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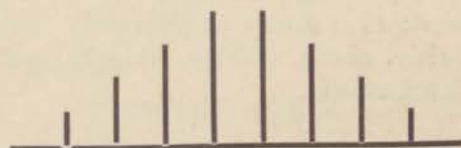
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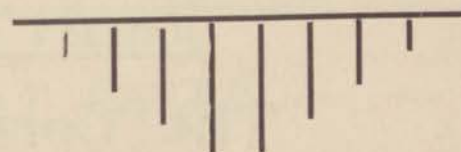
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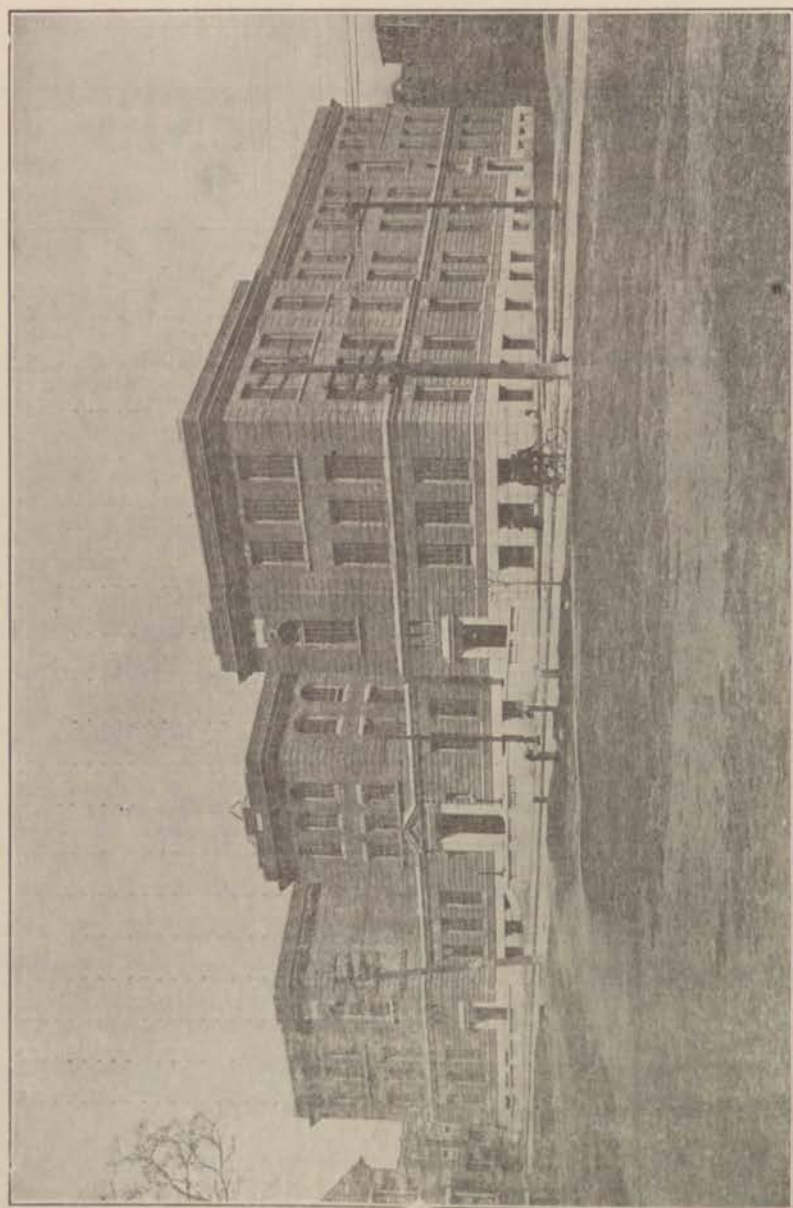
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Alma Mater	2
The Oracle Board.....	3
Editorials	4
Literary	6
The Cheerful Bunch—By Mary Reid.....	6
The Blue Diamond—A Two Part Story— By Benjamin D. Rosen.....	7
The Old Nobleman—By Frances Thatcher	11
Mother Nature Cleans House—By Gretchen Hayes...	11
Carrie—By Leonara Hall.....	12
Life Building—By Raymond T. Worster.....	13
The Malady Of The Forest—By Allen Cohen.....	13
Junior Exhibition Awards	14
Exchanges	15
Alumni.....	17
Locals.....	19
Military	20
Athletics.....	22
Personals.....	25



ALMA MATER.

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The Oracle Board



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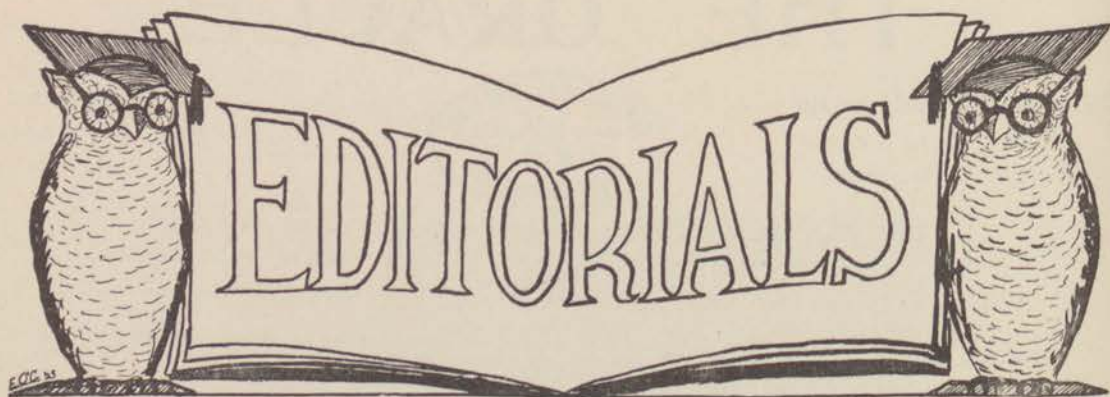
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ART CONTRIBUTORS

Benj. Rosen, '24

Edith O'Connor, '23



In the January issue of the Oracle an article appeared praising the football team for its successful record during the football season, and calling on the student body to render their utmost support to the coming sport—basketball.

What happened? We do not know whether the student body got behind the team or not, but whatever it was, it certainly had **some punch**. The basketball team was handicapped even before it started, on account of the new ruling which prohibited post graduates from participating in the B. H. S. team. This made the basketball men determined to settle down to business and work all the harder. At the end of the first game the Bangor supporters were filled with confidence and saw that by means of the wonderful teamwork Bangor was destined to be a championship team. The team developed into a light, fast, heady aggregation, which always gave the opposing team a run for their money. The one great mainstay has been **teamwork**, a sufficient quantity of which has made Bangor a leader and again proven that in-

dividual stars in a team must fall before a clockworking quintet.

Now let us consider where the punch came from. The student body would like to take the credit for being "the man behind the gun," but after jostling the facts around a bit we find that we must take our hats off to Coach Trowell and the individual members of the team as the aggregation that put the pep in pepper.

We have cheered the football and basketball games until our throats are dry, but now let's not die out. Let's go, and make the 1923 track team an overwhelming finale to the 1922-23 school year, under the expert leadership of Mr. Trowell.

To the average person—or student we may say—school is but a "grind." Day after day, we go to this old High **A Rolling Stone** and put in our time. Yes, many of us put in our time; but that **Gathers No Moss** is all; we do not get out of the classes what we should. This is a case where we may truly say that we are the rolling stones. The Freshman works; the

THE ORACLE

Sophomore tries to work; the Junior fools away his time; but the Senior worries because he has not done justice to his work and final examinations are coming.

To the three lower classes the Oracle Board wishes to say, "Experience is a dear teacher; and you all will regret the studies that you have neglected; therefore, start now and let April be the month that starts your work right for the rest of your High school days." We do not feel that the Freshmen are rolling stones—maybe they are too young to have learned the ways of their upper classmen—but keep your work up, Class of Twenty-Six, don't learn the way of the upper classmen, because it is an apparent fact that many rolling stones exist in the three upper classes of all schools.

