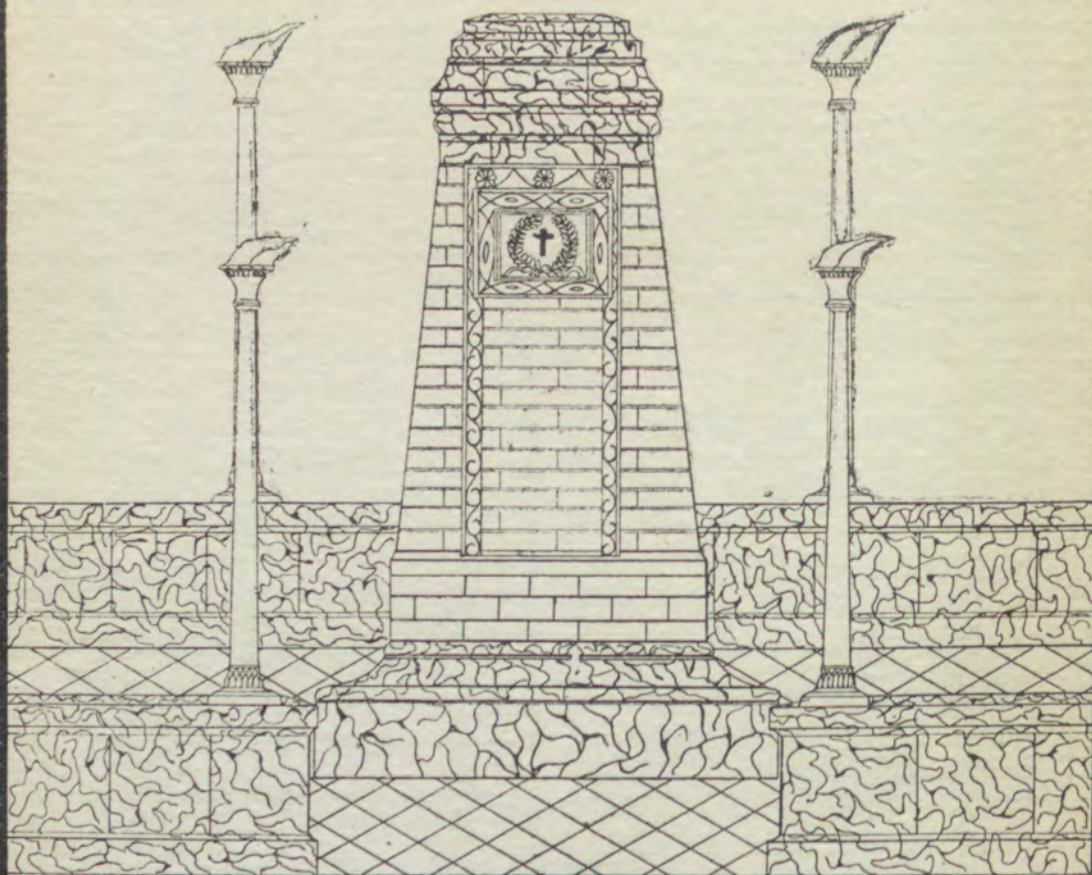


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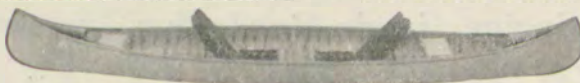
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FEBRUARY, 1915

NO. 5

EDITORIALS

"Nulla vestigia retrorsum."

—Horace

On February 9, an enthusiastic group of Freshmen gathered in Room 114 to make plans for the Freshman Number of the Oracle. The editor and Miss Hodgkins, Miss Blanding, Mr. Dennett and Mr. MacWilliams of the Oracle Board, who are to help the class in preparing their material were also present, together with Miss Pease and Miss Robinson of the faculty. While things are to be kept a secret for awhile yet, we are permitted to announce that there will be special Freshman features in the following departments: Art, Editorial, Alumni, Exchange, Athletic and Personal—and stories of all sorts. Even that much will show you that the class of '18 is going to produce a live issue. A word to the wise is sufficient and to the Sophomores we would say—if you don't watch out and get to work, the Freshmen will have a better issue than you, so "obey that impulse" and write a story for YOUR number NOW.

We are all too prone to consider patriots only those men who have led our country in time of war. But just as peace patriotism is finer and rarer than war patriotism so are peace patriots greater and more noble than war patriots. We call to mind readily the names of our military geniuses, but of those who labored devotedly for their country's welfare and honor in time of peace, we scarcely ever think. Why should we esteem the name of Clay less highly than that of Lincoln or Washington? They toiled no more earnestly for their country's good than did Clay. And even outside the sphere of political action, why should Hawthorne be considered less of a patriot because he gained honor for his country in the literary world? or MacDowell, in the musical? or Edison, in the scientific? or Eliot, in the educational? or Marshall Field, in the business? Why should not James J. Hill's network of railroads, which has given so much toward the development of Ameri-

can be considered a patriotic achievement? or Theodore N. Vail's telegraph system? or Col. Goethal's engineering feats? And so we might go on with names without end. Let us honor our peace patriots.

Many stories are told of the present war, but of all of them, the one about the young cornetist who was the first to play the now universally known marching song, "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," seems to be the most tragic and pathetic.

The story was told to the writer by some friends who were touring in their machine through the countries now at war. They had just time to get away from the warring countries to avoid capture of their machine for use on the field. This story was told to them in Holland soon after it happened.

It was towards the end of the battle of the day that a young English cornetist recollecting a song he had once heard, began to play it. The words run:

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary.

It's a long way to go," etc.

All the soldiers soon caught the air and began to sing it. During one of the charges the young English soldier had his arm shot away by a hostile bullet, but continued to hold his cornet with his left arm. Then his left arm was shot away, too. He was forced to fall behind; he swooned and fell, remaining on the field until the close of the day.

Immediately after the battle the absence of the fellow was noted; every soldier remembered him because of his playing and his heroism. The fellow was soon found by an officer and he gained consciousness for a few moments, then breathing his last gasped out his name and the following

words, "Last year, I ran away from home, but I think they'll forgive me now;" then he rolled over dead.

Oh, what heroism and perseverance and faithfulness! One often reads such a story in fairybooks or histories, but to know that this drama was enacted hardly three months ago makes it seem very real; the young cornetist was then playing and dying while we were carrying on our everyday work and play.

Patriotism is love of country, a principle of duty. It is not mere sentiment, a blind instinct or a worship.

Patriotism Public demonstration of patriotism is not very frequent in the United States in times of peace. Very few American citizens salute the stars and stripes in passing; very few even rise when our national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner," is played. No other country among the great powers displays the outward forms of patriotism as little as the citizens of the United States.

It is maintained that being born in a country makes one a patriot. According to this theory one good definition of patriotism is love of country. The love is due mainly because one feels that this country is his own and that he himself is a part of the Great Union. Even though we are not prone to public demonstration of patriotism surely we all have some in us.

Foreigners, nevertheless, may be patriots because they, even more than we, can appreciate the freedom of the United States and love the country. A great many naturalized citizens of this country have fervently loved the United States and shown their patriotism by unusual services and distinguished devotion.

LITERARY



"Give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

—Shakespeare

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

The committee who judged the stories for the February number encountered so much difficulty in selecting the prize story on account of the large number of excellent ones submitted, that it has been deemed advisable to make some changes in the conditions of eligibility for the remaining contests. Hereafter, only stories written by members of the class responsible for the material of the month will be considered. For example, next month, the editor will submit to the judges only the stories received from the Freshman class. To simplify matters further, future judging boards will bear the following principles in mind in making their decisions. Original stories will be given the preference over "true" stories, it being believed that greater credit is due an author who originates his own plot than to one who writes up an actual occurrence. Fiction will generally be given the preference to essays, although if unusual merit or great original thought is found in an essay, judging boards may use their discretion in this matter. Stories by members of the editorial board will be awarded

the prize only when plainly superior to contributions by members of the student body. Stories which have needed much correction or revision will not be given equal chance with stories which have gone to the judges practically as their authors wrote them, following very much the same principles as the imposition of handicaps upon racers. All stories must be accompanied by the writer's full name. If the contributor does not wish to have his name used, he should mention the fact when submitting the story. These principles have been adopted, not with the purpose of limiting the judging committees in their choice, but rather to make their task—a very difficult one—easier, by giving them some definite standards to guide them in awarding prizes. It is hoped that the results of this method will be satisfactory to all.

Acting in accordance with the above principles, the judges for February have awarded the prize, two tickets to the basketball games, to Miss Lois R. Hodgkins, '17, whose story, "Just as though a Girl Couldn't be Brave," follows.

"JUST AS THOUGH A GIRL COULDN'T BE BRAVE"

By Lois R. Hodgkins, '17.



"I'VE done it, whether it's right or wrong, I've done it," said a bright-eyed girl, dressed in the quaint fashion of the Revolutionary period, as she deftly launched the light canoe and paddled swiftly from the shore. "And Brother James," she continued, "even though he is in the war and has won a medal just because he went out and rescued an American flag from the old Red Coats and brought it safely back, shall not taunt me any more about being a coward and only a girl. Just as though a girl couldn't be brave!"

