

**MECHANICAL DRAWING
and
ARTISTS' SUPPLIES**

Fine Stationery

Anseo Cameras and Supplies

Sheaffer's Fountain Pens

Greeting Cards

Masterphone Talking Machines

Pictures and Framing

EDWIN O. HALL

88 Central St. Bangor, Me.



SPORT!

Say, fellows, you can't know what heaps of sport there is in billiards and pool till you have one of our Burrows' Home Billiard and Pool Tables right in your own house. Loads of exciting fun for everybody. The Tables, completely equipped, cost you but \$12.50 and up. Investigate.

84-96 Hammond St., Bangor

Useful Gifts Are The Proper Thing

Our line of Holiday Neckwear, Scarfs, Shirts, Hosiery, etc., is most complete. You'll find it easy to make a selection here.

Our showing of Suits and Coats is well worth looking over.

"MANHATTAN" Shirts "ARROW" Shirts MALLORY "CRAVENETTE" Hats

JOHN T. CLARK CO.

Exchange Bldg.

Bangor, Maine

FRANK W. McCORMICK

SUCCESSOR TO McCORMICK & MARTIN

CUSTOM TAILOR

**FULL LINE OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WOOLENS
A SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR REPAIRING, CLEANSING, PRESSING**

TELEPHONE 1792-M

15 STATE ST., BANGOR, ME.

THE BEAL BUSINESS COLLEGE

50 Columbia St., Bangor, Maine

A Distinctive School For Discriminating Persons

Send For Booklets

All Commercial Branches

Telephone 767

Isaac Pitman Shorthand

The Shaw Business College

Our CIVIL SERVICE COURSE should interest you at this time. Other SHAW courses are BOOKKEEPING, SHORTHAND, STENOTYPY, BURROUGH'S BOOKKEEPING MACHINE, Secretarial, Teacher.

Free Catalogue, Telephone 830, 49 Hammond Street, Opposite City Hall

TELEPHONE 373-M

L. H. THOMPSON

Printer

BREWER, - - - - - MAINE

This Store has an almost intuitive knowledge of a young man's style preferences—we've been serving them so long that their tastes are almost "Second Nature" to us.

BENOIT-MUTTY CO.

191 Exchange Street, - - - - - Bangor, Maine

Patronize the Advertisers

**VISIT OUR
JAPANESE PAGODA GIFT SHOP**

A unique display of quaint and unusual gifts
direct from the Orient

WOOD & EWER CO.

O. CROSBY BEAN

**STATIONERY, BOOKS, NOVELTIES,
PLAYTHINGS**

16 STATE STREET,

BANGOR, MAINE

C. H. Babb & Co.

PLUMBERS

and

STEAM

FITTERS

106 EXCHANGE ST.

BANGOR,

MAINE

N. H. Bragg & Sons

**IRON AND
STEEL**

HEAVY HARDWARE

GARAGE SUPPLIES

74-78 Broad St.

Bangor, Me.

Our Stock of Hats and Caps

Is the Largest and Finest in the State

Lyford-Woodward Co., ❁ ❁ Leading Hatters

Telephone 1503-R

WILBUR S. COCHRANE

TEACHER OF PIANO

SIGHT READING, EAR TRAINING AND KEYBOARD HARMONY

Studio, 68 Fifth Street

S. LEAVITT

Fruit, Confectionery, Sodas
and Ice Cream

196-198 Harlow St. opposite High School
Telephone 8654

All Work
Guaranteed

Formerly
Edwards' Studio

A. J. FARRINGTON
PHOTOGRAPHER

Try Us For Your Class Photos
3 STATE ST. BREWER, ME.

BOYS — DON'T SMOKE

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

B. C. M.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Patronize the Advertisers

Bangor Kandy Kitchen

FINE CONFECTIONERY

ICE CREAM PARLORS

In Connection

Geo. N. Brontas

68 Main St.,

Bangor, Me.

Christmas Suggestions

We have a very attractive line of

READING LAMPS

FLASHLIGHTS

TOASTERS

STOVES

CHAFING DISHES

Come in and see any or all of these demonstrated.

WHEELDON-BOWDEN CO.

195 Exchange Street

Telephone 112

C. WINFIELD RICHMOND

PIANIST AND TEACHER

Pupil of Philipp, Paris; Joseffy, New York

Seventeenth Season

STUDIO IN THE PEARL BUILDING

ENTIRE TOP FLOOR

GUS. A. YOUNGS

Soda Fountain, Cigars
and Smokers' Supplies

100 Harlow Street

Bangor, Maine

Patronize Our Advertisers

The Oracle Staff

J. Wilson Harthorn, '19 Editor-in-Chief
 Philip C. Chalmers, '20 Business Manager
 S. George Gallison, '19 Associate Editor

		LITERARY			
Mabel B. Peabody, '19		Ruth C. McCabe, '20		Winifred M. Day, '20	
LOCAL		PERSONAL			
Nina B. Stanchfield '19		Wilfred Gillen, '19		Dorothy Freese, '20	
ALUMNI		MILITARY		EXCHANGE	
Arabelle G. Hamilton, '19		Albert Black, '19		Walter R. Whitney, '19	
ATHLETIC		ART CONTRIBUTORS			
Carl W. Meinecke, '20		H. Raymond Bolton, '19		Robert F. Cochran, '21	
Roger B. Nickerson, '21	} ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS			Raymond MacFadden, '20	
Allan W. Crowel, '21					

CONTENTS

The Oracle Staff.....	1
Editorials	2
Literary	5
Christmas A La Pants—By J. M. G., '19.....	5
The Conversion of Aunt Jane—By Alice Graham, '19	7
The Awakeuing—By Soger B. Nickerson, '21	8
We Give Thanks—By Doris Plaisted, '19.....	11
A Good Friend—By Blue Jay, '21.....	11
Fifty-Fifty—By Ruth McCabe, '20	13
Rejoice—By Pall Mall, '19.....	15
Locals	16
Alumni	18
Athletics	20
Girls' Debating	22
Exchanges.....	23
Military	25
Personals.....	26

THE ORACLE

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS—75 cents per annum in advance

Regular number 10 cents, Christmas and Spring numbers 15 cents, June number 25 cents

Address all business communications to PHILIP C. CHALMERS, 396 Center Street

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

VOL. XXVII

DECEMBER, 1918

No. 3

EDITORIALS

*"But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes Thousands, perhaps Millions think"*

Sometime in January President Wilson will join Clemenceau, Lloyd George and the other Allied leaders in the great Peace Conference. Surely it will be an imposing assemblage, bringing together as it does the greatest statesmen of the age and representing all the major powers of today. And the best is none too good, for theirs is a mighty task, a great responsibility. Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey await their judgment. Dozens of communities clamor for independence. The second act of the world drama is at hand. As the farmer would view it, the war has broken the ground; it has furnished the necessary plowing. This Peace Congress must plant the seed and the harvest will be reaped by humanity in years to come. A false move will leave the way open for future wars. If the work is done well those crushed nationalities will enrich the world with new treasures.

Even when the map of Europe has been sufficiently altered and when sanction has been given to the new order, the duties of this Conference will by no means be com-

plete. Such a gathering offers an unrivalled opportunity for discussing measures for the good of the world; among them the freedom of the seas and the proposed League of Nations. Perhaps so influential a congress will never meet again. If The Hague is ever to be made the capital of the world now is the time. One danger lies in the attendance of the active heads of the various governments; viz., that they may feel obliged to return home prematurely. Every delegate should certainly stay until the conference is definitely closed. To leave any of its duties to a dwindling remnant would be a calamity.

The American schools, ever ready to accept a new and valuable subject, will soon have such an opportunity offered them. Very soon histories will be published on the Great War of the twentieth century. It will be a history of the intrigues of European powers and yet it will be a history of events in which the United States played an important part. For over two years England, France, Italy and others fought our battles while we were

enriching ourselves by their sacrifices. Does it not seem necessary to understand the unselfish work of these great nations with whom we are now united not only by friendship but also by blood? After April, 1917, our interest in this history becomes decidedly personal. Every American of the present and future generations should know of the accomplishments of our great army in France. They should know of every French battlefield which is consecrated with the blood of America. They should know of our engineering feats, of the generosity and patriotism of our people. In fact every true American should take it upon himself to learn about the greatest period in the history of our country.

A League of Nations which for some years has been the dream of the idealist, is one of the leading topics in this country today. A league of nations would eventually unite all nations in the world

into one great family, making it impossible for any one of them to commit such a crime as that instigated by autocracy in 1914. It does not, however, seem quite right that all countries should be included in such a league at first. It is the Allies and the United States who, through the sacrifice of their best men, have made lasting peace possible and it should be these countries who are first united to enforce this peace. These nations with their complete understanding with one another, would be able to agree upon a reduction of armament. A league made up of such nations as England, France, Italy, the United States and Japan,

would, with their united forces, assure peace. Then, as their plans were carried out, other countries, including the Teutons and their allies, would be admitted to the league.

The combined powers of the world being thus determined to enforce peace, it would be very difficult for one country to make war. Differences between nations would be settled at a conference of statesmen from each country in the league, and the decision reached at this conference would be final. A country might, however, make war upon another after a decision had been made. The combined forces of the other members might then suppress the desires of the offending country, but it is probable that a more peaceful step would be taken, such as a commercial boycott of the offender. Thus we see that a League of Nations which a few years ago was only a dream, is now a possibility and in a few years let us hope will be a reality.