Many of the class of Twenty-Three will, this coming fall, enter higher institutions of learning and may many of these stop their rolling and improve by their past mistakes in the "School of Hard Knocks." To those who finish their education this year may we hope that they will remember that Bangor High school and its faculty looks forward for them to show the outside world that Bangor High has made something more of them than just rolling stones and it is up to every one of this class of Twenty-Three to pay back to this school in all the ways they can what the school has given them. Think it over. "What do you owe this school?" Do you not owe the school all that each and every one of you are depending upon for your success in the future?

May we all remember that "A rolling stone gathers no moss," and therefore, stick to whatsoever we undertake in the future. No man is a success in life, who drifts about with no aim for the future. We all know this. It has been proved in all the phases of life from athletics to business. The athlete trains himself and is always looking forward to some future goal. So does the business man. Therefore, let us all buckle down to our work and have some aim for the future. You all know what becomes of the rolling stone. Don't be in that class.

On the evening of April 21, the High School Band gives its annual concert in **The** Bangor City Hall. Now the **Band** band can furnish the music but they are unable to furnish the audience, and so they call upon the student body to support this event as they would any other school festivity. The students are acquainted with the fine quality of music the band is producing, by the Wednesday chapels.

Bangor High School should be proud of the fact that they have such a skilled musician as Mr. Alton B. Robinson to conduct the band. He was a star member of the band when he attended our school and therefore, takes a great deal of interest in it. He is the first clarinetist in the Bangor Symphony orchestra and Bangor band and is considered one of Bangor's most accomplished musicians. There is every reason to believe that the High School Band will give an exceptionally fine concert under his leadership.



THE CHEERFUL BUNCH

By Mary Reid, '24.

GEE, but we are the cheerful bunch
Our lives are bright and gay—
Father, he carves tombstones
all da—”

“Flip!! **How** many times have I asked you to stop howling that funeral dirge this morning?”

“I really haven’t kept count but I think it’s the thirteenth time. I can’t and won’t wash dishes without singing or howling and you are mis’rable anyway, so what’s the harm?”

“Come on, Bump, let’s have: ‘At the Boarding House Where I’ve Been Staying.’ Don’t let a little thing like that stop you.”

Bump, Flip’s twin brother, who was doing a balancing stunt on the window sill over the big tank that was kept at the porch to catch rain water in, grinned. He grumbled about “sisterly love” and finally said something about “Crabs’ peevish and mournful fits meant nothing in his young life.”

It was too loud for his comfort, however, because Crabs, as they called their older sister had heard it!

She was peevish and mournful, but she excused herself—she had a right to be. She was tired and Bob hadn’t come out to camp as he had promised—he hadn’t even

bothered to write and say he couldn’t. They, however, had no right to act as they had over it.

The more she thought, the worse they seemed to her, and the more she wanted to knock their heads together to revenge their insolence, the stronger the temptation was to do it.

Just when she was opening the door to go in and try to proceed to carry out her intentions Bump’s tie blew out around the corner of the window and flapped against the side of the house as a challenge.

O fatal inspiration! She grabbed it and pulled!

A wild yell from Bump, another from Flip, who had looked up just in time to see a pair of white flannels disappear out the window with a ukulele waved frantically between them and it was all over!

Sue had won a greater victory than she had counted on—the ukulele (the bane of her existence), had gone into the tank with him!

Bump, true to his motto—“Carry on,” came up grinning.

He was a sight. It was plain to be seen by the streams of water running down his face that they had had plenty of rain in that part of the country. His “was-once”

white flannels were a dirty gray, his "silk shirt" had been torn on a nail in his somewhat hasty descent while his hair was hanging in his eyes. This did not hinder his ability to see though.

He looked, he thought he saw, he blinked and knew he saw.

Ye gods! It was worth a dozen of dad's silk shirts. Flip giggled hysterically and he knew that she must have seen the same thing; a deep breath that seemed to be an amen and they knew that Sue, or Crabs, had seen, too.

Bob—between his spasms of laughter—was trying to open the gate!

Flip and Bump made a dash for the kitchen and once on the safe side of the door, they burst into a gale of laughter.

Sue, the dignified, had descended from her aloofness in the presence of Bob, of all people! at all times!

As soon as they got over the third or fourth attack of hilarity they had a conference of peace within the family and decided that they would take a lunch, wear their bathing suits and go to the other side of the lake for their health.

THE BLUE DIAMOND

A Two-Part Story.

By Benjamin D. Rosen, '24.

PART I.

DETECTIVE Walton laid the telegram, which he had received that afternoon, on the table, and walked to the window.

"Sure is some storm, Dunning," he remarked, looking through the window.

"Yes, seems to be growing worse," answered Dunning, his assistant, who was seated in front of a huge fireplace, absently smoking.

"I wonder what's keeping our client, he——"

A hasty tramp on the stairs cut short his statement and the door opened to disclose Mr. Blake, a thin faced man of about fifty years of age, of medium height, and of a rather nervous disposition.

"Sorry to have caused the delay, Mr. Walton, but this weather is hard on the cab drivers," he explained, as Dunning helped him off with his coat.

"I couldn't stand it any longer," he muttered, as he sank into an easy chair before

the fireplace. "I had to come down to get your help——"

"Let us hear your story from the beginning," broke in Walton.

"Well, it was three years ago," began Mr. Blake. "While I was on a business trip in France with my partner, Mr. Burgess, that we were interrupted by a knock at the door of our room and before we could speak, a tall, dark complexioned, foreign stranger entered our room and said to my partner: 'I have come to warn you for the last time, that unless our demands are met with you will be dealt with as others have been, who have taken the same attitude.'"

"The stranger then turned and left. Surprised beyond words, I looked at my partner. An odd expression had come into his face and he sat motionless, staring at the door through which the man had left. The next hour found us leaving France at my partner's suggestion. He refused to speak to me of the matter, but I could see that it was always on his mind, and that he

THE ORACLE

thought much of it. For the three years that followed he was not the same man, for he always seemed haunted by the threat and never went anywhere unless accompanied by his valet. At night the valet occupied an adjoining room."

Blake shook as though he had lost control of his nerves but continued:

"One night last week I was awakened by a noise which was followed by an almost inhuman shriek. I jumped from my bed and ran to the window, which is directly over that of my partner's. In the darkness I could perceive the form of a man slinking away. I then ran down stairs into my partner's room, where, the valet, white with fright, was standing over the limp body of his master. He pointed to a small round wound in Mr. Burgess' chest. I had heard no shot, neither had the valet, and after the body was examined, not a trace of a bullet was found, nor was there anything to show that a weapon had penetrated beneath the skin."

With these words, he drew the London Times from his pocket.

"You have probably read this account," he continued, pointing to an article in the paper, which he handed to Walton.

"Read the article aloud, Dunning," asked Walton, handing the paper to him.

LONDON, Nov. 12.—Early this morning, the police discovered the dead body of Mr. John Burkinham, a prominent jewelry broker of Quincy avenue, at Charing Cross. The body contained a small, round wound in the chest, and the police are at a loss as to the kind of instrument used by the offender. Mr. Burkinham was a well known importer of gems.

"Yes, Mr. Blake, I read the account this morning and have given it some thought."

"Last night," broke in Mr. Blake, eager to go on, "I was expecting Mr. Hill, a

friend of Mr. Burgess, at my rooms in Kentsville. I was in London, and having lost the train that would take me to Kentsville at nine, I wired the valet to have Mr. Hill wait, and that I would take the train to Rockshire from which place I would take a cab for Kentsville. By this route I arrived home at ten thirty. The valet met me at the door. I inquired whether Mr. Hill was waiting, he replied that he had come and gone. The valet hastily led me into the drawing room and pointed at the disordered room, looking at me with alarm. He said that was what he found when he returned from the store. He had left Mr. Hill in the room and he had been absent but twenty minutes. Mr. Hill was gone when he returned. I looked around and found that Mr. Burgess' safe was open, papers were strewn all over the floor, everything was in confusion. Mr. Hill had left no message and I have not heard from him nor can I locate him since. This afternoon I wired you I was coming."

After a pause Mr. Blake rose and looked at his watch. "I am taking the next train back," he said. "I have ten minutes to make the station, good night," he said, and left.

