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EDITORIALS

"Many go out for wool, and come home shorn themselves"

Now, at last, during the fourth year of the great World War, the greatest of all the combatants, in potential **America** strength, has met the enemy face **at the** to face. Just three and a half **Front** years after the Kaiser brought the era of war-honor upon the world, a new phase of the war begins. On February 1, the American troops were definitely in the trenches and under enemy gun-fire. Few will care to predict the duration of the struggle after the alternating hopes and disappointments of the last three and a half years.

At the first outbreak of hostilities one would have been called a madman had he predicted that the war would endure for three years, that it would assume such colossal dimensions, and that it would affect every country on the globe, belligerent, or neutral. Today it does seem almost unbelievable and impossible to imagine the things that have come to pass in the last

three years. It seems impossible to imagine how human endurance has held out so long under the terrific strain. And still, in spite of it all the United States has just actually entered the war and has given autocracy her first taste of American powder.

The war has spread over the entire earth. It heeds neither space nor time. Events of the first few months of the strife seem lost in a distant past. A big battle now lasts from three to six months and then the encounter ends very often without a clear decision. The U-boat warfare is still dragging on and these craft have neither won decisively nor been decisively beaten. It is now nearly a year since the overthrow of the Romanoffs in Russia.

America has certainly reinforced her Allies in times of adversity. She entered into the actual fighting zone at a great crisis of the war, with Russia gone from the battle-front.

The world is now pondering upon the subject of how soon or how effectively America will begin to count in the war on European soil. The region now occupied by the United States troops is said to have been a "quiet sector" almost since the second month of the war. Perhaps weighty military reason demanded such placement. At any rate our boys seem to be starting things in this sector, according to official reports.

We must all remember now, that our nation is in the battleline and she is there to stay until the last gun is fired. Germany has yet to feel the spurs in Uncle Sam's boots.

The Great War is teaching the people of the United States how to save. There is in this country only a certain supply **Saving** of coal, iron, food, clothing, and the like. The normal demand consumes nearly all of that supply. The gigantic extra demand made by the war cannot be met together with our regular demand unless we are economical and saving in our daily life. The war demand cannot be cut down because those things which pertain to winning the war must be furnished in abundance. Therefore, the duty of saving falls upon the great American public.

The last Congress appropriated \$21,000,000,000 for the total of war expenditures. Frank A. Vanderlip, chairman of the National War Savings committee, states that the total expenditures of this government from the year 1791 to January 1, 1917, covering a period of 126 years, including the cost of our past wars and every other

government expense, was a little over 26 billions of dollars—only 5 billions more than the sum appropriated by Congress at the last session.

A great part of these 21 billions must come from the people of the United States. We must reduce our demands for goods and materials to an extent which will permit the employment of labor and materials, not absolutely needed otherwise, for war purposes. We must dig down into our pockets and produce the dollar.

The Liberty Loans have met with inspiring success among the American people. The War Savings Plan of the United States offers a splendid opportunity for every true American to lend a hand in winning the war. The small savers, those who cannot afford to purchase a Liberty Bond are the ones who can come forward and do their part by purchasing War Savings and Thrift Stamps.

The lesson of thrift is being taught to America. President Wilson says that if this country can learn the lesson of economy, it will be worth the tremendous cost of the war in money and resources. Without question it is now a public duty and an act of patriotism for every individual to be careful and provident in his expenditure.

According to facts based on field investigations in Brooklyn, N. Y., and Springfield, Mass., in 1908 and 1909, every day **Nine Dollars Daily** spent in school pays the student nine dollars. That means nine dollars lost for every day he is absent without making up his work for that particular period.

The proof of this statement is very simple indeed. The uneducated laborer earns, on an average, about \$500 a year. Forty years in the pursuit of his work totals \$20,000.

The average High school graduate earns about \$1,000 per year. Forty years brings the sum of his earnings up to \$40,000. His education requires approximately 12 years of school of 180 days each, or 2,160 days of school life.

Thus, if these 2,160 days in school add \$20,000 to one's income, it follows as a matter of course, that each day in school adds \$9.25. The person who stays out of school to earn less than \$9.00 a day is losing money.

Students should recognize the value of education and once graduated from the High School they should strive to attend a higher institution of learning.

The United States is the foremost nation of the world in the promotion of education. Our educational system is the finest of its kind in existence. The government gives the best, for it knows that only by giving the best can first-class results ensue.

Portland High School has just observed, Speak Good English Week. The hearty cooperation of both teachers and **Good English** pupils made this movement a tremendous success.

King Slang was ousted by the superior force of good English. The latter was ushered into action by the following announcement:

Be it known that
I, good English,
Have come, this fourth day of March,
Nineteen eighteen,
To take up my permanent
Residence with the
Students of P. H. S.

In every branch of study in the school, related topics and subjects were so arranged as to heighten interest in following out the plan. For instance—posters, made by the art pupils and displayed throughout the various class rooms bore such good advice as: Watch Your English; Good English Should Be in Every Home; Correct English is the Foundation of Public Speech, etc.

A debate was also held during the week upon the question: Resolved: That a person who habitually uses incorrect speech should be refused a high school diploma.

If such resolution was in effect in Bangor High school now, how many of us would be confident of receiving our diplomas? Most of us have unconsciously acquired the habit of using slang; some of us to such an extent that it is almost impossible to express ourselves without employing some slang phrase.

The mastery of the mother-tongue should be the fixed purpose of every American. We should earnestly endeavor to speak English correctly and thus show our appreciation of our own beautiful and flexible language.



"A man will turn over half a library to make one book"

A CHANGE OF OPINION

By Dorothy Freese, '20.



It was a cold, blustering night and the many lights of the St. James' clubhouse showed only dimly through the frosty window panes. Inside, there was a crackling fire in every room and groups of men sat smoking, or reading before its warmth. Suddenly, the front door was flung violently open and a man, his coat collar turned up about his face and his hat pulled down over his eyes, entered. Everyone looked up, annoyed at the draught caused by the open door, but their expressions changed into smiles when they recognized Jimmy Bell, who was universally known among them as "The fellow who didn't know how to work."

For a man who had sufficient money to keep him from manual labor, Jimmy was looking worried. He threw himself into an easy chair and drew forth a cigar, which he chewed savagely, but forgot to light.

"What's the matter, Jimmy, old scout?" asked Roger Wall, one of his closest friends.

"Keep still, can't you?" said that young man crossly.

Wall returned to his newspaper, surprised at the reply of his friend who was usually the most amiable of human beings.

For about ten minutes Jimmy sat in deep thought. Then he slowly got up from the big chair and went into the next room.

"Ah! Here you are, Von Hobart," he said, to a middle-aged man playing solitaire in a remote corner. "I've a message for you."

Von Hobart narrowed his eyes to mere slits.

"Well," he said.

"Yesterday," went on Jimmy, coolly ignoring the unfriendly gaze, "I saw a fellow run over by a truck and helped take him to a hospital. When he came to himself he asked me to take this letter to Herman Von Hobart. I thought of you at once. Your name is Herman, is it not?"

"Yes," replied the other. "Let me see the letter."

Jimmy passed it over and walked back to his easy chair. Twenty minutes later Von Hobart approached him and said pleasantly:

"It was kind of you, Jimmy, to bring this letter to me and I'm going to ask another favor of you. I leave town early tomorrow for a few days and I would be much obliged if you would take an answer for me to my friend.

"I'll be glad to," answered Jimmy, and trying not to look pleased, he took Von Hobart's letter.

Von Hobart went back to his solitaire and the minute he was out of sight Jimmy left the building and was seen no more that evening.

The next morning the headlines of the newspapers said that two German spies had been captured by James Bell of the St. James' Club.

Roger Wall called on Jimmy for an explanation.

"You see, Roger," said Jimmy, "I've never been quite so useless as you fellows made out. A secret service man doesn't go around telling everyone his profession. So when we captured Von Hobart's accom-

plise we made him write a letter to Von Hobart advising him to give me the plans, saying that I would bring them to him, suspecting nothing. Of course the story about the accident was all a fake. Von Hobart believed it so he gave me the plans pretending the document was a letter for his friend. But when he attempted to leave the city, the police got him, so we have them both now.

