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Studio in the Pearl Building—Entire Top Floor

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There are good reasons for this. Young people like to do business with a bank which tries to assist them in every practicable way in their financial affairs. Friendly co-operation and a thorough understanding of the problems, perplexities and requirements of “banking beginners”—young men and women about to start in business—will be found at this bank.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Bangor



Maine

Patronize Our Advertisers

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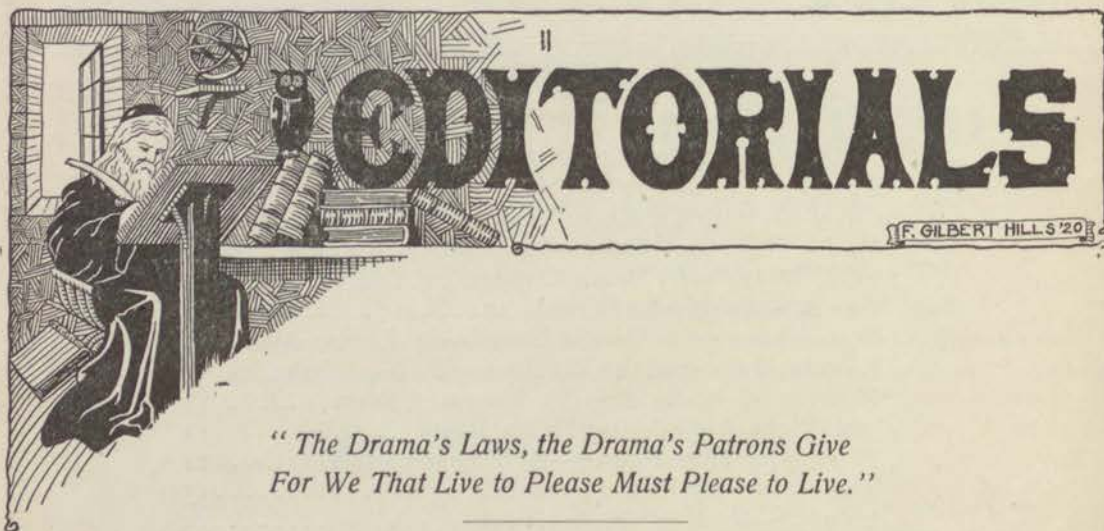
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VOL. XXIX

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No. 6



*"The Drama's Laws, the Drama's Patrons Give
For We That Live to Please Must Please to Live."*

This number of the Oracle is dedicated to the dramatic element of the school.

The word drama means action and we feel, as you will upon reading the following pages, that the word has not been misinterpreted by our contributors.

The paper as a whole, is an endeavor for action on the part of the school. We throw her into high and take the straight road to Action, but sometimes a social butterfly or a political bee gets into our carburetor just as we are touching "sixty" and it takes a crew of about ten mechanics from the Oracle board to get us started again.

The earliest form of advertising of which we have record was through the agency of the old-fashioned street vendor.

Although other ways of advertising have been adopted, this method is still in use and not without good results. The next advancement of any importance in this art was the sign board, which developed later into the bill board, show cards, posters and the like. As time went on the newspaper and the magazine became the popular mediums of advertising. At first this class of advertising was very simply worded and in general all advertising was carried on in a very

small scale but today one of the most important branches of business is advertising.

Every business advertises in some form. Large concerns expend enormous sums in advertising their goods. The mediums of advertising are varied in this age of advancement. Newspapers, magazines, billboards, circulars, theatre programs, window displays, blotters, calendars and similar knickknacks are among the methods employed. The manufacturer, the wholesaler, the retailer, use at least one of these means in advertising any product to the buying public. Advertising has increased so much and has become so productive that it has ceased being considered an expensive luxury and is now thought of as the only quick, efficient and sure way of obtaining business.

To have predicted seventy-five years ago that there would come a time when people would attend a school where the process of constructing an advertisement was taught one would have been laughed at. Today that identical thing has happened, for schools of advertising have sprung up during the last ten years all over the country. Advertising has become a science as much as law and medicine. The position of advertising manager for a growing concern demands high salaried men. It is a profitable career for a young man to take up, as his life work—advertising, for if he should become successful, which in these times is entirely probable, he will never be unable to secure employment.

There are so many different methods by which a business might advertise itself, both profitably and unprofitably, that it is the advertising manager's greatest problem to know where his concern should advertise to get the best results. The most logical of those aforementioned mediums for the retailer are the daily paper and the magazines because both these reach the desired place, the home. Of these two the magazine is the better because it is read and talked

about for the entire month. For the average retailer to advertise in a magazine is utterly improbable as an advertisement in a national magazine costs too much and returns to the retailer far too little. But in Bangor this state of affairs does not prevail. Every merchant in the city has a chance to advertise in both a newspaper and a magazine. The students of Bangor High School publish an excellent magazine, which you are now reading. An advertisement in this would certainly reach practically every home in the city. The merchants of Bangor have supported the "Oracle" to a great extent but it is our endeavor to have every Bangorian concern represented in the advertising columns of this, our school magazine.

ADVERTISE IN THE "ORACLE."

It is a paying proposition and one that will give quick results.

H. N.

Seniors! One, two THREE more issues of the Oracle, April, May, and JUNE. Do you realize that it is already time

Seniors, to be preparing for the biggest
Ahoy! and best number of the year?

For a number of years the June Oracle has printed individual cuts of the members of the Senior class at a slight expense to each. We think you will agree with us that these, along with the short character sketches, have proved to be much better than the old group pictures.

In less than a week the Easter vacation will be upon us. Take a week off, have a good time, then "look pleasant, please," and send us the result.

As for the above mentioned bits of humor and information, the members of the Oracle board can hardly be expected to know every member of the class as well as his next door neighbor. Therefore, we of the affirmative still firmly maintain that YOU should "get busy" and hand us a few lines about each of your pals. We will furnish the paper if you will deliver the goods.



"A Play Ought To Be a Just Image of Human Nature."

GIPSY BLOOD TO THE GIPSY BLOOD

By Are Bee, '21.

The Characters—

The Gipsy Woman,

Tony,

Father and mother of Wanda.

Wanda, a gipsy girl.

Miss Bright, a young lady from the city.

Mrs. Phillips, president of a girls' school.

ACT I.

Scene 1—A Gipsy Camp.

The Gipsy Woman—It is, indeed, time child, that you returned from your wanderings in the woods; the fire is to build and the supper to get. By the way, Wanda, I saw the girl from the city today, that you have talked so much about. She certainly is a pretty young lady.

Wanda— — — — —

The Gipsy Woman—Come, it is not like you to be so quiet, what is it that troubles you? Have you been talking with her again?

Wanda—Yes. It is the same thing that has been troubling me, mother. I want to go away to school, to learn from books, to see the world, to be something—not Wanda of the Gipsy Camp—no,—not that.

The Gipsy Woman—Why can't you be content to remain with the band of us like the other young 'uns of the camp? You aren't any better than they, are you?

Wanda—No, mother, I'm not, I'm not; but I want to BE, that's why I want to go away to school—and what is more, I'm go-

ing, and this very night, too. This Miss Bright that you saw is going to help me.

The Gipsy Woman—Very well, Wanda. It will be against your father's wishes but we can arrange it. He goes with the rest tonight to sell a horse to Farmer Jenkins and after he leaves you can skip away without anyone's knowing it. (Stooping, to place a stick on the fire). But you'll come back, Wanda—yes, you'll come back. All gipsies do!

ACT II.

Scene 2—The Office of the President of a School for Young Ladies.

Mrs. Phillips—This is the eighth time that you have been called here in the last two weeks. That is a record of almost once a day and now, young lady, I ask you, WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

Wanda—Nothing, madam, absolutely nothing.

Mrs. Phillips—Do you mean to say you can offer no excuse for your unpardonable conduct? First it was eating candy and chewing gum in chapel, then climbing out your window nights to go walking when you know all the girls must be in before half past nine. Then going fishing with some boys from the nearby school and now—now you have disgraced the school forever. Answer me, Wanda, what did you mean by rushing into the middle of the

floor and dancing that wild, weird dance, at my afternoon tea, yesterday? Why—

Wanda—Mrs. Phillips, I know you expect me to apologize and say I'm sorry for my conduct but I will not. In regard to my first offense, I did not know, I had not been told that eating in chapel was wrong. As for going walking at night or going fishing with the boys, I cannot see the least mite of harm in either of those things, and neither can you, I'm willing to say. You ask me why I danced at your tea yesterday?—that I do not know. I only know that when the orchestra played "Anitra's Dance" I found myself in the middle of the floor, possessed with this wild desire to dance, dance, dance. I am a gipsy and it is plain to be seen now that my ways are not your ways and never can be. Good-bye!!!

ACT III.

Scene 3—The Gipsy Camp.

The Gipsy Woman—Tony, we are breaking camp tomorrow morning and if Wanda

should ever return what would she do, how could she ever find us?

Tony—That is up to her. She left us, now let her find us. You helped her, too, but I always declared and I do now: Once a gipsy always a gipsy.

The Gipsy Woman—Tony, listen, there is someone singing, they are coming down the hillside—

Tony—It sounds like Wanda, I wonder—

The Gipsy Woman—It does Tony, it does—yes, it is—there she comes up the trail.

Enter Wanda, singing.

Song—

"The white hawk to the closing vine,
The bee to the opening clover
And the gipsy blood to the gipsy blood
Ever the wide world over.
Ever the wide world over love,
Ever the trail held true,
Over the world and under the world
And back at the last to you."

Curtain

MOLLIE TURNS THE TABLES

Elizabeth Robbins, '21.

Scene I.—In front of the High School as the pupils are going home for dinner. Gladys Smith and Jeannette White, school-mates, meet and walk along together.

Gladys—Oh, Jean! Mollie just asked me to spend the night with her as the family is away for the day. She said that she had asked you, too, yesterday, but that you weren't sure of going.

Jean—Isn't that simply great? Mother said I could go as long as tomorrow is Saturday and she knew that we wouldn't go to sleep as soon as our heads touched the pillows. Won't we have the greatest time?

Gladys—I should say we will and—Jean! I tell you what—can't we play some kind of a joke on Mollie?

Jean—Just the thing! She is always so boastful about putting tricks over on us.

Gladys—Just as soon as you get through dinner, come over to my house and we will get our plans laid. We must do something to make Mollie sit up and take notice.

Jean—Well, so long—see you later.

Gladys—Bye—don't forget.

Curtain

Scene II.—Library at Gladys' home. Jean and Gladys are sitting in front of the open fireplace. Jean looks expectant and Gladys seems rather excited.

Gladys—I have thought of a pretty good scheme that I think we can carry out, all right. First, I want to ask you if you had just as soon let me sleep with Mollie and you sleep in the single bed.

Jean—Sure, you may. But what has that to do with the scheme?

Gladys—A great deal. Now, another

thing—take your riding breeches and an old coat and soft hat of your brother's with you when you go to Mollie's.

