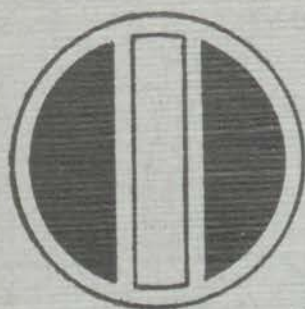


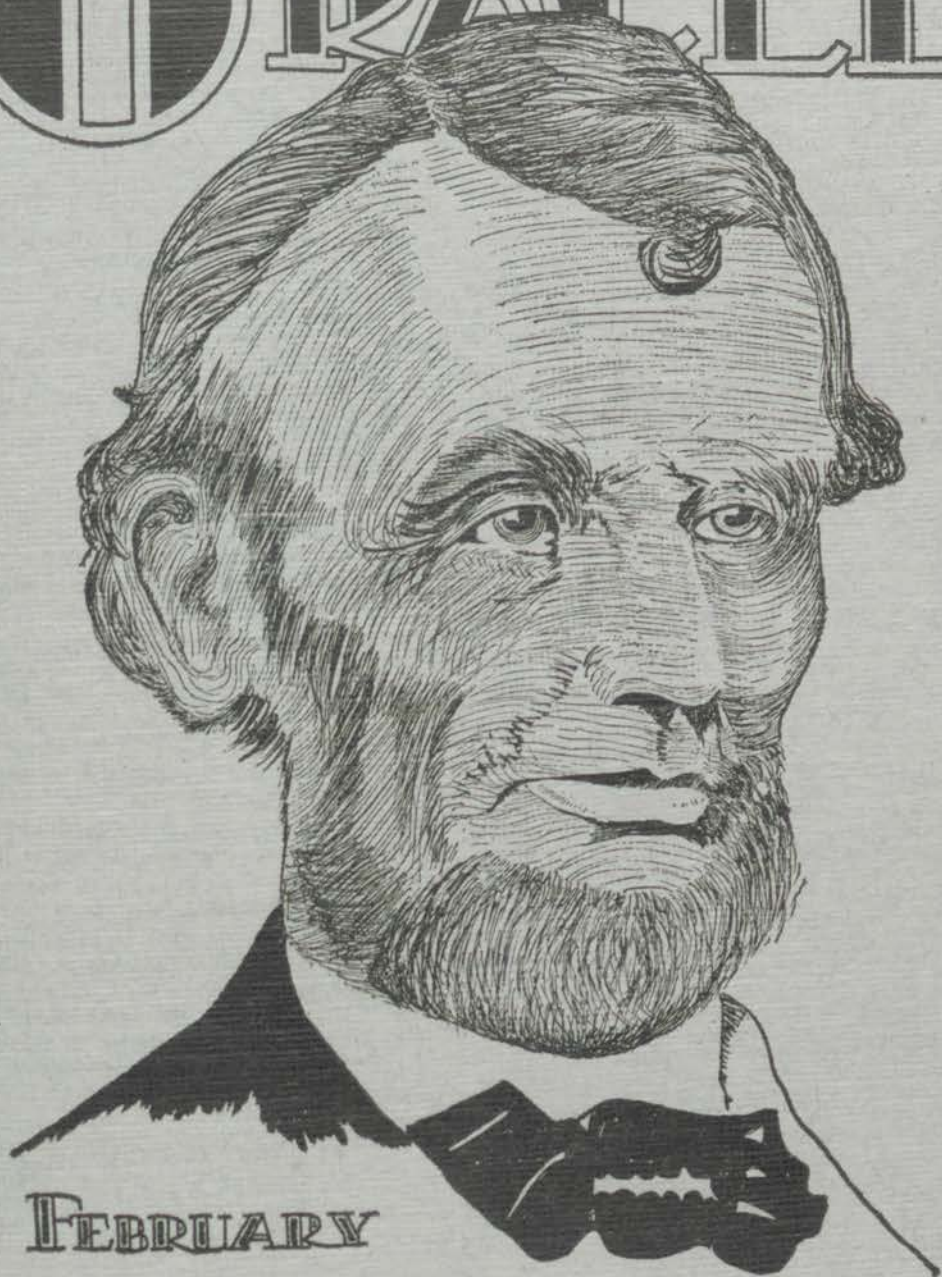
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# ORACLE



FEBRUARY

BENJ. D. ROSEN  
'24

# BESSE SYSTEM COMPANY

## Bangor's Leading Store

*takes great pleasure publishing the following prize  
winning letters as announced in January  
issue of the Oracle.*

### 2nd PRIZE

48 Sixth St.,  
Bangor, Maine,  
Nov. 7, 1923.

Mr. Geo. C. Dorr,  
Besse System Co.,  
Bangor, Maine.

Dear Sir:

After considering your advertisement, in the October number of the "Oracle," and the generous offer which you made, I would deem it unworthy of Bangor High School students not to make a response. Indeed, it is very little to ask, especially, upon the subject of the service and values given by the Besse System Company, for what qualities has that company other than good ones?

I recall an instance which illustrates the service and values of the Besse System.

A few weeks ago I was in a confused state of mind concerning a party dress which it was quite necessary that I should have at an appointed time. My first thought was to try at "Besse's," where I had many times found what I wanted. Putting my course of thought into action, I hastened to the store. Upon entering a very pleasant appearing clerk came forward and after making inquiries as to my needs, she took me to the dress department, where with much willingness, she showed me the dresses in stock. After much difficulty, on account of the beauty and the reasonable prices of them all, I made my choice. The alterations necessary were done free of charge and a special attempt was made to have the dress ready for me.

This instance shows how the Besse System Company gives both quality and service to the public.

Hoping that this letter may be one of many in answer to your advertisement, I am,

Very truly yours,

Victorine Bailey.

### 3rd PRIZE

R. F. D. No. 7.  
Nov. 3, 1923.

Mr. Geo. C. Dorr, Mgr.,  
Besse System Company.

Dear Sir:

I want to compliment your store for the very efficient and courteous manner in which you serve your patrons.

Only a few weeks ago, I happened into the Besse System Store in the quest of a certain style of fall suit. After very diligently hunting through the stock of fall suits, the clerk informed me that he didn't carry exactly the style I desired but that he could tell me where I might find it.

The clerk to be sure, lost a sale this time but he really won something far better, for he left in my mind an example of courtesy and efficiency that stamps the accomplished clerk of today.

Before closing I should like to say, that I think that more of this kind of service should be practiced in the stores of today, and that this may serve as an example to be emphasized more and more in the future.

Yours sincerely,

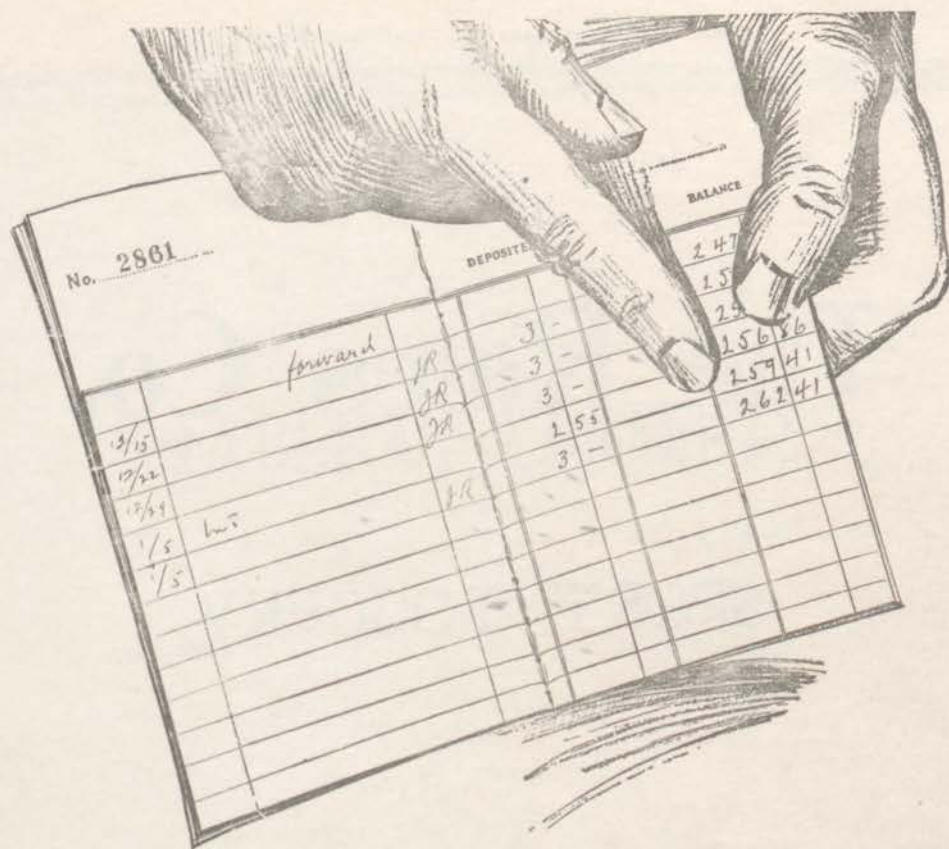
Charles E. O'Connor.

# BESSE SYSTEM CO.

Bangor's Leading Store

Geo. C. Dorr, Mgr.





## Comforting Facts

**F**IGURES are comforting facts when you read them in your bank book. The knowledge that you have back of you a reserve of dollars brings a feeling of security and strength—the assurance that you are able to cope with the unforeseen emergency.

Money in the bank becomes a fact as soon as you determine to practice systematic saving. Even though the amount you earn is limited, an account with this bank enables you to save without effort by small systematic deposits. Deposits of one, two, three dollars or more each week bring surprising results in a short space of time.

Don't deny yourself the satisfaction that comes with a bank account. A first deposit of one dollar or more will start your account here.

