

ORACLE



NEW YEAR'S
NUMBER

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HILLS '20



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strong mind, a good
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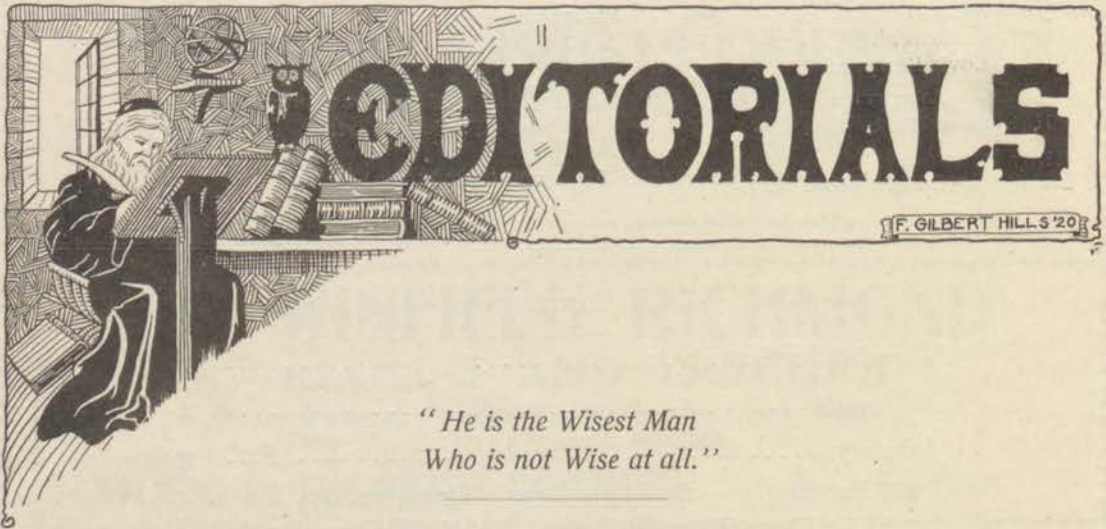
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*"He is the Wisest Man
Who is not Wise at all."*

The Forest Patrol

Although winter has not reached the halfway mark many of our school friends have already begun making plans for next summer. Out of all the many ways of spending the vacation, two seem to stand prominently. These special attractions are Devens and the Forest Patrol Service. The boys who attended Camp last summer have already spread abroad in glowing colors its many attractions, but there appears to be considerable doubt as to of just what the Patrol Service in Maine actually consists. Vague rumors have been set afoot telling of the enormous pay received and of the scarcity of work.

The popular conception of the duties of a patrolman appears to be mainly that of sitting before an open fire with a telephone handy and upon receiving an alarm, in leaping upon a horse and galloping lightly

to the scene of action. Just who it is that gives the alarm is a question usually omitted from the conversation. Perhaps an even more enticing picture drawn by the Forest enthusiasts is one in which the highly paid guard kneels in a light Old Town canoe and paddles leisurely along a quiet stream, occasionally reaching for his automatic and firing at a deer peering out from the brush, then drifting home to a supper of venison and corn cake.

It is true that there is a variety of branches of the service, but whatever branch is selected the Forest Patrol man earns his salt, and a little more. It is a hard life; one in which a person is obliged to keep moving day in and day out, often not even having time to sleep or eat for days and nights at a time.

In the extensive western forests greater advances have been made in the improve-

citizens now, yet there is always a chance that a man who cannot make good in one country can do so here. At least, he should be given a chance.

An argument for the adoption of a plan similar to the one mentioned, is the present condition of affairs in this country. The foreign element is a disturbing factor in the labor problem. A complete exclusion of all foreigners would allow the officials of the United States to get track of all undesirables without the confusion of new comers in the ranks.

But couldn't something else be done? A plan might be adopted by which a new-comer might be put on probation for a certain length of time; and if, during that time, he proved that he would not be a good citizen taken from a recent publication of a current events magazine:

"During the last summer airplanes have been quite extensively used in Forest patrol in Oregon and neighboring states. Those who are in charge assert that this system has proven itself very valuable. The summary of operations for the season shows that seventeen airplanes were used daily, but one fatality resulting. The distance covered was 233,124 miles and the flying time 2,872 hours.

"These are the particulars of operation, while on the side of results there were 570 fires discovered. As a rule the fires were very promptly found out and in season to prevent large spread. The officials believe that the use of airplanes in patrol have most certainly saved a large amount of property that would otherwise been destroyed.

"In view of this practical demonstration in the western forests, it seems certain that it will not be long before this system is very generally followed in forest patrol."

T. B.

Once more a New Year has come and once more good resolutions are being made.

A New Year's Resolution

The editors of the Oracle wish to ask the pupils of Bangor High to make another resolution. Resolve to write for the Oracle! Resolve it again. We won't be injured by your double effort.

So far—we hate to admit it, but we must—the Oracle has been supported only by a few faithful ones who have done all in their power to give us a better paper. Some students have been very good in giving their advice, but "criticism without deeds, is worthless." True, advice is good but in this case a story or something of the kind would be a lot better.

Instead of telling us what we ought to have in the Oracle and advising us to get those necessary things done, why not give us an example of what we ought to have—and do the necessary things yourself?

Come on now! All resolve to help the Oracle in every way! And keep your resolution.

A plan has recently been suggested by which this country would prohibit immigration for a period of five years.

What Shall We Do? At first it might seem that it would be a good plan but there are good points against it.

The main object in adopting this plan would be to keep out aliens of radical tendencies. It would serve the purpose admirably; but, it would also keep out some very desirable aliens.

Suppose a law like this had been in effect between 1847 and 1852. What of it? you ask. One of our famous statesmen of the Civil War period came to this country during that time, and, he would, under existing conditions be classed as an undesirable alien. Carl Schurz and his followers were considered radicals in their native land, yet they were a great help to their adopted country a few years after their arrival.

Of course we cannot claim that all radi-

cals or even all others would make good ment of the Service than in the East. Upon hills and mountains observation towers have been built from which it is possible for one or two men to keep watch over immense tracts of forest land. Roads have been built at regular intervals and motor cycles installed, ready for instant use at the stations. Upon spotting a fire from an observatory, the location is passed on by telephone to the nearest sub-station from whence the fighters ride the motorcycles to the place of danger.

Recently, a new method was introduced. Following this, airplanes and hangars have been installed in place of the motorcycles. One flier is able to cover the ground previously requiring a dozen or so men on motorcycles. The following extract was zen he could be deported. If he proved that he would be a good citizen he would be allowed to take out naturalization papers.

At the same time that a plan like this would become effective the more offensive undesirables could be deported and the others be made to report at regular intervals to certain authorities.

Perhaps the undesirables in this country could be rounded up and deported and a stricter set of immigration laws be put into effect. This would fulfil all the requirements of keeping out undesirables and would at the same time make a change that would certainly follow the five year period of exclusion.

In picking up a magazine what first catches a person's eye? What forms one's first opinion of that magazine?

This Month's Cover The cover, of course. It makes all the difference in the world whether that cover is attractive and original or just commonplace and one

which is recognized as borrowed from some other magazine. Thanks to the artists of Bangor High, the "Oracle" can never be accused of not presenting a pleasing external appearance. Under the direction of Miss Pfaff the "Oracle" has been able to come to the reader's hands each month with a cover entirely original, interesting and well drawn.

This month's splendid cover is the work of F. Gilbert Hills, '20. Mr. Hills was a member of B. H. S. during his Freshman year and part of the next, he then moved to Vermont, where he attended the Pittsford High. After nearly two years in the Sugar Bush State he returns in time to graduate as a Bangor High student. Since his return Mr. Hills has attended Miss Pfaff's drawing class and has turned out some fine cartoons and drawings which will appear in this and subsequent "Oracles." He has the "original work" idea down fine and this just fits with his ability to draw. He has already made one cover design and the heading of this department was also his work. Mr. Hills will probably make one or possibly two more covers.

"Students may come and students may go, but artists come on forever." At least, so it seems in regard to Bangor High. Last spring we lost H. R. Bolton, '19, but this fall Mr. Hills and others are filling the vacancy.

T. B.

We owe an apology to two of our artists as we did not give them credit for their work last month. Because of faulty proof-reading the names of George Barakat, '21, and Crosby Hodgman, '21, were allowed to stand as art contributors. The names should have been F. Gilbert Hills, '20, and James McAloon, '20; the same contributors as this month.

An Apology



"None but an Author Knows an Author's Cares."

THE RIPPLES

Roger Brown Nickerson, '21.



HE call of the whip-poor-will could be heard faintly in the distance. The tall pines whispered gently and were answered by the low, musical gurgle of the brook. A fox's bark rang out; answered as if by an echo from the hills. A prolonged howl sounded far off in the distance; the cry of a lone wolf. As we sat by the glowing embers of our campfire these sounds were borne gently to our ears as if from another world.

I looked round about me; my companions had lighted their pipes and were sitting around the fire. Joe Forester, our boss, was drawing contentedly at his disreputable old pipe. Bill Sullivan, a chain man, was half asleep, occasionally he would awake, light his pipe, then doze off to sleep again. Ned MacDonald, the youngest member of the party, was trying to write a letter to some girl away back in the city. If she could have seen him holding a biscuit tin on his knee—

We were a surveying party, at that time working in the region of Lake Umbagog, Maine. As we sat there by the fire after supper, all our cares were forgotten and we pitied the poor fellows back in the dusty, hot city. This was a man's Life.

Finally Bill broke the silence. "I wonder, fellows, if there is anything in this re-

incarnation business or not," he said.

"Re-what?" queried Joe, a man who had a very meagre education.

"Re-incarnation," replied Bill. "Some people say that if a person dies he is born again on this earth and that we may all have lived many times before."

"Naw," rejoined Joe, "that is, if I ever was anybody else I don't remember of it."

Without noticing the derisive tone in which the reply was made Bill continued, "Well, I have been in situations or said things that I can distinctly recall having said before. Many times I've met persons, absolute strangers, and spoken to them and conversed with them as if I had known them all my life. It seemed natural, too."

