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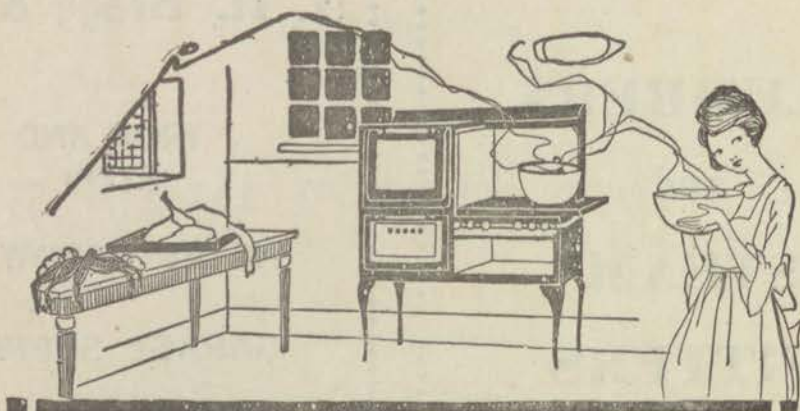
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# THE ORACLE

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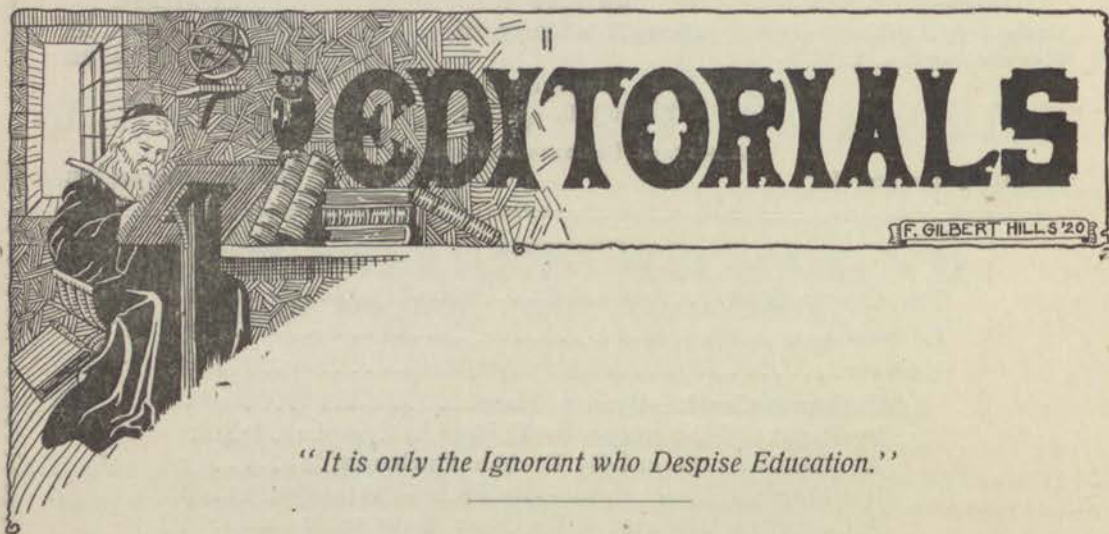
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*"It is only the Ignorant who Despise Education."*

It is now time for the Juniors and Seniors to be deciding upon the college to which they intend to go. In recent years throughout this entire country, a realization of the need of higher education has become strongly felt. Because of this the student bodies of all colleges have greatly increased. The college facilities have not been able to keep pace with this immense increase. Accordingly colleges have adopted measures for admitting only the most desirable class of students. To accomplish this many of the colleges formerly accepting high school certificates, no longer accept them but demand that the student shall pass satisfactory examinations.

Every June at the close of the school year, examinations are published by the College Entrance Examination Board and

students are allowed to take these at specified times, and if they pass them, are admitted to the college for which they are preparing.

Bangor High School, be it noted, is a Class A high school, as it has always been since high schools were ranked. Following is a partial list of colleges and universities, which accept certificates from Bangor High:

- University of Maine.
- Amherst.
- Bates.
- Boston University.
- Bowdoin.
- Brown University.
- Colby.
- Massachusetts Agricultural.
- Middlebury.
- Tufts.



Wesleyan University.

Williams.

Wheaton.

Holy Cross.

There are several other institutions outside of New England, which also accept the certificate of this school.

With regard to the great colleges, which do not accept certificates, the following letter from a student at a preparatory school may be illuminating.

A letter from a member of 1920, who is attending a celebrated private school:

Dear Miss ———

Perhaps you would be interested to know that I am studying my ——— religiously as you suggested that I do one day in Bangor. The work here is terribly hard even though I have been over it all before and I still have many misgivings about my ever passing the college entrance exams. However, I am trying and there are absolutely no distractions here. We get two week-ends a term, that is from Saturday noon till Monday noon, and can go into ——— (the nearest city), with a chaperone every Saturday afternoon, but no other time in the week unless there is a doctor's call, which I never seem to have.

The study hour is from seven to eight forty-five and the students can study in their rooms, but I am supposed to study five hours a day as I am carrying five subjects, but I never get out of recitation till two thirty-five in the afternoon so of course I simply can't study so much and get any exercise.

Living so near ——— College and knowing so many girls there, I hear a good deal of college news and some of it is almost tragic. I believe if a girl once gets into college these days she deserves a medal and another one if she stays past mid-year. Some girls have tried the exams three and four times but I don't think I could ever look anyone in the face if I flunked the second time.

In a few weeks I shall be home again. The girls here are wonderful but boarding school certainly makes a girl appreciate her home.

Very sincerely,

---

In the past few years Maine people have begun to realize what an opportunity has been lying wasted at their feet.

**Electricity** "Coal," it is said, "should never **For Maine** be used in Maine for generating power." Millions of tons of soft coal used in the State of Maine for power purposes, are absolutely wasted. In every part of the state there are streams and rivers capable of generating almost unlimited power lying idle, waiting for some one to start that revolution which is to make Maine one of the leading electrical power generating centers of our country. In these days of economic and financial difficulties it is a blunder indeed, to overlook the opportunities so abundantly plentiful when they are so badly needed.

As a specific instance the Bath Water District is obliged to pump its water and until last year used coal as the source of its power. In 1919 it installed an electrical system, continued its former service and wound up the year with a saving of nearly \$4,000 over its expenses of the year before. For every year afterward it will do its work for just half what it cost in the days of steam power.

The delivery problem is one which has confronted every retail merchant in the United States and is one which **Free** is yet to be solved to the complete satisfaction of both **Delivery** merchant and customer. It is not uncommon, nowadays, to hear women, out shopping, leave stores disgusted with the exclamation that they have to pay for the delivery of everything they buy there.

In Bangor the merchants have solved

this situation largely by hiring high school boys to work afternoons or by having transfer teams deliver their packages every day. But this is not entirely successful from both the merchant's or the customer's point of view.

Out in St. Paul an altogether different method has been adopted to solve the problem. The post office of that city has worked out a system of delivery in cooperation with the stores. This has proved very successful, to the surprise of the majority of the citizens of St. Paul, who thought the post office the slowest thing on earth. Nevertheless, city delivery by parcel post at the average cost of nine cents postage, including C. O. D.'s, is an accomplished fact in that city. Notice of this kind of post office service has been taken by government officials in Washington and its success suggests that before long the plan will be in use throughout the nation.

The establishment of this system in every city post office would be a welcome relief to the sales managers of all stores. Bangor surely needs it very much, not only to aid in cutting down the expense of delivering but also to increase the satisfaction of the people and also to augment the sales of those stores where free delivery was thought impossible.

H. N.

There seems to be, as is quite natural, a vein, or perhaps even an artery, of the love for adventure flowing in the systems of the Bangor High students. The enthusiasm from this source transmits itself through the pen to the paper, and, lo and behold, we have a respectable little pile of stories given over entirely to adventure. We immediately ask ourselves, "Why not?" Why not what? Just this. Let this spirit of adventure run freely over the pages of a whole issue of the Oracle. After winding ourselves up we have begun to unwind backwards and answered the "why" part of the equation first. Now for the "How and When." In just one way will it be possible for us to make this a success. A story from YOU will do it. Add to that little nest egg tucked away in the Literary Editor's desk. Spanish Gold, Northwest Mounted Police, Russian Bolshevism, whatever appeals to YOU will make an interesting story and we must have it.

When? "I did it with my little hatchet," suggests the spirit of adventure—also February.

We must also have an appropriate cover for this number. Put your Christmas vacation to some good purpose and do your part for the Oracle.

Work must be in by January 15th.







*"A Man Will Turn Over Half a Library to Make One Book."*

## CHRISTMAS CAROLS

By Bob Hare.

**S**T. NICK was his name in that land of samovars and caviar before the Skys and Ivitches held sway. Kris Kringle and Santa he was called in that little German village, 'ere the children lost all faith in him. 'Tis of that jolly, old gentleman I speak, whose circumference is wont to dwindle so miraculously when in contact with smoking chimneys and stop-ped-up fireplaces. Oh, a wonderful old gentleman, I'm sure you all will agree! If the present rate of sophistication prevails, future generations will hail him as Grandpa Kiddem Along.

I was once young and innocent—fond of those very impossible stories you are rocked to sleep to now, gentle freshmen. What more can a body expect from a healthy, normal lad of seven whole summers—and winters! Well do I remember that Christmas Eve when, all aglow with the fiery ambition of youth, I crept from my downy couch, down the long, dark stairs, onward toward my goal and, at last, onto a tack—a nice, little tack, very tactfully situated on the stairs so that my bare foot could not miss it. If you do not believe all my ancestors died of consumption, you should have heard me then. At the sound of my wild yelling my parents' ambitions were stirred, too. With a smarting instep and

a still more smarting—oh, well, suffice it to say that I spent the rest of the night in bed.

Santa is a mean, old scout! If not, why did he bring my deadly enemy and next door neighbor a brand, new bicycle and me—a pair of pants! Do not laugh, dear reader, the injustice of the thing should fire your soul.

I've found, Christmas feasts are all fakes, too. I speak from experience. Someone once wrote "while visions of sugar plums danced through their heads." The guy who wrote that must have had nuts dancing through his cranium or he would never have written that "bosh." The nearest I've come to sugar plums are dried raisins.

Oh, life is just one cruel whack after another! How sadly disillusioned some of us become! At the ripe age of eight, I was called to the side of my dear and sainted mother, who whispered, "Son, I have something very, very important to impart to you. How important it is only my own heart knows. The future of a nation depends on the way this news is imparted to the children. Long have I pondered over this. May it be my good fortune to have chosen the right path in telling you. Dear boy, prepare yourself for a great blow—oh, it is such a blow! Oh, it embarrasses me so to tell you but I must, I must. The truth will out at all costs. My son, "There is no Santa Claus!"



## BY RIGHT OF DISCOVERY

By LeRoy A. Campbell, '22.



OOD news for you, Alex," said Roland in a teasing manner, as he entered the tent.

Roland, a youth of about twenty, had served as a corporal in Napoleon's engineers ever since that general had begun operations in Egypt. He was strong and energetic, and by his worthy service had won the favor of the higher officers in command. In his camp life he had become attached to Alexander, a youth slightly younger than himself and a member of his own squad.

"Well, what have you heard?" sleepily drawled Alexander, who at that moment was about to retire.

"Captain Boussard says that the general has ordered another fort to be built farther up the river, and we are detailed on the job."

"Some more pick and shovel work, I suppose," replied Alexander, who was not at all overburdened with ambition.

"Probably you wouldn't mind digging if it were in the corner of a gold mine," Roland answered with soothing sarcasm.

The next day Captain Boussard set the engineers to work excavating for the foundation of Fort Julien. The site selected was on the crest of a low, rolling hill on the bank of the Nile, about three miles above their headquarters at Rosetta. This same hill had evidently been the site of some old Egyptian structure; for a few scattered pieces of the ancient pile could still be seen.

When the chief engineers had finally laid out the plan of the new fort, Roland and his squad were assigned the work of trenching about midway along the line on the side nearest the river. At this point slabs of stone from the ancient ruin were the thickest. Long before noon Alexander

had seated himself on the corner of one of the slabs which he had overturned with great effort, and was boldly resting himself while the others toiled on.

"Come, Alex, you had better get to work," shouted one of his comrades, "you can never move that stone by sitting there like a cold clam."

"Yes, Alex, you can never get those long dreamed of riches of yours by sitting still," chimed in another.

Thus exhorted, Alexander reluctantly climbed down from his blissful throne and set himself to rolling it out of the trench. This required a great deal of effort as the stone was about three feet long, by two feet wide and nearly a foot thick. When at last he had succeeded in getting it to the edge of the trench, he shouted to Roland and several others to help him get it out.

"If you want it lifted out, why don't you do it yourself?" retorted one of the men who was not more fond of physical labor than Alexander and whom the others called "Professor" because of his love of displaying the superior knowledge, which he had acquired by miscellaneous study.

"What do you think I am, anyway, a——?"

"Well what are you trying to do, Professor?" cut in Roland, who was amused to see the former suddenly kneel down beside the stone with his eyes fixed as steadfastly upon it as though reading a page of perplexities. "What have you found, a new branch of learning?"

"Yes, let us in on the secret," said Alexander, who was beginning to think that the "Professor" had either found some gold or diamonds in the stone. "If there is anything valuable there it belongs to me."

