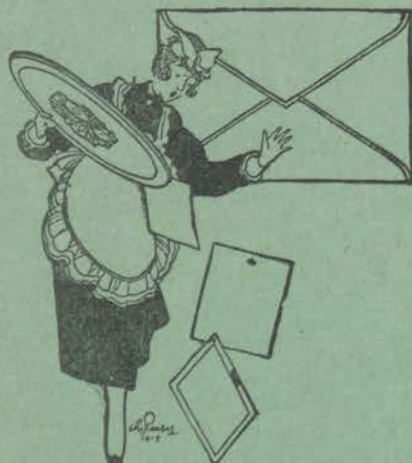


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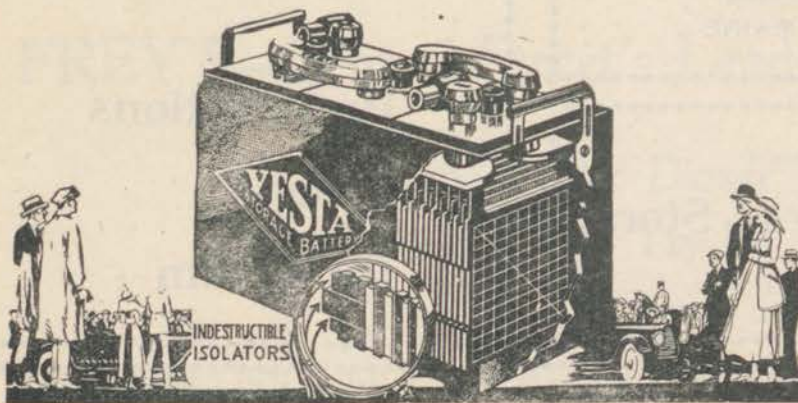
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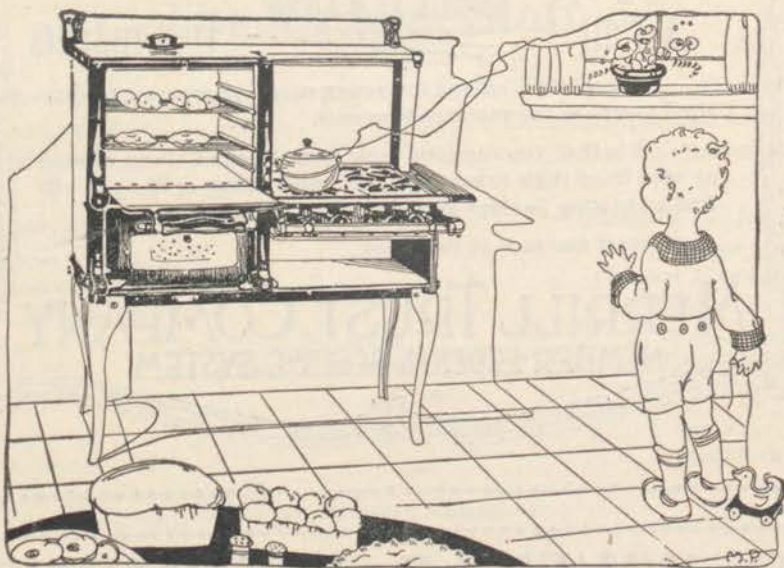
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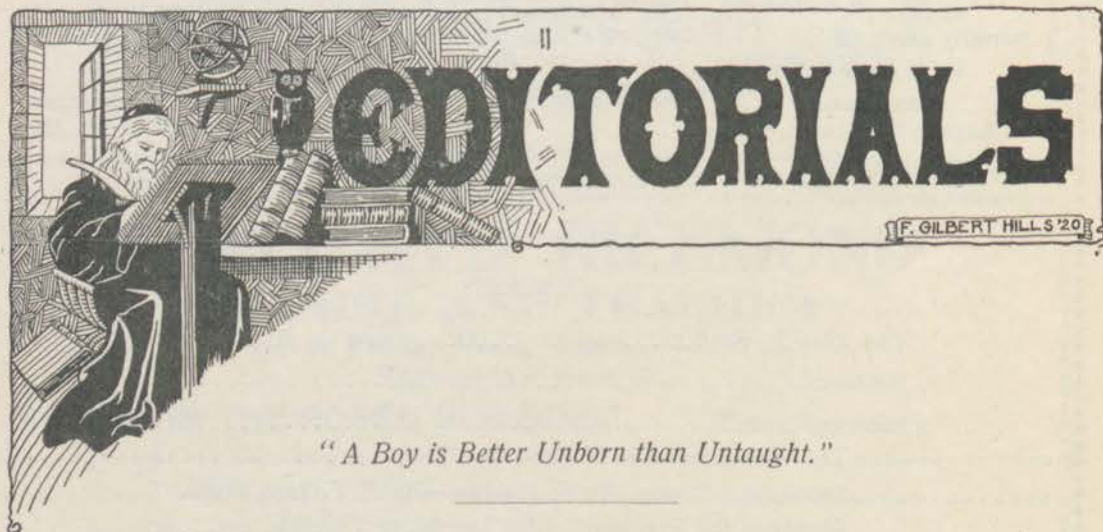
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"A Boy is Better Unborn than Untaught."

Daylight saving has now been given trial for two summers in America. It has been met with a varying degree of enthusiasm throughout the country, the farmers in general and the Westerners having raised many and strong objections, while business men and tradespeople of the East have for the most part been heartily in favor of it. New York state has already adopted the daylight saving law and likewise Philadelphia, Springfield, Worcester and other large cities. Similar action is being promoted in Massachusetts, several bills being before the legislature, one of which is expected to become a law. With many of the large cities continuing to act in accordance with the present standard time and many making use of the daylight-saving summer time

Daylight Saving in the East

much confusion is sure to result. It is the general opinion that if, in spite of the farmers, cities continue to adopt the law, Congress will be likely to take action and declare daylight saving during the summer months for the eastern section of the country where the sentiment is greatly in favor of such action.

T. B.

A referendum vote was held recently in the Maine colleges in order to obtain the sentiment of the students toward the Peace Treaty. It is thought that the result probably reflects the general sentiment of New Englanders, about one-half having voted in favor of a compromise between extreme views held; a quarter favored the Lodge

reservations, a sixth ratification without reservations, and about one in a dozen would have no League of Nations.

T. B.

On March first the railroads of the United States were turned over to the private owners by the United States Government after two years of operation at a loss that amounts to more than \$700,000,000.

The Railroad Bill

This immense deficit has been used as an agreement against government control of railroads. It is hardly fair to use these figures as examples of government control for the roads were not operated for revenue but as an aid to quick handling of war munitions.

In turning back the roads, provision has been made for government control in "case of war or threatened war." It is also provided that the Interstate Commerce Commission, established long before the war, will have greater powers than ever before. One of these powers is the control of car service in times of emergency. This control will probably be greatly appreciated in Aroostook county, where the car shortage was acute last fall.

Provision has also been made for determining a fair income for a road, and also for the use of any surplus by the Interstate Commerce Commission for the aid of weaker roads.

Labor troubles are to be taken care of, if possible, by a board of employers and employees of each road. If the matter cannot be thus settled it must be brought before a national board of nine members, consisting of three persons representing the public, three representing the employers and three representing the employees; this board to be appointed by the President. Submission of matters to this board is compulsory before a strike can be called. The board can,

at its discretion, investigate any matter that may result in an interruption of commerce.

Some objections were made to the clause concerning labor disputes and the settlement of wages but President Wilson, in a reply to the railroad brotherhoods, has pointed out that provision was made for a thorough discussion by representatives of both sides of any case. It is thus probable that these matters will be settled without difficulty.

It has been recently reported that labor unions throughout the country will make up a ticket of "Labor's friends" in the coming elections. Any person who has shown by his record that he is indifferent or actually unfriendly to Labor would not be supported.

A New Political Party?

A party of this sort voting in the proposed way, ought to be very acceptable to the non-Labor element, as the candidates would probably, for the most part, be fair-minded men who would do their best for the good of the public.

SENIORS!

According to the custom of the Oracle in the past three years, we wish to publish the picture of each member of the graduating class in our June number. Brief paragraphs, humorous if possible, will also be published about each member.

There are slightly more than nine weeks before the material for the June number must be in the hands of the printers. All pictures that are to appear should be ready in seven weeks to allow time for having cuts made.

It is not too early now to begin to think of graduation.

A further announcement on the subject of pictures will be made in the next number.



"The Lover of Letters Loves Power Too."

THE HEROES OF THE NIGHT

By Tom.

CHARACTERS.

"Hi" Harris.

"Mac" MacIntyre.

"Luke" Ross.

"Tom" Churchill.

Scene: A small hunting camp with stove, table and chairs. The bunks are fixed one over the other on the wall opposite the door. Guns, shells, knapsacks and food are littered all over the place. The time is about seven o'clock, after supper. Luke and Hi are washing dishes and cleaning the place up. As it is moonlight, Mac and Tom have gone out to set some rabbit snares.

Luke: Those fellows have been gone a long time. They were only going to set a couple of snares.

Hi: Don't worry, they won't be back until the dishes are washed. I'll bet they're sitting on a stump waiting until it's safe to come in.

Luke: Remember those bobcat tracks we saw. If those fellows come any place near the owner's roost, they'll come in quick enough.

Report of shotgun.

Wow, something up.

Hi: They probably saw a rabbit.

Luke: If my gun kicked like Tom's old blunderbuss, I wouldn't shoot at anything less than a moose.

Hi: Same here, but Tom thinks it's the best gun ever made. The last time I fired it I was paralyzed for a week. Guess they're coming now. I hear footsteps.

Luke: Yeh, coming pretty fast, too.

Enter Tom and Mac, breathless, Tom holding his hand to his jaw and looking dazed.

Luke: Well, who won?

Tom: Guess we did, seeing that we got here first.

Hi: What do you mean, "we." Who's the rest?

Mac: Gosh! Don't know. Don't care. Bobcat, I guess.

Luke: Bobcat, huh? Funny stuff. Trying to scare us?

Tom: No, Mac and I were camping under a tree, waiting—

Hi (to Luke): I told you so. Waiting till the work was done.

Tom: Naw, waiting for a rabbit. We were both facing toward the lake and I had my gun cocked, when something jumped in the brush right behind us. I pulled the trigger and old Maud kicked me in the jaw and then we started for camp.

Luke: Brave boys, you are. If your start was anything like your finish, you musta made the first mile in about three seconds.

Hi: Haw, haw. What made you so excited, Tom? You're supposed to point

your gun in the same general direction as the game.

Luke: It wouldn't make much difference.

(Tom and Hi sit on a bunk, while Luke and Mac stand near table).

Well, if you fellows are done footracing, why, maybe, we can turn in. I'm sleepy.

Mac: Tom and I take the upper berth this trip, porter.

Hi: You will not. We'll toss up.

Coins are produced and all gather around the table.

Hi: What say? Heads?

Mac: Whee! We sleep in state tonight, Tom. Who keeps the home fires burning?

Hi and Luke flip a coin. Luke loses.

