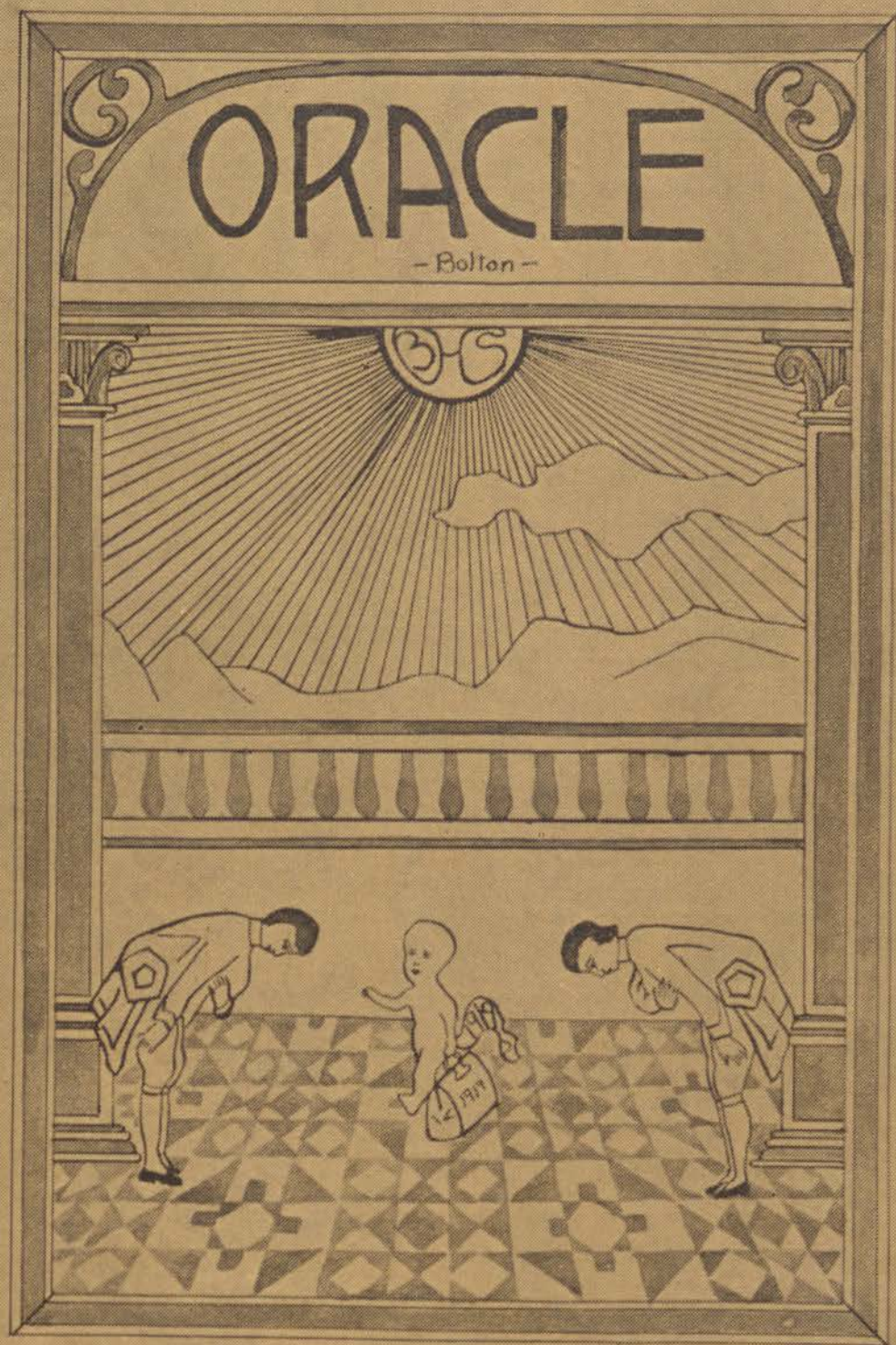


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EDITORIALS

"Thought makes everything fit for use"

At a recent meeting of the French Assembly, Premier Clemenceau declared among other points of his policy an advocacy of the conditions of world politics known as a balance of power. After listening to his speech the Assembly by a large majority gave him a vote of confidence. This balance of power is the admirable system which enabled the two groups of European nations to line up so evenly in the World War and which only failed to bring about an indecisive termination because the United States had not been considered in the balancing.

In one of his English speeches Pres. Wilson openly declared himself opposed to any such relation of powers. He said he would not make himself "a party to any combination of nations that is not a combination of us all." Here again he has made himself the spokesman of the opinion of all Americans.

In a speech at Rome President Wilson said: "We know that there cannot be another balance of power. That has been

tried and found wanting for the best of all reasons that it does not stay balanced inside itself." If European nations are to return to the old game of playing one off against the other we must have no part in it. We do not belong to another planet. If the countries of Europe are willing to combine in any worthy plan America is eager to aid. But if these governments give themselves up to reactionary schemes we will again put the Atlantic ocean between them and us.

One of the most important and difficult problems which will come before the Peace

Conference will be the determination of a fair penalty for the crimes of Germany. Questions of boundaries can always be decided by an appeal to the people immediately concerned; but the

prisoner cannot be allowed to judge his own misdeeds. The time has now come to put into concrete form the ideals we have worshipped so long in the abstract. One of these ideals is justice for those who cannot enforce it for themselves. Germany's posi-

Justice

For

Germany

tion today offers to her conquerors a strong temptation to display their spite and greed.

A favorite formula for peace terms is to shift the whole money cost of the great war on the Germans. This would amount according to some estimates to \$200,000,000,000. That the Germans ought to pay a fine is only just. But to heap upon them such a staggering debt is not justice,—nor anything approaching it. It is admitted that such a debt could not be paid in a single generation. In other words, a large portion of this harsh sentence would be the inheritance of people as guiltless as ourselves. The limit of indemnity to be imposed on the Teutons should be the amount that they can pay in one generation. The first act of the new cooperation among nations should be a common shouldering of the burden that will remain. That Germany ought to pay for all the devastation she has caused in Belgium, Serbia, Roumania and northern France as well as the war cost of her small opponents is beyond dispute. But that she should reimburse France, England, Italy, United States, and possibly Russia for their expenses in the great struggle is only the old spirit of retaliation. It has been pointed out that the imposition of too great a burden on the central empires may prevent the allies from collecting any indemnity because no permanent government will be able to assume the responsibility of paying it.

The much talked-of boycott of all things German sounds like "cutting off the nose to spite the face." The prosperity of our recent enemies is an asset of our own.

If it is possible to bring individuals to account for their atrocities it should be done. Let us have stern justice; but no revenge.

Just now there is a great deal of discussion about a larger navy and universal military training. We all

Shall America, Too, Rule The Waves? hope for the success of President Wilson's project and we may be able to solve the nation's problems

without a material increase in the peace standing of either branch of service. But if a league of nations does not come out of the Peace Conference, what then?

The adherents of universal training are busy spreading their opinions. Secretary Daniels has recommended a bill providing for a gigantic three-year naval program and in congress the provisions of the bill have been promptly doubled into a six-year plan authorizing a much greater expenditure and more strenuous training. The avowed purpose of these schedules is to put our navy into the first rank.

It seems evident that if we must arm ourselves to meet all possible adversaries the navy offers the most important place to begin. Look at Germany—all that was best in her national life has been eaten away or at least overmastered for a time by the cancer of militarism, as great a burden as it was a curse. Look at England, which, with a fraction of the enlisted men, at a fraction of the expense which the Teuton has been forced to pay, has built up a navy which blasted the hopes of Germany without tainting the character of her own people. And

if Germany had attacked England alone that navy would have kept the Prussians on their own side of the channel.

