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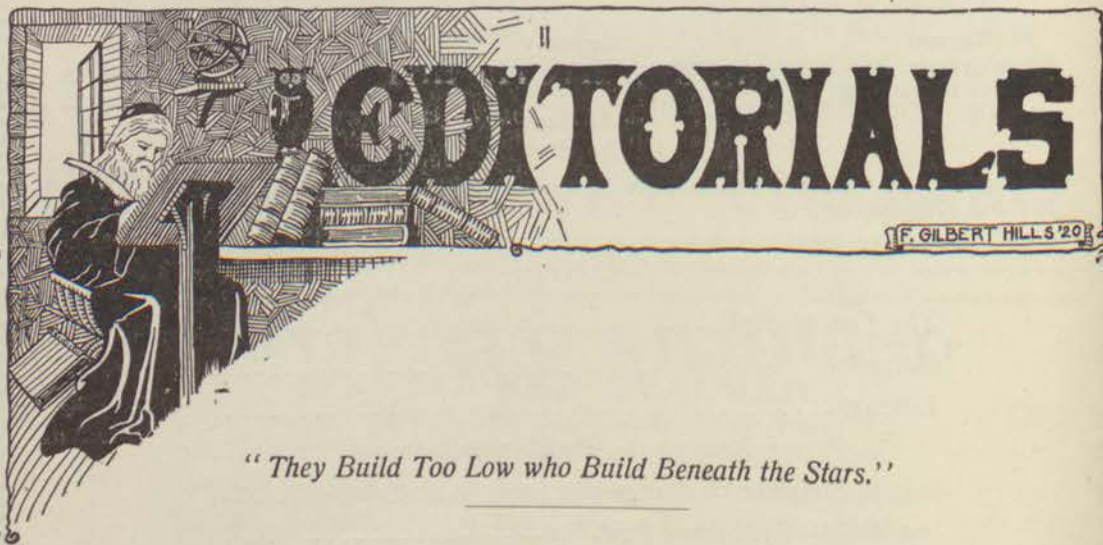
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"They Build Too Low who Build Beneath the Stars."

At the age of seven, Lord Macauley in 1807, wrote a compendium of the history **Freshmen**, of the world from the Creation.

Can You Match This? At the age of eight, Mrs. Browning could read Homer in the original.

At the age of ten, Jane Welsh, being told that a girl who was able to read Virgil was too old to have a doll, determined to put it away. She constructed a funeral pyre, and having placed the doll on top, she recited the dying words of Queen Dido: "Vixi et quem dederst ansum fortuna peregi," etc.

At the age of eleven, Ruskin says: "In the intervals of my Greek lessons I drew maps or copied 'Cruikshank's Illustrations to Grimm's Tales,' which I did with great and—to most people now—incredible exactness."

At the age of twelve, Sir William Rowan Hamilton, astronomer and mathematician,

had learned Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Sanscrit, Arabic, Hebrew, and Persian, and had a Syriac grammar ready for publication.

Extract from a London Paper.

The daylight saving system as applied in 1920 proved, as we all know, a complete failure in more ways than one. We all decided then that the plan of adopting it in each municipality separately and not by the country at large was troublesome and inefficient.

It has been found out that about 85 per cent. of the people living in the Eastern time zone really would like to have daylight saving, providing it was properly managed. Federal legislation has, by the introduction of the Edge bill, made a start in that direction. This bill provides that

daylight saving shall apply only to the Eastern time zone, leaving the other zones to continue as they are now. This is assuredly an excellent plan and is one that ought to gain popularity, among New Englanders especially, as the time for its inauguration approaches. Another admirable point in this bill is that it does away with April and October in which months the disadvantages of such a system are clearly evident. Let us hope that this bill will have an early passage in both branches of Congress in order that we may have daylight saving in 1921.

H. N.

The question of disarmament is one which will probably be the Republican Administration's first problem.

Disarm- The decision of so vital a matter
ament interests not only us but also the entire world. The United States is not the only country which is building an enormous navy; Great Britain and Japan are also preparing for future wars but both have appropriated little money in comparison with America. It seems apparently to be a race for armament in which three of the strongest nations of the world are competing.

This excess building of ships and naval armament by these countries or by any country will tend to cause financial ruin, increase the desire for war and promote anarchy and Bolshevism. The present attitude of the United States is surely offensive to the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations; according to the Japanese press this attitude is the only reason why Japan is increasing her navy. England has already begun to cut down her navy and if she does there is no reason why we should not. A condition, such as has now arisen, is one which breeds suspicions among other countries and is one that everyone tries to avoid. The United States must disarm in order to save her own self from bankruptcy and to lead the way for promoting the general welfare of the world. It is up to the

Republicans to start their administration right by reducing greatly the appropriation for our Navy.

H. N.

Theodore Roosevelt passed, perhaps, the most varied and interesting life of any prominent American since the days of Daniel Boone and Captain Kidd. Gaining health by leading the life of a cowboy for a number of years, he found himself in fit condition for the months of labor and adventure as colonel of the "Rough Riders," who played so important a part in the Spanish war. Always a leader of men, he proved to be as competent to sit at the head of the United States government as to ride at full gallop in the lead of those valiant and skillful "boys" of the West.

"The man who did not fear"—it was that greatness of courage that kept him alike from turning from the dangers of the Amazon jungles with their immense reptiles and still more deadly insects, and of the African morasses, with their monstrous lions and hideous water beasts. It was that greatness of mental courage that kept him from temptation in political matters—always as he thought best for the public good, not as many other crafty politicians with an eye and a tongue to their own weal, would have seen it.

His writings are full of red-blooded adventure and interest, yet with an open eye for the beauties of nature. These characteristics were inherent in this great man and must have developed at an early age, as is shown by the following essay of which we were extremely fortunate in obtaining a copy. It was written by Roosevelt during his school days and the original copy is in the possession of a Bangor man:

A Trip to the Adirondacs

Last summer I spent a fortnight in the Adirondacks, where, judging from my success on a fishing expedition two years ago, I expected to have capital sport. To pro-

cure camping materials, etc., I first went to Smith's Hotel, which lies on the borders of the wilderness, and was once a famous resort of New York sportsmen, but is now merely the summer residence of numbers of invalids. There I hired a guide and immediately started for my old fishing grounds. Our outfit was of the simplest, consisting of a canoe, our rifles and rods, two blankets, a kettle, a gridiron, a package of tea, and some biscuits. Of course, we were thus dependent for our food upon what we shot or caught; and so it was with no small chagrin, that we found the trout would not bite. This was probably owing to the fact that the brooks were much swollen by recent rains; or, possibly, to our unskillful fishing. But, be that as it may, the fact remained that we were unable to supply ourselves by means of our rods.

Although I had brought my rifle with me, I had not intended to shoot, game being out of season but after subsisting for 24 hours on two trout and a few biscuits, my

resolution gave way, and I determined, in spite of the game laws, to shoot a deer. That there were deer in the vicinity, we were well assured by the quantity of fresh tracks seen along the river banks. At this season they come down at night to feed on the lily pads which grow in shallow water, and are then hunted by means of a "jack," or dark lantern. This is placed in the bow of a canoe, into which two people get,—one in the stern to paddle, and one in the bow to shoot. When a deer is seen, the paddler must drive the boat up to him with great speed and perfect silence; as long as there is no noise the animal appears to be fascinated by the light, and stands gazing stupidly at it, until it is too late to retreat.

The first night we tried this kind of shooting, we killed a buck; after that our luck in fishing changed also, and we lived in plenty until the time came to break camp and return to civilization.

—Theodore Roosevelt.





"A Multitude of Books Distracts the Mind."

A PAYING ADVENTURE

By Henry S. Dowst, '22.

JACKSON and I parted the bushes and started up the steep-sided ravine. Indicating the well worn ground, he said, "Well, kids, this looks like it might be the right track."

"After hunting two weeks we ought to strike something," I replied.

"Better get your rifle ready for action. These moonshiners are no fakes when it comes to shooting."

Presently we heard loud voices and, in a moment, emerging from the ravine, we saw the moonshiners' camp in a little basin, down below us. Jackson whispered to me, "Doesn't that look good to you? Well, there is no time like the present, so here goes." With a quick motion, he threw up his rifle and stepped into full view of the moonshiners and I followed.

"The revenue agents!" they yelled with one accord.

"Steady, all of you. Reach for the sky," Jackson commanded. Five of them obeyed but a sixth one, who had been crouching by a barrel, quickly fired, hitting Jackson in the right shoulder. He would have fired again, but I came to life and got him. With a scream the man dropped. Jackson's right arm was out of commission so I covered the other moonshiners. They were a mighty hard looking bunch, but were docile enough under a gun. One of

them grinned, "You and that other fellow sure do think you're smart, don't you? How in tarnation did you find this place, anyway?"

"I bet some one put 'em wise to it. Shouldn't be surprised if it was Larry Colts. I'll fix him good if it was."

"Well, what are you keeping us standing here for? My arms are getting tired," spoke a third one.

"You'll be one tired bunch all right, before the government gets through with you," Jackson informed them. "Let's tie them up, Bill," he said to me.

The moonshiners did not seem to be taking things very seriously. One of them asked Jackson for a chew of tobacco.

"Sorry, but I don't use it," Jackson said.

At this moment I happened to look across to the opposite side of the basin. A man was just raising a rifle to his shoulder. Immediately I fired, splitting his rifle stock and crippling his arm. He started to run, but I called, "Halt, or I'll fire again, and if I do I won't be so precious careful of your hide."

"You win, partner. I wish I knowed how to handle a gun like you do," he answered, admiringly.

Another of the moonshiners spoke up, "You two guys sure have got a big nerve to come looking for the Duke gang. Don't you know we're an awful hard bunch?"

And turning to me, "You look like a baby just off your mammy's apron strings."

"I may look young and be young, but my looks can't do you fellows any good in your present fix."

They advanced. Jackson tied them up with his left hand, with a little help from me. One of them tensed the muscles in his hands while being tied.

"Here, you, none of that. You can't pull any slip stunts around here," I told him. "Hold those hands natural."

When we got them tied Jackson walked around and took a look at the still.

"Whew!" he exclaimed. "Enough 'White Lightning' in this camp to kill an army. Smell that." He held up a demi-john of corn whiskey.

"Some pep to that," I said.

"You bet we make good stuff," said one of the moonshiners.

After examining the camp we started down the ravine. We had gone a little distance when one of the men started to run up the side of the ravine. He had somehow worked his hands loose but he

was unarmed. However, he did start a big boulder rolling down the ravine.

"Look out, Jackson!" I yelled, and the stone just missed him.

"That's enough," I said, and taking aim at the man's right leg, I fired. He dropped and came rolling down the hill. He rolled in among the others, knocking over several of them. Picking himself up, he grunted, "I ought to have known better than to try that. I am glad you only nicked me, though."

"Of course you should have known better than to trifle with a revenue officer," said Jackson.

From then on everything went all right and Jackson rode off for the county sheriff. He came back in several hours and we soon had the moonshiners in jail, where they got all that was coming to them.

Jackson went back to Washington and I went home. It was several weeks later that I received a long, yellow envelope, marked U. S. Secret Service, and that envelope contains a check that made it a paying adventure.

A SINGULAR WEDDING

By Le Roy A. Campbell, '22.

Characters:

The minister, Rev. Mr. Haskell.

The minister's wife.

The minister's daughter, Maggie.

A young man.

A young woman.

Setting: A village parsonage that is being repaired by its occupant, the minister.

SCENE I. Room of Parsonage.

Enter minister in work clothes, with paint-pail and step-ladder.

Minister: Now, let me see, I guess that I may as well keep on where I left off. Perhaps, if nothing hinders, I can finish this room by night.

(Enter minister's daughter).

Dau.: Here is a letter for you, papa, that the mailman just left.

Min.: Lay it there on the table, please, and I will read it after I get through paint-

ing here. How do you like the new paint that papa is putting on?

Dau.: Oh, it's going to look lots better than the old, but it makes the floor and everything awful dirty, doesn't it?

(Door bell rings loudly).

Min.: Run and answer the bell, Maggie, so that I won't have to climb down from the ladder. (Exit Maggie). With everything in such an upset condition I really hope it isn't a ministerial call. However, we ought to be patient and do our best whatever happens.