**MERRILL TRUST CO., BANGOR, MAINE**

Our advertisers make the Oracle possible—

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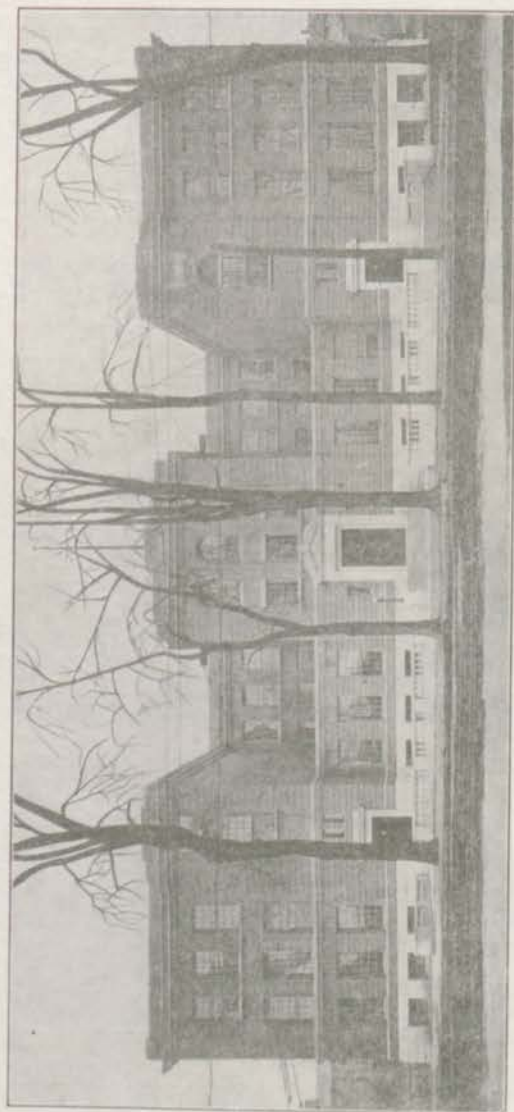
“Maine’s Best Paper”

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50c per month Delivered by Carrier

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Alma Mater .....	4
The Oracle Board.....	5
Editorials .....	6
Literary .....	8
February Fourteenth .....	8
Tending the Furnace.....	10
Frank Escapes a Thrashing.....	11
Northern Springtime.....	13
Juniors '24.....	13
Locals.....	14
Exchanges.....	16
Library.....	17
Athletics .....	18
Personals.....	21
B. H. S. Tatler Section.....	22



ALMA MATER.



# THE ORACLE

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the Students of  
Bangor High School



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VOL. XXXII

FEBRUARY, 1924

No. 5

## The Oracle Board



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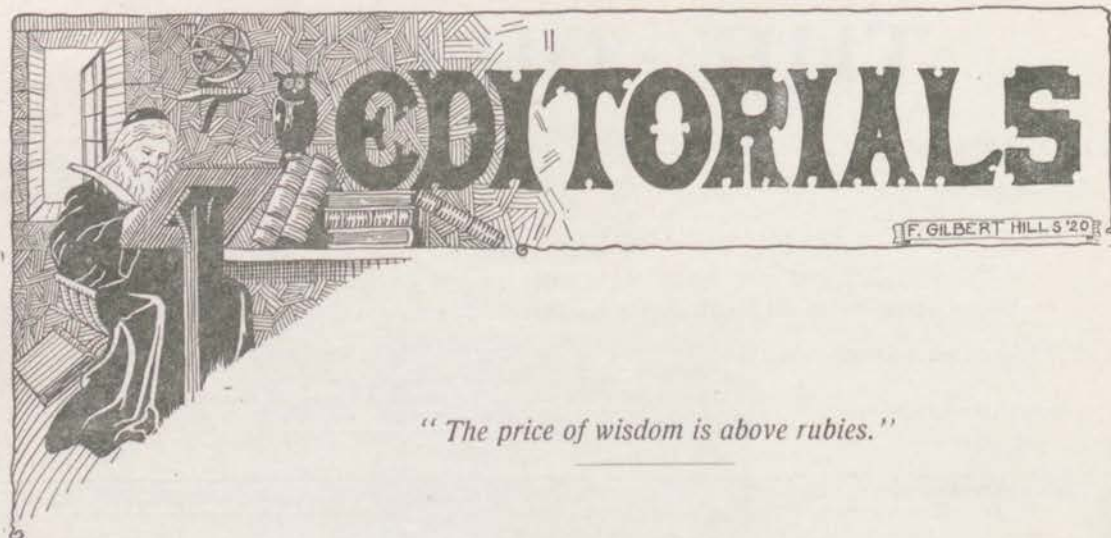
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*"The price of wisdom is above rubies."*

There are very few people who like responsibility. They run away from it instead of welcoming it. They are willing to venture opinions, but when it comes to deciding on definite action they like to have someone else take the final step. Stop and use the life of any great and successful man as an example. You will find every time that he did not shirk responsibility but took it and made himself useful by it.

Owen D. Young, the new head of the General Electric Company, says this about it: "The company had bought and paid for everything I had to give. This included my judgment, good or bad. I was prepared, therefore, to exercise that judgment to the utmost—always taking pains to acquire all possible 'raw material' out of which to form my conclusion. Then, having acted with the best judgment I possessed, I never allowed myself to become worried over the outcome. Of course I recognized that if my percentage of mistakes became too great, I would have to get out or be put out." He worked his way up from a poor country youth to the head of one of the greatest companies in the world simply by taking and using all the responsibility that came anywhere near him.

Don't be satisfied with this one example mentioned here but take the life of any great man you know and see if this doesn't apply every time. Let us not be so eager in the future to shirk responsibility.

Recently Arnold Bennett has stated a well known general truth in a vivid and **The Daily** unique way. He says:

**Miracle** "You wake up in the morning and lo! your purse is magically filled with twenty-four hours of the manufactured tissue of the universe of your life. No one can take it from you. It is unstealable. No one receives either more or less than you receive.

"Waste your infinitely precious commodity as much as you will, and the supply will never be withheld from you. Moreover, you cannot draw on the future. Impossible to get into debt! You can only waste the passing moment. You cannot waste tomorrow; it is kept for you."

**Time** is certainly a queer phenomenon. You can sit down, take out your watch, and follow the second hand round and round with your eyes, and right there while you are doing this, several minutes have slipped by. These minutes were not a product of the watch nor were they a substance which could be influenced by any living being.



## THE ORACLE

They were an absolutely independent and uncontrollable phenomenon that exists in all space. Now they are gone and in those seemingly innocent minutes which ticked quietly by, history was being made everywhere; deaths, births, recreation, laboring, and studying, were all taking place somewhere; laws were being made and some were being broken, but the time which ticked by is **gone**. Just what was done, whether good or bad is over, and is recorded in some history whether that be the history of the United States or merely someone's conscience. But other precious minutes are fading away now, if you ought to study, be about it; if you deserve recreation, go skating, but employ it so that in a week from now you can look back and see that your historical minutes are not marked with a blank or a question mark.

In the early days of the Civil war, President Abraham Lincoln made a significant **Lincoln's** remark to a clergyman which we **Wit** would do well to remember.

"Let us have faith, Mr. President," said the minister, "that the Lord is on our side in this great struggle."

Mr. Lincoln quietly answered: "I am not at all concerned about that, for I know that the Lord is always on the side of the right; but it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation may be on the Lord's side."

Mr. Roland Diller, who was one of Mr. Lincoln's neighbors in Springfield, tells the following:

"I was called to the door one day by the cries of children in the street, and there was Mr. Lincoln, striding by with two of his boys, both of whom were wailing aloud. 'Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter with the boys?' I asked.

"Just what's the matter with the whole world,' Lincoln replied; 'I've got three walnuts, and each wants two.'"

Lincoln's ready replies always had a meaning.

The month of February, which has always been significant in the hearts of Americans as the birth month of **Our** Washington and Lincoln, has **Martyred** this year been made trebly dear **Presidents** to the American people, as it marks the passing from this life of one of the greatest figures in American history, Woodrow Wilson. As Abraham Lincoln gave his life that the curse of slavery might be forever removed from the United States, so did Woodrow Wilson give his life, that the world might be rid of Prussianism and be safe for democracy. Woodrow Wilson was a truly great American.

The following poem was recently received from Philip A. Smith, a former member of the present senior class, who is now a student at the U. S. Pharmacists' Mates' School, Portsmouth, Virginia. We appreciate both his remembrance of old B. H. S. and the sentiment of his contribution:

### WE WANT THE NEWS.

If you have a bit of news,  
Send it in.

Or joke that will amuse,  
Send it in.

A story that is true,  
An incident that is new,  
We want to hear from you,  
Send it in.

Will your story make us laugh?  
Send it in.

Never mind about the style,  
If the story is worth while,  
And may help to cause a smile,  
Help make the Oracle worth while,  
Send it in.

Philip A. Smith,  
U. S. Navy.

# LITERARI



*"Literature is the thought of thinking souls."*

## FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH

By Amy Dearborn,  
Mary McManus,  
Robert McManus.

### Act. I. Scene I.

Place: The living room of Colonel Wade's home. Time: The morning.

#### Cast of Characters:

Connie Wade, a young girl.  
Miss Cornelia Wade, Connie's aunt.  
Colonel Wade, Aunt Cornelia's father.  
Randolph Jutz, a friend.  
Miss Rose Jackson, a neighbor.  
Ralph Jordon, a young man.  
Mr. Jordon, a friend, Ralph's father.

(On the morning of February fourteenth, Aunt Cornelia is seated in a large wicker chair engaged in knitting and saying in a loud voice, "Knit 2, Purl 3, Knit 2, Purl 3." She is a prim lady of about 50 years of age, with a very straight back and very much energy. While she is so engaged Connie Wade dashes through. She is a young lady with bobbed hair, and a general flapper-like appearance. She is humming a snappy tune to herself, but interrupts herself with a soliloquy).

Connie: Ralph said he'd send me a valentine today. I'm just crazy to see what it's like. Perhaps it will be one of those funny ones, and it might be— (Starts. Notices Aunt Cornelia). Good morning, Aunt Cornelia. Has the mail come yet?

Aunt C.: Knit 2, Purl 3,—Sakes alive,

don't bother me, child. Knit 2, Purl 3.

Connie: I'm expecting a valentine today—from Ralph, you know, he told me he'd send one.

