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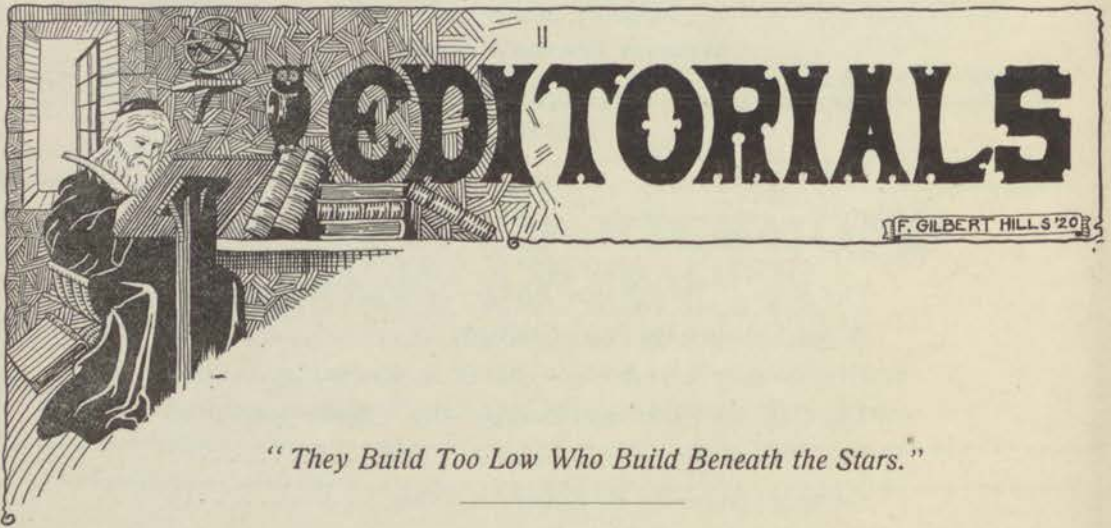
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"They Build Too Low Who Build Beneath the Stars."

While as a rule, if one is able to speak the English language correctly, he is doubly **Better** able to write it correctly, on the **English in** other hand, any poor choice of **Written** words or slight mistake in sentence structure is doubly sure of **Work** being detected. Written or printed matter remains in a condition to be referred to or examined long after that of the tongue has passed out of existence. Consequently, one can never be too careful in his selection of words or method of expressing himself, however trivial the published article.

When a piece is well and carefully written the words glide one after another without jar or harshness. The ear is pleased and there is nothing to prevent the mind grasping the subject or thought under consideration. The first step is to collect every

possible detail concerning the subject treated. Then present the facts in a manner suited to your own mental calibre and that of the prospective readers. It must be clear, simple and direct in order to carry effectively to the greatest number of people.

When a wholesale or retail merchant attempts to sell to the public a certain article that merchant explains very **Selling** carefully in an interesting way **Your Ca-** the characteristics, the advantages and the price of that article. Such is salesmanship in business. Salesmanship cannot be productive unless it is fully supported by the house it represents in the way of advertising. In other words advertising is one of the most important parts in the backbone of salesman-

ship. To go still further a merchant in order to sell goods must use paying salesmanship backed by advertising.

These above statements are found true not only in business but also in regard to ourselves, for it is a foregone conclusion that we must sell our talents to the world eventually. Before a boy or girl starts out to face the world and to assume the responsibilities which will surely be met, sometimes gladly and sometimes unwillingly, he must be prepared to venture forth. He must have a high school education to say the least, for one of the first questions the world asks concerns one's education. This is the place where advertising comes into one's life. Education is the best advertisement a boy or girl can obtain to back his or her own salesmanship. For a boy or girl to graduate from high school and then call his education completed may be compared to a business man who expends only half what he should for advertising. To advertise extensively and to go to college have a similar result for the business man and the ambitious boy or girl. The latter must have educational backing in this world before anyone will notice him or before he can sell his characteristics for their full value. Ever since the beginning of human events everyone's goal has been success and everyone's desire is to trim the other fellow to it. Man has not changed in this respect. There is still the same desire and goal that there was long before the days of the Roman Empire. Therefore, everyone should, after the completion of his high school course, go to college, so that at the end of the best four years of his life he will be able to face the business world and sell his ideas without the usual difficulty which a non-college graduate has to employ; for he has already been advertised for four years. A college education is thus one of the best stepping-stones to success.

H. N.

The most atrocious spelling of words in

ordinary use is a very common occurrence.

Why Not Better Spelling?

Civil Service examinations show that 85 per cent. of the candidates fail in this one subject. Probably nothing weakens our confidence in another's ability so much as the discovery of his inability to spell correctly—yet perhaps nothing is more common. While it is considered a disgrace not to be able to spell correctly the words one uses, at the same time little credit is given to a good speller because it is one of the things that are demanded of every one. Good spelling is even more essential than good writing. When one is uncertain of the spelling of a word there is always the possibility of "letting it slide" or the alternative of consulting a dictionary. Why not form the latter habit? It is but very little more work, and just imagine the difference in your results!

Every school in the country should have and probably almost every school has a school song. Bangor High School has one, a good one but old, written before the war, in 1912, and the students have ceased to sing it. There are several members of our school who are well able and ready to cooperate with someone either to write the words or compose the music of a new song. This ought to be done and done at once, so that at the beginning of next year Bangor High's entering class may learn a school song that will make them realize the spirit of which Bangor High is so famous. Not only for this reason is a new song needed but for the need of having some song which the school can sing at the athletic contests. Furthermore, at the rallies held throughout the year and at the regular weekly singing periods to come, opportunities will be given when we will wish that a suitable school song was available. It is to be hoped that every student who possesses either musical or poetical talent

will make an early attempt to write such a song.

The question may have arisen in the minds of the readers just what kind of a song the writer thinks suited for a school of such great achievements and high ideals as ours. A school song must be representative of the school which it lauds, therefore let the song be full of life, ambition and enterprise; let it be written in march form, with a tuneful melody so that it will linger long in the minds and hearts of the school's graduates; let the words of the song be colorful, worthy of the school and abounding in the ginger and pep of which Bangor High is famous. The time is ripe; where is the poet?

H. N.

BETTER ENGLISH.

"Away With Haste!"

"Away! away with haste! and away with carelessness, its nearest bosom friend!" should be the motto of every student and every writer aspiring to excel in English. It is a solemn fact that literature, as nothing else, calls forth the best that is in the character of the author to make the production profitable and lasting. The student that proves his theorems with the hasty proof, "It stands to reason," or guesses at the significance of a Latin sentence by a hasty glance at its exterior, or discharges any task with the careless assertion, "That's good enough," will likely conceive the idea that English composition is merely the assembling of words; but alas, his disappointment when he finds that his composition can neither be heard nor read with pleasure or profit! Hardly could such a man as Dr. Samuel Johnson produce a work of any duration when writing under the severe pressure of debt, or striving to fill an almost expired contract; nor could Thomas Babington Macauley give to his work the greatest worth of his genius until

he was willing to analyze almost every phrase of his composition. Therefore, it is absolutely safe to assert that every prospective writer or speaker of English literary composition must overcome any propensity for haste and thereby rid himself of carelessness.

Haste, too, is an enemy to the vision which every writer must possess. Even as the great Master-builder saw the end of all things from the beginning, so the author must picture to himself the completion of his work even before he assumes his task. The mind that is actuated by haste cannot possess this vision, neither can it create new things or lend art to the old. One of the great evils of our age is that the young do not allow themselves time to think. That, too, is the reason why many of the greatest men of today are the men who came from the country districts where they have had time to meditate upon the worth while things of life, where they have had time to think for themselves. Perhaps, too, it was because of those early years spent in the quiet Stratford-on-Avon that Shakespeare was able to give to his stormiest drama the pleasing background of nature and portray its characters true to life. He possessed that vision that was capable of picturing things as they ought to be.

Thus, those who have succeeded in the literary life are those who have been thoughtful and careful in youth. It was out of that deep consciousness of duty and honesty to others, nourished in youth in that wilderness home, that Abraham Lincoln was able to give to the world that wonderful gem, "The Gettysburg Speech." It was Longfellow, who in youth, loved to list to the whispering murmur of the Deering Wood and list in the moonlight to the rippling of the water under Tukey's bridge, who was able to weave out of the material which another had condemned as worthless, the wonderful tale of "Evangeline." It was Washington Irving, whose

boyhood propensity led him to explore strange places and things and to meditate upon anything unusual, who was able to delineate the beauty of nature and the fascination of historic art. It was he who was able to give birth and character to pure American literature.

Then, too, only those who have been thoughtful of their theme and faithful to their task have given to the world a lasting work. Virgil, the famous poet, was unwilling that his great "Aeneid" should ever appear, when he realized that death was about to deny him the time to revise it. John Bunyan, in the isolation of his prison cell, was able, only by searching beyond the material world, to picture so vividly the reality of the spiritual life in his ever famous "Pilgrim's Progress." The writer then must be, willing to read, as Macauley has expressed it, "twenty books to write one."

In conclusion, since literature is not the traffic or production of a day nor the work of a single genius but rather the inheritance of the rich experiences of ages and the bequeathing of that inheritance to the generations to come, it demands the best that is in human character to give. It demands, as Henry Van Dyke has said, four elements: First, "an original impulse"; second, "a first hand study of the subject and material"; third, "a patient, joyful, unsparing labor for the perfection of form;" and lastly, "a human aim,—to cheer, con-

sole, purify, or ennoble the life of the people. Without this aim literature has never sent an arrow close to the mark."

—By LeRoy A. Campbell, '21.

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

By M. C. R.

Who cares what the teachers are doing? The Oracle declares that it does, so let us see what we can find of interest—"if any," as the examination papers say.