"Good for you," laughed Wall. "Oh, by the way, come down to the Club tonight. We're having a little supper."

Jimmy appeared promptly that evening and before the company sat down each man raised his glass and drank the health of United States Secret Serviceman Jimmy Bell.

"Thanks, fellows," said Jimmy chokingly. "I have won to be sure, but somehow my victory gives me little pleasure, for Von Hobart was doing for his country what I am doing for mine."

And from that moment men changed their opinions and from Jimmy, the loafer and good-fellow, sprung Jimmy, the man, respected both by his friends and by his enemies.

YE OLDEN DAYS

By Antoinette W. Gould, '18.

Curtain.

Mr. Hiram Richmond, about sixty years of age. He has the appearance of one whose chief aim in life is to be comfortable. He is short and stout.

Mrs. Barbarah Richmond, his wife. A very beautiful lady of about fifty years. Rather short and slight.

Constable Artemus Dudley. He is about sixty-five years old and is dressed in the style of the middle seventeenth century. He is rather fierce looking with his great height, broad shoulders and shining black beard.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Time—The present.

Scene—Living room of the Richmonds New York home. At the back of the stage there is a fireplace in which a bright fire is burning. Over this there is a large portrait of a Richmond ancestor in the garb of the seventeenth century. The whole room gives the air of absolute comfort. (After the curtain rises Mr. and Mrs. Richmond enter; both are in evening clothes).

Mr. R. (continuing talking)—Now Barbarah there is absolutely no use in arguing with me,

Mrs. R.—Yes, dear, I know. I've lived with you for twenty-eight years, and they have been years of experience, too, you know.

Mr. R.—Well, I tell you I know that my great-grandfather, Hiram Richmond, could not help enjoying life more than people nowadays. Look at the dear old fellow (pointing to the portrait). Isn't he a picture of happiness? (Both sit down).

Mrs. R.—But, Hiram dear, just think ——

Mr. R.—I don't have to think, Bab. Why listen. He didn't have to do any food conserving. He didn't have to dress for dinner every night. He didn't have any electric light bills to pay. I'll admit, Bab dear, he didn't have you (goes over and sits on the arm of her chair and kisses her) to kiss, but then I suppose he had Great-grandmother Constance and kissed her all he wanted to.

Mrs. R.—I am very sorry, dear, that this period we are living in does not suit you. Never mind (patting his cheek) come now, dear, we are going over to the Parkers to spend the evening.

Mr. R.—Oh, Bab, there is another thing, I'll bet Constance wasn't always dragging Hiram out for bridge, opera, theatre, dinners, teas, or just mere calling on friends.

Mrs. R. (getting up)—Now, Hiram dear, you know you want to come, I'll just run up and brush up a bit and then we'll be off for a lovely evening. (Exit Mrs. R.)

Mr. R. (sinking deep into his comfortable chair, looking at the portrait)—Oh, Hiram, I envy you. Why couldn't I have lived in your grand old time and spent my evenings around the hearth instead of being led out every evening when I am so tired. (He drops off to sleep and dreams as the curtain falls).

SCENE II.

Interior of a seventeenth century log cabin. There is a great fireplace, a table, rude and uncomfortable chairs and benches. (As the curtain rises Mrs. Richmond, in the dress of that period, is seen setting the table. Mr. Richmond, wearing clothes exactly like those shown in the portrait of the ancestor in Scene I, is seen smoking in front of the fireplace).

Mr. R.—Barbarah, where is the rest of the tobacco? I have used all of this (taking a little wooden jar from the fireplace mantel).

Mrs. R.—There is no more, Hiram. I put all of it in there a few days ago. But that is not the worst. There is nothing to eat. Aside from the crops being spoilt, the foxes got into the store house and ate up most of the things in there.

Mr. R. (sighs and pokes the fire)—This country certainly is terrible. Here I have been cutting wood most all winter and I cannot get enough cut ahead to keep warm over Sunday. That stick on there now is the last one and it is against the laws to cut any on Sunday. What is the trouble, Constance dear, you don't look well today?

Mrs. R.—I do not like to complain, Hiram, but the last week my eyes have been hurting me.

Mr. R.—You weave too much by the light of the fire at night. You must stop.

Mrs. R.—But, Hiram dear, how can I stop when you have nothing to wear, except that garment you have on and that has begun to wear out. And I thought if I could get you something new to wear we might go over to the Springers. Here it is the last of February and we haven't been out since October.

Mr. R.—But it is three miles and that is too far for you to walk. I'll admit I would like to go somewhere myself. But when your nearest neighbor is three miles away you can not do much calling.

(Through one of the little windows can be seen the face of Constable Artemus Dudley).

Mrs. R.—I only hope dear that our descendants will realize all of the things that we have suffered.

Mr. R.—Yes, it has and is pretty bad. But, thank God, Constance dear, I have you. (He gets up, goes over to the table where she is, takes her in his arms and kisses her. The face at the window shows great surprise and disappears. Then there is a knock at the door. Hiram and Barbarah show great surprise, then the former goes and unbars the door, and opens it slowly. He sees that it is the Constable and so opens it wider).

Mr. R.—Welcome Constable, we were just wishing for company.

Constable (entering)—You were, eh? I don't think I will be quite as welcome when you know what I've come for.

Mrs. R.—To make us a visit, we hope, we haven't much to offer you, but ——

Constable—No that ain't me object. I've come Hiram Richmond to put you in the stocks.

Mrs. R.—In the stocks, and what pray has Hiram done to be put in the stocks?

Constable—Well, there's been an epidemic of kissing going around. Now you people ought to know that there is a law saying that every man that kisses his wife on Sunday must spend three days in the stocks. I'm sorry, Mrs. Richmond, but them that disobey the laws must pay (taking Hiram by the arm, leads him out the door as the curtain falls and Barbarah stands in the middle of the stage calling "Hiram, Hiram, Hiram.")

SCENE III.

Same Setting as Scene I.

(As the curtain rises, Hiram is seen asleep in his chair with Mrs. R. standing side of him calling "Hiram, Hiram, Hiram." Mr. R. wakes up, stretches his arms and at once jumps up).

Mr. R.—Oh, where am I?

Mrs. R.—Right here in the living room, dear, you have been asleep, that is all.

Mr. R.—Bab, what day is it?

Mrs. R.—Sunday, of course, have you forgotten everything?

Mr. R. (taking Mrs. R. in his arms)—You will never, never hear me complain again, I will go without sugar or anything Mr. Hoover asks. I'll turn gray worrying over coal. I'll dress for dinner twice a day, I'll spend all my money paying electric light bills, but best of all, dear, I can kiss you on Sundays.

Curtain.

WASHING DISHES

By Doris O. Carr, '18.



HERE are certain things in the lives of men and women which are as inevitable as the hand of Fate, tasks which must be performed daily, like eating and sleeping, and from which there is no escape. Such a task is washing dishes.

What woman would not falter, if, on Sunday morning, she should think of the gallons—yes, barrels of dishwater, and the tons of glistening glass and china adorning the years behind her? And of the dishes that must be washed at least twenty-one times more in the coming week! I am speaking now, not from the point of view of the city aristocrat of the feminine gender who perhaps makes out the checks for “the butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker” nor of the maids across whose minds there never comes a thought of the hours spent in washing cut glass and priceless china. Nor am I speaking from the point of view of the woman living in the country, who gets her water from the pump in the back-yard, and from the kettle on top of the kitchen stove. Rather am I speaking from the viewpoint of the person who lives in the ordinary city flat with a tank of hot water at her disposal.

Dishwashing, like life, is what we make it. A great deal depends on the person's attitude. If she surveys the dishes as someone with an aching tooth surveys the dentist's chair (although unfortunately the dishes won't disappear as the toothache has a habit of doing), or as some one who

watches the last lifeboat go over the side and the ship fill rapidly, the results are not likely to be particularly beneficial.

Few people ever think of using their brains while washing dishes. If your kitchen is provided with a shelf over the sink, you can easily prop up your French grammar against the clock and, while wielding the dish cloth, study verbs.

I have a friend who, as she does her breakfast dishes, always plans her work for the day, a habit which she finds very helpful.