Aunt C.: Knit 2, Purl 3,—Purl 3, Knit 2. What, a young man is going to send you a valentine? Nice goin's on. A valentine!—through the mail!

Connie: It'll probably be a funny one—Ralph's so funny—but it might have hearts and cupids and a little verse.

Aunt C. (rises up in her chair with a horrified expression): Oh! Oh! Oh! What is the world a-comin' to!

(Connie fears a lecture, so after hearing the last words from Aunt Cornelia with a surprised expression, quickly leaves the room).

Aunt C.: Here this young lady looks me firmly in the eyes and declares that she expects a valentine. Why—when I was a girl we'd be locked up if we dared to be expectin' mail and the like from young men. (Chuckles softly). I remember the hollow tree where I used to get my letters. But folks are different nowadays. Knit 2, Purl 3, Knit 2, Purl 3. No! I guess folks ain't different—I guess folks are always the same, it is time that's always moving. Knit 2, Purl 3.



(There is a rap heard on the door).

Aunt C.: That must be the mail man. (Walks to the door, opens it, takes the mail from the mail box, and returns to her chair). Why, what is this! A letter for Miss Cornelia Wade. It must be mine. (Opens the envelope, removes the valentine, and places the envelope on the table. Exclaims with delight). Oh, Oh! How pretty! Now, who could have sent me that. Let me think. Oh, here 'tis written inside. "With sincerest admiration to C. W. from R. J." I suppose he wouldn't like to write his whole name on a valentine. Who can it be? R. J.—not Randolph Jutz—not—could it? It must be Mr. Jordon. (Crosses her hands and smiles into space). I never knew that he admired me. He is a nice man—

Enter Connie.

Connie: Has the mail come yet, Aunt Cornelia?

Aunt C.: Yes, but your valentine didn't come. You're not the only young woman who has admirers, miss!

Connie: No, I daresay but—

Aunt C.: Look what Mr. Jordon sent me!

Connie: Oh, that must be for—

Aunt C.: Yes—see what's written inside—I must wear my new gown this afternoon when he comes.

(Connie's eyes bulge in amazement, then she chuckles behind her hand and laughing, makes a hasty exit).

Scene 2.

Place: Same as Scene I. Time: The afternoon, 3 p. m.

(Colonel Wade is seated playing checkers at a table. Aunt Cornelia is seated in her wicker chair. She acts very much excited).

Aunt C.: Isn't it nearly time for Mr. Jordon to come?

Col. W.: He said that he wasn't sure that he could come today. Oh! That must be him now!

Aunt C. (hastens to the door): Oh, how do you do, Mr. Jordon. We're so glad to

see you. Come right in. Let me take your wraps. Quite cold out today. (Starts off with the wraps). I'll be right back, Mr. Jordon.

(Mr. Jordon appears to be bewildered at this reception and looks after Aunt Cornelia in a stupid manner, then he sits down with Col. Wade to have his daily game of checkers. Aunt Cornelia returns and begins a lively conversation).

Aunt C.: We thought you might not come today, it's so snowy out. You should have done up well. Did you wear your overshoes?

Mr. Jordon (absorbed in checkers): Er—er—beg pardon, Madam?

Aunt C.: What did you say?

Col. Wade: G'on, hurry up and move.

(A knock is heard on the door. Aunt Cornelia goes and shows in Mr. Randolph Jutz—a short, fussy little man, with a large bouquet of flowers).

Mr. Jutz: Oh, good day, my dear Miss Cornelia. Oh! I am so happy to see you. (Aunt C. takes the flowers and puts them in a vase. Mr. Jutz sits down beside her and talks in a lively manner with many gestures). It ees so grand outside today, I think theese is a nice day for take Miss Cornelia for a sleigh ride. She look like a flower beside the white snow.

Aunt C. (keeps her eyes glued upon Mr. Jordon): How are your chickens getting along, Mr. Jordon?

Mr. Jordon (starting): Eh, beg pardon, Madam?

Aunt C.: Your chickens, are they getting along quite well? Those incubators—

Mr. Jordon: Yes, quite well, thank you.

Aunt C.: What do you feed them?

Mr. Jordon: Oh, they're not fussy.

Aunt C.: You have to be careful. Hens are animal, there's no getting around that.

Mr. Jutz: Can I not persuade you—

(Mr. Jordon gets up silently, about to depart, reaches where he usually hangs his coat with his eyes fixed on the checker board



meanwhile. Aunt Cornelia is standing there).

Aunt C.: Oh, must you go?

Mr. Jordon (still looking at the checkerboard): Yessum. (Then as he does not find his coat he looks at Aunt C. suddenly with suspicion). Where's my coat? Who's hid my coat? (Aunt C. rushes away to get his coat).

(In the meantime Miss Rose Jackson comes in. Miss Rose is another prim lady but much more severe than Aunt C. She sweeps in).

Miss Rose (seeing Mr. Jutz): You here again?

Col. Wade (picking up the checkers, he notices the valentine. He opens it and reads: "With sincerest admiration to C. W. from R. J."): That must be to Col. Wade from Rose Jackson.

(Aunt C. returns with Mr. Jordon's coat, and cordially invites him to come again. Col. Wade walks over to Miss Jackson).

Col. Wade: Good afternoon, Rose, dear.

Miss Jackson: What, Sir!!

Col. Wade: Good afternoon, my dear.

Miss Jackson: You've never spoken to me that much since I've known you, Col. Wade.

Col. Wade (swinging on his toes and trying to look roguish): Well, I didn't notice so much—

Miss Jackson: No, you didn't notice—

Col. Wade: And this is February Fourteenth—

Miss Jackson: February Fourteenth! Well, what's that got to do with it?

(During this dialogue Randolph Jutz is

sitting dejected in his chair. Aunt C. is fussing with the flowers on the other side of the room. On hearing February Fourteenth she gushes to Miss Jackson).

Aunt C.: Oh, you must see the valentine I got.

Col. Wade: Hum, it seems to be the style this year to send valentines. (He winks at Miss Jackson and retires to the checkerboard again).

Randolph Jutz still sits.

Aunt C.: I don't know who it's from. It says to C. W. from R. J.

Randolph Jutz: C. W.-R. J. You don't know who it's from, Miss Cornelia?

Aunt C.: No, but I think—

Mr. Jutz: Why, my dear Mees Cornelia—'twas I who sent it to you.

Aunt C. (disappointed): You!

Mr. Jutz: Oui, I and none other.

Miss Jackson (laughing): C. W. from R. J. Ho! Ho! Then the Colonel thought—!

Enter Ralph Jordon.

Ralph: Afternoon, ladies. Do, Mr. Jutz. (To Aunt Cornelia), Is Connie in?

Connie rushes in.

Ralph: Did you get my valentine?

Connie: No, Aunt Cornelia got it.

Aunt C. (to Connie): Your valentine! Your name is Connie!

(Miss Jackson laughs, the Colonel scowls and wipes his brow. Aunt C. glares at Mr. Jutz, who edges toward the door).

Miss Jackson: This should be April first rather than February fourteenth.

Mr. Jutz (as he goes out): Ah! There ees no fool like the old fool!

Curtain.

## TENDING THE FURNACE

By Norman Winch.

HOW much excited I was for this was the morning the new furnace was to be installed! I could hardly wait for it to arrive. Alas! Little did I realize what was in store for

me. If I had, I most certainly would not have strained myself helping get it in. But ignorance is bliss and I toiled heartily to accomplish the task. How proud of it I was as it stood in the cellar apparently ready for

business. But my pride faded with experience. This monster contained a bright fire but emitted no heat. Long and arduously, I toiled before I learned the secret.

As my experience grew so did my pride decline. The thing became possessed of a devilish obstinacy which it was well nigh impossible to overcome. I remember particularly one Saturday morning in early autumn, one on which an important football game was to be played. I was told to start the furnace fire. I therefore, retired gloomily to the cellar and commenced a finish fight with the furnace. Time and again I started the fire only to have it go out under a shovelful of coal. I coaxed, I bullied and spoke soothingly to it, all to no avail. At last I triumphed and the house was flooded with heat. I rejoiced in my victory, I shouted and sang, but all too soon. The monster required more coal, more coal, it was always more coal. It never seemed to get enough. And worst of all, it did not consume its food but merely reduced it to

ashes for me to sift and dispose of. Such a malignant character was the furnace.

Dad never really did a thing to that furnace. It was always: "Sonny, run down and open the furnace door," or, "Run down and close the draft," for which things I could see no reason at all. But it was no use to kick, Pa hated that furnace as much as I and conceived the above way of avoiding it. Therefore, it was absolutely no use to kick as I soon found out.

That furnace obsessed me, it followed me through the day, it awoke me in the middle of the night. In the morning I rush downstairs only to open the door just in time to see the last spark die out. It has been so every morning. Then begins a struggle which will never be satisfactorily settled. It is a fight to see which is the master, the furnace or myself. I generally triumph, but a really wild furnace like my own can never be wholly subdued. So I have gradually become reconciled to the daily struggles but they shall always be far from cheerful.

## FRANK ESCAPES A THRASHING

By Philip B. Whitman.

THE fire burned low and all was silent except for the hooting of owls and the lapping of waves on the shore. "Well," I said, "I don't know what you are going to do, but I'm going to bed."

Frank nodded. "Good idea. I'll be along in a minute."

It seemed that I had scarcely fallen asleep when I woke up with a start and felt myself being propelled against a tent pole, around which (against my will), I proceeded to wrap myself. I at once concluded that a hurricane had broken loose somewhere in the vicinity of our camp and had made us the object of its playfulness. The tent came down, enveloping everything. I squirmed free and seeing a bulging, cyclonic "mass" that showed signs of wrecking everything in camp, I dived for "it" in

a flying tackle and held on with all the strength that was in me, until I felt "it" relax and subside. Then I began to dig "it" out. I unwound the tent from "it," scattered a thickness of boughs, pulled off blankets, yanked its foot out of a knapsack, "its" fist out of my only hat, "its" head out of a large cracker box and found that "it" was Frank.

