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MARCH

1917

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EDITORIALS

Carpe diem

CO-OPERATION BETWEEN HIGH SCHOOL AND LIBRARY.

Aside from the building which is one of the most up-to-date and best equipped in New England, aside from even the splendid faculty of thirty-nine members, many of whom are not excelled by college instructors, the students of Bangor High School have another advantage as great as either of the others, and which depends upon themselves to profit by, or to neglect—the Bangor Public Library, next door to the High School building.

The first advantage which the Public Library has for us is its nearness. In less than five minutes a student could leave the building and return with any book he needed from the Library. Not only is this convenient for students, but it also affords the teachers a better opportunity to utilize the library in connection with their school work. The nearness of the two buildings has also helped to foster the cordial relations which exist between the school and Library.

Mr. Flagg, the librarian, always endeavors to co-operate with the High School as much as possible. For the past few years he has given a course of lectures to

the Sophomores telling about books, explaining the working of the Library itself. This has been most helpful. At the close of the lecture each student is given a practical problem connected with finding books or references to work out for himself, thus assuring teachers and librarian that the lectures have been listened to and understood. Facilities are offered at the Public Library in all branches of the High School work. Special tables have been reserved for the English, History, Junior Declamation, and Debating needs of the students, usually at the request of the teacher of the department in question. Opportunity for gathering material for debating is especially good. Briefs and arguments upon all the leading public questions of the day can be easily referred to.

Besides the attendants at the desk, there is an "information desk," which all are invited to consult in case they have any difficulty in finding a book or subject. With this advantage, no one need go uninformed upon anything that his teacher may require him to look up.

An article in the last issue of the "Oracle" showed that the students use our own Library to a great extent. It is unfortu-

nately true that sometimes when our own Library does not suffice, the pupil goes no further; but he can step into the Public Library and find exactly what he needs.

The Library officials work most cordially with the faculty and student body of Bangor High. New books desired by either teacher, or student, are procured in a comparatively short time. It is for the students of Bangor High School to avail themselves of this great opportunity to get the most out of a library, well equipped and ready to help.

THE MOTION PICTURE.

Ten years ago the moving picture machine was unknown; today almost every village has its "movie" theatre. The motion-picture's rise in popularity has been remarkable. The motion picture is the one pleasure-giving device enjoyed alike by every person in the United States. If there is any one class which patronizes the "movies" more than another it is, perhaps, the school students. Immediately the question arises: Is not, then, this moving-picture a detriment to a pupil's work in school? That depends upon the student.

In some few cases pupils do neglect their studies to follow the pictures. But in these cases the blame should rest upon the pupil and not upon the motion-picture. The pupil who neglects his studies for the "movies" would neglect them for something else if the moving-picture did not exist. Under no consideration should the blame be laid on the motion-picture itself.

Physicians tell us that it is healthful to laugh. Surely, then, Charles Chaplin would have justified the motion-picture even if no other means of justification could be found. But other means can be found, or rather indeed they are self-evident. The great majority of students find in the motion-picture

a harmless diversion and a wholesome relaxation from their lessons. They have an opportunity to see the works of the best writers interpreted by the best talent in the country. Historical pictures have an educational value for students, as do also the great feature films which show many of the wonders of nature. So also the films of current history which are often shown are sources of valuable information to everyone.

Therefore, it seems that far from being a detriment to a student's school work, the motion-picture is a valuable assistant to it. Instead of hindering its progress, the motion-picture has become the partner of the school.

WHAT IS POLITENESS?

A while ago the following question was dropped into the Oracle box: "Is it polite to chew gum in a car?" There are two ways to decide such a question for oneself: First, consult a dictionary. You will find that to be polite one needs only to be mindful of the feelings of others. Among the antonyms, or contrasting words, given for politeness are untutored and ill-behaved.

Next ask yourself the question: "How do I appear when on a car, or in any other public (or private for that matter) place, chewing gum?" According to the best usage people do not chew gum where others can see them. Indeed, this uncouth habit deserves an editorial by itself.

But if we still insist on knowing exactly what is politeness further than the dictionary informs us, the answer is: Politeness is the regard not only for other people's feelings, but also for one's own conduct. To act and speak, according to our best teaching and learning is to be polite.

Customs and standards change greatly even in a short period of time. Although

certain practices by custom are discontinued and others take their places, yet the above definitions will always hold and suffice for anyone to follow and be polite.

WHAT NEXT?

About one hundred and fifty seniors graduate from Bangor High School next June. More than that number of thousands will graduate from other High Schools and a percentage of these students will continue their course of study in some higher institution. The question confronting many is, Where shall we go? What shall we study?

College Requirements.

First, let us consider what you have accomplished in the past four years at High School and see where you can go. The conditions of admission to the best colleges, both in Maine, and out of the state, are very rigorous. Some of the larger colleges, Harvard and Yale, for instance, admit students only by passing examinations set by the college itself. In order to pass these, it is necessary for the candidate to have a thorough knowledge of the subjects in which he is to be examined. Other colleges will accept students of certificate rank, that is, not less than 85%, without examination. This method enables those who have done good work in High School to enter college with their High School record as a guarantee of their fitness to do creditable work there. One college in Maine, the University of Maine, accepts pupils from Bangor High School on their diplomas.

The Choice of a College.

After looking over his school record, the pupil decides where he will go. Undoubt-

edly the best college is that which can give him the best preparation for the work which he has chosen to follow. As many college catalogues as possible should be studied carefully and graduates of each should be consulted, so that the student can learn for himself what each institution can offer him in his own line.

As to what course of study should be followed, most colleges for the first two years allow the undergraduate but little choice in his courses. It is planned that each person shall receive a broad, general education along with his major subject. This is fast becoming the rule of all colleges and the requirement of an A. B. degree before a student can study for the professions in the best professional schools, shows that a good preparatory course is considered important before the actual study of one's chosen field is begun.

So in going to college each student should plan to take a course in some college which is broad and liberal in its curriculum. More than four years is not too much to spend in college. Graduate work done by graduates of the "first degree courses," always open up a greater field of opportunity for the individual. He is better equipped, more mature, and more eligible for desirable positions if his education has been liberal and his work in his chosen field more intensive by having four years of college and some additional graduate work.

Therefore in choosing a college bear in mind, not only what it offers in your line, but what it can give to you in traditions, experience, and policy.



Littera scripta manet

THE BANGOR PUBLIC LIBRARY

By C. A. Flagg, Librarian of Bangor Public Library



LIBRARIES, in the sense of collections of literature, are of the greatest antiquity, dating back to the Assyro-Babylonians, from two to three thousand years before the Christian era, and comprising the curious slabs, cones, cylinders and other forms of baked clay with their cuneiform inscriptions, which one may see in museums.

But few readers of the Oracle realize how modern an institution is the free public library of today. Unlike the free public school, it has no colonial history. Seventy years ago such a library was practically not dreamed of.

Curious, indeed, has been the evolution of American public libraries and not many localities offer a better opportunity for study of the process than we have in Bangor.

The earliest American collections of books, aside from purely private libraries, were those of the colleges, which were founded in this country, in early days to train young men for the ministry.

The next type of library was the shareholders' or Athenaeum library and Bangor's oldest library was of this sort: the Bangor Athenaeum, 1816. These libraries were gathered and used by a few members of the

community who banded themselves together for the purpose and sold or bequeathed their shares of stock like any other property.

Then came the association or social library—still an organization with shares and limited membership, but this type of library was more popular in character and the membership much larger than the earlier form. There was considerable legislation regarding these libraries on the statute books in the earlier half of the 19th century. Not infrequently they were primarily for certain large classes; the employers or capitalist in the community taking no small part in their organization and endowment, for themselves or their employees. Here in Bangor the two best known examples of this class were the Bangor Mechanic Association, 1828, and Bangor Mercantile Association, 1843, for the use of the apprentices and the merchants respectively.

In 1874 the Mercantile Association transferred its books to the Mechanic Association, and all citizens of Bangor were allowed to take books on the same terms as members of the latter association.

In 1883 the Mechanic Association made an agreement with the Trustees of General Hersey's bequest of \$100,000, to transfer its collection of 20,000 volumes and its endow-

ment fund to a new corporation to be known as the Bangor Public Library.

Here at last we have a real public library, in that the majority of the Board of Managers represented the city at large, and the city contributed for its support; but all users were still required to pay a fee, and it took another score of years to reach the present and final type—the free public library, open to all citizens without discrimination and requiring no payment from its users. In other words, in 1905, by vote of the city government, it took its proper place beside the public school as part of the free public educational system of Bangor.

It differs from the school in that it touches the public from infancy to old age and not for a limited period of years in early life; and further, that its use is not and never can be compulsory. The city merely offers this opportunity to all citizens who may avail themselves of it or neglect it, just as they do the free lectures, band concerts, etc.

In 1911 the Bangor Public Library had grown to be the largest public library, and the third largest collection of books, in the state; but its 70,000 volumes, 10,000 pamphlets and other treasures (including the only extensive files of Bangor newspapers in existence, and the valuable archaeological and historical collections of the Bangor Historical Society and the Mechanic Association), were all swept away in the great fire.

Meanwhile a movement had been under way for several years looking toward the erection of a building. After considerable discussion and even controversy regarding the most desirable site for the purpose, the catastrophe brought matters to a head. It was decided to provide a real educational centre around Abbott Square in the newer Bangor, to arise from the ruins of the fire.

The building fund of \$160,000 accumulated for the new library home is of itself a

distinction, marking Bangor off from most other cities. Carnegie libraries are numerous; hundreds of them are scattered over the union, given by that great philanthropist. There are other hundreds, especially in the eastern part of our country, given by individual donors, chiefly sons who have gone forth from their native towns to win fortune elsewhere, and who turn back in their prosperity to erect lasting memorials to themselves or their families in the old home. Many other library buildings are erected by the municipalities themselves. But here in Bangor we have another and rarer type—a magnificent edifice given not by the city or by an individual donor to perpetuate his own name, but by many present and former residents as a collective gift to public education and a memorial to the public spirit of all.