"Anything valuable in a slab of basalt! Poof, Alex!" chimed a half dozen who had gathered by this time.



While the others stood about impatiently waiting for further development, and glad for the opportunity to let their picks and shovels rest, the so-called Professor continued his perusal of the stone, first brushing away a little dirt here and then tracing an undetermined something there. At last when apparently satisfied he ordered one of the men to get him a pail of water from the river.

"Hold on!" said Roland, who thought that it was time to find out what was up, "Sorry that you are not the commander here, but these men are under orders to dig trenches and not to carry water. However," he added, good naturedly, "perhaps if you will tell us what you want it for I will allow it to be brought."

"Well, order the water and I will show you presently," the "Professor" replied, with such ludicrous dignity that it brought forth a peal of laughter from the bystanders.

Just then, much to the confusion of all, Captain Boussard appeared and calmly demanded the meaning of the situation.

"Ahem!" The "Professor" was the first to speak. "Well, you see I have made a

great discovery. Here on this stone is an ancient inscription made in three different languages. One of them, I believe, is ancient Greek and the other two look like some of the inscriptions I have seen here in Egypt."

This speech brought forth another peal of laughter during which the Captain examined the stone for himself and verified the statement by his own knowledge of classical Greek.

"Men, I believe this gentleman is correct in his theory. Lay the stone out on the bank and I shall have it taken to my tent directly."

"Sir," said Alexander, stepping forward with the air of a veteran, "this slab of basalt is mine by right of discovery. However," he added, half hoping that he might strike a trade and knowing that the Captain had a comfortable amount of money, "it is for sale."

"Yours? Name the price, my friend."

Without hesitation the price was named and Captain Boussard became the possessor of the Rosetta stone, while Alexander from that hour, was made independently rich with the fabulous sum of fifteen dollars in his pocket.

## ANGELICA'S ACCIDENT

By Pauline Fairbanks, '21.



he'll drown, girls, she'll drown! Come here, quickly!" shouted Margery, as she frantically beckoned to Ethel and Caroline. "Can't you do something? You know Angelica can't swim and you know I can't swim, either. See, she is drowning! Why don't you save her?"

"If you'd stop howling a minute and get a board to throw to her, maybe we could save her. You know neither of us can swim, so don't tell us to do that!" answered Ethel before Caroline, who was rather stout, had come near.

Margery and Ethel started running through the farm yard toward the hen house, where they saw some boards. Caroline followed them, shouting when she had breath enough, "Where are you going? Please wait a minute. Is the house on fire? I think you're mean. You might wait a second."

Without answering any of Caroline's questions, the other two girls picked up a board and raced back to the pond. Caroline still followed, so out of breath that she could not ask any more questions.

Ethel threw the board to Angelica, who



scrambled on to it. She made no noise for she was too much exhausted with her strenuous efforts to reach shore.

The next difficulty was to get the board and Angelica safely on shore. Here, Caroline, who had by this time reached the place of action, and, at last, understood the girls' wild excitement, came to the rescue. She boldly waded into the water, which came not much above her knees, and picked Angelica up in her arms. Then, she

waded out and, while the other girls hurried to the house to make preparations, she marched majestically on.

Arriving at the house, Angelica was wrapped up in flannel and put in a box under the stove to dry and get warm again. The little red hen, who by this time had missed her only daughter, walked in through the open door and up to the box, where she clucked contentedly.

## JIM MORAN'S SCHOOL SPIRIT

By Francis W. Whitney, '21.



JIM Moran was angry clear through. He felt that he had a grievance with his whole school and the whole school one with him. His manner may not have been one of anger as much as one of sullenness and brooding. Jim was a star quarterback on his high school team, and now the game of Clearbrook against Hilton was at hand and he was not going to be allowed to play on Clearbrook's team because he was behind in his studies. Like many other fellows who go out for athletics, he had neglected his school work and had fallen below the passing mark. The principal of his school had told him in due time that if he tried he would be able to make up his work before the big game. Jim had thought that this was only a means to induce him to work harder and had disregarded the warning. Now, to his immense sorrow and disgust, he found that the principal had meant what he had said, and although Jim was a wonderful player, and there was no other man on Clearbrook's team fit to fill his place, he would be kept out of the game.

On the Saturday of the game Jim was still unable to decide whether he would go to see the game or not. He told himself that if he was sure that Clearbrook would

get beaten he would get a great deal of enjoyment from watching his fellow players be pushed back and back. But the two teams seemed to be very well matched and by luck Clearbrook might be able to hold her own.

The afternoon came, and Jim found himself attracted by an irresistible force to the field. There was already quite a crowd of fellows at the field and the players were kicking the ball about. He walked over to the grand stand and took a seat. In a few moments he was surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd of students, who desired his opinion on this player and that one, and how the game would come out. He grumbled something in reply about how bad Clearbrook would get beaten and what a strong team Hilton had. At this the expressions on the faces of his companions changed and in a little while he noticed that he was deserted by his fellow students.

The game started with Clearbrook kicking off. The quarterback, who took Jim's place, made a poor kick, and the ball was carried back down the field for quite a distance. Then Hilton began bucking Clearbrook's line. It seemed as though Clearbrook's team was outclassed in every way. Then Clearbrook got the ball. Jim now was beginning to get a little interested in



the game. Now, they would see how really bad they needed him. The quarterback who was taking Jim's place, was new at football, and was unskilled in the art of the game. Several times he got confused, mixed the signals, and tried to put the ball through Hilton's strongest players. Jim was now beginning to feel elated. Clearbrook was getting beaten.

Then a new thought came to him. Why was Clearbrook getting beaten? Because he had neglected his own work, and had been too self confident! His team was now getting beaten, and the cheering in the stands had ceased. Suddenly the desire came to him for Clearbrook to beat. After all, she was his school, and it was a very unsportsmanlike thing that he was doing to wish to see her beaten.

He jumped from his seat and ran down in front of the stand.

"Come on, now!" he yelled. "Everybody up and have some life. Spell 'em, Clearbrook, the long way!"

The first attempt was quite weak, but

then the people seemed to get a little of Jim's feeling. Long, lusty cheers for the team were given, and the team seemed to respond and fight with new vigor.

The fourth quarter came without either team scoring. The feeling in the stands and on the teams was immense. Hilton had the ball. It was her fourth down and but two yards to make. They tried a forward pass. Straight and true the ball went. The Hilton man was ready to catch it; then a figure jumped in between, caught the ball, and raced down the field. It was Clearbrook's quarterback! He dodged this man and that one, and then his way was clear. It was the man who could run the fastest who would decide it. Hilton's end was gaining fast on Clearbrook's quarterback, but the goal was near; and then it seemed as though they went over the lines as one. The Hilton man had caught up, but too late. That ended the game, and much to his own surprise Jim was very happy. His school's team had won!

## A CORNER ON CHRISTMAS

By Grace Bowden, '21.



was the night before  
**CHRISTMAS,**

And all through the **HOUSE—**"

"Aw, Marge, cut that out, won't you! Now, I've got to count these Saturday Evening

Posts all over again, you pounce on them last words so, all I can remember is them and not my count. You're too young to recite that kind of poetry, anyhow!"

"Why, Andy Thone! I've just got to learn this. No, I'm not too young, neither; teacher said that every little bit of Christmas belonged to everybody! Besides, I like to say that over and over, it makes me feel awful Christmasy. I tell you, Andy, you count one paper on every one of them last words! Andy, don't you feel a little

bit Christmasy? You've gotta hurry up and get the feelin' 'cause it's almost here."

"Yes, I know it but what's the use? We can't have no Christmas tree, with that rent got a be paid and besides, Santa Claus don't never come here at all."

"Well, let's forget for a minute and play he's coming! All ready—

'Not a creature was **STIRRING**, not even'—

"Oh, Andy, did you see that really, truly mouse!"

All this conversation was taking place between two children on the old, rickety back-stairs of a sagging tenement house, while in a little room under those stairs, Miss Spirling, the landlady, was feverishly poring over her bank book, investigating



her corner on money matters. Miss Spirling, a determined, independent spinster, had, through this tenement, seen her corner on finance increase and expand, until with joy, she reveled in the fact that her corners on other things in life had been crowded out to give space for the one big Corner.

For some days Miss Spirling had caught drifts of the approaching Christmas spirit as it floated over the stairs just outside her tiny room. Vague recollections of her past happy Christmases had faintly formed themselves in her mind, until with this last dialogue on the stairs, her determination had taken another turn. She, Regina Spirling, would on that very day, go buy **FIVE** picture books and send to the Hospital. After seriously considering it, she came to the conclusion that fifty cents wouldn't make such a great difference in the figures on her book and that hampering Christmas spirit would no longer dog her. She **WOULD** have a small corner on Christmas!

With coat and hat adorned, she stepped briskly out into the hall, pulled the door tightly behind her, turned the key with a decisive click and swung around to walk down the hall, just in time to get a splash of water, one of the quick succession of splashes that were melting in from a leaky roof, and joining a little freshet coursing along the corridor.

Yes, the tenants had complained of the bad roof. Only last night Mr. Nackie had stopped at her door to remind her of it. Well,—perhaps after all, it wouldn't pay to let it get any worse. She would see that that was attended to right away, but she must have it done as cheaply as possible.

Hurrying through the hall with these two big projects on her mind, she forgot to scowl but actually smiled at young Mrs. Stetson, who turned to her a tear-dimmed face, for what would she do? The lock in the door which had been bothering so long, simply refused to work; of course she couldn't leave her rooms unlocked and she

must get the next train so as to spend Christmas with her sick mother.

In a dazed surprise, Mrs. Stetson heard her landlady promise to watch the rooms herself and have a new lock put on the door. But being anxious to get the train, she didn't stop to question or wonder at the sudden change in Miss Spirling.

Not so with Miss Spirling herself. What was going on within her! In utter amazement, she heard herself, Regina Spirling, tell Mrs. McGinnis, the wash-lady, in the last apartment on the second floor, that she would send her a new clothes-reel, when Mrs. McGinnis complained that her "Moike vowed he'd foixed her oild reel for the last toime."

The fumes of gas escaping from somewhere, mixed with the odor of boiled cabbage and soapsuds, met her as she made her way downstairs to the first floor. Item number five on her list, though it be, she guessed she would renew those old gas jets in the Burke rooms. But, oh, the expense!

If she didn't hurry out of here quickly she was sure she would become a new person. It never had struck her with such force before just how much the tenants really depended on her. Straddling over a drift of snow, blown in under the swelled front door, her list was increased by still another item, and she hurried along toward the down town shops.

Hardly had she gone a block when old Mrs. White stopped her to ask if there couldn't be some new paper put on her front room. Most of the old paper was off and she did so want her rooms to look nice and cozy for Christmas as George, her boy, was coming home.

As the lights were beginning to glimmer in the brisk December dusk, a converted landlady was hurrying back to that sagging tenement house. Fifty, instead of five story books, had been sent to the Hospital; plumbers, carpenters, and paper hangers had been engaged; while a plan for a



Christmas tree, labeled, "Marjorie and Andy, from 'Old Saint Nick,'" was dizzily forming and whirling in her brain.

She, Miss Spirling, the shrewd, independent spinster of the little room under the stairs, had caught the Christmas spirit,

and with it, the vision that she was necessary to the happiness of others and that in order to secure her "Corner on Christmas," she must willingly let drop, to a large degree, her corner on finances.

## THE LITTLE WANDERER

By Kathleen Hand, '22.

The Characters—

Mary O'Reilley.

Nora, } Her daughters.  
Sheila, }

Patrick, her Son.

Boy.

Time. Dusk on Christmas Eve.

Scene—The kitchen of the O'Reilley cottage. Mary O'Reilley is baking frosted cakes for the morrow. Nora and Sheila are sitting before the fire tying mistletoe in bunches.

Mary—I wonder what can be keepin' Patrick this cauld night? I never saw sich a bye fer laggin'.

Nora—Here he is, now, mother.

Enter Patrick with a small boy of about six years.

Patrick—Ma, I'm sorry I was so long. Mrs. O'Keefe hasn't any spice left. I was on my way to the village to get you some, when I met this little bye on the road. He was cryin' and' was so cold that I knew it would be all right if I brought him home.

Mary—The holy saints preserve us, Patrick O'Reilley. Is that the best you can do? Cartin' home a half-starved young un' when I'm waitin' at home fer that spice to put in your Christmas cakes. Don't yer think I've got enough to do feedin' me own childer without ye draggin' in another spalpheen.

Patrick—Ma, can't he stay here just for tonight? He told me he hadn't had a thing to ate all day and it's—

Mary—Arrah, go way wid ye and don't bother me. You childer will land me in

the poor house. Ye drag home everythin' ye find on the road. I dinna' mind when yer father was alive but since he's gone and there's only one pair of hands to work, what can I do at all, at all?

Patrick—We have plenty to ate fer us all.

Nora—Mother, you said a little while ago that you wished that the Christ Child would come to us tonight. Perhaps this little boy is the Christ Child?

Sheila—He's so cold and wet. Please let him stay.

The tender Irish heart under the rough exterior was warm and easily touched. Her eyes softened as she looked at the little waif.