On November 21 the sea power of Germany became a thing of the past. Never before in the history of the German world has a country suffered **Sea-Power** such a disgrace as that which accompanied the surrender of the German fleet. Without the firing of a shot, without the loss of a man, the pride of the German navy, flying the white flag of surrender, passed humbly between rows of alert warships of the Allies and dropped anchor in the Firth of Forth, on the eastern coast of Scotland. What a humiliation to be taken from the position of a first class power and reduced to a broken and defeated

power! In 1914 the German navy was second in size and equipment only to that of Great Britain. It was generally supposed that on equal terms a German fleet was a match for any. The naval events of the war, however, have proven this to be untrue. During the first years of the war the Allied navies apparently were busy driving the German raiders from the sea. If this had been the case why then did not Germany take advantage of the opportunity to send forth her grand fleet? Because Germany knew that England's "Seadogs" were waiting patiently, with steam up, for just such a move on her part and her cowardly instincts were predominant.

Until May 31, 1916, the German fleet lay idle in the Kiel canal. The German people were beginning to inquire about their wonderful sea power. Thus internal conditions forced the German fleet to sea. The purpose of the move was without doubt to impress upon the German people the fact that their fleet could roam at will outside the land fortifications unable to find any enemy ships. Whatever was the purpose it is certain that the German high command did not expect to meet an enemy fleet equal in size to her own. On that day, May 31, the Germans were met and defeated by an English fleet and driven behind their land fortifications, broken in power and morale.

Jutland was the first and last naval battle of any consequence in the war. During the years following the naval warfare which Germany waged is only another proof of German cowardice. The submarine tried to do for Germany what her fleet had failed to do and with what degree of success is

well known. We can but admire, as far as actual fighting goes, the German resistance on land, and likewise we would have respected Germany more if her navy had once more shown fight. Although it is not for us to grumble, yet would it not have been more honorable for the German fleet to have met defeat with every gun in action?

Immediately with the ending of hostilities comes the gradual change of business from a war footing to that of peace.

Railroads The transfer in most cases is without incident but the question of the public or private ownership of our railroads has aroused conflicting opinions in every part of the country. Nothing has been done as yet toward returning the roads to private control again and there are many reasons which seem to make such a return inadvisable. Some advocate complete government ownership, while others desire the return to pre-war conditions. Men with the greatest understanding of the question consider it one of the most important and most momentous peace problems which the country has to solve. It is even hinted that Secretary McAdoo resigned as director-general of the railroads because he did not feel capable of coping with a question which concerns the farthest corners of the United States. Whatever be the case it is certain that in the months to come the railroad question will be second only in importance to the peace terms and the men who decide this question must understand the finer points of the subject as thoroughly as the peace delegates understand the international question of peace.



"The chief glory of every people arises from its authors"

CHRISTMAS A LA PANTS

J. M. G. '19.



"A W, say Ma, where in time are my old pants? You know the ones I wear when we fellers goes to the woods?" came in the voice of a twelve-year-old boy.

Mrs. Cransford, placidly knitting by the open fire, looked slowly up from her work, and said thoughtfully,

"Your trousers, William? Why now, let me see, did I give those to Mrs. Riley for Jim or did they,—yes, that's just where they went."

"Well, that's what I want to know, is where on earth they've went to!" interrupted Willie's injured tones from the depths of the closet.

"Gone, not went, William. Surely your teacher tells you better than that, dear? Why, when I went to school,—"

"Yes, but the pants, Ma?" again from her son.

"I was coming to the matter of your trousers. You remember late in the fall when you decided that Jack, and Red, and Thornton were too young for you, and never again would you play with them? Well, depending on you to live up to that

decision, when the demand came for clothes for the poor little children over across, I promptly donated those trousers along with the rest of the things I sent, and had not thought of them again until now. However, you have plenty of others which you may wear. In your closet—"

"Yes, and all of 'em all 'good and nice and pretty' pants. Aw, gee, the fellers 'd all laugh at me for dressing up 'cause they put on the oldest things they have. And there you had to go and give my very best pants away—"

"But they weren't your best ones, dear," protested his mother.

"—to some little old kid what I don't know at all," continued the tearful young reprobate.

"But, William dear, those poor little orphans in Europe need those things I gave to them far more than you or I will ever know, and besides if you had told me,—"

But Willie had gone to tell his comrades of the trials of this life.

* * * * *

Some weeks later preparations for the Christmas holidays were under way in the

Cransford household, and Willie was helping materially by licking out frosting bowls, to save his mother the trouble of washing them, he said. Whatever his mother's opinion was on the subject is best expressed by the fact that they were washed, in extra hot water. As a diversion from this highly pleasurable occupation (for Willie) Mrs. Cransford suggested that Willie run and get the mail from the passing postman. This Willie did, and came back slowly into the house with it, head bent low over a single letter. When he gave it to his mother, she also glanced in wonder at the foreign postmark and stamp, as had Willie.

"Say, Ma, whatcha s'pose that is? A letter from the King of England?" demanded the innocently sarcastic Willie.

"No, hardly that Willie," laughed Mrs. Cransford. "Besides, it has a French stamp."

Hurriedly she opened the envelope and a sheet of paper with the red Y. M. C. A. triangle at the top fell from it. The letter began:

Dear Mrs. Cransford:

At the bottom of this letter you will find the thanks of a little French peasant boy in one of the villages through which our division passed. As you know, these children make friends with the American soldiers immediately, and this particular child was attracted to me for some reason. While talking with him I found that he was an orphan, his mother and near relatives having been the victims of a recent shell attack. His father had been killed in his country's service. As he told me these facts, his sad little face lighted with pride.

"C'est pour la France," he said, simply.

A few days ago he received through the kindness of the Red Cross some sure enough clothes to replace his rags, and in the pocket of some trousers—

"My pants!" came from Willie at this point in the letter, in an amazed voice.

—he had found that thing dearest to a boy's heart—a jackknife.

"And my knife, too!" again from Willie, in an agonized howl.

"Please do not interrupt, William," rebuked his mother.

So this one child had a real Christmas present. The smallest things mean the world to these destitute tots, and knowing I was American he confided to me that he wished with all his heart to thank his benefactor.

Telling him this might be possible, I inquired at Red Cross headquarters and secured your name.

So I have written you in behalf of Andre and sincerely thank you for my own part also. When we fellows over here see the wonderful unselfishness that the nation is displaying toward all these unfortunate war-ridden countries, it gives us a confidence that is equalled by nothing else in our lives, and puts "pep" and fighting spirit into us. We are willing and ready to stand cold, hunger, suspension and torture with cheerful hearts when we know God and "our people" are with us.

Sincerely,

Corporal B.—,
28th Division, U. S. Infantry,
American Expeditionary Forces,
Europe.

Chere Madame:

Je vous remercie de tout mon coeur pour vos cadeaux.

Bien sincerement,

Andre Lejare.

Mrs. Cransford looked up from her letter with a happy smile, in which there was a suggestion of tears, and said,

"Now, Willie, I wish you to think it over, and when you can say to me that you are sincerely glad that you have given something to make that little French boy happy, you may go out. Not before that."

Perhaps the last mentioned was not without its effect in hastening Willie's decision.

At any rate, in a few minutes, Willie gulped,

"Well, Ma, I—I—I guess—I guess that I'm gl—glad that French kid got my pants and— Well, I don't care, I think it was mean—"

"Willie," reproved his mother.

"I mean, I'm glad that he got my pants and—kni—kni—kni—and that knife was a brand new one, too!"

"And knife, Willie," supplied his mother.

"And knife!" finished Willie, and bolted precipitately, with the consoling thought that he would probably get another knife, and perhaps even a pair of pants for Christmas uppermost in his mind.

THE CONVERSION OF AUNT JANE

By Alice Graham, '19



H, if it t'were anything but a boy!" sighed Aunt Jane, as she finished reading a letter that informed her that a nephew, whom she had never seen was coming to pay her a visit of indefinite length.

"I might have known what to do with a cat, or a bird, or even a girl, but a boy!" she continued, shaking her head dolefully.

Aunt Jane considered boys a torment, sent into the world to tease maiden ladies who had no means of defense against them. But she was of the stock that martyrs are made, so she decided to bear her trial with a placid if not a joyful countenance.

As the days passed Aunt Jane became more and more nervous. Every time she swept the floor, she seemed to see it covered with muddy footprints and each time that she gazed at her shining windows, they appeared to be broken or cracked by balls and stones.

The ornaments on the table in the parlor were put away carefully, also the handsome set of Plutarch's Lives that she had recently purchased from a book agent, for there was no telling whether a boy might not break the former or tear the latter. She cooked a great quantity of food because she had heard that these hateful specimens of humanity had voracious appetites, but the greatest of all her troubles was Hannibal.

Now Hannibal was a huge tiger cat who ruled over Aunt Jane as a tyrant. The house was his and all that was in it; nothing was too good for him. So the great dread that occupied Aunt Jane's mind was that Hannibal should be forced, by this imp that was coming, to run about with a can on his tail or to suffer some other indignity.

Truly Aunt Jane grew grayer pondering over her coming troubles and when the fateful day arrived at last she seemed to be saying good-bye to peace forever.

The hour came for her to meet the train which was to bring the boy. She tied her bonnet on firmly and closed the door with a heavy heart. As she was waiting at the station for the train which was late, as usual, she was upset by the problem, how was she to know the child.

