

Feb. 1920

ORACLE



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will play

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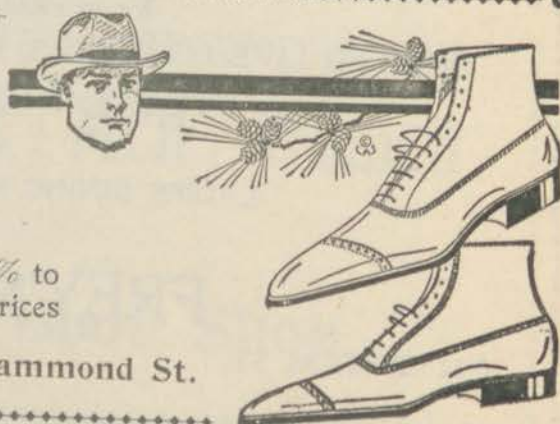
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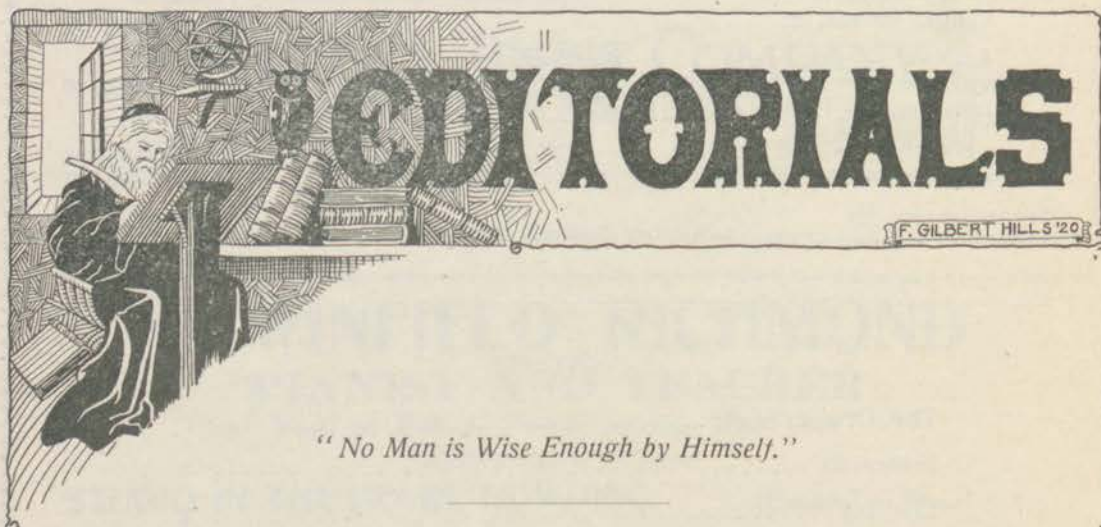
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"No Man is Wise Enough by Himself."

This year Maine will celebrate the hundredth anniversary of her admission to the Union. A brief review of her

Maine's history would not be out of **Centennial** place at this time.

Maine was probably discovered by the Vikings when they sailed down the coast of this country, about the year 1000. The first English settlement in Maine was in the early part of the seventeenth century, about the same time as the settlement of Massachusetts.

Maine was a part of Massachusetts and was governed as such until nearly the latter part of 1819. The people of Maine then began to ask for their freedom from Massachusetts because of the remoteness of the governing body. Maine obtained this independence in March, 1820, and a few days later was admitted to the Union by

an act of Congress.

Maine has borne an honorable part in all the wars of this country and in the War of 1812 and the "Aroostook War," was invaded by enemy troops.

It is planned to celebrate the state centennial in a fitting manner the latter part of July, but as yet no details have been announced.

For a third time it is necessary to call the attention of our readers to the Oracle.

Owing to an unforeseen rise in the price of paper, the Oracle is obliged to meet increased expenses. Three ways were open: to raise the subscription price, to raise the advertising rates, and to reduce the size.

To raise the subscription rates was hard-

ly practicable in the middle of the year, even if the raise at the beginning of the year were not taken into consideration.

To raise the advertising rates would not be fair to our advertisers. They could not be expected to agree to an advance in rates, by a paper whose circulation is entirely local.

Obviously, to reduce the size of each issue was the only feasible way. This is what was decided on after a consultation of the Oracle board and of the faculty advisers.

This number is smaller than the last three preceding numbers and is the size of the next three ensuing numbers. It is planned now to have the June number the same as it has been the past three years.

We hope the quality of the Oracles to come will more than make up for the quantity lost so that no one will complain.

A bill providing for compulsory military service of boys of eighteen to twenty-one has recently been introduced in **The New Congress.** The bill calls for **Army Bill** four months' service in the regular army during the period mentioned, probably to be taken care of by one month's service each summer.

The bill also provides for a "citizens' reserve army," which may be called only upon an actual declaration of war. This "reserve army" would consist of all those who had completed their compulsory service.

Whether the proposed system would interfere with or abolish the Reserve Officers' Training Corps units now established throughout the country, is doubtful. These units would probably be maintained to furnish the commissioned personnel necessary to care for such a great number of men as would be inducted into the service. Probably a method would also be devised whereby a man working his way through college would be exempt from summer service,

providing he belonged to an R. O. T. C. unit in college.

Any one who would oppose the bill because it would tend to bring the country to "militarism" would do well to notice the provisions of the bill. Four months of training in a four year period would barely give the fundamentals of discipline and clean living to the prospective "militarist." Neither of these things would cause a desire for war, but rather would they create a desire for an orderly, peaceful life.

The fact that the "reserve army" mentioned above could be called only upon a declaration of war would tend against "militarism." The bills call for the reorganization of our standing army on a smaller basis and with this smaller force we would hardly be "looking for trouble."

The benefits of the compulsory training cannot be overlooked. The strict discipline of the army would be extremely beneficial to most of the young men of the military age. It would help them in their every day life and would make them more efficient. Along with the discipline would come physical training, a very useful thing. The R. O. T. C. has demonstrated what can be done for young men of this age—18 to 22—during a short period at camp. The physical benefits to the young manhood of the country would almost merit the adoption of the system.

As a part of the physical training there would be courses in personal hygiene. The lessons given in such a course, would in all probability be applied by the man to his everyday life. Thus the compulsory training would benefit the whole country.

The bill may not be passed at once; it may even be held over until another session of Congress, but eventually it will be passed with few, if any, modifications. The bill provides a safeguard for the future safety, peace and prosperity of this country.



"Literary Men Are . . . a Perpetual Priesthood."

SWELLED HEADS

Emily Miller, '22.



OK Hill High School had a new "gym" teacher for the girls, Miss Heath, a young woman of purpose, and what she did she did well. It was along in the middle of the winter term that with some first class material Miss Heath had built an excellent girls' basketball team.

The boys' team under the direction of Coach Kent was also good. They had won every game they played, but now as the Big Game with Elm Park High School drew near several players developed bad cases of "Swelled Heads." The coach did his best to remedy this fault but even after several defeats by the subs, Taylor, the star center, remarked carelessly that, "Of course they never really played against the subs."

Coach Kent was a wise man; therefore, he took his troubles to a woman, Miss Heath. The "gym" teacher thought a moment and at last suggested. "Mr. Kent," she said, "I have a wonderful team of girls. You coach your boys on girls' rules and let's match our teams."

"Why, we could win," began Kent, "—

"Perhaps, perhaps not," cut in Miss Heath. "Those rules will handicap them some and if the girls should beat them wouldn't those heads shrink!"

In the end the coach agreed to her plan. The next day he announced the game to the boys, who greeted the idea with a great deal of laughter. However, they agreed to learn the rules and the game was set for Thursday afternoon.

