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EDITORIALS

"Honor lies in honest toil."

The Christmas of 1917 approaches. As the past year is reviewed it seems only a very short time since last Yule-

Christmas tide yet this space has been an extremely momentous one in our country's history. Into this brief period are crowded numerous important events. Our nation as a whole has experienced a radical change. From a nation at peace we have emerged into a nation at war. Military affairs are the topics of the day and everywhere the spirit of self-sacrifice and patriotism is prevalent. Most citizens realize the need of each person's help and co-operation and are endeavoring to do all they can. These individuals represent America's greatness and are the pillars of our fatherland.

This Christmas in many homes there will be absent ones. Many American mothers and fathers have given their sons to the various branches of Uncle Sam's Service. A good number of these boys, among them some from B. H. S., are now "over there".

Our government is doing her utmost in order to give them a merry Christmas.

Christmas itself should always carry the feeling of peace and good will but a barbarous people have prevented a universal peace and the world is now suffering on account of their crime. But out of this suffering the world will rise better and greater than ever before because a despot and a despot's rule will have been crushed by those who foster the spirit of peace and good will to men.

Old Father Time has added another year to his reappings. When we return to school after the Christmas holidays we shall enter upon a new year. In **The** the near future is 1918 and it is **New Year** up to us to prove whether or not it will be better for us than 1917. Let us hope that it will be!

There is no need of enumerating things which we should do. We are all intimately acquainted with our inner selves and we

know just what we ought to do. We are the persons who can be of most benefit to ourselves. We know what we have done and we can try to do better.

The future is always the subject of great discussion. What 1918 may bring can only be learned, day by day, in the occurrence of events. The future lies in obscurity yet it holds for us countless opportunities. Let us strive to make the most of them!

How would you like to study Latin as a living and not as a dead language? The project of reviving Latin as an international language, especially in science and literature, is now attracting a great deal of attention in Great Britain and Italy. Italy has long been a promoter of this idea and her leaders are strong advocates of such action.

Although the study of Latin seems difficult to most students the language itself is practical and very stable. It has been studied and mastered throughout the centuries long after it ceased to be a national language. It has been the language of scholars, a language full of harmony and beautiful expression. The best of the Latin works include the principles of science and philosophy, of mythology and government. Caesar's "Commentaries" are noted for their clearness and conciseness. Cicero's orations are the works of a skilled debater and Virgil's "Aeneid" is the masterpiece of Roman literature.

Many students prefer Latin as an international language to Esperanto and the like; in fact Latin is the nearest approach to an international language that exists to-day, for it is studied in all the civilized nations as something worth while. Latin terms are used in all sorts of scientific work.

A universal language would be one of the greatest steps toward the union of nations. No form of mixed language, artificially made, has seemed to gain favor, so it appears that we must fall back on Latin for international use.

Another martyr's name has been placed on the nation's roll of honor. Osmond Kelly Ingram of Pratt City, Alabama, an American of the finest type, has merited this great distinction by giving his life for his fellow comrades during a recent submarine attack.

The American destroyer, Cassin, was scouting about in the war zone a few weeks ago when she was suddenly attacked by a submarine. A well directed torpedo from the under sea craft was launched against the Cassin. The destroyer was in tight straits for there were some high explosive depth charges on board. If these were detonated by the explosion caused by the torpedo's contact with the ship the lives of all on board would probably be lost.

Ingram was sitting aft, near the charges at the time and saw the approaching missile. He might have saved his life without discredit by fleeing to another part of the ship but his thoughts were not of himself—they concerned the safety of his comrades.

Without a moment's delay he began throwing the explosives overboard. The torpedo came rushing through the water and as it struck the ship Ingram was killed by the explosion of the remaining charges nearby.

He was the only man lost. His quick action had probably saved the lives of the whole ship's crew. From the first he had foreseen the outcome yet he had not faltered. His was a heroic and a noble act for he gave his life for his friends and for his country.



"Speak thy thoughts."

THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT IN HICKSVILLE

By H. W. G., '18.

SETTLED down snug in the valley of a tributary stream of the beautiful Penobscot stands, or rather leans, a dilapidated collection of odd and unusual buildings which make up the syncopated village known far and wide as Hinksville. Like all good villages, the buildings consist of several score of peaceful homes, a general store,—where anything from a jew's-harp to a thrashing machine can be bought—a schoolhouse, a church, and the town hall. The history of this town is very interesting, since many mysterious happenings have here taken place. Several weddings and as many funerals cause excitement each year. But, to us, the most interesting of all events is the story of the Christmas concert in the town hall last winter, which we shall narrate to you in the following yarn:

The Christmas concert of the Hicksville church is an occasion looked forward to by every one in the village, and to which all are invited. So, on Christmas afternoon last year, if you had been standing on the corner of Main and Cecil Streets, you would have seen little groups of people, wending their way around slippery ice spots, and through snowdrifts, and, at the same time, desperately holding onto their hats, while trying to reach the already lighted hall.

No person in Hicksville ever thought of missing this annual concert, for did not the great and only Obadiah Jones, representative to the Legislature from Botsford, the next town, come all the way to Hicksville to speak! He had put much hard work upon learning his speech, as those who heard him practicing could testify.

Now let us come back to the corner and watch the people as they go to church. There goes Hank Weatherbee and his wife, both dressed in the mail-order catalogue's latest styles. And if that isn't Seth Tompkins and little Helen, whom he just captured! They are supposed to be the social leaders of the town and they keep up their reputation by supporting a Fordsedan, a cook of foreign nationality, and two dogs. Seth formerly was no better than anyone else in the village, but he started writing stories with more lies in them than we ever would dare to put in this one. Now he lives by his royalties. Here also comes Jim Larrabee, the country sheriff, and his dog Rex. Jim has never married, and probably never will, as he wouldn't have the courage to pop the fateful question and bear the consequences. In spite of the fact that Jim is a fine sheriff, he spends his life dreaming of what might have been, exulting in the glories of his office, and withdrawing his life from that of others. He always is finding fault with

things in general, but is never doing anything to better them. Jim seems to be the last one in the procession; so we will fall in behind him and attempt to follow in his long strides.

Jim is a fast walker, but by hard plugging we manage to keep him in sight, and reach the hall right after him. He takes a seat quite far front, and we follow and sit beside him. As we are visitors, everybody stretches his neck to get a view of us, and several of the special Christmas choir, too, likewise, cast their inquisitive eyes in our direction. "Guess the reason people join this choir is to be able to look the congregation over," we remark behind our hats. We hear whispers all around us and once in a while a casual grunt, as the better half asks her protector some question, and, receiving no reply, nudges him.

Just as we get seated, the speakers of the afternoon come upon the stage and take their seats. Among them, of course, is Obadiah Jones. He is true to his name; that is, the old-fashioned sound it has, for Mr. Jones surely looks the part of a political leader about the time of Lincoln. But to go on: after the speakers are seated, the choir and the audience all joined in singing, "The Star Spangled Banner." Then the chairman of the meeting gives a few brief remarks, calls on the different speakers to do the same. You have heard a speaker get up and try to explain why so and so is so-so. Why this war? Why Christmas? Why are we at war? Why? We all have our ideas of why. But the speakers want to give their own ideas, so we listen to them. But at length, Mr. Jones is introduced. He has chosen to speak a few words on the war, the chairman says.

Everything is ready for him. The choir has dropped back in their seats for a good rest. Jim, our neighbor, is watching a fly crawling about on the ceiling. Obadiah gets up, adjusts his glasses, clears his throat, and commences. We have heard

many sermons and talks on the war, we have read many articles on the subject, but this of Mr. Jones beats them all. His voice, too, is of the kind not often heard, it seems to hold one's attention, at least it holds ours and we were just going to mention this fact to Jim when we discovered that he was asleep! Poor fellow, what he was missing! As we turn back to the speaker, we notice that the chairman has dropped asleep in his chair on the platform, and that his chair is tipped back dangerously. The chairman was puffing and blowing, and all the while his chair was tipping back and forth, keeping time with his snores. What would happen, thought we, if the chair should overbalance? This thought made us snicker, and Obadiah noticed the snicker. This put him off from what he was saying, and he repeated what he had just mentioned. "There is no true patriotic spirit in Hicksville." But this did him no good, he was completely lost. So he started off on a new idea, one that had never entered his mind when he composed his sermon. "Wake up Hicks—." But he got no further. Crash!! The loud words of the speaker had reached the chairman's ears, and he had started to move. This motion upset the balance of his chair and he went over backwards, landing in a large bouquet of flowers.

Oh my, what an odd sight the chairman made! There he lay, partly covered with flowers, twitching and turning, trying to get up. Jim awoke, almost swallowing his tongue; the dog, Rex, jumped up, barking; the choir sat up in their seats, smiling, and to cap it all, Obadiah Jones broke out in a huge laugh! How he laughed! Most enough to wake the dead in the yard near to the hall. The people grinned; that is, all, save the chairman; the children laughed, and the pious dogs yelped. Quite a Christmas festival!

Well, no meeting could go on under those circumstances. The chairman said a

few words, and dismissed the audience, thereby leaving the splendid talk of Mr. Jones unfinished. The people went home gaily, with visions of the struggling chairman in their minds. We had to leave Hicksville that night, so we have not heard as yet whether the chairman has recovered his dignity, but we are going back

this vacation, and we may learn how matters ended. We have received invitations to a wedding to be held in the town hall at high tide, Dec. 28, and we may have that to relate to you, if you wish to hear it. But for the present, this Christmas concert in the Hicksville town hall looms out as the queerest yet to us.

