimple.

Gerard Collins' bashfulness.

Moses Garland's walk.

Leslie Bowler's grin.

"Huskey" Bowles' physique.

Anybody wanting the recipe for "making eyes," call on Mr. Robert Collins first period.

The Seniors are waiting with anxiety. Who's Ruth H.'s '19 next victim?

It has been said that this year's football team is small. What will it be in 1923?

Mickey Finnegan says he has learned something in football. He has learned to fly. He flew 55 yards for a touchdown in that Portland game.

The question has been asked. What were D. Eames '19, and P. Oak '20, doing down "South" on the evening of Oct. 25?

Wanted by B. H. S. Students.

A permanent back seat in 114. V. S. '19.

A pair of wings. F. L. '20.

A new tune to whistle. P. O. '20.

A dictionary. A. W. '20.

Excuses from attendance (when my own are run out). F. S. '20.

More mirrors. All the girls.

A speedometer. H. H. '20.

Sounding boards in all rooms. A. B. '19.

A hitch weight. R. M. '19.

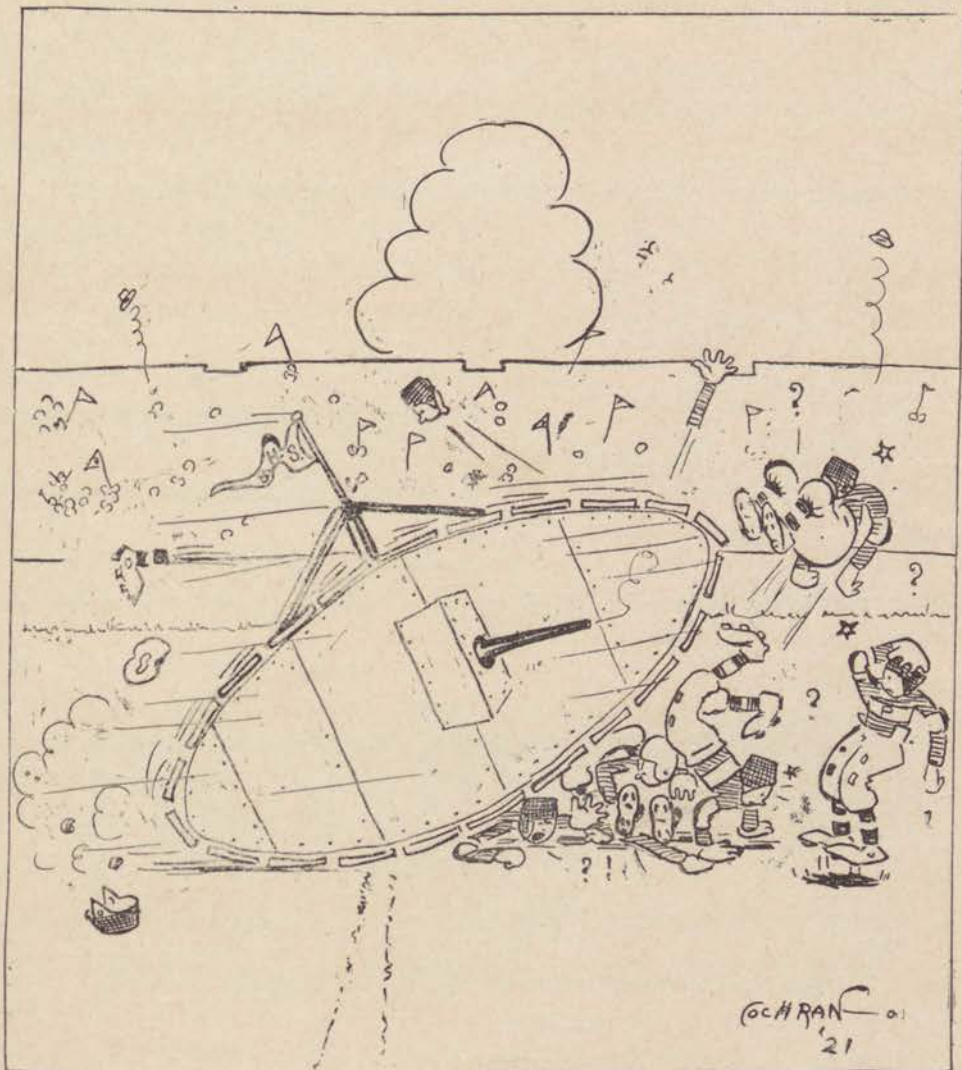
Miss T—'20 (in Cicero): "They planned to take a sudden departure from the world."

Miss P—"Where were they going?"

Teacher: "Why isn't the 'i' stressed in that word?"

Mr. McA—, '20: "Because there's a dot over it."





Portland Gets a Surprise in Her Second Game With Bangor

Madame B—"Mr. McA——, are you going to faint?"

Miss F—(after giving out work to be done): "Now I want all those in before this week."

Madame in French: "Are you prepared today?"

Taines '19, translating: "Not yet."

Miss F—(in first year French): "Mademoselle B——?"

