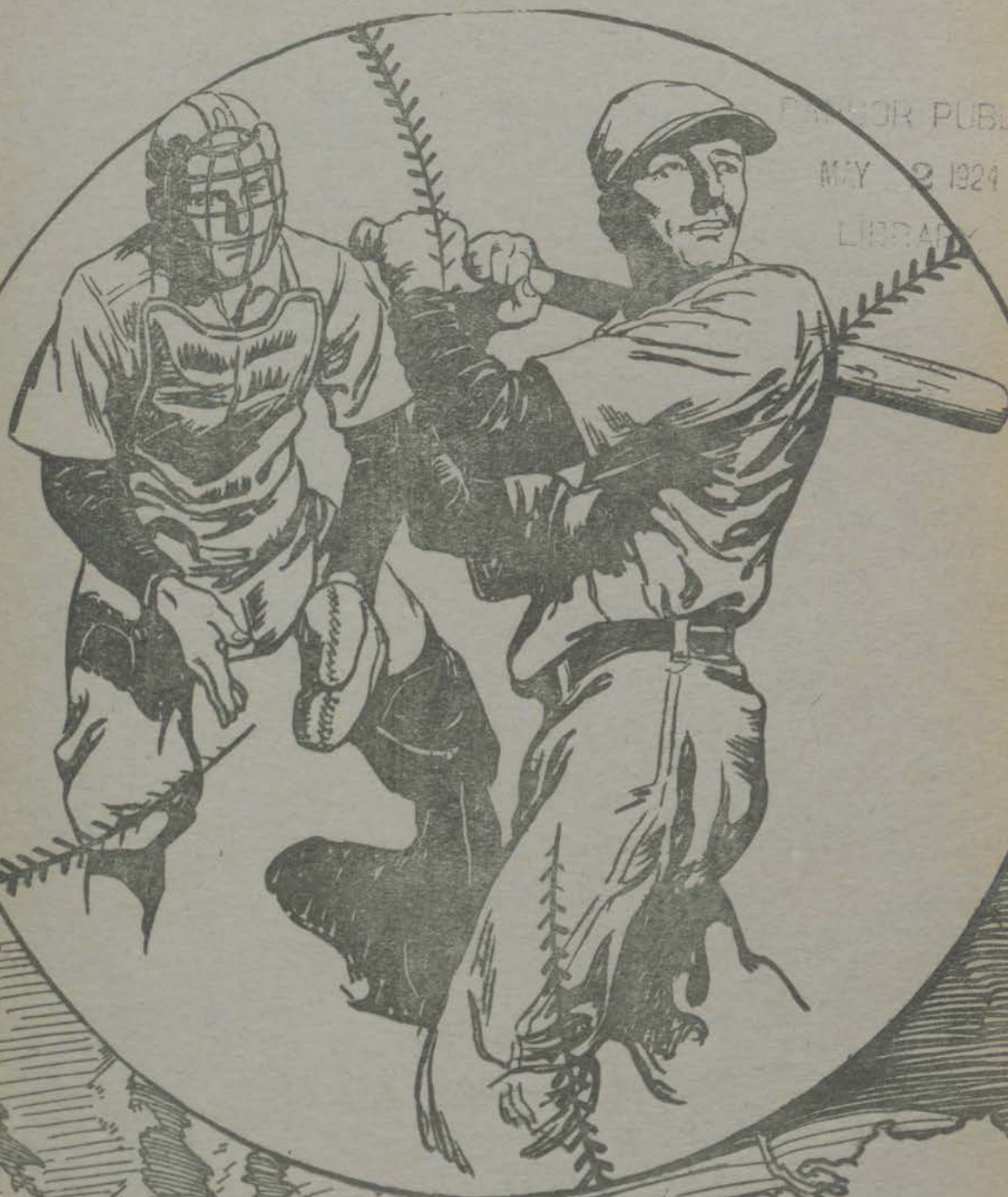


# ORACLE

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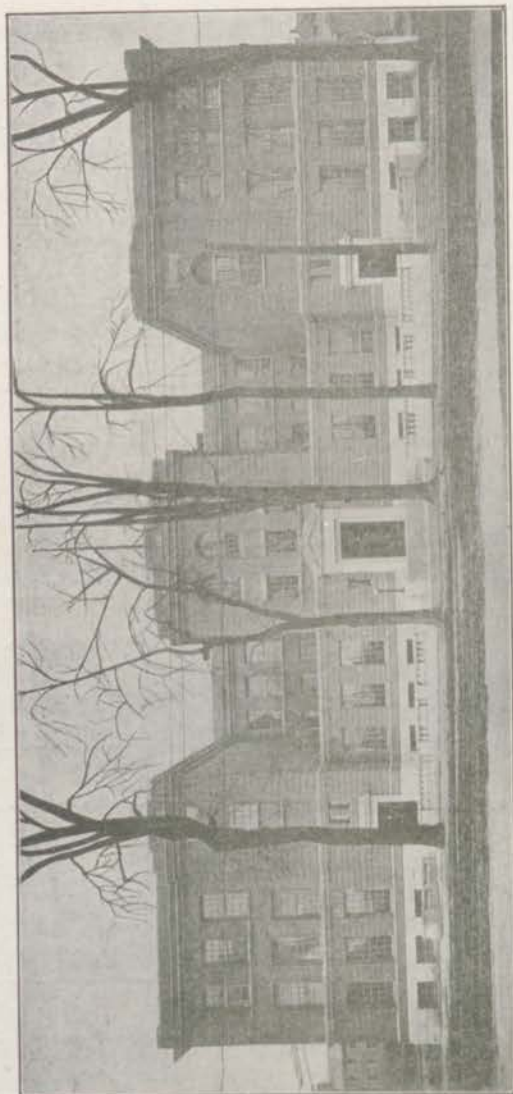
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ALMA MATER.

# THE ORACLE

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APRIL, 1924

No. 7

## The Oracle Board



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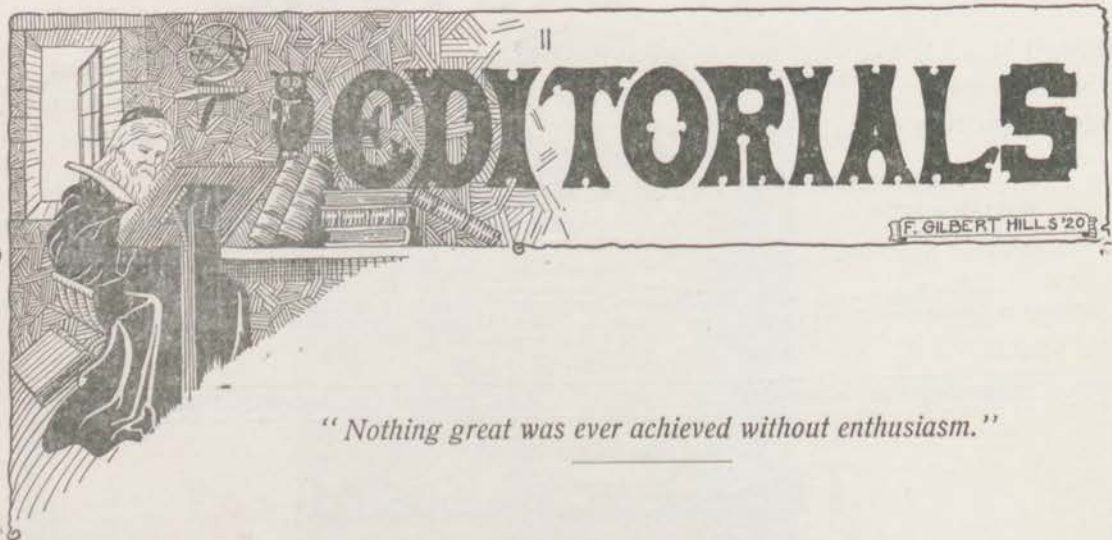
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*"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."*

The following sentence is quoted at the top of each page of Oracle advertisements: **Reciprocity** "Our advertisers make the Oracle possible—." There is more truth than fiction in that statement, for it is an absolutely sound fact. You will notice that there are very few High schools that attempt to publish as expensive a paper as the Oracle. The financial support from B. H. S. students is shameful indeed! There are over one hundred more students attending this season than last, and in spite of the fact, the sale of season subscription tickets fell off this year instead of increasing. You could have had the whole nine issues for only one dollar, while the price of the June number alone is fifty cents. Out of fourteen hundred students, a measly five hundred and thirty-five season tickets have been sold. Five hundred and thirty-five dollars to publish nine issues, averaging from two to four hundred dollars apiece.

Now, you may realize the truth of that statement: "Our advertisers make the Oracle possible—." Read the second part: "You should make their advertising profitable." Whether you bought an Oracle ticket or not you certainly have to buy

food, clothing, and other necessary articles continually. Practically all of these articles are represented by one or many ads in the Oracle. Why not read through these ads and find out who the supporters of our paper are, and then when you go shopping, go to the Oracle stores and exercise a little reciprocity. If possible, just mention the Oracle, for it might influence the advertiser to take a bigger ad, and it certainly will not do any harm. This is your chance to show the advertiser that you appreciate his support of the Oracle.

No matter how favorable Opportunity may seem, it will never abide with us if we **Opportunity** are content to leave it to its own devices.

"Opportunity is a visitor who rarely calls on those who neglect to provide a suitable welcome."

It resembles the traveler in the old German tale who entered the wretched cabin of some poor peasants for shelter, one stormy evening. Being a rich man, his clothes and jewelry dazzled the peasants so, that they were unable to rejoice at the honor shown them. The traveler, however,



## THE ORACLE

brought along with his other luggage a goodly store of fine provisions, which he allowed the peasants to feast upon. So great was their enjoyment of these that they forgot all about the duties of hospitality. Their delight in the good things, aided by their natural indolence, caused them to neglect the making of a fire, and the guest was left to shiver in his wet clothes.

Noticing all this, the traveler hurriedly gathered his things together and in spite of the deluge of rain, departed, never to return.

Now, the peasants had some neighbors who proved to be more intelligent than they. Perceiving the stranger who was now approaching them, they hastened to throw vine-branches upon the fire and invited him with smiles to come in and make himself at home among them.

They pressed around him and would not consent to eat the provisions that he had brought until they had first made sure that he was comfortably installed.

Revived by the pleasing warmth and touched to the heart by the fineness shown in the welcome, the traveler tasted the sweetness that comes of kind hearts and home surroundings.

