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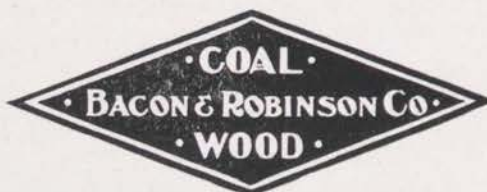
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## EDITORIALS

*"We know in part, and we prophecy in part"*

Russia's military history for two hundred years has been of a peculiar character.

The Russian armies have almost invariably been beaten. They have been beaten by the Poles, the Swedes, and the Turks, by the Germans, the French, and the British, by the Japanese, and finally by the Central Powers. But still the fact remains that they have never been crushed. At different times in the Russian-Japanese war the Japs all but forced the Russians to surrender or to flee in disorder. Somehow, nevertheless, the latter managed to retreat in an orderly manner. Early in the present war during the retreat from East Prussia and later in the great Galician retreat the Russians seemed doomed to inevitable disaster. In the end, however, the Russian front was found firm, and the victorious Germans could not break it.

It has been truthfully said that a country whose armies manage always not merely to avoid disintegration, but actually to cohere after defeat, is practically invincible. Over an army which, after brave resistance, surrenders or disintegrates, can be won the kind of conclusive victory that ends a war. Russian armies are not of this class. His-

tory has given credit to the Russian leaders for extricating armies unbroken from the most desperate situations. But when the details of Russian retreats are closely examined it is discovered that the Russian private soldiers managed the retreats themselves. The common soldiers selected the ground on which to make a stand and made use of every point to delay the pursuers so as to allow the pursued to escape.

The Russian armies cohere in defeat because of the inherent courage and determination of the average Russian soldier. To this fact is attributed the secret of Russia's invincibility.

Now the question arises—Has Russia really made peace with Germany? It seems that she has "made a strategic retreat in the political field." At Brest-Litovsk the Bolsheviki made a stand for a just peace. They were beaten from one position to another, and now at Moscow they have subscribed to an unjust peace. They have yielded ground just as the Russian armies have done.

But the Russian revolutionary party intend to keep up a war to the end against the aims of the German government. This is



the resolution of the Soviets, "the representative organs of the Russian common man."

If the Germans had made peace with a conventionally organized government such as that of the Romanoffs, they would have achieved results worth while to themselves. From such a type of government it is possible to secure territorial concessions that would have a chance of standing and to impose indemnities that would have a chance of being paid. Rumania yielded herself before her government broke down. Therefore it was possible for the Central Powers to make a conclusive peace with her.

It seems to some that the Germans have actually won a peace with Russia; but practically the Russian revolution has won a resting space. Germany may say that the Baltic Provinces and the other neighboring states are her own, but this territory will never be wholly hers so long as Russia is teeming with revolution. Before Germany can be secure in her conquests she must create a government in them after her own plan and force the Russian people to live up to their terms. If she does this she will have practically accomplished the impossible.

To the average person, China's entrance into the war seemed a minor move; it was not fully appreciated by most **China** Americans. Difficulties in transportation have so far prevented the **War** Chinese government from sending an expeditionary force to Europe. She has a standing army of 800,000 men which, in the course of time, may see service on the European battle-fronts. In the

meanwhile a son of this eastern country, Mr. S. G. Cheng, points out the fact that China is very active in other lines of support.

The Chinese government has generously placed enemy ships seized in Chinese ports at the disposal of the Allies. She has brought a strict censorship into force to prevent German plotting and intrigue. The excess of her food production over home consumption is now being shipped to America and in this manner a like part of American produce is released for export to Europe. This roundabout way of supplying the Entente Allies is prudent because the distance between Shanghai and San Francisco is shorter than that between Shanghai and any European port and the passage through the dangerous Mediterranean is thus avoided.

Thousands of Chinese have been employed in auxiliary work behind the fighting line by the French and the British governments and France employs many in the production of munitions. Mr. Cheng states that newspapers have described all these workmen as coolies; many of them on the contrary are highly skilled mechanics who have gained experience in the modern factories of China.

In China the government has taken over the German banks and secured the German concessions. Many German firms have been closed down and German residents are under strict surveillance. The authorities at Peking have dealt very ably with the German problem in spite of the unstable condition of their own government and the ever present dangers of internal disturbance in their own country.



*"It is only the ignorant who despise education"*

## THE MOLLYCODDLE

By Ruth McCabe, '20.

Part I.



**W**HAT'S your idea, Cecil? Here you are on a comfortably cool July afternoon, airing yourself on the front veranda, with your nose a mile deep in a book of poems!

The person addressed glanced up over his shell-rimmed glasses, put another caramel into his mouth, turned over a new leaf of the poems and remarked in drawls: "Say, Anna, if you'd only work that brain of yours half as fast as you do your tongue, my sister would be the president of Wellesley, some day."

For a moment the girl eyed her brother with disapproval; then she hurried into the house. At the foot of the stairs she paused, absently studying the toe of her tennis shoe; then, slowly, she went up into her room.

Drawing a low chair up to the open window she dropped into it and looked out upon the pleasant street. The sun was setting behind the big elm trees, its last rays turned her hair to golden.

She was troubled about her brother. Two years had greatly changed Cecil. During his first year in high school he had been a promising athlete. In the sophomore year he joined the boys less frequently and began to stay indoors and keep his nose in a book. As a result his health began to suffer and his paling cheeks worried Anna.

Half an hour later as she went down to supper the determined line of her mouth told that she was in a serious frame of mind. After the meal was over she followed her father out upon the half dark veranda where she found him placidly smoking.

Anna was Mr. Faulkner's pride and he smiled as she approached. Noticing her odd air, for it wasn't natural for her to be downcast, he inquired, "Well, little lady, what seems to be the trouble; weather too warm?"

Perching on the arm of his chair she answered, "The weather, dad? No, I've no



fault to find with that, but I have come to talk business with you."

Mr. Faulkner drew another whiff from his cigar and, after watching the smoke disappear, said, "Business, eh? I'll be glad to listen, Anna. What's up?"

She drew a deep breath, then began, "I'm going to ask you something, dad, but first you must promise not to say anything about it to anyone, not even to mother."

He glanced anxiously at his daughter, but made no comment.

"To-day I heard Cecil asking you; in fact, I have heard him ask you a great many times if he couldn't possibly go to Princeton after finishing high school, instead of to the State College. I wish he could, and I think it's fine that Princeton recognizes Meridan high.

"I know that to send me through Wellesley and him to Princeton would take a great deal of money and that even the expenses at the State College will be hard for you. You and mother are dears to keep so mum about it."

Noticing that her father had ceased to smoke and was looking absently out upon the lawn, Anna put in, "Oh don't be too much taken down by my subject. I'm aware that in a way I'm meddling with someone else's affairs, but please, I've thought it all out. Dad, I want Cecil to go to Princeton, and I am going to prove to you how much I want it, but remember he musn't know one thing about it."

She lowered her dark brown eyes and regarded her swinging foot, then continued a bit shyly, "I don't know whether you or mother have noticed this, I've tried not to

do so myself, but really, dad, Cecil isn't the same fellow he used to be. The way he goes around in a sort of dream. He never gets out with the rest of us and has a truly good time. I'll bet that if he went to college, in the shape he is now, he would be a professor and in ten years go about the walks with stooped shoulders, and wear a long, black coat, and nose-glasses, and carry a big black mysterious book under his arm."