If you are a movie fiend, the task affords unlimited opportunities for thinking over last evening's films, though perhaps such serious thoughts would best be postponed until you come to the tin dishes, in order to prevent separating many a cup from its handle, or breaking mother's very best Sunday-go-to-meeting milk pitcher, into a thousand pieces. Mary Pickford's beautiful curls, Francis X. Bushman's soulful eyes, and Earle William's delightful smile are certain to shorten the time of the hardest of dishwashing.

Whether or not your vocal chords have been so constructed as to bless you with that divinest of gifts, a voice, there is no one to hear you in the privacy of your own kitchen, except the cat under the stove. At all events, nothing prevents you, while washing dishes, from imitating the most florid and glittering of Galli-Curci's runs and arpeggios. Of course, if the dog is within hearing and should start to howl, that is quite another matter.

"Tempus Fugit"—but not if you wash dishes with one eye on the clock! Better far to shorten the time in some attractive manner, taking care certainly that the dishes are clean enough not to necessitate a second washing.

This theory might not work if you do the dishes scientifically, but if you do them

in the good old-fashioned way, by using plenty of soap and hot water, you will be able in an incredibly short time, to survey with pleasure piles of shining plates, cups and saucers and to go about your other duties with the satisfaction of a task faithfully performed.

FREDDIE'S EXPLANANION

By Eleanor Christensen, '18.

CAST:

Mr. Jones and Mrs. Jones.

Angeline—the 19 year old daughter of the Joneses.

Freddie—age 7.

Mr. Maynard Murch—Angeline's young man.

Place—The dining room at the Jones home.

Time—Sunday evening.

Curtain.

(Mrs. Jones, hurrying about room, setting the table and preparing the Sunday evening lunch. Mr. Jones is reading).

Mrs. Jones—There, I guess everything is ready at last. I suppose Angie will want to sit here side of Maynard. I hope to goodness he won't think he's got to come here to lunch every Sunday night.

Mr. Jones—I should think they could get along one night without each other. Wasn't he here last evening?

Mrs. Jones—Yes, but he took her down to the town hall to that drill.

Mrs. Jones goes to door at right, and shouts: "Angie! You and Mr. Murch come now, everything is ready. Angie, call Freddie."

(Mrs. Jones leaves room. Mr. Jones puts up paper and glasses. Freddie comes running into dining room with Angie and Maynard).

Mr. Jones—Good evening, Murch. Glad to see you back. How's everything in Texas?

(Shakes hands with Maynard).

Maynard—I left things rather damp and dreary, Mr. Jones. I'm very glad to be back.

(Mrs. Jones enters).

Mrs. Jones—Now all sit right down and help yourselves. Mr. Murch, you sit here 'long side of Angie. (Mrs. J. points to chair. Mr. Jones sits at head of table. Freddie at his left).

Freddie—Gee, I'm starved.

Mrs. Jones—Did you enjoy the drill last night, Angie?

Freddie—Oh, Ma! You oughta seen Mr. Murch, last night, when he called for Angie. He had his uncle's black horse, an' he looked awful nice sitting side of Angie, with his arm——

Angie—Frederick Jones!

(Angie puts her hand quickly over Freddie's mouth).

Mr. Jones—Help yourself to the bread, Murch. Care for some more scallops, Angie?

Freddie—You just oughta seen him, Ma, he had his arm——

Mrs. Jones—Freddie!

(She leans over to speak to him and upsets a cream pitcher).

All exclaim—Oh, mercy! Freddie!

Freddie (whiningly)—I was just going to say that he had his arm——

Mr. Jones—Son, you leave the room.

(Freddie gets down from his chair and walks slowly towards the door—sobs).

I was only going to say that he had his army suit on, and he did, too.

Curtain.

THE BOY WHO NEVER CAME BACK

By Charlotte Crosby, '21.



MRS. Blake and her son sat by the fireplace in the little parlor of their small, yet very happy home. Jim Blake, her only child, was a handsome fellow of about nineteen years. He was tall with broad shoulders and possessed a thick crop of black hair. Jim's father had now been dead two years. Since his death, Jim and his mother had lived quietly together. They had gotten along very nicely on a very little,—only what Jim earned by taking charge of the dairy apartment of a rich farmer nearby.

"I know," Jim's mother was saying, "it's lovely to serve your country!"

"Yes, mother, but what would you do if I went—If I enlisted?"

"Why I would find a little work to do while you were gone, Jim."

They talked long and seriously that night about Jim's enlisting. Finally, one morning Jim said goodbye to his friends and his little mother in black and to the dear little home he had worked so hard to keep since his father's death. He said hopefully that when the war was over he would be coming back and then they would be happy again.

Jim trained at camp that summer and in the fall he was made a lieutenant. One day Mrs. Blake received a letter from him saying he expected to go across in about a week.

His mother was as proud as she could be of him. He had always taken such excel-

lent care of her and had never allowed her to work to earn money. He had obeyed exactly the last words his father had spoken to him,—“Take good care of Mother, Jim.” But the time had come when he must leave his mother to serve his country!

* * * * *

Four years had passed since the morning he and his mother parted. The whole world was now at peace once more. Jim's mother had not had word from her beloved son for five months. She was comforted a little though, by the thought that another mother had not heard from her husband for nearly five months. And yet something must have happened for Jim had always been regular about writing home. Then came the horrible thought that he might have been killed on No Man's Land and not identified!

But at last the day arrived when the boys of that town were expected home. The town turned out to welcome their boys who had done their part so bravely. Everyone was greatly excited! When the

band was heard coming up the street everyone went out as far as was permitted. There were twenty lines of boys from that little town. Mrs. Blake was all excitement! She was to see her only child, her only relative in the world, that day for the first time in four long, hard years! As she stood at the little old gate her heart was beating fast! She was so happy! She had not the slightest idea that he might not be there. She had watched eagerly the first fifteen lines of boys, but after that her heart began to fail her. The little mother grew frantic, desperate! And then—alas!—the last line had passed and Jim was not among them. She turned and walked slowly, heartsick and weary into the little home. No one ever knew how deeply her sorrow hurt her, or how the little lone mother's heart ached the rest of her sad, lonely life. The little mother in black never went outside her cheerless home again! She had given and given gladly as thousands of other mothers had given,—the most precious thing in the world to her,—for America.

FOR THE GLORY OF FRANCE

By Roger B. Nickerson, '21.



SOON after the war broke out a French boy by the name of Pierre Loti, who lived in the small town of Ferchaud, France, went in great haste to Paris to see if he could be of any use in the big war.

He went to one of the recruiting offices in that city and said he would like to enlist. The man in charge of the recruiting

asked him what branch of the service he preferred. Pierre, after thinking carefully for a few moments, said that he wanted to get in the aviation corps, if possible.

He was taken to an inner room and after examining his heart and lungs the doctor clamped two metal bands on his wrists and connected these to a queer black box by means of two rubber tubes and while Pierre was wondering what he would do next the

assistant shot off a heavy revolver directly behind him. This was enough to startle anyone and Pierre's heart jumped and he breathed heavily for a moment or two. The doctor opened up the black box and Pierre saw inside a chart which had recorded his heart action and as he remembered how his heart had jumped his hopes sank and he was afraid that after all his life-long ideal—to fly like a bird—was not going to be realized. He went through many other tests equally as surprising and while he waited in anxious silence for the verdict he admired the fine young fellows who were giving their all for their mother country, and the cause of freedom, and were all busy on many different missions. The more he desired them the more his hopes sank, until, when it seemed as though he could bear it no longer the man came out and said that he had passed.

Then followed a long course of instruction which I will not attempt to describe, but when the curtain again lifts we find him in active service on the front near Soissons.

One day he was sent out to do scout duty for the big guns and report constantly on the range and the results. For this work, but as he was leaving his hangar at and equipped differently than those sent out for offense, or battle planes. His only weapon was a small machine gun which was operated by his observer who really did the reporting.

This day was an ideal one for such work, but as he was leaving his hanger at the base, Braisne, he had a feeling that something unusual was going to happen,

but he started out very calmly. His sector was No. 2 which included the important point of Laon which was then held by the Germans, but very insecurely. He advanced steadily under consort of two large battle planes which were to protect him from hostile aircraft while he was sending messages.