"Aw, you were probably Julius Bonaparte," remarked Joe, with a chuckle.

"No joking, Joe, I think that we all have lived before," replied Bill, then seeing that his argument was made light of he drew back into the shadows and was silent.

"You are right," came a voice from the shadows and as we sprang to our feet an aged Indian came into the light of the campfire.

"Mapito!" exclaimed Joe, coming forward with extended hand, "How are you?"

"I'm good," briefly replied the Indian.

Joe explained how Mapito, "The Wolf," was chief of a nearly extinct tribe of wan-

dering Indians. They had never intermarried with the English and French as countless other tribes had done but they had kept to themselves.

In slow, deliberate language, Mapito told how he had intended to camp alone that night but had seen our campfire and wished to be with us. He had approached as only an Indian can and evidently had overheard all our conversation.

"You said that I was right?" questioned Bill.

The Indian replied that he had, then squatted down beside the fire and lit his pipe. After puffing in silence for a few minutes he began his narrative.

It seems that in the old days when the tribe was much larger there was a young brave of high spirits engaged to be married to the chief's niece. He was a brave fighter and a cunning trapper. The girl whose name was Watawah, "Eyes of the Night," was the most beautiful girl in the tribe. She had a mellow brown complexion, strong white teeth and dark eyes, surmounted by a high forehead and a mass of straight black hair with the lustre of silk. One might liken it to music to see her walk in a graceful, gliding motion with the rhythm that one attributes to a goddess.

The young brave one night broke the highest law of his people by treacherously betraying his tribe.

This called for the most stern punishment, exile. He was forced to run a gauntlet of the women of the tribe who were armed with sticks and whips. From this gauntlet, he went to exile. Following the custom, he stabbed himself, thus wiping the stain from his family name.

The girl, overwhelmed with grief, tried to kill herself, for if she could not be with her lover in this world she would in the next. Realizing the grief his daughter felt at the death of her betrothed, the girl's father had expected this and took measure

to prevent her carrying out her intention.

She was put in care of two old squaws who had instructions not to let her out of their sight. For some time she was kept closely guarded. Under this restriction she was growing restless and her one desire was to join her lover in the "Happy Hunting Grounds." One night she evaded the guardians and made her way to a high cliff overhanging a deep cove in Lake T—, called "Bottomless Pool."

Some trappers out at night saw a girlish figure standing on the edge of the cliff. The moon was shining clearly, and a strong wind was blowing. As they watched she took off her head-dress and loosed her hair to the wind. With her hands raised as if in humble supplication to the Great Spirit, she stepped off into space and oblivion. Her head-dress was found on the cliff the next morning.

The Indian refilled his pipe and sat in silence for a few moments. Joe signalled us not to hurry him to take up his narrative.

At length the old wrinkled face grew thoughtful as he spoke again. He told us a story of today, saying that in his tribe there was a young fellow in love with a girl. The girl was his, the chief's niece. They were engaged and they answered the description of the two in the legend. Occasionally they would lapse into talk and reminiscences of former days that were entirely unfamiliar to the rest. Unconsciously he had called her by the name, Watawah. As this was the name of the girl in the legend he was questioned about this. In surprise he merely replied that that was her name, but that was the only direct reference he had made of a former life. Days before this fellow had gone out after supplies and had not yet returned. It was feared that he had gotten into trouble so Mapito was on his way to find him.

"Well," admitted Joe, "I guess there may

be something in that stuff after all, but I ain't convinced."

As the fire had died out we piled on more wood and rolled into our blankets and were soon lulled to sleep by the music of the swaying pines.

The next day Mapito left us and we went on with our surveying. Occasionally we thought of the poor little Indian girl of the legend. By dinner time we had reached the shore of the lake so when the time came we ate there. As we were finishing our meal a canoe came gliding around a promontory and headed in our direction. As it came nearer we recognized its occupant as our story teller of the night before.

As he dragged the canoe up on the shore we noticed an expression of sadness on his usually impassive features.

"It is as I feared," he said, "the young man is dead. He could not, in disgrace, face his sweetheart and his people."

"And the girl?" we asked in a breath.

"She does not know—yet," he replied. Then refusing our invitation to eat, he paddled away again.

That afternoon we worked in silence. Our minds were too full of the news and the legend to talk much. Was it a coincidence, or was there anything in reincarnation?

After supper Ned proposed that we take the canoe and go over and look at the cliff and the Bottomless Pool. We all readily assented and started out. We paddled slowly and thoughtfully. We reached the place and looked about us. The dark pines on the left cast a gloomy black inkiness on the water. The side of the cliff was concave

so that if a rock were dropped from the edge it would enter the water about twenty feet from the shore.

The moon came out from behind a cloud and revealed the bare grimness of the cliff, and the edge made a harsh outline against the soft, starry sky. We were about to start home when Ned gasped, "Look!" and pointed to the top of the cliff.

On the very edge was a girl, standing motionless, her lithe form clad in white. As we watched, breathless, she slowly removed a band from her head and laid it on the ground beside her. Her hair fell about her shoulders. She slowly raised her arms and stretched them heavenward in an attitude of entreaty so pathetic that I think tears started to my eyes. I wanted to shout to her to stop but couldn't. I wanted to paddle over and save her if she jumped. My muscles refused to act.

Slowly she lowered her arms and crossing her hands upon her breast, she stepped off! My eyes clouded—I felt dizzy—and faint.

We sat motionless. The pathos and serene devotion of the act had left us speechless. As we sat there, tiny ripples lapped against the side of our canoe. I put my hand in the water and the gentle ripples beat against my flesh. Those ripples gave me a sense of contentment, I felt that the loyal Watawah had at last reached her beloved.

We paddled back to camp and turned in. Very little was said. I fell easily asleep only because those tiny ripples had assured me by their feeble beating that she was happy at last.

THE THREE FINGERED CROOK

K. McCann, '23.



OM RICHARDSON, the famous three fingered crook, was around again. This was the cry throughout the city. Word of his return reached me as I left the school at noon hour, and as I hurried home, I was filled with dread while through my mind passed the many happenings of the previous winter.

Robberies, one after another, and in one case a murder had been committed by this one man who had no confederate and but three fingers on his right hand. It was enough to fill anyone with horror. When breaking into a house on Vermont street he had been captured by a couple of police, but made his escape after a hard struggle and immediately left the city.

The evening of his return I had to keep house, and as I sat alone before the open fireplace, with a blanket thrown over me, my thoughts again turned to this famous crook.

Suddenly, I felt myself seized from behind and a rope passed about my body.

I tried to scream but was paralyzed with fear and could not make a sound.

I then realized that I was in the hands of Tom Richardson with little chance of escape!

He was a man of about thirty-five, dark complexioned, with coal black hair and eyes that glinted like pieces of steel.

As I watched him go through the various drawers, taking out all the articles of any

value, a strange feeling of helplessness hung over me.

Presently he came and looked down menacingly upon me, then, uttering a quick exclamation of anger, he strode swiftly to the drawers he had just looked through. As he again searched through them, a strange expression, that of a hunted animal, came over his face.

After what seemed to me to be a fruitless search, he came back towards me, demanding a certain document of my father's that he wished to destroy. He threatened to kill me if I did not tell him where it was.

When I answered that I had never seen such a document, his eyes flashed with anger, and he crouched as though to spring upon me.

As I sat there, I felt myself sinking lower and lower and as I tried to put out my hands to save myself, I heard a calm voice ask me what I was trying to do.

With a startled cry, I jumped to my feet and beheld, not the crook, but my father standing in front of me.

On entering the house he had found me tangled up in the blanket which I had thrown over me, with pale and alarmed face, making strange gestures with my hands.

It did not seem possible that it could only have been a dream as it was so real and vivid, and it is still as plain in my mind as it was that terrible night.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Bessie Cooper, '21.



ILDY, Tildy, where are you?" cried Hiram Pringle, dashing into the kitchen, where his spouse was busily washing dishes.

Frightened out of her usual

calm by her husband's apparent disturbance, Tildy exclaimed, "Land sakes, Hiram, what's ailin' yer now? It ain't that old rheumatiz a-botherin' yer agin, be it?"

"No, 't ain't rheumatiz, it's something worse! It's a visitor," replied Hiram, wav-

ing a letter.

This startling bit of information caused Tildy to sink into the nearest chair, unable to realize the significance of Hiram's words while he read the following letter.

"My Dear Cousins Hiram and Matilda:

"I have long been planning a trip across the continent but there is one stumbling block in my path—Beth. I am greatly attached to her but it would be too great a care and responsibility to take her along. The only solution to my problem is to place her in your kind hands until I return. I feel that she will be safe with you. According to my plans, she will arrive at Sleepyville on the Limited, on August 10th. Appreciating your kindness in putting my ward at ease, I am

"Faithfully yours,

"Mary."

"Ain't that the beatinest," said Tildy, "and we ain't had visitors for most ten years."

The few days that elapsed between the receipt of the letter and the expected arrival of Beth were busy ones for the Pringle household. The large, musty, old guest room, darkened for so many years, was now warmed by sunshine and over all pervaded the sweet odor of soap suds. On the pantry shelves delicious pastry was

piled high. Pastry of every sort and description, suitable to the most fastidious of palates. The parlor, a room used only upon historic family occasions, such as weddings and funerals, was thrown open in order to entertain for the city guest. The Pringles were showing true New England hospitality.

The afternoon of the tenth arrived and found Hiram at the Sleepyville station. He was dreadfully conscious of his holiday finery and panic-stricken at the thought of meeting the city guest. The wheezy old engine puffed into the station and came to a halt. The few passengers for that point alighted but not one of the weaker species of humanity among them. Hiram was about to turn away disappointed, though not a little relieved when the baggage master hurried up to him and handed him a little basket. Puzzled, Hiram unfastened and lifted the cover: Inside was a little, yapping Pekinese dog, with a pink bow around its neck. From the ribbon dangled a tag with these words inscribed upon it:

"Mr. Hiram Pringle,

"Sleepyville, Me.

"Dear Cousin Hiram:

"Take good care of my Beth.

