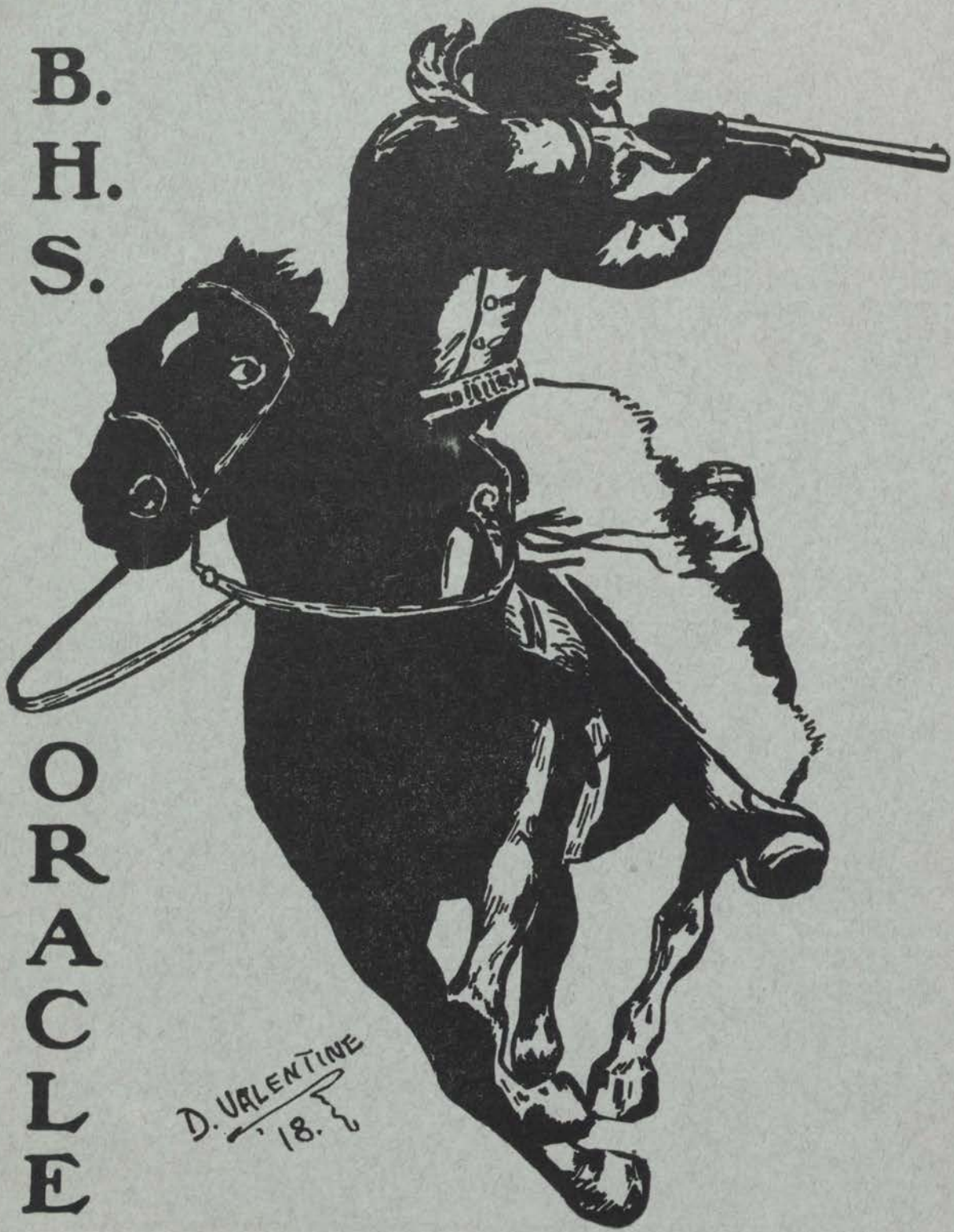


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EDITORIALS

"Discussion will ever arise"

The United States government has taken over the railroads of the nation in order to unify the network of systems and thereby to secure the best possible results in war management. Secretary McAdoo in connection with Congress is hard at work devising the best ways and means for operating these roads.

This government move has caused much discussion as to whether or not the government is capable of operating the railroads with better results than private owners have been able to bring about. Government inefficiency as shown in war-work is the charge on which some observers oppose government operation.

Great Britain in the first stages of the war promptly nationalized the railways, giving security-holders the same dividends which they had received in days of peace.

Freight congestion and slow transportation facilities during the past year have formed a tangle which must be solved as soon as possible. The railroads during this time have been called upon to play an enormous part in the government war activity. According to some they have met this demand practically to the limit of their capacity.

The question of government ownership of railways has been an old argument for

debaters. Up to the time of the entrance of the United States into the war private ownership seemed to have as many redeeming qualities as did government ownership with perhaps a few to spare. But times have changed since then. There is no time to be wasted in debating. The unification of the railways now seems to be a necessity.

The quickest and surest way is needed to meet emergencies and the President and Congress have decided that in government management lies the solution of the railroad tangle.

The American Army is to have a camouflage unit, and the call has been issued for "ingenious young men who are looking for special entertainment in the way of fooling the Germans."

This new division will devise means to deceive the enemy—particularly the aviators. Painters, carpenters, propertymen and photographers are among those who are desired in the roll-call of the new corps.

Very little was thought of camouflage at the outbreak of the present great conflict. Very soon, however, the contending parties discovered the fact that concealment was all important; concealment from the

airplanes and concealment from the binoculars and the sharpshooters of the enemy. The minds of men sought a solution for the problem and as a result the new military art of camouflage was introduced into a modern warfare.

Since its birth this science has advanced in leaps and bounds and today it is highly developed. There are two branches—imitation and invisibility. A supply train may look like a row of cottages; that is imitation. A monster gun may be concealed by a screen whose color blends with that of the earth; that is invisibility.

Camouflage is not confined to land campaigns. It is also practiced on the seas where, at first thought, it would appear that no opportunity is offered for service in this line. Yet the camoufleur is active here, particularly on the German U-Boats. Sails and lifeboats are used to lure unsuspecting vessels toward the direction of a submarine. This marine camouflage is now used by both sides in the struggle across the water and the various methods of employing it are being greatly improved.

Some wonderful feats of camouflage have been worked out by the French and British armies and when the American unit gets busy and starts to fool the Huns, a great deal more will be achieved.

For the past twenty years, libraries of all kinds in the United States and in most of the European countries have

Public Libraries been undergoing a process of development and improvement which has greatly altered their policies and methods. At one time libraries were regarded almost entirely as retreats for the learned alone, but now they are coming to be regarded more and more as places of intellectual business, adapted for every department of life. This change is especially noticeable in the English-speaking countries throughout the world.

In no nation, however, has the movement for the development of municipal libraries been so rapid as in the United States. These institutions are noted for their enterprise and liberal endowment. Free libraries were first founded by Massachusetts in 1848 when the Bay State empowered the city of Boston to establish a free public library. Other states followed this example until nearly every state in the Union now has a body of library laws.

Today the municipal libraries in the United States work in connection with the schools and are generally considered an actual part of the educational system of the nation. The state libraries of New York have been placed under the control of the University of the State of New York. Traveling libraries were first inaugurated in that state. Work with the schools and children has become a regular part of the operation of many libraries in the United States.

The education of the great number of non-English reading adults and foreign born children in the United States offers a huge problem for the nation to solve. The adults do not use the libraries to any great extent, but the children, through their school work, are brought into close touch with the juvenile departments of the libraries. For this reason many libraries are obliged to undertake special work for children, and as a rule, this work is performed in the best possible manner.

It is very evident that a rapidly growing nation offering homes for thousands of foreigners and their children annually, must use every means of educating her new subjects quickly, as well as constantly bettering the standard of her own people's learning, and the public library offers one of the most efficient and practical ways of accomplishing these great national objects.



"And thus was the story told"

WHAT THE NEW YEAR SAW

By Alice I. Gallagher, '18.