Mr. Faulkner chuckled at the humorous picture of Cecil which Anna had painted. "But, I don't understand you yet."

"Well, listen!" Anna interrupted, then swallowing hard asked in a steady voice, "How much would Knight bring if we sold him?"

Her father was struck speechless, and turning his head, regarded her in a perplexing manner. Surely she wasn't in earnest! He remembered how she had cried for joy when, on her last birthday, he had presented her with the splendid big black horse. "Anna, what do you mean? Am I to understand that—why, my child, do you intend to sell Knight?"

Anna made no answer; in fact, she could not speak. After a few moments' silence, her father continued in a low tone, "Well, I got him at a bargain. Do you remember the old Greinger stables? Greinger failed through the buckets and the horse was a bargain for—well, you ride one of the finest mounts in this part of the State, my dear. Horses are mighty high now and Knight would bring a rather handsome sum.

"This idea of Cecil and Princeton,—Why are you so interested in it as to wish to give up your horse? Apparently Cecil's actions trouble you, and you say he would probably be a professor and yet you want him to go."

Anna brightened, "Oh, yes, I nearly forgot. I saw the change come in Cecil soon after he had a little disagreeable affair with the coach in Freshman year. From that time on he has dropped athletics. That coach is gone now and I think if Cecil could only get interested he would be his old self again. Tell him that if he will only go in this year strong for athletics, next year he can go to Princeton. Please, dad! It is wholly for Cecil's good. I just can't bear the thoughts of his being a mollycoddle."

For some time they sat in silence. Anna was aware that a little ache was in her heart, for many happy canters she and Knight had enjoyed together and parting with the horse seemed like breaking ties with a dear friend.

After several minutes, Mr. Faulkner tossed away the cigar stub. "I don't know as I ever took it up this way before, Anna, but now you have set it out quite plainly and I think I see the matter as you do."

"I guess, my little girl, if you are as interested as that, and now that I understand, we'll see to it that the boy goes to the college of his dreams, and, perhaps, after all you won't have to give up Knight."

"I want you to keep a little secret, too. I think,—at least every sign is good—that

your dad is coming out on top in one of the biggest contracts he ever signed up."

Anna fell into her father's arms and exclaimed, "Dad! Oh! I just knew it would be all right in the end." She kissed him on both cheeks, then ran off into the shadows.

Anna had hardly gone before a white form rose from the dusky depths of the porch hammock, the back of which had been toward Anna and her father. Mr. Faulkner jumped to his feet with the astonished cry of "Cecil!"

The boy advanced, hands in his white trouser pockets, and began in his usual drawl, "Ssh! don't for the world let Sis know I'm wise. It may be that I'm a mollycoddle, but I also have a guilty feeling about being an eavesdropper. I thought she was just asking you for a new dress, or something, but when she mentioned me, I just lay quiet and listened, never suspecting anything so blamed important."

"I'm sorry, and yet I'm glad. 'Sis and everyone being at me so much has started me thinking and I guess if Anna takes it as hard as that, then I'm going to give her a different tune to sing or I'll go under in the attempt."

"As I lay there a myriad of thoughts went through my head. I weighed myself and found a lot wanting."

"If I go to Princeton a year from now I'll earn the chance. That's all." And he, as Anna had done, slipped away into the darkness.

To be continued.



## THE SAILOR GIRL

By Elizabeth Chalmers, '19.



“GEE! I wish I were a boy!” sighed Helen Anderson, slowly polishing the silver, which seemed to her to be piled way to the ceiling. “I am tired and sick of washing dishes, making beds, and cleaning up; and school—it seems as though each teacher thought she was the only one I had to get lessons for.”

It took over an hour to finish polishing the silver and by that time Helen was wishing that she had never heard of silver in her life. With anything but happy thoughts on her mind that night she went to bed and was soon fast asleep.

Morning came all too soon, and with it a sleepy voice calling, “Come, Helen, get up quickly and hurry. Your father has to get down early this morning.”

“Yes, Mother,” called back another sleepy voice, “I’m coming.”

By nine-thirty, all the housework was done, as most of the cooking and cleaning had been finished the day before. Helen had an errand to do in town and started off at once. On the way in, she noticed a poster in a window, of a girl in a sailor suit, calling for more recruits.

“I’ll do it,” thought Helen, and before she had time to change her mind she marched into the recruiting station and told the officer she wanted to join the navy.

“What! You, a girl, want to enlist?” cried the officer with a twinkle of his eye.

“Why not, I am as strong as a good many boys and I never get seasick.” (She had never been out of Penobscot bay in her

life, but that didn’t matter).

“Well, we’ll see about it, wait until I come back,” answered the officer and he went into another room. Soon he returned and told Helen to make out some papers which he gave her and to report to him the following day.

At two o’clock Helen walked into the office the next day and saluted the officer in charge, who gravely returned the greeting “We have decided to send you at once to the Navy Training School at Norfolk, Virginia. From there, you may be able to get a job on ship soon. Be ready to take the noon train tomorrow.”

Now Helen had not told her mother anything about what she had done, so she packed a few clothes, wrote a note telling where she was going, and left it where her mother would be sure to find it. The train started about ten minutes after Helen rushed aboard, and at home her disappearance wasn’t noticed until supper time. There was nothing for her parents to do but let her go her own way.

A month later Helen found herself on board one of the large patrol boats of the navy, dressed in a sailor’s middie and a dark blue skirt. She had soon learned all that was expected of her and was a great favorite with the boys. She was on sentry duty one night, looking out to sea dreamily when suddenly her heart jumped into the air. What was that! a periscope, as sure as you live. “Quick! Quick! to the guns!” and in less than a minute everybody on the boat was at his post, working quickly

and quietly. Half an hour later they were starting for port, little damaged but very proud. They had sunk the first German submarine in American waters.

The captain was a young man who was quite new at the game and Helen admired him greatly. When he quietly praised her for her clearheadedness and quick wit, she

thought she would burst with pride, — But, she woke up and that same sleepy voice called, "Do hurry and get up, it is seven o'clock now. You will be late for school if you don't look out."

"Yes, mother, I'm coming," answered Helen, and got up quickly.

## THE VALUE OF ORAL COMPOSITION IN THE HIGH SCHOOLS

By Roger B. Nickerson, '21.



ONE of my chief ambitions is to become a good talker and have the power to interest my hearers. A man who has the power to express himself in a brief, decisive manner and who can carry conviction in his words has unlimited channels open to him; as, a professional man, a business man, a salesman, etc. The most important thing in training for public or private speaking is to know your subject thoroughly, for how can you expect others to know what you are talking about, if you don't know yourself? If you know your subject well and think clearly you are generally able to express yourself clearly. A carpenter can usually talk very fluently on the subject of tools and carpentry, and a musician can talk equally as well on music and musical instruments, and why not? A man should know the things with which he comes in daily contact. But the way to increase your talking powers is to learn one subject and learn it thoroughly. After this is done, take another. You will soon find that you have stepped out of the rut in which you have been accustomed to run and have lifted yourself to a higher level and have got a wider scope on the world

and the things in it.

