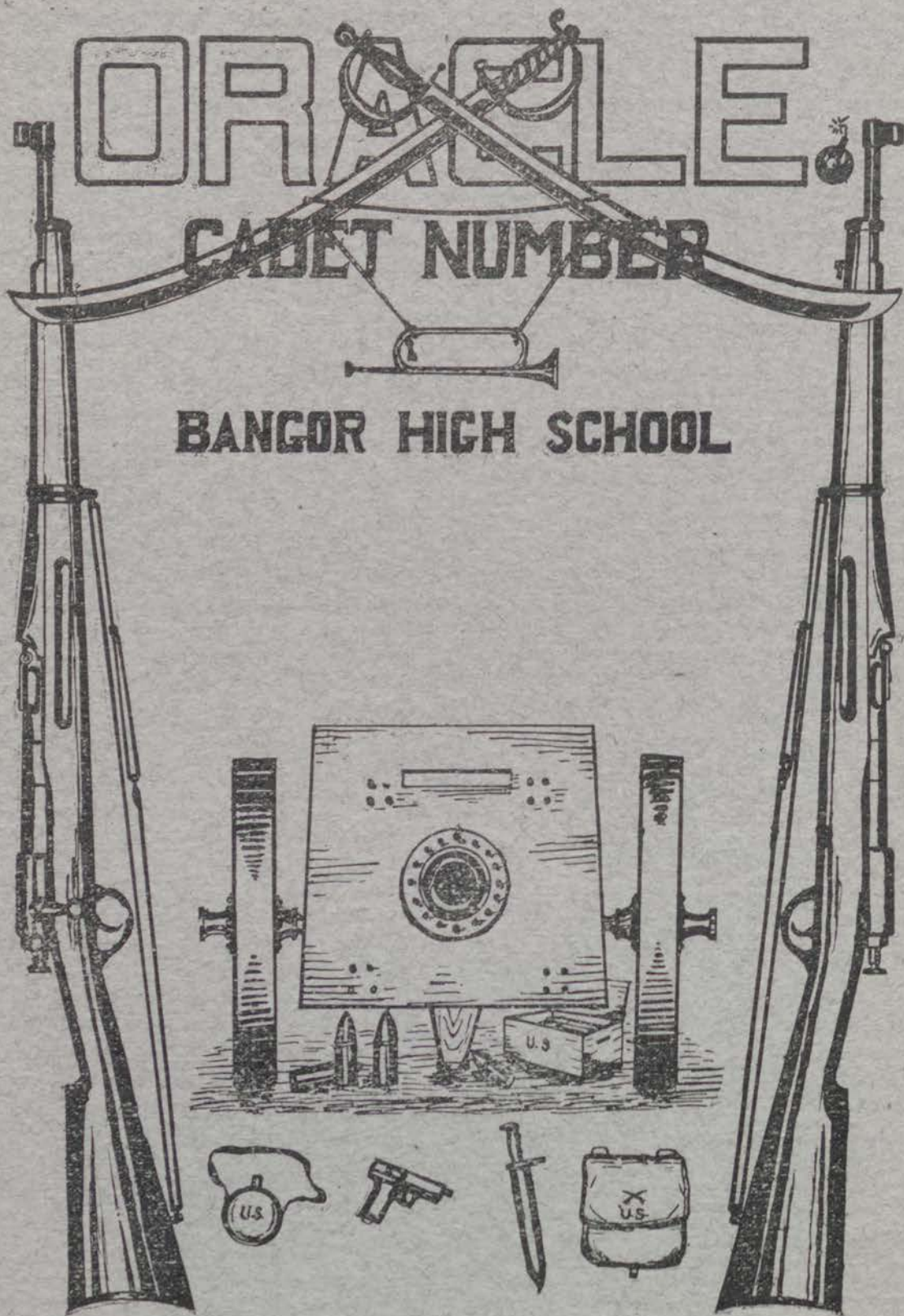


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THE ORACLE

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EDITORIALS

The high school cadets' organization, that was dropped when the high school burned in the Bangor fire, has been reorganized and the students have taken the work up again with enthusiasm. Now, some one asks, why should the boys of B. H. S. join the cadets and what advantage is to be gained by the organization?

Military drill accomplishes two ends: It helps the student and it helps the nation. The latter statement may sound far-fetched, but it is nevertheless true. There is a saying that every little helps, and so it is with military drill. The training that is received in high school does not give the cadet much actual knowledge of army methods, but it does accomplish two things: it gives him the rudiments of military discipline and puts him in a receptive mind to learn military tactics after he leaves high school. In other words, it trains him how to learn, and gives him a much needed course in discipline. The chief evil in school life today is the tendency to disobey orders. It comes very hard for the average high school boy to obey orders given by fellows that he knows and whom he considers no smarter than himself. The feeling is natural, but

without exact obedience nothing can be accomplished in military life. "He that cannot obey cannot command." And so if obedience was the only thing that a cadet learned during his high school course, the time would be well spent. There may be a time when the United States will need all her citizens to defend her soil and it is the duty of every loyal American to prepare himself for that time.

The advantages to the individual that come from military training are manifold. It brings him to a realization of his physical defects and is the best thing in the world for round shoulders, and hollow chests. The drills and movements that are done at attention may seem foolish and of no real value; for everyone knows that all the fighting in war time is done at ease and without any pomp and ceremony. But these drills accomplish their effect for they build up the body and instill a spirit of teamwork and precision in the company. Although the actual knowledge of military tactics that is gained in the cadets seems small, in reality it is of great importance. The foundations of a house do not make such a show as the superstructure, but without them all the rest would fall in ruin.

At the Bowdoin Indoor Meet this year, Bangor did not capture a single point. We

have got to wake up and show some spirit. Of course, it is not to be expected that Bangor High will be able to beat Hebron, whose men are older and stronger than the average high school boy, but there is no excuse for not showing up as well as Portland or Lewiston. The track team cannot be blamed; they put up a good fight and tried to win. It is the student body of Bangor High that is at fault. We expect to have a winning team without giving them any support, either by turning out for the team, or by encouraging track. There are a few faithful men and they have done good work, but a few can not make a successful team, and if Bangor hopes to keep her track record where it should be there has got to be a lot more support. There is enough raw material in the school to make a team that will be a winner over the other schools of Maine. Undeveloped resources, however, are of about as much value, until worked up, as a block of wood. Every student has got to give his best if he wants B. H. S. to have a first-class team. No matter if you don't think that you can do anything in track; many of the best athletes did not know what they could do until they tried. Get busy and put Bangor High in the track, "Who's Who?"

"Silence—the College yell of the school of experience."

At the present day, there are so many thousands of books, papers and magazines

that it would be impossible to read them all, even in a whole life time.

It is to Read Yet, if a person desires to be well informed and wishes to get a lot of enjoyment from reading, he must go over a certain percentage of the vast amount of reading matter that is to be had. The question naturally arises, "What shall I read and how shall I read it?"

There are three methods of modern reading: a hurried skimming over of many books and magazines; a painstaking going over of a few which includes the reading of every word, preface, introduction, etc.; and the careful reading of only such books as are profitable and which give pleasure. This third method means reading with a system, and at the present day the word "system" is thought of highly. Books are selected that are really worth while. There is no time wasted in the useless reading of "popular" novels and "turn 'em out one a minute" short stories. There is such a vast multitude of good books in the world that anyone can get enough worthwhile literature to last him a lifetime, and still satisfy his tastes. If one has been accustomed to reading trash, the first few real books may seem rather dry after the lurid accounts of how One-eye Pete held up the stagecoach, and of how the limpid amber eyes of Angelica de Noble held the Count spellbound. But once the taste is acquired, good reading comes as a second nature and when one of the old favorites is read over it seems tame, and its defects show up like ink on a snow-bank. The reader's mind soon becomes so well trained that nothing but good literature will satisfy his craving, and when this point is reached the shoals are left behind and the open sea is in sight. The same rules apply to magazine reading. Magazines, like books, are good, bad, and indifferent. But there is one great difference between the two. They come out at regular intervals and as a rule lose their value with age. So it is highly necessary that the best ones be read, for the average person does not have time to read them all. Read only those that make you think. If they leave no impression behind they are worthless, and belong to the "made to order" class.

The magazines and papers are the chief agents by which public opinion is directed

and if you are going to have any clear-cut ideas about policies, leading men, and war conditions you must avoid one of the greatest faults of present day, reading only headlines and short extracts. What the first sentence conveys to the mind may be entirely reversed by what follows. It is not necessary for the reader to take literally everything that he reads. A good magazine article, if carefully read, will give a clear statement of the facts, and the reader can base his judgment on the whole aspect of the case, instead of on a single point. The danger of extract reading was strikingly brought out in a debate between two Yankees. Both were patriarchs and old in wisdom. The arguments had flown thick and fast, and it seemed as though Kimball was getting the best of his opponent. Zeke Kimball gave an extract from some noted person, with the smiling assertion that it proved his point. But, alas! one careless sentence proved his downfall. His aged opponent slowly rose and said, "Mr. Kimball has fallen into a serious error. If he had read the whole of Judge ——'s statement he would have found that the Judge believed in my side of the case. Extracts do not tell the whole truth; the Bible says: 'Ye are the children of the devil.' And further on it says 'Obey your parents.'"

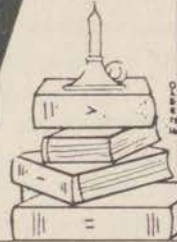
At the close of the Franco-Prussian war, Germany, with Bismarck directing her policies, made it known to Switzerland that a generous slice of Swiss territory would please the Imperial State., Switzerland's answer came quick as a flash. She immediately mobilized one hundred thousand men, and put them on the frontier. They were the flower of Europe, and Germany knew it. Every man was thoroughly trained and equipped, and every man was an expert marksman. Germany decided that she had not really desired any Swiss territory and the matter ended there. What would have happened if Switzerland had not been prepared?

