



RACLE



JAN

1915

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THE ORACLE

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EDITORIALS

The reading of school and college catalogs discloses the fact that there is a wide range of opinions as to what studies should be required of every student and which should be elective. Since the college programs show this much more plainly than do the high school programs, we will take our examples from the former. At Harvard, for instance, the only requirement is a certain English course in the freshman year; at the other extreme, many colleges prescribe as many as ten full-year courses. Like variety of belief in regard to required studies is found in the school catalogs, although not by any means to so marked a degree.

This is a matter which vitally concerns us, and which therefore merits our investigation.

In the first place, why are any studies prescribed at all? We all know how much better we do and how much more we get from a study that holds our interest and attention than one which we take solely because we must. The only worthy reasons why a study should be pursued even though a student dislikes it are (1) that it is an absolutely essential part of our education, and

(2) that it develops every part of our nature. The only studies of high school and college years that come in the first of these classes are those which form a part of the technical training for our future work, and those we will wish to take anyway. So, supposing that you agree with us in our attitude toward required studies, test those which you take and find out if they broaden us in all ways. Look, for instance, at the Junior Classical prescribed work: Latin, Algebra, English and History. Latin gives us fine mental development with its complicated grammar and composition; the wonderful works which we translate fully satisfies that higher side of our nature, which we may best term the esthetic. This applies equally well to English. History furnishes mental growth just as great even if of a different sort; one might call this the power of discriminating thought, and that which Latin gave us, memory power. On the esthetic side, history goes even further than the other two studies. In English and Latin we are inspired by the tales of the great men of all times, but how infinitely greater is the story of all mankind than the story of any single individual. The social argument holds good

with history, too. But algebra? No one will deny that its mental contribution is great, fostering as it does the power of logical thought. And can we possibly find anything on which to feed our esthetic natures in this intricate science? No, algebra offers but a one-sided development, and so, in our belief, should be placed among the elective studies. The same might be said of the geometry which the sophomores are compelled to take.

We would urge those who are going to college to study carefully the courses of the institution which they wish to enter, and see if the path which they must follow there does actually bring them to the destination which they seek.

It is only fair to add before leaving this subject, the reason given by the advocates of higher mathematics for including it among the required studies. They agree that practically its only value lies in its power to develop logical thought. But they rightly claim that the ordinary high school curriculum contains nothing which can take its place for this purpose and that therefore it is necessary to a full development of our powers.

The best story in this issue was judged to be "From Naught to Ninety," by Miss Jeanette Croxford, '15, who

Announcements will be given two tickets to the Cony High debate, which comes on February 5.

Next month, we shall publish a Patriotic Number. The Oracle Board has been working on this issue for several months already. We have secured some very interesting letters written by a Civil War veteran during war times. Mrs. Laura E. Richards, the author of Captain January and many other stories, has very kindly offered us a poem entitled "The Red Cross," and this, too, will appear next month. Art Editor Olsen is designing an extremely attractive cover.

As usual, the author of the best story will receive tickets to the school event next following after the Oracle comes out. Try writing a patriotic story!

Everybody in school has probably noticed that there are numerous pages of advertisements at each end of the **Advertisements** Oracle. Everybody may not have noticed that the size of the paper varies in proportion to the quantity of these advertisements; large number of advertisements—large issue, small number of advertisements—small issue; therefore no advertisements—no paper. This ought to prove to everybody the value of advertisements to the Oracle. They are not for variety or for filling up space. They are fifty per cent. of the financial power necessary for the paper.

These advertisements are one-half of the motive power of the paper because they are paid for. Thus only first-class stores can afford to advertise in the paper. For these two reasons—because they furnish the motive power and because they represent first-class stores—we should patronize the advertisers. They solicit our patronage as compensation for their kindness. Do not stop reading as soon as the literary matter is finished. Let the students of the Bangor High School show their willingness to support the paper, not only financially themselves, but by reading the advertisements and patronizing the advertisers.

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Ex.

LITERARY



THE RACE

By Miriam E. Robinson, '17.



ALL, Rainbow, tудay's the day ye're agoin' t' show that ye aint got all over yer friskiness yet," old Mr. Weatherbee said confidently to his mare, which looked as though its racing days had been over several years before, as he drove towards the race track. It was forty years ago and Mr. Weatherbee had entered Rainbow in the race with Blackie, a famous young horse and Rainbow's colt. The place was the old half mile track off Union street, in Bangor, Maine, the north side of which is now the Fuller road.

When Mr. Weatherbee drove up in his high wheeled gig, a laugh ran through the crowd. One small boy piped up and said, "Hello, Santa Claus, are you going to make that poor old horse run?"

"Poor old hoss!" exclaimed Mr. Weatherbee, "why, that there hoss can beat any hoss that will run with her. Yes, siree, she is goin' t' run."

"Bet you don't dare to run her with Blackie," the boy called back.

"Wall, we'll see, son," answered "Santa."

This little conversation had amused a few people who were really interested in the race, but they did not think Rainbow could possibly stand a chance with the well known Blackie. When the race was called, Rainbow was the pole horse; next came Blackie and then came two other horses. Rainbow held her head higher than ever and was just as anxious to start as Blackie. When the word "Go" was given all four horses started forward. Blackie was ahead and held the place for the first lap; the second lap Rainbow caught up inch by inch. Only a little more! Ah, Rainbow is in the lead! but the turn, and Blackie has the inside track. Rainbow loses. The first heat is won by Blackie.

Second heat: "Go" and the horses are off as before. Rainbow is ahead—she keeps there—first lap. Rainbow still in the lead—she **wins** the heat. Rainbow had won one heat and her fighting blood was up.

Third heat: "Go;" they start and Rainbow has the inside track. Blackie gains a little but loses on the turn. Blackie fights hard only to lose again. Rainbow wins the third heat. If Blackie loses the next heat

the race will be over, and that would just suit Mr. Weatherbee.

"Ye're doin' fine, Rainbow, this'll be the last un if ye git it," Mr. Weatherbee said to Rainbow before starting the next heat.

Fourth heat: "Go." Blackie starts forward with a lunge. He is a length ahead of Rainbow. Rainbow gains. The excitement is intense. Blackie gains—he loses. Rainbow is ahead the first lap. Blackie gains; they are abreast. Rainbow gains—she holds the lead. Rainbow has won the race.

"Wall, Rainbow, ye've dun the work an' ye've worked hard," Mr. Weatherbee was saying to his horse when the little fellow who had called him Santa Claus came up.

"Santa, you've beaten my papa's horse, but I like you just the same because you didn't scold when I made fun of you. I hope you'll not forget to stop at my house this Christmas," he said.

That Christmas Mr. Weatherbee bought a new gig for Rainbow—and he didn't forget the little boy.

OCCUPATIONS FOR HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

IV. Public Entertainment.

(Editor's note: The Oracle Board wishes to thank all its friends who aided in preparing this article, especially Miss Ruth Chaterton, now starring in "Daddy-long-legs" at the Gaiety Theatre, New York City, and Mr. Tom Linton of the Keith vaudeville circuit, who gave us the most valuable help).



THE thing that struck the interviewer most forcibly about the dramatic workers he talked with was their unfailing loyalty to their profession. Every one expressed himself as glad that he had followed the line of work that he did.

The opportunities in stage work are as one actress expressed it "every and none," that is each man makes his own opportunities. One must take small work for the first two seasons or so in order to gain experience; actors may sometimes perhaps be "born," but they invariably need developing. This period of training corresponds to the period of apprenticeship required in a trade. A reliable company will pay a little better than a living during this time. Perhaps the best place to make a

start is in the chorus of a New York musical comedy. The pay here is eighteen dollars a week while in New York city and twenty-five when on the road. Of course, it is entirely possible to make a start elsewhere, with a second-rate repertoire company, for instance, or with a vaudeville act on a small motion-picture house circuit. But the chorus work has many advantages. It is almost impossible for anyone not accustomed to the ordeal to come out and face an audience alone, but when the entrance is made with thirty-five or forty others, it becomes an easy matter. After getting used to facing an audience as a member of the chorus, the chances of making a good appearance alone are greatly increased.