Before she had time to collect her thoughts the train wheezed in and as she gazed over the people getting off, she failed to hear her name spoken, but presently she felt a tug on her coat.

"Please ma'm aren't you my Aunt Jane?" said a meek voice, "I'm Andy."

Looking down, Aunt Jane beheld a little fellow who was gazing earnestly at her. In a startled voice she acknowledged the relationship and, still in a daze, she led him to the carriage which she had engaged to take them home. The ride home was rather silent as Aunt Jane knew of nothing to talk about to a boy and Andy did not dare to talk to her about baseball and the like subjects which occupied all his thoughts at the present season.

The rest of the afternoon passed uneventfully and at tea time, Andy didn't devour the quantity of food expected of him, therefore Aunt Jane made no unfavorable com-

ment. After supper they sat upon the porch; Aunt Jane knitting, and Andy looking longingly at a baseball game in progress down the street, when suddenly a piercing shriek came around the house. Hannibal was closely pursued by a dog!

Aunt Jane sprang from her chair and ran around the corner of the house followed by Andy. Yes! There was Hannibal up in the pear tree, his back erect and his eyes nearly popping out of his head and at the foot of the tree was a bull dog grinning maliciously.

Aunt Jane was powerless. Never could she have driven that fiendish dog away but Andy, his face shining with delight, drove off the dog and in a few moments had Hannibal down to earth again.

Aunt Jane turned toward him with admiration in her face. How gentle, how brave, how kind to dumb animals he was! She was completely converted; never again would she believe the bad things said of boys. Hadn't one of them saved dear Hannibal? But as she turned to go into the house she failed to hear Andy say,

"Gee! the old place isn't so dead after all. Maybe there'll be a good fight some day."

THE AWAKENING

By Roger B. Nickerson, '21.



FREDERICK HEARNS was the son of a wealthy German-American broker who lived in Chicago and was an influential man in the stock market. Karl Hearns, his father, had come over to this

country thirty years prior to the opening of this story. He brought with him his wife and two sons, Ferdinand aged eight, and Frederick, aged two. Since moving here two daughters had been born and Karl had become successful in business.

The older son, who had remembered the glamor of military life in Germany and had held wonderful dreams of military glory, had taken a trip to Germany and made his residence in Berlin when he was but twenty years of age. About one year before the opening of the Great War he had made a visit to his father in America. Frederick was not favorably impressed with the heel-clicking, swaggering person, which his brother had become. He witnessed with uneasiness the toasts and the clinking of steins to "Der Tag" and "Willhelm," which ceremony his father went through very often. He felt relieved to see the end of his brother's visit.

When the war broke out, his father was jubilant, but Frederick could see no reason for such feeling. Even when the *Lusitania* was sunk Frederick did not express any sympathy for either side. When America entered the war, he was mildly interested. He said that he didn't mind who won. The country would be just the same. But the draft bill was passed and Frederick saw then that he might have to go. He then took notice, but instead of being willing to fight he was bitterly opposed to going. Why should he, Frederick Hearn, go to war and shoot his fellow men, to say nothing of shooting his own kinsmen and perhaps his own brother. But a draft board is hard to convince and it was beyond Frederick's power to do so. So Frederick registered, was drafted, examined, and sent to the training camp.

In the training camp he encountered many difficulties; he didn't want to get up and go to bed by any squeaking old bugle

but a dozen K. P.'s convinced him that this would be the expedient thing to do. Next—surprises of surprises—a man was put in command of his squad whom Frederick had, a month previously, given a calling down because he had waked him up one morning at the ungoldly hour of nine o'clock while delivering coal to the next house. No, he certainly couldn't understand this great army of Uncle Sam, who was disowned forty times a day by his compulsory nephew when things didn't go just right.

But, resigning himself to his fate, he pitched into drill and all the various activities of army life. He never spoke to his comrades except when spoken to, and then as briefly as possible. His first eye-opener came one day when they were practicing at the rifle range. A bullet hit a rock in back of the targets while he was keeping score and, ricocheting, struck him in the shoulder tearing an ugly wound. He couldn't understand why the fellows were so eager to carry him to the hospital and why various little bunches of flowers adorned the table by his bed. Neither could he understand why so many fellows came to see him and called him "comrade" and "ol' timer." One day a fellow came in whom Frederick had overheard calling him a "queer stick," and brought chocolates and other things from the fellows. "See here, Martin," said Frederick, "will you please tell me why all you fellows come in here to see me and are so kind to me when I've never spoken to one of you decently since I've been here?"

"Well, old man," Martin replied, "have you ever seen a big dog and a little kitten together for the first time? Well, the kitten

will scratch the dog at first but the dog won't hit back. Soon the kitten hurts her leg and can't walk. The dog picks her up in his mouth and carries her home. From that day on they're good friends. "And," he said with a wistful face, "we're kind of relations don't you know. My Uncle Sam is also your Uncle Sam and he's feeding us and clothing us and paying us to protect him. Now, pal, we, your own cousins would be a poor sort to let you go out into No Man's Land without the feeling that you were among friends and we were backing you. Now, wouldn't we?"

After this, things took on a different aspect with Frederick as to the Army life. He took part in the "Y" activities and was a popular man, but he still failed to understand just **what** he was going to fight for.

When he arrived in France, he was billeted in a small village a few miles behind the firing lines. The people had come back to their ruined homes and, in a small way, rebuilt them and he was put in the stable of one of these houses with straw-filled bags for bedding and during the intervals when he was not in the trenches he was moping in his billet. In the trenches, he didn't try to shoot any Germans but when they tried to shoot him he had to defend himself. So his life went on, uninteresting as before, and what invitations he had to join the fellows on larks, he declined. The two little girls of the house had adopted all of the boys there as brothers and they called him "Notre muet frere."

One cold winter night he had gone out for a bit of fresh air and he happened to glance in through the window of the house. What

he saw there made his heart ache and big tears run down his cheeks. It was Christmas eve. Sitting around the hearth were gathered the family. The flickering flames of the small fire gave the only light and it gave a sweet homelike appearance to the small and humble room. They were singing an old French folksong and as they sang the tears rolled down over the tanned cheeks of the homesick boy and they opened a river of memory. He could see his father and mother sitting around their hearth when he was just old enough to remember, and his brother and himself hanging up their stockings and creeping to their sisters' room and slyly slipping in a few tokens of love to them. He wondered what they, three thousand miles away, were doing.

As he stood there, he heeded not the cold, biting wind but absorbed every detail of the peaceful scene within and when he could resist no longer he slipped in noiselessly through the door and took a child in either arm and what his lips couldn't say, his heart felt and his eyes spoke. When he had kneeled thus for a few moments he looked at the old people. They also were weeping. His eye fell on a picture on the wall. It was the picture of a boy about his own age. When he looked more closely he saw a tiny bit of crape attached. Following his gaze the girls said in a whisper, "Notre cher frere."

Suddenly a cloud cleared from his mind as a cloud uncovers the face of the sun. He understood **now**. He was fighting to uphold the honor of this nation, FRANCE, and his own nation, AMERICA, and in

truth the whole civilized world. He would protect the principles for which this youth had died. So he who went in the house a

half-hearted slacker came out a true American soldier and proud of it.

WE GIVE THANKS

Doris Plaisted, '19.



FOR the dauntless spirit of a resurrected Belgium; the spirit that dared withstand an overpowering foe—all for humanity.

For the heroic France, rising from her ashes, baptized by fire and tears—a victor over the upholders of Kultur.

For those brave men who from across the English Channel answered the call of war; the British, the Irish, the Scotch.

For those who weep—they gave their all to civilization.

For gigantic ships which sail the seas.

For men who laugh in the face of death.

For the youth of nations—unconquered, rejoicing, with faces turned toward the future.

For the Stars and Stripes—long may they wave over our land, the land of the free.

We pause; for peace, a peace at last, supreme, world-wide, opening the way for a universal democracy in the years to come—for all this we give thanks and the future generations, we are sure, will also give thanks.

A GOOD FRIEND

By Blue Jay, '21.



I say, Ted! Brace up and come on and get into it. Don't be yellow. You've got the goods. Come on!"

"Oh, Bill! Go on and leave me in peace."

Ted Stanford and his college chum, Bill Norris, were thus having it out.

Ted was one of the biggest and finest looking boys at St. Andrew's school—also one of the laziest. In only one respect was he "alive"—that was his love for his roommate and chum, Bill Norris, a snappy little fellow brimming over with fun and life, and not at all the kind of a lad one would pick out as Ted's best friend.

Football practice had been going on for three weeks and in another week the first game of the season was to be played with Forest Hill Seminary. Ted was known as a good athlete—when he exerted sufficient effort.

Bill was playing halfback and was after Ted to get out and practice; but Ted had refused, flatly, to take the trouble. Finally Bill left the room with his usual bang of the door and "All right, old pal."

When Ted had dreamed over his trigonometry as long as he wanted to, he started out to the place where the players were practicing.

The practice game looked good to Ted, so

he stayed and watched them—just long enough to see Norris come off the field with a sprained ankle. This accident must have done Ted some good, even though it was painful to his friend, for the next afternoon Ted startled everyone on the campus by appearing in a football suit, ready for practice.

He wasn't much help at first as he was rather overburdened with flesh; but in a few days he began to improve. At the end of the week he was picked as a "sub" for the game with Forest Seminary.