THE STORY OF A CAKE

By Carolyn Woods, '20.



"WHY, Judy, I didn't know you were interested in cooking," said Mrs. Hopkins to her friend and neighbor who was now pleading to be shown how to make something "really, truly good that would keep."

"Yes, Mrs. Hopkins, I am—at present," replied the girl smiling. "What do you think we had better make? O! I hope I'm not bothering you," she added the next moment, anxiously.

"No, no, dear child, I am only too glad to show you. The only trouble is that the cake may not turn out just what we want it to be.

"Oh, yes, it will be. It must be," cried Judy.

Mrs. Hopkins decided that a dark fruit cake would be just the thing, so it was started. Judy watched her friend closely with great admiration, and begged to be allowed to do all the work she could. "I can surely beat the eggs," she said, "and the cake, too." She did beat and she really seemed to put her whole heart into it.

At last the cake was done, and Judy, much excited, cried, "It's just beautiful, Oh, I knew it would be. How can I ever thank you for being so kind! It won't take long to cool, will it? For I—I must have it this afternoon. It's going away. It must be ready, you see."

"It will be," assured Mrs. Hopkins, "and I hope you will enjoy it."

"Why, did you think it was for me?" exclaimed Judy, "and do you think I put you to all this trouble just to eat it myself. No, no, it is going far away and I hope to be able to tell you sometime where, but not now."

Later Mrs. Hopkins saw Judy carrying a parcel down the street which looked suspiciously like the cake. The girl mailed her cake with great care and on her walk home wondered and wondered if it had really been worth while and if it would reach its destination in time.

Christmas morning there was great excitement in the camp, "Somewhere in France," for there was mail from home. A parcel had come for Captain Knox. A tall, muscular man with broad shoulders called, "Here," as the postman came toward him. The postmark was too blurred for him to read, but after studying it a few moments he made out enough to assure him that it was from his own little home. Was it possible that it was from his dear little sister.

He sat thinking until the cheery voice of a French comrade said in a courteous yet laughing tone, "Monsieur finds the outside of the parcel more interesting than the contents." Captain Knox then roused himself and began to undo the wrappings. His friends turned politely aside lest scrutiny should embarrass him.

"Regardez Messieurs!" he cried, and they all turned toward him.

Exclamations broke out from the group

"Un gateau, Parfait," and they all examined the cake with interest.

"Le capitaine Americain" shared the cake with them for he had previously often partaken of their dainties from homes. While they were all enjoying themselves, the order came to attack. The captain put the remains of his cake in his pocket and the next minute he was leading his men against the foe.

The enemy's trench was captured with a great loss of men. Some of the enemy had escaped, but around the attacking force were the dead and dying.

Among these was a young private who had been wounded and was suffering greatly. Captain Knox forgot that he was a

German and a feeling of brotherhood came over him. Going to the soldier he tried to comfort him and told him that he would be going home soon. "Home! Home! just a word from home!" cried the soldier. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, Knox took out his cake saying:

"That came from my home in America. Imagine it came from yours." The young soldier looked at him in gratitude, and as he tasted the cake a look of satisfaction came upon his face.

"Yes, yes, it is just the same as hers," he cried.

Had it really been worth while? Judy had wondered, but the soldier knew.

THE KNITTING FIEND

By Charlotte Blanchard, '19.



OF all the freaks for which the present war is responsible, one of the most interesting, I think, is the knitting fiend. Nevertheless she sometimes proves to be the most charming of companions.

Take one of them to the theatre. It is an excellent place to become acquainted, and if you are a boy it will probably prove to be an experience that you will not forget at once. It is hard to tell exactly which is preferable, a movie show or some other kind; each has its advantage. If you go to the movies it will be dark and people will not notice your frequent blushes and uneasiness, but the fiend will probably drop more stitches, lose more needles, etc., than if it were lighter.

To begin with you probably will be allowed to carry a large bright colored cretonne bag which will catch the eyes of all as you pass to your seat. Then after you finally become accustomed to the click, click, of the needles, if you don't happen to

sit down on a knitting needle, perhaps everything will be all right until The Star Spangled Banner is played, and you rise. But now there is bound to be trouble; for nine times out of ten when your companion rises she will entirely forget her ball of yarn, which will immediately roll on the floor—goodness knows how far. Of course you will then offer to chase after the ball, crowding in front of disgusted people whose remarks are not entirely complimentary. Meanwhile the fiend regards the whole affair as a huge joke and when you return tells you how awfully funny you looked hunting around on the floor for her ball!

But, of course, I can not go into detail and tell exactly what will happen. This is just an example. Your experience in all probability will not end with chasing one ball of yarn. You will have to learn for yourself. On the other hand you may enjoy what you see of the play and have a fine time, looking upon these little incidents as funny and a good joke on yourself. I

cannot say. But as for me, I can sit for hours beside a movie fan and hear him applaud and rave over silly actors and plays with no plot whatever and enjoy myself; I can gaze as long as I wish, without blink-

ing, at a fad fiend attired in stockings with stripes two inches wide and armed with a swagger stick; but deliver me from the knitting fiend!

THE WINGED MENACE

By Ruth McCabe, '20.



"H O-HUM!" A furlough is a mighty welcome thing to a lad away from home and Ted Pickering was no exception to others. Now the only fault in this furlough was that the two weeks passed all too quickly. In fact, they fairly skipped along in August down there at "Pickering Pines," a bungalow "somewhere on the coast of Maine"

Glancing at his watch Ted saw it was past four o'clock; he yawned, arose from the porch hammock, whistled to Sport, the pointer, and started at a leisurely stride toward the bluffs.

This was Ted's last afternoon at home. At eight o'clock in the evening he would take the west-bound train to camp, and drill, and march, and,—beans. He liked it all, the life he had chosen, and he had never regretted his choice.

By little acts of kindness, by good turns to help a comrade, this bronzed son of Maine had won many stanch friends. His cheery "Howdy pal," caused the blues to disappear; or, if he added, "What's up?" the troubles of a lonesome heart were poured out into his sympathetic ear. No task was too hard, no day too stormy for him. Ted was a six foot fellow, in the early twenties, with twinkling grey eyes and dark hair, high forehead, straight nose, stern chin and firm mouth. He had risen fast in the esteem of his superiors. Bit by bit he came up until now he had passed the examination for Plattsburg and would leave for that place at once.

The bluff toward which Ted now made his way was a favorite haunt of his. It rose perpendicularly from a sandy beach to a height of nearly thirty feet. The shore between it and the cottage, a quarter of a mile away, made an insweep of sand such as is often found between two rocky promontories. The bluffs were much higher than Pickering Point and consequently afforded a greater range of view. On the very nose of this massive rock was carved a natural seat.

Here, hour after hour, Ted had sat every summer since he was old enough to climb the height alone,—sat and mused, chin in hand, eyes narrowed, nostrils aquiver with the sea breezes,—or his dreams of greatness; of deeds of valor and heroism, such as every boy has.

Ted now went to make a last visit before parting to the old seat. Once in it, as of old, he let his thoughts take flight. He went over all of the past, his school days, and his enlistment when our president called for a million volunteers to keep starvation, war and death from our fair country, and to help win the fight for world democracy.

In his reverie he had not noticed the flight of the gulls about him quicken. He first heard their incessant crying, whereupon he peered sharply among them thinking to see one with an unusually large fish. Not so; instead he found a bird somewhat smaller, and flying slowly as though exhausted from a long flight. It also seemed unusually tame, for it came straight toward him.

When the bird was only ten feet away, our hero heard the crash of a falling stone below him. Glancing over the cliff he saw two crouching men climbing its jagged sides. The thought quickly came to him now, that this might be secret service work of our enemy nation. He saw it all; the spies ready and waiting for the carrier pigeon which had been trained to bear messages and ciphers from the enemy submarine to the enemy post.

Ted realized with a chill that this was a critical moment. The men scaling the cliff and the bird coming slowly, yet steadily nearer to him, mistaking him for one of the agent spies. Jumping to a standing position he reached aloft for the messenger. Catching the willing thing by its clenched talons, he drew it quickly down to him and the exhausted pigeon let Ted make a quick examination of its body. He found, as he expected, fastened delicately yet securely to one of its legs, a minute roll of paper. None too gently he tore this from the leg, as he could sense that already the spies had gained the top of the rock and were fast pressing down upon him.

What was he to do with the message? If he put it in any part of his clothing they were sure to find it, and he hadn't time to hide such a valuable missive anywhere else. There was no escape whatever except to jump to the beach and that was impossible, for the men would be sure to have him then. He decided to stand and fight, if need be, to the death.

Oh where was Sport! Faithful old Sport. Ted turned in his last second, framed his hands to his mouth and putting every last ounce of strength into his call, yelled toward the woods, "Sport, quick, old Sport." Then he turned again and slipped the paper into the safest place he knew of—his mouth.

Heaven, help him! They were upon him now. With desperation he tried to fling them off. One man Ted tripped and

he rolled on the rocks, laying badly wounded in the head from striking a sharp stone, and the other he clinched with. For a moment there was a life and death struggle, then together, Ted and his antagonist fell over the edge holding each other in a vise-like grip. Ted had a vague sense of something momentarily tearing at his clothes and partially stopping him in his descent, then the two men, both senseless, landed on the sands below.

The scene changes. It is now the next morning and a stream of sunlight pours through the open windows, filling a private room of the E. M. G. Hospital. "Yes, Mrs. Pickering, he'll pull through now all right and be as good as new. You certainly have something to be thankful for; that you possess a son like him."

