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THE ORACLE

Published Monthly by the students of the Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine

SUBSCRIPTIONS—75 cents per annum in advance

Regular number 10 cents, Christmas and Spring numbers 15 cents, June number 25 cents

Address all business communications to PHILIP C. CHALMERS, 396 Center Street

Entered as Second Class Matter, June 14, 1914, at the Post Office at Bangor, Maine, under the Act of March, 1879.

VOL. XXVII

APRIL 1919

No. 7

EDITORIALS

"Think all you speak, but speak not all you think"

April with its many showers and other signs of spring and summer, has been the time when some of the most momentous events in American history have occurred.

Springtime History

What will happen this year?

Here are a few of the important events which have occurred in the past during the month:

April 19, 1775—Battle of Lexington.

April 4, 1776—Washington formed the first American army of 8,000 men.

April 25, 1777—Lafayette arrived in America to aid the war of independence.

April 25, 1781—First American man-of-war built at Portsmouth, N. H., by Paul Jones.

April 19, 1783—War of independence ended.

April 21, 1836—Sam Houston defeated the Mexicans at San Jacinto, assuring the independence of Texas.

April 26, 1845—War declared on Mexico.

April 12, 1861—First shot of rebellion fired on Fort Sumter.

April 6, 1862—Battle of Shiloh.

April 24, 1862—Admiral Farragut forced the passage of the Mississippi.

April 2, 1865—Richmond abandoned by the Confederates.

April 9, 1865—Lee's surrender at Appomattox Courthouse.

April 14, 1865—Lincoln assassinated.

April 21, 1898—War declared on Spain.

April 7, 1914—American marines occupy Vera Cruz.

April 6, 1917—War declared on Germany.

April, 1919—?

With the passing of the Easter vacation comes the realization that Commencement is near at hand. Graduation has

Attention Seniors its pleasures, but it also brings an amazing amount of extra work.

Realizing this, however, the Oracle board takes the liberty to ask for help. The aid needed is in regard to the June number of the Oracle. As has been the custom in the past few years, so this

year the Senior number will contain the individual pictures of all the members of the class of '19; but along with the pictures there must be a rhyme of from four to six lines which give some interesting trait or characteristic of each Senior. Now the few who make up the Oracle Board cannot be expected to know all of the Seniors, so this is what is asked for. Will each Senior take it upon himself to hand in a rhyme of not more than four or six lines about any other Senior? It is quite possible that some members of the other classes would be willing to write a few lines about an acquaintance in the graduating class. Don't be afraid to write more than one, if you feel disposed. These rhymes may be handed anonymously to any member of the Oracle board. Of course, as in past years, nothing will be printed that could hurt the feelings of anyone. Come now, give us some dandy verses.

War which moves men to hatred and to deeds of horror also brings out the true character of men, their passionate

The War Poem feelings and their works of heroism. Much of this finer side of war is lost to us beneath the

terrible suffering and losses. However, we get a glimpse of it now and then, through a few lines of poetry written by a soldier in battle. These poems have been many, and their authors great, but among them all, there is one that has not been equalled. This is that beautiful lyric, "In Flanders

Fields," by Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae, a Canadian. Nothing could express more clearly or more simply combined inspiration, high thought and complete expression. This song, literally born of the fire and blood of battle, has been the "Marseillaise" of this war. It has become the poem of the army.

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow,
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and, in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high,
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow.
In Flanders Fields.

The cover design for this month was drawn by Harold Vayo, '18, who is now employed at the First National Bank. Mr. Vayo during his course in Bangor High School took a keen interest in the art department of the Oracle, designing many of the department headings now in use.



"Look, then, into thine heart and write."

JULES VERNE OUTVENTURED

A. D. 2020

By E. H. Gren, 1919

SOME years ago, in the year 2016, there were in the University of Dublin, six young scientific students, who had arranged among themselves this theory:— that all the extremely heavy metals, that is, those of high specific gravity, especially Platinum, Pt., Iridium, Ir., Osmium, Os., Palladium, Pd., Tantalum, Ta., Tungsten, W., and Gold, Au., having a very high melting point would be first to solidify if the earth were molten, and that each of these on solidifying, contract, which thing would tend to increase their density, or in other words, their weight; so that they, as compared with the other substances at the earth's crust, would be the first to sink as the earth cooled; and that when our newly created earth, but recently spilled from our ancestral sun, and mostly in a molten state, was swiftly radiating its excess heat into

space, these most precious metals had gathered about the earth's center in one metallic mass, and that the other elements, gradually cooling, had wrapped themselves about these most precious ones at the central core.

The miner or miners, therefore, who could approach the center of our globe could, without doubt, according to this theory, obtain heaps of riches and fame unbounded; these six scientists resolved to be the miners and formed themselves into an International Research Committee, who upon receiving their diplomas, pledged themselves to so many years of scientific investigation.

Time passed on, and the two last of the little coterie, receiving their sheepskins, the society blossomed out to do its life work. One member had already been in Africa, exploring opal mines, another had looked up diamond mines in Australia, and a third had

done some deep-sea exploration on a naval ship of his Majesty, King of England; the fourth one had dug emeralds and precious metals in Peru; while the two last, the most scholarly members of the Society, had secured medals from their college upon graduating.

They met at London, Feb. 20, 2020, to make arrangements for testing their theory at the Royal Institute of England. After much preliminary discussion and investigation and comparing of different views, they resolved that four of their number should arrange themselves equidistantly on the equator of the earth, while the other two were to proceed by airplanes to either pole of the earth. Money and men were not lacking as all nations sent enlisted armies to aid the enterprise as once they had sent them to war; for this century had seen the eradication of fighting, and the world's attention turned to scientific research, as is probably the case on Mars. Our scientists stood well at the head of this new world-work. Thus, each of their six stations had newly-invented appliances especially the polar stations, which no longer need fear the rigors of winter. A new supersensitive wireless also rendered their communication easy and constant.

Their plan was for each to start and continue excavations until each struck these rarer metals, when the world was to be electrified, and mining was to begin on a stupendous scale.

It was with many doubts and misgivings that they bade each other farewell, particularly the two younger men who had been

assigned each to a pole of the earth, and who thought they saw ahead of themselves almost an impossible and useless undertaking; yet neither of them would give up their theory without a thorough trial of it. And so they parted, each one to prepare such working force as he deemed necessary for his station. During their journey their wireless was invaluable and each arrived at his proposed location at nearly the same time and began immediate work for descending to the central regions of our planet.

All had prepared themselves with huge drills, such as the engineering world had never before dreamed of, resembling those where great oil-wells are to be sunk, but a thousand times more powerful; each drill-point was tipped with a newly invented substance known as Boron carbide, several times harder than a diamond. With this fine instrument the polar scientists could drill the frozen mass at the poles as quickly as tropical mud.

Each night at the close of work the electric current passed on its way to each of the theory provers, and they found that all were drilling at the same rate and were keeping nearly equal distances from the surface, but before long a new problem presented itself to the two polar investigators who had now taken up their abode some miles beneath the frozen crust of the Arctic and Antarctic circles; their problem was this: Supposing they did not find any of the much sought metals, they would arrive at the center of the earth before their friends, owing to the shorter diameter of the earth

from north to south; so they resolved to slow down the speed of their drills somewhat, but in spite of this precaution, they found themselves some miles nearer the center of the earth than their equatorial companions.