The management tries to be mindful of this noble dedication; to maintain an institution where any person desiring to know or to learn anything may receive all possible assistance and encouragement.

The evolution that has taken place in library administration is no less marked than that in types of libraries, to which we have alluded. In the olden time, we read that the books seemed to be procured to be stored on the shelves, so rigid were the regulations relating to their use, and the librarian's duty was to act as guardian and at the same time serve as a walking index, no other catalogue being necessary.

The present-day ideal, in education as in other lines of human interest, is not so much the mere providing of single bits of information, as showing inquirers how to help themselves and thereby strengthening character as well as imparting knowledge.

So in library work, the aim is not to provide librarians who know everything, but to gather a first class reference collection with needed catalogues, etc.; having a staff in charge that can find information quickly

when needed; and then to encourage our patrons to become familiar with the library and to use it themselves.

We believe all recognize that this attitude is due to no lack of willingness to serve, the modern "library spirit" is nothing more than efficient helpfulness, and probably what amounts to the full time of one attendant is given to assistance of the public each day. Every individual who really dislikes to use or is unfamiliar with dictionary, encyclopedia, index or catalogue, may be assured of our best service.

The brief course on books and libraries given the High School Sophomores each year is based upon our feeling that it is well worth while that the young people, especially, should understand the library. Library science and organization is much the same everywhere, so that one familiar with this Library will feel at home in others, whether in college, in the large metropolis, or the small rural community. We have heard college professors comment on the marked difference between students from localities where there was a first class public library and others without those early privileges, especially in the college courses where textbooks are largely superseded by consultation of authorities.

The regular running expenses of the Bangor Public Library are about \$13,000 a year at present, being largely increased

since the occupancy of the new building. Under the city ordinance now in force the city is to furnish this, the \$4,000 income from the Hersey fund being included in the amount.

The above sum includes no money for books, and for this purpose there are available certain funds, the Mechanic Association, Patten and Peirce funds, and the state stipend of a tenth of the amount raised annually by the city.

We have no branch libraries but during the past year there have been four traveling libraries in use, chiefly in the rural schools.

The library service includes the librarian, eleven assistants, each one a Bangor High School graduate, and a janitorial force of three. On Jan. 1, 1917, there were a little over 50,000 volumes in the library; and the circulation in 1916 was 84,000 which would be an average of over three books for every person in Bangor, or about 16 for every card holder.

Probably half the population do not use the Library at all, but as intimated elsewhere we can only invite, and promise our best service.

To all who seek reading for pleasure, or relaxation, for self-improvement or culture; who wish to know or investigate any subject whatever, or to begin or continue studies in any direction, the Public Library extends a cordial welcome.

A LIBRARY EXPERIENCE

By Doris O. Carr, '18.



OMEHOW I never hear anyone speak of libraries without being both awed and indignant.

When we lived in the small town of R—— I used to go often to the library with Marjory. She is older than I and, as I could not read, she would show me pictures and tell me about them. In the winter I liked to go to the

library, because it was always so warm and comfortable, especially on Saturday afternoons after we had been coasting, or skating, or just playing around in the snow.

We moved to the city last winter, and one Saturday afternoon, Marjory told me that she was going down to the library. She said one of the girls in her class at school had told her what a fine reading room there was for girls and boys, with

stacks of books just full of pictures. This made me anxious to go, as we had been out all the morning and my toes were really cold.

Marjory's friend came for her, and I was glad when they asked me if I would like to go.

When we arrived at the library, it seemed such a grand building, much larger than the one in R—. I feared that I should get lost. Just as we got to the door three or four other little girls, whom Marjory and her friend knew, came along and I got separated from them.

Before I realized it the great doors closed behind them all and I was left outside. I tried, but couldn't open those big doors. I decided to go in when I should see some one else going in; but, you see, everyone was strange to me and although many of the children going in and out would speak, I did not dare to venture in.

I waited and waited. I counted the

blocks of stone in the steps and above the door. I looked at the great long windows, but they were too high. I could not even see into that nice big building, and my toes were growing colder every minute. Every time the doors opened I expected Marjory would come out, and after many disappointments when I saw two little girls going in, I became very bold and marched in. Just as I reached the vestibule I met Marjory and her friends coming out. She put her arms around my neck and said,

"O-o-o-o Tige, see that sign on the door? 'D-o-g-s n-o-t a-l-l-o-w-e-d'."

Well now! That is why Marjory did not come back for me. She was very sorry and said she would not have taken me had she known I could not go in.

I never told Marjory, of course, but I do not agree with some whom I have heard say that the advantages of a city are greater than a town.

Now, do you blame me?

AN EARLY BOOKMAKER

A. E. W., '07.



THE first books as we understand them today were made in the monasteries, where the work of transcribing sacred and secular literature was carried on. There the monks copied the manuscripts word for word with painstaking care upon sheets of parchment made from the skins of sheep or goats. So exact were these copies that without the consent of the abbot a single letter could not be changed. Copyists of books retained a high place in the order of things literary until the introduction of printing, and without their labors we should know nothing of ancient literature,

since no original manuscript of any classical writer has survived.

Marginal illustrations and initial letters of graceful design often adorned the pages of the more precious manuscripts. For a book was then a manuscript; unless, as sometimes happened, it was bound likewise by hand, in leather covers sewed with thongs of the same leather. Tooled leather and even velvet covers were occasionally used for the more valuable manuscripts, preferably the Bible and the legends of the saints. Apart from its literary value the work of early monastic scribes in many instances reached a high artistic standard and exhibited marvelous skill in an accomplish-

ment now numbered among the lost arts.

With the revival of learning in the 14th century came an awakened interest in ancient writings, in the preservation of which the monastery had a large share. In 1400 when Thomas A Kempis began his novitiate in the Augustinian monastery of Mount Saint Agnes in the diocese of Utrecht, the monastery was poor and the money earned by copying manuscripts was of assistance in supporting the household. His skill in copying soon became apparent and every opportunity was afforded him to pursue his favorite occupation. Books being rare were appreciated. To make a good book and to make it beautiful was deemed a worthy thing. Certain hours each day he devoted to the labor of writing, labor which was regulated on bright days by a sun-dial and on cloudy days and during the night by a water-clock.

Though living in eventful times, Thomas A Kempis' life was uneventful. So intent was he on his copying that he knew nothing of the outside world. He lacked even the common interest in the little world coming up to the convent gate, which his brother monks may be supposed to have enjoyed. We can picture him in his sombre robes bending over his task in the quiet of the cloister. He loved books for their own sake and his manuscripts were monuments

of industry and patience. Four years he labored to transcribe the Bible, then followed the works of St. Bernard and minor works.

During the seventy years spent by Thomas A Kempis in the monastery many original volumes grew under his facile pen, most of them relating to the convent life, the only life he knew. But the one we value most to-day is his *Imitation of Christ*, a series of meditations given out from time to time to the brothers of the order. Using these meditations as a basis Thomas A Kempis, after four years of labor, produced his masterpiece. The beauty, fervor and simplicity of the *Imitation of Christ* won immense popularity from the first and no book except the Bible has been so often reprinted or translated into so many languages. A controversy over the authorship, not unlike the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, followed. It seemed to many impossible that this could be the work of this unassuming man of limited education and experience. They forgot that he was with the aid of inspiration putting into words his own rule of life. To-day, however, writers agree that this voice from the far-off middle ages is indeed inspiration, and that we, though removed from the spirit of the fifteenth century have not yet outgrown the need of its teachings.

DAY DREAMS versus REAL LIFE

By Dorothy Freese, '20.



HE knight of the road laboriously climbed the fence and made his way towards one of the many haystacks which dotted the field.

It was a warm, sunny afternoon—"Just the day for a quiet nap," thought our friend, as he scrambled to the top of the fragrant hay and settled himself in a comfort-

able position. That he was soon asleep was indicated by a slight snore, and the contented look on his face meant a satisfying dream—

Up he strode to the big farmhouse and knocked on the door. It was opened almost instantly, and a kind housewife stood before him. Assuming a pitiful expression he said, "Leddy, I'm walking from New York to San Francisco. Could you give me a bite to eat?"

"Come right in, you poor fellow," replied the good woman. "You are just in time to eat with us," and she led the way into a bright kitchen. After a satisfying repast of fried chicken and hot rolls, the farmer led his guest to the spare room and left him to delight in the feather bed. He was just about to doze off when—

"Get off from that there haystack," shouted a voice, and the knight awoke to the realization that the fried chicken was only a dream and that he was sitting on a haystack with an irate farmer in blue overalls below him.

"My friend," he replied blandly, "I wish to compliment you on the fine quality of your hay."

"If you don't get out of here in about two shakes of a lamb's tail, I'll compliment you with this here whip," said the farmer sarcastically.

Again on the road the knight felt more cheerful and began to whistle. Soon he reached a farmhouse—not the house of his dream—but nevertheless a house.

Ambling up to the doorstep he gave a loud knock on the door. "Dreams sometimes come true," he muttered and as the door opened he faced the rather untidy

woman and began, "Leddy, I'm walking from New York to San Francisco. Could you give me a bite to eat?"

"No, I couldn't," snapped the farmer's wife, but just as she was about to close the door she called back over her shoulder and said, "Wait a minute." She returned with a fair sized box tied with green string and handed it to him.

The knight hurried out of sight and sat down to open the package which meant supper to him. Inside the box was a beautiful frosted cake with but three pieces gone. He took a huge bite, then gave a disgusted exclamation and looked at the cake. It certainly had a fine appearance, but the taste was enough to drive him insane. He was about to fling it from him when a piece of paper in one corner of the box attracted his attention. Picking it up he read in scraggly characters,

Yew wudent have gut this cake if our boy hadent filled the shugar jar with solt.

Mary Biggs.

S. P. Yew needent come round here agen.

"Such is life," murmured the knight, and drawing his belt in two notches he threw himself on the ground and slept.