These were the first words Ted heard, beside a little sob as he opened his eyes once again to this new old world. Why was mother crying, and where was he? And yes, that was Dr. P——, the specialist, and what on earth was that little white capped, white aproned girl doing in his room?

"Mother, what's the trouble? What's happened, why—wh— where am I, and what am I here for?"

As he finished he remembered it all. He saw the bluffs, the pigeon, the spies, the message,—the message! Where could it be? He rolled his tongue about his mouth. Gone! had he swallowed it? Lost it?

Just as he was about to voice his worry, the door quietly opened and through it walked Ted's former captain. Good-morning, my boy. Couldn't wait any longer as soon as I heard you were conscious. How's the hero of our Pine Tree State this morning? Ha, ha! It takes a lot to do up a boy of Yankee Land, eh?"

As he spoke the captain had been advancing nearer the bed until now, he was standing, an imposing figure, looking down on the afflicted lad. Ted noticed that

something was hidden in his right hand. Now Captain F—— bent over and laid a telegram from Washington on the boy's heaving breast. It read:

"Lieutenant Theodore Pickering:

"Dear Sir:—You have the thanks and best wishes of your country.

"Sincerely,
—— ———."

It was signed by an officer high up in our country's service.

Ted's eyes grew misty and a lump gathered in his throat. Was it possible that he, Ted Pickering, had deserved the thanks of his country? A partially smothered sob of joy from his little mother by the window, brought Ted to the reality of the situation.

He made one effort to raise himself onto his elbow, but a sharp pain shot through his back and left shoulder. The nurse immediately went to him and helped him to a sitting position. Then, with his face and eyes, glowing with respect and loyalty, he saluted his superior officer who in turn saluted him.

When the nurse had helped Ted to lie down again, and he had been petted by his mother and congratulated by all, he began his deferred question in rather a dubious tone. "But, where is the message, and what have I done to deserve all of this?"

The captain chuckled, then began a long explanation. "Don't worry, Lieutenant Theodore Pickering, that message is in a mighty safe place. You see, my boy, one of our scouts saw you when you grappled with the spy. He watched from a treetop nearby. Yes, I suppose you say it was a fine place for him to be at that time, but you see, Ted, he performed the work of a dozen men all in five minutes.

"Faithful old Sport, too, got onto a scent and much to the joy of the scout followed it out. At the time you called Sport, the dog was performing a remarkable service for his country.

"We have known about a month that somewhere within ten miles of here was a German wireless station, so, for the past few weeks our scouts have been trying to locate it and, your old dog showed it to 'em.

"The scout was viewing the woods through a field glass when Sport began barking with all the bark in him and the scout knew he had found something. Of course it might have been a bobcat, but it really was something else. Then the scout came down the tree and went toward you.

"He found the first fellow as dead as a doornail, but a little birch sapling saved your skin. You hit on a limb of that tree and it bent sliding you more safely to the ground. You got away with only a broken arm, rather a lot of jarring up and a slight wound on the head. The other fellow escaped easier, but is now under guard.

"To go back,—the scout took the message from your mouth where he saw you put it."

Here Ted heaved a sigh of relief and settled back more comfortably to listen to the remainder of the narration.

"And say, Pickering, that message contained one of the most important new ciphers, to be used in the German signal corp. It meant much to us to get it. You see they sent it that way as they do a lot of them, because if they flashed it our own secret service operators would be more than likely to catch it.

"Now about the station. Some other U. S. scouts in the woods also followed the dog and they found as neat a signal apparatus as you can imagine. Oh they're clever, these Huns, no doubt about that! When your rescuer made you as comfortable as possible, and bound your friend, he, too, started out to find the dog. When he arrived at the station they used the cipher and wired the submarine, 'All's well.' Ha, ha!" and the unrestrained laughter of the man was good to hear.

"The rest of the story is simple enough. Took you up here, wired headquarters all about it, and I came on here. My boy I

wish to heaven all of our recruits were of the invincible stuff you are. God deliver us from this winged menace."

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

By Walter R. Whitney, '19.



It was the day before Christmas. The snow was coming down in big fluffy flakes and everything was fast being covered by this soft white blanket. The afternoon was drawing to a close and the lights were beginning to shine in the busy store windows, along the streets, and in the homes of the people. A happy throng wended its way homewards with arms heaped with gifts and holiday provisions; everyone was cheerful and busy.

Everybody? No, for in one home the lights were not quite so bright and there were no laughing voices. Two elderly people sat before a cheery fire with rather sad faces. The reason lay in a telegram which the old lady held in her hand.

It was from her son and read, "Detained by business. Can't come home. Sorry. Merry Xmas." A messenger boy had come speeding up the steps and as he handed them this bad news, he said "Merry Christmas."

Oh! what a sad close for such a pleasant day, a day of expectations and happy preparations. Everything was ready and now no one was coming home to enjoy the holiday. In the windows were evergreen wreaths and sprigs of holly were fastened everywhere. In a corner a thick set fir tree stood hung with tinsel ropes, golden balls, and all sorts of ornaments. In the pantry a turkey hung from the hook and it seemed to be a king surrounded by its subjects, the other good things. Surely all preparations were made.

The dusk turned into night and still the old folks remained before the glowing coals. The expected Christmas home com-

ing meant a lot to them. It had been such a long time since any one had been with them. Years ago when their son and daughter had been at home, Christmas had been merry, with happy voices, and cheery bursts of laughter and a bountiful Christmas dinner. Those were indeed happy days, and the old folks wondered as they looked back over them which enjoyed them the most, the children, or the parents. Then, later, when the children had been away at college, how the old folks had looked forward to their home-coming when they would rouse the echoes again with their young voices.

Years had sped quickly, and on the whole they were pleasant years, perhaps a bit lonesome at times, but always brightened up by the Christmas reunion. A third member had joined the circle for the boy had married and later, besides the daughter-in-law there were three grandchildren, merry and noisy children. Nothing had yet prevented the Christmas home-coming and now the time had come which the old folks had long dreaded, the time when they should be alone.

How they passed the evening they hardly knew, but it was a very lonesome, quiet one and they were glad at last when bedtime came and they sorrowfully retired. How they dreaded the morrow! The hours would drag so slowly and the Christmas dinner—what a failure it would be! They hated to think of it, but it was not long before they were asleep.

The next morning they were awakened by noises from below and the odor of coffee and toast rose to them.

"Why," said the old man in surprise, "I thought that you told Martha that she could go to her cousin's and not come back for today?"

"I did," his wife answered, "and what is more, I heard the door close last night when she went out. Hark! I can hear someone moving around now down stairs. There! Hear that! Oh Joel; That was the drawer where we keep our silver. I know that rattle! Do you suppose that it's burglars?"

"No, it isn't burglars, because they don't make coffee and toast. Let's hurry down," and with that they sped downstairs.

A cheery fire was burning in the living room grate. The dining room door was

closed, but behind it they could hear voices which they recognized. Just then the door flew open and there stood Joe, their son, and his wife and children.

Explanations were soon made. The son's important business had been postponed and so he and his family had come on the night train. Thinking to give their parents a happy surprise, they had got breakfast without rousing them. What a happy reunion they had that morning! At dinner time, as the old couple looked around the ring of happy faces, they thought with gratitude to Heaven how differently the day had turned out from what they expected.

GREAT CEASAR!

By Carl Meinecke, '20.



EVER again! I mean it. Never again will I eat Welsh rarebit after 10 o'clock, especially after studying Caesar all the afternoon. The following is the result of doing what I have just sworn off:

I had been sleeping restlessly when I was aroused by a knocking on my door. I rubbed my eyes and looked sleepily around the room. It wasn't a bit familiar. The walls were of bare granite with a small opening across from the bed. The bed resembled a couch and was about as soft and springy as a board. The knocking was repeated.

"Come in," I said.

A silence followed, then I caught the sound of whispering. A voice outside said, "Caesar te expectat, domine."

"Say it in English, I'm tired of Latin," I answered.

No answer.

"They must have gone," I said to myself. "I'm going to dress."

I looked for my clothes, but saw nothing that resembled them, only what appeared to be a purple bordered sheet thrown over a marble chair and a pair of sandals on the floor.

"Nice mess," I muttered. "Weil, here goes." So saying, I draped the sheet around me and pinned it with a gold pin which was stuck in it. I put on the sandals and flung open the door.

There stood a negro whose clothing wouldn't have covered a half-grown child to say nothing of covering him.

He bowed until I thought he was trying to imitate a croquet wicket.

"Say, what's the joke?" I snapped. "Who took my clothes and where did they put 'em?"

The negro straightened up and tried to look intelligent. It was a failure. He looked as intelligent as a lump of coal.

Another man appeared and motioned me to follow him. Hoping to find my clothes, I obeyed. He led me to a court where a man was seated in a marble chair. My guide gave an imitation of a washer-

woman until the man in the chair motioned him to stop, then he started a long lecture, apparently about me, judging by his motions.

I heard him say something that sounded like "Kaiser." I know that the Latin for Caesar sounds that way. But Caesar! Did he mean "Kaiser"?

I interrupted him. "Look here, I'm not the Kaiser and I'll lick anyone who says —."

The fellow in the chair understood English, somehow. "No, he doesn't accuse you of being the Kaiser, that was Latin and he addressed me. My name is Caesar."

"You! Caesar!" I said. "What year is this?"

"Fifty-nine B. C.," replied Caesar.

"Here's my chance," thought I. Aloud I said, "Greetings, Caesar, within a year you will start a campaign in Gaul."

"What?" said Caesar. "Are you a soothsayer? Come, let us walk down to the river."

We started out side by side. "Yes, I am a soothsayer," I replied.

