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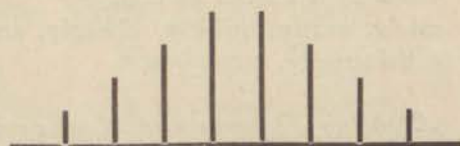
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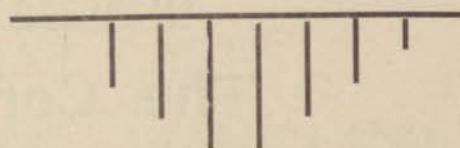
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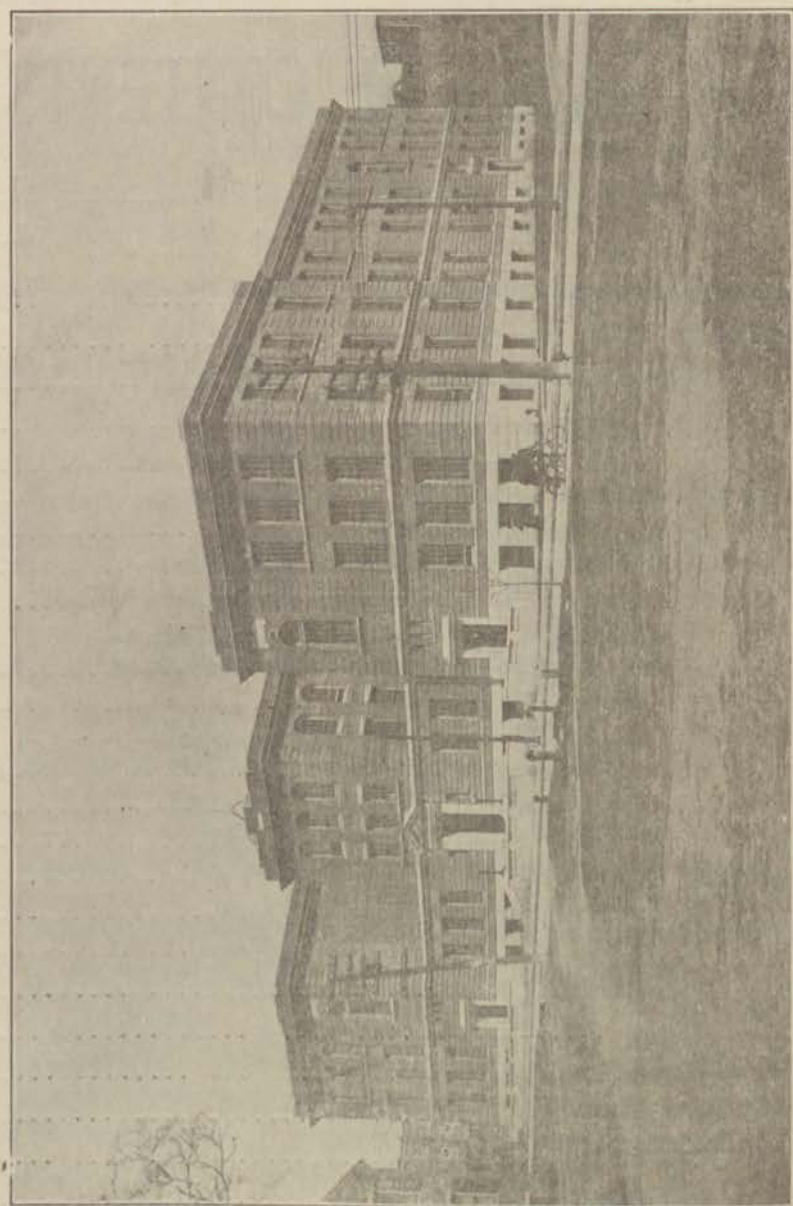
The Bangor High School Oracle, issued by the pupils of Bangor High School has a regular time and date of issue and therefore does not come under the agreement of the business men against advertising in publications and programs not regularly issued as a periodical.

(Signed) W. A. Hennessey

Secretary.

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ALMA MATER.

THE ORACLE

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Bangor High School



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FEBRUARY, 1923

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The Oracle Board



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What is your idea of school spirit? Does it mean to attend games only? No! This is school spirit only in its first stage. Take this case for example:

School Spirit

One goes to a game and notices that the school team has many disadvantages. The players are outweighed, perhaps. But what has this to do with the success of the team? Nothing! As you have heard many times, "He who is heaviest falls hardest." Yet, as soon as it is seen that the team has the slightest number of disadvantages many of the supporters become discouraged.

As the game progresses, the opposing team may score. As yet the home team has nothing to its credit as far as can be seen. Many of the student body become discouraged, and begin to lose interest. But this is the time that the team needs the greatest support. This is the time to cheer the HARDEST, the LOUDEST, and with the MOST SPIRIT.

Some people might ask, Why are we told to cheer when the team is losing, why not wait until a score is made by the home team?

This question can be answered by almost anyone. If the boys hear the cheering of

the school when they are losing, they know that the school still has confidence in them. What more does a team wish than to know that their school fellows are behind them, in the field, through the game, and after the game? In fact, they like to believe that their followers are with them all the time through thick and thin.

If you do this, you will not be disappointed at the final scores of any game. Your team will win, for the school, for the good name of the town. Your team will know that you believe in them and their big watchword will be "WIN."

It is now time to be considering the senior pictures. You all know that the

Senior Pictures

June number of the "Oracle" is really the "Year Book" of Bangor High school. This year we hope to make the June number a big success, and we can only do this with the support of the class of nineteen twenty-three. Therefore, we urge that you, the members of that class, pass in your pictures and the money for the cuts before April the thirteenth, as we desire to publish the last number of this school year during the first week of June.

The June number is always the hardest

THE ORACLE

issue to get out just for the reason that the seniors do not pass in their pictures on the date set. This year please have them in and also hand in the description, verse or otherwise, that you wish to be put beside your picture. You all want your picture to be with your class and we hope that you will give us your cooperation. It is **your** class and you must sit for your pictures **before the close of this term** so that we can print the whole picture of **your** class. Remember to have the money, the description, and the picture ready at the latest, on April thirteenth.

In all probability Bangor High will not have a baseball team this coming spring, as has been usual in previous years. **Out for** The seasons, fall, winter, and **Track** spring, have always been enlivened by the timely sports, football, basketball and baseball, respectively, but on account of numerous reasons, it will be necessary to look in another direction for that part of the year's athletic program.

It has been decided that a first class track team will be organized to fill such a need. The B. H. S. students should be very glad of this because there is no doubt but that the school life glides along much more pleasantly when some interesting form of athletics is taking place. Let's get going and have another interclass meet on Abbott

square as we did several years ago. That was surely as interesting an afternoon as many had witnessed for a good, long time.

There must be at least thirty-five students in Bangor High out of the thirteen hundred or more, who have ability or at least ambition to try their luck at shot putting, running, or jumping. It is time to think this over, and plan it in such a way that more enthusiasm will be evident than has previously existed.

Have you ever stopped to realize what wonderful opportunities we have in our city to indulge in the outdoor winter sports? If you have **Boom the Sports** communication with any friends who live farther south, where snow and freezing weather is scarce, you will find that they envy very much the chance for fun that we regard as merely a matter of season. The winter sports are examples of perfect exercise and are as healthy a pastime as can be found. Yet when the Winter Sports Committee sends out a call for help in clearing the toboggan slide, ski jump, etc., the response is exceedingly discouraging.

One of the best sports possible is shoveling snow. Do not regard it as a duty but as a **privilege**. Let's get behind this opportunity and help forward the **Bangor Winter Sports**.



OLD MYSTERY

By Harold O'Connell.

IT had been three years since Old Mystery had been on a race track and yet Bill Hadley, his old jockey, was going to try a most unusual experiment in the sporting world—a comeback with that “truck horse,” as sporting writers called him in derision.

Everybody remembered that Old Mystery, with Bill Hadley as the jockey, had beaten out a field of favorites and eclipsed the world's record by three-quarters of a second three years ago. But since then Old Mystery had done nothing but eat and sleep, and yet Bill Hadley had entered him in the Kentucky Derby, the greatest horse race of the year. So great was the faith of the jockey in his old comrade of the track!

Back in a little Maine town everybody was talking of Old Mystery. Everybody knew that John Farrington, his owner, was on the verge of bankruptcy, and that the money from the Kentucky Derby—if he won—would settle all his debts and give him a chance to start all over. But as the entrance fee is five thousand dollars, and the cost of transporting the horse to Kentucky—his railroad fare and that of his jockey—would be at least a thousand dollars, the people thought it was very foolish of Mr. Farrington to risk so much.

The weeks before the race were spent by

Bill Hadley in grooming Old Mystery and spending two hours every day on the race track. By the time the day of the race came, all the spare flesh was off the horse, and he looked almost as well as he did three years before when he won the Kentucky Derby.