"What do you think of it, Dunning?" inquired Walton, some minutes later.

"Seems to be a most interesting case, Walton," he answered.

* * * * *

The next morning found Detective Walton with Mr. Dunning getting off the train at Kentsville station, where they were met by Mr. Blake, who came in his private car.

"Jump in," he said. "It's about thirty minute ride."

"Fine morning, and the air is certainly grand out this way," remarked Dunning.

"Yes, cleared off remarkably well," answered Blake, putting on more speed.

The remainder of the journey was spent

quietly. They presently drove up a splendid driveway and stopped before a large white mansion, which had evidently been built in the early part of the nineteenth century. It was surrounded on all sides by beautiful lawns and hedges, giving the appearance of a quiet country home.

They mounted the front stairs and were admitted by the butler, who ushered them into Mr. Burgess' room, as Mr. Blake requested.

"Nothing has been moved or touched," said the butler. After an examination of the room Detective Walton walked into the drawing room which led off from Mr. Burgess' room. The safe was open, papers, thrown in every direction, lay on the floor in front of it. Small jewel boxes lay scattered around, many of them containing valuable stones. Evidently the intruder was not bent on robbery, there was another cause! Detective Walton walked to the window. It was easy for a man to enter. He jumped from the window to the lawn beneath and examined the damp sod, finally making his way toward the hedge which bordered the roadside. Here he discovered the tracks of an automobile. Among the bushes he found several partly smoked cigarettes, evidently someone had waited behind those bushes. He picked up the stubs, put them into a small box and returned to the house.

"Is the valet here?" he asked upon entering.

"Yes, I will ring for him," answered Mr. Blake, pressing a button on the wall.

"Who else lives in the house?"

"Just the housekeeper."

"Does she stay in the house at night?"

"No; she hasn't been staying here for the last few months, on—"

"Yes, sir," interrupted the valet.

"Er-r Mr. Walton wishes to ask you some questions," explained Mr. Blake.

"Very well, sir."

"How long have you been with your late master?" began Walton.

"About twenty years, sir."

"You were here at the time Mr. Burgess was murdered, were you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"About what time did the deed take place?"

"About two a. m., sir."

"Did you see the assailant?"

"It was quite dark, sir, but I could see that he was tall, and he carried a large revolver."

"Did you hear him enter?"

"No, sir."

"Did you hear a shot?"

"No, sir."

"How were you awakened?"

"By my master's shriek."

"What happened? What did you do?"

"I ran to my master's side; he was not dead when I reached him, and he managed to mutter, 'I—expected—he—would—get—me,' and then he died. At that moment Mr. Blake entered the room."

"Did your master fear anyone?"

"It seems so, although he said nothing of it to me."

"Did anyone come to see him?"

"No, sir."

"Did he travel much?"

"Not very much lately, sir."

"Was he ever in China, India or any of the far east countries?"

"Yes, sir, I accompanied him on a trip through India about twelve years ago."

"How long were you and your late master in India?"

"We had been there only about six weeks when he decided to leave at once for Switzerland."

"Did he communicate with anyone?"

"He wrote frequently to a Mr. John Burkinham and a Mr. Hill."

"Do you know on what business?"

"No, sir."

"Were you here when Mr. Hill called?"

"Yes, sir."

"At what time did he arrive?"

"At about eight forty-five, sir."

"At what time did you leave the house?"

"At about half past nine."

"How long were you gone?"

"About twenty minutes, sir."

"Was Mr. Hill here when you returned?"

"No, sir."

"All right, that will be all. You may leave."

"Now, Mr. Blake, that is about all of my work here. I shall now leave for London and will inform you of my progress. Good day."

* * * * *

"What do you make of it, Dunning?" asked Walton as they entered their apartment on Walter street, after an inspection of Burkinham's body, which was found at Charing Cross five days before.

"Can't see how it was done," answered Dunning. "The wounds are similar in both cases and not a trace of a bullet or anything to be found."

"This has certainly been a mystery to the police, and they still have no clues, nor have they got any idea as to the motive for the crime," returned Walton, as he seated himself at the table and busied himself straightening out the notes he had taken in his investigation that day. "I wish you would take a trip to Millport for me, Dunning, and find out what kind of man this Mr. Hill is, and what he does. Meanwhile, I have certain things to go over before we are able to act further. You will have to take the next train out. You have fifteen minutes to make it in."

Walton stepped to the phone and ordered a taxi. In five minutes Dunning was on his way to the station, and a few minutes more found him boarding the train for Millport.

Walton resumed his seat at the table, and beneath the reading lamp proceeded to look over a pack of papers and letters from which he hoped to extract some new clues in the case.

The next morning found Dunning back from his mission at Millport.

"What have you to say?" asked Walton, as they were seated at the breakfast table.

"This fellow Hill seems to be a rather mysterious being around Millport. I found that he came there six months ago, nobody knew much about him, he is at home but rarely, has a nice car, and a chauffeur. He was home last—his valet told me—when he left to see Mr. Blake. They have as yet heard nothing from him and did not know when he would be back. He often left without telling his valet when he would return. Now, Walton, let me hear what you have done during my bit of investigation."

"I examined those papers I took from the house; they have cleared up a few points. I also examined those cigarette stubs found in the bushes; that led me to confirm my suspicions. The footprint measurements have also aided me in getting a mental picture of our man."

"Tonight, Dunning, I want to test my conclusions. If I fail, the man I think I have, is much different than I have pictured him. If I fail I must begin from the very first and work entirely on a different set of clues, which it seems would to my mind be almost impossible. As I have made all arrangements we shall start at eleven to-night."

(Continued Next Month)

THE OLD NOBLEMAN

By Frances Thatcher, '24.

AS the person across the table—that table which had seen so many struggles—laid down that which she held in her hand, I caught my breath. It had seemed almost too much to hope for and yet there it was—what had been the only missing link in the chain which was to bind our enemy hard and fast. Therefore, when I saw, at last, this picture in the possession of my ally,—for, indeed, we were partners against a common foe,—I was filled with joy.

Perhaps, to the uninitiated the picture would have meant little, for, of course, our little game was of importance only to us and our enemies.

The picture showed a man dressed in some fashion of long ago. A sort of robe, embroidered in rich colors, hung from his shoulders. Under this was more embroidery, and a broad belt with an odd, gold buckle just showed itself at his waist. In his hand, he held upraised a sword with a gold hilt. His face—a face familiar to

nearly all the world—seemed at first glance expressionless. It was almost colorless. His eyes were very light. He had long, gray hair, which curled at the ends; also, a gray beard parted in the middle, and, like his hair, curled at the ends, and a long, slender, curled mustache. As I looked longer at his face, it struck me that, in spite of the gray hair and beard, his face looked strangely childlike, with never a wrinkle; and, in spite of the sword, he had a most benevolent look. Behind his head and a little to his right, the artist had painted a coat of arms. So this man was evidently a Personage—with a capital P. Indeed, no doubt, he has played a great part in the lives of many people.

This was the picture, which, together with our other evidence, was to overcome our foes. Consequently, it is no wonder that I hailed it with joy. For we were playing auction bridge, and this picture, held by my partner, was the king of spades, all I needed to complete my suit.

MOTHER NATURE CLEANS HOUSE

By Gretchen Hayes.

MOTHER Nature hadn't time one week for her regular cleaning and by Friday of the next week things were good and dusty. Friday noon, she told all her children to get under cover and out of the way. The birds went to their nests and the daisies covered their pollen. The wind went high up, ready to drive the mop. Everything was still and hot.

Then Mother Nature called one of the breezes and told him to ask the rain fairies to gather. Soon clouds of them were all over the sky and they began to fight, as children will. Sparks flew and there was thunder. More and more gathered and the thunder grew louder.

Suddenly there was a big crash of thunder. One cloud of rain fairies had bumped into another. Both fell in a deluge and it

THE ORACLE

rained. Then all the other clouds bumped and also fell. They kept falling all around until there was room for the sun to peep through and the sunbeam fairies mixed with the rain fairies and there was a rainbow.