Where did the teachers spend Easter vacation? Those women with domestic ties did what other women do in the spring; put into violent and, let us hope efficient, agitation, broom, vacuum cleaner, dishcloth and other offensive weapons against the great enemy, dirt.

Miss Hope Buxton visited Leland Powers' School of Expression.

Miss Bernice Dunning and Miss Irene Cousins visited Portland.

Miss Utecht went to Topsham, Miss Skinner to Houlton.

Mr. Willard Eaton visited Augusta, where he observed the legislature in action.

Miss Floyd spent her vacation at her home in Laconia, N. H.

Miss Sweetser was in Yarmouth.

Miss Roseland in Auburn.

Mr. Proctor passed the vacation in town, engaged in the pleasant occupation of moving from French street to Pine.

Miss Parker spent her vacation in Belfast (Maine).





"A Man May Have Knowledge Without Having Wisdom."

THE RACE OF THE YANKEE FLYER

By Wade White.



WELL, this certainly looks good," said my chum, George Springer, as he handed me the newspaper that he had been reading. This is what he pointed out to me:—

NOTICE.

"There will be a free for all road auto race between this city and Spartansburg on July 20. All wishing to enter cars will see J. M. Maxwell, Room 524, Traders' Bank Bldg. All entries must be made before 12 o'clock, noon, of July 10."

After I had read the notice George said, "Think we would have any chance?"

"I don't know," I replied, "but we can try."

George and I had constructed a racing car according to our own ideas and, although we had won several short races, we had not had a chance as yet to take part in any long race. This car we had named "Yankee Flyer." The "Flyer" was heavy for a racing car but the extra weight was offset by scientific streamlining and the absence of all fenders and other wind-resisting parts that could be done away with. Also the engine was of a very speedy and powerful design.

The next day George and I went down town to see Mr. Maxwell about entering our car for the race. After filling out several cards with the necessary information, Mr. Maxwell told us briefly what the rules

of the race would be, stating that a full set of the rules would be sent to us later with our position at the start.

George and I then went home and began to go over and adjust the various parts of the mechanism. We also practiced a good deal at changing tires, finally getting so we could change a tire in forty-five seconds. We carried four spare tires, each mounted on a complete wheel and ready to mount on the axle at a second's notice.

After getting the engine adjusted we made several runs into the country to test the engine and to discover any minor adjustments that needed to be made. Finally the engine was working as nearly perfect as possible.

At last the morning of the 19th arrived. We spent the forenoon and about half the afternoon going over the motor and brakes for the last time. About three o'clock we went to bed to get some sleep before starting, for the race started at midnight of the nineteenth of July. Getting up at about ten o'clock, we ate a hearty lunch and, after filling a thermos bottle with hot coffee, we were ready to start.

We went out to the garage and got into the car. I pushed the self-starter but the engine after a few attempts to go stopped dead. Hastily piling out, we commenced to work over the motor. We soon found that the trouble was with the automatic gasoline pump on the dashboard. This, as

nearly as we could tell, had been tampered with while we were asleep for we certainly had left the engine in perfect order. It took a long time to get the pump working again, but finally when we started the engine she ran smoothly.

George, who was at the wheel, threw the "Flyer" into gear and we started. "Four miles and only ten minutes left to do it in!" shouted George as we shot along the road. Believe me, we did not stop to see whether the signs said the speed limit was six or sixty miles per hour; anyway, I guess our speedometer was registering nearer sixty miles per hour than it was six. We arrived on time and had two minutes to spare.

We had drawn the number two, which meant we should be the second to start. We moved up into position and waited for the signal to be given. Although it was nearly midnight, there was a big crowd out to see us start. The square from where we were to start, was crowded and the streets that we were to follow, each had their quota of watchers.

At just twelve o'clock the pistol cracked and the first car shot into the darkness. I then moved up to the starting line. Ninety seconds later the pistol cracked again and I threw the "Flyer" into gear. We were off! George, who had given me the place at the wheel when we got to the starting place,—for I was to drive during the race,—was now swinging the spotlight from side to side to make sure that no one was attempting to cross the street. From time to time he would also work the hand oil pump to help out the flow of oil through the engine.

I took about ten minutes to work the speed up to the full ninety miles per hour, in order that I might not heat the engine up too quickly. After that we kept as nearly as possible to that speed. We reached the first station at about two o'clock. Here we filled our gas tanks and, after registering the time of our arrival, we started out again. We were just two min-

utes later than the leading car in leaving this station.

From then on the ground became a little more hilly and sometimes on a stretch of good straight road we could see the lights of the "Ghost," as the leading car was named. Around four o'clock, we stopped at the second station. After filling our tanks we started on, now only one and a half minutes behind the "Ghost."

After four o'clock it commenced to grow lighter. About five o'clock, one of the rear tires blew out, causing a delay of fifty-five seconds. From then on we commenced to see groups of people, at about every house, that had come out to watch us pass. At six o'clock we passed through the third station. Here we found that we had not lost any time on the "Ghost," for they were still one and one-half minutes in the lead.

From then on the groups of watchers increased, and, at one place I caught a glimpse of a man turning the handle of a movie camera. I guess there was no lack of motion in those films. Twenty-five miles from the third station I passed the "Ghost" in the ditch with engine trouble. I slowed down a trifle and sounded my siren in passing them while George shouted "What's the matter? Tired?" The driver looked up and scowled at us. Later, we found that he was the person who had tried to disable the "Flyer" and keep us out of the race; also we discovered later that he had put a handful of sand into our gas tank, thinking that if we did succeed in repairing the dash pump, the sand would flow into the carbureter and thus choke that delicate piece of mechanism. This accident was prevented by a conical shaped filter that we had soldered over the outlet of our gas tank.

We had gone barely ten miles more when we were forced to take to the ditch on account of engine trouble ourselves. We had very little trouble locating and repairing this, for it was only a wire that had rattled loose and caused one cylinder to go on a

strike. It took barely two minutes to repair this and so no cars passed us.

About eight thirty-five we passed through the last station, the "Ghost" coming in just as we commenced to pick up speed for the last lap of the race. This last lap was hardest of all for there were more hills to climb than we had climbed in all the rest of the race. But, finally, about 11 o'clock, we reached the city limits. Even then we did not slacken speed for everything was cleared out of our way along the streets that we were to follow. We crossed the finish line at exactly eleven eleven

o'clock A. M.,—just eleven hours and ten minutes after leaving the home town, or, as we reckoned it later, just ten hours and fifty-five minutes of actual running time.

Oh boy, didn't we feel proud when the newspapers published an account of the race on the front page of their sporting section, together with the picture of the "Yankee Flyer" with George and me sitting in her! And what suited us better still, the movie man who had been filming the race, engaged the "Flyer" for a series of pictures he was taking, and hired George and me to run her.

WILLIE ENLISTS

By Pearl Graffam.

Scene I.

The Living Room of the Ashby Home.

Enter Mr. Ashby and William, the twelve-year-old son. Mr. Ashby seats himself by the table and opens the evening paper while William slouches down in the big armchair by the fire.

W.—Gee, I ain't going to study tonight. I'm going to the movies with Dick. (Rises and starts back out of the room).

Mr. A.—William!

W.—Yes?

Mr. A.—Have you prepared your lessons for tomorrow?

W.—Not yet. I'll get 'em when I git back. All I've got is English and Latin.

Mr. A.—I think you had better not go out this evening, William. Remember your studies must come first.

W.—Am jiminy, how can a feller study a night like this? Latin's no good anyway, and I can talk English without learning.

Mr. A.—Those are two of the most important subjects you can study in high school. In fact, I think English IS the most important. And if you study hard now in your freshman year you will always be thankful for it.

W.—By gum, I don't see it. What's the use of making a feller study ALL the time?

Can't he never have no fun?

Mr. A.—When you get out into the world among other men you will be judged by your English. You may get into some position, where you would give everything just to be able to speak your own language correctly.

W.—Aw, well, I'll git 'em when I come home.

(Mr. A. rises and lays down his paper).

Mr. A.—William, you will prepare your lessons BEFORE you go out.

W. (returning)—Jumpin' fish-hooks! There ain't no sense in studyin' English nor Latin, neither. It don't do a bit of good.

Mr. A.—Some day you may see the good of it. (Starts to leave the room).

W. (throwing himself into armchair again)—Sufferin' cats! You'd never let a feller do what he wanted to.

Mr. A.—Did you speak, William?

W.—Naw.

(Exit Mr. A.)

Scene II.

A part of the battlefield in Grammarland. Enter Generalissimo I, with General Verb and Colonel Noun. Messengers, recruiting officers, etc.

I—How is the battle progressing on the western front?

G. V.—Very slowly, when I left. Good English seems to be making very little headway in the New World.

(Enter William unnoticed by officers).

C. N.—Our forces are holding their own. It is possible that we could gain a victory within the next few centuries if we only had more men.

W. (aside)—Say, I guess I'll enlist!

(Enter Interjection with a message).

I—What is the report?

Int.—The double superlatives have been put to flight but our army has been cut to pieces. The double negatives are still resisting our efforts. Men are needed.

I—Go back and say that I will send in fresh troops immediately.

(Exit Interjection).

W. (rushing up to recruiting officer)—Do you need recruits?

R. O.—We are in great need of them. Would you care to enlist?

W.—Yes, sir.

R. O.—Have you had any experience?

W.—No, sir.

R. O.—Then under ordinary circumstances you would have to begin at the beginning as an Interjection. However, just now we are in great need of a preposition to govern that phrase yonder, and if you think you can fulfill the duties of a preposition you may have the place.

W.—Oh, yes, sir, I think I can do it. What do I have to do?