Breathless from this torrent of angry words she stopped and looked about, as if expecting to hear someone call her back. Behind her was the settlement, dark and gloomy, and on a slight eminence overlooking it loomed the block house, like a sentinel keeping watch at night. As our little heroine looked at this scene her courage wavered and she was half inclined to turn back, but—"No," she added emphatically, "he shall not call me a coward," and she turned her back on the village, and, throwing all thought of danger to the winds, paddled resolutely out on the calm, moonlit waters of the lake—Lake Cum-she-was, the Indians called it.

Her spirits rose as her silent paddle carried her over the water and by Big Pine Point some distance from her home. Suddenly her quick glance caught a red reflection in the water. Quickly she paddled to the shore and under cover of the black shadows cautiously crept towards the reflection. A little farther and she saw in full view an Indian encampment. Never before had the Indians been quite so near the settlement and our little heroine half

guessed, half knew what the result of this sudden visit might be. Her worst fears were realized. The Indians were holding a council in war paint and feathers. The chief had been addressing his warriors and now upon giving the signal the entire assemblage jumped to its feet and began to dance around the fire.

Our little observer had seen enough and with dexterity acquired by a life in the woods she brought her light craft around and cautiously began to paddle down the lake toward her home. Vividly she remembered another village, on whose site the Indians were now encamped. The settlers had not been able to reach the block house that time. Those who could had fled in their canoes across the lake for safety. She remembered clearly the picture of the burning village and she shuddered. Oh, would she be in time to warn her people? She knew that the Indians would not dance long after the council. Oh! would she be in time? She had rounded the point. It was speed now, speed not caution! Oh, for speed! Speed! She glided rapidly over the waters, on, on, on to the settlement to save her people. Even before she landed she gave the danger signal. "Walla-walla-wahoo!" she cried. "Indians! Indians! To the block house! Quick! Walla-walla-wahoo!" There was not a minute to spare and in less time than it takes to tell it, the inhabitants were all safely in the block house awaiting the attack.

Suddenly a savage war whoop broke the stillness of the night and the Indians rushed upon the village. The defenders of the settlement welcomed them with a shower of bullets and the Indians, surprised, fell back; they made a second attack but were received in like manner. At last after many

attempts they drew off and the next day returned to their homes over the mountain.

Our little heroine had saved her people. Several days later as Brother James was

leaving for the army he came up to his sister and with his hat on his shoulder placed in her hands a pipe of peace—the Indian symbol of good will.

A TRUE STORY

By C. H. C., '15



PRISCILLA and Penelope were sitting by the fireside in the large hall of their old colonial home talking in the firelight about their brother who was fighting in the continental army.

"It has been almost two weeks," said Priscilla, "since we have heard from him."

"Probably he has been fighting a lot," volunteered Penelope, "and hasn't had time; for you know that British officer who was —"

At that moment a loud rapping was heard on the oak door. Priscilla and Penelope both jumped for the knob. The door opened and in rushed an American private. Panting he handed Priscilla a letter.

"I had just gotten through the British lines," he said, "when I was discovered. They started to pursue. I gained a bit. I am only about five minutes ahead of them. Please give me refuge. Here is another note."

Then he produced a worn sheet reading: "Allow the bearer to seek refuge in our private room if pursued. Phil."

Immediately Priscilla rushed to the fireplace, slid back a loose panel and pointed within.

"Go in," she said, "I will bring you food later."

The private entered and the panel sprung to. Priscilla and Penelope sat down again, assuming an unaffected posture to prevent suspicion if the British came.

"This letter is from Phil," said Penelope; "let's see what he says."

"My dear sisters," the letter ran, "it will be impossible for me to see you for some time as the British lines are between us and are said to be withdrawing in the direction of our house. If any—"

Another loud rapping on the oak door!

"The British!" said Penelope tucking the letter in her waist.

Priscilla opened the door. And sure enough there stood several Red Coats and an officer! With a familiar air, they promptly marched in, the officer demanding if an American private had been seen.

"I have every reason to believe," he said, "that he is in this house. I understand he carries important papers. You two soldiers go along the road searching; the rest remain here."

"We have seen no private with important papers," interrupted the girls.

"Well, of course, I cannot refuse to believe your answer; nevertheless we will take the liberty of using this room for the night."

The girls tried to persuade him to use another room, but without success.

"No," said the officer, "this is more convenient as we must go in and out all night."

The night passed with a guard continually stationed in the room in case the private should still try to enter. His presence made it impossible for the girls to bring the food they had promised. The private, poor fellow, had heard the conversation and realized his predicament. No means of escape

was possible except by the door, and alas! that opened only from the outside.

Morning came with no news of the soldiers, so the girls supposed that all was well and that the British would soon go.

"By Jove," remarked the officer to Penelope, "this house shall be our headquarters; our camp is so near."

"What hope for the poor private!" thought Penelope. "If they come here permanently we can never open the panel. There will always be some one in the room, for the chief officers will be quartered here and here will all the plans be drawn up. If they could only use another room."

Penelope confided the sad news to her sister. In the following days they were treated little better than servants. They were forced to sleep in a wing, obey the British, and endure insults and petty flirtations. If their brother could only see them now! But he alone could do little good. They were very anxious, too, about the poor private. The sisters now entered the hall but rarely; they hated to think of the private slowly starving to death. His mission was completed and he was giving up his life for his country. Little did the British realize that they had captured their man and were slowly killing him! Little

did they realize that he bore nothing more than a brother's letter to his sisters.

It seemed as though some aid must come to the sisters, but, alas! none did. The Red Coats were attacked one day. The next, a scrimmage followed. Phil was in the fight and was killed within sight of his own home and his own sisters. Priscilla and Penelope were forced to flee, leaving the house partially demolished. So ends the first of my story.

Within the last fifteen years a most attractive colonial mansion has been unoccupied, because it has been said to be haunted. Finally a courageous man bought it. He had it remodeled and finished in a most tasteful and luxurious way, but still it remained haunted. He intended to live down the mysterious sounds,—the quiet, soft tapping, the sound of marching feet following one about. A medium was employed. He was led to the fireplace in the receiving hall where he seemed to see a finger pointing to a notch in the paneling. He put his finger in it and suddenly with a terrible thud the panel slid black revealing a small room, some pieces of clothing and a skeleton. And now the old colonial mansion is the most desirable and attractive home I know.

SOME OLD LETTERS

(A True Story)

By Louis B. Dennett, '16



A few months ago, while at my grandfather's farm in the western part of the state, I spent a rainy forenoon in exploring the interesting old garret. Among many other things I discovered a box of old documents and papers. Upon rummaging through it, I chanced upon a packet of letters, yellow with age, which had been sent home by my grandfather while he was in the Civil War.

My grandfather, Frank L. Tarbox, of Hollis, Maine, enlisted in 1861, in the Six-

teenth Maine Regiment. Although only eighteen years old, he gave his age as twenty-one that he might be allowed to enlist. During the war he was promoted to be sergeant and at one time was in Libby Prison. The following letters struck me as particularly interesting and I give them in the writer's own words.

"Front of Petersburg, Virginia,
July 19, 1864.

"Dear Mother,

"I will improve a few moments today in writing you that I am well and hearty. I

received the box you sent me on the sixth of this month—the things suited me to a charm. I don't know how much they cost you, but they certainly would have cost a lot here. The shirts would cost \$12.00 (I could sell them for that), the gloves \$5.00, handkerchiefs \$2.00, while the stockings are worth \$1.25 a pair, and tobacco \$2.00 a pound.

"Have not received a letter from home for over a month, but the Maryland Raid is what stops our mails, I suppose.

"I imagine there is a great talk among the Copperheads North about the Maryland Raid. It is only a ruse to draw Grant from Petersburg, but Grant understands his business, and if they let him alone, he will close this war, but it will take a long time yet. When we get Petersburg, if we ever do, the Rebs can't make another stand until they get in their fortifications at Richmond. Then as we have their communications cut, their surrender will only be a matter of time.

"We have some great sport nights watching the mortar shells; they beat all of your fireworks. You can see them thousands of feet in the air. Our gunners throw them up almost straight and drop them into the Rebel works, and the Rebs sling them back in the same manner.

"There have never been any thrown in our part of the works, although we get a rifle shot here occasionally. But we lie in the trenches and laugh at them. We think no more of a shell than you do of a crow flying over. Sometimes, though, when they explode near enough, they send the old iron whistling around our heads. It isn't a very nice position either, to be in the woods and have them cut off the tops of the trees on us. I have lain at the foot of a tree and seen a shell cut the top off. But when a shell strikes close by you, lay low, the next one will come further off. Two shells scarcely ever strike in the same place.

"A part of the army is getting paid off today. I don't know as I shall, but if I do, will send you the money as soon as I get it.

"Give my respects to all,

Frank
to Mother."

Co. F, 16th Maine Vols.

The following letter was evidently written to his brother Stephen, who remained at home. The latter was drafted, but hired a substitute to take his place.