THE final moment was swiftly approaching. The shy, timid New Year gazed around the court of Time, as though seeking an excuse to linger longer in this happy kingdom. But his time was near; his brother, the Old Year, was tired and feeble, and was soon to resign his earthly rule to the will of the younger.

Seated on a high throne in an illuminated corner of the courtroom was Father Time. He was clothed entirely in a loose, flowing robe of white. His hair was as white as the snow and his beard, of the same pure color, extended nearly to the floor. In his hand he held the time-honored scythe.

Before his throne knelt the New Year, to receive the final blessing of his chief before his departure to another world. Around the throne of Father Time were gathered the friends of the mighty potentate. Every head bent low as the holy words of blessing fell from the monarch's tongue.

Then the little New Year rose, just as, through a door on the opposite side of the room, the figure of an old man slowly entered. His hair and beard were nearly as white as those of Father Time. His robes were covered with the snow which had been heavily falling on this earth of ours. With a weary sigh, he knelt at the feet of

Father Time, just as the tiny clock above the throne struck twelve.

The little New Year gave one fleeting glance over the room he was leaving; bowed once to his father and weary brother, and, at the last peal of twelve, spread his broad white wings, and flew downward, carrying with him blessings for all mankind, and love for all mortals. Thus was the Son of Time, 1918, ushered into his kingdom.

With the first rays of light he began his journey over the earth, that he might examine the kingdom over which he now held sway.

Over valleys and hills he swept; sometimes hovering low to the earth, and again resting securely in the clouds. As the sun kissed hills and valleys of America appeared beneath him, he bent lower, gazing enraptured on the peaceful scene. For a long time he watched this country, and smiling thought, "My heritage is, indeed, great!"

Then he passed on over the rolling waves of the ocean, where no ripple betrayed the treachery of its waters, and no voice whispered of the thousands who had found their last earthly resting place beneath the calm waves of the Atlantic.

Delighted with the beauty he had seen, the little New Year passed on; but paused,

bewildered and frightened, as the roar and thunder of battle reached his ear. Here, in a beautiful land where nothing but peace should reign, men were engaged in deadly slaughter, intent only upon shedding each other's blood!

Despair and horror spread over the New Year's face as he saw the terrible ruin which the ravagings of war had wrought. Meadows, where golden corn and wheat had once waved, were now barren and wasted. Homes had been broken; fathers, sons, and brothers, lay in great numbers in nameless graves, on the scene of every battle where, only a few years ago, a smiling New Year had seen only peace and prosperity, this other New Year saw ruin and horror. Where once every man had lived in satisfied contentment, now a deep hatred had sprung up between the races, and the bloody cry of "War!" was the only audible sound.

Covering his eyes, the frightened little New Year fled onward, seeing and finding peace and happiness. True, in some coun-

tries a vague unrest seemed prevalent, but, for the most part they were thriving in an atmosphere of contentment. Again a smile lingered on the New Year's face. Then, as thoughts of that war stricken region assailed him, it vanished, and once more his wings bore the New Year in the direction of the tumult.

With sorrow he gazed earthward, but even as he did so, a bright, golden light appeared over the land, and the din of battle ceased, for a brief time. A smile hovered on the face of the New Year. The smoke of battle slowly cleared. The little New Year was thinking; soon, perhaps, the smoke would clear forever; the cannon would cease their terrible work; and Europe would again arise in beauty and in happiness. The New Year spread out his bright wings. Over the entire world fell a quiet benediction as he murmured, "If I can assist in this work of peace, my heritage is, indeed, greater than I expected!"

CLICKED IN CONNECTICUT

By E. F. Kenney.



STRETCHING himself with an almost inaudible sigh, Colonel Aimes Temple settled back in his comfortable porch chair, to enjoy his mid-afternoon nap. The torrid sun, hung high in the sky, sent down its warm rays to the earth, nourishing the old-fashioned flower-garden, the colonel's chief delight. Along the sides of the cosy little cottage, flowers of many varied hues pointed their proud heads skyward, swaying gracefully in the summer's breeze. In the trees and on the ground birds were singing gaily. The world, on that fine afternoon, seemed very much at peace—that is, a certain section of the world mapped Connecticut, U. S. A.

The grayish white head of the old veteran slumped forward slowly, his figure relaxed, and the eyes closed in quiet sleep. Temple was a gentleman of the old North—a man who had fought on bloody fields that the Union might live and flourish. He had stood up with the greatest of the Northern gentlemen, General Ulysses S. Grant, and was with him as an officer when the broken South acknowledged him and his soldiers as their conqueror.

With light heart and cheering thoughts, he had made his way back, at the close of the nation's strife, to his little home in Connecticut, where, with great care, he had discarded his fighting suit of blue and his saber for peaceful clothes and imple-

ments. But always he would look forward to the day when he could again put on his country's colors and feel the grip of his sword in his hand as of yore.

As he dozed in the warm rays of the sun, that summer's afternoon, the semblance of a smile flitted across his features. In his dream he was picturing the glorious days of the past, when the North had been so willing to sacrifice the flower of young manhood upon the altar of Mars.

Suddenly, as the smile seemed to fade from his face, the sound of a bugle awakened him; the boom of heavy artillery sounded in his ears, followed by the rattle of musketry.

Instantly he was upon his feet, dazedly rubbing his sleep-heavy eyes. Was it all a dream—these sounds he heard?

No! For there, before him, in the woods adjoining his little farm, were the gray-coated Confederates! The sun glinted on their fixed bayonets; thin films of smoke drifted lazily up from the death-dealing rifles. Once more a cannon boomed, and this time the shell burst a hundred yards in front of the man who had fought under Grant.

The supreme moment of his life had come, and he, so far removed from the world, had not heard it.

Squaring his weary shoulders, Colonel Temple of Civil War fame, seemed to shake off the years which up to now had lain so heavily upon him. Turning hastily from the scene of combat, he made his way into the vine-covered doorway of his home.

Once inside, he quickly divested himself of his coat of black and advanced toward the cedar chest which stood in one corner of the living room. Raising the lid, he searched around in the depths of the chest and drew out a bullet-torn hat and suit of blue. With deft fingers he buttoned the coat he loved so well. His eyes shone with the light of battle as he lifted his sword

from its resting place and buckled it about his waist, together with its scabbard. Again he was the warrior of the yesteryear, ready to die for his beloved country.

With the tread and bearing of the veteran, he stepped once more out into the sunshine. At his right the men in grey were keeping up a rapid fire with their rifles. Some lay full length in the grass, their bodies and limbs twisted into grotesque figures. Bombs were bursting in the air and acrid fumes of burnt powder were wafted to the colonel's nostrils. He had not smelled that odor for years; it was sweeter to him than the freshest of roses could ever be to a convalescent.

In the distance the men in blue were answering the enemy's fire with rifle and cannon. But something in their actions seemed to indicate the absence of an able commander.

"Good heavens!" muttered Colonel Temple, "has their general forgotten how to wage a battle!"

Cautiously and with the stealth of a born soldier, he was bending his steps toward the men in blue. Skirting the Confederate forces he made his way to those who served the Stars and Stripes.

His sword leaped from his scabbard as he joined the men of the North. Eagerly he glanced at the chevrons of the presiding officer. It was but a captain who commanded the troops while he, Aimes Temple, was a colonel.

"Have you forgotten how to fight?" he shouted, swinging his sword. "Up and at them, men! Sound the charge!"

Even as the trumpet sounded its first notes, Colonel Temple, shouting "the Northern yell" like a man possessed, leaped to the first ranks of his troops leading the attack against the rebels.

"Get 'em good!" he shouted, as his men followed in close column.

The bluecoats were dropping all around him, yet those remaining steadily advanced, until they were face to face with the foe. Wielding his saber with the dexterity and ease of old, the colonel engaged a rebel officer in combat.

Suddenly the Confederate threw up his hands, staggered back a few paces and fell to the ground.

"It was splendid, sir, splendid!" shouted a man in shirt sleeves, his hat thrust back on his head at a dangerous angle, as he dashed up to the colonel. "May I inquire who you are, sir?"