Jean—My, but this is getting mysterious! I'm no Sherlock Holmes.

Gladys—Well, listen carefully and remember what I tell you. At the proper time, I will awaken Mollie and tell her that I heard someone moving around downstairs. I will take from under my pillow, a small revolver and tell you and she to come with me. Of course, Mollie will want the revolver herself and I will let her have it. When we get downstairs, I will tell you to go one way and Mollie and I will go another.

Immediately, you will throw off your kimono, put on your hat, tie this black handkerchief about your face and you will be the intruder. Hurry to the dining room and with your back to the door, collect all the silver. I will lead Mollie to the dining room; she will order you to put up your hands and you will turn around and take off your hat and mask. How do you like that?

Jean—That is simply dandy! Well, I must hurry home now and get my things together and then I will call for you to go to Mollie's. Curtain

Scene III.—Midnight in Mollie's home.

Gladys—(Shaking Mollie)—Mollie, wake up, I hear someone moving around downstairs! Jean, help me wake her up.

Jean—Mollie, your house is being robbed!

Mollie—What did you say? Well, what are you standing there for? Come on, hurry up! Here, let me have that revolver, Gladys.

Gladys—(Downstairs)—Jean, you go through the sewing room to the dining room and we will go this way.

Mollie—There's a light in the dining room! If we can only take him by surprise.

Gladys—I'll open the door quietly while you aim the revolver at him. All ready!

Mollie—Hands up and no fooling! Turn around and take off that mask. (Sharply). Hands up, I said, and don't try to reach your pocket again, or I'll fire and I'm a good shot.

Gladys—Why, it isn't Jean! Jean, where are you?

Mollie—Tell Jean to telephone the police while you stay here with me. I recognize this man as the one whose picture was in yesterday's paper. To think that I should capture a real robber!

(Gladys swoons).

Curtain

"OH, PERCY"

A Comedy in Three Acts,

By Bessie Cooper, '21.

Cast of Characters:

Mrs. Simpkins, a devoted wife.

Percy Simpkins, the cause of it all.

Mrs. Jones, a neighbor.

Act 1—Kitchen of the Simpkins bungalow. Time, 8.30 P. M.

Act 2—The same; five hours later.

Act 3—Hall of the bungalow, at 2 A. M.

ACT 1.

Mrs. Simpkins—If you'll pardon me for

a few minutes I'll finish preparing this little lunch for Percy.

Mrs. Jones—Why, where is Percy?

Mrs. Simpkins—He went out after supper and he'll be coming in any minute now, and he'll be hungry, too, I daresay.

Mrs. Jones—Percy is such a dear boy. The children are just wild about him. When they see him coming down the street they all run for him.

Mrs. Simpkins—Yes, he is a dear, bless

him. There's his lunch all prepared. Come into the sitting room, Mrs. Jones, and I'll show you some pictures that Percy had taken last week. (Exit Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Simpkins).

ACT 2.

Scene—Same as Act 1, at 1.30 A. M., same day, or rather next morning.

Enter Mr. Simpkins, carrying his shoes, and walking on tiptoe.

Mr. Simpkins—Hope the wife don't hear me. (Sees lunch on table). Hello, what's this? Well, she's some wife to take all this bother for me. I thought that she'd have it in for me, going out after supper and just getting in. Well, what she don't know won't hurt her. (Finishes lunch and lays napkin on table). That sure was some feed! Now, me for a good morning's sleep. (Picks up shoes and exits on tiptoe).

ACT 3.

Mr. Simpkins, about to enter hall, en route to his room, hears sobs, and concealing himself in the doorway draperies, beholds Mrs. Simpkins, weeping and wring-

ing her hands.

Mrs. Simpkins—Sob—sob—O-o-o-o-o—Where can Percy be? He never—sniff—sniff—stayed out so late bef—O-r-r-r-e. (Last wail ends in key of X). O-o-o-Percy! If he'd only come.

Mr. Simpkins—(To himself)—Bless her heart. She's been worrying herself sick over me.

Mrs. Simpkins—Sniffle—sniffle—sob—sob. I'll bet he was kidnapped or murdered, or-or-or—Oh, Percy. If he'd only come.

Mr. Simpkins—(To himself)—If she isn't the bestest little wife. Worrying so over me. Just for that I'll clean out the chimney and fix the wood box, and pile the wood, and all those other little jobs that she wanted done. I'll stay home every night, and I'll even give her the vote! Well, well, worrying so over me!

A scratching is heard at the front door.

Mrs. Simpkins—Oh, I hope it's—(opens door. Enter a little fat poodle dog).

Mrs. Simpkins—(Seizing him in her arms)—Percy! You darling!

Curtain

HER PET

By Dorothy Smith, '21.

Cast:

Mrs. Fred White,

Mr. Fred White,

The newlyweds.

Jane, the maid.

Old Dutch Clerk.

Scene I.—The library in Mr. and Mrs. White's home.

Scene II.—Department Store.

Scene III.—Front room, with doorway opening out of doors, in Mr. and Mrs. White's home.

Scene I.

(Curtain rises on Mrs. White sitting at a desk, busily writing).

Mrs. W.—Oh, dear! I procrastinate so.

I've left all these important errands to be done, until today. So I'll just make out this list and then go do them immediately.

(The telephone rings).

Mrs. W. (answering the telephone)—Hello!

Voice-over-the-wire—Hello, Nellie? This is Fred. Oh, say, I'm sending up a pet for you. Will you be ready to receive it? You must look very pleasant because—well, first impressions, you know.

Mrs. W. (excitedly)—Oh, Fred! Do tell me what it is? Is it a puppy or maybe a bird?

Voice-over-the-wire—Well, I tell you Nellie, what you do. In order to be pre-

pared for your pet you had better get a bird-cage ready and perhaps a leash. Now, I'm not going to tell you what the pet is. I'll bring him up just before supper when I come. Goodby.

Mrs. W.—Fred! Fred! (Turning away from the telephone). There, he's gone! (Then as she hangs up the receiver). Now, what do you suppose it is. (Calling out one of the side doors). Jane! Jane! (Enter Jane).

Mrs. W.—Now, Jane, I've just had a call from Mr. White and he's bringing me a pet and he wouldn't tell me what it is. So, of course, I'm excited. You will prepare, please, an extra good dinner, tonight. I don't know what of, I can't think of anything but that pet. And oh, yes, I won't be able to help you at all, because you see, I must go down town to see about a bird cage.

Jane—What, mum! I thought you didn't know what it was?

Mrs. W.—Well, I don't. But, Mr. White said I'd better be prepared with a bird cage or leash, so I'm going to be. That's all. I'll be back in a few hours. (Exit Mrs. W.)

Jane—Now, if that ain't the craziest performance. (With her hands on her hips). Some folks are the beatenest.

(Curtain)

Scene II.

(Curtain rises on an old Dutch seller, who knows birds perfectly).

Dutch Clerk—Vell, I tink dat cage vill lookt goot dere. (This as he arranges a bird cage in one corner).

(Enter Mrs. White).

Goot mornin', Madame. Vot can I to for you, tis mornin'?

Mrs. W.—I want to buy a bird cage. Quite a nice one, if you please. Oh, there's a nice looking one over in that corner. May I see it, please?

D. Clerk—Certingly, Madame. Sat is a velly fine one, I tells you. Only ten dollars.

Mrs. W.—I think I will take that one.

Nothing can be too good. Now, can you arrange for that to be sent up to my address, 54 West Summer Street, immediately? I'm very anxious to have it tonight before supper.

D. Clerk—Yes, certingly, Madame.

Mrs. W. (paying him)—Oh, yes. Have you any bird seed?

D. Clerk—Yes, how many backages have you vont?

Mrs. W.—Well, I don't know because, you see, I don't know how much of an eater my bird may be. And then, I don't know whether my pet will be a bird or not, either. How many packages in that big box?

D. Clerk—Vne hundred an feefty.

Mrs. W.—Well, I'll take one of those boxes, I guess. (She pays for it).

(Exit Mrs. White).

D. Clerk (scratching his head)—Vell, I tink de women crazy. She didn't know evan dat she vas goin' to have dat birt.

(Curtain)

Scene III.

(Curtain rises on Mrs. White arranging bird cage in the front room. A leash is waiting on a chair).

Mrs. W. (flushed with excitement)—Oh, I wish Mr. W. would come. Fred is so late tonight. And everything is ready and waiting. (She sits down, folds her hands in her lap and tries to wait quietly). There, now, I didn't do those errands this afternoon, but never mind, it isn't every day in the week that one can have a pet brought to them.

(Enter Mr. White with a basket on his arm).

Mrs. W. (running to meet him)—Oh, what is it! What is it! Do you think I'll be very fond of him?

Mr. W. (noticing the cage)—Well, what is that thing?

Mrs. W. (reproachfully)—Why, that's the cage you told me to get ready. Isn't it all right?

Mr. W. (laughing)—Oh, my dear! (He passes her the basket) Now, open it very carefully and don't let him jump out at you.

Mrs. W. (just peeping in at first, then

dumping out the contents, disgustedly)—Oh, Fred! A lobster! And there's that nice cage, and all that bird seed.

(Curtain)

THE MYSTERY OF "HOWARD LANE"

By Louise Ayer, '21.



JUSTIN Small sat in his library, before the open fire, musing, and, as he thought, his gaze rested on a long familiar inscription over the mantelpiece. It read thus:

"Upon this house I put a curse, and upon all those who dwell herein."

These words had always given him a weird sensation every time he had read them. But, on this night, they actually made him wish that he had stayed in the city with his old college chum. Why had he ever come to this old family house all alone? He couldn't really answer the question himself.

When he had finished his pipe of tobacco, he called his negro servant to bring him a light that he might retire. Justin noticed when the faithful old servant appeared, that he looked uncommonly queer; but as Joe said nothing to him, he asked no questions and went directly to bed. He was soon lost in slumber, for the day had been a weary one on account of his long journey from New York.

All was calm and peaceful, till about midnight, when the most blood curdling cry rang through the house and Justin awoke with a start. He clutched his revolver in one hand, a flashlight in the other and hurried in the direction from which the cry had come.

Finally, after stumbling over several chairs, in the semi-darkness, he reached the back kitchen. There, on the floor, lay Joe, the faithful old servant, dead. Justin examined the body as closely as possible, but could not find a scratch. But on his face was a look of terror, as if he had died of

fright. What was it that had killed Joe? Small lost no time in telephoning his friend to come at once and bring a coroner.

The doctor thought he had lost his head and told him to go back to bed and get some rest. But, after a heated discussion, Justin convinced Black that he was perfectly sane and needed help. Black promised to come.

After such a shock, Justin could not rest, but paced the floor in a nervous state, asking himself over and over what it could have been that killed old Joe. While thus engaged, his eyes again rested on the inscription over the mantelpiece: "Upon this house I put a curse, and upon all those who dwell herein." A shiver ran down his back. Could there be any connection between these things?