He did not leave on the morrow as he had intended to do, but prolonged his stay, and did not depart until he had, by solemn promises, assured the future of his amiable hosts.

Opportunity is like this traveler.

It does not permit us to profit by its gifts unless we try to deserve them.

People who are spoken of as having succeeded are invariably those who have relied upon themselves and never based their hopes upon any merely lucky event.

There is a well known proverb which says, "What comes at the sound of the flute departs at the sound of the drum." Which is the same as saying that prosperity which comes unexpectedly, or luck that arrives at

our door without our doing anything to summon it does not stay very long. Some trifle brought it and some fancy made away with it. The tones of a flute summon it; it is then tempted by the sound of a drum and directly flies toward the new attraction.

It will be seen from all this that fortune and luck play a much smaller part in life than most persons are tempted to believe.

Foster Opportunity and Fortune will favor you.

The Oracle wishes to congratulate the Junior class on the excellent appearance and **Congrat-ulations** speaking ability of its representatives in the Junior Exhibition. It was a distinct credit to the Junior class and also to the High school proper! and if the class is as successful in all its undertakings as it was in that particular one, "1925" will hold an enviable place in the annals of B. H. S.

In a track race or a horse race the strength of the runner is always reserved **The Home Stretch** as much as possible for the brilliant dash in the last lap. Many a contestant who has held the lead all through the race gives it up to a more conservative runner on the home stretch.

It now looks as though some of the B. H. S. Seniors had compared their school course to a horse race; holding back their ability and studiousness until the final lap. It is true the final lap will certainly stand out as a brilliant finish, providing they work hard enough, but they now find that they are handicapped by a lack of reserve, which they would have gained by previous hard study. But let's let bygones be bygones and come through with a shining finish regardless of our usual degree of work. We have only six weeks, and in some cases graduation depends on this limited time. **Make the last six weeks in good old B. H. S. your BEST.**



*"Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers."*

## THE RED CIRCLE

By Benj. D. Rosen, '24.

### Part II.

FOR a moment, Gilmore stood staring at the card in his hand. Then as he turned to reenter the bedroom, he was suddenly conscious of the fact that the electric lights were on. A strange calm possessed him. The fear that he had held a moment before was gone. He walked directly to the door of his room leading to the hall, and turned the knob. It was just as he expected. The door was unlocked, and yielded readily. His former experience had led him to believe that it would be so. He glanced up and down the dark hall; all was quiet and still.

After closing and locking the door, he sat down on his bed to think. Suddenly he arose, went to where his clothes were lying, removed the card with the red circle that Kemble had given him the day before, and stepped directly under the light to compare it with the one he had found a few minutes before. The two cards were identical in every respect.

It was not until he had reseated himself on the bed that the significance of the discovery he had just made dawned fully upon him. Whoever was responsible for this night's experience was responsible for the card he had found on the window sill. But what connection did that card have with the death of his uncle? Was this the work of a black hand gang, using this sign as a

trade mark? Had his uncle been murdered? But they had found no marks of violence on his body. Nevertheless, there was some connection there, he reasoned. After the torture he had just passed through, he finds a card. His uncle died, and a similar card was found on the scene. For a moment, his calmness left him. Could this be a warning, before the end? Had his uncle been warned in the same manner, and then killed? He glanced about him furtively, and again reached for his automatic.

The feeling of the cold steel in his hand reassured him. He began to think clearly again. One thing was certain. There was someone in the house who was responsible for what he had gone through, and his life was very probably in danger. He did not once connect any supernatural meaning to his experience, for he was a man who took absolutely no stock in ghosts. He must get busy at once. He would see Burke in the morning, and get some advice. How long this black hand gang, if it was one, would continue to intimidate him before they struck, he had no way of knowing. He was sure, however, that he would be bothered no more that night, and having decided on what he would do on the morrow, he turned out the lights and returned to his bed to finish his interrupted slumber.

Gilmore was informed at Burke's office



that the lawyer could be found at the Country club. An hour later, Gilmore seated with Burke, in a secluded corner of the room, was relating to him his experiences of the past two nights.

"This is a bit out of my line, Gilmore," said Burke, when he had listened to Gilmore's narrative. "And I don't see how I can help you personally. It surely seems as though you are not wanted in that house, and your life may be in danger. I would suggest, under the circumstances, that you visit an acquaintance of mine by the name of Walton, who is a detective of exceptional ability. I know of several cases that had baffled the police until he was called in. He and his assistant, Dunning, have solved many important cases, and most of them privately and without getting them into the papers. Walton's reputation is such that the police will cooperate with him at all times without even asking for details of the case, and will follow his instructions implicitly. In fact, a great number of cases the police department are credited with solving, is really the work of this man."

"That is just my purpose in seeing you, Burke," replied Gilmore. "I thought perhaps that you would be in a position to recommend someone who could get to the bottom of this affair. If you will give me Walton's address, I will go to him at once."

It was with little difficulty that Gilmore found himself on Walter street, and mounting the stairs of No. 124 read the sign plate on the right of the entrance, which bore the inscription:

R. F. WALTON,  
Criminal Investigator.

Announcing his entrance by pushing the button directly below the sign, he entered the hall, and was met at the door by a man he recognized as Walton, from the description Burke had given him.

"Mr. Walton?" asked Gilmore.

"Yes, sir. Come in."

Walton led Gilmore into a comfortably

furnished room, which at a glance showed its use both as an office and living room. Another man who was seated near the desk reading a paper, rose as they entered.

"I am Andrew Gilmore, a nephew of the late Edwin Carfax. I have come to you, Mr. Walton, for advice and assistance on the recommendation of my attorney, Harrison Burke."

"I am very glad to know you, Mr. Gilmore," replied Walton. "Burke is a fellow club member of mine and he mentioned your name to me in connection with the death of Edwin Carfax, a few days ago."

"Let me present my friend, John Dunning, Mr. Gilmore, who has been a great deal of assistance to me in a number of cases. Sit down there," he remarked, pointing to a chair back of the desk, "and make yourself comfortable. At your convenience we'll listen to your story."

When Gilmore had finished relating his story, Walton leaned back in his chair and continued smoking for a short time in silence, while he regarded the two red circle cards Gilmore had passed him.

"Has Kemble given you any more reason to suspect him?" Walton asked.

"No, in fact the three servants seem to act very natural."

"You have seen no strangers about the house?"

"No, I have seen no one."

"That will be all we can do here, Mr. Gilmore. I'll want to look over the house with you, and see the servants. I'll keep these cards. Unless you have something else you must do immediately, we will go right over to your house now, and have lunch with you. That will give us a chance to see the servants as your guests. You can arrange that all right?"

"Certainly, we can get there just in time for lunch."

"Get your coat, Dunning. I'm counting you in on this if you can come," said Walton.

"I sure can, and will be glad to go along with you."

The three men left the apartment for the Carfax mansion.

Watkins promptly opened the door at Gilmore's ring, and as the butler took care of their coats and hats, Gilmore spoke:

"Tell Kemble that I have company, Watkins, and have him serve lunch for three."

"Yes, sir," replied Watkins, and started for the rear of the house.

"That was your butler," Walton remarked as they entered the library. It was more of a statement than a question.

Walton walked slowly around the room. Everything seemed to be taken in by his keen gaze. Presently he stepped up in front of the fireplace, and stood beside the low chair, in which Edwin Carfax had breathed his last. His eyes carefully took in, in detail, the heavy ornamental work that made up the wall above the fireplace. Presently he turned and said to Gilmore:

"Call in your secretary on some pretext of business; I would like to see and talk with him. Remember that Dunning and I are your friends who are just interested in the details of your uncle's death."

Without any reply, Gilmore stepped to the desk and pressed a button. Dunning had seated himself in a chair, and seemed to be interested in a book, while Walton stood as if in conversation with Gilmore when Phillips entered the room.

"Anything important in the mail this morning, Phillips?" asked Gilmore.

"No, sir, nothing of importance"

"No package from the Paris National bank?"

"No, sir."

"That's strange," he said, turning to Walton, "I thought surely those bonds would be in this morning's mail. I'm sorry I can't close that deal with you until those bonds come."

"That's all right, Gilmore, that offer holds good for a week."

"By the way, Walton, this is my secretary, Mr. Phillips. Phillips had been in my uncle's employ for about a year."

The two men acknowledged the introduction.

"Phillips, Mr. Walton was an old friend of Mr. Carfax, and was asking me about him. I told him you could tell him more about my uncle, as I hadn't seen him for years."

"I was wondering that a man of Mr. Carfax's constitution should pass away so suddenly," Walton was saying. "Was he feeble along toward the last?"

"No, he never struck me as being a feeble man," was Phillips' reply.

"Ever complain of being ill, or that his heart was bothering him?"

"No, sir, Mr. Carfax seemed to be in fair health."

"Mr. Gilmore tells me that it was in this chair that Mr. Carfax died. Heart failure surely does take a man quickly. I suppose he must have felt suddenly ill and came in here to rest."

"Perhaps that is so," Phillips agreed, "but it was not unusual for him to come in here and sit down. For the year I was with him, Mr. Carfax was in the habit of smoking in this chair every night before retiring. He was evidently doing the same thing the night he died, for when I found him in the morning, his pipe was lying on the floor, and as you see, it had been smoked very little."

Phillips picked up an expensive meerschau pipe from the smoking stand, where it lay beside a jar of tobacco, and passed it to Walton.

"Yes," replied Walton, "the poor man didn't even have time to enjoy his smoke."

He was looking the pipe over closely, and had started emptying the contents of its bowl into the palm of his hand in the manner of an experienced pipe smoker, when he spoke again.

"The pipe has colored up very beauti-



fully," he remarked, admiringly. "And it has considerable value. I find that dropping it to the floor has not injured it in any way. It was the heavy carpet that saved it."

"Was there anything more?" asked Phillips, as Walton returned the pipe to the table.

"No, that will be all, Phillips, and thank you very much." With this, and a nod from Gilmore, Phillips left the room.

Walton was silent for a moment, and then as if he could think better if he was smoking, he took his own pipe from his pocket and filled it from the jar of tobacco that stood before him on the table. He raised the pipe to his mouth, and slowly went through his pockets looking for a match, still lost in deep thought.

He was brought back to himself, at that moment, by the announcement that luncheon was ready. "Guess I haven't time to smoke," he remarked, as he took his pipe from his mouth, and returned it to his pocket.

Kemble was as efficient as ever. The luncheon was enjoyed by the three men to the utmost. Walton, from the time he entered the dining room and until lunch was over, observed Kemble's every move. When they had finished eating, the three men entered the library.