R. O.—Arrange you men and get ready to advance. We shall advance upon the enemy in anapestic trimeter formation, and your phrase must be in its place in the second stanza all ready for the march in two hours.

W.—Yes, sir.

(Exit R. O.)

W. (aside)—Now, what in time am I going to do? Here's a noun, three adjectives, an article, a preposition, another noun, another article, and a conjunction. Whew!

G. V. (stepping up)—Drill your men for half an hour so they will fall into their places readily. They are all out of order now.

W.—Yes, sir.

(Exit G. V. and C. N.)

W. (aside)—Well, I'm the boss of this phrase. Let me see. This is some mixup. Where do these adjectives belong? And what on earth is anapestic trimeter formation?

(Enter another preposition).

Say, what am I going to do with these adjectives and this extra preposition?

Prep.—That means, of course, that you will have to make two phrases and put one in the rear rank. And you will have to hurry. Your stanza advances upon the plural subjects with singular predicates. They have a strong army and your phrase must be well prepared for the attack. Anapestic trimeter formation, remember.

(Exit Prep.)

W.—I only wish I knew what that was. (Rearranges his men and gets the adjectives and the conjunction in the wrong places). There, that looks better.

(Enter General Verb, Colonel Noun, and Recruiting Officers).

G. V.—What, aren't you in place yet? The first stanza is waiting for you. And what have you done to your phrase? This is not grammatical order. Evidently you know nothing at all about English.

W.—I'm sorry, sir. Will you please tell me what anapestic trimeter formation is? I ain't much good at that.

C. N.—A traitor! He knows the rebel's password, "ain't." A traitor!

G. V.—Yes, a loyal subject of incorrect English. He must be hanged.

(Enter hastily Verbs, Nouns, Adverbs, Conjunctions, Adjectives, Pronouns, etc.)

C. N.—Yes, hang him. He would betray us to the enemy.

W.—Leave me alone. I ain't no traitor.

C. N.—"Ain't no." Double negatives.

He's a traitor all right.

All—Get rid of him now. Put him to death. Hang him!

(Parts of speech gather in a crowd around William. Interjection enters with a rope).

W. (struggling)—Let go o' me.

G. V.—All traitors must be hanged.

(Exit all, William struggling but held firmly by parts of speech).

Scene III.

The Living Room of the Ashby Home.

Mr. A. (shaking William)—Aren't you

coming to bed, William?

W.—Leave me be. I ain't no traitor.

Mr. A. (shaking him again)—William, wake up. It's eleven o'clock.

W. (waking)—Oh!

Mr. A.—If you've prepared your lessons come to bed.

W.—No, I ain't—er—I mean—I have not prepared them yet.

Mr. A.—Well, are you going to study?

W.—I guess I'll get my English. I ain't—er—am not going to let that go again.

HIS ENEMIES LIKED HIM

By D. A. Ryder, '23.



DURING the last year of Lincoln's life he was clothed with absolute power. No European monarch ever equaled him. Yet he never abused that power save on the side of mercy.

They used to tell about this story of his manner of handling his cabinet during his last days. He would come into the room late in the morning, his cabinet officers all seated waiting for him. He would assume a most perplexed air and propose a measure. Long discussion would follow by all members of the cabinet in barrel voices, accompanied by much knitting of brows,

stroking of whiskers and polishing of glasses. All the while Lincoln would remain silent.

Finally he would call for a vote.

"All those in favor of the motion signify by saying 'Aye.'"

Silence.

"Contrary, 'No.'"

A chorus of unanimous "Noes."

"Well, gentlemen," Lincoln would say in a low voice and looking down into his lap with a faint chuckle and a sad smile, "I vote Yes, and the Ayes have it."

And time has proven that the Ayes did have it.

THE CARIBOU POACHER OF THE AIR

By Claude Jones.



CARIBOU! Caribou! Tingmauk-puk! Tingmaukpuk! Whir—whir—whir!" The Eskimo repeated the native word for great-bird, waving his arms in imitation of a bird flying and repeating the "puk" (large) over and over again to impress on his hearers the great size of the bird. Then he did a stranger thing. Seeming to aim a rifle, he said:

"Tingmaukpuk—puk—puk—puk—puk. Caribou!" At that he stretched himself

out on the earth as if he were dead.

Leonard Bushnell, the young Red Rider, but recently taken into the ranks of the Canadian Mounted Police, was puzzled. What did the Eskimo mean? It was not that he did not understand the word. He did. But he did not fully understand the meaning of all these actions. How could a bird be big enough to kill a caribou. And what did all this whir—whir and puk—puk—puk mean?

Suddenly it dawned on him. This big

bird was an aeroplane. The Eskimo not having seen one before would have no other word for it but "big-bird." The whirl was the engine and—of course—the puk—puk, was the shooting of a machine gun. The aviator was shooting into the great herds of caribou, just now passing south to the winter feeding grounds. Without doubt, he was killing many of them, too.

As the boy was alone at the post he had to do his own planning as how to run down this law breaker. Airplane. That meant gasoline—plenty of it. Where did it come from? Where could the plane find a safe landing place? There were but two spots, so far as he knew, within three hundred miles, where a plane could make a landing. They were barren twin plateaus about a hundred and fifty miles up the river. All other land was wooded or marshy. Hurrying over to the trading post, the only place in that territory where gasoline was sold, he found out that a man had been there the week before and had bought a whole drum of gasoline. The case seemed clear enough now. The man was undoubtedly in the game for big stakes; his reason for such a slaughter was probably to hide the meat, out of the reach of wolves and later to return at his leisure to carry it to market.

But how was the rascal to be captured? A machine gun, even in the heat of battle, is a hard thing to face, but in this wilderness, alone,—it was not to be thought of. Some method must be found of outwitting the clever rascal.

Suddenly a plan flashed into the boy's mind. If only he could get possession of the machine gun the tables would be turned. The next morning in a light rowing skiff, with rifle lying across the bow and five days' provisions packed in the stern, the young rider shot away up the river. Two nights later, rifle in hand, he found himself wandering over one of the twin plateaus. His gay red coat was changed

for a suit of kahki. He had rounded a point at the bottom of which bubbled a rapid little stream. Here he came upon the track of a man. The man had come to the stream evidently for water. His boots were those of a white man. Apparently there was a shack not far distant. Throwing a cartridge into his magazine, Leonard began cautiously to follow the tracks. They led directly up a bank to the level land above; and there in the opening stood a log cabin. Yes, and there a few rods away,—the scout caught his breath at the sight of it,—stood the airplane. It was a single seated scouting machine, the model of perfection.

"Must have stolen it," the boy whispered to himself. "Those machines can't be bought."

And now Leonard Bushnell was in for some dangerous work. He must find out if the cabin was occupied, and, if so, by how many persons. If the man was alone, he would take possession of the machine gun and plane and watch his chance when the man came from the shack in the morning. If there were more men in the shack, a different plan must be devised.

A single window, allowed the moonbeams to play within the cabin. By a bit of good fortune, they fell upon the single cot. The man was there alone. Testing the door, Leonard found it locked.

Then he walked to the machine and examined it. He removed two small parts—enough to render it useless. The tank was filled with gasoline.

"Evidently planning another slaughter in the morning," the boy said, "but it won't come off if I can help it."

As dawn broke the man walked from the hut. Unarmed, he advanced half way to the machine, when he was suddenly brought to a stop by a sharp command to halt, and found himself looking into his own machine gun. He looked quickly

about for a chance to escape, but at last he surrendered.

That same day a dark-faced, slender man, securely bound and handcuffed, sat in the stern of a light skiff, while a young "rider," garbed again in his gay coat of red and his

trousers of blue, sent the skiff swiftly down the river.

The airplane, it was found later, had been stolen from a training station. As for the caches of meat, they were turned over to the honest natives for the winter's use.

BAB'S AWAKENING

By Louise A. Cutler.

Characters.

Barbara Whiting, a young tomboy, who has been sent to boarding school.

Allegra, Bab's sister.

Carolyn, Allegra's friend.

Mae, Bab's friend and roommate.

Eileen, an older girl, adored by all the others—including Bab.

Scene I.

Place—Boarding school. Time—Twilight.

Bab is curled up on the window seat reading. (She cannot be seen from the door). She pauses as two girls stop at the door, and unconsciously listens to their conversation.

Mae—Oh, Eileen, why don't you like Bab?

Eileen—I have never said that I didn't, have I?

Mae—No, but you haven't asked her to your spread tonight, and, though you are a member of the Secret Society yourself, I overheard some of the girls say that you opposed Bab's entering.

Eileen—Personally, I like Bab, but, Mae, I don't think that she is the kind of girl who should be admitted. The club's rather literary, you know, and Bab's so much of a tomboy and uses a great deal of slang. I don't wish to be a snob, but mother has always told me not to go around with a girl whom I should be ashamed to have her know.

Mae—Oh, Eileen, that's just Bab's way—she'll outgrow it. She's my very dearest friend!

The girls walk down the corridor, but

Bab has heard enough. She flushes scarlet and tries not to care.

Bab—I don't care—I don't care! I'll talk just the way I please! How could Eileen be so cruel? She is so sweet and pretty, and I liked her so well. There! I'll just show them that I don't have to use slang! I'll read every old instructive book that Ally sends.

(She runs out of the room).

Scene II.

Place—Allegra's room. Time—Two days later.

(Allegra and Carolyn are seated before an open fire. Carolyn is sewing; Allegra is tearing open an envelope). Allegra reads:

Dear Allegra: It was very nice of you to send me the book; I have enjoyed it so much and—

Allegra looks at the letter, pauses, and looks again. She gasps.

Both Girls—What has happened to Bab?

Allegra—Carolyn, that's not sarcasm, though Bab does not enjoy those books.