About 5 A. M., Dr. Black rushed into "Howard Lane" to find his friend nearly driven to distraction by his unwelcome thoughts. Together, with the coroner, they both examined old Joe but with no better results than had Justin found himself. During the day, they set things to rights and Black agreed to stay the night with Justin.

They smoked before the open fireplace, in the evening and retired early. But about the same time that he had heard the piercing wail the night before, Justin was awakened by a soft, swishing sound, much like the rustle of a lady's silk skirt. He arose cautiously from the bed, so as not to wake Black, and followed the sound.

The sound glided out into the hall, down the staircase, into the lower hall. Justin followed it. For a time, it seemed as if he had it in a corner but when he drew nearer,

it glided off toward the hall closet and disappeared. He went back to bed and tried to sleep but to no avail. And, in a few moments, that same sound glided into the room and came toward the bed. Justin jumped up and with his revolver, moved toward it.

It glided softly toward the door, out into the hall, into an adjoining bedroom. Justin followed and it seemed to find repose in an old bureau. He moved nearer and pulled out a drawer. A sharp pain went through his body as if a knife had pierced his heart. He pulled the trigger of his automatic and fired; then fainted.

When he came to, he found his friend binding up his torn hand, and he asked what had happened. But he didn't wait

for an explanation from the doctor for he now remembered everything quite clearly.

Years ago, his great grandfather had traveled extensively and on one of his trips from the Orient had brought some snakes. His mind had grown weak and after he had died, his old trunks were put down cellar. No one knew their contents, nor did they seem to care.

As years passed and the wood decayed, the snakes multiplied and crawled all over the house. This was the curse that Justin's half crazed ancestor had put upon the house. The snakes had been the cause of poor old Joe's death and would have killed Justin if he had not had enough presence of mind to shoot his hand off to prevent the poison from going through his system.

EASTERN MAINE AND THE REBELLION

By Merrill Bowles, '21.



THE news of the firing upon Fort Sumter reached Bangor late the same day, causing a warlike spirit to rise in the hearts of most men. On the 15th of April the President of the United States issued a proclamation for 75,000 men to which Governor Washburn answered, "Mine will respond promptly." Meetings were held throughout the state and regiments were formed. The first company to form was recruited from Bangor men mostly and was commanded by Levi Emerson. This was the first full company raised in the United States. Then, other companies formed but none could claim the credit that Captain Emerson received.

The first recruiting office was over what was then Finson's Market in the old Norumbega hall. Other companies formed and united into regiments and were drilled and sent to the front. Companies came from all small towns and villages and at first were drilled at the old Armory on Essex street but later at the race course on what is now the Morse farm on the cor-

ner of Union street and the Fuller road.

Throughout the war there were three classes of people, Abolitionists, States' Rights men, and a third class called "Copperheads." Party politics ran high in Bangor and a lot of States' Rights men held meetings in order to "turn the world upside down," but they paid dearly. Marcellus Emery, one of the States' Rights men, had his printing office raided and came near being lynched.

While these things were happening at home the regiments from Maine at the front were distinguishing themselves. As the regiments lost in numbers new recruits filled in and all the three-months' men were enrolled for one year and when discharged most of them either re-enlisted or were drafted.

The news of Lee's surrender was received with great enthusiasm here in Bangor and all the Secession men were compelled to run up the flag of the United States and give three cheers for their country.

But Lincoln's assassination was received

in an entirely different manner. All were in mourning, even some of the Southern sympathizers. At Belfast a man came very near being lynched because he said he was glad of it.

When the troops returned there were celebrations but they did not return in the style in which they left. Their ranks had

been thinned, their uniforms were dirty and torn, and their faces thin and haggard from long campaigns and disease. There is but a mere handful of these heroes left who went forth in order that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" should not perish from the earth.

HUNTING FOR A SHADOW

By Margaret Johnson.



ONCE upon a time there was a sunbeam, who had strayed away from the sun, in the early spring. The sunbeam wanted to see the world. It traveled and traveled and saw many things, rivers, valleys, mountains and many beautiful bits of scenery. The sunbeam thought it had seen everything until one day it came to a fairy who said:

"You have seen many things, Sunbeam?"

"Yes," answered the sunbeam, "I have seen everything!"

"You have not seen a shadow," argued the fairy.

"What is a shadow?" asked the sunbeam.

But the fairy had flown away.

Day after day the sunbeam traveled, always looking for a shadow. He would come to different trees and animals, asking where he could see a shadow. The an-

swer was always the same, "Look behind me and you will see a shadow." But when the sunbeam looked there was no shadow to be seen.

One day in his wanderings he looked in through an attic window and saw an old Wise Spider, spinning his web.

The sunbeam asked if he had seen a shadow.

The spider said, "Go away, Foolish Sunbeam, go away."

"But where is there a shadow?" persisted the sunbeam.

The spider said, "Sunbeam, the world is full of shadows but when you come the shadows disappear; there is much darkness in this world that cannot stay when light comes: just as at the coming of goodness, all evil disperses."

Still the sunbeam did not understand why it could not see a shadow.

"MA BELLE AMIE"

By Helen Benner.

Characters:

Kennett Stanley, the boy.

George Lorain, his chum.

Bobs—"La Belle Amie."

Time—Present.

Place—In front of the Barry High School.

(The curtain rises, showing Kennett Stanley leaning against the wall, looking off into space. The school house door opens and George Lorain comes out, book in hand, whistling gaily).

George—"Lo, Ken.

Kennett—"Lo, George.

Geo.—"S'matter?"

Ken.—Oh, nothing much.

Geo.—Going to keep it all a secret from your best friend?

Ken.—No. Tell you what 'tis. I've seen the most beautiful girl!

Geo.—The most beautiful girl! Whatcha mean?

Ken.—You'd think she was, too, if you

could see her. She is ma belle amie!

Geo.—Your belle amie! Say, where'd you learn all that French? Where'd you see her, anyhow?

Ken.—Learn'd French same time you tried to. Well, 'twas like this—I had to go to the station to meet my kid sister, Bobs, coming home from boarding school after two years. When the train came in, I couldn't find her so after a while I called up Ma and she said the kid was home but while I was waiting and looking ma belle amie left the train. Oh, she is beautiful! There's no girl in town can come anywhere near her for beauty. And she smiled at me!

Geo.—Some girl! Say, that's not your fair lady coming, is it? (Pointing off stage).

Ken. (looking wildly about)—Where?

Where?

(He sees her). It is she!

(He straightens up and begins to pull his tie into place. A lovely girl enters and walks slowly down stage).

Geo.—Some girl!

Ken.—Aw, shut up! She is coming.

(As the girl comes opposite Ken. she throws her arms about his neck and kisses him).

The Girl—Oh, you darlingest brother!

Ken. (pulling away)—Bobs—you!

Bobs—Course it's me. Aren't you glad to see your sister?

Ken. (scowling)—Oh, of course! C'mon, let's go home.

(Exit Ken. and Bobs).

Geo. (laughing)—"Ma belle amie!"—indeed!

(Curtain)

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES

By Raymond L. Downes.



GROUP of men were sitting around a large open fire in their clubhouse, one evening, each telling his most thrilling experience or narrow escape. Among the number was an expert chess player named Charles Weston, who, leaning back in his chair, puffing a fragrant cigar, told the following incident:

"About five years ago I spent a couple of weeks in the early fall at the home of some friends, who lived in the country. While riding home, on horseback, late one evening, along a rather dreary stretch of road, I was suddenly stopped by an old man, who pointed his rifle at me and ordered me to turn and ride down a little path which branched from the highway near that point. My friends had told me of an old hermit, with eccentric ways, who lived in an old cabin, not far from there, but they had said that he was harmless; so I was not frightened, but merely curious, as I rode down the path. After proceeding half a mile we sud-

denly came upon his cabin. As we entered he said, abruptly: 'I understand that you play chess, is that right?'

"'Why—er yes,' I answered, 'I play a little.'

"'Well, so do I,' said the old man, with a meaning which I did not understand until he continued, 'We will play a game now, and if you win, you will leave this cabin alive, but if I win, you don't.'

"I started, in horror, at his proposition, but he had me in his power, so I could do nothing but comply with his wishes. As we sat down to the table I noticed that he had his rifle at hand, and also a wicked looking knife stuck into the table, close by him. I now had a good opportunity to observe him. He was a rather undersized man, with unkempt hair and beard. He wore old, and dirty clothes; but the thing that startled me the most, was the unnatural gleam in his eyes, which caused me to feel sure that he was indeed dangerously insane.

"We had not played many minutes be-

fore I saw that I was playing against an expert possibly better than myself. At last I could see that he was slowly but surely getting me into tighter and tighter places, from which, sooner or later, I could not escape. Then I saw an opportunity, where, by giving him one of my men, I might ease my position and possibly win the game. He looked the board over long and carefully, and my scalp began to tighten, knowing that my life depended upon whether he took that man or not. At last he took the man; the play worked out as I had planned; and a short time later I won the game. I immediately got up and started for the door. As I went out I saw

the old man slouched down in his chair, staring at the board, evidently unable to understand why he had lost the game. I reported the affair to the authorities and the next day a party of men visited the cabin and found the old man dead. He had stabbed himself during the night."

Here he stopped, and slowly bit his cigar, which had gone out during his recital.

"Well," remarked one of the group, "it was a case of one or the other of you, and you certainly are lucky to be here tonight."

"Yes," agreed Weston, "and I hope that I never shall be obliged to play for such high stakes again."

THE HOAX

By Ruth Fletcher.

Cast of Characters:

Mary Reynolds, a girl.

Josephine, her younger sister.

Two other girls.

Scene I.

Mary and Josephine are eating lunch on board a small river steamer, the Castine, which has just left Bucksport.

Jo (eating a sandwich)—Mm! Mm! These sandwiches are good. Don't you want one of these olives, Sis? Only two left, better say yes.

Mary—By all means, I want one. I could eat a whole bottle without the least bit of trouble. Do you want me to throw the bottle overboard or shall I?

Jo—Oh! Wait a minute! I have a great scheme. Let's put a note inside, the way the sailor did in that story we read.

Mary—How did you hapepn to think of it? That will be lots of fun. Did you put that block of paper in my bag? Yes, here it is.

Jo—I'll tell you what we will do; you write a note on one side and sign your name and address and I'll draw some fashion-plate faces on the other. You be

thinking what you will write and I will begin now. (She draws). There, how is that? Now, I will just draw a hat on this one and you may have it.

Mary—I have just thought what I will write. Something like this, "Help! help! we're stranded," or "Just off Sandy Point! Come quick or we'll sink!" There, that last was better, don't you think so?

Jo—What did you say? Ah, yes. Here, write it quick and we can throw it off right along here. We're near the wharf now.

Mary—There we are, where is the stopper?

