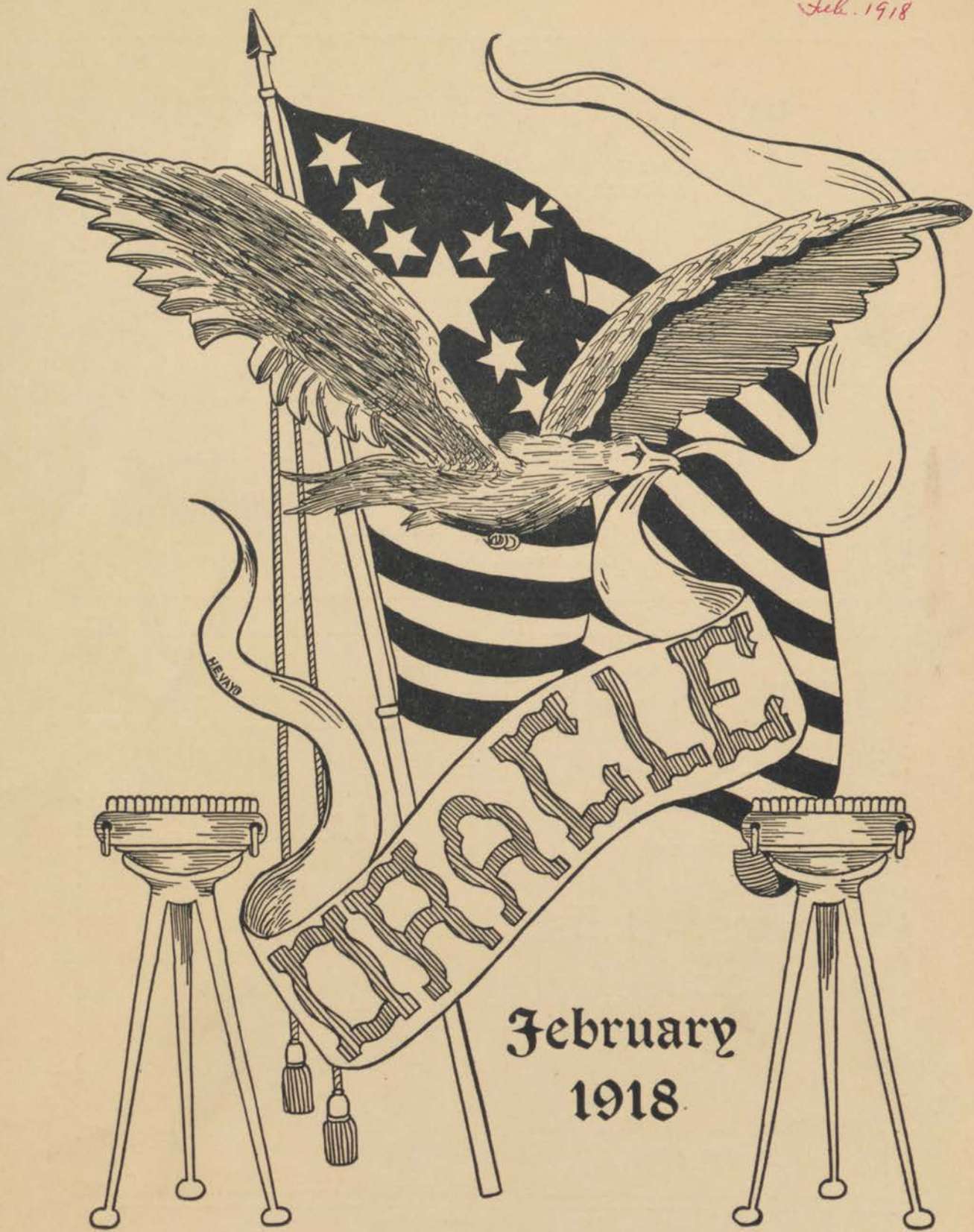


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CONTENTS

The Oracle Staff.....	1
Editorials	2
Literary.....	4
The American Flag—By Mary E. Clough, '18.....	4
A Book Review—By Mary C. Robinson.....	5
The Gold Leak—By Clyde Swett, '18	6
The Storm—By Albert Pitcher, '18	8
The Folly of Youth—By Mildred P. Oliver, '18	9
The Mystery of the Blue Grotto—By Harold Pressey	
'21	10
Hidden Treasure—By Carl W. Meinecke, '20.....	11
The Downfall of the Blue-blood—By John S.	
McCann, '18	13
Locals	15
Alumni.....	17
Exchanges.....	19
Crumbs From Another's Table.....	20
Athletics	21
Personals.....	23

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EDITORIALS

"He who loves not his country, can love nothing"

America must win the war and there is not a day, nor an hour, nor a moment to be lost in useless arguing. We have

President at the helm of our nation a wonderful man, Woodrow Wilson.

There can no longer be any doubt that he is the leader in the struggle for democracy against autocracy. He sought peace as long as he thought best, but when it became apparent that war was inevitable he bravely shouldered its burdens and proved that he was the real leader of his people in war as well as in peace and that he could act with coolness and unparalleled judgment in times of strife.

He has demonstrated to the world that America is in the war to advance civilization and to promote the cause of democracy and humanity. He wishes to make clear the fact that the American aims in the conflict include no spirit of selfishness or greed.

He has been rightly termed one of the wonders of the war. This scholarly man has so impressed the masses of this great republic that they now clearly see that at the head of the nation's affairs stands a President who is there to give his very best to his country. One seldom hears opposition to his actions now, for the American people recognize the fact that he is striving constantly for the benefit of his own people and all mankind.

Is it, therefore, unfair to ask that he be given the whole-hearted and united support of the American people? We know that he is working for us and that his principles are just and loyal. We should be extremely grateful for having such a president and it is no more than our duty as patriotic American citizens to aid him in helping America and her Allies win this mighty war for the safety and happiness of the present and future generations.

In a clear, but brief survey of the political conditions in the warring nations today "The Independent" speaks of **Internal Conditions** the political factors of the war. It states that these political conditions introduce a new and incalculable element into the war problem which may decide the result.

A military decision in the present worldwide conflict is not yet in sight. It seems very probable that in the near future political influences will have greater effect than actual military maneuvers. The internal conditions of the warring nations are elements which have the power to make these nations stand or fall.

Since the removal of the Czar from power Russia has been in a continual uproar. According to Kerensky Russia is "worn out." Her subjects, of different races, demand in-

dependence. Unless Russia can soon organize a stable government the existence of her newly established democracy is likely to cease.

Austria-Hungary is now undergoing internal strains which seem almost impossible to be endured. In many sections her inhabitants are constantly striving to bring about a change in the governing powers of the nation. Turkey has always been an empire of disunion and at the present time conditions there are even more unsettled than ever. Bulgaria is weary of strife and since the entrance of the United States into the war this little country has lost most of her faith in the German cause.

Germany herself has forces to struggle against within her own boundaries. The Russian revolutionary spirit has spread to Germany. The crews of some of her mighty battleships are said to have risen in open mutiny. Many German political leaders favor immediate peace. German policies have been severely criticised and even denounced by German leaders. One of these men says that the overwhelming majority of the German soldiers at the front are no longer inclined to fight for aims of conquest, but mainly for the safety of the fatherland.

In Italy there has been much opposition to the continuance of the war. Various means have been employed by those Italians who desire peace in order to secure the withdrawal of their nation from the conflict. The Socialists of France who at first rallied to the support of the government are withdrawing that support. They favor an immediate peace without annexations and without indemnity.

The "London Times" speaks at length in order to prove that there exists a revolutionary movement in England which has increased beyond mere passing importance. Thousands of troops are needed to contend with the Sinn Feiners in Ireland. The

struggle over conscription in England's colonial possessions has become intense. Australia has been greatly affected by a strike and in South Africa there is a movement for a separate republic.

The United States is in her first year of the war and has greater national unity than any of the other belligerents.

When one considers these facts it is very evident that each party in the strife has its own individual troubles to settle, both The Central Powers and Entente Allies alike. The war may be brought to a close by means of these internal dissensions rather than by conquest.

The overshadowing events of the great war are apt to make us for the moment forget the condition of our southern **Mexico** neighbor, Mexico, with whom we recently had considerable difficulty.

