

Vol. 29, No. 2
Nov. 1915

THE ORACLE

ATHLETIC NUMBER



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EDITORIALS

Napoleon was fighting the battle of Waterloo. Wellington's men, exhausted by the all-day battle, with their **Behind** ranks thinned, and no reinforce-
Hand ments in sight, began to waver.

The great French general saw his opportunity. One final charge and the battle would be won. Marshal Grouchy, with French reinforcements, was expected every moment. Napoleon surveyed the surrounding country through his telescope, but when the distant column came into view, the Prussian battleflags waved above them. Napoleon's career was ended. The Prussian general had hastened to join the English, while Grouchy delayed.

In everyday life a delay of a few minutes often means success or failure. Hundreds of men, many of them experts, fail in their professions, because they are never on hand at the critical moment.

Contracts are lost because they arrive just too late. Positions that they are perfectly capable of filling, go, not to them, but to the man who is on time. The habit of being on time when acquired in youth, too often follows a person through life. It is the little things that count. "A small leak will sink a great ship." And the man with

moderate ability, who is on hand at the proper time will surpass the brilliant loiterer who is always late. If you find that the habit of putting things off is growing upon you, break it **now**.

Next month's Oracle will be the Inter-Class Number. Inter is a Latin word meaning among, so Inter-

Next Month's Class is among the classes.
Oracle We shall have at least one story from each class in next month's issue and we hope that the school will respond and give us a lot to pick from. The stories or articles will not be limited to any one subject, so you can write upon the one that best suits you. Beside the stories we want class personals and locals. If anything funny comes up, jot it down and put it in the Oracle Box.

The prize contest will be divided into two parts, one contest being for the best Freshman or Sophomore story, and the other for the best story written by a Junior or Senior. In both cases the prize will be two tickets to the next basketball game.

The origin of the game of football is very uncertain. Some think that it originated from a game that the Greeks

The Origin of Football

and Romans played. Others declare that football sprang from the early Teutons, who are said to have used the head of an enemy as a ball. However this may be, the game took its growth in England. As early as 1175 an English writer speaks of the custom of playing ball on Shrove Tuesday, and it is thought that this meant football from the fact that Shrove Tuesday became the great football day later on. The game was extremely rough in its first stages and was forbidden by law by several English monarchs. Edward II. was not in favor of the game, because he thought that it accounted for the decadence in archery. Henry VII. and Queen Elizabeth both forbade football on account of its brutality. An early English writer speaks of the game as "nothing but beastly fury and extreme violence, whereof proceedeth hurt, and consequently rancor and malice." And he was right, for at that time there were no rules and a football contest usually consisted of a free fight between two mobs of men or boys. It was played in the streets, and houses and shops had to be closed on account of the violence of the battle.

However, in spite of the opposition of the royal family, the game grew in favor and was soon the most popular sport in England. When Oliver Cromwell and the Puritans came into power they succeeded in banishing football for a time, but with the passing of their rule, it came back again stronger than before.

Gradually, however, football became a school game, and rules began to be made. Two different games grew out of the ancient sport, owing to the different rules used in

the various English schools: Association football, which was similar to the game of Soccer, and Rugby Union, from which our American game is taken.

The English are noted for introducing their national games wherever they go, and so football was brought to

The Game in America America. Previous to 1870 a combination of Rugby and Association football was played in the mill towns of the United States.

This year is the twenty-fifth anniversary of football at Bangor High. It is her silver anniversary and the season has been a successful one. In the fall of 1890, Bangor played her first football game. Hiland Fairbanks was the captain, and Bangor's first adversary was the University of Maine's first team. When the final whistle blew, the score stood, Bangor High 16, University of Maine, 0. Thus the football career of B. H. S. started out with a rush.

Every school has poor teams during certain periods of its history, owing to several causes, the chief of which is the loss of nearly all the veteran players by graduation. This has happened to Bangor a few times, but for the most part she has been noted for putting out first-class teams, year after year. Very often her men have been light, but they have always made up for their lack in weight, by speed and ginger. Bangor High captured the state championship in 1902 and again in 1905. While in 1912, beside defeating all her inter-state opponents, she swamped Waltham High, 21 to 0. Let us hope that her football fame will never lose its luster.

The man who aims at nothing usually hits it

BANGOR HIGH'S FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM



Louis Warren Carl Dennett Harry Benson Percy Lawrence
 Charles Lord
 Adelbert Leeman Daniel Mason Frank Goodnow Capt. Fairbanks Ralph Peavy Willard Barrows
 William Taylor John Stevens Frank Durgain Edward Eaton Amory Staples

GAMES BETWEEN PORTLAND HIGH SCHOOL AND BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

	Portland.	Bangor.	Game at		Portland.	Bangor.	Game at
1893	4	0	Portland	1905	6	6	Bangor
	4	12	Bangor		0	5	Portland
	4	10	Waterville	1906	0	0	Bangor
1894	8	0	Portland		0	0	Portland
	8	14	Bangor		0	0	Bangor
	4	8	Portland	1907	16	0	Bangor
1895	0	0	Portland		37	0	Portland
	0	0	Bangor	1908	0	6	Bangor
1896	4	18	Bangor		6	13	Portland
	0	18	Portland	1909	4	5	Bangor
1897	0	4	Portland		11	6	Portland
	0	8	Bangor	1910	0	0	Bangor
1900	5	0	Portland		0	0	Portland
	0	0	Bangor	1911	3	4	Bangor
1901	12	6	Portland		6	9	Portland
	0	17	Bangor	1912	0	32	Bangor
	6	2	Portland		3	27	Portland
1902	0	6	Portland	1913	7	0	Bangor
	0	6	Bangor		45	0	Portland
1903	0	0	Bangor	1914	0	0	Bangor
	0	17	Portland		6	0	Portland
1904	6	0	Bangor				
	27	0	Portland				

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LITERARY

Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body.—Addison

[Editor's note: The prize for the best story in this month's issue goes to Miss Margaret Hills. Her story, "The Slash in the Bokhara Rug," was judged to be the best and she will receive two tickets to the Portland High game. Next month there will be two contests and we hope to have a large number of stories to choose from.]

THE SLASH IN THE BOKHARA RUG

Margaret Hills, '17.



OUTSIDE the wind howled around the corners of the house and roared down the chimney. Within the fire glowed in the fireplace throwing a flickering light on the old Bokhara rug at my feet. I noticed how clearly the patches showed—I had often wondered how they came there, for I knew the rug had been woven long before the day when patches were put in for the mere purpose of implying age. That foot-long slash at the end had always excited my curiosity. A rug of such beautiful colors with these odd patterns must have had a history. I fell to imagining what it was.

Suddenly I seemed to be in a small, low room whose wall-hangings and rugs were of beautiful, rich-toned Oriental fabrics. A wonderful hanging of dull rose and brick-

red was drawn up to show a vast expanse of hot-looking desert. It was hot in the room, too. I felt a gentle breeze at my side, and turning saw a servant in an Oriental costume slowly fanning me with a marvelous fan of peacock patterns.

I was not the only occupant of the room. A dark eastern beauty lay half-reclining on a heap of silk cushions opposite me. She was speaking to me in a strange language, but one which I seemed to understand perfectly. I soon found that I was in one of a group of tents belonging to the caravan of a rich merchant of Bagdad, named Abdul, whose daughter was the beautiful woman upon the cushions.

Just as I was getting this straight in my mind a slave ran past the door of our tent and cried, "A horseman from the direction of Bokhara is coming at full speed!" From the tent next ours strode Abdul, the Bagdad

merchant. He looked to the northeast toward Bokhara, shading his eyes with his hand. Soon the horse and rider appeared from behind a sand hill and made for our camp.

In no time the new comer drew rein before the camp, and, leaping from his mount and going up to the merchant, cried:

"Refuge, sir, refuge. Allah bless thee if you hide me from my pursuers, who are close upon me. I am in the service of the pasha. Protect his messenger from his enemies."

"Here, come into my tent. We will send your horse on to deceive until I find a safer place for you."

The man ran back to his horse and, after giving him a gentle caress, brought his whip down hard on his flank and cried: "Go, my friend, speed towards Bagdad and save thy master!"

The animal shot forward and was soon disappearing behind the sand hills in the direction of Bagdad. The stranger came back to the tent, but stopped before entering to scan the horizon. He gazed intently toward the northeast where he soon saw a few black dots moving toward camp. "Just in time!" he muttered and entered Abdul's tent.

The servant quickly drew down the rug that served as a door to the tent. It was a beautiful Bokhara in soft, deep rose shades, with touches of brick-red. I looked more closely. It was identical with the one in our library at home, but it had no long slash in either end.

