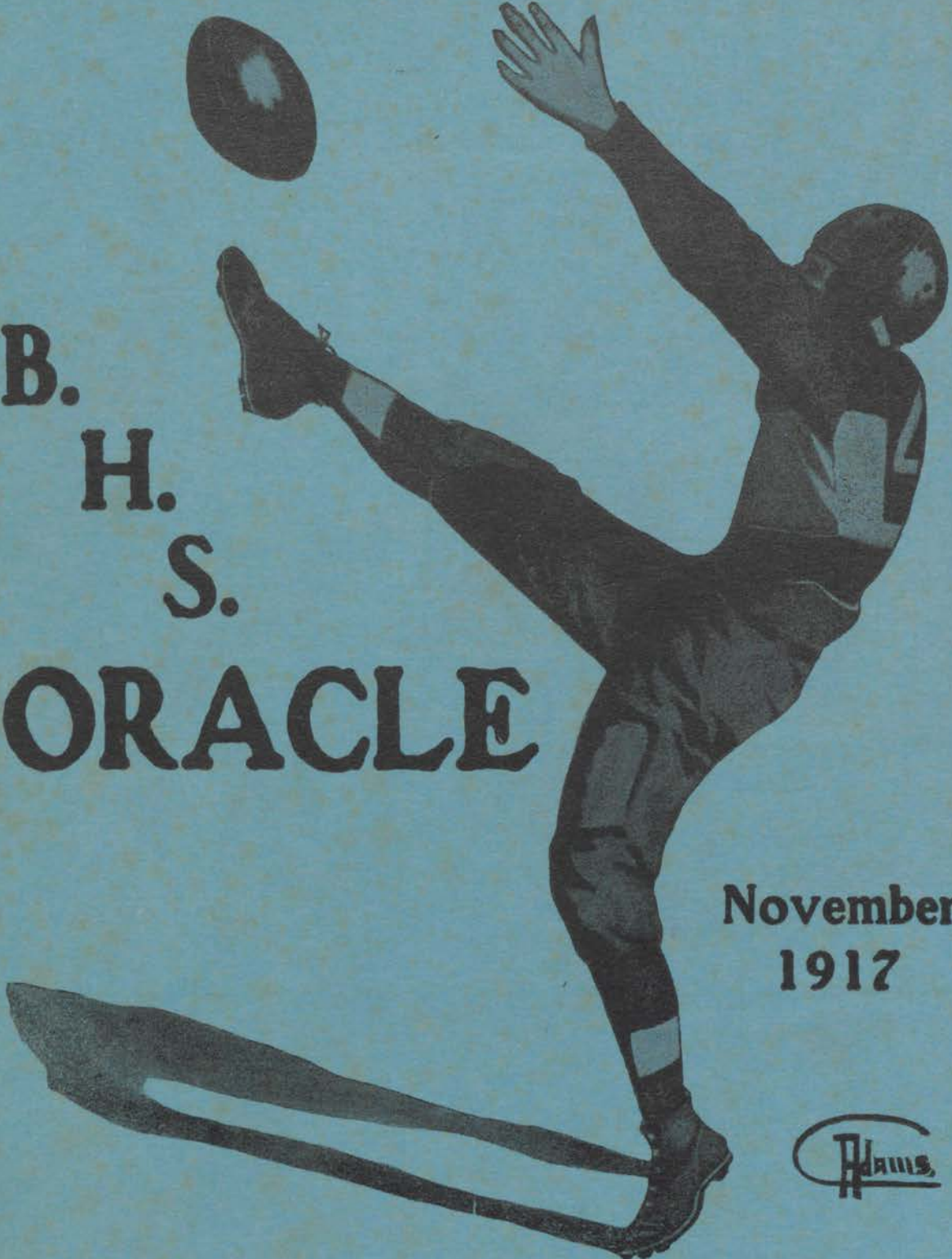


Nov. 1917

B.
H.
S.
ORACLE



November
1917



Furbush Printing Company

SOLICIT HIGH SCHOOL PATRONAGE
EXCELLENT WORK, PRICES RIGHT

108 EXCHANGE STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

Go to John T. Clark & Co.

For the Latest and Best in Fall Coats and Suits

We feature up-to-minute styles in "Atterbury" also "Stein-Bloch" Clothes, "High-Art" Clothes, "Athletic-Cut" Clothes. Come in any time and try on the new models.

Mallory "Cravenette" Hats, Manhattan Shirts, Arrow Shirts

Exchange Building

Corner State and Exchange Streets

Francis G. Shaw

Pupil of
Frank E. Dodge of Boston

Teacher of

**Xylophone
Bells and
Chimes**

50 Main St., Bangor, Me.

Telephone 2320-M

Sodas

Ice Creams

Hot Drinks

Buckley Drug Co.

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

Patronize Our Advertisers

Sophomore Reception

Thanksgiving Eve

November 28th

HIGH SCHOOL ASSEMBLY HALL

The Shaw Business College

BOOKKEEPING, SHORTHAND, TELEGRAPHY, MACHINE SHORTHAND

The New Borrough's Bookkeeping Machine is taught in this school

Write today for our free catalogue or telephone 830

SHAW BUSINESS COLLEGE

BANGOR, MAINE

Telephone Connection

WILBUR S. COCHRANE

TEACHER OF PIANO

Studio, 57 Fifth Street

NOW is the time of year when men's thoughts
turn to new clothing for cooler weather--and
when you think of your new Suit or Overcoat, think
of the "Live Store" as the logical place to get them.

BENOIT-MUTTY CO.

191 Exchange Street,

Bangor

Patronize the Advertisers

DRAWING PAPER
MECHANICAL DRAWING
SUPPLIES
WATER COLOR BOXES
BRUSHES
PENCIL DIVIDERS
STATIONERY

We also carry the famous SPED BALL
Lettering and Drawing Pens.

High Grade Picture
Framing our Specialty

EDWIN O. HALL

Where the Post Office used to be

88 Central St. Bangor, Me.

A New Line of Low Priced Loose Leaf
Books 20c up. Scratch Tablets,
Ring Composition Books, a Good
\$1.00 Fountain Pen, and a Full
Line of Waterman's Fountain
Pens and Ink at

**Pfaff's
Bookstore**

Portraits by Photography

Emma J. Taney, Photographer

28 Main St., Bangor, Me.

CHANDLER
Always
Saves
You
Money

Furniture, Floor Cover-
ings, Draperies, Shades,
Upholstering and Re-
pair work.

84-96 Hammond St. Bangor, Me.

J. Frank Green

Horse Dealer

A SQUARE
DEAL WITH
EVERY BUYER

SALES STABLE

32 CUMBERLAND STREET

Diamonds

Pendants

S. L. ROGERS JEWELER

FINE LINE OF WEDDING GIFTS

Kenduskeag Bridge,

Bangor

Watches

Glassware

CHARLES E. HICKS

Teacher of

Trombone and Baritone

Telephone 1467-R

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.

THE PERRY STUDIO

MAKER OF

FINE PHOTOGRAPHS

193 EXCHANGE ST.

BANGOR, ME.

PHONE CONNECTION

Connor Coal & Wood Co.

COAL and WOOD

39 Hammond Street

So. Main Street, Brewer

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

FREDERICK JOHNSON

RAMSDALL STUDIO

Pictures of Distinction

Reduced Rates to Students

148 Main Street

Bangor, Maine

Phone 1935-71

EAST SIDE NEWS DEPOT

W. L. ELDRIDGE

STATIONERY

Magazines, Daily and Sunday Papers

Postal Cards

56 STATE STREET, BANGOR, ME.

STICKNEY & BABCOCK

COAL CO.

19 State Street, Bangor

J. BACHELDER & CO.

TRUNKS, BAGS AND SUIT CASES

160 EXCHANGE STREET

Electric Massage

Children's Haircutting

THE UP-TOWN

BARBER SHOP

J. W. LUTTRELL

165 State Street

Bangor, Maine

Patronize Our Advertisers

SUITS and OVERCOATS

Out of the ordinary in
everything but price

The demand of the young fellows today is
for "something different" in their wearing apparel.

They're tired of the same old monotonous
styles season after season.

We've a big surprise for you in suits and
overcoats this season and await the opportunity of
showing them to you. Say when.

FINNEGAN & MONAGHAN

"THE GOOD CLOTHES SHOP"

17 HAMMOND ST.

BANGOR, MAINE

C. WINFIELD RICHMOND

PIANIST AND TEACHER

Three Summers in Paris with Philipp

Press Notice;—Mr Richmond succeeds in calling out the best that is in each of his pupils of musical comprehension; not only in his methods but in his spoken words, of the ideals the masters wrought out in their compositions and records of their lives. The long list of his pupils is drawn from towns all over Maine and the popularity of these brilliant recitals testify to the creation of notable performers on the pianoforte which do great credit to his inspirational teaching and thorough musical knowledge.—Miss Eaton, in Bangor Daily Commercial, June 11, 1917.

STUDIO IN THE PEARL BUILDING

JOHN A. MCKAY COMPANY

"UP TO DATE HABERDASHERS"

*Fall Goods Now Arriving
The Latest, and Exclusive
in Every Line.*

38 MAIN STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

The Oracle Staff

James E. Mitchell, '18.....Editor-in-Chief
Harold W. Green, '18.....Business Manager
Donald J. Valentine, '18.....Associate Editor

LITERARY	
Marion M. Kenney, '18	Alice I. Gallagher, '18
PERSONAL	
Russell A. Whittemore, '18	Doreen E. Gregory, '18, Edward C. Perkins, '18
EXCHANGE	
Rachel G. Connor, '18	Gladys A. Reid, '18, Carl W. Meinecke, '20
ART CONTRIBUTORS	
Herbert C. Webb, '18	Carolyn W. Adams, '19, Robert F. Cochran, '21
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS	
Donald J. Eames, '19	Philip C. Chalmers, '20

CONTENTS

The Oracle Staff.....	1
Editorials	2
Literary.....	4
How Rangely Won The Game—By J. Frederick Constantine, '18	4
Almost A Slacker—By Parry E. Boyd, '18.....	6
Both Hero and Martyr—By Robert McCann, '19 ..	7
The Old House—By Dorothy Freese, '20.....	9
The Battle—By Mabel Peabody, '19	10
He Almost Deserted, But—By X?.....	11
The Downfall of the Sophomores—By Carlotta Hersey, '20	12
Locals	14
Alumni.....	16
Exchanges.....	18
Girls' Debating Society	19
Athletics	20
Personals.....	22

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 Easter numbers 15 cents, June number 25 cents

Address all business communications to HAROLD W. GREEN, 139 Center Street

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

VOL. XXVI

NOVEMBER, 1917

NO. 2

EDITORIALS

"Second thoughts are ever wiser."

