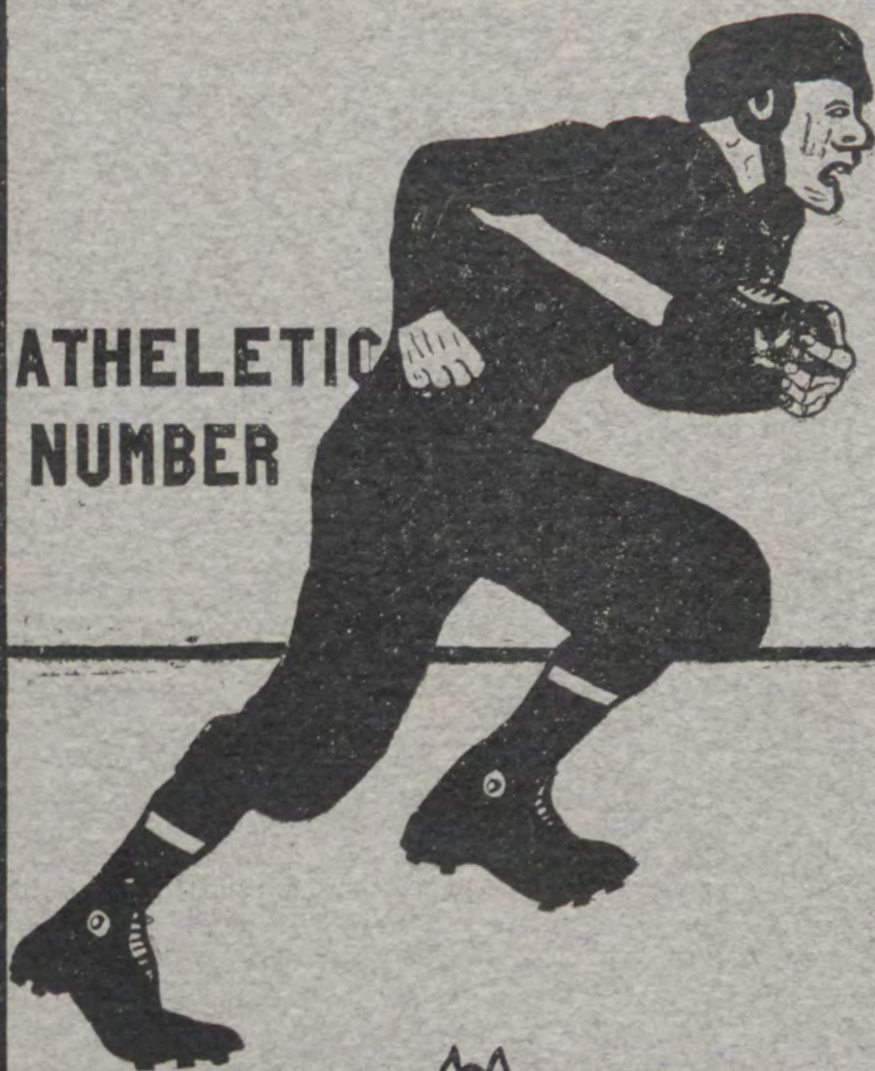


THE Oracle

ATHELETIC
NUMBER



**Keep a Note Book
in Picture**

of the intimate details of your
life. Take a Camera with you.

**A fine line of Cameras, Films
and Supplies, at**

THE REXALL STORE

FOWLER'S

104 Main Street, Bangor



The Best Hair Goods

For men and women are carried here.
The reason you can be sure you are get-
ting the best when you come to us is be-
cause we are manufacturers of High Class
Hair Goods. We invite you to call and
see the latest styles.

Theatrical Wigs and Beards to Let.

LOVERING'S

EUROPEAN HAIR STORE

52 Main St., Bangor, Maine

NEW FALL SHOES

HURLEY SHOES for \$5. and \$5.50 for men

J. M. O'DONNELL SHOES for \$4. for men

QUEEN QUALITY SHOES from \$3.50 to \$5. for ladies

KIMBALL & NICKERSON

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLD BOOT

60 MAIN STREET, BANGOR

Gallagher Bros.

"UP TOWN MARKET"

271 State St., Bangor, Maine



This Way===Please!

Fall suits and overcoats are all here. Full and unbroken assortments of fabrics and sizes, every pattern and every style that's new and good.

There's a pleasure in being first with the new—in meeting the new season face to face with new and seasonable clothing.

Now is the time to make your selection. Complete stocks and interested salesmen will make it easy in our store to select the suit which will please and permanently satisfy.

Ask to see the new Bantam and Piccadilly suits and Chesterfield top coat.

Choose today and wear tomorrow.

CURRAN & GRIFFIN

28 CENTRAL STREET

-

-

BANGOR, MAINE

BOSTON SCHOOL OF MUSIC

D. L. CARVER, INSTRUCTOR

PIANO, VIOLIN, MANDOLIN AND DANCING

Leschetizky Method for Piano

Orchestra practice for all pupils.

STUDIO, ROOM 10, 25 BROAD ST.,

Phone 1107

SINCE the European war about *thirty* large American corporations have passed their usual dividends and many others have reduced their dividend rates.

If you die and leave your wife or dependents an insurance policy in THE PENN MUTUAL which provides a monthly income for them for TWENTY YEARS CERTAIN, and as long thereafter as they live, they will not be affected by wars, embezzlers, the mistakes of trustees, or their own inexperience as investors.

When the cost of living increases, and in addition to that, the checks which have been expected fail to come, then the checks that do come will be doubly appreciated. Investigate! Call, phone or write.

W. H. TAYLOR & SONS, General Agents

16 BROAD STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

PHOTOS

ENLARGEMENTS

HOPKINS STUDIO

14 STATE STREET

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING FOR AMATEURS

When in need of a haircut or shave visit

Mason's Up-to-date Barber Shop

DANIEL H. MASON, 20 Hammond St.

Lufkin's Confectionery

62 Main St., Bangor

96 Main St., Bar Harbor

Ice Cream

EAST SIDE NEWS DEPOT

W. L. Eldridge

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Stationery, Magazines, Daily and Sunday

Papers, Postal Cards

56 STATE ST., BANGOR, ME.

EMMA J. TANEY

Photographer

28 Main Street

Bangor, Maine

THE DOLE COMPANY

Electrical Engineers
and Contractors

Wiring for all Electrical Purposes
Fixtures for all Electric Lighting Systems

61 Main St., Bangor

Tel. 74



13 State St.

[Next to Bangor Savings Bank]

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

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

WHETHER YOU EAT TO LIVE
OR LIVE TO EAT

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

GOODE & DRISCOLL,

101 Exchange Street

MRS. ROSANNA B. ODIORNE

Assisted by MR. CARROLL in

MODERN DANCING

Arrangements for Classes or Private Lessons
Made by Appointment

12 SANFORD STREET, BANGOR

Telephone 1018-4

For The Young Man

Who is particular, and who wants the latest styles and finest qualities, we have a wonderful selection of Suits and Coats.

The prices are reasonable. Come in and be shown. We are Sole Agents for Mallory "Cravenette" Hats, also Gotham Shirts.

JOHN T. CLARK & CO. Cor. State and Exchange

COMPLIMENTS OF

MILLER & WEBSTER CLOTHING CO.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

AND

STEIN BLOCK CLOTHES

JOHN H. BACON

22 State St.

Bangor, Maine

High
Grade
Commercial
Printing

The "DARTMOUTH" will probably fit more men than any other style in America. It is everybody's style. A favorite with young fellow of twenty and the older fellow of forty. Made with a very high waist and patch pockets. Appears tight-fitting but feels as easy as an old shoe. The back is very flat and sleek and has no vent. Get your eye on it and you'll place your money on it.

The Fashion Park Agency

Finnegan & Monaghan

The Good Clothes Shop

17 HAMMOND ST.

C. WINFIELD RICHMOND

PIANIST AND TEACHER

Pupil of Philipp, Paris; Joseffy, New York

13TH SEASON

185 PINE STREET, BANGOR

JOHN A. McKAY & CO.

UP-TO-DATE HABERDASHERS

Manhattan and Hathaway Shirts, Fownes' and H. & P. Gloves, Carter's Union Suits, Onyx Hosiery. Everything up to the minute.

38 MAIN STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

J. F. WOODMAN & CO.

DEALERS IN **COAL** OF ALL KINDS

OFFICE TEL. NO. 1
WHARF TEL. 263

BANGOR, MAINE

BANGOR ICE COMPANY

J. F. WOODMAN, TREAS. AND GEN'L MGR

Patronize the Advertisers

The Oracle Staff

Robert Patterson, '15.....	Editor-in-Chief
Caldwell Sweet, Jr., '15.....	Business Manager
Clarence Corning, '15.....	Associate Editor

<p>LITERARY</p> <p>Lora Blanding, '15</p> <p>Bessie Mills, '15</p> <p>PERSONAL</p> <p>Ella Wheeler, '15</p> <p>Richard McWilliams, '16</p> <p>ART EDITOR</p> <p>C. Freeman Olsen, '16</p>	<p>LOCAL</p> <p>Oliver Hall, '16</p> <p>ATHLETIC</p> <p>Robert P. Ewer, '15</p>	<p>ALUMNI</p> <p>Margaret Woodman, '15</p> <p>Lillian Taylor, '15</p> <p>EXCHANGE</p> <p>Clyde Burton, '15</p> <p>Paul Freese, '16</p> <p>DEBATING</p> <p>Louis Dennett, '16</p>				
<table style="margin: auto;"> <tr> <td style="text-align: right;">Harry Butler, '16</td> <td rowspan="2" style="font-size: 3em; padding: 0 10px;">}</td> <td rowspan="2">ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS</td> </tr> <tr> <td style="text-align: right;">Paul Larrabee, '17</td> </tr> </table>			Harry Butler, '16	}	ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS	Paul Larrabee, '17
Harry Butler, '16	}	ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS				
Paul Larrabee, '17						

CONTENTS

The Oracle Staff

Editorials

Literary

A World's Championship Game As Seen by An
Eye Witness—By Edward F. Harding, '15.