Colonel Temple was dumbfounded. Who could this man be who had the nerve to interrupt a battle between nations?

"That was just what the picture needed," continued the stranger; "it was a mighty clever bit of acting, and, by George, I'm going to star you!"

"Beg your pardon, sir, but I don't know what you're talking about. Isn't the North at war again with the South?"

"War? Why, man, we represent the Romance Film Company, and are producing a Civil War drama."

"A motion picture," faltered the old colonel! "An' I thought it was the real thing. Hasn't war been declared again?"

"No, colonel, war hasn't been declared," replied the director of the Romance Film Company. "In fact war will never again be declared between the North and the South."

The old man turned and slowly made his way back to his little cottage. As he unbuckled his sword and resumed his chair on the porch, he muttered:

"It seemed just like old days to me, but—I guess war is better in pictures after all."

ALMOST A SLAKER

By Mildred P. Oliver, '18.



WHEN war broke out it took Frank Tuentyns very much by surprise. He was not ready for war and as he was very much alarmed at anything which pertained to a gun, he was not pleased when his father entered the room, where he was reading, to talk about his enlisting. When he was a child, a gun, with which he was playing, exploded and killed his pet dog. Ever since then he had been afraid of such a weapon and now the very thoughts of war terrified him. His father, who had done his bit in his country's wars, was very proud that he had a son to give to the cause.

"My boy," Mr. Tuentyns said, "now is your chance to show me what you are made of."

"Dad, do you think it necessary to enlist just yet? There are so many men in the regular army."

"You must, no Tuentyns ever waited until the last moment! You shall not be a slacker!"

The matter was settled then and there. So the next morning Frank went to the recruiting office, hoping against hope that he could not pass the examination. But alas! fate was against him and he was taken in. He was given a suit and told to report at Camp Raleigh the next day for training.

After about four months' training, through which his fear of firearms had strengthened instead of diminished, Frank was ordered to go to the front.

Then came the day of the great assault. The enemies' guns were reaping the men down like wheat, at the mercy of a thrashing machine! The earth shook under the awful roar while the clouds above were crimson from the fire. Hundreds and hundreds of Frank's comrades were taken prisoner. Almost all were wounded. Some

were blinded and others had shattered limbs. The enemies' guns roared louder and louder until it seemed to Frank as if he could stand it no longer. He became cold with fear. He even wished he was dead. Then he broke loose and ran, ran as he had never run before, until he dropped exhausted upon the doorsteps of a deserted house.

When he had regained his strength he broke into the house and crept up into the upper part to hide. Tremblingly he looked out upon the scene of devastation which lay before him. Suddenly, he saw a troop of the enemies' soldiers riding toward his hiding place. He watched them dismount and then heard their loud voices in the house.

"We will make this place our headquarters. Now let's sit down and talk things over," said one.

Frank, paralyzed with horror, lay down on the floor to listen to what they had to say. After some mumbling a loud voice broke out above the others:

"We must head off those reinforcements and capture them before they get to the soldiers here. We will meet them at Robin's Creek at midnight and in the dark we can easily get them."

Could it be true what he heard? They were to capture his army's reinforcements. He was aroused. His blood boiled within him. What could he do to prevent it? He looked out the window and saw the horses tied to the bushes below. Grasping tightly the vine which grew up the side of the house, he gradually let himself to the ground and jumping on one of the horses he swiftly rode away. After about an hour's fast driving he encountered the troops and delivered the message which saved the day.

The next morning, at about nine o'clock, Frank was called to his commander's tent. Could it be possible that the general had heard of his running away, thought Frank, as he obeyed the summons and entered the tent?

"We present you with this medal of honor and hereafter you will be known as Corporal Tuentyns. I wish that we had more daring men like you," seriously spoke his commander.

When Frank heard these words, his heart beat faster. "I will be brave from now on," he said, "I will make myself worthy of this medal. I thank you, sir."

THE REAL ADVENTURE

By Parry E. Boyd, '18.



IT was in the village of R—, "Somewhere in Missouri," where I met with this wonderful experience, if I may call it so. I had just started out on my stage career and had been lucky enough to secure a prominent position with a "highly refined" traveling stock company, with a salary of \$20 per, (the "per" stands for perhaps) and my board.

We had for the past week been playing the delightful little melodrama entitled The

Black Beauty. It has met with wonderful success! Consequently as soon as the last curtain had dropped and I had donned my street clothes, I hastened to the manager and forcefully reminded him that it was Saturday night. He was rather jubilant over the success of the performances and much to my surprise he gave me a quarter over the required amount.

With my heart beating against that little roll of bills I had just received for playing the part of Black Beauty's front legs. I

set out for my boarding house. It is needless to say that I was extremely nervous because of the presence of so much money.

The hour of eleven thirty was being tolled by the village clock as I arrived at my lodging. After tapping the gaslight, in the kitchen, I passed at once to my room on the second floor. As I entered the room the warm glow from the heating range made the place seem real home-like. As I was searching in my pocket for a match with which to light the gas, I heard a slight shuffle behind me and turning quickly I thought I saw the shadow of a man pass quickly from the vicinity of the window, and crouch down in the farther corner behind the stove.

I nearly cried aloud from surprise, but I managed to hold my breath and stood motionless several moments, not knowing what to do. From the other side of the room behind the range I could hear the regular breathing of the intruder.

A confused train of thoughts was running through my brain. Who could this person be? What did he want here? Did he know that I had so much money with me? Perhaps it was my hated rival, the man who played the hind legs of Black Beauty, he alone was the only actor who was aware of the enormous salary I received. But it couldn't be he as it usually took him from one to three hours to change to his civilian clothes.

I shifted my position to my other foot and listened again.

Regularly came the low breathing as though the intruder might be trying to suppress it. It came like the rise and fall of a summer sea and my knees beat a sharp tattoo as an accompaniment to it.

By this time my brain had become fairly clear and I remembered that I had placed in a drawer of my bureau a Colt thirty-two, which I had recently purchased

and was endeavoring to learn to shoot without wounding myself.

I tiptoed quietly to the bureau expecting any second to receive a bullet from the farther side of the room. Opening the drawer I thrust in my hand and drew out the weapon. Turning, I leaned the revolver on the back of a chair and listened. Yes, there came the breathing and I could almost see the intruder. Not wishing to shoot a man in cold blood I exclaimed in a brave manner:

"Who is there?"

No reply.

Thinking that perhaps the man could not understand English, I shouted an expression in French which I had remembered from my former school days, "Qui vive?"

There was no response to my excellent pronunciation, and I imagined that the man was now advancing to meet me. Consequently calling to mind the contents of chapter thirteen in that little book entitled, "How to ventilate the human form," which I had received with my gun, I shut my eyes, stuck out my tongue and pulled the trigger.

The shot was followed by a "plunk," a hissing sound and deafening crash of kettles and pans as the dead body of the burglar fell across the stove.

I hastened to light the gaslight with my left hand and with my right I kept the gun pointed in the general direction of the burglar.

People who were in the boarding house, hearing the shot, soon arrived hoping to find me a suicide, but instead of giving them such a treat, they found me bending over the table counting my money, while on the floor beside the stove was—not the dead body of a burglar—but only the shot ruined remains of the innocent teakettle, the gentle singing of which I had taken to be the breathing of an intruder.

ALFRED WINSLOW'S MISTAKE

By S. Relyt.



IF the elevator in the E— Apartments had not been out of order that evening and Alfred Winslow, a banker, had not been so deep in thought this story would not have been written.

Alfred Winslow, a middle-aged man, who had just taken for the winter an apartment on the sixth floor of the E— Apartment House, was returning from his club late one evening shortly after having taken up his new home quarters, when he was told by the night boy that the elevator was out of order and that he would have to walk up. We must leave him now for the present in somewhat of an angry mood climbing the stairs.

We will now take a look into Apartment 17 just above Mr. Winslow's on the seventh floor. This apartment is occupied by three college boys, Bob Grant, Jack Snow and Dick Fish, who are attending the local University and have found it cheaper and much more fun to club together and do their own housework than to board in a lodging house.

