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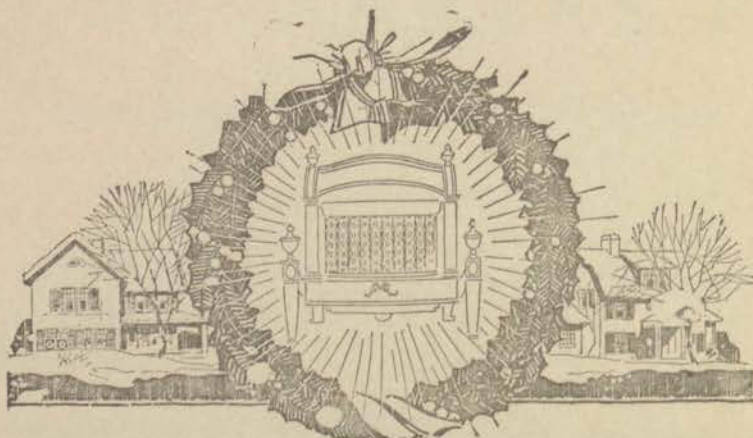
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EDITORIALS

"Wisdom is Ofttimes Nearer when We Stoop than when We Soar."

A heated argument between the heads of the Maine Central and Bangor & Aroostook railroads was the result of the recently proposed change of route in the Aroostook railroad line.

The suggested route would run through Old Town and other towns in that section of the state instead of branching off to Northern Maine Junction; thus, according to Old Town's view, greatly benefiting the general condition of that city on account of the large amount of traffic necessarily passing through on its way to and from the vast regions of the North. Old Town is, moreover, the center of a large district having within a radius of about twelve miles a population of over 47,000. As the center of this district she considers that she has a right to expect to be an outlet of Aroostook county.

The "pro" delegates have hopes that if the railroad officials are not favorable to the change they will be obliged to do that which they would not willingly undertake. This hope is based upon the fact that when the road was built in 1894 the charter allowed for a passage through Old Town and on this the citizens of that city appropriated \$10,000 for the purpose of assisting in the building of this road, reasonably thinking that they were investing their money

at a high rate of interest.

The principal objection raised against the new movement is that the citizens of the potato county would be obliged to rise an hour earlier in order to come south. Trains now leaving at 6.10 a. m., would leave at 5.10 a. m., to connect with Boston. This change of schedule would greatly inconvenience people from more distant points.

Again, the humble "spud" holds the right of way over its consumers in the winter time and as the trains are frequently delayed by the heavy snowfalls, the shippers are unwilling to risk a hold up of even a few hours.

That other troublesome product of Nature—coal, also prevents the practicability of the new road. Mr. Todd of the B. & A., explains that he has already removed, in response to the requests of the government, several trains from his roads and that it would appear strange to deliberately change the present route to one that, while bringing but little benefit to Bangor and Old Town and undoubtedly inconveniencing our northern neighbors, would consume much more fuel than is now used.

Such is the situation as it now stands and, although we all like to see local improvements made and carried on, appearances seem to favor the use of the route

which has served the purposes and needs of the North for over 12 years. However, advocates for the change are firm in their resolution to carry out their plans and it is expected that soon a mass meeting will be held at which all sides of the situation will be discussed in a more detailed extent.

T. B.

The girls of Bangor High school have again started their military drill under Mr. Mitchell. This drill was first thought of in the spring of 1917, when the District Nurses' Association, wishing a novelty in entertainment, put on a girls' exhibition drill.

The next year a competition drill was staged by the same association. By this time the idea had taken quite a hold among the girls of the school and they began planning for a larger organization to be included among the school activities.

Last year a battalion of three companies was formed with about 70 girls in each company. The work was done two afternoons a week in the school gymnasium, the girls' companies having it on afternoons when the boys were not using it.

This year the girls have again started their drills afternoons, and they plan to continue throughout the year.

By chance it has happened that the afternoons selected for the girls' drill have happened to be the afternoons that the R. O. T. C. battalion drills. So far the drills have not conflicted except in a minor way, the R. O. T. C. drilling in Abbott Square and the girls in the gymnasium. The conflict occurred in the entering of the building by the boys, for dismissal.

It is a question, however, of how long there will be no more serious complication. With the coming of snow the R. O. T. C. must necessarily drill indoors. As there are five companies it appears that the afternoons would be taken by them.

True, two of the companies could drill at night, but what two? In each company is a large percentage of out-of-town pupils who would find it impossible to drill at night. Again, on what nights would they drill? At least three of the five nights available will be taken by the basketball team for practice and the other two nights might be extremely inconvenient to the men of the companies.

Supposing that these objections could be overcome by making transfers among the companies, there is another objection. If a pupil misses a few drills must he be obliged to wait until spring to make them up? It would appear that he must, for there would be no time left for "make-up" drills during the winter.

This brings us back to our original subject, the girls' drill. It would seem that eventually this drill must interfere with the R. O. T. C. work—something that would hardly be permitted.

It seems then that the girls' drill should at least be suspended during the winter.

The drill itself is of little value. Of course, it does, to a certain extent, benefit the girls who take it, but it can scarcely be compared to a course of physical training such as has been carried on in previous years. Nor can the benefits of the drill be compared to the benefits of a course of hygiene and first aid that might be carried on by one of our school nurses.

Either of these courses might be carried on at a time or in a place that would not interfere with R. O. T. C. work, during the winter. In the spring the drill could be taken up again when the R. O. T. C. would be out-of-doors.

Fully as much ground could be covered in the drill, for in past years the winter drills have been simply a monotonous round of certain movements, and in the spring the same things in a larger space.

It is hoped that the members of the

girls' companies will not see in these lines an argument to abolish their drill. The writer thinks that the girls' drills are all right in their place, but that their place is not in interfering with the R. O. T. C. work.

There recently appeared in Canada, an article dealing with the question—if it may be called that—of the boundary of Maine and Canada, a boundary settled nearly 75 years ago.

**What
Is His
Object?**

The article was written by Sir Andrew MacPhail, a professor and the editor of the University Magazine of Montreal.

What was Sir Andrew's object in writing the article has not been determined, but it is believed that it was only to open a new line of attack on the treaty of peace and the League of Nations' Covenant.

Sir Andrew's argument was based on Article 1, section 19, of the treaty of Versailles. This section deals with the right of the League to deal with "inapplicable treaties whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world."

Certainly no intelligent person in the United States or Canada would think that Canada would go to war with us to acquire a strip of land comprising Aroostook county, and parts of Piscataquis, Penobscot and Somerset counties.

The present boundary was determined by a commission headed by Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton, after the United States and Canada had both given up parts of their claims.

No League of Nations would interfere with a boundary that has stood between two great nations for such a length of time without dispute.

Considered carefully, Sir Andrew MacPhail's article seems to be more an attempt to gain notice than a really serious argument upon the boundary question.

One of our sister schools in this state was recently stricken with the strike "fever."

Because the pupils of the school did not approve of the action of their principal upon the question of the eligibility of a football player, they walked out.

Superintendent Thomas of the state school board, arbitrated the matter and the pupils shortly returned to their studies. The principal's decision was not altered but nevertheless the pupils went back to school.

This seems to indicate a sudden hasty action on the part of the pupils, under leaders who felt the need of a "vacation."

A school strike is nothing new. There have been strikes before, for different reasons. One that may perhaps be remembered was in a New England High school and was caused by a question about the rights of the medical examiner of the school.

Nearly all the strikes of this sort could be averted if the authorities would make certain rules that, if disobeyed, would mean expulsion. The majority of the parents would back the authorities, if only for the purpose of discipline.

The cooler headed pupils of a school could do much toward averting an occurrence like this by simply laughing at the "agitators." Something like this happened here November 11. Because no action was taken by the city government school was held as usual. Some one suggested a "strike," but the suggestion was promptly taken as a piece of irony so that no action came from it. Schools kept with the usual attendance and perfect order, Armistice Day, at Bangor.

The schools of our country are the birth-places of good citizenship, let nothing turn them into breeding places of Bolshevism.



"There is no Book so Bad but Something Good may be Found in it."

THE BELGIAN HERO, LAROQUE

By C. E. Stevenson, '22.



IN the southwestern part of Belgium, near the border of France, is the village of Beuche, separated from the railroad center of Mons by a distance of only two or three miles. Beuche, before the war, was a small village with many quaint, neatly kept farms, the owners of which were, for the most part, well-to-do Belgian peasants.

On one of the largest and prettiest of these farms, Jean Laroque was born. His father, although not an educated man, believed strongly in education. Therefore, at the age of ten Jean was sent to the city of Mons to go to school. Jean's brother, seven years older than himself, was helping his father on the farm in order that the boy might have the much needed schooling. He also had a little sister, four years old, whom he loved very much.

Jean was in the middle of his fourth year at school when the Huns began their devastating invasion of Belgium. Jean, now fourteen, was taken from school to do his best to support his mother and little sister, for his father and big brother were called to the front to help keep out the advancing hordes of Germans. How he wished that he was old enough to go, and how his heart ached when his brother came up to say good-bye!

The departure of those Belgians from Beuche was far different from the departure of our American lads. Over here the boys were escorted to the trains with music and cheers. But over there in Belgium the peasants stood in silent, horror-stricken groups. Some of the men were given parts of uniforms, but the greater number received none at all. When the allotment of rifles had been given out, the unarmed men took their light, sporting rifles. This, then, was the condition of things when the Laroques stepped into line.

"God bless and keep you, Jean. May you always do your duty, first to Belgium, and second, to your dear mother and sister." These were his father's parting words, which rang in the boy's ears long after the smoky little train had disappeared around the bend.

As time went on, Jean had become accustomed to the hard work thrust upon him, so that when the terrible news came that the Germans were in Mons, he had developed into a strong, healthy, though small, boy of fifteen.

The German commander, after making his headquarters at Mons, issued orders that every man or boy in Beuche, over twelve years of age, should report there at once. Every able bodied man or boy was put to work doing something, while their

families were left to get food as best they might.

Now, it happened that one of the officers on the general's staff took a great liking to Jean's straightforward, and soldierly appearance, or perhaps this story would never have been written. Any way, the captain chose Jean for his own private servant. For this reason he was allowed many privileges which were denied the other people. Jean was given until eleven every morning, to do the chores and what work he could around home, after which he had to report to the German officer at Mons, returning home again about nine every night.