With a great navy, a fine system of coast defense, and a small nucleus about which to build an army in time of need, the United States would be invincible. The outlay for such a navy and such fortifications would be enormous, but it is insignificant when placed beside the loss to the nation of some of the best years of millions of its citizens which would be required if a military despotism were to be built up. A defence which will hold enemies away until we are thoroughly prepared, even though in itself it does not bring victory will remove all the anxiety about and much of the burden of preparation for war. If the time is not ripe for a Confederation of the World let us have a navy second to none and the Monroe Doctrine will never be challenged.

It is a common practice among business firms to take account of stock on the first of January. The nearest thing to

Physical Training an inventory that the nation has ever taken was the recent exhaustive examinations for the great draft army of the United States. The information thus made available should contribute much to the health and welfare of the American nation.

Some findings merely confirm facts already well known; others are not so well known. More exercise has always been a favorite prescription with our doctors, and no one was surprised to learn that a great

many shortcomings in health were due to neglecting their advice. But it does come as a surprise to know that numerous athletes were turned down because of murmuring hearts and pulmonary troubles traceable to overexertion. Apparently we have been having both extremes. In fact, this is the great fault of all our athletic activities—we have a few overworked players and a mass of spectators who exercise chiefly if not solely their vocal cords.

Physical training is just as important as mental training. If either one is taken without the other the result is a failure. It may be objected that this physical training can be acquired by each individual for himself; so, too, an excellent education may be gained without entering a class room. But both these achievements require a rare degree of persistency.

The exercises offered us at the opening of each study period are a step in the right direction, a very short one, to be sure, but a beginning. Friction is always greatest just before motion takes place. And so we expect to see more adequate measures follow, since the need is recognized.

The boy can best become a good man by being a good boy—not a goody-goody boy, but just a plain good boy. I do not mean that he must love only the negative virtues; I mean he must love the positive virtues also. "Good," in the largest sense, should include whatever is fine, straightforward, clean, brave and manly.

—Theodore Roosevelt.



"Books belong to the eyes that see them"

A CASE OF NECESSITY

By Pall Mall, '19.



UT I tell you, it ees ver' necessaire Oui, Monsieur, ver' necessaire. Oh! please."

The little Frenchman, sitting on the edge of the unaccustomed office-chair, was all earnestness as he spoke.

Mr. Dolliver, the genial manager of the Dolliver Department Store, thrusting his pen behind his ear, turned slowly around in his desk-chair, and leaned back comfortably.

"Well, seeing that you have been such a faithful clerk, and have made so good in selling silks and woolens, perhaps, just this once. But wait—first tell me what it is that is so 'necessaire.'"

"Oh, but Monsieur, you no understand. It ees secret. See? I may tell you sometime, but not now. Impossible."

The manager slowly turned back to his papers.

"Well, all right, run along. But listen—" as the Frenchman dashed toward the door, "be sure and be here tomorrow morning, as usual."

Mr. Dolliver was smiling at his papers as the door closed. He had been a clerk once also.

Jean Clemenceau lost no time in making for the door. The unfortunate clerks behind the counters looked after him with a puzzled expression. To their amazement as he reached the door, he turned and took them all in with one big wink. And then he was gone.

"Dear me," gushed the frizzly-headed girl nearest the door, "what can it be?"

"There's been a lot of talk about German spies lately," remarked the round-shouldered elevator boy, looking up from his dime novel, "perhaps he's onto one."

"It must be very necessary if Mr. Dolliver let him go," said a prim elderly clerk smoothing the one and only wrinkle from her gown.

And thereupon all the clerks, young and old, pretty and unattractive, resolved to find a German spy.

Meanwhile, Jean was walking, or rather skimming along a side alley to his boarding-house. Up one street and down another he hastened, until he reached his destination. Slowly, stealthily, with many anxious looks to the right and left, he pulled his key from his pocket and fitted it to the

lock. His face grew pale at the noise it made. He gently opened the door a crack and peeped in. Ah! the coast was clear. He heard his landlady bickering over the price of greens in the kitchen. Stepping inside, he crept noiselessly up the rickety stairs and into his room. Yes, there was the package where he had left it that morning lying ready on his bed. How nobbly and queer it looked.

Bang! The door, blown by a draft of wind, had suddenly closed. Jean's heart leaped to his mouth. He was discovered. With one wild dash, he reached the closet. Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat went his heart. But that was all—nothing happened.

Gathering courage, he slid to the door and down the stairs, with the package under his arm. The landlady was still talking in loud and convincing tones.

On reaching the sidewalk, he breathed a sigh of relief and started down the street. After going a block or so, he stopped at a small, dingy building with a large window filled with year-old cake. A white-aproned waiter was filling the place with dust from his diligent broom.

"H'st," said Jean, stepping inside and looking all around to be sure the coast was clear, "H'st, ees it ready?"

"Yes, sir, here it is."

And he handed Jean another package done up in brown paper.

"Oh, thanks."

He rushed for the door as if a pack of hounds were at his heels, leaving the open-mouthed waiter with a shiny quarter in his hand.

On seeing a policeman two blocks or more up the street, Jean slipped quietly through a nearby alley, just as he had seen a villain do in the movies.

And thus, with a package under each arm, he rushed through one thoroughfare and up another, until, having finally passed the residential district, he gained the open country. Here, he slackened his pace, and settled down to a steady walk.

Oh, how glorious it was to be alive! The new, tender grass covered the rolling hills and fields. Little leaves not many weeks old, were just beginning to look seriously on life. The smell of violets and anemones was in the air.

Jean, becoming bolder at every step, began to whistle. But in his joy, he did not, for a moment, forget his business. Ahead of him was a large, white farm-house with a small boy, chopping wood, in the yard. Turning into the driveway, he beckoned mysteriously to the boy. Slowly, cautiously, the urchin advanced.

Jean, after showing him a dime, began to talk earnestly. The small boy's face lighted up understandingly. He ran around the corner of the house, while Jean settled himself comfortably under a nearby tree and waited. After a short time the boy appeared with a tin-box in his hand, which he gave to Jean.

With a hearty thank-you, Jean started again on his way. In a few minutes he cut across a newly ploughed field and gained the railroad track. Here there was a bridge crossing a slowly winding creek. He mounted the bridge and stood gazing down

into the tranquil waters, fumbling with his packages. But he shook his head and walked slowly up the track. After continuing a short distance, he turned aside from the track and stopped under a clump of trees beside the bank of the beautiful creek.

"Ah, just the place," he murmured.

Sitting down upon a slump of moss, he began to open the mysterious package done up in brown paper, and to spread out its contents on a large square cloth. This be-

ing done, he slowly untied the nobbly package. Carefully, he lifted out what looked like a bundle of sticks and fastened their ends together. After adjusting several pieces of metal, he took a long, worm-like thing from the tin-box and carefully attached it to the end. As he sat back comfortably against the trunk of a tree, he murmured, "Ah, it ees so necessaire," and cast his fish-line into the water.

HABIT LAND

By Carlotta Hersey, '20.



H, ding it all! I can't get the horrid stuff," grumbled Louise, giving her Cicero a shove across the table.

"Louise, do you hear that clock striking eleven? How much longer do you intend to sit up?" came a voice from above.

"Oh, Mother, please don't bother! 'Ill come in a minute—dear me, I know I am going to flunk that test! 'Quam-quam quid loquor?' Mercy! I've forgotten what 'Quam-quam' means. Oh h-hum! I wish I could ever stop yawning. 'Marcus Tullius, what are-you-do'——."

A few minutes later Louise found that she was no longer racking her brain over those elusive Latin words, but was standing in the middle of a road. Ahead, she saw a long fence, containing a little green door which was apparently the only means of access to the region beyond. On the door was a sign, on which, in big, black letters were the words "Habit Land."

"Habit Land!" exclaimed Louise. "How strange! Where are the people?"