In a few minutes we heard hoof beats steadily growing louder. In another minute the horsemen were abreast the camp. The half dozen or so riders drew rein while the leader asked the merchant if he had seen a horseman pass that way.

"Yes," he answered. "Only a few moments ago a horse and rider passed at full gallop to the southwest. There is the track of the hoofs."

The man thanked him and with a word to his companions started off in pursuit of the messenger.

Abdul went back to his tent and the stranger said to him, "They have gone, now, but will, no doubt, return as soon as they overtake my poor horse. May I stay with you until they have returned; since it will be impossible for me to proceed in that direction?"

Abdul granted his request immediately.

"The pasha will reward you, my friend," said the other, "for I shall mention you to him. And"—he added—"I have no little favor with his majesty."

Time passed slowly. In about an hour we again heard hoof beats, this time from the southwest. The merchant quickly led the messenger to our tent, saying that he would never be discovered there should a search be made. The stranger crouched behind the beautiful rug, which hung before the door, and waited. Abdul returned to his own tent.

There was a stamping of hoofs and a sound of loud voices. The pursuers had drawn rein before the camp and were calling for Abdul who came out and asked what they wanted.

"You have deceived us. The man we are pursuing you have harbored in camp. Give him over at once. He is a dangerous spy. Bring him out or we will search the tents!" the leader roared.

"Search the camps," replied Abdul quietly. "If he is here, he is yours. The man who drew rein here was a messenger of the pasha."

"Ha! he told you that, did he? He is more clever than I thought," was the comment of the leader as he gave orders to his men to search the tents.

Abdul's daughter turned pale, drew near to me. I saw that she was much frightened. Sounds of the men busily searching all parts of the camp came to us. The servants had withdrawn and we could hear

them groaning and praying in a group outside. Finally the men reported to their leaders that they could find no one.

"Have you searched every tent?" he demanded.

"Yes, master, all but the women's tent."

"Ha! Let us look there." And he stepped toward the rug at the entrance.

Abdul sprang before him saying: "Nay, not there. My daughter is within."

"Stand aside, there," commanded the leader drawing his sword, "I'll see for myself."

In a second the flash of a sword showed at the top of the curtain. Just at that moment the stranger rose suddenly to his feet and the sharp steel struck his head so that he fell forward on the sand, tearing the rug with him.

"So, here is the rascal! I thought as much!" and the man thrust his hand into the stranger's robe and drew forth a bundle of papers. A look of satisfaction came over his face as he turned to Abdul who was standing white-faced beside him.

"I will not have you punished. You were deceived. That man told you he was the pasha's messenger, did he not?" Did he show you his seal! No! How could he when he had none? Here is a seal. Whose is it?"

"The pasha's, I swear," answered the Bagdad merchant.

* * * * *

I started. Before me the fire was still glowing. The wind still howled around the house and at my feet was the Bokhara rug with the long slash in it.

THE RELAY RACE

By John Quinn, '18. Illustrated by A. L. Driscoll, '19



THE annual relay race, in which Jamestown tested the strength of its crack relay team with that of Rockport, was only a few days away. Jack Cooledge, a first-year man at Jamestown, and a few of his teammates and friends, were on their way from the gymnasium to their rooms discussing track and their chances to trim Rockport. George Robinson, Jack's best friend and roommate, was telling the latest news from Rockport.

"Fellows!" he said, "I hear they are more than confident that their team will win!"

Bob Jones, a member of the team, joined the crowd with a yell, and pointing to a paper he held in his hand, "How's that, fellows," he said, "they are coming over on a special with five hundred supporters!"

Such was the talk that ran through the school a week before the day set for the race. Everybody had something to say, either about the home team, or the Rock-

port runners. All were filled with excitement.



The gymnasium was brilliantly lighted. The seats that had been placed around the running track were filled. Many people

had taken advantage of the fact that the contest was in their home town, and turned out in large numbers to see the sport. While waiting for the race to be called, the supporters of each school tried their best to drown the cheers and songs of the other.



At last the call came: "Ready for the relay! All out!"

The members of the Rockport High came first, and as soon as they appeared, a cheer, which nearly lifted the roof went up from the crowd. Before the Rockport crowd had quieted, the Jamestown team made its appearance, and this was the signal for an outburst of cheers from the Jamestown section. The referee, as soon as the noise had subsided, began giving the instructions which were to rule the race. The starter cried out:

"On your mark!" "Get set!" and then the pistol barked out the announcement that the race was on.

Gould of Rockport and Jones of Jamestown started off together, and began their quarter-mile as though they had but one lap to run instead of six. After the first round of the track the runners slowed down to a more steady gait. The cheers that went up from the rival sections could have been heard for miles around. The routers cheered for their teams and for their teammates, and shouted encouragement to the

runners. Meanwhile the first quarter of the race was nearly over, and Gould and Jones, the former leading by ten yards, began their spurting along the last few yards. Then Gould reached the line, touching hands with the next man, and dropped from the track tired and breathless, just as Jones crossed the line touching his next man.

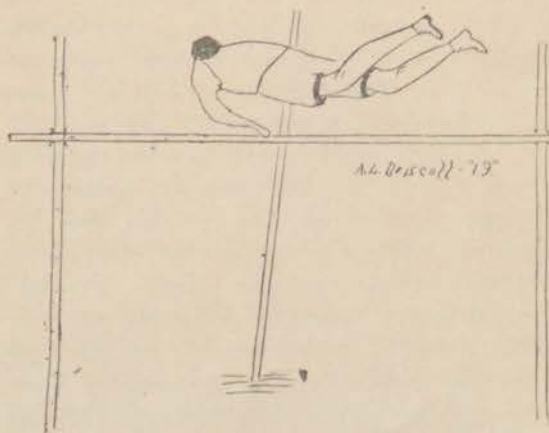
The Rockport supporters were cheering joyously now, for their man was leading by a good eight yards. And as lap after lap was run off it was plain that they were rapidly making the gain larger. The second Rockport man came across the line with a lead of nearly twenty yards. Curran, the captain of the Jamestown team, was to run against Morris, captain of the Rockport team, in the third quarter. Curran entered with a set, determined face, and before the first lap of the third quarter had been run off, he had placed himself on even terms with the Rockport winner by a wonderful spurt. He kept the inside of the



track during the second, third and fourth laps also, although Captain Morris tried hard to reach him.

But on the fifth lap the luck changed. Curran, running at a fast clip, tripped and fell. Morris leaped over him and began reeling off a gain. Before Curran could recover himself, Morris was nearly a quarter of a lap in the lead. The Rockport man

rushed across the line touching Wilson's hand, who was off like a flash. Curran had succeeded in making up some of the lost



ground, but when he crossed the line, he was over an eighth of a mile behind. Cooledge, who waited, poised for a quick start, and as soon as Curran touched his hand shot off, and by sprinting greatly shortened

Rockport's lead. Cooledge knew that by several quick short spurts, he could not only puzzle Wilson, but worry him. He was in fine condition, while he knew that his opponent had been in training only a short time and that he had been on the track only once or twice. So by a few sprints he greatly worried Wilson and soon had caught up with him. Wilson spurted ahead but could not shake Cooledge. At the last few yards, Cooledge came in with all his remaining strength. Wilson, on trying to do the same, found he had reached his limit, and could go no faster. Cooledge crossed the line two yards in the lead, winning the race for his school.

Great was the rejoicing at Jamestown High that night. Cooledge,—the first year man,—was the hero of the hour. In later years, although Cooledge starred in other sports, he was remembered best for the great relay race he ran and won for Jamestown.

FRENCH HISTORY IN THE HIGH SCHOOLS

Harold E. Banton, '16.



HERE has been considerable agitation among some of the French teachers in our high school as to whether or not students intending to take two or more years of French should be required to take or show credits for having taken at least one year of French history.

I shall not attempt to go into this matter in detail, for while there are some few points which require considerable thought and study in order to perceive clearly what the final result would be, there are also many other points which are, for the most part, arbitrary or merely one's own personal opinion.

The advantages, however, as I see them, are three-fold, namely: first, a knowledge of French history gives the student a vivid

idea of the French nation as a whole, its aims and policies, its successes and its failures; second, it gives the student an idea of the country's heroes, by that I mean, that he actually becomes acquainted with characters who are the French ideals; and last, the student becomes acquainted with customs of the people themselves and the places in which they live.

The first of the advantages, that it gives the student a vivid idea of the nation as a whole, of course no one can gainsay, for it is the chief reason for studying the history of any nation. But in connection with a student in any preparatory school, who is studying French to learn the language and not to see how easily he can get through his recitations, French history is a subject which will help him, as is expressed in slang, "to get all he CAN and to CAN all he

gets," and also, to understand what he is doing while he is doing it, and not several years later when he has ceased to study the language.

