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THE ORACLE

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS—\$1.00 per annum in advance

Regular number 15 cents, Christmas and Spring numbers 25 cents, June number 40 cents

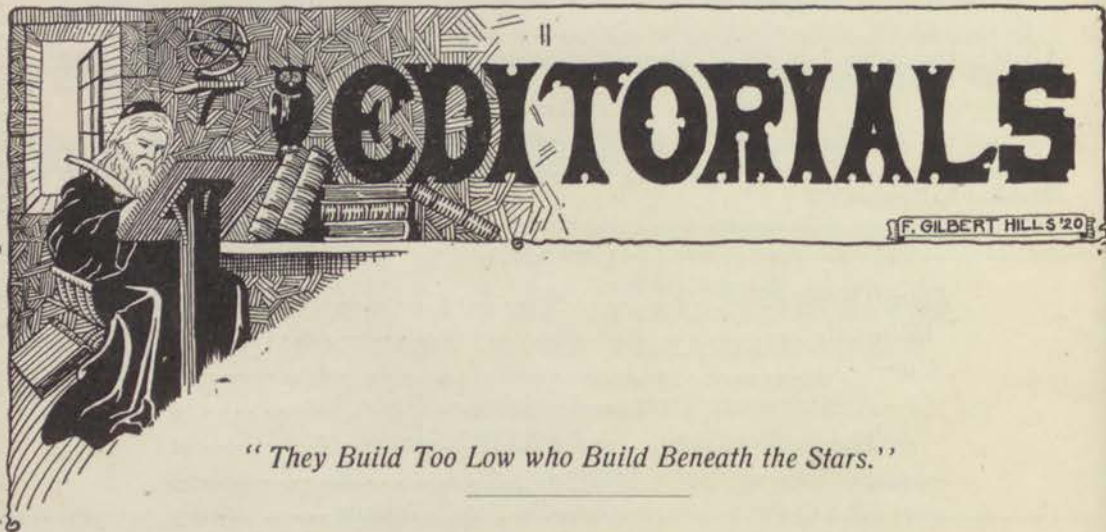
Address all business communications to LLOYD M. DEARBORN, 427 Essex Street

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

VOL. XXIX

JANUARY 1921

No. 4



"They Build Too Low who Build Beneath the Stars."

College Life and Study

"Do not let your studies interfere with your college education," is the motto which adorns the walls of many a student's room and quiets his conscience upon coming in at a late hour "when good fellows get together." This frequenter of moving picture houses, grandstands, and corridors we call a "student" for want of a safer word, though it sometimes obviously does him an injustice.

Even before entering college the question of study is faced. He hears accounts of initiations and celebrations. His chum's big brother tells him confidentially just what he must do in order to be rushed into the right fraternity. Everywhere is the spirit of the "good fellow" and the joys of the school curriculum are little discussed. With his mind set on going to college he reads all that comes to hand on the subject. The newspapers give details of the games

and full length portraits of the heroes. They report night shirt parades, dances, hazing, smokers—anything but studies.

After entering college the boy continues his course under the guiding hand of the Sophomore. The tutor informs him that the main object is to get an all round education, that the professors and the college courses are obstacles to be overcome in the best manner possible. The upper classmen tell him he is "seeing life" and that he will become an all round man yet if he is lucky and the faculty do not interfere with his education.

"Dignified credit to all," is printed on the down town bill boards. "Enjoy your new suit now, and pay for it later." Thus, the boy is lured onward into the depths of "College Life" by the upper classmen and the installment plan. He expects to get an education on deferred payments in effort, only to find himself at the end hopelessly

out of the game and no credit for him, dignified or otherwise.

A few years ago a college president put the matter up to the students in these words: "Put your studies first; and that for three reasons: First, you will have a better time in college. Second, after the first three months you will stand better with your fellows. Third, your future career depends upon it." The fellow who is out for the best there is in a college career will take down that sign, "Do not let your studies interfere with your college education," and replace it with this: "Do not let your college life interfere with your ambition."

For the past four months the entire nation has been astounded and shocked by **The Days Of Jesse James Again?** the increasing volume of criminal assaults, robberies and murders. In almost every city men have been robbed and murdered in broad daylight not more than a few hundred feet from a policeman and the murderers have made their escape.

Now the center of activity has changed to New York but by no means has any other city been neglected. During the fifty-five days between October first, and Thanksgiving, New York was the scene of forty-one murders. The newspapers of the country through their editorial columns, have offered many good and as many bad suggestions and remedies for these atrocious crimes but it is apparent, after reading a recent address of Mr. Enright, Police Commissioner of New York City, in which he stated that his Police Department of 10,700 men was not large enough to protect six million people, 3,914 miles of streets and, moreover, an enormous amount of property, that increased police efficiency, to be obtained by the addition of many more men and by keeping politics out of any city's police department is sorely needed.

The causes brought forward to account for this wave of crime are as mixed and

varied as are the composition of the numerous gangs of cutthroats. Many think the reason is that of reaction after a ruthless war, in which property rights and human lives were utterly disregarded. Others lay it at the doors of a certain class of profiteering, to the effect of the Prohibition law and to the extensive use of drugs. The best explanation of all is that a class of young men of today having no desire to work for a living, but, needing money like everyone else, commit highway robbery, seize property and even kill human beings to attain that end.

We have all, long ago, decided that this must be stopped but most all of us have not the least idea how to cope with so serious a situation. The police in every city seem to be as much at sea as we are; however, let us hope that with the coming of 1921 an efficient and lasting remedy will be discovered.

H. N.

We are accustomed to seeing yearly calendars profusely decorated with weather forecasts and like observations **Weather Forecasts** for twelve months ahead. Up to the present time these forecasts have been arranged principally from probable weather conditions as shown by averaging the conditions upon each date for years before. Now, however, according to an announcement made recently to the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada by the assistant director of the observatory at Ottawa, weather forecasts for months ahead will be possible as a direct result of solar observations.

The sun has great influence over varying weather conditions on the earth and recent observations have led to the belief that it will be possible to predict the general trend of the weather for even a year ahead. To be able to foretell the amount of rainfall and the temperature for several months in advance, may take fifty or even a hundred years of observation but it is firmly believed that this end will be reached.



"Reading is to the Mind what Exercise is to the Body."

A NIGHTMARE DREAM

By John P. White, '22.



ONE cold winter's evening I was seated before a large open fire in my study enjoying my after dinner mixture. After studying hard all day, I was tired and could hardly keep my eyes open.

Suddenly I beheld an old Roman soldier, whom I recognized as Julius Caesar, sneaking in at the back door of his house, with his shoes in his hand. Going into his room, he turned on the electric lights and went to bed, and was soon fast asleep. Soon after, Antony entered and asked for Julius. Calpurnia took Antony to Julius' bedroom and showed him her sleeping lord. "O, Caesar! Thou art mighty still," exclaimed Antony, as he shook the ashes from his good five-cent cigar.

The scene changed and I found myself in Athens. I saw a man, somewhat aged, coming from the office of an eye, ear and nose doctor, and I quickly saw that he was Homer, the blind poet. When he saw me

he rushed up and recited a poem to me. It went something like this:—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
I took a ride in a trolley car,
The trolley car ran off the track—
I wish I had my seven cents back."

After hearing and seeing all this I thought I would return home, so I went on board a steamer bound for New York.

Arriving in New York, I decided to call on my old friend, John D. Rockefeller. I found him in his office on Wall street muttering to himself about raising the price of oil. When he saw me he quieted down, gave me a Blackstone cigar, which I lighted and began to puff.

Opening my eyes, I found myself sitting in a large chair by the open fire, which had gone out long before. Looking at the cuckoo clock, I found that I had been sleeping two long hours.

HOUSE CLEANING DAY

By R. W. Coyne.



THERE is a period each year which every boy looks forward to with a feeling as pleasant as a swim on January 1st. A day when the sun is shining, a day when the most important baseball game of the year is to be played, is al-

ways the dreaded day. He arises, eats his breakfast and is just slipping out the back door, when a voice calls him. He is then put to work washing windows, which everybody knows is not quite as agreeable a recreation as it might be. Then, the veranda flooring must be scrubbed until it

might serve as the family mirror. Next of course, there are twenty-six or more rugs to be beaten and swept. Finally, after sifting about a ton of coal ashes, cleaning up the back yard, whitewashing the hencoop

and after finishing several other equally pleasant tasks, the boy is free to do whatever he pleases for the remainder of the day.

SUNRISE

By Julia Johnson.



THE first gray streak of light was just stealing over the grim, rugged mountain, making, at first, a pale glimmer but gradually growing brighter and brighter until every little tree was visible on the majestic mountain top. As the light became more steady and strong, the little dew fogs rose from the lake and crept slowly away. They clung together in long columns, as if gathering to oppose this haughty intruder, but realizing at last how vain their attempt, sorrowfully took shelter behind the friendly hills.