"Mary."

SOUVENIR OF A PICNIC

Maude L. Nickerson.



AM going to tell you about a common little stone about as large as one's closed hand, with nothing to distinguish it from thousands and thousands of other stones which one sees during the course of one's life. Would you like to know why I value this little possession so highly? It's just because—

On a summer day about three years ago, I went on a picnic to the seashore with a

number of my friends. We went by automobile, starting quite early in the morning and arriving at our destination about ten o'clock. From then until lunch time we enjoyed ourselves to the utmost, with nothing to mar our pleasure. After lunch I suggested to one of my friends, Phyllis Harding, that we explore around the big rocks that lined the seashore. She said she would be delighted to climb about for a while. A little later we were tripping

gaily among the boulders and presently came to the top of one of the largest rocks.

"What a fine view one gets from here," Phyllis exclaimed, enthusiastically.

"Lovely," I answered.

Just then I noticed a few rods distant another rock considerably higher than the one we were upon.

"Oh-h," I exclaimed, "Let's go over there."

"All right," said Phyllis, "but first, I think I'll go back to the automobile and get that little basket I brought. I want to gather some shells from the beach. I'll be with you in a few minutes."

When she left me I walked over to the big rock. I climbed it until I stood on the very top of it. It must have been about fifty feet to the beach below. As I stood there watching the waves break among the rocks, I unconsciously took a step forward. But instead of stepping on the rock, my foot came in contact with a piece of slippery seaweed, which had probably been dropped by some former explorer. Before I could regain my balance, down I went over the side of the big rock. It came as such a surprise and shock to me that it is a wonder that I retained my self-possession sufficiently to grasp a small piece of rock that projected from the side of the big one, a little over two feet from the top. There I was, hanging nearly fifty feet from the ground, with serious injury or possibly

death awaiting me, if the little piece of stone did not hold until I could get help. I tried in vain to reach the top of the rock with one hand, to try to pull myself up, but it was useless. I looked about for other projections, but there were none. The side of the rock was as smooth as a dancing-floor, with the exception of that one angle to which I was clinging. I knew there was no one near to hear me if I shouted—the others of our party were farther up the beach, but it was time for Phyllis to be back. I might hear her step any time now and I began calling her name as loudly as I could, over and over again. Would the little piece of rock hold until help came? It seemed hours before I heard Phyllis coming toward me.

"Hurry," I cried, "and pull me up. I'm afraid this little rock won't hold much longer."

Just as she leaned over, grasped my arms, and started to pull me to safety, the rock broke off in my hand.

When at last, after much exertion on Phyllis' part, I was finally safe, I said, breathlessly, "What a blessing that you arrived when you did. I shall always be grateful to you."

"But," I continued, looking down at the little stone, which I still held in my hand, "this little stone saved my life until you came. I shall keep it forever."

THE BEAR'S LUNCH

E. M. M., '23.



UGENIE ELLIS is a very pretty girl with dark brown hair and eyes and a lovely pink and white complexion. She is a great friend of mine, for one reason because she has a lovely black saddle horse. I have a horse but not as pretty as hers is though my little mare is

a very nice pet and I would hate to have her insulted.

One day last June after school closed, we two girls made plans to go for an all day ride off in the woods on horseback and to take our dinner in knapsacks. We decided to go the next Wednesday. We waited impatiently, hoping for a clear morning.

Eugenie brought her horse and lunch to my house Tuesday evening and stayed with me all night. The next morning we got up early, about four o'clock, and went out of doors. The sky was all clouds, or so it appeared, but when it came time for the sun to rise there weren't any clouds at all. Perhaps we were so afraid there would be some that we had imagined them. We went in and ate our breakfast. As we had packed our knapsacks the night before, we were all ready to saddle our horses and be off when he had finished our breakfast.

We had picked out a lovely forest back of an old farmhouse on an unused cross road. We had never before explored these woods and wanted to do so now. As we were light-hearted and unafraid, we did not know the dangers of this enchanting forest. We rode along the road laughing and talking, until we came to the woods. We tied the horses to a tree and explored the old house. Then we mounted and rode into the woods. It was nearly noon, so we hunted up a spring, tied the horses and unpacked the lunch. There was a liberal supply of everything good to eat, so we sat down to enjoy ourselves. Just as we began to eat we heard the horses neighing and pawing fiercely; we couldn't think what was happening. We had hitched them where we couldn't see them very clearly, so we ran as fast as we could. When we reached the place we had left them the horses were not in sight and all we could hear was the crackling of the bushes as the horses rushed away. We went back to finish our dinner before pursuing them but when we got there we peeked through the bushes and saw a bear eating away as fast as he could. He had eaten all our sandwiches

and was now devouring some buns. We were so frightened that we hid behind a bush and would have stayed there a long time if Eugenie had not said she was going to crawl up behind the bear and shoot him. She always carried a small revolver when on an excursion like this but I didn't know it until then. She did steal up behind Mr. Bruin and dropped him very neatly.

After that we didn't feel much like eating, so we packed up what was left, a very small amount. We didn't like the idea of walking all the way home, for it was a good ten miles, but we didn't see any way out of it, so we started out with downcast eyes. It's a good thing they were downcast for the walking was very rough. We got home about eight o'clock that night. We were terribly tired, but we ate a good supper. As the family had to know what happened we told them the whole thing.

When we got through father said, "It must have been the bear that scared the horses so that they broke loose."

The next morning I went to the stable and there was my pet, calmly eating her breakfast as if nothing had ever happened. Eugenie telephoned to her house and found that her horse was there; that he had come home without a bridle, covered with sweat, and with a great gash in his chest. Her father said that the horse probably would not live long.

My horse had not fared so badly; she was used to the woods and had picked her way very carefully though quickly. Eugenie's horse was not used to the woods and he had run right along, bumping into everything. Of course I was sorry for Eugenie but I was glad that my horse, though not as pretty, had outdone hers.

THE BURGLAR ALARM

Thelma Godsoe, '23.



ANOTHER Daring Burglary!" read Mrs. Banford as she picked up the morning paper. "Charles," she said, turning to her husband, "this is the fourth outrage of the kind in this town within a week, and if you don't procure a burglar alarm or adopt some other means of security, I shall not remain in this house another night. Some morning we'll get up and find ourselves in the hands of robbers."

Mr. Banford assured his wife that he would have the matter attended to at once. He then left the house and did not return until evening. When Mrs. Banford asked him if he had given a second thought to the subject of which they had been speaking that morning, he drew a newspaper from his pocket and said, "See here, Alice! There's no use o' foolin' away money on one of those new burglar alarms. Economy is wealth! Here's a capital idea, which is cheap and effective, suggested in this paper."

Then he read the suggestion about hanging a tin pan on the chamber door. "I tell you, Alice! the man who got that notion is a heaven born genius, and his name should be celebrated. You see, the least jar of the door will dislodge the pan, and the noise occasioned thereby will not only awaken the occupants of the room, but will also scare the burglar away."

Mrs. Banford then went in search of tin pans. Accordingly each inside door was crowned and left slightly ajar. Also Mr. Banford placed a gun under his pillow and stood a baseball bat within easy reach.

They then retired for the night, feeling a sense of security. At midnight they were

awakened by a noise that sounded like a clap of thunder.

"Goodness!" screamed Mrs. Banford, "our house will be robbed in a second. Shoot him, quick!"

Mr. Banford, after considerable nervous fumbling under the pillow, grasped his revolver and discharged it. One bullet shattered the mirror in the bureau; another splintered the bedpost; and the others did considerable damage also.

"D—d—don't be frightened, Alice!" stammered Mr. Banford. "I—I'll get him soon."

The next minute a terrible noise was heard in the north room.

"Save yourself, Alice, and d—d—don't bother about me!" and, leaping out of bed, Mr. Banford sprang through a window onto the roof of a back building, and accidentally rolled off into the yard, fifteen feet below. Just then another burglar alarm went off. Mrs. Banford thought sure she had been hit by the burglar.

A policeman had now been awakened by the uproar, and had forced his way into the house. He ran into the hat-rack and thought it was the burglar. He rushed out of the house to get the assistance of four other policemen. A search of the house was soon resumed.

Mr. Banford was found in the back yard, lying on the concrete, and Mrs. Banford was discovered in bed almost unconscious because of fright. The burglar was found under the sofa, shivering, with his tail between his legs. Mrs. Banford had overlooked the presence of her pet bow-wow, and this innocent animal in running from one room to another, had dislodged the "cheap and effective burglar alarm."

'T WAS A WAY WE HAD AT OLD DEVENS

Crosby Hodgman, '21.



WE had just returned from a hike and were sitting in one corner of our barracks. There were perhaps ten of us, all from the fair city of Bangor. The conversation was general, because all were waiting for the greatest joy in a rooky's life—mess.

Tommy Caulfield was speaking, "Did anyone get any fudge today?" Then there was a brief silence; everyone had his fingers crossed, all hoping for the hopeless.

"Nop," replied Phil D., "But my mother is going to send me some."

"Remember me, I gave—" Hump didn't finish. A bugle was heard in front of the barracks, and the quietness of the large room was changed. With one yell, as the ten of us, plus about 45 more from nearby whereabouts, made for the stairway, with the same number downstairs making for the door. Fellows were pouring out of the doors, windows, and from around the corners. One representative was seen minus a shirt; he had been doing the "family" washing. We then marched to the mess hall. This was a long, wide room in which were ten long tables, each of which seated twenty men. At the further end was a counter and behind this was the cook stove with all the fixings.

Upon entering, I noticed that there was an apple at each victim's plate, therefore, I took those belonging to Blanchard and Burns, to return them later (if I remembered). On arriving at my place I found that some one had also been thoughtful of me.

Twenty boys were standing behind the low bench around the table. About two men away from me was a large plate of army beans. Reaching out, I drew it toward me. "What's the fat idea?" growled

Nick, our eminent diplomat, "Crack wise." He then drew it back, then I repeated the performance. I was just going to hit him, and he me, when the command, "Seats," was given. As a reply to his pleasantness I slipped his apple into my pocket, while he was swiping Stanhope's, who was doing the same thing to his neighbor's.