What if he were the Christ Child? She went over to him and looked into his pleading eyes. Then to the astonishment of her children, she opened her arms and clasped the child in a motherly embrace.

Mary—Ye poor little darlint. Come over to the fire 'till I warm ye. Far be it from me to turn ye out on sich a night. I was jest foolin' when I said I didn't want ye. No one has ever been turned away from Mary O'Reilley's door and ye won't be the first. Patrick, get me those woolen stockings of yourn. Sheila, get me a glass of milk and warm that 'tater cake that's in the cupboard. Tell me, little bye, what yer name is?

Boy—I haven't any name.

Mary—What? Doesn't yer mother call ye something?

Boy—I haven't any mother.



Mary—Holy Saint Patrick. The poor little dear. Where did ye come from?

Boy—I walked all the way from Bally Shannon today.

Mary—Ye don't say. Why, it's nigh ten mile from here.

While she talked she took off his wet, cold garments and put on dry ones. Then she sat him on a bench before the fire and gave him some food. While he ate she went back to her cooking.

Mary—The poor little bye. No mother

and no home. Oh, the world's a cauld, hard, dreary place for them as has no home. It was only last Sunday that Father McGinnis told us not to be like the people in Bethlehem who turned the Child Jesus out but to have the spirit of love and charity in our hearts. Think o' me, who has a good name wid the neighbors, wantin' to turn the little bye out into the cauld. How do I know but he might be the Christ Child come to bless me and me childer?

## THE LITTLE OLD LADY OF THE MOUNTAINS

By Carolyn E. Witherly, '21.



HE was a quaint, old woman and she wore still older and quainter clothes. She lived alone in a small cottage on the outskirts of the village, on the side of a mountain.

The people of the village tried to become her friends but although she was courteous to them she never encouraged their friendship, therefore, people avoided her.

Sometimes people questioned her about her life and who she was. In answer she would smile and say that she came from the outside world of wickedness and she was an enemy of none although others were her enemies.

When she had come to the mountain many years before she had had a baby girl with her but after a few months, it was said that the baby had died. None knew how nor when!

Thus was the state of affairs when Jim Bryon came to the village. He was a man of the world seeking adventure. People laughed at him for coming to that quiet village for adventure, but he paid no attention to them.

Once "the little old lady of the mountains," as she was called, came to the village and saw Bryon. She fled home and

was not seen for days and days. When she again came for food she appeared afraid. In her eyes was a look that may be seen in the eyes of a fawn that is trying to escape the death shot of the hunter; beneath them were dark circles of sorrow and suffering.

On returning home, she passed Bryon. He looked at her as if he recognized her but shook his head and passed on.

The next day he decided to visit the quaint, old lady and learn more of her, for she seemed strangely familiar to him. Who could she be?

Then he thought of his past life; of his beautiful wife, who had died of starvation while he was lying sick in a hospital; of the disappearance of his child and the threat of his wife's mother. He remembered it all now! Could it be possible that after all these years of searching, he would find his lost child in the secluded place?

It was growing dark as he wended his way up the mountain side. Little did he think that he was going to meet his own destiny. Spring was fast approaching and the snow had already started to slide down the mountain.

"What an unsafe place to live in," was his first thought as he saw the cottage a



little farther up the mountain, indistinct in the twilight.

As he came nearer he beheld a girl of about seventeen years of age, standing in the doorway. She was dressed, as was the old woman, in quaint, old clothes. To Bryon she was like an angel, for she was the living image of his dead wife.

He went up to her and asked if he might come in. At first she seemed afraid but when he smiled at her, she told him to come in and gave him supper. Soon the old lady came in and when she saw him she screamed and clasped the girl to her breast. Just then a terrible roar was heard, which grew louder and louder.

The man, the woman and the girl stood still with terror, for it was an avalanche which was swiftly coming down upon them; a terrible ocean of ice and snow with the shadowy form of death hovering

over it, ready to seize everything that was in its path.

The girl ran to Bryon and threw her arms around his neck and cried, "I know you! I know you! You are my father!"

Then came a crash! The avalanche struck the house and carried it on, while Death played with the bodies of its captives.

The next morning the village folks looked at the wreck of the home upon the mountain and shook their heads for they knew Jim Bryon and the little old woman were killed; the girl they knew not of, for never had they seen her.

Jim Bryon's sorrows were over and also the sorrows of the little old lady. But the girl who had known neither sorrow nor sin, had gone into Eternity with the same innocence and faith that she had borne upon earth.

## THE STORY OF AN EX-ARMY RIFLE

By F. Arnott Soderberg, '21.



I received the "ex" part of my name when I was put in a box labeled "For Bangor High School." This I knew was the worst fate that could ever befall me. To think that I, who had served faithfully for two years in France, should be sent to teach children in short pants how to drill. Even the thought made my blood run cold. The box in which eight comrades and myself were imprisoned was dumped off the train, into a rickety old wagon, and hauled through a town that might have been dead, it was so quiet and at last arrived in the high school basement. Someone put us into a stuffy room, where we lived for three weary months with nothing to eat but vile smelling grease.

Then came a day when I was handed out to a tiny specimen of humanity who, as I

afterward learned, was called a Freshman. It was all he could do to carry me though he used both hands and when he stood me up he could just see over my head. When he dropped me my head hit the floor with a crash, whereupon he looked me over disdainfully and informed his friends that I was "th' worst piece o' junk in th' school" and that if he couldn't swap me he wouldn't drill any more.

He grabbed me up and dragged me to what they call the locker room. He reached into his pocket and pulled out two marbles, a fish line, two pieces of chalk and lastly his key. He opened the locker and threw me very unceremoniously into its dark depths. The next day my mast—I mean my freshman had lost his key and the janitor had to come down from the third floor to get me out, and when I heard him say, under his breath something about



freshmen being pests, I agreed with him precisely.

My new owner next dragged me up the steps and across the street. There seniors were shouting at the top of their voices trying to get the band of little children into line. I could see where they acquired the "fresh" part of their name but where they picked up the "men" part is still a mystery to me. My child had all he could do to

hold me and keep his balance but some of the others were talking back to the officers in a way that would have brought envy into the heart of any army private had he heard it.

After a week of this agony an order came that some other unlucky rifles were going to take our place. I was released! If I ever meet the officer that sent that order I will be his servant for the rest of my life.

## SIX WEEKS OF LIFE

By R. Roosevelt Pease, '22.



It was early in the morning of June 17, 1920, when our detachment was ordered to entrain for Camp Devens.

From all parts of the city the fellows congregated with their traveling bags, suitcases, and so on. Soon we were on our way to Devens. We went by train by way of Portland, and at Deering Jct. we again entrained with the Third Maine Infantry Supply Train, a detachment from South Portland, on its way to Devens.

After a hard day's ride in the cars we finally arrived at Ayer Jct., and there we found that a group of officers and N. C. O.'s were awaiting our arrival. It was raining hard and from the view of an outsider the future appeared gloomy.

We fell in a company front, and then marched in a column of twos to a train of motor trucks, that had been detailed to carry us into camp.

We entered camp yelling our high school yell, but the rain made us feel not at home, and when we reached camp we were wet to the skin. But then we had a lot of "pep" left and before long everybody, soldiers and civilians, knew that Old Bangor High was well represented.

We were paraded before the Sergt. Major for our records and other papers per-

taining to the camp instruction. We were then grouped together, marched across the road, which was the Inner Road South, and then entered a spacious barracks with the large numbers, 496, painted on a sign-board. All went well and soon we were climbing the stairs into what was known as the upper squad room. Small iron bunks, mattress, pillows, sheets and blankets and everything else that was essential for making sleeping conditions comfortable were issued to us. We were then instructed in the proper way to make the bunks.

Everything seems fine until from around the corner of Headquarters a bugler piped:

Rat-a-tat-a-tat, rat-a-rat-a-tat-tat—, and someone yelled: "Mess."

Over all stampedes viewed in the Wild and Woolly West we took the grand prize. Then a rush for the Mess Hall, which was located on the first floor of the barracks. We were playing the game well but an officer popped through a door at the rear entrance.

"Tenshun!" came a voice, and then the officer smiled and said: "As you were, boys," and again the rush went forward. We were marched in file to the tables and as soon as one table was filled an officer gave, "Seats," and everybody ate.

After a fine supper we were notified that all lights would be put out after 9 p. m.,



and that everybody must be in his bunk by 10 p. m. without fail. Soon quiet prevailed with the exception of the Mess attendants below preparing our breakfast.

From away down the squad room someone piped:—"Here's a good night kiss, Johnnie," and something came winding and tearing through the air. There was a yell and a sigh and someone realized that he was shell-shocked. With a moan Johnnie picks up a heavy shoe, something like the one Miller used to wear in camp, those number 12's, and says:—

"Well, I'll be jiggered, I thought I was having sweet dreams."

And so on went the game until all was silent again.

Suddenly from the lower squad room one of the fellows made a hasty approach as it was after Taps. With a stealthy walk, he crossed the squad room to his bunk. Instantly, there was a crash and a roar of laughter. He was an experiment of "Red Workers."

Our bunks were of a folding type and if bent inward enough they would be easily made collapsible. With a fellow of considerable weight they proved more than a disaster. The fellow arose from a heap in the floor and commenced repairing his bunk. After much difficulty, he managed to draw the iron back to an upright position. Then all was silent to the world.

The next morning all was just the same as the day before. It was raining hard and we were thinking whether or not we should be asked to go out in the rain. Then the order came.

"Be ready to fall in to be marched to the Quartermaster Storehouses for uniforms and equipment."

After a series of measurements we finally received our uniforms and again started for the barracks.

Then the days of drilling came, out from 7 a. m., until about 11.45 a. m. The days

were divided as follows:

Reveille, 5.30.

Mess, 6.00.

Sick call, 6.30.

"Stand-To Inspection," 6.45.

Assembly for Drill, 7.

Physical Drill, 7 to 7.30.

Infantry Drill, 7.30 to 10.30.

Bayonet Drill, 10.30 to 11.

Boxing, 11 to 11.30.

Recall from Drill.

Mess, 12 M.

Everything continued along these lines until we had about three more days to remain in camp. In these three days we went on a two day hike in the direction of the Combat Range. Arriving near some farmhouses in the vicinity of the Combat Range, we halted and prepared our dinner from our packs. In the afternoon we marched farther south and pitched shelter tents. Not even the life of a dog is appreciated in these places. On Monday evening, July 26, 1920, in that locality that I've just mentioned was one grand scene. There were over eight hundred of us Infantry students, besides field kitchens, supply trains, band, headquarters company, hospital unit, and mules from far and near. The noise could be heard for miles around when a group of our long-eared friends took up the chorus. In the company streets, especially in ours, which was the first, group games were in progress. At one end of the street some fellows were tossing a smaller fellow into the air by means of a blanket. At another place some of the fellows were mimicking rookies. We were enjoying ourselves immensely when from the upper end of the company street someone yelled:—

"Look, who's here, boys." Everyone centered his vision on the speaker and at his side stood an old friend of ours, our former High school principal, Mr. Hal R. Eaton.

After shaking hands with all of the fel-

lows he remarked:—"How's your lungs, boys?"

Stanhope, '20, understood, and then:—  
B-A-N-G-O-R.

After a hearty talk with all the fellows he was joined by our old P. M. S. & T. Capt. Walter D. McCord, and together they left as it was nearly time for "douse the glim" or Call to Quarters.

At Taps we turned into our "pups" and soon the camp in the field was quiet. After a hard, cold sleep on the ground near the fires, morning dawned and then we were ready for Mess. When the appetites of all had been satisfied orders were issued to strike camp. Then we were issued blank ammunition and with orders to use it to the best advantage. We were marched through some woods something like a brush pile and after destroying the supposed enemy, the 5th Company, we turned toward the road that led to the barracks. It was Tuesday noon when we again reached barracks and began turning in our equipment right after Mess, or dinner. The

hours soon passed and morning came, Wednesday, July 28, 1920. After returning our bunks to the Quartermaster Storehouses we received our Camp Training Certificates and our transportation fees. Then we were off for Ayer, to hit a train for Bangor.

It is needless to say that the morale of the camp would have been on the ground had it not been for the contributions of fun given by Miller, '23.

Chaplain DeBeck, '22 of the Fighting First, told many strange tales of his past and present life, which greatly amused the members of our unit.

At a little after 6.30 a. m., on the morning of July 28, 1920, we were seated in a train on our way to good old Bangor, Maine. We arrived in Bangor about 6.30 p. m. It surely was a great feeling to plant your feet on the sidewalks of Bangor.

If you think that six weeks could be used to a better advantage, ask the Devens fellows, they know.

Those were the good old days, boys.

## REMINISCENCES OF A SENIOR, NO. 2 CHRISTMAS.

By Crosby Hodgman, '21.



EE—gee—hain't it great. Only two more days and then vacation, only another week and then Christmas. What's Santa going to bring you?" The little cherub who uttered these words was a short, chubby kid of tender years—

supporting on his dimpled face a short, freckled nose, a fuzzy upper lip and a receding chin—ya know, you were one once yourself or if you are a girl, you once admired such creatures when pantalettes were in style—when we were freshmen.

"Yeth," I lisp to the first remark, "Hain't



you funny," to the second—then a worried little wrinkle furrowed my manly brow, I run my tiny hands through my beautiful auburn, or dark gleaming locks. "I—I wonder what I kin give her!" I mutter, my voice which at the time was changing, booming loud and deep, then high and squeaky.