(Re-enter Maggie).

Dau.: O papa! There is a man that wants to see you.

Min.: Is he alone?

Dau.: Yes. No, there is a car but he is the only one that came to the door.

Min.: All right, I'll go out just as soon

as I can slip off these overalls. (Exit both).

SCENE II.

Same.

Enter minister, young man and woman.

Min.: Possibly the one that came just a short time ago is from you. Breaks open the letter and reads.

Y. man: If it is, it must have been delayed. I mailed the letter almost a week ago. I am sorry the word failed to reach you. We have made our arrangements for the wedding today.

Min.: This is your letter to be sure. Pause. I have been repairing my house lately so that things are extremely out of order, but if you can endure the circumstances I shall be glad to perform the ceremony.

Y. woman: Everything is all right, pastor. It is very kind of you to oblige us when you are so busy.

Min.: Now, if you will please excuse me for a few moments, I will make ready. (Exit).

Y. man: I don't see why that letter was delayed, do you, Bertha?

Y. woman: No, but such things do happen when least expected. It is too bad for us to come in so unexpectedly upon him. Ministers must have a great deal of patience to put up with trials the way they do. Will you have as much patience with me, dearie, when things are going roughly?

Y. man: Oh, yes, Bertha, nothing ever ruffles me, whatever may happen.

Y. woman: Oh, I am so glad. It will be so much easier to get along with a husband of that kind, especially when accidents occur. Oh, see what a pretty kitten that is! I wish we could have one like her when we get to keeping house.

Y. man: She looks as though she were frightened of us. Really, Bertha, I never dreamed that you would frighten a cat. It can't be you, perhaps it is the surroundings, or perhaps it's—

Y. woman: Or perhaps, dearie, it is you

that the poor little kitten has her eye upon. I ought to hold her in my lap and quiet her until she becomes accustomed to your appearance. Oh, see, she is so frightened of you that she is climbing the ladder to get out of your reach. Quick, Robert, catch the ladder, it's falling!

Y. man: There, I guess you have her in your lap now all right. That is just the way with a good-for-nothing cat; they are always getting into something or doing something they ought not to. What are we ever going to do? There you are all spattered over with paint. If that was my cat it would be the last time she ever did the like. I'd kill her before she had a chance to do it again. What are we going to do? Your wedding dress is spoiled. And here is some spattered on me even. What—?

(Enter minister).

Min.: Why! What has happened?

Y. man: Oh, nothing, nothing much! Just that cat of yours came in, climbed up the ladder, fell over into the paint-pail and then jumped up into Bertha's lap and shook herself, that's all.

(Enter Maggie, minister's daughter).

Dau.: Oh, papa, what did you cover my poor little kitty all over with paint for? You've frightened her so that she won't stay in the house. Why! papa! and your visitor is painted, too!

Min.: Never mind, Maggie, it is all an accident. Run and ask mother to come and help wash it off. (Exit Maggie). I am so sorry that this has happened. I don't know whether we can ever get it off or not. Inside paint is much stickier and more difficult to wash off than the kinds used outside.

Y. woman: Don't feel so badly about it, pastor, it will wash off all right, and besides accidents will occur. We'll just be calm and unruffled and everything will be all right.

Y. man: That's right, Bertha, you are the best sport after all!

(Enter minister's wife with water and towels, and Maggie).

Wife: Friends, I am sorry that my husband has committed such a breach in his holy office. I pray that you will forgive his carelessness.

Y. man: Your husband is not to blame, it is the mail service. Our letter was delayed. Don't be too particular, Mrs. Haskel, just wash off the heaviest. (Pause). There. Now here is a little on my coat. That's good, thank you.

Y. woman: It is very kind of you, Mrs.

Haskel, to go to so much trouble on our account.

Wife: You are very welcome. I only hope your dress isn't ruined.

Y. man: Now, pastor, I think we are ready.

Min.: Then let us withdraw to the next room for the ceremony.

(Exit minister, young man and woman).

Dau.: Mamma, does papa always paint the bride when they come to be married?

(Exit).

GOLD

By Henry Paul, '21.



THE red-hot desert sun hung in the copper sky like an immense ball of fire. Its blinding rays fell upon the dry sands and torpid air of the desert, heating them as if by a giant furnace. For miles and miles, away off in the horizon, the desert stretched—a vast expanse, broken only here and there by scant signs of vegetation. Birds of prey, flapping their wings in the dry atmosphere, were describing circles over the bodies of two human beings, ready to swoop down upon them as soon as the last spark of life should be extinct. Like the jaws of a mighty vise, the desert gripped its victims and held them. The desert stretched out before them, sinister, hard and unyielding.

Situated on a plateau between one of the lower chains of the Sierras was this Arroyo desert. The mere mention of the word, Arroyo, brought terror to the mind, so fatal had it been to those who had ventured to enter it. One may then ask, "Why should anyone enter it?" The answer would be "Gold." The deadliness of the Arroyo desert was equaled only by its abundance of gold. The famous "Lost Mine" had yielded nuggets as large as a man's fist. From time to time men would emerge from the desert laden with gold, but telling the

most horrible tales of terrible suffering.

However, there were a few who dared put their prowess against its power. Among these were James Ferguson and Robert Jameson. Both had been prospectors most of their lives and they fully appreciated the peril of the desert. But the lure of the gold, overpowering everything, spurred them on, and with the determination to find the "Lost Mine" at any cost, they loaded their pack mules with water and set out.

For the first three days everything had gone well with the hardy prospectors, but on the fourth morning Ferguson, the first to awake, found that two of the water casks had sprung leaks. Under the casks was a moist spot on the sand where the precious water had dribbled out. Ferguson emitted a sharp cry of pain and called Jameson. For a second they were stunned; a sudden numbness seized them. Then slowly the full extent of their predicament began to dawn on them. Lost in the Arroyo desert with only sufficient water for twelve hours!

That day passed every minute like an hour. At night their fevers subsided a trifle only to let them contemplate with horror the morrow. The next day dawned hotter even than the preceding one. Jame-

son fainted and with heavy hands, Ferguson strapped him to the pack mule. Leading the mule, he plodded on and on. Oh, for a drop of water! To his half-closed eyes, came a vision of waves, overlapping each other, approaching him. He bent to drink and stumbled to the sand. It was a mirage—the torture of the desert. Then, of a sudden, his feverish eyes lit up with a peculiar light. He stumbled to his

feet with difficulty. By that seventh sense which every prospector has, he sensed that he was approaching something. "Water! Water!" he prayed. He groped on for a few yards more, he felt his foot come in contact with something hard. He bent over and grasped it.

"Gold!" he cried, with an oath. "Gold—gold—gold!" and he threw the nugget from him.

"TREASURE ISLAND"

A la Max Sennett, the State hospital, and Sing Sing prison.

Dedicated with sincere and humble apologies to R. L. Stevenson, to the author's parents, who have stood him so many years, and to his French teacher, in hopes of "pullin'" an "A" next quarter.

The editors wish to state that this masterpiece is known as "Padded Cell" literature. They admit that this is the most powerful, soul stirring, heart rending adventure of the year. In fourteen great episodes, the final ending next month. An intensive story in which the red blooded students will be more than interested, for throughout the pages of the story, the name of a maiden doth not appear—a vast relief, indeed. Pull up yer chairs an' we'll begin.

Square Greenlawney, Dr. Livesey, M. D., D. D. and P. D., and the rest of the gang, having asked me to scribble down the particulars about Treasure Island, from reel one to the final close up, keeping nothing back but the swearing on the island, I wind myself around my H2Oman in the year of disgrace 19—, and go back to the time when my papa kept the "Corporal Benbow" in the year 17—, and the old sea man, with the safety razor cut, first placed his number elevens under our bar.

I remember him as if it were Christmas vacation, as he came plodding up to the window, the man with two chests, one with a one inch expansion, the other, a cedar

one, behind on a wheelbarrow. I remember him because of a sweet, native folk song that he sang so often afterwards:

"Fifteen men on a red man rest,
Yo-ho-ho, and a package of gum!"

Then he rapped on the bar with his Ever Sharp pencil and demanded with his usual recklessness, a glass of Orange Crush.

"This is a handy cove," said he, "much company?"

"Nop," said my father, "not since the authorities closed us up."

"Well, then," said he, "this is the joint for yours truly,"—dragging his chest (the cedar one), under the ice cream stand, where he was to sleep while he was with us, eating mother's turnless turnovers and cookless cookies.

He was a silent hombre (Spanish) by custom—a rather disagreeable chap, carrying a brass X-ray under his arm whenever he went out. His name was William Bones, but we called him Whispering Willie as a pet name, owing to his wild old folk song—a most disagreeable man, indeed, paying me a nickel a month to watch out for a one-legged homme (French) with a wooden pin.

How that personage haunted my dreams I need scarcely tell you. On stormy nights, when the wind shook the four corners of the house, I would dream of this "feller," until I would wake up as early as 11.30 in the morning, instead of 12.45, my usual rising hour.

Time passed, my father was taken ill. Whispering Willie was still with us, though not in his usual good health. He had swooned away one evening and would have fainted if Dr. Livesey, M. D., D. D. and P. D., had not been there. The M. D., D. D. and P. D., told Willie to cut out the Orange Crushes or he might just as well give the rest of his season ticket for the Symphony Pop to the author (meaning me).

* * * * *

We might as well call this Chapter II.

It was not very long after this that there occurred the first of the mysterious events that got us rid at last of the captain (I forgot to say that he was a Capt. R. O. T. C.), though not, as you will see, if you have any intelligence, the last of his affairs.

It was one January morning, very early, when the parlor door opened, and a (what is the word for "man" in Latin?) entered, and after wiping his muddy shoes on our lace curtains, asked for W. W. I noticed that he did not have a wooden leg, so I quoth that Willie was out on the golf course, shooting crap.

I gave him a few directions, but he did not need them, because the Capt. entered just then and the stranger, Black Hog, parleyed with the R. O. T. C. a few minutes. After a time W. W. got rather nasty, and attacked Dirty—I mean Black Hog—with

his cutlass. S'all right, dear reader, don't get excited, no one was hurt, because the Hog—I don't like that word, let's call him Frog—escaped.

* * * * *

Chapter III, IV, and V (I guess).

Note—As the author is receiving twenty sous a word, the business manager, Mr. Dearborn, has asked him to cut down the number of words. It's tough luck, I admit.

I forgot to say that Old W. W. had another attack in Chapter II, so in Chapter III he was in bed, owing to the said attack. As he lay there and lied to me, I really pitied the old fellow.

Muttered he, "It's my chest (the cedar one), that they want. If any one comes for it, take this seven cents, and beat it by way of the B. R. & E., and get the M. D."

Then poor father died and mother (notice that I haven't spoken of a girl yet, which is saying SOMETHING), and I had charge of the inn. Old Billie was worse.

So time passed, the day after the funeral I was in the yard playing skip rope, when I saw Old Nero. He grabbed me, and said to present his compliments to the Capt. R. O. T. C., then to conduct him to Willie P. D. Q.

I gotta stop here, dear reader, and get my Geom. The next installment is a peach, well worth the price of the magazine.

THE BRAVERY OF YVONNE

By Julia Johnson.



THE little village of Soissons had been in a state of restless anxiety for a week. The sound of battle had grown louder and louder each day, and most everyone knew that the little company of brave French sons, which had been sent out against the on-rushing Germans, must soon be exhausted, leaving the village in the merciless path of the gray hordes. At last it was impossible to stay longer. A

few straggling soldiers, finding their way back to the village, sorrowfully urged that every man, woman and child leave the town at once, before it should be too late. The great bell in the church was rung and after three hours of constant rumbling through the streets the last peasant had hastily departed.

But no! Three people remained in that deserted village. In a luxurious room, in a beautiful little chateau, a sweet-faced girl

of about sixteen years, was vainly trying to comfort her invalid mother, who on account of her age and the seriousness of her disease, could never have survived the hardships of the journey in safety. Six months before Yvonne Depre had completed her four years' course of music at the famous French Conservatory, and having been graduated with the highest honor that the institution could bestow, had returned home to build up her mother's poor health. And now the Germans were upon them!

