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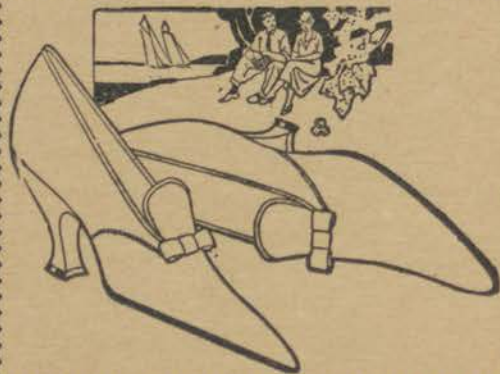
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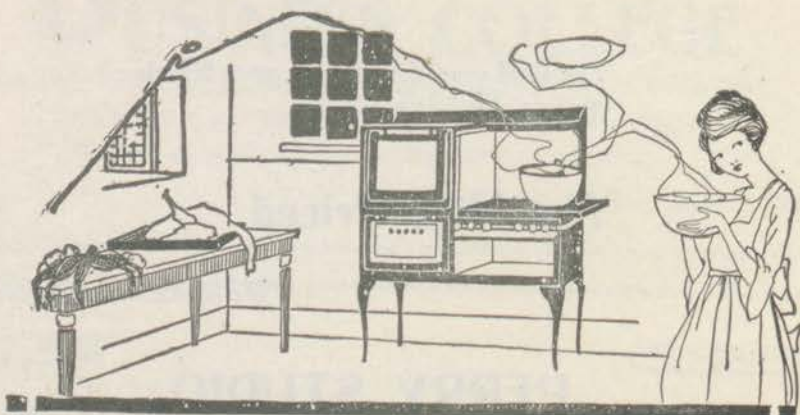
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CONTENTS

The Oracle Staff.....	1
Editorials	2
Literary.....	4
Counterfeit Trails—By Emily Miller, '22	4
Bangor High School Cadets—By '20	5
Dick Goes Hunting—By Soph, '22	8
The Oregon Trail—By Mary L. Copeland	12
Locals.....	14
Alumni	16
Military.....	18
Athletics.....	19
Exchanges.....	21
Pslams.....	23

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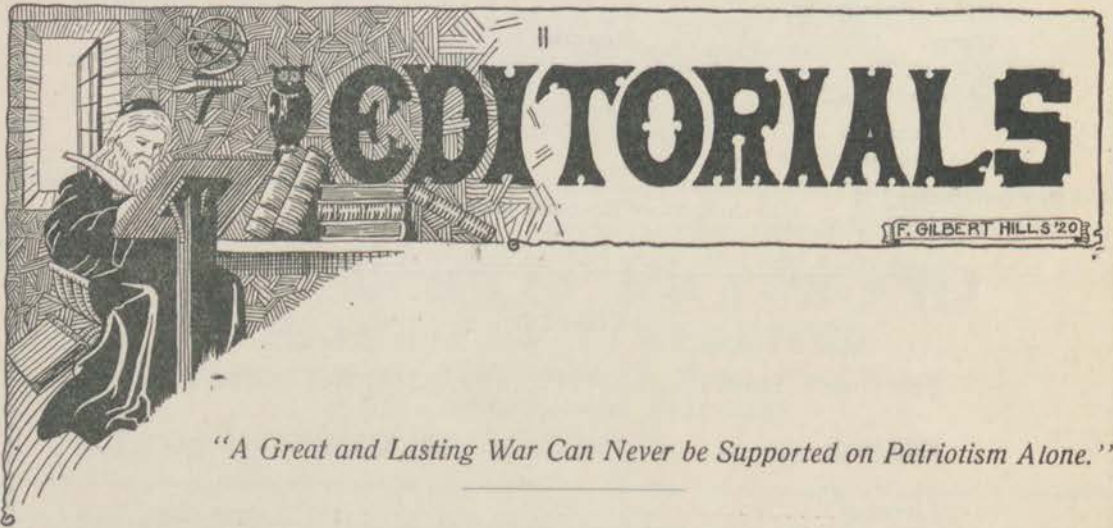
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"A Great and Lasting War Can Never be Supported on Patriotism Alone."

One of the favorite means of obtaining money from the unsuspecting traveler, promoted by the ingenious Egyptian, is by the manufacture and sale of Scarabs. These bits of clay in the form of a sacred beetle, covered with hieroglyphics, supposedly buried thousands of years ago and unearthed at a more or less recent date, now form the basis of an exceedingly profitable business. Turned out at the cost of a cent or two a peck, they then receive the treatment which renders them passable to the uninitiated as real and invaluable relics of the time of the Pharaohs.

But while this interesting bit of deception is being carried on in one corner of the Orient, we find that this transmigration of

the new to the ancient is practiced freely in the very streets of Bagdad. Persia has, as every one knows, been noted since time immemorial for the splendor and perfection of her rugs. The traders of Bagdad have discovered that an old rug demands a much higher price than the brilliant, newly made ones. Accordingly when one travels through this old city, he invariably finds himself, along with camels, cats, dogs, and Indians, treading upon luxurious carpets and rugs stretched upon the mud and filth characteristic of an Indian or Persian city. He must bear in mind, however, that this attention is not paid by the city magistrates in his honor—the rugs are merely "weathering."

T. B.

An announcement interesting to all students who intend to enter Harvard was **Harvard's** made at that college recently, **Entrance** pertaining to a change in its entrance requirements with a view **Require-** to aid public school candidates. **ments** Briefly, two plans for admission are now in effect. Under the "old plan" by which the student must pass examinations amounting to a certain number of credits, the units required have been lowered from sixteen and one-half to fifteen. Also candidates whose entrance examinations are but slightly defective but whose school work has been exceptionally good, will be admitted without condition.

The "new plan" provides that the student present evidences of an approved four year course and also that he pass satisfactory examinations in four of the important subjects. This plan has been modified so that a four year course will not be necessary, but merely the equivalent of the four. Also a student who has necessarily omitted one of the required studies will not be excluded if his average is exceptional.

This training has been made with a view to diminishing, not effective school training, but the importance of examinations. That is, it makes the requirements more elastic—not, for instance, just so much German, but any equivalent of that particular study.

T. B.

A bill that has recently appeared in Congress has caused considerable discussion in **Control of** this state about the proposed **Maine's** Federal Water Power **Water** mission. Just what the purposes of the bill may be is not quite clear to Maine people and they are demanding explanations.

Of course, such a plan might be put into action but it is hardly probable. New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts have the natural resources necessary to furnish electric power, and could undoubt-

edly care for their own power problems. Rhode Island and Connecticut are not so favored and might need outside help; but not from Maine, for a transmission line from the sources of power in Maine to the point of use in these states would be a gigantic undertaking, involving millions of dollars.

Hydro-electric power is in its earliest stages of development now in Maine; our railroads are all steam-operated, our mills and factories are run either by steam or water power, and many of our rural districts, though supplied with electric power and light, find its cost prohibitive.

Any noticeable development of the hydro-electric resources would naturally be used at home. Electric power and light would be put into the rural districts at a moderate cost; many mills and factories now operated by water power or by steam could be operated almost entirely by electricity; and the railroads would change from steam to electricity for power. All this would be the natural result of any great hydro-electric developments; then, and only then, would a great transmission line, such as has been mentioned, be feasible.

The fact that the Federal commission would have the sole right to issue construction permits for "any navigable stream"—a rather doubtful limitation, that has caused some uneasiness—has caused suggestions to be made that "outside interests" might be favored. "Outside interests" would hardly care to come in and try to interfere with the interests of some of the large concerns holding water power privileges in the northern part of the state. In fact, the present water-power developments controlled by these concerns, though not hydro-electric, could be easily converted and would give Maine a tremendous advantage in combatting "outside interests." Maine need not fear for the safety of her water-powers.



"To be Prepared for War is one of the Most Effectual Means of Preserving Peace."

COUNTERFEIT TRAILS

Emily Miller, '22.



A-HA, guess you'd do a big stunt tracking Counterfeit," Stanley Burnham leaned back and laughed teasingly.

"By golly, I can track as well as you can, Smarty-cat," retorted Wilda, angrily. "I'll bet anything you can't lose me on a trail."

Stanley sat up. He knew of some things belonging to Wilda that he wanted. Here was a chance to get one of them. Wilda always paid her bets.

"Did you say ANYTHING?" he inquired.

Wilda nodded.