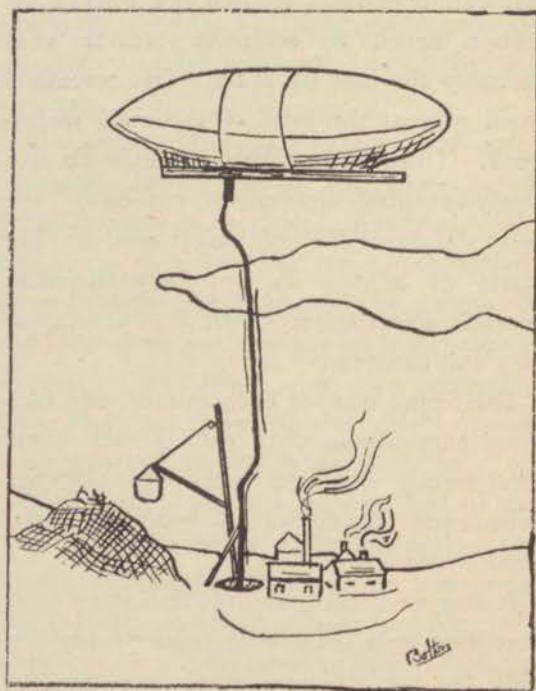
One morning our north polar man ascended his shaft to communicate with his friends and was greeted by a jumbled message of words from the other polar man; on listening he received a great shock on comprehending that the message was a jubilant call, "Pt—Pt—Pt—Pt—Pt—SOUTH POLAR MAN Pt—Pt—Pt—Pt—" involuntarily he threw his hat in the air but then gloom came over him to think he had not made the discovery,—when reverberating up from his own straight shaft came a howl—a cry of men—a shout of joy from his workers—and his chief of staff came running up to him, "Pt—Pt—Pt—Pt—from the last core—Pt—Pt—Pt—"

Then indeed his hat went high in air and before he knew it more messages came pouring in. "Pt—Pt—Pt—Pt—" from the four equators.

A few days later brought up to the north pole investigator a vein of that rare and extremely heavy and hard metal known as Iridium, the heaviest element on earth, the most precious and very scarce. The other seekers had also obtained Iridium nearly as soon as himself, but all were working under great difficulties owing to their depth from the surface and their communication had become extremely difficult and infrequent—in fact their electrical apparatus was insufficient.

Our Northern scientist became grave; he went to his study and was not seen for two weeks; his massive telescope often changed angles as he studied electrical conditions of the northern heavens; his work-chamber just beneath the surface was arranged for some special performance; his chief-of-staff was ever by his side; his men were ready to answer his call.

The northern polar cap was enveloped in a ring of fire, the sky was full of uncanny electrical dashes and traveling streams of light. Ever changing glare and spears of radiant particles appeared to shoot over the whole heavens, streaks of rainbow colors, turning and pivoting as a column of troops, filled the open air. It was this which the eyes of our scientist had watched, it was this which he had considered as a means of supplying their electrical needs.



In the yard at the surface a large balloon was fastened; it was larger than any ever leaving the earth before, but no man entered it. Soon it shot up into the rarified atmosphere, carrying its entanglement of conductors; ton after ton of large wire went stringing up into the sky and floated there!

The next night came—and it was a dark one! No northern polar lights flashed in the sky!—Nor ever again! Soon the southern lights also were conquered never to gleam again—at least while their power was needed by man!

The theory had proved itself a success! All the miners had pure metallic platinum in their tests.

I shall not stop to tell how these devoted scientists dug both riches and fame from their shafts! At length when they were satisfied with platinum the man at the north pole suggested they all go yet deeper to see what metal they could discover next; and to this the other scientists agreed eagerly. Again the wheels revolved and the sound of machinery grated under the otherwise still heavens and the great shafts were sinking lower and deeper—lower and deeper. The core still brought up Pt but it was beginning to be far denser and harder on the drills. The Boron carbide which had hitherto been unscratched, began to scar and wear by the incessant turning and to show that it was coming to something harder than platinum;—shortly the chief of staff announced "Osmium"—almost the next hour came word from the Antarctic "Osmium, Osmium," and within a day or two four other messages had announced the discovery of Osmium.

"Why, this is getting exciting," communed the Arctic investigator to himself. "As I seem to be in the lead, I have no notion of breaking off, I'm going yet deeper. I do believe I'm half way to the centre of the earth!" And on looking up his records he found that he actually was more than half the distance to the center of the globe.

The core which now came up the shaft had been for a long time too hot to handle, and the Boron carbide tip had often to be changed. The series of chambers which had followed the shaft into the central regions and in which the explorers lived had become very hard to ventilate; but this disadvantage was overcome by the inventive genius of our scientists.

Nature's free electricity was forced to travel over man's conductors, to do man's work and to end many of his troubles. The very power of the planet had been tapped and controlled for man's purposes—the earth's friction was utilized!

Now with renewed vigor the six huge drills began; but when their masters next communicated their progress by wireless, they were traveling rapidly toward the common center. The South polar man remarked jocosely over the wireless, "Why, I'm nearer to you through the shaft now than by way of the surface, let's keep on going," and immediately the four others who had been listening over their wires decided to join the trip through old Terra and all by the aid of the mingled and transformed northern and southern electrical power.

However, they experienced some difficulty now in finding anything sufficiently

hard with which to bore, and upon examination, found that they had struck a new metal, harder, denser, than any hitherto known at the surface. This most heavy and hard element was taken for drill points. The difficulty of the central heat of the earth, too, seemed to have been overcome, for they found a small portion of the center of the earth which was already cooled, showing well what is to become of our globe in the course of time.

Henceforth, they never communicated from the surface of the earth during this exploration; for they found themselves able to communicate, nearer and more readily each day, directly through the earth itself by special ground telegraphy.

But one day they had the sensation of their lives—they found that the very central rock of the earth,—and they had all struck it—was revolving like a dried-up nut in a nut-shell, like a pebble in a geode, and that it was so hard that none of them could make a dent in it. This was something absolutely

unknown to any scientist on earth. It seemed to be in a large cavern which it had worn by its successive turning as the earth had turned at various angles since the flight of time began. It remained directly in the center, immovable, and without supports from any part or side of the cave, held rigidly in place by the powerful strength of the earth's gravity, slowly revolving with the earth. It had a strong magnetic power, which was shown by the removal of nails from the men's shoes and metal buttons from their clothing.

Here were six pair of feet standing at various angles to each other, going round with the pebble in the cavern as if the pebble were the earth reduced and reduced to the size of a mere comet. "Hello," said the north pole to the south pole, and "Hello," said the south pole to the north pole. "Hello," said the four equators to the poles, and they were revolving like pins in an apple!

WITHOUT BLUSTER

By George W. Smith.



ONE January evening when a lively gale was blowing from the southwest, bringing a steady flood of rain, James Smith told me this story. Jimsy and I had been bunkies on His Majesty's trawler, Belle, ever since we shipped two months before. We did not have much time to confide in each other while on a cruise, and

when we landed at Southampton went different ways.

We sat across from each other in our cramped but fairly comfortable cabin, listening to the elements which seemed determined to crush our planks. This was our second week out as we had to take additional block for a disabled trawler. If nothing had happened we would have been

just docking at Southampton. I noticed Jimsy was rather restless, fidgeting and crossing his legs awkwardly, then uncrossing them, awkwardly. A small frown wrinkled his forehead as his thoughts raced like the tumbling racing waters outside.