With both hands, each holding a spoon, I scooped beans into my plate, grabbed for some "spuds" and the war began. Peanut, at the other end of the table, caught my eye, "Hey, foolish, shoot the Canned Willie."

O'Leary, our bayonet carver, to Ulmer, "Are you going to marry the sand? Throw me the ash can." (Sugar bowl).

Butler to Holt, "Do you own the beef?"

Lipsky to Smart, "Shoot that staff of life, give us that dough."

Morrison to McGary, "Throw me the spuds."

Smart to Thompson, "Send me the H₂O."

And from Bill P., "Shoot the grease."

Tommy then yelled to Nick, "Send that cow home."

"What kind?" shouted the Mexican athlete, "Tin or real?"

"Real," was the reply. Reaching for the pitcher, Nick started the tin cow down the table. When it reached Tommy he turned some of its contents into his cup and drank it. As he finished an odd look came over his face, then without saying a word, he grabbed Morrison's apple, and threw it at Nick. The apple hit the "cow" filled with the real milk, knocking it off the table into Peanut's lap—thus the meal went on.

The waiter brought up a plate of holes. Twenty young eyes were watching him; twenty young mouths were watering; twenty young minds were wondering

where he would leave the tray. Coming to the center of the table, he started to lower the pan. At once there was another Young Russia, all grabbing, all fighting. By the time the waiter lowered the pan, it was empty, and the last doughnut had disappeared.

Little more can be said. Manners at a military camp are odd—but little would one

think to see these quiet young men who went through the battle of Camp Devens, that these sober, shy, young gentlemen were the only original Chow Boys, young anarchists, young Bolsheviks, from Bangor.

Editor's Note.—One gathers from this that "Pop" was the only angel at camp. Ask any of those mentioned—they know.

THE MYSTERY HOUSE

Louise Ayer, '23.



AS we were assembled before our open fireplace and thought of old times, each one told a story. When it came my turn, there was one thing, "The Mystery House," which stood foremost in my mind. I hesitated, thinking perhaps they wouldn't care to hear such a weird tale; but at the prospect of a real mystery, everyone was quite excited, to say the least.

It was in the summer of 1917. My grandparents invited my mother and me to spend a few days on their farm. The buildings are situated on a lonely stretch of country road between Gardiner and Lewiston. The house is a low-posted structure, placed side to the road. As one enters the front door, one might have a feeling of depression and curiosity. You wonder why? Well, because the hallway ceiling is so low it would be a very easy matter to bump your head against it. I'm quite sure one would feel somewhat humbled, as Franklin did when he hit his head on the beam, and the parson said to him, "Stoop!"

Upon turning to the right and entering the living room, that feeling leaves you, but the curiosity lingers. This room is as low as the hall but very spacious. On the left of the doorway is a small closet door; beyond is a fireplace. The room, in general, has a look of old fashioned homelikeness.

On the left of the hallway is a bedroom. This being the last room to look at, "Gram" motioned us to take chairs. After we were comfortably seated, she began to tell about their moving from New York and buying this farm. She was struck with the same feeling of curiosity upon entering the house as we were, curiosity mixed with a feeling of adventure,—a wish to search the old house. As the days passed, this feeling grew stronger and couldn't seem to be resisted. Finally, she decided to search the place and see if there were any cause for such a spirit.

In this very room where we were seated, "Gram" had noticed a slight bulge in the wall-paper. She pressed her hand upon it and found something hard. She felt all along the wall. There seemed to be a ridge. She immediately secured a butcher knife and set to work cutting through the wall-paper. As there was about four thicknesses, it was no easy matter.

After working steadily for some time, she succeeded in cutting the paper around what proved to be a door. She pried the door open. Her eyes fairly bulged. Certainly she had found a hidden treasure. Whether it was money or jewels, I never knew and probably never shall.

However, she was not fully satisfied. She seemed to be guided by a stronger power. Had a person been watching her,

he would, no doubt, have thought her crazy. She lived in a kind of daze, looking in every crack and cupboard. Several days later, while looking in an old closet, she discovered a small door partly concealed by shingles; and prying with a chisel to open the door, finally managed to peer inside. She looked on every shelf but could see nothing. Still led by this unseen power, she climbed upon a chair and felt on every shelf. On the very top one was more treas-

ure, almost obscure with the dust and cobwebs of years.

The news flew like wildfire; and next day saw newspaper reporters eager to take pictures of the house and closets.

The house still stands and is an object of curiosity to this day. Many people tried to claim the treasure; but as no proof of their ownership could be given, it was kept by my grandparents.

OH, AUNT ANN!

By Hazen Nutter, '21.



AFTER working steadily, digging potatoes all the morning and part of the afternoon, Roger Newton walked slowly homeward through the hot fields of his father's prosperous farm. Upon reaching home, he remembered that his father and mother had gone away for the day; so after he had eaten a half dozen doughnuts, he went up into his room to read for a while. Roger had been reading for about five minutes when he remembered seeing in the attic an old gun, which looked as though it had gone through the Revolution. He dropped his book on the floor and dashed up the stairs. After he had found the gun and had shot two or three—if not more—imaginary Mexicans, he laid it aside. Sitting on a small trunk, he wondered what he would do next. Suddenly, he espied across the room, a trunk that he had never seen before. It was all marked with foreign labels and he wondered where it had come from.

Roger walked over to it, brought it to the light and opened it. When he lifted the cover there lay on top of everything, a dime on a piece of yellow writing paper, containing these words: "From Aunt Ann." Roger was greatly surprised, and he remembered the delightful stories which his

father had told him concerning this aunt and her peculiar ways. He commenced at once to dig down for more dimes but much to his dismay nothing was in the trunk but clothes and a lot of them. In his search Roger turned the trunk upside down and much to his surprise a board fell out and with it another piece of yellow paper. On this piece was written a jumble of words; north, south, feet and places.

After a lot of puzzling Roger succeeded in deciphering the queer jumble. It went something like this: "Walk ten feet to the north from the front steps, one hundred yards west and three hundred yards south." This, Roger thought, would bring him to an unoccupied field. From the three hundred yards south it continued: "Two feet to the north and five yards to the south and then dig down for three feet. There you will find—." The last word was blurred but to Roger who had just finished "Treasure Island," the last word was either money or treasure. The message was signed "Aunt Ann." Roger wondered why Aunt Ann should bury money (for of course it was money), in the ground. Why didn't she give it away when she died, as other people did? Roger, after thinking a little while, decided to dig this very afternoon for what was buried there, so he turned

around, and put the clothes back into the trunk with a rush preparatory to going downstairs and out into the unoccupied field back of the house via the prescribed route.

Thinking of Cap'n Flint and all his money, Roger ran hastily down two flights of stairs. After a mad search for a spade, he rushed out the front door, walked ten feet towards the north, one hundred yards west and three hundred south, as the paper said, bringing him, as he had thought, to the unused field at the rear of his house. Now he took two steps to the left and walked five yards to the south, where he stopped.

After getting his breath Roger commenced to dig for all he was worth. When half an hour had elapsed he had dug about three feet down but he was so tired that if the depth was measured by his wind it would be about one thousand breaths deep. But as he had gone so far he decided to continue and the next spadeful contained a decayed chip from a box. Roger's hopes rose with his arm and his last remaining strength went into the ground behind the spade. With a mighty heave, a half-decayed round box came into view. He reached down to get it and upon lifting it

up carefully, found that the lid was nailed on. This did not worry him any, for Roger whipped out his jackknife and pried the lid off. There inside, much to his disgust, lay another of those hateful yellow papers. After waiting a while he lifted it up and eagerly devoured the words—

"To the one who finds this:

May he or she live happily all the days of his or her life, live to be a great man or woman and last of all remember the fun in digging for Aunt Ann's hairpin box."

Sure enough, under the paper lay twenty hairpins, neatly arranged and packed on the bottom of the box! Roger was disgusted. Another one of Aunt Ann's famous jokes! Only ten cents and a few hairpins for an afternoon's work. Oh! how he would like to tell Aunt Ann what he thought of her!

When Roger's mother and father reached home they found a discouraged Roger waiting for his supper. During the meal, after much questioning concerning what he had done while they were gone, they heard how hard he had worked for naught. How they did laugh all that evening! To this day when something reminds them of how hard Roger worked for a few hairpins and ten cents of Aunt Ann's money, Roger begins to look uncomfortable.

A CHERISHED POSSESSION

George Fogg, '20.



ON the shelf in the living room, there rests a small statue, which is, I think, one of the most hideous in existence. It is that of a Japanese idol, carved from crimson coral. The manner in which I came into possession of it is a rather strange story.

A few years ago I spent the colder months of the year on the island of Porto Rico. My father held a position with a large fruit company, and as his work took

all his time I was left to spend mine as best I could. My favorite diversion was a trip to a neighboring island in the thirty foot launch owned by the company for which my father worked. My only companion during these voyages was a young Japanese boy, slightly older than myself. His name, Mosho Kioto, was too long to be pronounced by the Americans; so he was called Mosquito.

During the stormy days when a trip on the water was out of the question, I gen-

erally spent the time teaching, or trying to teach, the English language to my shipmate. He could of course, express himself after a fashion, but it took considerable time and patience to understand him.

One bright, warm morning in February we decided to take our first real trip. Hitherto we had not ventured out of sight of land, but this time we were about to take a longer trip. If I were to tell this story to a native Southerner I would say I, instead of we, as a Japanese is regarded as just a little lower in the social scale than a dog.

It was late in the afternoon and our compass showed that we had been traveling in the same direction all day. I was beginning to wonder why we did not reach land, but an examination of the compass showed why—the engine of the boat attracted the compass needle, so that the polar magnetism was lost in the greater and nearer magnetism of the engine. We had been intending to land at a small island near Santo Domingo, spend the night there and then return, but as we had no idea as to where we might be we decided that the best thing we could do would be to anchor for the night. In the morning we started off again in the general direction of the east as shown by the sun. About mid-day we arrived in sight of land. But on making the port we found that we would have done

better to remain at sea. We were at the entrance to the small harbor of Santo Domingo. Since we had no port papers to account for ourselves, we were likely to be looked upon with suspicion by the harbor authorities of the small town. We were. Both of us were carefully locked up in a stone jail with walls about five feet thick. I was, of course, soon able to leave by appealing to the consul. But the young Japanese was not so fortunate. He remained there for three months. And then he was only let out because no one knew why he had been locked up.