"Your your hair bridle? Or those spurs Eddie gave you? Or, oh, I know, that new saddle blanket Navvy wove." He named her choicest possessions.

"Yes, 'cause I know you won't win, anyway," she agreed willingly.

"Hum," said Stanley, her willingness sounded suspicious to him. "What do YOU want?"

"I want your 'H' sweater for my very own." Wilda picked unerringly the one thing Stanley prized.

Stanley considered. It was not easy to get ahead of Wilda and he knew it. But "Nothing venture, nothing have," thought he.

"All right," he agreed, finally, "I bet my

'H' sweater against Navvy's blanket you can't track me. What horse and how much start?"

"I don't care what horse you ride, I'll give you a half hour's start and if I don't get you before you get home the blanket is yours. Only, you're to go five miles."

"It's a bargain. I'll ride Teddy and—"

"You mean thing," exclaimed Wilda, "you know I want him."

"You didn't say so," he returned, cheerfully. "Anyone would want the fastest horse at the barracks."

"But Ted is mine, almost. Dad is going to give him to me when they get Counterfeit," protested Wilda.

"A miss is as good as a mile," grinned Stanley, provokingly. "He isn't yours now. I spoke first."

"Oh, be a pig if you want to. You won't ever get a ride on him when I do get him," vowed Wilda, crossly. "I s'pose I can ride Splinter."

Stanley left the porch and ran down to the corral. Wilda looked at her watch, gazed resentfully after her brother and turned over in the hammock.

"We'll see if he's so smart," she muttered. "He knew I wanted Ted. If I only had Ted and the 'H' sweater, I'd be content."

Half an hour later Wilda went down to

the corral and saddled Splinter. Splinter was a pinto, a good enough little horse but very inferior to Wilda's cherished Teddy. She flipped the saddle on with no gentle hand and tugged at the cinch.

"I'll cave a rib in if you don't quit swelling up," she told Splinter. "Say, stop that biting."

She pulled up the knot, switched down the stirrup, gathered up the reins and mounting, spurred off down the trail Stanley had taken. For a half mile the tracks were well marked, then they ended abruptly at Bone's Creek.

Wilda grinned. "That's an old trick," she said to Splinter, "but which way do you s'pose he went?"

The creek was shallow and easy to ride through in both directions but as the upstream was a bit easier she chose that way. For nearly a mile she rode in the creek bed without a sign of tracks and was just about to decide that she had made a mistake when to one side, clear and undisguised, were the hoof prints.

Wilda was puzzled because no apparent effort had been made to conceal the tracks among the rocks and bushes that were so plentiful. She had expected Stanley to be wary. The tracks headed towards the hills, therefore he must plan a long journey to lose her in the winding trails of the foothill country. The traveling became rougher and rougher but still the trail was plainly marked.

On top of the hill which Wilda was climbing was a place called "Loving Cup," where a spring of the purest water bubbled out of the mountain side. The last part of the climb, however, could only be made on foot. Stanley's motive in coming this way was beyond Wilda's imagination. The saddle trail stopped but still the tracks continued over the slippery, dangerous mountain side. Stanley must be crazy to risk Teddy's limbs for a trivial bet. Wilda dismounted and examined the tracks more

closely. Then she made a queer discovery—she had not been tracking Stanley at all!

"I thought he knew better," she said to herself. "But who am I after?"

Wilda never carried things half way. She had wasted her time on a false trail and now that she stood no chance of picking up the true one, she determined to find the end of the false. Leaving Splinter she continued on foot. At the narrow entrance to the spring was a big rock. If one was careful and got behind this he could see the person in the bowl before the person saw him.

Wilda crept cautiously behind the rock and peered into the cup. The first glance gave her a surprise for there in the enclosure stood Counterfeit and beside him not a grim horse thief but a half witted Indian lad who worked at the barracks. Wilda sat down, too surprised to move. How that boy had gotten Counterfeit up the rough hill was a puzzle to her, but what concerned her most was how she could get him down.

Wilda could easily have gone to the barracks and secured help but she had started out to win Stanley's "H" sweater. She had lost that bet and also her saddle blanket. She must have some consolation and as soon as Counterfeit was returned Teddy was her's. Therefore, she must return Counterfeit.

Wilda thought deeply. She had no gun. Navy had a six shooter and for this reason he was the stronger physically, but mentally? She knew two things of which Navy lived in fear. One was a bear, the other the Great Spirit. Wilda decided to impersonate one of these. If Navy thought there were a bear behind the rock he might take a shot at it but she doubted if he would risk a shot at the Great Spirit, so she determined to be the latter. She crawled part way up the rock and groaned. There was no result. She groaned louder and heard a startled footstep.

"I am the Great Spirit," she said, in as hollow a voice as she could manage. It evidently took Navvy sometime to digest this startling piece of news, then came a shaky

"Hail, Spirit."

"Drop your gun," thundered the "spirit," and then thrust up her head to see if he had obeyed. He had. Quick as lightning, Wilda was over the rock and held Navvy's six gun in her hand.

"Hands up," she commanded.

Navvy looked dazed at her sudden appearance, but obeyed her promptly. A quick survey satisfied Wilda that he had no other weapon.

"Go over to Counterfeit, take the rope off Dad's saddle, sit down and stick your feet through the loop," she directed.

The lad obeyed without a word. When he had securely fixed his feet she tied his hands.

"I say, Navvy, what does all this mean?" she asked.

"Some surprise," he grunted. "Where you been?"

"Oh, I've just 'been'! How am I going to get Counterfeit down the mountain?"

"Dunno, don't care," he replied. "Told bring him up here. I bring."

"Who told you to?"

"Big boss."

"My father told you to bring him up here?"

"Yep."

Suddenly Wilda began to laugh. Two days ago General Burnham had gone to Two Dot. He had probably told Navvy to bring Counterfeit to Longing Camp, the nearest railroad town. When he had arrived there was no sign of horse or rider, nor had they appeared at all. That morning the men at the barracks, naturally supposing Navvy and Counterfeit to have been a victim of horse thieves, had started a posse. All the while the faithful Indian had waited at Loving Cup because "Big boss" had told him to.

It was dusk when Wilda rode Counterfeit up to the ranch house. Stanley sprang up out of the hammock.

"For the love of Mike, where have you been?" he began, "and where did you get that horse?" he ended, suddenly.

"I never shall tell," grinned Wilda, "and even if I didn't follow you, I proved I could follow tracks and Ted is mine."

Stanley groaned.

"All that criss-cross and double trail for nothing," he exclaimed in disgust, "but anyway, I've won Navvy's blanket."

Wilda smiled.

"I reckon Navvy 'll weave me another," was all she said.

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL CADETS

By '20.



BANGOR High's first cadet company was founded in 1902. At that time the boys had the little blue caps with the straight black visors. A blue coat with a great deal of black braid for the privates and much more gold braid for the officers. A pair of white duck trousers completed their uniform; a very pretty but not practical uniform. This company of cadets with new recruits from the incoming

classes and new officers, kept drilling off and on until 1910, then the military department of the school disappeared for a time.

The beginning of the great world war in 1914 was responsible for the start of a new company. "Oh! we'll never get into this war, for we are too far away and if we did we wouldn't have to send troops;" was what everybody was saying but just the same everybody was pretty uneasy about the war. The formation of the cadet com-

pany was an outbreak of this uneasiness. A group of about seventy fellows got together in the fall of 1915 and decided to start a cadet company. Everybody was enthusiastic and full of "pep" about the idea. William Smith was elected captain. Mr. Mitchell, then the physical instructor, was appointed drill master. They drilled and drilled under Mr. Mitchell and Captain "Bill," with no uniforms and no gun. In the late spring they got some real uniforms. The regular olive drab cloth; nice looking garrison caps, and khaki colored puttees.

The next fall when I entered High school the first thing I did was to get "signed up" in the company. We drilled under Captain Farrar; having some great times marching in parades and doing lots of different things in our line of work. In the spring we began working for our great event of the year, the Military ball. This ball, which was a great success, ended our work for the year.

When school began in 1917, again the cadet company took up its work and the fellows who drilled the year before were promoted. I was made corporal and I was proud of my chevrons as if I were a general. We had the same routine of drill and parade during this year. We attended our first funeral in the spring. This impressed us with the fact that the United States was at war. From then on we all took the drill more seriously and worked hard to learn all we could. Herbert Webb was our captain that year and he had great discipline in the company.