Clean football is a man's game. It is a game which runs parallel to the game of life: a game which calls for the very best in order to obtain the best results.

A single, evenly matched football game may be compared with the course of a whole lifetime. Two teams line up against each other and battle for four long periods in order to prove which group is superior. The men who never lose courage, no matter how hard they fall, are the real players, and these are the ones who bring victory to their team in every instance. The others who lose their grit just because the opposite side makes a gain are the quitters and you will find them constantly carrying the burdens of defeat.

Sometimes inevitable defeat faces a football team when they meet an opponent on the gridiron, but, if they do their utmost, and lose, they can still hold their heads high, for they know they have given their very best.

In life one often meets adversity and if he meekly bows before it and fails to offer to struggle he is in the same position as the football men who lose because they do not try hard enough.

But, of course, no team can be successful unless it receives support. It must by all means be supported materially in order that the coach may have a varied choice for

the best men. Then again, when the team is finally formed and goes out each day to receive many a bump and bang for the glory of its school it deserves all the support that the student body can possibly give.

Thanksgiving Day this year will dawn upon a world at war. One year ago the people of the United States were thankful that they were not participants in the strife overseas. The troublesome Mexican situation was presenting a more satisfactory appearance and the nation was passing through the most prosperous days of her history. She had reason indeed to be grateful for such a happy tide in the course of events.

But since then she has entered into the conflict which has enveloped the greatest nations of the world within its folds. She has been drawn into a war to protect American citizens and their rights and to preserve the free spirit of humanity. She has been drawn into a fight for democracy against autocracy, for civilization against barbarism.

For this alone she should be profoundly grateful; grateful because she has the opportunity and the means to be a great factor in the mighty struggle which aims to

place civilization and democracy at the head of the affairs of the world.

The introduction of the so-called "tanks" or traveling land forts into modern warfare is only one of the many and "Tanks" varied means of contest which the Great War has produced. This mode of fighting is, however, most formidable in use in many sections on the battlefield.

The immense size and great power of these "tanks" enable them to cross trenches and make their way through almost impassable entanglements. They press forward where no human beings could possibly go unsheltered. At the same time, being heavily armored with plate sufficient to withstand the fire of the smaller guns, they spread destruction before them.

The idea of these moving forts is by no means a new one. During our own Civil War and back through the centuries attempts have been made to bring the use of such forts into practical operation, but with little success. The application and development of the modern invention is attributed to an Englishman, Lieutenant-Colonel Swinton and some of his associates.

These powerful machines got their name "tanks" in a peculiar way. Great secrecy was maintained during the construction of the first of them concerning their real purpose, and consequently before they were armored and put into use, many theories were offered as to what they were destined for. On account of their hollow shape they were called "tanks" in order to offer some name as a sort of alias. Some spread the report that they were built to carry water across the desert; others, that they were to be used as snowplows on the Russian frontier; and still others got the impression that some fanatic had in them endeavored to construct a freak device and had utterly failed.

But the "tanks" have since demonstrated their real purpose and efficiency. These long, gray bodies with their caterpillar tracks advance upon the enemy with ruthless precision, surmounting obstacles in their pathway, going over walls and mounds, across trenches, and through dense woods to their appointed goal.

The question is ever presented to High School students—Is a college education really beneficial and does it pay for the amount of time spent in securing it?

The Value of a College Education

The answer is found in statistics recently collected by Dean Holmes of the Pennsylvania State College, who has discovered that the money value of four college years to the average man is \$20,000, or \$5,000, for each college year. He says that the average earnings of a man with an A. B. degree amounts to \$1,187 a year. Now one might say that this does not offer a very great incentive to ambition, but, when you compare it with the \$518 a year which the average non-college man earns, a different opinion arises.

There is a yearly difference of \$669 between the earnings of the two classes of people, and, as the average man lives about thirty years after graduating from college, it means \$20,000 more on his bank-roll than on that of his non-college associate.

Dean Holmes found that men of high standing in college are almost invariably successful. He says that most of the leading physicians, lawyers, business men, politicians and statesmen are college men who have made a record for themselves while attending the higher institutions of learning.

Small as may seem the average earnings of a university man, they are twice the average earnings of a man who has never attended college.

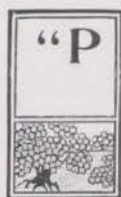
Now decide for yourself—which is best, a college education or not?



"A short saying oft contains much wisdom."

HOW RANGELY WON THE GAME

By J. Frederick Constantine, '18.



PECK'S got a lot of grit, hasn't he?" asked the coach of Walter Harvey, the star football player.

Harvey glanced over the men on the field. It was the first of the season, and many new boys had turned out for the autumn sport. His eyes rested on Peck. He looked him over from head to foot, and in his peculiar way determined the kind of fellow Peck was.

"Yep," Harvey answered. "Somehow he looks as though he were yellow, but he certainly goes into the game with a lot of real life. What do you think of the new squad?"

"Well, pretty good, as a whole, but why don't those big fellows you've got down at your school turn out? The little ones are plentiful, but the big ones are too lazy, I guess!" With this the coach turned on his heel, and walked off.

Walter Harvey made a fine picture as he stood on the field. His shoulders looked exceedingly broad in football togs, and his blond hair gave him the appearance of a Grecian athlete.

On the other hand, Peck was a small fellow, with a dark complexion, rather babyish in manner, and up to this time he had been a very poor mixer with his school-mates.

"Walter," shouted the coach, "play left guard! Peck,—opposite Harvey! Farn-

ham,—the end!" A line of scrimmage was formed, and practice was started.

Signals were heard, and both sides clashed. Teeth were set hard together. Every man went into his opponent like a steam roller, with the intention to crush, and the result was a big heap in the center of the field. Harvey found that Peck was a man who would certainly put up a fight, and for the rest of the day, Peck's work seemed to go on unexhaustedly.

The next day when Harvey was asked his opinion of Peck, he answered, "He did some real work yesterday, and if he has any yellow in him, as you fear he has, he has well concealed it. No, I don't think he is any good for the back field, but he would make a good end."

* * * * *

Two months later the streets of Rangely were in a tumult. Every one seemed in a state of excitement. The store windows, on the upper floors were crowded with clerks, all cheering and waving banners of red and white. A band, playing the selection, "Marching Through Georgia," was passing up the main street, and the tune was drowned out by the song that accompanied it. School spirit was dominant now with everybody, and as the football squad passed on its way to the field, a regular panic was created.

An artist may have a wonderful inspiration, or a mechanic may accomplish a wonderful piece of work, but when a football team has its school support, and a championship game is to be played, the results are even more superb for the time.

Perhaps it was the enthusiasm; maybe the anxiety, possibly the noise; or likely the desire to see a good game that drew an extremely large crowd to the field of contest. If anyone had unlocked the inside door of a school boy's heart he might have seen the bit of doubt there.

The team had proved to be a strong one, but Farnham, the end, who had been doing such fine work in all the other games, had been seriously hurt. Peck was the only other man who could come up to Farnham and "Will Peck show his yellow streak in this game?" was the unspoken question of all.

At last the white and red boys reached the field. The cheer that followed was enough to make any member of the team feel a responsibility. After a short period of "loosening up," the game was called, and action began.

The field on either side was black with spectators, and everybody watched the game with deep excitement. The first half began with Rangely's kickoff to the other side. Harte, the opponent's end, grabbed the ball and started. He didn't get far, however, for Harvey was on him in an instant. Scrimmage was again formed, and the ball was shifted to Martin, the fullback. He started towards the center, then shifted to the end. No Rangely men seemed to be over there. The fullback ran, and for an instant things looked black for Rangely.

Peck, seeing Martin's plan, made his famous run and tackle. Down went the fullback before he had made five yards. Loud cheers arose from the excited spectators. Again scrimmage was formed, but during the rest of the first half nothing of

note was done. Both sides had put their whole life into the first of the game.

At the beginning of the second half, after the kick-off, the ball was forward passed to Peck. He ran with it down the field and succeeded in passing his opponents, until he was nearly in the grip of the fullback. Seeing his danger, he dodged backward. The fullback, who had put all his strength into the tackle, fell heavily. Peck's backward rush had surprised both teams, and, tripping over an onrushing opponent, Peck fell. A sigh of disappointment went upon all sides. A chance to get a touchdown was lost! However, everyone had a good word for Peck, and there was still another chance.

Through fumble, Rangely lost the ball, giving it to the opponents. After scrimmage, a head-guard was thrown to the right end. Half of Rangely's men ran to the end, but a few were quick enough to see the ball go straight into the hands of the quarterback. This move failed entirely and the opposing team gained only a yard. The opponents had now won the ball. Only five minutes of play remained. Harte, the punter of the opponents, had the ball, and kicked a "beauty" right into the field.

Look at Peck! He is right in front of the fellow. He catches the ball and runs. In front of him is Harvey, clearing the way. After getting around the end safely, Peck finds the halfback rushing straight for him. Quickly Peck hops on one foot, and as the opponent tackles, Peck, without tripping, puts his other foot right onto the other's back. In an instant he finds himself free! He sees through the corner of his eye that the others are fast coming up to him. Can he do it? Some one has a hand on him, but Harvey again comes to his rescue. Peck sets his teeth, grips the ball firmly, and with all the grit that is in him, runs like a hare and—makes a touchdown! The

home team failed to kick the goal. Time was called with the score six to nothing.

Would the Rangeley spectators go mad? The grandstand and side lines were hysterical. The football men grasped Peck, and carried him across the field on their shoulders.

"Come on, boys, don't give me all the credit!" and he pointed to Harvey. The

boys grasped Harvey and, with the two heroes of the day on their shoulders, they formed a parade.

Later that evening when two boys made their appearance on the ballroom floor where the annual reception was being given to the visitors, a loud cheer went up from the crowd. Both boys took the wiser course, and made a hasty retreat!