A strong battery of anti-aircraft guns concealed in the woods crippled one of the planes so badly that it had to go back and leave Pierre with only one protector. Nevertheless they went on and made a wide detour to avoid a fight with some small German planes and went to La Fere and got their position and began to give the range of the hostile artillery when a wireless message came saying, "Hold your position as long as possible, the drive in your sector will depend on you."

Soon he was forced to change his position for one higher up, but it did not interrupt the messages. Soon some airplanes rose to drive him away and his guard was kept busy fighting them off. He reduced the number opposing them by three, when a Hun bullet hit his petrol tank and with a loud report the machine was dashed to earth wrapped in flames. Pierre, undaunted, stood firm while his observer reported and used the machine gun with deadly accuracy until he was hit by a fragment of shrapnel and he sagged in his straps which held him in. The force of the explosion was great, but Pierre righted the machine and began sending messages with the emergency key.

He realized that the end was near and consoled himself by the saying which he

had learned in the grammar school: "The fittest place for man to die is where he dies for man." Suddenly he noticed in the southern sky two specks which grew larger and larger and he knew that help was near, but help was too late for him, and as a shell

burst right under him, his machine was dashed to the ground and with a calm expression on his face Pierre Loti died where a true French soldier should, at his post of duty.

A STRANGE DINNER

By Gertrude R. Sullivan, '18.



Y Saturday nights on Main street are just like a three-course dinner. First I work up an appetite. About five minutes after we have started to eat our supper on Saturday evening I begin to get my appetite by informing dad that if he is going down street I have decided to go with him. After supper he sits down to read the papers and I sit down to watch the clock and knit. At quarter past seven I hint that we ought to be starting. The hint apparently has no effect on him. Time passes. At half past seven dad lays down his papers, pokes the cat, rubs the poor creature's fur the wrong way, tells him that he is a disreputable good-for-nothing- nuisance and ends by announcing that he don't know but what he'd better be going down street. Our appetites are all worked up and in a few minutes we are on our way.

The first course takes in the postoffice—where dad reads his mail and I read all the advertisements on the calendars and blotters that lie on the tables—and also Central street where we stop for a few minutes to look at the pictures in Gerrity's window. Leaving Central street we go up to the cigar store on State street where dad reads the ball score.

That finishes the first course and we start on the second or main course of our shopping dinner which consists of devouring Main street. We have that happy feeling of being really there at last after going through a lot of preliminary red tape.

First comes Riker-Jaynes. In summer we always stop to admire the bathing caps, in winter to admire the boxes of candy. Next we are at the Fashion where I always choose the evening dress that I intend to have some day. After passing that store, dad looks relieved. He seems to feel that he will not have a stop again until he reaches Nichols.' But I think differently, for Benson's windows hardly ever fail to hold some lovely colored stockings, and poor dad who is trying his best to walk by, is quickly pulled back by his coat tail, I call his attention to the "perfectly peachy pair of green stockings." He agrees that they are pretty, but he always prefers "those black and white striped ones" and long before I am through admiring them he has lost all interest in hosiery. His interest does not seem to return even at Nichols' lovely sweaters. However, at Dole's he seems quite interested, and we talk over all the new lamp shades. I consider Woolworth's too worthy a store to be passed by merely looking into the windows. We

have to go in there. And if dad tries to escape any counter I remind him of it. Dad looks thoroughly tired when we find ourselves on the sidewalk again. He admits that he's ready to go home, but if I want to, he will go over to Freese's with me. Freese's is our choosing store. We spend about ten minutes in there playing the game of choose.

But our dinner is not complete without dessert which consists of the stores from Freese's to Sweet's drug store. We have seen so many things that neither of us care to stop long before the remaining windows. There are only three more things that I feel compelled to look at. These are boudoir caps, silver dancing pumps and embroidered camisoles. Dad stares at the camisoles a while, then remarks, "They are pretty, but what are they? Shirtwaists?" I explain that they are not shirtwaists and

ask him if they aren't just too dear for words. But he does not hear my remarks because he is very busy looking in a shoe window where he waits until I am through admiring the camisoles.

I begin to feel that I have been rather selfish in not stopping at more men's windows, so I decide to wait while he looks at the window filled with men's shirts and pajamas. He enjoys looking at the neckties, too, and we soon find ourselves playing choose again. Then I discover some Dresden silk arm elastics and a pair of pink garters that I think he really ought to get for himself. He always says that he is getting too old for such gay things. That seems to remind him of his years. A picture of the cat asleep in his chair before the fireplace arises in his mind and he announces "My dear girl, your poor old dad's all used up, what do you say if we go home?"

JIM MCINTYRE'S DISAPPEARANCE

By Josephine Clough, '20.



It is a strict rule of the seminary that no hazing be allowed." these were the words as spoken by Professor Stanch in the little chapel of Brookfield Seminary one morning a fortnight after the seminary had opened, and as I hurried along the corridor of the dormitory late that afternoon I caught myself repeating the words for the hundredth time.

Flinging open the door of my room I slammed down those detestable books, which every schoolboy is always burdened with at the close of recitation for the day, and was half way across the threshold again

when the telephone rang. I turned back and took down the receiver. "Hullo! Mr. Bartholomew Belmont? Meet us on the campus near the west wing of the dormitory at eight sharp tonight. No blabbing!" Evidently I had been taken for my roommate. What did it all mean! Bartholomew Belmont was a pale, languid little fellow with large, dark eyes, dark hair and a name three times as long as he was big. He had come to the seminary the third day after it had opened and had been assigned to me as a roommate.

But there was no help for it now and jotting down the message on a piece of pa-

per I laid it on the study table where he could not fail to see it when he came in and then hurried off to the club meeting of the G. O. T.

It was about half-past nine that night as I was returning from a lecture on Zoology when, as I rounded a corner of the dormitory, I heard a faint cry. A slight breeze was blowing from the river and I listened intently, expecting to hear it again. Sure enough, with the next breeze came the cry again. It all came to me now! Clubs, Zoology, and lessons were forgotten with that cry. Could it be true? Then in a flash, Professor Stanch's words that morning passed through my mind. "It is a strict rule of the seminary that no hazing be allowed." Then I remembered the message I had taken that afternoon which until now had slipped my mind.

I listened again but all was silent. Waiting no longer, I started down the well beaten path that led to the boathouse. At first I could hear nothing, but as I listened there came the sound of voices near at hand and also a muffled groan. Following the sound of the voices, I came to the boat-landing. In spite of the darkness, I was

able to make out the form of Jim McIntyre, the bully of the school whom we all had learned to despise during our brief sojourn at the seminary and some of the weaker ones even to fear. He and another boy, who was a stranger to me, had gripped by the shoulders no less a person than Bartholomew Belmont.

By their talk it was plain that they had given him one ducking and were threatening another if he did not consent to do some capricious pranks they had worked out.

Waiting no longer, I rushed out and seizing the bully by the collar, hurled him off the boat-landing into the cold, nipping water. Although it had taken but a second, the other fellow had skipped, and there stood Bartholomew, a forlorn and helpless mass. We waited just long enough to see the bully scramble out of the water and disappear in the grove behind the boathouse. Then we hurried back to the dormitory.

The next morning when Professor Stanch read the roll call at chapel, Jim McIntyre was missing.

OLD MIKE'S LAST CALL

By Cleora Dickey, '20.



FOR forty years "Old Mike" had worked in the fire department, for forty years he had answered every call and attended every fire. Now this was all ended, for only this morning the postman had handed "Old Mike" a long official envelope that ended forever his connection with the fire department.

"Old Mike" sighed: Who would polish the shining metal surface of the steamer (which was his special pride)? Who would remember to put the liniment on Devil's lame leg? And, poor Jerry, the dog, who would bring him bones, if "Old Mike" was no longer there? "Old Mike" sighed again and put the dreadful envelope in his pocket.

Perhaps in some way he might find a way to show the department that they still needed him. But how?

Oh, if the firebells would only ring. As if in answer to his wish, the firebells did ring. O, how they rang!

"Clang. clang, clang!"

"Old Mike" hurried off to the station. Just in time he jumped on the hose cart and was rushed to the fire. The firemen saw at once that the burning building could not be saved, so they directed all their efforts to saving the adjacent dwellings.

