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The Oracle Board



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"Go to College."

Bangor High School needs a Student Council. Present day conditions warrant the formation of a Student Council.

Why Not A Student Council? The affairs of Bangor High are not by any means beyond the power of the school authorities but we feel that the faults of today that are prevailing among the students can be remedied better and far more easily by students than by the faculty. If a B. H. S. boy is seen smoking on school property he is generally reprimanded by some one of the authorities. If he is the kind of boy who would be found smoking where it was forbidden, he is also the kind who would evade the teacher again if possible. Would he do the same if a boy from his own class in school had spoken to him about his smoking? What would have been the result? The smoker would have started to think and to hesitate and finally to stop smoking! Perhaps the fact that the boy stopped smoking may not be important but it may mean that the boy had been influenced permanently toward the right.

To cope with these ever-present problems a Student Council would be a mighty good thing. The Council should be composed of the following: The presidents and vice-presidents of the three upper classes, the editor of the "Oracle," and the captain of the football team in the Fall

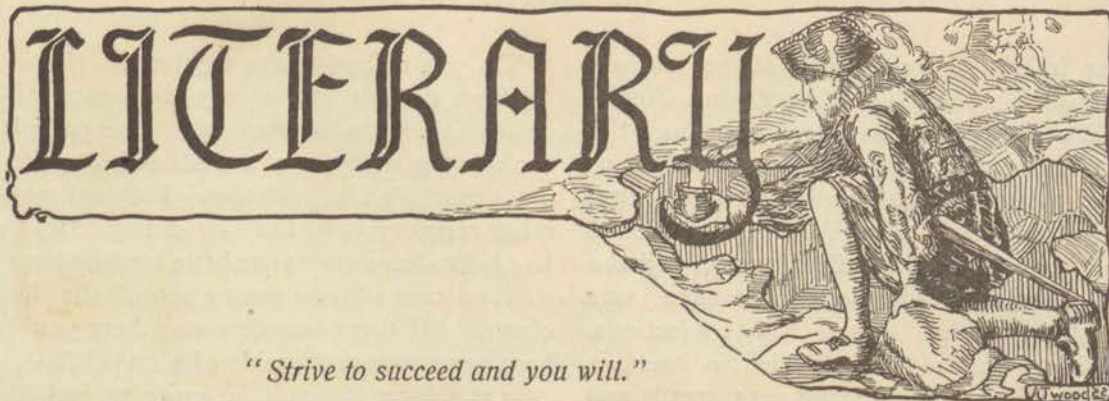
term, the basketball captain in the Winter term and the baseball captain in the Spring term. This council to be under the supervision of both the principal and the dean.

The quicker the council is organized the less the problems will become! Who knows?

On April 28 and 29, Friday and Saturday evenings at 8.15 o'clock, in the Assembly Hall of Bangor High School. **"The Man Without A Country"** the B. H. S. Dramatic Club will present "The Man Without a Country." Tickets for both nights should be obtained as soon as possible. The price is 25 and 15 cents. No reserved seats.

This will be the first time, at least in the past few years, that a play has been given in Bangor High on so large a scale and with so elaborate scenery. The play, "The Man Without a Country," is a meritorious play of today, dealing with a subject which has become in the past year or two vitally important to every person, young and old: Americanism.

The cast of this play is composed of Bangor High's Seniors, mostly boys, all of whom are suited to their parts and all of whom are working loyally and faithfully to give the school and city a play that will be long remembered as one of exceptional merit.



"Strive to succeed and you will."

LUCKY THIRTEEN

By Pearl R. Graffam, '22.

BAYVIEW had never had a boarding house before. Perhaps that was why "The Bayside," as it was called, attracted so much attention. It had the distinction of being the first as well as the only boarding house in the village. Bayview, in terms of modern slang, would be called a one-horse town. It was one of those sleepy little villages, so numerous in Maine and Vermont, where shingle nails, shoes, salt pork, and the day's mail may all be procured at the same place, where every family keeps its own cow and hens, and where the deacon still drives his old gray mare, holding the new-fangled automobile in deep scorn. Dr. Martin, Bayview's only doctor, had, however, despite the disapproving glances of his neighbors, purchased a Ford. Perhaps the inhabitants of the village could have overlooked this great mistake on his part had he not, at almost the same time, sold the big white house on Elm street, to an unknown person, coming from an unknown place.

This newcomer, Mrs. Breneau, was a thin, little woman of perhaps sixty years, although her snow white hair and her careworn face gave her the appearance of being much older. It was a sad, sweet face, wrinkled by years of worry and disappointment, yet it was capable of brightening up with a sunny smile whenever the sil-

ver lining peeped through the dark clouds. Where she came from nobody knew; what she came for nobody knew, but they were destined to find out soon. In less than a week after she purchased the house the neighbors were confronted by a glaring sign which read, "The Bayside, Board and Rooms." They were amazed, not so much at the information that she was going to run a boarding house as by the brevity of time it took her to get started. Her pace was apparently not that of Bayview. An early inhabitant of the village would have taken at least a month to put that sign up.

It was quite evident that Mrs. Breneau knew what she was doing. An enterprising business man from a neighboring city, in an earnest endeavor to arouse some of the Bayview inhabitants to a realization of the opportunities lying unnoticed before their very eyes, had started a small pulp mill in the village. Naturally, this attracted workmen from outside and a boarding house near their place of business did not come amiss at all. Indeed, within two weeks she had filled twelve of her thirteen rooms. Bayview was astounded at the rapidity with which things were happening.