The girls were enthusiastic for the game. As Taylor, at center, was the star of the boys' team, Miss Heath took special care of Betty Allen, who was to oppose him.

"Let him outjump you at first, she directed, "and get confident; you can outplay a confident man."

Each girl resolved to do her best to win the game.

"Now, girls," said Miss Heath, Thursday, in her final talk before the game, "this isn't an exhibition game. There will be but a few here. I believe Coach Kent has invited the principal and a number of the teachers. Saturday night, when we play Elm Park at City hall, there will be cheer leaders and a large attendance but I want to say that if you win this game you'll be doing your share towards winning Saturday night. Allen, you at center, have the hardest position but play so fast that when Taylor wakes up to the fact he is being outplayed it will be too late to win the game. Forwards, shoot baskets but don't both play in

the same position. Malard, you play out near the foul line and pass back to Davis who will stand back to shoot. Guards, keep with your opponents and block three throws. Get the ball back into center territory as much as possible. That's all. Just everyone of you play the game every minute and you'll be all right."

They raced out onto the floor and practiced shooting baskets. Betty conferred with Brown, the boys' captain. When the details were settled the two teams went to their positions, the boys grinning widely at the idea of a game with the girls, the girls in deadly earnest.

"Ready, boys?" asked the referee.

"Ready," from Captain Brown.

"Ready, girls?"

"Sure," from Betty.

Taylor and Betty faced each other both right hands up; the referee tossed the ball and blew his whistle.

Taylor got the jump and sent the ball towards the girls' basket. Burnell, the guard, was alert and sent it back. Quick as a flash Betty was upon it and passed to Malard; Davis made a basket. First blood for the girls.

Taylor again got first tap, this time Brown was ahead of his guard and made a basket.

Taylor laughed. "Why don't you jump?" he asked Betty, good-naturedly.

"I will," promised Betty.

She did. The first half was a half of fast playing on the part of the girls and of set-back laughingly taken by the boys. The score was 10 to 4 in favor of the girls.

"When the boys wake up is when you've to look out," warned Miss Heath between periods. "Sometime soon they will and when they do try your best to hold them."

"Some game," laughed Taylor to Brown.

"I wish to heaven you'd play basketball,"

snapped Brown, "and not stand and let Betty Allen get two out of three taps."

"Seems to me you're missing some baskets yourself, aren't you?" inquired Taylor. "I could outplay Betty. I'm just resting."

"You'll rest so much that the girls will win if you aren't careful," retorted Brown. "For glory's sake play basketball."

"The girls win," laughed Taylor, "you're dreaming."

Nevertheless when they faced off again he resolved to outjump Betty. This was easier thought than done for she was up like a flash and the ball sped to the waiting forward. Taylor felt vaguely surprised. The ball came back and instinctively he jumped for it but a flying form was between him and the ball and a basket for the girls was the result. Then with eight minutes to play the boys awoke to the fact that a game is not won by laughter.

The first three minutes after the discovery were spent in an attempt to recover team play. The last five were spent in an earnest attempt to win the game. But even under the grilling of the superior strength the girls' team in answer to Betty's calm, exhorting voice, steadily refused to go to pieces. Slowly, very slowly, the boys' score went up—4 then 6. A face off at which Betty got the ball, Green guarded Malard and sent it back into center. Taylor passed to Captain Brown—a basket—8. Thus the play went until with two minutes to play the score was 14-12. One more basket and the score was tied. There was a face off. Taylor got first tap, Burnell guarding Brown, sent it back into the center. Taylor was after it but Betty dodging in, rescued it. She passed to Malard, who seeing it was useless to pass to Davis, tried for a basket—and missed. The guard shot the ball to Taylor, who passed to Brown. He shot for a basket—and made it 14-14.

Face off. One minute to play, Taylor tapped to Brown. Burnell knocked it back, Betty was upon it. She looked at Malard, Malard could not shoot baskets, Davis was too closely guarded. Taylor was almost up on her, she judged her distance and threw. The ball hit the board, fell back

and went through the basket. The whistle blew. 16-14, the girls had won.

* * * *

The "Big Game?" Well, that trimming by the girls brought the boys to themselves. Oak Hill won, 38 to 26.

ART DEPARTMENT OF BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

By Grace Bowden, '21.

Portraits? Certainly; for a number of years now, our drawing-room has been renowned for its skillful manner of turning out marvelous likenesses of its life-models; but, realizing that pen and ink and pencil work are much more effective and exclusive, we have never deigned to dab in ordinary oils.

The bell; and it calls us to our "home of modern art." Why not join me for this drawing-period and examine for yourself our noted portraits, and take this golden opportunity to make an appointment for your own sitting?

Up, up, UP. As we climb the stairs you will begin to comprehend that nothing but the loftiest of ideals could be afforded by the clarified atmosphere of the top-story. Indeed, no other floor would have been at all suitable for our drawing-room.

While Miss Pfaff carefully watches the final strokes that are being added to that poster-advertisement, let us glance about the room. The wall displays last year's work, still on exhibition. There, you will see those famous portraits—worthy of minute inspection—then the travel-posters and last year's flowers, nodding, so jaunty and lifelike, from their paper backgrounds. Further along are outdoor sketches drawn from our observations through the windows of the room. This corner is designated "Art Department of the Oracle"; in it we strive to keep the Oracle abreast of the

foremost monthlies of the country.

That design-work is an important branch of study in this room, you can easily determine by even a glance at this stand, well covered with writing-sets, boxes, toys—including even rocking-horses—book-covers, book-racks, etc., all decorated with the most original and artistic designs.

Are they not truly professional-looking, those poster-advertisements, which this section, over here in its remote corner, is so cleverly getting out for Bangor's leading stores? And over here the interior-decorating class, after thoughtful study as to correct and desirable color-schemes and proper furnishings for the various rooms, has arranged for kindly criticism, most attractive plans for the inside of ideal homes. This practical course can not fail to beautify American homes and benefit their occupants, with its quieting, restful effect on jagged nerves.

Just watch the objects grow on the papers of these students, appearing from under pencil or charcoal, until they reflect that still-life group of candlestick and basket. Would you like material with which to try to play the magician yourself? Here is paper and cray—, but, no; the period is fast going and you must see some of the newest work in pen and ink. Truly, that spatter-work is unique and effective on those ink-sketches; but I fear, that unless you move a bit from that combination of

screen, brush and ink, the effect on you will be less desirable.

You will enjoy glancing through these pen and ink sketches. We commence with the very simplest ideas, until by learning a new step in ink-work each day, many are able to translate a photograph, full of so many details, into an artistic picture.

Once again the bell is calling—this time, back to recitation. Now that Miss Pfaff is

at liberty for a moment, may I introduce our drawing-teacher, who returns each fall to High School, with new ideas and an eager willingness to guide our weak attempts in art, so that we, like many of our school's alumni, may graduate real buds of promise. And we hope that you may often find your way here to this our drawing-room on the third floor back.

A GROUP OF SONNETS

TO THE OLD YEAR.

H. Bernice Wentworth.

The calendar of time has turned again,
Has marked the passing of another year.
The parting knell possessed my soul with
fear;

I trembled as I heard the last refrain.
In dreams I could a shadowy form descry:
A Greybeard bent and bowed with heavy
load.

Slowly he crept unto his last abode,
Wailing to Time his solemn, sad good-bye.
Could I have seen, as I do now, Old Year,
The many pitfalls in the circle round,
I might have walked in straighter paths:
and then

Your parting knell been not a gruesome
fear,

Your parting knell been not a gruesome
sound;

It might have filled my soul with glad
Amen.