The sun was just shooting its first rays over the nearby hilltops, as I said, "Before we begin to pick up this mess you're going to sit down right here and explain yourself. If your story doesn't sound reasonable I'll give you a trouncing, but if it does, I'll try to forgive you this time." And I settled back to listen, at the same time trying to keep from laughing at the queer expression on his face.

He rubbed his shin where it had taken



the bark off a log, looked at me rather antagonistically and said, "All right, Judge, I'm game. It was a dream that caused all this disturbance and I'll tell it to you. Al Jinter, Tom Sutton and myself were camping on the shore of Lake Nacouter. We had been going at a pretty good clip all day and were dog-tired. 'Let's go for a mid-night swim in the lake,' Al suggested. We went foolish over the idea of a cool plunge and after supper, we lit our pipes and waited for the moon to come up. When it did appear, it was hidden behind a bank of clouds but still we waited and later in the evening it came out bright and clear. It sure was a pretty sight; the lake all silvery and smooth, the small islands away out in the middle all black and still, the long point that jutted out on our right, clear-cut and distinct against the sky and the beach all white and sandy, where we were to take our plunge.

"We waited until near midnight and then started for the beach. The nearest cottage was five miles down the lake, so we didn't have anyone to bother us. We raced getting undressed and I was the first one in, while Tom was still struggling with his shirt and Al with a boot-lace. When they finally plunged in, I was quite a distance out and although they tried to catch up, I managed to keep ahead. Turning to see how far I had come, I thought I saw something white floating on the water just off the end of the point. I shut my eyes, then looked again—yes, there it was. It looked so peculiar that I turned around and called to the others, 'Look! Something is coming around the point.'

"They looked and saw it, too. 'That is funny,' said Al, 'let's go and take a look at it.'

"Tom, who was not a very strong swimmer, refused to go and started for the shore. All of a sudden he called in an excited voice, 'Quick! I've got a cramp in my leg!'

"We put on all speed and reached him

none too soon; for he had a bad leg-cramp and was sorely in need of help. Al and I soon got him to the beach, where we massaged the muscle into place again.

"Then I happened to think of the white object that we had seen. I looked around and suddenly gave a startled exclamation that attracted the others' attention. They gasped and leaped to their feet, for the object we had seen was a huge packing case and stranger yet—it was within a few yards of us. How had it covered that long distance in so short a time, with no wind or current to carry it? It seemed impossible, yet there it was, coming on slowly, surely and with a majestic air. It rode easily on the water, swaying slightly with the motion of waves caused by an unexplainable breeze that sprang up while we watched.

"Shivers went up and down our backs as we gazed at this strange apparition. It came straight for us, as if being drawn by a magnet and then we saw that it was swinging around as if pulled by an unseen hand. We were horror stricken, voiceless, motionless. What makes it come directly for us? Slowly turning, it held us fascinated. What caused it to revolve so? What was it showing to us on the other side? We actually believed it was going to hold before our eyes some indescribable horror. It swung—it swung—we saw. Petrified and with bulging eyes, we were unable to look away. Weights held our feet and our hands were paralyzed. A board from the side of the box was gone, and hanging out of the hole thus formed, was the arm of a dead man, old, withered and ghastly.

"What calamity was about to overpower us? The question was quickly answered. Bumping gently against a rock, the box fell into a hundred pieces and out of the wreckage jumped a weazened little man about four feet tall. His small and piggish-looking eyes were sunk in a large head that was absolutely bald. His arms were long and



## THE ORACLE

skinny, his legs short and bowed. His skin was like chalk and his clothes were mere rags. Like a flash, he landed on the beach and immediately started for Tom.

"Poor Tom! I'll never forget the look he gave us before he began burning the ground in the direction of the woods. I never saw a man run as fast as he did in all my life, but he could not outrun this horrible creature, who seemed to possess the winged feet of Hermes. He soon caught poor Tom and sinking a bony claw into his shoulder, whirled him around. Tom fainted but when this fiend-of-a-man breathed into his face—horror of horrors—he disappeared into the sand.

"Al and I could scarcely believe our eyes and although we hadn't moved out of our tracks, we were breathless and panting, who would be the next? Wheeling, the creature came for—Al. My friend chose

the beach and tore madly down it but only to meet the same fate as Tom.

"Again the demon whirled and started back toward me. I tried to run but invisible hands gripped my feet. I trembled and shook. My breath came short and fast, my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth and my whole body seemed burning up. His face hypnotized me, I could not look away. The horror of the whole scene completely overwhelmed and unnerved me, so that I felt helpless in the sand. 'All is over,' I thought, and when that loathsome creature grabbed me, I seemed to shrivel up—and then I started the rough house you so forcefully stopped."

When he had finished speaking, Frank looked upon me with a question in his eyes. "Yes, I'll forgive you, you cheerful storyteller," I said, and burst out laughing at his sheepish grin.

## NORTHERN SPRINGTIME

By Anna Sullivan.

I stroll beside the river  
On a lovely day in spring,  
Admiring beauties that Dame Nature  
To our Northern clime can bring.

See the buds with bursting mantles,  
Throw their tender leaves apart,  
Casting off their winter coverlets  
To make of old earth a part.

Listen to the rushing torrent,  
Singing loud its song of glee,

As it leaps from crag and boulder  
Towards its goal, the far off sea.

Hear the sparrow twittering softly,  
To his mate among the vines,  
Hear his song of purest bird-love,  
That around his heart entwines.

Wander forth from 'neath the roof trees,  
Wander forth in spring's bright day,  
Wander forth o'er hill and valley  
And to the woodlands wend your way.

## JUNIORS "24"

By A Friend, '25.

The Junior Class; the Junior Class,  
It's full of pep and fun,  
For the Juniors always end their work,  
When the others have just begun.

The golden rings are ordered,  
The best ones in the land,  
It won't be long before you'll see,  
Our choice was simply grand.

The exhibition's coming soon,  
Our orators are being primed.  
You can safely bet your little life,  
We'll do the job up fine.

The Freshies and the Sophomores,  
Are in the ranks no more,  
But in their places, proud and wise,  
Is the Junior Class of '24.



# LOCALS

*"And a man with an inkhorn by his side, reported the matter."*

The election of the officers of the Sophomore class, was held on November 26, resulting in the offices being filled as follows: John McClay, president; Mary Collins, vice president; George Bryant, treasurer; Katherine Trickey, secretary and William Daley, athletic council.

The annual reception of the Sophomore class to the football team, was given in the Assembly Hall, on November 27, with a good attendance of school officials, alumni and students. The committees are to be congratulated for the thorough success of the affair; together with attractive decorations, good music and excellent arrangements—a red letter night in school affairs.

We understand the Sophomores are peeved because this notice was not in before. Too bad, Sophs, but better late than never.

January 14, Dean Lord of Boston University, spoke in the assembly period on taking a college course in Business Administration. He brought out the many points of advantage in such a course. Afterwards he gave a short talk to some of the boys who were interested in business administration.

At the same assembly Mr. George H. Eaton, an alumnus, spoke about the prizes to be given by the City Club to the three Senior boys writing the best essays on their future vocation. Every Senior boy may enter the contest. The first prize is to be \$25, the second, \$15, and the third, \$10. Who are going to get those gold pieces? Time will tell!

Miss Robinson spoke the same day, about the death of Henry K. White, a former principal of this school. She paid a fine tribute to him, telling of his many achievements as a scholar. He was principal at this school for sixteen years. Miss Robinson also gave a similar appreciation of Mr. White in Freshman assembly.

On January seventh, the school had two very agreeable surprises. The first was a short concert given in chapel by several members of the University of Maine Instrumental club. They played several lively selections as a sample of what one might expect at the Maine concert and dance, which was to be given in City hall, January 15. Mr. Edward Curran, former B. H. S. student, spoke concerning this concert and announced the sale of special student tickets.

The second event was the pleasing announcement that the students were to go in a body to the Mayor's inauguration at City Hall. At the end of the second period there was a general rush for wraps and then attendance was taken in the home rooms. It was also announced that there would be no more classes after the inauguration, but that pupils must return to their home rooms to have attendance taken again. One home room teacher was heard to tell her pupils confidentially that she would advise them, as one friend to another, to return for attendance, as the penalty for skipping was unknown but sure to be heavy. Then about one thousand students started over Franklin street at the same time. A good many



## THE ORACLE

of the thousand overflowed into the road, and City Hall from a distance, looked like a big ant hill, with its swarms of workers (no drones of course!) streaming in, in long lines.

The Seniors held a class meeting during the first fifteen minutes one morning to elect a committee to select a motto. The following committee were chosen: Margaret Chalmers, Ruth Thompson, Clara Atwood, Annie Burns, Donald Taylor, John Lynch, Harvey Boyd, William Snow, and Edward Sawyer.

January 9, Mr. Proctor read the usual lost and found items amid the usual indifference. But suddenly all the Juniors, at least, straightened up and paid attention. Mr. Proctor was reading the list of those who were to be in the semi-semi-finals for the Junior Exhibition. The lucky ones were: Girls, Marion Blaisdell, Catherine Buck, Lucille Buckley, Dorothy Clough, Avis Haley, Gretchen Hayes, Delma Ide, Elsie Johnson, Marjorie Kendall, Audrey Lewis, Arline Palmer, Josephine Patterson, Edith Rudman, Marion Schriver, Phyllis Schriver, Emma Townsend, Alice Webster, Marjorie Wentworth.

Boys: Dean Bailey, Richard Baldwin, Shirley Berger, Deane Benson, Francis Burrill, Edward Collins, Robert Crowell, Addis Daley, Jacob Gross, Allison Hill, Russell Hobbs, Morris Leavitt, Paul Martin, Roderic O'Connor, Sidney Paul, Harold Schiro, Philip Smith, Morris Stone, Philip Whitman, and Norman Winch.

The girls' tryouts for the semi-finals were held January 17. Those chosen were: Marion Blaisdell, Lucille Buckley, Gretchen Hayes, Marjorie Kendall, Audrey Lewis, Arline Palmer, Josephine Patterson, Marion Schriver, Phyllis Schriver, and Alice Webster.

The result of the boys' tryouts, on January 24, is as follows: Shirley Berger, Deane Benson, Francis Burrill, Robert Crowell, Addis Daley, Paul Martin, Roderic O'Connor, Sidney Paul, Philip Smith, Philip Whitman.