Carolyn—Allegra, there's not a bit of slang! So unlike Bab! And I do believe that's the first time she's called you Allegra for years.

Allegra—Yes, we've always been Ally and Bab Company, at home. Bab won't answer to the name Barbara.

(Allegra goes to her desk and finds her sister's last letter. She reads:

Allegra—Dear Ally:

Having a bully time! The knife that Bob sent is just great. We had a midnight lunch last week—ooh, la, la! oui, oui!

Carolyn—There! Let's show the latest

to your mother.

(Exit both girls).

Scene III.

Place—Bab's room. Time—A month later.

(Bab is seated on the couch industriously though not laboriously reading—as her utter enjoyment shows. Mae rushes into the room and hugs the astonished Bab).

Mae—Oh, Babbie, your play has been published and—

Bab rises slowly—

Bab—Mae, you didn't.

Mae—Bab after you read it to me and were so modest about it, I couldn't resist—

Bab (anxiously)—Mae, you haven't said anything to Eileen about it, have you?

Mae (happily)—No, of course not, Babbie, here's number two on the program: Eileen herself proposed that you be admitted to the "S. S." And number three

is—

Bab—Oh, Mae, I couldn't join without you—

Mae—Oh, Babbie, I've been invited, too. And number three is—

(Eileen rushes into the room).

Eileen—Congratulations, sister members. Bab, I wish we might be better friends—I think that I have misjudged you all along.

Bab (determined to be honest)—Oh, no, Eileen, you haven't. I'd love to be friends (rather wistfully).

(The three girls dance around in a circle).

They are interrupted by merry voices, which cry out:

"Number three on the program is tired of waiting." In rush a crowd of girls each carrying a part of one of those celebrated midnight lunches.

COMING OVER

By R. Roosevelt Pease



WE had landed in Southampton and had been in training there for some time. Finally orders arrived for us to pack the troop trains and start for the port of S——, in the southern part of England.

We arrived at the port and were soon loading the transport. The officers and crew of the transport were English and called the Yanks "the bloody Yanks," and so therefore, we did not mingle with them very much. We had enough provisions soon packed on the ship and were soon proceeding towards Havre.

We were fed poorly and soon the fellows began to get kind of excited over the state of affairs, and the way they were being treated, so they thought they would take the situation in hand.

So, at a given time, and with the permission of our commanding officer, we imprisoned the crew, handcuffed them, and

bringing them on deck, voiced our sentiments by saying:

"Will you feed us?"

Whereupon we made known that we should pitch them overboard to the dogfish if they did not come to terms.

They came to terms all right with cries of "We'll feed ya."

That was sufficient and so the transport continued on towards Havre.

As you know, all transports had a gun-deck, a gun crew, and necessary material, such as depth-charges, during the time while the U-boats were making their best progress.

I was placed in command of the American gun crew, so on a certain evening we relieved the English crew, and they retired to their quarters, drunk.

It was about midnight that my friend sort of began to doze on some canvas, so I was all alone to my lonesome.

All went well, but suddenly way out to

port I noticed a flash of light. It flashed once, twice, and then again and again, and then died away. Much to my surprise a small light kept flashing at intervals below decks. Then I awoke to the fact that they were signalling to the U-boat. Instantly I touched the shoulder of my buddy, at the same time placing my hand over his mouth so that he would not break out when so suddenly roused from a sound sleep.

When he was fully aware of what I was doing, he asked, "What's wrong?"

"Sh-h, follow me," and I led the way with Jack in the rear. We reached the place in the ship where I thought I had seen the light. We made our way slowly and quietly, and there before our eyes stood the English captain, a high powered flashlight in his hand, signalling to his heart's content, through one of the ports.

In a flash I rammed my automatic into his ribs, at the same time Jack pinned his arms to his side. The captain was brought before our commanding officer, a major, and sentenced to the ship's brig or prison. The major ordered me back to my post with my buddy and again we took up the watch.

It was about daylight when I looked to port and there, floating on a calm sea, was a friend of ours, a U-boat. At the same time I saw it, it was observed by one of the engineers and he telephoned:

"Sub to port of us."

Instantly, the covering came off the six-inch gun, and in an instant it was trained to port. Jack rammed in a shell and we were ready for action. We had had target practice the day before, using barrels as targets and our gun crew had scored many a hit over the English crew. I glanced through the periscopic sights and then pulled the firing rod.

There was a dull thud, and a whizzing sound as the shell made its way across the intervening space. I had fired too high but had picked off the periscope with that shot. Jack rammed in another charge, and again

I fired. This time my shot "went home." There was a dull roar, followed by a booming crash. The "Sub" was no more. The job had been done to perfection. One of the destroyers acting with the convoy, came sailing up to where the debris lay scattered on the oily surface, picking up two dead German sailors. That was all that was left.

We were swabbing out the gun, when the lieutenant, or mate, as it were, came rushing to the gun deck.

"Who got that sub?" he roared.

"What do you mean, sir?" I replied, very calmly.

"Where are the English gunners, sergeant?"

"Below, sir."

"What?"

"Your gunners are below deck in their quarters, sir, drunk."

"Do you mean to say that they did not get that sub?"

"Yes, sir, I received orders from our superior officer to take over this post, and here I am."

"If you want to have more subs, join the English service."

"Nothing doing, sir, the old U. S. A. is all right for me."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I would never serve with England."

"What? You're under arrest," he roared, "report yourself to the commanding officer."

I reported at once as ordered and gave my side of the story and was ordered back to the gun-deck.

When the mate made his complaint to the major, the major laughingly said, "If there's any arrests to be made, I'll make 'em, sir."

And so ended the drama, and the next day we entered the port of Havre.

The captain of the transport was court-martialed, and found guilty of treason, was sentenced to be shot. He is now the possessor of six feet of English soil.

GOOD ENGLISH

By Ada Peters.



GOOD English, Queen of the Americas, walked the floor in despair. For years she had ruled wisely her mighty kingdom but no one knew better than she that she was queen in name alone.

She feared and distrusted, not without cause, a distant relative, M. le Duc de Mauvais Anglais. Finally she called to her a very wise man named Education and asked his advice. She told him that M. le duc was a suitor for her hand, that all trouble would be averted by a marriage. The sage shook his head, took out a huge clear crystal and stared into its depths. "A compromise," he said, "between the House of Good English and Mauvais Anglais could lead only to ruin. I see in my crystal nothing but swirling black clouds in which your seal and that of the M. le duc are bound together by a chain. It is a bad omen, oh, Royal Highness. There shall be no reconciliation!"

In the meantime M. le duc was preparing for a lengthy war. His most faithful knight, Sir Slang, stood at his elbow. Farther away, standing stiffly at attention, were a few less powerful officers, Lord Ain't, Duke Gee, and Count Ter, who had murdered in cold blood his father, Count To. All these men had special reasons for undertaking the war. Le Duc de Mauvais

Anglais had planned to abduct the queen. Lord Ain't was wildly in love with Subject de la Phrase, the demure maid of the queen. Lord Apostrophe had married and thrown into chains Miss "In" now Lady in Apostrophe and intended to seize her fortune.

The queen, knowing war was inevitable, rallied all her forces. She had at least the loyalty of the wealthy and learned classes even if the more ignorant people were adherents of her enemy. At the end of five years of well-balanced fighting, she began to win battle after battle.

Her bravest knight named but the single letter "g" slew Lord Apostrophe and took the lady for his own. She gladly changed her name to "Ing" and remained faithful to her new lord. Lord Ain't had thrown Subject into a dungeon but she was rescued by Correct Predicate. Lord Ain't, Count Ter, and Duke Gee were sent into exile. Sir Slang was poisoned by the queen herself.

The climax was in the fierce duel between the queen's lover, Sir Advancement, and M. le duc. This could have but one end. M. le duc was pushed farther and farther back until he was glad to surrender to Sir Death. Then Queen Good English became the betrothed of Sir Advancement and was called the most powerful and beloved monarch in the Americas.

SUNRISE

By Charlotte Drummond, '24.



THE first pale heralds of dawn were dispelling the darkness, and a light mist hung over the horizon. I was already up, and at an east window of our camp, for I was determined to see the sunrise on the lake. A beautiful sheet of water it was, too, with its cool, green banks overhung with graceful white birches and

mountain ash.

As I watched, a golden light began to break through the mist, and the mist began to disappear, as if the coming sun had given warning that its presence there was undesirable.

The yellow glow grew stronger, and spread over a greater part of the eastern sky. Then, one by one, apparently coming

from nowhere, all the delicate tints of the rainbow shone out, blending harmoniously with the great mass of soft, clear color in the east.

The upper rim of the sun peeped over the horizon, and sent a golden shaft of light dancing over the quiet waters of the lake, where not a single ripple disturbed the reflections given clearly in its blue depths.

The sun mounted higher, and the lake became a shimmering replica of the glorious heaven. Scott's Loch Katrine was described thus:

"One living sheet of burnished gold,

Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,"

but it was not superior to this wonderful example of nature's beauty. The beautiful tints in the east faded slowly, and I remained until the last faint shade had disappeared.

Then I took a paddle and shot out into the lake in my canoe, feeling that I wanted to be alone in the wondrous beauty of an August morning.

TONY CAPORETTO

By '22.



TONY Caporetto lived alone in a garret somewhere between Forty-Second street and the East End. Tony was dark and shy and Italian. Tony was twelve.

He arose, or rather rolled from his pile of salt bags under the eaves, at five-thirty every morning, washed his face under a drain with a piece of tar, combed his hair with a side comb that he had picked up somewhere in the West Forties, slapped on his shoes, banged the garret door and flung himself down three flights of rickety stairs upon the mercy of his Irish landlady.