Approaching the door, she knocked, but no one answered. She turned the knob and pushed. The door opened only a few inches and then stuck. Exasperated at her fruitless efforts, Louise leaned against the door in disgust. Suddenly it flew open and a very much surprised person, she found herself sprawling on the ground, on the opposite side of the fence. With incredulous eyes, she read the name, "Mr. Contrariness" printed on the door. Could this be real or was it all a dream? She rubbed her eyes, yet the words remained.

Just then a shrill whistle broke the stillness. Surely, there was nothing imaginary about that sound. Down the path came a young boy, hands in his pockets and cap perched precariously on the back of his head. Louise jumped to her feet and running toward him, cried, "Little boy, will you please tell me who lives here? What is your name? Where does this path——"

"Jiminy crickets! What are you stopping me for? Great Scott! Can't you see that I'm beating it for home? For the love of Mike! Keep still! Hang it all! I bet you have made me five minutes late already." With these words young Master Slang rushed on, leaving poor Louise more bewildered than ever.

As there was nothing else to do, Louise wandered along the path. While passing through a small grove she noticed a girl seated on a rock with a box of chocolates beside her and a book in her hand. Surely, thought Louise, here is some one who will help me. However on being questioned the girl looked up coldly, and replied, "I can't show you the way; if you are lost, it is your own fault; don't expect me to help you; I have my own affairs to attend to." Then picking up her book, she resumed reading, ignoring her visitor entirely.

Louise, dismayed, hurried on. A little, fat woman who looked as though she were full of news and gossip, soon overtook her, however. "Wait a minute, my dear," she cried. "Did I just see you talking with Miss Selfishness? They do say that she makes her mother wait on her hand and foot. Such a disagreeable person she is! Did you ask what my name is? Have you never heard of me? I am Madame Slander.

"Ah! here comes Mr. Grumbling. Have you met him yet? Now, he's a queer man, to my way of thinking. They do say that he even grumbled all the time he was being married.

"Over there is Miss Sitting-Up-Late-To-

Study. She is a most stupid and uninteresting creature—yawns all day and sits up all night. I don't know what she does afternoons, but for my part (lowering her voice) I think it looks—mighty—suspicious."

Just then a young fellow came dashing around the corner. "Oh, Madame Slander, have you seen my collar button? I can't find my cuff-links either. Good gracious! I forgot all about that letter I promised to mail. If you find my things, let me know."

"For my part," commented the old lady, "I think that young man would forget his head if it weren't fastened on. Speaking of his head, I sometimes wonder—Of course I wouldn't want anyone to accuse me of saying such a thing——"

"Who is that beautiful girl walking across the grass?" interrupted Louise. "What a wonderful face she has!"

"Oh, that is Miss Thoughtfulness," answered Madame Slander. "She is a great favorite in the world, especially of the older people. She is always on hand with a cheering smile and a helping hand. I really suppose she is nicer than the rest of us, but, still——. Why, dear me, what is the trouble! I do believe all the Habits are coming here. Now I wonder what they are squabbling about. I must find out. Wait for me here."

Louise began to feel uneasy. Thoughtfulness crept up unseen by the others and whispered, "They are trying to decide which has the right to possess you. Slang declares that he half owns you now. Do

you want to live with any of them? If not, be quick, for they are already coming to claim you."

"No! no!" cried Louise. "Please help me to escape and I will live with you. Don't let any of those awful Habits catch me!"

The angry Habits, seeing Louise running away with Thoughtfulness, started in hot pursuit. It was a close race—Slang, the

little imp, was gaining fast. Only a few steps more, then, at last, the door slammed between them.

Louise awoke with a start to see her Cicero lying face down on the floor and to hear the clock striking twelve.

"Oh, my—!-er-er—. No, sir! Mr. Slang, that was the time that you were mistaken! We'll see whether or not you half own me!"

CAPTURED BUT NOT CONQUERED

By Ruth Clough, '21.



N Rupert Venner's last furlough before leaving for "over there," much was said concerning his welfare and safety if taken prisoner by the Germans.

"I would rather you killed yourself, my boy," said Mrs. Venner, "than be taken prisoner by those cruel Huns."

"In that case," teased sixteen-year-old Muriel, "how would you kill yourself, by revolver or knife?"

"Whichever way offered itself first," laughed Rupert, "either place the revolver to my head and pull the trigger, or better, put the knife to my heart, and press hard."

With a shudder frail little Mrs. Venner changed the subject and Rupert thought no more of it. But these things, so lightly talked about by the younger members of the family, rankled deeply in Mrs. Venner's mind. Was there not an easier way out than to shoot one's self or draw the knife through the heart! Such barbarism! Surely there must be some other way. That night she talked long and earnestly with her husband about it.

Professor Solomon Archimedes Venner, long-suffering teacher of Chemistry at the University of N—— was as slight and nervous as his little wife and her information concerning her earlier conversation with their son, greatly excited him. He too, shuddered at the idea of Rupert's killing himself, but agreed with his wife that it was either that or long misery and torture if captured by the Germans. At last they hit upon a plan that made the Professor chuckle with good humor and Mrs. Venner smile wanly in spite of the fact that Rupert would not be with them long.

If one had passed the Venner home during the next few nights he would have seen a bright light burning in the Professor's laboratory which burned late into the night. Mrs. Venner also made several mysterious visits down town which involved the only jeweller in the town in the plan.

The next Monday Rupert left for Camp ——, and as Mrs. Venner's grief left her speechless she managed to press a small box into her son's hand as he embraced her

for the last time. Not until the train was well out into the country did he collect himself enough to even think of the small box, so large was the lump in his throat. But the oddness of the design on the box aroused his curiosity and he studied it thoughtfully. The box was made of a thin Japanese wood with a miniature dragon designed on it. The cover bore the words printed in the Professor's handwriting, "Hannibal's Fate." With his curiosity now fully aroused he removed the cover and peered in. A broad and thick gold ring, curiously wrought, reposed therein. The thicker part consisted of gold filigree surrounding a large amber stone. After examining it carefully, Rupert turned his attention to the note on which the ring had been placed. It contained the words written by his mother:

My darling son:

You doubtless remember the sad fate of Hannibal. Your father has contrived a similar device for you as we could not stand the thought of your shooting or stabbing yourself if captured. If you will press the little prong on the upper right hand corner of the ring, near the stone, the stone will slide over, revealing a small recess containing a capsule filled with a deadly, painless poison, invented by your father. Wear this for us, my boy, and use it if the time should come, which I hope and pray will not. I can say no more.

Your loving mother.

With a tender sigh, Rupert slipped the ring onto his finger and put the box and note lovingly into his pocket. The rumble,

rumble of the wheels sounded in a dull undertone, beneath him, carrying him onward, onward, on that journey whose end he had not the power to see.

* * * * *

A beautiful radiant moon rose high over all the earth, casting its shining rays on a sight too horrible for description, that of the hushed battlefield after a great battle. Men lay in heaps and winrows on the ground, some dead, others slowly dying. The low moans of the suffering mingled with the ghastly shrieks of those drawing their last breath, added to the horror of the place and sight. Here and there small bodies of ambulance drivers and Red Cross surgeons were moving, singling out the wounded from the dead and dying.

Among the mortally wounded was Corp. Rupert Venner. As he was lifted gently from the ground by a strong ambulance driver he smiled feebly into the lad's face and tried to speak. When the poor corporal was at last laid in the car he murmured to his carrier, "Take this ring from my finger. * * * * I shall never need it. * * * * Contains poison. * * * * Keep it. * * * * My mother and father could not bear—," but the surgeon's firm fingers were pressed to his lips and he could only finish with a smile, followed too quickly by a little moan of pain. An hour later he died and the kindly ambulance boy slipped the curious ring on to his own finger, little thinking of anything but to please the soldier who had paid the supreme sacrifice.

From that moment on, things began to happen and Moses Martin, the boy ambulance driver found himself more than ever engaged, and one dreadful day, he could never have told how it happened he drove his car right into the jaws of the German lines. Immediately he was cast into prison, a cold, dark cellar, to await the penalty to be inflicted upon him by the German officials.