"You are now acquainted with everyone in the household," said Gilmore. "Do you want to go through the house now?"

"No, not now," replied Walton. "I've just happened to think of a very important engagement I must attend to. It is now two o'clock. I will get back by five. In the meantime, Mr. Gilmore, on some pretext or other—and Dunning will help you on that—get the three servants out of the house by the time I return, so we can go through the house without being disturbed. Try to arrange it so that none of the three will know that the other is out. It will be all right for them to be back by seven."

Walton then made a hurried departure.

It was not difficult for Gilmore and Dunning to invent very necessary missions whereby Kemble, Watkins and Phillips left the mansion in succession, with a half hour between the departure of each.

Gilmore excused himself to Dunning and attended to some business details, while Dunning interested himself in one of the several volumes that lay on the library table. There was nothing to do but wait for Walton.

It was only 4.30 when Walton returned, and as Gilmore let him in he remarked:

"I got through a little sooner than I expected, so came right back. Have you succeeded in getting the servants out of the house?"

"Yes, it will be seven o'clock before any of them return."

"Very good," remarked Walton. "We'll go through the house now. Before we start upstairs, however, I want to see the location of the safe from which you took your uncle's will."

Gilmore walked to the wall, to the left of the fireplace, and pressed the center of a rosette, and a panel slid to one side, revealing the combination of the safe.

"That's all I wanted," said Walton. "We will examine the servants' rooms now."

Kemble's room was the first one they entered. The room was simply but well furnished. Walton's search was very thorough. Nothing escaped him, and all of the closets and drawers were opened and looked into. All that was found, of any consequence, was a pearl handled revolver, that lay in the top drawer of the dresser.

Watkins' room was locked, and Gilmore, who had tried the knob, turned to Walton.

"We're up against it here, Walton. I haven't a key that will fit this room."

"That's not going to bother us any," he replied, as he began to fit the lock. "I expected we might run up against just this

thing, so brought this lock opener along."

In a very short time the lock was opened and the search, as thorough as before, was going on in the room. In a closet, on a shelf, Walton found six tobacco jars, some empty and some full. On the upper shelf in one corner, was another jar.

"Your butler must be quite a smoker," he remarked to Gilmore. But his remark was unheard.

Gilmore and Dunning, who were through searching, were waiting in the hall. With a last look around the room, Walton locked the door and joined them.

Phillips' room also was locked, and Walton again resorted to his skeleton key. But the search in this room also revealed nothing out of the ordinary, and then Gilmore led the way to his own room.

Here, while Gilmore and Dunning stood watching him, Walton made a thorough examination of the door, and wall hangings, and in a few minutes announced that he was ready to go down to the library.

When the men had reached the library, Walton spoke again:

"There are a few instructions I want to give now and must ask that they be carried out exactly as I give them. I am now going to leave the house and will be back about twelve tonight. I will enter by that library window, and you, Mr. Gilmore, will make sure that that window is unfastened before you retire. Dunning will stay with you in your room tonight. No one is to know of his presence in the house, and of course no one will know of my coming. You will retire as usual, Mr. Gilmore, and I will see you both in the morning."

Gilmore prepared a lunch for Dunning, and as it was nearing seven o'clock, he made him comfortable in his room, and promised to be up shortly after dinner.

By seven-thirty the three servants had returned and Gilmore had his dinner alone. He spent an hour or so reading in the library, and shortly after 10.30 he rose from

his chair and walked to the window Walton had pointed out to him. As he opened the window catch, he mentally noted that the window was quite close to the ground, and would, therefore, be an easy chance for an entrance into the room. He next turned out the lights, leaving the library in darkness, and went upstairs to his room. Dunning was already in bed, and still awake. In a short time Gilmore joined him and soon they were both asleep.

It was a little before one o'clock as Walton made his way across the lawn of the Carfax mansion, and stopped before the library window. For a minute he stood and listened. Satisfied, he silently raised it, drew himself into the room, and closed it. Again he paused to listen. Cautiously, he started to cross the room in the direction of the door leading to the hall. He had almost reached the fireplace, when he became conscious of a slight noise behind him. He quickly flattened himself against the wall to await developments. From his position, he commanded a view of the whole room, and could see part of the dimly lit hall through the open door at his right.

The noise he had heard now came again, and his straining ears recognized it as a muffled footfall. He strained his eyes in the darkness, and presently there appeared in the doorway at his left the masked figure of a man. It moved quickly across the room to a point almost directly opposite him; a small stream of light played on the paneled wall, and before Walton realized it, a panel had slid aside and the beam of light was now directed on the shining combination of a wall safe.

Without losing any time, the man before him started turning the dial back and forth carefully and tried the bolt knob several times, but without results.

A noise from the hall startled him and he stood motionless for a second, then slid the panel back into place, put the light into his pocket, and quickly retreated to the door



by which he had entered.

As the man disappeared from sight, Walton turned his gaze to the hall door, just as Watkins, the butler, dressed in his bathrobe, passed down the hall. The front door was opened and a few minutes later, shut; and Watkins repassed the library door on his way back.

No sooner had his footsteps died away down the hall than the masked figure reappeared, approaching the safe, and continued to play with the dial.

Walton, with automatic in hand, silently moved forward to the middle of the room, and in a quiet voice demanded,

"Put up your hands!"

(To be Concluded)

## LARCHWOOD LAD

By B. E. Cunningham, '27.

IT was a golden October. The sombre fields, the rolling grey plains, and the shaggy crags of bonny Scotland were radiantly bathed in the sunlight.

Across the grey vastnesses the towers and spires of Kirkaldy rose majestically above the scene. While from beyond, through the maze, sparkled the whitecapped waves of the North Sea. This is Scotland, the home of that famous, beautiful, one man dog, the Scotch collie.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let us change our scene to America. We are in New York, in a small town outside of Albany, at the simple home of Sandy McTavish, a Scotchman of the old school, now earning a frugal living as assistant kennel master of the famous Larchwood kennels, owned and ruled over by one Rogers Chapman, an aristocratic gentleman of leisure. Knowing not a thing about collies, he had chosen them as a fad and thus far through Sandy and his own wealth, had acquired himself a name as a collie expert. Here the story opens.

It was on a Saturday six months before the contest for the Lorrington Cup that Champion King Lochinvar Larchwood was taken sick and died. Chapman was crazed and Sandy spent day and night in an attempt to make a champion out of Lochinvar's younger brothers. Next to the dead champion a beautiful sable and white, Sir Lancelot de Larchwood, ranked second, but

Sandy knew that he would stand no show against the famous Golden November of the Cragwood kennels, so on Friday, Sandy, with all the responsibility of winning the big cup on his shoulders, started out on a pilgrimage to find a collie to beat the Cragwood entry. All would be lost for the Larchwood kennels unless Sandy McTavish could locate a champion within four months and to Chapman's exasperation solid old Sandy pulled out for Scotland.

Three weeks before the dog show we find Chapman pacing up and down his elegantly furnished library, in his hand are two missives, a telegram and a smudged and dirty foreign letter. Chapman's face was white and drawn from weeks and weeks of worrying, and, although the letter from Sandy had cheered him up a bit, a shadow of doubt still lingered on his brow. I can blame him not, for here, kind readers, is Sandy's letter:

"Kirkaldy, Scotland,  
"October 1, 1922.

"Dere Mister Chapman:

"I hope you have not bin worrying about me. I have bin visiting me folks in old Kirkaldy and it is a faine time that I have bin having. Trust me and do not fale to enter Larchwood Lad for the Lorrington Cupp.

"Faithfully yooors,  
"Sandy McTavish."

Do you wonder that Chapman's brow was

drawn after worrying for five months, then to receive such a missive three weeks before the show, and that missive from Scotland, too, a two weeks' journey.

The telegram was a friendly warning from his friend, the judge, Loundy, politely informing him that his entry must be in two weeks before the show or his hold on the Lorrington Cup would be forfeited.

During the next week scores of letters poured in, expressing sympathy for the death of the great champion and inquiring as to who would be selected to fill his boots, while over in Albany the gleeful owner of the Cragwood stables spent most of his days and part of his nights in looking over his star entry, Golden November.

Chapman dutifully entered Larchwood Lad in the contest and returned home to Shopton to brood over the misspelled letter from Sandy. However, one fine day, three days before the great carnival, a letter post-marked New York, eased his mind somewhat. Sandy was in New York, had a champion, and would pull in tomorrow.

That night Chapman tossed nervously about in his bed, the fame of his kennels, the winning of the Lorrington Cup and the honor that went with it, all rested on old Sandy's broad shoulders and the morrow would find the answer.

That morning Chapman, and almost the whole of the kennel turned out to the station afoot or horseback, we might say, to see Sandy's champion. When the giant express train pulled in from New York, there were fully three hundred people waiting on the platform. As the last car pulled up at the siding, Sandy hopped out, but wisely whispered something in the almost sobbing Chapman's ear. So the kennel

men and the anxious owner had to wait till Sandy had conveyed the collie Larchwood Lad to the kennel, while the disappointed crowd from Shopton turned homeward, vowing to get to Albany some way next Saturday if they had to walk.

That afternoon at two o'clock, the climax came, the mansion of Rogers Chapman was bathed in a holiday atmosphere and on the green, spacious lawn the employes of the Larchwood kennels waited with nervous anticipation for Sandy to give them the first glimpse of Larchwood Lad.

Finally, at ten minutes past two, Sandy and three men, bearing a large, decorated box, came across the lawn to Chapman and the group. Chapman stood in front of the rest. He was nervous and on the verge of a breakdown, while even the very lesser employes sensed the importance of this moment. Then Sandy opened the box and out stepped the most wonderful collie ever seen in America, his perfect ears upright, his wonderful coat of sable and white glistening in the sun, his 120 pounds carried in a graceful manner. He walked in a perfect step on four ridiculously white and small paws directly up to Chapman and bowed before him. Chapman collapsed, but he was happy and his suffering was over.

Needless to say, Golden November was outclassed and the giant Larchwood Lad launches himself forth on a career of honor. While Sandy sits in a stiff shirt and speaks forth modestly: "Yes, sir, I picked that thar collie up in Kirkaldy, right in my own back yard. That dog was born in Scotland and he's Scotch all the way through. Aren't you, Lad?" The beautiful collie lazily casts a small white paw at him and winks his great brown eyes.