The second of the advantages, that it gives the student an idea of the country's heroes. Let me here ask my readers, In what other way can a person understand a people, by which I mean a nation, better than by knowing to whom they look up to and respect and, who they call their heroes? Does it not show their ideals? Does it not show what they consider their best deeds?

By studying French history, students, you can easily see, must necessarily become actually acquainted with many of these heroes, hence the advantage.

And the third and last of the main advantages, is that the student becomes acquainted with the customs of the people themselves, and the places in which they live. This argument is readily seen if one stops to think a bit.

In a history of any people, places are described accurately and the customs of the people who live there, so that one may readily understand the cause and effect of certain actions which take place there. Thus the knowledge of such descriptions enables the student of French to understand how and why the language naturally fits the people and country for which it was made and thus enables him to have a deeper interest in his work.

THE RETURN OF TOMA

By M. Rotide.



USK was just beginning to shut in as Pierre Sark, a Seneca Company trapper, completed the rounds of his traps. He had just straightened up from the task of setting the last snare when suddenly he saw the shadowy outlines of two enormous moose moving between the snow laden fir trees. Pierre swung his rifle to his shoulder, took quick aim, and fired. The soft-nosed bullet ploughed into the shoulder of the largest moose and with a little cough he slowly crumpled to the ground.

Leaping forward Pierre had just time to send another bullet towards the flying form of the second moose. But the huge animal kept on and in two great bounds disappeared through the trees.

The trapper walked over to where the dead moose lay and leaning his rifle against a tree, began to cut off the best parts of the meat, working rapidly as darkness was closing in and flakes of snow were beginning to fall from the leaden sky. Soon the meat was ready and Pierre started to rise when

suddenly he felt as though he was being watched.

He sprang to his feet with a start and looked about him. Nothing but sombre fir trees with snow-laden branches could be seen and with a nervous laugh Pierre started to pick up the bundle of moose meat.

But again a feeling of danger startled Sark and he glanced around nervously. The sight that met his eyes almost paralyzed him for a moment. Bearing down upon him was a huge moose with lowered head, his eyes gleaming viciously in the dim light. There was no time to run, for the mighty bounds of the moose were carrying him over the ground with the speed of an express train.

Pierre's heart came into his mouth. He snatched up his rifle, took aim, and pulled the trigger. But no report followed. The cartridge had jammed. The trapper worked desperately to clear the breech, but it was of no use. So drawing his knife Pierre waited for what he knew was almost certain death.

Toma, the Indian, who helped Sark tend his line of traps, was returning from the trading post when he heard a shot. "Must be Pierre," he thought to himself, trudging on towards camp. Before he had gone very far, however, a moose bounded across his path and disappeared among the trees before Toma had time to fire.

After examining the tracks of the moose, the Indian gave a grunt of satisfaction for he saw splashings of blood upon the snow. The light was rapidly fading out of the sky, but Toma kept on when he saw that at every bound the stains grew larger. The tracks began to circle back towards the place where he had first seen them. And he hurried forward with cocked rifle, expecting at every moment to see a dark mass lying on the snow.

In the meantime Pierre had succeeded in dodging the first charge of the wounded moose, but in making a quick turn his snow-

shoes caught under a dead limb and he fell on his side.

The moose ploughed by the trapper in his first wild rush, but now he turned and Pierre, prostrate on the snow, gave up all hope.

On came the huge animal with lowered antlers, but when he was almost upon the man a rifle rang out and the moose wavered as the heavy bullet tore through his neck. Toma had come. But he had come none too soon for the force of his charge carried the moose on for the last few feet, and as the great bulk bore down upon him Pierre struck out fiercely with his knife, and then everything went black.

When Pierre woke up he found himself in bed at his cabin with three ribs crushed in and his right arm broken. But he was thankful to be alive at all and in spite of his suffering he did not complain. All Toma had to say was "Heap lucky."

THE NEED OF A WOMAN'S COLLEGE IN THE STATE OF MAINE

Geneva Croxford, '16.



AMONG the crying needs of our state at present is a woman's college. We look about and find the excellent advantages Maine affords for the education of its young men. Bowdoin, with its heavy endowment and strong corps of instructors; Maine, with its courses in engineering and practical agricultural department; Bates and Colby.

No college in the state holds out such inducements to young women. To be sure women are admitted to Bates, Maine and Colby, but only a small percentage attend these colleges. What is the reason? They feel that these institutions are first and foremost for young men. The women are so few that sometimes they are not treated with proper respect and are made to feel uncomfortable.

Because of unequal facilities for education, most of the young women of Maine who attend college attend one outside the state. The large amount of money paid for tuition and board might be kept within the boundaries of Maine, were these schools of sufficiently high standard to warrant it.

The climate and scenery of our state are strong inducements toward building a woman's college. The beautiful views over fields, meadows, mountains and streams are not only delightful, but broadening in their influence. The dry, bracing air is invigorating and the climatical condition is general most healthful, no small considerations in founding an institution of learning.

The women of today have as high a standard of intelligence as the men. Nearly all occupations and professions are open to them. It is necessary, therefore, that they

be as well equipped and prepared for these positions as the men.

Equal suffrage is one of the certainties of the near future. Suffrage is progress. Women must be intelligent voters, understanding the important issues of the day. They must have the best of instructors, who will be interested in welfare, and must mingle with the highest class intellectually. This cannot be accomplished without col-

lege life on as high a plane as that of the best of our men's colleges.

It must come eventually. Why put it off? Let someone rise to the occasion. Let someone who numbers his wealth in millions realize that he can leave no greater lasting memorial to the welfare of Maine than to lay the corner stone of a much needed, up-to-date college for women.

HOW I KILLED A CROW

By "Inky Letters," '18.



WE started out one morning, Jim and I, on a shooting party; I, to learn how to shoot straight without getting excited (and consequently shooting decidedly unstraight), and Jim to teach me.

So far my system had been simple, but seldom effective. It consisted of pointing the gun in the general direction of the target and then pulling the trigger. Sometimes I hit the target and sometimes I did not. Generally I did not. Only accidental shots ever reached their mark. This, of course, applies to a living target. Living targets had a tendency to excite me. When I shot at a tin can, I succeeded, as a rule, in leaving a lasting impression,—on the can.

Jim was a good shot and therefore the envy of all poor shots. He could hit anything from the side of a barn to a dime. That is why he was my companion in arms at target practice.

Our destination was a small lake much frequented by wild fowl. On the way through a corn field, a crow, which had been feeding, departed from said corn field with a whirr.

Jim turned to me with an air of superior wisdom. "Do you know what that was?" he asked, sarcastically. He had a very poor opinion of my knowledge of birds.

"It was a crow, of course," I replied promptly.

"Right, my child," was the reply as he started on.

"Why didn't you shoot it?" I grinned.

"Because I don't consider it in my class."

"Huh! I believe I could hit one," I said in a spirit of bravado.

"You hit one! You hit a crow! You!" laughed Jim scornfully. "Why, it would be out of your sight before you could say Jack Robinson!"

"No, it wouldn't; I'd say Jack Robinson before it got up," I replied confidently.

"Here, give me the game bag and you step ahead. I don't think a person of your talents should be kept in the background on account of age," said Jim.

Now that I was invited to make the test, my confidence began to ooze away, but I was too proud to back down; so, taking the gun carefully in the most approved hunter's fashion, I walked slowly ahead, inwardly hoping no more crows would show up.

Jim's sarcastic remark, about trying to leave a few for seed, did not tend to help my nerves much, either.

I had not gone ten feet when a black shape flashed up and shot away with lightning speed. I stood motionless, watching with amazement this display of aerial evolutions.

"Why didn't you shoot? That was a nice easy shot," laughed Jim.

I made no reply, but walked slowly ahead. I had gone about another twenty yards when another bunch of black lightning sprang up and darted away.

In despair at trying to take aim at such a shifting mark, I pointed the gun somewhere in the direction of the black streak, and, without taking aim, or even placing the gun against my shoulder, pulled the trigger.

It was one of those unaccountable scratch shots which occur at rare intervals to every sportsman. The crow, less than fifty yards distant, was struck fairly with the charge, and dropped to the ground, riddled with shot. I was the proudest and happiest boy in the country as I ran ahead and picked up the bird.

When Jim came up, amazed and beaten at my performance, I triumphantly held up the crow and grinned.

"Accidents will happen," remarked Jim.

"That wasn't an accidental shot. I aimed right at him."