For days he languished there, without food or drink. His agony of mind, however, was the most terrible. All kinds of horrible thoughts flashed through his mind, and it slowly dawned upon him that he was being starved to death. It seemed as though he would go crazy unless food and water were given him soon. To increase the rankness of the place trench rats were thrown in, huge fellows, who ran unceas-

ingly over Martin's body. With his fast crazing mind, he heeded these pests but little.

On the sixth day of his imprisonment, he lay on the floor of the cellar with rats running over and about him, in a kind of stupor, when suddenly his fingers closed nervously about the ring on his finger. From the frail light cast by the moon's feeble rays streaming in through a crack in the cellar he could see that the stone had moved, on the ring, revealing the tiny capsule through which he could see—was it water! Yes!—thank Heaven! He opened the capsule to receive the liquid to his parched throat and swallowed.

As a falling star flashed in God's great service flag the tortured soul of poor Martin went to Heaven.

THE CHRISTMAS MAIL

By Billy Bradbury, '21.



AS Bob Marston sipped his hot coffee he scowled anxiously over his cup. The roaring gale outside seemed to threaten to break into the warm room.

"Bob, do wait until tomorrow," his mother pleaded.

"And delay the United States mail, and the Christmas mail at that?" queried Bob. "Not much! It's not like a Marston to cry 'Kamarad.' They'll get the mail before tomorrow. I'm off!" and gave his mother a bear-like hug.

Mrs. Marston sighed as her boy cautiously unlatched the door and slipped out

with the mail tied to his back.

Bob had already saddled his favorite horse and, mounting, he was swallowed by the storm.

"Extreme high at two-thirty," he muttered to himself as he rode along. "With this wind there won't be ten feet of beach between high and low tide. I've got to reach the point by noon or the mail will be late, and," proudly straightening his shoulders, "that's never happened yet." His horse stumbled out upon the beach and quietly picked her way along, quickening her pace as the sand became firmer and ignoring the waves that pounded beside

her. Racing in from the grey horizon the big combers leaped in and out, striking a hidden reef and sending the spray over the highest waves.

The first ten miles were easily traveled and dismounting he decided to trust to his own feet in crossing the point. The outer point was forked causing a rocky cove between the two projecting points. As far as the first point Bob went dry-shod and then, as he stood waiting, a huge breaker swept into the cove, lay seething a moment and then drew out again. Bob tugged at his horse. Horse and boy splashed into the foam. On they went in a cloud of spray. He was half way to safety when without warning he slipped and was down. His horse pulled away leaving the long leading rope in his hands. Bob's only hope was to gain a rock near the foot of the cliffs. Running to this he clambered upon it and lay panting from his exertion. From his perch he could see the waves breaking over the place where he had fallen; even about his rock the water was waist-deep.

Very little of the water ran out this time and the carrier saw that the tide was rising dangerously fast. Bob had lost time and in a quarter of an hour his rock would be under water. His only hope was to scale the cliffs behind him.

There was a crevice in the cliffs, and wading to the foot, he started the ascent. Where the crevice ended the footing was too precarious for safety, but near him was a projectile of rock that seemed to offer an opportunity to reach the ledge above. Tying one end of his rope around his waist he kept on climbing. From his position it did not seem far to the top but an overhanging ledge prevented the completion of his climb. Opposite Bob the ledge was wide and sloped gently up to the top of the cliffs. How to get there! There was not a handhold on the surface of the sheer rock wall. From the top of the cliff, half way across the impassable rock projected the stump of a tree. Bob coiled the free end of his rope, and after making a few trial casts succeeded in roping the tree. Making sure of the mail he swung himself from the ledge. He was swinging through space; in a flash the opposite ledge came toward him—was beneath him—but he could not touch it with his feet. He held to the rope until it cut his flesh, then he was forced to let go and fell in a heap upon the ledge.

It was early morning on Christmas day when the mail arrived at Lombre. Although Bob was tired out he was a thankful messenger for the Christmas mail was on time.



LOCALS

May 18

"A pair of good ears will drain dry one hundred tongues"

For the first time in the history of Bangor, the Christmas vacation was this year shortened to only one week, owing to the loss of work because of the influenza epidemic. However, the students are all very optimistic and have resolved to study and work through the coming year as they have never done before.

Recently a great amount of excitement and pleasure was aroused by the appearance of an aeroplane above the High School building. For a few minutes following recess, everybody was either out-of-doors or at the windows watching it. We understand that the occupants of one or two rooms did not know the cause of the confusion, and were peacefully reciting, until the gong rang to call the others in. This, they thought, was the fire-alarm, and hastened from the room to discover that they had "missed something."

An unusual and interesting feature has been added to the study rooms, that of calisthenics. This was proposed by Mr. Taylor, State Inspector of High Schools, while he was in Bangor. These exercises are given by the Cadets and are proving a great help to everybody.

Francis Shaw, '20, our school musician of much renown, a member of the High School Band, and also of the Bangor Band, has left school and gone to Florida, where he is to play at a noted hotel, the Ponce de Leon. Although he is greatly missed, for he was very popular among the students, we join in wishing him great success in his musical career.

Miss Webster of the Faculty is ill at the Eastern Maine General Hospital with Influenza. Her condition is reported as improved and all hope for her speedy recovery. Her classes are being taken by Mr. Dearborn, a former member of the Faculty, who taught algebra and arithmetic.

Mr. Benjamin Kent who has been for some time on the High School Faculty as the head of the Manual Training Department, has left B. H. S. He is a fine teacher and made many friends among the student body. His new position is in connection with Mechanical Engineering at the University of Maine.

Angie Cote recently entered the Senior class from St. Joseph's Academy, Portland, Maine.

Miss Helen Patch, who taught French in the High School for a year, visited us a short time ago, and taught some of Madame's French classes. Everybody was glad to see her, and those who had her for French enjoyed it very much. We hope she will come again some day!

Arabelle Hamilton, '19, the Alumni Editor, is confined to her home by the influenza. Carolyn Erskine, '19, has kindly taken her place for the January issue of the Oracle.

The Oracle Board is planning to have a Faculty number for the February issue and have been working for it for some time. Let everybody do his best so we can say that it is the best Faculty number ever published.

Miss Frances Dunning, who has been a successful teacher in Domestic Science at Bangor High for nearly three years, has resigned her position to take effect immediately. Her position is being taken by Miss Ruth Crosby, who comes from teaching at Gardiner High School.

Recently, Miss Madeline Robinson had her French classes recite in Room 113 with the Seniors. We hear that the Sophomores really studied their lesson. Evidently they thought the Seniors were regular "sharks" in French. Madame doesn't think so! However, it ended all right for both classes were given a written lesson which lasted all the period.

The following orders were recently read in Chapel by Adjutant J. Albert Black:

First Battalion Bangor High School Cadets.

General Orders No. V.

I. Battalion Bugler Connor is relieved by Cadet Bell. Cadet Casey is appointed bugler of A Co. Cadet Lipsky of B Co. and Cadet Bell of C Co. Cadet John Downing is appointed sergeant of signal department.

II. The demerit systems of the three companies are officially recognized. A Co. has selected learning a portion from the I. D. R. as a punishment, B Co. service in K. P., and C Co. service in K. P. The demerit system applies to the signal corps as well as to regular drill. Excuses for absence must be obtained in room 211, the ten minutes before school on drill days.