Suddenly at one of the windows on the seventh floor appeared the form of a small child.

The crowd groaned. Who could save the child? It seemed an impossible task, even now the walls of the building were swaying.

The firemen quickly spread a lifenet under the window, and all shouted for the child to jump, but either because she did not hear, or because she was afraid, their efforts were of no avail.

"Old Mike," holding one corner of the lifenet, suddenly jumped forward and shouted for the firemen to put up the extension ladders.

"Man, you'll be killed," they cried, "you wouldn't be able to reach the top, to say nothing of saving the child." But "Old

Mike" went on unheeding saying over and over to himself:

"This is my chance, the chance I have been hoping for."

He scaled the ladder with wonderful agility for an old man, and reaching the top he took the child in his arms and started to descend. How slowly he seemed to come. He would never reach the bottom.

"Hurry, Hurry!" cried the crowd.

"Old Mike" cast one despairing look to the ground, then desperately swung the child at arm's length and dropped her into the lifenet.

"Hurrah! hurrah! for 'Old Mike', the child is safe!" shouted the crowd.

"Old Mike" high upon the swaying ladder, descending with snail-like pace, smiled as he said to himself, "It was my chance, perhaps my last, but thank heaven I took it and saved a precious life."

Then a noise, like thunder, and an ear-splitting crash, and ladder and man were hurled into a fiery pit.

"Old Mike" had answered his last call.

* * * * *

This is a story told me by an old fireman when I inquired concerning an inscription on a steamer in a small hose house, which read:

"To our brave comrade who so bravely laid down his life for another."





LOCALS

"Tomorrow is, Oh, whose?"

Jan. 25 the tags for coal shovels were passed around to every student in the school. These tags serve as a reminder to the fireman of the home that he must save one shovelful a day. They were distributed to every school in the Union.

Capt. Webb has started a council of the officers of the cadets. At the meetings, which occur every Thursday, plans for the exhibition drill are prepared. Other matters are also discussed, such as difficulties in the drill, matters not understood by officers and men, and proposals for the benefit of the company.

"Out West," given by the boys of B. H. S. scored a wonderful success. The show exceeded many seen here on the professional stage. The work of the end men, "Micky" Finnigan and "Cheese" Rich won many encores and the audience simply couldn't get enough of the clever dance by the camp cook. The other soloists did splendidly and all were called to give an encore to their selections. The reading by John McCann was splendidly given. As a grand finale, the entire company sang "Soldier Boy" and six of the cadets came marching down the center aisle and drew up in front of the stage. A very enjoyable dance fol-

lowed with music by the O'Hara-Ringwall orchestra. To Mr. Harold Moon goes much of the credit for the success of this production as he was tireless in his efforts to make this production what it was.

Synopsis.

Scene—Interior of bunk house Double X Ranch.

Time—Evening.

Place—The West of Yesterday.

Musical Numbers.

Opening Chorus—"When Uncle Sammy Leads the Band" .....Entire Company
 "Goodby Broadway, Hello France".....
 ..... Chester Nichols
 "Long Boy" .....John Kennedy
 "Love Like the Dawn Comes Stealing"
 ..... James E. Mitchell
 "Somewhere in France There's a Lily"
 ..... George Smith
 "Mason Dixon's Line".....Charles Rich
 "A Long, Long Way from Home".....
 ..... Wm. Gallagher
 "That's My Idea of You".Philip Kaminsky
 "O'Brien is Looking for You".....
 ..... Myles Finnigan
 Reading—"On the Old Levee".....
 ..... John McCann
 Grand Finale—"Soldier Boy".....
 ..... Entire Company

The B. H. S. Band did some very fine work at the Food Fair and helped boost the

city and the school to a great extent.

Feb. 21, President Hersey of the Sophomore class unfurled the Sophomore service flag. This is like the Senior flag except that it has the numeral 10 instead of 12 on the single star and the class numerals of '20. This flag will be hung opposite the Senior flag in the Assembly Hall. Who's next?

School closed Friday for Washington's Birthday and all the students were very glad to get a chance to enjoy the fine weather of the week-end.

Feb. 6 Mr. Eaton showed in chapel the handsome cup that the track team won in the meet with the Y. M. C. A. This beautiful cup is now in the school library on the cases at the left and is a fine addition to the trophies that the teams of Bangor High have won.

Feb. 12, Mr. Bragg, chairman of the W. S. S. committee of Bangor, asked the students of B. H. S. to help in the campaign for raising five hundred thousand dollars in Bangor. He said that fifteen millions was Maine's quota. These stamps, he said, could be exchanged for cash in ten days' notice. Members of the high school are working in a house to house drive in teams of ten for each ward. Blue cards are furnished with the letters W. S. S. and a number showing the number of persons owning stamps in each particular house. On the reverse side are the letters and a large question mark which is used when a person wishes to buy a stamp, or to have the number changed, or a star added which star shows a 100% house. Already several

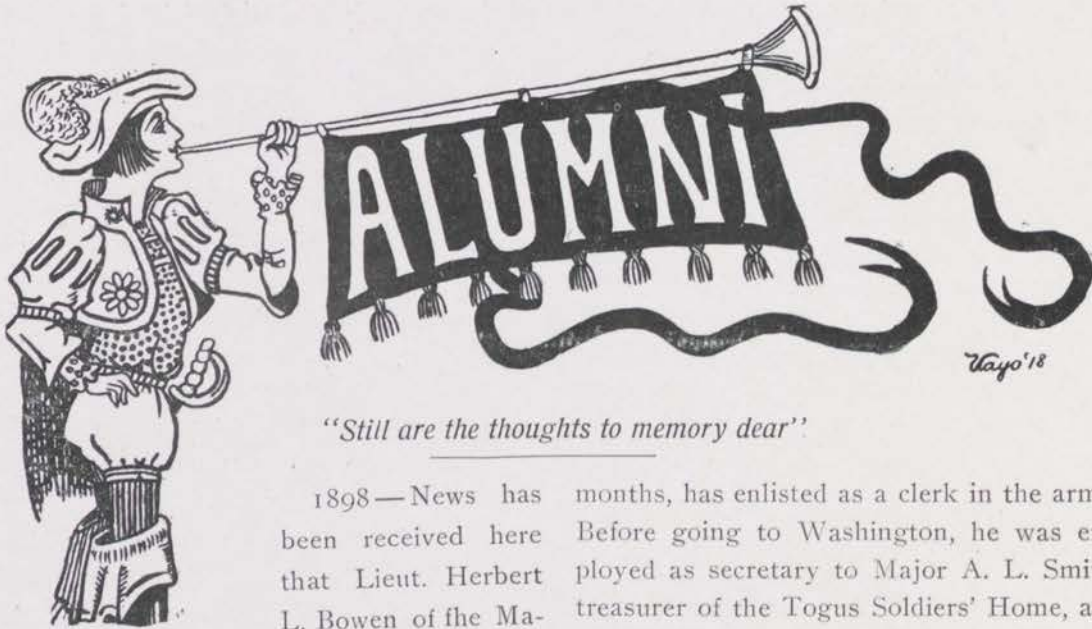
of the rooms in the High School are 100% rooms and others are trying to be in the same class. Save your pennies and make Bangor High a 100% school.

February 18, Mr. Richardson of the Chamber of Commerce spoke before the students upon the needed support of the Chamber of Commerce. He told of the uses of this body, and the good it is able to do the city if properly managed. He cited the case of the Patterson Cash-Register Factory, where the plant is kept looking like a college with its fine buildings, well kept grounds and parks. He told of the motto hung in every department on a large card, the single word, "THINK." Mr. Richardson had cards passed around with a creed for Bangor printed upon it. This creed is taken from the oath of the ancient Athenian citizen. Also on the same card is the pledge of the U. S. A.

The students received a sheet that asked questions as to their lifework, if they intended to remain in Bangor. "If not, why not?" and some suggestions for the Bangor Chamber of Commerce as to work that would benefit the city.

Mr. M. H. Andrews led the B. H. S. band the first night of the food fair. He is the composer of two very popular marches, The Pride of the Army and the Pride of the Navy. These were played at the opening night of the Fair.