That summer the draft bill was passed and when he came to sign up in the fall so many fellows had enlisted that a battalion was formed. Vincent Smart was the commander of the battalion, which was made up of three companies; A company, Captain Ralph Thompson; B company, Captain Franz Dolliver; C company, Captain Frank Pierce. We did great work until November 11th, when the Armistice was signed,

then everybody wanted to stop drilling. All the fellows who wanted to get out were allowed to do so and the battalion was re-organized. We still had enough to make up three companies but they were much smaller than before. Our drill was again broken up by the vacation we had, due to the epidemic of influenza. In the spring the cadet battalion was taken into the Junior Reserve Officers Training Corps (Jr. R. O. T. C.), and Captain Walter D. McCord, a regular Army officer, was sent to drill us. In May we held our "Military Ball" and it was the biggest and best one that had ever been given in Bangor. After the "Military Ball" was over we began an enlistment campaign for the next year.

Captain McCord organized the battalion, which had almost four hundred fellows enlisted into five companies, under the command of Major Philip Oak: A company, Captain Carl Meinecke; B company, Captain Philip Chalmers; C company, Captain Granville Bond; D company, Captain Eugene Macdonald; E company, Captain Leslie Bowler. We have the regulation army uniforms, given to us by the government, and we are furnished with new rifles and bayonets. Under the new organization we follow the army system as close as possible. We have at least three hours' drill a week; two hours of practical work and one hour of theoretical work. The course in the R. O. T. C. gives us a certain amount of credit towards graduation. The pictures of instruction which were given to the training camps in the war time we have now in the gymnasium of the High School. Now in our training we are preparing for the next "Military Ball," which is to be given May 14th. This is to be the best ever seen in Bangor. The Junior R. O. T. C. has done much for Bangor High School and if the students continue to support it, this organization will be a great benefit to the High School and also to the city.

DICK GOES HUNTING

Soph., '22.



GOING hunting? Of course they were going hunting! School was closed for a whole week and they were going to make the most of it. As the train sped on taking them every moment farther from the city and nearer to the big woods, Dick Rangely and his friend, Chub Morse, eagerly discussed over and over again, their plans for a hunting trip in Maine.

"I expect Dad will be surprised enough to see us walking into camp about supper time," observed Dick. "I didn't have time to tell him we were coming."

"Are you sure he won't care?" objected Chub. "I supposed he knew."

"Care? Dad won't care. There are only three in his party and the camp will easily hold six. He is in the same camp he had last year when I was with him, so I ought to know. Besides, we've our own blankets and everything and he'll probably have venison enough to feed an army."

"I suppose you'll get a couple o' deer," suggested Chub, questioningly. "The boys will be disappointed if they don't see at least one head mounted in your room at the dormitory."

"Oh, yes, I'll probably get my two," replied Dick, with that cock-sureness which often comes before a disaster. "And I'd get more if the law allowed it. I like to hunt."

Chub smiled to himself and turned his attention to the flying landscape. He was quite a hunter himself but his chum was unaware of the fact because he was too modest to mention it. That was just like Chub. He was one of those fellows who can do a great deal and say little about it. In that respect he was just the opposite of Dick. Dick was always bragging. The boys at the Howden Preparatory School,

where both these two boys were sophomores, had heard Dick boast over and over again of what he had done or could do until they were tired of it. They had heard (many times) about his year in Florida. They knew all the minute details of every event that happened while he was there but no one had ever heard about the little lame girl whom Chub had rescued from a burning tenement in New York. They all knew what a good football player Dick was, even though they had never seen him play, just because he talked so much about it; but quiet, unobtrusive Chub had helped his school to win more victories than Dick ever would.

Chub never boasted of his achievements. Perhaps that was one reason why the boys all liked him so well. Certainly he was one of the most popular fellows in the school. Despite the difference in their temperaments he and Dick were the best of friends and when Dick had asked him to go hunting he had accepted the invitation eagerly. He liked the woods and he was an expert with the gun. Dick, he knew, had been hunting just once in his life, and he could not help smiling in his quiet way, as he listened to Dick telling of the things he would do as soon as they reached the woods. He was wondering just how this trip would end.

The train puffed slowly on past farms and villages, pastures and forests, for the most part bleak and bare, with here and there little patches of snow. As they went farther north more snow came into sight and by the time they were half way to their destination they had reached the place where the ground was entirely covered.

"This snow is just what we need," declared Dick. "With this on the ground we can track deer. I tell you it's no fun tramping around all day in the dry brush, where

every little twig you step on snaps loud enough to be heard a mile away."

Chub replied that he should think perhaps the snow would be a great help. The conversation then drifted around from deer tracks to bear and lynx tracks and soon the boys were telling each other all the terrifying stories they had ever read or heard about the Canadian lynx, each enlarging upon the original whenever he thought best. The result was alarming and no one could blame the little old lady, who sat in front of them, for changing her seat.

The elderly gentleman across the aisle, who had been sleeping peacefully for the greater part of the journey, was now fully awake, and screened from view behind a large daily paper, was listening intently, which goes to prove that these wild tales must have been interesting. Dick was perfectly willing to do most of the talking and Chub was perfectly willing to listen so the time passed quickly and pleasantly for both. Before they realized it the train had slowed down and the passengers were alighting. The two scrambled off just in time to avoid being carried on to the next station.

"Where do we go from here, boys?" drawled Chub, sitting down upon his pack and looking cheerfully around the dingy little station yard.

"Due west for about seven miles," replied Dick, with the air of one who knows all about it. "There is an old road we could follow part way if we wanted to but it is nearer ten miles that way and I'm not going to walk any farther than I have to. If we strike into the woods just back of that red barn we'll hit a blazed trail, which will take at least three miles off from that ten. Perhaps we'd better be moving. I bet it's going to snow."

They started out and had no difficulty in finding the trail. Chub noticed, however, that the blazed trees were quite a distance apart and he wondered if Dick knew the

trail well enough to follow it if darkness should overtake them. It was already quite late in the afternoon and, moreover, it was cloudy. Here in the woods the thick branches of the trees shut out most of what little light there was at this time of day. Dick, determined to reach his father's camp before dark, set out at a brisk, swinging gait and Chub, who weighed almost twice as much as his friend, had some difficulty in keeping up with him. For some time they walked on in silence, their moccasins making almost no sound upon the soft snow. Then Chub broke the stillness by shouting to Dick, who was far in advance of him, "Here's where I get up an appetite for that venison we're going to have for supper."

"It'll sure taste good," called back Dick. "Dad knows just how to cook it."

Silence reigned again until a big snowflake struck Chub square in the eye.

"I say," he called out, "it's snowing."

"Well, I know it," was the retort. "We'll have to hustle if we want to reach camp before it snows hard."

Chub realized this fact and quickened his pace until he was up with Dick. They walked as fast as they could for about half an hour but darkness and the snow were both quicker than they. It had become so dark that Dick was having a hard time to keep to the trail although he would never have admitted it.

The snow kept coming in thicker and faster until a regular blizzard was started. It was not the big, soft flakes, which drop gently down for a while and then stop, but the tiny, hard, sleety kind, blowing straight from the northeast, which betokened a long, severe storm. The two boys emerged from the thick, heavy woods into a little clearing, evidently made by a forest fire, for, here and there the blackened stumps of huge trees stood like sentinels guarding the younger growth of gray birch. Here the boys, who had before been protected by the

thick branches, were now exposed to the fury of the storm. It was bitterly cold. The raw wind chilled them to the bone and the stinging sleet seemed to cut right into their faces. There was nothing to do but keep on walking, so, turning up their coat collars and pulling down their caps, they fought their way on almost in the teeth of the gale. At last, after stumbling over stumps buried up under the snow and slipping and sliding into unseen hollows, they gained the shelter of the big woods on the other side of the clearing. It was too dark to see the trail and Dick hesitated a moment before entering those shadows, all of which seemed to be moving.

"I hope to goodness you know the way," shouted Chub above the fury of the storm. "I should hate to lose that venison." His mind was, as usual, on his supper.

"Perhaps I don't know where I'm going!" was the angry retort.

Chub was quite sure that his pal did not know, but he kept quiet about it for he saw Dick's temper was up. They stumbled on in silence. Each was too cold to talk much. They had not gone far before they came to a clearing similar to the first. Dick stopped in surprise.

"I didn't know there was another clearing between the station and camp," he mused.

"Not another but the same one again," explained Chub. "We've been going around in a circle. You'd better veer a little to the left."

"Circle nothing! I've been going straight toward the west. I think I've studied geometry long enough to know a straight line from a circle!"