"Proverbs are potted wisdom"

The prize this month goes to Miss Ruth Holden. Her article, "The United States Military Academy," showed a very thorough grasp of the subject. The Oracle for next month will be the Odd number. We hope to have several odd things in it. Stories can be humorous or sad. And if an odd idea comes to you, write something odd. The customary prize of two basketball tickets will be offered.

"It pays once in a hundred times to get mad—but how are you going to know what is the time"

LITERARY



"He who proposes to be an author should first be a student"

ORACLE MEDAL DEBATE

By Richard MacWilliams, '16

Resolved, That Military Preparedness is for the Best Interests of the United States.

Negative.



PREPAREDNESS is the summing up in a single word of a definite political movement of great significance, through the effective presentation of certain lessons based on conclusions drawn from the European war and the so-called triumph of "Kultur" and "efficiency," which has suddenly become the embodiment of an important national movement. I will sum up my arguments under the following points: preparedness is of no intrinsic value to America. This may be divided into three "headings." First, Preparedness has no "immediate value;" second, Preparedness has no "remote value;" and third, Preparedness is against our principles of democracy.

First, as to the "immediate value" of Preparedness.

The first plank in the platform of Preparedness is the conviction that the United States is in serious danger of an attack by one of the great powers. Spain, Italy and Russia are, of course, out of the question since we have no conceivable cause to quarrel with them. France has always stood ready to arbitrate, and England, with her great empire is doing everything to please us. We should not fear her. We have had one hundred years of peace and friendly relations. Moreover she has given us Canada as a hostage. Germany and Japan remain.

Japan is friendly. The Tokio government has done everything possible to meet our immigration laws by checking Japanese immigration. They have co-operated with us in every way. Surely if we treat her fairly, we have nothing to fear. Moreover

her ambitions lie in China or the East Indies. (We have recently announced our intention of freeing the Philippines).

As to Germany, hard pressed, bloodless, and without money as a result of this war, we have no fear. If any of the belligerent powers were to attack us, they would, with their old enemies in their rear, be committing racial suicide. Even Theodore Roosevelt says, "Great nations cultivate the friendship of the United States."

We were never attacked; we forced every war we ever had. Now with Europe locked in a death struggle and the only power in Asia doing everything to hold our friendship, it is suddenly declared that our security is endangered and we are asked to accept the great illusion that armaments are our only safeguard. If the United States goes to war, it is much more likely to be the result of Congress being influenced by the "Jingoism" of preparedness than because any country wants to attack us. Why must we so materially increase our navy? "We might go to war," the preparedness advocates answer. "Is this great country afraid, like a child, of meeting a bear on dark stairs? Must America be drawn into this barbarous armament race? What will it give us? Might does not make right. Is this great insurance policy worth the heavy premium we must pay for its upkeep?" Surely not. Despite the tremendous danger from her neighbors Germany's expenditure for army and navy is but a fraction larger than ours. No nation except England has a fleet powerful enough to cope with the American navy in its own waters. Our coast defenses according to Ex-President Taft are the very best. We have no enemies nor will we have if we do justice and cease to excite suspicion of aggression by needless armaments. Moreover our dangers from within are as extreme as they are

negligible without. The military lobbyists and claimants wholly ignore them in their clamour that their interests alone shall receive attention. They want more armor plate, more \$15,000,000 battleships, more guns that cost \$700 a shot and shoot but 250 times to fight purely suppository foes and to keep up our naval prestige. What care they that 175,000 persons died last year of preventable accidents and diseases and that there were over 1,500 strikes. With preparedness they would reverse the normal order of things and put our greatest expenditure where it is least needed and our least expenditure where there is the most danger. Truly, then, where does our money belong, to fight imaginative foes and dangers, or to fight real and pressing ones in the definite defence of American lives? Therefore, it is easy to see, that preparedness since it has no definite and positive end and does not justify itself financially would be of no immediate value to America.

And now, as to the value that Preparedness would appear to have if attained, or as President Wilson calls it, "the remote value." This war has proved, as far as it has proved anything, that the one, sure way to precipitate war is to prepare for it, a truth that psychologists have long been aware of. Europe, especially Germany, prepared for war for two generations. It was only a question of time when the struggle would come. Professor Hugo Munsterburg, of Harvard, says on this point, "We should dread the influence of this armament agitation on the spirit of the American people which already has too heavy an alloy of militarism and arrogance in it." Apart from the already noted folly and waste of Germanizing our army and Britainizing our navy, we should remember that armaments, no matter how up-to-date, become useless unless employed and give their possessors

only a paper advantage over imaginary foes. A fine "guarantee" of future peace! The advocates of Preparedness believe that a much larger navy is needed, among other things. Are they right? The experience of Europe seems to prove that it is almost impossible to develop a great machine conducted by a highly trained and patriotic group of men without running the risk of serious dangers. Preparedness is, therefore, positively dangerous since it will increase suspicion and ill feeling with other nations.

Preparedness exaggerates the danger of invasion tending to put our people in a sort of stage fright; it blinds the nation to the perils of involving in an armament race with Europe and it fails to appreciate the difficulties of raising taxes to carry it on. Therefore we can brand Preparedness as a delusion, a narrow arrogant nationalism which masquerades as patriotism and has for us no definite "remote value."

As to my third point, Preparedness is against the principles of American democracy.

We find that what we need above all other things at this time is not Preparedness, but a rebaptism of "Americanism." To men "Americanism" means fidelity to American interests, loyalty to American institutions, pride in our past and confidence in our principles and in our future. It means a spirit that commands men to live for their country and to die for it, if necessary. But we should not be willing that this great principle of ours should be defined by self-seekers as Preparedness and standardized by millionaire munition makers or backers who share in their profits. In this critical moment what is the attitude of munition-makers? Without exception they are insisting on a broad and comprehensive program and are using every means in their power to mould public opinion for a com-

pleteness of Preparedness that would practically destroy all ambition save the ambition to conquer. Is this not against our fundamental principles of peace at any cost? Are we not playing into the hands of men, who for the past ten years have endangered our welfare, controlled our industries and from whom we have tried to wrest their power? Military force so personified by certain nations is repugnant to most thinking Americans. Americans do not like war spirit because it is repugnant to the fundamentals of democracy upon which this country must survive or fall. If Preparedness is to be a permanent thing and the development of nations is to depend on it, democracy will naturally fall, since it cannot develop side by side with Preparedness; for "one is the natural antithesis of the other." Hence owing to our great interest in the success of democracy, Americans are fundamentally opposed to the Preparedness propaganda and its principles.

When knowing that armed force has been a delusion in Europe, why should not our nation be willing to take the risks for real peace in the interests of a world tired of the cruelties and horrors of war? A reputation for fair dealing will prove better and more lasting "insurance" against an unprovoked attack than any undue reliance upon "the implements of Mars." Would that the word Preparedness would take on a new significance—that instead of being the "doctrine of the mailed fist," which has wrought such havoc to civilization, it might become the ideal of those who wish "to prepare" this nation, through a more enlightened citizenship, to keep bright the light of "peace on earth, good will towards men" both at home and among the stricken peoples of Europe.

A YOUNG FRENCH PATRIOT

(A True Story).

By W. Simmons Tyler.



OME years ago a physician of this city was traveling abroad and while he was sojourning in Paris he became interested in a young French boy, about fifteen years of age, a very prepossessing chap with a fresh complexion and keen black eyes; this I know from my own observations as I saw him frequently in after years.

When the doctor left for home he asked the boy's parents if he might bring him to America to finish his education, wishing to send the lad to school and college in the United States. The boy's parents, seeing that this would be a fine opportunity, although not wishing to part with their son, consented.

So the boy came to live with the doctor. The next fall he attended a preparatory school and there as well as in this city his pleasing personality soon attracted to him many friends.

After two years at preparatory school he entered Amherst College and there, too, his charming manner endeared him to all who knew him.

At the end of three years the young Frenchman left college and entered a large importing house in Boston. At first he occupied a minor position but soon was advanced to an important post in the office of the firm where he had charge of all the French correspondence with the branch office of his company in Paris, and apparently a promising career lay ahead of him. About this time he became of age and having become accustomed to our ways and enjoying our institutions and laws, he started to take

out naturalization papers, as he expected to make his home in the United States.

Then the European war broke out and France needed every available man to defend her homes and firesides. Although he had almost become an American citizen, the call of his Mother Country was so strong that he gave up the almost gained citizenship and felt it his duty to return to France and do what he could to make her cause victorious. So resigning his position which gave promise of such fine results, he came here to Bangor to bid goodby to his friend, the doctor, and his boyhood associates before sailing for France.

When he arrived in Paris, the young Frenchman enlisted at once in the service of his country and went to the front, taking his place with the other boys in the trenches. Before coming to America he had had some military training and soon he became an excellent marksman. In fact, he was offered a chance to go to the rear and assist in the drilling of those needing target practice. This, however, he refused to do and after several weeks in the trenches his company was ordered to make a charge on a fortification of the enemy, and in this charge he was killed. His body was not recovered; it was buried with scores of others in unmarked graves.

This is only one example of patriotism which has marked the end of many a young man's career, but it came home to me for I knew the young man of whom I have been telling and I was much impressed with his thoughtfulness for his country when in her hour of danger she needed him.

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

By Ruth Holden, '19.