The day of the race arrived—and it was a perfect day! There was not a cloud in the sky, and it was not hot enough to make it uncomfortable. The betting was as follows: Four to five on Black Knight, the favorite; even money on White Flash; ten to eight on Swiftking; ten to five on Queen Victoria, and fifty to one on Old Mystery.

A little Maine crowd in the front row were tense with excitement, watching with eager eyes their own Old Mystery and his rider. The horses lined up for the start and the judge gave the signal.

They're off!

It seems that Old Mystery is disheartened, careless! Anyway, he is showing no interest in the race. The four horses are away ahead of him, and still Old Mystery is slipping, more and more. Bill talks to him, coaxes, entreats, begs him—never once using the whip in his hand. The little Maine crowd loyally cheer him and his jockey.

Suddenly, Old Mystery seems to take an

interest in the race! He gradually shortens the gap between the other horse and him. At the quarter he is barely a length behind Swiftking! And still he is keeping up that nerve-racking pace! At the half he is neck and neck with Queen Victoria, with Black Knight and White Flash ahead!

Again, Bill talks to him, patting him and praising. It seems impossible but Old Mystery is actually going faster! He draws away from Queen Victoria and nearer to the leaders! The jockeys of the leading horses are whipping their horses continually, but Bill has not once used the whip on Old Mystery, who, nevertheless, is still gaining on the others. At the three-quarter mark he is abreast of White Flash and barely a half-length behind Black Knight. Still Old Mystery keeps up that terrific pace; he shows no signs of weakening while White Flash has dropped back

and Black Knight is beginning to weaken.

There in the home stretch! What a finish! Old' Mystery is passing Black Knight! Bill coaxes a little more speed out of Old Mystery and he draws away from Black Knight whose rider is whipping him frantically, trying desperately to get a final spurt of speed, which would carry the horse to victory. But Old Mystery is too much for him, and he crosses the line a winner by three lengths!

Old Mystery had proved true! He had justified the faith of his friends! He had proudly borne Bill Hadley to victory and he had saved the fortune of the family of Farrington! He had come back!

The veteran winner of the Kentucky Derby had won the race of his life,—and while Bill was leading him to the stable, Old Mystery dropped dead.

WHAT I WOULD DO IF I HAD A MILLION DOLLARS

By K. D. Downing.

FIRST I would be sure I had this amount and then after the government had taken an inheritance tax, an income tax and a few dozen various other fistfuls I would put the rest in a bank; some on a checking account and some on a savings deposit.

With the eight hundred thousand or so left from taxes I would endow the Bangor High Band sufficiently to put it into national prominence. Then I would buy a made-to-order auto and build a house after either the Grecian or Moroccan style.

Then I would give an anti-prohibition ball, just to wake the town up and hiring a train, proceed to paint the rest of the United States just a bit crimson and come back to Bangor.

As my intended domicile would not be completed by then I would invite a friend to accompany me on a little jaunt.

First, I would go to London just to see what a twentieth century king looked like, then to Monte Carlo to see if people were as foolish over gambling as they are reported to be. I would probably be disgusted with people by now and return to Canada and hobnob with some real Americans.

A telegram meets me as I arrive informing me that my funds are rather low, so I return to Bangor and proceed to invest in all sizes of musical instruments and a classy electro-chemical and mechanical laboratory. I now learn to play all the instruments and a few months later the edifice which I have caused to be constructed is completed.

Downstairs it is quite nice but in the upper floor is the really interesting part. We come to a door without any knob. I whistle and the door silently swings in-

ward. The floor is laid with cork in order that fragile articles dropping will not be so liable to shatter. Near the door is a large panel with about seventy buttons. I push one and from the end of the room comes a brilliant lecture. I push the higher button and the lecture changes into a selection by some famous violinist.

After inspecting an imposing array of chemical and electrical apparatus, I push a button near the top of the panel and immediately the floor starts moving to the door and from there another moving floor carries me to the front door. This opens and at the same time my hat appears alongside

of me, whereupon I walk out.

My funds are now perilously low and I go through college and get a bachelor degree and then go to some foreign institution. Having done this, I would return and go into research work with my home laboratory.

Any slight contingency occasioned by my being despatched by an untoward mishap, would be obviated, as I would leave all of my filthy lucre to the Bangor High school as a scholarship.

Hoping these day dreams will be beneficial to my quarter's rank, I come to an end.

AN AFTERNOON OF FUN

By Ruth Fox.

I DO not think that there was ever so much fun piled into one afternoon as there was in that one. There were four of us going skiing: Alice Black, Barbara Bradford, Ellen Brown, and I.

The other three girls had been skiing several times this winter, but it had been three or four years since I had skied. Consequently, my courage was not very high and, as we neared the hill and finally reached the top, it went down a little lower.

The hill was long and steep and was not frequented very much by teams and automobiles, as the snow was so deep. At the bottom a much traveled road ran at right angles to it, and we saw that we would have to be careful in order not to reach the street at the same time that a team, automobile, or electric car did.

Without more ado, Alice, Barbara, and Ellen, one by one, fastened their skis on, gave themselves a little push with their poles and went skimming down the hill. Then it was my turn. I put on my skis, straightened up, and looked at the hill which suddenly seemed to have assumed an

enormous length and steepness. But the others had reached the bottom and were waiting for me to follow. To make it a little more comforting, there were a few pedestrians lined up at intervals on the hill to watch my progress! But I finally summoned my courage, gave myself a push and went.

Now, there are just two things that you must do in order to ski: Keep the skis from spreading apart (a thing which, in my case, was easy to do as I could follow the tracks of the other three), and keep your balance! This last was easy at first but, as I began to go with ever increasing speed down the hill, I knew that I should never reach the bottom without mishap. My fears were realized as I got about three-quarters of the way down and fell into a snowbank. I picked myself up, laughing, and declared to the other three that I was ready to try it again; for in that descent my fears had fled, and I was eager to go flying down the hill again.

The first three or four times we were very careful not to start until the one ahead

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of us had got almost down so as to avoid a collision, but after those few times we went down again as soon as we reached the top, regardless of any one in front of us. The result was that we all often landed in a heap at the bottom.

Each time that I went down, I got a little farther before falling, and soon I accomplished the task of keeping on my feet all the way.

At one time Alice, Barbara, and I happened to be climbing the hill together, and Ellen was the only one going down. We paused about half way up to watch her, and were horrified to see a large team coming at a rapid pace down the street that crossed at the bottom of the hill. Apparently, Ellen saw it too, for, as she neared the end of the hill, she promptly sat down, as unconcerned as though she were sitting down in a chair. Now, all would have been well if one of her skis had not taken that opportunity to slide out from under her, and continue its progress down the hill—headed directly for the runners of the team. Fortunately, the driver had slackened the pace of his horses, and when he saw the ski coming towards him, he jumped out and seized it before it got between the runners.

The next time down found me sitting in

the middle of the car track with the electric car not very far distant. After I had scrambled out of the way, and was walking up the hill, I perceived Alice and Ellen sitting down midway up the hill, laughing at an object in the snowbank. Going up closer, I saw that it was Barbara, who had also seen the car coming and had directed her skis into a snowbank; but instead of going feet first as she intended, she went in head first.

We finally stopped laughing long enough to pull her out, after which we continued our progress up the hill.

Towards the latter part of the afternoon, Alice had heaped up some snow in two or three different places at the bottom of the hill, directly in the path of the ski track, so that if we went far enough, we would have to go over them. She went down smoothly one time, but her pace slackened as she neared the mounds. However, she went over the first one, but her skis stuck in the second mound, and she fell sprawling.

These were only a few of the amusing and exciting incidents which happened that afternoon, and when darkness came on, we all declared that we had never spent a happier afternoon. Try it once and you'll agree with us.

THE STORY OF THE VILLAGER

By William Snow.

IN the mythology of the Scandinavian races, Odin was supreme ruler of all things. His home was in Asgard, where he and his wife occupied the highest seat among the gods. He had nine daughters, who were called Valkyrs or Norns. They were his bodyguard and they were immortal and invulnerable. Their horses represented the clouds and their glittering armor and weapons the flashes of lightning. They were able to travel over

land and sea as well as through the air but they had to obey Odin in all things.

Valhalla was a paradise in Asgard, where the bravest Norse heroes were taken after their mortal life. Here they ate, drank, slept and enjoyed themselves forever. After every battle the Valkyrs visited the battlefields and carried the chosen ones to Valhalla. This reward of course, urged men to prodigious acts of bravery and valor in fighting and they welcomed death in

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battle much the same as the early Moham-medans did. These men often thought that they could see the Valkyrs in the distance, beckoning to them and this meant that soon they were to die and go to paradise.