Occupations for High School Graduates—By
Clarence H. Corning, '15.

Life in a Girl's Camp—By Lora E. Blanding, '15.

A Fishing Trip—By Robert P. Ewer, '15.

A Ghost Story—By Margaret T. Mills, '17.

Locals

Alumni Notes

The Gift of the Class of '88.

Debating

Athletics

Exchanges

In the Eyes of Others.

Personals

THE ORACLE

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS—50 cents per annum in advance

Regular number 5 cents.

Special Christmas, Easter and Graduation numbers 10 cents

Address all business communications to Caldwell Sweet, Jr., 287 French Street

Entered as Second Class matter, June 14, 1911, at the Post Office at Bangor, Me., under the Act of March 3, 1879

VOL. XXIII

NOVEMBER, 1914

NO. 2

EDITORIALS

We take great pleasure in announcing that the best athletic story written for this month's issue by the student **The Story Contest** body was the description of the world's series game, last Columbus Day. The Oracle will present Mr. Edward Harden, its author, with a ticket to the Sophomore Reception in recognition of his work. We wish to thank all who have contributed to this, the first of our special issues. We would urge those whose work was not accepted, for various reasons, not to be discouraged. Rejection does not always mean lack of merit; there are many other reasons for not using a story; as we have carefully explained in person to those whose work we did not accept. Try a humorous story for next month's issue—that may be more in your line.

Next month we are going to try something that has never been done before in Bangor High. We are going to have a **The Humorous Number** Humorous Number of the Oracle. Does that sound good to you? Then get to work and help the editorial board to make it bubble over with fun. Don't say "I can't." You remember

Mr. Waite's chapel speech. Hand in all your funny ideas. Write a funny story or poem. Draw a cartoon. Watch out for personals. If you don't know what you can do, ask the editor. He will be glad to help you to get started. Remember, it's up to you to make this number a success. The Oracle Board cannot publish a Humorous Issue alone. Are you going to help?

In accordance with the policy announced in last month's issue, the Oracle will present tickets to the two next following basketball games to the student who makes the best humorous contribution to next month's issue on or before Dec. 2.

Laurence Alma-Tadema was an eminent English painter, Dutch by birth, Belgian by training, and English by naturalization. He was born in 1836 in Dronrypín, a little Friesian village in Holland. The prefix "Alma" was received from his god-father and the painter joined it to his name in order to distinguish it from the other members of his family. He inherited much artistic taste from his father who died while Laurence was but four years old. His studies were all irk-

some with the exception of Roman history, the influence of which shows up plainly in his afterwork. He was expected to become a lawyer like his father, but by much persuasion he was permitted to take a course in art for which he had shown a decided inclination. He went to Antwerp where he studied under Wappers and afterwards under Seys. This master was reviving the medieval age just as his pupil was to revive the earlier ages. Tadema came to England to live after the death of his first wife in 1869. He became a member of the royal academy in 1879 and was knighted in 1899. He died in 1912.

Alma-Tadema's pictures depict mainly the life of Greeks and Romans; they are careful in archaeological research, successful in defining bronze or marble and artistic in the balancing of parts and quantities of his scenes. His drawing is good and his coloring indescribably fine. No other painter of his day could give us a blue sky with such depth and clearness or a blue sea with such realness, or, in contrast, such pure dazzling white marble. He is said to be the only artist capable of portraying a real sky without the use of clouds. Among Tadema's important paintings are his "Sappho," "At the Shrine of Venus," "Reading from Homer," "Spring," and "An Audience at the Court of Agrippa."

Have athletics been successful in Bangor High School this fall? Most decidedly, yes.

Athletics: From the standpoint of attendance, support, finance, results—in every way
A Retrospect and a Prospect football has been a success this year. Enthusiasm has run high; the student body has given the team substantial backing with money, attendance and cheering. None of our games were "walk-overs;" our visitors made us play real football. Aside from the two

Portland games, Orono and Deering gave us the most exciting afternoons; in fact, Orono High played the best football of any of our opponents this year. Financially, football was on trial this year. A few more seasons ending with a deficit like last year's would have been fatal to our great sport. We are happy to say that the students have done what we have many times claimed that they always do: put their shoulders to the wheel and made possible our present successful season.

Some may think that we were not successful in the contests with Portland, the climax of the athletic year, but without wishing to be termed bad losers, we want to say that we outplayed Portland, but for reasons absolutely unfathomable, we were unable to score. Portland undoubtedly kicked much better than did we and through that kicking gained the scores which gave them the championship. But in actual ground-gaining we made eight yards to Portland's one. We do not say this in "soreness," nor with any bad feeling whatsoever; Portland won fairly and we congratulate her heartily and happily on her victory. But we do wish to emphasize the fact that Bangor played **successful** football.

Now, fellows, track-work has started already, and by the time the Oracle appears basketball practice will probably have begun, too. Is Bangor going to be successful in these, too? We think so; but it all depends upon you. As Mr. McConnaughy told us, a straight line is not the shortest distance between two points; so turn aside into the gym. some afternoon and report for practice; and even if you are not successful there, remember that there is another way to make the squad—to make it successful, in the same way you did football. Get behind and push. If enough of you are behind the team it can't fail. Boost Bangor!

LITERARY



A WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP GAME AS SEEN BY AN EYE WITNESS

By Edward F. Harding, '15



"HELLO! Mr. Taylor of the New York Baseball association?"

"Yes, that you, Mann?"

"Yes, good morning. Say, can you favor me with a couple of coupons for the three in Boston? Two friends coming down, you know."

"Gladly, just a moment, please," then, "the best I can do is two in the center of C,—satisfactory?"

"Entirely, thank you; will you look for them

Saturday."

"Fine, good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

On the morning of October 12, two men pushed their way through a throng of baseball enthusiasts in the lobby of a downtown hotel, and made their way to the desk.

"Two for the three games in Boston, left by Mr. Mann for A. E. Hathorne."

"Yes, just a moment."

"Thank you; paid?"

"Yes."

"Any premium?"

"No, I think not."

"Thank you, good day." And the two men forced their way through the envious crowd to the street.

These men were fortunate in securing tickets for the great games, but witness the case of two others, not so lucky. Two men were standing near the staircase in the same hotel.

"Too bad about the tickets isn't it, Jack? I rather thought we'd succeed in getting a couple."

"Yes, it is. I wanted to see those games and—I'm going to! Say I'd give —"

"Pardon, just a moment," said the ever alert ticket speculator, stepping between the two men, "now I have here two cards for today's game, perhaps I could —"

"How much?" broke in the anxious one, eagerly.

"Thirty-five dollars will be about right I think, but —"

"S' done!" said the other, and the deal was closed then and there.

Such were some of the scenes witnessed on the morning of the opening game of the World's Series in Boston; baseball enthusiasm ran high, the scarcity of tickets was without precedent, and the entire clan of Brave admirers from all over the country were in town for the struggle.

By one o'clock, an hour before the game was scheduled to begin, every seat in the park was taken, and an air of expectant excitement was everywhere. At one-thirty, the "Royal Rooters," led by ex-Mayor Fitzgerald and a band, entered the park and marched around the field. A few moments later the two teams, first the Braves and then the Athletics, took the field for ten minutes' practice.

What a difference in the two teams! The Braves, young, spirited and full of ambition; the Athletics, older, confident and precise. Which would win?

Shortly before two o'clock the captains of the two teams were receiving their final instructions from the umpires, the band was merrily playing and the peanut venders were making their final tour of the stands, when suddenly the music changed. It was now the "Star Spangled Banner;" the huge throng of spectators rose as one, and audience and players bared their heads while the anthem was being played. Scarcely had the strains of music died away when the batteries were announced as Tyler and Gowdy for Boston, and Bush and Schang for Philadelphia, and Tyler trotted to the center of the diamond amid great applause. Then a hush fell over the vast throng; the umpire called "Play ball!" and the game was on.

That game is history, even to the most conservative fan, for it was in that game

that the wonderful fighting spirit of the Braves reached its climax. In the middle of July, the Braves were in last place and were generally conceded to be destined for the position for the remainder of the season. The New York Giants, playing easily in first place, never dreamed of a successful rival for the pennant; but before hardly a soul was aware of it, the Braves, under the gruelling management of George Stallings, had won 27 out of 29 games played; and before the Giants could realize that they were in the fight of their lives, the Braves had passed them and clinched the pennant!

The Braves, never relaxing the terrific strain for a second, had defeated the Athletics in the first two games of the series and had batted the two famous pitchers, Plank and Bender, from the box. But this game was to be a battle and it was ordained that the Braves should show that they "had the goods," and could "make good."

It was a battle and then some, for the end of the ninth came with the score 2-2. The battle had thus far been waged without a flaw on either side and it was clear that the first break in the line of defense would mean victory for one side or the other.

The first man up was Schang, the heavy hitting catcher of the Athletics; always a good hitter, he singled to left. The next man, Murphy, grounded to Tyler, who threw too late to catch the flying Schang as he slid into second base. Two men on bases and no one out; it looks bad for the Braves, yet in a moment it will look much worse. Oldring, the third man up, was out; Collins walked and the bases were filled. The stage is set for the Athletics thus need a hit. Who is it walking toward the plate? Baker; Baker, who won two games in one World's Series with his home-run hits.

Baker hit a terrific grounder towards second, and Evers, playing deep, rushed in.

snatched at the ball—and fumbled it—one run! But Evers, dazed by his error, stood stalk-still, as if in a trance, with the ball in his bare hand, and Murphy watching his chance, dashed across the plate—two runs!

Evers, one of the surest and brainiest second basemen in the game, had, in perhaps the greatest crisis in his career, fumbled and lost his head; and the crowd, saddened by the catastrophe, showed its sympathy by silence.