All was going smoothly with the St. Andrew's team until Glass, one of their strongest men, was kicked in the neck by one of the opponents and had to be carried from the field. As there was no one better Ted was put in his place. One of the opponents made a touchdown and the half ended. No score was made in the second half and the game ended six to nothing in favor of the visitors.

After this game Stanford was at practice every day. He improved rapidly and was picked as one of the eleven for the big game of the year with Brockton academy, their old rival.

Just before the game Ted's yellow streak began to show when he saw the "enemy" come rushing onto the field, but Bill was there with a merry smile and a cheerful word.

The whistle blew and the game started. No one did much in the beginning. The first period ended with no score and the ball in possession of the visitors.

In the second half when Norris had the ball he was tackled and thrown with his left leg doubled up under him. Ted heard a

scream of pain and saw Bill all in a heap. He helped remove him from the field—the doctor's verdict being that the bone was broken in two places.

At last Ted's fighting blood was up. He would not let these fellows go off with the victory after they had broken his friend's leg. He played as he never had before. But the visitors were on the lookout every minute and it was an even match. No one scored until the period was nearly over. At almost the last moment Ted Stanford ended the fight with a touchdown!

The rooters went mad with joy over their new star and carried him from the grounds on their shoulders.

That night Ted sat beside a white cot in the hospital, holding Bill Norris' hand, waiting for him to come out of the ether.

Bill moved a little and opened his eyes. "Hello, Ted, old pal," he said. "Don't you ever again tell me it's no use. Why you're a football wonder. Those fellows were scared to death of you. I'm sorry I ever called you 'quitter'. You are not!" and dropped off to sleep.

* * * *

This all happened nearly three years ago. Since then football has had a back seat in Ted's life. The past year he has been fighting Germans instead of football players. He has been fighting for humanity and not for athletic laurels.

The news came in an unassuming letter written from a hospital, near the front, from Ted himself, telling how after a scouting party had returned he discovered that Bill Norris who had gone out with them had not returned. At first he had felt dazed, then

his loyalty to his old chum had again conquered and he had set off alone to look for him. He found him lying in No-Man's Land, wounded. He started back with him and was almost within his own lines when a piece of shrapnel struck him.

The next he knew he was in a hospital with a bullet in his side, which could not be removed. In a few days he received a small package which on opening, he found to be the Croix-de-Guerre!

So Ted Stanford, one of the laziest men that ever attended St. Andrew's, has had conferred on him one of the greatest honors

a man may receive. His yellow streak has been erased, never to return and although Bill Norris will never again speak a word of cheer to him he will go through life as he went through that game with Brockton Academy, fighting for all he's worth.

When he was told that Bill was dead he replied, "I never again expect a friend like good old Bill."

Who knows but without Bill Norris, Ted might still have been the lazy, good-for-nothing fellow he was in school days.

"And all for the love of a friend."

FIFTY-FIFTY

Part II.

Ruth McCabe, '20.



AVIS, dear, do take your time with your dessert or you'll have indigestion. Why do you hurry so? You have scarcely spoken since you came home to lunch."

Mavis smiled sweetly over her sherbet. "Don't you worry about me, mumsey, I've never yet needed any indigestion powders. We are to debate Winchester Academy over there this coming Friday. They didn't close during the epidemic of Influenza and are three weeks better prepared than we but, oh, hurrah! there will be no Westchester debate. In about a month there is to be a mid year interstate here in Hampshire.

"I'm hurrying lunch because I must spend my afternoon in the public library with Rita and Phil Carr. Phil and I are to be the Hampshire debaters and as the senate president is ill, Rita is helping both of us."

"Well, dear, do be careful, won't you? It's still raining, and because you have escaped this epidemic so far is no reason why you may not contract it even yet. How are you to get over to Winchester?"

"Phil and I leave school at the end of the fourth period, then we take the eleven thirty train over. It's only an hour's ride. I understand that some of the faculty and also some of the student body are motoring over later. Phil and I will return either by the six o'clock train or with some of the rooters."

"But I am certainly going over, dear, with Aunt Alice and you two can come back with us. Now go on down street. Be sure to wear your spats. I don't like that cough."

Friday morning the weather was still unsettled and Mavis' cold was no better. Before she went down to breakfast she carefully regarded herself in her mirror. "My face is flushed and my head is whirling.

How silly of me to be so nervous over a mere debate! I have never yet been thwarted. I'm glad mumsey and Aunt Alice are to motor over though."

At three o'clock a very tired little Mavis faced her audience. Her knees were unsteady and her pulse was throbbing. Gaining control of herself she began her well known lines. Of course she would win. She would just show Winchester and Hampshire, too, that she could speak. Points she laid down to them and proved them but her voice lacked its usual beauty. She left her last point only half proved. It was all right, she wouldn't need to finish.

Once back in her seat she let her thoughts drift and was quite oblivious of the next speaker until—what did she say? The idea, she was speaking very strongly against Mavis' position and Mavis realized that her opponent was leaving no stone unturned to refute her arguments. What a splendid voice! Glancing about her, Mavis realized this girl was winning the audience and that the judges seemed to regard her more attentively than they did Mavis. Now she has taken Mavis' strongest point and is actually weakening it.

Poor Mavis! She gazed at this witch almost unbelievably, but as, at last, the girl ends, and the audience applauds enthusiastically, Mavis realizes that she faces an awful reality. She understands also that she, Mavis Grelstein, has lost.

She slipped unnoticed to the dressing-room while the decision was being made. Someone touched her arm and turning she saw her mother. "Oh, mumsey, mumsey.

What have I done, what have I done? Oh, please, take—me—home. I, oh, mumsey, I—have lost it!"

The following day Mavis was unable to leave her bed and a physician was called. His diagnosis was that the girl had been having a light run of influenza and that sheer will power had kept her up. Now, because of some mental strain she was undergoing a relapse which meant probable pneumonia.

Pneumonia! and the interstate debate only three weeks off. Day and night she moaned. Rita Snowdon reported her serious condition to the joint societies and immediately much sympathy became evident. Instead of blaming Mavis for their loss they attributed it to her physical condition.

But Mavis knew better; and, one afternoon two weeks later while she was relating it all to Nate, she said: "You learned the lesson in time, to work, not for yourself only but for the happiness of others as well. When you went into your games, it was to win for your school, not for Nathan Grelstein. It's all because of my own selfishness and over-confidence that I failed. To think that Hampshire forgave me," and she rested her eyes fondly upon a vase of beautiful wax-like chrysanthemums and then glanced at the class president's card lying upon the table beside them.

"It's lucky for me that the debate is to be here in Hampshire for the doctor would never consent to my going out of town. I will win that debate, but not for Mavis,—for Hampshire High. I'm glad that I have learned the depth and worth of the old

Persian motto, 'He who is indifferent to the welfare of others does not deserve to be called a man.'"

She returned to school on the following Monday. The great day was Wednesday. Mavis had little confidence in herself, but the majority trusted her.

As she met the eyes of five hundred people for a few seconds she merely looked at the crowd. She was willing to let them believe she had stage fright. Oh, she would use every art she could muster, anything to beat her opponents, especially the girl who had overcome her a month ago.

Why doesn't she speak? The throng holds its breath. Has she stage fright? She looks so frail, the flowers at her belt setting off the white of her skin and enhancing the lustre of her dark eyes.

Raising her head a little, she flashed a quick smile about the room, and the assemblage returned it encouragingly. Then she began to speak. What a sweet voice, so

clear and strong and flexible! To Mavis, however, it sounded very weak indeed.

Gradually the old fire came back and as she made the audience laugh she realized she had control over their emotions. Presently they were in tears. How wonderful! Such a speaker, for a high school pupil, never faced a throng before.

Suddenly she stopped and quietly left the stage. A hush remained over the people, but soon they began to applaud and Mavis was obliged to return and acknowledge the honor.

As she was making her bow someone appeared beside her and she looked up into the smiling eyes of the president of the boys' debating team. The audience applauded louder than ever as he placed a great bouquet of roses in her arms. A card lay among them on which were the words: "To Our Mavis, From H. H. S."

The End.

REJOICE

By Pall Mall, '19.

Rejoice, rejoice, with grateful song,
The Peace of the Lord of Hosts,
Has come to a weary, waiting world,
Wrecked are the tyrant's boasts!

Rejoice, rejoice, 'tis Christmas day,
A time of joy and song.
No more of strife and tyrant's sway,
Nor wars so grim and long.

Rejoice, rejoice, at the birth of Christ,
And the Wise Men from afar,

Who came with gifts and incense rare,
Led by a shining star.

Rejoice, rejoice, for the angels bright,
Who sang at the Christ child's birth,
"Glory and honor to God on High,
And Peace to men on earth."

Rejoice, rejoice, for He's born again,
In the Peace of a War-sick world,
His message to men is now renewed,
His banner once more unfurled.



LOCALS

May 1918

"Now's the Day, and Now's the Hour"

Mr. Chapman kindly invited a chorus made up of Bangor High School students to participate in the Music Festival this year. We were seated on the stage with the Festival Chorus and sang patriotic songs. We thoroughly enjoyed every minute and cannot give too much praise of each artist who was there, or of the work Mr. and Mrs. Chapman are doing. The debutantes ushered every afternoon and evening. A feature of the final program was the singing and cheering by the boys from the University of Maine, and then—by the students of Bangor High.