"I should say you did; you didn't aim at all. You just pointed the gun in a north-westerly direction, and the crow flew through the charge."

"Maybe I did;" I mused, contemplating the riddled bird. "But it looks to me as though the charge flew through the crow. But I'm not stuck up over it; I'll associate with you just the same. Of course, when I talk to old crow hunters, you can kind of keep in the background, but aside from that you may hunt with me just the same."

"Oh, go to bed and give us a rest," was Jim's only rejoinder, as he started for the lake.

Somehow Jim forgot to teach me to shoot that day and somehow I forgot to mention it to him. Somehow, too, after that, Jim always regarded me with more respect.

MEMOIRS



THE sun had sunk and the red and gold of its bright reflection had mingled together and passed away; only a faint light like the reflection of a candle illumined the western sky. The night was moonless; the fog had risen from the little outlet of the lake and the gloom following a rainy day was settling over the water. My canoe, motionless on the calm lake, was pointing midway between the south and west. The sounds of a man whistling Tipperary floated through the still air. But at last the song was ended and all became silent. I looked about me. How gloomy and lonely it was! Slowly the shadows lengthened and the woods made a black reflection on the water. To the west, the clouds and the fog were clearing a little and the sky grew rose-colored again, but soon it faded away.

Only the outline of the trees could be seen on the distant shore; in one place, where some of these rose taller than the rest, they seemed the towers of a castle, an old fortress perhaps. There was the castle itself, an oddly shaped thing with many spires; there was the draw bridge, long since fallen to ruin. The castle was haunted, too. I knew by its appearance that the ghosts of knights and ladies of long ago were there in all their noble splendor. How much I would have liked to enter that dreamland castle and ramble through its fairy halls. Slowly the apparition faded; the night was fast settling around me and even that single light in the west was gone. Oh that deep, black, still water beneath the canoe. It was cold and I drew my wrap closer about me. Silently I paddled to the nearer shore and gladly pulled my light canoe upon the beach. I

was afraid, yet was my feeling fear? The lake fascinated me and I paused a moment to look back. The opposite shore had disappeared and the fog was thick and dense. I felt like a little child facing something it could not understand, alone for the first time. A breeze had risen in an unseen land, from some place behind that screen of mist and was gently lapping on the beech not far

away. The water seemed to talk to me. If I could only understand its language, but man with all his accomplishments does not know the tongue of nature. Gladly, yet reluctantly, I turned from the night and entered the brightly lighted camp. The spell was broken, the awful yet splendid night was gone, and gleeful, happy children ran to meet me at the door.

NEW SONGS AND CHEERS

By Emanon



EW songs and cheers for Bangor High! Won't it be fine? We have had no new cheers for several years and those we have are getting worn out so that now the students do not respond to the cheer-leaders with any of the old time "pep." What we want and need is some cheers and songs that will be entirely of our own making. No copied yells from other schools or colleges, or songs that are simply made over "parodies" on "popular hits." We want the words and music both to be composed

by Bangor High students, so that they will belong to Bangor and be representative of Bangor spirit.

Furthermore, they should be appropriate not only for the ball field, or for the basketball floor, but also for other occasions.

Now in order to have a victorious athletic year, the team must be supported by the school. Let us all get behind and push so as to win more glories for the dear old Red and White, the colors for which we truly stand, by **doing our best** for this "campaign" for new songs and cheers.

Fond Parent: "Are you able to keep your place in your classes?"

Freshie: "Yes, father, I began at the foot and none has taken it from me."

A small boy had been taught that it was incorrect to use the shortened form "Bill" for William and "Bob" for Robert, so one day not long afterward he rushed up to his mother and exclaimed, "Oh! Mamma! I just bought a Robert-tailed dog for a five dollar William."

"What makes those Bangor fellows so noisy?"

"I guess it is the bands on their hats."

"When you stepped on that gentleman's foot, Tommy, I hope you apologized."

"Oh, yes; indeed I did," said Tommy, "and he gave me a sixpence for being such a good boy."

"Did he? And what did you do then?"

"Stepped on the other and apologized, but it didn't work."

Soph.: "What were you doing down in the lunch room a few minutes ago?"

Fresh.: "Putting away a few things."

Judge: "The next person who interrupts the proceedings will be expelled from the room."

"Hooray," cried the prisoner.



Arm thyself for the truth

The most important event of the month was the meeting in the city, of the Maine Teachers' Association. The school was dismissed Tuesday, Oct. 26, for the rest of the week. The High School building was the headquarters of the convention and most of the department meetings were held there.

Thursday morning the school Music Festival was held in City Hall and was attended by about twenty-one hundred people. The program was:

"Selection Maritana".....Wallace
Orchestra.

"Unfold Ye Portals".....Gounod
Chorus.

Violin Solo—"Deux Songe".....Henry
Louis Langman, Camden.

Vocal Duet—(a) "Breezes of Spring"
.....Gounod

(b) "Who Knows".....Ball
Amy Morgridge,
Mildred Widdoes, Dexter.

"A Night in May".....Silver
Chorus.

"Dance of the Goblins"....Recker-Lorraine
Orchestra.

"Questions"Meridith
Solo and Ladies' Chorus.

"Pastel"Paradis
Instrumental Trio—Violin, Stanley Cay-
ting, Bangor; 'Cello, Gordon Beatty,
Old Town; Piano, Dorothy Doe, Ban-
gor.

Vocal Solo—"Chanson D'Amour"....Beach
Margaret Mitchell, Orono.

"Hymn of Thanksgiving" (Adrianus
Valerius 1626).....Kremser

Chorus.

Conductors: Mr. E. S. Pitcher, Belfast;
Miss Gale Littlefield, Bangor.

Accompanist, Miss Maude Gould, Old
Town.

The chorus, selected from the schools of eastern Maine, consisted of about one hundred and seventy voices. The directors of music in these schools have been rehearsing both the vocal selections of the chorus and the orchestral selections since the middle of last winter. The result was a great success. The Bangor High School Orchestra also performed at the Friday evening session at the Auditorium. The selections, "The Guard Mount" and "The Four Ages of Man," were rendered in a way that reflects great credit on the school.

The editors wish to correct a mistake in the last issue of the Oracle. The fine story, "Jacqueline's Patriotism," was written by Miss Marion Kenney, '18, instead of Miss Marion McKenney, as printed. We extend our humble apologies to Miss Kenney, and hope that it will not prevent her from sending in other stories as good.

On Thursday, Oct. 7, the school was dismissed at the end of the second period, in order that those who wished might attend the rehearsal of the Maine Music Festival, and hear Madame Melba. Mr. Eaton had announced that those who brought a request from home would be excused, but as this number was so large, the entire school was dismissed.

C. C. Robinson, secretary for Employed Boys of the International Y. M. C. A., addressed the school at Chapel, Monday, Oct. 25. He spoke for about a half of an hour on the value of persistency. One of his quotations made a deep impression on many of his hearers. "My son, consider the postage stamp. Its usefulness consists in sticking to one place until it gets there." Other guests on the platform were Mr. Foley, of the Bangor Y. M. C. A., and Edward B. Dennett.

The members of the two upper classes, who were chosen for the chorus at the School Music Festival, in connection with the Teachers' Convention, were: from the Senior class, Misses Elizabeth Burke, Katherine Clark, Arline Hillman, Marguerite Allen, Natalie Glass, Grace Matthews, Ellen Garman, Dorothy Eames, Jennie Knowles, Natalie Turner, Doris Townsend, Anna Harden, and Messrs. Edward Whalen, Floyd Kimball, Malcolm Webster, Willis Hayes and John Manchester.

The members chosen from the Junior class were: Misses Anna Gallagher, Carol Hamm, Lilla Hersey, Geneva Kenney, Margaret Hills, Sarah Bartlett, Hazel Robinson, Ruth Wormwood, Catherine Stewart, Madeline Morton, Lillian Rosen, Rachel Pomroy, Frances Bragg, and Messrs. Harry Helson, Thomas Kane, Joseph Makanna, Fred Eaton, Hugh Smith, Harold Hubbard, Ralph Farrar and Wainwright Reed.

For the sake of better supervision of the work in the school, and also to obtain better co-operation between the teachers, the

school has been divided into departments and a head selected for each department. Those appointed by the School Committee were: Miss Mary B. Hutchings, English; Miss Mary C. Robinson, Latin; Harold A. M. Trickey, Science; Elmer T. Boyd, History; Pauline A. Beaupre, French; Fannie H. Robinson, Mathematics.

Mr. Eaton has received a notice from Yale University that among those receiving honors in the Junior class are: David Nelson Beach, Jr., '12, and Frank William Lorimer, '12. Both were former members of the Oracle staff, Lorimer being editor-in-chief.