ALMOST A SLACKER

By Parry E. Boyd, '18



THE last note of Taps had sounded and silence reigned in the encampment. The silver moon rose over the white sea of tents and on the outskirts of the camp the shadowy forms of sentries could be seen as they passed back and forth. The silence was more than telling that night, for it was the night before the day that meant the departure of these encamped troops for Europe. How hard it was for the men to get to sleep! They were thinking; thinking of the future,—some of fighting and great victories, others, perhaps, of death.

Among these men was Corporal James Hern, of the Reserve Aviation Corps. He had enlisted in the service nearly two years before and had been drilled and taught the art of flying until he had become one of the most daring and useful men in the service. He, too, had some difficulty in dropping off to sleep because of the excitement which was to follow on the morrow, but after a while, like his comrades, he fell asleep.

The morning dawned clear and cool. Reveille sounded and the men were soon out and hastening to pack for the journey.

Fourteen hours later, James and his companions were going aboard one of the United States transports, at P—— Maine. A few hours later and the steamer was off, down the bay, on its long journey.

The voyage across was uneventful. The

steamer was guarded by four torpedo boats, which meant safety against submarines. As she sailed into port, "Somewhere in England," she was greeted by crafts of all descriptions, blowing their whistles, while at the wharves were immense crowds all cheering for the troops.

The soldiers were eager to land after the long voyage and were greatly excited. That is, all except one man. That man was Corporal Hern. What a change had come over him! Instead of his usual smiling and courageous manner, he was pale, drawn-looking and very unconvivial. His companions had noticed the change and it had been the subject for conversation among them for several days. He was not sick, he declared. What was the trouble? Private Hol suggested "cold-feet", but he made many enemies for saying so. The men could not believe anything of that kind. Only Hern himself knew what the real trouble was.

As soon as the troops had landed they received the news of big German raids. Thousands of men had been killed on the Allies' side and the enemy was sweeping toward the coast. England was being exasperated by repeated air raids and was trying by some means to get revenge.

This news added fighting courage to some of the men; to Hern it appeared as Death. He tried to ward off that feeling of fight, but all in vain. His mind was filled

with thoughts of liquid-fire, gas bombs, machine guns and the thousands of Allies being slaughtered each day. He would not go to the front. He would not be slaughtered. He thought too much of his life. Why didn't the Allies surrender? thought this coward. Night after night he spent without sleep. His temper became so unpleasant that he was shunned by his men.

At last he made up his mind. The transport which had brought him over was to leave that night for America to bring over another body of troops. He would stow-away on it.

That night, when all was quiet, he slipped from his tent and crawled toward the outskirts of the camp. At last he reached them and now he must use his greatest ability to pass the sentries.

He rose to a half crouch and started to run. A sentry rose in front of him. There was a flash from Hern's revolver and the sentry fell. This brought other sentries and soon the whole camp was astir.

Hern ran as he had never run before. Through bushes and over fallen trees he stumbled. Behind him he heard his pursuers. They were slowly gaining on him.

Suddenly he emerged onto the clearing where the airplanes were kept. He ran up to one of the machines, shot the two nearest sentinels, whirled the engine over, caught the machine as it went by, was in

the seat in no time and speeding upward at sixty miles an hour.

Shots were fired at him to no effect. He turned around and saw three "planes" following him. He increased his speed, elevated the machine, and sped on. In which direction he was going he didn't care. He was not going toward the front at any rate.

Suddenly he noticed that three airplanes were coming straight toward him. He turned to the right. Three more airplanes were approaching. Behind him he saw his pursuers. He was trapped. He rose higher and reached into the bombholder for an explosive. It was empty. Bullets began to tear through the machine. All at once Hern felt his machine crumble under him and machine and man sped toward the earth.

Hern felt himself whirled through space. Would he ever strike? He held his breath for the expected moment. Suddenly—

* * * * *

Hern opened his eyes. He found himself not scattered all over the landscape, but lying in his little tent. He rose to a sitting position and looked around. Beside him was his companion, Hugh Small, sleeping peacefully. Hern's brain slowly cleared. It had been a dream and as Reveille sounded he shook his friend, hurriedly dressed, and was out into the cool morning air, not a deserted, but a loyal American soldier ready to die for his country.

BOTH HERO AND MARTYR

By Robert McCann, '19.



ANCE Corporal Joseph Garson and Private Allen Watson will report at posts fourteen and fifteen respectively, for guard duty at one A. M.," were the official orders read by Captain Johnston, officer of the day.

Corporal Garson and Private Watson had met each other at the training camp at G—— and had become fast friends since

that day. They had arrived in Europe together, were assigned to the same company, were fighting side by side, and on this particular night were doing guard duty together.

Corporal Garson was a perfect American soldier, standing six foot one and was as straight as an arrow. His hair was dark brown, clipped short in the pompadour style; his eyes were light blue and always

had a gleam of friendliness; his cheekbones were high, giving him a stern military appearance. He was not a handsome man, but his countenance showed a kind and pleasant character.

On this particular day he had lost his stern appearance; his eyes had a glaring feverish expression; his face had a soft yellow appearance;—he was a sick man. This trench life,—standing in muck and sleeping on worse things, didn't agree with him. He was glad, extremely glad that his friend was on duty with him that night.

About seven o'clock the firing from the enemy's trench ceased, with the exception of volleys, which would be fired at intervals of about fifteen minutes. About this time Garson lay down in the trench and tried to sleep, but sleep was impossible. Every limb of his body ached with the misery produced by hunger and cold and rain-drenched clothes. Every monotonous hour of his attempt to sleep seemed like a day of drudgery; he counted every minute that he waded around in the mud, and felt relieved when it was time to go on duty.

When he arrived at his post he could barely make out the dusky figure of Watson, who was patiently striding up and down his beat. As the morning was coming on, the firing became more intermittent, as did the star rockets, whose rays turned the dark night into day. Whenever one of the latter would burst, Watson would always look down the trench at his companion and make a friendly sign of greeting towards him. About three o'clock one of the usual star rockets burst and Watson turned to wave to Garson—but Garson was not there. About three-fifteen another rocket burst and Watson turned to see if his companion was there, but his thoughts of Garson were interrupted by a terrible eruption, somewhere in the enemy's territory.

The next morning the roll was called and Garson was checked off "Deserted." A report was made that "Enemies trench num-

ber 34, totally destroyed from unknown cause. Fifty of the enemy killed, three critically wounded and one captured."

Watson was in the third line of trenches that day. He was not a bit surprised when the major's orderly touched him on the shoulder with the words, "The Major wishes to see you."

On arrival at the dugout he was asked to tell all he could of Corporal Garson's disappearance. He began to tell his story to the Major when he was interrupted by the captured enemy who happened to be in the Major's dugout.

"Ist der man eir Lance Corporal?" the prisoner asked.

"Yes!" answered the Major. "Do you know anything about him?"

"Ja, if it's der same man ich meint. Et was eir Lance Corporal dass blew up unsere trench last night!" he answered with many violent oaths.

"What! It can't be! Tell me all about it!" said the Major.

"Ja, it was ein Lance Corporal dass blew up our trench! About three o'clock einer one of our boys sent up ein Lighter. I looked through der parapet out over No Man's Land und saw nothing but the scattered bodies of the dead. About fifteen minutes later er sent auf another. I looked out through the parapet und Himmel! I sah your Lance Corporal stagger und fall right in front of me! I was so excited dass I just stood und vatched him! I can remember dass he threw something—I guess it was eir bomb—and it landed right in der middle of our trench und blew it all up und—

"Sir, Lance Corporal Garson's body has just been brought in by a reconnoitering party," broke in the orderly who had just entered the dugout.

"What's his condition?"

"Dead. He was shot through the neck, the shoulder and heart, and part of his left arm was badly shattered.

"My God," sobbed Watson.

Tears rose to the Major's eyes. "He was brave,—he was a hero," said the Major slowly. "Orderly!"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring me this morning's report."

"Yes, sir."

While the orderly was gone, silence reigned in the dugout. He returned in a few minutes and handed the Major the report. The Major ran his finger down the

list of dead, wounded, and missing of the preceding day, till he came to Garson's name.

It read: "Lance Corporal Joseph Garson. Deserted while doing guard duty, between 2 and 3 A. M." The Major slowly reached for his pen, then, scratching out the report, he wrote: "Lance Corporal Joseph Garson. Killed in action. A hero and a martyr!"

THE OLD HOUSE

By Dorothy Freese, '20.



ONE autumn I decided that I would go to some small country village and try my hand at painting rural life instead of the sea scenes which had always been my subjects. Accordingly, I started, one brisk day, for a place in eastern New Hampshire, recommended to me by a friend, and away from the hurry and worry of the city.

I arrived the next morning and asked the way to my quarters of a slouchy individual, with the inevitable chin-whiskers one always sees, in old-fashioned New England villages. There were no conveyances so I was forced to walk and as I passed the houses on the road, I was conscious of many pairs of eyes gazing at me from windows. At last, however, I reached the little white house where I was to stay, and the owner, Mrs. Jones, met me at the door and seemed very glad to see me. Indeed, I was a topic of interest which she could discuss with her neighbors. She led me inside and introduced me to Mr. Jones, a thin, sallow, little man who rarely spoke except to give a meek "Yes, Martha," to his wife's commands.

Interested to know what my surroundings were like, I went for a walk through the village and along a road which seemed to be little used. Turning a sharp corner I halted in surprise at the scene before me.

An old house stood back from the road, with dark, gloomy pines around it, and its gray sides covered with clinging ivy. A weather-beaten barn was behind the house and the whole place looked so mysterious and gave me such an uncanny feeling that I determined to ask Mrs. Jones its history when I returned. I did so at dinner and she turned rather pale.

"That old house," she said, nervously fingering the tablecloth, "has seen a lot of trouble. Twenty years ago, old Silas Hamilton, who owned it, was murdered there and the murderer never found. The house came into the possession of his relatives in Boston and had not been entered for ten years. Then, one day, a man came to the village and asked to be directed to the old Hamilton place. People were surprised, but he said nothing to anyone and settled down there alone. He never received mail and the only things which came for him were some great, heavy boxes which he put in the barn. No one saw this individual except evenings when he would go to the postoffice and talk with the men. One night he was sitting there with them and someone asked him a question. He made no reply and they discovered that he was dead. Some thought the curse of the house had fallen upon him, but the doctor said that it was heart disease. No one wanted to go into the old place after that

so it was left alone. Later the town buried the mysterious man. There is a ring down at the postoffice which he wore at the time and which the men took from his finger; so that if any relatives ever turned up, it could be given to them."