Jo—I have it. Now, one! two! three! (She throws the bottle and a splash is heard). There, Sis, that's the last we'll hear of that.

Scene II.

A week later on the veranda of a seashore cottage. Jo and Mary seated on a couch-hammock, are reading. A young man is seen approaching along the beach.

Mary—Jo, there is Ted with the mail, don't you want to go meet him?

Jo (runs for the mail and returns breathless)—Oh! Mary, here is one for you.

You're luckier than I am.

Mary (examines the postmark)—Who is there at Sandy Point that I know? (She tears open the letter and reads): "Dear Miss Reynolds, we fellows were swimming around the point the other day and found the bottle——." Jo! Jo! Listen to me, did you hear that?

Jo (reluctantly looking up from her book)—Mary, what is the matter? Do tell me quickly, because I'm reading, you know.

Mary (not hearing, finishes the letter)—Jo, what do you think? Some boys found our bottle and—

Jo—What! Our olive bottle? Let me see the letter. (She reads). They want us to stop off on our way home and—

Mary (interrupting)—But we won't do it, Jo; we don't even know what they look like. We're going home Monday, anyway.

Jo—That is just what we will do though. Why, we're going part way by train, and we can write them to be at the station.

Mary—Jo!

Jo—Why, that's all right, Mary. Listen now, we'll write them a letter telling them that we are going home Monday on the noon train and that we are going to wear red roses in our dresses, so that if they want to see us they'll just have to look for roses.

Mary—But where will we get roses at this time of year?

Jo—Silly! Why that is the joke. You didn't think that I meant to really talk with them, did you? The way I have planned it we can see them without having them see us.

Mary—I know but we can't very well see them if we don't know what they look like.

Jo—You just leave that to me. In a small place like that it won't be hard to find two boys standing together on the lookout for somebody.

Scene III.

Mary and Jo on a train just slowing down at Sandy Point station.

Mary—Here we are, Jo, you had better stop reading if you are going to find those boys. I leave it all to you.

Jo—Isn't that strange, I had just barely finished my story when you spoke. Yes, I think, if you let me change places with you so that I will be next the window, that I can find them quicker.

Mary (the train stops)—I haven't seen anyone yet. I know you won't find them. There is a man and a boy over there, sitting down but they aren't looking for anyone on the train.

Jo—We will see them in a minute. Wait here just a minute. (She gets up and several minutes elapse before she returns). The conductor says that we will stop here ten minutes. I am going to get off and look around a bit, want to come? (They leave the train and start toward the station waiting room).

Mary—Jo! What ARE you up to?

Jo—Don't be a spoil-sport, Mary. You just look all around and see if they are here.

Mary—There are two girls over there. What do you suppose they are laughing at? Jo, do you see them? I believe they are coming toward us. Is it somebody you know, Jo?

Jo—No. I wonder what they want?

First Girl (approaching)—Pardon me, but you don't happen to be looking for two young men, do you?

Mary (indignantly)—No, surely not.

Jo (not heeding Mary)—Yes, we WERE looking for somebody, why do you ask?

First Girl—Come on, Grace, here they are.

Mary (low)—What does she mean, Jo?

Second Girl (just arriving)—I suppose you got a letter signed "Ray and Bill?"

Jo and Mary—Yes. What has that—?

First Girl—Well, your train is whistling and the next time you arrange to meet "Ray and Bill," be sure that "Ray and Bill" aren't "Grace and Dorothy."

The End

"TOM"

By X. Y. Z., '21.

Time—September.

Place—A small country village.

Characters—Tom, Pa, and Marm Glidden.

Scene I.

Pa—Wal, sonny, I s'pose it's all for the best, but goodness knows, how yer ma and me'll miss ye this winter.

Tom—Oh, cheer up, Pa, just think, next spring when I come home to visit you folks, I'll make you all rich. You know the city's where they have the jobs and money.

Marm—Yes, yes, Tom, dear, I know, but one can never tell what's a-goin' to happen when one's away from home.

Tom (cheerfully)—Why, Marm, haven't we all seen what other fellers do when they go to the city, and besides, you know I always was a good one for saving my money. Let's see—I wonder if I have everything packed. It's nearly time for me to start to the depot.

Marm—I guess I have got all your things in your suitcase. Now, remember, Tom, don't wear your blue striped shirt except on Sundays and then I suppose you must wear your white collar.

Pa—Now, my boy, take care and keep away from the white lights, and let us know how much yer savin' every week.

Tom—Yes, Pa, I'll write twice a week. And you let me know how you're getting along without me, and who's milking the cows. There, I've just five minutes to get the train. Good-bye, don't worry, you can trust me to look after myself.

Scene II.

Time—March.

Place—The city.

Characters—Tom and his old chum, Jim Moore.

Tom—Yes, Jim, as you say, it sure does seem as if I were born under a lucky star.

Jim—And just think, Tom, you've been

here only six months.

Tom—I know. What do you say, let's go to lunch now and then we can talk things over. I'm ready as usual, are you?

Jim—You bet I am.

(Seated in the restaurant).

Tom (confidentially)—Well, you see, Jim, it was like this: I started in here as common garage help. I liked Mr. Gordon and I guess he must have liked me. He is just my ideal of a good, prosperous business man and so, naturally, I tried to do everything the way he did. In just two weeks I was promoted to be one of the mechanic's assistants.

Jim—And that's the kind of work you always have been interested in, even when you were a kid, isn't it? I suppose Mr. Gordon knew you liked that work.

Tom—Yes, and so there was my chance to learn all I could about automobiles. The more I learned, the more I wanted to learn. One day when I was working on one of the cars, trying to fix the lighting system, all of a sudden I could almost see an entirely different lighting system and it was one that would be so much better.

Jim (enthusiastically)—And it surely is better.

Tom—After that I was so eager, I spent all my spare time thinking over and working on it, and so here I am, and here's my lighting system, and now we'll see what a few more people think of it.

Jim—Oh, Tom, I just know it's going to be a great success. Think how proud the people back home 'll be when they know what you have done.

Tom—It seems to me as if this ought to be a good thing for it's so much less complicated than other systems. It's strange someone else has not thought of it before.

Jim—Well, Tom, I must be going to the train now, and here's wishing you the best of luck.

Tom—Thanks, and remember, not a word of this to anyone back home until you hear how it turns out. So long, Jim.

Scene III.

Time—June.

Place—Back home.

Characters—Jim, Pa and Marm.

Pa (excitedly)—Say, Marm, come out here, quick, and see this swell autie comin' up our driveway. Who do you s'pose 'tis?

Marm (adjusting her glasses)—For the land's sakes! I do believe, if it ain't our Tom and he's a-drivin' it all himself.

Pa—I knew he was workin' in an automobile shop and learnin' to drive a "car," as he calls it, but I never dreamed he could drive one like that.

Tom—Hello, there, folks, everything looks just the same as it did when I left. It

seems good to get home. Hello, Sis. How you've grown since I've been gone.

Marm—Let's come right in the house. I've got dinner all ready. I've made some of your favorite cake, Tom, and we had the big rooster killed in your honor.

Pa—But tell me, Tom, how did you happen to come home in this here autie? Have you bought it?

Tom—No, no, Pa, I haven't bought it yet, but I'm going to. But never mind now, Pa, let's have dinner. I'm nearly starved for some of Marm's good cooking. After dinner we'll take a ride, and I'll tell you all about it.

Marm—Who'd ever a-thought I could have a ride in so fine a car and with our own Tom drivin' it.

Pa—I guess it's true that Tom can take care of himself and save a bit, too.

JIMMY'S ESCAPE

By M. C. C., '21.

Characters:

Jimmy Fellows,

Julia Clark,

Mrs. Smith,

Maria, the maid,

Three elderly ladies,

Hotel clerk.

Scene I.

A Street.

(Young man advances from one direction, a girl from the other. They meet).

Julia—Why, Jimmy Fellows, how DO you do?

Jimmy (shaking hands)—Well, Julia, this IS a surprise. I didn't know you lived in this town.

Julia—I don't. I'm only visiting Helen Jones for a few weeks. But I haven't seen you since we both left the academy and there's just heaps of things I want to talk about. Can't you come tomorrow afternoon?

Jimmy—Surest thing you know.

Julia—Fine! The address is 27 Highland Avenue. Don't forget.

Jimmy—As if I would. (Exit both).

Scene II.

(A street. Two houses side by side, one numbered 29, the other, 27. Enter Jimmy Fellows with another fellow).

Jimmy—Well, so long, Henry. I stop here.

Henry—What's her name, Jimmy?

Jimmy—Julia Clark and she's a perfect peach. (Hunting through his pockets). Confound it! I wrote that number down somewhere.

Henry—Ha! ha! and you're always priding yourself on your perfect memory.

Jimmy (getting angry)—I remember it perfectly (looking at the house numbers). It was Number 29.

Henry—Well, I hope you spend a pleasant afternoon, old chap.

Jimmy—No doubt about it.

(Exit Henry).

(Jimmy runs up the steps of Number 29 and rings the bell).

Jimmy—Holy smoke! I remember now, that number was 27. (He starts to retreat but the door opens). (Aside). I'll have to stick it out. (Aloud). Is Mrs. Smith in?

Maid—Come right this way.

Scene III.

(A rather dark, dusty drawing room).

Maid—Your name?

Jimmy—Er-r-r-S-s-s JONES!

(Exit maid).

(Jimmy goes to the door, looks into the hall, and then ducks under a couch).

Enter Mrs. Smith, followed by Maria.

Mrs. Smith (looking timidly around)—You said there was a man here?

Maria—Yes, ma'am, I left him standing right here. (Bell rings, Maria departs. Reenters, followed by three elderly women).

Mrs. Smith—My dears, the strangest thing has just happened. Maria let a man in who said he wanted to see me and before I could get here he had disappeared.

First elderly lady—It must be that Foxy Jim that's been robbing so many houses lately.

Second elderly lady—They say he even robs in broad daylight now, he's so bold.

Third lady—Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Do you think he's in the room. (Jimmy sneezes. The four women scream while Jimmy rolls out from under the couch, stands up, and whips a shiny instrument

out of his pocket).

Jimmy—Hands up and don't scream or I'll shoot. (Four women put up their hands and Jimmy backs towards the door. He reaches it and turning suddenly, he bumps into Maria. The shiny instrument is knocked out of his hand and he runs. A few seconds afterwards the front door shuts with a bang).

Maria—Whatever is the matter, ma'am?

Mrs. Smith (hands in air)—Look out, Maria, that revolver might go off.

Maria—Revolver!

First lady—Yes, that young man was Foxy Jim.

Second lady—And he was hiding under the couch.

Third lady—And he held us up with a revolver.

Maria—Humph! (Picking up the "revolver," she laughs).

Mrs. Smith (almost in tears)—How can you laugh, Maria, when we have just escaped being murdered?

Maria—Murdered, ma'am? Why this is only a button hook, ma'am.

Scene IV.

(A Hotel Lobby).