"Near Petersburg, Virginia,
Jan. 8, 1864.

"Dear Steve:

"You will find me yet in Virginia, well and rugged. Things are going on nicely here now, plenty of fighting, and we are the boys for the business. I have slept for three nights on the fields where the last battles were fought. The woods and fields are strewn with dead Rebels. It looked tough the first of it, but now I think no more of seeing a man dead beside the road, than you would a dog. I have seen them eight deep and horses accordingly.

"Do you remember the day before I left Hollis, when we were hoeing corn together, you asked me how I should like to charge bayonets. On the thirteenth of December I had a chance. The Rebs were intrenched in a ditch made by a railroad embankment. Our general was afraid that our regiment would run, as it was a new regiment, so he put the 94th New York in the rear of the 16th Maine to poke us up. But he changed his mind very soon. The 94th which he put in to keep us from retreating got broken up and ran, and they did run, too. They were so frightened they left their colors on the field and our boys brought them off for them. We used to go by the name of the 'Blanket Regiment,' but now they call us the 'Sixteenth Tiger.'

"The way we got the name of the 'Blanket Regiment' was that last fall we had no coats, so we wore our blankets thrown over our shoulders. We were the worst looking regiment in the field; other regiments would yell at us worse than the boys do at poor Tom Webster. But they do it no more since the Sixteenth went into that ditch full of Rebels.

"Will probably be home again before many months. Goodbye,

"Frank to Steve.

"Co. F., 16th Maine Vols.,

First Brigade, Third Division, Fifth Corps, Grant's Army."

These letters took me back to the thrilling stories of the bloody days of '61, when our nation's flag was rent in twain, and thousands of boys in blue and gray responded to the summons of Him who out of the chaos, brought union and freedom. Suddenly, the fact was forcibly brought home to me, that we are now witnessing a war far more terrible even than this struggle which shook our republic to its foundations a half century ago, and which by a turn of fate may yet embroil us in a still greater conflict.

THE EFFECTS OF THE WAR UPON THE WHOLESALE TRADE OF BANGOR

By Jacob J. Davis, '16.



HIS great war, one of the greatest the world has ever known, is powerfully affecting the business of this country. In order to find out how the wholesale trade in Bangor is affected by the war, it was necessary for me to interview the various wholesale merchants and get their different opinions. I found the business men to be very polite and friendly. In fact, I was surprised at the interest they showed in me when they were told that I was a high school student. Through these interviews I gained a lot of knowledge of what the wholesale business in Bangor really is, and with whom it is carried on.

Some of our wholesalers have been cut off from several materials while others have not been so unfortunate. Swift & Co. and Thurston & Kingsbury told me at the time of my interview that nothing in their lines had as yet been cut off. The Adams Dry Goods Company has been cut off from prints coming from Germany and N. H. Bragg & Co. have been unable to get Norway

iron. This may seem a peculiar thing that we as an iron producing country should import iron, but, nevertheless it is true. R. B. Dunning & Co., are unable to procure potash from Germany and bristles for paint brushes from Austria-Hungary. T. R. Savage is unable to get Swedish matches and the B. C. M. Co., meerschaum from Austria-Hungary, and pipes and smokers' articles from Germany. Some of these articles are not entirely cut off, but the prices on them are so high that the wholesalers think it best not to buy them at all.

There are many reasons why the prices on wholesale goods have gone up since the war began. Swift & Company said that the prices on their goods have gone up because there is a large market for their goods now, as warring countries in which the materials are produced have been devastated. The Adams Dry Goods Company, Thurston & Kingsbury and the B. C. M. Co. all say that it is because of the scarcity of material that the prices are so high. I was informed by T. R. Savage & Co., that the rise in prices was due

to the difficulty of importing the goods. N. H. Bragg & Company and R. B. Dunning & Company told me that as yet the prices on their goods have not gone up.

As a general rule people are buying very little, but some of the wholesalers find people who are willing to buy in large quantities. In the tobacco business they find that people are buying cigarettes, especially those made from Turkish tobacco, in large quantities, as they fear it will be impossible to secure it later. Another motive is the large discount they receive when buying in quantities. The cigar business is now in a normal state. In the meat, dry goods, iron and general wholesale businesses they find that people are afraid to speculate and that they are holding on to their money. In the wholesale grocery business they find

that at the beginning of the war people bought in large quantities, but now they are buying little.

Most of the wholesalers say that their trade is affected by local conditions. Swift & Co., Thurston & Kingsbury, N. H. Bragg & Co., R. B. Dunning & Co., and T. R. Savage & Co., all say this. That is, if the lumbering is good and the crops are good, then their business is good. The Adams Dry Goods Co. stated that it is due to a scarcity of money that their trade has been affected. The B. C. M. Co. said that their trade is affected by conditions of the outside world.

As one result of this war the prospects for the wholesale business in this country are very bright and everybody is expecting a great business boom in the near future.

COVERING THE CIVIL WAR!

By H. Edgar Seavey, '15.



At the time of our great Civil War there were many heroes other than those who donned the uniforms of the army or jacky suits of the floating men-of-war. These heroes were the brave, quick, and intelligent "war correspondents" from various newspapers of the northern section of the country, especially from New York, Boston, St. Louis, and Chicago.

That was the heroic age of American newspaper enterprise; no war before or since has made such demands upon the press. The name "reporter" is very often joked at by the public and the man referred to is greatly embarrassed. There are but few who can be great reporters and the Civil War set forth and magnified just what the news-gathering man has to contend with, the dangers that he cheerfully

faces to please the demand of the world for news.

Who ever entertained the idea of becoming a "war special" for his lifework? Few, if any; but Sir William Howard Russell, commonly known as "Bull Run" Russell, the greatest war correspondent the world has produced made a lifework of following the wars of both Europe, Africa, and a part of the Civil War in the United States. He was an Englishman and he prized the fact that he was the first man on the battlefields who stirred up the English Parliament enough to have it refer to his newspaper reports on the horrors of the Crimean War, and this discussion resulted in the transportation of nurses to the scene of action under the leadership of Florence Nightingale.

In our own country such men as Samuel Wilkenson of the New York Times, who wrote of the Battle of Gettysburg beside the

body of his son of nineteen, who was slain in the fight; George W. Smalley, who scored heavily at Antietam, and who later went abroad and became instructor of Europe in the modern art of war reporting; Colburn, of the New York World, together with Richardson and Browne, of the New York Tribune, who were captured running the blockade at Vicksburg, and who after many stirring adventures and imprisonment escaped from the Salisbury prison and whose perilous journey north became one of the thrilling tales of the war, produce a vivid conception of the accomplishment of the newspaper men on the fields of war. At the present day history will be repeated in the great struggle for supremacy across the Atlantic. It will be the war correspondents who will reveal the truth to the world as to what has been going on for many months.

As an example of the work of the war reporter at his best, the story of Charles Carleton Coffin has been selected as the greatest "scoop" of the Rebellion. "Carleton" wrote just what he saw, just how the soldiers fought, because he thought the public should know the truth and only the truth. It is said that because of a lame heel, the recruiting officers at New York refused to enlist him, therefore, there was nothing else for him to do but to get to Washington as soon as possible and send his "Letters" to the Boston Journal at his own risk. The Bull Run affair was his first report and his account of the battle was so vivid, so graphic and so clear that he was at once recognized as a genius of the first order.

He refused assistants and messengers, where other correspondents had a score of helpers; he was the Journal's bureau and staff in the field. In this manner he worked continuously throughout the four years of strife. He was the only man sent out by any paper to do this remarkable stunt, and a great achievement it was. He faced death in many forms to supply the public with

the desired news, and traditions say that he could hear his readers clamoring for more even when the battle was raging at its height. His simple honesty won him the confidence of most of the commanding generals. He understood engineering and surveying, and his social qualities made him welcome everywhere.

The New York specials had been laughing at the little "tall" man from Boston, but he eventually showed them that he who laughs last, laughs best. His report at the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson brought forth much praise from the whole world and his fellow reporters who had been laughing at him now held him in high esteem, and honored him for his superiority and personality. To illustrate the cause of such a change in opinion, the following incident is related.

Carleton took the first boat to Cairo, from the scene of the battle, expecting to write his despatch on the way, but because help was so much needed he turned to and helped the nurses look after the many maimed men aboard the boat, and during the trip of one hundred and eighty miles he carried water for the wounded or held lanterns for the surgeons. Upon his arrival at Cairo he took a train for Chicago, writing his account in the cars, although in great need of sleep and rest. Thus he was enabled to show kindness to fellow creatures, while his energy, his quickness, and his ability to compose graphic accounts, caused his despatch sent to Boston upon his arrival at Chicago to be read in every city and town in New England before the New York specials had sent their "copy" from the field.

Nearly every episode of the Battle of Gettysburg was observed by this veteran correspondent. Several times he was under fire. He watched the great charge of Pickett's men. The battle over, it was his duty to get the news to Boston as soon as possible and with utmost speed. The army

telegraph could not be used, and the nearest railway station was Westminster, twenty-eight miles away. Could he make it through the rain and mud in time to catch the freight to leave in the early evening? He started in company with Whitelaw Reed, another newspaper man "covering" the war. Plastered with mud and all but worn out, they rode up to the station five minutes before the train started eastward. They had made the distance in two and one-half hours. Carleton arrived in Baltimore the next morning and difficulty again confronted him. He could get but a half-column through to Boston.