"Tony—ye brat—if ye don't stop bangin' them doors and makin' so much noise with them big feet of yourn, it's out wid ye. Do ye hear? I say out wid ye. I ain't goin' to have no likes o' ye hangin' around dis joint thinkin' ye own de place."

Tony always grabbed a codfish cake, swallowed it whole, drained an earthen mug of sickish coffee and beat a hasty retreat from her presence, finishing his breakfast as he went. Scolding was a part of Tony's existence, an unpleasant, annoying, necessary part, which clouded but never quite hid the smile in his great, dreamy eyes,—black, deep, mysterious eyes, that

looked like music and blood-roses and home.

Tony was early this morning, even for him, but he went straight to the news stand, got his papers and started mechanically on his daily route, kicking a lonesome pebble with a worn toe until it vanished in a waiting hydrant. He changed his papers from one arm to the other, stuck his hand in his pocket and discovered that there was no pocket there, whistled a tune he had heard a hand organ playing the night before, and thus arrived in the more crowded business districts. Here Tony saw two other "newsies" going his way and the three proceeded along until they finally reached the Avenue.

Finding it still rather early for trade they occupied themselves by turning around and walking backwards, noses in air, eyes closed, seeing who could walk a block without stepping on a crack in the pavement.

One, two, three, crack,—one, two, three, crack, Tony was doing very well by taking counted steps, one, two, three,—whack. Tony turned quickly and saw an angry gentleman in a big fur overcoat, stoop to pick his stiff hat from the pavement where it had fallen. Tony stood still—on a crack—and surveyed the hat. It had a dent the whole

length of the crown.

"Which one of you boys did that?" The gentleman's breakfast had been cold, and his car had been out of order, and there was danger in his eyes.

"'Twan't me." Mike stepped back a few steps and prepared to run.

"Me nuther." His standing companion joined him and then disappeared around a corner.

The gentleman glared at Tony.

"I am sorry, sir; it was I."

The man glared at Tony harder.

"The D——! What did you say?"

"I am sorry; it was I," repeated Tony.

The man stood looking at Tony keenly and his eyes softened as he said:

"Boy, I'd give the world to be in your ragged shoes today, with your chance ahead of me. 'It was I.' How many boys say that today? How many boys say anything that they have been taught to say? I suppose you have a mother to teach you."

"My mother's dead, mister, and I—"

"Well, well, boy. Take this and get a pair of new shoes to face the world in, you need them. And remember this, son, because I've been through it all and I know. Keep on the way you've started and you'll be a real man some day. But I'm late already. Thanks to you, my disposition is

suitable now for the directors' meeting. Remember what I said, boy, and learn how to talk to real men."

Tony rushed breathlessly up three flights of stairs and banged his door. His room was hot. He moved the pile of salt bags over to the window and sat upon it. Slowly and carefully, he took from his feet a shining new pair of shoes and wiped them with a salt bag and laid them beside him. Then he took from his pocket a small, white package and tore the paper from it.

"Gee," he said, softly, "s'posin' that the settlement teacher hadn't a made me say, 'It is I' over an' over an' over so many times that I'd never forget it. Gee, just s'posin' she hadn't."

Tony threw the paper down beside him and opened the book.

Down below him he could hear the returned hand organ man playing the same tune as the night before, but to Tony its charm was gone forever; across from his window the German hot-dog man was fighting with his wife, but Tony did not hear them.

He was slowly reading his first English book. Slowly and painfully, by the lights of the great city, he was preparing to conquer the world. Tony Caporetto, small, dark, Italian, was going to talk to men.

HOW WE KNOW THAT SPING HAS COME

By Frances Willetts, '22.



WHEN the snow begins to melt and the winds blow warmer and warmer, we know that winter is almost over and that spring is on the way. Spring has so many ways of coming. Sometimes it creeps upon us when we are not looking and suddenly "springing" out, surprises us with its sweetness. Sometimes it is slow in coming and winter drags along, cold and dreary, until we lose patience and think that spring has entirely forsaken and forgotten us.

And then some morning we wake up to find the birds singing joyously and the sun streaming across our bed and we laugh as we jump quickly up. For spring has come! We know it by the warm winds, the drip, drip of the melting snow, the song of the birds and the feeling of joy that fills the world.

Over yonder the "woman across the street" hangs her wet clothes to dry, humming a tune with her mouth full of clothespins. On our right, the grandfather of "the house next door" hums "Yankee Doodle" as

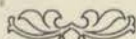
he spades the earth for small grand-daughter's mud-cakes. Out of the yard on the left comes the young man of the family, decked in all his finery. His cap is on one side, his tie is at just the right angle, as he knows by frequent gazing into the mirror, and he is whistling loudly, "Take Me to the Land of Jazz."

And, as a final proof that spring is really

here, a small boy comes sauntering down the street, hands in pockets, and whistling with an ear-splitting shrillness. Suddenly he stops, and we wonder what he sees, when, with unmistakable clearness comes the call of spring,—

"Come on out, Bill, an' let's play marbles."

SPRING IS HERE!!



THE FATE OF MODERN SLANG

A King whose name was Good English,
In the land of Grammar dwelt;
A just and righteous ruler who
With offenders harshly dealt.

To his courtyard and his castle
Came many a lord and knight,
Who from far and wide assembled
On the good King's wedding night.

Loud and long, my gentle readers,
The church bells gaily rang,
For the King was to be wedded
To fair princess, Modern Slang.

This saucy, dashing maiden
In witty speeches shone.
King English much admired her,
And took her for his own.

The honeymoon passed swiftly
But something then went wrong.
It happened this way, know you,
The story is not long.

Queen Modern Slang's companions
Had come to live with her;
And their manners were so dreadful
That they made a shocking stir.

"Had ought" her oldest brother was.
They always were together.
And then her sisters, "seen" and "done,"
As bad as their big brother.

Next came "you was," a miscreant,
Whose very ugly features
Have been at times the cause, they say,
Of fright'ning even teachers.

And really worse than that, dear friends,
"You was" had no ambition;
No object had her mind in view
For any good position.

Last, but surely not the least,
Came little baby "Ain't";
A mischievous and naughty child,
Whom the rest thought quite a saint.

In a week this crew upset the land,
The whole great country through.
In vain, Good English begged and coaxed,
He knew not what to do.

Queen Modern Slang declared that she
To her family still belonged.
If they were sent away, she said,
She would be deeply wronged.

The faithful king, he thought and thought,
But saw no other course.
So like many another man
He just got a divorce.

To the Land of Ignorance, far away,
He banished his once-loved wife,
And in that land today, my friends,
Lives the family still in strife.

—Elizabeth Clough.

THE OLDEST CITIZEN

By W. W., '23.



VERY well regulated city of any size at all in the United States has at least one of the following, "an oldest citizen," "a lovers' leap," "a house once used by Washington for his headquarters." Lovers' leaps are in good favor; one city paid a well known firm of landscape gardeners twenty-five thousand dollars for making one. Washington's headquarters are mostly confined to the Eastern States, although one has been found in Missouri.

But oldest citizens are the most popular. Anybody over sixty will do. He is always supposed to have stock stories of "The time the river overflowed and flooded the town," "The time Senator Whoosis made his great speech there," "The great train wreck in 18—, umpty ump," and others along the same line. Of course he must be able to

tell of the winter when the snow was seven feet deep on April Fool's day, and of the one when people had green peas out of their gardens on Washington's birthday; also of the summer of the great drouth. He must be able to predict the weather; it is not necessary that he predict it correctly, for nobody ever puts any more stock in this prediction than he does in the reports of the weather bureau. He also must tell tales of the old-time Fourth of July celebration, and how he and the other boys made the old constable go almost crazy. (For this I would suggest that he read Thomas B. Aldrich's works). To get good service out of "an oldest citizen" the city should pay him at least twenty dollars a week. This is not money wasted, for it has been proved that an "oldest citizen" of the better grade is an asset to any city.

EUTERPE.

Far off, in a white cloud, surrounded by a
Deep-blue sea, a maiden dwells in great
majesty.

Of wond'rous beauty to behold, of talents
and

Inspirations bold, this maid. Her beauty
Dazzles all who dare approach, who dare to
Gaze upon her face and to imbibe her gifts.

Oh!

I have looked upon her works—I have been
captured

By her charm—I am placed among her
lovers—

Would that she looked on me! Terrible
tasks must be

Performed to gain her recognition. Dotted
in her

Sea of blue, here and there of snowy hue,

Are flecks of cloud—stepping-stones to her
abode.

I have tried them, I have failed—

Looking down, she never paled to see me
Struggle and sink through, down that sea
of a deep-blue.

At last I land, but try again—my love heals
all hurts.

Many a restless night I toss, in the dark
and at a loss

To find some way,—to do some deed to win
her love.

Gathered 'round her there I see, receiving
her kind

And wond'rous gifts, men of all nations.
Some abuse

Them—but would I? She has never let me
try—

Vainly, offerings for her grace, on her altars
there I place.

Unresponsive, never caring, scorning me
for ever daring

To tempt her love.

How could I go on loving, as jostling and
always shoving,

Others crowd and with no effort gain her
port.

I have never loved her sisters—they, too,
are very fair,

Polymnia, Erato, Thalia, and Calliopea—

As I have loved her—each day my love
grows stronger,

As I wait and linger longer.

Some day, perhaps, she seeing me,

Visited by pity

She will raise and bear aloft. Then happy
will I be.

O Thou favorite of the poets—Euterpe.

—Corning, '22.



LOCALS

"Facts are Stubborn Things."