The semi-finals took place January 31, with the following results: Girls, Lucille Buckley, Gretchen Hayes, Audrey Lewis, Josephine Patterson, Marion Schriver.

Boys, Shirley Berger, Robert Crowell, Addis Daley, Roderic O'Connor, Philip Whitman.

The flag over the High school was at half mast on account of the recent death of ex-Mayor Albert R. Day. Throughout his entire public life, but especially during the time he was mayor of Bangor, Mr. Day had been active in the interests of our entire school system. In his death, Bangor High school has lost an influential and loyal supporter.

The girls' basketball team played their first game Saturday, January 19, with Lee Academy. The game was played in the High School gym, with about two hundred spectators. The B. H. S. girls were defeated by a large score, but as Lee had a veteran team and this was the Bangor girls' first game, they did not feel too discouraged at being on the losing end. A short dance was held afterwards in the gym, the music being furnished by boys from the High school. Sandwiches and cocoa were served to members of both teams by Manager Georgia Treat.

On Monday, January 21, several boys of the orchestra rendered three selections during Freshman assembly. These pieces were immediately recognized by the Freshmen as: "Wee Willie Winkie," "Little Bo-Peep" and "Sleep, Baby, Sleep."





*"A word spoken in due season, how good is it."*

#### AS OTHERS SEE US.

"The Oracle," Bangor (Maine), High school: "The Oracle" seems to be up to its usual high standard. The cover for October is very attractive and appropriate. The size of the advertising section speaks well for your business manager.—The Pocumtuck, Deerfield Academy.

"The Oracle," Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine: Your paper surely is managed well. It is well written and as complete as one might expect. The "Tatler" is unique and original and interesting as well. You must also be complimented on your cuts and cover design.—The Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.

"Oracle": We think that your military department is a great addition to your paper but where are your jokes?—Lawrence Lyre.

"The Oracle": That unique department of your paper, "The B. H. S. Tatler," is certainly one of your cleverest features. Your literary pages are excellent and your exchanges sizeable. Congratulations on your efficient business manager.—The Tripod, Roxbury Latin School.

"Poor Jimmy is so unfortunate!" sighed Jimmy's mother.

"How's that?" asked the caller.

"During the track meet he broke one of the best records they had in college."—Ex.

#### AS WE SEE OTHERS.

The Megaphone from Franklin, Mass., is complete in every detail. We compliment you on the fine work your paper contains.

Another one of our A 1 exchanges comes from Higgins Classical Institute. The June number of the "Scroll" was especially good.

A paper containing some fine work comes to us from Friends' Academy, Locust Valley, N. Y. A few more cuts might be used to advantage.

The material in the St. Joseph's Prep Chronicle from Philadelphia, is exceptional; the Exchange department is fine, also. However, if the material could be arranged in a more attractive way, the paper would be greatly improved.

"Where did you steal that rug?"

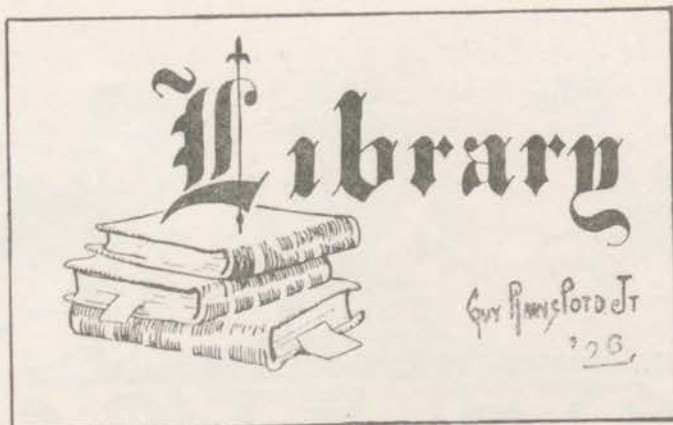
"I didn't steal it. A lady gave it to me and told me to beat it."—Ex.

Teacher (after school): "Not a person in this room shall be given liberty till six o'clock."

Voice: "Give me liberty or give me death."

Teacher: "Who said that?"

Voice: "Patrick Henry."—Ex.



*"How forcible are right words!"*

## OUR LIBRARY

The Bangor High School Library,  
A place we all know well,  
Is where we spend much of our time—  
For oral themes to tell.

Each period a score or more  
Of students flock around  
To find in magazines and books  
The food for knowledge sound.

Up to the shelves they go, each one,  
To get a lot of books,  
They throw them here, they throw them  
there;  
They don't care how it looks.

The magazines, both old and new,  
We see on stand and chair;  
The old ones which they seldom need,  
Are cluttered everywhere.

Perhaps they need them, p'raps they don't—  
It doesn't matter at all;

Lives of great men oft remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime  
Just by asking foolish questions  
To take up recitation time.

—Ex.

English to the right of us,  
French to the left of us,  
Lessons all around us,  
Waiting to be studied.

—Ex.

They seem to like to strew around,  
The big ones and the small.

The other day some callers came;  
Perhaps we weren't ashamed  
To have them see the mess of books!  
We wonder whom they blamed.

Now, don't you think that if each one  
Would take a little care  
To pick his books and papers up,  
"Twould not be more than fair?

Our teachers would appreciate  
The little thoughtful act,  
It surely would not take much time,  
But just a little tact.

So if we each, and if we all  
Try hard to do our share  
To help Miss Driscoll in her work,  
More time to us she'll spare.

G. D. B. "24" & E. B. A. "24."

Her Friend: "I hear the Literary Club  
was a failure?"

Voluble Miss: "Yes, they established a  
rule that you could only ask about books  
you had read."—Life.

Freshmen are older than they were before  
they became as old as they are now, but  
they still lack the age which they will attain  
when they grow older.—Ex.





*"They go from strength to strength."*

**SOUTHWEST HARBOR, 25;**

**BANGOR 22.**

Bangor High School met defeat at the hands of the snappy Southwest Harbor team in City Hall, Friday evening, Dec. 28.

Perhaps the real reason for this defeat was that "Steve" Caspar, the whirlwind back, was taken from the game on account of personal fouls with two minutes to play and Bangor three points ahead.

Caspar was the most active man on the floor. His practically invincible defense won steady applause from the fans. "Packer" McClay also did good work for the Crimson, shooting five baskets.

For Southwest Harbor, Wass, the midget forward, and Robbins, the big center, showed considerable skill. Wass was the high point scorer of the game with five baskets and five fouls, and his fast floor work was exceptionally good.

Bangor has a promising squad, much better than was expected, and with a few weeks' drilling, the boys will be able to compete on their own floor with any school boy aggregation in the state.

The summary:

<b>Southwest Harbor (25).</b>	<b>Bangor (22)</b>
Gilley, r.f., 2.....	l.b., Caspar
Wass, l.f., 5 (5).....	Wade
C. Robbins, c., 2 (2).....	r.b., Samway, 1

Billings, l.b..... Wade

K. Robbins, r.b..... c., McClay, 5 (2)

Samway

r.f., Turner, 2

McClay

Striar

Luro

l.f., Pelkey, 1 (2)

O'Ree

Referee, Wallace, U. of M.

**BANGOR, 31; SOUTH PORTLAND, 17.**

Bangor High easily defeated South Portland High in Bangor City Hall, Friday evening, Jan. 4. The game was slow and marked by rather loose playing on both sides. The Capers had very little to offer either offensively or defensively, which was perhaps due to the fact that Captain Thompson, their star performer, was injured in the early part of the game and forced to retire.

Bangor took the lead within the first few minutes and from then on was never headed. The first period ended with the score, 9 to 3, in favor of the Crimson. In the second Bangor increased their lead from 6 to 11 points, the half ending with score, 17 to 6. In the third period Bangor continued to climb and when this session was brought to a close by a merry "tweet" of the timer's whistle, the score stood 27 to 13.



In the final period South Portland managed to hold her own with our stalwart basketeers, and each team gathered in four points and the game ended with the score, 31-17.

Captain "Steve" Caspar, and Jim Samway each played a nice game for the Crimson, getting 11 points a piece. Smart seemed to be the best which the Capers had to offer.

The line up:

Bangor (31).	South Portland (17)
Luro, l.f.....	r.b., Miller
Striar, l.f., 2.....	r.b., Nelson 1 (1)
H. Samway, l.f.	
Turner, r.f., 2 (1).....	l.b., Studley
J. Samway, c., 4 (3).....	c., Brown
McClay, l.b.....	r.f., Smart, 2 (4)
	r.f., Lord, 1
Caspar, r.b., 5 (1).....	l.f., Thompson
	l.f., Sterling, 1

Referee, Wallace, U. of M.

#### BANGOR, 26; DEXTER, 15.

Bangor High defeated the N. H. Fay High of Dexter, in City hall, Friday evening, Jan. 11. Dexter offered dangerous opposition for two periods, but in the third period Bangor opened up and established a lead which they steadily increased until they led by 11 points at the end of the game.

Bangor's offensive was slightly superior to the visitors, who for the most part confined their efforts to long distant work. Dexter was strong on the defensive, but the Crimson was even stronger, their five-man defense working like a stone wall.

In the first period neither team scored a basket, but in the second period Caspar, the flashy back, dropped in two pretty ones in succession, which were quickly followed by a couple of long ones by Dexter, which tied the score. Dexter managed to keep things even for the remainder of the second

and during the third periods, but in the last period the Crimson warriors established a good lead and steadily increased it until the end of the game.

Casper was the shining light of the game. His fast work as running-back and his splendid eye for the basket surpassed everything which anyone else could offer.

Oliver was the best the visitors had to offer. His long shooting was a feature.

The line-up:

Bangor (26).	Dexter (15).
Luro, l.f.....	r.b., Elms
Striar, l.f. (1).....	r.b., Ronoco, 1
Turner, r.f., 1 (5).....	l.b., Schribner, 1
Samway, c., 1 (2).....	c., Haines (2)
O'Ree, c.....	c., Elms
McClay, l.b., 2 (1).....	r.f., Oliver, 2 (1)
Caspar, r.b., 4 (1).....	l.f., Smith, 2
Referee, Wallace, U. of M.	