Now, in this period of apprenticeship, the aspirant should try his hand at as many kinds of work as possible. In this lies the advantage of work with a good stock or repertoire company, preferably the former. Having tried all sorts of parts, the young actor should, very early in his career, decide which kind he can do best, stick to that kind, and perfect himself in that one line of work. The calls of "specialization" and "efficiency" have penetrated just as deeply into the

stage-world as into any other. When a young man or woman has completed his period of training and picked his "line," then unlimited opportunities stretch out before him. He does not need money back of him to reach the top of his profession; the rich man and poor meet on equal terms at the foot of the ladder in this vocation.

It is generally conceded that vaudeville is the best field to enter after having selected one's "line," for two reasons: (1), greater freedom, (2), higher salaries. Let us suppose that a man has served his apprenticeship, and discovered that his greatest talent lies in the direction of eccentric comedy. He can write (or have some one else write for him) an act that will display his work to the best possible advantage; if he entered any other field on the contrary he would have to suit himself to the part assigned him. He can elect to travel in any part of the country he chooses; in other lines some one else would map out his route. If he thinks of any additional lines he thinks would be appropriate he may try them out to suit himself; in other fields his request to insert the lines would probably be refused or perhaps the new lines would be given to some other member of the company. And so it goes. In vaudeville a man is in every way his own boss.

With regard to the vaudeville remuneration it may be stated that thousands of actors are getting \$100 a week; hundreds, \$200 or \$300; a great many, \$500; and a few, \$1,000 and \$1,500. No man who, acting alone, can hold the stage for ten minutes receives less than \$50. Twenty-five dollars is considered extremely low.

Some ability for singing and dancing is generally expected of a beginner, with these he can generally gain a hearing. Good physical appearance is a great advantage and is being insisted upon more and more by the best managers. A fellow or a girl who is

extraordinarily tall, short, thin, or stout, will not fit well into the ensemble of a scene and so such people are avoided in picking chorus members and players of small parts, where the aspirant must make his start. Ability to play a standard instrument is of little advantage, since the musical field is overcrowded and exceptional ability is demanded for musical parts.

We would not give the reader to understand that the actor's life is a path of roses. There are few occupations in which luck plays so great a part. For instance, three years ago, Joan Sawyer was refused a place in a New York musical comedy chorus because she could not dance well enough. And yet today, there is hardly anyone who has not heard of Joan Sawyer's dancing; but her skill was not gained in three years. She happened not to please the first manager. For another example, a man might have a vaudeville act that would make good in Boston, or any other large city, but opening in a small place, perhaps the orchestra would not play his music properly, bad reports would be sent in to the national dramatic magazines and his act would be ruined.

Several students have asked that we treat of musical work under this month's heading. Having looked the matter up we are prepared to give as the almost unanimous opinion of those consulted that public musical performance makes extremely exacting requirements, offers little opportunity and less remuneration, is an overcrowded field and therefore is inadvisable.

To sum up: for the young man or woman without capital, but with some ability for singing and dancing, stage work offers greater opportunities and remuneration than any trade, many business fields, and even some professions.

The following letter was received too late for incorporation in the foregoing article,

but as it contains ideas too valuable to lose, we are printing it below verbatim. Mr. Glendinning has won great success this year at the Hudson Theatre in New York City, playing "Richard Howard" in "The Big Idea." At present he is playing at the Eltinge Theatre, in "The Song of Songs:"

Mr. Robert A. Patterson, Bangor, Me.:

Dear Sir—

I must apologize to you for not replying to your letter in the stated period—but I have been so busy with rehearsals, playing, benefits, holidays, etc., that I have neglected my correspondence shamefully. Perhaps, however, it is just as well—as I am afraid the three questions are rather difficult to answer.

To the first—"What are the requirements for dramatic work?" First of all I would say, "Actors are born—not made." You must have that something which cannot be really defined—temperament, dramatic instinct, imagination,—whatever you wish to call it. Given this—you must then acquire a wide general education—a knowledge of languages—particularly English—a knowledge of how to use the voice—a good diction—a good bearing—grace, ease, repose—a knowledge of life, of men and

women. Then one must have experience. A good Stock Co., I think, is best—play all kinds of parts—work hard—find yourself—learn your trade—acquire what is called **technique**. All these one must have to be a good actor an opportunity will do the rest. Which brings me to the second question—"What are the opportunities in this field for the young man or woman." To answer this tersely, I would say that while it is a most terribly overcrowded profession, I think there is always room for real talent. It is a bad profession for the mediocre—bad on account of its uncertainty.

The last question—as regards remuneration—is almost impossible to answer. I, myself, started as a "super" at \$4.00 a week. That is about the lowest. If you have any lines to speak—\$15 to \$25 is about the starting salary. And there you can stay for years. Some actors have been on the stage for thirty years and don't get more than \$50 per week. But it is possible to reach \$500 in ten years—and so go on to stardom and very big salaries—but—one last word—Don't let money make you go on the stage—it is a hard road—and you must **love** the stage for itself alone.

Sincerely,

Ernest Glendinning.

THE LOST WILL

By Lora E. Blanding, '15.



MISS Mehitable Adams had been dead and buried only a week, but during that time the old house had seen more people gathered together under its roof than had been there for the last twenty years. This day was the seventh and the will had not yet been found.

"I think," said Mr. Jonathan Thompson, sitting heavily and somewhat insecurely on

a slender-legged Sheraton hall chair, "I think we may assume that my cousin died intestate. I shall accordingly apply immediately for letters of administration after which the property will be equally divided among the heirs."

The heirs in question, all being present, exchanged glances. Cousin Jonathan was taking things somewhat for granted.

Miss Serena, who had been wiping her eyes at the mention of the deceased, and

casting distressed looks at the legs of the Sheraton chair which were threatening to give way, suddenly bridled. "Of course, we shall have some personal choice in the matter? Dear Mehitable had a great many little things which I am sure would be valued by no one but me. The snuff-box, for instance, from which the Rev. Mr. Sniffles once took snuff, and the George Washington pitcher which ——."

She was interrupted by a snort from a small fidgety man perched stiffly on a huge mahogany settle. You know very well, Serena," he ejaculated, "that that George Washington pitcher is absolutely necessary to complete my collection. If it were anything but a pitcher, I would give it to you willingly, but under the circumstances I must insist on my rights."

Miss Serena sniffed. It was plain that relations were becoming strained. Mr. Hopper was presuming on his somewhat distant relationship.

Suddenly the piping voice of one of the twins (the smaller nieces and nephews had been sitting in one corner of the room, giggling) broke the painfully awkward silence.

"O, ma! Look at Cousin Jim holding hands with Miss Parker!" At this astonishing piece of news, Patty (the other twin) rushed to be a witness of the spectacle, slid on one of the rugs, fell heavily, hit a small table and knocked off a huge blue lamp which fell to the floor with a crash.

"Oh, Patricia," screamed Miss Serena, "that is the lamp that Cousin Mehitable got in London. It was once one of the most highly prized possessions of the Duchess of York."

Jimmie thanking his lucky stars for the accident which had turned the inquiring and reproving looks of his relatives (especially Aunt Serena) in another direction, extricated the lustily howling Patricia from the debris.

Miss Parker, with unusually red cheeks, seized the opportunity to make a dignified exit. No one, however, seemed to notice her sudden departure (because she was wholly disapproved of by everybody except Jim).

"James Holland Newcomb!" ejaculated Miss Serena in a tone which stopped Jimmie on his way toward the door. "I am completely overcome. A girl of whose connections absolutely nothing is known! I always felt that your dear Aunt Mehitable was deceived when she chose her for her companion. I feel faint. Go upstairs and get my smelling salts."

"Well, I'll be jiggered! Who was your"—but he stopped short, remembering the respect due one's aunt.