We had to go to school Saturday, November 30th, to make up for the Thanksgiving holiday. Up to 1894 all schools in Bangor had a Saturday session, the grades having Wednesday and Saturday afternoons as holidays, and the High school keeping until twelve o'clock. All examinations came on Saturday. Every class was examined in some study every Saturday. Two articles in the Oracle of May, 1894, one by Miss Lucy S. Wyman, the other by Miss Agnes W. Bragg, discuss the subject, "Has No School Saturday Proved a Success?"

Miss Humphrey has returned to school after an absence of a few days caused by ill-

ness. During her absence her classes were taken by Joseph Beach.

The sale of Thrift Stamps has been resumed in the Banking Room. We hope there will be as much success in them as there was last year.

We are glad to know that A. Frances Stuart, '19, is convalescing after an attack of bronchial pneumonia. We are hoping she will be back at school very soon.

Madam Beaupre was absent from school one day at the beginning of the term. Her first period French class was taught by Helen Harrigan '19, who makes a very good French teacher.

At a class meeting of the Sophomores held a short time ago, the following officers were elected:

John Frawley—President.
Estelle Beaumann—Vice President.
Ruth Black—Secretary.
Francis Cochran—Treasurer.

Great enthusiasm is being shown this year in the Girls' Military Drill. A large number from every class turns out every week and are planning to continue so throughout the year.

Mr. Kimball of the Commercial Department is back at school after some weeks' absence owing to the Influenza.

The Juniors have chosen their class ring and will have them as quickly as possible.

A meeting of all the boys was held in the Assembly Hall a short time ago. Some, who were in the draft age, had taken military drill, thinking it might aid them if they were called to service. They were informed at the meeting that those who had taken it for this reason, could drop it if they chose.

The first snowstorm of the season caused much trouble to the electric car service, thereby causing trouble to some students who depend on the cars as a method of transportation. Some of these didn't get to school at all, but those from the Old Town line, got there, even if they were a half-hour late.

The Bangor High School Orchestra under the direction of Mrs. George Eaton, played at the Exhibition of the Canning Club on December seventh and eight. Several High School pupils won prizes.

Paul Searles, '19, has returned to school from the University of Maine where he was a member of the Students' Army Training Corps.

Some questions have been asked concerning the surplus flag money which was raised last year by Ruth McCabe, Barbara Tyler and Simmons Tyler. The school pledged liberally, so it was not necessary to collect all the money pledged. However, after the bills were paid, there remained neraly five dollars which was donated to the B. H. S. athletic council.

In collecting money and handkerchiefs for the Red Cross, Bangor went over the top, the High School raising more than the allotment for the entire city. Several rooms were one hundred per cent.

We wish to extend our regret and sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mitchell in the loss of their daughter.

A lecture was given in City Hall, December 3rd, under the auspices of the Teachers' Club, by Sir John Foster Fraser, entitled the "Checkerboard of Europe." The lecture was well attended and all those present felt amply repaid for their time. He told of the part each European country has had during the war, but spoke very modestly of the glories of the English, which shows him to be a true Englishman. He told us, in closing, an anecdote which ended with "Uncle Sam's all right," and which makes us think that Sir John Foster Fraser is all right, too.



*"Forsake not an Old Friend,
For the New One is Not Comparable Unto Him"*

John Quinn, '18, is in Bangor at present, having been honorably discharged from the Officers' Training Corps at Fortress Monroe, Virginia. Mr. Quinn was very prominent in both athletics and debating while in B. H. S. and he was president of his class for four years. He will enter the University of Maine when it reopens.

Earl S. Grant, '17, chief quartermaster of the Naval Aviation School at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and who is still in the United States service, has been placed on the inactive list and is in Bangor for an indefinite stay. Chief Quartermaster Grant was very active in debating while in High School and took part in the 1917 Colby Speaking Contest.

C. Freeman Olsen, '16, was one of the successful candidates in the first naval district to be appointed to the Ensign Training School at Harvard. He has been in intensive training for three months at the United States Naval Station on Bumkin Island and the Wakefield Rifle Range. Mr. Olsen was

the Personal editor of the Oracle in 1917 and after graduating was employed by the Richardson, Hill Company.

Marion Honey, '17, has accepted a position as stenographer with the Sawyer Motor Co.

Harold W. Green, '18, has been promoted to the rank of corporal in the Student Army Training Corps at Dartmouth College. Corp. Green was Business Manager of the Oracle last year.

Lieutenant George H. Gillin, ex-'11, who was gassed and wounded in the battle of Chateau-Thierry last July, is now in Bangor on a thirty-days' furlough. Lieut. Gillin has been at the hospital at Plattsburg since his return from overseas. He is in the regular army and does not expect to leave the service for some time.

Walter S. Gordon, ex-'18, has recently been home on a furlough. Mr. Gordon who is stationed on the "Vermont," hopes to be discharged soon in order to resume his studies here.

Doreen Kelley, Florence Maddocks, Dorice Catell and Madeline Searles, all class of '18, are attending Mrs. Gilman's Commercial School.

James Pennell, '17, was promoted to the rank of mess sergeant at the University of Maine S. A. T. C. shortly before the demobilization of that Training Corps. Mr. Pennell was Athletic editor of the Oracle in 1917.

Carl Catell, ex-'19, has received an honorable discharge from the navy. Mr. Catell is going to New York where he will study dentistry later.

Private Albert Messer, ex-'18, has fully recovered from an attack of pneumonia with which he has been seriously ill in a French Base Hospital. Pvt. Messer is now back again at the front with the Canadian Military police. In a recent letter written before the signing of the armistice he said that it was the common opinion with the soldiers that the war would be over in the spring.

The following B. H. S. graduates are back in Bangor because of the demobilization of the Student Army Training Corps at the University of Maine: Earl Honey, Everett Mansur, Albert Pitcher, Raymond Adams, Parry Boyd, James Mitchell, James Regan, Roger Small, Donald Valentine, Walter Frawley and John Eames. Many of these boys expect to take up regular courses of study when college reopens.

John Calligan, '12, has received an honorable discharge from the service. Mr. Calli-

gan was formerly with the 35th Co., Ninth Battalion, 151st Depot Brigade, stationed at Camp Devens.

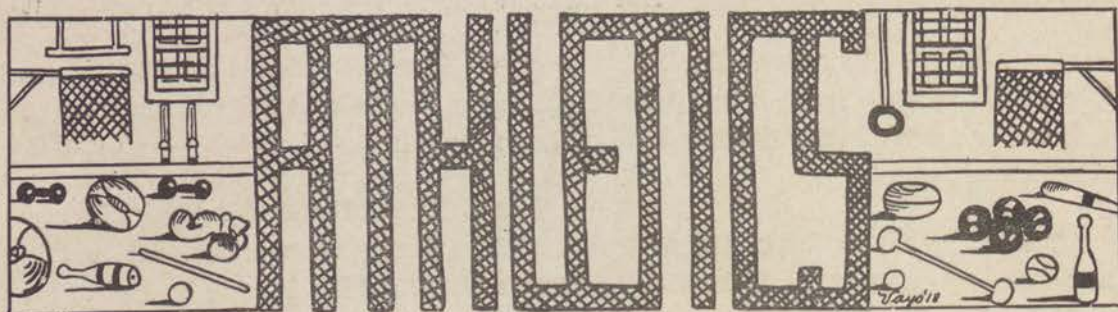
The death of Thornton Lyford, '07, occurred in France from wounds received in action October 4th. Private Lyford was a member of the 316th Infantry but was transferred to the 152nd Depot Brigade at Camp Upton last July shortly before that brigade went overseas. Before entering the service he carried on a successful fur business in Boston.

Harold J. Murray, '17, who has been a member of the Student Army Training Corps at Harvard, has recently arrived in Bangor because of the disbanding of that organization.

Edward F. Harden, '15, first class operator on the U. S. S. "Aztec," will spend a seven-days' furlough here at Christmas.

The name of Lieutenant Irving E. Doane, '11, appeared on a recent list of casualties. He was wounded in the face during the battle of the Marne on July 20, and since that time has been promoted to the rank of captain. Captain Doane has been cited for bravery three times by Major Clarence R. Edwards and he has also been recommended to receive the French war cross for distinguished service.

Captain Harrison L. Robinson, M. C., '07, who was gassed and wounded in the battle of Chateau-Thierry last July, has since had influenza and is still in a base hospital in France.



"Enthusiasm Goes Out"

FOOTBALL.

The football season ended with the Portland game although for a time there were rumors and hopes of a game with Thornton Academy.

According to custom, letters will be awarded to those players who were in two whole games or parts of three. In addition to these five fellows who played in the Portland game will be given their letters.

A list of players and the number of games that each played in, follows:

Robert McCann,	Five whole games
Granville Bond,	Parts of five games
Walter Bullock,	" " " "
Isadore Cohen,	" " " "
Myles Finnegan,	" " " "
William Gallagher,	" " " "
George Geagan,	" " " "
Wilfrid Gillen,	" " " "
David Goldstein,	" " " "
Theodore McNeill,	" " " "
John Short,	" " " "
Bernard Russell,	Parts of four games
Edward Sheehan,	" " " "
George Smith,	" " " "
Henry Bacon,	Parts of three games
Nels Johnson,	" " " "

The other five are: Raymond Smith, Edward Sullivan, Harry Thompson, Harold

Nason, Raymond MacFadden, Smith, Sullivan and Thompson also played in the Lewiston game.

BASKET-BALL.