Some years before,—before I had even seen a Latin and when I thought Algebra was the name of a tropical fruit or a terrible disease—I had heard of a noble, generous youth, who gave a girl a ring for a Christmas present. My efficient brain immediately perceived that rings were expensive. I might get the wrong size. I never did like diamonds, and that she might lose it. "She might get a s—s—stone bruise, anyway." Next, I thought (as 'twere) of a box of candy. I remembered of a Romeo who had given his Juliet some—but then, I was almost broke, perhaps she did not eat candy and suppose I got a box that she didn't like. (!) "Perhaps she would get sick, and that would be AWFUL. Tandy's bad for a girl's complexion. I dess I will send her a picture postal card." Suddenly I saw, as (speaking from the past, not the present), we with mathematical brains do see, that I could carry it to her home and therefore accomplish two masterly strokes. I would save a cent and get a chance to see if there was any extra mantel ornaments in her home—we might need them in about ten years when we started in housekeeping.

So here I be, or rather am, here I am turning the corner and my cool and piercing eyes recognize the cozy nest in which this fair maiden dwelt. "Gee," I mutter, "Gee, I hope her father or brothers ain't home!" (I always did feel foolish before her brothers). I trip daintily up the street but as I draw near the little white gate my brave and gallant heart commences to skip—'twas only beating on one cylinder when I reached the front of the

cozy nest in which my affinity hung her hat. I place my shaking fist on the gate—how changed it was from the brown and muscular paw that had swung so calmly at my side a few seconds before.

Here I stand at the gate. I think (as 'twere)—had I remembered to let mother brush my hair? Off comes my pretty little lid, my trembling feelers brush back my wonderful hair. Had mother remembered to polish my nails? Out comes my little nail scissors that I had bought through a mail order house. I skillfully use the terrible weapon. Had mother applied my DEAR, sweet pink and baby blue face cloth to my slender neck? Out comes my pocket hanky, I moisten this with my petite (I can't keep my education out of my writings as 'twere) tongue, then I swab the back of my neck. Had mother—I glance up—there in the window, smiling and bowing, was She, her mother and the foresaid brothers. Far be it from me to express my feelings—words and phrases can be marshaled in every way and they will not express it—how that sublime color, red, aye red, more red, swept over my noble brow, until I could feel the color run in back of my ears, down my neck, which at the time wore a No. 10 collar, until it reached my muscular, Herculean shoulders, until it reached my muscle bound arms and my powerful fist.

Must I go on? Must I tell you how I stumbled up the front steps; how I slipped and fell over the door mat marked "Welcome"; how I stood there blushing and giggling as she took my hat—at the same time hearing half smothered laughter through a half opened door a little way down the hall; how I stepped on her cat in the parlor and sat down on her mother's work box; how I looked, felt, spoke and walked, after discovering while standing in front of her, that mother had forgot to tuck in my red, blue and purple shirt—how I had to do this while she stood before me?



Must I go on? Must I tell you of that horrible night? Must I tell you of the awful pauses in the conversation when I could not think of anything to say; how at last I rose to go, knocked a jar from the table as I moved toward the door, knocked the hat rack over as I clutched my cap; stood

by the front door trying to make a graceful adios—not knowing if I should shake her hand or not; how I kicked the milk bottles off the steps as I backed away from her?

Finally, may I wish you, freshman, a Happy Christmas, also may I wish you the same, students in the upper class.

## JIMMIE'S BRAVERY

By Beulah Chandler, '21.

"Hear the loud alarm bells, Brazen bells!  
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency  
tells!

In the startled ear of night  
How they scream out their affright!  
Too much horrified to speak,  
They can only shriek, shriek,

Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of  
the fire,

In a mad expostulation with the deaf and  
frantic fire,

Leaping higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire

And a resolute endeavor

Now—now, to sit or never

By the side of the palefaced moon."

Cling! Clang! roared the fire bells  
through the stillness of the night. Cling!  
Clang!

Away dashed the horses towards the scene of the fire. Towards the tenement district of the city, where huddled many families of all nationalities. Even as the horses rushed to the burning building, smoke could be seen pouring out from the window of the largest tenement house in the city.

The horses stopped. The appliances for fighting fire were put into use. Suddenly as the water struck the building, a man put up a window, stuck out his night-capped head and shouted, "What in the land's sake are you doing? Are you trying to give us a bath?"

"Haven't you got sense enough to know

that the house is on fire, you bonehead of a German?" angrily shouted one of the firemen.

"The house is struck with fire? With fire? My wife! The house is struck with fire," the excited German shouted to his wife as he hastily banged down the window.

Soon the old German's room was fairly alive with excitement. "Jimmie, you 'Merican, wake up. You take mit you the trouble of ringing mit the bells. Vake the rest of the Irishmen, and all the rest of the monster world up, and dell dem dot the house is struck mit fire." The poor German was very much excited as he kicked Jimmie Brown in order to wake him.

Jimmie was a boy of sixteen and he had just entered the office of Mr. Von Smit. That accounted for his staying with the German family.

Jimmie, as he became fully aware of what was occurring, began to dress rapidly. There was no need of his telling the "rest of the monster world" of what was going on. Strange sounds were being made as each of the many families hurriedly got into their clothes and hastened to leave the burning building.

Their preparations were made in almost less time than it takes to tell about it. The leaving of the building was another thing. Only one flight of stairs besides the fire escape existed to accommodate the thirty-five families who were living in the tenement house.



The people on the ground floor escaped quickly and easily. The second floor was cleared with little trouble. But when it came to the third floor it seemed as if a hundred people were trying at once to go down the narrow flight of stairs.

Smoke and flames were now filling the building; the angry and terrified exclamations of many men and women could be heard.

At last all were out. As the women watched the building burn, they thought of the things they wished that they had saved.

"My cut glass vase," cried Mrs. Smith, who had brought only an old teapot with her.

"My new dress," cried another woman.

"My pie plate," wailed another.

Each in their distress thought of some little thing which they wanted as they watched the flames climb higher and higher.

The men were helping the firemen the best that they knew how. It was impossible to save the building or its contents, but the men worked faithfully trying to keep the flames from spreading. As the flames grew brighter the wails of the women arose. These women, with their small children, who had come from their native lands across the sea, were seeing their new homes taken away from them.

Jimmie Brown was doing his best to soothe the frightened children. Brave boy! He little knew what he was to go through before the disastrous fire could be extinguished.

"Baby Joan. Where's my Baby Joan?" suddenly cried a Frenchwoman. The cries of the women stopped and only the roar of the flames could be heard in the silence that fell after that heart broken appeal. Where was Baby Joan? No one had seen her. She must be in the burning building. The men and women were too startled to move. All except Jimmie. One look at Baby

Joan's mother and that was enough for Jimmie. "I'll bring her or die in the attempt," he shouted, as he ran towards the door of the burning building. The smoke was already coming forth in great gray balls.

Straight through the door went Jimmie and straight towards the stairs he started. He had not gone far before he realized that the stairs were in flames. There was only one way now in which he could enter the building—by the fire escape. Quickly Jimmie ran up and entered the building in that way. As the crowd of foreigners saw him run toward the fire escape a cry of encouragement arose. But could he make it? The side of the building was enveloped in flames. Only one window was free from smoke or flames and that was on the fourth floor!

Without a thought of himself Jimmie started up the fire escape. He had nearly reached the second floor when he felt the steps below him sway. He knew what was coming. With a leap, Jimmie cleared the railing and fell, hands outstretched, to the ground just as the side of the wall gave way.

The roar of the flames was terrific, but above the mighty roar could be heard the groans of the waiting crowd.

Jimmie lay stunned for a moment, but nothing daunted, he soon arose and started to find some other way in which he might enter the building. Look! What is that which Jimmie sees that makes his face alight with new strength? A rope! A slender rope, hanging from the roof of the building!

Quietly, Jimmie starts to mount the side of the flaming building, hand over hand, on the rope. Breathlessly the crowd watch him. Higher and higher he goes. Faster and thicker become the flames. It seems to Jimmie as he climbs that the whole world was in flames.

The second floor was reached. The



third was passed. Jimmie felt as if the climb was an endless one. His strength was leaving him. If he could climb five feet more! Slowly and painfully, those five feet were made. As Jimmie's last bit of strength gave way he fell inside through the open window.

Jimmie staggered across the floor. He lost his way. Smoke was blinding him! Flames were surrounding him! Through the crackling of the flames a baby's cry was heard. With renewed vigor, Jimmie turned and rushed toward the direction in which he heard the cry. Straight into the heart of the flames he went. His coat caught fire! He cast it aside. He stumbled over something. It was Baby Joan.

With a cry of joy, Jimmie picked the child up and hurried towards a window.

"It matters not if I die, but I must save this little child," thought Jimmie, as he hurried blindly towards a window.

The room which he had entered when he climbed the side of the building was in flames. He ran towards another door and so on down the corridor finding each room enveloped in flames. The staircase was burning. Escape was cut off! There was but one thing to do. That was to enter one of the burning rooms and escape in the best way he could.

\* \* \* \* \*

Anxiously the crowd of people outside waited. They watched the window through which Jimmie had entered the building. Jimmie didn't come.

"Look!" one of the men suddenly cried, pointing to a window at the left of the one that Jimmie had entered. There stood Jimmie with Baby Joan in his arms. Flames were surrounding them. As Jimmie stood there the flames caught his clothes. He could not extinguish them. As he was preparing to jump he felt the same swaying motion which he had experienced as he climbed the fire escape.

He knew that the baby girl would be safe

because of the net which was being held by the crowd waiting below. The baby's clothes caught fire but Jimmie put the flame out with his bare hands.

"Good-bye, Baby Joan," he said, as he kissed the baby when he realized that he could not jump with her without setting fire to her clothing.

Down fell the baby. Swifter rose the flames. Still Jimmie stood in the window. He watched the crowd take the baby. Now was his chance to jump! But instead of jumping Jimmie fell from the window, a ball of fire, into the net where he lay with a smile on his face, as if even in death he realized that he had gone from those foreign people as quietly as he had come among them.

And so:

"Hear the tolling of the bells, iron bells!  
What a world of solemn thought their melody compels,

In the silence of the night  
How we shiver with affright  
At the melancholy menace of their tone!  
For every sound that floats  
From the rust within their throats, as a groan.

And the people—oh, the people  
They that dwell up in the steeple all alone,  
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,  
In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling  
On the human heart a stone—  
They are neither man nor woman,  
They are neither brute nor human,  
They are ghouls;  
And their king it is who tolls,  
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls,

A paean from the bells,  
And his merry bosom swells  
With the paean of the bells  
And he dances and he yells,  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme  
To the paean of the bells,



Of the bells,  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the throbbing of the bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells—  
 To the sobbing of the bells,  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,  
 To the rolling of the bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells,  
 To the tolling of the bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells—  
 To the moaning and the groaning of the  
 bells."

## THE STEPPING STONE TO SUCCESS

By Lettie Costigan.



**S**UCCESS is a happy word for the average American. To achieve success is the aim of everyone. It would more frequently be gained were it not that it is too often wrongly understood. The person after success may not soar very high at first, but then, when the youthful balloon of conceit collapses, the person will not have so far to fall.

Success must be won if it is to be enjoyed. The person who waits for it to come along is like a man who sits all day fishing in a barrel and wonders why he doesn't get even a nibble. Men ordinarily fail to succeed, not because they are naturally destined to fail, but because they lack that which is made up of knowledge, strict economy and everlasting push.

Success is the child of confidence and

perseverance. The line between failure and success is so fine that we scarcely know when we pass it, so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it. As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in. Sometimes prospects may seem darkest when really they are on the turn. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failures may turn to glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defeat except from within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own weakness of purpose.

A firm resolution, that barriers shall be swept away and difficulties surmounted, goes far toward achieving success. **SUCCESS MUST BE WON.** It never comes uninvited, never without effort.

## ROMANTIC SPAIN

By Mary A. Mutty, '21.



**O**N the southwestern corner of Europe is a little romantic country, washed on three sides by the waters of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, and separated from France by the Pyrenees Mountains.

The romantic people in this romantic land would well inspire the poet by their curious manners and customs.

The great majority of the Spanish peo-

ple are farmers. One is thrilled in visiting the different country sections by the beautiful and odd costumes of the Spanish women. Every country section is distinguished from the others by the dress, which is always of bright colors, blended artistically together.

The Spanish women are noted for their great beauty. They are generally dark, with beautiful rich complexions. Occasionally, however, we find a beautiful Span-

ish blonde. Unfortunately, however, these women do not retain their beauty, but rather, age quickly.

In the large Spanish cities the women dress much the same as do the women of our cities.

Other poetic scenes are the old ruins of the cities once inhabited by the Moors, especially the grand mosques.

And who has not heard of the Spanish manner of making love? Do you not feel thrilled when in your mind you see a gallant Spaniard playing soft and gentle music on his guitar and tenderly singing sweet songs of love under the window of the fair lady whom he wishes to woo?