TO THE PINE.

Maydel V. Neal.

A tall and mighty monarch of the wood,
Thou stand'st in thy state, majestic pine,
Yet humbly giv'st the little squirrel food
Who was beloved by greatest Pan divine.
As honored king thou stand'st grand and
lone,
And every more plebian forest tree

Reveres thy stately height and graceful
cone,

And as to crown'd king looks up to thee,
Dispenser of a fragrance subtle, sweet,
Benevolent and mighty thou dost stand,
While we kneel lowly at thy kingly feet.

We love thee, oh thou forest monarch
grand,

For thou hast been ordained by mighty
fate

As symbol of our own beloved state.

TO THE SNOW.

Marion Hall.

Shall I compare thee to a blanket white
That covers nature's cherished treasures
here

Until the skies above are warm and clear,
In springtime when the breezes are so
light?

Or—to the covers of a well known book
Wherein is hidden many a happy tale
Of truest friendship that can never fail,
Of truest love that never hast forsook?
Oh, tell me! when thou leav'st the heavens
gray,

Are messages oft whispered in thine ear
To tell to lowly flower and lowly fern,
That from thee there's no need to shrink
away,

Nor yet thy soft but heavy covering fear
'Neath which they sleep in rest and peace
they earn?

WRITING A THEME

Sumner Fairfield, '23.



I think, I ponder, I consider, I reconsider, I take a turn around the table and then I consult all my living relatives on the maternal and paternal sides as to what they would write for a theme. They ponder, they consider, they reconsider, but the theme is not progressing. Then I reseal myself and stare at the telephone hoping for an inspiration. A glass of cold water and a lunch do me no good. I pull my chair up closer and grasp my pen firmly. I think of baseball, football, skiing, snowshoeing, camping and many other things, but as I said before, the theme progresses not.

As I sit deliberating and these subjects pass through my mind in grand procession,

with my brain growing weaker and weaker, I suddenly remember my hunting trip in Northern Maine.

I make an outline of the important facts, especially my first attempt at shooting a deer, the capsizing of our canoe, and the story-telling at night around the campfire.

I now have an outline, a mere skeleton of a theme. I go over it carefully, filling in all the important details, rounding it out and polishing it off. Then, I apply the rules for writing compositions and make many improvements until I consider my task accomplished.

I glance wearily at the clock and find it is 11.30 P. M. I shuffle slowly to bed with a dizzy head and a faint heart when I think of my rank for the following day.

A PROFITABLE OUTING

By R. Roosevelt Pease, '22.



IN the small town of Mt. Clemens, Mich., William Oakfield lived with his mother. His father was a large wholesaler in a near-by city, and was very fond of sports. He had a small hunting lodge north of his homestead, and there during his vacation, William tried to make things merry.

William—known as Billy by his friends,—was a very popular boy among his classmates, and he had the summer before organized an outing club known as the Mt. Clemens Outing Club. Billy was a tall, athletic, young fellow, who liked to hunt, fish, and trap, and was always wishing that a vacation from high school would be at hand.

Within two weeks a vacation permitted him, with three of his friends, Walter Newbury, Ben Hathaway, James McAlpine to plan a trip to his father's hunting lodge,

about seventy-two miles away. The trip was to be made by bicycle, and they were to carry the necessary provisions in haversacks.

On a Friday evening the four boys assembled at Billy's house, where their provisions, packs, and bicycles had been put in readiness for an immediate start. With haversacks on their backs, blanket roll strapped to one shoulder, and rifle or shotgun on the other, they made their farewells, and were soon spinning along a country road toward their camp.

Billy had charge of the troop and for this reason was a few yards ahead of the others. Suddenly, Walter Newbury shouted, "Detachment, halt!" All four dismounted and swung into the edge of the road. About a half-mile away they could hear distinctly, the put—put—put— of a rapidly approaching motorcycle.

As the motorcycle made a sharp turn at

a curve of the road, all noticed that its rider was attired in a new uniform of the U. S. Regulars. As he passed he waved his right hand, and the boys saw that he wore sergeant's chevrons on his arm. On one side of his belt hung a leathern pouch with clasps, and on the other hung a 45 Colt automatic.

The boys continued to watch him as he sped along the country road, when much to their amazement, they saw a piece of large white paper flutter from the rear of the rapidly disappearing machine. Ben Hathaway, who was the farthest from the group, mounted his bicycle and riding the short distance, dismounted and pocketed the paper, making a hasty return. He rode up to Billy, and gave him the paper, as Billy was the recognized leader.

It was now plainly seen by all that the courier had come from Fort Wayne and was heading for Camp Custer, where the 85th Division was encamped. Billy, taking the paper, read it thoroughly and carefully to himself and then read the following to the boys:

Col. Wharton, Intelligence Officer, 85th Div., U. S. Army, Camp Custer, Mich.

From Capt. Pendleton, U. S. Intell. Bureau, Ft. Wayne;

To Col. Wharton, U. S. Intelligence Officer, 85th Div., U. S. A.

Subject: Apprehension of spy.
Sir:—

Watch for a slightly formed man, with small moustache, who names himself Dr. Smith. He is Capt. Waldrondensen, Imperial German Army, No. 13—Wilhelmstrasse.

I. S. Pendleton,

Capt. U. S. Intelligence Bureau,
Fort Wayne, Mich.

After finishing the letter Billy turned to his companions and said:

"Boys, it is plain that we are the possessors of an important document, and if

this should reach enemy hands, it would, no doubt, be of great importance. If our secret should be revealed it would mean death to hundreds and may be thousands of our officers and soldiers. Probably this Dr. Smith is a noted explosive chemist."

After a discussion on the subject the boys decided to continue their journey.

After proceeding on the road for three hours or more, they decided to rest a few moments. Dismounting, they hurriedly prepared a lunch from their haversacks. As they were nearing the end of this meal, a high powered car could be heard approaching from the south, which came in sight within a few minutes, and revealed that it was empty, and that a small sized man was driving. The car was a Packard, No. 130-190 Michigan. The driver slackened the speed of the car, and addressed Billy.

"Boy, do you know where the Northern Inn is?"

"Why, yes," Billy stated, "continue on this road about twenty miles."

"Thanks, boy," and the driver flipped Billy a fifty-cent piece, which he took.

"Say—listen, boys!" he called. "That man's appearance is the same described in the message.

"Let's get his number." Billy looked and read it aloud: "130-190 Michigan—1919."

The boys again mounted, and continued their journey. That night they arrived at the camp, and made preparations for supper. After a very plain meal had been eaten, Billy motioned Ben to follow him to the yard.

The road was about two miles from the camp, and was reached by a small path running through the woods. Once outside, Billy called Ben to him:

"Ben, you know that message is important and I must inform Col. Wharton at once. Will you come with me to the Northern Inn, which is eight miles above

here, on the cross-roads."

"I'll go," readily assented Ben.

"Well, then, we'll tell the other fellows and as soon as possible we'll go."

After their plans had been revealed they told James and Walter that they were to be near the road all night, as they had decided to communicate with Col. Wharton upon reaching Northern Inn, and that they would serve as guides to Col. Wharton's men.

"Well, so long, boys, we'll be back sometime," and with this Billy, with Ben, started out for their destination. They had made their plans thoroughly, having a compass, a watch, a small match box, and a searchlight. In their hip pockets each carried a .38 Colt, for purposes unknown to either, but because they didn't know whom they should encounter upon the road at that time of night.

As they expected the inn was open because it was a summer resort. It was open all night to people who might arrive on the last stage car, which the inn kept at the railroad station.

Entering the hall, Billy went immediately to the register, and saw, as he had expected, the name of Dr. Smith upon the hotel books, who registered himself as from Chicago, Illinois.