It was Natalie Martin, the doctor's daughter, to whom the unexpected rush of events made the most difference. Perhaps she might be considered old fashioned.

Her father jokingly spoke of her as old fashioned, although to Great Aunt Mehitable she was (and had been ever since the day, when at the age of three, she had managed to tumble into the rain barrel), "that horrid tomboy." She WAS old fashioned in a vague almost indefinable way, and she WAS rather vivacious, but she was eighteen, which offset both objections. Besides being eighteen, which in itself, is rather distinctive, Natalie was small and dark. Her bright, mischievous looking, brown eyes sparkled with fun beneath long, brown lashes, while her curly brown hair defied all attempts to make it lie flat on her head. As to her reputation for being old fashioned, she owed that largely to the fact that she kept house for her father and preferred to stay at home cooking rather than attend sociables at the church. Jazz dances were unknown quantities in Bayview at that time. Just so, too, had boarding houses been unknown quantities until Mrs. Breneau's mysterious arrival and Natalie resented the fact that she must live next door to one.

"I think it is perfectly horrid of her to take boarders," stormed Natalie. "They are going to be a dreadful nuisance. I know I shall hate every one of them. Goodness knows, thirteen chickens are enough bother, without having a dozen young men move right in under your very windows."

The doctor smiled. Natalie, her cheeks flaming with indignation and her brown eyes fairly snapping, made him think of a petulant, ten year old child.

"Natalie, my dear," he said, gently, pulling her down onto the arm of his chair, "When ARE you going to grow up?"

It was her turn to smile. That question had been put to her by everyone from Great Aunt Mehitable to the minister's wife.

"Never," she declared with conviction. "Haven't I always told you that? What's the use of growing up before you have to?"

"Do you realize you're eighteen?"

"That doesn't make any difference. I positively refuse to grow up." She ruffled his hair the wrong way and started to make a spit curl on the bald spot which covered more territory than the hair did. "You'll be glad to have even your little tomboy here to take care of you pretty soon," she declared. "If these boarders stay here you'll be a nervous wreck inside of a month."

"Let's hope it won't be quite as bad as that," suggested the doctor.

"They'll be coming in at all hours of the day and night," she continued, disregarding his hopeful suggestion, "and they'll keep us awake till morning with their racket. I know they will. It's going to be terrible." Then abruptly, "There's that miserable Speckle in the garden again with every one of her cickens!" And, giving the spit curl a hasty pat, she dashed out of the house and down the path in pursuit of the troublesome chicks.

A week passed quickly and uneventfully for the occupants of the two white houses on Elm street. Natalie saw very little of the boarders for much to her surprise, they stayed on their own side of the rose garden, which was the dividing line between the two yards. Occasionally in the evening, the soft strumming of a guitar wafted across on the breeze; and once or twice she caught sight of them as they left for work in the morning, but for the most part they kept to themselves. She and Mrs. Breneau often made friendly little kitchen calls and Natalie came to like her very much. There was something about her that attracted Natalie's attention and aroused her curiosity, something almost mysterious in the quiet reserve and that sweet, half sad look. If she had friends she never spoke of them, nor did she ever mention a family. As far as Bayview gossips had been able to find out she was entirely alone in the world. Natalie often wondered where she came from and why and in some vague way she

felt that there was more behind that sad, longing expression than had ever been told. Although her liking and respect for Mrs. Breneau increased as the days passed, her antipathy for boarders in general and these in particular, was not lessened. And her first meeting with one of them was under rather unfavorable conditions.

It came one scorchingly hot Saturday morning. Natalie was scurrying around trying to get her cooking done before it became too hot to stay in the kitchen. Quite contrary to the usual order of things, everything seemed to be going wrong. One cake had fallen hopelessly and a pan of burned cookies sat still smoking on the shelf. In addition to these trials, her pet Angora kitten had accidentally walked across, or rather tried to walk across, a sheet of sticky fly paper. It required half an hour's careful work to separate one from the other and at the end of that time much of the paper had been transferred from the kitten's silky coat to Natalie's blue gingham apron, which did not improve matters greatly. With a sigh, she set the kitten down on the porch and started to enter the furnace-like kitchen when something in the far corner of the garden attracted her attention. Speckle, with persistence which she manifested not only on Saturdays but all the time, had again succeeded in getting out of her coop and was giving her thirteen chickens the most efficient instruction in the art of scratching up everything but worms. Natalie was annoyed. Snatching up the handiest thing possible, which happened to be a dish towel, she rushed after them, frantically waving the dish towel with one hand and the corner of her apron with the other and emitting all sorts of weird sounds calculated to inform Speckle that her presence was not desired. It was her own individual way of driving a hen.

"You miserable, old thing," she scolded, vehemently, "Get out of here, now. Shoo!"

With wild gestures which would have

shocked Great Aunt Mehitable, she brandished the towel and repeated the command, with the result that the thirteen chickens, as was quite natural, scattered in thirteen different directions. Natalie's patience was almost at an end.

"You hateful little things," she continued, "Why can't you stay in the coop where you belong? Shoo. Go 'long, now. Get out!"