(The End)



# THE DAY OF REST

D. A. L., '24.

**O**PENING my eyes I muttered rather sleepily that yes, I believed we were intending to go to church, and perhaps we would get there. That done, I turned over and gave the "hump" on the other side a poke—and a tousled head appeared.

"What—you—want?" wearily!

"Get out!" and after a gentle shove, the "hump" disappeared on the floor.

In about three-quarters of an hour, a couple of girls came down the stairs, finishing their hair as they came. Hastily eating breakfast, they put on coats and hats, and started for the car. When they reached the carline—

"Gone, gone, gone! I knew it!" savagely muttered the one of the tousled head (but tousled no longer for the head in question was as sleek and smooth as its owner could make it).

"Never mind! We'll have time to finish dressing. Here it comes now! I knew it, too!" I retorted.

The car at last arrived, and in twenty minutes the girls were quietly walking into the family pew in church. An outsider would have looked at them, thought them two nice girls, and thought no more. But he would not have heard the whispered conversation:

"Say, I've forgotten to look up that verse about Moses or Ruth, or whoever it was—and those boys are regular little sharks!

Gimme that book, and I'll use my valuable time!"

"Well, I've got my lesson. Beat you once." And they both settled into a corner.

When church was over, the two girls went into the vestry, one toward the back to a group of little girls; the other toward the front to a row of boys about ten years old, and was met with:

"Say, Dot, did you bring that Bible with the pictures in it?"

"They've put Earl's card in the wrong place and he's mad!"

"That fellow back of me is pinching me! Make him stop!"

And this was the reply:

"Boys, take your seats, and—keep quiet!"

The boys evidently knew what that meant, so they obeyed. During the short service, they were only as bothersome as normal boys are supposed to be, but as soon as they were seated in a circle, the hubbub began again.

"Frank's sitting on my hat, get up!"

"I've lost my mittens,—I think John's got them!"

"Let's begin! I want Billy Whiskers!"

I sank exhausted into my seat, but with threats and entreaties calm was restored and 'Ruth' was very nearly torn to pieces. When the lesson was over, the promised "Billy Whiskers" was brought forth.

Thus passeth the quiet morning of church and Sunday school.

## THE POWER OF NATURE

By Merrill Kittredge.

I love to wander through the woods and fields,

To be alone and think my varied thoughts;

'Tis then my soul feels unfettered and free,

And my whole being a small part of all.

Then, as I stand among all God's creations,

A wish that I might live forevermore

In His outdoor, grips at my heart;

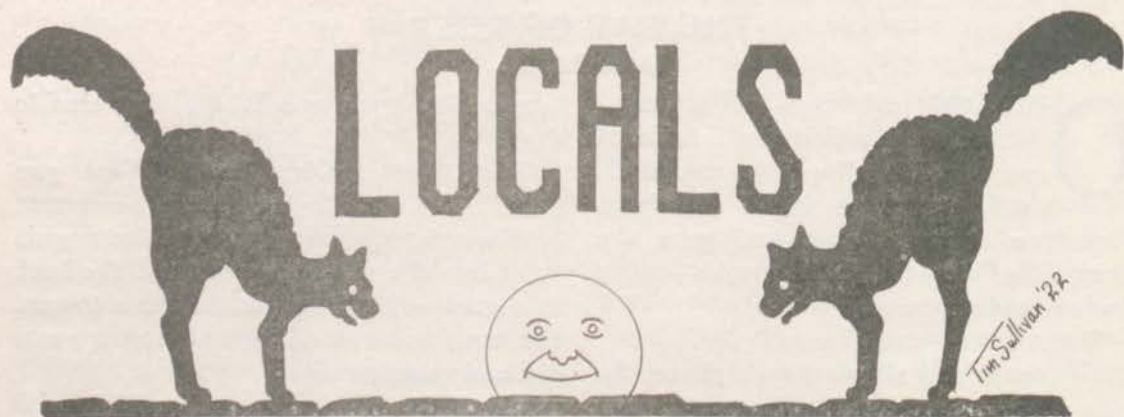
Who knows, such dreams as these may come to pass,

And as the sun his golden head doth bow

'Neath the horizon at the close of day,

I homeward trace my steps, strengthened, renewed;

To take things as they come, and live my life.



*"A close mouth catches no flies."*

The Girls' basketball team wound up a successful season by winning from Bar Harbor 21-20, on the slippery Casino floor at Bar Harbor. Ollie Berg, captain of the Maine Varsity, made a very capable referee for a game which was a fight from start to finish. After the game the elections were held for next year. Margaret Spurr, '25, was chosen captain, and Evelyn Friend, '26, manager. The team stayed at the Bar Harbor Y. W. C. A., and had a most enjoyable trip. The team has won five games out of the eight played this year. This favorable total is due to the training of Coach Bill Search, who had an almost entirely green team to work with.

Mr. L. Whitney Elkins, teacher of mathematics, resigned at the end of the winter term; his loss to the school is a great one and he carries with him the cordial good wishes of classes and teachers. His place is taken by Miss Sybil Williams, who has been teaching for two years in Brewer. The "Oracle" extends a welcome to Miss Williams.

The Freshman boys, under the able direction of Mr. Search, are taking up the twenty-yard dash, spring-board work and boxing and wrestling drill. They are also

playing a game called football, in which the boys kick the ball instead of batting it, using the same formation and rules as in regular baseball, but using a basketball instead of a baseball.

Friday, March 14, Bar Harbor debated with Bangor in the Bates League triangle at Bangor. The Bar Harbor team was composed of Asa Wasgatt and Harold Dodge, while Bangor was upheld by Arline Palmer and Dorothy Brady, Bar Harbor taking the negative and Bangor the affirmative of the question, "Resolved, That United States Should Join the League of Nations." Bar Harbor won the decision.

On the same day Leo White and Robert McManus debated the negative of the same question at Pittsfield, M. C. I. winning.

The Girls' Debating Society were the guests of Dorothy Bell, '24, Monday evening, January 28, and listened to the radio, which picked up Schenectady, N. Y., Pittsburg, Pa., Springfield, Mass., and a few other stations. The girls heard both vocal and instrumental music, interspersed with Stock Exchange quotations. Light refreshments were served, and the evening closed with music of the local, not long distance, variety.



The Juniors, of course, think the Junior Exhibition is the main thing, nowadays, but the Seniors have their minds on higher (?) things. Each and every Senior, of course, has had a picture taken for the Oracle. The fact is audible as well as visible. Around every corner one may hear remarks floating around like this: "Have you your proofs yet? Oh, may I see them! Oh, aren't they wonderful! Mine weren't at all good—Oh, I simply couldn't show them to a soul—well, if you insist"—and so on and so on, interminably. When the pictures themselves come, the confusion will be doubled. Only one room will have peace and quiet—Room 113. Even the old axiom, "Children should be seen and not heard," doesn't apply here, for no pictures must be seen in 113 on pain of confiscation. Madame must have quite a "Rogues' Gallery," by now, we judge!

Then the Banquet, with a capital B! We pity the poor president (note the alliteration!) who has to arrange the seats. Everyone wants to sit beside some particular person, and on the President's head be it if they are not put in their chosen spot. The President aims to please, but we advise him to draw the line somewhere before he becomes a candidate for the Insane asylum!

March 7, Mr. Spillman of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, spoke a few minutes in assembly on some of the agricultural problems that some of us would have to solve.

The Snapdragons, the Freshman Girls' Debating Society, will be represented in the interclass contest by Jessie Fraser, with Laura Miller, alternate. Abraham Rosen will hold up the standard for the boys, with William Murphy as alternate.

The preliminary contests for the Bowdoin cup were held February 25th. In the first debate the Seniors, represented by Anna Ebbeson and Robert McManus, supported the affirmative, and the Juniors, represented by Arline Palmer and Leo White, supported the negative of the question, "Resolved, That United States Should Join the League of Nations." The decision went to the Juniors.

The debate between the Sophomores, supported by Dorothy Brady and Edward Stearn, debating the affirmative of the same question, against the Freshmen, upheld by Jessie Fraser and Abraham Rosen, was held the same day, the Sophomores winning.

March 3, the final debate for the Bowdoin cup was held, the winners of the preliminary debates debating against each other. In this contest the Juniors won.

March 12 and 14, Robert McManus and Leo White delivered their arguments against the League of Nations, which they were going to use against M. C. I., at assembly.

On Monday, March 17, Bill McCarthy orated feelingly on the sweater game to be played in City Hall, between Bangor High and the Five Aces. As the Five Aces have three former Bangor High captains on their team, they are expected to show some brand of basketball, as Manager McCarthy endeavored to impress upon his audience. He probably succeeded to some extent—Bill's speeches are usually forcible enough to make some impression.

Mr. Proctor announced the debate to be held at the High school between the University of Maine and the University of Vermont, and asked those who did not plan to go to the sweater game to come to the debate. Eddie Curran, a well known Bangor alumnus, is a member of the Maine team.



*"Not lost, but gone before."*

The death of Miss Mary S. Snow, in New York city, brings grief to all with whom she was associated in the past. Graduating from Bangor High school in 1875, she began teaching in the public schools almost immediately. She must have taught in nearly every grade, and always endeared herself to her pupils by her cordial interest in their welfare. She was for some years principal of the grammar school in Union Square, and was for eleven years, 1889-1900, superintendent of schools. Her enthusiasm, earnestness and unselfish zeal for others raised the standard of education in Bangor. The schools of our city still feel the benefit of her able and far-sighted planning.

Mary C. Robinson.

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Catell on the birth of a son, Robert Leonard Catell. Mr. Catell and his wife, formerly Miss Frances Leonard, are both graduates of Bangor High school.

At a luncheon given at her home, February 4, Mrs. Caroline Webb announced the engagement of her daughter, Mary Eloise Webb, '22, to Captain Hervey Aldrich Tribolet. Miss Webb has been, this past year, a clerk in the superintendent of school's office. Captain Tribolet has been for the past two years professor of military science and tactics at Bangor High. All friends extend their best wishes for a happy future to Miss Webb and Capt. Tribolet.

Dorothy Southard, '21, and Wilbur D. Chadeayne were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, February 4, at eleven-thirty. Mr. and Mrs. Chadeayne will make their home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

One of Bangor High's graduates who is doing well in collegiate journalism is Henry Starr Dowst, of the class of 1922, who is on the editorial board of the "Spectator," the daily paper of Columbia College. When in Bangor High, Mr. Dowst was a member of the "Oracle" board, and it will be remembered that he wrote "Julie," which was given as the Senior play in 1922.