The Mexican problem has been termed not as one of reconstruction, but as one of construction. President Carranza is not engaged in restoring conditions prevailing before the war. He is creating and improving a new system of social and economic life.

He is in reality the government of Mexico for the Mexican people and subordinates commit the government business almost entirely to him.

The revolutionary, internal warfare is waning, but there are still powerful bands of bandits and robbers. Business is slowly emerging from ruin and is securing a firm foothold. There is no fully organized system of education, but the government has opened a few schools and has taken the business of educating her subjects into her own hands.

Mexico has been a land of upheaval and it is possible that the government may have further radical changes. But leading Mexicans, particularly Mr. Carranza, are on the right road. Mexico is on the up-grade and America can help by patient co-operation.



"It is the life in literature that acts upon life"

THE AMERICAN FLAG

By Mary E. Clough, '18.

"Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battlefields' thunder
and flame,

'Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame."



THE "Stars and Stripes,"—the emblem of our Fatherland, was made by act of Congress on June 14, 1777, the official flag of the United Colonies. Many flags had been made before this and used in different colonies, as many as seventy different ones, it is said. The flag raised over Washington's Headquarters in 1776, at Cambridge, Mass., resembled the flag finally adopted for our national flag and consisted of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and on the union of blue were the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George.

When a flag was needed for the ships of the United Colonies to recognize each other on the sea, a committee was appointed by Congress to design a flag. Everyone knows the story of how General Washington and the members of this committee went to the home of Betsy Ross in Philadelphia, a skilled needlewoman of that city, to have her make the flag. Washington had thought of having six-pointed stars to represent the number of colonies, but Betsy Ross thought that five-pointed stars would be more artistic on the field of blue, and

after showing the committee how easily they could be made, suggested that the five-pointed stars be used. Consequently, the original design was changed, with five-pointed stars instead of six. The following resolution was passed by Congress on the date first mentioned. "Resolved—That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, that the Union be thirteen stars, while in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

Later when two more states were added to the Union, the number of stripes and stars was changed to 15, but as time went on and more states came into the Union, it was thought best to leave the thirteen red and white stripes to represent the thirteen original colonies, while for every state that came into the Union, a star would be added to the field of blue.

This flag belongs to everyone. The most distinguished person and the humblest laborer may alike look upon the flag and feel that it is his flag. It stands for the fundamental principles of our Country, freedom and liberty. School children are taught to love and reverence the flag, and the high esteem in which it is held is signified by the names by which it has been called: The "Stars and Stripes," "Flag of the Free," "The Star Spangled Banner," and "Old Glory." Henry Ward Beecher said, "It

stands for the right of men to their own selves and to their liberties. It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the constitution. It is the government. It is the free people that stand in the government, on the constitution."

The inspiration of writing "The Star Spangled Banner," our national anthem, came to Francis Scott Key while on board a prison ship in Charleston Harbor in 1814. He saw his country's flag still proudly waving over the battlefield during the night and scribbled the lines of the anthem on an envelope.

This was the flag of the American Revolution, and John Paul Jones, "the naval hero of the Revolution," is said to have been the first to raise the flag on a vessel at sea.

This same flag was still the national flag in the Civil War, when the southerners strove to have their own flag, the "Stars and Bars" predominate over the flag of the Union, the "Stars and Stripes" and to separate the Union. In 1861, the Union flag was torn down from Fort Sumter in North Carolina and the "Stars and Bars" were put up in its place. Four years later, the "Stars and Stripes" again were hoisted at Fort

Sumter and waved joyously and triumphantly over the people who had sought to tear the Union apart.

Again in April, 1917, our flag became a war-flag. The most educated nation on earth, with deeds and acts that behoove the barbarian and heathen are striving to overthrow freedom, liberty, democracy, Christianity and everything we Americans, as well as people of other nations love, and are seeking to hold sway over the entire earth with the reign of heathenism and horror.

May it be the prayer of everyone who abhors such principles, that our flag and the millions, who stand behind it, may be successful in overthrowing the autocracy of Germany, in establishing throughout the earth, the principles for which "Old Glory" stands, in uniting all countries with the spirit of brotherly love, and in restoring to this already blood-stained earth, peace and friendly intercourse with all nations. May every American say with all his heart, with all his soul and with all his mind,

"I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

A BOOK REVIEW

By Mary C. Robinson.



New book has been added to the High School library, entitled "The Value of the Classics." It is made up of address given at Princeton university last June, during a conference upon Classical Studies in Liberal Education. The unique feature of the book is that the opinions expressed in it were not uttered by teachers of Latin and Greek, but by teachers of other subjects, chemistry, geology, engineering, etc.; and by men of affairs, not teachers at all, doctors, lawyers, financiers, railroad presidents, etc. All of them speak

in terms of strongest approval of the value of studying Latin and Greek. If any student wishes to know what to say in answer to the question "What's the use of studying Latin or Greek?" let him read this book and he will find a great many different uses offered by men of eminence in many walks of life. Following are a few quotations:

This is from Charles H. Herty, editor of the Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry. "To the young man looking forward to Chemistry as a profession the patient and thorough drill of courses in the classics is too often irritating and seemingly

a waste of time. He is forgetful of the mental gymnastics whose prototype in physical development he so readily recognizes; he fails to realize that the day is coming when, for the solution of some important problem for which he is responsible, he will need an elastic thinking power, qualified to hold fast to essentials and cast aside non-essentials; he will have to think true, to reason accurately; and, with all these well done, he will have to prepare a report either for the scientific journals, or for a Board of Directors, and upon its writing he will be judged. . . .

"If we are to rise above mediocrity in our scientific work, surely it must be upon the solid foundation of a broad and liberal education which will give us men of lively imaginations, clarity of thought, grace in expression and souls imbued with the deepest sympathy for the human race in all its struggles upward."

From Lewis Buckley Stillwell, Consulting Engineer, New York City: "To mention a specific reason why the scientist and the engineer should be well drilled by competent instructors in at least one inflected language, my observation has led to the conviction that the systematic and painstaking translation of Latin, for example, is of particular value in impressing upon the mind the great importance of precision in the expression of a thought. Particularly in science and engineering it is true that the

best word must be found. Mere approximation is not only inadmissible, but often worse than useless."

From William Francis Magee, Professor of Physics, Princeton University: "Besides the knowledge of mathematics and training in its use the physicist needs mainly training in the use of the inductive or scientific method of reasoning. This can be obtained in no better way than by the use of grammar and dictionary in the interpretation of the meaning of some classical author."

From Henry Cabot Lodge, Statesman and author: "A man may easily speak a modern language other than his own almost faultlessly, but unless he has some acquaintance with Greek and Latin he can never hope for real scholarship in the spoken tongue which he has acquired, or for a thorough comprehension of it."

James P. Monroe, Boston Chamber of Commerce: "The old education with its Latin grammar and more Latin grammar and still more Latin grammar, produced a hard headed, hard fisted, hard hearted race, but it was, in the main, a race sound, physically, mentally and morally. Many of the new methods of gently cooing toward the child's inclinations, of timidly placing a chain for him before a disordered banquet of heterogeneous studies, may produce ladylike persons, but they will not produce men."

THE GOLD LEAK

By Clyde Swett, '20.



Tell you, Kennedy, there is a leak somewhere!"

Jack Summers could not help hearing these words spoken by Mr. Morrison, junior member of the mining firm, as the window was raised a little at the top to let air into the office on this hot afternoon in July.

Neither could he help from hearing what followed.

"It does look strange," replied Mr. Kennedy, senior member of the mining firm, "but perhaps it is because the gold isn't running that way at present."

"It's running right because it's only the larger nuggets that are disappearing and I

don't think it's right to put boys on such a job. It isn't reasonable," continued Mr. Morrison.

"I can't believe that the son of such an honorable and honest man as his father is could ever do such a thing. Then, too, you remember he brought the best of recommendations with him."

Morrison, still unconvinced, concluded, "Well, at any rate, something will have to be done."

Jack kept on to his station at the end of the sluice box thinking of what he had just heard. At last he exclaimed partly to himself, "No, I won't resign, I'll just stick it through for the truth must come out sooner or later, though they do think that I am the cause of their losses, now."