"Can't I help you?"

Natalie looked up in astonishment. It was a masculine voice, refined and pleasant, but unwelcome at this particular time. Instinctively, she put her hands to her head, where her curls, with the perversity of curls in general, were doing their best to wriggle out of their confining bounds and curl up tight. Her blue gingham apron was smeared with flour and liberally spotted with tiny specks of fly paper. And she was just positive there was a smooch of stove polish on her nose. Why, oh, why, must a man, and one of the hated boarders at that, appear now?

"Could I not help you?" he asked again.

Natalie's ill humor got the better of her good manners.

"I should think perhaps you could," she replied ungraciously, "if you wanted to."

Apparently he did want to for he set to work with a will. Natalie noticed that he was young, tall and well built, with strong, broad shoulders which would have made a football coach look twice. Her anger began to melt somewhat.

"Thank you," she said, simply, as he closed the coop door. "I'm sorry I was rude. But really chickens are enough to try the patience of a saint." Then with a laugh, "I do believe thirteen is an unlucky number for this flock gets out oftener than any other flock on the street.

The newcomer laughed, too.

"They certainly are a bother," he agreed, encouragingly.

Natalie was on the point of prolonging

the conversation when a familiar but unpleasant odor reached her nostrils.

"Goodness gracious, those cookies!" she exclaimed, and with a murmured apology for her haste, she dashed off towards the house with as much abruptness and energy as she had manifested in her approach, leaving behind her a surprised and bewildered young man.

"How are the lucky thirteen behaving now?" he inquired, when next they met several days later.

"The unlucky thirteen are behaving wretchedly," was the reply. "Thirteen certainly is unlucky."

During the next few weeks the getting acquainted process progressed rapidly. Natalie learned that he was Ronald Woodford, bookkeeper at the pulp mill, and that it was he whom she had heard playing the guitar so often. On his part he learned that the doctor liked music and that Natalie played a mandolin, which were to him, two really important facts. Pleasant evenings usually found the occupants of both houses grouped on the doorsteps of one house or the other, where a tiny orchestra played for the benefit of the doctor and Mrs. Breneau, and incidentally for the benefit of the players themselves, who found much to interest them in Natalie's company. Ronald became a frequent visitor at the little white house and Natalie was often to be found with her sewing at the big white house. For some reason or other, boarders were not half as bad as they might be. Natalie also enjoyed being with Mrs. Breneau. It was a singular fact that the more intimate they became the less she knew about her. Although Mrs. Breneau could and did chat gaily on all sorts of subjects, she never told anything about herself. Natalie was puzzled. It was customary in Bayview for everybody to know everything about everybody else. Often in the evening, when they were all grouped on the broad piazza, Natalie would see Mrs. Breneau gazing at

her work with that far away look which seemed to penetrate the dainty lace she was crocheting and pass beyond, far, far away. What did she see with that far away look? Was it the friends she had left behind? Was the money question troubling her? What was it? On one such occasion Mrs. Breneau caught Natalie looking at her with wondering eyes. As if in answer to Natalie's unspoken question she laughed, a gay laugh with a break in it, which took all the gayness out.

"I am beginning to believe that thirteen is unlucky," she said.

"It isn't," contradicted Ronald. "It's lucky."

"Then why, if thirteen is so lucky, does my thirteenth room remain vacant all these weeks?" she questioned, jokingly.

"Say!" Ronald jumped up quickly and began to overhaul the contents of his pockets. "I've got an idea."

He produced a letter and glanced it over rapidly.

"Did you ever hear me speak of Bob Wharton?" he asked. "He and I were pals in the army. When the war ended I beat it for home as fast as I could get here. I was kind of banged up, anyway, so I wasn't much good over there. But Bob stuck to the army and went into Germany with the army of occupation. I got this letter from him this morning and he says he's coming home for good."

"When?" asked Natalie.

"He doesn't say. Just says he's coming to the States and may look me up before he goes West. Now, he'll be out of work and there's a dandy job down to the mill just waiting for the right fellow, and I'm sure room thirteen will just fit him."

"But," objected Natalie, "he'll want to get work nearer his own home."

"He hasn't any, that is, his folks are dead so it won't make much difference to him where he works."

"I'm sure I would be glad to have him

here," said Mrs. Breneau, rising. "If you write to him, Ronald, just tell him he's welcome to join our family."

She entered the house and Ronald availed himself of the opportunity to sit next to Natalie.

"Ever see Bob's picture?" he asked.

He opened the back of his watch and handed it to her. It contained two tiny pictures, one of a girl, a college friend, and the other of a boy in the olive drab of the army. Natalie looked at it long and searchingly.

"I give it up," she laughed, as she handed it back. "It seems as if I've seen him somewhere but I don't know where. There's something about him that looks familiar."

"I guess you've never seen him," said Ronald. "He hails from way out west somewhere. I ought to know where but I've forgotten." Then he added, "He's a corking good pal. We weren't together very long—war ended about as soon as I got into it—so I don't know very much about him but I know he's clear grit all right. I guess I wouldn't be here now if he hadn't dragged me half way across No Man's Land and dumped me into a dugout. Bob's all right."

"Why don't you write him and have him drop in here on his way home?" asked Natalie.

"I will," agreed Ronald. "I'll write tomorrow. Hope he hasn't already started. I'd like to see him once more."