Billy went out on the porch where Ben was awaiting him, and unfolded his plans, with the ease of a general.

"Ben, keep watch on that hill south of here while I go to the railroad station and get in communication with Col. Wharton."

Billy had little difficulty in finding a young man, with a motorcycle, to carry him to the depot. Within a half-hour he was in the telegraph office of the railroad station. He sent the following to Col. Wharton, after stating to the operator that he was a government agent:

Col. Wharton, Intelligence Officer, 85th Div., U. S. Army, Camp Custer, Mich.

Sir:

Come immediately with an armed detachment. Look for two guides eight miles south of Northern Inn, who will guide you here. Take due course north.

William Oakfield,

11.25 P. M.

Although Camp Custer was over one hundred and seventy miles from Northern Inn, Col. Wharton reached the place where James and Walter were on guard at 6 a. m. Col. Wharton was with a junior officer and an armed detachment of men on motorcycles. James and Walter jumped on behind two of the machines, and when they were within a mile of Northern Inn, all dismounted and the men made preparations for the concealment of the machines. Two privates were left on guard.

The Colonel and his picked men, accompanied by James and Walter, made a quick march to the Inn. Upon reaching it they found that Dr. Smith had left for his mountain abode, some four miles east of the Inn. After hiking an hour and a half through a rocky region, all saw flashes at intervals going heavenward through a window in the roof. Orders were given for the men to ambush. Billy, with the Colonel and the junior officer, named Walton, made a detour of the building.

Suddenly, a report was heard, and all were assured that hostilities had begun. The Colonel whipped out his automatic and seeing a man firing from the roof, picked him from his perch. The men began to close in and within a few minutes, four men came out with arms raised. The Dr. Smith was one of the number. He addressed the Colonel with the German accent.

"Mein Herr," he called, "vat's wanted?"

"Stand by, men," and four men covered the foreigners with their automatics. A thorough investigation revealed many articles of destruction.

Numerous kinds of explosives were

found, and all were taken by the Colonel to Camp Custer.

Two automobiles were procured, and the foreigners, under an armed guard, moved towards Fort Wayne.

The Colonel and his men left the boys, and returned to their duties, but they were to hear from the Colonel again.

The German agents were sent to Fort Leavenworth, Kans., for the duration of the war.

The boys had enjoyed the vacation immensely and after arriving home, continued to meet evenings at Billy's house. A club room was finished for their use in the Oakfield homestead, and the members of the club continued to hold Billy as leader.

One evening, when the boys had seated themselves in the den, Billy burst into the room with a large envelope in his hand,

crying, "It's from Colonel Wharton, I think."

Upon opening the envelope, his words were affirmed. Colonel Wharton stated that he wished to thank him and his friends who had helped to capture the German agents, in behalf of the United States government. He further stated that the authorities had offered five thousand dollars, for the arrest of the agents, and as they were entitled to it, he had enclosed a check for that sum, upon request of the United States treasury.

"Hurrah for Colonel Wharton! We'll go on some more pleasure trips, if American money is all right."

That fall, Billy, accompanied by his three friends, came to Maine for a hunting trip in the northern woods.

THE YOUNG RUNAWAY

K. H., '23.



A few years ago, in the city of New Haven, Conn., lived a boy, some thirteen years of age, whose name was Major. Being very quick to learn, he led all his classes at school; and while he was very young, his father had high hopes that his boy would become a great scholar, and so determined to send him to college.

Now, very many of Major's ancestors had followed the seas, and after Major had listened with a quick-beating heart and flashing eyes to stories of their adventures in storms and wrecks with pirates and unruly crews, he had come to feel that there was but one life for him, and that a sailor he would be.

About this time, Captain Munson, an old friend of Major's father, spent an evening with them, a short time before sailing to the West Indies. He was to command a fine, new sloop that was expected to prove

very fast, and the old captain talked as affectionately of his beautiful "Elizabeth" as if she were his young and lovely bride.

Major listened until he felt quite as proud of the new sloop as did the captain; and that night, long after his parents were asleep, he lay awake and thought of how grandly she would cut her foamy way through the water. The more poor Major thought the more restless he became at the idea of the years of study ahead of him, until at last he sprang from his bed, saying to himself:

"It's no use; I will go to sea, and I'll go with Captain Munson next week; and as I know father would never let me go if I asked him, I'll run away!"

The day of the sailing came. Major had tied up a small bundle of underclothing, and had smuggled it aboard the "Elizabeth." As he was in the habit of going on board Captain Munson's vessel whenever it was in

port, no one thought his paying a visit to the new sloop on the day of her sailing was at all strange. While all hands were too busily occupied to notice him, Major suddenly disappeared, and very speedily had stowed himself and his bundle snugly out of sight away down in the hold of the vessel.

He had arranged with an old colored man to take a note to his mother that evening, when he should be well out of reach.

* * * *

The "Elizabeth" had made about half her passage, when, during a heavy gale and thick fog, she was run into by a large English barque and for a moment all supposed that the beautiful sloop must sink. Now, Major, like some other boys, was very impulsive, and, as the great ship came grating alongside the "Elizabeth," without waiting for orders, he gave a spring, and landed on the deck of the English barque. The accident proved a slight one, and before Major had time to understand what had happened in the thick fog, the two vessels had separated, each going on its own course. The captain nor none of the crew of the "Elizabeth" knew that they had lost their sailor-boy and a passenger, who had stood by Major's side at the time of the accident, had taken the same jump for safety with him.

This man promised great kindness to poor Major, whose condition was pitiful, indeed. A lad of thirteen years, among strangers, without money, with but scanty clothing, and bound for the great city of

London. Still, boys are always hopeful, and Major found much to interest him on board this foreign ship, and so the time passed quickly until at last the river Thames was reached, and soon Major was in London.

As the passengers went ashore, the man who left the "Elizabeth" with Major, and who had promised to befriend him, said: "Now, you wait here for a few moments until I go and make some inquiries, and then I will come back for you."

So Major seated himself on an old cask lying on the dock, and for a time was greatly interested in what was going on about him. But as the moments passed into an hour, then on into two and three, and still no signs of his friend returning, an utter sense of loneliness came upon him, and, as the dusk began to settle down, his courage wholly failed him, and the tears came thick and fast.

It was just at this time that a kindly-faced old gentleman, leaning quite heavily on a stout cane, passed and seeing the distress of poor Major said, in the cheeriest of voices: "Hulloa, my little man; what's the matter with you now? You don't look as if you were a boy that would cry for nothing."

"O," said Major, "Will you help me?" The old man was very kind to Major, and after a few weeks the young wanderer reached his old American home. Needless to say Major had had enough of adventure and was glad of the opportunity of receiving a good education.



LOCALS

rayo's

"Enemies Carry a Report in Form Different From the Original."

Soon after the Christmas vacation efforts were begun to make Bangor High a cleaner, more orderly building. Mr. Eaton called for help from the boys of the four classes and Miss Robinson spoke to the girls. It was resolved that each pupil would try to overcome the careless habit of dropping bits of lunch and paper in the corridor and various rooms. This solves the biggest part of the problem and even now one sees signs of improvement.

The Sophomore class has just received the benefit of two very fine lectures by Mr. Flagg, the librarian of the Bangor Public Library. The first talk was upon books and truly it was a very fascinating article. It dwelt upon the materials used, the workmanship and construction and above all, emphasized the value of books to mankind. The second talk was equally interesting. This was entitled, "Libraries," and it strikingly showed the contrast between the ancient and modern types. Thus, filled to the overflowing with knowledge, the class is being sent, a few at a time, to the Library, where Mr. Flagg is continuing his instructions in a practical manner.