Luke: Just my luck. If luck was water, I'd be a desert. Well, you turn in and I'll shake old Vesuvius up and fix it for the night.

Fixes stove. Gives it a terrific shaking, until the room begins to fill with dust.

Mac: Say, if you need exercise, take the axe and chop some wood.

Tom: Hey, save the chimney, anyway. We might want to cook breakfast.

Luke: Oh, that's all right, fellows. I'll tell you all about it. Fourscore and seventy years ago, Noah brought forth upon this continent a new stove, conceived in cast iron and dedicated to the proposition that stoves make good refrigerators. I am assembled here with a poker in my hand, testing whether that stove or any other piece of junk can long endure. But in a—
Noise outside. Luke grabs a gun. Hi

reaches for a shoe. Mac and Tom get under the blankets.

Hi: What's that?

Mac: Bobcat!

Tom: Leggo that blanket. Whatcha trying to do? Creep under the mattress?

Hi: Open the door, Luke, and see what it is.

Luke: Open it yourself. I'm not going to be the reception committee for a couple of these wildcats.

At the door crack: Snuff, snuff.

Hi: Look out! He's coming in.

Mac, from under blankets: Go 'way, kitty. You tell him, Luke. You understand these critters.

Luke: If he's coming in, I'm going out.

Hi: Yes. In pieces. Hold this shoe, Luke, I'll show him whose cabin he can prowl around.

Takes gun and strides towards door. Then pauses.

Mac: That's right, Hi. Invite the cat in. Room for plenty more.

Tom: Yes. Don't hurt the dear pussy, Hi. Reason with him.

Hi: Look out the window, Luke, and see where he is. (To others): Got any other cute suggestions? Try them on the cat. Maybe he'll laugh himself to death.

Luke: Ha, ha, ha. This is rich. Hold the door tight, Hi. Ferocious animal outside.

Luke goes to the door and throws it open and in walks—

Mac: Come here, Chub.

Tom: Nice doggie.

Hi: Awk!

Curtain

DOWN IN A DAMP, DARK CAVERN

By F. Gilbert Hills.



In a farming community it is hard to get together very many boys during the summer to go on a two-day hike, so the troop hike to the Ice Cave started off with only five boys besides the leader.

It was a scorching hot day in early August and the party, loaded with blankets, supplies and a lantern, roasted and boiled as it climbed up the never ending hill.

"Whew!" exclaimed Johnny Clinton, "I wish I'd left this sweater at home."

"Don't worry, you'll need it all right when we get there, even if it is a hundred in the shade out here," said Wally Adams, assistant scout master.

"Look at Cotty puff, will you. Here, here, give me that blanket-roll, you'll stub your toe in it going up this hill; I'll bet it weighs more than you do, Cotty."

Cotty Anderson, a lithe little tenderfoot, could take care of himself. "Never mind about me, guess I can lug it as well as you. Say, Wally, what's that dripping out of your knapsack?"

"Well, I'll be darned," said Wally, after an inspection. "It's so hot the bacon has melted! Nothing else in there could melt."

Unknown to him, his mother had added some butter to his supplies.

Bob Alcott, the troop's fat boy, said he could sympathize with the bacon very much.

Ray Barnard was ahead of the others and had just disappeared over the rise.

"Hy, fellows," he called. "Here's the Gorge."

On coming up over the rise they saw the mountain ahead of them still higher, steeper, and rockier. Not much of a chance for a gorge there you would say. But on rounding a high ledge there it lay before

them.

Ages ago some great upheaval of nature had split open the top of the mountain, leaving a great gash about half a mile long and a hundred feet deep, running north and south through the mountain.

Before them the grassy ground sloped down to a stagnant pool in the mouth of the gorge. On each side were slightly overhanging cliffs. Beyond the pool the gorge gradually rose towards the center of the mountain then fell down on the other side. The bottom was a confusion of jagged, gray, and moss-covered rocks, with ferns, bushes, and trees growing among them. On the east side the precipice rose straight up, overhanging in many places. Fresh surfaces at intervals marked where new rocks had broken off during the previous spring to add to the confusion below but here and there some hardy tree clung to the rough wall. The west side, called Bald Peak, sloped up at a steep angle with ledges here and there, and was wooded up to the ledge which ran along the top. The tops of both peaks were sparsely covered with trees to the very edge of the gorge.

It was almost noon when the party skirted the pool on slimy stones and entered the gorge. The trail led them clambering over and under the huge, damp rocks, first down into cool mossy rifts, then up over fern-covered rocks and decaying logs. The coolness of the place was surprising. Ray said it was caused by the ice down below in crevices between the rocks. Everywhere was the delightful smell of the deep, damp woods.

"I'll say this is some different from out there on the hill," exclaimed Cotty.

"I'll say so," said Bob. "Any of that bacon left, Wally?"

"Hope so. We can't live without that bacon."

Along here the trees and underbrush began to give way to bare, gray rocks. There were all sorts of alluring holes on every side, and Johnny thought he had found the cave several times before Wally, who was leading, called out:

"We're almost there—I can see the log that's across in front of the cave."

Presently they climbed upon a pile of enormous slabs of rocks about midway through the gorge, at the highest point of the bottom. On the other side it sloped down to the farther end and was filled with trees. The tree trunk Wally had seen was over their heads, supported at either end on the pile of rocks. They halted here and put their blankets and things in the shade of one of the rocks.

"Where's the cave? I don't see it," said Johnny.

Ray pointed to a narrow opening between the upright slabs beside them. Johnny climbed up and put his head in. A cool breeze met him. Before him was a low triangular room about 14 feet long, with the smooth rock floor sloping down away from him. Light came in through a small opening between the rocks over his head. "That's a bang of a cave," he said to himself. He crawled toward the other end of the room where he saw a log. He stopped suddenly—"B-r-r-r-r." Before him, under the log, yawned a black hole. He accidentally pushed a stone over the edge. For a second it hit nothing, then suddenly it struck, rattled and banged as though it was bouncing down an echoing corridor, and ended with a queer splash. Johnny shivered. As his eyes became used to the dim light, he saw the top of a ladder, which disappeared in the darkness under him, in the opposite side of the hole. This lying on a shelf of rock, over a yawning, unknown

abyss, was too much for Johnny, and he crept back up the incline, which was very much steeper than it was before he saw the hole. By gum! he wouldn't go down in that hole, no, sir—but, oh, well, if the others did so would he.

When Johnny came out the rest were eating their lunch. After lunch they stretched out on the great, flat, hot rock for a "sun bath." The sun was shining straight down into the gorge and up here on the bare rocks it was almost as hot as out on the hillside.

Finally, Mr. Sawyer, the scoutmaster, said, "Who's ready for the cave? I am."

All but Johnny assented, Johnny said nothing.

Wally and Ray disappeared around the rocks and soon came back with a lot of birch bark from the trees on the slope. All put on their sweaters, Mr. Sawyer lighted his lantern, and they crawled into the entrance.

"Hello," said Ray, "here's a candle somebody left, might come in handy." So he put it in his pocket.

One by one they hunched across the log, slipped down to the ladder and climbed down. The ladder had been there two years, so had many rungs missing; four out in one place—after Bob got down there were five out. Mr. Sawyer came last with the lantern.

Down below it was dark and damp. The feeble rays of the lantern could penetrate the dark but a very short way and the light above was only enough to show dimly the top of the ladder and bring the log across the opening out in silhouette.

The great cavern was back of the ladder, not before it, as Johnny had supposed. As they stood facing the cave the rock back of them rose over their heads to the opening. The top of the cave was beyond the reach of the rays of their lantern. On either side

the uneven walls opened out and disappeared in the utter darkness. The rough floor descended sharply somewhere but it was lost as completely as the walls.

"Ch-chilly down here, isn't it?" said someone.

"Spooky, too."

"Huh? Yea,—refrigerated spooks."

Wally picked up a handful of small stones and threw them out into the dark. Apparently there were some walls somewhere out there for the stones hit something, throwing off a shower of sparks, and fell into water with the same hollow splash Johnny had heard before. Ray found a large stone and rolled it down the incline. It bounced over the rocks, throwing off red sparks and suddenly went off into space, then landed with an echoed rattle and bang, sending off more sparks way out below them.

"Golly, what's that? Another hole down there full of water?" asked Johnny.

"No, we are on a ledge at one end of the cave," said Bob, "that's the water on top of the ice down there."

"Hope she don't cave in on us."

"Gee, I should think these rocks would fall in sometime."

"Hasn't caved in yet," said Ray, "so I guess it won't this time. A rock falls once in a while, though. There used to be a couple more rooms here but they are blocked up now."

"Come on down and light some of that bark," suggested Wally, as he started down and lighted a piece. It burned and spluttered as he threw it out ahead of him. Ray also lighted a piece and threw it out.

The burning bark landed on a slope ten feet below the ledge and lighted up the whole cave with a dull, reddish light.

The cavern was formerly two gigantic masses of solid rock with flat faces, which had fallen together forming a huge inverted

V. It was narrower at the farther end. Both ends were filled with rough boulders. The center was filled with ice which at this time of year, was melted a little on top. None of the party knew how deep the water under the ice might be, but they knew it was a good deal over anyone's head.

"A couple of years ago some men from the United States Geological Survey were up here to explore the place but I don't know what they found out," said Bob. "Say, isn't it funny that when you live right near one of these places you never find out what they are. Look at Johnny here, lived in Pittsford all his life and never been up here before."

"Guess we had better save the rest of that bark. Who's coming down to the ice?" said Ray, as he slid over the edge of the ledge to his waist.

John gasped. "You ain't going over that place are you?"

"Sure, slide right over," laughed Ray. "I'll bet Bob gets stuck in the 'cork-screw.'"

"Never mind about me, you long, lanky galumunx, you. You're so darned long you won't be able to get around it yourself."

Ray had jumped down to a narrow projection and squirmed around to another smaller ledge below the first. The rest followed one by one as Ray wriggled feet first into the "cork-screw." It was well named for it was a curved hole between the rocks, which went directly under the first ledge, turned, and opened out onto a steep incline of broken stones leading down to the ice.

"I'm through," called Ray. "Gee, those rocks are wet."

The rest followed, Bob getting through in spite of their fears.

They explored around the icy bottom for a while, then crawled into another smaller room under the ledge. This was filled with

ice just like the first one.

Ray put his hand in his pocket and discovered the candle he had found at the entrance and had forgotten about.

"Say," he said to Bob, "let's go over to the other end and see if we can find the room they tell about. They say the hole is blocked up but we might find a way in."

Bob was willing, so, leaving the others, they skirted the ice in the big cave and came to the rocks at the other end. Climbing over them, they discovered a deep pool of black water in their way. On one side was the flat surface of the rock which formed one side of the cave, and on the other side a rock jutted out so far over the pool that they could just squeeze by. By holding onto tiny projections on the flat wall they could just barely stretch across and get on the other side of the pool. Here they found themselves in a continuance of the main cave, shut off by the pile of rocks they had just passed.

"Those rocks look as though they would fall down terribly easy, don't they," remarked Ray.