"O dear, that lamp," sighed Miss Serena.

"I don't see anything to make a fuss over, Serena," snapped little Mr. Silas Hopper, "now, if it had been the pitcher —"

"Aunt Serena, I can't find your smelling thing-a-ma-bob anywhere," broke in Jimmie who had returned from the search which, although it failed to produce the salts, had wrought havoc among Miss Serena's belongings.

"Never mind, James, I really must retire now, anyway. Go ahead, please, and light my lamp." Aunt Serena rose, leaving the room with a withering glance in Mr. Hopper's direction.

Jimmie wearily climbed the stairs, thinking uncomplimentary things about all aunts and Aunt Serena in particular, lighted the lamp, and hurried back before she could make any more demands on him.

One by one the people left for bed until only Jimmie was left in the parlor.

Chapter II.

Jimmie was worried about Miss Parker. He really did care for her. So he wrote a note, went up the back stairs, crept cau-

tiously past Miss Serena's room and knocked on the twins' door.

"Here kids," he begged, "take this down and slip it under the door of the room third from the stairs, will you?"

* * * * *

At half-past nine Miss Serena was surprised as she stood before her mirror, crimping her straight gray locks to hear a noise at her door and to see an envelope work its way between the door and the threshold. This looked peculiar, even romantic. Miss Serena was thrilled.

Picking it up, she took a hairpin and carefully tore the flap, then read:

"Dearest—Please don't let what happened today make any difference. You can't expect much from a crowd like this. Can't I see you a minute tonight on the side piazza? Let the twins bring the answer."

It was unsigned! Miss Serena turned it over and over searching for some initials, but in vain. She reread it. Suddenly she had an inspiration, "Do not let what happened today"—why that could only mean the difference of opinion between her and Mr. Hopper, over the George Washington pitcher. The poor, dear man, of course she bore him no ill feeling. To think he should be so troubled. Perhaps—her heart beat fast.

She quickly found pen and paper and wrote:

"Dear Silas—Of course, what happened about the pitcher shall not make any difference between us. I will meet you on the side piazza in half an hour." This was duly slipped under Mr. Hopper's door by the twins.

* * * * *

The moon was playing hide-and-seek with the clouds as Jimmie came up the garden path to the side piazza. Ever since he had sent the note to Agnes he had been pacing the garden. To be sure she had not answered his note, but he almost believed she would come.

As he drew near the veranda he heard voices. Just then the moon disappeared behind a bank of gray clouds, while from out of the darkness of the piazza he distinctly heard a voice which was unmistakably Aunt Serena's say, "You need not say a word. I understand everything. To think we have waited all these years."

At this moment the moon came out and he beheld Mr. Silas Hopper encircled by Aunt Serena's protecting arms and he crept away laughing.

Chapter III.

The sun was just creeping up over Mt. Arnold as Jimmie was tumultuously awakened by an avalanche of twins.

"Jimmie, Aunt Serena wants you to get her a pitcher of hot water," began Patty.

"And gee, you'd hurry if you could see her face," concluded Peter.

Jimmie reluctantly got up, put on his bathrobe and slippers and made his way down the back stairs. Not a servant in sight! The water was boiling on the stove, but he did not know where the pitchers were kept. Suddenly he bethought himself of the George Washington pitcher. Just the thing!

Filling it with hot water he started back up the stairs. It was awfully hot! It grew hotter every moment! His hands were burning! Just then he tripped and fell. There was a crash!

With smothered ejaculations he scrambled up and stood viewing the ruins. George Washington lay in many pieces.

Hearing a cough behind him he turned to find Agnes Parker quietly laughing. She stooped down and began picking up the pieces.

"No one need ever know," she whispered. "I'll get you another pitcher of hot water and they probably won't miss this."

"You angel," he cried as he grasped her hand. She laughed, but did not draw it away.

"Everyone come into the parlor," came in stentorian commands from that room.

When everyone had gotten there, Mr. Jonathan Thompson announced in a tone of triumph, "The lost will is found. If everyone will give his attention I will read it!"

Then he read:

"I, Mehitable Adams, being of sound and disposing mind, but mindful of the uncertainties of this life, do hereby declare this to be my last will and testament. To Agnes Parker, my beloved companion, I give my

house and everything therein not hereinafter mentioned. To my beloved cousin, Serena Dodge, I bequeath my set of mahogany furniture. To my beloved cousin, Silas Hopper, I bequeath all the pitchers that I possess. My money I wish to be distributed equally among my nieces and nephews."

Jimmie cast rapturous looks at Agnes. Miss Serena edged nearer to Mr. Hopper. Mr. Hopper glanced timidly at Miss Serena.

THE SURPRISE PARTY

By Ruth A. Wormwood, '17



AFTER all the picnics to which we have asked those horrid boys, the idea of their thinking they can run away from us!" complained poor Eleanor. "They make me tired!"

"Evidently, Eleanor, you are not used to brothers. Now, of course, I think it's mean, but—"

"Oh, Eleanor and Betsy! guess what old Mrs. Mason, the village gossip and ice cream lady, told me just now. She said, 'Isn't it great you young people are having another of those nice picnics? Really I'm just crazy to find out why the boys are sending the ice cream to old Grandma Lynch's. But, of course, I didn't dare ask Bobby (Betsy's twin), for he hates to tell you a bit of news.' 'Ha! Ha!' I began to shout and ran down the street leaving Mrs. Mason staring with eyes and mouth wide open. Say, girls, I bet she thought I was crazy."

"Now, Jane, please come down to earth and tell what difference it makes who was to take care of their old ice cream, the mean old things!"

"Why girls, don't you see they have built a camp down in back of Grandma

Lynch's that not a soul is supposed to know about. But I happened to pop in the other night just as James was talking to father and I heard him speak about 'it's' coming about in the new camp behind Lynch's. This he said in a whisper, before he discovered little me."

"What did he do when he discovered you, Jane?"

"Well he looked rather embarrassed and withdrew, as it were!"

"You are a brick, Jane. Really I believe I've thought of a plan so the boys will at least have to share ice cream, etc., with us girls."

"What is it, Eleanor?" chorused the girls.

"Well, now," began Eleanor, "you must be sure not to mention that you know they are to have a picnic, but just casually announce that we are to have a picnic. And, girls, above all, do not act silly when you mention it or they might catch on!"

"Where shall we go on our picnic, Eleanor?"

"Why to their camp, of course. We will not try to stop the ice cream from coming to Grandma Lynch's, for, of course, we want some. I imagine, too, that for the dedi-

cating of their camp they will have quite a spread."

It was certainly laughable to see the different ways each girl took of approaching the subject of their own picnic, and to see the unsuspecting boys actually doing all they could to help the girls out of their way. The boys were even obliging enough to go canoeing with the girls lest they should be suspected. When it was about time that morning for the boys to go to the camp, they began to be a bit nervous; in fact, so much so were they, that they did not realize all that was going on. Eleanor and Jane, who had stayed on shore because they "had a headache," in reality were to prepare the picnic lunch. By the time the canoe party returned, Eleanor and Jane had almost completely recovered from their "illness" and had come to the wharf to meet the party. The girls decided they would sit

down on the wharf for a while to watch for the big boat, but the boys planned to go home. My! weren't the girls relieved to think their escorts could not stay. The boys were hardly out of sight when the girls took a short cut to the boys' new camp.

It would have made almost anybody laugh to see the boys with open mouths, when upon their arrival at the camp they looked at the girls all cosily settled around the fire, with Bobby's own mother sitting in one of the Morris chairs. It was almost too much when Jane said, "Did you get the ice cream from Grandma Lynch's? We have some fine cake and sandwiches."

The boys, after regaining their thoughts, remembered and tried not to look thunderstruck, but only after a few minutes did one succeed in asking, "W-where d-d-did y-you come f-from?"

A NEW YEAR'S AWAKENING

By Helen L. Stuart



It was the last night of the old year and the dining room of the great hotel was crowded with a joyful well-dressed throng, ready to speed the worn-out year and to welcome the fresh, young one with laughter and song.