These warlike daughters of Odin were permitted to visit the earth in the guise of swans. When near a secluded stream or pond they would often take off their plumage and would bathe in the cool water. Once three brothers, Egil, Slagfinn and Volund were walking in the woods and came upon three of the sisters in this manner. They seized the swan costumes and

thereby forced the girls to stay on earth with them. After nine years of more or less unhappiness, the Valkyrs succeeded in finding their old plumage and immediately returned to Asgard. The first two brothers, Egil and Slagfinn, left for the north in a hopeless search for their lost wives. But Volund remained at home and after course of time and many exciting adventures, found his wife again.

There are numberless stories of the Valkyrs which have been told for generations by the peasantry of the Northern countries.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE HORACE MUNROE

By Constance Osgood.

O H, dear! What can we do this morning. Always the same old thing! Nothing ever happens that is exciting! My chum and I were just about to give up trying to think of anything, when Dad came into the room and asked us if we would like to go over to Brewer and see the launching of the Horace Monroe. This ship was the largest one ever built on the Penobscot river. At last here was something to do, so we hailed his invitation with delight.

It took us about fifteen or twenty minutes to get there. When we arrived, there was already a crowd of people on the shore and quite a few on the ship itself. We were wishing that we could go on, but we knew it was necessary to have an invitation, therefore, we stayed on dry ground. It was certainly a large and fine ship, and as we were admiring it a man whom Dad knew invited us to go aboard when it was launched. Of course we boys were delighted to go, but Dad didn't think much of it. At last after much teasing, he consented to take us on. We had just climbed up the plank and gotten safely on board,

when the man gave the signal for them to start the ship.

After several minutes of pounding, the last plank that held the ship gave way, and we started. My! What a queer feeling we had, a sort of sinking feeling that makes shivers go up and down your back. But this was soon over and we seemed to be actually shooting across the river. When we were about half way across, I asked Dad if he thought they could stop the ship before it reached the wharf on the other side, and he just laughed at me for being afraid; but I secretly thought to myself that it couldn't be done.

All of a sudden a man jumped out of one of the cabins, and shouted with all his might for the people to get off the wharf, and then all of us realized that something had happened. Dad grabbed us by the arm and rushed us to the other end of the ship, and just in time, for the ship rammed through the wharf and into the side of a coal shed. This sudden stop jerked us off our feet and threw us on the deck, but luckily none of us were hurt; only the paint taken off the ship. We learned later that at the

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last minute the cables had failed to work, and they could not stop the ship. A tug-boat then came up and towed us back to the opposite shore.

When we were once more on land we decided that whatever else happened that day, could not compare with what we had been through in the morning.

After that accident it was very hard to get a crew for the ship, for sailors are very superstitious if anything happens to a ship

when it is launched. But after a while they succeeded in getting a crew who, however, declared that some day it would be wrecked at sea.

I heard nothing more about that ship until one morning not very long ago, I saw in the paper where the Horace Monroe, launched at Brewer, November 22, 1922, had run into another ship during a heavy fog and was sunk, and, so we see that the sailors' superstitions have been fulfilled.

NATURE

By C. Bowman.

O H, nature! The handiwork of God! The sky, the soil, the trees and flowers,—all are a part of nature.

Many are the joys of summer. This glad season is fully realized among the woods and hills of Maine.

When first the gentle winds bring hints of fragrant summer days,

'Tis then they seem to call me from the toil of city ways,

A wee voice seems to whisper, 'Hasten, friend, to follow me,

I will lead you to Maine's lakes and hills, where visions you will see!'

How beautiful is nature then! Cares and troubles vanish as one wanders among the woods, or walks beside some tinkling brook. It seems to the nature lover as if a little brook is mimicking the "Pipes of

Pan," so wild and sweet does the music sound to ears that are trained to hear it.

What a pleasure it is to walk on the carpeted floor of the forest; to breathe the fragrance of pine, and to watch the small wild life about. The carols of the birds, too, how sweet they sound in the stillness of this mystic forest world.

Most beautiful of all is the glory of the sunset. Whether seen from crowded cities or from the mountain side, this is always a heavenly sight; always one which no artist's brush can paint. The resplendent sky at sunset, daily fills one with awe, and a feeling that can not be expressed. With Longfellow we say:

"And the night shall be filled with music,

And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

FLOWERS AS CLOCKS AND AS BAROMETERS

By Agnes F. Ebbeson.

I T is very interesting to know that there are some flowers that keep the time of day. Some gardeners make it a practice to have enough flowers that open and shut at certain hours of the day, to tell the time. There are a number of

lists for telling time in different countries, the earliest being formed by a Roman naturalist. The examples which I am giving only serve roughly to tell the time.

The jonquils open at half past five in the morning, and close their petals at half past

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eight in the evening. The hawkweed is open from eight until about two in the afternoon. The yellow goatsbeard is declared shut just at noon; the sow-thistle, opening at five in the morning, is closed by noon; the white lily is displayed from seven in the morning until five in the afternoon. From books on gardening it will be easy to get lists that will form a true floral clock.

As a barometer, certain flowers may be depended upon. One of these that gives early warning of heavy clouds or rain is the scarlet pimpernel, that grows wild nearly everywhere. It is chiefly useful to consult it in the morning, as it closes at two o'clock, and does not open at all, even for morning, if the day is to be cloudy or rainy. It is

for this reason that it has gained the name of the "poor man's weather glass."

The American writer, Thoreau, and the American poet, Celia Thaxter, both refer affectionately, to this little scarlet flower. Celia Thaxter speaks thus: "When the sky was yet without a cloud, softly it clasped its small, red petals together, folding its golden heart in safety from the shower that was sure to come.

Other plants likewise foretell rain. The trefoil contracts its leaves; chickenweed closes its flowers, and the clover feels rough to the touch. The common, sensitive plant that folds its leaves when touched is also apt to close them together face to face, when rain is expected.

MARVELS OF ANT LIFE

By B. Reynolds.

OF all the creatures on this planet, the one whose life most closely resembles our own is the ant.

The ant builds cities, constructs highways, digs tunnels, and wages war. He even keeps cows, and seems to have pets. Perhaps the most remarkable and the hardest to believe of all is that he makes slaves of his own race.

Scientists say that his brain, considering his size, is "the most marvelously functioning organ in nature."

An ant never needs a boss. Each one does his own work, and minds his own business. But they join together in building their cities.

These cities consist of apartment houses, conical in shape, and built of sand and tiny pebbles. Within are mazes of halls, passageways, storerooms, galleries, granaries and even nurseries. Food is kept in the granaries, and the eggs are hatched in the nurseries.

One ant city in the United States has

seventeen hundred of these houses, and covers thirty acres. The population of this city, as near as it can be estimated, is eight million citizens.

It has always been said that every ant knew every other one, and would know him if he met him miles from home. To test this, a shovelful of ants was taken from one end of a large city and put near an ant house at the other end. Immediately, the ants came running out, ready for battle. But suddenly all signs of enmity ceased. The ants rubbed each other with their feelers, seeming to shake hands.

Ants not only build larger cities in proportion than we do, but they are far better citizens. No one has ever seen an ant loafing.

At sunset the ants hurry into their homes and the small opening used as a door is closed by means of a pebble pulled over it.

The red ants, being much stronger, often make slaves of the black ants. In such cases, however, the slaves seem to be happy

and do not try to escape.

Ants will sacrifice their lives at any time to save their homes. They fight very fiercely.

The history of the races of ants is like human history, indeed. The hunters and explorers settle in a district, and multiply until large cities are formed.

CARELESSNESS

By Harold O'Connell.

CARELESSNESS is merely another word for laziness. You are too lazy to do anything the way it should be done so you become careless and do it the way it should not be done. This generally leads to failure, disaster, and even death.

I will take the following example to illustrate the evils of carelessness:

A man is sitting, reading a book, in a certain switch tower. On track number fifteen is a long freight train. On track number seventeen is a passenger train bound for some distant point. Track number sixteen—between fifteen and seventeen,—is the track the twelve forty-five limited express should go on. The switch tender hears the shriek of the limited's whistle and lazily and carelessly turns the leaves without taking his eyes from the book he is reading. As a result, he turns the lever

which regulates track number seventeen instead of sixteen. The limited goes thundering by; the people laughing and talking, little dreaming of death that awaits them on account of the carelessness of one man. A crash! Too late the switch tender rushes to his levers! He realizes the mistake he has made. He hears the moaning of the dying and the wrecking train passing by. He fixes the switch for the wrecking train, then, crazed, he leaps out of the window and adds one more death to those which he has caused.

It was carelessness that led to the death of over three hundred people.

Carelessness is an inexcusable mistake of man. There is no excuse for a man who goes about his work doing it carelessly and without thought of what will come from it.

Carelessness can lead to but one thing: Disaster!

HOW MUSIC BEGAN

By Ruth Rudman.

HOW long ago do people believe that music commenced? A direct answer to this question is not known, but the Chinese claim that music was first commenced in their country, 3,000 years before the birth of Christ. Eight other nations in the Far East, India, Arabia, Babylonia, Assyria, Egypt, Persia, and the Hebrews claim to have known of music at the same time. The harp, drum, flute, zither, and castanets were the instruments these ancients used.