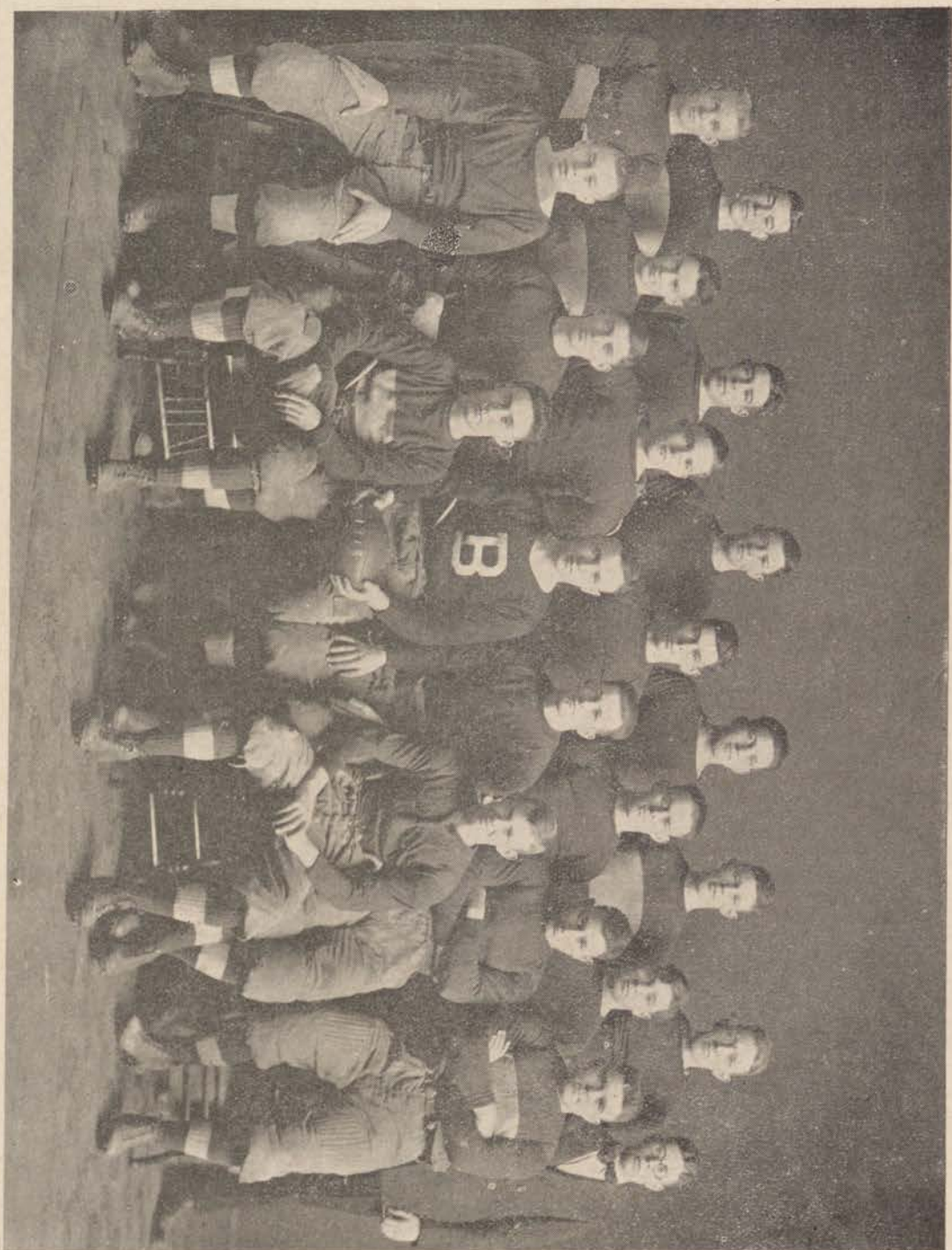
Basket-ball, in the past, has barely held its own in the line of expenses, while football has made money for the Athletic Fund and baseball has lost.

Basket-ball should earn money. The games are mostly on Friday or Saturday nights when there are no lessons to prepare. The games are fully as interesting as those of football and if one doesn't care for them there is usually a dance following the game.

Now suppose the students of Bangor High School show some more of their school spirit by attending basket-ball games and dances and cutting outside dances if necessary. You will have fully as good a time. Will you do it?

Manager Matthews has appointed Blair White, '20, and Gerard Collins, '21, as his assistants.

Games have been arranged with Old Town, M. C. I., and Rumford; and there are prospects for games with Portland, Auburn, Lewiston, and Morse High School of Bath.



B. H. S. FOOTBALL TEAM—1918

GIRLS' DEBATING

To the Girls of Bangor High School:

By Josephine Clough.

List to the cry of Debaters! The owl-wise
Seniors and the Juniors,
Busied with drill, and in khaki brown, with
guns on their shoulders,
Refuse, with stanch protestations, to set
forth their powers of speaking,
Refuse, as n'er wont of old, to heed the
summons to meeting.
While loud from her judgment-seat the
calm-voiced amicable sponsor
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate awards
the decision to the Negative.

List to the cry of Debaters! O, where is
the interest that formerly
Characterized a Debate, when announced
in morning assembly.
Where is the band of recruits, who were
wont to gather from nowhere,
Girls, whose lives were crammed with this,
and that, and the other,
Urged by a wondering desire to know how
and what we were doing.
Gone are those jolly debates, and the
debaters forever departed!
Summoned by Desire and Quest to other
more novel vocations,
Beckoned by Fancy and Wish to Life's
ceaseless call for amusement.
Naught but tradition remains of the famous
debates of Yesterday.

Ye who believe in argument that convinces,
that endures, and is worth while,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength
of the power to argue,
Respond to the cry of Debaters, and join
our sagacious assembly;
Respond to the appeal of a Society to live
e'en now and forever.



"He that won't be Counseled Can't be Helped"

The Megaphone:—A splendid magazine that contains an unusual number of photos and cuts. Your Exchange comments are indeed just and helpful. It would seem that you have more than your share of good material. You certainly have "something for everyone." Come again!

The Red and White:—A volume of Literary articles, a superior collection of lively cuts and a generally neat arrangement of the entire contents help to make this magazine a paper of which to be justly proud. You have an unusually small number of advertisers. Evidently to make up this deficiency the Student body backs you 100% financially. That alone is a fact to be proud of.

We notice that many papers lack a Table of Contents. In our mind this page is far too important to be slighted on any account. By the aid of a Table of Contents the reader may at a glance find the number of the page on which the desired article is to be found. Has your paper a Table of Contents?

We take the liberty to reproduce the following poem which is to be found in The High School News. It contains a splendid idea and is cleverly written.

Watch Yourself Go By!

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by:
Think of yourself as "he" instead of "I."
Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you
And strive to make your estimate ring true.
The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink,
Love's chain grows stronger by one mighty link,
When you with "he" as substitute for "I"
Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.

The Kernel:—Evidently yours is a common complaint. We observe in reading the various school papers that the plea for more support from the Student Body is general. And you put up a fine argument, too. Your Literary department, nevertheless, is one to be envied. That shows careful work on the part of a number of individuals, and careful work is bound to produce results.

Among the Oracle's Exchanges during the past month were two copies of the Maroon and White, which were as welcome as they were interesting. "School Chatter" is a long, well edited department of spicy jokes—seven pages in the October issue were devoted to this lively subject. Although the general arrangement is very good, still we think the "Staff" might be placed nearer the first page advantageously. Your editorials are up to the minute and extremely helpful.

The Lawrence High School Bulletin:—An unusually large number of Staff members produce with the help of the Student Body a School Paper to be proud of. We would like to see one of your mid-year editions in order that we might have a more detailed idea of you. The number we have on hand is justly devoted, almost exclusively, to the Graduating class and is a model along that line. Come again!

The Aegis:—Why not enlarge your departments and introduce a few new ones? Has your School no Athletic Activities, Debating Societies or other organizations? Aren't things happening around your school that are interesting enough to write about? We hope to receive another Aegis later on with a larger assortment of school activities and a few laughable personals. Come! Now give us a few suggestions in return, please!

The Gleaner:—Your paper contains the department "Agriculture" which is of course, a minus quantity in most school

papers. Your cover design is appropriate and contains a story in itself.

In the Oriole we read the following poem that is exceptionally interesting, in subject as well as in clever handling. It is the Tale of an English laborer and is an able piece of dialectic poetry:

The Plaint Of The 'Elper.

Oh, the clatter o' the 'ammers is fair drivin'
me stark mad,

An' the poundin', poundin' steel on naked
steel.

The roarin' an' the tootin' is enough to set
me wild,

But—I'm 'elpin' lay a mighty vessel's
keel.

The workin' an' the sweatin' is reducin' me
to bones,

An' the 'eavy liftin's doublin' up my spine.
I'm a 'elper, 'andy beggar, wot does the
And—Blime me, Number Sixty floatin'
And—Blime me, Number Sixty floating'
fine.

The Bluddy 'eat in 'tween decks is enough
to roast me brown,

An' the hengine room is 'ot as 'Ades, too.
They're takin' out the 'uskies, overcome—
but that ain't me;

I'm building ships—I've got my work
to do.

It's a 'ard job an' a 'eavy one, it's labor
'igh and low,

It's workin' an' it's toilin' without rest.
It's buildin', it's creatin', it's makin' ships
from steel,

And it's doin' somethin' worthy o' your
best.



*"Strike—For your altars and your fires;
Strike—For the green graves of your sires;
God and your Native Land"*

THE FIRST BATTALION BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL.