The scene was indeed a gay one—the elegantly gowned ladies, the sparkling glass, the shining silver and the rosy glow from the candles made a picture of luxurious wealth. Yet, to one young man in the company, the scene was distasteful. Roger Fielding, young, rich, courted by society, found nothing to look forward to in the coming year. The past months had been frittered away—nothing had been accomplished. Now he looked with real disgust at the glamour around him

and a great desire seized him to leave, to walk out into the pure night and to breathe air that was untainted by the perfume of hothouse flowers.

Quickly he slipped away, donned his greatcoat and stepped out into the crowded thoroughfare. Even here the tall buildings and the hurrying, horn-blowing crowd seemed to stifle him and quickening his steps he walked on and on.

At last lights grew infrequent, houses poorer and streets narrower, but silence reigned supreme. Gradually he slackened his steps, took long draughts of the keen, frosty air, and gazed about him. It was a quarter of the city in which he had never been before and he wondered why he had been ignorant of its existence. The houses were rickety wooden structures, sadly in

need of paint and repairs. The street was narrow and crooked, devoid of light. Fielding wondered how human beings could exist in such hovels and hastened to get away from the scene.

Suddenly he was arrested by the sound of a childish voice, sobbing pitifully. He stood still and listened attentively and soon discovered that the sound proceeded from a room on the first floor of one of the most wretched houses. A sickly looking lamp was burning near the broken window so he could easily see the inside of the room. Cautiously he tiptoed nearer and gazed in. The sight that met his eyes made him almost cry out in horror. In the tiny, bare room, devoid of any furniture, save an old bedstead, a dirty stove and some rickety chairs, were four of the poorest clad, hungriest looking people he had ever seen in his life.

The tired mother was bending over a sickly, half-starved baby, sobbing on the bed. A young man, evidently the father, sat by the stove, his head in his hands and his shoulders, prematurely bent by care and trouble. A tiny, little blue-eyed girl leaned against his knee and with her little hand stroked his hair and said in a sweet voice, "Don't cry, papa. You're going to get work tomorrow, I know it."

The father shook his head and clasped the little one in his arms.

"Yes, papa," she persisted, "you will get work for I prayed today, oh so hard, and Jesus always answers prayers."

Fielding brushed a tear from his eye—the first tear he had shed in many a year. He stopped no longer but a resolve entered his mind that the little girl's prayer should come true, and that very night. He looked at his watch and saw that it was a little after eleven, but there was yet time to carry out his resolve for many of the stores would keep open late that night.

He walked on till he reached a cab and

hailing the driver, he ordered to be taken to the nearest grocery store. A monstrous basket was filled with all the good things the store afforded and on the top he placed an envelope which contained five ten dollar bills and a note which read, "If you will call on new year's day at J. Fielding's, 928 ——— St., you will receive a position."

He then was driven within a block or two of the house. How changed he was from the man of an hour ago! His face was alight and eager as he stepped joyfully from the cab to carry out his surprise. Cautiously he walked on tiptoe carrying the basket like a gleeful boy.

He placed his burden on the doorstep, gave a hard knock on the door and fled across the street to a dark doorway.

The occupants of the room were in the same position as when he first saw them. When they heard the knock the father arose and with alarm went to the door, wondering who could be the caller at that late hour.

Fielding heard a murmur of surprise as the man beheld the basket and he watched with delight as the mother and child crowded around, joy fairly transfiguring their faces.

The note was opened first and Fielding felt amply repaid by the expression of gratitude and thanksgiving on the faces of the parents. Then the little girl cried out, "I was sure, papa, Jesus would answer my prayer and He did."

"Yes, darling," the father answered, "He has answered it far beyond our greatest hope and let us thank Him now."

Tears streamed down Fielding's face as he watched the act of reverence of the little family.

Just then he heard the distant city clock strike twelve, but he heard it with joy for the new year had opened up to him a hope for a life which would be a benefit to his fellowmen.

HOW TO AMUSE OLD PEOPLE

By Pauline Mansur, '15.



"I'm so sorry, Sibyl, that I can't come over to your house this afternoon, but mother has an appointment at the dentist's, and has asked me to stay at home and amuse Great-uncle Owen. You know he's visiting us for a week. I know I shall die trying to entertain him for he's terribly hard of hearing. Well, good-bye!" I said, and hung up the telephone receiver and went into the living room and prepared to amuse great-uncle.

It was only half-past two and mother would be out until after five. Three hours! Three long hours to talk, and to a deaf man at that! What could I talk about? I'm not much of a talker anyway, and when I thought of staying in and talking to an old man for three hours, when I might have been over to Sibyl's with all the other girls, I fairly shuddered.

Well, I plucked up all the courage I possessed, and began to talk to Uncle Owen. I told him about school—what studies I was taking, who my teachers were, and then I described the school building, going into many small details to take up the time. I glanced at the clock,—five minutes past three! Two more hours!

Then I told him what I was doing outside of school. I told him that I was knitting a muffler for the Belgians, that I was learning to crochet, and that Mary was teaching me to cook, and then I told him everything I intended to do in the next ten years. I was beginning to be hoarse. Half-past three! Oh dear! he didn't seem interested in anything. His head began to nod, and I thought surely he was going to sleep.

I picked up a magazine and opened it. The first words my eyes met were these:

"Young folks talk of what they are doing; old folks, of what they have done; and fools of what they intend to do." Well, I had talked of what I was doing and of what I intended to do, therefore I was both young and a fool. Then I had an idea! Why couldn't he do his share of the entertaining, and talk awhile. He surely must have done something worth repeating in his long life, so I meekly asked him if he wouldn't tell me something about what he did when he was young.

He opened his eyes and sat up straight (I guess he'd been almost asleep) and seemed quite pleased at the idea. "I was thinking," he began, "when you said you were knittin' a muffler for a Belgian soldier, of when I was a young soldier in the hospital, wounded, and how your great-aunt used to come an' bring us poor fellers things. Then when I got well, she knit me some mittens an' socks, an' lots o' things."

"So you were a soldier, too?" I said. "Oh, do tell me something about the war. I'd just love to hear some stories about it."

He was delighted at the opportunity, and began, and told me how he fought in the battle of Gettysburg, and how he was taken prisoner and escaped, how he was wounded and lay in a hospital for two months, and lots and lots of other war stories. He was so excited that he got up out of his chair and paced the floor, laughed, clapped his hands and stamped his feet, until I was beginning to be afraid he would get all tired out. But he was so interesting, I hated to have him stop. Then he told me about when he went to school in a little log school-house, and about the tricks the boys used to play on the teacher and about the "green-hide," and lots of funny things that happened when he was a boy.

Just then mother came in and I guess she thought he was ill, he was so very excited. But we soon explained the situation and he told her that he had been having the best time he had had for ever so long.

I, surely, had enjoyed his stories as much as he had himself, and I had also learned something,—that the easiest and best way to amuse old people is to let them talk about the past.

FROM NAUGHT TO NINETY

A True Experience.

By Jeannette Croxford, '15.



THE regions of the north hold a strange fascination to many roving natures. In spite of the intense cold, and the extreme dangers which one must meet in those far away lands there are many who have left their homes and risked their lives to explore the northland, and to find what that mysterious world of ice and snow can reveal to them.

There was one such man whom for convenience we shall call Allan March. His adventures in the polar regions were many and varied, and yet he survived them all and is now living in comfort where his children and grandchildren crowd about him to listen to thrilling tales of the north, about the Eskimos and the icebergs, the polar bears and the dogs who draw the heavy sledges.

When Allan March was twenty-four years of age he sailed from New York on a vessel bound for Hongkong and other foreign ports. On his return he touched at Manila and then went down through the China Sea, crossed the equator and headed toward Java. He enjoyed all the beauties of that foreign land, and returned again to New York harbor.

On the day of his return March met an old friend who greeted him joyfully, exclaiming, "Come on, Allan, I'm going in here to take the examination required for men who want to go on the big ship which sails in ten days

for the Arctic regions. Just come in till I get through, will you?"