At last he sighed, rolled up his sleeve and bared his fine, brown, sinewy arm.

"See that scar?" he said, after gazing intently at it for some moments.

I moved my stool nearer and saw plainly, where the thick muscles tapered down to the wrist, in dull purple and standing out unmistakably, the ragged mark of steel teeth.

"That reminds me of two things," he continued, "the first is my little adventure in this war, and the second,—well, that was what I have been thinking of tonight and will come out as I tell you my story."

The little trawler pitched on a rising swell; the lamp, hanging from the ceiling, swayed, casting a mellow glow, throwing shadows which crept back and forth over the cabin. Nearly a minute passed as the scar lay hidden under a crawling patch of shade, then slowly came into view, spoiling the beauty of that well molded arm.

Jimsy was still for a time meditating as if arranging events in his own mind, before giving them to me. I heard the rushing of the waters, the whine of the wind in the rigging and the banging of blocks as Jimsy lighted his pipe and started his story.

"My home was in a little hamlet on the southern coast where I lived with my mother until a year before we entered the war. I left home and went to a school of

diplomacy in London. They drilled me mostly in International law and foreign languages. Then came the Kaiser's attempt to scare England and the result was we declared war. I remained at my studies until the Aero Information Corps was recognized by the government which was about eight months after the beginning of hostilities. By this time I had a fairly good understanding of German and French and offered my services as an agent in this corps.

"I worked at several places along the front with another agent, then was transferred to the Cambrai sector on my own. That was where I had my little adventure. I was ordered to find out the numbers of the enemy regiments and the condition of the troops in the sector. The night of my departure was inky black, not a whisper of wind came from trees, nor the buzz of an insect disturbed the stillness.

"Of course we in the corps are not supposed to possess anything like nerves, but I felt little, queer tingles going through my system on every drop of blood. I tried to appear unconcerned and natural. I came up to my pilot standing by a swift little Nieuport. All preparations having been made we started at once to climb, leaving our hangar far below in a very few minutes.

"My disguise was not as complex as a movie agent's, but nevertheless was effective enough. I wore the uniform of surgeon in the German army, because I was to be left about a mile from a field dressing station.

"My plans as to action were all worked out and I had time to reflect back to the

little cottage and the beautiful little bay. I got so absorbed in my thoughts that I had no realization of time. The pure sea air seemed to be fanning my face, as I sat dreaming on the top of the hill, watching the waves roll in upon the chalky beach. My reverie was disturbed by the buzzer which was the signal of descent.

"After I landed I started for my objective, the hospital. I found it easily and worked by the sentries. Then came the trying part on a fellow's nerves when he must bluff everyone into believing that he is a new man to assist in the work. My luck was going strong so I got by. I passed most of my time getting information from the wounded and jotting down notes. I slept very little in three days and was getting anxious to get back to the hangar.

"Then on the third night, I went for a walk which led me to the field where I landed. At the appointed time the Nieuport came into sight and I crept from my hiding place and started across the field. These little machines have motors for speed and make some noise. Naturally I had to be pretty handy when he landed or both of us would have been taken by the guards who were sure to hear her.

"He landed farther away than I had expected it to; so I started to run for it. Just emerging from woods at my right and a little to the rear, I saw a detail of about ten soldiers coming after me. I ran as if I meant it then and got about fifty feet from the place when my right leg went out from under me. The roar of the exhaust had drowned the crack of the bullets so I didn't

have an idea what happened. I crawled to the plane, started to get in when I became dizzy. I passed my notes to the pilot and then fainted. He got off all right and got my information through to headquarters.

"The guards took me back to a chateau where the officers were billeted, locked me in the cellar. I stayed there for nearly three weeks without seeing the light of day. The bread they brought to me was so old that it was nearly as hard as the walls. Many huge rats ran all over me and stole what little bread I did not eat at once. The flesh wound in my leg needed attention but was nothing serious.

"At last they brought me up for trial. I haven't the least idea why they call it a trial as I simply went in and stood on display. It seemed like gazing through a frosted window as I looked at the burly officer at the head of the table, since my eyes were unaccustomed to the light and very weak after the blackness of my cell. He simply told me that I was condemned to die within a week, having satisfied himself and the others that I was a spy. So I was led once more to my cell.

"The next day General Byng started dropping H. E. into Cambrai preparatory to the drive. I thought the Huns had forgotten me, as three days rolled by and still I was alive. On the fourth day I heard the cracking of machine guns and automatic rifles that seemed quite near my little prison. The footsteps of the soldiers overhead seemed as if they were preparing to leave.

"The very cell door opened and a large sol-

dier entered. He told me that I was to be taken farther to the rear with other prisoners and await execution. I noticed that he had left his rifle at the door while he unlocked it and that he carried no side arms except his saw tooth trench knife.

"He was silhouetted in the open door and I made a jump for his throat as I thought by the sound of the fighting that friends were not far off. We rolled some time which seemed like hours to me. Then he got his hand free and drew that murderous knife. The knife hacked about trying to hit me as neither could see the other. But at last it landed across my arm tearing the flesh, letting out a great quantity of my supply of blood none too rich after imprisonment.

"As some one called to the guard from above, I could hear the unceasing rumbling of shells and I knew that it was a barrage and that the infantry was advancing rapidly. My head reeled and I began to feel weak. The blood was still flowing freely from the ragged wound in my arm. Then everything was shut out as if a black curtain was lowered over my eyes.

"When I became conscious I felt a warm, soft hand on my head, and saw a sweet, girlish face not far from mine, looking intently into my eyes.

"Please don't move, you are too weak. No, you cannot ask any questions. This is base hospital Number Four of the United States Med—"

"Then that wonderful voice trailed off. I thought at first it must be a trick of my ears but I soon found out different. I hated to leave there when I was able because that little American nurse appealed to me more than other girls. After I was able to report they told me I couldn't go back into the service on account of my weak eyes so after a short visit home, I joined this service. Now you've got my story."

The seas were still trying to crush our planks, the wind still whistled in the rigging and the blocks still banged. The lamp, though nearly burned out, cast a mellow glow showing his ragged scar. We both sat motionless for a few minutes, then Jimsy laid his cold pipe on the rough table, and slowly turned his sleeve. As he was leaving for his bunk, he turned and said, "I am going to buy a little farm in California after my discharge, drop around if you're near by, old chap." Then I thought of that nurse and, well—the lamp burned out and I crawled to my bunk in darkness.



LOCALS

*"Attempt the end and never stand in doubt,
Nothing so hard but search will find out."*

One of the finest Speaking Exhibitions ever held in City Hall was presented by the Junior Class, March 28. About 130 members of the class were marshalled on to the stage by President Henry Hersey. The stage was decorated by Charles M. Stewart with flags of the Allies, while the class banners, of royal purple and gold, and 12 starred service flag both held prominent places. Ushering was in charge of John Frawley, president of the Sophomores, with various members of his class.

The selections sung by the class, and the performance of the High School orchestra added much to the occasion and much credit is due to Mrs. George Eaton for the fine music; also to Miss Stasia Scribner, who coached the speakers. Following is the program:

March, General Pershing.....Vandersloot
High School Orchestra.
England's Answer.....George
Philip T. Oak.
A cutting from "The Counsel Retained"
..... Mackay
Eleanor W. Bragg.
The Rider of the Black Horse.....Lippard
Paul M. Croxford.