The recent announcement of the engagement of Dorothy Black, '22, to Theodore Fowler, '20, was made at the home of Marguerite Murray, '22. "Dot" and "Ted" are very well known in this city and the very best of luck is extended to them.

Robert E. Bailey, '20, and Miss Alice Murray of East Hampden, were united in marriage in this city, February 1, the ceremony being performed by Rev. A. M. Little. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey will reside for the present, in East Hampden.

Philip C. Chalmers, '20, a member of the University of Pennsylvania, has made the Glee club there. He has just returned from their mid-year trip to Buffalo and Binghamton, N. Y., and Scranton, Pa. He also sang with the club at Atlantic City and at a week's engagement at the Stanley theatre in Philadelphia.





*"A wise skepticism is the first attribute of a good critic."*

#### AS OTHERS SEE US.

"The B. H. S. Tatler is a good idea. I feel that you are able to have a better literary department than you do."—E. L. H. S. Oracle, Auburn, Me.

"You have some splendid cuts in your paper. We have found your stories very interesting. We also enjoy reading the accounts of your athletic doings."—The Palmer, Palmer (Mass.) High School.

"Pat, do you understand French?"

"Yis, if it's shpoke in Irish."

—Ex.

White: "Don't that mule ever kick you?"

Black: "No, suh, ain't yit, but he frequently kicks de place where ah recently was."

—Ex.

Fox (in a restaurant): "Do you serve lobsters here?"

Waitress: "Certainly, sit down."

—Ex.

"Say, Mike, do you think you'll get all the dirt back in that hole?"

"Gee, Pat, Oi don't know but Oi'll have to dig it a little deeper."

—Ex.

#### AS WE SEE OTHERS.

E. H. S. Record, Boston, Mass.: This magazine is well written and carefully edited. We especially enjoy your cartoons and cuts.

Windowman, Windham Center, Maine: Your magazine is an interesting one. However, you might improve your cuts.

The Oracle, Plainfield High School, New Jersey: One of our namesakes that we are glad to welcome to a share in our title.

The Red and Black, Newport, R. I.: Your material is good but why not have a few more cuts?

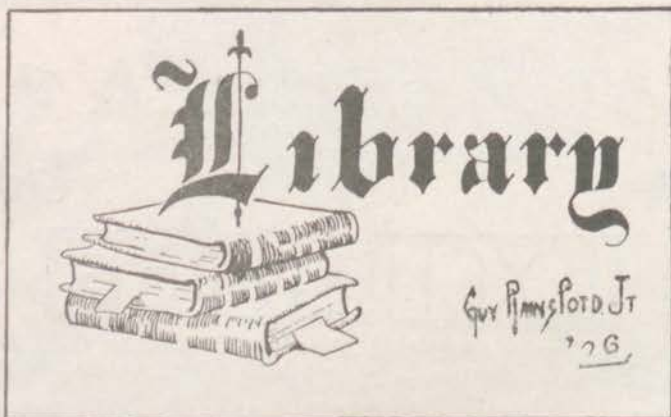
The Tripod, Roxbury Latin School, Boston, Mass.: An old friend whom we welcome back. A fine paper!

The Recorder, Winchester, Mass.: Why not make your paper more attractive?

The St. Joseph's Prep. Chronicle, Philadelphia, Pa.: It would be hard to imagine a magazine with a literary department more complete, both in quantity and quality.

Spring fads—Chicken pox, measles and mumps.

—Ex.



*"A blessed companion is a book."*

### "GOOD BOOKS FOR ALL."

Who would like a good book to read? Then come up to the Library and enjoy some that we have. We have just added some new books and here is a partial list of them:

#### Fiction You'll Want to Read.

- Burnett, F. H.—The Secret Garden.  
Canfield, Dorothy—The Bent Twig.  
Dumas, Alexander—The Count of Monte Cristo.  
Dumas, Alexander—The Three Musketeers.  
Grayson, David—The Friendly Road.  
Harrison, H. S.—Queed.  
London, Jack—The Call of the Wild.  
Tarkington, Booth—Alice Adams.  
Tarkington, Booth—The Magnificent Ambersons.  
Tarkington, Booth—Penrod.  
Tarkington, Booth—Seventeen.  
Twain, Mark—Huckleberry Finn.  
Twain, Mark—The Prince and the Pauper.  
Twain, Mark—Tom Sawyer.  
Webster, Jean—Daddy-Long-Legs.  
White, S. E.—The Blazed Trail.  
Wister, Owen—The Virginian.

#### Eventually Good Manners; Why Not Now?

- Holt, Emily—Encyclopaedia of Etiquette.  
Everyday Manners for American Boys and Girls.

### As Others See Them.

- Thayer, W. R.—George Washington.  
Van Loon, H. W.—The Story of Mankind.

### In the Present.

Three new magazines for 1924. They are:

- American,  
Good Housekeeping,  
National Geographic.

Don't you like them? If you do use them!

### Practice vs. Theoretical Knowledge.

A college professor was being rowed across a stream in a boat. Said he to the boatman:

"Do you understand philosophy?"

"No, never heard of it."

"Then one quarter of your life is gone. Do you understand geology?"

"No."

"Then one-half of your life is gone. Do you understand astronomy?"

"No."

"Then three-quarters of your life is gone."

But presently the boat tipped over and spilled both into the river. Says the boatman:

"Can you swim?"

"No."

"Then the whole of your life is gone."





*"We should provide in peace what we need in war."*

### Bangor Rifle Team Defending Title.

The Bangor High School R. O. T. C. Rifle team, champion of New England for the past two years, is now busily engaged in defending its title. After winning a number of separate matches with other teams, including Cambridge Latin School, University of Maine Freshmen, etc., the team was entered in the First Corps Area Competition, in which all the secondary schools in New England having an R. O. T. C. unit were participating. The team this year is composed almost entirely of new men and therefore, although the scores were good, we did not expect to win, but the following facts go to show that the team made a better showing than ever before:

Rudolph Spurling of Bangor, was not only the high point winner for his team but also for the entire High School Division of the match, scoring 771 points out of a possible 800.

The ten highest High School scorers of the match are as follows:

Spurling, Bangor High School.  
Somers, Bangor High School.  
Mayo, Bangor High School.

Rosen, Bangor High School.  
Chandler, Bangor High School.  
Jenney, Gloucester High School.  
Mills, Gloucester High School.  
Dionne, New Bedford High School.  
Winch, Bangor High School.  
Corliss, Gloucester High School.

Norwich University of Vermont, won the college division of the match, with the score of 7498 out of a possible 8000. While this is considerably higher than any of the High School scores, yet Spurling of Bangor, ranks third with the college shots in individual scoring:

Captain Densmore, Norwich U.....	780
Mgr. Streicher, Norwich U.....	772
Spurling, Bangor High.....	771

This victory entitles our team to compete for the third consecutive year in the National Collegiate match in which all of the best teams in the country compete. The team has been working hard throughout the fall and winter terms and has improved noticeably, even since this last competition and there is every reason to believe that a good showing will certainly be made in the National match.



*"No one knows what he can do till he tries."*

**Bangor, 24: South Portland, 10.**

Bangor High defeated South Portland High at South Portland, Friday, Feb. 22, by a score of 24 to 10. The Capers put up a great fight all the way, but the fast passing and shooting of the Crimson warriors was too much for them. Perhaps Dresser of the Capers, was the real star of the game but Samway and McClay came in for their share of the honors. Pelkey, Turner, Samway, McClay and Ben Striar played for Bangor.

**Bangor, 28; Portland, 25.**

Bangor High got sweet revenge for the defeat which they received from Portland earlier in the season by trimming the blue warriors on their own floor by a score of 28 to 25.

The game was close and hard fought from start to finish, but the Crimson showed that they were the better team and did not allow the blue to catch up with them.

Portland started off in fine style and at the end of the first period was leading 3 to 2, but in the second period Bangor started a few fireworks of her own and took the lead by a score of 14 to 9.

From then on the Crimson was never headed and at the end of the third period was leading 22 to 16. In the last period

Portland managed to creep up three points but the game ended 28 to 25.

Jim Samway the sturdy Crimson center, was absolutely the shining light of this memorable struggle. It was he who led the Crimson attack by getting the tap on Benson, the big blue captain, and by his fast floor work and uncanny shooting and passing. The two Bangor forwards, Pelkey and Turner, certainly had their shooting eyes with them as they each looped the apple from the floor six times. It was Turner who sealed up the game by a pretty one-hand stab at the basket from a different angle.

**Bangor, 13; Five Aces, 29.**

Bangor High lost to the Five Aces in City hall, Wednesday, March 19, by a score of 29 to 13. This game was played in order that the Crimson might make money to buy sweaters, and as there was a fairly large crowd present, the game was a success.

Bangor put up a great fight during the first period, but the Aces were the better team and soon pulled away from their smaller opponents.

"Shank" McClay was the star of the game, but Callaghan, Seavey, "Packer" McClay and Samway carried off their share of the honors. This was the last game of the season and considering the lack of veteran material, the team was a big success.



You should make their advertising profitable.

## FAIR CRITICS

Any Really Fair Critic, untouched by professional jealousy, will acknowledge that the pictures we make are of the highest Quality in art and finish. Clean cut in detail and shading, our photographs bring out the best points of the subject, and compel admiration wherever seen.

### Perry Studio - Bangor

Branches: Old Town, Pittsfield, Millinocket, Me.

*Phone Connections*



Should be brought in NOW  
for Repairing and  
Cleaning

**HILLSIDE DYE HOUSE**

State Street

Bangor, Maine

**Merchants National Bank**

23 Broad Street

**BANGOR, MAINE**

ARTHUR CHAPIN, President

FREDERIC W. ADAMS, Vice President

HORACE S. STEWART, Cashier

# PERSONALS



*"More sinn'd against than sinning."*

## Shake Spear?

I saw a cow slip through the fence,  
A horse fly in the store,  
I saw a board walk up the street,  
A stone step by the door,  
I saw a mill race up the road,  
A morning break the gloom,  
I saw a night fall on the lawn,  
A clock run in the room.  
I saw a peanut stand up high,  
A sardine box in town,  
I saw a bed spring at the gate,  
An ink stand on the ground.

—Ex.