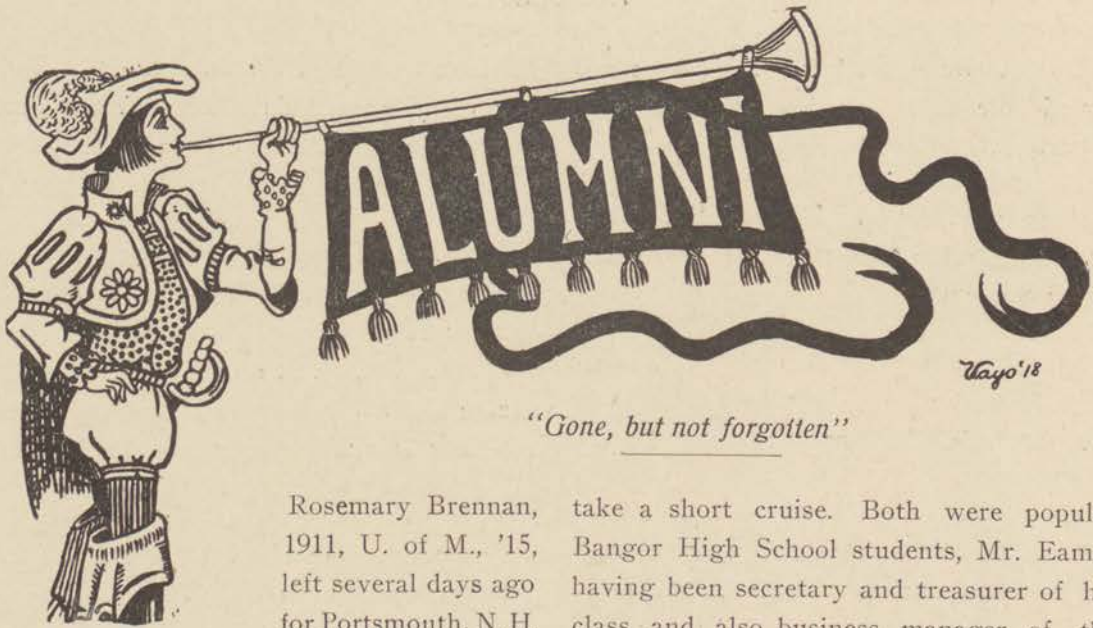
III. Efficiency officers appointed are: Lieut. Oak of B Co. for A Co. Lieut. Chalmers of C Co. for B Co. Lieut. Meinecke of A Co. for C Co.

IV. Captain Dolliver is appointed this week's officer of the day. Drill as usual this week.

J. A. Black, Adjutant,
By order of Major H. V. Smart.

IN MEMORIAM

Marion Alice Bunker, '22



"Gone, but not forgotten"

Rosemary Brennan, 1911, U. of M., '15, left several days ago for Portsmouth, N. H. where she is employed as stenographer in the Portsmouth navy yard.

Lieut. James Chilcott, '16, spent the Christmas holidays in Bangor. Lieut. Chilcott has been training at Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky, and now has resumed his studies at Dartmouth College.

The death of Miss Bessie P. Orcutt, 1910, occurred at her home on Curve street, December 17, after a brief illness of pneumonia. Miss Orcutt graduated from Bangor High school in 1910 and since that time has been employed as stenographer for Fellows & Fellows. She was a member of the First Baptist church, and a prominent worker in the young people's societies of that church.

Percy Howard and Paul Eames, '17, received appointments to the Ensign Training School at Harvard University some time ago. They expect to complete their course in February after which they will

take a short cruise. Both were popular Bangor High School students, Mr. Eames having been secretary and treasurer of his class and also business manager of the Oracle.

John Kennedy, '18, recently spent a short furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Kennedy of this city.

Oliver Hall, '16, has been visiting his home in Hampden, having a furlough from Harvard Radio School, in Cambridge, where he is studying.

Stanley Adams, '15, has resumed his studies at the University of Pennsylvania, having been in training in the naval aviation division at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Douglas Thompson '19, of the U. S. S. Mercury, was in Bangor on a short furlough last month.

Miss Natalie Turner, '16, has recently accepted the position of commercial teacher in the Northeast Harbor High School.

Earl S. Grant '17, left several days ago for Philadelphia, where he will enter the Wharton School of Finance.

Friends of Miss Helen Tribou, '11, will be interested to know that she is one of Uncle Sam's Yeowomen.

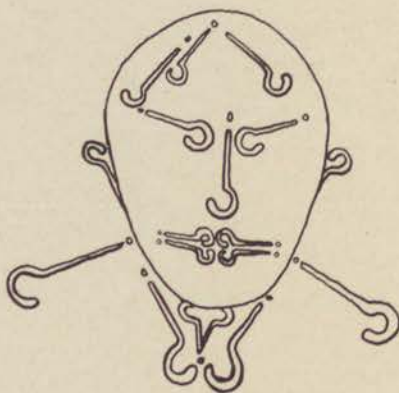
Miss Hilda Varney, formerly of Bangor High School, now of Malden, Mass., was the guest of Miss Mollie Wheeler, Christmas week.

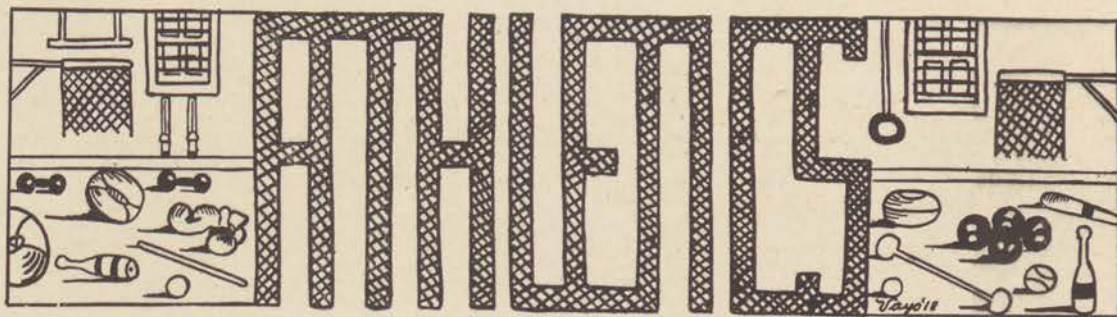
Word has been received that Ensign Ralph Jordan, a former B. H. S. athlete, has arrived at Charlestown, S. C., having been on shore duty in France for eighteen months.

Lieut. George F. Eaton, 1910, is in Bangor on a twenty days' leave from Fort Worth, Texas, where he is chief instructor in aerial gunnery.

Miss Ruth Crosby, 1909, has accepted the position of Domestic Science teacher in Bangor High School. Miss Crosby is a graduate of B. H. S. and the University of Maine and since her graduation has been teaching Domestic Science in Gardiner High School.

Corporal Raymond O. Torrey, '16, of the Bangor Machine Gun Co., has been promoted to Sergeant since the armistice was signed.





"Loyalty is the thing"

Bangor High School opened the basketball season by playing Old Town High School at Old Town, January 3. Coach Johnson, Mr. Mitchell and Manager Matthews accompanied the players. Very few others went up because the car service was somewhat doubtful owing to the storm.

The players who went to Old Town were: Bacon, N. Cohen, Fairbrother, Gallagher, Goldstein, Greeley, Hersey, McNeil, Michaud, Nason, Oak, Orters, Toole.

The game was fast and exciting, both sides doing good work. Bangor was superior in playing ability, and was one basket in the lead at the end of the first period. Old Town won the game by a lucky shot from nearly a third of the length of the floor.

Summary:

B. H. S. (11) O. T. H. S. (12)

Cohen, r. b.....l. f., Goldhammer (2)

Toole (2) r. b.....

Bacon, l. b.....r. f., Bradeen (1)

Oak, c.....c., Rackliffe (1)

McNeil, c.....c., Fraser

Greeley, r. f.....l. b., Nadeau

Orters (1) r. f.....

Fairbrother 2, (1) l. f.....r. b., Lake

Gallagher, l. f.....

Referee, Young, U. of M. (formerly of M. C. I.)

Between the halves the Old Town Junior High won from the Bangor Y. M. C. A. Originals by a score of 17 to 4.