The following have been chosen to judge the Senior essays: Miss Sylvia Parker, Mrs. Harry D. Smart and Mr. John P. Flanagan.



"Still are the thoughts to memory dear"

1898—News has been received here that Lieut. Herbert L. Bowen of the Machine Gun Company, 103rd Infantry, has been wounded in France. Although he was not wounded in action, he was injured in performing an heroic deed. One of the men accidentally dropped a hand grenade and Lieutenant Bowen, knowing that it was going off and might injure the men who were standing nearby, seized it, and started to throw it away. It exploded, however, injuring his face and hands. At the time he wrote to his family, telling them of the accident, he was in a hospital, but expected to be out in a short time.

1911—Miss Adah Drinkwater, who left Bangor last June as a Red Cross nurse, is stationed at the United States Naval Hospital at Great Lakes, Ills.

1912—Henry M. Shine, who has been a stenographer in the Adjutant General's office in Washington for the past seven

months, has enlisted as a clerk in the army. Before going to Washington, he was employed as secretary to Major A. L. Smith, treasurer of the Togus Soldiers' Home, and also at the Maine Central Railroad office in Bangor.

Ex-1913—Lieutenant Carl Holden has been promoted from lieutenant (Junior Grade) to the rank of senior or first lieutenant on the U. S. S. "Burrows."

1913—Lieutenant Edwin D. O'Leary, a graduate of the University of Maine in the class of 1916, has been promoted from sergeant to the rank of second lieutenant in Company G, 103rd regiment. Lieutenant O'Leary has been attending an Officers' Training School in France and his promotion comes as a result of successfully passing the examinations.

T. Francis Shea, '13, and Charles N. Merrill, '14, have been enlisted in the Engineers' Enlisted Reserve Corps by Major F. R. Lang, U. S. A., who is in charge of the Military department at the University of

Maine. These students are of draft age and are registered in engineering courses and have attained the rank prescribed by the War department and in the opinion of the engineering faculty, have shown thus far unusual proficiency along engineering lines. Instead of being called by the Selective draft, they will be allowed to remain in college and complete their course.

Ex-1914—Flight Lieutenant Donald H. Montgomery has gone to France where he will shortly become a member of the air squadron on the western front. For the past six months, Lieutenant Montgomery has been training in this country and in Canada with the Royal Flying Corps and has recently received the coveted commission.

1915—Norman Torrey, a graduate of Bangor High School and a student at the University of Maine at the time of his enlistment, has recently received a commission as ensign in the Naval Reserve, after his graduation from the Ensign school for the first naval district at Boston.

1916—Arthur Robinson is stationed at Bar Harbor as a quartermaster in the Naval Reserve. At the time of his enlistment, Mr. Robinson was a Sophomore at the University of Maine.

William Smith is a corporal in Company G, 103rd Infantry.

Ex-1917—Ernest Doe Le Blanc of Veazie is a sergeant in the Machine Gun Company, 103rd Infantry, now in France.

Don Dwinal, who enlisted in Company G last April, is now in France.

Ex-1918—Clarence Barker, who was at home recently on a furlough, has returned to the U. S. S. Vermont, where he is stationed. He has recently been promoted to the rank of second-class signalman.

Lieutenant Hal. Savage, who enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps of the Canadian army, in September, was recently at his home in Brewer on a short furlough. He first trained in Canada and was later sent to Texas to receive instruction in aerial gunnery. He was promoted to the rank of second lieutenant several months ago and expected to go to France soon. James Mutty, also a former member of the class of 1918, who enlisted with Lieut. Savage, is still training at the Aviation school in Toronto, but expects to leave for Texas soon.

In a very interesting letter which Principal Eaton recently received from Corporal Abe Goldberg, '11, who is Company Clerk of Company G, 103rd regiment, he spoke very highly of the French he had acquired under Madame Beaupre's excellent instruction, and he stated that he was able to get along very well with the natives. Curiously, the censor of this letter was also a graduate of Bangor High School, First Lieutenant Arthur 'Smith, '07.

Mrs. John S. Shepard of Franklin, N. H., a former graduate of Bangor High School and of Radcliffe College, has been elected member of the Board of Education of that city. Mrs. Shepard is the sister of Miss Mary Robinson and Dr. D. A. Robinson and taught in Bangor public schools before leaving this city.



"The object of oratory alone is not truth, but persuasion"

Girls' Debating Society.

A meeting of the Girls' Debating Society was held Feb. 13, 1918, at four o'clock in Room 209. A large number was present. A prepared debate was held on the subject, "Resolved, The states should adopt a system of compulsory industrial insurance, constitutionality conceded." The affirmative was upheld by Misses Freese, Chandler and Peabody; the negative by Misses Clough, Driscoll, and O'Connell. The decision was awarded to the affirmative by the judges, Miss Mary Robinson, Miss Dunning, and Miss Cousins. Miss Robinson, speaking for the judges, praised both sides. She mentioned an argument which she had not heard mentioned before, although she was present at several debates on the same subject.

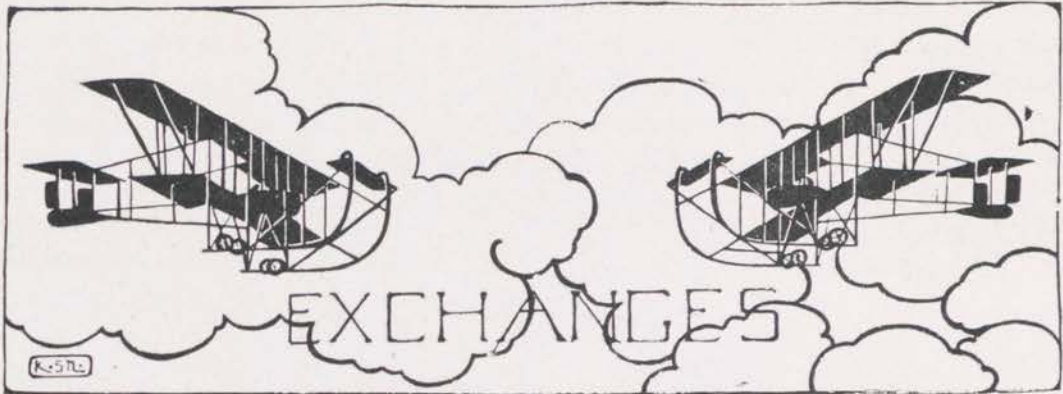
Senior Class Debates.

February 7, both divisions of the Senior class in College English debated the question decided upon for the Bates' league, "Resolved, That the states should employ a system of compulsory industrial insurance." During the first period James E. Mitchell supported the affirmative and Thomas McGuff the negative. Other

speakers on the affirmative were Frances Crowe and Eugene Downing; on the negative, Frank McGuire, Ruth Kimball and Mollie Wheeler. The decision was awarded to the affirmative. Miss Miriam D. Dole, a graduate of Bangor High and of Smith college, kindly acted as judge.

The Colby English division of the second period assembled to debate the same question as argued by the students of the first division, with the advocates of the system encouraged, and the opponents invigorated by the decision rendered to their predecessors. In this period the affirmative was handled in a very capable manner by Harold Green, Rachel Connor, Helen Burton, and Esther Lord, while the negative was well argued by Herbert Webb, Katherine Mathews, Roger Small, and John McCann.

The arguments of both teams were well presented, in a clear, and convincing manner. However, the affirmative lacked unity of thought, and failed to link their different arguments together into a strong case. Because of this weakness, Miss Dole, the judge, gave the decision to the negative.



"Blame where you must, be candid where you can"

AS OTHERS SEE US

The Oracle, Bangor, Maine, is a splendid paper. All the departments are well written and the quotations under the cuts are very appropriate.—Quill, Henderson, Ky.

The Oracle is a very neat paper. The quality of the paper is good and the contents are well arranged.—Banner, Rockville, Conn.

The Oracle—Glad to see you! The Oracle is a well developed magazine.—High School Gazette, Charleston, S. C.

The Oracle:—One of our best papers. The departments, which are well arranged, are very interesting. Best exchange department of any paper we have received. Your article "Friendly Criticism" could be read with profit by all.—P. I. H. S. Flyer, Presque Isle, Maine.