It was about eight o'clock one hot, moonlight night when the captain summoned Jean to take two glasses of wine into the general's private rose garden, around which was a neatly trimmed cedar hedge. As he was leaving the room with the wine the captain said, "Put on your best appearance for the general has a distinguished guest with him tonight. After you have done this you may go home."

Upon entering the garden Jean saw, seated opposite the general, the Crown Prince of Germany. Instantly into the boy's head flashed the words of his father, "May you always do your duty first to Belgium." . . . After passing the wine to the general with a low bow, he saluted the guard at the door of the garden and walked briskly on for a few paces in the dark. Then he turned to the left, wormed his way into the hedge, and lay still.

It was a hot, quiet night, so quiet that every sound could be heard distinctly for a long distance. Oh, how Jean thanked God for having been sent to school, where he had studied the German language! For, at the first few words of the Kaiser's son, his heart beat furiously, and the blood went pounding through his veins.

"Then we are absolutely alone," the

Crown Prince said.

"Absolutely alone, sire," replied the general.

"Very well, then. At twelve o'clock to-night special trains will begin to come in, and I want every fighting man you have in this ten mile sector, except those in the first and second line trenches, put on board these trains.

"Probably in a week or less these men will be sent back. But in the meantime I suggest that you gather all the people, old and young, men and women, from the country into this city, where they can be watched. Of course, you can see the importance and need of absolute secrecy in this move. I put great trust in you, general, and if you carry this move through successfully, his majesty, the Kaiser, will decorate you with the iron cross."

For a little after the prince had gone Jean could hardly move. But he quickly collected his wits and began to think. He knew that it would be almost impossible to go through the German lines without being shot. But the river? Could he not swim the river which passed through Mons into France? He realized that he was only fifteen, also that the distance before striking British lines was about six miles. But what made the difference, it was all for Belgium, and that was the only way, so he must do it.

Sneaking through alleys and dodging the sleepy guards, Jean soon found himself in the open fields and then at the river. Again he thanked God that there was a strong current, which was flowing his way. Plunging into the water, he swam and floated and waded the first three miles without much difficulty, resting now and then under a pier, and seeing only a few sentries. But the fourth mile he had to hide more often, and sometimes swim under water, to escape the watchful eyes of the Huns; because, as he neared the front, a more vigi-

lant watch was kept.

Having rested under a pier for the last time, Jean started to pass the last German sentry he could see. He thought he was almost safe when—"ping"—the sentry fired and the bullet struck him in the side just above the hip. He sank and surely would have fainted had he not been in the water. With a last dash of strength, he swam under water for ten feet; and, upon coming to the surface, struck for shore, for he knew he could go no further. Once upon the shore, he fainted from loss of blood.

About half an hour later he was picked

up by a British reconnoitering party. They took him back to camp where his wound was cared for. Although the doctor pronounced the wound fatal, Jean became conscious long enough to tell his story.

The next day the British won a dashing victory over the Germans, clearing the whole ten mile sector around Mons.

* * * *

The war is over now, and in a little country graveyard in Beuche is a small stone on which may be found these words: "Jean Laroque, fifteen years of age, who died in the service of his country."

ONE CHRISTMAS

By E. C., 1920.



THE sun rose late over the snow covered hills and looked down on a little country village, hemmed in on all sides by white, barren stretches. The roads were unbroken, the farm yards deserted, and there was no sign of life anywhere in the settlement. No sign of life—well, not quite, for far off in the distance but still, visibly coming nearer, was a heavy pall of smoke. It was the snow plow, clearing the way for the regular morning train. Although the little town was on no main highway, it was fairly important to the railroad for it was through the little valley in which it nestled that the tracks had been laid.

The morning train, was due at nine o'clock and even on Christmas morning it must try and keep to its schedule. However, one look at the vast white expanse precluded any possibility of the train's arriving anywhere near on time. It would come, but when? "Would it be in time?" That was the one question that was in the minds of all the villagers. "Would it come in time?"

Why? Well, the answer partly ex-

plained why the village seemed so deserted. Partly due to the storm, partly due to the anxiety for one who was dear to all of them, the simple folk remained in their homes. They could do nothing but wait, wait for what the future would bring forth, wait for the coming of the train. Some semblance of merrymaking was attempted in the homes where there were small children and these, too young to realize what was happening, were the only happy beings in the village. The older children were as serious as their elders, realizing all too well the shadow hanging over them. Such was the general aspect of the village on this Christmas morning—general in all but one home.

This was the home where centered the thoughts of all—a typical, old fashioned farmhouse, rambling and surrounded with various outbuildings. It was scarcely quieter outside than in for a grim Presence hovered there—hovered around the bed where lay a dainty, little, old lady. She was surrounded by all the comforts that could be obtained and everything possible was being done for her. A terrible fight was being waged against the ravages of dis-

ease—the only hope was in the arrival of the train from the city before it was too late.

This little old lady was the Fairy Godmother of the whole village. In her youth she had been just one of the village young people but as she married and grew older, a great change came into her life. She had two sons, both of whom had long since left their boyhood village. But how different had been the ways of their going! Ed, the younger, had always been wild and ungovernable. At eighteen he had suddenly gone away one day and since then only vague and contradictory reports of him had been heard. The general impression seemed to be that he was one of the labor agitators who were stirring up strikes about the country.

The other son, John, was entirely different. All through his years of study, first at college, then in medical school and finally in the hospitals of the city, he had never forgotten his mother and the little village. Often he came to see her and regularly his letters came ever after he was at the front in France. Now he had but recently been sent home and discharged. His visit to his mother was yet to be.

After the disappearance of Ed his mother had been changed. She had idolized her youngest boy even as she leaned on and admired John. Her cheery nature finally asserted itself once more, however, and as her character became gentler and sweeter, she became more and more the helper of all those who were in trouble.

One could easily tell by one look at her face why little children trusted her so; brought their little disasters and trials to her for her help and in every way showed their love and trust. They had done without her now for weeks and small and young as they were, they missed her fully as much as their elders.

For these, too, that Fairy Godmother al-

ways had help and advice when they needed it and it was they who, noticing that her life was fast going out, had sent word to John to come at once; not only to see his mother but because he had specialized in the particular disease that was wasting her away. He had replied he would come on the train on Christmas morning and it was for him that the whole village was waiting with fearful hearts.

* * * *

A few days before the engineer of this snow plow had been to a meeting, addressed by a well known agitator. He had listened attentively and retained all that had been said. Now, as he was working his engine through the drifts that obstructed the track, he was pondering on it all. Why, those were HIS real thoughts only he had never been able to put them into such language. Every word that had been said was true. Of course it was true for wasn't that man an educated man? He wouldn't tell anything unless he knew it was true.

Suddenly there was a crash and the engine fell over on its side. The engineer had been so engrossed in his musings that he had not noticed that the switch was closed. Now the track was obstructed by a wreck as well as by snow.

* * * *

About three o'clock in the afternoon, the morning train arrived at the scene of the wreck. In the sick room in the village the crisis was near. In half an hour Doctor John was striding across the snow covered fields in search of a sleigh in which to continue his journey. At three-thirty in the village the blinds of a certain room were closed and the door was locked. Ed had sowed better than he knew.

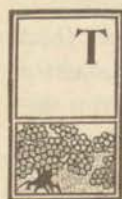
Sorrow was in the hearts of the village people that night; sorrow for their own loss; sorrow for John who had come too late. Of Ed they never thought. Even if

they had it is doubtful if they would have considered him as bereaved. Long ago he had given up his claim and had himself been mourned for by his mother. Ed was a dead man to the village. But had he known of the death of his mother; had he known how he had been in great part responsible, would that feeling in his heart

so long rooted out have come back and troubled him? Was his heart hardened as well as his face? Had he entirely forgotten his boyhood? Who can tell? Some day it must be that he will learn it all and then, then, will he fully and justly reap the bitter fruit of his harvest.

A CHRISTMAS SECRET

By Censor Oraculis.



TIMES were hard in 1873; there was a great depression in the industrial world. Men were working for fifteen cents an hour and counting themselves lucky to get work at all; many were idle through no fault of their own and there was much suffering and privation. People went without things in a way and to an extent unknown at the present time. Ice cream cones had not been invented, but, though ice cream was well known to people in comfortable circumstances, there were probably hundreds of other people who had never tasted of it. Clothes were worn not till they were out of style but until they would no longer hold together, and they figured long afterward in hooked or braided rugs.

At that time, in a town of about the size and geographical situation of Bangor, two families lived, in each of which was a boy of sixteen. John Corey was the son of a well-to-do ship owner and he had a sister two years younger than himself whose name was Laura. Beecher Carrington was the son of a poor widow and he had a little sister, Lottie, just seven years old. Mrs. Carrington did what used to be called plain sewing and by working ten to fifteen hours a day earned fifty cents nearly every day. Of course Beecher worked, too, doing odd jobs whenever he could get them,

but odd jobs were not so very plenty; most people did their own.

The Carrington family were very proud and asked help of no one. Beecher wore old patched clothes to school but it is very doubtful if he had the least idea that it was a hardship, first because he was a very bright and popular boy, whom everyone admired, a natural leader, and second, because patches on clothing were very common in school at that time and his patches were put on by his mother with the utmost neatness and skill.

There was always something—yes, always enough to eat in the Carrington household; for when eggs are ten cents a dozen and milk is five cents a quart, fifty cents a day will go farther than it does at the present time. Yet they had bread and molasses pretty often and smoked herrings, which could be bought at the rate of two for a cent, more often than beefsteak, which was eight cents a pound.

But there was often courage and cheerfulness in the little home, self respect, and talk that was worth while. Thanks to an excellent library in the town, there was plenty of good reading, too; for, although Mrs. Carrington wore the same winter coat for eighteen years, she could always afford two dollars a year for the library fee. They would never have dreamed of giving up books, which were a necessity rather than

a luxury in their family. Beecher used to read aloud to his mother as she sewed and thus little Lottie became familiar with Scott and Dickens before she could do long division. "Plain living and high thinking" was the rule in that household.

John Corey was an intimate friend and ardent admirer of Beecher Carrington. He was in and out of the Carrington house at all hours and saw a good deal of its economies; but not for the world would he have mentioned such things, least of all in his own home, partly because his sister, Laura, was a rather aristocratic person in her tastes, who, though she admired Beecher Carrington more than any other person she knew, would not, I am sorry to say, have been in the least above laughing at some of the makeshifts that were everywhere visible in the Carrington home and her brother simply could not have stood that.