Chub argued his point but to no avail. Dick was confident that he knew the trail and Chub gave up in despair.

"Oh, all right," he said, "I'll take your word for it."

Again they crossed the clearing almost stumbling into the same holes they had

made in crossing before and again they entered the woods on the other side, neither knowing where the real trail was. It was a long time before Dick would admit that he was lost and then he did it reluctantly.

Chub rather fancied a night in the woods, anyway, so he suggested that they make camp and wait until daylight before attempting to pick up the trail again. Dick consented, so they built a fire as best they could with the wet materials on hand and then sat down by it and looked at each other. There was no way out of it now, they were lost, hopelessly lost, in the midst of the Maine woods, miles from any human beings, with all sorts of wild animals around them. At least, that is the way Dick felt. In his mind the stories they had told on the train stood out vividly and he could not have been any more frightened if he had been in an African jungle. The braver he tried to appear the more nervous he felt. He was a city boy and not used to the woods. As for Chub, this was no new experience for him. He and his brother had often camped out in the woods near their home, both in summer and in winter.

The fire crackled and blazed merrily, lighting up the woods for a short distance and making the dark shadows among the trees seem all the darker and more mysterious. The wind howled dismally through the bare branches overhead and the icy limbs, rubbing together, produced a rattling sound, familiar enough to Chub but new and weird to Dick. Everything seemed to be alive and moving. The boys themselves were very quiet, however. Dick was glancing timidly into the dancing shadows as if he expected to see a pair of gleaming eyes shining in the firelight. Chub was studying the fire and thinking his own thoughts.

A loud crack sounded in a small group of pines nearby as an overloaded limb gave way, letting its burden of snow fall to the

ground in a thin, white cloud. Chub glanced up just in time to see Dick start up nervously. Evidently he thought that the owner of those imaginary eyes was about to attack him. Nothing serious happened, however, and quiet reigned once more.

"Gee!"

This exclamation from Chub brought Dick back from the land of the Canadian lynx.

"What's the matter?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh, I was only thinking about that venison," replied Chub. "I'm hungry enough to eat a bob-cat raw."

"So am I, but that doesn't seem to provide anything for us to eat."

"No, that's right. If wishing would do any good we'd have had a whole Thanksgiving dinner right here before us long ago."

Chub heaped more pine on the fire.

"Say," he observed, "did you know that a Canadian lynx could—"

Dick fidgeted and looked fearfully into the shadows.

"It doesn't seem to be snowing quite as hard as it was," he remarked.

"Snowing? I wasn't talking about the weather. I asked you if you had ever heard that a lynx—"

"It ought to let up before long."

"I read once that a lynx could kill—"

"Maybe if it warms up this will turn to rain."

"Say," began Chub, "if you're not going to talk about anything but this miserable weather I'm going to bed."

He unrolled a bright, turkey-red blanket and proceeded to re-roll it with himself inside.

"Better come over on this side," he suggested to Dick, who was preparing to lie down on the opposite side of the fire.

"This suits me all right," replied Dick.

"Yes, but the wind blows all the smoke and sparks over that way."

"Yes, and it blows all the heat over, too. I'm quite comfortable here, thank you."

Chub very unwisely let Dick have his own way and soon both were in dreamland. They had not slept very long when Chub was awakened by a howl from Dick. He sat up and rubbed his eyes. On the other side of the fire Dick appeared to be doing a fantastic war dance and furnishing his own music. It did not take Chub long to discover the cause of these howls. Dick's blanket and mackinaw were both on fire. Chub was at first inclined to laugh and say, "I told you so," but he soon realized that the affair was serious and called for immediate action.

"Lie down and roll over," he shouted, as soon as he could collect his wits.

Dick was too frightened to do anything but obey. Over and over he rolled, long after the fire was entirely out.

"Come back, come back," called Chub. "You won't burn up now."

Dick presented a sorry sight. His blanket was gone, his cap was buried up in a drift through which he had rolled, and his mackinaw was minus one sleeve. He was glad enough to accept the offer of Chub's blanket, which he wrapped around him Indian fashion. He wisely came over on the windward side of the fire. By this time it had stopped snowing but it was still too dark to think of starting out again towards camp, so they built up the fire, which was beginning to get low, and hovered over it until daybreak. Chub very considerably avoided the subject of lynx and they spent the time pleasantly, discussing their good times at school.

Just as it began to grow light, Chub, who was sitting farthest from the fire, sniffed the air inquiringly.

"By jiminy!" he shouted. "I smell COFFEE!"

"And venison!" added Dick.

Snatching up his pack, Chub started out on the run in the direction from which the

smell came. Dick, wrapping his turkey-red blanket more firmly around him, followed in equal haste. They gained the top of a little hill and from there looked down on the long sought for camp, nestling snugly on the side hill in the shelter of the pines, a wreath of smoke curling upward from its chimney, and the tantalizing odor of coffee issuing from a partly opened window. They had been almost within a stone's throw of it all night! Both boys made a mad rush for the door.

Mr. Rangely looked up in astonishment as there tumbled into the room one short, fat boy, more or less covered with snow, and one tall, slim boy, with a smoke-blackened face, showing out from under the folds of a turkey-red blanket, one corner

of which hung down over his eye, while the opposite corner trailed along on the ground behind. At first Mr. Rangely was inclined to be alarmed but when he made sure that nothing serious had happened his sense of humor got the better of him and he broke out in a hearty laugh.

"By gum!" exclaimed Dick, disgustedly, "you'd better tell us the joke. You seem to find something to laugh at but I don't see what. Gee, I'm starved!"

This all happened two years ago and the boys at the Howden Preparatory School are still wondering why Dick Rangely does not talk more about his hunting trip in Maine and also what cured him of bragging. Chub knows but he refuses to tell.

THE OREGON TRAIL

Mary L. Copeland, '20.



HISTORY may, in a measure, repeat itself yet the conditions which rightly accompany it can never be repeated. The growth of America has been so swift that Americans get farther and farther away from the memory of the past conditions and forms of life which, having ceased to exist, are fast falling into oblivion. With swift strides the "Wild and Woolly" West has developed into the "Golden West" of unlimited resources. The wild Indian has given place to the cowboy; the vast plains where millions of buffaloes roamed, have become large ranches, where herds of cattle graze; the cowardly wolves no longer howl round the traveler's campfire; the hills have given up their rich stores of gold, while the rivers yield their strength to the needs of man; flourishing cities have supplanted the lodges of the ever wandering red man; swiftly moving trains, speeding people from the Atlantic seaboard to that of the Pacific, replace the

horseman and slowly moving lines of emigrant wagons.

The truly Wild West, as it appealed to the traveler, while civilization was but slowly creeping toward the Pacific, is described in the "Oregon Trail." In the early spring of 1846 the author, Francis Parkman, and a friend, both but recently out of college, started from St. Louis on a "tour of curiosity and amusement through the Rocky Mountains." At Fort Leavenworth the two were joined by others, who made up a party of less than a dozen men. Fort Leavenworth, now in the middle west, was then the "jumping off place" from civilization into the mysteries of an unsettled land. As the party turned their horses westward, they were turning from the comforts of home and culture to the hardships and privations of the wanderer. During one year they were to live the life of the west in all its phases.

For days at a time the little company pressed on through forests and across

plains destitute of other human companions. At night while the horses were allowed to feed, the men, with their ever-ready guns at hand, stretched before the camp-fire, and listened to the howling of the wolves and coyotes. After days of such solitude the covered emigrant wagons were a welcome sight. But the pleasure was of short duration as the horses could soon overtake and outstrip the toiling oxen.

The various Indian tribes were friendly, particularly the Ogillallahs with whom the travelers allied themselves. They accompanied the tribe to the Black Hills, whence it went to procure the poles for the rude lodges, then to the open prairie for buffalo hides. While with these Indians the white men learned much of the barbarian customs and superstitions.

At length the year of travel nearly over, the wanderers abandoned the Indians and homeward bound again sought the desolation of forest and plain. This time they were more fortunate in as much as they were joined by other white men until it was quite a company of hardened men who safely reached St. Louis.

It is in the account of life with the Indians that the true purpose of the book seems to be most strongly brought out

namely, the portrayal of a life which belongs to the past. To me the chief value of the "Oregon Trail" is in the vivid descriptions of Indian forms and customs. To read the book for no other purpose is truly worth the reader's time. Francis Parkman went into the unsettled west keenly alive to and appreciative of the romance and uniqueness of the place. Unfortunately he relates his adventures in a style which does not appeal to the average reader. However, it is clear and simple but lacks variety which renders the few anecdotes commonplace. The account throughout is a thoroughly unprejudiced one, even in describing the wanton destruction of buffaloes. When one thinks of the thousands of those huge beasts that have been ruthlessly slaughtered, it is not surprising that the animal is practically extinct today.