We are in receipt of the December issue of the Oracle, published monthly at the Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine. This is an excellent example of what an up-to-

date school magazine should be and all magazines would profit to follow in its path. The Boys' Banner, Boys' Industrial School, East Lake, Alabama.

Delphian of Providence, R. I., replies thus to one of our criticisms:

Dear Oracle: So far we have flourished more than ten years without the necessary comic page.

Yours,

The Delphian.

The Oracle—Your Literary Department is great! The Personals are also very good. School life, Metuchen, New Jersey.

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

Behold, we entertain a Chinese paper, this month, from Peking, China! Very interesting—especially the parts written in Chinese. The Tsing Hua Journal is a very welcome addition to our Exchange list.

(Note to teachers of freshmen,—when any of the little hands are idle, borrow the above magazine. It will surely be amusing for them to copy the queer figures).

The Owl, from Fresno, Cal., is fine—from the front to the rear line—and shows work in most of the departments. We almost envy you those fine cuts; they are above the average. Though why leave so much space to gaze at? Print would look much better and would give the appearance of more thoughtful work. Come often.

High School Record, Newburyport, Mass., has a remarkably long literary department—eighteen stories!—and good ones, too. We would like to read more “shots” in your joke column. Is yours a monthly paper? If so, we admire you.

The Oracle, Des Moines, Iowa—The work that your paper stands for certainly is worthy of admiration; and the departments

are well completed. Your long list of editors proves that ancient maxim about “many hands”—you know the rest. Do you never publish what other schools think of your paper?

The Quill, Henderson, Kentucky—Your paper is thoroughly finished; has good jokes and a fine appearance; but original cuts would lend interest to the magazine.

We have received another very welcome paper from the Oahu College, Honolulu, Hawaii. A very enjoyable paper it is, in the main, but we have to stop reading too soon. The department “Odds and Ends” would be much better if lengthened. The pictures are splendid and the story “Rayko for ‘Servia” is fine.

FROM ACROSS THE WAY

Do you hear the ocean moaning,
Moaning soft and low?
'Tis because some fat old bather,
Stepped upon its undertow.

Isn't It Strange That—

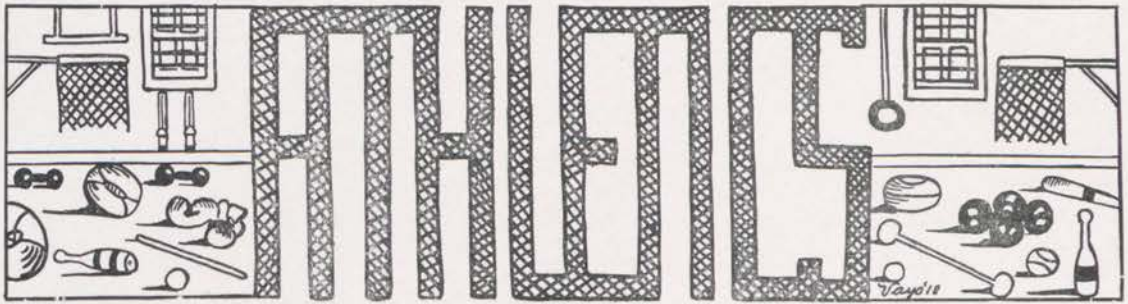
Cows never blow their own horns,
Birds will not pay their own bills,
Fishes are never weighed on their own
scales,
Elephants never pack their own trunks,
And a window never suffers from pain!

The night was dark, the sky was blue,
When out of an alley a Chinaman flew,
He drew from his bosom a dagger true
And thrust it into an oyster stew.

While boating on the bay one night,
I saw the ocean's arm,
Steal gently round a neck of land
To keep its shoulder warm,
This made me jealous as could be,
It really made me sore,
And so I paddled towards the land
And closely hugged the shore.

An alien, wishing to be naturalized, was
given a blank to fill out. The three ques-
tions were:

Name? — Born? — Business? —.
Answers thus:
Name—Jacob Levinsky.
Born—Yes.
Business—Rotten.



"All things are in common among friends"

B. H. S. vs. Gardiner H. S.

February 1, Bangor High defeated Gardiner High by a score of 58-4. The game was as fast as it was one-sided, the Gardiner boys not being able to stand the speedy pace.

The summary:

B. H. S. (58)

Rand, r.f.....l.f., Ridley
Gallagher, r.f.....l.f., Spinney
Toole, l.f.....r.f., Kelley
Cooper, l.f.
O'Connor, c.....c., Heselton
Quinn, c.
Pierce, r.g.....l.g., Leighton
Kennedy, r.g.
Smith, l.g.....r.g., Burt

Score: Bangor, 58; Gardiner, 4. Referee, Bridgham, of Bangor A. A. Time, 2 twenty-minute periods. Baskets: O'Connor 8, Rand 6, Toole 7, Smith 4, Cooper 2, Gallagher 1, Pierce 1, Heselton 2.

B. H. S. vs. M. C. I.

February 15, Bangor High played a return game of basketball with Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield. The game was fast, but Bangor was outplayed by its heavier opponent. The score was 50 to 16.

The lineup:

B. H. S. (16)

Gallagher, l.f.....r.f., Tierney
Toole, r.f.....l.f., Lampher
Peters, c.....c., Breen
Pierce, r.b.....r.b., Emery
Rand, l.b.....r.b., McSherry
McGuff, l.b.

M. C. I. (50)

B. H. S. vs. Lewiston.

February 23, Bangor High played a team from Lewiston. Although the game was arranged with Lewiston High School, the team which came from that city was not a school team and did not represent the Lewiston High School.

Peters, Rand, Toole, Pierce, McGuff, O'Connor, Gallagher and Iverson played for Bangor. Referee, Beverly. Time, 2 twenty-minute periods. Score: Bangor 21, Lewiston 19.

B. H. S. vs. Brewer H. S.

February 25, Bangor High played the Brewer High School in the Brewer City Hall. The two teams were quite evenly matched during the first half, but the Brewer boys could not keep up the fast pace in the second period, and Bangor won 40-26.

Bowdoin Interscholastic Indoor Meet.

At the Interscholastic Indoor Meet, held at Brunswick, February 16, Bangor High tied with Old Town for fourth place. Bangor High did not come up to expectations and showed that there is need of harder training before the next meet.

Hebron Academy carried off the honors.

One record was broken and two were equalled.

Louis Dondero of Hebron ran the 8.80-yard run in two minutes and ten seconds, lowering the record set by Gordon of Moses Brown in 1916 of two minutes, 11 4-5 seconds.

Another Hebron runner, Clement Munce, equalled "Doc" Jordan's record of 25 4-5 seconds made in 1915 in the first trial heat of the 2.20-yard dash.

The other record equalled was in the 45-yard high hurdles when Leslie Andrews of Hebron made the time of six and two-fifths seconds set by Bill Donegan of Hebron in 1913.

Hebron scored 51 points, Brunswick High 18, Thornton Academy 7, Bangor High 4, Old Town High 4, Gardiner High 3 and Leavitt Institute 3. Seven other schools failed to score.

The summary:

40-Yard Dash—Won by Andrews, Hebron; Litchfield, Brunswick High, second; Waterman, Thornton Academy, third. Time, 4 4-5s.

45-Yard High Hurdle—Won by Andrews, Hebron; Worthington, Hebron, sec-

ond; McKenney, Brunswick High, third. Time, 5 2-5s. (Equalled record).

220-Yard Dash—Won by Litchfield, Brunswick High; McKenney, Brunswick High, second; Munce, Hebron, third. Time, 26s.

440-Yard Dash—Won by McKenney, Brunswick High; Lawrence, Gardiner High, second; Allen, Bangor High, third. Time, .58 3-5s.

880-Yard Run—Won by Dondero, Hebron; Leath, Hebron second; LeClair, Hebron, third. Time, 2m, 10s (New record).

Mile Run—Won by Leath Hebron; Greenwood, Leavitt Institute, second; Oakes, Bangor High, third. Time, 4m, 49 4-5s.

Running Broad Jump—Won by Andrews, Hebron, distance 21 ft. 1 3/8 in.; Averill, Old Town High, second, distance 20 ft. 1/2-in.; Waterman, Thornton Academy, third, distance, 19 ft. 9 in.