Christmas was approaching and preparations for it were everywhere made. By sitting up till midnight Mrs. Carrington found time to fashion a new doll's body and stuff it with sawdust for Lottie's gift. She carefully sewed it upon the china head that had served all Lottie's dolls since she was three years old; the sewing had to be done with care for a piece was broken out of Argemone Etheldreda's neck at a critical point, but that only served to give verisimilitude to the little girl's belief that Argemone Etheldreda was a victim to neuralgia. Into that jagged little orifice were poured various remedies, when the suffering was intense, until finally the poor doll became so redolent of Johnson's liniment and Pond's extract that Mrs. Carrington renewed her framework not without relief. More midnight work on her part would furnish Beecher with a new pair of mittens. As for their own gift, the brother and sister had, by careful negotiation with a farmer, succeeded in getting a peck of apples for their mother, a gift of which

they were very proud. The two had worked for the man in August, Lottie faithfully doing her share, cutting apples to dry and had arranged without their mother's knowledge, that, in addition to the peck of fall apples he gave them for their work, they should have another peck of winter apples at Christmas time. Altogether the Carringtons looked forward to Christmas with much satisfaction, as well they might; for theirs were true gifts, full of loving thought and cheerful sacrifice.

Several days before Christmas John Corey saw his sister carrying down stairs a pile of dolls' clothes. "What are you doing with those, sis?" he asked her, carelessly.

"I am going to put them into the paper rags," replied Laura, loftily. "I shall never play dolls again," she added, with a very fine-ladyish air.

You see everyone, as a matter of course saved paper rags in those days and sold them to peddlers for eight cents a pound.

John Corey looked at the really elegant little garments, among which was a pink satin ball dress, with a long train, and thought how much they would please Lottie Carrington, but not for the world would he have said so, not merely because Laura was in one of her most aristocratic moods, but even more because he felt that a boy of sixteen would indeed be disgraced if he showed any interest in dolls' clothes. Still he did want those things for Lottie Carrington and what was more he meant to have them.

No burglar meditating a bank robbery ever laid his plans with more careful secrecy. He stole by night out to the back room in which stood the barrel of paper rags and by the light of the barn lantern carefully pulled out the discarded dolls' finery. He searched the attic for a suitable box and discovered a wooden one of exactly the right size. But how should he get

the box and its contents to Lottie without being discovered? Chance furnished just the right opportunity as Chance has a habit of doing. John's father had business in a town about ten miles away and took his son along to hold the horse. When Mr. Corey was safely out of the way, John darted into the express office and sent the bundle, which he had previously addressed in big printed letters.

On Christmas day he had the very great pleasure of seeing the box arrive and Lottie open it. The child was happy beyond words, and, as pleasant things are often even pleasanter than one expects, a finishing touch was added by the discovery that several little things in the box were marked "L. C." which stood for Lottie Carrington just as well as for Laura Corey, though nobody had planned it so.

Of course Beecher and John made gruff and ridiculous remarks about the appearance of Argemone Etheldreda in her new pink satin attire; but Lottie didn't mind their jokes in the least. Everybody made a guess at the sender of the box. John's was that it came from a peculiarly crabbed old farmer who lived in the town from

which it came. Not a word did he, then or ever after, say of his own part in the gift. When Laura asked him what the Carringtons had for Christmas he told her she had better ask Beecher. But Laura would as soon have dared ask the high school principal what he had in his stocking. So the secret remained a secret and was never told. John enjoyed the thought of it every Christmas of his life.

To be really artistic this story should say that Lottie and John were married about fifteen years afterward, but such was not the case. Lottie married a theological student, who afterward became a much respected minister. Nor did Laura and Beecher fall in love and marry. Laura married a prosperous farmer and, like many a rather silly girl, became a wise and sensible woman. John carried on his father's business successfully; but Beecher fulfilled the promise of his youth by becoming a famous scientist. He married a wealthy society lady and while he was dredging in the interests of science, he discovered a small and very ugly fish, which was named for him, *Amarythus Carringtonensis*.

A GAME OF GOSSIP

By Thur Hguolc, '21.



H, did that ring nine, Clara? Just listen a minute, please, that's the Kings'," quoth Mrs. O. Goode Knight, whose hands were so encased in biscuit dough that it kept her from listening herself.

Then, after a lapse of ten minutes, "For goodness' sakes, what did Mis' King find to say in that time, Clara?"

No answer.

"Clara."

"Sssh. Ma, something dreadful has hap-

pened....oh dear, they've shut off....you can't imagine what there it goes again. You listen this time, Ma."

Snatching down the receiver, regardless of her dough-covered hands, Mrs. Knight listened eagerly to the ensuing conversation.

"Hello. Mrs. King?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is Doctor . . ."

"Oh, doctor, how kind of you to call up, but I'm afraid it is too late. She died at two this afternoon. We had the doctor

from the village but her age was against her. I telephoned to Mr. King and he's all broken up over it. Oh, it's a terrible loss. He was so attached to her and I'm afraid it affects him more than we think. Well, doctor, thank you so much for calling me. You cannot imagine how it helps to have sympathy. Good-bye."

As poor bereaved Mrs. King put up her receiver, twenty others clicked in unison, showing that her conversation had been by no means private, a word, unknown to the simple country folk of that district.

"Goodness, Clara," cried Mrs. Knight, excitedly, "Mr. King's mother has died—at two o'clock this after—and him away at the Mills. What a shame! I must call up Lizzie Swett."

But what Mrs. Knight had heard Lizzie had heard also, and when Mrs. Knight had rung twelve and taken down her receiver, a babble of voices greeted her ears.

Said Mrs. Jones, "I was up there just yesterday mornin' and she was looking powerful sickly. 'Why don't you go to bed?' sez I, but no she had so much knitting to do and I told her my new receipt for that sage balm. I always thought that Mis' King treated her mother like a baby if I do say so as shouldn't. But that won't bring her back again. I think I shall send a big bunch of my pansies, they are getting so purty now."

Here she was interrupted by old Mrs. Thompson who remarked mournfully to her twenty listeners over the phone, "If my asters hadn't a' died I could o' used them but they're all gone. What would you send, Mis' Bridges?"

Mrs. Bridges was evidently thinking of other things, for she said, "Well, ladies, I don't think we ought to discuss these things over the 'phone but the 'Helping Hand Bee' meets at Mrs. Adams' tomorrow and we can finish our talk then."

At the "Bee" held the next day, everyone had something to say about the sudden death of old Mrs. King.

"I called Mrs. King up las' night," said Mrs. Knight, "but nobody answered. I suppose they are all so broke up over it that they can't even answer their own neighbors. But——"

"As I was washin' my supper dishes I saw Mr. King drivin' by and fer a man afflicted by sorrow as he is, I must say appearances are deceiving. He was whistling 'When We Cross the River Jordan' as loud as could be. It's a good thing that his mother couldn't come back to earth. Such doings!"

When the refreshments were served the conversation naturally drifted into other channels.

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Jones, holding up a dainty china cup. "Old Mis' King promised me that set of her Haviland china while I was tending her during her last sick spell."

"I'll have to get Jim's dinner a mite earlier so's I can get to the funeral early enough to get a look at her nice new friendship quilt. I've always had a hankering after it anyhow," confessed Mrs. Leighton, the chief village gossip.

"By the way," interrupted Mrs. Edgerly, "when do you s'pose they'll hev the funeral? I'll hev to fix up my black silk agin, this makin' the fourth time and I'd like to ki——"

But just then she was interrupted by a great stir among those present and the door opened to admit Mrs. King, flushed and radiant.

"Good afternoon, everybody!" she cried. "Do excuse me for being late but our old horse, Maggie, that we have had for so many years, died yesterday afternoon and I was late gittin' Abner's dinner as he had to bury her."

A LEGEND OF THE POPLAR

Know you our wonderful forest?—
 Much you can learn from her children;
 Songs that are sweet and entrancing,
 Tales that are strange and bewitching,
 Look at the leaves of the poplar—
 Restless they sway in the breezes,
 Restless when breezes are sleeping
 Ever its green leaves are quaking.
 Ages ago Mother Nature
 Sung it to sleep in the twilight.
 Sweetly the little leaves slumbered,

Slumbered from even till daybreak,
 But when they crucified Jesus,
 Crucified Jesus, our Savior,
 Made they His cross of the poplar—
 Fashioned both crosspiece and upright
 Out of the wood of the poplar.
 Then was this tree of the forest
 Cursed for all ages to follow;
 Always to quake and to shiver
 Restless forever and ever.

—Bernice Wentworth, '20.

"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN"

All the countries of Earth had met in great
 strife

And the world was near drenched in the
 blood,

When a Heavenly voice cried 'Cease to
 spill life,"

When came Peace in a wonderful flood.

Ah, the cause of the war was the greed of
 one man,

Who will'd all of the world for his own.
 Not at all did he care if the stream of life
 ran

Into sadness, despair, and dull moan.

Not a thought did he give to the mother at
 home,

Nor the gray hairs that came all too
 soon,

Nor to soldier boy loved, far, far o'er the
 foam,

Who fought bravely from moon until
 moon.

But a bright morning dawned in the gold
 of the East

And the birds sang a cheerier song,
 For the awful world war had finally ceased
 And man's heart rejoiced all the day long.

Oh, what must it have meant to our dear
 boys in France,

When the armistice news was o'erspread!
 Off came gun and mask, on went joy and
 the dance,

For their hearts were made feathers—
 from lead.

And the mother at home looked up from
 the sock

Into which she had purled all her tears,
 And gladly she smiled, for the news that
 did mock

At the darkness of life and its fears.

—Anna M. Jorgenson, '20.

CHRISTMAS

'Tis but a story that's ever so old—
 Surely you all know it well—
 Gaining in glory as it is retold,
 Echoing far in sweet bell.

Shepherds were warned by a glittering star,
 While they were watching their sheep,
 Speaking to them from the heavens afar
 When the wide world was asleep.

Straightway they went forth to worship
 their King,
 Born in a manger low;
 Others great gifts to the Baby did bring,
 Jewels and wealth they did show.

Loving and loved was the dear little Boy,
 Knowing and known was He;
 Therefore, great holiness, glory, and joy
 In the word Christmas we see.