The buffalo, like the Indian, belongs to a past where there was no white men, no civilization. "Yea, the Wheels of Progress have rolled on" until each generation knows less and feels less keenly what the American nation has grown from. When we see the "Golden West" it is almost impossible to conceive it as the "Wild and Woolly West" as Francis Parkman saw it in 1846.





LOCALS

*"Go Put Your Creed into Your Deed
Nor Speak with Double Tongue."*

This spring has been one of the busiest and most successful epochs in the history of the High School Band. The requests for music have been numerous indeed, and every order so far has been enthusiastically complied with by the popular juvenile organization. On April 16, the band furnished music for the Rev. Mr. Carey's lecture on "Irish Freedom," and judging from the amount of applause which greeted its efforts, the playing must have been highly satisfactory to all. Several selections were rendered before the meeting and between speakers, the "Shamrock March" was delivered in a manner that won the heart of every Irishman present. Truly, Bangor High School should be proud of its talented musicians.

The Art Exhibition was held in Room 301, Friday, April 30. The poster in one of the study rooms was a most attractive proclaimer of the event. Pen and ink sketches, nature studies, interior decoration and lettering will be on exhibit. This was a most appropriate time for the exhibition as it was the date of the County Teachers' Convention.

Our School Band, now become very famous, had a splendid program in readiness for the concert given in the City Hall, April 23. The selections were carefully arranged by Mr. O'Neil, the bandmaster, and with the united support of the school body, the concert was a great success.

PROGRAM.

March, Solid Men to the Front.....Sousa
Overture, RaymondThomas
Xylophone Solo.....Francis Shaw
Selection, Scenes from Operaland...Hayes
Fox Trot, Dardanella.....Bernard
March, Bullets and Bayonets.....Sousa
Cornet Solo..... Selected
H. D. O'Neil.

Overture, Southern Stars.....Ascher-Mahl
March, Stars and Stripes.....Sousa

The Ode for the Class of 1920, which was written by Josephine Clough, now has notes to accompany it. Elizabeth Palmer wrote the music for the ode. Not long ago the stanzas appeared in one of the daily papers. It would be well if the seniors set about learning the words, for the time will approach all too quickly, when each one must have them memorized.

On Friday, April 24, each pupil in Bangor High was to bring one cent to school to contribute to the completion of a statue, which is to be presented to France in commemoration of the Battle of the Marne, which stopped the advance of the German troops into France. Each school in the United States is to do this, many have already done so. The statue is to be wrought by one of our most famous sculptors, Frederick MacMonaries and at a future day, when one of us is in France, he may gaze with pride on this memorial and feel that he helped to make it possible.

Miss Fannie Robinson, who has a leave of absence of one year to study at Radcliffe College, was visiting school a short time ago.

There was no school on Monday, April 19, the anniversary of the first battle of the Revolutionary War. This day has now become a legal holiday.

Mr. Eaton, who has been principal of Bangor High for five years, is to leave this month, to accept the position of principal of one of the high schools of Lynn, Massachusetts. This announcement is greatly regretted by both students and teachers.

Soon after the Easter vacation had ended, Mr. Eaton read in chapel one morning, the names of those seniors whose essays were judged best. The list follows:

Avaunt, Defeat!.....Alice L. Hammond
The Poet.....Dorothy C. Freese
The Last of the Romanoffs.....

.....Rebecca Rudman
The Educational System of Today....

.....Mary L. Largay
A Trip Down the Grand Canyon.....

.....Ruth E. Henderson
What Shall We Do About Immigration.....G. William Rowe

The Era of Electricity...Herbert E. Bragg

Ireland the Oppressed...Thomas Nelligan

Americanization.....Paul M. Croxford

A Plea for Compulsory Military Training.....Carl W. Meinecke

In the lecture room, the Junior and Senior Commercials were given a talk on the use of the adding machine. This lecture proved a very interesting and instructive one.

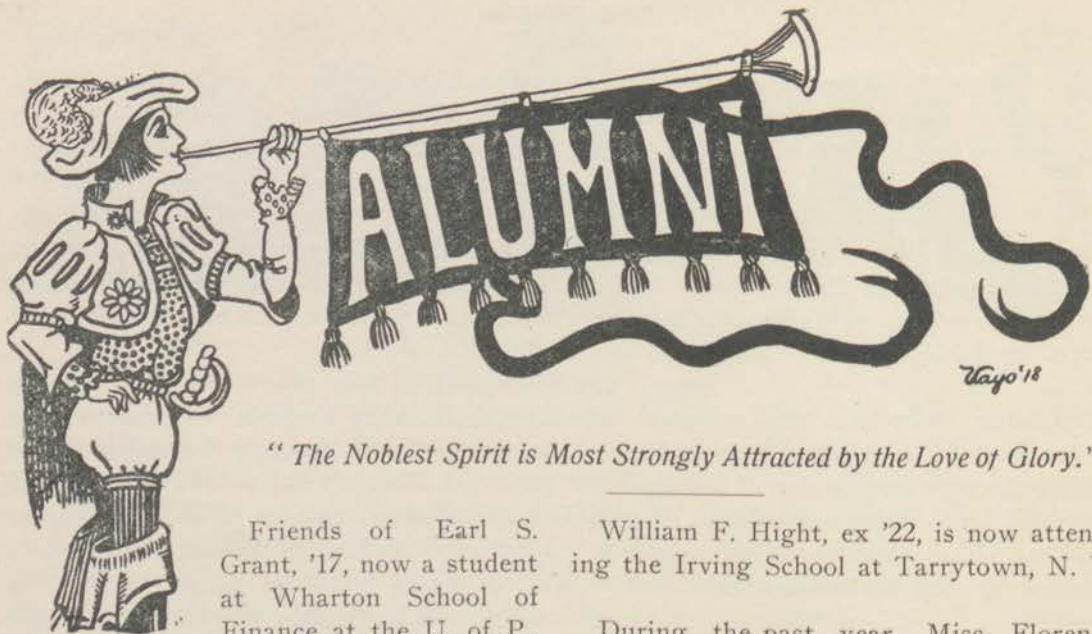
At a Teachers' meeting a short time ago, Mr. Boyd was unanimously endorsed as a candidate for Superintendent of the Bangor schools.

Miss Mona Mayo, of the class of 1920, now a student at Boston University, is to return and graduate with her class in June.

On Wednesday afternoon, April 21, in Room 110, Miss Amanda Wilson lectured before the Girls' Debating Society and their guests. The subject of the address was Harriet Beecher Stowe. Miss Wilson gave a most interesting account of Mrs. Stowe's life in a very pleasing manner. She told of her childhood and her girlhood and the forces that even then were molding her later opinions on public events; of her marriage and family life; of her duties as a college professor's wife at Brunswick, and of the writing of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The success of this, her first work, was so great that widespread fame was the result. The last public appearance of Mrs. Stowe at a garden party and a review of her books and character concluded the lecture.

The Freshmen, now that they have come to know each other better, held a class meeting, Thursday, April 22, at 12 o'clock, to elect class officers for the remainder of the year. Those nominated were: For president, Freeman Murry, Lawrence Knott; for vice-president, Leonora Hall, Katherine McCann; for treasurer, Joseph Smith, Alden Sawyer; secretary, Helen Bragg, Madeline Heath.

Those elected were: President, Freeman Murry; vice-president, Leonora Hall; treasurer, Joseph Smith; secretary, Helen Bragg.



"The Noblest Spirit is Most Strongly Attracted by the Love of Glory."

Friends of Earl S. Grant, '17, now a student at Wharton School of Finance at the U. of P., will be interested to learn that he has been chosen as one of the members of the Pennsylvania varsity debating team. Mr. Grant is a member of the sophomore team and is an instructor in a debating class at the university. He is a member of the Zeolosophic literary society and of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

Miss Irene Russell, ex. '21, was recently married to Raymond T. Hendrickson of Portland.

Harry O. Robinson, formerly of this city, recently made a visit to Bangor. He is now located in Venezuela, where he is engaged in mining engineering. Mr. Robinson is remembered by many friends in this part of the country as a famous football player, having made an excellent reputation in football at Bangor High School and also Tufts College.