Jack's position was really a very responsible one, for it was the most important position a mining company could give. It was only through his father, who was a most esteemed friend of Mr. Kennedy, that Jack had been able to get this place of importance. Only two months' previously, Jack had come all the way from Bangor, which is centrally located in Maine, to fill this position at this Mining camp in Nevada.

Jack's position was at the end of a long trough that ran from the mines. In the summer the melted ice from the nearby mountains was drained off by a pipe which was connected with the trough. The miners at the mines would dump the pay-dirt from mule-drawn cars, into this trough and it would then be carried to the end where Jack was situated. At this end there was a large box-like affair which was connected to the trough. Here the small particles of gold would collect and it was Jack's job to guard the box and empty it three times a week. As the company was large, there would be thousands of dollars come down this trough at each clean-up.

All the rest of that day Jack worked as though he was under a spell, and the next noon he decided to do a little investigating himself because he did not know when the blow would fall. There was the old watchman who had served the company so faithfully for over twenty-five years, and there were the workmen who dump the gold-dirt into the trough.

But Jack at once put out of his head the idea that the faithful old watchman would be tempted after all these years by the lure of gold. When he went to the place where the workmen were, he found that they could not have been the cause of the leak as the large nuggets would be all mixed up with the dirt.

Jack didn't sleep well that night and the food didn't taste good the next morning and when the noon hour came he was feeling very downcast. However, he gathered himself together and walked along underneath the trough, going the whole distance, something he had never done before. He had read of "wire tapping" and of "tapping oil mains," so he had a faint idea of theory. But what he did see made him cry out in astonishment.

Just before him was a little mountain of gold, or so it seemed to him, glistening there in the sun. He was not long in discovering the cause. A knot had fallen out of the thick plank which lined the trough and as the plank was warped a little the heavy nuggets, which had found their way to the bottom by that time, dropped through when they came to the knot hole.

Jack ran back to the camp after some nails, a board, and a hammer. After explaining to the watchman, Jack repaired the leak and with the help of the watchman, managed to get the gold to the treasury for that day's accounts.

The next day Jack was not surprised when he was called into the office to give

an explanation of the cause of so many nuggets appearing on the account for one cleanup. Jack was glad that he had the watchman for a voucher of the truth. After he had given his story of the discovery of the leak, Jack read the glance that Mr. Kennedy shot across the table to Mr. Morrison,

but he was kind enough to keep it to himself. It read like this: "I told you so," which set Jack's heart pounding as though it would break through his ribs for that showed that Mr. Kennedy had not for one moment doubted the honesty of the son of his honored friend.

THE STORM

By Albert Pitcher, '18.



"**S**TILL storming?" asked Tom from the depths of the rocking chair before the fire where he had been seated for the past two hours.

"Yes, Tom, and I don't see that it is any better than it has been all day," replied his sister, Nell, as she looked out of the window. "Dear me, I don't see what we'll do, it's so cold!"

Silence for a while.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to wash those dishes," murmured Nell.

Short silence.

"I've got to wash those dishes now," Nell sighed, as she got the dishpan, soap powder, and other tools of the housekeeper's profession.

She filled the pan half full of hot water from the tank and then went to the faucet for some cold. But no water came!

"Tom, what's the matter? The water don't come. What's the trouble?"

"Search me, I ain't an authority on water."

"But what do you suppose the matter is?"

"Aw, how do I know? Shut up!"

Nell, then sat down to wait for the hot water to become cold, a good substitute for cold water. A period of silence followed, in which each tried to get closer to the red-hot stove.

Then Nell said, "Tom, this fire is going out; you better get some more coal."

Tom shivered a while and then put on his overcoat, fur cap and mittens, for the terrible trip and started for the cellar stairs. Nell heard him yank the door open, clump down the stairs, stamp across the cellar floor, and then a crash and a yell. Tom came up the stairs at least four at a time.

"Nell, the water pipes' froze up and busted!"

"What?"

"And the water is all leaking out."

Nell put on her coat, hat and furs and started down to see it. Tom trailed along behind. When they got there, one corner of the cellar was covered with water.

"Tom, the drain pipe is stopped up. Why don't you see if you can't open it and let the water run out?"

Tom took an old broomstick and splashed over to the drain pipe. All he had on his feet was a pair of slippers. He poked around a little, but he did no good, so he went upstairs. Nell followed.

"What'll we do, 'Nell?'"

"Oh, I don't know!"

"I wish the old man was here."

"Never mind, Ma and Pa'll be back on the 3.30 train; they'll be here by four o'clock. It is quarter past three now."

The folks did not get back at four, nor at half past. At five they had not appeared. At half past five they were not there. At quarter of six steps were heard on the front steps, the door opened and in stepped Pa

and Ma covered with snow and about frozen.

"I say, Tom, that is a poor fire. It's cold here. Tom, suppose you take the coal hod and go down and get some coal," said Tom's father. "What's that! froze up and busted!"

"Yes, and I guess the cellar is half full of water by this time."

The session Tom afterward had with his father in the woodshed furnished plenty of warmth for Tom.

THE FOLLY OF YOUTH

By Mildred P. Oliver, '18.



IN an afternoon late in August an elderly, well dressed man walked slowly down a street in Berlin, leading to an old college dormitory of the university which he once had attended. As he looked about at the beautiful scene which lay before him in the haze of the setting sun, he saw an old white tablet over the place where the well known dormitory once stood. He walked up and sat down beside it. It brought to him fond, yet sad recollections of his lost youth.

It was in September of 1878 when Heinrich Muller and his two chums, Reinhard Werner and Wilhelm Partenheimer, took up their abode in Dormitory A, where they had a large apartment which consisted of four rooms, three bedrooms and a large study.

With this particular study a story was connected. In the large fireplace which was in one corner of the room, there was thought to be a secret panel which upon a certain time would open and the occupants of the room would see the Horror of Man. No one knew what the Horror of Man was, but nevertheless they believed it and the boys who so courageously took the apartment were the heroes of the day.

One evening when the three pals were sitting together in an old wine cellar, known as a Rathskeller in the neighborhood of the college, drinking and making merry, an old man whom they recognized as the janitor of Dormitory A, stepped up to them

and said "Heinrich, something is awaiting you in your study; go there at once and see what it is and take Reinhard and Wilhelm along with you. They look as though they needed a good scare."

Heinrich looked at the boys. What could it be that was awaiting him? He expected no one nor could he think of anything which could have been sent to him. For just two years ago he had left the home of his mother and sweetheart, after they had told him they disapproved of the drinking and the gay times he was having, saying that if they were not pleased with him some one else would be; that he was through with their nagging and would never see or write to them again.

Slowly he staggered to the study, his pals with him. Nothing was to be seen anywhere, although they looked high and low for the surprise. Finally they gave up the search and gathered around the fireplace to have a quiet smoke.

Suddenly they heard a noise and Heinrich got up to see what was the cause. As he turned around to assure the boys that it must have been the wind, he saw Wilhelm looking steadily at the fireplace, his face as pale as a ghost. Instinctively, Heinrich's eyes followed.

The panel was slowly opening and there on the floor of what seemed to be a little closet lay a skull which was staring out at them with fiery eyes. Suddenly it burned up and the ashes lay smouldering at their feet while out of the door came the figure

of a young gipsy girl who, while the door closed behind her, looked at them sadly and walked out of the room singing,

"Heute, nur heute
 "Bin ich so schon
 Morgen, ach morgen
 Muss alles vergeh'n
 Nur diese Stunde
 Bist du noch mein;
 Sterben, ach sterben
 Soll ich allein!"

After she had departed the boys looked at each other with astonishment. How did she come to be there? Why did she sing that doleful song? One of them went to the secret panel and tried to open it and when he succeeded in doing so he was greeted with a cloud of smoke. The room was on fire; the whole building was on fire! The boys in the drunken condition that they were, staggered out of the building just in time to escape death.

A year afterward when they were estab-

lished in new quarters, they were told that some of their college chums who did not believe in the story of the Horror of Man had planned a little joke on them, but that in lighting the paper in the skull a match unnoticed by them had fallen among some old rags and had thus set the building on fire.

* * * * *

Slowly the old man arose and retraced his steps. As he did so he thought of the song the gipsy maiden had sung:

"Sterben, ach sterben
 Soll ich allein!"