"Tell me about myself," commanded Caesar.

"As I said," I replied, "within a year you will start a campaign in Gaul. After finishing that you will start others that will keep you in Gaul nine years. Then you will begin a war with Pompey which you will finish in four years. The next year you will be killed by Brutus."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Caesar.

"It's true," I insisted.

"Shall I be famous?" he inquired.

We were at the river now.

"Yes, and you will be hated too," I replied, stopping.

"Why?"

"Because you are going to write about your Gallic wars and every high school student will have to translate them from Latin to English." Saying this I turned and left him on the river bank, sunk in deep thought.

Do you blame me for swearing off from Welsh rarebit?

JIMMIE

By H. Vincent Smart, '19.



IT was Christmas morn, a clear and frosty day with a blanket of new snow covering the landscape. Jimmie had come home to the farm for the holidays, intending to enjoy them to the fullest extent. He had worked hard and, except for a few short vacations in the summer time, he had not been at home for years, for he was studying to be an artist. But this morning—perhaps it was the glint of the still shining barrel of the old gun that had been the companion of his boyhood days, perhaps it was the prospect of an early morning tramp in the woods or the excellent tracking afforded by the light snow that led him to do so—Jimmie took

down the ancient firearm and set out across the fields.

His step was springy and the snow yielded noiselessly. Joyfully thinking of the glad surprise that a deer would bring to the old folks, he lightly vaulted over the fence at the end of the second pasture and entered the woods. Jimmie was fairly bubbling over with good nature. He beamed on a scolding red squirrel as though he were the best of good fellows. The cheery conversational tone of the brook as it escaped from the fettering ice and hurried, whirling and chattering, amongst the stones of the little rapids, so well agreed with his line of thought that he smiled in perfect sympathy.

Soon he stood beneath the branches of the old spruce; over across was the spring to which the deer always came for water. He had not long to wait. A twig cracked. Then silence, and Jimmie drew back into deeper shade, while all nature seemed to be listening. The trees of the thicket stirred—a stag with spreading antlers stepped into view, walked quietly to the spring, drank, then, raising his head stared fixedly at the spruce, as if feeling a presence. The wind bore ill tidings. Overcome with suspicion, the animal reached the thicket again in a single bound, and was gone.

But where was Jimmie? Suddenly changed from the hunter to the artist, he stood drinking in the picture. With the

soul of a painter, he beheld the deep chest, the graceful neck, and the reach of the spreading antlers; beheld the open nostrils daintily sniffing the air; watched with wonder the superb leap for safety; and sighed as the vision vanished.

Resolution was written on his every feature as he retrod the path by which he had come. Although he still carried the gun its presence was forgotten; in fact, all murderous design departed with that first rustle.

When the old folks arose that morning they beheld Jimmie seated before a canvas, filling in with color, the outline of a huge, antlered stag.

AN AUTOCRATIC TRAITOR

By Elizabeth Chandler, '20.



IT was cold and bleak in the trench that night, the twenty-fourth of December, and as Private Armstrong paced back and forth on his watch his thoughts were not on the grim horrors of "No Man's Land" which lay before him; not on the stinking, pest-infested trench behind him; nor on any of the suffering and misery caused by the masses of iron around him. No; his thoughts were far away in a little village among the Vermont hills in America. America, the country he was supposed to hate with his whole being. The country which he was fighting against daily; for Private Armstrong's superiors firmly believed in "Deutschland uber alles."

But did he believe with them? Ah, that was the question which was tormenting him night and day, and which on this particular night had carried his thoughts back to the village which he had loved since childhood. True, it was not his birthplace, but he had no recollections of the early

years of his life in Germany; therefore he had always considered himself an American.

In that peaceful summer of 1914, when events followed one another fast and in the end great nations were at war. The stroke of the pen that signed that declaration was heard in the Armstrong home in Vermont. Franz Armstrong was passionately fond of his adopted country, but even greater was his affection for the Fatherland. His son must give his life to Germany. Here he met with an unexpected resistance. Karl absolutely refused to comply with his father's wish. He was an American, and America was neutral by proclamation. Could he violate that proclamation? But in the end he had to give in and departed overseas.

Then, after many weeks, Karl found himself in the trenches. He was now Private Armstrong. The months passed and now it was Christmas eve, the third one he had passed in the trenches. This was the bitterest of the three. Would that he

had been able to remain at home for a few years! He was no coward. He would have been the first to enlist when his country had declared war. He was fighting in his father's name, not in his own. His heart was with the boys on the other side of "No Man's Land," who were fighting under the tri-color, the lion and the stars and stripes, fighting "to make the world safe for democracy." Yes, that was where his heart was.

Suddenly an impulse came to him too strong to be thrust aside—to desert and at once. It was not the first time he had thought of this, but the penalty if captured—Private Armstrong had youth and life and he had no wish to deliberately seek death. If death found him in the trenches all well and good, but the other way—never! Now he quickly left his post and began crawling across the barren space before him. The lights that swept the ground almost continually made his passage slow and called for great caution. At times he lay like the bodies of the slain around him. At length, he never knew how long it took him, but it seemed like hours, he reached his destination.

From the sentry who discovered him, he was passed along until he reached the officer in command. Colonel Bridgham was about to question him, when an American flag caught the eyes of Karl Armstrong. Instantly from the groveling attitude of a prisoner he came to attention and saluted. Colonel Bridgham, believing the action to be sincere, decided to allow the prisoner to tell his story in his own way.

Beginning with the fateful day three years ago in his own home to the present moment, Private Armstrong gave a brief

account ending with, "You can believe me to be a-lying Boche if you will, but I swear that every word is true. That flag there means a lot to me and I love every stitch in it."

"The circumstances are a bit peculiar, Karl Armstrong," said the colonel, "and were it not for my previous knowledge of the first part, I would be unable to believe them. Surely you cannot have forgotten Tom Bridgham?"

"It can't be possible, but it is, and now as a friend do me a favor. I wish to attack with your men, tomorrow morning. Will it be possible?"

"I will do my best for you; Orderly," and he gave some instructions. Karl saluted and then followed the orderly out.

The next morning when the order to go "over the top" came, Karl Armstrong, wearing the uniform of the United States army, was in the ranks. At last he was there, fighting under the flag of his country. It was a proud moment for him.

* * * * *

Several weeks later Franz Armstrong received a letter from France. He carried it home and read it to his wife. The letter was from Karl and contained startling news. He could hardly believe his eyes and yet Karl was not given to telling untruths.

"It is all for the best," said old Franz Armstrong. "Lately I have wondered if the boy was not right in his stand. America is our country and we must stand by her. Never have I received a better Christmas gift though it is a belated one."

Franz Armstrong, German-American, had ceased to exist and in his place stood Franz Armstrong, American.



LOCALS

"Yesterday, to-day, and forever."

November 8. The B. H. S. Cadets and Band formed part of the parade that escorted the Brewer Signal Corps to the train when they left for training.

November 14, a second election was held by the Sophomore class. The Australian ballot system was used as the members of the class seemed dissatisfied with the former election. Henry Hersey was elected president. Theresa Thompson was chosen vice president by a safe majority over Clara Dickey and Josephine Clough. Virginia Odiorne won the office of class secretary over Ruth Henderson. Frederic Jacques was elected class treasurer.

Joseph Garland and Robert McCann were chosen as first and second alternates for the Naval Academy. Charles Hickson and Stanley Pullen are first and second alternates in the second academy cadetship. Donald Valentine is first alternate for West Point. Bangor High is highly honored to have so many of her boys in the service and ready to serve their country.

"Doubled Crossed," a one-act farce, was a huge success financially and otherwise. This play was presented in the assembly hall before a large audience. Much of the success is due to the coaching of Ruth McCabe with advice and suggestions by Miss Scribner.

The parts seemed particularly well taken. Philip Oak, as Joe Thomas, pleased the audience both as the despondent roommate and the ardent lover. Henry Hersey, as Will Freman, the room-mate of Mr. Thomas, worked out his lines in a natural way, particularly when he gives advice to the love lorn Joe Thomas. James McAloon gave a good representation of the well-trained butler and kept the audience laughing. The contrast in the lady characters was marked. Theresa Thompson, as Edith Thompson, the quiet, demure and thoughtful girl opposed to Anna Daley, as her rival. The adventurous and daring girls were sweethearts of Joe Thomas, while Frances Leonard, as Mrs. Thompson, added dignity to the play.

John McCann was the stage manager. After the play an announcement was made to the effect that a palmistry department was established in the corner of the hall. Adelaide Wall, of the sophomore class, presided there and gave much delight to her patrons by her cleverly read fortunes.

Miss Mary Hayford played for the dance which followed. About twenty-five dollars was raised for the class treasury. The members of the class plan to go to Washington when they graduate.

The Oracle wishes to make a correction. Ralph Thompson, not Franz Dolliver, was elected treasurer of the Junior class.

The Latin department has received four copies of "The Standard Bearer," which is a very interesting account of Caesar's age. These books are for use in the four Caesar classes to increase the interest in the Latin reading.

The examination for non-commissioned officers was held Friday, November 9, from 2.30 to 6.30. About 30 cadets took this examination which was held by Major Lang from the U. of M. Pierce had an almost perfect rank, ninety-nine per cent. of a possible hundred. The Seniors and Juniors will act as sergeants while the sophomores will act as corporals.

Friday, the twenty-third, a practical examination was given to those cadets who passed the examinations and several who had high rank in the theoretical work failed in the practical work, it will become necessary to break the company into two platoons and drill them separately in the extended order work. This extended order work is used in battle tactics now to some extent and is very interesting. Therefore, all those with suits are urged to be present at every drill.