Preliminary to this comes written composition which is of great value to the pupils. After they write a theme the mistakes are there on the paper in black and white and many frequent errors in speech may thus be detected.

Indeed, careful speech and well selected subjects for speaking are becoming such important factors in the world today that the schools have recently adopted a course in this speaking called "oral composition," which not only gives the pupil an opportunity to train his voice and improve his English, but it gives him a chance to get the ideas of his fellow students.

Most of the big men of today are good speakers. A person who can not speak correctly and forcibly is at a great disadvantage. If a person has good ideas and cannot explain them to others, they are of little value. Meetings would be conducted altogether differently if every member would say what he thought. The trouble is that people are afraid to get up on their feet and express their views. We cannot blame these people for sitting back and letting the others do the speaking. The trouble is that they did not have prac-



tice in oral composition when in the public schools. You will notice that the best offices in any lodge or fraternity are held by

the best speakers. I am glad that oral composition is now a part of the work in English at Bangor High School.

## MAKING THE BEST OF IT

By M. C. Richmond, '20.



UST my luck! Here I am cleaning rifles in a dirty hut instead of having my five o'clock tea at the Ritz-Carleton. Oh, for one glimpse of New York!"

Such were the thoughts of James Brooks, drafted private of the American Expeditionary Forces, camped in B——, France.

"No more work on rifles for me, I'm going to quit!" James grumbled.

"Wha' cher grumblin' bout, Rooky? Getta work on them rifles, or out in the kitchen you go!" commanded the sergeant.

Jimmy needed no more advice for he knew the drudgery of kitchen work and decided that cleaning rifles would be easier.

Above the murmur of many voices and the trampling of many feet, rang the sharp, clear notes of a bugle sounding "mess." Mess consisted of "bully beef," tea, and crackers. The men sat in various attitudes and crunched their rations in silence; each one more eager to eat than to talk. Tattoo sounded, later taps, and soon the camp was in silence. Jimmy lay in his bed and thought of the good old days in New York. He wondered if Archibald MacFarlane was having his afternoon teas and if Reginald Fiffy was using Mary Garden perfume, or if he had changed to Madame Quintance. Then the dream passed. A guard marched by and again all was silence. The train-

ing, the voyage, the march through Paris seemed like a passing thought.

"But here I am and I'm gong to make the best of it," muttered Jimmy to himself, as some of the old Brooks fighting spirit came to him.

James Brooks had been suddenly transferred to another world and had to acquire different habits of living. In the morning, the bugle blew "Reveille." Everyone was astir making preparations for inspection. Dishes rattled, beds creaked and commands were given everywhere.

At inspection, the order was given for Jimmy's company to take over Sector E. 152. After inspection, Jimmy found that the first figure stood for the number trench, and the last two figures for the artillery range. The E. designated the direction—so he figured it out. First line trenches! Jimmy trembled as he thought of the dangers. He might be killed. Killed! How the word made his blood run cold. How terrible and repulsive it seemed. He looked about him. Great preparations were being made. Some men were packing, others writing home. One man was making his will. The bugle sounded "Fall in," and the company was soon marching toward the boundary where civilization ends and barbarism begins. At night they took Sector E. 152. The trenches were muddy; the stench nauseating. With his shoes for

a pillow and lying in a broken bunk, Jimmy made a fine contrast to his other self as he used to be in New York. The rumbling of the big guns lulled him to sleep, and he slept the sleep that makes every man an equal,—the sleep of exhaustion.

No bugle awoke him, but a sharp prod from a bayonet told him to get up. He dressed rapidly and found his squad on parapet duty. He glanced about him. In front of him was the firing step and parapet; over the parapet was No Man's Land! on the other side of No Man's Land, the Germans—Boches. On his right and left was devastation, except for brown, black mud in the form of shell holes and such.

He stood on the firing step and slowly lifted his head. Instantly his helmet was knocked from his head by bullets from the German snipers.

"Hey," yelled this Corporal, "your name goes down on the book for carelessness."

Jimmy offered no excuse, as he was stupefied by surprise.

"Use your periscope," advised the Corporal.

"Thank you, sir," replied Jimmy.

He peered into the pipe-shaped contrivance.

What was that he saw? Slowly over the mud crawled several gray figures. He signalled the Corporal who in turn called an official-looking gentleman. The latter gave several commands in French. Soldiers appeared from everywhere. Instantly a yell rent the air and from the German trenches poured hundreds of uncouth figures. A battle ensued. Commands, yells, and cries from the wounded and dying

made Jimmy a coward. He turned pale, dropped his gun and ran back toward the French village. On and on he ran not stopping to regain his breath. No one noticed him. He came upon a road, and after running some distance turned into a wood. Here he leaned against a tree to regain his breath. Instantly he was thrown to the ground. What could it have been? He suspected the presence of electricity. As he had once been a radio enthusiast, he thought of the various aerials. He knew a tree was a good one so he pried off a strip of bark. His efforts disclosed four wires running up the tree. He followed the river along the ground and suddenly came upon two feet. These supported a man of powerful build whose large stomach and drooping mustache pronounced him to be a German.

"Tro up your 'ands," demanded Jimmy's captor.

The frightened boy was only too willing for his eyes met a nickel automatic.

"Marg a 'ead of me und no dricks," Jimmy was commanded.

His captor took him to a large cave, entered by a secret passage. The cave was lighted by two electric lights run by the current for the wireless. A window in one side of the room overlooked the American camp. On the left side was a table on which stood many instruments, all pertaining to wireless. At this table sat a man whose clean-shaven face had an ugly jaw. On the right were two bunks. The floor was of rock, covered with sawdust. Opposite the window was an oil stove which was used both for cooking and warmth.



Altogether Jimmy had never seen such a comfortable cave before.

The operator helped to bind and gag Jimmy who was thrown into the corner between the window and table.

The operator "covered" him and seemed quite willing to shoot. Suddenly the man who had captured Jimmy called something to the operator in German. Having studied German in New York, Jimmy understood the words "American soldiers coming."

His heart beat with joy as he thought of American soldiers. The men peered so eagerly from the window that Jimmy was forgotten. He wiggled toward the wireless batteries and proceeded to cross the wires with his feet. His knowledge of electricity told him that short-circuited wires heat up. So by crossing the battery wires he had two red hot wires. Carefully he placed the ropes, which bound his hands, on the wires. They were burned through and soon he had his feet free also, and quickly took the gag from his mouth. These proceedings had taken but a minute.

"How shall I escape?" thought Jimmy, as again the Brooks fighting spirit asserted itself.

The operator, thinking his prisoner securely bound, ignored him. The automatic was held loosely in his hand because of his intense interest in watching the American troops. Realizing this, Jimmy crawled breathlessly up behind the German. With a quick snatch, Jimmy had possession of the revolver. He sprang back and dodged a chair thrown by the second man.

"Up against the wall," ordered Jimmy,

in an authoritative tone. His mouth was set and the glint in his eye told the men that he was very much in earnest. The Germans pretended not to understand, but when Jimmy cocked the revolver, they seemed quite ready to obey. He remembered the wireless, and after firing the batteries, he sent the S. O. S. He was answered and he soon told of his plight. He had carelessly relaxed his vigilant watch and some cat-like instinct made him turn. Behind him stood the German operator about to stab him. Pointing the automatic, he fired. The German crumpled up and fell in a heap on the floor.