Yes, he was punished fully for his follies. He was to die alone. Alone! How bitter it seemed when he thought how perhaps one little letter might have changed the whole course of his life.

He did not look behind him but walked slowly onward and more and more the still white tablet sank from sight. Before him arose the great wide world in which he was to die alone.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BLUE GROTTO

By Harold Pressey, '21.



T was in southern Montana about the year 1840, when Jack Preble lived in the valley of the Pindar stream about twenty miles from any large settlement.

Jack lived in a rude log house having one room which served as dining room, bedroom, kitchen and parlor (if they had such things as parlors in those days). It also had a large fireplace at one end on which the kettle sang merrily all day long.

Jack was a new settler in those parts, for it was the time when emigration was at its height. He was very brave and daring and some people called him "Daredevil Jack" because of this.

About three miles below his cabin was a large cave. Originally, it had sheltered a settlement of the cave dwellers and some

of the ruins of their housekeeping could still be seen. The folks around called it the Blue Grotto because of its blue tint. It was composed of a sort of blue stone, of no value.

All the people were superstitious and said the place was haunted with ghosts, because every night deep rumblings came out of the mouth of the Grotto every half-hour for four hours. Jack only laughed at their fears, however.

One night as he was returning from the settlement, where he had been to get supplies, he happened to pass the Grotto just in time to hear the rumblings. He thought that was funny and all the way home he was thinking about it. At last he resolved to visit the place the next night and find out for himself what caused the noise.

About ten o'clock the following evening, Jack was on his way well supplied with matches and candles, and also a lantern. He stepped bravely into the entrance and lighted his lantern. This proved to have a weird effect upon the scenery, but he did not have time to think of that. He was there to find out the cause of the strange noises and he was bound to do so. He had walked for about half an hour when he saw that the cave was growing narrower. This did not trouble him much.

Suddenly there was a far away rumble which kept growing louder, and soon his lantern flickered and went out. His hat was blown off by a rush of wind through the passage. Jack knew it was useless to light his lantern till this was over, so he waited for a few minutes until all was silent again. He then found his hat, light-

ed his lantern and bravely continued his journey.

The air kept growing damper and damper and damper until it grew so cold that he had to take his blanket and wrap it 'round him. As he neared a turn in the passage, the rumble came again—this time very loud. He could hear the rush of water and wind, and could feel the spray against his face. His lantern went out as it had before, but he rounded the turn and what did he see?

He saw a column of water hundreds of feet high, spurt out of the ground four times, and then subside. It was an underground geyser that had caused all the rumblings and consequent superstition.

Jack slept peacefully on following nights, for had not he made an important discovery?

HIDDEN TREASURE

By Carl W. Meinecke, '20.



"O H, mother, are there any old-fashioned clothes in the attic that would be fit to wear at a masquerade party?"

The speaker was George Southard, fourteen years old, extremely tall for his age; in his first year at High School, and also in his first long pants.

Mrs. Southard, a tall, fine appearing woman, looked up from her reading and replied, "Why, I suppose so, there are two old chests up there. What do you want old-fashioned clothes for anyway?"

"For the masquerade at our dancing school tomorrow night. Ruth Talbot just told me about it. Will you let me go up and look now?" George answered, running his words together in his haste.

"Yes, yes," said his mother, "go along and don't be so excited."

"All right, mother. Where are the chests? Guess I can find 'em, though."

He was nearly upstairs before he finished speaking.

Running up to the attic, he turned on the electric light, which had just been installed.

"Now, where —?" he muttered to himself. "Ah, there they are!"

George dragged one of the chests out into the light, and opened it. "Coat, vest, pants." He looked at them a minute. "Not old-fashioned enough," he decided. "Have to go deeper." Nothing suited him till he reached the bottom layer of clothes. "Ah! An old 'swallow-tail,' a flowered vest—good!—and some gray trousers. All whole, too," he decided after brief inspection. "What's in this box? An old 'stove-pipe.' That finishes my costume." He threw the other clothes into the chest, picked up his costume, and turned out the light.

George went to his room and tried on the clothes. They were a fairly good fit. The hat was a little bit large, but some paper,

stuffed under the leather band inside, solved the difficulty. He surveyed himself in his mirror. "Now, with a mask on no one will ever know me," he said to himself.

In taking off the coat, George accidentally caught his hand in a small hole in the lining, and tore the lining to the bottom. A small note-book fell from the coat. George picked it up and glanced rapidly through it. It was filled with writing up to about the middle, from there on were blank pages. George looked curiously at the last written page. The top of it he could not make out, but the last two lines were—"buried back of house near the foot of the little elm."

"Phew! Wonder if it's money that's buried." He sat down on the bed to think.

"George, supper is ready," called his mother.

"All right, I'll be down in about five minutes," he answered.

He changed his clothes rapidly, and at the end of the five minutes was at his place at the table.

"Where's Dad?" he asked.

"He was called out of town on business, and he will not be home tonight. Did you find some old-fashioned clothes?" said Mrs. Southard.

"Found a dandy costume, hat and everything."

"That's fine. I will make a mask for you after supper."

George said something that may, or may not, have been "thank you." His mother couldn't tell, George's mouth was too full of fried potatoes for him to speak distinctly.

The meal was finished without much conversation, only a few questions being asked and answered.

After supper Mrs. Southard made a mask and then began reading. George was pretending to read, but he was wondering what was buried near the foot of the little—now large—elm.

At nine o'clock Mrs. Southard laid aside her book and said, naturally, "Come, George, it is time to go to bed."

George dropped his book, at which he had been gazing vacantly; said "Good-night, Mother"; went to his room, and was soon in bed.

He tossed restlessly and could not sleep. He was wondering, "What is buried back of the house near the foot of the little elm?" At last, as the clock struck eleven he determined to find out. He dressed noiselessly, and, taking his shoes in his hand, was soon out-of-doors.

There was a full moon and he could see easily outside. Putting on his shoes, he went to the tool-house, and, after bumping his shins twice and knocking something onto his foot, he found a pick and shovel. With these in his hands he walked to the elm. After studying the ground for awhile he selected a spot and began to dig. When he had dug about an hour, his pick stuck in something that, when struck, sounded hollow. His heart seemed to turn a somersault; and he dug feverishly. The moon was nearly overhead and he soon saw that he had uncovered a box about four feet long and quite wide.

Breaking off a board, he reached inside. Nothing but dust! No, there was something. He clutched it and drew it out. A dog's skull!

George sat down disgustedly. Why had he been such a fool? He remembered now that his grandfather had left a lot of money, so, of course, none was buried. Hang it! Now he had to fill up that hole.

He worked steadily, but it was nearly two o'clock when he finally crawled into bed again. For some time he lay awake wondering what "the fellows" would say when they heard of it and what his mother would do to him for spoiling the lawn. Finally he decided one thing;—that he would never again hunt for hidden treasure. After that he went to sleep.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE BLUE-BLOOD

By John S. McCann, '18.



IT is Siberia. To the north, to the south, to the east, and to the west, as far as the human eye can travel, spreads a clear ermine carpet of pearl-white snow. One would marvel at the natural beauty of it all, but for the weird chants of tempestuous winds which seem to tell of the sufferings and the mysteries of this forsaken country.

Suddenly the monotony of this melancholy sound was broken by the joyful tinkling of sleighbells. Over the horizon comes a sleigh drawn by twelve sturdy Russian horses. On, on, it flies—the horses, swift as the wind, dash their way across the fields, through woods, over hills and through valleys. On, on, till suddenly they come upon one of those old half-ruined prisons which are found here and there among the mines of Siberia. In front of this the horses come to a sudden halt and a man descends from the sleigh and enters the desolate building.

He is a tall, well built soldier, with a hard face bearing those lines of cruelty which are characteristic of the aristocratic officers of the Czar's Cossacks. He throws his cloak aside, then, taking a glance around the room he shudders at its desolation and with a curse he rushes for the wine which is on the table.

There are other occupants of the prison, suffering slow death in the dungeon beneath, who while the new commander is cursing his new station, are planning his downfall and his death. Thirty in number in that damp and dreary cell they draw close to one another trying to protect themselves from the freezing dampness. One can see the intense excitement of the group as one of their number slowly tells them that on the previous day the commander of the

prison with all his troops had been suddenly recalled from the garrisons to go to the battle front, that the new troops would not arrive until the next day, and that the new commander was to arrive before his troops and have sole charge of the prison for that night. On hearing this the men gathered closer together and planned how on that night they should make their much meditated strike for liberty.