(Jimmy Fellows rushes up to the clerk's desk).

Jimmy—What's the first train out of this town?

Clerk (glancing at clock)—Why, there's one goes in five minutes.

(Exit Jimmy on the run).

A COMEDY OF ERRORS

By Gladys Davis, '21.

ACT I.

Scene I.

Place—The front room of the Parsonage.

Characters—Mr. Simpkins, Miss Susie, Mr. Snodgrass, Miss Turner, Minister.

The four characters are seated around the room.

Enter the Minister.

Minister (shakes hands with each person)—Good evening, everybody. Aren't you a little late? I am sorry to have kept you waiting, but I had given up the idea of seeing you tonight and had gone to bed.

Mr. Simpkins (who seems bolder than the

rest)—Why, yes, sir, I believe we are a little late, but you see we just decided this morning where to go on our wedding trip and it has taken us until now to get ready.

Minister—Well, now my dear people, if you will stand here, I think we may get this ceremony over with so that you may not miss your train.

(The two couples stand before the minister, who opens his book and stands as if to perform the ceremony).

Scene II.

Place—514 Center Street.

Time—One-half hour later.

Minister (furiously ringing the front door bell of Lawyer Sharpe's house)—Oh, what a mess. I shouldn't have gone to bed in the first place.

Lawyer Sharpe (from a second story window)—What can I do for you, sir?

Minister—Dress as quickly as possible. I have just married two couples and, by some

mistake, I got them mixed. Can you help me?

Lawyer S.—I'll be down in a minute. I'll do all I can to help.

Scene III.

Place—Same as Scene I.

(Enter Minister with Lawyer S.)

Minister (looking around the room anxiously)—I don't see them. Where do you suppose they are?

Lawyer (taking a note from table)—What is this? Perhaps this will explain all, (He passes the note to the minister).

Minister (reading the note)—My dear Pastor: We are in a great hurry and do not want to miss the train, so we have decided to remain married the way we are. Better luck next time.

Yours in haste,

Mr. and Mrs. Simpkins,

Mr. and Mrs. Snodgrass.

Curtain

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN

By Doris Bowles, '21.

List of Characters.

Frances Hayford, impersonating Alex Grafton.

Mrs. Hayford, the hostess and Frances' aunt.

Mary Feen.

Ruth Bennett, college girls and guests on the yacht.

Helen La May.

Scene I.

The Drawing Room at La May's.

Helen—Girls, isn't it wonderful? Two weeks of vacation and a house party the first thing!

Mary—And the party is on the Hayford yacht! Something exciting will surely happen; and do you know who the sixth man is? We all know the six girls who are invited and five boys, but who can the sixth be?

Ruth—That is odd. And Frances is just recovering from scarlet fever so she can't be there.

Helen—Let's not bother about the mystery. Frances will be back in school with us next term, too. Come in my new car. We'll go over to the club to see how the tournament is coming out.

Mary—Yes! Let's do that. Maybe the sixth man will be a dauphin.

Ruth—Perhaps so. Anyone related to a royal family will please you, but just now I rather ride in Helen's new car than discuss the possibilities of meeting a dauphin.

Scene II.

The lobby of the Hayford yacht on the next afternoon.

Mary—Here comes Mrs. Hayford with the sixth man. Ruth, he does look like a duke, at least.

Ruth—You will soon find out. Mrs.

Hayford is coming over to introduce him to us now.

Mrs. Hayford—Alex, here are the other two girls in our party. Miss Feen, Miss Bennett—Mr. Grafton.

Mary—We are awfully glad to meet the sixth man at last. You see, Mr. Grafton, you have caused quite a little excitement. None of us had ever met you before.

Mrs. Hayford—Will you excuse me, please, while I give the men some instructions? We have decided to have a dance on the deck after dinner.

Ruth—Mrs. Hayford, you can think of the loveliest things to do. Of course, we will excuse you.

Mr. Grafton—May I have the first dance, Miss Bennett, tonight? And Miss Feen, I expect you to save some for me, too.

Scene III.

Mary's stateroom, two days later.

Helen—Hasn't this been the nicest house party you ever went to girls? Has anyone the least idea who Mr. Grafton is? We have been here two days and nobody knows yet.

Mary—His first name is Alex. I have heard Mrs. Hayford call him by that name.

(A knock at the door).

Mary—Come in! (Mrs. Hayford enters).

Mrs. Hayford—Good morning, girls. I hope I didn't interrupt you, but I have something to tell you.

Ruth—Is it about Mr. Grafton, Mrs. Hayford? Oh, do tell us about him. Where did you ever find such a nice sixth man?

Mrs. Hayford—That's just what it's about. Mr. Grafton or Alex, as I have called her, is Frances, my niece.

Girls—Oh, but that can't really be so!

Helen—Why, she is a convalescent, and her voice, too!

Mrs. Hayford—At the last minute the doctor said that Frances had gained so much that she could come on the yacht with us. She had just had her hair cut off very short and she couldn't come with it that way. But she solved the problem by dressing as a man. I wouldn't allow it at first but I had to consent. She changed her voice, and I hear the deceiver coming down the hall now.

(Frances bursts in).

Girls—Oh, you deceiver!

Ruth—Frances, you have broken Mary's heart! She thought you were a duke, at least.

THE TRAGEDY OF OBEDIENCE

By Harriett Frost, '21.

ACT I.

Scene I.

Time—Late afternoon.

Place—The Jones' sitting room.

Characters—Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Aunt Eliza, Willie Jones.

Mrs. Jones (very busy, knitting)—Willie! Willie! Where are you? Come here, this minute!

Willie (entering, very much out of breath)—Gee whiz, ma, can't'cha give a feller time to git here? What'cha want, anyway, I'm in a hurry?

Mrs. Jones (looking out of the window)—Land sakes, it's starting to rain and it'll spoil the parade! Now, Willie, you run upstairs and shut and lock that window that opens on the flat piazza roof; it will rain in on my good carpet, and ruin it! Now, hustle up!

Willie—But, ma, listen!—

His Mother—Willie, you hear what I say—

Willie—Mother, you don't know! I—

His Mother—Are you going, Willie Jones, or will I have to—

Willie—Well, if you say so, ma, I suppose—

(He goes out of the room).

Scene II.

Same day. The family are sitting down to the supper table.

Mr. Jones—Well, Amarilly, where's Aunt Eliza tonight? Isn't she going to have supper with us?

Mrs. Jones (with a rather worried look)—Well,—I haven't seen her since three o'clock and I guess she must have gone calling. I remember yesterday she said that she owed some calls. But I can't for the life of me see why she isn't back yet.

Mr. Jones—Don't worry about it, Amarilly, she's probably staying with someone all night, as it's such an awful storm. We'll eat supper first, anyway. Willie, you go to the front stairs and call Aunt Eliza. There's a possible chance that she's in her room, as she usually stays there in the afternoon.

(Willie goes out and calls, but no answer).

Willie—She don't answer, pa!
Mr. Jones—Well, I'll go over to some of the neighbors' and see if she's there.

(He goes out).

Scene III.

One hour later in the sitting room, Willie and his mother, waiting for Mr. Jones' return.

(Mr. Jones enters)—It's no use, Amarilly, I can't find her anywhere, and no one has seen her!

Mrs. Jones—Where, oh where, can she be?

(Enter Aunt Eliza, much bedraggled, no coat or hat, and dripping wet).

Aunt Eliza—Well, I got here after a while and if I don't whip the one who—

Mr. and Mrs. Jones—Eliza!! Where?—

Eliza—Yes! where? Ask Willie.

Mrs. Jones—Willie, what do you know about this?

Willie—Well, ma, this afternoon you told me to lock that window upstairs, and I did—but—Gee whiz! Aunt Eliza was out on the roof!!

Curtain

THE LEGEND OF THE OAK TREES

By Dorothy Babcock, '21.



ON the shores of the ——— Stream, on the outskirts of Bangor, stand two spreading oak trees, which mark a romantic spot in an Indian legend.

The warriors of the Penobscot visited the Norridgewocks in their village. One of the Penobscot warriors, Silvertip, fell a victim to the charms of a Norridgewock princess, Whispering Winds. He tried to win her but a Norridgewock warrior, Half-King, who had won favor in the eyes of Chief Wigemund, the father of Whispering Winds, had the father's promise that his daughter should be his bride. Whispering Winds fell in love with Silvertip and two days after he returned to his

own village, she followed him. Half-King followed her and arrived at the Village of Peace two hours after Whispering Winds had become Silvertip's bride. He found them on the shores of the rippling stream and killed Silvertip.

He took Whispering Winds back to her father's village, where she grew thin and pale and at last she told her father that she would be happy if he would but take her back to the grave of her husband on the banks of the stream. In the fall her wish was granted. She had been there scarcely a month when she died and was buried beside Silvertip.

The next spring two tiny oak trees grew beside the stream, one at the head and one

at the foot of the lovers' graves.

Years later, when the first white man paddled down the stream, his Indian guide pointed to the large oak trees standing with their branches just touching over the spot. When the white man asked what they were, the Indian answered, "The Great Spirit took two of my people from this life when their lives were but begun. They were lovers. They sleep on the scene of

their greatest love—sleep to the music of the rippling water and the whispering winds. As a symbol of their love these two oak trees sprang up, nourished by their bodies, and their spirits whisper to each other when the whispering winds stir the leaves. Thus they'll live together a higher life and a happier one than the one they found on earth."

OUR FLAG.

What is that colored piece of cloth
That flies o'er school and manor?
Why, that's our flag, our country's flag,
The Star Be-spangled Banner!

Now, if you look quite close enough,
You will observe the hue
To be of finest colors, three,
The red, and white, and blue.

What does this standard mean to you,
As you go strolling by,
And—thinking of some trivial thing—
You do not lift your eye?

Remember now, the red means blood,
Blood shed for you and me,
To rid the nation of our foes,
To make our country free.

And do you realize that the white
Is meant for purity,
That our forefathers have bestowed
On our beloved country?

The steadfast stars in field of blue
Our states they represent;
They're emblems of the twinkling light
Within the firmament.

In future, when we see our flag
Above the roofs unfurled,
Let's pause to think for what it stands,—
The freedom of the world!

—Gleason A. Rand.



LOCALS

"Facts are Stubborn Things."

At Bangor High many ways and means were used to commemorate Better English Week, commencing Feb. 14th. Perhaps one of the most clever and interesting ways was through a play given by Miss M. Utecht's English Division C, Junior, that was written by a member of the class, Hazen Nutter. The title of the play was, "In Search of a Job," with the setting, Mrs. Green's employment office. The object of the play was to show the necessity of good English for those who would rise in this world. Mrs. Green (Blanche Bowden), the unsympathetic owner of the employment agency, proved by her amazement and disgust at the words of most of her applicants, the need of "Better English" in those wishing employment. Mrs. Green's model stenographer (Esther Patten), proved by her silence, her desire to please her employer. Not so with the applicants, who tried to tell of their efficiency, but succeeded only in proving to Mrs. Green, by their improper grammar, their utter inefficiency to fill the requirements.