A rally was held in Assembly Hall on Friday, March 4, during the sixth period. Morse High of Bath, was to invade the local grounds that evening, and it had been hinted that Morse had a fast team and intended to beat Bangor High's quintette before going to Tufts. Several speakers, including Superintendent Morrill, James P. Gillin, Principal Proctor, and Henry Bacon, were obtained for the occasion by Manager Collins. Short, McClay, Cohen, Fairbrother, and Captain Jordan were also called upon to make a few remarks.

During the sixth period of Friday, March 11, on the day of the big game of the season with Portland High School, a rally was held in the Assembly Hall. Coach Trowell, John Magee, and other well known athletic supporters spoke. As usual, the different members of the team were asked to say a few words. At this time Principal Proctor presented medals to the four members of the High School track team—John Corning, John Tarbell, Clyde Swett, and Leon Belinian. These were given them in recognition of the fine work done by the team during the victorious meet with Portland High's team at Dexter.

On March 18, the Senior Essays were handed in to the English teachers, and many a Senior gave a sigh of relief to think that the essays were at last finished and passed in. The next thing the Seniors will put their attention upon is the Class Ode, which is due April 11.

The Senior picture committee met in March and decided upon a frame with a single fold, for the graduation pictures.

The Junior Exhibition was held in City Hall, March 23. The usual custom was to have the exhibition on the last day of the winter term but this year the last day fell upon Good Friday so the exhibition was held on Wednesday evening. The program follows:

- March, America the Beautiful.....
.....MacFarlane
High School Orchestra.
- A Free Fight.....Lorimer
Franklin Gordon.
- The Three Things.....Andrews
Frances M. O'Brien.
- AmericanizationRoosevelt
Paul E. Atwood.
- Stanzas from the Nativity (Milton)...
.....Smith
Chorus.
- Scenes from Pygmalion.....Shaw
F. Kathleen Hand.
- The Sublimity of the Bible.....
LeRoy A. Campbell.
- Fantasy from the Opera Faust....Gounod
Orchestra.
- The Noble Lord.....Wilde
Doris T. Moore.
- The Meaning of the Declaration of In-
dependence.....Wilson
Robert W. Coyne.
- Cutting from "Just David".....Porter
Elaine C. Utterback.

The Stormy Evening (Stevenson)....	
.....Chadwick	
A Nonsense Song—The Pigtail (Cohamisso).....	Bullard
Chorus.	
Ballad of East and West.....	Kipling
Herbert C. Glass.	
Wooing Scene from "King Henry V"...	
.....Shakespeare	
Dorthea V. Rideout.	
Overture, Fra Diavolo.....	Auber
Orchestra.	

Decision of Judges

The decision of the judges was as follows:

Medal for the boys, Robert W. Coyne; for the girls, F. Kathleen Hand. Herbert C. Glass and Elaine C. Utterback received honorable mention.

On March 24, school closed for the Easter vacation. The spring term is but ten weeks long and that makes vacation seem near.

Leon Belinian, '21, has passed the civil service examination as clerk-typist and is thus eligible to a government position.

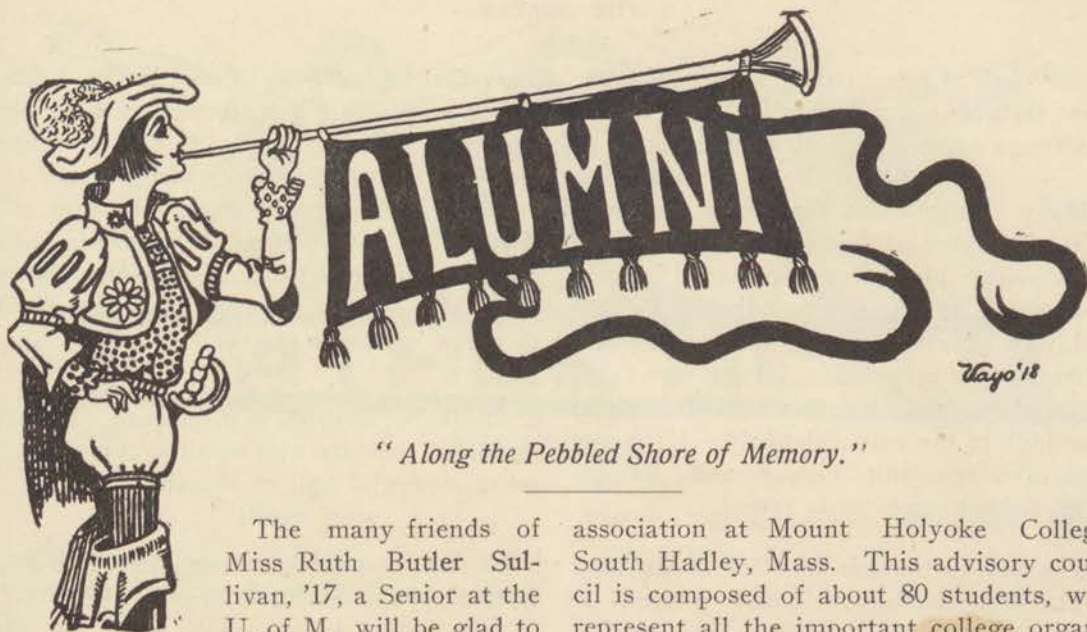
POUDRE AUX YEUX.

This play given by B. H. S. third year French students, was a pronounced success. Alan Crowell acted to life the doctor without patients, father of the heroine, while Lovis Sawyer was the managing mamma.

Theodore Butler was superb as the father of the hero, and Morita Pickard, as the hero's mother, looked as though she had never left Paris. The heroine, Ruth Clough, was versatile, and the hero, Edward Curran, acted the part with skill. The minor parts were well taken. The chasseur, "eight feet tall," was appropriately acted by Payson Tozier, the Maitre d'hotel by Harlan Atherton, various attractive French maids by Pauline Fairbanks, Justina Buckley, and Grace Bowden. Edgar Murry was servant to M. Ratinois, and Carlton Fletcher, as "un petite negre," balanced the impressiveness of the chasseur of the heroine's family. Francis Cunningham made an acceptable Uncle Robert, who disentangles the snarls into which the two families had got themselves. John Corning was a capable upholsterer.

The costumes of the ladies were bewildering. Silk dresses, made in the style of the sixties, of silk that would stand alone, showed that Bangor people had generously lent some precious heirlooms. French songs by Elizabeth Robbins and Ruth Crowell, both singly and in a duet, and two songs by Dorothy Smith, with Arthur Atwood at the cello and Estelle Baumann at the violin, made a pleasant interlude between the acts.

The play conferred one more honor upon Mme. Beaupre, who already has many such to her credit. Her kindness and untiring work were gracefully acknowledged by the gift of a bouquet of roses from her classes.



"Along the Pebbled Shore of Memory."

The many friends of Miss Ruth Butler Sullivan, '17, a Senior at the U. of M., will be glad to learn that she was recently elected to the Phi Kappa Phi, the honorary scholastic society of the University. Only a limited number of Seniors are elected each year to this national honorary society and election depends upon the ranks of the first three and one-half years. During Miss Sullivan's High school career she was an honor student.

Friends of Rev. Alfred W. Stone, formerly of this city, and a graduate of B. H. S., Bowdoin College and the Bangor Theological Seminary, will be interested to learn of his success in the ministry at West Concord, Mass. The Boston Transcript states:

"Rev. Alfred W. Stone is giving a series of Lenten sermons on the general subject, 'Our Great Fundamentals of the Christian Faith.' . . . The recent annual meeting revealed the most successful year in the history of the church. . . . All reports showed the church in a most flourishing condition."

Another B. H. S. graduate, who has attained honor since graduating is Miss Dorothy C. Freese, '20, who was recently elected to represent her dormitory on the advisory council of the student government

association at Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass. This advisory council is composed of about 80 students, who represent all the important college organizations, the residence halls and the four classes. It was organized for the purpose of discussing matters of general interest and to devise and put into effect plans for greater unity and progressive measures for the student body.

Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Young of Waterville, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son. Mrs. Young was formerly Miss Margaret Brann of this city, and graduated from B. H. S. in the class of 1909.

The friends of Mrs. W. E. Kotman, '98, formerly Miss Lelia Patten of this city, sympathize with her in the loss of her husband, whose death occurred recently at Southern Pines, N. C. Mr. Kotman was a summer resident at Northport and a recent visitor in Bangor, where he made many friends.

Ralph Jordan, a Yale athlete, of this city, was one of the participants at the annual athletic carnival of the Louisville Amateur Athletic Federation, recently held in Louisville, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Baldwin of Brookline, Mass., are receiving congratulations

on the birth of a son, named Henry Warren. Mrs. Baldwin was formerly Miss Bessie Warren, a former student of B. H. S.

Many Bangor people were recently grieved to learn of the death of Henry Payson Dowst, which recently occurred in New York. Mr. Dowst was a native of Bangor and was educated in the Bangor schools. After leaving school Mr. Dowst won fame as an author and magazine contributor and rose high in the editorial world. He was a man of whom both Bangor and Bangor High School were justly proud.

The many friends in this city of Mr. Paul White will be interested and pleased to

learn that he has been offered the very flattering position of concert-master in an orchestra which is to play in an immense moving picture house, which is to be opened in Cincinnati about the first of April. In the meantime Mr. White is busy with his work in the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and in choosing the players of this new orchestra.

Frank A. Bourne, a prominent Boston architect, recently won out in a competition for a memorial hall in Danvers, Mass.

Louise Leonard has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa at Smith College.

MILITARY

"So Ends the Bloody Business of the Day."

The following Military ball program will be carried out as near as possible:

1. A Co. Close Order Drill (Competitive).
2. Physical Drill, C Co.
3. B Co. Close Order Drill (Competitive).
4. Guard Mount A Co.
5. C Co., Close Order Drill (Competitive).
6. Bayonet Drill, Wall Scaling.
7. D Co., Close Order Drill.
8. Battalion Parade.