Jimmy had entered the cave, a prisoner. He was now the captor, although his face did not show any change. The American patrol was met and Jimmy turned his prisoner over to them. It was near supper time and, accordingly, he was present at mess call. He slept peacefully during the night. After breakfast he was accosted by an orderly and given a message. On opening it, he read:

James Brooks, Co. L.,

Sir: I have heard of the service you rendered to your country and fellowmen. You will be interested to know that the man captured by you was Karl Hienig, of the German Spy 'System, a man most trusted by the Kaiser. For your service you have been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant.

Report at Tent A, 51, for your chevrons.

With congratulations, I remain,

Captain George B.,

A. E. F.

## "SPIDER" OF THE LONE JUPITER

By Carolyn E. Witherly, '21.



FOR two years a range war had been going on between the Lone Juniper and the White Fleece. The cowboys of one and the sheep herders of the other seldom met without making trouble. A natural enmity, as old as the Bluegrass country, lay between them. Much of the territory over which the cattle of the Lone Juniper ranged, was government land. But by stringing wire fences around the sections the law gave the cattlemen exclusive right to the grass.

Having an "exclusive right" and holding it were two different things. For the sheep herders, who were forced to move their flocks from one part of the ranch to another, ignored fences, cutting the wires, whenever they stood in the way. The cowboys of the Lone Juniper, Tim Welch and Shorty Brown being among them, considered the trespassing of the sheepmen an insult.

Such was the state of affairs when "Spider" appeared at Lone Juniper. Tim and Shorty called him "Spider" because of his long arms and legs. As he proved a good rider, though he was sadly deficient at roping, Rube, the foreman, took him on the Lone Juniper.

Though agreeable and companionable, Spider was not the sort with whom one could form close companionship. He held aloof and would always talk about anything but himself. He told no one his real name or where he came from, and was just

"Spider"—nothing more. He always refrained from taking part in the discussion when the range war was the subject, and always avoided going near the dividing Fleece.

One day Tim picked up Spider's driving glove. On the inside of the gauntlet he found the initials in black ink "T. B." Tim thought, "That letter 'B' doesn't look good to me! 'B' stands for Bradley and old Bill Bradley, owner of the White Fleece, is leader of the sheep gang!" After that Tim and Shorty kept suspicious eyes on "Spider." The stranger noticed the change in his companions and became more talkative, but still he tabooed range talk and kept away from The White Fleece border line.

Two weeks passed, bringing April with its warm days and thunderstorms. One night, the threatening clouds, which had hung over the Cascades, for twelve hours, were caught in a furious wind and sent flying over the Bluegrass plains. Rube, the foreman, waked by the downpour, remembered a bunch of yearlings that had strayed beyond the 'Sleeping Cat. He woke the three youths and sent them after the wandering cattle.

Without complaint the boys saddled their horses and struck out into the pouring rain. They crossed the Sleeping Cat with safety and found their cattle. In driving the strays home, the boys had to go near the White Fleece border. This was the



first time Spider had been near the danger zone and Tim and Shorty noticed that he was ill at ease.

A moment later, and all unexpectedly they came upon two herders with a flock of sheep. They were on the Lone Juniper range and had evidently cut a line wire. The fighting blood of Tim and Shorty surged quickly. "Get out of this!" Shorty yelled hotly. He observed that one of the fellows was a tall, lanky man, who wore a slouched hat pulled low over his eyes. He knew it was old Bill Bradley, the leader of the sheep gang. This truth only added to his rage. "Get out of here, you poacher!" he yelled again.

"We'll get off when we get good and ready," the old herder returned curtly, and he continued to drive the sheep inside the line.

"Let's put 'em off!" spoke Shorty to Tim with growing indignation. "There's three of us. We can do it. We can't take that kind of talk from a sheep doser."

"I'm with you!" responded Tim. Then he turned to "Spider." The latter hung back as if afraid. In the approaching dawn, his face was strangely pale. When Tim spoke to him he said, speaking in low, tense tones: "You boys look out! Get behind that tree and be quick. There's going to be trouble!"

He had no sooner spoken than the old herder whipped a revolver from his holster

and began firing. None of the cowboys were armed.

"You're a coward," yelled Shorty, as he quickly sought the cover of the juniper. Tim followed him. Spider remained in the opening but following the third report from the weapon, raised his hand and slipped from the saddle. "He's hit! The herders have shot him!" cried Tim. As the sheepmen turned as if to run, Spider, with his hand upon his mouth, gave a loud bleating cry, much like that of a wounded sheep. Tim and Shorty heard the cry and halted, dumbfounded, for they knew by that that the stranger was a "doser."

Still greater was their astonishment and surprise, when they saw the old herder pull his horse to a halt, dismount, and come running toward the injured cowboy. When Tim and Shorty reached "Spider" the herder had his long arm around him and was sobbing, "Tom! Tom! My boy, Tom! I've shot my boy!"

The herder stooped and looked into the white face, calling aloud, "Look at me, Tom! Tom! look at me!" Spider slowly opened his eyes, raised his hand and touched his father's face. "You'll forgive me, father," he begged. "for running away! I couldn't stay where there was war all the time. I wanted peace——"

"Yes, my lad, you shall have peace as long as I live. For your sake. Come, boys, help me lift him up. We'll take him to the Lone Juniper."





# LOCALS

*"Every one excels in something in which another fails"*

The B. H. S. Cadet Exhibition and Ball comes the second Saturday in May. This drill promises to be the best ever given in Bangor as it takes up many of the features that have been used in the great war. There will be a fine dance program after the drill. Everybody come and learn how to fight the Huns.

Saturday evening, March 16, the Sophomore Latin class presented "The Conspiracy of Orgetorix," a Latin play, based on an episode in Caesar's Gallic War and dramatized by Miss Berta L. Horner of Weehawken, N. J.

This play deals with the events of Caesar's narrative and gives much interest in comparing the aims of Orgetorix with those of the German Emperor: Power, plunder and annexation of territory. The Helvetian, however, was caught and committed suicide rather than endure the punishment of the state.

The actors spoke the words distinctly, correctly, and with good expression. The audience was able to follow the story because a synopsis of each scene was read in English before it was presented on the stage.

The credit belongs to Miss Alice E. Wormwood who trained the actors; Miss Mary Robinson; Miss Ethel C. Pfaff who designed the helmets, shields and other properties; Miss Stasia J. Scribner who assisted in training the voices of the speakers. Some of the Junior girls made costumes.

The double quartet under the direction of Mrs. George R. Eaton, gave a Latin song, an ode of Horace, "Integer Vitae."

After the play there was an enjoyable dance for which Mr. Wilbur Cochrane furnished the music.

The cast of characters follows:

Orgetorix, a Helvetian.....John Vickery  
Helvetians .....

Philip Chalmers, John Caulfield,  
William Rowe.

Casticus.....Philip Oak  
Dumnorix.....Eugene McDonald  
Daughters of Orgetorix....Eleanor Bragg  
Magistrate.....Carl Meinecke  
Informer.....Paul Croxford  
Messenger.....Percy Beatty  
Soldiers...Henry Hersey, Bernard Russell  
Crowd of clients, friends and debtors.