Soon the rain fairies had all fallen, except a few who hadn't fought. These

scudded out of sight as fast as they could.

All the flower children were smiling in the fresh sunlight. The birds came out and sang to show how glad they were that their home was clean and bright. Then Mother Nature went back to her pickling and preserving.

CARRIE

By Leonora Hall, '23.

CARRIE was Doris Jones' pet hen. It, may seem odd to call a hen Carrie, but Doris always declared that when the hen cackled she said, "Tut, tut, tut, Carrie." Doris was a girl of about twelve, who had always lived on the farm with her father and mother.

Carrie was a White Wyandotte. She kept herself very clean, so was allowed the freedom of going in and out of the farmhouse. The reason for this freedom was—but I am getting ahead of my story—wait a little.

One day when Doris was ten and Carrie two years old, they went for a walk. Carrie, as usual, was as white as snow, and Doris had tied a pink bow about her neck. Not far from the farmhouse was an old flour mill, now long disused. The old mill was to Doris forbidden ground for it was considered unsafe by the people of the neighborhood. By the mill was the mill pool, which was always deep and cool and seemed mysterious to Doris. She was allowed to visit the pool, provided that she did not enter the mill.

On the day of which I was speaking Doris and Carrie were headed for the mill pond. They reached the spot and Doris, peeking into the mill, saw some rare wild-

flowers growing through the wall, the outside of which was next to a steep bank. Doris remembered that she had heard her mother express a desire for those flowers the day before, and she stepped inside, intending to pick the flowers and go right out.

When she was half way across the floor gave way, and down she and Carrie went into a cellar about six feet deep. Knowing the plan of the old mill, she realized that there were no stairs to the cellar, entrance being gained by a trapdoor and ladder, the latter being drawn up and kept upstairs. Deciding to make the best of a bad situation, she took off her coat and using it as a pillow, was soon fast asleep.

In the meantime, her parents had become worried and Mr. Jones started out to hunt for her. Knowing her weakness for the old mill pond, he went there first. Finding no trace of her he started home, neglecting to look inside the mill because he knew the floor was unsafe.

When he had gone about ten feet he heard "Tut, tut, tut, Carrie, tut, tut, tut, Carrie," coming from the interior of the mill. Recognizing Carrie's voice, he looked in and saw the hole in the floor. He went down through the trap door, woke up Doris and took her home. This is the reason that Carrie has been ever since a cherished possession of the Jones family.

LIFE BUILDING

By Raymond T. Worster '24

A STUDY of the architecture of ancient Greece and Rome is very interesting. In this study we learn that the three chief orders of Grecian architecture are Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian. These types of beautiful columns have been handed down to us, of this generation and in the buildings now being erected many examples of these Grecian columns may be found.

It has been said that the Parthenon was the most beautiful building in the ancient world and, although it is now somewhat dilapidated, it still retains much of its former beauty. It must have had a firm and sound foundation, or it could not have stood as long as it has, but who ever looks at the foundation? The observer seems only to notice the beautiful columns of white marble, and the frieze into which is worked the love, passions, hopes, and disappoint-

ments of the Grecian life.

There are other buildings in this world not so beautiful as the Parthenon, to be sure, but much more useful. There are some buildings that are massive structures, built at an enormous expense, and when completed are, "tall and strong and fair."

Did it ever occur to you that we are building day by day? What are we building? We are building character and on top of character our life work. Character is our foundation, life work is the strong and beautiful column, and deeds the attractive frieze into which is worked the love, passions, hopes, and disappointments of life. Some lives appear very beautiful but underneath they have unstable characters; others appear homely but have strong characters; and still others, like the ideal home, are both beautiful and strong, and filled with pure love.

THE MALADY OF THE FORESTS

By Allen Cohen

P RISTINE life was life in the arms of nature. As man attained civilization he was weaned from the wilds. Yet that desire for comfort from nature recurs. The forests and the waters have become his play ground and his sur-cease from the prosaic thing of life.

And yet, a serpent creeps in:

The sky was a stern yet clear tranquil blue. The humid breath of the sun was in the air. The trees were robed in their dying glory and in the contrasting living green of the pines. Underneath, the moss had begun to wither and brown. The woods throbbed and palpitated with animal life. The squirrels raced in glorious abandon past a few dull red berries that still remained. Then the sky assumed a sombre gray. The

sun shone forth fitfully like brilliant brass—and night came.

From the darkness came the human beings. Soon a blaze appeared. The forms gathered about the fire. Later they retreated into the blackness from which they had come. But the glow of the fire remained. Slowly and surreptiously it crept along serpent-like, licking up the dense underbrush in its path. It stretched its hungry tongue along to a dead tree and eagerly lapped at it. Soon the forest was an all-devouring furnace. It continued its feast on into the night. Dawn brought a scene of charred and blackened skeletons of trees, and smoking, desolate land. It was as the corpse of nature.

Thus the primeval home of man is disappearing through man's carelessness.

Junior Exhibition Awards



PEARLE HERSEY



WM. J. MCCARTHY

Medal Winners



WILLIAM VINER



KATHERINE MURPHY

Honorable Mention



AS WE SEE OTHERS.

The Acorn, Orono Catholic High School, Orono, Me.: For the first issue you have a fine paper. The Literary department is especially interesting. Your cuts at the heads of departments are good. The editorials have the right idea. Come again.

The Lever, Skowhegan High School, Skowhegan, Me.: Here is another paper that does not contain a list of its editors. There is a good editorial on Personality and How to Develop It. The football eleven are praised in a poem entitled, Hail! The Team of '22. There are also dramatic and music sections, but no comments on exchanges.

The Record, North High School, Worcester, Mass.: The table of contents is lacking. Your editorials, especially Sportsmanship in Marks and Clean Scholarship, are good. Having a department of Faculty Notes is a unique idea. In most school magazines the literary section comes immediately after the editorials. Your articles on the Freshman questionnaire and the advice to Freshmen are interesting and clever. Some cuts for the departments would improve your paper.

The Torch, Howe High School, Billerica, Mass.: Apparently several of the other departments of this paper are abbreviated to make room for the extensive literary section. Your Christmas stories are interesting. Having poetry and radio departments is a good idea, which we find in few papers. More alumni notes and school notes would be an improvement, as would a longer exchange list.

The Chronicle, Lyman Hall High School, Wallingford, Conn.: Why not list the editorial staff? More editorials would improve your magazine. The Literary department is good; we especially enjoyed Ma and Pa Perkins at the Polls and Out of the Dark. Your athletic section might be made more interesting if longer accounts of the games were given; this is one of the most popular departments of a school paper. You make the comments on exchanges interesting, and the jokes are good.

The Owl, Woodbine High School, Woodbine, N. J.: Why not have a table of contents and some cuts as headings for the various departments? Your stories show originality. We fail to find the alumni and

THE ORACLE

exchange columns. Perhaps they will appear in the next issue. Doesn't your school participate in athletics? If these missing departments were added the size of the paper, which is now rather small, would be somewhat increased.

The Piquonian, Piqua High School, Piqua, Ohio: Why not have your editorials in the front of the magazine? More school and alumni notes would be an improvement. The Literary department is good.

The Aegis, Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.: It is customary to have the editorial staff and the editorials in the front of a school magazine. The story, "2025," shows imagination. The Spectator column is unique. Art and Science departments are found in few school magazines, but they are good additions. A larger athletic section would not be amiss. Why not have some alumni notes?

The Megunticook, Camden High School, Camden, Me.: We like your motto, "The school first; personal honors last." There is no table of contents. You have one of the best Literary departments we have found in all of our exchanges. All the stories are so good we cannot mention any one as particularly worthy of comment. The poems are good and there are a number of them. The heading of your joke section is

certainly original. A larger Alumni department would be an improvement. Where are your exchanges?

The Caduceus, Norway High School, Norway, Me.: You have an excellent Literary department. The athletic section should be much longer. Your many Pointers are surely to the point. The Alumni department is large.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me.: You have a fine athletic column and your athletic editors deserve praise.—The Early Trainer, Essex County Training School, Lawrence, Mass.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me.: You're right there.—The Blue and Gold, Malden, High School, Malden, Mass.