Spain, to be sure, is one of the greatest Christian countries in the world. Yet in some part, the Mohammedan customs are still seen. One such custom seems particularly queer to me. It is that the unmarried Spanish girls never appear on the street unless with a married woman. Nothing could be more shocking to the Spaniard than to see an unmarried girl on the street with a gentleman escort. For this reason the Spanish girl marries very young.

The Latin tongue of this country is perhaps the most musical and most beautiful of any living language.

## YE FINISHED "ORACLE" COVER

By Tootsie Shoot-a-Bang, '22.



**O**H, that Oracle cover! It's not the first one she's attempted but ah, how I hope it's the last! It's all very well to BE a brilliant, talented sister, not so to HAVE a brilliant, talented sister. Just try living with one of these talented geniuses! Oh, you see that triad, whatever that may be, shows the great-grandfatherly relationship between red and yellow, or something to that effect; and that mere mass of oblivion is a serenade in lavenders, glorifying the coming of the dawn. Ah, me! The coming of the dawn, how beautiful to sleeping heads, not so to sleepy heads. Before her lies her handy work, her Oracle cover, hours, days, yes, weeks have been spent in making it and nothing now shall be allowed to mar it. When behold! a blot, a blanking, blurring blot, adorns her work of art, and the genius

stands wringing her hands, and moaning, while the genius' sister finds a blotter somewhere and hastily tries to mend the damage, mid showers of blessings from the talented one. Thus hour after hour, weaves on into the lessening night while the genius and her sister behold the growing wonder of art.

But the last straw is spent when the genius with delicate fingers, lightly decorates the best table cloth with the contents of her last bottle of ink. And it is true that one o'clock finds the talented, sweet sister removing ink stains in any and every conceivable manner, while two finds her hanging a much bedraggled table cloth over the backs of a row of chairs; and the wee hour of three finds the genius and her sister standing enraptured before the talented one's latest wonder of art, Her Finished Oracle Cover.





# LOCALS

*"Now's the Time, and Now's the Hour."*

On the Wednesday morning before Armistice Day, the High School was honored by the presence in Assembly Hall of three of the best of Bangor's fine speakers. Mayor Woods was the first of these, and he impressed the student body with the full importance of Armistice Day—not as a day of cheer and glee, but a day of honor and gratitude to the gallant boys who gave their lives for such a cause. The other two speakers, Colonel Southard, Bangor's hero, and James M. Gillin, a prominent young lawyer of the city, also gave fine selections relating to Patriotism. They showed that every young man should feel so proud of the great country, which saved us from we know not what end, that they might at least show their gratitude by standing at attention with head bared, when the standard of the country passed by. "Act," said Mr. Gillin, "as our Colonel Roosevelt would, if he were there." From start to finish the speakers held their listeners as in a vise, a task that is by no means easily accomplished.

There were many thankful faces which entered Assembly Hall, on Friday, Nov. 12, the last day of the first quarter of the school year. Along toward the end of the session, however, nearly one week later, on Thursday, Nov. 18, this gay feeling was noticeably humbled by the more victorious forces of gloom, since on that day the reports of the first quarter's standing were given to the pupils. This feeling ran par-

ticularly high in the Freshman class, where many realized for the first time that they must study and know a thing to get ranked on it.

School was closed on Armistice Day, Nov. 11, in gratitude for the end of the misery of the soldiers in foreign lands, and in honor of those boys who had already given their lives that we might live on, as free of trouble as before. The High School was adequately represented in the Armistice Day parade through the band and R. O. T. C. directly, and indirectly through the Red Cross float of which Miss Pfaff was the chairman. Eight high school girls had places on the float, together with Rachel Connor, a former High school student, who was the greatest home service mother. Many ex-service men from the U. of M., were present, besides a few Marines, half of whom were B. H. S. graduates. The float was beautifully decorated, and was justly given an honorable mention.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter D. McCord are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son, Walter D. McCord, Jr.

Following the usual custom, the Sophomores held their reception to the football team on Thanksgiving eve. The receiving line consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Proctor, Mr. and Mrs. Morrill, Coach McCann, Mrs. Woodman, Miss Frances McCann, Isadore

Cohen, and Roland Staples. The committee included, Bruce Smith, chairman; Dorothy Rice, secretary; Leonora Hall, Gladys Roberts, Linwood Davis and Arthur Atwood. Alden Sawyer was floor manager, Arthur Atwood had charge of the music; Leonora Hall, advertising; Dorothy Rice, decorating, and Madeline Heath, the punch table.

School closed Nov. 24, for the Thanksgiving recess. It was difficult to put our minds upon lessons when we were forever thinking of the good things to eat upon the morrow and although the school year had just begun we felt that a few days' vacation would be welcome.

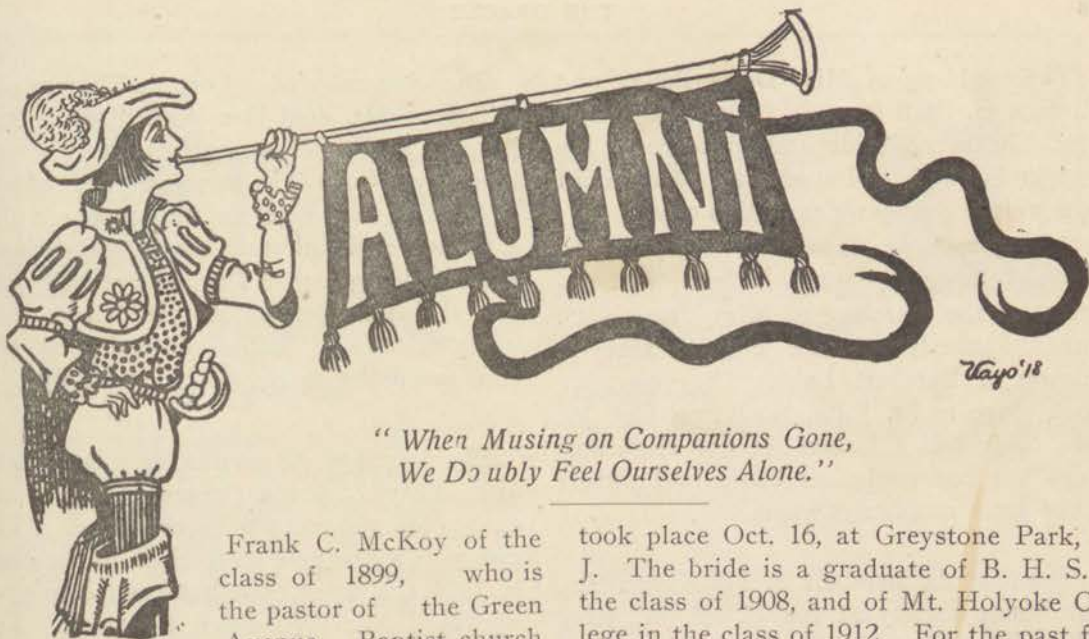
Mme. Beaupre has kindly given the school library many copies of the French magazine, *L'Illustration*, published during the World War. The pictures and the reading matter are most interesting and valuable, and the gift is one for which teachers and pupils are very grateful.

The trials for speakers in the Junior Exhibition have made wonderful headway this year under the direction of Miss Buxton,

who has taken the position of teacher of elocution vacated by Mrs. Woodman last year. Many of the Juniors have already been before the judges, and it is believed that there are to be some fine speeches presented at the Exhibition in the spring.

Amid elaborate settings and with excellent costuming, the Pageant in Honor of Our Pilgrim Fathers was presented before a large audience, Tuesday evening, in the Assembly Hall, and was a success from the opening number to the finale. The setting of cedar trees and a log cabin, gave a most realistic touch to the early scenes of the pageant, those of the first days of our forefathers at Plymouth, while the costumes of the Indians and Pilgrims did their part in adding the touch of realism. The different members of the cast of characters were excellent in their roles, their pantomime acting, which is a really difficult thing to obtain, being of a very high order. The pageant, one of the best of its kind ever presented in this city, was much to the credit of Miss Hope Buxton, under whose direction the program was directed and presented.





*"When Musing on Companions Gone,  
We Doubly Feel Ourselves Alone."*

Frank C. McKoy of the class of 1899, who is the pastor of the Green Avenue Baptist church Brooklyn, delivered to a much interested audience, the allegory, "The Primrose Path," at the Columbia Street Baptist Church, Sunday, August 22.

Philip E. Howe, '12, of Springfield, Mass., while making a short visit in Bangor, took part in arranging the plans for the joint reunion of the two classes, 1912 and 1919. Mr. Howe since graduating, has taken active part for Uncle Sam in two wars, the Mexican and the Great World War.

Among the business women of the class of 1900 are Mrs. Gertrude Boynton McNaughton, who holds a position in the office of the Eastern Manufacturing Co., and Mrs. Eulalie Estabrooks Collins, who is with the Bangor & Aroostook.

Miss Amy Ware, a former member of the B. H. S. faculty, is now teaching in a normal school, in Warrensburg, Missouri. She returned to Bangor in season to attend her class reunion of 1900.

A recent wedding of much interest was that of Miss Myrtle Smart of this city, and Dr. Marcus Curry of New Jersey, which

took place Oct. 16, at Greystone Park, N. J. The bride is a graduate of B. H. S. in the class of 1908, and of Mt. Holyoke College in the class of 1912. For the past few years she has been engaged in research work in New Jersey. Miss Louise Ewer, another former Bangor High student, was bridesmaid at the wedding.

Gladys A. Reed, '18, is studying in Boston University, the College of Liberal Arts.

Miss Elizabeth P. Chandler and Dorothy C. Freese have been elected members of the Maine Club of Mt. Holyoke college.

An extemporaneous poem written by Miss Mary Clough, '20, was accepted by her class at Mount Holyoke, for the class song.

The many friends of Miss Louise Leonard, B. H. S., '12, a Senior at Smith College, will be pleased to learn that she has been elected president of the Luba Club, a large organization of off-campus girls of that college.

Miss Elsie O'Connor, '20, is meeting with success as a teacher of dancing, having formed classes in Dexter, Dover, Foxcroft and Greenville. She is a pupil of Mrs. Rosanna B. Odiorne and has the best wishes for success in her chosen profession.

The wedding of Miss Doris Bailey and Eugene H. Pfaff recently took place in this city. Both the bride and bridegroom are former High School students. Mr. Pfaff is a well known jeweler in this city.

Many Bangor people will learn with interest of the marriage of Miss Virginia O. Jones, formerly of this city, to Maurice Bishop of Lambert Lake. The ceremony took place in St. John, N. B., on Oct. 19. The bride was a former Bangor High student but has made her home in Lambert Lake for a number of years.

The first six members of Phi Kappa Phi, the honor society at the U. of M., have been chosen from the Senior class and from this number three are graduates of Bangor High School in the class of 1917. These new members are the Misses Marion Bragg, Carol Hamm and Florence Salley. Miss Bragg, who was the winner of one of the French medals during her high school course, has maintained higher rank throughout her course at the university than has been attained by any student of that institution for a period of years.

Miss Elizabeth Burke of this city, was united in marriage to Lieut. John W. Lerew of Dillsburg, Pa., on Nov. 6, at the Hotel Somerset, Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. Mrs. Lerew is a graduate of B. H. S. in the class of 1916 and of Smith College in 1920. She has hosts of friends in Bangor, who wish her much happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. George Eaton are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son. Mrs. Eaton (Gale Littlefield) is an alumna of B. H. S. and formerly was supervisor of music in the schools of this city.

The funeral of Corp. Thomas D. O'Leary, who died Dec. 4, 1918, in a base hospital in France, recently took place in this city. Corp. O'Leary was a graduate of B. H. S. in the class of 1916 and was also a graduate of Gilman Commercial School. Prior to his going to Camp Devens he was a clerk in the Penobscot draft board. His many friends in Bangor extend their sincere sympathy to his bereaved family.

The marriage of Willis W. Berry and Miss Mary L. Jordan, recently took place at St. Mary's rectory in this city. The groom is a graduate of B. H. S. in the class of 1914 and since then has been employed by the J. F. Woodman Company. The bride graduated from Bangor High in 1915 and for the past five years has been the bookkeeper at Hogan & Callan's.

The November Atlantic Monthly contains an article entitled, "The Future of the Cotton Industry," by Melvin T. Copeland, assistant professor of Marketing and director of the bureau of business research at Harvard University. Prof. Copeland graduated from High School in 1902, from Bowdoin in 1906, and from Harvard Graduate School in 1910. He received a quick appointment to the School of Business Administration at Harvard and while serving as a member of the faculty completed required studies for five years in four besides serving his country under special appointment.

Carl Morrison, '20, has accepted a position with the Commercial as reporter.

Mrs. M. W. Burke (Frances Webber) of the class of 1900 is receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.





*"A Knock-down Argument, 'tis but a Word and a Blow."*

### THE SENATE.

At the Senate meeting held October 17, a snappy debate on the following resolution was held: Resolved, That the United States Should Cancel Her War Loans to the Allies. Mr. Schiro was leader of the negative, and Mr. Collins of the affirmative. The affirmative won the decision, and the judges decided that Collins was the best speaker of the afternoon.

At the meeting of the Senate held November 1, a lively debate on the following resolution was held: Resolved, That the United States Should Cancel Her War Loans to the Allies. The affirmative speakers were Mr. Collins, Mr. Pressey, and Mr. Paul, and the negative speakers were Mr. Schiro, Mr. Crowell and Mr. Soderberg. Mr. Davis and Mr. Tarbell assisted Mr. Miller as critics. The critics gave their decision to the negative and agreed that Mr. Collins was the best speaker.