Then the autumn woods gradually lost their dusky hue and the bright blue sky reflected itself in the smooth, glassy lake. Yet before the floating impress of the woods could clear itself, the great ball of fire leaped over the mountain, casting amber, blue and purple, or a tint of rich, red rose, according to the scene it lit upon, dispelling all fear and the lingering hint of darkness.

Then everything awoke to life and everywhere was heard the cheerful twittering of birds and the shrill cries of the barnyard animals.

THE QUIET COUNTRY LIFE

By Pearl Graffam.



HERE is no place like the country if one is looking for a quiet, peaceful spot in which to rest. At least this is the opinion of many city bred people, who see no more of the country than they can get in a two weeks' visit to some small town in June. Having lived in the country all my life I have a different opinion on the subject. Farms in general may be quiet and peaceful but if this is the case then our farm is an exception to the general rule, for certainly there is nothing the least bit quiet about it.

Imagine irritable, fidgety, eccentric Aunt Maria coming to "rest up" at our place in September or October, for instance. She arrives in the late afternoon and the beauty of the autumn woods, all red and yellow, gleaming in the last rays of the setting sun, give her just that feeling of restfulness

which she anticipated. Worn out with her journey, she goes to bed about half past seven, happy to think that at last she has found the only peaceful spot on earth.

Our little farm in the matter of livestock, can boast only of Dick, a horse; Chester, a pig; Mary Gusta, Cleopatra, and George Washington, three highly respectable but musically inclined calves; two staid old cows; two silver black foxes, Adam and Eve, with some fourteen of their decendants; and last but not by any means least, some twenty young roosters with remarkable vocal powers. This may not sound like much of a chorus, but it can make more really hair raising noises than one would expect.

Aunt Maria, blissfully unaware of the existence of this talented assemblage, finds everything just as she expected until the moon comes up. Then the music begins.

Adam, the patriarch of the foxes, mounts upon the top of his coop, points his long, sharp nose toward the moon, and begins a solo, long drawn out and weird. Again and again his blood curdling howls, sometimes sounding almost human, like a child in distress, send the echoes ringing back from the woods, and incidentally cause Aunt Maria to sit up in bed and cover her ears with her hands. A little gentle explanation banishes her worst fears about the murder, which she imagined was going on, but it does not stop the howling. Soon the other foxes join in and by the time the moon is well above the horizon the din is almost maddening.

It is half past eleven before Aunt Maria drops off to sleep again. About twelve the sound of heavy footsteps in the room below again rouses her from her peaceful slumbers. We had forgotten to tell her that Father works in the city evenings and always gets home at twelve, and in her ignorance of this all important fact, she is positive that burglars are stealing the silver. A heavy tread toward the pantry door and a rattling of dishes announce to us that Father is looking for the milk pail. On account of his hours of working his evening chores come at midnight. Aunt Maria breathes a sigh of relief when at last this burglar finds what he is looking for and retreats to the barn without murdering anyone. She is just dozing off again when an

unearthly buzzing whirl forces itself upon her mind, already greatly disturbed by the night's events. In her imagination she conjures up all sorts of dreadful things which might cause that buzz, omitting from that list the only thing that could possibly cause it, the cream separator. George Washington, the aforementioned calf, on hearing the separator, sets up a lusty blating, which strikes terror to the heart of Aunt Maria.

Between three and four o'clock a calm stillness settles down over the farm and Aunt Maria drops off to sleep again. Four o'clock marks the beginning of musical activities in the chicken coop, a continuous recital with no intermission. At daybreak a horrible din commences down in the lower end of the field and advances rapidly toward the house.

In Aunt Maria's dream she is in the war zone and the Germans are making an attack. The cause of this is nothing more or less than our old white horse, which, in the day time, cannot stand still without going to sleep and falling over, but is now chasing the cows around the house just to see them run. The program ends with the delightful peal of the alarm clock. The performance is over and Aunt Maria, with all her nerves "on edge," rises and begins to pack her things. Quiet farm life does not agree with her.

FALL

By Herbert C. Glass.



THE beautiful summer slowly gave way before the triumphant advance of the equally beautiful fall. The gardens ripened fast and nature in many ways underwent a decided change. One day, when the hand of Mother Nature was slowly tinting the trees with radiant colors, I went for a walk to view the surrounding

country. My path led me to the top of a high hill, where I found a natural seat and there decided to rest and gaze upon the panoramic view below me.

So vividly was this view imprinted upon my mind that even now I can remember it distinctly. Close by the trees were of the most startling colors as if one color were struggling for supremacy over another. As

the eye traveled downward these decided colors seemed to blend and present the most restful harmony of color. Here and there was an open spot where the green grass was slowly becoming smothered under the soft covering of falling leaves. At the foot of the hill, whirling merrily upon its crooked course, ran a small brook. Now and then a gust of wind bore some helpless leaf into the brook and then, like a boat without guidance, it was whirled about and carried along until it disappeared. Thus it would be until the cold hand of Jack Frost should come and silence the

musical gurgle of the brook.

On the opposite shore of the brook the land rose in a steep grade forming another hill. This slope was covered with trees, which also shared the beauty of the fall fashions in leafy radiance. Now and then a rabbit ran noiselessly along at the base of the hill or stopped for a drink of the clear water of the brook. Up—up to the very top of the hill, the beauty ever increasing, the view melted away into the clear blue sky, which was marred only by an occasional cloud floating lazily along its even course.

MY UNLUCKY DAY

G. H. R., '21.



HERE, I've gone and done it! Slept overtime! Mother is away for the week and I am depending upon myself to get up in time for school. So far, I have done fairly well. True, I have not had time a single morning to eat breakfast, but I have managed to slip into the school building just as the last gong was ringing, and have even had a little time to stand before the dressing room mirror and put a little dab of powder on my nose, before making a record dash to my home room.

This morning, however, I have indeed overslept. It is now just eight o'clock. Well, as long as I'm going to be late, anyhow, I might as well have some breakfast. I make my toilet hastily, then start to get breakfast. I put an egg on the stove to fry while I was eating cereal. When I went after it it was burned black. The coffee had boiled down to about an eighth of a cup. This, of course, irritated my naturally sweet disposition.

Disgusted with my attempt at breakfast, I picked up my books and started for school. When I got half way to the corner, I heard the car coming. I started to

run at breakneck speed and when almost at the corner struck a piece of ice. My feet shot out ahead of me, and I found myself sitting in the middle of the sidewalk, with books and papers strewn around me.

Just then the car went by and I was the object of much laughter. This, along with the fact of missing the car put me in a far from pleasant mood.

I walked to school and arrived there at nine o'clock, just one hour late. I strolled into the office "kind of indifferent like," and told my sad story. Mr. S— could see no reason for my being late. I tried to reason with him, but in the end received a "comeback" for two afternoons!

By this time, I was in such a sweet and lovable mood I could have eaten the whole side out of the building.

All went well till recess, when I discovered I had forgotten my lunch. I rushed down to the lunch room, only to find all the sandwiches sold. My mind was so taken up in telling my hard luck story to a friend that I did not hear the gong ring for the end of recess and consequently was late for the next recitation. For this, I was sharply reprimanded. This was too much—I lost my temper, "sassed" the

teacher and received another afternoon back.

During class I sat brooding over my

troubles, was called on unexpectedly and failed. If this is the result of oversleeping, I vow I will never oversleep again!

THE FIRST SNOW FALL

By Madeline K. Heath, '23.



SILENCE reigned supreme. The crystal snowflakes fell noiselessly from a November sky. The grasses in the fields no longer rustled in the wind, they were cold and lifeless; even the field mice were still.

The pond looked black and forbidding under a clouded sky, and a thin coating of ice could be seen along its shores.

The voices of the woods were hushed.

A robbin was hopping along the snow-covered path, and in a tall pine tree a crow was perching. Apart from these, there were no signs of life in the great forest.

Even the brook was subdued as it flowed in its pebbly bed. The snow lodged on the mosses and overhanging trees, as if trying to choke the stream from its very existence.

Everywhere there was a deep and impressive silence, as if the hand of God were lifted in a benediction.

THE ELECTRIC MINDREADER

By Vance S. Wilcox.



"O" said the old man as he closed the switch of his delicately adjusted instruments on the laboratory table.

The laboratory was full of all kinds of electric apparatus such as electric motors, wireless instruments, coils, X-rays, dynamos, etc.

"Throw me out of Columbia University will they? Call me crazy, too,—bosh! I have a machine that no man else has,—an instrument, that by two or three adjustments of the knob on the switchboard, tuned like a wireless, will read the human mind! The mind, yes, the human mind!" and so the old man kept up his ravings until he was too tired to keep awake.

He went into his bedroom adjoining the laboratory and lay down. Somewhere in the stillness of that cold November night, a clock struck one.