## Noted Characters in B. H. S.

1. Champion gum-chewer—Capt. Lynch, '24.
2. Our guiding star in basketball—M. Spurr, '25.
3. The Senior Scamp—R. Morrison, '24.
4. Creator of a new French language—L. Laing, '24.
5. A hopeless case—P. Bunker, '24.
6. Bangor's future dramatist—C. Towle, '24.
7. The Cut-up—G. B—, '24.
8. The "argifier"—D. Benson, '25.
9. The Bum—?
10. The Kid—F. Linnell, '25.
11. The Permanent Wave Expert—R. Babb.

## Madame's Preference.

"I'd rather dig potatoes from under the snow than dig words from Cust."

## Mais non, Monsieur!

"What is Sawyer's greatest ambition in life?"

"If questions mean anything, I should judge it's to propose to a charming demoiselle en francais."

## At Last.

Two sisters, apparently all in all to each other, had lived together for many years. Then, when one was 98 and the other 96, the elder died. The relative who undertook to break the painful news to the survivor, feared the shock would be fatal to her. But the old lady bore up wonderfully.

"Ah, well," she replied, "now, I suppose I shall be able to have my tea made as I like it."

## Penitent.

Freshie: "Mother, may I have some candy?"

Mother: "What? Now?"

Freshie: "No, yesterday."

Teacher: "What is the plural of spouse?"

Bright Student: "Spice."

—Ex.



You should make their advertising profitable.

Easter-tide  
would be incomplete without  
**HART SCHAFFNER  
and MARX CLOTHES**

Appearance Counts!

**MILLER and WEBSTER CLOTHING CO.**  
— Miller and Webster Corner —



## FOR EASTER

Every young man wants a new suit. Campus Tog Clothes assures the High School boy and college man of the newest styles, plus long wear.

*"They Are Absolutely Guaranteed"*

---

**John T. Clark Co.**

THE TATLER  
extends hearty  
EASTER GREETINGS

# THE B. H. S.

SEC

VOLUME II

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

## 1924 Marble Season Opens With A Bang

### Mayor of Pruneville Center Officially Opens Season by Throwing First Marble

#### Pruneville sharks defeat Hicks' Corner Huskies in thrilling game

(As Seen by Our Star Reporter).

The official marble season in Pruneville Center opened yesterday, when the Mayor threw the first marble at the big glassie in the opening game, between the Pruneville Sharks and the Hicks' Corner Huskies. The grand stand was packed to capacity by the eager followers of the clay spheres. Enthusiasm ran high throughout the game and—except for the intervals that the excited crowd munched 3x pilot bread—each side was held in a hanging suspense.

The Hicks' Corner Huskies were strongly represented by a large crowd of loyal supporters, who were determined that their team bring home both the marbles and the bacon. The marbles were drawn onto the field in the town's one and only street sprinkler, by two horses, while their brass band—during the moments that they were not oiling their instruments—rendered some most pleasing selections.

The game was duly begun by tossing up a coin to determine the

first set down. Hicks' Corner won the toss up, and stuck down a big glassie. One of the town's selectmen counted off twenty feet by the pedes process, and plainly marked off the throw line on the ground, with a stick.

Yell after yell escaped the excited spectators as each marble was thrown. Hicks' Corner was in the lead! and as the marbles poured in to them by the handfuls, their band played, "Chickie Wants Some Corn," and "Roll 'Em in, and Roll 'Em Out."

The crowd was now wild, time and again Hicks' Corner insisted that Pruneville toe the A. B., or the firing line. At last the glassie was hit by the Sharks, and mad with joy, Pruneville rushed to sit down behind the round glass solid.

It took but a little ingenuity on the part of the Sharks to cast a "hoodoo" on the glassie, making it impossible to be hit. Slowly but surely, the Huskies were being drained, and for the life of them they could not hit the stick down. It is sufficient to say that Pruneville celebrated that night.

### Dub Collins is Heavily Backed by Many Admirers. P. H. Vose, a Close Second

(By Sporting Dips).

Everything was ready but the brew did not work. Dub Collins, a very prominent youth did not have a chance to show his stuff recently, when he was supposed to mix a little "acid" with P. H. Vose. The betting was heavy on both sides and there was a goodly crowd around the square circle that were interested—but no action. There must have been a neutralizer.



#### FOR SALE

Or for rent, anything, as long as I get rid of this perfectly good Piano without a scratch. The keys are in excellent condition, yellow in color. Surface is all cracked up, closely resembling Spanish leather. Five dollars down and fifty cents a week, buys the whole business, tuner and three sheets of music complete.

IRMA A. DE BECK.

## SPORTING DIPS

### BOXING.

Apothecaries weight Morris F. Dumphey will meet the fast Avoirdupois weight, Bud Hinckley, in a twelve round bout at the lunch room, recess.

Caveman Ernest Legere of 211, will take on the I love me kid, Jake Segal, for fifteen rounds, at the annual brown derby meet in the locker room.

"Lazy Man" Smith, '25, challenges "Husky" O'Connell to a game of marbles, provided O'Connell will roll for Smith's set down.

Charley Alexander wishes to swap his seven dollar fountain pen with the green top, for a few new fish hooks. He says it's good fishing out at Orrington.

Bill Griffin will no doubt take all honors in track this year. Yes, running over sleepers!

## Cosmetics Department Opened in Chemistry Laboratory

Stephen J. Casper, Manager

It is reported that Stephen J. Casper has opened an up to date Cosmetics department in the Chemistry laboratory. We all believe with Mr. Casper that he has chosen a wonderful line of business, and we all believe that he will be a success. A free demonstration on how it is applied and what effects it will bring, was given by Mr. Casper. The patients in each case were Jean Cummings and Ralph Mayo.

The powder used was of an orange color and when applied, instantly produced marvelous effects on the subjects. Not only was the manager delighted at the truly wonderful results, but also were the spectators.

Many persons believe that Casper will some day own a powder factory.



# TATLER

TION

WEATHER:  
Rain or Snow  
Suit Yourself.

APRIL, 1924

NUMBER 6

## B. H. S. PALACE

Best Vaudeville and Pictures  
Program De Luxe for This Month  
**DEAK BURNS'**  
Original  
**APRIL FOLLIES**  
And Sensational Review  
Direct From a Four Years' Run in  
the Water Pipe, With Capacity  
Crowds.

Novelty Music by  
Louis Youngs' Syncopaters.

**ROBERT O'CONNELL, '24,**  
The Recent Winner of the Jackie  
Coogan Contest, Will Appear  
In Person

**"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,"**  
Playing as One of the Cakes of Ice.

The Famous Chemical Duo,  
**SYLVIA SARAH SNOWDON**  
and

**CONSTANCE OSGOOD**

Assisted by  
A Series of Test Tubes in  
**"WATCH OUR SMOKE."**

By Special Request  
**"IF WINTER COMES,"**

With  
**WILLIAM P. SNOW**  
And a Few Flakes.

**COMING! !**  
**WARREN E. CREAMER**  
In

**"THE COVERED KART,"**  
A Novelty on Four Wheels!

## Pruneville Opera House

SUPREME VAUDEVILLE  
FEATURE PICTURES

Special Engagement  
**MAXWELL LIEBERMAN & HIS**  
**WILD WEST SHOW**  
(Max Does the Fairy Dance!)  
Featuring  
A New Combination of Exceptional  
and Unexcelled Talent.

The Famous Drugstore Cowboy  
Troupe,  
Allen Rooks, Reginald Wilson and  
John Lynch  
In the Sparkling Comedy,  
**"SPRING HAS COME"**

**PAUL E. GOODWIN**  
The Boy That Never Blushes!  
Assisted By His Boston Bag  
and

**RAYMOND H. MORRISON**  
in  
**A PINTET OR ONE HALF A**  
**QUARTET**

Singing  
The Second Half to  
**"Will Gum On the Bedpost Keep**  
**Its Flavor Over Night?"**

**HORACE S. BROWN**  
With All Star Cast  
in  
**"HORACE, DON'T GIVE 'EM TOO**  
**MUCH."**

**CORRIDOR PARADE**  
Will Start Promptly at 8.15 A. M.,  
Rain or Shine.

**IRENE H. DAGGETT**  
Will Play the Pipe Organ.

## B. H. S. BRIEFS

It is rumored that an advanced class in carving and whittling will soon be opened for the benefit of the few bright and talented students that are inclined to use the jack knife.

Beginning with the third quarter many mathematic students have been busily engaged in the lumber business, and are now doing their stuff rolling logs. The few who had at first failed to understand the new process of log rolling, are fast coming round. Standing at the head of the list of those who have rolled the most logs is Donald K. Thompson.

In order to keep herself in the best of trim, Rebecca Newman does her daily exercise by carrying typewriters around the typewriting room.

J. K. P. in chemistry: Where do we find borax?

Wm. McCarthy: Behind the twenty mules.

The senior bean eating contest will doubtless hold everyone's attention for some time. Up to date the contestants are Jasper V. Bailey and Maurice DeMerritt. A chocolate coated yardstick will be the prize.

## WEATHER

Turn Your Clock Ahead An Hour;  
You're Slow!

The next eclipse of the moon will come on a rainy day, and it will be noticed that nothing will be done to stop it.

The atmospheric conditions at present are very agreeable for bowling. If you knock 'em down in Alley 1, you can have them set up in Alley 3.

April Fool's day falls on the first of the month this year, but on account of an increase in the molecules of potassium permanganate in the air, the month will not be injured.

## Tatler's Soda Crackers

Sum of the fellers is tellin' round the old buildin' as how a guy named Whitman is gettin' rich by givin' correspondence lessons.

Woodent it be fine to sea a bals-ball squard out praktisin'?

They say the R. O. T. Sea are havin' reel batles. Arsk Hubert Day.

Found—One cent. Owner may have same by calling at the Tatler office and paying forty-eight cents for this ad.

We sea as how some new frater-nities is shosen up. Have you heard of the Darna Phi Nu, I Eta Pi, Better Kagga Nails, and Hear Delta Psi.



FOR SALE.

This brand new second hand rattling good wagon. Originally had four wheels, now has more. Everything in first class condition except the whip handle, which requires new paint. For further particulars see me at once. Come early before it is too late.

HERMAN HAMM,  
MT. HOPE AVE.

## JUNIOR CLASS PRODUCES TWO PROPHETS!

Following is an account of a vision seen by Leo White, Division A, 1925:

"At last the time for the Senior banquet for the class of 1925 had come. They say the rush for reserved seats at the box office was overwhelming. Many of the students would have to go hungry. Nevertheless, the night had arrived; the doors were thrown open at 6.30 and everyone flocked in. I bet we all had indigestion that night.