He sent a longer despatch through to Washington, however, and it afterward was told him that his message to Washington related the first trustworthy news of the great battle that the President or his Cabinet had received. The special reporter left soon after sending his despatch to Washington on a train for New York and thence hurried to Boston, wiring ahead that he was coming. As he reached the Journal building he found Newspaper Row packed with people hungry for news of the war. After much difficulty he was smuggled into the building and locked into a room where he began to write "copy" for the press, and he saw no one except men taking copy from

the time he entered the room until the last sheet was written. All this work was certainly exhausting and when his task was finally done Carleton threw himself down upon the huge pile of scrap paper in the room and instantly fell into a sleep of utter weariness. But he was ready soon after to start once more for the front. He was cheered by thousands, his name was upon the lips of every person in Boston, he was hailed as a champion. His next task was to trail the army of Lee. His stories in the Journal seemed literally to take the reader to the front to be an eye witness of the battle.

At the re-capture of Fort Sumter he instantly wrote his paper: "The flag waves over Sumter, Moultrie, and the city of Charleston. I can see its crimson stripes and fadeless stars waving in the warm sunlight of this glorious day." How was this message to get to Boston? Other correspondents gave their account to the captain of a north bound steamship, but Carleton gave his glorious news to a stranger to deliver. He delivered the despatch and the Journal was the first paper to announce this even to the President, as the captain of the steamer forgot to deliver the despatches put in his care until his return trip from the port to which he was bound.

A VALENTINE MESSAGE

By Christine L. Burnham, '16.



sharp ring of the doorbell! A start from the old man by the fireplace! It had been many years since anyone had dared ring old Hiram Grouch's doorbell like that.

For a moment old Grouch scarcely knew whether to answer the ring or not. Then he started toward the door; for it might be his lawyers

bringing good news, or his collector returning with great bags of money. Money! how that one word echoed within the man and brightened his eye with eagerness! Yes, he would find out who the intruder was.

Before opening the door Hiram peered out with his two small, sharp eyes. There was no one in sight! What did it mean? Was someone playing a joke on Hiram Grouch? He would soon find out.

The door was open. Still no one could be seen, no footsteps could be heard approaching in the still chill of the February night. The old miser was about to return to the house when he saw at his feet a bit of paper fluttering about. He stooped to pick it up. What could it be? Perhaps it was a threat, or a demand for Hiram to give up some of his precious gold. He had had many such missives, but never one coming in this manner.

The old man is back in his den looking at the piece of paper. He has never seen anything like it before. Here is a picture of a beautiful child, half-naked. In his hand is an arrow pierced through a little red heart. But what is this written below the picture! The old man bends nearer the paper to read the three simple words, "I love you."

"I love you," repeated the old man. "Why, what does love mean? Love! love! what is love anyway?" The words had a strange influence over him.

The flames in the fireplace seemed to dance about and say, "We know what love is, we know what love is. Love is the king of the world."

"The king of the world! But why then do I not know him?"

"Just because you will not," sputtered the flames.

"Will this great king give me more money?" said the old man who thought money the only blessing in the world.

"No," said the flames, "this king will not give you money. But listen, old man, he will give you something many times better than money—happiness and peace of mind."

"Why, am I not happy?" asked the old man. "Have I not plenty of money, a splendid home, plenty of food, and plenty of clothing?"

"Yes, you have these, my dear friend, but who is there in this wide world to share them with you?"

"No one," said the old man, bowing his gray head sadly, "I am alone, alone and lonely. Now I know what you mean by Love. It is he who can make me happy—and he shall."

This same old man, if asked today why he always is so sunny faced and smiling, will probably say, "Five years ago I was a hard old man, living alone, eating alone, wishing to be alone. Then on the evening of the fourteenth of February there came a little message to my door. This message I have followed. And it has given me happiness—the happiness that I longed for, but did not understand."

A SACRIFICE—A True Story

By "1915."



SINCE I have entered High School I have often passed my spare evenings in a certain pool-room which is conducted by a well-known Greek. It has been a great pleasure for me to play a game of pool or billiards with him and I suppose it was satisfactory to him, as I almost always lost. This Greek got to be an intimate friend of mine, and on evenings when all

the tables were used and there was no chance to play, he would amuse me by telling stories of far-away Greece. All the fellows who patronize the place call him "Father," so I, naturally, adopted the pseudonym.

One Saturday morning when "Father" and I were playing a game of twenty-five ball, and "Father" was telling me about a friend of his who was migrating to this country from Greece, I asked him how long

he had been in America. He told me that it was twenty years and that it was about time for him to be thinking of returning to his fatherland. I laughed at this remark and told him that he could never make up his mind to leave America.

But he insisted, telling me that during his stay in America he had been fairly favored by fortune, and he had visions in his dreams of the little villa in his native country that he would buy, and there spend the remainder of his life in rest among his boyhood friends.

I visited the pool-room one Saturday even-

ing nearly two weeks after the foregoing conversation. This evening I found "Father" sitting in a corner looking very sorrowful.

"What is the matter, Father," I said, "has your villa been destroyed?"

"No," he replied, "but it would be just as well if it had."

He then showed me an appeal, from the government in Greece to the emigrants in America, for aid in the war against Turkey, and told me that he had sent, in response to the call, the price of his villa, since he was too old for service.

OCCUPATIONS FOR HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES. V. LAW

By Clarence H. Corning, '15.

[The Oracle Board wishes to thank all its friends who aided in preparing this article]



AW, more than any other profession, I believe, commends itself to the usual boy and the occasional girl. Often without any knowledge of the subject, or any sentimental connection, a boy announces: "I am going to be a lawyer when I grow up."

To prepare for the law is not so hard as it is often said to be. If a boy goes through his course in high school he has a foundation for any profession; Through his course in college he broadens his education and develops himself along some particular line. It is right here that law steps in and demands something different—a course in a law school. The course requires from two to three years; in Maine, three.

The above is the preparation outlined by lawyers nowadays and the one most often pursued by the boy who says he will be a lawyer when he grows up. But there are exceptions—persons who may not, for financial, or other reasons carry out their child-

hood's dreams at once; and those who consider taking up law later in life.

It is possible for a high school graduate to enter a law school and graduate, receiving a diploma, provided, at some colleges, he has passed the entrance examinations of the college with which the law school is connected. It is also possible for an intelligent person even without a grammar school certificate to become a lawyer, provided he can pass the examination required for entrance to a law school, or otherwise show his fitness to study law. He may do work in a law office for three years, or a combination of the office and law school work and then be eligible for the bar examinations.

The best chances for a lawyer to succeed are in small towns. Here there are fewer rivals, and particularly those belonging to strong partnerships to vie with. There is a tendency to overcrowding in the larger cities especially those in which there is a law school. Like a great many professions there are more opportunities in the western states.

A lawyer's business does not start off with a great flourish, or if so, it generally dies out. There is a great deal of struggling for a few years, but there is a steady increase if the location and the man are right. By gradually rising in his profession a lawyer of middle age should have built up a good practice. The same applies to a partnership of lawyers just starting out. In law, as in a number of other professions, work in the office of *some* large law concern is very helpful before starting out by oneself.

The amount of money earned by a lawyer depends upon his cases. Some kinds of criminal practice are much better paying

than civil work, but a great majority of lawyers, who consider their standing in the community, are slow to enter into criminal practice. But since criminal practice is less pleasant, lawyers can therefore demand higher pay.

Back of all the outside of the profession, there is real pleasure in practice for the man who enters heart and soul into the law. Drawing from Mr. Brooks' lecture one finds three important considerations: the intimate knowledge of public and private affairs; the pleasure received from a case of getting a friend out of trouble, and lastly the honor of being a "servant of the community."

AN OLD GERMAN STORY

By B. E., '15



SUNDAY afternoon in early summer. Out-of-doors a soft wind, mitigating the heat of the sun, waved the top of the tall green grass in the meadows. Among the tree-tops fond parent birds were leading their newly-fledged broods from branch to branch. Indoor the tailor was just setting down the thimble out of which he had been drinking his wine. He was a short, stout man with a red face and the chin-tuft or goat-beard which every accomplished tailor is expected to wear. From his expression it could be seen that he was a benevolent, good-natured sort of person; everyone might know that he was a tailor from the bad manner in which his clothes fitted him.

Having finished his repast in the manner above stated, he remained seated opposite his wife without speaking a word, as if silently revolving in his mind what he should do after his midday meal. All at once he seemed to make a resolution and rising from the table, he kissed his spouse

and informed her that he was going to make an excursion into the country. With that he went to the stable where his goat also was eating its midday meal. From a rusty nail driven into the wall of the stable the tailor took down an old saddle and bridle. With these he harnessed the goat, and together they went out of the gate.