Love's Benediction.....Silver
Chorus.
A cutting from "Within the Law"...Veiller
Carolyn Woods.
The Stars and Stripes in Flanders....
..... Tibbals
Thomas E. Jordan.
Overture, Stradella.....Flotow
High School Orchestra.
A cutting from "Daddy Long Legs"...
..... Webster
Anna P. Daley.
"Gentlemen, the King.....Barr
G. William Rowe.
PatsyWiggin
June F. Richardson.
Under the Stars and Stripes.....Converse
Chorus.
America's Basis for Peace.....Wilson
Francis J. O'Connor.
A Soldier of France.....Ouida
Frances E. Patten.
MusicSelected
High School Orchestra.
Decision of judges.

On account of the excellence of all the speakers, of which too much praise cannot be given, it was very difficult to decide who

should have the French medals. The judges were Mr. F. W. Burrill, superintendent of the Brewer schools, with Mr. Charles H. Reid, Jr., and Mrs. F. T. Persons. After they had been out a long time, Mr. Burrill gave the decisions which were unanimous. First place was given to Anna P. Daley and Francis J. O'Connor, while honorable mention was given to Carolyn Woods and G. William Rowe.

Our first basketball rally of the season took place just before the Portland game. These rallies are always anticipated with great enthusiasm among the students. Following the awarding of the letters to the Football team by Mr. Eaton, all the basketball players were invited to go up on the stage and were given a good cheer. We had several interesting speakers, who were all former members of B. H. S.

One of these was Mr. Frank Youngs, a city alderman, who encouraged the team and school by telling them that when we are helping our team we are helping Bangor too, because of the pride Bangor has in her schools.

Paul Eames spoke about school spirit and loyalty to one's team, which are important factors in winning a game. The idea made everybody promise himself that he would do the very best he could for his team.

Harold Carr, a real soldier in a Canadian uniform, and who has seen some hard fighting in France, very generously told us that he had been one of the landmarks in B. H. S. and was very fond of basketball. We

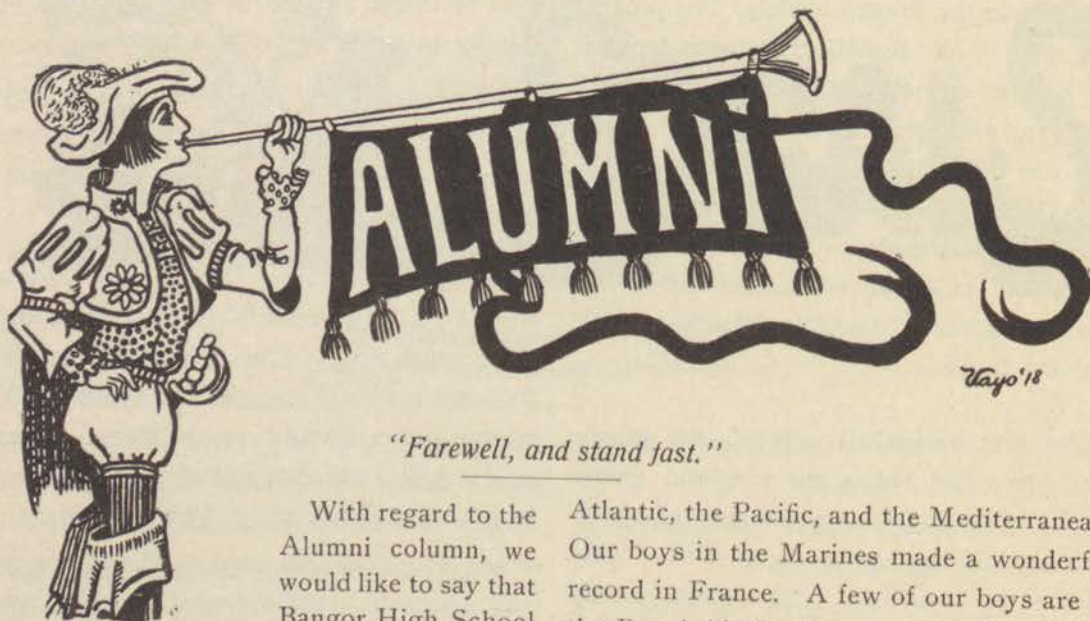
wish to thank everybody who took part in helping to make our rally a success.

Everybody was disappointed one day when the report was given that there was going to be a fire-drill. There wasn't any at all.

The battalion of the High School Cadets went on a hike recently, instead of having their usual drill. They hiked out to the Burleigh road and engaged in a sham battle, taking outer Broadway by storm. They used blank ammunition and saved Bangor from an imaginary attack by the enemy.

Miss Mary Robinson spoke on the subject "An Experiment in Teaching Latin for the Sake of English" at Wheaton college, Norton, Massachusetts, on March 29. It was at a convention held under the auspices of the Classical Association of New England. Miss Robinson was absent from school the day before, and her classes were taken by Mrs. George A. Phillips.

One would never think when he pulls down the receiver of a telephone to talk to his friend, how complicated a process it is that enables him to talk thus, or how much time and money it has taken to perfect the telephone. The structure, appliances, operation of the switchboard, and everything pertaining to the telephone was recently explained to the Commercial Juniors and Seniors by Mr. Irving Fisher, a manager of the New England Telegraph and Telephone Co. As he talked he showed stereopticon slides to illustrate what he was saying. This made it much more interesting and realistic.



"Farewell, and stand fast."

With regard to the Alumni column, we would like to say that Bangor High School is proud of her Alumni and she has every reason to be proud of them. Englishmen boast that the sun never sets on the British Empire. We may boast that the sun never sets on Bangor High School graduates. Our Alumni may be found in the most remote corner of the earth—in India, in far away Japan, and on the cold Siberian steppes.

We have boys in the most famous American divisions. At present they are scattered over England, France and Belgium, or they are with the Army of Occupation in Germany. For two years we have scarcely picked up a paper but that it told of some act of bravery, or a promotion, or citation of a Bangor High school graduate. We have read such things not only in Bangor papers but in those of Boston, New York and Philadelphia. We also have boys in Uncle Sam's great navy. They are serving on the

Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Mediterranean. Our boys in the Marines made a wonderful record in France. A few of our boys are in the Royal Air Service, the Canadian Army, and the French Army. Many Bangor High School graduates have qualified for those great British and French universities which are open to the American Expeditionary Forces.

Among our girls we number Red Cross nurses serving in this country and overseas, Y. M. C. A. canteen workers, yeowomen in the United States Navy, and reconstruction workers in devastated France and Belgium.

We are interested in all their activities and proud to print them in our school paper. In Bangor High School we do not forget our old friends.

We hope "the Spectator" will read the foregoing.

An unusual coincidence occurred in Omsk, Siberia, last December, when Lieut. Max Cushing, '05, met Walter Banton, '11. Lieut. Cushing is in the service of the gov-

ernment in Siberia and Mr. Banton is doing Y. M. C. A. work there. Lieut. Cushing is a former editor-in-chief of the Oracle.

Sergeant Raymond O. Torrey, '16, was one of the first Bangor boys to enlist. He joined the Bangor Machine Gun Company in April, 1917, and went overseas in the fall. Sergt. Torrey saw much active service but was fortunate in escaping serious injury though at one time the caving in of his dug-out caused him to suffer minor injuries. His arrival in this country is expected soon with the 26th Division. Sergt. Torrey was at one time manager of the track team.