"An interesting bit of the program was the reading of the class prophecy, by Marion Schriver. As her words drifted toward the names of the pupils in our division, the account ran something like this: 'Gretchen Hayes is destined to be a famous musician; Paul Thomas Martin, a bookworm because of his love of reading; Barbara Johnson, a keen detective; Richard Babb, a brigadier general (as everyone knows, he loves the famous beat, one, two); Marion Schriver, a chemist, although a dangerous task for such a large student. Prescott Dennett is destined to be a professor; Dorothy Allen will fulfil her ambition to be a starving student; Arline Palmer will be a mighty lawyer, as her past record brings to light her aims. Emma Townsend will marry a wealthy man, and Helen Russ will be an artist's model. Ruth Hasey will become a physical instructor, showing others how to obtain great muscles. Philip Smith will make a great Latin student. About William Wallace and Deane Benson not much can be said, except that in the future trouble will arise between them. John Townsend will be a great lawyer; Dorothy Clough will become an English teacher, and Alice Webster, a librarian. Mildred McPheters and Lillian Mackie will follow the stage, while Alva Nickerson will be a janitor. Marjorie Kendall will teach geometry.'

"Now my story begins. Fifteen years

later, as a traveling salesman, I was on my way to one of the large cities. In my old home town my first stop was at the college, the central building of which was located on Abbott Square. As I went up the steps, I met the janitor. On the visor of his cap was the name, A. L. Nickerson. After many handshakes, I stepped inside. A social meeting of the faculty was going on. One dignified teacher I noticed especially. He proved to be Professor Dennett of Prypanomiasis (sleeping sickness). He was head of the department of hysteria, and he told me that he had graduated from Vittenburg. He referred to his not going to Columbia University for fear of coming in contact with Head Coach Eddie Foster. A few of the other teachers seemed familiar, and they certainly were, for among the group was a very tall lady, Professor Schriver of the Chemistry department; Dot Clough, head of the English department; Marjorie Kendall, head of the Geometry department; and Phil Smith, head of the Latin department, succeeding Mr. H. L. Bryant. I noticed a strong, healthy looking teacher, earnestly discussing whether or not gym should be taken up by the teachers. She was Ruth Hasey. She was more than pleased to see me.

"Of course, Dennett took me all over the college, and after a while I inquired about Paul Martin. 'Oh,' said Prescott, 'he's always in the library.' Going into the library, I saw a pale, thin fellow in the midst of books piled twelve feet high. On one of the books I noticed, 'Reserved for Professor Paul Thomas Martin.' I slapped him on the back, and after removing his glasses and inspecting me for several minutes, he recognized me and seemed delighted. He invited me to his home for dinner, and I promised to be there at six sharp. Walking to the desk to take out a book, I noticed the ring on the girl's finger—it was just like mine. She proved to be Alice Webster.

"At six, remembering my promise, I went



to Mr. Martin's home, a handsome mansion. I had an introduction to his wife, a former classmate of ours.

"After dinner Paul and Emma and I decided to go to the Opera House. First was a motion picture. When the cast appeared I was thunderstruck, for the detective was Barbara Johnson and the artist's model, Helen Russ. Soon the vaudeville came on, beginning with a dancing duet by Mildred McPheters and Lillian Mackie. They fulfilled their prophecy indeed, for they were good.

"The following morning I went to the courthouse to hear the trial of two noted criminals. When they were brought out, they struck my eye the first thing. Who were they but Deane Benson and William Wallace!—and the lawyers, Arline Palmer and John Townsend! There was much able fighting, and John built up a strong case for the noted pair, but he had to give in to a woman's superior tongue. After fiercely defending the criminals, Arline turned about and used all her persuasion in an appeal to the all-male jury, thus winning the case. How a woman always insists on having the last word!

"That afternoon I attended a concert given under the direction of Dorothy Allen, for the benefit of the starving students of Europe. Dot made everyone cry during her address, a pathetic plea for the unfortunate students. When Dot had left the stage, a tall, light haired lady appeared and seated herself at the piano. Looking at my program, I read 'Gretchen von Walther Hayes, famous musician.' She was certainly great. What a vast improvement since the day fifteen years before, when she was playing at a recital after a committee meeting!

"As I came out of the building I met Richard Babb. He had just had his hair waved, and was about to sail for Europe to take command of the American forces in the next Mithridatic war. I have decided to go

with him, as my life will be in danger here after this prophecy becomes public."

### Good Judgment.

"Well, Pat, my good fellow, what did you do at the storming of Stevastopol?" was asked of a Crimean hero.

"Do! your Honor! Why, I walked up bowldly to one of the inimy and cut off his feet."

"Cut off his feet! And why didn't you cut off his head?"

"Oh, by my faith, that was off already!"

### A Good Joke.

Probably the most remarkable sense of humor ever known was that of a German soldier who laughed uproariously all the time he was being flogged, and when the officer at the end, inquired the cause of his mirth, broke out into a fresh fit of laughter, and cried:

"Why, I'm the wrong man!"

### Mistaken Identity.

"The password is 'Saxe'; now don't forget it, Pat," said the colonel, just after the battle of Fontenoy, at which Saxe was marshal.

"Sacks? Faith, and I will not. Wasn't my father a miller?"

"Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, after the Irishman had arrived at his post.

Pat was as wise as an owl, and, in a sort of whispered yell, replied:

"Bags, yer Honor!"

### The Civil War.

"Ginger, why don't you enlist?" asked a white soldier.

"Wal, massa," said the contraband, "did you ever see two dogs fightin' for a bone?"

"Certainly, Ginger."

"Wal, did you ever see de bone fight?"

"No."

"Wal, massa, I is de bone!"

Our advertisers make the Oracle possible—



Phone 1289-J

*Frederic B. Johnson*

## Portrait Photographer

50 Main St.

Bangor, Me.

*Sittings by appointment.*

*"The Pictures that are different."*

FRANK D. GOODWIN, Treasurer

HARRY B. SWANSON, Manager

## BILLIARDS

*The Game That Makes Better Citizens*

As a character builder, the game of billiards is unexcelled. It develops self-control, patience and perseverance. An exercise that brings into play practically every muscle of the body. Visit our billiard room. You will find here an atmosphere of refinement and a feeling of cordial fellowship, and also the kind of equipment that makes the playing of billiards most enjoyable.

## CENTRAL BILLIARD HALL CO.

Next Door to Sunbeam Bakery

40 Central St.

Telephone 8296

DAWGS DAWGS

Dawgs are Dawgs

But some are different

Try one of ours and be  
convinced that they  
are the very best

MAX ALLEN'S

104 Harlow Street

DAWGS DAWGS

SEE THE 1924

Chandlers - Clevelands

RAY MOTOR CO.

28 P. O. Sq. Tel. 2892 Bangor

Patronize

Our

Advertisers



You should make their advertising profitable.

Dress Up For Easter

WITH

OUTLET CLOTHES

Special Discounts

to Students

**Outlet Corp.**

91 Main Street

**SPALDING'S**

Complete line of  
Football, Baseball, etc.  
goods

Discount to Students and  
Athletic Clubs

Ranger Bicycles  
and bicycle repairing

**Dakin's Sporting Store**

THE GUN SHOP

25 Central St.

**BANGOR**

American Plan

MAIN STREET

**HOUSE**

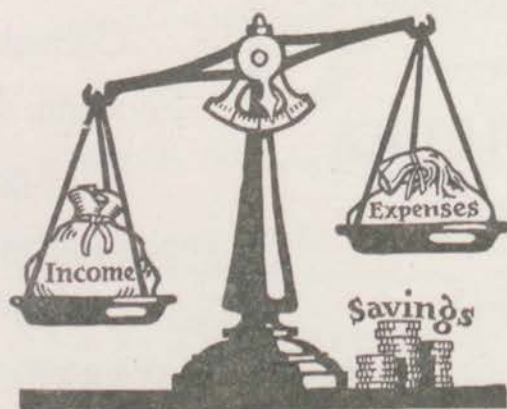
200 Rooms

- - BANGOR

*A Bangor Institution*

**The Bangor Opera House**

*Home of Exclusive Photo-Plays*



## Keep the Balance Right

Savings should be the difference between income and expenses instead of between income on the one hand and legitimate expenses plus useless luxuries on the other hand. Keep the balance right!

The amount per week you plan to save doesn't count,—it's the start. After you commence saving you will find that the fascination of accumulating money is irresistible. It's just like tennis, golf or radio,—you have to urge a man to start, but once he gets a real taste he's off!

# FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Bangor,

Maine



You should make their advertising profitable.

## RICE'S MUSIC SHOP

*Complete Line of  
Latest Popular Music*

**15 Central St.**

*Teaching Music  
and Musical Mdse.*

## W. J. Cherry's Barber Shop

*We Specialize in Bobbing Girls' Hair*

Electric Clippers to each chair

Electrical or Hand Massage

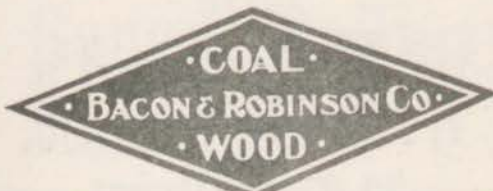
**79 CENTRAL STREET**

(4 Chairs)

**BANGOR**

All Star Crew

**PATRONIZE CHERRY'S**



13 State St. (Next to Bangor Savings Bank)

**STICKNEY & BABCOCK  
COAL CO.**

19 State Street, Bangor

## Value, Style and Service

*you will always get at the*

**Benoit-Mutty Company**

191 Exchange St.,

**Bangor, Me.**

**When in need of a Haircut or Shave visit**

## MASON'S BARBER SHOP

**Daniel H. Mason**

**20 Hammond Street**

**"GIFTS THAT LAST"**

**W. C. BRYANT, JEWELER**

## East Side Pharmacy

32 State St.

CHAS. H. DAVIS, Prop.

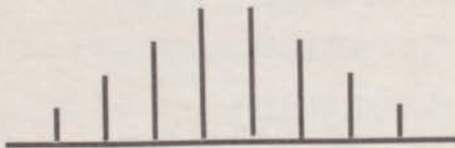


Prescriptions  
Fine Chocolates  
Soda  
Ice Cream

Pleasing Patrons  
with a large variety  
of wall paper patterns  
has become a habit  
with us.

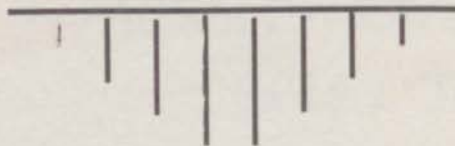
The quality papers we show  
will make good in any scheme of  
home decoration.