The Oracle: Your cover never fails to please. We find the Military department novel to say the least.—The Breeze, Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me.: The editorials of your magazine are especially worth while. The editorial appealing for more pep at the right time is earnest and sincere and depicts the situation clearly. This editorial is not only applicable to Bangor but to other schools as well. We hope to see you often.—The High School Echo, Tri-County Union Free High School, Tripoli, Wis.



Bangor High School alumni have always been leaders at Bowdoin, and the present group of seventeen Bangor men is in a fair way to preserve that reputation. Of the seventeen B. H. S. alumni at the college four are Seniors, two Juniors, five Sophomores, and six Freshmen, two special students being included in the two latter delegations.

In the Senior class, Don Eames is the outstanding figure. He was elected last spring, to the presidency of the Student Council, the most important of all the campus offices, which an undergraduate may hold. In his administration of that office, he has been extremely successful, with the result that the Council has been more active than in many years. In addition to this great honor, Don was Popular Man of his class last year, manager of varsity track, a member of both the Student Council and the Athletic Council, secretary of both the Maine and the New England Intercollegiate Athletic associations, a member of the board of managers and of the Abraxas, Junior honorary society. Previous to last year he had been manager of the Freshman baseball team, the Freshman relay team, and the Sophomore track team, as well as a member of the Union Board and of the U Q Freshman honorary society. He is a member of the Zeta Psi fraternity.

J. Albert Black has, throughout his college career, been very prominent in the college musical organizations. Since his freshman year he has been soloist with both the Glee club and the Chapel choir. This

year he has had charge of the management of the Musical clubs and has prepared the best schedule the clubs have had in some years. In his Sophomore year he was elected to the Masque and Gown for his work in the Commencement play, and was also a member of the Sophomore Hop committee. This year he is a member of the Ibis, Senior honorary society. At the recent Senior elections he was elected to the Commencement committee. Black is a member of Zeta Psi.

Herbert Webb has been for four years a member of the Biology club, and in his Sophomore year was chosen a member of the Proclamation committee. This year he became a member of the Mandolin club. He is a member of the Zeta Psi fraternity.

Walter Whitney has made a name for himself as a short story writer of great ability. For three years he has won the college prize for the best short story written by an undergraduate, and has received the personal commendation of such famous writers as Mrs. George C. Riggs, better known as Kate Douglass Wiggin, the donor of the Hawthorne Prize, which Whitney won in his second and third years. He is an associate editor of the Quill, the college literary magazine, and was last year on the board of the Bugle, the college annual. In his freshman year he was pianist for the College orchestra, was a member of the Freshman Banquet committee, and had a response at that banquet. During his Sophomore year he was a member of the important Proclamation Night committee. Last year he was chosen Odist for the Ivy

THE ORACLE

ceremonies, and is this year to represent his class in delivering the opening address at the Commencement exercises. He is a member of the Ibis, the Senior honorary society, and of the Kappa Sigma fraternity.

William Rowe has been most prominent as a member of the staff of the Orient, the college newspaper. At the close of his Freshman season as a candidate reporter, he was elected Athletic editor, in which capacity he served until he was chosen one of the two Managing editors in the spring of his Sophomore year. This fall he was initiated into Pi Delta Epsilon, the national collegiate journalism fraternity. He has been a member of the Press club, and of the Masque and Gown throughout his three years at college, having taken part in the Commencement play his freshman year. During his first two years, Rowe was manager of his class football team, and had a response at the Freshman banquet. In his Sophomore year he was elected to the Proclamation Night committee, and to the Proclamation committee. At the Commencement exercises last year he was awarded first place in the Alexander Prize Speaking contest, a declamation contest open to members of the three lower classes, and in the spring he was elected assistant business manager of the 1924 Bugle. This year he became a member of the Debating Council, and was the coach for the victorious Deering High team. He is a member of the Government and Economics clubs. Since his freshman year he has been a member of the Chapel choir, and was chosen this year for the college Glee club. He is a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity.

Joe Garland, now a Sophomore at the college, having transferred last fall from Dartmouth, is showing prospects of making a splendid showing in football next season. In the Freshman-Sophomore game last fall, he was largely responsible for the success

of his team, as his punting held back the heavy plunging line of the first year team. He was also a point winner for 1925 in the recent interclass track meet. Joe is a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity.

Crosby Hodgman has been a frequent contributor to the Bear Skin, the college humorous magazine, and was chosen last year for the Alexander contest. He is a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

Walter MacCready is Assistant Circulation manager of the Bear Skin and was last year a speaker in the Alexander Prize speaking. Walter is a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon.

Richard Denaco is a member of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity.

Hazen Nutter has shown considerable promise as a candidate reporter for the Orient, and he was recently elected to the editorial board of that periodical. He is also a candidate for the managership of the Masque and Gown, and is prominent in the Outing club. He is a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

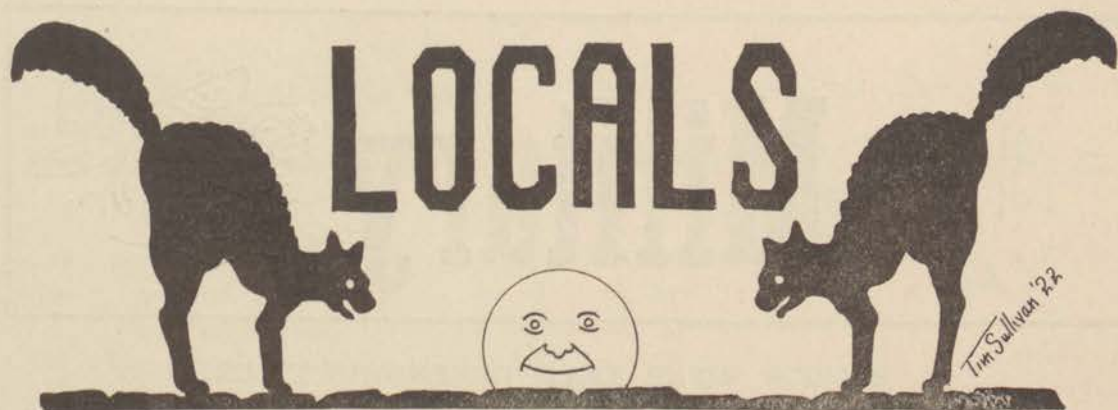
George Barakat is a regular contributor to the Art department of the Bear Skin, and is doing some work for the Bugle of this year.

Chuck Davis has been playing with numerous orchestras of the college, and is a member of Zeta Psi.

Wilson Harthorn is attending Bowdoin as a one year special student.

John Tarbell has caused something of a sensation in freshman track this year. His speed in the quarter and eighth mile events seems to guarantee him a splendid future in this department of college activity. Tarbell is a member of Beta Theta Pi.

Through the courtesy of William Rowe of Bowdoin, the Alumni department has been able to offer something new in the way of news.



It looked at one time as though the ramparts of snow never would melt, but spring is with us at last.

Supt. Garcelon, Principal Proctor and Dean Mary C. Robinson brought home echoes of the convention in Cleveland. They had a good time, but they like Bangor best.

Major Judson B. Hannigan, formerly of Gen. Edwards' staff, in chapel commended to the boys the C. M. T. C. at Camp Devens. B. H. S. boys have taken this training every year and probably a delegation will go next summer.

Recently, Louis Kirstein & Sons offered a prize of a ten dollar gold piece to the high school student who should write the best essay on "Own Your Own Home." Eleanor Buck, a member of the Senior class, won this prize, also a certificate recording the honor.

For the first time during the year the whistles for no school blew on the noon of March 7th, and again the next morning. The wind blew and that snowstorm raged until finally the city was almost completely blocked. Although Thursday dawned bright and fair, there was no way of getting to school so we had a short vacation forced upon us. We all considered this a much needed chance for rest and went back to school Friday morning, ready to work again.

At present, Senior pictures is a topic of great interest among the upper classmen. "Have you had your pictures taken yet?" "How did they come out?" "Where did you have them taken?" "How many are you going to have?" "May I have one?" These are only a very few of the questions that one may hear on every side. As yet, only proofs are to be seen, but soon the finished pictures will be in circulation all over the building. Books and pockets will be bulging with the precious souvenirs and here and there a Senior will be reprimanded for bursting the binding of a book.