The School Board has directed that Military Drill be introduced into the school. This is not new, as a company was thriving until the fire. On account of the lack of facilities, the company died out in 1912. Pictures of the officers of former companies may be seen in the room adjoining the principal's office. The new organization is to be for the purpose of physical training and also to give the students some knowledge of the manual of arms. It is to be compulsory for Freshmen and optional for the other classes. Mr. Eaton is in touch with the adjutant general and with Lieut. Clark of the University of Maine. The squad will be formed under their directions. Mr. Eaton is a former officer of the National Guard, and is well acquainted with things in the military line. Mr. Mitchell attended a military school, and has an extended knowledge of the manual of arms. Under the guidance of these, the company should prosper.

If the napkin was a ball, would the cream pitcher over the plate?

Baby Camel: Mamma, can I have a drink?

Mamma Camel: Shut up! Why it was only five weeks ago that I gave you one.

A small boy sitting next to a haughty lady kept sniffing continually. At last she said in despair, "Boy, have you got a handkerchief?"

"Yes," replied the youth, "but I don't lend it to strangers."



Frances Mulvaney, B. H. S., '09, was married October 20 to Albert H. Thompson of Thomaston. They will live on Nelson Street.

Cecelia Christenson has been appointed assistant organist at Bates' College.

Ada Boothby, '15, is working in the office at Benson & Co.'s on Main Street.

Verne Beverly, Phillip Jones, and Desmond Daley, three former graduates of Bangor High, are all starring on the University of Maine football team.

Florice Farnham, '15, is working in the telephone exchange.

Ruth Whitman, '09, and Francis Cushing, '10, were married at the bride's home, Oct. 21. They will live in Bucksport.

Ella Wheeler, '15, was elected secretary of the freshman class at Maine.

Leola Coombs, '07, and Frank Kelley were married Oct. 18. They will make their home in Eustis, Maine.

Rudolph Ringwall, '09, has accepted a position in a string orchestra in California. Mr. Ringwall was married last summer to Miss Lucy Adams, B. H. S.

June Folsom, '15, is working in Pfaff's jewelry store.

Stella Hallett, '15, is attending Miss Gilman's school of typewriting and stenography.

Frederick Jordan, '15, has entered the U. of M. Law School.

Esther Page, '13, is working for J. F. Gerity Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Farnham are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter. Mrs. Farnham was Miss Glenn Higgins, '11.

Edgar Pearson, '14, is working for G. E. Mansur, architect.

Lucy Ambrose, '15, is working for the J. F. Woodman Coal Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wood are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Howard Dillingham. Mrs. Wood was Miss Alice Dillingham, B. H. S., '09.

Raymond Peirce is working at the Westinghouse Electric Plant in Pittsburg, Pa.

Addie Thurston, '15, is working for the Farrar Furniture Co.

Jeannette Croxford, '15, is teaching school in Surry.

Valentine E. Kenney has resumed her studies at Bryant & Stratton College, Boston.

Gladys Underwood, a former member of B. H. S., has recently moved to South Londonderry, Vermont.

The many friends of Miss Annie Chisholm, '14, will regret to learn of her death which occurred Sept. 28, 1915.



His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff.—Shakespeare

The Senate.

On October 18, a meeting was held by the Literary and Debating Society to adopt the new constitution. After a brief discussion of several of the most important features, it was adopted.

Under the new constitution and practical re-organization, the society is now upon a firm and permanent basis. By providing the semi-annual meetings to be held in January and June, officers for the coming year are elected, thus preventing a lapse in the organization during the summer vacation.

Instead of the Literary and Debating Society, we now have the Bangor High School Senate under the new plan. The Senate is composed of boys from the Senior and Junior classes. Vacancies are to be filled from a waiting list kept by the executive committee, which is composed of the President of the Senate, Mr. Olsen; the Faculty Adviser, Mr. Gray, and the member at large, Mr. McWilliams.

The Senate is greatly superior to the old society in that it establishes a firm and lasting organization, limits the membership to thirty boys who wish either to debate, or learn how to debate. It also drills the members in Parliamentary Law and Procedure, requires to take an active interest in the society and is more representative of the Senior and Junior classes.

The House.

In order to afford an opportunity for the Tenth and Eleventh grades to participate in debating, the Bangor High School House has been formed. The officers, the speaker,

clerk and treasurer, have not been elected yet for the permanent society.

Debates will be held at every meeting so that during the year each member will work on three or four debates.

Judging by the enthusiasm at the first meeting, the House will be a great success. All the members expressed their desire to take an active part in the organization.

The advantages of having a Senate and a House are plainly to be seen. In the first place probably many members of the House will, as juniors, be elected to the Senate. Thus there will be, in reality, a four years' course in debating which is at once progressive and instructive. Secondly, it gives to the Tenth grade an opportunity to enter the House and debate, which has never been given before. Thirdly, by having two societies, the members of both bodies make greater efforts to maintain the best showing. The combined work of both stimulates greater interest in debating and that activity of the High School life is vested with greater interest and dignity.

Girls' Debating Society.

At the first meeting of the Girls' Debating Society held this year, nine new names were voted into the society, making a total of twenty-five members. Since that meeting, there have been several heated debates on subjects which it was thought would interest the new members and encourage their attendance at the meetings.

At another meeting on October 21, it was voted that Florence Salley should write a monthly report for the Oracle; and it was also voted that Christine Burnham, and Maisie Whitehouse be received into the society.



A bold onset is half the battle

B. H. S. vs. F. A.

Saturday, Oct. 9, Bangor took Foxcroft Academy into camp to the tune of 46 to 0. Bangor scored almost at will while Foxcroft never threatened the Bangor goal line. The playing of Curran, Captain Davis, Peters, Jones, and Mulvaney of the locals was excellent, while Collins and Capt. Wingate played well for the visitors. Many substitutes were given a try-out on account of the one-sidedness of the game.

The summary:

B. H. S.

Foxcroft.

Koritzky.....l. e.....	Martin
Capt. Davis.....l. t.....	Blake
Johnson.....l. g.....	Clark
Mulvaney.....c.....	Doore
Eames.....r. g.....	Bartlett
Hickson.....r. t.....	Crane
Curran.....r. e.....	Capt. Wingate
Peters.....l. h. b.....	Collins
Heal.....r. h. b.....	Johnson
Johnston.....f. b.....	Hoxie
Jones.....q. b.....	Fisher

Score, Bangor 46. Touchdowns, Peters 3, Jones, Curran, Heal, Mulvaney. Goals from touchdown, Peters 4. Time, four ten-minute periods. Referee, Fitzgerald. Umpire, Gallagher. Field judge, McFarland. Head linesman, Kent. Substitutes: Foxcroft, Packard for Martin. Bangor: Wilson for Eames; Webster for Curran; Quinn for Hickson; Ginsberg for Jones; Angley for Heal; Jones for Angley; Garland for Johnston; Russell for Garland; Hayes for Quinn.

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

M. C. I. came to Bangor Columbus Day feeling confident of winning from Bangor,

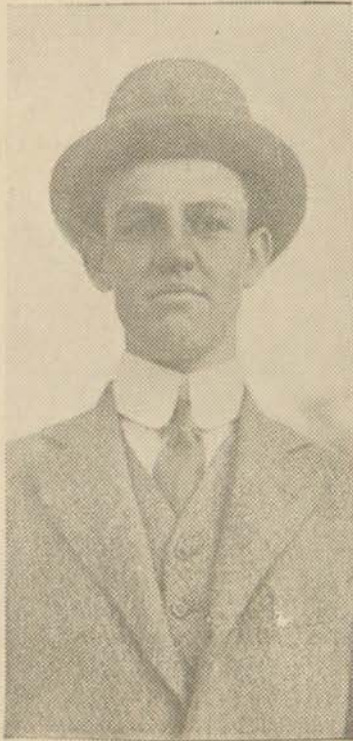
as they had beaten Orono 6 to 0, the preceding Saturday; but they were disappointed as Bangor, handicapped by a number of injuries to linemen, kept their goal line uncrossed and succeeded in scoring three points against M. C. I., thanks to the pretty drop-kick of "Spider" Jones, which went over from the 25-yard line at a difficult angle. Bangor's score came in the second period; after rushing the ball nearly the length of the field, Bangor was penalized 5 yards for offside at M. C. I.'s 14-yard line. Heal tried right end, but was down near the side line. Then Jones dropped back and booted one over for the only score of the game. Bangor felt the loss of Curran and Hickson, who were out on account of injuries. Jones and Peters showed up well for the locals and Emery and Wyer for the visitors.