The Y. M. C. A. started a drive to raise a large amount of money for the war work.

One million is to be pledged by the High School boys of the United States who are to earn ten dollars apiece. A committee is to be formed in this city to aid the boys in securing positions and Mr. Eaton and Mr. Kent are forming what is to be known as the "Fix-it Club." This club is to be on hand to fix anything that needs fixing and the money, or part of it, at least, will be banked. Fix it up to be a Fit-it and fit into the fixing of furniture, barns, or furnaces.

A very pleasing dance was held in Society hall after the Portland game. Members of both teams were present and the fine music by Pullen and Cochrane gave to the dancers the best music that could be desired.

School was closed Thanksgiving and Friday, the vacation being much appreciated by those who after practicing the gospel of the clean plate Thursday would need at least all day Friday to recuperate. We should all be thankful for those days of grace if we have nothing else to be thankful for.

Hooverize on the paper! It is getting scarce and it will soon be impossible to obtain more if the shortage isn't lessened.

GIRLS' DEBATING SOCIETY

A meeting of the Girls' Debating Society was held Nov. 14, 1917, at three o'clock in Room 209. A large number were present and the following new members were voted in: The Misses Baker, Coffey, Currier, Clough, Dickey, Gregory, Harrigan, Heath, Russell, Alice Morse, Largay, Elizabeth Peabody, Wood and Sawyer. A prepared

debate was held on the subject, Resolved: that Bangor High School should have student government. The affirmative was upheld by the Misses Gregory and Currier; the negative by the Misses Peabody and Driscoll. The decision was unanimously given to the negative side.

Marion M. Kenney, Sec.



"Memory is oft a sacred thing."

Joseph C. MacDonald, '10, a former editor-in-chief of the Oracle, has been wounded while engaged near Verdun in the American Ambulance Service and has been taken to the American hospital at Neuilly. The Oracle board feels especially proud of Mr. MacDonald and a copy of this Oracle will be sent to him with the kindest wishes of the editors for his rapid recovery. Mr. MacDonald is a graduate of Bowdoin in the class of 1914, being a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity there. He then entered Union Theological Seminary where he was preparing for the ministry and was in the third year of his course. At the time of his enlistment, he was assistant pastor of the First Congregational church at Danbury, Conn.

Ralph E. Jordan, the famous B. H. S., Hebron, and Exeter athlete, is stationed on the U. S. S. Kanawha, 2nd. He also was at the border during the Mexican trouble in 1916 as a member of the Yale Battery. Edward Harden, '15, a former student, at Harvard, is a third-class radio operator on board the U. S. S. Halcyon. Edward Chisholm, ex-'18, is stationed on board the U. S. S. Agamemnon. This vessel was formerly an ocean liner; the Kaiser Wilhelm II, but has been rechristened as the U. S. S. Agamemnon and can carry 15,000 troops.

Harold E. Vayo, '17, has received an appointment as alternate for Annapolis and will take the examinations in April. Mr. Vayo was one of the Art editors of the Oracle last year and drew many of the at-

tractive headings for the different departments which are now used.

In a recent copy of the "Arizona Wildcat," the weekly publication of the University of Arizona, was a very interesting notice of a musical comedy, "Face Front," written by Dorothy Heighton and Katharine Ropes. "Face Front" will be given by the University of Arizona for the benefit of the Red Cross. The paper goes on to say that the music was composed by Dorothy Heighton and is very delightful and original. The libretto, including lyrics for the songs, was written by Katharine Ropes, a former literary editor of the Oracle. The Oracle feels very proud that a former editor should become a writer of recognized ability and that she still continues the excellent work she began in High School. The action of "Face Front" involves an attractive governess with a German name and her employer—an interesting specimen of the professor species—in a tangle of trouble, which complicates the former's love affairs with the professor's son. "Face Front" is being staged by several of the professors at the University and is expected to be a great success.

Harry Helson, '17, the editor-in-chief of last year's splendid Oracle, and one of the medal winners at graduation last year, has been chosen a member of the Freshman debating team at Bowdoin. The annual interclass debate between the Freshman and Sophomore classes will be held on December 11. The question on which the debate

will be held is: Resolved, That the belilgerent nations should hold a peace conference in accordance with the plan suggested by Dr. Charles W. Eliot. The freshman team will uphold the negative side of the question and we feel sure that Mr. Helson will do very creditable work for that side.

Several members of the U. of M. Glee Clubs, which are under the direction of A. W. Sprague, '01, professor of music at the University of Maine, are graduates of Bangor High School. Donald H. Hathorne, '17, John O'Connell, '17, and Harold Blethen, '17, are members of the Men's club; Lilla Hersey, '17, Gladys Maxfield, '17, and Florence Salley, '17, are members of the Girls' Glee club. In addition to their regular concerts, the clubs may produce an operetta in the spring.

The wedding of Miss Pauline Derby, '14, and Lieutenant Weston B. Haskell of Auburn occurred recently at Plattsburg, N. Y. Both Lieut. Haskell and his bride have been popular University of Maine students, the former to graduate from the University in February, and the latter receiving the degree of Bachelor of Science in Agriculture last June. Mrs. Haskell is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George P. Derby of Bangor and will have completed a four year course at the U. of M. in three and one-half years. She has been a popular student and is a member of the Alpha Omicron Pi sorority.

Clarence Fox, '14, a former Art editor of the Oracle, who drew several of the department headings now in use, has volunteered for hospital service abroad and is now serving as a member of the King's County base hospital unit, Bellevue Hospital, New York City. The members of the unit are to take an advanced course in hospital work and will continue the course until they are called into active service. Mr. Fox is a graduate of Pratt Institute of

Brooklyn, N. Y., and has been engaged in architectural work.

Kenneth Smith, '13, formerly in the employ of the B. & A. R. R. Co., has been promoted from corporal to sergeant in Co. C, 301 Field Signal, Battalion at Ayer, Mass.

Lieutenant Alden B. Head, '12, Bowdoin, '16, who has been at the army training camp at Ayer, Mass., has been transferred to Washington, D. C., where he will begin his duties in the Quartermaster's department.

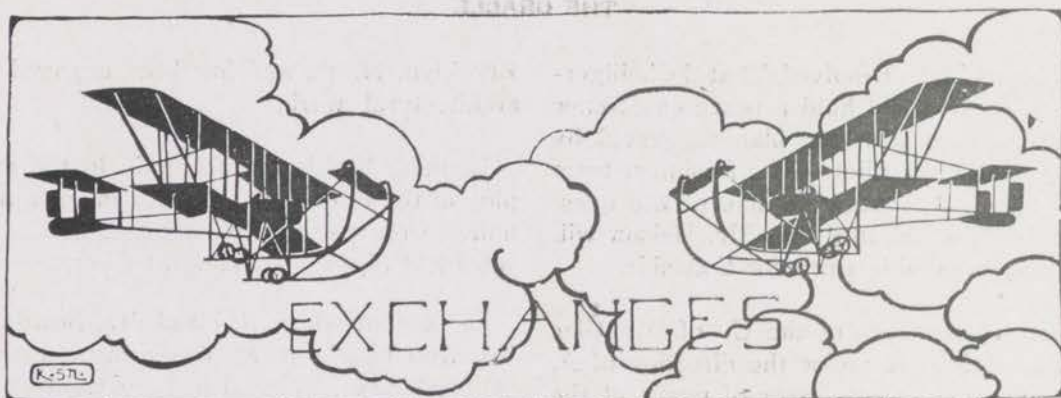
Arthur Jones, '16, and Stewart Peckham, '13, both former B. H. S. athletes, and now members of a Forestry Unit, were members of the championship baseball team in London. As a reward for their excellent playing each member of the team was presented with a gold cup by Princess Louise.

J. Wilfred McGuire, '17, manager of the basketball team last winter, has taken a position with the Maine Central.

Miss Martha L. Mansur, '14, and Philip Clement, '12, were united in marriage recently at the Universalist church. The bride is very popular in Bangor. After graduating from High School she attended Wellesley college. Mr. Clement is connected with the Great Northern Paper Company.

Edwin D. O'Leary, '13, U. of M., '16, is a sergeant in Co. G, 103rd regiment in France. Harry Lutz, ex-'20, is a member of Co. G.

Bangor High is well represented in the list of commissions recently awarded at Plattsburg. Earl Perry, '10, received a commission as first lieutenant; James Gillin, '08, also has been made first lieutenant.



"The right hands of fellowship."

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The Oracle, Bangor High School—The October number is a neat publication. Cover design is unique and so appropriate for this period in military history. "The Country Snob" is well written and presents a problem which is found in many households of today. The cuts for the various departments are effective and original.—Early Trainer, Lawrence, Mass.

From the Exchange Editor's Diary of The Cliveden, Philadelphia—"I spent a most interesting afternoon with Oracle from Bangor, Maine, who looked the same as ever. There was nothing unusual about his appearance, but he seems to be a sort of all-round person, who with a few suggestions can improve. I wonder whether he's very popular at home." This last remark is somewhat puzzling and we wonder just what is meant by it? Can anyone in Bangor vouch for our popularity?

The Oracle, Bangor H. S., Bangor, Maine—The cover design is right with the "times." Your book as a whole is compactly arranged; the quality of the cuts gives it a refined appearance. Do you not think that your "Personals" department could be enlarged?—The Spectator, Harrisburg, Penn.

The Oracle, Bangor, Maine—The Oracle is a neatly arranged paper with a well se-

lected cover design and well balanced departments.—High School Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.