*The*  
**W. H. Gorham Co.**  
54 State Street



COMPLIMENTS OF

**SAM LEAVITT**



**PEARL & DENNETT  
COMPANY**

Real Estate  
Insurance





You should make their advertising profitable.

# Building Your Fortune

Or that of someone you love is a most fascinating enterprise.

We have a saving investment plan that is simple, easy and convenient. Your savings start to earn money for you **at the rate of six per cent.** from the day you invest.

You can use this plan for yourself or to spare your boy or girl on the road to thrift and a knowledge of the value of money and its earning power.

Call or Write

For Circular Giving Full Details

## Bangor Railway & Electric Co.

Securities Department

90 Harlow St.

Bangor, Me.



### HOME MADE CANDIES

56 Main Street,

Bangor, Maine

Our advertisers make the Oracle possible—

# DAVID L. CARVER

TEACHER OF

**Piano, Violin and Mandolin**

Class Instruction on VIOLIN and MANDOLIN

Free Instruments To All Class Pupils

Phone 1107

Studio, 25 Broad St., Room 10, Bangor, Maine

Compliments of the . . . .

## Penobscot Exchange Hotel

BANGOR, MAINE.

One Block From Union Station

40 YEARS A LEADER

CIGAR **B.C.M.** CIGAR

“Made to Meet a Demand, not a Price”



You should make their advertising profitable.

**FOR EASTER**  
**GIFTS and GREETING**  
**CARDS**

for your friends

**EDWIN O. HALL**

88 Central Street      Bangor, Maine

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Electrical Engineers  
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Because of knowledge, experience,  
workmanship, and a few other qual-  
ifications are enabled to do house  
wiring or any other kind of electric  
work as it should be done—  
Safely, neatly, quickly, cheaply, and  
Satisfactorily.

*Lighting Fixtures and Appliances*

Office and Salesroom,  
61 Main Street      Tel. 74

**BOYS**

when in need of a First Class  
Haircut and Shave,

CALL AT

**Faulkingham's Barber Shop**

135 State St.

Children's and Misses' Hair Bobbing a Specialty

**N. H. Bragg & Sons**

IRON AND

STEEL

HEAVY HARDWARE

GARAGE SUPPLIES

RADIO SUPPLIES

74-78 Broad St.

Bangor, Me.

**This is a Neighborhood Store**

QUALITY AND SERVICE

**The Corner Grocery**

Tel. 1160

**C. F. WINCHESTER**

183 Park St.

Our advertisers make the Oracle possible—

All Work  
Guaranteed

Formerly  
Edwards' Studio

A. J. FARRINGTON

PHOTOGRAPHER

Try Us For Your Class Photos

3 STATE STREET

BREWER, MAINE

Compliments of

Walter S. Allen Manufacturer  
of the Bristol Cigar

OSCAR A. FICKETT COMPANY

Dealers in Beef, Pork, Hams, Poultry, Fish, Vegetables, etc.

— SALMON A SPECIALTY —

Photography

In All

Its Branches

CHALMERS  
STUDIO

23 Hammond St. Bangor

Amateur De-

veloping and

Printing

Herman Y. Dyer

Herbert Rounds

DYER & ROUNDS  
Plumbing and Heating

Agents for  
Homer Pipeless Furnaces

Telephone 2096-R

42 Columbia St.

Bangor, Me.



Connors Printing Company  
DISTINCTIVE PRINTING

Phone 1264-M

179 Exchange St., Bangor, Me.



You should make their advertising profitable.

## The New Tailored Suit

BOYISH MODEL

Hair line Stripes and Twills

\$29.00    \$39.00    \$45.00

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

## Andrews Music House Co.

98 Main Street, Bangor, Maine

Pianos, Victrolas and Records  
Sheet Music and Musical  
Merchandise

One Price and the Right Price to All

## NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

INVESTIGATE—You will see why

7 Pass. Big Six—\$1530 del.

5 Pass. Six—\$1375 del.

5 Pass. Four—\$1050 del.

7 Pass. Sedan, 5 Pass. Sedan, Coupe, Sport  
Roadster Carriole.

Catalog Mailed on Request.

**EDMUND J. MUTTY**

87 Washington St.

Bangor, Maine

GIVE US A CALL

## SANBORN'S BARBER SHOP

R. H. SANBORN, Prop.

7 Hammond Street, Bangor, Maine

Opp. Merrill Trust Building  
Telephone 2553-W

*Electric Clipper*

*Electric Massage and Shampoo*

*No Long Waits—6 Chairs*

*We Sharpen Safety*

*Razors*

## BURRILL'S PHARMACY

Ice Cream - Sodas - Candies

Toilet Articles

OPPOSITE THE HIGH SCHOOL

ICY HOT BOTTLES

POCKET KNIVES

HUNTERS' AXES

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FISHING TACKLE

**DUNHAM-HANSON CO.**

31-39 Mercantile Sq.,

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**JOHN W. McCARTHY**  
**Groceries, Provisions and Meats**

PHONE 543

81 PEARL ST.

**C. WINFIELD RICHMOND**  
**PIANIST AND TEACHER**

Pupil of Philipp, (Paris); Joseffy, (New York)

—TWENTY-SECOND SEASON—

Played at Institute of France by Invitation of Widor, 1920

Studio in the Pearl Building — Entire Top Floor

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*TEACHER OF PIANO*

Telephone 1503-R

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**H. M. PULLEN, Teacher of VIOLIN**

Pupils Prepared for Professional Work

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EXCHANGE ST.

*Member Cleveland Symphony 1920-21-22*

**A. STANLEY CAYTING**

**Violinist and Teacher**

Studio: Pearl Building

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**C. H. BABB & CO.**

Plumbing, Steam Fitting, Sheet Metal Work

106 EXCHANGE ST., BANGOR, ME.



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European Plan

## Bangor's Newest Hotel

F. W. Durgin, Prop.

F. Youngs, Mgr.

Centrally located across the street from P. O. Interurban Terminal adjoining.

100 Rooms, all with hot and cold running water. Rates \$1.50 per person. With private bath and Toilet, \$2.00 each person.

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## The Habit of Thrift

The thrift habit brings prosperity. It makes youth happy, middle age prosperous and old age comfortable.

This is no better way to the habit of thrift than that of the

### Bangor Loan and Building Asso.

To the first dollar and every other dollar, is added interest twice a year, at the rate of 5 per cent.

Get the habit! Buy shares now! You can withdraw at any time. Ours is the best plan ever devised for systematic saving of money. Anybody can take shares—from 1 to 50.

Bangor Loan and Building Association

Chas. H. Adams, Secretary 64 Exchange Block, Bangor, Me.

## Our

12½-inch

## Rex Asphalt Strip Shingles

Are Giving Satisfaction.

We have them in colors—

Gray Green

Dark Red

and

Peach Bottom Blue Black

## C. WOODMAN CO.

136 Exchange St.

Phone 229

Bangor, Maine

## Sawyer Boot & Shoe Co.

BANGOR,

MAINE

Manufacturers of

### Sport Shoes For All Purposes

ASK FOR

"Sawyer" Sport Shoes and Moccasins

AND GET THE BEST

These goods are carried in the best stores throughout the United States. Buy them of your dealer. We do not retail.

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**"The Reliable House"**

Maxwell-Chalmers Distributors  
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Hudson and Essex Motor Cars  
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Dodge Brothers  
Motor Vehicles

Bangor Maine

**STUDEBAKER**

CARS—PARTS—SERVICE  
**Bangor Motor Company**

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**BUICKS**  
**G. M. C. TRUCKS**  
52 P. O. Square, Bangor, Me.

**Bangor Motor Co.**

Cadillac Sales and  
Service

Compliments of

**J. M. NORRIS CO.**

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**Swett & Mullen**

Reo White

106 Harlow St.

**S. L. Crosby Co.**

Authorized Ford and Lincoln  
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Hancock and Oak Sts. Bangor, Maine

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Teacher of  
**Trombone and**  
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Telephone 2341-1 100 Highland St.



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T. & K. Specialties

50 Broad Street

**Sawyer Bros. Co.**

**Wholesale Grocers**

112 Broad Street



**C. H. RICE  
COMPANY**

193 to 199  
BROAD STREET

**John Cassidy Company**

**Wholesale Grocers**

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Compliments of

**Geo. W. Wescott**

**Bangor Egg Company, Inc.**

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Produce Dealers**

Nuts, Dates and Figs

120 Broad St., Bangor, Me.

**F. L. JONES CO.**

Manufacturers of and Wholesale Dealers in

**Crackers Of All Kinds**

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**Bangor, Maine**

**EMMA J. TANEY**

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**Merchants Produce Co.**

92 Broad Street

**Beyer & Small**

**Investment Securities**

Pearl Building, Bangor

Tel. 2706 L. T. Rand, Mgr.

**Arthur Chapin Co.**

**WHOLESALE GROCERS**

100 Broad Street

## Everybody's Candy Shop

149 Hammond St.

Home Made Candy

Fresh Every Day

Fruit of All Kinds

**SPECIALTY  
CHOCOLATES**

Soft Drinks of All Kinds

Telephone 3455-W

**\$17.29 per year**  
Buys

**\$1000.00**

Endowment Insurance in the  
PENN MUTUAL. \$9.59 Semi-  
Annually, \$4.88 quarterly

**Why Go Un-insured**

Age 18 or under, Boys or Girls.

**W. H. Taylor & Sons**

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## "UNIVERSITY SHOES"

Snappy lines for young ladies & gents

*Our Shoes Guarantee*

*Satisfaction for all Occasions*

**University Shoe Store**

21 Hammond Street

Bangor, Me.

## Dolliver Shop

44 MAIN STREET

Everything in Footwear  
for LADIES, MISSES and  
CHILDREN

from Hiking Boots and  
Ballet Slippers  
to Evening Slippers

**BLAKE, BARROWS, BROWN, Inc.**



**INSURANCE**  
**Of All Kinds.**



41 Hammond St. Bangor



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*of*

*Bangor High School*

We cordially invite you to make our store your  
sports' headquarters.

## CAMPBELL'S, INC.

146-150 Exchange Street,

Bangor, Maine

Telephone 222

Special Discounts to Students

The Largest  
Mill and Lumbering  
Supply House in  
New England

oooooo

Snow and Nealley Co.

Located at  
Bangor, Maine.