—Marion Hall, '20.

MEMORIES

If you've ever tiptoed softly up the stairs at
 twelve o'clock,
 When perchance you should have been at
 home by nine,
 If you've ever come in late and in a badly
 wrinkled frock,
 Then you'll understand this little tale of
 mine.

Oh! the night was still and balmy, but the
 stairs were wont to creak—
 Some stairs they have that habit I have
 found,

If you try to walk in silence, oh, good
 gracious how they squeak!
 And the halls with maddening echoes then
 resound.

But if on the gray tomorrow to your room
 you are confined,
 And explanations are to no avail,
 While you ponder at the workings of your
 parent's cruel mind,
 Oh! then you'll understand the meaning of
 this tale.

—Susan Sawyer, ex-20.

A GOOD BOOK AS A FRIEND

By Pauline Aiken, '21.

A good book is more than an amusement
 for an idle hour. It is a friend. My con-
 ception of a real friend is, "one who uplifts
 our ideals and whose influence is always for
 the good." Judging by this standard I can
 say without hesitation that some books
 have been the finest friends I have ever had.

One of my best friends is Dickens' "Tale
 of Two Cities." Of all the charactres I
 know, I think I love Sydney Carton best.
 Sydney Carton's sacrifice is the greatest of
 which I have ever heard, for the memories
 of the patriots who have given their lives
 for their country and of the martyrs who

died for their religion have gone down
 through the ages, honored and loved, but
 he, asking no reward, died to save the hus-
 band of the woman he loved, knowing well
 that, save in the hearts of the few people
 who loved him, his life and his death would
 soon be forgotten.

Yet, in spite of the grandeur of his sacri-
 fice, how human he is! He does not tower
 above us in solitary majesty. His last act
 is to comfort with tenderest sympathy the
 last hour of a poor little orphan girl who,
 like him, must die on the guillotine. In
 death, as in life, he thought of others before

himself.

There are more faultless characters than Sydney Carton; there are gallant knights and mighty kings by whose valor and chivalry we are thrilled; there are splendid men who rise above all obstacles and fight a win-

ning battle; but I believe that there can never be a character who will take the place of Sydney Carton in the hearts of admirers of Dickens, or a book which can exert a stronger or finer influence than the "Tale of Two Cities."

SAMBO'S ORDEAL

By Carlotta Hersey, '20.



MAMMY, why for's you gittin' out dat narsty ol' yellar soap?" asked Sambo, rolling his black eyes around uneasily.

"Now, ye jest look a ha'r chile, an't dis de Lord's day? Shore de good Lord dun lak lil' shillens' all dirt. Dis yer blessed minnit I's gwine mak' youse clean."

"Law's sake! Mammy, I's dun need no baf. An't I had a baf las' week? Law's! dere an't been no time to get dirty. Why for's ye gwine to give me one? Dere an't none gwine to see de dirt under thish shirt nohow," wailed the little daky.

"Deed ye do! Youse all sat down in dat cha'r an' stop peskerin' yere ol' mammy. Didn't I see youse out rollin' aroun' in de yard this ver' marnin'? De good Lord kin see dat dirt. Dis water an't gwine to bite. Ye come h'ar now, Sambo, an' step right into dis here tub."

"Ouch! Mammy, ouch! de water's hot! Yere takin' all de skin off!"

"Fo' de lan's sake! Ye want for to be a

good-for-nothin' nigger? Stop yere wigglin' now. How's thish ol' mammy gwine to git ye clean when yere dancin' aroun' dis a way? Dere's soap in yere eye? Well, dat dun mak no count. Lil' Marse Lloyd's jest goin' by in de carriage, wid his yellar curls shinin'. Don' ye want to be clean lak him?"

"Law's dat mak no difference nohow! Co's he needs washin'—de dirt shows! Dat an't no sign dis nigger needs it. De Lord made me different. Ouch! Mammy dun scrub dat way! Lak's not my ears gwine to come off."

* * * *

Half an hour later Sambo emerged from his ordeal, his black face shining like a plate. He sat dejectedly on one corner of the room, gingerly feeling of his ears.

"Dere ain't no use o' all dat fuss," he muttered to himself. "Mammy's de only one what can tell is mah ears dirty anyhow."

And his yellow pup, sitting beside him, blinked both eyes in assent.

THE SPIRIT OF CO. B

By Arthur Lipsky, '20.



"T'S no use, fellows," declared Corporal Smith, stepping over where we were sitting. "The captain said that we probably won't get back to the States before next spring."

This information came to us like a thun-

derbolt. Since the company had come up from the firing line we had been anxiously waiting for the order that would send us to the transport. For a month past we had eagerly scanned the lists, hoping that our company would be scheduled for an early sailing. The last few days we had the

highest hopes of reaching home by Christmas but these were rudely shattered by Corporal Smith's announcement.

A long silence followed and disgust was plainly written on the faces of everyone present.

"Well, if that don't beat everything," exclaimed Bob, suddenly. "I thought that the war was won long ago. I wonder how much longer they are going to keep us in this place?"

"Oh, what's the use of kicking, Bob?" asked Sandy, who was one of those good natured fellows who take things as they come. "We might as well take our medicine. When Uncle Sam gets ready he'll send for us."

"Oh, shucks," began Bob, "I wish you'd cut out that—"

Just then the rasping notes of a bugle sounding assembly, was heard through the barracks, followed by a shout from the first sergeant, "Everybody outside."

There was a scramble for the door and in a few minutes the company was drawn up in front of the barracks. The roll call was read, then the company was marched off to the drill field for the regular retreat parade. The usual ceremony took place but little did we dream of the pleasant surprise in store for us. After the adjutant had published the general orders he read the following announcement, "Company B, (our own company), will prepare to embark on the transport North Atlantic the day after tomorrow."

We could hardly wait until the company was dismissed, so happy were we at the prospects of reaching home in time for Christmas. That evening we sat around joyfully discussing our good fortune.

"Just think," spoke up Rexford, "we'll be home in a couple of weeks more. Won't it seem good, though, to get back to civies." His voice changed suddenly, "Here comes Lieut. Cole. Wonder what's up now?"

As the lieutenant approached, we jumped to attention. With a wave of his hand he motioned us to be seated. We could see plainly that something was troubling him for he acted as though he had an unpleasant duty to perform.

"Men," he began, "You all heard the order at parade. No doubt you are all anticipating your return to the States. Tomorrow morning the —th machine gun company, made up of casuals, will arrive here. Nearly every man in the company has either been gassed or wounded. They have suffered terribly for months. These men will have to remain here for some time and cannot get the medical treatment they should. Now the captain and I have decided that the proper thing for us to do as true soldiers of the greatest country in the world is to let these men sail the day after tomorrow and remain here in their place. We decided to place this matter before you men and we are banking on every man to sign this petition. Now, men it's up to you."

For a few minutes no one spoke. It was hard to give up such an opportunity. Sandy was the first to break the silence and he spoke for all of us.

"Of course, sir, we'll all sign."

* * * *

By the way, I almost forgot to tell you that we did get home for Christmas. You see the "old man" heard about the petition and shipped us on a British transport.

THE KNIGHT, HONOR

Carolyn Witherly, '21.



A young knight in shining armor, rode along the highway. He was the last of a noble and famous family. The greatest aim of his ancestors had been to hold an untarnished honor. So his father, a noble baron, had named his only son after the great virtue.

On the front of Honor's shield was a cross, the emblem of his ancestors. On the back of his shield were graven these words: "Respect your God; respect your honor; and if you always respect your honor, you will at the same time, respect your God."

Honor knew nothing of the world except what his father had told him. He knew that he would encounter many temptations and many hardships; but these, his father had said, he must always meet face to face.

He checked the coal-black steed upon which he rode and removed his helmet. A better featured lad could not be found. Big and blond was he—a typical Anglo-Saxon; and determination was written upon his face.

A fine picture they made—the young knight, Honor, and the coal-black steed, with a beautiful wide-spreading country for a background.

Just ahead of him were four cross-roads: one leading north, one south, one west, and the other east. They were the crossroads of Life. Which one to take Honor was in doubt. The three leading east, west, and south, were well-built roads, and in the distance, Honor could see great castles. Here were wealth and luxury. Here would be no work, no hardships.

He put on his helmet and started to take the road to the south, where loomed up the most magnificent castles. Then the parting words of his father returned to him: "Meet hardships and temptations face to

face; do not let them overcome you." And as Honor remembered these words, he turned around without hesitation and took the road to the north.

Ahead of him all he could see was a long, rocky, rough road that seemed to be always climbing. The horse stumbled at every step and often nearly fell. Night, too, was coming on; and just ahead was a great, gloomy forest, which he had to go through because there was no way around it.

Already he could hear the wolves howling in the distance as if they had scented him from afar for their prey. But Honor was not afraid, for was he not in his Father's care? And did he not have his noble horse for a helpmate?

As he came to the edge of the forest he did not hesitate but rode on. The pack of wolves came at him, snarling and howling. His horse snorted and reared and then galloped on. The wolves followed, and Honor, afraid that the horse would give out when he might be more needed, dismounted and turned to fight them with his only weapon, his sword. One he killed with his first blow. And, as the wolf dropped dead, the emblem on Honor's shield suddenly became illumined and grew larger and larger until it formed a great cross of light. At the foot of the cross of light stood Honor.

The wolves fell back, and, snarling and howling, fled in terror. Suddenly the cross disappeared, and Honor fell upon his knees and gave thanks to the Father in Heaven. Then he arose and mounted his horse and rode on and on all through the night.

At daybreak he came to the edge of the and worn out after journeying for hours forest. Both he and his horse were hungry over the rough road. Many times Honor had been tempted to turn back but always had overcome the temptation.

Suddenly he saw by the roadside a house

which belonged to a band of robbers. But Honor knew that he must stop, for his horse was unable to go farther. He dismounted and knocked at the door. A rough looking man opened it. Honor asked for food and a resting place for himself and his horse. The man welcomed him in and sent a boy to take care of the horse. Honor was taken to a large hall, where a table was set and where many men were eating. He was then led before a man who seemed to be the chieftain. Again he asked for food and rest, but the chief said that before he had either he must first promise to join the band. When Honor replied that he would, wine was placed before him to drink to the health of the chief.