THREE SMALL FRIENDS

G. H. B., '11



MISSIS, can my little brudder take Liberrys?" piped the shrill voice of a small round eyed urchin close at my elbow. "Him n'me wants to get some of them singin books over there"—pointing with an indescribably dirty diminutive forefinger, to an evidently previous explored middle shelf at the back of the room. "My Teacher, she says I

ken sing the best of enny feller in my school —gee, you otter jes hear me sing!"

I expressed a hopeful desire that I might sometime, and leaving him with a seraphic grin on his happy face, turned to the next child in line who was squirming most impatiently, his whole being radiating some equal accomplishment anxious to be divulged. His excitement exceeded all bounds—the words fairly burst from his red child lips

without pause or punctuation—"Say yer know I'm an uncle I am my sister she's gotter baby n'ets awful little n'ets awful homely but my Mother she says it'll be prettier bime-by n'I don't care ennyway us men don't bank much on looks"—and this crum of manhood, puffed and swelled with justifiable pride, strutted out of the room with a big fat volume tucked under his arm and an invitation to bring the small neice to the Library when she should be old enough, tucked away in his heart.

In real life as in fiction, tragedy invariably follows close upon happiness, and the little drama of life as presented in the Children's Room of a Public Library is no exception.—

Before long a dejected mite of humanity shuffled up to my desk, hands proclaiming her to be of African blood though spots here and there on her tearful small countenance (probably affected by those same tears!) betokened none but white ancestry. In her

hand she held an erstwhile yellow card, now crushed and torn and dyed with unadulterated mud. Fixing her grief-stricken eyes on mine and finding encouragement registered there she gulped.—"This card is been fellen into somethin n'I hurt my nelbow." With an herculean effort I kept the corners of my mouth straight while I soothed her small soul, and incidently her "nelbow", with a comforting (?) lecture on cleanliness, finally sending her home happy with a cloth bound about the bruised member, a "bran" new card, and a firm belief within her that all happiness in the future depended upon clean hands and face and Library cards!

And so this little world moves round, each small boy and girl drifting thru the sun-shine and—thru the shadows—playing their parts earnestly—sharing their little joys, and sorrows, and making every one of us thankful in our hearts that there is childhood in the land.

STEVE

By James E. Mitchell, '18

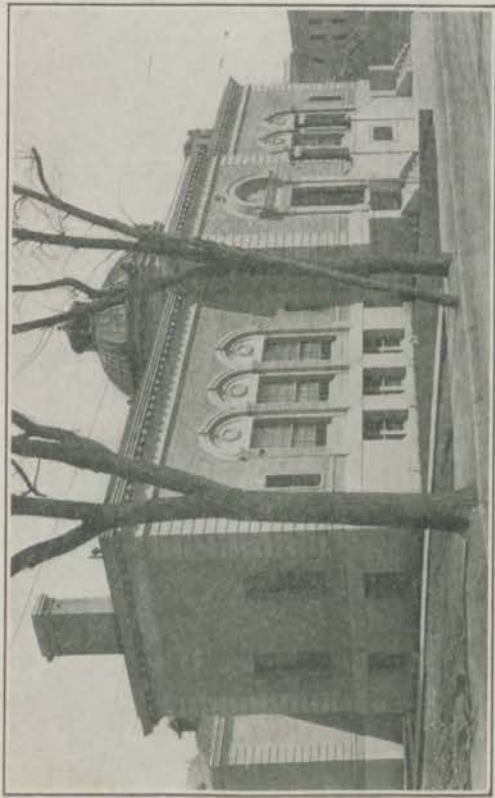


STEVE Broady (not the Steve you think) was the latest attachment to the detective agency of Burnham, a good sized prohibition city of the middle west. From his earliest days Steve had been a rambler. He had drifted from one position to another up to the time he became the proud possessor of a tin-badge, worn on the inner side of his coat. How he did like to flaunt this shinning piece of metal before the envious eyes of his less fortunate associates! Perhaps his opportunity would come soon and he would then rise to the topmost

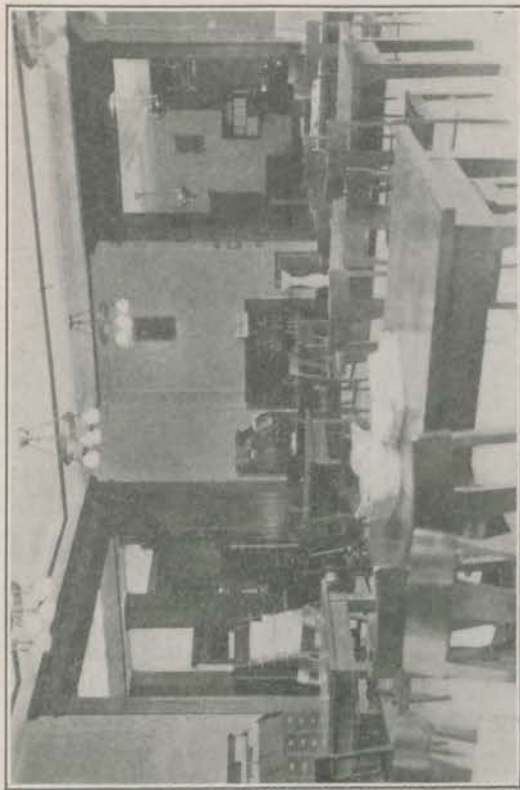
heights of success and be classed with Sherlock Holmes.

A certain notorious clique of robbers had of late been preying upon the dwellings of the city, and the police force were at their wits end, for it seemed almost impossible to catch the marauders. Several recent breaks had been made and the loss was estimated at \$75,000.

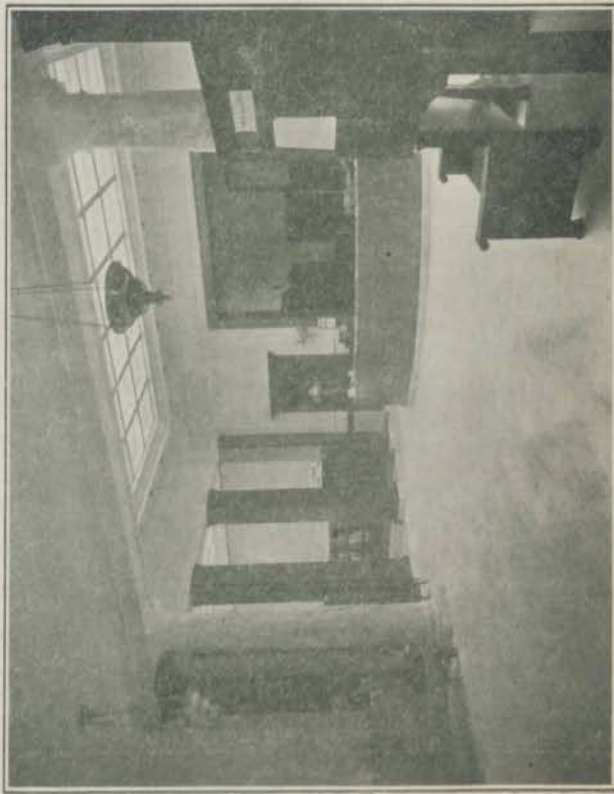
The Burnham Detective Agency was constantly on the look out. Every one on the pay roll had received all the particulars, as far as known, concerning the robberies, and each man determined that he would be the clever person who would track the bandits



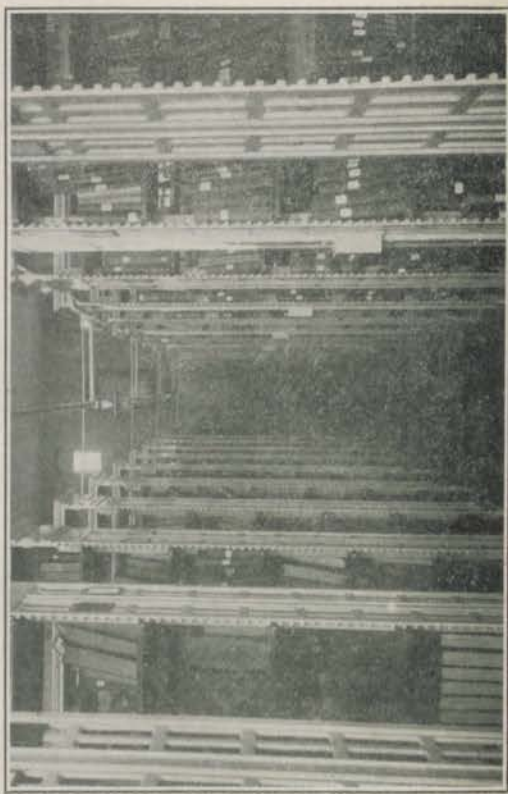
Bangor Public Library



Main Reading Room



Entrance and Delivery Desk



Book Stacks

to their lair. Steve was no exception and spent nearly all of his spare time in working on the case. The gods seemed to favor him and at last his chance came!

One dark and windy night he was returning home from the theatre. The moon was hidden by clouds and the wind sounded a wailing note. "What a wonderful night for crime!" thought Steve, as he walked along. His home was near the outskirts of the city, and as the street lights grew scarcer and scarcer, he quickened his pace. Every now and then he looked apprehensively about him. Not that he was nervous! Certainly not—only he liked to glance behind once in a while.

Now he was passing through a street that bore an evil name. What was that? He jumped into a nearby doorway, his heart thumping wildly against his badge. A short distance up the street two men were silently putting medium sized boxes into a light wagon. Steve stared at them with bulging eyes. Then an idea dawned upon him—here were the thieves who had committed the robberies in his peaceful city. They were taking their loot to some secret place in order to conceal it. Here, also, was HIS chance. He would follow and discover the place of concealment.

The wagon started, and came slowly down the street. The men on the seat conversed in low, sinister tones and glanced watchfully from side to side. Steve crouched and held his breath as they passed him. When the wagon had turned the corner he hurried in pursuit. The horse still walked in a leisurely manner. The criminals evidently did not wish to make a disturbance. Steve followed them through the suburbs and into the open country. Then the horse turned and took an unfrequented road which led through a

wood. Along this road they went for about a mile, the wary Steve always close behind. Then they stopped in the thickest part of the forest. Steve's heart again began to thump wildly. The thieves were going to hide their loot. He wished that he had brought his revolver with him so he might boldly hold up these night workers. But no—on second thought he was glad he did not have it, for he did not wish to take the life of a fellow creature.