Natalie changed the subject abruptly. "Here comes Dad," she announced. "I'll have to run home and find him some supper. He's spending his evenings at the hospital now so it makes his suppers come dreadfully late."

She folded up her work, which had been lying idle in her lap and danced gaily down the board walk which led to the curb where the doctor was just alighting from his auto. Half way there she turned around.

"Don't forget that march you're going to learn," she called. "Better practice it to-

night before you forget—"

A violent collision with someone coming from the other direction, cut short her sentence and nearly caused her to fall headlong. She whirled around.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she exclaimed, as she ascertained that the other person was not her father.

He, too, hastened to apologize.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "It was my fault entirely."

"I was partly to blame," said Natalie, earnestly, "for I should not have been walking backwards."

"Neither should I have been walking backwards. It was really my fault," he declared, just as sincerely. "I was star gazing. I hope—er—there's no damage done."

They both seemed so earnest and so eager to accept the blame that it lent the situation a touch of humor which dawned upon them both at the same time. Natalie burst out laughing. Her laugh was infectious and the newcomer laughed, too.

"I wonder if you could tell me," he said, when their laughter had subsided, "where Ronald Woodford lives?"

"Certainly," replied Natalie. "In this white house right here." And she called to Ronald, who from the hammock on the porch, had viewed the whole proceeding with amusement.

Ronald stretched his long legs leisurely and started down the steps. At the foot he gave a whoop and rushed up to the newcomer with every expression of surprise and joy.

"It's Bob Wharton," he shouted, "isn't it? Say, when did you get here and how did you know where to find me and how's the old boy, any way?"

"How's yourself?" greeted the other.

There followed much handshaking and slapping on the back during which Natalie withdrew quietly and started for home. Ronald called her back and formally introduced her to Bob.

"I'm very glad to know you," said Bob, smiling. "We've already met, Ron, rather—er—forcefully, I believe."

They all laughed. It was Mrs. Breneau, who broke in on their merriment to call to Natalie. In the gathering dusk she could not distinguish one from another but she judged from the laughter that Natalie and Ronald were in the little group on the sidewalk.

"Come and meet our mother, Bob," said Ronald. All the boys had taken to speaking of her as mother. "She's the best little woman in Bayview."

"Your thirteenth boarder has arrived," he called gaily to her. "Didn't I tell you thirteen was lucky? This is my pal, Bob Wharton, Mrs. Breneau— Say, what's the big idea?"

For with one bound Bob had caught the frail, little woman in a big, boyish embrace, which quite lifted her off her feet.

"Mother," he murmured, huskily.

"Richard," she quavered. "Richard!"

Ronald was mystified.

"I say," he began, "isn't there ~~some~~ mistake? This is Bob—"

"You can call me Dick now, old boy," Bob informed him. "It sounds more natural." Then he gave Mrs. Breneau another bear-like hug. "Gee, mother, it seems good to see you again. When I landed in this sleepy, little place I never dreamed I was coming home."

"Is it true," she murmured, wiping away a tear. "The papers said—"

"Don't you worry your dear head about that," he said consolingly. "It's all right, now. I know what the papers said. I did desert from the navy. It was too slow for me. I wanted to get into the thick of the

fight, so I just skipped out. I managed to get into the army and that was where I met Ron. If it hadn't been for him I might never have found you. Why did you move? I've been writing to the old address."

"But the papers said your body was found—" Her voice broke.

"There, there, mother, it's all right. They may have found my clothes but they didn't get me."

"But if you are caught—"

Richard laughed. "Don't you worry any more. I fessed up before I came home and they pardoned me. My war cross and my service in Germany helped out a whole lot. So everything's all right now."

Ronald and Natalie backed softly away into the shadows and disappeared.

"I can't get used to it," exclaimed Ronald. "To think that Bob isn't Bob! Richard Breneau. That doesn't sound right."

Natalie was rapidly putting two and two together and making one. "I knew there was something behind that far away look of hers," she declared. "And that picture. I thought I'd seen him before but it was because he looked like Mrs. Breneau."

"Didn't I tell you thirteen was lucky?" Ronald interrupted, mockingly.

"I'll beat you to the bars," challenged Natalie, by way of reply. And together they raced down the lane to the pasture, where, perched on the top rail of the bars, they watched the moon rise. Up in the big white house on Elm street, happiness reigned supreme and in the little white house across the rose garden, Dr. Martin, clad in a blue gingham apron, prepared his own belated supper.

SPRINGTIME

By Ada D. Emple.



HAT beautiful visions arise at the very thought of springtime! But now it is not necessary for us to form visions for everything is before our eyes.

Springtime, as all other seasons, is beautiful; it tempts one to sing and laugh. It is then that one longs to be free, to forget all his troubles. What a wonderful remedy is Springtime!

In the morning the dawn rises as the curtain on a stage, and there before us is a picture so divine and unreal that one rubs one's eyes to convince oneself that one is not dreaming. A picture so glorious do we behold that it seems Aladdin himself saw no sight equally beautiful.

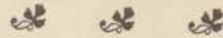
Springtime is the time that one repents. It is more powerful than prison bars or the stern voice of "Law," for at once one wants to make up for the wrongs one has committed. All thoughts of revenge are forgotten; all traces of wrath have faded. In Springtime more than ever before one longs to turn over a new leaf. We ask ourselves the cause of this sudden change, but alas, it remains, an unanswered question.