#### BANGOR, 35; MORSE, 22.

Bangor, with Turner leading the attack, pinned defeat on Morse High of Bath, Monday evening, Jan. 14, in City Hall.

Ernest Turner, the brilliant Crimson forward, ran wild against the rugged Morse boys and piled up 17 points, which was almost enough to win the game without the aid of the others.

Turner, dropping them in from all angles of the floor, and seldom missing, resembled none other than "the joy of our old age," Touchy Short.

This was certainly a night for individual stars, and if only Steve Caspar had been at top form everything would have been to the king's taste.

Two other young gentlemen, who stepped into the limelight, were Leon Luro, and Donald O'Ree. Luro, quick as a cat, seemed to be everywhere at once and dropped in three pretty shots from difficult angles. O'Ree, the tall center, played

a steady game, both offensively and defensively. He got the tap on his man nearly every time and found the much coveted hoop for a couple of nice ones.

Before the game started the Morse boys dropped in long ones from the center of the hall, but when the game started they seemed content to confine their efforts to short tries for the basket, and missed several easy ones.

In the final session the Crimson eased up and sent in an entirely new team. Morse managed to climb a little on the subs, but was not able to overcome the big lead.

The line-up:

<b>Bangor (35).</b>	<b>Morse (22).</b>
G. Striar, l.f., 1.....r.b., Butler, 1	
Luro, l.f., 3 (1).....r.b., McMann	
Samway, l.f.	
Turner, r.f., 8 (1).....l.b., Spinney	
Pelkey, r.f., (1).....l.b., Larrabee	
Wade, r.f.	
O'Ree, c., 2 (1).....c., Olinto, 3	
B. Striar, c.	
McClay, l.b., 1.....r.f., McCabe, 3 (1)	
Hickson, l.b.....r.f., McMann	
	r.f., McCabe
Caspar, r.b. (1).....l.f., McMann, 3 (1)	
Finnegan, r.b.....l.f., Pooler	
	l.f., McMann

Referee, Wallace, U. of M.

### The Celtic Touch.

Three gentlemen from Welsh, Wales, walked into a London establishment and asked for three glasses of Vintage Port. After smacking his lips, the first one said, "Look you, that's the finest glass of port wine I've never tasted!"

The second remarked, "So did I also!" and the third capped it with, "Neither did I, too!"

Teacher (sternly): "Who made the world?"

Frightened Freshman: "I did, but I'll never do it again."

**MORSE HIGH, 53; BANGOR HIGH, 30.**

Morse High got sweet revenge for their previous defeat at the hands of Bangor by defeating the Crimson by a score of 53-30, at Bath, Friday evening, Jan. 18.

The game was very rough and resembled football, while the floor could easily be dropped into a corner of City Hall. The first period was the closest of the game, the Morse team scoring less in this than in any other. In the second period the deluge started and from then on the Bath boy's big lead was never threatened. For the winners McCabe and Olinto were the stars, the former getting ten baskets and thus practically winning the game for his team. For Bangor Casper and Luro did good work.

The line-up:

<b>Morse (53)</b>	<b>Bangor (30)</b>
McCabe, r.f., 10 (4).....l.b., McClay, 1 (2)	
Doyle, r.f.....l.b., Hickson, 1	
McMann, l.f., 3.....r.b., Caspar, 2 (2)	
Olinto, c., 7.....c., O'Ree, 3 (2)	
Butler, r.b., 1.....l.f., Luro, 2	
Small, r.b.	
Spinney, l.b., 2.....r.f., Turner, 2 (2)	
Larrabee, l.b., 1 (1)	

### Why Not?

Doctor (after quick examination of man troubled with rheumatism in right leg): "The trouble is old age."

Sick Man: "No, sir! I ain't got it in both legs, and ain't my left leg as old as my right?"

Old Fisherman (to neighbor, who has shifted his foot twice in the last five hours): "Now, now! Did y' come out here t' fish or t' make a non-stop dancin' record?"

Enthusiastic Student: "And it is written in the Book of Nature"—

Teacher: "On what page, young man, what page?"



# PERSONALS



*"A merry heart doeth good like medicine."*

## **We Plead—Not Guilty.**

With mud she daubs her rosy cheeks,  
Likewise her dimpled chin,  
And thus indomitably seeks  
Eternal youth to win.

Wherefore, the heart of young or old,  
With undimmed ardor burns,  
As woman, who from clay first sprung;  
At last to clay returns.

## **Faxims.**

No man is really interested in another man's troubles unless he is a lawyer.

Nerve and ability work in the same direction, but nerve usually gets there first.

A philosopher once said, "As men's heads swell their brains shrink," but isn't it the other way—when their brains shrink their heads swell.

When a fellow is short on brains it sometimes helps a little to have his hair cut so that his head looks like a chrysanthemum.

If you don't think cooperation is necessary, watch what happens to a wagon when a wheel comes off.

## **Attention! !**

Don't fail to see "Oily" Martin giving his public demonstrations of chemical contraptions and how they work. His next undertaking will be in the Chemistry Laboratory,

Valentine's Day, when he will carry out his latest experiment, "How to boil water without burning it on the bottom."

## **Question and Answer Column.**

Q. How are photos taken?

A. While you wait.

Q. Do all roads lead to Rome?

A. No, all roads lead away from Rome.

Q. Why is a freshman like a flying machine?

A. Because he's no use on earth. (This does not apply to our freshman girl basketball stars).

Q. What does a photographer say just before taking a picture?

A. "Wipe that grin off your map."

Q. Which has the right of way—a locomotive or an automobile?

A. The locomotive has—and can prove it.

Q. What Roman emperor was named after a dog?

A. Nero.

Q. What indemnity is Germany willing to pay?

A. In round numbers, 000,000,000 marks.

Q. Is it true that a freshman's face is green?

A. No—at this time of year it's red with blushes.

# The Affair of the Diamond Studded Cream Ladle

(A Detective Surelook Story)

Special to Tatler.

It was midnight when I reached my apartment on Beaker street, and as I mounted the front stairs the sweet strains of Darwin's "The Confiscation of a Lollypop," drifted down to me. My friend, Detective Surelook, a musician of no little ability, was seated playing his nightly ditty on a row of test tubes—he was doing an experiment.

"Hello, my good Bloater," was his greeting an hour later. "Here, try a little of this," he said, pushing a glass of ice cold nitric acid before me.

"Thanks," I replied, emptying the glass in one drink. It was certainly refreshing. "What's the news?" I asked.

"A most daring robbery has been committed! The diamond studded cream ladle has been stolen from the Hotel de Ville, the largest cafe in the city."

"Indeed," I answered. "How did it happen?"

"You will see presently. Here comes my client now," he answered.

\*\*\*\*\*

"My precious cream ladle," cried the excited cook, drying his eyes with a piece of No. 3 sand paper.

"Calm yourself," broke in Surelook, pouring some rubber cement into a glass. "You mustn't break down. Take a drink of this liquid, so you'll bend instead."

"I cannot do ze work without ze diamond studded ladle," uttered the cook, between a pair of sticky lips.

"Now, you'll have to tell me the whole story," spoke Surelook.

"I used ze ladle dis' morning, when I mix ze canned barbed wire with ze fly's ribs. I put ze ladle on ze table and in a minute it was gone."

"What? The table?" asked the shrewd Surelook.

"No, the ladle," answered the cook, evidently a man of brains.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was a dingy and broken down apartment on Broadway, that Detective Surelook and

Continued on Page 2.

## B. H. S. BRIEFS

It was noted that on Dec. 12, '23, J. K. Pennell's fifth and sixth period Chemistry class reported at Room 110 promptly (?) at 3 p. m., for an extended afternoon session.

The sheiks of the Chemistry class, namely, Stephen J. Casper and Donal Kenneth Thompson (both part their hair in the middle), will undoubtedly lose their seats near the door as they are attracting so much attention from the corridors. On one occasion, after the fifth period, there were no less than twenty-five or thirty girls crowding around the door for a peep at them. Some of the master minds of the class have suggested frosting the glass in the door. If the crowds continue to block traffic in the corridors, the sheiks will be moved to the Assembly hall, where they may be seen by everyone for a small admission.

As everyone knows, hydrogen sulphide is a most pleasing odor in any Chemistry lab!

For Sale—A new book by a student who is sailing west, with gold letters and blue trimmings.



# TATLER

TION

WANTED: A first class

jazzy Harem.

Apply in person to

William P. Snow.

FEBRUARY, 1924

NUMBER 4

## Diamond Ladle Affair

Continued from Page 1.

myself came to. Surelook rapped.

"Sorry, Sir, but M. T. McAir is busy at present in his private rooms," answered a gray-haired butler.

"Solved," cried Surelook. In a dead run I followed him to the rear of the house. We entered the shed and came to a door. Surelook told me to listen through the crack in the door, while he broke it down. There we found M. T. McAir busy making mud pies with the diamond studded cream ladle.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Easy, my dear Bloater! Absolutely nothing to it."

Surelook was talking, we were seated in our rooms, and he was explaining his marvelous feat. "I knew all the time that the cream ladle was stolen! I immediately went to the Hotel de Ville and with my magnifying glass, found fingerprints on the table."

"What? Lady fingers?" I asked.

"No, no! Men's fingers," he answered. "I at once went to the M. T. McAir mansion and found fingerprints on the door knob to coincide. Knowing that M. T. McAir had a weakness for ladles, my deductions were complete."

## Brick Wall in Gymnasium Proves To Be Hard and Solid

### Army Hits Wall With Terrific Force—Wall Is Not Damaged

(Special to Tatler).

Bright and early one morning, Captain Bunker of Company B, entered the gymnasium intent upon executing a series of star movements. He at once formed the soldiers into a company front with the platoons at right angles, giving them squads right to the rear, quickening their step from four to sixteen, and called for the turkey trot. In this manner he marched them around the gymnasium at a rate of eighty miles per hour.