Their planning was suddenly broken by the creaking of the iron door of the dungeon, which is slowly swung open. The harsh voice of the new commander cried out: "One of you curs come up in the garrisons and be quick about it."

The men looked from one to another, then their leader whispered to them, "I will go and in passing out I shall take the lock off of the door. Then in about an hour all of you to a man come to the garrison and we shall make our strike for liberty."

As he entered the garrison the new commander, who was almost crazy from an over-abundance of wine, rushed toward the prisoner and striking him with his sword, snarled, "When I say hurry, you hideous heathen, I mean it. Your name?"

"Michael Milukoff, sir."

"Milukoff bow before your new commander," and raising his sword he struck him again.

Order upon order he hurled at Michael, accompanying each by a blow with his sword, until poor Michael fell exhausted and covered with blood to the floor.

Suddenly the commander walking to where Michael lay and again striking him cried out, "Deplorable wretch you are honored, the sword of Captain Ivan Romanoff drinks of your blood."

"Ivan Romanoff," the name struck Michael like a thunderbolt. He raised

himself from the floor and spraing towards the commander. But just then the door from the cells opened and the thirty prisoners paused on the threshold and then slowly entered. Blood was in their eyes. They looked not like men, but like so many animals. They bent forward as if they would not be satisfied until they had ripped every bone from the commander who arose from his chair and then seeing the look in their eyes shrank back overcome with fear.

They were almost upon him when suddenly Michael sprang between them and their prey, crying out, "Back to your cells and I will settle with the man myself."

But it was too late, like a lot of fiends the men, when they saw liberty so near, lost all sense of reasoning and were about to spring upon the commander when Michael snatched the sword that hung at Ivan's side and faced the crazed mob. "Back," he cried, "or I shall kill you all." The men, seeing the determination in his eyes slowly withdrew back to the door and then with cries of "Traitor, Traitor," they returned to their cell.

Slowly the commander who had partially recovered from his fright arose and facing Michael he asked in astonishment, "Why should you do this for me?"

Michael stared with hatred at the commander for a few seconds, then spoke: "Twenty years ago when I was but a lad of fifteen I got in a boyish fight with my twin brother. I recall how I left him unconscious and fearing the wrath of my father, I ran away from home. I have never seen my family since then, but years later I heard that I had in that fight made a wound on my brother's chest that would leave a scar for life."

Upon hearing this Ivan Romanoff fell back with astonishment and fear. But Michael pressed upon him and tearing open his shirt exposed an ugly scar upon his

chest. Then with anger and hatred he cried, "And you, such a coward as you, Ivan Romanoff,—my brother. As we parted many years ago, fighting, so we meet again. It is a duel I offer you. My withered body against your trained physique. You fighting for your life, and your Czar, I for those thirty men slowly dying in the dungeon and for liberty."

Going to the wall he seized two swords which hung there and placing one in the hand of his brother, he cried out, "Come, it is a fight I offer you."

Their swords crossed. Each fought with every bit of energy in him, knowing that one or the other must soon give up his life. Wound after wound they inflicted on each other, but still they fought gasping for breath. Then Michael, overcome by exhaustion, slowly fell to his knee. Thus they fought when suddenly the door flew open and a courier cried out in a loud voice, "The people have revolted, the Czar has abdicated;" and as quickly as he had come he departed.

The exhausted men heard but two words, "Czar abdicated". At these words as if by magic, both swords fell from the fighters' hands, and overcome by exertion, both men fell to the floor.

Ivan Romanoff opened his lips and muttered, "My Czar has abdicated," and raising his sword with all the energy left in him he pressed it to his heart.

When Michael regained consciousness he beheld with horror the body of his dead brother on the floor. Had he killed him? No, it was his own sword that stuck in his side. Yes, his brother, coward that he was, had killed himself. Then Michael remembered the courier's message and for the first time in twenty years a smile of happiness lit his face, and raising his hands to Heaven he cried out, "I am a free man in a free country. Thank God!"



LOCALS

"Forever and a day"

Jan. 3 in chapel, Manager Garland spoke about the trip to Old Town for the basketball game there. He also urged the school in all games to support the team more strongly than they have been doing.

Coach Johnson then spoke about the rudiments of the game of basketball and asked all the fellows to turn out that Bangor might have a winning team this year. He stated that all men who made a good showing would be given a chance in the games. He closed his fine speech with an appeal to the school to help keep the boys of the team in training by stopping them when they are breaking training.

Capt. Peters spoke briefly, asking for more men and better support for the team.

The band presented their leader with a fine electric percolator for his home, in appreciation of his wonderful work in making the band what it is—the finest high school band in New England. The B. H. S. Band now has an instrument that has been wanted for some time, a saxophone. This instrument is advocated by almost all composers of military music in the band instrumentation. Its voice is peculiarly martial, and the possible variety of tone color exceedingly great. Our new saxophone is played by Robert Hutchins.

Jan. 4, Mr. Eaton made an appeal to the student body concerning so many cases of

tardiness so early in the term. He asked that each student help keep the school's record as good as possible.

Jan. 7th the band introduced a novelty in chapel, a xylophone solo by Francis Shaw with the band accompaniment. The cornet and trombone sections came to the front and played the trio directly to the audience.

Jan. 11, the Freshmen held a class meeting to form an executive committee for the choosing of a class banner. This is a yearly duty of the Freshman class.

Jan. 11, Mr. Flagg of the Public Library gave his regular talks upon the use of the library to the Sophomore Class. These talks are very useful as they teach the student how and where to find books that are needed for reference in their studies, themes and debates.

On Jan. 14 was held the semi-finals to appoint those students who are to speak in the Junior Exhibition at City Hall at the end of this term. The judges were James Quine, Miss Waterman and Miss Pennell. The speaking was so excellent that it was difficult for the judges to decide. However, ten were chosen as being a bit superior. The list of appointed Juniors, with their selections, follows:

On the Other Train Agnes Olsen
 Going to School Hazel Coffey
 Her First Call On the Butcher.....

..... Ruth Holden
 Teaching a Boy..... Doris Plaisted
 Mrs. Caudle's Lecture on Shirt Buttons....

..... Helen Harrigan
 Stella Smith received honorable mention.

Webster's Reply to Hayne.. George Smith
 Webster's Reply to Hayne.. James Buckley
 Kennan's Charge Vincent Smart

Southern Soldier..... William Hall
 The Man For the Crisis... Robert Mathews

Robert McCann received honorable mention.

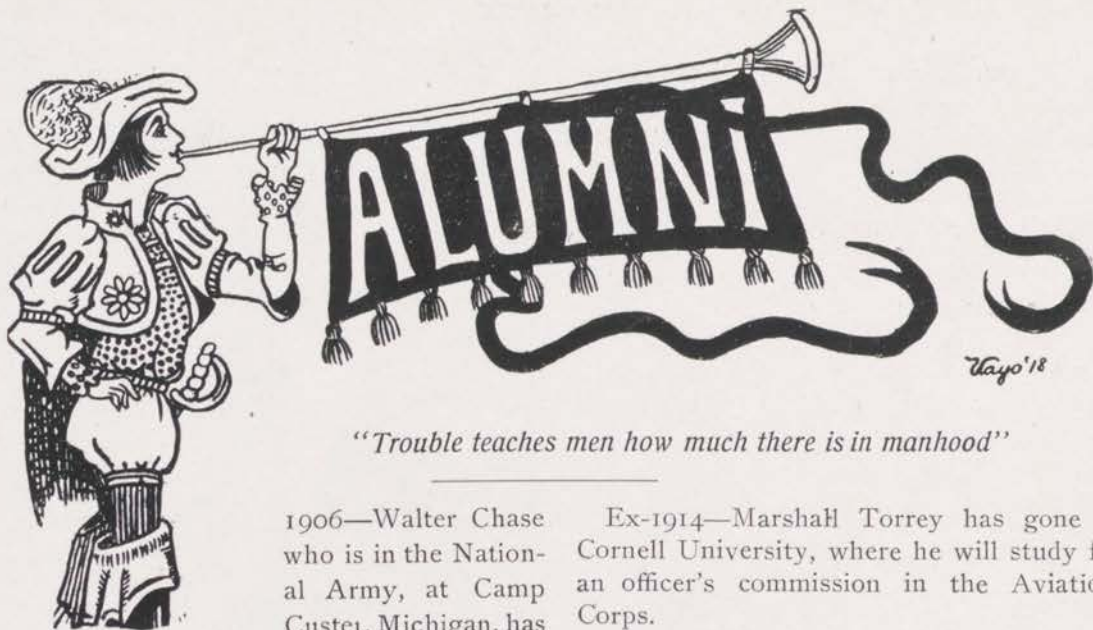
Those who took part were: Elizabeth Chalmers, Hazel Coffey, Mabelle Colby, Helen Harrigan, Ruth Holden, Vesta Nelson, Marjorie O'Connell, Agnes Olsen, Doris Plaisted, Stella Smith; Albert Black, James Buckley, Franz Dolliver, William Hall, Wilson Hathorn, Robert Mathews, Robert McCann, Paul Searles, Vincent Smart, George Smith.