Seaman Max Snyder, '17, of the U. S. S. Kearsarge has been honorably discharged from the United States Navy, in which he has served for nearly two years.

Miss Helen E. Patch, '09, has been awarded the European Fellowship by the Association of Collegiate Alumni. For two years she has been graduate scholar and holder of Fellowship in Romance languages at Bryn Mawr. Last year Miss Patch was chosen for one of the French government fellowships at Sevres which she declined.

Sergt. Carl Hardy, '14, has arrived from overseas. Sergt. Hardy went over with the 56th Pioneer Infantry having been a member of the First Maine Heavy Artillery. At the time of the signing of the armistice he was in a training school for officers near Lyons, France, and was put into a casual company which recently arrived at Camp Mills, New York.

First Class Private Clarence Fox, '14, has returned to this country from overseas. Pvt. Fox was with the Base Hospital Unit, No. 37, stationed at Dartford, England. He arrived on the Olympic and after a short stay at Camp Merritt was sent to Camp Upton to be discharged.

Major Murray Danforth, '97, has returned to this country after two years' service overseas. Major Danforth served in the medical corps, orthopedic division of the United States Army. He was stationed first in Sauvigny, France, but was later transferred to Bangous, Scotland, where he had charge of a hospital.

Wallace H. Boothby, '14, recently sailed for Denmark. Mr. Boothby is a superintendent of cargoes in the United States Merchant Marine. He was formerly a lieutenant in the aviation.

Sergt. Irving R. Donavon, '15, has arrived safely from overseas and is now at Camp Merritt, New Jersey, awaiting his honorable discharge.

Lieut. Fred H. Brown, '15, is in Bangor, having received his honorable discharge from the service. Lieut. Brown was a student at the University of Maine, when he enlisted in the aviation corps in June and from that time until November, was stationed at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, being transferred to Dallas, Texas, where he trained. For the past few months he has been at Park Field, Tennessee, where he received his commission.



"Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

BANGOR VS. KENT'S HILL

Bangor played her return game with Kent's Hill, Saturday, March 1, in the school gymnasium. Our team left Saturday morning, stayed at Kent's Hill over Saturday night, and returned Sunday.

The floor and baskets were rather a surprise to our fellows so they didn't make a very good score.

Summary:

B. H. S., 14	K. H. S., 54
Bacon, r. b.....l. f., Emmonds, 2	
Goldstein, l. b.....r. f., Huroon, 10	
Toole, c., 2.....c., Horen, 10	
	Wakeley, 4
Greeley, l. f., 3.....r. b., March, Luce	
Short, r. f., 2.....l. b., Talbot, 1; Leahy	

Referee, Gale of Kent's Hill. Time, two twenty-minute periods.

BANGOR VS. RUMFORD

Bangor's return game with Rumford came Friday, March 7. Mr. Mitchell and Mgr. Matthews accompanied the players, who were: Bacon, Fairbrother, Goldstein, Greeley, Short and Toole. They left Friday morning and returned Saturday.

Summary:

B. H. S., 17	R. H. S., 71
Bacon, Toole, r. b.....l. f., Clark, 12	
Goldstein, l. b.....r. f., Cohen, 5	
Toole, 3; Fairbrother, 1, c.....	
c., Galvariski, 15 (1)
Greeley, l. f., 2.....r. b., Powett, 1	
Short, r. f., 2 (1).....l. b., Roy, 2	
Time, two twenty-minute periods.	

B. H. S. VS. Y. M. C. A.

Saturday, March 8, B. H. S. played a fast team from the Y. M. C. A. The High School players were tired from their long ride from Rumford and so were not at their best.

Summary:

B. H. S., 24	Y. M. C. A., 22
Bacon, Fairbrother; Toole, 2., r. b.....	
l. f., Short, 4
Goldstein; Fairbrother, 1., l. b.....	
r. f., Jordan, 1
Oak, c.....c., Page, 5	
Greeley, l. f., 2.....r. b., Burr	
Short, r. f., 7.....l. b., Collins	
Referee, Earl Heal, B. A. A. Time, two twenty-minute periods.	

BANGOR VS. PORTLAND

At Bangor

The Portland team came over to play Bangor, March 14. The sixth period was given to the students to hold a rally in the Assembly hall. Mr. Eaton, Mgr. Matthews, Raymond Carr, Ald. F. O. Youngs, Paul Eames and Capt. Toole each spoke briefly on the coming game and urged every student to attend. These were followed by cheers for the team which was seated on the stage.

Just before the game the students, headed by the High School Band, formed a parade. They marched around for a time and then went to City Hall. The band played before the game and between the periods. Pullen's orchestra played for the dance which followed.

Summary:

B. H. S., 8

P. H. S., 12

Toole (Capt.), r. b., 1.....
l. f., L. Dolan, 1; Davis, 1
 Goldstein, l. b.....r. f., Foster (Mgr.), 3
 Oak, Fairbrother, c.....
c., J. Neavling (Capt.) 1
 Greeley, l. f., 2.....r. b., Johnson
 Short, r. f., 1.....l. b., A. Ward

Referee, Manager Barton, B. A. A.
 Time, two twenty-minute periods.

At Portland

Our team, consisting of Bacon, Fairbrother, Gallagher, Goldstein, Greeley, Oak, Short and Toole, went to Portland, March 29, for the return game. Coach Johnston, Mr. Mitchell and Mgr. Matthews accompanied the team.

Bangor did not do as well at Portland as she did here. Portland held her with no score until the second half and defeated her 39 to 14.

Summary:

B. H. S., 14

P. H. S., 39

Greeley, r. b., 1.....l. f., Dolan, 5; Plumer
 Goldstein, Bacon, Gallagher, l. b.....
r. b., Foster, 1 (1)
 Oak; Fairbrother, c.....c., J. Neavling, 6
 Toole, l. f., 3....r. b., Johnson, 1; Rubinoff
 Short, r. f., 3.....l. b., Ward; Davis, 6
 Referee, O'Brien of Portland. Time, two
 twenty-minute periods.

* * * * *

Mr. Eaton gave out the football letters during the rally March 14.



*"As the scale of the balance must give way to the weight that presses it down,
so the mind must of necessity yield to demonstration."*

On Friday, March 21, the debate between Maine Central Institute and Bangor High took place in the Assembly Hall. It was on the subject: Resolved, that all American municipalities of 5,000 population or over should adopt the city manager plan of government. Bangor upheld the affirmative and M. C. I. the negative.

(Miss) Josephine Clough, first speaker on the affirmative, proved that the city manager plan was economical because of prevention of graft, publicity, certain allotted budget and the check by the board of commissioners. She also named several cities in which it had been a success.

Clarence Day, the first speaker on the negative, stated that this plan was not democratic because it is removed from the people, all classes are not represented, it centralizes power in too few hands, it does not fix responsibility and does not eliminate party politics.

The second speaker on the affirmative was Agnes Olsen. She declared that it is efficient as it involves concentration of power on a small council. It puts the city on a vast business basis and prevents localism as the city manager may be from another city.

Daniel Getchell, the second speaker on the negative, asserted that the city manager plan has not worked out in practice as it has been adopted by only five per cent. of the cities, there is too much graft in it, there is too much friction between commission and manager, and money has not been saved.