While he was spending this time in the prison he had carved the statue mentioned in the first paragraph. He returned to Porto Rico about three days after I left for the North. The first thing he did was to make his way to my father, who gave him some employment. At his request my father sent me by post, the anything but beautiful piece of coral. Young Mosquito carefully explained to my father that it was a statue of the god of Fate, and if I took care never to speak an angry word within possible hearing of its ugly head, I would be safe from any ill-luck. Such is Oriental superstition. However, I cannot contradict the fact that the days spent on the sea around the islands, were the happiest of my life, and I look forward to the day when I may return.





LOCALS

"Scarce Any Tale was Sooner Heard than Told."

A new orchestra, purely of High School talent has been formed under the leadership of Leonard Pooler. Through his efforts a number of the students consented to join, and up to date, the roll includes about twenty members, all of whom display much talent. This orchestra will play for Assembly every Monday in the future and we are sure all will be greatly pleased with the music. The latest song "hits" as well as classical music will be played and no doubt the program will prove a delightful change to the student body, which seems especially fond of jazz selections.

The organization is composed of the following: Leader, Leonard Pooler; Manager, Arthur Lipsky; Violins, Hewey Huntley, Paul Atwood, Edgar Murray, Alden Sawyer; Piano, Henry McAllister; Clarinets, Frederick Baumann, Leon Belinean; Cornets, Freeman Murray, Nathan Cohen; Trombones, Arthur Lipsky, Frederic Jacques; Saxophone, Robert Hutchins; Horns, Clyde Swett, Thomas Carlin; Flute, Harold Pressey; Drums, Francis Shaw; Bass Viol, Arthur Stanhope.

A new office was created in the faculty at the beginning of the Fall term, that of dean. The dean is general adviser of the students, both boys and girls, as far as they need advice in any particular occasion that arises. Miss Mary C. Robinson, long a member of the faculty, was elected to the position. Her first work was to call the

girls of each class separately to Assembly hall and make some general requests of them in regard to dress, manners and speech. In many private schools a uniform is required, such as the Peter Thompson suit. It was not deemed best to ask the girls of Bangor High to wear a uniform, though many of them thought it would be pleasant to do so; but the dean requested all girls to wear to school simple, inexpensive dresses and for the sake of their health, to avoid high heeled shoes. She asked them, also, to be careful to show good manners on all occasions, and, in the matter of speech, requested that students should never greet an older person with "Hullo."

All the girls have responded loyally and cheerfully to the dean's requests. Girls who wish to be dismissed without bringing a request from home have to go to the dean, who is therefore a very busy person at recess.

The office of dean is a new one, but the idea is being taken up all over the country, and is recommended by the Department of Education.

So far this year, there has been no gymnasium work. This is to be regretted; but as attempts are being made to start this interesting activity, there is still chance for hope. The girls have always found keen pleasure in this bit of school work and are looking forward to the forming of classes.

The work in the art room is progressing very favorably, and fine results have been shown. Poster work is always interesting as are the sketches from real life, but this year spatter work is attracting a great deal of attention. The splendid talent of the scholars is shown by their exhibits on the walls of Miss Pfaff's room.

During the slippery weather, it was no uncommon sight to behold a group of hurried students taking the icy steps at the rear of the school building, on the bounce. Dignified senior very often found himself on a level with young freshman,—the bottom step.

French continues to be in just as great a demand as ever. There are four regular teachers of this study: Madame Beaupre, Miss Mabel Humphrey, Miss Madeline Robinson and Miss Frances Townsend.

Room 208 is the proud possessor of new blackboards. There is something almost magic about them: one's lesson seems to write itself and this could be caused by nothing less than magic.

Miss Lora Blanding, a former graduate of B. H. S., has been substituting in Bangor High for a number of weeks.

The Senior College English divisions which were studying the life of Abraham Lincoln, are very grateful to Mrs. Hannibal Hamlin for her kindness in loaning a photograph of Mr. Lincoln. When we stop to think that the hands of the "Emancipator," himself, have touched this treasure, we feel that we are nearer to Lincoln, and more keenly do we realize that the Land for which he labored in order that "govern-

ment of the people, by the people, for the people" might not perish from the earth, is none other than the ground upon which we tread.

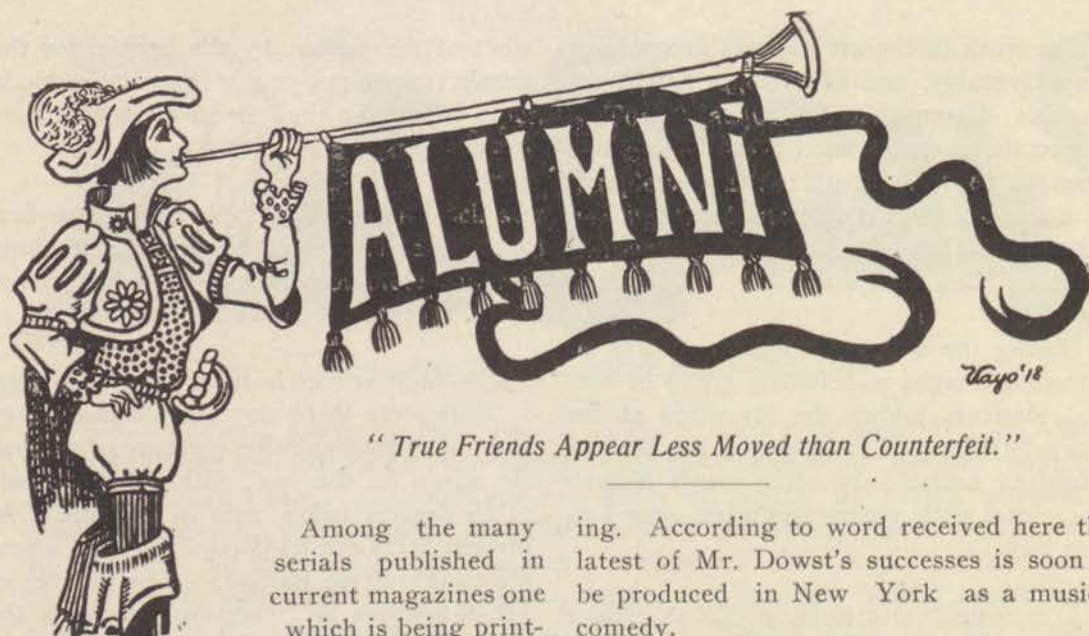
Miss Pauline Mansur, who for the first four weeks of the school year was teaching in Old Town High School, has taken up her work here as an instructor of English.

The high school is filled to overflowing. If there were to be any more classes, they would have the extreme pleasure of an open air school on the roof, with a temperature of 35 degrees below zero in the sun. At present there are 1,145 pupils, 190 of whom are from outside Bangor. The number of out-of-towners is increasing yearly as the fame of Bangor's High School spreads.

German is not being taught this year in Bangor High, owing to the fact that there were too few who desired it, to form a class. This is the first time that an omission of this study has occurred since its introduction, at least forty years ago. Spanish is rapidly taking the place of German and it proves to be a most interesting study.

Miss Helen Bransfield, formerly teacher of English in the Commercial department of B. H. S., is now teaching in New Haven, Conn. The schools are on double time there and Miss Bransfield's hours of teaching are 1 to 5 P. M.

Schools closed Friday, December 19, for the usual Christmas vacation of two weeks. At chapel the orchestra played a number of selections which were greatly enjoyed by the scholars. At the close of the exercises, the school joined in singing two stanzas from Milton's "Hymn to the Nativity."



"True Friends Appear Less Moved than Counterfeit."

Among the many serials published in current magazines one which is being printed in the "Youth's Companion" should prove of considerable interest to all persons who are interested in Bangor High School. The plot of this story is laid in Bangor and the neighboring territory along the banks of the Penobscot. The author shows his familiarity with the scenes he depicts in exceptionally faithful and interesting descriptions of the city with particular emphasis laid on that region bordering on the river. The story deals with the adventures of an orphaned boy among the river pirates. It is interesting to notice that the author, Charles Boardman Hawes, is a former Bangor man and a graduate of the High School. Not long ago Mr Hawes became a member of the editorial staff of the "Companion" and he will undoubtedly make many further highly interesting contributions to that periodical.

Many remember with what genuine pleasure the clever "Saturday Evening Post" serial, "The Dancin' Fool," was received last winter. This story is from the pen of another Bangor High School alumnus, Henry Payson Dowst, who has attained a marked success in short story writ-

ing. According to word received here this latest of Mr. Dowst's successes is soon to be produced in New York as a musical comedy.

Reverend Joseph R. Beach, a Bangor High graduate, has recently written from Armenia, where he has been stationed for some months as a member of the Near East Relief, formerly known as the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief. Mr. Beach has some remarkable stories to tell of the awful conditions prevalent in that martyr nation. Discontent, want and suffering are everywhere and the means of relieving the condition are so limited that the agents of unrest are making the most of their opportunity. The commission which Mr. Beach represents practically stands between Armenia and utter demolition of the little nation.

In selecting the second school nurse for Bangor, Miss Elizazbeth Ross, division chairman of nursing, American Red Cross, found Miss Mary Williams, B. H. S., '01, most admirably fitted for the position by many years of training along the line of Children's Hospital work.

Miss Williams was instructor last year at the Eastern Maine General hospital and

had work with the Red Cross, instructing in home nursing and hygiene.

At a recent meeting of the kindergarten parents of Bangor Dr. Barbara Hunt was the principal speaker. She spoke in a wonderfully interesting and touching manner of her work among the refugees and civilians of France. Her address was remarkable in that it was very different from the ordinary war addresses heard in this city. References to particular women and children were frequently made and stories told of daily life with them in hospital, dispensary and through auto service. Touching incidents, beautifully illustrated, were told to demonstrate the love of the French people for the Americans who had come to their assistance in a military and civilian way.