On November 15, debate on the following resolution was held: Resolved, That the United States Congress Should Pass Legislation Prohibiting Japanese Immigration Into This Country. Mr. Hodgman, Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Dennis spoke on the affirmative, while Mr. Bowler, Mr. Paul, and Mr. Tarbell spoke on the negative. Mr. Viner, Mr. Crowell and Mr. Morrison were the critics. They gave their decision to the affirmative, and decided that Mr. Paul was the best debater. Much interest was shown in this discussion as the

question was quite similar to that which is to be debated in the Bates League this winter.

### THE HOUSE.

Meeting of the House, October 25, 1920.

Meeting called to order by Speaker Whittier. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

It was moved and seconded that semi-annual dues of 25 cents be collected in January and June. The motion was carried.

The following committee was appointed to select a topic for the debate in the Bates League: Walter Whittier, Donald Mason, Charles Sawyer.

Nine members reported on their respective states. Motion to adjourn was carried.

On November 29, at the Senate meeting, a round table discussion of the Bates League question was held.

November 8, 1920.

Meeting called to order by Speaker Whittier. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The following question was debated: Resolved, That Bangor Should Appropriate \$3,000 Annually for Playgrounds. Affirmative, Charles Sawyer, W. Largay, Don. Mason; negative, Thomas Largay, Herbert Ring, Harold O'Connell. The decision was given to the affirmative by the following judges: Ed. Curran, C. Morrison, H. Brown, faculty adviser.

A meeting of the executive committee

was held after the debate.

Respectfully submitted,  
Herbert Ring,  
Clerk and Treasurer.

### GIRLS' DEBATING SOCIETY

The Girls' Debating Society held a meeting Oct. 20. The question discussed was: Resolved, That a License Should Be Required for All Cats as Well as Dogs. The judges were, Miss Mary Robinson, Pauline Aiken and Thelma Goodale. Miss Mary Robinson, Blanche Bowden and Miriam Bunker were chosen for the program committee. There were three new members admitted to the society at this meeting, Misses Sylvia Kirkpatrick, Katherine Barron and Bernice O'Brien.

Respectfully submitted,  
Thelma Goodale, Sec.

The afternoon of November 3, was devoted to the study of "Ireland." This sub-

ject was taken up as a literary subject and not as a subject for debate. Miriam Bunker told of the "Conquest of Ireland." Fay Everett told about "The Wrongs of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century." Blanche Bowden gave a very good account of the "Wrongs of Ireland in the Nineteenth Century." Kathleen Hand gave a very good account of the "Ulster Question." Miss Mary Robinson told about two famous Irish authors, Edmund Yates and Lord Dunsany. Kathleen Hand and Grace Bowden were appointed on the program committee. The question for the next debate is: Resolved, That Credits Should Be Given for All Outside Work, Such as Music and Domestic Science. Eugenia Patten will take the affirmative and Helen Fowle the negative. There were three new members admitted to the society, Misses Mildred McGarrigle, Eugenia Patten, and Christine McLaughlin.

Respectfully submitted,  
Thelma Goodale.







*"So Ends the Bloody Business of the Day."*

### R. O. T. C. SUMMER CAMP.

On the morning of June 17, twenty-six young men, members of the B. H. S. R. O. T. C., left for Camp Devens Summer Camp. On the morning of the 19th three more left. On arriving we were immediately assigned to the First Company. The First Company, commanded by Capt. P. J. Hurley, consisted of students from all Junior Units in New England.

For six weeks we were instructed in Infantry Drill, Physical Training and Bayonet Exercises, Minor Tactics, Musketry and Athletics. Although we were kept busy nearly all day, we found plenty of time for amusements. Following a two days' hike and sham battle, the camp was disbanded on July 28.

Many prominent visitors witnessed the evening ceremonies. These ceremonies were held every evening and were always very pretty. They did much to uplift the morale of the young soldiers. As described by one of the students "the evening parade is an excellent reminder of the spirit behind the service. As the band troops, the least impressionable feels the glamour that has caused young men to follow arms since the beginning of time. The march rolls down the front and back again. There is an instant's pause followed by the clear notes of Retreat. Eight hundred men stiffen to attention and a blue ripple runs

along the metal of arms raised to Present. They remain in silent salute while the National Anthem is played." They are then passed in Review and on into the distance where a column is formed and marched off to the company barracks.

Lieut. Col. C. W. Cole, Cavalry, arrived in Bangor early in the school year to assume the duties of Professor of Military Science and Tactics at this institution.

Mr. G. N. Varney has been appointed to oversee the issuing of clothing and equipment this year.

Drill began with the second week of school. About three hundred men, mostly Freshmen and Sophomores, are taking drill this year. They are being instructed as fast as possible in the School of the Soldier and School of the Squad.

The organization of the unit follows:

Major, Walter F. Ulmer.

Staff:

First Lieutenant H. E. Whitney, Adjutant.

First Lieutenant R. R. Pease, Supply Officer.

Battalion Sergeant, Major Roland Kenney.

Battalion Supply Officer, George Wing.

## A. Co.:

Capt., Julian Humphrey.

First Lieutenant, Philip Doyle.

Second Lieutenant, Alan Crowell.

## B. Co.:

Capt., Gerard Collins.

First Lieutenant, Payson Tozier.

Second Lieutenant, Barton Hubbard.

## C. Co.:

Capt., Crosby Hodgeman.

First Lieutenant, Irving Kelley.

Second Lieutenant, Vernon Somers.

## D. Co.:

Capt., Leslie McGary.

First Lieutenant, Robert Haskell.

Second Lieutenant, Albert Schiro.

## E. Co.:

Capt., Edward Curran.

Second Lieutenant, Arnott Soderberg.

At an officers' meeting Friday, Nov. 12, a Council was formed to oversee the expenditure of the R. O. T. C. funds. The Senior officer of the Battalion, Major Ulmer, is president. The Staff is represented by the Adjutant, who keeps the accounts, and each company is represented by its Captain. No money is to be expended without the consent of the Council. All checks are to be signed by the Adjutant and countersigned by some member of the faculty to be appointed. This is the method used by the Post Exchanges of the Army.

Bangor High School has recently adopted a new system of drill, which does away with all afternoon work. The organization is divided into sections of from forty to sixty men each. Each section drills a different study period three days a week. An officer is in charge of each section and has one or more assistants.

This system has been used to great advantage by many different institutions throughout the country. It helps to do away with the general idea that Military Drill is something additional to school work instead of a part of the regular course of studies.

On Wednesday, November 17, a rifle club was formed, composed of all Camp Devens men and officers. Walter Ulmer was unanimously elected President of the club; Paul Watson, Vice-President; Robert Haskell, Secretary and Treasurer, and Vernon Somers, Captain and Coach. For the present the club will use the Y. M. C. A. indoor range. A team will probably be entered in the National Indoor Meet.

Word has been received that Sergeant Luther J. Beane, Camp Upton, New York, has been transferred and will proceed to this institution. Upon his arrival he will assist the Professor of Military Science and Tactics in instructing the members of the R. O. T. C. Battalion.





*"For Alma Mater."*

### FOOTBALL.

On October 23rd, the Bangor High team went to Lewiston and played the team representing Jordan High School of Lewiston. The game resulted in a nothing-to-nothing tie, but Bangor unquestionably outplayed their opponents in every phase of the game. Several times Bangor was within striking distance of the Lewiston line but lacked the punch necessary for scoring. The team, however, showed great improvement over their previous playing, and the coaches and supporters were quite encouraged.

Bangor was scheduled to play Maine Central Institute at Bangor on Saturday, Oct. 30, but the game was set ahead to Friday, the 29th, because of the Colby-Maine game at Orono, on Saturday. The game finally had to be cancelled on account of wet grounds and the Bangor supporters lost their chance of seeing M. C. I.'s 1920 eleven in action at Bangor.

Old Town High came to Bangor on the 6th of November, full of confidence and expecting to win easily over Bangor because of her poor showing in the early games. The result of the game was quite a surprise to them, however, for Bangor outplayed Old Town and won easily by a score of 13 to 0. This was the first time Bangor

had scored this season as well as the first game the team had won, and the Bangor fans were highly elated.

Old Town wanted another chance at Bangor, and after some discussion, Manager Staples finally arranged a game to be played at Old Town on Armistice Day. On the very first kick-off the ball went over the Old Town goal line, where a Bangor player fell on it for a touchdown. Bangor kicked the goal. After this, the ball see-sawed back and forth in the center of the field, neither side gaining much ground. The final score was Bangor High 7, Old Town High 0.

On November 13th, Bangor went to Pittsfield and defeated the Maine Central Institute team by a score of 20 to 0. Bangor could have made the score much larger without any difficulty, but many substitutes were put into the game before its close and the periods were very short.

Bangor played Portland High at Portland on the 20th of November, and was defeated by a score of 16 to 0. Although the score was rather large, Bangor certainly gave Portland a battle she will long remember. Portland outweighed Bangor as a team and individually, except in one position, and as the field was very muddy this



gave the Forest City team a decided advantage. Portland had several letter men in her lineup while Bangor's eleven was made up largely of "green" material. In spite of these facts Bangor held Portland scoreless in the first and third periods. Bangor resorted to a defensive game and several times succeeded in breaking up plays which had puzzled such teams as Manchester and Haverhill. Captain Isadore Cohen, whose last high school game this was, played like a demon and his work on the secondary defense was the chief feature of the afternoon.

In the first period, Bangor played continually on the defense and succeeded in holding in check the Blue advance. Portland's much heralded backfield failed to gain, which puzzled the crowd for it had been admitted that Bangor was weak. During the latter part of the second period the Blue started a series of shift formations, which overwhelmed the Bangor team and Portland scored her first touchdown and kicked the goal. The score at the end of the first half was 7 to 0 in Portland's favor.

In the third period Bangor succeeded in breaking up Portland's attack and holding her scoreless. Portland tried several forward passes in this period but none were successful. In the fourth period, Portland succeeded in scoring again. After a series of shifts and mass formations Portland sent the ball over Bangor's line for her second touchdown. The attempt at goal failed. On the next kickoff, the Portland halfback, who received it, ran it back to Bangor's 18-yard line before he was tackled. And here in the last five minutes of play the most spectacular part of the game was played. Four times with the ball inside of the 20-yard line did Bangor's line hold Portland for downs, until realizing that a touchdown was an impossibility, the Blue tried a drop-kick, which was successful and net-

ted Portland three more points.

The summary:

<b>Bangor High, 0.</b>	<b>Portland High, 16.</b>
Belinian, l.e.....r.e.,	Mahoney
Janssen, l.t.....r.t.,	Greeley
Downing, l.g.....r.g.,	Neavling
McClay, c.....c.,	MacFarland
Johnson, r.g.....l.g.,	Tucker
Griffin, r.t.....l.t.,	Gribben
Tapley, r.e.....l.e.,	Carr
Doherty, q.b.....q.b.,	Capt. Flaherty
Sullivan, l.h.b.....r.h.b.,	Day
Short, r.h.b.....l.h.b.,	O'Hara
Capt. Cohen, f.b.....f.b.,	Kimball
Touchdowns, Flaherty, O'Hara. Goal,	
Carr. Field goal, Neavling. Substitutions:	
Portland, Fay for Tucker, Brown for	
Neavling, Rubinoff for Day, Neavling for	
Brown, Day for Rubinoff, Myers for Neav-	
ling, Mack for Tucker; Bangor, McLeod	
for Sullivan, Murphy for Janssen, Colburn	
for McClay, Sullivan for McLeod. Ref-	
eree, Baldwin, Dartmouth. Umpire, Kel-	
ley, P. A. C. Head linesman, Flack, Cen-	
tre. Time, four 15-minute periods.	

Bangor is represented on the Georgetown University football eleven by John T. Quinn of this city, who is keeping up his splendid athletic record commenced in Bangor schools. Quinn while in grammar school interested himself in athletics, playing on the school baseball and football teams and while at the High school took an active part in all athletics, particularly in football and track. He was a member of Bangor High's eleven for four years and after graduating in the class of 1918, entered the University of Maine, where for two years, he was a player on the football team. He entered in the Junior class at Georgetown University this fall and was at once chosen for the football team and has been in all the games that have been scheduled this season.





*"He that Wont be Counseled Can't be Helped."*

### AS WE SEE OTHERS.

Welcome, "Legenda": We find much evidence of literary ability in your paper. The report of "Le Cercle Francais" is novel.

"Wyndonian": The literary department of your magazine is certainly not lacking in quantity. We especially enjoyed "Il Penscross. The following might be of interest to French students:

Teacher: "Qu'est-ce que c'est?" (indicating her cheek).

Scholar: "Rouge."

Teacher: "Not this time."

"Dial": This is a fine magazine. "A Little Red Beach" is interesting and the "Grinds" are humorous.

"Lawrence High School Bulletin": We admire your motto, "Facta non Verba," which is indeed very appropriate. The following is taken from the "Bulletin":

Heard in a department store: "What do you ask for this article?"

Pretty Clerk: "A dollar and a half."

Young Man: "Aren't you a little dear?"

Pretty Clerk: "Well, all the young men tell me so."