The Chinese had a scale known to us, as

the Pentatonic or five-toned scale, and sounded very much like this: f-g-a-c-d-f. To each of these tones they gave an odd name, thus: Emperor, Prime Minister, Subject-people, State Affairs, and Picture of the Universe.

The Hindus divided the Octave into very small parts and had, it is said, thirty-six scales, although in their writings they speak of as many as 1,600 scales. Our present musical system is composed of twenty-four scales.

It was among the Greeks who lived be-

fore the birth of Christ that the foundation of our own kind of music was really laid. With them poetry, art and culture were looked upon as necessities. The union of poetry and music made the study of the art of music, one of great importance. In the famous Greek dramas, given in enormous open air theatres, music was continually used, and thus the people became familiar

with it. These ancient Greeks used seven modes and gave them very odd names. These modes resemble greatly some of our present minor scales. They also had a chromatic scale, somewhat similar to ours.

Music has so advanced that today it is one of the most popular arts and in every American home there is,—at least we hope there is—some musical instrument.

EVELYN DALE

By Mary McManus.

I SHALL never forget the first impression I had of Evelyn Dale. She was sitting dryad-like beside the fountain, one hand playing in the water, and the other hand idle in her lap. Brown hair, soft and wavy, a pensive face and eyes. No words can do justice to the eyes of Evelyn Dale. Soft, gray eyes they were, that made you quiver and thrill as if your soul were laid bare, stripped of all its falsities and artifices; dreamy, with a far away look in them that told of worlds hitherto undreamed of, mysteries, unfathomed. And still there was something so sweet, and something else so stern in her eyes, that at once one both loved and feared her. They were my chief impressions—love and fear.

"Hello," I said, rather abruptly. "My name is Horace King." The eyes never moved from my face, but a sweet, girlish voice, with a tinge of melancholy in it, said: "Oh, you're the boy next door. I heard you playing your violin last night, so I knew you were home. I love the violin, do you?"

My face flushed under her steady gaze. I swallowed hard, and finally stammered out. "Sure."

"Oh, I am afraid you're bashful," she said. "I play the violin, too, and I love it. I thought of the most wonderful things last night, when you played. I think you can

play as well as I can and I'm rather jealous."

"You wouldn't have to play very well, to play as well as I can," I answered, recovering my ease.

"Sit down here beside me," she said, "and let's have a nice talk. I'm making believe I'm a sorceress. Isn't that fun?"

"I'd as soon be enchanted by you any time," I answered.

"Things are not what they seem, you know. Now look at the sky, what do you see?"

"I see a white cloud, stately as a ship on a sea of azure blue."

"Good," cried Evelyn. "But now do you know what you see? Oh, if I could only tell you what I see. But would you understand? Look at me!" she commanded, sternly. I looked at her in wonder. She gazed into my eyes searchingly, then she said: "I like you."

"Thank you."

"I'm going to tell you. That atmosphere that you call sky, isn't sky at all. It's a misty veil like chiffon silk, that shuts out heaven from this earth. And there's hundreds of spirits on the other side, pecking down here to see what we're doing, and that white patch isn't really there, either, it's only where the light from heaven shines, and it looks white because it is such a long

distance away. Aren't we creatures funny things? We wouldn't be at all if we didn't have souls or spirits.

"Do you think that everything that exists has a soul?" I asked.

"I don't know what I think. But I feel. All any of us can do is feel. That something in us which is called the emotions." Then she said, in a dreamy voice, "There is a lilac bush. I wonder if the bush feels when the lilacs are blossoming and are filling with sunshine and strength. There is an oak tree, so big and strong. I wonder if the oak tree feels when it is filled with the sap of life in the springtime, or if it is ever sad when the leaves and the blossoms all die in the autumn."

"You are only wondering. What of the animal life? Animals live and feel, but they have no souls." Evelyn's eyes became burning flames. "How do you know?"

"Well, theoretically, I mean." A light gleamed from Evelyn's eyes.

Don't try to understand it—or me. It is the spirit impressed in the animal which is fierce and furious. It is the tortured spirit which lives in the realization of a paradise lost, that cries out to God, to a God which has forgotten it. Once I heard a wolf howling in the wilderness. My ears were transformed and I knew it was a cry of torment. Is it possible that the Great Spirit made these creatures, His own, to live outcasts, sufferers in a world of His creation, to die in the oblivion of darkness, with no light ahead—no hope?

She must have seen amazement written on my face.

"I know," she said. "You think I'm crazy. They say I am crazy because I see things they cannot see, because I understand things they cannot understand. I don't mind you because you have a youthful spirit and a kind heart, but Oh, when

some people come near me I shudder, for I can see their souls through their eyes, and it is such an awful sight. I have seen more than that. I saw a man die once, and I wasn't sorry—no, I was glad, because he was a good man, and his soul was good to see, as it left his body, and floated up, up, toward that white patch of sky."

I confess this was getting beyond me. With misgivings I remembered the strange things I had heard concerning Evelyn Dale. When very young, she had had a nervous breakdown, from which she had never recovered. She could not stand to have her friends with her for more than an hour at a time, and she talked of such strange things. Poor girl—without a doubt she was slightly demented.

While these thoughts were flashing through my mind, Evelyn paused. Then, she said: "But I'm talking silly. Perhaps you're bored."

"Oh, no, I'm very much interested."

"Well, I want you to go now. It is better for both of us. Thank you, for listening. Will you come again tomorrow?"

"Yes," I promised, against my will, for I was slightly offended at this sudden dismissal.

I went home and took my violin to the old castle chamber that looked out into the garden. I liked this castle chamber because it was so quaint. There was a window covered with vines, affording one the opportunity of seeing without being seen. I didn't want to play just now, but to think.

I could see Evelyn Dale still sitting by the fountain. I liked to watch her and to wonder. Was she really insane or were her senses finer and superior to the ordinary? Somehow I knew that the latter case was true. Then I felt her eyes looking directly at my window. Did she know I was there?

Then I felt an unaccountable anger

against Evelyn Dale. I resented the fear she had aroused in me, and the love, too. I wanted to show her that at least, in one respect I was her master. Knowing that I had a gift for the violin, and by it, the power to make people thrill and squirm at my bidding, I determined to show her. Then I remembered, "You can play as good as I can," and I also recalled my own depreciating words. So I played—a challenge, cold and daring; a defiance, angry and bold.

I saw Evelyn start and look directly to my window with a half smile on her lips. Then she ran like a fairy for her violin and returned breathless. Seating herself once more, she answered my challenge. She seemed to be sorry for the defiance and the anger, the tones were so soft and sad; and, too, she seemed to be asking me to take it back, before it was too late.

This angered me still more. I played as I never played before. "Oh, Evelyn," I said, "I'll show you things you never saw in your wildest dreams, I'll show you the mysteries of heaven and earth revealed. I'll make you afraid,"—

But it was as if I were choked in the act of boasting.

"Horace King, I'm sorry for you. Shame on you, you cannot make me afraid. Can you follow me? Come with me then, and I'll show you the land where no mortal ever was before." So I endeavored to follow.

Slowly, gradually, her spell increased, and mine became less and less. I felt like the weaver who attempted to compete with a goddess. My hands seemed numb, but still I struggled onward, upward. I knew she was going toward that white cloud and I could do nothing but follow. I could not give up, much as I desired. Finally, we reached the white cloud.

The light was blinding. I tried to look, but my eyes failed me. "Look," Evelyn

commanded, "look." It was a great temptation but I dared not. "Coward," Evelyn cried, tauntingly.

I fell down, down, to earth, and found myself in the castle chamber. I had seen more than human eye should see.

Then, through the vines, I saw Evelyn's eyes. Evelyn had forgotten me. She was going on, on, into the Land Beyond. Frantically, I began to call her back, to coax, to beg, anything to make her come back. She hesitated and then very slowly came down to me. My heart was crying to her, and my face was covered with tears. Then her music grew calmer, sadder, as if reproaching me. Why didn't I let her go on? Her eyes grew more natural and then I knew that Evelyn Dale was not long for this earth.

When I visited her the next day, she did not mention the incident, nor did I.

"I have liked you," she said, "and liking is the strongest emotion I can ever have. Love is beyond me, that is one reason why they say I am demented. I can feel some things more strongly than you but other things I can not feel as keenly as you do. That is the mystery. But when I am gone you will think of me sometimes, won't you? It will be nice to have someone know I was not crazy,—but just different."

She understood that I knew she would die soon, and that made a common sympathy. She lived too much in shadowy thoughts to remain longer in a world of realities.

When I was leaving she said, in a sad voice, "Goodby."

"Is it goodbye?" I asked.

"I'm afraid so."

"Goodby, then."