Down in the underworld in another part of the city, the slums, where crooks, murderers and poverty reign supreme, Jack Ramsell, or "the Weasel," as he was called, slipped out of his bunk, took a flashlight

and a set of burglar's tools and started toward old Professor Hargrave's laboratories.

He went up the fire escape and in through the laboratory window, for he was told that somewhere in the laboratory was the mind reading machine which he had been paid to steal. He made a step toward some instruments on the table but just then the door adjoining the laboratory was thrown open and there stood the old professor looking very much indeed the maniac that he was.

On his head was clamped a pair of telephone receivers, which were connected to the mind-reading machine by means of a flexible cord, fifteen or twenty feet long.

"Ah!" said he, "so you have been sent to steal my machine, eh? Oh, you needn't try to scare me with that revolver you are pointing at me,—it isn't loaded."

The Weasel wondered what kind of specimen he confronted. "Well," said the old professor, and his voice became soft and agreeable, "come over here and sit in this chair."

The Weasel obeyed and to his horror found the chair electrified so that he could not move out of its clutches!

Then Professor Hargrave's voice became hoarse and cracked; his mouth was foaming, his eyes were distorted, his face was ashen.

He adjusted a knob on the instruments on the table and an ultra-violet ray darted straight into the eyes of his victim. "So you recoil, do you? Huh, I am going to make you beg for mercy. When I turn this ultra-violet ray on you and then turn this knob at the bottom of the instrument, a Roentgen ray will unite with the ultra-violet and you will never again have a desire to steal inventions."

There was a moment's silence and then the Professor turned the knob. As he did so a miniature bolt of purple lightning darted across the room, set the curtains at the window on fire instantly, and in a few minutes, the laboratory was a seething furnace.

Overcome by the fumes of smoke the

Weasel fainted. When he came to, he was in a hospital with a group of nurses around him. Just then a doctor came in.

"Take him away!" shouted the Weasel.

"Why, aren't you the old Professor?"

"No," said the doctor, "he perished back there in his laboratory before the firemen could reach him."

"It's a good thing something happened when he turned those red-hot beams of light on me," said the Weasel, as he closed his eyes and sighed.

And he immediately resolved that this, his first attempt at playing the game of the underworld, would be his last.

He lived to be thankful to Fate for the little trick which she had played upon him, at the time of his encounter with the crazy Professor; for the same qualities which made him appeal to the leaders of the gangsters as desirable material, when properly developed and turned into their true channels, made him a successful leader in the good paths of life.

THE NORTH-POLAR DASH

By Wade White, '22.



HE "America," a large dirigible, was headed almost due north, for she was on her way to the North Pole. I was pacing the bridge and observing the general behavior of the craft. We had been flying for about three hours and were already about three hundred miles from the starting place. The machinery was working smoothly and there was no noise except the music that was being played by one of the wireless operators on a victrola.

Our motive power was electricity. This was furnished by two dynamos that were run by the current furnished by a small electric lighting plant. These dynamos furnished the power to run the motors connected to the eight twelve-foot propellers,

which drove her through the air, and also furnished the currents for the searchlights, wireless, electric controls for the steering and elevating rudders, for the general lighting circuit, and for cooking—this being done by electricity—for the signal system and the heaters.

We carried seven officers, two wireless men, six engineers and a crew of twenty men. We had with us material to repair almost any sort of breakdown that could happen to us. Also we carried cables and other things to moor our vessel when we landed.

Although I had been on the bridge since the start it was really the third officer's watch, the captain, first officer, and chief engineer not having to stand watch. My

watch was taken by the second officer, the first officer's watch was taken by the third officer, the engineer's watch was taken by his two assistants.

We were not scheduled to stop until we reached Greenland, where we would take on supplies for our trip into the frozen north. However, once we were forced to come down and rest upon the water off the coast of Nova Scotia, while the engineers replaced a bearing, which had burned out of one of the propeller motors, having been caused by insufficient lubrications.

We reached Greenland without further mishaps, and after taking on gas enough to fill our tanks, some extra supplies, a pack of dogs and a sledge, and some extra clothing for ourselves we set out for the pole. After three days, we found a landing place about two days' journey by dog team from the pole. We landed and set about making this place our headquarters. We placed our beacons, to be used, if the vessel left the ground, to guide the craft back to its berth, for it was in the season when the sun never shines.

Two days after landing I set out in command of the party which went to the pole. We made this trip by dog team. We found the pole after about four days of arduous travel. We stayed at the pole about one day, setting up an iron pole with the American flag fastened to the top of it. We then started back traveling slowly and visiting two or three villages that lay along the way. In one of these villages our dogs got into a fight with the Esquimo huskies. One or two were killed on each side and after the fight all of them began eating the flesh of their fallen comrades.

We reached the landing place in about a

week and found the ship had been forced to rise to weather a severe wind storm. We encamped there for the night, the man tending the signal lights reporting our presence to the "America" by wireless. The next morning she came to anchor in her berth and we went on board. We spent another day taking up the signal apparatus at the landing and storing it away.

We then sailed around among the villages for about a month and a half. The scientists, who were with us, getting data on the social life and customs of the Esquimos, found all the data they wished. Everywhere we were received with a sort of superstitious awe. We made friends with all of the people and they gave us many trinkets made from bone and walrus ivory.

After getting what data the scientists wanted, we started for home. We stopped at Greenland two days for supplies and then resumed our journey. We went to England and then to France, where the scientists lectured on the trip and their observations in the frozen north.

We then started for the United States. The trip was broken by our having to descend in the open sea during a thick fog to repair the electric steering controls, which in some way became short circuited. We kept the electric siren going at intervals of 45 seconds all night, so as to warn all vessels of our whereabouts in the fog. The next morning we resumed our journey and two days later were home, having been gone about five months.

Of course the newspapers had a great deal to say about us, but what did we care for that? We still had the good old "America" and the promise of another trip in her very soon.

INDIAN RELICS

By N. E. T., '23.



HERE is an island at the mouth of the Penobscot Bay, called Burnt Island. Many years ago the Indians used to live on this island summers in order to catch clams and fish, and lobsters.

They used to have clambakes on the shores.

This island is very beautiful. The scenery is grand and rugged. Here and there you will notice a little mound. If you go along and dig down a little way you will come to a lot of clam shells. Sometimes there will be a place ten feet long

and five feet wide and three feet deep, just filled with clam shells. You would be surprised to think that there could be so many and it is the same all over the island.

A few years ago some professors from the University of Maine went down there and camped. They used to dig into these little mounds and sometimes they found beads and pieces of stone arrow heads, and what they took to be chisels. They found quite a lot of interesting relics. Some of the old Indians still go there.

AN AIRPLANE LANDS

By Dorothy Southard, '21.



N airplane is falling in the pasture," shouted Timmy to his companions. However, he did not wait for them, but vaulting lightly over the pasture fence, reached the airplane almost as soon as it had landed. Then, with his freckled face lighted with joy, he walked around and around the wonderful "bird of the air."

The aviator, a tall, handsome man, with dark brown hair and brown eyes, which seemed to just bubble over with fun, noticed the small boy's admiration, and overheard his awed, "Oh, what a peach! Oh, my! Oh, my!"

"Well, sonny, what do you think of her?" he asked.

"Oh, she is wonderful! How I would love to go sailing through the skies, mocking the birds, and seeing the earth stretching far below me, as you do."

Having said this, which was quite a lot for Timmy to say, especially to such a wonderful man as this aviator, he suddenly became very embarrassed, feeling the eyes of the many people, who had by this time assembled, upon him.

"Well, well, you certainly deserve to, I'm sure. Say, sonny, do you know many people around here? If so, you are just the person I'm looking for."

"Do I know many people around here? Well, I should say so. I know every one for five miles around, any way."

"Good. I guess I'll tell you my story and see if you can help me. Hop in, and if you can direct me to the place I'm looking for—why, we'll ride over in fine style.

"Eight years ago I left home, to earn a living, with the idea that in six months I would be a millionaire or some great person. About this time many people were going to Southern Africa in search of diamonds. This seemed very thrilling to me and I made up my mind that that was where I must go. So, finally, I got on a ship sailing for Africa. For two weeks we had fine weather and then came a dreadful storm. Our ship was very old and no match for the wind and waves and we were all cast shipwrecked on the northern coast of Africa. I had not a cent of money and I began to get very homesick. I wrote several letters home but they were all returned unopened. I then set to work to earn

money to return home and had nearly enough, when the war broke out. I crossed over to France and joined the aviation corps. A month ago our outfit all returned to the U. S. A., and as soon as I was discharged I went to my old home, only to find that my parents had thought I was

drowned and had moved to this village.

"My name is Irving, Don Irving. Do you suppose you could show me where Mr. John J. Irving lives?"

"Oh—oh—oh! Brother Don, brother Don!"

MRS. JONES GOES SHOPPING

By Kathleen Hand, '22.

Scene: The dry goods department of a large store. Enter a young woman with a determined air.