Each of the men, still speaking inaudibly, took a spade from the wagon and began to dig. Steve watched one shovel of earth after another as it fell to the ground. At last the work was completed, and the men then placed their loot carefully in the hole. When the last box was lowered they filled the hole and covered the top with leaves and twigs. Then they put the spades back into the wagon and, after viewing their work with apparent satisfaction, started back along the road to the city. Again they passed Steve as he lay behind a huge tree.

He waited until he could no longer hear the sound of wheels and then he hastened to the spot where the booty was concealed. With eager hands he brushed the twigs from the surface of the hiding place. Then he began to dig the soft earth with a branch. His face was covered with expansive smiles. Was he not a hero? His picture would flare on the front page of the leading newspapers. His name would be a household word. He would receive a medal and would probably be placed at the head of the detective agency. No wonder he was pleased! He still continued to dig and at last he came to the buried treasure. Yes, he could see it now. One of the boxes was open and in the dim light he could see something glistening! It must be the valuable pearls which were

stolen. He would receive a huge reward for returning them. He reached out his hand, and drew forth—ah Cruel Fate!—a shinning bottle, the label of which he could barely distinguish. It read "Best Rye Whiskey." He had stumbled upon a liquor dealer's "hide."

How day dreams do vanish! Steve never mentioned the "pearl case" to anyone thereafter and seemed to have lost all interest in it.

JOHNNY AND THE COOKIES

By Esther E. Willis, '18.



O, I won't do it. What with that old stove smokin'—and me tryin' to cook on it, and the new minister comin' in to tea, one would think I had enough to do. But no, a-top of it all, you must come runnin' in and shoutin' 'Nuff lunch for three boys and a dog, 'cause we're a-goin' fishin';" But I can't do it, and I won't, so you may as well go on out again."

So spake a large, motherly looking woman, as she watched bits of dough turning into golden-brown doughnuts and managed the process with a skillful hand.

"But ma—," began a freckle-faced, honest-looking boy of about fourteen years.

"You needn't begin on that speech, I know just what you are goin' to say; all about its being a holiday, and such fine weather for fishin', and your having everything all ready, but the lunch. But I ain't goin' to listen, so you may as well be off, out from under my feet."

With his hands in his pockets and a smile on his usually cheery face, Johnny shuffled towards the door. Before he reached it, however, it was thrown open and a woman stepped into the room. She greeted Johnny and then turned to his mother.

"Mrs. Lane," she said, "the Widder Jones is awful sick, and nothin' will satisfy

her but you must come right over and take care of her. Guess you'll have to go. No one else can do anything for her."

"But I can't. The new minister is comin' to tea and I ain't a thing cooked in the house. But I suppose it would be more Christian to go and take care of the Widder Jones, and let the minister eat stale bread. Hope his teeth is good, that's all I can say. But I must have some cookies! What shall I do?"

Just then her eye rested on Johnny, who had paused at the door to hear what was taking place. An idea came to her.

"Say, Johnny," she said, "if I should give you the exact receipt couldn't you make me some cinnamon cookies? You made some once and they was real good. I don't see but you'll have to do it again. If you will, as soon as you get 'em done, you can put up a lunch for yourself and go fishin' if you want to. Will you do it? Here's the receipt. Foller it exact and you'll be all right."

Johnny gladly consented and his mother, putting on a clean apron, went out, leaving the boy in sole charge of the realm of the kitchen. He read the receipt once and then set to work with a will.

All went well, and in about half an hour Johnny had laid about three dozen fine-looking cookies in rows on the table. Then he started to put up his lunch. He

put in sandwiches of which the bread varied in thickness from one inch on one edge to a mere shaving on the other.

"They don't look very good, but we'll be so hungry we'll never notice," thought Johnny as he put them in. Next he put into the basket a generous quantity of doughnuts and hard-boiled eggs. Then looking for something to fill in the corners, his eye rested on the cookies he had just made. He took about a dozen, put them into the basket and started.

He had gone but a little way when he met two boys with fishing apparatus coming towards him.

One was short and fat and the other was tall and thin. They greeted him respectfully with:

"Hey, Johnny, I thought you was never comin' with that lunch. Bet yer et half of it comin' down," and

"Well, John, are you here at last?" We are nearly tired to death waiting for you!"

Johnny explained the circumstances and the three started off in the direction of the pond. After walking for about two hours, they reached their destination, and sat down to fish. Fatty Smith, who was only happy when eating, suggested making way with the lunch first, "'cause he was awful hungry after walkin' so far." The others objected, however, and decided to fish a while before dinner.

In about an hour Fatty again suggested that "it was time for the eats." This time all agreed, and Johnny spread the lunch out on a flat rock and all began to devour the sandwiches.

"My, but them sandwiches is good?" exclaimed Fatty, as he took a huge mouthful.

"The bread is cut a little unevenly, it seems to me," said Percival, Fatty's city cousin, a boy whom all the rest hated because of his "mincin' ways and citified manners."

Just then Fatty started in on an egg. As he took a huge bite, he exclaimed,

"Johnny, how long did you cook them eggs?"

"Oh, 'bout half an hour. Why, ain't they done enough?"

"Hardly," said Fatty, sarcastically. Taking one, he threw it against a large rock. It did not break but rebounded like a rubber ball.

"Well, don't eat 'em if they ain't good. Eat sandwiches. There's lots of 'em."

After that there was silence for some time, as sandwich after sandwich disappeared before the gigantic appetites of the three hungry boys.

"Them cookies is what I was makin'. That's why it took me so long," said Johnny, when only the twelve cinnamon cookies remained in the bottom of the basket. "We'll eat 'em now. Here Fatty, try that. Ain't it good?"

Fatty stuffed a whole one into the huge cavity which nature gave him for a mouth. Silence. Then, "Whow!" shrieked Fatty as he jumped up and started for the water.

"Why Henry, what is the matter?" cried Percival.

"Matter! Matter! Oh! I'm dying! I I am dead! Help; Help! Get the doctor? No, the undertaker! Help!!"

Johnny rushed to the side of his friend and asked in a frightened voice, "Fatty, what is the matter?" Fatty could say nothing, but "Help! fire! murder! Oh them cookies!"

Then an idea struck Johnny and he ran back and broke off just the tiniest piece of a cookie and put it into his mouth. Then he understood, and in a voice choking with laughter, he turned to Percival and said,

"Could it, oh could it possibly have said 'cayenne' instead of 'cinnamon' on that can? I only looked at the first letter and they both began with 'c.' And the stuff looks alike."

"That is, without a doubt, just what happened. Oh, what a careless boy you are!" said Percival.

By this time Fatty felt better, and seizing the cookies, he threw them one by one into

the pond.

"Let's go home. I'm starvin'!" he said.

"No," said Johnny, "let's wait 'til after dark. I ain't goin' home 'til I'm sure the minister's gone."

GREAT PERSONAGES I HAVE MET

By Professor Horatius Ignatz Soporific,
LL. D. D., A. M., P. M., R. S., P. Q., etc.



BEING a very modest man, and having hardly ever stirred from my study, since the good old days at college, when I learned that I had become famous, it came as a blow to me. Indeed, the blow was such that I lost my mental stability to such an extent that the finishing touches on my thesis, "The Promulgation of the Inhibitory Mammalae," was delayed a month. This treatise also, by the way, has since gained me additional fame by establishing my ability as a scientist beyond all question.

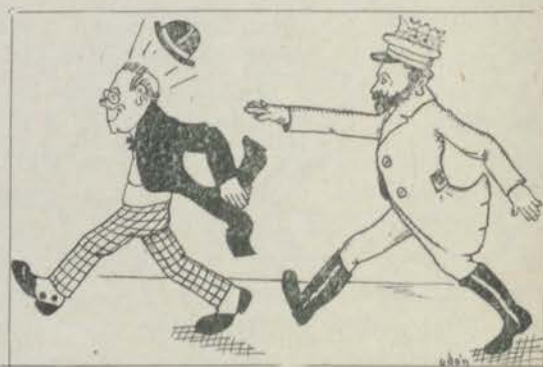
Before, I had been an insignificant plodder doing only my humble work. Now, since my reputation was assured, invitations from all parts of the world came asking me to pay visits and deliver lectures. Being fearful of a brainstorm, I took ship at once for France and thence travelled over the continent and in India.

A lot of excitement was caused on board ship when a wireless came for me from my old friend, Doctor Mergsen. He desired my presence for a few days in order that we might discuss a few things alone. Immediately I wirelessed back and told him that I would spare a couple of days. The trip was quite uneventful. The notables, except for myself, were few, so no acquaintances were made on board.

After the first formalities I at once assailed the doctor on his philosophy and be-

fore I had half finished he promised me with tears in his eyes that he would immediately revise his former editions and correct them. Of course that was no credit to me,—I merely had to present the truth.

Next I visited King John. How glad he was to clasp my hand once more and chase me around the courtyard as we used to do when we were boys. He has aged terribly



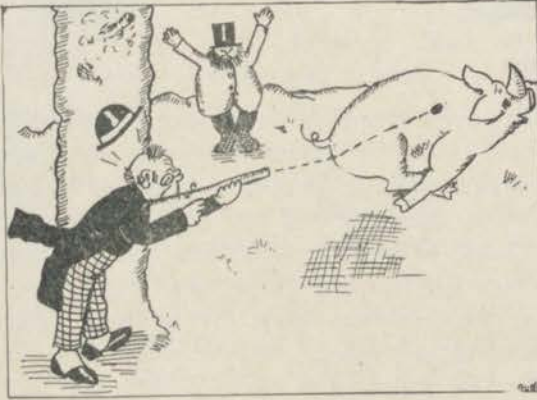
"and chased me around the courtyard"

since he took up the crown. After instilling a little new thought into him we parted—as friendly as ever. He insisted on having one of his battleships, H. M. S. Queen Anne escort me across the Channel.