But as he raised the wine to his lips, he saw at the bottom of the glass a small, golden cross. Then he forgot his hunger, his thirst, and even his weariness, and told the chieftain that he refused the offer. Quickly, Honor was ordered out of the house, tired and hungry and lacking a horse; and as he stumbled on his armor became a great burden.

Just ahead of him was a great hill which must be climbed and at the top of which he saw, to his astonishment, a castle, larger and more wonderful than he had ever dreamed. The walls glittered and shone as if made of pure gold. Honor did not seem to mind the climb up the hill, for in some strange way, he knew that he had come to the end of the road and that the castle would be his own.

As he reached the gate, he glanced down at his armor. It was dull and tarnished by age. He put his hand to his face and found that he had grown a long beard, which was now snow-white. What had seemed a few days' journey to Honor had really been a life-time.

He walked into the castle until he came to a great hall. Figures carved from gold adorned the walls. A great table was in the center of the hall, set with dishes of pure gold. At the farther end was a great throne that glistened with jewels. Two pages came forth and led him to the throne. Another page came and placed a crown of jewels upon his head, and as the jewels shone they made an aureole of light.

As Honor wondered, an angel clothed in glittering garments, came before him and said, "We crown you the greatest of all kings. You chose the rough road—the right road. Had you chosen one of the roads of wealth and luxury, you would have died in shame, but now you shall rule forever and ever. Your subjects may be few or they may be many, but sometime you shall rule over every nation. No one can follow you except by the way of the cross and he must always keep in mind your motto, 'Respect your God, respect your honor; and if you always respect your honor you will always be respecting your God.'"

Then the angel vanished and left King Honor alone to rule forever and ever, the greatest of all kings.



PHYSICAL TRAINING IN THE R. O. T. C.

By Capt. McCord.

A more comprehensive scheme of physical training should be worked out for the schools of this country. The physical training of men has a direct bearing on the future policy of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, and the points mentioned below are worthy of careful consideration in the future policy of that organization.

1. That approximately 30% of our young men within draft age failed to qualify for full military duty in time of national emergency because disqualified physically. This brings home to us that we are far from being as physically well trained a nation as we have thought.

2. That educational institutions as a whole, from the primary to the university should give emphasis to physical education and by means of proper methods of physical training and a proper allotment of time seek, in so far as they are able, to do their part in remedying the conditions mentioned above.

3. That highly specialized athletics have been too much stressed in our colleges and universities. In the future we should look forward to the development of every individual to a reasonable plan of physical efficiency rather than to the over development of a few.

4. That in time of national emergency physical fitness of the individual is the first essential and with that as a foundation, military efficiency may be very rapidly developed.

In considering the above points, it will be of interest to note the following figures recently published by the Provost Marshal's office. Those figures will serve to indicate the extent of the problem of physical education in the United States. The number of physically defective registrants who were exempt on other grounds, and who did not take the physical examination, was perhaps proportionately as large or larger than that given below.

Physical Status of Registrants

Registrants physically examined from Nov. 15, '17, to Sept. 17, '18.....	3,208,446	
Found qualified	2,259,027	70%
Remediable defectives	88,436	2.7%
Qualified for limited service.....	339,377	10.6%
Physically disqualified	521,606	16.3%

Of all those examined, 30%, that is those of the last three groups, failed to qualify for general military service.

The system of physical training now in

operation in Bangor High School Reserve Officers' Training Corps will render fit for service a number of men who might not qualify physically if called to the colors.



LOCALS

"Only a Newspaper . . . Who Sums the Treasure that it Carries Home?"

The name of the author of one of the stories in the October issue of the Oracle was omitted by mistake. The story, "When the Can of Oil Froze," was written by Elwood Kimball, '20.

During the sixth period on Friday, Nov. 14, the entire school poured into the Assembly Hall to hold the annual rally before the game with Portland. Mayor Woodman, Mr. Youngs, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Murray, the captain of the team which defeated Portland 25 years ago, Mr. O'Leary, who is interested enough in the school to attend our rallies each year, and Mr. O'Connell, a former graduate of B. H. S., all addressed the school and encouraged us for a victory.

Coach McCord called for spirit and school loyalty. His phrase, "the spirit of the man behind the man behind the man behind the gun," was quite to the point. As for Capt. Finnegan, he made the speech of his life! The student body showed plenty of enthusiasm and responded with cheering in a manner that convinced everyone that Bangor High had the spirit to send any team through to victory.

Many students showed their loyalty by meeting at the school and marching in a body to the Portland game. A group of young people led the procession, holding high a banner upon which was printed the one word "Bangor." The band in uniform,

came next and then the students, arrayed in crimson ribbons and banners. The business men of Bangor showed their interest in the game by the effective decorations of their store windows. These decorations were visible at intervals all the way to the game.

When the enthusiasts arrived at the park, the old custom of marching round the track had to be forsaken on account of the mud, but everyone made up for that in the cheering which was led by Tommy Jordan, George Geagan and John Kennedy.

Mr. Mitchell and his student aids are deserving of much praise for the good work done for our football field. The game with M. C. I. showed us that the Bangor boys had not the weight necessary to cope with a muddy gridiron. Consequently, we decided that the game with Portland should be played on dry ground; but it was Mr. Mitchell who was at Bass Park every afternoon to oversee the work, and it was through his efforts entirely that the field was in such a perfect condition on the day of Nov. 15.

After the game and the rally at Post Office Square, there was the banquet at Assembly Hall of the High School. It is needless to say that the game was one of the most hotly contested, cleanest and best ever played at Bangor and the banquet, together with the reception, was a fitting conclusion of the day's events.

The Menu.

Chicken Salad	Parker House Rolls
	Cold Ham
Olives	Pickles
	Cranberry Jelly
Harlequin Ice Cream	Assorted Cake
	Coffee
Nuts	Mints

Principal Eaton, as toastmaster, called upon the coaches and captains of the two teams as well as several others, for speeches. The waitresses were as follows: The Misses Mary Largay and Theresa Thompson in charge, assisted by the Misses Charlotte Crosby, Lovis Sawyer, Hazel Harrington, Rosemary Allen, Justina Buckley, Adelaide Wall, Ruth Savage, Edrie Mahaney, Dorothy Ewer, Dorothy Freese, Janet Nason, Angela Toole, Edna Starrett, Elizabeth Palmer, Beatrice Cox, Elsie Gregory, Frances Kennedy, Carolyn Woods, Ruth Henderson, Alice Coney, Rachael Maling, Frances Leonard, Josephine Clough, Virginia Odiorne, Anna Daley and Elizabeth Chandler. The reception was at City Hall at eight o'clock. Enjoyable music was furnished by O'Hara's orchestra, and dancing continued until twelve. This marked the end of the football season in Bangor for this year and it surely was not a bad ending.

The Junior class, contrary to the custom of former years, appointed a committee for the choosing of the class ring. The decision has been made and a most attractive design was chosen. It is a signet ring, quite plain, with the word Bangor, written out and the year 1921 appearing at the side. It is hoped that the order will be back by the first of January as of course, the anticipation is great. The committee were: Estelle Baumann, Ruth Black, Mo-

rita Pickard, Elizabeth Williams, Mary Mutty, Pauline Fairbanks, Harold Pressey, John Nelligan and Leslie Bowler.

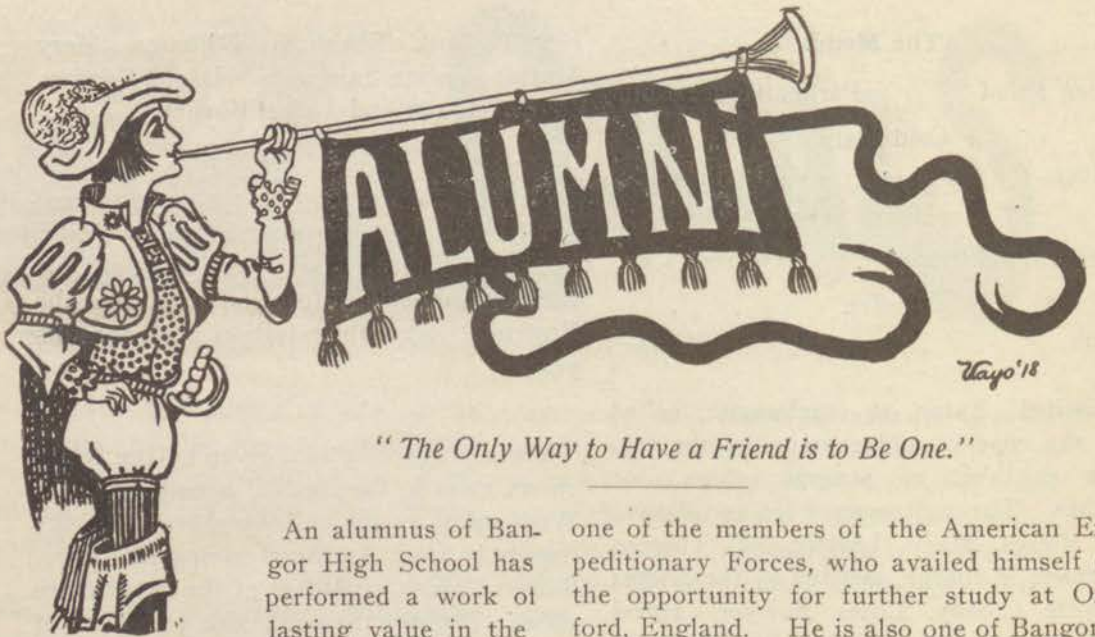
Here is a most excellent chance offered to all High School pupils who are musically inclined. Those who are willing to pay for their own music are to be admitted into the Festival chorus, their tuition paid, for this year.

The annual reception, given by the Sophomore class to the football squad, was held Wednesday evening, November 26, at the Assembly Hall. In the receiving line were, Robert Collins, president of the Sophomore class; Dorothy Sawyer, vice president of the class; Mr. Proctor, Captain and Mrs. McCord, Miss Ethel E. Harrigan, Miss Stasia Scribner and Myles Finnegan, captain of the football team.

Robert Hutchins was floor manager, and Franklin Gordon was head usher. The aids were, Simear Sawyer and Hazen Nutter.

Punch was served during the evening by the Misses Kathleen Caulfield, Dorinda Connor and Isabel O'Connor. Dancing began at eight o'clock, and continued till twelve. Excellent music was furnished by Palmer's Jazz band and the whole affair was as usual, a great success.