I was quite excited by this tale, so after dinner I went to see the ring. The postmaster was not very anxious to handle it, but he finally brought it out for me. I gave a gasp of amazement for I recognized it as belonging to a great inventor who had disappeared from the world ten years before. The ring had figured largely in newspaper accounts which these people, of

course, had not read, being so shut away from the outside country.

That night I wrote a long letter and two days later an eager detective and an anxious relative arrived and confirmed my suspicions as to the identity of the man. In the barn they found what was evidently intended to be a new type of war machine.

It was a good while before the excitement caused by my discovery quieted down. I visited the old place, however, many times during my stay in the village and the best painting I ever made was of those gloomy walls which had harbored murder and genius.

THE BATTLE

By Mabel Peabody, '19.



HE sun blazed hotly on the long dusty road, as the line of march slowly proceeded. The shields and swords, hanging at the soldiers' sides, clanked with every step, while their piles of baggage seemed to grow heavier and heavier.

Titus Praeconinus, a young man of about twenty years, was wishing that he had not left Rome, for what seemed to him a purposeless campaign, when suddenly he heard a stir behind. Looking up, he saw a man ride by on a black charger. Instantly, he straightened up and walked forward at a quicker pace, for was not this man, their imperator, their Caesar? A new life seemed borne within him just at that sight.

The soldiers pressed on until they found themselves on top of a gently sloping hill at the bottom of which, a small river flowed. On the other side of the river there was a similar slope, topped with a forest.

As the men came to a halt and Titus was searching for material for a mound, he saw one of the scouts ride up to Caesar, and point towards the opposite hill. Looking

more closely, he could see men, yes, Gallic men by the hundred, rushing from the woods and across the river. There was no time for delay. He dropped his tools at the first trumpet-call, and ran to his place. The lines were in confusion. Men were rushing in all directions to find their places. Caesar seemed everywhere at once. Titus could hear the clank and crashing of arms on one side and knew that there, they were fighting, although the enemy had not reached his line yet.

"Let's charge," cried the man at Titus' right.

"No, we had better wait for the enemy," answered the man at his left.

They were without a commander and consequently were starting to quarrel, when the arrival of the enemy decided their course. No commander had yet reached their section, and Titus, seeing the need of one, rushed forward calling to the men to follow him.

They fought like madmen, striking blindly at whatever Gaul came within their reach. Titus, himself, struck right and

left, sometimes hitting a man, and, sometimes warding off a hostile blow. The enemy were much better organized. Their line was very solid and it gradually pushed the Romans back.

Titus having been wounded severely in the arm, had almost lost courage. Then, suddenly, he saw the Roman lines open a second and close again. Someone had come to help, and that someone was the only person who could help them in their dire extremity. It was Caesar. And he, Titus Praeconinus, was fighting side by side with the great emperor. This thought sent hope and courage bounding through his veins. Could anyone help conquering when Caesar was so near? He bravely and painfully raised his wounded right arm to strike, and strike he did; not once, but many times, until the enemy slowly began to give way. On all sides the

men were fighting with renewed courage and Caesar, the great emperor, was leading them. At last the enemy broke into flight; the Romans had conquered.

Now he could see the Roman flag flying from the camp of the enemy and Roman legions marching back to give aid to their suffering brothers.

That night, as Titus was rolling himself in his blanket for his well earned rest, he felt a hand laid on his shoulder. Looking up, he saw the face of the great Caesar bending over him.

"Fine work, this afternoon, my man," was all the emperor said, but nothing could have satisfied Titus more. Caesar had remembered. The men around him were fast asleep and the stars and the watchfires were the only witnesses of Titus' joy.

HE ALMOST DESERTED, BUT--

By X?



IOVANNI Coccis bought a paper from a small dirty-faced boy who was advertising his wares for sale with a shrill voice.

"I wonder wat dis paper say bout dat draf' dat dey talk so much about," he said to himself, as he spread it out on his knees to read it. "Wat's dis? Register termorrer? Santa Maria!" he explained as he scanned the scareheads on the first page. "I wonder wot dat mean."

He read the article through, looked puzzled and read it all through again.

"I gess I ask a somebody to tell a me. Tere's dat cop, I ask a heem," Coccis added as he arose from his position on the railing and started toward the policeman who was doing his best to look important.

With his cap in his hand, his black eyes shining and his white teeth glittering, the

Italian addressed the self important guardian of the peace, "Say, you tells me 'bout dat draf' termorrer? I cannot understand heem," Giovanni said, with a bow and a scrape.

The policeman looked offended at being disturbed, and then said, "Well, yez see it's like dis; all de men 'tween twinty wan an' t'irty go termorrer ter de place where yez vote. Dere's a guy dere takes yer name, an' age, an' how many wives yez have, an' all dat. Ye see dey wants de men fer de army, so de presidint is got ter take de min 'tween twinty wan an' t'irty, see? Now yez be dere sharp, if yez ain't I'll run yez in,—see?"

In view of the fact that Giovanni was a foreigner and also very ignorant he was impressed by this last threat. He did go bright and early to the registration bureau. After the officials had asked him a few

questions and had gone through a few forms and such red tape, he was given a piece of blue paper and showed out. When the man was outside his heart sunk. He was drafted, he would have to fight! He slunk to a quiet corner and sat down. He was drafted, he would have to fight. That would mean that he would have to leave his work, his wife! But he would come back. Perhaps he would not come back! What if he was shot? He could not leave, he did not want to leave his Maria, he would not go to be shot, he would run away. With this he jumped up and started for home and Maria. After planning with his wife about his escape, he left her some money for her support and taking the rest of his savings with him he said farewell and left.

Where he went it made no difference as long as he got away. The next freight train that pulled out of the yard took Giovanni along with it. When the train was slowing down for the next station a brakeman happened along and saw Giovanni.

"Here, get out o' that yer lazy bum! What d'yer think this is?" he shouted and kicked Giovanni off.

Giovanni landed in front of a policeman with a red nose and an alcoholic breath who was leaning against a post.

"Well, what's this?" said the policeman, as he stopped humming. "Here what have you been doing?" he added as he collared the confused Mr. Coccis.

"I steala de ride. I run away. I get drafted. I no want to go to de war, so I run away," and then a detailed account in Italian followed.

The guardian of the law listened until the man was through although he did not understand Italian and added, "aha my fine man, you ain't drafted at all. See, it's like this. you only registered this morning, you won't get drafted until next fall. You won't get drafted anyway for you are a foreigner and besides Maria needs you at home. Now, you had better get home as quick as you can and go to work, or you may get fired."

The next train that pulled out of the yard had Giovanni a passenger in the smoker, instead of on the brakeroads. It was a happy Giovanni that went home and a happy Giovanni, the almost deserter, who surprised his wife that he was back so soon.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE SOPHOMORES

By Carlotta Hersey, '20.



CURIOSITY is frequently an excellent quality. At least this was so in the case of Billy Short, freshman at Hayard College and president of his class. Finding that he had spent too much time in the village and that the sun had already set, he decided to take a short cut back to the campus through the woods. Suddenly a dusky form ahead of him appeared among the trees and passed out of sight; then another and still another crept along in the same direction until six mys-

terious objects had crossed his path.

With curiosity greatly aroused, Short followed, keeping the last one just in sight. An old, dried branch cracked under his foot, making a terrible noise. The gray form ahead stopped, listened, and then went on. After this Billy hardly dared to set one foot ahead of the other, so great was his fear of discovery, and yet his curiosity would not let him turn back.

Suddenly the object ahead of him disappeared from sight. Billy kept on and after going several feet he heard a low laugh.

Ah! that laugh was one that he knew too well for it belonged to no other than Ted Howard, a sophomore, and the chief hazer in his class. Peeking through the bushes, he saw six people whom he recognized as sophomores, seated on the ground.

He crouched in the bushes to listen to what was being said. Just then Ted spoke up, "Say, boys, now I will tell you what I got you out here for."

"About time," grumbled one of them, "you have kept us chasing around nearly half an hour already."

"O, don't worry, snookums, I will give you some cough-drops when we get back to the 'dorm,' if you are afraid of catching cold. But when you hear of the big joke we can play on the freshies, you will be willing to sit here until Doomsday. I got hold of the news today that their class-banner has come and is down at the postoffice. Billy Short and about three others are going to sneak out tomorrow night and bring it home by a certain roundabout way through the woods. They think that we shall be snoozing in front of the fire, but let me tell you, there will be no snoozing for us. We will catch the innocent little babes, scare them out of their wits, and take their precious banner and hide it until we are ready to give it up."

"Hooray for Ted!" "Count on us, old boy!" and "Oh, you freshies!" were some of the things they shouted as they pounded Ted on the back to show their approval.

Billy listened to the rest of their plans with clinched teeth. He was already thinking of a way to foil them and pay back some of the things he had had to stand from them in the past. As they crept by him, little suspecting his presence, Ted said, "Wait 'till tomorrow P. M., we will fix the freshies. Remember, mum's the word."

"Trust us for that," replied the others.

"Don't be so sure about that, my friend,"

Billy muttered as they passed from sight, "you may be mistaken."

* * * * *

The next night was dark and spooky. The moon hid behind the clouds and not a star could be seen. Four freshmen hurried along a path through the woods with a large bundle. Ahead, hiding behind the trees were six horrible white creatures with fiery eyes. In one hand each carried a lantern which cast weird shadows on the ground; in the other was a coil of rope. Soon moans and sighs broke the stillness and then a terrible shriek. The boys jumped as though they had been shot and crept closer together. Suddenly six ghosts sprang out from behind the trees and chased them. It was useless to try to get away. They closed in around the boys, pushed them against the trees with their clammy hands, and tied them. Not a word was spoken while this was going on and all that could be heard was the chattering of the poor freshmen's teeth. As the ghosts passed from sight with the bundle, a grin passed over the faces of their victims.

The ghosts, who, of course, were Ted and his chums, now began to chuckle over what they thought was their success. "We certainly scared them that time. What do you say, if we look at their old rag before we hide it?" said Ted. They hurriedly tore off the paper and pulled out the contents. To their amazement they found a white banner with the large red letters, S-T-U-N-G on it. The real banner was by this time in Billy's room, being admired by the exultant freshmen who spent the rest of the evening singing songs and rejoicing over the downfall of the sophomores. Ted and his friends, enraged by the outcome of their plans, sneaked into the campus by the back way, late that night to avoid meeting any freshmen. They had come to the conclusion that freshmen sometimes can be too fresh.