And thus the last of the tenth opened with Philadelphia leading with a wide margin of two runs. It looked like certain victory for the Athletics, but the Braves came with a rush from behind and tied the score! It was one of the great moments in baseball, a moment when the real element of baseball—chance—entered the game; and the hero of the day was Gowdy, the famous catcher of the Braves.

In this critical situation, with the Braves fighting desperately in the last ditch, Gowdy came to bat. A two-run lead in the last half of the tenth is no trifling handicap, and Gowdy, deep in his heart, realized that the only thing that could put victory in sight of his teammates was a hit for four bases; and the Boston crowd, frantic at the prospect of defeat, were shouting fiercely for a spurt.

Gowdy strode to the plate; calmly he rubbed his hands in the dust and faced the pitcher, and in the darkening shadows of the huge stands, slowly swung his bat to and fro. As soon as Bush started to wind up it was evident to the spectators that Gowdy had outguessed him and knew to a certainty what was coming; and no one who witnessed it can ever forget the look of grim determination, the fierce tension of his muscles, and the wonderful poise as he leaned backward almost on one foot,—and as he swung, the crowd involuntarily sprang to

its feet as if in eagerness to follow the ball in its long flight to the bleachers in center field!

It was a home run with no one out, and the Athletics with victory thus slipping from their grasp were plainly worried. Moran, the next man up, drew a pass and went to third on Evers' single over second. Connolly sacrificed to the outfield and Moran raced home with the tying score. It was a wonderful exhibition of batting and a conclusive example of the famous fighting spirit of the Braves.

Another inning and a half passed without result; it was fast growing dark, and the umpires had decided to call the game at the end of the twelfth. Gowdy, again the first man up, received a great ovation as he came to the plate. Again he outguessed Bush and again he hit, this time a double to the left field bleachers; his third hit of the game.

The excitement was tremendous; out on the first base coaching lines "Rabbit" Maranville was tearing himself to pieces in a frantic endeavor to rattle the opposing pitcher, and on third even the stolid Mitchell paced up and down. Over in the Boston dugout Manager Stallings was feverishly sliding back and forth on the bench, and on the Philadelphia side, Connie Mack, in the fading light, silently wigwagged his secret signals to the tottering Bush; while from the stands and bleachers the incessant roar of 35,000 fans rolled across the field, and the bands, discordantly, but enthusiastically, played "Tessie," the war song of the Braves.

Gowdy on second with no one out had a wonderful opportunity for capping the climax of his triumphs by scoring the winning run himself. But no—his fame was to mount higher, for aware of his own weakness on the paths he waved wildly for a relief runner! The audience, leaning toward

a hero, shouted for him to stay, but he refused to listen, and the fleet-footed Mann was sent to the base.

Gilbert sent in as a pinch hitter was purposely passed, and then—! Moran bunted sharply between third and the pitcher's box; Bush ran in taking the ball on the bound

and planning to catch Mann at third; but poor Bush! In the excitement of an overwhelming situation he threw wild to Baker, a flash of white shot by him, as Mann slid to the plate in a cloud of dust and the game was over.

OCCUPATIONS FOR HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

II. Architecture.

By Clarence H. Corning, '15

(Note: The Oracle wishes to acknowledge its thanks to the following people for the material used in this article: Otto Nelson, and Henry Richards, an architect of Gardiner).



ARCHITECTURE offers to the young man of today one of the greatest opportunities of all modern professions. It has a broad scope including (1) architecture as a profession by itself for the erection and planning of houses, both for city and country, and of buildings, both for business and public assembly; (2) interior decoration for the furnishing and decorating of a building or house; (3) landscape gardening for the laying out of the surroundings or the placing of a building or house. It is well to know which one of the above branches one wishes to specialize in before completing a general course.

First of all architecture demands natural talent, some artistic tendencies, a good eye for form and color and also some manual skill. A good school training is required as a background for architecture as for any profession. Special emphasis might perhaps be laid on mathematics or mechanical drawing.

There are at least three colleges in this country which specialize in architecture. They are the Institute of Technology in Boston, Harvard University in Cambridge, and the University of Columbia in New York. To finish off their studies many students go to Europe. Here one may get the best idea of the famous architecture of the old world by seeing the originals. Some students take a course at the Beaux Arts in Paris. Of course the trip to Europe is not essential and is to many impossible, but in the great cities of the Mississippi, in order to be considered a good architect, one must possess a Beaux Arts degree.

Either after graduating from one's architectural course or before entering upon it, it is well to have some office work in a large architectural or contracting office as a draughtsman. There some sketches, tracings, and prospective drawings are required; there one can also get an insight into the financial side of the business. A course in practical carpentry, or engineering comes in very handy at this time for a full understanding of the details of architecture.

In this preliminary work one is paid from nine to fifteen dollars a week. If one chooses to wait until after his course in college is finished and enters an office with the idea of remaining there permanently, seeking a

"raise," from \$1,000 to \$1,800 a year is paid. If at the start one shows good ability he may be raised to a salary of \$2,800 to \$3,000 a year.

If one intends at some time to open an office of his own he should not remain longer than two years with a large concern. It is practically impossible to start off by oneself in the large cities. One may go into partnership with a fellow who has had a course in technical engineering and be very successful. In a small city, it is perfectly possible

for a young architect to succeed by himself. In such a case the amount earned depends entirely upon the amount of business done.

The chances now for architectural practice are very good all over the country and especially in places where there has been some recent conflagration, flood, etc.

Finally, if you think you have any talent in the direction of architecture, do not fail to develop even though it may be some time before you are standing on your own feet and are your own "boss."

LIFE IN A GIRL'S CAMP

By Lora E. Blanding, '15

II. A Tennis Tournament.



REST Hour! If asked to define it, Miss Parker would undoubtedly have said it was the hour between two and three o'clock when the girls lay flat on their backs, refrained from all communication, and slept, if it were a possible thing. If the girls had been asked to define it, their definition would have been entirely different; an hour when the girls whose beds were nearest the front of the tents would be obliged to keep a strict lookout to see that no councillor dropped in unexpectedly; while the rest would read, write or invent ingenious games that would cause a gurgle of suppressed merriment along the line of tents. Occasionally, however, Miss Parker, finding the girls a little tired and in need of rest, would, as it were, place them on their honor; then was her definition the really accurate one.

This particular rest hour, of which I speak, was a "strict" one so that some of the girls were actually asleep, while the rest were lying, staring at the roof of the tent, silently bemoaning their fate and wondering how Miss Parker could be so cruel

Their meditations were presently interrupted by a song, far away but ringing out strong and clear on the early afternoon air, "We don't want to go to Aloha,

Winona is just for boys,
Wyonegonic doesn't tramp enough,

Long Lake Lodge makes too much noise,
Winnipeg is just a summer school,

Wanubaki is too small;
If we cannot go to Accomac,

We won't go to camp at all."

There is no doubt that Wanubaki was well-trained. Of course, every girl was awake in an instant, but with the exception of a whispered exclamation of "Isn't this great!" or "Three cheers for Accomac," all was perfectly still. No one offered to move. When, however, Miss Parker blew her whistle, denoting the end of the rest hour, the silence ceased to be. Cheers, whoops of delight, and shouts of joy rent the air as the girls raced up to the bungalow to see if the enemy approached by land or by water.

Accomac was a Camp of over eighty Jewish girls, the greater part of them from Chicago; and although on the best of terms with Wanubaki most of the year, still once or twice during a summer they were sworn

enemies. The preceding year Wanubaki had severely beaten Accomac in basketball and it must be admitted that they entertained secret hopes of repeating their success this year. However, they were doomed to disappointment. Accomac had probably come today to challenge Wanubaki to the return game. The excitement was intense.

As soon as they reached the bungalow, the girls, now fully awake and alive to the importance of the visit, looked across the lake to Weerman's Landing to see if their guests were waiting to be transported across the lake in the Wanubaki row-boats and canoes. Nobody was to be seen.

Then they looked toward the causeway that connected Pine Island with the mainland. The hilarity and boisterousness ceased and an odd feeling of awe came over the group of girls gathered on the lodge piazza. Across the causeway, all of them dressed in tan stockings and sneakers, blue bloomers and khaki middies, and wearing their hair Indian style with narrow bands of brown ribbon around their heads and brown and white feathers attached to the bands in the back, came a procession of over forty Accomacians. They were headed and terminated by the councillors dressed in the same manner with the exception of the coiffure. It was certainly an impressive sight.

When the last girl had been lost to sight in the dense woods of the lower island the girls ran down the path to meet them, singing as they went:

"On the shores of dear old Hancock,
With its waters blue,
Stands our dear camp Wanubaki,
Glorious to view.
Lift the chorus! Speed it onward!
Let your voices ring!
Hail to thee, dear Wanubaki,
To thy praise we sing!"

After a few moments of trivial conversation, made up for the most part of remarks intended to establish good feeling at once, a girl evidently one of the favorites, came forward and said with a sudden little toss of her head,

"We thought this afternoon that we would challenge you ——"

Wanubaki held its breath! The girls had worked so hard in basketball and had practised so faithfully and diligently that they could not help being confident. Now was their chance to show of what stuff they were made and they would certainly make the most of it. Even the councillors stopped talking in order to hear the challenge.

"—— to a game of tennis, the camp winning two sets out of three being the victor."

Nothing more unexpected could possibly have happened. For the first time and probably the only time in the history of the camp, Wanubaki was rendered speechless—for a second. For a second only, and then Pokey, the best tennis player that Wanubaki had ever boasted and on whom consequently would fall the brunt of the hard work and the shame of possible defeat, answered in a matter-of-fact tone of voice.

"Wanubaki accepts with pleasure the challenge of Camp Accomac to a game of tennis. The camp that wins two sets out of three shall be the victor."