Peters kicked off to Wyer, who came back 40 yards. Bangor got the ball on downs and Peters punted 50 yards to Emery. After a couple of plays, Emery failed at a drop kick from the 45-yard line. Peters punted 48 yards to Emery who fumbled. Koritzky recovered. In nine rushes Bangor made three first downs. It was at this time that Bangor was penalized 5 yards and Jones kicked a field goal.

After three plays in the second period, Jones missed a goal from the 40-yard line. In a few rushes Bangor got the ball to M. C. I.'s 12-yard line, but lost 18 yards on a poor pass. Newhouse then made the longest run of the game, 22 yards around left end. Heal intercepted a pass and a minute later the half ended.

Wyer kicked off to Koritzky, who came back seven yards. After three rushes,

Peters punted 50 yards to Emery. Emery punted 40 yards to Jones and Peters punted 53 yards to Emery. Here M. C. I. made a gain of 8 yards on a forward pass, Wyer to Young. After two plays Emery again failed at a drop kick, this time from the 31-yard line. Peters punted 47 yards, and the period ended with the ball in M. C. I.'s possession on her own 40-yard line.



Manager Freese

M. C. I. made first down by means of Wyer, Emery, Wyer and Emery. Bangor got ball on downs. Peters punted 60 yards to Emery. M. C. I. tried two passes. The first was not completed and Johnston intercepted the second. M. C. I. was penalized 15 yards. Peters fumbled and Wyer recovered. Emery punted 35 yards, and Peters punted 51 yards. Wyer tried a pass which failed and game was over. Summary:

B. H. S.	M. C. I.
Boardway.....r. e.....	Young
Eames.....r. t.....	Capt. Hackett

Howard.....r. g.....	Wakefield
Mulvaney.....c.	Wardwell
Johnson.....l. g.....	Towle
Capt. Davis.....k. t.....	Fuller
Koritzky.....l. e.....	Whitten
Jones.....q. b.....	Reily
Peters.....l. h. b.....	Emery
Heal.....r. h. b.....	Newhouse
Johnston.....f. b.....	Wyer

Score, Bangor 3, M. C. I. 0. Goal from field, Jones. Referee, Fitzgerald. Umpire, Pidgeon. Field judge, Rodgers. Head linesman, Kent. Linesmen, Donovan and Gallagher. Time, four ten-minute periods. Substitutes: Bangor, Anglely for Johnston; Quinn for Eames. M. C. I., Lampher for Young.

The game with Oak Grove Seminary was cancelled.

Bangor vs. Portland.

At Bayside Park, Portland, Saturday, October 23, Portland High won from Bangor High by the flukiest of flukes. Within the first three minutes of play Peters, punting out from behind his goal line, hit the cross-bar and Couri, the Portland center, fell on the ball for a fluke touchdown. Also in the first period after Honan's 38-yard run around right end, Lappin standing on the 18-yard line tried a drop; the ball went nearly straight over his head where the wind caught it and carried it between the uprights for 3 more points for Portland. The drop of Spider Jones was as straight and true as an arrow, never rising more than twenty feet from the ground in its flight from the 25-yard line up to and over the cross-bar for Bangor's only points. Bangor fought desperately and more than once lost the ball when needing one or two inches to make first down. Bangor outrushed Portland, carrying the ball 216 yards to Portland's 144. Peters on the whole was the star of the game, although mention might be made of several others on both sides. Peters outpunted Johnson, although one of Johnson's punts sailed 65 yards with the

wind. Only two forward passes were tried both by Bangor. One netted 18 yards, Jones to Davis. The other was intercepted by Feeney. Credit must be given to Hickson for going into the game with one hand swollen to twice its normal size and then

Bangor made 28 yards in four rushes. Portland was penalized five yards offside, and Bangor 15 yards for holding. Peters punted offside on Portland's 45-yard line. In seven plays, one a 38 yards' run by Honan, Portland carried the ball to Ban-



Bangor High School Football Team

outplaying his man. Bangor line outplayed Portland's by a big margin. The game:

Capt. Lappin won the toss and chose to defend the west goal with the wind at his back. He got off a fine kick, the ball crossing the goal line. Johnston got it and was downed on the four-yard line. After making first down, Bangor was penalized half the distance to the goal line. Peters struck the cross-bar with his punt and Couri fell on the ball for the only touchdown. On the punt out the ball touched the ground. Peters kicked off to Lappin. After a few plays, Johnson punted 65 yards over the goal line. Bangor's ball on 20-yard line.

gor's 12-yard line from where Lappin kicked a field goal. Peters kicked off to Woods, and after a few plays the period ended with the ball in Bangor's possession on her own 32-yard line.

After a series of plays, one of which netted Bangor 12 yards on a delayed pass, Portland held for downs. Johnson punted and on the first play Bangor made 18 yards on a forward pass, Jones to Davis. Bangor carried the ball to Portland's 20-yard line and Jones kicked a goal from the 25-yard line. Lappin kicked off to Jones. Peters again made 12 yards on a delayed pass through left guard. Bangor tried another

pass, but Feeney got it and the first half ended.

Lappin kicked off to Curran. After two plays Peters fumbled and Feeney recovered. After three plays Johnson punted to Jones 40 yards. Jones and Feeney were both



Capt. Davis

hurt on the next play, but remained in the game. Johnson lost six and Honan and Hunton only made 12 yards so Johnson punted 25 yards to Peters. Peters punted outside, Honan, Lappin and Honan made first down. Johnson got seven around right end, but Honan didn't gain, and Johnson punted 30 yards and the period ended with the ball in Bangor's hands on her own 35-yard line.

Peters lost three, but made four on the next play. He punted 20 yards. After one play, Johnson punted over goal line. Bangor's ball on the 20-yard line. In three

plays Bangor made first down. Peters punted. Portland made seven yards and Johnson punted. Bangor made 15 yards in three downs. Boardway was badly hurt in the last play and Heal replaced him. Peters punted 32 yards. Portland in two plays lost 8 yards. Johnson punted 30 yards, Peters fumbled and Ambrose recovered. Lappin made two yards through center for the last play of the game. The summary:

Bangor.

Portland.

Curran, r.e.....l.e., Herwood, Feeney
Quinn, Hickson, r.t.....l.t., Ambrose
Howard, r.g.....l.g., Magee, Sherman
Mulvaney, c.....c., Couri
Johnson, l.g.....r.g., Woods
Capt. Davis, l.t.....r.t., Hamilton
Koritzky, l.e.....r.e., Murphy
Jones, q. b.....q.b., Lappin
Peters, l.h.b.....

.....l.h.b., Honan, Weeman, Dolan
Boardway, Heal, r.h.b.....

.....r.h.b., Feeney, Hunton
Johnston, f.b.....f.b., Johnson

Score, Portland 9, Bangor 3. Touch-
down, Couri. Goals from field, Lappin,
Jones. Referee, Garcelon of Bowdoin.
Umpire, Rogers of Dartmouth. Field judge,
Kelly of Portland. Head linesman, Files of
Bowdoin. Time, 15-minute quarters.

Boom, Chica, Boom,
How, How, How,
Hoop a la la
Ching a ling a
Chow, Chow, Chow.
Bangor High School
Bow, Wow, Wow.

B-Rah; A-Rah; N-Rah;
G-Rah; O-Rah; R-Rah;
Whoo-Rah, Bangor.

Fe—Fi—Fo—Fly,
I smell the blood
Of a Portland guy.
Be he out or be he in,
Never mind, Bangor'll win.



The Sweetest of all sounds is praise

The "Pioneer," New Orleans: The story entitled "The Haunted House" was very cleverly thought out, but not so cleverly written. There are too many short paragraphs. Your paper could be made more attractive by putting some advertisements in the last pages instead of having them all printed in the first. Why is your page of exchanges between the personals and jokes?

The "Spectator," Waterloo, Iowa: Your paper is brimful of interest. Not many papers have so many articles of such "boosting" power. The heading of the poem, "If," by Rudyard Kipling, is very appropriate.

The "Lake Breeze," Shebogan, Wis.: Your Science page is very instructive. In your October number you have shown very clearly the kinds of weapons used in the present war; their use, and the way in which they are used.

The "Imp," Boston, Mass.: Why do you have your exchanges in the form of a conversation? In your October number you have offered no criticisms whatever, unless perhaps, you have used sarcasm once or twice.

The "Barb," De Kalb, Ill.: You have a snappy little paper. The article "On the Firing Line" is very interesting, for it shows the different sides of a soldier's life. You have some very good jokes.