A very pretty wedding took place at St. Mary's rectory on April 24, when Miss Mary McCann and Walter Higgins were united in marriage. Both Mr. and Mrs. Higgins are graduates of B. H. S., and the bride was attended by Miss Teresa Pretto, also a Bangor High alumna.

William F. Hight, ex '22, is now attending the Irving School at Tarrytown, N. Y.

During the past year, Miss Florence White, '18, the daughter of a former principal of B. H. S., has been acting as head of the French department at Vassar College.

The many friends of Paul T. White, formerly of Bangor, are congratulating him upon the success of his first important composition, a Lyric Overture, which was performed by the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra at its final concert of the season on April 16, last. Mr. White personally conducted the work and was recalled seven or eight times to bow his acknowledgments. While in this city, Mr. White was a pupil of Mr. H. M. Pullen and while on a visit here, last spring, he gave a delightful concert at Mr. Pullen's studio, to his many friends. He graduated from the New England Conservatory of Music, in 1918, with highest honors and has been one of the first violins of the Cincinnati organization during the past two seasons.

On Saturday, April 17, Frederic J. Woodman and Miss Anastasia Scribner were united in marriage. Both Mr. and Mrs. Woodman are graduates of B. H. S., and for several years Mrs. Woodman has taught English and elocution in the High school.

Dr. Arthur O. Largay has recently been appointed assistant medical inspector of the schools of Bayonne, New Jersey. Dr. Largay is a graduate of Bangor High and of Georgetown University of Washington, D. C. During the war he served overseas in the Medical department.

Friends of Eugene F. Hickson will be pleased to learn that he has recently accepted a position as research chemist in the plant of the American Writing Paper Company, Holyoke, Mass. For the past two years Mr. Hickson has been first assistant chemist at the Bureau of Standards, Washington, D. C.

At a recent meeting of the Bangor Historical Society, Professor William Otis Sawtelle, of Haverford College, Pennsylvania, gave a very interesting account of the settlement of Mt. Desert and the Cranberry Isles, entitled, "The Lord and the Lady of Mt. Desert."

Professor Sawtelle, being a summer resident at Islesford, was able to give a personal touch to his remarks, which were based on a study and research in the history of that section covering twenty years.

Bangor High School was represented at a recent luncheon held in New York city by those members of Mount Holyoke, 1912, who are located in or near the city. The twenty-seven present included Myrtle F. Smart, 1908, now field worker at the New Jersey State Hospital, Morris Plains, and Louise F. Ewer, 1907, chief agent in the

Yonkers' district office of the Westchester County Department of Child Welfare.

Commencement Week parts have been elected by the members of the Senior class at the University of Maine. Bangor High School is represented by Irving R. Donovan, '15, Orator, John G. Ferry, '16, Marshal, and by Edward H. Kelly, '16, Class Day committee.

Among the promotions of Wellesley College faculty as recently announced, is that of Miss Lennie P. Copeland, who is to be assistant professor of Mathematics. Miss Copeland is a graduate of Bangor High School and of the University of Maine. She did graduate work in mathematics at Wellesley college and the University of Pennsylvania, receiving the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the latter institution. For several years, she has been an instructor in mathematics at Wellesley college.

Miss Katherine H. Clark was one of the first sopranos of the Mount Holyoke College Glee club, which took part in the Junior Prom festivities at Holyoke, on Saturday, April 17. Miss Clark is a graduate of Bangor High, 1916, and is a member of the Senior class at Mt. Holyoke.

Miss Louise Leonard, a Bangor High Alumna, and now a Junior at Smith college, has recently had the honor to be elected to membership in the Smith College French club.



MILITARY BALL.

The committees were appointed at a meeting of non coms, and officers held after the battalion returned from Mayor Woods' inauguration. A finance committee was formed to take care of the financial side of the Military Ball; an entertainment committee for the general arrangements; and a music committee to look after the music, and arrange the dance orders. Several sub-committees were also named; one for each part of the exhibition, such as the wall scaling, the awkward squad committee, etc.

A slightly different plan for seating the crowd has been adopted. Not only will there be seats in the balcony and on the stage but also two rows on the floor. Tickets have been given out to the men and the sale of them has begun with a rush.

* * * *

The battalion has again started the weekly ceremonies which had to be abandoned during the winter because of the cold. Emphasis will now be laid on correctness of drill and on physical training, the latter to get the men into physical condition for the three day hike, which will take place this spring.

This hike is looked forward to with a

great deal of enthusiasm by all the men. It will occupy three days, one of which will be a school day, and will be a great opportunity for the battalion to apply what has been learned during the winter.

* * * *

Lt. Col. Palmer made his final inspection of the battalion Tuesday, April 27. He expressed himself as well pleased with the progress that has been made since his last visit.

The morning was spent in the inspection of storage and training facilities of the school as well as in a thorough inspection of the reports and rosters of the battalion.

In the afternoon a formal review and inspection was held at Broadway Park. After the inspection A, B, and C companies pitched shelter tents and were again inspected; D and E companies in the meantime doing close order drill. Later, each company was drilled in turn by its officers and two senior sergeants.

The inspection concluded with physical training, directed by each of the commissioned officers in turn. When the officers had concluded, Lt. Col. Palmer called for privates to volunteer to give one or two exercises; Private Gartley of E Company, was the only volunteer.



"I Came, Saw, and Overcame."

BANGOR VS. HOULTON.

AT HOULTON.

The Bangor basketball squad, composed of Bacon, Bond, Carr, Collins, Fairbrother, Herscey, Hutchins, Jordan, Kamenkovitz, Oak and Short, left for Houlton, Monday, March 29. Captain McCord and Assistant Manager Collins accompanied the team. A few High school students also accompanied it.

The game was played in the Heyward Opera House on a floor slightly larger than the one in our gymnasium. The floor was as strange to the Houlton boys as it was to ours. The Houlton management caused the floor to be waxed, claiming that a great deal of wax would make it sticky; something must have gone wrong, however, as the floor was as slippery as our City Hall floor.

Fairbrother was the high scorer for Bangor, and O'Donnell, for Houlton. The whole Bangor team played a remarkably fine game.

The score at the end of the first period was announced as ten to seven in favor of Bangor. One of the scorers' books showed eleven to seven but no protest was made at the time so that the tie score stood at the end of the third period. The end of the second period showed Bangor in the lead thirteen to eleven, and the end of the third, a tie—by one scorer and eighteen to seven—

teen by the other.

Captain McCord heard the latter score and sent his men to the hotel, where they dressed and started back for the dance after the game. In the meantime, after a hot argument it had been decided that the game was a tie. Captain McCord sent out and rounded up the men and they returned to play an over-time period—under protest.

This period was one of the fastest and most exciting ever witnessed in Houlton, both teams going on with the determination that they would make the only scores. No scores resulted, though many long shots were made.

The first part of the second period was a repetition of the first period, both sides playing their hardest and making many long shots. A foul was called on Bangor but Peabody failed to make it. Immediately after this, with less than two minutes to play, "Touchy" Short caged a basket from half the length of the hall.

It looked as though the remainder of the period would be simply a holding game on Bangor's part, but "Ralphy" Jordan got clear and shot another basket.

After the game, dancing was enjoyed till 12.30. Principal Perkins of the Houlton High school, introduced the Bangor boys who cared to dance, to some of the young ladies of the school. His thoughtfulness was greatly appreciated.

Summary:

B. H. S. 21.

H. H. S. 17.

Jordan, l.f., 1.....r.b., Ervin
 Fairbrother, r.f., 7 (1).....l.b., Iott
 Oak, c.....c., Smith, 1
 Bacon, Hersey, r.b.....l.f., O'Donnell, 4
 Short, l.b., 2.....r.f., Niles (Capt.) (1)
 Peabody, 3

Officials: Tracey, Houlton; Johnson,
 Bangor, alternating as referee and umpire.

Time: One 20 and two 10-minute
 periods. Two five-minute overtime pe-
 riods.

AT ORONO.

The Houlton squad, accompanied by
 Coach Parker and Principal Perkins of the
 High School, arrived in Bangor Wednes-
 day, March 31. The team stayed at the
 Penobscot Exchange, Wednesday and
 Thursday nights and returned to Houlton
 Friday morning.

The game was played at Orono, in the
 U. of M. gymnasium; a floor unknown to
 both teams. There were several Houlton
 supporters at the game and about 350 Ban-
 gor fans. Most of the college boys ap-
 peared to be neutral and cheered both
 teams impartially.