Then as both camps cheered vociferously Pokey made her way around to the side of a large, muscular-looking girl who was standing in the back-ground with a woe-begone expression on her face.

"Oh, come, Em!" she whispered as she touched her arm, "don't look so forlorn. We aren't dead yet."

"No, but before the afternoon is over we shall be," came the discouraged answer; "O, why did they challenge us to tennis, and O, why did you accept?"

"Well, you're a great sort of a camper," flared Pokey with decided spirit; "do you think we're going to let Accomac think that there is anything we cannot do. Not muchy!"

Em caught the spirit and with a "We've got to beat them," the two girls hurried up to the bungalow after their rackets.

The court was on the mainland just opposite the island. The girls had made it themselves and were justly proud of it. They had dug out all the weeds, rolled it three times, T-squared every inch of it, and lined it *without* the aid of any councillor.

Finally after much hurrying around after rackets and much wild searching through trunks and boxes for tennis balls the girls got started for the tennis court. When they at last arrived, four girls were chosen for linesmen; then each camp tossed—Accomac winning, so that Miss Harper, their directress was chosen as umpire. The rest of the girls seated themselves on the ground, a few of the Accomacians—as guests—occupying the Wanubaki bleachers.

Then the players took their places; a more varied group can hardly be imagined. On the Wanubaki side were Pokey and Em: Pokey, of medium height, with dark hair and eyes, slight, graceful, light on her feet, and with a certain charming air of nonchalance; Em on the other hand, taller than the average girl, broad-shouldered, muscular, and in every movement exhibiting the strength of the athlete, while in her clear, blue eyes gleamed a certain almost fierce look of resolution and determination.

On the Accomac side was a very tall, black-haired girl with a quiet decisive manner which denoted a clear head and a great deal of common sense; while her companion was a roly-poly little brown-haired maiden with eyes sparkling and cheeks flushed over the prospect of the coming game.

They tossed for court, Wanubaki getting first serve. "Ready, play!" called the umpire and Pokey served. The ball went clear and true close to the net and skimmed along the ground, but the dark-haired girl quickly caught it and sent it flying down Em's alley. With a start Em awoke. "Love-15," recorded the umpire. The next serve was as true as the first and when with all her strength the little girl of the bright eyes sent back the ball, she found it returned immediately in a slam that it would have been next to impossible to return. "15-all" came the count and so it was throughout the first game: First one side would score and then the other. The score was deuce four times and finally Accomac scored on Pokey's doubles.

"A-c-c-o-m-a-c!" cheered the girls of that camp; while "Wa-nuba-ki!" shrieked the sixteen or so Wanubakiites in a vain attempt to drown out the forty opposing voices.

That set was won by Wanubaki with a score of 6-3. The next was a victory for Accomac of 7-5. By that time the excitement was intense. Then started the final set *when* the game went faster and faster, harder and harder. There was no doubt now that each player was doing her best. Pokey's air of nonchalance had somewhat vanished; the flush had somewhat departed from the impulsive girl's cheeks and she was a little more steady; while even the dark-haired girl displayed a small degree of excitement. Em was more determined than ever.

Wanubaki won the first game, then Accomac the second, and again Wanubaki the third and fourth. In the next two games Accomac caught up and it was not long before the score stood five-all. Then it was six-all; then seven-all. The game was so swift now that it was almost impossible for

the umpire to follow it. Wanubaki made the score 8-7. It was Pokey's serve. The two camps, too excited to cheer now, sat watching the game in breathless suspense.

Pokey sent a ball that just grazed the net, which the dark-haired girl sent flying back to Em's alley; but this time she was prepared and made a splendid pickup, which landed in the extreme left-hand corner.

"15-love!" called the umpire.

The next ball, also, went true to its mark, but the bright-eyed maiden was far from asleep and promptly sent it back. Then followed a rapid succession of volleys at the close of which the dark-haired girl gently dropped the ball over the net. Neither Pokey nor Em was able to reach it in time.

"15-all!" sounded the score.

Then Pokey sent an easy ball, which was so unexpected that the tall girl was wholly unprepared and failed to hit it; but the next point went to Accomac because Pokey in her excitement put so much strength into her return that the ball not only went outside the lines, but over the backstop and into the lake.

"30-all!" breathed the umpire, too excited to speak clearly.

"It can't be deuce, Em. We've got to

get it!" growled Pokey between tightly closed teeth.

"I'll try!" That was all Em said. She was not a girl of words.

"Ready! Play!" Pokey sent a terribly hard drive.

"Let!" called Miss Harper.

Again Pokey sent a swift, strong ball which was sent back in the same manner. Em immediately sent it flying down the opposite alley where the excited bright-eyed girl made a wild stroke at it and missed.

"40-30!"

This time Pokey wanted to save her strength for her last spurt and so served a slower ball. It was returned surely, but without much force; and seeing her advantage Pokey with all her strength sent the ball flying to the back line of the court. Both girls ran for it—but too late. Wanubaki had won!

Mrs. Parker had iced tea and crackers ready for the crowd when they arrived at the bungalow and the Accomacians started for home just as the sun was setting.

At the gate they stopped and gave one last cheer for Wanubaki, with whom they had played and lost, but for whom they could not help having great admiration.

A FISHING TRIP

By Robert P. Ewer, '15



It was a pleasant morning in August. We three fellows—the Old Skipper, the Old Scout, and the Old Pilot—were up betimes, for today we were to set out on our much discussed fishing trip to Snaky Pond. The pond was about seven miles from camp, and the way led over a very rough trail. Still, the fishing was said to more than recompense one for his trouble—hence our expedition.

We started at about six-thirty and walked. We traveled seven miles. No pond. We walked another seven, and still the pond kept ahead of us. After we had covered about one-half of the third seven miles, we met a native who coolly informed us that we were on the wrong trail. The Old Scout had led us astray about two miles from our starting point. There was nothing to do but retrace our weary way, but—the Old Scout brought up the rear. The native started us out on the right trail again

and we walked at least twelve miles more before we discovered the pond. It was about eleven-thirty when we arrived on the shore. We certainly had walked some—twenty-nine miles in five hours.

We were possessed of a most tremendous appetite by this time and so while the Old Scout built a fire, the others went fishing from a rocky point close by. We had fairly good luck, and got enough fish to make a hearty meal.

Snaky Pond is in the form of a rough circle about one-half mile in diameter, with a rocky isle near the center. The island has such steep sides that it is almost impossible to land there. After dinner we separated and were fishing from the banks with indifferent success, when we heard a loud cry from the Old Pilot.

"Aw, fellows, come here quick! I've found a swell boat."

We came at once. The Old Scout burst wildly out from a blackberry thicket and the Old Skipper fell excitedly down a small cliff to find the Old Pilot tugging madly at a little old punt which lay almost wholly in the water. By our utmost efforts, we managed to pull her out and dump out the water.

It was certainly a wonderful craft. About nine feet long and four feet wide, flat-bottomed, rotten, and leaking badly, but to our enchanted eyes she was a veritable dreadnaught and as things afterward showed, a sort of submarine. Two boards tacked across her gunwales served as seats until we pulled them up to use for paddles. Then we pushed forth from the shore.

As was wholly fit and proper, the Old Pilot navigated the bow of the craft and the Old Skipper paced the quarter-deck—in a wholly figurative sense. As was also fit and proper, the Old Scout, who was somewhat rotund, sat on the lower deck amidships and served as combination pump and ballast. For a pump he was armed with a

folding drinking cup. By desperate efforts, he managed to keep the water down to the depth of an inch.

After a pleasant trip, we arrived safely off the island and all three of us started to fish at once. It was a real "fish day" and we had such good luck that the Old Scout totally forgot to bail until the boat was almost half-full of water. Then we had a desperate time, but we managed to get out about all the water. To add to our troubles, a thunder storm was rapidly approaching and the fish stopped biting. We decided that we had enough, anyway, and started for the shore.

All went well for about half the distance. Then the Old Scout was forced to stand up and stretch. He stretched all right. In fact, he stretched so hard that he pushed one leg down through the rotten planking on the bottom of the boat. All might have been well, if he had only kept it there, but unfortunately the Old Scout was not possessed of the fortitude of that brave Dutch youth who thrust his arm into the leak in the dike. Maybe the Old Scout would have been as brave if it had been his arm through the boat. But it wasn't! He acted in a very natural manner and pulled out his leg. In pounced the lake. But then the Old Scout rose to the occasion in a way which I shall never forget. He calmly sat on the leak! As he was very plump, he quite effectively stopped the rush of waters for a short time, while we desperately "pulled for the shore."

But, alas! even the Old Scout's heroic sacrifice came to nothing, for while we were still an eighth of a mile from land the pond made a desperate attack and fairly floated the daring youth from his position. The boat filled rapidly, notwithstanding the despairing attempt the Old Scout made to bail with his drinking cup. His trial only served to rock the boat.

Anyone who is familiar with boats knows how apt to tip they are when rocked and nearly full of water. The Old Scout rocked the boat, and she capsized. Fortunately, we could all swim; so with many exhortations to keep up courage, we reached shore safely.

"Gosh darn it!" said the Old Skipper, moved to the utmost limits of profanity by the loss of our lines, bait and catch, "isn't it

always our blamed luck to have that old boat sink on us and make us lose all we got?"

As this was the only time we had ever been out in the boat, and as the boat had sunk and forced us to relinquish our catch, this statement of the Skipper's was perfectly true, and we agreed with it most heartily.

A GHOST STORY

By Margaret T. Mills, '17



T was nearly dark when Jack, Ned, and I set out. We had chosen night as no one ever digs for buried treasure in the daytime. The three of us were each armed with a spade and pick, but we had as yet thought of nothing with which to bring home the treasure, provided we found it. We were too much taken up with the idea of finding it to think of anything else. The haunted house was in the woods about two miles from town. About a mile and a half of this was through open lands.