In springtime one can enjoy peace. To travel alone in the meadows with a book under your arm, and then lie down on the velvet grass and read is a thing most delightful, or to imagine yourself a poet or an artist and think of the poems you could compose and the pictures you could paint from the surrounding scenes. But finally you decide that no artist's hand could compare with that of Nature's. How well everything harmonizes! And how suddenly a little wind slowly moves the daisies, now this way now that, while they appear to be saying, "Welcome, welcome to our golden kingdom." Yes, yes, we truly love their beautiful home.

Not only is springtime beautiful in the

daytime, but also at night. At night the sun sets as the curtain on the stage falls. Slowly, slowly, this scene fades and a new scene takes place. All becomes calm and peaceful. Occasionally the hush of a gentle breeze and the song of a robin can be heard in the distance. At intervals the hooting of an owl can be faintly heard. And our way is lit by Phoebus when he puts out the silver moon in the realms above. In May the air is perfumed with the scent of Mayflowers, in June by the scent of roses and then what other miracles does Nature not perform. What does she not make spring from tiny seeds!

Is not springtime, therefore, more like a dream, as it seems to stay with us such a short time? If only the world would realize how beautiful Nature is, more people would learn to appreciate her loveliness.



Welcome Spring.

Welcome, dear Spring, we bid you seek
This cold, dark world, so calm and meek;
Furnish our gardens with red and gold
And make them as beautiful as of old.
Bring your dear smile, which causes to
flee
The snow on the mountains, the ice on the
sea,
The slumbering waters you also must call,
And cause them to ripple and then to fall
Over the mountain and into the glen.
Do all these things; we want summer
again.

—Villas Peters, '24.

FROM HANNIBAL HAMLIN SCHOOL

A FINE MORNING

By Charlotte Morrell, Grade VIII, Hamlin School.

One morning while I was visiting at a camp in the woods of Maine, I woke up earlier than usual. I was not tired enough to go to sleep again so I arose and went into the woods.

My thoughts were soon wrapped up in the marvelous beauties of nature. The gorgeous red-gold sun was just on the horizon. It illumined the forests until everything around me seemed at its height of splendor. As I stood there leaning against a tree the babbling of a brook, the sound of the birds beginning to call their daily greetings, and the murmuring of the pines as a welcome breeze passed through

them, reached my ears. The fascinating odor of the pines and cedars above, and the delightful fragrance of the wild flowers, on which the dew lay thick, reached my nostrils as I breathed into my lungs the fresh, pure air of the morning.

Oh, if it all could stay! If nature could have only remained like that so that all might see! But it could not last, soon it must fade, and black clouds take its place.

If any one present would like to see a sunrise like that, get up at three in the morning, because as "time and tide wait for no man," neither does the sunrise.

A BEAUTIFUL SUNSET

By Edna Dearborn, Grade VIII, Hamlin School.

Dreamily on the dark greensward, surrounded by cushions, sat the convalescent Ruth. Staring directly ahead of her, she seemed to see nothing until suddenly her attention was attracted toward a cabin nearby. A great, red glare shone from its window, and with fast throbbing heart the girl arose and walked toward this strange light, thinking that the dwelling was on fire.

Somehow as she walked, an instinct seemed to beckon her gaze upward, and, obeying this call, she cast her sparkling eyes to the azure dome above, and found, much to her relief, that the crimson glow gleaming from the cabin windows, was the reflection of a marvelous sunset. The exquisite charm of the day's good night stole silently over her, and, resuming her seat, she gazed with absorbent eyes upon the

magnificent scene. Never before had the huge ball of light cast such radiant rays on the brilliant world as it did on that memorable evening.

Starting in the center with shadows as dark as night, blending with more dazzling colors and then growing gradually fainter and fainter into the lightest of tints, as they "melted and mingled together" was this gorgeous glimpse of nature's handiwork. Being of an imaginative nature, Ruth seemed to picture, in those rays of wonder, fleecy clouds as mysterious isles in seas of almost every hue. More than an hour passed and still she watched this glorious sight until, slowly leaving the horizon "Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven, Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."



*"Words are like sea-shells on the shore; they show
Where the mind ends, and not how far it has been."*

The Junior Exhibition was held on March 24, in City Hall. As usual, the speaking was exceptionally fine and, interesting. The following decision was given by the judges:

Medals: Louise M. Ayer, Robert F. Cochran.

Honorable Mention: Leonora E. Hall, Jacob K. Bigelson.

At Senior chapel, March 23, a surprise awaited the Seniors, when, after chapel exercises, a mixed quartet composed of Clyde Jones, Dorothy Black, Dorothea Dyer and Everett Murdock sang.

The Freshmen election resulted as follows: President, Roderic O'Connor; vice-president, Caroline Collins; treasurer, Harry O'Leary; secretary, Helen Russ.

Nine of the ten boys who spoke in the Junior Exhibition last year, entered the trials for the Lyford Speaking Contest, which is held annually at Colby college. The decision of judges resulted in LeRoy Campbell and Robert Coyne being chosen to represent B. H. S. this year.