Marjorie O'Connell was the last speaker on the affirmative. She proved that the city manager plan is more democratic than the present form of government. The old form is very inefficient and has built up a great political machine. Under city manager, every citizen is represented—he has a vote for the entire commission.

The third and last speaker was Alton Palmer. He declared that the plan the negative proposed was the commission form of government which has been approved in about 50 per cent. of the large municipalities. The city manager does not have power enough in a crisis and it is almost impossible to find a man expert enough.

These speeches were followed by a very snappy rebuttal. The decision was awarded to Bangor High by the unanimous vote of the judges.

Marjorie O'Connell was judged to be the best speaker. All the speakers showed a clear grasp of the subject and a great deal of real debating ability.

On March 21, the Bangor High School debating team debated Hebron Academy at Hebron on the question, Resolved: That American Municipalities of more than five thousand population should adopt the city-manager plan of government. Bangor argued for the negative.

Eugene Wing was introduced by Lieut. Herbert L. Newman, the presiding officer, as the first speaker for the affirmative. His whole argument was based on the fact that the city-manager form of government was better than the old mayor and council form. Robert McCann, the first speaker for the negative, admitted that all which the first speaker for the affirmative had said was true, and he even admitted that the city-manager plan was better than the commission form of government. He then advanced the councilor form which he endeavored to prove more economical than the city-manager form. William Barron, the second speaker for the affirmative, argued that the city-manager plan was

sound in theory. Wilfred Gillen, in a strong argument, refuted all the main points which Barron had brought out, and then proceeded to prove the councilor plan more efficient than the city-manager plan. Mr. Pike, the third speaker for the affirmative, endeavored to prove the city-manager plan better than the commission plan. William Rowe, the last speaker for the negative, admitted this fact, as had one of his colleagues. After refuting several statements which the affirmative had made in the course of the debate, he proved the councilor form more democratic and progressive than the form which the affirmative proposed. Alger Pike of Hebron, the last speaker of the evening, gave a very strong rebuttal in a fiery manner. He won a hearty applause from both the audience and his opponents, besides receiving the honor of best individual speaker.

The judges, Prof. Herbert R. Purinton of Lewiston, Donald B. Partridge of Norway, and Prin. Shirley J. Rawson of Mexico, decided in favor of the affirmative by a vote of two to one.

The Bangor boys were entertained at the dormitories of the Hebron boys in a manner which is very complimentary to the Academy.



"So ends the bloody business of the day."

Things are surely beginning to assume a new aspect in the Cadet Battalion. With the return of spring outdoor activities are taking the place of the rather tiresome indoor drilling and a decided interest in the military work is being shown by each and every High School Cadet.

The first hike of the season was that in which the men of A Company took part. The outing was thoroughly enjoyed by all and furnished many amusing incidents for both men and officers. On Monday, March 17, a report came to Capt. Thompson of A Company that Brewer was attacked—by what was not mentioned. Capt. Thompson immediately called for volunteers to go to the defense of the city. Nearly all of A Company and a few men from B and C Companies volunteered. A Company furnished the officers. The Company was heavily armed with Springfield rifles—model 1873—and set out for Brewer, accompanied by Major Smart and some of his staff.

Just outside the city proper Corp. Curran went out on a point with his squad. About

a quarter of a mile farther on he saw the enemy—Brewer has some optical illusion producers—and engaged them. He was beaten back but the first platoon came to his aid and dispelled the illusion—we mean the enemy.

Snipers were discovered on the left flank and the company sent to surround them. During the advance Serg. Paul Springer exposed himself to the enemy fire to deliver messages. Serg. Springer was later awarded a medal for his valor.

The company succeeded in eliminating the snipers after capturing two of them, a third escaped.

As a violent hail storm came at this moment the sniper was allowed to escape—he later joined the company and the company returned to camp in time for mess.

The second hike of the season was enjoyed by the entire Battalion. On Wednesday, March 25th, all the three companies assembled at the High School and after some little delay, caused by the unwillingness of a flock of Freshmen to conduct

themselves as human beings, started toward East Bangor by the way of Broadway, where, it had been reported, hostile forces had been lurking for several days. A portion of C company was detailed to proceed as a point.

At the Burleigh Road the order came to take the east branch which leads by the domicile of one of our sturdy sergeants. About half a mile up the road C company was fired upon. Capt. Pierce with great presence of mind, ordered his men to deploy as skirmishers and sneaked up upon the supposed stronghold of the enemy, but when the place was reached the enemy had successfully retreated and were nowhere to be seen. A squad from A company was detailed for scout duty and heroically plunged into the dense underbrush—and mud. After stopping at a friendly pump near by to water the freshmen, the three companies separated and scoured the woods for traces of the enemy.

After several hours of intense search the enemy was captured and brought to headquarters under a strong guard. To the astonishment of all, the leader of the band was found to be none other than our supposed trusty officer, Lieut. Bond, who had, with his well known magnetic influence, evidently noticed some of his men turn traitors.

Sgt. Smith of C company was cited for bravery.

Lieut. Bailey and Corporal Shiro were killed in action and Private Staples was severely wounded by a blow on the cranium, inflicted with a rifle butt.

The Battalion returned to barracks entirely willing to be demobilized.

Many similar events are being planned for the future which we hope may prove as pleasurable and beneficial as these two hikes have proven.





" 'Tis a lettre from a friend."

A QUESTION

How many Exchange Editors have asked themselves the seemingly unanswerable question, "What can I write in order that my department become more interesting," and without finding any very satisfactory answer, have continued to write the same old, uninteresting comments that seem all to be modeled after one pattern?

The purpose of the Exchange Department is undeniably to exchange with other papers, receive their comments and comment upon them. Very well. But would it not be a much better plan to utilize the Exchange column in quoting short articles, mentioning the activities of other schools and, in fact, keeping in touch with other papers, other schools, and other people? The stereotyped forms "your paper is very good, your departments are interesting, your arrangement is neat,"—all these are well enough—until something better can be found.

Anyone can criticise a paper,—anyone in your own school. It is not necessary to go

to other schools for ideas and plaudits upon yourself. The Exchange column should act as a live wire, a corresponding agent, a connecting link between schools,—not as a parrot repeating in monotonous, often heard remarks.

AS OTHERS SEE US

There is a fine story in the Oracle; its title is Fifty-Fifty.—The Roman.

In the days of yore, oracles were sought for knowledge and advice and today we seek the "Oracle" from Bangor, Maine, for good reading. The literary department is indeed an asset to the paper and the cuts are very good.—The Roman.

The Oracle—a very good paper. The Literary department was big and interesting. The editorial by Theodore Roosevelt was fine and an excellent idea. We appreciate your comments on the "Opinion." We would suggest that your jokes were more impersonal, so that they would be better appreciated by the outsider.—The Opinion.

The Oracle is an exceptionally well arranged magazine. The editorials are particularly good. The Personals are indeed a clever department. We place the Oracle among our best Exchanges.—The Scout.

I never can hide myself from me;
I see what others may never see.
I know what others may never know,
I never can fool myself, and so,
Whatever happens I want to be
Self-respecting and conscious free.

Your stories are fine but we feel that some illustrations would improve them. We like your cover.—Maroon and White.

The Oracle, Cincinnati, Ohio: The Oracle contains some of the best jokes that are to be found in any paper.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

The Record from Newburyport has achieved something certainly commendable in issuing such an attractive and complete paper. It would be impossible to find a point for criticism unless it is the fact that we are not permitted the pleasure of reading it every month.