The members of the Rifle Club are rapidly improving in their shooting. In one of the recent matches the team made a total of 490 out of a possible 500. At the present time another backstop is being made which will probably be set up in a short time.

The Military Ball committee is as follows:

Major Walter F. Ulmer.
 Capt. O. Julian Humphrey—A Co.
 Capt. Edward M. Curran—Staff.
 Capt. Leslie G. McGary—D Co.
 1st Lieut. Henry E. Whitney—Staff.
 1st Lieut. George E. Wing—B Co.
 1st Lieut. Payson Tozier—C Co.

On Monday, March 21, the R. O. T. C. Battalion attended the Mayor's inauguration. The Battalion marched from the High school to the City Hall in a column of squads and made a very good appearance. Four companies attended. In his inaugural speech the Mayor spoke of the fine spirit shown by the R. O. T. C.



"For Alma Mater."

Relay.

On March 5th, the High School relay team went to the Bowdoin Interscholastic Indoor Track meet and ran against the relay team from Portland High. The Bangor team was composed of Clyde Swett (captain), John Corning, John Tarbell, and León Belinian. The members of the Blue team were Fuller, Mack, Cohen, and E.

Harris. Bangor won the race easily. Time, 2 min., 22 sec.

Girls' Basketball.

The girls' basketball team from Bangor High this year has made a record of which the school may well be proud. The team won seven out of nine games played, and showed up well in all of its games. The season's record follows:

1.	Jan. 14—Hampden Academy at Bangor.....	Bangor	7,	Opp.	1
2.	" 21—Orono High at Bangor.....	"	9,	"	5
3.	" 28—Hampden Academy at Hampden.....	"	8,	"	2
4.	Feb. 11—Old Town High at Old Town.....	"	9,	"	8
5.	" 17—Orono High at Orono.....	"	6,	"	9
6.	" 26—Newport High at Bangor.....	"	12,	"	5
7.	Mar. 4—E. M. C. S. at Bucksport.....	"	9,	"	17
8.	" 12—Old Town High at Bangor.....	"	14,	"	4
9.	" 18—E. M. C. S. at Bangor.....	"	12,	"	2
10.	" 24—Lee Academy at Lincoln.				

BOYS' BASKETBALL.

On March 4th, the High School basketball team was scheduled to play a return game with Swampscott (Mass.) High, but at the last minute the Massachusetts team sent word that they could not come. After Manager Collins had negotiated with several of the nearby teams, a game was finally arranged with Mattanawcook Academy of Lincoln. The Academy boys, who had a reputation of being a fast team, had been trying for some time to secure a game with Bangor. The game, however, proved to

be the slowest one of the season, and the large crowd present agreed that although the Mattanawcook team may be a fast one under professional rules, it is not the equal of Bangor, nor indeed, is it the match of several teams which have played here this season, when playing under amateur rules.

Portland High sent its basketball team to Bangor on March 11th, and Bangor had revenge for the defeats suffered at the hands of her old time rival in football. The Portland team proved to be no match for the Crimson, and Bangor won easily 48

to 15. City Hall was packed to its capacity, and the large crowd was more than satisfied with Bangor's showing. For winning this game, the Bangor team was chosen as one of the three from Maine to compete at the Tufts tournament.

The squad which Bangor sent to Tufts was composed of Captain Jordan, Fairbrother, Short, Robert Collins, Cohen, McClay, Flannigan, Colburn, and Kamenkovitz. Principal Proctor, Coach Trowell, and Manager Gerard Collins accompanied the team. The Bangor boys were matched against the Torrington (Conn.) High School team for its first game. The floor of the Tufts Gym was much smaller than the Bangor team was accustomed to, and the Connecticut team greatly outweighed Bangor. Our team put up a game fight, however, and although Torrington got an early lead they were unable to score at all in the last half. The final score was Torrington 27, Bangor 13.

By losing this game, Bangor was eliminated from further competition but the team had the satisfaction of knowing that it had lost only after a hard struggle and lost to a team which was one of the final contenders. The other Maine teams, Edward Little High of Auburn, and Morse High of Bath, also were eliminated. Edward Little lost its first game, and Morse its second. The championship of the tournament was won by the Commercial High School of New Haven, Conn.

To decide the championship of Penobscot County, Bangor met Dexter High in the

University of Maine Gym on March 22nd. The final score was Dexter 27, Bangor 22.

The summaries of the boys' games:

B. H. S., 39 Mattanawcook Academy, 19

Jordan, lf, 2 (5).....rb, Bryant, 1
rb, Delano
Fairbrother, rf, 2 (12).....lb, Doan, 2
McClay, c.....c, Walcott
Short, rb and c, 7.....lf, Clark
Flannigan, rb
Cohen, lb.....rf, McKinnon, (13)

Referee, Flack.

B. H. S., 48 Portland High, 15

Jordan, lf, 7.....rb, Greeley, 1
Fairbrother, rf, 2 (10)....lb, Flaherty, 1 (7)
lb, Cummings
McClay, c.....c, Allen, 1
Short, rb, 8.....lf, Neavling, 1
Cohen, lb.....rf, Flavin
Flannigan, lb, 2.....rf, Curran

Referee, Flack.

B. H. S., 13 Torrington (Conn.) High, 27

Jordan, lf, 1.....rb, Stull
Fairbrother, rf, (1).....lb, Moore
Kamenkovitz, rf
McClay, c.....c, Murkly, 2
Colburn, c
Short, rb, 5.....lf, Genem, 5
Cohen, lb.....rf, Regviwich, 1 (11)
Flannigan, lb

Referee, George Hoyt.



"He that Wont be Counseled Can't be Helped."

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

The literary department of the "Aegis," from Beverly, Mass., is wonderfully good. The magazine would be much improved, however, by some personal jokes and exchange comments.

"Academy Herald" is a very creditable magazine; well presented, of clear and concise literary style, ornamented with clever little drawings. A school of any size would be proud to claim it.

The "Dial" publishes an interesting and instructive letter sent to the school by an alumnus. There are also many excellent stories and poems in this interesting magazine.

"Netop," of Turners Falls, Mass., contains a clever serial in addition to several good short stories.

"Anvil" of Middlesex school, deserves praise for its stories, notable among which is "El Americano." Why not print a department of jokes and some friendly criticisms? These additions would certainly improve an already excellent magazine.

"Shamokin Review" is a very good paper as far as it goes. Why not get longer articles and more material to go with your original headings?

The "Caduceus" from Norway, Maine, a new arrival, has many fine features, one of which is a very complete local section. The editorials and stories are also very good. A few more comments would improve the exchanges.

"Red and Black's" ideas on the "Necessity of General Information," are good ones. Most schools would profit by the same advice. Today's affairs need as much attention as those of ancient Greece and Rome.

The article, "Our Manners," printed in the "Enfield Echo," is something which all students should read. The stories are also fine, but how about some more jokes and some comments on your exchanges?

The "Academy Herald" must have an enviable record among school magazines. It's excellent in all ways.

The "Racquet," published by the students of Portland High, appears in newspaper form this year. Progress and improvement of this undertaking has been noticed with interest. The editorials are good and the various items are well written, but the "Racquet" as a newspaper is less interesting than the "Racquet" as a magazine. The students must miss the stories and personal jokes which are lacking in the newspaper form of publication.

The Waterloo "Spectator" is a complete magazine in nearly all respects. The jokes are both numerous and humorous, a rare combination. The "Questioning Reporter" is odd but interesting. The local department is also well edited. The only suggestion is on the editorials. A few more well written editorials are really needed.

The "Tripod" lacks stories and jokes. The present contents are well written, but the general appearance of the magazine is spoiled by the unfortunate accident of the pages being printed upside down.

The "Olympian" constitutes a fine magazine full of well classified diverse items and good stories. The names for the departments are fine.

EXCHANGE PROVERBS.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, provided he isn't too much in need.

Pleasures are the commas used to punctuate life's sad story.

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

All men are born ignorant and some never get over it.

Birds of a feather flunk together.

The "Student's Review" desires to know whether other magazines are too busy or whether they are unable to find any fault with the "Review." The "Oracle" inclines toward the latter view, as it finds this magazine excellent in all respects.

The "North Star" keeps up its reputation. This magazine is attractive and well edited throughout. The literary and local departments are especially good.

G. H. S. "Argus" is both interesting and complete. The joke section is humorous, but indentation of the first word of each joke would improve the appearance.

The "W. H. S. Recorder" is not a large magazine, but it is an excellent one. The exchanges would be better if the criticisms were put together and not mixed up with another department.

"Echo" excels with a fine literary department. The local items and jokes are also good. Come often.

The "Red and White" from Lake View High, is as excellent as ever. "The Attic Room" is an odd but captivating department. The jokes and cartoons are fine while the remainder of the "Red and White" is well edited. We miss the exchanges, though.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

"Oracle," Bangor, Maine: The variety of departments represented in your magazine makes it very attractive. It is well edited throughout.—"Legenda."

"Oracle": Although a new exchange, you deserve a first place on our list, as all of your departments are so attractively and well arranged. We welcome you.—"Pinker-ton Critic."

"Oracle," Bangor, Maine: You have a good sized literary department of fine material. Yours is an all-round good magazine.—"Wyndonian."

"Oracle": This is one of the best exchanges we receive; the literary department is especially good, but the others are also praiseworthy.—"Hamiltonian."

"Oracle": We find your magazine interesting in all ways. Your cover design is very good for December, and the proverbs at the heads of your departments are a fine idea.—"Student's Review."

"Oracle": A good all-round paper. Your quotations at the heads of the different departments are especially interesting and appropriate.—"Tripod."