Monday, March 18, the B. H. S. band and cadets marched over to the City Hall to



the inauguration of Mayor Woodman. The whole school was also dismissed for the purpose of attending this ceremony.

Friday evening, March twenty-second, the class of '19 held the annual exhibition of the Junior class.

The speaking was especially good and the judges had a hard task in picking the winners.

Agnes Olsen, winner of the medal for the girls held the audience captivated by her superb interpretation of "In Lilac Time," a touching bit of pathos and romance of the Great War.

Ruth Holden kept the house in a continual uproar with her fine rendering of "Here Comes the Bride," a humorous selection about the trials and tribulations of a little orphan girl. This selection was given honorable mention.

H. Vincent Smart was winner of the medal for the boys. His selection, "The Passing of Olaf" was splendidly given. The story rings with the wild spirit of the Vikings and the heroic passing of the Norseman King.

James Buckley won honorable mention. He gave a selection by Andrews, "The Counsel Assigned," a story of the law courts.

"The Swan Song," given by Helen Harrigan, received cordial applause. This was a narrative of a young musician who attained honors in a contest only to die in the supreme moment of success.

Robert B. Matthews told of the wantonness of the Huns in the present war. The

name of the selection was "The Beautiful Destroyed," and shows us the kind of foe we are facing.

"Our Flag," a patriotic selection by George Smith was well given.

Hazel G. Coffey was well received for her fine rendition of "Peg o' My Heart."

The only poetical selection of the evening was given by William Hall. "Jean Desprez," by Robert Service, a story of the glory of France.

The trial scene from "To Have and to Hold," was finely interpreted by Doris Plaisted.

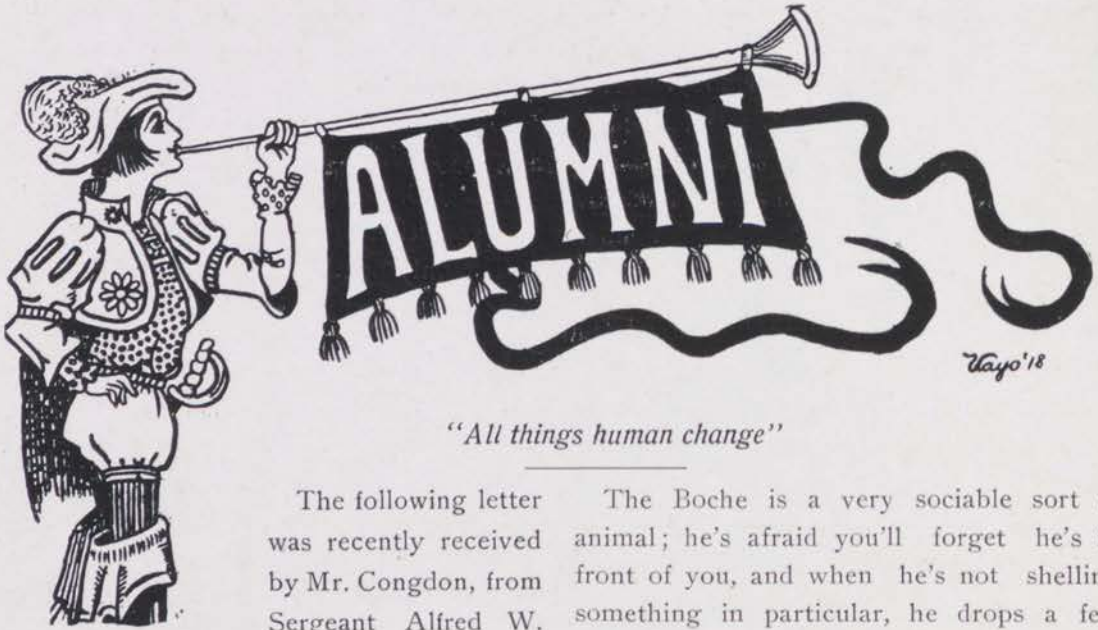
The judges were Mr. Albert Averill of Old Town, Dr. D. A. Robinson of Bangor and Mr. Walter Sullivan of Brewer.

The B. H. S. Orchestra led by Mrs. George Eaton, furnished fine music during the evening.

During the quiet of a March night while the army of the Bangor High School was bivouacked on the gym floor a sudden alarm came from post number three. Thinking a host of theoretical Germans were preparing a night attack, the captain ordered a call to arms to be sounded and the men rushed to their stacked arms and fell into ranks, ready to give their lives, if need be, for the defence of their native land.

After maneuvering about in the dark for some time day broke with great suddenness as if some one had turned on the lights. The alarm had been caused by the crash of a large tin can in the corridor.

This drilling in the dark is very useful in the present war. The greater part of the movement of troops and supplies is done at night without lights.



*"All things human change"*

The following letter was recently received by Mr. Congdon, from Sergeant Alfred W. Boynton '16, and is very interesting:

France, February 17, 1918.

Mr. H. E. Congdon,  
D. C. D., B. H. S.,  
Dear Mr. Congdon:

I am now writing my second letter to you, informing you that I am still alive and on the "top side, somewhere, 'over here.'"

Have received no acknowledgment to my first letter as yet; probably my letter was either lost or sunk, and you did not receive it. I presume there is a lot of mail either lost or delayed both going and coming, so one can not be sure of getting everything.

We are now in the line; well no, not exactly in the trenches, but within uncomfortable "strafeing" distance of the Boche artillery, if they only knew our exact location and cared to make things unpleasant for us.

The Boche is a very sociable sort of animal; he's afraid you'll forget he's in front of you, and when he's not shelling something in particular, he drops a few everywhere in general, just out of pure cussedness, to all indications. The one thing which is apt to trouble him is the accuracy of our artillery.

When we send him a little of his own medicine he seems to quit shooting and I imagine he doesn't lose any time finding the nearest shell proof dugout. Every time I hear one of our guns boom, I send a wish after the shell. (Wish it gets somebody) and I'm as humane as the next man.

The one good thing about these shells is that you can always hear them coming and it's a mighty slow man who can't dive for the nearest shell crater or trench in one second before the explosion. There isn't much to worry about the one you hear; it's the one you don't hear,—but then you don't have to worry.

Bill Smith is still here, in fact I was talking to him not more than an hour ago. He sends his regards and wishes to be re-



membered to all. There isn't very much to say, on the whole. Each and every man is too busy playing his little part in the game to notice very much what is going on around him, so far as the outside world is concerned. Hoping to hear from you soon and sending every one my best regards, I remain,

Very sincerely,  
Sergt. W. A. Boynton,  
Co. G, 103 U. S. Infantry,  
Am. Ex. Forces,  
France.

Arthur Beaupre has recently returned from New York where he studied music for two years with Rafael Joseffy, who before his death, was the most famous teacher in America. Mr. Beaupre will teach music in Bangor, for which profession he is remarkably well prepared.

1895. Commander Walter M. Hunt is the executive officer on the U. S. S. Minnesota, at present in the third division of the North Atlantic fleet. He graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1899 and has had a remarkable career as an officer in the navy. While at Annapolis, the Spanish war broke out and he, with other cadets from his class, served as volunteers on the U. S. S. Detroit. He advanced rapidly and received the appointment of commander in 1916. He has visited Bangor several times as an officer on board government ships.