THE United States Naval Academy at Annapolis is a training school for officers of our navy and is considered one of the finest of its kind in the world. Admission to it is by appointment, which must be obtained from a Congressman or possibly from the President. Under a recently enacted law, each Congressman is allowed to keep three boys at the Academy who must be residents of his district. The President is allowed six appointments at large each year, but these are generally given to sons of military or naval officers.

A boy wishing to enter the Naval Academy must be between the ages of sixteen and twenty and in an excellent condition mentally and physically. Having obtained an appointment he must pass the entrance examinations which are held in February and April of each year. These examinations are prepared by the Academic Board and are conducted by the Civil Service Examining Boards throughout the country. They are very difficult and few applicants pass them without special preparation. It is estimated that about one-half of those taking the examinations fail to pass.

After passing this mental test, he is ordered to report at the Academy for a physical examination. This is also very thorough and the slightest defect may be enough to cause rejection. If successful in passing this the candidate immediately enters the Academy becoming a midshipman of the fourth class, a Plebe.

The first summer is spent at the Academy where the plebes are taught the outdoor portion of their work; such as swimming, han-

dling of boats under sail and oars, infantry and artillery drills, etc.; and their evenings are spent in study of the regulations. This preliminary instruction is intended to fit them for the Academic Year which begins the first day of October and continues until the first day of June without any interruption.

During this period all the time is given to study and instruction in the various branches of the work taken up. The midshipmen are taught Mathematics, Mechanical Drawing, Naval Construction, Marine and Electrical Engineering, Navigation, English, International Law and History, French and Spanish, Physics and everything which will fit them to become efficient naval officers. Examinations are held semi-annually in the months of January and May and all midshipmen failing to attain a satisfactory standing in these are obliged to resign.

At the close of the Academic year the three upper classes embark on three battleships which are assigned, for their use, by the Navy Department for the summer cruise. This cruise is a part of the training and is intended to give the midshipmen an opportunity to see the world and to put into actual practice what they have studied during the Academic year. They do all kinds of work pertaining to the handling of the ships so that when they become officers they will understand the duties of the men over whom they have charge. The midshipmen return from the summer cruise the last week in August and are then permitted to go home for the month of September.

Not all their time is spent in work however, for when in port they are given ample liberty to visit places of interest or enjoy

themselves as they wish. These cruises are one of the best features of life at the Academy, giving the boys glimpses of the world.

Athletics form a prominent part in the life of the Academy. Every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon is given over to this branch, and teams, representing the Academy, contest on these days with teams from the leading colleges of the country in all branches of sport. One of the largest and finest equipped gymnasiums in the world is a part of the institution and is at the disposal of all midshipmen during their hours of leisure. Competent instructors in all branches of athletics are employed and the boys are encouraged to take every advantage of this training.

The social life of the Academy is also an interesting feature. Dances are held in the gymnasium every second Saturday night during the Academic year. These are largely attended by young ladies from Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, and are

very gay affairs. Alternating with these are "hops" on Saturday night, entertainments provided with lectures on various subjects by men of national prominence, moving pictures and concerts by visiting glee clubs.

It has been estimated that it costs the government twenty thousand dollars to graduate each midshipman. In return for this education he binds himself to serve eight years, four in the Academy and four in actual service. On graduation, he is commissioned as an ensign, a rank corresponding to second lieutenant in the army, and from then on he advances by regular promotions.

The education he has received, however, fits him for any walk in life, should he not wish to remain in the service. Many graduates resign and take up other professions where the thorough training, both physical and mental which they have received at the Academy, gives them an advantage over other men.

A PLACE FOR THE RELIC-HUNTER

By R. W. Noyes, '17.



THE Hawaiian Islands have been called "The Paradise of the Pacific," and Cuba "The Pearl of the Antilles;" but Maine has a whole casket of jewels in Penobscot Bay. The scattered islands, hundreds in number, greet the vision of one standing on the summit of one of the highest islands,—a veritable diadem of gems, set off by the sparkling waters around, and enhancing the charm of the Bay itself. One may see Mt. Desert with Green Mountain rising into prominence away to the northeast; Isle au Haut with Mt. Champlain, to the south; the Camden Hills to the northwest; and Bluehill to the north. Camp,

Devil, Bold, Round, Green, St. Helena, Grog, Russ, are the names of some of the islands; suggestive, not only of their characteristics,—high, bold, rockbound, or low, heavily wooded, and provided perhaps with a beach or a sand bar,—but also of their unwritten history of the time when the Indians were wont to revel here in paint and feathers and hold their pow-wows; and on one island, at least, to bury in the clam-shell mounds on the southern beach, their wampum, spear-heads, and arrows of flint.

That the redskins lived on Russ Island, I believe I have proof. The island lies in a southeasterly direction from the steamboat wharf at Stonington. The view of the island from the landing point, a beach on the

southern side, is somewhat limited, so my grandfather and I explored the island, and found the western portion to consist mostly of a large, but by no means level field, giving way to a slope on the eastern part, which somewhat abruptly rises to an elevation of perhaps eighty or ninety feet.

We had heard of the discovery of Indian relics on this island and in other places and had come to see for ourselves. The object of our attack was the deep clam-shell mounds which partially line the beach. These mounds were more than four feet in depth, and we did not dig to the bottom of any of them. They are not composed entirely of shells, for there is an intermixture of dirt and stones. Shells are in such evidence, however, that, from a distance, other elements are hardly discernible. They are to the islands as the whitecaps to the ruffled waters around it.

Grandfather, who is an old hand at digging, had a triangular-shaped hoe; I, a barn-fork. I shook each forkful of earth as it was dug up to examine what was foreign to the sod,—stones, wood, shells etc. Sometimes bones would fall out, which I picked up and laid aside for later inspection. On the whole there were few relics, and those of apparently little value; yet I had better luck than those who dig for Capt. Kidd's gold for

I did find something. I saved two pieces of mineral matter which grandfather called wampum; one is shaped like a canoe or half-moon; the other bears a striking resemblance to a heart. Another relic suggests an attempt at fashioning an arrow-head; and the largest piece of all might have been used by some old chief as a battle-axe. Grandfather found an excellent spear-head—and two or three heavy clam-shells of unusual size.

The island is about a mile from my home; and therefore with little difficulty my grandfather and I covered the distance, my rowing and his paddling being ably seconded by a breezy nor'wester, which, by the way, proved too much for us when we came back, so that we found it necessary to return to the island for a ballast of stones to steady the boat.

At a later time we visited Camp Island, but found no Indian relics there—nothing more interesting than some curious snail-like creatures and a water-lizard. Still later I revisited Russ Island and found a scientific gentleman at work there on the mounds. After remarking that I, too, had been there on a like mission, he commented so severely on the acts of vandalism of unscientific marauders that I was glad to leave him in possession of the island.

BANGOR HIGH IN THE PAST



BTUDENTS, what does Bangor High mean to you? You have spent from one to four years in one of the finest high schools in New England; you are loyal to Bangor High, and are proud of the advantages of the new building, but what do you know about the history of your school? It is interesting to review the annals of Bangor High and trace the growth of the school from its earliest days:

Eighty-one years ago, the City Council of Bangor, realizing the inadequacy of its educational system of common schools, provided for the establishment of a City High School for both sexes. In the same year, 1835, the High School was formally established in the upper story of a small school-house on the present site of the Parochial School. From this location, however, it was soon removed to the lower story of the old Armory on Prospect street. Under this name the building was familiar to the older

residents of the city, but to the younger generation it was better known as the headquarters of the shopwork and manual training departments, until it was destroyed in the fire of 1911. A few remains of this early school building may still be seen at the top of the embankment in the rear of the High School.

Here, at first, the school was attended mainly by boys, only a very few girls entering. An interesting example of the school requirements of that period is found in the following passage from the school records of 1836: "Candidates for the High School will be examined in reading, writing, geography and arithmetic—as far as compound proportion. No pupil under ten years of age will be accepted."

After a few terms the attic of the Armory was finished off and on this floor a separate girls' school was established. It is rather interesting to note that this organization antedates by nearly twenty years any similar provision for girls' education in Boston. This arrangement continued for nearly two years, but did not prove entirely satisfactory. It was now brought to the attention of the citizens of Bangor that a larger building, better equipment, and a more efficient system was greatly needed. In 1837, therefore, the city, with a five thousand dollar appropriation, erected on the plot of land now known as Abbott Square, a building large enough and sufficiently well equipped to accommodate Bangor's High School students for many years.

Up to 1838 the High School was commonly referred to as the Boys' High School, the girls of high school age attending a separate institution. In this year, however, a Girls' High School was established with Albert G. Wakefield as its principal. The Boys' High School was managed by Daniel Worcester, of whom a writer in 1885 says: "His broad-

minded administration for twenty years is in pleasant remembrance by many sons of Bangor, who have carried out into active life as much of value from his personal contact as from the studies he so ably taught." At this time there were fifty-four students in the Boys' School while the number of girls in the other institution amounted to sixty-four. Two sessions a day were maintained until 1863, when one session was finally adopted.

Up to 1862, a three-year course was all that the High Schools offered, the names of the grades being Junior, Middle, and Senior. The four year course, with the names of the classes the same as at present, was instituted that year. Graduation, which has now become so impressive an occasion, was vastly different in those early times. On the last three days of the year, public oral examinations for all classes were held in the schoolrooms, the Senior examinations coming on the last day. At that time every Senior read his or her graduation essay and the ceremonies were completed. No diplomas were given until 1862.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, the energetic qualities in which Bangor High has always taken pride, were made manifest. R. B. Shepherd, then principal of the Girls' High School, left for the front as colonel in the Eighteenth Maine Heavy Artillery, returning a general at the close of the war. Charles E. Baldwin, principal of the Boys' School, also enlisted at the first call to arms.