LOCALS

"Things are not always what they seem."

The Oracle wishes to express its appreciation to Parry E. Boyd for the able manner in which he carried on the work of the local department during the temporary absence of the regular editor.

September 21 the Junior class held a class meeting in the Assembly Hall. The candidates for offices were: For president, Albert Black, Robert McCann, Theodore Chilcott and Donald Eames; for vice president, Agnes Olsen, Elizabeth Chalmers; for secretary, Frances Arnold, Jean McLane; for treasurer, Franz Dolliver and Ralph Thompson. The following officers were elected: Donald Eames, President; Agnes Olsen, Vice President; Frances Arnold, secretary; Franz Dolliver, Treasurer.

September 27, school was dismissed the second period in order to give the pupils and teachers an opportunity to hear the famous soprano, Galli-Curci, at a public rehearsal. This kindness on the part of the school officials was much appreciated.

The Sophomore class elected officers, October 1st. The candidates were: For president, Reginald Cratty, Philip Oak; for vice president, Theresa Thompson; for secretary, Virginia Odiorne; for treasurer, Frederick Jacques and Laurence Connor. Those elected were Philip Oak, President; Theresa Thompson, Vice President; Virginia Odiorne, Treasurer; and Frederick Jacques, secretary.

October 13, the school gathered in the Assembly Hall for a football rally. Cheer Leader Whalen spoke on the need of organized cheering and some of the cheers were given.

The B. H. S. band has done some fine work this year. This band is only in its second year, but its progress under Mr. O'Neil has been remarkable. Among its recent engagements were: The Food Conservation Meeting, October 18; Liberty Day at City Hall, October 24; The Benefit of St. Michael's Orphanage, October 19; and at Portland, where they helped make the parade one of the greatest successes that B. H. S. has ever participated in. Their uniforms arrived October 16th. These uniforms are like the cadets' uniforms with the exception of a small lyre at the collar instead of the letters, B. H. S.

Mr. F. O. Youngs started a subscription for the band to enable them to go to Portland for the game. This project was generously subscribed to and cash to the amount of \$215 was received. This amount of money shows that the citizens of Bangor are behind B. H. S. and her band.

The election for track manager was held October 15. Of the three candidates, John Quinn was elected. It is hoped that B. H. S. will have a strong track team and will be well supported by the students this year.

On the 18th of October, before class recitation, a fire drill was held. The school of

one thousand students was out of the building in ninety seconds. This practice is very valuable and should be continued at all the different periods so that students will know how to get out in the shortest time from each of their class rooms.

October 17th, Col. I. K. Stetson urged the students of B. H. S. to buy Liberty Bonds, and also to urge their parents and families to do likewise. Col. Stetson has shown much interest in the school, having loyally supported it in many ways.

The cadets have been having rifle practice at the Co. G range and Hammond street. Many good shots have sprung up among the boys in spite of the fact that almost all are not used to the heavy rifle and the sights have no adjustments for windage. Captain Webb goes in charge of the firing and Instructor Mitchell is in charge of the pits.

The fourth period, October 19, the students were called at assembly. Mr. George W. Driscoll spoke of the respect we all owe to the Flag; of the history of the Flag in the wars of the United States and what it represents. He next spoke of the growth and government of the German people; how since ancient times they have had might for the keynote of their government. He concluded by telling how we might help by conserving food.

One of the best rallies ever held in Bangor came the sixth period, October 24. Mr. Eaton took charge of the meeting and spoke of school spirit, loyalty and honor, and what the student body represents. He then turned the meeting over to Manager John McCann, who at once called all the members of the football squad to the stage. He then introduced Mr. O'Leary, of the Athletic Council, who spoke on the outsider's point of view. Mr. O'Leary was a

member of Bangor High and still has much interest in the school. Coach Belger next made a speech in which he told of the hard work the squad had been doing. He said that our team should play "clean" football and that they were determined to win. Manager McCann called for speeches from members of the team who told of their determination to win and their desire to have the spirit of the school supporting them. Charles Whalen started the cheering for all the members of the team, the speakers and the principal. The school song was sung and then school was dismissed for the remainder of the week.

The musical program for the Teachers' Convention, on account of the large numbers of teachers present, was held in the Auditorium. Bangor High was splendidly represented in the fine rendering of "Martha" by the greater part of the orchestra and chorus. James E. Mitchell in the solo parts of Sir Tristan proved his musical ability.

A great part of the success of this program is due to Mrs. Eaton who trained the Bangor members of the orchestra and chorus. At this concert the whole football squad acted as ushers. Both B. H. S. orchestra and band did much to help during the convention. The cadets acted as ushers at some of the meetings. In all these ways, Bangor High School helped to make the Teachers' Convention in Bangor this year one of its best meetings.

The band recently received a check for \$15 from Col. I. K. Stetson as a token of appreciation for services rendered at the Liberty Loan meeting in City Hall.

Lieut. Maurice King of the Marine Corps, a former B. H. S. student, gave a very interesting talk on the war in general and the Marine Corps in particular on October 29 at Assembly.



"Nothing is so precious as time."

Some members of the University of Maine class of 1921 who graduated last June from B. H. S., are Frederick Buzzell, Edward Carlin, Earl Carter, Raymond Curran, Simon Ginsberg, Beulah Gray, Nellie Jones, Genevieve Kenney, Le Roy McCabe, Gladys Maxfield, Richard Mulvaney, James Pennell, Moses Ricker, Bernice Smith, Everett Smith, Hugh Smith, Kenneth Smith, Jennie Solomon, Raymond Thorne, George Travers, Edward O'Hara, Donald Hathorn. Reginald Noyes, '17, and Paul Larrabee, ex-'17, have entered Bowdoin; Donald Johnston has entered Norwich University.

J. Edgar Bowler, '14, has enlisted with the U. S. Engineers and is now in France. At the time of his enlistment, he was a student at the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

Caldwell Swett, '15, a former business manager of the Oracle, is now a second duty sergeant in the Heavy Artillery, Camp Bartlett, at Westfield, Mass. Earl W. Bowen is a second lieutenant in this regiment, and Ralph F. Colburn, '15, is also enlisted there.

Miss Doris M. Townsend, '16, has been elected treasurer of the Second Intercollegiate conference on Vocational Opportunities. Miss Townsend is a member of the Sophomore class at Wheaton College, where the conference is to be held.

James E. Mutt, ex-'18, and Harry T. Savage, ex-'18, have both enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps and are now in camp at Long Branch, Toronto.

Kent Runnells, '16, and W. Alfred Boynton, '16, are members of Co. G, 103rd regiment, which is now in France. Thomas Kane, '17, who delivered the fine Parting Address at graduation last June, Arthur L. Ramsdell, '15, and First Lieutenant Herbert L. Bowen are also in France with the Machine Gun Company, 103rd regiment. Leon Thomas, '17, is a member of the Brewer Signal Corps which has recently gone to Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

Harold Murray, '17, the Exchange editor of the Oracle last year, is teaching school at Wytopotlock.

Mrs. Edith Stewart Reinhart, formerly of Bangor, is one of the few girl graduates of Bangor High School who are in war service. She is a nurse at one of the United States base hospitals "somewhere in France."

The marriage of Lieut. Allan Woodcock, '08, of Bangor, and Miss Priscilla Crosby, '08, of New York, took place in New York, October 11. Mrs. Woodcock is a Bangor girl, liked and admired by hosts of friends. She attended the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, N. Y., where she won high rank in scholarship. She has since taught in New York. Lieutenant Woodcock is the younger son of Dr. and

Mrs. Galen Woodcock, of this city, and graduated from Bowdoin College in 1912, and Bowdoin Medical School in 1915. Since then, he has served as interne at the Eastern Maine General Hospital and has done special work in New York. He recently received his commission as lieutenant in the Medical Corps and is now at Fort Logan Root, Little Rock, Ark.

John H. Magee, '14, U. of M., '17, has been promoted to the rank of ensign and has gone to Annapolis to take a short course in training for heavy gun work. This will last until Jan. 30, 1918, and he then expects to go overseas for service with the fleet.

Dexter Pullen, '17, who has been stationed at Rockland in the Naval Reserve, has been released from service to attend the University of Maine. He will be recalled, as all the Naval Reserve will be, if the government needs more men for the Coast Patrol.

Bertrand F. Brann, of Bangor, has been appointed assistant professor of chemistry at the University of Maine. Mr. Brann is a graduate of Bangor High School and of the University of Maine, making a brilliant record while there, winning most of the scholarships and medals offered in his department. He was graduated in 1909 and was awarded the M. S. degree in 1911. He has pursued graduate work at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and has also taught at Lowell Textile school. Miss June Kelley, '08, who has been instructor of German at the U. of M. for the past three years has been made assistant in that department, a well deserved promotion. Miss Kelley received the A. M. degree at the University of Maine, and has taught at Freedom Academy. Edwin T. Murray, a graduate of B. H. S., in 1910, and of Columbia University, has begun his duties as instructor in pharmacy at the U. of M.

Miss Ellen Garman, '16, who attended the University of Maine last year, has entered Columbia University.

Langdon J. Freese, '13, U. of M., '17, who enlisted in the Naval Reserve, is stationed at the Naval Cadet School in Cambridge for a time before seeing service at sea. At the completion of his course, he will receive the rank of ensign.

Lewis Fleming has been transferred from Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., to Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. He is an ambulance driver in the United States Medical Corps. Thomas Gehigan, '16, is in the marines and is stationed at Fort Royal, South Carolina.

Miss Sara Bartlett, '17, and Miss Sarah Hathorne, '17, have positions as stenographers in the War department of the Bangor postoffice.

Carl Freeman, ex-'17, the captain of the championship basketball team in 1916, is stationed on the U. S. S. "Pennsylvania."

Lieutenant Harold McGinn, '09, who has been in Bangor on a short furlough, has returned to Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

Thomas Davis, '15, has been elected captain of the football team at the University of Maine and is playing a fine game at right tackle. When he was in high school he was one of the best players in the line. John Davis, '16, captain of the Bangor High School football team in the fall of 1915 is playing left tackle on the U. of M. team while George Ginsberg, '16, a former B. H. S. quarterback, is playing the same position, and Percy Howard, one of the stars on the championship team last fall, is playing guard on the U. of M. team.