"Oh, yes, I'll step into the office," March replied.

They entered the building together and the man was admitted to a private office where the brusque little examining physician stood waiting for the applicants.

The result of the examination, however, was unsatisfactory, and the man was not allowed to become a member of the expedition.

When the doctor came out of his private office he looked at March sitting in the outer room waiting for his friend.

"Next," and he nodded at the young man. The latter hesitated and looked bewildered, but admirably concealing his surprise, he resolutely arose and started for the office. He thought it would be a good joke anyhow, and no harm would be done. The difficult examination was over and the physician declared March fully qualified to undertake the dangerous journey! He went out from the office dazed. He who had just arrived from the tropics, from the burning heat of monsoon and typhoon, from the land of orang-outang and bird of paradise, of cocoanut and bread fruit, from the beauties he so much admired to pass directly to the home of the glacier and icebergs, to grope in the arctic night and dress in the skin of the bear—these indeed were extremes. And thus it happened that he set sail for the land of the eskimo.

Ten days after, the big ship was on its way with young March among the members of the crew. From a country of moderate temperature they came to a region of intense cold and perilous hardships. It seemed as if civilization was left behind and henceforth they were to encounter only wild animals and savage peoples while mountains of ice and snow were all that could be seen on every hand. The huge vessel J—, which carried the brave men, withstood many a terrible storm and thanks to the skill of its captain steered clear of many an iceberg. Ever hopeful they pushed onward into the black of the Arctic night, making friends of the Eskimos and at times taking long journeys over the ice on sledges drawn by the faithful dogs.

But misfortune overtook them. The north pole was not reached. In a blinding storm their ship was crushed between two massive icebergs, and it seemed but a question of a few hours before the entire crew would perish.

They immediately took to the boats, one of which held Allan March. The captain was in another and for days they floated thus, totally handicapped. The food supply was very nearly exhausted. Only a little bread was left, and having no weapons with which to hunt wild animals, they were nearing starvation! As a last resort the dogs were killed and their flesh taken for

food. Sometimes they would come in sight of a hut which had been inhabited during a portion of the year by parties of tourists. Knowing that there were doubtless remains of provisions in such huts, the men would hurry as fast as their stiffened bodies would allow, toward these places in hope of obtaining a little food to relieve their intense hunger.

In a short time the boats became separated. The captain's boat was lost, but that in which Allan March was pilot buffeted the storms, and in spite of his hunger and his frozen limbs his courage remained indomitable and he safely brought his men to civilization. They reached Siberia half starved and frozen, but when they had received reinforcements every man was ready to return to the Arctic circle in search of the lost captain. The trip was fruitless. The captain was lost. His men erected, in those frozen lands, a memorial to him, and then returned to their homes thankful that even a few lives had been spared.

Allan March was rewarded for his bravery and unflinching courage, and his friends received him with wild enthusiasm.

Many a wintry evening does he sit before the crackling logs in his huge old-fashioned fireplace telling, as only he can tell, of the thrilling scenes which he has witnessed and of what it means physically, mentally and morally to travel from o to go!



The Freshman class held an election of officers, December 15, with the following result: John T. Quinn, president; Rachel G. Connor, vice president; and James E. Mitchell, secretary and treasurer. The nominees for president were: John Quinn, Joseph Garland, Herbert Webb, and John McCann. For vice president: Rachel Connor, Mary Clough, Dorothy Doe, and Esther Lord. For secretary and treasurer: James Mitchell, Helena Derby, Walter Frawley, and Wesley Smith.

Miss Miriam E. Robinson, '17, has been transferred from the Bangor High School to a Boston school where she will continue her studies. Miss Robinson will be greatly missed by her numerous friends, but they wish to extend to her their hearty wish that she will be most successful there.

Mr. Larrabee announced at Senior chapel, January 6, that neither the Girls' nor the Boys' Debating Societies were to enter a contestant in the U. of M. Discussion League and that it would therefore be opened to the Senior class. Any member of this class, provided they are obtaining satisfactory rank in their studies, may take part in a trial contest to be held soon. The subject for this year is "The Recall," a contestant may speak on either side and on any phase of this question he deserves. The speech is to be eight minutes in length and four minutes of refutation is required of each candidate. The other details of this

league were fully described in the Debating column of the December Oracle.

Mr. Larrabee announced at chapel that the United States Bureau of Education has prepared a home reading course for the benefit of those who wish to lay a good foundation for a knowledge of the world's best literature,—ancient, medieval and modern. It is divided into two courses. The first contains,—The Iliad and the Odyssey of Homer; the Divine Comedy of Dante; The Merchant of Venice, Macbeth, Hamlet and Othello by Shakespeare; and Goethe's Faust. The second includes these eight books and also: Job; Isaiah; Deuteronomy; Prometheus Bound of Aeschylus; The Aeneid of Virgil; The Nibelungenlied; Cervantes' Don Quixote; Select Plays of Moliere; and Milton's Paradise Lost. The Bureau invites all who wish to undertake this course of reading under its direction to join its Second National Reading Circle. For admission to the circle it is only necessary to write to the "Home Education Division of the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.," giving your name, postoffice address, your age and a very brief statement of your education.

The catalog of Bangor High School for 1914 and 1915 has been issued and contains some very valuable information about the school; also many fine cuts showing the rooms which are of special interest. The total number of pupils is now 759, distrib-

uted in classes as follows: Seniors, 119; Juniors, 134; Eleventh grade, 188; Tenth grade, 304; six specials and eight postgraduates. The catalog speaks of a new course called the "Household Arts Course." The synopsis in the catalog looks very enticing and is sure to attract many girls who are not planning to continue their studies after graduating from the High School and therefore do not wish for a college course. There are also some changes in the Classical Course. Only one year of history is required now; but a half-year of science and another half-year of mathematics have been added to the required list.

Miss Sylvia E. Jones, '17, has left High School, but will continue her studies at Mt. Ida. Miss Jones was much liked by her many friends and they wish her a most successful and profitable year.

The first meeting of the Bangor High School Glee club was held on Wednesday afternoon, January 6, in the Assembly Hall. The club consists of girls from the Senior, Junior and Sophomore classes and boys from the Senior and Junior classes. Nearly all the members were present and Miss Littlefield was much pleased at the work done. The members are: Margaret Woodman, Katherine Makanna, Dorothy Harvey, Cordelia Carlisle, Anna Epstein, Faye Harvey, Ruth Perry, May Yerxa, Priscilla Clark, Jessie Newcomb, Elizabeth Thaxter, Elaine Daley, Mary Chadwick, Marguerite Tibbets, Katherine Clark, Nathalie Turner, Alice Whitmore, Jenny Knowles, Ruth Sullivan, Ruth Newcomb, Natalie Glass, Arline Hillman, Ellen Garman, Gladys Beverly, Sara Bartlett, Hazel Robinson, Madelene Morton, Hazel McInnis, Ruth Wormwood, Margaret Hills, Helen Reed, Lilla Hersey, Orestes Cleveland, Fred Jordan, Oliver Hall, Arthur

Stevens, Robert Ewer, Arno Savage, Irving West, George Thompson, Harry Alward, Albert Doran, Arthur Robinson, James Chilcott, Arthur Jones, Clyde Burton and Freeman Olsen. The meetings are to be held regularly at 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon unless otherwise stated.

Mr. A. J. Torsleff, secretary of the Maine Anti-Tuberculosis League, gave an interesting talk on the subject of tuberculosis, after chapel on Tuesday, January 5. He outlined the causes, symptoms and cures of the disease. It is hoped that many of the students will profit by this interesting lecture.

On Thursday evening, December 17, the Seniors of the Commercial division had a social in the **gymnasium**. Games were played and dancing was enjoyed. Miss Hazel Pickard, Miss Josephine Gallagher, Miss Josephine Lintott, Raymond McNeil and Daniel McClay catered. The evening was much enjoyed by all.