In spite of the pleadings of her mother to hasten on and save herself, Yvonne persisted in standing by to the end. With their certificate of safety, she urged that the Huns would not dare to harm them, and, without a doubt, their enemy would soon be forced back by the soldiers in the next town, six miles to the west. So, in this way, she somewhat quieted her mother and Marie, the faithful nurse, explaining that she could dress as a child and thus escape the notice of the Germans.

Not a moment was to be lost! Already the few French soldiers who remained were fleeing toward safety. Just as Yvonne finished her make-up, there was a great stamping and hoarse shouting outside at the door. Commanding the terrified nurse to open the door and show the certificate of safety, Yvonne crept to her mother's room, locking the door on the outside. Then she crouched by the stairway to see what was happening below.

When the nurse first opened the door, six brutal looking Huns threw her aside and started to search through the room but as soon as the leader read the certificate, his manner changed instantly, and he ordered the others to stand outside the house. Then, politely helping the nurse to her feet, he explained that he would have to see the sick lady and her daughter and afterwards search the house as he must be sure that no one was hidden there.

Yvonne listened with beating heart to all this, but realizing that it would be useless

to disobey orders, she unlocked the door of the room. In stalked the German. He eyed them contemptuously a moment, then quickly searched every corner of the room. This done, he ordered them to prepare his dinner, turned to the horrified nurse, and with the threatening remark, "See that there is plenty of wine!" left them staring wild-eyed at one another.

That night a wonderful dinner was prepared for three of the officers. The finest wine, in which had been placed a sleeping potion, was placed before the gloating eyes of the Germans. As Yvonne went in and out, waiting on them, she caught little snatches of what they were talking about. As well as she could figure it out, their plans were to make a surprise attack on the next village at midnight. Then she had an idea.

At the very end of her garden, hidden under a rock, was a telegraph station and Marie knew the code. Why couldn't she warn the village of the attack if the three officers, and the sentinel could be kept in the house until she had time to send the message?

There was nothing else to do, and after holding a whispered conversation with Marie, she went into the salon and started playing on the piano some soothing melody. Then, just as she expected, in stumbled the officers, staring, speechless, at the producer of these wonderful sounds. As the effect of the drug stole upon them, one by one, they crumpled to the floor and noisily snored like so many horses.

The sentinel, attracted by the music, glanced in at the door. Upon seeing the wine on the table, he made one rush for it and in a few minutes was in the same condition as the others.

Now was the chance for Marie to carry out her part! With her fingers fairly flying over the keys and pounding with all her might, Yvonne in this way, gave the signal for Marie to leave the house, and

although her hands were very tired, she played on and on until Marie reappeared.

Soon, however, the officers aroused themselves. They rushed out to signal that the attack on the next village should begin. The three women waited for hours in nerve racking suspense, when suddenly the Germans rushed madly through the town, closely followed by the French. The officer who remained in the house now knew he had been betrayed and with a face dis-

torted with rage, he grasped Yvonne by the hand.

* * * * *

Yvonne now wears a medal of the Legion of Honor as a reward for her bravery and although a long white scar runs across the palm of each hand, her fingers run as lightly as ever over the keys, soothing with sweet melodies of Peace the harrowing memories of War.

THE MYSTERY SHIP

By Wade A. White, '22.



ONE of the things that helped make life miserable for the U-boats was the mystery ships, which would bob up anywhere, the submarines were especially persistent in their torpedoing.

Our ship, got up for the occasion, certainly would fool anyone not acquainted with her. She was painted a dark gray, with large white letters on her bow and stern proclaiming her to be the "George W. Waltham, Boston, U. S. A." She had been a merchantman before the war and all the change that had been made was to install the guns and "camouflaging" screens that hid them. These screens were hung on hinges and counterbalanced by weights so that their movement could be accomplished very quickly and almost noiselessly. They were controlled by means of a small electrical device, operated either from the bridge or from the gun that the screen hid. The men were well drilled and knew their position in action and just what to do when a submarine was sighted.

We got word one day that the submarines were getting thick in a certain place, and we, therefore, moved out to that place. We steamed slowly back and forth, keeping a sharp lookout for the enemy. In about two hours we sighted a periscope. We were just about to turn about and steam back over our course but we kept on

so as to lure the submarine to the surface. We slowed our speed down so as to make it easier for the submarine to catch up.

Pretty soon the submarine came up. It looked as if they were undecided whether to torpedo us or not. All this time the gun crews had been lying in wait at their pieces. Each piece was trained on the submarine as nearly as possible. We got the range from the man operating the range finder, hidden on the bridge. My piece was a four inch rifle, that is, it took a shell four inches in diameter. Finally, they came to the conclusion that they had rather give us a taste of what their deck gun could do before torpedoing us, so they opened fire.

We hastily manned our two-inch signal gun at the stern and answered their shots. Of course it was of no use to use this gun, for they knocked it off its foundation with one well directed shot. At last, the submarine began to manoeuvre for an advantageous position from which to fire the torpedo. Then came the panic scene. Everyone—at least, it looked that way—rushed for the boats. After a good deal of fuss the boats got clear, leaving the decks bare. No one was in sight.

As the submarine got into position the captain gave the order for me to shoot. I quickly dropped the screen in front of my gun and landed a four inch shell just below her water line. In the next three minutes

I landed six more shells somewhere on her. Then a six inch high explosive shell landed just below her water line and she began to sink fast. Five minutes later she disappeared beneath the waves.

In a half hour we had picked up all of our boats. In two hours we had the small gun back on its carriage and repaired. We hung around for almost a week longer waiting for another submarine to appear. We seemed to have run out of luck for the remainder of that trip, when we sighted another periscope. Again, all was preparation. The guns were manned and all was made ready.

We greeted this one with a hail of machine gun bullets, which of course, had no effect on it except to keep the crew below decks. This submarine did not try to exchange shots with us, but at once began to

manoeuvre for a position favorable for discharging a torpedo. The captain gave the word and a six-inch shell whistled over the water. It just missed its mark and plunged into the sea.

The submarine started to submerge but a lucky shot put its periscope out of commission, forcing it to come up and fight it out. Next, two six-inch shells loaded with T. N. T., hit the base of the conning tower simultaneously, and tore a big hole in her deck. The six-inch shells soon finished the work and we had another submarine added to our list.

By then we were forced to make for port in order to get more coal. Thus ended that cruise. We had had good luck, getting two subs and coming through without any serious injury to ourselves.

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICANS

By Herbert C. Glass, '21.



S Dick Foster made his way home to supper on the evening of November eleventh, his mind was busy with the complicated events that were crowding upon him. Dick had just been discharged from the army after eighteen months of gallant service and he had come home with the firm intention of securing a well earned rest. The town in which he lived, was composed mostly of foreigners, who worked in the two mills, which kept the town on the map. About two weeks after his arrival, the smaller mill closed, throwing about three thousand men out of work. The effect of prohibition had not yet reached this section and the majority of the men, thus left unemployed, were intoxicated during a greater part of the time.

The level headed American population realized that trouble was brewing and they formed a committee which applied to the state militia for aid. The state was busy with affairs of such great importance that

until rioting itself started, no aid could be given.

Then, as all Americans rise to great occasions, they banded themselves together and swore to uphold order and protect their homes. Because of his ability as a leader, Dick was appointed to govern the small force, which was to preserve order. He immediately appointed several men to mingle quietly with the foreigners and if the worst came they were to spread the alarm by ringing the town hall bell nine times. They decided if it came to a fight they would shelter the women and children in a large stone barn, which at one time had been a powder-house for one of the mills. On his way home after the meeting, Dick learned that the second mill had closed that evening, throwing five thousand more men out of work.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Out of the deep silence of the night nine clear cut echoes cut the air, spreading fear and disorder within the radius of its sound! Rous-

ing from a sound sleep in a chair, Dick awoke his mother who, through nervous exhaustion, had fallen asleep. Hurrying along by a back road they soon arrived at a stone barn, where the women and children were flocking from the neighborhood. After they had all arrived the great steel doors were closed and securely fastened. Dick breathed a sigh of relief. He was now dealing with men as he had done for eighteen months.

"Now, then, who sent out the alarm?" asked Dick.

"I did, Dick," said a neighbor, stepping from the crowd. "They are going to burn the mills and pillage the town."

"Fellow citizens," said Dick, "we will try and settle this by mild means but if we can't, we **MUST** fight." Leaving a few to guard the refugees, the main body moved toward the town.

Suddenly the sky became red from a burst of flames and from the distance came hoarse shouts and sounds of disorder.

"It is too late," said Dick, "we must fight; arbitration with a crowd of maniacs is useless." Taking advantage of a long stone wall, he placed the main body, in fighting position, behind it. Then, with about a dozen men, he advanced upon the crazed crowd for a conference. The conference was short and fatal. Dick and his followers were fired upon and then pursued until they came upon the main body, where the real fight began.

The small body had the advantage of being behind the stone wall and, providing ammunition held out, they could successfully withstand the attack. The cries and groans told the small force that their shots were finding marks while those of the drunken mob whistled harmlessly overhead. Suddenly, the stone wall was swept by a brilliant light. The clearer heads of the mob had secured the searchlight on the mill and were using it to a good advantage, but the light lasted only for a minute as some marksman shattered the bulb. The light cost Dick one of his men; a young fellow who had exposed himself and a stray bullet found its way into his chest. His death was the only one on the side of the defenders and he, poor fellow, was a half-wit, who should have been in the barn but under the cover of darkness, he had joined the force armed only with a bean shooter. The ammunition of the defenders was getting dangerously low and they prepared to retreat to the stone stable and make a final stand. Just as Dick was going to give the command for the retreat, which would be dangerous on account of the field of bullets whistling by overhead, there came upon the breeze the crisp notes of a bugle and a long line of horsemen swept upon the foreigners, dispersing them in all directions. The fight was over and military rule was established in the town where the usual American spirit had risen to the great emergency for which we must all prepare.

THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR

By John White, '22.



ANOTHER Bible prophecy has come true! Man can fly in the air like a bird! For ages all people have looked upon flying as an impossible achievement. But, less than a dozen years ago the flying machine was invented. It was, no doubt, at that time a very awkward and dangerous piece of machinery. The im-

provement on these machines was very slow for a long while. No one imagined that some day the aeroplane might be an important factor in our lives; no one believed that the use of the airship would extend beyond an exhibition of inventive genius, at a county fair.

But the great World War came and science made great efforts to make a ma-

chine which would be of use in the great conflict. In a very short time aeronautics became an extremely important factor in the war. They were used with considerable success by both sides. Many authorities had begun to believe that the war must be won in the air. Perhaps it was.

When the fighting ceased and science had to return to the problems of peace, the airship at once became a great subject for discussion. In order that the great number of motors and machines under construction should not be wasted, plans were entered upon for mail routes in the air. Later, pleasure routes for private machines were mapped out in England. These routes, which are under severe government inspection, have aviation fields in nearly every large town in England and southern Scotland.

But the greatest and most wonderful of all air achievements has just been accomplished. An American naval aviator has succeeded in crossing the Atlantic ocean. In less than seventeen hours after he left

the American shore, he landed in the Azores more than thirteen hundred miles away. This feat is believed by many to be the beginning of a regular trans-Atlantic air route, which may carry both passengers and baggage.

The success of aeronautics is not due to one country or two; but several nations, including France, United States, Italy, England and Germany, have contributed much. America at the present time is the producer of the foremost aeroplane motor. France specializes in small and fast machines while Germany believes in the supremacy of the dirigible type. English wings are claimed to be very good. Italy makes good machines, which have a large seating capacity. Of course there are other countries which have likewise helped to fulfill the ancient prophecy and bring about the conquest of the air. With the realization of this gigantic accomplishment, man must come nearer to the decision, that the Bible is the word of truth, and that another impossible thing has come to pass.

JIMMY DE SQUIRM

By Emily Miller, '22.



O, no," protested Harlow, impatiently, "you only have to keep him until after the game. I wouldn't expect you to kill a man for five hundred dollars."

"I gets youse, Stevie," nodded Bacon, sinking lower in his chair and pulling his greasy cap further over his unshaven face. "I'll let Rose and de Simp in on de deal. You'll give me five hundred and I'll pass dem a hundred apiece. Dat all?"

"Yes, five hundred if you keep Wingate out of the Yale game," promised Harlow, getting up. "If you fail,— Well, it won't be best for you. Call up the Simp now and get Wingate while the getting's good."