In the early part of this same evening, of which I have spoken, Bob, Dick, and Jack were seated around a large table studying, or at least looking that way.

But along about eleven o'clock Bob throws his Latin book with a bang onto the table and says, "Darn this stuff, I can't get it to save my neck! It's no use! I'm hungry; what do you say to having a feed?"

"I'm game," shouts Jack, closing his book with a whack.

"Same here," comes from Dick looking up from his writing.

"Well, who's going to be the goat this time? Come, Bob, you were the one who

was hungry. A little walk will do you good. Run down to Jackson's and see what you can find. Here is my part," says Dick, handing Bob some change.

"Here's mine," says Dick laying some silver on the table.

"What do you want?" asks Bob.

"Anything that is good. I am getting hungry myself," replies Jack.

So Bob, taking his cap from where it lay on the table, leaves his two companions and starts out down the hall.

"Sh-h-h," whispered Jack as Bob's footsteps died away.

"I have a great plan. We will plan a hot reception for Bob when he comes back. This is it: Take the white pitcher that is out on the fire-escape and bring it to me!"

"Yes! but it has milk in it," said Dick.

"Never mind, pour it out."

So Dick went out and found the pitcher half full of milk, which he, without thinking of 10c per, promptly poured out. Then filling the pitcher with water he brought it to Jack.

Jack produced some string from the table drawer, attached one end of it to the handle of the pitcher and, standing in a chair at one side of the door and holding the pitcher in one hand and the loose end of the string in the other, he climbed upon the chair. Taking the string, he tied it to a hook, which was in the middle of the door frame. By doing this he left the pitcher suspended over the door so that anyone upon opening the door would tip the pitcher and receive a shower of its contents on his head.

Dick, seeing what Jack was up to, began to laugh. "That will get him good and proper. I only hope it don't get the 'feed' wet," he added with a smile.

"Sh-h-h, I hear footsteps!" exclaimed Jack. "Duck! quick! here he comes! Now for the fun!"

We must now go back to Alfred Winslow whom we left wearily plodding up the stairs muttering under his breath something about elevators always being out of order when you needed them the most. He went on climbing up the long winding snake-like staircase.

He passed the second floor, then the third floor, then the fourth, then—Well! then he lost count for he was then thinking of how the stock market would open in the morning. Still he kept on until he came to the sixth floor, but being so absorbed in thought he went on till he came to the seventh floor and then, thinking that he had reached his rooms, he turned off

and walked down the hall to his door, or at least to one which looked just like his.

Without the least thought of what was in store for him, he turned the knob and walked in. Alack! and alas for poor Mr. Winslow. Upon entering the room, he received an unexpected treat, namely a shower bath. Highly indignant, he started to reprove the rascals, who had done the miserable deed, when lo and behold he found out he was in the wrong apartment. Without saying a word he left the white-faced boys and ran up the stairs to his own apartment. After settling himself comfortably in a chair, before a warm fireplace, he musingly thought, "College boys, I bet! They're always up to something! But then, I was a college boy myself once and many a prank like that one, did I play!"

Bob had a narrow escape!

RETRIBUTION

(After reading the story of Beowulf).

By Adelaide Berdeen, '19.



YESTERDAY all was joy and peace. Broad lands were smiling in the sunshine; fertile fields were covered with waving wheat. Peasants went gaily into the fields, calling a cheery greeting to each other, contented with their lot, and thanking God for the bounteous harvest. The housewife, busy with her tasks, sang as she worked, stopping now and then to caress the baby that played with his spools on the floor; to look out of the window at the children romping in the yard.

A night has passed. Little children cower whimpering in darkened corners. Women clasp their babes to their breasts and gaze with terrified eyes at the irresistible approach of the Outcast of Hell, who is cunning, subtle and devilish. He has lain long in his lair, dreaming of the waiting feast, and conjuring up methods of tortur-

ous destruction. A monster is he of terrible might. Eyes he has that search the remotest corners of the world; wings which make strange whirrings in the air and by whose stroke the innocent perish; a breath so foul that no living thing can withstand it; feet with enormous claws with which to reach even to the depths of the sea, to drag forth victims. He creeps along the ground, his belly slimy with the blood of the conquered.

Is there none to help? Can no one stay this Outcast of the underworld? Must the innocent pay for these awful ravages?

The castaway approaches. With one sweep of his mighty paw he destroys a nation. His ears are deaf to the cry of tortured children and ruined women. His one thought is more blood. He reaches out into the deep, draws scores into his clutches, and devours them. He lashes with his sinuous tail and more nations fall. As he

moves, he leaves behind a trail of blood and carnage.

But listen! At first like a zephyr, then increasing 'till it resembles the sound of a mighty wind—the cry of the innocent for vengeance, the battle shout of Humanity, King of Civilization. From afar comes the sound of martial music and the earth trembles as with the tread of many feet. Huge birds fill the air with an ominous whir. Hollow-mouthed black monsters, guarded by strange creatures, are the advance guard of the mighty warrior, Humanity.

He is so clad that he is immune to the deadly fumes of the monster's breath. When he confronts the horrible demon, he is greeted with a snarl of rage and hatred as the demon, lashing his tail and belching forth clouds of poisonous air, creeps upon

his enemy. Unconquered, and believing himself invincible, knowing no fear, no mercy, no retreat, he can almost taste the blood of victory.

Seeking to crush with gigantic paw, he encounters a point of steel as sharp as a two-edged sword, which renders his paw helpless. With a shriek of pain he strikes out more fiercely with the other paw only to have it maimed and made useless by Humanity's resistless weapon. The eyes of the demon are blinded by fiery bolts and his whole body is destroyed by the blasting heat of Humanity's wrath. Prone and dying he lies. Humanity triumphant, raises over the fallen remains of his enemy no pain of victory, no shout of triumph, but the glorious anthem of peace.

GIRLS' DEBATING SOCIETY

A special meeting of the Girls' Debating Society was held December 12, 1917, at the usual time in Room 209. The purpose of this meeting was to elect officers for the year 1918. Many nominations were made by the members present and after a rather lengthy election the following officers were elected:

President—Miss Marion M. Kenney.
Vice President—Miss Agnes B. Olsen.
Secretary—Miss Marjorie Driscoll.
Treasurer—Miss Dorothy Freese.

After the election, a new member, Miss Elizabeth Pendleton, was voted into the society. The society then adjourned at 4.30 p. m.

Marion Kenney, Secretary.



LOCALS

"We are interested to know of these events"

The Sophomore Class held its annual reception to the football team, December 7. About twenty-five of the squad were present. This reception was one of the most successful ever held in the high school. In the receiving line were: Henry Hersey, president of the class; Principal Hal R. Eaton, Miss Alice E. Wormwood, Miss Stasia J. Scribner, Miss Theresa A. Thompson, and Captain Edward L. Peters. The aids, who were members of the Sophomore class, were Hugh O'Leary, Blair White, Bentley Hutchins, William Gallagher, Granville Bond, and Bernard Russell.

Dancing followed immediately after the reception. H. M. Pullen furnished the music for the throng of dancers who enjoyed the dancing until twelve. Reginald Cratty was the floor manager and Theresa Thompson had charge of the punch tables.

Harold F. Moon is coaching Bangor High students for the performance of one of his musical plays early in January in the Assembly hall. Special scenery and lighting effects will be used.

Mr. J. G. Blaine, Jr., spoke upon the subject of the Red Cross to a rather small audience in City Hall recently. The B. H. S. Band played especially well and as a special feature Freeman Murry, Joseph Doherty, Francis Casey and Frank O'Connor did fine work in executing a cornet

quartet. Walter Frawley was in command of the cadets in the temporary absence of Captain Webb who was unable to drill on account of an injured knee.

The Freshman class held its class election early in December. The candidates were: For president, John Frawley, William Hight; for vice president, Estelle Baumann, Justina Buckley, and Nathan Cohen; for secretary, Ruth Black and Grace Bowden; for treasurer, Leslie Bowler, and Roger Nickerson. Those elected were John Frawley, president; Estelle Baumann, vice president; Ruth Black, treasurer; and Leslie Bowler, secretary.