Captain Chainworth of the Queen Anne was very entertaining. He listened very attentively to my theory of the undulation of the interior ocean swell. Finally he agreed to present my plan to the British government.

My old friend, Bill the Great, was out yachting. However the High Councillor of

the Treasury took me to his summer home. Here we went boar hunting. As the Councillor was directing me how to fire his new rifle, a boar rushed from behind me and would have gored the Councillor to death had I not shot him with my gun exactly over the region of the heart so scientific an



"and hit him exactly over the heart"

aim that he dropped dead. For this act of valor the Councillor decorated me with the order of the Brass Button of the fourth class.

At last Bill came home and we spent many delightful days together. Bill was always very fond of his moustache which he refused to sacrifice on any condition, for many years; but at length, as a matter of

sanitation and policy (for he realized he must be disguised with those anarchists increasing all the time), he at last had it shorn. Bill had grown lax about his Latin for he had busied himself lately only with fortifications and land strategy, so we read Caesar once more. This greatly gratified Bill for it reminded him of his mission on earth and showed exactly how to accomplish it with the greatest possible despatch.

The most interesting of all the famous personages is the Rajah of Hmerjatupol of India. His name (pronounced See-chee-coia) Sscheckolla, I found so difficult that I called him Smudge and he liked the nickname very well. For days he would fast and pray. At other times he counted his gold or spent a few millions which I helped him dig up for exercise before breakfast. He was immensely interested in our country and longed to come across and make us a visit.

At last I took ship for home. A great compatriot and I had a fine time on board ship. As we were both fond of checkers, we made a good time of it together—that is when he wasn't seasick.

Before dying I hope to meet a few more of the world's greatest.



"and played checkers when he wasn't seasick"



LOCALS

Inter nos

On Friday evening, Feb. 2, a "Latin Party" was held in the High School Assembly Hall. An invitation to students, parents, teachers, and friends was written in Latin on the boards in various rooms. The program was as follows:

1. Selection by Orchestra
2. Explanation of Sabin Charts
Miss Mary C. Robinson.
3. Song, Gaudeamus Igitur
Latin and Greek Students.
4. Venator, Mercator et Urea
John Caulfield,
Carl Morrison.
Margaret Flanigan.
5. Rex, Regina, et lex Principes
Gerald Robinson.
Hazel Wentworth and others.
6. Tibicen Hamelinae
Philip Oak,
Frederick Jacques.
7. Violin Solo
Stanley Cayting.
8. Magister et Discipulus
Warren Preble,
Clara Patten.
9. Selection from the Aeneid
Stanley Johnson.
10. Selection from the Iliad
James McCann.
11. Felis et Mice
Grace Brennan.
12. Selection by Orchestra.

All who took part were dressed in classic costume, and many of the girls in the audi-

ence wore Greek or Roman attire for the occasion. All members of Greek or Latin classes were designated by small badges on which the letters L or G were printed. Models of an ancient Ballista and Catapult, made by Harland Martin and Earl Parker in the wood-working department, were prominently placed on the stage and attracted much attention. Numbers four, five, and six on the program were arranged and staged by Miss Ethel C. Pfaff. They were short plays, in dialogue form, called Fabulae and formed one of the most effective parts of the entertainment. Miss Alice Wormwood had charge of the music for the occasion.

The chief purpose of the exhibition was to display and explain the Sabin Charts, over a hundred of which were hung in the rear of the hall. The charts were invented by Miss Frances E. Sabin of Madison, Wisconsin, and were named in her honor by a convention of teachers of the Middle West, who first saw them.

They are designed to show how words of Latin and Greek origin, and classical designs, are constantly used in our daily life. Bowdoin college loaned about sixty of the charts originally designed by Miss Sabin for the occasion, and the remainder were made by members of B. H. S. All this was explained by Miss Mary C. Robinson, the head of the Latin department, in the second number on the program.

At the close of the entertainment, James

McCann presented Miss Robinson with a beautiful bunch of roses from the Latin and Greek Classes. Dancing was enjoyed until eleven o'clock. This Latin party was the first of its kind to be held in Bangor and it was certainly a great success.

At chapel, Friday, Feb. 2, Mr. C. E. Cayting, of the U. C. T., spoke about the shield from the battleship "Maine," which was given to the city some time ago. The U. C. T. is making an effort to have this figure-head placed in some conspicuous position in the city, and the speaker asked especially that members of the school submit sketches for a proper mounting of this valuable relic. Incidentally he mentioned that the winning sketch would bring a check for twenty-five dollars. Several in the drawing classes are working their ideas and have hopes of winning the prize.

The executive board of the Penobscot County Teachers' association met in the B. H. S. Assembly hall, Saturday morning, Feb. 3, at ten o'clock.

The Semi-Finals for the Junior Exhibition were held in the assembly hall on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 8, before a large and very appreciative audience. From the list of ten boys and ten girls, as given in last month's Oracle five boys and five girls were chosen. These are to speak in the Exhibition which is to come Friday evening, March 23. The judges were Miss Bransfield, Dr. Haskell, and Prof. Peabody from the U. of M. Law School. They remained out nearly forty-five minutes and on returning announced the following as the final speakers: Mildred DeWitt, Antionette Gould, Rachel Connor, Marion Kenney, Lola Yelland; and Joseph Garland, James Mitchell, John McCann, Frank McGuire, and Charles Whalen.

Mr. Henry A. Wood, Miss Helen V. Gerrity, and Miss Charlotte Roberts served as judges of the Senior essays which were due March 1. Mr. Wood, B. H. S., '08, was Associate Editor of the Oracle in that year and later, in Brown University, he made a special study of English. Miss Gerrity is a graduate of B. H. S. and Mt. Holyoke. She also holds a degree from the University of Maine. Miss Roberts is also a graduate of Bangor High and is a lady of broad culture and discriminative literary taste. Another note of interest is that her grandfather was an intimate friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Such judges insure the correct selection of the best graduation themes.

The Lunch room is giving some unusually fine luncheons this year as may be seen by the following menus taken from two different days. The first: Tomato Soup with Crackers, Crab meat, Rolls, Ham, Egg, Dry Beef, Olive and Nut Sandwiches, Fig Newtons, Social Teas, Milk, Chocolate and Walnut ice-cream. Again: Chicken Salad, Hot Buttered Rolls, Crackers and Cheese, Ham, Egg, Shrimp, Peanut Butter, and Jelly Sandwiches, Chocolate Bars, Fruited Ovals, Milk, Popcorn, Crispettes, and Oranges.

Mr. Hall C. Dearborn, of Newburg, Me., is a new teacher on our faculty. Mr. Dearborn attended Hampden Academy three years, came to Bangor High for one year, and then went to Colby for two years. At Colby he made the varsity football and baseball teams in his freshman year. After leaving Colby he played professional baseball for one season. He comes to B. H. S. after teaching for some time in rural districts. Mr. Dearborn is to coach the baseball team this season besides his regular duties as instructor in algebra. This addition brings our teaching staff up to forty members.

The new band of the B. H. S. organized under the leadership of H. Dennis O'Neil has the following members who play the instruments as given: Piccolo, Boyd; clarinets, Littlefield, Baumann, Gordon, Levelle, Starrett, Belinian; cornets, Connor, Cohen, Murray, Casey, Belinian; altos, Robbins, Hicks, Kenney; trombones, Hicks, Russell; baritone, Mitchell; bass, Dearborn; drums, Shaw, Small. The band has been rehearsing every week in the gymnasium.

The following students were guests at Bowdoin College for the interscholastic indoor track meet held there Saturday, Feb. 10: Simmons Tyler, Kenneth Boardman, Frank Gillin, and Harry Helson at Psi Upsilon; Paul Eames, Percy Howard at Zeta Psi; Fred Eaton at Alpha Delta Phi. The team was entertained by the boys of Kappa Sigma. All were royally cared for and came away very enthusiastic over Bowdoin.

On Saturday evening, Feb. 10, some members of the B. H. S. Cadet Company gave an exhibition drill on the stage at City Hall. The drill consisted of facings, manual of arms, and close order work. At its completion an immense American flag was unrolled from the top of the stage and, with the cadets and representatives from different military organizations of the city, made a very effective ending. The cadets taking part were: Captain Farrar; Sergeants Smart and Valentine; Corporals Pullen and H. Smith; Privates Carter, Green, E. Smith, Boyd, Pierce, Whittemore, Hubbard, Chilcott, Hammond, Small, Pennell, Fair, O'Conner, and Bailey.

At chapel, Monday, Feb. 12, Mr. Gray gave a short address on Lincoln and was followed by James McCann who recited, in his usual fine manner, the Gettysburg Address. This short program was much enjoyed by all.

Mr. Varney was out of school the week of Feb. 12, because of an attack of grippe.

Tuesday night, Feb. 20, candidates for the baseball team met in room 112. There were twenty-five men present. Short talks on the subject were given by Mr. Dearborn and Manager Hubbard. Meetings of this sort are to be held every Tuesday night until practice can be started out-of-doors.

The singing classes of Wednesday, Feb. 14, found that copies of the school song had been pasted upon the inside back cover of the singing books. This makes a very convenient arrangement.

The Fife and Drum Corps has been practicing in the gymnasium, Wednesday afternoons after the Cadet drill. The members are: F. Shaw (principal musician); N. Kearney, F. D Oliver, R. McCann, R. Small, drums; P. Boyd (Fife sergeant), H. Green, F. Pierce, J. Buckley, W. Frawley, L. Connor, fifes.

Mr. Gray was in Lincoln Friday, Feb. 16, speaking before the Eastern Penobscot Teachers' Association on the subject, "How to Teach English."