* * * *

Manager Matthews and his assistants have arranged an excellent schedule which is as follows:

Friday, January 17, Rumford High at Bangor.

Friday, January 24, Morse High at Bath.

Friday, January 31, Orono High at Bangor.

Saturday, February 15, Kent's Hill Seminary at Bangor.

Friday February 28, Old Town High at Bangor.

Saturday, March 1, Kent's Hill Seminary at Kent's Hill.

Saturday March 8, Rumford High at Rumford.

Friday, March 14, Morse High at Bangor.

It is also planned to have games with M. C. I., Lewiston and Portland.



"Much might be said on either side"

A most interesting meeting of the Girls' Debating Society was held on Thursday, January 2, at four o'clock, in Room 209. There was a fair attendance of the members and in addition a number of the members of the Senate, the boys' debating society, were present. The speaker of the afternoon was Prof. Clarence W. Peabody of the University of Maine Law School, who gave a talk on the difference between a debater and a lawyer. He first spoke of his own experience in the field of debate and explored the fact that most present day lawyers are not trained in that art. It is a mistaken impression, he said, that a really great lawyer is the one who moves the jury to tears. Nothing is farther from fact and to illustrate this point a reference was made to the French play "Robe Rouge," in which a lawyer at the crucial point of his address to the jury breaks off and requests that the case be dismissed. The other lawyer has failed to take advantage of a strong argument and in the face of this cannot continue his address which would bring from the jury the verdict he desired.

Daniel Webster was a notable example of both statesman and lawyer. But even he so played upon the emotions of the Supreme Court that they decreed that a charter was a contract and because of this decree lawyers have ever since been troubled.

Prof. Peabody said that many questions are not debatable. When the proof of a question can be found in certain facts or figures it is useless to try to debate on such a subject. But when a question like Woman Suffrage arises there is a chance for argument.

Lloyd George in his recent campaign, spoke of the punishment of the Kaiser for bringing on the war and for the conduct of it. This was a mixed statement. There is no law that can punish a sovereign for making war but a sovereign can be punished for carrying on that war contrary to international law. And that is undoubtedly what will be done, said the speaker.

It is not always the speaker who elaborates his argument and embellishes it with many figures and much data that is the most convincing. It is frequently quite the reverse and a notable example is found in the words of Premier Clemenceau and President Wilson on the subject of a League of Nations, both of whom spoke within a few hours of each other but one in France the other in England. Here were used arguments on both sides of the question and they were telling ones too, but they were expressed in very simple language.

In closing Prof. Peabody said he hoped we would always be sure that our subjects

were debatable, and that eloquence and personality were necessary to drive the facts home.

A rising vote of thanks was given to Prof. Peabody for his most interesting talk and then the meeting adjourned.

There was a man who lived in Maine

recently who taught that the earth was flat. His arguments were flawless and no one would dispute him but nevertheless his hearers did not entirely believe him. On his tombstone was the epitaph he had wished. It stated his teaching that the earth was flat and that the sun, moon and stars moved.

BOYS' DEBATING

In spite of the numerous setbacks of last fall Bangor High school's debating spirit remains unquenchable and our debating societies are determined to make this year's contests add laurels to B. H. S.

The Senate is undergoing a thorough reorganization. Since but two of last year's members remain this body has, perhaps, more of valor than of experience but the boys are earnest and will do a great deal of hard work to win. At the first meeting, held in the Assembly Hall several days before the Christmas recess, Principal Eaton assisted in the formation of a new society and officers for the year were elected as fol-

lows: James Buckley, president; William Rowe, vice-president; Robert McCann, secretary; Eugene MacDonald, treasurer; Ralph Thompson, manager. At the following meeting, January 2, ten new members were voted in and a committee appointed to draw up a constitution, Mr. Boyd, as faculty adviser, spoke briefly in regard to our work and as there was no further business the meeting was adjourned. The Senate is the Senior-Junior debating society and every upper class man who is interested in making B. H. S. prominent in debating should attend the bi-weekly meetings.





"Between Friends"

A WORD TO THE STUDENT BODY.

It is a well known fact that the Exchange Department is not of much interest to the student-body. The comments do not concern the student for he seldom reads the other papers and therefore he does not know much about them. The Exchanges will be found in the Library and anyone who is interested may obtain and read them.

It should be of great interest to the student to see the sort of publications other schools are getting out. By reading them he is enabled to form an estimate of his own paper in comparison with others. There is no reason why the Oracle should not be the finest paper in the country—but it cannot be until every student is behind it. They subscribe and a few contribute but the majority are content to let the other fellow do the work. It should be everyone's duty—yes, and pleasure—to be able to say that he has done his utmost to make the Oracle what it should be—the finest school paper in the United States.

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

The P. I. H. S. Flyer claims to be the first

High School weekly paper published in the state of Maine and for that reason alone deserves credit. But aside from being the first it is also one of the best that we receive from any state. Its neatness of arrangement makes it attractive, and its interesting material brings it easily up to the standard set by monthly papers from larger schools.

The Opinion—Your cuts are unusually good and the departments are well written. Perhaps the appearance of the paper might be improved if the advertisements were together instead of scattered through the magazine. Your cover design is very appropriate.

The Scout: You claim to be a "live" paper—and you certainly are! Your paper contains something new that is a mighty fine idea. Quoting your words: "A new department in this year's Scout is the 'Chats With Local Men.' If we can derive the benefit of ideas and suggestions of local men through these columns of this magazine, then the Scout will have become a means of service to every reader." Fol-

lowing this there are several letters from leading men of the city who give helpful advice and deserving praise to the students of the school.

The E. L. H. S. Oracle: The Literary Department is exceptionally long—and excellent. One advertisement that seems to have wandered from the others has found a place in this department. Does that look quite right? The poem, "The Minnehaha Sails" is well written and appropriate.

The Penn Charter Magazine: You have the art of publishing a school paper almost to perfection. Your Editorials are A1,—the Alumni is a "live" department and is arranged in chronological order, and the Literary Department is excellent.

Perhaps the students of B. H. S. who are struggling with Oral English will appreciate the following poem taken from the E. L. H. S. Oracle.

ORAL ENGLISH

On the teacher's spreading platform

The shaking pupil stands,

A boy, a brilliant lad is he,

With many monstrous plans.

And the notions in his curly head

Are strong as iron bands.

His speech is weighty, harsh and long,

His face is like the tan,

His knees they shake, and almost quake,

He says whate'er he can,
And looks the whole class in the face,
For he knows no other plan.

And pupils passing to and fro,
Look in at the open door,
They love to see his flaming face,
And hear the scholars roar,
And catch a few short words that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The Oracle: The quotations are appropriate and the stories are good. Some poetry would add to the interest of the paper.

—The Oracle, Manchester, N. H.

The Oracle: We are much pleased with the cover design. A picture of the "Oracle Staff" would add to your paper.

—Signet, Dexter, Me.

Oracle: You have an exceptionally good magazine. Your Literary Department is very good as is the Exchange Department. Keep up the good work!

—Oriole, Baltimore City College.

The Oracle is a well arranged magazine with each department complete and interesting. * * * The Personals, an interesting department to everyone, might be given more space in this paper.

—Aegis, Beverly High School.



"Do not take life too seriously, or you will never get out of it alive"

Happy New Year to everyone! This is the time for good resolutions. We hear that the following resolve:

To be a little more dignified.

—Freshmen.

To be more kind to the Freshmen.

—Sophomores.

To go "over the top" in declamation.

—Juniors.

To have the "best ever" graduating class.

—Seniors.

To sleep not more than two-thirds of each period.

—D. G., '20.

To acquire proficiency in French.

—J. McA, '20.

B. T. '20, to eat more sweets so as not to be so sour to the teachers.

To stop breaking the boys' hearts.

—R. H., '19

To be more quiet.

—H. E. B. '20.