On the day after Christmas, the Cadet Debutantes, a military organization of Bangor High young ladies, who have had intensive training under Mr. P. Mitchell, made their first appearance at the District Nurse dance at City hall. These cadets wore the olive drab uniform and made an inspiring and patriotic picture. Under the command of Lieut. Valentine they went through squad and company movements, extended order work and the manual of arms. As a grand finale, the national ensigns of the United States, Great Britain and France were brought in while the orchestra played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the cadets stood at present. Then the exit was made with the colors

leading the column. The personnel of the cadets is as follows:

Lieut. Donald Valentine, Molly Wheeler, Susan Sawyer, Violet Mills, Frances Arnold, Rowena Hersey, Helena Derby, Elizabeth Chalmers, Pauline Turner, Marguerite Tibbetts, Ruth Henderson, Charlotte Blanchard, Mildred Oliver, Josephine Gartley, Helen Harrigan, Rachel Connor, Olive Gregory, Kathleen Mullen, Marjorie Abbott, Janet Nason, Frances Bragg, Mabel Peabody, Corinne Furbush, Geraldine Hallett, Lilla Hersey, Ruth Savage, Ruth Holden, Virginia Odiorne, Eleanor Bragg, Agnes Olsen, Elizabeth Palmer, Dorothea Quincy, Edna Starrett, Mabel Colby and Mary Largay.

Color Guard: Granville Bond, Frank Pierce, Russell Whittemore, Philip Oak and Henry Hersey.

Ushers: Herbert Webb, Robert Bailey, Frank Pierce, Granville Bond, Henry Hersey, Phillip Oak, Phillip Chalmers, Walter Frawley, and Carl Meinecke.

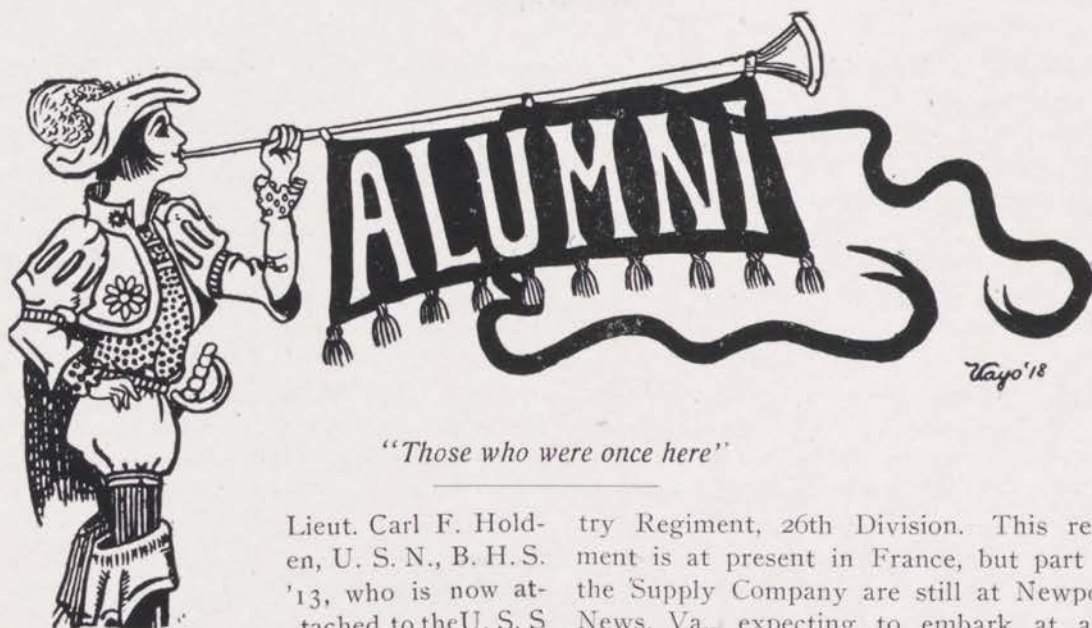
December 31st the school had to contend with zero weather. When the students arrived at eight or thereabouts the mercury was in the neighborhood of the freezing point. There was plenty of coal on hand, but the fires had been run low during the vacation and had not been started in time for the forenoon session. The students were allowed to roam around in the corridors until the rooms were brought up to the required temperature. Many wore their outer wraps during the recitations and several who had cold were dismissed. This weather has broken the record for low temperature in the high school.

Principal Eaton has displayed a service flag in chapel. This flag has 19 stars on it for the members who have entered Uncle Sam's service. Alumni and those who

have entered the Canadian service are not represented. This flag will be flown from one of the upper windows in the near future.

New Year's day a fierce battle raged on the gym floor. The B. H. S. Army had a sharp brush with some theoretical Boches. The attack was made by single squads and in the first rush the brave corporal was slain. Private Black was told to take the place of the unfortunate officer and rose to do so only to be cut off in his young life by the cruel Huns. The command now fell to a young recruit who bravely led his men in another rush which took them off the field of glory, leaving two men grievously wounded on No Man's Land. Two men were sent from another squad to bring in the wounded, but they started as if for a walk in the woods and were consequently killed. That left four men to be brought in, then Sergeants Pierce and Smart volunteered to rescue the perishing. They made their way successfully to the wounded and then succeeded in removing one to a place of safety. At this time the Huns were hungry and desisted from their attack and thus allowed the rest of the wounded to be brought into safety.

Another musical attraction has been added to our school. A double quartet which has been training under Mrs. Eaton will sing at chapel and at other special events. Bangor High is already famous for its splendid band and its large orchestra and with the talent that is already in the school quartets can be formed each year and become one of the institutions of the school. The members of this fine quartet are: Sopranos, Luda M. McKenney and Geraldine Hallett; Altos, Grace Carver and Josephine O'Brien; tenors, Albert Black and Phillip Kominsky; bassos, James E. Mitchell and Frederic Jacques.



"Those who were once here"

Lieut. Carl F. Holden, U. S. N., B. H. S. '13, who is now attached to the U. S. S.

Destroyer Burrows on patrol duty in England waters, had a very interesting experience while on leave in London during the month of November. In company with a fellow-officer he was invited to the aeroplane headquarters of the English aviation corps and given a flight in a "Bristol Fighter," the best type of fighting aeroplane now at the front. He thus describes it:

"They gave us mighty good flights, stunting us, as they say, which means looping the loop, the Immerman dip (which is a method of dropping one wing and turning sidewise so as to reverse your direction of flight through 180°), nose-diving, and all the circus stunts. It was a wonderful experience and the air-service is certainly a great life. The machine made 120 miles an hour and we nose-dived at close to 200 miles an hour. She can nose-dive at 300 miles an hour without breaking her wings. The pilot would let her go absolutely, light a cigarette and then catch her about 800 yards from the ground. The flexibility of the machine is marvelous and I would not have missed it for the world."

Philip D. Howe, '12, is a supply sergeant in the Supply Company of the 104th Infan-

try Regiment, 26th Division. This regiment is at present in France, but part of the Supply Company are still at Newport News, Va., expecting to embark at any time to join the regiment overseas. Supply Sergeant Howe was a member of the old 2d Massachusetts Regiment which was stationed at Columbus, N. M., in 1916.

Harry A. Alward, '15, track manager during the season of 1914-15, has enlisted in the Coast Artillery Corps and has gone south to train. Before his enlistment Mr. Alward was a member of the class of 1919 at the University of Maine.

The marriage of Miss Frances Dugan, '11, and John Carlton occurred December 22, 1917. Mr. Carlton is a graduate of the U. of M., while Mrs. Carlton, since her graduation from Elmhurst and the University of Maine in 1915, has been an efficient teacher in the Domestic Science department at Bangor High School.

Heywood Jones, ex-'10, has enlisted in the bacteriological and research department of the Sanitary Corps, gas defense service. He will be stationed at the American University laboratories. Mr. Jones has made a specialty of bacteriological research in connection with his duties in the canning department of the Alfred Jones' Sons Co., and is an expert in that line.