Rev Charles Francis McKoy has accepted the pastorate of the Greene Avenue Baptist church in the borough of Brooklyn, N. Y., and began his work there January 1. Mr. McKoy graduated from Bangor High School in 1897, from Colby college in 1902 and from Newton Theological Seminary, Newton, Mass., in the class of 1905.

Mr. McKoy's new pastorate will be his fourth charge since he was ordained to the ministry, his first one having been at Mount Desert, Maine.

Ensign Herbert St. J. Torsleff, B. H. S., '16, and at present a member of the United States Naval Reserve, spent the week-end in Bangor a few weeks ago. When he left the city Ensign Torsleff had not received orders as to his winter quarters.

Word of the death of Corporal William V. Wilson, B. H. S., 1917, was received in this city on Christmas Eve. He died at the base hospital of Camp Sevier, S. C., at the age of 21 years.

Prior to his enlisting, Corporal Wilson

was employed by the government in the clerical department of the Portsmouth Navy Yard. He was well known and highly esteemed by his schoolmates and friends and the news of his death was received with sincere regret.

The marriage of Elmer L. Maddox, New London, Conn., and Madelene C. Brewer of this city, recently took place in New London. Mrs. Maddox was a member of the class of 1911, B. H. S., and after graduation from High School graduated from the Infants' Memorial hospital, in which work she was very successful.

Cards were recently received in Bangor announcing the marriage, Nov. 22, of Miss Margaret Ropes, '98, daughter of Mrs. C. J. H. Ropes and the late Prof. Ropes of Bangor, at Tucson, Arizona, to Herbert Bowyen of Oracle, Arizona.

Bangor friends of Wallace W. Hern, a former student of Bangor High School, will be interested to learn that he is now editing a weekly newspaper called the Williams News, at Williams, Coconino county, Arizona.

Mr. Hern was at one time engaged in electrical work here, later becoming a high diver in a circus and at the outbreak of the war he entered the Canadian army.

To begin a Happy New Year Miss Marguerite Allen of Bangor and Lieut. Edmund E. Brady of Ellsworth, were united in marriage on January first. Mrs. Brady is a graduate of the High School in the class of '16 and also of the New England Conservatory of Music.

Max Cushing, a former High School student and at one time editor-in-chief of the Oracle, is now a professor in Columbia University.



"The Paltry Prize is Hardly Worth the Cost."

FOOTBALL.

Football season is now long passed and a very successful season, for Bangor High School it was. In anticipation of a similar one for 1920, a meeting was held in December at which "Mike" Trainor was elected captain for next year. We approve the choice for he certainly can get the most out of the fellows who try for the team, and he is a level headed man to have command of the team. "Mike" is a star player, Bangor High is proud of him and everybody wishes him luck and hopes that he will have just as successful a year as "Mickey" has had.

* * * *

May the basketball team have as successful a season as the football team has had.

BASKETBALL.

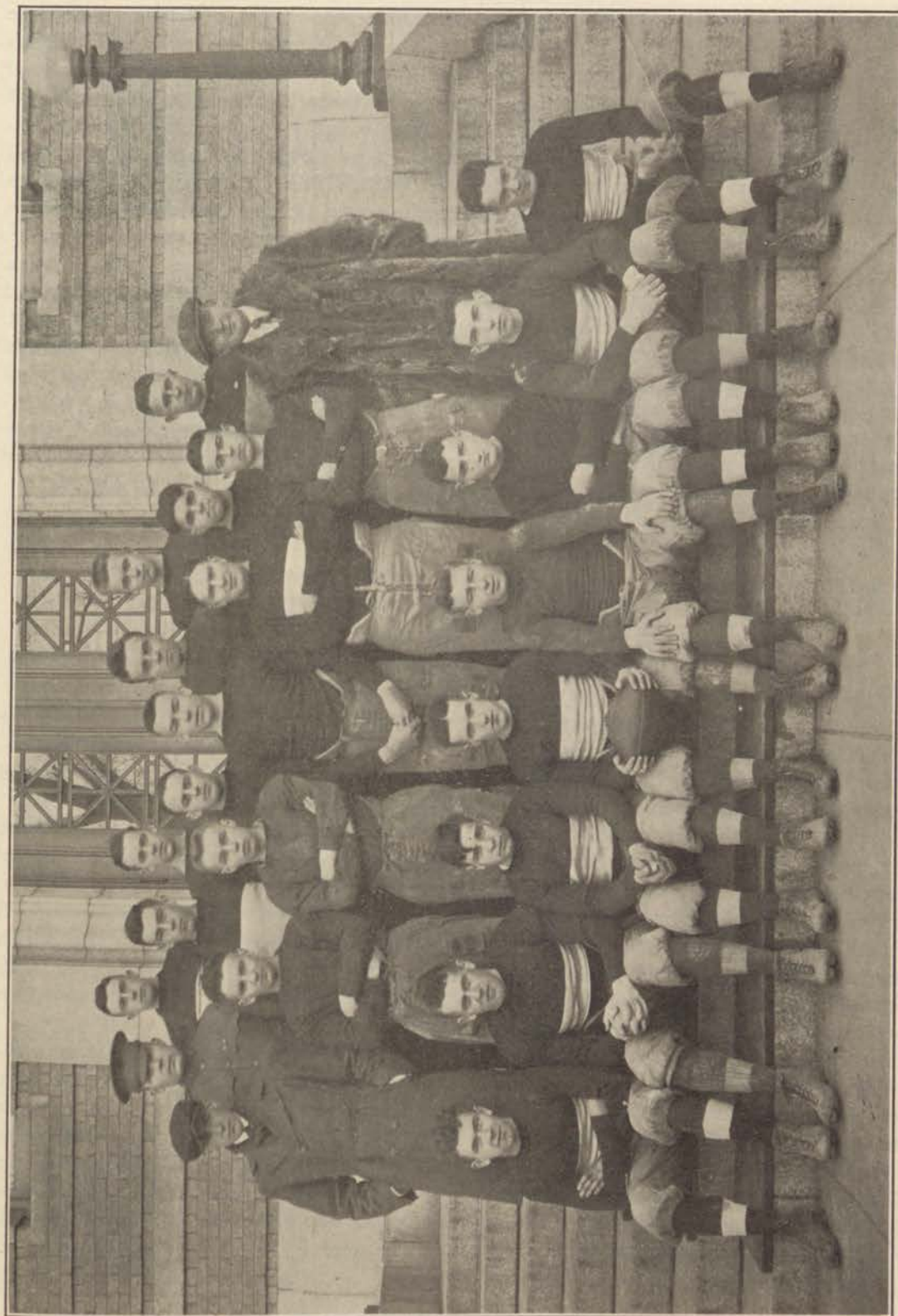
On Monday, December the eighth, Coach Captain McCord talked to the men who were trying for the basketball team, for this year Captain Walter D. McCord is to coach the basketball team, and Bangor High School knows full well his ability as a coach. Some of the schools whose teams suffered defeat from the boys Capt. McCord had coached, know him, too. He made a winning team for us. Yes, he made a championship team. So Bangor High

School is not only proud of Coach Captain McCord but also mighty glad that he has command of the basketball. The task of picking and making a basketball team is no easy one but we can all rely on Captain McCord to see that everybody has a "chance" and the best man gets there. The hard part will be to choose the best man because Bangor High has so many good men but that is where Coach Captain McCord's good judgment and knowledge of men can be depended on to pick the winners.

This year the team will be led by "Poddy" Bacon as captain. "Poddy" is a man of great ability in basketball, and of speed, too. He is a level headed youngster and a first class leader. The boys certainly will do their best for him and we expect he will develop a winning team.

At the first call for men for basketball about twenty-five came out; among them are many of last year's letter men; Phil Oak, a star at center, Russell Fairbrother, a whirlwind forward, "Bud" Greeley, another flash of a forward, Dave Goldstein, one of the best backs in the state, Ted McNeil, a man who doesn't let his opponent get a look-in, Jake Toole, as speedy a back as ever put on suction shoes.

For new men we have that all round star, "Mike" Trainor, of whom we expect great things. By his past we judge him.



Also we have Henry Hersey a big fellow, who made things fly last year. Tommy Nelligan is another man to whom we are looking for something sensational; he is a little fellow but for speed he's a world beater. Ralph Jordan and "Touchey" Short ought to play this year, for, though they are not great big men, they play a clever game of basketball.

Another thing to be said is this. There should be more men down in the gym to basketball practice. Coach McCord wants half a dozen teams out every time. What is the matter with the men in Bangor High? Have you lost heart? Every fellow who knows anything about basketball should be trying for the team; even if you don't know anything about it. Come out just the same and learn how to play. Don't be afraid

that you won't get a "chance," because there are too many others there. Coach McCord, himself, said that every man will have a chance to show what kind of stuff he has in him. Come now, you big fellows, let us see you get into that basketball suit that is idle! And, you little fellows do the same! Come now, everybody, show some spirit! Girls! Tell your brothers to try for the team. If you haven't got a brother tell your friends to get to work and make the team. You girls can help a lot. Urge the boys to buck up and show the old fight. Tell them it will make them real men. Go after them, one and all. Everybody into the spirit of the thing! Use the phrase that helped make the football team a success:

"Let's go."

MILITARY

"I Said an Elder Soldier, not a Better."

The military work has been progressing quite favorably during the fall and early winter, and the end of the first term of school found the battalion in fine condition. This term there will be physical examinations, and while a few may have to be dropped from the rolls as physically disqualified, it is not expected that the strength of the battalion will be materially altered.

An officers' club is in process of formation. It will consist of Capt. McCord and the cadet commissioned officers. It is planned to have meetings once or twice a week, when all members will be present, but the club-room will be open at all times for any officers who wish to use it.

Colonel Palmer, the district inspector, will be here again sometime early in February. His last inspection after that will be

sometime in the spring; just before the close of school. An officer from the General Staff at Washington will come up, and make the final inspection of the year.