"Those old pirate fellows must have had jolly times sailing over the Spanish main, responsible for no one but themselves," said Jack. "Only if I had been a pirate I should have kept my money and spent it, not buried it in millions of places that I should soon forget."

"O! they probably expected to dig it up and settle down to lead a comfortable life in their old age," I suggested.

"Well, nothing exciting ever happens nowadays. Even the Mexican war probably won't pan out," sighed Ned, little knowing what that night would unfold.

We were nearing the woods by this time. The pines rose dark and mysterious before us and in the distance we could hear the sea

pounding on the shore. The moon was full and covered the earth with a soft mantle of mysterious white light.

"Those stories of the ghost guarding the treasure can't possibly be true," I said in an effort to make myself believe it. "Why, people don't raise ghosts nowadays. If there were any fifty years ago when those old fellows came here they have surely gone by this time. Ghosts aren't stylish any more!"

"Maybe, but wait until we are through with this job," responded Ned, who was rather inclined to be a pessimist.

"How much did that old salt say the treasure was worth?" asked Jack.

"About a million in our money, I think."

"Whew! But that is worth facing ghosts for."

Conversation died as we entered the woods. A mysterious silence reigned unbroken except by the occasional hoot of an owl. Our hearts were all beating rapidly and each one was just a bit sorry he had come. But by the time we reached the house our courage had returned.

It had evidently been a beautiful place seventy-five years ago. But now it was in complete desertion. The walls were stained a silverish grey by the weather, the glass was gone from all the windows. The front

door stood ajar, sagging on its hinges. The silence was almost oppressive.

We entered. Every board creaked under our feet and often we were frightened by our own sounds. At length after many pauses to listen with hearts now pounding, now standing still, we reached the cellar. It was pitch dark, but we soon lighted the lantern which we had not done before because we were afraid someone would see it and we wanted to be alone.

We had been there in the daytime and had located the spot the old men had told us of, but that was before it had entered our heads to dig for the treasure. We soon located the spot and began to dig.

We dug unsuccessfully in four or five places when at last Jack uttered a low cry and seized the lantern. He held it over an object he had just turned up. It was a Spanish coin. He hastily picked up his shovel and went to work with renewed vigor. Next came a few more coins and then the blade of a Spanish knife. We took turns and dug feverishly. Never in my life did I spend ten minutes in such anxious suspense.

While we were at work a light breeze had sprung up from the sea and blown a door to in an upstairs room. We were so deeply interested in our work that we paid no attention to it.

At the next thrust the spade struck something hard. The digger gave a low shout. The treasure at last! Then suddenly a fearful scratching was heard. It was the ghost!

For a moment we waited unable to move. The scratches continued. Then as by common consent we all three made a rush for the stairs. How we ever went up those stairs and out into the woods I do not know. I was so relieved to get out of that awful house. I fell down, exhausted. The other boys ran on. I could not move. As soon as I had collected my wits I saw a small white form issue from the main door. It was coming towards me! It scared me so I was unable to take my eyes from that white ghost-like form. What! Was that a ghost! "Ye gods!" I cried aloud and burst into laughter. Never had I laughed so hard before in all my life.

While I was still roaring Ned and Jack returned to see what had become of me. They stared in open-mouthed amazement. "Dick! What under the sun, moon and stars is the matter with you?" they cried. "O, that ghost!" was all I could answer. "It wasn't a ghost at all! Ha! Ha! Ha! O dear me, it was a c—" More laughter. "It was a CAT!"

When we had recovered from the roars of laughter that this explanation caused not one of us could be persuaded to return for the shovels and picks. The treasure, if there is any, is still there as far as I know. Not one of us could ever be hired to go near that house after seven o'clock in the evening! Even a cat, catching rats caught in a room by a door blown to by the wind was ghost enough for us!



One of the most popular social events of the school year is the banquet and reception given to the Portland High School football team. This was held in the High School building Saturday evening, Oct. 24. The banquet was served in the lunch-room under the direction of Miss Sutton and at this there were 65 guests, including the players, substitutes and officials. Miss Elaine Daley served as head-waitress, assisted by Elizabeth Thaxter, Margaret Woodman, Ruth Perry, Jessie Newcomb, Priscilla Clark, Margaret Woodward, Catherine Covelle, Cordelia Carlisle, Anna Gallagher, Mary McCann, Lucy Evans, Gladys Colby, Frances Bragg.

Following the banquet the reception was held in the Assembly Hall. There was a large attendance, and receipts about counterbalanced the expenses of the banquet. Edward J. Curran officiated as floor manager and the aids were: Irving R. Donovan, Frank Estes, J. Glynn Furey, Edward Kelley, Desmond E. Daley, Thomas Davis and George E. Thompson. Music was furnished by an orchestra of three pieces, the piano being played by Abe F. Goldberg, '14, the composer of last year's Class Ode.

Some striking window displays were seen in Portland in honor of the recent Teachers' Convention. In one window a lay figure, dressed as a schoolma'am, was pointing to a blackboard on which was written *cat, dog*, and a few other words; in front of her were lay figures of children, prettily dressed, seated in little chairs and looking toward the blackboard. In another window the

blackboard was full of easy sums in addition, and a beautifully dressed child was offering a red apple to her teacher.

On Friday, Oct. 16, Prof. James L. McConnaughy, of Bowdoin, addressed the school during the sixth period. Prof. McConnaughy proved that "a straight line is not the shortest distance between two points." He said that his proposition applied not to mathematics, but to school life, where contrary to many opinions, a "pony" is not the shortest distance through Caesar, Cicero, or Virgil.

On Tuesday, Nov. 3, Mr. R. A. Waite, director of Boys' Work, International Y. M. C. A., New York, gave a very interesting and profitable talk to the students at general chapel. He told of three ways of going through school and life, and gave illustrations that appealed to all, especially the football enthusiasts.

A new method of report on reading outside the text-books is being tried in some of the history classes. The students meet occasionally with the instructor in groups of six or eight for half-hour conferences. The meeting is entirely informal, all sitting together around a table. Everybody had a part in the discussion and each feels free to give his own impressions. It is believed that this method will result in more careful reading, a better appreciation of what is read, and a closer relation between teacher and student.



Miss Augusta Kirstein, '95, gave a very interesting account before the Teachers Club of her experiences in Europe, last summer. On account of the war she was delayed in Fiume, Austria, six weeks, where she and her friend were the only Americans in the city.

Harold Rich, '05, a Boston architect, was delayed in Paris several weeks on account of the war. Mr. Rich would not leave the city until he could carry with him the drawings he had made in the course of his study of architecture in Paris.

The marriage of Miss Maul C. White, a former instructor in the typewriting department of Bangor High School, to William Dwyer, of Biddeford, took place on October 14, 1914, at the home of Dr. H. F. Oviatt. Mr. and Mrs. Dwyer will reside at 7 Emmons Place, Biddeford.

Among the honor students of the Junior Class at Yale University, were Ripley Cutler, '12, David Beach, '12, and Frank Lorimer, '12. Mr. Cutler stood fifth in his class.

Bessie Dennis, '14, is teaching school in Jonesport.

Louise Helson, '13, has a position as stenographer with the T. R. Savage Co.

Valentine E. Kenney has entered Bryant & Stratton Commercial College, Boston, Mass.

Helen H. Murphy, '14, has accepted a position as stenographer with the Merchants Insurance Co., Broad street, Bangor.

Agnes Hilman, '15, was married to Alden Drinkwater of Brewer, Sept. 9, 1914.

Miss Gladys Niles, '09, was graduated from the U. of M. law school with high honors last June. She was the first girl graduate of the Law school. In August, Miss Niles stood second in rank among those who took the state examinations in Portland.

Bangor High School graduates have been chosen for managers of both the sophomore and freshman football teams at Bowdoin in the elections recently held there. Harvey Miller, '12, is manager for the sophomores; Frederick French, '12, for the freshmen. Guy Leadbetter, '12, is one of the coaches for the teams. Mr. Leadbetter, whose high school football is still vividly remembered, has been a star of the Bowdoin team this year, although injuries received in the latter part of the season prevented his being prominent in the last few games.

Arthur McWilliams, '12, Frederick French, '12, and Harvey Miller, '12, were in Bangor for the Bowdoin and Maine football game, Nov. 7.

Horace Chapman, '11, was in Bangor for a few days at the time of the Bangor and Portland football game.

THE GIFT OF THE CLASS OF '88

The class of '88 always claimed Miss Philbrook as their especial friend, as I suppose many classes did during the thirty-five years she taught in the Bangor High School, for she was a woman of rarely sympathetic character and could inspire in the pupils she taught the deepest loyalty and affection. So naturally when '88 considered a gift for the wonderful new building, it seemed a peculiarly appropriate time to show the regard and gratitude they had for Miss Philbrook which had been an influence in their lives for twenty-five years. We are sorry this public recognition did not come soon enough to show her the feeling of the class. Why is it that only after our friends are gone do we show our appreciation of their interest in us instead of showing it when such tokens would be of inestimable cheer?

As for the form our gift should take, we thought of buying pictures for a room which should be classical in general tone and so the committee after much thought picked out the six pictures now in Room 211. We decided we preferred some variety in choice and subject as well as appearance, so selected the two large Greek pictures on the front wall, the Porch of the Caryatides, which by the way is an old friend of Bangor High School pupils for another view of this porch used to hang in Miss Philbrook's room, and

the Temple of Nike. The colored lithograph of the Tiber gives a decidedly different effect and yet recalls Ceasar, Cicero, Virgil and other old Roman friends.