Salesman (with a genial smile): "What can I do for you this morning, Madam?"

Mrs. Jones: "I—I want some organdie."

"What color do you prefer?"

"I guess white—no pink or—what colors have you?"

"I have white, pink, blue, lavender, yellow, red, gray, Nile green, reseda, emerald—"

"Mercy! Let me see what shade of white you have."

"What shade of white? Why—Oh, yes, ivory, cream and pure white."

"Let me see the pure and how wide is it?"

"It's fifty inches."

"Oh!"

"What do you want to use it for, Madam?"

"I don't have to tell you, do I? I guess that's my own business."

Salesman (exasperated): "Certainly it is. I thought perhaps I might be able to help you decide upon what width you wanted."

"Oh, I see! Well, I want to make—How much is that pink organdie a yard?"

"That, Madam, is fifty cents."

"That's too cheap. I want something more expensive. What is that white goods there?"

"That is charmeuse."

"Charmeuse?"

"Yes, a soft satin used mostly in making

elaborate gowns."

"Well, I guess I don't want that. I suppose you have dotted Swiss?"

"Yes, of course."

"How much of that does it take to make a dress?"

"What kind of a dress, Madam?"

"Just an ordinary dress."

"You have a pattern?"

"No!"

"Well, you should have one so that I—"

"I don't have to have one. My dress-maker has original styles."

"If that's the case of course you don't. I simply asked so that I might tell you how many yards of material to buy."

"Oh, I see. Have you batiste?"

"Yes. But Madam, that is used more for making underwear than dresses."

"Oh dear dear! That's always the way. When you see something pretty that you would like for a dress, some one tells you that it's not the style or that it's too expensive or too cheap—"

"But, Madam—"

"Don't 'but' me! When I come to the stores to buy, I know what I want. Show me some of your voiles."

"Certainly. This is an excellent quality, formerly thirty-five cents a yard."

"Dear me. That's too cheap. Don't I look as if I could pay a little better price than that? Land! You salesmen make me sick. Unless a person is clothed in velvet and covered with diamonds, you won't show them a thing. You haven't put yourself out the least bit for me this morning.

You've showed me only a few materials. Let me see some of your more expensive voiles."

"This is a French voile at one dollar and fifty cents."

"French did you say? I don't want that. I believe in buying American made goods."

"Here is another quality. This is made in America."

"Yes. But that's so narrow. Why, it would take ten yards to make Lily a dress."

"Madam, I'm sure you could make Lily a dress out of four yards."

"Perhaps you could but I couldn't. You can't know Lily. She weighs two hundred."

Salesman (much astonished): "Oh, I see."

"Oh, you can see her all right and you

don't have to use a spy-glass, either. Perhaps Lily would like a dress made of lawn. Have you any?"

"I'm sorry. We are just out of it."

"Oh, yes. That's the way. You never have what a person wants."

"I may have something in stock you would like. You haven't looked at our flowered muslins."

"No, because I don't want any. Have you cheese-cloth?"

"Yes, Madam."

"How much is that a yard?"

Salesman (hoping at last that he will make a sale,): "Twenty-five cents."

Mrs. Jones (determinedly): "I'll take half a yard. That's what I came down street for, anyway!"

Curtain!

ALL IN A DAY

By Wilson James.



THE sun rises slowly over the eastern horizon. As the glow of it spreads, it reveals the work that nature has done during the dark hours in the form of sparkling dewdrops on everything: rocks, grass, branches. In this early morning air there is a slight chill due to the fact that everything is damp.

As the sun rises and starts its daily course across the heavens, it dries the dew-covered objects and it also takes the chill from the atmosphere and begins to give forth a little of its heat.

Noon comes and the heat becomes almost unbearable. Not a breeze stirs the grass or leaves; the air is breathless and oppressive. Fields near the roads are dust-covered as there is no wind to carry the dust away. All about is laziness: the flowers droop their dainty heads before the heat; the cattle are lying quiet in whatever shade they may chance to find; even the birds are silent and for the most part, motionless.

Hark! Now the birds can be seen to fly high into the sky and swoop back towards earth, only to soar again and at the same time they seem to be crying almost madly. Listen! In the distance there comes a low rumbling, and, looking skywards, one may see that the heavens are becoming dark, overcast, and threatening. See! the cattle are seeking shelter from the rapidly approaching storm.

Now, the storm bursts. The thunder roars madly and the vivid, wicked-looking lightning flashes. The rain comes down in never-ceasing torrents. Now, the storm is at its height. Crash! A once tall and stately pine comes hurtling to earth as a result of the sharp lightning.

The storm does not seem to be as heavy, and, as the thunder becomes more distant and the lightning less vivid, it is evident that the storm has spent itself.

As the clouds break away, the sun comes out only to describe itself into a beautiful, picturesque sunset. Over the hard rain-beaten roads, the lowing cattle come slowly

along, pausing frequently to notice the rushing, muddy water by the roadside; and pausing for quite a while to drink their fill in the swollen brook. As they bring their noses from the cool, refreshing waters they breathe in eagerly the cool evening air.

Everything from rocks to trees and

grass has been thoroughly washed. In the gathering twilight the cheery, twittering of the happy birds and the contented croaking of the frog in his nightly song falls on the ear of those nearby. And to think that all these moods of nature were displayed in a single day!

A SPY

By Bernice Daley, '21.



I was in the village of Essars, seven miles from the city of Betheune, during the dark days of 1918, when the Germans were steadily advancing and pushing the Allied armies back. Every inch of ground was stubbornly contested. Reinforcements coming, stemmed the advance of the Rhineland army and there was a let up for a few days while boards of strategy on both sides were busily engaged in planning the next method of attack.

In the outskirts of this small village, about fifteen miles from the attacking point, Madame Lessard was the owner of a small Inn. Owing to the activities of army men in this section, very few had partaken of Madame's hospitality, though her omelets were the talk of all the officers, who would ride many miles to enjoy one of her delicious meals.

This day, the twenty-sixth of March, as darkness slowly came swallowing the villages and landscapes, Madame was sleeping in her large armchair in front of the fireplace, when she was suddenly aroused from her dream by a loud knocking on the door. Rubbing her eyes, she said:

"Entrez, s'il vous plait," and a man in the uniform of an English officer walked into the room.

"Parlez-vous Anglais, Madame?"

"Ah, oui," she replied in the peasant language of her land.

"An omelet, then, with some toast and coffee," he ordered, as he stood in front of the fireplace.

Madame made her way quickly to the kitchen and began to prepare the meal. Suddenly there was a loud noise in the yard and five more officers, three of them English and two Americans, came into the room. They stopped on seeing that another officer was there ahead of them and one of the five went quickly forward, saluted, and asked,

"What division?"

The answer came quickly,—

"The fifty-fifth from Lancashire, and I am on my way to St. Pol for orders. Dine with me, and let's make it a jolly party."

His invitation was accepted and when Madame heard of the other five officers she exclaimed:

"Six strangers to supper! And will you all have omelets?"

They accepted and she hastened to prepare the meal for the hungry men.

While waiting for their meal the officers began talking about the latest phases of the campaign. The first officer was unusually interested in the American officers and asked question after question of them; but they, being of a very suspicious nature, evaded every topic that he talked about.

One of the Americans, Lieutenant Denman, came from Milwaukee. He had associated very much with Germans in America and became very suspicious of this

man's actions. He was in the Intelligence Department and interrogated German prisoners. He had found out from one the password, and he had determined to try it at his first opportunity, on this suspicious host and to clear up in his mind some of his perplexing thoughts.

One by one, the officers sought a secluded corner and tried to snatch a little sleep. They had been all dozing but the American Lieutenant and the suspicious officer. These two were now facing each other. They were becoming more friendly and somewhat confidential, when the American Lieutenant whispered across the table:

"Der Tag!"

The other looked up surprised and responded:

"Gott mit unes!"

The American quickly covered him with his revolver and shouted:

"Hands up!"

The other officers awoke at the shout, and taking in the situation, made the spy a prisoner. They searched him and found plans of the region, that he was trying to smuggle back to the Germans.

He met a spy's death and the American Lieutenant was commended highly for his work.

A NARROW ESCAPE

By Caleb Cheeshahteumuck, '21.



he'll drown, girls, she'll drown!" The excited girl rushed from the veranda steps.

"Who'll drown, and what are you yelling about?" calmly inquired her friend, appearing in the doorway. Her answer was to point to the waves.

Dot, the cause of this excitement, was struggling way, way above her head in the water. Dot was terribly frightened of dogs. When she was a little thing one had bitten her and ever since, she had held the beasts in mortal terror. This special morning she had been sitting on the edge of the float, dreaming and looking off over the lake, oblivious of all surroundings, and as a result, had not noticed the approach of her enemy, the bulldog, until it was too late. Dot saw in no time there was no escape—except into the lake and into the lake she went.