Thus did we part, I, who loved and feared, and she who liked.

That evening I heard her playing again. I knew she was climbing to the sky but I

did not try to call her back. Instead, I accompanied her with my music as far as I could. She passed me with a smile that said, "Thank you," and then, when she had reached the white cloud she turned and said, "Goodby."

"Goodby," I shouted back. And then—she was gone.

That is all. Now I have become a great violinist. My name is heralded on four

continents. Critics say my music has a sad pathos in it. They are right. Whenever I touch my violin I am mounting the heavens with Evelyn Dale, only to come down to earth sadly, alone.

On summer nights when I look up, I can see the soft, gray eyes looking down on me, daring, challenging. Some day I shall cease to resist, but shall follow—into the Great Beyond.

THE YOUNG HERO

By Galen Veayo, '24.

BOBBIE Watson looked sadly at his fireman's suit that he had received from his mother, as a birthday gift, a few weeks previous. It had been his favorite gift of all, but now he wondered if he really ought to wear it. When he put it on the other day, the big high school boy, who lived next door, had laughed at him, and cried: "You're a great fireman, you are! I bet you couldn't blow out a match."

Bobbie did not know what to think, but later he concluded that the big boy's Latin or French grammar had not agreed with him, and that was the reason why he was so cross.

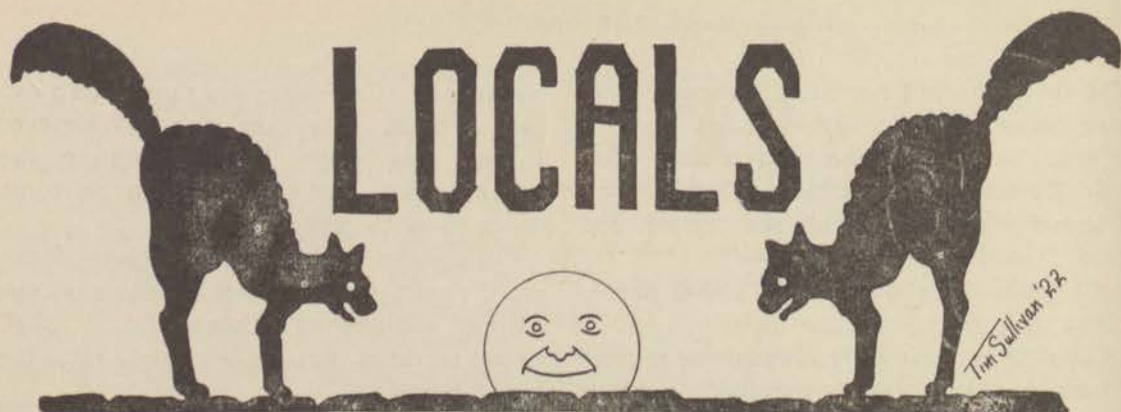
So he spread the suit out on the lounge and looked longingly at it. Then he slipped on the long rubber boots, struggled into his jacket, and last of all, cocked his fireman's hat proudly on the side of his head. Then he said to himself: "Guess I can play I'm a fireman if I want to!"

He stepped heavily out into the hall, and then all at once came his chance to show whether his courage was real or make-believe; for, curling up in through the upper story was smoke, and everywhere there was a choking sense of fire. Bobbie

thought quickly for a six-year-old boy.

Certainly he must not scare Mother; she had a bad headache. And the janitor was so old and deaf and slow, you would have to ring the bell ever so many times to get a response from him. No, he must run quickly to the engine-house on the corner! And he ran, quicker than he ever thought he could run. Then everything happened so quickly that it seemed like a dream. After he stammered out his message to the chief, the firemen swung into line, the horses came out of their places and galloped away. Bobbie ran after them as fast as he could, and there, at the edge of the crowd that had gathered thickly, as such crowds always do, he stood a tired-out little figure, in his rakish fireman's outfit.

The chief saw him, and as soon as the fire was out, pushed him through the crowd, and let him stand with his hand resting on the hose itself. Bobbie was a real fireman at last! And how proud he felt when he heard the chief say to another man standing near, "Yes, a small fire, of course, but it might have been a much bigger one if this plucky little fellow hadn't run to tell us in time!"



Milk in bottles with straws, and small boxes of raisins, may now be procured at recess as a change from the filling but too sweet need'em that is sold for the benefit of the band.

It was with great regret that the students learned of the resignation of Miss Sue L. Hincks, for many years an instructor in Latin at B. H. S. Mr. Bryant is taking her place.

The Open Air school has great need for girls to help serve the lunch at noon. Miss Robinson has appealed to the girls at B. H. S. for their assistance in this work and several have already volunteered their services.

Students will be sorry to learn of the illness of Mr. Elkins, teacher of mathematics, who took the place of Mr. Leland A. Ross, who was obliged to resign on account of ill health. It is gratifying to learn that Mr. Elkins is improving and will soon be with us again.

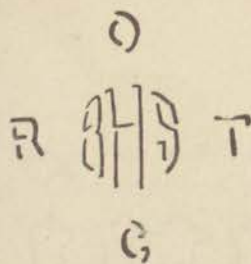
This season has brought about the accomplishment of something long needed in connection with the high school. A flight of steps up over the end of the old high school lot! In winters past, the old path has been a solid glare of ice, covered with snow at times, and many were the unfortunate ones who, in attempting to gain the top, lost their footing and slid to the bottom, often spilling an armful of books and always losing a bit of that scholarly dignity.

Such accidents do not happen now

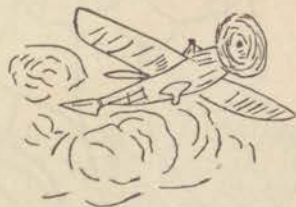
Because of the fact that "Bob" Cochran has left school, it was necessary to make a change in the Personal Department of the "Oracle." Lee Hall, rumor has it, has been promoted to Personal Editor, and Carl Broad added to the Board. Mr. Broad should make a success of this work as it is a well known fact that he has an abundant supply of humor.

Although there was a heavy snow storm on the 28th of December, many former B. H. S. students were present at the Alumni dance given at the High school, on the evening of that day. There has long been a need for an Alumni Association at B. H. S. and thus, at this gathering, such an association was formed. Officers were elected and a constitution was drawn up. Following this business meeting, dancing was enjoyed by all those present.

The students of the high school extend their sympathy to many teachers who have suffered bereavement within a few weeks: To Miss Mary C. Robinson, dean, in the loss of her mother; to Mr. Proctor, our principal, who lost his aunt, Miss Spousedo; to Miss Files, because of the loss of her aunt, Mrs. Whitcomb; to Miss Humphrey, whose aunt, Mrs. Humphrey, died very suddenly; to Mr. Varney, in the loss of his brother. It seems as if the old adage, misfortunes never come singly, were strikingly exemplified in these many sad events.



Military



All R. O. T. C. students are looking forward to the exhibition of moving pictures depicting different phases of army life and drill to be given either in the gymnasium or in the Assembly hall at a later date. This has proved to be a very efficient method of instruction and adds interest to the drills.

The drill at present consists of a review of the various movements in the school of the soldier, squad, platoon and company without the use of rifles. A little later formal guard mount will be practiced with squads from the different companies. The ceremony will be accompanied by the High School Band.

The new military instructor has arrived! He is Captain Hervey Tribolet and will take the place of Colonel Cole, who has retired from the service. Captain Tribolet is a graduate of Dennison University in Ohio.

He has been in the army for some time, having been sent to Germany in the Army of Occupation. From then he was transferred to Portland and finally Bangor was so fortunate as to have him sent to take Colonel Cole's place. Captain Tribolet is an all round athlete, having been on the football, baseball, track and basketball teams in college.

He is well liked here and we hope that he'll like us as well.

Captain Tribolet is about thirty years of age, good looking and most important of all, girls, he is not married.

Through the efficient work of Sergeant Cummings and cooperation on the part of the principal's office, the list of "Habitual Absentees" has been greatly reduced in the past month.

Plans are already being made for the annual Military ball and it is being freely predicted that this coming event will surpass all former affairs of this kind both as to quality and quantity. Due to the fact that the Auditorium is so inaccessible, it is quite probable that City Hall will be used in the future.

A basketball league has been formed by the members of the R. O. T. C. The original plan called for six teams, one composed of the commissioned officers and five made up of non-coms and privates from the different platoons. Owing, however, to the fact that the teams would have been very unevenly matched both as to size and ability, and since there are enough interested, eight teams of equal weight and size are to be made up from both classes. Later in the season, a team to represent the whole R. O. T. C. in some outside games will be picked by Captain Tribolet, who is in charge of the league, being coach of the teams and referee of the games. The school gymnasium has been secured temporarily for Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons. All indications point to a very successful league and large numbers have turned out at the two practice afternoons held so far.



Mr. and Mrs. F. Donald Crowell are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

The marriage of Madeline Clark and Donald McKay took place on January 10, both were alumni.