Not to be late to school again.

—S. S. '20.

To boost The "Oracle" more than ever.

—Everyone

C. W., '20, to eat less and not grow so fat.

P. O., '20, and D. E., '19, never to go "South" again.

The girl with the "Big Heart" to do no more knitting.

H. O'L., '20, to honor the school with my presence every day.

H. H., '19, to always cheer for the U. of M.

R. Mc, '19, never to "rob the cradle" again.

Miss C—, '21, (translating French): "He brought him his beer at 84 degrees Fahrenheit."

Miss F—: "What class do you belong to?"

Mr. McA—, '20: "I'm a hyphenated Junior."

Pupil, (translating Latin): "They threw their feet at Caesar."

Mr. S—, '21, (translating "Caesar restrained himself"): "Caesar held together."

Miss H—"I should hope so."

Teacher (in English): "What is personification?"

Mr. R—, '22: "It's a conversation between animals that can't talk."

Miss T—, '20, (translating French): "He went down and saw a tall mountain in the kitchen."

I want to be an angel,
We heard "Fat" Maling say.
I'm growing weary of this fat,
I would not live all **weigh**.

M. O'Con—el, '19, received a subscription to the "Ellsworth Chronicle" for a Christmas present.

Miss B—, '20, (in Algebra): "A rectangle is a figure which has no two lines parallel."

A Little Mathematical Formula.

3 pounds of chocolates + 10 pounds =
Mary Largay's Christmas present.

Miss Gr— '19, in History: "He killed himself and on his return to Rome he celebrated a three days' triumph."

Mme. B—: "How do the cows get into the barn? Is the door always open?"

Miss D—, '20: "No, they open it when they get there."

Some cows!



THE THREE DAUGHTERS. L. T.

Mme. B—: "Mr. H—, have you looked over your lesson, or overlooked it?"

Miss C—, '20, (translating Latin): "He went out from the city almost alone."

Miss W—, (in English): "The man cast his eyes on the ground.' What's wrong with that, class?"

Miss C—, '21: "Nothing. They must have been glass."

Burrill, '19, in the habit of throwing paper around in Chemistry.

Gould, '19, say, old top. I'll put a nipple on one of those bottles for you when you feel sleepy.

Agnes Olsen received a very flattering offer to instruct the Girls' Cadet corps at Higgins, but she promptly refused. So we will have "Toady" with us a while longer, despite Charleston's efforts to obtain her.

If bough sounds just the same as bow,
 Why isn't cough the same as cow?
 Why, if the plural of mouse is mice,
 Doesn't the plural of house be hice?

These are surely hard times—nothing but
 hard times everywhere.

1. Even the knife business is dull.
2. The only man that's making money
 now is the baker. He's always got a roll.
3. Carpenters aren't making enough to
 pay their board.
4. House painting is up in the air.
5. Everything in the liquor business is
 going down and it's as much as a man can
 do to keep on his feet.
6. Everything in the laundry business is
 done up.
7. The leather business is a skin game.



When Johnny comes marching home

8. The shoe trade is pinched. Why a
 man can't try to sell a shoe nowadays un-
 less someone puts his foot in it.

9. It's hand to mouth in the boarding-
 house business, and the lodging house
 business was always full of rumors.

10. Paper hanging's up against the wall,
 but still—they're sticking.

—Ex.

Little Freshie from his mirror,
 Licked the mercury all off;
 Thinking in his childish error,
 It would cure his whooping cough.
 At the funeral Freshie's mother
 Smartly said to Mrs. Brown,
 "'Twas a chilly day for Freshie,
 When the mercury went down."



WANTED.

Teacher: "Name the parts of the tooth?"

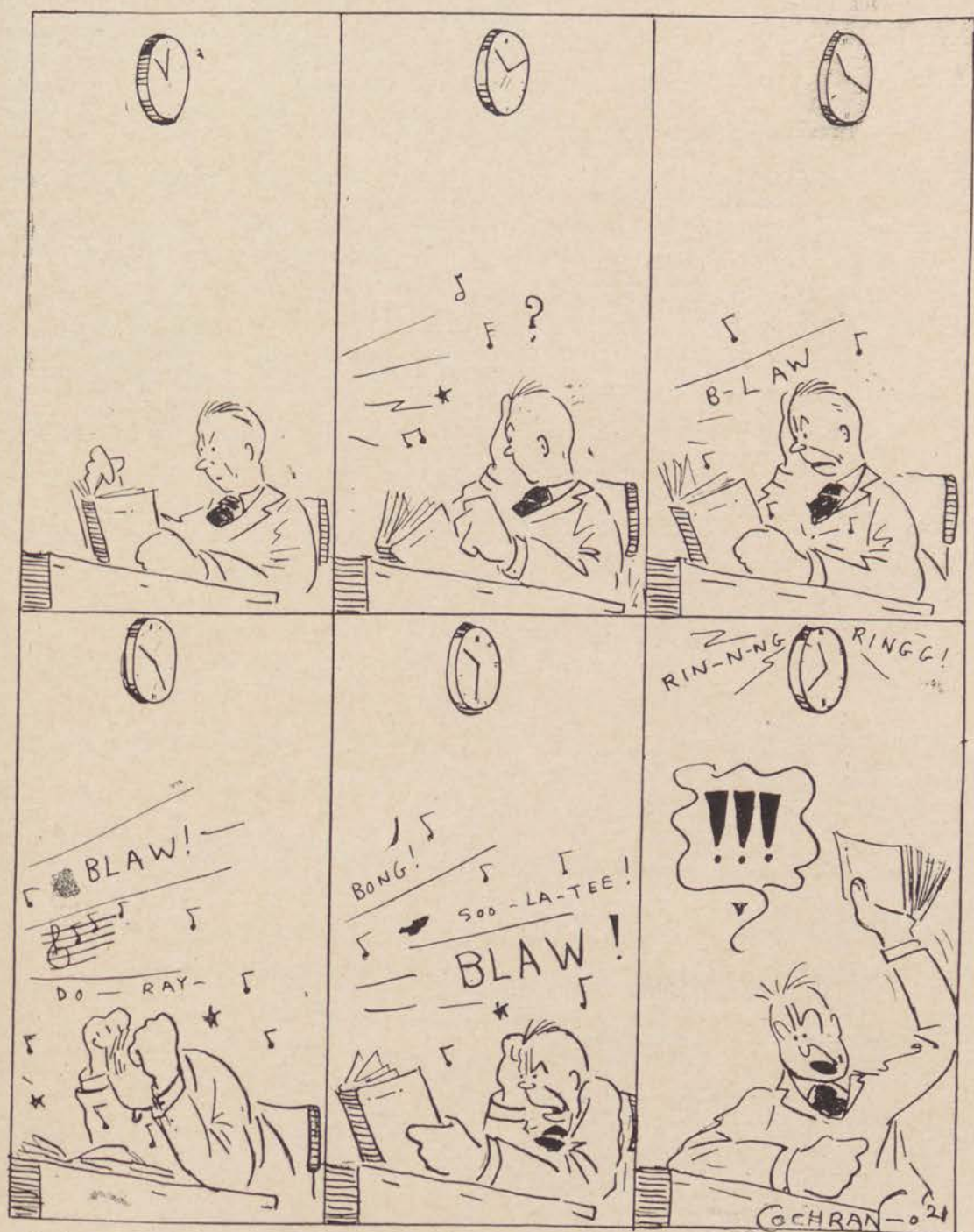
Pupil: The neck, root and trunk.

"Gee, no!" exclaimed the pretty cash girl,
 "I wouldn't marry you if you was the last
 man on earth. I don't want nothin' to do
 with you. Is that plain English?"

"It's plain, enough," said the mortified
 book-keeper, "but it isn't English."