Harlow departed and Bacon went into the next room to telephone. Everyone makes

mistakes. Braddock made one when he refused the advice of a young American general and paid with his life; Napoleon made one and forfeited his liberty; Bacon made one and forfeited five hundred dollars. Bacon forgot to remember that between this shop and the workshop of the old violin maker there was an open chimney hole, so he spoke more loudly than he should have. In that shop was the younger sister of the Harvard football captain. Halcyon McNeil had sat down violently on her violin and, being a fairly heavy young person, had cracked it clear across. While she waited she was electrified by the following conversation:

"Hello, Simp!—Bacon. Say, Simp, who's your money on?—Good. Object to an extra hundred?—Oh, easy. Putting

Wingate on the blink.—Can't explain over the 'phone. Be at the corner of Atlantic avenue and 5th street, at 2.30. Bring the Jap stuff—Rose's, of course,—you know, Clark street. So long."

Hal's brown eyes opened wide. "Putting Wingate on the blink"—Wingate, the slippery, line plunging, Harvard hero. Then the voice began again.

"Hello, Wingate. This is McNeil. I'm down at 67 Clark street, with a kid I hurt. Come down as soon as you can.—Yes, 67. Hustle, please." Then followed a click of the receiver.

Hal sprang to her feet. That voice certainly was not her brother's. She must warn Wingate. Slowly across the room towards her ambled the old workman, his hands full of money. Hal brushed past him and clattered down the long, wooden stairs two steps at a time. Amid the turmoil of the street even the sturdy Hal was hampered. Squirming and elbowing, she reached the nearest drug store, fifteen minutes after she left the violin maker. She called Wingate's house but it was too late; Wingate had just left. Hal hung up the receiver and pursued her way towards home still wondering what she could do. As if in answer to her unspoken question, she bumped into her brother.

"I say, Bob," she began, "I—"

"Can't stop, now, Sis," returned Bob, curtly.

"But, Bob, it is—" she tried again.

"Go tell it to Wingate. He'll listen," advised Bob, pushing hurriedly along. "I can't."

Hal looked resentfully after his receding form. Bob was so curt now. Hal sighed; Wingate would have listened but he was gone. Then her eyes narrowed. If Bob did not care enough for Harvard to save Wingate she did and she would do it, too. How, she did not know, but somehow, she was sure.

On the other side of the city "Slippery" Wingate put down the telephone with a

low whistle. McNeil was plainly in a hard position and depended on him to bring aid. Slip grabbed his cap and coat and hastened down towards Clark street. When he arrived at the house he was ushered into the dingy parlor and asked to wait a few moments. While Slip waited he became conscious of a dull, penetrating fragrance in the room. He breathed deeply, his eyes became heavy, a strange lethargy crept over him. He tried to rise to throw off the dullness but fell back unconscious. From behind the couch rose a man, bending over the still form; he gave a satisfied grunt, then proceeded to tie a heavily scented handkerchief over the lad's face. This done, he whistled softly and was joined by another individual. The two carried Wingate up the crooked stairs and dropped him on the bed in a front room.

"Five hundred bucks," muttered the little man, as he closed the door. "Oh, boys, youse look good to me."

Considering the five hundred dollars as good as won, Bacon desired to spend it. Simp urged him on and the result was that a half hour after Wingate's entrance, the two toughs left the house.

Fifteen minutes later there crept up the steps a thin, old appearing, little fellow, with ragged clothes and a dirt smeared face. When Rose, the corpulent landlady, opened the door, he swaggered, importantly.

"I'se Jim de Squirm," he announced, loudly. "Dat guy Bacon sint me to watch dat little guy he's got here. 'Cause I'm a bad man."

The lad pulled a revolver from his pocket as if to prove the statement.

"Put that up," snapped Rose, "and git up stairs, first door to the left." She gave the lad a box on the ear that sent him reeling and tramped back to the kitchen.

Jimmy de Squirm climbed the narrow stairs and entered the chamber where Wingate lay unconscious. He tiptoed to the bed and first removing the handkerchief,

flung it with its sickening fragrance into the closet, then he sat down on the bedside and waited. Five precious minutes dragged slowly by. The lad moved uneasily. He reached over and shook Wingate. The boy on the bed, muttered, turned half way over and sighed. Jimmy shook him again. Wingate opened his eyes.

"Where in—," he began but a grimy hand was popped over his mouth.

"Sh," cautioned Jim de Squirm. "You're kidnapped. I'm Hal McNeil. Keep still."

"What are you up to now?" demanded Wingate, in a stern whisper.

Hal's eyes filled with tears. "I'm just trying to help," she pleaded, meekly. "It wasn't my fault you got here. You and Bobbie are so suspicious."

Wingate blinked. "Forgive me," he begged. "I know you always help, Hal. Where am I?"

"Down on Clark street. Bob's car is three streets up all ready to start. If you could just get out of the house you could run the rest of the way," said Hal. "I've simply got to get you away before Bacon comes back."

Wingate sat up and tried to gather his scattered senses, dulled by the drug.

"I can run for it," he suggested, at last.

"No, you can't," contradicted Hal. "A man is sitting on the stairs and there are any number of backers. We've got to use strategy."

"Or force," said Wingate, grimly.

After a minute of dismal silence the floor began to shake and Rose's ponderous tread was heard in the hall. Hal snatched a rather grimy handkerchief from her pocket and spread it over Wingate's face.

"If I say, 'Jump,' you jump," she instructed, "and if I don't you lie still."

Wingate relaxed limply on the bed. When Rose opened the door Jim de Squirm was poring over a dime novel, apparently quite unconscious of his surroundings.

Rose sniffed as she opened the closet door. "This here stuff would give a feller

a pain," she whispered, gruffly. "How's your patient?"

"Best in de world," returned Jimmie. "He's on de blink for sure."

Rose turned, her arms filled with clothes and started to cross the room.

"Hit 'em," yelled Jimmy.

There was a jarring thud as Rose, clothes, Wingate and Hal all struck the floor in a heap.

Her mouth full of feminine fineries, Rose was unable to cry out. Hal held her silent while Wingate bound and gagged her. Wingate rose, elated at their success.

"Come on, Hal," he said, cheerfully, starting for the door, but Hal held him back.

"Don't be foolish, Slip," she said. "Merely disposing of your hostess doesn't alter the guard. I've an idea."

Wingate paused reluctantly. "Yes?" he inquired.

Hal picked up the armful of clothes Rose carried.

"Put on some of these and a hat and you can go anywhere," she said. "Hurry up."

Wingate frowned as if he did not wholly approve of the idea.

"Hustle," urged Hal. "You stand still, I'll dress you."

Hal threw Rose's blue skirt over his head but alas! the skirt made for the two hundred and fifty pound Rose hung with startling limpness on Wingate. The watchman who had seen Rose enter the room weighing two hundred and fifty, might well question his soberness if she emerged weighing one hundred and fifty-five. However, Hal was not dismayed. With the aid of pillows and bedclothes slim Slippery Wingate became short, fat, heavily-veiled Rose O'Leary.

"But I can't breathe," protested Slip. "Much less run."

"You won't need to," retorted Hal, a bit cruelly. "Hold your breath and walk or you'll burst out that skirt. You know where the car is. Wait for me there."

"At your service," gasped Slippery. "Good-bye."

Wingate was extremely doubtful as to the result of Hal's strategy but as the door-man only growled a surly "Hello," he became a bit more favorably impressed. It is quite probable that if Bacon and the Simp had not been ascending the steps just as Wingate descended them, all would have been well. But Bacon stopped Rose with a rough hand.

"The kid safe?" he asked, anxiously.

"Yes," returned Rose, in a high falsetto.

Now, the voice of Rose O'Leary would have done credit to her policeman father. If Wingate had deepened his natural tones he would have come nearer Rose's voice. On hearing such feminine shrillness come from her lips, Bacon looked at the Simp and the Simp looked at Bacon.

"Where are you going?" inquired the latter, suspiciously.

"To the beer shop," shrilled Rose.

Bacon gripped her arm. "You ain't neither," he contradicted. "You're going to stay here."

Wingate decided that he must run for it, so shaking off Bacon's hand, he dashed down the street. Bacon and the Simp gave instant pursuit. Wingate was greatly hampered by the skirt, the veil and the padding, so he could not make his usual record time. But as Hal had prophesied,

deep breathing was too much for the skirt. Rip! Rose's waist diminished rapidly and two pillows fell into the street. The shirt waist flared out and a sheet began to drag. Wingate ran on. To the watchers it must have been a queer spectacle. A pair of gray clad legs, a trailing sheet, a waist, a summer fur and big picture hat, running at full speed up the street. Then Wingate untied the fur and snatched off the hat. Now, his head and legs freed, he was running as six years of gridiron practice had taught him to run. Bacon and the Simp were hopelessly outdistanced. Wingate gained the car and rode off, taking with him a dirty sheet and ripped waist to commemorate his adventure.

An hour later there arrived at the McNeil home a disgusted and disgruntled Hal.

"I like your nerve," she grumbled to Wingate, who had anxiously awaited her arrival. "That is a fine way to pay a fellow for helping you out."

"I'll pay you some day, Hal," promised Wingate.

He kept his promise. On Hal McNeil's dressing table there lies a mud-stained, blood-smeared football. On its side it bears the inscription, "Harvard, 10—Yale, 3."

It was Wingate who had made the touchdown.

GWENDOLYN HAS A SURPRISE

A Short Play in One Act.

By Marie B. Adams, '21.

Cast of Characters.

Sally Eaton.....The Heroine
Gwendolyn Sherwood....Her Roommate
Mrs. Tibbetts.....The Matron
Violet Smith

.....The Matron's "Little Darling"
Jane and Peggy, Betty and Dot, Mary,

...The Girls Connected With the Plot

ACT I.

SCENE I—A Finishing School. Sally's

Room. Enter Jane and Betty.

Sally (heaving a sigh of relief): At last you have arrived. I thought to goodness you would never get here. But where are the others?

Jane (slightly out of breath): Gracious, Sally! Betty and I came near getting caught!

Sally: Caught?

Betty: Most certainly! That sneaking

little Violet suspected that something was going on, and she has been parading up and down the corridor.

Jane: I guess the matron put her up to it. The other girls will be here as quickly as they can.

(The door opens softly and Dot and Peggy enter).

Sally: Oh, I'm so glad you've come! We must hurry before Gwen gets back! (Looking around). But girls, where is Mary?

Dot: Such tough luck to have Violet for a roommate.

Peggy: As we came by Mary's door she was kidding Violet along. She'll be here soon.

Jane: Oh, yes, leave it to Mary.

(Enter Mary).

Sally: Oh, Mary, dear, how did you do it?

Mary (modestly): Well you see I had a lovely box of chocolates, and while she was busy, I just skipped out. (Sally sits down on the couch, the others sit around her).

Sally: We must be very quiet or all is lost. I sent Gwen on a wild goose chase. You all know why I called you here to-night?

Betty: Well, not exactly! You said something about a party.

Sally (delightedly): That's just it! This evening I thought that we would give Gwen a surprise party, it is her birthday.

Girls: Sally! Is it, really?

Sally (a faint smile on her lips): Just take a peek under the bed. (The girls all look under the bed).

Mary: Oh, Sally, how delightful! Yum! Yum!

Sally (hurriedly): Now to get things together before Gwen gets back.

SCENE II—A Street.

(Gwendolyn is standing in front of a big empty house with a puzzled look on her face).

Gwen (murmuring softly to herself): I am almost sure Sally said 2-5-9. Yes, I

know (a little emphatically) she did! I have rung the doorbell but no one answers.

(A lady friend of Gwen's passes by).

Gwen (raising her hand to detain her friend): Oh, Mrs. Burbank, pardon me for asking, but does a Mrs. Pearson live in that house? (Pointing to the big gray house).

Mrs. Burbank (much surprised): My dear child, no! That house has been empty for the past month.

Gwen (concealing her annoyance): Thank you very much. I am sorry to have bothered you.

Mrs. Burbank (walking on): It was no trouble at all, dear. Good evening!

Gwen (turning her steps toward the school): I don't understand what Sally could have meant. She told me to call for her blouse at 259 Madison avenue. (Generously). It doesn't matter to me but I'm afraid Sally will be disappointed.