The copies of three modern paintings give a hint of life in ancient Róme and Greece. Two of them are by Alma-Tadema the greatest

modern painter of classical subjects. Of these Spring represents a Greek holiday and is unusually beautiful, besides giving an idea of the pleasures of the Ancient Greeks on a holiday; while the Reception at the Palace of Agrippa shows one of the common gatherings of literary and influential Romans in the days of the Emperor Augustus. The third, Salve Imperator, by Friedrich, is a very recent pic-



MISS PHILBROOK

ture in the style of Alma-Tadema. It represents Ceasar standing with an imperial air among his friends in the Forum and shows the costumes and habits of the time. We can plainly see columns of buildings with whose ruins we are so familiar. The modest little picture of Miss Philbrook needs no explanation, we put it there so we may always see her face when we visit the school and in order too, that pupils who have never known her shall at least become familiar with her face and in part understand the reverence we have for Miss Philbrook, our friend and teacher.



On Monday afternoon, Nov. 2, a very interesting trial debate was held in Room 207; the subject being, 'Resolved, That Mt. Katahdin should be made a forest reserve. The two teams were made up entirely from the new society members.

Four minutes was the limit for the main arguments, with two-minute rebuttals. No alternates were used on either side.

Mr. Cleveland, opening for the affirmative, strongly argued that Mt. Katahdin should be made a forest reserve because of the fact that since forests tend to hold back moisture, they have a great influence upon the surrounding water supply.

Mr. Helson, the first speaker of the negative, grouped his arguments under three main divisions: (1) the ground, being rocky is unsuited for a forest reserve; (2) its location and facilities do not recommend the change; (3) the expense of maintaining it would be too great.

Mr. Burton, of the affirmative, held that Mt. Katahdin in its present condition is invaluable as a hunting, fishing and camping resort, and the destruction of its forests would shortly put an end to these attractions.

Mr. Grant showed for the negative that the expense of the transportation of lumber and supplies would be very reasonable, while Mr. Cleveland, of the affirmative, speaking in the place of Mr. Eames, who was unable to be present, proved that a game preserve is greatly **needed** in Maine and that Mt. Katahdin is by far the most suitable location.

Mr. Manchester of the negative, also dealt with the question of expense, explaining all sides of it, and especially showing that the

cost of making the reserve would be too great.

Mr. Larrabee, in closing for the affirmative, showed that on account of its central location, and great influence upon the surrounding rivers and lakes, Mt. Katahdin should be made a forest reserve.

Mr. Edwards, the last speaker for the negative, closed the debate by maintaining that the government would not be justified in taking so large a tract of land from the hands of the state.

The members of the society, acting as judges, awarded the decision to the affirmative

Girls' Society.

A meeting of the Girls' Debating Society was held Nov. 5th. All but one of the members were present and a spirit was exhibited such as has not been shown since the loss of some of its best members through graduation. After the roll-call, Miss Brewer was inaugurated as vice president and the secretary's and treasurer's reports were read and approved. The name of Miss Lillian Magee was proposed for membership and accepted. Subjects were discussed for the speeches and debates of the next meeting and it was finally decided to debate on the question: Resolved, That the dead languages should be excluded from the high school. An impromptu debate was called on the subject: Resolved, That Maine should be a prohibition state. The speakers were:

Affirmative—Lucie Knowles, Rose Davis, Mary Chadwick.

Negative—Lora Blanding, Bessie Mills, Katherine Stewart.

After a long discussion the judges—namely Misses Doris Brewer and Hazel Merrifield decided in favor of the negative.



Bangor vs. Orono High.

On Friday, Oct. 9, Bangor lined up against Orono High at Orono for what was supposed to be a practice game for the Crimson. It proved to be the hardest fought battle they had experienced, but

their touchdown on straight football in the last period. The game was marred by several combats between players and spectators. Capt. Curran, Daley, Furey and Estes starred for Bangor, and Peters at full-back came through with some fine gains for Orono.

Bangor High, 20; Deering High, 7.

Bangor won a hard fought game from Deering High at Maplewood, Columbus Day. As the country correspondents say, the game was more interesting than the score would indicate. This was Deering's first appearance in Bangor, and the visitors made a good impression.

Deering was the first to score. In the first quarter, Deering kicked off to Bangor, who in several plays brought the ball down to the visitors' 18-yard line. Here Jenks, Deering's left-end, scooped in a fumbled ball, lost by the Bangor backfield on a delayed pass, and carried 82 yards through clear field for a goal. St. Johns kicked the goal. This tally woke Bangor to the fact that she needed some points, too, and on the kickoff Daley brought the ball back 50 yards. This was followed by a forward pass from Daley to Ray Curran, over the line, for a touchdown. Daley kicked the goal, tying the score.

In the last of the third period, E. Curran and Jones brought the ball to Deering's five-yard line and Daley took the ball over. The last score was made by Daley in the fourth period on straight football.

Daley was again the star of the game, making many good gains and scoring 14 of



MANAGER DONOVAN

Bangor finally won out, 8 to 7. Estes made the touchdown on a forward pass from Thompson and the Orono quarterback was forced to make a safety when he fumbled a punt on his five-yard line. Orono scored

Bangor's points. Thompson was banished in the first period for a little bout with Stockford, who was also removed. Jones, the new man in the Bangor backfield, showed up finely. Estes put up a fine game at left end.

of the season, it was still one of the dirtiest, for the field was a sea of mud and rain fell steadily. The bad weather cut down the attendance badly.

Oak Grove tried a varied attack, but was unable to gain by either line plays or open



B. H. S. FOOTBALL TEAM, 1914

Capt. Curran did good work, both in offense and defense, and Tom Davis was a tower of strength in the line

St. Johns was the best man on the Deering side. He got rather more punishment than the others, too.

The weather was fine for football and a large crowd lined the field.

Bangor Trims Oak Grove.

On Saturday, Oct. 17, Bangor brought Oak Grove Seminary into camp to the tune of 30 to 0. While one of the cleanest games

football, and Bangor's goal line was never threatened.

Kelley made many gains for the home team. Daley showed his usual style and Thompson got off some good punts. In the line, Tom Davis, Mulvany, Estes and Koritzky put up fine games.

Jones was the star of the Oak Grove team.

Oak Grove kicked to Daley, who brought the ball back 20 yards. Jones and Kelley brought the ball to Oak Grove's two-yard line where the ball was lost on a fumble. Jones of Oak Grove punted, the kick was

blocked by Mulvaney, and T. Davis recovered the ball and took it across for the first score.

Bangor scored again in the second quarter, Thompson making the score. Daley scored in the third period, and Kelley and Jones scored in the last period. Several subs were put in during the last quarter.

Bangor, 0; Portland, 0.

Fighting desperately and putting up a superb defense just when it was needed, Portland High, although badly outplayed at all other stages of the game, barely staved off defeat at the hands of Bangor at Maplewood on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 24. In the struggle, which gave the 1,900 spectators many glimpses of fine football, neither side could register any points, and the game ended, nothing to nothing. It was an ideal day for football. Bangor had at least three chances to win, while Portland could get no nearer to Bangor's goal than the 32-yard line.

Stubby Furey twice essayed dropkicks, but the first attempt was blocked by Vanier, and on the second trial, from the 32-yard line, the ball missed the upright by about a foot. It was a beautiful attempt, and certainly deserved to succeed.

Bangor outplayed Portland. The Crimson gained 215 yards, while Portland only made 53. Thompson outpunted Johnson, the Blue fullback.

Daley played one of the best games ever seen on the local gridiron. Capt. Curran and Jones also were good ground gainers and excellent on the defense. Honan, Capt. Feeney and Johnson showed up well for Portland.

Thompson kicked to Feeney, who fumbled, and a Bangor player recovered the ball on the 40-yard line. Thompson, Curran, Jones, and Daley brought the ball to the 19-

yard line, where Portland took the ball on downs. Bangor got the ball on downs on her 32-yard line. Thompson punted to Lappin, Johnson punted to Bangor's 18-yard line. After a few more rushes, Thompson punted 32 yards. The period ended with the ball in Portland's possession.

Furey went in as fullback for Bangor. Johnson punted 45 yards over the line. In five rushes, Bangor brought the ball to the 48-yard line. Furey punted to Lappin, who was downed on his 18-yard line. Here came one of Bangor's chances to score. Johnson's punt being blocked, the ball rolled over the sidelines, and Portland recovered it on her 20-yard line. Portland gained 25 yards, making their first down. Johnson punted 50 yards over the line. The half ended with the ball in the center of the field.

The second half opened with Thompson going back as fullback and Couri going to center for Portland. After an exchange of punts, Bangor started from the 48-yard line on a march to the one-yard line, where Portland held for downs. A perfect forward pass, Thompson to Estes, netted 23 yards and Daley and Jones brought the ball to the two-yard line. Furey was called onto the field for a dropkick, but Capt. Feeney protested, and Furey was ordered back to the sidelines. Daley took the ball to the one-yard line and there Portland held for downs. This ended the third period.

Johnson punted to Daley, who brought the ball in to Portland's 25-yard line. Furey tried a dropkick from the 30-yard line, but Vanier was there and blocked it. After a few rushes Johnson punted 40 yards to Daley. Furey punted 35 yards to Lappin. Bangor got the ball on downs on the 40-yard line. Daley gained about 20 yards in two rushes and Furey, standing on the 32-yard line, tried for a field goal. It missed by about a foot, and the game was over.

The summary:

Bangor.

Estes, l.e.r.e., MacGowan
Koritzky, l.e.

T. Davis, l.t.r.t., Plaisted

Mulvaney, l.g.r.g., MacQuarrie

Moore, c.c., Rudman
c., Couri

J. Davis, r.g.l.g., Hamilton

Hickson, r.t.l.t., Ambrose

R. Curran, r.e.l.e., Vanier

Koritzky, r.e.

Daley, q.b.q.b., Lappin

E. Curran, (Capt.) l.h.b.

.....r.h.b., (Capt.) Feeney

Kelley, l.h.b.

Jones, r.h.b.l.h.b., Honan

Thompson, f.b.f.b., Johnson

Furey, f.b.