Running High Jump—Won by Fender-son, Thornton Academy, height 5 ft. 6 in.; Frawley, Bangor High, and Andrews, Hebron, tied for second, height, 5 ft. 4 in.

Putting 12-Pound Shot—Won by Andrews, Hebron, distance, 47 ft. 1 1/2-in.; Worthington, Hebron, second, distance, 41 ft. 5 in.; McKenney, Brunswick High, third, distance, 41 ft. 2-in.

Pole Vault—Won by Stearns, Hebron, height, 9 ft. 8 in.; Wardwell, Hebron, second, height, 9 ft. 6 in.; Bradeen, Old Town High, third, height, 9 ft. 3 in.



T is for Thompson, quite up-to-date,
with a head like a mule, and a grin like an
ape.

U are the readers, we hope you will find,
that from reading this you'll profit in mind.

V is the Vacuum, which it is said fills the
inside of each Freshman's head.

W is the Winner in the exhibiton this
year, and we all hope that they'll have no
fear.

X, Y, Z may stand for the rest, a crowd
of young children, when seen at their best.

The Freshman.

Little 'Harlie' was a freshman,
Green as grass and greener, too,
Not a tint in all creation,
Ever had a greener hue.

One fine day while exercising,
Through a field he chanced to pass,
And a brindle cow devoured him,
Thinking he was only grass.

Little 'Harlie' is in heaven,
Vacant are two places now,
In his class there is no "Harlie,"
In the field there is no cow.

New Geometry Terms.

Ten cents and the lunch room determine
a straight line.

A Senior is a limit.

A Junior is a variable approaching the
limit.

Two fellows with same girl are equal or
complimentary.

Rivals are everywhere equidistant.

Some of the Seniors have joined the R.
O. T. C. (Run on to College).

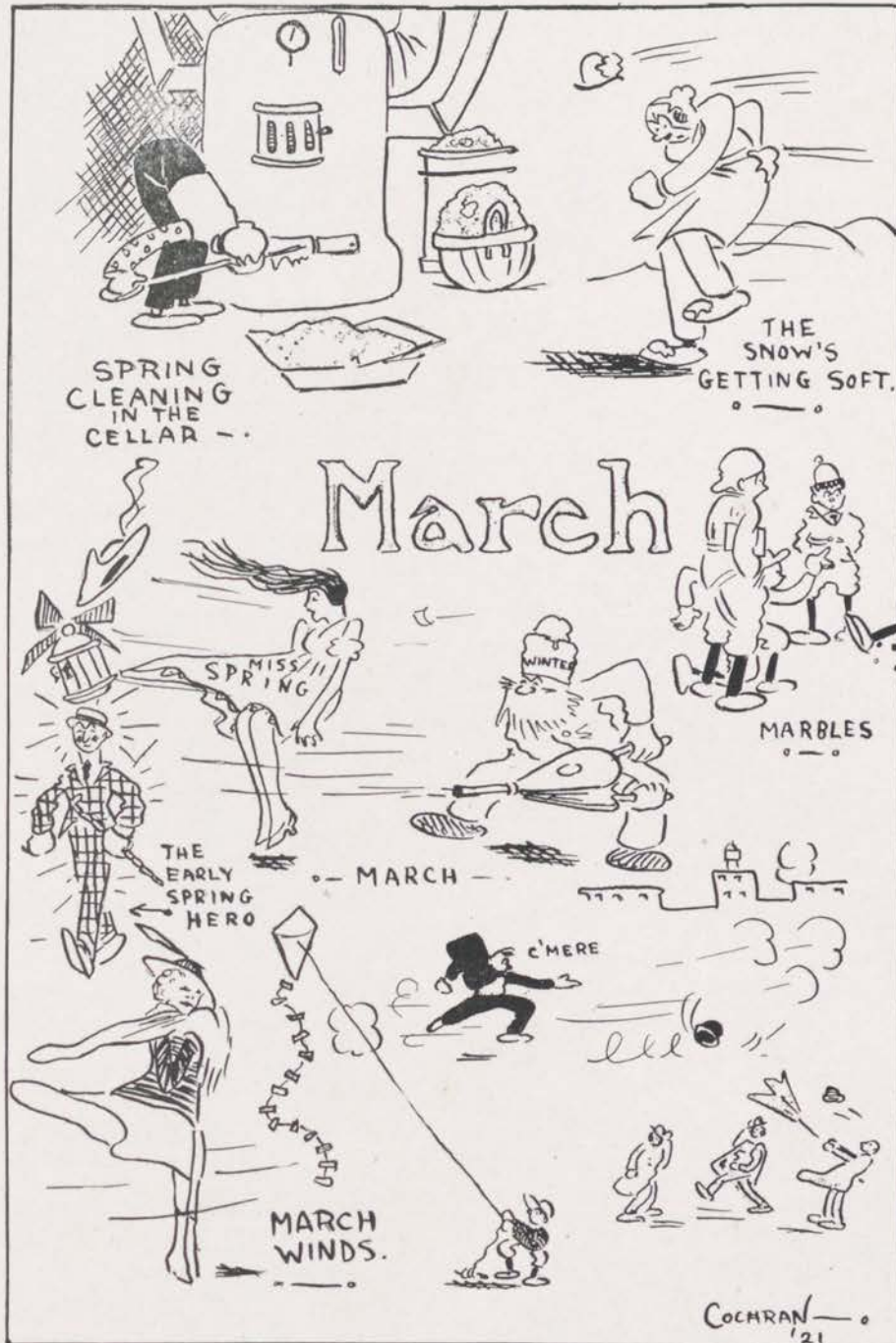
It was rumored around school that
"Stubby" Adams got to school on time the
other day.

Mary had a Thrift Stamp,
She bought it for a quarter,
And everyone that Mary buys,
Makes the Kaiser's trouble hotter.

E. Mansur has a pain in his foot. He
says that it is rheumatism, but it may
be brain fever. Who knows?

Some Queer People.

Is Henry Bacon?
Is Muriel A. Hamm?
Does Frances Bragg?
Why is Harold Green?
What does William Rowe?
Why does Frances Crowe?
Is Albert Black?
Why is Dewey Christmas
Is Natalie Rice?
What does Alice Reid?
Where is Grace('s) Cotton?
Is Mildred French?
Whom did Joseph Lynch?
What does Carolyn Hunt?
Has Bernice Cole?
What does Judson Grant?
Is Ruth Savage?
What does Carl Ring?
Is Charles Rich?
What does Donald Chase?
Is Grace Welch?
What does Dorothy Freese?
What ship does Trevor Mann?



Hades am deep and Hades am wide,
'Taint got no bottom, 'taint got no side,
But 'taint to deep for that old blubber,
The one who stole my new left rubber.

There once was a cymbaler named Nick,
Whose playing was certainly slick.

He clashed, clanged, and whacked,
Til one cymbal he cracked,
His pocketbook now is not thick.

Exchange Laughs.

Bell T—: "I could dance to Heaven
with you."

David B—: "Can you reverse?"

Two Tommies were talking—"I s'ye,
why couldn't Eve 'ave the measles, old
boy?"

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processes of textile manufacture includ-
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courses.

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and Academies admitted without ex-
amination.

For catalogue address Charles H. Eames,
S. B., Principal, Lowell, Mass.

"Cawn't say that I know," replied the
other. "Why?"

"Because she's adam."

Mr. Empty Head: "She told me your
hair was dyed."

Miss Cock Sure: "It's false."

Mr. E. H.: "I told her so."

"I'm quite a neighbor of yours now,"
said Mr. Bore. "I'm living just across the
river."

"Indeed," replied Miss Smart. "I hope
you'll drop in some day."

The first bird I ever shot was a mon-
goose. The first time I hit him, I missed
him altogether, and the next two times I
hit him in the same place. Then I got
peeved, so I hit him with a club and killed
him. And that was the first bird I ever
shot.

Tragedy.

Little Willie,
Pair of skates,
A hole in the ice,
Golden Gates.

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play of Suits and Coats is ready for
immediate adoption by their admir-
ers, who will derive the unalloyed
pleasure of being the first to wear
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the colors of the latest hues; the
cloths smart, exclusive and most at-
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Bangor, Maine

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