SCENE III—Same as Scene I.

(Gwendolyn opens the door of her room and sees Sally reading. Gwen is already to make apologies when she notices the appearance of the room).

Gwen: Sally! What have you done to the room?

Sally (innocently): What do you mean?

Gwen: Why, it is all trimmed up—and what are those packages on the table and—and—why, Sally, DEAR, (very much excited), I smell Welsh rarebit.

Sally (quickly putting her finger on her lips): Sh-s-sh! Don't make so much noise, honey! (The girls come out from under the bed, behind the couch, and in the closet).

Girls (softly but excitedly): Happy birthday, Gwen!

Gwen: Mary! Jane! Betty! Everybody! Sally Eaton, what have you done! Is this—this is—oh, dear, is this my birthday?

Half an hour later.

(The girls are having a beautiful time when suddenly they hear footsteps ap-

proaching firmly and surely).

Girls (much alarmed): The matron!!!

Sally (very calm, gives her orders as planned): Mary, put the eats in my suit case! Jane, take the rarebit in the closet with you! Betty, go with Jane in the closet! Dot, you and Peggy crawl under the bed. Quick, Gwen, out with the lights! Come on, here we go! (Gwen and Sally land in the middle of the bed and snuggle under the clothes, just as the door opens).

The Matron (peering around the dark room): Sally, answer me this instant, are you there?

(A murderous snore from the questioned and giggles from under the bed). Gwen, is that you?

Gwen (very sleepily): It—muss—be—Sally snoring—and—I—so—slee-e-e (trailing off in the distance) py.

The Matron: Well, I am sure that I

heard a noise, but I didn't realize it was only Sally snoring. (She goes out and closes the door. The girls crawl out from under the bed and Betty and Jane come out of the closet).

Mary: Oh, dear me, what a narrow escape. I must get back to my room.

Jane: You looked scared to death, Mary. I think it is the greatest lark ever. But nevertheless, I think it best to get to our rooms, before the idea strikes the matron to look there for us).

Girls (in chorus): And so do I! We've had a lovely time! (One by one they sneak out into the corridor and creep to their rooms).

Gwen (squeezing Sally's hands): Oh, Sally, it was wonderful of you. I sure was surprised!

—Curtain—





SAD

BUT

TRUE

A Tragedy

By

Elaine Utterback

'21

Illustrated by

CROSBY G. HODGMAN



CINNE was rushing wildly down the corridor in a vain attempt to make 201 on time. This was not unusual. Cinne went flying back to 201 just about three out of every four afternoons a week.

But to return to the tragedy, Cinne was rushing wildly down the corridor in a vain attempt to make 201 on time (I think that I have said that before), when woe is me, her lovely head coincided with something

hard; her feet and the floor parted; orange striped neckties and horn-rimmed goggles, accompanied by books of every sort, flew before her eyes, and she landed with a whack on the floor. Bump—crash—bang echoed through the long corridor.

Cinne had always prided herself upon her absolute, unquestionable self control. (I am quoting my eighth grade teacher, who has left an impression upon my mind concerning such matters which can never

be erased, no matter how hard I try) and even though the floor was rather cold and disagreeable and decidedly hard—as Cinne discovered before she had been there any time at all, the before-mentioned control did not flee from her now.

As her dear mother so often said, she was a "dear, plump child" for a girl of her age, taking after her father's side of the family and so forth. This being the case, her landing had caused a considerable jar, so to speak, and she was about to change her position, when she became aware of another presence beside her. Coolly turning her lovely head, she beheld the owner of the orange necktie and the horn-rimmed goggles, mentioned already.

He was tall—very tall and seemed to occupy nearly all of the horizontal floor space, which was not covered with books, pencils, paper, and a terrifying jumble of arms and legs and neck, until it was hard to discover where his legs began and his neck left off. His glasses were hanging from one ear, swaying gently back and forth, as his body rocked. His eyes, like huge red lamps, glared from beneath the mop of disordered, flame-colored, curly hair, which partly concealed them. Cinne decided that she had never seen him or his like before.

"Rather a mess, isn't it?" she asked, sweetly.

"Young woman, do you realize—"

"You should have known enough to get out of my way but now that this has happened, you might at least offer to pick up my books."

"I was going to say—"

"I see that you are no gentleman, so I suppose that I must pick them up myself."

Slowly rising, Cinne stooped and picked up page one ninety-seven of her Latin trot and bestowed it in the "Woman Without Mirth," which was to enlighten her mind in 201; picked up an old algebra paper and some stray notes, crammed them into her

pocket and turned with a snort to face her victim.

He had risen also, although it had been rather an undignified and embarrassing performance, so to speak, since he had to disengage his legs and "re-erect" his neck, and so forth.

"I just want to say," she said, with a very ladylike voice—always keeping her self control, you know—"that I think you're a perfect example of a stupid idiot,—a dunce—a crab. You're the foolishest nut that I ever saw. I just want to tell you because every time I look at you, I have to laugh, you look so funny."

"Young woman, do you know who I—"

"You make me sick. I won't listen to a word you say," and with another toss of her lovely head Cinne picked up her books and disappeared down the corridor.

The next day at recess Cinne, quite recovered from her collision, was standing on the steps by the main door, seeing if she could make more noise than certain senior girls. She could.

"Seen the new principal?" yelled someone loud enough to be heard above the general riot.

Naw," Cinne yelled back, "what's he look like?"

"Look over by the office, he's talking to some teachers."

Cinne slowly turned her gaze in the direction of the office. Cinne looked. Cinne looked! Cinne looked!! There, orange necktie, horn rimmed goggles, endless neck and all, was her big crab—her foolish nut—her stupid idiot.

One week later. Cinne was walking slowly down the corridor that leads to 201—ten minutes before the last gong. In her hand she tightly clasped "The Wildman's Dream," the latest object of her affection. In her eyes she bore a far off look of vengeance. What had happened? Nobody knows but Cinne had reformed.

FRED CAMPBELL'S INVENTION

By Gleason A. Rand, '23.



It was a balmy day in August. Fred Campbell, a young man about twenty years of age, stood at the door of his workshop and surveyed with great delight his newly completed hydroplane.

Fred had served with the Aviation Corps in France during the World War, and had shown great skill and bravery during his service. He returned to his home, a little town in Michigan, with an idea of invention in his mind. He wanted to perfect the job that so many other men had tried unsuccessfully. His ambition was to produce a plane that would rise from the ground or water without having to run along on the level and rise gradually.

Immediately after returning from overseas, Fred began his task and it was on this particular day about which I am writing that the Victor—for that was the name of his plane—was completed.

Now that the Victor was finished, would his invention prove successful? This was the question that Fred asked himself as he surveyed his product. But anyway, he would soon know, as he determined to try the Victor out that very afternoon.

With the aid of some friends, he managed to wheel the plane out of the shop. Fred excitedly climbed aboard and started the engine. To his great joy the Victor fairly leaped from the ground and flew straight upward! His invention had proven successful from the ground but now to try it out from the water.

After flying around for some time, he started for Lake Superior, which was about thirty-five miles distant. He noticed, as he flew along, at a high rate of speed, that

the air was thickening and it was growing dark in a manner which gave evidence of an impending storm. By the time he reached the lake, the wind was blowing furiously, and it was storming hard. Fred lessened his speed and flew closer to the lake.

Fred looked over the lake and to his right a spectacle met his gaze that for a moment dazed him. He saw a small power launch capsized and two struggling figures in the angry waters. Unmindful of the terrible storm, he headed his plane at full speed downward toward the fateful spot. He alighted in the water and quickly pulled the two exhausted persons into the Victor. By this time the plane was partly filled with water, but Fred started the engine and tried his new invention. The plane immediately responded and with the grace of a bird arose.

Fred found it very difficult to drive his airship against the terrible storm, but finally he reached the hospital, where he left the two rescued people. He then put the Victor under cover and remained in this place until the storm had subsided.

The next day Fred called at the hospital to inquire for the people whom he had rescued. He learned that the man was the president of a large aeroplane plant at Detroit and that the woman was his wife.

When the man had fully recovered, he called on Fred for two purposes, to thank him for saving their lives and to offer him one million dollars for his invention. The offer was accepted, and Fred Campbell, the great inventor and millionaire, became known throughout the country.



LOCALS

"Facts are Stubborn Things."

Mr. F. J. Goggins of the University of Maine, is teaching Modern History in the place vacated by Mrs. Frederick Woodman, who was substituting for Miss Mary Cousins.

The Dean met the girls of the Senior class one morning after assembly and spoke to them in regard to graduation dresses. She asked that they be simple and that the dresses for the banquet should be afternoon dresses, preferably a last year's one.

The announcement has been made that the Senior essays are due March 14. Every Senior who received an average of eighty or above in English in his Junior year, is required to write one. Seniors are already beginning to worry and they are seen walking about the corridors, their brows wrinkled in deep thought, trying to think of some subject to write upon.

One Friday morning at chapel, the orchestra played a selection from "The Bohemian Girl." The members played, if possible, better than they have ever played before, and at the end of the selection, there was such loud applause that they were required to stand. B. H. S. is certainly fortunate in having Mr. Sprague as a director who can make the orchestra feel a piece as well as merely play it.

The Seniors are already thinking about graduation pictures and many of them have

lists of the people they are to exchange pictures with. From the looks of some of the lists the photographers of Bangor will be overflowed with business in a short time.

Bangor High is to debate against Newport High in the town of Newport, on the Bates League question instead of Hebron, as has been expected. M. C. I. will debate Bangor High as has been customary.

Bangor High school is beginning to be a democracy. Already some rooms are under student-government. Room 210 was the first to show the school that Junior boys are capable of running a room in a quiet and orderly way. Next, the Juniors in 207 organized to govern themselves, and soon after the Seniors in 211 undertook self-government. The fourth room to organize was the Freshman boys in 101, and now the Freshmen in Room 110 have begun to rule themselves. The aim of each room seems to be control of self. Why do not more rooms have self-government?

January twenty-eighth, the half year of school ended. There are but few changes in the programs, and those mostly for Seniors who have half-year courses in Mathematics and English. The beginning of a new quarter gives us all a chance to start afresh, though, even if the courses are the old ones.

The Seniors have been asked to report at the office the name of the college where

they plan to go. About fifty-five have reported to Mr. Proctor so far, and probably there are a few others who are as yet undecided.

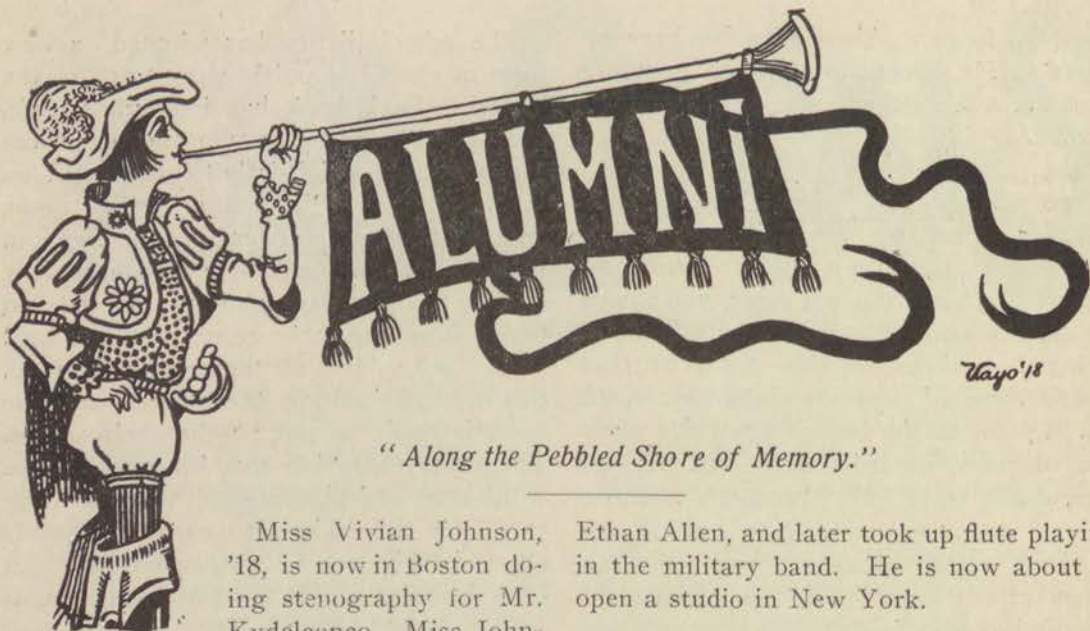
Two years ago the dreadful epidemic of influenza closed our schools; last year it came back again in a milder form and while the schools did not close, sometimes the classes were only half filled. Remembering those times, we were not at all glad to find some of our members sick with scarlet fever at the beginning of the term. The doctors immediately looked us all over, and sent the "suspects" home for a week or two. Now, they are all back with us again, and we can go on calmly once more. Superintendent Morrill, however, is sick with an attack and all the pupils wish him a speedy recovery, so he may be back in school again. We shall be glad when the other victims are back, too.