Those who have led chapel are Frances Willetts, Howard Corning, Eileen Kane, Wilson James and Faye Everett. In chapel Thursday, March 9, LeRoy Campbell gave his argument for the negative side

of the Bates League question, and on Friday, Harold O'Connell spoke on the same subject.

The 1921-22 catalogue contains some slight changes in requirements for graduation. Beginning next year a Senior must have 75 credits in order to graduate. Changes have also been made in the technical course curriculum in order to meet the requirements of several institutions; and hereafter any student choosing that course must take either French or Spanish for three years or both for two years.

The Bangor High School R. O. T. C. rifle team defeated the rifle team from Morgan Park Military Academy of Chicago, by the decisive score of 1874 to 1546, in a specially arranged match between the two schools. The Bangor team has a right to feel proud of their victory as the Chicago academy is a military institution of high standing. Bangor also entered two teams in the school group of the match conducted by the United Service of New England. Bangor's first team held first place by a margin of nearly 100 points over its nearest competitor, Boston English High. The four winners of the different matches will shoot for the indoor championship of New England soon.

A combined basketball and baseball rally

was held March 13, just after the basketball team returned from the Bates tournament. George Daley and Coach McCann, both deeply interested in the school and its athletic activities, spoke praising the team for its fine work, sympathizing with them in their recent defeat, and encouraging them in regard to the coming Tufts tournament. Both were strongly in favor of B. H. S. having a baseball team and they urged that the student body support it as other schools support their teams. If the students were half as interested in the school's athletics as are the business men of Bangor, B. H. S. would never sit back and watch another school get ahead of her.

During the absence of Mme. Estelle Beaupre, members of the Senior classes were appointed by Madame to teach the classes taking French III. while she instructed Mme's. Those appointed were: Ruth DeMeritt, Henry Dowst, Frances Willetts, Pearl Graffam and LeRoy Campbell.

A short time ago the girls of the school who are interested in nursing as a profession were privileged to hear a fine lecture by Mrs. Boutelle, the head of the training school for nurses at the Eastern Maine General hospital. She spoke of the origin and history of the nursing profession and of the glorious future in store for it. To those girls who plan to take a nurse's training course after High school, she outlined in careful details the work of training, mentioning its disappointments and sacrifices and the final joy of schievement. Never, except at war time, has there been a greater demand for trained nurses, and a trained nurse now must be strong in body and mind and must possess an earnest desire to succeed. She answered questions asked by the girls and gave them a more definite idea of what a training course must mean to a girl. The lecture was most in-

teresting and instructive. Mrs. Boutelle also arranged to have groups of girls visit th hospital at various times.

The Bates League question, "Resolved, That the Federal Government Should Own and Operate the Coal Mines," has been the subject for several debates lately. On March 6, an interesting debate was held between the boys' debating organizations, represented by LeRoy Campbell, Harold O'Connell, and Henry Dowst, and the Girls' Debating society, represented by Blanche Bowden, Helen Fowle, and Faye Everett. It was won by the boys who upheld the negative side of the question.

In the Bates League debate the Bangor girls' team was defeated by the Milo team. Miss Mabel Lancaster, Mr. Earl Smith, and Miss Alta Gray, alternate, represented Milo High. The Bangor affirmative team was composed of Misses Blanche Bowden, Helen Fowle, and Arleen Weiler, alternate. The debate was most interesting and showed that both teams had thoroughly studied their subject. Their arguments were clear and convincing and the judges had some little difficulty in their decision.

Before the debate the girls from the domestic arts course served a delightful luncheon at the High school. Those present besides the members of both teams were Dean Mary C. Robinson of Bangor, and Mr. Jellison of Milo.

The boys' team, LeRoy Campbell, Harold O'Connell and Walter Whittin, alternate, won from Milo High by a two to one decision. The Bangor team upheld the negative side of the Bates League question. Mr. Campbell was chosen the best speaker of the evening.

A meeting of the Senior class was held the fifth period, March 2. Madame Beaupre addressed the assembly. Her words were appropriate and much needed by the whole school.



MUSIC



"The origin of music is attributed to the whole range of human emotion."

—Theophrastus

All the knowledge we would have of the music of the early period of the human race must be had from the discoveries of archaeologists and the conjectures of historians. Its origin is so obscure, like that of the human race itself, that it is hard to say to which part of the world we owe the credit of being inhabited by a people disposed to music at so early a date.

But a fact that can not be disputed is that where there is man there must be expression and it seems that sound, or music, is capable of expressing more thought than is unable to be expressed through words, gestures, writing, or even sculpture and painting. The voice is probably the first means these prehistoric people had to music and then the desire to keep time or to tap regularly, created rhythm, thus leading to instruments of wood, stone, metal, skin or clay for that purpose. The drum is supposed to be the first instrument brought into existence, which is easily believed, as it furnishes the means of rhythm, so natural to man. Then followed instruments much like our own governed by a system of scales originated probably to regulate or make orderly the confusion of sounds or tones.

China claims that music began in that country three thousand years before the birth of Christ but unfortunately, many records of the older nations of Asia are lost and what knowledge there is comes from carvings and inscriptions showing that in India, Arabia, Babylonia, Assyria, Egypt,

Persia and among the Hebrews, both instrumental and vocal music was known. But it was really with the Greeks that the foundations of our own present day music were laid.