And now she was drowning. Helen jumped upon the float in no time. She lay down on her stomach and tried in vain to

reach her darling Dot. "Oh," she screamed, "come here, Dottie, come here." But no. Dottie struggled feebly and disappeared from sight.

Helen's friend, Ruth, was now on the float and taking off her shoes. "I'll get her, Helen," she said, as calmly as though but a handkerchief were blown overboard. She threw off her middy and skirt and was in the water in no time, slipping off the end of the float.

Helen stood wringing her hands. "Get her—quick!" she screamed, as Ruth flung out her hand and grabbed Dot by the head. "Here, I'll take her," she said, and Ruth handed Helen her precious little Dottie. Helen ran for the house, her little kitten in her arms, calling loudly for towels and a chair near the stove.

Several other girls had by that time gathered on the float and helped poor, wet Ruth out of the water. Ruth laughingly said to them, "That cat is more important to Helen than I am. If you girls hadn't been here, I should be there in the water yet!"



LOCALS

"Facts are Stubborn Things."

A short time ago Mr. Fisher, manager of the Bangor district of the Telephone Company, gave a very interesting lecture upon the telephone to the Senior Commercial in the lecture room. His talk was illustrated by stereopticon slides and we learned much about the telephone which we had never known before.

On Jan. 3, school began again and B. H. S. once more opened its doors to the throng of students not to close them again until the Easter vacation—a period of twelve weeks.

Eliot R. Duncan, formerly head of the Commercial department of the Rockland High school, joins the faculty as a member of the Commercial department, succeeding Gilbert T. Buker, who has resigned.

Elmar T. Boyd, formerly head of the History department, has left the faculty to become librarian at the Public Library, and is succeeded by Miss Irene Cousins, who came back to us this year from Malden. Mrs. Frederick M. Woodman, formerly of the faculty, is substituting in the department until a permanent teacher is found.

A fine illustrated lecture was given by three of Bangor's young men belonging to the Bowdoin club, in the lecture room during the sixth period on Monday, Nov. 22. To the Junior and Senior boys many views were shown of the Bowdoin campus, scenery and fine buildings. The Bowdoin men cordially invited the boys present to visit Brunswick during the holidays, when they

would be shown over the grounds. They also hoped to be able to have a lot of the Seniors enrolled in the school the following year.

On Friday, Dec. 17, the closing day of the fall term, the school was asked to contribute something toward the amount necessary for the task undertaken by Mr. Hoover of feeding and clothing the 3,000,000 war orphans. Although the demand was rather sudden, a considerable sum was gathered by room collections. A whole period was given over to this appeal together with several selections by the High School Orchestra.

There was a large crowd of students present at the dance given in Assembly Hall, on Friday, Dec. 17, the proceeds of which was to be used for the joint benefit of the High School Band, and the football team. The dancers had a fine time and the result was a big success for the benefitters.

"Sightseeing" in the November Oracle, should have been credited to Rosemary Allen, '21.

The High School body was personally invited by Dr. D. A. Robinson to the illustrated lecture in the City Hall, to celebrate the hundredth year of Maine's presence in the Union as a state. All of the pupils who attended enjoyed a fine selection of pictures taken all over their state.

"The Charm of Fine Manners," by Mrs. Helen E. Starrett, is a book which has re-

cently been added to the High school library. It presents simply and gracefully the highest standards of behavior and conversation in that society, which is best in the best sense. In fact, it is the kind of book that will make every nice girl say, "That is just what my mother has always taught me." Read it, girls, and see if you don't think so.

On Monday, Dec. 13, the third period class in Senior English in 209, enjoyed an excellent address by Mr. Walter Robinson, who is well known in the city and is a Bangor High graduate, and who has just returned from the ruins of France, where he

went with a delegation of men from Massachusetts. This body went across with the purpose of sorting out and returning home for burial here the bodies of all the soldiers from Massachusetts, who were victims of the Germans. Mr. Robinson, told at the request of his sister, Miss Mary Robinson, of his personal meeting with Field Marshal Foch and General Joffre, whom he was fortunate enough to hear speak at a gathering of the delegates and some Frenchmen. He told the students of many things which were new and of keen interest to them. His talk was enjoyed by all the scholars, who were very grateful for hearing him.

DEBATING

"Flood of Word and Drop of Reason."

THE SENATE.

Meeting of Senate, Monday, December 13.

Meeting called to order at 3.15 by President Hodgman.

Plans for Bates League are discussed.

The Manual of Debate is reviewed.

A debate is held on the Bates League proposition, during which Alan Crowell takes the chair.

Carl Morrison, '20, makes criticisms on the different speakers.

Meeting adjourns at 5.15 p. m.

Respectfully submitted,

Leslie J. Bowler,

Sec'y-Treas.

MEETING OF THE HOUSE, DEC. 6.

At the meeting of the House, held in Room 110, December 6, 1920, the minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The following question was debated: Resolved, That Maine Should Establish a State Police Force, Similar to the Northwest Mounted Police of Canada.

Affirmative: Harold O'Connell, Gordon Smith, Edw. Sawyer.

Negative: Wm. Largay, Don. Mason, Lewis Neal.

The decision was given to the negative by the following judges: Thomas Largay, Keith Googins, the faculty adviser.

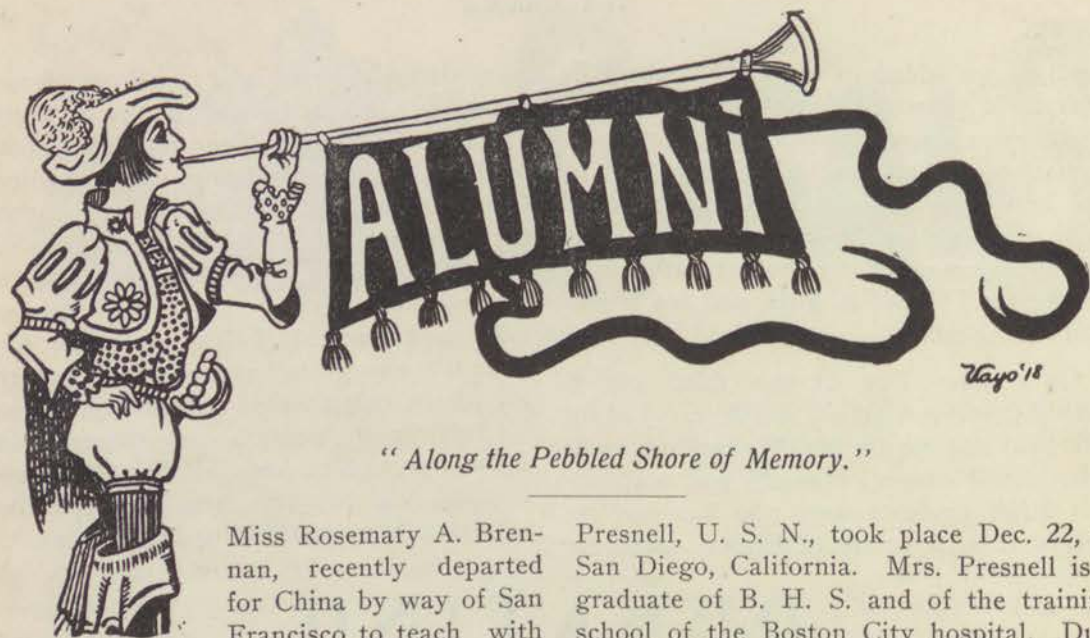
A meeting of the executive committee was to be held after the meeting. The motion to adjourn was carried.

Respectfully submitted, Hubert Ring.

The Girls' Debating Society held its last meeting of the fall term, December 15. It was decided that the next meeting of the society should be held Wednesday of the first week of the winter term. The Bates League question will be discussed at this meeting. The question for today is: Resolved, That Credits Should Be Given for Accomplishments Outside of School as Well as Inside of School. The affirmative was upheld by Eugenia Patten and Christine McLaughlin; the negative by Helen Fowle. Fay Everett and Eugenia Patten are to meet with Miss Mary Robinson and decide a question for the next meeting.

Respectfully submitted,

Thelma Goodale, Sec.



"Along the Pebbled Shore of Memory."

Miss Rosemary A. Brennan, recently departed for China by way of San Francisco to teach with the American Red Cross. Miss Brennan graduated from B. H. S. in 1911 and was also a former student of U. of M. and Simmons College.

Among others there appear upon the list of nominations of the freshman class of the U. of M., the names, Eugene McDonald, for president, Anna Daley for secretary, for executive committee, William Gallagher, for hop committee, Philip T. Oak, and for banquet committee, Bentley Hutchins.

An engagement of interest to Bangor people recently announced in Bath, was that of Miss Doris L. Stetson of that city, to William M. Worden of Portland, formerly of Bangor. Mr. Worden is a graduate of B. H. S. in the class of 1917, a former student of Boston University and is now assistant manager of the Chevrolet Co. in Portland.