Frances Leonard and Carl Catell, both former students at Bangor High school, were married in January.

Miss Betty Cooper, who is spending the winter in Boston, took a prominent part in the Boston Y. M. C. A. musical comedy, *Why Em?* given in the Franklin Park theatre, Boston, for the benefit of the new gymnasium.

Ranking with the best short story writers of 1922 in a roll of honor, stands the name of Charles Boardman Hawes, a former Bangor boy, graduate of Bangor High school in the class of 1907, and Bowdoin college in 1911. The many friends of Mr. Hawes will be very pleased to read his name on the honorary list, with such writers as Irvin S. Cobb, Marjorie L. C. Picktnall, Bill Adams, Konard Bercovici and the many other writers of ability, and to know that he is making a success of his work.

Eliot Kimball, formerly a student at Bangor High school, is now a student at Deering High school, Deering.

The many friends of George Boyden, '22, will learn with regret of his death. Mr. Boyden was forced to leave school during his senior year.

The many friends of Dr. H. Edward Whalen of this city, who recently graduated from Jefferson Medical college, Philadelphia, and is at present an interne at the Maine General hospital, Portland, will be pleased to know that he passed successfully the recent state board examinations at Augusta, and is now entitled to practice medicine in Maine.

The honor of receiving the highest rank in a competitive examination to the West Point U. S. Military Academy, conducted recently in Augusta, was won by Walter Ulmer, a Bangor boy, who is attending the Maine Central Institute. Mr. Ulmer is a graduate of Bangor High school, and while in high school, he served for a year as the cadet major of the R. O. T. C. battalion, showing executive ability and an aptitude for military life.

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Among the many students to spend their Christmas holidays at home were:

Clarence Allen, Tufts Dental School.
George Barakat, Bowdoin College.
Albert Black, Bowdoin College.
Doris Bowles, Jackson College.
Leslie Bowler, University of Penn.
Merrill Bowles, Wharton School of Finance.

Eleanor Bragg, Manor Hall.
Frances Bragg, Smith College.
Helen Bragg, Lincoln School.
Justina Buckley, National Park Seminary.

Walter Bullock, University of Penn.
Dorothy Burke, Gorham Normal School.
Helen Burton, Bates College.
Kathleen Caulfield, Mt. Ida.
Philip Chalmers, Wharton School of Finance.

Elizabeth Chandler, Mount Holyoke.
Elizabeth Clough, Mount Holyoke.
Josephine Clough, Russell Sage School.
Mary Clough, Penn. Medical School.
Ruth Clough, Gloucher College.
Grace Coombs, Simmons College.
Howard Corning, Harvard College.
Mark Crowley, Fordham University.
Ruth Dunning, Lasell Seminary.
Louis Epstein, Columbia University.
Dorothy Freese, Mount Holyoke.
Thomas Geaghan, Georgetown Law School.

Frank Gillen, Washington, D. C.
Wilfred Gillen, Wharton School of Finance.

Franklin Gordon, New England Conservatory of Music.

Harold Green, Harvard Law School.
Miriam Hall, Wellesley College.
William Hall, Pratt Institute.
Dorothy Hallett, Abbot Seminary.
Elizabeth Head, Wellesley College.
Ruth Henderson, Wellesley College.
Henry Hersey, Boston University.

Earl Hillman, Northeastern College.
Crosby Hodgman, Bowdoin College.
Ralph Jordan, Yale College.
Mary Largay, Marymount College.
Walter MacCready, Bowdoin College.
James McCann, Harvard Medical School.
John McCann, Harvard Law School.
Robert McCann, Georgetown University.
Robert McLeod, Coburn Classical Institute.

James Mitchell, Harvard Law School.
Doris Moore, Boston, Mass.
M. Maud Murray, Lasell Seminary.
Hazen Nutter, Bowdoin College.
Bowdoin Nealley, Bowdoin College.
Paul Nickerson, Pratt Institute.
Frank O'Connor, Georgetown University.

Charlotte Odiorne, the Rayson School.
Esther Patten, Abbot Seminary.
Eugenia Patten, Vassar College.
Doris Plaisted, Emerson School.
Dr. Harold Prout, Boston, Mass.
Elizabeth Robbins, Wellesley College.
Theodore Robbins, M. I. T.
Victor Robbins, Al Sweet's Concert Band.

William Rowe, Bowdoin College.
Dorothy Sawyer, the Grier School.
Lovis Sawyer, Wheaton College.
Maxine Sawyer, Walnut Hill.
Albert Shiro, Wharton School of Finance.
Charlotte Sanger, Dana Hall.
Maragaret Simpson, Wellesley College.
Fred Smythe, Benjamin Cole, Jr. Co.
Dorothy Southard, Pratt Institute.
Edna Starrett, Scudden School.
Jasper Starrett, Bowdoin College.
Barbara Tyler, Manor Hall.
John Vose, Harvard Law School.
Faith Waterman, Dwight School.
John White, Coburn Classical Institute.
Carolyn Woods, Wellesley College.
Pauline Davis, Farmington Normal School.



The Oracle, Newport High School, Newport, Vt.: Your editorials are good. We fail to find the exchange column and table of contents.

The Echo, Boys' Catholic High School, Evansville, Ind.: You have no exchange or alumni departments. The table of contents is lacking. We enjoyed "Gleanings."

The Record, Newburyport High School, Newburyport, Mass.: You have extensive literary and athletic sections, and many good editorials. The jokes are certainly "Record Breakers." We miss the table of contents.

The Cony Cue, Cony High School, Augusta, Me.: We are pleased at receiving your good paper again. The literary department is especially good. The section, "Hits and Hot Shots," is well named.

The Messalonskee Ripple, Oakland High School, Oakland, Me.: We enjoy your interesting paper, "Riplets" especially. Your editorials, of which there are many, are good. You have a large and good literary department.

The Scarlet Tanager, Chatham High School, Chatham, N. Y.: Your paper is distinguished by having few advertise-

ments. A few cuts at the heads of departments would be an improvement.

The Holman Magazine, Holman School, Philadelphia, Pa.: Why not have an exchange department and more jokes? Your stories are well written, but lack interest.

The Jabberwock, Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.: You have an extensive literary department, but no table of contents. More jokes would be an improvement.

The Millerette, Miss Miller's School, New Orleans, La.: Your paper is good as far as it goes but there are several departments lacking and you have no table of contents.

Science and Craft, R. T. Crane Technical High School, Chicago, Ill.: Here is one of our very best exchanges. The only thing we find to criticise is that there is no exchange column. Your cuts and stories are fine, and the jokes are good.

The Breeze, Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.: You, too, have no advertisements. We wonder how you pay for your paper without them! You have no literary department. Where is your table of contents? And why not have some cuts as headings for departments? The idea of a bulletin number is unique.

THE ORACLE

The Banner, Rockville High School, Rockville, Conn.: Why not have a larger exchange department?

The "Oracle": Your cover is very attractive. The debating section is good.—The Breeze, Ashburnham, Mass.

The Alpha, New Bedford High School, New Bedford, Mass.: You have a good literary department. The drama, "A Weapon of the Law," shows originality.

The Netop, Turner's Falls High School, Turner's Falls, Mass.: There is no table of contents. We like the idea of a colonial number.

The Oracle, Lanier High School, Montgomery, Ala.: Why not have a larger literary department. We wish to copy the following "poem," which is very much to the point:

"A school paper is a great invention,
The school gets all the fame;
The printer gets all the money;
And the staff gets all the blame!"

WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT US.

The "Oracle": A very attractive and interesting paper.—The Cobweb, Groveton, N. H.

The "Oracle," Bangor High School, is clearly outlined, artistic, and elaborate. An exceptional cover, and fine cuts. Exchanges are sadly lacking, but otherwise a fine magazine.—The Megaphone, Franklin, Mass.

The "Oracle," Bangor High School, Bangor, Me.: We liked your magazine. "An Evening With an Authoress," was an interesting article. We are glad to see that you are concerned with debating. The B. H. S. "Tatler" is attractive, in fact, your whole humor department is good. We should like to see an exchange department, however.

"Oracle": A very appropriate cover for an October issue. Your editorials are good, but the literary department could be improved by lengthening your stories. An exchange department would be a good means of further developing your paper.

The Megaphone, Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.: We are glad to have you with us again, as you are one of our best exchanges. The editorials are excellent. You have an extensive alumni department and the locals are interesting. The literary department is badly jumbled.





Bangor High started this year's basketball season auspiciously, when the team defeated Southwest Harbor High, December 28, in City Hall. The final score was 50 to 22. Captain Bill Seavey began the season well, by getting 26 points for the Crimson. The seacoast team did not have much to offer in way of either a defense or offense.

The team put up a first rate exhibition of basketball, many of the supporters being given somewhat of a surprise thereby. The passing was first rate; accurate, and almost making one dizzy by its speed.