The Bangor High School Oracle—Excellent from beginning to end—The Enterprise, Keene, N. H.

One habit, which the Oracle has, however, that seems much in vogue, is that of putting a large ad. on the back of the cover. Although this is, of course, a conspicuous place to advertise; nevertheless it mars the outward appearance of the paper. A blank page or a small design would be much neater.—From "The Delphian," Providence, R. I.

The Oracle, Bangor, Maine, for October, came to us last month. The Oracle is one of our good, old friends and seems even better this year than last. James E. Mitchell is editor-in-chief, and Miss Gladys A. Reid, exchange editor.—Industrial School, Golden, Colorado.

Old Hughes, Cincinnati, Ohio, thinks that "the model school paper" contains editorials like the Oracle, Bangor, Maine.

AS WE SEE OTHERS,

Crimson, Goshen, Indiana—We like the October number of your paper very much. Judging by the quality of your departments they could be greatly improved if each were

lengthened. In some cases quality comes in short measure, but it is always possible to progress. Your cuts are attractive and are lacking in crudeness.

From the Exchange department of the *Crimson*, we read this:

What Relation Am I to Myself?

Years ago I married a woman who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited us often, fell in love with my stepdaughter and married her. Thus he became my son-in-law and my stepdaughter became my father's wife. A few years after, a son was born to me, who, of course, was my father's brother-in-law, and my uncle; for he was my stepmother's brother. A son was born also to my father. He was, of course, my brother and also my grandchild for he was the son of my daughter. Accordingly, my wife was my grandmother because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at one and the same time, and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I became my own grandfather.

The *Herald*, Holyoke, Mass., is not an unusual paper in any way. A monthly paper should be a little more complete, perhaps, than yours. A few cuts heading your departments, the completion of your well begun columns, and your paper would excite more comment. (Please remember to criticise our paper).

Science and Craft, Chicago, Ill.—Your paper could easily be one of the finest, but for your arrangement. The departments are scattered in such a puzzling fashion we can't make it out. How many schools are represented in your paper? The athletics are in three different places; clubs the same and so on through your other divisions. There must be a good reason for this—what's the answer?

Delphian, Providence, R. I.—Your departments are the result of good work on the part of the editors. But the good work will not be realized fully, if you lack the essentials to show it off well; namely, good drawings. Have a small cut at the heading of each department and a few caricatures. How long will your paper flourish without the necessary comic page. We shall be glad to receive an enlarged copy in the near future.

Red and White, L. V. N. S., Chicago, Ill.—Your literary department is fine. You have an original idea in publishing several short articles of the same title. Don't you think your editorials should come first? Why not publish your students' criticisms of other papers? We are sure everyone would like to have you.

Enterprise, Keene, N. H.—You have an appropriate name. Show some more spirit and get a larger paper of the same sort. We are glad to see that you appreciate our "poets."

From the *Winchester*, Mass., "Recorder," we learn that,

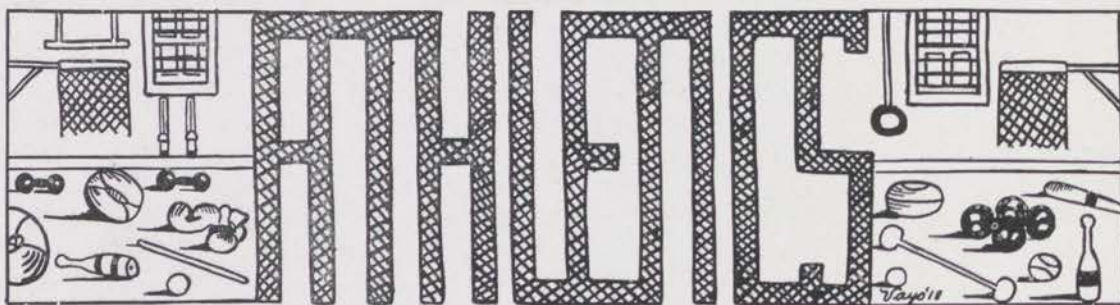
"A school paper's a great invention,

The school gets all the fame,

The printer gets all the money,

And the staff gets all the blame!"

Now our school paper has the fame without a doubt. But is it really due to the whole school? Why not stop now and consider that question? There are a certain number of students that have their stories put into the *Oracle*. They are the ones who "boost" the paper every month and yet, of course, the whole school gets the fame. Thank the workers if they want it! We know there are a great many pupils who can write a story, but who lack energy. They are the shunned slackers of today. Are you one? We all realize it's not a bad idea to criticise ourselves now and then.



"They go from strength to strength."

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

Bangor High played its return game with M. C. I. at Pittsfield, Nov. 3, on a field covered with mud. Many of Bangor's regular men were out of the game and the new line was too light to stop the line-plunging of the heavy M. C. I. backs. Bangor's backfield played a fine game and Garland and Heal made long runs of 60 to 70 yards. Peters tried a drop kick from Pittsfield's 20-yard line, but the ball was too heavy and wet. The summary:

M. C. I. (13)

B. H. S. (0)

Carter, l.e.....r.e., Watson
Cianchette, l. e.....r.e., Hight
Palmer, l.e.....r.e., Finnegan
Dwelle, l.t.....r.t., Smith
Glidden, l.t.

Johnson, l.g.....r.g., Ginn

Davis, l.g.

Cook, l.g.

Luce, c.....c., McLeod
c., Davis

Cratty, r.g.....l.g., Sheehan
White, r.g.

Applebee, r.g.

Milan, r.t.....l.t., Quinn

Tuinty, r.e.....l.e., Rand

Reilley, q.b.....q.b., Peters

q.b., Gallagher

Lanpher, l.h.b.....r.h.b., Garland

McSherry, r.h.b.....l.h.b., Heal

l.h.b., Peters

l.h.b., Hight

Emery, f.b.....f.b., Geagan

Touchdowns, McSherry, Emery. Goal

from touchdown, Emery. Referee, Moore. Umpire, Kent. Headlinesman, LaCasce; 15-minute periods.

B. H. S. vs. Colby, 2nd.

Bangor High defeated Colby 2nd in a very one sided game at Maplewood Park, Nov. 10.

The Bangor High backs plunged through Colby's line for four touchdowns. In the second period Bangor fumbled and the Colby fullback seized the ball and crossed the goal. In the last half Bangor High showed real team work and made three touchdowns. The lineup:

Colby 2nd (6)

B. H. S. (26)

Ricker, l.e.....r.e., Finnegan

Goldthwaite, l.t.....r.t., Smith

Kellem, l.g.....r.g., Gray

Lowery, c.....c., McLeod

Dorr, r.g.....l.g., Ginn

Barnes, r.t.....l.t., Quinn

Pollock, r.e.....l.e., Rand

Brundino, q.b.....q.b., Peters

Halmer, l.h.b.....r.h.b., Garland

Golden, r.h.b.....l.h.b., Heal

Hancock, f.b.....f.b., Geagan

Touchdowns, Heal 2, Garland, Peters,

Hamel. Goals from touchdowns, Peters 2.

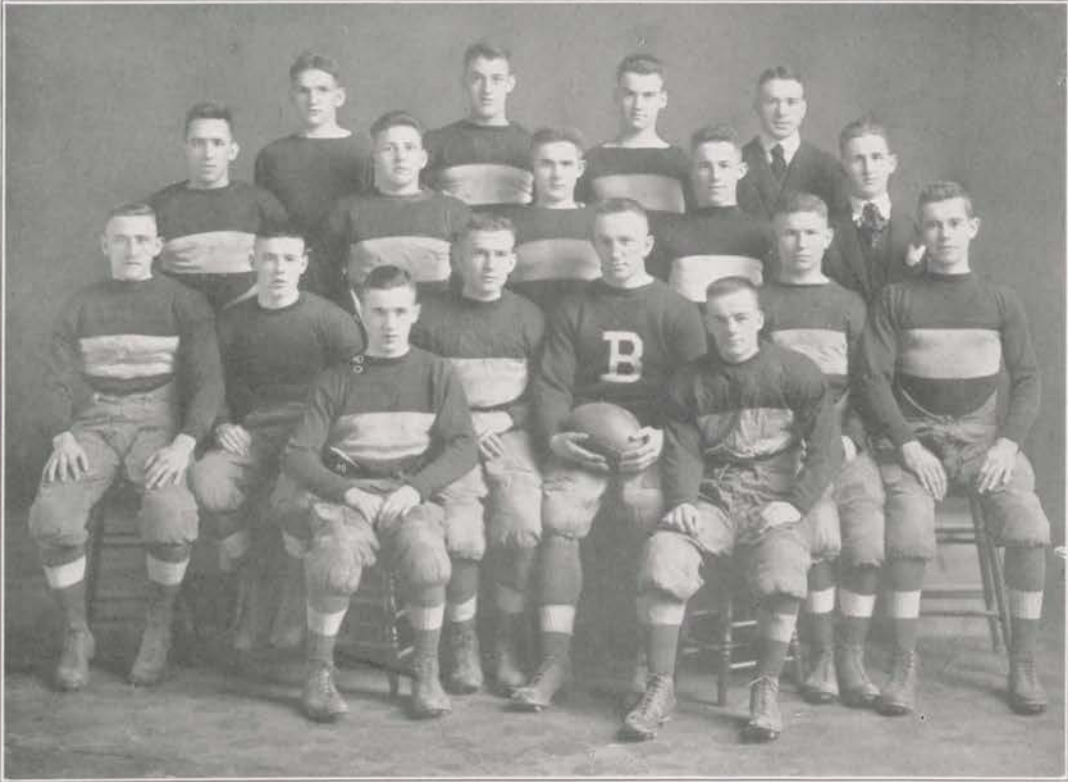
Bangor High vs. Portland High.