A short while ago Mr. Proctor summoned the honor students to the Assembly hall. The object of the summons was a mystery to all concerned but a surprise awaited those who gathered there. It seems that there is talk of a National Honor Society of high schools being formed, and it was for the purpose of interesting us in this society and its object that Mr. Proctor talked to us. Not only one's rank but his character and service to the school is to be taken into consideration when he joins the society and it shall be his duty to set an example for the other students and to help them in all ways that he can. Such an organization will be a fine thing for our high school and it is hoped that it can be brought about.



BANGOR RIFLE TEAM DEFENDING TITLE.

Bangor High School R. O. T. C. Rifle team, last year's champion of New England, is defending its title. The team is in competition with various New England schools, and the Bangor results are ready for comparison with the other entries.

Capt. Eugene Winch made the best showing for his team, scoring 563 out of a possible 600. Rifles of .22 calibre were used, with the distance at 50 feet and National Rifle Association targets being shot at. Winch's mark is unusually fine for a High school boy.

The team's total is 5,022 out of a possible 6,000, which is probably fully as high as any other in New England. About 100 boys tried for the team, with fifteen succeeding. The best ten are counted, and it is a high honor to make the rifle team.

**REPORT OF FIRING GALLERY RIFLE COMPETITION,
FIRST CORPS AREA.**

This match takes in six stages, three prone positions, one kneeling, one sitting, and one standing. This last is the most difficult position of the match.

Winch, Eugene.....	Total	Score	563
Spurling, R.....	"	"	518
Rosen, Benj.....	"	"	514
Berdeen, T.....	"	"	511
Grosse, Carlon.....	"	"	510
Reed, Lewis.....	"	"	499
Mayo, Ralph.....	"	"	488
Kelley, Maurice.....	"	"	475
Neal, Lewis.....	"	"	474
Stuart, Edward.....	"	"	470
			<hr/>
			Total 5022

This score is out of a possible 6000.

The above match was completed March 3, 1923. This match was fired by all High schools in New England having R. O. T. C. units, with issue rifle,

THE ORACLE

Springfield Tech. High School Gallery Practice Match, Week of Jan. 27, 1923, the results were as follows:

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL.		SPRINGFIELD MASS. TECH.	
E. C. Winch.....	100	M. B. Woodworth.....	97
R. B. Mayo.....	97	W. W. Morrell.....	94
L. B. Neal.....	96	G. Clark.....	94
T. Berdeen.....	95	G. Bready.....	93
R. Spurling.....	95	D. Bronson.....	93
Total	483	Total	471

The above scores are for the First Five High Men, the only scores counted. The following is a list of the other five men of each team:

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL.		SPRINGFIELD HIGH SCHOOL.	
I. W. Somers.....	94	L. A. Treat.....	92
M. Dunphy.....	89	J. Munsell.....	92
N. C. Winch.....	88	X. Wakefield.....	89
H. Humphrey.....	87	A. J. Holzapfel.....	84
V. McNaughton.....	80	G. B. Johnson.....	80
Total	438	Total	437

Boston Latin School, Match Week of Dec. 9, 1922.

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL.		BOSTON LATIN HIGH.	
E. Winch.....	198	J. H. Potter.....	193
T. Berdeen.....	194	C. H. Weeber.....	192
R. B. Mayo.....	196	E. H. Keefe.....	189
N. C. Winch.....	187	G. H. Emerson.....	187
H. Humphrey.....	184	R. J. Smith.....	185
Total	959	Total	946

Brookline High School and Bangor High School Match fired week of Feb. 3, 1923. The scores were tied and this team is looking forward to a return match, sometime this coming month (April). The scores were 491 each.

Bangor High School R. O. T. C. team has also added another victory to its list by defeating New Bedford High School by a score of 494 to 430.

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL.	
R. B. Mayo.....	100
E. C. Winch.....	99
T. Berdeen.....	99
E. Stuart.....	98
C. Grosse.....	98
Total	494

The Entertainment Committee of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps of this School, made arrangements with Eastern Maine Musical Association for the use of the City Auditorium for May 25, 1923, for the Military Ball and Exhibition.

Arrangements are being made by the Battalion and Company commanders for a snappy drill this year at the Exhibition.



SOUTH PORTLAND GAME.

On Wednesday evening, February 21, South Portland High evened things up with the Crimson, when they won over the latter 32 to 24, in a game played at Portland. The game was exciting all the way, and the Capers never had any too safe margin at any time during the game. If the team had not been a little off form the Portland boys would not have won by as large a score as they did, and possibly not at all.

So. Portland (32)	(24) Bangor High
Barry, 3 (4).....r.f.....	Kamenkovitz
McDonald	Fairbanks
J. W. Trefethen, 6...l.f.....	1 Epstein
W. Trefethen, 3.....c.....	McClay
Dunton, 2.....l.b.....	Casper
Gibbsr.b.....	(10) 6 Seavey

CONY HIGH GAME.

The Crimson walked all over Cony High, figuratively speaking, February 24, and more than evened matters up for the defeat of the previous week. The final score was 45 to 27. The Augusta lads never had a show, keeping things even with the Crimson for only one period. The visitors did not seem to have much team work, and although they were much larger men, they were absolutely outclassed, as far as basketball is concerned, by the Crimson. Captain Seavey, Kamenkovitz, McClay, and Epstein shone for Bangor; while Farrington and Brennan starred for the visitors.

Bangor (45)	(27) Cony
Epstein, 5.....l.f.....	2 Winslow
Fairbanks	
Kamenkovitz, 4....r.f.....	6 (3) Farrington
Gallagher	
McClay, 3.....c.....	4 Brennan
Casperl.b.....	Knowles
Seavey, 8 (5).....r.b.....	Hall

DEXTER GAME.

The N. H. Fay High School basketball team, accompanied by several hundred odd supporters, came to Bangor Friday evening, March 2, with the avowed intention of doing up the Crimson on the latter's own floor. It was a sad and gloomy evening for the aforementioned Dexterites, for when the final period of this game was over, the interesting fact that Dexter had scored 22 points, while Bangor had run up a grand total of 54, was brought to light. It was not a very interesting game. One-sided ones never are. Captain Bill Seavey and his playmates got an evening of third rate practice; but as far as competition went, it was like Charley Paddock running against a one-legged man, who has corns on his toes and is troubled with fallen arches.

Bangor took the lead at the very start, and increased it steadily, taking the ball down the floor with machine-like precision, and scoring in the same manner. Epstein was high man with baskets from the floor, and Seavey was a close second. Kamen-

THE ORACLE

kovitz and McClay played their usual fine game, and Casper's defensive work was a feature. Champeon and Ambrose were the mainstays of the Dexter team.

Bangor High (54)		(22) Dexter High	
Kamenkovitz, 4.....	l.f.....	2	Smith
Epstein, 8.....	r.f.....	3	Ambrose
Fairbanks			
Gallagher			
McClay, 6.....	c.....	2 (2)	Champeon
Casper	l.b.....	1	Oliver
Seavey, 7 (4).....	r.b.....	1	Palmer
		1	Haines

MAINE TOURNAMENT.

The Crimson found the Maine Tournament comparatively easy. The first game was played with Danforth High. The latter was entirely out of her class with Bangor. The final score was 49 to 13. The Crimson experienced practically no difficulty with the Washington County champions, and had a chance to use all of the substitutes.

In the semi-finals Washburn High was the opponent of the Crimson. This game proved no harder than the first, the score being 47 to 12. The Crimson assumed the lead at the very start, and increased it at will. As in the first game Coach Trowell used nine men

In the finals Cony High of Augusta, attempted to subdue the Crimson, but to no effect, being subdued themselves 36 to 18. This was the rubber game between the two schools, and proved conclusively that Bangor had the better team. At no time during the game did Cony threaten, and victory for Bangor was assured from the very start.