Arrangements have been made with the Eastern Manufacturing Company of Brewer, Me., so that the Commercial Seniors, working in relays of twos, may have practical experience in business. The selected students leave school for two weeks and work under the direction of the company. The first to go were Ralph Knott and Nathan Segal. They worked in the accounting department. Other firms, in Bangor, have signified their willingness to give students the same privileges in their offices. This is a new privilege for the Commercial divisions.

Mr. Mitchell was out Friday, Feb. 16, on account of illness.



De gustibus non est disputandum

The Girls' Society.

A meeting of the Girls' Debating Society was held on February 14, at three-thirty in Room 209. One new member, Miss Lillian Racklen, was received into the society. The following officers were then installed for the spring term: President, Gladys Allen; Vice-President, Bernice Smith; Secretary, Laura Dodd; Treasurer, Irene Smith; Censor, Louise Leonard.

At the next meeting held on February 23, nineteen members were present. As neither the president nor vice-president was able to attend, Miss Dodd, the secretary, presided. After the reading of the roll-call and secretary's report, several important matters were brought before the society. Miss Rachel Connor then gave a brief account of debating in other high schools. Later the following subject for a debate was announced. Resolved, That Spanish should be an elective subject in high school. The speakers were as follows:

Affirmative: Dorothy Freese, Marjorie O'Connell.

Negative: Marjorie Driscoll, Maisie Whitehouse, Laura Dodd.

The affirmative argued that Spanish should be an elective study in high school, for a person with a knowledge of Spanish has excellent business opportunities in South America. The negative maintained that a scholar has no time in high school for the study of Spanish which should be left for college.

The judges awarded the decision to the affirmative.

The Senate.

The first team for the year will consist of John McCann, James McCann, and Harry Helson. This is the team which will take part in the Goodwin Prize debate at Colby College at Waterville. The speakers of the second team are Max Snyder, Harold Green, and James Mitchell. The alternates are Messrs. Kelleher and Downing.

The speakers in the Bates League are: Messrs. Green, Snyder and McCann on the affirmative in Bangor against M. C. I. The negative team will be composed of Messrs. McCann, Mitchell, and Helson and will go to Gardiner. There were a large number in the trials which showed much interest. The judges were: Miss Scribner, Mr. Boyd, and Mr. Dearborn.

The question to be debated is, Resolved, That the Federal government should own and operate the railroads within the United States. It is a question which appeals as an interesting debate and has been argued pro and con since it began to engage public notice. The debaters have doubtless realized that it is a prolific subject and, indeed, proved it in their trials. It has been the subject for a class debate this year, in a College English division, and furnished no little worry for unwilling "victims."

The Bates College Interscholastic League consists of nine high schools and academies grouped in three triangles,

The schools are: Westbrook, Hebron Academy, Maine Central Institute, Morse High, Stephens High (Rumford), Gardiner High, Jordan High (Lewiston), Bangor

High. Bangor High is in the triangle with M. C. I. and Gardiner High.

When Bangor debates with Gardiner in Assembly Hall, on March 16, it is hoped

that the fray will have been anticipated by all the school; that the school will be there to encourage its representatives.

SENIOR CLASS DEBATES

First Period Debate.

Several very interesting debates have recently been held by the Senior class in connection with the study of college English. The first period division chose for their subject: Resolved, That the United States should own and operate all railroad lines within its borders.

Miss Salley, leader of the affirmative, opened the debate. James McCann was the first speaker for the negative. The affirmative side was supported by Misses Toole, Hamm, Shute, Street, Bragg, and Hunt, and Messrs. Grant, Makanna, Boardman, Perry, Hathorn, and Johnson. Miss Bragg gave the rebuttal for the affirmative.

The speakers for the negative were: Misses Covelle, Woodward, Leonard, McEwen, Maxfield, and Kenney, and Messrs. McCann, Kelleher, and Helson. Mr. Helson, leader of the negative, gave the rebuttal and closed for his side.

Both sides agreed that the present system of private ownership has resulted in serious abuses. The affirmative declared that government ownership would be an effective remedy for these abuses, and that its success where it exists argues for its extension. The negative maintained that government ownership is unnecessary and refuted the statement of the affirmative as to its success where it has been tried.

Mr. Joseph C. White acted as judge and decided in favor of the negative. He especially commended Miss Covelle and Messrs. Helson and McCann for the excellent manner in which they presented their arguments.

Second Period Debate.

The same day Miss Mary Robinson's first period English class held a debate on the government ownership of railroads, the second period class held one on the subject, "Resolved, That the home of today is more favorable to the bringing up of good citizens than that of the past." The class was divided into two teams of ten with Miss Bernice Smith leader on the affirmative and Miss Gladys Allen leader on the negative.

The question, though rarely debated, proved very interesting and is one that should receive careful attention in the home to to-day. The affirmative opened with the point that economic conditions to-day are more favorable and therefore parents are able to give them better advantages by supporting them for a greater length of time. Another point ably brought out was that many clubs of to-day are teaching mothers how to deal wisely with their children.

The negative carefully brought out that some of the essentials taught in the home of the past appear lacking in that of to-day. The strongest point brought out was that the Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls and other such organizations have been started in order to teach habits of life that the home of to-day cannot, or at least, does not teach its children.

Many points were well presented in rebuttal by both sides. The decision was awarded to the negative by the judge, Mr. White. The two leaders were the best speakers among the girls, and Mr. McCabe among the boys.



Clarum et venerabile nomen

Crosby Redman, '16, has been chosen to take part in the Ivy Day play at Bowdoin, having made the Varsity Dramatics. Mr. Redman has also been elected secretary and treasurer of the class of 1920.

Louis Dennett, '16, has recently become a member of the Varsity Rifle Team, at Bowdoin.

Out of the large number of schools sending a delegation of three or more to Bowdoin, B. H. S. was third in the contest for the Abraxas Cup. The cup is given to the school whose representatives obtain the highest scholastic standing for the first semester in the Freshman class.

Bateman Edwards, '15, accompanist for the Bowdoin Glee Club recently here, took part in the vaudeville show given by the Alpha Delta Phi at Bowdoin.

The following students of B. H. S., '16, are attending Miss Gilman's Commercial School: Marguerite Tibbetts, Beatrice Griffin, Marjorie White and Thomas O'Leary.

Miss Myrtle Smart, B. H. S., who is employed in eugenic field work by the New Jersey State Hospital at Morris Plains under Dr. Britton D. Evans, has been spending a short time with her parents in this city.

Miss Ella C. Leavitt, B. H. S., and a graduate of the Gilman Commercial School, has accepted a position as stenographer at the Maine Central Freight office on Main street.

Miss Pauline Mansur, B. H. S., '15, has been elected secretary and treasurer of the mandolin club at Wheaton College. Miss Lora E. Blanding, B. H. S., '15, is a member of the same club.

Recently occurred the marriage of Helen Natalie Glass, B. H. S., '16, and Ira W. Barker, B. H. S., '11. The bride has been employed as assistant librarian in the Bangor Public Library since graduating from B. H. S. Mr. Barker occupies a responsible position in the main office of the Great Northern Paper Co. in this city.

John Manchester, B. H. S., '16, a student of the University of Maine, has been accepted as a member of the Glee Club.

At the concert given by the U. of M. Glee Club, February 24, John Magee, B. H. S., '14, entertained a large audience with several selections. Langdon Freese, B. H. S., '13, received much applause as flute soloist.

Miss Mary Alden Hopkins, B. H. S., '94, has written a very interesting article on, "This Matter of the Eight-Hour Day," for

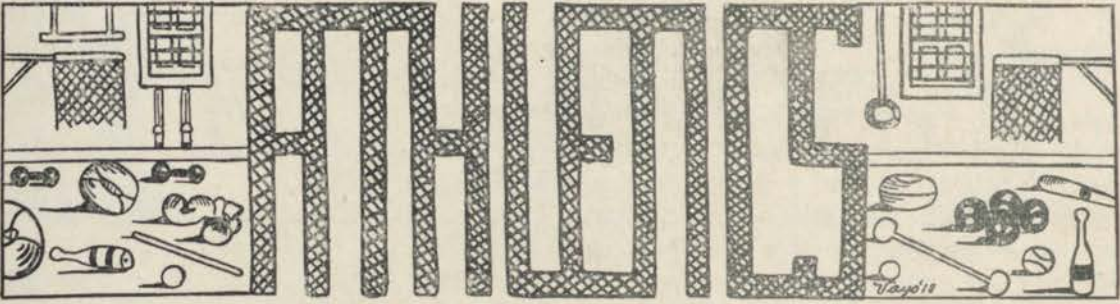
the January number of the Century magazine. Miss Hopkins is well prepared to write on this subject, having been for years engaged as an investigator of industrial conditions, during which time she has put her theories to the practical test by working as an employee in laundries, hotels and factories. Miss Hopkins came to teach in Bangor in the year of 1905. It will be remembered that she recently wrote, for the girls in B. H. S., an article which was published in the Oracle. Miss Hopkins also had a very interesting article in "Independent" of January 1.

H. P. Dowst, '95, Assistant Business Manager of the Oracle and one of the judges of the Senior Essays in 1915 has been made president of the bond house of Dowst & Company, Incorporated of New York, dealing in high grade investment securities. Mr Dowst was formerly engaged in the publishing business in Boston, and has also made quite a reputation as a magazine writer. His experience as an investigator and analyst of industrial enterprises covering a period of about fifteen years fits him for the painstaking business of judging and selecting securities for the clients of the concern of which he is now a member.

Charles Boardman Hawes, B. H. S., '07, author of "Within That Zone," is rapidly winning a name for himself in the world of literature. On receiving his degree from Bowdoin College in 1911, Mr. Hawes was awarded the Henry W. Longfellow scholar-

ship, which carried with it a year's study at Harvard, where he specialized in English, as required under the terms of the Longfellow bequest. Mr. Hawes has for several years been an associate editor of the "Youth's Companion," and has also won success as a contributor to the magazines. "The Port of a Vanished Dream," a story of his in the "Bellman" for December 31, was noted as a story of special distinction by Edward J. O'Brien in the "Transcript."