Bangor's defensive work was better than
 Houlton's as the Houlton boys were not
 accustomed to such a large floor. The of-
 ficials were certainly strict and impartial;
 seven fouls, mostly for running with the
 ball but a few for blocking, were called
 against each side. Niles, Houlton's cap-
 tain, and Fairbrother scored four each of
 their seven fouls.

Short and Jordan scored two baskets
 each for Bangor and Bond and Fairbrother,
 one each. Smith and O'Donnell scored
 one basket apiece for Houlton.

There was no dance after the game,
 something that disappointed several.

Summary:

B. H. S. 16.

H. H. S., 8.

Jordan, l.f., 2.....r.b., Iott, Peabody
 Fairbrother, r.f., 1 (4)

l.b., Churchill, Ervin
 Oak, Bond 1, c.....c., Smith 1
 Short, l.b., 2.....r.f., Niles (Capt.) (4)
 Bacon, Hersey, r.b.....l.f., O'Donnell 1

Officials: Johnson, Bangor; Keegan, U.
 of M.; alternating referee and umpire.
 Scorers: Baldwin and Ryder, U. of M.

Time: One 20 and two 10-minute
 periods.

BASKETBALL.

Here is a list of the basketball players and the number of games each played in.
 These men made up the champion basket ball team of the state. Just look the names
 all over well and don't forget they are champs.

Name of Player.	Parts of Games Played in.	Whole Games Played in.
Bacon, Capt. "Poddy".....	7	6
Short, "Touchey".....	6	5
Fairbrother, "Russ".....	10	5
Oak, "Phil".....	10	5
Jordan, "Ralphy".....	7	6
Traynor, "Mike".....	4	3
Collins, "Bob".....	10	
Hersey, "Hen".....	12	
Bond, "Kewpie".....	11	
Kamenkovitz, "Archie".....	9	
Goldstein, "Davy".....	4	

ELEVEN letter men! Oh, Boy! Champs! Bangor is on the map now.
 Can we keep it there? We must keep first place. Get into it now!



"Those Who Would Make Us Feel Must First Feel Themselves."

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

Welcome, "Sentinel"; we hope you'll come often. You have a fine paper; we like especially, the series of questions and answers.

The "Red & White" from Iowa City has some fine jokes, in fact it seems to specialize in "Humorous."

The "Malachi" for April 6 certainly is a "booster" all right. You have a beautiful school and some fine buildings in Milaca, to judge by the photos.

The "Tattler" from Blair is an excellent paper but "where and oh, where" is your Exchange department? We like the jokes, especially.

The "Shuttle" is another fine paper, although the departments are rather short. However, what they lack in quantity is made up in quality.

The "Roman" is, as always, complete and well-balanced in every way. The Literary, Jokes, and Athletics are especially commendable.

The "Gleaner" is very appropriately named; you must be turning out farmers "a mile a minute." The essay, "Supply and Demand," is very interesting.

T. C. A. "Chronicle." The best part of your magazine is the literary department. You have an abundance of stories and they are very interesting. The other parts of the magazine are also very good, the athletics deserving special mention.

Another new exchange is the "Key" from Angola, Indiana. It is a fine paper and we hope to see it again.

Carthage, Ind., has a fine paper: "Sparks from C. H. S." It is just full of interesting newsy notes.

The "Oceanic" from Old Orchard is one of the best papers we receive; its motto must be Quality and Quantity. The photographs, of which there are quite a number, make it exceedingly interesting. The jokes, too, are unusually good.

There is an excellent Athletics department and a very funny story, "He Stole His Own Umbrella," that are particularly noticeable in the April "Semaphore"; the rest of the paper, also, is very good.

Well, "Enterprise," do you suppose all Editors are rewarded as your poem suggests? We hope so, anyway, although we're afraid that St. Peter may exclude some even though they do nothing but "write."

We wish you every success in your "Better Manners" campaign, "Mirror." It is a fine idea and ought to do a great deal of good.

The Old Town "Sachem" has a poem, "The Acrobatic Cow," that is only too true. She certainly is going up!

We have just received a copy of "Our School Times" from Londonderry, Ireland. It has some exceptionally fine stories and interesting football notes.

The poem, "The Storm," in the "Holton" is admirably written, indeed, the whole paper is well carried out.

Everyone might profit by applying the suggestions in the editorial of the "Academy News." It tells of the attitude most boys have toward high school work.

The "Laurel" should be awarded a wreath for its excellence. The jokes are especially good.

The "Herald." You have a fine literary department. Perhaps a few comments in the exchanges would add a little more to the paper, however.

"Su-Hi," although small, makes up in other ways what it lacks in size. The idea of the exchange editor is a good one. On the whole the magazine is excellent.

The "Lincolnian." A very fine paper, the Athletics and jokes being especially good. The literary department might be just a little longer.

The "Tattler," Nashua. You have some well-edited departments, too. Probably a few more stories would be an improvement. However, the "Tattler" is a fine magazine just as it is.

The "Forum" is an interesting magazine. There certainly is no scarcity of good stories in South End Junior High.

The "Spectator" from Waterloo, Iowa, is another interesting magazine. The "Citizen's Page" is the best part of the paper in our estimation, but the other departments all deserve mention.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The "Oracle" of Bangor, Maine, is a remarkable paper, with an exceptionally good exchange department.—The "Budget."

The "Oracle": A very interesting and creditable school paper throughout.
—The "Maple Leaf."

The "Oracle": We hope you will keep the "Aroostookan" on your exchange list.
—The "Aroostookan."

The Oracle": Your paper shows that you have talented people in your school. We would like to hear from you always.
—"Orono Comet."

The "Oracle": A real paper; the literary department is especially good.
—The "Hamiltonian."

The "Oracle": It's an excellent paper and especially the literary department. And aren't the cuts clever and original.
—"J. H. S. Folio."

The "Oracle": Literary department is fine.—The "Echo."

If the "Oracle" from Bangor, Maine,
Just as it is, will e'er remain,
We know 'twill succeed
And stand the test,
Since of these three
We like it the best.

—"P. I. H. S. Flyer."



"Look, He 's Winding Up the Watch of His Wit; and By and By it Will Strike."

It is understood that Blocky O'Leary is going to sea on a cattle boat next summer.

Have you heard F. H. M., '21, sing "Portland Forever"?

Goodman, '21 (in Latin): "Yesterday when I was often killed at my home—"

Ask "Dutchy" Carr what he said to Mr. Cayting.

The latest song hit— "Klumsy Kid Kelley."

Mr. W. (in Algebra): "If you have one orange and eat an orange, you won't have one left. You will have nothing, won't you?"

Mr. O'N—: "Who wrote the 'Legend of Sleepy Hollow'?"

E. S., '20—: "You'll have the peeling."

Miss F—'23: "Rip Van Winkle."

Ask Oak what a real heiress looks like.

It is rumored that P. K. E. men had a delightful time at Green Lake on Patriots' day.

Bond and Collins are quite proficient in the art of making beds. Kewpie says to ask Margaret if you don't believe it.

K. G.—: "One of my ancestors was a minute man."

Pupil (in Ancient History): "Tiberius Gracchi—"

J. McA—: "That's nothing! I'm a SECOND lieutenant!"

Teacher: "No, no—don't you know the difference between Gracchus and Gracchi?"

D. K.—: "Do you know who was the first man to cross the Alps?"

Pupil: "Gracchus is masculine and Gracchi feminine."

F. O'Connor: "I don't know. I never studied about South America."

We see that Doc Collins has brought his past to life.

Miss H—: "The parts of every person's body are of different dimensions."

Bond—the big Swede! Further words are superfluous.

Pupil: "Including brains."

Miss H—(after distributing copies of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress): "Has everyone in the class a 'Bunyan'?"

Henry Hersey caused quite a sensation at Junior Exhibition—and it wasn't his necktie, either.

The Dream Girl.

Oh, dear, I don't want to go to the Chinese restaurant, the food is so rich. Let's go to this nice little ice cream parlor.

Listen Jim; mother doesn't want me to go to concerts. Take me to the movies.

Roses are so prickly! Oh, yes, I adore those cute little asters.

Why, if you really insist, I'd enjoy a nice big bag of popcorn, it is so nourishing.

Oh, let's walk home. The taxis just can't help bumping over these roads.

REMARKABLE REMARKS

Lovis Sawyer: "Oh, dear. I always knew I was going to be an old maid."

"Blocky" O'Leary: "I like blondes because they are so light-headed."