Capt. McCord has been away on leave during the holidays, at his home in Grove City, Pennsylvania.

Second Lieutenant Louis Bennett, of B Co., has handed in his resignation, which has been accepted. A vacancy is thus made in the commissioned personnel which has not yet been filled.

In a recent letter from the Adjutant General it was stated that no more campaign hats could be furnished, and that overseas caps would be furnished in place of them. These caps were reported as being on the way here, but transportation is so slow that it is impossible to say when they will arrive.



"Great Contest Follows . . . Each Claiming Truth."

THE SENATE.

At the meeting of the Senate, December 18, 1919, the upper branch of the Boys' Debating Society, the subject for debate was: Resolved, That Congress should enact legislation embodying the principles of the Plumb Plan.

Affirmative: Sullivan, Morrison, Crowley. Negative: Rowe, Croxford, Rosen.

Mr. Sullivan, the first speaker on the affirmative, gave a remarkably good introduction, in which he explained the principles of the Plumb Plan, pointing out that, since the railroad employees control one-third of the board of directors, the men would have more incentive to work for themselves. Mr. Sullivan also said that the principles of the Plumb Plan tended to do away with the strike, thereby proving of untold benefit to the public.

The burden of proof for the affirmative fell on the second speaker for the affirmative, Mr. Morrison, who, on account of Mr. Crowley's absence because of illness, was allowed to use his colleague's time as well as his own. Mr. Morrison gave an eloquent defense of the railroad employees in their demands for higher wages and a share in the actual running of the roads. He said that there was unrest in the labor world, because of the selfish policy of the capitalistic classes. Mr. Morrison clearly brought out the point that it would be impossible for the railroads to return to their pre-war basis of eight billion dollars of watered

stock from which capital alone benefited, while the public paid higher rates and the employees of the road received only a reasonable advance in wages. Mr. Morrison closed the case for the affirmative very effectively by stating that as long as the railroads remained in their present state of uncertainty there would always be the wage problem, the strike problem, and a dissatisfied public.

Mr. Rowe, the first speaker for the negative, handled the introduction for his side in a polished and finished speech, in which he criticised the onesidedness of the Plumb Plan, inasmuch as the plan had been drawn up by Mr. Glenn E. Plumb, an attorney for labor. In this connection Mr. Rowe brought out the point that the 14 railroad unions and the American Federation of Labor stood solidly behind the plan.

The burden of proof for the negative fell on the next two speakers, Mr. Croxford and Mr. Rosen. Mr. Croxford attacked the plan on the grounds of poor finance, because such a plan would tend to depreciate the value of railroad securities, many of which were held by people in humble circumstances. He also condemned the tripartite feature of the plan, since the employees shared the profits, but left the government and the public to bear the burden of losses.

Mr. Rosen, the third speaker on the negative, attacked all forms of government ownership or control of railroads, bringing figures to show that since the United States

had taken over the railroads, the cost of operation had increased 90 per cent., wages had been increased 35 per cent., and the net gain on the investment had amounted to only $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

At the end of the debate the decision was given to the negative, because it seemed to those present that the speakers on that side had presented arguments which the affirmative were unable to refute, and in addition had presented them in a more finished form. It must be stated, however, that Mr. Morrison for the affirmative gave a very eloquent defense of organized labor.

THE HOUSE.

The regular meeting of the House—the lower branch of the Boys' Debating Society—was held Monday afternoon, Dec. 1st, in room 211. This meeting was called to order by Charles Davis, the Temporary Chairman, who had been elected at a previous meeting. The Society then elected the following officers:

President—Robert Collins.

Vice-President—Franklin Gordon.

Secretary and Treasurer—Charles Davis.

Manager—Alden Sawyer.

The House then held an interesting discussion on the topic: Shall the City of Bangor widen Central Street? There was no doubt in the minds of the members that Central Street needed to be widened. The whole question, as one member stated, rested on this one fact, Can the city afford at this time of high prices of labor and building material to incur the expense? Figures were brought in from the City Auditor's office to show that the City Treasury had on hand to last until March 1st, funds amounting to about \$200,000. Out of this has to be paid the cost of the new school building on 13th street. In reply to the point that the City could borrow the money to widen Central Street, the information was brought out that the borrowing capacity of the City is limited by statute to 5% of the assessed valuation of

property.

The meeting adjourned with the almost unanimous opinion of the Society that in consideration of the condition of the City finances, the City government was justified in not undertaking the work at this time, though the citizens of Bangor, at a special election held in September had instructed them to do so by a large vote in the affirmative.

This second meeting of the House was most encouraging to the officers and to the Faculty Adviser. Fifteen of the students interested in Debating turned out. As the Society is limited to thirty members, drawn from the Freshman and Sophomore classes, the present active members are urged to tell their classmates of the informal, and at the same time instructive kind of work, which is being done; members are also urged to invite their classmates to the meetings of the Society.

GIRLS' DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Girls' Debating Society held a meeting in room 207, Friday, December 12th.

Rebecca Burger and Esther Allen were voted in as members of the society.

The program consisted of a debate upon the question: Resolved, That Women Should Have Equal Suffrage With Men. The affirmative was upheld by Elizabeth Chandler, Thelma Goodale and Pauline Aiken, and the negative by Rose Berson, Faye Everett and Helen Fowle. The affirmative argued that women's suffrage is logical, just and expedient, both to women and the state. The negative maintained that women's suffrage is not just, not expedient to women and that the majority of women do not want to vote.

Mary Largay, Louise Ayer and Kathleen Hand, the judges, awarded the decision to the affirmative. Miss Robinson, as critic, gave some estimates of the arguments. Much argument without proof was given. The rebuttal was particularly good.



"There Never Was in all the World Two Opinions Alike."

The Exchanges New Year's Resolution: To help each other as much as possible through just and instructive criticism; to give each his just measure of commendation; and to receive and to profit by the criticisms made of us.

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

The "Dial," Brattleboro, Vt. Your cover design seems to be in keeping with your name. You have a fine paper, your Athletics and Alumni departments being especially good, but your Exchange is woefully short.

The "Maroon and White" from Chicago has a very interesting story, "The Long Long Trail"; also some very good jokes; we take the liberty to copy the following:

Too-too-toooooooooo!

Old Lady: "Can you tell me what time the train leaves for Chicago?"

"Two to two," snapped the agent.

Old Lady, (indignantly): "Be you the whistle?"

The "Banner." An excellent paper; so good, in fact, that we can hardly find anything but praise for it, although we think some design would make the cover more attractive.

The "Imp" has a very interesting literary department, but the stories are rather too short. Your cover is very appropriate and the cuts are good though few.

The "Cliveden" is a fine paper from cover to cover. Editorials, Literary, Athletics, Notes, Smiles, Exchanges; all well written and very interesting.

The "Spectator," West Waterloo, Iowa. A fine paper with an excellent cover design, very neat and attractive. You have a great many societies in your school it seems.

"P. I. H. S. Flyer." Your Exchange department is very cleverly conducted. A fine paper.

The "Aegis," Beverly, Mass. You have a good paper, excelling in the literary department, but there seem to be no exchanges and there are very few jokes.

The Orono "Comet" is a very attractive paper. The "Ghostly Raid on Miss Perkins" is good.

The "Pennant." Why not comment on some of your exchanges? Your jokes are exceedingly funny.

The "Advocate" from New Brunswick has a very good and original cover design, but a few more cuts would help the paper. Your jokes are good; come again.

The "Red and White" from Rochester has a funny story, "When William Stayed at Home." It is a fine complete paper in every way.

The "Blue Bird," N. Y. A fine paper; we can find no fault except that we could not find your address. We supposed that it was New York from the advertisements.

The "Echo," Hazelton, Pa. Don't you think advertisements among the departments hurt the paper? Your literary department is fine.

The "Breccia," Portland, Me. Your "Pebbles" are the best yet! Also the Children's Page is very good (for the freshmen).

The "Red and Black," Stevens High. A novel cover design and some excellent cuts, but why not a few more jokes and some exchanges?

This MAY interest football "fans":
 "The score was tied, ten yards to go,
 A goal would win the game
 If we could kick a field goal now,
 Deathless would be his fame.
 He pulled his grimy trousers up
 And spat upon his hands,
 He tore the helmet off his face
 And faced the howling stands.
 The signals he began to yell,
 "Last down," the lineman cried,
 A drop kick square between the posts,
 He then fell out of bed!"

The "Tripod," Saco, Me. Your athletics and alumni departments are exceptionally

good. You evidently have a great many poets, to judge from your "Poet's Corner."

The "Racquet," Portland, Me. A very simple and attractive cover; the stories are among the best; in fact, a fine paper all through.

The "Exponent" from Texas, has some excellent "Society" columns. "Spizzierinktum" is a "new one on us"; however, it seems to express the desired meaning quite clearly.

There is a poem in "The Roman" that deserves much praise: "Victorious"; it certainly is fine. This paper is one of the best.

The "Holyoke Herald." There's more truth than poetry in your cartoon, "The Bird They're All After." Don't you think a few more jokes and stories would put more interest in your paper? The Athletics seem to comprise the biggest part of your publication.

The "K. H. S. Enterprise." You merit your name for you have an enterprising paper. We think your French might be improved, however.

We welcome the June number of "The Stranger" from N. Bridgton, Me. There must be beautiful scenery near your academy, to judge by the pictures. "Scraps" IS fine; we hope you will continue to exchange with us.

The "Hamiltonian," Hamilton, Mont. An excellent paper, brimful of jokes and interesting articles.

We welcome another friend from Boston, "The Shuttle," which has not visited us before this year. "Defrauding the Fraud" is very interesting.

Our friend, the "Tsing Hua Journal," from Peking again! The "Travels" through the various parts of China are exceedingly interesting, and Physical Education in Tsing Hua College casts an interesting light on the games played in China: Track, Football, Baseball, Archery, Volleyball, Playground ball and Tennis. The "Journal" certainly is a "live wire."

The "Academy Spectator" is a fine paper; the "Sports" and "Sober Thoughts" are especially commendable. We dislike, however, the covers larger than the leaves of the paper, it makes it awkward to handle.