Jim (Hazen Nutter), the office boy, ushered in the employment-seekers. Margy Sullivan (Margaret Sullivan), with characteristic slang phrases all her own; Lottie Hill (Ella Stanley), with depleted health and even more depleted English; Bridget Hamm (Josephine Cleary), "one of the fairest of 'em all," whose "Jim would stand up for her"; Dot Mincher (Dorothy Mincher), "from the great white way," who vowed she had "the awfulest, sweetest ways"; Bella Allen (Marion Spurling),

straight from the country, whose grammar vouches her worth without her own declaration "that she run everybody's business to home," and Betty Bright (Elizabeth Clough), a smart little girl from the Bowery, whose vocabulary consisted of slang and whose tongue was well sharpened by use; all made their application and failed. Mrs. Green was despairing of ever finding a girl to fill the requirements, when Miss Mary Frasher (Pearl Graffam), was admitted, and whose politeness and perfect English pleased Mrs. Green and won for her the much sought position. The play ended with a soliloquy by Mrs. Green, wherein she stated that it was almost incredulous that only ONE out of SEVEN could speak good enough English so that a respectable business man would even consider her; and that she saw a great need of the much talked of "Better English Week." The play was pronounced a success by the visitors, members of Division A Junior.

School was closed Feb. 22, in observance of Washington's Birthday, and many took advantage of the beautiful spring day to go snowshoeing and coasting.

The Junior rings arrived in February and the Juniors proudly displayed them to the other classes. The rings are larger than those of last year. The design consists of the Maine Seal surrounded by the words, "Bangor High School," in gold on a black background. On one side is the numeral, "19," and on the other "22." They are en-

tirely different from any of the previous class rings and are satisfactory to most of the Juniors.

The school was closed on Thursday, February 3rd, out of respect for Governor Frederic H. Parkhurst of this city, whose funeral was held on that date.

In a meeting held Tuesday morning, February 15, the girls of the Senior class voted to wear simply made dresses to graduation, the material to be left to the wearer's choice; they also voted to regard the class banquet as an indoor picnic and to wear to it simple afternoon dresses of cotton or some summer material, dresses not new for the occasion, if possible. This is in accordance with the usual custom of graduating classes.

There has been a great deal of interest shown this year over the trials for the finals to be held in the City Hall this spring at the Junior Exhibition. The forty contestants picked for the semi-finals showed fine speaking ability, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the judges were able to thin out the numbers to the following ten, who are to take part in the finals:

Leroy Campbell,	Frances O'Brien,
Franklin Gordon,	Dorothea Rideout,
Herbert Glass,	Doris Moore,
Robert Coyne,	Elaine Utterback,
Paul Atwood,	Kathleen Hand.

The judges for the semi-finals were Miss Mary Robinson of the faculty, Miss Lora Blanding, and Mr. John Magee.

THE SNOW.

Deep in the heart of the forest,
A blanket of fleecy snow
Bends down the trees and their branches,
And covers the ground below.

Upon this fair, white blanket,
No dust or smoke or soil
Decends to mar its beauty,
Or the fleecy white to spoil.

Only the rabbits and squirrels,
And other forest folk,
Leave their dainty footprints
'Neath evergreen and oak.

Snow in the busy city
Is only a bother and care,
But snow in the heart of the forest
Is welcome everywhere.

—Lois Holt.



"Along the Pebbled Shore of Memory."

Miss Mary Hexter, ex '21, has recovered from a broken ankle which she sustained on January 1, and returned to New York on Tuesday March 1, to resume her studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hannah are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Jane, born Thursday, March 3. Mrs. Hannah was formerly Miss Marjorie Westcott of this city, and is a former High School student.

The name of Parry Boyd, '18, appears upon the personnel of the Maine Band, which is making its annual tour through Maine. Mr. Boyd is also accompanist for the Glee Club and has always been very prominent in musical circles at the University of Maine.

Many Bangor people will be interested to learn that George Holmes, a former Bangor High School student, who has won fame for himself as an actor is now on his way to Moscow, Russia, to take part in the production of a picture. A few years ago Mr. Holmes came to Maine with a large party of Metro stars and a number of scenes for a photo-play were taken in this locality.

News has been received in Bangor of the marriage in Kansas City of Lieut. Harold

Louis Milan and Miss Rose Lucille of Louisiana. Lieut. Milan is a Bangor High School graduate, class of 1913, and was appointed to West Point while a student at Bowdoin College. After graduating from West Point in 1917, Lieut. Milan was stationed on the Mexican border in Texas and Arizona and has recently been on special duty in California and Arizona.

The many friends in Bangor of Alexander W. Dole will be interested to learn that he is doing excellent work on the Harvard Freshman gym team, the feature of whose activity will be an intercollegiate meet with Yale and Princeton.

A recent wedding of interest is that of Louis A. Haskell of Waterville, and Miss Cathleen E. Silk of Bangor, which recently took place at the home of the bride's parents. Mrs. Haskell is a former member of the class of 1922.

Mrs. Joseph K. Folsom, '15, formerly Miss Jessie Newcomb, has just established a new American model playground in Czechoslovakia under the auspices of the American Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. Last year Mrs. Folsom was married and the couple went abroad to engage in reconstruction work in Czechoslovakia, the new republic, where Dr. Folsom is educational director of the Y. M. C. A. Mrs. Folsom

has taken an active part in social welfare work in America and in Europe.

The many friends of John Eames, '15, who has been at the Paine Hospital for about two weeks, due to a sudden and severe attack of appendicitis, will be glad to learn that he is now at his home recuperating.

The Misses Margaret and Pauline Woodward, who are seniors at Wellesley, have returned home to spend a few days with their mother on Broadway. their parents on Broadway.

Miss Adelaide Wall, '20, has returned from the Worcester School of Domestic Arts to spend her Easter vacation with her parents.

Miss Stella Eames, ex '09, is employed as stenographer at the Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Co., Washington, D. C. Miss Eames was invited to sing at the Maine Club,—which was organized in interest of Maine people in Washington,—March 4th.

An interesting vacation trip has been taken by Miss Louisa Helson, '13, who has traveled through California and Northern Mexico, visiting the homes of many of our moving-picture stars. Miss Helson is employed as private secretary in the Bureau of Mines at University of Utah, Salt Lake City.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Libby are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

Mrs. Libby was formerly Miss Ruth Haskell, '13. Mr. Libby is an attorney at law in Portland.

Dr. Mayme Stackpole Kennison of '05, is practicing Osteopathy in Providence, R. I.

Mr. Harry Helson of '15, graduates this spring from Bowdoin, and then expects to enter Oxford.

Mr. Guy Farnham of '15, is residing with wife and son in Portland. He is employed as secretary to the Plant Chief of the Western Union Branch, there.

Many Bangor people are feeling deeply the loss to the city of one of its most eminent men, since the passing of Mr. Willis L. Thurston. Mr. Thurston, president of the Thurston & Kingsbury Co., died at the age of 70 years, at the close of a charitable and influential, yet quiet and simple life. During his school days, Mr. Thurston was obliged to leave B. H. S. and take a sea voyage, on account of ill health. Upon his return to Bangor he entered upon his successful business career, and has for the past thirty years been connected with the late Mr. R. A. Kingsbury. Mr. Thurston's health had been impaired for some time, but during the past few months his decline had been more rapid and serious. He was an honored citizen of quiet, Christian character. To his many friends he was, "the soul's calm sunshine and heartfelt joy."



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

A debate upon the question, Resolved, That Employers Should Admit Employes to a Share of the Management and Profits in All Large Business, was held by the Senior college English class in Room 208, February 15. Clyde Swett and Estelle Baumann were to be leaders of the two sides, but illness claimed them both at precisely the time when they would have arranged their arguments and organized their teams. In spite of this bad luck the debate came off, though no one except Alfrieda Clark and Elizabeth Pendleton would admit having made any preparation. Grace Bowden and Edward Curran, practical debaters, rallied to the defense of their respective sides, and all but a few students, when called upon by name, managed to say something. Grace remembered an argument about a screw, that came in handy, and Edward worked in some preparedness stuff, which, with Alfrieda's facts and Elizabeth's cogitations kept things going. Julian Humphrey showed himself quite a debater when it came to giving arguments as to why he shouldn't argue the question, but on being pressed, managed to think of a few points about employers and employes, also. Vera Brooks made an acceptable chairman and Miss Utecht, as judge, rendered the decision to the Negative.

Senate and Girls' Debating Society.

The match debate on the Bates league question was held in the Lecture room, February 16. The girls had the affirmative and the boys the negative. Grace Bowden, Bessie Cooper, Blanche Bowden and

Miriam Bunker argued for the Orientals with skill and spirit. Edward Curran, Arthur Dennis and Leslie Bowler stood for more or less exclusion, and mustered weighty arguments. But the fireworks began with the rebuttal. Both sides entered into it with zeal and vigor; Arthur Dennis, just for luck, denied everything in sight and his picture of the unclad Russians, enduring the rigors of a northern winter in a costume suited to the tropical islands of the South seas, drew tears of appreciation from a convulsed audience. The quick wit and keen insight of the girls pretty nearly won them the battle, but the boys deserved a victory after their disappointment of last year and no one grudged them the decision. Their star debater executed an impromptu war dance when he heard that they actually got the judgment which shows what must have been their state of uncertainty as to the outcome. Mr. John Magee, Miss Anna MacSkimmon and Miss Lora Blanding acted as judges and announced that Bessie Cooper was adjudged to have been the best debater among the girls and Edward Curran among the boys.

Debates with Maine Central Institute and Newport High school cancelled.

On March 11th, Bangor High school was to have debated these schools, the former in Bangor and the latter in Newport. These debates have been cancelled because the schools involved could not agree on the number of speakers to be used on the different teams. On this point the regulations

of the Bates League are subject to two interpretations. Thus Bangor and Newport, as well as Maine Central Institute find themselves involved in a misunderstanding which is not the fault of any one of the schools concerned.

The Bates League regulations, as given in their annual pamphlet, called originally for a two man team. At a conference held in Lewiston, Nov. 13, 1920, which the faculty adviser attended, formal protest was made by the larger schools against the two man team. Prof. Marriner of Hebron and Mr. Miller for Bangor High school, spoke against the plan. We were promised at the time that some adjustment would be made by which the larger schools could retain three speakers. As to what adjustment was finally made, the league failed to inform us.

On the basis of what was said at this conference we went ahead training three speakers. When the time came for our debates with the other two schools in the triangle, we found that they had trained two speakers for their respective teams. To be sure this information was secured somewhat late. The rule works both ways, however. Why didn't these schools get in touch with us? SO sure were we that we were well within our rights of

training three speakers according to the terms of the November conference, that it never occurred to us to open negotiations as to the number of speakers to be used.