Once when I sailed upon the c c c c c,
 I met a girl with beautiful i i i i i,
 I thought she was just an awful t t t t t
 But, then, you see, I wasn't y y y y y.
 I tried to keep her from other j j j j j,
 At first 'twas done with greatest e e e e e,
 But now I know it never p a a a a
 To try to pl e e e a t t t t t.

We know every one will be delighted to
 hear that Washington's birthday and
 Patriots' Day fall on Saturday this year
 and Columbus day comes on a Sunday.
 We shall not be snatched from our beloved
 lessons!



Trying To Study For A Latin Exam. While A Class Is Giving Its Opinions In The Assembly Hall

Miss H. in French: "What should be between avez-vous?"

Miss M., '21: "An accent mark made straight."

Ignorant Freshman: "How soon will the moon be full?"

Brilliant Sophomore: "According to how much it drinks."

Translating in Latin: "Having embraced Caesar's knee."

It has been officially reported that R. M-th-ws, '19, has joined the "Cradle Robbers' Union."

Popular Songs Heard in Corridor of B. H. S.

"My Rose of Veazie," by B. H., '20.

"Oh, You Know," by S. L. W., '21.

"Bring Back My Laddie to Me," by B. C. D., '21.

"Smiles," by L. J. B., '21.

"When Along Came Ruth," by G. P. C., '21.

"Meet Me At the Station, Dearie," by A. R. W., '21.

"O'Brien Is Looking For You," by M. J. T., '20.

"It's a Long Way to Go," by H. F. O'L., '20.

"Fill the Steins for Dear Old Maine," by H. D. H., '19.

"The Good Old D. B. T.," by J. S., '19.

"Oh, Henery, Oh, Henery, Henery, by C. C., '21.

"Mary, Mary, You're the Girl for Me," by R. M.c, '19.

G. Collins is personified half of the time. We won't say what he is the other half.

We would like to know why E. Grenn '19, has a picture of the Kaiser in his Chemistry note book?

Prescott, '19, called from study to Assembly hall.

Galliston, '19: "Hasn't he learned his Junior Declamation yet?"

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With them dawns a new year of en-
deavors and with them come new
hopes. But with them come no new
pledges—only the recommitment of
this store and the business of this
store to the pledges of old, for which
we do not attempt a modern substi-
tute.

To deal fairly, is one.

To act courteously, is another.

To serve without servility, is a third.

But to do these with intelligent fore-
sight and always with consideration
of our customer's advantage is the
fourth and greatest of them all.

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WOOD

104 BROAD STREET



13 State Street [Next to Bangor Savings Bank]

WHEN IN NEED OF A HAIRCUT OR SHAVE VISIT

Mason's Barber Shop

DANIEL H. MASON

20 HAMMOND STREET

WHETHER YOU EAT TO LIVE
OR LIVE TO EAT

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

GOODE & DRISCOLL, 101 Exchange Street

PHOTOS

ENLARGEMENTS

HOPKINS STUDIO

14 STATE STREET

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING FOR AMATEURS

Patronize the Advertisers



FOOT NOTES.

Merit wins the race for
Walk-Over shoes.

WALK OVER BOOT SHOP

8 BROAD STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

ICE CREAM

SODAS

HOT DRINKS

BUCKLEY DRUG CO.

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

27 Hammond St.

=

=

Bangor, Me.

Full Line of

Fine Shoes

for Ladies and
Gentlemen

JOHN CONNERS SHOE CO.

40 MAIN STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

C. H. SULLIVAN

T. N. CURRAN

D. F. CURRAN

BOOK AND JOB

Printing and Binding

ALL KINDS

Printed or Engraved Wedding Cards
and Society Printing

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

Mail Orders Solicited

Send for Samples

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

Proper Goods, at the Proper Time at the Proper Price



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C. E. PENDLETON

"EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL"

56 STATE STREET

BANGOR

MAINE

F. Bernard Russell

INSTRUCTOR OF
TROMBONE

Telephone 1807-W

P. T. DUGAN & CO.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Trunks, Bags, Horse Supplies
and Shoe Findings

Order Work and Repairing a Specialty
34 CENTRAL STREET

SAVE YOUR EYES

HARRY J. COVELLE

OPTOMETRIST

31 Central St. New Stetson Bldg.

Portraits by Photography

Emma J. Taney, Photographer

28 Main St., Bangor, Me.

CURTIS & TUPPER

Druggists

The Fountain Pen Store

5 HAMMOND STREET

Electric
Work

Willard Storage Battery
Service Station

Lighting
Fixtures

THE DOLE COMPANY

Electrical Engineers and Contractors
Wm. McC. Sawyer, Treasurer

61 Main Street - - Telephone 74

Furbush Printing Co.

SOLICIT HIGH SCHOOL PATRONAGE
EXCELLENT WORK, PRICES RIGHT

108 Exchange St., Bangor

EAST SIDE NEWS DEPOT

W. L. ELDRIDGE

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Magazines, Daily and Sunday Papers
Postal Cards

56 STATE STREET, BANGOR, ME.

STICKNEY & BABCOCK COAL CO.

19 State Street, Bangor

LUFKIN'S

54 Columbia
Street

Home of Pine
Tree Taffy
and
Extra Rich
Velvet Ice Cream

The PERRY STUDIO

Maker of
Fine Photographs Graduation Pictures

193 Exchange St., Bangor, Me.
Phone Connection

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GIBSON MANDOLIN SCHOOL

D. L. CARVER, Teacher and Agent
The Only Teacher in Bangor ON MANDOLIN
Studio Open Days Evenings 7-10

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

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

Room 10, Merchant's Bank Bld.

Phone 1107

25 Broad St., Bangor, Me.

COMPLIMENTS OF

Miller & Webster Clothing Co.

The Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Bangor

Maine

Chadbourne's Barber Shop

79 CENTRAL STREET

All Star Crew

(4 Chairs)

BANGOR

GIVE US A CALL

SANBORN'S BARBER SHOP

R. H. SANBORN, Prop.

7 Hammond Street, Bangor, Maine
Opp. Merrill Trust Building
Telephone 2553-W

Electric Massage and Shampoo
No long waits, 6 chairs

Compliments of

ANDREWS' MUSIC HOUSE

98 Main Street

Bangor, - Maine

Patronize Our Advertisers

FREDERICK W. HILL, CHAIRMAN OF BOARD

C. D. CROSBY, PRESIDENT

JAMES W. CASSIDY, VICE PRESIDENT

HARRY A. LITTLEFIELD, TREASURER

Eastern Trust and Banking Company

Bangor, Maine

Organized April 9, 1887

Paid Up Capital.....\$ 175,000

Additional Liability of Stockholders..... 175,000

Surplus and Profits 690,000

Deposits..... 6,600,000

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



A GOOD BANK TO GROW UP IN

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

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

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

BANGOR, MAINE

All the latest in

HAIR GOODS

To Let

Theatrical Wigs
and Beards
for all classes of
Entertainments

LOVERING'S

European Hair Store

52 Main St., Bangor, Me.



— USE —

JONES' CELEBRATED FINNAN HADDIE

Delicious! Nourishing!
Tempting!

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

ALFRED JONES' SONS

BANGOR, MAINE

Patronize Our Advertisers

Always The Greatest Possible Value At Their Price

\$20, \$22.50, \$25, \$27.50, \$30 and \$35

For Young Men's Suits and Overcoats, with all the new ideas in tailoring.

Everything new in Furnishings, Hats and Shoes

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

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

DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS

THE S. L. CROSBY CO.

146-150 Exchange Street,

Bangor, Maine

**Our new line of Ladies' Dress and Street Shoes
is now ready for your inspection.**

Also a Fine Line of Ballet Slippers

MRS. B. J. DOLLIVER

44 MAIN STREET

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in all its
branches

Supplies
for the
Amateur

**CHALMERS'
Studio**

23 Hammond St.

Amateur
Developing
and Printing

All kinds of
PICTURE
FRAMING