Along the dusty road trotted the goat with his master on his back,—along the dusty road under the hot rays of the sun until the path became narrower and flowering weeds began to spring up under hoof, along the grassy path until they came to a clump of willows by the side of a brook. Here the tailor dismounted and sat him down under the largest willow, leaving the goat to browse freely.

Across the fields on the other side of the brook gazed the tailor. In the distance he could see the purpled towers rising above the roofs of the city, with the sun glinting on the gilded weather-vanes. Into the brook gurgling at his feet gazed the tailor. In its impatient course over the stones it babbled a soothing cadence. Down the stream floated

oak leaves, now whirling around as if tossed by the wind in some obscure corner, now shooting straight onward like a ship in a race. Into the trees gazed the tailor, stretching himself on his back with his hands clasped behind his head. Among the branches various plumed songsters made the air resound with their silvery notes and chattered among themselves.

But surely the tailor did not see and hear all these things. Of course he enjoyed the coolness of the air and the shadiness of the retreat but—surely he was thinking of the good dinner he had had and of the abundant work which he would have tomorrow. Now sleep overcomes him and closes his eyes with her gentle hand. In melodious slumber he lies and heeds not the swarm of tiny gnats that hover around his head and vie with him in harmony.

But now see the goat which has drawn near in his grazing and eyes the recumbent figure of his master. He walks all around him and with his tongue licks the face of the tailor. The toe of one shoe points toward heaven, and this the goat sees and approaches. He tentatively nibbles a bit of the leather. . . . It has a strangely good taste and invites to a further consumption.

Along the grass-covered path trots the goat. Along the dusty road now slightly moistened by the dews of evening, until he comes to the house-gate. Alas! he carries nothing on his back but the saddle. Only the goat can tell the poor Hausfrau what has become of her lord and master and he never will.

We have the honor to present to our readers the following timely poem written for the Oracle by Laura E. Richards, the celebrated authoress of "Captain January" and a widely known worker in the Red Cross movement. This is, as far as we know, the first time that the Oracle has had the honor of publishing the work of a world famous writer and we take great pride in including it in this month's "Patriotic" issue.

THE RED CROSS

O cross of Christ, red gleaming,
Where blood and tears are streaming,
Where the swift swords are flashing,
Where the wild shells are crashing,
What means thy dreadful splendor?
Death's triumph, Life's surrender,
O cross of Christ?

O cross of Christ, high lifting
Where battle clouds are drifting,
Where the red field a-welter
No succor shows nor shelter,
What word for those who, stricken,
Gaze where thy flame doth quicken,
O cross of Christ?

O cross of Christ, low bending
Where patient care is tending,
Here, in the trenches groaning,
Here, on the pallet moaning,
Us broken, bleeding, dying,
What answer to our crying,
O cross of Christ?

O cross of Christ, thy shining
Rebukes our vain repining:
'Tis pity bears thee onward,
'Tis love doth lift thee sunward;
Read we aright thy splendor,
Life's triumph, Death's surrender,
O cross of Christ!

Laura E. Richards.



LOCALS



'Facts are Stubborn Things'

At Chapel, Friday, January 29, Professor Rauschenbusch, of Rochester Theological Seminary, one of the Convocation speakers, spoke on "The Economic Basis of American Democracy."

Professor Arthur J. Jones, professor of education at the University of Maine, visited the High School for three days during this quarter, observing recitations in nearly every subject taught.

Some very interesting, instructive, and often amusing talks have been given in the Junior class in connection with the work on exposition in the English course. Fishing, hunting, and cooking seemed to be the favorite subjects, though many of the most interesting have been on other themes.

A vote was taken in the fourth period class on the best exposition in that division. The general favorite was the talk by Merle Thompson, *How Bread is Made in a Bakery*. Some of the other interesting ones in the other divisions were: Arthur Jones, *How Codfish Tablets Are Made*; John Davis, *A Nail Machine*; John Manchester, *How to Build a Motor-Boat*; Herbert Torsleff, *How Bricks Are Made*, and Harold Banton, *How to Build a Fire*. This last was very interesting, Mr. Banton not only demonstrating the best way to build a fire with matches, but without, as done by the Indians. Mr. Banton brought into class an outfit such as is used by the Indians, made by himself. With this he succeeded in raising

a large cloud of smoke in a very short time which was sufficient to illustrate the method.

Louis Dennett concluded his exposition on *Trapping Foxes* with an anecdote which while highly improbable was very amusing.

In the second period class the talks by Mr. Dennett on *Trapping Foxes*, and by Miss Geneva Croxford on *How to Keep Well*, were voted the best. Mr. Banton's also was a favorite.

In the other class the talk by Miss Marguerite Tibbetts on *Making Paper* was the favorite among the girls, but among the boys the honors were divided between Mr. Redman, Mr. Davis and Mr. Jones.

The Sophomore English classes have witnessed a very interesting demonstration of the uses of the Public Library by Mr. Charles A. Flagg, the librarian. The classes were conducted through the library during their respective English periods and Mr. Flagg explained to each the objects of special interest and pointed out many important reference works. In speaking of the dictionary, Mr. Flagg said,—"If anyone told you that Sophomore meant wise fool you could come here and look it up."

A very pleasant reception and inspection of the Longfellow Building, Center Street, was enjoyed by the parents of the pupils now attending school there. The teachers in the building received the guests in the kindergarten room and then conducted them

over the building where they inspected the pupils' work. During the evening, Miss Regina Wardwell, '16, gave several piano solos and Miss Madeline Gould, '14, sang. They were followed by Dr. D. A. Robinson, who gave an interesting address.

On February 9, a number of the Freshmen gathered in Room 114 to make plans for the Freshman number of the Oracle. Definite tasks were assigned to each and members of the Oracle Board were chosen to assist and advise them. The Freshmen are taking an active interest in their class number, the first one in the history of the paper, and have planned several novel and attractive features.

In the election for manager and assistant managers of the football team for 1915, Paul Freese was chosen manager, and Stanley Cayting and Kenneth Boardman, assistant managers. Those nominated were Paul Freese and Arthur Robinson for manager; Kenneth Boardman, Stanley Cayting, William Smith and J. Wilfred McGuire for assistant managers.

The fourth in the series of lectures arranged by the School Board, primarily for teachers, was given in the Assembly Hall, Wednesday evening, February Third. Mr. Vose, chairman of the School Board, who introduced the speaker, Dean Walz, of the University of Maine College of Law, regretted that the announcement of the next lecture in the course could not be made until later. Dean Walz chose for his subject, "Law, Education, and Culture." It was treated in a very scholarly manner, and was most interesting to all who had the good fortune to hear it. He showed the development and expansion of the Ego or I, by the application of many varying forces and principles. He explained to us the meaning of

the words Culture and Education, and the influence that Law and Justice have upon these principles.

From now on General Chapel will be held twice a week, on Tuesday and Friday, and the Freshmen, who have previously had their chapel on Friday, will now have it with the Sophomores on Thursday. General Chapel, unless there is a speaker, will not take much more than the first fifteen minutes, so it will not cut into the first period to any great extent.

Mr. Elmer E. Hamlin, engineer, has been trying for the last few months to regulate the thermos heater starters so that there might be an even temperature in all the rooms. Previous to his efforts, one room would sometimes be too warm while another would be too cold, but Mr. Hamlin is succeeding well and the even temperature is very gratifying to teachers and pupils alike.

The editor of the literary department wishes to announce that love stories are not allowed in the Oracle. Those whose inspirations run in that direction are requested not to be discouraged, however, but to try and turn their ideas into different channels.

As usual, Bangor High is to be represented in the Lyford Prize Speaking Contest at Colby College, which is to take place the latter part of May. Those competing in the trials were Frederick J. Jordan, Francis A. Murphy, Robert R. Cohen, Irving R. Donovan and Albert E. Doran. The judges chose from these Mr. Murphy and Mr. Doran to represent Bangor. Three prizes are offered in this contest, seventy-five dollars for the best speaker, fifty for the second, and twenty-five for the third. Any high or preparatory school in

Maine, or New Hampshire, may enter two delegates. There are usually about sixty contestants. Although for several years past, Bangor's representatives have not been able to capture a prize it is hoped that this year's speakers may be more successful.

The Seniors are very busy now with their graduation essays. The subjects for them were handed in on Friday, January 22, 1915; the essays themselves are due Friday, March 19, 1915. An essay is required of every Senior before he may graduate. The four best essays, two by girls and two by boys, are delivered by their authors as a part of the graduation exercises.

The Junior and Senior classes of the High School were the guests of the young people of the First Baptist church, Friday evening, Jan. 22, at a reception given to President Arthur J. Roberts of Colby College. After the reception President Roberts gave an address on the value of a college education. He claimed that college training was invaluable, not only to those who were to enter the so-called learned professions, but to any young man or woman, no matter what vocation was to be followed.

The Girls' Debating Society has purchased some attractive stationery, having Girls' Debating Society, Bangor, Maine, embossed at the top of the paper in small, red, old English letters.

The semi-finals for the Junior Exhibition were held on Monday afternoon, February 1. There were eighteen speakers, nine boys and nine girls. The speakers were: C.