1907. Dr. Joseph Gallagher, a graduate of McGill university, Montreal, has received a commission as first lieutenant in

the army, and he is now stationed at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., where he is to be an instructor in French.

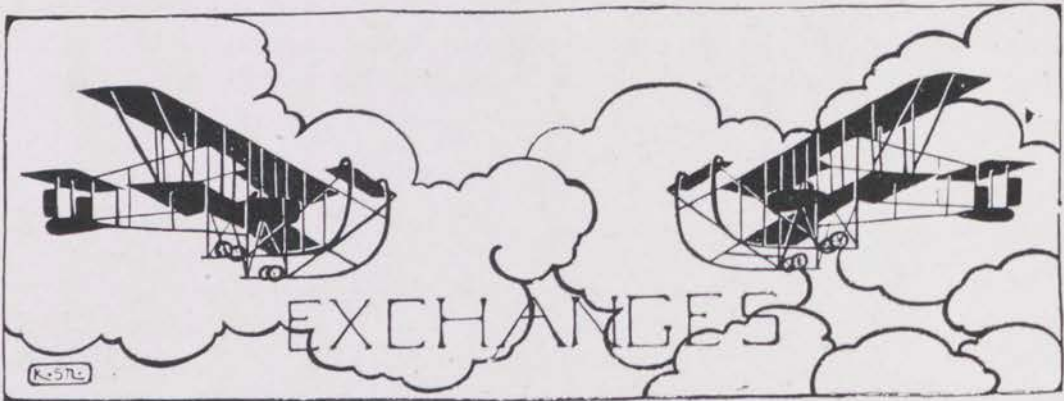
1909. The marriage of Dorrice C. Robinson, formerly of this city, and Charles Edward Bell of Germantown, Penn., occurred March 2, at Logansport, Ind. Mrs. Bell is a graduate of Smith, Simmons, and Mrs. Prince's School of Salesmanship, Boston. She has taught in the High school at Logansport; in the night school there; and has also had classes of girls in the stores who are studying salesmanship. Mr. Bell, who is a graduate of Ursinus College, Penn., holds a commission as sergeant major in the navy, and is at present aide to a lieutenant commander.

1913. Hyman M. Goldberg, '13, formerly a stenographer in the superintendent's office of Maine Central R. R., is quartermaster sergeant at Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.

Carl Robinson, a graduate of the University of Maine in the class of 1917, has been promoted to principal of the Wells High School, at Wells, Maine. Since September, Mr. Robinson has been instructor of agriculture at this school.

Louisa Helson, who, for the past few years, has been a stenographer with the T. R. Savage Co., has accepted a position in Quartermaster General Goethals' office at Washington, D. C.

Ex-1916. Everett Allen, a graduate of St. John's Preparatory School, and a sophomore at Bowdoin college at the time of his enlistment, has gone to Texas as a member of the Ambulance Corps.



*"No one should be judge in his own cause"*

#### As Others See Us.

Oracle, Bangor, Maine—A neat monthly; well arranged. The size of your pages is unusual, but pleasing. Cotec, Harrison Technical High School, Chicago, Ill.

The Oracle, B. H. S., Bangor, Maine, is a very complete magazine, and has an unusual display of literary ability. Chronicle, Poultney, Vermont.

The Oracle, Bangor, Maine. The patriotic number of the Oracle was one of the best exchanges that we have received this month. Though the stories of the literary department are somewhat short they are snappy and right to the point. Student, Rochester, N. Y.

The Oracle of Bangor, Maine, is a worthy paper with an excellent literary department. The School Caldron, Ligonier, Indiana.

The Oracle, Bangor, Maine. The editorials in both numbers of your magazines are well written and up-to-date. Holman Magazine, Philadelphia, Penn.

B. H. S. Oracle, Bangor Maine. We enjoyed your attractive magazine from cover to cover. Roman, Rome, Georgia.

Oracle, Bangor, Maine. Unfortunately the last ten pages of your excellent paper were glued together in such a way that we were unable to get a peep into their contents, much to our disappointment. Judging from the contents of the first fifteen pages we are sure we have missed a rare treat. Come again. Megaphone, Athens, Ohio.

The Oracle, Bangor High School, Bangor, Me. The Oracle is an excellently arranged paper. There are plenty of interesting editorials and a fine lot of stories, which one never grows tired of reading. "The Christmas Concert in Hicksville" and "The Winged Menace" are ingeniously written. The exchange and athletic departments are equally as good, while the cuts are very attractive. The classification of the departments of the Oracle is good and it has a very high rank among our best exchanges. The Oriole, Baltimore, Maryland.



Perhaps this criticism from The Delphian, Providence, R. I., will aid us in improving the appearance of our magazine. They write: "Again we emphasize the mistake many papers have in dividing the advertisements. Why is it necessary that some come at the beginning of the magazine, while the majority come at the end? If all were grouped at the end, the reader would not only get a much more favorable impression on turning the cover, but also a better unity would be secured. The Oracle of Bangor High School has this fault, but its stories, cuts and cover are excellent.

#### As We See Others.

Cotec, Chicago, Ill. Well, we have just finished reading the first part of the continued story—"In Tropical Waters"—and truthfully declare it most ingenious. The frequent touches of humor are perhaps the best in it—but we do hope you'll be kind enough to send us the March number, too, in order that we may finish it. The appearance of the magazine and its artistic taste is exceptionally predominant. What a fine representation of "sons of freedom" you have in your school! And their letters are still better!

The Oriole, Baltimore, Md. Glancing at your cover we at first thought that real artists were lacking among your numbers, but we certainly take it back after looking the paper through. The cuts over your School News and Alumni departments are splendid. Your stories are long and interestingly written; your departments finished

as they should be; but since editorials are very important, shouldn't they be put at the first?

Maroon and White, Austin High School, Chicago, Ill. The cover, drawings and general appearance would straightway put this magazine in the front—where it belongs. Moreover we are not in doubt of the merit of any of its departments, excepting the literary. One story, though that is good, does not satisfy us. Do tell us more!

We have received the Holten, from Danvers, Mass., for the second time this year and we're glad to see it. On the second page we find an unusually long list of editors. Now so many names of workers gave us the impression that surely something unusual would follow. But nothing unusual did, although your paper is far better than many we receive. To be brief, we would advise you to publish your magazine more often, have the stories longer, and by all means, "tone down" the cuts, plus more work and your paper would be far more attractive and popular.

(Please be prompt in returning our friendly criticisms.)

Lion, LaGrange, Ill. An interesting little magazine with much done and more to be done. You have no cuts to take away the monotony of plainly printed headings. All of the most uninteresting columns are placed under the title, "This Is the Life!" Hardly fair to "the life," do you think? Your "Soldiers' Letter Box" is worthy of mention.



*"Eloquence is vehement simplicity"*

A joint meeting of the Girls' and Boys' Debating Societies was held March 4, 1918, at three o'clock, in Room 211. Miss Kenney, President of the Girls' Debating Society, presided. A very interesting debate was held on the subject, Resolved: The states should adopt a system of compulsory industrial insurance, constitutionality conceded. The affirmative was upheld by Misses Freese, Chandler and Peabody; the negative by Messrs. Ginn, McGuff and McCann. Although the arguments of the negative were excellent the judges, Miss Mary Robinson, Doreen Gregory and Wilfred Gillen, awarded the decision to the affirmative.