They pushed them but they were as solid as though they were one piece.

"They couldn't fall down," said Bob. "Come on, let's see what's next."

Farther on, the way was completely blocked but they looked in almost every crack and crevice they could find before giving up.

While the two were hunting around, the others came back into the main cave and were throwing stones against the walls to make the sparks fly. Several times Ray and Bob thought they heard stones hitting back of them and hollered back to "cut out throwing rocks" their way. Finally, they gave up the hunt and started back to join the rest.

"Well, look at that," exclaimed Ray.

The rock that had been partly in the way,

when they came in had fallen completely across.

They looked blankly at each other, then started looking around for some other way out, but the whole opening was blocked.

Bob looked at the water under the stone, and brightened up.

"Ray, we can get out under that rock through the water. It'll be cold but by gum, we have got to get out somehow."

"You're right." Ray looked at the water a minute. "But perhaps the rock has covered up the water on the other side."

Bob had not thought of that—what if they got under and couldn't get out. They began looking around again.

"Hy, fellows! Ray and Bob! Come on, we are going out now," someone called in the cave. The others had had enough and were starting out.

"Here we are over here," called Bob. "A rock has fallen down and we can't get by."

"Coming," answered Mr. Sawyer.

The next minute they heard the others on the other side of the rock.

"We can't find any way out, can you?" said Bob.

"I don't see any yet," answered Mr. Sawyer. "Wally, what's that opening over your shoulder?"

"It's blocked up, just goes in a couple of feet."

"Mr. Sawyer, is the water on your side open enough so we could get under?" called Bob.

"No, I can just get my foot in between the rocks."

Both parties looked around in silence for a while without finding any opening they could get through.

Ray broke the candle in two and lighting the other half, gave it to Bob, while he went back to see if they had by any chance missed any opening. Ray was looking more carefully this time and before he got to the

end of the passageway he noticed a narrow opening between two rocks above him that they had passed by when they were just looking out of curiosity.

He climbed up and squeezed into the opening. As he did so he accidentally hit his candle against the rock, knocking it out. Ray couldn't get a match from his pocket till he got out one way or the other, so he kept on going. He thought he saw some dim light through another crack ahead of him, and as he became accustomed to the darkness he was sure of it.

Lighting the candle he found himself in a small cave like the Ice Cave only the bottom was of rough boulders with deep crevices between them. On going around a rock at the farther end he could see open air at last.

Hurrying back to the hole he had come up through, Ray called to Bob that he had found a way out.

"Ray has found a way out," Bob called through the rock. "We'll meet you out at the entrance. So long."

"All right," replied Mr. Sawyer, greatly relieved. Then to the others:

"Come on, let's get out before the place caves in on us."

"I second the motion," said Cotty.

When Bob came to go through the narrow crevice he almost decided he would

have to stay inside until he starved enough to fit it better, but he finally got through, and so they were out in the gorge again.

"Oh boy! Isn't it great out here!" was the best Bob could do to express his feelings.

They found themselves on the opposite side of the gorge not far from the entrance to the cave.

Going across, they met the others just coming out.

The sun had left the bottom of the gorge and was shining on the eastern wall. It was getting cool so they got their blankets and supplies and climbed up the western side. At the summit they came to the bare space opening out onto the western slope from which the peak gets its name, Bald Peak. Here the party rested and thawed out in the warm sun. Just before the sun set over the distant Hubbardton Hills they gathered a good supply of wood and started supper.

After supper Wally piled some solid logs on the fire and they settled down to enjoy the wonderful scenery and recount the day's adventures.

Evening was far gone when the camp fire finally died down and stamping out the remaining coals they went back among the trees and rolled into their blankets on the soft moss for the night.

SKETCHES FOR FRESHMEN

By Josephine Clough, '20.

ONLY A GOOSE!

Setting: Farm of Farmer and Mrs. Yardly, uncle and aunt of Miss Dorothy Freshworth a city debutante.

Scene 1: The farmyard. The city girl is making her first visit to her uncle's farm, and as she is being shown over the place, she evinces the greatest interest in everything she sees.

Dorothy—And that (pointing to a monstrous white object basking in the sunlight flooding one corner of the barnyard), what is that?

Farm-hand—That, Miss, is Chloe, our pig.

Dorothy—And oh, do look, see those funny little balls of yellow, ever so many of them.

Farm-hand—Yes, Miss, those are the latest brood of that speckled hen yo' see yonder.

Dorothy (looks in the direction in which he has pointed and spying a cow, grasps hold of the farm-hand's arm with a death-like grip)—Oh, what IS that terrible creature over there with those two sticks jutting out from each ear?

Farm-hand (chuckling to himself)—Calm yourself, Miss, that is only Betsy, our cow.

(Just then, from the direction of the house, there comes a long, shrill call of "Jasper-r-r! Jasper-r-r!" and the farm-hand hurries off, leaving Dorothy standing, perplexed and bewildered, in the midst of all this living menagerie).

Curtain Falls.

Scene II: Dining room of farmhouse several hours later. Farmer and Mrs. Yardly seated at either end of table, attempting to interest their little city niece.

Mrs. Yardly—And what, my dear, do you think of all our little animal friends?

Dorothy (who is well-versed in the conventionalities and mannerisms of society)—Oh, Auntie, they are SO interesting. What a lot your farm-hand must know to be able to remember the names of all of them.

Farmer Yardly (making an effort to control his laughter)—Yes, a very brilliant boy, I assure you!

Dorothy (who has been gazing absently out of the window)—Look! Auntie! Uncle! What IS that queer looking bird walking along the driveway? How tame it must be!

Farmer Y.—Why, that is only a goose.

Dorothy (her face suddenly lighting)—

Oh, yes! But does HE lay all the gooseberries you use?

Quick Curtain.

"OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES!"

Setting: It is late afternoon in a little country schoolhouse. As the curtain rises, the teacher, standing in front of her pupils, is reading aloud "The Landing of the Pilgrims."

Teacher (finishing the reading of the poem)—Now, children, I want you to draw for me a picture of Plymouth Rock.

Tommy (frantically waving his hand)—Eh-h, Teacher,—

(No response).

Tommy—But-t—Teacher,—

(Still no response).

Tommy (growing impatient)—T-Teacher, d—

Teacher (interrupting him, crossly)—Did I not tell you, Tommy, that I want you to draw a picture of Plymouth Rock?

Tommy—Yes, but Teacher—

Teacher—No, Tommy, I refuse to answer any questions. Let me see you all busy at once.

(Silence for a few seconds, then Tommy begins to wave his hand again; this time making little guttural sounds in his throat to attract the attention of Teacher, who is busily writing at her desk).

Teacher (looking up and seeing Tommy)—Tommy, how many times must I tell you that I am NOT going to answer any questions. Either get busy or—

Tommy (making a wry face and beginning to pout)—I don't care, how's a feller goin' to know whether you want him to draw a rooster or a hen?

(Curtain falls).

ADOWN THE DARK

By James T. McAloon, '20.



CARL RANDALL believed wholeheartedly in reincarnation and the Darwinian ape-man theory. Twenty years of his total forty had been spent in intensive research on these combined subjects.

Ruel Noire possessed a parallel mind, and the two studied together their common interest. They so well understood each other that oral conversation was unnecessary between them.

Noire believed matter transcendent over soul and mind; an out and out materialist. Randall, however, retained a shred of the faith of his fathers.

One night as they sat in Randall's laboratory, Ruel said, "Carl, I believe we retain in lower dorsal vertebrae some of the nerve cells of our tail-bearing Simean ancestors. This being so, and we being able to hypnotize each other, you could obtain control of my brain, direct it to these unused cells, and let me explore down the ages by actual converse with the declining degrees, through man, monkey, reptile, clear back to formless protoplasm, while you retain a hold on my mind to insure my safe return to earth."

Randall would not hear of the project. "Good Lord, man!" he exclaimed, "If I were to lose my hold on your mind, while you were exploring the pre-man period, when as you claim you were a jelly-like mass, your earthly body would be left here, living on as life is considered on this planet; but your mind would be in ether, your body a hideous sepulchre wandering the globe. I can't! I won't! Don't press me, Ruel. It is absurd!"

But in the days that followed, Randall heard little else from Noire. Finally as

Ruel was a convincing talker, Randall weakened and finally consented.

They sat down facing each other, Randall in a straight-backed chair, Ruel on the edge of the couch. Randall looked steadily into Ruel's eyes. Ruel gradually relaxed and his breath came evenly. He gradually reclined until finally he lay full length on the couch, and but for his wide-staring eyes might have been in a deep slumber.

Beads of perspiration stood out on Randall's forehead as he waged his mental battle with generation on generation of instincts, to direct Ruel's brain, to his unused present from Darwinian forbears. Finally, a faint hail reached Randall as from the air. The voice, however, strengthened as time elapsed and as it grew it took on a distinct guttural, bestial accent: "Hello! Randall? I am as far as the ape period. Hold fast to my mind, I'm a bit frightened."

Shortly later, Randall heard the writhing as of a huge snake, then Ruel's voice almost unrecognizable through its hissing accent. "I am still going down. Have reached the reptile age. Wish I had never attempted it. But I must go on. Hold fast!"

Still later: "Randall, I can't understand this. Everything is a jelly-like mass. No nucleus. All action! No mind! No soul! I'm afraid I can't come back. It is the beginning. All is suffused with a bright light. It seems as though the very ethereal atoms are rendered incandescent, for the light seems to have no source but to be everywhere in evidence. Can it be—? I believe it is! And I denied it! Am I to face eternity without making earthly reparation? I am lost! I can't come back—Randall. One of the links connecting us is broken! I must pay! The whirling vortex engulfs me. I am in a vacuum, a

whirling molecule in this unimaginable Hades. I am going! Good bye!"

Randall writhed in mental agony. His eyes were distorted with immortal fear. "Come back! Come back, for God's sake, Ruel!"

A faint, whirring voice answered him, "For God's sake? I denied your God when I was on your planet. I can expect no mercy now, but, Randall, you were right. There is a soul, without it man would be as I am now, a mere juxtaposition of molecules, no initiative, no objective, no aspirations to a higher moral standard, mere quivering lust—. Lust for I know not what. Kill my earthly body. It is use-

less." The message ended in a roar as of the whirling of the universe through infinity.

Randall tugged frantically at his collar, "Forgive me! Forgive me! I can't bring you back. I'm not strong enough. It would take endless generations of evolution. Good bye, Ruel. I am going too, for my mind is held by yours. We have tasted the Forbidden Fruit."

* * * * *

The next morning the bodies of the two experimenters were found in Randall's laboratory, a great blue perforation in the forehead of each. But from the wounds there came no blood.

A SUMMARY.

By Betty.

In bed is the nicest place to think,
Of the sorrows and joys of life;
When you're cast off like a broken toy,
And you're out of the struggle and strife.

You think of your classmates, kind and true;
You think of your teachers dear;
You sigh, remembering the tests they gave,
But still you're glad they were near.

You think of the time you were laid up a week,
With the awful cold in your head,
And had to be dosed with quinine and

things,

Then were hustled right straight off to bed.