Bangor High school was never so well prepared to debate as her teams are this year. In fact, we very much regret this unfortunate situation. Having trained three speakers under one interpretation of the league regulations, at the last moment we could not, with justice, ask one member of the team to sacrifice four months of the hardest kind of outside work. For one week the faculty advisers worked to bring about some kind of compromise agreement by which the debates might still be held. Bangor High school was willing to compromise on anything—hour of holding the debate and time allotment so that the other schools might have extra time to allow for the lack of a third speaker—with the exception of giving up a speaker. Both Newport and Maine Central Institute were unwilling to debate unless Bangor gave up a speaker. This we could not do with dignity and justice. Thus the members of this immediate triangle find themselves locked in the horns of a more formidable dilemma than was ever brought forth on a debating platform. The result is cancellation of the debate through the fault of no particular school.





"For Alma Mater."

BASKETBALL.

After the basketball team returned from its Massachusetts trip, its first game was with Lee Academy. The Academy team was supposed to be quite a fast aggregation but proved to be a bitter disappointment. From the first, it was apparent that Lee was no match for Bangor and the High School team piled up score after score until finally at the end of the game, Bangor was on the large end of an 80 to 9 score. This game was played in Bangor City Hall on January 28th.

The next Friday, the Bangor team went to Old Town and defeated the team of Old Town High on its own floor. The score was 25 to 22, and the game was hard fought and interesting throughout.

On February 11th, Bangor met the fast Kent's Hill Seminary team on the City Hall floor and was defeated by a score of 34 to 18. It was Bangor's first defeat, and we hope it will be the only one. The Kent's Hill team was made up of players much older and more experienced than the High School players, and had in the lineup, Price, who, with the possible exception of Perkins of Morse High, is the fastest man the High School team has yet come in contact with. Bangor was completely outclassed from the first, but it should be borne in mind that Fairbrother, one of the fastest forwards in the state, and Bob Collins, who

was injured on the Massachusetts trip, were not in the game. If they had been, the result would probably have been quite different.

Northeast Harbor High came to Bangor on February 18th, and was defeated by a score of 39 to 28. The form shown by the Bangor team, while not up to its standard, was far better than that shown in the Kent's Hill game, and the team was considerably strengthened by the reappearance of Fairbrother. Flack of the University of Maine, refereed this contest and enforced strict amateur rules, much to the satisfaction of all present.

On the eve of Washington's Birthday, Bangor met the Waterville High team in City Hall. Waterville had put up good games with the leading teams in the western part of the state and a lively contest was looked for. Bangor outclassed their opponents, however, and won easily, 62 to 13.

Morse High of Bath, which is this year one of the strongest teams in the state, played Bangor in Bangor City Hall, on February 25th. Bangor won this game by a score of 29 to 23, but not until Morse had demonstrated that its team knew the game from start to finish. Bangor excelled in team work and passing, while the visitors resorted to individual play. Perkins, the rangy center of the Bath team, is truly a wonderful player, but he alone was not

enough to win from the fast playing Bangor team. Both teams played in a clean and sportsmanlike manner, and the game was considered by all to be one of the best scholastic games ever seen here.

The summaries of the games follow:

B. H. S., 80 Lee Academy, 9
 Jordan, lf, 14 (1).....Lowell, rb, (3)
 Fairbrother, rf, 7 (3).....Thurlow, lb
 Seavey, rf
 Tapley, rf
 Colburn, rf, 1
 McClay, c, 1.....Whitten, c, 1
 Schiro, c, 1
 Cohen, lb, 1.....Steavens, rf
 Sullivan, lb
 Short, rb, 9.....Thompson, lf, 2
 Flannigan, rb, 4
 Kamenkovitz, rb
 Referee, Johnston.

B. H. S., 25	Old Town High, 22
Fairbrother, lf, 2	Hooper, rb
Flannigan, lf	
Jordan, rf, 4 (3)	Goldberg, lb
McClay, c, 2	Avery, c, 2
	I. Goldsmith, c, 1
Short, lb, 3	L. Goldsmith, rf, 1
Cohen, rb	Fraser, lf, 5 (2)
Referee, Mishou.	

B. H. S., 18	Kent's Hill, 34
Jordan, lf, (6)	Fuller, rb
	Kitching, rb
Flannigan, rf, 1	Whitfield, lb

McClay, c, 2.....	Price, c, 7 (6)
Sullivan, c	
Short, rb, 3.....	Kenney, lf, 2
Cohen, lb.....	Iveny, rf, 5
Referee, Johnston.	

B. H. S., 39 Northeast Harbor High, 28

Jordan, lf, 6 (2).....Brown, rb, 1
Fairbrother, rf, 4 (7).....Haskell, lb
McClay, c, 1.....Branscom, c, 1
Short, rb, and c, 4.....Stanley, lf, 7 (2)
Flannigan, rb
Cohen, lb.....Randall, rf, 3 (2)
Referee, Flack.

B. H. S., 62	Waterville High, 13
Jordan, lf, 10.....	Armstrong, rb Pooler rb
Fairbrother, rf, 6 (6).....	McDonald, lb, 1
E. McClay, c, 3.....	Wentworth, c
S. McClay, c, 1	
Short, rb, 6.....	Sterling, lf, 1 (3)
Flannigan, rb, 2	
Cohen, lb.....	Larrabee, rf , 1 (4)
Sullivan, lb	
Referee, Flack.	

B. H. S., 29	Morse High, 23
Jordan, lf, 4 (1).....	McFarland, rb
	Clement, rb
Fairbrother, rf, 3 (8).....	Stover, lb, 1
McClay, c.....	Perkins, c, 5 (9)
Cohen, lb.....	Footer, rf
	Povitch, rf, 1
Short, rb, 3.....	Sprague, lf
Referee, Flack.	



"So Ends the Bloody Business of the Day."

On Thursday, February 3, two companies of the R. O. T. C., turned out to parade in honor of the late Gov. Frederic H. Parkhurst. These two companies marched to Union Station, awaited the arrival of the special train bearing the governor's body, and then returned to the High school to be dismissed.

The men deserve praise for the fine appearance and the creditable manner in which they conducted themselves. Many people remarked about the improvement shown over the last appearance in the Armistice Day parade.

About 35 boys, including many members of the R. O. T. C., volunteered to assist in the transportation of the flowers from the special train to Mt. Hope cemetery. The valuable services of these boys were greatly appreciated by those in charge of handling the flowers.

The club has heard that the University of Maine Rifle Club intends to challenge the B. H. S. team to shoot a match or series of matches sometime in the near future. Be careful Maine!

The First, Second, and Third Corps Areas' R. O. T. C. Summer Camps, will be combined this summer and will be held at Plattsburg Barracks, New York. This will necessitate a much longer journey and will make a very pleasant trip for all those who decide to attend this camp.

At an officers' meeting held recently, sponsors were appointed for the different organizations of the battalion. Those chosen were:

Ruth Crowell.....	Battalion
Alice Grant.....	Staff
Pauline Fairbanks.....	A Co.
Elizabeth Robbins.....	B Co.
Ruth Black.....	C Co.
Helen Crowell.....	D Co.

Sergeant John F. Barrett, recently on recruiting service at Portland, Me., has been released from duty there and ordered to proceed to Bangor High School to report for duty at once. He will undoubtedly arrive here early in March, Sergt. Barrett will be very welcome here as the services of another man have been urgently needed for some time.

The backstop recently designed by Lieut. Col. Cole, has met with approval everywhere from the different schools and officials. It is very convenient in that it may be used anywhere where there is the necessary distance from the shooter to the target, 50 or 75 feet. Another good feature of it is that it is light, which makes it easily portable.

The resignation of Lieut. Barton Hubbard of B Co., and of Lieut. R. R. Pease, Supply Officer, have been recently handed in.



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

Much discussion has been noticed in various exchanges concerning the advantages and disadvantages of the weekly newspaper and monthly magazine for school publication. Admittedly, there are many strong arguments to be brought out on both sides.

After careful consideration, however, the advantages of the magazine seem to outweigh those of the newspaper, for the magazine is apt to be more attractive and of a higher literary standard. Thus, it is something of which a school may reasonably be proud, and, if kept, forms in after years a pleasant reminder of bygone school days.

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

"The Red and White," from Rochester, New Hampshire, is fine in nearly every respect. The contents are well written but aren't the exchanges worth a double column head?

"Lawrence Bulletin" has some interesting short stories. This magazine could be improved by adding more stories and an exchange department. Otherwise, it is very good.

True?

She—"Do you think it's unlucky to postpone a wedding?"

He—"Not if you keep on doing it."—Ex.

"The Lion" is excellent this year, the athletics being especially so. A few more comments on exchanges would be a marked improvement. All the other sections are very interesting.

She—"I'm sorry I ever was so foolish as to marry you."

He—"You ought to be, because you cheated some good girl out of a good husband."—Ex.

"Coburn Clarion" might be bettered in a few ways. The editorials should be quite a bit longer, and an exchange department would not be amiss. The stories and jokes are interesting while the one editorial on Cooperation is very good.

A lady rushed to the dock and asked: "What time does the boat get in? What time does it go out? How deep is the water? How much are bananas?"

The porter obligingly answered:

"In at eight,

Out at nine,

Over your head,

Three for a dime."—Ex.

"The Schurzzone," a new arrival, is very good, indeed. The literary and athletic departments are excellent. The poems and jokes are also fine, and the cuts improve the magazine's appearance. But couldn't more space be devoted to exchanges?

"Quill" is a fine, complete little magazine, but more editorials would improve it. Another improvement might be obtained by placing the jokes together instead of scattering them throughout the magazine. Otherwise, it is excellent.

Cross Wife—"John, I'll never take you to another dinner party."

John—"Why?"

Wifey—"You asked Mrs. Bones how her husband was standing the heat, and he's been dead for two months."—Ex.

"Tripod" of the Roxbury Latin School, could be improved with the addition of a joke section. The Literary department is interesting and complete, while the remainder of this magazine is well edited.

Dick—"Did you tell her when you proposed that you were unworthy of her? That always makes a hit."

Dave—"I was going to do that, but she told me first."—Ex.

"The Laurel" abounds in interesting stories and articles. A little more specific information about graduates would make the Alumni department more interesting to the reader. With that improvement, the "Laurel" would be very complete. However, it is excellent, as it is.

A nervous student was instructed to write examples of the indicative, subjunctive, potential, and exclamatory moods. His efforts resulted as follows:

"I am endeavoring to pass an English examination. If I answer twenty questions, I shall pass. If I answer twelve, I may pass. God help me!"—Ex.

"The Torch" is an admirable paper. The heading for the joke department is very appropriate, but a few more jokes are needed.

"Crescent," from Boston, Mass., has some interesting letters from alumni of the school. Some friendly comments and criticisms are really needed in the exchanges. The remainder of the "Crescent" is very good, indeed.

An Excuse.