The Seniors are busily at work on their Graduation Essays. Many a Senior wears a worried look as he remembers that the subjects are due on Monday, Feb. 9, and that the themes themselves, are due before March 1. The limit has been extended a

bit over last year's; this year's theme may be from 800 to 1,000 words.

The final allotment of Junior rings has arrived. The first shipment came very early, in fact, earlier than ever before. All the class are extremely satisfied with the choice of the committee, and though this committee idea is a new one, it has proved very satisfactory.

The Senior girls met in Assembly hall one morning to discuss the matter of Graduation dresses. As is the custom, it was decided that simple dresses were to be worn. As for Banquet dresses, these were to be plain also, to suit the occasion. Senior Banquet is apt to be regarded as a formal affair, but really, it is just a class gathering, and should be treated as such.

Because of the absence of the director, there was no music on Wednesday, Jan. 21. Mr. Sprague was in Boston during that week.

Mrs. Harrison J. Hunt was substituting at the High School for a few days, because of the illness of one of the teachers.

Miss Lora Blanding, who has been substituting recently, has left Bangor High and has taken a position at the Public Library.

Reginald Cratty, ex-'20, has left school to

attend a preparatory school, where he will study to enter Princeton in the fall.

Mona Mayo, ex-'20, who is attending Boston University, is at home for a two weeks' vacation.

Because of the illness of Miss Madeline Robinson, a short time ago, a few of the Senior girls were selected to take care of her classes. Ruth Farrington, Gertrude Anderson, Bernice Wentworth and Maydel Neal are those who willingly assisted.

Dorothy Ewer was elected to the Alumni Department of the Oracle, at the resignation of William Rowe.

Bangor High School is proud of the fact that Lester Greeley has received the appointment from Congressman Ira Hersey to take the examination in April for Annapolis Naval Academy. Mr. Greeley is a Senior at Bangor High and prominent in athletics.

The Junior class has made fine progress this year in preparing for the Exhibition, which is to be held in City Hall, just before the Spring vacation. The trial speeches were excellent, and it was with difficulty that from the thirty boys and girls, twenty were selected for the semi-finals. Following is the list:

The Victor of Marengo...Albert Blanchard
 Toussaint L'Overture.....Nathan Cohen
 The Soldier of 1914.....Gerard Collins
 A Tribute to the Flag.....Edward Curran
 The Guillotine.....Arthur Dennis
 The Bootblack's Story...Crosby Hodgman
 Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death...

.....Dennis Murphy
 The Unknown Speaker...Roger Nickerson
 Wilson's Baltimore Address.....

.....Arnott Soderberg
 The Storming of Mission Ridge.....

.....Clyde Swett

Young Fellow, My Lad...Rosemary Allen
 The Fashionable School Girl.....

.....Grace Bowden
 As the Moon Rose.....Justina Buckley
 An Opera.....Ruth Clough
 How Jemimy Tended the Baby.....

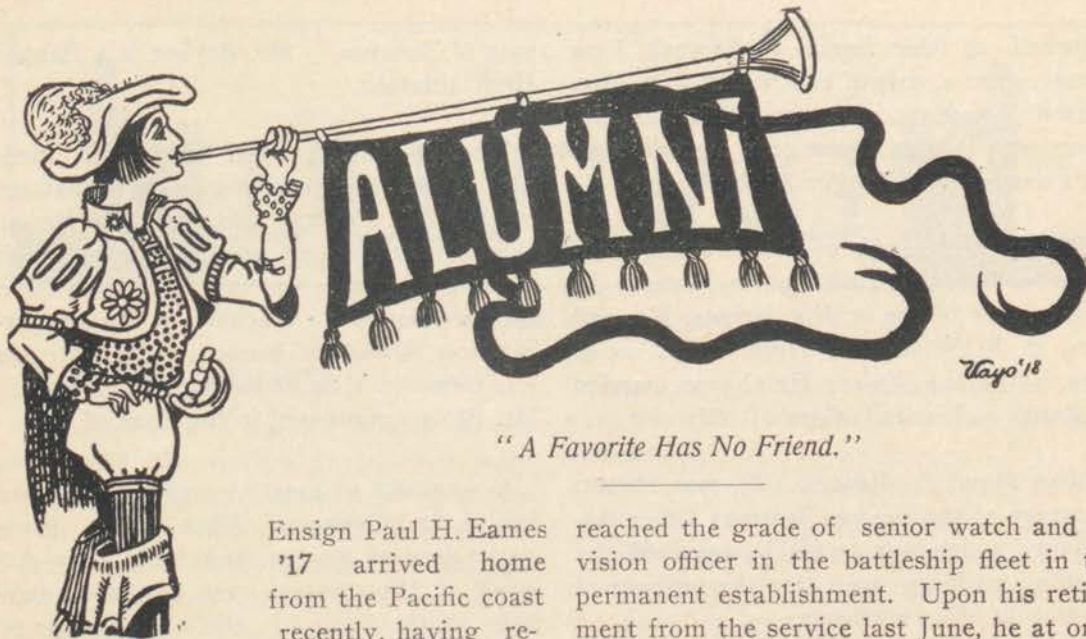
.....Eleanor Hicks
 Telling the Truth.....Gertrude Kearney
 Asleep at the Switch.....Ruth Lipsky
 He Let Her Know....Elizabeth Pendleton
 At the Box Office.....Lovis Sawyer
 The Trial of Marie Antoinette.....

.....Dorothy Smith

The High School Band, under the leadership of Francis Shaw, is being instructed in a course of training which will enable it to cooperate with the R. O. T. C. Battalion. Every Wednesday afternoon, the band members report at the gymnasium and for an hour they are marched and counter-marched up and down the hall with full band equipment. Mr. Shaw makes an excellent instructor and if the band survives the training, they will surely be able to execute any military formation heard of.

Perhaps all the pupils who have been so lustily singing it, do not know of the origin of Bangor High's new song. Miss Bernice Wentworth, in competition for the class ode for 1920, wrote two stanzas, which in their thought, seemed a bit broader than a class song demanded. By a few changes, Miss Wentworth was able to give us the new school song that we have just learned. Mr. Sprague has kindly put the words to music.

The business managers of the Oracle wish to announce that they will be at the office to sell Oracles only at recess of three days following the first appearance of each issue. If Oracles are not obtained in that time they may be obtained the following month.



"A Favorite Has No Friend."

Ensign Paul H. Eames '17 arrived home from the Pacific coast recently, having resigned from the service. He will resume his studies at Bowdoin college.

Miss Mona Mayo and Miss Edith Morse, former High School students, were recently home from Boston University, where they are registered in the department of education and social service. While in this city Miss Mayo gave a very interesting account, at the First M. E. church, of the Students' Conference in Des Moines, Iowa, which she recently attended.

It is of particular interest to Bangor friends to learn that Miss Lucie M. Knowles, B. H. S., '15, and now a Senior at Emerson College of Oratory in Boston, recently gave a recital in that college.

At a special meeting of the stockholders of the Pearl & Dennett Company held recently, John H. Magee was elected vice-president. Mr. Magee graduated from High School, with an exceptionally brilliant record, in the class of 1914. He then took a B. A. degree from the University of Maine and immediately upon the declaration of war he enlisted in the Navy and

reached the grade of senior watch and division officer in the battleship fleet in the permanent establishment. Upon his retirement from the service last June, he at once affiliated himself with the Pearl & Dennett Company.

It is of much interest to High School students to learn that the Bowdoin Musical Clubs of this year include three former High School students, Everett Allen, James Mitchell and Albert Black. The splendid musical attainments of these former students was always very much enjoyed during their High School career and it is with genuine pleasure that many learn of their success in college.