"Through the Brazilian Wilderness," "The Rough Riders," "African Game Trails," in two volumes, "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter," and "A Book-Lover's Holidays in the Open,"—all, Theodore Roosevelt's adventure books, have just been added to the school library. An autobiography of Theodore Roosevelt has also just been received.

The school library has adopted a new form of checking and keeping track of the books. Each book has its author, title, shelf number, and accession number on the top of a card which is left in a pocket on the back cover. When the book is to be taken out, the scholar removes the card and writes his name on it. He then hands the card to the librarian, who puts the date on which it is due to be returned. The card is then put aside until the book is returned, then placed back in the pocket, and the book is ready to put on the shelf again. The library also has two kinds of cards, white ones and pink ones. When a white card is in the pocket, it means the book is allowed to be out for two weeks, but if a book contains a pink card it means that it may be kept only one day. This method will save a great deal of time and trouble compared to the one used up to now, and with the help of a few scholars, it is soon going to include all the books.

Two boys of the manual training department of the school have recently made and set up in Room 208, a fine bookcase, which shows much skill in its construction. It is made of oak, has shelves, and the doors in the front are set with glass. It makes an attractive cabinet, and Miss Mary Robinson, for whom it was made, is proud of the case and grateful for its convenience.





"Along the Pebbled Shore of Memory."

Miss Vivian Johnson, '18, is now in Boston doing stenography for Mr. Kydeleonco. Miss Johnson has studied the 'cello for the past two years at the Conservatory of Music there, with Prof. Joseph Adamowski.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Mason are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Jan. 4th. Mrs. Mason, formerly Miss Grace Fogg, is an Ex of B. H. S., 1901. She is now living in East Jaffrey, N. H., where her husband is the principal of the High school.

Miss Hilda G. Donovan has been appointed supervisor of music at Jay and Wilton. Miss Donovan is an Ex of 1920. She studied with Mrs. George F. Eaton of this city, and specialized on harmony with Prof. Hamilton of Wellesley college, and school music with Miss Louise G. Chapman, supervisor of music at Schenectady, N. Y.

Alton Foster of 1908, who received a medal for his graduation essay, has been studying at the Conservatory of Music in Boston since his graduation. Mr. Foster took part in an opera in Castle Square theatre, in connection with the Conservatory. He enlisted in the cavalry, trained at Fort

Ethan Allen, and later took up flute playing in the military band. He is now about to open a studio in New York.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Margaret Hamilton, principal for several years of the Bower street school of this city, to Mr. Madison Banton of Cleveland, Ohio.

Cards have been received in this city announcing the marriage of Arno C. Savage of Bangor, and Miss Gertrude Lowell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Lowell of Calais, Sunday, Oct. 17, 1920. Mr. Savage is a graduate of B. H. S. and during the war was an aviator. He is now connected with the C. H. Savage Co. of this city.

The many friends of Miss Maydel Neal were recently greatly surprised to hear that on Jan. 1, 1921, she became the wife of W. Fremont Smith of Greenville. Mrs. Smith is a graduate of B. H. S. in the class of 1920 and is a great favorite among all who know her.

A B. H. S. graduate who is making good in the business world is John U. Kane, '06, who is district manager of the Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co. for Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky. During 1920 he not only showed a gain of 25 per cent. over the

business of 1919, in his territory but he did a bigger volume of business than had ever been done in his district. After graduating from B. H. S. Mr. Kane attended the University of Maine and then for four years was employed by the Great Northern Paper Co. A year at Harvard University followed and then came six years with the Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co. at their Boston office. He was then promoted district sales manager of the Kellogg Company Battle Creek, Mich.

A recent marriage of interest was that of Mr. William M. Worden of Portland, formerly of this city, and Miss Doris T. Stetson of Bath. Mr. Worden, after his graduation from B. H. S. in 1918, was employed by the S. L. Crosby Co. of Bangor, and is now in the automobile business in Portland. Among the ushers at the wedding were Paul and Donald Eames, both graduates of B. H. S., and, at present, students at Bowdoin College.

MILITARY

"So Ends the Bloody Business of the Day."

Military drill has been going on as usual during the last month. The men have taken up squad, platoon, and company movements and are showing great aptitude in these movements.

Small arms firing and signalling have also been touched on. The men are particularly interested in the small arms firing positions.

Plans are being made for an exhibition drill and ball, to be held about May 20. If possible this is to be held in the Auditorium this year, as the City Hall is too small for the correct military movements.

The Rifle club now numbers about 30 active members. One team has been entered in the National Rifle Association and it is probable that a second team will be entered.

A range has been constructed in the High School gymnasium for the use of the club. The materials for the back-stop were furnished by the club and the Manual Training Department kindly volunteered to do the work.

This range will be more convenient for the club than the one at the Y. M. C. A. Arrangements will probably be made so that members of the club will be allowed to shoot during study periods if they desire.

A schedule will also be made out, showing when each member may shoot.

A schedule of instruction for the Military Department will be made out and posted on the bulletin board each month. By this each member of the R. O. T. C. will be able to tell just what is coming the next drill day and be able to prepare for it.

An officers' and non-com. officers' school has been started in the school. This meets once a week, and the members of it are taking up work in the advanced course, such as topography, etc. The men are taking great interest in this work. All officers and non-coms. are required to attend this unless specially excused by the proper authority.

All men who wish to attend the R. O. T. C. Summer Camp have been asked to turn in their names to Col. Cole. Several have already done so. A large number wish to attend this camp. It is a great opportunity and all men should attend if possible. The course lasts six weeks and will probably be at Camp Devens.

The Council Book, showing the receipts and expenditures of the R. O. T. C. funds is open for inspection. It may be seen by appointment with the Adjutant.



"A Knock-down Argument, 'tis but a Word and a Blow."

718

Jan. 10, the Boys' and the Girls' Debating societies had the privilege of listening to a lecture upon the civilization and character of the Chinese and Japanese, by Mr. Charles D. Jameson of Bangor. Mr. Jameson is a graduate of B. H. S., indeed, he is one of the school's most distinguished graduates. He has been professor in various colleges, including M. I. T., and for nearly twenty years lived in China, first as adviser to the imperial government in the matter of construction, education, and other departments, later as an expert sent by the Red Cross to determine the feasibility of certain engineering projects. His duties have also called him to Japan many times; thus he is qualified, as are few men in this country, to speak with first-hand knowledge of the problem of Oriental immigration.

The societies listened with the closest attention to Mr. Jameson's most interesting talk. Following it the speaker kindly answered many questions, elucidating the situation to a wonderful degree.

At the close of the meeting a rising vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Jameson.

January 14, a joint debate was held in Room 307 on the Bates League proposition. A team representing the Senate debated against a team from the House. The Senate team was composed of Edward Curran, Arthur Dennis, Leslie Bowler, and Arnott Soderberg (alternate). The House team was made up of Whittier, Largay, Littlefield, and O'Connell (alternate). The judges were Miss Mary Robinson, Miss

Utecht, and Mr. Miller. They gave their decision to the Senate team.

GIRLS' DEBATING SOCIETY

The Girls' Debating society commenced the second term with an enthusiastic discussion of the Bates League Question, Jan. 15th. It was decided to ask Mr. Charles D. Jameson, a man who has lived in China for over twenty years, to address the Boys' and Girls' societies some day the following week. All the meetings of this term are to be devoted to the Bates League debate. The team chosen to debate at the next meeting is, affirmative—Miriam Bunker, leader; Bessie Cooper, Thelma Bennett, Miss Marian Stanchfield and Florence Hariman; negative, Grace Bowden, leader; Mildred McGarrigle, Alfreda Clark, Helen Fowle and Blanche Bowden.

At the meeting the resignation of the secretary, Thelma Goodale, was accepted and Blanche Bowden appointed to fill the vacancy.

THE HOUSE.

The meeting of the House on January 4, 1921, was held in Room 208. The following question was debated: Resolved, That the Federal Government Should Adopt an Immigration Policy Toward the Chinese and Japanese Similar to That Applied to Immigrants from Europe.

Affirmative: Charles Sawyer, Keith Googins, Ralph Littlefield.

Negative: Thomas Largay, Walter Whittier, Ralph Shannon.

The decision was given to the negative by the following judges:

James Rice, Harold O'Connell, Crosby Hodgman, Edward Curran, the faculty adviser.

A meeting of the executive committee was held after the debate, when the team to debate against the Senate was selected.

Respectfully submitted,

Hubert Ring,

Secretary and Treasurer.

Jan. 19, a lively debate on the Bates League Question took place between the teams chosen at the previous meeting. This was the first formal debate the society has held this year, and its participants entered upon it enthusiastically. The affirmative was ably upheld by Miss Marian Stanchfield, introductory speaker, Florence Har-

riman arguing the benefits of the Japanese to our country; Thelma Bennett arguing the unfairness of discrimination, Bessie Cooper arguing the advantages of commercial relations between the countries. Miriam Bunker and Bessie Cooper gave brisk rebuttal. The negative was competently upheld by Mildred McGarrigle, arguing that Japanese immigration is detrimental to our high standards of living; Alfreda Clark arguing their deadly plan of peaceful invasion; Blanche Bowden arguing the serious race problem. Helen Fowle and Grace Bowden gave sharp rebuttal. The judges, Miss Mary Utecht, Miss Mary Robinson and Mr. Harvey Miller gave their decision to the negative. Mr. Miller afterwards made a few helpful suggestions and also stated that he thought many fine points had been sharply nailed.



An extract from a pirate story, and one way of illustrating it.

"A fiendish smile lit up the face of the pirate chief as he buried his sword to the hilt in the chest of his victim."



"For Alma Mater."

The basketball team has rapidly developed into a fast, smooth-working combination which can and will give any team in this state, or in New England, a worth while contest. This year's combination is probably the fastest which has represented the school since that of 1916. Already they have defeated several of the leading teams of eastern Maine, and on their Massachusetts trip, defeated two of the faster Bay State teams.

On Friday, January 7, the team went to Orono and defeated the Orono High School team by a score of 28 to 15. The game was rather rough at times, and numerous fouls were called by the referee. Bangor was handicapped by the small hall but played a fine game. The summary:

Bangor High, 28.	Orono High, 15.
Jordan, l.f., 3 (3).....r.b., Powell, 1	
Kamenkovitz, l.f., 1	
Fairbrother, r.f., 1 (3).....l.b., Wing	
Flannigan, r.f., 1	
McClay, c., 2.....c., Tracey, 2	
	c., Dukes
Short, r.b., 3.....l.f., Mitchell (2)	
Collins, l.b.....r.f., Day, 2 (3)	
Cohen, l.b.	
Referee, Feeney.	

Saturday, January 15, Bangor played Old Town High in Bangor City Hall, and again were the victors. The game was exciting and stubbornly fought. During the first

half it looked as though Old Town had a good chance of winning but their offensive broke up in the last half. The summary:

Bangor High, 32.	Old Town High, 13.
Jordan, l.f., 4 (2).....r.b., Dolan	
	r.b., Hooper
Fairbrother, r.f., 1 (1)....l.b., Goldberg, 1	
	l.b., Perro
McClay, c., 4.....c., Avery, 1 (4)	
Colburn, c.	
Cohen, l.b.....r.f., Goldsmith, (1)	
	r.f., Dumont
Short, r.b., 5 (1).....l.f., Fraser, 2	
Collins, r.b.....l.f., Fessenden	
Referee, Johnston.	