Jan. 15, Mr. Starkey, assistant state superintendent of schools, spoke to the students about the Thrift Stamp campaign in the schools. He told the reason for this move and stated that Maine was to contribute fifteen millions of dollars as her share in the work. "This means," he said, "that Maine must give every day next year \$40,000 to make up her share." He then went on to tell of the method of procedure and the explanation of the Thrift Stamps and the War Saving Stamps. When one has bought \$4.00 worth of the Thrift Stamps he may exchange them for an interest bearing stamp, called the War Saving

Stamp, by paying from 13c to 23c. This W. S. S. is worth \$5.00 and commands a four per cent. interest compounded quarterly. When one has twenty of these stamps he has the equivalent to a \$100.00 United States government bond, payable in 1923. The Thrift Stamps will be on sale by Mr. Congdon and a record will be kept of the sale of the stamps in each school and a comparison made. Mr. Frank Vanderlip is at the head of this tremendous undertaking and he looks to the schools for a part in this campaign. Bangor High must not be a slacker, help give it first place in schools of its size in the United States for the sale of War Savings Stamps.

Jan. 17, the new service flag for the Senior class was shown in chapel. This flag is of the new type having numerals on one large star instead of the large number of small stars that are generally used in the older type of service flag. This new method makes it much easier to tell the number of men than the older type. The Senior flag has a twelve on the large star showing that twelve members of the class of 1918 have entered the service of Uncle Sam. This flag is hung on high on one of the panels over the left hand entrance in Assembly Hall.

It is hoped that the other class will follow the example of the Seniors and have a service flag. In addition, a roll of honor suitably mounted and placed in a position of honor would be fine to commemorate those boys of Bangor High, who in the time of national peril, offered their services to their country.



"Trouble teaches men how much there is in manhood"

1906—Walter Chase who is in the National Army, at Camp Custer, Michigan, has been promoted sergeant in the medical supply department. As a graduate of the University of Maine, Mr. Chase was privileged to train for a commission at Camp Devens, but on account of his training as a pharmacist, he decided that he could be of more use to the army in the medical supply department, so that is where he remained. Mr. Chase was associate-editor of the Bulletin of Pharmacy at Detroit for several years.

1908—Second Lieutenant Ashmead White, who is now stationed at Camp Devens, has been promoted to first lieutenant on recommendation of the commanding officers at the Ayer, Mass., cantonment. Dr. Arthur O. Largay, a graduate of Georgetown University, has recently received a commission as first lieutenant in the medical corps.

1910—Fred W. Benner, a former editor of the Oracle, has been promoted to first lieutenant in Machine Gun Company, 103rd Infantry now in France.

1912—John Hynes is enlisted in Company C, 14th Engineers Corps, now in France.

Ex-1914—Marshall Torrey has gone to Cornell University, where he will study for an officer's commission in the Aviation Corps.

1914—Corporal Abe Goldberg is enlisted in Company G, 103rd Infantry, now in France.

1915—Irving R. Donovan, the winner of the Junior Exhibition medal and a scholarship at the University of Maine because of his excellent speaking, is stationed at Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C., in the First Maine Heavy Artillery.

1916—Prentiss Preble is a supply sergeant in Co. G, 103rd Infantry. Philip Koritzky, a former end on the football team, is also a member of Co. G. Arthur Mulvany, the former star athlete and secretary and treasurer of the class of 1916, has the rank of quartermaster on the U. S. S. Satilla of the Naval Reserve.

1917—Max Snyder, who was at home recently on a furlough, has returned to the U. S. S. Kearsarge, where he is stationed.

Ex-1917—Franklin Gould is stationed on the U. S. S. Porter, now in foreign waters.

Ex-1918—Wesley Smith is a private in Company G, 103rd Infantry in France. Al-

bert Messer is a member of the Canadian Forestry Unit, now stationed in England. John Jameson is on the U. S. S. New York.

Ex-1920—Walter Watson has enlisted in the Aviation Corps.

Dr. Francis G. Benedict, who married Miss Cornelia Golay, a former Brewer girl and a graduate of Bangor High School, class of '88, has been awarded a gold medal by the National Institute of Social Sciences for his notable service to mankind. Dr. Benedict is the director of the Nutrition Laboratory of the Carnegie Institute and the award was given because of the remarkable discoveries made by Dr. Benedict and his associate in research work in bio-energetics, a study of the heavy processes of the body and the effects of alcohol on the body.

Lewis B. Dennett, '16, is the chairman of a committee of the Psi Upsilon fraternity at Bowdoin College, which has charge of cutting and splitting enough wood to keep their chapter house warm and thus conserve coal. The fraternity is fortunate in owning several acres of pine, birch and maple, and the boys are able to get the wood with no other expense than that of time and equipment. The thirty men in the chapter have organized in six shifts of five men each; every day one shift spends the entire afternoon in the woods so that with the exception of Sunday the assault on the pine and birch is continuous. This is helping greatly in conserving coal for more urgent needs.

At the annual meeting and banquet of the University of Maine chapter of Alpha Omicron Pi several graduates of Bangor High School were initiated into that society. Gladys G. Reed, '13, the president welcomed the members, and Katharine Stewart, '17, made the response. Toasts were given as follows: "If I Were a Man—Sir,"

Pauline Miller, '17; "P. T. Pretty Tough," Rachel Bowen, '17; "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death," Helen Reed, '17; "Travel Made Easy By the B. R. & E.," Lilla Hershey, '17; "Is Man Necessary to My Happiness?" Pauline Mansur, '15.

Miss Susie Elizabeth Martin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pemberly Martin of Hartford, Conn., and Cornelius Edwards Clark of Bangor were married in November at the First Methodist church in Hartford. Rev. Dr. Calvin M. Clark of the Bangor Theological seminary, father of the bridegroom, performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Dr. John J. Oakley of Yonkers, N. Y., grandfather of the bride, and Rev. Howard V. Ross, pastor of the church. The bride is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke College; while the groom is a graduate of B. H. S. in the class of 1910, and of Yale University, and he is now engaged in Y. M. C. A. work in the army, having recently completed the army work in the Springfield Y. M. C. A. College.

Friends of Miss Cecilia A. Christensen, '14, a former editor of the Oracle, will be interested to learn that she has been elected literary editor for the "Bates Student."

The marriage of Valentine Henneman and Miss Mabel Dealing, a graduate of Bangor High School, occurred December 31, 1917. Mrs. Henneman is a prominent Bangor artist and for several years, has been a very efficient and much loved teacher of drawing in the Bangor Public schools. Mr. Henneman is a native of Belgium and has been coming to this country summers for twelve years. He has remained in America since the war broke out and was one of the founders of the art colony at Boothbay Harbor. He is a well-known portrait painter. They will reside in Bangor.



"Good intentions are poor substitutes for good results"

AS OTHERS SEE US

Oracle—Your literary editors are certainly on the job. A fine paper in every respect. The cover design is very suggestive.—Salem Oak, Salem, N. J.

The Oracle, Bangor, Maine—Your personals are always good and your cuts excellent. For stories, I think "He Almost Deserted, But"—and "Almost a Slacker" were the best.—Holten, Danvers, Mass.