The "Ingot," Hancock, Mich.: The arrangement of your paper is rather out of the ordinary. Although the paper is very interesting, wouldn't it be better to have your

editorials come first, and then your literary department. Where are your alumni and athletic departments?

The "Tabula," Torrington, Conn.: Yours is a very interesting little paper. Your editorials are excellent, as are your other departments, except the Exchanges, in which you have offered no criticisms whatever.

The "Trade Winds," Worcester, Mass.: Your literary department is excellent. The story "Tragan's Opportunity" is extremely well written; but where are your exchange and alumni departments? Surely, if you have people who can write up the other departments so well, there must be someone who can criticise other papers, and find out about some of your past graduates.

The "Blue Bird," N. Y.: You have a well-written paper, in which you plainly show loyalty to your school. Your paper is large enough, but it is incomplete without an exchange and an alumni department. Do you have any athletics? If not, why not?

The "Tattler," Marquette, Mich.: Your literary department is very limited. You have only one story, and that is to be continued in your next issue. Why not have a few short stories besides? Your other departments are complete and well written.

The "Index," Worcester, Mass.: Your Personal department is excellent, but there is too much of it. What is the matter with your exchange editor? It would be a good idea to let him have one of the pages that your personal editor has used for his department.



PERSONALS



Jests,—Brain fleas that jump about among the slumbering ideas.

Note—Please put your jokes on this paper so that the editors can see through them.

Miss W— (In Science): "What is energy?"

Mr. P-t, '19 (answering very loud): "Dynamite! I!"

Could You Imagine

Addison Palmer weighing 500 pounds.

John Davis in rompers.

Dick McWilliams stiff-jointed.

Dexter Pullen talking in a whisper.

Roy Johnson a fairy dancer.

Arthur Mulvaney not fluent in his Chapel speeches.

Harold Whittemore with his hair a foot long.

Doris Townsend debating for Suffrage by means of "Soap-box oratory."

The Freshman Class representing any other color but "GREEN."

Maurice King acting like a full-fledged Junior.

Wise

Old

Owl

Didn't wake up.

Miss H—: "Mr. Mul-y, will you answer the 'phone?"

Mul-y, '16: "Hello! No this is not Mr. Boyd, this is Miss Hutching's—a long pause—study room."

Mr. V—: "Can anybody tell me why a dog has fur?"

Low voice: "He hasn't."

Bangor High School.

Ruth Newcomb, '16.

B stands for Building—the best in the state,

A for our Athletes—they all are first rate,

N is for Night School—held here each week,

G for the Glories our ball teams do seek,

O is for Oracle, school paper fine,

R for the Records—won in each line;

H for the Honor our school symbolizes,

I for our Industry—no question rises,

G for the splendid Gymnasium here,

H for the Harmony, kept through the year;

S is for Scores—of our teams we are proud,

C for the Cheerers who cheered long and loud;

H stands for Hard Work, in class and in game,

O for the Orchestra—widespread its fame!

O, too, for Order maintained as a rule,

L for our Loyalty to Bangor High School.

Miss C—: "What is the great trouble with the climate of Italy?"

Miss B-wen, '17: "Numerous earthquakes."

Heard from a Senior essay: "A rural school is a scandalous institution."

Heard in English: Gunpowder, the horse which Ichabod Crane rode to the party, was long legged and lanky, his ribs sticking through his sides.

Many
Old
Rats
See him
Eat.

O'L-ry, (translating Latin): "I—I am ignorant —"

(Heard from the rear of room): "We don't doubt it."

Miss G-rm-n, '16: "Fix observait on plulot divorait l'itranger des yeux."

"Fix noticed or rather devoured the stranger's eyes."

Pullen explaining a hunting trip: "I took a double barrel shotgun, and fired at some partridges, bang! bang! bang! and got three of them."

Miss W-m-d: "Can you take Latin the second period, Miss Oliver?"

Miss O—, '18: "Yes, if I change gym."
Voice: "Jim who?"

Miss C—, reading names of incomplete notebooks: "Mr. Helson he has something lacking."

Many are his friends and classmates.
U know the hit his declamation makes,
Light of hair and blue of eye
Vanity he can deny,
Always smiling, always cheerful,
Never weary, never fearful,
Even on the football team,
You must know the man I mean.

D., '16.

T-l-r: "Charley, you are contrary."

R-ch-: "I'm not."

Some of the transcript of a certain article in Senior shorthand read: "The white cow was softly slapped on the howl."

Miss W-d: "Do you all recite French at the same time?"

Fr-e-y, '18: "No, one at a time."

Mr. V—: "If all the yard-sticks were destroyed, how could a new yard be obtained accurately?"

Miss H-ms, '17: "Take three ordinary feet."

Mr. Wh-t, (in Geometry): "If you have a right angle in one side of the line where is the left angle."

Dedicated to MacWilliams: "Haud tibi voltus mortalis, nec vox hominem vocat."

("Your appearance is more than mortal, neither is your voice human.")

Did she
Always
Vary
In
Style.

Butler (translating French): "One morning when they had taken this man apart."

Ing-ham, '14 (in German): "There were Drakes irritating the land." (There were dikes irrigating the land).

Miss McS—: "Who gave Columbus his ships?"

Wh-t-m-r-: "Die Konigen Ferdinand." (Queen Ferdinand).

Miss Hincks (asking for translation of word "much" in Latin): "Do you know much, Miss Goodspeed?"

Miss G—: "No!"

ONE YEAR'S SUPPLY OF MAGAZINES 10c

DO YOU KNOW that hundreds of publishers would be glad to send you a free sample copy of their Magazine if they only knew your address. **It is our business** to furnish Publishers only with the names of intelligent magazine readers. If you will write your full address **VERY** plain and send us **ONLY 10 cents**, (in **Silver**) or money order we will send your name to several hundred publishers within a year, who will send you **FREE** sample copies of hundreds (yes several hundreds) of the leading Standard Magazines, Farm Papers, Poultry Journals, Story Magazines, Reviews and Weekly Papers, Mail Order and Trade Publications, Housekeeping Magazines, Fashion Journals, Illustrated Magazines and in fact about all kinds of high-grade interesting magazines coming to you in most every mail for over a year and all for **ONLY 10 cents** (in silver).

WE-DO-AS-WE-SAY

so send a silver dime at once and your name will go on our next month's circulating list and you will be greatly surprised at the results as we assure you that you will be more than well pleased with the small investment. And you **WILL NEVER** regret it. Address the Magazine Circulating Co., Box 5240, Boston, U. S. A. Circulating Dept. 25K **DON'T** fail to write **YOUR** full address **EXTRA** plain. We have something in store for you—as a real surprise—if you will please let us know in what paper you saw this advertisement.

It is the Examination



No matter how well glasses are made and fitted, the best results do not ensue unless it has first been intelligently determined what the eyes actually need. We are specialists in eye examination.

For the need of Glasses see us and see best.

Arthur Allen Optical Co.

28 MAIN ST., BANGOR

Suction
Soled
shoes

for

Basket
Ball

YATES'

21 Hammond St.

C. H. BABB & CO.

Plumbers

and

Steam

Fitters

106 Exchange St. Bangor

We Bring Old Shoes Up To Date!

Because your old shoes are badly ripped in the seams, or run down at the heels, or open to the weather at the soles, don't consign them to the dump-heap. Hand them in to us, and let us bring them up to date again. We have an expert for every part of shoe making and mending—are prepared to put a lot of new wear into YOUR old shoes, at remarkably modest prices.

PALMER SHOE MFG. & REPAIRING CO.
35 CENTRAL STREET

Bangor High School
BANGOR, MAINE

That is the heading of our new Bangor High School Stationery. When you have seen it you will need no other idea for your school-mate's Xmas gift.

Hight & Carle

E. I. MORRIS & BROS.

Suits made to Order, \$25.00
Skirts, \$5.00

Suits altered and remodelled.
Fur work, Dry Goods, etc.

27 Central St. Bangor, Me.

The Hincks Coal Co.
COAL
AND
WOOD
104 BROAD STREET

CHADBOURNE'S BARBER SHOP

79 CENTRAL STREET

ALL STAR CREW

(4 Chairs)

BANGOR

A large and beautiful assortment of
DIAMOND RINGS, PENDANTS, STICK PINS, CUFF BUTTONS, BAR
PINS, BROOCH PINS, LATEST STYLE WATCH CHAINS
A Big Stock Of Latest Style Ladies' And Gent's Watches

Adolf Pfaff

25 Hammond Street

Patronize the Advertisers

ALL LAMED UP?