Referee, Louis Garcelon, Bowdoin. Um-
pire, Frank Smith, Bowdoin. Head lines-
man, Joe Harvey, U. of M. Law; assistants,
Kelley, Bangor, and Foster, Portland.
Timekeepers, Rogan, Bangor, and Feeney,
Portland. Time, 15m. quarters.

Bangor vs. Orono.

In a very even and hard-fought game at
Maplewood, Oct. 31, Bangor was unable to
score on Orono. Both teams showed good
form, Bangor's line slightly out-lassing
Orono's, and the latter's backfield having a
shade.

Daley, Tom Davis, and Jones were the
stars of the home team, and Betts and
Peters were the ablest men in the up-river
aggregation.

Hickson kicked to Orono's 40-yard line.
Orono punted to Bangor's 20-yard line.
After two rushes, Thompson punted to
Orono's 25-yard line. Orono gained ten
yards and then lost the ball to Bangor on
the 30-yard line. Thompson attempted a
field goal, but the ball missed by a slight
margin. Orono's ball on the 1-yard line.

Orono punted to Bangor's 40-yard line.
Daley coming back 10 yards. The period
ended with the ball on Orono's 35-yard
line.



CAPTAIN CURRAN

Daley made 7 yards and a forward pass to
R. Curran netted 15 more. Orono got the
ball on downs on the 15-yard line. After
making 17 yards, she was penalized half the
distance to the goal line for slugging.
Orono punted to Daley on the 41-yard line.
Bangor was penalized 15 yards for holding.
Thompson punted to Orono's 20-yard line.
Orono punted to Bangor's 40-yard line.
The half ended with ball on Orono's 35-yard
line. The third quarter saw the ball in the
middle of the field. In the last period,
Orono got the ball to Bangor's 18-yard line
twice, but could not score.



We acknowledge the following exchanges:

October—Academy Spectator, Advance, Aegis, Artisan, Bates Student (weekly pamphlet), Chronicle, Early Trainer, Echo, High School News (monthly pamphlet), High School Review, Hobart Herald (pamphlet), Old Hughes, Optimist, Oracle (Abington, Pa.), Oracle (Auburn, Me.), Oracle (Plainfield, N. J.), Rail Splitter, Reflector (Gloucester, Mass.), Spectator (Louisville, Ky.), Spectator (Waterloo, Iowa), Sphinx (weekly pamphlet), Taft Oracle, Tripod, Young Apprentice (monthly pamphlet).

September—Crimson Rambler, Echo, Herald, High School News, Oracle (Abington, Pa.).

June, '14—Habit (Salina), H. C. I. Scroll, Nautilus, Palmer.

The Crimson Rambler of Tonkawa, Okla., represents a school with five distinct societies. Some social school, eh? Better put some of that social energy into the Rambler and make it a grand success.

The E. L. H. S. Oracle, Auburn, Me.—Militarism? Well, look! Here is a school paper with all the frills of real war!

The Olympian of Biddeford, Me., had a lot of "blow outs" last month. This probably is the reason for its always being such a bright little paper.

For a small paper with a lot in it, the "High School Review" heads the list. Eleven departments that fill forty pages and about sixteen pages of advertisements.

For a large paper with a little in it, perhaps the "Herald" of Holyoke, Mass., is the best example. Five departments filling a

bare twelve pages. The fullest part of the paper is its eighteen pages of advertisements. Brace up Holyoke students and show what you can do in the "Herald!"

Think of five straight pages of athletics! That is what the "Palmer" of Palmer, Mass., gives to school sports and has other departments equally strong.

The commencement number of the H. C. I. Scroll is a clear, clean, pleasing paper to look into. Surely it will reflect the purpose of your school.

In the Eyes of Others!

Oracle, Bangor, Me.: Here is a most enjoyable paper. The quotations and cuts for the different departments seem especially appropriate.—The Olympian, Biddeford, Me.

The Oracle, Bangor, Maine: The editors of your paper well deserve praise for their success.—The Nautilus, Waterville, H. S.

Your initial letters add much to the arrangement of the paper.—The Chronicle, Hartford, Conn.

Your paper of last year was almost beyond criticism. The Literary Department demands especial commendation. But couldn't you devote a little more space to the Exchanges?

The newsy "Delphian" of Kalamazoo, Mich., says: "The Oracle of Bangor, Me., offers free subscriptions for the best stories. Medals are awarded Seniors for proficiency. The girls have a debating society. A debating league is being organized through the U. of M. The Oracle is surely from a progressive school."



PERSONALS

Remember the big Humorous Number next month. We are depending on you for contributions. Don't fail to help!

H-y-s, '16 (During football practice): "It's getting so dark we can't hear the signals."

Why is it that C-yt-ng, '17, always letters his geometry figures F. A. Y.?

C-a-k, '18: The dative plural of "bono" is banana.

Student (translating): About thirty horsemen, some armed with lances, others with long muskrats.

Cl-v-l-nd, '15 (In German): "The old man's beard grew down over his eyes."

In Latin: "I can translate, but I can't get started."

Voice from behind: "Get a self-starter."

Miss B-v-l-y, in French: "Avec son nouveau ne sur les bras." With her new husband under her arm.

Miss S-w-r, '15: "Is human flesh good to eat when it is cooked?"

Miss MacS-: "Why, really, that is a matter of taste. Personally I never ate any."

Teacher: "On what day did Caesar defeat the greatest number?"

Soph: "On examination day."

Heard in English: "I know it, but I can't express it."

Voice from rear: "Then send it by freight."

Teacher: "W-b-b, if you drop that pencil again, you may put it in the waste basket."

After an interval, bang goes W-b-b's pencil.

Teacher: "Did you drop that, W-b-b?"

W-b-b: "No, no, this is a different one."

Miss A-t-w-d (To history teacher): "Will you please tell me where Christendom is, I have hunted all over Europe for it and can't find it."

Mr. V: "How do you find a person's weight?"

Th-mp-n, '16: "Multiply his height by his denseness."

Miss R: "Follow me as I read and skip."

Wi-m-re, '16 (In Cicero class): "He was killed by his most noble father, grandfather, and ancestors." Remarkable things happened in those days, didn't they?"

Heroic Verse.

"Run like fury," Coach Rogers said,
 When the pig-skin went to Ed.
 "Not like Furey, it is my tur'r'n;
 "I'll run like meself," said Eddie Curran.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
 Stole the ball and away he run;
 Made a touch-down and a score he gave us,
 That's a good man, young Tommy Davis.

Sing a song of football
 A pocket full of mud;
 See Mulvaney's touchdown
 Striking with a thud.

Jonesy, me boy, you're me pride and me joy,
 As your art and your skill on the "grid" you
 employ.

You're the hope of me heart,
 From you, I'll ne'er part,
 While you fight for the old B. H. S., me boy.

He has the common name of Smith,
 But he's no common hero.
 He makes the hopes of opposing teams
 Drop down, way down, to zero.

Twinkle, twinkle little star,
 How they wonder who you are,
 Out upon the gridiron gaily,
 'Tis our quarterback, Desmond Daley.

Who is it always helps us score?
 Who makes the crowd in the grandstand
 roar?
 Who makes the opposing players sore?
 Who, indeed, but Lobby Moore?

When, at right end, R. Curran stands,
 A "right end" to the game is in our hands.
 So get your yells ready and come out
 strong—
 With Curran at right we can't go wrong.

Koritzky's his name, and great is his fame,
 And his work on the gridiron's free from all
 blame.

Just run down some day
 And see this lad play—
 I'll warrant you'll find it a ripping good
 game.

"Hold not fury in your heart,"
 As a maxim may be good.
 But from our Furey we'll not part;
 Let that be understood.

I know a man whose name is Hick-
 Son. And that man's a brick.
 Son, he surely knows the game.
 Don't forget, son, Hick's the name.

Give three cheers, please, for Frank Estes,
 Who makes his opponents drop on their
 knees.

The man we send to play left end,
 With applause from the crowds who always
 attend.

Ride a street-car to Maplewood Park
 To see Georgie Thompson out for a lark.
 Gloves on his fingers,
 A cage on his nose,
 There'll be something doing wherever he
 goes.

J. Davis his name, but he's really no jay,
 And a hot game of football he surely can
 play.

He guards at the right,
 And it's really a sight,
 To see how J. Davis can put up a fight.

It costs very little to see the boys play;
 Fifty cents is the fee which you pay.
 And when Kelley plays, no excitement
 you'll lack—
 The High school is lucky—it gets its half-
 back.

Recipes.

Not used in the Domestic Science Course.

Take a little dignity, mix it well with pride;
Add a dash of pepper and some ginger on
the side.

Stir it well with arrogance, and brown it up
with toast—

This will make a tasty dish of High School
Senior roast.

Boil some greens, most any kind, and put in
lots of salt.

Mix well with timidity, nor let the stirring
halt.

Strain it through frivolity; be sure it is fine
mesh;

And don't forget to salt it well, for Fresh-
man Soup is fresh.

Dramatic Productions**B. H. S., Season of 14-15**

The Spring Maid.—Priscilla Clark '15.

Madam President.—Lora Blanding '15.

Peg o' My Heart.—Peg Woodman '15.

Baby Mine.—Margaret Woodward '17.

The Toy Maker.—Mr. Varney.

Freckles.—E. Russell.

The Great Divide.—D to F.

I Should Worry.—G. Thompson '15.

The Modiste.—Ellen Garman.

Such a Little Queen.—A Gould '18.

Flyaway.—F. Crowley '15.

Village Lawyer.—I. Donovan '15.

Land of Harmony.—Orchestra.

High Jinks.—J. Chilcott '17.

Girl in the Taxi.—G. Hussey '15.

The Troubadour.—Mr. Congdon.

Foilies.—Class of 1918.

The Road to Happiness.—The Main Exit.

We have a Daley exhibit of the latest
dances, including the lame duck.

Slams.

A rolling stone gathers no moss.—Ed.
Kelley '15.

Let the world slide.—Donald McKay '15.

Better late than never.—Mary McCann
'16.