Miss Gertrude Perry, B. H. S., '16, for the past year assistant at the Bangor Public Library, has taken a position as assistant in the reading and reference department of the library of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge.

Of much interest to Bangor people is a wedding which took place in Mattapan, Mass., when Robert J. Ferry, a Bangor High alumnus, and Miss Marguerite Leahy of Mattapan, were united in marriage.

Mrs. Jesse H. Mason and daughter have

returned to their home in Newark, New Jersey, after a visit of two weeks with Mrs. Mason's parents, Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Woodcock. Mrs. Mason was a member of the class of 1906, Bangor High School.

One of the season's most interesting weddings is that which took place January 22, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Walker on High street, when Mrs. Francesca Walker Hatch was married to Reuel S. Kimball, class of 1891.

Miss Maud A. Pennell, '09, was chosen secretary of the Boston Business Office Associates, which was recently organized by Boston business men for the purpose of promoting office efficiency.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton E. Robinson, both of whom are graduates of the class of 1911, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Judith Harriet. Mrs. Robinson was formerly Miss Gwendolyn Barnes.

The engagement of Miss Lucy Cullinan, '14, and Eben Leavitt, was announced recently at a party given by friends of Miss Cullinan.

Many Bangor people will be interested in the announcement, made recently in Trenton, New Jersey, of the engagement of Donald R. Bryant and Miss Denise Destri-

bats of Trenton. Mr. Bryant is a Bangor High alumnus.

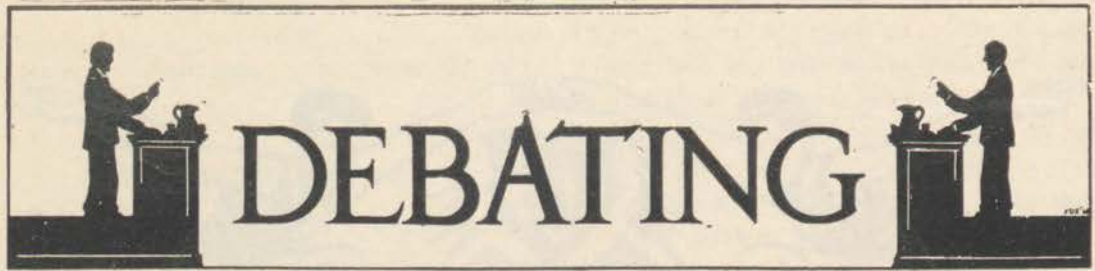
Mr. and Mrs. Earl R. Brown of Bedford, Mass., are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son. Mr. and Mrs. Brown moved from Bangor at the time of their marriage a year ago last July and Mr. Brown is now a teacher in the Bryant-Stratton School in Boston. Mrs. Brown was formerly Miss Ruth Dow, B. H. S., '15; Mr. Brown graduated in the class of '14.

A wedding of local interest took place Feb. 7, in Winchester, Mass., when Freeman Olsen of Boston, and Miss Lucy Atwood of Winchester, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Atwood. Mr. Olsen, B. H. S., '16, was formerly associated with the Bangor office of Richardson, Hill & Co., and is now connected with a Boston bond house.

Mr. and Mrs. Drummond Freese are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Dorothy Barbara. Mr. Freese graduated from B. H. S. in 1911.

Dr. Harold Comins McMahon, one of the most prominent dentists of this section, has recently removed his office to 31 Central St., Bangor, from 255 No. Main St., Brewer. He is a graduate of B. H. S., 1905, and the University of Pennsylvania.





"Our Antagonist is Our Helper."

SENATE.

Debating in the Senate is now in full swing and the work is progressing very favorably. A keen interest is being shown in the coming debates scheduled in the Bates League. Every member of this society is very busy on the question, which is: Resolved: That immigration be restricted in this country for a period of five years, commencing June 1, 1920.

On Monday afternoon, February 9, a practice debate was held on this subject. Rosen, Morrison, Rowe, and Oak upheld the affirmative, while Croxford, Sullivan and Whitney argued for the negative. Mr. Miller and the other judges finally awarded the decision to the negative. The negative team certainly did themselves proud as did the affirmative.

THE HOUSE.

At the regular meeting of the House, Monday afternoon, Feb. 2nd, the Bates League Question of Immigration was discussed. Ralph Littlefield and Jacob Bigleson debated the affirmative of the question that immigration should be prohibited for five years. The affirmative endeavored to prove their side of the question by the following points:

1. We have enough immigrants in the country, more in fact than can be properly assimilated.
2. Immigrants have not proven to be home-makers.
3. Immigrants have no idea of de-

mocracy or good government. Recent deportations of Red agitators make this fact evident.

4. The type of foreigners coming to this country in the last ten years has changed so much that it is possible to make a distinction between the Old Immigration and the New Immigration.

The Negative brought up six convincing reasons to prove their side of the question. It would be very unwise to prohibit Immigration entirely for the following reasons:

1. The Immigrants settled the West.
2. States with the largest immigrant population have proven to be the most progressive.
3. The 1920 Census should show a decrease in population due to the return of many immigrants to their former homes.
4. The introduction of foreign labor tends to elevate the position of the American workman.
5. Our mines and manufacturing plants have been run by foreigners.
6. The literacy test for immigrants has not proved to be a fair test of whether an immigrant will turn out to be a desirable citizen.

Both sides handled the rebuttal in a creditable manner. At the end of the debate the judges gave their decision 2 to 1 in favor of the affirmative, but not, however, without cautioning the both sides to give more attention to the form and the common courtesies of debate.



"The Victory of Endurance Born."

BASKETBALL.

At eight o'clock on the evening of January ninth, nineteen hundred and twenty, in the town of Orono, a whistle blew a signal for the beginning of the first basketball game of the season for Bangor High School.

Of course the first question is—How did Bangor High start the season? Bangor started, as had been prophesied, with a rush,—a grand and mighty rush. So far Bangor has played four games and has won all of them. Let us hope that the fine work will continue. It can be done. This should be a winning year.

All right Basketball, do as well as the football team, and we shall be satisfied!

BANGOR VS. ORONO.

Bangor played at Orono, January 9, 1920. Several men were tried in this game and all showed up well, especially "Mike" Traynor, who "caged" eight shots, and Russell Fairbrother, who gave us five more. Ralph Jordan, too, gave us another one just to raise our score.

The game, as a whole, was fair. It was a splendid exhibition of football. Maybe later they will develop to a basketball team.

Summary:

B. H. S. 28.

O. H. S. 13.

Greeley, Toole, Short...l.f....Kelley 1 (3)
Fairbrother 5, Jordan 1...r.f.....Page 1
Hersey, Oak, Bond...c.....Tracey 3
Baconr.b.....Powell, Wing
Traynor 8, Collins.....l.b.....Dukes

BANGOR VS. M. C. I.

Before a large attendance in City Hall, January 16, 1920, Bangor trimmed in fine style the heavy M. C. I. team. Bangor started right in the first period and did not stop until the final whistle. They out-classed their heavy opponents.

Fairbrother was the big scorer in this game, making eight baskets. Traynor was a very close second with seven; Kamenkovitz and Jordan tied for third with four each and Harrington gave us another.

Summary:

B. H. S. 50.

M. C. I. 18.

Harrington 1, Kamenkovitz 4,
Jordan 4.....l.f.....Chisholm 1
Gonya
Fairbrother 8 (2)....r.f....Osgood, 3 (3),
McLoggan
Oak, Bond, Hersey....c.....Tarbell (1)
Traynor 7, Collins, Goldstein
.....l.b.....White 3

Baconr. b..... Ames
 Referee: Johnston; time, four 10 min.
 periods.