Never mind whether you got lame playing foot ball, or sawing wood; if there's an ache or a pain or stiffness anywhere about you, give it a prompt and liberal **LEE'S LINIMENT** treatment. Presto! You're smart and kinky as ever again! Try it yourself; tell the folks at home what good stuff **LEE'S LINIMENT** is for a painful populace. Big bottleful for 25c.



CALDWELL SWEET CO.,

26 Main Street

DAN T. SULLIVAN

— at —

23 Central Street

Reminds you that he sells
OFFICE AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Compliments

B. E. BROWN, JEWELER

Watches, Diamonds, Fine Gold,
Silver, Brass, Leather and Glass

71 MAIN STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

FURBUSH PRINTING COMPANY

SOLICIT HIGH SCHOOL PATRONAGE
EXCELLENT WORK, PRICES RIGHT

108 EXCHANGE STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

Gymnasium Shoes

Ballet Slippers

Dress Shoes

For Girls

For Men

Smart

Fall

Shoes

KIMBALL & NICKERSON

60 MAIN STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLD BOOT

Patronize Our Advertisers



AT YOUR SERVICE

- At the Soda Fountain** Light Lunches, and Hot Drinks, Ice Cream and the popular Drinks.
- At the Candy Counter** Finest Chocolates and specialties in high grade Candies.
- At the Cigar Counter** Choice assortment of Cigars, Tobacco, Cigarettes and Pipes.
- At the Drug Counter** all of your drug store needs.
- At the Toilet and Sundry Counter** All kinds of Toilet Water and Talcum Powder, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Clothes Brushes, Hand Brushes, Rubber Goods, Stationery and anything you will ask for in a first class drug store.

CENTRAL PHARMACY CO.

Varsity Six Hundred

The newest overcoat for young men made by Hart Schaffner & Marx. The style hit of the season with young men who want all the right fashions without the extreme, \$18 to \$25.

MILLER & WEBSTER CLOTHING CO.

14-18 Broad Street, Bangor, Maine

Patronize Our Advertisers

BATES STREET SHIRTS

GUYER HATS

James A. Robinson & Co.

Clothing, Boots, Shoes
and Furnishing Goods

34-36 Hammond Street

STETSON SHOES

SOROSIS SHOES

Patronize Our Advertisers

The Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium

has been open since Oct. 11th, and the classes are gradually filling up. The gym has been newly varnished and put in better condition, and new steel lockers are being installed. This will help to make the physical dep't much more attractive.

The intermediate class, composed mostly of Junior High School Boys, is rapidly filling up and the boys are making things hum. Athletics will be given a large place in this class this season. Basketball, Volleyball, and Baseball leagues will also be organized in the near future. The Senior High School boys have two days a week, and it is expected that as soon as the football season is over, this class will also be well attended. Volleyball is a new game, but is fast becoming popular with the fellows in the gym.

Another feature in the boys' classes this season will be the weekly suppers, held after the gym class. The Intermediates had their first supper Thursday, Nov. 4, and a big group of fellows were present.

The Junior School Boys and Cadet classes are also well attended and are growing every day. Every fellow who is not yet in one of the gym. classes ought to get in right away, as the fellows who stay out are missing a good time.

One of the features in the Boys' work this season will be the all around group contests. Watch for more news about this.

Patronize the Advertisers

GILMAN COMMERCIAL SCHOOL

Shorthand

Typewriting

Bookkeeping

DAY AND EVENING SESSIONS

FLORA M. GILMAN, Principal

47 MAIN STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

W. C. BRYANT

Diamond Dealer

Bangor,

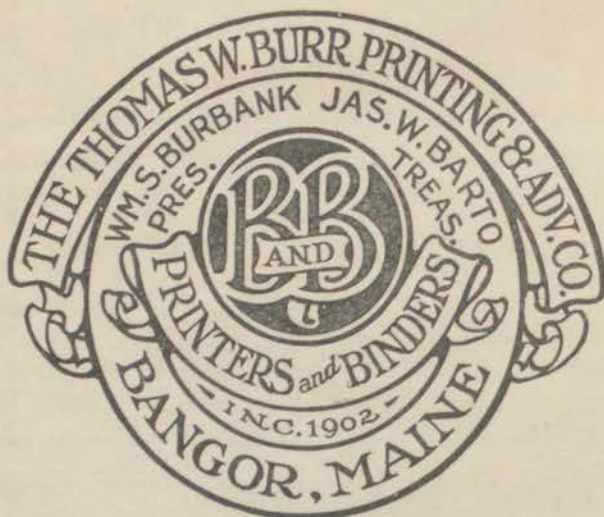
Maine

WARES OF

GOLD, SILVER AND CUT GLASS

WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS

CARD AND SOCIETY ENGRAVING



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 class 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

JOHN T. CLARK & CO.

"Atterbury System" Clothes, "Fitform" Clothes

You should see our new Coats and Suits. We sell "Manhattan" and "Arrow" Shirts, Mallory "Cravenette" Hats

Exchange Building

Corner State and Exchange Streets

Patronize Our Advertisers

IMPORTANT TO STUDENTS ALL OVER EASTERN MAINE

We make a Specialty of Class Rings and Pins. We can and do make a better piece of work for the money than you can get from out of the State catalogue houses. Why not leave your money in Maine. Why not patronize your home jeweler. If anything is not right I am right here where you can get at me. I want an opportunity to figure on class jewelry with Every School in this section.

ALLAN P. TRASK, 31 MAIN STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

GIVE US A CALL

SANBORN'S BARBER SHOP

R. H. SANBORN, Prop.

7 Hammond Street, Bangor, Maine

Opp. Merrill Trust Building

Telephone 1241Y

Electric Massage and Shampoo

No long waits, 6 chairs

WE ARE AGENTS

For the

"Nyal" Fountain Pen

the Best on the market, especially adapted to the use of Students.

The prices are reasonable and every pen is fully guaranteed.

Essex Pharmacy Co.

"The Nyal Store"

COR. ESSEX AND STATE STS. TEL. 1165

THE FASHION, Wood & Ewer Co.

SPECIALISTS IN

Women's, Misses' and Children's

DRESS APPAREL

NEW SUITS

NEW COATS

NEW DRESSES

NEW WAISTS

NEW SKIRTS

NEW SWEATERS

SMART STYLES at COMMON SENSE Prices

Patronize Our Advertisers

Bangor's Best and Most Popular Theatres

THE BIJOU

RENDEZVOUS OF THE ELITE

Matinee Daily at 2.15—Evening, Continuous from 7 to 10.30

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

5--ACTS OF REFINED VAUDEVILLE--5

and the World's Best

PHOTO-PLAY MASTERPIECES

COMPLETE CHANGE OF PROGRAM EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY

THE "STRAND" OF MAINE

PARK P PEERLESS
PICTURES
EFFECTUALLY
REJECTED

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

C. D. CROSBY, PRESIDENT

E. R. ADAMS, VICE PRESIDENT

J. H. RICE, TREASURER

FREDERICK W. HILL, CHAIRMAN, BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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.....	575,000
Deposits	5,000,000

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

Telephone 1885-M

DR. C. H. STANHOPE
DENTIST

Exchange Building
Cor. State and Exchange Sts. Bangor, Me.

"MAINE'S BEST PAPER"

THE
BANGOR COMMERCIAL

50 Cents Per Month
Delivered By Carrier

Q — NOT — Q

Page & Shaw's

The Q not Q has at all times fresh Page & Shaw's—the best candy made in America.

For gift purposes, Page & Shaw's stands in a class by itself.

1/2, 1, 2, 3 and 5 Pound Boxes,
\$1.00 Pound. Post Paid

Q NOT Q

15 BROAD STREET BANGOR

USE THE BEST!!!

CALL FOR JONES'
CELEBRATED
FINNAN HADDIE
IN SANITARY
GLASS JARS!!

DELICIOUS - NOURISHING - BRAINFOOD
15c and 25c at all Grocers and Markets

Packed By

Alfred Jones' Sons
Bangor, Maine



13 State St.

[Next to Bangor Savings Bank]

Patronize the Advertisers

New Arrivals In Young Men's Suits and Overcoats

Models full of "Pep" and with that real "Snap" and "Go". Fabrics bristling with Style—and glistening with Fall newness.

Prices \$10, \$12.50, \$15, \$18, \$20.

J. WATERMAN CO.

161-169 EXCHANGE STREET
BANGOR, MAINE

D. & M. Foot Ball and Basket Ball Goods

Mackinaws and Sweaters

DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS

THE S. L. CROSBY CO.

126 EXCHANGE 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

PHOTOGRAPHY
in all its
branches

Supplies
for the
Amateur

CHALMERS'
Studio

23 Hammond St.

Amateur
Developing
and Printing

All kinds of
PICTURE
FRAMING