A recent announcement of interest is that of the engagement of Miss Esther Atwood to Paul W. Freese, an alumnus of B. H. S.

The wedding of Miss Agnes E. Gayton, formerly of this city, to Lieut Byron K.

Presnell, U. S. N., took place Dec. 22, at San Diego, California. Mrs. Presnell is a graduate of B. H. S. and of the training school of the Boston City hospital. During the war she nursed at the U. S. Navy Station at Great Lakes, Illinois, and recently has been a nurse at San Diego.

Among the recent books published are "Bostwick's Budget," by Henry P. Dowst, a graduate of B. H. S. in 1895, and "The Mutineers," by Charles B. Hawes, B. H. S., 1907.

The marriage of Langdon S. Chilcott, Jr., to Miss Doris E. Smith, recently took place in this city. Both are graduates of B. H. S. Mr. Chilcott was in the submarine service in the war and is now an automobile salesman with headquarters in Bangor.

A recent engagement of interest is that of Miss Pauline Mansur to James H. Freeland of this city. Both graduated from B. H. S., in 1915. Miss Mansur is now a teacher of English at Bangor High and Mr. Freeland is treasurer of the Bangor Battery & Service Co.

The marriage of Miss Frances Bragg to William Barry, Jr., of Portland, took place in that city, Sept. 13. Mrs. Barry since graduating from B. H. S. has been employed at the Eastern Manufacturing Co.

Walter A. Danforth of this city, was chosen one of the directors of the Penobscot Bay Bethel Mission, which recently held a meeting in Rockland.

The many friends in this city of the Misses Betty Palmer and Geneva Burr, both students at Abbott Academy, Andover, Mass., will be interested to learn that they took prominent parts in an entertainment recently given at the school. Miss Palmer has also been chosen as accompanist for the Glee and Mandolin clubs of the school.

The lyric overture played at the Symphony concert in City Hall, on Dec. 8, was composed by Paul White of this city. Mr. White, after graduating from B. H. S. studied violin with H. M. Pullen of this city and harmony and counterpoint with A. W. Sprague and also played in the Bangor Symphony Orchestra. Later he studied at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, where he graduated with honors and is now a first violinist in the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. For three years he has been a pupil of Ysaye. His many friends in this city congratulate him on his success.

The many friends of Rev. Charles W. Collins, formerly of this city, were shocked to learn of his death, which occurred in Boston, Dec. 26. Although Rev. Collins was born in Ellsworth, he came to Bangor when he was very young and attended Bangor schools, being an honor student at B. H. S. He graduated from Holy Cross college and at one time was Chancellor of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Maine.

Carl F. Morrison, '20 who has recently attended Beal Business college, has joined the reportorial staff of the Commercial.

Many prominent U. of M. girls are B. H. S. graduates, including Kathrine Stewart,

'17, Lilla Hersey, '17, and Rowena Hersey, '19, who are members of the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority. Miss Stewart is to take part in an operetta to be given by the Girls' Glee club. Miss Lilla Hersey is a member of the Contributors' club. Miss Florence Sally, 17, who is a member of the Pi Beta Theta, has been elected to the Phi Kappa Phi and in her Junior year she won the scholarship by her essay on Literature. Miss Marion Bragg has been elected to the Phi Kappa Phi, and in her Sophomore year received honorable mention for Sophomore-essay, and the Phi Mu scholarship. Cora Russell, '18, who lost last year because of a nervous breakdown, is now completing her Sophomore year and is a member of the Phi Mu. Carol Hamm, '17, has been elected to the Phi Kappa Phi, and is a member of the Girls' Glee club, and the Delta Delta Delta Sorority. The many friends of Ruth Sullivan, '17, will be glad to learn of her recovery from a serious operation for appendicitis. Miss Sullivan is organist at the Essex St. Baptist church, and has taken part in many of the activities at the U. of M., where she is now a Senior. In her Sophomore year she won the prize for her English essay, in her Junior year, for the Junior Exhibition declamation. She is now on the Dean's list, a member of the Mandolin club, the Phi Mu, and the Contributors' club, which edits the Maine Spring.

Miss Gertrude Sullivan is completing her Senior year at the New School—an Art school on Boylston street, Boston.

The Misses Gladys Reid, Dorothy Ewer, Edrie Mahaney, Doris Mayo, Mona Mayo, and Edith Morse, all graduates from Bangor High, during their short vacation from college assisted in the drive for the Hoover fund.

Bangor welcomed many of her High school graduates during the Christmas holi-

days, including six college chums, Oliver Hall, Paul Eames, Donald Eames, Herbert Webb, James Mitchell and Albert Black, all members of the Zeta Psi fraternity at Bowdoin. Others were Henry Hersey and Theodore Robbins, '19, of M. I. T., Clarence Allen, '18, Tufts, Walter Whitney, '19, Bowdoin, Ralph Eye, ex-'21, Jasper Starrett, ex-'22, Azel Devoe, ex-'23, of Manlius, William F. Hight, ex-'21, and Granville Bond, '20, of Worcester Academy, Bowdoin Nealley, ex-'21, Phillips-Exeter Academy, Philip Chalmers, '20, Wharton School, Blair White, '20, John Quinn, '18, Georgetown University; Pauline Guth, '18, of Pratt Institute, Frances Crowe, '18 and Margaret Estes, '17, of St. Elizabeth's College, Regina Wardwell, '18, of Simmons College, Betty Chalmers, '20, of Russell Sage Institute, Mary Largay, '20, of Marymount, Greta Woods, '18, Smith College, Serena Woods, ex-'21, of Walnut Hill, Edith Thaxter, ex-'21 and Dorothy Ewer, '20 of The Gateway, Dorothy Freese, '20 of Mt. Holyoke, Eleanor Bragg, '20 of Miss Capen's School, Katharine Bryant, '18 of Smith, Gladys Reid, '18, Doris and Mona Mayo, '20 of Boston University, Edith Morse, '19 of Gordon Bible School, Gertrude Sullivan, '19 of the New School, Frances Bragg, '18 of Smith College, Ruth Henderson, '20 of Dana Hall,

Edrie Mahaney, ex-'21, Lasell Seminary, Geneva Burr, ex-'22, Abbott Academy, Mary Hexter, ex-'21, Marymount, Katharine Covelle, '17, who teaches music at Waterville; Charlotte Sanger, ex-'21, Dana Hall, Carolyn Woods, '20, Dana Hall.

The engagement of Dorothy Hart of Massachusetts, to Osgood Nickerson, '18, was announced at the Christmas house party of the Phi Gamma Delta, at the U. of M. Best wishes follow this young couple.

Corin Furbush, after having attended the U. of M. for one year, is now completing a two-years' course for Kindergarten teaching at Miss Wheelock's School in Boston.

Theodore Chilcott entered Coburn College this fall.

On Dec. 29th, Frank Maxfield, '14, was united in marriage to Miss Rebecca Lyle of Wilkesburg, Pa., in Pittsburgh. Mr. Maxfield graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in the class of '20, and is now in the Efficiency Department of Duquesne Light & Power Co. at Pittsburgh. He is an overseas veteran, having served in the Ordnance department.





"Worthy Fellows are Apt to Prove Most Sinewy Swordsmen."

Drill has been going on as usual in the gymnasium during school hours every Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday. The men are making rapid progress in the manual of arms, School of the Squad, School of the Platoon, and School of the Company.

In the spring it is probable that more outdoor work will be given.

The members of the rifle club, which was organized here some time ago, have voted that the club be known as The Bangor High School, Reserve Officers' Training Corps, Rifle Club.

Any student at this institution who is an Officer, Non-commissioned Officer, or is specially qualified, over 15 years of age, and a member of the R. O. T. C., shall be eligible to membership, subject to the favorable vote of the Executive Committee and upon payment of the membership fee.

The annual membership fee is \$1, payable on or before November 1, each year. No member in arrears shall be eligible to receive any of the benefits offered by the club or the National Rifle Association of America, or entitled to vote therein.

Any person to whom the club, by a two-thirds vote, extends the honor of membership, shall be known as an Honorary Member.

The Executive Committee of the club is at present composed of the following officers of the club: Walter Ulmer, Presi-

dent; Richard Wallace, Vice-President; Howard Corning, Secretary; Robert Haskell, Treasurer; Vernon Somers, Captain and Coach.

Practically all of the Physical Examinations have been completed. Up to the present time no disqualifying defects have been found and only a few minor defects. On the whole the battalion has a very high average of physical efficiency.

The men are to be divided into companies according to height. Each company will have approximately 75 men. This rearrangement of the battalion will, without doubt, make a much better looking organization.

According to communications received recently from Headquarters, First Corps Area, Bangor High School is allowed two army sergeants in the fourth class. Under this authority, efforts are now being made to secure the services of another sergeant for this institution.