You think of the time you ate the rarebit,
And got up and walked in your sleep;
Stubbed your bare toe on the rocking chair
And waked on the floor in a heap.

You think of the day after the night before,
When you could not keep awake;
And suddenly in on your peaceful dreams
Comes teacher's voice and you shake.

And this is the time when you think, also,
Of the nice things done for you;
When you're lying flat on your back in bed,
Trying hard to get over the flu.

INOCULATION

By Crosby F. Hodgman, '21.



BY way of an explanation, the Sergt. blew a blast from the bottom of the stairs. In reply to this whistle about forty "Young Americans" made for the stairway at top speed, for it was not considered wise for anyone to take his time when the "Top" called.

In front of the barracks our noble company was "falling in." Down among the smaller boys at the end of the column was found our noble adjutant,—up among the larger fellows were found Peanut and Phil Doyle.

"What's the grand idea of this formation?" growled one fellow.

"Maybe they're going to give us our money," said Blanchard, referring to our fares to camp.

"My, but I hope so!" shouted Stanhope, "I'm broke!"

"Tell me when you aren't," grinned Butler.

The sergeant, beginning with the A's read off the names of the fellows in our company, then we were marched across the street. On the left was headquarters, on the right, the infirmary. On the left was where we were to be paid, on the right—stabbed. Every man in the company crossed his fingers. "Shall we turn to the left?" each one wondered.

"Column right, **March!**" ordered our sergeant. A dismal groan arose from the ranks. When we arrived at the infirmary about half the company were told to enter. Having entered the building we were told by the sergeant, to remove our blouses. When we had done this he ordered us to follow him into the next room. Then was the time to play a funeral march, then the time to put on mourning and turn on the

salt water.

We entered in single file and, as I was near the end of the line I could see "Ikey" Eye standing before several doctors. They were digging at his arm with some instruments and by the expression upon his face I knew he was having a fine time. I turned my eyes away; my thoughts wandered into more pleasant channels; I thought of home, of the high school, of the band concerts, of—of, I thought that I should soon be standing where "Ikey" was standing.

"D'ja ever get stabbed?" asked the fellow next to me.

"Naw," I replied. "Is it much fun?"

"Is it? I should smile! The last time I was punched the doctors broke a needle in my arm. They had to dig in about half an inch to get it out."

"Exit," said I, faintly. "Come on, Hump, let's beat it."

But it was my turn next; I had a choking feeling in my throat; I felt as though I hadn't eaten for weeks and my hands were cold and clammy.

"Next," growled a doctor and I stepped forward.

First I met a cheerful youth who had a large bottle in one hand and in the other a brush. His important duty was to paint, with iodine, the right arm of the poor rookie as he moved by. "Give me a good coat of it," I said, giving him a ghastly grin. I had just heard the fellow in front of me say, "Ouch!"

As for number two he didn't have much to do. He painted the other arm with alcohol, then scratched it with a needle. I was only being vaccinated, nothing much, to be sure!

Now, we come to the climax of this comedy. The last doctor held an instrument

in his hand. It looked like an Ever-Sharp pencil with a very pointed end, but, as I looked at it the instrument seemed to grow larger and larger and I felt smaller and smaller. When it had reached the size of an automobile pump the doctor raised the inspiring object to my arm. "Give me a good one," said my voice, which seemed very far away. The doctor just smiled, jabbed and punched down the lever with his thumb. I jumped, groaned and it was all over!

I went to the place where the fellows were putting on their blouses. "How d'ja like it?" they grinned.

"Fine! But it's getting sore," I replied, beginning to swing my arm over my head. Suddenly I stopped, something extraordinary had happened to me. I had an inspiration.

"Say, let's scare the other fellows!"

"How?" the boys questioned.

"I'll make believe all gone and you carry me out." I was carried out through the door and down the steps, where several of our home boys were standing.

"W-what's the matter with Hodgman?" stuttered Vinney.

Very impressive was Ikey's voice as he replied. "The doctor broke a needle in his arm and he fainted. That makes the fourth needle they have broken this morning."

A dead silence fell on the group. It

wasn't much of a job to look sick, when all that was required of me was to keep still, let my mouth hang open and keep my eyes closed. But I wished to see just how the future victims were taking that. I opened one eye just in time to see, coming around the corner of the building, the Colonel.

It was too late to retreat so I was carried slowly on toward the advancing officer. "Poor boy," said that gentleman, as he brushed back my hair with his hand. "Carry him around the corner and let him rest in the shade."

They carried me around the corner all right, then they suddenly stopped, dropped me, and beat it for the barracks, leaving me to my misery in the dust; again I began to think about the band concerts.

Perhaps you have the idea that every time we got jabbed, which was in all three times, we looked forward to it. Such was not the case.

At times one was lucky. For instance, Blanchard was sent to the Base Hospital for a few days because of one of these operations. He didn't have any kick coming, as we looked at it,—he got out of work, he was fed on ice cream, strawberry shortcake and holes. He said that the nurses treated him fine,—the nurses, he said, but did not mention the doctors.

Such was life at Old Devens!

ADVENTURE.

James T. McAloon, '20.

Now Spring has come and its zephyrs play
Thro' my hair like Aeolian chords
And the azure sky's flecked with fleecy
clouds

The Galleons of the gods,
And I long for the life of a Buccaneer,
Of a school of hearty tars
And I hate the very sight of a book

In this prison without bars.
And I long for a ship, a sailing ship,
With the "Jolly Roger" aloft,
And the easy rolling motion
And the song of the waves so soft.
I long for the sight of the indigo sea
Far up on a coral strand
And the beckoning call of the fronded palm
On the shore of a foreign land.
I long for a fight in my barkentine,
For treasure far out at sea,

With an English brig, or a Chinese junk
 Or a ship from the "North Countree."
 I long for the rattle of mainstay sheets
 And the whistle of wind in the guys,
 Sailing on and on, through dark and dawn,
 Beneath the tropic skies,
 And to strike the "Roaring Forties,"
 While the timbers crack and strain,
 And to laugh in the teeth of the gale and
 yell

"Yo, heave ho! for the Spanish Main!"
 These thoughts parade before my mind
 In panoramic view,
 And I long for the days that used to be
 And the deeds they used to do.
 This brings me back to the school I'm in
 That arms me for the strife,
 A few short days and I'm out to face
 The Grand Adventure—Life!

THREEFOLD MAN.

Paul M. Croxford.

"'Tis what you eat that makes you what
 you are!"

So says the food man, be he near or far.
 Unless well-fed, well-nutured, man will fail
 And life become one sad, distressing wail.

Nay! What you read—'tis books that
 make the man,

No one will contradict it—no nor can,
 The brain's the thing—needs care and
 stimulation,

A jewel rare among life's tribulations.

So far, so good—yet still inadequate,
 'Tis neither food nor books that makes one
 great.

"As man so thinketh, so is he," we read.
 Yes, 'tis the heart; sow with care the seed.

AT HIGH SCHOOL.

Dorothy I. Tuck, '20.

In the little town of Bangor,
 On the busy street called Harlow,
 Stands a building made of sandstone,
 Stands a building called the "High School."
 There the youths and maidens gather,
 Seeking for the thing called knowledge.
 Every morning when the gong strikes
 Comes a rushing and a scrambling,
 Come the students hurrying, scurrying,
 Lest they should be late to "Home Room."
 Then a "Come Back" would be given
 And three afternoons would see them,
 Slowly creeping back to High School,
 When they might have had their freedom.

PARADISE OF AMERICAN PATRIOTS

By Fool Feelish.

The hero—Jimmy McA—n.

The place—Study room, B. H. S.

The time—Period before Mr. B—d's
 American history test.

Scene—Jimmy yawning, head nodding.

Jimmy, (humming) "Oh! why don't you
 work like other men do? Oh! how can I
 work when I've no work to do?" Hum!
 Lucky fellow. I'm sure he never took

American history in B. H. S.! Let's see,
 that test is next period! (Grabbing the
 history, he frantically turned the pages).
 Heavens, where do we begin? Why didn't
 I study last night instead— (A yawn fin-
 ishes the sentence). I don't know one man
 from another. I wish they and their fame
 would stay where they belong in the Para-
 dise of American Patriots. Washington,
 we've had (a long drawn out yawn);

Franklin also, (another yawn, only more prolonged); Lincoln and Grant, we (but the nodding head has fallen onto the outstretched arm).

Scene, Paradise of American Patriots.

People dressed in various styles dating from the Revolution to the present time. All are talking and laughing. Many B. H. S. students can easily be picked out.

Jimmy, (bashfully standing in one corner looking decidedly dazed), W-h-e-r-e in—the—world—am I?

A man (in his prime, dressed in Revolutionary style), steps forward and says, Why, sir, this is the Paradise of American Patriots.

Jimmy. Thank heavens! I thought it was a fashion show! (A pause:) Say, who are you, anyway?

Patriot. I am or rather was Alexander Hamilton. You have heard of me, of course?

Jimmy. Oh, yes, indeed, I remember perfectly! (Aside) Who was he, anyway?

A great commotion among the patriots. D. Freese (hurries across the stage and rushes up to Jimmy), Jimmy! For the love of cream, are you here, too!

Jimmy. I—guess—so!

D. Freese. I never expected this. I'll finish that slavery topic now. Have you seen Stephen A. Douglas? I want to find out about slavery in the territories. Ha, there he is! I'll crab this course without much work.

(As D. Freese hurries across the stage a man steps forward and inquires of Jimmy), You are from Bangor High? Do you know Mr. Morrison? I heard of the fine report he gave of my life. I want to talk with

him. Is he here?

Jimmy. I guess so. About all high school is here. There he is over there talking with Henry George.

Mr. Hamilton. Thank you, thank you.

Jimmy. I guess I'll see who is here. Hello, Hutchins, what do you think of this place?

Hutchins. It's pretty lively. Did you know, Mr. B—d is here? He's talking with Teddy Roosevelt. Here's hoping Mr. Roosevelt will never see that picture of yours! So long.

Jimmy. When I drew that cartoon I never expected to come here, that's sure! (Jimmy passes a group in which he recognizes T. Thompson, E. Starrett, F. Leonard, listening to the answers Abraham Lincoln is giving Miss M. C. R.

Jimmy. I'll worry about that next semester, but now—!

(Jimmy joins an excited group of people who are cheering madly.)

Jimmy. Jove, that looks like Micky! (To a neighbor) I beg pardon, but can you tell me if that is Captain Micky Finnegan?

A Civil War Veteran. Yes, you are right. It is a very close game, 7-6, for Bangor but we have hopes.

Jimmy. Who are we playing against?

Civil War Veteran. The Paradise of American Patriots' team. Captain Finnegan showed them how and—, Go it, Benj., go it!

Jimmy, excited, Hey, Mickey, get him, get him!

Scene. B. H. S. study room.

(The stern tyrant stands near Jimmy's seat and firmly shakes him by the collar), Mr. McAloon, wake up, wake up. This is no place for dreams of a prize fight.