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit.—Bateman
Edwards '15.

The long and short of it.—C. Corning '15
and A. Palmer '16.

A soul as white as heaven.—Geo. Thomp-
son '15.

There is no hate lost between us.—Sophs
and Freshs.

Get money, still get money, no matter by
what means.—Athletic Association.

It will discourse most eloquent music.—
F. Harvey '15.

The world knows only two.—Ellen Gar-
man '16, and Desmond Daley.

Love me, love my dog.—Laura Jones '18.

Haste makes waste.—Hazel Merrifield
'15.

Teacher: "Sparta was at the head of the
Polophenisian League."

Small Boy: "I bet the Boston Braves
could have beat 'em."

Soph at the drinking fountain: "Sh sh,
s s s s, sh s s! (pause for breath). Ding it.
Why don't they have some force to that
water any how. Sh! sh! s s s s s"—(just
then the fellow at the other end of fountain
shuts off). "Ugh, snush! sh! sh!—?—?
! ! !"

Mr. Boyd—"How do they get across the
desert?"

Whalen '16—"By ship."

Mr. Boyd—"By ship! What do you
mean?"

Whalen '16—"By a camel. A ship of the
desert."

For Fresh Cut

FLOWERS

Go to

CUSHMAN & WORTH

62 STATE ST.

BANGOR

JUST RECEIVED

a complete line of "Defender" Photo Supplies — none better — bring your camera, we can fit you out.

Essex Pharmacy Company

The Quality Drug Store

COR. ESSEX AND STATE STS. TEL. 1165

You Should See



for yourself, the value of your eyesight.

We cannot command you to wear glasses no matter how badly you need them. If you require them, we can tell you of many logical, common sense reasons why they would be of many times greater value to you than the small amount that they cost, would be to you in your purse.

Please feel free to come and consult us at any time.

Arthur Allen Optical Co.

28 MAIN ST., BANGOR

Ladies'

Gym Shoes

\$1.00 and \$1.25

AT

YATES'

21 Hammond St.,

Rensselaer

ESTABLISHED 1824
TROY, N. Y.

Polytechnic

**Engineering
and Science**

Institute

Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.), Chemical Engineering (Ch. E.), and General Science (B. S.). Also Special Courses. Unsurpassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories.

For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and students and views of buildings and campus, apply to

JOHN W. NUGENT, Registrar.

Diamonds

Watches

B. E. BROWN

Jeweler

71 MAIN ST. BANGOR

Jewelry

Silver

H. E. McDonald

A Full Line of

Groceries, Meats and Fruit

—
Your Patronage Solicited
—

261 State St., Bangor, Me

Exclusive Millinery

Can be found at The Parlors of

MAY CURRAN O'LEARY

EASTERN TRUST BLDG.

Take Elevator to 2nd. Floor

Agents for the KNOX Hat

EDWARDS' STUDIO

3 State Street, Brewer

At the end of Toll Bridge

"We make class pictures"

FOR THE ATHLETE:

LEE'S LINIMENT

Best rub-on you can get to take out or keep out stiffness, soreness, etc. Big bottleful for 25c.

FOR THE READER:

LATEST BOOKS

by the leading authors of the times—
in our Lending Library. Thousands of titles. 2c a day.

SWEET'S DRUG STORE

26 MAIN STREET

Order today a Suit or Overcoat

and see for yourself how much better they are than ready made,
and cost no more. 10 per cent discount for ten days.

Cleansing, Repairing and Pressing.

M. L. WALKER

Telephone Connection

169c STATE ST., BANGOR, MAINE

MRS. MORAN
FASHIONABLE MILLINERY
34 MAIN ST., BANGOR

RINGWALL'S ORCHESTRA

of Bangor, Maine K. A. RINGWALL, Director

This Orchestra, any number of pieces, can be engaged for Weddings, Receptions, Society Dances, etc.

Studio: Residence:
Room 24 Bass Building 48 Grant Street
Telephone Connection

"MAINE'S BEST PAPER"

**THE
BANGOR COMMERCIAL**

50 Cents Per Month

Delivered By Carrier

GEORGE B. FREELAND

LEWIS N. MANN

TIMBERLANDS
Freeland-Mann Co.

REAL ESTATE

¶ Insurance placed with best Companies. ¶ Properties successfully managed. ¶ Expert attention given management of timberlands.

6 State Street

Bangor, Maine

Rooms 402-403, New Eastern Trust Building

Be
1
of
500

**members of the Young Men's
Christian Association.**

Join in the Coming Campaign

Don't wait to be asked. Come right up to the building

THE COST IS LOW AND THE PRIVILEGES MANY

There's a Special Victor for Schools

a little or a big Victor for YOUR home—plenty of Victor and Victrola types to satisfy every need and desire. We sell them all—carry thousands of Victor Records—are ready to make Your school or home "Victor happy" at surprisingly moderate cost. Ask for proof.

Andrews' Music House,

98 Main Street

Compliments of the New York Syndicate

Maine's largest Cut Price Store, on Clothing,
Furnishing Goods, Shoes and Rubbers.

The New York Syndicate

118 Main Street

Bangor, Maine

C. F. WINCHESTER

THE CORNER GROCERY

You will find at this
Store all kinds of
Good things to eat

183 Park Street

Tell. 1160

Bangor, Maine

Paint, PLUS Brushes, PLUS Skill

It takes more than paint and a brush to do a good job of painting. It takes **SKILL** and **EXPERIENCE** besides—and our workmen have both in plenty. Whenever you hear a friend say he's got to have some painting done, you'll do him a good turn to advise: "Get Eldridge to do it."

We're "strong," too, on promptness, neatness, and moderate prices.

FRED E. ELDRIDGE CO.,

Latest Effects in Papers,
Mouldings, Etc.

98 HAMMOND STREET

PHOTOGRAPHS

Christmas Holidays. The greatest variety of Pictures, Statuary and Christmas Presents generally that we have ever had. The prices are right.

J. F. Gerrity & Company

BANGOR, MAINE

W. C. BRYANT

Diamond Dealer

Wares of Gold, Silver and
Cut Glass. Wedding An-
nouncements, Card and So-
ciety Engraving.

BANGOR,

MAINE



Copyright 1914
The H. Black Co.

New Fall Suits, Coats, Dresses for Misses and Young Ladies

Many new striking models are being shown that are very attractive. The styles are those most favored in the larger cities.

You'll find that most of your friends are wearing Wood & Ewer garments.

Particularly good showing of dresses for party and evening wear.

The Fashion Wood & Ewer Co.



Clothing of Quality

**SOCIETY BRAND
AND
BESSE SYSTEM**

\$10 to \$25

Particularly for Young Men

Besse-Ashworth Co.

GIVE US A CALL

SANBORN'S BARBER SHOP

R. H. SANBORN, Prop.

7 Hammond Street, Bangor, Maine

Opp. Merrill Trust Building

Telephone 1241-4

*Electric Massage and Shampoo
No long waits, 6 Chairs*

Benson & Miller

Furs

Gloves

Handkerchiefs

For
Christmas
Giving

Compliments of

Frey's Leading Sanitary **Cafe**

30-32 Central Street

Ladies' Dining Room Up-Stairs

OPEN ALL NIGHT

IF HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS WOULD STUDY FURNITURE,

—the various kinds of wood and other materials used in furniture making, and the way good furniture is assembled and finished—they could easily see the superiority of our line—just as the fathers and mothers in this town have learned the superiority of our goods through actual purchase and use of them.

Whether you are simply "curious" to see how good furniture is made, or would be interested to buy most wisely in this line, we cordially invite you to come in any time at your convenience.

HODGKINS & FISKE CO., 190-192 Exchange St.

Complete House Furnishers; Home of Glenwood Ranges and Heaters

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 ST., BANGOR, ME.

JOHN CASSIDY, PRESIDENT
C. D. CROSBY, TREASURER

E. R. ADAMS, VICE PRESIDENT
J. H. RICE, ASST. TREAS.

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	525,000
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.

FURBUSH PRINTING COMPANY

SOLICIT HIGH SCHOOL PATRONAGE
EXCELLENT WORK, PRICES RIGHT

108 EXCHANGE STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

Q — NOT — Q CANDIES

The Q not Q has at all times fresh Page & Shaw's Candies on sale.

Page & Shaw's Candies are the best candies made in America. For gift purposes, Page & Shaw's Candies stand in a distinct class.

½, 1, 2, 3 and 5 Pound Boxes.
\$1.00 Pound.

Q NOT Q

15 BROAD STREET

BANGOR

Call for and insist upon having

Jones' Celebrated Finnan Haddie and Boneless Codfish

The only fish on the market that have been analyzed by our State Assayer and pronounced absolutely pure. For sale at retail by all first class markets and grocers. See that every Finnan Haddie has our tag on it.

Alfred Jones' Sons

140-142 Broad Street

BANGOR,

MAINE

BAKER & HODGE INSURANCE

Eastern Trust Building

Bangor, Maine

"D & M" and Spaulding's

**Foot Ball and
Basket Ball
Goods**

Discount to Students

Dealers and Clubs supplied at Factory Prices

THE S. L. CROSBY CO.

126 EXCHANGE ST.

**Our Young Men's New Fall Suits
Overcoats and Balmacaans**

Are the kind that touch all of Fashion's High Spots and are sure to please you
Call and look them over. Price from \$8.00 to \$25.00

J. WATERMAN CO.

161-169 EXCHANGE STREET
BANGOR, MAINE

Full Line of

Fine Shoes

for Ladies and

Gentlemen

JOHN CONNERS SHOE CO.

40 MAIN STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

C. H. SULLIVAN

T. N. CURRAN

D. F. CURRAN

PHOTOGRAPHY
in all its
branches

Supplies
for the
Amateur

**CHALMERS'
Studio**

23 Hammond St.

Amateur
Developing
and Printing

All kinds of
PICTURE
FRAMING