In 1864, the Boys' and Girls' High Schools, hitherto conducted as separate institutions, were combined—"that those," as the papers of the time said, "who are to live and work together in society may well associate in the foundation training for a true and noble manhood and womanhood." The new school was managed by Principal R. P.

Bucknam, assisted by four teachers. Many years afterward Mr. Bucknam's daughter, born during his principalship, was a much loved teacher in the school.

Bangor High School, now conducted under the present co-educational system, continued to hold its sessions in the school-house at Abbott Square, when the building was partially destroyed by fire in 1882. It was soon rebuilt and a large ell was added, which furnished much needed room. The High School occupied merely the second floor and one room on the lower floor, as four rooms in the building were used for grammar school students. The grammar departments, however, were gradually transferred, and the entire space given over to the High School. Although the building was remodeled at least three times, the facilities and equipment were necessarily poor. As late as 1892, the year that Henry K. White entered as principal, the science department was located in the basement, though a few years later it was removed to two small rooms in the attic. As the heating system in that part of the building consisted of an old stove, it was necessary in winter to send a student to the attic every morning to start the fires, in order that recitations might be held.

The daily sessions at that time were fifteen minutes shorter, continuing from eight to twelve-thirty. A Saturday session from eight to twelve was regularly held for examinations and study only, the students being ignorant beforehand of what subjects they were to be examined in. Attendance in the afternoon had not then come into practice. Soon after Mr. White's arrival the Saturday session for all was given up and only pupils having reasons for extra work were summoned back Saturday mornings. The courses, Classical, English-Latin, and English were very strictly and sharply

defined, no change being allowed without loss of diploma. Military drill, under various instructors, was maintained throughout the early nineties. At about this time athletics began to play an important part in High School activities, the first football game being played with the University of Maine in 1890. During Mr. White's administration the office of assistant principal was efficiently filled by Miss Jennie A. Philbrook.

In 1908, Mr. White was succeeded as principal by George H. Larrabee, whose able management brought the school to a high standard of efficiency, and whose personal charm is still fresh in our memories. It was under his administration that the Abbott Square building was completely destroyed in the fire of 1911. For a little more than two years the three upper classes were accommodated in the rooms of the Palm Street Grammar School, while a temporary building was erected nearby for the Freshmen. By the fall of 1913, however, the present new building was ready for occupancy.

Among the many instructors who have served Bangor High so faithfully in the past, the most noted name is that of Professor Susan M. Hallowell, a native of Bangor. In 1875 she left Bangor High to accept the chair of botany at Wellesley College, which she filled for twenty-five years, gaining a nation-wide reputation. Others, such as C. M. Jordan, since superintendent of schools in Minneapolis, Samuel Thurber, afterward a prominent Boston teacher, and the Rev. Roger S. Howard stand out as men who have helped to make Bangor High what it is today. It is only by looking back upon the obstacles that former students were obliged to surmount, that we can come to realize and appreciate the advantages we are enjoying today.

THE HOUSE THAT DISAPPEARED

By Isabel Carr, '16.



I wonder why it is that some people are so careless in buying property. Mr. French had been telling his wife and all his friends for a week past, about the beautiful little bungalow which he contemplated buying in the suburb of Rosedale. To quote him, "It is fit for a king, such a cool-looking place, with its shingled sides stained a beautiful green. It is so reasonable, too, only four thousand dollars. I know Mary will like it," and so on from morning till night, all in the same strain.

One evening, several days later, he came home with the news that he had bought the house and would get the deed of it the next day. The next day about one o'clock, Mrs. French received a telephone call from her husband requesting her to come down to the office immediately. She found her husband in a state of agitation. He was talking loudly and gesticulating wildly. She finally managed to glean from his conversation that he had been swindled out of four thousand dollars. How this was accomplished she was left to imagine until he had calmed sufficiently to tell her. It seemed, from his story, that the man from whom he bought the house had called him on the 'phone that morning and wanted to know if he wished to sell it.

"Sell it! Why would I want to sell it?" was his surprised answer.

"Well, I just wanted to tell you I would give you two hundred and fifty dollars for it."

"Two hundred and fifty dollars! I just paid you four thousand for it."

"I know it," was the calm answer, "but as you have no title to the land, I thought you

would like to get what you could for the house, as soon as possible. I think you will find if you take the trouble to look at your deed, that although you have a good title to the house, you have no title to the land. As I am going away for two weeks, I will let this offer stand until I come back and then if you do not want to take it, I will prosecute for trespass."

"No title to the land," how the words rang in his ears. How he berated himself for not having investigated the matter more thoroughly. If the man did prosecute him, he would be the laughing stock of all his associates. He must think of some plan.

* * * * *

When Mr. Barker, the man who had, in his own estimation, done such a clever piece of work in selling a house without a lot, returned from his two weeks' vacation, his first action was to go to Rosedale where the house in question was located.

He arrived at the station at about five-thirty in the evening; he took a walk out by the house; but when he came to the spot, why—could he believe his eyes? There was no house there. It had disappeared, gone from the face of the earth.

After he had surveyed the place long enough to make sure it had not strayed behind anybody's barn, he made a wild run for the station and the long distance telephone. As quickly as possible, he got the connection with Mr. French.

"Where is my house? Has somebody stolen it? I have just been out there and it is not in sight! Tell me at once where it is. I demand an explanation." Sentence after sentence fell from his lips in breathless haste.

"Oh, has your house gone? I was under the impression that you did not own a house in Rosedale. I knew you owned a lot. If you owned such a house, you should have nailed it down before you went on your vacation. There are a great many mischievous boys in the neighborhood and they might have taken it. You men are very careless, I think, to leave your house unguarded."

"No doubt you consider yourself witty, Mr. French," came in icy tones from the Rosedale end of the wire, "but, I wish to know at once what has become of my house."

"Maybe, if you try hard enough, Mr. Barker, you will remember that the house is not yours but mine. As you objected to my leaving it on your grounds, I did my best to remove all trace of it while you were away. If you care to look at it, you might walk two blocks further up the street, where, I believe it rests perfectly. Incidentally, you may thank my wife for saving me from being swindled out of four thousand dollars. She thought of the plan. Good-bye."

A very forlorn looking Mr. Barker dropped the receiver and was heard to remark, "It takes the women everytime, for brains!"

IF I HAD A THOUSAND DOLLARS

By Frederick O'Leary, '16.



HERE are many things which would be possible for me to accomplish with the aid of a thousand dollars. The first thing which I would do, would be to invest it in Bethlehem Steel, which is increasing in value very rapidly at the present time. When it had increased about one hundred per cent. more or less, I would begin to utilize my property for purposes which would be productive of pleasure to the possessor of said thousand dollars; namely, myself.

There are many ways in which pleasure may be enjoyed. I have two distinct moods: a wild, adventurous mood which demands a variety of entertainment full of thrills and hair-raising escapes from death and destruction, and a milder, more conservative mood which demands that my amusement be obtained in a gentler and more pacific manner. It is this mood which I shall deal with first, in describing how I would spend my hard-earned doubloons.

One of the most enjoyable things at this time of year, would be to take a trip to southern waters where the balmy winds from the Gulf Stream could blow across my fevered brow, lifting from it all the worries and cares of the hurried life of the twentieth century. How different from the frigid climate of the grand old State of Maine! There are many attractive advertisements describing such trips, but none more so, than that of the "United Fruit Company," which pictures one of the officers of a ship pointing out to a woman, the place where the pirates hid their gold. How nice it would be to stand on the deck of a palatial steamer, with a good-looking young lady on my port side, gazing dreamily at a spot on the shore of one of the Bahamas, and imagining that I saw Captain Kidd, with a shovel in one hand, and a six-shooter in the other, and nearby him six other piratical cutthroats, burying a few thousand gold-pieces, at the same time!

On the other hand; to satisfy my thirst for excitement, I would first go to Europe

and stand calmly between the two firing lines, taking snap-shots of the bullets as they whiz by and dodging the few, that headed in my direction. I would enlist in the army of the Allies, obtain a commission as a captain, and charge up to the cannon's mouth at the head of my company. I would

get transferred to the Aviation Corps when the excitement on terra firma was played out. Just imagine me hovering over the German trenches! Suddenly a shot goes through my aeroplane! I crash to the earth, and wake up to find that I have fallen out of bed. Ah! What a pleasant dream!

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

By M. Rotide



FOR two long nerve-racking hours the line of Frenchmen crouched behind the muddy rampart, waiting for the signal to charge. A German trench had been mined after a week of almost hopeless toil and down in a muddy, slimy, tunnel lay the sapper, waiting for the word that meant the explosion of the mine and the rush of his comrades. The soldier's hand was cold and clammy; but within, his blood was racing like mad. Oh, why were they so slow! It seemed hours since he had taken his post, and the steady drip, drip, drip from the water-soaked eaves of the tunnel was grating fearfully on his nerves.

Suddenly the portable telephone beside him buzzed. The soldier snatched up the receiver and heard the sharp command "Fire." He pushed the switch and a deafening explosion rose from the end of the black hole. Stones and earth were hurled into the air and the slimy alley that represented seven days of back-breaking toil was gone. The sapper stumbled out of his muddy station and entered the trench.

The artillery was roaring out and a perfect rain of shells fell upon the German first line. Then there was a sharp command and the Frenchmen scrambled from the trench and rushed in a mad charge towards the crater that had been dug out by the mine. The young sapper followed, half maddened

by the excitement and joined the line of determined figures whose rush was carrying them over the tangle that lay between them and the enemy.

The crater was reached without much loss and then there began a desperate battle between the attackers and the Germans that had survived the inferno of gun fire. It was soon over, however, for the rush of the French was too strong to be repulsed and soon the defenders of the crater had joined their silent companions or lay writhing in agony among the torn up wreck of the trench.