Mr. Charles A. Flagg, librarian of the Bangor public library, addressed the Senior and Junior classes in chapel on December 16, and the Sophomore class during the first period on January 7. Mr. Flagg spoke first of books in general and gave their history from the time when they were written in queer figures on tablets of stone up to the present time. He then talked about the library, explaining its uses and pointing out how it might be of much aid to the student. Mr. Flagg believes that the library should be the center of educational progress. Before the Oracle is issued the Sophomore class will probably have witnessed a demonstration in the library where Mr. Flagg will explain more specifically its uses.



Horace Chapman, '12, has returned to Williams College, after passing the vacation with his parents.

Andrew M. Butterfield, '10, and Miss Eleanor D. Cahill, of Boston, were married Nov. 18, 1914. They are living at 58 South Street, Bath. Mr. Butterfield is in the employ of the Hyde Windlass Co.

The marriage of Charles H. King, '09, and Miss Sadie W. Hall took place in Orrington, December 23rd.

Charles P. Roberts of Boston, who died December, 1914, at the age of 93, was a member of the first class that ever entered Bangor High School after it was established. This school was located on Prospect Street, in a building which was afterward burned. Mr. Roberts was superintendent of schools in Bangor from 1866 to 1877, and always kept up to the end of his long life, his interest in the educational affairs of this city.

Guy Leadbetter, '12, was elected president of the student council at Bowdoin.

David N. Beach, Jr., '12, and Cornelius E. Clark, '11, have returned to Yale University.

Frank Maxfield, '14, has returned to the Carnegie Institute of Technology, after the holidays.

Miss Madeline Gallagher, '13, has resumed her work at the Gorham Normal school.

Carl Maxfield, '10, has resumed his studies at Princeton.

Miss Doris Robinson, '09, has returned to Smith College after passing the holidays with her parents.

Margaret Burns, '14, and Frances McCann, '14, have returned to Manhattanville, after spending the holidays with their parents.

Gwendolyn Safford, '14, Frances Townsend, '14, and Eleanor Shaw, '14, have returned to Wheaton College after the holidays.

Dorothy Smith, '14, has resumed her studies at Smith College.

Elizabeth Paine, '14, passed the holidays with relatives in this city.

Martha Mansur, '14, has returned to Wellesley after the Christmas vacation.

Frederick French, '14, Arthur MacWilliams, '11, and Harvey Miller, '12, from Bowdoin, were at home for the holidays.

Charlotte Clark, '14, has returned to Mt. Holyoke College.

Thomas Bragg, '11, has resumed his work at the University of Pennsylvania Veterinary College.

Forest D. Ames, '09, has returned to Harvard Medical College.

Walter Willey, '13, has returned to Tufts College.

The engagement of Myles M. Atherton, '14, to Miss Frances Lord of Holden has been recently announced. Mr. Atherton is teaching music in this city.



"Whatever skeptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore."

—Butler, "Hudibras."

The Society.

At a recent business meeting of Bangor High School Literary and Debating Society, officers for the ensuing term were elected as follows:

Louis B. Dennett, president.

Harry Butler, vice president.

C. Freeman Olsen, secretary.

Orestes Cleveland, treasurer.

Richard K. MacWilliams, censor.

Team Trials.

On the week before the Xmas vacation, competitive examinations were held among the members of the Debating Society to determine the four representatives who will debate with Augusta. Each candidate delivered a five-minute argument on the question: Resolved, That the United States should defend Canada against foreign invasion. Mr. Larrabee, Miss Scribner and Mr. Boyd acted as judges. The four members of the team were selected and another trial debate was held between these four to decide upon the alternate and the order of speakers, the same question being taken as that which shall be used in the final debate. The members of the team to debate with Augusta, as selected by the judges, are Louis Dennett, Harry Helson and Robert Patterson (names in order of speaking), with Richard MacWilliams as alternate. All the trials took place in the lecture room, and an active interest was taken by all the contestants.

B. H. S. vs. Cony High.

Of all the debating contests which are scheduled for the coming season, the debate

between Cony High School of Augusta and Bangor High promises to be the liveliest and most interesting.

Last year Cony High debated here for the first time with Bangor on the question: Resolved, That the education of the negro should be liberal rather than industrial, Bangor supporting the negative. The debate was an exceptionally close one, but in spite of all the efforts of the home team, the decision was awarded to Augusta.

The debate will take place in the High School Assembly Hall, on Friday evening, Feb. 5. The subject will be, Resolved, That capital punishment should be abolished throughout the United States, Bangor High supporting the affirmative side of the question. Tickets may be obtained from any member of either debating society, the admission being only fifteen cents.

It has invariably been the case in debates which have taken place here with outside schools, that there have been deplorably small audiences. Now there is nothing so encouraging to a speaker as a large friendly home audience. It is to the debater what the cheering section is to the football player. The result of a debate is as often decided by the support of the audience as is a football game by the encouragement of the cheering. Into this debate with Cony High, the four members of your home team will have put at least a month of hard work and study; into their arguments they have put their best efforts and attempts; do they not deserve at least a good audience? You have ably backed your baseball and basketball teams and enthusiastically supported your football elevens; now come Feb. 5, and help to beat Augusta by encouraging your de-

bating team with your presence and support.

The Girls' Society.

The regular weekly meeting of the society was called to order at 4 o'clock, Thursday, Dec. 3, in Room 209. All members put on their most dignified and intelligent manner as a visitor was present. Several new names were added to the membership. All business having been settled, the president announced an impromptu debate on the subject, Resolved, That written examinations should be abolished in Bangor High School. Sides were chosen as follows:

Affirmative: Jeannette Croxford, Lucie M. Knowles.

Negative: Rose M. Davis, Doris E. Brewer.

Strong arguments were presented by both sides. The judges were Mary E. Chadwick, Lillian H. Magee and Lora E. Blanding. The decision was given to the affirmative.

During this meeting it became evident that a censor was needed and Miss Jeannette Croxford was elected to fill the position.

At a meeting held Thursday, Dec. 10, at 4 o'clock in Room 209, officers were elected as follows:

President: Lucie M. Knowles.

Vice President: Rose M. Davis.

Secretary: Doris E. Brewer.

Treasurer: Gladys M. Allen.

It was voted that Miss Jeannette Croxford should retain the censorship, to which she was previously elected, during the new term. New members were voted in and matters of importance discussed. Miss Knowles gave a short talk in which she carefully outlined the principles of Socialism,—a subject in which the society is interested as a possible subject for debate. A debate was held on the subject: Resolved, That labor-saving machines have been injurious to the laboring classes. The

speakers were as follows:

Affirmative: Lora E. Blanding, Lucie M. Knowles.

Negative: Lillian H. Magee, Hazel L. Merrifield.

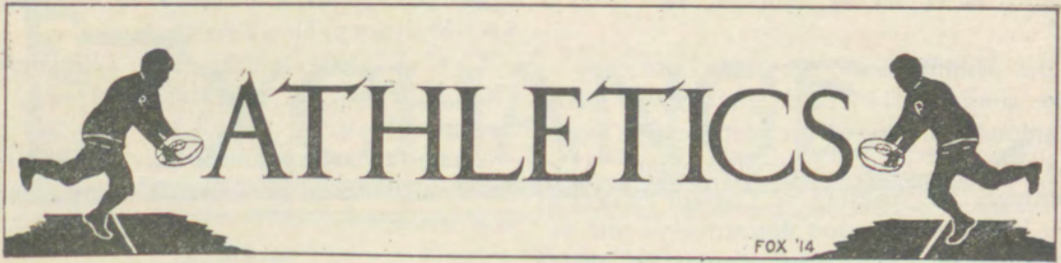
The judges were Carrie H. Rowe, Bessie H. Mills, and Geneva Croxford. The decision was given to the negative.