Allen G. Savage is in the Coast Guard Service and although he has been to France a number of times, he is at present in the United States.



"It is good to live and learn."

The Oracle is deeply grateful for the following exchanges which have been received recently:

Industrial School Magazine, Golden, Colorado (2).
 Boy's Lantern, Nashville, Tenn., (3).
 Olympian, Biddeford, Me.
 Cliveden, Germantown, Phila.
 Early Trainer, Lawrence, Mass.
 Artisan, Bridgeport, Conn.
 Hobart Herald, Geneva, N. Y., (2).
 Searchlight, Brooks, Me.
 Bowdoin Orient, Brunswick, Me., (3).
 Chronicle, Paris, Me.
 Central Digest, Chattanooga, Texas.
 Tattler, Kincaid, Kansas, (2).
 Cue, Albany, N. Y.
 Clarion, Arlington, Mass.
 Penn Charter Magazine, Philadelphia, Penn.
 Houghton Star, Houghton, N. Y.
 Shuttle, Boston, Mass.
 Advance, Salem, Mass.
 Dial, Brattleboro, Vt.
 Index, Worcester, Mass.
 Maroon and White, Chicago, Ill.
 Our School Times, Londonderry, Ireland.
 Lake Breeze, Sheboygan, Wis.
 School Life, Metuchen, N. J.
 Imp, Boston, Mass.
 High School Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.
 Breccia, Portland, Maine.
 Register, Burlington, Vt.

Tiger, Elkins, W. Va.
 X-Ray, Anderson, Ind.
 Ripple, Oakland, Me.
 Laurel, Farmington, Me.
 Echo, South Portland, Me.
 Pine Needles, Lincoln, Me.
 Rutherfordonian, Rutherford, N. J.
 Megaphone, Franklin, Mass.
 Argonaut, Islesboro, Me.
 Mercury, Belfast, Me.
 Troy Conference Academy Chronicle, Poultney, Vt.
 Howard Times, Howard, R. I., (3).
 Pennant, Meriden, Conn.
 Weekly Nautilus, Jacksonville, Ill.
 X-Ray, Sacramento, Cal.
 Sphinx, Centralia, Ill.
 K. H. R. News, Greendale, Ken., (2).
 Bates Student, Lewiston, Me.
 Polytechnic, Troy, N. Y., (2).
 Reflector, Jackson, Mich.
 Tu-Endie-Wei, Pt. Pleasant, W. Va.

As We See Others

E. L. H. S. Oracle—The stories in the May issue are interesting and well written; the author of "The Arrest of 'Nine Notch' Dan" is especially to be complimented on his style of story-telling.

The jokes in the X-Ray from Indiana are real jokes. The literary department is fine; in fact, yours is a good school paper throughout.

Maroon and White is a fine paper and most of the editors have their work well done. The appearance of the paper could be improved if the advertisements were placed by themselves and not mixed with the jokes and Exchange departments.

The Commencement Number of the Lake Breeze, Sheboygan, Wis., is splendid. The artists of the school deserve a large amount of the glory of your success. Is every number as fine as the June copy?

One of our newest and most interesting exchanges comes from "over there"—Londonderry, Ireland. The paper brings the war nearer, as its pages are full of the brave work of Ireland's heroes, those of the near past and present. We shall always welcome it.

Searchlight, Maine, is a fairly well edited paper, but lacks a few essential departments. Cannot somebody find out what the alumni are doing; or get new ideas by having an exchange column, thus increasing your correspondence with other schools? We realize your good work in the paper nevertheless.

As Others See Us.

Both of our Bangor daily papers greatly aided the school Oracle by naming its good points, after the appearance of the first issue. In advising the Exchange Editor to correspond with Southern and Western schools, they of course did not know that we receive magazines from nearly every state in the Union and also from foreign parts of the world.

The Oracle—Your cuts are exceptionally attractive. The cover design is very artistic and effective.—Tiger, Elkins, W. Va.

The Oracle would certainly do credit to a college while for a high school it is simply splendid. The sayings at the head of each department add much to the magazine. Your stories have been especially good.—Central Digest, Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Oracle, Bangor High—The cuts are especially good. The stories in your literary department are interesting; they hold the reader's attention throughout. Your long list of exchanges adds much to your paper.—Pine Needles, Lincoln, Me.

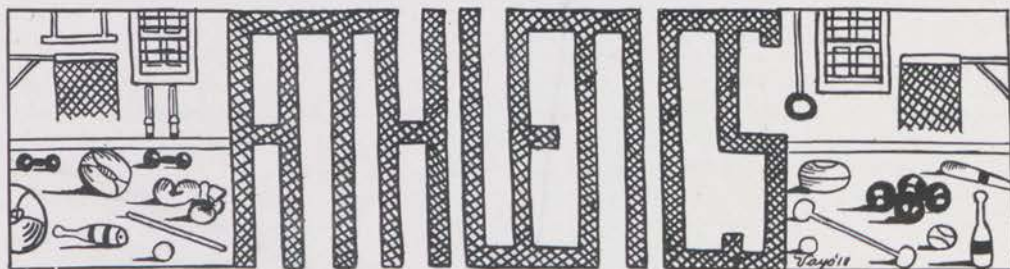
Oracle, Bangor—We are glad to find you among our exchanges again. Your staff deserves credit for such an excellent paper.—The Imp, Boston, Mass.

GIRLS' DEBATING SOCIETY

The first meeting of the Girls' Debating Society was held in Room 209. Eight new members were voted in. Several important business matters were discussed and voted upon by those present. The president selected a committee of three, the Misses Quinn, O'Connell and Kenney to make a complete program for the year. Besides this matter, it was resolved to have a committee to speak before all the

girls of the high school in order to encourage girls to join the society. Misses Olsen, Peabody and O'Connell were chosen for this service. After the business was settled a very attractive open forum was upon the question: Resolved, that athletics should be abolished from all schools and colleges. The decision was awarded to the negative side.

Marion Kenney, Sec.



"Victory lies within our grasp."

B. H. S. vs. Hebron

On Oct. 12, Bangor battled to a scoreless tie with its heavy opponent, Hebron, at Maplewood on a field of mud two inches thick. Although handicapped by the mud, both teams played good football.

Hebron received the ball at the kickoff, but Bangor took it away from them and by a series of line plunges and two perfect forward passes, rushed the ball to Hebron's 20-yard line. Hebron took possession of the ball and fought to Bangor's 12-yard line, but here they lost the ball. After that the pigskin was kept in the middle of the field for the remainder of the half.

In the last half Bangor came back strong and it looked like a victory for the Crimson. After a 30-yard forward pass, Heal made ten yards around right end, but the ball was brought back for holding. Peters took the ball to Hebron's 12-yard line on a delayed forward pass. Two end runs were tried, but no gains were made.

Peters then tried a drop-kick, but missed by a few inches. Hebron made a mighty attack, but Bangor's line was like a stone wall and Hebron lost the ball. Two line plunges were tried, then Peters made his second drop kick, but again failed by inches.

Hebron took the ball to the middle of the field when the game ended.

The summary:

B. H. S. (o).	Hebron (o).
Kennedy, l.e.r.e., Cole	
Quinn, l.t.r.t., LeGendre	

Ginn, l.g.r.g., Moriarity
McLeod, c.c., Edwards
Royal, r.g.l.g., Files
Smith, r.g.

Gray, r.t.l.t., Rooks
Finnegan, r.e.l.e., Worthington
l.e., Hall

Peters, q.b.q.b., Coe
Heal, l.h.b.r.h.b., Andrews
Garland, r.h.b.l.h.b., Haskell
Geagan, f.b.f.b., LeRock

Referee, Pratt, of Bowdoin; umpire, Bressett, of Colby; field judge, Beverly of Maine; head linesman, Guthrie, of Bangor; linesmen, Frawley, of Bangor and Small of Hebron. Time, 10 and 12-minute periods.

B. H. S. vs. Portland

Saturday, Oct. 27, Bangor met its first defeat in the hands of Portland at Portland. Friday the team left Bangor accompanied by about two bunched rooters, while one hundred more left Bangor Saturday. The team stayed at Bowdoin College, Friday night, in the different fraternity houses. The Athletic Council and the members of the football team are very grateful to the fraternities and students of Bowdoin College for their unlimited generosity.

Bangor kicked off to Portland and by a series of rushes Portland took the ball down the field and across the line for a touchdown. Portland kicked the goal. Score, Portland, 7; Bangor, 0.

Portland kicked off to Bangor's 20-yard line. Garland carried the ball back to the 40-yard line. Heal went through the line for five yards. Peters then punted to Portland's 20-yard line. Portland brought it back ten yards and punted to Bangor's 45-yard line. Garland received the ball and carried it to Portland's 38-yard line. Heal made five yards, Geagan made two and Peters made first down. Then Peters in two rushes made 20 yards. Heal and Garland failed to gain, when the quarter ended.

In the beginning of the second quarter, Portland, with the ball on her 14-yard line was penalized five yards for offside. Then by a series of rushes by Peters and Garland, Bangor planted the ball on Portland's one-yard line, where Portland held Bangor for downs. Flavin, of Portland, punted outside on Portland's 20-yard line. Garland and Geagan made 4 yards and Peters tried a drop-kick, but failed to score. This gave Portland the ball on her 20-yard line. Rand took Kennedy's place at left-end. Portland then rushed the ball to the 50-yard line when the half ended. Score: Portland, 7; Bangor, 0.

In the third quarter, Portland kicked off to Bangor's 20-yard line. Heal ran back five yards and Garland added five through the line.

On the next play, Heal lost ten yards. Then Bangor tried the first forward pass, Peters to Finnegan, which netted 17 yards. Portland tried a forward pass, but failed and rushed to Bangor's 12-yard line where Bangor held for downs. Garland and Peters made eight yards, and Peters punted to the 50-yard line. Portland carried the ball to Bangor's 35-yard and after two rushes, a forward pass took Portland to Bangor's eight-yard line when the quarter ended.

In the final quarter Royal replaced Gray. In two plays, Portland went across Bangor's goal for the second time, and kicked the goal. Score: Portland, 14; Bangor, 0.