They were then halted and each given a minute to don his sweat evaporator, an ingenious affair not unlike a home brew still. The next order was the Arabian manual of arms, through these they were put until they began to steam, re-

gardless of their evaporators. Without once giving them a minute's rest, he gave them squads north by south in an easterly direction going west. Then came the tragedy. Captain Bunker has stopped to count the number of holes in his belt and wondering why there were so many, for a minute forgot his army. CRASH!! The building rocked on its foundation and brought Capt. Bunker down to earth. He rushed to the scene of the catastrophe. His army had obeyed his command but was stopped by the wall. The impact was so great that two men were killed and eleven wounded. To his surprise the wall was not hurt a bit! Being a man with a master mind, he ordered backward march.

### AMUSEMENTS

B. H. S. PALACE  
DONALD P. HARDING

—in—

A Smashing, Thrilling and  
Hilarious Comedy,  
"WATCH ME KID—I'M  
CLEVER."

### AMUSEMENTS

PRUNEVILLE OPERA  
HOUSE

THE GREAT

ERNEST H. LEGERE,  
World's Wonder Wrestler  
of 211,  
Will Take All Contenders.

## A HISTORICAL MAZE

## A Tragedy in One Act.

Characters:

John Billson.

Bill Johnson, his Cousin.

Pa Billson.

Ma Billson.

George Washington.

Abraham Lincoln.

Act I—Sitting room of John's home.  
Time, 9.30 P. M.

(Curtain rises as Pa and Ma Billson say good bye to John Billson as they leave for a church meeting).

John (disgusted): Here I am all alone to study that history for tomorrow's test. I can't make heads or tails out of it. (Takes a chair and places it before the fireplace and sits down with a heavy sigh). Now, let me see—she said from pages forty to two hundred—gee whiz! Some lesson, I'll say. (Picks up his book and tries to study).

George Washington (suddenly looms from the doorway grinning): Good evening, John.

John (with a start): Why, hello, George, I haven't seen you for ages. How are you and your family? (With hesitation). Say, by the way, tell me about the licking you gave Napoleon at Waterloo—you know—I have that in a history test tomorrow.

George Washington (scratching his powdered wig): Well, John, we certainly did show Napoleon how to fight—he couldn't beat us Americans.

John (proudly) You bet not. (A little thoughtfully). But go on and tell me how you did it. This book (pointing to his history), doesn't explain anything.

George Washington (waving his hands): It was this way—I sent Caesar up to Valley Forge with an armed force of my best men, and—

Abraham Lincoln (from the doorway): Well, well, what are you doing here? (Pointing to George Washington): I

thought you were at Gettysburg helping General Lee.

George Washington (saluting): Yes, Sir—it's my fault, Sir—I'll go at once. (Leaves by the back door).

Abraham Lincoln (sternly, and pointing his bony fingers at John): And you, Sir, will be hung for detaining an officer—at sunrise.

John (his face covered with perspiration, stands up with a start): Whew! I'm so glad you waked me, Bill.

Curtain.

Two Seniors talking:

C. H., '24: "What are you going to do when you get through school?"

Z. A., '24: "I'm going to the Dennison Art School."

C. H., '24: "What! Going to be a dentist?"

Laughing was heard. We wonder why.

Girl to Sergeant: "What do they mean in R. O. T. C. when they say, 'Squash Pie,' very quick and cross?"

Stage Manager: "All ready, run up the curtain."

John Vogt: "Say, what do you think I am, a squirrel?"—Ex.

## He Comed 5 Goes.

A naval officer in Honolulu asked a Jap taxi driver to render an itemized account. After much concentration and laborious effort the Japanese presented the following bill:

5 Comes.....five dollar

5 Goes.....five dollar

10 Wents.....Ten Dollar

One of the advantages of living on Long Island is that on one side of the island you can see the sound and on the other hear the sea.—Ex.



You should make their advertising profitable.

# NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

## SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING



Calibrating Relays, Condit Electrical Manufacturing Co.

### COURSES OFFERED

The School of Engineering of Northeastern University offers four-year college courses of study, in co-operation with engineering firms, in the following branches of engineering, leading to the Bachelor's degree:

1. Civil Engineering
2. Mechanical Engineering
3. Electrical Engineering
4. Chemical Engineering

### REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION

Graduates of Bangor High School who have included Algebra to Quadratics and Plane Geometry in their courses of study are admitted without examinations.

### EARNINGS

The earnings of the students for their services with co-operating firms vary from \$250 to \$600 per year.

### APPLICATION

An application blank will be found inside the back cover of the catalog. Copies will also be mailed upon request. Applications for admission to the school in September 1924 should be forwarded to the school at an early date.

### CATALOG

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

**Carl S. Ell, Dean  
School of Engineering  
Northeastern University  
Boston 17, Mass.**

Our advertisers make the Oracle possible—



## Keep the Balance Right

Savings should be the difference between income and expenses instead of between income on the one hand and legitimate expenses plus useless luxuries on the other hand. Keep the balance right!

The amount per week you plan to save doesn't count,—it's the start. After you commence saving you will find that the fascination of accumulating money is irresistible. It's just like tennis, golf or radio,—you have to urge a man to start, but once he gets a real taste he's off!

# FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Bangor,

Maine



You should make their advertising profitable.

## VALENTINE

CARDS  
FAVORS

AND  
DECORATIONS

EDWIN O. HALL

88 Central Street, Bangor, Maine

### BOYS

when in need of a First Class  
Haircut and Shave,

CALL AT

Faulkingham's Barber Shop

135 State St.

Children's and Misses' Hair Bobbing a Specialty

## Winter Sports Clothing

Warm attractive  
clothing for the  
wearers of  
Snowshoes,  
Skates and  
Skiis

\*\*\*\*\*

MILLER and WEBSTER  
CLOTHING CO.

Miller and Webster Corner

Compliments of

Walter S. Allen

Manufacturer  
of the

Bristol Cigar

*The* OUTLET CORPORATION

91 Main St.

ALWAYS BETTER VALUES

BANGOR HOUSE

American Plan

200 Rooms

MAIN STREET

-

-

BANGOR

Our advertisers make the Oracle possible—

## RICE'S MUSIC SHOP

*Complete Line of  
Latest Popular Music*

15 Central St.

*Teaching Music  
and Musical Mdse.*

## W. J. Cherry's Barber Shop

We Specialize in Bobbing Girls' Hair

Electric Clippers to each chair

Electrical or Hand Massage

79 CENTRAL STREET

(4 Chairs)

All Star Crew

BANGOR

PATRONIZE CHERRY'S



13 State St. (Next to Banor Savings Bank)

STICKNEY & BABCOCK  
COAL CO.

19 State Street, Bangor

**"It Pays to Advertise"**

Say you saw our advertisement in the ORACLE

**Benoit-Mutty Company**

191 Exchange St.,

Bangor, Me.

When in need of a Haircut or Shave visit

## MASON'S BARBER SHOP

Daniel H. Mason

20 Hammond Street

**"GIFTS THAT LAST"**

**W. C. BRYANT, JEWELER**



You should make their advertising profitable.

“Let Your Own Discretion Be Your Tutor”—*Hamlet*.

Good advice too. Visit our studio. Examine our  
portraiture and judge for yourself. Get our prices for class pictures.

---

## PERRY STUDIO

*Photographer to the Particular*

Studios: Bangor, Old Town, Pittsfield, Millinocket

*Phone Connections*

---

Compliments of the . . . .

# Penobscot Exchange Hotel

---

BANGOR, MAINE.

One block From Union Station

---

40 YEARS A LEADER

CIGAR **B.C.M.** CIGAR

“Made to Meet a Demand, not a Price”

---

## WINDSOR HOTEL

European Plan  
Bangor's  
Newest Hotel

F. W. Durgin, Prop.      F. Youngs, Mgr.

Centrally located across  
the street from P. O.  
Interurban Terminal ad-  
joining.

100 Rooms, all with hot  
and cold running water.  
Rates \$1.50 per person.  
With private bath and  
Toilet, \$2.00 each  
person.

BANGOR, MAINE

## SPALDING'S

Complete line of  
Football, Baseball, etc.  
goods

Discount to Students and  
Athletic Clubs

Ranger Bicycles  
and bicycle repairing

## Dakin's Sporting Store

THE GUN SHOP

25 Central St.

## LEYLAND WHIPPLE

Manufacturer of

## Radio Parts and Equipment

100 MAIN ST.      BANGOR, ME.

## BURRILL'S PHARMACY

Ice Cream - Sodas - Candies

Toilet Articles

OPPOSITE THE HIGH SCHOOL



You should make their advertising profitable.

# Building Your Fortune

Or that of someone you love is a most fascinating enterprise.

We have a saving investment plan that is simple, easy and convenient. Your savings start to earn money for you **at the rate of six per cent.** from the day you invest.

You can use this plan for yourself or to start your boy or girl on the road to thrift and a knowledge of the value of money and its earning power.

Call or Write

For Circular Giving Full Details

## Bangor Railway & Electric Co.

Securities Department

90 Harlow St.

Bangor, Me.



## HOME MADE CANDIES

56 Main Street,

Bangor, Maine

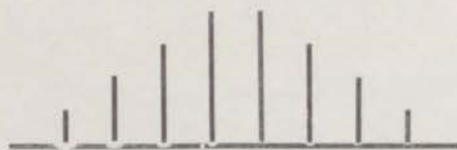
## East Side Pharmacy

32 State St.

CHAS. H. DAVIS, Prop.

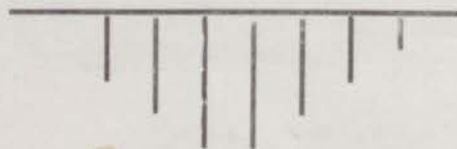


Prescriptions  
Fine Chocolates  
Soda  
Ice Cream



COMPLIMENTS OF

# SAM LEAVITT



Pleasing Patrons  
with a large variety  
of wall paper patterns  
has become a habit  
with us.

The quality papers we show  
will make good in any scheme of  
home decoration.

*The*  
**W. H. Gorham Co.**  
54 State Street

## PEARL & DENNETT COMPANY

Real Estate  
Insurance





You should make their advertising profitable.