Scribner's Magazine for February contains pictures of the new Foreign Office in Peking, China, and of the entrance to the same building which is guarded by a very Chinese-looking lion. It is of interest to B. H. S. students to know that the architect and builder of this handsome edifice is Mr. Charles D. Jameson, who was graduated from our school in 1872. It is mentioned in the article as a matter of note that the cost of erecting the building was within the government appropriation, which is an evidence both of the architect's honesty and of his business ability. Mr. Jameson has been a resident of China for more than twenty years, part of the time in the employ of the Chinese government, part of the time as special agent for the Red Cross which has employed him to find the cause of the disastrous floods that annually devastate Northern China, and devise some method, if possible; to prevent them. In the latter effort he has been handicapped by financial conditions due to the present war.



Sic itur ad astra

The Bowdoin Interscholastic Meet.

The Bangor High track team left Bangor Friday, Feb. 9, to participate in the fifth annual indoor meet held at Brunswick, Feb. 10. Owing to the depleted financial treasury of the Athletic Council, it was at first feared that we would not be represented at this meet; but, largely through the energy and kindness of Principal Eaton, a sufficient sum was raised for Bangor High to send a small and representative squad.

The team was composed of Captain Albert Driscoll, Edwin Costello, George Travers and Frank Rand as the relay team, Dexter Pullen as pole vaulter, Manager Frank Gillin and Physical Director Mitchell. Several students also accompanied the team, among them, Paul Eames, Percy Howard, Osgood Nickerson, Simmons Tyler, and Kenneth Boardman.

Hebron Academy won the meet easily with 41½ points, its nearest competitor being St. John's Preparatory School of Danvers, Mass., with 14 points. Bangor lost the relay race to Portland for the second time, but Pullen tying for first place in the pole vault, was on the toss up from Conrad of Portland. This gave Bangor High four points and tied with Brunswick for sixth place. This is a better showing than Portland, our old rival, made, since they succeeded in gaining only one point, and it is

the best showing Bangor has made since Roland Gray left Bangor with several records to his credit.

While at Bowdoin the team was entertained at the Kappa Sigma Fraternity House and the students devoted their whole energy to giving the visitors a good time.

Bangor High, 58; Brewer High, 23.

Friday evening, Feb. 9, before a good sized crowd of students in the High School gymnasium, Bangor High, with little difficulty, defeated Brewer High School in one of the cleanest basketball games ever played.

Capt. Heal was the star for Bangor, with eight baskets to his credit, while O'Connor, with seven, was a close second. H. McNamara, who secured three baskets for his team, played the best game for the visitors. Bangor used several substitutes in the latter part of the game.

The summary:

B. H. S., 58.

Brewer H. S., 23.

Gillin, l.f., Toole.....r.g., Carter
O'Connor, r.f.....l.g., Stynert
Peters, c.....c., H. McNamara
Heal, r.g.....l.f., McNamara
Smith, l.g., Pierce, Quinn.....r.f., Jones

Referee, Mulvaney, U. of M. Timer, Garland. Scorer, McGuire. Time, 2-20-minute periods.

B. H. S., 19; Orono H. S., 10.

Orono was defeated on its own floor for the first time this season by Bangor High, Friday night, Feb. 16, before a very enthusiastic crowd of supporters of both teams. The first half ended 8 to 5 with Orono in the lead. In the last half, however, they were unable to maintain this close margin and the game ended in Bangor's favor. It was an exciting game and was featured by free passing on both sides. Heal, Peters and O'Connor played their usual strong game, while Page and Hogan starred for Orono.

The summary:

B. H. S., 19. O. H. S., 10.

Rand, l.f. r.g., Haswell 1
O'Connor, r.f., 3 (1) l.g., DeRocher 1
l.g., Hogan

Peters, c. 2 c., Page (2)
Heal, r.g., 4 l.f., Kenney, 2
Smith, l.g. r.f., Kelley

Referee, Moody. Timer, Johnston.
Scorer, McGuire. Time, two 20-minute periods.

Bangor High, 38; Orono H. S., 5.

Saturday evening, Feb. 24, in the second game between these teams, Bangor High completely outclassed Orono High and when the final whistle blew had secured 38 points to their opponent's 5. There was a good attendance at the game and a close contest was expected considering the result of the game at Orono the week before. Hillie Johnston's team, however, showed marked improvement and kept Orono on the defensive through the entire game.

The spectators were kept amused throughout the entire game by the futile efforts of the visitors to cover Capt. Earl Heal, who it appeared, was everywhere at once, cleverly avoiding his opponents and securing 6 baskets to his credit. Eddie Peters at center played a good game making some excellent shots, while Rand and

O'Connor worked together throughout the game. Smith at guard succeeded well in keeping Orono at a safe distance from Bangor's basket.

The summary:

B. H. S., 38. O. H. S., 5.

Rand, l.f. r.g., Hogan
Gillin, l.f. 1 (1)

O'Connor, r.f., 4 l.g., Haswell
Toole, r.f.

Peters, c. 4 (1) c., DeRocher (1)
Washburne, c.

Heal, r.g., 6 l.f., Kenney
Smith, l.g. r.f., Kelley, 2

Pierce, l.g.

Quinn, l.g.

Referee, Beverly. Scorer, Garland. Time, two 20-minute periods.

B. H. S., 59. Westbrook H. S., 12

Saturday night, March 3, before a large crowd in City Hall, Bangor High outplayed and defeated Westbrook High in a one sided, but exciting contest. Neither team had the advantage of being on a familiar floor, as this was but Bangor High's second appearance in City Hall.

Tracy and Crooker secured most of Westbrook's points while Berrymore played a fast game, although unable to score. Rand, Heal and O'Connor shared the honors for Bangor, while Gillin, substituting in the last half, played a fast game and secured four baskets.

The summary:

Bangor	Westbrook
Rand, l.f. 8	r.g. Sawyer
Gillin, l.f. 9	

O'Connor, r.f. 8	l.g. Jordan
Peters, c.	c. Crooker 3
Smith, l.g., Rand, Pierce	r.f. Tracy 2
Heal, r.g. 9 (1)	l.f. Powers 1

l.f. Berrymore

Referee, Mulvaney, U. of M. Time 2-20 minute periods.



Coram nobis

A Word to the Exchange Editors.

The Oracle considers it a good plan to give the name of the place from which the paper mentioned is published. As there are often two or more papers, having the same name, this method will avoid confusion, as one will know what paper is meant.

Many of the different school papers, in fact the majority of them, come to us tightly rolled in newspaper wrappers, or the like.

This is a poor plan, as the papers come out creased and wrinkled, and are often torn in the process of removing the wrapper; things which detract from their appearance. Would it not be better to have envelopes for the purpose? Certainly this method save much time and trouble, to say nothing of the improvement in the appearance of the papers.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

The Pulse, Cedar Rapids, Iowa—Yours is a well filled paper. Although the placing of some of your jokes among your ads. does not add to the beauty of the arrangement of your paper, it helps the advertisers. Many of the ads. that would otherwise escape notice are in this way brought to the reader's eye.

"The Roman," Rome, Georgia. You have quite a few cuts in the body of your paper, but why not have your artists make a more appropriate cover design?

The Bugle—Your cover design is not up to the standard of contents. The exchange department is worthy of special note, containing nearly four pages.

Coburn Clarion—For general appearance and arrangement this paper has very few rivals. The reading matter almost without exception is well written and interesting. The headings are good, but the exchange column, like many others, merely sets down a list of exchanges received.

The Bates Student, Lewiston, Me.—This issue contains an astonishing amount of reading matter, the greater part of which is excellent. One of your stories, "The End of the World," brings back thoughts of the comet scare of a few years ago. The grimness of the subject does not at all apply to the story itself, for humor has full sway and is really the main theme.

X-Ray—The cover design is remarkably good. The criticisms in the exchange column are too brief. The stories are well written, but they are too short and thus make that part of the paper monotonous. The other departments are well represented.

The Flyer from Presque Isle, Me., has been with us all the year, and each number has been a welcome arrival.

We have appreciated and enjoyed all the various newspapers that we have received this month.

"Child's Work," Boston, Mass.—Your paper is the first of its kind that we have received. It is unique and denotes ability on the part of your young students. The compositions and cuts by the pupils of the lower grades are deserving of high praise. We should like to hear from you often.

The Oriole, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Your senior number is very interesting and attractive. The cover design is very clever and must have surely pleased the seniors. The department headings and other cuts are excellent. The exchange department could be improved. This is the first time we have heard from you this year and we hope that now you will continue to call on us.

The Lens, Portland, Ore.—Your paper is probably the best paper we have received thus far this year. The last class issue is especially interesting and it seems almost beyond our power to criticise it in any way. Although you seem to have a lot of space in most of your departments, wouldn't it be well to make your exchange section a little larger? The graduating class of your school certainly receives praise and credit at the hands of your editors. This issue contains several photographs of the different school organizations which greatly improve the general appearance of the paper.

The Crescent—The cover is neat and attractive. The literary department might be improved by substituting a longer story for several of the shorter ones. Why the advertisement in the center of the book? We think mixing "ads." with reading matter is a poor plan. Considering the number of exchanges you receive, the column might be made more extensive by more criticisms. This seems to be a very great fault with most of the papers, merely writing a long list with no criticisms. This is perhaps the only one of our exchanges this month that pays so much attention to the alumni of its school. The alumni editors certainly do their work well.

The Virginian, Norfolk, Va.: Here we have a new caller, whom we welcome. Your cover design is very appropriate for a paper from your state. Your Exchange department is very good. The poem, "To Norfolk, My Native City," is excellent and shows great originality.

"The Tiger," Little Rock, Arkansas. A very bright paper, indeed! Your various departments are handled well and show excellent work on the part of the editors. You seem to have a good many "Would be" poets in your school. The novel way in which your exchanges are written is fine.

AS OTHERS SEE US

Oracle—The short proverbs at the heads of your various departments are clever and appropriate. Your cuts are splendid.—The Reflector, Gloucester, Mass.