On Thursday, January 20, the team left for Massachusetts. The following 'men made the trip: Coach Trowell, Athletic Director Mitchell, Jordan, Fairbrother, Short, McClay, Collins, and Cohen. Thursday evening they played in Swampscott, Mass., and defeated the Swampscott High School team by a score of 25 to 23. The game was as fast as the score would indicate and the Bangor team was highly commended in the Boston papers for their showing in this game.

On Saturday evening they played in Leominster, Mass., and easily defeated the team representing the Leominster High School by a score of 26 to 16. Again the Bangor team was handicapped by the very small hall and, on a larger floor, could have made the score much larger.



"He that Wont be Counseled Can't be Helped."

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

The "Banner" is a well balanced magazine. On the one side there is literary ability, and on the other there is humor. The poems, many stories, and editorials are fine, indeed.

There is meter in verse,
There is meter in tone;
But the best place to meet 'er,
Is to meet 'er alone.

—Ex.

The "Messalonskee Ripple" for December is up to the usual standard. There is an abundance of good poems and stories. A cartoon or two would be an improvement to the joke department. The editorials show evidence of thought on the part of the writers.

Soph—"What'll we do?"

Senior—"I'll spin a coin. If it's heads, we go to the movies; if it's tails, we go to the dance, and if it stands on edge, we'll study."—Ex.

We agree with the suggestion of the "Wyndonian," that high school magazines would do well to put the name of their school, and city on the cover. In addition, it would not be amiss to put the month on also. Some high school publications do

this, but many are lacking in this respect.

Teacher: "Fools often ask questions wise men can't answer."

Pupil: "Now, I know why I flunked that last examination."

The cuts make the "Aquito" very attractive and the excellence of the various departments makes it interesting. The cover of this excellent magazine could be improved, though.

Hidden Meaning?

"What I want," said a new instructor, speaking about his pupils, "is good, common sense."

"Exactly," answered a companion, "that's exactly what you need."

The "Tiger Cub" is a very neat paper. We like very much the section headed, "Telegraph."

Two lawyers were becoming excited in a court trial, when one said to the other: "You're absolutely the biggest fool that ever walked on two feet." Whereupon the judge, rapping with his gavel, thundered, "Silence, you forget I am here."—Ex.

A very complete magazine is the December "Pep." The section of jokes is

especially good, and the Literary department is fine. The exchanges might be somewhat improved. This magazine makes enjoyable reading.

Prison Warden (to prisoner): "A kind visitor wishes to see you."

Prisoner: "Tell her I ain't in."

The "Red and White" has many novel sections in its issues. Notable among these are, "Freshmen," "Ivory Colyum," "The Attic Room," and "Staff Notes." This magazine is certainly resplendent with interesting articles and stories.

A Love Story.

They met by chance. They'd never met before;

They met but once and she was smitten sore.

They never met again; don't care to, I allow.

They met but once, the auto and the cow.

The "Lincolnian," though of small size, is very well edited. The jokes are good in many respects. Perhaps the Exchange department might be improved by making it a little longer.

The "Cycle" for Christmas appears in an odd form. This number was printed by the Senior Commercial pupils of Woodsville High school. This project was launched for the purpose of overcoming the excessive price of paper and printing. Although it is not as attractive as the old probably was, the new "Cycle" contains the usual interesting stories and articles.

The "Quill" seems to excel in most respects. "All on Account of a Nail," is humorous and catchy. The other stories, articles, and various departments are all well handled. It would be an improvement, however, to put the name of the

school, state, and city somewhere in the contents of the magazine.

The "Argus" is lacking in stories for the literary part of the magazine. The exchanges are to the point. A few more comments would be an improvement. Otherwise, the magazine is very good.

"Exile" is a credit to Vinalhaven High school. Its parts are excellent and interesting, the jokes being especially so. For this reason, it is cordially welcomed at B. H. S.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"You furnish the girl,
We'll furnish the home."

—M. Furniture Co.

"Don't kill your wife,
Let us do the dirty work."

—Wash. Machine Co.

"The longer you wear them,
The longer they get."

—Bulldog Suspender Co.

—Ex.

The Dean "Megaphone" is as excellent as ever. Probably the most complete parts of it are the Athletic, Exchange and Alumni departments. The entire magazine is so well edited, that there is difficulty in any attempt to discover faults.

The "Cue" of Albany Academy is a new and welcome arrival this month. The Literary department is very good, but hardly long enough. The remainder of the "Cue" is excellent.

The E. L. H. S. "Oracle" arrived at B. H. S. for the first time this year, and was read with usual interest. The section of local items could be improved by having a two column cut instead of the one used

in this number. This change would help the appearance considerably.

The "Lawrence Bulletin" excels in the Literary department, although the other parts are deserving of mention. Perhaps the exchanges could be slightly improved.

The "Red and White" is attractive and pleasing. The only suggestion, which is a minor one, is a cartoon or two for the jokes section.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The "Oracle" is very good, especially the cuts, the "Pslams" and the exchanges. However, your Literary department might be improved.—"Budget."

"Oracle," Bangor High School: "We like your cover, headings, and general arrangement. There is plenty of room in those blank spaces for some good poems.

"Oracle," Bangor, Maine: You are an old friend. Your paper shows a good school spirit.—"Messalonskee Ripple."

Oracle, Bangor, Maine: Your "Pslams" are decidedly original, and your Debating department is very clever.—"Banner."

"Oracle": Yours is a well edited paper, and we give you credit for your Literary and Pslams departments.—"P. I. H. S. Flyer."

"Oracle": We think your cover design is simply fine and original. The literary department is well written. You must surely be known to a large advertising section.—"Aquila."

The "Oracle," of Bangor, Maine, is not set up in the usual style of high school magazines, but it is a creditable product. The stories are especially good.—"Red and White."





"A Laugh is Worth a Hundred Groans in any Market."

S-'22: "An aneroid barometer is a hollow brass cylinder of exhausted air with a glass cover."

Heard in Freshman English:

Teacher: "Give me a concrete noun."

Bright Pupil: "Sidewalk."

Mr. B—(in History): "If Roosevelt and Gillette had been nominated for the presidency, what would be the campaign cry for Gillette?"

J-m-e D-er-y: "He's a razor."

Mrs. C—: "The god of the earth, Pluto, wears a heavy suit of black armor."

H. G., '22: "Then they have got him pictured wrong on this Pluto water."

"How To" books in brief:

How to become a successful salesman.

Sell goods.

How to become a popular speaker.

Don't.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,

No other treat entrances;

No other beverage I prize

But thy clear liquid glances.

—Ex.

Some of the "Devens men" were holding the customary court martial over mess.

"This ham doesn't taste right," said one.

"Well," said another, "the cook said that this ham was cured last week."

"Last week, eh?" said the objector, "well, take it from me, it had a relapse!"

Questions Found in the Oracle Box.

I.—Would you mind telling me who wrote Macaulay's Essays?

Ans.: Not at all.

II.—Who wrote, "In — — — —?"

Ans.: Miss — — — —.

III.—What do you mean by "2 and 1"?

Ans.: We refer you to C. C., '21.

What Cha Ma Callum.

1. Why is Skii U. interested in a Gray Cad?

2. We hear that Husky is interested in undertakers. Can't be possible that he is looking forward to graduation?

3. We hear that McClay got a stiff neck looking at the high buildings in Boston.

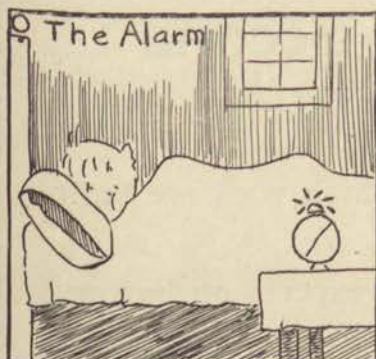
4. Why does J. E. C., '21, believe in Safety First?

5. We hear that the Senior girls are beginning to ask Doc C. for his picture. Why not charge a quarter for them and get rich, Doc?

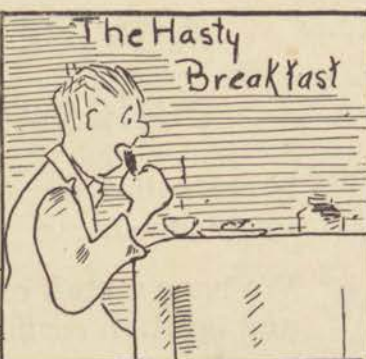
6. J—n Billings, '22, will now sing his favorite song, "Margie."

7. "I didn't raise my boy to carry school books," song—by most any mother, as her Chubby Cheeks trots up Ohio street.

8. "Oh! death, where is thy sting?"



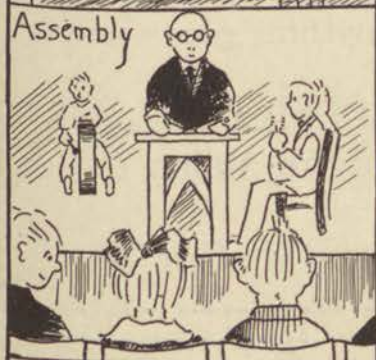
The Alarm



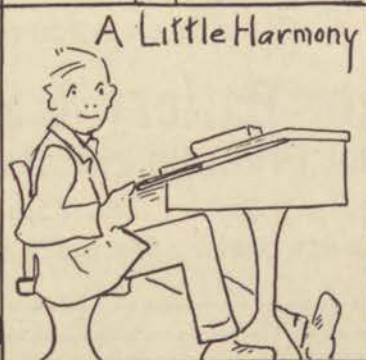
The Hasty Breakfast



The Walk to School



Assembly



A Little Harmony



Sent to the Office.



The Comeback



The Test



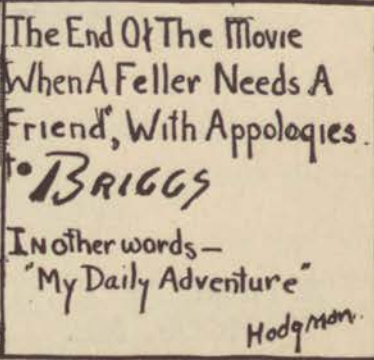
Recess



201



Peace



The End Of The Movie
When A Feller Needs A
Friend, With Appologies.
•BRIGGS
In other words—
"My Daily Adventure"
Hodgman.

**Twice the
Satisfaction**

Sold
with
a
two
year
guarantee
in
writing



**Service First
Advice Second
Sales Third**

Is the policy on which we have built
up our business.

We have a staff of experts on battery
and ignition repairs.

Consult us when anything goes wrong

Bangor Battery & Service Co. Inc.

119 Franklin St., Bangor, Maine

Tel. 2516

The Battery Service Station Nearest the High School

ELECTRICITY

means

Better Lighting

Reliable Cooking

& in any

Event--ideal

Comfort

78 HARLOW ST.
BANGOR, ME.

Patronize Our Advertisers

We mutter as we homeward bring
Our report card with a nice fat F,
Mathematics, you will cause our
death!

9. Teacher, teacher, I've been thinking,
What a fine thing it would be
If you gave me next quarter
A nice, big A or B.

Auto-Intoxication.—"What was the excitement down the street?"

"Oh, a man in a reverie, ran into a woman in a tantrum."

"Were the machines badly damaged?"
—Ex.

Freshman Agony Column.

Orpheus and Eurydice—Teacher and
"Smoky" Stewart.

Young Lochinvar—R. Mayo, '24.

Apollo and Venus—A. McLaughlin and
D. Buchanan.

Miss H's Little Pet—S. Snowden, '24.

Our Exception—E. Sawyer, '24.

Fond Father (to son home from school):
"How would you say in French, Charlie, 'a
bull fettered to a cart, struggles.'"

Stupid Son: "Oh, that's easy. 'Bullatrum, feltatrum cartatrum struggulum.'"

The Bigamist.

A June bug married an angleworm
An accident cut her in two.
They charged the bug with bigamy,
Now, what could the poor thing do?
—Ex.

THE ELECTRIC WOMAN.

If she talks too long—interrupter.
If her way of thinking is not yours—con-
verter.
If she is willing to come half way—
meter.
If she wants to go farther—conductor.
If she wants to be an angel—transformer.

If she wants to go still farther—dis-
patcher.

If she is sulky and will not speak—ex-
citer.

If she gets too excited—controller.