"Aegis": Your magazine is interesting in many ways, but don't you think a few

more jokes would be an improvement? Your "Diary of a Freshman" is quite humorous.

"Students' Review": This is an interesting little magazine. "The Rescue" is novel.

"Industrial School Magazine": This magazine is very complete and contains many interesting articles. There are stories and poems in abundance.

"M. F. H. S. Pilot": Probably the most noteworthy parts of your publication are the literary and joke departments. Come often.

"Student": Your magazine contains many instructive articles, which merit praise. The cartoons in the October number are very humorous.

"Hebron Semester": We enjoyed reading your magazine, especially "A Romance," which is a short story containing much humor.

"Echo": You have good stories and jokes a-plenty, but where is the exchange department? This might be of interest to English scholars:

"I see you are early of late. You used to be behind before, but now you are first at last."

"X-Ray": You have an excellent paper, containing interesting items and amusing jokes.

"Hamiltonian": Your paper is good, but don't you think a few more jokes and an exchange column would make it of more interest?

"Tripod": "The Observer" must be of great interest to the students of your school. We enjoyed it very much. Do you think a few more stories would be amiss?

"Blue and Gold," Malden, Mass.: This interesting paper certainly abounds in humor. The question box is fine.

Boy (to French teacher): "What does 'Je ne sais pas' mean?"

Teacher: "I don't know."

Boy: "Oh, all right. I'll ask the German teacher if you don't know."

"Pennant": The sentiment in your editorial on loyalty is admirable. This adjective might be applied to the whole paper.

"Sentinel": Your editorials are excellent as is the paper as a whole. "Laughograms" are certainly appropriately named.

"Orange and Black": Your June number was received with much pleasure. The editorials and cuts make the magazine very enjoyable. The Alumni department is cer-

tainly very complete. You are always welcome.

"Spectator": Your cartoons are very amusing. The articles on "Thrift" and "Better Speech" are fine.

"Scout": The editorials are excellent. "Are You a Grumbler?" teaches a valuable lesson.

### "'Tis the Truth That Hurts."

Irate Subscriber: "Confound you stupid editors! Here at the wedding yesterday, instead of making me say I felt sure the bridegroom had 'many years of uninterrupted bliss' before him, you report it as 'many years of uninterrupted bills!'"

—From the "Tiger Cub."

"Castle News": The editorial on tardiness is well worth reading. That, however, is only a small part of an interesting magazine. Perhaps some of our freshmen might qualify for the following advertisement:

Wanted: Sunny, respectable young man to look after garden and care for cow who has a good voice and is accustomed to singing in the choir.

"Red and White," Chicago: Your departments called "Library" and "Freshmen" are odd and interesting. The "Nutshell News" is especially humorous.





*"A Laugh is Worth a Hundred Groans in any Market."*

## Wellesley College News

### Information for Students.

No fancy under-garments unless completely covered on the exterior by outside over-garments shall be worn inside or outside of buildings.

Here's hoping Santa will bring to  
 The Freshmen.....Some Sense  
 The Sophomores.....  
 .....An Anti-Bolshevik Leader  
 The Juniors.....A Decision on Rings  
 The Seniors.....A Larger Headgear  
 A. Pfaff, '24.....  
 .....Sufficient Covering for Her Legs  
 J. Humphrey, '21.....  
 .....A Fresh Supply of Pictures

### Printer's Error.

To print a kiss upon her lips,  
 He thought the time was ripe  
 But when he went to press, she said  
 "I do not like your type."

—Ex.

A Freshman lad sat weeping  
 Upon the lowest stair,  
 An upper classman passing by,  
 Beheld him sitting there.

"Why weepest thou, my brother?"  
 The Senior paused to ply,

"You're only a freshman lad I know,  
 But why sit there and cry?"

This question caused a second flood.

"I'm feeling sad, because—  
 That hateful cruel Sophie said,  
 'There ain't no Santa Claus.'"

Miss H.—(In naming over class): "Kelley, Black, Hand—well, sounds bad doesn't it?"

D— '21—"After that Crossington washed the Delaware."

### VAUDEVILLE FEATURES.

J. Buckley, '21, in "I Used to Be Happy but Look at Me Now."

C. Crosby, '21, in "Whose Little Girl Are You?"

E. Curran, '21, in "Le bon jeune homme."

I. Kelley, '22, "They're All Alike to Me."

Madame Beaupre, "To Err is Human."

H. Corning, Jr., '22, in "Percival a Delerius Tremem."

S. Snowden, '24, in "Little Miss Cutup."

L. Sawyer, '21, and J. Tarbell, '21, "Here Comes the Bride—and Groom."

It is reported that, owing to the success of the football team, Peanut may buy a derby.

Also: Ethel Greely likes to play the violin—(1st).



Those Hall Windows



CURLING

## "PRIMPIN"

In The Corridors We Do Our Primping  
We Try To Look Our Very Best  
In The Classroom We Do Our Thinking  
Next We Flunk Some Easy Test.

Hodgman

The best method yet of getting supporters for team at Portland has been found—advising them not to go.

### SOME IMPRESSIONS OF A CHILD REARED BY THE PHOTOPLAY.

**RUSSIA**—A place where the good men and women are named Serge and Sonia, and the wicked ones, Ivan and Olga; where one-half the population wears fur coats and murders, and the other half doesn't and are murdered; where you either live in Siberia or luxury.

**ITALY**—A place where the girls all wear black silk stockings and black, sleek hair; where blackhanders and organ-grinders start for America; where innumerable Guiseppes and carissimas have innumerable bambinos.

**IRELAND**—A place where all the peo-

ple are villagers, smoking clay pipes and dancing unending jigs; where all women under forty carry flowers and over forty tend sheep; where landlords are of stony heart and addicted to plug hats and plug cut.

**SPAIN**—A place where the men are toreadors or padres, and the women castanet clickers; where the fandango queens have wicked eyes and high heels and knives in their stockings; and the men affect velvet and sashes; where duennas are common and duellos commoner.

—Ex.

Smart Senior to Junior, who had just entered his home room: "What do you want?"

Smarter Junior: "Not much or I wouldn't have come in here."



H. Bowles, '21: "Say, ain't I the popular man? This Oracle is the only one on record that I didn't feature in."

### Accounting for Their Shape.

"It is generally in damp places that mushrooms grow, isn't it, pa?"

"I believe so, my son."

"Well, is that the reason they look like umbrellas?"

### "WHAT CHA MA CALLUM."

1. It is reported that R. B. has joined the tailor business.

2. Did ja know that C. D., '22, is interested in deers (dears) from "Bucks" port?

3. It is reported that C. C., '21, is planning to take trombone lessons.

4. How would you like to see A. Soderberg in short pants and F. McLean in long? Replies to be placed in Oracle's box along with gum wrappers and "come-back" slips.

5. Notice: Bob McCloud, our famous extemporaneous speaker, will now give his wonderful oration beginning with those noble words, "I er—er guess that Pea—Pea—Peanut misundertook me for a speaker."

6. Iky Coburn wants Bangor to play Old Town four times in baseball instead of three times as in football. We wonder why.

7. It is reported that C. Swett, '21, is learning to shake "the fantastic toe." Is it State Street or Forest Avenue, Clyde?

8. Reminiscences of the Portland trip.

1. It was rumored that H. A., '21, and I. K., '22, had a duel over the queen of P. H. S.

2. Ask S. P., '21, about the free lunch counter at the Congress Square Hotel.

3. Tillie, the telephone girl's punctured romance, Doc returns to Bangor.

4. Another work of art "Old Chubby Cheeks," posed by L. B., '21, painted by the comedian of Car 13.

5. A. S., '21, while returning by the

midnight milk train wished that he was going through to Canada, owing to the protecting shoulder of D. W., '22.

6. W. Mac, '21, lived until Saturday evening on toothpicks and water, in expectation of the banquet given by P. H. S.

7. J. W., '22, and R. H., '22, dined at the Portland Oriental Restaurant for two hours on Tobasco Sauce. We wonder why.

8. The Portland High School girls marched back from the game behind our band. They must have fallen for the un-ee-forms of the noble players.

9. Anyway the P. H. S. girls say that we have a cute little manager.

10. B. D., '23, leaves Bangor with his railroad fares and fifty cents. He spends three days in Portland, goes to three shows and eats seven meals and returns home with thirty-five cents. Here's Thrift himself!

11. The Mystery of the Vanishing Keyholes," by J. W., '22.

End.

A famous saying by each:

Carroll Dudley:

"I'll tell the teacher."

"Spike" Miller:

"I'll keep you laughing."

Harold Hitchcock:

"Aw, go on, I wasn't."

"Heck" Savage:

"Do you want to wrestle?"

"Johnny" Kellier:

"I'll have some office yet."

By R. K., '22."

(In English, '22), Miss C—: "Mr. Corner, who were the two generals of King Duncan's army?"

Mr. C—r—r—"Macbeth and—er—er—er Macbeth—ah—and the other fellow."

(Class laughs.) Miss C—: "Mr. B—" "What are you laughing at?"

Mr. B—: "Oh, the other fellow."

## SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Large assortment at reasonable prices of

Fine Shirts  
Silk Ties  
Hose

Bath Rodes  
Flannel Shirts  
Sweaters

Silk Mufflers  
Initial Buckle Belts  
Many Special Values in Underwear

J. Waterman Co., Exchange St.

## DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY

### OUR SHOES

cover more than your feet. They cover every demand for  
STYLE, FIT AND COMFORT

MRS. B. J. DOLLIVER, 44 MAIN ST.



## Want to Sell Goods? Then Learn to Excel at Billiards or Golf

An authority on salesmanship suggests that if one wishes to sell goods he should learn to excel in billiards and golf and continuing says that the successful salesmanship of the future will probably include in its curriculum advanced courses in either billiards or golf, or both. "You may have observed," says he, "that modern salesmanship is best represented at the present time by the man who is clever at billiards or golf."

"One of my friends is a star golf player, another a high grade billiard player. The golf player hobnobs with the bankers and moneyed men of the town, talks golf and sells bonds and commercial paper seven days a week. The billiard player is always in the spotlight at the athletic and commercial clubs, knows everybody and sells them life or fire insurance."

"That reminds me that the skill of the late Frank Ives, the billiard champion, gave him the entree into most exclusive English society. The writer was in London at the time Ives was hobnobbing with the scions of the oldest families. He had the Khedive of Egypt numbered among his devotees and was for several weeks the guest of the Khedive at his palace in Cairo."

Billiards is not only a most fascinating and educating game, but trains the eye, hand and mind. It is a gentlemanly accomplishment and played in proper surroundings one of the most valuable of games. Goodwin's Billiard Hall is the place to learn to excel in Billiards. One of the cleanest and best equipped halls in New England.

Patronize Our Advertisers



Mrs. H.—“What do they grow in the sheep raising countries to feed the sheep on?”

F. C., '21—“Why, they er—er raise cotton and feed it to the sheep to grow wool.”

Lt. Pease, on entering the Colonel's office and seeing the new assistant sergeant, approaches him and says: “Sergeant Bean? Shake with Pease.”



### A WARNING.

Girlie went walkin' down the street  
To see what she could saw  
And she seen Bob Collins hit a guy  
In the region 'round his jaw.

Then Girlie wrung her hands in glee  
'Cause she dearly loved a fight,  
And she screamed at the top of her brazen lungs,  
“Hit him with all your might!”

Bob swung a blow with all his might,  
'Twas a blow no one could stop,  
Alas! here comes the tragedy,  
Bob's fist landed on a cop!

Sadly we chipped in our money  
And collected enough for bail,  
And sadly we went to the court house  
And got them out of jail.

Now Girlie's had a lesson  
And so has Bobby, too,  
And everybody remember this,  
'Cause we can't go bail out you.  
E. U., '22.

### A.

For many years I've waited,  
For many years I've slaved,  
For many years I've tried me best  
And to the teachers raved.

For many years I've toiled,  
For many years I've schemed,  
For many years I've gone to bed  
And of my bad marks dreamed.

For many years I've wondered,  
What price I'd have to pay,  
To see upon my rank card  
A big, black, gleaming A.  
G. W., '22.

### “TOUCHY.”

Our wonderful new “Touchy,”  
While making a run so nice,  
That he'd surely have made a touchdown,  
Slipped and fell through some ice.

A scream rose from the sidelines,  
The ice had been too thin  
So Touchy paddled in the water,  
Trying to learn to swim.

So here's a lesson for “Touchy,”  
I know he'll look so cute  
'Cause the next time he plays football,  
He'll wear his bathing suit.  
E. U., '22.

**Twice the  
Satisfaction**

## Get Acquainted With Vesta Satisfaction AT ONCE

Let Vesta experts look after your Battery winter and summer

Dump all your electrical troubles on the  
shoulders of our ignition department

Then when you start out you may be sure you'll get back



**Bangor Battery & Service Co. Inc.**

119 Franklin St., Bangor, Maine

Tel. 2516

*The Battery Service Station Nearest the High School*



## Buy Your Christmas Gifts Early and—Make Them Electrical



That the Christmas shopper may have ample time in which  
to make his selection and may choose from unbroken assortments, we  
urge the early purchase of Holiday gifts



The wisdom of giving Electrical Gifts was never more evi-  
dent than this year, for Electrical appliances combine unusual grace  
and distinction with labor-saving utility

The following suggestions are offered :

*Chafing Dishes   Grills   Heaters   Lamps   Toasters*  
*Vacuum Cleaners   Sewing Machines   Ranges, etc.*



## Bangor Railway & Electric Co.

78 Harlow Street  
Bangor

81 No. Main St.  
Old Town

Patronize the Advertisers



## FRESHMEN.

Freshman, with your wild, scared eyes,  
In your breast a terror lies,  
Though hard you try disguise.