Freeman Olsen, Frederick O'Leary, William Graham, Louis Dennett, Alfred Boynton, Richard MacWilliams, Malcolm Webster, H. Edward Whalen, Michael Ryan, Grace Matthews, Mildred Brackett, Christine Burnham, Ruth B. Sullivan, Ellen Garman, Mary Driscoll, Marion Babcock, Marguerite Tibbetts, and Marguerite Allen. The trials were open to the public and there was a large attendance. The speakers chosen for the finals and their pieces were: Edward Whalen, A Traitor's Deathbed; Malcolm Webster, A Traitor's Deathbed; C. Freeman Olsen, America's Greatness; Michael Ryan, The Old Bellringer; Richard MacWilliams, Selection from Ivanhoe; Marguerite Allen, The Maid of Orleans; Marguerite Tibbetts, I Was Glad I Was Here; Ruth Sullivan, Mrs. Caudle Is Taking Cold; Mildred Brackett, Little Orphan Annie; Grace Matthews, Sister Ernestine's Beau. The judges were George Eaton, Miss Amanda Wilson and Miss Mary Hutchings.

The Bangor Festival Chorus has offered ten free membership tickets to students of the High School. Students, interested in singing, who wish to take advantage of this offer, will consult Miss Littlefield. This offer provides an excellent chance for practice and instruction in singing and admission to the Festival at a small cost. Students must furnish their own music.

Mr. Larrabee wishes to extend a cordial invitation to all parents to attend any of the student dances. Several have taken advantage of this at the last few dances, and it is hoped that even more will do so in the future.



"Flood of words and drop of reason."

B. H. S. vs. Cony High.

On account of the interference of the U. C. T. Food Fair and for various other reasons, the Cony High Debate was necessarily postponed until Feb. 5. This regretted delay, however, certainly did not prevent any one from attending who had previously planned to do so, as the extended length of time but made the debate a still better clash of arguments. More time was given for preparation, and a more thorough knowledge of the question was gained by both sides.

U. of M. Discussion League.

At Junior and Senior chapel, Mr. Larabee fully explained the U. of M. Discussion League and urged every Senior who wished to compete for the honor of being Bangor's speaker in this contest, to enter the trials at once.

Mr. Irving R. Donovan has finally been selected to represent Bangor High School in the U. of M. Discussion League.

In this league, organized by the U. of M., each school is allowed to send one speaker to discuss a given subject at a conference held in each county of Maine. The winning speakers of these county discussions then attend one held in each congressional district, and the final contest is held at the U. of M. The subject recently given out by the Univeristy for discussion is the "Recall," any phase of which may be taken up. The U. of M. offers as a prize to the win-

ning speaker a scholarship for four years at the University of Maine; a reward well worth working for, and of which we sincerely hope that Mr. Donovan will be the winner

Bates' Debating League.

In this triple, triangular league, as explained in a previous issue of the Oracle, each school which competes is required to enter two teams, one affirmative and one negative, on the same question. On the same night the negative team of one school debates away from home with the affirmative of another and vice versa.

The B. H. S. affirmative team will be made up of members of the Girls' Debating Society and the boys will support the negative side of the question. The question for debate, as announced by Bates' College is, Resolved, That the women of Maine should be given the suffrage on equal terms with men. The question is an interesting one for both teams, and much interest is being shown by all the contestants. Bates' College has offered a cup as a prize to the winning school.

The Girls' Society

A special meeting of the society was held at recess, Jan. 11, in the library.

As neither president nor vice-president were able to attend the regular weekly meeting held Jan. 14 in Room 209, the secretary presided. The meeting was called to order at half-past four. After all business

had been settled, Miss Hazel L. Merrifield gave a very interesting and instructive article on "Our National Defense." Miss Merrifield is evidently deeply interested in military and naval tactics and is also very well informed upon these subjects as was shown in this article and in one previously presented, entitled "The Value of Aeroplanes in Modern Warfare."

The meeting held Thursday, Jan. 21, in Room 209, was called to order at quarter-past three with ten members present. Miss Merrifield gave one of her interesting talks on current events and other members promised similar articles for future meetings. Several important matters were voted upon. Arrangements were made for a prepared debate to be given at the meeting held on Feb. 4. Sides were chosen as follows: Affirmative: Rose M. Davis, Nellie M. Jones, Lora E. Blanding. Negative: Lucie M. Knowles, Lillian H. Magee, Jeannette Croxford. One new name was added to the list of members before the meeting adjourned.

The usual meeting for the week beginning

Jan. 25 was omitted because of the Convocation Lectures.

The meeting held Thursday, Feb. 4, in Room 211, was called to order at 4 o'clock with nine members present. The debate, which was previously assigned as the programme for this meeting, was postponed as examinations prevented the participants from preparing for it. Hot extempore debating was indulged in to such an extent that the censor found it necessary to impose a fine of one cent upon the most excited arguer for disturbing the meeting. The office of censor has now become a permanent one in the society.

Mrs. Florence Brooks Whitehouse of Portland, who spoke on "Votes for Women," Tuesday evening, Feb. 2, in Memorial Parlors, knowing that the Girls' Debating Society had argued in favor of woman suffrage and won, kindly offered to send suffrage literature to the members of the society, some of whom have already pledged themselves as Suffragists.

ALUMNI

"Beatae Memoriae"

Two Bangor young men, Philip P. Clement and Willard R. Tibbetts sailed on Thursday from New York on the steamer Alliance for Christobal, C. Z. (this abbreviation is now used for Canal Zone), and from there will go to the west coast of Africa for an indefinite stay.

Forest B. Ames, '09, U. of M., '13, now of Harvard Medical School, has been awarded the Haven Scholarship of 1914-15.

Helen Manuel, '14, is substituting in the Bangor Public Library.

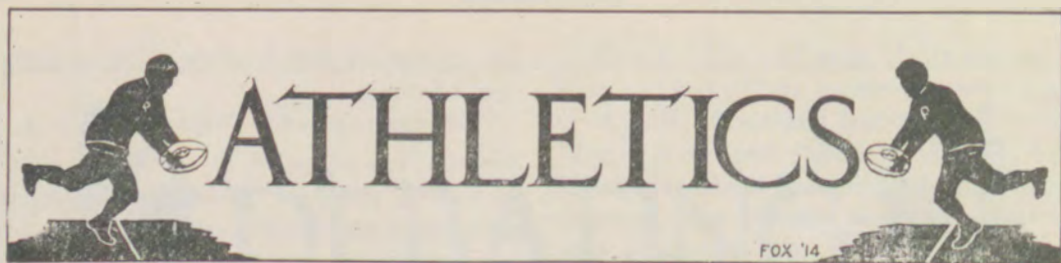
Edward Garland, '12, Bowdoin, '16, has been chosen by his fraternity, Beta Theta Pi, to be its delegate at the national convention of the fraternity which is to be held in San Francisco next September.

Gwendolyn Safford, '14, a student at Wheaton College was at home a week during the time of mid-year examinations at Wheaton.

Madoline Buzzell '12, is studying at the Gilman Commercial School, Bangor.

Ruth Clark, '14, has a position with the Dennison Manufacturing Co., in South Farmington, Mass.

The wedding of Miss Rebecca Harding, '12, and Everett Augustus Kimball of Rock Hill S. C., was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents in Bangor, January 27. Mr. and Mrs. Kimball left for New York and Washington and will reside in the future in Rock Hill, S. C., where Mr. Kimball is an instructor in Winthrop College.



"Fortis cadere, cedere non potest"

Bangor High Wins Dual Meet.

The dual indoor track meet between the Y. M. C. A. and Bangor High at the Y. M. C. A. on Saturday evening, Jan. 30, resulted in a victory for the High School, $30\frac{1}{2}$ to $28\frac{1}{2}$. The contest was one of the closest ever held in this city. The meet was anyone's property until the relay race, which was won by the High School.

Events and points won were as follows:

	B. H. S.	Y. M. C. A.
15-yard dash.....	9	0
Standing broad jump.....	3	6
Shot-put	6	3
Running broad jump.....	1	8
Running high jump.....	$5\frac{1}{2}$	$5\frac{1}{2}$
Potato race	1	8
880-yard relay race.....	5	0
	$30\frac{1}{2}$	$28\frac{1}{2}$

In the first heat of the 15-yard dash, Costello, B. H. S., was first, and Gray, B. H. S., was second. In the second heat, Pullen, B. H. S., was first, and Brooks, Y. M. C. A., was second. In the final, Pullen, of B. H. S., was first; Costello, second; Gray, third. The time was 2.15 seconds.

Standing Broad Jump: Won by Russell, of Y. M. C. A., 8 ft. $9\frac{1}{2}$ in. Second, Costello, B. H. S., 8 ft. 9 in. Third, Sweeney, Y. M. C. A., 8 ft. 3 in.

Shot-Put: Won by Thompson, B. H. S., 38 ft. 6 in. Second, Brooks, Y. M. C. A., 31 ft. 7 in. Third, Savage, B. H. S., 31 ft. 6 in.