If she proves your fears are wrong—
compensator.

If she goes up in the air—condenser.

If she wants character—feeder.

If she is in the country—telegrapher.

If she is a poor cook—discharger.

If she eats too much—reducer.

If she is wrong—rectifier.

If she is cold to you—beater.

If she gossips too much—regulator.

If she fumes and sputters—insulator.

If she becomes upset—reverser.

—Ex.

Teacher (in French): "There is such a
scarcity of wood in France that a man
could be heavily fined for picking up the
tiniest twig in the woods."

W-h-tt-er, '23: "Say, would they put a
man in jail for taking a toothpick in a res-
taurant?"

Teacher (in English): "Tomorrow we
have composition. Be sure and bring your
'Wood.'"

Sophomore: "Cordwood, stavewood or
hardwood?"

Fashions, Latin or Geometry?

Miss W—: "Oh, Miss S—, don't spoil
your figure?"

THE SAD CATASTROPHE.

10. Ten awful errors of speech all went
out to dine,
"Ain't" choked his horrid self, then
there were nine.
9. Nine dreadful errors of speech sat
up very late,
"Done" just went off to sleep, and
then there were eight.

You'll always find here the choicest models in Young Men's
Clothes at the lowest possible price.

J. WATERMAN CO.

Maine's Largest Outfitters for Men and Boys

Do not make the mistake of judging an article merely by
its price. Our values will surprise your purse pleasantly

All the Latest Styles in Footwear

MRS. B. J. DOLLIVER, 44 MAIN ST.

Compliments of

GOODWIN'S BILLIARD HALL

7 Hammond St.

FRANK D. GOODWIN, Proprietor

Telephone 859

A first class billiard hall where young men may enjoy
their hours of recreation at either billiards or pool.

Clean and Sanitary

Light and Well Ventilated

Patronized by Bangor's Leading Business Men

"WHY NOT BUY GIFTS THAT LAST"

W. C. Bryant, Jeweler

For Graduation Pictures try

HOPKINS STUDIO

63 SIXTH ST., BANGOR, ME.

PHOTOGRAPHS

AMATEUR FINISHING

ENLARGEMENTS

Patronize Our Advertisers

8. Eight naughty errors of speech He erected a stone o'er his dear wife's
 dreaming of heaven, grave,
 The nightmare caught "had got" and For he had loved her well;
 then there were seven. An inscription it bore on its marble face,
7. Seven ugly errors of speech chopping That the world of his love he might tell.
 up sticks,
 "That there" chopped himself in "The light of my life has gone out," it said,
 halves, and then there were six. Could nobler words be expressed?
6. Six curious errors of speech playing The husband vowed that his sorrowing
 with a hive, heart
 A bumble-bee stung "git" and then Laid side of his wife's in its rest.
 there were five.
5. Five cautious errors of speech going But alas, sad fate! 'ere the year was o'er
 through a door, He had taken another wife,
 "Had went" was caught, then there And the good man found in this fateful way
 were four. There was more than one flame in his
4. Four frightened errors of speech going life.
 out to sea,
 A red herring swallowed "hadn't So away to his friend, the engraver, he went
 ought," then there were three. And told his sad tale of woe.
3. Three bold errors of speech walking The engraver promised to fix up the stone
 in the zoo, So that prying eyes might not know.
 A big bear hugged "leave me go" and
 then there were two.
2. Two sad errors of speech, sitting in The work of art was at last complete,
 the sun, With neither mend nor patch,
 "Seen" was melted, then there was "The light of my life has gone out
 one. But I have struck another match."
1. Lonely little Mr. "He don't" living all —Ex.
 alone, Professor: "So, sir, you said that I was
 Ran away with Miss "They doesn't," a learned jackass, did you?"
 then there were none. Freshie: "No, sir, I merely remarked
 that you were a burro of information."
 —Ex.

By F. P. M., '22.

A Recipe for Happiness

Take one generous slice of our bread. Spread it over with good butter and don't be stingy. Add a layer of home-made apple sauce. Then take one healthy boy about the time he gets home from school, hungry as two wolves, insert the bread-butter-sauce combination into said boy organization, and if that don't produce happiness, where can happiness be found?

Sunbeam Bakery, 42 Central St.

FREY'S---Central Street's Leading Cafe

If you want a Nice Dinner or a Quick Lunch try us

We are Headquarters for

BROILED LIVE LOBSTERS, BAKED STUFFED, SALADS,
STEAKS, CHOPS AND FISH
LADIES' DINING ROOM UPSTAIRS

FREY'S CAFE

30-32 CENTRAL ST.

BANGOR, MAINE

High School Scholars

Members of the Debating Societies

Junior Declamation Speakers

Writers of Graduation Essays

— THE —

Public Library is at Your Service

Des Arts Stationery

Made by Whiting & Cook

Receiving a letter written on Des Arts Stationery is pleasing, to say the least. There is a style in this new patented process paper all its own. Made in snow white and delicate tints with smart envelopes to match.

Hand Loom Finish—by the pound
Louis XIV—deckle edge
Sport and Swagger-style Papers

THE W. H. GORHAM CO.

54 State Street, Bangor, Maine

Whether You Eat to Live
or Live to Eat

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

GOODE & DRISCOLL,

101 EXCHANGE STREET

The Quality Cigar

BCM

Made to Meet a Demand not a Price

Patronize Our Advertisers

BOOK AND JOB
Printing and Binding

ALL KINDS

Printed or Engraved Wedding Cards
and Society Printing

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

Mail Orders Solicited Send for Samples

The Thomas W. Burr Printing Co.
46 Columbia St., Bangor, Me.

Proper Goods, at the Proper Time at
the Proper Price.



W. J. Cherry's Barber Shop

Formerly Chadbourne's Barber Shop

Electrical or Hand Massage

Electric Clippers

79 CENTRAL STREET

(4 Chairs)

BANGOR

All Star Crew

PATRONIZE CHERRY'S

Telephone
Connection

Mandarin and
American Style

Oriental Restaurant

Shopper's Novelty Luncheon

The Home of Prompt, Efficient and Courteous Service

Catering to Banquets, Automobile and Private Parties a Specialty

209 Exchange St.

Bangor, Maine

THE FASHION

Annual February White Sale

LOWEST PRICES ON

Gowns, Envelope Chemise, Petticoats, Bloomers,
CORSETS, CAMISOLES, WAISTS

WOOD & EWER CO.

East Side Pharmacy

32 State St.

CHAS. H. DAVIS, Prop.



Prescriptions

Fine Chocolates

Soda

Ice Cream

KENDALL-WINCH COMPANY

Guns and Rifles

Automatic Pistols

We carry a full line of

Fishermen's Supplies, Skiis,
Snowshoes, Toboggans, Bicycles
Tricycles and Bicycle
Supplies

25 Central Street

In these days of uncertain prices and values the
guarantee of "money back" of

Hart Schaffner and Marx

speaks well for their integrity and clothes

Miller and Webster Clo. Co.

The Home of Hart Schaffner and Marx Clothes

At the Robinson Corner

Patronize Our Advertisers

When in need of a Haircut or Shave visit

MASON'S BARBER SHOP

Daniel H. Mason

20 Hammond Street

GUS A. YOUNGS

Soda Fountain, Cigars
and Smokers' Supplies

104 HARLOW ST., BANGOR, ME.

Compliments of

Bangor Fruit Co. Stores

16 Hammond St. and
196 Exchange St.

Fruits, Confectionery, Cigars

Our Peanuts and Fruit are the Best Quality

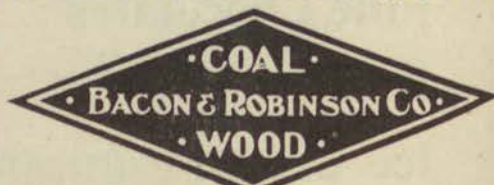
Just Completed—Four large Clothing Purchases at most advantageous prices to the consumer. SUITS and OVERCOATS at less than half price, from houses as follows: Leopold Morse & Co., Boston; L. Grief & Bro., Baltimore; Hirsh, Wickwire & Co., Chicago; Cohen, Goldman & Co., New York.

BENOIT-MUTTY CO. 191 Exchange Street Bangor, Maine

Furbush Printing Co.

Solicit High School Patronage
Excellent Work, Prices Right

108 Exchange St., Bangor



13 State St. (Next to Bangor Savings Bank)

Compliments of

S. L. CROSBY CO.

Sporting Goods

150 EXCHANGE STREET, BANGOR

Patronize Our Advertisers

Why is it at "SAM'S"
There is such an attraction?
Why is it so many
Are headed that way?

SAM'S SAMPLE SHOE SHOP, 62 Main St., Up One Flight
The Newest Styles in Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes at Lower Prices

Why! "SAM'S" boots and shoes
Give complete satisfaction
And people all like
The low prices they pay

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 *We Sharpen Safety*
Electric Massage and Shampoo *Razors*
No Long Waits—6 Chairs

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

O. CROSBY BEAN STATIONERY, BOOKS, NOVELTIES PLAYTHINGS

16 STATE STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

Photography in all its Branches
Amateur Developing and Printing

CHALMERS'

Studio 23 Hammond St.

All kinds of Picture Framing
Supplies for the Amateur

Manhattan Shirts

Lamson & Hubbard Hats

We have an exceptionally fine line of
Ready-to-Wear Suits
at very attractive prices

Our Made-to-Measure Clothes
start at \$32.50

and there are some wonderful fabrics at that price

McCann's Quality Shop, 12 State St.

E. & W. Collars

Rain Coats

WILBUR S. COCHRANE

TEACHER OF PIANO

Telephone 1503-R

Studio, 91 Fourth Street

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H. M. PULLEN, Teacher of VIOLIN

Pupils Prepared for Professional Work

SOCIETY HALL

EXCHANGE ST.

THE BEAL BUSINESS COLLEGE

50 Columbia Street

All Commercial Branches taught in
a thorough manner Free Catalog

STICKNEY & BABCOCK COAL CO.

19 State Street, Bangor

S. LEAVITT

Fruit, Confectionery, Sodas
and Ice Cream

196-198 Harlow St., Opp. High School
Telephone 8654

Ralph Fisher Smith

Teacher of Piano

Studio: 50 Columbia Street
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"Everything Electrical"

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Bangor Maine

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Electric Work Lighting Fixtures
Willard Storage Battery Service Station

THE DOLE COMPANY

Electrical Engineers and Contractors
Wm. McC. Sawyer, Treasurer
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W. L. ELDRIDGE

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Magazines, Daily and Sunday Papers
Postal Cards
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27 Central St.

Fur Work Tailoring Plaiting
Hemstitching Buttons

LUFKIN

U. M. CHOCOLATES Sold only at
58 Columbia St.

Home of the famous Pine Tree Taffy

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HARRY A. LITTLEFIELD, TREASURER

Eastern Trust and Banking Company

BANGOR, MAINE

Organized April 9, 1887

Paid Up Capital.....	\$ 175,000
Additional Liability of Stockholders	175,000
Surplus and Profits	875,000
Deposits.....	8,500,000

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

"MAINE'S BEST PAPER"

The BANGOR COMMERCIAL

50 cents per month
delivered by carrier

DAN T. SULLIVAN

Sells

OFFICE SUPPLIES

At 23 Central Street

All Work
Guaranteed

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BREWER, MAINE



All the latest in

HAIR GOODS

To Let

Theatrical Wigs
and Beards

for all classes of
Entertainments

LOVERING'S
European Hair Store

52 Main St., Bangor, Me.

LARSEN & SAWYER

Manufacturing Jewelers

All kinds of Jewelry Repairing

Gold and Silver Work

Stones of all kinds

Sizes of Rings Changed

Old Gold and Silver Bought

31 Central Street, Bangor, Me.

How Can You Hesitate?

Between—Machine-cut and machine-made clothes wooden as the marionettes in a peep show—

And the—Hand-cut, delicately-modeled productions of Hickey-Freeman, customized with genuine hand-workmanship, and distinguished in every stitch and line by a passion for perfection—

We Repeat: How can you hesitate, where the line of cleavage is so marked and the choice is so easy to make? Look at the **Hickey-Freeman Clothes** before you buy the others. That is all we ask.



JOHN T. CLARK CO.
FINE CLOTHES SHOP

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