The High School believes in advertising and the Public Library believes just as strongly in the effectiveness of its new advertising board. Room will gladly be made here for all High School poster advertising. High School students spend many afternoons in the library; they will read these announcements, as also the older readers who are already showing considerable interest in the library's advertising board.



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

An alumnus of Bangor High School has performed a work of lasting value in the publication of a new history of Maine. This history is the work of Dr. Louis Clinton Hatch, a graduate of B. H. S. in the class of 1891 and later a graduate of Bowdoin College. Dr. Hatch has devoted much time and energy to the writing of this important work and has exhibited in it a thoroughness of research and of careful study. These qualities and the charming style make the book one of the finest additions to the literature of the state. The history contains much material for one who desires to know about the truly great events and characters of the Pine Tree State and High School students should find it indeed interesting to read this notable work of a B. H. S. man.

A number of weddings of considerable interest to Bangor High Alumni have recently taken place.

Philip A. Jones, at one time president of the class of 1915 and well known during his first fall at B. H. S. as the only Freshman on the star football team of that year, was married to Miss Magdalena Murray of Bangor, early in November. Mr. Jones was

one of the members of the American Expeditionary Forces, who availed himself of the opportunity for further study at Oxford, England. He is also one of Bangor's most promising young business men. Mr. and Mrs. Jones will make their home in this city, where Mr. Jones is employed as paymaster for his father-in-law, Mr. Murray.

Miss Annie Charlotte Lutz, a member of the class of 1917, has recently become the wife of Raymond Benson Steward, a graduate of the University of Maine in the class of 1917.

Lieutenant Carl Frederick Holden, U. S. N., and Miss Cordelia Carlisle were married November 27, at the chapel of the navy yard, Portsmouth, N. H. Mrs. Holden is a graduate of Bangor High in the class of 1915 and later of Gilman Commercial School. She has been secretary to F. P. Ayer in the office of the general counsel of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad.

Lieutenant Holden—ex '14—has had a remarkably successful career in the navy. Graduating from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, in March, 1917, he was immediately assigned to the U. S. destroyer Burrough, with rank of ensign. Af-

ter two months' duty in New York harbor and off the coast of Florida, that destroyer was ordered to European waters. She was one of the American ships conveying the first detachment of American troops to land on French soil. She then was attached to the destroyer squadron commanded by Admiral Sims, which was the first to wage battle against the Hun subs. Having seen seventeen months of active service, Ensign Holden received his junior lieutenancy and shortly afterwards was promoted to the rank of senior lieutenant. Upon his return to the United States the lieutenant was assigned to his present position as engineer officer of the Lansdale. This vessel has carried him again to a very interesting section of the world as it has but recently returned from seven months' service in the Mediterranean, where it was stationed for the greater part of the time in the Fiume district. Lieutenant and Mrs. Holden will reside temporarily in Portsmouth.

Edward Harden, a member of the class of 1915, has had some interesting war experiences. He left Harvard to enlist in the radio department of the Navy soon after the United States entered the war. His proficiency in radio work gained him a promotion to chief wireless operator on the George Washington, the vessel which was used by President Wilson at the time of the Peace Conference. This position was especially responsible since it made Mr. Harden the connecting link between the President and his country during the voy-

age, wireless communication being carried on almost continually with Washington. The George Washington has since had other distinguished passengers, the monarchs who saved Europe in her day of need. Albert, King of the Belgians, and his queen, Mary, made their visit to America on this ship. At this time Mr. Harden's capable service to His Majesty was rewarded in a fitting manner. He was decorated by King Albert with the Order of the Crown.

Ruth E. Kimball, B. H. S., '18, who taught in Old Town last year, is now attending Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., taking a teacher's training course in art.

Grace F. Hillman, B. H. S., '19, is attending the University of Maine this year.

Elizabeth Head, Ex. '19, has recently been nominated as chairman of the freshman class at Wellesley college. This office is the highest honor that can be given to a freshman and is the equivalent of president, as the appointment is always confirmed by the freshmen at their first class election. It implies not only a high order of scholarship, but general all round qualities, which make for successful leadership. Miss Head was selected from a class of three hundred and twenty-one members and is the first eastern Maine girl to win this honor.

Madeline Snowden, Ex. '21, has entered the Bryant & Stratton Business College in Boston.



"In Excessive Altercation Truth is Lost."

THE SENATE

November 13, a very enthusiastic meeting was held and it was voted to hold the regular meetings every other Thursday. Questions for the Bates' League were selected and sent to league headquarters. Three questions were chosen from the number sent by the league. These questions are all of national importance and should be very interesting. At this meeting the discussion of labor problems was continued and some fine points were brought out. Labor, capital, and the general public were strongly upheld. A great deal of interest is being shown in this subject.

An interesting debate was held Tuesday, November 25, on, Resolved: That the city of Bangor should furnish an athletic field

for the High School. The sides were as follows: Affirmative, Vickery, Croxford, and Oak; negative, Morrison and Rosen. Mr. Vickery and Mr. Croxford showed how Abbott Square might be a possible place. Mr. Rosen refuted in a forceful manner. Mr. Morrison showed that the city government was unable financially to provide a field, while Mr. Oak explained the benefits both to the school and to the public.

The decision was given to the affirmative because of extreme good form and finish. However, it must be stated that the negative was excellent in rebuttal, bringing out its arguments forcefully and brilliantly. The next debate will be on the subject, Resolved: That Congress Should Enact Legislation Embodying the Principles of the Plumb Plan.

GIRLS' DEBATING SOCIETY

The Girls' Debating Society held a meeting in room 207, Nov. 13. There was a short debate on the question, Resolved: That November 11th Should Be a Legal Holiday.

Rena Baker, the first speaker, asked why, since in France, July 14 is celebrated in the name of fraternity, November 11th should not be celebrated in America for the same reason, since it not only represents liberty but also serves as a warning to autocracy.

Mary Largay, the first speaker on the negative, argued that November 11th is but an armistice day; that a state of war exists today. She cited the case of the two young men in uniforms who, when marching in the recent parade in Centralia, Washington, were killed by rifles held by alien hands, Holland's refusing to give up the ex-kaiser and crown prince and various strikes in this country. She said, that the day when the peace treaty is ratified, not armis-

tice day, should be a legal holiday. Miriam Bunker, the second speaker on the affirmative, declared that not acknowledging the day was ungrateful to the soldiers, since last year on that day many were fighting and now when they are at home they are not even remembered. Elizabeth Chandler, the second speaker on the negative, based her argument upon the fact that in nearly every country the holidays celebrated mark the beginning of life or of good fortune; that surely armistice day, not the end of strife but the beginning of chaos, should not be celebrated. Dora Cohen, the third speaker on the affirmative, said that other cities celebrated the day, Bangor did not. Why? Because she was not progressive. Dorothy Freese, the last speaker, said she thought November 11th should be celebrated, not by fire crackers and torpedoes, but in some such way as London had done. The decision was awarded to the negative.

A mock debate on the question, "Resolved, that Portland is a better city than Bangor to live in," followed. This was impromptu; the speakers spoke in order, first, a girl in the negative, then one on the affirmative, as the president called, no one knowing on which side she was to speak. Many amusing arguments resulted. Dora Cohen's was voted most striking; she said Bangor was preferable because of its nearness to famous summer resorts, such as Veazie, Old Town and South Brewer.

Gladys Ames and Florence Harriman were voted in members of the Society.

A regular meeting of the Girls' Debating Society was held Wednesday, November 26, at four o'clock, in Room 207. Owing to the illness of the secretary, the reading

of the report was omitted. Miss Thelma Bennett was voted in as a member of the society and plans for a play were discussed. Miss Mary Robinson gave a little talk on Argument. She told how each question for debate should be divided into three parts and that each speaker should prove one of them. One of the efforts that should be made is to disprove what your opponent has said or is likely to say. Rebuttal should begin with the words, "It is a mistake to suppose," plus the argument that is to be refuted. It is generally better to think out questions but in many cases research work is necessary.

The program for the afternoon consisted of a debate on the subject, Resolved: That Community Kitchens Would Be a Benefit to the Community as a Whole. The speakers for the affirmative were, Dora Cohen, Ruth Lipsky and Bessie Cooper, leader. Those of the negative were, Kathleen Hand, leader, Miriam Bunker and Grace Bowden. The affirmative argued that Community Kitchens are progressive, economical and practical, and the negative maintained that they were destructive of domesticity, that the public desired home cooking and that the drudgery was not done away with. One of the negative speakers spoke of Community Kitchens as "the crib of the helpless." The rebuttal was ably given by Miss Bowden and Miss Cooper. The judges, Marjorie Driscoll, Pauline Aiken and Elizabeth Chandler, unanimously awarded the decision to the affirmative. Miss Robinson, who was critic, gave her opinion of the debate, particularly commending the clear cut outline of the affirmative, and the wit of the negative. After the program for the next meeting was announced, the Society adjourned.



"Defeat Serves to Enlighten Us."

FOOTBALL

The football season at Bangor High School is ended for this year and its events have brought much satisfaction to everyone in the school and in the city, for we have had a championship team. We beat Portland when we were in trim and held them when we were crippled. We are particularly proud of our team this year because Portland did not score in either game.

We must give the coaching system its share of the credit, for Bangor had two very able coaches in Captain Walter D. McCord and "Ned" Barry. Both men put themselves right into the work and gave all they could to make a perfect machine for Bangor: (It seems that they succeeded). The coaches worked just as hard as the boys and sometimes much harder. They got down to business early and stayed there all the season. They didn't relax their grip on the work, and were as sorry as we when the last game ended their relation with the team. Coach Barry declares that he is pleased to have been attached to the Bangor team this year and thinks that it has been the most fruitful year of his experience. Captain McCord also says he is glad to have been coach of the Bangor High school team. Furthermore, we are all grateful that we had such good coaches

and certainly feel that they have done marvelous work.

We all admire our plucky captain who led his team through the championship season. Captain "Mickey" Finnegan certainly has good reason to be proud this year. He is the captain of the team which, according to latest reports, can lay claim to the championship of New England! How does that sound? Perhaps next year the football team can make some trips to Massachusetts to play the schools there.

This year the team loses a good many men by graduation but there are plenty good ones left. The boys who leave this year say goodbye to the remainder of the team, wish them the best of luck and hope that next year will be even better than this one.