The first meeting of the new year was called to order on Thursday, Jan. 7, in Room 209 at 4 o'clock. Several members were voted in. The president then called for reports from the members present concerning the progress of the essay which each is preparing to give before the society on some subject of common interest. These were reported to be in varying stages of construction. The subject selected for an impromptu debate was, Resolved, That life-imprisonment with restricted power of pardon on the part of the governor is preferable to capital punishment. The speakers were as follows:

Affirmative: Gladys M. Allen, Hazel L. Merrifield.

Negative: Mary E. Chadwick, Doris E. Brewer.

The affirmative argued that capital punishment is unfair to those who are convicted by circumstantial evidence as it takes away all chance of pardon and the possibility of their innocence being established, and that we have not the right to deprive a man of life. The negative argued that life imprisonment does not benefit the criminal or the state for it embitters the criminal against humanity, to whom he is a menace while he lives, and it burdens the state with unnecessary expense. The judges, Lucie M. Knowles and Nellie M. Jones, gave the decision to the negative. Before adjourning the program for the next meeting was made out. It was decided to have a debate on the subject, Resolved, That all male citizens of the United States should be required to serve at least two years in the militia.



Track Athletics.

Bangor High seems in a fair way to recover part of her lost prestige in track. A squad of about a dozen is out, and they are working under the direction of Mr. Mitchell and Captain Gray. Manager Alward has already entered his team in a dual meet with the Y. M. C. A., to be held early in February, and also in the Bowdoin Indoor meet. The school will also be represented at the Maine and Bowdoin meets next spring, according to the present plans.

Basketball Notes.

At a general chapel in December the student body was addressed by Mr. C. J. O'Leary of the Athletic Council, and Manager Ewer of the Basketball team. Mr. O'Leary spoke very entertainingly of the work and object of the council, and Manager Ewer told of the prospects for the season and asked for the support of the school.

The new basketball suits have arrived and make a fine appearance. The jersey is crimson and has a black B in the center of a broad white band that runs around the middle.

The remaining games of the schedule, (subject to change) are as follows:

Jan. 20—E. M. C. S.

Jan. 22—Old Town High School.

Jan. 29—Foxcroft Academy at Foxcroft.

Feb. 9—Open.

Feb. 12—Open.

Feb. 17—Foxcroft Academy.

Feb. 19—Open.

Feb. 24—E. M. C. S. at Bucksport.

Feb. 26—Old Town H. S. at Old Town.

March 5—Edward Little High School.

March 12—Pending.

March 19—Pending.

U. of M. Law School Game.

The basketball season opened on December 11, when the Law School invaded our territory. In a fast, but rather rough game the High School was victorious by a score of 23 to 17. The stars of the game were Captain **Savage**, of Bangor, and Reed, of the Lawyers. Bangor's teamwork was a little off at times, but this was somewhat natural at the opening of the season. The summary:

B. H. S.

Adams, l.f., 2.....6, l.f., Reed
Freeman, r.f., 5.....1 (1), r.f., Woolson
Savage, c., 4 (1).....1, c., Weaver
Mulvaney, l.g.....l.g., Harvey
Torrey, r.g.....r.g., Frost

r.g., Weeks
c., Bridgham

Score: B. H. S., 23. Law School, 17.
Referee, Daley. Umpire, Carr. Scorer,
Ewer. Timer, Frawley. Time, 15-minute
periods.

Between halves a game was played between two teams picked from the lower classes.

B. H. S., 24; Alumni, 14.

The Alumni came, they saw, and they—were conquered! The High School team completely outclassed the oldtimers in what was expected to be a very close game. The teamwork and passing of Captain Savage's men in the first period figuratively—and at times literally—stood the Alumni on their heads. The game was somewhat marred by too much rough play, but was very fast. Beverly and Peckham of last year's team starred for the Alumni. Savage, Torrey and Freeman starred for "our side." The summary:

B. H. S.—Adams, l.g.; Freeman, r.f.; Savage, c.; Torrey, r.g.; Mulvaney, l.g.; Hayes, l.g.

Score: B. H. S., 24; Alumni, 14. Referee, Daley. Umpire, Torrey. Scorer, Ewer. Timer, Frawley. Time, 20-minute periods.

Bangor, 62; Coburn, 20.

Before a crowd of about 200, the fast high school team trimmed the team supposed to represent Coburn Classical Institute by the score of 62 to 20. In the first half Macomber and Pratt each tallied a goal for the visitors, while Adams, Savage, and Freeman were amassing a total of 46. In the second period the entire second team went in and held the visitors in good shape. The feature of the game was the splendid teamwork and fast passing of the home lads, who worked as a unit. The game was very clean. The summary:

B. H. S. (62)—Adams, l.f., 10; Caswell, l.f., 1; Freeman, r.f., 8; Hayes, r.f.; Savage,

c., 10 (2); Jones, c.; Torrey, r.b.; Chilcott, r.b.; Mulvaney, l.b.; Estes, l. b.

C. C. I. (20)—Smith, r.b.; Ellingwood, l.b., 1; Pratt, c., 3; Macomber, l.f., 2; Sprague, r.f., 4.

Time—20 and 15-minute halves. Referee, Daley. Scorer, Beverly. Timers, Ewer and Besse.

A Class Game.

Between the halves the class teams of the Sophomores and Freshmen gave much joy to the large crowd. The combat was won by the Sophomores by a score of 14 to 13. Costello and Gray were the individual stars.

The line-up:

Sophomores (14)—McCann, l.b., 1; Curran, r.b., 1; Pullen, c., 1; Gray, l.f., 4; Carlin, r.f.

Freshmen (13)—O'Connor, l.f., 1; Kennedy, r.f., 2; Quinn, c.; Costello, l.b., 2 (1); Gordon, r.b., 1.

Time—15-minute periods. Referee, McManus.

Alumni Game Dance.

Friday evening, December 18, after the basketball game with the Alumni, a dance was held in the Assembly Hall. Some of the waitresses at the Portland banquet were floor managers instead of having boys. The floor manager was Miss Elaine Daley and the aids were Misses Frances Crowley, Mary McCann and Theresa Pretto. The music was furnished by Cayting, Littlefield, King, Gray, Thompson and McCann of the High School orchestra with Miss Littlefield at the piano.



EXCHANGES

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Prove our school is full of spirit!

Read the exchanges!

Every week our exchange list grows larger and our points of contact increase. The following list represents all the school papers we have received during the month. One hundred and sixty copies of the Oracle have been sent out of the December issue and we hope to receive, next month, a paper for every one of these and many besides.

We received this month:

October: Oak Leaves.

November: Briar Cliff Spectator, Crimson Rambler, Distaff, Echo (Kenton, O.), Hamptonia, Imp, Ingot, Industrial School Magazine, Lewis and Clark Journal, Megaphone, Nautilus, Orient, Peals, Pennant, Racquet, Reflector (Gloucester, Mass.), Register (Burlington, Vt.), Roman, School Life, Scroll (H. C. I.), Spectator (Waterloo, Iowa), Student (Providence, R. I.), Tiger, Tattler (Bethlehem, Pa.), Vail-Deane Budget, Voice of the L. H. S.

December: Advance, Aegis, Academy Bell, Anchor, Arcturus, Ariel, Artisan, Bouncer, Central Digest, Chronicle (Hart-

ford, Conn.), Chronicle (P. H. S.), Clarion (W. R. H. S.), Coburn Clarion, Crimson Rambler, Delphian, Dial, Distaff, Dynamo, Early Trainer, Echo (G. H. S.), El Burro, Golden Rod, Habit, High School Review (W. H. S.), Item, Jabberwock, L. H. S. Folio, Lion, M. C. I., Megaphone, Messenger, Mirror, Old Hughes, Olympian, Optimist (B. H. S.), Oracle (Plainfield, N. J.), Oracle (Abington, Pa.), Oracle (Auburn, Me.), Orange and Black, Owl, Pennant, Penn Charter Magazine, Piquonian, Purple and Gray Magazine, Quill, Racquet (P. H. S.), Red and Black, Reflector (Jackson, Mich.), Register (Burlington, Vt.), Review, Royal Blue, Salmagundi, Serenade, School Life, Search Light, Signet, Spectator (Unity, Me.), Spectator (Harrisburg, Pa.), Spectator (Louisville, Ky.); Sassamon, Taft Oracle, Tattler (Bethlehem, Pa.), Tattler (Milwaukee, Wis.), Thornburn Thistle, Tiger (Elkins, W. Va.), Tooter, Trade Winds, Tripod, Washingtonia (Machias, Me.).