But the French were not allowed to enjoy their victory in quiet. A long line of grey figures rose from the second German line and came tearing in with set teeth and flashing bayonets. There was another fierce combat on the edge of the trench, but the French artillery had the range and the grey line began to waver and melt away.

This was the chance that the Frenchmen had been waiting for. A hurried command rang out, there was a pause, and then the artillery fire slackened. The French rose from the trench and met the enemy at full charge. German tenacity held for a moment, but the attack was too strong and they fled in confusion back over the mass of tangled wire and torn up earth. The counter attack had failed and next morning the papers would announce a line of trenches taken in Vosges region. How little

these words meant to the people at home!

A battlefield after a day of furious fighting is not pretty to look upon, even when the worst things are hidden under merciful darkness. The space that lay between the two snake-like hollows that showed the line of trenches was a slaughter pen. Huge fissures with ragged edges made by the exploding shells were piled high with dead soldiers and all through the tangled mass of barbed wire lay the bodies of Frenchmen and Germans.

The whole battlefield was silent save for the occasional boom of a big gun, or the sharp crack of a stray rifleman. There would be no sorties tonight, for both sides had been thoroughly exhausted by the terrible fighting during the day.

Towards midnight a dark figure that had been curled up in a heap of wire began to make its way painfully across the space that separated the trenches. It was a wounded German who had been lying in a stupor since he had fallen during the charge, and who was now awakened by the cold raw wind that was coming from the north. Inch by inch he edged his way across the tangled space, crawling on his hands, and dragging a shattered leg behind him.

For an hour the wounded soldier slowly worked his way towards his comrades and

finally the haven was almost at hand. The only obstacle in the way was the figure of a young Frenchman who lay directly in front of him. The German edged on but suddenly was brought to a halt by a movement of the man in front. The Frenchman's hand began to creep slowly towards his belt and the wounded soldier was at a loss what to do.

"He's going for his gun," was the thought that flashed through the wounded man's mind as he pulled his revolver and crept nearer to the figure. Slowly the hand moved down and on came the German. At last he was within striking distance and with a final effort he leaned forward and swung the gun against the Frenchman's skull. The clutching hand stopped, and with a little moan the figure rolled over and lay still.

Curiosity, or something he could not tell what, forced the German to look for what the hand had been reaching. He found it tightly clutching a black object that glistened in the moonlight. The wounded soldier forced open the clenched fingers and saw that the black object was a picture. And at the bottom there stood out like an accusing ghost the one word "Mother."



LOCALS



"The publication of truth is a duty"

Miss Marian Gordon, '18, left school, Feb. 21.

Miss Elizabeth Johnston, '19, has been transferred to New York City.

Maurice King and Alec Wescott have gone to Manlius Military School, Manlius, New York. King plays the trombone in the school band there. He played in the High School Orchestra here and in the University of Maine band. He is greatly missed.

The Senior essays were handed in on March 1. This year the limit was put at from five to nine hundred words, instead of eight hundred as formerly. The judges are: Mrs. John A. Harlow, Bowdoin, '05, Miss Ida J. Brown and Mrs. Jewett.

Earl Parker, '18, left school, Feb. 17.

Addison B. Palmer, '16, has been out of school for a few weeks on account of appendicitis.

C. Freeman Olsen, '16, gave the address of welcome at the Boys' Conference in this city, March 10 and 11.

Mr. Oaks M. Plummer, chairman of the School Board Department of the National Educational Association, visited the school March 1. He thoroughly inspected the school and was greatly pleased. He spoke of noticing many things in the equipment of the school that he had never seen elsewhere.

Bangor High School sent the following delegates to the secondary school conference of the Maine Y. M. C. A., which opened at Fairfield, Feb. 18: Leon Thomas, Osgood Nickerson, Vincent Smart, Herbert Torsleff, Arthur Jones, George Ginsberg, Harold Hubbard and James Mitchell. Mr. L. T. Gray, of the Faculty, was the leader of the delegation.

The Junior College English classes have been giving oral themes. In each division a vote was taken as to which theme was the best, with the following result: Second period, Harry Helson, subject, How to Play the Violin; third period, Thomas Kane, subject, How to Break a Colt; third period, Harry Littlefield, The Processes in a Steam Laundry.

Two French plays are being prepared under the coaching of Madame Beaupre. The date for the presentation has not been set. The plays are short, really sketches and will both be given the same evening. One of the plays is "La Lettre Chargee." This is to be presented with the cast:

Hortense, jeune veuve.....Natalie Glass
Francine, femme de chambre.....

.....Geneva Croxford
Fougasson, Americanai....Herbert Torsleff
Hector De Courvalin, substitute.....

.....Crosby Redman
"Les Facheux," the other sketch, has the cast:

Jeanne, la victime, collegienne...Anna Grey

Louise Letourdie, amie de Jeanne.....
Dorothy Allen
 Angele Biensage, amie de Jeanne.....
Marjorie Estes
 Alberta Sapientissima, bas-bleu.....
Nellie Jones
 Mme. Vye Philotoquel, journaliste....
Anna Harden
 Anastasie Bonnefille, femme de cham-
 breNathalie Turner

One of the recent speakers at Chapel was William Knowles Cooper, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Washington, D. C. Mr. Cooper was asked to speak on the city of Washington and he gave an interesting half hour's lecture. He told of the founding of the city, the government, and the population. Mr. Cooper has lived in the city for some time and knows the city thoroughly. After describing the city he told some interesting stories about the public men of his acquaintance. Among these he spoke of Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Bryan and Sec. Daniels. His stories were entertaining and gave some interesting sidelights on these men.

Guy Leadbetter, Bangor High, '12, Bowdoin, '16, spoke at Chapel recently. He spoke on Physical Fitness and outlined the advantages of perfect health. The students were all sorry that he was allowed to speak

only ten minutes. During the sixth period, he gave a talk to all the boys interested in track athletics. He had a very interesting series of slides. These were from pictures taken at various meets and in the Bowdoin Gymnasium and were used to illustrate the right and wrong ways of running, jumping, pole vaulting and other track athletics. The talk was very interesting and instructive. Leadbetter is trying to arouse more enthusiasm in track. He offered to coach the Bangor team for the next meet.

Two German playlets are being prepared by Miss MacSkimmon, Benedix's "Eigensinn" and Moser's "Der Knopf." The casts are:

Eigensinn:

Alfred.....Louis Dennett
 EmmaKatharine Clark
 AusdorfDwight Ingraham
 KatherineRuth Sullivan
 HeinrichHarold Whitmore
 LisbethGrace Brennan

Der Knopf:

GabrieliChristine Burnham
 RudolfAddison Palmer
 BertaDoris Townsend
 KarlMalcolm Webster

These will both be given the same evening, some time in May. Though a French play was given last year, this is the first time a German play has been attempted.

CHESTNUTS

Melancholy suicide—A little boy when threatened with a whipping, hung his head.

Teacher—"Georgie, name some important things that exist today, but were unknown fifty years ago."

Georgie—"You and me, teacher."

Willie—"Aw, you're afraid to fight, that's all."

Tommy—"No, I'm not, but if I fight Ma'll find it out and lick me."

Willie—"How'll she find it out, eh?"

Tommy—"She'll see the doctor goin' to your house."



John Magee, '15, has been chosen for the U. of M. Debating Team.

Susie Farmer, '15, was a visitor at B. H. S. on February 3.

Clarence W. Fox, of Bangor, a student at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., wrote an act of a morality play presented recently by the Art Students' Fund association of Pratt Institute, in connection with another student, and Mr. Fox received much praise for his originality and skill.

Ellery Tuck, '13, recently married Miss Virginia Parson of Cleveland. Mr. Tuck has entered the insurance business in Bangor.

It has been announced that Guy Leadbetter, '12, is the record strongest man at Bowdoin. He has always been a mainstay in athletics, and moreover has the highest honors in scholarship, being a Phi Beta Kappa.

Sylvia Parker, '12, has been appointed assistant in the Biological department at Mt. Holyoke for next year. She will study at Woods Hole this summer. She was awarded membership in Phi Beta Kappa during her Junior year because of excellent scholarship.

Norman Torrey, '15, responded to the toast "To the Co-eds," at the U. of M. Freshman Banquet.

Irving Donovan, '15, was toastmaster at the U. of M. Freshman Banquet.

Edward Harris, '12, is a charter member of the Bowdoin Rifle Club.

Emery Eddy, '12, received highest honors at U. of M. on account of scholarship. He is a member of the Phi Kappa Phi.

William Tibbetts is now principal of the High School at Sandwich, N. A.

Charles M. Brady, Jr., '15, is receiving the congratulations of his many friends among the faculty and students of B. H. S. upon accepting a fine position with Consolidated Rendering Co., of Boston, at their S. A. Maxfield Co. Branch at Bangor. This firm, one of the largest in New England, offers an excellent opportunity for a young man of the character and ability of Mr. Brady, and his many friends wish him the greatest success.

William Jarvis, '15, has taken a position with the Whitinsville Machinery Co., Whitinsville, Mass.

Edward Garland, '12, has been appointed one of the directors of the Bowdoin Union. The old Sargent gymnasium has been remodeled to serve as a club room. Mr. Garland also received the highest honors at Bowdoin and has been chosen as Class Historian and the chairman of the Class Day Committee.

Dennis O'Neil, '12, is a soloist for the U. of M. Musical Clubs. He played in the United States Marine Band at Washington last summer.

Mona MacWilliams, '13, is the leader of the Girls' Musical Club of U. of M. This is the first girls' club organized and should meet with good success.