A second meeting of the Debating societies was called to order March 11, at three o'clock, by Mr. Quinn, President of the Senate. The subject of the debate was the same as that of the previous meeting. The speakers for the affirmative, in the order named, were Mr. McGuire, Miss Peabody and Mr. Mitchell. The speakers for the negative, in the order named, were Mr. McCann, Misses Clough and O'Connell. The arguments presented by both were excellent. The decision was unanimously awarded to the negative by

the judges, Mr. Gray, Miss DeWitt and Mr. McGuff. Mr. Mitchell was named as the best speaker of the affirmative, and Miss O'Connell of the negative. The meeting was well attended and thoroughly enjoyed by those present.

In discussing the question of whether or not the states should adopt a system of compulsory industrial insurance, Maine Central Institute carried off first honors in her debate with Bangor High School at the Queen City.

Bangor High was represented by Frank McGuire, Mabel Peabody and James E. Mitchell, who spoke in the order named and delivered the affirmative's arguments in a clear manner. The first speaker on the affirmative showed that there is need today for an added step in relief legislation, because present methods do not meet the problem. The second speaker briefly outlined a plan and showed that it possessed the first of the two main essentials of any adequate solution of the problem, namely—that it would tend in a positive way to prevent accidents and sickness. The last speaker showed that the affirmative's plan would compensate adequately.



The affirmative's last speaker was chosen first for excellence in debate, while M. C. I.'s lady speaker received second place.

In the evening, at Pittsfield, M. C. I. scored its second victory, by winning a unanimous decision over Bangor's negative team, the question being the same as that argued in the afternoon. The debate was clear cut, and the points of the opposing sides clashed in such a way that there was not a dull moment in the entire debate. Thomas McGuff opened Bangor's case in a most commendable manner, which immediately won the favor of the audience. The other speakers, for Bangor, were Rodney Ginn and John McCann, who delivered their arguments in an excellent fashion.

The arguments which the Bangor speakers presented were: That the 'States should not adopt a system of compulsory industrial insurance, for

1. Similar systems have been unsuccessful where tried.

2. It is opposed by those parties directly affected.

3. The principle of compulsion is undesirable.

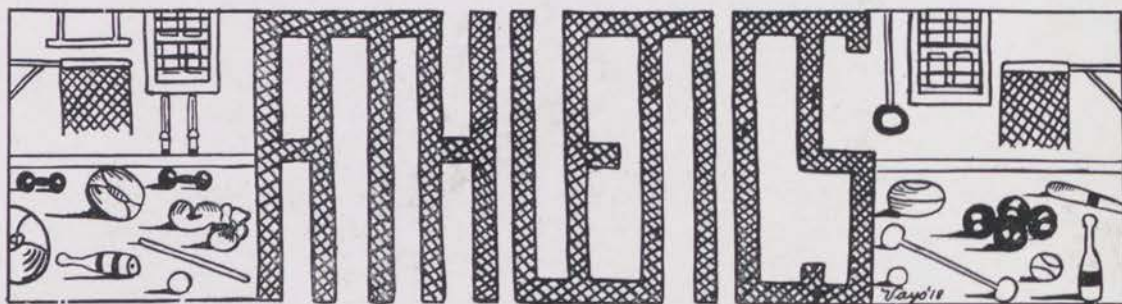
4. It is impracticable and inexpedient.

5. It is undesirable because of the evils its administration would develop.

Each speaker of the affirmative gave a fine discourse on the question, but it is only right that the young lady, who spoke second should be commended on the excellency of her forceful presentation of facts. Bangor must take its hat off to M. C. I. when it comes to producing lady debaters.

Though thus far, this year, debating has not been very successful, the blame must be borne by the entire school since the cause of it is clearly the lack of interest taken in the subject by the student body. However, it is sincerely hoped and expected that the debating team will "deliver the goods" in the Colby debate, in a manner characteristic of the Bangor debating teams of the past.





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

### B. H. S. vs. O. T. H. S.

February 28, Bangor played a return game of basketball with Old Town High school in City Hall, Bangor, before one of the largest audiences that has ever attended a High school game.

Bangor was defeated, but it was an intensely interesting game, and the fastest one that has been played by Bangor this year; from the time the whistle was blown until the finish the rooters of both teams were in suspense.

The Old Town players shot very accurately, seldom missing a basket. But in passing and team work there was little to choose between the two teams. When the first half ended the score was 11 to 7 in favor of Old Town. The final score was 20 to 14 for Old Town.

Summary:

#### B. H. S. (14) O. T. H. S. (20)

Smith, r. b.....	l. f., Pond, (2)
McGuff, l. b.....	r. f., Perro, 3
Rand, l. b.....	
Peters, c., 3 (2).....	c., Needham, 3
O'Connor, l. f., 3.....	r. b., Curran, 1
Rand, r. f.....	l. b., Nadeau, 1
Toole, r. f.....	

Score: Old Town, 20; Bangor, 14. Referee, Beverly of Bangor. Scorers, Quinn of Bangor; Warren of Old Town. Timers, Allen of Bangor; Warren of Old Town. Time, two 20-minute periods.

### B. H. S. vs. Bar Harbor H. S.

Bangor High closed its basketball season in a blaze of glory, March 15, by defeating Bar Harbor High in the High school gymnasium, 42 to 29. Both teams were evenly matched, and neither was able to gain any decided advantage until the last of the final period when Bangor rallied and ended well ahead of Bar Harbor.

Bar Harbor played good basketball. They followed the ball and shot accurately. The comparative merits of the game may be judged by the score at the end of the first period when Bangor lead by one point, 16 to 15. Not until the last half was well under way did Bangor begin to show their true fighting spirit when the score was 23 to 18 for Bar Harbor. Each side alternated in taking the lead until the score showed Bar Harbor 29, Bangor, 28. Then Bangor rallied and the game ended with the score Bangor 42; Bar Harbor, 29.



**B. H. S. vs. M. H. S.**

In a hard fought game Bangor High school defeated Morse High by the score of 34 to 19, at City Hall on March 9.

In the last period Morse played a strong game, and scored two baskets in succession, but Bangor rallied scoring eight baskets before Holbrook scored for Morse.



**B. H. S. BASKETBALL TEAM—1918**

Bangor outpassed and outplayed Morse at every stage of the game.

With a lead of six to three, in the first few minutes of the game, it looked like practice for Bangor; but Morse started a rally which changed the score to seven to six in favor of the visitors. The period ended, however, with Bangor in the lead, 14 to 7.

Bangor then had the lead, 30 to 13, till Morse scored three baskets to Bangor's two, so the final score was Bangor, 34, Morse, 19.

Score, Bangor, 34; Morse, 19. Scorers, Quinn of Bangor, Jones of Bath. Timers, Allen of Bangor, Deering of Bath. Time, two 20-minute periods. Referee, Daley of Bangor.



*"Old folks are more foolish than young ones"*

One day while walking through the corridor, I heard a mourning voice singing the following:

"No A's do come;  
So no A's can go,  
But my F's go on forever."