You, whose color beats to rags,  
The color of old Erin's flags,  
Just as flivvers beat old nags.

Standing with unmoved feet,  
Where the "grades" and "high school"  
meet,  
Thinking of the years so fleet.

Gazing, your mind filled with awe,  
On those who were Freshmen once before,  
Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores galore.

That endless awesome stream,  
Wonderful to you must seem,  
As the fulfillment of a dream.

Then, why stand like one charmed,  
With your spirit so alarmed?  
Come in, you will not be harmed.

Seest thou trouble with the Senior's rule,  
When the Sophomore, the Senior's fool,  
Gives you advice on coming to school?

Don't stand there and meekly bow,  
Take some advice from a JUNIOR, now,

When you're in trouble, ask a JUNIOR,  
how.

Just a little advice to the freshman boys,  
When you come to school, bring your dogs  
and toys,  
And you freshie girls, bring your sewing  
and doll,  
For it's not against the rules at all.

If you should happen to get some "come-  
back" slips,  
They're useless, tear them into bits,  
The teacher's advice you want to spurn,  
For I tell you, freshie, we all live and  
LEARN.

Isn't it awful when

1 You flunk a test and find that the  
class dunce got an A?

2. You step on her shoe while dancing  
and she has a sore foot?

3. You take her to the show and on ar-  
riving you find that you left your money  
home?

4. Her father tells you to beat it?

5. You make your first call at her  
home?

6. You get the "ice pitcher"?

7. You're sent to the office?

# A Recipe for Happiness

Take one generous slice of our bread. Spread it over with good butter and don't be stingy. Add a layer of home-made apple sauce. Then take one healthy boy about the time he gets home from school, hungry as two wolves, insert the bread-butter-sauce combination into said boy organization, and if that don't produce happiness, where can happiness be found?

**Sunbeam Bakery, 42 Central St.**

## NEW YEARS EVE FESTIVAL

### Exhibition of Dancing

By Pupils of Rosanna B. Odiorne

250 IN CAST

DANCING FROM 9 TO 1

**Christmas Greetings**

**Maurice M. Leavitt**

CONFECTIONERY

62 State Street, Bangor

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

makes your choosing

**CHRISTMAS GIFTS**

easy. Such practical ideas as

GLOVES UMBRELLAS  
BATH ROBES BLANKETS

Fur Coats Waists Hosiery  
Holiday Cards, etc.

## FREY'S---Central Street's Leading Cafe

If you want a Nice Dinner or a Quick Lunch try us

We are Headquarters for

BROILED LIVE LOBSTERS, BAKED STUFFED, SALADS,  
STEAKS, CHOPS AND FISH  
LADIES' DINING ROOM UPSTAIRS

**FREY'S CAFE**

30-32 CENTRAL ST.

BANGOR, MAINE

Patronize the Advertisers





# **XMAS SPECIALS**

## **Bangor Opera House**

**Joseph W. Payton Stock Company**

—PRESENTING—

**“Parlor, Bedroom and Bath”**

**“Please Get Married”**

**“Fair and Warmer”**

**A TREAT AT POPULAR PRICES**



## **GIBSON MANDOLIN SCHOOL**

**D. L. CARVER**

**Teacher and Agent**

All B. H. S. students owning fretted instruments or interested in same are invited to join the club

Club meets Friday evenings at 8 o'clock, 25 Broad Street, room 10, Merchants Bank Building

Agent for

**GIBSON MANDOLIN and ALL FRETTED INSTRUMENTS**

These Instruments are the best on earth and the only make that improves with use

Compliments of

**S. L. CROSBY CO.**

**Sporting Goods**

**150 EXCHANGE STREET, BANGOR**

**B. GRODINSKY, 191 OHIO ST.**

**Fruit, Ice Cream, Confectionery**

**A Complete Line of Fancy Groceries**

**Open Evenings**

**Telephone 2185-X**

**FRANCIS G. SHAW**

**Bells and Xylophone Soloist**

**Bangor Band, Bangor Symphony Orchestra and O'Hara's Orchestra**

**Tel. 914-M**

**16 Webster Ave.**



**STUDENTS**

Patronize the advertisers of this paper.  
By doing so you help the paper and also the  
merchants who are showing their interest in  
the school.

**Patronize the Advertisers**



## Suggestions for Appreciated Christmas Gifts—Low Prices

Handkerchiefs      Boudoir Caps      Umbrellas      Gloves  
Silk Underwear      Kimonas      Bath Robes      Silk Hosiery  
Hand Bags      Books      Japanese Novelties      Wool Scarfs

### WOOD & EWER CO.

## KENDALL-WINCH

COMPANY

Buy Your

## Christmas Presents

At Our Store

Snowshoes, Skates, Skis and  
Toboggans

CALL AND SEE US

## 25 Central Street

## East Side Pharmacy

32 State St.

CHAS. H. DAVIS, Prop.

— — —  
Prescriptions

Fine Chocolates

Soda

Ice Cream

The Home  
of  
Hart  
Schaffner  
and Marx  
Clothes

Let Us Be Your Santa Claus!

## Gifts for Men

### Miller and Webster Clo. Co.

—At the Robinson Corner—

Patronize Our Advertisers

BOOK AND JOB  
**Printing and Binding**

ALL KINDS

Printed or Engraved Wedding Cards  
and Society Printing

We are especially well equipped  
with the newest and most select faces  
in type to do this kind of work. We  
produce a printed wedding invitation  
or announcement that cannot be sur-  
passed in fact it compares very favor-  
ably with the best of engraving and  
at a great saving in price. If inter-  
ested let us show you samples.

Mail Orders Solicited Send for Samples  
The Thomas W. Burr Printing Co.  
46 Columbia St., Bangor, Me.

Proper Goods, at the Proper Time at  
the Proper Price.



**W. J. Cherry's Barber Shop**

Formerly Chadbourne's Barber Shop

Electric Clippers

Electrical or Hand Massage

**79 CENTRAL STREET**

(4 Chairs)

All Star Crew

BANGOR

PATRONIZE CHERRY'S

Telephone  
Connection

Mandarin and  
American Style

**Oriental Restaurant**

Shopper's Novelty Luncheon

*The Home of Prompt, Efficient and Courteous Service*

*Catering to Banquets, Automobile and Private Parties a Specialty*

209 Exchange St.

Bangor, Maine

Patronize Our Advertisers



Pictures, Picture Framing, Stationery,  
Fountain Pens, Greeting Cards  
and Art Novelties



THE W. H. GORHAM CO.

54 State Street, Bangor, Maine

Whether You Eat to Live  
or Live to Eat

GOODE & DRISCOLL,

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

101 EXCHANGE STREET

**BOYS DON'T SMOKE**

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

**B. C. M.**

THEY ARE MILD BUT VERY TASTY AND AROMATIC

When in need of a Haircut or Shave visit

## MASON'S BARBER SHOP

Daniel H. Mason

20 Hammond Street

## GUS A. YOUNGS

Soda Fountain, Cigars  
and Smokers' Supplies

104 HARLOW ST., BANGOR, ME.

Compliments of

Bangor Fruit Co. Stores

16 Hammond St. and  
196 Exchange St.

Fruits, Confectionery, Cigars

Our Peanuts and Fruit are the Best Quality

**Buy Now While Prices are the Lowest**  
**BENOIT-MUTTY CO.**

*The Store of Progress and Service*

## Furbush Printing Co.

Solicit High School Patronage  
Excellent Work, Prices Right

108 Exchange St., Bangor



13 State St. (Next to Bangor Savings Bank)

Compliments of

## G. G. ESTABROOK'S SONS

TOBACCONISTS AND LEATHER GOODS

24 Central St. Bangor, Maine



## EVERY GIFT A PRACTICAL GIFT

Blouses of Every Description    Camisoles    Gowns    Boudoir Caps  
Neckwear    Novelty Gifts, etc.    See Our Display

**Dainty Waist Shop, 62 Main St., Up 1 Flight**

"WE MAKE THE LITTLE WALK UP-STAIRS WORTH WHILE"

GIVE US A CALL

## SANBORN'S BARBER SHOP

R. H. SANBORN, Prop.

7 Hammond Street, Bangor, Maine

Opp. Merrill Trust Building  
Telephone 2553-W

*Electric Clipper      We Sharpen Safety  
Electric Massage and Shampoo      Razors  
No Long Waits—6 Chairs*

## Andrews Music House Co.

98 Main Street, Bangor, Maine

Pianos, Victrolas and Records  
Sheet Music and Musical  
Merchandise

One Price and the Right Price to All

## O. CROSBY BEAN STATIONERY, BOOKS, NOVELTIES PLAYTHINGS

16 STATE STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

Photography in all its Branches  
Amateur Developing and Printing

### CHALMERS'

Studio 23 Hammond St.

All kinds of Picture Framing  
Supplies for the Amateur

Manhattan Shirts

Lamson & Hubbard Hats

We have an exceptionally fine line of  
**Ready-to-Wear Suits**  
at very attractive prices

Our Made-to-Measure Clothes  
start at \$32.50

and there are some wonderful fabrics at that price

**McCann's Quality Shop, 12 State St.**

E. & W. Collars

Rain Coats

## WILBUR S. COCHRANE

TEACHER OF PIANO

Telephone 1503-R

Studio, 91 Fourth Street

Patronize Our Advertisers

**H. M. PULLEN, Teacher of VIOLIN**  
 Pupils Prepared for Professional Work  
 SOCIETY HALL EXCHANGE ST.

**THE  
 BEAL BUSINESS COLLEGE**  
 50 Columbia Street

All Commercial Branches taught in  
 a thorough manner

**STICKNEY & BABCOCK  
 COAL CO.**

19 State Street, Bangor

Compliments of  
**A. J. LODER**  
 The Florist

84 Central St. 511 Main St.  
**BANGOR, MAINE**  
 Member of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery

**S. LEAVITT**

Fruit, Confectionery, Sodas  
 and Ice Cream

196-198 Harlow St., Opp. High School  
 Telephone 8654

**C. E. PENDLETON**  
 "Everything Electrical"

56 State Street  
**Bangor Maine**

*Portraits by Photography*

*Emma J. Taney, Photographer*

*28 Main St., Bangor, Me.*

Electric Work Lighting Fixtures  
 Willard Storage Battery Service Station

**THE DOLE COMPANY**

Electrical Engineers and Contractors

Wm. McC. Sawyer, Treasurer

61 Main Street Telephone 74

**EAST SIDE NEWS DEPOT**

W. L. ELDRIDGE

**SCHOOL SUPPLIES**

Magazines, Daily and Sunday Papers  
 Postal Cards

56 STATE STREET, BANGOR, ME.

**EDWARD I. MORRIS**

27 Central St.

Fur Work Tailoring Plaiting  
 Hemstitching Buttons

**LUFKIN**

U. M. CHOCOLATES Sold only at  
 58 Columbia St.

Home of the famous Pine Tree Taffy



FREDERICK W. HILL, CHAIRMAN OF BOARD

C. D. CROSBY, PRESIDENT

JAMES W. CASSIDY, VICE PRESIDENT

HARRY A. LITTLEFIELD, TREASURER

## Eastern Trust and Banking Company

BANGOR, MAINE

Organized April 9, 1887

Paid Up Capital.....	\$ 175,000
Additional Liability of Stockholders .....	175,000
Surplus and Profits .....	700,000
Deposits.....	8,000,000

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

"MAINE'S BEST PAPER"

### The BANGOR COMMERCIAL

50 cents per month  
delivered by carrier

### LEONARD L. POOLER

#### Violin Instruction

Studio: 209 ine PSt.

Tel. 889-J

All Work  
Guaranteed

Formerly  
Edwards' Studio

### A. J. FARRINGTON

PHOTOGRAPHER

Try Us For Your Class Photos

3 STATE STREET

BREWER, MAINE



All the latest in

### HAIR GOODS

To Let

Theatrical Wigs  
and Beards

for all classes of  
Entertainments

**LOVERING'S**  
European Hair Store

52 Main St., Bangor, Me.

### LARSEN & SAWYER

Manufacturing Jewelers

All kinds of Jewelry Repairing

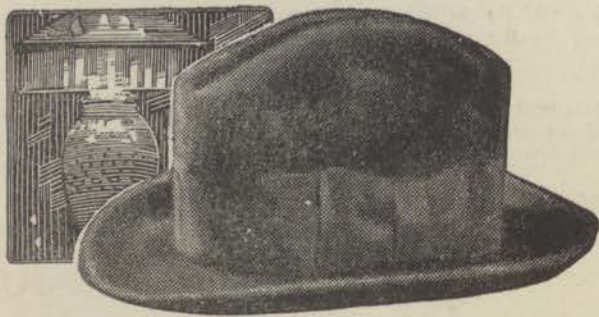
Gold and Silver Work

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