The Oracle is an excellent school paper from cover to cover. Keep up the good work and call again.—Crimson, Goshen, Indiana.

The Oracle—This paper is undeniably deserving of a great deal of praise. Each department is very well managed, and we can only add our word of praise to the general criticism of the Oracle.—Dean Megaphone, Franklin, Mass.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

Throop Tech, Pasadena, Cal.—You are no slacker, but we can criticise you on a few things. You do not think an Exchange department worth while? We are printing the last two paragraphs of one of your editorials—The Germany We Are Fighting—the first part of which does credit to the author, but we think that the last paragraph reflects rather a demoralizing and crippled view on Truth. The contrast be-

tween the two paragraphs is quite prominent.

"Let us not lose hope for the ideals of true civilization. Right will win in the end. This war simply proves the fact that the spirit or soul of man cannot be destroyed by physical force, especially when his home, his country and his ideals are going to be crushed by Prussian Kultur.

"The good Lord made everything. Therefore He made mistakes. But what we can't see is how He happened to make all His hard luck cases into war-lords and bloated junker philosophers, unless it was to test the civilization of the world. He was becoming discouraged and losing hope in His flock during the first couple of years of war, but now the world has awakened. Civilization won't fail you, Lord."

Oak Leaves, Vassalboro, Maine—Could be a better paper by far with a little more effort. In your Exchanges we notice that you criticise the Hebron Semester for having "a thin Exchange list." Do you know that yours is rather thin? Come again.

Crimson and White, Pottsville, Pa. An interesting school paper, but we don't admire your cuts. They're a little large and garish for the size of the paper. "The Sammie's Dream" is a well written story.

The December issue of the Industrial School Magazine is as always, very good.

The jokes would surely make the gloomiest person in Germany laugh.

The Dobra, Newport, Ky., has a very unique and witty column—I. H. O.—in the form of questioning letters answered by I. Tellum (lies). The spelling takes the prize for originality. We like you—come often.

Holten, Danvers, Mass.—We like your cuts very much. The paper could be greatly improved if the departments were a little longer. "Knitting for the Kaiser" surely goes straight to the point. Can't somebody write longer stories?

Pennamaquan Guide, Pembroke, Maine—Another paper that doesn't believe in wasting time, space and gray matter on an Exchange Department. Don't you like being

criticised? Your departments as a whole are well developed.

Students' Review—Very good little magazine—full of lively school life. "Catching An Escaped Prisoner" is a good story, but its lonesome; get more stories. Your jokes are the real thing.

Holman Magazine, Philadelphia, Penn.—A very good paper as a whole. One word describes it better than a dozen can—craftsmanlike—in cuts, departments and appearance.

The Prize Story—"Mind Your Own Business!" in the Herald from Holyoke, Mass., surely deserves a prize for its humorous side alone. Isn't it possible to make the Exchange and Alumni Departments longer?

CRUMBS FROM ANOTHER'S TABLE

With Apologies to the Dead Languages.

Lightibus, outibus in parlorum,
Boyibus kissibus sweeti girlorum,
Dadibus, hearibus loudi smackorum,
Comibus quickibus with a cluborum;
Boyibus gettibus hard spankorum,
Handibus nextibus outside doororum,
Gitibus upibus with a limporum.
Swearibus kissibus giri nomorum.

Peanuts St. Jacques. I'm a self-made man.

Miss A—: You knocked off work too soon.

Proof of Courage.

To Prove: That women are more courageous than men.

Proof: No man has courage enough to take out a mirror and doll himself up before a crowd. Therefore women are more courageous.

A burglar who had entered a student's room at midnight was disturbed by the

awakening of the occupant of the room. Drawing a knife, he said, "Move and you're a minus quantity. I am looking for cash."

"Let me get up and strike a match. I'll hunt with you."

There are meters of accent
And meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone.

Tough Luck.

His horse went dead and his mule went lame,

And he lost his cow in a poker game;
Then a cyclone came on a summer's day
And blew the house, where he lived, away.
Then an earthquake came, when that was gone,

And swallowed the ground that the house stood on.

Then the tax collector came around,
And charged him up with the hole in the ground.

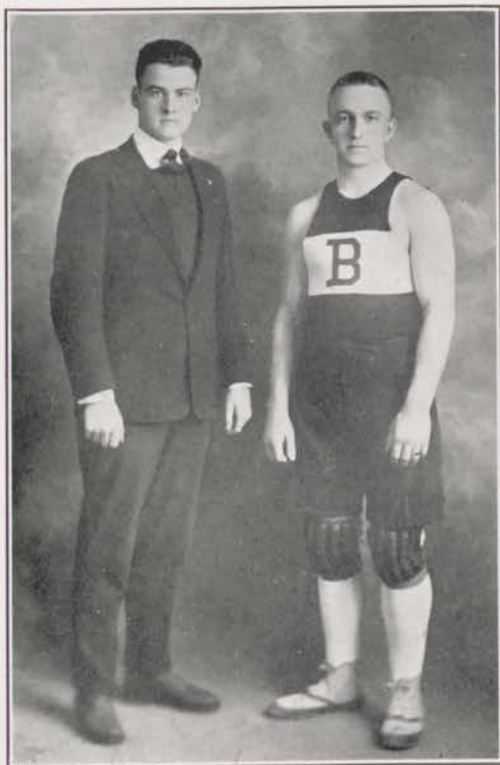


"Justice, not the majority, should rule"

B. H. S. VS. O. H. S.

On Jan. 4, Bangor High played a game of basketball with Old Town, at Old Town. The game was clean, fast and interesting. Until a few minutes before the end of the

Baskets, Rand 3, Peters 3, Toole 4, O'Connor 1, Pond 9, Perrot 1, Hutchinson 1, Nadeau 1. Referee M. A. Mitchell, U. of M. Timers, W. H. Jenkins, of Old Town, and Miles Finnegan of Bangor. Time, two 20-minute periods.



BASKETBALL

Manager—Joe Garland Captain—Eddie Peters

last period it looked as if Bangor were the winner; but Old Town rallied and ended the game 24-22 in her favor.

B. H. S. VS. O. H. S.

Jan. 16, Bangor High played its second game with Orono H. S. on the home floor. The Bangor team was in fine trim and at the end of the first period had kept their opponents from scoring. The final score was 58-8.

Baskets, Peters 5, Toole 7, Rand 11, O'Connor 5, Fenley 1, Hogan 2. Fouls, Peters 2, Cunningham 2. Referee, M. A. Mitchell, U. of M. Timers, Geagan of Bangor, and Kennev of Orono. Time, two 20-minute periods.

B. H. S. VS. M. C. I.

Jan. 25, Bangor High was greatly outplayed by its heavier opponent M. C. I. on the floor of Bangor City Hall. During the first part of the game Bangor was in the lead, but they could not keep up with the faster team from Pittsfield.

Baskets, Toole 5, Rand 5, Peters 1, Breen 9, Lampher 4, Tierney 6. Fouls, Peters 1, Lampher 2. Referee, Bridgham of Bangor A. A. Timers, Allen of Bangor and Haskell of M. C. I. Time, two 20-minute periods.

B. H. S. VS. E. M. CO. A. A.

Bangor High defeated a team from the Eastern Manufacturing Co., Jan. 11, in the High School gymnasium. The game was hard fought and was not decided until the last part. The final score was B. H. S. 20; E. M. Co. A. A., 11.

B. H. S. VS. ENFIELD A. A.

Jan. 26, Bangor H. S. team went to Enfield after having played a losing game the night before at Bangor. The team was not accustomed to such a small hall and the Enfield team was much the heavier. The score was Enfield A. A., 40; B. H. S., 25.

INDOOR TRACK MEET**B. H. S. VS. Y. M. C. A.**

Jan. 28, Bangor High School and the local Y. M. C. A. track teams held the first meet

**TRACK****Manager—John Quinn****Coach—Clarence Allen**

of the season in City Hall. Bangor High had a large squad and easily defeated the Y. M. C. A. team. The total score in points was Bangor 69 2-3, Y. M. C. A., 26 1-3.

The summary:

25-yard dash—McCann, B. H. S., 1st; Bridgham, Y. M. C. A., 2d; Peters, B. H. S., 3rd. Time, 3 4-5 seconds.