The summary:

B. H. S. (50). Southwest Harbor (22).

T. Largay, 1.....l.f.....4 (3), H. Wass Fairbanks

K. Largay

Kamenkovitz, 4....,r.f.....3,(3) L. Wass

McClay, 5.....c..... Dolliver

Casperl.b.....1, Robbins Ulmer

Seavey 13, (4).....r.b.....Trundy

Referee, Flack.

Friday evening, Jan. 5, South Portland felt the sting of defeat for the first time this year, when Capt. Bill Seavey led his basketballers to a 28 to 23 victory over the Capers. To say that the game was excit-

ing is putting it mildly. The South Portland outfit was evidently expecting a win; they were sadly disappointed, for from the very start they were headed by the crimson-jerseyed players.

Capt. Seavey started things rolling, when he caged a nifty basket after three minutes of hard playing. Waterman Trefethen evened things up, by ringing the ball for the usual two points. Henry Fairbanks was soon the center of attraction, when he tossed the spheroid through the much sought hoop.

The remainder of the period it was nip and tuck; but we were always in lead, though generally by a scant margin. The joy of our old age, Archie Kamenkovitz, was very much in evidence, and our score was considerably swollen by none other than he. When Time Keeper Morrison called a halt to the proceedings by a melodious toot of his whistle, the score was 15 to 9 in our favor.

The South Portland lads started the second period determined to win or know the reason why. They now know the reason why. Things were about even, although the Crimson had a slight advantage. In the last few moments of play the Capers made a final spurt, but that was all the good it did them. The final score, as has been stated before, was 28 to 23.

The shining stars of the evening were, Waterman and Walter Trefethen, and the

whole Bangor team. The Trefethens were good, although Waterman seemed to be somewhat egotistic about his own ability to win the game. Steve Casper, of football fame, played a fine game as defensive back, breaking up many plays that might have been point winners for the other side. Archie and Nathan Epstein played whirlwind games, both on the offensive and defensive. Seavey and Fairbanks played a fine brand of basketball, Seavey being high man, and playing an all round good game. Fairbanks put up a whirlwind exhibition.

To sum it all up, Coach Trowell's team defeated the five South Portland players.

The summary:

Bangor (28). So. Portland (23).

Fairbanks, 1....l.f...3 (3), W. J. Trefethen
Epstein, 2

Kamenkovitz, 1....r.f.....2, Barry
2 McDonald

McClay, 2.....c.....2, W. Trefethen

Casperl.b.....1, Dunton

Seavey, 5, (6).....r.b.....Gibbs

Referee, Flack.

Wednesday, January 10, the Crimson met its first defeat (?) of the season, when a game with Stevens High of Rumford, was played in the latter city. The final score, according to the scorebook, was 27 to 26.

The game was played in a small hall, which put the team at a disadvantage. Stevens got a lead early in the game, which was gradually diminished, until we were ahead. In the last minute or so of play the lead was one point, when Voter caged a basket from the middle of the floor, and won the game for Rumford.

The summary:

B. H. S. (26). Stevens H. S. (27).

Epstein, 1.....l.f.....6, Voter

Kamenkovitz, 2....r.f.....4, Gallant

McClay, 1.....c.....1, Kowalzyk

Casperl.b.....(5), Clark

Seavey, 5 (8).....r.b.....Fori

Referee, O'Connell.

The following Saturday the defeat of Wednesday was offset, when the team again played Rumford, this time in City Hall, and won over them 41 to 33. The game was exciting, to say the least.

Stevens started off like a whirlwind, and before many moments of play had quite a large lead. At the end of the first half the score was 24 to 18 in favor of the visitors.

In the third period the team started a comeback. The result was a tie at the start of the final quarter. With a final spurt the Crimson outdistanced their rivals by getting three baskets from the floor, and four fouls. Rumford had to be satisfied with a single goal in this period.

Kamenkovitz, J. McClay, and Epstein all played a fine game, and Seavey and Casper showed up well.

The summary:

Bangor (41). Stevens High (33)

Kamenkovitz, 6....l.f.....2, Gallant

Epstein, 3.....r.f.....5, Voter

Fairbanks

F. McClay, 1.....c.....3 Kowalzyk

J. McClay, 2.....1, Forni

Seavey, (13), 2....l.g.....3, (5) Clark

Casperr.g.....Karpaick

Referee, March, U. of M.

These first few games have been a surprise to all of the fans of this city. The team has played wonderfully considering their light weight and with a little more practice and experience we feel quite sure that the Tufts trip will be a part of the team's schedule.

PERSONALS



CLASS ODE.

One day as I walked down the street,
A queer old chap I chanced to meet,
His head was way up in the sky,
His mind on subjects just as high;
And as he strutted on toward me,
I asked myself, "Who can it be?"
All of a sudden I got the key—
He was a High School Senior!

Behind him came a flapper gay,
Flapping along her merry way,
Lessons bothering not a whit,
Her only thought to make a hit.
She trotted by on high French heels,
And o'er my heart a panic steals,
Thinking of her my poor head reels,
She was a High School Junior!

Following her, in his mother's care,
Came a lad, with a cocksure air,
His shoes were blacked, his hair was
brushed;

He never hurried and never rushed;
He walked along with careful tread,
Cares of the world upon his head;
And on his face, the news was read—
He was a High School Sophomore!

And then there came a babe in arms,
Cheering all with her sunny charms,
Smiling at all the passers-by,
Not a bit bashful, not a whit shy;
The mother full of honest pride
Tho' to conceal it hard she tried.
I knew from facts that could not hide—
She was a High School Freshman!

Teacher (in English): "Miss R—, what kind of a noun is a kiss?"

Miss R—: "Common."

Teacher: "Decline it."

Miss R—: "I never do."

N. Tefft, '23, "Alors mon frere tout en faisant manger cet homme." "Then my brother while eating that man."

Our Clever Seniors.

Miss Dunning: "How shall I find the center?"

Shannon, '23: "With a piece of chalk and a string."

Miss Frawley: "Whom did Ferdinand and Isabella help?"

M. Bunker, '23: "Caesar."

A Little Satisfaction.

In studying the life of Charlemagne we find that he is easily the greatest figure in a thousand years; but for all this he was always pinched for money.

T. B., '25.

Pat: "Say, Mike, I owe you five dollars, don't I?"

Mike: "Yes, and I wish you would pay it."

Pat (handing him a bottle of ink): "This makes us write."

Father (2 a. m.): "Mary, ask the young man to come here a minute."

Young Man: "Yes, sir."

Father: "Where do you want your trunk put when it comes?"

New Year's Resolutions.

The Senior Class—To win Madame's approval.

The Junior Class—To beat last year's exhibition.

Sophomores—To live down the reputation of "last year's Freshmen."

Freshmen—To grow big and dignified like the Seniors.

The codfish lays a million eggs,
While the helpful hen lays one,
But the codfish does not cackle
To tell what she has done,
And so we scorn the codfish coy,
But the helpful hen we prize,
Which indicates to thoughtful minds,
It pays to advertise.

—Ex.

Some Kid.

Neighbor (to a woman whose son plays on football team): "I hear that Jimmy plays on the football team."

Mother: "Yes, he does."

Neighbor: "What position has he, do you know?"

Mother: "I'm not sure but I think he is one of the drawbacks."

It's all right to refer to a bird's plumes as plumage, but for goodness sake, don't refer to a girl's garb as garbage!

"Describe water, Johnny," said the teacher.

"Water," explained Johnny, "is a white fluid that turns black when you put your hands in it."

Caesar's Last Words.

Brutus: "How many doughnuts did you eat?"

Caesar: "Et tu, Brutus."

Teacher: "Can you tell me how iron was discovered?"

Pupil: "I heard father say that they smelt it."

Old Salt: "Yes, sir, we've some fine boats around here; can steam twenty knots an hour."

Smart Alec: "I suppose they steam the knots so the sailors can untie them more easily."

Here and There.

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

—Ex.

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

—Ex.

A school paper's a great invention,
The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money,
And the staff gets all the blame.

Old Lady: "Can you tell me what time the train leaves for Chicago?"

"Two to two," snapped the agent.

Old Lady (indignantly): "Be you the whistle?"

Teacher (explaining problem): "If six boys eat a barrel of apples in twelve days, then twelve boys will eat them in six days.

Bright Youth: "Then, I suppose, if one ship crosses the ocean in ten days, ten ships would cross it in one day."

'23 Girl, who has been asked to look up the Geneva Award, "I couldn't find out anything about Geneva Alward."

We're Back
Again

THE B. H. S.

VOLUME I

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

EDITORIAL

Owing to the big snow storm at Christmas time we could not publish our "Tatler."

To begin with our well known reporter, Miss O'How-Wise, was snowed in at her home, two miles up the road above our beloved Hickville. This means, of course, that she could not get out to learn the goings-on about the town and give them to Luckless Jim, our printer and carrier.