Running Broad Jump: Sweeney and Russell, both of the Y. M. C. A., tied for first place, 15 ft. 11 in. Third Costello, B. H. S., 15 ft. 10 in.

Running High Jump: Won by Gray, B. H. S., 5 ft. 6 in. Second, Head, Y. M. C. A., 5 ft. 3 in. Third, McCann, B. H. S., and Russell, Y. M. C. A., 4 ft. 11 in.

In this event, Gray broke the Y. M. C. A. record by two inches. The former record was made two years ago in the meet between the Portland and Bangor Y. M. C. A.'s.

Potato Race: Harbach, Y. M. C. A., first, in $37\frac{1}{4}$ seconds; Russell, Y. M. C. A., was second. Freeman, B. H. S., third.

The time of Bangor High in the 880-yard relay race was two minutes, $13\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. On the winning team were Pullen, Costello, Cleveland and Gray. The Y. M. C. A. quartet was Russell, Driscoll, Littlefield, and Harbach.

One of the features of the evening was the shot putting of "Hobo" Savage. The old pitching wing was in good enough shape to sling the shot 31 ft. 6 in.

The Faculty to Play.

A basketball game which promises to be one of the most interesting, thrilling, and mirthful in recent years has been arranged for the evening of Feb. 17. The Faculty, not content with their scholastic power, have challenged the Sophomore team to a terrific combat. The Sophs, seeing a chance to get revenge for certain reproofs, flunks, etc., promptly accepted. The fight is to

etc., promptly accepted. The fight is to take place on Feb. 17. The High School will also play Foxcroft Academy on the same night. Come one, come all! Satisfaction guaranteed!

B. H. S. Loses to Edward Little.

In a fast game at Auburn on Jan. 13, Edward Little High won from Bangor High by a score of 43 to 21. The first half was all for the home team, but in the second B. H. S. came back strong and played around their opponents. The visitors were unable to shoot, however, and so lost. The teams will meet again at Bangor on March 5, and we hope for revenge. The summary:

E. L. H. S. (43)—Moulton, l.f., 5; Burke, r. f., 3 (1); Engley, c., 7; Hasty, l. b., 5; Stetson, r. b., 1.

B. H. S. (21)—Torrey, Jones, r.b.; Mulvaney, l.b., 1; Savage, c., 3 (1); Freeman, r. f., 4; Adams, l. f., 2.

Referee, Solomon. Time, 20-minute periods.

B. H. S., 45; E. M. C. S., 7.

Bangor High had no trouble at all beating E. M. C. S. at the High School gym. on Tuesday, Jan. 19. After the mists had rolled away the tally stood at 45 to 7. Adams starred for the home team, getting 11 baskets. Foster put up a fast game for the visitors. Mulvaney showed his football practice in blocking when he dropped Hussey for no gain in the second half.

The summary:

B. H. S. (45)—Freeman, r.f., 5; Adams, l.f., 11; Savage, c., 3 (1); Jones, r.b., 2 (2); Torrey, r.b.; Mulvaney, l.f.; Estes, l.b.

E. M. C. S. (7)—Smart, l.b.; Patten l.b.; Hussey, r.b.; Packard, c., 1; Foster, l.f., 1 (3); Richards, r.f.

Referee, Daley. Time, 20 and 15-minute periods.

REPORT ON ECONOMIC CONDITIONS

During the first semester the Commercial Geography class made a study of existing economic conditions. The results of their study were summed up in reports on the following topics:

The Potato Situation in Aroostook, Freda Wilkes.

Cost of Living and the War, Mary Kanaley.

The Wheat Crop of 1914, Edythe Ginsberg.

War and Manufacturing, Rena Barton.

Cotton Crop of 1914, Ann Anderson.

Effect of European War on Wholesale Trade in Bangor, Jacob Davis.

Retail Trade in Bangor Since Declaration of War, Michael Ryan.

Manufacturing in Bangor and the European War, Everett Littlefield.

Bangor and the Outside World, Esther Atwood.

Alaska, Annie Richardson.

Panama Canal and United States Trade, Shirley Hillson.

Situation in Far East and United States, Gladys Hathorne.

South American Trade, Helen Smith.

Losses and Gains of United States Because of War, Georgie Hough.

War and Immigration, Marion Babcock.

Our Merchant Marine, Ida Ramsdell.

Recent Railroad Activities, Ida Williams.

One of these appears in the present number and the literary editor hopes to use others in later issues.



*"Oh, wad some power the giftie gi'e us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"*

—Burns

We have received the following list of school papers during the past month and wish to thank them for all their kind remembrances of us:

January—Advance, Salem, Mass.; Aegis, Beverly, Mass.; Anemone, Spearfish, S. D.; Archon, So. Byfield, Mass.; Artisan, Bridgeport, Conn.; Delphian, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Enterprise, Keene, N. H.; Early Trainer, Lawrence, Mass.; Chronicle, Hartford, Conn.; Claflin Enterprise, Newtonville, Mass.; Clarion, W. R. H. S., Boston, Mass.; Dinosaur, Laramie, Wyoming; Distaff, Girls' H. S., Boston, Mass.; Golden Rod, Quincy, Mass.; Habit, Salina, Kansas; High School Review, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; Ingot, Hancock, Mich.; Item, Dorchester, Mass.; Lion, LaGrange, Ill.; Lewis and Clark Journal, Spokane, Wash.; Observer, Ansonia, Conn.; Old Hughes, Cincinnati, Ohio; Optimist, Bloomington, Indiana; Oracle, Abington, Pa.; Oracle, Auburn, Me.; Oracle, Plainfield, N. J.; Orange and Black, Falls City, Neb.; Owl, Fresno, California; Princeton Pictorial Review; Penn Charter Magazine, Philadelphia, Pa.; Peals, Orange, Mass.; Quill, Henderson, Ky.; Racquet, Portland, Me.; Rail Splitter, Lincoln, Ill.; Reflector, Gloucester, Mass.; Register, Burlington, Vt.; Sayrenade, Sayre, Pa.; Sea Breeze, Thomaston, Me.; School Life, Metuchen, N. J.; Spectator, Waterloo, Iowa; Su-Hi, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; Tripod, R. L. S., Boston, Mass.; Tiger,

Elkins, W. Va.; Trade Winds, Worcester, Mass.; Vail-Deane Budget, Elizabeth, N. J.; Voice, Falmouth, Mass.

December—Allerlei, Stonington, Conn.; Berkeley Folio, New York City; Breccia, Portland, Me.; Congress, Olean, N. Y.; Echo, Kenton, Ohio; Forum, St. Joseph, Mo.; Herald, Holyoke, Mass.; High School Times, Ft. Madison, Iowa; Ingot, Hancock, Mich.; Leavitt Angelus, Turner Center, Me.; Science and Craft, C. T. H. S., Chicago, Ill.; Lincolnian, Newcastle, Me.; Tatler, Shreveport, La.; Throop Tech, Pasadena, Cal.; Tiger, Little Rock, Arkansas; Vail-Deane Budget, E. Orange, N. J.

November—Academy Echo, Freedom, Me.; Forum, St. Joseph, Mo.; Wykeham Chronicle, Washington, Conn.

Pamphlets—Bates Student, Lewiston, Me.; Bowdoin Orient, Brunswick, Me.; Colby Echo, Waterville, Me.; High School News, Columbus, Neb.; Hobart Herald, Geneva, N. Y.; Maine Campus, Orono, Me.; Pasco School News, Dade City, Fla.; P. I. H. S. Flyer, Presque Isle, Me.; Reddie, Arkadelphia, Arkansas; Right Angle, Rochester, N. Y.; Spellman Messenger, Atlanta, Ga.; Sphinx, Centralia, Ill.; Yale University Bulletin; Young Apprentice, New Haven, Conn.

We have also received the first copy of the Islesboro Argonaut, and wish it the best of success.

About our Friends.

The "Spectator" of Waterloo, Iowa, is a school paper to be proud of; well written, well arranged, good cuts, good jokes. No school paper can be too careful of the class of advertisements it carries.

The "Voice of the L. H. S." doesn't make noise enough for an up-to-date High School! Put a little more thought into the artistic arrangement of your paper and justify your existence.

The little poem "My Garden" found in the "High School Review" from Wilkesburg Pa., is very clever in thought and suggestion. A good paper throughout.

To the "Tiger" E. H. S.—There are some people so pessimistic in their dispositions that they cannot enjoy a compliment nor profit by a criticism. Such a person must be the editor of your exchange department, for otherwise he would understand that the exchange department is a means of encouragement between friends as well as sarcastic knocking; and friends cannot be encouraged too often.

The Alumni number of the "Lion," La-Grange, Ill., contains some fine literary sketches.

The "Dinosaur" of Laramie, Wyoming, is a well filled paper. A composite story from an English class is rather out of the ordinary, but it surely begins with a "bang." Why not have a table of contents?

The Senior number of the "Lewis and Clark Journal" is certainly a "peach." Such a list of fine things—fine magazine, fine school buildings, fine country and—fine girls.

A masterpiece of short story writing is found in the "Chronicle" from Hartford, Conn. "The Last of the Hussars" is a hair-raising thriller!