On Saturday, November 17, Portland High defeated Bangor High by a slight margin of only one point, but not until they had shown that the Portland line could not withstand the powerful onslaught of the Bangor backs. The game was witnessed

by the largest attendance of the season, 5,000 being present.

In the first quarter Peters kicked off to J. Dolan, who carried the ball to the 20-yard line. L. Dolan made 30 yards on a forward pass. J. Dolan fumbled, but Feury recovered. On the next play Port-

Peters, Bangor added 15 yards. Peters kicked to Portland's 20-yard line. Portland failed to gain and kicked to Bangor's 35-yard line. Peters made three yards, Heal failed to gain and Peters kicked to Portland's 40-yard line. James Flavin and J. Dolan made first down. A forward pass



B. H. S. FOOTBALL TEAM — 1917

land was penalized 15 yards for holding. Flavin made 8 yards and J. Dolan five. Flavin kicked over the Bangor goal line and it was Bangor's ball on her own 20-yard line. Peters and Garland made five yards around right end and Peters kicked to Portland's 35-yard line. On a forward pass, Flavin to James, Portland made her first touchdown and kicked the goal.

Nealing kicked off to Garland who carried the ball to Bangor's 34-yard line. On a delayed forward pass, Gallagher to

on the next play was incomplete, and Portland was penalized for offside. Gallagher incepted Portland's forward pass and carried the ball 12 yards. Peters and Garland made five yards when the quarter ended. Score, Portland, 7; Bangor, 0.

Peters kicked to Portland's 20-yard line. J. Dolan made five yards and Flavin punted to Gallagher in the middle of the field. Here Bangor started her march. The Bangor backs, working intermittently, carried the ball to Portland's 3-yard line.

Peters made the touchdown. Peters' kick went over but Referee O'Connell said that he did not blow his whistle and the goal did not count. Peters kicked to Portland's 10-yard line. James and Flavin made three yards. Flavin kicked to Bangor's 39-yard line. Peters gained six yards and Garland made first down. Garland worked to Portland's 45-yard line and a short pass by Peters to Heal added 41 yards, Heal being forced out of bounds on Portland's 4-yard line when time was called. Score, Portland, 7; Bangor, 6.

Portland kicked to Bangor's 20-yard line. Peters took the ball back 28 yards. Portland was penalized five yards for offside playing. Heal and Peters made six yards. Flaherty's offside kick added five yards and the ball was on Portland's 34-yard line. Peters and Heal made 10 yards, and on a delayed pass Peters took the ball to Portland's 20-yard line. Peters and Garland made 16 yards through center. Portland's line stiffened and took the ball on her 8-yard line. Portland carried the ball up the field and kicked, the ball going outside on Bangor's 44-yard line. Peters gained five. A lateral pass, Peters to Garland, added five yards. Peters carried the ball over the goal line from the 37-yard line, but failed to kick the goal. Peters kicked off to Portland's 15-yard line. The quarter ended with Portland in possession of the ball on her 11-yard line. Score, Bangor, 12; Portland, 7.

It was getting dark when the fourth quarter started. Portland carried the ball to Bangor's 24-yard line. Bangor was

penalized 10 yards for offside playing. On a forward pass J Dolan made a touchdown. Portland failed to kick the goal.

Nealing kicked off to Garland who ran back to Bangor's 35-yard line. Bangor fumbled and recovered with a loss of 20 yards. Peters gained six yards and punted to Portland's 38-yard line. On a fumble Peters took the ball to Portland's 15-yard line. Bangor failed to gain and Portland took the ball on her 10-yard line. Flavin punted to midfield. Peters threw a forward pass to Heal who was downed on Portland's 20-yard line when the game ended. Score, Portland, 13; Bangor, 12.

The summary:

Portland (13)

Bangor (12)

L. Dolan, l.e.....	r.e., Finnegan
H. Ward, l.t.....	r.t., Smith
Flaherty, l.g.....	r.g., Royal
Nealing, c.....	c., McLeod
Feury, r.g.....	l.g., Ginn
Payne, r.t., (capt.).....	l.t., Rand
Walsh, r.e.....	l.e., Geagan
Flavin, q.b.....	q.b., Gallagher
J. Dolan, l.h.b.....	r.h.b., Garland
James, r.h.b.....	l.h.b., Heal
McCarthy, f.b.....	f.b., Peters
Merrill, f.b.....	

Touchdowns, Peters 2, J. Dolan, James. Goal from touchdowns, Flavin. Referee, W. E. O'Connell, Portland Athletic club. Umpire, W. L. Hooper, of Auburn. Headlinesman, F. A. French, of the U. of M. Linesmen, Woods, of Portland, and Beverly, of Bangor. Time, 15-minute periods. Attendance, 5,000.



"How humorous we think we are!"

What Santa Claus is bringing our Freshies:

167 rattles to play with during chapel.

143 rubber balls with elastics to tie on their little wrists.

137 toy sheep to aid in teaching them "Ba! Ba! Black Sheep."

129 sets of blocks to demonstrate the Roman Forum in a manner comprehensible to them.

1 peppermint sucker for each one.

1 Sandman story to be read at bedtime.

Al-en (explaining geometry): "Well, if you had one yard a foot long—"

Miss Robinson: "Who was Dred Scott?"

Mr. G-g-an: "He was a slave who took his master to another state and sold him."

"He is the sweetest of all singers,
The hidden soul of Harmony."

"Baldy" Mansur is the guilty one.

Isn't "Stubby" a remarkably erudite man? Why he even knows the second verse of "The Star Spangled Banner!"

Miss Cousins: "And whom did Philip marry?"

Ambitious historian: "Ferdinand and Isabelle of Spain."

There's mischief in this man, fresh from the farm; namely, J. H. A. E.

"Like two single gentlemen rolled into one."—Fat Clark.

It is rumored that F. Shaw wouldn't go out for track because he was fearful lest the exercise should cause him to disappear altogether.

There is a boy in our school,

He thinks he's wondrous wise,
He gets smart in the chemistry room,
He soon will have no eyes.

A freshman by the name of Merrill "Huskey" Bowles has announced that he will be a candidate for the position of quarterback on next year's eleven.

When you flunk—

You could have answered
Any ten but those;

When you pass—

You could have answered,
Any ten he chose.

R. J. A., '21.

How doth the swelled head sophomore
Improve each shining hour,
Sipping the sup of knowledge,
Around the lunch-room door.



HINTS . . . FOR . . . SANTA

Tin Types in Rhyme.

Bashful of nature,
But ready for joke,
A tall, studious fellow,
By name, Philip Oak.

She's as fair as the Springtime,
As sweet as a rose,
There's laughter and sunshine
Where Virginia goes.

Mona's a sweet little lass,
With eyes of brown,
She's ever a smiling
And seldom does frown.

Slender and graceful,
With bright merry eye,
Ruth McCabe will be an author,
In the sweet bye and bye.

Oh! would you know a gallant youth,
An artist would be soon?
Just look around yon corner
At Jimmy McAloon.

She's rosy of cheek and light of hair,
Answering the name of "Jim,"
She is gay of heart and free from care,
Smiling and full of vim.

Very tall and slight is he,
Just as happy as can be,
The brightest boy you ever saw,
Known by name of Francis Shaw.

To the classroom she comes with never a
grin,
Her quiet demureness huge A's doth win,
But if you knew her out of school,
Whenever there's no need for rule,
You'd find Bernice a jolly chum,
Who's always ready for some fun.

Caroline A. has a winning smile,
Her cheeks are rosy, too;
But what will set your heart ago,
Is when she smiles at you.

He's only a Freshie
Who plays in the band,
My! but he's dressy!
Look at him stand!

Tall and straight,
Light of hair,
When there's fun,
Elizabeth's there.

Marjorie O'Connell is her name,
A great debater, she,
Some day upon the lawyer's stand,
She'll spread her fame o'er land and sea.

There is a freshie in our school,
He is not very tall,
His hair is red; his eyes are blue,
He's full of fun—that's all.

Queer Things From Queer People.

Teacher: "If your father owed the
butcher, \$17.25; the baker, \$15.23, and the
grocer, \$18.05, how much would he pay in
all?"

Scholar: "Nothin'." He'd move."

"Tommy," said the fond mother, "isn't it
rather an extravagance to eat both butter
and jam on your bread at the same time?"

"No, ma'am, it's economy," Tommy an-
swered. "The same piece of bread does
for both."

Recently two men, who were convicted
of stealing a cow and a watch respectively,
met while exercising in the court yard of
the prison.

"What time is it?" inquired the cow
thief in a grimly humorous vein.

"Milking time," was the unexpected re-
tort.

Mistress (to a new servant): "Why
Bridget, this is the third time I've had to
tell you about the finger-bowls. Didn't the
lady you last worked for have them on the
table?"

Bridget: "No, mum; her friends always
washed their hands before they came."

Try me once,
"How to grow tall,"
Roger Small.

Freshmen must
tell their nurse
maids not to call
for them until
One P. M.

Lessons on how
to knit and how
to knott.
H. Davis.

McGuire will give
free lessons on
how to chew gum
in recitation and
in study rooms.

Personal Editor
will be glad for
contributions,
no matter how
small they are.

B. H. S. Program Greatest Show on Earth

Daily From 8 A. M. to 1 P. M.

A OVERTURE
"The Green Grass Grew All 'Round"
By the Freshmen.

B "Fresh From the Cradle"
via
The Baby Carriage,
By the Freshmen.