Velzora Withee, '15, has taken a position with A. J. Torsleff.

Fred French, '12, Harvey Miller, '12, and Alden Safford, '15, were at home for a few days during mid-years.

Madeline Robinson, '11, is teaching French at Orono High School.

John O'Connell, '15, has been chosen as a member of the U. of M. Debating Team.

Edith Ingraham, '12, is the leader of the mandolins in the new Girls' Musical Club at U. of M. She was also chosen for Junior Speaking Contest.

Cecelia Christenson, '13, has been appointed college organist at Bates. She has been assistant organist up to this time. Miss Christenson is also substituting at the Bates Street Baptist Church, Lewiston.

Alden Head, a former student at B. H. S., was appointed on the classday committee at Bowdoin.

CUT UPS

A rider of the roads entered a cafe and said:

"Two eggs?"

"How will you have them?" asked the waiter.

"Does it cost any more to have them cooked one way or the other?"

"No!" answered the waiter.

"Fry mine on ham," answered the tramp quickly.

looked up in surprise and said, "What am I going to do with it? Dig another hole and throw it into it?"

"Your face is dirty," said the elevator man to the office boy.

"What business is that of yours? You ain't my father."

"I know, but I'm bringing you up," said the elevator man.

Points from Botany.

1—How to store corn:

Box its ears.

2—How to plant potatoes:

Put out their eyes.

3—How to get good trees:

Go to an experienced grafter.

A young Canadian went to London last winter and was making a call upon a very pretty young woman whom he had met for the first time.

"Do you have reindeer in Canada?" asked the young lady.

"No darling," he answered. "At this time of the year it always snows."

"How is your breathing?"

"Boyish."

"What do you mean?"

"It comes in short pants."

Pat was digging a hole one day when along came a policeman. He looked at Pat and said, "Don't you know that you're throwing that dirt on the sidewalk." Pat



"A sound mind in a sound body"

Friday night, Feb. 4, by the score of 23 to 8, Bangor won from Old Town before the largest crowd that has attended a game this year. The game was fast and scrappy and both teams showed up well. In the first half Bangor scored 15 points to Old Town's nothing, but in the second half each team secured four baskets, three of Old Town's being secured in quick succession by clever team work, urged on by their supporters. In the last half, the work of Bangor did not show up as well as in the first, partly because Old Town played so much better and faster that there was less contrast. After the game a dance was held and all had a fine time.

The summary:

B. H. S. (23)

O. T. H. S. (8)

Adams, l.f., 3.....r.b., C. Perro
Freeman, r.f. 3 (1).....l.b., Moore
Mulvaney, c. 4.....i, c., Carry
Heal, r.b.....1, l.f., Mishou
Jones, l.b. 1.....2, r.f., W. Perro

Referee, Daley. Umpire, Reardon. Timer, McGuire. Scorers, Warren and Frawley. Time, two 20-minute periods.

Wednesday, Feb. 19, Bangor won the return game from E. M. C. Seminary in the High School gymnasium, by the score of 52 to 6. One basket was shot by Bucksport and four points were secured from the foul line. Bangor scored almost at will. The

only feature of the game was a little mix-up at the beginning of the second half after which a man from each side was sent to the showers. The summary:

B. H. S. (52)

E. M. C. S. (6)

Adams, l.f., 14.....r.b., Lowell
Freeman, r.f., 7.....l.b., Decker
Mulvaney, c., 1.....c., DeRoche
Heal, r.b., 2.....(4), l.f., Patten
Jones, l.b., 2.....1, r.f., Pelley
Chilcott, l.b.

Referee, Daley. Scorer, Frawley. Time, two 20-minute periods.

Feb. 11, Bangor played the local Y. M. C. A. team in place of Westbrook Seminary and won from them by the score of 38 to 16 in a fast, snappy, and interesting game in the High School gymnasium. Our team outplayed their older opponents and made a fine showing before the small number present. The first half was close, for the Y. M. C. A. covered closely and the High School were a little off in their shooting. Yet the score was 12 to 6 in favor of the High School at the end of the first half. In the second half the crimson-hued players started in, in earnest and caged goal after goal. In this half the Y. M. C. A. scored some pretty goals from the center of the floor. The Y. M. C. A. played hard at the last and shot for baskets from any place within reach of the basket. The summary:

B. H. S. (38)

Adams, l.f., 7.....2, r.b., Dingman
Ginsberg, l.f., 2.
Freeman, r.f., 6.....l.b., Goldberg
Mulaney, c., 3.....c., Russell
Hayes, c.
Heal, r.b.....5, l.f., Klein
Jones, l.b., 1.....1, r.f., Barton

Referee, Daley. Time, two 20-minute periods.

Morse High of Bath came to Bangor Friday night, Feb. 18, with the reputation of being one of the best teams in the western part of the state, but the High School quintet ran away from her and won by the wide margin of 34 to 3. The game was played in City Hall which is almost a neutral floor for Bangor had not played there before. The locals outclassed their opponents in every phase of the game and had the ball in their possession nearly all the time. When the visitors did get the ball they couldn't do anything with it and it was not until Bangor had scored 22 points that Fitzgerald, who, by the way, did all the scoring for Morse High, secured a point from the foul line. Later in the game he got the only field goal scored by the visitors. The all round playing of Bangor speaks well for the coaching and indicates that the team which wins from B. H. S. this year will have to travel some. The shooting of Bangor was a little off in the first half, but perhaps the difference in backboards in City Hall and the High School gymnasium was partly to blame. A dance followed the game. The summary:

B. H. S. (34)

Freeman, l.f., 8.....r.b., Attaya
Adams, r.f., 7.....l.b., Pomeroy
Mulaney, c.....c., Weinbratt
Heal, r.b.....l.f., Young
Jones, l.b., 2.....1 (1), r.f., Fitzgerald

Y. M. C. A. (16)

Referee, Daley. Scorer, Frawley. Timer, Martin. Time, two 20-minute periods.

Once more, Saturday, March 26, Bangor High showed a team from the western part of the state that we have SOME team. This time it was the five from Westbrook High and they were swamped by the score of 60 to 7. Although the game was one-sided, it was fast, brilliant and exciting. The two visiting forwards were so well covered by our backs, Jones and Heal, that their playing did not show up to any great extent. Hauckes did all the scoring for the visitors. Although six fouls were called on the locals, Westbrook only converted one of them into goal. The game of the locals is rapidly improving and this time they played so well and so fast that the visiting team never seemed in the swim. Bangor had possession of the ball so much that the visitors hardly had a chance to get hold of it and when they did get it and started down the floor, you would see a guard or some one else get in and break up the play before the ball was within shooting distance of the goal. Bangor started out with a rush and before the echo of the starting whistle had ceased B. H. S. had secured her first basket. They kept up this speedy playing and it was so fast that the visitors had to call time every once in a while in order to get their breath and bearings. At the last, three new men were put in, but the scoring went on and they helped to increase it as the summary will show. Adams, Freeman and Mulvaney were the leading goal cagers for Bangor, while Hauckes got one or two pretty baskets for Westbrook.

The summary:

B. H. S. (60)

Adams, l.f., 10.....r.b., Crocker
Ginsberg, l.f., 1
Freeman, r.f., 7.....l.b., Hay

W. H. S. (7)

Mulvaney, c., 7.....c., Marshall
Hayes, c., 1

Heal, r.b., 1.....3 (1), l.f., Hauckes
Jones, l.b., 4.....r.f., Guimond
Chilcott, l.b.....r.f., Berryman

Referee, Daley. Scorer, McCann. Timer,
Martin. Time, two 20-minute periods.

Bowdoin Indoor Meet.

On Saturday, February 12, the Bowdoin Interscholastic Indoor Meet was held in the Hyde Athletic Building at Brunswick. This year several Massachusetts schools were invited and there was more interest in the meet than usual, for a big majority expected to see Hebron given a good race for first honors. Nor were they mistaken. Huntington School of Massachusetts came so near grabbing the cup that the Hebron rooters were in a state of horrible anxiety during most of the meet. Hebron came out on top, however, by the narrow margin of one point, the final score being 23-22. It has been a long time since Hebron has been pushed so hard and their confidence was shaken a trifle.

Ralph Jordan, the Hebron star, was not permitted to run in the meet. Marling, of Huntington, was one of the bright lights. He took first in the 40-yard dash; first in the 440-yard run, breaking the previous record by six seconds; first in the 220-yard dash;

and he helped win the Huntington-Hebron relay race after a spectacular struggle with the Hebron anchor-man. In the 880-yard run a long-legged Mercury from Moses Brown School romped in a winner, hanging up a new record of 2 minutes, 7 4-5 seconds. St. John's Prep. captured two firsts, one in the running broad and the other in the running high jump. In the latter event a new record of 5 ft. 10 in. was made, the St. John's man barely missing the six-foot mark. Bangor High did not come through as she did last year. Gray, the steel spring man was handicapped by a bad knee and the other men failed to win points. In the relay Bangor got the lead on the first three laps, but the Portland anchor man was too fast and Bangor lost by a small margin. The pole vault was the last event and proved an exciting one. The score stood, Huntington, 22 points; Hebron, 20. The Huntington vaulter was disqualified and it remained for the Hebron entry to get at least second place. The vaulting was poor and lay between Portland, Bangor, Hebron and M. C. I. The Hebron man gave his supporters several bad scares by missing his first two tries, but on the third he was right there and finally Portland and Bangor were eliminated. This gave the meet to Hebron and on his third attempt the M. C. I. vaulter cleared the bar and captured first place in the event.