A fumble on the kick-off gave Portland

the ball on Bangor's 35-yard line. Kennedy replaced Rand, and Sheehan played for Smith who was hurt. Garland intercepted Portland's forward pass and Heal ran through for 22 yards. Peters' forward pass failed and Garland made four yards. Peters then punted to Portland's 30-yard line and Portland with two forward passes and rushes took the ball to Bangor's three-yard line. On the next play, Portland failed to gain, but scored on the third, and kicked the goal. Score: Portland, 21; Bangor, 0.

With less than two minutes to play, Portland kicked off to Bangor. Garland made three yards, Peters made 12 yards. The next play was a forward pass, Peters to Heal, 15 yards. Then Heal got away and ran to Portland's 10-yard line. Garland rushed through for six yards. There the game ended with Bangor four yards from Portland's goal.

Final score: Portland, 21; Bangor, 0.

The summary:

B. H. S. (o).

P. H. S. (21)

Finnegan, r.e.....l.e., L. Dolan,
Gray, r.t.....l.t., Ward
Royal, r.t.

Smith, r.g.....l.g., Flaherty
Sheehan, r.g.

McLeod, c.....c., Nearling
Ginn, l.g.....r.g., Feury
Quinn, l.t.....r.t., Payne (captain)
Kennedy, l.e.

Rand, l.e.....r.e., Walsh
Peters (captain), q.b.....q.b., Flavin
Garland, r.h.b.....r.h.b., J. Dolan
Heal, l.h.b.....r.h.b., James
Geagan, f.b.....f.b., McCarthy

Score, Portland High, 21; Bangor High, 0. Touchdowns, J. Dolan, James, McCarthy. Goals from touchdowns, Flavin, 3. Referee, Thomas Kelley, P. A. C.; umpire, John Fitzgerald, Bowdoin; field judge, Frank French, U. of M.; head linesman, Leo Pratt, Bowdoin. Time, 12 and 15 minute periods.



"Jesters do often prove prophets."

What Would Happen?

- If we had to go to school Saturday?
- If the Lunch Room had a free lunch day?
- If H. Webb and "Stubby" Adams mixed too many things together in Chemistry?
- If our teachers forgot to give out a lesson?
- If the gong did not ring at 12.45?
- If the Freshmen were brought to school in baby carriages?
- If the fresh air gave out when the Band was playing in chapel?
- If "Peter's Army" was ordered to the front!

Who knows?

Upper classes take notice: Don't walk around on the first floor for you're apt to tread on a Freshman.

In hygiene, one of our stately Seniors says that the reason grass can't move, unless the wind blows, is because it hasn't the energy.

Bangor High must be thinking of having a girls' ball team, for some of the girls in 114 are learning the art of making "home-runs" and sliding for "Bases."

Miss H—: "Are these sand particles cemented together?"

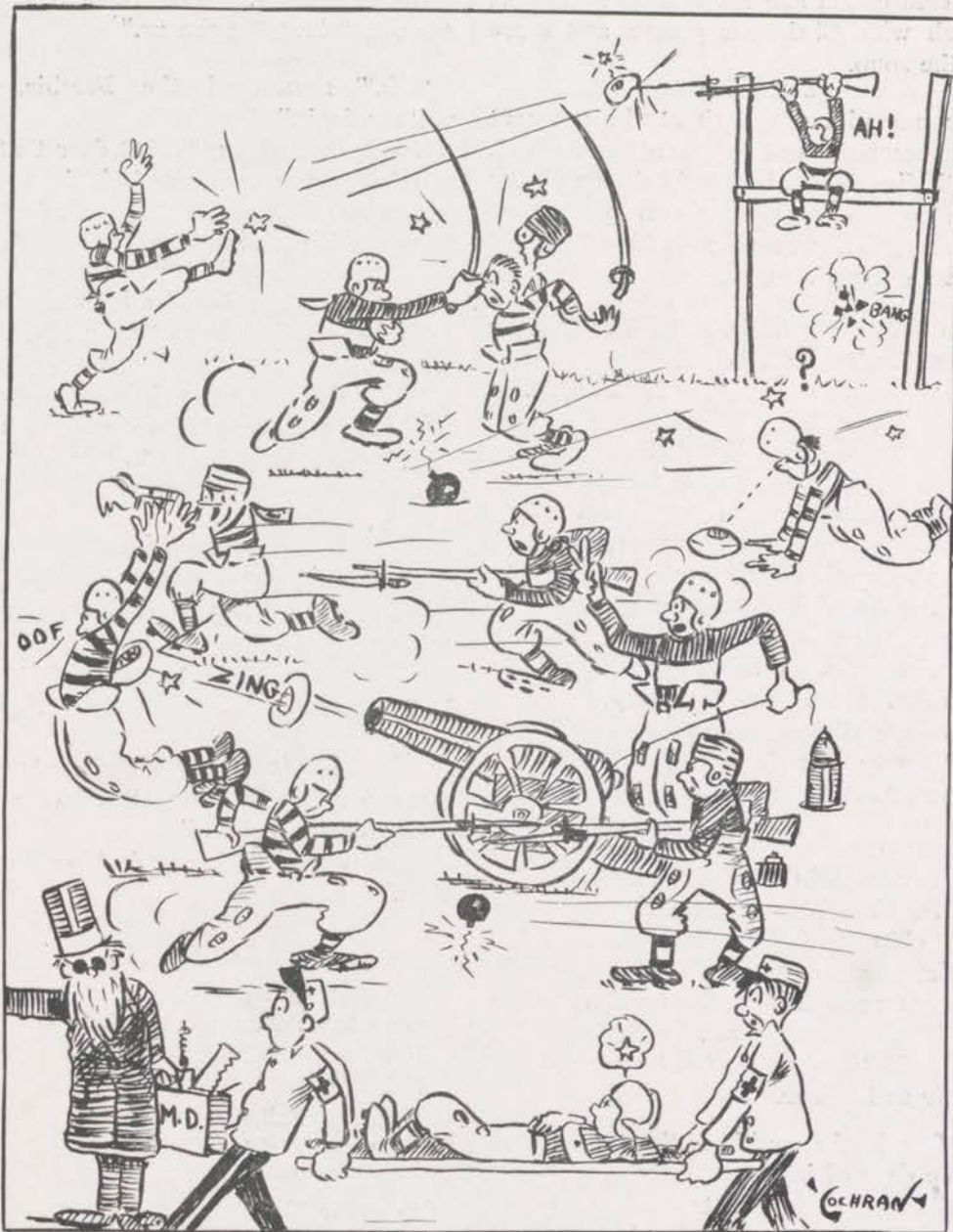
Mr. D—: "No, they are **stuck**."

Program for B. H. S.

- 8 A. M. Gong.
- 8.03. A reception is held at the office for all late persons.
- 8.05. J. Mc. starts for a walk in the hall.
- 8.15. The common herd is let loose.
- 8.25. Goldstein loses his first chew of gum.
- 8.45. Rich starts chewing his usual morning match.
- 8.55. Green and Archer start their first floor to roof marathon.
- 9.15. Adams reads French.
- 9.25. Adams stops reading French.
- 9.45. Smart starts to close the door.
- 9.50. Smart has the door closed.
- 10.20. Freshmen have a riot on the first floor.
- 10.40. Hodgeman explains Geometry.
- 11.05. Recess. Fifteen minute furlough. Rich is dismissed.
- 11.20. Back on the job.
- 12.00. The last lap of the race.
- 12.30. Everyone starts to look at the clock.
- 12.40. Gong rings. The mad mob rushes out.
- 12.50. Last gong. All is over until 3 P. M.

Allen removes his coat after reciting.

Teacher: Been hot work, hasn't it?



"FOOTBALL IS JUST LIKE WAR." :— COACH McCANN.

Ice Cream.

Dry a piece of ice in the sun. Stir in some cold cream and fan it until it freezes. Garnish with Christmas greens and serve with the soup.

Plum Pie.

Buy one pint of dough at the ten cent store, hammer out a front and back breadth, line a dish with this. Then fill the dish with Brummel's cough-drops, put on top crust, featherstitch around edges and bake in a tinker's furnace.

Lost—An umbrella by a Sophomore with a metal handle and silk covering.

A "Freshie."

To One Hoover.

By One Husband.

We've substituted meal for wheat—
And pallid cottage cheese for meat.
With nobly stimulated zeal,
We chew the dull potato peel.
We've tested every new disguise
For making rice a glad surprise,
And never throw one bit away,
But mingle all in queer puree.
Oh, doughty dietetic guide,
Lead on, lead on, we're satisfied.

—Exchange.

Dear Old Golden Rule Days.

The French I cannot talk,
Is old enough to walk
Yet has no tongue;
I used with verbs to play,
More discords every day,
Until teacher would pray,
Me to be done.

My school days 'tis of thee,
Ye days of jollity,
Those that I fought;
Days of the quaking heart,
Those lessons learned in part,
And those we could not start.
How we forgot!!! E. C. P. '18.

Scholar in Back of the Room: "Please madam are nuts a fruit or vegetable?"

Another boob: "They're neither fruits nor vegetables, they're us."

"Oh," murmured the Freshie, "tempestous fugit."

Scholar near her: "What does that mean and from what language is it?"

Freshie: "It means 'time flies' and it is from the French language."

"Oh! I have an idea," cried a Sophomore.

"What is it, pray tell us," said his teacher.

"Oh! I've forgotten it," said the poor Sophomore as he sat down with a sad look on his face, for it was the first idea he had had since school began.

Preparedness.

Teacher to Miss W—, who has entered the room and has her coat on: "Are you cold?"

Miss W—: "No, but I'm afraid I will be."

Miss K— (translating German): "He is a wonderful man, but half a fool as all remarkable people are."

Miss Mac—: "There is hope for us all then."

In B. H. S.

Summer Girls.
Summer Boys.
Summer Troubles.
Summer Joys.
Summer Tall.
Summer Short.
Summer Seniors.
Summer Not.

E. A. R., '18.

Teacher in German: Class, look at your appendix.

Save Your Eyes



Perfect vision is too valuable
an asset to take chances with.

Proper corrective glasses may
work a remarkable improve-
ment in your health and dispo-
sition.

To save your eyes you should
have them examined without
delay.

Arthur Allen Optical Co.

28 Main Street, Bangor, Me.

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

Headquarters for Ladies' and
Misses' Stylish Apparel

Suits Coats Dresses
Skirts Raincoats
Blouses

These departments will always be found
well stocked with the newest and smartest
models in high grade and popular priced
garments.