The Hebrews, too, gained much of their knowledge of music in Egypt, but they are to be accredited for much originality. They associated more closely their poetry and music. David, the poet-king, wrote many of the tunes to which his Psalms were sung. The principal relation that the Hebrews have to the history of music arises from the enduring impress which the works of the Psalmist and other portions of the Scriptures have made upon the music of the Christian church.

The beginning of music in Greece mingled with myths, but it became one of their greatest arts along with their poetry, sculpture and painting.

So, the history of music like the history of mankind in those early times, is so indefinite, so entangled in a maze of facts, that it is hard to know just what to believe. But these are a few facts gathered from reliable sources.

"We may regard rhythm as the intellectual side of music, melody the sensuous side. Rhythm denotes a thought; it is the expression of a purpose. There is will behind it; it is an act. Melody, on the other hand, is an almost unconscious expression of the senses; it translates feeling into sound. It is the natural outlet for sensation."—MacDowell.

Junior Exhibition Awards



LOUISE M. AYER

MEDAL

WINNERS



ROBERT F. COCHRAN

Junior Exhibition Awards



LEONORA E. HALL

HONORABLE

MENTION



JACOB K. BIGELSON



"History repeats itself."

Elizabeth Head, B. H. S., '19, now a Junior at Wellesley, recently took a prominent part in the annual operetta of the Wellesley College Barn Swallows' Association. Two performances of "Right About Face" were given at the college.

Florence U. Salley, B. H. S., '17, has returned to Bethlehem, N. H., where she is teaching in the High school, after a brief visit at the University of Maine.

Eleanor Hicks, '21, and Ruth Crowell, '21, who are attending the Forsyth School of Prophylactic Nurses, have recently been home for a week's vacation.

The Public Library is planning to send two of its competent workers to summer college courses in library science. Mrs. Hortense Harding Davis, B. H. S., '08, will study at Simmons, and Miss Olive M. Smythe, Calais Academy, '17, will attend Columbia.

The Bangor friends of Miss Gertrude L. Illsley, will be interested to hear of her marriage to Rev. Frank W. Padelford, New York, formerly of Calais. The bride is a graduate of B. H. S. and of Colby. Dr. Padelford also attended Colby. At pres-

ent he is the head of the bureau of publicity and statistics of the Northern Baptist convention and the secretary on the board of education.

Beulah M. Chandler and Edgar Babcock were recently united in marriage. Both Mr. and Mrs. Babcock are graduates of B. H. S., '21.

A wedding of interest to Bangor people took place March 8, when Emma Eames, B. H. S., '13, and Ernest Redman were united in marriage. Mrs. Redman is a favorite local soloist, and Mr. Redman is a chemist for the Eastern Manufacturing Co.

The engagement has been announced of Rebecca B. Farnham, ex '21, to Charles Moore Smith. Many friends extend congratulations.

A shock to many Bangor people was the sudden death of Stanley Stevenson, which was indirectly due to his exposures while in war service. Mr. Stevenson, a graduate of the U. of M., married Miss Ruth Sullivan, '17, last September, the couple removing to Pennsylvania. Since her husband's untimely death Mrs. Stevenson has returned to Bangor.



"Fair play, and may the best man win."

BANGOR HIGH VS. U. M. FRESHMEN.

Tuesday evening, February 21, Bangor High School defeated the U. of M. Freshmen in a game played in connection with the Winter Carnival. Although tired by the hard trip to Auburn, and the game played the night before, the team showed that it had wonderful staying qualities. Bangor's passing was superior to that of the college boys, who relied more on individual playing.

Bangor High (29) U. of M. Freshman (18)
 Flannagan, l.f., 1 (4).....r.b., Sherburne
 Kamenkovitz, r.f., 1.....l.b., Maniol
 F. McClay
 E. McClay, c., 2.....c., Tracey
 Collins, l.b.....4 (5) r.f., Kneeland
 Short, r.b., 8 (1).....2 (1) l.f., Taylor

BATES TOURNAMENT.

The first game at the Bates tournament was played with Shead Memorial High of Eastport. Bangor won easily, using all the men she had.

In the second round, Northeast Harbor High was played and defeated.

In the finals, Bangor played South Portland. This was an off game for Bangor, and the Capers only won at that after three of the men had been put out under more or less suspicious circumstances.

DEXTER GAME.

Bangor High defeated the fast Dexter five, Friday evening, March 3, at City Hall. The game was played before the largest crowd that ever witnessed a basketball game in Bangor. The home team did not make a very good start. Just before the game, when the team came out to practice, Captain Ed McClay slipped and fell, injuring his knee so badly that he was not able to play.

Bangor High (55)	Dexter High (23)
Flannagan, l.f., 4.....	2 r.b., Hall
Kahmenkovitz, r.f., 9.....	1.l.b., Coughlin
F. McClay, c., 5.....	4 (4) c., Champeon
Collins, l.b., 1.....	3 r.f., Ambrose
Short, r.b., 6 (5).....	2, l.f., Keyte

TUFTS TOURNAMENT.

Bangor did very well at the Tufts tournament, when it is taken into consideration that it took the winner of the tournament to beat them.

In the first round Bangor played and defeated Winthrop High, 31 to 26. The game was an exhibition of brilliant passing. "Touchy" Short was the star performer for the Bangor team.

In the second round we were defeated by Brockton High. Billhardt, the Brockton right forward, was the high point man for the winning team, and also of the whole meet.