The "Oracle" wishes to recommend to its many exchanges that they exchange with the "P. I. H. S. Flyer," Presque Isle, Me. This High School, far up in northern

Maine is publishing a weekly paper, the first paper it has ever put out, and finds it hard to get material. Give them a "boost," will you!

The girls' number of the "Habit" from Salina, Kansas, is a paper full of vim and snap. It reflects distinctly the true spirit of the modern high school girl.

A school that prints its own paper is always to be praised. Such a one is the Pasco School of Dade City, Florida. Its paper compares favorably with any of the semi-monthly or weekly papers we receive.

A fine paper from the south is the "Spellman Messenger" of Atlanta, Ga. "Cotton-growing Made a Science" not only tells of the progress in growing cotton, but also explains what the hundreds of negroes of that land are doing now. We hope you will visit us often.

Well, we have another youngster to boost along! The High School of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, has started a monthly paper called, "Su-Hi." It is a very good starter.

Forum, St. Joseph, Mo. Your paper could be improved by having a table of contents and a regular exchange department.

The "Racquet" from the girls of Portland High School is a good one.

The "Trade Winds" of Worcester, Mass., is a well arranged paper.

The "Throop Tech" shows the presence of care and talent, but was not the science department of December rather too long for one issue?

A theme on agriculture or milk is slightly out of the ordinary for high school papers, but the "Academy Echo" of Freedom, Me., has handled these subjects very interestingly.

The New Year's number of the "Owl" is a fine paper. The cuts and department headings are very attractive.

The "Breccia" from Portland, Me., has placed about everything to be desired to make a good paper within its covers.

To the "High School Times" of Fort Madison, Iowa.—We would suggest the use of some kind of soft covers for your magazine. A soft, pliable paper throughout makes a magazine much more attractive to a reader. Your Christmas number is a very good issue.

In strong contrast with the last mentioned paper stands the "Tiger" of Little Rock, Arkansas. Pliable covers and leaves make it a paper easy to handle and hold. If all the school papers produced as good literature and poetry as this one, they would be much more enjoyable.

The "Ingot" from Hancock, Mich., is a promising young school paper.

The "Echo" prints a list of exchanges, but, why not express a few opinions about your friends?

Welcome, "Sea Breeze!" You have made a good start and we wish you success in keeping up your venture.

The "Congress" from Olean, N. Y., has a page of athletic events taken from old numbers of their paper. This is an interesting idea as it affords a means for comparison between old and new.

As Our Friends See Us.

The December number of the Oracle was indeed a humorous one. We like your idea of dedicating each issue to some particular subject. Your editorial on humor was fine.—"Reflector," Gloucester, Mass.

The "Humorous Number" from the Oracle, Bangor, abounds in splendid stories. Especially clever is the article, "The Oracle, as Seen by the Editors"—"Spectator," Waterloo, Iowa.

An interesting paper. Your paper must be well boosted as it has so many ads.—"Pasco School News," Dade City, Fla.

Your humorous number is a "corker." From the names mentioned in "Muff and Jett," you must have "some names" in your school. All of your departments are well edited.—"The Quill," Henderson, Ky.

We have but one criticism to make. Does not the financial statement of your football season come under Athletics?—"School Life," Metuchen, N. J.

Among various good things, the Distaff of Boston, Mass., thinks our Pictorial Review does not add either to the humor or artistic make-up of the paper.

Your literary and athletic departments are especially good.—"Trade Winds," Worcester, Mass.

You have an excellent paper. The literary department is to be commended.—"Aegis," Beverly, Mass.

The "Golden Rod" of Quincy, Mass., thinks we have an abundance of fine material and that our cover design is a dandy.

"One of our oldest and best exchanges" says the Tiger of L. R. H. S., Little Rock, Arkansas.

An explanation is due with regard to the story "Mr. Simpson's Simplified Christmas" in the December "Oracle," to which our exchanges call our attention. It was written in response to a teacher's request for a magazine article, condensed without destroying the coherence; and the girl who handed it in did not know it was going into the Oracle; the editors did not know the circumstances under which it was written. The strangest part of all is that the story was in the hands of the Oracle editors a year ago; several months before it appeared in the "Mothers' Magazine" for December, 1914. Evidently this story has a history. Meanwhile we regret the circumstance very much.



PERSONALS



"Adhibenda est in jocando moderatio"

Ask the Oracle.

Question: I am 6 feet 4 and still growing. Up where my head lives the air is somewhat rarified. Can you tell me some method whereby I may become shorter?

C. C., '15.

Answer: We have had several questions of this sort and have advised this plan to some, who declare it successful. Go to a foundry and tell them to give you two or three gentle tapson the top of the head with a steam hammer. We would be pleased to hear the result.

Question: I am very anxious to have hair the shade of L. J.'s, '18. Can you tell me how to obtain it?

Classmate.

Answer: Ask L. J.

Question: I am very popular and many girls and boys want my photograph. I cannot supply so many people. Can you tell me how they can obtain them?

D. D., '14.

Answer: Send your photograph to a patent medicine concern with a testimonial as to their goods and they will print your picture. Then all your friends can buy the Commercial and have your picture.

Question: I am threatened with nervous prostration on account of the severe brain-work I have put into asking questions upon the Oral Themes. Can you tell me how I can think of questions with less trouble?

A. D. M-v-y, '16.

Answer: Use your brain a little every day and it will gradually grow stronger.

F. A. M., '15 (Virgil): Retroque pedem cum voce repressit.

He rushes back with his voice.

M. B. P., '15 (Virgil): Caeruleus supra caput adstitit umber.

The dark cloud stood him on his head.

S. G. H., '15 (in French): And then Sylvester went on board the day after tomorrow.

L. B. E., '15 (in French): She held the man in her two, poor, little hands.

P-t-r-s-n (translating in French): Sitting on the edge of the road was a poor old dead wood picker crying bitterly.

English teacher: What is a jester?

E-m-s, from back of room: A nut!

D-v-s, '16, (in French): There was a bed in the room. It had a mantle and a chimney on it and it had a perfectly white wall.

In Sophomore English:

Teacher: Where was Washington Irving buried?

Bright pupil: In the ground!

J. F. K-l-l-h-r (in Latin): The width of this river was three feet.

Miss H—: What gender is consul?

Miss J-n-s: Feminine.

Miss H—: It hasn't got to that advanced stage yet.!

Dennett '16, (translating German): Er sah über die Gipfel der Baume zu seinen Füssen hinüber ans andre Ufer.

He looked over the tops of the trees, at his feet on the opposite shore.

Mr. B—: Miss B-rf-tt, give a definition for a frieze.

Miss B-rf-tt, '16: A frieze is a raised impression of something.

Mr. B—: Then, I suppose that a bump on my head would be a frieze.

Miss H—: "I look at the boys." Is this sentence customary or continued action?

Voice: Both.

Miss R— (in Algebra): That example would be six, six, six and six forever, but we won't write it that long.

Mr. B— (in History): Who was the wicked emperor who lived at Capri?

Miss H-rv-y, '15: Nemo.

C. C., '15 (in Virgil): He bore a guy on his arm.

Teacher: What do you do when you want to make a fire?

Bright Pupil: Extinguish it.

Miss MacS— (in German III.): He never dropped a drank of beer.

Miss C—: What does Ph. D. mean?

Cl-v-l-nd, '15: Physical director.

Miss R—: Continue reading.

Senior: I left a word out there, and forgot to go on.

Miss W— (in English): What did Hepzibah have for breakfast?

K-ng, '17: Post Toasties.

Recently heard in a history class: Xerxes was defeated at the battle of Bull Run.

Miss R— (in Latin): Mr. C— you relied on your wit to get you by, but your wit isn't even worth F.

O'L-a-y, '17: The fish had a mouth as big as a door.

The lioness was full of rage,
The spot she had her eye on,
Upon the bottom of the cage,
She saw the lion lie on.

December ninth was a very cold day.
The thermometers in the class rooms refused to climb beyond 80 degrees.

Buds and Blossoms.

Marguerite—M. A., '16.
Bachelor's Buttons—A. S., '15.
Golden Glow—B. E., '15.
Black-eyed Susan—S. F., '15.
Evergreen—The Freshmen.
Daisy—M. H., '17.
Peony—J. C., '16.
Sweet Pea—R. P., '18.
Sweet William—W. C., '18.
Forget-me-not—M. G., '14.
Jack-in-the-Pulpit—I. D., '15.
Blush Rose—A. R., '16.
Morning Glory—H. E. S., '15.
Lily—E. D., '15.
Poppy—A. G., '18.
Sun Flower—W. B. H., '16.
Twin Flower—The Smileys.

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The Course in Medicine comprises four graded sessions of eight months each. Among the special features are individual Laboratory and Practical work in well equipped Laboratories, Hospital and Dispensary, Free Quizzes, Ward Classes limited in size, Systematic Clinical Conferences, Modified and Modern Seminar Methods. Abundant clinical material is supplied by the College Hospital, Philadelphia General Hospital (1500 beds) and the Municipal Hospital for Contagious Diseases.

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