The issuing of "come back slips" seems to be highly beneficial in keeping the conduct of the men, during drill periods, as it should be. Everyone who receives a come back during the week must return Friday afternoon and work. The come backs are issued on account of inattention, disobedience of orders, unwarranted absence from drill, and every other offense that may require punishment.



"The Attack is the Best Defense."

Resume of 1920 Football Season.

The football season at Bangor High was not a great success last fall, nor on the other hand was it a complete failure. The material with which Coach McCann had to build his machine was unusually light and green. Only three letter men returned to the team, which was a decided handicap. It was well into the season before the squad had learned the fine points of the game, but nevertheless in the early games they put up some good fights.

The team showed such a marked improvement later in the fall that many looked forward to victories over Portland, but Bangor was unable to win either game although she clearly outplayed her ancient rivals in the game at Bangor.

The team defeated Old Town High twice, M. C. I., once. Tie games were played with Old Town, Jordan High of Lewiston. Bangor was defeated by Kent's Hill Seminary, Swampscott (Mass.) High, and Portland (twice). Record of the scores is as follows:

Bangor High, 0; Kent's Hill Seminary, 24.

Bangor High, 0; Swampscott High, 14.

Bangor High, 0; Old Town High, 0.

Bangor High, 0; Portland High, 6.

Bangor High, 0; Jordan High, 0.

Bangor High, 13; Old Town High, 0.

Bangor High, '20; Maine Central Institute, 0.

Bangor High, 7; Old Town High, 0.
Bangor High, 0; Portland High, 16.

In spite of the fact that the record is not as good as that of some years, much credit should be given to the players, manager and coaches. With the underclassmen who got the fundamental training this year, as the nucleus of next year's squad, Coach McCann should have a fine team next fall.

After the close of the season, at a meeting of the letter men (of whom there are 20 this year), Edwin Short was unanimously chosen for the captaincy in 1921. At the general election held later, Charles Davis was elected manager for 1921.

Basketball, 1920-1921.

Basketball practice started about December 1st, with more than fifty candidates out for the team. The material was very good although for the larger part experienced. Coach Trowell put his men through many stiff practices, and on December 17, cut the squad down to twenty men. The following were those selected: Capt. Jordan, Fairbrother, Collins, Short, McClay, Cohen, Mason, Flannigan, Seavey, Kamenkovitz, Mayo, Colburn, Ulmer, Murdock, Hutchins, Davis, Plummer, Stevenson, Schiro, and Soderberg. Practice was held during the Christmas recess, and the team showed up very well in its first game.

On Saturday, January 1, 1921, Bangor High ran away with the basketball team

from Newport High. The score was 71 to 10. The team work and all around play of the Bangor team was the best ever displayed by a high or prep school team in this part of the state. The Newport team played to the best of its ability but it was plainly outclassed from the first. The summary:

Bangor High, 71. Newport High, 10.

Jordan, l.f., 8.....r.b., Towne

Fairbrother, r.f., 13 (1).....

.....l.b., Sherburne, 1 (1)

Flannigan, r.f.....l.b., Townsend

McClay, c., 7.....c., Leavitt

Short, r.b. and c., 6.....l.f., Reynolds (1)

Mason, r.b.

Collins, l.b.....r.f., Brann, 3

Cohen, l.b.

Referee, Johnston. Time: 20-10-10.

Manager Collins has arranged for his

team a fine schedule, which includes games with Swampscott (Mass.) Gloucester (Mass.), Portsmouth (N. H.), Portland, Morse High of Bath, Edward Little High of Auburn, Northeast Harbor High, Old Town, Orono, Brewer, and possibly Meriden and Stamford, Conn. Games are also pending with Deering, Rumford, Lee Academy, and Westbrook.

Girls' Basketball Schedule.

Hampden at Bangor, Jan. 14.

Brewer at Bangor, Jan. 29.

Newport at Newport, Feb. 11.

Bucksport at Bangor, Feb. 18.

Newport at Bangor, Feb. 26.

Bucksport at Bucksport, March 4.

Hampden at Hampden, March 18.

Ellsworth at Bangor, March 26.

Ellsworth at Ellsworth, April 1.

Others pending.



*"Oh, wad some power the gifie gi'e us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"*

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

"Industrial School Magazine"—Probably no other magazine we receive contains so many interesting and informative articles.

"Now in case anything should go wrong with this experiment," said the professor of chemistry, "we, and the laboratory with us, will be blown sky high. Now come a little closer, boys, in order that you may follow me."

"Jester"—Your paper is very complete, giving much evidence of literary ability of a high degree. The article in the November issue concerning Thanksgiving is very appropriate. The local and joke departments are well edited.

"Student's Pen"—This is a fine and interesting magazine, although the exchanges and alumni departments might be somewhat improved. There must be a plentiful supply of poets in Pittsfield High, if one may judge by the poems in your magazine.

Is It True?

An optimist is a man who goes out shopping with five dollars and a market basket.—Ex.

"Aegis"—The "Aegis" has some fine

stories and articles in the November issue. We think the Personals might be somewhat improved.

"Roman"—Your literary department is fine. We notice with interest the number of literary societies in your school. The "Roman," as ever, is an excellent magazine.

Teacher—"Jones, that's the third time you've looked on Smith's paper."

Jones—"Yes, ma'am, he doesn't write very plainly.—Ex.

"Oracle," Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—This, our namesake, is an interesting magazine in many ways. The editorials and articles on Freshmen are fine. The local items give signs of much school activity.

Teacher—"If you are not quiet, I'll keep the whole room after school."

Bright Freshman—"The room will stay, anyway, won't it?"

"Piquonian"—Your magazine, though small, is of good quality. The method used in the exchange department is novel. The jokes could be improved.

"'Twas in a restaurant they met,
One Romeo and Juliet,
'Twas there that he fell into debt
For Rome-owed what Juli-et."

"Jeffersonian"—"You Can If You Will" contains a noble sentiment. We welcome the "Jeffersonian" into our exchanges. It is a little magazine of an excellent grade. A little humor, though, would not be amiss.

The nervous bridegroom was called upon to make a speech at the wedding breakfast. Resting his hand on the bride's shoulder, he hesitatingly remarked: "Ladies and Gentlemen, this thing has been thrust upon me."—Ex.

"Maroon and White"—The "Photo Detective" is odd and humorous, "Current Events" is fine, and "Bubbles" is laughable. The other parts of your magazine are also very good.

For Virgil Students.

Student—"Aeneas stepped forth alone accompanied by Achates."

"Student"—You abound in interesting stories. As a whole, the "Student" is fine, but don't you think a little more humor would improve it?

Alligator?

Patient—"Say, Doctor, I've been having trouble with my throat. I wish you'd step inside and examine it."

"Tripod"—"The Poets' Corner" is an

unusual department. The jokes are very complete. Visit us often.

"Our School Times"—This magazine contains many excellent articles. The story, "Au Pays Natal," is odd.

Pupil—"The sun is shining in my eyes."

Teacher—"Well, then, go to the window and pull it down."

"North Star"—The "North Star" is very complete. Every department seems to deserve special mention. In short, it is attractive and interesting.

A little boy was asked to write a theme containing 250 words. "One day my uncle started for town. His car broke down when he was just a little ways from town. This is about 20. The other 230 are what my uncle said on his way back home."

"Pinkerton Critic"—You are replete with literary articles. There are also other interesting articles. Come often.

As Others See Us.

"Oracle, Bangor, Me.: The literary department is the best part of your magazine. Your many stories are exceedingly interesting. The military and athletic departments are very good and your jokes are witty and clever. We enjoy your paper very much.—Lincolnian.



"Brevity is the Soul of Wit."

Putting It Fairly.

John: I know it. I opened it.

—Ex.

Little Willie: Pass me the butter.
Mother (reproachfully): If what, Willie?

Little Willie: If you can reach it.

—Ex.

Mrs. Buttinski (to snuffling boy):
Haven't you a handkerchief?

S. Boy:—Yessum, but I never lend it to strangers.

—Ex.

Teacher—You remember the story of Daniel in the lion's den, Robbie?

Robbie—Yes, ma'am.

Teacher—What lesson do we learn from it?

Robbie—That we shouldn't eat everything we see.

—Ex.

First Simple Nimrod: Hey, don't shoot. Your gun isn't loaded.

His Partner: Can't help that, the bird won't wait.

—Ex.

Extract from a mother's letter to her son in camp: "Dear Willie, don't shoot the little craps; remember they love life as well as you do."

—Ex.

Teacher: John, your mouth is open.

1. Why are the freshmen like good real estate?

2. I don't know. Why?

1. Because they are a green, empty lot.

—Ex.

Maggie: The garbage man is here, sor.
Professor (from deep thought): My! My!
Tell him we don't want any today.

—Ex.

"What Cha Ma Callum."