The "Oracle" is one of our newest exchanges. Welcome, "Oracle!" You are well arranged and deserve credit. The Oriole, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Oracle—One of our best exchanges.—P. I. H. S. Flyer, Presque Isle, Me.

The Oracle—We appreciate the mention you made in regard to our literary department. We are striving to make that department better each issue, and we have received much inspiration from your paper.

—The Purple and Gold, Franklin, Ky.

PERSONALS

Quid rides?

Information Wanted.

By Ralph Knott. It was stated in last month's Oracle that he might be found at the Park with any of a dozen girls. But Ralph says he can only think of six. Who are the other six?

Certainly!

Miss W—: What is the word for "nothing"?

Buckley, '19: Me.

Osgood Nickerson says his name is really "Wasgood."

All those who wear tight shoes may join the new B. H. S. band and play the shoe-horn.

Come one! Come all!

Glad to see some one appreciates the Oracle!

Student, wanting an Oracle: Whom shall I see to get one?

Other student: See Green.

Student: If I don't get that Oracle, I'll see red!

The Effects of Washington's Birthday.

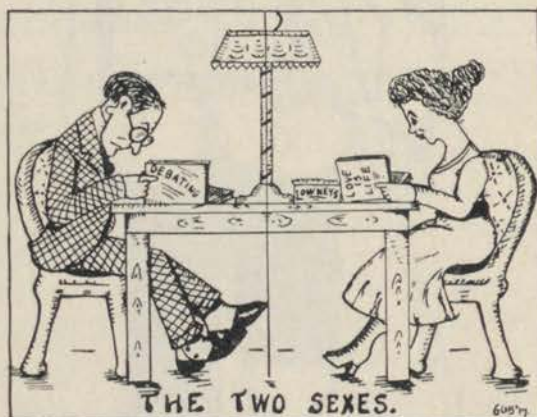
It all happened in one French period, too! Eames, '17, translating: (et sa boîte a marmotte (blacking-box) sur le dos) and his monkey on his back.

McCabe, '17: (comme le soleil declinait). As the sun was sitting.

And—Hubbard, '17: (la lune s'etait levee). The moon was just getting up.

Mr. T— (in Chemistry): But if alcohol could be made cheap enough, so that it could be substituted for gasoline in the electric motor—.

This is kind of slippery weather, even for the tongue.



Miss W—: How did the author relieve the tragedy?

Miss Pierce, '19: He gave Portia a point to sit on.

Another Good Place.

"We can't all dwell on Easy Street,"
"No, but we can all live on the Square."

Mr. T— (giving out the lesson): Tomorrow we will take sulphuric acid.

Good Night!! Help!!!

Slightly Mixed.

Miss H— (excitedly, before dismissing school): Goodness, be quiet until I get your syntax.

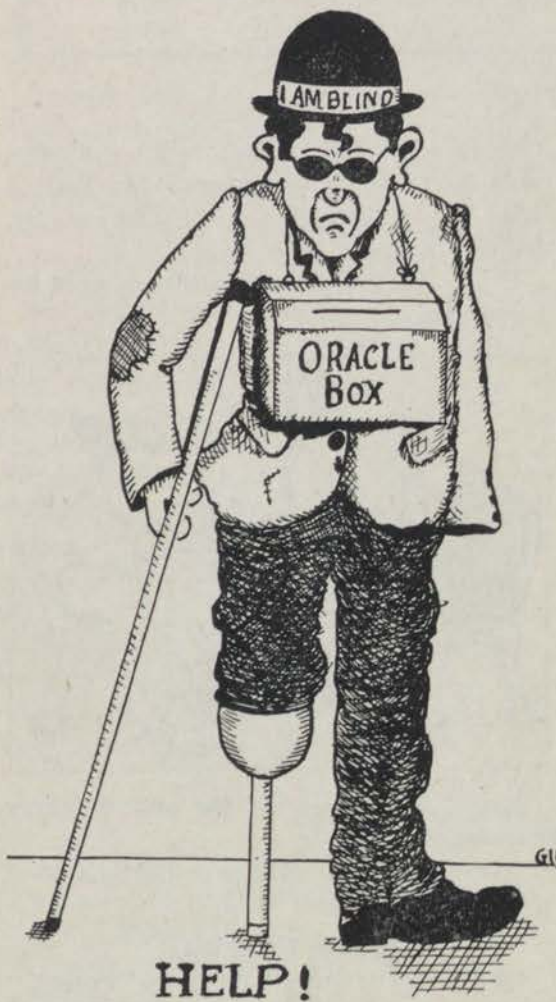
Mr. T—: How do we get brine, Miss R—?

Miss R—: Well —er when the ocean freezes—er—they scrape it off and—

Mr. T—: That will do, Miss R—, I've an idea you have looked in your book.

Miss R: O no, I haven't.

What does she mean?



Preparedness.

M. Woodward (painfully translating "elle reposait sur l'un des cacolets"): She reposed on one of the caskets.

Madame: Miss Woodward thinks she's dying by inches so she'll have a casket ready.

After reading our editor's very interesting remarks in the last number of the Oracle, we feel that it would be unjust to call our department complete without some "Vers Libre," so the following is rendered for the reader's approval:

The youth sat lazily in his seat,
His teeth were snapping;
His jaws would close on one side,
Then suddenly open and jump to the other.
He would show his teeth,
Then "snap"
They would close again.
But alas!
'Tis over.
The teacher says,
"Fred, three afternoons for chewing gum."

Grape Nuts.

Frank McGuire, '18, and another student of the High School had just eaten some ice-cream which they had not obtained by exactly the "straight and narrow way." Frank's companion asked him if it didn't bother his conscience to eat ice-cream that didn't belong to him. Frank evidently had eaten more than his companion for he replied, "It ain't me conscience, it's me stumach."

As an upper classman walks through the lower corridor, and sees the Freshmen clamoring around him, he cannot help but hum—"And the green grass grew all around, all around."

Miss H—: The more I see of this class, the more I wish I taught in a reformatory school.

What does she mean?

Some Animal!

Miss R— (helping Johnson translate ariete): It represents a domestic animal.

Johnson: A battering ram!

Mansur, '18: These automobiles are made on an endless table. On one end—.

Announcements

PRIVATE TUTOR
in all Subjects
PROF. BUD RUSSEL

THE LUNCH ROOM

will be open from
7 to 8 a. m. and
11-12 noon and 5-6
p. m. for the bene-
fit of the Boys from
out of town.

MCCABE & SMITH
in charge.

Other Guests invited
MEALS REASONABLE

Breakfast 50c
Dinner 75c
and
Supper \$1.50

HOW TO MAKE LOVE
IN GERMAN
Taught by
Pitcher and Iverson.

Coming next Week
M. WOODWARD
in her feature song
entitled

"There's a Broken
Heart for Every
Light on Broadway."

Do you want excite-
ment?
Come to the Labora-
tory! Any period.
Explosions
and Poisons
a specialty.

E. MANSUR
TUTOR IN LATIN(?)

B. H. S. Program

Continuous Performance
8 a. m. to 1.45 p. m.

Chapel Overture at 8.03.

A

O HOW BUM FILM CO.

Presents
Thrilling 5 reel drama
"And The Villian Still Persues Her"
All star cast consisting of
HATHORN AND HUNT

B

THE KOMIKAL KIDS of 1920 IN "NURSERY RHYMES"

C

B. H. S. BALLET DANCERS
First Time in this Country
K. Boardman and R. Noyes
BUTTERFLY DANCE
Passed on by Prof. D. Pullen as one of the
most marvelous sensations of the season.

D

THE FACULTY
will present
WHAT TO DO AND HOW NOT TO DO IT

E

DEXTER PULLEN CO.
IN
NOBODY HOME
Anytime Always

F

HAZARDS OF HELEN
Showing Helen Reed in some of the
most daring stunts of her filmdom career.
See her walk the tight-rope, ride under a
freight car, and make a graceful dive from
the dizzy heights of the Woolworth Build-
ing, (and then she woke up.)

Announcements

In case of
RIOT
Call Peter's Army

Fine stock of After-
noons back at your
disposal
MR. GRAY
Call anytime after
8.03 a. m.

Rival F. KREISLER
in 3 lessons.
Method Guaranteed
See
J. MCCANNUS
Office hours
9 p. m. to 6 a. m.

HON. BILL WORDEN
will give a lecture
on the roof
Feb. 31st.
Subject
"How to sell Flivers."

ORACLE BOX
is empty, Fill it up.
2nd floor
opposite library.

Have you read
"HOW TO PUT
IT OVER"
without getting
caught?
JOHN EAMES '18.

LOVER'S LANE
3rd floor at recess
J. G. and C. A., D.
H. and R. H., O. N.
and M. W., J. M. and
K. C.
Come and see them.

How intelligent they make him look,

They make him shine in all his classes.

Of course you've gathered it by now,

That I refer to Hathorne's glasses.

They say that when P. Howard buys a pair of rubbers, the rubber market advances 8 points on Wall Street.

It was said in Chemistry, the other day, that the body is a delicate machine that stands more abuse and lasts longer than any machine built by man. Says Kelleher: Except the Ford.

We humbly advise the Lunch Room not to serve German Hot Dogs and Spanish onions on the same day. For if any of our worthy students ate both, unfriendly conditions would, perhaps, arise below the esophagus, and this would not be very comfortable, to say the least.

A Tragedy in One Act.

The youth sped on, he was racing time.

The clock was nigh to eight.

He falls, he's up, he's off again;

'Twould n'er do, to be late.

He groans, he sighs, he passes the door

As the gong tells him that he's late.

The tragedy is not the groans and sighs,

But, "three afternoons" is his fate.

Safety First!

R. Bowen, in Algebra, when the bell has not rung, looking fearfully at the clock at 12.40. My, they aren't going to let us out, I'm going home!

Here's Another Conundrum.

Why did Gillin, '17, freeze only one ear on the night of the Latin Exhibition?

Don't worry, Frank, we won't publish the answer.

Bangor's "Old Glory" Headquarters

CHARLES M. STEWART

Dealer in

FLAGS

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