LOCALS

*"I Cannot Tell How the Truth May Be.
I Say the Tale as 'Twas Said to Me."*

On the 23rd of April the Bangor High School Band is to give a concert and dance in the City Hall. Many new selections have been ordered by Mr. O'Neil, the band master, and under his well-directed instruction the concert cannot be anything but a huge success.

As luck would have it the anniversary of Washington's birthday fell upon Sunday and as a result much speculation arose among the students as to whether or not Monday would be observed as a holiday. The greater proportion seemed in favor of a day off and "fortune" must have favored the majority for as it happened Monday was declared a day of rest.

On account of the heavy snowfall of February 25, the schools were forced to close until over Sunday and traffic all over the city was seriously impeded. In order to clear the snowbound streets, united action was necessary and consequently Mayor Woodman called upon the city for 700 volunteer shovelers. The R. O. T. C. was practically the first organization to respond, and in spite of the lure of a holiday, over 50 members reported to Major Smith for duty, and after being armed with huge steel shovels they set out to accomplish their Herculean task. The work was hard but their zeal was great, and the huge drifts literally melted before their enthusiastic onslaughts. By noon many of the younger lads were

ready to quit, but after being fortified by a hearty dinner the majority set to work again and by night a stupendous amount of work had been accomplished. For three days the volunteer army fought the results of the storm and at the arrival of Saturday night the streets of the city presented a fairly passable condition.

The following Juniors were chosen to speak at the Junior Exhibition. At the semi-finals they gave the following selections:

Rosemary Allen.....	"Young Fellow My Lad"
Justina Buckley.....	"As the Moon Rose"
Ruth Clough.....	"An Opera"
Lovis Sawyer.....	"At the Box Office"
Dorothy Smith	
.....	"The Trial of Marie Antoinette"
Nathan Cohen....	"Toussaint L'Overture"
Edward Curran...	"A Tribute to the Flag"
Crosby Hodgman	
.....	"The Bootblack's Story"
Arnott Soderburg	
.....	"Wilson's Baltimore Address"
Clyde Swett	
.....	"Storming of Mission Ridge"

Much competition has been aroused in the student body by the numerous prizes offered, both by the government and by local firms for the best essay upon "The Benefits of an Enlistment in the U. S. Army." The first prize in the country is

a trip to Washington and there are also many local presents donated by public-spirited merchants. Great efforts have been made by many of the pupils to win in the competition.

CLASS DEBATE.

February 12, the senior English classes debated on the Bates league question: Immigration into the United States should be prohibited for a period of five years, beginning June 1, 1920.

William Rowe, Herbert Bragg, Eugene Macdonald, supported the affirmative; Francis O'Connor, Arthur Osborne, Thomas Carlin, Elwood Kimball upheld the negative. Josephine Clough kindly acted as judge and decided in favor of the affirmative, at the same time giving due appreciation to the work of the negative, who, however, had not divided the subject as successfully as had the affirmative. A feature of the debate was Carl Morrison's rebuttal for the affirmative.

In the sixth period class Edward Rosen acted as judge. The affirmative was argued by Max Seigal, Hillis Holt and Elea-

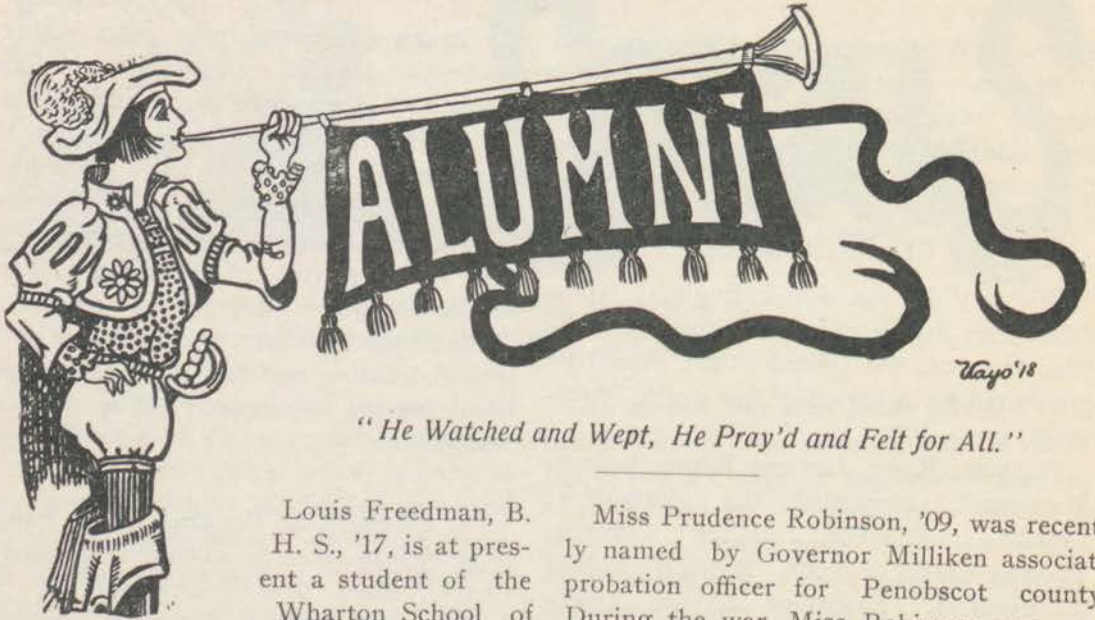
nor Bragg; the negative by John Vickery, Frederick Jacques, and Ruth McCabe. Jacob Rich also spoke in rebuttal for the affirmative. The decision went to the negative this time.

It has been customary to have a judge from outside the school but so many people were suffering from the prevailing epidemic or else doing two people's work on account of the illness of others, that members of the school debating societies were called upon to render the service and did so most acceptably.

On February 11, the students of Bangor High School were delightfully surprised at Chapel, when Mr. McDonough of the Junior class, recited Lincoln's memorial "Gettysburg Address."

On account of sickness among the faculty a large number of new teachers have been substituting in various classes. At present the situation is improving, but Mrs. Hal Hunt, Miss Marie Frawley, and Miss Arleen Lethiecq are still serving in the place of others.





"He Watched and Wept, He Pray'd and Felt for All."

Louis Freedman, B. H. S., '17, is at present a student of the Wharton School of Accounts and Finance, University of Pennsylvania, class, 1921. Friends will be interested to learn of his many activities at Pennsylvania. Besides being a forward on the Wharton Dept. Basketball team, he was chairman of his class dance committee during his freshman and sophomore years. He is also a member of two fraternities and the Maine Club of the U. of P.

Dr. Barbara Hunt, class of '02, has been appointed a member of the woman's advisory board to the Republican State committee.

In a recent issue of the Boston Herald, the work of Fred G. Swett is explained in a long and interesting article. Mr. Swett is chief special agent of the manufacturers' census and is federal representative for Massachusetts in the movement. It is estimated that the census will take about six months. Mr. Swett is a graduate of Bangor High, a Bowdoin man and a member of D. K. E. fraternity. He has done newspaper work in Bangor, New Orleans and Washington. His work is one of the most important of projects carried on by the government.

Miss Prudence Robinson, '09, was recently named by Governor Milliken associate probation officer for Penobscot county. During the war, Miss Robinson was very prominent in Red Cross work, and she has also been connected with the work of the Mothers' Aid law.

In a recent mid-winter carnival, Miss Mary Clough, a graduate of Bangor High in the class of 1918, and now a Sophomore at Mt. Holyoke College, was at the head of the line of college girls carrying the letters forming the name of their house, Sycamore. Miss Clough, in a photograph printed by a Boston paper, is shown as Cupid, with eight attendants. Miss Clough also led the march when the entire student body lined up for the grand winter parade in costume over the campus.

Arthur Beaupre, widely known in Maine as a talented pianist, died at the home of Dr. and Mrs. A. T. Sanden, in New Rochelle, N. Y., February 25. Mr. Beaupre was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Beaupre and was graduated from Bangor High in the class of 1907.

Mr. Beaupre's first teacher in music was his mother. He then studied for a time with K. A. Ringwall and also with Abbie N. Garland and Frederic Mariner, who was

associated with Miss Garland in the Bangor Piano School. He later took up his work with Rafael Joseffy and with M. Swartwout, both famous New York teachers of the piano.

To quote from the tribute of Mr. Charles E. Hamlin:

"The death of Arthur Beaupre meant to those who knew him best not only the loss of a beloved friend, but also the loss of a genius. He was one of the brightest boys I knew in Bangor and had a mentality of high order, one that was remarkably swift in its movement and beyond his years in power. His intuitions were unerring and his sense of humor a delight; and so well balanced and sensible. There was a rare combination, a musical genius of high order, and great promise, tempered by sense and never affected by the egotism and conceit of the budding genius."

The death of Mrs. Beatrice Edith Kingsbury, wife of Henry A. Hale, Jr., occurred recently, at the home of her mother in this city, after a week's illness of pneumonia. The announcement is one that causes great grief to a wide circle of friends. After graduation from Bangor High School, where she was very prominent in musical affairs, Mrs. Hale studied music for some time in New York, being an accomplished singer and pianist.

The many Bangor friends of Paul H. Eames, B. H. S., '17, will be pleased to learn that he has been chosen marshal of the junior class at Bowdoin for the Ivy Day exercises in June.

Many Bangor people were saddened to learn of the death, Feb. 20, of Mrs. George C. Ruston. Mrs. Ruston, who was formerly Miss Bernice Bartlett, graduated from

Bangor High School in the class of 1911 and after her graduation was employed as cashier at the P. H. Vose Co.

The death of George Warren Moore, Jr., of Watervliet, N. Y., occurred in Palmer, Mass., Feb. 5, after a short illness of bronchial pneumonia. Mr. Moore was born in Hampden but lived in Bangor during his boyhood. He was graduated from B. H. S. in 1907; from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in 1914 as a civil engineer and since his graduation has had splendid success in construction work in New England.

A recent marriage of interest was that which took place Feb. 7, at St. Mary's Catholic church, when Miss Lucy Cullinan, B. H. S., '14, was united in marriage to Mr. Eben Leavitt, a prominent merchant of this city.

The Merrick debate of the Philademic Society of Georgetown University took place at that college on Feb. 15. Of the four men who took part in this important event, one is a graduate of Bangor High School, '17, James A. McCann, who took the affirmative side of the question.

Dr. and Mrs. Harrison L. Robinson are receiving congratulations on the birth, on February 21, of a daughter, who has been named Jane. Dr. Robinson graduated from Bangor High School in the class of 1907.

The many friends of Mrs. Lucy Goss Jones, B. H. S., '14, of this city, will be interested to learn of her marriage to Private Paul D. Arbo of Brownville, Maine. For the past year Mrs. Arbo has been in training at the Eastern Maine General Hospital School for Nurses and during the influenza epidemic was a volunteer nurse at the Bellevue Hospital in New York.



"Truth, When Not Sought For, Sometimes Comes to Light."

SENATE.

The regular meeting of the Senate was held in the school library Monday, February 12. There was a good attendance to hear one of the preliminary debates on the Bates League question.