The person who starts out in life with the determination which is so cleverly expressed in the following poem which we take the liberty to quote from the "K. H. S. Enterprise" will certainly come out on top, both in success and in character.

MYSELF

I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able, as days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye;
I don't want to stand, with the setting sun,
And hate myself for the things I've done.

I want to go out with my head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect;
But here in the struggle for fame and self
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to look at myself and know
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.

EXCHANGE JOKES

Principal: "Why this tardiness?"

Senior: "I did not miss my car, nor was it slow. There were no tie-ups of the road. Our clock was not out of order. I didn't have to call the doctor for my sick grandmother. I am late because I am lazy."

Principal faints.

She: "My father carried a drum during the Civil War."

He: "And when the enemy advanced he beat it, eh?"

'21: "Why is a Freshman's face like a camel?"

'22: "Howzat?"

'21: "He can go three days without water."

Teacher, rapping on desk: "Order, order."

Scholar: "Ham and eggs, please."

Freshman: "My little brother was drowned in bed last night."

Junior: "Why, how did it happen?"

Freshman: "Bed-bugs ate a hole in the mattress and he fell in the springs."



"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

B. H. S. THEATRE

First performance at 8.00 A. M.

Matinee, 3 P. M.

Program for week of April 7, 1919:

"The Awakening Waltz.....

"When We Went to Sunday School....

"N'Everything"

Palmer and Holden.

Overture

A—March—Oh, How I Hate to Get Up In
the Morning.....

Entire Chorus.

B—Matthews, Bacon, Bond,

In the funny little comedy sketch,

"How Are the Children This Morning?"

C—Oak and Hersey,

In the stirring drama, "Reunited"

D—McCann and Olsen,

In "Swapping Mail" by Ourselves

E—Searles and Smith,

Presents the amusing novelty,

"Poison Gases"

F—Cochrane and Bolton,

In the "Decorators"

A Hilarious Comedy of Errors

G—Collins and Holden,

Featuring: "I Love You More For
Losing You Awhile"

H—Mlle. Harrigan,

In "Leave It To Helen"

Depicting College life with all its joys
and sorrows

I—"Mickey" Finnegan,

In "Catching Dogs for the Lunchroom"

A Comedy Animal Act

J—Hall and Short,

Introducing the Latest Song Hit,

"We're Married, So Why Should We
Care"

K—Edna Starrett,

In "The Impersonator"

L—Exit March,

"On the Road to Home, Sweet Home"

Electric cars for all points pass directly in front of the theatre. Gentlemen's Lounging Room in Assembly Hall, Everybody is asked to check their coats and rubbers. Any change of program will be announced in chapel. Rest room for all patrons, Room

201, second floor, attendant present. Please leave any articles found in this theatre at the Box Office. Courtesy and prompt attention to the wants of our patrons is the rule of this theatre. Patrons are kindly requested to report any violation to this rule.

Miss R— in English (oral composition):
 "Don't you remember anything at all on the subject Miss B—?"

Miss B— '22: "Nothing but the date."

Miss R—: "Then give the date."

Miss B— '22: "I have forgotten it."



We have noticed that the street light on the corner of Parkview Avenue has been out since Friday night. We wonder how it happened. Oh, Ruth!

Teacher: "Mr. Smith, what is work?"

"Everything is work."

Teacher: "Oh, indeed! Then I suppose you would tell me that this desk is work."

"Sure, woodwork."

The Freshmen are circulating a petition requesting that: All members of the Freshmen Class be excused from fire drill, because they are so green they wouldn't burn anyway.

"Doc" Collins appeared at school one day recently with a large pair of spectacles resting lightly on the bridge of his nose. Upon being questioned he said "that he had long felt the need of better eyesight." All eyes are on you, Doc, be careful.

Soph.: "Do you know I saw the Aurora Borealis the other night for the first time."

Freshie: "Did you? Was it a good show?"

Signs of Spring

Mercy, me! Am I in love?
 Do tell me what's the matter?
 Every time I look at Mickey
 My heart goes pitter, patter.

—"Freshie"

St. Patrick's Day

Officer, to Jimmy McAloon, who is wearing a green ribbon on his uniform:
 "Remove decoration from your uniform."

McAloon: "I can't, sir, it's a birth-mark."

A Request

Why doesn't "Jake Toole," our basketball captain, get a "Trainor" for his hair, so it won't bother the spectators so by getting in their line of vision.

Mr. S—, '19 (translating Spanish):
 "—before and befront."

Mr. B— in History: "I don't suppose you want Mr. Ford to have a factory here in Bangor, do you Clark?"

Mr. C—, '19: "No, you can buy a wheelbarrow for \$2.50."

Mr. B—: "Well, mine cost \$3.00 and it was second-hand."

Mr. C—, '20 (translating French): "Julien and Andre threw themselves at the neck of their uncle."

At the urgent request of a number of our subscribers, we have decided to establish a "Love and Sentiment" column. A prominent Senior who has had considerable experience in this line has offered his services and will act as "Love and Sentiment editor." Here is a splendid opportunity for all you Seniors and Sophomores to find out whether he or she does or does not—you. All correspondence strictly private. Address P. J. S., Oracle Box.

The Freshman's motto:

Life is short! Let's be happy,

Play the game and make it snappy,

Never worry, sweetly smile,

We'll be Seniors—after a while.

Evidently the Freshmen believe in having a good time while they can.

Will someone kindly explain the following bit of wisdom found in The "Oracle" box? "Advice from a Freshman to a Sophomore—Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you." We fail to get the point.

Hobbies of B. H. S. Students

Collecting antiques.—J. McA, '20.

Driving an auto at night.—M. Q., '19.

What's that, something to eat?—R. McC., '19.

Ambitions—

Perfectly ambitionless.—F. L., '20.

Not in my line.—J. McA., '20.

To run the Bon Ton.—R. McC., '19.

Expressions—

"Good night."—D. A. B., '21.

"Honest, I am lying."—M. F., '20.

"Make it snappy."—V. O., '20.

"Can the chatter."—R. McC., '19.

"My dear!"—C. W., '20.

Where To Spend The Summer

Egotists should go to Me.

Suitors should go to Pa.

Debtors should go to O.

Physicians should go to Ill.

Mathematicians should go to Tenn.

Miners should go to Ore.

Farmers should go to Mo.

Laundresses should go to Wash.

Readers should go to Conn.

Young men should go to Miss.

It was observed that J. Buckley enjoyed the debate with M. C. I.—what he heard of it.

J. Buckley states that it has been very good riding this winter, but everyone is wondering how he keeps his horse so long.

Ruth Holden would like to get Small. She now thinks she has the right prescription. If it fails Ruthie, call on Edna.

SENIOR ESSAYS

Senior Essays! Senior Essays! What a lot
of work they make!

Senior Essays! Senior Essays! What a
lot of thought they take!

Not content with simple subjects, such as
books and folk and trees,

Most all Seniors write their Essays on dry
subjects such as these:

First, the outcome of the World War that
is talked so much of now,

Then the awful complex titles, such as,
When's a Pig a Cow?

Ev'n the easy goin' Senior when it comes to
write a Theme

Will plug, and dig, and worry, tryin' to
find the Cause of Steam!

An' the girl that loves the movies, and the
dances, boys and all,

Will always take a crazy subject such as
Rome's Decline and Fall!