January: Argus (Gardner, Mass.), Comet (Orono, Me.).

College and High School Pamphlets: Pasco School News, Sphinx, P. I. H. S. Flyer, Hobart Herald, Colby Echo, Bowdoin Orient, Princeton Pictorial Review, Maine Campus, Right Angle, Young Apprentice, High School News, Student Body, Bates Student.

The Tattler is one of the best school papers we have received. Its cover for December is very attractive.

The Chronicle has a good cover. It is very well arranged.

The Early Trainer lacks an art editor.

The M. C. I. neglects her exchange department.

The Taft Oracle is a great literary paper. Its December number had a fine cover design.

The Scroll—Where is your table of contents?

The Crimson Rambler has a fine literary department, but lacks an alumni column.

The Signet shows great industry and talent in its literary department.

The Lewis and Clark Journal is a lively and up-to-date magazine.

The "Quill" of Henderson, Ky., is a brisk little paper; if it were printed wholly on smooth paper it would be first-class.

If the "Industrial School Magazine," of Golden, Colorado, had an index it would be one of our very best exchanges. Most of the first-class exchanges we receive use a larger type than you do.

The "Messenger" of Durham, N. C., should devote a larger amount of space to local events, in proportion to the literary department.

We wish to praise the Orono High School for their success in publishing the first number of the "Comet." It is a very complete paper and when you get an exchange department started it will be first-class.

In the Eyes of Others.

As your stories are so entertaining, why not increase the number of them? The locals are especially newsy and interesting.—"The Signet," Dexter, Maine.

We had a hard time finding your Contents. Your stories are enjoyable and interesting.—"The Owl," Fresno, Cal.

That Edward F. Harden's baseball story is simply great. Come again.—"The Tiger," Elkins, West Virginia.

All we have to criticise in your paper is the absence of a design of any sort to set off

your Staff and your Table of Contents.—"Old Hughes," Cincinnati, Ohio.

The financial standing of the Oracle speaks well for your business manager. You have the right debating spirit.—"The Spectator," Waterloo, Iowa.

The Oracle has a good Literary Department.—"Crimson Rambler," Tonkawa, Oklahoma.

The short stories of the Oracle give much credit to their authors.—"Hamptonia," New Hampton, N. H.

A good, all around paper. How about a few class notes?—The "Tattler," Bethlehem, Pa.

It is hoped that the students of Bangor High will appreciate the following "thump" and accept it with the frank spirit in which it is given. It was found in the "Dynamo" from West Newton, Mass: "It is not our policy to knock, but we suggest that whoever designed the cover for the Athletic Number of the Oracle, learn how to spell the word athletic. Such spelling reflects on the English department of Bangor High." Of course we expected "knocks" about that mistake and expect to get many more, but we are prepared to hold out bravely. There is no suitable apology for such a glaring mistake. We will humbly accept the blame.

The "Orange and Black" of Falls City, Neb., calls the Oracle an excellent paper, but suggests that we should have class notes.

The "Chronicle" of Paris, Me., says the Oracle is a fine paper.

"School Life" of Metuchen, N. J., says: "One of our best exchanges."

The Oracle is at the front for originality in a high school paper," says the "Delphian" of Kalamazoo, Mich., along with some of the things we are doing.

The "Search-Light," of Westerville, Ohio, also gives us a dig about the spelling of "athletic!"



PERSONALS

ENIGMAS.

The answers to the following puzzles constitute the last names of certain pupils. Solutions should be placed in the Oracle box, signed with the full name of the writer, not later than Jan. 27. Two tickets to the Cony High debate will be given as a prize for the neatest correct list of answers.

My first you get when the fire's low
And the cold wind from the east does blow;
My second is used when your finger's sore
And is also a place to snooze and snore,
My whole is a popular High School boy
Who dances and flirts with equal joy.

My first grows in the forest deep
And can be purchased—but is not cheap.
My second bought my first one day,
And threw it in his shed, they say—
My whole is an attractive lass,
A popular girl in the Senior Class.

My first is a horrid spider's lair,
And a part of the carpet on the stair,
My second is done with an iron spoon,
When the cook prepares the meal at noon.
My whole resides in another town,
And we're always glad when she comes down.

Miss W— (In botany class): Now if this is an alternate leaf where would the next leaf come?

Miss B—ks: On the stem.

New Year's Resolutions.

- M. W., '15—To make my eyes behave.
D. H., '15—To get my lessons this year.
G. B., '15—To get thin.
C. C., '15—To grow tall.
G. T., '15—To be more sociable.
N. T., '16—To buy more brilliant ties.
B. S., '17—To increase my list of acquaintances.
R. M., '16—Not to break up any more Debating Society meetings.
R. E., '15—To find a new way of having my hair cut.
I. D., '15—To make another speech.
Faculty—To kill those of us who are still left.

Between his eyes he wears a nose,
Upon his feet he has ten toes,
Teeth within his mouth are found,
Legs propel him o'er the ground,
Each time he's thirsty, takes a drink.
Rather unusual boy, I think.

Always jolly, Savage ever,
Rarely angry, laughing never,
Need I say who 'tis I mean?
Often in the gym he's seen.

C-h-n, '15, (translating Latin): Implicuit comam laeva.

He entangled his hair in his left foot.

J-hnst-n, '17: Ichabod's love for Katrina was very evident as he always went to Van Tassels for a good feed.

Bright Sophomore: Did you know the library has been closed?

Bonehead: No! what's the trouble?

Bright Sophomore: Miss Mills found smallpox in the dictionary.

Professor: How dare you swear before me?

Student: How did I know you wanted to swear first?

Teacher: Give an example of the subjunctive.

Pupil: I wish I were home.

Senior: It's all over the school.

Fresh (excited): What is?

Senior: The roof.

Irate teacher: You are not fit for decent company. Come up here with me.

H-bb-rd, '17 (translating): Je tremblais de tous mes membres.

I trembled all over my limbs.

Teacher: What are the endings of the subjunctive?

Pupil: I used to know, but I've forgot now.

Wh-l-n, '16: Socrates drank the cup, didn't he?

Heard in Physiology: What is a cell?
A cell is a small, close room.

Awl this nu fus bout spelin seams
Two me a lott ov bluf;
I klame if yew kan rede thes wurd,
I have speled kwite gude enuf.

Mr. B-tl-r, (in French): Does macaroni grow with holes in it?

The Seven Wonders of the World:

- I. The Colossus of Rhodes.—G. T., '15.
- II. The Statue of Zeus by Phidias.—T. D., '15.
- III. Leaning Tower of Pisa.—C. C., '15.
- IV. The Lighthouse of Alexandria.—A. B., '15.
- V. Hanging Gardens of Babylon.—E. G., '16.
- VI. The Mausoleum of Hadrian.—B. H. S.
- VII. The Sphinx.—H. W., '16.

In Geometry class:

Teacher: What is a circle within a circle called?

Pupil: A doughnut.

Miss S-t-n-rt, during the English recitation: The piano should be separated from the violin by a comma.

Miss C—, reading a theme in English: On looking around I saw a horse hitched to a wagon, with the driver running away.

Ingr-h-m (in German): So war sie sein Schutzling.

So she was his "Portugee." (protege).

Miss D-dd, '17: Who was the hero of the "House of Seven Gables?"

Voice from other side of room: Phoebe.

When you get cheated by a shark, think of Jonah—he was completely taken in by a whale.

Teacher: Give me an example of temporary intensity.

Junior: A Senior.

Beware the microbe in the kiss!

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Forsooth where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.



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