Bangor vs. H. C. I.

On a terribly muddy field, November the 3rd, Bangor met and defeated Higgins Classical Institute. As it was a very heavy field and the ball was also heavy, no sensational plays were made. As usual, "Mickey" Finnegan played a star game. Eddie Sullivan, although knocked out, would not leave the game. "Ted" McNeil, too, played a great game at quarterback. The whole line hung together wonderfully

and the backfield certainly did their part.

The chief feature of the game came in the first period, when "Ted" McNeil threw a pretty forward pass to "Mickey" Finnegan, who ran over the goal line and planted the ball between the goal posts. Then "Ted" booted the goal which gave Bangor her seven points. "Ted" has sure a great arm for passes.

Summary:

B. H. S. (7)

H. C. I. (0)

Finneganr. e.....T. Emery
Sullivanr. t..... Keith
Maling, Bullock...r. g.....Crehore
Goldsteinc..... Ross
Bond, Johnson.....l. g.....Palmer
Thompsonl. t.....Wellington
Hersey, Harrington..l. e.....Bickmore
McNeil, Trainor....q. b.....C. Emery
Macdonaldr. h. b.....Small
Toole, Bacon.....l. h. b.....Finley
Cohen, McFadden...f. b.

Weymouth, Eastman

Referee, Daley. Umpire, Guthrie.
Headlinesman, Reardon. Timer, Carr.
Touchdown for Bangor, Finnegan. Goal
from touchdown, McNeil.

Bangor vs. Maine Central Institute

Bangor suffered its first defeat on November the 8th, on a field so heavy that it seemed like oatmeal. The field was just about three and a half inches deep with mud—the great, heavy, clinging kind; you know the kind of clay-mud that sticks like a bad reputation. The game was played in the morning when the puddles were frozen over but the mud was present somehow. M. C. I. came to Bangor with the firm resolve of trimming Bangor and they did. They had a much heavier team than Bangor and besides several of the Bangor men had been loafing.

Summary:

B. H. S. (0)

M. C. I. (6)

Finnegan, Hersey..r. e.

Wentworth, Osgood

Sullivan, Cratty...r. t.....Fabbri

Bullockr. g. Johnson, Newhouse

Goldstein, Johnson..c..... Haggerty

Bond, Maling.....l. g.....Reagan, Moran

Thompsonl. t.....Jacobs

Harringtonl. e.....Gonya

Trainorq. b.....McLean

Macdonald, Bacon..r. h. b.....Ames

Toole, McNeil.....l. h. b.....White

McFadden, Cohen..f. b.....Goodwin

Touchdown for M. C. I.: McLean.
Referee, Guthrie. Umpire, Lampher.
Head linesman, Daley. Time, four twelve-
and-one-half-minute periods.

Bangor vs. Portland

At fifteen minutes past two on the afternoon of November the fifteenth, the whistle blew for the big Bangor-Portland game at Bangor. The weather was good for the time of year but a bit cold on one's hands and feet. The game that day attracted a great deal of attention because "Mike" Trainor could not play for Bangor. The sidelines were crowded and the red and blue certainly were in plain sight everywhere.

Game in detail:

Bangor won the toss and received. Cohen ran back about five yards. Bangor failed to make enough so Thompson booted to the 40 yard line. Ward pounded Bangor's line for gains but Portland was forced to punt to Bangor's five yard line. On the next play Bangor fumbled and Portland recovered on the six yard line.

Things looked bad for Bangor! Portland tried the center and fumbled and Bangor recovered. Thompson punted. After that Bangor held Portland up the field

away from their goal. On account of the cold both teams fumbled a great deal.

In the second period Bangor rushed the ball to Portland's 40 yard line, then by some more pounding Cohen planted the ball on the 32 yard line. From here Toole tried a drop kick which fell short. Portland then punted and Bangor rushed back a bit and punted. Portland fumbled and Bangor recovered on the 30 yard line.

Trainor went in to try a drop kick. Because of his broken wrist a double pass had to be made. This took time, and, as the line failed to hold, the kick was smothered.

Bangor again got the ball on the 20 yard line and "Ted" McNeil threw a pass to Finnegan, who planted the ball on the three yard line. On the next play Bangor fumbled and Reiche recovered and ran 50 yards down the field until Toole stopped him. First half ended here.

Thompson kicked to Ward, who came back 15 yards. Portland started the aerial work this period with 25 yards. Ward to O'Hara. Ward made three more then O'Connell fumbled and Bangor recovered on their own 30 yard line. Bangor pounded Portland's line for short gains then punted to Portland, who rushed and passed by turns.

Thompson was hurt and carried off the field. Cratty went in.

Period ended with ball on Bangor's 22 yard line.

O'Connell made four yards; Ward couldn't gain. Portland tried a pass and lost the ball. Bangor rushed but was penalized to its own ten yard line. McFadden went in to kick; he punted to midfield. Finnegan got the man. Portland tried some rushes, then punted. Bangor drove it back and Portland carried it to Bangor's 28 yard line, then spread out. Portland got to the 20 yard line and Bullock blocked Ward's drop kick. McFadden punted and game ended.

Summary:

B. H. S. (0)

Finneganr. e.....	Boothby
Sullivanr. t.....	Gribben
Bullockr. g.....	Deraney
Goldsteinc.....	Reiche
Bondl. g.....	Finks
Thompson, Cratty	..l. t.....	Greely
Harringtonl. e.....	O'Hara
Doherty, Trainor	..q. b....	Small, Flaherty
Macdonald, Doherty		
Macdonald, McNeil	..r. h. b.	
Macdonald, McFadden		

O'Connell, Rubinoff

Toolel. h.	Ward
Cohenf. b.....	Kimball

Referee, Colonel Farnsworth, West Point. Umpire, Tilton, Princeton. Headlinesman, Reardon, U. of M. Time, four 15-minute periods.



"For I am Nothing if not Critical."

The "Spokesman" from Florida is one of the best weeklies we receive. "Some Reasons Why Man Fails" is especially good.

The "Red and White," Chicago, Ill., has a fine literary department and the cuts are excellent, but why no exchange department? Don't you think it would improve your paper?

The Mt. Vernon "Oracle's" joke department is exceptionally long and interesting. The stories are also fine, in fact, a very complete paper. Come again.

The "X-Ray" from Sacramento, Cal.—Another fine weekly from away across the continent. Your jokes and local news items are splendid.

The "Monthly," W. Paris, Me.: You have a fine athletic department and the jokes are very funny and interesting.

The P. I. H. S. "Flyer": A very good paper. Don't you think a few more jokes would help.

The "Pennant" from Meriden is another fine weekly. Why not comment on a few of your exchanges instead of using all your space for quoting jokes and articles?

The "Castle News" announces a new method of taking care of the Exchange Department. The Exchanges are to be criticized as a direct branch of the English department instead of having a regular editor.

The "Philomath," Framingham, Mass.: Your departments are all well arranged and conducted, but why not have a few more cuts, cartoons and jokes? The Literary Department is unusually good. "Doall the Detective," is certainly "some" detective.

The "Argus," Gardner, Mass.: A little more space given to your Locals would add to the interest of your paper; certainly there must be a great many things of interest happening in such a large school. Your other departments are excellent.

The "Aegis," Beverly, Mass.: Surely your school is large enough to furnish more personals. This department is entirely out-balanced by the rest of the paper, which is excellent; the editorials, especially, are well written.

We are very glad to welcome the "Southerner" from Minneapolis. In our opinion, it is among the best weeklies; complete and well written in every way. We hope to see you again.

The "Lake Breeze," Wis.: Your stories are fine, as, indeed, is every department in your paper.

The "Tripod": A good paper, but why not have some stories and jokes? Your Athletics are fine.

The "Junto" is certainly a "newsy" paper. Your jokes are good, also.

The "Imp" is certainly a "peach," but for goodness sake don't "can" it. It takes the prize for funny jokes. The Editorials are good, too.

The "Daily Princetonian" has an excellent pictorial supplement. Indeed, you have some husky football players to judge by the pictures.

The "Crescent," from Lee Academy, is a fine, complete paper in every respect. It shows much time and effort on the part of the editors.

The "Megaphone" deserves its name. It certainly tells all the news and is a very interesting paper in general. You have an exchange editor, but we don't find anything under that department; why not criticize a few of your exchanges?

The cover design of the "Quill" contains a very timely suggestion on the results of football. Your paper is fine, especially the class notes, but a few more jokes would add life to your publication.

The "Spelman Messenger" contains some very interesting articles on different subjects; current events, etc. We wonder what the significance of the roses at the heads of the articles and at the top of each page is.

The "Coburn Clarion" is a fine paper from cover to cover, but they don't seem to feel the need of a Table of Contents. "Racing With Time" is very good, it holds one's interest to the very last.

According to the "Clarion" there are four ways of answering a question:

Freshmen: "Huh."

Sophomore: "I didn't understand the question."

Junior: "I don't know."

Senior: "I didn't quite comprehend the nature of the inquiry."

The "Echo," Urbana, Ill., an interesting paper, but why don't you criticise your exchanges?

The "Aegis," Houston. A few more cuts and cartoons would help to liven your paper. The stories are fine, the "Dead Accomplice" is especially well written.

The "Artisan": Your views of the school show an exceptionally well equipped group of class rooms. One should be proud to have such fine opportunities to learn his chosen vocation.

AS OTHERS SEE US

Comments on the "Oracle" are still few and far between, but a few have come in, and we have hopes that more of our exchanges will criticise us next month.

The "Oracle": This paper shows that your editorial board has used much care and thought in its preparation.—The "Monthly," W. Paris, Me.

The "Oracle": Editorials are good as well as plentiful. The cut of the head of the Local department is clever.—The "Junto," Easton, Pa.



"A Jest's Prosperity Lies in the Ear of Him who Hears It."

A very Merry Christmas to everyone!
We hope that Santa Claus will bring to

1. George Lamson, a gyroscope to be used when dancing.

2. Carolyn Perkins, good news from Corinna.

3. Harry Thompson, a book entitled, "Why Everyone Should Learn to Dance."

4. Henry Bacon, pink cheeks and curly hair.

5. Henry Hersey, an associate membership in the "Locket Club."

6. Barbara Tyler, a song—"Fair Brother of Mine."

7. The "Locket Club," complete comprehension of "I be" and "I be'nt."

8. John Vickery, a pass for the Graphic.

9. Lawrence Connor, proficiency in the art of expression.

An R. O. T. C. freshman, when asked where he was, replied: "I am sorry I cannot tell you where I am, but I am not allowed to say. However, I venture to state that I am not where I was, but where I was before I left here to go where I have just come from."