All during the tournament the Crimson had to face the continual jeering and opposition of the U. of M. students. If her opponent made a basket pandemonium broke loose, but when one of the Bangor

team made a basket none of the students would be as much as applauded. This action and attitude of the U. of M. students hurt the University more than it did Bangor. No complaint could be found with the officials, however.

Three Bangor men were selected by Coach Howard Flack of the University, for an all tournament five. Archie Kamen-



ARCHIE KAMENKOVITZ

kovitz was selected as right forward, "Shank" McClay, center, and Steve Casper, left back. On the second team, Bill Seavey was chosen as right back and Nathan Epstein, right forward.

THE ORACLE

Epstein was high man of the tournament in points scored from the floor, with a total of 22 baskets, Bill Seavey, Archie Kamenkovitz, and "Shank" McClay played their usual fine game, and Steve Casper's game at stationary back was unusually fine.

Bangor (49) (3) Danforth

Kamenkovitz, 6.....r.f.....	Wayne
Murray	Gilpatrick
Epstein, 9.....l.f.....	2 Barrett
F. McClay, 5.....c.....	Powell
J. McClay	Peters
Seavey, 3 (3).....r.b.....	Bartlett
Samway	
Casper	l.b.....2 (5) Russell
Gallagher	

Referee, Flack.

Bangor High (47) (12) Washburn High

Epstein, 4.....l.f.....	2 Russell
Fairbanks, 2	
Kamenkovitz, 5.....r.f.....	1 Blessey
Gallagher	1 Storey
F. McClay, 4.....c.....	Dow
J. McClay	
Casper	l.b...1 (2) Humphrey
Seavey 4 (9).....r. b.....	Wheeler
Samway	

Bangor (36) (18) Cony

Kamenkovitz, 2....r.f....	4 (4) Farrington
Epstein, 9.....l.f.....	1 Winslow
McClay, 2.....c.....	1 Poor
Seavey, 2 (6).....r.b.....	Knowles
Casper	l.b.....1 Brennan

Substitutes: Bangor, Fairbanks for Epstein, Gallagher for Seavey, Epstein for Kamenkovitz. Referee, Flack.

Cony High was victorious over Bangor High, 37 to 26, in a game played at Augusta, Saturday evening, Feb. 17. The Crimson was without "Shank" McClay, and the defeat is largely due to this fact. The hall was a small one, with beams in front of the baskets, which also hampered the team.

Cony led 27 to 10, at the end of the first half. In the final half Bangor made a spurt, and materially decreased Cony's lead.

Cony High (37) (26) Bangor High

Farrington 6 (9)....r.f....	2 Kamenkovitch
Winslow, 3.....l.f.....	Epstein
Brennan, 4.....c.....	2 McClay
Poor	Samway
Hall	l.b.....Casper
Knowles, 1.....r.b.....	(2) Seavey

Referee: Colby.

ST. JOHN'S GAME.

Tuesday evening, March 13, the team played St. John's A. A. This was undoubtedly the fastest and closest game ever seen in Bangor. The final score was 34 to 33 in favor of the P. G.'s, and it took a five-minute overtime period to decide the game. Neither team had much of an advantage, and neither one kept the lead very long at a stretch, the score see-sawing back and forth in favor of one team and then the other. The basket that decided the game was shot by Bob Collins. The High school undoubtedly had better teamwork, the A. A. playing more of an individual game.

The summary:

St. John's A. A. (34) (33) Bangor High

Flannigan, 4.....l.f.....	3 Epstein
Jordan, 1 (8).....r.f....	3 Kamenkovitz
E. McClay, 3.....c.....	5 F. McClay
Collins, 1.....l.b.....	Casper
Short, 4.....r.b.....	2 (7) Seavey

Referee: Flack.

PERSONALS



Favorite Songs.

D. Rice, '23: "I Ain't Nobody's Darling."

M. Ford, '23: "My Home Town is a One Horse Town."

M. Chalmers, '24: "When Francis Dances With Me."

D. Adams, '23: "The Wearing of the Green."

D. White, '25: "Margie."

K. McCann, '23: "My Man."

A. Fairbanks, '25: "It's All Over Now."

E. Adams, '23: "Smiles."

Class of '26: "Ma!"

P. Bunker, '25: "The Sheik of Araby."

K. Field, '23: "Dearest Mae."

Jokes.

In History.

Mr. G—: "What is it you always hear connected with religion?"

Brilliant Sophomore: "Geometry."

In Cooking.

Mr. Proctor strolled in and asked two girls what they were making. The girls replied:

"Scalloped cheese."

Mr. Proctor answered:

"It looks more like bread and butter to me."

Miss Dun—ing: "The great circle of a sphere is greater than any other circle on the sphere. Demonstration: The man's belt is a whole lot bigger than his collar."

Pupil (studying Macbeth): "When Duncan awoke, he realized he was dead."

"Coo," said the little girl dove.

"Coo," said the little boy dove.

"Cuckoo," said the old buck pigeon.

"I flunked that exam cold."

"I thought it was easy."

"It was, but I had Vaseline on my hair and my mind slipped."

The Little Bird

Customer: "Waiter, a little bird told me this coffee was not strained."

Waiter: "A little bird, sir?"

Customer: "Yes, a swallow."

—The Northern.

Sophy to Freshie.

Freshie, Freshie, oh so small,
Won't you ever grow at all,
Are you always going to be
Wee little kids from the nursery?"

If at last you'd start to grow
And get some brains, 'twould help you so,
Perhaps you'd learn and learn some more
And some day be a Sophomore.

Russian name for "cootie"—"Ivanitch."

THE ORACLE

THINGS WE NEVER SEE?

D. White, '25, without his "Kane."

B. H. S. without an "Angel."

M. Bunker without a "Friend."

George A. when he isn't "Noddin."

A "Winter" without "Snow."

A Freshman class that wasn't "Greene."

L. McElwee, '26, when he isn't "Laite."

A meal at the Oriental without "Rice."

A new suit without paying a "Price."

A "McClay" that wasn't "Long."

A "Knight" that didn't follow "Day."

Curious Reflex.

"The human anatomy is a wonderful bit of mechanism."

"Yes, pat one kind of man on the back and you'll make his head swell."—Ex.

More Floors Needed.

A traveler called at a Paris hotel and inquired what the rates were.

"Thirty francs for a room on the first floor, twenty francs for the second, and ten for the third," said the proprietor.

The traveler thanked him and turned to go.

"Doesn't that please you?" asked the hotel proprietor.

"Yes, your prices are all right," said the traveler, "but your hotel isn't high enough."
—Ex.

Judge: "How old are you?"

Prisoner: "Twenty-two."

Judge: "Your papers make out you are twenty-three."

Prisoner: "Yes, but I spent one year in prison and I count that as lost time."

"What case do you bring against this man charged of bootlegging?" asked the judge.

"Suitcase," was the reply.—Ex.

Also Balance.

"What is your favorite book?"

"My bank book; but even that is lacking in interest these days."—Ex.

Correct.

Teacher: "Who can name an important thing we have now that we did not have one hundred years ago?"

D. Benson, '25: "Me."

Properly Prepared.

Teacher: "What became of the swine that had the evil spirit cast into them?"

Bright Pupil: "They made them into deviled ham."—Ex.

Spink, Spank, Spunk.

Papa: "Bobby, if you had a little more spunk you would stand better in your class. Now, do you know what spunk is?"

Bobby: "Yes, sir. It's the past participle of spank."—Ex.

"I don't see how men can stand a nasty old pipe in their mouth," said the sweet young thing, whereupon she stooped over and kissed her pet bull dog.

Two little worms were digging, digging in dead earnest—poor Ernest.

BHS SNAP SHOTS

THERE ARE ENOUGH
HERE TO LAST YOU
A WEEK

BUT MR-
I CAN USE UP
A LOT MORE!

OUR IDEA OF
NOTHING AT ALL

NO I WANT THEM
ALL CUT

DO YOU WANT
A HAIR CUT?