## Class Photos for 1924

*Fredrick B. Johnson*

Phone 1289-J

Photographer

50 Main St.

*"The pictures that are different."*

## The Dole Company

Electrical Engineers  
and Contractors

Because of knowledge, experience, workmanship, and a few other qualifications are enabled to do house wiring or any other kind of electric work as it should be done—  
Safely, neatly, quickly, cheaply, and Satisfactorily.

*Lighting Fixtures and Appliances*

Office and Salesroom,  
61 Main Street Tel. 74

## N. H. Bragg & Sons

IRON AND

STEEL

HEAVY HARDWARE

GARAGE SUPPLIES

RADIO SUPPLIES

74-78 Broad St.

Bangor, Me.

## This is a Neighborhood Store

QUALITY AND SERVICE

## The Corner Grocery

Tel. 1160

C. F. WINCHESTER

183 Park St.

**JOHN W. McCARTHY**  
**Groceries, Provisions and Meats**

PHONE 543

81 PEARL ST.

**C. WINFIELD RICHMOND**  
**PIANIST AND TEACHER**

Pupil of Philipp, (Paris); Joseffy, (New York)

—TWENTY-SECOND SEASON—

Played at Institute of France by Invitation of Widor, 1920

Studio in the Pearl Building—Entire Top Floor

**WILBUR S. COCHRANE**

*TEACHER OF PIANO*

Telephone 1503-R

Studio, 91 Fourth Street

**H. M. PULLEN, Teacher of VIOLIN**

Pupils Prepared for Professional Work

SOCIETY HALL

EXCHANGE ST.

*Member Cleveland Symphony 1920-21-22*

**A. STANLEY CAYTING**

**Violinist and Teacher**

Studio: Pearl Building

Tel. 2982-M

**C. H. BABB & CO.**

Plumbing, Steam Fitting, Sheet Metal Work

106 EXCHANGE ST., BANGOR, ME.



You should make their advertising profitable.

**Do You Know That**

**New Spring Silks,  
Dress Goods  
and Wash Goods**

are arriving daily at

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

**Andrews Music House Co.**

98 Main Street, Bangor, Maine

**Pianos, Victrolas and Records  
Sheet Music and Musical  
Merchandise**

**One Price and the Right Price to All**

**NASH**

**Leads the World in Motor Car Value**

INVESTIGATE—You will see why

7 Pass. Big Six—\$1530 del.

5 Pass. Six—\$1375 del.

5 Pass. Four—\$1050 del.

7 Pass. Sedan, 5 Pass. Sedan, Coupe, Sport  
Roadster Carriole.

Catalog Mailed on Request.

**EDMUND J. MUTTY**

87 Washington St.

Bangor, Maine

GIVE US A CALL

**SANBORN'S  
BARBER SHOP**

R. H. SANBORN, Prop.

7 Hammond Street, Bangor, Maine

Opp. Merrill Trust Building  
Telephone 2553-W

*Electric Clipper*

*Electric Massage and Shampoo*

*No Long Waits—6 Chairs*

*We Sharpen Safety*

*Razors*

**Y. W. C. A. CAFETERIA**

**Light Lunches and Afternoon Tea**

**2 TO 5 P. M.**

**Both Men and Women Served**

**Shoe Skates - Key Skates - Hockey Sticks**

**Skis - Sleds - Snowshoes - Toboggans**

**DUNHAM-HANSON CO.**

31-39 Mercantile Sq.,

Bangor, Me.

Our advertisers make the Oracle possible—

All Work  
Guaranteed

Formerly  
Edwards' Studio

**A. J. FARRINGTON**  
PHOTOGRAPHER

Try Us For Your Class Photos

3 STATE STREET

BREWER, MAINE

**DAVID L. CARVER**

TEACHER OF

**Piano, Violin, Mandolin and Fretted Instruments**

Pianist with Kebo Valley Club Orchestra of Symphony Players for eight seasons in Bar Harbor, Maine. We give all pupils careful training for professional work.

Phone 1107

Studio, 25 Broad St., Room 10, Bangor, Maine

**OSCAR A. FICKETT COMPANY**

Dealers in Beef, Pork, Hams, Poultry, Fish, Vegetables, etc.

— SALMON A SPECIALTY —

Photography

In All

Its Branches

**CHALMERS**  
**STUDIO**

23 Hammond St.

Bangor

Amateur De-

veloping and

Printing

Herman Y. Dyer

Herbert Rounds

**DYER & ROUNDS**  
Plumbing and Heating  
Agents for  
Homer Pipeless Furnaces

Telephone 2096-R

42 Columbia St.

Bangor, Me.

**Connors Printing Company**  
**DISTINCTIVE PRINTING**

Phone 1264-M

179 Exchange St., Bangor, Me.



## Mrs. K. M. Archibald

TEACHER OF

Mandolin, Guitar,

Ukulele and

Hawaiian Steel Guitar

VEGA INSTRUMENTS

Mandolin Orchestra

Tel. 2704 M

## Our

12½-inch

## Rex Asphalt Strip Shingles

Are Giving Satisfaction.

We have them in colors—

Gray Green

Dark Red

and

Peach Bottom Blue Black

## C. WOODMAN CO.

136 Exchange St.

Phone 229

Bangor, Maine

## The Habit of Thrift

The thrift habit brings prosperity. It makes youth happy, middle age prosperous and old age comfortable.

This is no better way to the habit of thrift than that of the

### Bangor Loan and Building Asso.

To the first dollar and every other dollar, is added interest twice a year, at the rate of 5 per cent.

Get the habit! Buy shares now! You can withdraw at any time. Ours is the best plan ever devised for systematic saving of money. Anybody can take shares—from 1 to 50.

Bangor Loan and Building Association

Chas. H. Adams, Secretary 64 Exchange Block, Bangor, Me.

## Sawyer Boot & Shoe Co.

BANGOR,

MAINE

Manufacturers of

### Sport Shoes For All Purposes

ASK FOR

### "Sawyer" Sport Shoes and Moccasins

AND GET THE BEST

These goods are carried in the best stores throughout the United States. Buy them of your dealer. We do not retail.

Representative Bangor Automobile Dealers

**"The Reliable House"**

Maxwell-Chalmers Distributors  
**Penobscot Motor Car Co.**  
142 Exchange St., Bangor, Me.

**Henley-Kimball Co.**

Hudson and Essex Motor Cars  
May and Summer Sts. Telephone 2800

**Franklin Motor Car Company**

Franklin Sales and Service  
114 Exchange St. Bangor, Maine

**L. C. Atwood**

Dodge Brothers  
Motor Vehicles

Bangor Maine

**STUDEBAKER**

CARS—PARTS—SERVICE  
**Bangor Motor Company**

**Knowles & Dow Co.**

**BUICKS**  
**G. M. C. TRUCKS**

52 P. O. Square, Bangor, Me.

**Bangor Motor Co.**

Cadillac Sales and  
Service

Compliments of

**J. M. NORRIS CO.**

**Stutz and Packard**

**Swett & Mullen**

Reo White

106 Harlow St.

**S. L. Crosby Co.**

Authorized Ford and Lincoln  
Sales and Service

Hancock and Oak Sts. Bangor, Maine

**DAILY NEWS**

**CHARLES E. HICKS**

Teacher of

**Trombone and**  
**Baritone**

Telephone 2341-1 100 Highland St.



You should make their advertising profitable.

Representative Bangor Wholesale Food Dealers

**T. R. Savage Company**

**Wholesale Grocers**

20 Broad Street

**Thurston & Kingsbury Co.**

**Wholesale Grocers**

T. & K. Specialties

50 Broad Street

**Sawyer Bros. Co.**

**Wholesale Grocers**

112 Broad Street



**C. H. RICE  
COMPANY**

193 to 199  
BROAD STREET

**John Cassidy Company**

**Wholesale Grocers**

101 Broad Street

Compliments of

**Geo. W. Wescott**

**Bangor Egg Company, Inc.**

**Wholesale Fruit and  
Produce Dealers**

Nuts, Dates and Figs

120 Broad St., Bangor, Me.

**F. L. JONES CO.**

Manufacturers of and Wholesale Dealers in

**Crackers Of All Kinds**

69-71-73 Pickering Square

**Bangor, Maine**

**EMMA J. TANEY**

**Photographer**

28 Main St. Bangor, Me.

**Merchants Produce Co.**

92 Broad Street

**Beyer & Small**

**Investment Securities**

Pearl Building, Bangor

Tel. 2706 L. T. Rand, Mgr.

**Arthur Chapin Co.  
WHOLESALE GROCERS**

100 Broad Street

## Everybody's Candy Shop

149 Hammond St.

Home Made Candy

Fresh Every Day

Fruit of All Kinds

**SPECIALTY  
CHOCOLATES**

Soft Drinks of All Kinds

Telephone 3455-W

**"UNIVERSITY SHOES"**  
Snappy lines for young ladies & gents

*Our Shoes Guarantee*

*Satisfaction for all Occasions*

**University Shoe Store**

21 Hammond Street

Bangor, Me.

## Dolliver Shop

44 MAIN STREET

Everything in Footwear  
for LADIES, MISSES and  
CHILDREN

from Hiking Boots and  
Ballet Slippers  
to Evening Slippers

**\$17.29 per year**  
Buys

**\$1000.00**

Endowment Insurance in the  
PENM MUTUAL. \$9.59 Semi-  
Annually, \$4.88 quarterly

**Why Go Un-insured**

Age 18 or under, Boys or Girls.

**W. H. Taylor & Sons**

GENERAL AGENTS

16 Broad St., Bangor, Maine

**BLAKE, BARROWS, BROWN, Inc.**



**INSURANCE**  
**Of All Kinds.**



41 Hammond St.

Bangor



You should make their advertising profitable.

# STUDENTS

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*of*

*Bangor High School*

We cordially invite you to make our store your  
sports' headquarters.

## CAMPBELL'S, INC.

146-150 Exchange Street,

Bangor, Maine

Telephone 222

Special Discounts to Students

The Largest  
Mill and Lumbering  
Supply House in  
New England

ooooo

Snow and Nealley Co.

Located at  
Bangor, Maine.