Major Oak to young recruit: "Are you Miss S's brother?"

Young Recruit: "No, sir, she's my sister."

Mr. W. (to Geometry class when the fire bell rings): "Don't go. They are just trying out the bell."

Freshman: "Will you lend me a Chaucer?"

Sophomore: "Sure! Spearmint or Beechnut?"

—Ex.

Ask P. Turner if she doesn't think Percy is a pretty name?

Get an I. D. R.

It is rumored that one of our top sergeants has procured a hunter's license in order to lawfully carry a rifle at drill.

Miss M. (in English): "What does 'appellations' mean?"

Miss S—'22: "Why, they are the highest mountains in the world."

We understand that Lipsky and Taylor are starting a navy. All those who wish to be admirals apply.

Freshman: "I went over to see him yesterday."

Sophomore: "How'd you find him?"

Freshman: "Oh, I knew where he lived."

When the fire drill bell rang the other day, all the Freshmen in one room ran to the windows to see the fire truck go up Harlow street.

Largay, '22 (in English): "It was in the spring of last summer."

Extra large sized hats have been ordered for the benefit of the Sophomores in the R. O. T. C.

Mr. B. (in History): "The great mental and physical suffering of Hamilton after he had been killed."

Mme. B—: "Where could you buy gloves in Bangor?"

Nelligan, '20: "At the five and ten cent store."

Mr. W—'20 (in French): "What division is this?"

Mme. B.: "I guess this is F."

It is said that C. W., '20, (Cy)s often.

B. T. '20 (slightly mixed): "Oh, there goes Bunyard Russell."

He was disconsolate for he feared he could not go to the movies, but help came from an unexpected quarter—which he found in the road and used to buy his ticket.

There was a little Freshman,
Who sang just like Caruso,
The Sophomores got some laudanum
And now he doesn't do so.

He: "We have a lot of basketball fans here."

She: "I should think you would need something to keep the players cool."

—Ex.

There was a very young Mr.
Who met a wee lass and he Kr.
In surprise, his friends cried,
But he calmly replied,
"Don't worry. She's only my Sr."
—Ex.

The Pessimist

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to strike but a gait;
Everything moves that goes,
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.
—Ex.

Information Bureau

How to get fat—Buy it at the butcher's.
How to gain a high position—Ascend a mountain.

How to get thin—Marry Lena, then you'll get Lena.

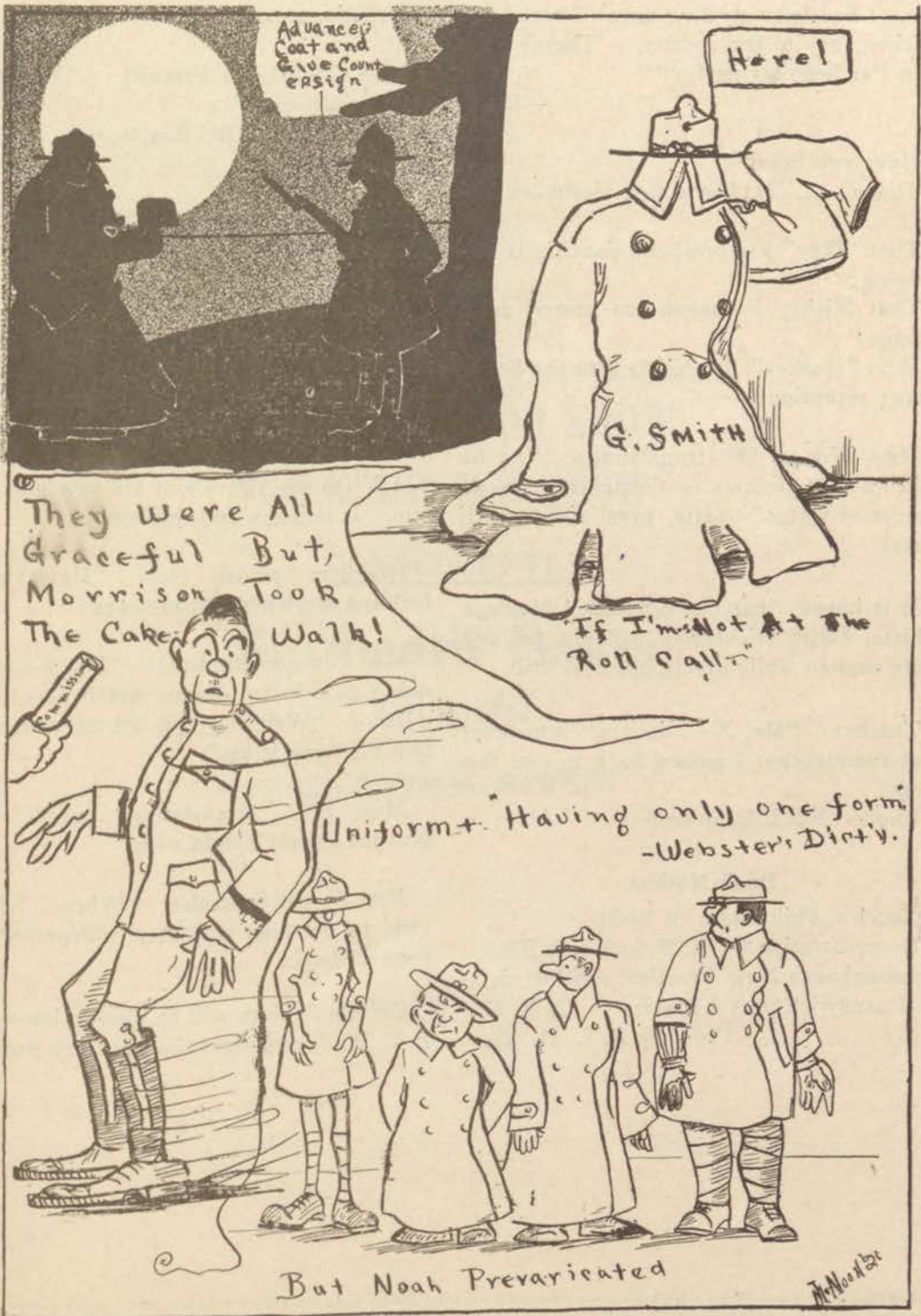
How to look right—Avert your eyes in this direction.

How to find anyone out—Call when they're not in.

How to get the best of flies—Who wants flies of any quality?

Miss H—"What kind of a chicken is an aquila, Miss R—"

Miss R—"A goat."



"As I was coming out of a hen-coop today, (I had been stealing eggs) I heard the chicken say to the rooster. 'There's the man I've been laying for!'"

—Ex.

Have you heard

That C. C., '21, has a new victim—a kitten?

That "Ikey" Fairbrother's dancing is improving?

That Mickey Finnegan has turned quite Savage?

Who "Huskey" Bowles took to the Sophomore reception?

Miss Woods, '20 (translating): "As he gazed at the pictures he flooded his eyes in a river of water." (His eyes filled with tears).

It is hoped that our celebrated Mexican athlete, Lieut. Nickerson, will not get any more excited while giving physical drill.

Teacher: "Mr. X—, do you remember that examination I passed back to you last week?"

Pupil: Not if I can help it.

Book Notices

Babcock's Philosophy of Sleep

Demonstration by E. B. in Room 208.

Cunningham's New Practical Arithmetic.

—1 sandwich plus 3 cookies Q. E. D.

Proof by R. L. D., '21.

Miss F.—'20: "Where did the Hartford Convention meet?"

Miss C.—'20, (in French): "When we save ourselves—"

Mme. B—: "Oh, this is not the Salvation Army."

Miss R. (in English): "Mr. Ring, hold yourself ready to skip."

Mme. B. (in French): "How much would you have to pay for good gloves now?"

McAloon, '20—: "I don't know. I always wear my brother's."

Ask Hersey, '20, about his new mail system. It is quick and reliable.

Heard in Spanish class: "He sat up in bed and stretched out his eyes."

Miss U—(in English): "Mr. I—, you didn't pass in any theme last Friday."

Mr. I—"Well, if you'll tell me where you live I'll bring it up."

Miss O'C., (translating Latin): "He grasped Caesar's right wing."

Miss F. (in Spanish): "When I tell the girls to be quiet and stop whispering, the boys all begin."

Certain Seniors will be glad to know that E. C. '20, is no longer the "mystery woman."

**“We know you know
you know we know”**

CONSEQUENTLY

**Sunbeam Baked
Goods**

42 CENTRAL STREET

As Our Guest You Will Enjoy the Best

BIJOU AND PARK THEATRES

WHERE EVERYBODY GOES

CONTINUOUS SHOWS From 1 to 10.45 p. m.

THE WORLD'S
Foremost Stars In Greatest Of Photoplays

REFINED ENTERTAINMENT
FOR THOSE
WHO DISCRIMINATE

Clean, Comfortable Theatres For The
Entire Family

You Are Always Sure Of A Good Shows

The BIJOU and PARK Theatres

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ALL KINDS

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

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Proper Goods, at the Proper Time at
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We Sell
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Gloves

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WOOD & EWER CO.

O. CROSBY BEAN

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C. H. Babb & Co.

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and

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**Whitman and Bell's
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73 Main St.

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Operated by Frawley Pharmacy Co.

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SAXOPHONES

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The famous "Selmer" (Paris) Line
NONE BETTER

Courtois Band
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Teacher of Mandolin, Guitar, Ukulele and Hawaiian Steel Guitar
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A Fine Showing of Young Men's
Model Suits and Overcoats
At Very Reasonable Prices
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Peerless Union Suits

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Retain their original Style and
Shapeliness, because of the
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Everything in the store 10% to
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Excellent Work, Prices Right

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Velvet Ice Cream

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Dresses Blouses Furs Gloves
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"Atterbury" Clothes For Young Men

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New Neckwear Just In Make Our Store Your Headquarters

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BOYS DON'T SMOKE

Until you are old enough and fully
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THEY ARE MILD BUT VERY TASTY AND AROMATIC

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Walk=Over Boot Shop

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All Work
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Full Line of
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