No answer.

Miss F—(looking at pupil): "Isn't your name B——?"

Pupil: "Yes, but my first name isn't Mademoiselle. It's Mary."

The sophomores are still young!

Mrs. H—(in Ancient History): "What do the Greeks do when they want to find out about the future?"

Pupil: "They go get an 'Oracle.'"

Teacher: "You spelled the word 'rabbit' with two t's. You must omit one."

Pupil: "Yes'm. Which one?"

Ex.—

From an exercise in Commerce and Industry:—"The fishing in the United States is not so great as the poultry, because the people don't catch so many fish as they hatch eggs."

We would like to know if Miss Olsen '19, intends to go to Higgins next fall? We understand she was visiting there a few weeks ago.

H. O'Leary '20, has gone out for football. We hope he won't use the boys rough.

Freshman Yell.

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Ma! Ma! Ma!

Pa! Pa! Pa!

Help!

It has been rumored that the cadets who don't attend drill regular will have to do Kitchen Police. If that is the case the janitors can take a vacation.

Mr. P— in Algebra: "If you are interested in the reason, let me refer you to your appendix."

Lancaster '20: "I had mine cut out."

H. H. (in class meeting): "Now the sooner we get at this, the quicker."

In English—Miss W—:"Is as much space given to the Idler as to the Rambler, Mr. G——?"

Mr. G—, awakening from a much disturbed sleep with an immense yawn: "Er-r-Er-r— Just about."

Miss Robinson: "What do you call the work of a problem in algebra?" (Expecting "solution" as the answer.)

Black, '19: "Salvation."

Heard from a freshman: "Is that R. McCann's little sister with him?"

Madame in French: "What will you have for dessert?"

Miss Lindsey, '19: "Une glaciere." (An ice chest.)





## Squinting Is Not A Habit

But squinting is practically caused by inability to see distinctly and can be relieved only by correctly fitted glasses.

**Arthur Allen Optical Co.**

28 Main Street, Bangor, Me.

ONE PRICE AT  
**BENSON'S**  
The Heart of Bangor's Shopping District

## DRESS ACCESSORIES

The carefully considered details of dress—it is the secret every well-dressed woman learns. This season as never before, perhaps, are the Sections displaying accessories—Gloves, 'Kerchiefs, Neckwear, Hosiery—prepared to meet our patrons' needs. By a careful looking ahead there is now ready for selection a wide and varied assortment from which to choose.



**BESSE-ASHWORTH CO.**  
**BANGOR'S LEADING STORE**

**The Latest From The World Of Fashion**  
**SUITS COATS DRESSES FURS**

Every Garment we are showing is a special  
edition of the New Autumn Styles

"THEY ARE DIFFERENT"

**WOOD & EWER CO.**

COMPLIMENTS OF THE

**NEW YORK SYNDICATE**

118 MAIN STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

**C. H. Babb & Co.**

**PLUMBERS**

**and**

**STEAM  
FITTERS**

106 EXCHANGE ST.  
BANGOR, MAINE

Do Your Xmas Shopping at

**THE OUTLET Corp.**

We are showing a large assortment of

**FELT SLIPPERS  
and  
HOUSE MOCCASINS**

We Also Carry a Complete Line of

**SHOES AND  
RUBBERS  
AT CUT PRICES**

**The Outlet Corp.**

91 MAIN ST.

"Maine's Largest Cut Price Store"

Patronize Our Advertisers



## C. F. WINCHESTER

THE CORNER GROCERY

Telephone 1160

183 Park Street

We Sell  
ARCTIC SPRING  
WATER  
Delivered Daily  
Bangor, Maine

## W. C. BRYANT

Diamond Dealer

Bangor,

Maine

WARES OF

GOLD, SILVER, AND CUT GLASS  
WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS  
CARD AND SOCIETY ENGRAVING

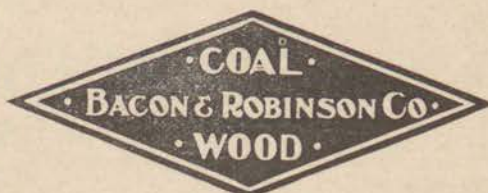
## The Hincks Coal Co.

COAL

AND

WOOD

104 BROAD STREET



13 State Street [Next to Bangor Savings Bank]

WHEN IN NEED OF A HAIRCUT OR SHAVE VISIT

## Mason's Barber Shop

DANIEL H. MASON

20 HAMMOND STREET

WHETHER YOU EAT TO LIVE  
OR LIVE TO EAT

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.

GOODE & DRISCOLL,

101 Exchange Street

PHOTOS

ENLARGEMENTS

## HOPKINS STUDIO

14 STATE STREET

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING FOR AMATEURS

Patronize the Advertisers



### FOOT NOTES.

Merit wins the race for  
Walk-Over shoes.

## WALK OVER BOOT SHOP

8 BROAD STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

ICE CREAM

SODAS

HOT DRINKS

## BUCKLEY DRUG CO.

THERE'S ONLY ONE BEST! THAT'S BUCKLEY'S

27 Hammond St.

=

=

Bangor, Me.