"Touchy" Short was picked as right back of the All-New England second team.

PERSONALS



"Chips from other wood-piles."

Not So Dull.

Rapp—I suppose you think you are pretty sharp.

Snapp—I'm sharp enough to cut your acquaintance, anyway.

Stringing Him.

The man who is entirely wrapped up in himself carries a mighty small package.

Profit From Loss.

Failure, to the man who learns, means experience, and experience is equipment, and equipment is wealth.

At December 31st Usually.

"Mamma, what's this?" asked a little four-year-old, picking up a calendar her father had brought home.

"It's a calendar, dear. It's something by which we tell the time of the year or the month or week."

The little one turned it over carefully for a minute or two. "Mamma," she inquired anxiously, "where do you wind it up?"

Reporter is Still Running.

Wisconsin paper—W. D. Thompson was a caller at the Kintner home, Friday, looking for a first-class hog. That's where he can find one.

Modernized.

First writer—I want a newer expression for "between the devil and the deep sea."

Second ditto—Oh, just say: "Between an empty furnace and an unpaid coal bill."

Certainly Not.

You can't expect to keep your friends if you give them away.

Mr. W—: "This plant belongs to the begonia family."

Bright Student: "Oh! And you are taking care of it in their absence."

Young Dental Couple, Presumably.

Report of Western wedding—"Standing in an arch of ferns, smilax and pink flowers of the season, the young couple plighted their tooth."

Long-Standing Burden.

"We hope Europe will soon get on her feet and off ours," hopes J. M. C.

No Brains.

The shades of night were falling fast, The fool "stepped on it" and rushed past.

A crash—he died without a sound; They opened up his head and found

Excelsior!

Experience Costly.

"A man never knows what he can do until he tries."

"That's so, and then he's often sorry that he found out."

Stereotyped Alibi.

Mistress—Bridget, I'm afraid you have broken your word.

Bridget (absent-mindedly)—Shure, mum, it must have been the cat.

Wideawake L. G.

"The little Welshman is the cleverest man in England," said a London workman. "You'd have to get up early in the mornin' to beat Lloyd George."

"Ay," returned his friend, "and when you got up early you'd find he'd been up all night waitin' for you."

Works Overtime At It.

When a man starts out to make a fool of himself he usually disregards union hours.

Teacher (in history): "If the President and Vice-President died, who would get the job?"

Brilliant Boy: "The undertaker."

A Code Message.

An old farmer visiting the city handed the clerk a telegram to be sent consisting of the address and eight vertical strokes.

"But surely you are not going to send this," said the clerk.

"Now that's all right, miss," said the old fellow. "If them strokes come out the same at t'other end, my missus 'll know as I shall be home at 8 o'clock. Her can't read or write, but her can count, so just see as you puts the proper strokes in."

This Cook's a Cuckoo.

Mistress—Bridget, what ails the cuckoo clock? I haven't heard it lately.

Biddy—Well, mum, there do be a strange cat around the kitchen an' likely the pore bur-rd is afeared to come out.

Getting Back.

Waiter—"Grilled steak, and choose a tough one."

Chef (in surprise)—"Why tough?"

Waiter—"The chap who ordered it used to be my sergeant-major."

Friends for a Short Time.

We were taking the fresh-air children back to the city. At the last minute we missed small Annie. We made a hurried search and found her at last on the floor beside her bed, with hed face buried in the pillow. "What's the matter, Annie?" we asked. "What are you crying for?" "I ain't crying," was the indignant reply. "I was just kissing my bed good-bye, cause I don't know when I'll ever see another."—Youth's Companion.

Verbal Barrage.

"Shall I go over the top?" asked the talkative barber, poising his shears.

"Yes," as soon as your gas attack is over," answered the weary customer.

A Dignified Silence.

The Interviewer—"And please, sir, what have you to say on the subject of anonymous letters?"

The Great Man—"Stupid missives! I admit I invariably read anonymous letters—but I never answer them."

Just So.

A gas which causes violent sneezing is among the American war inventions. It would play a large part in bringing matters to an 'ishoo.

Theoretically O. K.

"I always believe in saving something for a rainy day."

"How much have you put by?"

"Not a blame cent, btu I believe in the idea."

A Freshman sat on a burning deck,

So I once did hear—

But he in perfect peace did sit,

For he was too Green to burn!

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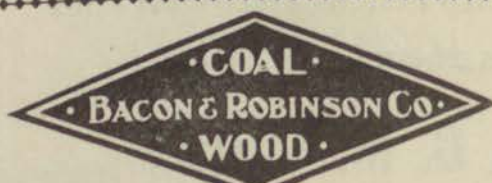
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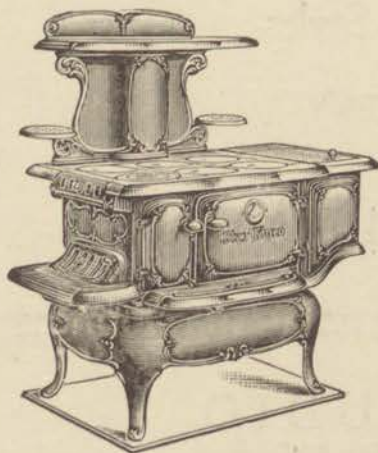
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