C. Neal Merrill, '14, T. Francis Shea, '13, and Robert Hurd, '14, have been elected to Tau Beta Pi, the honorary engineering fraternity at the University of Maine. Walter J. Creamer, '14, who wrote the words of our school song, is also a member of the fraternity.

Lieut. Basil Gibson Woods, 1912, U. of M., 1916, who was commissioned in the ordnance department following his graduation from the second Plattsburg camp, is stationed at Edgewood, Maryland. He had been in the employ of the Remington Arms Co. at Bridgeport, Conn., but resigned his position there to go to Plattsburg.

Joseph B. Parker, '11, U. of M., '15, has enlisted in the aviation section of the navy and is now at the Naval Aero Station, Pensacola. Previous to his enlistment, Mr. Parker was formerly engaged in extension work in Arkansas as dairy specialist, under the United States Department of Agriculture.

Louise Leonard, '17, who won the medal for scholarship at graduation last June, is a member of the cast of "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon," the play to be presented by the Cercle Francais of the University of Maine, in February.

The latest magazine to be published at Bowdoin college is "The Blowout," a spicy and humorous publication. Harry Helson, '17, is one of three editors of this little magazine which they intend to publish monthly. The Christmas issue was very good and the Oracle board wishes the best of success in this new venture of its last year's able editor-in-chief.

Sergeant Francis T. Garland, '10, who has been located at the arsenal at Watertown, N. Y., has gone to the officers' train-

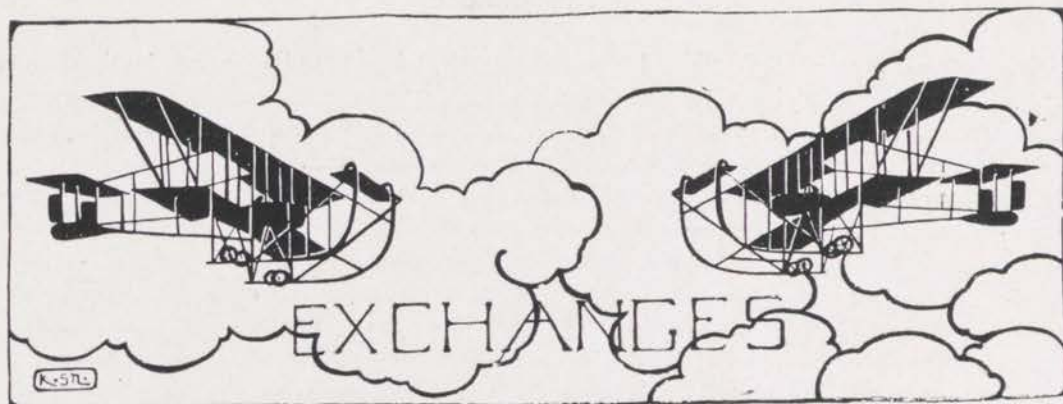
ing camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. He was one of two non-commissioned officers to receive an appointment to this camp with the opportunity of becoming a commissioned officer.

Earl Young, '17, a former art editor on the Oracle board, has returned from Chesuncook where he has been employed by the Great Northern Paper Company and has entered the electrical school of the General Electric Company at West Lynn, Mass., where he will take an engineering course.

Miss Madeline Robinson, '11, has been appointed as an instructor in the French department to succeed Mlle. Estelle Beaupre, '10, who resigned her position at Bangor High School in order to resume her teaching at Caribou High School, where she was very popular. Miss Robinson is a graduate of the University of Maine and has taught at Freedom Academy.

During the Christmas vacation, there was an exhibition of Batik, a Japanese method of textile decoration, by Elizabeth Sawyer, '15, at the Bangor Public Library, under the auspices of the Bangor Society of Art. Batik work is decoration on silk, velvet, or other fabric by means of ingenious methods of waxing, dyeing, and finally the dissolving of the waxed pattern by means of gasoline. This exhibition was most interesting, and shows the result of long study, great artistic ability and skillful manipulation of materials. It has been exhibited at the Dving Studio in New York and will later be shown in Denver, and Los Angeles, Cal. Miss Sawyer is a student at the Art League, New York.

James E. Pennell, '17, the athletic editor of the Oracle last year, has been elected vice-president of the Freshman class at the University of Maine.



"The means by which we benefit"

AS OTHERS SEE US

The Oracle, Bangor, Maine—You have a fine bunch of ads. A few cuts would not be out of the way, especially in the literary department.—The Spectator, West High School, Waterloo, Iowa.

The Bangor High School Oracle is one of the best papers we have seen this month. The cover is certainly attractive and suited to the season of year. You have good balance; a well-written literary department and an equally good assortment of advertisements. Your exchange column is perhaps the longest of any school paper in New England this month.—Delphian, Pawtucket, R. I.

The Oracle from Maine is an excellent paper. Everything in it is of the best, good cuts, newsy alumni notes, and especially good literary department.—Tatler, Dunmore, Pa.

Oracle, Bangor High School—Your cover design is very striking. You are fortunate to be able to publish such a good magazine monthly at a profit.—J. H. S. Folio, Lewiston, Maine.

The Oracle—As in the best of things, there is room for improvement in your paper. Your cuts are very good. Come

again! From The Shuttle, High School of Practical Arts, Boston, Mass.

The Oracle, from Bangor, Maine, is a very up-to-date magazine. No well defined department is given to Class News, for which there is a great need. The editorial department is excellent, though, and there are many clever department heads.—High School Tiger, Little Rock, Arkansas.

The Oracle, Bangor, Maine—Your magazine is a fresh and breezy one. It holds our interest all the way through, from editorials to "ads." Your cuts are excellent and stories very interesting. The idea of placing quotations under the headings is a pleasing novelty.—The Advance, Salem, Mass.

The Oracle, Bangor High School, Bangor, Me.—For these stirring times, your cover design is especially appropriate.—The Beacon, Asbury Park, High School, N. J.

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

The Spectator, West High School, Waterloo, Iowa—A very well finished paper throughout. Your illustrations in the literary department are interesting. The poem "Human Nature," by Caroline Munn, shows a touch of the real "poem stuff."

The Roman, Rome High School, Rome, Georgia—One of the best of the many magazines we receive. Your stories are interesting; the Alumni and Exchange departments are not too brief as in many cases. Your jokes are good, but would seem better if separated from the advertisements.

P. I. H. S. Flyer, Presque Isle, Maine—Fine little paper all round and we congratulate your courage and perseverance in issuing one every week. This is the first paper to be issued weekly in Maine.

The Bates Student from Bates College is a wonderful little paper, arranged for the expression of literary students and one which leaves satisfaction in its wake.

What there is of the Wykeham Chronicle is very good. A little advertising would enable it to increase its size without any extra tax on the students of the school.

We want to make a suggestion to some papers, of which The Delphian of Providence, R. I., and The Shuttle of Boston, Mass., are examples. In acknowledging exchanges, it is best to give some means of telling what paper is meant, as there are apt to be several papers of the same name.

The Howard Times doesn't seem to impress us as being a school paper. Your stories are taken from other magazines; you lack athletic and school notes and a few more departments. Come! What's the matter? Is it with you or with us?

Friendly Criticism

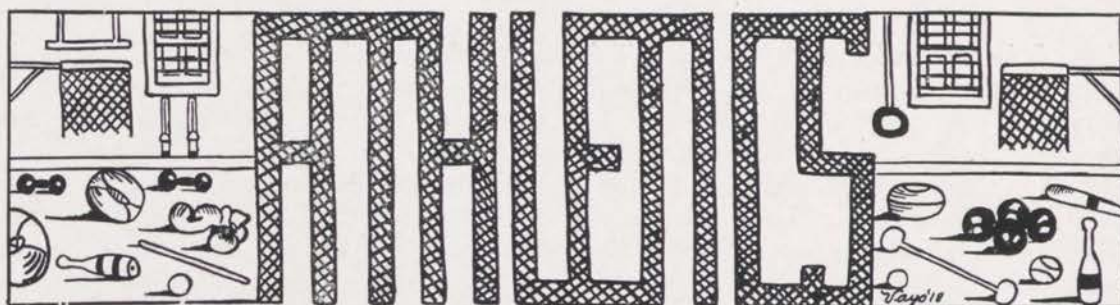
On reading the numerous papers that are sent to us monthly, we notice, of course, the many differences, and what is more common, the sameness of departments and appearances. For the benefit of those who

are not interested, or much inclined to read, the exchange magazines, they may read here at least a few of the flaws to be found in arrangement.