"Oracle," Manchester, N. H. A large number of fine poems, jokes, and athletics are the best points about your paper. The Log is also a novel idea.

The "Student," Providence, R. I. An excellent paper, but don't you think a few more cuts would make it "perfecter"?

The "Vail-Deane Budget" has a lot of interesting stories, but this department out-balances all the rest. Your exchanges are "awfully" short, too.

The "Su-Hi," Mich. You, too, seem to be having difficulty in impressing on the minds of the students that it is their duty to write stories and articles for their paper. However, even if they won't do their duty, you have a fine complete paper.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The Oracle. A very interesting paper. Some cuts and cartoons would be of much benefit. Your literary and exchange departments are exceptionally good.—The Dial.

Oracle. Your literary department is unusually good and very interesting. There are especially good cuts in all departments.—The Imp.

The Oracle. Your paper is one of our best exchanges. It is well edited. The headings and arrangement of the departments are excellent. We liked your editorials also Capt. McCord's article on "Public Service."—Maroon and White, Chicago.

Oracle. Good literary department. Well balanced paper. Good headings.—The Spectator.

From the P. I. H. S. Flyer: "Well, it's the best one I've seen for a long time. It's the Oracle from Bangor High. There's an especially good story in it called 'Making Good,' and there certainly must be great artists in Bangor High."

The Oracle, Bangor, Me. A fine magazine, well developed along every line. I think the artists could put out better covers, however.—The Quill.

(Sorry you don't like our covers. To tell the truth, we don't admire yours).

The Oracle from Bangor, Me., has the best department headings of any magazine received. We especially like the appropriate quotations under each one.—Su-Hi.

The November Issue of the P. H. S. Racquet contains an excellent compliment for our band, stating that "A good school band plays with a better spirit than a hired one." Inasmuch as the other band on the grounds is considered the best in the state, this is quite a compliment for our band.



"A Bitter Jest, Coming Too Near the Truth, Leaves a Sharp Sting Behind It."

A happy New Year to all! The following have taken advantage of the fact that it is leap year and they have made their first leap by resolving:

1. To illustrate the next biography of Theodore Roosevelt.—J. McA.—'20.
2. To lockstep past 208 second period at every opportunity.—R. N., '21.
3. To be at school at least two days every week.—M. C., '20.
4. To keep on smiling.—W. S., '20.
5. To get a slip every day from Room 113, third period.—E. H., '23.
6. To get A in deportment.—C. W., '20.
7. Not to go to The Graphic again.—J. V., '20.
8. To get up at half past five instead of half past six the next "morning after."—F. P., '20.

The Latest Fad.—By a Boy.

"Guess they be the latest style,
Though I've seen 'em quite awhile,
And what I'm going to say it ain't to knock
it—

But what I wants to know,
Is it only just for show—
The little dangly thing they call a locket?
They're of different shapes and kinds,
For to satisfy all minds,
And they wear 'em on a ribbon black as
ink,

Foolish fol-de-rol I say,
Girls are funny, anyway,
And not half so sensible as boys, I think."

"Did she ask you what time you came
in?"

"Yes, I told her quarter of twelve."

"But it was after two when we left."

"Well, quarter of twelve is three, isn't
it?"

—Ex.

Things We Can't Understand.

1. French as translated by Husky Bowles.
2. Why Seniors get Sophomores to write their themes.
3. Why P. S. doesn't get a jitney.
4. Why a certain room on the Second floor is so popular (?) afternoons.
5. Why J. G. C., '20, doesn't do some shining.
6. The state of mind of H. H., '20.
7. Why R. McC., '20, always sits at a certain table in the Library.
8. How E. C., '20, can get those Geometry problems.

Miss C. (in English): "What is a 'fabled
city?'"

Miss McL.—'22: "A city with tales."
(Or tails?)

Miss P—'20 (in Latin): "He broke his voice by agreement."

Miss A—'20 (in Latin): "Troy runs from the citadels."

Ask Morrison, '20, what he would do if he saw a Mexican coming toward him with a gun.

It is rumored that D. G., '20, is preparing for publication a treatise entitled: "The art of concentration, with lessons in practical application." This should be a valuable article as Mr. G. has had personal experience in this line.

H. A., '20, seems to find the study of forestry much more interesting than Latin.

Mr. V.—: "At one time I had fourteen kites on the string."

Why does A. C., '20, think we ought to play Hampden in basketball this year?

Miss H—'20 (in Latin): "He returned clad in the skin of Achilles."

Mr. M. (in English): "What does illogical mean?"

Mr. O'R—'20: "Something that isn't logical."

Notice: If you wish to bring your pet poodle dogs to the dances, do so. I am prepared to serve the public as dog-holder. For references I refer you to Major A. T. K. (U. S. A.), or to any who were my bunkies at Devens.

R. F. E., '21.

Miss W.—'20 (in Latin): "I ascend from the highest gable of the house." Must be a heavenly journey!

We wonder why J. G., '20, is so interested in Philadelphia.

Miss R.—: "What was the date of the beginning of the Civil War?"

Gallagher, '20: "1812."

Mr. B. (in History): "Who were the candidates in 1832?"

Spurling, '20—: "Jackson and Clay."

Mr. B.—: "Who was elected?"

Spurling: "Van Buren."

Tom Caulfield—"a major for a minute."

Mme. B.—: "If you get this lesson perfectly, I'll give you your diploma."

P. O.—'20—: "Oh—"

Mme. B.—: "What are you going to do with it when you get it?"

P. O.—: "Frame it."

Mme. B.—: "Well, don't get the frame today."

Who killed the greatest number of chickens? You know it is said that Macbeth "did murder most foul."

Miss D.—'22 (in English): "His head swam in his eyes."

Miss B-k-r, '20 (in French): "His head was thrown back on his ear."

Miss R. (in English): "I want someone who drives an automobile to tell about the Lincoln highway. Do you, Mr. O'L—?"

O'L—'20—: "I did."

Miss T—'20 (in Latin): "He was gory with black mud."

It is rumored that R. Mc—d, '22, has been reading "Pollyanna." Even in Geometry class he spells parallelogram "Pollyo-leogram."



In 1920?

McAlbourn

Miss C.—'20 (in Latin): "He stands with erect ears."

Everyday Statements.

A Rain-ing Favorite—An umbrella.
 A Taking Person—The policeman.
 A Home Ruler—The kitchen poker.
 A Cultivated Ear—An ear of corn.
 The Worst Thing Out—Out of cash.
 Shaky Business—Playing with dice.
 A Singular Being—A bachelor.
 After Dark—Chasing a negro.
 Sweetness long drawn out—Music on an accordion.

A Well Handled Subject—The Pump.
 —Ex.

Can You Imagine?

C. C., '21, with her hair up for good.
 A freshman in long trousers.
 An all A's report card.

What's in Initials?

R. O. T. C.—Rudolph's Orderly Time
 (C) Keepers.
 B. C., '21—Before Columbus.
 H. C. O'L., '20—High Cost of Living.
 L. B., '21—Long Boy.
 H. H., '20—Happy Hooligan? ? ?
 C. W., '20—Cid Wamp (Kid Vamp).
 D. E. B., '22—Deb—utante.
 S. M., '20—"Silas Marner."
 M. P., '21—Mary Pickford.
 B. C. M., '23—Best Cigar Made.
 —By N. U. T.

Bangor High School in the Year 2000.

As Seen by a Visitor.

Chapel—"Grand Infants' Yell" March, by the freshmen. (Illustrated by same).

First Period—German, now a dead language. Poor students struggling through Von Hindenburg's Commentaries.

Second Period—Chemistry. Pupils experimenting with radium, the cheapest material obtainable,

Third Period—Esperanto. Popular method of conversing in all languages.

Fourth Period—History. Lengthy discussion on the comparison between the Marne and Thermopylae.

Recreation Hour—Refreshment Parlors. Domestic Science pupils tucking in bibs and placing before freshman cherubs bowls of steaming bouillon.

Fifth Period—English Speech. Orations on Young America.

Sixth Period—Jiffaphone practice. The taking of dictation by a single touch.

From a Test Paper.

Persia was no longer a world power, Athens now led in the Grease.

Miss P—: "I hear lips. Let's not have any more whispering, class."

Miss S— (waving hand frantically): "Will you please tell me where the place is, then. I can't get anybody around here to tell me."

Bright Junior—"Do you know the difference between capital and labor?"

Freshman—"No."

Junior—"Well, if I loaned you twenty-five cents that would be capital. If I tried to get it back, that would be labor."

Have you heard about the new Lunch Room? Ask R. H. S., '20, what about Room 211, fifth period.

Miss U—(to R. C., '21, who has just given her opinion on a certain subject): "Well, Miss C— that is as true as anything you ever said."

D. C., '21, to B. C., '21: "Oh, B— I left my umbrella up to your house last evening. You know the purple silk one."

B. C.—'21: "Oh, yes, the one with the handle."

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

CONSEQUENTLY

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Goods**

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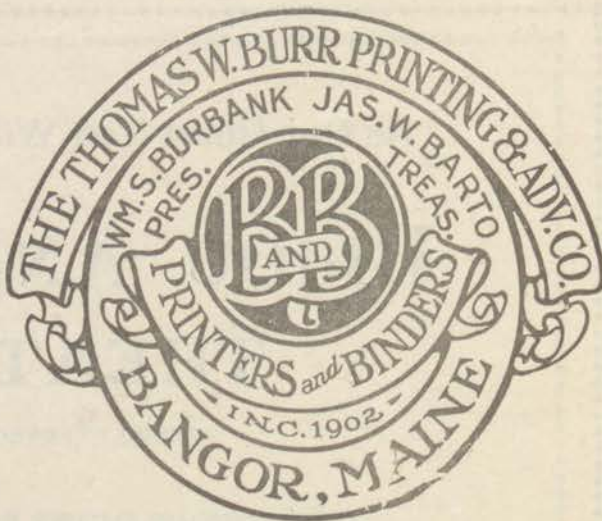
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