Full Line of

**Fine Shoes**

for Ladies and  
Gentlemen

## JOHN CONNERS SHOE CO.

40 MAIN STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

C. H. SULLIVAN

T. N. CURRAN

D. F. CURRAN

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.  
27 Columbia St., Bangor, Me.

Proper Goods, at the Proper Time at the Proper Price



Patronize Our Advertisers



Diamonds

Pendants

## S. L. ROGERS JEWELER

FINE LINE OF WEDDING GIFTS

Kenduskeag Bridge,

Bangor

Watches

Glassware

## F. Bernard Russell

INSTRUCTOR OF  
TROMBONE

Telephone 1807-W

## P. T. DUGAN & CO.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Trunks, Bags, Horse Supplies  
and Shoe Findings

Order Work and Repairing a Specialty

34 CENTRAL STREET

SAVE YOUR EYES

## HARRY J. COVELLE

OPTOMETRIST

31 Central St. New Stetson Bldg.

*Portraits by Photography*

*Emma J. Taney, Photographer*

*28 Main St., Bangor, Me.*

## CURTIS & TUPPER

Druggists

The Fountain Pen Store

5 HAMMOND STREET

Electric  
Work

Willard Storage Battery  
Service Station

Lighting  
Fixtures

## THE DOLE COMPANY

Electrical Engineers and Contractors

Wm. McC. Sawyer, Treasurer

61 Main Street - - Telephone 74

## Furbush Printing Co.

SOLICIT HIGH SCHOOL PATRONAGE  
EXCELLENT WORK, PRICES RIGHT

108 Exchange St., Bangor

## EAST SIDE NEWS DEPOT

W. L. ELDRIDGE

### SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Magazines, Daily and Sunday Papers

Postal Cards

56 STATE STREET, BANGOR, ME.

## STICKNEY & BABCOCK COAL CO.

19 State Street, Bangor

## LUFKIN'S

Home of Pine  
Tree Taffy  
and

54 Columbia  
Street

Extra Rich  
Velvet Ice Cream

"MAINE'S BEST PAPER"

## THE BANGOR COMMERCIAL

50 Cents Per Month  
Delivered By Carrier

## FREE

A Credit Voucher for a Gibson Mandolin or any Gibson Instrument given to any student in Bangor High School who will write the greatest number of words found in the words "Gibson Mandolin Club".

If you wish to have a real Mandolin Club you need a Gibson Mandola and Mando-Cello, Call and see them.

**David Lane Carver**, Instructor and Club Coach  
Merchant's Bank Buidding Room 10, Phne 1107

COMPLIMENTS OF

### Miller & Webster Clothing Co.

The Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Bangor

Maine

### Chadbourne's Barber Shop

79 CENTRAL STREET

All Star Crew

(4 Chairs)

BANGOR

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 Massage and Shampoo*

*No long waits, 6 chairs*

Compliments of

## ANDREWS' MUSIC HOUSE

98 Main Street

Bangor, = Maine

Patronize Our Advertisers



FREDERICK W. HILL, CHAIRMAN OF BOARD

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 ..... 690,000

Deposits..... 6,600,000

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.



## A GOOD BANK TO GROW UP IN

YOUNG men who are depositors with us will find their connections with this bank a source of increasing satisfaction as the years go by. We know your problems and stand ready to co-operate with you in many ways.

We want "beginners in business" to come to this bank, and we believe that this is the kind of a bank that you want to grow up in.

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

BANGOR, MAINE

All the latest in

## HAIR GOODS

To Let

Theatrical Wigs  
and Beards  
for all classes of  
Entertainments

## LOVERING'S

European Hair Store

52 Main St., Bangor, Me.



— USE —

## JONES' CELEBRATED FINNAN HADDIE

Delicious! Nourishing!  
Tempting!

Sold From Coast To Coast. Look for  
the tag on every Haddie. For Sale at  
all best dealers. Cured by

## ALFRED JONES' SONS

BANGOR, MAINE

Patronize Our Advertisers

**Always The Greatest Possible Value At Their Price**

\$20, \$22.50, \$25, \$27.50, \$30 and \$35

For Young Men's Suits and Overcoats, with all the new ideas in tailoring.

Everything new in Furnishings, Hats and Shoes

**J. WATERMAN & CO.**

Maine's Largest Outfitters

for Men and Boys

**Spaulding and D. & M.  
Basketball Goods  
are the best**

DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS

**THE S. L. CROSBY CO.**

146-150 Exchange Street,

Bangor, Maine

Our new line of Ladies' Dress and Street Shoes  
is now ready for your inspection.

Also a Fine Line of Ballet Slippers

**MRS. B. J. DOLLIVER**

44 MAIN STREET

PHOTOGRAPHY  
in all its  
branches

Supplies  
for the  
Amateur

**CHALMERS'  
Studio**

23 Hammond St.

Amateur  
Developing  
and Printing

All kinds of  
PICTURE  
FRAMING