BANGOR VS. BREWER.

On the twenty-eighth of January, Bangor High School basketball team cleaned up Brewer High. The floor seemed to be a bit too much for the visitors. In this game Ralph Jordan was the big-scoring man; he came across with eight baskets. Traynor and Fairbrother split on the next place, with five each, while Kamenkovitz pushed them hard with four more. Harrington and Oak each added one to the list. Brewer was not slow; each man scored for his team.

Summary:

BANGOR 52.

BREWER 31.

Fairbrother 5 (3),
 Kamenkovitz 4 (1)...l. f.....Hatfield 2
 Jordan 8, Harrington 1...r. f.....Burrill 5
 Oak 1, Hersey, Bond...c.....Pooler 2 (5)
 Bacon, Goldstein....l. b.....Carmault 3
 Traynor 5, Collins....r. b.....Beaulier 1

Referee: Hillie Johnston; time, four ten minute periods.

BANGOR 28, MORSE 22.

The last evening of January, 1920, witnessed another satisfying success for the basketball team of Bangor High School. The team went to Bath, Maine, where it played Morse High School in a hard fought game. Traynor again starred and Fairbrother and Jordan sparkled brightly. Oak played a wonderful game at center, while Captain Bacon made things fly in the back field. There were a great many Bangor rooters at this game. Don Dwinel, "Fuchey" Iverson, and Eddie Wilson were the leaders of the "loyal rooters" and they

certainly made things hum. The Bangor rooters had one side of the hall and yelled all the time, their encouragement helping the team greatly. This is the kind of support the team should always have.

Bangor's line-up was practically the same as in the Brewer game. Unfortunately the Bath line-up was not obtained.

TRACK.

On February 14, 1920, there was to be an indoor track-meet at Brunswick, Maine. The meet was postponed because of influenza. Now Bangor High School ought to send a track team to this meet. Can't we keep up a basketball team and a track team, too? If not, why not? It is not because we lack material. Is it because we lack spirit? There seems to be little spirit for track at Bangor High. The pupils are blood-thirsty; they think only of football and basketball—some kind of a game where someone is maimed. That is fine for them. "Butchered to make a Roman holiday," should be changed to "Butchered to make students of Bangor High happy."

Come now, let us see if we cannot control this tendency and turn to less violent but equally strenuous sports. Track may seem rather slow at times but it is one of the best tests for courage and "sand."

Maybe we are not all of the stuff to make the football or the basketball or the baseball team but we might make the track team. Track does not require the same things that the other sports do. But it does require "sand" and fight and lots of it.

Almost everybody can do something in track and every fellow who can spare the time should be out for it. Try **yourself** out! See what there is in you! Come out everybody, big and small! Can we have a winning team? Of course we can **with your help**. Get into it now!



"He Stands Erect . . . Martial in His Air, His Form and Movement."

Probably the only court martial held in any Jr. R. O. T. C. in the country took place here last term. The following officers were members of the court:

President of the Court, Capt. Walter D. McCord.

Major Philip T. Oak.

Capt. Philip Chalmers.

Capt. Granville Bond.

Capt. Eugene Macdonald.

Capt. Leslie Bowler.

1st Lt. Julian Humphrey.

1st Lt. Roger Nickerson.

1st Lt. George Grant.

1st Lt. Berg Burrill.

2nd Lt. John O'Leary.

2nd Lt. Hillis Holt.

2nd Lt. Walter Ulmer.

Capt. Caulfield was Judge Advocate and Lieut. Collins, assistant Judge Advocate.

Capt. Meinecke defended the prisoner, with Lt. Rowe as assistant.

Prosecution was under the 73rd Article of War, allowing a prisoner to escape through design or neglect.

The trial took place on Jan. 20, 1920, in

the Assembly Hall.

The accused was found guilty of allowing a prisoner to escape through **neglect** but not guilty of allowing him to escape through **design**. He was sentenced to six months at hard labor and forfeiture of pay for six months.

There will be other courts during the winter as cases arise to be tried.

Sergeant Arthur Lipsky has been promoted to second lieutenant to fill the place of Lt. Bennett, resigned.

Major Frank Schneider, former adjutant to Col. Palmer at District Headquarters, Boston, will inspect the unit during the month of February.

Preparations are being made for the Military ball, which comes on May 15, 1920. Only a small part of the Battalion will be able to participate in the exercises this year so that only picked men will be used. The event promises to be the best which the school has ever had.



"As Many Men, So Many Opinions."

"The Signet" from Dexter is an excellent paper from beginning to end. It has a very attractive cover and the departments are all well worked out.

"The Lancastonian" is another that has a short Exchange Department. The receipt of the papers is acknowledged, but no comments are printed. "A Real Gift" is very good.

The "Industrial School Magazine" contains one of the best poems that ever appeared in a school paper: "The Adventure of the Knight of the Singing Sword." They have some fine stories, too, but a few more jokes would add to this already excellent paper.

"The Phoenix" from Montpelier. We like your class notes and your athletics. Your Coach's Review of the Football Season is very good. All the departments are well balanced.

"The Herald" from Holyoke has a cover design quite in keeping with its name; the jokes and stories are excellent. Don't you think some of the happenings of the school would improve your paper?

"The Messenger" from Portland. We

are very glad to receive this fine paper with its excellent jokes, stories, and athletic department. The editorials are very good also. Come again, we should like to continue the acquaintance.

There are some very well written "Current Events" in "The Maroon and White" from Chicago. The Editorials are good, too, we agree most heartily with "Stop! Look! Read!" Why not have a little longer Exchange Department, it would give more room for criticism?

"The Red and Black" from Stevens High has a very short Exchange Department. Although they have received several, they comment on only two. The rest of the paper is good, especially the Autobiographies.

"The Periscope" from Winslow is an excellent paper but the Exchange Department seems to be an entirely minus quantity.

"The Record," Littleton H. S. Hurry, and you will break the record. Your stories are good, "The Flirt" must have been taken from life. The Athletics are very good, too.

"Su-Hi." We are unable to find any ad-

verse criticisms to make; you have a fine paper. "Here We Are" is very clever. The jokes are good, too.

We welcome "The Slippery Rocket" from Slippery Rock, Pa. You have an attractive cover design and some excellent editorials. We hope you will visit us again soon.

The Exchanges in "The Advance" are treated in a very interesting manner. The stories are good also, especially the "Comedy of Terrors."

"The Jewel" certainly is a jewel; it is surely a fine paper from cover to cover. The Athletics and School Notes are especially good.

"The Red and White" from Chicago is up to its usual high standard of excellence. It has an attractive cover design and its departments are well carried out.

"The Outlook," Porter High. Don't you think a few more cuts would help your paper? "The Soliloquy of the Old School Clock" is especially good.

"The Holton"—Danvers, Mass., has some fine stories and poems—"My First Pies" is unusual in the fact that the pies prove to be good rather than a disappointment to the young cook. The jokes are good, too, but don't you think that it would improve the paper if the Exchanges were put in a separate department with an appropriate heading?

"Oak Leaves," Vassalboro, Me. You are certainly living up to the high standard that you have set in your editorial, "Our Exchanges." "The Adventure of a Piece of Chalk" is very interesting.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

"The Oracle," Bangor, Me.—We find the "Oracle" a very interesting and very well arranged paper. Your literary department does you credit, but what is the matter with your Editorial Department? It rambles from the form of editorials, in rather a marked fashion. We note that you are very original in devoting an entire section to a new department—the military activities of the school. On the whole we find the "Oracle" a very fine paper.—"The Jester," Ellsworth, Me.—

The Bangor "Oracle," Bangor High, is a very well arranged paper, full of snap, one that may be fully appreciated by all.—"Lincolian."