Dear Mr. Principal: Will you please excuse my Johnnie for his absence yesterday. I had to wash his only pair of green socks. This won't happen again this year.—Ex.

"Old Hughes," better than ever, arrived the other day, after a long absence. The whole magazine is exceptionally well composed, and has an attractive cover. The sentiment of "Remarks of a Rambler," is fitting, while the literary department is excellent.

Eastport's "Passamaquoddy Oracle," a new magazine, came out recently. This first number deserves much praise, as the editorials, poems, and stories are excellent. With the addition of the contemplated exchange department, this publication will be most attractive. We wish it success in every way.

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

—Ex.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

"Oracle," Bangor, Maine: Your literary department is excellent. A few more jokes would be an improvement.—"Laurel."

"Oracle," Bangor, Maine: Your magazine leaves nothing to be desired in the great number of good stories, funny jokes, and clever illustrations. We look forward to your next.—"Red and White."



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

A Comedy of Errors.

Scene: Assembly Hall, sixth period, singing. The Dean sees two young men standing in the rear of the room.

The Dean, to the young men: "Go up front and sit down."

No result.

The Dean, more forcibly, to young men: "Go up front and sit down."

No result.

The Dean crosses the hall and speaks directly to the young men: "Go up front and sit down."

Mr. D. and Mr. G. (our two newest teachers): "Did you want us to go up front?"

Exit the Dean in embarrassment.

Curtain

Imagine:

L. Sawyer, '21—Without her powder puff.

C. Crosby, '21—Acting the old maid part.

F. Mitchell, '21—Dropping either hygiene or Eugene.

W. McIsaac, '22—Without her smile. (For whom?)

F. Casey, '21—Without a "Kane" on his arm!

F. Cunningham, '21—Getting by in Latin.

Miss R—(in English): "Mr. Burns, when was the Aeneid written?"

R. Burns, '21 (very brilliantly): "In the nineteenth century!"

Pet Sayings.

R. Morrison, '21—"Look into my vampy eyes, girls, and I'll break your hearts!"

M. Bowles, '21—"I don't know why I hate the girls unless it's 'cause I love 'em so!"

H. Atherton, '21—"Look me over kid, I'm a French teacher."

W. Ulmer, '21—"Aw, don't be a wise guy!"

F. Hillman, '23—"Oh, Billie-e-e."

A. Crowell, '21 (in Chemistry exam.): "Mr. Whipple, have you any ink?"

Mr. Whipple: "What's that? Ether? Do you want ether?"

Arnott sure likes Ivy 'cause

You know she's very sweet,

But they look just like Mutt and Jeff

As they walk down the street!

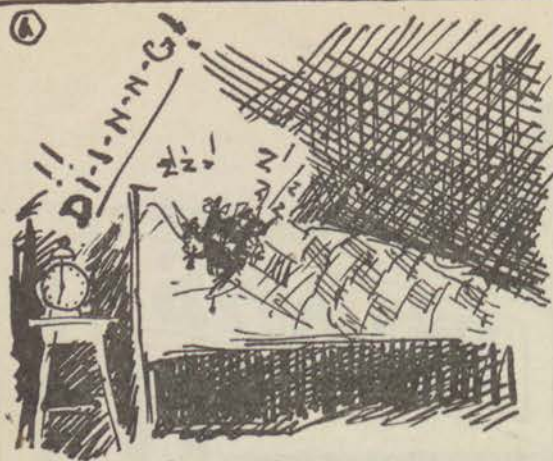
It is rumored that a certain student in the class of '21 voted for himself in an election. This is what Brutus would have called ambition.

At the Dance.

L. H., '22 (after he had stepped on her toe three times).—"Oh, Clyde, you remind me so much of a woman I saw at the Bijou yesterday."

Clyde—"How's that?"

L. H.—"Why you're such a good toe dancer!"



"OH- ITS NICE TO GET UP
IN THE MORNING —"
(YOU KNOW THE REST)



LATE-!



RECITATIONS (?)

YES, I THINK
SO, MISS-

COME-
BACK



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P.M. —
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Senior Spasm.

I was thinking, thinking, thinking
 One Monday in the morning,
 When I was startled from my thinking
 By a flash without a warning.

Again there came that dazzling flash,
 For a second it did linger.
 It's source was from a piece of glass
 On Dora Cohen's finger!

She was flashing little signals
 To whom, I could not find,
 But I hope she'll discontinue them
 Before we all go blind!

—D. P. J., 21.

It is rumored that M. Mc. '22, is fond of
 Pool(er).

Wanted to know:

Why F. McInnis, '23, goes over to Brewer
 every Friday night.

What attraction there is for E. Patten,
 '22, in a certain church every Sunday night.

Why E. McEwen has such a desire to go
 to the basketball games in City Hall.

Which of the two sisters R. Mayo, '24,
 will pick for his "steady."

When R. Worster, '24, will learn how to
 dance.

Why H. O'Connell, '24, never gets lost.

Why T. Maher, '21, doesn't get ac-
 quainted with the girl who sits behind
 him.

In 201.

Miss H—(to boy who came in late):
 "Why are you late?"

B—'21: "Oh, they made a mistake at
 the office and rang the bell too soon!"

An ardent admirer says that the favorite
 sport of E. Curran, '21, is fighting with
 freshmen. Say, Ed, why don't you start a
 juvenile boxing class?

Miss C—(in History): "What is the
 saddest part of General Grant's life?"

I. Nickerson, '21: "His death!"

First Flea—"Been on a vacation?"

Second Flea—"No, been on a tramp!"

—Ex.

Sergeant (instructing)—"Who com-
 manded a battalion?" (Private is silent.
 Behind him some one whispering).

Sergeant (snappily)—"What blockhead
 is whispering to you?"

Private—"The major."

R. O. T. C. Specials.

Sergeant B—(to Freshman)—"You fel-
 low! You're not paying attention!
 What's your head for?"

Freshman (in meek tone)—"So that my
 necktie can't slip off!"

Q.—"How should a soldier act before the
 enemy?"

Ans.—"That depends entirely upon how
 the enemy acts."

Teacher to B. H., '21—"Why don't you
 sit down, Mr. H—?"

H—'21—"Er—I belong to the standing
 army."

The Success Family.

The Father of Success is—Work.

The Mother of Success—Ambition.

The oldest son is—Common Sense.

Some of the other boys are—Perse-
 verance, Honesty, Thoroughness, Fore-
 sight, Enthusiasm, Cooperation.

The oldest daughter is—Character.

Some of the sisters are—Cheerfulness,
 Loyalty, Courtesy, Care, Economy and
 Sincerity.

The baby is—Opportunity.

Get acquainted with the "old man" and
 you will be able to get along pretty well
 with the rest of the family.—Ex.

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

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

All the Latest Styles in Footwear

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PHOTOGRAPHS

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ENLARGEMENTS

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Teacher—"Now, my boy, what is the saddest effect of liquor that you ever saw?"

Boy—"Well, the saddest sight I ever saw was a drunk trying to untie the knots in a board fence!"—Ex.

Extracts from R. O. T. C. Intelligence Tests:

Q.—"Why must a soldier never lose his head?"

Ans.—"Because he could never put his helmet on again."

Q.—"If a standing army is a great misfortune as enemies of our military system say, what is a still greater misfortune?"

Ans.—"A running army."

St-v-ns-n, '22 (in oral English)—"I am going to liken my speech to the modern skirt; long enough to cover the subject but short enough to be interesting."

Teacher (in Physics)—"Name three articles containing starch."

Student—"Two cuffs and a collar."—Ex.

Husband—"Well, dear, I've made up my mind to stay in tonight."

Wife—"Well, love, I've made up my face to go out."—Ex.

Logic is Logic.

Teacher—"Johnny, what is a conjunction? Compose a sentence containing one."

Johnny (after reflection)—"A conjunction is a word containing anything such as 'The horse is hitched to the fence by his halter.' 'Halter' is a conjunction because it connects the horse and the fence."

Miss H-m-phrey (in French)—"Miss Black, what is the expression which means 'on the left'?"

D. Black, '22—"Oh, Gosh! er-er, I mean 'a gauche'!"

P. H-w-d—'22: "They say gold grows more valuable with age. I'll say our rings ought to be worth something when they get here."

How Junior Exhibition Affects Them.

"I feel bully!!!!"—K. Hand, '22.

"I'se wight here, 'cause cones is six cents!"—D. Black, '22.

"Forbid it, my classmates! Forbid it, judges!"—H. Glass, '22.

"What is the difference between **Sense** and **Nonsense**?"—J. White, '22.

"A-a-a-a men!"—L. Campbell, '22.

The Touch System.

(By a Commercial).

"Innother days not lon gago,
I Ussed a systemknown as 'huntt and pick,'
oNe woludd not sa yit wast oo slow
Nor would on e cal lit quick.
But now by tuch i find the keyes,
I don ot watch them as I spel,
My sppeed set sall mydoubts a tease,
But, lord, the product look slike—well,
Typists allif you would learn
A sestym that cando sommuch
To keep yuo from the hunttand pick, just
earn
Your liveng by the sence of touch."—Ex.

Their Ten Carat(s).

Since the rings have come the girls have used their puffs rather more fluently than usual, and the boys um oh, baby!

How Many Beets In a Measure?

Mr. Sprague (Senior Singing)—"Class, I want you to understand that there are three beats in 'love'!"

A Recipe for Happiness

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

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We are Headquarters for

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

FREY'S CAFE

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Walter S. Lancaster**

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Kitchen**

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Soda

Ice Cream

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Snowshoes, Toboggans, Bicycles

Tricycles and Bicycle

Supplies

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which means

Hart Schaffner and Marx

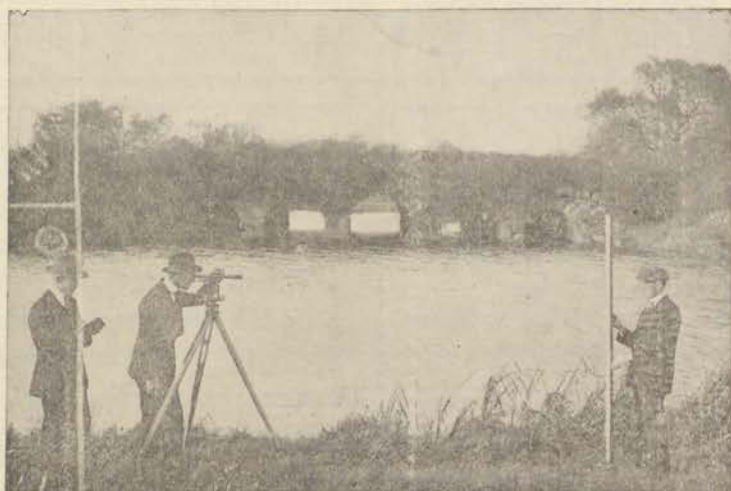
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3. Bachelor of Electrical Engineering
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For a catalog or any further information in regard to the school, address

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