C Shaw, Oak & Co.,
Presents the best of the season,
"My But It's Good to Be a Sophomore."

D "Have You Seen Him"
by
Rich, Abbot & Co.

E Prof. Edward Perkins
Will Tell You
"How to Work and Grow Fat"
This scene is laid in a Grocery Store.

F First Appearance
H. Green and C. Archer
in
"Twin Sixes."

G Adams, Frawley and Mansur
Present
"We May Look Different,
But We Are All Alike."

Enlist now in
B. H. S. Regiment.
Greatest Military
Company on Earth.

When in want
of
Hot Air,
Ask B. E.

How to pass a
note will be
shown by
Black and Smart.

Wanted a
Shoe-horn to play
in the band.

"Peter's Army"
subject to call
any time after
5:45 A. M.

Charles Rich
wants to know
why he wears out
so many pairs
of shoes.

Eyeglass Help



Good Glasses properly fitted will help you to enjoy the full benefit of your eyesight.

When in need consult

Arthur Allen Optical Co.

28 Main Street, Bangor, Me.

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

Headquarters for GIFTS That Give Lasting Pleasure

Consult This List of Practical Gifts
when making your shopping tour

Umbrellas	Petticoats
Waistings	Hosiery
Underwear	Silks
Furs	Sweaters
Waists	Blankets
Comforts	Dresses
Linens	Handkerchiefs
Leather Goods	Neckwear
Toilet Goods	Towels

Benson's Means — Quality — Service — Style

Let Us
Be Your
Santa Claus

Visit
the
Xmas Shop

Good Wishes
for
A Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year

it is our pleasure to extend to customers
old and new

BESSE - ASHWORTH CO.

Patronize the Advertisers

BLAKE, BARROWS & BROWN

INSURANCE—ALL KINDS

LEADING COMPANIES

Office 9 Central Street since 1870

BANGOR, MAINE

S. LEAVITT

Fruit, Confectionery, Sodas
and Ice Cream

196-198 Harlow St. opposite High School
Telephone 8654

Palms, Ferns, Flowering Plants, Cut Flowers
And Floral Decorations

A. J. LODER

Wholesale And Retail Florist

84 Central Street BANGOR, MAINE
New Greenhouses, 511 Main St., Tel., 1781-R
Residence Tel., 1781-R

HARVEY HARDWARE CO.

Skates, Snowshoes, Skis
and a large line of Xmas goods

14-18 Broad Street Bangor Maine

DAN T. SULLIVAN

Sells

OFFICE SUPPLIES

at 23 Central Street

The Local Young Men's Christian Associations

Are the home supply base of the

RED TRIANGLE WAR WORK at the front

Help keep the fires burning by taking out A FULL
MEMBERSHIP TICKET.

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS \$3.00 PER YEAR

Let us use the privileges and equipment to capacity this winter

Telephone 422-W

L. H. THOMPSON

Printer

BREWER

MAINE

Patronize the Advertisers

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,

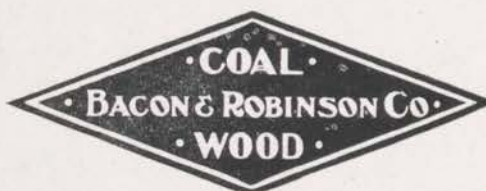
Maine

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

C. H. BABB & CO.
PLUMBERS and STEAM FITTERS

106 EXCHANGE STREET

BANGOR,

MAINE

Our Stock of Hats and Caps

Is the Largest and Finest in the State

Lyford-Woodward Co. Leading Hatters

CHADBOURNE'S BARBER SHOP

79 CENTRAL STREET

ALL STAR CREW

(4 Chairs)

BANGOR

GUS. A. YOUNGS

**Soda Fountain, Cigars
and Smokers' Supplies**

100 Harlow Street

Bangor, Maine

USEFUL XMAS GIFTS AT ECONOMY PRICES

Is the embodiment of the spirit of the Nation right now. The OUTLET has always put this idea to the fore and this season will prove no exception. Every article at the OUTLET is a useful article, every price a Cut-price.

THE OUTLET CORPORATION

91 MAIN STREET

MAINE'S LARGEST CUT PRICE STORE

S. CUMMINGS, Mgr.

THE Real Business College

Bangor, Maine

STENOTYPY
(Machine Shorthand)

BOOKKEEPING

SHORTHAND

COMBINATION

Individual Instruction

Free Catalogue

Bangor, Maine

PHOTOGRAPHY
in all its
branches

Supplies
for the
Amateur

CHALMERS' Studio

23 Hammond St.

Amateur
Developing
and Printing

All kinds of
PICTURE
FRAMING

GIVE US A CALL

SANBORN'S BARBER SHOP

R. H. SANBORN, Prop.

7 Hammond Street, Bangor, Maine
Opp. Merrill Trust Building
Telephone 1241-Y

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

Compliments of

ANDREWS' MUSIC HOUSE

98 Main Street

Bangor, - Maine

Patronize Our Advertisers

Join The GIBSON MANDOLIN CLUB

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS This is for you and you need it, same as all up to date schools. You can learn to play in 20 lessons. Lessons private or in class. Violins and Mandolins furnished free.

D. L. CARVER, Instructor and Director

STUDIO: ROOM 10, MERCHANTS' BANK BLDG.

'PHONE 1107

25 BROAD ST.

BANGOR, MAINE.

Call and See The Gibson the Best On Earth

COMPLIMENTS OF

MILLER & WEBSTER CLOTHING CO.

The Home of

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Bangor

-

-

-

Maine

DON'T FORGET FICKETT'S SATURDAY CASH SALES

You will save money by coming to this market—cold weather—you can buy a week's provision

OSCAR A. FICKETT CO.
12 BROAD STREET

LUFKIN'S

54 Columbia
Street

U. of M.
Chocolates
and
Old Fashioned
Chocolates

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.
27 Columbia St., Bangor, Me.

Proper Goods, at the Proper Time at a Proper Price



Patronize Our Advertisers

CHRISTMAS, 1917
The Season of Practical Gifts

A FEW SUGGESTIONS

Fur Sets, Dresses, Silk Waists, Silk Petticoats
Fur Coats, Sweaters, Lingerie Waists, Bath Robes
Heatherbloom Petticoats, Kimonos, Handkerchiefs
Aprons, Neckwear, Knitting Bags, Pocketbooks
Hand Bags, Silk Underwear, Silk Hosiery, Gloves
Japanese Novelties, Books and Skating Sets

WOOD & EWER CO.

Compliments
of
F. S. JONES & CO.

STAPLE AND FANCY

GROCERIES

210 Hammond Street

Tel. 880

BANGOR, MAINE

"MAINE'S BEST PAPER"
THE

BANGOR COMMERCIAL

50 Cents Per Month
Delivered By Carrier

Flora B. Smith

Teacher of
Singing

Telephone 944-X

Patronize the Advertisers

BIJOU THEATRE

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT

2 WEEKS COMMENCING **DEC. 10**
Monday Matinee

The Brewster Amusement Co. Present

THE BON TON MUSICAL COMEDY CO.

Offering a Repertoire of
Smart and Clever Musical Productions

Company of Twenty Artists Including a Chorus of
Pretty and Fascinating Girls

CHANGE OF BILL EVERY TWO DAYS

Popular Prices— Matinee 10c, 20c, 30c; Night, 10c, 20c, 30c, 40c

THE "STRAND" OF MAINE

PARK P

PEERLESS
PICTURES
PERFECTLY
REJECTED

A Clean, Comfortable, Airy and Wholesome
Amusement Resort For The Whole Family

Devoted exclusively to SELECT
PROGRAMS of the World's Best

PHOTO MOTION PRODUCTIONS

Continuous Shows from 12 to 10.30 P. M.
All Seats 10c. Children, afternoons only, 5c.

Refined Entertainment for Those Who Discriminate

Patronize Our Advertisers

FREDERICK W. HILL, CHAIRMAN OF BOARD C. D. CROSBY, PRESIDENT
 JAMES W. CASSIDY, VICE PRESIDENT
 HARRY A. LITTLEFIELD, ASSISTANT 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	600,000
Deposits.....	6,350,000

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.

YOU BEGINNERS IN BUSINESS:

You need a Bank,—

that will take an interest in your business plans;
 that will give you deserved encouragement;
 that will do "team work" with you in developing
 your opportunities.

Come to this Bank

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

STYLE--- LOTS OF IT AT THE PRICES YOU HIGH SCHOOL
FELLOWS LIKE TO PAY

You will marvel how we can sell such splendid fabrics—smart models and well tailored Suits and Overcoats at \$15, \$18, \$20.00 \$25 while some prices are changing overnight. We ask an opportunity to show these Clothes also our new Hats, Shirts, Neckwear and Shoes. Everything in Christmas Goods for Men and Boys.

J. WATERMAN & CO. Maine's Largest Outfitters
for Men and Boys

Spaulding and D. & M.
Basketball and Hockey
Goods are the best

DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS

THE S. L. CROSBY CO.

146-150 Exchange Street,

Bangor, Maine

FINE FOOTWEAR FOR LADIES, MISSES and
CHILDREN

A complete line of Christmas Slippers, Hosiery
Neckwear, Boudoir Caps and Handkerchiefs
for the Holiday trade.

MRS. B. J. DOLLIVER

44 MAIN STREET

Full Line of

Fine Shoes

for Ladies and
Gentlemen

JOHN CONNERS SHOE CO.

40 MAIN STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

C. H. SULLIVAN

T. N. CURRAN

D. F. CURRAN