DEBATING

"Silence is less injurious than a weak reply"

The construction of the brief is one of the most important parts of the debate, for it is really the foundation of the entire argument. No debater should think of preparing his speech without first making a brief, any more than the lawyer would prepare

his court trial without one. There are three main parts to the brief, the introduction, the main argument, and the conclusion or summary. There are two kinds of briefs, the team brief, that which covers the entire debate of all the speakers.

and the individual brief covering only the points of the debater. Each brief is constructed in identically the same manner.

The brief should consist of complete sentences, and should view the question from every possible angle. In topical form, the brief when completed should embody the following details:

I. Introduction.

1. Statement of question.
 2. Definition of terms.
 3. History of question.
- Main Issues.

II. Body of Argument.

1. The body should contain the topics to be discussed with the proof, completely and fully.

III. Conclusion.

1. Complete summary of points.
2. Peroration.

In the preparation of the debate or the brief, this outline should be followed closely. Then the writing of the debate becomes merely a question of thought and grammar. Always state the question, exactly, at the beginning of the brief. Then, define each doubtful term, as it will save misunderstanding, and do away with quibbling, one of the poorest and most unsportsmanlike things that can be done in a debate. A history of the question is always good, especially in an abstruse subject, which one or more of the judges and the audience may perhaps be unfamiliar with. The last topic, the statement of the issue is optional with the debater. Some prefer to hold their points until they are ready to speak on them for the purpose of withholding the other side from having any advantage, but in many cases, the judges are better able to follow the thread of the debate and decide whether or not the debaters are keeping to their subject or not. Some of the larger colleges

have adopted the practice of exchanging briefs some time before the debate, in order that there be no extraneous matter, and that there may be what is known as the clash of opinion.

In the main argument, the various points to be discussed should be outlined, and the key sentences to the proof should be noted. In the final part of the brief, enumerate the points one by one for the summary. The summary is one of the most important parts of the debate for it is the last word that is left with the audience and judges, and a convincing speaker should always be chosen for this part. In the debate, the peroration may come at the end, but avoid too much of a didactic or over-eloquent finish, as it is apt to detract more than it adds. This in a few words cover the brief, in fact it might be said to cover the debate, for with a good brief, carefully followed, the preparation of the debates is extremely simple.

C. A. LaBelle.

Bates' League.

On the seventh of March, the preliminary debate in the Bates' Triangular League will be held. One team from Bangor High will journey to Pittsfield and attempt to bring M. C. I. into camp. This invading team will argue the negative of the question, "Resolved, That compulsory military training should be adopted by the academies and high schools in the United States." The contest will be held in foreign territory, but the team hopes to win.

On the same night, the 17th of March, our home team will defend itself against the invasion of Gardner High School. The Bangor team will argue the affirmative of the same question. The debate will be held in Assembly Hall at 8 P. M. and it is hoped that a large number will turn out. In the past the debates have not been well attended

and this may be the reason why the B. H. S. team did not come out on top of the heap last year. We have some mighty good debaters and it should be a matter of school pride to go to the debates and give the team your support. It is discouraging to talk to a small crowd and if you want your team to do its best, there must be a good number of students present. The debate will be an interesting one, and deals with a subject that should interest every Bangor High student at the present time. There are three triangles in the Bates League and the finals among the three winners will be held some time in April.

Colby League.

Another series of debates will be held under the auspices of Colby College. Last year Bangor's team came through in second place. If there is a lot of interest shown, she ought to win this year. The question to be debated is "Resolved, That the United States should have a government owned merchant marine."

At a meeting of the Senate, Mr. Gray read the particulars of the Colby League Debating contest and the matter was discussed by the members.

The Girls' Society.

At the meeting of the society on Feb. 3, a prepared debate was held on the subject: Resolved, That military drill should be compulsory in all preparatory schools. The speakers on the affirmative were Violet Mills, Agnes Olsen, and Doreen Gregory; on the negative, Gladys Allen, Frances Barrett, and Marion Bragg.

The affirmative argued that military drill is less dangerous than athletics, that it is beneficial physically, mentally and morally, and that experience has shown that it makes a student of greater value to his school and to the community in which he lives.

The negative maintained that military drill leads to war as it breeds a warlike spirit, that it is an unnecessary expense, for athletics work the desired effect, and that it takes time which should be given to study.

The judges, Bernice Smith, Marion Kenney, and Katherine Bryant, decided in favor of the negative.

The next meeting was held on Thursday, Feb. 17. Two new members, Grace Nichols and Mary McDougall, were admitted to the society. A prepared debate was announced on the subject: Resolved, That capital punishment should be abolished.

Misses Maysie Whitehouse and Greta Wood, on the affirmative, asserted that capital punishment gives no chance for repentance and reformation, that it is murder under cover of the law, and that, though abolished in many countries, it still exists in Japan where many terrible crimes are committed.

Misses Madeline Searles and Rowena Hersey, on the negative, declared that, if a criminal is condemned to life-imprisonment, he may escape and repeat his crime, that capital punishment is more humane and also more economical, and that experience shows that fewer crimes have been committed with capital punishment.

Both sides of the question were so ably supported that the judges, Gladys Allen, Florence Salley, and Doreen Gregory, found it difficult to decide. However, the decision was finally awarded to the affirmative.



"Condemn the fault, but not the actor"

Since the January issue of the Oracle, we have received the following exchanges: L. F. H. S. Banner, Livermore Falls, Me.; Sphinx, Ellenville, N. Y.; Penn Charter Magazine, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dragon, Newport, R. I.; Wykeham Chronicle, Washington, Conn.; Megaphone, Franklin, Mass.; Nor'easter, Kansas City, Mo.; Areturus, Caribou, Me.; Claflin Enterprise, Newtonville, Mass.; Wanona, Portage, Wis.; Lion, La Grange, Ill.; Satura, Sanford, Me.; Tech Monthly, Scranton, Pa.; Argus, Waterbury, Conn.; Jabberwock, Boston, Mass.; Echo, Kenton, O.; Orient, Bay City, Mich.; Red and White, Chicago, Ill.; Academy Bell, Fryeburg, Me.; Optimist, Atchison, Kan.; Central Digest, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Trade Winds, Worcester, Mass.; Ypsi Sem, Ypsilante, Mich.; Su-Hi, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; Industrial School Magazine, Golden, Colo.; Owl, New York City; Advance, Salem, Mass.; Lotus, Dover, Del.; Pioneer, New Orleans, La.; Lawrence H. S. Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.; Tabula, Torrington, Conn.; Vail-Deane Budget, Elizabeth, N. J.; Forum, St. Joseph, Mo.; Cardinal Pennant, Wauwatosa, Wis.; Blue and Gold, Johnson City, Tenn.; Aquilo, Houlton, Me.; Dynamo, Newton, Mass.; Old Hughes, Cincinnati, O.; Mirror, Sharon, Pa.; Delphian, Providence, R. I.; Clarion, Everett, Mass.; Opinion, Peoria, Ill.; Ingot, Hancock, Mich.; Early Trainer, Lawrence, Mass.; Blue Book, Orono, Me.; Bates' Student, Lewiston, Me.; Houghton Star, Houghton, N. Y.; Cue, Albany, N. Y.; Lens, Portland, Ore.; Chroni-

cle, South Paris, Me.; Search Light, Westerville, O.; Imp, Brighton, Mass.; Periscope, Perham, Minn.; Tatler, Rockport, Me.; Al-lerlei, Stonington, Conn.; Sisseton, Fairmont, Minn.; Red and Black, Claremont, N. H.; Cliveden, Germantown, Pa.; Artisan, Bridgeport, Conn.; Student, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Classicum, Ogden, Utah; Roman, Rome, Ga.; Student, Detroit, Mich.

Pamphlets: Future Citizen, Milledgeville, Ga.; Sphinx, Centralia, Ill.; Hobart Herald, Geneva, N. Y.; Union Signal, Evanston, Ill.; Tatler, Kincaid, Kan.; Mirror, Pratt, Kan.; P. I. H. S. Flyer, Presque Isle, Me.; Crimson Rambler, Tonkawa, Okla.; High School News, Beaumont, Tex.; Arena, Kingfield, Me.; Academy Echo, Freedom, Me.; Bates' Student; Orange and Black, Falls City, Iowa; Spelman Messenger, Atlanta, Ga.; Everett High Clarion, Everett, Mass.; Howard Times, Howard, R. I.; Oracle, Kingman, Kan.; Pasco School News, Dade City, Fla.; Mountaineer, Santa Anna, Tex.; Right Angle, Rochester, N. Y.; Hi Reflector, England, Ark.; Kingfisher, Kingfisher, Okla.; Red and White, Iowa City, Iowa.

Seeing Others.

The Classicum from Ogden, Utah, has taken too much from its exchanges, and therefore does not possess enough originality. A neater school magazine could not be found, however. Its literary department shows great literary genius and also poetic

ability. It contains the finest and cleverest cuts that we have seen so far this year. "Love and Honey Bees," by J. A. M., is a good example of the poetic genius exhibited by the Classicum. It seems too bad that a paper with so many good qualities should contain two incomplete departments; but, such is the case. In the athletic department the line-ups of every game should be printed; and the exchange department is much too short.

The Roman, Rome, Ga.—Yours is a paper to be proud of, simply because it is businesslike. We wish that every student could read your editorials, especially the one entitled "Whom are you fooling?" All of the departments are especially well developed.

The Opinion, Peoria, Ill.—We speak of papers being neat, well balanced and well developed, but when it comes to attractiveness, yours beats all the others. In your February issue, the cover, department headings and cartoons are very unique and original.

Cardinal Pennant, Wauwatosa, Wis.—Your paper is published only three times a year, and yet your January number contains no exchanges and only six pages of literary. This, along with the fact that you have only a few advertisements goes to show that the students in the W. H. S. are not doing the work that they should to produce a good magazine.