During the past few years everything has been looked at through a soldier's eyes. The gaze of the whole world has been centered upon the battlefields of Europe. We have continually read war, seen war, thought war and talked war. But this year, the year of all years in the world's history, peace has come to suffering Europe and anxious America. The god of war is once more bound with the strong fetters of victory and justice once more rules.

It is simply in natural sequence with the conditions of the past few years that the youth of America should choose to adopt and foster the well known saying: "In time of peace, prepare for war." Schools, colleges, institutions of all kinds throughout the country are adopting military drill, not only that the good old U. S. A. may be better prepared from a military standpoint, for war should it come again, but that every man may be better physically and mentally fit to undergo the great tasks in life before him.

Our own B. H. S. has responded wonderfully to the spirit of the times, has rallied and produced material enough to form a battalion of over one hundred and fifty men who are determined to obtain all that they can from the opportunity afforded them.

The First Battalion Bangor High School Cadets is divided into three companies, each drilling once a week. The men are taking an unusual interest in the work and are progressing more rapidly than was expected. Each officer is determined that each man shall not only gain knowledge of military tactics but that he shall enjoy himself while under instruction. A certain time from each drill has been designated for games and setting up exercises and the men are beginning to look forward to drill days in anticipation of what is coming next.

With this spirit of men and officers the best results imaginable must be received. Each company commander, each officer and each man has taken for his motto: A member of the best company, of the best battalion of the best high school in New England.



*"A Little Nonsense now and then,
Is Relished by the Wisest Men"*

M. Largay was heard to remark at the Junior ring election the other day, "It's just one darn 'Ring' after another."

Freshman: "What is the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?"

Sophomore: "Search me!"

Freshman: "Ammonia comes in little bottles and pneumonia comes in chests."

Freshman to a Sophomore:
"Here's to you as smart as you are,
And to me as green as I am,
But as smart as you are
And as green as I am,
I'm as smart as you are
As green as I am."

Recipe for Christmas Holiday Cake.

Take one armful of pretty girl, one lovely face, two strawberry lips, two laughing blue eyes, two rosy cheeks, hold closely in both arms and press two lips. The result will be astonishing. For topping: "HMT" swing with just a little moonlight, add two ounces of romance, half a dozen lies and one or two

whispers use two seconds of hesitation and half hour of yielding. Place kisses on lips and cheeks, then set aside to recover.

It has been decreed that:

Doc. Collins, '21, shall shave for the first time Jan. 2, 1922.

"Huskey" Bowles, '21, shall be captain of the football team of '21.

Major Smart, shall succeed General Pershing in 1930.

"Heck" Burrill shall become a good chauffeur if he lives long enough.

"Brute" Gillen shall be president of the Republican Party in 1920.

"Bob" Matthews shall be proprietor of the world famous dance hall, "Shake-a-leg."

Thayer Royal shall be Barnum & Bailey's giant.

Henry Bacon shall be President of the Publishers' Trust in N. Y.

Ruth Holden shall be a "Sufferin' Suff".

"Betty" shall be her "suffering" aide.

Mary Largay shall lose her "Ring".

The class of 1922 shall dispense with their

bottles and nurses two months before graduation

The class of 1921 will be Juniors if they don't get lost in the rush.

The class of 1920 will have some big shoes to fill next year.

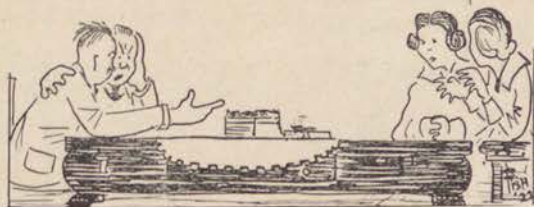
The 1919 graduation speakers shall eat too much at the banquet and lose their eloquence.

From an essay: "There are many fire-bearing animals in the Maine woods."

Question in Freshman English Exam.: "What is the plural of cat?"

Answer: "Kittens."

For some unknown reasons A. Olsen has decided not to continue her studies at Higgins next fall.



Which Is Sweeter Girls, P & S's or C. and W.?

Tune: "Old Oaken Bucket."

How dear to my heart is the thing they call Latin,

When fond recitation presents it to view,
The clauses, the phrases, all dressed in their satin,

And every loved ending that makes us feel blue;
The high-sounding doo-dahs and outlandish diet,

The slave with the spear, and the Roman who fell,
The verbal gerundive, the noun crouching by it,
Are hidden in Latin that I love so well.

Chorus.

That time-honored Latin,
That iron-bound Latin,
That moss-covered Latin,
Which hangs on so well.

II.

The subject, the verb, and the bow-legged compound,

The flexible gerund and subjunctive mood,

The clauses of purpose encourage the pronoun,

To take the possessive and silently brood;
The loose-jointed supine and verbal declensions,

Join hands with conjunctions and joyfully dwell

In temporal clauses of Gothic dimensions,
And e'en in the Latin which I love so well.

Ex.—

Pupil (in Latin): "Oh, that the immortal Gods would dent that mind of yours."

Miss R— (in English): "What is the Grecian name for Jupiter?"

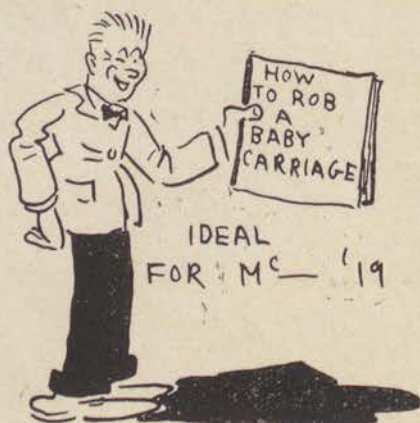
Pupil: "Juice." (Zeus.)

"Freshmen Christmas Drive."

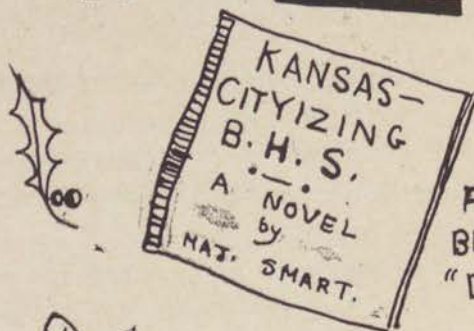
The freshmen have adopted the well known cry, "Give until it hurts" for Santa.



MORE COLLARS
FOR E — '21
WHY NOT COVER
UP ALL OF
THAT NECK!



IDEAL
FOR MC — '19



BOOKS ARE
ALWAYS WELCOME,
THIS IS FINE
FOR ANY CADET.
BETTER THAN
"DERE MABLE."



A TEDDY
ROOSEVELT
OUTFIT FOR
R — '20
THE FAMOUS
SOUTHERN
EXPLORER



O'L — '20
WOULD
ENJOY
HIMSELF
FULLY IF
SOMEONE
WOULD
ONLY
GIVE
HIM

A BED FOR HIS STUDY PERIODS

COCHRAN — 0 51

Madame B—: "Your French seems to be a dream to you."

McA—, '20: "Yes, Ma'am, a bad one."

Mr. B—, '21: "I have to go to singing so I can't take my test."

Miss F—: "All right, then, you'll be back this afternoon, to take it?"

Mr. B—: "Oh, I guess I don't want to go to singing."

A professor posted on the bulletin board: "Professor Blackie will meet his classes tomorrow." One of the students, thinking he would be smart, rubbed out the letter "c" in "classes," whereupon the professor, seeing the change, rubbed out the "l."

Ex.—

Mr. O—, '20 (translating French): "He helped her to shell her harvest of carrots."

Pupil (translating Spanish): "They receive their friends in the cellar."

Merry Christmas to all B. H. S. Students! We hope especially that Santa Claus may bring to:

1. The Freshmen some nice little toys for them to play with.
2. Major Smart a horse to ride at the head of his troops.
3. Robert McCann a little courage.
4. C. Crosby an up-to-date book on "How to be a Vamp."
5. C. Meinecke a new sword.
6. H. O'Leary, Northern Maine Jct., nearer Bangor.
7. Micky Finnegan a new football suit for next year.

8. The "Financiers" another clean up.

9. Bill Hall the privilege of being a Senior.

10. Several Senior girls their soldier boys home for Christmas.

B. H. S. has at last found a five letter man. McNeil, '22, just made five "F's."

Teacher in Geometry: "What does B. C. M. equal?"

Student in low voice: "A cigar."

Miss H—cks: "He has Chemistry this week. Clark, take that seat so it will be vacant."

Billy: "Doesn't trans-Atlantic mean across the Atlantic?"

Father: "Yes."

Billy: "Then trans must mean across."

Father: "Maybe it does. Shut up!"

Billy: "Huh! I've got a trans-parent, all right."

Miss B—, '20, (in French): "He listened to his silent breathing."

Mathematical Problems.

1. A sliding catch for holding a door + a preposition of two letters = a B. H. S. artist.
2. A weapon + a male human being = a B. H. S. clarinet player.
3. A work of fiction by Kipling + something round = a well-known Junior boy.
4. The trade mark of a line of sporting goods + a month = a vowel + two sisters in the class of '20.
5. Mc + a vowel a water bird = B. H. S. color bearer.

6. A vegetable + a conjunction = a B. H. S. cornet player.

7. The cave of a wild beast + I + something that shines = a boy from Brewer.

8. To tap gently + a number = a well-known Junior girl.

Mc + a kind of carriage + the fifth letter of the alphabet = a B. H. S. author.