### Here's a Bright One!

Baldy Mansur—"Say, Bussy, do we have a dance after the Military Ball?"

A Senior may be the limit, but sometimes the limit is the roof.

Have you noticed the Spring Regalia?  
(No, Stubby, that's not a new girl.)

Hugh O'Leary used his eyes to great advantage in the "Small Foot" dance.

### Is This Only a Rumor?

It is rumored that the Freshmen girls are much more dignified than the Senior girls. The proof is as follows:

A. The Senior girls have:

1. Brought suckers to school.
2. Worn their hair down their backs.

3. Brought sticks of penny candy into this school of ours.

4. Brought sticks of gum to school and have chewed the said gum in school.

5. Brought sticks of licorice to school and have eaten it before their friends, without giving those poor, jealous friends one bite.

6. Brought pickles to school and, as a result, got a little more sour than ever.

### Worthy Freshmen Boys' Ambitious.

1. To teach an Algebra class.—H. A.
2. To direct a band.—C. H.
3. To be an excellent mechanical drawer.—R. W.
4. To be a football star.—W. H.
5. To win athletic laurels.—J. F.
6. To be serious for one moment.—R. D.
7. To be a poet.—J. D.
8. To write Latin sentences.—R. H.
9. To be a fullback on the football team.—M. B.
10. To be Sophomores.—All Freshmen.

Teacher, in English: "What books are most popular in the 20th century?"

Miss C. '18: "Love stories."



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Announcements

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Wanted  
One Good 'Sized Man  
To Protect Us  
"Freshies"

---

Ask  
C. Hodgman.  
He Knows

---

Have you heard, "I  
Don't Know Where  
I'm Going, But I'm On  
My Way," as sung by  
Most Any Senior?

---

In a doubt?  
Mickey Finnigan  
will undertake  
anything.  
Try him.

---

Join the Light  
Brigade Going Up  
Chemistry Dept.

---

Private Lessons  
in Passing Notes.  
"Cupid" Bond

---

Charles Hicks,  
Teacher of Trombone  
and Baritone Classes.  
2 to 5 years.

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## B. H. S. Program

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Continuous Performance,  
Daily, 8 A. M.—12.45 P. M.

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Matinee, Wednesday, 3-4.

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Doxology by the Double Quartet.

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One **Real** Comedy,  
"Stubby" Adams  
in  
"Cynthia's Chauffeur."

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Helen Harrigan  
Presents  
"The Poor Little Rich Girl."

---

Eddie Peters  
Features in  
"Cinderella's Slipper."

---

Potash and Perlmutter  
Henry Hersey and Phil Oak.

---

Frances Shaw  
Appears in  
Napoleon and His Xylophone.

---

Harold Green & Co.  
In one enjoyable act,  
"Meet Me at the Station, Dear."

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Announcements

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Up-to-date Millinery  
Colors to Match  
Your Hair By  
Alphabet Olsen

---

Three  
Cheers for  
"Sunbeam"

---

If you want to see  
anything green,  
look at the  
Freshmen

---

If you wish to lick  
the Kaiser, buy  
a THRIFT STAMP

---

FOR SALE CHEAP  
One 449 Page Book  
on "How to Part Your  
Hair,"  
Vincent Smart

---

See me for  
I C E  
Tessie McLeod

---

If you wish real  
excitement, visit  
B. H. S. at any time  
of the day.

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In chemistry, one of our Seniors was talking about Chili salt-petre. I wonder who that gentleman is?

Johnny Eames has had his picture taken and it's too cute for anything. Come on, girls, avoid the rush.



Sophomore in English:

"I don't understand those 'shalls' and 'wills'."

Voice: "I don't know much about the 'shalls,' but if the 'wills' have anything for me in them I'll be satisfied."

Ask Walter Frawley how it feels to be seasick. Good race, Walter.

Some Firing Squad!

Webb—"Ready, Aim, Fi—"

Adams—"Hey! wait a minute."



## LAUGHS FROM ALL SOURCES

Miss H.: "What caused Caesar's death?"

T. S.: "Too many Roman punches."

"How much is thim plums?"

"Ten cents a peck."

"Shure, phwat do yez think I am, a byrd?"

He spilt the coffee on my dome,  
This waiter, lank and lean;  
Although he knew I did not want  
My coffee in the bean.

Lives of editors all remind us  
That our lives are not sublime,  
For we have to work like thunder  
To get our copy out on time.  
Try it and see!

"My friend, there is really no excuse for you not looking neat and clean."

"Sorry, Mister," explained Plodding Peter, "but I'm conserving my bit along wit de rest of de folks. You just happened to hit me on my soapless day."

Employer: "Haven't you anything else to do all day, young man, besides calling up girls on the phone?"

Young man: "Well, you see, I was formerly a street car conductor."

Employer: "What has that to do with it?"

Young man: "I got the habit of ringing up the fair."

Someone: I asked her if I could see her home.

Somebody: And what did she say?

Someone: She said she'd send me a picture of it.

An optimist is a person who'll go into a restaurant without a cent in his pocket and figures on paying for the meal with the pearl he hopes to find in the oyster.

Little bits of study,  
Lot of fun in chunks,  
Makes a great mind muddy,  
Little Johnny flunks.

Little Willie went a-calling,  
Just to see his bestest girl;  
She was upstairs trying  
Just to put her hair in curl.

Willie waited, wondering why  
She was so long in coming down,  
And upon his freckled forehead  
Came a great big sulky frown.

For this was not the very first time,  
He had waited like a clown,  
In the hopes that soon or later  
She would come a-tripping down.  
Then despairing of her coming,

As he went he voiced a thought,  
"Gee! the next girl I go to call on  
Will have her hair cut short."

"Mamma," said Edith, "when the first man started to spell 'psalm' with a 'p' why didn't he scratch it out and start over?"

Teacher: "Was Minerva married?"

Pupil: "I should say not; she was the Goddess of Wisdom."

There's beauty in the thunder's roll,  
And in the ocean's roar.  
I'd rather hear a ton of coal  
That hits the cellar floor.

# MILITARY BALL

BY

Bangor High School Cadets



Bangor City Hall

Saturday, May 11, 1918



Admission 50c, Including Reserved Seats  
First Two Rows, 25c extra

Tickets exchanged at Box Office Friday and Saturday, May 10 and 11

MUSIC BY PULLEN



Helen (startled by the shooting off of a gun as she grabs James about the neck)—  
"Oh, I beg your pardon. It frightened me."

James—"That's all right! Let's go down to the quarry and watch them blasting."

He—"Do you mind if I smoke, dear?"

She—"Oh, yes, papa would put you out if you should smoke."

He—"He would, eh? Well, the lamp's smoking." (Use your imagination.)

All those who think our jokes are poor  
Would straightway change their views;  
Could they compare the ones we print  
With those that we refuse.

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Boston, Mass.

"Hawaii?"

"Chili."

"Are you Hungary?"

"Yes, Siam."

"Well, come along with me and I'll fight a Hamburg."

Mary had a pair of skates,

My tale is sad and bitter,

For every time she tried to skate

The ice jumped up and hit her.

Highbrow: "You have been in Stratford? Then you must remember that passage from Shakespeare—"

Quickrich: "No, we didn't take it. We came by a different route."

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