The Cliveden, Germantown, Pa.—Your magazine is new to us, but you are certainly a welcome exchange. The departments are especially well developed, and the cuts and cartoons are excellent.

A Sophomore's Opinion.

The Signet, Dexter, Me.—An exceptionally well balanced paper. We think it would

be a slight improvement to give your stories a double column head.

The Breccia, Portland, Me.—The table of contents is missing, but you are all right otherwise. Your Camera Club seems to be something new and different in school activities.

Red and White, Chicago, Ill.—One of the finest; complete and well balanced.

The Racquet, Portland, Me.—A well handled, well written, and well developed paper.

Coburn Clarion, Waterville, Me.—Your exchange department is small, but your other departments are well handled.

The Aegis, Beverly, Mass.—You would improve your paper if you did not mix your personals with the advertisements.

The Sea Breeze, Thomaston, Me.—A fine paper with lots of pep. Welcome, come again.

M. H. S. Oracle, Manchester, N. H.—The Oracle lives up to its name. The drawings are very good.

The Ariel, Bucksport, Me.—Very good, but would be improved if it had a table of contents.

Islesboro Argonaut, Islesboro, Me.—A paper that shows school spirit. Hasn't there been a slight misdirection in the table of contents?

Whittemore, '18.

Seeing Ourselves.

Oracle—A splendid magazine in every respect. Your departments are all interesting and well written. It is a magazine above criticism.

Cliveden, Germantown, Pa.

"The Oracle," Bangor, Me.: Your paper is very compact, with a good literary department; but why not give more room to sports?

Classicum, Ogden, Utah.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me.: Your jokes are fine.

Tattler, Rockport, Me.

The Oracle, from Bangor High School, an excellent paper, contains a large number of fine cuts which aid in making the paper attractive. The exchange column is especially well developed, for during the past year, the Oracle has received two hundred and two exchanges, including papers from all except five states in the Union, and one from England. Would not enlargement of the Alumni column be a decided improvement to the paper?

Chronicle, South Paris, Me.

The Oracle—A splendid array of exchanges listed in your columns. You have a fine literary department.

Houghton Star, Houghton, N. Y.

Teacher—"Now, Willie, where did you get that chewing gum? I want the truth."

Willie—"You don't want the truth, teacher, and I'd rather not tell a lie."

Teacher—"How dare you tell me I don't want the truth! Tell me at once where you got that gum."

Willie—"Under your desk." Ex.

The Oracle.

Avouirdupois—"I'll bet you five plunks that I can run around that track in less than a minute. Has anyone got a stop-watch?"

Wit—"You don't want a stop-watch. Hey; anyone got a calendar?"

J. F. G., '17.

The Oracle: Your advertising manager is doing his part in making your paper a success. You have a well arranged paper. Your literary department has some fine stories. We are pleased to read them.

Trade Winds, Worcester, Mass.

"The Oracle," Bangor High, ranks favorably, along literary lines, with any of our exchanges; but we are sorry to have to say that she ranks very poorly in her art department.

Academy Bell, Fryeburg, Me.

"Exchanges" is an important department. The "Oracle," Bangor, Me., devotes a whole page to it, and they are such good criticisms.

Lion, La Grange, Ill.

The Oracle, B. H. S., Bangor, Maine: One of our very best exchanges. The Athletic department is fine. Come again.

L. F. H. S. Banner, Livermore Falls, Me.

"The Oracle," Bangor, Me.: A very neat paper. The mottoes under each department heading are unique and very appropriate.

Nor'easter, Kansas City, Mo.

Bats—Maybe in Belfry.

A young lady whose stock of baseball knowledge was not as large as she believes, sat watching a game that was proving very disastrous to the home team. Along about the eighth inning she turned to her escort and exclaimed: "Isn't our pitcher grand? He hits their bats no matter where they hold them." Ex.

"Robert, how much time did you put on your lesson?" said his teacher.

"About one hour, railroad time."

"What do you mean, 'railroad time'?"

"Stops included." Ex.



"Jokes are the cayenne of conversation"

Miss C— (in Ancient History): Mr. Grant are you sure your brother did not help you draw this map?"

Mr. Grant: "Yessum, he didn't help me at all, he did it all himself."

—GUESS WHO—

He's just as tiny as can be,
And still be seen, you know.
Rather funny seems to me,
Rather wish he would grow.
Yet although he's pretty, small.

Listen, when the orch-stra plays
In that big Assembly Hall,
To his whistling, bird-like lays
There's a smile upon his face,
Lights dark days up as the sun.
Every day he's in his place
Full of ginger, joy and fun,
I suspect he's never snappy,
Even if he does know how,
Little merry, laughing chappy,
Do you think you know him now?

Silver Threads Among the Gold in B. H. S.

The biggest grind.....Bill Glass, '18
The tallest.....Littlefield, '17
The shortest.....Rowe, '16
The smartest.....Snyder, '18
The best singer.....McWilliams, '16

The first at school in the morning, Davis, '16
The strongest.....Whitmore, '16
The heaviest.....Palmer, '16
The poet laureat.....Tyler, '18
The wisest.....F. O'Leary, '16
The best orator.....Senator Ingraham, '16
The biggest eater.....Dole, '17

Pat got off the train at a certain station for a cup of coffee. While he was drinking it, the train started to leave. He rushed out, hollering in a loud voice:

"Hey, there! Mr. Engineer! shure there's a passenger on board that you've left behind.

Ex.

Merry jokes we make for you
Altho they are not always new
Real live "personals" we need
Cuts and all, that we may lead
High School papers of the state, in every-
thing that's up-to-date.

News of students who are scattered,
Used—may make our High School flattered.
Matters which concern us all,
Bring to us from spring to fall,
Every lass and every lad
Reads the "personals." We're glad.

Miss K-o-w-ls, '16: "Tell me the names of some athletes in Latin."

Miss Su-ll-v-n, '16: "Aeneas; he had the most athletic imagination I ever heard of."

Remarks Heard at a Basketball Game.

"Mulvaney looks like the village blacksmith in that rig."

There's one consolation about the war, anyway, Mr. Boyd's classes ten years from now will get worse History lessons than we do.

Geometry teacher—"How do you get a square root?"

Rich—"Stand behind a mule and tickle him."

Miss—"I've a beastly cold."

Fess—"Hard luck; have you been out in the cold without your monocle?"

Miss—"No, I called on James, and his Newfoundland dogs persisted in wagging his tail creating a draft."

All Sorts===From===All Sources

Pa Knows.

Teacher—"How was iron discovered?"

Pupil—"Pa says they smelt it."

A—"That's a very neat residence you're building there."

B—"Neat is no name for it; even the nails are manicured."

Mr. E—, looking through his cards in geom. class—"Let's see," he said, "where's the joker? Ah, here it is.—McWilliams."

The Car That Knows No Master.

"I understand you have a motor car now," said the neighbor. "Do you drive it yourself?"

"No," responded Mr. Suburbs sadly; "nobody drives it. We coax it."

She—"Why is your neck like this typewriter?"

He—"Dunno; I give up."

She—"Because it's Underwood."

Judge—"What is your age, madam?"

Witness—"I've seen thirty-one summers."

Judge—"How long have you been blind?"

First Tramp—"How can you have a new set of teeth inserted free of charge?"

Second Tramp—"Go into someone's back yard where they have a big dog and kick it."

The Reason.

The inspector in the English school asked the boys of the school he was examining:

"Can you take your warm overcoat off?"

"Yes, sir," was the response.

"Can the bear take his warm overcoat off?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

There was silence for a while, and then a little boy spoke up:

"Please, sir, because God alone knows where the buttons are."

And Children Speak the Truth.

The teacher, after discussing the President of the United States, the King of England, and other rulers, suddenly said, "Now, Willie, what's a Kaiser?" "A Kaiser," replied the absend-minded Willie, whose strong point was geography rather than

political history, "is a stream of hot water springing up and disturbin' the earth."

Freshman—"What shall I do when I can't express myself?"

Sophomore—"Go by parcel post."

She was a careless girl, says London Tit-Bits, to put the subscriber on the wrong number. Being in a hurry the subscriber promptly asked for a box for two.

"But we don't have boxes for two," said a startled voice at the other end of the line.

"Why, isn't this the theater?" he inquired.

"No," was the reply, "this is —'s the undertaker."

Such is Life.

Weep and you're called a baby;

Laugh and you're called a fool;

Yield and you're called a coward;

Stand and you're called a mule.

Smile and they'll call you silly;

Frown and they'll call you gruff;

Put on a front like a millionaire

And some guy calls you a bluff.

Mother—Now run along to school and be sure to be a good boy. A little bird will tell mother if you're not.

Willie—All right, mother.

Mother (after school)—Well, was my little boy good at school today?

Willie—Nothin' doin'—go ask yer bird.

Cupid, Too, Was Up-to-Date.

"Engaged to four girls at once?" exclaimed the horrified uncle. "How do you explain such shameless conduct?"

"I don't know," said the graceless nephew. "I guess Cupid must have shot me with a machine gun."

Peculiar.

Pat—"I've eaten beef all my life, and I'm as strong as an ox."

Mike—"That's strange! I've eaten fish all my life and I can't swim a stroke."

"How often does your road kill a man?" asked a facetious travelling salesman of a Central Branch conductor the other day.

"Just once," replied the conductor.

Father (impressively) — "Suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you, my boy?"

Irreverent Son—"I'd stay here. The question is, What would become of you?"

Father—"So you have to take another examination. Didn't you pass?"

Son—"Say, I passed so well I was encored and now I have to take it all over again."

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**Many a
Scholar is
Dull**



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