Phil Oak: "No, sir, I won't go to Houlton unless—"

Ed Curran: "Cheer up, Nate, I knew I was going to get it."

Ed Babcock: "Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning; and further more I wasn't a victim of sleeping sickness."

"Chet" Ring: "Now, don't tell anyone, will you?"

Henry Bacon: "She isn't foolish; she's just childish. That's all!"

THE HOULTON TRIP.

Henry Bacon had a nose-bleed, caused by running into something hard.

Hersey and Fairbrother were giving lessons to the rest of the bunch in the gentle art of making friends—feminine friends.

Everyone stayed up all night and the clerk had to disconnect the room bells so that there wouldn't be too many five-bell calls.

Oak came in quite early—I A. M. He wasn't going, unless—

Bacon and Hutchins thought that they crossed the border. Perhaps; but they headed west from the dance.

"Bob" Collins and Bond went for a walk the first night; Hutchins had a hard time getting them to come back to the hotel.

"Conk" Cohen is going out for draw-back in the football spring practice.

WANTED. A new nickname for Bond. Names like "Kewpie" and "Swede" will not be accepted.

LATEST!!

A new marvel has been discovered in Bangor High. He thinks in Greek, talks English, and writes in Chinese characters. He can sometimes be found in Room 315.

Lovis says the U. of M. isn't such a dull place after all—ask her about the Beta landing.

This world is full of funny things,

That's the way it ought to be,
And the very funniest sight we know,
Is Bacon drinking tea.

We Knew She Was a Vamp.

Mme. B—: "What are you doing, Miss W—, playing with your eyes?"

A Tragedy.

One day Hersey said to Connor, "Brother Bean, Brother Bean,

Wait for me a minute, will you? I'll be back pretty soon."

Someone standing on the H. S. steps said, "What's the big idea?"

And another fellow answered him, "Oh, Hersey's just a prune."

—Business of heavy blows—

Blocky is out for track again in training for a cruise this summer. We think he is out to equal his record of three years ago.

We're Ready with Graduation Clothes

At Reasonable Prices

Beautiful Serges and Mixtures in the very newest single and double breasted models especially designed for High School fellows. They're right—both style and price

FURNISHINGS, HATS, SHOES

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Maine's Largest Outfitters
for Men and Boys

YD PARLOR

Confectionery, Pool and Cigars.

Best Shine in the City

We Clean, Dye and Block all kinds of Ladies' and Gents' Hats

196 EXCHANGE ST.

YD PARLOR

BANGOR, MAINE

OUR SPRING LINES OF OXFORD PUMPS AND HIGH SHOES ARE HERE

For Your Inspection in Ladies' Misses and Children's

MRS. B. J. DOLLIVER

44 Main Street

Crowley's, 64-66 MAIN ST.
Ladies' Specialty Store

Hats of Distinction and Style
Designed by an Artist

Crowley's, 64-66 Main St.

"If you see it at Crowley's it's correct"

Patronize Our Advertisers

Beardless High School boy,
Sprightly, spick and span,
Sees a fellow he knows
Yells, "Hello, Old Man!"

Wearied graduate
With whom time doth toy,
Meets a former chum,
Says, "Hello, old boy!"

Miss L—(in Ancient History): "What
did the Roman boys do for an education?"
Mr. L—'23: "They studied English."

Newspaper clipping: "Straw hat season
is here."

Nickerson, when do you take it out?

Announcements.

RUTH
HENDERSON,
Teacher of Algebra
As it Ain't

HENRY BACON,
Connoisseur of
TEAS

PRIVATE
LESSONS
in Exercising
the Eyes,
CAROLYN
WOODS

NORMAL
SCHOOL
COURSE
in Five Lessons
by
FRANK
O'CONNOR

WENDELL
STUBBS
announces his
motto: "Laugh
and the world
laughs with you.
Weep and the
world laughs at
you."
Moral: Laugh

B. H. S. PROGRAM.

Daily, 8 A. M.—12.45 P. M.
Matinees Every Afternoon

A Song—"It's Nice to Get Up in the
Morning"
Entire Chorus

B P. K. E. Comedy Film—"The Out
About the Outing"

C COLLINS and BOND
Present
"Down in Houlton"

D An Illustrated Lecture,
"Down With the Highbrows,"
Professor Meinecke

E Sketch—"Beans Are Not Prunes,"
by
The Bean Club

F CROSBY HODGMAN
Featured in
"Geneva, New York"

G "The Balcony in City Hall,"
Comedy Act, Presenting
Davie Goldstein, Skinny Johnson,
Dutchy Carr, Carl Trainor, etc.

H EDUCATIONAL FEATURE,
"Poise As a Means To Success,"
Captain John G. L. Caulfield

Announcements.

HOT DOG
SOCIALS
held weekly.
Inquire at GUS'S

Have you heard
SILSBY MAYO
sing, "Aw Gwan,
You're Kiddin' Me"

It is predicted that
there will be large
sales of handker-
chiefs before
GRADUATION

The FRESHMEN
are almost
SOPHOMORES
Whoda Think It?

FOR SALE—
3 pieces of chalk, 2
pieces of orange
peeling, 5 Spear-
mint gum wrap-
pers. Interest-
ing for Souvenirs



Take Home a Loaf of Bread

Stop by—any hour of the day you like.

There's a crisp, warm, delicious loaf—just out of the oven—waiting for you.

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Our method of baking means—

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Bread baked in spick-and-span surroundings, right out in view.

Treat your family to an extra loaf today.

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Street Frocks Dance Frocks Smart Suits Captivating Blouses

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MAINE

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BEST QUALITY PRODUCTS ALWAYS

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Suits—Wool Dress Fabrics—Hosiery

Coats—Silk Dress Fabrics—Underwear

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depends, not on what he spends for them, but upon what he secures for his money in style, quality and service. Many successful men wear

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REFINED ENTERTAINMENT
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Clean, Comfortable Theatres For The
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You Are Always Sure Of A Good Show

The BIJOU and PARK Theatres

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never calls for effort. If you are always trying to see through a blurring mist you are straining your eyes and need glasses, no question about it.

Yours for
Good Eyesight

Arthur Allen Optical Co.



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Excellent Work, Prices Right

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and

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Extra Rich
Velvet Ice Cream

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54 State Street, Bangor, Maine

Compliments of

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HOME MADE CANDIES

ICE CREAM

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New Building with Swimming Pool
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—delicious TOAST
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is easily made
ELECTRICALLY
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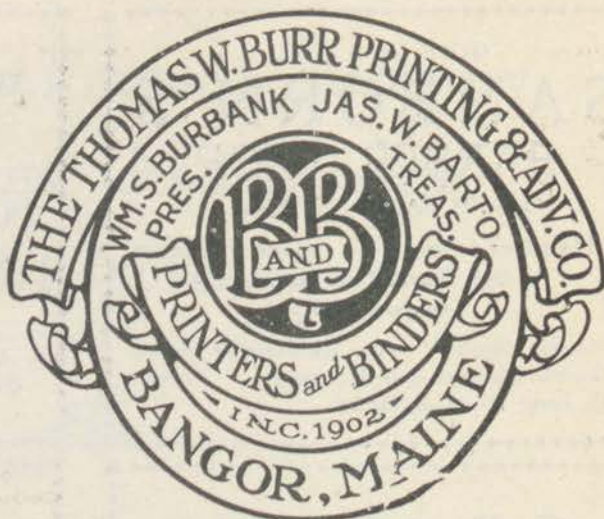
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Electric Clippers

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Sizes
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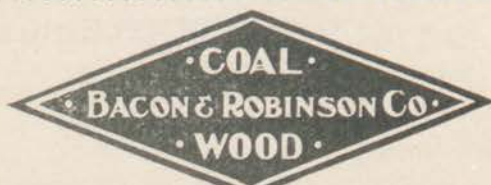
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Whether You Eat to Live
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GOODE & DRISCOLL,

you'll thoroughly enjoy the meals you get at our restaurant. Come in any time--morning, noon, night or between times--and we'll serve you and your party a royal good lunch or meal, featuring all the delicacies of the season. Prices right.

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Additional Liability of Stockholders	175,000
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Jones' Codfish when put to the test
Will prove itself the very best;
It has no bones to kick about
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The Regent

The coat has a decidedly high waist and is longer than usual, with narrow sleeves, flare or bell cuffs, and straight fronts. But the biggest point in the specifications is in the fine hand-workmanship which HICKEY-FREEMAN have put into it.

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