The question was: Resolved, That immigration into the United States should be prohibited for a period of five years, beginning June 1, 1920.

Affirmative: Rosen, captain; Morrison, Oak, Rowe.

Negative: Croxford, captain; Sullivan, Vickery, Whitney.

Rosen based his arguments on the unsettled conditions of the country at present, the probable exclusion of radicals, and the quicker Americanization of foreigners already here.

Rosen was ably assisted by Rowe, who showed the change in the immigrants from the strong northern type to the less desirable southern type.

Croxford argued for continued immigration, showing the excellent record of the foreign-born in the late war, and stating that the country had exaggerated the Red menace and that it needs more foreign labor in its industries.

Whitney cleverly brought out an analogy, that of Korea, a country which adopted a policy of restriction and became so impoverished as to fall an easy prey to Japan, which cornered her territory as a province.

At the end of the debate the judges, who were the Faculty Adviser, Mr. Miller; Rich,

Siegal and Macdonald, gave the decision on points to the negative, although not without complimenting the affirmative on their extremely skillful rebuttal.

MOCK TRIAL AT THE HIGH SCHOOL Monday Afternoon, Feb. 16th.

The regular meeting of the House, the younger branch of the Boys' Debating Society at the High School, took the form of a mock trial. Theodore Rideout took the part of the defendant, accused of playing truant, after he had been given a permit slip to go only to the Public Library. At the end of the trial the defendant suffered a no more serious penalty than the payment of a fictitious \$3.00 in costs and a camouflaged confinement at the High School two afternoons this week—a penalty recommended by the Senate, who, with other High School students, acted as Jurors. John Johnston made a very acceptable judge. Charles Davis, as Clerk of Courts, read a bona fide warrant, furnished especially for the occasion by James P. Quine, Esq., a local attorney and a graduate of the High School. The attorney for the plaintiff, James Viner, was especially skillful in cross-examining his opponent's witnesses. The attorney for the defense, Timothy Sullivan, made an eloquent plea to the jury for leniency on behalf of his client, the defendant. Alden Sawyer made an efficient court messenger, making many trips back and forth to the principal's office for evidence as to the defendant's character and past record. Walter Whittier made a very realistic Sheriff.



*"Who Overcomes
By Force, Hath Overcome but Half His Foe."*

BASKETBALL.

Have we a championship team for basketball? Is it possible that we may be able to lay claim to the title of championship? You can answer these questions just as well as I. The way to find the answers is to look up the records of the Bangor High School Basketball team for nineteen nineteen and nineteen twenty; then look at the team as it stands today, at the men who make the team. When you have made allowances for the unexpected, give your decision.

What is it? Of course, it is just the same as mine. We cannot help coming to the same conclusion. Everybody agrees with me, even our worthy opponents.

Now, that we have reached this satisfactory agreement, let us resolve to make our team even better. We all know that there is always a chance for improvement. Another agreement. Then, why not improve our basketball team. We should all strive to make it invincible. Naturally you ask, is it possible? Why, of course it is possible. Have you ever looked at statistics? Read them over and you will find that by constant effort and hard work miracles have been performed.

Since we are sure this thing is possible, how are we going to set about the job of

improving an apparently first class team? The best and, perhaps, only way, is by giving that team more competition and making that competition of the very best sort. We want more men to try out for the team. It is not too late. The best games are still ahead of us. Every man in Bangor High School who can play basketball should be trying for the school team. Pick your position and go after it for all there is in you. Fight from the time you get into your suit until you take it off. You should eat, dream and live basketball until the season is over and you will never regret that you worked for the glory of your school.

There are many fellows who are students in good standing at Bangor High School, who should be out for basketball. They are able to play with teams not connected with the school and to get their names in the papers, and cover themselves with glory, but they are not able to come out and help perfect the machine which is bringing glory to our school. What is the word you apply to those chaps? I would rather not say; mine might not agree with yours, so I leave the choice to you, gentle reader.

Do you know any fellows of this sort? If you do ought you not get after them and hound them until they turn out and help the team?

Make a list of all your boy friends who go to Bangor High and check off the names of the ones who are trying for the team. If you don't know who they are, find out. Next check off the names of those who CAN play basketball but are not doing so. These are the ones that you should get after, and don't stop until you have pushed them into the game.

Do you realize what a wonderful team you have? Come, now! Do your part towards making the season a big success. Go to ALL the games. Let the men on the floor know that you are there. Raise the roof! Get your friends to come and yell for Bangor. It is up to you to put it across. Are you backing the team? All right! Get into it! Show your spirit! "We're off!"

* * * *

Because of the severe storm, which invaded Maine, February 20, Swampscott could not come to Bangor on the date appointed, but by the fine work of Manager Blair White, the team had a game on the Swampscott date.

BANGOR VS. C. H. RICE CO.

In the City Hall on Friday, the twentieth of February, Bangor defeated, before a small crowd, the C. H. Rice Co. of this city. There was not much basketball to the game. Bangor used two teams and one appeared as good as the other. Jordan was the star of the evening. Fairbrother followed him. Bond ranked next, while Short, Kamenkovitz and Oak were tied. The opponents were evenly matched.

Summary:

B. H. S. 30.	C. H. R. Co. 13.
Jordan 6, Short 1...l.f.....	Rice 2
Kamenkovitz 1.....r.f.....	Leavitt
Bond 2, Oak 1.....c.....	Haskell 1
Fairbrother 2 (3)...l.b.....	Robinson 1
Hersey, Goldstein	
Bacon, Collins....r.b....	Nason 2, Divney

Referee: Johnston. Time, four ten minute periods. Each team awarded a

point on fouls.

BANGOR VS. SWAMPSCOTT.

One of the roughest, yes, possibly the roughest of the games of the season was played February 27, 1920, at City Hall, Bangor, with the team from Swampscott, Mass. The date was fixed for Lee Academy but a big storm prevented Lee from coming to Bangor and it happened that Swampscott was here.

Fairbrother was the big scorer for Bangor. Jordan and Oak were next in line, while Short added to the list. Wallis for the visitors was the feedman, Nutter, McCarthy, and Forsythe helped, too.

Summary:

B. H. S. 27.	S. H. S. 16.
Fairbrother 4 (5)...l.f.....	Forsythe
Kamenkovitz	
Jordan 3, Hutchins...r.f.....	McCarthy (2)
Oak 3, Bond.....c.....	Nutter 2
Shortl.b.....	Bailey
Bacon, Hersey....r.b.....	Wallis 4

BANGOR VS. MERIDEN, CONN.

In a hard fought game Bangor put another victory to her credit, February 28, 1920, by trimming Meriden. At no time during the game did the interest of the audience slacken. Many cheered for the Bangor team and with reason, for this was a good, hard, clean basketball game, a great improvement over the one before. The team work of the visitors was better than that of our home lads but the visitors couldn't seem to find the basket. The visitors' star was Teagle and he certainly played a fine game but he couldn't outshine our own little "Touchey" Short. "Touchey" sure did make things dance and Phil Oak was just a bit better with his eye. Phil surely was caging the ball.

B. H. S. 14.	M. H. S. 11.
Fairbrotherl.f.....	Harris
Jordanr.f.....	Fontanelle
Oak 4.....c.....	Teagle 3 (3)
Short 3.....l.b.....	Presson 1
Baconr.b.....	Kessler



"The Guard Dies but Never Surrenders."

A court-martial was held at Bangor High School February 17, 1920, for the trial of a man charged with the violation of three Articles of War.

The court originally appointed could not try the case as the accused challenged 2nd Lieut. Stanhope. The accused also challenged 1st Lieut. Burrill, who replaced Lieut. Stanhope. 2nd Lieut. Morrison was at last appointed to the court, which proceeded with the following officers as members.

1. Major Philip T. Oak, R. O. T. C.
2. Capt. John G. L. Caulfield, R. O. T. C.
3. Capt. Carl W. Meinecke, R. O. T. C.
4. Capt. Philip C. Chalmers, R. O. T. C.
5. Capt. Granville M. Bond, R. O. T. C.
6. Capt. Leslie W. Bowler, R. O. T. C.
7. 1st Lieut. George N. Grant, R. O. T. C.
8. 1st Lieut. Julian Humphrey, R. O. T. C.
9. 2nd Lieut. Hillis Holt, R. O. T. C.
10. 2nd Lieut. James T. McAloon, R. O. T. C.
11. 2nd Lieut. Walter Ulmer, R. O. T. C.
12. 2nd Lieut. Edward Morrison, R. O. T. C.
13. 2nd Lieut. John Vickery, R. O. T. C.

Judge Advocate, 1st Lieut. William G. Rowe, R. O. T. C.

Asst. Judge Advocate, 2nd Lieut. John O'Leary, R. O. T. C.

The accused had for his counsel Capt. H. Eugene Macdonald, Jr., R. O. T. C., and for his junior counsel, 1st Lieut. Roger B. Nickerson.

At the close of the trial the court returned a verdict of guilty of one charge, and of not guilty of two. No sentence was announced because of the late hour that a decision was made.

Capt. Schneider has not yet inspected the unit but he is expected hourly. The companies are now having weekly inspections so that they may be at their best when the Major arrives.

Moving pictures, prepared under the direction of the General Staff at Washington, are now being shown at the regular drill periods. The Gymnasium has been fitted up for the projection of the pictures. The set of pictures are very complete, including both simple and advanced subjects.

There is great interest in the inter-company basketball. Games are played every week, and there is a possibility of a prize being offered to the winning team.



*"And Better Had They Ne'er Been Born
Who Read to Doubt or Read to Scorn."*

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

"The Roman" has an attractive cover design of Blue and Gold; and like the ancient Roman is warlike, at least if Athletics may signify anything in that line; your music is excellent.

To judge from the "Scout" the people of Muskogee, Okla., are having the same trouble we are. To quote from "John's Letter to the Editor": "It is snowing!"

The heading of the Athletics in the "Junior News Letter" is very good; I wonder if it is true to life?

The "Cliveden," another excellent cover; the cuts are fine, too, especially that of the contents page. It's too bad the dream depicted in your page of cartoons doesn't always come true.

The "Philomath" always has a fine, original exchange department. You have a husky looking football team, too.

Why no exchanges "Academy Herald"? Don't you think they would help you? Otherwise you are a fine paper; "Under the School Clock" and "Athletics" are especially commendable.

"The Gatherer," Deer Isle, Maine.—You deserve a compliment on your literary department. Best wishes.

"The Spectator," Waterloo, Iowa.—West High has reason to be proud of its magazine. The Citizen's page is novel and interesting, not to mention the Junior Slam.

"The Olympian," Biddeford, Maine.—You have a fine paper. Probably the best departments are the literary and "Blow-outs."

"The Lion," La Grange, Ill.—The various departments of your magazine are well edited. It would be a shame to change your magazine to a newspaper.

"The Nautilus," West Paris, Maine.—Your cartoon, "When Prof. Goes Hunting," is very true to life. You also have a fine athletic department.