To begin, the paper issued monthly should be fairly large—as large as the Cliveden, Germantown, Pa., or the Lion from Lagrange, Illinois. Editorials should undoubtedly come first, but strangely enough many, such as the Spectator, Waterloo, Iowa, or the Tiger, Little Rock, Arkansas, think the middle of the magazine most suitable for this. As the literary department is or should be the largest, it would surely follow the Editorials. Thus we notice that in any large magazine circulated monthly, the stories are in the "front line." But glancing through the Tiger, we cannot but draw the conclusion that good arrangement is a minor matter with them. The literary department is rudely interrupted by the Athletics in two places. (Sorry, Tiger, but it's quite a bad mistake!) The other departments of a paper should be placed in the best arrangement possible; not jumbled up in one mass with unnoticeable headings or crowded to make room for another department on the same page. Confusing as it may sound, we read papers every month that have quite mysterious arrangements; but who knows? They may be doing this to allow thriving Freshmen to unravel the ambiguous plot just for amusement.

The papers which we mention below, whose general appearance could be improved, have perhaps one or more of the faults just mentioned; but none we hope possess them all. (Their evident good qualities can be found any time by perusing the contents of the papers in the library):

Spectator, Waterloo, Iowa.
 Eleusinia, Minersville, Penna.
 Trident, Asbury Park, N. J.
 Roman, Rome, Georgia.
 Tiger, Little Rock, Arkansas.



"Our men are in the front ranks"

BASKETBALL

The practice for the basketball season of 1917-18 opened November 30 in the gymnasium. A large squad turned out and prospects are good as most of the last year's teams are back.

Captain Peters is hard at work with Coach Johnson and both are confident of a winning team.

Manager Garland has been busy arranging a schedule and has one that is worthy of his work.

Basketball Schedule.

- Dec. 14—Orono High School at Orono.
- Jan. 4—Old Town High School at Old Town.
- Jan. 11—Pending.
- Jan. 16—Orono High School at Bangor.
- Jan. 18—Pending.
- Jan. 25—Maine Central Institute at Bangor.
- Feb. 1—Gardiner High School at Bangor.
- Feb. 8—Bar Harbor High School at Bar Harbor.
- Feb. 15—Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield.
- Feb. 23—Lewiston High School at Bangor.
- Feb. 28—Old Town High School at Bangor.
- Mar. 2—Portland High School at Bangor.
- Mar. 9—Morse High School at Bangor.
- Mar. 15—Bar Harbor High School at Bangor.
- Mar. 23—Portland High School at Portland.

Inter-class Basketball.

At a meeting of the officers of the four classes early in December, it was decided to start inter-class basketball. The officers were elected and they are to arrange schedules and establish a set of laws governing the teams and its members. A trophy is to be given to the winning team.

B. H. S. vs. O. H. S.

On Dec. 14, B. H. S. played its first game of basketball at Orono. The team was not up to its high standard of efficiency because of its lack of practice. With a little more practice Bangor High is sure to have a championship team.

Summary:

B. H. S. (15)

O. H. S. (9)

Rand, Toole, l.f.....l.f., Hogan
O'Connor, Gallagher, r.f.....
.....r.f., Cunningham
Peters, c.....c., Davee
Pierce, Heal, l.b.....l.b., Page
Smith, Kennedy, r.b.....r.b., Resei
Baskets, Peters, 3; Heal, 2; Toole, 2;
Davee, 2; Cunningham, 1; Hogan, 1.
Fouls, Peters, Hogan. Referee, R. H.
Whitcomb of Orono. Timer, Garland, of
Bangor. Time, two 20-minute periods.

TRACK

Early in December the track team was called out for practice. The squad is the largest that has ever turned out and there are many promising candidates. This year the school has issued suits with the shoes. Practice is held two afternoons a week and

later it is expected that light work will be done in the gymnasium one night in the week.

Clarence Allen, a member of the squad, is coaching the team and is doing fine work.

The Athletic Council is considering the purchase of a wooden track built in sections so that it may be taken up during the winter months. This track will be a great help to the squad because the school has no regular course at present.

Manager Quinn has arranged several meets. Bangor High will meet the Y. M. C. A. at the Y. M. C. A. building the last of January. Bangor High has received an invitation to send a track team to the sixth

annual Bowdoin College Interscholastic Indoor Meet and Relay Carnival to be held Saturday, Feb. 16, 1918, in the Hyde Athletic Building, Brunswick, Maine.

The list of events includes a 40-yard dash, 45-yard high hurdles, 220-yard run, 440-yard run, 880-yard run, one-mile run, 12-lb. shotput, high jump, broad jump, and pole vault. A relay race will be run with Portland High.

Bangor will also enter in the Bowdoin and Maine Interscholastic Outdoor Meets to be held in May. If possible arrangements will be made for indoor meets with Lewiston and Waterville.

FROM OTHERS

"A green little freshman in a green little way,

Mixed some chemicals up for fun one day.
The green little grasses now tenderly wave
O'er the green little freshman's green little grave."

Gentleman—Little boy, what nationality are you?

Little Boy—Well, my mother's an Injun, my father's an engineer, so I don't know whether I'm a box car or a caboose."

"Have you any reasons to offer why you should not be shot for attempting to desert in the face of the enemy?"

"Yes, sir, my socks."

"Your socks? I do not understand."

"I received a pair of socks knitted by a high school girl and the heels stuck out on the rear as far as in the front, so half the time I was not sure which way I was go-

ing. When I was arrested for attempting to desert I really believed I was charging the enemy."

Exchange Laughs.

Gentleman: "Do you serve lobsters here?"

Waiter: "We serve anyone, sir; sit down."

Publisher—Your narrative is much too bald.

Author—Very well, I will introduce some hair-raising incidents."

Butcher: "Come, John, lively now; break the bones in Mr. Williamson's chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him."

John (briskly): "All right, sir; just as soon as I have sawed off Mr. Murphy's leg."



"We end with a joke"

Resolutions Passed for 1918 in B. H. S.

- The following in B. H. S. resolve
 To study hard until June—Seniors.
 To have the best Junior Exhibition ever.—
 Juniors.
 To stop teasing the Freshmen—Sopho-
 mores.
 To try to look wise, if we are not—Fresh-
 men.
 To cut out slang—E. W. '18, and A. B. '18.
 To try to "Hooverize" on chewing gum—
 C. R. '18.
 To study French—H. B. '20.
 To try to recite French without hunting
 for cobwebs on the ceiling—M. G. '20.
 To try to win literary fame this coming
 year—W. S. '20.
 That the Geometry and Algebra classes
 should "Hooverize" and not use so
 many "pies"—Everybody.

Teacher: "Adams, are you guessing or
 thinking?"

Adams: "I guess that I'm thinking."

In Shop-Work.

Teacher: "Can anyone make a Vene-
 tian blind?"

Voice: "Yes, poke him in the eye with
 a screw-driver."

Sing a song of sixpence,
 Not a one is gay,
 Four and twenty late boys
 An hour back each day.

Miss C— (translating in French III):
 "Galanterie permise a un mari."
 "Gallantry allowed to a codfish."

B. H. S. Girls.

- Our athlete—G. S. '18.
 Our actress—M. K. '18
 Our dancer—V. O. '20.
 Our student—M. C. '18.
 Our patriotic girl—D. G. '18.
 Our bashful girl—M. S. '19.
 Our merry girl—E. W. '18.
 Our musical girl—D. D. '18.
 Our artist—C. A. '19.
 Our architect—M. H. '19.