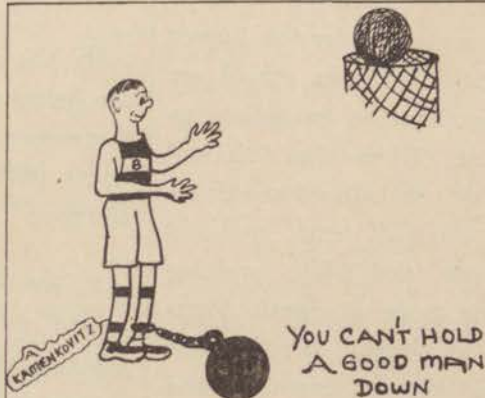


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NEW CUSTOMERS, HAIR BACK IF NOT SATISFIED,

ALEXANDER'S ONE ARM CAFE 'AT
FULL BLAST IN THE
LOCKER ROOM



DAILY 12-1



YOU CAN'T HOLD
A GOOD MAN
DOWN

SAY I WANT TO CHANGE
THIS NEEDHAM FOR
SOME PEANUTS

I'LL HAVE
A NEEDHAM

YOU NEED 'EM
ALL RIGHT



THE DAILY NEEDHAM RUSH
AT RECESS,

FORE!

LET 'ER DRIVE, IT'S
ONLY YOUR TENTH
CRACK DAVIS, YOU
MIGHT HIT ONE
THIS TIME.



INK WELLS

BENSON
DAVIS '23

INK WELL GOLF IS NOW
THE RAGE

S. GOODMAN
'23

BY-BENJ. D. ROSEN '24

WEATHER

Suit yourself!

THE B. H. S.

VOLUME I

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

HIS OWN DOCTOR

Prominent Athlete Applies Self Healing With Un- expected Results.

Something that very seldom occurs is a doctor who likes to practice his profession upon himself-but in this school we find we have an exception to the rule. I hear that "Shank" McClay, our beloved center on our basketball team, sprained his finger and while waiting for the game at South Portland to begin thought he would improve his time and finger by making a bandage on same. As near as can be found out, he spent about a half hour wrapping up the injured finger with the care that a great physician would take. When he had finished, to see how the bandage looked and felt, he held out his hand and gently opened and closed his dainty fist. The surprised Doc McClay soon noticed that when he moved his hand, the finger with the bandage shut as easily as the rest but the

SPORTING DIPS

Don't forget to hear "Red" White play "The Oil," a little ditty in seven flats.

On the basketball team "Barney Google" Seavey recently fed "Spark Plug" Fairbanks.

By the rate the desk bells are being stolen it looks as if there were a good many fast bouts going to be held this summer.

If some of you sport fans would think up a few wise cracks to put in the B. H. S. Palace, it would be greatly appreciated by the readers.

Bad News: Owing to some disaster we will not have Dub Day on our track team. He has always been an added attraction in bygone days but never fear, we may find his equal yet.

one next to it stood up very straight. All the trouble with his bandage was that he got it on the wrong finger!

B. H. S. BRIEFS

Don't fail to see Thomas Kelly use the famous Hunt and Pick typewriting system.

The K. K. K.'s and the anti-K. K. K.'s will have their daily session in the Assembly hall at recess.

If the person who took Phil Trickey's knee guards, will kindly return them, he will probably use them some later.

Last week the chemistry lab and physics lab had "Much Ado About Nothing," when a stray test tube with a delivery tube mixed up a queer solution of chemicals and inserted itself in the keyhole of Mr. Varney's Physics room, causing a very disagreeable odor. Its source was traced in a short time to the door which connects the chemistry and physics lab. When Mr. Varney opened the door, who should he find but Mr. Benson Davis standing there. Pennell and Varney cross-examined him but Ben's word goes a good ways, so the matter was dropped.

TATLER

APRIL, 1923

NUMBER 6

NOTICE

H. Kimball Boyd's Puppy License
is due!

WARNING! TO GIRLS ONLY

Girls, your flapping days are over, and the world is now waiting spellbound to see what will be your next nickname. Your name of flapper, according to some authorities, was given you because you wore your overshoes so as to hear the buckles bang and make a delightful noise. Now, that spring is here, you must cast off your beloved clashing overshoes and get some other fad.

Remember, girls, when you walked by the first group of fellows and some one said, "There goes a flapper," how pleased you felt and that moment decided never, never to buckle your galoshes even at the risk of breaking your legs. As the winter went on and you wore out the excuse, "I didn't have time to buckle them up,"

you soon felt that you didn't care what those horrid boys said. To come right down to the point, you were proud that you belonged to the International Order of Flappers.

To add to your pleasure you saw some of the boys who first called you a flapper in derision sign up with your club and also flap around the streets like a young duck or goose. Maybe a few of you are glad to take off the noisy things and just wear good, old shoes but the majority would rather wear their overshoes all the summer.

Therefore, members of the fairer sex, when the reason for being a flapper is gone, spare us any further manifestation of originality in the matter of summer apparel, for we would like to consider you just girls.

LOST AND FOUND.

Lost—Last July, a fountain pen with black and white stripes. Finder will please return to county jail, and receive reward.

Wanted—A position in some high school or university to teach chemistry. Write to Ben Davis, box 0.

DARING ROBBERY BY DASHING BEAU BRUMMELS

3 Cases of Slickum Missing After Night Visit to Local Barber Shop

A well known local barber shop was entered late Saturday night and three cases of Slickum hair dressing were found absent when the tonsorial artist called the roll Monday morning. No light has been shed on the robbery and the strange part of the matter lies in the fact that everything else in the shop was left untouched. A strange coincidence in the case was shown Monday morning when several Valentinos of the Freshman class were walking around with their caps off, displaying a well oiled haircomb.

Found—Somewhere between the High school and Center street, one lone penny. Owner may have by seeing (Honest) Arthur Hicks and paying for this ad.

Wanted—By handsome young senior, young women who wish to exchange class pictures with him. Applicants please apply to:

Sam Goodman.

Wanted—For murder: Slippery Louie, alias Wicked Pete, alias Galen Veayo, for murder of a piece of music in Freshman chapel. \$50 reward, dead or alive. Preferably dead.

Wanted—By Professor Jack Fixit Rideout, students to take a complete course in the practical use of the slide rule.

Graffam, '24, will
give free lessons on
how to chew gum
in recitation periods.

Watch
J. WILLIAMS.
See him get there.

Next Month
B. CHAPMAN, '25,
will publish a new
book entitled, "A
New Translation of
Caesar's Gallic
Wars."

NOTICE!
"Dodo" Clark will
demonstrate on the
subject, "What the
Advantages Are of
Being Small."

B. H. S. PALACE

A		A
Laugh	SPECIAL COMEDIES	Laugh
At	Daily	At
Every	from	Every
Act	8 A. M. to 5 P. M.	Corner

A	—S!P!E!C!I!A!L!—	
2 Act	Paul Bunker	2 Act
Play	in	Play
The Professional Heart Breaker."		

B	—OVERTURE—	
"We Look Different but Are Alike,"		
by		
"The Tom Smiths of R. 112."		

C	DON'T MISS IT	
C. Osgood and S. Snowdon,		
Starring in		
"BRINGING UP THE TWINS."		

D	CHORUS—By School,	
"Three Cheers for Good Old Santa."		

E	Song—"The Early Bird,"	
T. LAITE.		

F	ROBERT MARTIN'S	
Latest Book,		
"THE SELF MADE MAN."		

WANTED
A Gasoline Car,
to carry S. Berger
from 211 to 304.

THIS SPACE

F!
R!
E!
E!

To any Student of
B. H. S.

CHARLOTTE
DRUMMOND, '24,
will give free
lessons in the
Assembly Hall, on
"What It is to Have
Brains."

THE FRESHIES
have sent a special
request to Santa to
put in each stocking
a new rattle for the
boys and baby doll
for the girls.

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EMMA J. TANEY

Photographer

28 Main St. Bangor, Me.



13 State St. (Next to Bangor Savings Bank)

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This stock has paid its dividends regularly on the first days of January, April, July and October each year since it was first placed on the market.

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Sport Shoes For All Purposes

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AND GET THE BEST

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COMPANY

193 to 199
BROAD STREET.

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Bangor,

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92 Broad Street

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Wholesale Fish Dealers

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LUNCH



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Ladies
and
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CIGAR

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