All our staff had to do last month, was to sit around the office and read the Farmers' Almanac, besides trying to keep warm humped up over the stove, while the news-hungry public sat around and growled. What we want to know is, why some of these growlers didn't shovel out our star gossip and likewise do the same to their own door yards, so she could get into the homes and secure some happenings of the day.

If you don't come half way, we can't; besides, the subscriptions to our newspaper don't much more than buy the type. We can't run a first class paper on "hot air and cold potatoes," as the almanac says. Hoping this makes

DETECTIVES HAVE BAFFLING MYSTERY

Senior Recently Separated From His Recess Lunch. All Clues Digested.

Last week, at peace with all the world, Tranquil Walter Whittier strolled about the corridors on the second floor, after buying his daily Needham, and putting it safely in his coat pocket, to save it for the next period. At the bloodthirsty hour of day, 10.30, he was attacked by a gang of thieves. They first blindfolded him and tied his hands. They ransacked his pockets until they at last found the much sought after Needham and soon their teeth were devouring the treasure. Having committed this crime, they threw the child into an empty room so they could make their getaway. In a few minutes he was found by the House Detective, Sherlock Fairbanks, in a critical condition, lying there where he had been thrown by the murderous hands of the desperadoes.

clear to our more intelligent readers why our Christmas number was not published, we will proceed to tend to business.

He was crying pitifully as though his heart were breaking, and it was far into the fifth period when he could utter his sentiments. Then it was found out by the innocent bystanders what the excitement was about.

When asked if he had any idea who had mistreated him, all he could say was, "Don't know and don't want to."

All he seemed to be thinking of was his daily food, his Needham going so quickly out of his possession. Walter is now recuperating from the dreadful shock and will soon be quite normal again.

Both Constable Vivian Savage and Detective Fairbanks are on the case but no clues have been found. Constable Savage has come to the conclusion that the only finger prints were probably lapped hungrily from the Needham. Any facts or theories would be greatly appreciated by the officers. Much sympathy is extended to Walter over his recent bereavement.

TATLER

FEBRUARY, 1923

NUMBER 4

BOY LOSES HEAD

Flappers and Flirts Cause of Sky-High Jump

Benny Davis thought he would like to go to college, so a few weeks ago, he came back to take a practice college entrance examination. He was on the way to 210, thinking of such deep subjects, as Algebra, Solid Geometry, etc., when a freshman girlie passed him by. Benny lost his head. He turned and ran out of the building and over to Leavitt's to cool off. When he came back to earth, all he could

think of was that she was the prettiest girl he ever saw. He could not describe her exactly, except that she had blue eyes. So far he has not been able to find out who she is, although he has tried hard and consulted many students in all classes. On behalf of Ben and ourselves, we wish to locate the missing link in his happiness. If there is any girl in school that answers to this description, please notify him.

Lost: Bassey Largay on the City Hall floor, playing basketball. Will finder please return to the team as he is needed.

Lost: While coming to school the other day, Jean lost the curl in her golden locks. Will finder please return and receive reward.

For Sale: Needhams at Assembly Hall doors at recess. By speculating in them and getting them in carload lots, we are able to sell them 2 for 10 cents, or 5 cents each. Of course, at this low price, only one is allowed each person.

Battling Wilson vs.

Lightning Knowles.

Although Wilson is very much lighter this proves to be a good battle. This will be a "catch as catch can" battle and the boys are now in fine condition, after having cut down their rations. Wilson is claimed to be a limber bundle of muscle. Sporting Tips claims that this will be a chicken feast for Knowles.

Found: Someone studying in a study room. Although it seems improbable, it may be true. Who knows? Joe knows. We don't.

How Dee Doo

SPORTING DIPS

Snowshoeing by D. Wilson, '23.

Red Lynch vs. Touchy Short, inkwell golf.

Chief Lobley of Hose 23, will have a fire drill in the chemistry lab.

At 8 a. m., hear Red Tweedie sing, "Aw, Hurry Up With That Comb."

At recess, Bassey Largay will go on his daily tour tearing around, trying to get a bite of somebody's Needham.

A bath tub will be installed in the gym for the swimming team "tournament." Some fast dashes and plunges are expected.

Benson Davis has introduced himself into another promising line of sport since the football season has finished, for all remember what a success Ben was as a manager. Well, the other day, he introduced the little game of "Rummy" into the Chemistry Lab. The officials did not like the rules of the game and Ben was penalized for a two period loss and also sent to the office. We hope that you have better success in your next set of revised rules, Ben.

—LECTURE—

Assembly Hall,
on
"What Impression
Your Hair Should
Give."
Galen Veayo, '24.

D
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T
For the Personal
Department of
Oracle.

A Petition is going
around School to
contribute money to
K. McC., '24, for a
new pair of Gloves.
Please Sign.

1923

El Palacio de B. H. S.

Daily
Shows
from
8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

A REGINALD WILSON
in
"Every Day in Every Way, I'm
Getting Bigger and Bigger."

B —BOXING—
Attraction for the Month,
"Knock Out" Staples, '26
vs.
"Kid" Leach.

C	The	SEE	The
	Best	Bob Martin	Best
	Ever	in His Latest,	Ever
		"IF I WERE KING."	

D BENEFIT DANCE,
Assembly Hall of B. H. S.,
Friday, February —,
Music Furnished by
R. Munce, '26,
FAMOUS ORCHESTRA.

E VAUDEVILLE
C. O., '24, and S. S., '24,
in
"THE TWIN SISTERS."

F —OVERTURE—
Oh! Where, Oh! Where, Have
All Our A's Gone,
by
School.

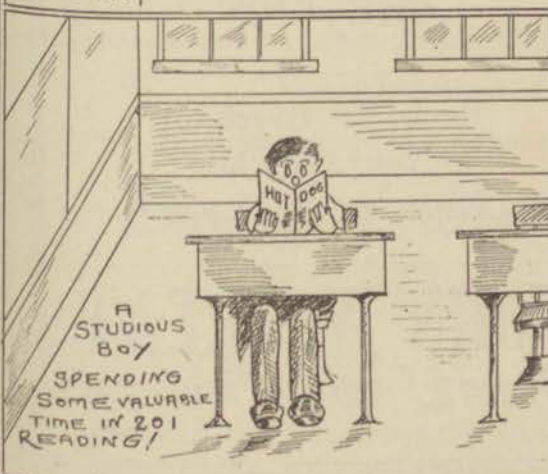
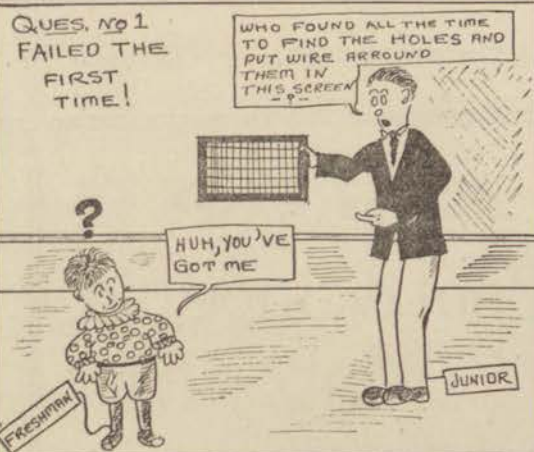
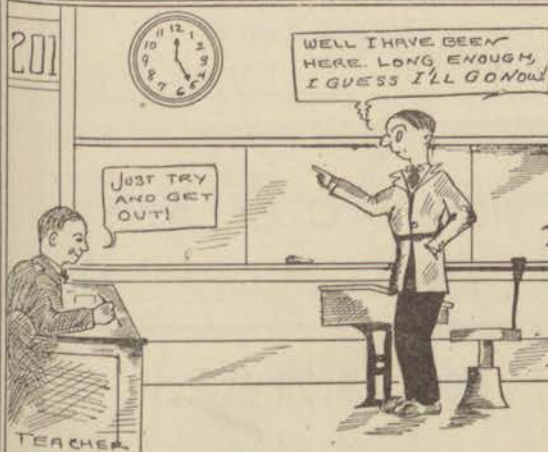
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Free Lessons
on
"HOW TO BE
EFFICIENT,"
"Fat" Sawyer.
RECESS.

ASK
D. Kennedy, '26,
Why he isn't a
Pincushion.
Signed R. T.

—THEME—
"The Abraham
Lincoln of Today,"
by
A. Rubin, '25.

BHS SNAP SHOTS



-BY- BENJ. D. ROSEN '34

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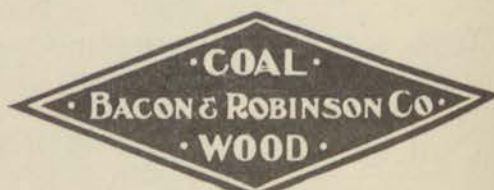
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