"A Laugh is Worth a Hundred Groans in any Market."

Cunningham, '21 (in Latin)—" 'Dic, Aneas.' You tell 'em, Aeneas!"

New Copyrights.

"The Heart Breaker"—by Irving Kelly.

"Dimples"—Elaine Utterback.

"They're Fathers"—Dorothy Southard.

"Patches"—Marie Adams.

"The Black Sheep"—Ruth Crowell.

"Oh, Where Is My Wandering Tooth!"—

R. Collins.

"I'm Getting Fat"—Maud Murray.

"Forsaken, Forsaken"—Alan Crowell.

"What Care I For School"—Dora Cohen.

"I'm It"—Leslie Bowler.

"Ted's Folly"—Dorothy Black.

J. Robinson, '21 (in Latin)—"A horse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

Say, do you know that C. C., '21, does not care for Bacon unless it's served in a Bowl—(er)?

JUNIOR JEREMIADE.

Cicero's tantrums and Catiline's fight,
I study from early morn till night,
How Catiline fretted, fumed and boiled
When all his plots were by Cicero foiled.

In French I have an awful time,
"Je ne sais pas" is not in my line
And conjugations? Oh, my Gosh!
Are to me just so much "bosh."

Algebra 'tis plain to see
Is made up of letters x, y and z,
But to find if x equals y what z would be
Is all right for some, but too deep for me.

English racks me most to death,
All night I wrestle with Macbeth,
Or with the mysteries of some ancient lore
And as day dawns know less than I did
before!

Now, 'tis a fact quite plain to see,
That A's and B's are not for me,
But I'll be satisfied, by heck!
If by June I'm not a blooming wreck.
—H. S. C., '22.

In French.

Mme. B.—"Avez-vous une vache?"

T. L.—g—y, '23—"Wee, wee, je suis une vache."

Miss B., '23 (translating—Rougis par les larnées)—"She blushed to her ears."

How Come?

L. M., '21—"I find something new about my car every day."

E. H., '21—"Ditto, this morning I found three hairpins and a powder puff in mine."

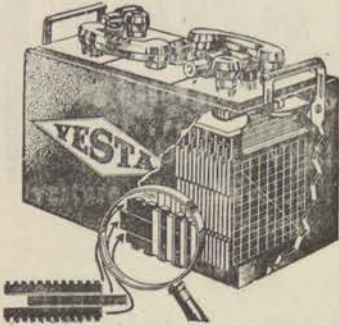
E. Curran, '21, wants "Popper" to buy him a monocle. Ed says he'll tell "Mommer" if he doesn't get it.

Automobile Ignition Service

Complete Equipment

Efficient Service

Competent Workmen



A Service Station for Your
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Call us on all battery and ignition troubles
—And We'll Call—

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Bangor, Maine

The Battery Service Station Nearest the High School

ELECTRICITY

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Better Lighting

Reliable Cooking

& in any

Event---ideal

Comfort

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BANGOR, ME.

Patronize Our Advertisers

Wanted: A collar for our class "Dog,"
'24.

CLASSROOM CLASSICS.

In Physics.

Incidence is something that burns.

The angle of incidence equals the angle of affliction.

Q. Describe the source of sound and transmission.

Ans. Sound is the result of something stricken as a string that has been stricken and transmission is similar to water when a stone is thrown in it.

Q. What is a vacuum?

Ans. Er—er I have it in my head but I can't express it.

Teacher—"What is a skeleton?"

Benny (aged seven)—"I know; it's bones with the people rubbed off."

Ask R. H., '21, who his orange butterfly at dancing school is.

History.

"Doc" Collins, '21—"Well, there always was jealousy between England and France back there in the dark ages."

Miss C.—"No doubt it's dark in your mind."

When his son went to Europe he told him if he needed help to send him a short wireless.

He received this: S. O. S., \$., P. D. Q., R. S. V. P.

English.

He retired to the monastery where he lived until after his death.

Spanish.

Miss F. (to E. B., '21)—"U and I are weak vowels that lose sound in the presence of stronger vowels.

Mr. G—g—s—"On what grounds did Darton become famous?"

Student—"On French ground."

It's English—quite English. you know!

"How are you, old Thing?"

"Oh, top hale, Old Bean."

"And the wife, Old Egg?"

"Oh, quite priceless, Old Hippopotamus."

"And the kids, Old Fountain Pen?"

"Oh, too pluperfect, Old Red Necked Phalarope."

Any Feller (to his sweetheart)—Darling, you are the breath of my life.

She (blushing)—Well, can't you hold your breath a while?

Geometry a la Boarding House.

A pie may be produced any number of times.

A landlady can be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions.

A bee line may be made from any boarding house to another boarding house.

Any two meals at a boarding house are together less than two square meals.

If there be two boarders on the same flat and the amount of the side of one be equal to the amount of the side of the other, each to each, and the wrangle between one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal also, each to each.

She—"I could just hang on to every word you utter."

He—"Gee! I must have a strong line."

At the telephone: "Is this the hosiery department?"

Voice over phone: "Yes."

At the telephone: "Have you any flesh colored stockings?"

Voice over phone: "Yes, what do you want, pink, yellow or black?"

You'll always find here the choicest models in Young Men's Clothes at the lowest possible price.

J. WATERMAN CO.

Maine's Largest Outfitters for Men and Boys

Do not make the mistake of judging an article merely by its price. Our values will surprise your purse pleasantly

All the Latest Styles in Footwear

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GOODWIN'S BILLIARD HALL

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FRANK D. GOODWIN, Proprietor

Telephone 859

A first class billiard hall where young men may enjoy their hours of recreation at either billiards or pocket billiards.

Clean and Sanitary

Light and Well Ventilated

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Freshman?

"I'm going to be a bigger man than George Washington was," announced the young hopeful, looking up from his book.

"I'm very glad to hear it, but what makes you think so?" asked the proud but puzzled parent.

"Why, this book says that he couldn't tell a lie, and I can, 'cause I've tried it," was the triumphant reply.—Ex.

Jazzy.

Mr. Hopper (rising from table): "Shall we dance this fox trot, Miss Flopper?"

Miss Flopper: "That wasn't the orchestra starting up—one of the waiters just dropped a tray of dishes."—Ex.

Policy.

A millionaire whose weekly contribution to the church was seven cents, was one day introduced by his pastor as follows:

"I want you to meet my VERY CLOSE friend."

Next Sunday, the friend contributed ten cents.—Ex.

Botany.

Teacher—Can you name a shrub that remains green the year round?

Soph—Yes, a freshman.

Romeo—I'm not fond of the stage, sweet Juliet. Hark! I hear your father coming so I think I'd better go before the foot-lights.

Teacher—"Johnny, this is the worst composition in the class and I'm going to write your father and tell him about it."

Johnny—"I don't keer if you do. He wrote it for me."—Ex.

Little bits of Freshman,
Little brains and nerves,
Makes some haughty Seniors,
As we all observe.

But When

Little bits of Sophomore
Pays seven bucks for a ring,
He's then a dead broke Junior
As cute as anythnig.

Algebra.

x denotes girl.

y denotes boy.

z denotes chaperone.

x plus y plus z denotes misery.

x plus y separated from z denotes bliss.

Professor—"What is density?"

Student—"I can't define it, but I can give a good illustration."

Professor—"The illustration is good. You may sit down!"—Ex.

"Getting along all right?"

"Yeah, he's forging ahead."

"Fine, he needs a new one!"

A student having several times repeated the words, "I guess," in his recitation received this comment from the teacher: "Rather a lot of guessing, wasn't it?"

Student (doubtfully)—"I guess so."

It was the end of the scene. The girl was staring. "Bread!" she cried, as she sank to the floor of the stage, "give me bread!" And just then the curtain came down with a roll.—Ex.

Here's Our Story

Twenty years ago we opened this shop and started in repairing and cleaning clothes and we are still at it. This shop can and will do anything from making a buttonhole to putting in a silk facing.

We have the largest repair department in the state. Don't throw away a suit until we have passed our opinion on it. Phone 636



Hillside Dye House

66 State Street, Bangor, Maine

Teacher—"English is a great deal like football, there's the team work we must have, and the coach which is our book. Now, Johnnie, doesn't it remind you of the game?"

Johnnie—"Yes'm, all but the passin'."

If the amount of shorn locks increases we see where the 5 and 10c store goes out of business.

Jones—"Does your wife break many dishes?"

Smith—"No, not many. I'm learning to catch them now."—Ex.

He—"I saw something last night that you'll never get over."

She (in excitement)—"What was it?"

He—"The moon."—Ex.

Shakespeare says: "If you can't laugh at the jokes of the age, then laugh at the age of the jokes."—Ex.

He—"Don't you think my mustache is becoming?"

She—"Well, it may be coming, but it isn't here yet."—Ex.

CHARLES E. HICKS

Teacher of

Trombone and Baritone

Bangor Band and Bijou Orchestra

TELEPHONE 1467-R

Member of American Federation of Musicians



Bon Ton CORSETS



*There is a Model for
Every type of figure*

Are you *sure* you are wearing the corset designed to fit your type of figure?

BON TON corsets are worn by many thousands of women because of their satisfying *variety* of models. And among them—in our Corset Department—is *your* corset; the one model which will give your figure lines of smartness, and greater *comfort* than you may have hoped to enjoy.

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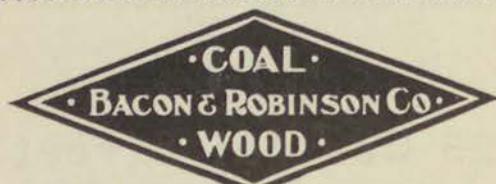
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