The "Aegis" has an interesting essay on "The Origin of Valentines"—few, indeed, are those who know that origin. It also has another on "Gum," which would doubtless interest the majority of scholars who find that article indispensable in their daily life.

"E. L. H. S. Oracle," Auburn, Maine.—Your magazine is well edited throughout, the joke department being especially good. The Exchange Editor tells us that he desires some comments. Well, turn about is fair play.

"The Tattler," Nashua, N. H.—You have some very fine cuts at the heads of your departments, the ones in the personals and alumni departments being especially good. You are always welcome.

There are unusually long "Locals" and "Alumni" departments in the "Dean Megaphone." The Exchanges are good, too.

The "Shuttle's" Exchange poem is excellent, and the jokes though few, are fine.

The "Castle News" from East Las Vegas is certainly a newsy paper. It also has an excellent exchange department.

The "O."—A fine all round paper, published twice a month by the students of Oskaloosa High School, Iowa.

Here's something which appears in the "Darlingtonian":

If you think you are beaten, you are.
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you'd like to win but think you can't
It's almost a cinch you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you're lost—
For out of the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will,
It's all in the state of mind.

"The Red and White" prints the following:

"The Kaiser once upon a time said that an American soldier was nothing but a Yankee dude. Well, now he knows what

a Yankee dude'll do." The literary department, especially "The Dark Tooth," is fine.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

"The Oracle"—You have a fine paper. Perhaps a photograph or two would help.—
"The Nautilus," West Paris, Me.

"The Oracle," Bangor, Me.—We are delighted to exchange with you. Your editorials and stories are very good and interesting. We are glad to note that the class of '20 has some poetesses and prose writers, and also to see that you have debating societies.—
"The Olympian," Biddeford, Me.

"Oracle"—Very good editorials and literary works. A fine all-around paper.—
"The Lion," La Grange, Illinois.

"The Oracle"—You have a fine literary section. Your sketches are very good.—
"The Gatherer," Deer Isle, Me.

The idea of heading each department with an appropriate quotation, as they do in the "Oracle" from Bangor, Maine, is dandy.—
"The Cliveden," Germantown, Pa.

Extract from "The Pennant"—"Suddenly the "Oracle" from Bangor burst into view, with its literary department just shining with cleverness."

Extract from "P. I. H. S. Flyer," Presque Isle: "Isn't that an attractive cover on the Bangor Oracle?"

"The Oracle"—We extend to you a cordial welcome, "Oracle!" You are very complete and we trust that you will appear often on our list of exchanges.

(Sorry the Exchange editor forgot to name the author of this, but we appreciate it any way).

"The Aquilo" from Houlton excels in its Literary and Editorial Departments. The Jokes and Alumni are also excellent.

Congratulations on your Agricultural Department! Your "Scrub and Rub" is good though short. "The Gleaner" is an excellent paper.

We'll say "The Bouncer" is "right there." The Hits and Slams are fine, and the stories are good, though rather short.

"The Breccia": another fine paper from Portland. "The Pebbles" are especially good. Come again.

"The Boston University Beacon" has a wonderful collection of stories. "L'Allegro" is very interesting.

"The Philomath" has an exceedingly well arranged Exchange Department. The other departments are also very good, although the literary is rather outweighed by the rest. "The Christmas Star" is an excellent poem.

Your editorials are exceptionally fine.—
"The Eltrurean."

"The Dial" is blessed with a large number of story writers and, to judge from the paper, it would seem that quite a proportion of the student body is behind it, although of course, as is usually the case, its excellence may be due almost entirely to the efforts of the editors.

The "Oracle": One of our best Exchanges! The large amount of material shows that the whole student body must be behind it, a thing to be desired by every school paper.—"The Tripod."

"The Oracle," Bangor, Me.—The Literary Department is well worthy of praise and your cuts are especially good. Your paper is one of the best we receive.—"The Wyndonian."

"The Oracle," Bangor, Me.—We agree with the "Echo" in saying that your paper is a prize winner. The poem, "Peace," and the story, "The Return," show considerable talent.

"The Ariel" from Bucksport is a good paper, but a few more stories and more jokes would make it more interesting for those outside the school.





"A College Joke to Cure the Dumps."

R. P. '22—: "What is a baronet?"

Student—: "A female baron."

Miss P. (in English): "What were feeding on acorns near Gurth?"

Miss D. '23—: "Squirrels."

Miss C.—(at telephone): "No, he isn't here. He's upstairs posing."

Mr. P. (in Algebra): "If you don't make any mistakes, you can't help getting the answer."

Marsh, '21 (in Algebra): "Then, in that case, no two lines that come together, meet."

Miss M. (in English): "To what sex do Gurth and Wamba belong?"

Miss S. '23: "To the swine-herds."

Miss R. '23—: "What is the opposite of salt water?"

Miss P. '23—: "Er—pepper water."

Questions Found in "Oracle" Box.

Why does S. L. '22, like the color red?

Why is G. R. '22, interested in Old Town?

Why did H. L. '23, have such a good time at Carmel recently?

Why does H. B. '21, like Stetson H. S.?

Why is H. F. '21, late so often?

Why does M. P. B. '21, always say, "Oh, Willie"?

Where does "Husky" get this "sister stuff"?

Movies.

"The Miracle Man"—Husky Bowles.

"The Lottery Man"—C. Hodgman, '21.

"A Fugitive from Matrimony"—J. Caulfield.

"His Majesty, The American"—E. Morrison, '21.

"The Midnight Man"—Doc Collins, '21.

"A Daughter of The Gods"—C. W. '20.

"The Tale of Two Cities"—A. Lipsky, '20.

"A Dog's Life"—Ikey Eye, '21.

"Ten Barrooms in a Night"—R. N. '21.

"The Hoodlum"—H. Bragg, '20.

"Luck in Pawn"—B. T. '20.

"His Official Fiancee"—F. Patten, '20.

"On With the Dance"—R. E. H. '20.

"Sand"—Mickey Finnigan, '20.

"String Beans"—C. Meinecke, '20.

"The Pursuit of Polly"—A. Crowell, '21.

"Almost a Husband"—B. Hubbard, '21.

"He Comes Up Smiling"—Peanut Staples, '21.

"That Million Dollar Smile"—Goldsmith, '21.

"The Heartbreaker"—E. Starrett, '20.

"Who Cares?"—Davie Goldstein, '20.

"Secret Service"—Henry Bacon, '20.

"Unclaimed Goods"—H. Thompson, '20.

The little pig was weeping,
For his father had been slain;
But a porcupine, consoling, said,
"Oh, porcupine in vain."

Ex.

Miss McC. (in English): "How much longer did Shakespeare live than Irving?"

Mr. C. '22—: "Two hundred years."

Student: "Yes, Dad, I'm a big gun over to High School."

Father: "Well, then, why don't I hear better reports?"

Information is desired concerning the whereabouts of Tom Caulfield the night of January 31, 1920.

Characteristic Zoological Titles.

Lord Anglemorm.....	F. S. '20
Lady Anglemorm.....	C. W. '20
Sir Grubworm.....	"Fat" M. '22
General Bumblebee.....	R. N. '21
Corporal Grasshopper.....	C. H. '21
Queen Wasp	E. M. '21
Captain Centipede.....	C. M. '20
Sergeant Snail.....	O. T. '22
Madame Butterfly.....	E. B. '20
Mademoiselle Ant.....	B. C. '21

Heard in Latin:

B. T. (translating): "He flew down on top of his head."

We'll Say Clothes Are High!

Soph.—"Why don't they have those 'setting-up' exercises any more?"

Junior, (wisely)—"Oh, on account of the high cost of living."

"What can you show me in the shape of bananas?" demanded the old lady.

"Why-er-er—cucumbers," replied the agitated clerk.—Ex.

Oh, quelquefois, une freshman green,
The "Oracle" doth scan,
And cries, "Les personales de L'Oracle,
Sont tres mauvaises cette au.

Mais freshman, cher, "L'Oracle"
N'est pas les editors,
Just give us votre idea du joke,
'Tis ne' plus ours than yours.

New Geometry Problem.

Given: Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream.

To prove: That girls do not like Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream.

Proof: (1) The Dictionary says, "The feminine sex is susceptible to the charms of the male."

(2) Male means fellow.

(3) Fellow means chap.

(4) Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream is warranted to keep the chaps away.

(5) Hence: Girls do not like Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream.

G. E. D.

Given: A Beehive.

To prove: That a beehive is like a bad potato.

Proof. (1) A beehive is a bee-holder.

(2) A beeholder is a spectator.

(3) A specked 'tater is a bad potato.

Hence, a beehive is like a bad potato.

—Ex.

Traffic Regulations for B. H. S.

All students must have license plates conspicuously displayed in front and rear.

There will be no parking of students in the corridors between periods, or in the lunch room.

Keep to the right! At corridor intersections and room doors signify your intentions by the proper signal.

Students experiencing shoe string trouble must not stall in the midst of traffic to repair same. In case of a book spill do not stop abruptly but cross to the other side of corridor, go back a ways and recross, bearing down on said books with the traffic, arms outstretched, signifying intention of stopping.

Before attempting a crossing, all minds must be made up. A change of mind in mid-crossing is absolutely prohibited.

Cutting in, stopping suddenly, or walking six abreast, will be subject to imprisonment in 201 from one to three days at discretion of traffic police. Also subject to the above penalty are persons speeding over six yards per second, except those headed for Chemistry lab or lunch room.

Baseball.

The game opened up with Glue at the stick and Smallpox catching. Cigar was in the box. Strawberry Shortcake played Short and Corn was in the field. Egg was umpire and he was rotten. Cigar let Board walk, Song made a hit, and Sawdust filled the bases. Then Soap cleaned up. Cigar went out. Balloon started to pitch but went up in the air. Cherry tried it but went wild. Ice Cream went in and kept cool until he was hit by a ball. Then you should have heard Ice Cream. Lightning finished the game and struck out six men. Lunatic was out at first, Crooks stole second. Cabbage was manager because he had a good head. Knife was called out for cutting first base. Grass covered lots of ground and the crowd cheered when Spider caught a fly. Steak was out at home plate. Clock wound up the game by striking out. If Door had pitched he would have shut them out.

—Ex.

A Beau Brummel.

I am young. I am but twenty—yet my life is one of varied experience. I am of but moderate means, yet each day I talk on subjects of mutual interest with the matrons of society. I sit at the feet of society buds and debutantes, and looking earnestly into their eyes, tell them ardent tales of undying faith and service. And they—spellbound—ask me if what I say is true.

I know the color of the kimono of every girl on the Drive, or the Avenue, despite their tiptilted noses and haughty ways, yet this knowledge complicates neither them nor me, nor is mine a scandal-loving existence.

I work in a shoe store where they come to get slippers to match said kimonos.

J. McA. '20.

Bolsheviki Blues.

It was dark in the great roomovitch. With a sobsky of despairvitch, she threw her armsky around his neckoff.

"Have you forgotten our lovesky, my darling Samovar?" cried she, with tearsky in her voiceoff.

"What the trotsky do I caresky about your loveoff," he sneeredovitch, lighting his tenth soviet.