300-yard run—Rand, B. H. S., 1st; Allen, B. H. S., 2d; Pilot, Y. M. C. A., 3d. Time, 5 4-5 seconds.

High jump—Allen, B. H. S., 1st; Rice, Y. M. C. A., 2d; McCann, W. Frawley, B. H. S., and Bridgham, Y. M. C. A., tied for 3d. Five feet and two inches.

600-yard run—Bridgham, Y. M. C. A., 1st; Gray, B. H. S., 2d; Rowe, B. H. S., 3d. Time, 1.54 4-5.

1,000 yard run—Brown, Y. M. C. A., 1st; Oaks, B. H. S., 2d; Vickery, B. H. S., 3d. Time, 3.05 3-5.

Standing broad jump—Allen, B. H. S., 1st; Newhouse, Y. M. C. A., 2d; Rice, Y. M. C. A., 3d. Nine feet, seven and six-tenths inches.

High dive—Allen and Gallagher, B. H. S., tied for first place; Rice, Y. M. C. A., 3d. Five feet, two inches.

Running broad jump—Allen, B. H. S., 1st; Rice, Y. M. C. A., 2d; Gallagher, B. H. S., 3d. Eighteen feet, three inches.

12-pound shot put—Garland, B. H. S., 1st; Smith, B. H. S., 2d; Newhouse, Y. M. C. A., 3d. Distance, 39 feet, 9 inches.

Sack race—Brown, B. H. S., 1st; Swett, B. H. S., 2d; Valletly, B. H. S., 3d.

Tug of war won by Bangor High school counted one point.

Relay race won by Bangor High school counted five points.

In scoring events not otherwise mentioned, first place counts five points, second place, three points, and third place, one point. Total points: Bangor High school, 69 2-3; Y. M. C. A., 26 1-3.



"Avoid witticisms at the expense of others"

More Tintypes in Rhyme.

Look at those dreamy, smiling eyes,
Behold those dimples fair,
With all her fascinations,
Marion Webb is always there.

Freddy is tall and lean and lank,
He's studious just the same,
And he can play in the High School band,
Without receiving one word of blame.

Irving Nickerson's a dabster in music,
He can sing and play very well,
Who knows but what this little Freshie,
In the land of fame may dwell.

The Hygiene class learns that the Freshmen have green instead of gray matter in their brains.

Things Heard in B. H. S. Corridors:

1. "I wish that they would 'hooverize' on lessons."
2. "Miss So and So gave me A in that test."
3. "What are you going to write for a graduation theme?"
4. "Goodness! I dread this next period, for I haven't studied one bit."
5. "Oh, dear! I flunked that test. I wonder what I will get on my report card?"

What We Need at B. H. S.:

1. Periscopes at the corners of the corridors.
2. Experts to interpret some of the writing.
3. An elevator so that we can get from room 114 to room 305 before the room gong rings.
4. Mufflers to put on the whistlers.
5. Grease for the pencil sharpener in the library.
6. Dumb waiters to carry our books.

A Bangor High student asked what the war was about. When told that it was for Democracy, he said, "Well, I won't go to war because I'm a Republican."

Was This in Room 208?

Mrs. Timid: "John, wake up! There's a man downstairs. I'm sure that I heard a noise like a yawn."

Husband: "Oh, go to sleep! What you heard was probably the rubber plant stretching 'tself."—Exchange.

A Freshman stood upon a stair,
His head was covered with bright red hair,
His face was as white as white could be,
For flunk in a test was all he could see.

Rumors.

1. That all cameras in the city are being thoroughly overhauled to make ready for the Senior pictures.
2. That we are having very wintry weather.
3. That, unless the library books are returned to the School library at once, fines will have to be paid.

Live to eat.—L. N., '18.
 Never a frown.—M. C., '18.
 Sleep and get handsome.—F. A., '18.
 Sing and be famous.—G. C., '18.
 Get off the earth.—E. W., '18.
 Bright as a dollar.—M. DeW., '18.
 Watch your step.—L. E., '18.
 Use your common sense.—G. N., '18.
 Too good to be true.—G. C., '18.



4. That the glass panels in the doors of the Freshmen rooms are to be taken from the top of the doors and put in the lower part so that the Freshman will be able to see out without having to stand on a chair.
5. That "Out West" was splendid.
6. That the Juniors are going to have the best Junior Exhibition ever.
7. That some day we will all graduate.
8. That the Seniors will be missed by all. I wonder if it will be a happy or a sad miss?
9. That we have one holiday this term.
10. That the Freshman class is green.

To Whom It May Concern.

Quality—not quantity.—B. R., '18.

The writer of perfect themes.—G. S., '18.
 Always a frown (?).—H. R., '18.
 Never a smile.—F. L., '18.
 Our pianist.—L. McK., '18.
 Bookworms.—Everyone ???
 Bound to win.—M. K., '18.
 Long and short of it.—M. S., '18, and R. C., '18.
 Always (?) on time.—D. G., '18.
 Waiting for a dance.—C. L., '18.
 Waste no time.—G. E., '18.

Heard in Physiography.

Mr. S— (reading a theme about fish):
 "Some of them caress one another lovingly."

THINGS FROM EVERYWHERE

"Why, Willie," said his mother, "how is it that you only got 60 in Algebra this month, and last month you got 90?"

"It 'taint my fault; the teacher moved the boy in front of me to the first seat."

"Describe water, Johnny," said the teacher.

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

"Can you imagine," said a teacher of Natural History, "anything worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?"

"Yes, sir," came the answer from one boy.

"What pray?" asked the teacher in surprise.

"A centipede with corns."

Teacher: "What is the meaning of category."

Scholar: "Well— 'cat' means cat, 'e' stands for 'he' with the 'h' left off, and 'gory' means bloody. So the whole means 'bloody tom-cat.'"

Quinn, '18: "Il'avait pour mobiles."
"He had motor power."

Allen, '18: "Garcon." "Bellhop."

Gray, '18: "La tete renversee sur l'oreille." "His head turned on his ear."

Archer, '18: "Dine t-on bientot?"
"When do we eat?"

Mme. B—: "The next may start with 'his brother' and go as far as 'Orleans.'"

The rain falleth on the just

And the unjust feller,

But most on the just,

For the unjust has the just's umbreller.

Cards of Life.

The young man lead with the heart,
The maid for a diamond played,
The old man came down with a club,
And the sexton used the spade.

The door opened suddenly and a lady rushed in. "Oh, doctor," she cried, "the baby has swallowed some ink and now he's looking blue. What shall I do?"

"Give a dose of blotter," said the doctor.
"This is certainly an absorbing case."

Mistake, Beg Pardon.

Teacher: "I'm surprised at your not knowing the date of Columbus' discovery of America. It is at the head of the chapter."

Young hopeful: "I'm sorry. I thought it was his telephone number."

"Leslie," said a school teacher, "can you tell me how iron was discovered?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, tell the class what you know."

"I heard Father say that they smelt it."

A Quiet Joker.

Wandering over a field one day a man came across a large stone inscribed: "Turn me over."

After much difficulty he succeeded in turning it over and found on the underside of the stone the words:

"Now turn me back again so that I can catch some other nut."

Soak 'Em.

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

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

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

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

A Little Proposition in Geometry.

Given: The opinion of the faculty and the students.

To prove: A poor lesson is better than a good one.

Proof: (1) Nothing is better than a good lesson.—(Faculty). (2) A poor lesson is better than nothing.—(Students). Therefore, a poor lesson is better than a good one.—(Q. E. D.).

Professor: "The first man was found in India."

Inquisitive Freshie: "Who found him?"

Teacher: "I hope you will have a happy vacation and come back knowing considerably more than you do now."

Pupil (trying to be polite): "The same to you."

A man expecting a friend for a week-end house-party received the following telegram:

"Cannot come today, washout on line."

He answered: "Come just the same, old fellow, can lend you anything."

Dowine: "The movie actors and the convicts will be the next to go to the front."

Jones: "Hurrah for the stars and stripes."

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

If a pork is pig, and a cow is beef, is Mutton Jeff? Haw! Haw!

Double Decomposition.

Lott's wife turned to rubber and then to salt.

Miss M. R—: "Who wrote Shakespeare's plays?"

Quinn: "Lamb."

Johnny Eames has discovered a new species. "Triangle Hog."

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