1. Cohen, '21—Well I got a good straight F and that's more than most of you got.

2. Curran, '21, the wampire teacher, expects to take a course in kindergarten and folk dancing next year.

3. Now Peanut has a sweater,
With a "B" as white as snow,
And every time that he goes out
The sweater is sure to go.

4. As he came stumbling up to me—
A woeful looking man was he
"Oh! Save a dying man from death,
O! Give me something for my
breath—

A single glassful, it will do
Of alcohol or nice home brew;
Something for my stomach I must
have,
Take pity on me, my little lad."

You'll always find here the choicest models in Young Men's Clothes at the lowest possible price.

J. WATERMAN CO.

Maine's Largest Outfitters for Men and Boys

Lower prices are here now in all our new
Spring Styles of Shoes, Hosiery
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STUDENTS

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

Patronize Our Advertisers

Quoth I, "External stuff is best,
Smear it on your manly chest—
Then turn yourself wrong side out
And what you wish will come
about." (Wasn't I the little cut-
up?)

5. 'Tis said that L—e B—r, '21, has
given up his position in the Eastern Trust
and is again manufacturing cigars.

6. For sale by Doc Collins: A petal
from the original "Last Rose of Summer,"
a spoke from the Wheel of Industry and
the rudder from the Ship of State.

Mr. Trickey (in Chemistry): "What's
the difference between iron and copper?"

H. P., '21: "Three cents a pound."

Why are school teachers like Ford cars?
Because they give the most service for
the least money.

—Ex.

As They Might Have Been Written.

"Many are called but few get up."

"As ye sew, so shall ye rip."

"A hair in the head is worth two in the
brush."

"Where there's a will there's a lawsuit."

"Uneasy lies the tooth that wears a
crown."

"None but the brave go to a fair."

"It's a long lane that has no garage."

"A stitch at nine may prevent a rip at
ten."

—Ex.

Exhibition dancing, some days in 211.
For particulars consult P. S. F., '21, or M.
B., '21.

Heard in Oral English.

Mr. I—(after hearing a speech on
League of Nations): "Oh, U. S. should
not tie herself down to any such league."

Miss W—"Answer this question: Why
shouldn't the U. S. bear some responsi-
bility?"

Mr. I—"But—oh, what's the use—you
can't argue with a woman."

(A six-footer in Mme's French class):
"Can I sit down?"

Mme. B.: "I don't know, you'd better
try."

E. Chase, '23 (in oral theme): "And
they tested the water supply to see if it
were navigable."

Geometry.

A quarter (\$.25) and a soda fountain de-
termine a straight line.

A plane figure is a Freshman.

A Senior is the limit.

Two boys walking with a girl are either
equal or complementary.

The consequences are what you get from
an extreme mean teacher.

—Ex.

B. H. S. BASKETBALL WONDERS.

Short, the lad who's always there
With outstretched arm and confident air,
And baskets, too, from ev'ry spot
He gets them in with one clean shot.

Cohen treats them all alike
Whether football, track or hike,
His muscles do the trick, you see,
So no one will think our team's spleeny.

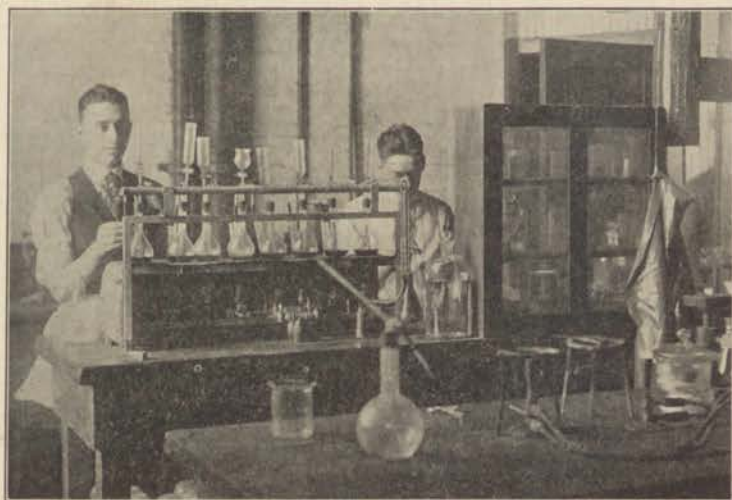
Fairbrother is our grand stand boy,
He plays the game spectators enjoy,
He'll quietly cough, so that all have to look
And the score keeper jots 106 in his book.

McClay, modern Mutt, poor, short, puny
lad,
Such afflictions to cope with no one ever
had,

He can guard the opposers with either
strong arm,
While the crimson and white get the ball
out of harm.

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The Co-operative School of Engineering of Northeastern College offers four-year college courses of study, in co-operation with engineering firms, in four branches of Engineering leading to the following degrees:

1. Bachelor of Civil Engineering
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3. Bachelor of Electrical Engineering
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Graduates of Bangor High School who have included Algebra to Quadratics and Plane Geometry in their courses of study are admitted without examinations.

EARNINGS

The earnings of the students for their services with co-operating firms vary from \$200 to \$600 per year.

APPLICATION

An application blank will be found inside the back cover of the catalog. Copies will also be mailed upon request. These should be forwarded to the school at an early date.

For a catalog or any further information in regard to the school, address

**Carl S. Ell, Dean
Northeastern College
316 Huntington Ave.
Boston 17, Mass.**

Collins chews gum so's not to get too excited,
 But he's right on to the ball the minute it's lighted,
 Gum's all right in its place, Bob, but to tell you the truth,
 You might some day forget it and swallow your tooth.

Jordan, the far-sighted player, so swift
 That he's never around when about to be biffed,
 Does he look like a quiet, self confident lad?
 He's just one of the best players our school ever had!

William Pitt Fessenden was Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln. His name appears on different Senior (not Freshman) papers as Phesonden, Fezzenden, and McFisilon.

Modest Johnny.

Teacher: Do you know, Johnny, where shingles were first used?

Johnny (modestly): I'd rather not tell.

Teacher (to Freshman): John, quit scraping your feet on the floor.

John (the Freshman): I'm not scraping my feet, I'm just winding my watch.

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"

"Of course, my darling daughter,
 But first remove your hickory limb,
 For it will warp in water."

Mr. Knowitall: Every day we breathe oxygen.

Leslie: What do we breathe at night?

Mr. Knowitall: Nitrogen.

Flossie: I got a letter from Frank—the

hateful old thing; he's in Florida.

Floro: What makes you think he's hateful?

Flossie: He says that he shot a seven-foot alligator and as soon as he shoots another, he'll have a pair of slippers made for me.

Fortune Teller: I see a dark load in your future.

Patron (joyfully): Then we must be going to get our coal!

Charles H.: What's the matter? You look ill.

Bert J.: Work, work, nothing but work, from morn till night.

Charles H.: How long have you been at it?

Bert J.: Start tomorrow.

Mary: Oh, these flowers are perfectly lovely and there is a little dew on them yet.

Bill: Yes, there is a little, but I intend to pay it Saturday night.

Teacher: Name one of the tropics.

Pupil: Can't, sir.

Teacher: That's right. The Tropic of Cancer.

Say—what do you think of a fellow who is constantly deceiving his teachers?

I think he is a wonder.

Wanted—Fifteen girls. Apply, Young and Wilde, at 10 A. M.

Mr. C—: I wish you would pay a little attention.

B. G.: I am paying as little as I can.

A Recipe for Happiness

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

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It is a well known fact that the man who has a hobby will live longer and do his work better than the man who has no hobby. Business men, professional men, artists, students, statesmen and kings have made stamp collecting the leading hobby and if you have not started to form a stamp collection you are missing a very pleasant, instructive and beneficial part of life.

Only those who have collected the little bits of paper realize its value outside of the relaxation it gives. In order to be a successful collector one must keep abreast with world conditions and you will be surprised at your increase in knowledge of geography, your grasp of political problems of the most remote powers and your breadth of view in general. Stamp collecting is indeed an education which develops the mind and your sympathy for the whole wide world.

But perhaps the most important result of your efforts along this line will be the relaxation from the strain of your labors. After a hard, busy day at the office or in the shop you will find an hour with your stamps will prove such a restful pleasure that once you get a start towards a collection I am sure you will never think of giving it up but will continue to accumulate stamps which will enhance in value and eventually be worth many times what you have spent to obtain them.

Having had many years' experience in helping the beginner get started I feel well qualified to advise you and if you will write me I shall be very glad to assist you in any way possible.

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Comfort

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There is such an attraction?
Why is it so many
Are headed that way?

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The Newest Styles in Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes at Lower Prices

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And people all like
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Surplus and Profits	700,000
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ARE WE RIGHT?

The man who draws his conclusion solely from the price ticket, without any regard for quality, recalls the man in New York, who wanted to go to Springfield, Illinois, but decided to go to Springfield, Massachusetts, because it was cheaper. Hickey-Freeman Clothes may cost a little more than ordinary ready-to-wear clothes, but like a ticket to Springfield, Illinois, they go farther, so it is all the same in the end.

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