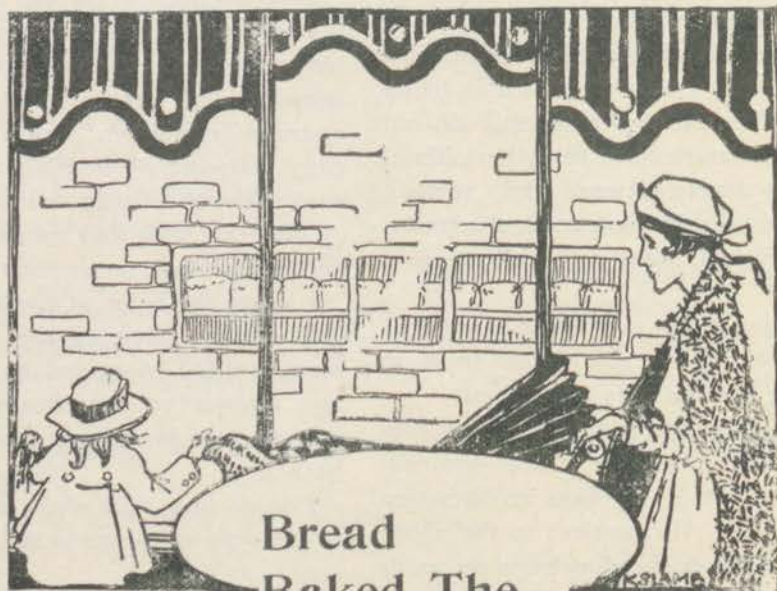
"Oh, you vile wretcheviki," she screamedoff, and hurledoff a bombsky into the fireplacevitch.

He laughedsky. . . .

Then quietly the house blew up into the air off and all was still as deathsky; only in the distance the Checko-Sneezaks were shooting crapsky.

—Tech. "Woo Drs."

K. A. '21, to our perpetual mirror users: "Oh, I'm so glad that I don't have to fix my hair every few minutes!"



Bread Baked The New Way—

GET out into the sunlight!

Whenever anything is extra good it naturally takes to the light

That's why we've installed a window-oven, so that you can see for yourself the goodness of our Bread—

Baked right before your eyes.

The window-baking idea is the newest note in Bread-baking, and it certainly bakes Bread to be proud of.

Carry home your own loaves, warm to-day.

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Continuous Show from 12.30 to 10.30

Manhattan Shirts

Lamson & Hubbard Hats

We have an exceptionally fine line of
Ready-to-wear Suits at Very Attractive Prices

Our Made-to-measure Clothes Start at \$50.00

and there are some wonderful fabrics at that price

McCann's Quality Shop, 87 Main St.

E. & W. Collars

Rain Coats

Patronize Our Advertisers

BOOK AND JOB
Printing and Binding

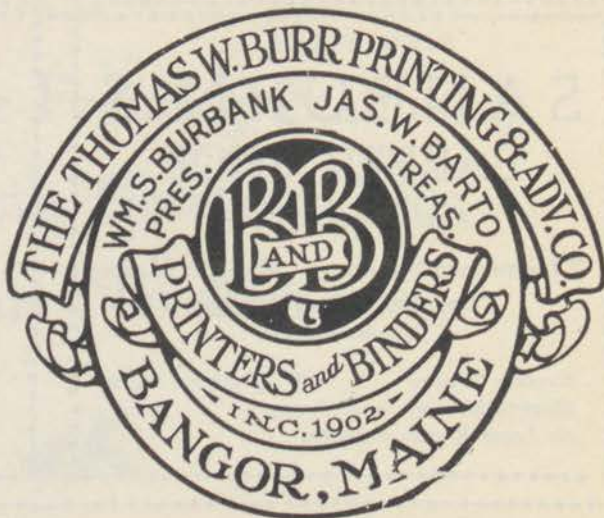
ALL KINDS

Printed or Engraved Wedding Cards
and Society Printing

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

Mail Orders Solicited Send for Samples
The Thomas W. Burr Printing Co.
46 Columbia St., Bangor, Me.

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



W. J. Cherry's Barber Shop

Formerly Chadbourne's Barber Shop

Electric Clippers

Electrical or Hand Massage

79 CENTRAL STREET

(4 Chairs)

All Star Crew

BANGOR

PATRONIZE CHERRY'S

Telephone
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Mandarin and
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Oriental Restaurant

Shopper's Novelty Luncheon

209 Exchange St.

Bangor, Maine

H. L. Wheelden Co.

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES AND
HOUSE WIRING

APEX VACUUM CLEANERS

HOT POINT IRONS

WESTINGHOUSE MAZDA LAMPS

BEST QUALITY PRODUCTS ALWAYS

93 Central St., Bangor, Me.

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

15-17 Main St., Bangor

Easter Apparel

So long has the custom of associating new Apparel with Easter Sunday been in vogue that no discerning woman can afford to slight the invitation of fashion to indulge in the gratification and the pleasures of new Attire.

And you need not! Rather, you can give full expression to your desires. For here, exhibited in gratifying assortments, are styles that supercede those of other seasons both in beauty and value.

SUITS COATS SKIRTS GLOVES
FROCKS BLOUSES SWEATERS
NECKWEAR UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY HANDKERCHIEFS
SILK UMBRELLAS
SILK PETTICOATS

When you think
of CLOTHES, why
of course, you
think of US

Ours is
the Home
of
Hart Schaffner
and Marx Clothes

Miller and Webster Clothing Co.
—At the Robinson Corner—

GUS. A. YOUNGS

Soda Fountain, Cigars
and Smokers' Supplies

104 Harlow Street

Bangor, Maine

Patronize the Advertisers

"WAISTS THAT ARE DIFFERENT"

Sizes
34 to 54

Dainty Waist Shop

62 Main St., Up One Flight

Bangor, Maine

Sizes
34 to 54

"WE MAKE THE LITTLE WALK UP-STAIRS WORTH WHILE"

MRS. K. M. ARCHIBALD

Teacher of Mandolin, Guitar, Ukulele and Hawaiian Steel Guitar

HAWAIIAN ORCHESTRA

MANDOLIN ORCHESTRA

Pupil of Walter Francis Vreeland, Boston

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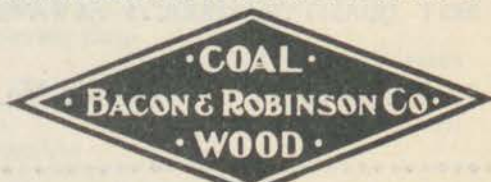
BANGOR, ME.

The Hincks Coal Co.

COAL and WOOD

104 Broad Street

Bangor



113 State St. (Next to Bangor Savings Bank)

When in need of a Haircut or Shave visit

MASON'S BARBER SHOP

Daniel H. Mason

20 Hammond Street

Whether You Eat to Live
or Live to Eat

GOODE & DRISCOLL,

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

101 EXCHANGE STREET

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14 STATE STREET

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING FOR AMATEURS

Photography in all its Branches
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All kinds of Picture Framing
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WILBUR S. COCHRANE

TEACHER OF PIANO

SIGHT READING, EAR TRAINING AND KEYBOARD HARMONY

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Studio, 68 Fifth Street

BOYS DON'T SMOKE

Until you are old enough and fully
developed, then **GET BACK OF A**

B. C. M.

THEY ARE MILD BUT VERY TASTY AND AROMATIC

SOUND VISION

never calls for effort. If you are always trying to see through a blurring mist you are straining your eyes and need glasses, no question about it.

Yours for
Good Eyesight

Arthur Allen Optical Co.



28 Main St.
Bangor, Maine

S. LEAVITT

Fruit, Confectionery, Sodas
and Ice Cream

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

C. E. PENDLETON

"Everything Electrical"

56 State Street
Bangor Maine

Portraits by Photography

Emma J. Taney, Photographer

28 Main St., Bangor, Me.

Goodwin's Billiard Hall

FRANK D. GOODWIN, Proprietor

Largest Billiard Hall in Eastern Maine

Equipped with Brunswick Balke and Collender Co.
Tables. Dealing in New and Second-Hand Tables
and All Kinds of Billiard Materials.

7 Hammond St., Bangor, Me.

Electric Work Lighting Fixtures
Willard Storage Battery Service Station

THE DOLE COMPANY

Electrical Engineers and Contractors
Wm. McC. Sawyer, Treasurer

61 Main Street Telephone 74

"MAINE'S BEST PAPER"

The BANGOR COMMERCIAL

50 cents per month
delivered by carrier

EAST SIDE NEWS DEPOT

W. L. ELDRIDGE

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Magazines, Daily and Sunday Papers
Postal Cards

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Furbush Printing Co.

Solicit High School Patronage
Excellent Work, Prices Right

108 Exchange St., Bangor

LUFKIN'S

Home of Pine
Tree Taffy
and

54 Columbia
Street

Extra Rich
Velvet Ice Cream

STICKNEY & BABCOCK COAL CO.

19 State Street, Bangor

FREDERICK W. HILL, CHAIRMAN OF BOARD

C. D. CROSBY, PRESIDENT

JAMES W. CASSIDY, VICE PRESIDENT

HARRY A. LITTLEFIELD, TREASURER

Eastern Trust and Banking Company

BANGOR, MAINE

Organized April 9, 1887

Paid Up Capital.....	\$ 175,000
Additional Liability of Stockholders	175,000
Surplus and Profits	700,000
Deposits.....	7,500,000

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

H. M. Pullen, Violin Instruction

Pupils Prepared for Profession of Playing

All Work
Guaranteed

Formerly
Edwards' Studio

A. J. FARRINGTON
PHOTOGRAPHER

Try Us For Your Class Photos

3 STATE STREET

BREWER, MAINE

All the latest in

HAIR GOODS

To Let

Theatrical Wigs
and Beards

for all classes of
Entertainments

LOVERING'S
European Hair Store

52 Main St., Bangor, Me.



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JONES' CELEBRATED AJS BRAND BONELESS CODFISH

PREPARED AND PACKED BY
BANGOR LABOR!
PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY

MADE BY

ALFRED JONES' SONS

BANGOR, MAINE

Patronize Our Advertisers

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

we hear a lot about these days—yet when you can buy this Spring excellent fabrics made in the newest and niftiest models designed especially for Young Fellows and priced \$27.50 to \$40 you must agree that we are trying to keep the cost of living down—its a matter of right buying and reasonable profit.

SPRING FURNISHING GOODS, HATS AND SHOES

J. WATERMAN & CO.

Maine's Largest Outfitters

for Men and Boys

Spaulding and D. & M.

BASKETBALL & BASEBALL GOODS are the best

DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS

THE S. L. CROSBY CO.

146-150 Exchange Street,

Bangor, Maine

OUR SPRING LINES OF OXFORD PUMPS AND HIGH SHOES ARE HERE

For Your Inspection in Ladies' Misses and Children's

MRS. B. J. DOLLIVER

44 Main Street

—Maine's Most Popular Band—

The Bangor High School Band

will give a

CONCERT and DANCE

Friday Eve. = April 23 = City Hall