10. To retain + the Spanish word for in = "Here Comes The Bride."

Ri Juno.

Miss L— (in gym): "Have any of you girls breathed since last week?"

Miss T—, '20 (translating Latin): "This happened after the memory of man."

Wanted: Some inside information on beauty secrets. B-l-l-o-k, '19.

Mr. T— in Chemistry: "If oxygen supports combustion, what does hydrogen do?"

Hall, '19: "Just the opposite from supports."

Mr. P—: "The lesson for Friday is —, and the lesson for Saturday is —"

Bacon, '20: "What do we have for Sunday?"

Mr. O'N-il: "What is an apostrophe?"

McNeil, '22: "A comma."

SPARKS FROM OTHER FIRES

Willie: "What is the best thing out?"

Sillie: "An aching tooth."

"Do you see the captain standing on the bridge of that enemy ship?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let him have one of those twelve-inch shells in the eye!"

"Which eye, sir?"

It Wakens To Duty.

Today I bought an alarm clock,

It has a very loud ring;

I think I will call it "The Star Spangled Banner,"

For every time I hear it I have to get up.

Doctor: "What did you operate on Patient No. 2 for?"

Surgeon: "Five hundred dollars."

Doctor: "You don't understand, I mean,

what did the patient have?"

Surgeon: "Five hundred dollars."

Jones: "How are you?"

Smith: "Are you speaking as a friend or as a member of the exemption board?"

A scientist discovered that hens lay eggs in the daytime because at night they are "roosters."

Maybe He Was.

Teacher: "How many Egyptians were drowned in the Red Sea?"

Pupil, (in undertone): "Doesn't she ask the foolish questions?"

Teacher: "Louder, please; you may be right."

Angry Wife: "Are you aware of the fact that I bore your child?"

Son: "Pa, are trousers plural or singular?"

Father: "Well, if you had a pair I'd say that they were plural, but if you didn't have a pair I'd call that singular."

Husband (sweetly)—"I shouldn't wonder if you do!"

Geometry Teacher: "Give me an illustration of a negative power."

Wise boy: "Germany".



The Eyes Of Every School Child

Should be examined carefully
by an expert.

We try to impress the importance of this on everybody.
Let us make an examination
and advise you about your
child's eyes.

YOURS FOR CORRECT GLASSES

Arthur Allen Optical Co.

28 Main Street, Bangor, Me.

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

15-17 Main St., Bangor

The gigantic struggle for Democracy and a
World Peace against Autocracy and Op-
pression has ended in a blaze of glory.

Now let us devote our time to resuming and
regulating business in its normal, prosper-
ous way.

You will find the Benson stock completely
replenished with fresh, new stock ready for
your inspection.

COATS WAISTS FURS SUITS
SKIRTS BEDDING DRESSES
SWEATERS LINENS
SILK DRESS GOODS
DRESS ACCESSORIES

DANCING CARNIVAL

NEW YEAR'S EVE

BY PUPILS OF MRS. ROSANNA B. ODIORNE

Exhibition Dancing 8 o'clock

General Dancing 9.30 to 1

TICKETS 50c

Patronize the Advertisers

Military Supplies

UNIFORMS
U. ARMY AND NAVY SHOES
TENTS
SPIROL PUTTEES
KNAPSACKS
ARMY SHOES
CARTRIDGE BELTS
OFFICERS' SABRES
MACHINE GUNS
ARMY OVERCOATS
MILITARY ORNAMENTS

Full Equipment for any military unit supplied on a few days' notice. Individual orders accepted. Special attention given to outfitting High School Cadets, and Lodges.

JAMES T. SULLIVAN

P. O. BOX 837

BANGOR,

- - - -

MAINE

C. F. WINCHESTER

THE CORNER GROCERY

Telephone 1160

183 Park Street

We Sell
ARCTIC SPRING
WATER

Delivered Daily

Bangor, Maine

W. C. BRYANT

Diamond Dealer

Bangor,

Maine

WARES OF

GOLD, SILVER, AND CUT GLASS
WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS
CARD AND SOCIETY ENGRAVING

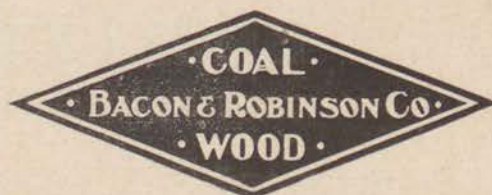
The Hincks Coal Co.

COAL

AND

WOOD

104 BROAD STREET



13 State Street [Next to Bangor Savings Bank]

WHEN IN NEED OF A HAIRCUT OR SHAVE VISIT

Mason's Barber Shop

DANIEL H. MASON

20 HAMMOND STREET

WHETHER YOU EAT TO LIVE
OR LIVE TO EAT

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

GOODE & DRISCOLL,

101 Exchange Street

PHOTOS

ENLARGEMENTS

HOPKINS STUDIO

14 STATE STREET

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING FOR AMATEURS

Patronize the Advertisers



FOOT NOTES.

Merit wins the race for
Walk-Over shoes.

WALK OVER BOOT SHOP

8 BROAD STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

ICE CREAM SODAS HOT DRINKS

BUCKLEY DRUG CO.

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

27 Hammond St.

=

=

Bangor, Me.

Full Line of

Fine Shoes

for Ladies and
Gentlemen

JOHN CONNERS SHOE CO.

40 MAIN STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

C. H. SULLIVAN

T. N. CURRAN

D. F. CURRAN

BOOK AND JOB

Printing and Binding

ALL KINDS

Printed or Engraved Wedding Cards
and Society Printing

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

Mail Orders Solicited

Send for Samples

The Thomas W. Burr Printing Co.
46 Columbia St., Bangor, Me.

Proper Goods, at the Proper Time at the Proper Price



Patronize Our Advertisers

C. E. PENDLETON

"EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL"

56 STATE STREET

BANGOR

MAINE

F. Bernard Russell

INSTRUCTOR OF
TROMBONE

Telephone 1807-W

P. T. DUGAN & CO.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Trunks, Bags, Horse Supplies
and Shoe Findings

Order Work and Repairing a Specialty
34 CENTRAL STREET

SAVE YOUR EYES

HARRY J. COVELLE

OPTOMETRIST

31 Central St. New Stetson Bldg.

Portraits by Photography

Emma J. Taney, Photographer

28 Main St., Bangor, Me.

CURTIS & TUPPER

Druggists

The Fountain Pen Store

5 HAMMOND STREET

Electric
Work

Willard Storage Battery
Service Station

Lighting
Fixtures

THE DOLE COMPANY

Electrical Engineers and Contractors
Wm. McC. Sawyer, Treasurer

61 Main Street - - Telephone 74

Furbush Printing Co.

SOLICIT HIGH SCHOOL PATRONAGE
EXCELLENT WORK, PRICES RIGHT

108 Exchange St., Bangor

EAST SIDE NEWS DEPOT

W. L. ELDRIDGE

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Magazines, Daily and Sunday Papers
Postal Cards

56 STATE STREET, BANGOR, ME.

STICKNEY & BABCOCK COAL CO.

19 State Street, Bangor

LUFKIN'S

54 Columbia
Street

Home of Pine
Tree Taffy
and
Extra Rich
Velvet Ice Cream

The PERRY STUDIO

Maker of
Fine Photographs Graduation Pictures

193 Exchange St., Bangor, Me.
Phone Connection

Patronize Our Advertisers



GIBSON MANDOLIN SCHOOL

D. L. CARVER, Teacher and Agent
The Only Teacher in Bangor ON MANDOLIN

Studio Open Days

Evenings 7-10

The Cadenza Magazine will be sent to all Mandolin, Guitar and Banjo players free, if you will send your name and address and which instrument you play, to our studio.

LOOK! Our Orchestra School is open to all students, terms reasonable; *this is as important as your teacher's instructions.*

Room 10, Merchant's Bank Bld.

Phone 1107

25 Broad St., Bangor, Me.

COMPLIMENTS OF

Miller & Webster Clothing Co.

The Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Bangor

=

=

=

Maine

Chadbourne's Barber Shop

79 CENTRAL STREET

All Star Crew

(4 Chairs)

BANGOR

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 Massage and Shampoo

No long waits, 6 chairs

Compliments of

ANDREWS' MUSIC HOUSE

98 Main Street

Bangor,

=

Maine

Patronize Our Advertisers

FREDERICK W. HILL, CHAIRMAN OF BOARD

C. D. GOSBY, 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.....	690,000
Deposits.....	8,600,000

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.



A GOOD BANK TO GROW UP IN

YOUNG men who are depositors with us will find their connections with this bank a source of increasing satisfaction as the years go by. We know your problems and stand ready to co-operate with you in many ways.

We want "beginners in business" to come to this bank, and we believe that this is the kind of a bank that you want to grow up in.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BANGOR, MAINE

All the latest in

HAIR GOODS

To Let

Theatrical Wigs
and Beards
for all classes of
Entertainments

LOVERING'S

European Hair Store

52 Main St., Bangor, Me.



— USE —

JONES' CELEBRATED FINNAN HADDIE

Delicious! Nourishing!
Tempting!

Sold From Coast To Coast. Look for
the tag on every Haddie. For Sale at
all best dealers. Cured by

ALFRED JONES' SONS

BANGOR, MAINE

Patronize Our Advertisers