A stores merchandise is like the
signature to a check, if the check
is no good your reputation suf-
fers.

Benson's Name Means Reliable Merchandise

Thanksgiving and Good Clothes Go Together

We can supply your needs with

Besse System Clothing

\$12.50 to \$27.50

All the fixings too

BESSE=ASHWORTH CO.

Patronize the Advertisers

We're here, they're here,
 You're there, they're there,
 If they win, we don't,
 If we win, they won't,
 Who wins?
 We do.

Junior (during Senior singing): "What's that noise?"

Senior: Martha.

Addressing Miss M. R.—Oh Miss Virgil!
 M. P., '18.

Did you know that:
 Parallel lines never meet until they come
 together?

A circle is a round straight line with a
 hole in it?

Things equal to each other are equal to
 anything else?

When you've bats in your belfry that flut;
 When your "comprenez-vous" rope is
 cut;

When there's nobody home
 In the top of your dome,
 Then your head's not a head—it's a nut!

Why not?

Paint the Freshmen rooms green to
 match with the occupants?

Make the Sophomore rooms higher so as
 to take care of some of the swelled heads
 there?

Have the Band play in the lunchroom at
 recess so as to keep company with the
 barking of the "dogs"?

Make the lockers larger so that Fresh-
 men may be able to put their baby car-
 riages under cover?

Miss Rob-son: "Mr. Gr-nt, when are
 two lines parallel?"

Mr. Gr-nt: "When they are at right
 angles to each other. No! I mean when
 they are perpendicular to each other."

"The king summered there and springed-
 er-sprung-er-sprang-aw-he lived there in the
 spring, too.

—Exchange.

Caesar's last words:

Brutus: "How many doughnuts did you
 eat?"

Caesar: "Et tu, Brutus."

—Exchange.

REVISED FRENCH TRANSLATION

G-m—"Un charpentier veuf Ae bonne
 heme.' A carpenter, early a widow, er—
 that is, a short time previous to his mar-
 riage."

B-y-d—"Il se mit au lit en cirant.' He
 was put to bed crying."

M-ns-r—"Qu'il avait pris at homme a
 part.' When he had taken this man apart."

A-l-n—"Il se sauvera avant la Pente-
 cote.' He will save himself before Pente-
 cost."

LOST IN HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDORS

On the 32 day of Sepober in bright day-
 light with the silver moon shining, a small
 boy about the size of himself. He has a
 wart on the back of his neck which he uses
 for a collar button. His name is This and
 for short they call him That. He limps on
 his left leg and one can plainly see that
 his left leg is not right. The doctors claim
 that his heart is not on the right side, and
 chances are that if he lives long enough he
 is liable to die. His hair is oblong and cur-
 ly and his eyes are very awkward. When
 last seen he had on his back an empty bag
 containing a boneless liver, several dough-
 nut holes, and he was without a small dog.

Finder will be rewarded with a bunch of
 hot air. Please address all information to

I. C. Stars and Co.

Dealers in Stoves, Needles, etc.

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

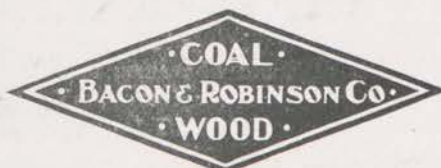
The Hincks Coal Co.

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

WHEATER 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

C. H. BABB & CO.
PLUMBERS and STEAM FITTERS

106 EXCHANGE STREET

BANGOR,

MAINE

FALL THOUGHTS
FOOT-BALL===FOOT-WEAR

GET YOUR FOOTWEAR AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLD BOOT

Kimball & Nickerson

60 Main Street,

Bangor, Maine

CHADBOURNE'S BARBER SHOP

79 CENTRAL STREET

ALL STAR CREW

(4 Chairs)

BANGOR

GUS. A. YOUNGS

**Soda Fountain, Cigars
and Smokers' Supplies**

100 Harlow Street

Bangor, Maine

Patronize Our Advertisers

We Specialize In Shoes for the High School Girl

There are four reasons why we can please you:—

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1 The STYLE is right | 2 The FIT is right |
| 3 The WEAR is right | 4 The PRICE is right |

Ask your friend where she got those nice looking shoes and invariably the reply is : at

THE OUTLET CORPORATION

91 MAIN STREET

MAINE'S LARGEST CUT PRICE STORE

S. CUMMINGS, Mgr.

THE Real Business College

Bangor, Maine

STENOGRAPHY
(Machine Shorthand)

BOOKKEEPING

SHORTHAND

COMBINATION

Individual Instruction

Free Catalogue

Bangor, Maine

PHOTOGRAPHY
in all its
branches

Supplies
for the
Amateur

CHALMERS' Studio

23 Hammond St.

Amateur
Developing
and Printing

All kinds of
PICTURE
FRAMING

GIVE US A CALL SANBORN'S BARBER SHOP

R. H. SANBORN, Prop.

7 Hammond Street, Bangor, Maine
Opp. Merrill Trust Building
Telephone 1241-Y

Electric Massage and Shampoo
No long waits, 6 chairs

Compliments of

ANDREWS' MUSIC HOUSE

98 Main Street

Bangor, = Maine

Patronize Our Advertisers

Join The GIBSON MANDOLIN CLUB

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS This is for you and you need it, same as all up to date schools. You can learn to play in 20 lessons. Lessons private or in class. Violins and Mandolins furnished free.

D. L. CARVER, Instructor and Director

STUDIO: ROOM 10, MERCHANTS' BANK BLDG.

'PHONE 1107

25 BROAD ST.

BANGOR, MAINE.

Call and See The Gibson the Best On Earth

"THE TAU ALPHA"

Is composed of young men who want to learn to debate
The number composing the club is limited but there are a few vacancies. If you would care to be a member enquire at The Young Men's Christian Association for further particulars or ask your high school friends who are members.

DON'T FORGET FICKETT'S SATURDAY CASH SALES

You will save money by coming to this market—cold weather—you can buy a week's provision

OSCAR A. FICKETT CO.
12 BROAD STREET

LUFKIN'S

54 Columbia
Street

U. of M.
Chocolates
and
Old Fashioned
Chocolates

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 a Proper Price



Patronize Our Advertisers

THE NEW FASHIONS FOR SCHOOL GIRLS

IN

SUITS

DRESSES

SKIRTS

CLOTH COATS

FUR COATS

WAISTS

THE NEW BETTY WALES DRESSES NOW READY

WOOD & EWER CO.

COMPLIMENTS OF

MILLER & WEBSTER CLOTHING CO.

The Home of

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Bangor

-

-

-

Maine

Compliments
of

F. S. JONES & CO.

STAPLE AND FANCY

GROCERIES

210 Hammond Street

Tel. 880

BANGOR, MAINE

"MAINE'S BEST PAPER"
THE

BANGOR COMMERCIAL

50 Cents Per Month
Delivered By Carrier

**SAVE YOUR
EYES**



Scholars must have good eyesight; if
you have headaches or eye trouble
come to me. My examina-
tions are carefully con-
ducted.

I. M. HUTCHINGS

REGISTERED OPTOMETRIST

14 CENTRAL ST.

BANGOR

Patronize the Advertisers

BIJOU THEATRE

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, NOV. 16-17

SATURDAY MATINEE

RICHARD LAMBERT Presents THE AMERICAN PATTI

ELEANOR PAINTER

In Harold Chipin's Brilliant Comedy with Music

ART AND OPPORTUNITY

MISS PAINTER WILL BE SURROUNDED BY HER OWN STAR CAST
OF PLAYERS, INCLUDING

FRANK MILL
CECIL YAPP
KATHERINE STEWART

GRANT STEWART
EDWARD DOUGLAS
MARTIN HAYDON

Mail orders made payable to Bijou Theatre will be accepted now and filled
in the order of their receipt.

Seats on Sale at Box Office Wednesday at 10 A. M.

This engagement is one of exceptional social and popular interest

SCALE OF PRICES:

EVENING.		MATINEE.	
Orchestra, First 16 Rows.....	\$1.50	Orchestra, First 16 Rows.....	\$1.00
Orchestra, Last 10 Rows.....	1.00	Orchestra, Last 10 Rows.....	.75
Balcony, First 5 Rows.....	.75	Balcony, First 5 Rows.....	.75
Balcony, Last 9 Rows.....	.50	Balcony, Next 5 Rows.....	.50
		Balcony, Last 4 Rows.....	.35

Not Including the United States War Tax of 10 per cent.

THE "STRAND" OF MAINE

PARK P

PEERLESS
PICTURES
PERFECTLY
PROJECTED

A Clean, Comfortable, Airy and Wholesome
Amusement Resort For The Whole Family

Devoted exclusively to SELECT
PROGRAMS of the World's Best

PHOTO MOTION PRODUCTIONS

Continuous Shows from 12 to 10.30 P. M.

All Seats 10c. Children, afternoons only, 5c.

Refined Entertainment for Those Who Discriminate

Patronize Our Advertisers

FREDERICK W. HILL, CHAIRMAN OF BOARD C. D. CROSBY, PRESIDENT
 JAMES W. CASSIDY, VICE PRESIDENT
 HARRY A. LITTLEFIELD, ASSISTANT 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	600,000
Deposits.....	6,350,000

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.

YOU BEGINNERS IN BUSINESS:

You need a Bank,—

that will take an interest in your business plans;
 that will give you deserved encouragement;
 that will do "team work" with you in developing
 your opportunities.

Come to this Bank

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

STYLE--- LOTS OF IT AT THE PRICES YOU HIGH SCHOOL
FELLOWS LIKE TO PAY

You will marvel how we can sell such splendid fabrics—smart models and well tailored Suits and Overcoats at \$15, \$18, \$20.00 \$25 while some prices are changing overnight, we ask an opportunity to show you these Clothes also our new Fall Hats, Shirts, Neckwear and Shoes.

J. WATERMAN & CO. Maine's Largest Outfitters
for Men and Boys

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

DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS

THE S. L. CROSBY CO.

146-150 Exchange Street,

Bangor, Maine

SHOES Both high and low in all the latest
styles. Also Ballet Slippers

MRS. B. J. DOLLIVER

44 MAIN STREET

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. P. CURRAN

J. P. BASS PUBLISHING COMPANY