B. H. S. Boys.

- Our athlete—E. P. '19
 Our actor—J. McC. '18.
 Our dancer—H. B. '20.
 Our student—H. B. '20.
 Our bashful boy—F. B. '19.
 Our merry boy—B. H. '20.
 Our musical boy—F. S. '20.
 Our artist—D. V. '18.
 Our architect—A. D. '19.

You can make a bubble of water,
But you can't make it sink.
You can smile at A. Gould,
But you cannot make her wink.

Translating in French III: "Un verre a
pied et une assiette de biscuits."

"A wine glass full of plates of biscuits."



Arms and the Man

Why should we Freshmen be made a joke?
We may be green, but still there is hope;
We are blamed for this, we are blamed for
that,

Until we hardly know where we are at.
But, if it was not for us Freshmen small;
There would be no Bangor High at all.

J. P. D., '21.

Miss H— (in English): "What does the
date 1765 stand for?"

Miss O'H—: "The Declaration of In-
dependence."

Frawley, '18: "Guand il se trouve en
face d'une bonne table."

"When he finds himself face to face with
a good table."

Seen In a Newspaper.

For Sale: A hen now laying eggs, also
potatoes, cabbage, and fence posts.

Write.

Write we know is written right,
When we see it written write;
But when we see it written wright,
We know 'tis not then written right.
Must not be written right nor wright,
Nor yet should it be written rite.
But write—for so 'tis written right.

B. Webb (translating French): "Le
pretre piqua des deux."

"The priest stirred the horse."

A stately and dignified Senior was walk-
ing along the street with a poor little
sophomore. "Why, there is a patch of
green grass showing above the snow!" ex-
claimed the Junior.

"Grass, nothing," answered the Senior,
"use your common sense. That is a
Freshman who has fallen into the snow-
bank."

Here and There.

Hours in classes all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And by asking foolish questions
Take up all our teacher's time.

"Non paratus" dixit Freshman
Cum a sad and doleful look,
"Dicis Verum," said the teacher,
Et "Nihil" scripsit in her book.



There Are Children

Who are cross and irritable
because of eye-strain.

Wrong glasses now or the lack
of glasses may bring a lifetime
of eye-trouble.

We study the child's needs
and fit glasses with absolute
exactness.

Arthur Allen Optical Co.

28 Main Street, Bangor, Me.

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

Annual January Clearance Sale

Of Ladies' and Misses' Apparel

The occasion of the dismiss-
al of all remaining Autumn
and Winter Coats, Suits and
Dresses.

No matter how recent their
arrival.

Actual Saving of one-third to one-half
On QUALITY GARMENTS

Happy
New
Year
B. H. S.
and all
The
Whole
Year
Thro'

Start the Year Right!

BUY
Besse-System
CLOTHING
\$10 to \$25
**BESSE =
ASHWORTH
CO.**

May
1918
Bring
B. H. S.
Prosperity
and
Happiness
is our
wish

Patronize the Advertisers

C. F. WINCHESTER

THE CORNER GROCERY

Telephone 1160

183 Park Street

We Sell
ARCTIC SPRING
WATER
Delivered Daily
Bangor Maine

W. C. BRYANT

Diamond Dealer

Bangor,

Maine

WARES OF

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

The Hincks Coal Co.

COAL

AND

WOOD

104 BROAD STREET



13 State Street [Next to Bangor Savings Bank]

WHEN IN NEED OF A HAIRCUT OR SHAVE VISIT

Mason's Barber Shop

DANIEL H. MASON

20 HAMMOND STREET

WHETHER YOU EAT TO LIVE
OR LIVE TO EAT

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

GOODE & DRISCOLL, 101 Exchange Street

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HOPKINS STUDIO

14 STATE STREET

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING FOR AMATEURS

Patronize the Advertisers

Young Men's Christian Ass'n

Stands For

LIFE
MORE LIFE
LONGER LIFE
STRONGER LIFE

A Sound Body Filled With Life
Steady Nerves Full Of Life
More Brain Power; Clear, Strong, Vital
More Energy
More Success

COME IN AND GET YOUR SHARE

THE Real Business College

Bangor, Maine

STENOTYPY
(Machine Shorthand)

BOOKKEEPING

SHORTHAND

COMBINATION

Our Stenotypists are taking Civil Service immediately after graduating

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branches

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for the
Amateur

CHALMERS' Studio

23 Hammond St.

Amateur
Developing
and Printing

All kinds of
PICTURE
FRAMING

GIVE US A CALL

SANBORN'S BARBER SHOP

R. H. SANBORN, Prop.

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

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

Compliments of

ANDREWS' MUSIC HOUSE

98 Main Street

Bangor, - Maine

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The Shaw Business College

BOOKKEEPING SHORTHAND TELEGRAPHY

The New Borrough's Bookkeeping Machine is taught in this school

Write today for our free catalogue or telephone 830

INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION

SHAW BUSINESS COLLEGE

BANGOR, MAINE

COMPLIMENTS OF

MILLER & WEBSTER CLOTHING CO.

The Home of

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Bangor

Maine

DON'T FORGET FICKETT'S
SATURDAY CASH SALES

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

OSCAR A. FICKETT CO.
12 BROAD STREET

LUFKIN'S

54 Columbia
Street

U. of M.
Chocolates
and
Old Fashioned
Chocolates

BOOK AND JOB

Printing and Binding

ALL KINDS

Printed or Engraved Wedding Cards
and Society Printing

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

Mail Orders Solicited Send for Samples
The Thomas W. Burr Printing Co.
27 Columbia St., Bangor, Me.

Proper Goods, at the Proper Time at a Proper Price



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THE FASHION

JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE

Women's, Misses' and
Children's Wear

50 per cent Saved On Many Items

Compliments
of

F. S. JONES & CO.

STAPLE AND FANCY

GROCERIES

210 Hammond Street

Tel. 880

BANGOR, MAINE

Show your School Spirit
by attending the

BASKETBALL
GAMES

Get a Season Ticket—Good for
all the Games Played Here

Seventy-five cents

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BIJOU THEATRE

Theatre Pays the War Tax

A Combination of Youth, Beauty and Talent

THREE EDDIE SISTERS

A Study in Daintiness

JULIA REDMOND & CO.

In The Bright One-Act Comedy THE CRITIC AND THE GIRL

THE BELMONTs

Sensational Novelty Artists

SWEET BESSIE LOVE In A Beautiful Irish Play

WEE LADY BETTY

SMART COMEDY FILMS

THE "STRAND" OF MAINE

PARK P

PEERLESS
PICTURES
PERFECTLY
PROJECTED

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

Devoted exclusively to SELECT
PROGRAMS of the World's Best

PHOTO MOTION PRODUCTIONS

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

Refined Entertainment for Those Who Discriminate

Patronize Our Advertisers

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 HARRY A. LITTLEFIELD, ASSISTANT TREASURER

Eastern Trust and Banking Company

Bangor, Maine

Organized April 9, 1887

Paid Up Capital.....	\$ 175,000
Additional Liability of Stockholders.....	175,000
Surplus and Profits	600,000
Deposits.....	6,350,000

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

YOU BEGINNERS IN BUSINESS:

You need a Bank,—

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

Come to this Bank

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

BANGOR, - MAINE

All the latest in

HAIR GOODS

To Let

Theatrical Wigs
 and Beards
 for all classes of
 Entertainments

LOVERING'S

European Hair Store

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— 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

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FELLOWS LIKE TO PAY

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

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

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

DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS

THE S. L. CROSBY CO.

146-150 Exchange Street,

Bangor, Maine

FINE FOOTWEAR

FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN

A Fine Line of Corsets, Hosiery, and Neckwear

MRS. B. J. DOLLIVER

44 MAIN STREET

Full Line of

Fine Shoes

for Ladies and
Gentlemen

JOHN CONNERS SHOE CO.

40 MAIN STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

C. H. SULLIVAN

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