B. H. S. "Oracle," Bangor High School—Your Editorials are very good. We have enjoyed your paper very much, and hope you will continue to send it to us.—"The Messalonskee Ripple."

"The Oracle," Bangor, Me.—The Sayings at the heads of the departments are very novel and appropriate. A few cartoons and snap shots would give tone to your edition.—"The Lake Breeze."

"Oracle," Bangor High School, Bangor, Me.—We congratulate you on your football victories. Your idea of a proverb at the head of each department is clever. Your Debating and Military Departments are new and interesting.—"The Breeze," Center City, Miss.

"The Oracle," Bangor, Me.—An excellent paper, which seems to live up to its name.—"The Argus."

"The Oracle," Bangor, Me.—You have a good Exchange Department.—"The Junto."



"A Man Does Not Please Long When He Has Only One Species of Wit."

Mr. O'N. (in English): "Mr. H., tell about the stockade."

Mr. H., '23—: "It was a kind of a house with a brook running down the side of it."

B. D.—: "I hear the men are drinking shoe polish now. I bet that's hot stuff."

J. McA.—: "Yes, I bet it gives their insides a tan."

Mr. W. (in Geometry): "Miss W., you and Miss McC. are taking a course in conversational English, are you not?"

C. W., '20—: "Is the basketball game going to be in the Orono City Hall?"

Miss F., '20—: "Doesn't Blair White look white?"

Mme. B. (in French): "What kind of a salad did he bring?"

McA., '20—: "Du lait" (milk).

Mr. W. (in Geometry): "Some of us need a stimulant in this course. You better eat 'Force' for breakfast."

Miss D. (in English): "What happened as a result of Johnson's illness?"

Bowles: "He got married."

Miss M. (in English): "What is Westminster Abbey?"

Miss O., '22—: "It's a place where the dead people live."

O'L.—(At drill): "You corporals have got to keep your heads open."

Miss R. (in French): "'Vivre' means to live; for example, when you're not dead, you're living."

Pupil (in English): "They were surrounded by Antony."

Mme. B.—: "What is a haberdasher?"
Waterman, '20: "A tailor."

Miss R., (in English): "What was the book about the stout old doctor who wrote a dictionary?"

B. W., '20—: "Silas Marner."

Pressey, '21, was explaining how Caesar died.

Nickerson: "Oh! he didn't die that way."

Fletcher: "No, he died the other way."

Miss H., '20 (in Latin): "The noise of many feet is seen to approach."

Mme. B.—: "What would be an 'hors-d'œuvre' this time of year?"

Miss D., '20—: "Mustard pickles."

A—'22, in Latin:

"That is a 'cum' clause of purpose.

Miss H—: "That is like the ablative of strangulation."

Student: "May I take the key to the locker room? I left my lunch there."

Official: "Yes, then lock the door and bring it up to me."

Question: Bring **what** up—key, lunch, or door?

Miss C. (in History): "What else did Edward V. do?"

E. S., '22—: "He died at fifteen."

Mr. C. (translating French): "They were head over ears in work."

Ballad of E Company.

There's a corporal in our company
Whose troubles never cease,
The officers keep at him,
He never knows much peace.
First it's "Straighten up that rifle,
No talking in the line."
Then, "Close up just a trifle,
Stop looking at that sign."
He tries to obey to the letter,
But things get worse instead of better,
Perhaps he'll improve, as on time rolls,
But now times are hard for Corporal Husky
Bowles.

Freshman: "Was Mr. Mitchell ever a musical instructor?"

A freshman was overheard to say: "This confascarated pen leaks."

New teacher, trying to ring up office

without pushing button: "Hello, Hello."

Student: "Aw, ask information."

Condon, '21: "Mr. Mitchell, I saw two Grangers lost on the top floor."

Mr. M.—: "Did you direct them the way out?"

Condon: "No, Sir."

Mr. M.—: "Just as well, if you did they would be going out through the roof."

Miss F. (in Latin): "She dragged himself hither."

Miss M. (in English, asking the heading of a business letter addressed to Miss Mabel Normand).

Miss A., '22—: "Er—Dear Mabel"—

Aint It So?

Have you ever been naughty and acted wrong,

Or got in after the corridor gong?

Or through circumstances you couldn't foresee,

Been called down to cope with the "powers" that be?

Your fear, like thunder, pounds in your ear,

Your outlook seems a desert drear,

Your lips are dry and your throat is parched,

And your tongue is as stiff as if it were starched.

Your feet are leaden. It's work to walk,
And when you're questioned you cannot talk,

Cold sweat stands out on chin and brow,
And you think, "Let's get it over with now."

And the Power says quite sorrowfully,
"This doesn't hurt you as it hurts me,"

In a trembling voice with a little cough,
Don't you feel like saying, "Well, let's call
it off?"

J. T. McAloon.

Miss R. (in English): "Why was he
marooned?"

Mr. M., '20—: "The men liked the space
he occupied better than they liked him."

Miss R. (in English): "What was queer
about him?"

Miss W., '20—: "He had a leg."

Miss F.—: "I wonder what those boys
are doing to the 'Oracle' box."

Miss W.—: "It's all right. They're on
the staff."

And then Finnigan turned around.

Once a big Molicepan met a Billy Lum
Sitting on the sturb cone chewing gubber
rum,

"Hi" yelled the Molicepan, "Will yer sim-
me gome?"

"Ninny on your tintype," said the Billy
Lum.

First year Spanish pupil translating Pres.
Ind. of "Estar" (to be).

I am am I was am

I do am I used to am

I am aming I was aming, etc.

W. H., '22, has turned 114 into a chem-
istry lab. Ask C. C., '21, about the con-
flagration of the thatched roof.

What We Wish—

That school would close for a week—All
of us.

That we could go on the barge ride—L.
S. & C. C. '21.

A few more admirers—E. R. '21.

That I wouldn't be considered a baby in

short clothes—D. S. '22.

L. S. '21's coiffure—P. A. '21.

That freshmen would wear red to offset
the green—

That S. C. '22, would send E. B. '21, a
valentine.

It is rumored that W. H., '22's favorite
song is "Carry me back to 'ole Virginny."

Mr. C—to daughter: "Doesn't H—
know how to say 'Good Night'?"

C—(indignantly): "Well, I should say
he does! !"

The Young Ladies' Minstrel Show of B.
H. S. offers the following program:

"Darktown Strutters".....Entire Chorus

"Bolas Bo," "Jerry".....R. A. '21

"Rings"M. L. '20

"The Vamp," "If You Knock the L

Out of Kelly".....E. R. '21

"You'd Be Surprised".....J. B. '21

Ivanhoe Up to Date.

Freshman—

Wamba owned a big estate.

Gurth was a traveling man who visited
him.

Miss H. to C. B. '22: How doth the little
busy Bean improve his shining hours?

Miss H—: "What are you looking for
in that desk?"

Mr. G—: "Nothing."

Miss H—: "Well, hurry up and get it
and go out."

Awkward.

Speaking of names, we heard the other
day of a man named William Arrimee, and
every time he told it to a woman she took it
for a proposal.—1920.

—Ex.



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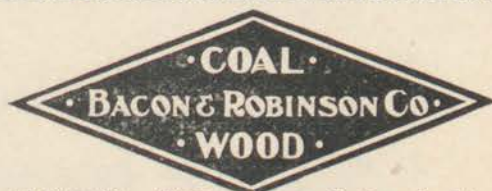
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