It's a question real perplexin' why we
always try the thing

That's beyond our mind's own graspin'
and the unknown try to ring

With cold facts and hard-boiled reason
that're enough to kill a Sage,

And the boy with kiddish reasonin' scrib-
bles page and page and page.

For the Graduation's comin', and some
lucky cuss will speak

His efforts to a gapin' crowd, and climb
the highest peak,

And heave his poundin' chest that bears the
Medal of the Day,—

Yes, some lucky cuss will get it, and the
rest will clap and say,

"Yes, his reasonin's terrific—get the way
he combs his hair?"

Oh, the Seniors sweat and worry on just
what and how to say,

While the one who takes the Medal writes
on things of every day!

—By a Senior



Mme. B—: "Hersey, your reading is
enough to make anyone seasick."

Daffy-dils

If the Freshmen are green, is J. Albert
Black?

If H. Harrigan likes the U. of M. does
Mabelle Colby?

If Carl Meinecke is tall is John Short?

If the Sophs. are terrifying to the Fresh-
men, is Ruth Savage?

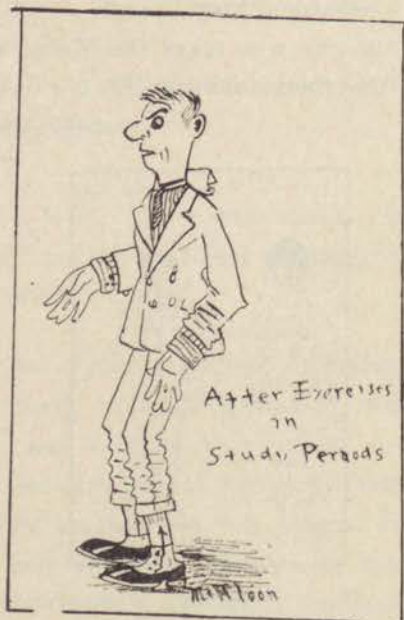
If Marion Quinn likes to canoe, does Wil-
liam Rowe?

If we all like sodas does Ralph Drink-
water?

If Margaret is a Mason is Dewey Christ-
mas?

If in doubt about anything, ask Bessie
Cooper—she knows!

A minister's wife was married three times. Her maiden name was Partridge; her first husband's name was Robins; her second



husband's name was Sparrow; and her present name is Quail. There are now two young Robins, one Sparrow, and three Quails in the family. One grandfather was a Swan and the other was a Jay but he passed away and so became a Bird of Paradise. They live on the Canary Islands and the person who wrote this is a Lyre and is a relative of the family.

Mr. O—, '19 (translating French): "They passed the little house where their father and mother were died."

The following are guaranteed to have been taken from a reliable (?) character book:

Miss W—, '20 (in French): "The dog was a broken leg."

The Maine club which is composed of High School girls, is rapidly increasing its membership. We see several new names on the list this week, among which is R. H-l-d-n, '19, formerly a member of the "Cradle Robbers' Club."

R. Matthews is responsible for the following: "It wouldn't make any difference if I had to wheel her around in a baby carriage."

It was reported that our "Major" was seen at a social function recently clad as a young lady, and excited a lot of jealousy with the other young ladies present.



We hope R. M-th-ws, '19, will take advantage of our new column instead of writing to Mildred Champagne of the Boston Post.

Discovered!

In room 211, March 26, the long sought for odor was discovered. For several weeks investigations had been going on and at last it was announced that Albert Black had had his shoes and puttees polished.

What Would Happen (?)

1. If Croxford, '20, should fail to attend the Latin sight class!

2. If the bell didn't ring at quarter of one!

3. If "Blocky" O'Leary arrived at school on time!

4. If J. Starrett, '22, didn't appear in Assembly Hall at recess!

5. If Mr. Mitchell forgot to give out any "come-backs" for a month!

6. If Tom Jordan had sung the "Star Spangled Banner" at Junior Exhibition as Mr. Eaton suggested at the rehearsal!

Oh, why do we linger and gaze with sad looks

At the "Oracle" box in the hall?

How B. H. S. pupils must dote on their books—

There are no contributions at all!

Zeros in Amusement

1. Attending afternoon sessions.

2. Madame's examinations.

3. Listening to most anyone translate Latin.

4. Trying to keep on the key in singing period when the person next to you is warbling in the key of z.

5. Watching U. of M. heart-breakers.

6. Listening to Bill Gallagher sing.

7. Seeing the Freshmen pretending to be Seniors.

Miss S—, '19 (translating Spanish):
"Her eyes were like ink."

Question in an English exam.: "Use the word 'exorbitant' in a sentence."

Answer: "They stuffed their ears with exorbitant cotton."

Horation Odes

(Whereupon ye ad. department makes a killing.)

Temco Sapolio pepsodent, Krytok mobiloil
tuxedo,

Shur-on ansco neposet, duplex crisco palm-
olive,

Notaseme kreolite nitro, arco bellans
swoboda

Armco nabisco!

Dictaphone clysmic wheatena, karo post-
toasties lysol,

Necco kewanee jello, tyco, grape-nuts,
congoleum,

Ampico gold-dust bon-ami, carborundum,
valspar pebeco Dioxygen! —Ex.

Freshman: "The more I read on this subject, the less I seem to know about it."

Teacher: "I see you have been reading a great deal."

Miss P— (during exercises): "Be sure you breathe in before you breathe out."

"There's a little bit of bad in every good little girl." Watch your step, M. L. C., '20.

What is heard 'most every day?

Alas, 'tis F—l—u—n—k.

Mr. M—: "I'm going to give five after-
noons back to any of the girls I see reading
notes during this study period."

Why We Go To B. H. S.

To improve the school—Freshmen.
 To amuse myself—C. C. '21.
 To help my teachers—M. F. '20.
 To chew gum—R. O. '19.
 To sleep—D. G. '20.
 For the walk—R. M. '19.
 Because I love French—J. Mc. A. '20.

It is rumored that Henry Hersey is the possessor of a Ouija Board which he has consulted frequently of late. Keep up your nerve, Henry!

Miss I. W. (in English): "Wasn't your oral paragraph rather short, Mr. Baumann?"

Baumann, '20: "I had more to say but it was all given before I got up."

Miss I. W. (in English): "Who was Whittier's poem 'Ichabod' written about?"

Miss F—, '20: "Ichabod Crane in Irving's 'Sketch Book.'"

"Husky" Bowles says he has changed his mind about being President. He now prefers a place in the Hall of Fame. "Husky" hasn't fully decided just what he is going to do to become famous but there's plenty of time still.

Favorite Pastimes of B. H. S. Students

1. Ruth Holden, '19. Waiting to hear "Orono calling, one moment please."
2. Agnes Olsen, '19. "Ow! Wubbers, now you stop." (Heard on the doorstep.)
3. H. Harrigan, '19. Reading all about "Monte Carlo."
4. Doc Collins, '21 "Playing store" with a Junior girl.
5. E. Palmer, '20. Writing continued stories to James!
6. E. Starrett, '20: Taking a bunch of girls automobiling to "Hampden" by the Orono road!
7. H. Bacon, '20: Explaining that the Sophomore girls are all right but he prefers the older ones.
8. Sue Sawyer, '20. Going to the library to study prodigiously.
9. R. Fairbrother, '21. Being "rushed" by certain Sophomore girls.
10. R. McCann, '19. Trying to get up his nerve—good luck to you, Bob!

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